

BEYOND

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TEASER

EXT. FORT SCOTT, KANSAS - DUSK

A FLASHING RED LIGHT fills the frame. Ominous. Almost CAUTIONING. As if begging us to stay far, far away...

We WIDEN to encompass a WATER TOWER. "Fort Scott" is printed just below that flashing red light as we --

SUPER TITLE: FORT SCOTT, KANSAS

RADIO STATIC cuts in and out.

 YOUNG BOY (O.C.)
Falcon to Deathstalker...
 (beat)
Deathstalker, do you read me?

We FLOAT DOWN to a landing, where a pudgy YOUNG BOY (14) speaks urgently into a WALKIE-TALKIE:

 YOUNG BOY (CONT'D)
Come in, Deathstalker...
 (then; annoyed)
Dammit, Holden, pick up. I'm
serious, we're gonna *miss it* --

Off "FALCON" anxiously awaiting a response, we SMASH TO:

INT. HOLDEN'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - SAME TIME

CLOSE ON A WALKIE-TALKIE. Discarded on a counter top. The fuzzy, disembodied VOICE of Falcon drowned out by --

PRE-DINNER TIME CHAOS

A middle-aged MOTHER hastily breads chicken cutlets while cradling a phone to her ear.

 MOTHER (INTO PHONE)
... I know it's a bit rocky now,
you gotta -- he said what?. It's a
phase -- Yes, Holden was the *same*
way... it's a tough age...

Her son, LUKE (6), hurtles into the kitchen. Stands on his tip-toes to reach a box of FRUITY PEBBLES on the counter, then brings it to the TABLE where an empty bowl awaits.

As he starts to POUR --

MOTHER (CONT'D)
 (puts hand over the phone)
 Luke, no -- dinner's in 20
 minutes...

LUKE
 But I'm hungry --

MOTHER
 I know, sweetie... we'll eat soon.
 Go find your brother... Here --
 (hands him the walkie-
 talkie)
 Take this.
 (back to phone)
 Sorry... the six-o'clock circus,
 right on schedule...

We FOLLOW Luke into --

THE LIVING ROOM

Luke RACES through and is scooped up by his FATHER, seated on the couch, eyes glued to a TELEVISION broadcast.

FATHER
 Whoa, kiddo... Slow down.
 (re: TV)
 You see this? There's gonna be a
 meteor shower... The closest one to
 earth we've had in a century.

But Luke couldn't care less. He wiggles out of his father's grasp and rushes out. His father shrugs, watching him go. Valiant effort. He takes a swig of beer as we CUT TO:

HOLDEN'S BEDROOM

Intricate constellations hang from the ceiling. Baseball BOBBLE-HEADS watch out over the room like small, plastic sentinels. Some artifacts still cling to childhood, while others (like a Cindy Crawford poster tacked to the wall) suggest a burgeoning adolescence.

At his desk is HOLDEN MATHEWS (13), screwdriver in hand, adjusting a pair of expensive-looking binoculars.

A yellow LABRADOR PUPPY sits patiently on the bed, lacking in attention. He WHIMPERS, wanting to play.

HOLDEN
 Almost done, Ralphie.

Luke runs into the room, hands Holden the walkie-talkie like it's a telephone.

LUKE
Here. It's for you.

HOLDEN
(into Walkie-Talkie)
Falcon, this is Deathstalker. I'm
on my way. Over.

Holden grabs a backpack from the bed, stuffing it with the binoculars and the walkie-talkie.

LUKE
Where're you going?

HOLDEN
To watch the meteors.

LUKE
Can I come?

HOLDEN
Not this time. It's too dangerous.

LUKE
... Then when?

Holden stops. Looks down at this little brother. Holden is everything to Luke, and Holden KNOWS it. He doesn't want to hurt him so he chooses his next words carefully.

HOLDEN
Soon. I promise. But for now I
have a very important job for you.
Okay? I need you to take good care
of Ralpie. Make sure he eats all
his dinner. Can you handle that?

Luke NODS. Emboldened with a new sense of responsibility.

HOLDEN (CONT'D)
Knew I could count on you.

Holden lifts his backpack onto his shoulder and we SMASH TO:

THE LIVING ROOM

Holden grabs his coat without slowing and heads for the door.

HOLDEN (CONT'D)
Going out to meet Kevin. Don't
wait up.

MOTHER

It's a school night, be back here
by ten thirt--

WHAM. The door CLOSES. The Mother shakes her head in frustration. Turns to her husband, looking for support.

MOTHER (CONT'D)

He's your son too, you know...

A beat. Then, oblivious;

FATHER

I know.

EXT. HOLDEN'S HOUSE - DUSK

A MOTORBIKE RIPS out of the open garage and veers onto --

EXT. STREETS OF FORT SCOTT - DUSK

As Holden RIDES, we see VARIOUS SHOTS of this small town lit by a spectacular mid-west SUNSET. Snapshots of an older America. Churches, bait shops, rolling fields bifurcated with idle railroad tracks. Jesus, it's like an Amblin movie.

EXT. WATER TOWER - NIGHT

Holden pulls his bike up to a security fence and parks it beside a ten-speed. He starts to SCALE THE FENCE, using a "NO TRESPASSING" sign for footing.

The Young Boy (KEVIN) shouts to him from above:

KEVIN (O.S.)

Hurry your ass up here -- I think I
saw something.

Holden drops to the other side of the fence and we SMASH TO:

ANGLE THROUGH BINOCULARS

RIBBONS OF LIGHT STREAK BY US as breathtaking speeds. A spectacular METEOR SHOWER slicing through the black night sky. We HOLD on this for a few seconds, until --

KA-CHSHHH -- a BEER CAN pops open and FOAM erupts over the edge. Kevin hands Holden a fresh beer in exchange for the binoculars.

REVEAL -- they're HIGH UP on --

THE RIM OF THE TOWER

Holden lets his feet dangle over the edge as he takes a sip.

KEVIN (CONT'D)
 (looking through
 binoculars)
 Duuuuuude, you weren't kidding.
 These things are sick.
 (then)
 Can I borrow them?

HOLDEN
 I guess. Just be careful. They're
 Vortex... the kind the military
 uses.

KEVIN
 Cool. Y'know, Todd's older
 sister's lookn' real good since she
 made the squad. Rumor is she
 practices routines in a sports bra.

HOLDEN
 Really?

Kevin nods. He puts down the binoculars and cracks a BEER.

KEVIN
 High school girls -- high school
women. It's gonna be awesome.

HOLDEN
 They're all the same girls we knew
 in middle school. Just... y'know,
 without braces.

KEVIN
 So?

HOLDEN
 So... look how small everything is.
 This town. Those people.

KEVIN
 Everything's smaller from way up
 here.

Holden looks up into the endless blanket of stars, lost in
 his own thoughts.

HOLDEN
 There's over a hundred billion
 stars up there, and they're all
 different. All a part of something
 bigger. Something huge. Us too.
 (MORE)

HOLDEN (CONT'D)

You, me -- we're all pieces in a
giant jigsaw puzzle.

(then; wistful)

Don't you wanna know what the hell
we're a picture of?

A beat as Kevin digests that. And then:

KEVIN

Nope. Not unless it's a picture of
Todd's sister...

Kevin bursts out LAUGHING -- but Holden isn't smiling. Kevin follows Holden's gaze, out towards the main road. His smile wavers as --

TWO HEADLIGHTS approach from the distance. Inching CLOSER.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Oh no no no, *please* not the cops.

Holden and Kevin hastily pack up their things as we CUT TO:

THE BASE OF THE TOWER

Holden and Kevin hop down from the fence as a PICK-UP TRUCK skids to a dusty STOP. The doors open. Four TEENAGERS (and a collection of empty BEER CANS) pour out.

The LEAD TEENAGER steps towards Kevin. PISSED.

LEAD TEENAGER

You owe me a six-pack, jerk-off.

The teenagers all form a circle around Kevin and Holden.

KEVIN

It's Dad's beer, Jeff. I got as
much a right to it as you do.

He SHOVES Kevin back into the fence. Holden steps in --

HOLDEN

The beer's gone. So piss off.

Jeff's eyes find Holden's MOTORBIKE. He smiles darkly.

JEFF

Funny. I always wanted a bike just
like that.

Kevin RUSHES at Jeff -- takes a SWING -- but Jeff dodges, slamming Kevin into the front of his truck. HARD.

Jeff LAUGHS, turns around and CRACK! Holden WHIPS his binoculars across Jeff's face -- busting his nose.

A BEAT of stunned SILENCE. Jeff touches his hand to his face, and comes away with BLOOD. But before he can react --

KEVIN

Holden, RUN!

Holden gets a jump on the others -- RACES to his bike and fires up the ENGINE. He SPINS OUT onto the main road and TAKES OFF into the darkness. Jeff and the teenagers scramble into their truck and we SMASH TO:

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

Holden ROARS through the empty street. A lone HEADLIGHT providing limited visibility when suddenly a MORE POWERFUL LIGHT is upon him --

It's JEFF'S TRUCK -- hot on his HEELS. Holden SWERVES, but the truck SWERVES WITH HIM, moving in LOCKSTEP.

