

Hero (pilot)

Written by

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With society on the brink, an altruistic nurse discovers a man with no memory and the Superman-like powers to save this world. However, his only goal is to crack the mystery of his origins and love the woman who found him. But how can he, when everyone on this corrupt and desperate planet all want their piece of him?

Jan 2023

EXT. MILITARY INSTALLATION - DAY

An old brick building nestled in the thick forest surrounded by high walls like an old frontier fort.

SUPER: Allegheny National Forest Pennsylvania

INT. MILITARY INSTALLATION - DAY

Lieutenant CARLTON HUNTER (30's White) strides the tiled hallways flanked by two armed soldiers. Hunter is as straight-laced as his jawline and his box-top haircut. Eye witnesses last reported him laughing in 2012. (This was not confirmed.)

EXT. MILITARY INSTALLATION - DAY

Hunter exits to the worn grassy open-air courtyard, to what looks like an oversized garage, where a half dozen soldiers are spread out like CSI. They stop and salute.

LT. HUNTER

At ease. What do we know so far?

SOLDIER #1

(Southern Accent)

Um...the Project is missing and we can't find it?

LT. HUNTER

(impatient)

Do you know why I am here?

SOLDIER #2

They say you're the best, sir.

LT. HUNTER

I am the magic bullet for the United States Army. They point me and fire, because I always get my man. But you will not see me unless something is of supreme importance or things have gone horribly wrong. In this case, both conditions have been met.

He paces, eyeballing each and every soldier.

LT. HUNTER (CONT'D)

A highly classified project which had been safely contained for months without incident, is now gone.

(MORE)

LT. HUNTER (CONT'D)
Whether it escaped or was taken,
somebody fucked up. I am here to
not only find and retrieve said,
Project, but to investigate how
this happened in the first place,
and ensure all who are responsible
are punished accordingly. Do you
get me?

ALL SOLDIERS
Yes, sir!

Carlton walks to the 'garage' with the thick steel door open.

LT. HUNTER
No signs of damage to the holding
cell... would indicate he was let
out. Was the gate to this entire
facility still shut and locked?

SOLDIER #2
Yes, Lieutenant.

LT. HUNTER
Which means he didn't walk...

He scans the 30-foot metal fort walls, then points to
a section, where there are huge tears and scratch marks dented
into the metal, halfway up.

LT. HUNTER (CONT'D)
... he climbed.

SOLDIER #1
Holy shit in a biscuit! Those
dents?! That wall is solid steel!

LT. HUNTER
Due to the haste of this crisis I
was not fully briefed on the
capabilities of the Project. What
do you boys know?

SOLDIER #1
I seen it before. Once.

SOLDIER #2
How dangerous is it Lieutenant?

Hunter walks towards the wall to get a closer look. Amazed at
what force would be required to exact such damage.

LT. HUNTER

These are dangerous days soldier,
domestic and abroad. The goal of
this 'Project' was to counteract
that danger with force.

SOLDIER #2

I apologize, sir. We all just
started this week. My first day
was actually... yesterday.

Carlton turns his head and glares at him.

LT. HUNTER

The day he escaped... Now where is
the creator, Professor Montauk?

SOLDIER #1

New York City.

LT. HUNTER

Get a chopper and get him here
now. And he'll be able to tell all
of us exactly how dangerous it is.

EXT. BRONX - PARK - DAY

SUPER: The Bronx

On a cool and windy Summer day, KIDS (Ages 8-14, all different
races) are playing on the basketball court. Unkempt and in
tattered hand-me-down clothes, when a dispute quickly turns
into a fistfight, as the other kids cheer and yell.

A HOMELESS MAN, sits against a garbage can with an asthma
inhaler, scratched, worn, and held together by tape. He pushes
it to his mouth and squeezes. His eyes roll back, and a slow
smile breaks on his face, until a baseball ROLLS hard into his
leg. He's startled and whips the ball down the sidewalk.

A BOY (8 African American), in a faded Yankees t-shirt and a
worn baseball glove on his hand, frets as he sees his ball roll
away, as the homeless man leans back, zoning out.

BOY

That's my ball, you damn Z-head!

The boy chases the ball as it rolls down the sidewalk through
people's feet. Everyone ignoring the ball and the boy.

Just as it rolls into an alley towards a sewer chute, the ball
STOPS, bouncing off a man's bare foot.

BOY (CONT'D)
Thanks, dude! You're my new hero!

The boy runs up to retrieve his ball, when he sees the foot belongs to an unconscious NAKED MAN (30 Brown), tall, bursting with muscles, extremely handsome, and sprawled on a heap of garbage next to a dumpster, yet without a speck of dirt on him.

BOY (CONT'D)
(unphased)
Hey! Somebody call the cops to get
this dead body out o' here!

OPENING TITLES: HERO

INT. LOCAL NEWS SET - CLOSE ANGLE - TV

ANCHOR
Today saw the dedication of the
new Lower Manhattan hospital from
philanthropist and magnate founder
of VanceCorp, Roosevelt Vance.

EXT. VANCE HOSPITAL MANHATTAN - DAY - TV

ROOSEVELT VANCE (60's White), an elegant silver-maned gentleman in a custom-cut grey suit, stands outside the shiny new hospital, cutting a ribbon with ceremonial scissors, surrounded by a large group of city officials enthusiastically APPLAUDING. Each hoping he'll notice them specifically.

ROOSEVELT
(posh British accent)
... I am but a fortunate citizen
of New York and America, doing my
civic duty to help the world with
this state of the art facility--

JASMINE (20's Puerto-Rican) watches this on a TV.

JASMINE (V.O.)
(New York Rican accent)
That old, white, rich dude may
seem all nice and shit, but I know
he's puttin' chemicals in the
drinking water to make us buy
their products, mmm-hmmmm. You
know he's trying to take over the
world, right?

GINA (20's African American) watches with her.

GINA (V.O.)
I told you to get off that dark
web conspiracy shit!

INT. BRONX HOSPITAL CAFETERIA - DAY - CONTINUOUS

SUPER: Roosevelt Vance Medical Center - Bronx

Jasmine, Gina, and the first face we see, the doe-eyed VANESSA PRYOR (20's African American) in their nurses scrubs, partaking in their own version of "The View" while on coffee break.

VANESSA
It's not like he's some James Bond
super-villain. He's just another
greedy billionaire who spends a
fortune on that uptown hospital
for all the cameras while the one
here in the Bronx, rots.

ANCHOR (O.S.)
And more from President Barstow's
historic interview on 60 Minutes.

INT. WHITE HOUSE LIBRARY - CLOSE ANGLE - TV

The President of the United States, MICHAEL BARSTOW (50s White) Sits across the interviewer. He has kind eyes, but even the make-up can't cover up the dark bags under them.

PRESIDENT BARSTOW
These are dangerous days, but it's
important we continue to hope for
the best. Our Auto Workers in Ohio
have agreed to keep the strikes
non-violent for another day,
recovery efforts in the wake of
this month's tsunami in the Gulf--

INT. BRONX HOSPITAL CAFETERIA - DAY - CONTINUOUS

JASMINE
Hope? It's that fool attitude
that's gonna lose his re-election
to anybody he goes against! The
world is unfixable. Just get what
you can get and guard it with a
shotgun! (Laughs)

VANESSA
I think he's right. We should be
hopeful.

JASMINE

Vanessa girl, you're the last one who should be hopeful about something a man said.

VANESSA

What's that supposed to mean?

JASMINE

How'd last night go? Did you let what's-his-name fuck you?

VANESSA

(nose in the air)

Bitch, please. I'm a lady.

JASMINE

Well, did you?

VANESSA

No... but I let him go down on me.

They all laugh.

JASMINE

Nasty Ness.

VANESSA

Hey! Only I can call me that!

GINA

Then what?

VANESSA

Then nothing. He went home. Said he had to work early tomorrow.

JASMINE

(sarcastic) Sure he did. Always a sucker for a pretty face.

Vanessa glares at her friends who laugh at her. They notice NURSE SUPERVISOR ROLLES (40s White) standing in the doorway, tapping her watch. They roll their eyes and get up.

INT. BRONX HOSPITAL HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

They stride down the hallway of the old hospital, the walls worn, the fluorescent lights occasionally flicker.

GINA

I like her unstoppable optimism.

VANESSA

Thank you, Gina.

GINA

It reminds me that no matter how bad my love life is, Vanessa's will always be worse!

The trio laughs as Gina goes out a different door.

VANESSA

Enough hatin' you haters, because the truth is you never know where your dream man will come from.

INT. BRONX HOSPITAL EMERGENCY ROOM

The double doors CRASH OPEN as a gurney with the Naked Man from the alley is pushed in by EMT PETE (30's White).

