

ASTRALMAN

By Virginia K.

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FADE IN

INT.BRITAIN - LONDON SCHOOL OF METAPHYSICAL SCIENCES
PROFESSOR ZAIN, 45, stands in front of a class full of very attentive students, giving a lecture.

PROFESSOR ZAIN

Astral projection is a powerful and most mystic form of Out Of Body Experience. During astral projection ones subtle body, also called astral body, exteriorises from the physical body and the two remains connected by what is referred to as a 'silver chord.'

He writes the words 'silver chord' on the bord.

PROFESSOR ZAIN

Most people experience astral projection in sleep, and may encounter symptoms of astral projection like vibrations, strange sounds, sleep-paralysis and buzzing. But astral projection can also be achieved through meditation.

A female student at the back raises her hand up.

PROFESSOR ZAIN

Yes, LILIAN?

LILIAN

What is astral body like?

PROFESSOR ZAIN

It is less dense than your physical body, but denser than your spiritual body. Unlike your physical body, astral body isn't bound by space, or time. It can walk through walls, change appearance and size. And more fun stuff.

Now several students raise their hands.

PROFESSOR ZAIN

TOMMY.

TOMMY

Is it possible to time travel through through astral projection.

PROFESSOR ZAIN

That would require very powerful physic abilities considering that the astral world and time exists in different dimensions. As far as I am concerned, there is no record of such an incident in history.

A few students lower their hands.

FERRIS, a students at the back, airs his opinion without Professor Zain's permission.

FERRIS

You can't go back or ahead in time, not even to yesterday! Because it doesn't exist anymore!

TOMMY

(Shouting)

Yes it exists! Time is like a road!

FERRIS

Says who?

Suddenly everyone in the class starts shouting their opinion. Originally calm class turns chaotic.

INT.U.S.A - FBI AGENT MARTIN SCOTT'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - MAY 11 2019

A well furnished living room. MARTIN, a goodlooking, black FBI agent, 30s, sits on a coach.

Martin is reading a story on Starlight college weekly magazine.

A bold title, 'DAZZLLING MURDER OF A VICE PRESIDENT', sits at the top of a long article on the open magazine.

Bellow the passage is the writer's name, THE SEER, also in bold. Martin shakes his head as he marvels at the outlandish story.

Seated at the left end of the room, is his younger college sister, JOAN. Another copy of Starlight College magazine lays on her lap.

MARTIN

Who is The Seer?

Pretending to be too engrossed in reading her magazine, Joan doesn't answer.

MARTIN
(Sounding pissed)
Joan!

JOAN
What?

MARTIN
The Seer. You know him?

JOAN
Why do you ask?

MARTIN
He is good. His stories are always
incredibly realistic. It's like
reading a professional forensic
report of a well executed crime or a
true tragedy.

Joan frowns.

JOAN
You were supposed to read the parts I
write and approve. Its called being a
supportive brother.

Holding up her open magazine for Martin, she taps at an
article about 'Keeping Fit'.

Martin sighs, leaning back on the coach.

Joan tosses her magazine on the glass table at the middle of
the room and storms out of the room.

MARTIN
(To himself)
Teenagers!

INT.OFFICE OF THE VICE PRESIDENT - SEPTEMBER 21 2019
The vice president's secretary, a young lady in a slinky
official wear, walks into her bosses luxurious office.

Artistic drawings hangs on the walls. Several trophies are
lined up on top of drawers.

VICE PRESIDENT HALLEN MATTHEWS, (50s), sits behind a glass
desk with a open file laid before him. A cup of coffee and
his smartphone lay beside it.

He doesn't look up when his secretary approaches.

SECRETARY

Mr.Vice President.....

VICE PRESIDENT HALLEN MATTHEWS

Surely you don't think I need to be reminded that I am the vice president all the time. Why not just call me Mr.Matthews.

Secretary nods and smiles shyly.

SECRETARY

OK, Mr.Matthews. MR.LEWIS FERGUSON just called. He says he got something argent he wants to talk to you about.

VICE PRESIDENT HALLEN MATTHEWS

If it's LEWIS FERGUSON, tell him I am busy.

His secretary raises an eyebrow. Then nods in agreement.

The smart phone on the desk vibrates. Matthews checks the new message and smiles.

VICE PRESIDENT HALLEN MATTHEWS

I got to go see my wife. I won't be back until tomorrow. Have yourself a nice day.

Rising from his seat, he shuts the file on his desk, picks up his phone, then walks to the left wall where his coat hangs.

He slips it on and saunters out. His Secretary follows.

EXT/.JORDAN ROAD - NIGHT

Amid a heavy traffic, a yellow college bus smoothly weaves its way on the curving road.

INT.STARLIGHT COLLEGE BUS

The bus is full of cheerful students, load music blasts out of the bus's music system.

At the back, a group of students chats merrily. Among them, BRIAN MILESTONE, a billionaires son. He is tall and cute.

He wears a tight, v-neck shirt and black official coat over it.

The girl beside him, DIANA, hands him a whisky bottle.

DIANA

Take a sip billionaire boy.

Brian takes the bottle and gulps down the contents.

The BUS DRIVER, 50s, sways his head to the beat of the music.

EXT.JORDAN ROAD

A little boy rides a kids bicycle along the roadside.

At the opposite side of the road, two kids are playing with a ball.

The ball slips off one of the kid's little fingers and rolls across the road.

The kid on a bicycle excitedly rides towards it without giving a damn about the passing traffic.

He picks it up and plays with it just as the Starlight college bus comes to sight.

INT. STARLIGHT COLLEGE BUS

The Driver's eyes widen in horror at the sight of the kid dribbling a ball right at the center of the lane.

He swerves the vehicle to the left, trying to evade running over the kid.

The vehicle ends up on a different lane where it meets a speeding lorry on a head on collision.

The accident is catastrophic.

INT.STARLIGHT COLLEGE - RAY DONSON AND BRIAN MILESTONE COLLEGE ROOM - DAY

On a medium size bed, RAY struggles to wake from his dream.

He jolts awake gasping for breath.

His roommate, Brian Milestone, sits on his bed trying on his shoes.

BRIAN

You OK there?

Ray stares at him weardly, noticing the clothes Brian has on.

A tight,v-neck shirt and a black official coat over it. Just like he had appeared in Ray's dream.

Brian walks across the room to Ray's bed.

BRIAN

You look like you have seen a ghost.
What's up?

He asks massaging Rays shoulders.

RAY

Where are you going?

BRIAN

The tour of course. Wanna come? I can buy you a ticket from someone.

RAY

No. And you shouldn't go either. I got a bad feeling that something bad will happen.

Brian laughs at Ray's remarks.

BRIAN

A bad feeling. So I shouldn't go for this semester's best tour because you have a bad feeling? How selfish is that?

RAY

You haven't brushed, have you?

He stares up at Brian.

BRIAN

Oh! My teeth. Thanks for the reminder.

He strolls towards the bathroom. Ray jumps off his bed and stealthily walks to Brian's bed.

He opens a drawer on Brian's bedside table, picks up a wallet and slips it under a pillow. Then moves away.

Brian walks out of bathroom to find Ray dressing.

He walks to the drawer and delves for his wallet. He doesn't find it.

BRIAN

Have you seen my wallet?

RAY

No. I can help you look for it though.

Brian slams his fist against the table in frustration.

Brian

The bus is leaving in five minutes! Where the hell is the damn thing?

RAY

Hey! You gonna break your hand over a trip?

BRIAN

Time is running out.

Ray walks to a window. He looks out at college students hurrying into the yellow Starlight College bus as the driver starts the engine.

The last student barely gets to a seat before the bus takes off. Ray smiles.

RAY

You have already run out of time.
Sorry! But it's for the best.

Brian angrily punches a pillow. He then picks it up and hurls it across the room, leaving the hidden wallet exposed. He gives it a surprised look.

RAY

Looks like you found your wallet. You must have forgotten where you had put it.

BRIAN

I never put stuff under my pillow. I don't know how it got there.

RAY

It doesn't have it's own legs, does it?

Brian sighs heavily.

BRIAN

Let's go have some breakfast.

He suggests picking up the wallet.

RAY

Sure.

He follows Brian out of the room.

EXT. WESTMARK HOTEL - NIGHT

The fifteen floor classic hotel stands tall above all other buildings along the busy street.

Opposite it, is a the famous LOYAL STATE media house. Which simply looks business like.

A black Mercedes pulls up on the hotel's parking lot.

INT.VICE PRESIDENT HALLEN MATTHEWS CAR - NIGHT

Inside an expensive Mercedes, Vice president Hallen Matthews sits on the back seat beside his favorite BODYGUARD.

A young driver seats behind the wheel.

He pulls couple of dollar bills out of his pocket and hands it to his bodyguard.

VICE PRESIDENT HALLEN MATTHEWS

You guys go have some fun. I will call you if I need anything.

They both smile appreciatively.The bodyguard quickly counts the dollars as Mr.Matthews steps out of the car.

DRIVER

Let's go have some dinner. I am starving.

The car takes off.

INT.WESTMARK HOTEL - RECEPTION DESK

Vice President Hallen Matthews taps the top of the reception desk.

A young RECEPTIONIST sits behind the desk writing something on the guests book.She looks up and gives Mr. Matthews a welcoming smile.

RECEPTIONIST

Mr.Vice President! We were not expecting you today.

She say shaking his hand.

VICE PRESIDENT HALLEN MATTHEWS

I guess not. Is all good up there?

RECEPTIONIST

As always.

She answers proudly. He nods and ambles towards the elevator.

The receptionist writes something on the guest book.

INT.WESTMARK HOTEL - VICE PRESIDENT HALLEN MATTHEWS

APARTMENT - NIGHT

Mr.Matthews steps into his cozy apartment where he expects to meet his wife,LISA. Unlike his office, this apartment looks simple.

VICE PRESIDENT HALLEN MATTHEWS

Lisa!

No one answers.

VICE PRESIDENT HALLEN MATTHEWS
Honey! You here? I came as you asked.

He starts to take off his coat. He notices the huge blood stain on the white floor.

A thick, red stain runs from the blue coach at the right corner of the room towards the bedroom whose door is shut.

VICE PRESIDENT HALLEN MATTHEWS
Holly crap!

He walks towards the coach to take a crosser look at the blood.

Apparently, it appears like someone got critically injured and was then dragged on the floor towards the bedroom.

VICE PRESIDENT HALLEN MATTHEWS
Lisa! Lisa!

He hurries towards the bedroom. The blood paints a clear path from the bedroom door to the massive bed at the left corner of the cozy bedroom.

A dead body of a young man lays on the bed covered with bruises all over his shirtless upper body.

His throat has a deep cut. Blood oozes from the wound and seeps into the the pillows beneath him.

Despite the ugly marks on his body, his pale face retains a stunning beauty.

VICE PRESIDENT HALLEN MATTHEWS
Oh God! What's...the hell!

Someone in a dark mask strikes him hard with a wooden rod on the back of the head.

Mr.Hallen drops heavily on the floor not so far from the edge of the bed. He groans in pain.

His attacker takes out a gag and covers Hallen Matthews mouth. Mr.Matthews struggles to speak through the gag but only incoherent whispers are heard.

The man in a mask smiles deviously.

He turns around to face his two counterparts, EVAN and GARY OWEN stands a metre away watching the scene.

They nod in approval. One hands the other a pair of grooves and he slips them on.

ATTACKER

What now, Evan? We kill him?

EVAN

No. We do things according to plan.

He walks forward, takes the rod from his partner. Mr. Matthews cringes back, clambers to his feet with the help of the bed, cupping the back of head with his left hand.

Evan sweeps his wobbling feet with the rod. Matthews lands on the floor with an audible thud.

Evan ruthlessly brings down the rod on Mr. Matthews back. The heavy brow sends the gaged Matthews writhing on the floor.

Evan gestures at his counterparts to join in. They gladly accept. Kicks and punches fall on the helpless Matthews until he passes out.

EVAN

What was the next item on the plan?

GARY OWEN

Strip off his clothes. I guess that's the hard part of this.

EVAN

The pay is worth it.

They strip Matthews clothes off.

Evan takes out a switch knife out off his pocket and unblinkingly slits Mr. Matthews throat.

GARY OWEN

You seem good at this!

EVAN

When I am getting well paid for it.

They lift Mr. Matthews body from the floor and dumps it next to that of the dead young man on the bed.

Gary Owen takes out some gay sex stuff out of his pockets and tosses them on the bed next to the bodies.

He doesn't notice his Identification Card slipping out of his pocket as he pulls out his hand.

The card drops on the floor.

EVAN
Work well done.

He studies the bodies on the bed and nods in approval. The three walks out leaving the bodies on the bed for someone to find.

Evan's right leg brushes against the bed sheets hanging from the bed as he follows his partners out.

One of the sheets covers the identification card on the floor.

EXT. JORDAN ROAD - NIGHT

A disheartening wreckage of Starlight College bus and a Lorry.

Bodies, either dead or unconscious, lay scattered within the wreckage.

Men and women in white coats rush around with stretchers and first aid kits. Few injured students gets carried into ambulances while their unlucky fellows get wrapped in body bags.

A cop approaches two men who are working on fitting Diana's dead body in a body bag.

COP
What happened?

FIRST MAN
An accident.

COP
I can see that.

SECOND MAN
The bus driver was driving on the wrong lane.

INT. STARLIGHT COLLEGE - LIBRARY - DAY

Brian stomps into the huge library with an anxious look on his face. He spots Ray seated alone on the floor at a corner, writing.

Ray's right hand scribbles notes on pad until Brian snatches the pad from his grasp. Ray looks up with a confused face.

RAY
What's up with you? Give that back.

He reaches out for the writing pad. Brian moves it away.

BRIAN

Not until you tell me how you got to know about the accident. I know you hind my wallet yesterday so I wouldn't go. So here is the question, how did you know about the crash?

RAY

I don't know what you are talking about.

He bites his lower lip subconsciously.

BRIAN

You always bite your lip when you are lying.

RAY

It's complicated. And...weard. The kind no one believes.

Brian moves to seat beside Ray on the floor.

BRIAN

Only four students survived.Four!

He holds up four fingers in front of Ray's face.

BRIAN

And not without broken bones. Trust me, I will believe you. You're the only reason I wasn't in that bus.

Ray gives a sad smile.

RAY

I don't know exactly why it happens. But I see things in my dreams. If they are dreams anyway. The things I see,.....happens. It's freaking scary. But I can't make myself stop seeing them.

BRIAN

You saw the accident in a dream?

RAY

Yeah. I couldn't tell anyone, I knew they wouldn't believe me.

BRIAN

I believe you.

RAY

You believe that I can see the future?

BRIAN

There is evidence that you can. I think it's cool. Is there something else you have seen, apart from the accident? Something that can make news!

RAY

Make news?

BRIAN

Yes. Like if we told people about the accident, then it happened. We would be in today's news!

RAY

Doesn't sound very heroic.

BRIAN

Not heroic, yes. But it would be mysterious! Just tell me about another of your dreams.

RAY

Yeah. I can show you if you are willing to take a walk.

Brian nods excitedly.

RAY

I wouldn't recommend this for a billionaire's son. It isn't healthy for your reputation.

INT.WESTMARK HOTEL - VICE PRESIDENT HALLEN MATTHEWS APARTMENT

A WAITRESS knocks on Hallen Matthews apartment door. She balances a heavy breakfast on a tray with her left hand.

No one answers the door and she finally grows impatient and pushes the door open.

WAITRESS

Mr.Matthews! Sir!

She notices the dry blood on the floor, curiously follows the stain to the bedroom.

She sees the hideous sight on the bed, screams.

INT.WASHINGTON D.C - FBI HEADQUARTERS - DAY

A busy open office, with the usual office stuff laid on desks, agents in official suits go about their work like every normal day.

At the left end of the office sits AGENT ROBY, a middle aged, brunette.

A mid-size television is fixed on the wall in front of him.He is watching an American football match on Loyal State Televation channel.

It is ungraciously interrupted by breaking news.

ROBY

(Loud)

Damn it!

