

**BEYOND**

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TEASER

1 EXT. FORT SCOTT, KANSAS - DUSK 1

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:

2 INT. HOLDEN'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - SAME TIME 2

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? ... Oh.  
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 FLAKES 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 --

3 INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS 3

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. 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:

4 INT. BEDROOM - SAME TIME 4

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 MATTHEWS (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, Kemosabe. 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  
Next time. I promise. But for now  
I have a very important job for  
you. I need you to take good care  
of Ralphie. Okay? Make sure he  
eats all his dinner. Can you  
handle that?

Luke NODS. Emboldened with a new sense of responsibility. Holden holds up his right hand --

HOLDEN (CONT'D)  
You swear?

LUKE  
(raises his hand)  
I swear.

HOLDEN  
You swear on the holy sacred  
covenant of brotherhood?

LUKE  
There's no such thing --

Holden shoots him a look.

LUKE (CONT'D)  
I swear on the holy sacred cov...

HOLDEN  
Covenant.

LUKE  
Covenant... of brotherhood.

Holden smiles, satisfied. He lifts his backpack onto his  
shoulder and we SMASH TO:

5 INT. LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER 5

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

HOLDEN  
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.

6 EXT. HOLDEN'S HOUSE - DUSK 6

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

7 EXT. STREETS OF FORT SCOTT - DUSK 7

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.

8

EXT. WATER TOWER - NIGHT

8

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  
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

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

KEVIN

You're just saying that 'cause you're too scared to talk to them.

HOLDEN

I'm not *scared*.  
(then; defensive)  
Besides I've never seen you talk to any girls. Like, ever.

KEVIN

Sure I have.

HOLDEN

Who?

Shit. Kevin's mind races to come up with an answer.

KEVIN

You don't know her. Julie. From summer camp.  
(busted)  
Whatever, it doesn't matter. What matters is we're teenagers now. A whole world's opened up to us.  
(then)  
A new frontier.

But Holden is lost in the endless blanket of stars -- the only frontier that interests him.

HOLDEN

Did you know there's over a hundred billion stars up there, and they're all different?

\*

KEVIN

Yeah, so?

HOLDEN

So aren't you ever curious? What's beyond high school -- beyond this town?

(then; wistful)

(MORE)

HOLDEN (CONT'D)

It's like we're all a part of something bigger. Like pieces in a giant jigsaw puzzle. Don't you ever wanna know what we're a picture of?

A beat as Kevin digests that. And then:

KEVIN

Not unless it's a naked 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 hell 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. Four TEENAGERS 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. He smiles darkly at Holden.

JEFF (CONT'D)  
... You're dead.

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:

9 EXT. ROAD - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER 9

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 --

10 INT. WOODS - CONTINUOUS 10

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:

11 INT. COMA WARD - EARLY MORNING 11

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

12 INT. HOLDEN'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - EARLY MORNING 12

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 hall towards the front door as we SMASH TO:

\*

13 INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - MORNING 13 \*

Two double doors BURST OPEN as Diane and Tom charge down the hallway. Behind them, an Asian Doctor, SUZANNE WARREN, races after them, struggling to keep up -- \*

DR. WARREN \*

Mrs. Matthews, please -- we still need to run necessary tests, CT scans... \*

Diane and Tom don't slow their pace, moving through these hallways as though they've been here a thousand times before. Because they have. \*

DR. WARREN (CONT'D) \*

Your son was unconscious for twelve years. You know the risks. There could be brain injury, amnesia -- \*

Dr. Warren finally pulls in front of Diane and Tom, blocking their path. \*

DR. WARREN (CONT'D) \*

I need you to understand, it's still early. We need to maintain realistic expectations -- \*

DIANE \*

Let me see my son. Now. \*

Off Diane, determined. A maternal force of nature as we -- \*

CUT TO:

14 INT. MODEST HOME - KITCHEN - MORNING 14

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 delicious...