VANESSA

What do we got, Pete? Another Z overdose?

EMT PETE

Surprisingly, no. John Doe found in an alley with no clothes, no pulse, yet he's still warm.

She raises an eyebrow and puts her gloved hand on his cheek. Her hand lingers, as she notices the Naked Man's pretty face.

Jasmine puts on a stethoscope and pushes down the sheet revealing his rippling muscles.

JASMINE

Whoa, check out super sexy boy! Can't find a heartbeat either.

VANESSA

Did you defibrillate?

EMT PETE

Defibrillator in the ambulance was... defective.

VANESSA

Shit. If they'd get rid o' the 'Punch Clock Queen' and make me Head Nurse already, we could have someone fighting to get us some equipment that actually works.

EMT PETE

A fully equipped hospital and
ambulance fleet for normal folk?
What world are you living in?

JASMINE

Super-Vanessa to the rescue!

As they WHEEL HIM to a different room, Jasmine tries again with
Vanessa's stethoscope.

JASMINE

Nothing with this one either.
Unless they're both broken?

EMT PETE

I broke a needle on his arm too.

Vanessa's shakes her head in disgust. Jasmine purposely takes
too long to pull the sheet up to ogle the Naked Man's body.

EMT PETE (CONT'D)

You liking that Jasmine? If you
want to enjoy a naked man, I'm
still available? One of the few
guys you'll meet with a Level 1
health grade.

JASMINE

Once was enough.

VANESSA

Ewww...

Pete looks down at the man, studying him.

EMT PETE

What do you think he is? Tough to
tell, he's sort of beige. Arab?
Maybe he's a terrorist? Should we
call the hotline?

DR. HAASAN (40s Persian-American), tired looking, joins them.

EMT PETE

Excuse me, Dr. Haasan, I didn't
see you there.

Haasan ignores Pete, looking over the Naked Man.

JASMINE

He's too fine to be a terrorist?

EMT PETE

Pfft, no he's not.

VANESSA
Enough, you two.

They push his bed to an available slot in the next room, and prep the defibrillator.

JASMINE
Come on now! Every John Doe we get is some old timer wandering the streets with Alzheimer's or a hit and run, not Magic Mike!

Jasmine jokingly glides her hand on the man's face seductively.

VANESSA
Clear!

Jasmine steps back for no-fun Vanessa, as she puts the paddles on Naked Man's chest and ZAPS. His body doesn't even flinch.

VANESSA (CONT'D)
Shit?! These don't work either!

She looks down and the Naked Man STIRS. His eyes rotate under the lids like R.E.M., then OPEN slowly.

EMT PETE
Somebody owes the defibs an apology.

The first thing he sees is Vanessa's face, and breaks into a warm smile. She stares back into his light brown eyes, and gets lost. Jasmine and EMT Pete notice them having a moment and give each other a look and hide their giggles.

VANESSA
Sir, everything's going to be fine, okay? I'm Nurse Vanessa and you're at the Roosevelt Vance Medical Center in the Bronx--

JASMINE
Yeah, not the fancy one in the city where shit actually works.

VANESSA
What's your name?

NAKED MAN
(American accent)
I don't know.

VANESSA
Are you hurt anywhere?

He hasn't taken his eyes off her face.

NAKED MAN
I don't think so.

DR. HAASAN
(impatient sigh)
Finish a quick examination and get him on his way. If he's putting us on to get a free meal and some clothes, tell him to try a shelter. This ain't a hotel.

VANESSA
Doctor, are you that cynical?

DR. HAASAN
Isn't everybody by now?

The doctor frowns as he walks off. Vanessa pats the Naked Man warmly on the hand, and he smiles back.

VANESSA
I'll be right back. Pete, keep him company.

As she pulls Jasmine out, Pete stands there awkwardly.

EMT PETE
Um... how's it goin'?

The Naked Man looks back at him curiously.

INT. BRONX HOSPITAL - HALLWAY

JASMINE
Your boy sounds a little cracked.
You think he's a Z-head?

VANESSA
Just shock, he ain't trippin'.

JASMINE
Well, you heard Dr. Haasan, time to say goodbye.

VANESSA
I can't just send him out like this. Into the wild.

JASMINE
Bitch, you got that look in your eye.

(MORE)

JASMINE (CONT'D)
Like when you feed them stray
mutts in your neighborhood.

VANESSA
He was found in a pile of garbage.
I should at least clean him up?

Dr. Haasan walks by again as he puts on a mask.

DR. HAASAN
I said get rid of him Nurse, we
need the space. There's another
war protest at the VanceCorp
plant, and you know how these
things turn violent.

VANESSA
You know how much VanceCorps makes
every time we start a new war?

DR. HAASAN
Don't start Vanessa...

INT. BRONX HOSPITAL - EMERGENCY ROOM

Vanessa and Jasmine return to Pete and the Naked Man.

VANESSA
Everything okay?

EMT PETE
Yep. He was just telling me how
the Yankees were never as good as
the Steinbrenner years.

VANESSA
Wait, what?

EMT PETE
Kidding... we just sort of stared
at each other.

VANESSA
Back to work kids, I'll take him
from here.

JASMINE
You heard the lady, Beat it Pete.
The city streets need your help!

As Pete leaves, Jasmine pinches his butt. He makes an
exaggerated HOWL of pleasure as Jasmine laughs. Vanessa looks
at her best friend and shakes her head.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Vanessa is with the Naked Man in a vacant room. He's still lying in bed, pleasantly watching Vanessa as she thinks.

VANESSA

You need a proper name, I always hated that John Doe stuff as if you're a robot on an assembly line. I'm going to call you Adam, like the first child of God.

ADAM

I am Adam then.

VANESSA

First you need to wash that stank off. There's a full shower in there, can you stand?

Adam slides out of bed and stands in his full naked glory.

VANESSA (CONT'D)

Oh my...

She doesn't realize she's STARING at his giant penis.

VANESSA (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, I don't know what happened--um, let me get you...

She turns and fumbles in a drawer pulling out a hospital gown.

VANESSA (CONT'D)

What am I doing? Follow me.

She opens the bathroom door and gestures to the shower area. Adam just stands there, with a gentle smile.

VANESSA (CONT'D)

Are you from England or something? I heard they only do bathtubs over there. But you can't be English, because you have that little bit of Philly in your voice like Pete. Are you from Philadelphia?

ADAM

I don't know. I don't remember.

She shyly hands him a bar of soap and turns the shower on, not realizing how ice cold the water is, as he smiles calmly.

VANESSA

I'm so sorry! It's freezing!

She points the shower head away from him and turns the heat on. Her eyes drift to his muscles, and she gazes into his eyes like a giddy teenager, when she realizes the water is steaming hot.

VANESSA (CONT'D)
Whoa, shit! I'm burning you!

She fumbles with the faucet, not noticing how Adam didn't even register the scalding water. Finally it warms, and she stares at his broad shoulders and chest, rubbing the soap on it.

VANESSA (CONT'D)
I'm so sorry. Here, take the soap.
By the time you've rinsed off,
I'll be back with some clothes.

She steps out of the bathroom and shuts the door behind her.

VANESSA (CONT'D)
Girl! What are you doing?!

INT. BRONX HOSPITAL - HALLWAY

With fresh clothes in her hands, Vanessa makes her way back to the door, when Nurse Rolles finds her.

NURSE ROLLES
Nurse Pryor? What are you doing here?

VANESSA
I'm with that John Doe.

NURSE ROLLES
Didn't Dr. Haasan say to take him to the homeless shelter?

VANESSA
I didn't just want to send him out like that. He's dirty, needed clothes, and he's disoriented--

Nurse Rolles rolls her eyes.

NURSE ROLLES
Did it need to take this long? My E/R is based on numbers, and we need all hands on deck.

She shakes her head and walks away, then stops and turns back.

NURSE ROLLES (CONT'D)

You are a skilled and experienced nurse, but this lack of judgment and poor decision-making is why you'll never be in charge of anything around here.

Nurse Rolles walks away and Vanessa flips her off. Rolles looks back for a second and Vanessa pretends she's looking at her nails with a big fake smile on her face.

EXT. BRONX CITY STREET - DAY

Vanessa leads Adam, now in jeans and a t-shirt, down the street as she knows she needs to end this and get back to her life.

VANESSA

Well, Adam, I wanted to thank you for being such a good and cooperative patient--You should see some of the wackos we get in ER! But I already spoke with the Shelter Director and he'll take care of you from here.

They near the shelter, where a man is waiting for them outside.

ADAM

(concerned)

Where are you taking me?

The Director greets her with a handshake. She forces a smile through watering eyes, as she doesn't want to do this.

