

BEYOND THE HORIZON

"The Sun is Yet to Rise" (PILOT)

Written by

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INT. ATA'S MAIN OFFICE - DAWN

A line of applicants stands against a wall. One of the applicants stares at the parallel white wall. His height and demeanor differ vastly when compared to his competitors. This man is JERRY FITZGERALD (27). Curly strands of brown hair hang from his forehead, stopping at the rim of his glasses. Stains of ink are splattered across his white dress shirt. With a whooping 6'3 height Jerry towers over the other applicants, however, his skinny build leaves much to be desired. In fact, his briefcase's weight causes him to struggle for balance.

A male applicant standing behind Jerry admires the scene in disbelief.

MALE APPLICANT

(Chuckles)

Whatcha got in there, pal? A Buncha rocks?

Jerry faces him, making a sharp turn.

JERRY

You could say that.

The applicant scoffs. He takes out a cellphone from his pocket, staring at it intensely.

JERRY

It's really interesting, you know.

The applicant's eyes squint.

JERRY

Some would consider them to be mere rocks. While others are willing to argue they are priceless. And few would even risk their lives to research them.

MALE APPLICANT

Hmm

He turns away from Jerry.

JERRY

I wouldn't say either one of them is wrong. In fact, they all might be right or at least believe they are. So, yes. They are all just a bunch of rocks if you honestly believe they are.

MALE APPLICANT

I honestly believe you should be waiting in silence.

Jerry looks down at his feet. He rubs his chin. Then, an expression of awe colors his face. He turns towards the man.

JERRY

I know. I will give you a chance to form an opinion.

Jerry opens his suitcase.

The male applicant's eyes widen. He's stunned by the contents of the suitcase.

MALE APPLICANT

For Pete's sake! Boy, why the heck are you carrying these around?!?

JERRY

Charlie asked me to bring them along. I suppose he might be interested in them. I'm still figuring out why.

MALE APPLICANT

Charlie, you say? You mean the ATA's founder?!

JERRY

Yes. I've known him for quite a while. I didn't know he handled this sort of... agency?

MALE APPLICANT

You came here without knowing a single thing about this place?

JERRY

Correct. It would really help me a lot if you could fill me in-

CHARLIE (O.S.)

Dr. Fitzgerald!

CHARLIE SMITH (27 M) embraces Jerry with a hug. ATA is written across his black vest. Though his unironed office clothes ruin the vest's appeal.

JERRY

Charlie, I've known you since high school. Just call me Jerry.

CHARLIE

I missed your modesty, Jerry. And I see you are pulling one of your classic stunts.

JERRY

What?

CHARLIE

You are waiting in the applicant line.

JERRY

Ah. Well, I'm just making some conversation. Trying to figure out where I am.

CHARLIE

You didn't have to do that. I'll take you on a tour.

JERRY

Sounds fun, but I'm not entirely finished yet-

CHARLIE

Does it really matter? Come on.

He pulls Jerry out of the line.

JERRY

Jesus, Charlie! I didn't even get his name.

MALE APPLICANT

(Chuckling)

You two carry on!

CHARLIE

See! He's fine. Let's go!

They enter en elevator.

INT. ATA'S PLACEMENT DIVISION- CONTINUOUS

The room is mostly filled with file cabinets. No cubicle walls can be seen, leaving the room structured in an open environment. Computers and desks are set in a separate room portion, away from a huge blackboard. Workers can be seen gathering around it.

CHARLIE

We'll start with the placement division.

(MORE)

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Most of our units come through here before being processed to the other divisions.

One of the workers, NANCY CUOMO (25), notices the duo's arrival.

NANCY

Charlie! You got here just in time. We were about to name the new unit.

CHARLIE

(To Jerry)

It's something they do.

(To Nancy)

Morning Nancy, I got a good name. Why don't we call it Time Killer #3456?

NANCY

You know you love naming them.

CHARLIE

Alright. Alright, let's see what you got.

The words Mizzle, Twister, Gust, and Downpour are written on the board. Mizzle is circled in red.

CHARLIE

Mizzle? Is that the best you could come up with? How about Storm Rider?

NANCY

I was going for something funnier.

CHARLIE

It's supposed to be.

(beat)

And it's fitting too. What do you think, Jerry?

