

unbreakable

october.eighth.ninety-nine

written by

m.night.shyamalan

**INT. CLOTHING STORE - AFTERNOON**

Women's casual wear department. J.C. Penny.

Legend "1961"

An African-American man carrying two J.C. Penny shopping bags is ushered past the department store managers and security guards on walkies that have gathered at the entrance to the woman's dressing rooms.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. DRESSING ROOM - AFTERNOON**

A bed has been formed by a chair and three benches.

A STRIKING AFRICAN-AMERICAN WOMAN in her twenties lays across it. Her face and clothes are covered in sweat. Her skirt is stained.

She holds something wrapped in a soft sweatshirt on her chest. We can't see it, but WE HEAR THE BABY CRYING.

She's just given birth.

There are three frazzled saleswomen in the dressing room with her. They watch her with quiet smiles.

A fourth SALESWOMAN arrives ushering in the man with the shopping bags.

**SALESWOMAN**

This is Mr. Mathison. He's a doctor.

DR. MATHISON looks over the scene and then directly at the striking woman.

**DR. MATHISON**

You okay?

The woman nods, "Yes." Sweat trickles down her face. THE BABY'S PIERCING CRIES  
**ECHO IN THE SMALL ROOM.**

**SALESWOMAN**

An ambulance is on the way.

Dr. Mathison puts down his shopping bags and moves to her. He kneels down and gestures for the bundle of sweatshirts in her arms.

**DR. MATHISON**

Is there a name yet?

Beat. The woman smiles for the first time.

**WOMAN**

Elijah.

She hands him the wrapped child. We can't see the baby, but THE PIERCING CRIES  
**SEEM TO GET LOUDER.**

**WOMAN**

Is he supposed to be crying  
like that?

The doctor lowers the baby to his lap and unwraps him.

The woman can't see her baby anymore. She watches Dr. Mathison as he looks down and examines her child. Beat. Dr. Mathison doesn't look up for the longest time.

**WOMAN**

Can I have him back?

THE BABY'S CRYING IS RELENTLESS. UNNERVING. Beat.

The doctor finally glances up. He looks shaken. He makes eye contact with the woman for only a second. It's enough. A chill goes through her body.

He looks to the three saleswomen who were in the room.

**DR. MATHISON**

What happened during the  
delivery?

His hard stare unsettles the women. The OLDER SALESWOMAN speaks up.

**OLDER SALESWOMAN**

Nothing. It was very quick.  
The baby just wanted to come  
right out. There was no  
problems.

**DR. MATHISON**

Did you drop him?

Everyone becomes very still. The mother looks like she stopped breathing. THE

**BABY'S SCREAMING ENGULFS THE ROOM.**

**DR. MATHISON**

Did you drop this baby?

Beat.

**OLDER SALESWOMAN**

Jesus Christ, no.

The BABY SCREAMS.

The doctor whispers something to himself, we can't hear. He looks up to the saleswoman who brought him in.

**DR. MATHISON**

Please inform the ambulance  
we have a situation...

Dr. Mathison turns back to the mother. Beat.

**DR. MATHISON**

I've never seen this... It  
appears your infant  
sustained some fractures  
while in your uterus.

(beat)

His arms and legs are  
broken.

**FADE TO BLACK:**

**EXT. TRAIN STATION NEW JERSEY - DAY**

**LEGEND "PRESENT DAY"**

A fountain of humanity bubbles up from the escalators to the train platform.

Businessmen take their last desperate drags of their cigarettes...  
Women  
traveling with children herd their luggage and offspring into tight  
shapes as  
they move... College students with backpacks look around dazed at the  
various  
track numbers.

**ANNOUNCER (o.s.)**

Last call track three,  
Amtrak Clocker making it's  
final stop at Philadelphia's  
thirtieth street station.  
First two passenger cars  
only. First two cars only.

A face inside the train watches the stream of passengers emerging from the escalators. DAVID DUNNE, a man in his early forties, rest his temple against the glass and quietly observes the movement outside.

The train starts to pull out.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. PASSENGER CAR - DAY**

David sits with his coat on his lap. He's wearing a tie. He doesn't look very comfortable in it.

He feels a stare. He looks up to find a girl, six or seven years old, peering at him from over the seat in front of him. She just gazes at him blankly.

He gives her a small forced smile. She doesn't react. David returns his head to the window.

His eyes begin to shut with the lulling movement of the train.

WOMAN (o.s.)

You alone?

David looks in the direction of THE VOICE. A WOMAN with dark hair and light blue eyes stands in the aisle with two bags over her shoulder. She's wearing a tight white t-shirt and jeans. She's beautiful.

David nods "yes."

The woman starts putting her bags on the shelf above the seats. She stretches to get them up. Her toned stomach is exposed. She has a silver ring pierced through her navel.

David has a gold ring on his hand. He fiddles with it. Beat. He gently slips off his wedding band. It goes into his coat pocket.

The woman takes the seat next to him.

Beat. A LOUD VIOLENT BURST OF SOUND. The passenger car shakes as a passing train barrels by two feet from David's window. It passes in a few seconds. The car returns to a QUIET HUM.

David pulls a magazine out from the seat pocket in front of him.

He holds the woman's fashion magazine out.

**DAVID**

Someone left these. You want one?

The woman looks over the one being offered and then points to the Sports Illustrated peeking out of the seat pocket.

David pulls the magazine out and gives it to her.

**DAVID**

You like sports?

**WOMAN**

It's my field. I represent athletes. I'm an agent.

**DAVID**

What a coincidence? I'm a male synchronized swimmer and I'm looking for representation.

**WOMAN** (smiling)

Is that right?

**DAVID**

But I'm afraid of water, so that's been holding my career back a little bit.

The woman laughs.

**DAVID**

You represent someone in Philadelphia?

**WOMAN**

I'm meeting a player from Temple University. He's a cornerback. You like football?

Beat.

**DAVID**

Not really.

**WOMAN**

This kid is six foot two, two hundred and forty pounds. He runs the fifty in under six seconds. He's

going to be a God.

Beat. David studies the excitement in her eyes.

ANOTHER LOUD VIOLENT BURST OF SOUND. David waits till the opposing train passes.

The woman goes back to her magazine. Beat.

**DAVID**

I'm David Dunne.

The woman looks up.

**WOMAN**

Kelly.

She goes back to the magazine.

Beat.

**DAVID**

How long are you staying in Philly?

KELLY looks up from her Sports Illustrated. Her striking blue eyes gaze at David.

Beat.

She holds up her hand. Taps the diamond ring on her finger.

KELLY(soft)

I'm married.

DAVID(fake excitement)

Great.

Beat.

**KELLY**

Sorry.

DAVID(fake confusion)

What are you talking about?

An awkward silence.

**DAVID**

I think you got the wrong idea.

The woman stares at David. She looks down. Beat. Closes the magazine.

**KELLY**

I'm going to find another  
seat.

Kelly gets up. She balances herself against a headrest as the train  
rumbles. She  
starts to the back of the car.

David sits alone. He looks like he's drowning, but there's no water.

He feels a stare. He glances up. The little girl spies on him from  
between the  
seats.

David leans towards the window to avoid eye contact. His hand reaches  
into his  
coat and slides out his wedding band. He puts it back on.

His temple touches the glass. The vibration of the train begins to  
lull his eyes  
closed... Beat.

David's head bounces lightly against the window.

The shaking of the glass never allows David's eyes to completely  
close.

He sits up when he realizes the shaking is getting stronger.

He looks out the window. The scenery blurs as it flies by. Beat.

David turns. Some of the other passengers start to react as they  
realize the  
train is picking up speed.

The normal bumps of the tracks become amplified.

The WORRIED VOICES OF THE TRAVELERS START FILL THE CABIN.

The train goes faster.

**AND THEN THE HIGH PITCHED METAL ON METAL SCREECHING STARTS AS THE  
TRAIN BEGINS TO  
TAKE A CURVE.**

David's eyes move to the seat in front of him. The little girl is no  
longer  
watching him.

DAVID LOOKS TO THE PASSENGERS ACROSS FROM HIM. He sees the ground  
slowly drop

away in the windows behind them as THEIR SIDE OF THE TRAIN STARTS TO RISE...

**THE PASSENGERS SCREAM AS THE AMTRAK PASSENGER TRAIN BEGINS TO TILT OFF THE TRACK...**

**CUT TO:**

**INT. FAMILY ROOM - AFTERNOON**

A boy, age ten, sits on his head on the family couch and watches television upside down. His floppy brown hair spreads out in a circle in front of his red face. He changes channels with a remote control.

He moves past the upside down cartoons and the upside down talk shows. He stops on an upside down picture of a crashed train. Beat.

His knees come forward as he flips over. He tumbles slowly off the couch and onto the carpet. JEREMY DUNNE gazes at the television screen... A LIVE AERIAL VIEW OF A TRAIN WRECK SMOULDERING BELOW IS SEEN. Two trains are tangled like snakes.

Jeremy gets up and moves to a small table with a phone. Next to the phone is a notepad. On it is written...

"Dad - Amtrak 177 - 3:40pm."

Jeremy looks at the television. At the bottom of the screen in red block letters that move from right to left are words and numbers..."The 3:40 Amtrak 177 has derailed... Amtrak Emergency number is 1-800-777-4322... The 3:40 Amtrak 177 has derailed...Amtrak"

Jeremy doesn't take his eyes off the screen. He makes a small desperate noise that no one hears.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. PHYSICAL THERAPY CENTER - LATE AFTERNOON**

An elderly woman can't hold back any longer and SCREAMS. An embarrassed, tortured

helpless scream.

MEGAN DUNNE continues applying pressure to her arm which is being pushed back as far as it will go.

She counts to three and eases off. She lays her arm back in her lap.

WE ARE IN A PHYSICAL THERAPY CENTER. About a dozen people are on specialized weight machines.

The elderly woman is seated on an exercise table and breathes slowly.

**MEGAN**

You okay, Virginia?

Beat. VIRGINIA shakes her head, "No."

**MEGAN**

I'll put something on the t.v. Maybe we'll find some almost naked guys to inspire you.

Megan reaches up to the t.v. monitor mounted on the wall. She turns it on and starts flipping channels. She stops on ESPN where a swimming meet is underway.

Men in bikini swimsuits line the edges of the pool.

Virginia starts watching with great interest.

Megan's eyes move to the tiny print moving across the bottom of the screen. Her face goes still as she reads the train number... 177.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. EMERGENCY ROOM - AFTERNOON**

**DAVID DUNNE'S EYES SLOWLY OPEN. THE DULL WHITE OF THE OVERHEAD TUBE LIGHTING BLINDS HIM AT FIRST.**

He blinks his vision back. He realizes he's in a bed.

**WE HEAR AGITATED VOICES, MOVEMENT.**

David looks around. He's in an emergency room. There are a half dozen prep areas and beds next to him. They're all empty.

**DAVID FOLLOWS THE URGENT SOUNDS OF ACTIVITY TO A PREP AREA DIRECTLY ACROSS FROM HIM.**

He can only see glimpses of activity through the drawn curtain. A group of emergency room personnel are treating a man whose body is twitching violently on a gurney.

One of the group is a man who glances through the opening in the curtain. He notices David sitting up from across the room.

THE MAN IN SCRUBS leaves the group and walks over.

**MAN IN SCRUBS**

How are you feeling?

**DAVID**

Okay.

He FLASHES A LIGHT in David's eyes.

**MAN IN SCRUBS**

You are in the emergency room of the University of Pennsylvania Hospital. You were in a serious accident.

(beat)

How's your vision?

**DAVID**

Fine.

David stares across as the scene with the other patients becomes more frantic and disturbing.

**MAN IN SCRUBS**

Where were you sitting on the train?

**DAVID**

Against a window.

**MAN IN SCRUBS**

In the passenger car?

**DAVID**

Yes. Where are the rest of

the passengers?

**MAN IN SCRUBS**

Was your family traveling  
with you?

**DAVID**

No.

**MAN IN SCRUBS**

Did you get up from your  
seat?

**DAVID**

No.

David watches the other patient.

**MAN IN SCRUBS**

You're certain you were in  
the passenger car?

David turns to the man.

**DAVID**

Yes... Why are you looking  
at me like that?

Beat.

**MAN IN SCRUBS**

Your train derailed... Some  
kind of malfunction... It  
took a curve way to fast. A  
second train collided with  
yours after it derailed. The  
debris is spread over one  
mile. It's unbelievable they  
said.

(beat)

They only found two people  
alive so far... You and him.

David looks to the other passenger now laying unnaturally still in the  
desperate  
whirlwind of activity around him.

**MAN IN SCRUBS**

The man's skull was cracked  
open and most of his left  
side was crushed.

Beat.

**MAN IN SCRUBS**

And to answer your question,  
there are two reasons why  
I'm looking at you like  
this.

David turns and stares at the man.

**MAN IN SCRUBS**

One, because it seems, in a  
few minutes, you will  
officially be the only  
survivor of this train  
wreck.

(beat)

And two, because you don't  
have a scratch on you. You  
didn't break one bone.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. EMERGENCY RECEPTION AREA - EVENING**

David moves through the depressing milky corridors of the hospital. He opens a set of double doors.

A room crammed with cameras and photographers explodes with movement.

**A CHILD'S VOICE BREAKS THEIR NOISE.**

**JEREMY**

I told you!

Jeremy Dunne pushes forward through the mob of people and cameras. He bursts out and runs to David. He wraps his arms around David's waist. David just stands there, aware that the cameras are catching it all. He's overwhelmed.

Hospital staff and a couple police officers push the media back.

Jeremy tugs David to lean down. He does.

**JEREMY**

They thought everybody on  
the train died.

David looks at his son's face. Wipes the tears on his cheek.

**JEREMY**

I told them they were wrong.

A woman moves to them. David stands up and faces Megan Dunne.

**JEREMY**

Mom even cried.

David looks at Megan's eyes.

**JEREMY**

A lot.

Megan looks away.

**MEGAN**

Not a lot.

They stand there for a moment. David looks shaken. Jeremy takes hold of his hand.

**JEREMY**

Let's go home.

Megan nods. They move to the exit. The pack of cameras and reporters burst to life as they leave the building. They jockey for position to get a last glimpse of David Dunne.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT**

David eats a bowl of pasta alone in a modest kitchen. He stares at his hand.

Opens and closes it slowly. Beat.

He rises and puts the bowl away in the sink.

**INT. FRONT HALL - NIGHT**

David stops just before rising the stairs. He glances into a bedroom at the bottom of the stairs. The doorway is half open. He makes eye contact with his wife. Beat.

**DAVID**

I don't think I got the job  
in New York.

**MEGAN**

What does that mean?

**DAVID**

I'm still going to New York.  
Just not this second.

**MEGAN**

I don't want to drag this  
out too long for Jeremy.

**DAVID**

I know.

Beat.

**DAVID**

How about in the meantime,  
you don't sleep in the  
guestroom anymore?

(beat)

You sleep in our room. I'll  
sleep down here.

Beat.

**MEGAN**

It stopped being our room a  
long time ago.

(beat)

You should go up and get  
some rest.

Beat. Megan slowly closes the door to the guest bedroom.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT**

David looks at his son asleep in his bed.

**DAVID**

Jeremy, why don't you go  
sleep with your mom?

JEREMY (eyes closed)

I want to sleep here  
tonight.

**DAVID**

I think it's be better if I  
was alone.

JEREMY(eyes closed)  
I won't make any noise.

**DAVID**  
How about your room then? If  
you get scared like before,  
you can come back in here?

Beat. Jeremy doesn't answer because he's asleep. David rubs his forehead and gets up. He turns on the t.v., low volume, as he moves into the bathroom.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT**

Hot water rushes over David's face as he stands in the shower. His attention is drawn to the t.v. which is seen through the slightly open bathroom door.

He turns off the water to HEAR.

NEWS ANCHOR(t.v.)  
...Derailed approximately  
seven and half miles outside  
Philadelphia. It came to  
rest on its side on the  
northbound tracks. It is  
train officials belief that  
some if not most of the  
passengers were still alive  
at this time.

NEWS ANCHOR(t.v.)  
The momentary peace lasted  
only a few seconds. A Boston  
bound freight train on the  
northbound tracks was  
seconds away from passing  
train 177 when it derailed.  
The impact happened at about  
three-fifteen p.m. The first  
of the two occupied  
passenger cars was severed  
in half and sent careening  
in two directions. The  
second of the passenger cars  
was crushed and dragged for  
four hundred feet. Six crew  
members were on the freight.

One hundred and eighteen  
passengers and seven crew  
members were on the  
passenger train... There is  
one reported survivor.

(beat)

Rescue teams will be working  
for the next forty-eight  
hours removing bodies and  
debris.

David steps out of the shower. He sees a glimpse of Jeremy asleep in  
bed. David  
shuts the door. Locks it.

He gets back into the shower and turns the water back on.

He closes his eyes. His face tightens up. He slowly hunches down and  
takes a seat  
on the tiled floor of the shower. Water pours over him. Beat.