SHELTER DIRECTOR

Hello, Adam. Welcome.

VANESSA

Good luck to you, Adam!

She extends her arm in the most professional handshake she can muster. Adam is confused as she walks away.

ADAM

(distressed)

Vanessa? What's happening? Where are you going?

She walks away as fast as she can, wiping her eyes. She stops and looks back, as the shelter director speaks to Adam. He looks back at her with the saddest puppy dog eyes.

CUT TO:

INT. VANESSA'S BRONX APARTMENT HALLWAY - DAY

The door opens as Vanessa is in the doorway ... WITH ADAM!

VANESSA

And this is where I live!

Two small dogs run to her, ignoring Adam like he was furniture.

VANESSA (CONT'D)

They're strays, but well behaved.

Behind Adam, the door opens to the apartment across the hall. MIGDALIA (20's Puerto-Rican) eyes red from crying, steps out distressed, while MICHAEL (late 20s Puerto-Rican) a large 300-pound man, follows her out APOLOGIZING. Vanessa's mood immediately drops as if she's seen this scenario before.

VANESSA (CONT'D)

Everything alright? Guys?

The neighbors quicken their pace down the hallway out the door, but Nessa keeps her eyes on them anyway, concerned.

ADAM

What's wrong?

VANESSA

Hopefully nothing... Hey, let's get you inside!

INT. VANESSA'S BRONX APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM

Vanessa brings Adam inside her cozy apartment, which is done up as well as can be on her budget. She turns the TV on and hands him a remote control.

VANESSA (CONT'D)

I'm going to leave you with this. Since there's like five remotes, just use the up-down triangles on this one. Food's in the fridge, bathroom's over there. I'm going back to work and I'll be back later.

As she leaves, he looks back at her with those puppy eyes.

INT. BRONX HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Vanessa is making a bed with Jasmine.

JASMINE

So Miss Nessa... a little birdie told me you gave super sexy boy a name? Adam?

VANESSA

Yes.

JASMINE

You know if you do that we're supposed to pick an 'M' name for the guys. You should've called him Martin, for Dr. King. Or Malcolm? Yes, we definitely need more Malcolm than Martin these days!

VANESSA

I like 'Adam'. And so does he.

JASMINE

I know you like Adam. Stevie Wonder could see that. And you allegedly took him to a shelter?

VANESSA

Yes, I took him there.

JASMINE

So he's there now?

Vanessa fluffs the pillow. Jasmine gives her a look.

VANESSA

If you saw his eyes when I dropped him off. And that shelter? They were going to stab him and rob him, I know it. I had to take him home!

JASMINE

Home?! Girl, he probably done sold all your shit so he can buy some Z! Or he's just mad crazy, making a meal out of your other strays.

VANESSA

(on her soapbox)

Y'know there are good people in this world.

JASMINE

Other than you?

VANESSA

Yes, Jasmine. And y'know what? The world would be a better place if we started thinking the best of people all the time, instead of assuming the worst.

CUT TO:

EXT. VANESSA'S BRONX STREET - NIGHT

Vanessa rapidly walking down the street looking petrified.

VANESSA

You lost your damn mind, girl?
Leaving a complete stranger alone
in your apartment?!

INT. VANESSA'S BRONX APARTMENT - HALLWAY

Vanessa slowly stalks up to her place, back against the wall and hears the TV through the door. She holds her keys between her fingers like brass knuckles, and carefully opens the door.

INT. VANESSA'S BRONX APARTMENT - NIGHT

Everything seems normal as she creeps in, then hears President Barstow on TV, and sees Adam on the couch repeating his words.

ADAM (O.S.)

...we can't let the terrorist
dictate terms...

VANESSA

Adam?

She's relieved as Adam is still the same guy. *Damn you Jasmine for putting thoughts in my head!*. He turns and his eyes light up as if they've been separated for years.

She feels butterflies in her stomach as he walks to her with love in his light brown eyes. She shyly looks around, wondering if he's walking to some other girl who randomly happens to be behind her.

He stops in front of her and embraces her. Gliding his fingers across her face and the back of her neck sending tingles up her spine, as she closes her eyes and KISSES her softly.

She gently pulls back and is light-headed and mesmerized.

VANESSA
(soft and seductive)
Do you wanna go to bed--

She snaps to.

VANESSA (CONT'D)
(back to normal)
I mean, uh... wow, Adam, that was quite the welcome!

ADAM
Isn't that how people who are in love welcome each other?

VANESSA
(blushing)
Adam... a little soon to use the 'L-word' we just met...

ADAM
I've been watching the TV all day. There was so much to absorb! How was the rest of your day?

He sits back on the couch, smiling at her.

VANESSA
Good. You seem to be waking up now, sounding more... like a person. Sort of... Did you uh... remember anything?

ADAM
No.

She silently sighs in relief, not wanting this to end.

ADAM
But I learned some interesting things. I made something for you.

INT. VANESSA'S BRONX APARTMENT - KITCHEN

He leads her to the kitchen where a full gourmet meal awaits.

VANESSA
Look at all this! Were you a chef?

ADAM
I don't know, maybe? I saw this on the Food Network and found the matching ingredients in here.

VANESSA

You're sexy, obedient, and you cook? Thank you Jesus!

He smiles, seeing how pleased she is as she moves in to eat.

VANESSA

I don't have a clue who or what you are... but I'll take it! Ha!

EXT. VANESSA'S BRONX STREET - NIGHT

Vanessa and Adam are in the neighborhood walking the dogs.

VANESSA

... so my mom died when I was a kid. Breast cancer. Daddy raised me and my sister by himself.

ADAM

I saw on TV, people marry many times. He never married another?

VANESSA

He dated but it never went far. Said our Mama was the love of his life and no one else compared.

ADAM

I know exactly how he felt.

VANESSA

Boy, you're gonna make a Black girl blush... But we were doing fine, until cancer took him too.

ADAM

Vanessa?! This cancer is awful. Can't someone stop it?

VANESSA

If only it were that easy to just wave your hands like Jesus and heal people. But the truth is, he wasn't the only one from the plant to die like that.

ADAM

What do you mean?

VANESSA

A lot of his co-workers died from cancer.

(MORE)

VANESSA (CONT'D)

They were exposed to some heavy duty chemicals and ... well, it was nothing any of us could prove in court. At least with the lawyers we could afford.

Adam confused, but trying to understand.

VANESSA (CONT'D)

Which is how my sister decided to be a lawyer. And now she's a big shot in L.A. which is perfect for her big personality. I'm more--

They round the corner, when Vanessa sees her neighbors Migdalia and Michael outside their building ARGUING.

VANESSA (CONT'D)

--Not again...

Vanessa jogs ahead to the couple, while Adam watches.

VANESSA (CONT'D)

Migdalia! Mike! Please!

As she gets closer, the 300-pound Michael THROWS Migdalia to the ground, sending her SKIDDING ACROSS the sidewalk.

As Vanessa RUNS to Migdalia, a crazy-eyed Michael pulls out a GUN with tears streaking down his face!

Vanessa jumps on Migdalia and COVERS HER as she sees Michael point the gun at them and FIRE!

SLOW-MOTION

Adam appears in a blur BETWEEN Michael's gun and Vanessa. The gun FLASHES as the bullet fires, Adam SWATS THE BULLET away like a fly, RIPS the gun out of his hand, CRUSHES it like a beer can, then GRABS Michael by the neck, as his eyes GLOW RED!

END SLOW-MOTION

Her jaw drops as she looks up at Adam, holding the 300-pound Michael by the neck, TWO FEET OFF THE GROUND with one hand!

VANESSA (CONT'D)

Adam?

Adam lets go and Michael FALLS in a heap coughing and gasping for breath. She sees the gun on the ground broken into pieces.

ADAM

Vanessa, are you okay?

She looks up at Adam, completely STUNNED!

EXT. MILITARY INSTALLATION LABORATORY - DAY

Lt. Hunter Carlton is joined by PROFESSOR MONTAUK (40's White). Montauk is his opposite, wild hair, glasses, and a thin weasel face, obnoxiously CHOMPING on salt water taffy.

MONTAUK

Of course he's dangerous! You people hired me to bio-engineer a living weapon! Not nearly enough by the way, but that's what I did. Virtually indestructible, super-strong, and capable of ripping to shreds any man, woman, or child in seconds. Can clear out Terrorist camps, caves, compounds in minutes. And much quieter than a bomb, drone, or missile. The newest and best-ist weapon in the *fight against terrorism.*

LT. HUNTER

Did you say *woman or child?*

MONTAUK

You act like the military is run by superheroes or something. I met these guys and they definitely aren't. But don't worry about the mummies and their brats, I was ordered to condition the Project to only kill the men. As that's how they'll sell this to the public and the world. They call it *targeted destruction.*

He can't resist revealing everything.

