

GIFTED: THE SERIES

1X01: BRAVE NEW WORLD

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*In which our heroes (and heroine) are introduced, the setting is delivered, a
villain arrives,*

and we do a little time traveling.

TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. - ANTARCTIC WILDERNESS - PORTAL OPENING - THE (NEAR) FUTURE

Pan in across the vast iced-over plains of Antarctica, where all is blinding snow, until we come upon something that is extremely unusual - a crackling, blue, two-hundred foot tall RIP in SPACE-TIME. A portal, beyond which is red sky, desert, craggy rocks, and a giant medieval castle. It's like looking into HELL - if HELL was in Antarctica.

With a bone-crunching WHUMP, a mutilated body hits the ground, blood splattering across the snow. The corpse is unidentifiable, the skin BLACKENED beyond recognition. The dead man's limbs are twisted and broken, frozen forever like the carvings on a sarcophagus.

Fortunately for those of us who have just arrived, this isn't happening now - it's all happening in THE FUTURE.

We pan up off of the smoking remains to see CHRISTIAN HARRINGTON; a rugged African-American man in his EARLY TWENTIES, sporting a black leather jacket over a green sweater. To complete the ensemble, he has a large BATTERY PACK strapped to his back and is toting a MASSIVE elephant GUN. He takes his hand off the gun for a second to push his GLASSES back into place, then raises his gun warily in the direction of the portal.

CHRISTIAN

Damn it!

(turns to Erica)

We're too late!

The WOMAN he's addressing is ERICA MCCOY, a woman who has absolutely no defining characteristics...save that she is HOVERING two feet off the ground and HOLDING a BALL OF FIRE in her left hand. She shivers visibly, pulling her coat around her tighter.

ERICA

You think? Eddie's dead, Chris.
What's our plan now?

Christian bends down and NUDGES the corpse (who we now know is...was...named EDDIE) with the barrel of his rifle.

CHRISTIAN

(determined)

Same as before. We go in, we kill
Nils, we close the portal.

(stands)

Preferably before we die of
exposure.

As if to accentuate his point, the portal YAWNS open even wider. The wind around the pair picks up, almost as if it's trying to push them in.

ERICA

And if that doesn't work? Do we
have a Plan "D?"

Christian stands up and turns to Erica...only to see that standing directly behind her is a DEMON!

CHRISTIAN

(raises the gun)

Erica, look out!

He's too late - the demon is within arm's reach, and simply GRABS our heroine by the head and, in one quick motion, SNAPS her neck.

Her eyes stare lifelessly ahead for a split second, right at Chris...almost as if she is trying to drink him in before her soul is completely ripped from her body... and then she's gone.

Chris doesn't hesitate; he FIRES the gun, and a thunderous BOOM rips through the air at the same instant the demon's arm SEPARATES from its shoulder and vaporizes.

The demon SCREAMS, and it's only now that we get a good look at it. It's humanoid, six and a half feet tall, orange leathery skin, intelligent eyes, giant CURLING RAM'S HORNS that protrude from its forehead, and a wicked looking prehensile SCYTHE tail.

The oddest thing about the creature - and perhaps the most unsettling - is that it is wearing human clothing. It is not native to the Arctic, and has either followed out heroes here...

...or was chased.

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)

Nils! You son of a bitch!

He fires again, but the demon - NILS - dodges, and attacks, whipping his tail at Chris and gouging a wicked gash down his arm. Pained, Chris DROPS the gun and instead PUNCHES Nils.

Unfortunately, his closed fist hits Nils right on the forehead and nearly SHATTERS on impact. Screaming in pain, he is practically helpless as Nils quickly KICKS him in the stomach and forces him to his knees.

Nils, clutching the bleeding socket where his left arm used to be, whips his tail around and holds the blade at Chris' exposed throat, ready to slice his head from his shoulders with barely a twitch.

NILS

(smugly, but pained)

Don't you know the old adage?
"Never bring a gun to a knife
fight?"

CHRISTIAN

(eyes burning)

I'll kill you yet.

NILS

Look around, Christian. You're
trapped on the most inhospitable
continent on this planet, thousands
of miles from anyone who would even
care, let alone anyone who could
help.

(beat, smiles)

I've won.

Christian, holding his broken hand, simply GLARES at Nils. It's only then that we notice the battery pack on his back has a small FLASHING RED LIGHT on it...and it has just turned on. Nils narrows his eyes and gestures to the light.

NILS (CONT'D)

What is that?

CHRISTIAN

You know the difference between the
two of us?

NILS

(ignoring him)

What is that!

CHRISTIAN

(continuing)

Besides the fact that we're completely different species and you want to conquer my world, obviously.

NILS

Tell me what that does or...or...

CHRISTIAN

(smiles)

Or what? You can't kill me. I'm the only one who can stabilize the portal for you.

NILS

I can break you...I can find your friends and-

CHRISTIAN

You've already murdered everyone I care about. Who's left?

(beat)

Would you like to know the difference between us, Nils?

Nils, flustered and enraged, pulls his tail back and looks for a moment as if he's going to punch Christian, but then restrains himself. He takes a deep breath, then puts his tail back against the young man's throat.

NILS

(contemptuously)

What?

CHRISTIAN

If our positions were reversed? And you were the one wearing this thing? I would have put one right between your eyes the second that light came on.

On cue, the LIGHT stops flashing and turns a BRIGHT SOLID GREEN.

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)

(whispered)

Fluctos nu Vicis.

Chris grits his teeth and shuts his eyes. Confused, Nils takes a step back-

-and just like that, Christian BLINKS out of existence. No pop, no bang, no explosion; he's there one second, and the next he's simply gone.

Nils whirls around, thinking it has to be some kind of trick, some kind of deception. He KICKS some snow up onto the spot where Chris kneeled moments before, but it only proves what we already know: Chris is truly gone.

Nils, beside himself with rage, leans back and SCREAMS at the sky. His roars are drowned out by the howling wind and blinding storm, but his anger cannot be denied. He continues to scream into the cold air as we

END TEASER

BLACKOUT

ROLL OPENING CREDITS

FADE IN:

ACT I

INT. - STUBBES' ACADEMY - ENROLLMENT HALL - DAY

The Creation of Adam. The centerpiece of the Sistine Chapel; Michelangelo's masterpiece. So many backbreaking hours of work for such an exquisite piece of art. The ultimate portrayal of God's relationship to man.

Of course, it's just a replica. We zoom out to see a young man examining it with interest. He's about 18-19 years old, African-American, wearing glasses and a GREEN SWEATSHIRT. He has a backpack slung over his shoulder and, honestly, looks like a total nerd. We recognize him, of course; this is CHRISTIAN, just a few years before the events we have just witnessed. He finishes his study of the painting and turns to an older man behind him.

The text on the bottom of the screen fades in: PRESENT DAY.

CHRISTIAN

Remind me why I'm doing this again?

CHRISTIAN'S FATHER

(exasperated)

Chris, we've been over this.

CHRISTIAN

Indulge me.

CHRISTIAN'S FATHER

How about because out of all the universities you got into, this is the only one who gave you a full ride? How about because this one has the best Chemistry department in the country? How about because it's only a few hours away from your loving parents?

CHRISTIAN

(pauses, thinks for a moment)

Why else?

Christian's father laughs and claps a hand on his son's shoulder as his MOTHER comes over with a stack of papers in her hands.

CHRISTIAN'S MOTHER

Honey, this school teaches geniuses. This is where the guys who go to MIT wish they could go. You're gonna love it, I promise.

Christian pauses and looks at the papers. He looks hesitant, still not convinced.

CHRISTIAN

Well...maybe I'll finally be able to get some work done.

CHRISTIAN'S MOTHER

(smiling good naturedly)

That's almost the spirit, baby. Do you want us to walk you back to the dorms?

CHRISTIAN

No, that's alright. Everything's already there - all that's left is to meet my roommate.

CHRISTIAN'S MOTHER

You sure you don't want us to come with you?

CHRISTIAN

Right, mom - because "Chemistry Major" and "Science Nerd" isn't enough of a social stigma to overcome, now I get to add "Mama's Boy" to the list.

CHRISTIAN'S FATHER

Okay, okay, we get it.

(points a finger at his
son)

Just be sure to call if you need
anything. Promise?

CHRISTIAN

(smiles)

Promise.

Off of the family's smiling faces, we

cut to:

EXT. - STUBBES' ACADEMY - QUAD - DAY

Christian is walking through the QUAD, lost in his thoughts, trying to read a very poorly made map. He does, however, look up in time see a petite girl dressed in overalls come CAREENING around a corner and SLAM into him. There's really nothing special about her...not yet, anyway. This is ERICA MCCOY, 19 years old and every inch of her a flag-burning, paint-splattered, grass-smoking art student. Upon her collision with Chris, the paint supplies in her hands scatter across the grass.

