

# TB

CHRONICLE

Written by

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Based on a story by

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# TB

FROM ANDREW'S FIRST CAMERA.

**CUT - to indicate time lapses within a scene**

INT. DETMER RESIDENCE - ANDREW'S ROOM

The room is dingy. Unkempt. The camera sits on the bed, on its side, facing the door. We can hear someone moving around off screen.

The door handle clicks; someone's trying it. Then nothing. Then, suddenly, **loud pounding on the door.**

Andrew's voice is scratchy and prone to cracking. He speaks with a rushed mix of fear and anxiety.

ANDREW (O.S.)

What do you want, I'm getting ready for school-

MR. DETMER (O.S.)

Why is the door locked, unlock this fucking door right now.

The bed stirs as Andrew sits down.

MR. DETMER (O.S.) (CONT'D)

I said unlock this door. UNLOCK THE DOOR. OPEN THE DOOR, NOW.

ANDREW (O.S.)

You're drunk-

MR. DETMER (O.S.)

*Listen, you don't tell me- IF I'M DRUNK, OR-*

ANDREW (O.S.)

It's seven thirty. In the AM. You're drunk, dad, that's crazy-

MR. DETMER (O.S.)

*What're you doing in there.*

ANDREW (O.S.)

I'm filming this.

MR. DETMER (O.S.)

What?

ANDREW (O.S.)

I bought a camera. I'm filming all your shit from now on.

There's a beat, and then we can hear Mr. Detmer moving away from the door.

INT. DETMER RESIDENCE - SANDRA DETMER'S ROOM

Equally dingy. **SANDRA DETMER**, gaunt and sickly, is sat up in bed. Andrew's filming her. She's clearly very ill, speaking in a weak rasp. Andrew now holds the camera.

ANDREW (O.S.)  
Mom? Will you say hi to the camera?

SANDRA DETMER  
Who's the audience?

ANDREW (O.S.)  
The millions of people watching at home.

SANDRA DETMER  
Hello world. Do I look awful?

ANDREW (O.S.)  
No, you look great.

SANDRA DETMER  
I've been looking a little better, yeah?

ANDREW (O.S.)  
Oh yeah, definitely.

SANDRA DETMER  
It's a nice camera.

EXT. CLARK STREET - MORNING

Clark Street is a slummy mess; dead lawns, potholes in the street in a downtrodden suburb of Portland Oregon. Andrew carries the camera loosely at his side before getting into the passenger side of a car.

In the driver's seat is **MATT Garrety**, 17, with messy hair. He's disaffected, and more than a little cynical; the reasoned demeanor of an unpretentious high-school intellectual.

MATT  
I got you egg salad.

ANDREW (O.S.)  
Oh, yeah, thanks.

CUT.

They're driving.

MATT  
So...Should I ask about the camera,  
or-

ANDREW (O.S.)  
I'm filming things now. I'm  
filming everything.

MATT  
You're filming everything.

ANDREW (O.S.)  
For my mom. I'm trying to get  
custody of her from my dad. She's  
getting worse, and he's  
not...helping, and this way, in  
case something goes down-

MATT  
He gets violent or whatever-

ANDREW (O.S.)  
Right, it'd be evidence.

MATT  
Evidence. But you're not with him  
right now, but you're filming this.

ANDREW (O.S.)  
Well, yeah, to add context.

MATT  
Context. Andrew, you are...a weird  
dude.

CUT.

MATT (CONT'D)  
Did you ever read any Auguste  
Comte?

ANDREW (O.S.)  
What is that?

MATT  
He's this philosopher I'm reading.

ANDREW (O.S.)  
For school?

MATT  
He's just like- his whole thing is about being positive and like, taking up for yourself. You should read him, maybe, it might make you feel- you know, improve your outlook.

ANDREW (O.S.)  
Yeah, right.

EXT. BENJAMIN FRANKLIN HIGH - PARKING LOT

Andrew's getting out of the car, but then ducks back in to see Matt lighting a pipe.

ANDREW (O.S.)  
Are you not coming in?

MATT  
I'm gonna blaze a little first, yeah?

ANDREW (O.S.)  
You're going to miss first period-

Matt turns on the radio, loud.

ANDREW (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Okay, okay.

INT. BENJAMIN FRANKLIN HIGH - HALLWAY

Andrew's filming himself putting stuff in his locker, and does a quick sweep of the crowded school hallway.

ANDREW (O.S.)  
This is my school, I guess. This is the hallway-

GIRL  
Vote "Kaz!"

A girl suddenly approaches, awkwardly handing Andrew a flyer.

GIRL (CONT'D)  
Vote Steve Kazinsky for Senior class president!

ANDREW (O.S.)

...yeah-

GIRL

Every vote counts.

Andrew films the flyer for a moment, brightly colored and featuring a picture of a smiling Steve Kazinsky, before something yanks the camera away.

For the first time we see **ANDREW Detmer**, 17, pale, awkward and gangly, with long, stringy hair and thin, scraggly beard. He looks anxious, if not afraid.

BRYCE (O.S.)

Yo this camera is a piece of shit.  
It's like from 2004 or some shit.

**WAYNE**, 17, big and hateable in his Ed Hardy T-shirt, appears wrapping his arm roughly around Andrew.

WAYNE

Hey, how do I look?  
(starts muscle posing)  
Like this? Ooh, that's good. Like  
this? That's sexy, right?

ANDREW

Bryce, gimme my camera back-

BRYCE (O.S.)

Fuck you Andrew, shut up. This  
camera's a piece of shit.

WAYNE

You got me, let's go.

Wayne turns and knocks everything out of Andrew's locker. Bryce starts to walk away with the camera.

ANDREW (O.S.)

Hey, Bryce, come on, give it back-

The camera is set down on the ground, and then abruptly **kicked** back to Andrew. He picks it up, checking on it.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

(quietly, sad)  
Oh come on...

EXT. BENJAMIN FRANKLIN HIGH - FOOTBALL FIELD

A view from the bleachers as the soccer team practices. The cheerleaders are practicing too. We cut: a different view, lower.

ANDREW (O.S.)

This is where I eat lunch, out here  
on the bleachers.

CUT. LATER.

The camera's next to Andrew as he's eating, down on the bench. A **CHEERLEADER** approaches.

CHEERLEADER

Hi.

ANDREW

Hey-

CHEERLEADER

Could you not videotape us, please?  
It's really fucking creepy.

ANDREW

I wasn't, videotaping you, so much  
as I was just-

CHEERLEADER

Just don't videotape-

ANDREW

-you know, filming what I do  
during the-

CHEERLEADER

*Don't videotape us, okay, or we'll  
call security. We see you watching  
us, we're not stupid, and it's  
sketchy, so back off.*

ANDREW

...okay.

CHEERLEADER

Is it on right now?

ANDREW

Yes.

CHEERLEADER

Turn it off.

Andrew turns off the camera.

INT. MATT'S CAR

Matt's driving. Andrew's filming from the passenger seat.

MATT

There's a party tonight. A barn party at Haven Hills.

ANDREW (O.S.)

I thought Haven Hills was closed.

MATT

It's abandoned, yeah. That's why it's a good place for a party. Two kegs.

ANDREW (O.S.)

Why are you telling me?

MATT

You wanna go? I don't wanna go alone.

ANDREW (O.S.)

...Nah...

MATT

When was the last time you went to a party?

ANDREW (O.S.)

I don't like parties.

MATT

You're a senior. Just come, you'll have fun.

ANDREW (O.S.)

I'll think about it.

MATT

Okay, right. Andrew, can I give you like, a pro tip?

ANDREW

Yeah?

MATT

Keep the camera at home. It's weird.

ANDREW

It has a purpose-



MATT

I'm trying to be a good cousin,  
here. This is me being your  
friend, yeah? Okay?

EXT. DETMER RESIDENCE

Andrew is filming as he walks along towards his house.

HOWARD (O.S.)

Hey, what you doing?

COSTLY (O.S.)

Hey nice camera bitch, gimme your  
fuckin camera!

The camera pans up to reveal **HOWARD** and **COSTLY**, moron hoodlums, along with several friends, over by a car on the other side of the road, drinking forties.

HOWARD

Hey don't film me nigga, don't film  
me.

COSTLY

Hey fuck off, you better run to  
your house, bitch. Run to your  
house and lock the door.

Andrew just stands there filming them. Howard hurls his forty at Andrew, who doesn't move; it shatters very near to him.

HOWARD

The fuck, fuck you faggot-

Howard quickly starts crossing the street, and Andrew turns and runs back towards his house.

INT. DETMER RESIDENCE - ANDREW'S ROOM

The camera lays on Andrew's bed again, filming the room. Andrew is on his laptop at a desk, working.

ANDREW

I'm uploading what I shot  
today...you have to keep a back-up,  
you know.

The door suddenly opens, revealing **MR. Adrian DETMER**, 40s, Andrew's father. He doesn't look as white trash as you'd expect.

Andrew looks up at him, and then goes back to working.  
Detmer goes over to Andrew and **slaps him out of his chair.**

MR. DETMER

When I say open this door, you open  
this fucking door.

Mr. Detmer leaves, slamming the door on his way out. Andrew  
sits on the floor in silence.

EXT. HAVEN HILLS FARM - NIGHT

We're in Matt's car, driving on a dark dirt road, past an old  
fence and rusted out farm equipment.

ANDREW (O.S.)

Are you sure it's here?

(beat)

Are you sure it's here, this all  
looks closed-

MATT

It's here, calm down. Listen.

We can faintly hear party music.

ANDREW (O.S.)

Oh yeah.

EXT. HAVEN HILLS FARM - BARN

Cars are parked outside a big abandoned barn as Matt and  
Andrew approach. We see Christmas lights strung up, and  
there's clearly a party going on inside the barn. Kids are  
milling about outside, too, drinking, fucking around.

MATT

Hey dude, don't follow me around  
all night.

ANDREW (O.S.)

What?

MATT

Don't follow me around all night,  
okay?

ANDREW (O.S.)

What am I supposed to do? I  
thought you said you didn't want to  
go alone-

MATT

Talk to people? Have a beer, I don't know.

MONTAGED  
FOOTAGE...

Andrew skulks around the party, which is clearly in full swing. Lots of bad footage of people talking, drinking, girls dancing sexy, guys joking around. Andrew is silent and detached, just filming. He sees a girl, **CASEY Letter**, 16, filming as well. They shout over the music.

CASEY

Hey, what are you filming for?

ANDREW (O.S.)

Oh, I don't- just filming.

CASEY

What? I'm filming for my blog!

ANDREW (O.S.)

What?

CASEY

I have a video blog! Why are you filming?

Andrew simply backs away. More footage of the party. **AUSTIN**, 18, in an Ed Hardy shirt, comes out of nowhere. He's clearly a little drunk.

AUSTIN

Hey, were you filming my girlfriend? Yes or no, were you filming my girlfriend?

ANDREW (O.S.)

No, I wasn't filming anyone specific, just filming the party.

AUSTIN

(beat)

Okay, good, because I don't wanna have to beat your ass.

ANDREW (O.S.)

Okay.

AUSTIN

Don't talk back to me. Don't get smart, okay, I'm being nice here. I'm being nice to you.

(MORE)

AUSTIN (CONT'D)

(beat)  
Say okay.

ANDREW (O.S.)

Okay-

AUSTIN

Cause I know you were filming my girlfriend dancing. I should break your fucking nose, you know that? You know that, I should beat your ass right now, but I'm trying to be nice. Fuck you.

Austin abruptly throws his beer on Andrew, getting some on the camera, and then spits on him. Andrew backs up, shocked, lowering the camera.

EXT. HAVEN HILLS FARM - EDGE OF THE WOODS

Andrew's out alone in a field now, furiously cleaning the lens of the camera, obstructing our view. Cut to a few moments later; the camera now resting in his lap or on the ground. We can see the barn, the party still going on.

After a few moments, we can faintly hear Andrew crying.

STEVE (O.S.)

(loud, sudden)  
Are you Andrew?

ANDREW (O.S.)

(startled)  
What-

STEVE

Are you Andrew-with-the-camera?  
(beat)  
Matt's cousin, Matt said you had a camera?

The camera is picked up to reveal **STEVE "Kaz" Kazinsky**, 17, approachably handsome and in great shape, with an easygoing, instantly likeable charisma.

He's a little drunk and giddy.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Dude, are you okay?

ANDREW (O.S.)

I'm Andrew.

STEVE  
I'm Steve Kazinsky-

ANDREW (O.S.)  
No, I know.

STEVE  
...yeah?

ANDREW (O.S.)  
Everybody knows who you are.

STEVE  
Haha, yes, that is true. Listen,  
come on, bring the camera.

ANDREW (O.S.)  
What? I don't-

STEVE  
Come on.

Steve starts off, but Andrew hesitates.

ANDREW (O.S.)  
I don't-

STEVE  
Dude, come on, we found something.

EXT. HAVEN HILLS FARM - FIELD

Steve is walking ahead in the field of tall grass, toward woods. It's rather dark.

ANDREW (O.S.)  
Look, I don't think we're supposed  
to-

STEVE  
Is there a light on that? On your  
camera?

ANDREW (O.S.)  
Oh, I don't- Hm, I don't know-

The camera goes down for a moment while Andrew futzes with it. The light clicks on, illuminating Steve.

STEVE  
Awesome.

CUT.

They've reached the woods, and Steve is climbing over the remains of a fence. The light bounces around wildly.

ANDREW (O.S.)

What were you guys doing out here?  
This is way out-

STEVE

Me and your cousin were blazing a little.

ANDREW (O.S.)

Matt's out here?

STEVE

A bunch of people were out here,  
but I think they've all gone back,  
now, cause we're like, obsessed  
with the thing.

ANDREW (O.S.)

The what?

CUT.

