

# DIARY OF A HERO

by

Tor Cumberland

501-786-5108  
torcumberland@yahoo.com

TEASER

OVER BLACK.

It's silent. Peaceful. Until--

BEEP!! BEEP!! BEEP!!-- the sound of an ALARM CLOCK--  
piercing the silence like a knife. It's a noise we all know  
and hate. Then--

CLICK. Back to silence. Someone's awake now. A BEAT before--

NICOLE(V.O.)

Dear diary... Okay, I know what  
you're thinking. A diary? How  
cliche', right? Not to mention  
completely outdated. ...But I've  
been writing in one since the day I  
first held a pencil.

(embarrassed)

Truth be told, it's kind of the  
only way I know to express myself.  
...So bare with me.

TIGHT ON the face of--

NICOLE(17)-- your average teenage girl. Cute, but nothing  
overly impressive about her. With the maturity of someone  
far beyond her years. The expression on her face says "What  
have I gotten myself into this time?"

NICOLE(V.O.)

I use to start my diary entries  
with normal stuff. How I slept.  
What I had for breakfast. And so  
on... But lately things haven't  
been that...simple.

NOW--

CLOSE ON the BARREL OF A GUN-- not what we were expecting!  
We can't help but get a slight chill down our spine, staring  
into the dark, ominous void of this large caliber PISTOL.  
It's anyones nightmare. But this is no dream.

PULL BACK to reveal the wielder of the gun--

A MAN--wearing a SKI-MASK. Either this is the ski trip from  
hell or-- He's a BANK ROBBER!

BANK ROBBER #1

I'm only gonna say this ONE more  
time. Go si'down! Now!!

PULL BACK again to find ourselves in--

INT. BANK- DAY

Your average local BANK.

SUPER: NEVADA BANK OF TRUST. CARSON CITY, NV.

We PAN ACROSS several terrified HOSTAGES-- all sitting along the wall. A second BANK ROBBER stands nearby. His MACHINE PISTOL keeps the hostages well-behaved.

Now we're back to NICOLE-- the only person brave, or dumb, enough to defy the Robbers. She STANDS in front of the BANK TELLER'S COUNTER. Bank Robber #1 couldn't be more than two feet away--his pistol aimed right at her head.

BANK ROBBER #1

Trust me, you do NOT wanna be a hero today!

NICOLE(V.O.)

He was right. I really DIDN'T want to be a hero. Not that day. Not any day. I just wanted to be like all the other hostages. Powerless. No obligation. ...Normal. But I wasn't normal. Not anymore.

A third BANK ROBBER stands near the ENTRANCE. His PISTOL pointed at the bank's SECURITY GUARD. These guys must be professionals. ...Or are they? The third Robber appears nervous. Jittery. Constantly looking around.

NICOLE(V.O.) (CON'T)

I honestly don't know if what I have is a gift or a curse. I mean sure, I had the power to stop these guys. ...To do what's right for the sake of justice. ...But why must such a burden fall into my lap. Me, of all people.

The BANK TELLER stands behind the counter--behind Nicole--

BANK TELLER

Please! Don't shoot. She's just a girl--

BANK ROBBER #1

Shut-up!! I've come way too far now to let some little brat get in my way.

(to Nicole)

Well?! What's it gonna be?

Nicole doesn't budge.

NICOLE(V.O.)

Now I had a choice. But in a way, it felt like the choice made itself. ...Something inside simply wouldn't allow me to back down.

Nicole RAISES her hand to the Bank Robber-- what the heck is she doing? Bank Robber #1 doesn't care to find out--

He COCKS his gun-- it's judgement time.

BANK ROBBER #1  
You sure that's what you want?

Nicole still doesn't budge. A beat. Intensity builds. The hostages watch with horrific anticipation.

NICOLE(V.O.) (CON'T)  
But could someone like me really be  
a hero...?

The Robber begins to PULL THE TRIGGER-- he's almost there!

BANK ROBBER #1  
Send me a post card.

CLOSE ON NICOLE-- she SHUTS her eyes tight before--

BLACKOUT. Then--

BANG!!!--the gun goes off!

NICOLE(V.O.)  
Regardless, I'm getting ahead of  
myself. If I'm going to tell you my  
story, I have to start from the  
beginning. The very beginning. How  
it all happened.

REWIND MONTAGE-- a series of scenes and characters that will  
be shown later-- all moving backwards. Then--

BLACKOUT AGAIN.

NICOLE(V.O.)(CON'T)  
My name is Nicole Harper. And if I  
am in fact a hero ...this is my  
diary.

END OF  
TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. SCHOOL GYMNASIUM- DAY

We PAN ACROSS the students of McArthur High-- seated in the gymnasium BLEACHERS. Bored--"When can I go home?"

SUPER: MCARTHUR HIGH SCHOOL. OCTOBER 9TH.

The voice of a FELLOW STUDENT, A GIRL, can be heard on a MICROPHONE in the background.

GIRL(O.S.)

So let's all make sure that we come out next week to support our team in their first game of the season--

NICOLE(V.O.)

My name is Nicole Harper. I'm seventeen. A junior at McArthur High School. And not too long ago, I was normal...

We finally come to rest on NICOLE. Unlike her peers, she pays no attention to the girl speaking. Her head is down-- focused on something in her lap.

CLOSE ON A DRAWING in her lap-- An exotic woman riding on a horse with wings. Colorless, yes. But extremely well drawn. Did she really draw this?

GIRL(O.S.)

Let's hear it for our 2014 varsity football team!!!

SUDDENLY every student rise to their feet in applause! All but one-- Nicole. The commotion STARTLES her. She looks up and around-- confused-- "what the heck's going on?" She's definitely the odd-man-out.

NICOLE(V.O.)

Okay...maybe normal wasn't the best way of describing myself. Truth is...I was always somewhat of an outcast.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAYS- DAY

Nicole walks down the CROWDED HALLWAYS. She holds her books close to her chest. Shy. Introverted. No one seems to even notice her presence.

NICOLE(V.O.)

No, I was even worse than an outcast. I was a nobody. Invisible.

A MALE STUDENT suddenly BUMPS SHOULDERS with Nicole-- knocking her books out of her arms and onto the ground.

MALE STUDENT  
(nonchalant, rude)  
Oops. Didn't see you.

He keeps walking, as if he had no fault in the incident. What an asshole.

NICOLE(V.O.)  
And it was gonna take more than  
x-ray vision for that to change.

Nicole is left to recover her books by herself. Countless peers pass her by-- some even stepping right over the books. But none bother to stop and offer assistance. For anyone with a heart, this is hard to watch.

NICOLE(V.O.)(CON'T)  
But I was okay with that. I wasn't  
the kind of girl that was  
interested and things like  
popularity, dating, outfits,  
parties, make-up, drinking, or sex.  
...Honestly, I only had one true  
passion...

INT. SCHOOL ARTROOM- DAY

Nicole makes the final adjustments to a beautiful PAINTING OF A FLOWER BED.

NICOLE(V.O.)  
Art.

She takes a step back to observe it. Amazing! Vibrant colors and very well painted. The work of a professional.

NICOLE(V.O.)(CON'T)  
I wanted to be an artist. I still  
do. I love art more than anything  
in the world. It brought meaning to  
my otherwise meaningless life.

Nicole takes the painting off of it's stand. Puts it in the corner. It joins half-a-dozen other SPECTACULAR PAINTINGS. We PULL BACK to see all of them.

NICOLE(V.O.)(CON'T)  
But...according to my father...

CUT TO:

INT. HARPER RESIDENCE- LIVING ROOM- DAY

Nicole sits on the COUCH-- a feeble, obedient posture. Her head down.

Her father, DAVID(mid-40's)--full of fatherly stereotypes, stands over her. One hand on his hip-- and holding one of Nicole's drawings in his other hand. It just happens to be the drawing from earlier-- the girl riding the horse with wings.

DAVID

Art is a hobby. Not a career.

Nicole's head SINKS even lower.

DAVID(CON'T)

I mean, do you seriously believe that you can make a stable life for yourself in the field of...art?

NICOLE(V.O.)

(sarcastic)

An up close and personal look at my fathers supportive nature.

A beat with no response from Nicole. She's completely defeated. Upon seeing his daughters dismay, David SOFTENS.

DAVID

(sympathetic)

Look, sweetie...I know art is what you love.

(signaling to the drawing)

And obviously you're very talented. But I'm just looking out for your best interest. After all, it's a dying industry.

NICOLE(V.O.)

He really has a knack for putting me down, wouldn't you agree? Don't get me wrong, my father and I get along just fine. In fact, we have a great relationship. It's just...he has a bad habit of treating me like a child. Not to mention his neglect towards my only dream.

DAVID

Do you understand what I'm saying, Nicky?

David stares into her eyes. Nicole stares back.

NICOLE(V.O.)

Guess I can't blame him though. I mean, he's had it rough ever since my mom died. Having to raise a kid by himself. A girl no less. He's doing the best he can.

NICOLE  
(surrendering)  
Yeah. I understand.

NICOLE(V.O.)  
And if there's one thing I learned  
over the years, it's that arguing  
with him was pointless.

ON DAVID, a satisfied smile. He hands Nicole the drawing.  
Then gently rubs his daughters face.

DAVID  
I'm sue there'll come a time where  
your exceptional drawing skills  
will come in handy. But for now,  
lets just focus on getting you  
accepted to UCC. Okay?

NICOLE(V.O.)  
UCC. Three letters that sent a  
chill down my spine. They stand for  
the University of Carson City. But  
trust me, I will never attend that  
school. I don't care what my father  
says.

NICOLE  
(nods)  
Okay.

OFF DAVID-- that's what I like to hear.

INT. NICOLE'S ROOM- DUSK

CLOSE ON a poster-sized DRAWING on the wall-- a girl in a  
pink SUPER HERO CUSTOME. She's soaring through the sky.

Now we PAN OVER to reveal Nicole lying on her bed-- staring  
at the drawing. Deep in thought.

NICOLE(V.O.)  
My life wasn't perfect back then.  
Far from it. But I was content. I  
mean, sure, I had always hoped that  
something amazing was waiting for  
me just around the corner. But I  
also had a firm grasp of reality. I  
thought that things like... super  
powers didn't exist. But it didn't  
stop me from wondering. Little did  
I know...

Nicole ROLLS OVER to face the LAMP on her NIGHTSTAND. And  
with a FLICK--

BLACKOUT.



NICOLE(V.O.)(CON'T)  
Things were about to change  
forever.

FADE IN:

EXT. MCARTHUR HIGH SCHOOL- DAY

A SCHOOL BUS comes to a stop in front of McArthur High. The bus doors open. Seconds later--

SEVERAL STUDENTS EMERGE-- laughing and horse-playing-- it's fun to be a teenager. The very last student to emerge is NICOLE-- depressed. Figures.