Embarrassed and upset, Chris quickly springs to his feet. He's stuck for a moment, unsure if he should be angry at himself or her, when she takes the decision out of his hands.

ERICA

Watch it, asshole!

Chris doesn't respond, just stares. Despite the rude reception Erica's given him, he can't look away. We've seen that look a hundred times; hell, we've felt it a hundred times. He's smitten.

Confused by his lack of response, Erica's demeanor immediately softens. She waves a hand in front of his face as if testing him for a concussion.

ERICA (CONT'D)

Hello? Anyone in there?

CHRISTIAN

(coming to his senses)

Huh? Oh, sorry. It's my fault. I wasn't paying attention to where I was going. I should've seen you.

ERICA

(sighs)

No, it's mine. I shouldn't have snapped at you.

(beat)

Sorry.

(extends hand)

I'm Erica.

CHRISTIAN

I'm Christian.

Erica, mistaking his name for a declaration of faith, quickly pulls her hand back before he can shake it. Instead, she starts picking up her supplies.

ERICA

(nervous,
misunderstanding)

Oh, me too. Well, sort of.
Baptist...does that count?

CHRISTIAN

What? No, no...I mean, yes, it counts, but that's my name.
Christian Harrington.

ERICA

Oh. That's way less confrontational. Religious opposition is the last thing I want to talk about on the first day of school, anyway.

CHRISTIAN

Trust me, it's not high on my list either.

(looks at paint supplies)

You're a painter?

ERICA

(wryly)

What gave it away? What about you?

CHRISTIAN

Oh, I'm a nerd - professionally. Chemistry, Physics, Biology...you name it, I've probably done some jock's homework in it.

ERICA

(laughs)

At least you're honest about it.

(MORE)

ERICA (CONT'D)

Every time someone asks me what I'm majoring in I tell them accounting or microeconomics.

CHRISTIAN

You told me the truth. That's gotta count for something, right?

ERICA

(shrugs)

Guess I'm not threatened by you yet.

(smiles)

Give it time, Christian Harrington.

She walks past him, supplies now clutched tightly in her hands. Still reeling, he walks in the opposite direction, occasionally stealing glances over his shoulder at his new crush.

INT. - STUBBES' ACADEMY - CHRIS AND EDDIE'S DORM

Christian opens the door to find EDDIE GRADEN already hooking up a large stereo system. We didn't get a good look at Eddie in the teaser, but now we do - He's the kind of laid back guy who you run into at the campus coffee shop; Unruly-yet-stylish hair, long sleeved shirt, torn jeans, a little goatee/soul patch...Eddie just looks cool.

The room itself is surprisingly spacious, more like an apartment than a true dorm room. Eddie looks up from the tangle of wires he's currently embroiled in and waves at Chris. This causes one of the speakers to tip over.

EDDIE

Hey, roomie!

(sparks fly from the tangle of wires, Eddie jumps)

Agh!

Chris sets down his bag by the door and goes over to help Eddie get out of his mess. He starts untangling his new roommate, while still trying not to invade Eddie's personal space.

It's a tricky balancing act.

CHRISTIAN

You okay?

EDDIE

Yeah, no, I'm fine. Just apparently dyslexic.

CHRISTIAN
(automatically)
Dyslexia is a neurological disorder
where the brain confuses the order
of letter and numbers in the
written word.

EDDIE
It is? Then what would this be?

CHRISTIAN
(shrugs)
Maybe you're just not very good
around electrical equipment. My
advice? Stay away Circuit City.

Eddie, now free from the wires, laughs and shakes Chris'
hand.

EDDIE
Eddie Graden. You're funny, you
know that?

CHRISTIAN
(hesitant)
Christian Harrington. And no, I
didn't.

EDDIE
(laughs again)
Awesome. Can I call you Chris?
Calling you "Christian" all the
time's gonna get to be a mouthful,
you know?

CHRISTIAN
(surprised)
Uh, no one's really ever called me
that.

EDDIE
Oh. Sorry.

CHRISTIAN
(quickly)
But it's okay. I kind of like it.

EDDIE
Bitchin'.
(nods to bedrooms)
I took the one on the left. Is that
cool?

CHRISTIAN

Yeah, I guess. I didn't really think about it.

Eddie moves over into the kitchen and to several boxes on the counter. He starts unpacking them, putting away dishes while he talks to Chris.

EDDIE

So I hear there's this senior throwing a huge party tonight. Dirk Withers? Anyway, it's supposed to be this big annual tradition or something. Booze. Women. Drunk sorority girls. You in?

CHRISTIAN

(unsure)

Uh, I don't know. I have some pretty early classes in the morning...

EDDIE

(waves him off)

No one goes to class for the first week. The professors all totally phone it in.

CHRISTIAN

Yeah, well, be that as it may...

EDDIE

Chris, dude, I don't think you understand how off the hook this party is; I repeat, Booze, Women, and-

CHRISTIAN

(annoyed)

-Drunk Sorority Girls, I heard you. I just don't really feel like hanging out at some dude's house I've never even met. Odds are I'm gonna hate the guy anyway.

EDDIE

How would you know? You haven't even met him.

CHRISTIAN

The type of guy who throws a kegger that everyone knows about is the type of guy who spent high school making my life a living hell. Pass.

EDDIE

(shrugs)

Okay, your choice. Just don't get mad at me when you hear about how awesome this party was.

CHRISTIAN

(dryly)

I'll try to contain myself.

Eddie smiles and continues unpacking while Chris watches.

cut to:

INT. - DIRK WITHERS' HOUSE - NIGHT

Music. Flashing lights. Pounding bass. Scantily clad women. If you were wondering where we were, those should have told you - we're at DIRK WITHERS' PARTY; the very same party Eddie was telling Chris about earlier. This stately two-story Victorian is pretty much PACKED with rowdy college students from the floor to the ceiling.

A group of students have carved out a nice little NICHE near the bottom of a staircase that dominates the living room. Among them are ERICA and her roommate MADISON. Erica has traded in her overalls for jeans and a tank top, and her roommate Madison...

If Erica's the kind of girl you don't really notice, Madison's the kind of girl that makes you sit up and put on your sunglasses. She's SMOKIN' HOT - short brown hair, tanned skin, legs to kill for...she's rockin' a denim miniskirt like very few women can. A journalism Major, Madison is a shark - she's tough, cocky, damn hot, and she knows it.

Erica, for her part, seems a little uncomfortable in the house but is trying not to show it.

ERICA

(unenthused)

This is great. Really. Thanks for bringing me out.

MADISON

Lighten up, E. We're supposed to be having fun, remember?

ERICA

Sorry. Guess I'm not in a very
"fun" mood.

MADISON

(shakes beer cup)

Trust me, that can be fixed. I'll
be back with libations in two
seconds; four, if I can't find a
cute guy to make the run with.

She turns to find a keg, but is interrupted as EDDIE suddenly comes SLIDING down the staircase's banister and lands between the two girls, stumbling slightly. He's in full-on party mode: a beer in each hand, ruffled hair, glassy eyes. He grins widely before CHUGGING the beer in his left hand. After he finishes, he hands the one in his right to Madison.

EDDIE

(all smiles)

Come on, tell me that impressed
you.

MADISON

Surprisingly, yes.

Eddie wavers slightly, as if he's about to fall, then rights himself.

MADISON (CONT'D)

You okay?

EDDIE

Yeah. Just getting used to, you
know, having feet.

(brushes off his shirt
self consciously)

Madison looks at her cup, then
FROWNS.

MADISON

Hey, this is empty!

EDDIE

Do you know how hard it is to surf
a railing without spilling two cups
of beer?

(changes subject)

So do I know you or is this the
story we'll tell our kids when they
ask how we met?

MADISON

I don't think so. I'm Madison, and this is my roommate-

EDDIE

Erica. We've met, actually; you're in my Lit 130 class.

ERICA

(nervously)

Oh, yeah. How did you know my name?

EDDIE

Roll call.

ERICA

Ah.

The group is interrupted as DIRK WITHERS comes in carrying drinks from the kitchen. Red plastic cups...seedy jock...we don't have to buy a college brochure to imagine what's about to happen. Despite the fact that he is ridiculously handsome, we don't trust him. (And, let's be honest, why would we?)

Dirk saunters over to the women, ignoring Eddie, who scowls at his sudden entrance.

DIRK

Ladies, can I interest you in some drinks?