His muscular body begins to shake. Then we realize he's crying.

**FADE TO BLACK:**

**EXT. FAIR - DAY**

**LEGEND "1969"**

A hazy afternoon. A fair has come into town. They have set up in the  
vast parking  
lot of the local high school.

A line of women has formed in front of the portable bathrooms.

The striking African American woman we saw giving birth is now  
standing in line.  
She is older and somehow more beautiful.

She stands with a skinny, almost ethereal looking African American  
boy. The boy  
wears a metal brace on his leg. THE EIGHT YEAR OLD ELIJAH holds two  
oversized  
stuffed animals in his arms. He looks back over his shoulder as THE  
SOUND OF  
VOICES YELLING IN EXCITEMENT FILL THE AIR. His eyes dance over the  
many colorful  
rides in the parking lot.

The door opens to one of the portable bathrooms. A woman steps out.

Elijah's mother touches his head and enters the three foot square plastic bathroom. She turns back and gives him a look.

**MOTHER**

We'll play the water pistol game next.

Elijah nods, "Yes" happily.

The mother closes the cubicle door. Elijah is left alone amongst the line of women. They stare at him blankly. Their eyes move over his leg brace. Elijah doesn't like it. He moves away from the line.

A CRESCENDO OF CHEERS RISES IN THE AIR FROM SOMEWHERE IN THE FAIR. Elijah follows the voices. He carries the stuffed animals through the crowds of people. CLICK. CLICK. CLICK. His metal brace sounds as he walks.

For a moment, he sees nothing but bodies all around him.

He emerges amongst a huddle of teenagers who wait at a turnstile.

A man in a red and white striped coat takes their tickets and waves them in.

Elijah looks up and sees the sign above the turnstile... "The Hurricane."

He watches the teenagers giggle as they each enter a grey cup-like seat. They pull the metal bars down in front of them.

The man in the red and white stripes leaves the turnstile.

Elijah stares up at the multi-colored sign. Beat. He moves quickly. Ducks under the turnstile and climbs onto the platform.

Elijah finds an empty circular seat. He slips inside the gray metal compartment and sits. He pulls down the rusted metal bar in front of him.

He looks around at all the excited faces. His eyes fill with excitement too.

His small hands feel the cold metal of the interior of the compartment. His expression changes.

Elijah looks to the stuffed animals in his arms. He presses them to check their softness. He places the stuffed animals on either side of him on the seat. He's wedged in between them. Feels good.

He reaches out and touches the hard rusted metal bar in front of him. Elijah looks a little anxious. Beat.

He pulls off his sweater and wraps it around the bar. It goes around twice before he ties the arms together. He checks its softness.

Elijah looks around the customized cup-like compartment he sits in. He smiles an eight year old smile of pride.

**AND THEN HE HEARS HIS MOTHER'S VOICE.**

He searches around and finds her walking in the waves of people. He hears her calling.

**MOTHER**

Elijah...

She moves in his direction by chance. She finds herself at the entrance to The Hurricane ride. She looks up at the sign above the turnstile. Her worried eyes immediately start searching the young faces in the gray circular compartments.

Her eyes meet Elijah's. He waves. Her face goes very still.

A HUGE ROAR OF MACHINERY as the ride starts up.

Elijah yells to his mother as the platform starts running.

**ELIJAH**

I won't get hurt momma! I'm safe!

**HIS WORDS GET EATEN UP BY THE CHEERS OF THE TEENAGERS AND THE GRIND OF MACHINERY.**

The platform spins. He sees a glimpse of his mother and the red and white striped man. She's pointing at Elijah.

The platform turns... Elijah sees a flash of the red and white striped man's  
angered face as he yells at the frantic woman next to him.

And then the ride speeds up.

The gray circular seats start to spin on their own. The teenagers  
CHEER.

Elijah's eyes fill with joy as the wind plays against his face.

Suddenly the ride changes directions. The cup-like seats get jerked.  
Everyone  
grabs the metal bars to hold on.

Elijah laughs as he smashes into the stuffed animal on his right. It  
cushions him  
and then falls to the floor of the compartment along with the other  
stuffed  
animal.

Elijah's expression becomes tense as his compartment spins. His hands  
slide over  
the rusted metal bar as the sweater unravels.

Elijah looks around... a sudden panic enters his eyes.

**THE BLURRING IMAGE OF HIS MOTHER NOW IN A GROUP OF RED AND WHITE  
STRIPED MEN.**

THE SOUND OF MACHINERY GRINDING IS HEARD as the ride changes  
directions  
suddenly.

Elijah's hands rip away from the bar as he gets thrown to the side of  
the  
compartment. His shoulder and arm takes the brunt of the impact. WE  
HEAR  
**SOMETHING CRACK.**

**TEENAGERS SCREAM IN EXCITEMENT. ELIJAH JOINS THEM WITH SCREAMS OF HIS  
OWN.**

The ride spins its passengers. Elijah's small face looks up at the  
swirling  
clouds in a mixture of agony and terror.

The ride changes directions.

Elijah is thrust forward. He hits the rusted metal bar square against  
his chest.

**WE HEAR MORE CRACKS.**

The world spins. Giggles and yells fill the air. Elijah slumps down onto the floor of the compartment.

And then finally, the grind of the machinery slows and then comes to a gradual stop.

**THE TEENAGERS MOAN.**

Elijah is facing directly up at the sky. The clouds now move slowly over him.

**WE HEAR COMMOTION. AGITATED VOICES. HIS MOTHER'S DESPERATE VOICE.**

MOTHER (o.s.)  
His bones... He's not  
well...

**HER VOICE GETS LOUDER AS SHE MOVES CLOSER TO THE PLATFORM.**

MOTHER (o.s.)  
Elijah baby...

Then her face appears as she finds the cup-like seat Elijah is in. She begins to scream.

Elijah lays on the bottom of the compartment. One arm is clutching his chest. The other is curved horrifically like an "s". His mouth is open. His eyes are bulging. The last thing we HERE ARE THE SHORT DESPERATE BREATHS of an eight year old child about to black out from the pain.

**FADE TO BLACK:**

**PRESENT: EXT. CHURCH - AFTERNOON**

WE EMERGE FROM BLACK to find news vans and reporters lining the street across from a church. They have been cordoned off by a handful of police. Mourners are recorded as they emerge from their cars and enter the church.

David is among the arriving crowd.

MAN (o.s.)  
David Dunne!

At hearing his name, David turns back as he walks. He can't tell which reporter called his name because all of them seem to react. A storm of camera movement as the group jockeys for the best angle of his troubled face.

David passes a magnetic board as he enters the church. It reads, "Services for the families and friends of train 177."

**CUT TO:**

**INT. CHURCH - AFTERNOON**

A PRIEST stands before a podium.

**PRIEST**

Sarah Elaston, social worker  
at Broad and Locust  
Community Center. We pray  
for your soul.

(beat)

Kevin Elliott, business man,  
father of six. We pray for  
your soul.

(beat)

Glen Stevens, researcher in  
the area of Leukemia at  
Drexel University. We pray  
for your soul.

David sits amongst the mourners in the standing room only church. His eyes drift to a woman two rows ahead of him. She's turned around, looking at him. Her eyes are red from crying.

David looks away. His eyes stop on an old man far to his left just a few seats away. Father, mother and daughter stare silently.

David surveys the entire church... Desperate inconsolable eyes question his existence from every direction.

David has to look down.

**PRIEST**

...Jennifer Pennyman, third  
grade teacher at Jefferson  
Elementary.

(beat)

We pray for your soul.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. BACK OF CHURCH - AFTERNOON**

David and the priest who conducted the mass are alone in the mass preparation room. The priest looks in his fifties, eyes tired, blood shot.

**DAVID**

I used to play football in college. In my first year as quarterback, we went on this winning streak. It just went on and on. It didn't matter who we played... I'd always win.

(beat)

You get superstitious when something like that happens. You give things meaning. Like you wear the same color socks each game or you listen to the same B.B. King song before you leave the apartment. I wouldn't even untie the shoelaces on my cleats. I'd just slip them on and off so nothing would change... I gave things meaning that had no meaning.

(beat)

I'm here to make sure I'm not making shoelaces into something they're not again.

(beat)

I was the only person to survive that accident. The only one... It feels like it means something.

Beat.

**PRIEST**

Are you a religious man, David?

David nods, "No."

The priest removes the sacred stoll from his around his neck and kisses it before

folding it carefully.

**PRIEST**

Good. Because I'm going to talk to you as a man. Not as a man of the cloth.

**DAVID**

Okay.

Beat. The priest turns to David.

**PRIEST**

It was luck.

Beat.

**DAVID**

What do you mean?

**PRIEST**

Luck... Random... Without meaning.

David just sits awkwardly.

**PRIEST**

Three years ago, my cousin died on a plane that crashed on take off at Philadelphia International airport. Do you remember that crash?

David nods, "Yes."

**PRIEST**

I prayed and prayed and finally found some meaning in the event. It gave me peace... And then not quite a year later, an entire family from my parish burned to death in a hotel fire downtown...

(beat)

Again I prayed. Again I found meaning.

(beat)

Just two days ago, my nephew rode with you on that train back from New York. He was traveling alone for the

first time.

**PRIEST**

I'm sorry if I can't react to your survival with the appropriate 'It was the hand of God. It was a miracle.' kind of answer... I'm fresh out of those right now.

David is shaken. Beat.

DAVID(soft)

The metal of the watch I was wearing was crushed like a sledge hammer hit it.

Beat. The priest's eyes fill with emotion.

**PRIEST**

My twelve year old nephew's neck was broken in four places... What's your point? You were chosen?

(beat)

I don't think so.

The priest turns and continues putting away artifacts from the mass. Silence fills the back room.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. CHURCH PARKING LOT - LATE AFTERNOON**

No cameras greet his exit. No people anywhere.

David walks across the now empty parking lot. His car is the only one left.

He walks to the driver's side. Pulls out his keys. That's as far as he gets.

His eyes catch sight of the GRAY ENVELOPE tucked under the windshield wiper of his car.

David moves forward and gently pulls it out. His name is typed on the front. He turns it over. Two embossed words on the back.

"Limited Edition"

He opens the envelope. One line, handwritten, gazes at him from the gray index card.

The line reads...

*"How many days of your life have you been sick?"*

Nothing else is written.

David Dunne looks around the empty parking lot quietly.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. EMPLOYEE LOCKER ROOM - MORNING**

A poorly lit changing room. A row of metallic lockers sits against one wall. A bench splits the room. A brown folding table with Dunkin Donuts boxes and bagels on it is crammed in the corner. A puke colored concrete floor sets the tone.

David and three other large men are changing out of their street clothes. They all put on the same yellow short sleeve shirts. The same two words are written on all their backs...

"Stadium Security"

This ritual goes on without a word.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. MAIN STADIUM CORRIDOR - MORNING**

David walks along the massive curved wall around the outer rim of the stadium. As he passes the different walkways we get glimpses of the enormous and empty sixty-thousand seat football stadium on the inside.

David stops at a door marked "PERSONNEL".

**CUT TO:**

**INT. PERSONNEL OFFICE - MORNING**

David knocks on the door as he steps into the cramped reception room to the

personnel office.

The SECRETARY, an ancient woman with thick flabby arms never stops typing and never looks up as she talks.

**ANCIENT SECRETARY**

Yes?

**DAVID**

Is Noel in?

**ANCIENT SECRETARY**

No sir he is not.

(beat)

I read about you in the paper.

**DAVID**

Oh.

**ANCIENT SECRETARY**

I was in an accident once too. A horse almost trampled me to death.

**DAVID**

Wow.

**ANCIENT SECRETARY**

I had to put him down.

Beat.

**DAVID**

That's a sad story.

(beat)

Do you think you could ask Noel something for me?

The ancient secretary's right hand immediately picks up a pen and positions it over a blank pad. Her left hand keeps typing. She never looks up.

**ANCIENT SECRETARY**

Proceed.

**DAVID**

Ask if he can check how many sick days I've taken since I've worked here?

Beat.

**ANCIENT SECRETARY**

Is that the entire message?

**DAVID**

Yes.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. STADIUM FIELD - AFTERNOON**

Rain falls in sheets in the stadium.

David stands at the entrance to a tunnel that empties out onto the field. He stands in an imposing dark green rain poncho and hood. The poncho almost touches the ground. The word 'security' on the back has almost faded away. We can barely see David's face under the hood.

There is a football game in progress on the enormous field. The players seem unusually small. There is no one in the stands. About four hundred people are on the sidelines of the field watching the players. A soggy limping banner stretched behind them declares, "The Pennsylvania Elementary School Championships."

David's eyes scan the tiny figures on the field. His eyes come rest on a surge of activity on the sidelines. Beat.

David steps out into the rain.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. SIDELINES - AFTERNOON**

A handful of red faced fathers are yelling at each other. They're in each other's rain soaked faces. The scene feels on the verge of physical violence.

David and another security guard jog over. David steps in the middle of the tight circle. The men stop yelling in the presence of stadium security. Everyone just stands in the rain glaring at each other. Beat.

**DAVID**

You know what I think about to calm down? I think about those big fat, hundred and twenty pound turtles that live in the islands. Those suckers never get angry, never get in fights and live longer than all of us and all they do all is sit on the beach and hump other turtles.

(beat)

Why don't we take a second and think about the turtles?

Nobody moves. Rain washes over the agitated faces. A father breaks the moment.

**FATHER**

Yeah Jerry why don't you think about the fat ass turtles... Like your fat ass son on the field jeopardizing the rest of our chances at a fucking championship.

David tenses. Everyone looks to JERRY. A bald man who stands just a foot away.

Jerry nods to himself. Looks like he's going to say something. Instead he lunges forward and smashes a HEADBUTT to the man who spoke to him.

David tackles Jerry hard and fast. He drives him into the ground.

Blood starts rushing out of the nose of the dazed father who took the headbutt.

The other fathers start yelling and pushing each other. The remaining security guard calls on his walkie for assistance.

David keeps Jerry immobilized in a powerful arm and head lock that holds the man's enraged face hard into the wet surface of the field.

David's eyes are not on Jerry. They gaze out onto the field where twenty two elementary school boys have stopped playing and are standing frozen, helmets off, rain washing over their faces. They watch in horror as their parents attack each

other on the sidelines.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. EMPLOYEE LOCKER ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON**

David is the last one left. He's showered and back in his street clothes. He sits in the dimly lit room on the bench, lost in his thoughts when the door opens.

He turns to find a somewhat pregnant looking man with a tie step in. This is

**NOEL.**

**DAVID**

Hey Noel.

Beat. He just stares.

**NOEL**

Forty dollars.

David turns on the bench.

**DAVID**

What?

**NOEL**

You're getting a forty dollar raise per week... that's it.

Silence.

**NOEL**

I checked. You were right. You've never taken a sick day.

(beat)

Five years, no sick days. I get it. You want a raise. You made your point.

The room is still. Beat.

**NOEL**

All right fifty dollars and that's the god damn limit.

(beat)

Are we done here?

Beat. David nods, "Yes."

**CUT TO:**

**INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT**

**LIGHTS OUT.**

David is wide awake in his bed. He glances over. Jeremy is in deep sleep next to him.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. GUEST ROOM - NIGHT**

David knocks again quietly. The guest bedroom door opens.

Megan looks up at David. She's just woken up.

MEGAN(low voice)  
Is Jeremy okay?

DAVID(low voice)  
He's asleep.

MEGAN(low voice)  
Oh.

Beat. They both stand awkwardly for a moment.

DAVID(low voice)  
I wanted to ask you a question. It'll sound strange, but just think about it for a second.

Megan nods, "Yes."

DAVID(low voice)  
When's the last time I was sick? You remember?

Megan tries to mask her reaction to the oddness of the question. Beat.

MEGAN(low voice)  
I don't know. It's been a while.

DAVID(low voice)  
I haven't been sick this year. I know that.

MEGAN(low voice)

Okay.

DAVID(low voice)

Do you remember me getting sick?

MEGAN(low voice)

Not a specific day. What's this about?

DAVID (low voice)

Megan, do you ever remember me getting sick?

Beat.

DAVID(low voice)

In the three years we've been in this house?... In the old apartment?... Before Jeremy was born?... Before we were married?

Beat.

MEGAN(low voice)

...I can't remember.

DAVID(low voice)

That's strange isn't it? Not remembering one fever... Or a cold... Or a sore throat. What do you think that means?

MEGAN(low voice)

It means we're probably too tired to remember.

David becomes quiet as he thinks. Beat.

MEGAN(low voice)

Is that what you wanted to ask me?

DAVID(low voice)

Yes.

MEGAN(low voice)

Is there anything else you

wanted to ask me while I'm  
up?...

MEGAN(low voice)  
...When was the last time  
you wore pink? When was the  
last time you drank soup  
standing up? Final call for  
strange questions at two in  
the morning.