Silence.

CHARLIE

Jerry?

He looks around the room. Jerry stands by himself at the computer area, holding an open field in his hand.

JERRY  
(To himself)  
Mr. Saturday Midnight.

Charlie taps his shoulder.

CHARLIE  
Wondering off by yourself? Seems a  
bit rude, don't you think?

JERRY  
This file. Is this from one of your  
so-called units?

CHARLIE  
Yes, it is.

JERRY  
It's a bit unusual.

CHARLIE  
Right? I don't like the name  
either. I mean, if you are gonna  
make a pop culture reference at  
least make sure it's still  
relevant.

JERRY  
I mean the things listed in the  
file. Height. Blood type. Date of  
birth.

CHARLIE  
That kind of data makes placement  
easier. We are trying to mirror  
other organization's guidelines.

JERRY  
Yes, that information is important  
when dealing with people. Yet, you  
insist on calling them units,  
instead of using terms like client  
or patient.

CHARLIE  
Are you familiar with the labeling  
theory, Jerry?

JERRY  
I-

CHARLIE  
What am I asking!? Of course, you  
are.

(MORE)

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Based on that theory, we believe those terms are detrimental.

JERRY

Well, they can lend themselves to detrimental consequences. Even so, I still don't see how calling these people units is any better.

CHARLIE

You are still not convinced? Alright then. I guess you'll have to see it for yourself.

INT. AN ATA WAREHOUSE - CONT.

A silver, bright, hallway stretches indefinitely. It is so bright, one can see their reflection on the floor and walls. Aside from the exit door, no other doors can be seen throughout this vast hallway. Pillars appear in sequential order. A few hold items.

CHARLIE

You know how there are many things lost to time.

JERRY

I do.

CHARLIE

And how you used to love unearthing these things and bringing them to light.

JERRY

And how I made it part of my vocation?

CHARLIE

Right. Well, there are things that were never meant to see the light of day.

Charlie pulls out a card from his pocket. He slides it across the wall. A hole appears in the wall. The room it leads to is pitch black. Charlie steps in.

CHARLIE

Don't shoot, old man.

A flare lights up a cigar. The smoke and fire reveal CLYDE CALLAHAN's (78) unmoving, wrinkled face.

CLYDE  
Why not? I'm just aiming for that  
twig.

CHARLIE  
Drop it off.

Charlie flips on a switch. The room is full of screens. A massive object stands in the middle, covered with a sheet. Clyde sits in front of it, aiming his gun at Jerry.

CHARLIE  
Clyde, this is the guy I was  
telling you about.

JERRY  
I would appreciate it if you  
lowered your weapon, sir.

CLYDE  
What's the matter, kid? Afraid of  
my little gun?

JERRY  
I don't condone the use of  
violence.

CHARLIE  
I told you to drop it off, pops.

CLYDE  
Tsk.

He puts the gun away.

CLYDE  
He doesn't have the guts for the  
mission, Charlie.

CHARLIE  
Why don't you trust my judgment for  
once man? He will carry out our  
vision.

CLYDE  
Him? This excuse of a man?! I know  
we agreed to desperate measures,  
but you are overdoing it.

CHARLIE  
Woooow! I didn't hear you saying  
that when we started targetting  
hospitals.

JERRY  
I'm willing to do whatever you want  
me to.

CHARLIE  
Really?

JERRY  
As long as it stops your fighting.

CHARLIE  
Well, if you are gonna help us you  
should get used to the bickering.  
There will be tons of it in the  
future.

Charlie walks over to the covered object.

CHARLIE  
Earlier. When I was talking about  
things that weren't meant to see  
the light, I wasn't merely talking  
about the old man.

I was referring to our units.

He unveils the object. It is a vertical pod. A man rests  
inside.

CHARLIE  
We call him Nirvana.

JERRY  
What is he doing in there? Is he  
sick or something?

CHARLIE  
That pod stops him from using his  
abilities.

JERRY  
Abilities?

CHARLIE  
Yup. Take a look at the screens.

ON THE SCREENS

Nirvana catches a grenade. Smoke fills the screen. He walks  
through the smoke engulfed in fire. The fire does not slow  
him down.

A third eye appears on Nirvana's forehead.

He sits in the middle of a hurricane, while slowly rising from the air.