MADISON

(to Erica)

See? You stand around and look hot long enough and eventually someone shows up with alcohol. I love college.

She and Erica take the cups, but we're not focused on that...

Suddenly, the camera zooms in on EDDIE'S NOSTRILS as they FLARE. A special effect, of course...but for what purpose? Why, to show off Eddie's newly revealed enhanced sense of smell! He quickly reaches out for the cups and SNATCHES them before either girl can take a drink.

EDDIE

Whoa, no way. Not happening.

DIRK

(angrily)

What's your problem, dude?

EDDIE

Dirk, come on. How many roofies did you drop in these?

DIRK

I didn't-

EDDIE

(narrowed eyes)

No? Then take a drink.

Eddie OFFERS one of the cups to Dirk, who looks at it in shock. The two LOCK EYES over the cup like two gunfighters in a saloon. Erica and Madison watch the exchange.

ERICA

(to Madison)

This is intense.

Finally, Dirk breaks his glare and pushes the cup away.

DIRK

Whatever. I'm outta here.

He stalks off, quickly resuming his easy-going party demeanor. Eddie watches him go, his hair practically bristling with defensiveness.

MADISON

(amazed)

Wow.

ERICA

How did you know he spiked those?

EDDIE

(distracted)

I could smell it.

(noticing their looks, he catches himself)

Practically.

(covers for awkward slip-up by pointing to speakers)

Hey, a song. Wanna dance?

It's unclear who he's talking to. Erica NODS, but he grabs MADISON by the hand and pulls her out into the throng of students. Erica sighs and leans back against the stair railing while folding her arms over her chest.

ERICA
 (to herself, dejected)
 Perfect.

Over on the dance floor, a slow song has come on and several others have paired off. Eddie, without hesitation, pulls Madison in close and puts his hands on her hips.

MADISON
 (smirks)
 Well, I can say one thing for you -
 you're not shy.

EDDIE
 (darkly)
 In my line of work, it doesn't pay.

MADISON
 (raises an eyebrow)
 And what line of work is that? Keep
 in mind that if you say secret
 agent, I might have to hit you.

EDDIE
 (seriously)
 Don't worry. As far as you know,
 I'm just another face in the crowd.
 (eyes dart back and forth)
 In spite of herself, Madison laughs
 and puts her arms around Eddie's
 neck.

MADISON
 Where are you from?

EDDIE
 A little town about two hours north
 of here called Aleburg.

MADISON
 New York?

EDDIE
 (nods)
 I know what you're gonna ask, and
 yes, I do know Giuliani. We play
 golf every Thursday.

MADISON
 Why'd you come to Stubbes and not
 ESU?

EDDIE

(shrugs)

Scholarship. Besides, I kinda put off replying to my acceptance letters and Stubbes' were the only ones who would take a reply letter a week before semester started. What about you? Why'd you come here?

MADISON

Journalism.

(shrugs)

Not much to tell; I just like knowing secrets.

(playfully)

So if you've got any...

EDDIE

Me? Secrets?

Eddie forces a laugh. Madison SMILES, then lays her head on his chest as the slow song continues.

Over by the keg, a saddened ERICA is letting some frat guy fill up her cup. She takes another look over her shoulder, towards her roommate and Eddie, then shakes her head and continues drinking.

EXT. - DIRK WITHERS' HOUSE - NIGHT

We MATCH CUT to the front lawn of the house, right outside a window. We have a clear view of Erica, and as we pull back further, we reveal that SOMEONE ELSE does, too - a TALL, SHADOWY FIGURE.

Just as we get curious about who he is, it's revealed to us...sort've. We can't see his face, but he is wearing a GRAY METAL HELMET that covers his entire head. As if that wasn't creepy enough, he raises his RIGHT ARM...and TWO LONG, SILVER BLADES pop out with a *snikt.*

Of course, now we have to

BLACKOUT

ACT 2

FADE IN:

INT. - CHRIS AND EDDIE'S DORM - CHRIS' ROOM

The next morning.

Light pours in across the room. We pan down from a bird chirping outside the window, to the bookcase underneath it (on which a picture of Chris and HIS PARENTS sits), down to the floor, where a large sheaf of papers with diagrams has been scattered across the carpet. From there, move up and across the ruffled bed to the still form of Christian Harrington.

An alarm goes off, playing an electronic version of the theme from Ghostbusters. Christian wakes up and blearily reaches for the alarm. It's 8:05

INT. - CHRIS AND EDDIE'S DORM - LIVING ROOM

Chris opens the door, book bag in hand, revealing that his room is now perfectly spotless. Behind him, we can see that his clock now reads 8:10.

What's more is that Chris is already ready to start the day, though he's still scrambling to PUSH the sheaves of paper into a binder. The door next to his is covered in bumper stickers, pinups of girls, and beads, and written across it in SPRAY PAINT is Eddie's name.

Finally managing to put the diagrams away, Chris drops his bag onto the couch and heads for the fridge. Before opening it, however, he notices a magnet with a PIECE OF PAPER stuck to it. The paper says "Madison, Room 702" in a girl's handwriting with a little heart over the 'i' and a smiley face inside the zero. Chris rolls his eyes and opens the fridge, pulling out a carton of milk.

Chris looks around, as if checking to see if anybody's watching, before putting the milk carton DIRECTLY TO HIS LIPS. The door to Eddie's room suddenly SWINGS open, rock music blaring loudly. Chris is so startled that he SPILLS milk all over his shirt. In response, he GLARES at his roommate. Eddie just smiles.

EDDIE

Morning, bright eyes. Sleep well?

CHRISTIAN

Better than you, apparently. Where were you all night? Showing 'Madison' a good time?

EDDIE

Oh, that? Not that I don't appreciate the vote of confidence, but you're way off. At the moment, strictly platonic.

CHRISTIAN

Right. Hope that works out for you.
 (goes into his bedroom)
 Do we have any cereal?

EDDIE

I think just the bargain brands
 they stick us with at the beginning
 of the year.
 (opens cupboards)
 Mealy-O's, Tasty Squares, and
 Cardboard Cutouts.
 (smiles)
 Oh, and there's Jell-o!

Christian emerges from his room with a NEW SHIRT.

CHRISTIAN

Do you have class?

EDDIE

Not till eleven.

CHRISTIAN

So why are you up this early?

EDDIE

Thought I'd do a little exploring,
 find the cool hangouts in
 Leahville. There's got to be
 something to do in this town.

CHRISTIAN

You mean besides homework and
 partying?

EDDIE

Precisely.

CHRISTIAN

(rolls eyes)
 Don't forget to clean up after you
 finish.

Chris leaves and Eddie looks after him before shaking his
 head and pouring the Mealy-O's into a bowl.

INT. - STUBBES' ACADEMY - LIBRARY

Chris is WORKING in the library, copying something out of a
 Chemistry book with a Physics book propped up beside him. He
 twirls his pencil thoughtfully, immersed in his research.

He's so engrossed in his work he doesn't even notice ERICA enter. She sees him and starts to walk over, thinks better of it, and decides to leave. Just before she gets to the door, she sigh, turns around, and heads back to the table he's working at.

ERICA
Christian, right?

Chris blinks rapidly, slightly startled, and smiles when he recognizes her.

ERICA
Mind if I sit down?

CHRISTIAN
No, not at all. I'm just doing some research on atomic pairings.

ERICA
Homework already?

CHRISTIAN
Actually, it's not. Just something that's been bothering me all summer.

ERICA
Atomic pairings have been on your mind all summer?
(incredulous)
You seriously need a life.

CHRISTIAN
That's what my roommate thinks, too.
(shrugs)
I think he has enough of a life for the both of us.

ERICA
Who's your roommate?

CHRISTIAN
(like announcing a king)
Eddie Graden.
(scoffs)
I don't know if we're gonna be roomies much longer. I dropped off the transfer papers this morning.

ERICA

Eddie? I think I met him at a party last night. Kind've scruffy, lean, lots of facial hair?

CHRISTIAN

I doubt the guy even owns a razor.

Chris' grumpy attitude isn't winning him any brownie points with Erica.

ERICA

What are you, 65?

CHRISTIAN

I'm responsible, not senile. The guy is practically in love with himself!

ERICA

(shrugs)

I thought he was okay.

(snaps her fingers)

Hey, you think we could all hang out sometime?

CHRISTIAN

(cocks an eyebrow)

Wait...you like Eddie?

ERICA

(blushes)

He's cute, alright? Sue me.

CHRISTIAN

(shakes his head)

Fine, whatever. I'll set it up. Do you mind, though? I've got some quantum mechanics to circumvent here.

ERICA

You betcha, "Wally." Tell the Beav I said 'yo.'