They're in the woods now, thick and dizzying. It's near silent but their feet crushing the Fall leaves on the ground. Steve walks out ahead.

STEVE

Andrew Detmer, that's right. I  
remember you from homeroom,  
Freshman year.

ANDREW (O.S.)

You remember that?

STEVE

Yeah, I have a memory for faces.  
I'm gonna go into politics, which  
is ironic because I'm soooo fucking  
high right now- probably shouldn't  
be letting you videotape this-

ANDREW (O.S.)

I'm gonna be so rich when you're  
president, you have no idea-

STEVE

Yeah, video footage of me luring  
you into the woods for gay sex-  
wait, hey- HEY, MATT, IS THIS IT?

MATT (O.S.)  
Down here!

ANDREW (O.S.)  
Matt?

The camera turns to reveal Matt, standing next to some kind of craggy hole in the ground, at the base of a hill in the woods. It's big, but the darkness beyond is impenetrable to the camera. It looks like a big black spot.

STEVE  
There we go. There it is.

CUT.

Andrew and Steve are now down with Matt by the hole. Andrew is keeping the camera fixed squarely on the murky blackness, nervous.

STEVE (V.O.)  
Where is everybody?

MATT  
They all left.

ANDREW (O.S.)  
We're not supposed to be out here.

STEVE  
Is it still making the sound?

MATT  
Yeah. Did you tell Andrew?

STEVE  
Oh, Andrew, it's making a sound-

MATT  
Here, listen.

ANDREW (O.S.)  
Guys-

STEVE  
You've got to get really close to hear it.

Andrew takes a tentative step towards the hole.

ANDREW (O.S.)  
Guys, just don't like- don't push me, or do anything like that-

STEVE (O.S.)  
You've got to go closer. Like  
almost inside it.

There's a beat.

MATT  
We're not going to push you, we  
just wanna get it on tape.

Another pause. Andrew moves towards the hole. Even with  
Nightvision, it's completely dark in there. A beat.

STEVE (O.S.)  
Do you hear it?

ANDREW (O.S.)  
...It's like, whispering?

STEVE (O.S.)  
Listen.

ANDREW (O.S.)  
Singing?

MATT (O.S.)  
Oooh shiiiiit-

STEVE (O.S.)  
That is so fucking creepy!

Andrew turns the camera back to Matt and Steve.

ANDREW (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
What is that?

STEVE  
We didn't dig the hole, man.

MATT  
Is the sound on the camera?

ANDREW (O.S.)  
I don't know, probably...I mean,  
it's- it's kinda loud, right?

Matt looks to Steve.

STEVE  
Do you guys wanna go in and have a  
look, or what-

ANDREW (O.S.)  
No, I don't- I mean, I won't do th-

STEVE  
Hold your nose.



Steve suddenly goes right into the hole, vanishing into the darkness.

ANDREW (O.S.)  
Hey, wait-

STEVE (FROM THE DARK)  
(faintly)  
Come on!

MATT  
Steve, come on, we don't know if  
it's stable in there- It's probably  
just the wind, we should-

Andrew abruptly goes into the cave.

MATT (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Andrew, hey, come on!  
Don't...shit.

INT. THE HOLE

It's almost pitch black, but we can hear Andrew breathing. It's claustrophobic in here. Eerily quiet. The camera searches around, but the walls are tight in here, and low.

ANDREW (O.S.)  
Hello-

STEVE  
(suddenly appearing) I'm right here.

ANDREW (O.S.)  
Aah!

ANDREW (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Does it go down much deeper, or-

STEVE  
Yeah, really far. It's not a cave,  
it's like a tunnel- do you hear how  
loud that's getting?

ANDREW (O.S.)  
Do you think it could be like wind,  
or-

STEVE  
Come on, man. Come on.

ANDREW (O.S.)  
Then what do you think it is?

STEVE

Huh. I dunno. I don't believe in ghosts.

ANDREW (O.S.)

Who said anything about ghosts.

Steve laughs, and turns, going back into the darkness. Andrew follows.

CUT.

Matt's face is suddenly in front of the camera.

MATT

-shouldn't have come in here.

ANDREW (O.S.)

Steve's up ahead-

MATT

At first I thought this was a solutional cave, but now...I dunno, it's like a lava tube, or something.

ANDREW (O.S.)

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

MATT

Look at the walls. Look at how smooth they are. It's just straight shot down, I mean, we must've already gone forty or fifty feet-

ANDREW (O.S.)

Don't talk about it, you're making me nervous.

MATT

You ever hear of Plato's allegory of the cave?

ANDREW (O.S.)

No.

MATT

Nevermind.

CUT.

Walking. Darkness. The cave is even tighter now. The light flickers, some kind of electrical disturbance, then goes out completely. We hear Andrew curse, fumbling with it, and the nightvision mode comes on.

CUT.

The nightvision is scrambling badly. All the forms are distorted and then-

STEVE (O.S.)

Can you believe this, this is NUTS-

The nightvision is turned off, revealing Matt. They've come into a larger chamber in the cave, one somehow lit from within; the boys are bathed in a softly pulsing turquoise glow.

They speak loudly, clearly talking over something we can't hear.

MATT

Is that, is that showing up on the camera?

ANDREW (O.S.)

I don't wanna film it, it's messing with the camera-

Matt forcibly turns the camera, to reveal Steve standing next to some kind of massive crystalline rock structure growing from, or maybe embedded in, the wall. Around it, and him, float wispy little clouds of light, turquoise and beautiful.

Steve is clearly entranced, sweeping his hands through the light.

STEVE

Touch one!

We see Matt, now also surrounded by the little aurora borealis like clouds, touch one; it comes apart in a silent little explosion of light, beautiful.

ANDREW (O.S.)

Guys maybe...maybe we shouldn't...

A light cloud passes in front of Andrew, and we see his hand to extend to touch it. The subsequent little light burst badly warps the camera, clearly permanent damage.

CUT.

Andrew is now very near to the crystalline structure; viewed up close, it's almost arachnid, organic somehow. The light clouds have turned yellow. Matt is practically inside the structure, pressing it with his palms.

MATT

-changes color, see? It must be reacting to the heat, some kind of exothermic reaction-

ANDREW (O.S.)

WHAT? I can't hear you over the- you know-

STEVE

Make it change again! This is awesome!

Matt presses with his palms. There's a low sustained hiss as the light clouds turn an angry shade of red. A stream of them is released from beneath the structure. The camera jerks suddenly, revealing Steve, who's clutching his ears.

STEVE (CONT'D)

AGHHHHH!

Blood has begun to rapidly pour out of his eyes, ears, mouth and nose, and he buckles forwards; the camera spins wildly and we see Matt seemingly **FLUNG** out of the crystalline structure.

It pulses, and seems to rapidly blossom and spread apart, revealing a blinding light within which **EXPLODES OUTWARD**; we can suddenly hear an OVERWHELMING CHOIR OF VOICES, and the camera sent rocketing backwards, flipping backwards up the tunnel-

CRACK. DIGITAL  
CODE.

BLACK SCREEN.  
HOLD ON BLACK.

FROM ANDREW'S SECOND CAMERA.

EXT. MATT'S BACKYARD - AFTERNOON

The camera turns on; from the quality of the picture, it's immediately evident that this is a newer, better camera. It's on a tripod, and Matt stands across a well manicured backyard; his hair is a little different, time has passed.

MATT

Ready?

ANDREW (O.S.)

Rolling, yeah.

MATT

Okay, ball test. Take one.

A baseball comes flying in from behind the camera, nailing Matt in the face; he drops like a rock.

MATT (CONT'D)

*OW FUCK! WHAT THE FUCK STEVE!  
UNDERHAND!*

Steve comes in from off camera to help Matt, laughing; we can hear Andrew laughing behind the camera, too.

STEVE

I'm sorry, oh shit, I'm sorry-

CUT.

Now it's Steve who stands on the yard.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Go.

A baseball comes in from off camera, slower. It comes down towards Steve, but at the last second makes a bizarre, impossible course correction, **FLIES UP AND HITS STEVE IN THE FACE.**

STEVE (CONT'D)

AGH! HEY, MATT, NOT COOL!

Matt rushes on, doing a victory lap, one hand holding an ice-pack to his face. Again, we hear Andrew laughing.

MATT

WE ARRREEE THE CHAAAMPIONS-

CUT.

Andrew's out across the yard. He looks a little better; he's gotten rid of the ridiculous nerd beard, and his hair is a little better kept. He nods.

In flies the baseball. It abruptly stops in the air, a foot and a half from Andrew's face. Steve and Matt let out a cheer, and the camera is yanked off the tripod, taken to show a closer view of the impossibly suspended baseball and Andrew.

Andrew smiles, and points to the suspended ball. A trickle of blood comes out of his nose.

ANDREW

Ah, shit.

CUT.

The camera's on a tripod up on the back porch, filming Andrew, Steve and Matt standing a triangle. They are playing catch...no hands. The ball simply flies from guy to guy. They drop it a few times in some cuts, but shout encouragement, and are clearly having a good time.

Finally, they get the ball going EXTREMELY fast. Matt looks up.

MATT

Is-

Matt gets *nailed in the balls*, and drops as Steve and Andrew rush to him, laughing.

STEVE

'In the- penis- the penis-

MATT

I thought I heard my dad...UGHHH  
WHY ME AGAAAAIN!?

INT. MATT'S KITCHEN

Steve is very intently using his newfound powers to make a peanut butter and jelly sandwich, knife shakily moving over bread. The camera is set down on the counter, Matt and Andrew watching.

ANDREW

The trick is to pretend like it's on a plate. You get it on the plate and then you wrap the plate around it, and you can move it however you want.

STEVE

Mhm.

MATT

I've been pretending I was like, holding it in a fist, like a floating hand.

ANDREW  
Yeah? Plate's easier for me.

STEVE  
Guys, check it out.

Steve has a glob of jelly and a glob of peanut butter floating freely. They slap together and then down onto the bread, which slaps closed.

STEVE (CONT'D)  
Ha!  
(notices his bloody nose)  
Shit, shit-

INT. MATT'S ROOM - LATER

Matt's room is covered in band posters, kind of a mess. Matt's sitting on the floor by a desk, slowly assembling a LEGO set with his telekinetic abilities. Andrew's filming from the bed, where he's laying down.

ANDREW (O.S.)  
Try to imagine that your squeezing  
the entire piece in your hand.

MATT  
That's what I'm doing, it's just,  
it's hard. You're better at this  
than me, you do it.

ANDREW  
(mocking)  
Really?

Andrew points at the lego set, and it flies together.

MATT  
(wowed, laughing)  
Dude, holy shit!

CUT.

Andrew and Matt are laughing as Steve enters, holding out his cell phone.

STEVE  
Guys, listen, listen. Samantha.

Steve puts his voice-mail on speaker. **SAMANTHA Pezon**, 16, sounds a bit frustrated.

SAMANTHA (ON PHONE)

I know you're over at that guy  
Matt's house right now, okay, cause  
they said you didn't show up for  
soccer practice, but you said the  
only reason you couldn't come see  
Bound By Love with me was because  
of soccer practice, so...You know,  
I just, I don't know what to think.  
I feel like we never hang out  
anymore, you've just been hanging  
out with those two guys for the  
last like three weeks, and I...ugh,  
call me back.

STEVE

What would you suggest, as like, a  
course of action for me, here?

MATT

Why are you asking US for advice on  
girls?

ANDREW (O.S.)

Because we're his mistress.

Steve laughs.

INT. STEVE'S CAR - NIGHT

Steve is driving Andrew home.

STEVE

-new camera's working out for you,  
that's good.

CUT.

STEVE (CONT'D)

I have to admit, though, I don't  
understand the filming thing.

ANDREW (O.S.)

I told you, it's just my thing for  
right now.

STEVE

You don't feel like it's a little  
weird? Like it puts a barrier  
between you and everything?

ANDREW (O.S.)

Maybe I want a barrier.



STEVE  
Okay. I respect that.

CUT.

ANDREW (O.S.)  
My dad is actually a fireman, or was, I don't know. He got injured like two years ago, and now they just pay him out of, like, insurance. He doesn't do anything, I mean he goes out during the day, but I don't know where. He drinks a lot.

STEVE  
So how do you pay for your shit?

ANDREW (O.S.)  
I do computer repair, and stuff. I actually make a lot of money...

STEVE  
What about your mom.

ANDREW (O.S.)  
My mom has spinal meningitis, she's- she can't work or anything, and the insurance doesn't cover all of her medicine, so a lot of my money has to go into that. I figure if I get enough on camera, maybe I can, I dunno, get custody of her or something.

Steve mulls this over.

CUT.

STEVE  
I've actually been having some problems with my parents, too.

ANDREW (V.O.)  
Yeah?

STEVE  
Nothing like yours, though. Not- Never mind.

There's a long beat.

STEVE (CONT'D)

They've just been fighting a lot.  
I think my mom is cheating on my  
dad.

ANDREW (O.S.)

...That's intense.

STEVE

Yeah. I know. I'm actually, yeah,  
I'm sure my mom is cheating on my  
dad.

ANDREW (O.S.)

How-

STEVE

I just, you know, I saw some stuff.  
It's weird, you don't think about  
your parents as like...people, or  
whatever. I don't know.

The two guys drive in silence.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Don't tell anybody about that-

ANDREW (O.S.)

Haha no of course, no way.

STEVE

Good.

INT. DETMER RESIDENCE - ANDREW'S ROOM

It's dark. We can hear shouting from elsewhere in the house;  
"useless bitch," "carry your ass long enough," etc. Andrew  
reaches over and turns off the camera.

EXT. BENJAMIN FRANKLIN HIGH - FOOTBALL FIELD - BLEACHERS

Matt, Andrew and Steve are eating lunch on the bleachers.