MONTAUK (CONT'D)

However we do have a *kill everything that moves* button. Can't be too careful when it comes to these sneaky terrorists. But that's classified. Even you're not supposed to know about that. Oops.

LT. HUNTER

So you have some level of control over the Project?

MONTAUK

Oh, you can't control the Project... the Project controls you.

LT. HUNTER

What does that mean?

MONTAUK

Nothing. I was trying to sound dramatic and mysterious.

Montauk stuffs another taffy into his mouth.

MONTAUK (CONT'D)

Love this shit. Used to eat it all the time as a kid on the Shore.

Carlton breathes heavy, as Montauk chomps and slobbers away.

MONTAUK (CONT'D)

Sorry Sgt. Major, as a certified asshole, it's a struggle to not be an asshole in a given minute. Like an alcoholic trying not to take a sip when he works at a bar.

Carlton looks at his watch, waiting for him to swallow.

MONTAUK (CONT'D)

Y'see, he's like our very own Manchurian candidate, but a lot more fun. Calm as a kitty most of the time, but when subjected to specific sonic frequencies, the beast becomes unleashed.

LT. HUNTER

How is this control administered?

MONTAUK

On missions, we would emit the frequencies through a drone within range of the Project. In more intimate settings, we use this.

He pulls out a remote control looking device from his pocket.

MONTAUK

With one push of a button, it can transform him into a raging killer. LIKE THIS!

He POINTS IT at Carlton and pushes the button. Carlton stands up in attack position, until Montauk bursts into laughter.

MONTAUK (CONT'D)
 Haven't you been listening, man?
 It doesn't work on us. Unless...
 they programmed you too. Did they
 Sergeant Shaw?

Montauk gives a mock accusatory look, while Carlton straightens out his uniform and sits back down.

LT. HUNTER
 As long as he is not 'activated'
 with that device, then he should
 remain docile?

MONTAUK
 Absolutely.

LT. HUNTER
 Are you positive? There are towns
 within sixty miles of here.

MONTAUK
 Okay, fifty-fifty. Give or take
 fifty points. But we can always
hope like Barstow always says,
 right Captain?

Montauk mock salutes, while Carton stands.

LT. HUNTER
 I have been tasked with containing
 and neutralizing the Project. And
 everyone is expected to cooperate,
 and be commandeered if I so
 require. Professor Montauk, you
 will accompany me on this mission
 with your expertise on the control
 of this subject.

MONTAUK
 That mean I'm like your Deputy? Do
 I get a badge and everything?! I
 want to be Deputy Buford. I've
 always wanted that.

LT. HUNTER
 Deputies don't change their entire
 names, and you are not being
 deputized. However your
 cooperation will be acknowledged
 in my report.

MONTAUK

As long as my report is *glowing*,
how can I say no?

LT. HUNTER

We have K-9 tracking resources,
let's scout the perimeter.

MONTAUK

Yes, Colonel! Release the hounds!

EXT. VANESSA'S BRONX STREET - NIGHT

The POLICE fill the area as Michael is handcuffed and taken away. Migdalia sits on the edge of the ambulance under a blanket with Vanessa, as an OFFICER finishes and leaves.

VANESSA

You sure I can't do anything else?

MIGDALIA

No, thank you honey, I'm going to
go to the hospital.

VANESSA

I'll check on you tomorrow.

Vanessa gives one last hug to her neighbor then nervously looks up at her apartment window, as she sees Adam's silhouette.

INT. VANESSA'S BRONX APARTMENT - NIGHT

Vanessa slowly enters the apartment where Adam sits in the kitchen. She's a ball of emotions and conflicts.

VANESSA

Confession time. Who are you?

ADAM

I don't know.

VANESSA

I'm in rapid fire situations every
day. I know what I saw. You were
at least thirty feet behind me and
appeared in a blink.

ADAM

I saw you react to protect that
woman. You're like a hero in those
shows I was watching!

VANESSA

I saw Michael fire that gun in my face. Cops said it exploded in his hand and broke. Bullshit. You were right in its line of fire, yet here you are. I saw you crush that gun and lift him with one hand off the ground. You have muscles, but no one can do that... I knew you were too damn good to be true. What is going on here?

ADAM

I saw from TV what those guns could do. I had to protect you.

VANESSA

Yes, that's right...

Vanessa pauses her interrogation and re-lives the moment a man fired off a gun at her face.

VANESSA (CONT'D)

Holy shit, Mike was about to kill me... Whoa, I need a drink.

She pulls a fresh bottle of Cabernet from the cupboard with a wine glass and sits back down. As she slices off the foil with the small blade attached to a bottle opener and fills her glass to the rim, she runs through the gamut of emotions. Anger.

VANESSA (CONT'D)

That asshole ... was gonna kill me... You don't shoot me, motherfucker!

Sorrow.

VANESSA (CONT'D)

And he was gonna kill Migdalia! Migdalia, you poor thing...

Back to anger.

VANESSA (CONT'D)

That piece o' dog shit!

ADAM

Do you wish I had killed Michael?

With rage in her heart, she nods--then quickly squashes it.

VANESSA

No!

(MORE)

VANESSA (CONT'D)
Killing people is wrong--Listen,
do you want some wine?

ADAM
If you want me to.

She looks at him, trying to figure him out. He smiles back. She looks at the blade the wine opener, then looks at him.

She picks it up and ... STABS his hand! Adam doesn't even flinch. She looks at the blade, then POKES IT into his skin again, and it's like stabbing rubber with a butterknife. She tests it on her own finger and it SLASHES her skin open!

VANESSA
Ow, shit!

Adam's face drops, as he GRABS HER HAND.

ADAM
Oh no, Vanessa are you okay?

VANESSA
Get back! I'm fine.

She walks to the sink and runs her finger under the tap, not realizing the gash COMPLETELY DISAPPEARED.

VANESSA (CONT'D)
Mike shot you. Get up.

He stands and she walks over and angrily tears his shirt open, running her hands across his wide chest and washboard stomach.

VANESSA (CONT'D)
Nothing. Where's the bullet?

ADAM
I knocked it away.

The reality is hitting her, that this is all very real.

VANESSA
Oh, boy...

She goes back to the cupboard and this time pulls out a bottle of Bourbon, and downs a shot. She shakes the cobwebs out of her head, then goes back and RIPS his shirt off completely and rubs her hands across his chest, arms and hands, searching. All while trying to ignore how sexy he looks in his ripped shirt.

ADAM
Are we going to make love?

Pretends that's the most ridiculous idea she's ever heard.

VANESSA

What?! Of course not... I'm just
looking for a mark, that's all...

Overwhelmed by all of this, she just wants to fuck the tension away, as she struggles to remember what she was even looking for. He holds her in his arms, while looking into her eyes.

ADAM

Vanessa. You are so beautiful. If
you want us to make love, I'm here
for you, to pleasure you.

She pulls herself way and fans herself. She downs another shot of bourbon, and *lays down the law*.

VANESSA

Listen you, with your pecs and
dreamy eyes, we are not just going
to *make love*... at this moment--
I'm trying to figure this out!

After ONE MORE SHOT, her head spins and he catches her.

ADAM

Are you okay?

She looks up and kisses him, and he kisses her back, gently cradling her head. She looks up into his eyes in her dazed state, and she sees the ceiling move as if they were FLOATING, as he lifts her and LAYS her on the bed.

ADAM (CONT'D)

You don't look well. When you are
ready to make love, you'll have to
teach me how. I have no memory of
that. Only from the TV and once
the people got to bed, it turned
into the next morning.

INT. VANESSA'S BRONX APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

With Adam watching the news on TV, Vanessa emerges from the kitchen with a glass of water, calmed down from earlier.

ADAM

Are you feeling better?

VANESSA

You're bulletproof, you're knife proof, you're probably everything proof, yet you have skin.

She sits beside him and pinches and twists his skin, which feels soft to the touch but not as squishy as regular skin.

VANESSA (CONT'D)

Does that hurt? Do you feel pain?

ADAM

What does pain feel like?

VANESSA

Um, there's the physical kind of pain, like when I cut myself with that knife. Then there's the pain you feel inside, when you see something or hear something bad--

ADAM

Like how I felt when Michael pointed that gun at you?

Adam gets a tormented expression on his face as he remembers.

VANESSA

Yes.

She puts her hand on top of his and he calms down.

VANESSA (CONT'D)

You haven't eaten all day. I'm guessing you don't need to?

ADAM

I don't think so.

VANESSA

I'd like to test how strong you are, but let's do that tomorrow. I don't want you to break all my shit or punch a hole in my wall. Think I need to sleep on this.