Erica gets up and leaves in a huff. The camera zooms in on HER BUTT as Chris watches her leave. After she's gone, he smashes a book against his forehead.

CHRISTIAN

Smooth, Chris. A regular Cassa-nada.

Eddie enters just as she exits, looking over his shoulder as if he's WATCHING Erica's retreating backside also. He shakes his head in awe and whistles, then notices Chris.

EDDIE

Chris, dudester. I've been looking everywhere for you!

When Chris sees that Eddie has followed him to the library (his "sacred ground," so to speak) he becomes even more annoyed.

CHRISTIAN

Great. Just what I needed.

EDDIE

(cocks an eyebrow, then shrugs it off)
Okay, you've got issues. Understandable. Guessing you and Erica didn't exactly hit it off?

CHRISTIAN

Why didn't you tell me you'd already met?

EDDIE

(shrugs)
I didn't know you knew her, too.

She's Madison's roommate.

CHRISTIAN

Madison from room 702? Nice.
(realizes he's complimenting Eddie)
For you, I mean.
(dejected)
It doesn't matter, anyway. She's into somebody else.

EDDIE

Don't be a defeatist. I'm sure you have a lot to offer.
(Chris raises an eyebrow)
I'm serious. Besides, that guy she's into? Probably a total tool.

CHRISTIAN

You have no idea.

EDDIE

There ya go. I mean, what sane girl
wouldn't love to listen to you
ramble about all that science junk
you're so fond of rambling about?
Science gets girls hot.

This last comment reminds Chris that he doesn't like Eddie,
even though the two almost had a bonding moment.

CHRISTIAN

(scowls)

Don't you have someplace you need
to be?

EDDIE

(smiles)

Is that a hint?

CHRISTIAN

No, the annoyed glance was a hint.
Now I'm just being rude.

EDDIE

Ah. Well, I know when I'm not
wanted. I'll see you at home.

As Eddie leaves, the camera switches so we're facing him,
with his back turned to Chris. He sighs deeply and pauses, as
if something is on his mind, before leaving. Whatever it is,
he decides not to CONFIDE in Chris about it.

cut to:

INT. - STUBBES' ACADEMY - MADISON AND ERICA'S DORM

Camera pans into focus on Madison carrying a heavy box out of
her room and into the center living area. Their dorm is
almost identical to Eddie and Chris', the only difference
being the decoration. Madison sets the box on the couch and
pulls out one of those MY LITTLE PONY dolls and places it on
the coffee table.

ERICA

No.

MADISON

What?

ERICA

No way does that unicorn go there.
It's just embarrassing.

MADISON

It's not a unicorn. It's a collector's item.

(points to wall)

Besides, I didn't complain when you put up all those Emo posters.

ERICA

(sighs)

Fine. The "collector's item" can stay. I love it. It's beautiful. Now, where are we going to put the TV?

MADISON

It's better for the feng shui if it's over here by the wall.

ERICA

(laughs)

Check you out - you're like Interior Decorator Barbie.

MADISON

Shut up. I watch a lot of HGTV. Besides, I'd like to get this done before five.

ERICA

What's at five.

MADISON

(sing-song)

I have a date.

Erica pauses for a moment, looking away. She is obviously a little jealous of Madison.

ERICA

Oh...you mean with that guy from last night? Eddie?

MADISON

Bingo.

(notices that Erica's upset)

You okay?

ERICA

(tense, as if she's considering mentioning Madison's dance with Eddie)

(MORE)

ERICA (CONT'D)

Just...uh...
 (decides against it,
 covers)
 This one guy. Chris.

MADISON

Chris?

ERICA

I met him yesterday, and I ran into
 him again at the library this
 morning.

MADISON

Oooh, is he cute?

ERICA

(hesitates)
 Everyone's cute in the right light,
 Maddie. Even Christian 'King of the
 Nerds' Harrington.

MADISON

Oh, him? That's your guy? He's
 Eddie's roommate, right?
 (off of Erica's look)
 It came up somewhere between the
 chorus of 'No Air' and the intro to
 'Soulja Boy.'

ERICA

(scowls)
 Yeah, I know. I was watching you
 both practically slobbering all
 over each other. Apparently Eddie
 and Chris don't get along very
 well.

MADISON

Well, it takes time. I'm sure
 they'll adjust.

ERICA

I dunno...seems like once Chris
 sets his mind to something, it
 stays set.

INT. - STUBBES' ACADEMY - SCIENCE LAB

Eddie is walking down a hallway, carrying a BOX OF DONUTS. He
 checks each room he comes by until he finds the one he wants
 and opens it. He walks in and we find Christian bent over a
 MICROSCOPE, scribbling onto a piece of notebook paper.

EDDIE
(nervous)
Hey.

CHRISTIAN
(doesn't look up)
What?

EDDIE
I uh, brought you donuts. Thought
you might be hungry.

CHRISTIAN
(sarcastic)
How thoughtful. Don't let the
phorazine drip on them.

EDDIE
(sets the box down nearby)
What are you working on?

CHRISTIAN
I'm rearranging the subatomic bonds
created when binding highly
volatile forces together to make a
more powerful yet versatile
explosive.

EDDIE
(surprised)
Is that dangerous?

CHRISTIAN
(finally looking up and
gesturing at the welding
helmet attached to his
head)
Very. Hence the eye shielding and
protective suit.

And yes, Chris is indeed wearing set of welding cover-alls
underneath his white lab coat. Curious, Eddie moves closer to
Chris and the substance under the microscope.

EDDIE
So what class is this for?
Chemistry?

CHRISTIAN
(shakes)
No, my Chemistry homework was
making an acid which an eat through
titanium.

(MORE)

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)

This is something I thought up
while I was reading "The Secret of
NIMH."

EDDIE

(arches an eyebrow)
It must be very strange being you.

CHRISTIAN

You're telling me. If I ever get it
to work, it'll probably be for
construction or possibly deep sea
mining; The only real problem so
far is that it's not entirely
stable, but I'll probably work that
out in the final stages.

(looks at box of donuts)
Hand me a glazed, would you?

Eddie reaches for the box and in his haste, BRUSHES the
table.

Everything SLOWS DOWN and we FOCUS ON the table as a shudder
ripples through the surface and up into the sample that is
under the microscope. The sample EXPLODES, tearing apart the
microscope in what looks like a miniature atomic blast.

The EXPLOSION is approximately two feet in diameter, yet so
intensely powerful that it KNOCKS Chris backwards over the
counter behind him and into the WALL. At the same time, the
VIEWFINDER for the microscope is HURLED right at Eddie...and
STABS him in the cheek, just below the eye.

Slow motion speeds back up to regular time with a sickening
CRUNCH as Eddie's back slams against the door frame and he
falls over limply.

Behind the counter, Chris JUMPS to his feet, all smiles. He
brushes some of the debris from his coat and surveys the
destroyed microscope and charred table.

CHRISTIAN

(elated)
It works! Amazing! Dude, did you
see that! It...
(trails off as he sees
Eddie's slumped form)
Oh, dear God. Eddie!
(runs over to Eddie)
Eddie!

Chris tries to shake Eddie awake, but to no avail. Fortunately for us, we know exactly what's wrong - we change views and go into the X-RAY spectrum so we can see Eddie's skeleton. Two of Eddie's vertebrae are OFF-CENTERED. With another jolting SNAP, they REALIGN!

We zoom back out just as Eddie's eyes snap OPEN and he GASPS for air. In one fluid motion, he REACHES up and YANKS the viewfinder from his cheek. The exposed wound heals almost instantly.

EDDIE

(screams in pain for a second, then grimaces)

I don't think I'll ever get used to that.

(he looks at Chris, who is speechless)

Hey, are you okay?

CHRISTIAN

Huh? Yeah, f-fine. I guess...how did-

It's only after he notices Chris' expression that Eddie realizes: Chris just saw him HEAL from a horrible wound in seconds. (note: Apparently Chris has never read a comic book, because it shocks the hell out of him.)

EDDIE

I gotta go. I gotta...oh, this is bad. I have to...

Eddie stands up quickly and RUNS through the lab door. Chris, confused, stands up and calls after him.

CHRISTIAN

Wait!

Christian starts to run after him, but Eddie is already GONE, somehow moving faster than Chris could hope to follow. Dejected and confused, he turns around to look at the remains of the lab, before hearing a CRUNCH under his feet. Chris bends down and picks up the VIEWFINDER and inspects at the bloodied end for a moment, before leaving the room with it...and heading straight to another one marked 'Genetics.'