Nirvana walks nonchalantly through a platoon, killing anyone that approaches him with his bare hands.

BACK TO SCENE

Jerry walks frantically across the room.

JERRY

Oh boy, oh boy, OH BOY!

CHARLIE

I know. I know. He's a scary dude.  
That's why we keep him in here with  
the others.

Jerry stops abruptly.

JERRY

Others?

CHARLIE

Yeah. We don't have many units  
right now, but we plan on  
increasing the number. That's where  
you come in.

JERRY

Me? How could I-

Hold on. Is that the reason you called me over?

CHARLIE

We could really use your  
researching abilities.

He gives Jerry a side hug.

CHARLIE

I can already picture you finding  
these monsters in mere days.

Jerry pushes him away.

JERRY

Count me off. I will not contribute  
to your unethical practices.

CHARLIE

Unethical? We are trying to protect  
people.

JERRY  
By depriving these individuals of  
their freedom?

CHARLIE  
Pretty much?

JERRY  
How is this not unethical?

CHARLIE  
Jesus, Jerry! It's like you never  
heard of prisons. Same principle.

JERRY  
And yet I haven't seen any efforts  
towards rehabilitation.

CHARLIE  
We are not gonna waste our time  
playing shrink with these monsters.

JERRY  
That line of thinking is blinding  
you.

Jerry approaches the pod, investigating it thoroughly.

CHARLIE  
What are you doing?

JERRY  
Looking for a way to communicate  
with him.

Clyde points his gun at him.

CLYDE  
Step away from it.

JERRY  
This is a man who is defined by  
more than his past actions. You are  
unable to see that from the outside  
of the glass.

CLYDE  
I'm not asking twice.

JERRY  
You are not asking him to stop,  
Charlie?

CHARLIE

We can't let you release him.

He reaches for his dress shirt pocket.

CHARLIE

Last chance. You are either with us  
or against us.

Jerry holds onto his suitcase. His hands shake. He is  
speechless.

Clyde and Charlie focus their gaze on Jerry.

Suddenly, the door opens. THE INTERN (21) walks in with a  
phone on his hand.

THE INTERN

Boss, Raymond's looking for you.

CHARLIE

Can't you see I'm in the middle of  
something?

THE INTERN

He says it's urgent.

CHARLIE

Give me that. Pops-  
(Sighs)  
Just clean up after yourself.

The both leave.

CLYDE

You heard 'im, boy. It just ain't  
your day.

Jerry's body trembles violently. He holds the suitcase  
against his chest.

JERRY

Sir, I don't want to hurt you.

CLYDE

Just try. This old body has  
withstood threats greater than your  
deranged ideas.

JERRY

I'm really sorry.

The suitcase opens. In an instant, gusts of wind rush towards Clyde, causing his body to fly across multiple walls. Each wall is left with a hole big enough for Jerry to walk through.

Clyde's body stops at a distant wall, stunned by the flight. Jerry quickly snatches Clyde's ID and rushes out of the scene.

His escape leads him back to the hallway.

JERRY  
I got carried away again. Ah! I  
hope he's fine.

TAP. TAP. TAP.

JERRY  
Huh?

He stops at a pillar. It holds a severed arm inside a glass container.

JERRY  
What is it doing in there?

It squirms, knocking repeatedly on the glass. Its fingers point at Jerry and then to the right.

JERRY  
Are you telling me where to go?

An alarm goes off. The hall is filled with flashing red lights. Various footsteps are heard in the distance. Jerry breaks the arm out of the glass.

JERRY  
I might need your help after all.

INT. CELL ROOM - CONT.

The arm now sits on Jerry's shoulder, like a cat. They stop at a door that reads "LEVEL 3 - AUTHORIZED PERSONNEL ONLY" Jerry attempts to open the door and fails. The arm wiggles around Jerry's body, taking out Clyde's ID and passing through a card reader.

JERRY  
You gotta remind me to return this  
later.

They enter a cell room. Unlike a usual detention center, the cell bars consist of blue LED lights. Two cells stand out from the rest. Their bars have a brighter, fiery color.

O.S. WOMAN  
Wake up! He's finally here.

O.S. MAN  
hmm, What? Food's here already?  
Good. I was starting to feel the munchies.