The truck's FRONT BUMPER kisses Holden's back tire. Upsets his BALANCE, but Holden recovers. He knows he's a SITTING DUCK out in the open, SO...

HE VEERS SHARPLY to the left, off the main road and INTO --

INT. WOODS - CONTINUOUS

His bike BOUNCES over uneven terrain, gaining momentum as it appears he's going DOWNHILL -- trees WHOOSH BY as Holden narrowly avoids a series of fatal collisions, AND THEN --

CRUNCH! Holden is CLOTHESLINED by a LOW HANGING BRANCH!

His bike FLIES FORWARD without him and CRASHES against a tree trunk. The headlight SHATTERS. Everything goes DARK.

Well... NEAR dark. Holden GROANS. Stirs. Then slowly pulls himself up. He rubs the back of his head and finds BLOOD.

A LOT of blood.

Suddenly his WALKIE-TALKIE SQUAWKS to life -- LOUD, abrasive STATIC that almost sounds like... VOICES. Talking... but it's not English. Doesn't even sound HUMAN.

The MOTORBIKE REVS UP. STARTLING Holden. Another JUMP SCARE. The engine GROWLS and now the shattered headlight inexplicably TURNS ON, blinding him.

Holden shields his eyes. Steps towards the bike.

HOLDEN
Hey! ... Hey, who's there?

Holden FREEZES as all around him LEAVES AND STICKS FLY UP into the air -- LEVITATING right before our eyes. He spins around -- CONFUSED -- maybe a little panicked. Can't believe what he's seeing...

And who can honestly blame him?

He holds his walkie-talkie out in front of him and suddenly THAT floats up into the air. Holden LAUGHS. Part nerves. Part wonderment. And just as quickly as it all started...

It STOPS. The sticks FALL. The engine DIES. And the light goes off. A moment of silence...

And then...

A BLAST OF PURE WHITE ENERGY ENGULFS THE ENTIRE SCREEN. It seems to come from everywhere and nowhere -- unlike anything we've ever seen. Holden SCREAMS but his cries are sucked up into the light as the brightness INTENSIFIES --

The screen goes WHITE. Silent. Black LETTERS fade in:

TITLE: **B E Y O N D**

And we SMASH TO A BLACK SCREEN.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

We remain in DARKNESS. A beat. A TITLE fades up:

SUPER TITLE: TWELVE YEARS LATER

Over this, we HEAR a rhythmic BEEP-BEEP-BEEP as we SMASH TO:

INT. COMA WARD - EARLY MORNING

We are TIGHT on a MEDICAL CHART, hanging over the foot of a bed -- close enough to read the name: HOLDEN MATHEWS.

But Holden doesn't look to be moving. He doesn't even look ALIVE... if not for the steady chirping of his EKG.

The camera moves UP AND OVER the bed, past Holden's knees, past his chest, past his chin -- until we're on his EYES --

And suddenly his eyes flutter OPEN.

He WIGGLES his FINGERS. Then his TOES.

We PAN OVER to the bed beside Holden, where one lucky elderly PATIENT is getting his daily sponge bath from a NURSE (20's). She nods her head to music blasting through her earbuds.

She has her BACK to Holden. Doesn't even see him reach up and pull the tubes and wires from his body.

The Elderly Patient looks over, wide eyed and mouth agape. Finally the Nurse turns -- STARTLES -- she SCREAMS, knocking the basin of water to the floor. Off this COMMOTION, we --

PRE-LAP A RINGING TELEPHONE

INT. HOLDEN'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - EARLY MORNING

The phone is snatched off its cradle by DIANE (our MOTHER from the Teaser), now in her early fifties. And one thing becomes instantly clear. Those twelve years have NOT been easy for her.

DIANE

... Yes?

We're TIGHT on Diane as she gets the news. Unable to process it. She lets the phone slide from her grip --

LOW ANGLE as the phone HITS the ground. In the b.g., Diane races down the hallway towards the front door --

DOCTOR (PRE-LAP)
 It's very important... especially
 at such an early stage... that we
 maintain realistic expectations...

SMASH TO:

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - MORNING

Diane and Tom sit across a desk from an ASIAN WOMAN in her late forties. Holden's doctor, SUZANNE YOON. She's still trying to wrap her head around Holden's sudden awakening.

DR. YOON
 Your son was in a prolonged state
 of unconsciousness for *twelve*
years. Now, generally speaking,
 the longer the patient remains
 unconscious, the greater the risk
 for brain injury or amnesia. We
 still need to run the necessary
 tests, CT scans --

DIANE
I want to see my son.

A beat. Dr. Yoon blinks. Diane DOES NOT.

DR. YOON
 Right. Of course.

CUT TO:

INT. MODEST HOME - KITCHEN - MORNING

Pancakes and bacon SIZZLE on a grill pan. A HANDSOME MAN (mid 20's) cooks breakfast as a TV carries on in the background.

A PRETTY WOMAN, also mid 20's, enters cradling her BABY BUMP.

PRETTY WOMAN
 How'd you know the baby's craving
 bacon?

HANDSOME MAN
 Because he's a McArdle. And
 McArdle's are predisposed to liking
 all things mouthwatering...
 (he kisses her)
 ... Mmmm.... delicious...
 (he kisses her again)
 ... succulent...

The Pretty Woman LAUGHS, good-natured, and pulls away.

PRETTY WOMAN

Okay, okay... you've made your point. Doctor.

Handsome Man raises an eyebrow. She smiles back.

PRETTY WOMAN (CONT'D)

Just practicing.

She kisses him on the cheek. Then crosses to pour herself a glass of milk, passing the TV.

ANGLE ON THE TV. *The ANCHOR wraps up the weather report and throws it to a FEMALE REPORTER standing outside a hospital.*

FEMALE REPORTER

... twelve years, Holden Matthews has laid at County Hospital in one of the longest recorded comas in history. And today, that streak has finally come to an end --

ON THE HANDSOME MAN

Giving the TV his FULL ATTENTION. Completely captivated.

FEMALE REPORTER (O.C.) (CONT'D)

Holden was discovered awake in his bed at seven fifteen in the morning by one of the on-duty nurses --

Suddenly the SMOKE ALARM starts CHIRPING. The Handsome Man snaps back to reality, turns to find his breakfast on FIRE.

PRETTY WOMAN

Kevin!

Kevin beats down the flames with a dish towel, then leans back against the counter. Breathing heavily. Distressed. And it's got nothing to do with the fire.

PRETTY WOMAN (CONT'D)

Kevin? What is it?

ON KEVIN. Trying to regain his bearings. Reeling from the news of Holden's recovery. And we CUT TO:

INT. COMA WARD - MORNING

Several NURSES tend to Holden. Checking BP. Taking blood.

Dr. Yoon enters the room first. She dismisses the nurses, followed by TOM (the FATHER from the Teaser) and Diane.

ON DIANE. Overwhelmed at the sight of her son. She breaks down, rushing to his side and she wraps her arms around him.

TIGHTLY. No intention of ever letting go.

Tom follows, his eyes WET as he joins his family. They're together again. FINALLY. After TWELVE YEARS. No words can describe this groundswell of emotion so we just let it play.

After a moment:

DIANE

It's okay, sweetie... you're okay.

HOLDEN

... *the light*...

Tom looks to a NURSE, concerned.

NURSE

He's disoriented. We gave him a sedative to help the transition.

(then; encouraging)

Keep him talking, let him hear your voice.

TOM

You're in a hospital. You're safe.

HOLDEN

There was... white light...

TOM

You're awake, Holden. You were asleep for a very long time, but you're awake now. You're with us.

DIANE

We're not going anywhere, sweetie. We promise. We're right here.

HOLDEN

How long... how long was I asleep?

Holden reaches up and tentatively touches his throat.

HOLDEN (CONT'D)

My voice...

(realizing)

What happened?

Diane and Tom share a glance. Where to even START?

Holden looks to his parents for the help and reassurance only a parent can provide. Eyes wide and brimming. Childlike.

HOLDEN (CONT'D)

... Mom?
 (then; losing it)
What happened to me?

His HEART RATE escalates -- a sharp KNIFE through the tranquility. Off Holden, panic rising FAST as we SMASH TO:

INT. COMA WARD - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

We FOLLOW a TEAM OF NURSES as they stampede into the room.

ANGLE ON HOLDEN -- thrashing about in his bed -- in the throes of a full-blown MELTDOWN --

DR. YOON

(to Nurses)
 Get his heart rate down.

DIANE

Help him, please! Do something!

DR. YOON

Holden, breathe. I need you to breathe.

(then; to everyone)
 I need everyone out, now.
 (to Nurses)
 Get him some oxygen!

Diane SOBS as she and Tom are directed out of the room. They watch through a hallway window. Hands pressed against the glass. Completely helpless. It's excruciating.

And as the team of nurses SCRAMBLE to stabilize Holden, we:

SMASH TO BLACK.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. COMA WARD - HALLWAY - DAY

Dr. Yoon stands facing Tom and Diane. Diane is still trembling. Tom does his best to comfort her.