She makes her way to the school entrance--

NICOLE(V.O.)  
Every hero has a story behind how they got their powers. Maybe it was a freak accident. Maybe it was an experiment gone horribly wrong. As for me...I think it was a freak accident brought on by an experiment gone horribly wrong. ...Yeah, that sounds about right.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAYS- DAY

NICOLE searches through her HORRIFICALLY TRASHED locker-- no doubt looking for a book. She'd be lucky to find anything in that mess.

NICOLE(V.O.)  
I'm sure by now you're dying to know what happened. Cause after all, back-story is a major part of a hero's legacy. But before I tell you, there's one more thing I should mention. See, I wasn't the only one involved in this freak accidental experiment gone wrong. As a matter of fact, there were five others. And it's important that you know a little about them before I continue.

Nicole finally finds her book--it's a miracle. And just as she pulls it out--

Her locker suddenly SLAMS SHUT. But not by Nicole. The perpetrator is--

JENNIFER(17)-- long dark hair and big brown eyes. Your typical attractive high-school cheerleader-- even wearing her CHEERLEADER outfit. With a big, evil smile to match.

NICOLE(V.O.)(CON'T)  
 Speak of the devil, and I mean that  
 literally, this is number one of  
 the five.

JENNIFER  
 (insincere)  
 Well if it isn't my favorite lab  
 partner in the whole wide world.  
 How are you, nicky?

NICOLE(V.O.)  
 Jennifer Colter. A.k.a, the Queen  
 of McArthur High. And when I say  
 queen, I mean that in every sense  
 of the word. Prom Queen. Drama  
 Queen. The Queen B. She's pretty  
 much the complete polar opposite of  
 me. Which made the fact that we  
 were lab partners extremely ironic.

NICOLE  
 Oh, hey Jennifer. I'm alright. Just  
 a little--

JENNIFER  
 (cutting her off)  
 Yea, that's great. Anyway, I  
 completely forgot to do that lab  
 report from last week. And it's due  
 today. Sucks, right? Normally I'd  
 do it during lunch, but me and the  
 squad have to practice the routine  
 for next weeks game. And what with  
 me being the captain, I can't just  
 skip it. So I was just wondering  
 if...

NICOLE(V.O.)  
 (annoyed)  
 Three...two...one...

Jennifer PULLS OUT a PIECE OF PAPER. We can't quite read  
 whats on it but seeing the graphs and charts gives us the  
 impression that it's probably complex. She holds it out  
 towards Nicole.

JENNIFER  
 You could do it for me.

A beat. Nicole STARES at the lab report. She doesn't want it  
 but--

NICOLE(V.O.)  
 At this school, it goes without  
 saying that when the Queen ask you  
 to do something, you should  
 probably do it. Doesn't usually end  
 (MORE)

NICOLE(V.O.) (cont'd)  
 well for those that defy her. And  
 although my high school life  
 already sucked, I would've hated  
 for it to get any worse.

RELUCTANT, Nicole takes the paper. Jennifer notices the  
 reluctance. It doesn't seem to bother her. She's also the  
 Ice Queen.

JENNIFER  
 Thanks a bunch, Nicky. You're a  
 life saver.

NICOLE(V.O.)  
 You're a demon.

JENNIFER  
 Well, gotta run. See ya in lab.

Jennifer walks past Nicole-- rudely BUMPING her shoulder in  
 the process. She STOPS a few steps later. Turns.

JENNIFER(CON'T)  
 (bratty)  
 By the way, you should really  
 consider coming out to the game  
 next week. I'm sure it'd be a nice  
 change-up from the usually night of  
 playing Scrabble with your dad.

Jennifer WALKS OFF-- cackling as she goes. How heartless can  
 she be?

NICOLE(V.O.)  
 I hate her. I hate her. I HATE  
 her!! And for the record, I don't  
 play Scrabble with my dad...all the  
 time.

INT. SCHOOL CAFETERIA- DAY

Nicole SITS at a small table near the corner-- a tray of  
 food in front of her-- TACOS. She's alone until suddenly  
 JOINED by--

AMY(17)-- short hair and glasses. She's that one outspoken  
 friend everyone has.

She sets her tray down and immediately begins DISSECTING  
 it--

AMY  
 I hate it when they make tacos. Is  
 this even real beef?...

NICOLE(V.O.)

That's Amy. My one true friend in this circus of a school. No, she's my one true friend in this circus of a life. Seriously, we've known each other since we were rugrats. ...I wish I could tell you that she's number two of five...but she's not. Lucky her.

AMY

Hey, so did you talk to your dad yesterday?

ON Nicole-- already becoming submissive at the mention of her father.

NICOLE

Yeah, I did. But...

AMY

Lemme guess. He said something along the lines of--  
(mimicking David)  
Art is hobby, not a career. You'll never have a future in the field of art. Blah blah blah.

NICOLE

(giggling)

Yeah, something like that.

NICOLE(V.O.)

Is my father really that predictable?

AMY

Hey, don't sweat it, Nicky. I'm sure you'll get through to him eventually. And if not, you'll just have to be straightforward and tell him that you don't want to go to UCC. It's not like he can force you, right?

NICOLE

Right.

NICOLE(V.O.)

Especially not after today.

Amy's attention suddenly SHIFTS to something in the distance.

AMY

Oh my gosh! It's him!

Nicole follows Amy's GAZE-- although her expression implies that she already knows who it is.

ACROSS THE CAFETERIA, REVEAL--

LEON(17)-- attractive. An athletic body. Not to mention well dressed. He's no doubt "prince charming" to any high school girl.

His ENTOURAGE-- consisting of two or three other jock-like guys-- walk with him.

NICOLE(V.O.)

Ladies and gentlemen, but mostly ladies, introducing number two of five. Leon Heights.

A beat. Amy STALKS every move Leon makes. From getting his lunch tray to finding a table-- she's in love.

AMY

He's perfect. He's so perfect. Nicky, isn't he perfect?

NICOLE(V.O.)

She was right. Leon was perfect. Varsity quarter-back. Honor roll student. Not to mention he's gorgeous. I've had a crush on him since we were freshmen. Ever since that faithful encounter...

EXT. SCHOOL FOOTBALL FIELD- DAY- FLASHBACK(FRESHMEN YEAR)

NICOLE JOGS on the TRACK that surrounds the field. She's wearing a white T-SHIRT AND SHORTS-- it must be gym class.

ON THE FIELD several boys kick a SOCCER BALL around-- not an official game, but they're serious enough about it.

SUDDENLY

One of the players KICKS the ball too hard. It rolls off the field and right into Nicole's jogging path. She STOPS just in time to catch it with her foot.

LEON(O.S.)

Sorry bout that. Mind kicking it back?

Nicole looks up. REVEAL Leon-- just as handsome as the present. He has a warm and charming smile.

NICOLE(V.O.)

That was the day our eyes met. And I swear I could feel a connection. Sure, he was a complete stranger, but if you believe in love at first sight, then you understand how I felt.

Nicole POSITIONS HERSELF-- ready to kick the ball back.

NICOLE(V.O.)(CON'T)

This was my chance to leave my mark in his mind. After this, every time he looked at a soccer ball, he'd remember that cool girl who kicked it with such grace and accuracy...

Nicole KICKS the ball with all her might-- really DIGGING INTO IT-- a clumsy and reckless kick.

The ball SOARS-- no clear direction until--

WHAM!!!-- It HITS Leon right in the FACE! Sending him to the ground with impact. OUCH!

Nicole covers her mouth in shock-- that wasn't suppose to happen!

RANDOME STUDENT #1(O.S.)

Oh my gosh! Did you see that?!

RANDOME STUDENT #2(O.S.)

Nicole just clocked him! What a spazz!

RANDOME STUDENT #3(O.S.)

Is he gonna be alright!

ON LEON-- laid out on the field-- obviously unconscious-- with a BLACK EYE already in place.

NICOLE(V.O.)

Turns out that the only connection made that day was the one between the ball and Leon's face. But hey, at least I made my mark on him...just not where I wanted it to be.

INT. SCHOOL CAFETERIA- DAY

Amy and Nicole continue to watch Leon from ACROSS THE CAFETERIA.

NICOLE(V.O.)

Two years and next to no extended interaction with Leon has destroyed any chance of ever being with him. But I was over it. Besides, obsessing over Leon was Amy's thing. And some things are better left unchanged.

NICOLE

We've been through this, Amy. Nobody's perfect.

AMY

Well then I guess his name is  
"nobody's".

NICOLE(V.O.)

Agreed.

Amy SIGHS-- growing depressed.

AMY

But it doesn't matter. He'd never  
be interested in someone like me.  
Not with girls like HER around.

Jennifer SUDDENLY APPEARS behind Leon-- THROWING her arms  
around his neck.

JENNIFER

Hey!!

NICOLE(V.O.)

I hate her!

AMY

I hate her!

Leon tries to break free from Jennifer's grasp. She's not  
letting go that easily.

NICOLE(V.O.)

The good news is, Leon and Jennifer  
aren't together. Leon's parents  
don't allow him to date so that he  
can focus on school and football.  
The bad news, ...Jennifer has it  
set up to where every girl in  
school is too afraid to even  
approach him. Seriously, it's like  
she's got a "reserved" sign taped  
to his back. It's a little messed  
up. ...Actually, it's a lot of  
messed up. But what can you do?

A beat. Nicole and Amy are watching the unofficial couple  
socialize when--

KEVIN(O.S.)

Didn't your parents teach you that  
it's rude to stare?

KEVIN(17)-- asian-american with SPIKED BLACK HAIR--  
APPROACHES the table-- cutting off their line of sight.

NICOLE(V.O.)

Kevin Rhodes. Our friendly  
neighborhood class clown. For this  
guy, no joke was too vulgar. No  
prank too cruel. But hey, at least  
(MORE)

NICOLE(V.O.) (cont'd)  
he's dedicated to his work. That  
being said, he's a pain. All the  
more fitting that he's number three  
of five.

AMY  
Kevin, you little mistake, your  
standing in between me and Leon.  
Which means you have to the count  
of three to MOVE!

KEVIN  
(goofy)  
Ooohhh. Feisty-feisty.

Kevin CIRCLES AROUND the table-- joins the girls in watching  
Leon and Jennifer.

KEVIN(CON'T)  
Hmmm. If I didn't know any better,  
I'd say you two lovely, but  
desperate ladies are fantasizing  
about my lab partner.

NICOLE(V.O.)  
I guess I forgot to mention that  
Leon and Kevin are lab partners  
like Jennifer and I. Both in the  
same class. ...If you haven't  
caught on by now, you will soon.

AMY  
Go screw yourself, Kevin. If you  
two weren't lab partners, Leon  
wouldn't even know you exist.

KEVIN  
(playfully offended)  
Hey, that's not true! For your  
information, me and the "Leon-ator"  
happen to be very close personal  
friends. It's got nothing to do  
with lab class.

AMY  
...Did you seriously just call him  
the "leon-ator"?

KEVIN  
(ignoring Amy)  
Speaking of lab class...

