

CHRONICLE 2:  
MARTYR

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Based On Characters Created By  
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**CUT - to indicate time lapses within a scene**

FROM MIRANDA'S CAMERA.

INT. JACK'S BEDROOM - MORNING

We're close on something; too close, it's blurry and confusing.

We hear the voice of **MIRANDA Hodgkins**, 24. It's meek and sweet, soothing, with the unmistakable sing-song lilt of a french accent.

MIRANDA (O.S.)  
Jack. Jack wake up.

The camera pulls back slightly, revealing

**JACK Fisk**, 26, anemic, pale, heavily tattooed; kind of hot, actually, in his way. He's wrapped in a ratty, stained blanket, mostly asleep.

MIRANDA (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Hello baby.

JACK  
What...?

MIRANDA (O.S.)  
Tell me you love me.

JACK  
What?  
(waking up)  
Oh, what, get that out of my face-

Jack pushes the camera away, but Miranda flops down next to him, giving another close up.

MIRANDA (O.S.)  
No. Tell me you love me.

JACK  
That's not what we bought that for.

MIRANDA (O.S.)  
So. Do it, it'll make me happy.

JACK

Okay.  
 (beat)  
 I love you.

MIRANDA (O.S.)

It worked. That made me happy.

INT. JACK'S KITCHEN - SHORTLY THEREAFTER

Jack, shirtless, is making breakfast. The kitchen is dingy and run down; a low rent house. Outside, through the window, we can see palm trees; west coast, it must be.

The camera tracks his movements from the kitchen table.

JACK

So are you the new Andrew Detmer?

MIRANDA (O.S.)

Jack *that's* horrible.

JACK

I'm just saying. I don't know if we need documentation that I suck at making bacon.

MIRANDA (O.S.)

Aw, you don't suck-

JACK

(burnt by popping grease)  
 Ah! SHIT!

Miranda laughs.

INT. JACK'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

The camera is doing something very weird; it's extremely close to the dirty carpeting, moving somewhat jerkily, as though tracking something...

But there's nothing, just carpet.

MIRANDA (O.S.)

You can see- I don't know if it's picking it up-  
 (loudly)  
 Jack! Jack!

Jack appears, now dressed for work at some fast food chain, looking nervously down at Miranda behind the camera.

JACK  
What's up?

MIRANDA (O.S.)  
Look.

JACK  
...I don't see anything.

MIRANDA (O.S.)  
The bugs.

JACK  
What bugs?

MIRANDA (O.S.)  
There are little red- you see them,  
the little red spiders. I can see  
them on the camera.

There's a moment of silence, and we look back to Jack. He's clearly concerned.

JACK  
There's no bugs, babe.

MIRANDA (O.S.)  
You have to look closer, you can-

JACK  
Did you take your meds today?

Miranda's silence speaks volumes.

JACK (CONT'D)  
Did you? Cause you're not coming  
out tonight if you didn't take your  
meds, you know that right-

The camera abruptly cuts out.

CLOSE ON:

A crumpled polaroid, faded and old, showing a pretty young girl, standing with another girl her age, a sister. Miranda points to the girl with her finger.. \*

MIRANDA (O.S.)  
See, that's me then...and...

We pull back to reveal we're in

JACK'S BATHROOM

Equally dingy and punk-rock as the rest of the place.

MIRANDA (CONT'D)

This is me now.

**MIRANDA Hodgkins**, 24, petite, elfin, almost mouselike with the camera up to her face, looks back at us from the mirror.

This is a person fallen into disrepair. She clearly was once beautiful, but her hair has gone ratty and tangled, her skin pallid and sallow, black-bagged eyes, skinny and frail.

MIRANDA (CONT'D)

Ugh. That's not good.

CUT.

Moments later, Miranda is straightening her hair. She's talking, but it's with a weird, almost too fast cadence; the unmistakable babble of a schizophrenic.

MIRANDA (CONT'D)

I figure I can record everything and file it away and then I'll have it for reference about the bugs or my various projects, the things we're working on, or the thing in the basement, and we'll be able to see an all-oneness be established between each different thread of my life-

CUT.

Miranda is gently applying eyeliner.

MIRANDA (CONT'D)

Beautiful. Beautiful movie-star.

It's...better. Beautiful movie-star is a stretch.

INT. JACK'S HOUSE - MIRANDA'S EDITING CLOSET

The camera has been set down haphazardly on a table, and we can see Miranda lit only in the blue light from monitors.

From the monitors, we hear a familiar voice.

ANDREW DETMER (ON MONITOR)

There's this thing called an Apex Predator, and basically what that is is the most powerful predator in an ecosys-

She pauses it.

MIRANDA

You can see here he looks really  
crazy.

She picks up the camera, filming the screen, where we see Andrew Detmer sitting in the junkyard; she's on some kind of editing program.

MIRANDA (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Yeah. This part is important.  
This part is really important.

\*

INT. JACK'S HOUSE - BASEMENT

We cut in, and see Miranda's workshop for the first time; it's *INCREDIBLY CLUTTERED*, with tools, bits and pieces of technology, heavy machinery and circuit boards...

It looks like some kind of hoarding disorder packrat nightmare. Miranda sits tinkering with something, blow-torching the side of it, wearing a protective mask.

MIRANDA

(muttering)

There we go. There we go.

**VERY SUDDENLY** the object she's working on *LOUDLY WHIRS AND ROTATES RAPIDLY*, causing a **clusterfuck of falling objects** in the room.

CUT.

Miranda now stands near to the camera, holding, with some effort, a giant...what is that? She is proudly showing it off, whatever it is.

MIRANDA (CONT'D)

This is number seven, but it's  
actually the tenth one I've built,  
there were the three for the  
prototype...

\*

She presses a button, and the chambers on the long, cylindrical device begin to rotate rapidly with a distinct *VRRRM* sound. Miranda, smiling, shouts over the noise.

MIRANDA (CONT'D)

Eight hundred rounds a minute!

Dear god. It's a ***gattling gun***.

SLAM TO:

INT. KARAOKE BAR - NIGHT

The music is loud, the lights are colorful. Jack's on stage, we're in the audience. Jack's singing "Holiday In Cambodia" by the Dead Kennedys. Totally killing it.

CUT.

Miranda's on stage; she's awkward out in front of people, but getting a little bit into it. "Linger" by the Cranberries.

CUT.

More drinks. Laughing.

EXT. SANTA MONICA PIER - FERRIS WHEEL - NIGHT

Jack sits on the ferris wheel next to Miranda, beyond him a cursory view of the pier, the Pacific Ocean, and Santa Monica at night.

We're close on Jack, drinking from a brown paper bag.

JACK

I've reconsidered my stance on you filming.

MIRANDA (O.S.)

Oh yeah?

JACK

Yeah. I think it's a good idea. But you know why you're doing it, right?

MIRANDA (O.S.)

Because, if we have video of every part of my life, I can show people what's real and what's not real and-

JACK

No, haha, okay, no.

\*

MIRANDA (O.S.)

What?

JACK

You're disassociating. World's easier to take when you're looking at it on a little screen.

CUT.

JACK (CONT'D)

But I do think it's a good idea. It'll humanize us, after the fact. It'll show people who we were.

Jack smiles at Miranda behind the camera.

MIRANDA (O.S.)

You look handsome.

JACK

Oh shut up-

CUT.

Miranda leans in, filming herself, and on the ferris wheel, they kiss. \*

INT. JACK'S HOUSE - BASEMENT

The camera's been set up on a tripod, filming Miranda working on some sort of big, bulky thing of metal, gears and wires; it sort of looks like an arm.

She presses a button and- *whoa!*- it **flexes**, almost organically. She smiles at the camera, pleased with her handiwork, and then her cell phone rings.

CUT.

Miranda's off-screen, talking on the phone.

MIRANDA

How did you get this number?...No, I don't care. **I DON'T CARE.** LEAVE ME ALONE. I don't want- **I DON'T WANT TO SEE YOU, LEAVE ME ALONE! LEAVE ME ALONE!**

Miranda *hurls the phone offscreen*, it hits something, and there's the sudden sound of electric whirring- *VRMMM-*

MIRANDA (CONT'D)

Oh **shit-**



Something *opens fire in the basement*, causing **INSTANT ANARCHY, bits of broken machinery flying everywhere**, blue light oscillating brightly from something off screen as the camera is tipped over onto its side and-

We see Miranda scrambling to a plug-in generator.

MIRANDA (CONT'D)  
*Shit shit shit!*

She yanks out the plug, and the mayhem ceases just as abruptly as it started.

Miranda, wild-eyed, looks around, and then scrambles over to the camera, turning it off.

INT. JACK'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

It's storming outside; we can hear rain spattering against the roof, and the occasional sound of thunder.

Jack's sitting and watching TV, Miranda hurrying in to film him as he beckons her.

JACK  
Is it on? Do you- okay, good, look. Look.

MIRANDA (O.S.)  
At the TV-

JACK  
*Yes. Look.*

Miranda gets closer to the television, filming it. It's showing some kind of news program. The **BROADCASTER** is accompanied, as always, by footage and photographs backing up everything she says. \*

BROADCASTER  
Our top story today, another sighting of "The Flying Man," this time from all the way in the Indonesia, in the Borneo province of Kalimantan. \*

JACK  
C'mon, Matt, where you at now? \*

We see an interview with a local Indonesian man, out on a bridge. He speaks, but is spoken over by a translator. \*

INDONESIAN MAN (TRANSLATOR)

The bridge shook, and started to collapse. We were all very scared, and then we saw him. He went very fast.

We see that there's a huge pile of cars over behind him.

INDONESIAN MAN (CONT'D)

He took the cars from the bridge and put them in a big pile. He was very careful. He saved many lives.

Back to the reporter, where we see several blurry photographs displayed.

JACK

Really? The three pictures, again, Jesus Christ.

BROADCASTER

-the seventh such sighting in nine months since the Seattle Catastrophe.

They cut to show a government press conference, led by

**Bruce HANSON**, late 40s, his suit a little worn down. The man is all hard edges; the almost prototypical man in black badass, the faceless hands of the system, calloused and intimidating...

HANSON

At this time the United States Government would like to restate that, while details of what happened in Seattle on the night of February 4th are still unclear, there is a prioritized ongoing investigation by both Homeland Security and the Central Intelligence agency-

JACK

This guy! Look at him, *lying*, this is him, this is one of the guys!

MIRANDA

Jack, calm down-

JACK

They're protecting him, always, *why?* WHY? What'd he do to earn this?

BROADCASTER

As always, more on this story as it develops. Senate Republicans made waves today when-

JACK

*You motherf- you- you-*

*He rips the TV from the wall, smashing it on the floor, then hurls the remote into the wall, before kicking over the coffee table, dozens of beer bottles shattering on the floor.*

MIRANDA (O.S.)

Jack! Jack stop!

CUT.

Jack is sitting on the couch, huffing and puffing; he looks completely over the edge.

JACK

Did you see that? Two minutes at the start of the show, "oh the government doesn't know anything let's move on." LET'S MOVE ON. LET'S LEAVE IT ALONE. NO, MIRANDA, it's BULLSHIT! They don't care, NOBODY CARES-

MIRANDA (O.S.)

I know, I just-

JACK

Is your edit done?

MIRANDA (O.S.)

I, almost, there are-

Jack suddenly stands up, advancing on her; it's not aggressive, but it's damn sure intimidating, and Miranda has to back up; this frames her, holding in the camera, in a mirror.

She looks small and helpless in the wake of Jack's fury.

JACK

Is it done or isn't it done.

MIRANDA

I- I don't know- *I'm trying, I-*

JACK

*Is it done? Is it done? Is it done-*

MIRANDA

Yes, yes it's done, it's done, I'll  
stop filming I just-

JACK

Then we upload it. *Tonight, we  
upload it **tonight**.*

Jack snatches the camera away from her, filming himself.

JACK (CONT'D)

You people are gonna see. You  
people are gonna know. I'm going  
to show you everything.

DIGITAL  
DISTORTION CRASH  
TO BLACK.

**FROM AIELLO'S CAMERA.**

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

It's pouring down rain. Currently we're in a car, driving up  
to a clearing, lit only by headlights. For a moment, the  
camera shows

**Mike AIELLO**, a young CIA agent with a round, friendly face,  
before it's spun around and raised to reveal...

Hanson. Yep, the guy from TV. He's driving, clearly deep in  
thought.

HANSON

You keep it on no matter what. You  
don't engage, you let me talk.

AIELLO

You talked to him before, right?

HANSON

Once or twice. It's okay to be  
nervous, but he's just a kid. You  
don't put him on a pedestal, you  
don't defer to him on anything.  
We're in the middle of a massive  
security breach, can I trust you to  
keep it together?

AIELLO

Yes sir.

MOMENTS LATER.

The car is pulled over, Hanson getting out, Aiello following. \*  
There's lightning and thunder in the skies, echoing through \*  
the trees. \*

Hanson nods to Aiello to back up, and he does. Hanson raises \*  
and fires a flare gun; the camera follows the flare up into \*  
the stormy night sky, then comes back down to Hanson. \*

Hanson waits, and then lights a cigarette, and smokes, \*  
fidgeting. \*

AIELLO (CONT'D) \*  
Did he say he'd be here? \*

Hanson just looks at him. \*

AIELLO (CONT'D) \*  
I mean, are you sure we can trust \*  
him? \*

Hanson chuckles to himself, and smokes, when- \*

**SONIC BOOM** trees shake and Aiello, startled, *falls to the* \*  
*ground!* The car alarm of the parked government sedan is \*  
blaring in the night, and then we hear it clicked off. \*

Hanson, who didn't move a muscle, reaches down and pulls \*  
Aiello up, revealing... \*

**MATT Garretty**, 20. This isn't quite the Matt we last saw in \*  
Tibet, but it's not exactly someone new either. He has an \*  
anxiousness to him; a vulnerability that's clumsily hidden \*  
behind a veneer of confidence that it seems almost arbitrary \*  
that the world's only "superhuman" would have. \*

He wears travel clothes. He's wet from the rain. His hair \*  
is long. He almost looks...homeless? \*

He seems to recognize Hanson. \*

MATT \*  
You're Hanson, right? \*

HANSON \*  
That's right. \*

He notices Aiello and reacts **immediately**. \*

MATT \*  
What the hell is that, turn that \*  
off- \*

HANSON \*  
That's Agent Michael Aiello- \*

MATT  
Tell him to stop filming, you, put  
it away-

HANSON  
I'm sorry Matthew but-

MATT  
Don't "Matthew" me turn that off-

HANSON  
Our program mandates we have  
digital record of every official  
interaction with you. This is for  
your safety as well as ours, okay?