DR. YOON

We're keeping him sedated, for now.
He's conscious. Responsive.

DIANE

But he's okay? Please... tell me
he's going to be okay --

Dr. Yoon tightens. Doesn't quite know how to answer.

DR. YOON

By all accounts, his muscles should
have atrophied. He hasn't moved
his arms or legs in twelve years,
and yet there appears to be little
to no muscle deterioration.

(a beat; measured)

In all my years in medicine, I've
never seen anything like this.

Tom blinks. Not sure he heard right.

TOM

My son's not the first kid to come
out of a coma.

DR. YOON

No, he's not. But he *is* the first
to wake from a coma where the *cause*
has still yet to be identified.

(then)

Which is why I'm recommending he be
transferred to Johns Hopkins. I
know a neurologist in Baltimore
where we can conduct a thorough
analysis --

DIANE

Baltimore? No. No, I'm sorry...

DR. YOON

Your son represents an incredible
opportunity to change how we treat
coma patients moving forward --

DIANE

Do you have any children?

This catches everyone by surprise. Tom puts a comforting hand on his wife's shoulder.

TOM

Diane...

DR. YOON

I have a daughter.

DIANE

(nods)

Then you understand.

Dr. Yoon doesn't say anything. And she doesn't need to. She understands completely.

Diane softens. A beat.

DIANE (CONT'D)

I'm grateful, Doctor. Truly grateful, for everything you've done... for keeping my family whole. But my son is coming home.

Dr. Yoon looks into Diane's eyes. There's a strength there. An unbreakable resolve.

DR. YOON

Then let's get your son home.

Dr. Yoon continues to lay out what's in store for Holden as we MONTAGE through his recovery:

INT. EXAM ROOM - DAY

Holden is helped from a WHEELCHAIR up onto an examination table. QUICK JUMP CUTS as he's given a neurological exam:

DR. YOON (V.O.)

We still want him here for observation over the next few days. We'll schedule repeated check-ups to monitor any possible lingering effects.

Holden's eyes FOLLOW A PEN, back and forth in front of his face. A PENLIGHT DILATES his pupils. A REFLEX HAMMER strikes at both knees, causing them to jerk.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Holden sits upright in bed. His hand awkwardly wrapped around a pencil as he tries to write. His coordination slowly coming back to him.

INT. PHYSICAL THERAPY ROOM - DAY

Holden gradually moves between two PARALLEL BARS, wincing --

DR. YOON (V.O.)

We'll start him on PT immediately.
Orthopedic, as well as cardio and
pulmonary therapies. Just as a
precaution.

EXT. RECOVERY CENTER - DAY

Holden walks out to the curb where a CAR IDLES. Tom and Diane help him into the passenger seat. CUT TO:

EXT. STREETS OF FORT SCOTT - DAY

Holden rides shotgun. Detached. His placid expression reflected in the glass as he stares out the window.

DR. YOON (V.O.)

We've got an excellent network of
psychologists at a few nearby
colleges. The road ahead will be
as much mental as it is physical.

We pass by THE SAME CHURCH as before, only now it's fallen into disrepair. Nothing seems even remotely familiar.

DR. YOON (V.O.)

Holden will need to adjust to the
fact that the life he knew is now
long gone. His *identity*, for all
intents and purposes, has been
shattered. It's important to
provide him with a place to belong.
A place to feel at home. Somewhere
to put the pieces back together.

EXT. HOLDEN'S HOUSE - DAY

The car passes a gathering of LOCAL NEWS VANS as it turns into the driveway. REPORTERS and CAMERAMEN descend immediately in a BLITZKRIEG of PHOTOS and QUESTIONING.

Holden's parents beeline for their front door, pushing through the COMMOTION until they're safely inside --

INT. HOLDEN'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The sudden silence hits us like a freight train. A long, quiet beat. Holden looks around. He's HOME. Sort of.

DIANE

Are you hungry? I can have dinner
ready in an hour --

HOLDEN

(a beat; uncomfortable)
Yeah... Okay. Dinner sounds good.

Diane nods. There's so much to say -- so much catching up to do -- but right now, she's simply enjoying this moment.

Her son is finally back under her roof.

Holden moves into --

THE LIVING ROOM

A stranger in a strange land. A "WELCOME HOME" banner hangs above a fireplace. More ironic than comforting. As Holden's eyes drink in every detail of the room, we JUMPCUT TO --

A TEN YEAR-OLD HOLDEN. Sitting in front of a Christmas tree, in the exact same spot adult Holden was just looking at. YOUNG HOLDEN is carefree, literally a kid on Christmas morning, tearing the wrapping paper from a large box --

We SNAP BACK TO THE PRESENT. Back to that "Welcome Home" banner. Holden BLINKS away the memory as we SMASH TO:

THE BATHROOM

Holden flips on the light. Flips OFF the light. Flips on the light -- and we JUMPCUT TO --

A TWELVE-YEAR OLD HOLDEN, balancing precariously on top of the SINK -- sticking something onto the ceiling. He hops down, TURNS OFF the light and we see the ceiling is covered with countless GLOW-IN-THE-DARK YELLOW STARS --

BACK TO HOLDEN. In the present. The bathroom looks different. More MODERN.

HOLDEN'S BEDROOM

The door creaks OPEN. Holden looks in. Tentative. But his room, for the most part, is unchanged.

He lets out a SIGH of relief. At least there's something -- some anchor to the past. He stops at a PHOTO of himself at thirteen. From when we last recognized him. From when he last recognized himself.

LUKE (O.S.)

... Holden?

Holden turns. A lanky TEENAGER stands in the doorway. His breath catches in his throat as he realizes instantly --

HOLDEN

Luke. You're... You look...

LUKE

Different? Yeah. Puberty's a bitch.

(then, re: Holden)

Obviously.

HOLDEN

How old --

LUKE

Seventeen. Well, eighteen next month.

HOLDEN

May 4th.

LUKE

(nods)

You remember.

Luke smiles wide. He CRACKS, emotion pouring out as he throws his arms around Holden. Holden tenses, then gives in.

LUKE (CONT'D)

Goddamn, Holden... I can't believe it. Can't believe you're *home*.

IN THE HALLWAY

Tom and Diane are at the doorway, out of sight, giving their boys some privacy. Tears of joy flow freely as they listen.

BACK TO THE BEDROOM

Luke wipes a tear from his face. Pulls himself together.

LUKE (CONT'D)

Maybe now's not the best time...

(fuck it)

Mom sold all your comic books.

DIANE (O.S.)

Luke!

REVEAL Diane in the doorway, throwing herself into the mix.

LUKE

I tried to stop her.

Holden can't help but LAUGH. All the weirdness and all the tension seems to fall away. For now it feels like home.

EXT. STREET - SAME TIME

A WHITE SUV is parked ACROSS THE STREET from Holden's house, a safe distance from the MEDIA CIRCUS. We PUSH IN through the back TINTED WINDOW until WE ARE --

INSIDE THE SUV

A figure sits with their back to us. Female. She's wearing HEADPHONES. Her BROWN HAIR tied back in a tight ponytail.

CLOSE ON A SURVEILLANCE CONSOLE

A hand reaches in. Turns a knob. WHITE NOISE gives way to the exchange we just witnessed between Holden and his family.

LUKE (O.S.)
... I tried to stop her...

DIANE (O.S.)
Don't listen... he's full of it...

LUKE (O.S.)
Full of truth. No, seriously...
it's great to have you home... big
brother...

Is this FBI? CIA? Or something ELSE? More on this later.
For now, we simply --

SMASH TO BLACK.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. HOLDEN'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Holden is at the DINNER TABLE. Diane lowers a plate in front of him, piled high with meatloaf, mashed potatoes, spaghetti.

DIANE

Made all your favorites.

Diane takes her seat, joining Holden, Tom and Luke. Holden wastes no time, digging into his food with ravenous abandon.

DIANE (CONT'D)

We thank you, Heavenly Father, for
the food we are about to receive...

Holden STOPS chewing. Looks up at his family, all of who have their heads lowered and their hands clasped in prayer.

ON HOLDEN, hit with a wave of embarrassment. He just sits there as Diane continues.

DIANE (CONT'D)

We thank you for the strength
you've given us during this most
difficult test...

Luke steals a quick glance towards Holden, catching him with a mouth full of food in his frozen state of discomfort. He stifles a laugh.

DIANE (CONT'D)

We thank you for returning Holden
to us, and your mercy and your
compassion in restoring our family.
In Jesus' name we pray. Amen.

Diane looks up at Holden, smiles warmly. She begins eating.

Holden takes this cue to resume his chewing.

A BEAT as the family eats in awkward silence, with no one knowing quite how to move forward. Finally...

DIANE (CONT'D)

(to Holden)
How is it?

Diane motions to Holden's dinner.

HOLDEN

Oh. Good. Very good, thank you.

DIANE

If you want, you can make a list.
Anything you want in the house, to
eat or drink. I'll run out first
thing tomorrow.

HOLDEN

Okay. I'll have to think.

DIANE

No hurry.

LUKE

Don't I get a list?