Kevin PULLS OUT a lab report-- the same kind Jennifer had  
earlier.



KEVIN

Hey Nicky, I was hoping you could help me out. This assignments got me totally stumped. Seriously, do they really expect high school kids to know this stuff?

NICOLE(V.O.)

The assignment was actually fairly easy if you paid any kind of attention in class. ...Which is why I'm starting to lose faith in my generation.

NICOLE

(sarcastic)

Gee, Kevin, I'd love to do your assignment too. But I'm already doing Jennifer's.

KEVIN

(laughing)

No way. She's got you doing her homework again? But wait...

(pointing to Jennifer)

Why can't she do it herself?

Doesn't look like she's too busy.

Jennifer is SITTING just inches away from Leon-- one hand DRAPED over his shoulder. She's laughing like there's a live comedian performing in the cafeteria.

NICOLE(V.O.)

And that's when it hit me. It was lunchtime, but she wasn't with the squad. And she certainly wasn't practicing the routine for the game. The only thing she was practicing was her flirting.

AT THAT MOMENT

Nicole and Jennifer's eyes MEET. A small but devilish smile SHOOTS ACROSS Jennifer's face as if to say "yea, I lied. What are you gonna do about it?" Nicole quickly AVERT her eyes. Her response being "nothing".

ON JENNIFER-- a look of satisfaction before she returns to flirting with Leon.

NICOLE(V.O.)

I really...really...hate her!!

INT. MATH CLASSROOM-- DAY

The MATH TEACHER(mid-30's) makes the final adjustments to a MATH PROBLEM on the BOARD. It looks complicated.

MATH TEACHER

The first step to solving any mathematical problem is by first finding the right equation. Now, for this particular problem--

Nicole SITS towards the back-- focused on the DRAWING in front of her.

CLOSE ON the drawing-- a MAN AND WOMAN holding hands under a tree. There are obvious facial similarities between the man and Leon. And just like the other drawings, this one is very well done. Which means she's probably not paying any attention to the lecture. But what else is new?

MATH TEACHER(CON'T)

Now then, would anyone like to take a shot at this one?...

A beat. No one's jumping at the chance to deal with this headache of a math problem. We're staring into a sea of blank faces.

MATH TEACHER(CON'T)

C'mon. Anyone?... Don't be scared.

Just then--

The DOOR OPENS. In comes--

MYA(17)-- African-American with long, thick braids. She has a lazy kind of walk. And an expression that says "I don't care about anything or anyone."

A beat of silence as the class, and the teacher, watch Mya slump her way to the back of the room where she takes her seat. It's just coincidence that her desk is right behind NICOLE'S.

Upon sitting, Mya lies her head down-- clearly uninterested in anything around her.

MATH TEACHER(CON'T)

Excuse me. ...Young lady.  
(a beat with no response)  
Mya!

Mya slowly RAISES her head-- stares at the teacher.

MATH TEACHER(CON'T)

You're thirty minutes late...again.  
This is the third time this week.  
Care to explain?

NICOLE(V.O.)

Number four of five in this miss-match gathering is Mya Crain. The mystery girl. If you thought I  
(MORE)

NICOLE(V.O.) (cont'd)  
 was hard to figure out, wait till  
 you get to know her.

A beat. All eyes on Mya.

MATH TEACHER  
 Well?... I'm waiting...

NICOLE(V.O.)  
 Mya has the absolute worst  
 attendance record in the  
 school. Along with a well known  
 reputation for being extremely  
 lazy. On top of all that, she's got  
 a nasty attitude if you push her  
 too far. ...Despite all that, she's  
 got the highest grades and test  
 scores in the school. And the  
 state. How is this possible, you  
 ask?...

Mya's head SINKS back down onto the desk.

MYA  
 (quietly)  
 I was in the library. Reading. Lost  
 track of time. ...Sorry.

Another beat of silence. Everyone's gaze SHIFTS from Mya to  
 the Teacher-- this is high quality entertainment for a high  
 school.

MATH TEACHER  
 In the library, you say? That's  
 becoming your favorite excuse. You  
 know, Mya, I don't have a problem  
 with you reading. In fact, I think  
 it's wonderful. But when you miss  
 class to do it, you miss out on new  
 material that I teach.  
 (pointing to the board)  
 Like this. How are you going to be  
 able to do the homework without  
 knowing the--

MYA  
 Thirty-nine.

MATH TEACHER  
 ...Pardon?

MYA  
 The answer to the problem. ...It's  
 thirty-nine.

Keep in mind, Mya's head is still on the desk. A beat. The  
 teacher stares at the problem-- working it out in his head.  
 Now he's back to Mya-- FLUSTERED, but he knows when to admit

defeat.

MATH TEACHER

That's...correct. But how did you...I mean when could you...?

The class ERUPTS in GIGGLES AND WHISPERS. This isn't the first time they've seen Mya perform a miracle.

NICOLE(V.O.)

She's a genius! There's really no other way of putting it. She knocks out test and assignments in a matter of minutes. All while making the rest of us look like idiots. I just wish it was me sitting behind her. It'd definitely make math class a little easier.

EXT. SCHOOL COURTYARD- DAY

NICOLE SITS on one of the many benches in this beautiful school courtyard. We spot a PEN and NOTEPAD in Nicole's lap. The pad is BLANK-- it must be time to draw.

Other than Nicole, the courtyard is uninhabited.

NICOLE(V.O.)

Four down and one to go. By now, I'm sure most of you have already guessed that Mya is in my lab class. And if you've noticed the pattern, than you've also guessed that our fifth person is Mya's lab partner. ...Or maybe you didn't guess any of that.

JUST THEN

Someone ENTERS the courtyard. REVEAL--

ROY(17)-- average height. Average build. ...An average kid. But there's something about the way he carries himself that screams "sophistication".

Roy SITS at the other end of the bench that Nicole currently occupies.

NICOLE(V.O.)(CON'T)

Number five. Roy O'Conor. ...I wish I could give him the same introduction that I gave the others. But to be honest, I really don't know a whole lot about him.

A beat. For a SPLIT SECOND the two exchange awkward looks-- and both quickly look away-- where's an Ice Breaker when you need one?

NICOLE(V.O.)(CON'T)

All I know is that he transferred to our school a couple months ago. They say his parents' jobs require them to travel a lot. ...And this might sound nosy, but they also say his parents are loaded. I'm talking about money. Like, my Sweet sixteen money. ...But it's just a rumor.

Another beat. Now Roy SHIFT his focus to Nicole. She's unaware--still preoccupied with her future drawing. Then--

NICOLE(V.O.)(CON'T)

I met Roy for the first time that day...

ROY

Having a little trouble?...

NICOLE

(perks up)

Huh?

ROY

(to the blank notepad)

Today it's blank. ...It's NEVER blank.

Nicole STARES at her notepad--confused-- not quite catching on yet. But then she gets it.

NICOLE

Ohhh! Yea. I guess I just...don't know what to draw. But how did you--?

ROY

You come out here everyday during study hall to draw, right? I remember yesterday you drew the Carson City skyline. It was pretty amazing.

Nicole STARES. Roy REALIZES how he sounds-- like a distant creeper.

ROY(CON'T)

(recovery)

I'm sorry. That sounded weird and... stalker-like. But I promise I'm not stalking you. It's just that, your drawing of the skyline fell out of your binder yesterday and I just happened to pick it up...

Roy REACHES into his backpack and PULLS OUT her drawing. It's another work of art from Nicole. She's got serious

talent. Roy hands it Nicole, who takes it RELUCTANTLY.

NICOLE

I thought I lost it...

NICOLE(V.O.)

I admit, it was strange. I mean how long was he gonna keep it. ...Then again, no one other than Amy had ever taken that much interest in my art. It was kind of nice. ...No it was really nice.

ROY

(holding out his hand)

I'm Roy, by the way.

Nicole SHAKES it-- still a little taken back.

NICOLE

...Nicole.

Roy gives her a BIG, WARM SMILE. Nicole can't help but to smile back.

NICOLE(V.O.)

Even before the incident...I got the feeling that the two of us would be close.

FADE OUT TO BLACK:

NICOLE(V.O.)

And now that the introductions are out the way, the official origin story of my hero life can begin. Ready?

END OF ACT  
ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

CLOSE ON a DRY-ERASE BOARD-- covered in complex words and graphs.

We PULL BACK to reveal a MAN standing behind a TEACHER'S DESK. He is--

MR. MURDOCK(late 20's)-- handsome, but he appears a little uninterested in his job. He's the lab teacher.

We ROTATE 180 DEGREES to reveal--

INT. SCHOOL LAB ROOM- DAY

Two rows of FOUR LONG TABLES-- each table seats two people. Sixteen students total.

We find NICOLE AND JENNIFER--sitting together on the front row.

NICOLE(V.O.)

Now you know all of the players involved. Six of us in total.

(a beat)

First, of corse, there's me.

ON JENNIFER-- applying LIP GLOSS with one hand, holding up a pocket-sized mirror with the other. Who's she preparing to kiss?

NICOLE(V.O.)(CON'T)

(sarcastic)

And my lovely partner, Jennifer.

We PAN BACKWARDS to the next TABLE. REVEAL--

LEON AND KEVIN.

ON LEON-- staring at the lab report while scratching his head-- clearly confused.

NICOLE(V.O.)(CON'T)

Leon, the perfect guy...

ON KEVIN-- playing the invisible drum set with his invisible drum sticks.

NICOLE(V.O.)(CON'T)

And Kevin, the perfect clown.

Now we PAN TO THE RIGHT. At the next table sits--

MYA AND ROY.

ON MYA-- her head down on the desk. She might be sleeping.

NICOLE(V.O.)(CON'T)  
Mya, the mysterious genius.

ON ROY-- rolling up his sleeves. He might be the only one in the classroom who's prepared to work.

NICOLE(V.O.)(CON'T)  
And finally, Roy. The transfer student.

Each table has a variety of LAB EQUIPMENT. Bunsen Burners, beakers, flask, test tubes-- you name it.

NICOLE(V.O.)(CON'T)  
Six students. Each with seemingly nothing in common. Brought together by one...simple...mistake. How's that for hero back-story.

MR. MURDOCK  
Alright. You have one hour.  
(signaling to the board)  
As long as you did the lab report from last week, and follow these directions, you should have no problem coming up the proper final chemical solution.

Jennifer SKIMS through her finished lab report with an EVIL SMIRK.

JENNIFER  
(whisper)  
Thanks again, Nicky.

Nicole bites her lip-- doing her best to ignore the comment.

MR. MURDOCK  
This is not a test. So feel free to help other lab pairs if you want. But it'll only take away from your own work. That being said, you can begin...now.

Now the class COMES TO LIFE-- WHISPERS shoot here and there-- the sound of EQUIPMENT being tinkered with.

ON MYA-- suddenly up and alert. She begins skillfully mixing chemicals and recording results. Roy helps as best he can.

MEANWHILE

Leon and Kevin both appear completely lost. Leon holds a BEAKER OF CHEMICALS in each hand-- trying to decide which to use first.