(he kisses her)

... Mmmm.... succulent...

(MORE)

HANDSOME MAN (CONT'D)  
 (he kisses her again)  
 ... mouth-watering...

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:

15

INT. COMA WARD - MORNING

15

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

Dr. Warren 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? \*

He turns, catching sight of his reflection in a window. Reaches up to touch his face -- only it's not his face. \*

HOLDEN (CONT'D) \*

*What happened to me??* \*

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

16 INT. COMA WARD - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

16

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. WARREN

(to Nurses)  
 Get his heart rate down.

DIANE

Help him, please! Do something!

DR. WARREN

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

17 INT. COMA WARD - HALLWAY - DAY

17

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

DR. WARREN

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

DIANE

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

\*

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

DR. WARREN

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.

\*

A beat as she lets that land. And then:

\*

DR. WARREN (CONT'D)

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

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

DIANE

Wait -- transferred? I don't  
understand --

\*

\*

\*

TOM

Holden's not the first kid to wake  
up from a coma.

\*

\*

DR. WARREN

It's not his waking up from the  
coma that concerns me.

\*

\*

\*

(then)

\*

What concerns me is we still don't  
know what caused it. We don't know  
how his body will react going  
forward. There could be long term  
effects --

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

DIANE

I don't understand, he's talking,  
he's responsive. You said he was  
healthy -- and now you want to ship  
him off to be someone's *science*  
*experiment*?

Tom puts a comforting hand on his wife's shoulder.

TOM

Diane --

DIANE

He's coming home with me.

TOM

Enough.

This catches everyone by surprise. All eyes on Tom now.

TOM (CONT'D)

Let's at least take some time to  
consider --

DIANE

We've waited long enough.  
(then; almost pleading)  
Haven't we?

Dr. Warren looks from Tom, then to Diane. Registers the  
anguish those twelve years have caused this couple.

DR. WARREN

It's your decision. I can't hold  
him without your consent. But  
until we understand what happened,  
I can't guarantee there won't be  
unforeseen... complications.

Diane nods. Her features soften as she weighs her words.

DIANE

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

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

DR. WARREN

Then let's get your son home.

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

18 INT. EXAM ROOM - DAY 18

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

DR. WARREN (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.

19 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY 19

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

20 INT. PHYSICAL THERAPY ROOM - DAY 20

Holden gradually moves between two PARALLEL BARS, wincing --

DR. WARREN (V.O.)

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

21 EXT. RECOVERY CENTER - DAY 21

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

22 INT. CAR - DAY 22

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

DR. WARREN (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. WARREN (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.

23 EXT. HOLDEN'S HOUSE - DAY 23

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 --

24 INT. HOLDEN'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS 24

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

Holden's eyes take in the living room. A stranger in a strange land. A "WELCOME HOME" banner hangs above a fireplace. More ironic than comforting.

DIANE

I can have dinner ready in an hour.  
You hungry?

HOLDEN

Starving.

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. We SMASH TO:

25 INT. HOLDEN'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER 25

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 carefully moves about his room. Like moving through a dream, it's both strange and familiar. He stops to admire the BOBBLE-HEADS, the constellations --

He picks up 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)  
Welcome home, Kemosabe. Welcome 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.

26 EXT. STREET - SAME TIME 26

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 --

27 INT. SUV - CONTINUOUS 27

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

28

INT. HOLDEN'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

28

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. He swallows, and immediately shovels more food into his mouth. This process repeats, faster and faster. Like he hasn't eaten in years. His family has stopped eating, and now watches.

DIANE (CONT'D)

(to Holden)  
You like it?

HOLDEN

(mouth full)  
Mmm... Vay goo... thankoo.

DIANE

I've never seen anyone this excited  
for my cooking.

LUKE

After twelve years of hospital  
sludge, I'm pretty sure he would've  
eaten a tire.

Diane shoots Luke a frown. Luke backpedals.

LUKE (CONT'D)

But the meatloaf's great. Really  
sensational.

