

RAISING DION

EPISODE 101

"PILOT"

By

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Directed by

TBD

01/17/2018 STUDIO DRAFT

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RAISING DION

"PILOT"

REVISION HISTORY

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10/08/17	ORIGINAL PILOT	Full Draft
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OVER BLACK:

NICOLE (V.O.)
I always knew you were special...

FADE IN:

CLOSE ON THE FACE OF 7-YEAR-OLD DION, bright and curious; eyebrows cocked as he considers the move he's about to make. Dion takes a deep breath, then runs full tilt until...

HE IS FLYING THROUGH THE AIR in SLO-MO.

We catch his expression of pure joy against the backdrop of the blue sky.

SERIES OF SHOTS -- ABSTRACT IMAGES ALL FROM NICOLE'S POV:

A WOMAN'S ARMS reach up into frame from below, waiting --

NICOLE (V.O.)
I know, everyone thinks their kid is special but...

DION'S SMILE grows wider as he looks down.

NICOLE (V.O.)
...You're mine.

THE ARMS WAVE to him -- 'Come this way...'

DION begins to descend and we realize he's not flying, he's falling --

WIDEN TO REVEAL

EXT. LAKE - DAY

NICOLE (30s) waits in the water below, arms reaching up, waving to Dion as he jumps from the high pier. He hits the water and Nicole retreats from the SPLASH, then realizes...

DION IS STILL UNDERWATER.

Nicole waits, expecting him to pop back up. He doesn't.

NICOLE (V.O.)
Having you... it was like a door opened up that I never knew existed...

Where is he?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Panic begins to SET IN when...

NICOLE (V.O.)
*I suddenly understood why people
run into burning buildings...*

DION POPS UP BEHIND HER. Giggles himself silly.

NICOLE (V.O.)
I'd do anything for you...

Dion climbs out of the water and does his Victory Dance:
Dion's exuberant boy-version of the Twist with his butt
sticking way out, taunting the vanquished, trying to make his
Mom laugh.

Nicole's fear gives way to relief. She laughs.

NICOLE (V.O.)
*But it was never going to be
easy...*

Off Nicole, delighted by the little boy dancing on the shore,
as the midday sun peeks out from behind her, sending a SHAFT
of SUNLIGHT across her face --

CUT TO:

INT. NICOLE'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - MORNING (PRESENT DAY)

CAMERA FOLLOWS THE SUNLIGHT streaming into the sunlit kitchen
of a clean-but-aging apartment, glimpsing an espresso machine
that looks a little too expensive for its surroundings and a
few too many nice things crowded on the counter. A downsized
life. MOVING BOXES are stacked neatly in the corner waiting
to be recycled.

Camera travels to the kitchen table, passing a full bowl of
FROOT LOOPS and a handful of PROPS from a MAGIC KIT, finally
settling on...

A BOOK. "HOW TO DO MAGIC." REVERSE TO --

DION, hunched over the kitchen table, focused on the magic
book propped in front of him. Following instructions in the
book, he places a sheet of paper over a blue plastic cup,
points his fingers at it.

DION
Abracadabra.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He snatches the paper away and the cup is still there. He scrunches his face, checks the picture on the Magic Kit BOX -- no help -- DROPS THE BOX to the floor.

Nicole enters in a hurry, her hair wrapped up in a scarf, wearing a work dress and no shoes. She's looking for something -- on the counter, behind the stack of mail, behind the phone. Whatever it is, she can't find it. She moves through the room, harried, while Dion resets his magic props for another try.

NICOLE

Your inhaler's on the coffee table.
We need to leave in three minutes.
Did you eat?

DION

(focused on his magic
trick)
Uh-huh.

Dion snatches away the paper again -- and the cup is still there. Confounded, he thumbs through the Magic Book for answers.

Nicole checks the washer -- it's empty. Opens the dryer, which is full. Pulls out the clean clothes.

NICOLE

You haven't even touched your
cereal.

Dion TOUCHES the cereal bowl.

DION

Touched it!

NICOLE

Oh, that's how it's gonna go?

Dion smiles.

NICOLE (CONT'D)

You're going to get hungry.

Nicole exits with an armful of clothes.