TOM

Your school has a meal plan.

LUKE

C'mon, Dad, beer's not a meal.

DIANE

You had better be kidding.

HOLDEN

Beer would be nice.

All eyes turn to Holden. A beat, as nobody was quite
expecting THAT.

DIANE

What?

HOLDEN

... To have in the house.

(beat)

I mean... I'm over 21... right?

Holden's parents look to one another. Tom shrugs.

TOM

If that's what you want.

Holden shoots Luke a smile. Already thick as thieves.

The PHONE RINGS, startling Holden.

TOM (CONT'D)

Let it go to voice-mail.

Diane looks at Holden. Smiles evenly.

DIANE

The phone hasn't stopped ringing.
You've got quite the fan base.

Holden nods towards the media circus parked outside.

HOLDEN

I kinda noticed.

TOM

Out there? Nah, that's just local.
Minnows. We've gotten calls from
Anderson Cooper, Wendy Williams,
Dr. Oz -- hell, even Oprah.

Holden almost chokes on his food.

HOLDEN

Oprah called for me?

DIANE

Well, not her personally. Her
people. They all want to sit down
with you. Talk with you. On TV.

(a beat; protective)

But you don't have to do anything
you don't want to.

The PHONE RINGS again. This time, Luke gets up.

TOM

Sit down. Let it go to voice-mail.

LUKE

I'm not letting Oprah go to voice-
mail.

TOM

Take it in the living room. And
tell them we're eating.

Luke disappears. The dinner table collapses back into nervous silence. Only the sounds of forks scratching on dinner plates. Finally, after a long and awkward pause;

DIANE

You wouldn't believe how the
neighborhood's changed. Remember
where you used to play Little
League? Well, it's a shopping mall
now. Complete with Target, Bed,
Bath & Beyond, even an Apple store.

HOLDEN

... There's a whole store that
sells apples?

TOM

Apple computers. You know, iPod's,
Macbooks, Steve Jobs --

DIANE

Tom.

Diane levels her eyes at her husband, then sympathetically
towards her son.

DIANE (CONT'D)

Don't burden yourself trying to
play catch up all at once. You've
plenty of time. Take it slow.

Diane reaches over to take Holden's hand when suddenly --

A DOG CHARGES up to Holden, BARKING VIOLENTLY!

Holden throws his chair back -- JUMPS to his feet and backs
away as the yellow LAB SNARLS -- TEETH BARED and DRIPPING...

DIANE/TOM

Ralphie -- SIT! STOP IT!

Luke rushes back into the room, flustered --

LUKE

He was scratching up the basement
door, trying to get out. Why was
he in the basement?

(then; realizing)

Is that where you keep him? That
is effing *retarded*--

DIANE/TOM

Luke!

LUKE

(defensive)

I said "*effing!*"

Tom's got the dog by the COLLAR. The only thing keeping Ol'
Ralphie from tearing Holden to SHREDS.

Then something HAPPENS. The dog SNAPS. He BACKS AWAY,
whining... suddenly and inexplicably SPOOKED by Holden.

No, not just SPOOKED... he's TERRIFIED. The dog starts to
TREMBLE before turning and scampering out of the room.

A beat as everyone's HEART RATE returns to normal. As they (and we) wonder what in holy hell *that* was about, we CUT TO:

INT. HOLDEN'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

ANGLE -- A PAIR OF FEET hang over the edge of a twin bed. Tangled up in sheets, kicking violently as Holden tosses.

He's having a NIGHTMARE.

QUICK CUTS -- EERIE AND IMPRESSIONISTIC. An INTENSE FEVER DREAM as we see what Holden sees: An all-encompassing WHITE LIGHT. Searing. And then, BLACKNESS. Across an inky abyss is a FIGURE. Blurry. The soft outline dances like a DESERT MIRAGE, seen through rolling waves of INTENSE HEAT. We JUMP CUT CLOSER -- pulled in by this figure. It CALLS to us. Words that CRACK through the dark, coming from nowhere and everywhere --

VOICE (O.S.)

... I see you...

And then we REVERSE -- facing Holden now. He's THIRTEEN. He brings his hands up into frame and we see BLOOD COATS HIS PALMS, SPILLING through his fingers --

Holden's eyes pop OPEN. A beat as he catches his breath. He looks around... confused... and then WORRIED. Because --

INT. WOODS - EARLY MORNING

He's in the middle of the WOODS. What? When? How? Holden checks his hands, panicked. But they're clean. He climbs to his feet, wobbling slightly. Reorienting himself.

A hill rises up behind him. Oddly familiar. He takes a step towards it and -- CRUNCH -- something snaps under his foot.

He bends down, comes up with a WALKIE-TALKIE. Wipes away years of filth, examining it. He's seen this before.

He turns his attention to the surrounding TREES, the hill -- yes, it's all coming back to him. It may look different in the early morning hours, but he KNOWS --

He's at the site of his accident.

A loud BANG snaps Holden back to present. A GUNSHOT. Thunderous. And CLOSE. Holden jumps into action, scrambling up the hill and propelled by adrenaline as we SMASH TO:

EXT. HOLDEN'S HOUSE - LATER THAT MORNING

Holden limps through his dormant neighborhood, approaching his driveway. He shuffles past NEWS VANS camped out overnight. Technicians and reporters fast asleep inside, faces smashed against their windows.

Holden climbs his front steps, reaches for the doorknob when the door flies open. Diane reaches out and wraps him up in an relieved embrace.

INSIDE THE HOUSE

Tom is on the phone, pacing. His face flushes with relief as he lays eyes on Holden.

TOM
 (into phone)
 He's here, he just walked in. Yes,
 thank you, Sheriff.

Diane pulls her son back into the house, fighting back worried tears as Tom finally shuts the door. We CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM - HOLDEN'S HOUSE - LATER

Holden stands in the SHOWER, letting the water roll off him. Absently watching as it spirals down the drain...

AT THE SINK

He wipes steam from the mirror. Takes a moment to RECOGNIZE the face staring back at him is his own.

He brushes his cheek with his fingers. Examines two days worth of STUBBLE. He opens the medicine cabinet and removes shaving cream and a disposable razor.

A beat. He studies the razor. He's never shaved before. He thinks. Now seems as good a time to start.

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

Diane is preparing breakfast, buzzing around the kitchen while Luke follows her back and forth in mid-argument:

LUKE
 -- this is insane. You're totally
 overreacting. I think you actually
passed overreacting like, four
 minutes ago --

DIANE
 It's for his own good.

LUKE

So, what, you're gonna hold his hand through the rest of his life? Seriously, how long are you gonna keep this up?

DIANE

Just until he gets his bearings.

LUKE

I'm talking about you and Dad.

ON DIANE. Her face grows grim. A beat.

LUKE (CONT'D)

He's going to find out.

DIANE

We'll tell him when the time is right. He's too fragile right now.

LUKE

The time is never right, but you can't keep lying to him. He's not a kid anymore. And he's not as fragile as you think.

Holden enters behind Luke. Everyone turns as we REVEAL -- his entire face is dotted with bits of bloodied TOILET PAPER.

DIANE

My God, Holden --

HOLDEN

So... yeah. I think I might wanna add an electric shaver to that list. When you get a chance.

Diane is speechless. She can only nod as we CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - MORNING

We find DR. YOON moving briskly through on-duty doctors and nurses, juggling a briefcase in one hand, a large coffee in the other. She rounds a corner -- and COLLIDES with a LARGE MAN in a plaid shirt. She BOUNCES back towards the ground --

But the man catches her.

LARGE MAN

Easy now.

The Large Man picks up her briefcase. Hands it to her.

DR. YOON
I'm sorry, I -- thank you.

Dr. Yoon smiles and continues on down the hall. She shakes her head, brushing off her embarrassment.

It's quieter now, hardly any foot traffic as she approaches her office door. Fumbles for the keys. Unlocks it and --

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

The door swings open. She hits the lights -- and FREEZES.

REVERSE ANGLE. The office has been RANSACKED. File cabinets torn open and scoured. Loose papers tossed about.

DR. YOON
... *Goddammit!*

Dr. Yoon grabs the phone off her desk. Punches in a number.

DR. YOON (CONT'D)
(into phone)
I need Security, Room 204!

INT. HOLDEN'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - LATER

Holden stands in front of the window. Calm. Watching as the dog BARKS up at him from his tether in the backyard.

Luke enters behind him, arms cradling a bulky desktop computer. He sets it on a desk, blows off a layer of dust.

LUKE
Here, this should do the trick...
it's a CD-ROM so it can't burn
music, but it's got Wi-fi...

HOLDEN
He's afraid of me.

LUKE
Who? *Ralphie?* He's like, ninety-
one in dog years, he's afraid of
his own tail. Don't take it
personally.
(then; re: computer)
Want me to show you how to get
online?

But Holden's distracted. His eyes are vacant. Haunted.

LUKE (CONT'D)
You okay?

HOLDEN
 What? Yeah. No... I don't know.

He looks at Luke, debating how much he wants to say.