Matt groans in a display of authentic teen frustration.

MATT  
Look, if you think I won't just  
leave, you're wrong, okay-

HANSON  
We need to talk. Can you come with  
us please?

MATT  
Is it my parents?

HANSON  
If you'll just come with us-

MATT  
Well I told you not to contact me  
unless it was an emergency or if  
something was up with my parents,  
so-

HANSON  
This is an emergency.

MATT  
Yeah well what kind of emergency?

HANSON  
It'll be better if you see it for  
yourself.

CLOSE ON:

A laptop. On the screen, we see at first only darkness, but  
then a lenscap is removed, revealing Andrew Detmer, filming  
himself in the door mirror of his room in Seattle.

My god. It's **CHRONICLE**. \*

We pull out a little, revealing...

Matt hunched over in a chair, watching the lap-top. \*

MATT  
*What is this?* \*

HANSON  
Just watch. \*

INT. EMPTY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The room itself is small and featureless; clean white lighting. There are several nameless government agents standing around, watching Matt, clearly nervous, as... \*

Matt sits watching the laptop, which has been set up on a desk. Behind him stands Hanson; he looks on at Matt with what, even at only a glance, we can instantly recognize as genuine concern. \*

CUT.

Matt is watching himself sing "Price Tag" on screen.

CUT.

The baseball test is happening; Matt seems almost hypnotized.

CUT.

Steve's in the storm. Lightning crashing all around him. Matt is chewing his own hand; he looks almost childlike.

The lightning flashes, and Matt reaches out, slamming closed the laptop.

CUT.

It's moments later; Matt is pacing and crying at the other side of the room, talking to Hanson, who seems to be compelling him to watch the rest of it.

Matt takes a beat and then nods.

CUT.

Matt is sitting and watching again, his face one of barely muted agony.

On the screen, Andrew declares himself an Apex Predator. Aiello gets a little too close, a little too personal, and Matt notices. \*

MATT  
(direct to camera)  
*Get that out of my face. Now.* \*  
*Now. Get it out of my **face**, and*  
***turn it off-***

CUT.

Matt is up, and clearly **very** upset, trying to keep it together and be "an adult" as he goes back and forth with Hanson.

HANSON  
It went up at 2 AM pacific time on an untraceable URL. Current estimates put it at seven hundred million downloads, getting higher every minute-

MATT  
*How the hell is this possible? I* \*  
*thought you had all the footage,* \*  
*that you confiscated all the*  
*cameras-*

HANSON  
And we did. They must've hacked our servers. All of the Haven Hills Project footage is circulated on the same hard drives, we didn't- \*

MATT  
I'm sorry, "hacked your servers?"  
*What is this, 1994?- I thought this*  
*stuff was supposed to be protected-*

HANSON  
Whoever did it is good, Matt, very very good at what they do, we-

Matt notices the camera filming him.

MATT  
I told you to **turn that off!**

The camera suddenly **crunches, the lens cracking-**

CRASH TO BLACK.

FROM MIRANDA'S CAMERA.



EXT. DESERT - MORNING - IN JACK'S TRUCK

At first, just a view of the desert of the American southwest, blowing by at fifty miles an hour.

We can hear "Walking On Broken Glass" by Annie Lennox chugging away on a car radio, over the wind.

The camera pulls back, revealing we're filming from a passenger seat, Jack driving. He notices the camera.

JACK  
Annie Lennox. Killin' it.

He smiles at the camera, and does a gun-click wink.

We can hear Miranda laugh.

CUT.

They're parked outside a desert gas station. Miranda is filming Jack get back into the car.

JACK (CONT'D)  
I brought you a rootbeer- oh my god  
what was that, what did you just  
do?

MIRANDA (O.S.)  
...It was my rootbeer dance-

JACK  
Gimme that-

Jack struggles away the camera.

CUT.

Miranda, in desert gear, is uncontrollably giggling in the passenger side, unable to perform her rootbeer dance for the camera.

CUT.

JACK (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Come on. Straight face.

Miranda gets her shit together.

MIRANDA  
Okay. Okay.  
(in a high voice, doing a  
little dance)  
ROooOooOOOtBURRHHHH-

Miranda loses her shit completely.

CUT.

We're in a tight close up on Miranda, who's out of breath, sobbing with laughter.

JACK

Oh my god, are you- you're crying?

Miranda nods, choked, unable to muster a response.

JACK (CONT'D)

This woman, *she loves rootbeer.*

EXT. THE FLATS - DAY - LATER

The truck is parked, and Miranda is following Jack around to the back of it; it's big.

JACK

Did you bring enough clozapine for the whole trip-

MIRANDA (O.S.)

Yes, of course. Don't talk about that.

JACK

Who are you so afraid is gonna see this anywa- *whoa, jesus.*

Jack's looking out at the magnificent expanse of flat desert ahead of him. There's junk here and there; wrecked cars, refrigerators, a bus or two, even an old rickety plane.

A desert dumping ground.

JACK (CONT'D)

Aw, Mimi this is perfect. How'd you find this again?

MIRANDA (O.S.)

They used to take me out here when I was little...

JACK

To do what, exactly?

Jack just looks at the camera.

JACK (CONT'D)  
 You don't wanna talk about it.  
 Okay. Never do.

He opens up the back of the truck.

JACK (CONT'D)  
 Let's get this party started.

HARD CUT TO:

The camera has been placed on a tripod. It now shows a single car, old and rusty.

JACK (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 We clear?

MIRANDA (O.S.)  
 Clear.

There's that sound again, that distinctive **VRRRMMMMM-**

**Three streams of blue tracer rounds, beamlike, explode in from offscreen!**

*The car is reduced to fragmented dust in SECONDS.*

JACK  
 WHOA HOLD FIRE HOLD FIRE!

The dust settles. There's nearly nothing left.

JACK (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 Miranda...**HOLY SHIT.**

Miranda cackles happily at Jack's proclamation. The fragmented wreckage of the car is burning.

JACK (CONT'D)  
 IT'S ON **FIRE.**  
 (beat)  
 ...shit!

HARD CUT TO:

The camera is in a new location, still on a tripod. It now shows an ancient, worn down school bus.

MIRANDA (O.S.)  
 Do you have your headphones on?

JACK (O.S.)  
*What?*

MIRANDA (O.S.)  
 Haha, okay. Clear.

There's an awful, tinny, ear scratching whine, and we can actually **see** the thumping wave of sound *flow in* from somewhere off-screen.

It suddenly **DROPS DOWN INTO DEEP BASS, then SCREECHES BACK UP:** every window on the bus shatters, the whole thing shaking violently.

After a moment, the incredible sonic weapon, whatever it was, ceases function.

Miranda creeps in from off-screen, wearing big headphones. She goes over to the bus, and pokes at it-

**The entire side of the bus drops off, and Miranda shrieks!**  
 We can hear Jack laughing.

MIRANDA (CONT'D)  
 (beaming)  
 It works!

HARD CUT TO:

There's some kind of thing set up in the sand; it looks like an old hemi-engine, with a small microwave satellite dish attached to it, and a long copper rod sticking up out of the back.

This is the **Lightning Bug**.

JACK (O.S.)  
 Lightning Bug test going...slowly.

Some sparks shoot out of it.

MIRANDA (O.S.)  
 Goddamnit.

CUT.

Miranda is futzing with it, sautering something, and tightening bolts. Jack walks out into frame, kneels down and gives her a little backrub.

CUT.

They're off camera again.

MIRANDA (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 Okay, here we go. Clear!

Nothing.

MIRANDA (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Aw, *stupid stupid*.

Jack comes out into frame, headed towards the Lightning Bug.

JACK  
I'll go check if the-

The Lightning Bug activates; the little radar dish turns and points towards Jack.

JACK (CONT'D)  
Whoa *whoa*-

-and **BLASTS JACK WITH A SMALL BOLT OF LIGHTNING that sends him flying backwards!**

MIRANDA  
*JACK!*

CUT.

The camera's off the tripod, Miranda behind it, filming Jack, who's sitting on the ground, his hair on end, looking frazzled.

JACK  
-done, okay? Yeah, we're done for the day. I'm done for the...week.

MIRANDA (O.S.)  
Are you okay?

JACK  
Well...it works.

After a moment, Jack starts laughing. Miranda starts laughing too.

CUT.

Jack's up and by the Lightning Bug, smiling at it, drinking a beer, thinking; he's already talking.

JACK (CONT'D)  
-is perfect. I figure we pin him down with the sonics, and then, *bampowzap, we Steve him. Ha!*

The camera falters.

JACK (CONT'D)  
 What? What's-

CUT.

Jack now holds the camera, following a crying Miranda around the side of the truck.

MIRANDA  
*Why are you filming, STOP IT!*

JACK (O.S.)  
 I want you to remember this moment.

MIRANDA  
*What!?* **WHY!?**

Miranda whirls around, actually confronting Jack's camera. When she's like this, there's something slightly dangerous about her.

But only slightly. For now.

MIRANDA (CONT'D)  
 That was an awful thing, you shouldn't have said that. Steve was a- he was a nice person, he was trying to help-

JACK (O.S.)  
 I know, I know, you're right, you're right.

Miranda seems about to say more, but then falters, looking out into the desert, frustrated.

JACK (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 What's this really about?

MIRANDA  
 I just- I worry that maybe I haven't- been thinking clearly, or I- Jack, I don't know, I just feel like- I don't want to **hurt people**.

She squeaks these last words out, almost afraid to say them. Jack goes to her, but he stays behind the camera for a reason.

Just watching the shift in expression on her face tells the whole story.

JACK (O.S.)

Hurt people?- Miranda- People have already BEEN hurt. We can't let our emotions get caught up in this, this is about justice, this is about not letting power *blind* us to our responsibilities to our fellow man. We have to kill him, you know that.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Miranda nods soberly.

\*

JACK (CONT'D)

And if people get hurt, then people get hurt, that's okay, we can accept that. Even if we get hurt, we'd be martyred for a good cause. We're the **good guys**, not him. We're the heroes.

\*

MIRANDA

(quietly)

I...

JACK (O.S.)

Do you trust me?

MIRANDA

(calmer)

Yes.

JACK (O.S.)

I'm sorry. That was a terrible, insensitive thing of me to say.

MIRANDA

Thank you.

(beat)

You want to try the magnets?

EXT. THE FLATS - LATE AFTERNOON

The reveal is so casual that it's almost startling:

The Martyr Suit Prototype stands roughly eight feet tall; it's not of a piece, with many different colors and shapes of the hundreds of different components it's been cobbled together from.

It looks distinctly rickety and do-it-yourself, and it's clearly just a skeletal prototype, but they're no arguing that we are looking at a nearly ten foot tall **suit of ROBOT ARMOR**.

JACK  
This is...*insane*, Mimi.

Two of the miniguns are mounted on stalks beneath the arms; the Lightning Bug is hooked to the back, and what look like turbo-bass's are hooked into the clawed "hands."

It's some science fiction fever dream made real. An impossibly beautiful and delicate machine, crafted by the one mind on earth capable of building it.

Jack, fully visible inside of it, looks gleeful as he talks down to Miranda, who's behind the camera, bouncing around in the suit like a boxer; it moves easily and gracefully.

WE CUT BETWEEN

Miranda's camera and

THE MARTYR PROTOTYPE'S CAMERA

Which is mounted on the chest.

JACK (CONT'D)  
How's this? Like this?

Jack starts doing the robot, and Miranda laughs.

CUT.

Jack has put on a motorcycle helmet. He looks awesome.

MIRANDA (O.S.)  
Okay. Electromagnetic flight, full-suit Martyr prototype, test one.

Jack nods.

JACK  
Okay, I do it? I just...I just do it?

MIRANDA (O.S.)  
Yes.

JACK  
Okay.

Jack takes a couple deep breaths, and then activates something inside the suit. There's a loud "Mmmmmmmmmmmmm" noise and he **RAPIDLY FLOATS UP INTO THE AIR-**

Whoa way too rapidly, Miranda is forced to chase after him like an untethered balloon.



MIRANDA

Jack! JACK USE THE STABILIZERS!  
JACK!

The suit is now just a speck in the air. On the Martyr suit cams, we can see Miranda waaaaay down below, frantically waving her arms.

JACK (O.S.)

Well. Flying...**sucks**.

CUT.

It's a few minutes later. Miranda's filming up from the ground, searching the dusky sky,

MIRANDA (O.S.)

JACK! Oh jesus- JACK! JACK!

A little point of light appears on the horizon; two reds and a green.

MIRANDA (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Jack?

The Martyr suit comes **SCREAMING IN AT NINETY MILES AN HOUR, ZIPPING PAST MIRANDA BEFORE TWIRLING BEAUTIFULLY UP INTO A LOOP!**

MIRANDA (O.S.) (CONT'D)

JACK! YES! **YES!**

It comes back and does another close pass, before **SMASHING INTO THE SAND.**

MIRANDA (O.S.) (CONT'D)

OH SHIT-

CUT.

Jack is holding the camera, dirty with sand, filming himself as Miranda finishes stitching up a cut on his forehead.

JACK

(indicates cut)

Now this...this is punk rock.

Miranda coos disdainfully.

CUT.

\*

The sun hangs low in the sky.

\*

The prototype Martyr suit has been set up next to a campfire.  
Jack sits nearby, clearly deep in thought, looking very sad.

MIRANDA

What are you thinking about?

(beat)

Are you thinking about Terry?

JACK

Yeah.

MIRANDA

What are you thinking about him?

JACK

...The last time we talked. You know, he called me.

(emotional)

He called me that night. He said "Jack, turn on TV, you've got to see this. They're flying." And he sounded so excited, I remember...And I could hear the helicopter, you know...

(beat)

My whole life, he was the good brother, you know.

MIRANDA

You're good-

JACK

No, I'm- he had goals, he was married, he had a life, I'm just...some guy, I'm a piece of shit.

(beat)

He wasn't a cop. He was just a helicopter pilot, he didn't do anything to Andrew Detmer. And he- he just-

(Jack's overcome, crying)

He just killed him like it was nothing. *Like it was nothing, like he was a bug-*

Jack's crying, overcome, and Miranda moves to comfort him, but he backs her off.

JACK (CONT'D)

Twenty six people died and people don't care.