DAVID(low voice)  
No that's it.

David seems lost in his thoughts.

MEGAN(low voice)  
Maybe you should go up.  
Jeremy might see you're gone  
and get frightened.

(beat)  
The train thing, really  
shook him up. He's scared  
something's going to happen  
to you. He doesn't want to  
let you out of his sight.

David stares at Megan. Beat.

DAVID(low voice)  
Yeah. I know.

There's silence for a bit.

DAVID(low voice)  
When was the last time I  
wore pink?

MEGAN(low voice)  
The Mitchell barbecue three  
years ago.

DAVID(realizing)  
Oh shit...

MEGAN(low voice)  
Matching shirt and shorts.  
It was brutal.

David half-smiles as Megan turns and starts back into the guest room.

DAVID(low voice)

Goodnight Megan.

Megan looks back at her husband. Just for a moment. Then she looks down.

MEGAN (low voice)  
Goodnight David.

Megan closes the door slowly shut.

**FADE TO BLACK:**

**INT. BEDROOM - AFTERNOON**

WE EMERGE in a cramped sparse bedroom.

**LEGEND "1974"**

A thirteen year old Elijah sits in a chair with his arm in a sling. He watches a small black and white television in the corner of the room.

WE HEAR FOOTSTEPS. Elijah's mother walks into the room. She looks around for a moment, and then moves to the television. Turns it off.

The room GOES SILENT.

**ELIJAH'S MOTHER**

No more sitting in this room. I've let it go on long enough.

**ELIJAH**

I'm not going out anymore. I'm not getting hurt again. This was the last time. I told you.

**ELIJAH'S MOTHER**

You can't do anything about that. You might fall between that chair and this television. If that's what God has planned for you, that's what's going to happen. You can't hide from it in your room.

Elijah just sits staring at the dark television screen.

**ELIJAH**

They call me Mr. Glass at  
school. Cause I break like  
glass.

Elijah's face is tense. Unyielding. Beat.

Elijah's mother says the next words in almost a whisper.

**ELIJAH'S MOTHER**

...You make this decision  
now to be afraid...

(beat)

And you'll never turn back  
your whole life. You'll  
always be afraid.

Elijah's eyes move from the television to his mother. He sees the  
emotion in her  
face. Neither says anything for a while. Beat.

**ELIJAH'S MOTHER**

...I got a present for you.

**ELIJAH**

Why?

**ELIJAH'S MOTHER**

Forget why. Do you want it  
or not?

Elijah thinks it over. He nods, "Yes."

**ELIJAH'S MOTHER**

Well, go get it then.

**ELIJAH**

Where is it?

**ELIJAH'S MOTHER**

On a bench, across the  
street.

Elijah looks at his mother with disbelief.

**ELIJAH'S MOTHER**

You calling me a liar?

She points to the window. Beat. Elijah gets up and moves to the only  
window in  
the room.

The view from his room looks out over a narrow street. On the other side of the street is a public playground. A handful of children are playing on it.

There are three benches to one side of the swings. On one of them is a THIN PACKAGE wrapped in brown paper with a bow on it.

Elijah looks to his mom who has joined him at the window.

**ELIJAH**

Someone's gonna take it.

Beat.

**ELIJAH'S MOTHER**

Then you better get out there soon.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. PLAYGROUND - AFTERNOON**

Elijah walks across the playground. He's very wary of the other children running about him.

He walks towards the bench with the present on it. Takes a seat. Puts the package on his lap. It's flat. The edges of the bend down over his thin legs.

He undoes the white bow. He peels off the clear tape holding the brown paper together. He unfolds the paper. Beat.

Elijah stares down at the single comic book in his lap.

He feels the shadow of his mother. She takes a seat next to him.

**ELIJAH'S MOTHER**

I bought a whole bunch.  
They'll be one of these  
waiting for you, every time  
you want to come out here.

Beat.

**ELIJAH'S MOTHER**

They said this one has a  
surprise ending.

Elijah looks to his mother. His intelligent piercing eyes take her in for a moment.

He looks back down at his lap. He opens the first page...

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**INT. STORE - DAY**

The same intelligent piercing eyes, twenty-five years older. Elijah has grown into a handsome, regal looking man. He leans on a walking stick.

He's looking at an impressively framed charcoal sketch on a wall. Two figures are depicted on the top of a building locked in fierce battle. One figure is extremely muscular with a mask. The other is half human, half animal.

**MAN**

This is from Fritz Champion's own library. This is before the first issue of the comic book hit the stands in 1968.

Elijah glances at the BUSINESS MAN standing next to him and then back to the sketch.

**ELIJAH**

It's a classic depiction of good versus evil. Notice the square jaw of Slayer - common in most comic book heroes. And the slightly disproportionate size of Jaguaro's body to his head. This again is common, but only in villains... The thing to notice about this piece... The thing that makes it very, very special... is its realistic depiction of its figures. When the characters eventually made it into the magazine they were exaggerated... as always happens.

(beat)

This is vintage.

The business man rubs his face. Gazes at the sketch. Beat.

**BUSINESS MAN**

Wrap it up.

**ELIJAH**

You've made a considerably  
wise decision.

Elijah starts to the back of the store which we now see is some type  
of art  
gallery where all the framed pictures are images and sketches from  
comic books.

**BUSINESS MAN**

My kid's gonna go berserk.

Elijah jams his walking stick into the extra thick carpet and stops.  
He turns.

**ELIJAH**

Once again please?

**BUSINESS MAN**

My son Jeb. It's a gift for  
him.

**ELIJAH**

How old is Jeb?

**BUSINESS MAN**

Four.

**ELIJAH**

No.

Elijah starts back to the businessman shaking his head strongly.

**ELIJAH**

No, no, no, no no... You  
need to go now.

**BUSINESS MAN**

What did I say?

**ELIJAH**

Do you see any Telletubbies  
around here?... Do you see  
a slender plastic tag  
clipped to my shirt with my

name printed on it?... Do you see a little Asian child with a blank expression sitting outside in a mechanical helicopter that shakes when you put a quarter in it?... No?... Well that's what you see at a toy store? Any you must think this is a toy store, cause you're in here shopping for an infant named Jeb. One of us has made a gross error and wasted the other person's valuable time...

Elijah's eyes pierce through the shaken man.

**ELIJAH**

This is an art gallery my friend. This is piece of art...

Elijah points at the sketch.

**ELIJAH**

This is one of seventeen original drawings by Fritz Champion remaining in the world. It's value will triple every year... This piece is to be treasured. To be cherished... To be coveted by every single one of your banker friends that think they're better than you.

The business man stares at the sketch with large eyes. Beat.

**BUSINESS MAN**

What if I kept it?

Beat.

**ELIJAH**

I'm listening.

**BUSINESS MAN**

I'll keep it in my office room.

**ELIJAH**

What about Jeb?

**BUSINESS MAN**

I have a lock on the door.

Elijah just stares.

**ELIJAH**

Will it be near a window?

**BUSINESSMAN**

No direct sunlight will fall  
on it.

Elijah eyes the man for many seconds. Beat.

**ELIJAH**

Come back in three days.  
I'll think about it.

Elijah starts to the back. He passes the front door as two customers  
walk in.

Elijah talks over his shoulder to them.

**ELIJAH**

We're by appointment only.

**MAN**

I received a card from your  
store.

**ELIJAH**

Congratulations, you have a  
mailbox... The sale isn't  
for two weeks.

**MAN**

This one was under the  
windshield of my car.

Elijah turns and faces the customers for the first time. David Dunne  
stands with  
Jeremy.

Elijah just stands staring for the longest time. Beat. He walks closer  
to them.

When Elijah speaks, his voice has a whispery quality to it.

**ELIJAH**

You've never been sick?

**DAVID**

I don't know for sure.  
(beat)  
...I don't think so.

David and Elijah quietly look at each other. Beat.

**ELIJAH**

Well if this ain't a riddle  
worthy of the Riddler?

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. LIMITED EDITION - LATE AFTERNOON**

Three chairs have been placed on the walkway in front of the bay window of the store. The words, "Limited Edition" are etched in the window.

David, Jeremy and Elijah are seated watching the people stroll by. Elijah's cane is on his lap.

Jeremy sips a drink in a paper cup.

**ELIJAH**

So let's get some of the usual questions out of the way. Why am I using a cane? Raise your hand if you were thinking that.

Jeremy raises his hand.

**ELIJAH**

I fractured my leg. It's the fifth time I've done that particular bone. It didn't really heal well this time.

**ELIJAH**

Raise your hand is you're wondering who the hell breaks the same bone five times?

Jeremy and David raise their hands.

**ELIJAH**

I have something called Osteogenesis Imperfecta.

It's a genetic disorder. I don't make this particular type of protein very well and it makes my bones very low in density, very easy to break. I've had fifty-four breaks in my life. I have the tamest version of the disorder... Type one.

(beat)

There are type two, type three, and type four. Type four's don't make it very long...

(beat)

That ends our lecture on the medical anomaly known as Elijah Price.

Elijah stares at his two rapt listeners.

**ELIJAH**

How certain are you that you haven't been sick in your life?

**DAVID**

Seventy-five percent.

**ELIJAH**

Seventy-five percent? That's not nearly good enough for me. I'm extremely skeptical.

**DAVID**

Skeptical about what?

**ELIJAH**

Your answer to my question. It's one thing to have never been injured in your life, but to state that you've never taken ill, well that's a whole new level.

**JEREMY**

Dad's been injured.

Beat.

**ELIJAH**

What's he talking about?

**DAVID**

In college. A car accident.

**ELIJAH**

Was it serious?

David nods.

**JEREMY**

He couldn't play football  
anymore.

Beat. Elijah looks shaken.

**ELIJAH**

I assumed because of the  
train.

**DAVID**

You assumed wrong.

Elijah closes his eyes. When his eyes open, the life force in them has  
diminished. Beat.

**ELIJAH**

It's over.  
(beat)  
You can go now.

Elijah uses his cane to get up and walk back through the doors of the  
store.

**INT. LIMITED EDITION - LATE AFTERNOON**

David and Jeremy enter the store. Elijah leans on a walking stick  
before one of  
the framed sketches. He gazes at it quietly.

**DAVID**

I think you skipped a couple  
steps.

Elijah turns.

**DAVID**

You forgot the "Now I'm  
going to tell you what the  
hell is going on" step. See  
usually that comes before  
the, "It's over" Step. And  
it always, always comes

before the "You can go"  
Step.

(beat)  
What is over?

**ELIJAH**

The life of an idea that has  
lived too long in my head.

David stares at Elijah impatiently.

**ELIJAH**

There are probably only four  
or five individuals in the  
world who can claim more  
knowledge of comics than  
myself. I've spent a third  
of my life in a hospital bed  
with nothing else to do but  
read. I have studied the  
form intimately. I have seen  
the patterns in them... The  
references to social and  
cultural events and the  
atmosphere that surrounded  
them. I've come to believe  
that comics are our last  
link to the ancient way of  
passing on history.

**ELIJAH**

The Egyptians drew pictures  
on walls about battles, and  
events. Countries all around  
the world still pass on  
knowledge through pictorial  
forms.

(beat)  
I believe that comics, just  
at their core now... have a  
truth. They are depicting  
what someone, somewhere felt  
or experienced. Then of  
course that core got chewed  
up in the commercial machine  
and gets jazzed up, made  
titillating - cartooned for  
the sale rack.

Elijah gazes at David.

**ELIJAH**

This city has had its share  
of disasters. Well  
publicized ones. It was  
around the time of that  
plane crash, when it first  
entered my head. And there  
it stayed, as I waited and  
watched the news over the  
years...

(beat)

And then one day I see a  
news report on a train  
accident and its sole  
survivor who was  
miraculously unharmed.

(soft)

And just like that, an idea  
blossoms into the flower of  
possible reality.

**DAVID**

What was your idea Elijah?

Beat.

ELIJAH(soft)

If there is someone like me  
in the world, and I'm at one  
end of the spectrum...  
Couldn't there be someone  
the opposite of me, at the  
other end?

(beat)

A person who can't be hurt  
like the rest of us. A kind  
of person they were talking  
about in those stories.

Elijah points at the framed comic sketches.

ELIJAH(soft)

A person they believed was  
put here to protect the rest  
of us. Guard us.

**JEREMY**

You thought my dad was a  
real-

**DAVID**

Jeremy don't take another  
sip of that drink.

Jeremy looks down at the paper cup in his hands.

**DAVID**

Throw it in the trashcan  
near the door and wait for  
me outside. Do it now  
please.

David waits for Jeremy to exit the store. Beat.

**DAVID**

At the church... You were  
following me weren't you?

**ELIJAH**

Technically no. I gambled  
that you would attend the  
church service. I just  
waited for you.

David glares at Elijah.

**DAVID**

What's this about? This is  
obviously some scam. Is this  
where you tell me one of  
those pictures is like an  
investment?

**ELIJAH**

You've misunderstood.

**DAVID**

I see guys like you all the  
time in my work. You find  
someone you think is  
emotionally vulnerable and  
you tell them a fantastic  
story, utterly convincing...  
and somewhere in there, you  
slip it in... 'I just need  
your credit card number', 'I  
just need a small down  
payment.'

David shakes his head. He smiles out of frustration. Beat.

**DAVID**

Did you know that this  
morning was the first  
morning I can remember, that

I didn't open my eyes and  
feel that sadness... Do you  
know what I'm talking about?  
That little bit of sadness?

(beat)

I thought the person that  
wrote that note had an  
answer for me. For why I  
survived that train. For why  
my life feels so out of  
balance...

(beat)

But I guess that's what you  
were counting on.

Elijah stares carefully at David. Beat. David glances over to the  
entrance.

Jeremy watched through the window concerned.

**DAVID**

I'm going to leave now.

(beat)

Good luck with your sale.

Elijah watches David walk towards the front door.

**ELIJAH**

What type of job do you have  
David?

David opens the door. He looks back at Elijah.

**ELIJAH**

You mentioned you've met  
'guys like me' in your work.

(beat)

What type of job would that  
be?

Beat.

**DAVID**

I work at the stadium as a  
security guard.

Beat. David closes the door behind him. Elijah watches through the  
window as

Jeremy takes David's hand as they cross the street.

Elijah gazes out the window in a bit of a daze.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT**

**ALL LIGHTS ARE OUT EXCEPT THE SMALL BEDSIDE LAMP ON DAVID'S SIDE.**

David sits up in bed staring at a torn section of newspaper in his hands.

Jeremy is asleep horizontally with his legs over David's legs.

David doesn't blink as he gazes at the headline silently...

**"TRAIN CRASH DEATH TOLL CONFIRMED AT 131 DEAD. 1 SURVIVOR"**

Beat. David slides out from under his son's legs. Jeremy stirs but doesn't wake up.

David moves to the darkness of the corner of the room. He opens a closet door.

A NAKED HANGING BULB GOES ON as David yanks a chain. David steps inside the narrow closet and closes the door slightly so the LIGHT FROM THE BULB DOESN'T

**FALL ON JEREMY.**

There's just enough room to stand and look around. David reaches up and pulls a small travel bag out of the way. David stretches as he feels on the top shelf.

His hand comes down with something wrapped in a t-shirt. He unwraps it. It's a handgun.

He stares at it for a beat before wrapping it back up and replacing it to the highest shelf.

He stretches even more. Reaches farther back. WE HEAR SOMETHING SLIDE ON THE

**SHELF AS HE PULLS IT FORWARD.**

He pulls down a folder jammed with clippings. He opens the folder to reveal a young David in football uniform holding his helmet in the air victoriously. The word "Champion" is written over his head. David flips through the top clippings

- all are images and stories of David and football.

He turns the pile over. Goes to the last clipping. This piece of paper is folded over three times, unlike the others. He opens it.

It's a newspaper headline. It reads...

**"CAR ACCIDENT LEAVES TWO INJURED"**

David puts the new headline next to the old one... They look like a set. Even the font is similar.

David stares at the old headline. Stares hard at the photo of the bent and heavily damaged car laying upside down in the middle of the highway... The bulb seems to flicker. David is utterly still.

SOMEONE KNOCKS AT THE BEDROOM DOOR. David gets startled.

He puts back the clippings. Stuffing the new one inside with them. He replaces it back to the top shelf and leaves the closet.

ANOTHER SOFT SET OF KNOCKS as David moves across the bedroom. He opens the door.

Megan stands in the darkened hall. Beat.

DAVID (whisper)

Hi.

Megan nods. Beat.

MEGAN (whisper)

I've come to a decision.

DAVID (whisper)

Oh.

Beat.

MEGAN (whisper)

Let me just ask you something okay? And you can be totally honest. I'm prepared for any answer. It won't affect me...

David nods, "yes."

MEGAN (whisper)

Have you been with anyone?  
Since we started having  
problems? The answer won't  
affect me.

Beat. David stares at his wife.

MEGAN (whisper)  
It won't affect me either  
way.

Beat. David doesn't say anything. He just nods, "No."