DIANE

(to Holden)

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 nods, his mouth still full.

LUKE

I could use a few things. Since  
you mentioned it...

TOM

Doesn't your school have a meal  
plan? Because I'm paying a lot of  
money for *something* --

LUKE

Beer and weed, mostly.

ON HOLDEN. He smiles, watching this exchange between family  
members -- relationships built in his absence.

DIANE

Don't listen to him, Holden. Your  
brother thinks he's still at a frat  
house where his sense of humor is  
no doubt appreciated.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

HOLDEN

Beer would be nice.  
(beat)  
Since you mentioned it.

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

DIANE

What?

Tom starts LAUGHING, thinking this a joke. But he stops when he realizes Holden's not kidding.

TOM

You're serious.

HOLDEN

I'm over 21, right? So, legally...

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

TOM

I don't see the harm... if that's what you want.

HOLDEN

It is.  
(then)  
And some weed.

Again, everyone freezes. Eyes and mouths wide open.

HOLDEN (CONT'D)

That was a joke.

WHEW. A collective gasp escapes Tom and Diane.

LUKE

Good God, you really are my brother.

The PHONE RINGS, startling Holden.

TOM

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

How long've they been there?

TOM

Since you woke up. We've gotten calls from Diane Sawyer, Wendy Williams, Dr. Oz -- hell, even Oprah.

\*

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

I forgot he was in my room -- I opened the door for a second and -- what the hell's wrong with him?

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

TOM

Been like this the past few days... might be a skunk outside has him spooked --

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:

29

INT. HOLDEN'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

29

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. In the whiteness, black FIGURES scramble about. Voices MUFFLED. We can't tell if it's English. Hell, we can't tell if it's HUMAN. And then, a VOICE.

\*  
\*  
\*

*Asking "is he ready?" Followed by, "Open him up." FLASH TO AN IMAGE, in FOCUS, of a SURGICAL SAW -- accompanied by the HIGH PITCHED, PIERCING WHINE as the BLADE SPINS inches from our eyes --* \*  
\*  
\*  
\*

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

30 INT. WOODS - EARLY MORNING 30

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:

31 EXT. HOLDEN'S HOUSE - LATER THAT MORNING 31

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:

32

INT. BATHROOM - HOLDEN'S HOUSE - LATER

32

Holden stands in the SHOWER, letting the water roll off him. He holds his arms out in front of him -- still getting used to their new size. He rotates them. Studies them.

AT THE SINK

He turns on the water. Wipes steam from the mirror. Takes a moment to RECOGNIZE the face staring back at him is his own.

A LONG EMOTIONAL BEAT as Holden stares at his reflection. For all intents and purposes, he's looking at a complete fucking stranger.

Tears well up in the corners of his eyes -- his lip quivers as a flood of emotions edge dangerously close to the surface.

Holden cups his hands, filling them with water and brings his face down -- washing away the fear and the hurt and the loss. He takes a few deep breaths, composing himself. ADJUSTING to the person staring back at him. Then --

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.

33

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

33

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 actually think you 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. You're living in denial. Holden'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

Could we maybe add an electric razor to that list? Please?

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

34

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - MORNING

34

We find DR. WARREN 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. WARREN

I'm sorry, I -- thank you.

Dr. Warren 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 --

35 INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

35

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. She quickly grabs the phone and punches in a number.

DR. WARREN

(into phone)

I need Security, Room 204!

36 INT. HOLDEN'S BEDROOM - LATER

36

Holden stands in front of the window. Calm. Watching as the dog BARKS up at him from 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; remembering)

Do you remember the last thing you  
told me? Before...

Holden shakes his head.

LUKE (CONT'D)

"Take good care of *Ralphie*." You  
made me swear on the holy sacred  
covenant of brotherhood.

Holden smiles, remembering.

HOLDEN

There's no such thing.

LUKE

(warmly)

Sure there is.

(then; genuine)

You okay?