MATT

See last night, alone, I got my  
whole bed off the ground. No  
nosebleed.

STEVE

Yeah, I was doing weights, too.

MATT  
Weights, like-

STEVE  
Free-weights, a barbell. I got up  
to two hundred pounds before I  
bled.

MATT  
So it's, yeah, this is my theory-  
it's like a vagina. Like it's  
elastic, but if you stretch it too  
far too quick it'll tear-

ANDREW (O.S.)  
Ew-

MATT  
And that's why we're getting  
better. We're loosening up.

ANDREW (O.S.)  
Couldn't that metaphor just be for  
any muscle in the human body, like  
working out or-

STEVE  
No, I like braingina. Braingina is  
the shiiiiit.

Steve floats up a bunch of chips from his bag, and then rapid  
fires them into his mouth.

ANDREW (O.S.)  
I think it's time we took this out  
of the backyard.

Matt and Steve look confused.

INT. STEVE'S CAR

Steve is driving, Matt's shotgun, Andrew's filming from the  
back.

STEVE  
If anyone criticizes you, just call  
them a hater. It's like calling  
someone a racist, they'll just drop  
whatever they're complaining about  
and be like "I'M NOT A HATER."  
Nobody wants to be a hater.

EXT. WAL-MART

Matt and Steve are walking in, Andrew lagging behind filming.

STEVE (CONT'D)  
Just stay back a little ways, yeah-

ANDREW (O.S.)  
I got it.

INT. WAL-MART

The guys are trying to stay out of sight, looking down an aisle where shoppers stand.

STEVE (O.S.)  
That girl, with the cart.

A frumpy woman with a shopping cart suddenly starts pulling on the cart. It suddenly breaks away from her, and goes careening down the aisle by itself, her chasing after it. We can hear the guys cracking up, trying to stay quiet.

MATT (O.S.)  
She's chasing- she's chasing it-

CUT.

Toy aisle. A toddler is looking at teddy bears.

ANDREW (O.S.)  
I got this.

One of the teddy bears suddenly comes to life, waving at the little boy. The little boy is wowed. The teddy bear suddenly takes off and flies through the air. Again the stifled laughter.

STEVE (O.S.)  
Oh my god Andrew, look-

Andrew pans up to reveal a woman at the end of the aisle; she saw everything, and is looking around, wide eyed.

CUT.

They're by the check out.

MATT (O.S.)  
See that guy chewing gum?

ANDREW (O.S.)  
Umm...  
(camera finds the guy)  
Got him.

MATT  
I'm gonna get the gum right out of  
his mouth- watch this.

There's suddenly a little air ripple in front of the man's mouth, and he's yanked face first into the gum and candy rack, which all crashes apart. The guys all crack up and start running.

STEVE  
(laughing)  
GUYS, WHY ARE WE RUNNING!?! We  
don't need to run, we don't need to  
run!

EXT. FIELD - SUNSET

Matt sits on the hood of a car. He and Andrew are flinging rocks with their powers.

MATT  
That was a good one, you got that  
one far.

ANDREW (O.S.)  
Hey Matt.  
(beat)  
Do you like me?

MATT  
What?  
(beat)  
Sure, yeah. I mean, I didn't,  
always-

ANDREW (O.S.)  
Why not?

MATT  
Don't get mad, I mean, I like you  
now, I like you a lot. You're  
just, you're not super easy to talk  
to. You've got a lot of-

ANDREW (O.S.)  
You're an asshole.

MATT  
See, that's what I'm saying.  
You're hostile, man.

ANDREW (O.S.)  
(beat)  
You know, you...If you hadn't  
invited me to that party, none of  
this would've happened.

MATT  
Yeah.

ANDREW (O.S.)  
Thanks.

Matt laughs.

INT. MATT'S CAR - AFTERNOON - WAL-MART PARKING LOT

None of the guys are visible. They're filming a woman park  
her car.

STEVE (O.S.)  
I just always feel like I miss  
stuff.

MATT (O.S.)  
We were just sitting around  
throwing rocks, it was nothing.

ANDREW (O.S.)  
Yeah, until all those chicks showed  
up.

STEVE (O.S.)  
What? Shut up.

MATT (O.S.)  
Okay, here we go, here we go.

ANDREW (O.S.)  
Are you sure there's no one around-

MATT (O.S.)  
There's no one, I just looked, just  
go, ready?

(beat)  
Ready?

(MORE)

MATT (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Okay, Andrew, remember, get under  
it, you're the strongest, Steve get  
the sides, I'll get the front and  
back, we gotta do this quick.  
Countdown. Three. Two. One. GO.

The car the woman parked shakily lifts off, and immediately  
dips right.

MATT (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
*Steve Steve Steve-*

STEVE (O.S.)  
Got it, got it.

Silence, and we watch as the car gets to about twelve feet in  
the air, makes a full 180 degree rotation, and then wobbles  
through the air over to a spot several spaces away, and then  
sets down, neatly in place.

STEVE (CONT'D)  
FUCK YEAH! BOOYAH!

MATT (O.S.)  
YES! FUCK YES! OH SHIT,  
blood-

EXT. WAL-MART - PARKING LOT - SHORTLY THEREAFTER

Matt is sitting against the car with a wad of kleenex on his  
nose, soaked with blood. Steve is leaning nearby, with a  
brown paper napkin.

MATT  
(beat)  
My braingina is having like  
a...face period.

STEVE  
Yeah, you got some from your ears,  
too. You've gotta start working it  
out more, Matt.

MATT  
Yeah man, in between my yoga.

ANDREW (O.S.)  
You just need focus, Matt.

MATT  
Ha.

ANDREW (O.S.)  
You're lucky you got the kleenex,  
I'm stuck with the taco bell  
wrapper.

Andrew holds out said wrapper in front of the camera.

MATT

That's like, at least twice as much  
blood as I usually see on a taco  
bell wrapper.

STEVE

Guys, guys. Look.

The camera moves around to show the woman returning to the  
space where her car was parked. She stops, baffled, and  
looks around. We hear the guys stifle laughter.

She notices her car parked up ahead and walks over to it,  
looking around. Andrew tries to get a better angle, and she  
notices him, and stares.

STEVE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Ignore us!

MATT (O.S.)

We're  
(beat)  
Mormons!

The woman stares a moment longer, and goes to her car.

INT. MATT'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Matt's driving, Steve's shotgun, Andrew filming from the  
back. It's raining.

MATT

-sfucking insane, we just changed  
her life. We did-

ANDREW (O.S.)

Her face, I can't get her face out  
of my head.

STEVE

That was fucking great. I mean,  
this just gives me so many ideas,  
already, stuff we could do-

There's honking from outside.

MATT

Oh come on, what is this?



STEVE

He's like right on your bumper,  
too.

Matt rolls down the window and gives the signal to pass.  
More honking.

MATT

Can you fucking believe this guy?

STEVE

He's just some asshole redneck,  
look at him. He's fucking with us.

They are driving out over a bridge in the woods.

MATT

I don't know what to do, what  
should I-

ANDREW (O.S.)

(laughing)

Here, take the camera, take the  
camera.

He hands off the camera to Steve; now we see Andrew sitting  
in the back seat. Behind him, through the back window, we  
can see a pick-up truck, honking, way too close.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

Abracadabra.

Andrew flicks his hand at the truck. The effect is  
instantaneous: **THE FRONT OF THE TRUCK CAVES IN LIKE IT JUST  
HIT A BRICK WALL, WHAM, AND SENDING IT CRASHING OFF THE  
BRIDGE, OUT AND DOWN AND INTO THE WATER.**

STEVE (O.S.)

...I...what...

EXT. THE BRIDGE

The camera is being held loosely at Steve's side;  
everything's upside-down, and we can't see anything, but can  
hear the guys are clearly freaked out.

MATT (O.S.)

What the fuck did you do, man, what  
the fuck-

ANDREW (O.S.)

I didn't mean to, I didn't-

MATT (O.S.)  
Fuck! SHIT! What's wrong with  
you, look at this, fuck!

STEVE (O.S.)  
Is he still in there? If he's in  
there we have to get him out-

ANDREW (O.S.)  
Guys, just calm down, I'm sorry,  
okay-

STEVE (O.S.)  
Fuck that, take your fucking  
camera.

The camera is shoved to Andrew's chest, and lingers there a moment before he brings it up to show a view off the bridge; the truck is already sinking in the water fifteen or so feet below. We tilt up to see Steve taking off his jacket.

ANDREW (O.S.)  
You don't have to- I mean I can-

Andrew raises out a hand, trying to telekinetically lift the car. It rattles, and then Andrew groans in pain.

MATT  
Andrew, just stop, just stop doing  
things.

Steve dives off the side of the bridge. Andrew films him for a moment, swimming to the car.

INT. MATT'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Andrew's filming Matt, who looks angry as he drives very quickly.

ANDREW (O.S.)  
Are you mad?

MATT  
Stop, just stop.

EXT. RIVER SIDE ROAD

Matt and Andrew pull up to see Steve dragging the **REDNECK ASSHOLE** out of the water. They hurry out of the car.

CUT.

Steve has the guy on the shore. He's dazed and bleeding.

REDNECK ASSHOLE  
-what happened, cause...I don't  
know....my truck, my truck...

ANDREW (O.S.)  
Is he okay?

Steve just stares directly at Andrew. Andrew pans to reveal Matt, on a cell phone.

MATT  
Yes, just past White Crescent  
bridge. Down by the- yes-

ANDREW (O.S.)  
Is that the cops, are you calling  
the cops?

MATT  
(ignoring him)  
Yeah, just come- no, I don't know.  
I don't know, maybe internal  
bleeding, or-

CUT.

Later. The cops and an ambulance have arrived. An officer is talking to Matt, Steve and Andrew; the camera is held low.

LOCAL OFFICER  
-looks like he'll be okay. Lucky  
you guys were here. Is that on?  
You can go ahead and turn that off.

The camera shuts off.

EXT. STADIUM PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Matt looks FURIOUS, while Steve just looks uncomfortable and freaked out. Matt's car is parked nearby.

ANDREW (O.S.)  
I don't see how you guys can be so  
angry-

MATT  
**You** don't see how **we** can be angry?  
You put a man in the hospital for  
fucksakes. You put a man **in the**  
**hospital**, you hurt somebody-

ANDREW (O.S.)

He was being an asshole- he- I didn't mean to-

MATT

Which part of that do you mean, do you mean he was being an asshole, or was it an accident? Was it an accident, Andrew, cause you're the strongest. Listen, with this, we can't fuck around, ever.

ANDREW (O.S.)

Then what've we been doing, we've been fucking around-

MATT

*NOT LIKE THAT, ANDREW.* That's- you can't use it on people, or hurt people like- Steve, help me out.

Steve seems lost for words.

ANDREW (O.S.)

I-

MATT

We need rules, okay. Rule #1, you can't use it on living things. Rule #2, you can't use it when you're angry-

ANDREW (O.S.)

You can't just declare rules, you're not-

MATT

*I will fucking declare rules, okay?* If we keep going, and getting stronger, we **need** rules. We need rules.

(beat)

*Damn it Andrew turn off the cam-*

SNAP TO BLACK.

INT. DETMER RESIDENCE - ANDREW'S ROOM

It's morning. The camera lays on the bed. Andrew can be heard breathing.

CUT. LATER.

The camera moves, and is picked up, following a spider as it moves across the floor. It crawls up onto the side of the bed, then onto the sheets. Andrew's finger points at it.

The spider is telekinetically lifted into the air. It hangs struggling there for a moment, then becomes rigid.

He spreads his fingers, and the spider **abruptly separates into all of its component parts**. They stop moving, hanging lifeless.

Andrew's home phone rings, and he drops the spider. Rings again.

MR. DETMER (O.S.)  
(from downstairs)  
Andrew! Answer the fucking phone!

INT. MATT'S CAR - STEVE'S STREET

Andrew's filming Matt from shotgun.

ANDREW (O.S.)  
Did he say what it was about? When he called, what did he say?

Matt's quiet.

ANDREW (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Are you still mad at me?

MATT  
I'm not mad.

ANDREW (O.S.)  
(beat)  
You seem mad.

MATT  
...Power corrupts, is all I'm saying, man.

ANDREW  
What does that even mean?

MATT  
I just mean that we have to think about things more now, okay? We can't just DO things, we have to think first.

ANDREW  
...I understand.

MATT  
It's just- nah, nevermind, we're  
here.

EXT. STEVE'S HOUSE - MORNING

The house is big and nice, somewhat isolated. Matt is walking up ahead of Andrew to the door.

STEVE (O.S.)  
Hey kids.

Matt stops, and both Matt and Andrew look around.

MATT  
Steve? Where are you?

CUT.

Steve is atop a power line pole, thirty feet in the air. Andrew and Matt look up at him from the ground.

STEVE  
Just try it, it's easy.

ANDREW (O.S.)  
That doesn't look easy.

STEVE  
You throw yourself at the ground.  
You just fall, and catch yourself,  
and then it's easy, I swear. Don't  
try to jump or you'll flip  
yourself.

CUT.

Matt hurls himself at the ground, WHAM. Cut, and again, WHAM. Cut, and this time he flips himself BAM WHAM.

ANDREW (O.S.)  
Let me try-

MATT  
Yeah. I'm done for now.

CUT.

Matt's now holding the camera, showing Andrew. He checks the street for cars.

MATT (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
No cars, no cars, go.

Andrew throws himself forward. And stops, hanging in mid air.

ANDREW  
Whoaaaamygod...whoaaa...

Matt moves in for a closer look at floating Andrew, and gives a glance up at Steve, who's cheering on the telephone pole.

MATT  
HOLY SHIT DUDE! HOLY SHIT, DUDE,  
HOLY SHIT! HOLY...SHIT DUDE, HOLY  
SH-

CUT.