JUST AHEAD



Jennifer discretely uses her CELL PHONE under the desk-- no doubt texting. Nicole is left to work on the assignment alone--

NICOLE

Um...Jennifer?

A beat with no response-- nothing can distract a woman better than a cell phone.

NICOLE(CON'T)

...I just thought things might go a little faster if we split the work. Maybe you can do the--

JENNIFER

(annoyed)

Can't you see I'm busy.

A beat. Defeated, Nicole returns to working alone.

NICOLE(V.O.)

This is how it's been all year. I wonder what she'd do if I wasn't her partner.

BACK TO LEON

Still holding each beaker in hand--

LEON

Hey, Kev. Which one of these do you think we should use first?

Kevin observes both beakers carefully-- rubbing his chin. It appears as though he's really thinking it through. Until--

KEVIN

Hmmm...yea I have no clue.

Leon SIGHS-- why me?! He looks to his lab report--

LEON

Man, I don't understand any of this.

KEVIN

It's like gibberish. ...Or some kind of ancient Aztec science that has been long lost.

Ignoring Kevin's comment, Leon SEARCHES the room-- there's gotta be someone who can help? His gaze comes to rest on--

MYA AND ROY-- they're working diligently.

LEON

Hey, Kev. You think Mya will let us copy her stuff?

KEVIN

You kidding? Braniac over there. I doubt it. I heard she never lets people cheat off of her. ...Stuck up nerd. And even if she did, we wouldn't even be able to keep up. Look at her. She's working like freakin Walter White.

Leon SIGHS-- accepting Kevin's logic. Now he's back to searching the room. This time his eyes STOP directly in front of him.

ON NICOLE-- who, despite her lazy partner, is making a valiant effort to finish the assignment.

LEON

...What about her?

KEVIN

Who, Nicky? Hmmm...that could work. She's no the smartest egg in the carton, but it looks like she knows what she's doing. ...Not to mention she's got a mad crush on you.

Leon PERKS UP-- surprised.

LEON

A crush? On me? What are you talking about?

Kevin places a hand on Leon's shoulder--

KEVIN

Why are the hot one's always so naive. Call to her, my son. Call te her.

Leon SHAKES him off--

LEON

Knock if off.

Now his attention is back on Nicole. He hesitates. Shoots Kevin an annoyed look. Then--

LEON(CON'T)

(to Nicole)

Uh hey...Nicole...

Nicole FREEZES-- eyes widening.

NICOLE(V.O.)

I couldn't believe my ears. The voice of a prince. Calling my unworthy name.

Nicole slowly TURNS to face Leon. Jennifer does the same-- surprised. Jealous.

LEON

Hi...uh...we're lost back here.  
Like...hopelessly lost. On top of  
that, neither of us did the lab  
report...

NICOLE(V.O.)

Did anyone do the freakin lab  
report!?!

LEON

Think you could help us out?

Kevin POINTS TO LEON from behind him.

KEVIN

Yea, Nicky. Help US.

Nicole BLUSHES. Leon ELBOWS Kevin-- spotting him through his peripherals.

NICOLE

Well, I--

JENNIFER

(answering for Nicole)  
Of course we'll help you, Leon!

KEVIN

I'm sorry, is your name Nicole?

JENNIFER

(ignoring Kevin)  
In fact, we'd be happy to do it FOR  
you.

NICOLE(V.O.)

In other words, I'd be doing not  
one, but TWO assignments by myself.

LEON

Uh...thanks Jenn, but we don't need  
it done FOR us. We just need a  
little help.

(to Nicole)

So?...

NICOLE(V.O.)

It was like freshmen year all over  
again. Once more, Leon has come to  
asking for my help. And this time,  
I was determined not to mess it up.

NICOLE

Sure.

Nicole and Leon exchange SMILES. Jennifer notices. She SINKS into her chair-- defeated for once.

MOMENTS LATER

NICOLE AND JENNIFER now sit on the other side of Leon and Kevin's table. They've turned one work station into two.

NICOLE(V.O.)

It was perfect. Now that we were all working together, Jennifer was finally exposed for the idiot that she was.

Jennifer clumsily SCRAMBLES through TEST TUBES-- a confused expression.

JENNIFER

Dammit...which one of these is Sulfur?

NICOLE(V.O.)

Meanwhile, I was the center of attention. Leon's attention to be specific.

Nicole carefully POURS the substance of one test tube into the colorless contents of a BEAKER. The mixture bubbles-- then turns BLUE.

LEON

Whoa. Nicole, that's amazing.

KEVIN

Yea, Nicky. I can't believe you understand this stuff.

Nicole is too modest to respond. She just smiles-- continues working.

KEVIN(CON'T)

(corny joke)

Hey, I guess you could say that Nicole and Leon have...Chemistry. Get it? Cause we're in chemistry class?

JENNIFER

(rolling her eyes)

Geez, is there any way to turn you off?

KEVIN

No, but there's a couple ways you can turn me on.

JENNIFER

In your dreams!

KEVIN  
 (pervert)  
 I hope.

LEON  
 Knock it off, Kevin.

KEVIN  
 Hey, I didn't start it. She's just  
 mad cause Nicole's making her look  
 like a total moron.  
 (to Jennifer)  
 By he way, you're about to mix  
 water with water.

Jennifer PAUSES. Looks down the clear liquid in both test  
 tubes that she holds. SNIFFS them. Kevin was right.

They all BREAK OUT laughing! All but Jennifer of course-- a  
 frustrated expression PLASTERED on her face. She TURNS to  
 Nicole-- who, upon seeing Jennifer's rage, immediately STOPS  
 laughing.

NICOLE(V.O.)  
 I knew I was gonna pay for this  
 later. Cause after all, the  
 punishment for defying the Queen  
 was certain death. But I didn't  
 care. I was having way too much  
 fun. It's not too often that I get  
 to make an ass out of Jennifer.

Nicole SHIFTS ATTENTION to the lab report.

NICOLE  
 Looks like we're almost done. Next  
 we need to add the ammonium nitrate  
 to the peroxide.

Nicole reaches out-- her aim for a beaker. Leon does the  
 same.

LEON  
 I got it--

Their hands MEET on the beaker. For a beat everything moves  
 in SLOW MOTION.

NICOLE(V.O.)  
 And for that brief moment, things  
 were perfect.

ON Leon-- smiling. Maybe even blushing.

NICOLE(V.O.)(CON'T)  
 For two years I watched him from a  
 distance. Never having the courage  
 to speak. But now here we are.  
 (MORE)

NICOLE(V.O.)(CON'T) (cont'd)  
 Working together. Connecting. And  
 yet...jealousy had to rear it's  
 ugly head.

Jennifer notices the exchange of SMILES between them. She's had all she can take of Nicole's defiance. Time for retaliation.

UNDER THE DESK she STOMPS on Nicole's foot. And she really stomps it good.

Nicole JUMPS-- quickly remembering who's territory she's messing around in. She JERKS her hand away from Leon's-- in the process, knocking over a BEAKER. The unknown liquid engulfs the desk.

KEVIN  
 Whoa! Whoa!

JENNIFER  
 Geez, Nicole. Could you be any more clumsy!

Nicole SCRAMBLES to find a solution.

MEANWHILE--

The liquid threatens to drip onto Leon's lap. He quickly STANDS-- in the process, he BUMPS the desk. Another BEAKER is KNOCKED OVER. What a mess.

The liquid from both beakers MIX. The result-- a dark and ominous GAS begins to emit from the table. It grabs the attention of the entire class.

NICOLE(V.O.)  
 Here it is. The moment that changed everything.

Nicole and the others SEARCH for ways to clean it-- but it's not looking good.

JENNIFER  
 Oh my gosh!

LEON  
 It was an accident!

The gas is RISING quick. Nicole is the first to inhale it. She COUGHS.

NICOLE  
 (coughing)  
 What is this stuff?!

Next is Kevin. Then Leon. And Jennifer. They all begin COUGHING.

MR. MURDOCK  
 (covering his nose)  
 Okay, everyone relax. We all need  
 to evacuate. Now.

He walks to the door. Opens it. Signals to the class to  
 exit.

One by one the students EXIT the classroom--each covering  
 their mouth and nose.

Roy STANDS-- but he notices that Mya doesn't. She's fixated  
 on the gas. Enticed by it. But why?

ROY  
 (covering his nose)  
 C'mon, Mya. Time to go.

MYA  
 That gas...the color. It can't  
 be...

Roy GRABS her arm-- she quickly JERKS FREE.

MYA(CON'T)  
 Wait! T think they've made an  
 unstable chemical. Probably highly  
 flammable.

ROY  
 All the more reason to get out of  
 here.

MYA  
 I think I can dilute it. I just  
 need...

Mya begins MIXING chemicals-- determined.

ROY  
 Mya, you don't have to be a hero.  
 We should go.

MYA  
 Go on. I'll be right behind you.  
 Promise.

Roy hesitates-- he doesn't want to leave her. But when she  
 gets like this there's no arguing. He LEAVES.

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAYS- CONTINUOUS

KEVIN, JENNIFER, AND LEON STUMBLE out of the classroom--  
 still coughing.

Leon DROPS to his knees--the gas packs a punch!

LEON  
Where's Nicole?...

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL LAB ROOM- CONTINUOUS

Almost the entire room is ENGULFED in the dark gas.

Nicole is on her knees-- using the table to try and stand.  
It's no good. She's inhaled too much.

NICOLE'S POV-- everything is blurry. Any movement leaves a  
GHOST IMAGE.

NICOLE(V.O.)  
I didn't know what that stuff was  
at the time. But whatever it was,  
it felt like it was killing me.

Nicole DROPS to the ground-- on her back.

NICOLE(V.O.)(CON'T)  
I really thought I was going to  
die. ...But then...

Roy suddenly BURST into the frame. He GRABS up Nicole--helps  
her out of the classroom.

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAYS- CONTINUOUS

Roy gently lies Nicole on the ground. Her fellow students  
CROWD AROUND her. Concerned for her well-being? Or just  
nosy?

JENNIFER  
...Is she alright?

KEVIN  
(coughing)  
Forget about her. What about me? I  
think I just acquired asthma.

Mr. Murdock WAVES the students away-- a "stand back"  
gesture.

MR. MURDOCK  
Alright c'mon. Give her some space  
to breathe.

Roy COUGHS-- looks like he had no choice but to inhale the  
gas.

ROY  
(coughing)  
Mya's still in there.



Roy attempts to re-enter the classroom. Mr. Murdock STOPS him.

MR. MURDOCK  
Stay out here. I'll handle it.

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL LAB ROOM- CONTINUOUS

Mr. Murdock ENTERS. The room is SMOKED OUT. He covers his face-- searches for Mya. Spots her.

AT THE PROBLEM TABLE

Mya DUMPS a beaker of unknown liquid onto the substance that the gas emits from. A beat. The chemicals MIX. BUBBLE. Then--

The gas STOPS EMITTING. Like magic. Mya really is a genius.