INT. NICOLE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Nicole dumps the clean laundry on the couch, begins going through pockets, when she's struck by a thought.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She opens the front door and finds her KEYS sticking out of the lock, where they spent the night. She snags them.

The TINFOIL-WRAPPED OBJECT sitting on the floor in front of her door doesn't seem to surprise her. She picks it up and brings it inside.

INT. NICOLE'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - MORNING

Dion's re-setting his props again -- this time, placing a squishy BALL under the blue plastic cup. Nicole hurries in, pulling off the tinfoil to reveal a cake with fluffy white icing.

NICOLE

George made us another carrot cake.

DION

Tell him I like chocolate.

NICOLE

Yeah, I don't think he cares.

(then)

Time to go. Put your dishes in the sink. We don't want any more ants.

As she exits --

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

Now, Dion --

Dion jumps up, scooping up his magic props and cramming them in his pockets. He goes to dump his cereal in the sink but trips on the BOX of his MAGIC KIT--

CLOSE ON: MILK AND CEREAL FLYING OUT OF THE BOWL.

CLOSE ON: DION. WINCING. Waiting for the crash.

It doesn't come.

He opens his eyes to see THE FROOT LOOPS AND MILK HANGING IN MID-AIR.

The bowl is still in Dion's hand.

His eyes light up with pure delight. He breaks into the Victory Butt-Dance.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DION
Yesssss!

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. NICOLE'S APARTMENT - COAT CLOSET - MORNING

Nicole slips on her work heels. She catches a glimpse of herself in the mirror on the inside of the door, pulls off her head wrap, arranges her hair. She has to admit, she looks good. Maybe too good. She throws a loose-fitting cardigan sweater over her dress.

INT. NICOLE'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - MORNING

Dion inspects the cereal and milk, STILL HANGING IN MID-AIR. LOOSELY ROTATING LIKE A MODERN ART SCULPTURE. He walks around it, looking THROUGH the Froot Loops, until --

NICOLE (O.S.)
Ready, Bug?

His head turns and...

THE CEREAL AND MILK FALL OUT OF THE AIR, SPLASHING TO THE FLOOR!

Nicole enters to see the mess on the floor and nothing else.

NICOLE (CONT'D)
Dion!

DION
You scared me!

NICOLE
You're supposed to be --
(*quicker if I do it --*)
I'll get it, just go -- grab your
backpack. Don't forget your
inhaler.

She wets a paper towel, quickly swipes the floor.

CUT TO:

INT. NICOLE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Dion waits at the door, backpack on his shoulder. Nicole hurries out from the kitchen, grabs her purse.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DION

Mom -- I can do magic.

NICOLE

Great. Something to fall back on if second grade doesn't work out.

Nicole rushes him out, the door shuts behind them. We HOLD on the doorknob. One second. Another second. Then --

It OPENS. Nicole runs in, grabs Dion's INHALER off the coffee table and rushes out again.

SMASH TO TITLES -- RAISING DION

FADE IN:

INT. NICOLE'S CAR/DRIVING - STREETS - MORNING

Dion sits in the passenger seat, fumbling with the magic props. He notices ONE LONE ORANGE FROOT LOOP stuck on the side of the blue plastic cup. He picks it off, examines it, remembering it magically hanging in the air -- then POPS it into his mouth and chews. He's not gonna waste a Froot Loop.

Traffic's moving steadily. Nicole drives, talking out loud, but really to herself.

NICOLE

When I pick you up today, we have to go by the grocery store, so try to do your homework at school. You can finish it while I make dinner, and I have to finish folding the laundry...

A WOMAN dressed in color-coordinated running clothes JOGS BY, looking happier than it's possible to be. Nicole studies her as if she's a foreign species. Suddenly, we FLASH ON --

MARK WARREN (late 20s; big, warm smile; wearing running clothes) RUNNING BACKWARDS UP A HILL.

MARK

Six minute mile! Come on, you can do it!

NICOLE (O.S.)

I hate you!

Mark LAUGHS --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BACK TO PRESENT, where Nicole shakes off the memory. Focuses back on the drive. She hears --

DION
Abracadabra.

Dion lets go of a piece of construction paper... it falls to his lap. He furrows his eyebrows.

NICOLE
Was that supposed to disappear?

DION
It's supposed to float.

NICOLE
How?

DION
(shrugs)
I don't know.