O.S. WOMAN  
You haven't had a blunt in months.

O.S. MAN  
It's psychological.

O.S. WOMAN  
Be serious.

Jerry approaches the cells. The severed arm jumps off, moving towards a cell.

JERRY  
Could this be what you've been  
looking for? Or perhaps it's who?

ERIC COLLINS (25) and RILEY KING (27) stand inside the cells. Her black skin is free of injuries. Yet she trembles as if the slightest breeze of air could threaten her existence. On the other hand, Eric's bleached hair and scraped body reveal a past of regrettable decisions. The only part of his body free of injuries happens to be his missing right arm.

JERRY  
It seems that this belongs to you.

ERIC  
Yo, that's insane! How is it still  
moving?

JERRY  
I'm not too sure myself.

ERIC  
All this time I thought I had like  
a phantom limb.  
(To the arm.)  
Come here, little guy.

It gets awfully close to the LED lights.

RILEY  
Stop! It's gonna be blown to  
pieces.

JERRY  
These aren't lights then?

RILEY  
They keep us in here.

JERRY  
I see. There's ought to be a way to  
shut them off.

RILEY  
Try the room on the far right.

JERRY  
Be right back.

RILEY  
(To Eric)  
I give him 5 minutes.

ERIC  
That's a little bit harsh.  
(beat)  
He'll probably be killed before he  
reaches the room.

Screams and gunfire are heard offscreen.

RILEY  
I mean, look at the guy. He can  
barely stand.

ERIC  
Yeah, he didn't look too fit. I  
wonder how he made it here in the  
first place.

Something explodes in the background.

RILEY  
I guess that's that.

Eric lies down on the cell's bench.

ERIC  
Wake me up when it's time to eat.

An exhausted Jerry runs back to the cells. The light bars  
shut off.

JERRY

Where were we?

The two exit their cells. Eric picks up his arm. Riley stops him before he approaches Jerry.

RILEY

Wait. There's something off about him.

JERRY

I get it. I'm being way too meddlesome without even knowing a thing about you. Let's start over, what are your names?

RILEY

They call me safe keeper.

Eric struggles to put his arm back in its place.

ERIC

Mr. Saturday Midnight.

JERRY

No, no. Your actual names.

RILEY

I'm Riley, he's Eric and you must be Jerry.

JERRY

Have we met before?

RILEY

Multiple times, but not in person.

JERRY

Huh?

ERIC

Can I borrow your tie, Jerry?

JERRY

Sure thing.

(To Riley)

How exactly did we meet?

Eric uses the tie to keep the arm connected to his shoulder. It allows him to regain control of his arm.

RILEY

Every so often, I get abstract visions of different scenarios.

(MORE)

RILEY (CONT'D)  
Recently, they've all coincided  
with you meeting us.

ERIC  
I keep telling you they put  
hallucinogens in our food. Heck,  
this could all be a trip.

JERRY  
Well, Eric, this experience is real  
to her. Whether we believe in it or  
not we have to respect it.

RILEY  
What are you two insinuating?

ERIC  
Nothing.

JERRY  
That your story should be validated  
regardless of its lack of  
objectivity.

They both stare confused at Jerry.

JERRY  
Anyway. We have to free everyone  
before the guards find us.

ERIC  
It's just us, dog.

RILEY  
We are yet to see other prisoners.

JERRY  
Then again, if this only level 3,  
there could more prisoners. Like  
the man inside the warehouse.

The sound of a door opening. Someone's footsteps can be  
heard offscreen.

JERRY  
You two will have to do for now.  
Follow me, I know where the exit  
is-

GUARD  
How did you two get out?

He reaches for his gun. Riley and Eric nod at each other.

JERRY

Oh, you can put that away. We are just passing through.

Riley and Eric immediately jump on the guard, fiercely beating him to the floor.

JERRY

Woah, Woah. Guys. Stop.

Riley stops herself halfway, while Eric continues punching the guard.

RILEY

Why should we? They never showed us that much compassion.

Eric stops beating the guard to slam his fists on the floor.

ERIC

Do you any idea of what they've done to us?!? They left us no choice, man.

(beat)

And now that we are out. I'm pretty sure these fuckers are planning to kill us.

He lifts the guard by his shirt, his other hand forms a fist.

