

"FOR THOSE WHO RUN INTO THE FIRE"

written by

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FADE IN:

INT. HARBOR DOME - SUBLEVEL SERVICE CORRIDOR - NIGHT (FLASH-FORWARD)

Concrete ribs. INDUSTRIAL HUM.
Above, a CROWD roars—then hushes.

NICK SHUSTER (35), gaunt, pale, edges into frame.
His cracked orange Syracuse hoodie hangs loose.
His IRISES burn ELECTRIC BLUE.

In his hands: a taped-together DEVICE, wires fraying.
Every breath rattles his chest.

CHILDLIKE WHISPERS (O.S.)
Now... now... cut the thread...

Nick leans on a pillar. A faint BINDRUNE carved into the
concrete glows faintly.

NICK (whispers)
If you need fear... then starve.

BLINDING WHITE.

SMASH CUT TO:

TITLE CARD: FOR THOSE WHO RUN INTO THE FIRE

INT. NICK'S STUDIO APARTMENT - PRE-DAWN (DAYS EARLIER)

Sparse. Ritualistic. White noise machine.
Pill case. Flip phone. A map pinned with times—no names.

Nick jolts awake with a violent FLINCH.
Sweat beads his face. His body trembles as if shocked awake.

The WHISPERS seep in. Glass on glass.

CHILD VOICES (O.S.)
Four eleven... four eleven... please,
Nick...

His eyes FLASH BLUE—then brown again.

Nick pulls on the cracked hoodie.
Jots a sticky note: 4:11 A.M. / BROOK & 5TH.

He checks three deadbolts—twice.
Swallows two pills. Exhales. Leaves.

EXT. BROOK & 5TH - PRE-DAWN

Sodium lamps. Wet asphalt. Empty silence.

A TOY BALL rolls into the road.
A BOY (5) stumbles after it—straight into HEADLIGHTS.

Nick's pupils flare BLUE. He lunges—yanks the boy back.

A SEDAN whips past with a hiss.

The MOTHER bursts from the curb, sobbing thanks.
Nick backs away, already disappearing.

On the pavement: the boy's sneaker scraped a jagged BINDRUNE.

Across the street: a faint CLICK—someone lowers a phone
camera.

The WHISPERS soften, almost pleased.

CHILD VOICES (O.S.)
Good... good...

SMASH INSERT - THE LOOM (NICK'S MIND)

A void veined with glowing THREADS.
Tiny CHILD HANDS weave, stitch, knot.

At the edges—something small and cruel GIGGLES.
A SHADOW HAND twitches with shears.

INT. DR. WEAVER'S OFFICE - MORNING

Warm light. Books. Coffee steam.

DR. FRANK WEAVER (50s), kind but rumpled, sits opposite Nick.
Nick slouches in his hoodie, sleeves pulled over fists.

WEAVER

You texted at five. "Four eleven."
You okay?

NICK

I didn't step in front of anything.

WEAVER

I asked if you ate breakfast.

NICK

Protein bar. Coffee.

WEAVER

We talked about the coffee.

NICK

We did. I ignored us.

Weaver smiles, patient.

WEAVER

Tell me about the voices.

NICK

Same two. Kids. Helpful.
(beat)
(MORE)

NICK (CONT'D)
 Sometimes there's a third. He...
 laughs.

Weaver's expression hardens.

WEAVER
 That's why we scaffold: sleep,
 food, pills, people.
 A net, not a muzzle.

NICK
 Can I get a bridge? Few days?

Weaver studies him. Slides a script across the desk.

WEAVER
 Quarter-fill. Log every dose.
 And if the laughing one shows—don't
 feed it.

Nick's hand trembles on the paper.

NICK
 What if it's not illness?

Weaver leans in, gentle but firm.

WEAVER
 Then you'll still need sleep and
 people.
 If you're sick, you need help.
 If you're chosen, you need courage.
 Either way—don't do it alone.

Nick lowers his eyes. Shaken.

MONTAGE - NICK'S "SAVES"

— ALLEY: Nick shoulder-checks a man assaulting a woman. A
 chalked BINDRUNE behind them.
 — BRIDGE: Nick phones in debris blocking a truck lane.
 Moments later—SCREECH. METAL. Collision averted.
 — ELEVATOR LOBBY: Nick shoves commuters clear. The empty car
 plummets. Rune scorched into the shaft wall.