INT. - DOWNTOWN LEAHVILLE - SEEDY BAR

We're now in a dark, smoky BAR which caters to an...unusual...clientele. These are all patrons of a SUPERNATURAL variety.

Over in a slightly darker corner of the establishment, three GAUNT, PALE-SKINNED MEN are sitting, nursing tall glasses of red liquid. Their eyes shine BLOOD RED. They are trying to convince a beautiful blonde girl to do something.

VAMPIRE 1

Come on, Tracy. That kid's been sitting there all night by himself.

(smiles, licks fangs)

No one's gonna miss him. What if you just sneak him out back, do your damsel-in-distress bit, and let us take care of the rest? You get first dibs, I promise.

VAMPIRE 2

I'm sick of this washed out bargain blood from the butcher on Baker Street.

Long pause. The two other vampires look at their companion, incredulous.

VAMPIRE 1

Are you okay?

VAMPIRE 2

(embarrassed)

Sorry. I love doing alliterations with these fangs. Check this out: "She sells sea-shells by the sea-shore."

(to Vampire 1)

You try.

VAMPIRE 3

Both of you, quit being jackasses.
(to the woman)

Look, Trace, baby; You help us out with this one and we'll help you out with your "hunter" problem. Deal?

Tracy looks at all three of them, then over her shoulder at the bar, where we finally see their target: EDDIE.

TRACY

(smiles)

Dinner is served, boys.

She gets up as the vampires all chuckle to themselves. Over with Eddie and the bartender, Eddie is trying to score some booze, despite the fact that's he's underage.

EDDIE

Come on! All I want is some good hard liquor. I've got cash. You're a seedy barman who runs a demon-hangout... What's the problem?!

TONY

Kid, you don't even look old enough to know what a fake ID is. There's no way I'm selling you booze. Here -
(fills glass)
here's a nice Coke for you.

EDDIE

Can't you just tell me it's beer?

BARTENDER

(sighs)
Fine. Pretend it's beer.
(walks off, shaking his head)
Tracy walks up to Eddie, now looking like a normal human.

TRACY

Hey, sailor. What's a matter?

Eddie is confused. A seemingly beautiful girl is talking to him? Why?

EDDIE

Huh?

TRACY

You look awfully sad for someone so cute.

Eddie smiles a little, both at the silliness of her comment and in embarrassment at being flattered.

TRACY

Listen, a couple of my friends and I are going to a party...maybe you'd like to come?

EDDIE

No thanks. I'm sure you're nice and all, really, but-

Eddie stops talking. Camera zooms in on his EAR, then pans down quickly to his chest where we hear his HEARTBEAT, then over to Tracy's where there is NONE - just a dull wheezing sound. Without another word, his eyes widen in terror.

Tracy, realizing she's lost the moment, makes a LUNG at him. Her skin DRAINS of color, becoming as pale as those of her counterparts (almost chalky-white) and her eyes go red when she bares her fangs.

Quick as a flash, Eddie GRABS her wrists and twists her around, SLAMMING her body into a demon sitting at the bar beside him. The demon yells and stands as if to attack Eddie, but Eddie stops him with a ferocious SNARL. He then throws a punch that DROPS Tracey to the ground on her back. Still in motion, our hero picks up the wooden barstool, BREAKS it over his knee, then STABS her through the chest with one of the legs! She freezes on the ground, screams in pain, then evaporates into dust!

Her clothes fall to the ground, empty. Eddie turns to the other three vampires, who are now on their feet in stunned silence.

EDDIE

(thumbs his nose, points
at the vampires)

You three might want to grab a
dustpan and scoop up your friend.

Bad move. They LEAP at him, snarling, actually CLEARING the distance without ever touching the ground. Vampire 2 is closest. He bares his fangs, but Eddie SHOVES a shot glass from the bar into his face. The glass SHATTERS and draws blood. Vampire 2 drops back as Vampire 1 PUNCHES Eddie, who retaliates with his own right cross and DUCKS another jab from Vampire 3.

Vampire 2 stands back up, but Eddie bodily SHOVES him down. Eddie BACKFLIPS onto the bar, lands, then kicks Vampire 3 in the face. As Vampire 3 flies backwards, Vampire 1 TACKLES Eddie and they crash into the mirror. It's only now that we notice that the vampires lack reflections.

The mirror shatters, along with several rows of bottles and shelves. Both combatants drop below the bar, out of sight. We can hear the sounds of a scuffle and yelling, but see nothing other than fists rising up over the edge of the bar occasionally and dust flying. Suddenly, Eddie's hand REACHES up over the bar, holding a piece of shelving that's broken into a POINT. With a grunt, it PLUNGES down. There's a muffled scream and EXPLOSION of dust and ash from behind the bar, then a thick cloud rolls out over the counter top.

A half-second later, Eddie VAULTS over the bar while shaking dust from his hair. Vampires 2 and 3 are ready for him; the second he appears they GRAB him and start beating him. After a few seconds of this, Eddie wrenches his arms free and SMASHES their heads together.

Lightning fast, he reaches behind him and grabs for several WOODEN SWIZZLE STICKS in a cup on one of the tables. Before we have time to think, Eddie JAMS them into Vampire 2's chest.

A hundred tiny shivs of wood implant themselves into the vampire's HEART, and the result is instantaneous - he explodes into dust, clothing falling to the ground, useless. Vampire 3's fist comes flying around through the cloud of ash and CLOCKS Eddie hard, right before the last vampire grabs him and TOSSES him over his shoulder across the room. Eddie SLAMS into the wall, then rolls across the floor beneath one of the covered windows. Vampire 3 advances menacingly on Eddie.

VAMPIRE 3

Time to die, meatsack.

EDDIE

Kiss your mother with that mouth?

VAMPIRE 3

Course not...but I ate her with it.

Eddie YANKS on the cord to his right and the blinds on the window go up. Sunlight pours in, blanketing the room. Vampire 3 has only a few seconds to be surprised before his skin ignites and he BURSTS into flame and dusts. There's a stunned silence as everybody looks at Eddie in a sort of awed surprise.

Eddie, of course, is completely nonchalant about the whole thing. He gets up, completely at ease, brushes some dirt from his clothes, and starts to walk back towards the bar.

That's when he notices everyone staring at him.

EDDIE

(bashful)

They started it.

cut to:

EXT. - LEAHVILLE PARK - NIGHT

Erica is taking a walk out in the cool night air. Every few seconds, a couple walks past her. Erica takes notice of this and sighs.

ERICA

(to herself)

Fifty-one different colleges in New Jersey and I pick the same one that every happy couple in America did.

FWASH! That's the sound effect we hear as a spotlight centers on Erica. Erica shields her eyes and looks up, and we see the source of the spotlight is a man encased entirely in some sort of armor! The armor is made mostly of silver, with rubber joints and an opaque visor. Strangest of all - the man is floating in mid-air! This is the MARKMAN. In fact, this is the same man we saw OUTSIDE THE HOUSE at the end of the first act.

MARKMAN

Erica McCoy, I urge you to cease
all movement and put your hands in
the air.

The Markman's voice is human in quality, but sounds odd - mechanical, almost. Is he a ROBOT? We don't know, and neither does Erica; she's scared out of her mind.

The Markman lowers himself to the ground, landing rather clunkily, then proceeds to move towards Erica at a brisk pace.

ERICA

(afraid)
Wh-what do you want?

MARKMAN

Repeat: Put your arms in the air.
If I have to ask you again, I am
under orders to make you submit by
any means necessary.

Erica raises her hands, complying with the Markman's orders.

ERICA

What's going on? Who are you?

MARKMAN

(ignoring her)
You are being taken to a secure
facility. There, you will be
examined, classified, and tagged.

ERICA

Tagged? Classified? You're going to
cage me up like some kind of
animal?

MARKMAN

Negative.

The Markman reaches Erica and grabs her left arm. In his other hand, a ball of LIQUID METAL coalesces, then forms into what appear to be futuristic HANDCUFFS. Erica is really scared now, unsure of what will happen.

ERICA

You can't do this! You can't just grab people off the street! Let go of me!

Erica begins to struggle, but the Markman's grip holds firm.

MARKMAN

I will use force if necessary.
Please comply by remaining still.

Erica ignores him, instead dropping her free hand down to her side while trying to shove him away with the other. We pan downwards to focus on her hidden hand. Nothing happens for a moment, but then...

Her hand starts GLOWING!

ERICA

(gritting her teeth)
I said...Let. Go. Of. ME!

With that pronunciation, she thrusts her palm up into the air and SCREAMS at the top of her lungs in Latin.

ERICA (CONT'D)

FAIX LOLITE!