As she leaves, she stops and turns back.

VANESSA (CONT'D)

Are you like... an alien?

ADAM

I truly don't know what I am.

VANESSA

Well, I know you got all the parts, but we should probably be careful with the love making you wanted to try. I don't want no alien baby growing in me and bursting out my stomach.

Adam face drops again.

VANESSA (CONT'D)

No, no, I'm just kidding. That wouldn't happen. I don't think... You can sleep here--do you sleep?

ADAM

I--

VANESSA

Got it. You don't know... Watch more TV if you want. Maybe something'll trigger your memory. But stick to PBS or Disney. Keep away from the news and movies. That'll just fuck you up.

INT. VANESSA'S BRONX APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Vanessa, in nothing but an oversized Jets jersey, takes a drink from a water bottle and falls back into her bed, eyes wide open. Trying to calm her brain, while she hears the theme from 'Sesame Street' from the living room and laughs to herself.

She turns over and rifles through her nightstand drawer. And right next to her vibrator is a box of condoms.

VANESSA

Adam!

ADAM (O.S.)

Yes, Vanessa?!

VANESSA

Come here!

In a flash, he's standing in her doorway.

VANESSA

You're a strong boy, so we'll take it slow and you follow me.

(MORE)

VANESSA (CONT'D)
 You cooked the shit out o' that
 recipe your first try, so
 hopefully you're as good a student
 at everything. And Nasty Ness
 needs some help getting to sleep.

CUT TO:

Naked Adam on his knees on the bed, THRUSTING AWAY with her
 legs spread across his chest, while she's in ecstasy.

VANESSA
 (panting)
 Boy... you turn out to be... some
 super-powered... serial killer
 with amnesia... I am going to kill
 somebody! Oooooohhhhhh!

EXT. MILITARY INSTALLATION - DAY

Professor Montauk and Lt. Carlton are pacing outside the walls
 of the Fort with a few soldiers and German Shepherds sniffing
 around, who suddenly start barking.

LT. HUNTER
 It went north. If he's looking for
 water, that's Lake Erie or the
 Allegheny Reservoir.

The soldiers hold the dogs back on their leashes. Carlton
 pessimistically looks out through the thick forest trees.

MONTAUK
 This site was chosen specifically
 because of the dense cover this
 forest provides. Don't want to
 advertise to the world we're
 making monsters...

LT. HUNTER
 You don't have some kind of
 tracking chip in him?

MONTAUK
 Now that is a question from a guy
 who has watched a movie or two!
 Admit it!

LT. HUNTER
 Chip?

MONTAUK

What, and violate his rights to
privacy?

Hunter gives the look, while Montauk peers into the trees.

MONTAUK (CONT'D)

How we doing to do this? You have
those *Star Wars* land speeders like
in *Return of the Jedi*?

LATER

The small group trudges on foot following the dogs. Hunter
seeing nothing but trees, looks at his phone, disappointed.

MONTAUK

(smirking)

Not much phone signal here either.

The Walkie Talkie on Hunter's hip bursts on with a sound of
STATIC. He smirks back at Montauk, who puts his thumb on
his nose and twiddles his fingers at him behind his back,
like a teasing child.

WALKIE-TALKIE

We have a man reported missing
from Punxsutawney 'bout an hour
south. Hasn't been forty-eight
hours but you know, family knows
the Sheriff, that sort of deal.

Hunter clicks off.

LT. HUNTER

It is priority to keep this away
from civilians. If he's in this
forest, he'll just be sitting in a
cave. But if this missing person
encountered the Project and was
attacked, then that's first. You
two continue with the dogs.
Montauk and I will head back.

MONTAUK

(sighs)

Your dime...

SOLDIER #1

Uh...what do we do if we find him?

LT. HUNTER

Pray he's as docile as the
Professor says he is.

EXT. CITY ALLEYWAY - DAY

Vanessa and Adam rummaging around the alley.

VANESSA

Pete said they found you here. We need to find your... rocket ship or whatever.

ADAM

Rocket ship?

VANESSA

I don't know. Some kind of clue where you came from. Does being here seem familiar at all?

ADAM

I don't remember anything before waking up in the hospital. I heard voices and saw your face. Your beautiful face. And I remember when we had sex last night, and how much pleasure you were in.

They both smile.

LATER

Vanessa is leaning on the dumpster, looking around it.

VANESSA

You smelled like garbage when we found you. Might be something around here?

She looks underneath, when suddenly the entire dumpster RISES INTO THE AIR. She looks up as Adam is holding the enormous metal dumpster with one hand and smiles at her, startling her.

ADAM

I don't see anything familiar.

VANESSA

Easy Adam, put it down.

He drops it to a deafening CLANG. She winces and looks out of the alley and sees people across the street looking back annoyed, but not suspicious.

VANESSA (CONT'D)

We need to keep you and those powers on the down low, okay?

(MORE)

VANESSA (CONT'D)

I don't want the government taking you and sticking a bunch of tubes all over you like E.T.

ADAM

Is that normal for aliens here? For the government to stick tubes all over them or to burst out of people's stomachs?

VANESSA

(chuckling)

No, I'm sorry. Those are just movies and shows. The stuff on TV is just pretend. Well, some of the stuff is real, but some isn't--you never seen a TV before yesterday?

ADAM

I don't remember seeing one.

Just outside the alley, Vanessa sees a large SUV pull over and a young African-American man in a hoodie walks to the passenger side where an Italian man hands him a backpack and the young man gives him a wrinkled paper bag.

As the men in the SUV notice Vanessa looking at them, she panics and pulls Adam in by the shirt and kisses him, slamming his back into the dumpster.

ADAM

Are we going to have sex again?

VANESSA

Shut up and kiss me.

As Vanessa and Adam kiss, the men pervertedly grin, watching them for a moment, before finally driving off.

EXT. HUDSON RIVER - DAY

On the Staten Island Ferry, Vanessa and Adam are on the top deck looking at Manhattan from the water.

VANESSA

That was the Dragoni Family. The Mafia. They control most of the crime here. From jewelry store heists and muggers in Central Park to all the Z being dealt. Everyone has to give their piece.

ADAM

Wouldn't the police stop them?

VANESSA

Sometimes. A lot of the force is bought and paid for by the Dragonis... or by the suits.

ADAM

Suits? Another Mafia?

VANESSA

(laughs)

Yes, you could say that. If the Dragonis control crime on the streets, then the suits control crimes ten floors up. The banks, lawyer, politicians, and corporations of all kinds. Just cogs in the wheel set up by people like Roosevelt Vance.

ADAM

I saw him on the news. Who is he?

VANESSA

This rich English guy, came over and made America his own personal conquest. It's why we see VanceCorp everywhere. Revenge for the Revolutionary War or something. But he pumps out enough slick commercials and charity appearances, that people in the suburbs eat it up. But those of us on the receiving ends of these corporate CEO types know better.

ADAM

He seemed like a generous man in the news.

VANESSA

A lot of people seem good, but are just better at hiding the bad.

Adam tries to make sense of that, until he notices her shivering, and puts his arms around her.

VANESSA (CONT'D)

Thank you. Fourth of July is almost here and its barely fifty degrees?! What is going on?

ADAM

I don't fully understand a lot of what you're saying, but I see it upsets you.

VANESSA

All I know is you picked a Hell of a time to wake up!

He doesn't laugh.

VANESSA (CONT'D)

I don't know, most people say these are dangerous days. That we're building to something really bad, as a society. Everything, everywhere just getting worse. Like a kettle about to boil.

ADAM

What happens when it does?

VANESSA

Armageddon. In the skies or on the streets, but we're about to officially eliminate ourselves from this planet in the bloodiest way possible.

ADAM

(devastated)

That's... awful.

She smiles and winks to cheer him up.

VANESSA

But I don't believe that. I refuse to. We'll find a way back. We always find a way, I know it. Nothing beats the human spirit.

EXT. MANSION - SENEGAL - DAY

On the Pacific coast of Africa lies a sprawling contemporary style mansion built into the cliffs.

SUPER: Senegal, West Africa

INT. MANSION - DAY

Roosevelt Vance, in a white linen suit looks out the large windows. MAHMOUD (20's Middle-Eastern) in suit and tie, enters.

ROOSEVELT

Ah, Mahmoud, you're here. It's time for your performance review. You handled my portfolio in London, magnificently. You are reliable, intelligent--quite useful. Yet I need you down here, to fully utilize your value.

MAHMOUD

(educated British tone to his natural Saudi accent)
With respect Mr. Vance, you have no businesses in Senegal. It is merely the site of one of your properties, no?

ROOSEVELT

Oh, but it is my most favorite. My boy, look at the view!