This authentic concern catches Holden off his guard.

HOLDEN  
(covers)  
Yeah. Course.

LUKE  
Because you can tell me if you're  
not... Y'know... okay.

HOLDEN  
Okay.

LUKE  
I'd be out of my mind, pissing down  
my left leg terrified --  
(catches himself)  
Not that you should be terrified...

HOLDEN  
I'm fine. This morning... I just  
wanted some fresh air. That's all.

Luke studies Holden. Knows he's holding something back.

LUKE  
Swear by the holy sacred covenant  
of brotherhood?

HOLDEN  
I swear by the holy sacred covenant  
of brotherhood.

Luke nods, satisfied. Digs out a set of CAR KEYS.

LUKE  
C'mon. Mom gave me money for a  
shaver, maybe some new clothes...  
you up for a drive?

Holden stops. A thought just occurred to him.

LUKE (CONT'D)  
What is it?

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

SMASH TO:

37 INT. GARAGE - HOLDEN'S HOUSE - LATER

37

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:

38

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

38

Dr. Warren 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. WARREN

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. Warren'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. WARREN

... 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"

39 INT. DEPARTMENT STORE - DAY 39

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

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

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. Holden collects himself as we CUT TO:

40 INT. DEPARTMENT STORE - MINUTES LATER 40

Holden stands facing a mirror, appraising a new button down shirt. And he's not thrilled with it.

LUKE

So? What do you think?

HOLDEN

I think I look like Dad.

(beat)

Or somebody's dad.

Luke glances just over Holden's shoulder.

LUKE

She seems to like it.

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

LUKE (CONT'D)

Wait, don't --

(too late)

-- Or you can look right at her.

Who needs subtlety, right?

ON HOLDEN as his heart quickens as they make eye contact.

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 and talk to her.  
Maybe she wants an autograph.  
(then; suggestive)  
Maybe she wants something more.

Holden looks uneasy. Luke catches this hesitation. Realizes that talking to girls, like shaving, never entered his life.

LUKE (CONT'D)  
Look, there's nothing to it.  
Honest. Just go over and ask her  
name. Compliment her. That's very  
important. It doesn't matter what,  
just y'know, pick something and  
tell her it looks good. She'll  
like that.

Holden nods, psyching himself up.

HOLDEN  
Okay.  
(smiles uneasily)  
... Here goes.

He starts to walk over, but Luke stops him.

LUKE  
Wait --

Luke grabs another stripped shirt off a nearby rack, quickly holds it up to Holden -- then, satisfied, we SMASH TO:

41 INT. DEPARTMENT STORE - MINUTES LATER 41

Holden approaches the Brunette. We see he's wearing the new 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 who you are.

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. He starts to back away, defeated.

HOLDEN (CONT'D)

Look, I... Sorry to bother you.

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

42 INT. HOLDEN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 42

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, we FLASH to a figure. Blurry. Distorted. Appears to be sitting in a chair. Facing us. And then that same VOICE, like rocks dragged across a chalkboard:*

THE VOICE

*Do it. Do it, Holden. Don't be afraid. You don't have to be afraid...*

*We turn away from the figure -- and we catch our reflection. A THIRTEEN YEAR-OLD HOLDEN looks back at us. Eyes wide and terrified. And his swollen face is covered in fresh stitches. Young Holden brings a shaky hand up to his face -- he's about to touch a stitching when --*

43 EXT. WOODS - EARLY MORNING 43

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. He touches his face. No stitches. A beat as he gets his bearings.

CUT TO:

44 INT. COMMUNITY COLLEGE - HALLWAY 44

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

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.

45

INT. KEVIN'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

45

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  
cheerleader? 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)  
It's 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. Warren 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  
were blood-brothers for God's sake.

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

KEVIN (CONT'D)

How're you holding up?

HOLDEN

I wish everyone would stop asking  
me that.

KEVIN

You've been through a lot.

HOLDEN

Yeah. And now I'm back.