Dion holds it up again, trying to make it float like the cereal, but again, it falls.

NICOLE
Just put it back in the box, you can figure it out tonight.

DION
I want to show the guys.

NICOLE
You shouldn't be doing magic at school.

DING! Nicole gets a TEXT. She fishes out her phone.

DION
Can I have an iPhone? I want to 'like' things. All the kids at this school have an app where they send messages and 'like' stuff --

Nicole reads the TEXT -- is ALARMED and quickly deletes it, not wanting Dion to see.

DION (CONT'D)
You're not supposed to text and drive. Who is it?

NICOLE
Nobody --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

She drops her phone in her purse.

DION
Can I have one?

NICOLE
We've been through this -- you get
a phone when you're thirteen.

DION
How 'bout an iPad?

NICOLE
Things are tight right now, baby --

DION
How am I supposed to 'like' stuff?

NICOLE
You like stuff by liking it. Then
tell your friends, 'that thing I
like, I like that.'

The word, 'friends' makes Dion sink back in his seat. Nicole
knows what he's thinking.

NICOLE (CONT'D)
What? You made a friend. What's her
name?

DION
(eye roll)
Esperanza. She doesn't count.

NICOLE
Why not?

DION
'Cause she doesn't have any
friends, either.

NICOLE
I'm going to pretend that makes
sense. You made friends at your old
school --

DION
These kids are different. They ride
skateboards and play on the app and
I can't do either one. I'm never
going to have friends.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

NICOLE

It takes time, Bug. Just be you.
It's going to work out. Trust me.
(then)
Have I ever been wrong about
ANYTHING?

DION

(smirks)
What to feed a goldfish.

NICOLE

True, but --

DION

(enjoying this)
The capital of Nevada --

NICOLE

It just seems like it should be Las
Vegas --

DION

(giggling himself silly)
How to get to grandma's house on
MARTA --

NICOLE

(laughing)
MAYBE I DIDN'T WANT TO SEE GRANDMA!
You ever think about that?!

Dion GUFFAWS.

NICOLE (CONT'D)

Show me a magic trick.

Dion grabs his props and sets up again. Off Nicole, happy to hear her boy laughing again,

CUT TO:

CLOSE-UP ON AN IPHONE, CURRENTLY SHOWING A VIDEO OF SNEAKERS ON A SKATEBOARD, twisting the board, popping it up.

The feet are connected to CHRIS (7 years old; African-American; confident; a natural leader.) The iPhone belongs to a freckled white kid, JONATHAN (7; perpetual bad mood) Cheering them on is an androgynous kid, STEFFI (7; biracial.) We're at --

EXT. DION'S SCHOOL - MORNING

Nicole walks Dion to the entrance. Dion scans the crowd of kids and parents, until he spots Chris and his Crew. Anxious to make his mark, he takes the magic props out of his backpack.

NICOLE
I'll pick you up at six.

DION
Don't make me be the last kid.

NICOLE
Do my best. I love you.

She goes to kiss him, he flinches.

NICOLE (CONT'D)
Don't you even. Come here.

Dion leans his head toward Nicole, she kisses it.

NICOLE (CONT'D)
Go.

We stay with Nicole, who hangs back and watches Dion run to Chris and his crew.

NICOLE'S POV:

Across the way, Chris is attempting to pop up off his board, twist his body to face the other direction and land back on the board. Jonathan is filming when Dion slides up.

Nicole watches Dion trying to be friendly as he pulls out his magic props, but the kids are busy with their skate tricks. Her heart breaks for her boy, trying to find his way in.

MR. FRY (O.S.)
Ms. Warren?

A teacher, MR. ANTHONY FRY (40; African-American) approaches Nicole.

NICOLE
Hi --

MR. FRY
Anthony Fry -- I'm Dion's science teacher.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NICOLE

Oh. Wow. You're the reason we tried so hard to get into this school. Science, I mean.

(re: the school)

The science magnet. Dion loves science.

MR. FRY

I noticed. He's always grilling me about scientific concepts -- of course, most of them come from comic books.

NICOLE

Oh, god --

MR. FRY

Nothing wrong with that. He told the class that his father was a scientist?

NICOLE

He studied weather. For BIONA. And Dion's previous school was adjacent to the labs, so it was full of kids whose parents also worked at BIONA.