MAHMOUD

Yes, Mr. Vance. It is very picturesque.

Vance turns and scans his face.

ROOSEVELT

But you've seen better, eh?

MAHMOUD

Allah has given this world many elements of beauty to appreciate, I do not rank his handiwork.

ROOSEVELT

Ah, but you haven't seen this.

Vance starts walking them down to a stairway.

ROOSEVELT (CONT'D)

It's more than just what I see out of the windows, it's what I don't see that I appreciate. The people of Dakar mind their business. No American government, no INTERPOL, no Intelligence agencies. It's my own private little getaway. And one might say a getaway is a requirement for my predicament, as I have some rather impactful information to share.

Vance approaches a large metal door and opens it with great force, as wind immediately blasts into the hall.

ROOSEVELT (CONT'D)
 (sinister)
 After you.

Mahmoud sees an exposed metal grated bridge outside, leading to the other part of the U-shaped mansion, almost a hundred feet above the crashing ocean waves below.

EXT. MANSION BRIDGE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

He reluctantly steps out into the hot African sun and walks along the sturdy bridge. He instinctively holds the rail as he suspiciously looks back at Vance following close behind.

ROOSEVELT
 My VanceCorps Plaza in New York,
 has been targeted for a terrorist
 attack by the Soldiers of Ansar.

MAHMOUD
 Is your intelligence reliable? I
 barely know of this group, other
 than they are small. Surely they
 could not pull off something of
 that magnitude.

ROOSEVELT
 You are correct, Mahmoud. They
 could not... had they not recently
 received a significant financial
 infusion from the Sheik Khosrow
 Vaziri... your father.

Mahmoud gulps as Vance stares a hole through his head.

ROOSEVELT (CONT'D)
 Go on look below. What do you see?

MAHMOUD
 (nervous)
 Seals. I see seals. On the shore.

ROOSEVELT
 This is why I built my home here.

MAHMOUD
 To watch ... seals?

Vance laughs.

ROOSEVELT
 In a manner. At your feet is a
 bucket.
 (MORE)

ROOSEVELT (CONT'D)

Dump it out into the water below.
All of it.

He turns and sees a large metal bucket filled with dark bloody water and chunks of fish.

ROOSEVELT (CONT'D)

Chum. The perfect treat to tempt
their tummies.

With great strain, Mahmoud lifts and dumps it, accidentally dropping the bucket over the edge too.

ROOSEVELT

Never mind that, Mahmoud, and pay attention. As we all know our oceans have changed. Sea-life appearing in all manner of locale. Stamping more and more nations on their passports than ever before. And that's when I learned that Senegal is becoming the new home of the Great White Shark. And as the 'Roosevelt Vance Foundation for Sealife Preservation' is legal proof of, there is nothing I encourage more than for these sharks to be as cozy as possible. By ensuring this area remains bountiful. Hence the seals, and that bucket you just dropped.

Mahmoud looks below again, and sees the dark shadowy silhouettes of sharks circling.

ROOSEVELT (CONT'D)

You're a well traveled young man,
have you ever been bungee-jumping?

Mahmoud's eyes bug out of his skull, as he sees Vance's henchmen on the opposite side of the bridge.

MAHMOUD

(trembling)

Please Mr. Vance, if you'll allow me to speak to my father, I'm sure I can straighten this out... or stop whatever is in motion--

ROOSEVELT (CONT'D)

You will do no such thing! Because I want this to happen!

Mahmoud stares back at the billionaire, confused. Vance starts LAUGHING, and the henchmen leave.

ROOSEVELT (CONT'D)
You must pardon an old man for my little indulgences. I'm not throwing you to the sharks.

Vance smiles and holds him by the shoulders smiling. Mahmoud's heart is still pounding.

ROOSEVELT (CONT'D)
It's the fear. That is my addiction. The look on someone's face, when they fully understand the many layers of their peril. Like the layers in a great oil painting, or the finest sandwich cake. That is my dessert.

Mahmoud stares back into the eyes of a madman.

ROOSEVELT (CONT'D)
A rather large story is unfolding, my boy. Things may seem one way and turn out to be something different entirely. Or maybe it was there from the start but you were focused on the wrong thing. In time all will be revealed.

Vance lets him go.

ROOSEVELT (CONT'D)
I am meeting with the Sheik to finalize plans for this terrorist attack and the rise of the Soldiers of Ansar that we are orchestrating. It is why you're here now, and why you will stay. To guarantee your father will play the part I've assigned him, as this will begin a chain of events that will lead to me taking over America, quite literally...

Vance lightens his tone.

ROOSEVELT (CONT'D)
Your father speaks rather fondly of you. Out of the dozens of children he has sired, you hold a special place in his heart. It's why I took you on, in London.
(MORE)

ROOSEVELT (CONT'D)

To lead to this moment. You see, my son also works for your father at the palace. He's a rather capable young businessman himself, particularly in oil trades. As you can see we each have something at stake, a mutually assured destruction. However there is one key difference. Your father thinks you're a bloody superhero. My son? I hate the bastard.

Mahmoud's eyes turn into saucers.

ROOSEVELT (CONT'D)

For your sake, boy, I suggest you spend your time here praying to Allah to ensure my meeting with your father goes well. Because that was my last bucket.

EXT. PUNXSUTAWNEY FARM HOUSE - NIGHT

A modest farmhouse with a black military SUV parked outside.

INT. PUNXSUTAWNEY FARM HOUSE - NIGHT

Lieutenant Carlton and Professor Montauk are in the living room home of a gray-haired older couple MR. and MRS. BRENNAN.

MR. BRENNAN

His buddies were with him at Smitty's, Saturday. As usual.

LT. HUNTER

Was he impaired?

MR. BRENNAN

A little tipsy like everyone else, but not shit-faced or nothin'.

MRS. BRENNAN

But our son always comes over Sunday morning for church, then dinner. Always. Until now.

Montauk, with pencil and pad in hand like a proper investigator.

MONTAUK

The women at this bar. Would you describe them as loose?

LT. HUNTER
Montauk, what are you doing?

MONTAUK
Let them answer. I figured while we're down here, we could pick up some small-town chicks. Girls must love those shoulders o' yours. I'm happy to take your leftovers--

LT. HUNTER
I apologize Mr. and Mrs. Brennan, he's not military.

Montauk puts his hands on his hips and glares at Carlton acting mockingly offended.

MONTAUK
I beg your pardon?

Carlton ignores him.

LT. HUNTER
But you haven't seen him since?

MR. BRENNAN
No, sir. It's why we called Jones--I mean Sheriff Jones.

MRS. BRENNAN
You boys are from the Army. You can tell us. Was he taken by aliens?

Montauk bursts into laughter, Carlton gives him a stern look.

MONTAUK
Let'd get down to it Mrs. Brennan. How fast can your son run?

MRS. BRENNAN
Um... not very. He wasn't much of an athlete. Why?

LT. HUNTER
Montauk, enough.

MONTAUK
Just trying to figure out his chances of survival--

Carlton stands.

LT. HUNTER

Thank you Mr. and Mrs. Brennan for
your time.

EXT. PUNXSUTAWNEY FARM HOUSE - NIGHT

Carlton and Montauk walk to their vehicle in the Brennan's
gravel driveway.

LT. HUNTER

I should've insisted you stay
outside. Spared these poor people
from your mockery.

MONTAUK

Come on now, I needed to hear
their answers with my own ears so
I know if our beastie was here.
But as it turns out... I probably
didn't need to be there.

LT. HUNTER

Your antics aside, what do you
think? His car was abandoned near
the forest. Likely pulled over to
relieve himself and--Could he have
attacked this man?

MONTAUK

Hey, we all gotta eat right?

LT. HUNTER

Is there any chance this man
could've survived?

MONTAUK

Ah... no.

LT. HUNTER

And anyone who encounters the
Project, is in imminent danger?

MONTAUK

If this Brennan guy is any
indication, you better hope our
Project is asleep somewhere in
this forest with a full belly,
settling down for a long winter's
nap, or the carnage is just
getting started.

LT. HUNTER

Once again, you seem a little too excited about that prospect.

MONTAUK

Your military, your entire government is too big for its britches. If something happens to smear it, take it down a few pegs? I'm all for it.

LT. HUNTER

Even if innocents are slaughtered as a result? Or your family?

MONTAUK

Nice try. It's just me in the world. If anything you all should be a lot more grateful to me. I mean I could've built this for the highest bidder, but instead I brought this to Uncle Sam, out of a patriotic duty.

LT. HUNTER

Bullshit. Dollars to doughnuts, you were roundly rejected by everyone you tried to sell it to. And you came in on your hands and knees and lucked out Uncle Sam needed something like this.

For once Montauk has no retort and just glares, and Carlton starts to get suspicious.