Megan's face starts to tremble. She starts crying. Tears roll over her  
very  
affected face. She tries to wipe them away, but there's too many.  
Beat.

MEGAN (soft)  
...My decision is... I'd  
like to start again. Pretend  
we're at the beginning.  
(beat)  
It's a big deal you walked  
away from that train. It's  
a second chance.  
(beat)  
If you want to ask me out  
sometime, that would be  
okay.

Megan nods and walks down the stairs as she wipes her face. David  
watches her  
disappear into the shadows.

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**EXT. VETERAN'S STADIUM - AFTERNOON**

Sunday afternoon. The cavernous stadium opens up into a picture  
perfect blue sky.  
The Philadelphia Eagles pro football players are in uniform and doing  
stretches  
on the field. The opposing team warms up on the other end of the  
field.

The sixty thousand seats are already half filled as fans stream in on  
every level  
of the stadium.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. ENTRANCE GATE 27B - AFTERNOON**

A line of ticket holders snakes towards two turnstiles where stadium crew are ripping tickets.

David Dunne stands to one side with two other security guards.

The fans moving through the turnstiles are clad in all types of Eagles paraphernalia. A group of girls carries a homemade banner that David reads as he tilts his head sideways. "We sleep with quarterbacks," is written in block letters.

David stares at a woman carrying a newborn infant in her arms. The baby is wearing an eagles uniform.

The WALKIE TALKIE on David's hip bursts to life. He pulls it off his hip and listens.

**WALKIE**

Dunne, it's Jenkins, we got a guy at gate 17C with a bogus ticket. Says he knows you. He won't tell me his name.

DAVID(into walkie)  
What's he look like?

**WALKIE**

He's got the most beautiful eyes... The hell kind of question is that? He's a guy.

DAVID(into walkie)  
Send him packing. I'm not walking all the way over there.

**WALKIE**

Consider him packed. I didn't like his attitude... Struttin around with a cane and shit.

Beat.

DAVID(into walkie)  
Hold up Jenkins...

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. ENTRANCE GATE 17C - AFTERNOON**

David finds Elijah waiting to the side as the crowds funnel through the gate.

Elijah offers his hand as he walks up. David doesn't take it.

**ELIJAH**

They said I couldn't get in  
with my ticket.

Elijah offers him the ticket. David inspects it.

**DAVID**

It's for last week's game.

**ELIJAH**

I've come to understand  
that...

(beat)

An ill advised purchase in  
the parking lot.

David hands Elijah back the ticket.

**DAVID**

What do you want?

**ELIJAH**

Not money.

(beat)

But I appreciate your  
healthy cynicism in the  
manner. It will be wise for  
both of us to proceed with  
greatest caution.

**DAVID**

We're not proceeding  
anywhere together.

**ELIJAH**

We've already begun.

David looks around.

**DAVID**

One more time. What is it

you want?

Beat.

**ELIJAH**

Why is it, do you think,  
that of all the professions  
in the world... you chose  
protection?

**DAVID**

Are you for real?

**ELIJAH**

You could have poured coffee  
in Starbucks, you could have  
learned to install track  
lighting in office  
buildings, you could have  
told people their horoscopes  
on the internet... You could  
have been one of ten  
thousand things... but in  
the end, you chose to  
protect people. You made  
that decision... and I find  
that very, very interesting.

(beat)

Now all I need is your  
credit card number.

Beat. Elijah smiles.

**ELIJAH**

That last part was a joke.

David fights it. But he smiles anyway. Beat.

**DAVID**

I got this job because my  
college coach called the guy  
who manages the stadium.  
There's no hidden meaning to  
it.

David's walkie makes NOIES on his hip.

**DAVID**

They need me at the gate.

David stares at Elijah leaning on his walking stick.

**DAVID**

Did you really want to see  
the game? I can get you in.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. ENTRANCE GATE 27B - AFTERNOON**

The line of fans outside the gate has tripled in size and intensity.

David and Elijah move along the line towards the turnstiles.

**DAVID**

It gets heaviest ten minutes  
before kickoff.

David bumps a guy in line wearing an army jacket. David looks backs at  
him and  
continues walking.

David moves to a security guard near the turnstiles.

**DAVID**

Why don't we pat down?

David walks to his post near the gate and faces the crowd. Elijah  
moves next to  
him.

**DAVID**

Just give me a minute.

**ELIJAH**

Is there a problem?

**DAVID**

That guy in green. Sometimes  
people carry weapons in  
here. Then they drink too  
much. They're team isn't  
doing so well, bad things  
happen... We do random pat  
downs of the crowd to  
discourage people from  
carrying.

(beat)

If he's carrying, he'll step  
out of line.

Elijah observes as a security team pats down random males as they move  
through  
the turnstiles.

The GREEN ARMY JACKETED MAN moves forward in the line. His face is blank as he watches the pat down ahead of him. He's twenty people from the turnstile.

David eyes him. Fifteen people away... Ten...

The man coughs and steps out of the line. Elijah watches the green army jacket melt into the thick part of the crowd and disappear as it moves away from the stadium.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. STADIUM TUNNEL - AFTERNOON**

AN UNLIT arched concrete passageway. The SUNLIGHT from the stadium streams in causing long shadows.

Elijah stands waiting in the ground tunnel by himself.

**THE THUNDEROUS CHEERS OF THE SIXTY THOUSAND FANS IN THE STADIUM ECHOES FROM THE FIELD INTO THE TUNNEL.**

David enters the tunnel and joins Elijah. He hands him a ticket.

**DAVID**

I got you a seat in the seven hundred level.  
(points straight up)  
It's nose-bleed territory, but at least you won't get spit on.

**ELIJAH**

How did you know that man you bumped was carrying a weapon?

**DAVID**

Probably the army jacket. Those guys carry hunting knives and stuff for show.

**ELIJAH**

You thought he was carrying a knife?

Beat.

**DAVID**

I thought he was carrying something.

**ELIJAH**

But not a knife?

**DAVID**

I got this picture of a silver handled gun tucked in his pants.

(beat)

Like on t.v.

Elijah stares at David. THE STADIUM CHEERS BOUNCE OFF THE GRAY WALLS.

**ELIJAH**

You have good instincts when it comes to things like that?

**DAVID**

Like what?

**ELIJAH**

Telling when people have done something wrong?

Beat.

**DAVID**

Yes.

**ELIJAH**

Have you ever tried to develop it?

**DAVID**

I don't know what you're asking?

**ELIJAH**

You're skill.

Beat.

**DAVID**

Listen. I got to be on the sidelines during the game... You can get to your seat by

taking the stairwell at-

**ELIJAH**

Characters in comic books are often attributed special powers. X-ray vision, things of that sort.

David exhales slowly as he stares at Elijah.

**DAVID**

Okay, I don't want to play this game anymore.

**ELIJAH**

It's an exaggeration of the truth. Maybe it's based on something as simple as instinct. Like being able to touch someone and tell whether they've done something wrong... Or the level of what they've done wrong.

**DAVID**

The guy might not have been carrying anything.

**ELIJAH**

Or he might have been carrying a silver handled gun tucked in his pants.

David's WALKIE ERUPTS WITH NOISE.

**DAVID**

I have to go now.

**ELIJAH**

One last question.

Beat.

**DAVID**

Quick.

**ELIJAH**

The car accident you were in... Was there anyone else involved?

The two men stand very still in the tunnel.

**DAVID**

Yes. My wife Megan. She was  
in the car with me.

David turns and starts down the hall. David talks back over his  
shoulder.

**DAVID**

Have a good life Elijah and  
try to buy your tickets at  
an authorized sales  
location.

Elijah watches as the silhouetted figure of David Dunne jogs down the  
darkness of  
the tunnel.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. CAR - LATE AFTERNOON**

We are inside a customized car. The dashboard is covered in some sort  
of thin  
foam padding. The steering wheel and gear shift have the same padding.  
Every  
corner and hard surface has been safe guarded. Elijah sits behind the  
wheel of  
his car in the parking lot of the stadium. He sits as thoughts crash  
at his head.  
Beat.

He finally reaches for the keys and starts up the car. He looks into  
the rearview  
mirror and sees the man in the GREEN ARMY JACKET pass behind his car.

Elijah quickly turns and sees the man moving through the parked cars  
heading out  
of the parking lot.

Elijah takes a deep breath and turns off the engine.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. PARKING LOT - LATE AFTERNOON**

Elijah's walking stick makes RHYTHMIC CLICKS on the concrete parking  
lot.

The figure in the army jacket seems to move farther away with every  
step.

Elijah starts breathing harder. He pushes himself to move faster. He avoids the hard chrome bumpers and tailpipes that jut out from the cars as he quickens his pace through the lot.

He gains on the army jacket.

ELIJAH(calls out)  
Hold up for a second!

The man in the army jacket turns as he reaches a subway entrance that marks the end of the parking lot. He looks back at Elijah for a beat. Doesn't like what he sees. He disappears into the subway entrance.

Elijah quickens into a jog now. He hasn't done this in a while and it's painful. He makes it with great strain to the subway.

He looks into the entrance...

A steep flight of stairs leads to the subway floor. The tail of the army jacket is glimpsed before it disappears.

Elijah breathes hard as he takes hold of the railing.

ELIJAH(calls out)  
I just want to ask you  
something!

Elijah's VOICE ECHOES down the stairs. No response.

Elijah starts his descent.

**THE SOUND OF A SUBWAY PULLING IN ROARS UP THE STAIRS.**

Elijah has to move fast. He takes the steps with less and less hesitation. He's moving with great agility... and then his foot catches on a step.

His hand slips away from the railing...

He falls down the remaining part of the stairs. The FIRST SICKENING CRACK is heard when his hand reaches out to stop his fall.

The SECOND CRACK IS MORE LIKE A CRUNCH AS HIS LEG LANDS AWKWARDLY ON THE METAL

**STAIRS.**

He comes to a stop in a pile on the dirty gum stained floor of the subway landing. His jaw is locked in a HORRIFIC SCREAM THAT GETS EATEN BY THE ROAR OF

**THE SUBWAY TRAIN PULLING IN.**

His contorted anguished face sees the turnstiles of the subway upside down. The green army jacketed man looks back at Elijah with a blank expression pushing through the turnstile.

The last thing Elijah sees before he blacks out, is the tail of the man's coat riding up as he move through the turnstile. The SILVER HANDLE OF A GUN peeks out from the belt of his pants.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. BUS STOP - DUSK**

David's neighborhood turns crimson as the day comes to an end. The Septa bus pulls to a stop in front of a public high school. David steps off, still in his security clothes. The bus pulls away as he hears his SON'S VOICE.

David turns to the high school football field behind him. A group of children are having a touch football game. Jeremy runs out from the huddle across the field to David.

**JEREMY**

Was it sold out?

David nods, "No."

**DAVID**

You know how mad your mom would be if she knew you were playing football?

Jeremy nods.

**JEREMY**

Are you going to tell?

David nods, "No."

**JEREMY**

You want yo play the last  
downs? We got a big guy like  
you. You can play on  
opposite sides.

David looks to the fields to see a very muscular college age man in  
sweats who  
stands with the other children.

**JEREMY**

He's Potter's cousin. He's  
the starting corner back for  
Temple University.

David stares at his son.

**JEREMY**

He going pro in the draft.  
They say he can run the  
fifty-

**DAVID**

In under six seconds.  
(beat)  
I've heard.

David watches the cornerback being surrounded by kids. He's letting a  
couple of  
the kids feel his flexed bicep.

**DAVID**

I'm going to go in.

**JEREMY**

Just play one set of downs.  
I told them you were great.

**DAVID**

Why'd you do that?

**JEREMY**

Just one-

**DAVID**

Jeremy.  
(beat)  
I'm going in. I have to do  
some things.

**JEREMY**

What things?

**DAVID**

I'm going to work out.

**JEREMY**

I'll help you.

**DAVID**

There's nothing to do.

Jeremy turns back to the children and waves.

JEREMY(yells)

I can't play! I'm working  
out with my dad!

Jeremy turns back to his father and takes his hand. David looks down at his son who waits patiently.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. BASEMENT - EARLY EVENING**

The basement is dominated by storage boxes and Christmas decorations. An old bench press and weights are in a cluttered corner.

David sits and turns at the end of the bench as Jeremy laboriously carries and places fifteen a pound weight on the bar. David talks over his shoulder.

**DAVID**

Why don't you rest now? I'll  
take it from here. You've  
been a big help.

Jeremy goes to the opposite side of the bar and starts to put on another weight.

**JEREMY**

You think you could beat up  
Mike Tyson? I mean before he  
started wiggin out and  
eating people's ears?

**DAVID**

No.

**JEREMY**

What if you worked out  
everyday for six months? You  
think you could beat him  
then?

**DAVID**

No.

**JEREMY**

What if you only ate foods  
that were good for you and  
you worked out everyday for  
a year?

Jeremy is breathing hard as he puts the safety collars on the barbell  
and comes  
around to David's end of the bench. David lays back.

**DAVID**

No.

David takes hold of the barbell. Beat. He takes a deep breath.

The weight comes off the armrests of the bench. David lowers it to his  
chest and  
pushes it back up. He does just one more rep with serious strain. He  
puts the  
weight back on the armrest and sits up.

**DAVID**

How much did you put on  
there?

David twists around and looks back at the barbell. He counts up the  
black metal  
circles. He turns back to Jeremy.

**DAVID**

You put too much. That's two  
hundred and fifty pounds.

**JEREMY**

How much can you lift?

David looks back at the weights.

**DAVID**

That's the most I've ever  
lifted.

(beat)

That could have been  
dangerous Jeremy. Why don't

you go upstairs and let me  
finish up?

Jeremy starts back to the barbell.

**JEREMY**

I'll take it off. I'll help  
you right.

He slips off the safety collar.

**JEREMY**

You think you could have  
beaten up Bruce Lee?

David hears the SOUND OF THE WEIGHTS SLIDING OFF THE BAR BEHIND HIM.

**DAVID**

No.

**JEREMY**

I mean if you knew karate?

**DAVID**

No Jeremy.

**JEREMY**

What if he wasn't aloud to  
kick and you were really mad  
at him?

Jeremy is breathing hard again as he finishes with the weights and  
comes around  
to David.

David lays back.

**DAVID**

No.

David takes hold of the bar. Lifts it off the armrest. Brings it down.  
His arms  
are straining hard again. He raises it and lowers it two time; it  
takes a sizable  
effort. The weights bang down onto the armrest.

David sits up.

**DAVID**

How much did you take off?

**JEREMY**

I lied.

Beat.

**DAVID**

You added?

Jeremy nods, "Yes" slowly.

David turns completely around and looks at the barbell. He counts the black discs on the steel bar. Beat.

Nobody says anything for a long time.

JEREMY(soft)

How much is it?

DAVID(soft)

Two hundred and seventy.

David just stares at the black steel circles on the metal bar. Jeremy comes and sits on the bench next to his father. They both stare at the weight. Beat.

JEREMY(dead serious)

Let's put more.

Beat.

**DAVID**

Okay.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. BASEMENT - EARLY EVENING**

David's fingers wrap around the cold metal of the bar. He leans his head forward and looks to Jeremy.

**DAVID**

Why don't you move back a bit? Just to be safe.

Jeremy moves back to the bottom of the stairs leading up to the house. He waits.

Another deep breath as David heaves. The weight CLINKS as it comes off the arm

rest. David is full out straining now as he lowers and raises it. His arms begin to tremble as he lifts it for the second time. BANG the weight lands back safely onto the rest.

David sits up. He looks at his son whose eyes are wide. Beat.

**JEREMY**

More?

Beat. David nods, "Yes."

**CUT TO:**

**INT. BASEMENT - EARLY EVENING**

An enormous amount of black discs sits on the bar. David's hands are gripping the metal.

He talks to Jeremy who stands in his position at the bottom of the stairs without looking at him.

**DAVID**

You should never try anything like this. You know that right?

Jeremy nods, "Yes."

**DAVID**

What do you do if something happens?

JEREMY(soft)

Get mom.

David nods, "yes" before starting his deep breathing. He takes one last breath.

CLINK the weights comes off the rest. His arms are trembling immediately now. His face is locked in a grimace as he brings the bar down to his chest and back up again two times before dropping it onto the armrest.

He slowly sits up.

**DAVID**

How many did you put on that time?

JEREMY(soft)

All of it.

**DAVID**

There's no more left?

Jeremy nods, "no" in a slight daze. Beat. David looks around his basement.

**DAVID**

What else can we use?

**CUT TO:**

**INT. BASEMENT - EARLY EVENING**

A set of two unopened MAB satin finish paint cans are dangling by their metal handles on the outside of each side of the weights.

The four cans sway a little as the bar is heaved off of David's chest. His arms are shaking hard. He raises the weight to its apex and brings it down again. It touches his chest and rises up again. David's red strained face exhales powerfully as he straightens his arms.

The bar lands on the armrest with A CRASH. The paint cans make METAL SQUEAKS as they swing to stillness, one at a time. Beat.