MR. FRY

You're telling me Dion transferred here from the Newton Academy?

Nicole nods, yes. Mr. Fry is impressed.

NICOLE

I wanted to keep him there, but on my salary --

MR. FRY

Hey, their loss, our gain.
(then)

The general program here is good but we also have a program for gifted students. I'm thinking Dion may be a fit.

NICOLE

(music to her ears)
Really?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MR. FRY

Science Fair's coming up and those projects figure heavily into who gets selected. Good place for Dion to shine.

NICOLE

So, he shouldn't make a baking soda volcano?

MR. FRY

(smiles)

You're reading my mail.

(then)

Selections for the gifted program will be made at the end of the school year. Let's get him ready?

NICOLE

Let's do it.

The BELL RINGS. Mr. Fry nods, heads over to Chris and Crew.

MR. FRY

Jonathan, that phone goes in your backpack or it's going in my drawer.

Chris and Crew nod and grumble as they fold into the river of kids heading to class. Dion gathers up his magic props, stuffing them into his backpack as he tries to keep up.

Nicole looks back to Dion with renewed hope. He just may find his place after all.

INT. BROKERAGE FIRM - RECEPTIONISTS' DESK - MORNING

The place is already buzzing with activity. BROKERS move confidently in and out of glass offices. Nicole hurries in, passing RANDALL (30s; bespoke suit; a little too flirty.)

RANDALL

Good morning, Nicole.

NICOLE

Morning.

As she moves past him, Randall's eyes linger on her ass.

Nicole takes a seat with the others behind the sleek reception desk.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A BLONDE RECEPTIONIST shoots a snarky look to a MALE RECEPTIONIST, points to her watch -- indicating Nicole's arrival time.

Nicole places her purse in a desk drawer, leaving her phone on the desk in front of her. She gets right to work, snagging a RINGING PHONE.

NICOLE (CONT'D)

Good morning, Hudson Trade Group...

Nicole's cell phone LIGHTS UP with a PHOTO TEXT. Nicole quickly silences it, turns the phone over.

The Blonde Receptionist leans over to Nicole.

BLONDE RECEPTIONIST

You're supposed to turn off your phone.

NICOLE

I know, I have a kid, so I need to keep it on.

BLONDE RECEPTIONIST

Looks like you're keeping it on for your boyfriend.

NICOLE

No... my friend gave this guy my number and he won't stop texting --

Suddenly, Nicole's boss, BOB (40s) is there.

BOB

Nicole, I need to speak with you.

Bob turns to his glass-enclosed office. The two snarky receptionists exchange a look.

Off Nicole with a sinking feeling,

INT. DION'S SCHOOL - CAFETERIA - DAY

Dion gets his lunch tray and heads into the dining room. Dion doesn't see anyone he knows and no one offers him a seat, but then he spots Chris, Jonathan, Steffi and a couple other kids at a table. He heads over, arriving at --

CHRIS' TABLE

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DION

Hey.

Chris looks up, friendly.

CHRIS

Hey, man. You need a chair?

There are no empty seats.

DION

Yeah --

CHRIS

You can have this one.

Chris gets up and the others follow suit. Dion is left standing alone at the big empty table, facing a little girl in a wheelchair (ESPERANZA; 7; glasses; no-nonsense) sitting alone at the table opposite his. She waves.

Resigned, Dion heads over and sits with her. She resumes a trivia game they played on another day.

ESPERANZA

Mark Hamill and Heath Ledger.

DION

(sighs)

The Joker.

ESPERANZA

Jason Isaacs and Aasif Mandvi.

DION

Admiral Zhao. "AVATAR: THE LAST AIRBENDER."

ESPERANZA

Donald Glover and Billy --

DION

Lando Calrissian.

ESPERANZA

(super villain voice)

You're good, Mr. Warren. But I WILL defeat you.

Dion watches Chris and Crew exit the cafeteria, laughing and talking.

INT. SWEET AUBURN CURB MARKET - DAY

Produce and meat market surrounded by food stalls, housed in a converted historic brick warehouse. Shoppers peruse the goods. Most food stalls have a line of waiting customers.

Nicole sits at a white plastic communal table with her head in her hands as a BURRITO on a PLATE is placed in front of her.