A blinding flash FILLS the screen, strobing and lighting up the landscape for as far as we can see. The Markman lets go of Erica's arm and stumbles back, putting his hands over his VISOR. This is all the opening Erica needs: She BOLTS.

She gains only about ten yards before the Markman reaches her. With a quick jab, he HITS her between the shoulder blades and knocks her to the ground. When she hits the ground, her bag FLIES open and a THICK BOOK slides across the grass.

MARKMAN

Subject has presented with severe hostility.

(menacingly)

Recommendation: Immediate termination.

Looking at the book, Erica reaches out with one hand and wiggles her fingers.

The book suddenly OPENS, the pages flipping as if being blown by an invisible wind. The Markman doesn't notice.

MARKMAN

Analysis: Termination impossible.
Corrected Recommendation: Immediate
submission.

With a WAVE of Erica's hand, the book RISES up so that Erica can read it.

ERICA

(suddenly defiant)
Go to hell, you big metal jerk.

Her eyes FLASH blue, and she rolls onto her back. Hands extended, palms open, Erica casts a spell.

ERICA

Dispersium!

The Markman has zero time to respond. Blue light emanates from Erica's hands, COLLIDING with his metal armor. Unfortunately, it doesn't stop there; the light SPLINTERS, refracting off his silver armor, and the streams spiral off into the city, STRIKING like meteors into various building. Wherever the blue streams of light hit, the objects or ground DISAPPEAR. We can hear groaning and shaking as each building flashes and leaves our reality.

It's very similar to the way Chris disappeared in the teaser.

Within seconds, it's all over; the Markman... and half the city... are gone. Shaking, Erica gets to her feet, surveying the devastation. All she can do is look at her hands in horror, realizing that she has OBLITERATED half of Leahville.

ERICA

(quietly)
Oh, snap.

BLACKOUT

ACT III

INT. - DOWNTOWN LEAHVILLE - SEEDY BAR

Back in the seedy bar, Eddie is sitting at a table and playing POKER with a bunch of DEMONS. The game is interrupted, however, by a flash of BLUE LIGHT from the window. Eddie and the other occupants look up as the sky turns a fabulous shade of azure. Many of the demons get up from their tables in shock. Eddie quietly FOLDS and lays his cards down.

EDDIE

Well...that's something new.

cut to:

INT. - STUBBES' ACADEMY - SCIENCE LAB

Christian Harrington is slumped over in his chair, asleep, snoring loudly. The computer screen in front of him HUMS softly and bathes the room in a soft green light. It begins to BEEP insistently, waking Chris from his slumber. Staring at it blearily, he moves the mouse. The computer asks him if he wants to SAVE GENOME PROGRESS? Chris clicks YES, then CONTINUE. Chris glances at the clock and notes the time. It is 1:37.

CHRISTIAN

It's too freaking early for this kind of work.

Chris leans over and reaches into his backpack, grabbing a handful of loose change.

cut to:

Chris now stands in front of a soda vending machine, and tiredly jams his money into it. A soda POPS OUT and he reaches to open it... when a CRASH rings out from the far end of the hall. The end of the hall is shrouded in darkness. Chris looks down it indecisively, even as he hears another loud CRASH. He then shakes his head and turns to leave when he hears a high pitched SCREAM. He immediately DASHES headlong down the hallway.

cut to:

Chris comes to a door and grabs the handle, then pulls his hand back in shock. The handle is MELTED! Momentarily confused, Chris glances at the inscription above the door: Advanced Paleontology. The high pitched SCREAM is heard again, definitely from inside, and Chris reaches a decision. He grabs the door handle and YANKS it open quickly, not bothering to feel the burn on his hand.

Moonlight filters into the room to reveal a medium sized CREATURE and a young girl. Chris flicks on the light and the girl is seen as Erica, who quickly covers her eyes. The light seems to confuse the creature, which is, improbably, a dinosaur!

CHRISTIAN

(understandably surprised)
Holy sh-!

ERICA

Run!

The dinosaur recovers from its apparent confusion and LEAPS at Chris, knocking him backwards into the hall. Chris, yells in surprise as the dinosaur tries to bite him, but thinks quickly and pops open the soda can. The pressurized liquid inside SPRAYS the dinosaur in the eyes, blinding it.

The creature shifts its weight off him and he takes off running, hoping to DISTRACT the creature by waving his arms and yelling. Erica reaches out as if she's about to do more MAGIC, but nothing happens. She tries again, but only a few pathetic SPARKS bounce out of her fingertips. The dinosaur gives chase after Chris.

CHRISTIAN

(panting, running scared)

Oh, sweet mother of Hawking. What am I doing?!

The dinosaur begins to catch up as Chris rounds a corner into a dead end.

CHRISTIAN

I'm not supposed to die like this.
I'm supposed to die spelunking a volcano or from radiation poisoning after curing cancer...not mauled by a paleontological impossibility in a science lab!

Searching frantically for a way out of his predicament, he looks up and sees the sprinklers on the ceiling. To his left, he sees a FIRE ALARM. The dinosaur rounds the corner right as Chris PULLS the alarm. The sprinklers go off instantly, accompanied with a shrill whistle, soaking Chris. A FIRE GATE begins to close at the end of the hall, even as the dinosaur covers the distance towards Chris with unbelievable speed.

CHRISTIAN

Oh, god. This isn't gonna work,
this isn't going to work!

The dinosaur LEAPS, screeching wildly, and Chris HITS the floor on his belly. The dino misses Chris and lands behind him but SLIPS on the now-slick wet floor. Chris is off like a shot, sprinting for the gate.

Almost too late, but he makes it! Chris SQUEEZES under the gate right as it closes. A half-second later, it rattles HEAVILY as the dinosaur tries to break through.

Panting heavily, Chris scrambles backwards on the ground, only to run into Erica's legs. Startled, he stands up quickly.

ERICA
(shocked)
Wow.

CHRISTIAN
Uh...yeah.

ERICA
Should we...? I dunno...call someone? What's the proper procedure in this situation?

CHRISTIAN
I don't know about you...but I'd like to be long gone by the time the cops show up and ask how a 65 million year old extinct creature showed up wandering the halls of Stubbes' Academy.

The dinosaur rattles against the bars some more, screaming and roaring whilst spitting froth into the air.

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)
I'm thinking we split while the splitting's good.

Chris grabs Erica's arm and hustles her off screen, leaving the dinosaur locked up behind them.

INT. - STUBBES' ACADEMY - CHRIS AND EDDIE'S DORM

Back in the our male duo's dorm room, Chris finishes pouring a cup of hot chocolate and hands it to Erica. They are back at Chris and Eddie's dorm, and Chris has changed his clothes to something dryer.

CHRISTIAN
Two marshmallows or three?

ERICA
Three.

CHRISTIAN
(hands Erica the cup)
So, let me see if I got all the facts. You're a witch.
(Erica nods)
But not the weird broomstick kind?
(MORE)

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)
 (nods again)
 And you were attacked -

ERICA
 By a man in a suit of armor.

CHRISTIAN
 Right, him, - and he said he wanted
 to 'tag and classify' you?

ERICA
 That's about the size of it.

CHRISTIAN
 That's like something out of
 Ripley's.
 (Erica is not amused)
 Explain the part about the
 dinosaur. I still get lost at the
 part about the dinosaur.

ERICA
 I dont'...my magic's been off ever
 since I met up with this armored
 guy. The smallest spells are just
 blowing up in my face - tonight I
 completely fizzled when I tried a
 freezing incantation. I don't
 understand it, but every time I try
 to cast something I feel...blocked.

She shakes her head and looks at her hands, trying to understand why she's so off her game. Chris watches her, trying not to be a jerk in this situation. Unfortunately, he fails miserably.

CHRISTIAN
 Lucky I was in the neighborhood....
 you know, doing that "geek" thing I
 love so much.

ERICA
 (annoyed)
 I know. That's why I was there. I
 was actually looking for you. I...I
 messed up. Big time.

CHRISTIAN
 What do you mean?

Erica motions at the T.V., so Chris flips it on. The morning news comes on.

NEWSCASTER (TV)

...and we'll have more on this late breaking phenomenon as it occurs. Again, portions of the city have apparently disintegrated, baffling police and investigators.

Chris approaches the television, which is showing pictures of Erica's 'handiwork.' He is in total awe of the scene.

CHRISTIAN

(geeking out)

Wow. Total matter displacement on a molecular scale? This is...this is science-fiction level stuff! I've got to get down there and take some samples, maybe I can borrow the Geiger counter, because anything of this magnitude has got to take a huge amount of nuclear power, or some sort of isotopic reaction, and

-

ERICA

I did it with magic.

CHRISTIAN

(confused)

What?