ERIC

If we don't kill them first.

A hand touches his shoulder.

JERRY

It doesn't have to be that way.

His gentle touch subdues Eric's anger-driven expression. Jerry crouches to meet his friends' eyes.

JERRY

Listen. These people believe that you are monsters. I assume they have treated you as such. But you can't let their actions define you.

He takes a rope from his suitcase. He slowly ties the guard.

JERRY

You shouldn't have to live up to their expectations.

(MORE)

JERRY (CONT'D)

Consider this stopping point the moment that you choose to be more.

(To the guard)

Let me know if it's too tight.

Tears roll down Eric's face.

JERRY

I know I might be asking too much of you.

ERIC

(Sobbing)

It just... It feels like you've given me my life. Do you really think I can be better?

JERRY

Yes.

Eric goes for a hug.

ERIC

I haven't felt that in such a long time.

RILEY

While you make a compelling argument, I doubt your words will change their minds. If we don't fight, we don't stand much of a chance.

JERRY

I did fail to convince them, but I still refuse to use violence. So, I came up with a plan that reduces collateral damage as much as possible.

Riley and Eric lean closer to listen to the plan.

INT. ATA WAREHOUSE

A bruised and injured Clyde rises from a pile of concrete. He stretches his back and arms.

CLYDE

Nonviolence my ass.

He speaks on a small radio.

CLYDE  
Gather in the warehouse. The man  
you are looking for will be there.

He lights up a cigar and smirks.

CLYDE  
Shoot to kill.

INT. CELL ROOM CONT.

Jerry, Riley, and Eric stand near the exit of the cell room.

ERIC  
So why exactly do we have to go  
back for that guy?

JERRY  
Same reason I helped you out.  
Nobody should be kept in here.

RILEY  
And you are aware that the place is  
going to be packed with guards,  
right?

JERRY  
Yes, and that's precisely why we  
need to do it quickly. We'll get  
him out and escape. Now, if Riley's  
visions are accurate the main  
office should be behind this wall.

He taps the wall with his shoe.

JERRY  
I don't see it breaking easily.

ERIC  
Leave that to me.

Eric rearranges the tie so that his severed arm is bound  
over his elbow. Light gathers at the tip of his index  
finger. With an expression of excruciating pain, Eric  
releases a light beam.

It blows the wall away... along with the following wall. It  
flies over the applicants' heads.

While Riley appears unfazed by the event, shock fills  
Jerry's face.

RILEY  
Wasn't that our last resort?

ERIC

Was. It's not happening again. I could feel my arm tearing apart.

She shakes him by the shoulders.

RILEY

Why the hell did you use it then? Now our chances of surviving are even lower!

ERIC

Chill. We'll make out just fine. Right, Jerry?

Jerry grabs his shoulder. He starts shaking him too.

JERRY

That was so reckless! You could've hurt someone!

ERIC

The elevator's over there, let's just leave.

RILEY

(Sighs)

He's right, we gotta keep moving.

Jerry releases him

JERRY

Sorry. Let's head over to the third floor.

INT. WAREHOUSE - CONT.

The three walk past the pillars and towards Nirvana's room. Jerry slides Clyde's id across different sections of the wall.

RILEY

This place is giving me chills.

ERIC

I get you. The colors in this place reflect everything. It's like being forced to look at yourself. No matter where you turn, you end up staring at your reflection. There's no escape from your gaze. Truly frightening.

JERRY  
Everything ok over there?

ERIC  
Oh yeah. I'm just rambling.

RILEY  
I'm serious. Something's wrong.

She staggers a bit before dropping to the floor.

ERIC  
Careful.

As she rises from the floor, her sight grows blurry. She stares at Jerry and the scenery around him shifts. Jerry now stands inside the room, releasing Nirvana. Clouds of smoke fill the scene. With a deafening sound, the clouds darken. There are screams. Panic. Then nothing but the bodies of Jerry and Eric lying on the floor.

She screams in terror.

ERIC  
Easy. I'm just trying to help you.

She regains her sight and sees the two men unharmed.

RILEY  
It happened again.

ERIC  
What did? The visions?

RILEY  
We need to leave.

In the back, Jerry manages to find the opening.

JERRY  
I got it guys.

RILEY  
Wait, you can't go inside.