Some eyes turn to him and the television where Loyal State Media is airing Vice President Hallen Matthews murder scene live.

A tall REPORTER reveals the horrific death of the vice President.

Pictures of his apartment and the bodies laying on the bed get displayed outright on screen.

LOYAL STATE T.V REPORTER

It is truly a shocking and gruesome scene here at West mark hotel! Apparently, The Vice President Mr.Hallen Matthews has been found cruelly murdered in his apartment where I stand. The police are not yet here but judging from the scene behind me, it appears like Mr.Matthews had a gay love affair with a pretty young man and maybe, it lead to the death of both. What you see around me is Mr.Hallen Matthews hotel apartment. On the bed are two dead bodies, that of His Excellency The Vice President Hallen Matthews and a dashing young man beside him. There is also what looks like gay stuff beside the two bodies.

We see the almost naked bodies on the small screen.

LOYAL STATE T.V REPORTER

I will be getting views from some of the members of public who are here to witness this horrific scene.

He turns the microphone to a group of men and women standing right behind him with evident anticipation.

FIRST MEMBER OF PUBLIC
I never knew Mr. Matthews was gay!
This is a true disgrace to his
reputation and his marriage with...

The FBI DIRECTOR RACHEAL SUMMERS matches forward and switches off the television.

RACHEAL
How the hell did the media get to the
scene before the police?!

ROBY
The Loyal State Media headquarters
are right opposite Westmark Hotel.
All you need is to cross the road.

RACHEAL
We must get there really quick before
someone messes with the evidence.

INT. FBI AGENT MARTIN SCOTT'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY
Martin stares at his television screen with widened eyes. He stands just a metre from it as if he is trying to take a crosser look at the breaking news.

MARTIN
What the hell!

He runs to a box sitting on the floor not so far from the television. There is more than a dozen Starlight College magazines muddled up in the box.

He empties them on the floor and starts searching for a specific one.

He finds the magazine written on may tenth and picks it up. He quickly peruses the pages until he gets to a story on the back pages Titled, 'DAZZLING MURDER OF THE VICE PRESIDENT'.

MARTIN
How did you know, Seer?

He picks up his badge from the glass table at the centre of the room and matches out. The magazine in his hand.

EXT. VICE PRESIDENT HALLEN MATTHEWS HOME - DAY
In front of an impressive noble home with beautiful gardens and several sculptures, a stage is set for a press conference.

Media reporters wait with batted breaths as the Vice President's wife walks to the set stage. She is escorted by a her bodyguards.

She wipes her tears and blows her nose before she starts speaking.

MRS. MATTHEWS

Today.... I, my family and citizens ... of this country, we have lost someone dear to us all. The Vice President of this nation and the father of our young daughter, has ...been cruelly murdered. I have always known my husband as a good, devoted husband. Never have I imagined that he would be unfaithful to me with a young man so far from his age. But whether he lied to me or not, he didn't deserve such an inhumane murder. I have accepted that my husband wasn't the man I thought he was, but I still want justice for him. He may not have been a faithful husband, but he was a good leader. He deserves justice!

She once again wipes the tears and blows her nose.

INT. VICE PRESIDENT HALLEN MATTHEWS HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY
Mrs. Matthews walks into the palatial living room and let's out a sigh of relieve. She tosses her handkerchief to a dustbin and smiles at three men seated on the coach.

MRS. MATTHEWS

Mr. Lewis Ferguson, it's nice to see you!

She walks forward to meet a tall, a little bit fat man. He stands to shake her hand.

MRS. MATTHEWS

What did you think of my press conference, was I convincing?

MR. LEWIS FERGUSON

Very! You would make one hell of an actress. Ever thought of acting?

MRS. MATTHEWS

My husband would be alive if I did. I want business.

They sit and a servant in white uniform hands them drinks. The two click their wine glasses in celebration.

MRS.MATTHEWS

To business!

MR. LEWIS FERGUSON

To business.

They sip their wine simultaneously.

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - OFFICE OF FBI DIRECTOR, RACHEAL SUMMERS - DAY

Racheal, Roby another agent are examining the evidence corrected at the murder scene which is laid on her office desk. It includes the sex stuff that had been on the bed, clothes of the victims in a box and Photographs of the murder scene.

Martin suddenly busts in without knocking.He has the starlight College magazine in hand.

MARTIN

What do we have?

Racheal casts him a confused look.

RACHEAL

You are supposed to be on leave. What brings you here?

MARTIN

I have a lead.

He opens the magazine and lays it on the table. The two agents and Racheal laugh.

RACHEAL

On a school mag!

One of the agents looks down at the magazine and reads the title of the story loud in a mocking tone.

AGENT

Dazzling murder of the Vice President.
This must be just the same crap media is writing.

MARTIN

Trust me. I got something. I know it seems crazy. But I need you to read this and compare the details with what you saw at the murder scene.

Racheal and the two agents gather around the open magazine and starts reading. Astonishment is evident on their faces as they read the story.

RACHEAL

Oh God! Whoever wrote this must have been at the murder scene when Hallen Matthews was killed.

She looks up at Martin. Martin shakes his head in objection.

MARTIN

May be not. This magazine was written four months ago. You can check the dates.

Racheal checks the dates on the magazine's front cover. She reads the dates.

RACHEAL

May 10th. But that's impossible. How could someone have known that The vice president will be murdered in his apartment four months ago? And not just where but how he gets murdered! It's crazy!

AGENT

Unless he or she planned the murder. But why incriminate themselves by writing it on a school magazine?

ROBY

Look! He says that one of the killers obviously dropped an Identification card at the murder scene.

RACHEAL

There was no identification card found at the scene.

ROBY

According to this gory story, it got covered by a bedsheet that was hanging. I think that's how we know if this story is true. We ask the security guards guarding the murder scene to check if there is any identification card under a hanging bedsheet.

The rest nod. Racheal picks up her phone.

INT. VICE PRESIDENT HALLEN MATTHEWS APARTMENT - DAY
Two officers stand chatting at the front door of the apartment. One of the officers pulls out his ringing cellphone.

He excuses himself as he takes the call. He listens to the caller for a few seconds, returns to his partner.

FIRST OFFICER

They want us to check if there is an identification card under the bed.

SECOND OFFICER

Who wants us to check?

FIRST OFFICER

The FBI.

The two officers walk into the apartment and strolls to the bedroom. One of them uses a flashlight to search under the bed.

He moves the hanging bedsheet and finds the Identification card.He picks it up.

FIRST OFFICER

I found it. Who is this guy? Gary Owen.

He pulls out his phone to make a call as his partner takes a look at the identification card.

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - RACHEAL SUMMERS OFFICE - DAY
Racheal's cellphone rings. She picks the call and listens as she writes something on a paper. She puts down the cellphone and looks at the three agents in her office.

RACHEAL

They found the identification card.
It belongs to Gary Owen.

ROBY

Does any of you think that this is creepy? I mean, someone wrote this story four months ago. It's not like he was at the murder scene. And yet he seems like he was there.

RACHEAL

It's more than creepy. We need to find this guy.

She checks the writers name and shakes her head in surprise.

RACHEAL

The Seer.

She reads the name with a puzzled expression.

ROBY

Like a prophet or a foreseer? You must be kidding me.

MARTIN

It's obviously not his real name. I will call my sister and ask her his real name. She also writes for the school magazine. She will know him.

RACHEAL

That's good! Roby, you are going to get Gary Owen. Take some agents with you incase he decides to get violent. I and Martin will get The Seer. Whatever he calls himself. Oh! And get someone to find as many Starlight College magazines and hand them to the rest of stuff. There may be more we can find from them.

EXT.WESTHILL FOREST - DAY

Ray and Brian walks through a dense forest, pushing the twigs and branches out of their way.

BRIAN

The stories you write for the school mag, you get them from your dreams?

RAY

Yeah.

BRIAN

And here I was thinking you are creative. If I may ask, where exactly are we going?

RAY

Remember the boy who got lost last year?

BRIAN

The one who disappeared on his way to buy a Budger downtown? Of course I remember.

RAY

He didn't go to buy a Budger. He went to the park instead. Unfortunately stumbled on his father hanging out with his ex. His father didn't want his wife knowing about it. So he killed the boy and buried him here.

BRIAN

Wait! He killed his son just to hide his infidelity?

RAY

Yep! He was the boy's step father. Not real father. He buried him just metres ahead.

BRIAN

Don't you think we should tell the police? Have that psycho arrested?

RAY

Yes. But what will we tell them. That we guessed that he killed his son? Even if we show them the body, we can't prove that it's his step father who killed him.

BRIAN

Well, that's the hard part.

Ray steps at a clear spot surrounded by dense bush.

RAY

This is it. The body shouldn't be far.

BRIAN

And we got a shovel.

He walks a metre past Ray, picks up a rusting shovel on the ground and blows off the dust on its surface. He hands it to Ray.

Ray starts scooping up the soil at the spot.

The shovel scoops up two bones covered with dust and yucky rotting flesh. He throws both the bones and the shovel away, seeming appalled by what he had found.

BRIAN rushes to the neighboring bushes and pukes.

The two are too astounded to notice THE MAN in a brown coat emerging from the bushes and stepping into the clearing.

THE MAN

Seems like someone finally dug out my secret!

Brian glares up at the tall guy in dirty brown coat. Ray looks startled by the unexpected intrusion.

BRIAN

You bastard! You killed a child just to keep a secret?

THE MAN

You don't know what it takes to keep a marriage. My boy did a mistake of finding out my secret, you shouldn't have done it too.

He picks up the shovel and lunges for Brian. Brian dodges away, missing the heavy brow by an inch.

Ray hastily helps him to get on his feet then the two split back the way they had come. The man chases after them.

THE MAN

Come back here you losers!

He shouts puffing out heavily as his pace slackens. Ahead of him, Ray and Brian slows down to take a breathe.

Racheal, Martin and two more FBI agents show up in front of them.

RACHEAL

Ray Donson?

Ray nods looking up at them.

MARTIN

Federal Bureau of investigation. You are under arrest for the murder of the Vice President Hallen Matthews.

He says showing Ray his budge. Ray gapes.

BRIAN

What! Have you people lost your minds?

RACHEAL

You are The Seer, right?

RAY

Yes. But I didn't kill anyone!

MARTIN

Maybe. But right now you are the only suspect to the murder of this nations Vice President.

He stomps towards Ray pulling out a pair of handcuffs.

Ray cowers back. Martins grabs him by the arms and yanks him to the ground.

BRIAN

Let him go you bastard!

He leaps forward and kicks Martin who is pinning Ray down on the ground on the side of his chest. Martin rolls away.

Racheal and the other two agents pull out their guns and point them at Brian who is seething with anger as he helps Ray to his feet.

RACHEAL

You better step away or we will arrest both of you!

Ray pats Brian's left shoulder soothingly.

RAY

You have to let go.

Brian nods and gives Ray a tight hug.

BRIAN

I will get you out of this. I promise. Just don't tell them anything before I get you a lawyer.

Martin gets on his feet and cuffs Ray. Brian glares at him.

BRIAN

You better not lay a hand on him or I swear I will....

MARTIN

Who are you, his momma?

RACHEAL

As long as he cooperates no one will hurt him.

Brian takes a deep breathe and walks away ahead of Ray and the agents.

INT.GARY OWEN'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY

A simple room, midsize bed and a drawer beside it. Gary Owen sits on the bed with a bottle of whisky and a cellphone by his ear.

GARY OWEN

I don't know what happened, man. I think it just fell off. I am scared that the cops gonna find it. You gotta help me man!

His door bell rings. He hangs up and picks a handgun from a drawer. He carefully walks to the door.

GARY OWEN

Who is it?

Someone on the other side of the door shouts that it's room service. Gary sighs. He hides his gun under his thick jacket.

He opens the door and meets two guns pointed at him. Roby and another agent holds the guns. Gary panics and hastily tries to reach his gun under the jacket.

The agents fire their guns and several bullets tears into Gary's chest. He falls forward, breathing his last.

ROBY

Damn it! We needed him.

EXT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Media reporters and cameramen move around the front of the huge building like a swam of bees.

Racheal, Martin, and the other two agents struggle to keep the reporters away as they guide the handcuffed Ray through the milling mass of reporters towards the F.B.I headquarters building.

Reporters shout questions at Ray but he remains mute.

FIRST REPORTER

Who killed the Vice President?

SECOND REPORTER

Are you really a prophet?

INT.FBI HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Starlight College magazines lay all over the desks in the huge open office buzzing with busy agents. Ray is pushed through the door and agents stand and gape at him.

RACHEAL

Has anyone got something?

A lady agent walks forward. She gives Ray a skeptical look as she walks past him.

LADY AGENT

We found alot more. You won't believe it. Come with me.

She gestures at Racheal and Martin to follow her to a table covered by open magazines.

LADY AGENT

All this are different stories talking of different incidences that we can relate to things that have already happened. Most of them are crimes or accidents. Remember the horrible Florida plane crash that killed one hundred and twenty people last year, this article is about it.

She riffles through the fast pages and stops at a page not far from the back cover. She points at a story titled 'Shocking Plane Crash', on the page.

MARTIN

You are saying this stories are about things that have happened in reality?

A LADY AGENT

Yes. But that's not the amazing part. Apparently, all of them were written days or months before they happened. Bad news is some are yet to take place. Like a bank robbery in China town.

Racheal and Martin look at each other in confusion.

INT. VICE PRESIDENT HALLEN MATTHEWS HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Mrs. Matthews and Lewis Ferguson gape at the television before them. On the screen, is the current breaking news whose headline is 'Prophet Of Doom'.

The overzealous reporter on the screen speaks rather too fast like she can't wait to say the next word.

NEWS REPORTER

A Starlight College student was arrested today in connection with Vice President Hallen Matthews murder. Economics student Ray Dobson, writes for the Starlight College weekly magazine. However, his stories happens to be quite bizarre than words can explain. Apparently, everything he writes mysteriously takes place later in reality. The FBI have confirmed to have identified more than fifteen of his stories that can be related to events that have happened in last three years.

(MORE)

NEWS REPORTER (CONT'D)

That includes the recent murder of the Vice President Hallen Matthews and last year's Florida plane crash.

Mrs. Matthews has a thrilled smile on her face.

LEWIS FERGUSON

What the hell is this! A prophet?

Mrs. MATTHEWS

Look at the positive side. If this kid have can actually see the future, how much can we accomplish with his help. He can foretell future market trends.

LEWIS FERGUSON

You are out of your mind. He is with the FBI.

MRS. MATTHEWS

May be. If he can do what he seems to be able to do, I wouldn't care if he is with the FBI.

INT. WEST VIRGINIA - HENRY DOBSON'S HOME - SITTING ROOM
HENRY DONSON, Ray's stepfather, turns away from the a small television on the wall, angrily kicks a coach.

HENRY DONSON

I always knew he was trouble! A disaster in waiting! How am I gonna show my face out there with this on t.v?

MRS. DONSON, a tall beauty, silently paces around the small room with tears cascading down her cheeks.

Ray's step brother, LEONARD DONSON, seems more pleased than shocked. He almost puts on a smile.

LEONARD DONSON

Seems he was a freak than I had imagined.

MRS. DONSON

Shut up! Both of you! You don't have an idea what my son is going through right now. What he has been going through all along just because I didn't believe him when he tried to tell me. This is my fault, not his. I don't care what it will take to help him. But I will try. With or without any of you!

She storms out of the room.

HENRY DONSON
Honey! Wait! I will try to help.

He follows her out of the room.

Leonard Donson raises his eyebrows then smiles. He takes a seat on a coach and goes on watching the television.

INT.ROBERT MILESTONE MANSION - SITING ROOM
Brian walks through a glass door into a lofty living room where his parents sit facing a television.

Robert Milestone, a billionaire in his early sixties holds his beautiful wife close.

They seem startled when Brian storms inside.

With welcoming smiles, they both rise to embrace him.

MRS.MILESTONE
I am so glad you didn't go for that tour. I don't know what I would do if you got hurt.

The two cradle Brian for almost half a minute.

BRIAN
Ray needs help. I need to get him a lawyer.