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAYS- CONTINUOUS

Mr. Murdock EMERGES with Mya. She begins COUGHING.

MR. MURDOCK  
(to Mya)  
You okay?

Mya NODS.

MR. MURDOCK (CON'T)  
(comic relief)  
Well, you definitely get an "A" for effort--

Mr. Murdock suddenly COUGHS-- just once, but there's something about the way he does it-- sparks questions. But that's no all--

Ignoring her teacher, Mya is now fixated on Nicole-- a curious expression that we haven't seen on Mya before-- what's got her so concerned?

ON NICOLE-- still on the ground. Laid out. Only partially conscious.

NICOLE (V.O.)  
So there you have it. My freak accidental experiment gone horribly wrong. And it all happened so fast.

MR. MURDOCK  
Is everyone alright?!

Majority of the class NOD.

NICOLE(V.O.)

Maybe THEY were alright. But I certainly wasn't. I could feel that gas, that...poison making it's way through my body. Infecting me. And I wasn't the only one.

ON Jennifer--turning pale.

Kevin and Roy continue to COUGH. Leon holds his stomach--struggling to his feet. Even Mya looks like she's coming down with something.

We slowly PAN DOWN on Nicole--

NICOLE(V.O.)(CON'T)

Like I said, six students. Each with nothing in common. Brought together by a simple but life changing mistake.

(a beat)

And this was only the beginning.

NICOLE'S POV-- she stares at the bright light on the ceiling. But now it's slowly starting to fade. Darker and darker until...

BLACKOUT.

A long beat. Then--

BEEP!! BEEP!! BEEP!-- the familiar sound of the ALARM CLOCK before--

CLICK. Silence.

INT. NICOLE'S ROOM- MORNING

TIGHT ON NICOLE'S FACE--

Her eyes suddenly BURST open-- you'd think she just got hit with a JOLT OF ELECTRICITY. We quickly PULL BACK to reveal Nicole lying on her BED.

She sits up. Looks around-- confused-- "what happened?"

NICOLE'S POV-- at first everything is blurry. Then they become clear. Now she turns to her CLOCK.

7:30 A.M.

NICOLE(V.O.)

It was the next day...

Nicole slowly climbs out of bed. Opens the blinds-- flinching at the sunlight.

NICOLE(V.O.)(CON'T)  
 The last thing I remembered was lab  
 class. But that was yesterday  
 afternoon, right? Had I really been  
 unconscious for that long?  
 (rubbing her forehead)  
 And that headache. It was like  
 someone put a drumline in my skull.

INT. HARPER RESIDENCE- KITCHEN- CONTINUOUS

DAVID SITS at the kitchen table--reading the NEWSPAPER.

Nicole ENTERS--still rubbing her forehead.-- that headache  
 is persistent. She takes a seat at the other end of the  
 table-- a discouraged expression.

DAVID  
 (looking up)  
 Hey, sweetie. Feeling better?

NICOLE(V.O.)  
 No.

NICOLE  
 Um...yea. A little. ...Dad, how did  
 I get home yesterday? Did you come  
 get me?

DAVID  
 (confused)  
 What'd'ya mean, Nicky? You rode the  
 bus home yesterday.

ON NICOLE-- shocked.

NICOLE(V.O.)  
 News to me.

NICOLE  
 (playing along)  
 Right. ...Of course. How could I  
 forget?

DAVID  
 You sure you're alright, sweetie?  
 You were acting a little strange  
 during dinner last night.

ON NICOLE-- shocked once again.

NICOLE(V.O.)  
 I ate dinner with my father last  
 night? I don't even know what we  
 had.

DAVID

You barely said a word. ...Barely even ate. Then you went straight to bed. I figured you were just tired from yesterdays incident.

NICOLE(V.O.)

Tired was one way of putting it.

David LEANS in. Observes his daughter.

DAVID

You don't look too good. Wanna skip school and go see the doctor?

NICOLE(V.O.)

Yes. ...But if I told him that, it would only add to the image of a little child that he already portrays me as. Besides, I never really cared for a trip to the doctor.

NICOLE

No. That's okay. I'm fine. ...Just a slight headache.

David SHRUGS. He's back to his newspaper. Nicole continues rubbing her head. Her expression implies that the headache might be getting worse.

NICOLE(V.O.)

The drumming was getting worse. Where's a tylenol when you need it?

Nicole shakes it off. Grabs a bowl-- pours herself some cereal. Now she searches for the milk. She SPOTS the half-gallon at the other end of the table--near David.

NICOLE

Dad, can you pass the milk?

DAVID

(distracted)

Sure...

A beat. Despite his answer, he doesn't budge.

NICOLE

Dad?...

No response. He's gotten really into that newspaper.

Nicole SIGHS--probably not the first time this has happened.

She STRETCHES over the table--extending her arms as far as they can go in an attempt to reach the milk. It's no good. Too far away.

But she's persistent. She stretches her arm further and further until--

NICOLE(V.O.)

And that's when it happened...

The MILK suddenly LEVITATES off of the table and into Nicole's hand. She SHRIEKS-- dropping the milk back onto the table. It's a good thing the lid was on tight. David quickly LOOKS UP from his paper--concerned.

DAVID

Nicky, what's wrong?

A beat. Nicole STARES at the milk in silent shock.

NICOLE(V.O.)

My first instinct was to tell my father the truth. That the milk bottle just lept into my hand like a frog. But once I realized how crazy the truth sounded, I decided to go with a lie.

NICOLE

...I thought I saw a bug. Just my imagination I guess.

David SHAKES his head--going back to his paper.

DAVID

Still afraid of bugs, I see.

A beat. Nicole slowly retrieves the milk. Handling it delicately is if it could break at any moment. She observes it. Then pours some into her cereal.

NICOLE(V.O.)

I was sure that there had to be some logical explanation for what just happened. I mean, milk bottles just don't move on their own, right? But the strangest part about it was my headache. It was gone.

Nicole STARES DOWN the milk bottle-- the prime suspect in an ongoing investigation. Then she RAISES a hand to it--expecting another phenomenon. Nothing happens. Then--

She WAVES her hand to the right--nothing intense--just a quick twist of the wrist. As a result--

EVERYTHING on the table FLIES off to the right-- hitting the floor. CUPS. BOWLS. FOOD. SILVERWARE. The racket PIERCES the previous silence.

David JUMPS--quickly looking up from his paper. He didn't see a thing. Which leads him to only one explanation--

DAVID  
Nicole! What's gotten into you?!

NICOLE(V.O.)  
Good question.

ON NICOLE-- simply shocked. Then--

NICOLE  
Sorry! It was...I mean I just...  
(quickly stands)  
I'm gonna be late for school!

She BOLTS from the room.

CUT TO:

INT. NICOLE'S ROOM- CONTINUOUS

Nicole BURST into the room. Slams the door shut behind her. Locks it. You'd think she's being chased the way she's acting.

She STARES at her hand like there's something hideous on it.

NICOLE(V.O.)  
Most kids my age struggle with normal problems like peer pressure or academics or maybe even their sexual orientation. But not me. No, nothing in my life was ever that simple.

NICOLE  
What's going on?...

She HOLDS OUT her hand towards the LAMP on her nightstand. Focuses on it. Muscles tight. Heart beating fast. A beat. Anticipation builds. Then--

The lamp suddenly LEVITATES off the nightstand--the chord RIPS out of the outlet.

CRASH!!!-- The lamp hits the door and SHATTERS! Just inches away from Nicole's head.

CUT TO:

INT. HARPER RESIDENCE- KITCHEN- CONTINUOUS

As David cleans up the mess his daughter made, the silence is once again PIERCED by the sound of Nicole SHRIEKING. A beat. David looks up. Rolls his eyes.

DAVID  
Teenagers.

END OF ACT  
TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

EXT. MCARTHUR HIGH SCHOOL- DAY

The SCHOOL BUS pulls up to its normal spot. This time NICOLE is the first one off-- moving QUICK. She's troubled. Not hard to believe.

NICOLE(V.O.)

Dear Diary, ...question. If you suddenly realize that you could move objects with your mind, ...who would you tell?

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAYS- DAY

Nicole's moving RAPIDLY through the hallways-- ignoring everyone and everything. Quite the change seeing as how it's normally the other way around. In her SCRAMBLE--

She PASSES right by Amy-- not even realizing it until--

AMY

Nicky!!

Nicole STOPS-- turns to look back at her neglected friend-- eyes like a deer caught in headlights.

NICOLE(V.O.)

Your best friend?

Amy APPROACHES.

AMY

I heard what happened yesterday in your lab class. Are you alright?

A beat. Nicole looks like she's drifting away to another world...

NICOLE(V.O.)

Maybe she deserved to know. Cause after all, who was closer to me than Amy. ...But how would she react? Would she even believe me? What if I had to show her? But I didn't even know if I could do it again. ...No, it was too soon to tell her. I needed to figure things out for myself first.

AMY

...Nicole?

Nicole SNAPS back to reality--

NICOLE

(erratic)

Yea, I'm fine. Great. Better than great. What's better than great? I don't know. But that's what I am. I mean, I wasn't yesterday. But today I'm just..."peachy"!

Nicole LAUGHS-- the laugh of a psycho. Amy just stares-- confused. She's not use to her friend being so ANIMATED.

NICOLE(CON'T)

Anyway, I gotta go. I gotta do that...thing that I gotta do. I'll catch up with you later, kay?

And before Amy can get in another word, Nicole BOLTS. She's back to WEAVING her way through the crowded hallways.

OFF AMY-- "what just happened?!"

INT. SCHOOL LIBRARY- DAY

NICOLE ENTERS-- a little calmer now. She makes her way down aisle after aisle. Searching for something...or someone.

NICOLE(V.O.)

I know leaving Amy like that was wrong. But I'd have to make it up to her later. Right now I knew exactly who I needed to find. ...She's the smartest girl in the school. Maybe in the country. And here in the library was her number one hang out spot. ...I'm sure by now you know who I'm talking about.

Nicole finally SPOTS something in the distance--

A TABLE near the back-- completely FLOODED with STACKS OF BOOKS. The stacks are so high that whoever sits behind them can't be seen.

Nicole approaches-- moves one of the stacks to the side.  
REVEAL--

MYA. She's rapidly FLIPPING through the pages of a book-- one page at a time. Only stopping on each page for a very brief moment before flipping to the next. Is she skimming? Or something more?

A beat. Nicole just STARES. Mya hasn't seemed to notice her. Finally--

Mya reaches the end of the book. She FLIPS it shut-- adding it to one of the stacks. Only then does she look to Nicole.

MYA

You're right on time.



ON NICOLE-- slightly shocked.

NICOLE

You were...expecting me?

MYA

I didn't know for sure that you'd come. I'd say the probability fell between eighty and ninety percent. But here you are.

A beat. Nicole-- confused.

NICOLE

I don't understand...