EXT. SKY

At first it's not clear what we're looking at, just blue sky. Wind is very loud. The camera pans down to reveal we're **FIVE THOUSAND FEET IN THE AIR**, in a clearing between two larger cloudbanks.

The camera pans all the way down to show Andrew's dangling feet, and below them, the impossibly far drop. We can hear Andrew laugh.

CUT.

We can see Steve and Matt, nearby, now wearing winter-coats and hats to keep warm. They're playing catch with a football. Steve tosses it to Andrew, who actually goes into a short dive to catch it. He looks up to see Steve and Matt distantly cheering and waving their approval.

CUT.

Steve's holding the camera, filming Andrew attempting a few fancy moves, but he's a clumsy flier. Matt does a few neater tricks in some clips.

STEVE (O.S.)  
Hey Matt, you're finally good at something!

MATT  
(loud)  
What? The wind!

STEVE (O.S.)  
I said you're an idiot!

Matt gives the thumbs up, and Steve laughs.

MATT

It's about aerodynamics! If I put a barrier just in front of me, I can go way faster, cause it cuts wind resistance!

STEVE (O.S.)

I can't hear a damn thing you're saying!

MATT

Yeah! Definitely!

CUT.

Steve and Matt are seen flying around, Steve further away, near a large cloud bank. Matt is using his abilities to shape cloud fluff into an M. There is a humming, rattling sound, slightly audible even over the deafening wind.

ANDREW (O.S.)

Guys, do you hear that?

Neither of the guys can hear him. Steve however stops in the distance, looking around. He shouts something, inaudible.

ANDREW (O.S.) (CONT'D)

What? I can't hear you!

Steve pantomimes, pointing at his ear and shrugging.

**A BOEING 737 BLOWS OUT OF THE CLOUDBANK BEHIND STEVE.** He's **spun like a top in its wake**, and drops like a rock.

Suddenly we're **launched downwards**, and after a moment, the camera disconnects from Andrew, and we see him zooming ahead.

The camera, in free-fall, spins wildly, then suddenly it swims through the air dizzily and lands relatively gently in some tall grass. Less than a second later, Andrew and Steve come falling down into the grass and roll roughly, splitting apart.

They lay there, breathing hard. Andrew sits up, coughing; his eyes, nose and mouth bleeding. Steve suddenly leaps up.

STEVE

WOO! HOLY FUCKING FUCK! I COULDA DIED, MAN! I ALMOST FUCKING DIED!

Steve grabs Andrew, shaking and hugging him.



STEVE (CONT'D)

You saved my life, dude! Andrew,  
you saved my fucking life! Is that-  
Holy shit *is that the camera?! You  
caught me **AND THE CAMERA!?***

ANDREW

(exhausted)  
Y- yeah-

STEVE

FUCKIN' AMAZING!

Matt touches down behind them, frantic.

MATT

*What happened, are you-*

STEVE

Ahhhhh!

Steve joy-tackles Matt to the ground.

MATT

(laughing)  
What the hell, what the hell-

Andrew, laughing tiredly, rolls over and grabs the camera.

CUT.

They're all standing in the field; Steve is still wiggling out.

STEVE

This is what people have wanted  
forever, since like caveman times!  
Do you understand, I mean do you-  
jesus christ, I can't even-  
Everything is fucking great! I CAN  
FLY! Matt, listen, just say it!

MATT

...I can fly.

STEVE

Shout it out man!

MATT

I CAN FLY.  
(realizes it feels good)  
*I CAN FLY!*

Matt stands, shouting out at the field.

MATT (CONT'D)  
I CAN FUCKING FLY!

Andrew cheers from behind the camera, and Steve laughs.

ANDREW (O.S.)  
I CAN FLY!

STEVE  
FUCK. YES.

HOLD ON BLACK  
FOR A MOMENT.

EXT. STEVE'S HOUSE - POOL - NIGHT

Steve, Matt and Andrew are sitting around the pool outside of Steve's house; empty beers are all around. All three are **at least** tipsy.

Matt is up.

MATT  
Yo Andrew, Andrew, gimme a beat.

ANDREW (O.S.)  
(flatly)  
No.

All three crack up.

MATT  
That's cold, you're so cold! MY  
OWN COUSIN! DJ Steve, dial me up-

Steve immediately starts beatboxing.

MATT (CONT'D)  
Okay, yo, yeah, yo, you say you  
wanna get high you ain't high as  
me, you chillin' at yo mom's house  
I'm at four thousand feet, cauuse  
I got those tight muscles, in my,  
braingina, and you better believe  
I'm a, frequent flyer, and you know  
I don't need no turbines, ladies  
fly first class on Garrety  
airlines, my DJ is senior class,  
president, straight outta Oregon,  
gotta, represent, Matt Garrety  
bitches, I'm the young Clark Kent.

Steve and Andrew cheer and Matt takes a bow.

CUT.

The guys have broken open glowsticks, and Steve is filming as Andrew and Matt manipulate snakes of the glowing fluid at each other; it's beautiful.

CUT.

We cut between three sing alongs; "Shake That" by Nate Dogg and Eminem (which Andrew protests too, as he doesn't know the lyrics), "How You Remind Me" by Nickelback, and "Macho Man" by The Village People.

INT. STEVE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATER

The guys are in that sleepy mode, now. Andrew's filming, but not really focusing on anything. Matt's sprawled out on a couch opposite him. Steve's in a chair nearby.

MATT

But how does she not notice?

STEVE

Well, I mean, she notices that it's gotten better, definitely. You just have to be subtle.

ANDREW (O.S.)

That's so cool. Doesn't that count as breaking rule #1 though?

STEVE

Pfff, technicalities.

MATT

Man, I haven't had sex since like...a year.

ANDREW (O.S.)

I haven't had sex since ever.

STEVE

Ugh, man, you guys...how are you so cool?

MATT

Liquid nitrogen.

CUT.

Later. Drowsier. Light's coming from the TV. The camera is laying haphazardly on Andrew. They're all nearly asleep, drowsy drunk.

MATT (CONT'D)  
Hey guys, are you up?

STEVE  
Yeah.

ANDREW (O.S.)  
YO.

MATT  
Today was like...the best day of my life. Like I was thinking and I can't think of any day I liked better than today.

There's a silence.

ANDREW (O.S.)  
Yeah.

STEVE  
Unanimous. Yes.

MATT  
Okay...good.

Beat. Silence.

EXT. HAVEN HILLS FARM - THE CLEARING - MORNING

Time has passed; maybe two weeks. It's early. The hole is clearly caved in; the entire area is slumped downwards.

STEVE  
Well that answers that.

ANDREW (O.S.)  
I feel stupid now that I was scared to come back.

MATT  
Nah man, we were all- I mean, I was, definitely, yeah.

A **POLICE OFFICER** appears.

POLICE OFFICER  
Hey, you kids can't be here, okay?  
You gotta move on out.

MATT

What?

POLICE OFFICER

The ground is unstable, we're  
cordoning the whole place off.

INT. DINER - MORNING

Steve is filming Andrew and Matt across the table.

STEVE (O.S.)

I'm live on scene here with Matt  
and Andrew, boys, can you tell us  
what's happening?

ANDREW

Well, uh, it would appear that a  
Virgin Mary has appeared in the  
maple syrup on a young local man's  
pancake.

MATT

In a second it will, wait...

Matt focuses, and we see his syrup form a Virgin Mary.

STEVE (O.S.)

That is, that is some very uh,  
definitely supernatural shit, going  
on there.

CUT.

MATT

Well, when I was really little, I  
wanted to be police officer.

STEVE (O.S.)

Oh, no shit?

ANDREW

Fuck you, pig.

MATT

No, I just really got into on the  
idea of altruism, you know?

ANDREW

What's that mean?

MATT

Like making things better for everyone.

ANDREW

So what, you wanna do like, a charity? That's lame.

STEVE (O.S.)

Why is that lame?

ANDREW

I dunno.

MATT

I mean, I'm not gonna- it doesn't matter, you know. I'm never gonna get out of this piece of shit town. You know, we're all just little pieces. One person can't really make a difference. I used to think- I don't know. I don't know.

Matt telekinetically lifts a spoon and rockets it at the camera; it plinks off.

STEVE

AAH! DOUCHEBAG!

CUT.

Now Matt has the camera, filming Steve.

MATT (O.S.)

So what's it feel like to be good at everything?

STEVE

I'm not good at everything-

ANDREW (O.S.)

Name something you're bad at.

STEVE

I'm not GOOD at everything, I just do my best at everything. That's what it's about. I mean you talk about philosophy and shit all the time, but you never really do anything. Have you even applied to colleges yet?

MATT

I'll get to it-

STEVE

You could use some of that, man,  
I'm just saying.

MATT (O.S.)

Oh yeah? Well you could use some  
shut the fuck up.

STEVE

You lack initiative.

MATT

You lack...a dick.

EXT. ROAD - LATER

The guys are walking along. Andrew's holding the camera loosely, not really caring, they're chatting, it's chill. Matt gets a text.

MATT

Shit man, I got my mom's birthday,  
I gotta go.

ANDREW

Say hi for me.

STEVE

Later dude.

Matt turns and casually *rockets off into the sky*.

STEVE (CONT'D)

What're you doing, where are you  
going now?

ANDREW

Well I don't wanna go home yet.  
You wanna go into the city?

STEVE

Ah, dude, it's rush hour.

ANDREW

So?

There's a beat, and then Steve laughs.

STEVE

Hell yeah, dude.

EXT. PORTLAND - THE ROOF OF THE KOIN CENTER - SUNSET

They're 46 stories up, chillin' with milkshakes. It's fucking awesome. The city is beautiful.

STEVE

I wish I could bring Samantha up here. She'd love this.

ANDREW (O.S.)

You still haven't told her?

STEVE

Nah, no way. She'd freak out.

CUT.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Mom's like, never home anymore. I mean, you saw how my dad is, he's just quiet. Sits around. I don't know. And talking to him about it is just pointless. He's got nothing to say.

CUT.

ANDREW (O.S.)

And it's bad, because her pain gets real bad, you know, and we can't afford the good meds anymore. When I was little it wasn't as bad, but even then dad was still, you know, the way he is. I don't know. I don't know anymore. I don't know how to feel.

CUT.

STEVE

It'll be fine, dude. You'll figure it out.

ANDREW (O.S.)

I hope so.

STEVE

Hey, I wanted to ask you, winter break's coming up...You wanna do the talent show with me? Get you out there, you know, meet some new people.



ANDREW (O.S.)

No, I- I mean, no, that's not- I'm really shy, and I don't have any talents, or-

STEVE

Yes you do, you have a talent, you have a talent.

ANDREW (O.S.)

(getting it)

...Oh, no way. No way-

INT. DETMER RESIDENCE - SANDRA DETMER'S ROOM

Sandra's in bed, sicker than ever.

SANDRA DETMER

You look handsome.

ANDREW (O.S.)

Yeah, Steve chose my clothes, he's gonna do my hair.

SANDRA DETMER

I'm glad you are spending so much time with your friends.

ANDREW (O.S.)

Oh yeah, me too.

CUT.

Andrew's camera is down at his side.

MR. DETMER (O.S.)

-getting to school?

ANDREW

I don't know what you mean-

MR. DETMER (O.S.)

Don't bullshit me idiot. Matt doesn't come, he don't drive up. You leave the house, and who the fuck is giving you rides to school?

ANDREW

Matt.

MR. DETMER

No, wrong. Something's fucking going on with you, you can't hide it. Think you can slink around, sneaking- sneaking around the house, smiling, I know your shit. And we ain't got no more fucking money for your mother's pain medication, either.

ANDREW

...I'm sorry, I'll try to-

MR. DETMER

Sorry isn't good enough, fuck up! You're a fuck up. You fuck everything up. Put that fucking camera away-

INT. BENJAMIN FRANKLIN HIGH - AUDITORIUM

At first, it's just a shot off Matt's feet, the camera pointing down, and we can hear hub-bub all around. It goes to nightvision for a moment, then over-exposes, then back to normal.

MATT (O.S.)

(grumbling)

Fuck...the stupid...

The camera is levelled, showing a high-school auditorium's stage. A group of kids are playing screamo music. Cut, a little later. A girl is singing. Cut. Casey, the girl with the videoblog from the barn party, is doing hip-hop booty dancing. She's good. The camera lingers on her.

MATT (O.S.) (CONT'D)

...s'fuckin awesome...

CUT.

It's a few minutes later. "Techno-Syndrome" (MORTAL KOMBAT!) begins to play. There's a beat, and then Steve, in a tuxedo, rushes out onto stage. The applause is DEAFENING, girls screaming, etc.

He raises his hands for silence, and then "presents" Andrew, also in a tuxedo. Mixed reaction from the crowd. Andrew's carrying a deck of cards; he fumbles them, they spill onto the floor. Audience laughter; Steve throws up his arms in exasperation.

Andrew shrugs, and all the cards *leap back up into his hands*. There's a beat, and then the audience goes APESHIT.

MATT (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Yes! Fuck yes!

CUT.

Andrew is juggling, six balls at once. Steve is drinking a soda, and offers Andrew the soda. Andrew is annoyed. Steve pantomimes joy at not having to give up his soda. Andrew stops juggling, *leaving all the balls hanging in the air*, and snatches away Steve's soda.

Steve lunges after him and gets back his soda, only to have all the balls drop out of the air and hit him. The audience is LOSING THEIR FREAKING MINDS.

CUT.

People around Matt are buzzing about how awesome it is.

Andrew is transporting buckets of water across the stage, spilling water everywhere. Steve is pantomiming anger at the shoddy job he's doing. Andrew pantomimes "Well, you try." Steve tries, but trips and falls, sending the contents of the bucket flying out over the audience-

*-only for it to seemingly REWIND back into the bucket!* The place GOES BERZERK.