NICOLE

What is this?

Nicole's friend, WILLA (late 20s; African-American; dancer) sits.

WILLA

Pork and Jalapeno Burrito from Bell's.

NICOLE

(I can't eat)

I just got fired.

WILLA

If you don't eat your burrito, you can't have your praline.

Willa pulls a cellophane-wrapped homemade PRALINE from her pocket, waves it in front of Nicole.

NICOLE

When's the new show opening?

WILLA

Two weeks, runs for six. The day it closes I'm right here, eating exactly this. Until then --

Willa pushes the food toward Nicole, hoping to watch her eat it. Nicole can't even. She slumps back in her chair.

WILLA (CONT'D)

You hated that job.

NICOLE

It paid the bills.

WILLA

And killed your soul. You've got money.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NICOLE
Why would you say that?

WILLA
Mark made money --

NICOLE
He was barely out of grad school
when...
(then)
We had some savings, but Dion and I
have been living off that. I need
to work, Willa.

WILLA
So, you'll find a job. A real job.
Something you like.

Nicole and Willa share a look.

WILLA (CONT'D)
Besides dancing.
(then)
You know, you could come down and
talk to Kwame about a job.

NICOLE
What, like sweeping the stage? No
thank you.

WILLA
There's a whole office there, who
knows?

NICOLE
It's too hard to be that close and
not be part of it.

Willa gets that. Something catches her eye.

WILLA
Oop, Liz's here.

LIZ ROBERTS (30; African-American, very put together) rolls a
black sample case up to the table. She's wearing a
conservative pencil skirt and a plain white blouse.

LIZ
Where's my coffee? Willa, I texted
you!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

WILLA

I'm not looking at my phone.
(pointedly)
I was talking to our *friend* --

LIZ

And I'm gonna talk to her, too. I
just wanted a spiced gingerbread
latte while I was doing it!

Liz sits. Nicole looks at Liz's sample case.

NICOLE

Are you going to try to sell us
medical supplies?

LIZ

There were some sketchy-looking
dudes in the parking lot.

While Nicole and Liz talk, Willa begins picking at the
burrito with a fork, pretending she's not going to eat it,
but is soon eating it.

NICOLE

(to Liz)
Where are you headed this time?

LIZ

Chicago for three days. Dallas for
two. Back for one, then driving to
Charleston. When is Kat going to
get me into Emory?

NICOLE

She's a resident. I don't think
anybody's asking her who they
should buy heart valves from.

LIZ

Just get me in the door, I'll make
it happen. This commission life
SUUUUUUUUKS. Turned me into
somebody I do not know.

WILLA

I know her.

LIZ

Shut up.
(to Nicole)
How's my girl?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

NICOLE

Unemployed. He said I was chronically late and quote, "the level of chaos in my life was disruptive to the office," unquote.

LIZ

Translation: You were hot, so I hired you, but now that I know we're not gonna hook up, I don't wanna deal with your single-mom shit.

(gets an idea)

You should do sales. You can make a lot of money.

NICOLE

Oh, is that what SUUUUUUCKS means?

WILLA

(mouthful of burrito)

She can't travel for work, she's got Dion.

Liz shoots a look at Willa, then --

LIZ

(to Nicole)

How's little man? Does he like it any better at the new school?

NICOLE

He's going to like it today because I can finally pick him up on time.

Nicole gets a TEXT. She turns it so Liz can read it.

NICOLE (CONT'D)

You need to call this fool off.

LIZ

Why?

NICOLE

I'm not interested.

LIZ

In THAT guy?

NICOLE

Any guy.

Willa snags the phone, looks at the guy's photo.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

WILLA

Damn.

(to Liz)

Girl, why didn't you hook ME up?

LIZ

Because *Nicole* needs to get out of her house.

NICOLE

I GOT out of my house. Now I live in an apartment in a part of town I

--

-- don't know. My kid is unhappy. I got fired today...

NICOLE (CONT'D)

(overwhelmed)

I just want... I want everything to stop.