Kevin nods, assessing Holden. Reads between the lines.

KEVIN

There's this Swiss psychiatrist...  
Elizabeth Kubler-Ross... She  
outlines five stages of grief, the  
first being denial. She says a lot  
of the time, people ignore or  
rationalize what they're going  
through. Whether it's divorce, or  
the death of a friend or family  
member --

\*

HOLDEN

You think that's me? You think I'm  
in denial?

KEVIN  
I don't know. Are you?

HOLDEN  
Thought you said you're my friend,  
first and foremost.

KEVIN  
I am.

HOLDEN  
Yeah, well, my "friend" never read  
anything that didn't have a  
centerfold, so...

Kevin softens a bit. Cracks a smile.

KEVIN  
Still don't, by the way. You're  
right. Some things never change.

HOLDEN  
(pointed)  
Some things.

KEVIN  
Talk to me, Holden. I want to help  
you. You know you can trust me.

ON HOLDEN. He BLINKS as we FLASH BACK to that ominous  
warning -- Holden looking down at his hand with the words  
"TRUST NO ONE" written in ink.

Holden blinks again. Back to the present. He locks eyes  
with Kevin, SUSPICIOUS now.

But on the surface, he reveals nothing. Smiles warmly.

HOLDEN  
I know.

CUT TO:

46 INT. HOLDEN'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

46

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:

47 INT. HOLDEN'S HOUSE - DOWNSTAIRS - MOMENTS LATER

47

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. Warren'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:

48

INT. MRI EXAM ROOM - DAY

48

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 a METAL LEVER --

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)

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 seated in his chair -- facing us. His FACE flashing into focus. Old. Ancient. Like he's lived for centuries.**

\*

\*

OLD MAN

... no more holding back...

\*

\*

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 in FRONT of us --***

\*

OLD MAN

*Do it, Holden! Do it now!*

\*

***And the Old Man BURSTS into flames. It's sudden. STARTLING. He remains seated, motionless, as the flames RISE over him --***

\*

\*

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*?

TECHNICIAN  
Shut it down. We'll restart.

The Specialist moves to flip a METAL LEVER -- but her hand SIZZLES when it makes contact. She jerks it away, in PAIN --

SPECIALIST  
-- It's hot.

Suddenly the control panel CATCHES ON FIRE. Everyone scrambles as FLAMES whip up around them. Monitors burst, shooting SPARKS into the air --

The glass observation window CREAKS and GROANS as FISSURES start to form, SPIDERWEBBING towards the center.

A BLAST from a FIRE EXTINGUISHER douses the flames as the Technician hoses down the control board -- the electronics SIZZLING beneath a layer of white foam.

INSIDE THE MACHINE

Holden's eye roll back down. He blinks. Catches his breath as his stretcher slides back out from the machine.

He props himself up. Looks back to the control room.

HOLDEN  
What happened? ...We going again?

\*

The observation window SHATTERS, revealing a control room filled with stunned and confused technicians.

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

SMASH TO BLACK.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

49 INT. HOLDEN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

49

Holden's seated in front of Luke's ancient computer, his face lit by the screen. \*

TIGHT ON THE COMPUTER SCREEN as 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."

We see SNIPPETS of articles -- key words like "brain injury" and "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. 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.

50

INT. HOLDEN'S HOUSE - BASEMENT - MINUTES LATER

50

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. Couple replacement parts. Some man-hours. I believe you can get her up and running again.

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

But as soon as he touches it, the head lamp snaps off -- CRASHING to the floor by Holden's feet. He picks it up, and as he holds it in his hands, his face darkens. \*

HOLDEN

Why? Why save... all this? \*

TOM

(off-guard)

Because... this bike was an important part of your childhood. \*

HOLDEN

My childhood. That was twelve  
years ago. My childhood's gone.  
Along with everything else.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

TOM

You know that's not true.

\*  
\*

Holden shakes his head, finally realizing what he's tried so  
hard to ignore.

\*  
\*

HOLDEN

You think tightening a few bolts...  
a new coat of paint... will make  
everything better? I turn the key  
and what, get my life back? Just  
like that?

\*

Tom doesn't know what to say. Clearly this isn't going the  
way he thought it would. The way he hoped it would.

TOM

Of course not. I'm only trying to  
help --

HOLDEN

Then tell me why I can't sleep. Or  
why I wake up in the middle of the  
woods with no memory of how I got  
there --

Holden's on a roll now. Days worth of pent up anger and  
hostility boiling over.

\*

HOLDEN (CONT'D)

Tell me why an entire radiology lab  
goes up in flames while they're  
looking inside my head.

TOM

You had nothing to do with that.  
It was faulty equipment -- they're  
lucky we don't press charges.

Does Holden buy this explanation? Maybe. But there's a more  
pressing concern that Holden needs to get off his chest:

HOLDEN

You should've never brought me home  
from that hospital.

ON TOM. Completely CRUSHED by this sentiment. Because he  
knows, deep down, that Holden is probably right.

HOLDEN (CONT'D)  
 You wanna put this bike back  
 together?

\*

He tosses Tom the head lamp.

\*

HOLDEN (CONT'D)  
 Be my guest.

\*

\*

Holden turns and makes his way back up the basement steps,  
 leaving his dad with a shattered heart and a broken bike.

CUT TO:

51 INT. BATHROOM - KEVIN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

51

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.)  
*Where are you with Holden?*

The voice is lifeless and unsettling.

KEVIN  
I was in class all day, I --

MODULATED VOICE  
*What does he know?*

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

MODULATED VOICE  
*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:

52

INT. KEVIN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

52

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:

53 INT. CAR - NIGHT

53

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:

54 INT. MURRAY'S DIVE BAR - MOMENTS LATER

54

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.

Kevin throws a nervous glance around the bar. Gus returns with the beer.

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

Holden takes his beer, still uncomfortable with his celebrity status. He catches more than a few eyes on him, but quickly turns his attention back to his friend.

HOLDEN  
Hey, man, about the other day...  
What I said about you not being a  
friend?  
(shakes his head)  
You were my best friend. My only  
friend.

Holden looks down at his beer, not used to opening himself up like this.

HOLDEN (CONT'D)  
And you were right... about me not  
wanting to move on --

KEVIN  
Holden --

HOLDEN  
But I do hope there's some way...  
or some Swiss psychiatrist that  
helps us to, y'know... pick up  
where we left off.

KEVIN  
Holden, listen, I --

HOLDEN  
Wait, let me finish.  
(a beat; then)  
I'm finished.

Kevin absorbs this. Guilt starting to eat away his insides.

KEVIN

Those were some of the nicest things you've ever said to me --

HOLDEN

All true. I wrote them down and everything --

KEVIN

But I really wish you hadn't said them.

ON HOLDEN, thrown by this. He finally notices Kevin, who hasn't touched his beer. Who looks like he's gonna be sick.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

I screwed up.

HOLDEN

No, I was out of line --

KEVIN

(soft; intense)

Listen, I don't know how much time we have, or what they plan to do --

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

HOLDEN

They?

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  
Look, if this is some joke --

KEVIN  
Dammit, Holden, I'm not making this up!! They're going to be coming for you. 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)  
Holden, what girl? 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:

55

EXT. MURRAY'S DIVE BAR - SECONDS LATER

55

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.

WHHOMP!! 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 chest. \*

LARGE MAN (CONT'D)

Here's what's going to happen. I'm going to pull this trigger. And you're going to stop the bullet from entering your friend's heart. \*

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

I'm not who you think I am!!!

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

The gun in Large Man's hands grows RED HOT -- scorching his skin. He lets go, startled -- the gun rattles to the ground.

Holden SEES it -- is about to make a move for it when --

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 pulls another 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

56 INT. WHITE SUV - NIGHT

56

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

BRUNETTE

You hit?

Holden quickly wipes tears from his face, careful not to let on that he was crying. Even now, he wants to impress her.

BRUNETTE (CONT'D)

Holden. Are you hit?

HOLDEN

(shaky)

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 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)  
I'm taking you to someone who can  
help you.

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 --

ANGLE ON THE REAR TIRE as it EXPLODES. THE SUV LURCHES VIOLENTLY -- swerving -- one set of tires LIFTING OFF from the pavement before SLAMMING back down.

From the back of the SUV the surveillance equipment CRACKLES, shooting SPARKS like we saw with the MRI.

Holden reacts as Willa pulls off onto the shoulder --

57

EXT. SIDE ROAD - NIGHT

57

Holden and Willa jump out of the car.

HOLDEN  
*How'd you do that?*

\*

Willa walks around to examine the tire -- which has MELTED, dripping gooey rubber down to the asphalt.

WILLA  
I didn't, Holden. You did.

He shoots her a long, hard look.

HOLDEN  
Tell me how?

Willa takes a beat. Knows what she's about to say will change Holden's life forever. Finally:

WILLA  
Did you think your coma was an accident?

Holden is thrown. Because up until now, yeah. He DID.

WILLA (CONT'D)  
You were chosen, Holden. You were chosen to be a part of something bigger than you ever could've imagined.  
(then)  
Isn't that what you've always wanted?

Holden flashes back to that night on the water tower, dreaming of a bigger life. *But how she could know that??*

HOLDEN  
 How did you --?  
 (then)  
 So they were right? Those guys  
 back at the bar...?

WILLA  
 Most people never know the true  
 power of the subconscious mind.  
 Come with me and you'll find out.

A beat as Holden considers. Then:

HOLDEN  
 And if I don't?

WILLA  
 I won't be able to protect you.

HOLDEN  
 From them.

WILLA  
 From yourself. You weren't the  
 only one who went into a coma that  
 night.

Holden can't believe what he's hearing, like a series of rugs  
 being pulled out from under him. One after another.

WILLA (CONT'D)  
 You were one of twelve.

HOLDEN  
 (almost afraid to ask)  
 ... What happened to the others?

WILLA  
 Some of them never regained  
 consciousness. Others simply self-  
 destructed. One girl... the most  
 recent... burned to death in her  
 sleep. Consumed in a fire that she  
 started while unconscious.  
 (a beat; heavy)  
 She was fourteen years-old.

ON HOLDEN as this lands. TERROR now creeping in.

WILLA (CONT'D)  
 What about you? Start any fires  
 recently?  
 (off Holden's look)  
 That's a defense mechanism.  
 (MORE)

WILLA (CONT'D)

It happens when you're agitated.  
But that's the least of what you're  
capable of.

Holden shakes his head. He's at his breaking point, both  
overwhelmed and emotionally exhausted.

HOLDEN

No. No, I don't want this. I just  
want things to go back to the way  
they were. Back to normal.  
(then; emotional)  
I want my old life back.

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

WILLA

I'm sorry, Holden. I can't give  
that to you. No one can. But I  
can give you answers. The coma,  
your recovery -- all of this  
happened for a reason.  
(measured)  
Don't you want to know why?

Holden stops. He turns back.

HOLDEN

I thought I did.  
(then; shrugs)  
Guess I outgrew it.

WILLA

Holden, please. I can help you.

But Holden has already resumed walking.

HOLDEN

Thanks for saving my friend's life.  
But 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:

58

INT. HOLDEN'S HOUSE - LATER THAT NIGHT

58

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:

59

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

59

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.

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.

WILLA (CONT'D)

And if we're too late?

Willa waits anxiously for an answer she already knows...

"Message from DAD: **They win.**"

BACK TO WILLA. Her face says it all. This is not an option. She takes a deep breath, feeling the full weight of what lies ahead as we CUT TO:

60

INT. HOLDEN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

60

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