CUT.

Steve and Andrew take their bows to overwhelming cheers, separately. Andrew bows again, and people freak out. We hear Matt cheering behind the camera.

INT. MATT'S CAR - NIGHT

Andrew's filming from shotgun.

MATT  
Just amazing dude-

ANDREW (O.S.)  
You really think so-

MATT  
Are you fucking kidding, I've never seen a reaction like that in the auditorium, you guys- it was fucking like- it shook the building. You guys are rockstars.

ANDREW (O.S.)  
Yeah, it did- it did feel like  
that. All the girls screaming-

MATT  
Ah, see, here's the first stage of  
your downfall, hubris.

ANDREW (O.S.)  
What's that?

MATT  
What?

ANDREW (O.S.)  
What's "hubris?"

MATT  
Seriously?

ANDREW (O.S.)  
What "seriously," fuck you  
seriously!

MATT  
(laughing)  
I'm sorry, I'm sorry-

ANDREW (O.S.)  
Hey Matt.  
(beat)  
What's "seriously" mean?

EXT. HOUSE PARTY

It's a house party, raging. Steve's out on the porch with  
his girlfriend **SAMANTHA**, 16, super hot, of course.

SAMANTHA  
AAAH ANDREW!

Samantha runs down and embraces Andrew, knocking around the  
camera.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)  
Hi Matt!

MATT  
Hi Samantha!

SAMANTHA

Everybody's freaking out, you've  
gotta come in here-

CUT.

We see shots of the house party, which is rocking. People keep coming up to Andrew and telling him "That was awesome!" Or "You fucking rock!" Andrew sheepishly acknowledges this. Finally, a **very** hot girl with pink hair and a monroe piercing is talking. This is **MONICA**, 16. She's a little drunk.

MONICA

Just fucking amazing. Magic is so hot. Do you know, me and my mom, in Vegas, went to a magic show, but they didn't have anything like that.

ANDREW (O.S.)

Yeah, well, we spend a lot of time practicing-

MONICA

Do you not remember me, at all?

ANDREW (O.S.)

What?

MONICA

We took American History together.

ANDREW (O.S.)

Oooh, oh yeah, your hair was different; it was blue, right?

MONICA

Yeah!

ANDREW (O.S.)

Monica, yeah-

MONICA

Yeah! Hiiii!

CUT.

More shots of the party, of Monica talking. She entreats Andrew to join her on a beer-pong team. A little tipsy, Andrew agrees, setting down the camera on a couch. It lays there. **SOME GUY** picks it up.

SOME GUY

And now, you get a special treat,  
I'm gonna film myself taking a  
piss.

Matt snatches away the camera from him.

CUT.

Matt's walking around with the camera now he films people dancing, talking, a people taking shots. Casey passes, filming for her video blog. Matt's camera follows her, but then goes back to Steve, who's cheering on Andrew and Monica, who are of course **dominating** at beer-pong. But they take shots anyway.

CUT.

STEVE

(drunk)

Matt, you have the camera yeah?  
You have the camera, cause, don't  
let him forget the camera, okay?  
That's Andrew's camera.

MATT (O.S.)

Right on.

CUT.

Matt wanders the party; a stoner comes up.

STONER

Hey Matt, wanna blaze?

MATT (O.S.)

(beat)

No, I'm good. I'm just filming for  
Andrew.

STONER

Andrew? He's upstairs in the  
bedroom hooking up with that,  
whatshername, hair girl.

MATT (O.S.)

Yeah, I'm a little drunk though.  
Movies! Makin movies.

The stoner wanders off.

MATT (O.S.) (CONT'D)

I'm making an experimental film.

EXT. HOUSE PARTY - PORCH

Matt turns the camera around to film himself.

MATT

Hey Andrew, hope you're seeing this. Congratulations, sir. I'm drunk, sorry. I was really worried about you, like, before everything, but I do feel like...

(beat)

I feel like this will get better for you, man. I'm sorry I haven't been there for you as much, you know, when we were growing up, because, I know you could be an angry...be an angry dude. But I love you, you know. Detmer-Garrety extended family for lifffffeeeeeee.

(beat)

But listen when did I become the one who's...who's out alone filming myself, with the camera-

CASEY

Hey Matt.

The camera spins to reveal her, and then immediately drops to Matt's side.

CASEY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

What were you filming?

MATT (O.S.)

Just a thing, it's nothing like- you know, Eye Of The Storm or anything-

CASEY (O.S.)

You watch my blog?

MATT (O.S.)

I- yeah, a lot of people do. I've actually been stalking you since like, sophomore year- sorry, use of the word stalking-

CASEY

Stockings are why I love Christmas. You wanna get outta here? This place is too loud for me.

MATT

Yeah, I- YES- yeah, just gotta drop  
off the cam-

Matt fumbles with the camera, turning it off.

BLACK SCREEN.  
HOLD ON BLACK.

INT. DETMER RESIDENCE - ANDREW'S ROOM - MORNING

We can hear it raining hard outside.

The camera is laying on its side on the floor, and turns on  
when Andrew fumbles with it. There's screaming from  
downstairs; long and low, real pain sounds.

Andrew drops the camera and rushes out the door. The camera  
lays on the floor. Time passes.

ANDREW (O.S.)

(faintly)

Mom, it's going to be okay, okay?  
Just try to get through, it's going  
to be okay.

Mr. Detmer enters, and notices the camera. He reaches down  
and picks it up.

INT. DETMER RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM

In the squalid living room of the Detmer residence. The  
camera is being held off at an angle by Mr. Detmer, as Andrew  
tries to get it back. It moves around a bit, so Andrew and  
his father are both on/off screen.

MR. DETMER

-think you can fucking use me,  
you're abusive, you're a fucking  
user little piece of shit. I went  
through your camera.

ANDREW

What'd you...You- what'd you see?

MR. DETMER

Just you fucking being a drunk  
mess, spending my money, drinking  
with your fucking friends-



ANDREW

I didn't spend any of your money,  
**RICHARD-**

MR. DETMER

Cause I don't have any fucking  
 money to spend, it all goes to  
 school for you, for medication for  
 your mother-

ANDREW

School doesn't cost any money, I go  
 to public school *you idiot-*

MR. DETMER

-now we can't afford your mother's  
 pain meds anymore, up there  
 screaming- did you just- what **THE**  
**FUCK DID YOU JUST CALL ME? CALL ME**  
**A FUCKING IDIOT?**

Mr. Detmer *hurls the camera directly into Andrew's face.* It  
 knocks him down and clatters to the floor.

ANDREW

(clutching his face)  
 You asshole, you fucking crazy  
 asshole-

MR. DETMER

GET OUT OF MY HOUSE! YOU'RE DONE  
 LIVING HERE, GET OUT!

Detmer rushes up to Andrew and slaps him, and again, and  
 again, and again, and **WHAM!** Andrew backhands Detmer HARD,  
 flooring him. Andrew turns and picks up the camera, leveling  
 it coolly on his father as he tries to stand.

Andrew's arm snakes out and grabs Detmer by his throat,  
 lifting him easily and slamming him against the wall.

MR. DETMER (CONT'D)

I can't- can't move-

ANDREW

**I COULD CRUSH YOU. YOU KNOW  
 THAT, I CAN FUCKING CRUSH  
 YOU. I CAN KILL YOU WITHOUT  
 EVEN FUCKING TOUCHING YOU.**

MR. DETMER

Get- off- let me go- you're  
 hurting me-

\*

Andrew turns and flings Mr. Detmer into the sofa, which flips  
 on the impact. We can hear Andrew's gasping sobs, panicked,  
 as he turns, runs out of the house, and **LAUNCHES INTO THE  
 AIR.**

EXT. THE THUNDERSTORM

Andrew's just below the clouds, massive dark and ominous above him. It's clearly not safe, rain and wind whipping his body, lightning crackling inside the clouds. We can hear him breathing hard.

He touches the bottom of a cloud, and gets a powerful electric shock, forcing him to back off a tiny bit.

STEVE (O.S.)  
HEY! HEY ASSHOLE!

The camera turns, showing Steve, in a rainslicker, flying up to meet Andrew.

ANDREW (O.S.)  
Where's Matt?

STEVE  
We have to get down from here right now, Andrew! This isn't safe!

ANDREW (O.S.)  
Where's Matt?

STEVE  
Hung over, dude! You should be too! Let's just-

ANDREW (O.S.)  
No!

STEVE  
What **the fuck** are you doing?

ANDREW (O.S.)  
I'm filming the storm, no one's ever filmed a storm like this up close bef-

STEVE  
No, we're getting the fuck down, now. This is fucking crazy, Andrew- what- what happened to your face?

ANDREW (O.S.)  
...My dad-

STEVE  
Your dad fucking beat the shit out you! Come on, we'll go to the cops, let's get out of here. He can't do that Andrew.

(MORE)

STEVE (CONT'D)

This is not the way you handle it,  
we'll go together, let's go, he  
can't do that-

ANDREW (O.S.)

You don't give a shit, stop acting  
like you care!

STEVE

I don't fucking care!?! You're my  
best friend, idiot!

ANDREW

...What?

STEVE

I hang out with you and Matt  
practically every fucking day! You  
think I talk to anyone else about  
my parents, or my feelings on shit,  
are you **that fucking insecure?**

ANDREW

(long beat)

I'm an idiot. I'm sorry Steve, oh  
god, I'm sorry-

STEVE

Dude, it's okay. You just need  
help, okay?

ANDREW

Yeah, yes, I don't know what I'm  
doing-

STEVE

It'll be fine. But we've- ...Do  
you hear that? I hear...singing.

**A BLINDING FLASH OF LIGHTNING STRIKES STEVE, BLASTING HIM OUT  
OF THE SKY. The boom of thunder is deafening.**

For a moment, all we can see is the stormscape, and then we  
hear Andrew's rushed, panicked breathing.

DIGITAL  
DISTORTION TO  
BLACK.

EXT. CEMETARY - DAY

It's a gray, dark day. A funeral is in progress; we're  
filming from within the mourning party.

A large picture of Steve is on a stand as the priest reads a eulogy. Andrew's camera movements are rigid again, tight and confined, back to how they were when we first started.

We see Steve's mother and father. His mother is sobbing. His father simply looks shellshocked, staring at the casket. Steve's mother leans on his father, and he pushes her away. There's Samantha, crying uncontrollably. The camera passes Matt...

Who's staring directly at us.

CUT.

Andrew walks along in the cemetery, filming tombstones.

MATT (O.S.)  
What are you doing? Filming  
graves, I don't get it.

The camera looks up at Matt. He's keeping his distance.

MATT (CONT'D)  
You're not returning my calls, why  
aren't you returning my calls.

ANDREW (O.S.)  
I've been busy.

MATT  
No you haven't. Why aren't you  
returning my calls. Turn off the  
camera.

ANDREW (O.S.)  
...No.

MATT  
*Turn off the camera.*

Silence.

MATT (CONT'D)  
I had a missed call from you, that  
morning. And from Steve. I  
listened to your voicemail. No  
voicemail from Steve.

ANDREW (O.S.)  
I was upset.

MATT

(long beat)

How do you get struck by lightning during a storm with no recorded lightning strikes?

(waits, nothing)

You can look that up online, you know, they keep track of it. I looked it up. Zero. And they find him out in a field, why would Steve go out in the middle of a field during a lightning storm?

The camera shifts a little.

ANDREW (O.S.)

I don't know-

MATT

What?

ANDREW (O.S.)

*I don't know-*

MATT

No, no, you do know, you do know, I think you do know.

ANDREW (O.S.)

I don't.

MATT

What happened, Andrew. Just stop, stop lying to me, and tell me-

ANDREW (O.S.)

*I'm not lying, I don't know what happened-*

MATT

I don't believe you, okay! I don't believe you, I want you to- put the **fucking camera down.**

ANDREW (O.S.)

No, why-

MATT

Because I want to talk to you. Put it down- put it down, Andrew, please- put it down, turn it off, put the fucking-

Matt, very upset, suddenly advances on Andrew, trying to pull the camera away. He's suddenly shoved backwards; Matt recovers himself before he falls, staring at Andrew. The camera hangs limply for a moment.

MATT (CONT'D)  
(breaking down a little)  
What did you do, Andrew? What am I supposed to do? Who am I supposed to tell, about this, man? Who do I tell? I mean- I don't, I don't know how I'm supposed to- Why won't you just tell me what happened?

The camera and Andrew suddenly launch into the air, rocketing away from Matt.

INT. DETMER RESIDENCE - ANDREW'S ROOM

The camera is on Andrew's dresser, near his mirror. Andrew suddenly appears, holding a kitchen knife.

ANDREW  
(addressing the camera)  
-wanted to show you what I was talking about.

Andrew takes the camera, and angles it down at his arm. He takes the kitchen knife, and presses the tip into the flesh of his wrist. He drags the blade down hard, all the way to his elbow...but no cut appears. He then violently jabs himself several times...but no penetration.

ANDREW (CONT'D)  
See, it's- I put a little sheet between myself and the knife, and the barrier, the sheet, is too strong. The knife can't cut it. I mean like, what I'm saying is if I concentrate, I can't be hurt. I can't be injured. Because of the little sheet.

EXT. BENJAMIN FRANKLIN HIGH - FOOTBALL FIELD

Andrew sits alone on the bleachers. The cheerleaders are practicing. The camera zooms in on Samantha. She sits alone on the sidelines, watching numbly.

INT. BENJAMIN FRANKLIN HIGH - HALLWAY

Andrew is putting his stuff away in his locker. He's suddenly shoved into the locker roughly. The camera turns, revealing Wayne walking away.

The camera scans the mostly empty hallway quickly, then goes back to Wayne, now almost twenty feet away.