CLYDE (O.S.)  
Take her advice, Fitzgerald.

Clyde, Nancy and a group of armed men surround them.

NANCY  
The units from Level 3 are here too? Great, I've been waiting to try these out.

She takes out a controller. Two drones rise from behind and hover around her.

JERRY

Mr. Clyde, you are alive? Thank goodness. For a second there I thought I might've actually-

Gunshots.

They all hit Jerry's suitcase. The shots break it open. Numerous minerals fall to the floor. Among them, a funnel-shaped artifact lies intact. Jerry reaches for the minerals. They turn to dust as soon as he touches them. His grip holds some of the dust.

ERIC

Yo, why did he aim for your suitcase?

RILEY

Forget that. The guy inside is bad news. We can't stay here.

JERRY

I'm sorry but I cannot leave him.

He drops the dust into the funnel artifact.

JERRY

I wouldn't be able to live with myself knowing that I didn't do anything.

He places the artifact between his lips, slowly gathering air.

CLYDE

That ain't gonna work again.

Clyde shoots Jerry's fingers. Blood gushes out. Jerry pushes through the pain, as he continues gathering air. He finally blows it out.

A flurry of mineral dust veils Clyde's group. It swiftly cuts their bodies with small wounds, pushing them back. In the midst of the confusion, Jerry runs inside the room.

CLYDE

Where the hell is he?

Eric and Riley slowly walk away. The drones block their path.

NANCY

I would have preferred to chase after you, but your friend made it personal.

The drones deploy their weapons, aiming at Eric and Riley. Suddenly, a hole opens in the adjacent wall. Smoke fills the room. Jerry's artifact falls to the floor, dented.

Nirvana walks out, holding Jerry by the neck with one hand. Jerry struggles with no avail. Everyone is paralyzed. Some shake in fear.

CLYDE

Get a hold of yourselves. Shoot everything you have at him.

The armed men shoot directly at Nirvana. Clyde empties his clip in the progress. Nancy's drones fire lasers at Nirvana. Yet, every projectile bounces off his body. He remains uninjured, still crushing Jerry's neck.

ERIC

What is up with that guy?

CLYDE

He appears to be highly resistant to pain. Nancy, you got anything?

NANCY

To use against him? Just this.

Her drones launch heat-seeking missiles. They chase Nirvana around, rendering his movements useless. He slashes one apart and stops the other with his hand. He throws Jerry across the room before the missile explodes.

A cloud of smoke covers the armed men. Nirvana walks among them. With swift hand motions, he slashes every single man.

The screams and bullets from the men are the only sounds that escape the cloud. And for a brief second, there's nothing but silence. Then, Nirvana's footsteps grow louder. The smoke clears. He is heading towards Clyde and Nancy.

NANCY

Well pops, it's been a pleasure.

CLYDE

Stop messing around. We might still have a chance. This time I'll make sure he stays dead.

NANCY

Doubt it. We can't do much without Charlie.

CLYDE

Tsk. I may be old, but I'm more than capable. Watch me blow his brains ou-

Nirvana punches his face. The impact's force is so devastating that Clyde immediately falls to the floor.

NANCY

Pops! Can you stand up?

CLYDE

ugh...

NANCY

Don't worry I'll get you out of here, somehow.

Her drones fly to Clyde. Ropes with hooks come out of the drones. They cling onto Clyde's clothes and drag him away. Nirvana grabs and lifts Nancy.

NANCY

Take care pops.

He tosses her across the room. Her body arrives where Riley and Eric are standing.

RILEY

Why here? Of all the places she could've landed.

ERIC

Is he getting closer to us?

RILEY

O.K. This is what's gonna happen. You'll go grab Jerry while I push her body close to that guy.

ERIC

We are not gonna get her killed.

RILEY

Do you really think she survived that?

Nancy leans on her shoulder.

NANCY

I did.

RILEY

AH. Don't do that. You almost gave me a heart attack.

NANCY

Wasn't planning to. I actually need your help, so why don't we let bygones be bygones. I got the perfect plan.

RILEY

Which involves?

NANCY

Him.

She points at Eric.

NANCY

That laser might just do the job.

ERIC

Can't. Another shot might tear my arm. Besides, I don't wanna hit Jerry.