ERICA

You know...magic.

CHRISTIAN

(still confused)

Like with the dinosaur?

ERICA

I tried to do a teleportation spell to get rid of Armor Guy, but...I messed up. I ended up shoving most of the city into the Ethereality.

Chris turns around, even more confused.

CHRISTIAN

The what-reality?

ERICA

(sighs, and hands

Christian the spell book)

Here. I did some research of my own.

(MORE)

ERICA (CONT'D)

(quotes)

'When using a teleportation spell, the user must transport the desired person or object into the Ethereality, the dimension which connects to all points on ours. The size of the sent object affects the success of the spell.' See? The way I figure it, the city was too big to transport all the way back into our world, so it got stuck.

CHRISTIAN

How do you know it's stuck? Maybe it's just vaporized.

ERICA

Yeah, well, I'd rather believe that I didn't destroy most of an American city with one tiny little spell.

CHRISTIAN

Understandably. And you want me to help get it out?

ERICA

(nods)

I don't know what to do. I would try magic again, but I'm tapped out. My spellcasting has been on the fritz. I tried a simple blind spell earlier and nearly incinerated the park, a teleportation spell that dematerializes half of Leahville, and I make old dinosaur bones reassemble into a living, breathing, creature? Normally I have trouble getting books to float.

CHRISTIAN

Right. Well, I'm going to need some time. Let's head to HQ.

ERICA

HQ?

CHRISTIAN

Headquarters -
(dramatic)
the library.

INT. - STUBBES' ACADEMY - LIBRARY

Chris and Erica walk up a row of thick books - all with titles that have something to do with Physics.

CHRISTIAN

Stubbes' Academy has the third largest library in the continental United States, covering more subjects than any other collection of reference books in the world.

ERICA

Nice. Did you get that from the guidebook?

Chris is in no mood. He's in his element, a shark in a sea of books, and he can't be bothered by Erica right now.

CHRISTIAN

Memorized the brochure. Listen, can you do that thing where you don't talk and let me do my thing? You know, the one where I do research, looks things up, come up with a brilliant plan to save the day and make everyone go home happy?

ERICA

Fine.
(sits)
Jerk.

Chris steps over to the bookshelves and begins to work.

INT. - STUBBES' ACADEMY - LIBRARY

Erica sits at a table with books piled high on top of it, looking smug. Behind her, Chris paces, flipping through another book. With a final groan and sigh, he tosses it onto the pile.

CHRISTIAN

Why didn't 18th century scientists write about how to retrieve matter from a subsection of space that exists in an infinite number of dimensions? Geez, I've got to start from scratch here!

ERICA

Well, not so confident now, are we, Bill Nye?

CHRISTIAN

Please. Don't insult my intelligence. I just need to get in the right mindset. I've been doing genetic and chemical work for the past two days. This is a whole different sort...of...science.

(trails off)

Chris is looking out the window at a LARGE RADIO TOWER. He follows the top of the tower all the way down to the base: the Campus radio station.

ERICA

(stands up and follows him to the window)

What?

CHRISTIAN

(softly)

I'm a freaking genius.

cut to:

INT. - STUBBES' ACADEMY - DORM

Chris and Erica exit the elevator at the end of the hall and Chris starts to stride purposefully down the hallway.

ERICA

Okay, hello, slow down a second, Sundance. I'm still a little shaky on your plan.

CHRISTIAN

Don't worry, I didn't get it either... at first. I wasn't sure how to solve a problem like the one you presented to me - I didn't even believe magic existed until this morning.

ERICA

Still not understanding-

CHRISTIAN

Then it hit me: You didn't just teleport the city, you moved it. Shifted it onto a different plane of reality.

(MORE)

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)

And to move anything takes energy,
and we all know that electricity is
just another jumped up form of
energy.

ERICA

I don't know where you're going
with this.

Chris sighs and opens the dorm room door before walking to
the stereo and turning it on.

CHRISTIAN

There are two different radio
stations based in Leahville. One, K-
NOW, is located on the college
campus. The other, KWNG, is
somewhere downtown. Well, was
somewhere downtown.

As he tells her this, he switches over to KWNG frequency on
the stereo. A garbled STATIS comes out with some almost
inaudible words. He smiles.

CHRISTIAN

And it's still transmitting.

ERICA

(long pause)
I don't get it.

CHRISTIAN

(sighs)
Look, it's really simple. For some
reason, the radio station is still
transmitting into our reality -
that must mean there's a hole
between dimensions somewhere. What
we're going to do is throw a big
electronic tow cable into that
hole, latch it onto the other radio
station, and yank the whole city
back onto good ole' planet Earth.

He leaves the room, heading into the hallway. Erica follows,
confused about where they're going.

CHRISTIAN

See, if I've thought this all out correctly, and we both know I have, then we should be able to use, in layman's terms, an electromagnetic backlash, channeled through the campus' radio tower on the same frequency as the tower that went missing to connect the two realities and make them whole.

ERICA

Okay...so how do we get inside the radio station, Einstein?

Chris only smiles and points at a door marked RESIDENT ADVISOR. He knocks twice and a disheveled looking older MAN carrying a box of radio transistors opens the door. He's wearing thick glasses and his room can be seen to be littered with electronic components.

CHRISTIAN

Lance, we need your help.

INT. - LEAHVILLE UNIVERSITY - K-NOW RADIO STATION

Lance, the R.A. of Chris and Eddie's floor, opens the door, looks around cautiously, then walks in, followed by Chris and Erica, who roll their eyes. Lance adopts a conspiratorial tone.

LANCE

I could lose my job for this, you know.

CHRISTIAN

Lance, you volunteer here. It's not a job. You don't get paid.

LANCE

But still!

CHRISTIAN

Lance, focus buddy. We need to figure out how to tune this tower. Fast.

LANCE

(rubs hands together and whistles)
Not easy. (MORE)

LANCE (CONT'D)

I'll need to cross some wires,
reconfigure some paneling, do some
heavy switch flicking and button
pressing.

CHRISTIAN

Yeah, and that's why I'm bribing
you. Erica? Hand me those books on
Wave Theory. And no talking - we
both know what happens when you
talk.

ERICA

Uh, egotistical, much?

CHRISTIAN

Look, opening up a lukewarm nexus
points between two dimensions takes
both precision and delicacy - two
traits you seem to be lacking in.

ERICA

At least I get points for subtlety.
Seems like you're smart enough to
know everything except how to use
tact.

CHRISTIAN

(scoffs)

Tact is for people who aren't witty
enough to be sarcastic. It wastes
time and is unnecessarily
confusing. I like to keep things
simple.

ERICA

(picks up a book)

Hence the books on fifth
dimensional subspace and quantum
physics.

CHRISTIAN

(grabs book)

Relatively simple. Science
has...rules. There's an order to
things. A preconceived set of codes
that governs everything. There
should be the same for people.

ERICA

(shocked)

Are you kidding?

(MORE)

ERICA (CONT'D)

We shouldn't have to put ourselves under a cosmic microscope and conform to some Darwinistic world view. Life's not about following the rules, Christian. It's about pushing the boundaries. Nothing new happens if you just stick to the plan!

CHRISTIAN

Says the girl who vaporized half the city.

Erica groans and leans back against a radio console while putting her head in her hands.

ERICA

Do you have to have a smartass comeback for everything?

CHRISTIAN

(sighs)

Look, just stand back, alright? We can discuss philosophy later.

ERICA

I'd rather not discuss anything with you.

(storms out angrily)

Erica exits, leaving Chris to look after her. His expression changes to one of longing as he turns back to his book.

CHRISTIAN

(ashamed)

What is wrong with me?

He hits his head against the panel and moans at his own stupidity.

EXT. - DOWNTOWN LEAHVILLE - ETHEREALITY

The setting is much the same as it was when we last left Eddie at the seedy demon bar. The sky is blue, sprinkled with flecks of silvery red, casting a dim glow over everything. The camera pans down to a city street and we see the MARKMAN looking up at the sky. His expression is impossible to read - irritation, annoyance, fear? We don't know. His helmet conceals his identity too well.

Eddie enters the scene. He notices the Markman standing in the street. Eddie's no fool; this is not normal, by anyone's standards. He's very wary when approaching the Markman.

EDDIE

Uh, excuse me, sir? But I think maybe we should get inside. Something's definitely not right out here.

The Markman stops looking at the sky but does not face Eddie.

MARKMAN

Unidentified subject, minimal threat. Recommend target leaves.
(turns to Eddie)

Leave.

Momentarily flummoxed, Eddie quickly regains his composure.

EDDIE

Well, I would, see, but the city's sorta floating through a void that defies logic, and I can't imagine that's very safe.