ANDREW (O.S.)  
Hey Wayne!

WAYNE  
What, you got a probl-

One of Andrew's hands flicks out, and Wayne's mouth suddenly gushes blood. Wayne screams, falling, and is immediately tended to by other students.

INT. BENJAMIN FRANKLIN HIGH - BATHROOM STALL

Andrew has laid out three small bloody objects on the back of the toilet, and presents each one to the camera one by one.

They're Wayne's bloody teeth.

ANDREW (O.S.)  
See, this one, I got clean, cause I did a little lasso around the root, but these two, they're broken cause I think I pulled them from the middle. Matt was always better at the little, the intricate stuff, he got good at that. See how broken it is, ugh, sloppy.

INT. BENJAMIN FRANKLIN HIGH - GUIDANCE COUNSELOR'S OFFICE

**Mike FERNANDEZ**, 30s, serious but warm, sits across the desk from Andrew. The concern in his voice is very real.

FERNANDEZ  
Could you put the camera away?

ANDREW (O.S.)  
No, I'm filming this. I film everything.

FERNANDEZ

I understand that things have been very hard for you recently, Andrew, but the camera kind of- it alienates a little, you know?

ANDREW (O.S.)

What did you want to talk about?

FERNANDEZ

(beat)

There's concern for your grades, Andrew. And as far as I know you've yet to apply to any colleges, so-

ANDREW (O.S.)

It's not doable. Financially, they're not- I mean, my dad didn't go to college either.

FERNANDEZ

Well, yes, but I still think it's worth thinking about. There are three different community colleges locally that offer great programs for-

ANDREW (O.S.)

I don't need college, Mr. Fernandez.

FERNANDEZ

(beat)

I think that's a very close-minded attitude, Andrew. I know that you come from a difficult background, and I know how horrible the pain can be when you lose a friend. But I don't think you should let this make you lose hope. I mean, this is your future. You don't want to compromise your future.

(long beat)

Andrew?

INT. DETMER RESIDENCE - ANDREW'S ROOM

The camera is sitting on the floor. We can hear screaming from downstairs. Andrew picks up the camera, and goes to the mirror, filming himself filming. After a beat, he steps out from behind the camera, leaving it hanging in the air.



He stands looking at himself, and then the camera. The camera turns to face Andrew. He doesn't look good, but gives a weak smile.

INT. DETMER RESIDENCE - MS. DETMER'S ROOM

We're peeking in through the door. We can see Sandra Detmer writhing around in agony in the bed, moaning in pain. She lets out a long scream, and then seems to notice us watching.

SANDRA DETMER

Richard is that you? Richard, you have to let me have my medicine, I can't...Andrew? Who is that? Look, please come in here, I need help to turn over. It hurts, please, Andrew, you have to tell your father...tell your father to get my medicine...

Sandra, her eyes closed in pain, is lifted and rolled onto her side.

SANDRA DETMER (CONT'D)

Andrew...thank you Andrew...was that you? Did you-

The door closes.

EXT. JUNKYARD - NIGHT

The junkyard is filled with junked cars, metal garbage, old equipment. The camera sits awkwardly on the hood of a wrecked car as Andrew fidgets to get it mounted. The area is lit by lights from the main building, not too far away, but you can tell he's not supposed to be in here.

CUT.

Andrew moves out in front of the camera. He telekinetically pulls an old car forward, and lifts it easily. He moves it left, moves it right, rolls it, sets it back down.

CUT.

Andrew is sitting, resting, tired. He speaks directly to the camera.

ANDREW

I've been doing a lot of reading, like you know, online, about evolution, and the way it works, and you know, natural selection. The uh...

(cut)

The strongest animals will always survive, and they're the ones that you know, will prosper, or grow, and survive, by feeding on the smaller animals. And as humans we-see, there's...uh-

(cut)

There's this thing called an Apex Predator, and basically what that is the most powerful predator in an ecosystem. And humans, you know, we're the apex predator, because there's nothing that preys on us, cause of weapons and stuff. But if something could, I bet it would. I...

(cut)

I mean, what I'm trying to say is, a lion doesn't feel guilty when it kills a gazelle. You don't feel guilty when you squash a fly, you know- I think that means something. I think it really means something.

CUT.

Andrew's back out with the car. He lifts it again, then makes a quick "squeezing" motion. As he does this, the car **violently compresses down to the size of a basketball**. Andrew flings the ball of metal into a scrap pile, which collapses loudly.

Andrew falls down onto his butt, a little exhausted, but as he gets up he is **abruptly attacked by a guard dog**, which bites him twice before he's able to fling it off.

The dog recovers, and rushes Andrew, who raises a hand, *blasting the dog across the yard, killing it instantly*.

Andrew turns and looks at the camera, and it turns off.

**FROM CASEY'S CAMERA.**

Everything is crisper, cleaner, brighter. Higher resolution.

INT. CASEY'S HOUSE - BATHROOM

We're looking at the door to a bathroom, only a crack open. It's pushed open, revealing Matt, shirtless, brushing his teeth.

CASEY (O.S.)

AHHHH!

Casey runs up and hugs Matt from behind, startling him.

INT. CASEY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

Matt is cooking; he's got four different things on the stove.

CASEY (O.S.)

How'd the interviews go?

MATT

I told you how the interviews went.

CASEY (O.S.)

But now we do it for the camera.

MATT

UGHHHHHH-

CASEY (O.S.)

Come on.

MATT

UCONN not so good, Columbia was good, University of Miami was *really* good, Arizona State was okay.

CASEY (O.S.)

Who ended up paying for all of the airfare? Did your parents-

MATT

Haha, no, I told you they wouldn't.

CASEY (O.S.)

Did you pay?

MATT

Nope. Nobody. I flew myself. I needed the exercise.

CASEY (O.S.)

(beat)

You are a man of mystery.

Matt smiles.

CASEY (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
God, how do you always cook so many things-

Matt snatches the camera away from her, turning it to reveal that she's topless; Casey has already covered up with her arms.

CASEY (CONT'D)  
(running away)  
AAH! AHH OH MY GOD MATT AAAHHH!

CUT.

They're at the breakfast table. Matt's eating, and Casey, filming, is talking between bites.

CASEY (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
You have to do at least one of your tricks for the camera, though.

MATT  
I am so sick of being filmed, you have no idea, Casey-

CASEY (O.S.)  
No I know, but I'm not going to use any of this. I just want you to do a trick, one of your good ones.

MATT  
When do your parents get back from Spain?

CASEY  
A week.

MATT  
(beat)  
Okay, if you don't film me for one week-

CASEY (O.S.)  
Ahhhh-

MATT  
One week, I'll show you my new trick. I guarantee you will shit bricks. Yeah?

CASEY  
...Ughhhh.

INT. CASEY'S HOUSE - CASEY'S BEDROOM

Matt's asleep in bed on a different day. Casey's filming from next to him.

CASEY (O.S.)  
(whispering)  
I'm filming you and you don't know.  
I'm terrible. I'm gonna show you  
this later and you're gonna be like  
"whaaaaaaaaaat!"

EXT. CASEY'S HOUSE - BACKYARD

Matt runs out ahead of the camera, and does a little shuck-and-jive boxer dance.

CASEY (O.S.)  
You ready?

MATT  
I'm ready!

CASEY (O.S.)  
Are you sure-

MATT  
Let's do it! Woo!

Casey raises a **paintball gun** out ahead of the camera. She fires. Matt's arm whips out, impossible fast. He holds up the caught paintball.

CASEY (O.S.)  
(awed)  
Holy shit, Matt.

MATT  
COME ON! BRING IT ON!

Casey fires several more shots, Matt catches them effortlessly, then hurls them all into the air. Mid-air, they all pop, some of the paint landing on the camera and Casey.

CASEY (O.S.)  
(laughing, awed)  
Matt, oh my god, oh my god!

INT. CASEY'S HOUSE - CASEY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

It's dark; the camera turns on, then the light, revealing Matt, groggy, half awake.

CASEY (O.S.)  
What happened?

MATT  
Ughhhh camera...I had that dream again.

CASEY (O.S.)  
Tell me.

MATT  
It's like I'm...I'm not me, I'm something else. And I'm out in this...out in space. And stars are all around me, and I'm zooming past them; everything is really like three-D, I can see the shape of the stars. I'm looking for somewhere to sleep, or something, and I see earth, and I go down to earth. And then...I don't know, just the main part is that I'm out and there are the stars and they just look like millions of little points of light...And Steve is there.

CASEY (O.S.)  
Steve is there?

MATT  
Yeah but he feels like he's not part of it. Like he's there separately, inside my head. Andrew is there too. I don't know. I'm worried about Andrew.  
(beat, slyly)  
Why don't you put the camera away?

CASEY (O.S.)  
Oh yeah? What's gonna happen to me if I put the camera away-

MATT  
Oh I think you know. I think you know what's going down.

CASEY (O.S.)  
We could leave the camera on.

MATT

You arrrrreeee...C'mere.

Matt advances on Casey, and the camera falls off to the side of the bed. We can hear her giggling, which is abruptly muffled by kissing.

DIGITAL  
DISTORTION TO  
BLACK.

EXT. CEMETARY - DAY

The camera is aimed at Steve's tombstone. There are still flowers and memorials spread around. Some are rotting. The camera moves around a little, then back to Steve's tombstone.

INT. DETMER RESIDENCE - ANDREW'S ROOM - NIGHT

Screaming from Sandra's bedroom. The heater rattling. The TV from downstairs. There's a knock on the window. The camera is picked up, to reveal Matt floating outside, looking around nervously.

After a moment, Andrew opens the window.

CUT.

Matt stands fidgeting, clearly uncomfortable, as Andrew films him.

MATT

You haven't been returning my calls, so I thought I'd just...you know, ambush.

ANDREW (O.S.)

That's rude.

MATT

I just- I've been getting, you know, bad vibes or whatever.

Andrew is silent.

MATT (CONT'D)

I know you stopped coming to school, and my mom said you guys are having a lot of problems with money. I'm worried about you.

ANDREW (O.S.)  
Why? Your life's great-

MATT  
Dude, don't be like that, okay-

ANDREW (O.S.)  
You don't need to worry about me.  
I'm stronger than ever now. I can  
lift a whole car by myself. I  
could fucking crush this entire  
house, I'm fine.

MATT  
That doesn't- that actually sounds  
like the opposite of fine. Andrew,  
come on, let's get out of here,  
your room's a mess, it smells like  
a Denny's bathroom in here.

ANDREW (O.S.)  
So what?

MATT  
You're my cousin. You're my friend-  
it's my responsibility to take care  
of you.

ANDREW (O.S.)  
I think you should go. I have to  
pick up my mom's medication.

MATT  
...Are you going to break the  
rules?  
(beat)  
We're too strong now, Andrew.  
We're too strong for that. If you  
did that, you know I'd have to-

ANDREW (O.S.)  
You'd have to *what*. You were  
always the weakest. You couldn't  
do shit to me.

MATT  
...Andrew-

ANDREW (O.S.)  
I'm not gonna break your stupid  
fucking rules, just fuck off and  
stay out of my life.



Matt stands staring at Andrew. The camera fidgets uncomfortably. Matt shakes his head, and the camera follows him as he goes to the window, gives Andrew one last look, and then rockets off into the sky.

The camera sits in silence, pointed at the window.

INT. PHARMACY

The camera approaches the counter.

PHARMACIST  
Hello, how can I help you.

ANDREW (O.S.)  
I'm here to pick up a prescription  
for Sandra Detmer.

PHARMACIST  
Um, yes, hold on. That's Imuran,  
Baclofen, Glatiramer and Vicodin.

ANDREW (O.S.)  
That's right.

PHARMACIST  
Okay, and the copay on that  
is...Seven hundred and fifteen  
dollars, eighty three cents.

Silence.

ANDREW (O.S.)  
I have to come back.

PHARMACIST  
Okay, we'll hold it for you.

INT. DETMER RESIDENCE - ANDREW'S ROOM - LATER

Andrew is filming out his window, watching his father leave. His stereo plays David Bowie. Once his dad's car is gone, Andrew sets down the camera on the dresser opposite the mirror, and leaves the room.

Time passes, and Andrew reappears, now dragging a crate. He opens it, and pulls out his father's fireman's uniform. We do short-space time cuts as he takes out the jacket, looks at it, and turns it inside out, so that the metallic fireproof inner lining is exposed.

"Ziggy Stardust" comes on Andrew's stereo.

Andrew, wearing the jacket, looks at himself in the mirror, his back to the camera. He reaches down, and picks something up, looking at it, then pulls it over his head.

It's a gas mask.

He stands there staring at the surreal, hard edged, faceless figure in the mirror. Looks right. Looks left. Adjusts the mask.

Then turns and whips out his hand; the camera is **abruptly yanked across the room.**

EXT. RUN-DOWN HOUSE - SUNSET

It's a run-down house in Andrew's neighborhood. The streetlights and the setting sun give everything light in yellow orange haze.

Howard, Costly, and some other thugs are chilling on the porch, laughing loudly, smoking a blunt. They clearly haven't noticed Andrew, who's filming from out by the street.

He reaches down, and picks up a rock, then hurls it at the house. It flies up and breaks a window. Costly, Howard and the thugs immediately mobilize, swearing and posturing as they rapidly surround Andrew.

He doesn't react.

HOWARD

You are about to get fucking stomped, you know that right? You hear me son? Come to my house, it's late, I don't see any fucking police officers or some shit, I don't know what you you think you're doing throwing shit at my house-

COSTLY

No, wait, what the fuck. What the fuck are you dressed up like that for. Are you high?

HOWARD

Lil' Andrew's straight up tripping right now, I don't even know, I'ma give your ass a wake up call-

Howard starts towards Andrew, who raises a hand out in front of the camera. He makes the "gun sign."