(MORE)

JACK (CONT'D)

They just see the flying guy and  
they see- they forget and the  
government says forget, forget it  
doesn't matter, **but it does, IT  
DOES MATTER.** Someone has to be  
held accountable for this.  
Somebody has to...

Jack fully breaks down.

CUT.

Jack's slightly recovered.

JACK (CONT'D)

That's why...You know I believe in  
you, in us. It's love, this  
is...destiny, it's not a  
coincidence that we found each  
other. For this. Because we're  
going to fix things. We're going  
to set things **right.**

SUNSET.

It's later. There's music playing in the background; the  
mood is a little lighter. The camera is picked up from where  
it's been set down, and we see Miranda, sitting and working  
on leg of the MARTYR prototype.

She notices Jack filming, and smiles self consciously.

JACK (CONT'D)

So six months, and like, what two  
hundred thousand dollars-

MIRANDA

One seventy.

JACK (O.S.)

And you built that. Pretty good.  
SORT of impressive. Six out of  
ten.

MIRANDA

The big one isn't done yet, the  
real one, this is just the  
prototype- but it'll be done soon,  
and-

JACK

You're amazing.

Miranda falters, and looks at Jack, her face full of love.

JACK (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
You're beautiful. You're perfect.  
(beat)  
I love you.

Miranda smiles, overwhelmed, and hides her face in her hair.  
Jack sets down the camera, and crawls into frame.

They kiss. It's beautiful.

HARD DIGITAL  
DISTORTION

INT. JACK'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

A couple days have passed.

Jack is already talking to Miranda, who's behind the camera; he's animated, angry, and the change in tone is extremely jarring. The TV is on; it's cracked and distorted from Jack's last tantrum.

JACK  
-and when are we gonna have another  
chance like this?

He indicates the TV.

BROADCASTER  
-holding his first ever "press  
conference" to address the  
grassroots release of "Chronicle,"  
which now boasts nearly **one billion**  
downloads worldwide-

JACK  
That's four hundred miles from  
here, we'll never get this  
opportunity again-

MIRANDA (O.S.)  
The suit isn't ready, it isn't-

\*

Jack, flustered, walks away, and she follows him as he paces through the house, angrily fidgeting with EVERYTHING.

JACK  
We can use the prototype.

MIRANDA (O.S.)  
No, Jack, it isn't strong enough,  
that would be *suicide*-

JACK

And what's wrong with that?

\*

MIRANDA (O.S.)

I won't let you, you-

JACK

Miranda, you've carried me the whole way! You got the footage, you put it together, you built the weapon. But now it's time for me to do my part, I have to-

MIRANDA (O.S.)

*No no no, it isn't ready-*

JACK

The prototype is enough! You're just afraid!

MIRANDA (O.S.)

I don't want you to get hurt! I don't want anyone to-

JACK

You're not thinking clearly, okay, this is everything we've been working for-

MIRANDA (O.S.)

*You won't, you won't do it, tell me you won't-*

JACK

Mimi, come on, listen to yourself-

MIRANDA

(losing it)

You won't you won't, say you won't say you won't do it, say it to the camera, *say you won't leave me-*

\*

\*

JACK

(softer)

Hey...Hey, stop...

Jack goes to her, pushing down the camera. Our world turns upside down as he holds her.

MIRANDA (O.S.)

(sobbing)

Promise me. Promise me you won't do it. Promise me.

JACK (O.S.)  
Shh, okay, I promise, shh. We'll  
talk about it.

The camera lingers, and her sobs slowly go quiet.

SUDDEN LOUD  
DIGITAL  
DISTORTION

SLAM TO:

FROM STEPHANIE'S CAMERA.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Matt sits on the foot of a hotel bed, hands crossed, looking agitated.

A female voice belonging to **STEPHANIE Freeman**, late 20s, speaks from off camera.

STEPHANIE (O.S.)  
How do you feel?

MATT  
(beat)  
Nervous. Just **crazy**...nervous.

CUT.

Matt is up and pacing back and forth.

STEPHANIE  
They say there's about forty two thousand people there live, but the streets are completely crowded. They shut down the freeways-

MATT  
Is that supposed to help, because that is- opposite of helping me right now.

STEPHANIE  
You'll be great.

MATT  
I don't- I'm not a- stage guy, I- ...God I wish you'd turn that off.

\*

\*

STEPHANIE  
You know I can't. I can go out  
though, if you want-

MATT  
No, I- just- What's your name  
again? I'm sorry-

STEPHANIE  
I'm Stephanie Freeman-

MATT  
And you're like, an agent or a spy  
or-

STEPHANIE  
I'm an agent of the CIA working  
through Haven Hills, yes.

MATT  
Well can you just put it down, so  
we can have like- a normal  
conversation?

STEPHANIE  
We are having a normal  
conversation.

MATT  
Ha. Right. "Normal."

CUT.

It's a close up shot of Matt's hand. It's shaking.

MATT (CONT'D)  
See that? That's real. Awww  
crap. SHIIIIIIIT! Shit. Okay.

STEPHANIE  
This is for the best. People need  
to meet the real you.

MATT  
"The real me." Oh god. Okay.  
(beat)  
How are you, are you okay?

Stephanie laughs.

IN A HOTEL  
HALLWAY

Matt is walking along, two government agents in front of him, Stephanie following him.

MATT (CONT'D)  
Don't walk behind me like that,  
that's weird.

\*

ENTERING ANOTHER  
HOTEL ROOM

As they go in to another hotel room, we get a good look at Stephanie in a mirror. She's pretty, but not a knockout; definitely smart, fit, and looking like the sharpest knife in the room.

**Richard DETMER**, early 40s, comes in; he's cleaner, calmer than the man we remember from **Chronicle**, and his face lights up upon seeing Matt.

They hug.

DETMER  
Hey Matty.

MATT  
Hey Uncle Richard.

DETMER  
Who's this?

MATT  
That's Agent Freeman, she's one of  
the- government people.

DETMER  
What's with the camera?

MATT  
Don't even bother, they never turn  
them off. I break them, they just  
get new ones.

DETMER  
That's a little intrusive, don't  
you think?

CUT.

Matt is talking to his Uncle. Government agents stand off to the side, silent.

MATT  
How're you doing?

\*  
\*



DETMER

You know, I'm...trying. I'm trying. A couple of your "fans" burnt my goddamn house down.

\*  
\*

MATT

I know, I heard. I'm sorry.

DETMER

Ha...Yeah, well maybe I had it coming, right?

MRS. GARRETTY (O.S.)

Richie that's horrible!

MATT

Mom!

The camera spins to reveal

**MRS. Sarah GARRETTY**, late 40s, the loud mom type, entering the room, followed closely by

**MR. Kyle GARRETTY**, late 40s, the quiet dad type. Both of them are nervous as Matt goes to them, embracing them.

MR. GARRETTY

God Matt, it's been months.

MATT

Yeah, I'm sorry dad.

Matt gives him a big hug, and then turns to the camera immediately, childlike expectation in his voice.

MATT (CONT'D)

Is that guy Hanson coming?

\*

STEPHANIE

No, he's up at Haven Hills.

\*  
\*

MATT

Oh that's- okay.

\*  
\*

STEPHANIE

Something wrong?

\*  
\*

MATT

No he just- you know, he seemed like he knew what was going on. Like in charge or whatever.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

MRS. GARRETTY

They tried to call Casey, and the  
Montgomerys, but they're trying to-

\*

MATT

Casey's not coming?

MRS. GARRETTY

No.

MATT

I- okay.  
(glances at camera)  
Yeah, okay.

EXT. HOTEL ROOF - DUSK

Stephanie films Matt, who's on the roof, talking to his  
parents. He's clearly very nervous now.

MRS. GARRETTY

Just remember, you're still you.  
They can cheer or yell or whatever  
they want, but you're still you,  
and you're fine.

MATT

Mom, I know, I know-

MR. GARRETTY

I wish we could be there for you,  
Matt.  
(to camera)  
You sure we can't come, just stay  
in the back-

STEPHANIE (O.S.)

No, I'm sorry. We just think it's  
better for you to stay out of the  
public eye-

\*

MR. GARRETTY

No, yeah, of course, of course.

Mrs. Garretty finishes hugging her son.

STEPHANIE (O.S.)

Matt, you know how to get there?

MATT

Come on.

\*

STEPHANIE (O.S.)

You sure you don't want me to print  
you out some directions, or-

Matt laughs and flips her the bird, then *rockets into the air-*  
FROM NEWS CAMERAS, CAMERAS IN THE CROWD.

EXT. AT & T PARK - MOMENTS LATER

The baseball stadium is **absolutely packed** with people, who  
are brimming with excitement. A stage with a podium and a  
microphone has been set up on the field.

There's an electricity in the air here. Energy is palpable,  
you can feel the hairs on your arms stand up.

We can overhear chatter and talking from the crowd, and then,  
all at once-

It's **SHOCKING**. People are standing and cheering, screaming  
their hearts out as Matt drops down from the sky, landing  
near the podium.

People are **LOSING THEIR MINDS**. After almost twenty seconds  
of cheering, Matt approaches the mic, and they go silent.

MATT

Hi.

The ovation is **deafening**. Matt startles at the sound of it,  
and then raises a hand in a self-conscious wave.

MATT (CONT'D)

When I was eighteen I- wow, it got  
quiet. \*

(beat)

Okay...When I was eighteen, I went  
to a party. It actually was kind  
of a crappy party, which was what  
makes it all so...funny, I guess. \*

I took my cousin Andrew, because he  
was a lonely guy, and I ended up  
hanging out with Steve Montgomery,  
because he was...awesome...

(laughs, self-conscious)

Look, you already know all this,  
which is weird, it's so weird, I  
feel like- I don't know, just  
totally exposed and-

The mic suddenly crackles loudly, startling the audience and  
Matt. All of the electronics in the stadium flicker oddly; \*

the big screen warps and distorts from electromagnetic interference.

\*  
\*

Matt looks around, confused. He touches his nose. It's bleeding. ...Uh-oh.

\*

Matt looks up at something in the sky-

**VRRMMMMM**

**STREAMS OF MINIGUN FIRE DECIMATE THE STAGE AND THE FIELD AROUND IT- MATT DISAPPEARS IN AN EXPLOSION OF WRECKAGE AND DUST AS WE TURN TO SEE-**

*OF COURSE-*

**THE MARTYR SUIT PROTOTYPE SWOOPS LOW OVER THE BLEACHERS, MINIGUNS BLAZING-**

THE ENTIRE PLACE DEVOLVES INTO **ABSOLUTE CHAOS.**

Our viewpoints are shifted, and disoriented; no one's trying to film this; it's a superpowered set-piece as we've never witnessed it before: as viewed by people in the middle, trying to get as far away from the action as possible.

\*

The Martyr Prototype lands loudly in the bleachers behind home-plate, and **FIRES THE SONIC WEAPON INTO THE CROWD, clearing a path to the wreckage of the stage-**

*Which explodes upwards, Matt telekinetically tossing it away, dirty and covered in cuts-*

Matt swings an arm at the suit, and it's **BLOWN BACKWARDS-**

But twists midair and rockets into the sky-

-and Matt takes off after it, **TACKLING IT INTO THE NOSEBLEED SEATS-**

Where they crash violently into the structure, ripping up dozens of seats, before Jack **FLINGS** Matt off him, **AGAIN OPENING FIRE WITH THE MACHINE GUNS, shooting THROUGH the panicking crowd-**

Matt, thinking fast, telekinetically **SHOVES ALL THE PEOPLE AROUND HIM DOWN** and then **throws up a telekinetic wall, blocking the stream of bullets-**

-the sonic weapon turns on and **BLOWS HIM BACKWARDS, off the edge of the stadium, along with several bystanders-**

\*

*-but he simply flies back up, catching all the bystanders and throwing them to safety (WHOA!) before psi-grabbing a dozen of the broken chairs and flinging them at Jack-*

Jack opens fire with the miniguns again, but the chairs knock him off balance, and the **glowing blue stream of bullets goes off wild into the sky!**

FROM HELICOPTER NEWSCAM.

We get an aerial view of the pandemonium in the stadium, when **THE ERRATIC STREAM OF BULLETS comes within INCHES of slicing the chopper in half!**

HELICOPTER PILOT

*Shit clear the air, clear the air,  
get us the hell out of here!*

FROM NEWS CAMERAS, CAMERAS IN THE CROWD.

Matt **blasts Jack backwards with a huge wave of force, but again Jack pirouettes into flight, corkscrewing back around, guns BLAZING-**

*-jesus that was beautiful and incredible-*

Matt launches off, and we-

*-follow them from various tight, intimate vantage points as the two of them crash through the stadium's different levels, Jack firing off the miniguns and sonic weapons with reckless abandon until-*

Matt, spun out by the sonic weapon, **crashes into the pitchers mound-**

Jack lands right next to him, the Lightning Bug engine, **REVVING ON HIS BACK, ELECTRICITY CRACKLING UP THE LIGHTING ROD-**

Matt stands-

*-grabs the Martyr Prototype by the chest-*

**-and FLINGS IT TWO HUNDRED FEET UP INTO THE HUGE LIGHT RIG OVER THE FIELD!**

The Lightning Bug **EXPLODES**, malfunctioning wildly, cascading an anarchy of electricity **IN ALL DIRECTIONS**. The lights all around Jack pop and **BURST** in a chaos of light and noise!

Matt, down on the field, looks up at all the anarchy in the stadium, and touches his bleeding, presumably ringing ears. He's covered in cuts and bruises already.

He staggers, clearly trying to clear his head.

National Guard troops have started to appear, and one of them gets in one of our crowd camera's face; the situation is being brought under control...ish.

FROM THE MARTYR PROTOTYPE'S CAMERA.

We can hear Jack struggling, but it's no good; clearly parts of it were damaged from the fight, and what was left after that has been fried by the explosion of the Lightning Bug.

He's imbedded in the lighting rig...But down below him, on the top of the huge digital Scoreboard display, we can see Miranda, climbing up from an access ladder.

She holds the camera at her side, not filming; she looks wild-eyed and panicked, furious.

JACK (O.S.)  
(yelling to her)  
I'm sorry baby! You know it had to  
be this way!

She screams back at him, but we can barely hear her. She's crying, we can see that now; the suit's camera zooms in to see her.

JACK (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Get that camera out! This is our  
moment, this is what we worked for!

\*

Miranda shakes her head violently, yelling at him.

JACK (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Come on, Mimi. Don't make me do  
this alone.

Miranda stares at him for a moment, then slowly raises the camera.

FROM MIRANDA'S CAMERA.