MARKMAN

I said leave.

Eddie approaches the Markman and puts a hand on his shoulder. The reaction is instant.

The Markman WHIRLS around and PUNCHES Eddie in the chest, throwing him backwards into a parked car. He hits it so hard that it actually SLIDES up onto the curb. The lights on it start flashing and the alarm goes off. The Markman stops for a moment and cocks his head to the side.

After this seemingly incidental gesture, he turns around, obscuring our view of Eddie and the car. Right after he does, we hear a sound like WRENCHING METAL and the Markman turns back around.

Nothing - Eddie is GONE! The car remains, but Eddie is nowhere to be found. Confused and curious, the Markman takes one step forward.

He only gets one; Eddie DROPS from the sky and wraps his arms around the Markman's waist. With a roar, Eddie THROWS the Markman backwards over his head.

With a loud CRASH!, the Markman plows into the asphalt on the street and flips end over end. Eddie watches with satisfaction.

EDDIE

(snarls)

I don't like being suckerpunched.

The Markman gets to his feet, hydraulics and gears whirring. He turns to face Eddie, examining the distance between them.

MARKMAN

New subject: Designation unknown.
Assigned title: Superhuman, Beta
Class, #0203.

With that, the Markman raises his arm. Eddie grins, ready for another hand to hand confrontation. He doesn't get one - the armor around the Markman's hand morphs into a CANNON!

The smile drops from Eddie's face.

EDDIE

(whisper)

Oh, damn.

Ka-BOOM! A beam of incinerating orange light erupts from the Markman's cannon. With superhuman agility, Eddie CARTWHEELS to the side, flipping on his hands like an insane gymnast. The beam carves a swathe in the road, plowing up rock and metal.

The Markman cuts off the beam, taking aim at Eddie again. Eddie DUCKS behind a mailbox for cover, before looking at the ditch the beam created and realizing how stupid it is to think a mailbox would offer any protection.

Ka-BOOM! The Markman unleashes another blast, which our hero narrowly AVOIDS by backflipping a good ten feet into the air. The mailbox is instantly gone, simply INCINERATED. The beam continues, breaking glass and piercing the brick wall of a nearby building.

Eddie's momentum carries him to the top of a street lamp. He lands on top of the light fixture, balancing himself on all fours.

EDDIE

So that's how it is? You can't
fight like a man so you gotta use
laser beams?

(shakes his head)

That's just sad.

The Markman does not, of course, respond. He just aims again and FIRES.

INT. - LEAHVILLE UNIVERSITY - K-NOW RADIO STATION

Christian and Erica are both working in the control room, Chris sitting and Erica looking over his shoulder. Chris has a manual open beside him.

CHRISTIAN

Ok. We've got the blue lights, the green lights, and the yellow lights. We're go for extraction. Let's wrap this nightmare up, in T minus -

ERICA

This isn't an Apollo launch, Chris. Just do what you've got to do.

CHRISTIAN

Sorry. I'm just a little excited. I feel like there should be cameras or something.

ERICA

Why?

CHRISTIAN

Well, it isn't everyday that something like this happens. If anybody believes me, I'll be famous! Hello, Hollywood, hello big money, hello gold digging supermodels!

Erica merely rolls her eyes. Chris is about to say something else when the wall behind them starts to GLOW orange. A strong wind starts to rush from it as the wall gets WHITE HOT.

ERICA

Is it working?

CHRISTIAN

(worried)

I haven't done anything yet!

BOOM! A beam of orange light SHOOTs between Erica and Christian, making them jump apart. Following it, Eddie SLIDES backwards into the control room from the newly created PORTAL. His shirt is ripped, torn, and singed, but he looks no worse for the wear.

Erica and Chris exchange glances, surprised by the sudden appearance of Chris' roommate.

ERICA

Eddie?

The beam cuts out and the Markman APPEARS in the glowing wall. He attacks with a vicious right hook that knocks Eddie back into the control panel.

CHRISTIAN

Get away from that!

ERICA

(pointing)

That's him! Armor guy!

Eddie dodges the Markman's next punch and retaliates with one of his own. The force of the blow causes the Markman to skid backwards into a bank of computer monitors.

ERICA

(dazed)

Eddie's strong?

CHRISTIAN

(distracted)

Super strong, apparently. Erica, I need you over here!

Erica looks over to see Chris now poring over the console, his fingers practically FLYING over switches and knobs. Eddie and the Markman's fight rages on, Eddie leaping off of walls and throwing kicks while the Markman fights with raw power.

ERICA

What?

CHRISTIAN

The console, it's trashed. I think the system's workable, but the interface is completely scrapped. I can't get it to work. Can you use magic to do it?

ERICA

Magic?

CHRISTIAN

Yes, magic!

BOOM! Another laser beam slashes it's way across the room, punching a hole in the opposite side of the control room. Erica JUMPS, but it doesn't faze Chris in the least.

CHRISTIAN

Come on, you can do this.

(smiles)

Trust me.

Erica, looking scared, just nods. She approaches the console and closes her eyes.

We do a SLOW ZOOM on Erica's closed eyes as the world around her fades to black and white. The sounds of the fight drop in volume until they're almost unnoticeable. Everything seems to slow down...

Until a high pitched whine starts. Erica's eyes snap open. She and Chris both look up, as what they've been waiting for happens: Their invention WORKS.

The world outside is suddenly bathed in a RED PULSE WAVE that washes from the radio tower. Seconds later, the missing parts of the city SHIMMER back into existence as if they'd never been gone. The force of the pulse knocks everyone off of their feet, including Eddie and the Markman, who are in mid-grapple.

The Markman's armor finally CRACKS under the strain, expelling steam everywhere!

MARKMAN

ARGH!

Deciding he's fought long enough, he retreats. There's no time to stop him; he rushes headfirst at the door and BURSTS through it, leaving splinters and settling dust in his wake.

Everyone is, to say the least, stunned by what has happened. After a moment, Eddie speaks.

EDDIE

(gesturing wildly)

Okay...that was completely nuts.

Anybody feel like telling me what's going on?

CHRISTIAN

(bluntly, nonchalantly)

Erica emailed most of the city into subspace using forbidden magicks.

EDDIE

Huh?

CHRISTIAN

She's a witch. Pretty powerful one, apparently. No idea what Robo-dude wanted with her, though.

Erica can't believe that Chris, as curious as he usually is, isn't even bothered by Eddie's show of strength and fighting prowess.

ERICA

Uh, excuse me? The big fight scene back there? What the hell was that? You were Chuck Norris-ing the crap out of that guy!

Eddie is about to answer when Chris does for him.

CHRISTIAN

Duh. He's a werewolf.
 (both Eddie and Erica look at him in surprise)
 What? I cross referenced some of Eddie's DNA with the database up at the University, and part of yours matched up with Canis Lupis.
 (off their clueless looks.)
 Wolf.

EDDIE

You figured that out? With science? That's...that's amazing.

CHRISTIAN

(shrugs)
 No big. You can do pretty much anything with a million-dollar supercomputer and enough free time.

They both grin and high five each other. Erica rolls her eyes.

ERICA

Not to break up this big moment of understanding you guys are having, but I think we should probably go before the authorities show up and pin this whole thing on us.

EDDIE

(grins)
 Then what are we still standing here for?

Off of Eddie's smiling face, we

INT. - STUBBES' ACADEMY - CHRIS AND EDDIE'S DORM

Chris and Eddie are relaxing in their dorm room, which now looks like a melding of the two kids' styles. Rock posters compliment physics ones, models of animals coexist with action figures, comics mingle freely with science journals. Chris loafs on the couch flipping through the T.V. channels while Eddie works in the kitchenette area, making dinner.

CHRISTIAN

So, with the werewolf thing, you're pretty much invincible, right?

EDDIE

(chops carrots)

Pretty much. I mean, anything in the brain? I'm dead. Kaput. And silver? Oh, man. Silver sucks. It taps out my powers - werewolf kryptonite. Mostly just my healing powers at first, but it can start to affect my other abilities, too.

CHRISTIAN

Like what?

EDDIE

Well, there's super strength, for one. I can bench press upwards of 4000 pounds. Um...my senses are really highly tuned - hearing, smell, taste, touch, sight - I have night vision, too. Super reflexes - almost like Spider-man.

CHRISTIAN

Who?

EDDIE

(sighs)

We have a lot of work to do.

Christian looks up and smiles.

CHRISTIAN

I think this is the start of a beautiful friendship

BLACK OUT

ROLL END CREDITS

Next time, on GIFTED: The Series!

SEX!

DEMONS!

Even more SEX!