Robert Milestone steps away and starts pacing.

ROBERT MILESTONE
I am sorry son, we can't get involved in such a huge

BRIAN
Dad! This is my best friend we are talking about. And he is innocent!

MRS.MILESTONE
I know you care for him, but we can't risk getting into this.

BRIAN
If it wasn't for Ray, I would have gotten into that bus. I can't turn my back on him now.

His parents stare at him with astounded expressions.

ROBERT MILESTONE

He knew about the bus accident too?
Then why didn't he tell everyone not
to go?

BRIAN

It's not like anyone would have
believed him.

ROBERT MILESTONE

True. I will make some calls and see
if we can get him someone good to
represent him. But I can't promise it
will do him any good. He is in deep
trouble.

BRIAN

No. Everyone is just misunderstanding
him. That's not his fault.

INT. ASTRAL UNION LOUNGE - DAY

A man in his sixties strolls into a big, well lighted room.
He wears white, loose trousers beneath a long, kanzu like
cloth.

MASTER FANG, is the head of the a mythical group, 'Astral
Union'. At the center of the room, is something that looks
like an alter.

At the top of the alter, stands a huge diamond. One that can
weigh about half a kilogram. The diamond is placed in a
square glass cage.

The man halts a metre away from the diamond and simply
stares at it like he is contemplating something.

Behind him, a young man steps inside the room. His clothing
resembles those of Master Fang.

Master Fang turns to face him.

MASTER FANG

What brings you here, son?

YOUNGER MAN

Came to see if you're finally
considering my suggestion.

MASTER FANG

One day you will come to realize that
there are greater things than money
or luxury.

He turns around to face the diamond again.

MASTER FANG

Such is a good course. You know how important this diamond is to every member of this organization, to our ancestors and to...

YOUNGER MAN

I am sorry to say this, but this is starting to seem more like a lost course. How many decades have passed while that diamond only got passed down the ages? Fifty? Sixty? For all those years, we have been waiting for someone powerful enough to use it. May be such a person will never exist and we will forever wait for nothing. Even if we don't sell it, which is just the wisest thing to do, we will only pass it to the next generation of travelers. How do you know someone down the line won't sell it anyway?

MASTER FANG

Nothing so great comes easy. People have to make sacrifices. You realize that the results of our course are more cosmic than of anything else any powerful organization have ever tried. That's why it needs us to have a lot of Patience.

A young lady in her twenties suddenly walks into the room. She wears loose, white clothes.

THE YOUNG LADY

Mr.Fang! Please come see the breaking news. I think we finally found him!

Both master Fang and his young son follows her out of the room. They walk into another room with seats and a television fixed on the front wall.

Master Fang walks closer to the television with an awed look as they watch the breaking news about Ray Donson's arrest.

There is the huge headline at the bottom of the screen, 'Prophet Of Doom', as a video of a handcuffed Ray being lead into FBI headquarters plays on the screen.

MASTER FANG

Ray Donson! We have been waiting for you for so long.

He turns to face his son.

MASTER FANG

I want you to go make sure our food stores are ready. I will figure out a plan to get Ray Donson.

INT.WASHINGTON D.C - FBI HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

Ray sits on a chair behind a metallic table in the FBI suspect holding room. His hands are cuffed before him.

The door to the room swings opens. Racheal and Martin walk in. Racheal takes the seat across from Ray while Martin takes his seat on one edge of the table.

RACHEAL

So, the Frolinda plane crash wasn't caused by the inexperienced pilot and Mr.Hallen wasn't gay after all? Who hired the three men who killed him? And..when is the bank robbery going to take place?

Ray looks up with a bored look.

RAY

I will only speak to my lawyer when he gets here.

Martin slams a fist against the metallic table startling both Ray and Racheal.

MARTIN

We are talking about a cruel murder crime here, boy! I don't give a damn about who you want to speak to! You better start talking or....

RACHEAL

Martin! Calm down. The boy has the right to be represented by a lawyer. Just leave him.

Martin starts to impugn but he is interrupted by Roby who walks into the room without knocking. He speaks with dramatic gestures like he is doing a stage comedy.

ROBY

Billionaire Milestone's son is here. With a good lawyer.The one and only, CHRISTIAN SANDERS.

Martin looks even more pissed.

RACHEAL

Send them in.

Roby nods and leaves the room.

RACHEAL

We have to follow protocol. Do things
by the book.

Martin swallows hard. Racheal gently strokes his hand. He smiles at her. Ray clears his throat. Racheal looks at him.

RACHEAL

What?

RAY

Nothing.

Brian and a man in a suit walks in. He rushes to Ray and takes him in his arms.

RAY

Thanks for coming!

BRIAN

Are you OK!

RAY

I think so. They think I killed the
Vice President.

BRIAN

We will prove you didn't.

MARTIN

All you have to do is tell us who
killed him. And how you happened to
see all that you write on the
magazines.

CHRISTIAN SANDERS

No! No! No! Don't talk to them. In
situations like this, you are
supposed to only speak to your
lawyer. They are desperately looking
for someone to pin that murder on,
and right now you're the only suspect
they have got. They are not hear to
help, I am.

RACHEAL

No one is pinning a murder on a
fucking college kid! We only want him
to tell us what he knows.

CHRISTIAN SANDERS

I speak for him now. So if you need
anything, you ask me. Not him.

RACHEAL

That's fine, very fine. Just know this would be a lot easier if we cooperated.

She gestures at Martin to follow her out.

RACHEAL

You have ten minutes.

She says to Ray, Christian Sanders and Brian as she and Martin steps out.

INT.FALCON BANK - WASHINGTON D.C - CHINA TOWN -DAY

A gang of three robbers in funny masks, bags and guns storms into a bank.

One of the men shoots twice in the air and the bank's employees and clients scarry off in different directions.

Then they take off two bank security guards. Third guard puts down his gun and raises his hands up in surrender.

The GANG LEADER crimps on a desk, kicking off the stuff on it.

GANG LEADER

Listen up! As you can see, this is a bank robbery in progress. We are here to withdraw just little of the bank's insured money, to feed our families. So there is no need for anyone getting hurt. Everyone lay down on the floor and remain calm until our transaction with the bank is done.

INT.RACHEAL SUMMERS OFFICE - NIGHT

Racheal leans back on her seat and takes out a deep sigh. She momentarily shuts her eyes in evident irresolution.

Martin starts pacing around her desk.

RACHEAL

Do you think he is refusing to talk to us because we are treating him like a suspect?

An agitated Martin halts and looks at Racheal.

MARTIN

But that's what he is, a suspect!

RACHEAL

We both know that boy didn't kill Mr. Matthews. He just happens to know who did. Just like he new about the Frolinda plane crash and the others.

MARTIN

Yeah. May be.

Someone knocks on the office door. The door swings open and a man in a suit and a briefcase steps inside. Racheal and Martin cast him surprised looks.

Roby stops and leans on the open door with an innocent smile on.

RACHEAL

Who is this?

Roby shrugs.

ROBY

He said he wants to help with the case. He is some kind of a professor. He told me his name. Professor ...Zain?

PROFESSOR ZAIN

Professor Zain Gordon.

He takes out his card and hands it to Racheal. Racheal looks at the card.

RACHEAL

You are a professor in.... metaphysical sciences.

PROFESSOR ZAIN

Yes. However, I like to devote my expertise to Astal Projection. Which is the case you are dealing with now.

MARTIN

Astral projection? What we have is a murder. So please if you got nothing.....

PROFESSOR ZAIN

I was talking about your suspect, Ray Donson. I imagine you are all wondering how he gets to know about the events he writes about. Trust me, this isn't something you learned in police college. That's why it puzzles you.

RACHEAL

And you have the answers?

The lady agent we saw earlier steps inside the office.

RACHEAL

What is it again?

A LADY AGENT

The bank robbery in China town just happened. Two men are dead, and the robbers got away with seven million dollars.

MARTIN

Oh no! We gotta make that kid talk!
To hell with protocol!

RACHEAL

We can't do that.

She turns to professor Zain.

RACHEAL

You said you can help?

PROFESSOR ZAIN

Yes. I can help. Its my profession.

Martin walks closer to Professor Zain.

MARTIN

Well, you are right. We don't know what is going on with that kid. So what do you have for us?

PROFESSOR ZAIN

What you have is a case of.....

ROBY

Wait! Wait! Wait!

Roby leaves the room and returns with a huge group of agents. Racheal raises her eyebrows but Roby only smiles as the agents pile into the limited space making it crammed.

Professor Zain steps forward ready to elucidate his theory.

PROFESSOR ZAIN

For the sake of those who weren't here, I am a professor in metaphysical sciences. I came to help you with Ray Donson's case. It's a unique case of astral travel.

A LADY AGENT

What does that mean in English?

PROFESSOR ZAIN

Astral Projection is a form of an out of body experience, OBE, where ones intermediate body, the astral body, goes out of the physical body and travels through or across different dimensions.

PROFESSOR ZAIN

I think for as long as I have studied Astral projection, Ray Donson is the first person powerful enough to time travel through time dimension by Astral Projection that I have come across. And I believe that if he can time travel, then he can go back in time and get us the identities of the people who killed the Vice President.

MARTIN

You are saying we use some cranky abilities to solve a crime?

PROFESSOR ZAIN

You have a better suggestion?

ROBY

Instead of going back to only take a look at the Killers. Why not go back and save the Vice President?

PROFESSOR ZAIN

That would be impossible in ones astral body. An astral body cannot handle physical stuff as it isn't even tangible. But it can walk through physical stuff like walls. Or change appearance and take different forms. Which is efficient for spying. Not saving.

RACHEAL

So, how will we make Ray Donson do it. He isn't that cooperative right now.

MARTIN

Is that even valid way of carrying out an investigation?

PROFESSOR ZAIN

I can talk to him. We may need a comfortable room if you want him to do the meditation and Astral Project now.

RACHEAL

Comfortable room?

PROFESSOR ZAIN

An empty, silent and dimly lighted room.

INT.FBI SUSPECT HOLDING ROOM - NIGHT

Brian, Ray and Christian Sanders are engaged in a serious talk.

CHRISTIAN SANDERS

We can't base our argument on "dreams". You have to give me something rigid. You can't tell a judge you dreamt the murder of the Vice President.

BRIAN

But what if that is the truth?

CHRISTIAN SANDERS

That he dreamt a real crime before it happened? You should have told me this is the kind of crap I am gonna be dealing with!

Racheal, Martin, Roby and Professor Zain walk in. Brian takes a quick look at his watch.

BRIAN

Fifteen minutes aren't over yet!

RACHEAL

I know. We need to talk to Ray.

CHRISTIAN SANDERS

No one is talking to Ray except me! He is my client. And you need to respect that!

Racheal walks to Ray and uncuffs him.

RACHEAL

He is no longer a suspect. So you don't have a client anymore.

Brian and Ray exchange confused looks.

RAY

Does that mean I can go home?

RACHEAL

After you help us solve the case. You and Professor Zain Gordon over there are going to have a small talk.

She nods at a puzzled Christian Sanders to get up from the chair. Professor Zain takes the seat.

RACHEAL

Everyone else is leaving the room.

BRIAN

I am not going anywhere! Sorry to say so but I don't trust you people that much.

MARTIN

Trust me, Professor here doesn't bite. They are just talking.

Ray nods at Brian to leave. Brian hesitantly follows the others out leaving Ray and Professor Zain seated across each other.

PROFESSOR ZAIN

You have no idea how glad I am to meet you. I wonder if you realize what an incredible ability you have?

RAY

Ability?

PROFESSOR ZAIN

Yes. You are able to travel through time by Astral projection.

RAY

Forgive me if I don't know what that is.

PROFESSOR ZAIN

Tell me. How did you know about the Vice President's murder? Or the plane crash?

RAY

I saw it in a dream.

PROFESSOR ZAIN

That's it! Have you ever experienced anything unusual while asleep?

RAY

Like something heavy pinning me on my bed? And a.....a strange, extremely loud sounds like a thousand radios turned on at the same time? Or like I can hear everyone in the world talking.

PROFESSOR ZAIN

Yes. Those are some of many signs of astral projection. And that's how you are going to help get the person who killed the Vice President.

RAY

I don't choose what to see in my dreams.

PROFESSOR ZAIN

I will help you with that.

INT.VICE PRESIDENT HALLEN MATTHEWS HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Evan and weard looking guy in an oversized suit stands before Mrs.Matthews and Mr. Ferguson who are seated on a coach.

While Evan is trying to keep his demeanour, his counterpart is visibly trembling.

MRS.MATTHEWS

Did you by any chance think that I paid you so much to kill my husband so as to entertain the public? If I remember well, leaving your Identification cards at the crime scene wasn't part of the plan. So why did you do it? So you may become popular?

EVAN

Believe me Ma'am, we had not intended to do so. Gary's Identification card must have dropped accidentally and somehow he didn't notice it. But you have nothing to worry about. They killed him before he told them anything.

Mr.Ferguson rises from his seat and walks to Evan.

MR.FERGUSON

How many people knew that you and Gary worked together?

EVAN

No one.

MR.FERGUSON

No one? Is that true?

He nods at Evan's partner to answer.

EVAN'S PARTNER

Yeah! I think so! Please don't kill us. It was Gary. He...he messed up.

Mrs.Matthews walks forward with a handgun in her hand. Evan and his partner cower. She raises the gun and shoots Evan on the head.

Evan falls backwards hitting the edge of a table with the back of his head.

His partner turns and runs towards the door. Mrs.Matthews aim and shoot him twice on the back. He falls and blood oozes out of his open mouth.

MRS.MATTHEWS

Such a mess!

She sighs as she goes back to seat.

INT.FBI HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

Ray seats on a mat with his bare legs crossed before him in a dimly light room. Seated opposite him, is Professor Zain. His legs are crossed before him as well. The rest of the room is empty.

Racheal, Martin, Brian and number of agents stand behind a glass door looking inside.

PROFESSOR ZAIN

I need you to relax, let go of anything in your mind. Be aware of only yourself. First be ware of every part of your physical body, then your Astral body. Your consciousness, try to separate it from your physical body.

Ray takes in a deep breathe then exhales.

PROFESSOR ZAIN

Make it slow. You need to concentrate only on your astral body.

For a while, Ray just sits quiet with his eyes closed. Then suddenly, his astral body appears floating above the floor three metres behind him.

It looks like a perfect copy of Ray but seems almost transparent. Like something alive but not touchable.

Ray's physical body sits still on the mat. Those watching through the window gasp and jump. Professor Zain smiles gladly.

Ray loses his concentration and his astral body simply disappears.

He exhales deeply as Brian, Racheal and Martin walks in through the door with astounded faces.

Brian kneels beside Ray and gently strokes his hair. Racheal grasps Ray's left hand with an encouraging smile on.

ROBY

That was sensational!

RACHEAL

Are you alright?

Ray nods and smiles.

BRIAN

I can't believe you did it.

MARTIN

It actually works! It must be fun to be out of ones body. Any chance I can do it too?

He looks at Professor Zain for an answer.

PROFESSOR ZAIN

You could try. But it needs one to have psychic abilities to do it.

MARTIN

Psychic abilities? That's an unfair requirement.

RACHEAL

What happens now? How will he find the killers?

PROFESSOR ZAIN

He will try to go back in time in his astral body and find a connection between the killers and whoever hired them.

RACHEAL

OK. We will leave the room then. She turns to Ray.

RACHEAL

You are our only hope of getting
whoever killed Matthews. Please don't
let us down.

RAY

I will do the best I can.

Brian pats Ray's shoulder and exits the room together with Martin and Racheal. Ray and Professor Zain resume their previous positions. Legs crossed before them, Ray's eyes shut.

Within seconds, Ray's astral body appears at one corner of the room. Then floats above the floor to a corner. Professor Zain gives a warm, glowing smile.

Then the Astral Ray shuts his eyes like he is concentrating on doing something. He floats upwards, goes right through the ceiling and disappears.

EXT. WASHINGTON D.C FBI HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

Ray stands on one edge of the roof of the the FBI headquarters building in his astral form. He looks down at the heavy traffic below and smiles excitedly.