David sits up and turns back to the weights. His mouth moves as he calculates the discs and the cans.

His lips stop moving. Beat.

JEREMY(soft)

How much is it?

David doesn't react.

JEREMY(soft)

How much is it dad?

It takes a second for David to register the question. He looks to his son. Beat.

DAVID(soft)

About three hundred and

forty.

David turns and looks at his son. Jeremy's mouth is slightly open. He gazes at his dad. Awe in his tiny eyes.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. BATHROOM - EVENING**

David sits on the edge of the bathroom tub. He's just showered and wearing jeans and a t-shirt. He sits still with his elbows resting on his knees, staring at the white tiles of the floor.

**THE PHONE RINGS.**

David gets up and walks out of the bathroom. He picks up the phone and stands in the bathroom doorway.

**DAVID**

Yeah, hello.

WOMAN (on phone)

Is David Dunne there?

Beat.

**DAVID**

Megan?

MEGAN (on phone)

Yes. Is this David?

**DAVID**

Yeah? Megan where are you calling from?

MEGAN (on phone)

My name is Megan Inverso. We went to college together.

David looks at the phone. The lights for line ONE and line TWO are glowing RED.

David squints his eyes as he pieces together the situation. Beat.

He moves back into the bathroom. The cord stretches as he takes his seat on the edge of the bathtub.

**DAVID**

I remember you.

MEGAN (on phone)

I was hoping you would call me, but... Anyway I decided not to wait.

(beat)

I was thinking, it might be nice to go to dinner together.

Beat.

MEGAN (soft)

...Hello?

Beat.

**DAVID**

Yeah it might be nice.

We hear A SOUND ON THE OTHER END OF THE PHONE. A SOUND MUCH LIKE AN EXHALE.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. CHINESE RESTAURANT - LATE EVENING**

The local Chinese restaurant. Red and gold plastic dragons hang from the ceiling.

A couple late-nighters are at the bar. Megan and David are two of a handful of people left dining in the restaurant. They're a little dressed up. Megan looks kind of stunning.

**DAVID**

...When you work with clients on machines, do they sometimes just jump up a level or two? Do something they didn't know they were capable of?

**MEGAN**

Not often, but it is possible. Most people get scared when they see the shadow of their limits. They don't know how long the shadow really is. They don't

know how far away the real  
limits are standing... They  
stop out of fear.

David nods as he takes it in. Beat. He looks down at his plate and  
twirls his lo  
mein onto a fork. Megan watches him.

**MEGAN**

This is kind of strange  
isn't it?

David nods, "yes" before taking the bite.

**MEGAN**

We're not even acting like  
ourselves.

David touches his mouth with his napkin.

**MEGAN**

Like that. Your mouth's  
dirty. You tapped your  
napkin to your lips. You  
only do that when you're  
with someone you don't know.

David looks down at his napkin.

**DAVID**

What do I do when I'm around  
someone I know?

**MEGAN**

You use your sleeve.

They both smile at each other. Beat.

**WOMAN (o.s.)**

Megan?

David and Megan look over to the only other table of late night diners  
as they  
get up from their table. A woman about Megan's age walks over to her.

**WOMAN**

I thought it was you.

**MEGAN**

Hi.

(to David)

This is Claire. Her son is

in Jeremy's class. Claire  
and I worked on the school  
food drive together.

**DAVID**

Hello.

CLAIRE smiles as she stares at David. She turns to Megan.

CLAIRE (mouths)

He's cute.

Claire turns back to David.

**CLAIRE**

I'm very happy about this.  
Megan mentioned to me she  
was considering dating  
again.

Megan becomes still.

CLAIRE (to David)

I'm sorry, what's your name?

Beat. David doesn't look up.

**DAVID**

David.

**CLAIRE**

David?

**MEGAN**

This is my husband.

Beat. All three people become frozen in silence.

Claire looks to Megan.

CLAIRE (soft)

I am so sorry.

Megan nods.

Claire quietly walks away from the table and joins her group as they  
leave the  
restaurant. Beat.

Megan and David are the last one's left. They sit silently in their  
booth. Megan  
looks at David's face. He's shaken.

He slowly takes a sip of water and then taps his mouth with napkin.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. FRONT DOOR - NIGHT**

It's late. NO LIGHTS ARE ON EXCEPT THE ONE IN THE HALL. The babysitter has black dyes hair and Buddy Holly glasses. David waits as she puts on her jacket.

**DYED HAIR GIRL**

He ate about six of those chocolate covered doughnut holes with his milk. He said he only had three, but I know he had six.

**DAVID**

Okay.

David is not paying attention to the girl. He watches as his wife takes off her coat and heads to the guest room. She turns before entering the room. David and his wife make eye contact.

**MEGAN (soft)**

Goodnight.

David nods. Megan goes into her room. The guest door closes softly.

David finds the babysitter looking at him with an odd expression.

**DYED HAIR GIRL**

My parents sleep in separate beds.

David reaches into his wallet and hands the girl money.

**DAVID**

Thank you.

David opens the front door for her.

**DYED HAIR GIRL**

By the way, Jeremy went to sleep in his room tonight.

**DAVID**

His room?

The baby sitter nods with a smile as she walks out the front door.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. JEREMY'S BEDROOM**

David walks into the darkened child's bedroom. The lump on the bed turns when he hears movement. He smiles when he sees David.

JEREMY (whispered)  
I'm sleeping in my room.

DAVID (soft)  
I see.

JEREMY (whispered)  
I'm not scared.

DAVID (soft)  
That's great.

JEREMY (whispered)  
Do you know why?

David nods, "No."

JEREMY (whispered)  
I know now.

DAVID (soft)  
Know what?

JEREMY (whispered)  
You're secret identity.  
(beat)  
That man was right.

Beat. David just stares at his son. Jeremy's eyes start to close.

**DAVID**

Jeremy.

Jeremy opens his eyes.

DAVID (soft)  
There are big guys in almost every gym who can lift that much.

Beat. Jeremy's eyes start to shut.

JEREMY (whispered)  
You could have lifted more.  
(his eyes close)  
...Don't worry, I won't tell  
anyone.

Jeremy Dunne falls asleep. David Dunne stands in the darkness of his son's room.  
Posters of comic book heroes don the walls around him.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT**

Elijah's cheek rests against two pristine white pillows. He looks exhausted. His eyes are fixed on some abstract point in the room. WE HEAR SOUNDS OF A HOSPITAL.

The torso of a PHYSICIAN can be seen on the other side of the bed. We hear him speak but never see his face.

PHYSICIAN (o.s.)  
...fracture of the proximal  
phalanx of the little finger  
as well as multiple  
fractures of the sixth,  
seventh, and eighth ribs.  
The worst of the injury,  
however, was sustained to  
the left leg in the form of  
a spiral fracture. There  
were fourteen breaks. It  
simply shattered...

**ELIJAH**  
They call me Mr. Glass.

Beat.

PHYSICIAN (o.s.)  
Who does?

**ELIJAH**  
Kids.

Elijah just keeps staring.

PHYSICIAN (o.s.)  
Shall I continue?

Beat. Elijah's head nods the slightest bit up and down.

PHYSICIAN(o.s.)

Pins were placed throughout the length of the leg. The use of a wheelchair will be needed for a two month period. The use of crutches will follow for twelve to fourteen months. Hospital stay will range from five to eight days followed by nine to twelve months of physical therapy. Prescribed medication for pain management will take the usual forms of...

The PHYSICIAN'S WORDS FADE AWAY as Elijah continues to gaze at an abstract point in the room.

**FADE TO BLACK:**

**INT. PHYSICAL THERAPY CENTER - LATE MORNING**

**WE EMERGE FROM DARKNESS TO FIND OURSELVES IN THE PHYSICAL THERAPY CENTER.**

A CO-WORKER finds Megan working with an elderly gentleman who's laboring on a stationary bike.

**JANIS**

Your ten o'clock is here.  
The hospital discharged him  
this morning.

**MEGAN**

Thanks.

The co-worker takes Megan's position by the elderly man.

Megan crosses the physical therapy center. A man in a wheel chair waits by her office. She walks up to him with a smile.

**MEGAN**

Elijah right?

Elijah's leg is immobilized by a metal brace and held straight. Under his shirt we see the wrappings around his ribs. His left pinky is in a splint. He smiles and nods, "yes" to Megan.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. STADIUM LOCKER ROOM - LATE MORNING**

David Dunne stands in security uniform by a set of double doors that leads into the players locker room.

Three walls of the locker room are lined with shiny lockers. One side of the room has benches and massage tables. The far end of the room has work out equipment.

About twenty players and trainers are scattered throughout the spacious room lost in their own pre-game rituals.

David watches as a massive muscular player takes a seat on the massage table and removes his dress shirt. His body is covered in old bruises. He lays down, wincing a bit from the pain. A trainer begins to massage him.

David just stares at the battered athlete. His gaze moves across the room. Beat.

David stares at something in the crowded room then he starts towards it.

He moves through the room of players and trainers. He moves to the one area of the large room not occupied by anyone.

David comes to a step at the foot of an Olympic bench press. Racks and racks of free weights sit behind the press.

David looks down at the thick silver bar. Three large black plates are on either side. Six in all.

David looks back and glances at the double doors where he should be standing. Beat. He looks to the twenty or so players and trainers in the room. Some of the

players have headphones on. Some are staring into space. A couple are on cell phones...

No one notices David Dunne as he reaches for a forty-five pound black plate off the weight rack.

The huge disc slides onto the bar with almost NO SOUND...

A matching forty-five pound disc goes on the other side...

And then David adds another. He matches it on the other side...

THE BENCH CREAKS just the slightest bit as David takes a seat.

No one notices the security guard lay back on the bench.

David's hands take hold of the shiny bar.

He closes his eyes...

David's arms become tense. He pushes against the weight. It doesn't move.

His face turns deep red. He opens his eyes and stares at the bar as he keeps training. His face and arms are shaking... He keeps staring... focusing.

And then, without any fanfare, the bar lifts off the arm rest.

The weight hovers over David. He lowers it to his chest for a second time. His arms aren't shaking anymore. He pushes the weights back up.

He carefully brings the bar back to the arm rest. It touches down with the smallest of CLINKS.

David's fingers uncurl from the bar.

David lets out two slow soft breaths as he counts the thick black discs.

DAVID (whispers)

Four ten... four

forty-five...

(beat)

Five hundred.

Beat. David sits up in a daze.

He finds the entire room of athletes and trainers staring at him. Some of the players have stood up. Everyone stares at David Dunne with the same quiet disbelief in their eyes.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. PHYSICAL THERAPY CENTER - AFTERNOON**

Megan and Elijah are in the far corner of the room. They're separated from the other clients. Megan is seated on an exercise machine. Elijah is in his wheel chair facing her.

**MEGAN**

We're going to prevent any substantial atrophy of your good leg with this.  
(She taps the machine)  
It works the quadriceps.

**ELIJAH**

How long have you been married?

Megan is taken off guard by the question. She stares at Elijah. Beat.

**MEGAN**

Twelve years.

**ELIJAH**

How did you get together?

Elijah smiles warmly. Megan smiles softly back.

**MEGAN**

A car accident.

Elijah smiles even bigger.

**ELIJAH**

Now you're going to have to tell me more.

**MEGAN**

...See my husband was a big football star in college and we were in an accident together. Our car flipped on

an icy road. We were both injured. He couldn't play football anymore.

(beat)

If that hadn't happened, we wouldn't have been together.

**ELIJAH**

How so?

**MEGAN**

Football wasn't the kind of life I wanted... For ten years I'd be by the phone waiting for a call telling me he broke his neck in a practice game. And if it wasn't that call, it would be a call telling me he blew out his knee or suffered his third concussion. I've seen way too much of it in my job... I can barely take it when my clients are in pain.

(beat)

I don't hate the game. I admire the amount of skill it involved and, like everyone else, I was in awe of how he could play it, but I couldn't give him my heart and then have something happen to him. And it always does with that game.

(beat)

It's not a thing many people would understand.

**ELIJAH**

You and my mother would have a special connection.

**MEGAN**

Any way, fate stepped in and took football out of the equation.

**ELIJAH**

...And everyone lived happily ever after.

Beat.

**MEGAN**

Sort of.

Beat.

**ELIJAH**

What part of David's body  
was injured?

Beat. Megan's eyes become utterly still.

**MEGAN**

Who said my husband's name  
is David?

**CUT TO:**

**INT. STADIUM - AFTERNOON**

Eleven football players in white and green battle eleven football  
players in blue  
and gray on the field. A sold out stadium watches the event.

David stands at the lip of a tunnel that opens out onto the upper  
section of the  
second level. Waves of people move from their seats through the tunnel  
to the  
bathrooms and concession stands and back again.

David stares to the side away from the movement, his shoulder leaned  
up against  
the wall. He looks over at the constant movement of spectators through  
the  
tunnel.

Beat. His shoulder leaves the wall. He STEPS OUT into the stream of  
people.  
Shoulders and arms bump into him and brush by him as they move.

David's eyes are looking down - his expression still - like he's  
listening.

He continues into the dead center of the tunnel. He's in the heaviest  
part of the  
movement now. Fans continue to brush against him as they pass.

And then it happens... A stocky woman bumps into him.

**FLASH CUT: AN IMAGE OF THE STOCKY WOMAN IN A BATHROBE STANDING IN A  
KITCHEN.**

SHE'S HOLDING THE SHOULDER OF A FIVE YEAR OLD BOY STANDING NEXT TO HER. HE'S CRYING UNCONTROLLABLY.

THEY BOTH ARE LOOKING DOWN AT THE KITCHEN TABLE WHERE THREE THINGS ARE LAID

OUT... A BELT, A HANGER, AND AN EXTENSION CORD.

STOCKY WOMAN

Choose.

SLAM CUT BACK TO PRESENT:

We're back with David in the crowd. He turns and watches the stocky woman walk down the tunnel. She's holding the wrist of her five year old son. She yanks it quickly and violently to keep the boy close at her side. She and the boy dissolve into the crowd.

CUT TO:

INT. PHYSICAL THERAPY CENTER - AFTERNOON

Elijah and Megan sit very still.

ELIJAH

There have been three major disasters in this city over the last four years. I've followed each one of them... A Seven-three-seven crashes on take off. One hundred and seventy-two die. No survivors... A hotel fire downtown. Two hundred and eleven die. No survivors... And an Amtrak train derails seven and half miles outside of the city. One hundred and thirty one die. One survivor. He is unharmed.

(beat)

I've spoken with your husband about his survival. I suggested a rather unbelievable explanation. Since then, I've come to believe, that my explanation, however unbelievable, is in fact,

true.

**MEGAN**

And what was that  
explanation?

Beat.

**ELIJAH**

It's a mediocre time Mrs.  
Dunne. People are starting  
to lose hope. It's hard for  
many to believe that  
extraordinary things live  
inside themselves as well as  
others... I hope you can  
keep an open mind?

Beat.

MEGAN(soft)

Is this a religious thing?

**ELIJAH**

I own a comic book museum.  
It's called the Limited  
Edition.

MEGAN(smiles)

For a second there I thought  
you were a fanatic.

**ELIJAH**

I believe comic books are  
based loosely on reality -  
I believe there are real  
life equivalents of the  
heroes in those books that  
walk the earth - I believe  
your husband is one of those  
individuals.

Beat. Megan becomes utterly still.

**ELIJAH**

I'm glad you brought up fate  
Mrs. Dunne. I'm becoming a  
strong believer in it...  
See, David refuses to speak  
with me any longer... And  
when I saw your name on my  
insurance list of approved

physical therapists... It  
was like fate had  
intervened...

(beat)

We were meant to speak to  
each other.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. STADIUM - AFTERNOON**

David lets the waves of people move by him in the tunnel.

A MAN WITH GRAY EYES and wearing a dark blue sweat shirt carries a  
cardboard tray  
of nachos and drinks. He brushes David's arm as he passes.

**FLASH CUT: THE IMAGE OF THE GREY EYED MAN WEARING A BLOOD SPLATTERED  
T-SHIRT IN  
A MEN'S BATHROOM. HE'S VIOLENTLY KICKING ANOTHER MAN CURLED UP ON THE  
FLOOR OF A  
TOILET STALL.**

**HE STOPS KICKING. HE GLARES DOWN WITH POWERFUL GRAY EYES.**

SWEAT SHIRT MAN(whispers)

This is my house, bitch.

These are my customers.

**SLAM CUT BACK TO PRESENT:**

The gray eyes man in the blue sweat shirt pauses with nachos in hand  
at the top  
of the stairs to locate his seats. Beat.

David walks the five feet between them and taps him on the shoulder.  
People  
continue to stream by as the man turns to face David. The man's GRAY  
EYES go from  
David's face to the security emblem on his shirt. The man's face  
becomes still.

**GRAY EYED MAN**

Yeah?

David stares hard at the man in front of him.