We can hear her breathing hard, crying, behind the camera as she pans the chaos in the stadium.

MIRANDA (O.S.)  
(muttering)  
I told you no. I told you no. You  
promised you promised. I told you  
no.

Something flits past, and she follows it. It's Matt; he flies up to where Jack's stuck, getting very close.

MIRANDA (CONT'D)

No. Stop. No.

We INTERCUT between THE MARTYR PROTOYPE CAM and MIRANDA'S.

Matt, getting his first real look at the Martyr Prototype, is clearly in an even mix of horror and fascination. He gets close, but a crackle of electricity makes him back off a tiny bit.

When he finally speaks to Jack, it's in an abstract way; almost as though Jack **didn't** just try to murder him, injuring and possibly killing dozens of innocent people.

Matt is reacting exactly how you'd react if you were seeing the CRAZY SHIT he's seeing.

MATT

Whhhhhh...what the hell **is** this?  
Did you **build this**, jesus christ  
man...

The suit struggles, but Matt has it pinned, it's tangled in the wiring of the lights.

MATT (CONT'D)

Quit trying to fight, you are going  
*nowhere.*

MIRANDA (O.S.)

Please stop *pleasestoppleasestop.*

Jack, breathing hard, clearly scared, unleashes his polemic.

JACK (O.S.)

HOW ARE YOU GONNA SAVE THE WORLD,  
MATT? You killed your cousin, and  
then you RAN AWAY! YOU COULDN'T  
EVEN SAVE ANDREW, TELL ME HOW  
YOU'RE GONNA SAVE THE WORLD-

\*  
\*

MATT

**Whoa**, hey- just- *shut up!* I don't  
understand- *who are you, what do  
you want from me?*

JACK (O.S.)

You were **there**. I'm not going to  
let you walk away from what  
happened. There's nothing to stop  
you from becoming what you could  
become. There has to be justice  
for what you did. I *will* restore  
balance to the human race.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

MIRANDA  
JACK NO! PLEASE JACK NO!  
NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

\*

This last shriek is loud enough that Matt actually hears it; confused, he turns Miranda, looking down to where she stands far beneath him.

For a moment, they make eye contact, but only Miranda's camera catches this.

MATT  
Who-

Jack takes the opportunity to flip open a little panel and hit a button on the Martyr suit-

**-Matt turns and notices a split second before-**

**kaBOOM!**

The explosion is **MASSIVE**, the wire-frame tower of the light rig coming apart like an erector set!

Matt is **blasted out of the air** like a missile, crashing down to the diamond below.

Miranda and her camera are **smashed by the shock wave**; the camera is dropped, but Miranda is knocked all the way off the top of screens, and we watch from her dropped camera as she has to scramble to hold on to the ledge...

*-gonna fall-*

*No!* Miranda forces herself back up onto the top, immediately collapsing to her knees, hyperventilating.

MIRANDA  
N...n...Nononono. JACK! JACK!  
NO! JACK! JACK! NO! NO!

The words take on a dangerous, broken screech. She's making sounds, but they're not words so much, not anymore.

It should be tragic, but instead...It's somehow chilling.

Miranda Hodgkins might not have fallen to her death.

But she has gone over the edge.

CRASH TO BLACK.

FROM AIELLO'S CAMERA.



EXT. AT & T PARK - GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER

Matt, covered in cuts and bruises and dirty, is being looked at by medics, who he keeps shoving away as the camera approaches him, with Stephanie walking out ahead.

MATT

*It's about time, where's my family?*

STEPHANIE

We're taking them out of the city  
as we speak-

MATT

Where's the girl? \*

STEPHANIE

Girl?- What girl-

MATT

*THERE WAS A GIRL, ON THE  
SCOREBOARD. DID YOU NOT SEE HER,  
GET THE CAMERAS, she MUST be on the  
cameras!*

AIELLO (O.S.)

Hey, easy, we've got it under  
control-

MATT

Under control, yeah okay- **NO, NO  
YOU DON'T.** Hanson's at Haven  
Hills? \*

STEPHANIE

Yes-

MATT

Right.

Matt takes off **SONIC BOOM** he's gone; people are knocked down by it, dazed, only starting to recover.

STEPHANIE

Shit.

AIELLO (O.S.)

Call Hanson-

STEPHANIE

I know.

Stephanie takes out her cell.

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)

(into cell)

Yeah. Director, he's on his way to you now. About thirty seconds ago.

(to Aiello)

Camera off.

**FROM AN AGENT'S HANDHELD.**

INT. HAVEN HILLS FACILITY - HANSON'S OFFICE

The camera is hurriedly being turned on, first filming the floor, then up to Hanson. We're in his office; tasteful, functional, nothing fancy.

News reports from San Francisco play on a big screen on the wall. Hanson is typing something on his laptop.

HANSON

You got that on? Good.

From somewhere outside, we can hear a **SONIC BOOM** and the building rattles. Hanson sighs, and sits back in his chair, clearly thinking, preparing himself.

HANSON (CONT'D)

(to camera)

Stay calm.

\*

There's a crashing, shattering sound from somewhere in the building. Then, after a moment, another one. Then a third, much closer.

Then **VERY SUDDENLY-**

The oak door **blasts off its hinges**, crashing to the ground, and Matt storms through; he paces like a caged animal in front of Hanson's desk, still covered in bruises, cuts, dust and dirt.

He's followed, cautiously, by another agent, with another camera.

Matt's eyes are slightly wild, but he's keeping it together.

MATT

Okay *FIRST OF ALL*, first of all, what the hell was that thing? I do not for a second believe that guy built that alone! You're going to find who built it, okay?

(MORE)

\*

MATT (CONT'D)

*You're going to find out when, and where, and how, and- there was a woman, okay there was a woman I saw- she must still be in the area, **GET HER**, okay? And my family, I want my family out of there, as far as possible, and somewhere safe, do you hear me? HEY ARE YOU LISTENING TO ME? DO YOU HEAR ME, DO IT! NOW!*

\*

Matt stands there, breathing hard.

Hanson takes off his glasses, and shuts his laptop, standing. He stares at Matt blankly; there's no fear in his eyes. No anything, except...

Faced with the most powerful human being on Earth, Scott Hanson looks....

Annoyed.

HANSON

Who the hell do you think you are?

MATT

...What?

Hanson comes around his desk, speaking in a measured tone.

HANSON

You're gonna order me around? In what alternate reality are you living that you think you can walk in here and shout at me? I am not your employee any more than you are mine, we've offered you an official position, you said **no**-

MATT

Oh come on this again, really, really!?

HANSON

-We've offered you protection, so when something like this inevitably happened-

MATT

What so *this is my fault*, are you stupid, are you an idiot, did you not-

HANSON

**HEY.** Being a nice guy who can fly doesn't give you credence to come in here like Genghis Khan-

MATT

-Did you not see what *JUST FREAKING HAPPENED*-

HANSON

**-knock my goddamn nice oak door off the- sit down.**

MATT

*-Someone tried to kill me, man!  
They hurt people, they-*

HANSON

*-and being scared does not give you  
the **right to be an asshole.** SIT  
DOWN.*

Matt falters; for the first time we really feel the weight of Hanson's presence. Matt's still just a kid looking for a home, and Hanson's complete confidence is enough to stop the rotation of the earth. \*

They face off like that for a moment before Matt, showing his age loud and clear, begrudgingly pulls out a chair and flops down into it. \*

MATT

(to camera)  
Turn that off.

HANSON

*Leave it on.*

CUT.

The room is full of agents now, taking notes on paper and digital devices. Cuts on Matt's forehead, neck and arm are being bandaged by medics, while a sketch artist finishes taking a description.

Hanson, in the meantime, is going a mile a minute to various agents, talking on the phone, and skyping.

HANSON (CONT'D)

Yeah, I want every camera we can get; this is Seattle Protocol, people, pull everything.

The sketch artist finishes his drawing, and holds it up to Matt; it's a mostly accurate rendering of Miranda.

HANSON (CONT'D)

This her?

MATT

Yeah, that's...yeah.

HANSON

Okay.

Hanson turns, and rattles out orders with absolute confidence and lightning fast speed as everyone takes notes. It's The Fugitive.

HANSON (CONT'D)

Put an APB out to San Francisco PD on this description, get the picture there too. Also let's contact the FBI, see if we can get Jane Doe kicked up to the top of America's most wanted. On top of that, let's hit Interpol, get pings on her globally, plus let's loop in NSA, CIA, Homeland Security, the whole kit and kaboodle. Let's also stick a flag in the remains of the weapon and its pilot, I want those sent here to be looked at by OUR people, see if we can source the parts. Let's get this all done in the next fifteen minutes please and thank you, and anyone without an active assignment find one and clear my office. Geronimo.

The agents depart, hurriedly, as Hanson leans into his intercom.

HANSON (CONT'D)

Pentagon, you got all that?

PENTAGON OFFICER

(on phone)

Got it.

HANSON

Thank you.

Hanson clicks off the phone. He and Matt are left alone (to the exclusion of the camera and the medics).

HANSON (CONT'D)

How bad are his injuries?

MATT

I'm fine.

HANSON  
Uh-huh. How bad are his injuries?

MEDIC  
Mostly superficial, but we've got to keep a watch on this cut on his neck.

HANSON  
Okay, you mind giving us some space?

The medic nods and heads out. Hanson sighs, looking at Matt, who's clearly self conscious about his earlier outburst.

HANSON (CONT'D)  
See? No yelling needed. We got all hands on deck now. We told you if you'd cooperate with our operation we'd protect you, and we're doing our best to do that. Good enough?

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

MATT  
(with a Matt-smirk)  
...Yeah, well I'm sorry about your nice oak door.

HANSON  
(beat)  
You okay?

MATT  
(beat)  
...No, man. I don't know.  
(leans forward, putting his head in his hands)  
I don't know.

HANSON  
(to camera)  
Give us a minute, would you?

AGENT (O.S.)  
Sir?

HANSON  
*Give us a minute.*

BEAT ON BLACK.

FROM STEPHANIE'S CAMERA.

INT. HAVEN HILLS FACILITY - WAITING ROOM AREA

The camera is a safe distance from Matt, who's asleep, laying on a couch. He looks uncomfortable, and tired, sort of like a little boy. \*

Matt stirs, bleary eyed, and notices Stephanie. \*

MATT  
Wow, super creepy. \*

CUT.

Matt is sitting up, tired.

STEPHANIE (O.S.)  
You've been here all night?

MATT  
What time is it? Seven, oh jesus christ-

CUT.

STEPHANIE (O.S.)  
Is there anything I can do?

MATT  
Where are my parents?

STEPHANIE (O.S.)  
They were moved to a safe house just outside of Beale, California. We've got Marines on watch around the clock-

MATT  
Couldn't the person who hacked the server just find that out too?

STEPHANIE  
We've changed all the passwords and firewalls, they'd have to start from scratch.

MATT  
Where's Hanson?

STEPHANIE (O.S.)  
He's downstairs, coordinating all the new footage.

CUT.

MATT  
How many people did it...kill? \*

STEPHANIE (O.S.)  
(long beat)  
Two. There are a lot of people injured, but only two fatalities. It's kind of a miracle, really. We were looking at the footage, you did a great job, protecting people... \*

Matt isn't listening. He's just staring at the floor, trying to process it; pushing away the darker thoughts.

He snaps out of it.

MATT  
Okay...Okay. \*

INT. BATHROOM

It's a standard men's room; harshly lit. Matt stands in front of the mirror, Stephanie filming him from behind.

He's peeling back the bandage on his forehead. \*

MATT  
(winces)  
Agh, god that stings. \*

STEPHANIE  
You really shouldn't- \*

MATT  
No, it's okay. I'm gonna show you a trick. \*

He looks at the cut on his neck, and then tears the bandage off in one move.

MATT (CONT'D)  
*OW!!! MOTHERFU-*

CUT.

We're getting a close up of the cut on Matt's neck. It's a bit gruesome. Matt, for his part, seems to have mentally taken up a place familiar to us, all giggly excitement...

...familiar perhaps, from a toy store, or a backyard, long ago...



MATT (CONT'D)  
Alright, you- got it, yeah?

STEPHANIE (O.S.)  
Yeah. What're you-

MATT  
Okay this is one of my new ones,  
okay...

Matt holds up his hand over the cut, and after a moment, the stitches pop out.

MATT (CONT'D)  
Okay wow this hurts.

And then...the cut, now open, pulls together, the skin weaving together and rapidly scabbing over, and then the scab **falling away to reveal a perfectly healed scar.**

STEPHANIE (O.S.)  
**Holy shit.**

\*

MATT  
Riiiiight? Pretty good.

CUT.

STEPHANIE (O.S.)  
How long have you been able to do that?

MATT  
Couple of months, I figured out how to do it after I got that flu, was that before you were here?

STEPHANIE (O.S.)  
I think so.

MATT  
I got that flu and I figured if I could visualize me grabbing and crushing every little virus, I could be healthy again. And it worked. So then I was like, if I could visualize me stimulating the cells to repair and knit together...and I guess that works too.

\*

Matt smiles, clearly very proud of himself, but also just glad to have someone to talk to.

\*

\*

EXT. HAVEN HILLS FACILITY - DAY

Matt is walking outside the Haven Hills facility; the facility is clearly new, built in the middle of the woods, at the old Haven Hills barn site.

He talks to Stephanie as he walks; the cut on his forehead is a mere scar now, too.

MATT

It's so weird that you built all this so fast, you know? I remember, there was just an old barn here...there was nothing. Now it's like, people everywhere, crazy.

STEPHANIE

The program is a priority for national security.

MATT

Oh yeah, I bet. Is it just me, or do you guys do other stuff, too?

STEPHANIE

That's classified.

MATT

C'mon.

(beat)

Wasn't there that big fireball in Iowa a couple months ago? And that electricity thing up in North Dakota, you guys know anything about that?

STEPHANIE

I'm sorry, that really is classified.

MATT

(a-ha!)

That's a yes. That's a big'ol'yes.

CUT.

They're at the edge of a paved path into the woods.

MATT (CONT'D)

(looks to the woods)

...Is it all dug up, back there?

STEPHANIE

Yes.

(beat)

Do you want to go see-

MATT

No. I...uh...no. Mogo- he doesn't  
want to see me.

(mutters)

I think he's mad at me.

STEPHANIE

What?

MATT

Nothing, I don't- nothing.