LT. HUNTER (CONT'D)

Montauk, where were you yesterday?

MONTAUK

New York. You even had me picked up from there, remember? Alibi!

Carlton opens the driver side, as Montauk looks down at his phone, looking at a map of Pennsylvania with a blinking tracker ON THE MOVE. He smiles as if something was confirmed.

LT. HUNTER

What are you smiling about?

MONTAUK

(innocent)
Oh, nothing.

Carlton drives them off, thoughts racing about Montauk's role in this, while Montauk looks out into the night, his wiseguy smile turning into a sinister grin.

INT. BRONX HOSPITAL CAFETERIA - DAY

Vanessa is eating lunch with Jasmine.

JASMINE

Girl, you can't tell me you let this John Doe into your house and then disappear all weekend! You texted you were okay, but I didn't know if you were trying to blink three times or something.

VANESSA

No, I'm fine. It's been fine, it's been wonderful actually.

JASMINE

What happened?

VANESSA

Adam's not a criminal. Not a Z-head. When I got home, he cooked me dinner and we talked.

JASMINE

Anything else happen?

Vanessa's mind immediately goes to Adam blocking a bullet.

VANESSA

No. Although we did sort of fuck.

JASMINE

Nasty Ness!

Vanessa throws her napkin at her as Gina joins them.

GINA

What'd Vanessa do now?

JASMINE

She banged a homeless guy they found in an alley.

GINA

What?!

VANESSA

He wasn't just some homeless guy!

JASMINE

Oh, right, he's a John Doe too.

GINA

You're fuckin' one o' them old white dudes with Alzheimer's? I knew this was going to happen.

VANESSA

Don't listen to her, she's lying!

JASMINE

Am I?

VANESSA

Technically no, but--

JASMINE

I'm just playin' Gina. He ain't no regular bum, he is f-i-n-e fine!

VANESSA

Yes, he looks good, but I've gotten to know Adam and he's a really sweet guy, with a lot of... talents. And it's kinda cute seeing him re-learn the world, finding out what a TV is--

JASMINE

I thought amnesiacs just forget their personal memories? He should still what know what shit is.

VANESSA

All I know is we connected right away and he's way into me. And it's all very nice, for a change.

GINA

Awww. Good for you Ness!

JASMINE

You need to slow it down, girl. You have a history and I seen your heart broken too many times. You don't know anything about this guy, and one day he's going to remember who he is, and that might mean the end of you and him.

INT. SUBWAY - NIGHT

Vanessa and Adam go down the stairs into the tunnels bustling with people, while Jasmine's words weigh heavy on her mind.

ADAM

Are you okay? You seem distracted.

VANESSA

Just a lot on my mind since work.

She takes him by the hand and weaves them through the crowded subway platform to the distant rumble of the approaching train.

A SKINNY MAN IN A SUIT nervously looks at his watch, while a pair of loud and profane WHITE TEENAGE BOYS in athletic gear and gaudy gold jewelry, jokingly push each other.

As the train's light is within sight, one of the teenage boys SHOVES the skinny man ALL THE WAY DOWN to the railroad tracks!

A woman SCREAMS as Vanessa sees the train's light get larger in the darkness, and the man on the tracks isn't getting up. She tries to push her way through but is stuck in the crowd.

VANESSA

Somebody help that man!

Adam calmly DROPS to the tracks and walks over to the man, as people are yelling and screaming to Adam.

Adam PICKS HIM UP by the hand, puts his left hand on the edge with his other and vaults up to the platform, SWINGING the man up at the same time, who falls at the feet of the other people.

The train slows and STOPS, as the people applaud and cheer.

SKINNY MAN IN SUIT

Jesus Christ! You tore my shoulder out of my socket!

As the New Yorkers pat Adam on the back and CROWD HIM like a celebrity, he can't find Vanessa. He's noticeably bothered by the static all these voices and people project on him, while he tries to focus on Vanessa. He pushes through, until he finally sees her with one of the teen boys by the scruff of his jacket.

TEENAGE BOY

Get the fuck off me, bitch!

Vanessa slaps him.

VANESSA

You almost killed that man!
(MORE)

VANESSA (CONT'D)
 You think this is some kind of
 joke?!

POLICE OFFICER (V.O.)
 Stop it right there!

Vanessa turns around and the POLICE OFFICER grabs HER and SLAMS HER against the wall and gets his handcuffs.

Adam sees this and his eyes GLOW RED as he moves through the crowd like a shark STARING DOWN the Officer.

LADY
 Leave her alone, that kid pushed
 some guy off the platform!

OTHER MAN
 Punk's probably high on Z!

Others vouch for Vanessa, but the police officer looks to a random white man in a suit and tie.

POLICE OFFICER
 Is this true?

The man nods, so he lets her go and grabs the teenage boy.

TEENAGE BOY
 Let go o' me pig! My Dad'll have
 your badge!

Vanessa visibly upset and shaken, takes off and heads for the stairs. Adam's eyes stop glowing as he goes after her, passing an old lady unsure if she saw what she thinks she saw.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY PARK - NIGHT

Vanessa is across the street from the subway entrance in the park, pacing around trying to cool off.

ADAM
 Vanessa, are you okay?

VANESSA
 (distressed)
 I try to keep a smile on my face every day. I try to believe, but it's tough sometimes, Adam! The ugliness of this world is overwhelming, and I feel so... powerless.

ADAM

Why did that policeman arrest you
instead of that young man?

Her frustration boiling over, she runs to Adam and kisses him.

VANESSA

Take me out of here. Anywhere!

She buries her head in his chest, and he picks her up by the waist and torso. And FLIES A HUNDRED FEET INTO THE AIR!

EXT. MANHATTAN SKY - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

She sees the park shrink beneath them along with her sorrow.

VANESSA (CONT'D)

AHHHHHH!!! You're flying?! You're
flying! We're flying!

He leans back, flying backwards and sitting up to shield her from the cold wind as they climb higher over Manhattan.

ADAM

I'm going to hold you by the hand!

He lets her slide to his hand so they're flying side by side, and she isn't scared at all. She closes her eyes and smiles.

They FLY OVER all of New York City seeing the thousands of cars, the millions of lights and people, and she can't believe it. Laughing. Smiling. His smile grows as her's does.

VANESSA

You saved me back there! I felt
like I wanted to jump into those
railroad tracks myself!

Adam's face drops in fear.

ADAM

Please never do that, I
don't know what I'd do--

VANESSA

--I wouldn't baby, I'm sorry. It's
just a feeling. I would never.

They kiss and continue their sky cruise, yet she can't help but notice the strife in the city below them. Tension. Fighting. Sorrow. And crime!

Below them she hears the SQUEAL of tires, a CRASH, and the SCREAMS of people, as she looks down to see a runaway van being chased by a police car, PLOWING through a street corner and everything in its way.

VANESSA
Adam! Down there!

Adam's smile switches to serious from the tone in her voice.

VANESSA (CONT'D)
Set me down there and stop that
van, before he kills somebody!

He gently places Vanessa on the roof of a 3-story building and sees the van speeding towards a group of laughing CLUB GOERS crossing the street, oblivious to what's speeding towards them.

Adam FLIES to the van like a speeding bullet, and LANDS in the street, holding his arm out as if commanding the van to stop.

INT. VAN - NIGHT

The men in the van, wearing black hoodies, RICO (20, Latino) and MAGIC (20, African-American) YELL in fear, as they can't believe what they're seeing!

RICO
What the fuck?!

EXT. STREET - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

SLOW MOTION

The van CRASHES into Adam who stands still as a pole, the front of the van WRAPPING AROUND his body like cardboard. Inside, the airbags deploy as the van stops in its tracks, and the body of the van crumples and the rear doors fly open, spilling out boxes of prescription drug vials and packages onto the street.

END SLOW MOTION

The young people about to cross the street are dumbstruck at what they just saw, and Adam unsure of what to do next, flies right up to the roof where Vanessa is.

EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT

VANESSA
You're not hurt, right?

ADAM
I'm fine.

VANESSA
Okay, good. What about the guy in
the van?

ADAM
I don't know. Should I have
checked? There were two guys.

Vanessa peers over the side and sees the drugs scattered about
and the Police moving towards the two men with guns drawn,
looking around confused at what happened to the van.

VANESSA
Adam, that wasn't some random
maniac, those guys stole drugs--
Whoa, shit...

She sees a Black SUV approach the crash scene. A Dragoni SUV.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

The two groggy thieves, are restrained by the police.

RICO (New York Rican accent)
You know who you're fuckin' with?!

As Rico is barking at the cop, the SUV rolls its window down
revealing a Dragoni soldier looking at both men. Magic makes
eye contact and his demeanor turns to fear.