HOWARD (CONT'D)

Oh you got a gat? I got a gat too  
bitch-

Howard starts to pull a gun from the back of his pants.

ANDREW (O.S.)

(firing the finger gun)

Bang.

Howard's body abruptly **FOLDS BACKWARDS** with a sickly loud chorus of cracks, and then is **FLUNG ASIDE**. The thugs, shocked, don't have a second to react before Andrew telekinetically **BLOWS ONE OF THEM BACKWARDS**, sending him smashing headfirst through the windshield of his car.

Costly and the remaining thug start running, and the remaining thugs legs suddenly flip up out from under him, breaking, bending and twisting like a rag doll, before he's propelled face first into the ground, **WHAM**.

Andrew launches into the air, coming down just in front of Costly, who skids to a halt.

COSTLY

-no, no-

Costly is *shoved to the street and ground back and forth as though under the weight of a giant thumb*, leaving a glistening smear of clothes, blood and skin, before he falls across the curb.

We can hear the men screaming and groaning in agony, but other than that, the night is silent.

Andrew raises a hand, and all of their wallets and loose money lift away from them, flying to him. There's a beat, and then Andrew *launches into the air*.

EXT. RADIOTOWER - 80 FEET UP - TWILIGHT

Andrew sits under one of the red airplane spotter lights on one of the strut supports. The camera sits nearby, watching the expressionless figure as it counts the money.

There's a beat and he hangs his head. We can hear muffled noises of frustration from under the mask. Something that sounds like a low, angry scream.

Very suddenly, he *dives off the tower*. A second later, the camera is yanked after him, zooming out into freefall.

EXT. GAS STATION

Andrew, holding the camera, touches down just outside the gas station. He waits a beat, and then starts to walk towards it. We transition to...

**FROM GAS STATION SECURITY CAMERAS.**

Black and white, a slightly grainy feed, with no audio.

We watch from the camera by the pumps as the bizarre figure in the coat and the gas mask, holding the camera out in front of it, strides past people pumping gas, into the station store.

INT. GAS STATION

The wall mounted security camera shows us the whole store. Andrew enters, turning to the clerk behind the register, who says something, looking concerned. He's suddenly **blown out of frame.**

After a beat, the register rips itself free from the counter, and floats over to Andrew.

Andrew turns and walks out, the register floating with him; as he does, a second clerk rushes out, panicked, yelling. He goes behind the counter, and grabs a shotgun.

EXT. GAS STATION

Andrew exits the gas station, as does the clerk, who yells, raising the shotgun.

Andrew whips an arm out towards him, and the clerk fires as he's hit by a wave of energy. The shotgun blast goes wild, striking the stacked tanks of propane next to the garage.

The effect is instantaneous; **a blinding white flash of fire envelopes the clerk and floors Andrew**, the camera we look through jerking awkwardly, the feed breaking down.

**FROM ANDREW'S SECOND CAMERA.**

The camera lays awkwardly on its side, the distorted audio from its damaged microphone **SUDDEN AND PIERCING.**

It's been flung a good deal away from Andrew, who lays motionless, burning.

The clerk is dead, and a nearby gas station customer is horribly injured and screaming. His gas pump lays on the ground, pumping out gas onto the asphalt.

Andrew slowly shifts, unable to move properly, and forces himself to roll over. The fire on his body touches the fire on the asphalt, and **spreads lightning fast to the gas pump.**

The resulting explosion engulfs **the entire station.**

The camera is spun violently out into the street-

VIOLENT  
DISTORTION AND  
CRASH TO BLACK.

FROM SECURE ROOM VIDEO FEED

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM

The camera is color, with crackly, strange, somewhat distorted audio. The image is a little blown out.

Andrew on a bed. His entire right side is absolutely scorched; the flesh looks like bloody, cracked paper, blackened and red. The parts of him that are bandaged are already soaked through with blood.

He is barely breathing, hooked up to various machines. Andrew is not going anywhere anytime soon. This is ensured by the handcuff on his left wrist.

The machines beep. Andrew doesn't move. The door opens, and Mr. Detmer enters, speaking to a **POLICE DETECTIVE** on the other side of the door.

MR. DETMER

-come down to the city, cause his mother's all alone right now. She's got MS, I had to leave her at the house all a fucking alone.

POLICE DETECTIVE

I understand, Mr. Detmer.

MR. DETMER

Shit. Jesus, look at this. Can I have a moment with my son.

POLICE DETECTIVE

Yeah I- I'll be outside the door, yeah?

MR. DETMER

Okay.

The officer closes the door, and Mr. Detmer goes and sits down in a chair next to the bed. He sits there staring at Andrew, clearly horrified and upset, and buries his head in his hands. We **SPEED UP THE RECORDING**, and Detmer just sits like that. After five minutes of speed up, we slow down.

MR. DETMER (CONT'D)

I want you to apologize to me.

Andrew is comatose.

MR. DETMER (CONT'D)

I said I want you to apologize to me. I know you can hear me. So I want you to sit up and apologize to me. I want you to stop this bullshit right now.

Andrew is comatose.

MR. DETMER (CONT'D)

Do you know how much this shit is going to cost me? Do you know what you've done to your family?

(beat)

You don't even care, do you? You just don't give a fuck, you've got your fucking morphine, don't you.

There's a beat, and then Detmer suddenly slaps Andrew's burnt shoulder. Andrew flinches badly, and his pulse speeds up on the monitor.

MR. DETMER (CONT'D)

*Stop it. I'm not buying this shit, you can't just play this off like a fucking*

(slap)

Game, this is **real**. You **really fucked me**, me and your mother you know that, you little

(slap)

**Shit.**

Andrew no longer flinches, but the slaps leave red, bleeding molten welts. Detmer stands up, clearly upset, and takes a quick pace forward and back.

MR. DETMER (CONT'D)

Goddamn it, goddamn it!-

Detmer goes to slap Andrew again, and Andrew's arm jerks up. Mr. Detmer floats is telekinetically lifted into the air.

He hangs screaming and struggling for a moment, then becomes rigid.

Andrew spreads his fingers, and his father **abruptly separates into all of his component parts.**

They stop moving, hanging lifeless, then drop to the ground in a bloody mess.

Andrew's eyes open, revealing black-red eightball hemorrhages, and he seizes badly, letting out a scream of agony, and then another, tearing at his IV.

The police detectives rush the room, reacting with horror to the gore that was Andrew's father. They barely have time to scream out when Andrew snaps his cuff free of the bed, and lets out **AN ENORMOUS CONCUSSIVE BLAST, blowing apart everything in the room including the camera.**

SMASH CUT TO:

FROM CASEY'S CAMERA.

INT. CASEY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

All of Casey's family is present, along with lots of little kids. Everyone's gathered around Casey's little brother, who's being presented with a birthday cake. Matt looks happy.

EVERYONE  
-appy birthday to you!

Everyone let's out a cheer, including Casey, but then she notices Matt abruptly duck out. She follows him to the bathroom...

CUT.

...where he's holding his nose, which is bleeding badly.

CASEY  
Matt-

MATT  
Do you hear that, how can you not hear that?

In the background, we can hear the house phone ring. Then cell phones.

CASEY

Matt, what hap-

MATT

The singing, how can you not hear that!? Something's wrong, okay, something's wrong with Andrew, or-

CASEY

Matt, please, okay, you're scaring me, are you okay-

MATT

No, something's wrong, something's wrong.

Matt pushes past her, running upstairs. Casey starts to follow, but then stops, lowering the camera.

CASEY'S MOM (O.S.)

Casey, you have to come in here.

CASEY

Mom, Matt is-

CASEY'S MOM

Come in here right now. Come in here right now.

CUT.

Casey's filming the big screen TV, which is showing the news.

REPORTER

-going to have a feed live on the scene in the second, we apologize for the delay but as of right now every news helicopter in the greater Multnomah County is headed to Portland- again, right now we have very little information, but the word is that the bombings started just over nine minutes ago, and haven't subsided yet, with- okay, here's the feed from NBC Chopper 5.

We get a helicopter view from over downtown Portland, everything seems okay, and then something streaks by, crashing headlong into the side of a building.



The impact is like a wrecking ball, office furniture blowing out into the air along with glass, steel and concrete, **WHAM.**

FIELD REPORTER (O.S.)  
*Wait, that was- that was not a bomb-  
I repeat, not bombings, it's  
something else-*

The camera turns as Matt rushes down the stairs, now in his winter parka, his nose plugged with kleenex. We hear another of those jarring, shattering impacts, and the camera goes back to the TV, revealing the big MADE IN OREGON sign in Old Town toppling down into the street.

MATT (O.S.)  
I need your car.

CASEY (O.S.)  
What? Matt, look, what's  
happening, look at what's happening-

MATT  
I see, I know, I have to go, okay-

CASEY (V.O.)  
Don't leave, don't leave me-

MATT  
Give me your keys.

CASEY (O.S.)  
I- Matt-

EXT. CASEY'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Casey is chasing Matt across the lawn to her car, her voice filling with panic, the camera being held offhanded now, unimportant.

CASEY (O.S.)  
Please don't leave, don't go-

We hear helicopters pass low overhead.

MATT  
I have to go to the city.

CASEY (O.S.)  
*NO MATT PLEASE, PLEASE-*

MATT

I can't fly if there are all these helicopters in the air, I just have to drive there, or, listen, I have to figure this out, Andrew's in trouble. This is my fault.

CASEY (O.S.)

Andrew? What are you talking ab-

Matt gets in the car and starts it. Casey's breaking down, openly crying now.

CASEY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Matt please! MATT PLEASE, PLEASE  
DON'T GO, I'M AFRAID! MATT I'M  
SCARED, PLEASE!

INT. CASEY'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Casey's sitting shotgun as Matt drives. His face is unreadable. They're driving on the I-5. More helicopters. Downtown Portland is visible now, as are some fires.

Casey is quietly crying, the camera held loosely in her lap.

MATT

This is all my fault.

CASEY

No! No it isn't! It isn't your  
fault!

We hear and see the lights of ambulances and police cars as they zoom past, but Casey keeps the camera on Matt.

CASEY (CONT'D)

Matt, it's not safe. It's not  
safe. What's going on. What's  
happening. Why are we doing this,  
Matt, please. Please take me home.  
You don't have your license, you  
can't drive without your license.

CUT.

They're getting into downtown now. We can hear sirens. Casey is filming out the window, everything looks normal, until there's a loud crash; then Casey swishes the camera to reveal that a police car, its siren still moaning, has **landed on top of a newstand**, apparently dropped from the sky.

CASEY (CONT'D)

How- how is that possible, that's  
not possible-

There's an explosion from nearby and shattered glass rains  
down onto the car. Matt slams on the brakes, looking up  
through the windshield, searching the sky.

MATT

Where are you, man?

There's a beat, and then a police officer abruptly appears on  
the passenger's side, next to Casey.

POLICE OFFICER

Listen, you can't be here, I need  
you to turn this car around *right*  
now and-

The police officer is *yanked upwards*, disappearing from sight  
for a moment before coming crashing down thirty feet away.  
Casey screams.

CASEY

What's...What is...What's...Matt  
please, please-

The car **SUDDENLY ROCKETS INTO THE AIR, straight up, flipping  
end over end, past the tops of the buildings, and then comes  
to a stop, hanging at about two hundred feet.** Casey's  
breathing is painfully short and sharp. Matt stares out into  
the night sky.

He flicks on the brights. There's Andrew, in his hospital  
gown, floating a dozen feet out, his flesh charred and  
twisted, his body clearly wracked with agonizing pain.

A news helicopter circles past out of sight, and for a  
moment, Andrew is framed in the chopper's spotlight.

His eyes flash to the car.

ANDREW

(screaming)

**WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE!?**

The windshield is **TORN OUT, and seconds later MATT IS RIPPED  
OUT OF THE CAR AS THOUGH YANKED BY A GIANT HOOK, taking his  
seatbelt with him.**

CASEY

No NO NO

The car **goes into freefall**, no longer important to Andrew, plummeting down, down, down. Casey's screams are barely audible over the rushing of the wind as the buildings rush past outside, her camera frozen in place as she plummets to her death.

And then suddenly, so suddenly it's completely disorienting, the side of the car bursts apart and we're flying, blurred views of buildings, the sky, the side of some jeans...

Stillness. Casey's camera is pointed down, showing her adidas...and Matt's high-tops.

MATT (O.S.)  
Stay here, okay? You have to stay here.

CASEY (O.S.)  
(barely coherent)  
You can fly?

MATT (O.S.)  
Stay here. I have to talk to Andrew.

CASEY (O.S.)  
Matt..what...

MATT (O.S.)  
Casey, I'm sorry, I'm so sorry.

Matt's feet suddenly go out of frame.

CASEY (O.S.)  
Matt wait! WAIT PLEASE! MATT!

**NOTE: In the following sequence, everything is seen in glimpses and glances, never lingering too long on one thing. Much of what happens should be seen through implication, rather than direct effect.**

Everything happens **very fast**, and none of the cameras can fully keep track.

FROM SEVERAL HELICAMS.

The feed is crisp and clear, but without the satellite audio, meaning no narration from the reporter. There are several chopper's flying at different distances from the action, and we intercut as necessary.

EXT. DOWNTOWN PORTLAND

The news chopper at first shows Casey's destroyed car laying in the street, then pans back up to show Andrew, who's floating hunched over, vomiting.

Matt flies up behind him, and tries to help him, but Andrew shoves him away. We're too far away to hear anything that's said.

Matt tries again, and Andrew yells something. Matt, clearly upset, replies. Andrew, talking fast and jerky, gestures towards his burns. Matt tries to reply several times, but Andrew isn't hearing it. Matt smiles nervously at the destruction, and says something gently.