Bellow, a man carrying a briefcase walks out of a shop towards his car. He is counting dollar bills in his hands. He drops a credit card.

Ray calls out loud to the man who is now close to getting into his car. But the man seem not to hear him.

A street thug hurries to where the man had dropped the card and picks it. He starts walking to a nearby shop.

Ray floats on thin air from the top of the roof to the shop's doorstep just before the street thug gets there.

Ray stands right on his way but the man doesn't seem to see him.

RAY

You should give that back to the
owner. Or I will call the cops!

The man doesn't hear him despite being only a step away. He walks right through Ray like Ray isn't there and can not be heard or seen. He looks down at himself in awe.

RAY

(To himself)

I am invisible? How cool! Then why
could Professor see me? Dimly light
room, I am visible in dim light.

INT.WESTMARK HOTEL - VICE PRESIDENT HALLEN MATTHEWS
APARTMENT - NIGHT

Ray floats right through the door into the cozy apartment.
There are four men inside the living room.

A strikingly goodlooking young man seated on the floor, half
a metre from the blue couch. He has an appalled look as he
seats unsteadily with his hands cuffed behind him. He also
have a gag covering his mouth.

Evan, Gary Owen and a short guy with conspicuous hairstyle
and rather weard clothing, stands around him simpering. Ray
moves to one corner of the living room and keeps floating a
metre above the floor.

The men goes about their business unaware that someone is
watching them.

EVAN

Sorry we have to do this. The cash
was just too much not to take. So
this isn't personal.

His counterparts laugh a little loud. Evan's phone ring in
his trousers pocket.

He digs it out and checks the caller. He then turns to the
others with a smirk on.

EVAN

It's her, Mrs. Matthews.

His partners step closer to him. Ray does too. But the three
doesn't still notice him.

GARY OWEN

Put her on speaker.

Evan presses a button on his phone and holds the cellphone
between him and his partners.

EVAN

Hello Mrs.....

We hear the voice of the person on the other end.

MRS.MATTHEWS

Are you done?

EVAN

Yes. We are almost there. All will be
set before Mr.Matthews gets here. Are
you sure we should leave that stuff
on the bed. Someone may notice that
it wasn't used.

(MORE)

EVAN (CONT'D)

Besides, the image you want to create will be plenty obvious even without the gay stuff.

MRS.MATTHEWS

You do as I told you to do. That's what Mr. Ferguson and I are paying you for!

EVAN

Yes Ma'am.

MRS.MATTHEWS

Good! Now hurry up.

Evan and his partners exchange glances and nods. Evan pulls out a knife.

Ray looks away and floats out of the room. Outside the room, he listens to the sounds of kicks and punches as the three men inside mercilessly beat the young man.

Then suddenly the beating ceases. Ray bites his lip in anger as he acknowledges that the killers must have slit the young man's throat. He bitterly shuts his eyes.

INT. WASHINGTON D.C - FBI HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

Brian nervously paces around the dimly light room as Racheal and Martin stand watching Ray who is seated still on a mat.

Professor Zain is leaning on a wall away from where he had seated earlier.

BRIAN

What if something went wrong and he is unable to come back to his physical body?

PROFESSOR ZAIN

There is nothing that can happen to an astral body. Ray needs to find the real killers. It gonna take time.

RACHEAL

Don't you think it has taken way too much time?

PROFESSOR ZAIN

He will come back. Trust me.

ROBY

I think it's common sense that he may decide to take a little fan trip now that he can walk through walls and fly. May be he is watching the President eat his supper. We should give him time to enjoy being in his more flexible body.

Suddenly, the physical Ray snaps back to reality, taking a deep breathe and cursing.

BRIAN

Are you alright?

Ray nods slowly.

RACHEAL

Did you find out who hired the killers?

Ray gives another sombre nod.

MARTIN

Who? Give us a name.

Ray looks up at Racheal.

RAY

His Wife. His wife and another man whose name is Mr.Ferguson.

RACHEAL

Mrs.Matthews killed her husband? That doesn't add up!

MARTIN

Actually it does. Mr.Ferguson is a drug dealer as you all know. The rumor goes that he and Matthews used to do the business before Matthews got into politics and turned against his fellow drug dealers. If he had helped Mrs.Matthews kill her husband, then the murder has something to do with drug business.

RACHEAL

What about the other young man who was with Matthews? And the that stuff on the bed.

RAY

Mr.Ferguson and Mrs.Matthews had it all planned.

(MORE)

RAY (CONT'D)

I was there when those three killed the young man, Matthews wasn't in the apartment. And Mrs. Matthews called them demanding to know if they were done with the young man. They argued about whether to leave the gay stuff on the bed or not. She told them to do things according the plan because it's what she and Mr. Ferguson were paying them for.

RACHEAL

She called them? We need to track that call. It should give us irrefutable evidence against her.

Martin nods in agreement.

The two walk out with visible valiance. Racheal halts at the door and turns around to say something.

RACHEAL

Ray, don't leave this building without security. We will find a place for the three of you to sleep inside the building. And I send someone to get you dinner. Is there anything else you need?

Ray shrugs one shoulder.

PROFESSOR ZAIN

I guess that's all.

EXT. VICE PRESIDENT HALLEN MATTHEWS HOME - DAY

A FBI van pulls up in front of the salubrious and guarded mansion. Racheal, Martin and for more FBI agents alight.

Another FBI van pulls up behind them and six more agents get off. Their handguns held ready to fire.

There are about nine guards in black suits guardian the mansion. They too draw there guns.

Racheal holds up a hand, a sign that she comes in peace. A single guard stands tall by the house's main entrance. He is tall and baldheaded.

He gestures at his fellows to lower there guns. They do so. He strolls down the front stairs to meet with Racheal and Martin.

Racheal pulls out her budge.

RACHEAL
Federal Bureau of Investigation.

THE GUARD
Yeah. I can see that on your uniform,
and your Van. You can call me HENRIK.
What brings you here?

RACHEAL
We have come to see Mrs. Matthews. I
know she is inside. So things will be
a lot easier if you just let us in.

HENRIK
That's not the protocol. You will
wait here and I will go ask if you
can go inside. Things will be a lot
easier if you let me do my job.

RACHEAL
If you go in there first, she may
decide to run. And that won't do
either of us any good. So why not let
us do our job?

HENRIK
You think Mrs. Matthews would do such
a savage thing! I don't know what
kind of stupid reason brings you
here, but you should be at least
respectful to a widow who is still
moaning her husband.

MARTIN
OK! OK! Go call her.

Racheal gives him questioning look. Martin shrugs.

MARTIN
She will come. She is a national
figure. Running would ruin her
reputation.

RACHEAL
You better be right.

Henrik walks up the stairs, opens the front door and
disappears inside the house.

INT. VICE PRESIDENT HALLEN MATTHEWS HOME - HALLEN MATTHEWS
HOME OFFICE
Mrs. Matthews sits on her deceased husband's desk with an
engaged look. There are documents laid on the table before
her.

Mr.Ferguson is checking out family photos hanging on the walls. He smiles at a photo of Mrs.Matthews hugging her teenage daughter on a sandy beach.

MR.FERGUSON

You make a good Ma'am.

MRS.MATTHEWS

Who supplies northern Mexico? Someone powerful or someone we can get rid of?

MR.FERGUSON

I thought you only wanted the business within the country. Drug trafficking isn't the kind of business a person can singlehandedly run across different states. The deals here are done different from how they are done in the less developed countries. Mrs.Matthews turns to face him.

MRS.MATTHEWS

The question was, who supplies northern Mexico?

Henrik opens the office door halfway and peeps inside.

HENRIK

Mrs.Matthews, the FBI are here. I am Afraid they are not here for a good reason. Should I let them in?

Mrs. Ferguson's expression turns dead serious. Mr.Ferguson looks quite dumbfounded.

MRS.MATTHEWS

The FBI? What do they have?

HENRIK

Two vans and guns.

MRS.MATTHEWS

I mean what do they have against me!

HENRIK

They didn't say.

Mrs.Matthews looks down at the floor in contemplation. She looks up suddenly.

MRS.MATTHEWS

I am not getting arrested! Keep them busy for a while. Lewis, time to go.

Henrik nods and leaves.

MR.FERGUSON

You realize the kind public image you will create if you run.

MRS.MATTHEWS

I don't need a good image to be a drug dealer. We don't know what they have against us. As far as I am concerned, we may surrender to them then end up in prison. I would rather spend my life on the run. Now let's go. My men won't hold them for long.

EXT.VICE PRESIDENT HALLEN MATTHEWS HOME

Henrik steps outside with his gun in hand. He walks to where Racheal and Martin stands waiting.

HENRIK

Sorry! She happens to be too busy to see you. I think you will have to try another day.

Racheal and Martin raise their guns at him. Their fellow agents and the guards in suits draw their guns again.

RACHEAL

That's not an option for us.

HENRIK

Guess we gonna have to do this the hard way.

He raises his index finger and signals his men to attack.

The agents duck for cover behind the two vans and around the tall flower gardens bordering the cemented paths. They shoot back.

Racheal and Martin's attention gets a little swayed by the sudden chaos. Henrik takes the opportunity to split away towards one of the pillars supporting the huge house.

Martin suddenly snaps back and shoots at Henrik. His two shots miss and Henrik gets behind the pillar.

Martin grabs Racheal's arm and pulls her to duck behind a statue of a soldier in green uniform.

Henrik fires at them but misses. They stand back to back behind the statue and take turns firing at Henrik.

Mitres away from them, two agents scramble for cover behind a thin statue of a woman in a wedding gown. The statue is simply too slim to hide the two men.

They selfishly push each other away while fighting to remain standing behind the statue.

One of the guards takes out a grenade, removes the safety pin and flings it at the statue.

The agents manage to jump away before the grenade goes off and blasts the statue into pieces. They scatter away in opposite directions.

They fire at the guards as they move about searching for somewhere to duck. One of them luckily shoots down the guard who had thrown the grenade at them. He finds cover behind another statue.

Back to Martin and Racheal, the two are still fighting Henrik.

MARTIN

I have only one bullet left. We have to change tactic.

RACHEAL

What do we do?

MARTIN

Cover me. I will get him from behind.

Racheal nods and fires at Henrik as Martin splits away, ducking behind statues severally.

For a while, Racheal manages to keep Henrik attention at her as Martin gets to a pillar strategic to the one Henrik ducks behind.

Racheal runs out of bullets just as Martin raises his gun and shoots Henrik on the back. Henrik drops his gun and falls backwards.

Two agents take out the last guard who declines to surrender and runs. He gets four bullets on the back. The force of the bullets propels him over a strip of flower garden.

Racheal and Martin quickly break into the house through the main entrance door.

A HOUSE MAID in uniform, holding a bag with clothes hanging out of the opening, stands not so far from the door.

She looks in the verge of leaving. She drops the bag and holds her hands up when Martin and Racheal steps inside.

HOUSE MAID

Please don't shoot me. I am just a house..

RACHEAL

Where is Mrs.Matthews?

HOUSE MAID

She... she left. Through the back doors. With Mr.FERGUSON.

MARTIN

FERGUSON was here?!

The House Maid nods.

HOUSE MAID

May I leave please?

RACHEAL

Yeah, go.
Martin and Racheal starts searching the house.

INT.FBI HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Henry Donson, his wife, Leonard Donson and a short guy in a blue suit storm into the busy open office full of agents.

They are escorted by a young agent. Roby meets them a few metres from the door.

MRS.DONSON

Where is my son? Where is Ray?

ROBY

No need for tempers. Your young boy is absolutely fine. Call me Roby.

Henry Donson steps forward with a nonchalant expression.

HENRY DONSON

My son has the right to see his lawyer. We demand that you let us see him or I will go and come back with a court order!

ROBY

But your son doesn't need a lawyer as he is no longer a suspect.

MRS.DONSON

Where is he then?

ROBY

He is doing some kind ofyoga.
I will call him. LITA, bring our
guests some coffee.

A lady agents who is typing on a laptop nods and smiles.

Roby turns and walks out of the huge office through the back door.

LEONARD DONSON

Yoga?! In FBI offices?

HENRY DONSON

I don't understand what is going on
anymore. He said that Ray isn't a
suspect anymore. So why are they
still holding him?

Agent Lita brings them cups of hot coffee balanced on a tray. She hands them the steaming drinks smiling cordially.

Roby returns with Ray and Brian, and Professor Zain trailing behind him. Ray rushes forward to hug his mother who embrace him tightly.

The rest of his family only stands watching and sipping coffee. It's evident they don't get on very well.

MRS.DONSON

Are you alright?

RAY

Yes, ma'am.

MRS.DONSON

What's going on? They said you were
doing yoga.

RAY

Yoga! Oh, it's ...long, complicated
story. But it's not yoga.

ROBY

It's not complicated. It's one
simple, amazing thing. Your son can
leave his body and travel to the
future! And past too.

Leonard Donson laughs scornfully craping his hands.

Mrs.Donson glares at him and he stops. She looks back at Ray.

MRS.DONSON

Tell me what's going on dear.

Ray looks back at Professor Zain for help. Professor Zain walks forward with a smile.

PROFESSOR ZAIN

My name is Zain. Am a Psychology Professor and I am here to help Ray nature his special abilities.We are also helping the agents...

Racheal, Martin and a group of agents suddenly step inside with tired faces.

RACHEAL

She got away! But we found more evidence.

She tosses some documents on a desk before Professor Zain.He looks at them with a curious expression.

PROFESSOR ZAIN

This are financial transactions,right?

MARTIN

Between Mrs.Matthews, Ferguson and popular Brazilian drug dealers.

PROFESSOR ZAIN

You think they are the suppliers?

MARTIN

Yes. But for now we need to find out where Ferguson and Mrs.Matthews are. Can Ray do that right away?

HENRY DONSON

How is Ray going to know where they are?

PROFESSOR ZAIN

I am afraid it will have to wait. Ray is too tired to astral project right now. We have been practising all morning. He needs a few hours to relax.

RACHEAL

We don't have a few hours. This two will be out of the country in a matter of hours. We can't risk that. An hour should be enough to relax. Please!

Professor Zain gives Ray a concerned look.

RAY

I guess an hour is enough.

BRIAN

We can go get ice cream. Royal restaurant. Your family can come too.

HENRY DONSON

That's a very expensive place. I can't even buy a glass of water there!

ROBY

Don't worry, he is a billionaire's son. Money isn't a problem to him.

LEONARD DONSON

Billionaire's son! You are Brian Milestone, right?

MRS.DONSON

Milestone! The billionaire who owns Galaxy airline? What brings you here?

ROBY

He is your son's best friend.

He raises his hands to put the words "best friend" in air quotes. Racheal and Martin smirks.

Mrs.Donson looks up at her son who is about an inch taller than her.

RAY

(Smiling)

We go for ice cream.

INT.LEWIS FERGUSON CHICAGO WAREHOUSE

Mrs.Matthews pace around a plastic table set at the center of a huge room with nothing more than two sofas and the plastic table between them.

Lewis Ferguson sits at one end of the sofa on the right side sipping a glass of whisky.

MRS.MATTHEWS

Is this the only place you could get? An old, cramped warehouse? I feel like I am suffocating inside this wreck!

MR.FERGUSON

This is the safest place to run when you are wanted. And the last time I checked, you were exactly that. Wanted!

MRS.MATTHEWS

How do you think they got two know that we killed him?

MR.FERGUSON

I don't know.

The two get suddenly startled when someone shouts, "I know how they did", from the open door.

Mr.Ferguson turns to see Master Fang, the head of Union Of Astral Travelers standing at the open door with three more men behind him.

He wares a white suit and black tie. While his men are in the white uniform, long kanzu like robes and oversize pants.

MR.FERGUSON

Who the hell are you?

MASTER FANG

Let me first apologise for the rather rude interruption.Don't be alarmed. I am here to help. Or to be more specific, make you an offer.

He strolls forward majestically.

MRS.MATTHEWS

We never said we needed help! Your offer better be good or my boys gonna have fun feeding you to the dogs.