Each time: his pupils flare BLUE.
Each time: he recoils from the mark.

INT. CORNER COFFEE - LATE AFTERNOON

Nick scribbles in a battered notebook by the window.
The hoodie hangs on him like armor.

Sliding into the booth: ZOE PARK (28), Korean-American.
Electric-blue hair. Septum ring. Sharp smile.

She sets down water and banana bread.

ZOE
Relax. Not drugged. I save those
for enemies.
(grins)
Hi.

Nick stiffens.

NICK
No filming.

ZOE
Not filming. Pre-filing.

She eyes him—sharp but playful.

ZOE (CONT'D)
You know what they call you online?

Nick doesn't answer.

ZOE (CONT'D)
The Superman Prophet.

She nods at his hoodie.

ZOE (CONT'D)
Points for branding. Needs laundry.

NICK
I'm not him.

ZOE
Obviously. You're taller. Way moodier.
(softer)
I want to keep you alive.

Her phone BUZZES. A screenshot lights up:
MAN IN ORANGE SAVES KID. Rune circled.

ZOE (CONT'D)
They're obsessed. Half angel, half hoax.

NICK
Which half are you?

ZOE
The half that thinks angels don't wear thrift-store hoodies.
(sincere)
You look tired, Nick.

The WHISPERS surge.

CHILD VOICES (O.S.)
Ten twenty-seven... stroller... move the stroller...

Nick checks his watch: 10:26.

NICK
Don't be where I am.

ZOE
Too late.

EXT. DOWNTOWN PLAZA - CONTINUOUS

Crowds. Food trucks. Tourists.

Nick drifts through—nudging a stroller wheel free, moving a cord aside.

His watch ticks: 10:27.

The WHISPERS spike.

CHILD VOICES (O.S.)
Now... now...

His pupils flare BLUE-

BOOM!

A GAS-MAIN BLAST tears open the street. Dust. Screams.
Alarms.

Nick hauls an OLD MAN from the smoke.
Zoe's phone catches the faint glow of his eyes.

She lowers the camera, rattled.

ZOE (to herself)
Not a lens flare.

INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE - CONFERENCE ROOM - LATER

Screens freeze-frame Nick in multiple incidents.
Always hooded. Always first in. His eyes a blue smear.

SA SAMIR DELGADO (40s), meticulous, sharp, studies the
patterns.
He circles the timestamps: 10:27. 4:11. 2:19.

DELGADO
Same man. Four sites. Six weeks.
Always first in. Never on paper.

AGENT
Good luck charm... or arsonist.

Delgado leans on the table, voice low.

DELGADO
He's a person. Start there.
Find me everything with those
numbers... and that hoodie.

INT. COURTHOUSE - MAIN HALL - DAY

Security hum. Clerks shuffle.

Nick hovers near a stairwell, twitchy.
His watch: 2:18 → 2:19.

CHILD VOICES (O.S.)
Now. Now. Alarm.

His eyes blaze BLUE.
He yanks the FIRE ALARM.

KLAXONS SHRIEK. Crowds surge.

Half-hidden: a HOODED MAN grips something under his coat—
falters.
Guards intercept.

Scratched into the railing: a faint BINDRUNE.

Nick's hand shakes on the lever.

EXT. COURTHOUSE STEPS - DAY

Crowds spill onto the steps.
News vans. Phones everywhere.

ZOE appears in front of Nick, gimbal lowered.

ZOE
Hey, Prophet. Nice fire drill.

NICK
Don't follow me.

ZOE
 I'm not following.
 I'm independently arriving where
 you independently arrive.

A beat. Almost a smile from Nick.

ZOE (CONT'D)
 You just saved a courthouse full of
 lawyers.
 They should bronze you.

A SECURITY GUARD closes in.
 Zoe raises her hands—empty.

Nick slips into the crowd.

INT. COMMUNITY HALL - EVENING

Fluorescents hum. Plastic chairs.
 Through a wall: faint youth group singing.

Nick slips in, hood up, twitchy.
 The whispers needle.

CHILD VOICES (O.S.)
 Back wall... he's here... stop him..

At the rear: a SWEATY YOUNG MAN (20s), trembling.
 A bulky duffel clutched to his chest.