NANCY

You just gotta aim higher. Come on, it's the one thing you are good at, right?

He prepares his arm for another shot.

RILEY

Are you really doing it again?

He nods. His light beam hits Nirvana. The impact pushes him back. Nirvana's chest is ridden with scratches. His nonchalant demeanor changes, as he clenches his fists in anger.

RILEY

It worked?

NANCY

But why? It shouldn't have done more damage than my missiles.

(beat)

Unless you are the only ones that can damage him.

RILEY

Us?

NANCY

Maybe not you, but other units.

(To Eric)

Do it again.

ERIC

I've hit my limit!

Eric's arm catches on fire. He rolls on the floor, attempting to extinguish the flames.

RILEY

Get up! He's coming.

ERIC

huh?

Nirvana's foot stops his rolling. He kicks his abdomen. He continues kicking him numerous times. Riley stares at his still body and then at Jerry. Nirvana sets his sight for Riley. Her body trembles.

RILEY

It's all happening.

NANCY

Stop that. We gotta make a run for it.

As Nirvana closes in on them, Something gets a hold of his foot. He turns around to find Jerry gripping to it. He picks him up with one hand and readies the other to punch him.

JERRY

STOP.

His punch stops inches away from hitting Jerry's face. He brushes off Nirvana's arm.

JERRY

I really want to know what choices led you this far. Seeing how you've wrecked this place, it seems we'll have to put a pin on it. For now...

He begins walking away from Nirvana and to Eric.

JERRY

LEAVE THIS PLACE.

Nirvana's body moves violently. Any attempts to stop himself are futile. His body punches a wall to the outside.

NIRVANA  
Fitz..ge..rald.

He walks to the edge and falls.

JERRY  
Hang in there, Eric.

Eric leans on his shoulder. The two, then, walk towards Riley.

NANCY  
What just happened?

RILEY  
You had powers this whole time? We could've walked out of here hours ago.

JERRY  
I will rather not use them.

NANCY  
What a Moron. At least we don't have to worry about you, so I'm letting off the hook. Carry on!

She walks away slowly.

ERIC  
Bullshit! You know you can't handle us.

Her speed increases gradually.

NANCY  
What do you mean? Of course, I can. Don't forget your trash.

She throws the funnel-shaped artifact at Jerry and runs away.

ERIC  
Hey, how come your fingers aren't bloody?

JERRY  
Huh? The blood just... um, clotted?

ERIC  
Cool. You got some insane recovery.

JERRY

I guess?

RILEY

We'll catch up later. Time. To. Leave. Before anything crazier happens.

ERIC

But, like, where are we going?

JERRY

To my apartment.

INT. JERRY'S APT.- EARLY MORNING - CONT.

Various books lie throughout the apartment. The most noticeable ones are about ancient societies, language studies, and public speaking. A sole picture of Jerry, with a group of native people, hangs near the entrance. Newspapers are scattered near a broken printer. The adjacent wall is splattered with black ink.

JERRY

Take a seat. I'll get you some bandages.

RILEY

Where?

ERIC

Yeah, dog. Where are your couches?

Jerry's looking through a first aid kit.

JERRY

I move around a lot. Felt like it would have been pointless.

RILEY

Work-related stuff?

ERIC

Oh yeah. What are you? Some kind of vigilante?

JERRY

No...

ERIC

Let me guess. You are a reformed bounty hunter. Or like a has-been millionaire that realized the errors of his ways.

RILEY

Let the man talk.

JERRY

(Chuckles)

It's ok. I think it's funny that he thinks so highly of me. I'm just a social researcher.

ERIC

Well, what about your sick weapon? That trumpet thingy.

JERRY

That was a given to me by a community I researched. They got all sorts of tools, but they asked me to keep silent. Nobody else knows they exist.

RILEY

And now you are done with research?

JERRY

Oh, not at all. My focus shifted to researching a specific population.

He takes out a large rolled paper from his bedroom. He lays it on the table along with some newspaper articles. It rolls open revealing a map of the United States.

JERRY

Recently, there have been numerous reports of abnormal sightings. They keep mentioning people with superhuman abilities. After meeting you two, it's all starting to make sense.

RILEY

These are local newspapers, Jerry. How can you be sure these people are like us?