INT. HAVEN HILLS FACILITY - CAFETERIA

They're in the Haven Hills facility's cafeteria; standard  
government fair, nothing fancy. Matt is greedily eating the  
food

MATT

Sometimes I just sleep outside.  
Well I mean mostly used to sleep in  
hotels, motels...I guess that's  
done, now that everyone knows my  
face.

STEPHANIE (O.S.)

Why don't you just stay with your  
parents?

MATT

They don't...y'know, it's hard.  
They don't really get it, I guess?  
I don't even know if I get it,  
really, anymore.

STEPHANIE (O.S.)

Get what?

MATT

Me. You know...Who I am. Who I  
want to be. They can't treat me  
normal, nobody treats me like a  
real person...

Matt is distracted by something on one of the mounted TVs.  
The camera turns to show the TV, which is showing a live  
report on a massive car pile-up on the freeway.

The camera goes back to Matt, but he's already getting up. \*

STEPHANIE \*

Matt, what're you- wait, wait- \*

CUT. \*

Stephanie is chasing Matt up a hallway. \*

STEPHANIE (CONT'D) \*

Matt, wait for a second, just talk  
to me- \*

They reach the elevators, Matt going in to an open one, and  
Stephanie following him. \*

STEPHANIE (CONT'D) \*

Listen, I know you want to go out,  
but Hanson says- \*

Matt smirks and ducks out of the elevator, making a pinching  
motion with his fingers that causes the elevator doors to  
*SLAM SHUT!* \*

STEPHANIE (CONT'D) \*

...*Shit!* \*

FROM AIELLO'S CAMERA. \*

EXT. HAVEN HILLS FACILITY - SHORTLY THEREAFTER

The camera rushes to catch up with Matt, who's walking  
purposefully in the field area around the large government  
facility building, wooded on all sides.

AIELLO (O.S.)

Mr. Garretty! Wait, Mr. Garretty! \*

MATT

Not now Mike, I-

HANSON

Hey! What the hell? \*

Hanson rapidly approaches.

MATT

Oh here we go.

HANSON

The hell is the idea trapping  
Stephanie in the elevator like  
that?

MATT

There's a big pile-up on the ten,  
gasoline fires, I thought-

\*  
\*

HANSON

**No.** You're grounded, you're on  
break til we figure this out.

MATT

I'm sorry, I'm *grounded*?

HANSON

It's for your own safety.

MATT

I don't take *breaks*, okay, that  
isn't how this works. I made a  
promise that I would help people,  
if I see an opportunity to do that  
and I don't-

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

HANSON

The entire world is talking about  
YOU right now, Matt, *nothing else*.  
Those psychos who tried to kill you  
are most likely waiting for you to  
show your face, so they can-

\*

MATT

So they can **what!?** That thing blew  
up-

\*

HANSON

Who says they don't have another  
one, who says they don't have TEN  
more?

MATT

So I'm supposed to what, hang  
around here picking my nose til  
another robot drops out of the sky  
and starts blowing crap up? Screw  
that, man.

Matt and Hanson come out to an excavation site; the ground  
has been dug away, exposing ***the massive front mantel of the  
crystalline entity from Chronicle!***

It's **MUCH bigger** than what we saw before, and, free of the  
chamber around it, it's debatably clear that what we're  
looking at is some kind of face. Not like any face on any  
animal we've ever seen before but still...

...A face.

Men are down there, doing tests on it, running scans and such.

Neither Matt nor Hanson acknowledge its presence.

HANSON

That's what terrorism is, Matt,  
it's waiting. It's accepting that  
something bigger than you is-

MATT

But it's not *bigger* than me, it's  
ABOUT me.

HANSON

Listen, YOU'RE not just YOU  
anymore. You're an idea, you're a-  
a superher-

\*  
\*

MATT

Yeah, well what if I don't want to  
be an idea, what then? Where does  
what *I* want come in to it?

Hanson sighs.

HANSON

I'm not FBI, I'm not CIA, I'm not  
anything anymore. I'm Haven Hills,  
and that is a bureau dedicated half  
to you, and half to...that.

\*

MATT

-Mogo-

\*

HANSON

Whatever you wanna call him, sure.  
Point is he doesn't have anyone  
shooting at him, yeah?

Matt's listening.

MATT

(beat)

We have transport arranged for you  
to your parents' safehouse, we  
figure that where you stay until we  
have a next step. Okay?

After a beat, Matt shrugs.

MATT (CONT'D)

Okay.

Hanson eyes him for a moment, clearly questioning his sincerity.

INT. HAVEN HILLS FACILITY - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Matt is exiting a room holding a duffle-bag, walking with a purpose. Aiello follows him.

EXT. HAVEN HILLS FACILITY - MOMENTS LATER

Matt walks ahead of Aiello.

AIELLO (O.S.)  
Where are you going?

MATT  
The safehouse.

AIELLO (O.S.)  
But the bus is the other way-

MATT  
I'm making a little detour. These crazies think they can scare me out of helping people, nope, sorry.  
(beat)  
I don't respond well to bullying.

AIELLO (O.S.)  
I'm under orders not to leave your side.

MATT  
Yeah?  
(beat)  
Well then hold your breath.

**MATT LAUNCHES INTO THE AIR AND WE'RE DRAGGED RIGHT BEHIND HIM, PAST THE SOUND BARRIER, THE WORLD BLURRING BY, MATT OUT AHEAD, THE LANDSCAPE ZIPPING PAST BENEATH AND THEN-**

EXT. FREEWAY - CONTINUOUS

Matt lands and we suddenly *decelerate rapidly* and land in a rough roll.

Aiello struggles to his feet, the camera whipping around wildly: **we're right in the middle of the pile up.** Cars are crashed and flipped all over the place.

Oil fires burn as firemen struggle to put them out, the jaws of life are being applied to a crumpled car.

Matt starts subtly, casually waving his hands:

The crumpled car **UNCRUNCHES**, releasing the man trapped in side into the arms of the fire fighters! The doors of all the flipped or damaged cars *rip off and fall to the ground!*

And then, lastly, with a careless swoop of his arm, the *fires go out!*

Matt turns, seeing a newsvan on the scene, and rapidly walks towards it.

AIELLO (O.S.)  
Mister Garretty! Mister Garretty  
please!

FROM NEWS CAMERA.

The **REPORTER** is stunned and star-struck as Matt brushes right by him, going *right up to the camera, grabbing it by the lens and pulling it right up to his face.*

MATT  
I. AM NOT. AFRAID. OF YOU.

CRASH TO BLACK.

FROM THE WHIRLYBIRD CAMERA.

INT. JACK'S HOUSE - BASEMENT

For a moment things are out of focus, but then it pulls together. We're looking through a slightly fish-eyed lens Jack's basement, sitting on a workshop table. \*

Most of the lights are off, but the room is lit in a spooky blue glow by lap-tops and smartphones **EVERYWHERE**, all interlinked with firewire cables; all the screens are on, with code rapidly scrolling across them, running some kind of program. \*

Miranda is front and center, tinkering with something behind the camera. She looks, flatly put, insane. Her eyes are wide but seem unfocused, she's tousled and unwashed, and has math equations written ALL OVER her arms.

There's a buzz, and she smiles, standing up and away from the camera...Which, with a gentle "whirrrr" sound, lifts into the air.



MIRANDA

See Jack? No hands.

CUT.

Whatever the camera is riding on follows Miranda, floating roughly six feet in the air, as she picks her way through the basement, now more cluttered than ever, to the stairs.

The manic, hyper-decisive way she speaks is unmistakable. A schizophrenic slowly coming unglued from our reality.

We get the impression from her delivery that even if there was no camera...she'd be saying all this to herself.

\*  
\*

MIRANDA (CONT'D)

It's done now. I finished it this morning. You were right. We do need to keep filming. So they can know who we were. That we weren't the bad guys. That it was him. It was *him*.

CUT.

Miranda is walking up the stairs, and in the light we can see that she's written all over the walls.

MIRANDA (CONT'D)

They showed you on TV, you would've been so impressed, it's all anybody is talking about now. I've been very busy, I have to be careful, because they're watching me now.

CUT.

Miranda's up in the house, which is a *mess*, things are broken, equations written on the walls in sharpie.

MIRANDA (CONT'D)

I never told you because I knew you'd think I was crazy, but there are people watching me all the time. Eyes in the sky, in every camera, that's why I don't go out.

We get our first look at our new camera when it passes a mirror; it's a simple, store-bought miniature helicopter, the sort you can download aps to control with your iPhone, modified by Miranda's brilliant mind to be her own personal documentarian.

MIRANDA (CONT'D)

There are bugs here, Jack, bugs everywhere. Now that you're not here I see that there are little red spiders all over everything. I think you kept them away, your scent, your pheromones, or a chemical in your blood. I would take your blood and rub it all over me if it would keep them off, haha, it sounds crazy but I really would.

Miranda looks around the dirty, destroyed living room with genuine concern and fear.

MIRANDA (CONT'D)

This will all have to burn soon.

CUT.

Miranda is stalking through the house, carrying a bunch of circuit boards and machinery, when there's **A SUDDEN POUNDING AT THE DOOR.**

Miranda drops everything and it *crashes to the floor.*

LANDLORD (O.S.)

Mr. Fisk! Mister Jack! It's Lupe!

Miranda ducks off screen quickly, the camera trying to track her quick movement but then giving up and hanging in the middle of the room, filming the door.

LANDLORD (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Your rent is two weeks overdue!  
You need to pay now, please!

Miranda reappears, holding a kitchen knife, staring at the door, *trembling with potential energy.*

LANDLORD (O.S.) (CONT'D)

I know you're in there! Open the door or I'm coming in! Five.  
Four. Three. Two. OKAY! You make me do this.

The key jangles in the lock, and Miranda raises the knife higher. The knob turns. *The door opens-*

*-but catches on the chain.* Daylight floods in, and an arm comes through, reaching around trying to undo the chain.

Miranda rapidly stalks towards the arm, getting ready to **stab it**, the whirlybird following her (*oh shit oh shit*), but then stops, waiting-

The arm, unsuccessful at undoing the chain, retracts to from whence it came, the door slamming closed.

LANDLORD (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
I'll be back. You got two days,  
I'm coming back with la policia!

We can hear the landlord depart. Miranda turns and stares back at the camera, and gives a weird, flinching smile.

CUT.

Miranda is hurrying through the hallway, taking off her shirt. As she enters the bedroom, she slams the door; the Whirlybird bumps into it.

CUT.

Miranda **suddenly bursts out of the bedroom**, and the whirlybird *banks hard* to follow her movement; she's now wearing a tight tank-top and yoga pants, stripped down.

A flight suit.

CUT.

Miranda heads to the basement talking back to the camera as she goes. There's a sense of sober, contemplative reason in her voice, that mixes strangely with the lunacy and squalor around her.

MIRANDA  
When a caterpillar is born, it's  
one hundred percent caterpillar,  
every cell in the body is of a  
whole, doing the same things,  
operating the same way. But then,  
one day, one of the cells changes:  
the illuminated cell.

CUT.

She's further down the stairs, heading into the darkness. From downstairs, we can hear something powering up.

MIRANDA (CONT'D)  
It can come from anywhere, the eye,  
a leg, the heart.  
(MORE)

MIRANDA (CONT'D)

But the illuminated cell begins to spread the word to all the other cells that it's time to change, and they do. That one cell sends a message to millions of others, it changes them and makes them beautiful!

CUT.

Miranda's down in the darkness now, lit by the glow of all the laptops. On a screen behind her, we can see Matt's "**I AM NOT AFRAID OF YOU**" playing on loop, muted.

MIRANDA (CONT'D)

That was you Jack, you changed my life. I was lost, and I was alone, and I thought that was all I could be. But you found me. And you loved me. And you gave me a purpose.

The computers let out a greek chorus of confirmation "beeps" and "dings." Suddenly all of the screens show a geographical location, a marker from a satellite photograph.

MIRANDA (CONT'D)

And now I'm part of something bigger than myself. I'm going to change the world. I understand now, I understand what you said about us being martyrs.

Miranda presses a small button, like a car-key, and the full Martyr suit, now completed, activates behind her in the darkness: a hulking, formless shape.

We can see the three lights, two green and one red, turn on, as well as two bright headlights, that reduce Miranda to a strange, ghostly silhouette.

MIRANDA (CONT'D)

I am an illuminated cell.

DIGITAL CUT.

FROM AIELLO'S CAMERA.

INT. SAFEHOUSE - DINING ROOM

Matt and his parents are having dinner. Aiello's at the table with them. Matt's dad is addressing the camera.

Matt looks despondent, Matt's mom just concerned.

MR. GARRETTY

Yes but you don't really have to film us eating.

AIELLO (O.S.)

I'm under orders to document everything.

MATT

They do it cause they think I'm gonna do a scooby-doo and take off my human skin.

MR. GARRETTY

That's not true, is it?

AIELLO (O.S.)

Well-

MR. GARRETTY

Matt, is that true, do you feel like...an alien?

Matt just stares at his father, then directly at the camera.

"Come the fuck on."

\*

FROM STEPHANIE'S CAMERA.

EXT. SAFEHOUSE - SUNSET - LATER

We're on the ground in the clearing around the house, a nice colonial in the middle of the woods.

Matt sits on the roof, holding a baseball, staring at it.

STEPHANIE (O.S.)

Hey hot shot.

Matt laughs at her approach.

MATT

Hey.

CUT.

Stephanie is clambering up onto the roof.

CUT.

Stephanie comes and sits down next to Matt.

STEPHANIE (O.S.)  
Hanson's pretty pissed at you.

MATT  
(smiling)  
See, this is why I never wanted to  
go to you guys, the government or  
whatever. I didn't want to be in a  
position where people were like,  
yelling at me and shit.  
(beat)  
Where are the guards, soldiers and  
stuff?

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

STEPHANIE  
They're here. If you could see  
them they wouldn't be very good at  
their job, right-

Matt telekinetically sucks the camera away from her, so we're  
now filming Stephanie.

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)  
*HEY!*

MATT (O.S.)  
Why did you take this job?

STEPHANIE  
Matt, give me that back, I will get  
fired-

MATT (O.S.)  
Why'd you take the job?

Stephanie's quiet for a beat.

STEPHANIE  
Because I wanted to meet you.

MATT (O.S.)  
Why?

STEPHANIE  
Because...I-

MATT (O.S.)  
Because I can fly.

STEPHANIE  
And just...everything you were  
doing, helping people, it was-

Matt groans, and gives the camera back.

MATT

Yeah, that's not me. That's just, like, who I thought I was supposed to be, right?

Matt sits, contemplating the baseball. He almost starts to cry but then quickly stops himself, self conscious in front of the camera.

CUT.

Matt is standing by the edge, trying to stay away from the camera.

MATT (CONT'D)

You know what it is? Like what it really is? I've been alone, for like eight months. I've got nothing, I don't own anything. I would see on TV, people would catch pictures of me, and it would be like I was Bigfoot or something, and I thought, like...

(laughs sourly)

I mean I didn't even graduate high school, I like-.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Matt laughs, barely a laugh, sardonic and angry.

MATT (CONT'D)

I have zero friends.

STEPHANIE (O.S.)

I'm your friend.

MATT

**No**, you're my handler, you're a **camera**. We're *friendly*, I like you, but- there is nothing I can say to you that will explain what it's like to be me. Life is just a blur. Everyone treats me different, no one knows what to say to me, everyone's always thinking too much, and when they listen they listen like, *too hard*. I can't even- I can't explain it. There were two people, there were-

(beat, holding back tears)

There were only two people who could've understood what I'm going through. And thanks to me...

\*

Matt tries to collect himself.

\*

MATT (CONT'D)

They're **dead**. I could've done something, I should've done something, I don't know what and I can't know what **now**, but I didn't, and now they're both **dead**.

(beat)

And that's it.

(beat)

Steve was...I don't know if it was an accident. But I killed Andrew. I killed my friend.

(beat)

I killed my only friend.

Matt, openly crying, shrugs.

MATT (CONT'D)

And that's it.

BLUR-STATIC AND  
THEN...

FROM HIGHWAY PATROL DASH CAM.

EXT. RURAL HIGHWAY - NIGHT

A truck has been pulled over by the highway; it's dark, and the only movement is the occasional thunderous blur of a big rig speeding past.

A big tarp covers the bed of the truck, something large hulking beneath it, creating an odd shape.

There's a sense of menace almost immediately as the **HIGHWAY PATROLMAN** walks into frame, headed to the front of the truck.

CUT.

Miranda (!) is being walked around to the back, standing next to the massive tarp.

HIGHWAY PATROLMAN

Do you know how fast you were going?

Miranda doesn't respond for a beat, staring at him, nods, then shakes her head.

HIGHWAY PATROLMAN (CONT'D)

Yes? No?

(beat)

You okay?



Miranda starts to respond; a huge truck rumbles past, startling her, and us.

HIGHWAY PATROLMAN (CONT'D)  
Okay, can you respond to me?  
Anything?

MIRANDA  
I don't...I don't know.

HIGHWAY PATROLMAN  
You don't know? \*

Another huge truck blows past, and Miranda flinches. The cop eyeballs her for a moment, then sighs.

HIGHWAY PATROLMAN (CONT'D)  
Just stand right behind your truck there. I feel like something's going on and if you can't confirm or deny that then maybe you should go with me for a minute, yeah?

Miranda stares at him in silence.

HIGHWAY PATROLMAN (CONT'D)  
Okay. I'm gonna call this in, you stay right here. You're not gonna run, are you?

Miranda stares at him a beat, then shakes her head, looking around into the night. The cop laughs, nervous.

HIGHWAY PATROLMAN (CONT'D)  
Well okay.

The cop walks back to his car, going around out of sight.

HIGHWAY PATROLMAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
(on radio)  
Yeah, we've got a 23103 just north of the 10, code-4 right now-

Miranda suddenly turns and runs around the side of the truck, climbing up and disappearing under the tarp.

HIGHWAY PATROLMAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
(on radio)  
*Shit, shit-* 11-99, subject is- shit-

The cop ditches the radio and comes around back into the headlights, gun drawn.

HIGHWAY PATROLMAN (CONT'D)  
*Ma'm you come out of there right  
now! You come out of there RIGHT  
NOW!*

Silence. The wind blows. A faint hum starts from underneath the tarp.

HIGHWAY PATROLMAN (CONT'D)  
Miss you have five seconds to  
comply! Five! Four!

A huge truck blows past, startling the cop.

HIGHWAY PATROLMAN (CONT'D)  
*Three! Two! One!*

Silence. The cop edges forward, and tugs at the tarp-

***VRRRRRRRRRRRRRMMMMMMMM! AN EXPLOSION OF BLUE LIGHT AS THE  
MINIGUNS OPEN FIRE FROM UNDER THE TARP AS IT FLIES OFF THE  
TRUCK, THE COP AND THE HOOD OF THE CAR FRAGMENTING TO NOTHING  
AS THE CAMERA***

CRASHES TO  
STATIC.

FROM AIELLO'S CAMERA.

INT. SAFEHOUSE - KITCHEN

Matt is frantically talking to Aiello, repeatedly pushing the camera away, ignoring it. His nose is bleeding badly. Stephanie is behind him, trying to calm him down.

MATT  
(indicating his nose)  
No, okay, this is bad, *this is  
really bad-*

STEPHANIE  
Matt, calm down for a second and  
talk-

MATT  
No you need to get on the walkie  
talkie right, you need to tell them  
to lock this place down now-

AIELLO (O.S.)  
Just talk to me, tell me what's  
going on-

\*

MATT

I don't- I can't- *shit shit!*

Matt turns, pushing past Stephanie into the

\*

LIVING ROOM

Where his parents are standing, looking alarmed.

MR. GARRETTY

Matt, what's going on-

MATT

We need to get you out of here,  
right away, something's wrong,  
something's really wrong!

MRS. GARRETTY

Please just tell us, tell us what's-

Stephanie's walkie-talkie buzzes.

MARINE (ON WALKIE)

(quickly)

We've got smoke. We're condition  
red.

MATT

What? *What's that, what did-*

Stephanie holds up a hand.

STEPHANIE

What? Repeat, did not copy-

AIELLO (O.S.)

What's going on?

MRS. GARRETTY

Oh my god, look.

She's gone to the window which looks out to the driveway...

**...Which is starting to completely flood with smoke from  
smoke grenades, the whole area outside blotting with  
impenetrable fog.**

MATT

Mom, *no, okay, no!*

Matt hurries and pulls his mother away from the window,  
closer to his dad. The camera glimpses something enter the  
room, and turns.

The Whirlybird has floated in through a window.

STEPHANIE  
*SHIT, MIKE, CAMERA DOWN, GUN OUT,  
 NOW.*

MRS. GARRETTY  
*What's going on, Matt what's going  
 on-*

Aiello's camera goes down, and we jump to

THE WHIRLYBIRD CAMERA.

Where we see the entire room, Matt, his parents, the agents, all staring at it, Aiello tossing down his digital camera and drawing his pistol.

Everyone's boggled. Stephanie steps forward, plucking it out of the air, looking directly into it.

Stephanie stares into the Whirlybird camera.

STEPHANIE  
 What **is** this-

**THE WALL BEHIND HER EXPLODES INWARD, MR. AND MRS. GARRETTY BEING FLUNG DOWN VIOLENTLY! THE ROOM IS SUDDENLY FILLED WITH CRAZY BLUE LIGHT AS EVERYTHING IS SHREDED BY THE MINI GUNS, SWISS-CHEESING THE WHOLE BOTTOM FLOOR OF THE HOUSE, THE SONIC WEAPONS SHATTERING ALL THE GLASS AND DISTORTING EVERYTHING INTO CHAOS.**

The whirlybird is yanked down, and **sees absolutely none of this clearly.**

And then...silence.

After a moment, it hovers up again, showing us the **trashed** room. Matt's parents are down, and in dazed agony. Matt is slowly getting up, shaking away rubble.

The Whirlybird focuses him on him, approaching, and we can see Stephanie getting up from rubble behind him.

Matt's clearly in shock, moving jerkily, disoriented, as he heads towards the massive hole in the wall.

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)  
*Matt stay inside. STAY INSIDE.*

Matt takes another cautious step forward, and makes a gentle movement with his hands: in a **beautiful, memorable reveal**, the smoke telekinetically parts, sweeping aside to reveal:

**THE MARTYR SUIT.**

The fever dream of the prototype has graduated into a nightmare.

The monstrous suit completely hides the wearer inside, and the number of minigun "arms" has been upped to four; they stick out over the shoulders and from the hips.

This gives the entire design a vaguely arachnid appearance; it's unsettling. Like the prototype, it's clearly been make-shifted together from a thousand different sources, but this is cleaner, meaner, stronger, and a thousand times more deadly.

MATT

...Holy shit.

Matt stands staring up at the Martyr suit, framed in its spotlights. Shock and awe.

He's never seen anything like this before. No one has. \*

STEPHANIE

Matt, **MATT-**

They're a crackle of electricity all over the suit, and then **A BOLT OF LIGHTNING CATCHES MATT FLUSH IN THE CHEST, FLINGING HIM BACKWARDS LIKE A RAGDOLL.**

AIELLO

**BRING IT DOWN! BRING IT DOWN!**

**Dozens of agents and marines emerge from the smoke, GUNS RAISED,** and open fire on the Martyr suit simultaneously, dozens of bullets sparking and bouncing off it-

-but evidence of damage is present IMMEDIATELY; the suit is meant to fight Matt, not the army, and it's taking some serious hits here.

Miranda has no choice: she fires back blindly at the military with all weapons-

**Bad idea.**

STEPHANIE

**NOT ENOUGH, LIGHT IT UP!**

**A barrage of grenades and rockets flies in KNOCKING THE MARTYR SUIT AROUND LIKE A WHIRLING DERVISH!**

Inside the suit, we see the various panels and displays cracking, sirens going off. The Martyr suit isn't built to confront conventional weapons.

Miranda, inside the suit, **screeches in psychotic anger and frustration.**

The suit **LAUNCHES INTO THE AIR**, speeding away, in full retreat.

The military slowly creeps forward.

SLAM TO:

FROM AIELLO'S CAMERA.

It's frantic and shaky, with Matt, on a gurney in an ambulance, Stephanie at his side; EMTs are working on him, an oxygen mask on his face.

People are running and talking everywhere, it's a mess.

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)

*Not now Mike.*

AIELLO (O.S.)

But-

STEPHANIE

*NOT NOW.*

Stephanie slams closed the ambulance doors.

HARD CUT TO  
BLACK.

HOLD ON BLACK.

FROM HOSPITAL ROOM CAMS.

INT. CLEAN ROOM

Several different cameras have been set up for clinical observation; like he's a lab rat. Matt is in a hospital bed, the only thing in the room; it clearly wasn't really intended for this purpose.

Hanson sits next to the bed, deep in thought. Matt stirs, and he sits up.

Matt's groggy and pained.

HANSON

Hey kid.

MATT

Hey.

(long beat)

Are my parents okay?

HANSON

(beat)

No.

MATT

Are they alive?

HANSON

Yes. Mom's got three broken ribs,  
dad's right arm and leg are broken.  
Both of them have hearing damage.

Matt lays still, processing this.

HANSON (CONT'D)

Someone's here to speak to you, if  
you're feeling up to it.

MATT

Shouldn't you be working?

HANSON

I **am** working. Brought you some  
clothes, didn't I?

Matt laughs, trying to get up, slowly, painfully, and Hanson  
goes to him, helping him into a sitting position.

MATT

I never wanted all this. I just  
wanted...I wanted everything to be  
okay. I thought I'd get answers,  
of what happened, of why it  
happened, *why me*, you know? I just  
wanted everything to be okay.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

HANSON

I know, Matt.

\*  
\*

MATT

...You know, when I first met you,  
I thought you were a real uptight  
asshole.

\*

HANSON

Yeah, and I thought you were an immature megalomaniac.

Matt laughs. Hanson helps Matt to his feet. \*

HANSON (CONT'D)

Turns out we were both right. \*

FROM INTERROGATION ROOM CAMERAS.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - SHORTLY THEREAFTER

The room has a plain steel table, a two way mirror, and three chairs. It's sparse...except for the little automated clicks and whirrs of the five wall and ceiling mounted cameras.

Matt notices *every single one*. We can feel him seething against them; so can Hanson.

HANSON

Easy.

MATT

Psh.

The door opens and two marines step in, armed with high powered rifles, and then, after a moment

**GENERAL POOL**, late 40s, enters. He's an immaculately clean man, wearing the uniform of a four star general. There's something bright and aware about him; we're looking at an officer's officer, the absolute cream of the crop.

He holds a large file folder.

Hanson stands and salutes, and Matt hurriedly stands as well, not really sure whether to salute or not, awkward. Pool simply looks at them both.

HANSON

General Pool. Something wrong, sir?

GENERAL POOL

I understood he was...incapacitated, hospitalized-

HANSON

Kid's a fast healer.



GENERAL POOL

I am attempting to give you sensitive information; there were certain parameters for the delivery of this information.

MATT

What, you thought you were gonna read me a bedtime story?

Pool takes a beat, and gives a thin, tight-lipped smile.

MATT (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, I- sorry.

GENERAL POOL

You both can go ahead and take a seat.

Hanson nods, and sits down next to Matt, who, still pained, slumps down next to him. Pool sits across from them, glancing at them cameras.

It forms an odd sort of tableau: it almost looks like a single dad and his son at a parent teacher conference.

Pool opens his folder, drawing out a picture of Miranda Hodgkins.

MATT

*This is her, this is her!*  
(to Hanson)  
That's her, holy shit-

Matt falls quiet, listening as Pool talks; the excited look on his face gradually falls to one of blank confusion.

GENERAL POOL

Miranda Hodgkins, french expatriate, is, by our numbers, one of the most intelligent people on the planet-

\*

MATT

Wait, stop, you **know** who she **is**?  
She's like a- she's like a *known thing*?  
(shocked beat)

**What?**-

GENERAL POOL

Let me finish.

MATT

*Let you FINISH-*

HANSON

Matt, come on.

Matt looks to Hanson, who stares at him, cool as a cucumber. He goes quiet.

General Pool begins pushing out documents and photographs from the file, playing them out like solitaire.

GENERAL POOL

At age seven Miranda was pulled out of public school. Both her and her sister tested at genius level, but only Miranda was inducted into the **Project Opal**.

MATT

Opal-

GENERAL POOL

Opal has existed since 1961, the purpose of the program being to locate, gather, integrate and educate children of exceptional intellect to better serve the interests of the United States of America-

\*

MATT

Some military genius school, what're you- Hanson, c'mon, this is some conspiracy shit man-

\*

GENERAL POOL

Around age thirteen Miranda began to show signs of some kind of behavioral, or mental disorder.

He shows pictures of Miranda's crazed writings, a young Miranda covered in equations, not unlike what we were seeing in Jack's house not-so-long-ago.

GENERAL POOL (CONT'D)

By the time she was seventeen, she had manifested delusional paranoia, as well as intense and unpredictable moodswings. She was formally diagnosed with schizophrenia and bipolar, and summarily removed from the active program.

\*

MATT

...So for ten years, you were  
teaching this *psycho to do WHAT*  
*exactly?*

\*  
\*

GENERAL POOL

(beat)

Engineering. Cybernetics.  
Mathematical Physics-

\*

MATT

Oh so just the basics then-

GENERAL POOL

About two years after she left the  
program, Miranda met this man, Jack  
Fisk.

MATT

(covering his face)

Holy shit, holy shit-

GENERAL POOL

Fisk was an ex-con, an anarchist  
with a long history of bad  
behavior.

\*  
\*  
\*

(beat)

His brother, Terrance Fisk, was  
killed in the incident in Seattle.

\*  
\*  
\*

(beat)

Miranda became, we think, obsessed  
with him, and in turn, after  
Seattle, gradually adopted his  
fledgling psychosis  
regarding...you.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Matt is frantically trying to remain calm; he's passed anger  
by a mile, and is now making the slow arc through complete  
shock. His head his hanging.

\*

MATT

How long have you known about this?

\*  
\*

GENERAL POOL

Six months. When Miranda hacked  
the Haven Hills server and pirated  
the footage from Andrew Detmer's  
camera and the Seattle Catastrophe-

\*  
\*  
\*

HANSON

-Slow down, why wasn't I informed  
about this?-

\*  
\*

GENERAL POOL

We tracked the style of the hacking back to Project Opal, and found that Hodgkins and Fisk were living together in Los Angeles-

HANSON

No, I said slow down. *Why wasn't I informed about this?*

GENERAL POOL

Mr. Hanson, this is above your clearance-

MATT

You knew that they were doing- she was building that thing-

GENERAL POOL

We knew that she was doing *something* having to do with you-

\*

MATT

You knew. So when they released that movie, when they attacked me...when she *tried to murder my parents*- You knew.  
(genuinely flummoxed)  
Why?

Pool gives a polite smile, closing the file.

GENERAL POOL

For eight months, the Garretty issue has been hotly debated. We can't seem to find a clean mechanism to control, inhibit or even predict your movements. You show no respect for authority, and move without consequence. And, thusly, there is an interest, at the highest level, in some form of deterrent.

\*

(beat)

Against **you**.

(beat)

We felt it best to allow Miss Hodgkins to continue her research until such she'd developed something we could use, should your **erratic** behavior ever turn dangerous.

\*

\*

\*

Matt stares at Pool.

## GENERAL POOL (CONT'D)

Matthew, I-

*Matt TELEKINETICALLY FLIPS THE TABLE ASIDE, LUNGING AT POOL-*

Hanson catches him, holding him back, as Pool retreats against the wall, terrified-

HANSON	MATT
MATT! MATT GODDAMN IT STOP IT-	A DETERRENT!? YOU DON'T "MATTHEW" ME YOU ASSHOLE-

Pool tries to hurry out of the room, but he's *YANKED BACK IN* telekinetically and lands hard on his back. The marines rush in, and are *flung into opposite walls*, one of them *SLAMMING INTO OUR CAMERA*.

HARD CUT TO:

FROM AIELLO'S CAMERA.

EXT. HAVEN HILLS FACILITY - EVENING

We're outside of the Haven Hills facility, under floodlights in a parking area. Matt is *furios*, rightfully so, as Aiello rushes up to where he's confronting Hanson, who seems frantic and upset, but not at all afraid.

MATT (to camera) I SWEAR TO GOD GET THE HELL OUT OF HERE-	*
--	---

HANSON  
Calm down, NOW-

MATT  
(yelling right at Hanson)  
UH-HUH, RIGHT! RIGHT SORRY, I'LL  
JUST CALM DOWN-

HANSON  
YOU WANNA GET IN MY FACE? IS THAT  
WHAT YOU WANNA DO?

Hanson steps towards Matt, and Matt paces, reconsidering.

HANSON (CONT'D)  
So you just attacked a five star  
general, what's next? What's next,  
huh-

MATT

*I'm going to go break your new toy.*

HANSON

Hey, I didn't know about this-

MATT

**WHY SHOULD I BELIEVE YOU? WHY?**  
*What have you ever done for me,*  
**NOTHING. You've done NOTHING but**  
**make things worse-**

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

HANSON

So you want to be alone? You want  
it to be you *versus* her? You saw  
that thing she built, it's designed  
to murder you, you got lucky once,  
*you can't win-*

\*

MATT

Yeah well we'll see about that-

HANSON

-and they're waiting for that, men  
with drills and scalpels who've  
been drooling for the day you screw  
up and get yourself killed, to *take*  
*you apart and run tests on that oh-*  
*so-special brain of yours-*

MATT

I'm not afraid, *stop trying to*  
*scare me!*

HANSON

It's bigger than that too, Matt,  
because even if you win the fight,  
you lose the argument, you go off  
the rails and you *prove her right,*  
*you prove Jack right, you prove*  
*that prick Pool right too-*

MATT

Stop it! I have to do this-

HANSON

*You want to hurt someone? You want*  
*to let anger and fear take you over-*

MATT

-Stop it- *shut up!-*

HANSON  
*You want to be Andrew? You want to  
 be an "apex predator-"*

That's the last straw.

MATT  
*I said **SHUT UP!***

Hanson is *knocked to the ground by a wave of telekinetic force, which hits Mike and knocks us down too.*

Matt, shocked at his own violence, stands silently staring at Hanson.

HANSON  
 Matt-

Matt *launches into the air.* Aiello, lowering the camera, rushes to Hanson.

AIELLO (O.S.)  
 Are you-

HANSON (O.S.)  
 Is Stephanie still in California?

AIELLO (O.S.)  
 I- yes-

HANSON (O.S.)  
 Get her on the line. He's going to  
 Los Angeles, I need a helicopter-  
*now.*

FROM WHIRLYBIRD CAMERA.

INT. JACK'S HOUSE - BASEMENT - SUNSET

Miranda is framed against a big flatscreen TV in the basement, which is showing a news broadcast. It shows helicopter shots of West Los Angeles, Santa Monica, where the sun is setting.

We can see that Matt is flying around the area, from helicopter and live on the street shots.

The broadcaster speaks in harried tones.

BROADCASTER (ON TELEVISION)

-Santa Monica, where just over an hour ago Matt Garretty appeared, demanding to speak to someone named "Miranda Hodgkins."

We can hear Matt yelling "MIRANDA!" He looks more than a little crazy.

BROADCASTER (O.S.) (CONT'D)

We go now to Toby Carter live on the scene, Toby?

**TOBY CARTER** is in downtown Santa Monica.

TOBY CARTER

Mere days after the San Francisco attack that took three lives, and left the entire world in shock, Matt Garretty-

Matt *lands next to him*, telekinetically sucking the camera up into the air with him, and then dropping it letting it clatter to the street. \*  
\*  
\*

MATT

*You miss Jack, Miranda? COME ON OUT, I'LL HELP YOU SEE HIM AGAIN.*

We hear Miranda begin **SHRIEKING** in psychotic rage, over and over; she *RUSHES UP TO THE TELEVISION, RIPPING IT OFF THE WALL AND HURLING IT TO THE GROUND.*

CUT.

Miranda is storming through the basement, starting up various machines to charge the Martyr suit, muttering to herself at a million miles an hour.

She keeps knocking things off counters, tripping on the clutter; she's completely out of control and then-

A loud pounding at the door upstairs. Miranda freezes.

CUT.

Miranda, carrying her kitchen knife, heads rapidly up the stairs.

CUT.

Miranda stalks through the living room, to find the front door **OPENING-**



MIRANDA

*Get out of here! Get-*

**POLLY Hodgkins**, 30, clean cut with bright, intelligent eyes, walks in.

Miranda drops the knife, and Polly immediately goes to her.

POLLY

Jesus christ, Miranda.

\*

Polly sits her down on the ratty couch, the Whirlybird moving in closer; the sisters talk at a mile a minute as the camera moves around them.

MIRANDA

Polly- you don't- you shouldn't be here, I don't want you to be here-

POLLY

My god, you look like you're dying, when was the last time you ate-

MIRANDA

I don't- I don't know- please just leave, please Polly just leave-

POLLY

It took me two years to find you, I'm not leaving now- oh god Miranda what'd you do, I saw Jack in that thing, did you build it?

Miranda nods.

POLLY (CONT'D)

God Miranda have you seen, Garretty is on TV shouting your name-

MIRANDA

I have to kill him.

POLLY

Why?

MIRANDA

...Jack said-

POLLY

Jack, **ugh**, Jack- what do you keep looking at?

Polly stands up, looking at the open basement door that Polly Miranda keeps staring at.

POLLY (CONT'D)  
What's down there Miranda?

MIRANDA  
The armor.

POLLY  
The armor...like Jack was wearing  
on TV?

Miranda's quiet, rocking.

POLLY (CONT'D)  
*Stay here.*

Polly turns and goes down the stairs, taking a moment to give the whirlybird a confused glance; she's seen weirder from Miranda in the past, clearly.

Miranda sits rocking and muttering to herself, then stands and quickly goes to

THE BASEMENT

The Whirlybird following closely, to find Polly standing in front of a computer, reading, rapt. Polly turns, noticing Miranda.

POLLY (CONT'D)  
This is incredible.

Polly rushing to Miranda, hugging her; Miranda's clearly confused by this, and Polly, pulls her to the laptop, and the Martyr suit.

POLLY (CONT'D)  
This is *cold fusion*, Miranda. YOU  
CRACKED *COLD FUSION*.  
*And...magnetic flight?* This is the  
most significant scientific  
discovery of-

\*  
\*  
\*

MIRANDA  
That- it doesn't matter-

POLLY  
*Doesn't matter!?* You can change  
the world, don't you see that?

MIRANDA  
It's for the cause- Jack says-

\*

POLLY

Jack **killed people** at the stadium,  
with your weapon, Miranda. What  
does that make YOU? Do the math.  
What does that make you?

\*  
\*  
\*

This actually seems to get through to Miranda; she falters,  
thinking.

MIRANDA

Polly, I have to-

POLLY

You don't have to do anything.  
This is ending *right now, Mimi*.  
You're **not thinking clearly**.  
Remember what happens when you  
don't take your medications, *you're  
not thinking clearly, and you're  
hurting people*. You don't want  
that. I won't believe it.

Miranda's silent for a moment, then begins sobbing  
uncontrollably and lurches forward, into Polly's arms.

POLLY (CONT'D)

Hey. Hey, it's okay.

MIRANDA

I don't know what's happening, I  
don't know what's happening  
anymore. I'm so confused. I'm so  
scared.

POLLY

It's okay. We'll go to the police.

MIRANDA

They'll- they'll arrest me-

POLLY

Not with this, not with all this.  
It won't be easy, but Miranda-  
listen, just stay right here, okay,  
stay right here.

Polly turns, and plucks the Whirlybird out of the air, and  
*snaps it in half-*

DIGITAL  
DISTORTION CRASH  
TO BLACK.

BUT THEN...

\*

FROM MIRANDA'S CAMERA.

We're slowly picked up off a table in the basement, raised up, so we can now see Polly rapidly putting away various lap tops, shutting things down, packing up.

POLLY (CONT'D)

-it's all going to be okay Mimi, you'll see. They've been looking for you a long time, they'll be happy to have you back. And I promise I'll stay with you, no matter what.

As she talks, the camera has slowly approached her from behind. Polly turns, and gives a little start, surprised.

POLLY (CONT'D)

...Why are you filming me-

\*

The camera suddenly *lurches in at incredible speed; THUNK, into Polly's forehead, cracking the lens!*

Polly falls backward with a shout of pain and then-

DIGITAL  
DISTORTION

We go through several; this camera is MESSED up, the data bending and scrambled, the lens broken.

IN ON...

Polly waking up. There's blood smudged down her face. She tries to get up, and finds that she's been handcuffed to the leg of a heavy work table.

In a mirror behind her, we can see Miranda's reflection, looming over her sister, the camera held in front of her face.

\*

\*

POLLY (CONT'D)

(dazed)

Miranda...no...no...please listen...

MIRANDA

(long beat)

I have to do this. It's too late to turn back.

POLLY

Miranda, he'll kill you, please don't-

MIRANDA

I've gone too far. It's bigger than us now. I owe it to Jack. He was the only one who cared about me.

Miranda presses her auto-start button, and they're both suddenly bathed in the glow of the Martyr suit's lights.

Oh **shit**.

FROM NEWS CAMERAS/BYSTANDER CAMERAS.

EXT. SANTA MONICA - THIRD STREET PROMENADE

The area has been cordoned off by police blockades, which we see briefly, before switching focus to Matt, who's flying back and forth, angrily.

Stephanie appears, holding her camera as always, moving towards him, yelling up to Matt. He looks down at her, clearly furious, and shouts something back.

Stephanie chucks her camera away without a second thought, and implores Matt to come down.

After a moment, he floats down to her, clearly upset. They talk, going back and forth, with Matt gradually calming down...

**THE MARTYR SUIT LANDS RIGHT BETWEEN THEM, SMASHING STEPHANIE ASIDE LIKE A RAGDOLL BEFORE LUNGING AT MATT, TACKLING HIM THROUGH THE GLASS WINDOWS OF A STORE-FRONT-**

BYSTANDER

JESUS CHRIST WHAT THE HELL IS THAT!?

Blue gattling gun rounds **GO SPRAYING OUT OF THE STOREFRONT IN ALL DIRECTIONS**, causing tons of collateral damage, and then the Martyr suit is **blown back out onto the promenade**.

It pulls itself to its feet as Matt exits the destroyed store, *and launches at him-*

Matt **CATCHES IT MID-AIR**.

WE INTEGRATE THE MARTYR POV CAM INTO OUR MEDLEY...

The Martyr suit, dangling, fires the sonic disrupters, and Matt staggers backwards, losing focus long enough for the suit to **LURCH FORWARD** and **SWAT HIM LIKE A VOLLEYBALL-**

Matt is **brutally launched into the air**, hits the ground and rolls before *taking off*-

The Martyr suit *launches after him*, and **we're treated to a breathtaking few seconds as we chase Matt**, midflight, all guns firing through loops and corkscrews as he attempts to **evade the suit before**-

*WHAM!* Matt *slams into us and we PLUNGE FROM THE SKY*-

We watch as Matt and the Martyr Suit go **crashing through a billboard** before slamming down onto Ocean Avenue, **DEMOLISHING** a tourism info-kiosk.

FROM AIELLO'S CAMERA.

INT. SANTA MONICA - TEMPORARY FIELD COMMAND

We're set up in a coffee shop, with lap-tops everywhere, national guardsmen and government agents running all over the place.

The camera is currently filming Hanson as we walks in, to see General Pool giving orders to some technical officers.

HANSON

*Mike you film this whole thing, I don't care who tells you to stop, got it?*

Pool noticed Hanson, and looks alarmed.

GENERAL POOL

Mr. Hanson, your orders were to remain at Haven Hills-

HANSON

What is this "don't interfere" bullshit? These are two **kids** out there, they need our help-

GENERAL POOL

Garretty is out of control-

HANSON

-Matt is- *what?*-

GENERAL POOL

If Miss Hodgkins fails to contain him then we will step in, but-

HANSON  
 (shouting, abrupt, pissed)  
**ARE YOU OUT OF YOUR FUCKING MIND?**

The entire room goes near silent, all eyes on the two highest ranking officers.

GENERAL POOL  
 You might want to reconsider your tone-

HANSON  
 (letting it all out)  
**She's the criminal, not him! She's the one-**

GENERAL POOL  
 Mr. Hanson-

HANSON  
**-brandishing a goddamn WMD around an American city-**

GENERAL POOL  
 Garretty has attacked members of the military-

HANSON  
*So has she! She just flattened a goddamn federal agent-*

GENERAL POOL  
 -he's endangering the lives of civilians-

HANSON  
**BECAUSE OF HER, WHAT ARE YOU NOT SEEING? He's a twenty year old kid just trying to do the right thing, and you're sending him out to slaughter-**

GENERAL POOL  
**Because we can stop her. Only she can stop him. Do you understand?**  
 We can't control him, you've proven that. Now a line has to be drawn.

Hanson starts to speak, but then stops himself.

HANSON  
 This is it? This is the call you're making?  
 (beat)  
 (MORE)

HANSON (CONT'D)

You're going to let a bipolar schizophrenic wielding a future-tech military grade weapon "duke it out" with the world's only superhuman in a populated city, and then swoop in and shoot the survivor in the head, that's the call you're making? Just so I'm clear.

General Pool calmly looks back at him. Hanson almost laughs.

HANSON (CONT'D)

**Wow**, Chris. You are so screwed.

(beat)

Anyone who doesn't want to be part of the court martial, you give me your car keys right now.

FROM NEWS/BYSTANDER CAMERAS.

EXT. SANTA MONICA - OCEAN AVENUE

The Martyr suit is firing with all of its miniguns as it stalks towards Matt, who's holding his telekinetic ground, leading to a tremendous amount of splash damage *all around him, which our camera-holding pedestrians have to frantically dodge!*

Matt *flicks his wrists* and two cars **launch from either side of the street, SANDWICHING** the Martyr suit between them!

It falls, but then knocks the cars away and **OPENS UP WITH THE SONIC WEAPONS**. Matt lurches, staggering, as car windows shatter and car alarms go off all around him.

The suit slowly steps forward, getting closer...and closer...

The sonics **KICK INTO HIGH GEAR, street lights shattering, several of the camera lenses cracking, Matt dropping to his knees...**

Matt, screaming in agony, begins crawling away as the Martyr suit stalks towards him; his nose is bleeding badly, and we realize he's helpless.

The Lightning Bug begins to rev, **CHARGING UP...**

This is it. Matt's going to die.

Just like Andrew died. Angry, alone and scared.



**A GOVERNMENT TRUCK SLAMS INTO THE MARTYR SUIT, smashing it to the ground; THE SONIC WEAPONS ARE DESTROYED IN THE IMPACT, shattering and shutting off.**

Matt, confused and in pain, watches as **Hanson (!)**, carrying an automatic shotgun, hops out of the drivers' side, perfectly calm, and walks around to the Martyr suit, which is trying weakly to lift the truck off it.

Hanson raises the shotgun and fires into the suit's "face" three times; the hits are so direct it actually does damage.

MATT

*Hanson* GET OUT OF HERE! Get away from it!

HANSON

FLY AWAY. YOU.  
(points to the sky)  
FLY AWAY.

MATT

No *Hanson* RUN! You have to run, go!

Hanson calmly goes around to the side of the still struggling suit and jams the shotgun into the "elbow" of the Martyr's left arm, and fires, BAM, and again, BAM.

The arm sparks and lets off jets of hydraulic steam, *breaking*. Hanson goes around to the other arm.

HANSON

Miranda Hodgkins, deactivate the weapon and come out with your hands-

Miranda, inside the suit, screams in incoherent rage, and then **SWINGS THE RIGHT ARM, SMASHING HANSON TO THE GROUND, pinning him under its "hand."**

The impact is shocking; it's as though he was hit by a car, and he lays motionless on the cracked asphalt.

MATT

No! No!

One of the gattling gun "arms" comes up, and Matt is **suddenly on it, RIPPING IT CLEAN OFF IN A LOUD SHOWER OF FIRE AND SPARKS!**

Miranda, inside the suit, shrieks in anger as alarms and sirens go off all around her.

The Martyr suit **SPRINGS INTO THE AIR**, but Matt **holds on as it takes off and it SMASHES ERRATICALLY INTO THE GROUND, sliding in a WAVE OF SPARKS RIGHT TOWARD ONE OF OUR CIVILIAN POVS (yikes!) before VEERING OFF INTO THE AIR-**

EXT. SANTA MONICA PIER - CONTINUOUS

They **tumble out of control through the sky, down over the PCH, smacking into the sand and rolling violently right up into the surf, alongside Santa Monica Pier!**

**PEOPLE ARE FILMING FROM THE PIER AT THIS POINT, MANY OF THEM PANICKING AND RUNNING.**

The suit stands on the beach, watching as Matt, in the water, slowly struggles to his feet. It begins charging the Lightning Bug again, electricity **crackling all over, THIS IS THE KILL SHOT!**

Matt **telekinetically SPRAYS SEA WATER UP ONTO THE MARTYR SUIT-**

The Lightning Bug *short circuits*, **SPRAYING ELECTRICITY EVERYWHERE**, lighting the *whole Martyr suit on fire-*

Matt **ATTACKS-**

ON THE PIER

Matt and the Martyr suit come **CRASHING UP THROUGH THE WOODEN PIER**, landing **HARD next to the ferris wheel.**

BYSTANDER  
(to his family)  
*Run! Go! RUN!*

The suit, on fire and malfunctioning badly, **SMACKS Matt away (ow)**, before turning around, trying to regaining control...but then...

The suit...stops. It's staring up at the Ferris Wheel. Miranda, inside, is clearly frozen.

What the hell is she doing? How did she come from that idyllic night with Jack to...this?

There's a cranking, wrenching sound and the suit camera turns to see Matt, kneeling, both hands raised, **pulling-**

\*

**She spins in time to see the Ferris wheel TIP AND FALL, CRUSHING THE MARTYR SUIT UNDER IT.**

Matt stumbles, wiping his nose-

**AND THE MARTYR SUIT BURSTS FROM THE WRECKAGE- But he catches it immediately, TELEKINETICALLY PARALYZING IT IN PLACE, holding up a hand, the Martyr suit helplessly spread, its eight limbs trembling before-**

\*

Matt **SPREADS HIS FINGERS**, VIOLENTLY SEPARATING THE MARTYR SUIT INTO ALL OF ITS COMPONENT PARTS IN A BURST OF SPARKS, SMOKE AND FLAME.

The wreckage falls away, and the torso clatters to the ground, helpless. There's an awful wrenching sound as Matt approaches it, and it's *peeled open like a can of beans*, exposing Miranda inside.

BYSTANDER (CONT'D)

It's...it's a girl.

Matt stares at her for a moment, lit by the carnival lights, and then **rips her out and throws her to the ground.**

Miranda, clearly dazed, begins to crawl away, trying to get up.

MATT

*WHAT DID YOU DO? WHAT DID YOU DO?  
You took everything from me!*

\*

\*

MIRANDA

*...please...I'm sorry...I don't...I  
don't know what I'm doing-*

Matt pantomimes not being able to hear Miranda as she begs him, cupping his hand to his ear, and then flicks his hand at her; one of the severed arms of the suit flips up and **smashes her down!**

We can hear the people filming react with horror.

He stalks towards as she slowly begins trying to crawl her way out from under the arm.

MATT

*WHERE ARE YOU GOING? WHERE ARE YOU  
TRYING TO GO? IT'S DONE, IT'S  
OVER.*

MIRANDA

*Please...please...*

MATT

*It's OVER.*

Matt telekinetically lifts her, **VIOLENTLY HURLING HER INTO A WALL**. The attack is punctuated by its intention, its straight, unmitigated, unfiltered malevolence.

Miranda collapses in a heap. That impact broke bones; maybe all of them. Matt stares at her collapsed form, and his anger slowly fades...

...into horror. He looks around at the wrecked pier, the fires burning in the distance on 3rd street...Jesus christ, what did he do?

He takes one last look at Miranda, and then **launches off into the air**.

Miranda's crumpled form stirs. Our closer angles show that she's coughing up blood, barely able to move.

Police cars and government vehicles are rallying at the far end of the pier. Helicopters are everywhere in the sky.

Matt was right. It's over. \*

People begin to creep forward, towards her, our cameras getting closer when-

**Sonic BOOM** Matt's back! Everybody hurriedly backs up before refocusing.

He lands next to Miranda, standing over her, silent, staring at her. She reaches out weakly, pulling at his pant leg, and then collapses, going limp.

By god, is she...

He kneels down next to her. We can see Matt's lips, but not hear him, as he picks up the dying Miranda in his arms. \*

Matt places a hand on her chest, saying something. His nose begins to drip blood. The camera zooms in; something is happening to Miranda... \*

...her cuts are **closing**...the bruises **vanishing**...the bones **unbreaking**...

ANONYMOUS VIEWER

Oh my god.

We can hear people behind the cameras muttering in astonishment. This is it. He's the messiah.

Miranda **GASPS IN AIR!**

Miranda looks up at him, clearly in a stupor, tears pouring down her face, and he gently sets her down, standing slowly over her...

...He looks up and sees us, the cameras, watching him, some very close; he reels looking at each angle. He looks up to see the helicopters overhead.

MATT

(barely audible)

Oh no. No no no no no. *No shit no  
no no no!*

Oh yes, Matt. The whole world saw what you just did. People will be talking. Oh yes they will.

MATT (CONT'D)

*No! NO!*

Sonic **BOOM** Matt launches off the pier, disappearing over the ocean. Dozens of cops and army troopers advance on Miranda in a massive surge...

...She slowly sits up, for a moment covered in laser sights (a strangely familiar visual), before they **TAZER HER AND SHOVE HER DOWN**, locking on the handcuffs.

FROM AIELLO'S CAMERA.

EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN - DAWN

We're onboard a blackhawk helicopter, moving fast over the ocean. Hanson, his ribs bandaged and his arm in a sling, sits in front of us, deep in thought.

CUT.

The ocean passes by under us.

CUT.

AIELLO (O.S.)

There he is, there he is!

Indeed, there's Matt, floating out over the ocean. He sees the helicopter, and shakes his head.

MATT

Leave me alone!

\*

MATT (CONT'D)

It won't- it's not even- You don't know what I did- everybody saw!

\*

Matt floats around to the other side of the helicopter.

\*

HANSON

It's not over Matt, you've got options-

MATT

*I've got NOTHING! I'm not even gonna be a person anymore!*

HANSON

Matt, please!

Matt stops, thinking. We zoom in on his face as he looks down at the ocean, los in his thoughts.

MATT

Man, don't you get it? It doesn't matter. Nothing matters now.

(beat)

I'm never going to be normal again.

HANSON

We can talk about it, we can figure it out! You and me.

MATT

(beat)

No. It's too late. I...I can't. I'm sorry I let you down.

HANSON

Matt-

**Sonic BOOM** he's gone. Hanson lowers the mega phone, staring out at the sunrise. He turns to the camera, looking at it for a moment, thinking, and then.

HANSON (CONT'D)

Turn it off. Just...turn it off.

CUT TO BLACK.

FROM INTERROGATION ROOM CAMERAS.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM

We're back in that clean room, with cameras of all types mounted at all angles, zooming and turning, focusing and refocusing to reveal...

Miranda, sitting alone at the table. She's staring straight ahead, trancelike. The door **suddenly opens**, and Hanson comes in, still bandaged, his broken arm hanging loosely.

He pulls out a chair and sits down in front of Miranda. The two of them stare at each other.

HANSON

You remember me?

After a beat, she nods, averting her eyes.

HANSON (CONT'D)

You broke two of my ribs, my collar bone, my arm. The other agent you attacked is still in intensive care. You're indicted on two dozen separate federal crimes, and there's a massive inquiry underway to try to figure who let you get as far as you did.

(beat)

As of right now, you, Miranda Hodgkins, are no longer a person. You are property of the United States government. You understand that, yes?

MIRANDA

(beat)

Yes.

HANSON

I understand you're back on your medication.

MIRANDA

Yes.

HANSON

No racing thoughts, delusions, nothing like that?

Miranda shakes her head.

MIRANDA

Is my sister-

HANSON

She's angry. Everyone's...pretty angry. You've got no friends left.

\*

Miranda's quiet for a moment.

MIRANDA

Have they found him?

Hanson can't hide the sadness in his voice.

HANSON

No.

Miranda's quiet.

MIRANDA

(beat)

He is alone. Like I am alone. He won't fit into this world, just like I don't fit into this world. And I have maybe ruined his chance to be one of us, to be a human again.

Miranda sits in silence, and then.

MIRANDA (CONT'D)

I was wrong. Jack was wrong, too. Matt isn't the bad guy.

(beat)

It's us. We're the villains.

Hanson slumps, slightly. He knows she's right. Miranda speaks without looking up.

MIRANDA (CONT'D)

He'll be back.

HANSON

And how do you figure that?

MIRANDA

Because I know him now. He's the hero.

FLASH TO

On the burning pier, Matt kneels over the sobbing Miranda as she dies. We're at a much closer vantage point now, and this time, we can hear what Matt said just before he healed her.

MATT

I'm sorry. I understand, and I'm sorry.

BACK TO:

MIRANDA

He saved me.



Miranda sits in silence, and then raises her eyes to meet the camera, staring into it.

SLAM TO TITLE:  
**MARTYR.**