YOUNG MAN
 (fragments)
 Fate... gods... runes... they'll fear me..

Nick edges closer, palms up.

NICK
 Easy. Bag down.

YOUNG MAN
 They said I'm chosen...

He sways. Nick SNATCHES the bag.
It CLATTERS open—

GUNS. DUCT TAPE. PAGES scrawled with runes.

Screams. Volunteers TACKLE him.

Among the pages: one bold BINDRUNE.
Nick stares, throat tight.

EXT. COMMUNITY HALL - NIGHT (LATER)

Police lights strobe. The shooter mutters from a cruiser.

A PARAMEDIC holds up pill bottles.

PARAMEDIC
Sedation. He's out of it.

Labels flash—antipsychotics. Same as Nick's.

Across the tape, Delgado clocks it.
Suspicion hardens.

INT. ZOE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Warm, punk chaos. Books, neon glow.

Zoe scrolls a leaked TOX SCREEN: sedatives consistent with
risperidone.
She slaps a sticky note across a bindrune print: WHO'S USING
WHO?

On-screen: a still of Nick in plaza dust, eyes faintly
glowing.

ZOE (soft)
Jesus, Nick...

FLASH SHARD - INT. RENTED TRAILER - NIGHT (YEARS AGO)

YOUNG NICK (8) huddled under a blanket.
TV snow flickers. Wind rattles thin walls.

A WHISPER, lullaby-soft:

CHILD VOICES (O.S.)
Wake up... look out... left...

A bottle rolls off a table. SHATTERS.
Young Nick flinches. His eyes flicker faint BLUE.

EXT. RIVERSIDE UNDERPASS - MORNING

Police tape flaps. A coroner's van idles.

Nick slips past, hood up.
The whispers drag him forward.

On the ground: a BODY (30s).
Nearby: an unexploded DEVICE.

Carved into the man's forearm: a fresh BINDRUNE.

Nick reels, breath breaking.

CHILD VOICES (O.S., pained)
Too late... too late...

INT. FBI MOBILE UNIT - CONTINUOUS

Grainy CCTV playback: days earlier.
The bomber walks beside a HOODED FIGURE.

The gait—eerily like Nick's.

TECH
That our hoodie?

Delgado exhales slowly.

DELGADO
That's... something like it.

INT. DR. WEAVER'S OFFICE - DAY

Nick small in his chair. Sleeves over fists.

NICK
I keep seeing the mark.
Like it's on me. Not just walls.

WEAVER
Same question either way:
What do you do when you see it?

NICK
Run toward it.

WEAVER
Then run. But bring a net. Food,
sleep, people... me.
(beat)
If you're sick, you need help.
If you're chosen, you need courage.
Either way—you're not done yet.

It lands. Nick nods, damp-eyed.

INT. ZOE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Laptop glow. Futhark charts. Blog forums.

On-screen: "Bindrune crafted to inspire fear in enemies."

ZOE (dry)
Fantastic. Ancient Nordic trolling.

A ping-new clip.
Nick at the underpass. The bomber's forearm rune.

Zoe freezes the frame. Circles it.
Side-by-sides it with others: BRAND OF THE CUTTER?

FLASH SHARD - EXT. FAIRGROUNDS - TWILIGHT (YEARS AGO)

Young Nick lost in a crowd. Calliope music.
Whispers drift.

CHILD VOICES (O.S.)
Right... by the light... don't cry...

A SECURITY GUARD kneels, helps him.
From a distance: a MAN in a stained cap watches. Expression unreadable.

Young Nick clings to the guard.

INT. SUBWAY SERVICE CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Alarm klaxons. Smoke.

Nick pulls a COUPLE toward an exit.
His eyes blaze BLUE.

On the wall: a heat-shadow BINDRUNE.

CHILD VOICES (O.S.)
Left... door... climb...

Nick shoves them through a stairwell.

Through smoke: DELGADO barrels down.
He sees Nick clearly for the first time.

Their eyes lock—recognition, suspicion, fear.

Nick bolts.

INT. NICK'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Empty pill case. Trembling hands.

The WHISPERS flood in, frantic.

CHILD VOICES (O.S., pleading)
Don't let him in, Nick. Don't listen.

Another voice cuts through—boyish, delighted.