HOLDEN (CONT'D)
 This morning... I didn't just go
 for a walk...
 (boy this is tough)
 I woke up in the middle of the
 woods... and I can't even remember
 getting out of bed.

A beat as Luke processes this. Can't find any words.

HOLDEN (CONT'D)
 Don't tell Mom and Dad, okay?

LUKE
 (nods)
 Okay.
 (then)
 Holden, I --

Luke wants to tell his brother everything -- wants to reciprocate his trust. But Holden's at the edge. So...

LUKE (CONT'D)
 You wanna take a ride? Mom gave me
 money for a shaver, maybe some new
 clothes...

HOLDEN
 I could take a ride.

Holden stops. A thought just occurred to him.

LUKE
 What is it?

HOLDEN
 ... I've never driven a car before.

SMASH TO:

INT. GARAGE - HOLDEN'S HOUSE - LATER

Holden sits behind the wheel. A puzzled look on his face as he studies at the complex dashboard. Luke sits shotgun.

LUKE
 Dad taught me in this. It's an
 automatic. There's nothing to it.

Holden TURNS THE KEY and the ignition starts up. His hand finds the GEAR SHIFT and he steps it into REVERSE.

LUKE (CONT'D)

Good. Now just ease on the gas --

He PRESSES ON THE GAS...

And the CAR FLIES BACKWARDS! The side SCRAPES against the side of the garage door and the SIDE-VIEW MIRROR POPS OFF.

LUKE (CONT'D)

Brakes brakes brakes!!!

He SLAMS the BRAKES. The car LURCHES to a stop. Off Holden, a tad SHAKEN UP, we SMASH TO:

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Dr. Yoon sits facing SHERIFF DAYTON (40's), while a DEPUTY examines the door lock for signs of a break in.

SHERIFF DAYTON

What about janitorial? The night shift, maybe someone had a key --

DR. YOON

They know me. They wouldn't...
Did you check the cameras?

SHERIFF DAYTON

(no shit)
Why didn't I think of that?

The Sheriff stands, closing his notebook.

SHERIFF DAYTON (CONT'D)

I'd bet my badge whoever did this was after something specific.

(then)

Care to speculate?

Dr. Yoon's eyes flick over to her briefcase. She slides it in front of her, pops it open. She removes a folder, placing it on the desk in front of the Sheriff.

DR. YOON

... If I had to speculate.

Sheriff Dayton pulls the folder closer. Studies the label. His face hardens, tightening into a frown.

The label reads: "MATTHEWS, HOLDEN"

INT. DEPARTMENT STORE - DAY

We're in a Target-like warehouse. Hot HALOGENS and THROGS of people dominate the space.

ON HOLDEN. He squints against the severe lighting -- which now almost seems to grow BRIGHTER.

Wait. It IS growing BRIGHTER -- eerily reminiscent of that white hot ENERGY we saw earlier. All sounds bleed into a DULL HUMMING as we find ourselves --

IN HOLDEN'S POV

Shoppers swarm around him. SUFFOCATING him as they jostle him and we see the occasional glance of recognition as they slow to stare and it's all too goddamn OVERWHELMING --

LUKE

Holden --?

Holden SNAPS back to normal. The white light has softened. The buzzing... GONE. Luke looks at him, concerned.

A beat. Holden collects himself. And we CUT TO:

INT. DEPARTMENT STORE - MINUTES LATER

Holden stands facing a mirror, appraising a new button down shirt. Luke is behind him, his attention elsewhere.

LUKE

Okay, don't look, but you're getting checked out, big-time...

Holden looks past the mirror -- an attractive BRUNETTE stands in the women's lingerie section -- looking right at Holden.

LUKE (CONT'D)

No, I said don't -- *forget it*.

HOLDEN

Think she recognizes me?

LUKE

Not unless she owns a TV. Or a computer. Or has had any interaction with the outside world in the past three weeks.

HOLDEN

What do I do?

LUKE

Go over there. Ask her out. She wants you to.

HOLDEN

She does?

Luke looks to Holden. Realizes he's in uncharted territory.

LUKE

Green light, dude. Just be cool. Ask her name. Compliment her. It doesn't matter what, just y'know, pick something and tell her it looks good. She'll like that.

INT. DEPARTMENT STORE - MINUTES LATER

Holden approaches the Brunette. We see he's still wearing the shirt, fresh off the rack -- TAGS HANGING OUT.

HOLDEN

Hey.

The Brunette looks up, startled. Maybe this was a bad idea.

BRUNETTE

Hey.

HOLDEN

I'm Holden.

BRUNETTE

I know.

HOLDEN

Oh. Okay. I um...

His mind races, searching for something to jump-start a conversation. His eyes find the RED LINGERIE in her hand.

HOLDEN (CONT'D)

That'll look good on you.

BRUNETTE

Excuse me?

HOLDEN

No, I didn't mean... the color. It's a nice color. Like blood.

Holden shuts his eyes. Christ, this was an awful idea.

HOLDEN (CONT'D)

Okay, look, I'm sorry... I'm not sure how this normally goes... well, probably much better than *this*, but I uh...

And to Holden's surprise, she reaches over and YANKS Holden's arm towards her. She's already writing her phone number on his palm by the time he realizes what's going on.

BRUNETTE

Call me.

And with THAT, the Brunette spins around and walks off.

ON HOLDEN. Dumbstruck. Looks at the digits on his hand to make sure that actually happened.

INSERT -- on Holden's hand. But there's no phone number. Instead, it reads: "YOU'RE IN DANGER. TRUST NO ONE."

Holden looks up. The Brunette is GONE. He spins around. Paranoid. PANIC rippling through him as we:

SMASH TO BLACK.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. HOLDEN'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Holden thrashes in bed. Another nightmare. We SMASH TO:

THOSE SAME QUICK CUTS as we FLASH THROUGH --

An all-encompassing WHITE LIGHT. Searing. And then, CLOUDS. Blotting out the sky. Light FADES until there's only --

BLACKNESS. The same lone figure flickers in the distance, growing smaller. More DISTANT.

REVERSE ON HOLDEN. Thirteen. He tries to run -- chasing after the figure -- but his feet SINK into nothingness, disappearing into thick, black molasses. Dragging him DOWN. Something bobs up to the surface. A BODY. Bloated and deceased. And then ANOTHER. And ANOTHER. They're faces recognizable -- Luke, Diane, Tom. The Brunette. All with lifeless, gaping eyes.

BACK TO HOLDEN'S P.O.V. as THE FIGURE walks towards us -- feet gliding over the fluid darkness below, his FACE coming into focus. Old. Ancient. Like he's lived for centuries. And then THE VOICE -- like rocks dragged across a chalkboard:

VOICE (O.S.)
...come find me... NOW!

The figure's eyes shoot OPEN -- PALE, MILKY BLUE -- like distant PLANETS embedded deep within black sockets --

EXT. WOODS - EARLY MORNING

Holden jolts AWAKE. It's sudden. Shockingly abrupt as he sits up, soaked with perspiration. Looks around. Yep. He's back in the woods. Same fucking spot.

HOLDEN
... Great.

And as he starts his long walk back into town, we CUT TO:

INT. COMMUNITY COLLEGE - HALLWAY

Holden sits in a small waiting area, watching a steady stream of students flow through the halls. Talking. LAUGHING. Enjoying a time in their life Holden never got to experience.

The door beside him OPENS. The HANDSOME MAN aka KEVIN exits with a STUDENT --

STUDENT

Next Friday? Same time?

KEVIN

Same time. See you then

Kevin turns -- and spots Holden waiting for him. He FREEZES. It's like Holden's risen from the dead.

Holden stands. Then, almost sheepish;

HOLDEN

Hey... Falcon.

KEVIN

Deathstalker.

Kevin pulls Holden into an embrace. And he LOSES IT. Twelve years of EMOTION pouring out and onto Holden's shoulder.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

(in between sobs)

I'm so sorry... it's all my fault... I--I didn't know... I'm so sorry...

We HOLD on this moment. It's RAW. And undeniably HUMAN.

INT. KEVIN'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Holden is standing, facing a wall where Kevin's DIPLOMA hangs, framed and matted. Below that, a photo of Kevin and the Pretty Woman from earlier, on their wedding day.

HOLDEN

You're married?

KEVIN

Little over two years. Christine. She's -- we -- are expecting a baby boy. She's due the end of summer.

HOLDEN

Christine...

(then; realizing)

Todd's sister Christine? The one who you --

KEVIN

-- dated all through senior year of high school. Been together ever since.

Kevin leans back against his desk, still can't get over seeing Holden up and about.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Jesus... it feels like... like I'm looking at a ghost. I swear I thought I'd never see you again.

Holden smiles weakly. Shrugs. Doesn't really want to talk about it. He glances through Kevin's bookshelf, crowded with psychology textbooks, journals, files.

HOLDEN

So you're some kind of psychiatrist?

KEVIN

School counselor... slash teacher. I'm working on my doctorate so they let me see students during office hours. Well... not *just* students.

(beat)

Dr. Yoon filled me in. Said it might help for you to talk to someone.

Holden looks down, hearing the pity in Kevin's voice.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Look, Holden... I'm here as your friend. First and foremost. We're blood-brothers, for Christ sake.