Willa and Liz share a look, wrap their arms around Nicole. A moment of them just being there for her, then Nicole rips open the praline package, breaks it into three pieces, hands them out. Off the three women getting a sugar high, together--

CUT TO:

EXT. DION'S SCHOOL - ENTRANCE - LATE AFTERNOON

Dion fiddles with his magic props as he sits between Esperanza (in her wheelchair) and TWO GIRLS who giggle and gossip -- all waiting to be picked up after school. One lone GYM COACH grades a massive stack of papers at the security desk.

ESPERANZA

What time are you being picked up?

DION

(shrugs)

She's always late. She works downtown.

ESPERANZA

So does my Dad. He says traffic on Peachtree is a bastard.

Dion nods. Makes sense.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

 ESPERANZA (CONT'D)
 (re: his props)
 You do magic?

Dion nods.

 ESPERANZA (CONT'D)
 Show me.

Dion's reluctant, but an audience is an audience. He uses a school book on his lap as a 'table.' He performs the trick with the spongy red ball, blue plastic cup, and a sheet of paper.

He covers the cup with the paper, crunches it down to fit, then picks up the paper-shrouded cup to show the ball underneath. As he does this move, he drops the cup from underneath the paper into his lap. He attempts a MYSTICAL STAGE VOICE --

 DION
 You've seen the ball, have you not?

 ESPERANZA
 Uh-huh.

He replaces the cup-shaped paper over the ball.

 DION
 Hold your breath, for I'm about to
 send the cup through the table.

He points his fingers at the cup and says --

 DION (CONT'D)
 Abracadabra!

He slams his hand down on top of the paper, smashing it flat.

 DION (CONT'D)
 Thank you!

Esperanza applauds.

 ESPERANZA
 Nice. I didn't even see the cup
 when you dropped it in your lap.

Dion's deflated.

 ESPERANZA (CONT'D)
 I have the same magic kit.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DION
Why'd you ask to see it if you
already knew how it worked?

ESPERANZA
To see if you did it better.

He didn't.

Irritated, Dion retreats into gathering up his magic props.

ESPERANZA (CONT'D)
You know, those kids are at the
skate park. The ones you're always
following around.

This gets Dion's attention.

DION
How do you know?

ESPERANZA
One of the perks of being an
invisible person is you hear
things.

Dion thinks for a beat, grabs his backpack.

ESPERANZA (CONT'D)
What's your plan? You can't just
walk off school grounds. You want
to be an Amber Alert?

DION
I just don't want to sit here when
I could be having fun.

ESPERANZA
No offense taken.
(then)
Tell the coach you're going to the
bathroom. I'll distract him while
you run between the dumpsters.

DION
There's a fence back there.

ESPERANZA
It's got a hole in it. So I hear.

Dion smiles. Esperanza smiles back. They're in this together.

Dion heads toward the Coach.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

DION
 (to the Coach)
 Um... I need to go to the bathroom?
 Because... I have to.

Coach looks up from his papers, nods, goes back to work. Dion looks back at Esperanza, who gestures for him to GO. As he hurries away, she wheels herself up to the security desk.

ESPERANZA
 (to the Coach)
 I'm thinking of starting a
 basketball team.

The coach is distracted, Dion takes a quick left turn to the--

DUMPSTERS

They smell terrible. But Dion moves between them to the chain link fence at the back. He scans the fence, sees a section that has been pried away from the posts. He shimmies his way through to the --

OTHER SIDE

Dion takes off down the road.

EXT. SKATE PARK - LATE AFTERNOON

Dion arrives at the skate park, looks around and sees Chris, Jonathan, Steffi, and a COUPLE OF OLDER KIDS scarfing snacks from 7-11 and flying down ramps on skateboards. CHRIS' BROTHER and another TEENAGED BOY hang nearby.

DION
 (faux-casual)
 Wow, you guys are here!

They look up to see Dion, indifferent to his presence.

CHRIS
 Whatssup?

DION
 Just on my way home.

CHRIS
 Did you bring your board?

DION
 Uh, no, I, no...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Jonathan wipes out attempting a rail stand and his skate board rolls across the asphalt toward Dion.

CHRIS
(to Dion)
Take it.

JONATHAN
(not happy)
Hey --

CHRIS
Let's see what he can do.

Chris takes a swing of a gigantic CHERRY SLURPEE, then lines up at the top of a ramp with Steffi. Dion grabs the board and joins them.