ATROPOS (O.S.)
We set the table together.
Isn't dinner better when you cook?

Nick slaps his ears, rocking.
His eyes blaze violent BLUE.

INT. THE LOOM - MAJOR INTRUSION (NICK'S MIND)

Threads stretch infinite.
CHILD HANDS weave, frantic, knotting frays.

A SHADOW HAND—ATROPOS—darts with shears. SNIPS.
Each cut burns a BINDRUNE into black.

FLASH VISIONS:

- Nick counting pills at a pharmacy kiosk.
- A gloved hand carving a bomber's wrist.
- A needle depresses. Pupils blow wide.
- Chalked steel beams measured by Nick's tape line.
- The STADIUM DEVICE—Nick's own hands sealing tape.

ATROPOS (O.S.)

We don't just arrive, Nick. We prepare.

Nick collapses among the threads.

INT. ZOE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Zoe records into a mic.

ZOE

Half the world calls him a prophet.
Half say hoax.

(beat)

I think he's something else entirely.
A sick man trying to do a little good.

She stops. Stares at the wall of runes, unsettled.

INT. FBI BRIEFING ROOM - NIGHT

A board: PLAZA / COURTHOUSE / SHOOTER / BOMBER / SUBWAY.
Each incident marked with the same BINDRUNE.

Agents murmur uneasily.
Delgado takes the front, eyes steady.

DELGADO
Sunday. Harbor Dome.
He sent a message to a reporter:
"Seats will sing."

(beat)
Increase security quietly.
No press. No panic.

AGENT
You believe him?

Delgado exhales.

DELGADO
I believe crowds.
They stampede. Let's not give them
a reason.

INT. NICK'S STUDIO - NIGHT

Nick scrawls across the back of his wall map:
HARBOR DOME. SUNDAY.

The WHISPERS rage.

CHILD VOICES (O.S.)
Stop him... thread will break...

ATROPOS (O.S., boyish, smooth)
Seats will sing, Nick.
And they'll sing for us.

Nick's eyes blaze BLUE.
He crumples, shaking.

EXT. HARBOR DOME - DAY

A sea of FANS streams toward the stadium.
Painted faces. Jerseys. Noise building like weather.

Among them: NICK in his cracked orange hoodie.
Phones tilt. Murmurs ripple.

CROWD VOICES
It's him. / Blue Prophet. / Orange
hoodie guy..

Nick pushes through, sweat shining.
The whispers drill in, louder than the crowd.

INT. HARBOR DOME - MAIN CONCOURSE - DAY

Turnstiles spin. Vendors shout. Music blares.

ZOE slips through the crush, blue hair flashing.
She spots Nick - pale, locked in.

ZOE (mutters)
Can't blend if you try, Hoodie.

Nick brushes a support beam -
A faint BINDRUNE glows like heat.

He staggers. Zoe steadies him.

ZOE
Whoa. This place is loud enough
without you glowing at me.

NICK
It's everywhere.

ZOE
Then we don't blink.
We stay sharp. That's how you beat
it.

INT. STADIUM SECURITY OFFICE - DAY

Banks of monitors.
Delgado leans in, spots the orange hoodie among thousands.

AGENT
Pull him?

Delgado shakes his head.

DELGADO
Not yet.
Not until I know if he's the spark...
or the extinguisher.

INT. DR. WEAVER'S OFFICE - DAY (INTERCUT)

An empty chair.
Weaver leaves a voicemail, voice steady, paternal.

WEAVER (V.O.)
Nick... it's Frank. I know the voices
are loud.
Remember: the threads don't define
you. You do.
Whatever you choose - make it
yours.

INT. HARBOR DOME - SEATING BOWL - NIGHT

The CROWD swells. Announcer booms. Lights strobe.

Nick grips a railing, pupils flickering BLUE.
Zoe anchors him.

ZOE
Don't freak out. If this is your
showdown, you're not doing it solo.

NICK
You shouldn't be here.

ZOE
People keep telling me that. Notice
I never listen?

The LOOM bleeds in — threads tearing, Atropos laughing.

Nick gasps. Zoe grabs his face, fierce.

ZOE (CONT'D)
Look at me. You're not a monster.
You're the guy who runs into hell
when everyone else runs out.

Nick steadies. A hard swallow. A nod.