MAGIC
Shut the fuck up, Rico! Don't say
a Goddamn word!

Rico looks up in disgust as he's cuffed when he sees the faces
of Adam and Vanessa on the rooftop, recognizing him as who
jumped in front of their van, then sees them fly away.

EXT. BATTERY PARK - NIGHT

Vanessa is smiling and laughing as Adam carries her to the park
across from the Statue of Liberty.

VANESSA
Put us down here!

They land, and she shakes her head, still laughing.

ADAM
Why are you laughing?

VANESSA

You did more than save a bunch of kids from getting run over, you just stopped the bad guys.

ADAM

That's funny?

VANESSA

No. I'm laughing because I just figured it out.

Adam still confused.

VANESSA

That van was filled with the they use to make Z. Those were criminals, drug dealers. And it looks like they were Dragoni guys too. You remember them?

ADAM

Mafia, right?

VANESSA

Those guys are gonna go to jail and that's also a big load of drugs that will NOT be turned into Z, because of you.

ADAM

Because of us.

VANESSA

I've been racking my brain trying to figure out who you are and what you are, when I should've been asking why you are.

She holds his hands and looks in his eyes.

VANESSA (CONT'D)

You are a gift. God put you here for a reason. I believe that. And I think I figured out what to do with... your *everything*. Did you watch any superhero stuff on TV?

He shakes his head.

VANESSA (CONT'D)

A hero is someone who helps others.

(MORE)

VANESSA (CONT'D)

Stops those who hurt people, and makes things better for everyone, not worse. And a hero can be anyone.

ADAM

Like you and your friends at the hospital.

VANESSA

Yes, I work with heroes every day. But a *super-* hero is someone who can do things that no one else can. Someone who can fly, pull someone from a speeding train in seconds, stop a bullet or a van with his bare hands. Like you. But you're real. Or maybe you're just my imagination come to life, like some wish that came true!

She coyly laughs.

ADAM

I like that.

VANESSA

But seriously Adam, if anyone can fix this broken world... it's you.

ADAM

Us.

VANESSA

Okay, us.

They kiss.

VANESSA (CONT'D)

I don't know how we're going to do this, but we'll figure it out together. What do you say, boy, are you ready for this?

ADAM

Sure. Can we go home and have sex?

Vanessa laughs and they fly straight into the air, past enormous stages, tents, and banners set up in the park.

ADAM (CONT'D)

What is all this?

VANESSA

Didn't you see the commercials?

She quotes the TV commercial she's heard a hundred times.

VANESSA (CONT'D)

It's the VanceCorp 4th of July spectacular! It's the biggest party of the year and everyone will be there!

ADAM

Can we go?

VANESSA

If everyone's going to be there, that means us too, baby!

EXT. SHEIK VAZIRI'S PALACE - IRAN - NIGHT

The massive and classically designed mansion glows with the lights and sounds of night club.

SUPER: IRAN

INT. SHEIK VAZIRI'S PALACE PARTY ROOM - IRAN - NIGHT

Inside, the most extravagant of parties is on. The beautiful people of the Middle East are dancing away. The DJ is hot, the champagne is flowing, and the food spread is 100% first class.

MEETING ROOM

With the party muffled in the background, Roosevelt Vance is with SHEIK VAZIRI (50s) in his keffiyeh head scarf and long flowing tunic robes, ANSAR (30s) who is dressed in military fatigues with a turban, and his TRANSLATOR standing behind him.

They sit on leather couches with champagne and food on a large gold table before them. Bodyguards in suits for the Sheik, and Ansar's soldiers are spread throughout the room. All armed.

ROOSEVELT

I admire your determination to make the fledgling 'Soldiers of Ansar' a true terrorist force. In my world, there is no business worth their salt if you're not willing to make a splash.

(MORE)

ROOSEVELT (CONT'D)

And while not as groundbreaking as the iPhone, collapsing my VanceCorps building killing thousands, will surely put you on the cover of 'Middle Eastern Madman' magazine!

TRANSLATOR

(speaking Farsi)

Ansar's translator recites, but isn't sure how to do that last part. Ansar asks a question, scoffing at Vance.

ANSAR

(speaking Farsi)

TRANSLATOR

Why do you want us to destroy your own building? Destroy one of your competitors' buildings and hurt an enemy at the same time!

ROOSEVELT

Whoever's building is destroyed is going to gain the sympathy of the world. Which is why it needs to be mine! I have plans, gentlemen. Far above your limited vision, as this day will be the most tragic and horrific terrorist attack in history. Which begins the process that will result in me becoming President of the United States.

SHEIK VAZIRI

(heavy Persian accent)

I still don't know why we don't just assassinate your President? Fucking Barstow. His embargo killing me. My oil fields!

ROOSEVELT

We've been over this. He cannot be eliminated. The people must vote him out, so I can be voted in. It will be said his very weakness is how this even happened.

Vance PUSHES a button on the inside wrist of his watch. The doors shove open as two GIGANTIC ROBOTS roll in, carrying stacks of gold. While scared at first, Ansar gets a better look and gets EXCITED.

ANSAR
(speaking Farsi)

TRANSLATOR
We must have these!

The Sheik jumps up and examines them, gliding his hands on them like Ralphie to the Leg lamp in 'Christmas Story'.

ROOSEVELT
Sheathe your erections gentlemen!
These boys are exclusive to
VanceCorp, and my personal
bodyguards. Now then, this gold
will be enough to finance your
operation for quite some time.

ANSAR
(speaking Farsi)

TRANSLATOR
You own building all over New
York. Which one do we destroy?

ROOSEVELT
VanceCorp Plaza is at the park
nearest the Statue of Liberty. And
this can't be just any date.

EXT. BATTERY PARK - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Adam and Vanessa fly into the air, past enormous stages, tents, and banners set up in the park.

ROOSEVELT (V.O.)
It must happen during the
VanceCorp 4th of July spectacular!
It's the biggest party of the year
and everyone will be there!

EXT. ALLEGHENY FOREST - NIGHT

Soldier #1 and #2 are still being pulled along by the dogs' leashes, who bark louder as they see a shape ahead.

SOLDIER #2
(panting)
oh, shit, is that him?

SOLDIER #1
I hope so. We been running all
day, I'm dying here...

SOLDIER #2
It's not moving, let's go.

They arrive at the shape, revealed as a large carcass. Soldier #1 moves closer with a flashlight while the dogs bark.

SOLDIER #1
Holy creamin' shits, that's a bear! A big fuckin' bear! Tore up like a Thanksgiving turkey!

SOLDIER #2
Look! It's still steaming!

Solder #1 turns on his Walkie as #2 examines the bear carcass.

SOLDIER #1
HQ, alert Professor Montauk. The Project is still here in the Allegheny Forest.

SOLDIER #2
A man did this?

SOLDIER #1
The Project ain't a man, it's like a *creature* Montauk created. Like a Frankenstein of every nasty animal y'vever seen. And only he can control it. Otherwise, ain't nothin' or nobody can stop it.

SOLDIER #2
Then why are we still here?

The dogs STOP BARKING, as they hear the CRACK of sticks.

They both freeze and slowly turn around as we hear the most monstrous inhuman growl and see the silhouette of an EIGHT-FOOT TALL WOLF-LIKE MONSTER!

ZOOM OUT to show the vast Pennsylvania forest and RAPID PAN east to ZOOM IN on Bronx to show this is SIMULTANEOUS

INT. VANESSA'S BRONX APARTMENT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Vanessa is sleeping, when she turns over and notices Adam isn't in bed anymore. She cracks opens her eyes and looks out lovingly when she finds Adam sitting near the window, perfectly still, staring out into the night, looking almost... *robotic*.

At first she smiles finding it cute, then her face changes to confusion as she realizes he doesn't even look human.

He TURNS HIS HEAD SUDDENLY with a smile. She's jolted, but then smiles and blows him a kiss before turning away from him with a look of wide-eyed fear and confusion, as she's reminded how she truly has no idea what he is.

INT. PUNXSUTAWNEY FARM HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Mr. & Mrs. Brennan sit side by side in their bed, heads bowed in prayer with only the night lamp lighting the room.

MRS. BRENNAN

(tearful)

... and we thank you Dear Lord,
for giving us the strength to
carry on. As we pray our son is
not with you. That this is not his
time. And bless the kind men
searching for our Shane and give
them the insight and clarity to
find him. But wherever our Shane
is, please protect him, and bring
him back to us. Amen.

Mr. Brennan kisses his wife on the cheek and lies down as Mrs. Brennan leans over to click the light off when we see a framed photo of a happy Mr. and Mrs. Brennan on a family fishing trip beside... ADAM!

THE END