Steffi takes off, flying down the ramp and catching air at the other side. As he rides his board down the ramp heading back, Chris takes off down the ramp, flying up the other side and holding his board as he catches air and spins.

Jonathan pushes Dion.

JONATHAN
Go, if you're going!

Unprepared, Dion goes flying down the ramp and WIPES OUT, to a chorus of jeers. Off Dion, embarrassed --

MONTAGE OF FAILURE

-- Dion kicks off at the top of the ramp and immediately falls backward; the board goes on without him.

-- Mid-air, Dion rolls off of his board and keeps rolling.

-- Facedown on the ramp, Dion picks himself up while trying to avoid the other KIDS flying past him on their boards. Steffi flies over Dion's head, using him as an obstacle. Insult to injury. Dion's part of the ramp, now.

END MONTAGE

Dion makes it to the top, banged up, frustrated. He's met by Jonathan, who goes for his board.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)
You suck!

Angry, Dion jumps on the board, pushes off, flying down the ramp.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

As he catches air, his board starts to fly out from under his feet. He can feel himself losing altitude. He looks at the board and screams --

DION
Brake! Brake!

And the board FLIPS AROUND and FLIES UNDER DION'S FEET!

His feet come down on the board. He squats down and grabs the board with both of his hands, to steady himself.

STEFFI
Holy shit!

No one is more surprised than Dion --

WHO IS STILL HANGING IN THE AIR

Levitating the board unconsciously. He takes a breath and --

Gravity comes back online, sending the board and its rider down the ramp -- imperfect, but in triumph.

The boys all run down into the bowl, high-fiving Dion. The older kids gather around him, too.

CHRIS
That was some serious magic carpet
shit! Show me how to do it --

STEFFI
How'd you hold yourself up in the
air?

CHRIS
Yeah --

The cool kids are all hanging on his every word. He likes this.

DION
It's a lot about the speed.

The kids all start trying to mimic what Dion just did, hopping their boards up in the air but of course, the physics don't make sense. They drop to the ground like flies.

Jonathan takes a particularly hard fall right in front of Dion, who can't help taking a little pleasure in it.

DION (CONT'D)
Yeah. Just keep doing that.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

NICOLE (O.S.)

Dion?!

Dion looks up to see his mom stomping across the parking lot.

DION

Uh-oh.

NICOLE

You left school?

The kids smirk, laugh. Glad it's not them.

DION

Don't get upset --

NICOLE

I thought you'd been kidnapped or something until that girl, Esperanza, told me where you were.

CHRIS

Dion's got a girlfriend.

Dion's mortified.

NICOLE

Get in the car.

Dion looks stricken as Nicole heads back to her car.

While Chris goes for his Slurpee, Jonathan snatches his board out of Dion's hands. He hops on the board and heads toward the other kids.

As Dion turns and stomps toward Nicole's car, he swings his fists and lets out an unconscious angry GRUNT, at which time, the TRASH CANS in the skate park ALL BLOW BACK AT ONCE, as if hit with an EXPLOSIVE PULSE. Chris' cherry Slurpee SPLATTERS all over him.

DION turns back to see what's happening. Suddenly worried that HE made that happen, he RUNS to his mom's car.

INT. NICOLE'S CAR - PARKING LOT - LATE AFTERNOON

Nicole gets back in the car, SLAMS the door. Dion's waiting with a guilty, kiss-ass smile on his face, pretending everything's normal.

DION

How was your day?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Nicole glares at him, starts the car. Off Dion, wondering how bad this is going to get,

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY - EVENING

Nicole stalks down the hallway, fuming. Dion follows closely behind, still sheepish -- when they see their neighbor, GEORGE (late 60s; wearing a VFW trucker hat; retired drill sergeant; everything he says sounds like an order) standing at their doorway talking with --

PAT ROLLINS (30s; bio-engineer; boyish good looks; wire-rimmed glasses; Spaghetti Monster T-shirt, Converse high-tops.) He's holding a stack of vintage comic books.

DION

Pat!

Dion runs to Pat, giving him a hug. Nicole seems less excited to see him.

GEORGE

(barks, to Nicole)

This your BOYFRIEND?

NICOLE

What? No --

GEORGE

Get my CAKE?

NICOLE

We got it, George. Thank you --

GEORGE

What'd you do to your HAIR?