He lets his eyes wander back to the wall of certificates and family photos -- each one featuring a grinning STRANGER.

Holden looks back, melancholy;

HOLDEN

That was twelve years ago. A lot's changed.

KEVIN

It doesn't have to.

But it has. It's too late. And they both know it.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Talk to me, Holden. You know you can trust me.

Holden tightens, flashing back to the ominous warning to "trust no one." He locks eyes with Kevin, suspicious now.

But on the surface, he reveals nothing. He cracks a smile.

HOLDEN

I'm just waiting for the world to
stop spinning... Or slow down
enough to let me hop back on.

KEVIN

Don't wait too long.

Holden studies him. Was that worry? Was it a *threat*?

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Time doesn't heal all wounds. But
it does eventually run out.

And as Holden's left to ponder what that means, we CUT TO:

INT. HOLDEN'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

Diane enters the empty room, her arms cradling fresh towels. She moves to the dresser and sets them down. She's about to leave when she notices the bed is unmade. She stretches and tucks the sheets. Pauses. Then sits down on the freshly made bed, lowering her face into Holden's pillow. She INHALES deeply, allowing herself this minor indulgence when --

A DOORBELL rings. A beat. Diane reluctantly lifts her head, smoothing out the pillow, gathering herself as we CUT TO:

INT. HOLDEN'S HOUSE - DOWNSTAIRS - MOMENTS LATER

Diane opens the door, revealing Sheriff Dayton.

SHERIFF DAYTON

Good afternoon, Diane. Sorry to
bother you --

DIANE

Don't be silly, it's no bother.
Here, come in --

SHERIFF DAYTON

Thanks, but I won't be long...

The Sheriff removes his hat, wiping sweat from his forehead.

SHERIFF DAYTON (CONT'D)

I'm here about a break in at the
hospital. Dr. Yoon's office was
turned pretty much inside out.

DIANE

My God... but she's okay?

SHERIFF DAYTON

She's fine. A bit shaken up is all. Anyway, she believes the intruder may have been after a medical file. Holden's file.

Diane's knees nearly buckle. She uses the door frame to steady herself.

SHERIFF DAYTON (CONT'D)

There's no cause for alarm... Often times it's someone from the media desperate for something to report on. I just wanted you to be aware, in case you hear or see anything funny... don't hesitate to call.

DIANE

I won't. Thank you, Sheriff.

The Sheriff lowers his head into his hat, then straightens.

SHERIFF DAYTON

Oh, and please give Holden my best.

Diane nods, waiting until the Sheriff is in his cruiser before closing the door. She presses her back to the door, waiting for the waves of panic to subside. She turns the LOCK with authority as we CUT TO:

INT. MRI EXAM ROOM - DAY

Holden lies flat on his back. A TECHNICIAN hovers over him.

TECHNICIAN

Your doctor requested a few more photos for her album. Think of this as a seventy five thousand dollar camera.

HOLDEN

We doing smile or no smile?

TECHNICIAN

(dry)
Surprise me.

The machine revs up as Holden begins to move, his stretcher disappearing like a tongue recoiling into a gaping maw.

INSIDE THE MACHINE

Holden's breathing quickens. He squeezes his eyes shut as he feels the uniform walls start to close in on him.

The Technicians voice comes through a P.A. System.

TECHNICIAN (O.C.) (CONT'D)
 Try to stay still, or we'll have to
 restart the exam.

INSIDE THE CONTROL ROOM

A TEAM of SPECIALISTS sit behind a complex control board.
 Above the board at eye level are half a dozen MONITORS
 displaying everything from vitals to infrared to x-ray.

The Technician (the one instructing Holden) swivels his chair
 up to the main console. Reaches for BUTTON --

TECHNICIAN (CONT'D)
 Ladies and gentlemen, start your
 engines...

INSIDE THE MACHINE

The machine LURCHES and GRINDS to LIFE. That noise -- like a
 BOWLING BALL caught in a DRYER -- REVERBERATES off the walls
 of this sterile cocoon.

INSIDE THE CONTROL ROOM

The specialists watch as IMAGES bleed onto each monitor.

TECHNICIAN (CONT'D)
 (sotto)
 Okay, okay... looking good... good
 tissue...

INSIDE THE MACHINE

We're TIGHT ON HOLDEN as the FWUMP FWUMP FWUMP continues to
 HAMMER him from all sides. And then --

**QUICK CUTS -- ONE-SECOND GLIMPSES: That SEARING WHITE LIGHT.
 A FIGURE in the distance -- it's the OLD MAN -- moving
 towards us. JARRING. Nothing HUMAN about his movements --**

VOICE (O.S.)
 ... They're watching...

INSIDE THE CONTROL ROOM

The monitors SIZZLE with brief pops of STATIC. The lights
 FLICKER and DIM. The specialists look around, confused.

SPECIALIST
 Must be some interference.
 Attempting signal suppression.

TECHNICIAN
 (checks his controls)
 We're still online. Everything
 seems normal.

INSIDE THE MACHINE

Holden's eyes have rolled back into his head. It looks like he's having a seizure.

MORE QUICK CUTS --

We're in a WHITE ROOM -- BLINDING WHITE -- so hot it almost GLOWS. Suddenly the OLD MAN is right on TOP of us -- those MILKY EYES just inches away -- and he SPEAKS TO US --

OLD MAN
Don't let them inside!

OUTSIDE THE MACHINE

The entire room SHUDDERS -- shaking bits of plaster from the walls and ceiling --

INSIDE THE CONTROL ROOM

The Specialists hop up from their seats, alarmed.

SPECIALIST
 ... the hell was *that*?

Through the observation window, they watch as LIGHT BULBS BURST, one by one. The glass window CREAKS and GROANS as FISSURES start to form, SPIDERWEBBING towards the center --

TECHNICIAN
 Shut it down! Shut it down, NOW!

The window SHATTERS, spilling broken glass onto the controls. The Specialists scramble to power down the machine.

INSIDE THE MACHINE

Holden's eye roll back down. He blinks. Catches his breath. It's like waking from a nightmare.

The POUNDING slows, then STOPS. His bed STARTS TO MOVE -- dragging him back out --

INSIDE THE CONTROL ROOM

The Technician steps up to the broken window.

TECHNICIAN (CONT'D)

Well. That *was* surprising.

In the other room, Holden props himself up. He looks around.

Behind him, we finally see what's become of the MRI machine. A battered shell of plastic. Bruised and dented, like it was attacked with a sledgehammer.

As the last bit of broken glass falls to the floor, we --

SMASH TO BLACK.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

INT. HOLDEN'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Holden's seated in front of Luke's ancient computer, his face lit by the screen. He finds his way to a Google home page.

TIGHT ON THE COMPUTER SCREEN

Holden types his NAME into the search bar. Hits SEARCH.

BACK TO HOLDEN

He navigates his way through several articles, all relating to his coma. Goes back to SEARCH. Types in "Coma Recovery."

We see SNIPPETS of articles -- key words like "brain injury" and "stages of recovery." Back to SEARCH. Types in "Sleepwalking." Reads. Doesn't find what he's looking for.

Holden thinks. Knows it's a long shot, but types anyway. The letters fill up the search bar -- ONE BY ONE -- spelling out "Supernatural."

A KNOCK at the door startles Holden. He quickly closes his search window, flustered --

HOLDEN

Yeah?

Tom peeks his head through the semi-open door.

TOM

Thought I heard typing...
(re: the computer)
Don't worry. I won't ask.

Holden starts to defend himself, but thinks better of it. Tom takes a seat on Holden's bed. Looks around the room, staring into the past.

TOM (CONT'D)

I used to tell you stories... this was when you were very young... to get you to sleep. You remember?

Holden nods. Smiles at the memory.

TOM (CONT'D)

I'd sit right here. On this very bed. You were so small, your legs barely made it halfway. Anyway... I'd whisper these stories.

(MORE)

TOM (CONT'D)
 Always a whisper... just in case
 you were already asleep.

ON HOLDEN, emotion rising up in his chest as he remembers.

TOM (CONT'D)
 And then one night your legs made
 it to the edge of the bed. You
 didn't need my help falling asleep.
 (a beat; shakes his head)
 I probably spent more time here,
 right here on this bed, during
 those twelve years... anyway...
 (then; softly)
 I guess sometimes the past can help
 you deal with the present.

Holden's eyes are wet. His father's vulnerability having an
 impact. Tom stands, the bed creaking as he rises.

TOM (CONT'D)
 Something I want to show you.

INT. HOLDEN'S HOUSE - BASEMENT - MINUTES LATER

We're in an unfinished basement. Cement floor. Exposed
 insulation. Cobwebs everywhere.

Holden and Tom stand side by side, FACING CAMERA.

HOLDEN
 Does it work?

REVERSE on Holden's old MOTORBIKE. Or what's left of it.

TOM
 Not yet.

Holden steps forward. Speechless. Reaches out to touch it
 with a slow, reverential hand...

HOLDEN
 It doesn't look too good.