JERRY

It's because I don't know that I will visit every location. The plan is to document these individuals' lives by interviewing them.

ERIC

Sounds like a lot of work.

JERRY

It is a gargantuan task. That's why I wanted to ask you.

(beat.)

Will you two be willing to help me?

ERIC

Sure. I got nothing else going on.

RILEY

Hey, hold on. There's a high chance your research could take a turn for the worse. Think about it. Some of these people may be as dangerous as the guy we just faced.

JERRY

While I am open to that possibility, I'm pretty sure most of them are scared or confused. Just like you two.

RILEY

Yeah, I don't know guys.

JERRY

That's alright, I won't force you to do anything you don't want to do.

ERIC

Then it's just you and me, huh? You think we'll find out what caused this whole thing?

JERRY

Hopefully. We'll leave in 30.

(beat)

Oh right. You probably don't have other clothes. You can borrow some of mine.

ERIC

Cool. I could also use a shower too. You mind if I-

JERRY

Not at all.

As the two men prepare for the trip, Riley cannot help but stare. She sees the books, the picture near the entrance, then the newspapers and her eyes squint a little. A hectic Jerry walks in front of her. Images flash through her head. She first remembers Jerry's smile when he rescued them.

Then she is reminded of how Nirvana hung his body and of a similar memory. This time a body hangs inside a dark room. She's younger and scared. Drops of sweat gather on her forehead. She clenches her fist.

RILEY

I'm in.

Jerry and Eric stop abruptly. Jerry trips and manages to stand up immediately. Eric comes out of the bathroom with only a towel on.

JERRY

Really?

ERIC

Really?

RILEY

Yes. Someone's gotta take care of you guys.

ERIC

Oh, man! Now we all get to go on this crazy adventure.

He goes back inside the bathroom.

JERRY

Thank you. I really appreciate your help.

RILEY

I just wanna make sure we all get out alive.

JERRY

We will. Come with me outside for a second.

They stand on the balcony. A mountain can be seen from afar. Shades of purple and orange color the sky.

JERRY

Take a look at the horizon.

RILEY

Honestly, I've seen a better sunrise than this.

JERRY

That's far from the point. Have you ever wondered what lies beyond it?

RILEY

I can't say I have.

JERRY

I have, every now and then. It's fascinating, isn't it? Knowing there's something more than your eye can see. That the world doesn't stop at the horizon.

RILEY

Yeah, I think I can see the beauty in that.

MUSIC CUE: "Here Comes The Sun" by Anyone (heck make it a cover if Beatles is too expensive).

The sun begins to rise. A ray of sunlight hits Jerry's face. He smiles and stares at the horizon.

MONTAGE:

Jerry, Eric, and Riley stop at a convenient store. Jerry carries water, caffeine drinks, and a head pillow. Riley's items mostly consist of convenience store clothes. Eric, on the other hand, places a bunch of potato chips on the register. They both give him worried looks. They, then, travel on a car deep into a forest.

Nancy drives through a busy street. Her hectic maneuvers cause the surrounding cars to stop abruptly. Clyde is laying on the backseat. They go down a hill, stopping at the emergency section of a hospital. She carries him out. He is hesitant to enter. Numerous nurses tie him to a wheel bed.

Charlie walks into a school principal's office. A man, Raymond, and a child, Leo, wait for him inside. Raymond looks at Leo, then at Charlie with an expression of desperation. He nods and takes a seat. The three walk out of the school. Charlie holds a slip of paper on his hand. It reads "SUSPENSION." Tears begin to well upon his eyes. He looks at Leo and stops himself from crying. He pats Leo's head and gives him an ear to ear smile.

In Teotihuacan, Nirvana meditates on top of the Pyramid of the Sun. A shadow covers him. It moves frantically above him, in a zigzag motion. Its growl echoes throughout the archaeological complex. A green feather falls on Nirvana's head. He turns to face the sky and sees something moving within the clouds.

Somewhere in outer space, a ship cruises beside a planet. The ship's floor is crawling with worm-like creatures.

An unseen figure observes a screen with various profiles of people. Jerry, Eric, and Riley are among the group. The observer pays particular attention to the trio. He presses a button and a holographic screen appears with a picture of the earth. The ship accelerates and disappears into the nothingness of space.

THE END.: