

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.

START
sc. 1

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.

BETWEEN
"HOLDEN"

*
*

1/13

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.

// END
Sc. 1 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:

3/13

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.

START →

SC. 2

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 --

END SC. 2
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.

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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.

START → BRUNETTE
You hit?

Sc. 3

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)

HOLDEN (CONT'D)
I said STOP THE CAR!!

// END sc. 3

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.

START →

HOLDEN
How'd you do that?

*

Sc. 4

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??

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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)

12/13

~~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.

// END sc. 4

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

13/13