**DAVID**

We've had some problems with  
drug selling in this  
stadium.

(beat)

Would you mind if I checked  
the pockets of your  
sweatshirt?

The gray eyed man stands eerily still with his nachos and drinks. The two men just stare at each other, evaluating the situation. People move in both directions around them, unaware.

The gray eyes man holds his tray of food to the side and raises his arms slowly.

David steps forward and reaches into his pockets. Beat. David pulls his hands out from the pockets. They're empty.

The gray eyes man brings his arms down. Beat.

The walkie on David's hip COMES TO LIFE. David reaches down and pulls it off his belt without removing his eyes from the man in front of him. David brings the walkie to his mouth.

DAVID(into walkie)

Yeah?

WALKIE(o.s.)

There's a message for you at  
the office. Your kid was  
hurt.

David's face changes.

DAVID(into walkie)

When?

WALKIE(o.s.)

Just now. They want you to  
come down to his school.

David lowers the walkie from his face. The gray eyed man has a slight smile on.  
Beat.

**GRAY EYED MAN**

Why don't you go take care  
of your business?

The gray eyed man takes a bite of a nacho as he stares at David.

**GRAY EYED MAN**

And dude, no one carries  
their merchandise on them  
any more. They got  
messengers for that shit  
now.

(beat)

That's what they tell me.

The gray eyed man in the blue sweat shirt turns and starts down the stairs to his seat. He raises his fist in the air as someone scores a touchdown on the field.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL NURSE'S RECEPTION AREA - AFTERNOON**

Jeremy is seated in a chair with abrasions and cuts on his face. He sits next to a smaller boy with a thermometer in his mouth.

They're both looking at the glass window of the nurse's private office. There are two people inside talking. David and A WHITE HAired NURSE.

The THERMOMETER BOY pulls the thermometer out of his mouth.

**THERMOMETER BOY**

Is that your dad?

Jeremy nods "Yes."

**THERMOMETER BOY**

I bet my dad can beat up you  
dad.

Jeremy turns to the thermometer boy.

**JEREMY**

I don't think so.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. NURSE'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON**

**NURSE**

...No, he insisted we only  
call you.

(beat)

Though it took us a while to  
track down your number. It's

not on file here.

**DAVID**

Megan handles that type of stuff.

**NURSE**

What stuff is that?

**DAVID**

Jeremy's stuff.

David feels uncomfortable as the nurse just stares at him. Beat. David rises from his seat.

**DAVID**

So do I need to put any smelly ointments on him or anything?

The white haired nurse nods, "no."

**NURSE**

It's more emotional damage. It wasn't very serious physically.

David nods.

**NURSE**

Nothing like when I sent you to the hospital.

David stares at the white haired nurse.

**DAVID**

What was that?

**NURSE**

My office was on the other side of the building back then.

(beat)

You don't remember me do you?

David nods, "no."

**NURSE**

I had red hair.

David stares at the woman. He doesn't recognize her.

**NURSE**

I think you were a little younger than Jeremy when it happened.

(beat)

Did you know we changed the conduct rules of the pool because of you?

David nods, "no" slowly.

**NURSE**

The kids still talk about it like some ghost story..."Did you know there was a kid that almost drowned in the pool? He got pneumonia and almost died."

The nurse shakes her head.

**NURSE**

We let them tell it... It helps keep them safe.

Beat.

**NURSE**

Are you still phobic of water?

David seems lost in his thoughts. He looks up at the nurse.

**DAVID**

Yes I am.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. BUS STOP - AFTERNOON**

David and Jeremy are seated on a bench at a Septa bus stop. No one else is waiting with them.

Jeremy talks without making eye contact with his dad.

**JEREMY (soft)**

It was Potter and another guy I play football with. They were messing with this

Chinese girl. She's kind of fat. She doesn't talk to anybody.

(beat)

I tried to make them stop. They kept pushing me down and wouldn't let me get up.

Beat. Jeremy's VOICE STARTS TO TREMBLE SOFTLY.

JEREMY(soft)

I thought maybe cause you were my dad, I thought I might be like you.

Jeremy finally looks up. Tears in his eyes.

JEREMY(soft)

I'm not like you.

David moves closer to Jeremy on the bench.

**DAVID**

You are like me. We both can get hurt. I'm just an ordinary man.

(beat)

I'm not what you think I am.

Jeremy just stares at his father. Beat.

**JEREMY**

Why do you keep saying that?

**CUT TO:**

**INT. KITCHEN - EVENING**

David stares at his bowl of pasta. He sits alone in the kitchen. Beat.

He gets up, slides the pasta in the trash and moves to the sink.

David is rinsing out the bowl when Megan walks in. David turns off the water.

**MEGAN**

He's just laying in bed. He's pretty upset. He won't talk.

**DAVID**

He's dealing with a lot of

things.

(beat)

I think he needs to find  
answers himself.

Beat.

**MEGAN**

It's weird to hear you tell  
me about Jeremy.

(beat)

A good weird.

David looks at Megan. They stand silently in an awkward pause. Beat.

**DAVID**

Would you like to try going-

**MEGAN**

Yes.

**DAVID**

-out again.

Beat. David smiles.

**DAVID**

But if we see another mother  
from Jeremy's school, me  
name is Juan. I always  
wanted to be a Juan.

Megan smiles softly back. Beat.

**MEGAN**

Oh. Elijah Price came to  
visit me at the center  
today.

**DAVID**

Jesus.

Megan sees David's shocked expression.

**MEGAN**

He didn't do anything. He  
just told me his theory...  
It's sad when patients get  
like that. They loose  
reality.

DAVID (whisper)

Jeremy what the hell are you  
doing?

Megan suddenly realizes David is looking over her shoulder.

Megan turns around. She SCREAMS.

Jeremy is standing in the doorway to the kitchen. He's crying hard. In his  
outstretched hands is the HAND GUN FROM DAVID'S CLOSET. It's pointed  
directly at  
David.

JEREMY(crying)  
You don't believe. I'll show  
you... You can't get hurt.

MEGAN(realizing)  
-Oh my God.

**DAVID**  
-Jeremy did you load that  
gun?

Jeremy nods, "Yes." Crying harder now.

JEREMY(crying)  
-You won't get hurt...

**DAVID**  
-Elijah was wrong.

**MEGAN**  
-Sometimes when people are  
sick or hurt for a long  
time, like Elijah, they're  
mind gets hurt too.

David shoots a tense glance at Megan.

**MEGAN**  
-They start to think things  
that aren't true. He hold me  
what he thought about your  
father. It isn't true.

JEREMY(crying)  
-I'll show you.

David starts moving a little to his right. Jeremy follows him with the  
barrel of  
the handgun. David stops moving.

**DAVID**

-You know the story about  
the kid who almost drowned  
in the pool?

Jeremy stops moving.

**DAVID**

-That was me they were  
talking about. I almost  
died. That was me.

JEREMY (crying)

-You're lying.

**DAVID**

-I'm not. I just didn't  
connect it.

**MEGAN**

-Jeremy, your father was  
injured in college - you  
know that. You know all  
about that.

Jeremy's small face tenses. Confusion mixes with the desperation on his face.

**MEGAN**

-Don't do it. He'll die  
Jeremy.

Beat. Jeremy looks up, tears streaming down his cheeks.

JEREMY (crying)

-I'll just shoot him once.

**DAVID**

-Jeremy listen to what-

Jeremy starts pressing the trigger. The hammer clicks back.

**JEREMY**

-Don't be scared.

**DAVID**

-Jeremy if you pull that  
trigger I'm going to leave!  
I'm going to go to New York.

Jeremy freezes. David flashes a desperate glance at Megan then back to Jeremy.

**DAVID**

You're right... If you shoot me, that bullet is going to bounce off me and I won't get hurt... but then I'm going to go upstairs and pack. And then leave to New York.

Beat.

JEREMY(crying)

-Why?

Jeremy's hands are trembling. He starts to close his eyes as he raises the gun level with David's chest.

DAVID(loud)

Jeremy!

Jeremy's eyes open.

DAVID(loud)

You're about to get into big trouble! I'm your father and I'm telling you to put that gun down right now God damn it!

(beat)

One!...

(beat)

Two!...

Jeremy puts the gun down on the floor in front of him and stands up.

Megan leans against the refrigerator and slides down to a sitting position on the tiled floor.

David walks over and picks up the gun. He unloads the bullets in his hand. David bends down very slowly and takes a seat on the kitchen floor.

Jeremy is the last to sit down. He takes a seat in the doorway of the kitchen.

Beat. He wipes his eyes with the back of his hand. Beat.

JEREMY(soft)

...You didn't have to yell.

The Dunne family sits in silence on the floor of their kitchen.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. LIMITED EDITION - AFTERNOON**

People move up and down the streets outside the storefronts. David is one of them. He waits to cross the street. He sees movement inside the Limited Edition window.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. LIMITED EDITION - AFTERNOON**

Elijah opens the door. It takes him a bit, because of the wheelchair. David stares at Elijah's damaged condition. Beat.

**ELIJAH**

Joined a rugby league.  
Turned out to be a bad idea.  
(beat)  
Come here I want to show you something.

Elijah wheels over to one of the framed sketches on the wall. It's a charcoal drawing of a muscular figure shielding himself from a blow about to be delivered. A huge ominous shadow is covering him, as if something unspeakable and evil is just out of frame.

**ELIJAH**

Look at this. I just noticed this today.

David steps in close and studies the drawing.

**ELIJAH**

This is from the Sentryman series. A color version of this was actually used in the second issue.

Elijah points up to the drawing's face.

**ELIJAH**

Look at this eyes. What do  
you see?

David looks right at the intense eyes of the drawing.

**ELIJAH**

It's fear.

(beat)

He was scared. They were  
being honest in the  
beginning you see. They let  
him be human.

(beat)

They turned him into a  
garden variety hero later...  
Then he was brave all the  
time.

Elijah turns to David.

**ELIJAH**

I followed the guy in the  
army jacket.

David becomes still as his words register.

**ELIJAH**

He had a silver handled gun  
tucked in the back of his  
pants.

(beat)

Were you really injured in  
that car accident in  
college?

David looks unsteady all of the sudden.

**ELIJAH**

Because I think you faked  
it. I think you took the  
opportunity to end your  
career - no questions asked.

(beat)

And I think you did it, of  
all things, for a women...

(beat)

Not only do you have the  
physical traits of a hero,  
down somewhere in there, you  
have the moral code of one  
too. You were ready to  
sacrifice everything for

what's right. Where can you  
find that these days?

(beat)

Only thing you didn't realize  
is that you were giving up  
a part of yourself when you  
gave up football. The  
physical part. And you need  
that part desperately to  
feel balance again...

(beat)

You can have it back now.

(beat)

This was all just make  
believe before. What if  
there was someone the  
opposite of me? What if?...

(beat)

I now believe you are the  
genuine article Mr. David  
Dunne. The kind of person we  
knew existed, from our  
history.

Elijah points to the room full of pictures.

**ELIJAH**

It's time for someone like  
you.

(beat)

Bad is winning. I can feel  
it.

Elijah looks at David with deep admiration. His voice cracked a little  
at the end  
of his words. Beat.

David doesn't take his hands out of his pockets.

DAVID (rattled)

I must have felt some lump  
in his back when I bumped  
him. Most guns have a black  
or silver handle. I had a  
fifty-fifty shot at the  
color.

**ELIJAH**

That's not what I witnessed  
David.

**DAVID**

Stop messing with my life  
Elijah. My son almost shot  
me last night. He wanted to  
prove you were right.

**ELIJAH**

I never said you couldn't be  
killed. I never said that.

**DAVID**

You have a problem, Elijah.  
My wife is right. Somewhere  
along the line one of your  
bones broke and your mind  
just broke with it.

Beat.

**ELIJAH**

Are you finished?

**DAVID**

No. And I have been sick. I  
spent a week in a hospital  
when I was a boy recovering  
from pneumonia and almost  
drowning.

**DAVID**

Two skinny eight year old  
kids were playing around the  
pool. They were dunking me.  
I swallowed water. They  
didn't know it and they  
almost killed me.

(beat)

Heroes don't get killed like  
that. Normal people do.

Beat. Elijah seems shaken for the first time. David stares at him  
coldly.

**DAVID**

I don't want to see you  
again okay.

(soft)

Now I'm finished.

David turns and starts for the entrance. The BELL OF THE DOOR CLANGS  
as David  
Dunne leaves the store.

CUT TO:

**EXT. STREET - AFTERNOON**

David exits the Limited Edition and moves down the street lost in this thoughts.

He bumps a man in a jacket and tie walking in the opposite direction.

**FLASH CUT: THE SAME MAN STANDS IN A BAGGY SWEATER. AGAINST A PARKED CAR HE'S HOLDING SOMETHING SHINY AND METALLIC IN HIS HANDS. HE INSERTS IT IN THE HALF INCH GAP BETWEEN THE GLASS OF THE DRIVER'S WINDOW AND THE DOOR. THE DOOR UNLOCKS.**

**THE MAN LOOKS AROUND QUIETLY BEFORE ENTERING THE CAR.**

**SLAM CUT BACK TO THE PRESENT:**

David looks over his shoulder at the conservative looking man in a shirt and tie walking down the street.

David Dunne is shaken. He turns and keeps walking.

CUT TO:

**INT. JEREMY'S ROOM - NIGHT**

A superhero action figure and a plastic villain do battle on Jeremy's desk.

David sits dressed up in a white shirt and dress pants. He holds the villain.

Jeremy holds the superhero.

Megan enters the room in a beautiful brown dress.

**MEGAN**

The sitter's here.

David nods, "yes." Megan studies his tense expression.

**MEGAN**

We can do this another time  
if you want? I'm fine with  
anything.

David looks from the action figures, to his son's face to the face of his wife.

They both have the same quiet anxious expression. Beat.

**DAVID**

But I put cologne on.

Megan smiles.

**MEGAN**

Is that what that smell is?

Jeremy giggles.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. DOWNTOWN COMIC BOOK STORE - NIGHT**

An overweight man in sweats and a ponytail counts the cash in the register. We are in a low-end comic book store. The walls are lined with shelves of comic books. The more expensive issues are kept in a glass case.

THE PONYTAIL MAN looks at his watch and then to far back of the store where one head is visible behind a low rack.

**PONYTAIL MAN**

Hey man it's twenty after.  
It's time to close. I gotta head.

The top of the man's head doesn't move. Beat.

**PONYTAIL MAN**

You better not be jacking  
off to the Japanese comics.  
I swear to God.

No response. Ponytail man closes his register and walks towards the back.

As he gets closer to the customer, he realizes that the man is in a wheelchair.

The Ponytail man walks ups to Elijah.

**PONYTAIL MAN**

Listen man, I didn't know  
you were in-  
(beat)  
Just choose something all  
right?

Elijah doesn't react. He sits in his chair in a quiet daze. Ponytail man leans

over.

**PONYTAIL MAN**

Hello. You understand  
English?

Ponytail man makes fake sign language gestures in front of Elijah's face.

**PONYTAIL MAN**

Look man, I'm just gonna  
wheel you out. You can think  
about things outside on the  
sidewalk. I gotta get some  
chicken in me, you know what  
I'm saying?

Beat. The Ponytail man shakes his head moves behind Elijah. He starts wheeling him towards the front of the store. They move down a narrow aisle of comics.

Elijah suddenly grabs the left wheel and turns the chair. His immobilized left leg hits a rack of comic books. A handful of comics tumbles to the ground.

**PONYTAIL MAN**

Shit.

The ponytail man straightens the wheelchair and starts down the aisle again. After a couple of feet, Elijah jerks and grabs the other wheel sending the wheelchair ramming violently into the opposite wall. Comics are knocked free and fall onto the wheel chair and the nearby ground.

**PONYTAIL MAN**

Dude, I don't care if you  
are in a wheelchair. If you  
do that again, I'm calling  
Five-0.

Beat. The Ponytail man takes Elijah's silence as a, "Yes." He straightens the chair.

They move down the aisle. All is quiet... and then Elijah jerks the wheelchair to the left again. His metal brace and the wheelchair crash into two racks. Elijah

gets covered in comics.

**PONYTAIL MAN**

That's it crackerjack!  
You're going to sit your ass  
in jail now.

The Ponytail man moves to the front counter.

Elijah sits in a trance - slightly hunched over. His eyes stare at a comic book in his lap. His expression changes for the first time.

The Ponytail man finishes dialing. He looks over to Elijah as he waits for a voice on the other end. Elijah raises a single comic book in his hand.

**ELIJAH**

How much is this one?

**CUT TO:**

**INT. RESTAURANT BAR - NIGHT**

LATE EVENING. A trendy restaurant. Not enough light to read the menus.

David and Megan are on stools at one end of the bar. They sip their drinks as they appear in deep thought.

**DAVID**

...I think rust.

**MEGAN**

Rust?

**DAVID**

As a color, not as rust. You know, a rust colored paint or wood?

Megan leans slightly closer.

**MEGAN**

I didn't know that. Mine's still brown.

**DAVID**

My turn. What's your favorite song?

**MEGAN**

Soft and Wet, by the Artist  
Formerly Known as Prince.

**DAVID**

What was that?

**MEGAN**

We're supposed to be honest.

Beat. David brings his stool closer.

**DAVID**

Soft and Wet. That's very  
interesting.

**MEGAN**

My turn.

(beat)

When was the first time the  
thought popped into your  
head that we might not make  
it?

David's grin slowly fades.

**DAVID**

That's not the game.

Megan moves her stool closer. They're only a foot or so apart.

**MEGAN**

It's a second date. There  
aren't any rules.

Beat. David sips his drink slowly.

**DAVID**

I'm not sure.

**MEGAN**

Think carefully?

**DAVID**

What about the game?

**MEGAN**

It's finished. I won.

Beat. David glances at Megan. She waits for his answer.

**MEGAN**

Maybe it wasn't a specific

moment, maybe it-

**DAVID**

I had a nightmare one night  
and I didn't wake you up so  
you could tell me it was  
okay.

(beat)

I think that was the first  
time.

(beat)

Does that count?

**MEGAN** (soft)

That counts.

Beat. Megan takes her glass up to her lips. Doesn't take a sip. Brings  
it back  
down.

**MEGAN**

Do you knowingly keep Jeremy  
and me at a distance?

Beat.

**DAVID**

Yes.

Megan's face tenses. She's on the verge of getting upset.

**MEGAN**

Why?

**DAVID**

I don't know Megan.

**MEGAN**

It's like you resent us  
David. Resent the life you  
have.

Beat. David doesn't answer.

**MEGAN**

You know even if it meant we  
couldn't be together, I  
would never have wished that  
injury on you? What you  
could so physically was a  
gift. I would never have  
wished it to go away.

Megan's eyes glaze with water. Beat.

**MEGAN**

You know that right?

David takes a sip with a trembling hand. David's eyes look up and make eye contact with Megan's. He stares at her for the longest time.

**DAVID**(soft)

I know.

Husband and wife sit close together in the corner of the bar on their second date.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. FRONT DOOR - NIGHT**

Megan stands next to David as he pulls out his wallet. The babysitter with the black dyed hair and Buddy Holly glasses stands ready to leave in the doorway.

**DYED HAIR GIRL**

You got two calls. One came through while I was on the line - I wasn't talking too long. There was an emergency with my sister. She tried to do her own perm and now she looks like-

**DAVID**

Who called through?

Megan tries to hide her smile.

**DYED HAIR GIRL**

Someone from New York.

The smile instantly fades.

**DYED HAIR GIRL**

About a security job at a museum. They want to hire you.

(beat)

I didn't know you guys were moving to New York. Thanks

for telling me.

**MEGAN**

We're not moving.

**DYED HAIR GIRL**

Oh.

(beat)

I let the answering machine  
pick up the other call.

The babysitter fixes her Buddy Holly glasses as she looks at the two suddenly quiet faces.

David hands her the money. She opens the door. It's started to rain.

**DYED HAIR GIRL**

Great.

The babysitter covers her head with her jacket and runs down the walkway. David closes the door. Beat.

**MEGAN**

Look let's be honest here.  
We're just at the beginning.  
I don't expect you or I to  
change the course of where  
our lives were headed  
because of two dates.

(beat)

If you do go to New York, we  
can still develop this.  
We'll just be forced to take  
it slow. And in the end,  
that's definitely better.

(beat)

This is our second time  
around David. I don't expect  
us to get carried away.

(beat)

I guess congratulations is  
the right thing to say.

Megan takes off her coat as she moves to the guest bedroom. She disappears inside. The door closes behind her.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT**

Only the COUNTER LIGHT is on in the kitchen. David stands by the phone.

**ELIJAH'S VOICE IS HEARD ON THE ANSWERING MACHINE.**

ELIJAH(on tape)

...David. It's Elijah. It was so obvious. It's referred to over and over. That's the key you see. The repetition across time. That means at some point it was all based on common thought, a common event - a fact.

(beat)

It was this one issue that brought it back for me... Century Comics One-Seventeen. That's where this group, the Coalition of Evil, tried to ascertain the weakness of every superhero.

ELIJAH(on tape)

...Because they all have one.

(beat)

Just like you.

(beat)

The cells that make up your muscles and your bones react to forces that act upon it, slightly different from than mine. That's clear... Your cells react to bacteria and viruses slightly differently than mine... That's also clear...But for some reason, you and I react the exact same way to water. We swallow it, we choke. We swallow too much of it, we drown. However unreal it may seem, we are connected, you and I, we are on the same curve... just on opposite ends.

**ELIJAH**

The point of all this is, we now know something we

didn't... You have a  
weakness... Water. It's your  
krpytonite.

(beat)

You hearing me David? Call  
me back... I got rugby  
practice in an hour.

**THE SOUND OF ELIJAH HANGING UP IS HEARD. THE ANSWERING MACHINE BEEPS  
AS IT TURNS  
OFF.**

David hits a button on the answering machine. It makes a WHIRRING  
SOUND before  
**ANNOUNCING.**

**MACHINE**

Message erased.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT**

The master bedroom is very narrow. A bathtub and toilet are at one  
end. Two  
identical sinks sit opposite each other.

David sits on the edge of the tub. His shirt is unbuttoned. He sits in  
a daze  
staring at the tiled floor.

His eyes slowly move to a small white and red box laying on its side  
under one of  
the sinks.

David rises and picks it up.

It's a BOX OF BAND AIDS. David looks up to Megan's sink. Perfume and  
lotions sit  
on its edge.

David opens her mirrored cabinet. He starts to put the band aid box  
back, he  
hesitates.

His eyes begin to roam the cabinet shelves. They stop on certain  
items... A

**CONTAINER OF TYLENOL... A LOTION FOR DRY SKIN... A BOTTLE OF ALLERGY  
DROPS...**

**COUGH SYRUP... A TUBE OF MUSCLE PAIN OINTMENT...**

David just stands quietly for a beat before turning and looking across to his own identical mirrored medicine cabinet.

There are three things on the shelf... DISPOSABLE RAZORS. SHAVING CREAM. AND **COLOGNE.**

David's mouth opens just a little bit as he stares.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. FRONT HALL - NIGHT**

**ALL THE LIGHTS ARE OUT.**

David moves through the darkness down the stairs in jeans and a sweatshirt.

He moves to the coat closet. Pulls out the dark green rain poncho. The word "security" is almost faded away.

He opens and closes the front door with virtually NO SOUND.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. THIRTIETH STREET STATION - NIGHT**

Rain falls like gunfire from the sky.

David's car pulls into the massive rain station parking lot.

David steps out and pulls the hood of the poncho over his head.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. METAL STAIRS - NIGHT**

A steel fence leads to a set of stairs that travel down to the dozens of interconnected tracks below. David walks down about forty feet. A fenced gate with a lock stops his progress.

David looks through the fence down to the tracks. Just to the side is a construction site. Cranes and lifts and various equipment stand idle in the area next to the section of train wreckage that has been brought to the station

grounds for dismantling and salvaging. The bent shapes of the train pieces can only be glimpsed in outlines as they sit in the darkness, hundreds of feet away from the immaculately lit train station.

Beat. A HUGE METALLIC CRACK ECHOES THROUGH THE TRAIN YARD as David kicks open the fence door that holds him back from going down.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. TRAIN WRECKAGE - NIGHT**

Frightening twisted pieces of metal glisten in the rain. David walks along the body of the caved-in passenger car.

The passenger car is split in two. Just before the tear, along the window line, the windows have been crushed in. A huge hole has been ripped below the windows exposing the ravaged interior.

David stands before this heavily damaged area of the car. He just stares at the wreckage. Water falls off the rim of his hood in front of his face.

His eyes drift over the ominous pieces of deformed metal. He takes a couple slow breaths as THE SOUNDS OF HARSH RAIN FADE AWAY TO SILENCE.

**CUT TO:**

**FLASHBACK: EXT. STREET - NIGHT**

SILENCE. BLACK. OUR VISION CLEARS TO REVEAL the glazed icy top of a street.

**THE SOUND OF DISTANT FIRE COMES INTO THE SILENCE.**

A TWENTY YEAR OLD DAVID DUNNE rises to his feet from the ground where he was laying amongst the fragmented pieces of windshield. He looks down at himself. His football jacket is torn. So are his jeans... He's trembling slightly, but not bleeding.

**HE LOOKS UP TOWARDS THE NOISES.**

About thirty feet away is a Honda, upside down, wrapped around a telephone pole.  
It's front is on fire.

Through one of the crushed door windows, WE SEE A WOMAN'S HAND.

Young David heads toward his car. He slips a couple of times on the slick iced surface of the road.

He kneels down next to the inverted car. He looks in the crushed window frame.

THE FACE OF A TWENTY YEAR OLD MEGAN IS UPSIDE DOWN. She is unconscious.

**DAVID**

Megan...

She doesn't answer. Her body is twitching as it sits pinned behind the wheel.

David pulls at the handle of the mangled door. It's wedged tight. It won't move.

The heat from the fire is tremendous.

David's powerful arms keep pulling with all their strength.

**WE HEAR THE CREAK OF METAL... THE DOOR BENDS UNNATURALLY AND THEN PRACTICALLY RIPS OPEN.**

David leans into the car and unbuckles Megan. He works her out underneath the steering column. He slides out. Her leg is bleeding.

David picks her up and carries her to the grass next to the road. He lays her down gently.

**DAVID**

Megan?

He just stares at her. She doesn't respond.

A LIGHT WASHES OVER THEM. David turns to see a truck approaching up the road.

David waves frantically. The truck slows.

David turns back to Megan. Her eyes are open.

Tears fall from David's face as he moves the hair out of her eyes. She looks at David.

MEGAN(soft)  
I thought I was dead.

Beat.

DAVID  
Me too.

The driver of the truck slips and slides his way over to David.

DRIVER  
Is she all right?

DAVID  
I think her leg is fractured.

DRIVER  
Are you injured?

Beat. David looks at Megan who lays shivering in the grass. He looks back at the driver.

DAVID(soft)  
My shoulder's hurt.

The driver nods.

DRIVER  
Hold on. I got a C.B. in the truck.

The driver moves back to his truck.

David takes Megan's hand in his and waits in the grass by the sight of their car on fire.

**CUT TO:**

**PRESENT: EXT. TRAIN WRECKAGE - NIGHT**

David stands utterly still in the graveyard of train 177.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT**

The wheels of Elijah's wheelchair move down the hall as he follows the SOUND OF  
**THE PHONE RINGING.**

He follows THE SOUND to a PHONE RINGING in the storage room of the store. There are shelves and shelves of comic books. Thousands of them filed away in neat piles.

Elijah picks up the phone a little out of breath.

**ELIJAH**

Hello.

**DAVID'S VOICE**

Elijah?

Beat.

**ELIJAH**

David?

Nothing is said on the other line for a couple of beats. WE HEAR THE ECHOED DIN  
**OF A LARGE ROOM FILLED WITH PEOPLE AND MOVEMENT IN THE BACKGROUND.**

**DAVID'S VOICE**

What am I supposed to do?

Elijah closes his eyes. His face fills with strength.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. THIRTIETH STREET STATION PHILADELPHIA - NIGHT**

The interior of the station is a mystical sight. One huge cavernous room, a football field in size, lined on both sides with giant pillars that rise into a misty hand painted ceiling.

**ELIJAH (v.o.)**

David, it's okay to be afraid. Because this part won't be like a comic book... Real life doesn't fit into little boxes that were drawn for it.

David stands in a quiet corner and watches the faces of passengers arriving and departing late night trains. Even at the late hour, there is heavy traffic throughout the station.

ELIJAH (v.o.)  
Go to where people are...  
You won't have to look very long.

David stares out at the midnight travelers. Beat. He starts towards them.

He passed the towering black statue standing at the far end of the station. It watches over the whole building. It's in the form of an angel lifting a soldier to heaven.

David moves through the first group of people - a crisscross of arriving passengers from tracks one and two. They brush by him and lightly bump him as they move.

**FLASH CUT: WE ARE NO LONGER IN THE TRAIN STATION. A BLOND WOMAN IN HER TWENTIES STANDS AT A COUNTER IN A CROWDED STORE.**

**SHE SLIDES THE SILVER BRACELET AND EARRINGS SHE WAS LOOKING AT OFF THE GLASS COUNTER AND INTO HER PURSE. NO ONE SEES.**

**SLAM CUT BACK TO PRESENT:**

David turns and glances at the blonde woman as she walks away from him towards the exit of the train station. He doesn't stop moving.

David heads towards the densest part of the floor. The area near the information board. Sleepy friends and tired family members stand and wait. A steady spider-like web of movement flows as six tracks let out on either side.

David moves to the center. His rain poncho almost touches the marble floor. Lines of passengers emerging from trains below the main level move steadily on either side of him.

David looks down and gently turns the palms of his hands out as they at his side.  
His finger tops graze the jackets and clothes of the passengers walking by.

Dozens and dozens of people pass. Nothing happens. Then a man in a crumpled shirt  
and slicked back hair brushes by...

**FLASH CUT: THE SLICKED BLACKED HAired MAN LEANS OUT THE WINDOW OF A TRUCK. HE'S HOLDING A BOTTLE OF BEER.**

**SLICKED HAIR MAN**

Go back to Africa!

**THE SLICKED HAIR MAN THROWS THE BOTTLE WITH FORCE AS HE PASSES A CLACK FAMILY WALKING ON THE SIDEWALK. THE BOTTLE SHATTERS AS IT HITS A WOMAN IN THE GROUP.**

**SLAM CUT BACK TO PRESENT:**

David's eyes dart up as the slicked haired man turns the corner at the information booth. He watches him for a beat.

**FLASH CUT: WE ARE IN A BEDROOM. A YOUNG MAN IN HIS LATE TEENS LOOKS DOWN AT A GIRL LAYING IN A PILE OF OVERCOATS ON A BED. THERE IS LOUD MUSIC AND LAUGHTER COMING FROM SOMEWHERE DOWNSTAIRS.**

**TEENAGER**

What's your name? I think  
you drank too much.

**THE GIRL MOANS SOMETHING INAUDIBLE AS SHE ROLLS ON HER SIDE. HER SKIRT RIDES UP HER THIGH.**

**THE YOUNG MAN STARES AT HER AND THEN GETS UP. HE MAKES SURE NO ONE IS LOOKING BEFORE CLOSING THE DOOR. HE LOCKS IT FROM THE INSIDE.**

**SLAM CUT BACK TO PRESENT:**

David watches the teenager with baggy jeans hanging off his hip. He walks and greets a group of identically dressed friends.

Beat. David turns his hands back in. He seems shaken. He takes a couple of deep breaths as he gathers himself.

Then David steps back to look around. HE BUMPS the shoulder of a man standing behind him.

David takes a sudden breath like someone punched him in the solar plexus.

**FLASH CUT: AN ENORMOUS MAN WITH GLASSY EYES STANDS BEFORE A SCREEN SIDE DOOR. HE'S BALDING. THE HAIR HE DOES HAVE IS SHOULDER LENGTH. HIS ECLIPSING SHADOW FALLS ON THE CONSERVATIVE LOOKING MAN WHO STANDS ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE SCREEN DOOR INSIDE THE HOUSE.**

**GLASSY EYED MAN**

Can I come in?

**MAN IN HOUSE**

Who are you?

**GLASSY EYED MAN**

I like your house. Can I come in?

**MAN IN HOUSE**

What is this?  
(beat)  
No you can't come in.

Beat.

**GLASSY EYED MAN**

Are you sure?

The enormous glassy eyed man takes hold of the screen door handle. He turns it.

The man inside the house grabs the door handle on the inside to stop him.

**MAN IN HOUSE**

What are you doing?

The man inside the house uses all his strength to keep the door from opening...

It opens slowly anyway.

**SLAM CUT BACK TO PRESENT:**

David stands frozen in the train station. His face is almost unreadable.

David is standing less than a foot away from the man he bumped. They're standing shoulder to shoulder. David's eyes slowly move from the ground over his right and then finally onto the man.

He's huge. At least three inches taller than David. His shoulders are massive. He's wearing a one piece ORANGE UNIFORM.

The man in the orange uniform leans over a trashcan next to him and removes the full trash bag within it. He replaces it with a fresh one. He throws the full trash bag into a gray plastic bin with wheels and starts pushing it.

David watches the man head across the floor towards a double door marked "Station Maintenance Staff Only".

Four identical gray bins sit outside the door. The huge man disappears with his bin inside.

David waits. He just stares hard at the double doors. Nothing happens for the longest time... No one comes out. David makes a decision. He starts towards the doors.

And then they open.

The huge glassy eyed man in orange emerges carrying a bag over his shoulder. He's wearing a baseball hat with his uniform now. He heads toward a back exit.

David lets him get about twenty feet away before deciding to follow him.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - NIGHT**

The man in the orange uniform walks in the driving rain down a residential city block. Almost all the lights in the middle class homes he's passing are off at

this late hour. No one is out walking except him and David Dunne fifty feet behind.

The orange figure turns the corner onto a block of modest stand alone homes. The uniformed man walks slower in this block. He looks around carefully as he moves.

He turns into a driveway of one of the homes. He stops and pulls a wad of mail out of the mailbox.

David stands with the hood of his security coat covering his head and face. He stands in the shadows and watches silently as the man in the orange uniform looks over his massive shoulder before turning a knob and entering the white paneled house through a familiar side door with a screen on it.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. LAUNDRY ROOM - NIGHT**

The side door opens with almost no sound. The hooded figure of David Dunne steps into a narrow laundry room. THE SOUND OF A TELEVISION IS HEARD FROM ANOTHER ROOM.

A very large pile of unopened mail sits in a mound on the clothes dryer. Two or three days worth.

David shuts the door very slowly.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT**

**THE SOUNDS OF CHEERING FROM THE TELEVISION IN THE NEXT ROOM SPILL INTO THE KITCHEN.**

David stares out from under his hood at the mess.

Cabinets are left open. Empty cans of food sit on the counter with a handful of unwashed dishes. The breakfast table is the eeriest thing in the room. It sits frozen with a plate of half-eaten, now moldy eggs at one setting and two bowls of

colorful cereal in another. The cereal has dissolved in the old milk.  
Two  
cockroaches are crawling in the bowl.

David moves slowly to a door in the kitchen. It's slightly open. As  
David gets  
closer, he shields his face from the strong smell. He pulls the door  
open  
quietly.

A SHAFT OF KITCHEN LIGHTS FALLS DOWN THE STAIRS INTO THE BASEMENT. At  
the bottom  
of the stairs is a MAN'S BODY. The same man who answered the door in  
the  
flashback lays partly in the shadow, partly in the light. His crumpled  
tie lies  
folded over itself on his still chest.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. FAMILY ROOM - NIGHT**

A BOXING MATCH BLARES ON THE TELEVISION. Empty beer bottles and coke  
cans sit in  
a pyramid on the coffee table.

David steps into the unoccupied room. His movements are slow and  
tense.

THUDS OF HEAVY FOOTSTEPS COME FROM THE CEILING OF THE ROOM. David  
looks up and  
follows the SOUND AS IT MOVES AROUND ABOVE HIM.

David moves to the stairs as SOMEONE GETS KNOCKED OUT ON THE  
TELEVISION.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. GIRL'S ROOM - NIGHT**

Three closed doors converge on a landing. David opens the closest one.

It's a young girl's room. Posters of boy bands are on her wall.  
Clothes are  
everywhere. The room is empty.

**A NOISE COMES FROM THE HALF OPEN BATHROOM DOOR ATTACHED TO THE  
BEDROOM.**

**CUT TO:**

**INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT**

A slightly overweight girl, probably fourteen years old is tied by her wrists with a phone cord to the metal towel rack in her bathroom. She sits with her arms pointed upward over her head. He knees tucked up to her chest.

Next to her is her younger brother. A skinny boy, maybe twelve. He's tied and seated in the same way.

Their heads are leaned back against their arms. They're completely listless. Eyes half mast. They watch as the door to the bathroom opens and the dark hooded figure of David Dunne steps in. His long dark slowing rain poncho still dripping water. He stands in the doorway for a moment before moving towards them.

They don't react in anyway as David reaches for the phone cord and unties them. They're arms flop to their laps as they gaze up at the figure leaning over them. They boy blinks once slowly.

David takes a step back and stares at them from under his hood.

**DAVID**

You need to leave now.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT**

An exercise bike in the corner of the bedroom has been turned into a clothes hanger long ago. The t.v. across the bed has framed family photos displayed on top of it.

David's shadow passes over them as he moves towards the open bathroom on the other side of the bedroom.

A woman is tied to the bathroom door handle. She sits on the tiled floor slumped against the door. Her eyes stare blankly at the ground. She has considerable bruises on her face and arms.

David stands before her.

DAVID(soft)

Where is he?

The woman doesn't answer, but a SOUND COMES FROM THE SCREEN DOOR nearby. The curtains draping the screen door move with the wind from outside.

David crosses the room and pushes aside the curtain. It leads to a small balcony. An empty lawn chair is the only thing on it.

David steps onto the balcony and looks down.

The rain still pours down unmercifully. It comes down on a black tarp that covers a pool in the backyard.

David turns to go back inside.

**A BLURR OF ORANGE ATTACKS HIM.**

The collision is sudden and explosive. The huge man drives his shoulder into David's chest and takes him off his feet. David's body flips over the railing.

The dark green rain poncho flaps in the wind as he falls two stories directly towards the black tarp.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. POOL - NIGHT**

David lands on his stomach with a TREMENDOUS SLAP onto the nylon black tarp.

There's a thin layer of rain water on the tarp's surface. David is laying on his cheek. Half his face is covered in water.

Beat. David's exposed eye looks around in a daze. The surface of the tarp gets pounded by the rain.

David uses his hands to push his body off the tarp. His hands sink into the water as his pressure pushes the tarp down.

**THE FIRST SOUNDS OF NYLON SLIDING AGAINST CONCRETE START.**

David stops pushing. His vision catches the corner of the swimming pool as the tarp slides out from under the sand bags that hold it in place.

The tarp sags. David becomes utterly still. THE SOUND CONTINUES ANYWAY.

One by one the tarp starts sliding out from under the sand bags all around the edge of the pool.

And then without warning, the tarp caves in. It folds around David as he and the tarp get pulled UNDER THE COLD DARK WATER.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. UNDER WATER - NIGHT**

David's body is tangled in the pool cover. His legs and arms thrash against the constricting black tarp. He's drowning.

**GLIMPSES OF LIGHT FROM THE HOUSE PIERCE THE DARKNESS UNDER WATER. THE BLURRED IMAGE OF A DISTANT FIGURE HIGH ABOVE ON A BALCONY FLICKERS AND DISAPPEARS.**

The last of the tarp slides out from under the sandbags that hold it in place around the edge of the pool.

The rain keeps falling.

The tarp moves like it's alive underwater. It shifts and wraps David tighter with every movement.

**GLIMPSES OF LIGHT AGAIN. TWO SMALL FIGURES NOW STAND IN A BLURRED SILHOUETTE NEAR THE EDGE OF THE POOL. FLASHES OF SOMETHING SHINY THEY'RE HOLDING... A ROD OR POLE... IT'S SHAKY NEBULOUS IMAGE WAIVERS IN THE AIR ABOVE THE SURFACE.**

David's only free hand reaches for the light. It catches the silver pole.

The tangled mass of David and the tarp are pulled slowly towards the edge of the pool. David's head and shoulders emerge from the darkness. He takes hold of the

pool's edge.

Huge desperate breaths as he pulls his body out from the water and the grasp of the tarp. He hauls himself onto the ground.

He sits hunched over in a dark mass, his head down under his hood. The rain poncho covering him like a blanket. Beat.

He rises to his feet. The water rushes off of him. His breathing is slowing, calming.

He stands in a silhouette from the light of the house. He turns and looks to the two small figures standing near the edge of the pool.

The children from the bathroom stand still in the rain. They're holding an aluminum pole with a brush head for cleaning the pool. They stare up at the hooded figure.

No one says anything.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT**

The man in the orange one-piece uniform stands over the woman tied to the door handle of the bathroom. His back is to us. He's drinking from a beer bottle as he looks down at her.

He doesn't notice the third presence come into the room. He doesn't hear him move closer. Right behind him.

The man in orange takes another sip of his beer, not realizing an arm is reaching over him... He doesn't get to swallow the sip in his mouth.

David Dunne's powerful arm wraps around the man's thick neck. David's hands clamp together like an iron vise. He squeezes.

The man's beer bottle crashes to the ground as his neck begins to get crushed.

David yanks back hard, pulls the man off balance. The man's legs push back violently, sending both of them backwards across the room. They come to a hard stop as David's back gets RAMMED INTO THE BEDROOM WALL.

The huge man in orange pulls away and then SLAMS DAVID harder against the wall. David's arm remains locked around his throat.

The man becomes frantic. His face turning dark red. He clutches at David's arm. He spins, taking David with him into another wall. The IMPACT IS TREMENDOUS. The room shakes. David holds on. His face bent low and hidden under his hood.

And then the man in orange throws a powerful elbow back. It lands hard right in David's side. David groans. The huge man delivers another one. Savage, desperate blows. WE HEAR THE IMPACT OF EACH ONE WITH DAVID'S BODY. And David never lets go.

The elbows slow and then stop. The legs of the man in orange start to buckle.

David pulls him back onto his heels. He turns him in a half circle. All of his tremendous weight is hanging from David's arm now. David LETS OUT A YELL AS HE APPLIES ALL HIS STRENGTH. The man's legs stop kicking.

David keeps turning him. The man's body goes completely limp. David's just dragging two hundred and seventy-five pounds of weight in a circle over the carpet now.

David slowly comes to a stop. He stands there with his arm wrapped around the man's neck....The man's limbs dangle down to the ground. Beat.

David's hands let go of each other. His arm slips out from under the man's jaw. The man in orange crumples to the ground like a rag doll. The only SOUND IN THE ROOM IS DAVID'S HEAVY BREATHING. Beat.

He moves to the woman slumped against the door. He starts to untie the phone cords that bind her wrists to the handle. He whispers to her.

DAVID(soft)  
It's over now.  
(beat)  
Your children are fine.  
They're getting help.

He unties her wrists. Her arms stay above her head where they were.

DAVID(soft)  
I'm going to go now.

He stares at the woman whose eyes stare blankly at him. She sits unnaturally still against the door with her arms above her head. The mascara that has run down her face and dried, has tracks where countless tears have rolled down.

David moves his hand near her mouth and nose. He checks for the feeling of breath against his hand. Beat.

He rises up. Removes his hood. David Dunne stands silently in the master bedroom of someone's house and gazes at the dead woman frozen in a slumped position against her bathroom door.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. FRONT HALL - NIGHT**

The front door opens to SILENCE. The silhouetted figure of David steps into the darkness of his home.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. CLOSET - NIGHT**

The dark green faded security poncho gets hung back on its hook in the closet next to the family winter coats.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. JEREMY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

David enters the quiet of Jeremy's room. Jeremy lays sound asleep. David stares down at the shadowy figure of his son.

He pulls the blanket over the boy's small shoulder.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. DAVID'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

David sits on the edge of the empty bed in the darkness of his room.

He doesn't make a sound. He doesn't move an inch. He is so still, he seems to disappear into the shadows of the room.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. GUEST BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Megan stirs in her sleep. She shifts her head on the pillow.

Then her body RISES INTO THE AIR.

She starts to wake as she floats across the room. She opens her eyes and sees David close by. He's carrying her in her arms. He moves up the stairs with her. No words are spoken.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. THEIR BEDROOM - NIGHT**

They enter their bedroom. David lays her down gently on her side of the bed.

She watches as he walks out of sight. He lays down right behind her.

He covers her with his arm... His hand is shaking. Beat. He speaks softly.

DAVID(soft)

I had a bad dream.

David tucks his head in close to hers and closes his eyes.

Megan lays stunned in her husband's arms. Beat.

MEGAN(soft)

It's over now.

She closes her eyes too as the tears start coming.

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**EXT. STREET - DAY**

Downtown Philadelphia.

People move up and down the sidewalks in front of the storefronts.  
David Dunne is  
among them.

He crosses the street in front of The Limited Edition. The front doors  
of the  
store are open.

A banner over the door reads, "Annual Sale."

**CUT TO:**

**INT. LIMITED EDITION - DAY**

The compact store is crowded with customers.

David spots Elijah with a group of people before a framed painting of  
a comic  
hero.

David moves to a less crowded area of the store and waits. He turns  
and looks at  
a framed sketch.

Beat. An older woman walks over from a near by picture and joins  
David.

**WOMAN**

...See the villain's eyes.  
They're larger than the  
other characters'. They  
insinuate a slightly skewed  
perspective of how they see  
the world. Just off normal.

David stares at the drawing.

**DAVID**

He doesn't look very  
threatening.

**WOMAN**

That's what I said to my  
son. He said, there's always  
two kinds. The soldier  
villain who fights the hero  
with his hands, and then

there's the real threat. The  
brilliant and evil arch  
enemy who fights the hero  
with his mind.

David turns and looks at the striking and beautiful African American  
woman in her  
sixties who stands next to him.

**DAVID**

Are you Elijah's mother?

The woman turns and looks at David for the first time.

**ELIJAH'S MOTHER**

I am. I'm helping him with  
the sale.

**DAVID**

It's a pleasure to meet you.  
I'm David Dunne.

**ELIJAH'S MOTHER**

He's spoken of you. He says  
you're becoming friends.

**DAVID**

We are.

David looks across the store at Elijah talking with the customers.

**DAVID**

He's doing well today.

**ELIJAH'S MOTHER**

I'm very proud of him.

(beat)

He's been through a lot in  
his life. A lot of ups and  
downs, a lot of bad spells.  
A couple I'd thought had  
broken him... I mean  
emotionally.

(beat)

They were bad... But he made  
it. Yes he did.

**DAVID**

He's kind of a miracle.

**ELIJAH'S MOTHER**

Yes he is.

They both watch Elijah from across the room.

**ELIJAH'S MOTHER**

I'll tell him you're here.

David watches as Elijah's mother walks across the store and waits for Elijah to finish talking.

David turns back to the framed sketch. He looks at it with his hands in his pockets. Beat.

David's stare turns into a gaze. His gaze turns into stillness.

THE SKETCH is of a withered man with large tense eyes. He sits in the shadows. He's seated in some type of machine. There are lots of buttons and levers on the machine. The machine has wheels.

David turns from the sketch. He looks across the room to Elijah seated in his wheelchair. Elijah's large eyes stay focused on the customer's as he finishes negotiating.

David turns back to the sketch. He looks at it with growing confusion. The more you look at drawing, the more the machine the man is seated in looks like a wheelchair.

David looks back across the store. Elijah and his mother are talking. Elijah has spotted David.

Beat. Elijah starts across the crowded store towards David. He wheels up to him.

**ELIJAH**

Did you see this?

Elijah has a newspaper on his lap. He holds it up.

There's a drawing on the front page. It's a hooded figure shielding two huddled children behind him.

ELIJAH(soft)

It has begun.

David stares quietly at the sketch of himself.

**ELIJAH**

When I saw it this morning.  
I felt a part of the world  
again.

Elijah looks down at the newspaper.

David hesitates and then reaches forward.

He reaches past the paper... And TOUCHES ELIJAH'S ARM.

**FLASHCUT: AN AIRPORT GATE. ELIJAH IS STANDING AT THE WINDOW LOOKING  
OUT ONTO THE  
AIRFIELD. HE'S CRYING.**

**SIRENS START SOUNDING THROUGHOUT THE AIRPORT.**

**WAITING PASSENGERS START GETTING UP AND MOVING TO THE WINDOWS.**

**MAN**

What's going on?

Elijah speaks to no one in particular as he stares out the window with  
tortured  
eyes.

**ELIJAH**

A plane just crashed.

**CUT TO:**

**FLASH CUT: ELIJAH AND AN ELDERLY MAN IN A UNIFORM ARE SEATED IN A  
HOTEL BAR.**

**ELDERLY MAN**

I've worked here twenty-five  
years. I know all its  
secrets.

**ELIJAH**

Secrets?

ELDERLY MAN (whispers)

Like if there was ever a  
fire on floors one, two, or  
three... Everyone in this  
hotel would be burned alive.

**ELIJAH LOOKS UP FROM HIS DRINK.**

CUT TO:

**FLASHCUT: ELIJAH LEAVES THE ENGINEERING ROOM OF AN AMTRAK TRAIN. HE PASSES THE ENGINEER WHO HAS JUST ARRIVED WITH COFFEE.**

**ENGINEER**

Passengers aren't allowed in there.

Elijah doesn't answer and doesn't turn around as he exits train 177.

**SLAM CUT BACK TO PRESENT:**

David takes two unsteady steps back. Elijah has tears in his eyes as he gazes down at the newspaper. He looks up to David.

ELIJAH (low voice)

I almost gave up hope. There were so many times I questioned myself. I've made so many sacrifices but it's all been worth it.

(beat)

There are millions and millions or mediocre people in the world David. Isn't it great that we aren't one of them?

David looks like he stopped breathing as he backs up in the store.

Customers step between him and Elijah. Elijah becomes obscured and then blocked from view.

CUT TO:

**EXT. STREET - DAY**

David emerges from the store slowly. He braces himself against a parked car and then keeps on walking in a nightmarish daze.

WE PULL BACK as David Dunne blends in with dozens and dozens of ordinary people, walking on an ordinary street, in an ordinary city.

**FADE TO BLACK:**