Mya STANDS-- heads for the aisles. Nicole instinctively follows.

MYA

You're hear about the incident from yesterday, correct?

NICOLE

I am. But...how did you--

MYA

Ever since that afternoon, I take it you haven't quite been yourself. It probably started with gaps in your memory. Followed by intense migraines. And then I'm sure something much more...unexplainable happened.

ON NICOLE-- you nailed it!

NICOLE

Your right. ...About everything. Mya, how do you know all of this?

Mya STOPS. Turns to face Nicole.

MYA

Because not too long ago... the same thing happened to me.

Nicole-- astonished! Mya turns and continues walking. Nicole follows.

MYA(CON'T)

I woke up suddenly one morning. No recollection of the last twenty-four hours. And I had the worst migraine I've ever experienced. ...I tried everything I could to relieve the banging in my head. But there was no remedy or

(MORE)

MYA(CON'T) (cont'd)  
 medicine that could stop it.  
 ...Admittedly, it was by sheer luck  
 that I was able to discover the one  
 thing that could cease the  
 headache...

Mya STOPS at a shelf. Picks out a RANDOM BOOK. Once again  
 she begins flipping through each page. One at a time. Moving  
 quick.

MYA  
 Reading.

Nicole-- confused.

NICOLE  
 Wait...are you telling me that  
 you're reading...like that?

MYA  
 (nodding)  
 I am. As we speak.

She's still FLIPPING--

NICOLE  
 As we speak? But how is that  
 possible? Mya, no one can read that  
 fast. Let alone talk while doing  
 it.

MYA  
 Why not? Reading to yourself  
 doesn't require the movement of  
 your lips. So why can't I read and  
 talk at the same time?

ON NICOLE--stuck. She can't argue that logic. Then--

NICOLE  
 That still doesn't explain the  
 speed.

MYA  
 (sighs)  
 The time in which it takes me to  
 process the words I see has doubled  
 itself at least twelve times. As a  
 result, I simply need to glance at  
 a word, a sentence, a paragraph,  
 ...and it's read.

A beat. Nicole takes a minute to let that sink in. We can  
 see her mood shifting to a more serious persona.

Mya SHUTS the book-- returns it to the shelf.

MYA

I can understand if you don't believe--

NICOLE

(firm)

I believe you.

NICOLE(V.O.)

With everything that happened this morning, I'd be a hypocrite not to believe her.

NICOLE

So then those stacks of books...

MYA

Those were just the ones from this morning. All of them are re-reads. I've already read every book in this library.

NICOLE

...Amazing.

NICOLE(V.O.)

She's bragging.

NICOLE

So then...that makes you like... the fastest reader in the world, right?

Mya CHUCKLES.

MYA

Yes, technically it does. However, my ability isn't simply limited to reading. It's just a nice perk. In truth, I've experienced an exponential boost in IQ.

NICOLE

...A boost? What kind of boost? Are you like...Einstein smart?

MYA

Hmmm...perhaps I should clarify. My IQ at the moment goes far beyond anything that a normal human could possibly achieve.

A beat. Nicole can't quite grasp it.

NICOLE

Beyond a normal human?... Mya, just how smart are you?

MYA

Trying to explain it to you in technical terms is pointless. You simply wouldn't be able to comprehend. So I'll try to simplify it.

NICOLE(V.O.)

Did she just call me stupid?

MYA

As I'm sure you know, average humans can only access ten percent of their brains capabilities. ...Well imagine my brain as being able to access more.

NICOLE

More? How much more?

MYA

Hard to say. The number has been constantly rising. As of now, I'd say I can access around thirty-five percent. Give or take a percentage.

ON NICOLE-- astonished.

NICOLE

Thirty-five! ...Mya, I always thought you were a genius. But I had no idea. I mean, you were THIS smart the whole time? ...How long have you been like this?

A beat. Mya grows silent-- reminiscing. The memories look painful. Then--

MYA

Irrelevant. What's most important right now is your current situation. Nicole, do you recall the gas? From lab yesterday?

NICOLE

I do. That stuff was toxic.

MYA

It was much more than toxic. ...It was infectious.

NICOLE(V.O.)

Come again?

NICOLE

...Infectious?

MYA

A virus, to be exact. And you've contracted it.

NICOLE

Wait a sec. Back up. Are you saying that the gas... gave me a disease?...

MYA

That's exactly what I'm saying.

ON NICOLE-- crushed-- "how could this have happened to me?"

MYA(CON'T)

It's a very rare infection. In fact, there are only a handful of organizations that even know of its existence. For most, it goes by the name "The M-Virus". "M" standing for migraine. The primary symptom of the virus.

ON Nicole-- STRUGGLING to take in all this information. But she's making a valiant effort.

NICOLE

The...M-virus? Mya, just how bad is this thing?

Mya SIGHS.

MYA

Bad. Very bad. You're in the early stages now. The migraines are light. But trust me, they'll get much more intense. And occur more and more frequent. ...Why do you think I'm always reading. Always have my head down. It's become overbearing.

NICOLE(V.O.)

It was all starting to make sense.

NICOLE

Mya, what stage of the virus are you in?

MYA

Unfortunately, I fear that I'm entering into the final stage. And the results won't be kind...

NICOLE

The results?...

MYA

Each migraine you experience isn't just a simple headache. It's the infectious cells of the M-Virus attached to your brain. Diving deeper into your brain tissue.

ON NICOLE- you're kidding!

MYA(CON'T)

Once they hit the core...that's it. They'll shut down you're entire system. Organs, brain function, everything. In short, instant death.

NICOLE

You mean...this disease is... deadly?

NICOLE(V.O.)

That was probably a stupid question. But I was in shock. Can you blame me?

A beat. Nicole STUMBLES back-- almost losing her footing. It's as if the doctor just told her she has a month left to live.

MYA

At this point, I'd say I have just shy of a week.

NICOLE'S EYES WIDEN-- "did she just hear that right?"

NICOLE

A week!? Mya, I--

JUST THEN--

BRRRIIIINNNGGGG!!!!-- the SCHOOL BELL. Time for class.

MYA

Out of time.

NICOLE

Mya. How long? How long before this...this virus kills me?

MYA

(thinking)

Hard to say. Every case is different. The most determining factor is usually the side effects. ...Your abilities.

Mya WALKS past Nicole--heading for the EXIT.

MYA(CON'T)

I'm sorry but I can't be late for class anymore.

NICOLE(V.O.)

Is that really your top priority right now?

NICOLE

Wait! Mya, what I am I suppose to do?

Mya STOPS. Turns.

MYA

For now, there's not much you can do. But word of advice, when the migraines come, you HAVE to use your abilities. It's the only thing that postpones the M-Virus cells from reaching the core of your brain. If you let the migraines take over completely, you'll be dead within minutes.

Mya is back to WALKING.

NICOLE(V.O.)

(sarcastic)

The good news just keeps coming.

NICOLE

Mya!... Am I the only one? ...I mean, did anyone else get infected?...

Mya STOPS once more. Turns.

MYA

Not sure. However, the probability of it is roughly...ninety-five percent. Sorry.

Mya LEAVES. Nicole doesn't budge. Too shocked? Or maybe too deep in thought. She just stands there for beat. But then--

MR. MURDOCK(O.S.)

Nicole?

Nicole WHIRLS around--

MR. MURDOCK approaches-- strange-- where did he come from?

NICOLE

...Mr. Murdock. Hey.

MR. MURDOCK

Didn't you hear the bell, Nicole?  
It's time for classes to begin. You  
wouldn't want to be late, now would  
you?

There's something about the way he speaks-- he's not himself  
right now. However, Nicole is oblivious-- too concerned with  
her own problems at the moment.

NICOLE

Yea--sorry. I guess I just wasn't  
paying attention.

Nicole heads for the EXIT--

MR. MURDOCK

By the way, Nicole, how are you  
feeling since yesterday? Any  
better?

Nicole STOPS. Turns--

NICOLE

Yes, sir. Much better.

MR. MURDOCK

(nodding)

Good to hear. ...Get going.

Nicole EXITS. A beat of ominous silence as we linger on Mr.  
Murdock.

OFF MR. MURDOCK-- a blank expression. We can't read him.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAYS- DAY

NICOLE-- on her way to class--

NICOLE(V.O.)

At the time, I didn't believe what  
Mya said about other infected.  
...How could I have known that they  
were all around me. I just didn't  
know who they were...or what they  
could do.

EXT. SCHOOL FOOTBALL FIELD- DAY

The McArthur High FOOTBALL TEAM run drills on the field. The  
unforgiving SUN bares down on them-- what a heatwave.

NICOLE(V.O.)

Meanwhile, they were finding out  
for themselves...

BRRRIIIINNNNGGGG!!!-- the sound of a WHISTLE BLOWING. It  
could only be--



COACH CARSON(mid 40's)-- presiding over the drills. Although, his chunky limbs and enormous beer belly imply that he should doing those drills himself.

COACH CARSON

C'mon ladies!! Lets go! Lets go!  
Lets go!! How do expect to win next  
weeks game playing like this!! Run  
it again!

Leon, in his football gear, is down on his knees--breathing hard. He's recently been tackled. And it looks like it hurt.

COACH CARSON(CON'T)

Leon!!! Get your ass in gear, son!!  
Your playing like a freshmen!!

LEON

(struggling to his feet)  
Coach...I've got a serious  
migraine. Think I could take five?

COACH CARSON

Take five?! You hear that boys?!  
Leon here wants to take five! Well  
heck, that's a great idea! Best  
I've heard all day!! Hey, tell ya  
what. You can have your five  
minutes, and in the meantime,  
everyone else can have five laps  
around the track! How's that  
sound!!

The team EXPLODE with THREAT and INSULTS.

TEAM MEMBER #1

Stop your wining, pretty boy!

TEAM MEMBER #2

C'mon, Heights! Suck it up!

Leon knows better than to take the Coach up on his offer. He shakes it off-- joins the rest of the team.

COACH CARSON

That's what I thought! Now run it  
again!!

The team TAKES their positions-- preparing for another practice play. Leon is on the offensive side-- quarterback.

LEON

Nineteen...Forty-five...thirty-two!  
Hut-hut!!!

The ball FLIES into Leon's hands. Offense and defense COLLIDE. Leon BACKS UP-- desperately searching for an opening to throw the ball-- but can't find one.

MEANWHILE

The defensive players BREAK through the line--CHARGING towards Leon--murderous intent.

Without an opening, Leon has but two options. Wait to get tackled...or run it. He instinctively chooses the latter.

He TUCKS THE BALL and CHARGES FORWARD-- brave. But perhaps not too smart. He's headed towards TWO defensive players that are a tad bigger than him.

Leon lowers his head--preparing for the painful inevitability. But instead--

WHAMMM!!!!--

Leon SMASHES through the two defensive players like a fist through dry-wall. They hit the ground rolling--down for the count.

MEANWHILE-- Leon is still running. He looks back at the conquered defensive players-- shocked-- did I really just do that?

Here comes another DEFENSIVE PLAYER. He gets low-- going for Leon's legs. But just before impact--

Leon HOPS-- a clean HIGH JUMP that sends the other player running O.S. Amazing.

ON LEON-- shocked as ever.

TWO MORE PLAYERS are coming his way. Leon SMACKS right through the first and EVADES the second with insane speed! And before any other player can contest him, he BARRELS into the ENDZONE. TOUCHDOWN!!

Leon drops the ball-- takes off his helmet. A look of disbelief on his face as he stares out at all the ground he's covered. One or two PLAYERS are still laid out on the field.

COACH CARSON

(ecstatic)

There!! Now that's what I wanna see!! Heights! You want five! You got it!!

A confident, and slightly cocky smile SHOOTS ACROSS Leon's face. The headache no longer appears to bother him.

LEON

I'll take five later, coach! Let's run it again!!

INT. SCHOOL GYMNASIUM- DAY

TIGHT ON KATTIE(16)--pretty girl. A BIG, CHEESY SMILE plastered on her face. Until--

JENNIFER(O.S.)  
Wrong! Wrong! Wrong!!

Kattie's smile suddenly VANISHES.

We PULL BACK to reveal Kattie standing atop a HUMAN PYRAMID--made of CHEERLEADERS. This must be cheerleader practice.

Jennifer coaches from the ground-- RUBBING her forehead-- biting her lip. We recognize the gesture. She's got a HEADACHE.

NICOLE(V.O.)  
And the more we learned about our abilities, the more danger our peers were in.

JENNIFER  
(annoyed)  
Why do I even bother!! Just break it up!

The pyramid DISASSEMBLES. Kattie approaches Jennifer.

KATTIE  
(protesting)  
Jenn, that's the fourth time we've tried the pyramid. But you keep saying it's wrong. We don't know what you want.

JENNIFER  
You're right. You DON'T know what I want.  
(to the team)  
None of you do!

The team BREAK OUT in angry WHISPERS-- "the nerve of this girl."

KATTIE  
Fine. Then tell us. What don't you like about the pyramid?

A beat with no response. Jennifer continues rubbing her head--gritting her teeth. The pain appears to be getting WORSE.

KATTIE(CON'T)  
(hello?)  
Jennifer?!

JENNIFER  
 (snapping)  
 I don't know, okay!? ...You know  
 what, maybe it's you.

KATTIE  
 Excuse me?

JENNIFER  
 It's your body shape. You don't  
 look right on the top. We're gonna  
 switch it up.

ON KATTIE-- offended. It doesn't bother Jennifer one bit.  
 She PUSHES past Kattie-- approaching the team. Then points  
 out--

JENNIFER  
 Jamie! From now on, you're going up  
 top.

JAMIE(16)-- a petite blond-- whom doesn't appear to have too  
 much confidence in herself. Jennifer's command STARTLES her.

JAMIE  
 (nervous)  
 ...I can't. I-I'm afraid of  
 heights--

JENNIFER  
 Well that's too bad! Your doing it!

Kattie GRABS Jennifer's by the shoulder-- TWIRLS her around.

KATTIE  
 What the heck's wrong with you,  
 Jenn? You know Jamie can't do  
 heights. She almost threw up last  
 time.

JENNIFER  
 I don't care. She's got the  
 smallest body so she goes on top.  
 That's just the way it works. If  
 she doesn't like it she can quit!

ON JAMIE-- discouraged-- overhearing Jennifer's comment.

KATTIE  
 Ya know, you've been acting strange  
 all morning, Jenn. What's up with  
 you?

JENNIFER  
 Oh I'M acting strange? Your the  
 ones that can't even get a simple  
 pyramid right. I feel like I'm back  
 at tryouts. Pathetic!

Kattie SHAKES he head in disbelief-- she's use to attitude from the Queen, but not like this. Time for a rebellion.

KATTIE  
know what, I don't know what your deal is and I don't care. I'm outta here.

This time Kattie pushes past Jennifer-- making her way to the EXIT.

KATTIE(CON'T)  
C'mon, girls. We're taking a break.

The team COMPLIES-- following Kattie.

JENNIFER  
Hey!! Where do think you're going!?  
I never said anyone could take a break! Get back here!

She's being ignored. Then--

Jennifer's headache suddenly SPIKES in pain. She GROANS-- tightly gripping her her head.

MEANWHILE the team nears the exit--

JENNIFER(CON'T)  
(in pain)  
Come back...

And just as the team reaches the doors--

JENNIFER(CON'T)  
I said STOP!!!

SUDDENLY

The ENTIRE team-- comprised of about fifteen girls-- FREEZE. Simultaneously. We can't see their faces-- only their backs. They stand like statues-- not moving an inch.

Jennifer suddenly realizes that her headache has VANISHED. She recovers. Then turns her attention to the now frozen team.

A beat as she stares-- a little surprised that they actually listened. Then--

JENNIFER(CON'T)  
Good. Th-that's more like it.  
...Now turn around.

The team TURNS-- again simultaneously. That's when Jennifer sees it. REVEAL--

Their EYES-- their pupils are CLEAR. No color. As if they were blind. Creepy! Jennifer FLINCHES at the sight.

A long beat. The team STARE at Jennifer. Patient. They don't even blink. Then--

Jennifer starts to walk towards them. Slow and cautious--

JENNIFER(CON'T)  
...I said stop...and you stopped.  
What if I said...sit?

The teams suddenly SIT-- cross-leg Indian-style. Jennifer STOPS-- astonished.

JENNIFER(CON'T)  
...No way.

Then-- an EVIL smile slowly spreads across her face-- uh-oh.

JENNIFER(CON'T)  
Good. Now we're gonna get this  
pyramid right. Even if it takes all  
day.

END OF ACT  
THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAYS- DAY

The hallways are empty. Silent. Then--

RING!! RING!! RING!-- The school BELL. Now it's suddenly FLOODED with STUDENTS-- filing out from every door. We SPOT--

NICOLE. She walks through the halls calm. More relaxed. A huge improvement from when she first arrived that morning.

NICOLE(V.O.)

The school day was half-way over.  
And so far, no headache. I was starting to think that maybe Mya wasn't as credible as she made herself appear. In fact, the more I thought about it, the crazier it sounded. The M-virus? Sounds made-up.

EXT. SCHOOL COURTYARD- DAY

Nicole ENTERS. Takes a seat on her usual bench. Like before, the courtyard is completely ABANDONED. Only Nicole.

She PULLS OUT a pen and pad-- sets it on her lap. Time for another masterpiece. A beat as she stares at the blank pad. Then she turns to the vacant space on her bench.

NICOLE(V.O.)

I had hoped that Roy would come today. After the conversation we had here yesterday, I was sure it'd become a normal thing.

(a beat)

And I wanted to thank him. Cause after all, he was the one that pulled me out of the lab room. Like a hero saving a civilian from a burning building.

Nicole SIGHS. Depressed? Then--

She suddenly HUNCHES over in pain-- GRIPPING her forehead. It can only mean one thing-- a MIGRAINE!

NICOLE(V.O.)(CON'T)

Roy might not have returned, but something else did.

The pad and pencil fall to the ground as Nicole DROPS to her knees in PAIN.

NICOLE(V.O.)(CON'T)

The migraines were back. Just like Mya predicted. And they were more intense. I didn't want to admit it, but Mya might have been right. About everything. ...It only left me with one option.

Nicole SEARCHES the courtyard-- SPOTS a FLOWER POT in the distance.

She STRETCHES OUT her hand-- aiming at the pot. A beat as she focuses. And just like that--

The flower pot suddenly LEVITATES into the air-- heading straight for Nicole-- moving fast. Nicole drops her hand just in time for the pot to fall just shy of hitting her. She's somehow gotten a little better at this.

And like clockwork, her headache disappears. Nicole slowly stands-- relieved that the pain is gone. She stares at the toppled flower pot.

NICOLE(V.O.)(CON'T)

It was gone. Just like that the headache had vanished. My abilities...the side effects could temporarily fight back the infection. Mya was dead on. This really is a virus.

FEMALE VOICE(O.S.)

Whoa!!!

Nicole WHIRLS AROUND-- surprised! She's been caught!  
REVEAL--

AMY!

NICOLE(V.O.)

Oops.

Amy STANDS just a few feet away-- a look of complete SHOCK-- and just a hint of AMUSEMENT?

Nicole is also in shock-- she had no idea she was being watched. By her best friend none the less.

AMY

Nicky?! ...Did you just--

NICOLE

Amy, it's not-- I mean I didn't-- how much did you see?!

AMY

Nicky, you just moved that flower pot...without even touching it! Like-- like a psychic or something!



NICOLE(V.O.)

Of all the people to catch me, it just had to be Amy. I know I said I was gonna tell her eventually...but I was hoping that it'd be closer to our fifty's.

Nicole slowly WALKS towards Amy-- hands up in a calming gesture.

NICOLE

Amy, listen to me. We have to keep this between just us. If anybody else finds out--

Amy suddenly begins LAUGHING. It starts small, but progresses into a LOUD, ENTERTAINED LAUGH.

Nicole STOPS dead in her tracks-- confused. A little creeped-out.

NICOLE(CON'T)

Amy...? Why are you laughing?...

AMY

(laughing)

Cause I got you, Nicky. I totally got you! You should've seen the look on your face. Priceless!

ON NICOLE-- really confused now. And still very creeped-out. Then it happened--

Amy's body suddenly starts to lose it's natural shape. It's composition CHANGES into a LIQUID-LIKE state. A beige color. Now shapeless. Nicole watches in stunned silence. Then--

The shapeless figure begins to RE-SHAPE. It starts to resemble a human again-- except this time--

It's KEVIN!!

NICOLE

Kevin?!?

ON KEVIN-- a big, goofy smile.

KEVIN

Pretty cool, huh?

NICOLE STARES at KEVIN in disbelief for a beat. Then--

NICOLE

But...you were just...and now you're...

KEVIN

(nonchalant)

Yea yea. Blah blah. First I was Amy  
now I'm Kevin. Surprise surprise.

(then)

Hey, think we could skip the  
"standing around with our mouths  
wide open" part.

NICOLE

Kevin, how did you--

KEVIN

How did I what? Shape shift? Oh  
c'mon, Nicky. Don't act like you  
don't know. ...The gas...

NICOLE(V.O.)

Mya was right again.

NICOLE

...There really are more infected.

KEVIN

Duh! Did you really think you were  
the only one? I mean sure, you were  
the only one that passed out on the  
hallway floor, but you weren't the  
only one who inhaled that gas.

NICOLE

Kevin...you've been infected. I'm  
so sorry. It's all my fault. If I  
hadn't knocked over that beaker--

KEVIN

Sorry? Why? I'm not sorry. Nicky,  
this is the greatest thing that's  
ever happened to me.

ON NICOLE-- "huh?"

KEVIN(CON'T)

I can be anyone I want. Anyone in  
the world. Check this out...

Kevin begins to MORPH again. His shape dissolves-- then  
re-shapes. Within seconds he's a whole new PERSON. REVEAL--

NICOLE! A NICOLE LOOK-A-LIKE to be exact.

Nicole covers her mouth in shock-- it's identical! Like  
looking into a mirror. The Nicole Look-a-like even wears the  
same CLOTHES.

NICOLE LOOK-A-LIKE

See what I mean?

Even the voice is identical! We can't tell the difference between the two.

NICOLE LOOK-A-LIKE(CON'T)  
 I've got your sappy voice, you're  
 frizzy hair...  
 (observing herself)  
 Hey, I've even got your body--

The Nicole Look-a-like starts to look down her shirt--

NICOLE  
 (embarrassed)  
 Stop!!!!!!!!!!

The Look-a-like STOPS just in time-- sparing Nicole the embarrassment.

NICOLE LOOK-A-LIKE  
 Relax, Nicky. I'm just messin with  
 ya.

NICOLE  
 This isn't a game, Kevin.  
 These...abilities. There just side  
 effects of a virus.

NICOLE LOOK-A-LIKE  
 You mean the M-Virus?

NICOLE  
 (shocked)  
 You've heard of it?!

NICOLE LOOK-A-LIKE  
 Hey, you weren't the only one that  
 thought going to Mya for answers  
 was a good idea. She told me  
 everything. The M-virus. Her "super  
 brain"--

NICOLE  
 Well if you already talked to Mya  
 then you know that this virus is  
 gonna kill us all. It's just a  
 matter of time.  
 (observing her  
 look-a-like)  
 And do you mind...

The MORPHING process begins again-- Now Kevin is back to himself.

KEVIN  
 Hey, easy on the death talk, Nicky.  
 Who knew you were such a downer.  
 Besides, didn't Mya tell you?...

NICOLE

Tell me what?

KEVIN

(laughs)

Well that's messed up. She totally left you on a cliff hanger, didn't she? You really can't catch a break, Nicky. What Mya neglected to mention to you is that she's working on an antidote for the M-Virus. She has been since the day she got infected.

NICOLE(V.O.)

You're kidding, right? Gee, Mya, that probably would've been nice to know in the library. Right after you told me I was gonna die soon.

NICOLE

An...antidote? An antidote! If Mya's working on an antidote then we're saved, right?! I mean, Mya's like a...mega genius. She'll come up with an antidote for sure.

KEVIN

You bet your art she will. That's why there's no point in stressing about it. I mean, for God's sake, you have telekinesis, Nicky. You should be utilizing it!

NICOLE

...Telekinesis?

KEVIN

Yea. Telekinesis.

(off Nicole's blank expression)

Oh come on. You don't know what telekinesis is. Don't you ever watch movies? Telekinesis. The ability to move objects with your mind alone. No physical contact involved.

NICOLE

But I'm not using my mind alone. I have to use my hands as well.

Kevin SHAKES his head-- "do I really have to break it down to you?"

KEVIN

You numb-skull, using your hands is probably just a way of channeling

(MORE)

KEVIN (cont'd)  
 your focus. Necessary since your so  
 new at it. ...But I bet you could  
 move objects without lifting a  
 finger. Ever tried it?

A beat. Nicole PONDERs this. Then she looks down to her  
 fallen pad and pencil--

NICOLE(V.O.)  
 Trust me, the last thing I wanted  
 to do was mess around with the side  
 effects of a deadly virus. ...But  
 Mya WAS working on an antidote. I  
 guess it wouldn't hurt to play  
 around while I still could.  
 Besides, using my ability would  
 only help postpone the virus cells,  
 right?

Nicole HONES in on the PAD-- unwavering focus. A beat.  
 Then--

The pad slowly begins to LEVITATE upward-- Nicole hasn't  
 moved a muscle. Amazing!

KEVIN  
 Hey! There ya go! You're a natural!

The pad LEVITATES right into Nicole's hand. She suddenly  
 exhales-- the result of holding her breath.

NICOLE  
 ...Telekinesis, huh? I like it.

KEVIN  
 Now your talking!

Kevin WALKS PAST Nicole-- heading for the exit.

NICOLE  
 Kevin. Where are you going?

KEVIN  
 (isn't it obvious)  
 Duh, I'm gonna go paint the town  
 red. I don't know who to  
 impersonate first. A cop or a movie  
 star.

NICOLE  
 What about class. Lab is next  
 period.

KEVIN  
 (laughing)  
 Screw lab! The class almost got me  
 killed. I'll pass.  
 (MORE)

KEVIN (cont'd)

(then)

But that reminds me. Nicky, besides me and Mya, do you know of anyone else that might've got infected?

A beat. Nicole thinks. Then--

NICOLE

No. ...Why do you ask?

KEVIN

It's just a hunch, but the one thing that you and I have in common yesterday was where we sat, right? The table where the gas came from. ...But we weren't the only two sitting there.

Nicole's EYES WIDE-- realizing Kevin's point.

NICOLE

You don't mean...it couldn't be? Could it?

KEVIN

(shrugs)

Hey, all I'm saying is that it would make sense.

NICOLE(V.O.)

Mya had to have come to the same conclusion. But she didn't say anything about it. Why was she being so secretive?

KEVIN

Anyway, do us all a favor and try not to get caught, will ya? Next time it might be the REAL Amy.

Kevin EXITS. A beat. Nicole returns to her seat-- pen and pad in hand-- staring at the blank canvas before--

NICOLE(V.O.)

Dear Diary, I couldn't say that I was happy with the current situation, however as it stood, I was content. I usually end my entries with something normal. Like, what I had for dinner. Or what cute boy I wanted to dream about. ...But like I said earlier, lately, things haven't been that simple.

Nicole begins to DRAW--

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAYS- DAY

MR. MURDOCK stands in front the LAB CLASS door-- taping something to it. Only when he finishes and WALKS AWAY do we see what it is. REVEAL--

A SIGN. It reads:

CLASS CANCELLED.

NICOLE(V.O.)

Because all around me things were in motion. By knocking over a beaker in lab that day, I started a chain reaction of events that I couldn't have possibly foreseen at the time.

MOMENTS LATER

INT. SCHOOL PARKING LOT- DAY

Mr. Murdock-- walking to his car. He reaches his SILVER FOUR-DOOR SUDAN.

CUT TO:

INT. MR. MURDOCK'S CAR- CONTINUOUS

Mr. Murdock ENTERS-- takes a DEEP BREATH. A beat. Then he reaches into his GLOVE BOX-- pulling something out. REVEAL--

A SKI-MASK-- why does it look so familiar?

OFF MR. MURDOCK-- still and unreadable blank expression-- what's he up to?

EXT/ESTAB. O'CONOR RESIDENCE- DAY

We PAN IN on this magnificent suburban MANSION. Anyone's dream house.

NICOLE(V.O.)

And the after math of it would effect everyone that I knew and cared about.

INT. O'CONOR RESIDENCE- ROY'S ROOM- CONTINUOUS

TIGHT ON the BED-- someone buried under the covers. Is it Roy? We slowly PAN OUTWARD. As we do--

VOICE MAIL recordings play in the background.

BEEP--

FEMALE VOICE(O.S.)

Roy...honey. It's mommy. I know you're still feeling under the weather, but I just won't be able to leave work on time today. We're extremely backed up with new clients. I might be here late. Have the butler prepare you something to eat. ...Love you.

BEEP--

MALE VOICE(O.S.)

Hey, Roy. Just talked to your mother. I'm sorry she can't get out of work but I'm still out of town on a business outing. I'll be back early next week. Hope you feel better, sport. I'll send you some money.

BEEP!

A beat of silence. Then--

The FIGURE under the cover suddenly starts SHAKING. It starts small, but gets more and more intense. Now we hear GROANS. Before--

FROM OUTSIDE WE STARE INTO ROY'S ROOM AT AN ANGLE-- nothing but the wall can be seen. Then--

We hear a YELL!! Followed by a FLASH of RED LIGHT and a sound that we're all too familiar with-- FIRE IGNITING!

EXT. SCHOOL COURTYARD- DAY

We return to find NICOLE right where we left her. Only now she's completed her drawing.

CLOSE ON THE DRAWING-- a GIRL, resembling Nicole, surrounded by a collection of levitating objects. Beautifully drawn.

NICOLE(V.O.)

Every hero has a story. A tale of how they came to greatness.

A beat. Nicole suddenly looks directly forward-- focused, determined, fierce.

NICOLE(V.O.)(CON'T)

This was mine.

BLACKOUT.

FADE IN:

FOLLOW the stylish HEELS of a WOMAN-- she's walking. CLICK. CLICK. CLICK.-- is all we hear as she makes her through what



appears to be a hallway.

Now we watch her from the BACK. Her long pony-tail SWAYS side to side with every step.

A beat as we FOLLOW HER. Just CLICK. CLICK. CLICK.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE ROOM- DAY

An extravagant office. Grade-A FURNITURE. An INDOOR WATERFALL to the side. But it's poorly lit-- or maybe that's how it was intended to be.

THE WOMAN with the heels ENTERS. She is--

SUSAN STONE(33)-- sharp as they come. She's all work with no play and you can see it on her face.

She APPROACHES the desk at the center of the room. Someone SITS behind it-- their chair TURNED AROUND so that we can't see them.

SUSAN

Mr. Quinn. We just got a huge spike in virus activity.

(reading from a clipboard)

A public school in Carson City, Nevada. ...McArthur High.

A beat. Silence. Susan waits patiently.

MR. QUINN(O.S.)

How many?

SUSAN

We haven't been able to get an exact number. The data is all over the place. However, we predict anywhere between five to seven. ...It's an outbreak.

Another beat of silence.

SUSAN(CON'T)

What would you prefer?  
Observation...or extermination?

MR. QUINN(O.S.)

Now now, Ms. Stone. You shouldn't be so brash. After all, we don't even know what these individuals can do. Let's not rush into something blind.

SUSAN  
 Yes sir...I understand. Then, we'll  
 be observing them for now?

MR. QUINN(O.S.)  
 ...Send Jazmin.

ON SUSAN-- "are you sure?!"

SUSAN  
 But sir, of all people...her? She's  
 not right for this job. I have  
 plenty of other recommendations--

MR. QUINN(O.S.)  
 (firm, assertive)  
 That won't be necessary, Susan.  
 ...This is an outbreak, correct? We  
 must approach the situation with a  
 certain...finesse. Jazmin will do  
 just fine.

SUSAN-- defeated.

SUSAN  
 Very well. I'll make the  
 arrangements.

Susan prepares to exit-- stopping at the door--

SUSAN(CON'T)  
 Jazmin, huh? ...If I didn't know  
 any better, I'd say you chose  
 "extermination" after all.

And with that, she EXITS.

A beat as we LINGER in the room. Then--

MR. QUINN(O.S.)  
 Perhaps. .

BLACKOUT.

END OF  
SHOW