TOM
 No, it doesn't... But in light of
 recent events, I'm inclined to
 believe in miracles.

Holden glances back towards Tom. Hard not to admire the
 man's optimism.

HOLDEN
 Got a flashlight?

INT. BATHROOM - KEVIN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Kevin stands at the sink. The water is running, but he pays it no attention. Outside the door, CHRISTINE knocks gently.

CHRISTINE (O.C.)

Kevin?

He doesn't answer. Doesn't even flinch.

OUTSIDE THE BATHROOM

Christine has her ear pressed to the door, listening.

CHRISTINE (CONT'D)

Everything okay?

Behind her, a PHONE RINGS. She ignores it.

BACK TO KEVIN. Gazing at his own reflection. Conflicted.

CHRISTINE (O.C.) (CONT'D)

Honey.. Please, just answer me --

KEVIN

(shouting; on edge)

Can you get the phone?

A beat. Through the door, he HEARS the RINGING cut short. Muffled voices. And then panic floods into Kevin's eyes --

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Wait! Don't --

Kevin throws open the door. Christine is there, holding the phone out towards Kevin.

CHRISTINE

... It's for you.

But Kevin somehow already KNOWS this. He takes the phone, ducking back into the bathroom and shuts the door.

KEVIN

(hesitates; into phone)

This is Kevin.

MODULATED VOICE (V.O.)

Haven't gotten cold feet, have you?

The voice is lifeless and unsettling.

KEVIN

I was in class all day, I --

MODULATED VOICE

Tell me about Holden. What does he know?

KEVIN

Holden? Nothing. He's confused. Scared. I honestly don't think he's who you're looking for... But maybe if I had more time --

MODULATED VOICE

You're time's up. I'm giving my men the go-ahead. We'll be in touch.

A tense beat.

KEVIN

Wait, no -- I'll get you what you want, just give me anoth -- hello? Hello?

But the line goes dead. Color drains from Kevin's face. He lowers himself onto the edge of the bathtub as we SMASH TO:

INT. KEVIN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

ANGLE ON the photo of Kevin and Christine. All smiles. A stark contrast to the broken man we left in the bathroom.

KER-RACK!! A MAN breaks through the lock on the desk drawer. We RECOGNIZE him as the LARGE MAN in the plaid shirt. Our SUSPECT, flipping through files when a CELL PHONE VIBRATES --

LARGE MAN

(into phone)
I'm here.

MODULATED VOICE (V.O.)

Change of plans. The shrink can no longer be trusted.

Large Man removes several POLAROIDs from a file, snapshots of a YOUNG WOMAN in her underwear, posing provocatively.

LARGE MAN

You don't say.

MODULATED VOICE (V.O.)

Do what you have to do.

LARGE MAN

Copy that.

Large Man ends the call. He pockets his cell phone. Pauses. Then pockets the Polaroids as we CUT TO:

INT. CAR - NIGHT

An angry, heavy rain POUNDS the roof of the car. Kevin sits, unmoving, contemplating his next move. Up ahead, neon lights FLASH, advertising the BAR at the far end of the parking lot.

ANGLE THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD

Kevin watches a CAR pull up in front of the bar. Broken side-view. Nasty scrape running from head to tail. Luke is in the driver's seat, idling as Holden exits on the other side.

ON KEVIN, his features grim. Heavy. Preparing himself for something onerous. He reaches over and opens his glove-box. Catching the light is a SILVER .22 HANDGUN --

Kevin looks at it. Considers it. And we CUT TO:

INT. MURRAY'S DIVE BAR - MOMENTS LATER

Kevin makes his way down the length of the bar as Journey HOWLS from the sound system. It's dark. Sticky. Sweaty. Beer, blood and vomit have all been spilt in equal measure.

Kevin pulls up a stool, sliding in beside Holden.

HOLDEN

Nice place.

(glances around)

What's the opposite of a dress code?

KEVIN

Hey, c'mon. I wanted your first bar to be special.

Further down the bar, a PATRON BELCHES loudly, then passes out in a bowl of peanuts.

HOLDEN

... Touching.

GUS THE BARTENDER approaches. Gives Holden a long look.

KEVIN

Two beers, Gus. Stormchasers.

Kevin throws a nervous glance around the bar. Gus returns with the beer. Kevin holds up his credit card.

KEVIN (CONT'D)
Keep it open.

GUS THE BARTENDER
(re: Holden)
His is on the house. VIP discount.
(takes the card)
Yours is six bucks.

Holden takes his beer, still uncomfortable with his celebrity status. He catches more than a few eyes on him.

KEVIN
(soft; intense)
Listen, I don't know how much time
we have, or what they plan to do --

HOLDEN
-- *they?*

Holden looks back at Kevin, thrown by his sudden intensity.

KEVIN
You're in a lot of trouble, Holden.

HOLDEN
What are you talking about?

A CRACK of POOL BALLS colliding causes Kevin to jump. Holden notices, which only puts him further on edge.

HOLDEN (CONT'D)
Kevin? What the hell's going on?

Kevin takes a swig of beer. Tries to ease his nerves.

KEVIN
I brought you here to warn you.

HOLDEN
Warn me? About what?

KEVIN
I don't know --

HOLDEN
You don't know?
(then)
Look, if this is some joke --

KEVIN
Godammit, Holden, I'm not making
this up!! They're going to be
coming for you.
(MORE)

KEVIN (CONT'D)
 I don't know when, I just know
 they're real and they're well-
 financed --

Holden SLAMS his palm on the bar. Nerves starting to FRAY.

HOLDEN
Who? Who's coming for me?
 (putting it together)
 Is it the girl? With the brown
 hair? Did she get to you?

KEVIN
 What girl?

Holden hesitates. Realizes his mistake.

KEVIN (CONT'D)
 Did someone threaten you?

HOLDEN
 No, she didn't threaten me, she
 tried to --
 (then; realizing)
 ... Warn me.

Holden's head starts to spin. Anxiety stirring his insides
 as Kevin's words finally find some purchase.

HOLDEN (CONT'D)
 What am I supposed to do? The
 police? Can we go to the Sheriff?

KEVIN
 With what?

Holden's head spins faster. He sways on his bar stool.

HOLDEN
 I need to... I'm gonna be sick --

SMASH TO:

EXT. MURRAY'S DIVE BAR - SECONDS LATER

Holden bursts through the door. He doubles over, hands on
 his knees, and struggles to fill his lungs up with air.

Kevin follows, puts his hand on Holden's back.

KEVIN
 It'll be okay, we'll figure
 something out --

Suddenly two large HANDS grab Kevin and fling him backwards into the door. His nose explodes as he falls to the ground --

Holden spins around. Face to face with Large Man. Behind him, three more GOONS approach.

Large Man grabs Holden by the shirt and WHHAM!! His KNUCKLES ROCKET across Holden's JAW!!

Holden falls back to the ground. SPITS blood. But Large Man hauls him to his feet by his hair --

LARGE MAN
I know who you are.

He HITS him again, holding him up like a prizefighter.

LARGE MAN (CONT'D)
More importantly... I know what you can do.

WHHOMPH!! Large Man BURIES HIS FIST into Holden's kidney!

LARGE MAN (CONT'D)
Now show me.

Kevin staggers to his feet, blood cascading down his face. He reaches into his jacket pocket, slides out the .22.

But before he can aim it, a GOON catches his wrist -- BENDS the hand all the way back -- and the gun comes free.

ON HOLDEN, doubled over -- WHEEZING -- as Large Man lowers himself. Sets his hand beneath Holden's chin, raising it.

LARGE MAN (CONT'D)
C'mon... you can do it...

HOLDEN
... I don't know... what you're talking about...

The Large Man shakes his head, disappointed.

LARGE MAN
Then I'd say we got a problem.

He takes the GUN from the Goon -- slides out the clip -- yup, it's LOADED -- and he levels the barrel at Kevin's temple.

LARGE MAN (CONT'D)
Here's what's going to happen. I'm going to pull this trigger.
(MORE)

LARGE MAN (CONT'D)
And you're going to stop the bullet
from entering your friend's brain.

HOLDEN
NO --!!

Holden LUNGES for Large Man, but another Goon holds him back.

LARGE MAN
Here we go, on the count of three.

HOLDEN
... *What do you want from me?*

LARGE MAN
One...

HOLDEN
Please -- don't do this --!

Holden looks to Kevin. His eyes are wet. Pleading.

KEVIN
Holden --

HOLDEN
I can't, I'm sorry --!!

Large Man COCKS the gun, presses the barrel into the flesh --

LARGE MAN
... Two...

HOLDEN
Godammit, *listen to me!!* I'm not
who you think I am!!!

Kevin shuts his eyes. Resigned. Tears overflow, running
down his bloody face as he takes his last few breaths...

And then -- SUDDENLY -- A bright WHITE LIGHT floods the
scene. An ENGINE GROWLS, nearly right on top of them as --

A WHITE SUV -- yes, the White SUV -- BARRELS across the
parking lot, accelerating towards us!