INT. SUBLEVEL STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Nick descends. Zoe follows.
The CROWD above becomes muffled thunder.

The walls are scrawled with BINDRUNES — chalked, gouged,
burned.

Whispers split:

CHILD VOICES (O.S.)
Stop him... thread will break...

ATROPOS (O.S., cool, delighted)
Let it sing, Nick.
Seats will sing for us.

Nick buckles to his knees, glowing violently.

Zoe drops beside him, softer now.

ZOE

Hey. Stay with me. What do you need?

NICK

Help me cut the thread.

They share a breath.
Then move.

INT. SUBLEVEL MAINTENANCE GALLERY - NIGHT

Concrete sweats. Pipes hiss.
Above: twenty thousand bodies roaring like an ocean.

The DEVICE ticks under steel risers, timer crawling.

Nick stares, trembling. Eyes blazing.

CHILD VOICES (O.S.)

Don't... Nick, don't...

ATROPOS (O.S., gleeful)
We already did.

Nick pulls his cracked flip phone. Calls.

WEAVER (V.O.)

Nick...?

NICK (voice breaking)
It's loud, Frank. Too loud.
I think — I think this is on me.

Silence, except muffled thunder.

WEAVER (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Listen. You're not the voices. You never were.
You're the man who runs into the fire when everyone else runs out.
That's you.

Nick presses the phone to his forehead. Tears spill.

NICK
Then tell me it matters.
Tell me I'm not just sick.

WEAVER (V.O.)
It matters because you choose.
Sick or chosen — it's still you.

Nick steadies. Ragged breath.

NICK
Not for long.

He closes the phone gently.
Turns to the DEVICE.

Zoe barrels in, streaked with grit.

ZOE
It's done. They're moving.

Nick nods. Tears in his eyes.

NICK
Tell them I wasn't all bad.

Zoe cups his face. Their foreheads touch.

ZOE
You were the best.
Even if you never saw it.

The WHISPERS fracture:

CHILD VOICES (O.S.)
We love you... Nick...

ATROPOS (O.S., low; almost proud)
Good cut.

Nick looks at Zoe one last time.

NICK
If you need fear... then starve.

He clamps the DEVICE to his chest — a human shield.

WHITE FLASH — a CONTAINED BLAST.

Concrete shudders. Dust waterfalls. Lights flicker.
Above, the DOME HOLDS.

EXT. HARBOR DOME — NIGHT

Evacuees flood the lots. Sirens strobe.
The stadium battered but unbroken.

Delgado scans the crowd.
No orange hoodie.

His face — hard, then softened by respect.

Zoe stumbles out, coughing.
Her camera clutched like a relic.

INT. STADIUM SUBLEVEL — LATER

Search crews sift rubble.
A FIREFIGHTER lifts something charred: Nick's hoodie.

Delgado takes it.
No smile. No tears.
Just a single nod.

MONTAGE — AFTERMATH

— Candlelit vigils around the Dome. Chalk BINDRUNES drawn
like prayers.

- Murals: Nick's glowing eyes, haloed in orange.
- Headlines: "BLUE PROPHET SAVES 20,000" / "WHO WAS THE MAN IN THE ORANGE HOODIE?"
- Weaver on TV, steady:

WEAVER (ON TV)

He was human. He was in pain. And
he ran into the fire.

- Delgado's report: suspect lines redlined.
Prevention protocols emphasized instead.
- Zoe editing at her desk.
Frames hinting at Nick's complicity.
She drags them into a folder: THREADS (DO NOT PUBLISH).
She closes the lid.

INT. SMALL CHURCH - DAY

Nick's hoodie draped like a relic. Candles flicker.

A CHILD kneels, whispering:

CHILD

Four eleven... four eleven...

On the wall: a BINDRUNE pulses faintly – then fades.

Zoe stands in back. No camera.
Weaver slips in, lights a candle.

They don't look at each other.
Their silence agrees: let the myth be kind.

INT. ZOE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT (EPILOGUE)

Her wall of notes remains.
But at the center now:

A photo of the hoodie.
Beneath it, one word: SAINT.

Zoe closes her eyes. Listens.

In her window's dark reflection:
two faint BLUE POINTS hover.

They blink out.

FADE OUT.

TITLE: FOR THOSE WHO RUN INTO THE FIRE

THE END