Master Fang smirks.

MR.FANG

Your men outside are too asleep to feed the dogs. Or how else do you think I got in here?

MR.LEWIS FERGUSON

You said you know how the FBI got us. How?

MASTER FANG

The boy they arrested. He has ways to see whatever he wishes. Including where you may be going.

MRS.MATTHEWS

The FBI are using a freak to solve a crime!

MASTER FANG

I didn't think they would be smart enough to realize what he can do. But somehow they did. And they will be a million steps ahead of you as long as they have the him.

Mrs.Matthews strolls forward towards Master Fang.

MRS.MATTHEWS

So we get rid of him, the FBI won't have their freaking spy anymore.

MASTER FANG

You don't. Like I said, I came to offer you a deal. Something better than petty drug profits. Ever imagined what one could do if he or she was able to go back in time?

Lewis Ferguson rises from his seat and walks to join Mrs.Matthews.

MR.LEWIS FERGUSON

Back in time? You have a time ship or something?

MASTER FANG

Time ship? No, no need for technology. Not while someone can do it naturally.

Mrs.Matthews smirks. Ferguson only looks around with a confused look.

MRS.MATTHEWS

Ray Donson! He can do it, right?

Master Fang nods in agreement. Ferguson jumps up and down childishly in celebration.

MR.LEWIS FERGUSON

Yes! Yes! He can go back change what he wrote on that college magazine. We will no longer be fugitives!

Mrs.Matthews and Master Fang cast him bored looks.

MASTER FANG

Is that the best thing you can think of changing if you could go back?

(MORE)

MASTER FANG (CONT'D)

You are not ambitious, are you?

Ferguson shrugs.

MRS.MATTHEWS

I imagine you have something good in mind better than making peace with Feds. Let us hear it.

MASTER FANG

Have you ever thought how easy one could take over the world by changing one single thing in history?

MRS.MATTHEWS

What thing exactly?

MASTER FANG

Back in 1962, the world evaded a nuclear war by mere luck. A tawkish Russian president retreated from something glorious that could have read to a world war. If someone could go back in time and make those missiles find their way to their destinations, the world we know today would be a terrible wreck with no hope of redemption.

MR.LEWIS FERGUSON

I don't see how that works in our favour. It only makes us terrorists!

MASTER FANG

Think deeper. The people who survives the war will be living in a horrific world. No food, no medicine, no hope of ever getting the things they depended on daily. They will be desperate for help. For someone who can help them survive. And that's where we come in. We will be like their gods.

MRS.MATTHEWS

And where do you suppose we get billions tones of food to feed a ruined world? You have got a magic granary?

MASTER FANG

(Smirking)

Something like that.

MR.LEWIS FERGUSON

So why come to us? You seem to be all set.

MASTER FANG

Except for the person who holds the key to the whole thing. Ray Donson. The only person who can go back in time. That's where you become useful. I need someone who has connections with the feds to get him out of the hands of the FBI.

MR.LEWIS FERGUSON

So our part in this is to steal Ray Donson from the people we are running away from? Sounds easy enough!

MRS.MATTHEWS

What if we don't have to steal him? We can make him come to us.

Both Ferguson and Fang give her lingering looks.

EXT.ROYAL SERVICE RESTAURANT - DAY

A young waitress in fitting blue uniform wares a welcoming smile as she receives Brian, Ray and his family to the classic restaurant.

Brian addresses the young waitress who keeps flashing quick glances at Ray.

BRIAN

Get us the table at the far corner. And make it quick please!

WAITRESS

That table is currently occupied. But we can move the customers to somewhere else if that is what you want.

BRIAN

Yeah! Move the customers.

She turns sharply and walks back to consult with a man in a suit who appears to be supervising the waiters.

Leonard Donson raises an eyebrow. Mr. and Mrs.Donson seems dazzled as well.

BRIAN

What!? I own the place. My father's eighteenth birthday gift.

HENRY DONSON
Birthday gift? A whole restaurant!

BRIAN
It was his way of introducing me to
the world of business.

EXT. WASHINGTON D.C. - CHINA TOWN
Gerrard O. Ray, a British scientist, 50s, walks fast
towards a parked taxi. His safari bag hangs on his shoulder.

The TAXI DRIVER, a young black man, hurries to open the door
for Gerrard.

TAXI DRIVER
Welcome to Washington sir! Where can
I take you?

He smiles as he speaks with an African-American accent.

GERRARD
The Bureau headquarters. You know
where that is, right?

He slips inside the taxi and chucks his bag on the seat
beside him.

His driver shuts the door for him.

TAXI DRIVER
There isn't a space in this city I
don't know.

He settles on his driver's seat and starts the car.

TAXI DRIVER
What business does a British guy have
with U.S feds? Must be something big
to bring you all the way here.

He takes a brief glance at Gerrard who is pulling a laptop
out of his bag.

GERRARD
Family.

TAXI DRIVER
Oh! That's nice, summer holidays? She
will be happy to see you!

Gerrard sets his laptop on his lap and sighs heavily.

TAXI DRIVER
Should I turn on the air
conditioning?
(MORE)

TAXI DRIVER (CONT'D)

Summers here are abit too hot for travelers. But you will get used to it in no time.

He looks back at Gerrard who is shaking his head as he reads something on his laptop screen.

TAXI DRIVER

I got some good country music that should cheer you up. Long flights are always this tiring. What do you like? Eighties? Boy bands?

GERRARD

Just drive, please!

EXT.ROVINGTON RESTAURANT

Ray and Brian seats across each other on the round table. Leonard Donson seats by Ray's right side munching his plate of ice cream.

MRS.DONSON

So you and Ray share a grotty college room, why? It's not like you can't afford a cool apartment near the school.

Both Henry and Leonard stare at Brian waiting for his answer. Brian shrugs his shoulders.

BRIAN

I like Ray's company. You know, cool and kind.

Leonard openly frowns.

A waiter in uniform queitly approaches and whispers something to Brian's ear. Brian nods and the waiter steps away.

BRIAN

I gotta take care of some business issues. Excuse me!

Ray casts him a confused look. Brian gives him an assuring smile as he rises from his seat.

BRIAN

It won't take more than a minute.

He walks away to meet the man in a suit supervising the waiters.

With Brian gone, Leonard turns and glares at Ray.

RAY

What?

LEONARD DONSON

(Whispering)

So, you must have had nice time walking around with a billionaire's son pretending to be his friend! I wonder what he would say if I told him that you are alot more a freak than he thinks.

RAY

More a freak than he thinks. What is that supposed to mean?

Leonard takes a sideways glance at his parents to make sure they aren't listening.

They happen to be deeply engrossed in an apparently private conversation.

LEONARD

It means you like guys a little too much.

Ray bits his lower lip.

RAY

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

His cellphone vibrates in his pocket just as Brian returns to his seat. He pulls it out and checks the new message.

RAY

Professor says we have been gone for too long. We gotta go back.

LEONARD

Do we have to come with you? I mean, it's not like you will need us.

BRIAN

No. You don't have to come. Ray and I will come to see you later at the apartment. If that's ok!

HENRY DONSON

Yeah, that's fine.

INT.UNION Of ASTRAL TRAVELERS LOUNGE - DAY

Mrs.Matthews, Lewis Ferguson and Master Fang stands around the astral diamond in the empty room. Mrs.Matthews strides forward and scans the diamond with a curious expression.

MRS.MATTHEWS

Your lineage must have been truly loyal to their course. Otherwise I don't see how any of your ancestors didn't chose to sell this precious stone.

MASTER FANG

You don't have to sell the stone to get money if you have the right person. That stone has the power to turn things from astral world into physical things. Things you can consume.

MRS.MATTHEWS

So we won't only need Ray to create a nuclear war but also to turn the tonnes of food and medicine in your astral world stores physical? Isn't that too much for one person?

MASTER FANG

No. Turning things physical should be mental work. But all that is waiting for you to deliver on your part of our deal.

MRS.MATTHEWS

Am working on it.

MASTER FANG

I would appreciate it more if you work faster.

MRS.MATTHEWS

You have been patiently waiting for decades. Or is it centuries? And now you can't wait for a few more hours?

Her phone rings in her hand. She checks the caller and smiles.

INT. WASHINGTON D.C. - FBI HEADQUARTERS - DAY

A short, stocky agent clad in a black suit walks quickly past several desks with busy agents going about their work.

He has a cellphone by his right ear and a jaumpy look on his face. He steps out of the huge office, turns right and follows a narrow corridor that takes him to a washroom.

He looks around nervously before entering the washroom with his phone still by his ear.

Inside, he stands by the door and starts speaking on the cellphone.

AGENT

Ray came back.No his family isn't with him.....I guess Rovington Hotel. Look, am risking too much by helping you, if I get caught.....

The person on the other end of the line hangs up on him. He curses and storms out of the washroom.

INT.UNION OF ASTRAL TRAVELERS LOUNGE - DAY

Mrs.Matthews smirks as she hangs up the call. With a proud expression, she looks up at Ferguson and Fang.

MRS.MATTHEWS

Ray is back at the Bureau offices. But his family is crashing at Rovington. You're not waiting for a better chance, are you?

INT.FBI HEADQUARTERS - RACHEAL SUMMERS OFFICE

Back in the open office, Martin spreads a map on a desk before Racheal, Ray, Brian and professor Zain.

Three red dots stands out on the huge piece of paper that has everything else drawn in green ink.

MARTIN

This are the five places we suspect Ferguson or Mrs.Matthews would run to.

He points at the five red dots. Ray nods.

MARTIN

I know you don't need a map to track them down, but I thought it would be easier if you have a few targets in mind.

Roby suddenly shows up with Gerrard O. Ray a step behind him.

ROBY

Excuse me guys. We have an important guest here. A British scientist. I guess he is volunteering to help with the case. Isn't that so Mr.Ray?

RACHEAL

Roby! What did I say about letting civilians in here?

(MORE)

RACHEAL (CONT'D)

We don't need any more help with the case. So please escort your guest out!

GERRARD

Am not here for 'the case'. He dramatically puts the last two words in air quotes.

Roby gives him a baffled look.

GERRARD

Am here for my son.

He nods his head at Ray. All eyes turn to Ray who wears a shocked expression.

RAY

I don't know him!

GERRARD

Of course you don't know me. We have never met. The last time I saw your Mom, you were only a day old. I am sorry I wasn't able to be there for you or your Mom. I really needed to finish my masters degree.

RACHEAL

So why show up now?

GERRARD

There was so much to do. I couldn't come earlier. Besides, I believe this is the time he needs me.

RAY

Needs you? Why would I need you? I don't know you. And neither does my mother.

GERRARD

Look, I know I messed things between I and your Mom. I shouldn't have left her to raise you alone. But I am grateful she did it so well. She even named you after me. Now if you let me, we can be a family again.

RAY

I have a family. And that family doesn't include you. So please leave me alone. I got things to do.

GERRARD

You don't understand...

Professor Zain cuts him short.

PROFESSOR ZAIN

Hey! Hey!. .. I don't know who you are to Ray but you need to leave him alone for now. Whatever you want to tell him, you can do it after we are finished with what we are doing.

He picks up the map and gestures at Ray and Brian to follow him.

Brian pats Ray on the left shoulder as they follow Professor Zain out of the office.

Gerrard watches them walk away with a furious look.

MARTIN

So, you dumped your girlfriend and her son so you can enjoy your life without them. But now that the burden of nurturing a child is gone, you come back looking for them. You must be one hell of a jerk!

GERRARD

We were both in college when she got expectant. I could not abandon my studies to take care of a child who was not planned for.

INT. WASHINGTON D.C - ROVINGTON HOTEL

In a splendid apartment, Ray's mother strolls to a coach where her husband sits sipping a glass of wine.

She looks at the grandeur of the sitting room with awe.

Leonard Donson sits at the far end of the room, playing a video game with jaunty smile.

MRS.DONSON

It's feels weard to sleep in a place you can't afford. I don't understand how a billionaire's son can be so compassionate.

HENRY DONSON

Agent Roby told me he had hired Christian Sanders to represent Ray before the charges were dropped. It takes a fortune to hire such a lawyer.

(MORE)

HENRY DONSON (CONT'D)

Ray must be an incredible best friend
for Brian to do all that for him,
don't you think?

MRS.DONSON

What exactly are you suggesting?

The door bell rings and Mrs.Donson goes fast answer it. She jerks the door open and meets three guns fitted with silencers pointed at her.

She freezes.

One of the men in black masks smiles at her warmly.
"Surprise!" He says with a broad smile.

Mrs.Donson hesitantly raises up her hands in surrender. The man nods to his partners to go inside.

MRS.DONSON

Please don't hurt my family!

Henry suddenly looks up with a startled face. The glass of wine slips out of his grasp when the two men with guns walks inside.

Leonard goes on playing the video game oblivious of their current plight. There is a loud,pleasant music as the game ends and Leonard wins.

LEONARD DONSON

I beat them, I won! Am badass!

He turns to his dad and finds him holding his hands up in the air with an appalled expression.

Then his sight lands on the two men in masks and guns. "Very good son! You did well!" One of the men in masks commends smiling.

LEONARD DONSON

Holly crap!

He jumps back and falls from the sofa. Then splits towards the bedroom.

One of the men in masks shoots up twice. "Get back here kid!" He runs after Leonard.

Mrs.Donson starts going after them, but the man at the door pulls her back and points the gun at her ear.

HENRY DONSON

Don't shoot my son!

Leonard stumbles into his bedroom and quickly shuts the door. The man chasing him kicks it but it doesn't budge.

He shoots at the door knob then kicks it again. The door swings open.

He leaps inside with his gun pointed ahead. He scans the room moving the gun from side to side.

Leonard emerges from behind the open door with a white flower vase in hand. He moves stealthily towards the man with the handgun.

"Get out of the closet kid!" The man shouts pointing his gun to a closet whose door is ajar.

Leonard gets close enough, raises the vase high and smacks it against the man's head. He falls forward and the gun slips out of his hands.

Leonard hurries to pick it. He takes the strange object in his hands and studies it with a baffled face.

LEONARD DONSON

So cool!

The man on the floor grunts as he struggles to get back on his feet. He looks up Leonard and smiles.

"You don't know how to use it, do you?" He says finally standing on his feet and cupping the back of his head where Leonard had hit him.

Leonard points the gun at him.

LEONARD DONSON

I do. I will just pull the trigger.

"Leo! Are you OK!" Henry Donson shouts from the living room.

Leonard's attention towards the man wavers and the man lunges for him. He kicks Leonard on the chest knocking him off his feet. Leonard stumbles and falls backwards.

Without giving him a chance to get back to his feet, the man moves to kneel beside Leonard and starts wrestling the gun out of his hand. Using his other hand, Leonard punches him between the legs forcing him to let go of the gun as excruciating pain grips his groin.

Leonard quickly stands and points the gun at the man. But he forgets to put his finger on the trigger. The man smirks as he notices it.

Leonard looks down at his hands just as the man sweeps his feet of the ground. Leonard falls forward and loses his grasp on the gun.

The man crawl on his hands and knees and picks up the gun. "Get up kid, you have wasted enough of my time!" He says icily.

Leonard stands on his trembling feet. The man gestures to him to lead the way out. Leonard plods out of the room with the man's grasp on the back of his color and the gun pointed at his head.

Henry breathes a sigh of relief when his son walks into the living room alive. "You have a brave son here!"

The man grasping Leonard by the color says pushing Leonard forward towards the door. His partner who has his gun pointed at Mrs.Donson, pulls out a tape recorder from his trousers pocket and tosses it to Henry. Henry jumps away.

"Make sure that gets to your other son. Or your pretty wife and your son will die."

Henry stares at the small gadget with stupefied eyes as the rest of his family is led out of the apartment by the armed men.

INT.FBI HEADQUARTERS - RACHEAL SUMMERS OFFICE

Martin moves to seat beside Racheal on her desk.Racheal seems contemplative as she seats on her desk with her feet resting on her chair.

Martin puts his arm around Racheal's shoulders and pulls her close to lean on his chest.

MARTIN

We will get them. Believe me, Mrs.Matthews can't get in a plane right now without someone identifying her.

RACHEAL

But she can use her private jet. We can't only depend on Ray's psychic abilities to find where she is. If he fails to track her, we....

MARTIN

Hey! You're worrying too much. Even if he can't track her now, he can do it any time. That's the advantage we have over her and Ferguson. Today has been a rough day for Ray.

(MORE)

MARTIN (CONT'D)

We can't blame if he won't be able to track his them now.

RACHEAL

He is a nice kid. He doesn't deserve to be going through this. I mean, his real father..
... he is....an absolute jerk. His step father is almost as much a jerk.

MARTIN

(Smiling)

I don't know how much of a good father I would make, but I promise I will be better than them.

Racheal smiles back at him. Martin leans in and presses his lips against Racheal's.

The two kiss passionately until Ray and Professor Zain walks into the office. Brian trails after them.

Racheal and Martin tries to straighten up but Ray, Professor Zain and Brian already have smiles on.

Gerrard Ray strolls in silently and stands not so far from the door.

MARTIN

Got anything?

RAY

No. I tried to track her presence, but it lead me to a dead end. Jordan forest. I could feel her there, but couldn't see her. Same case with Ferguson.

RACHEAL

So they are still within the country, right?

RAY

Yes. And not very far away.

Henry Donson bursts into the room with a tape recorder in hand. Roby runs in after him.

ROBY

I tried to stop him, but he was.... too fast I guess.

He says to Racheal breathing heavily.

HENRY DONSON
My wife and son got kidnapped!

Everyone looks up at him with shocked eyes.

RAY
You're saying.... that..that Mother
and Leo have been kidnapped?! By who?

Gerrard steps closer to the desk.

HENRY DONSON
Three men with guns and masks. They
broke into the apartment and took
them. They said if I don't get this
to you, they will kill them.

Henry places the tape recorder on the desk before Ray. Ray
stares at the gadget with hesitation.

BRIAN
And they never said who they were or
who they're working for?

HENRY DONSON
No. Nothing.

RACHEAL
We will have to listen to the tape.
We get to know what they want.

She glances at Martin who nods in agreement.

He reaches out and turns the tape recorder on.

Gerrard grasps Ray's shoulder and squeezes gently.

Ray angrily slaps his hand off.

RAY
Don't you ever touch me again!

GERRARD
Am just trying to be a supportive
father. Your Mom would want me to be
here for you right..

Brian grips Gerrard by the collar and jerks him away from
the desk.

GERRARD
Heey!

Gerrard stumbles before he finds his footing. He straightens
his expensive suit glaring at Brian.

The rest of the team appears to approve Brian's actions.

Master Fang's voice suddenly blasts out of the tape recorder's speaker. Everyone turns their attention to the small gadget on the desk.

Gerrard keeps his distance from the desk but stands not so far away listening.

MASTER FANG

Good evening! Ray. I imagine you must be worried about your family, more so your Ma'am. I assure you they are safe with me and will remain to be as long as you will do as I say. My name is Master Fang, the head of a great and ambitious organization called Union Of Astral travelers. I understand by now you know well what astral travelling is. And you realize that your astral travelling abilities are unbelievably special and therefore crucial. That's why me and my Union needs you. You're destined to do great things. To change the world. And you and I can change the world. All we need is to cooperate. For that to happen I need you to show up at Jordan Catholic Church at six sharp. Alone, no feds or friends and no one will get hurt. See you soon!

MARTIN

Oh, god! Who the hell is that?

Everyone around him is simply gapping.

Except Professor Zain who looks more excited than shocked.

RAY

You know something?

Zain hurries to where his briefcase seats on top of a drawer. He picks it up and carries it back to desk.

ZAIN

Yeah! The Union of Astral Travelers!
I can't believe they actually exist.

He pulls out a file out of the briefcase and fambles with the pages until he finally pulls out an article out of the file.

He spreads the piece of paper on the desk.

ZAIN

U.A.T is a mysterious, deeply secret organization. So secret that most people believe they are mythical. But if they exist, I can't think of a worse disaster to this world. This article was written by a man who claimed to be an ex-member of the organization. He got murdered the next day after he published the article. According to him, U.A.T is a really big organization with agents all over the world. Political leaders, magistrates, billionaire's, religious leaders and many more. Their sole goal is to one day rule the whole world. They believe that they can take over the world by going back in time and changing history.

For a moment, no one speaks. Brian happens to be the first to snap out of the overwhelming shock.

BRIAN

So they need Ray to go back in time and change history for them? We both know that it's impossible because he will be his astral body which is practically useless.

PROFESSOR ZAIN

Not if they have this.

He points a finger at an image of a huge diamond drawn on the side of the article. It has the perfect shape of a diamond, except that it's has a strange, Violet glow.

MARTIN

What is that. Looks like a weard looking diamond.

PROFESSOR ZAIN

Yes. It's a mythical object. But according to this article, it actually exists. The Union have been keeping it safe waiting for someone powerful enough to travel through time.

RACHEAL

What does it do?

PROFESSOR ZAIN

It gives ones astral body
unimaginable physical strength which
allows one to handle physical things
in their astral body.

BRIAN

So with this, Ray can astral travel
through time and act like a physical
being?

PROFESSOR ZAIN

Precisely. He would however still
retain the astral abilities. Like
changing form, walking through walls
and who know how much more.

RACHEAL

What do you think they wish to change
in history?

PROFESSOR ZAIN

I fear that would be to cause a
nuclear war back in nineteenth sixty
two...

MARTIN

When USA and the then called USSR
almost got into a nuclear war. The
Russian leader saved the day. I know
history.

BRIAN

They nuke the world, then what?

Gerrard steps slowly forward to the desk and looks at Brian
in the eye.

GERRARD

If you want to take over the world
and rule your own style, you have to
destroy it's current governments
first. Get rid of civilization. Then
introduce your version.

RACHEAL

Well, we can't let them get to Ray.
He is the key to their hazardous
mission.

RAY

They already did. They have my
mother.

MARTIN

I am sorry to say this, but your mother is just a single person in a planet with billions and billions yet to be born. We can't risk this for just a single person.

RAY

I am not letting them kill my mother!

MARTIN

I swear to do whatever it takes to stop these people. Even if it means putting a bullet in your brain!

Ray freezes. The rest of the group gape at Martin.

RACHEAL

No one is getting killed. We will find a way to save Ray's mother and stepbrother.

MARTIN

Are you sure you are willing to risk destroying the world to save two people?

RACHEAL

We must save them, Martin. We owe that to Ray. He is in this position because he helped us.

MARTIN

No. It's because he wrote those weird stories on a college magazine! That was the genesis of this trouble!

Gerrard turns to face Ray.

GERRARD

You wrote your visions on a college magazine?
What were you thinking?

RAY

I needed to get it all out of my chest.

GERRARD

Yeah? Look where that got you!

BRIAN

I swear if you say another fucking word to Ray, I will skin you alive!

RACHEAL

Hey! Everyone calm down. We will do this my way.

INT.JORDAN CHURCH - NIGHT

Roby Lita saunters down the aisle hand in hand. The two hold hands like a young couple, smiles and laughs as they chat freely in measured tones.

A choir of about twenty people seats in a tight circle at the front seats of the first row, reciting a luscious Catholic religious song.

The CHOIRMASTER stands in front of the group moving his hands about directing the choir.

The choir's blue uniform comprises of long, oversized robes and white pieces of clothes laid on their laps.

One of the choir members moves the white cloth on his lap revealing submachine gun. He grasps it as if getting ready for a gun fight.

Roby bends behind the bench in front of them, speaks on his radio.

ROBY

The place is clear, send him in.

Seconds later, Ray strolls into the church with a nervous look. He looks around and his eyes and Roby's meet.

Roby gestures at him to continue walking forward towards the alter. Ray takes a deep breathe and walks slowly along the clear path towards the alter.

He bypasses the choir before a blue curtain moves behind the alter and a man in a two piece suit steps from the churches confessional rooms to the stage.

Ray halts in his step and waits as the man approaches. Roby and his partner quietly draws their guns and holds them ready but from sight by the headrest of the bench before them.

The man in a two piece suit gets about half a metre from Ray, smirks as he moves one side of coat to reveal a fully loaded revolver tucked under his belt.

"Do you mind coming with me, Ray Donson?"

RAY

I want to know where my Mom and my brother are first.

The man gives him an icy look.

"This isn't a toy boy!" He reaches out for his gun and Ray jumps back. Roby raises his gun and points it at the man.

ROBY

FBI! Freeze or I will put you down!

The man gives him a smile.

One of the choir members suddenly leaps to his feet with a submachine gun in his hands. He aims it at Roby but Luta shoots him before he fires the gun.

Then the rest of the choir members chucks the white clothes on their laps away and picks up the guns that had been hidden between their laps and the white clothes.

Roby and his partner duck behind the benches before them as bullets rain in their direction.

Ray tosses himself to the floor to evade the flying bullets. He starts crawling away towards the benches.

EXT. JORDAN CATHOLIC CHURCH

Martin and Racheal seat beside each other in a saloon car packed outside the huge church building.

Brian seats silent at the back seat of the car.

Martin stares impatiently at the building in front of them.

MARTIN

You realize this plan can go south
and we will have handed Ray to them
in a silver plater.

RACHEAL

Sometimes the only thing one can do
is hope nothing will go south.

MARTIN

I have a bad feeling that this will
definitely go south.

Sounds of gunfire are heard from the inside of the church.

MARTIN

Or it already has!

Brian leaps out of the car. Martin and Racheal follow suit, with their guns in hand. They burst through the entrance door to find an intense gun fire exchange between the fake choir and Roby and his partner.

Roby crawls to hide behind one end of a bench then tactically fires at the armed choir. He takes down two of the choir member but the rest go on shooting at him and his partner.

Martin and Racheal quickly take cover behind the benches close to them and starts firing at the choir.

They take several down before the rest turn their guns at them. Racheal looks around to find Brian gone.

MARTIN

Where do you think Ray is?

RACHEAL

So you can put a bullet in his head?

MARTIN

You really believe I would do that?
Am not an animal, Racheal. But lets
make sure this villains don't get
him.

Martin sneaks out of their cover briefly and fires at the enemy. He manages to shoot one down before too much gunfire gets fired their way and they get forced to crawl away farther into the church.

Bullets gets fired after them and they creep and roll on the floor to evade them.

Lita suddenly leaps from her cover and fires at the Choir members who have their backs turned on them as they shoot at Martin and Racheal.

She manages to hit one on the head and two on the back before the rest hastily turn around and rain several bullets on her.

Roby shuts his eyes in agony as his watches partner receive countless bullets. Martin and Racheal takes the opportunity to crawl to a new hideout.

They settle behind a squeezed row of benches breathing heavily. A huge sculpture of The Virgin Mary and a baby in her arms stands tall beside them.

Behind the two front benches on the opposite row, Ray sits still grasping his bent knees in his arms. The church left wall stands just two metres away from his feet.

Brian crawls from the front end of the row, turns right to find Ray curled up before him. He stealthily moves until he is seating beside him.

He pats him on the knee, startling him. Ray almost leaps away but Brian grabs his shoulders and holds him in place.

Ray looks up and sighs with relief.

RAY
(Whispering)
Brian!

BRIAN
Yeah! We need to get out of here.

RAY
But my Mom is...

BRIAN
You don't think that choir with guns have your Mom here. We need to move now so we may still have leverage.

RAY
Leverage?

BRIAN
Yeah, as long as they haven't gotten you, they won't hurt your Ma'am. Now let's go. We sneak out through that door.

He points at a locked door five metres from them.

RAY
It's locked.

Brian pulls out a master key from his pocket and shows it to Ray with a proud smile. Ray nods and smiles.

Then suddenly Brian feels the point of a gun against his head. He turns his head slowly to meet his enemy.

A man in a two piece suit squats beside him with his right hand stretched out to hold the gun against Brian's head. The same man who had met with Ray the first time he had walked into the church.

RAY
I will go with you, just let my friend go.

The man smiles deviously. "You will come with me however this plays out. I am the one with the gun."

He says moving the gun from Brian's head to brandish it in front of Ray's face.

Brian swiftly takes the chance to punch the man hard on the head. He sways to the side and falls on the hard floor and drops his gun. The gun hits the floor and the sound gains the attention of men and women with guns.

Brian quickly picks the gun, grasp the man in a two piece suit by the collar and yanks him to his feet. He aims the gun against the mans neck. Using him as both a human shield and leverage against the armed choir.

Ray moves to stand behind both of them. The choirmaster turns to face them and smiles.

CHOIRMASTER

There you are! Little Milestone, what an honour to have you here.

He gestures at their surroundings.

BRIAN

Yes. It will be an honour indeed when I blow your friend's brains out!

CHOIRMASTER

Yeah. Go ahead! He is quite a nobody.

Both Ray and Brian gape.

CHOIRMASTER

Or should we help you do it?

He nods at one of his men who raises his gun and shoots Brian's hostage twice in the chest.

Brian jumps back, letting the man drop dead on the floor. The choir points their guns at him. Ray leaps in front of Brian, shielding him from any gunfire.

RAY

If you kill me, your great, evil mission will go to my grave with me.

Martin peeps out by one edge of a bench at Ray and Brian.

MARTIN

They got Ray!

He re-loads his gun and aims at the men in choir uniform. Racheal joins him.

They fire a few bullets before the choir members fire at them in return. Roby joins the fight too. He is lucky to take down two members of the choir.

Brian and Ray takes the opportunity to make a run for the doors at back stage. They go past the curtains and a wooden door.

They step into the a confession room where a man in preacher's robes stands leaning on a wall.

He holds both his hands behind his back, and a gun grasped in his right palm.

BRIAN

Is there a way out of this room apart
from going back to the church hall?

The man smiles. "No. But it's not necessary. Because you're coming with me."

He reveals his gun and Brian curses in frustration.

RAY

You're one of them too? What a
church!

Back to the hall, Martin and Racheal duck behind benches, firing back only once in a while.

Most of the bullets being fired at them hits the huge sculpture before them. The sculpture's feet keeps on wearing thin at the bottom.

The Choirmaster directs one of his members to fire at the sculpture's thin feet. A few bullets is all it takes and the sculpture starts falling.

Martin and Racheal looks up with horrified faces.

MARTIN

Fuck!

They both desert their cover and leap away to evade the falling sculpture. It crashes against the benches and breaks into several pieces.

Martin and Racheal finds themselves laying on an open space between rows of benches.

They struggle to stand but meet with three guns pointed down at them.

CHOIRMASTER

Ray was supposed to show up alone.
Looks like you got a problem
following simple instructions.

He straightens the neck of his tall garment as if to set it right for a better look.

CHOIRMASTER

But I always find use for new hostages. Would you tell your other friend to surrender? Or I will kill both of you.

MARTIN

Go to hell!

One of the men in choir uniform grabs Racheal by the arm and yanks her to her feet. He aims his gun at her.

"Hey! You either surrender and come out of your hiding or your beautiful boss dies!" He shouts loud enough for Roby to hear.

Then he starts counting down from five to one.

Roby reveals himself just as the man finishes counting.

The man let's Racheal go but shoves her to the floor beside Martin.

CHOIRMASTER

Show us your gun.

Roby draws his gun out and tosses it at him.

MARTIN

Looks like you are missing someone.

CHOIRMASTER

I don't think so.

Ray and Brian steps away from the blue curtains with the man in preacher's robes behind them. His gun pointed at them.

Martin inhales deeply in frustration.

INT.UNION OF ASTRAL TRAVELERS LOUNGE - DAY

Master Fang seats at the head of a conference table in a dimly lighted room. About fifteen men and women sit around the table.

There are tags on the table in front of each person seated on the table. The words on the tags indicate the high status of those seated around the table.

Like the French President, Russian Defense Minister, U.S Minister Of Finance, Chinese Vice President and more big names.

Master Fang confidently addresses those seated around him.

MASTER FANG

Ray Donson is on the way here. Our great mission of redeeming the world will start merely hours after. I would like to thank you all for your loyal support and most of all your contribution in funding this great course. Now I would like to know if everyone is ready for this?

FRENCH PRESIDENT

I imagine that Ray Donson isn't doing this for free. So what are we trading?

MASTER FANG

Leave me to take care of that.

INT.WASHINGTON D.C - FBI HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

Gerrard stomps to the desk of the DEPUTY FBI DIRECTOR, a plump man who sits with a bored look sipping coffee. He doesn't look up even when Gerrard approaches.

DEPUTY FBI DIRECTOR

What?

GERRARD

My son got kidnapped, together with your Boss and her other three counterparts.

DEPUTY FBI DIRECTOR

You don't know that.

He sips his coffee and takes a bite of his Budger.

Then leans back on his chair chewing the food.

GERRARD

May be if you weren't so busy filling your huge gut, you would realize that am speaking the truth!

The fat agent looks up with a pissed look.

DEPUTY FBI DIRECTOR

Utter another word and I will have someone toss you out of this building.

GERRARD

Ok, fine.

He arrogantly turns to address the many agents in the room.

GERRARD

Hey! Everyone! I thought you should know that your Boss, Racheal, and the other three agents have been taken hostage by the Union Of Astral Travelers. And so is Ray and Brian. I believe you all realize what that means.

A females agent steps forward with a skeptical look. "How do you know?" She asks giving Gerrard a flattering look.

GERRARD

I hind a tiny voice recorder on my son, Ray. He doesn't know it's on him. Neither does their captors. I can track it to where they are taking them. So who is coming to rescue mission with me?

The agents give a resolute yes.

INT.UNION OF ASTRAL TRAVELERS HEADQUARTERS - SECOND FLOOR - NIGHT

Ray, Brian, Roby, Racheal and Martin are lead by three armed men in choir uniform into a capacious room with cozy coaches and white walls.

Just like every room in the building, this room is dimly light.

And a short sofa at back end where Master Fang sits with his hands laying on his knees like a king on his throne.

Mrs.Matthews and Mr.Ferguson stands behind his seat. They smile when Ray and his counterparts are shoved into the room.

Master Fang rises from his seat and saunters towards Ray.

MASTER FANG

Ray Donson! Finally you're here.
Where you belong.

He puts his hands on Ray's shoulders. Ray glowers at him, a hint of worry evident in his eyes.

MRS.MATTHEWS

He looks too pretty to be a freak!

MASTER FANG

He is a hero, not a freak. There is a difference.

(MORE)

MASTER FANG (CONT'D)
Am Master Fang by the way.

Master Fang moves his hands from Ray's shoulders to cup his face.

BRIAN
Fuckin' take your hands off him!

He flares stepping closer but the men with guns stop him.

Master Fang turns to Brian with a pleased smile. Brian gnashes his teeth.

MASTER FANG
Wow! Look who we have here! Brian Milestone, to what do I owe the honour?

He takes a quick glance at Ray and smirks.

MASTER FANG
I would understand if you are here because of him. He is special. I wouldn't hurt him, I need him.

MARTIN
He isn't doing a thing for you!

MASTER FANG
That's for him to decide. Isn't that so, Ray?

RAY
Where is my family?

MASTER FANG
Safe. No one hurt them. Even when you defiantly went against my instructions and showed up in the church with feds.

He gestures at Racheal, Martin and Roby.

RAY
I want to see my Mother.

MASTER FANG
After you're done with what I need you to do for me.

RAY
Am not doing a thing for you without verifying that my family is safe.

Master Fang sighs shaking his head. He momentarily shuts his eyes like he is thinking deeply.

MASTER FANG
Bring them in!

The choir Master nods to two members of his crew to execute their Master's orders.

The two men leave.

MARTIN
Ray! No matter what happens, do not dare help them destroy the world. Do you hear? Do not!

Master Fang shoots him a menacing glare.

MASTER FANG
Take them away!

The men in choir uniform start pushing Everyone except Ray out of the room.

Brian fights them, not willing to leave Ray alone.

MASTER FANG
Leave him.

He nods at the men to let Brian remain in the room.

INT. THIRD FLOOR

The men in choir uniform leads Martin, Racheal and Roby into a hall divided into small cells of steel bars.

Inside the cells, are men and women of various ages locked inside. Their condition is deplorable.

Martin and Racheal look around with astonishment.

ROBY
Holy crap! Isn't your master aware of any rights of a prisoner provided in our constitution? This is savage!

He addresses the men with guns.

CHOIRMASTER
The constitution protects those that live on land, not beneath it. And as far as am concerned, we are about a hundred feet bellow the surface.

RACHEAL

Just because you have built your camp underground doesn't mean you're above the law.

CHOIRMASTER

We are beneath it. Like I said, it only applies on land. Feel free to choose your cell.

MARTIN

They all seem to have the same inhabitable conditions! There is nothing to choose! Any can be a choice.

CHOIRMASTER

Well. Remember, the prison sentence here only ends when you die. So you have the opportunity to make it end any time. All the best!

The men push Martin, Racheal and Roby into a single cell, secures the door with a short chain and a lock. Then follows the Choirmaster out of the hall.

Racheal looks around at the people imprisoned in the neighboring cells where more than six people are squeezed inside a single cell.

Most lay silent on the floors, their eyes lazily open and with no vigour in them.

INT. SECOND FLOOR

Mrs. Donson, Leonard and another male prisoner walk into the room with guards in white robes behind them.

Ray rushes forward to hug his mother who crutches him tightly with tears running down her cheeks.

MRS. DONSON

Are you ok?

RAY

Yeah, am fine Mom. You?

MRS. DONSON

I don't know. They are going to make you destroy the world to save us. And I don't know how to help you.

RAY

I will be fine. I promise.

The guards suddenly pull Ray's mother away from their embrace.

Ray looks back at Master Fang.

MASTER FANG

You can catch up later. Right now we got serious business to take care of.

He walks forward towards where Ray's mother, Leonard and the male prisoner stands. The guards behind them forces them to kneel.

MASTER FANG

But I thought that it's important that I make one thing clear so that everything goes smoothly. I didn't expect that you will be willing to do exactly what I say. That's why I had my men gather enough people to serve as motivation.

He pauses right behind the male prisoner. Ray stares back with horrified eyes.

A guard hands him a shimmering switch knife.

MASTER FANG

You fail to do what I tell you to do, I kill one of your friends or may be, family. For example!

He grasps the male prisoner by the hairs on the back of his head, then uses the blade to slit his throat.

Ray and Brian grasps. Leonard and his Ray's mother leap away as blood gushes out of the man's slit neck.

Master fang kicks the dead body and it smashes against the floor.

MASTER FANG

Am I clear now?

Leonard nods vigorously. Mrs. Matthews smiles in glee.

LEONARD

Yes! Yes! We understand. Isn't that right Ray?

Ray nods hesitantly. Master Fang smiles.

MASTER FANG

Good! Now follow me. Alone.

Ray turns to Brian and hugs him tightly.

RAY

(Whispering)

I have a feeling that we are gonna be fine. I will try to figure out something.

BRIAN

Just come back alive, for me.

RAY

I promise to do my best. He turns and follows Master fang out of the room. Mrs. Matthews and Mr. Ferguson follows too.

EXT. ROBINSON FOREST - NIGHT

Three FBI vans smoothly glides then pulls up on a clear dirt road boarded by dark forest bushes on both sides.

About twenty five agents in black bullet proof vests alight from the vans stealthily.

Gerrard and Professor Zain step out of the first van last. The agents gather around them.

GERRARD

We are just metres from the camp or wherever it is they are keeping Ray. So we have to use feet to walk the rest of the way. Follow me!

The agents pulls out their handguns and follows Gerrard as he leads them along the road ahead.

EXT. UNION OF ASTRAL TRAVELERS LONGE - NIGHT

A single wooden cubin stands alone on a clear, green field surrounded by forest bushes except for a small part where a dirt road enters the small open field.

A single guard stands at the cubin's door. Suddenly, a bullet hits the guard on the head and he drops to the ground.

Gerrard and several FBI agents emerge from the surrounding bushes. Gerrard leaps over the dead guard's body to open the cubin's door.

The door swings open to reveal a stairway heading underground.

GERRARD

Fuck! The road just got longer.

He checks his tracking gadget on his right hand.

GERRARD

They are about a hundred feet underground. We will have to follow the stair way.

INT.UNION OF ASTRAL TRAVELERS LONGE - SECOND FLOOR

Ray and Master Fang stands at the back of a huge hall facing a thin, white curtain in front.

Hundreds of people in white robes sits on mats laid on the floor of the hall with their legs crossed in front of them.

Mrs.Matthews and Mr.Ferguson stands behind Ray and Master Fang.

MASTER FANG

This people and many more who are not here have committed their lives to working for this great course for decades.

RAY

Work?

MASTER FANG

Yes. Take a seat.

Master Fang takes a seat on a mat a step from him and crosses his legs in front of him. He gestures at Ray to seat beside him.

Ray hesitantly takes the seat and crosses his legs.

MASTER FANG

I need you to astral travel behind that curtain.

RAY

What's there?

MASTER FANG

Where they work.

Ray shuts his eyes and concentrates on getting his astral body behind the curtain. Two seconds latter, his astral body appears in a foggy like world.

Before him, are acres of land covered with greenhouses and tall granaries. The Union of Astral Travelers stores.

Beyond, the spread of green houses, are plantations of maize and wheat. Ray stares in amazement.

Master fang appears behind him.

MASTER FANG

Welcome to the astral world.

RAY

What's in those greenhouses?

MASTER FANG

Food, medicine. If we are gonna rule the world after destroying it, we need something to buy their loyalty.

RAY

How are you going to make your food physical? The Astral diamond can do it?

MASTER FANG

Yes. But when you have someone powerful enough to access the diamond's powers. And that would be you.

RAY

So am not only supposed to nuke the world, but also turn tonnes of food and medicine physical?

MASTER FANG

As long as you can access the diamonds powers, you can easily do a lot more than that.

RAY

Even if I turn what you have here physical, it's not enough to feed a ruined world.

MASTER FANG

This is just what I have here. We have hundreds of such stores across the world. Or the astral world. Besides, we don't need to feed everyone daily. We only need to create an image of hope. And they will worship us.

Ray stares down sadly and swallows hard. Master Fang grabs Ray's shoulder.

MASTER FANG

Now let's go show the world what we have in store for them.

INT.FIRST FLOOR

At the building's entrance, Gerrard and his crew of agents slowly descend the stairway.

Two guards stands at the base of the staircase. The two agents at the front pulls out silencers and fixes them at the ends of their guns. One of them gestures at the rest to halt as they take the shots at the two guards bellow.

One of the guards gets a bullets on the back of his head, while his counterpart, gets two on his upper back. The bullets runs through him and finds their exist through his chest. The two guards drop dead with their guns still in hand.

The agents slink down the staircase into a round, empty room. On the circular walls, are three doors, equally spaced and with and with writings on them. Apparently directing guests to their destinations.

The writing on the first door indicates that it's the way to a conference room, the second door happens to be the way to workers quarters. And the third only reads, 'security'.

The agents instinctively split into three groups, Gerrard and Professor Zain joins the first group taking the door to the conference room. The agent leading the first group pushes the door open and he steps into a short corridor with a door written 'conference room' at the end.

Two surveillance cameras on the top edges of the two walls of the corridor.

The agent swiftly jolts back and shuts the door shut.

AGENT

There are surveillance cameras on the
Walls.

The rest lowers their guns.

GERRARD

In that case I suggest the team
taking the security door to go first.
Take over their surveillance room.

Almost everyone nods and the agent leading the second group opens the door in front of him.

Coincidentally, a guard happens to be on his way out and practically bumps against the agent.

The agent takes him by the neck and jerks him around. The lady agent behind him hits the guard on the head with the back of her gun.

The guard passes out. Gerrard steps away from his group and strolls closer.

GERRARD

How about you take his uniform, go inside and survey the situation inside. Then come back for your team. It will be easier when you know what's waiting for you inside than if you all storm in blindly.

The agent glances at his female colleague who nods in agreement.

The two bend and strips the guards uniform off. The agent slips them on.

"They fit well!" The female agent behind him comments with an encouraging smile. "Good luck!" She adds as the agent steps past the open door.

He saunters along a corridor with two security cameras. Ahead of him, the corridor parts into two paths. One to the right leads to door marked, entertainment rooms while one to the left leads to the surveillance room.

A guard steps out of the surveillance room and meets the agent at the junction of the paths.

GUARD

I didn't know we were to have someone new, ... and tall.

He says with a grin. The agent smiles back as they shake hands.

GUARD

Call me Alex.

AGENT

My name is George. So, you will show me around?

GUARD

My pleasure. Come meet the others.

The agent follows the guard back to the surveillance room where about six guards sits in a room equipped with about fifteen computers lined up along the walls.

Two of the guards seated around a small round table at the center are playing cards. They look up when the guard and the agent in camouflage walks in.

The agent takes his time to survey the room while the guard introduces him to the rest.

GUARD

His name is George. George, meet Tommy, Stephen, Walker, Ziegler, Fernando and the short guy at the far end is Chang.

Chang turns to face George. He gives him a lopsided smile.

CHANG

Nice to meet you George.

AGENT

Nice to meet you too, Chang.

GUARD

I will go show him around. Including your filthy room, Walker.

WALKER

I left a dead rat at the door. It won't be an impressive sight for a cute newbie.

GUARD

He likes dead rats. You never know.

He gestures at George to follow him.

AGENT

What's in the entertainment room?

He inquires when they are out of the surveillance rooms.

GUARD

A lot of fun stuff. But we only go there once a week. You like pit balling? It's one of the fun games in there.

The George snuggles closer to the guard just as they near the corridor with cameras. He suddenly grabs the guard by the scruff of his neck and smacks his head against the wall on the right.

The guard falls to the floor, unconscious. George strides off along the corridor under scrutiny of surveillance cameras, past the door and back to his fellow agents.

GEORGE

There are six unarmed guards in the surveillance room. No one along the way.

Inside the surveillance room, the guards chats and laughs aloud.

CHANG

You actually think he is cute?

WALKER

Yep. Like model-cute.

STEPHEN

When I first came here you said I was adorably cute. I had never felt so flattered before. Only to later realize I could pass for a scarecrow.

The rest laugh. Walker looks down, blushing. Suddenly, three agents storm into the room. Handguns fitted with silencers in hand.

They fire bullets at the guards who having been caught off guard, don't get a chance to even raise a finger. Except Chang who manages to angrily lunge for George and take a swipe at him even with two bullets in his chest.

George easily tackles Chang and yanks him backwards. Chang topples over his seat and takes his time passing out. The agents stomp over the dead bodies and fallen furniture to take seats in front of the computer screens.

Carefully, they study the scenes being fed to the computers by surveillance cameras.

GEORGE

We are in control here. The way to the conference room is clear. You may move.

He says through his earset. Back in the round room, the agents leading the first and second crew briefly listens to their earsets, then waves at their respective crews to follow them.

The first group slink along the short corridor heading to the door marked 'conference room'. They kick the wooden door and bursts inside.

The V.I.Ps inside raise their hands up in surrender. Except the French President who glares at the agents like they are trash.

"Hands up or I will put you down, your Excellency." One of the guards warns aiming his gun at the stubborn president.

FRENCH PRESIDENT

Go to hell!

He snares and shuts his eyes hard in concentration. An astral body of him appears in front of the agent who jumps back in alarm.

The agent beside him aims at the physical body of the president and shoots him on the chest.

The astral form vanishes like smoke and the president falls from his seat.

RUSSIAN DEFENSE MINISTER
Congratulations! You just murdered a president. You gonna be famous, but you will also be dead!

"Shut up or I will put you down too!" The agent shouts.

INT.SECOND FLOOR

Master Fang and Ray stands outside a heavy, sliding door. Master Fang places his thumb on a biometric fingerprint reader on the wall and the door slides open.

Ray, Mr Ferguson and Mrs.Matthews follows him inside. The astral diamond sits at its place at the centre of the room, inside a glass cage.

Unlike the rest of the building, the room is well light.

MASTER FANG
This mystery object has been sitting here for decades, waiting for you.

He addresses Ray who steps forward to take a closer look.

RAY
Even if I am able to use the diamond, and may be succeeds to go back to nineteen sixty two, how am I supposed to singlehandedly start a nuclear war?

MASTER FANG
You forget that you will still be in your astral body. You can walk through walls, you can change form and look like anybody or anything. Or become invisible.

He walks to the wall on his left where he flips off the small curtain on the wall to reveal a framed photo of a military camp on Cuban Island in 1962.

MASTER FANG
This is how you start a nuclear war.
(MORE)

MASTER FANG (CONT'D)

You start by hitting U.S using a Russian nuclear missile.

He points at Russian military base on the photo.

MASTER FANG

This is the secret base where Russian President, had hidden the controversial nuclear missiles on Cuban Island within range of a number of U.S cities. You will use your astral abilities to infiltrate the base and fire one of the missiles against a city in U.S. And we automatically get a nuclear war. That easy.

Mr.Ferguson and Mrs.Matthews nod in agreement.

RAY

Am not going to do it! Millions will die! I can't do it.

Master Fang suddenly turns fierce. He casts Ray a steely glare.

MASTER FANG

OK! Then you should say goodbye to your family. Or is it your friend Brian you would like to die first?

He walks to Mrs.Matthews who hands him a cellphone. He dials a number.

One of the two guards guarding Brian, Leonard and Mrs.Donson receives the call. Leonard and Mrs.Donson flinch.

Brian bites his lower lip bitterly. The guards listens to his cellphone and raises his gun while smiling wickedly. "Which one?" He asks Master Fang through the phone.

Leonard scuffles across the room and hides behind a sofa.

RAY

Alright! I will do it.

Master Fang smiles.

MASTER FANG

Hold!

He tells the guard through the phone. The guard lowers his gun in evident disappointment.

Leonard slowly crawls out and sits beside his mother.

Master Fang stomps forward and opens the glass cage. Ray looks down at it nervously.

INT.FIRST FLOOR

The second group of agents storm the workers' Quarters. Two long rows of small rooms with numbers on the doors stands on either side of the path. Most of the doors are locked.

The agents moves stealthily while checking the open rooms. Room number thirteen on the right happens to be open.

The agents swings the door open to reveal a simple bedroom with a single bed and a closet. A man lays sprawled on the bed. He jerks upright when the door squawks as it sways open.

The agents shoots him on the head, sending him back to a deeper sleep.

About ten rooms ahead, a man steps out of his room shirtless and with a towel in hand.

One of the agents aims and shoots just as the man bends to tie his shoe.

The bullet misses it's target and hits a wall. The man looks back with a stunned expression and notices the agents who aim their guns at him. The man momentarily shuts his eyes and an astral body of him appears right before the agents who flinch backwards in shock.

The man then splints towards the alarm fitted on a wall at the end of the rooms. His astral body vanishes and the agents aim their guns at him just as he sets off the alarm.

Several Bullets hits him and he rolls down the staircase heading to the second floor. The loud sound of the ringing alarm travels across every room in the building.

INT.THIRD FLOOR

Roby smiles at the distant alarm.

ROBY

Our rescue is here.

MARTIN

They may not know where we are. It's like we are in the underworld.

ROBY

Then we should go where they can see us.

He takes off his left shoe and fishes out a master key from inside.

RACHEAL

You carry that in your shoe!

ROBY

Yeah, it's necessary in this line of work.

He leans on the door as he opens the lock hanging from the chain. The people in the surrounding cells gawk at him in awe.

Martin gestures at them to be quiet. Roby unlocks their celler but leaves the door shut and the chain loosely hanging.

He whistles to the single guard strolling along the paths between the cells.

The guard approaches in quick steps and halts half a step from the door. "Want to order a pizza?" He asks sarcastically.

ROBY

No. I want to go get it myself.

Roby swiftly jolts the door open which hits the guard hard on the head. He staggers backwards and leans on the opposite cellar.

One of the men inside reaches out between the bars and throttles the guard. The act snaps the prisoners in the other cells to attention and they gather close to the doors yelling and shouting.

Roby quickly steps out of their cell and unlocks the opposite cellar. The men inside jostle each other as they move out.

Those in the other cells starts banging their doors in anticipation to be freed. Martin takes the fallen guards gun and keys.

He hands Racheal the gun and uses the keys to help Roby free the rest of prisoners.

INT. SECOND FLOOR

A man bursts into the hall full of astral travelers. "We got company! Come defend our course!" He yells loud and the astral travelers leap on their feet with vitality that exudes the loyalty to protect their union's mission.

They surge out of the hall and up the staircase to the first floor.

Inside the surveillance room, George curses as he witnesses the unexpected turn of events on the computer screens before him.

GEORGE

Send men to help the second group!
Now!

He shouts through his earset. The agent in charge of the group in the conference room gestures at a part of his crew to follow him out.

In the workers quarters, the agents and unarmed astral travelers crash. The agents fire and put down several men, but the determined mass of astral travelers keeps surging.

Realizing that they are too outnumbered, the agents starts falling back. The second group bursts into the pathway eager to help. They shoot at the vast charging crowd of astral travelers.

Those on the front fall. The ones behind them trample on them as they lunge at the armed agents like zombies.

The agents keeps retreating backwards as bullets prove to do them little good against the huge numbers of astral travelers.

Professor Zain knocks out an Astral traveler with a sweeping broom. He drags him into one of the open rooms and stripes the white robe off. Then slips it above his garments.

He pick a hammer laying on a drawer in the room and steps back to the battlefield wearing the white robe.

He knocks out the first two astral travelers he meets using the hammer.

He catches a glimpse of Gerrard ahead of him. He shoves away two astral travelers between him and Gerrard.

Gerrard swings a punch towards him and he bends to avade the blow.

PROFESSOR ZAIN

It's me! Professor.

GERRARD

Sorry! I thought you're one of them.

He punches an astral traveler who surges at them. Professor Zain knocks him out with the hammer.

PROFESSOR ZAIN

Give me the tracker. I will go find Ray.

Gerrard hastily hands him the tracker.

Professor Zain fights his way through the battling crowd. Convinced he is one of them, none of the astral travelers attacks Professor Zain.

INT. SECOND FLOOR

The two guards guarding Brian, Mrs. Donson and Leonard appears alarmed by the sudden sounds of chaos outside. "I suggest you go check the situation out there. I will be fine with this losers." One of the guards suggests.

His fellow nods and walks out of the room. He steps into the empty corridor, hears distant of shouts of people, halts and listens attentively as the shouts draws closer.

Then the vast mass of freed prisoners comes to view just a few metres away along the curving corridor and he quickly holds up his gun.

Racheal who is leading the mass of prisoners, manages to put him down first.

The sound of the gunshot gets the attention of his fellow guard inside who starts moving towards the door to check on his partner outside.

Brian hurls himself at the guard and they both topple to the floor.

Brian is lucky to land on top of the guard and he angrily punches him until the guard passes out.

Martin bursts into the room, looks down at Brian and smiles.

MARTIN

Seen Ray?

BRIAN

Master Fang took him. He may be on his way to nineteen sixty two right now.

MARTIN

We have to find them before he nukes the world into to dust.

MRS. DONSON

Ray wouldn't do it. He is my son. I know him.

MARTIN

Take your son with you and get out of here. We will find Ray.

Brian follows Martin out of the room.

INT.FIRST FLOOR

Agents are at the verge of defeat as they crash with the vicious crowd of astral travelers in hand combat.

Then a glimmer of hope returns when Racheal and her group of prisoners finally gets to the first floor and attacks the astral travelers from behind.

Half of the astral travelers group turn their attention from their original enemy as they are forced to defend themselves against the new attack.

Members of the two groups kick, punch and wrestles those of the opposite group.

INT.SECOND FLOOR

Ray reluctantly takes the diamond in his hands. Master Fang, Mrs.Matthews and Mr.Ferguson stands away watching in anticipation.

MRS.MATTHEWS

What happens when he connects with the diamond?

MASTER FANG

The diamond has never been used before. So I believe it's common sense that no one knows what happens.

Ray takes a deep breathe and shuts his eyes in meditation. The violet lustre of the diamond in his hands appears to increase.

A blinding ray of violet light emerges from the diamond and connects with Ray's forehead. Master Fang smiles in amazement.

Outside the room, Martin and Brian approaches the closed door.

BRIAN

How do we get in?

MARTIN

I don't know.

He scrutinizes the door carefully. His gun turked under his belt. "Good evening fellas! The boss is quite busy in there. So how about you stay with me, until he is done?" A single guard jokes standing behind Brian and Martin with a fully loaded revolver.

Martin and Brian holds up their hands. "On your knees!" He orders and Martin and Brian grudgingly kneel facing the door.

Inside, Ray appears to concentrate hard as the light being emitted by the diamond in his hands grows brighter. Then his astral body appears about two metres in front of him. Looking more physical than astral.

His physical body stays still with the diamond still in his hands. There is a violet glimmer around his astral body.

Master Fang steps forward with a stunned face and a jaunty smile.

MASTER FANG

Excellent! You have done it son! You have done it!

Ray raises his head and casts him a glare.

MR.FERGUSON

Why is it that we can see him?

MASTER FANG

The diamond. It makes him visible to physical eye. But he can choose to be invisible? Isn't that so Ray?

RAY

Yes, but not at your command!

MRS.MATTHEWS

We can hear him too.

MASTER FANG

Not at my command? So you're going to double cross us?

He raises the cellphone to his hear.

MASTER FANG

I still have your family, remember? Last chance, will you do it or not?

Ray bites hard on his lower lip. Then like a gust of wind, he zooms forward.

He takes hold of Master Fang by his gown at the chest and with an incredible stupendous strength, he hurls him against the heavy door like he weighs nothing.

Master Fang smacks his head against the door first, before the rest of his body hits and bounces off to the floor.

He rolls on the rough floor to Ray's feet.

RAY

Not.

Mr.Ferguson draws a pistol in panic. He cocks it and aims it at Ray. Ray smirks.

Mr.Ferguson fires the gun twice. The bullets go right through Ray like he is not there. They hit Mrs.Matthews on the right shoulder and rib.

She grunts in pain and falls. Mr.Ferguson starts to retreat backwards with a gaping mouth and baffled eyes.

MRS.MATTHEWS

Shoot his physical form! Shoot the one with the diamond!

Mr.Ferguson turns his gun at Ray's unmoving physical body. Ray swishes towards him so fast that he gets to Mr.Ferguson before he pulls the trigger.

He grabs and swirls him around and flings him against the wall. Mr.Ferguson falls back to the floor with a bang, unconscious.

On the other side of the door, Brian and Martin grows more restless as the sound of shooting and banging behind the heavy door.

"Sounds like not everyone in there will come out alive." The guard standing behind them comments with a flinty face.

Ray steps out through the closed door, like the rigid door is just an illusion. The violet glow still around him.

The guard fires at him until the revolver runs out of bullets. All having went through Ray and landed on the door behind him.

"Interesting! I thought you're ...real. Nice trick!"

RAY

I am real.

The Violet glimmer around his right hand grows more brighter as he clenches his palm into a punch and takes a swipe at the guard.

The force of the hit sends the guard flying in thin air. He crashes against a sculpture of an old man holding a diamond. Probably the founding father of the union.

MARTIN

Incredible!

BRIAN

What on earth did they turn you into?
Hulk?

MARTIN

No. Superman!

The violet glow around Ray brightens and he hurls himself against the heavy door.

Martin and Brian stare with dazzled eyes as the door breaks leaving only a thin piece at the hinges and a huge gap between it and the wall.

The broken piece falls inside smacking Master Fang who was struggling to get on his feet. Brian and Martin follows Ray inside.

BRIAN

Do you mind getting back into your
body? Because your new astral body is
totally freaking me out!

MARTIN

It's amazing!

BRIAN

What if he can't get back to his
body?!

Professor Zain sneaks in, a smile curves on his lips as he studies the situation inside.

PROFESSOR ZAIN

Of course he can get back. But right
now, we need help on first floor.
There is quite an intence battle
there.

INT.FIRST FLOOR

The battle is rough, vicious. The astral travelers fight on two fronts. At the front end, they crash with the not so many but trained FBI agents.

At the opposite end, they fight against Racheal, Roby and their group of prisoners.

They are losing the battle on both ends. But they are still putting up a determined resistance.

One of them lunges at Racheal, he sweeps her off her feet and pins her against the wall. His masculine hands squeeze her throat.

The gun drops from her grasp as she fights to wrench free.

Roby tramples on the bodies lying on the floor as he rushes to help her.

But two astral travelers tackle him to the ground before he gets to her. One holds him to the floor while the other punches him mercilessly on the head.

Until Ray sweeps them off him. He hurls them against the walls while still floating on air. All eyes turn on him.

Gerrard gapes at his son floating above everyone.

GERRARD
(Murmuring to himself)
Amazing!

A man punches punches him, snapping him back to the situation around him. Gerrard angrily yanks the man to the floor and kicks his head hard.

Ray dives down towards the man strangling Racheal. He smacks the man's head against the wall beside Racheal.

The man lets go of Racheal and falls to the ground. She gulps in air deeply.

RACHEAL
Thanks!

RAY
You're welcome.

With renewed vigour, the agents and the freed prisoners crash the remaining astral travelers.

Brian, Professor Zain, Leonard, and Mrs. Donson stand in a group at the far back watching Ray swish around the battlefield giving the tired agents and prisoners a hand.

Mrs. Donson knocks out the last astral traveler using her high heeled shoe.

MRS.DONSON
Pathetic freaks!

RAY
I hope you didn't mean that.

She smiles affectionately at him.

MRS.DONSON
I did. But not you. Now go back to
your body so I can hug you.

Ray swishes past her towards the second floor.

EXT.UNION OF ASTRAL TRAVELERS LOUNGE - DAY
The tiny field around the cabin is buzzing with officers,
police cars and ambulances.

Ray and Brian walks up the stairs and out of the cabin.

Not so far from them, Gerrard and Mrs.Donson are engaged in
a heated quarrel.

MRS.DONSON
He stopped being your son the moment
you abandoned us! He has a father
now, and it not you!

GERRARD
A father? That loser will never be my
son's father. I can take care of my
son!

MRS.DONSON
Don't you dare get an inch close to
him!

Brian eyes Ray warily.

BRIAN
Seems like your troubles aren't over
yet.

RAY
It's world. Something somewhere has
to be wrong, always.

Racheal walks with quick steps behind them.

RACHEAL
Ray!

Ray and Brian turns around to face her.

RACHEAL

The diamond, where is it?

RAY

I destroyed it. I took it back to astral world and tossed it into a sea.

RACHEAL

There are seas in astral world?

RAY

Yeah. Just like in this world.

RACHEAL

Alright. There is a ride for you.
Thanks for the help.

She points at a police hammer just a few feet away.

Ray nods and strolls to the car with Brian.

BRIAN

Leonard told me that youkind of
...like guys.

He says snuggling close to Ray as they settle inside the hammer.

RAY

Of course he did. He is such a snitch.

BRIAN

Is it true?

RAY

I do have feelings for guys, yes.
It's true.

BRIAN

(Looking Ray in the eye.)
Do you have feelings for me?

Ray doesn't answer and Brian leans in and kisses him.

BRIAN

Did you actually destroy the diamond.
You could have made one hell of a superhero with that object.

RAY

I lied.

He reaches beneath his jacket and pulls out the diamond.

Brian takes it in his hands with a broad smile.

BRIAN

Martin would go crazy if he knew you still have this.

RAY

Yeah. But changing anything that falls in the class of history isn't something I would dare do. So he would be worrying over nothing.

Martin and Professor Zain enters the car.

MARTIN

Am glad to hear that. So what's gonna be your superhero's name?

BRIAN

So you're not taking the diamond from him?

MARTIN

Why would I? It's not like I can use it.

Brian and Ray high five.

PROFESSOR ZAIN

I think 'Astralman' would make a cool name for a superhero.

BRIAN

Yeah. That's cool.