Large Man turns the gun on the SUV -- FIRES A SERIES OF SHOTS
as bullets PUNCH through the windshield -- but the SUV keeps
right on coming -- PLOWING THROUGH THE GOONS -- sending two
of them FLIPPING UP AND OVER the roof!

Kevin scrambles into the bar, Large Man DIVES to the ground --

The SUV SCREECHES to a HALT in front of Holden. The door opens -- the DRIVER leans out --

It's The BRUNETTE! From the department store.

BRUNETTE

Get in!

HOLDEN

... You?!

BRUNETTE

Holden, get in the car!

Holden steps back, cagey.

HOLDEN

You're... following me?

BRUNETTE

GET IN NOW!!

BLAM! -- The driver's side window EXPLODES -- more gunfire CRACKS from behind Holden as Large Man resumes SHOOTING --

Holden scrambles around the front of the SUV -- throws himself into the passenger seat as -- BLAM!

The back window SHATTERS! The Brunette FLOORS IT, TIRES SCREECHING OVER THE WET GROUND AS WE --

SMASH TO BLACK.

END OF ACT FIVE

ACT SIX

INT. WHITE SUV - NIGHT

The Brunette drives fast. Tires glide dangerously over wet road. She checks the rearview, then over to Holden.

BRUNETTE

You hit?

But Holden is too stunned to answer.

BRUNETTE (CONT'D)

Holden. Are you hit?

HOLDEN

No, I -- I don't think so.

(then; realizing)

Kevin. We gotta go back --

BRUNETTE

Your friend is fine. They're not after him.

HOLDEN

So that loaded gun was gonna be, what? A warning shot?

She doesn't answer. Doesn't need to.

HOLDEN (CONT'D)

... who are you?

BRUNETTE

My name's Willa.

HOLDEN

No... who are you?

She looks over at Holden, reads the desperation in his eyes.

WILLA

I'm someone who wants to help you. Someone who can help you. But you'll have to trust me.

HOLDEN

And why the hell should I do that?

WILLA

Because I just saved your life.

Well, okay. Holden faces front, eyes watching the road sweep under the SUV as his mind revisits the parking lot.

HOLDEN
 (overwhelmed)
 ... they were gonna shoot him.
 They were gonna kill him unless I
 did something --

WILLA
 They needed validation. Proof that
 you have what they're looking for.

HOLDEN
 But I don't.

Willa throws him a sideways glance.

HOLDEN (CONT'D)
I don't.

Clearly, she doesn't believe him.

HOLDEN (CONT'D)
 What, you think I can *stop a
 bullet?*

WILLA
 Not yet.

HOLDEN
 Did all of you escape from the same
 mental hospital?!
 (then)
 I can't even drive a goddamn car!

WILLA
 Have you heard of psychokinesis?

HOLDEN
 ... You mean like Jean Grey?

Willa shoots Holden a glance like he just spoke Chinese.

WILLA
Who?
 (shakes her head; *idiot*)
 The ability to influence the
 physical environment without
 physical interaction. They believe
 you're capable of this... whether
 you are aware of it or not.

HOLDEN
 What do you believe?

WILLA

(a beat)

That you're in way over your head.

She's not wrong. Holden stares ahead, truly unable to speak. There's far too much to process here.

HOLDEN

Where are you taking me?

WILLA

(beat)

You've got questions. I'm taking you to someone who can give you answers.

Holden shakes his head, finally at the end of his rope.

HOLDEN

I just want to go home.

Willa remains silent.

HOLDEN (CONT'D)

Hey. You hear me? I said take me home.

WILLA

I can't take you home. That's the first place they'll look for you.

HOLDEN

... what about my family? Luke, my mom and dad --?

WILLA

They're safer without you.

HOLDEN

Then I... I've gotta warn them. I've gotta do something.

(beat)

Stop the car.

Willa ignores him. Holden's ready to erupt.

HOLDEN (CONT'D)

Stop the car.

She steps on the gas. The speedometer CLIMBS...

HOLDEN (CONT'D)

I said STOP THE CAR!!

Holden SMASHES his fist against the window, and as he does --

THE SUV LURCHES VIOLENTLY -- swerving -- one set of tires LIFTING OFF from the pavement before SLAMMING back down.

The RADIO CRACKLES to life. A rock song PLAYS, accompanied by a SYMPHONY OF NOISE from the surveillance equipment in the back. It's sudden. And it's FRIGHTENING.

Holden reacts as Willa pulls off onto the shoulder --

EXT. SIDE ROAD - NIGHT

Holden and Willa jump out of the car.

HOLDEN

How'd you do that?!!

WILLA

I didn't, Holden. You did.

Holden turns back to the empty car. The radio, the static, the surveillance equipment -- it all goes instantly SILENT.

HOLDEN

No. No, you rigged it to do that.

Willa laughs.

WILLA

Sure, now who sounds crazy?

He shoots her a look.

WILLA (CONT'D)

Did you think your coma was some random accident?

(a beat; measured)

Do you think you're the only one?

Wait. WHAT? Did we hear that right? Willa nods, knows she pulled that rug right out from under Holden.

WILLA (CONT'D)

Yeah... I thought so...

(then)

Twelve kids, including you, slipped into comas that same night... the night of the meteor storm. It was no accident.

HOLDEN

(almost afraid to ask)

... What happened to them?

WILLA

Dead. All of them. The youngest
burned to death in her sleep... in
a fire that she started while
unconscious.

(then; softly)

She was fourteen years-old.

A heavy beat as Willa gives that its moment to sink in.

WILLA (CONT'D)

You need my help.

HOLDEN

I *need* things to go back to the way
they were. Back to normal.

(then; helpless)

I need my old life back.

Holden turns and starts down the empty road, away from Willa.

WILLA

It will kill you, Holden. What's
inside you is dangerous. But that
doesn't mean you can't learn to
control it.

Holden keeps on walking.

WILLA (CONT'D)

Holden, don't do this!

He stops. Turns around.

HOLDEN

Thanks for saving my friend's life.

(then)

If I see you again, I'm calling the
cops.

ON WILLA, watching him go. Helpless to go after him. And we
get the sense there's genuine WORRY with her as we SMASH TO:

INT. HOLDEN'S HOUSE - LATER THAT NIGHT

The house is dark. Quiet. Everyone's asleep. Holden gently
locks the front door behind him. Starts to head up the
stairs... but something catches his eye. We move into --

THE LIVING ROOM

PUSH IN on a BOOKSHELF, cluttered with framed family photos.
We find one with Tom, Diane and Luke taken a few years ago.

His eyes wander to another PHOTO next to it. It's of Holden, around 12 years old. The same kid who disappeared. The photo is only of him, positioned next to the other one as if someone were trying to include him in the family.

Holden takes a step back, his smile wavering as we CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

It's a roomy, immaculate room -- unlike any hospital room we've ever seen. The kind of room reserved for those of staggering power and privilege.

An OLD MAN lies in bed amongst the most advanced of medical technologies, being tended to by a PRIVATE NURSE.

Willa enters. Smiles at the nurse and takes a seat by the bed. This is all routine for her.

WILLA

How is he?

PRIVATE NURSE

Your father's stable. No signs of improvement over last week, but no worsening either.

WILLA

Mind if I..?

PRIVATE NURSE

(smiles; she gets it)
I'll get out of your hair.

The nurse checks one last vital then exits.

We're CLOSE on the Old Man. We see he's unconscious. And VERY FAMILIAR. That's because we've seen him before...

He's the same OLD MAN from Holden's VISIONS...

WILLA

I had to make contact. They got to him first and I had to intervene.
I know it's against protocol...

Willa scoots her chair closer. Takes the Old Man's hand in her own. Her voice is almost a whisper. Conspiratorial.

WILLA (CONT'D)

He's not ready.

Willa's cell phone BUZZES in her pocket. She doesn't hesitate to remove it -- like she was EXPECTING it. She checks the DISPLAY:

"Message from DAD: *Stay close. Protect him.*"

Wait. WHAT? If the Old Man is her *father*, then how..?

Her phone BUZZES. Again, she casually reads her display:

"Message from DAD: *He'll be ready when we need him.*"

The only thing more bizarre than Willa's father communicating from a coma is that Willa seems very accustomed to it.

BACK TO WILLA. She nods. But there's an uncertainty in her eyes. As she hopes they won't be too late, we MATCH CUT TO:

INT. HOLDEN'S HOUSE - BEDROOM

Holden lays in bed, covers askew. He's tossing and turning. Violently. Having another NIGHTMARE.

ANGLE ON THE BOBBLE HEADS

Smiling from their perch on his bookshelf. Grinning at Holden, like they're enjoying the show. And it's eerie.

HOLDEN

Thrashes about. Murmuring. Like he's POSSESSED --

THE BOBBLE HEADS

Vacant eyes WIDE. Watching. Smiles almost look like they're GROWING as suddenly the plastic starts to MELT --

Hot globs of FLESH drip down the sides of their faces -- EYES WILTING AND MOUTHS NOW UPSIDE DOWN IN GROTESQUE SCREAMS OF AGONY AS HOLDEN UNWITTINGLY TURNS THEM TO PUDDLES AND WE --

SMASH TO BLACK.

END OF SHOW