Andrew replies, and whatever is said here, it causes a radical shift in Matt's demeanor. He's no longer concerned; he seems repulsed. Andrew says more, clearly SCREAMING at Matt.

Matt seems to beg Andrew for something and Andrew relents. Matt continues, more forcefully, and then notices something to his right. **A BUS SMASHES HIM OUT OF THE AIR, SWATTING HIM LIKE A BUG INTO THE SIDE OF AN APARTMENT COMPLEX.**

Andrew suddenly turns, flailing an arm at us in the chopper; a mailbox comes **CRASHING UP INTO THE CAMERA.**

FROM MICHAEL ERNESTO'S CAMERA.

**MICHAEL ERNESTO** is, along with several other people from his building, out on his roof. He watches in horror as the helicopter Andrew hit goes out of control, falling out of frame.

Moments later, we hear the explosion as it crashes.

MICHAEL ERNESTO (O.S.)  
Oh, oh no, those people, man, those people, oh god-

ERNESTO'S NEIGHBOR (O.S.)  
Where's the other guy?

MICHAEL ERNESTO (O.S.)  
He's fucking dead man, you saw- oh shit oh shit-

Andrew comes toppling down out of the sky like a wounded bird, crashing into the roof. He vomits again, mostly bile; everyone around him is in shock, frozen, as he screams in pain and rolls over.

He's bleeding badly from the nose and ears.

ANDREW  
(agonized, crying)  
No one's gonna help me...No one's  
gonna help me now...

We get some **shots from other people's cameras**, video phones, etc on the roof. Some people scream and try to run past Andrew, and he **blasts them off the roof like bowling pins**, which leads to more screaming.

Andrew stands shakily, looking directly at Michael Ernesto.

MICHAEL ERNESTO (O.S.)  
Please man, please, I don't know  
you man-

ANDREW  
(mumbled)  
What type of camera is that?

MICHAEL ERNESTO (O.S.)  
(breaking down)  
What? I don't know, I don't know  
you man, I didn't- please okay,  
please-

Andrew starts to raise an arm, when he's suddenly **NAILED BY MATT, blasting by at well over eighty miles an hour.**

FROM BANK SECURITY CAMERA.

The inside of the bank is quiet and peaceful, when **MATT AND ANDREW COME CRASHING THROUGH THE ROOF.**

FROM POLICE CAR DASHBOARD CAM.

The police car rockets up the street, but has to screech to a halt when **MATT AND ANDREW COME EXPLODING OUT OF THE FRONT OF THE BANK.**

The two of them brawl in the street for a moment; it's not impressive martial arts, or even super powered, just two guys fighting for their lives. Matt gets the upperhand, decking Andrew and driving him to the ground, and suddenly the cop car (our POV), lifts off.

**WE GO FLYING INTO MATT**, crashing out the camera as he turns and creates a telekinetic wall.

FROM CALA PRENTI'S CAMERA.

**CALA**, filming from her apartment window, watches in shock and horror as the police car, carried by its momentum, is sent **FLIPPING INTO THE AIR**, and we glimpse it as it passes her window, lights still flaring.

Her sister rushes up, looking out the window.

CALA (O.S.)  
Sissy stay away from the window!

SISSY  
What's happening what's happening-

CALA (O.S.)  
They're right out there fighting!  
They're-

Andrew and Matt come **BLASTING UP THROUGH THE FLOOR IN THE KITCHEN OFF TO THE RIGHT, AND THEN OUT THROUGH THE CEILING.**

FROM KPR-PORTLAND'S HELICAM.

The two boys come smashing up through the roof of the apartment building. Andrew flies low, and Matt gives chase. Andrew turns, beginning to **telekinetically lob everything at street level at Matt; traffic lights, parking meters, trees, etc...**

...But Matt's too good a flyer. What he doesn't block he simply dips and weaves around. Andrew, clearly still woozy, is distracted and **smashes into a street-light, wiping out on the asphalt.**

CAMERA-MAN  
They're down. One of them just  
went down. *Jesus christ.*

Matt slowly lands nearby. The camera zooms in and hits them both with a spotlight, causing Matt to shield his eyes and look up, scared, as Andrew struggles to stand.

We get a good look at the toll this is taking on him; Matt's face is a crimson mask of blood from his nose, eyes, mouth and ears. He's limping badly, his clothes torn, visibly covered with injuries. He looks like he's been in a car wreck.

CAMERA-MAN (CONT'D)  
Oh shit, look at him.

He approaches Andrew, talking again, more fervently. Andrew just shakes his head, falling repeatedly as he tries to stand, like a wounded dog.

Two cop cars skid to a halt nearby, the officers unloading and taking cover. One of them advances on Matt and Andrew, gun raised. Matt goes out in front of Andrew, protective, pleading, raising his hands.

The cop is clearly panicked. He fires a shot. Matt's arm whips out, impossible fast; he buckles and screams in pain, holding his hand, which is gushing blood.

Matt falls, screaming, and Andrew stands. **Andrew blasts the officers backwards.**

CAMERA-MAN (CONT'D)  
OH SHIT! Oh jesus christ!

Andrew approaches Matt, screaming and looking absolutely terrifying. Matt turns and **ROCKETS OFF INTO THE SKY**, Andrew following a second later, tackling Matt out of the air.

FROM KPR-PORTLAND'S LIVE-ON-THE-SCENE.

We're at street level in downtown, people are absolutely everywhere, wandering out into the street, baffled, scared and looking for answers. A **FIELD REPORTER** fixes herself, preparing to speak.

FIELD REPORTER  
Are we...Okay, yeah, gimme- two,  
one- We're live on the scene on  
Parson Boulevard just south of the  
center of downtown, and-

There's a rushing, screeching sound from around the corner. The camera jerks, and moves towards the corner, the cameraman man running to see what the sound is.

FIELD REPORTER (CONT'D)  
Shawn, wait, you're unplugged.  
Shawn-

Something around the corner *explodes*, and Matt comes flying past overhead, slightly on fire, before Andrew comes **lunging at Matt**, catching him, twisting out and over the camera man, **SLAMMING HIM INTO THE SIDE OF A SKYSCRAPER ON THE STREET.**

Andrew **lifts Matt up high into the air, scraping him against buildings on either side of the street, bouncing like a pinball until-**



FROM ABC 5'S HELICAM.

**-Matt struggles, and there's a visible ripple in the air; a massive concussive burst, sending both of them rocketing downwards as though shot out of a cannon.**

They strike the massive bronze statue of "Portlandia," a trident wielding demigoddess, in front of the Michael Graves building, uprooting it from its pedestal before crashing to the ground.

Matt's body accordions brutally when he lands, and he flops down at a broken, dead angle. Andrew lands nearly as badly, lays still for a moment, and then begins twitching and screaming when the chopper's spotlight hits him.

FROM MICHAEL GRAVES' BUILDING EXTERIOR SECURITY CAMERA

The statue of Portlandia lays awkwardly in the street. Andrew writhes. Matt is motionless, blood pooling around him, his back broken.

FROM POLICE DASHBOARD CAMS, HELICOPTER CAMERAS, HANDHELDS FROM WINDOWS, EVERYTHING.

A bunch of squad cars and emergency units converge around the front of the Michael Graves building and downed statue. Matt and Andrew's bodies are painted by spotlights as police and news helicopters hang overhead.

Police unload en-mass, guns out, immediately forming a perimeter and pushing in. We're with them as they approach; the mood is of barely controlled panic, officers shouting back and forth to each other.

Andrew and Matt are polka-dotted by red-laser sight dots.

Andrew suddenly stands up, and several officers fire; the bullets spark off an invisible barrier in front of him, and he **shakily raises both hands**.

The all of the police officers, firemen and paramedics are telekinetically lifted into the air.

They hang struggling for a moment, and then all of their limbs go rigid. We've seen this before.

Andrew screams, and then...It all happens in under two seconds:

Matt swings an arm, blinding fast; the triton wielding arm of Portlandia bends jaggedly, bringing down the pitchfork *hard, first through Andrew, then into the pavement.*

Andrew stands impaled, a look of shock on his face, and then Matt flails up his hand; the bullet lodged inside *fires out*, striking Andrew in the head, killing him instantly.

All of the floating people drop, dazed.

Matt collapses. After a moment, the police advance.

CUT TO BLACK.

FROM CLEAN ROOM CAMS.

The clean room cams are incredibly hi-def, crisp and clear, with all manner of data and time codes scrolling all over the top and bottom of the screens.

Matt lays on the floor of a perfectly white room. At the far end is a blackened out two way mirror. There's a camera on the inside of this too, and we can see resolute men in suits reflected on the inner glass, watching with unreadable expressions.

There is a chair and a table, but he's clearly fallen out of the chair. It's maybe an hour after the scene in front of the Michael Graves building, and he's received no medical attention.

To this end, Matt is suffering from, among other things, massive blood-loss, multiple broken bones, dozens of gashes and cuts, presumed internal bleeding, and a broken back.

He can barely move, sliding around on the floor in his own blood as he dies, watched by the compassionless eyes of the cameras.

He is barely coherent, screeching in agony.

MATT

Please...Help me. Help me, HELP ME,  
please...I'm sorry! I'm so sorry,  
I tried- help me, help me, I'm  
dying, I'm dying. Stars- I see  
stars, somebody- It hurts, please.  
*I'm- the blood...I tried...*

Two men in contamination suits enter the room, wielding some kind of radiation sensors. They go over to Matt, scanning him.

MATT (CONT'D)

Listen, help me, help me. I'm  
dying, you have to help me, don't  
just let me- PLEASE I'M SORRY! I'm  
*SORRY! HELP ME! I-*

The men ignore him as Matt makes some gasping sounds, his eyes going wide.

MATT (CONT'D)

I can...I can hear the singing.

Matt entirely stops moving. He lays there, not breathing, completely still.

And then suddenly the two men are **flung backwards**, as is the table and the chair. There are a series of grotesque popping and snapping sounds from Matt's body, and he jerks, and writhes, pushing himself up onto his hands and knees.

The security cams track and zoom, and as Matt stands, we realize a startling truth: his cuts are *closing themselves*. His broken bones have already molded back into place. His bruises are shrinking away to nothing.

The blacked out glass suddenly *shatters*, and falls out of its frame, revealing a shocked, frightened room of high ranking military personnel, along with several men in civilian clothes.

Matt stares at them. They stare back at him.

4-STAR GENERAL

(terrified)

Listen...Son, you don't- I mean...

Matt raises a finger to his lips, and the general trails off. Matt smile weakly for a moment, then stops.

MATT

*Would you please...turn off the  
fucking cameras.*

CUT TO BLACK.

HOLD ON BLACK  
FOR A MOMENT.

SMALL TITLE: (2  
YEARS LATER)

FROM INTERNATIONAL NEWS BROADCASTS.

We see a variety of international reporters covering a breaking story, but only see little clips of each, in multiple languages. Behind them are various shots of a huge hydroelectric dam in South Korea.

REPORTERS

-expected to burst at any moment-  
City officials blame the malfunctions on the terrorist bombing that occurred at the dam's control center last March.-  
Botched evacuation has left thousands of the Kyo-lee Valley's residents trapped, with only one major roadway leading in or out. A roadway that has not been repaired in over ten years- Again, the scale here is just unprecedented. Our hearts are with people of Kyo-Lee tonight.

FROM KIM HAI-SU'S CAMERA.

INT. KIM HAI-SU'S HOUSE

Kim Hai-Su, 17, is behind the camera filming his father, 40s, as his father hurries to gather his things into a duffel. Kim Hai-Su's younger brother, 8, wanders into the room, crying loudly, and Kim's father screams at him to put down the camera.

CUT.

They're in the car, driving fast through town. All around we can see people panicking, and we see two cars collide on the road up ahead.

CUT.

They pull up onto an on-ramp, and are immediately trapped into gridlocked, dead-end traffic. Kim Hai-Su's father begins shrieking, and banging on the dashboard, which triggers his younger brother crying again. Kim shouts to calm down.

CUT.

Kim is climbing out of the car; people all around are getting out of their cars, hopelessly trapped. Someone screams, and Kim turns to reveal an enormous dam several miles away.

Rubble is falling off the side of an gigantic crack, which splits further. Kim yells in fear. The crack widens, an **enormous tidal gush of water bursts through, gushing down the side of the hills into the valley.**

Kim's father embraces him, and they have a brief exchange, when suddenly there's the sound of a sonic boom overhead.

All around them people **EXPLODE** into cheers. It's not fear, but rather a kind of frantic ovation. The camera sweeps up, panning the empty blue sky excitedly, finally coming to rest on

**Matt Garrety.**

Looking fucking **great** as he floats above the freeway. He pantomimes "yeah, bring it on, cheer louder!" This gets the intended response, and he pumps a fist shouting "FUCK YEAH KOREA!"

He turns, pretending to notice the oncoming flood for the first time, mouths "Oh shit!" Points at the flood casually as it closes in: "I should deal with this." Another huge ovation, and Matt smiles widely nods his head "yeahhhhhh!" and turns.

There's a sonic boom as he goes from zero to mach 4 in less than a second, rattling the cars on the freeway, disappearing into the distance over the flood.

After a moment, the impossibly huge onrush of water seems to stop, slowing and freezing in place, and then...**SLOWLY BEGINS TO REWIND TOWARDS THE DAM.**

The camera jerks around wildly as the crowd **goes insane**, embracing, kissing, screaming, jumping on their cars. Kim's father has collapsed into tears of joy next to the car, and Kim himself is hooting and hollering from the bottom of his lungs.

The camera comes up to show his little brother, who is going positively ape-shit on the hood of their car, jumping up and down, screaming, smiling...

An unearthly, angelic, vibrating chorus of voices starts to rise, rise, singing and we-

SLAM TO TITLE ON  
BLACK:  
**CHRONICLE.**