NICOLE

(ignoring George; to Pat)

Why are you here?

PAT

Dion invited me for dinner.

Nicole looks to Dion, who points to Pat's comic books.

DION

He brought the Todd McFarlands!

Nicole doesn't know what that means.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GEORGE
(to Nicole)
There's a RACCOON living in the
DUMPSTER.

He says it like it's her fault. Nicole can't deal with any of this. She opens her door, Pat and Dion follow her inside.

INT. NICOLE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - EVENING (CONTINUOUS)

Nicole throws her purse on the breakfast bar. Pat sees the unfolded laundry on the couch, breakfast dishes on the counter. Nicole feels the silent judgment.

NICOLE
I wasn't expecting company.

PAT
I don't need to be company. I'll
take Dion for pizza. Give you a
little time --

NICOLE
Dion's not going anywhere.

DION
Mom!

NICOLE
You ran away from school.

PAT
He what?

NICOLE
Don't worry about it, Pat. Just...
(to Dion)
Go to your room -- which you can
clean.

Dion looks to Pat, then runs down the hallway and SLAMS his bedroom door.

PAT
Can we --

Nicole sees a LINE OF ANTS ON THE FLOOR, where Dion's cereal fell this morning.

Nicole lets out a GROAN -- *ants again???*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She grabs a wad of paper towels, runs water over them, drops to the floor and starts swiping ants.

Pat looks at the clock -- it's already 7:15pm. He kneels down to Nicole's level, speaks calmly so he doesn't set her off.

PAT (CONT'D)
Hey. Here's an idea --

Nicole sighs. She knows she's a mess right now.

PAT (CONT'D)
It's 7:15, the boy needs to eat --
(before she can speak)
-- so I'll take him for pizza,
spend a little time with my godson,
talk about stupid stuff for an hour
because he likes pizza and I like
talking about stupid stuff.
(then)
And you get an hour.

Nicole exhales, gives in.

NICOLE
No soda, no dessert.

Pat almost argues for dessert, but instead, nods, okay.

TIME CUT TO:

INT. NICOLE'S APARTMENT - DOORWAY - NIGHT

Nicole watches Pat and Dion disappear down the hallway, chatting away as Dion unbags a 70S COMIC.

PAT
The first super-villain he fought
was Supercharger: The Living
Battery.

DION
No, it was the Vulture.

PAT
(chuckles melodramatically)
Excellent, my young padawan. You
fell into my trap --

They turn the corner, Nicole goes back inside her apartment.

INT. NICOLE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

Nicole considers the unfolded laundry on the couch. And the dishes on the kitchen counter. Then --

INT. NICOLE'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Nicole draws a bath.

INT. NICOLE'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - NIGHT (LATER)

We glimpse a bold tribal tattoo cascading down the right side of Nicole's back as she sinks into the sudsy water. Water's a little too hot, maybe.

She leans back against the tub, closes her eyes and breathes. Again. But the exhaustion isn't easing up. She looks around the small bathroom, notices a crack in one of the pink tiles. More than one. Several. She starts counting the cracks -- all that's wrong with this room, this apartment -- then catches herself.

She stands up and steps out of the tub, dripping wet.

INT. NICOLE'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NIGHT

A GLASS OF WINE is poured and carried out of frame. Nicole's hand comes back to take the BOTTLE, reconsiders, leaves it.

INT. NICOLE'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Nicole drains her wine glass, leans back in the bath, closes her eyes. Images FLOAT through her mind --

-- a SWIRL of SUNLIGHT and MARK'S SMILE -- A GLIMPSE OF WILDFLOWERS clutched in Nicole's hand -- People stream around the delirious newlyweds as they kiss on COURTHOUSE STEPS, but we're CLOSE -- in the kiss -- in Nicole's sense memory of the moment.

-- Mark holds BRIGHT-EYED BABY DION. Nicole smiles, wraps her arms around them. A happy family.

-- Nicole watches Mark tinker with a thin METAL CONTRAPTION on his workbench. He's trying to fold it like an accordion.

NICOLE
Why does it have to fold?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARK

Because it's easier to carry --

Mark takes the contraption outside, into the --

OPEN FIELD (NEAR THE LAKE CABIN)

MARK (CONT'D)

-- and when I need it --

He unfolds it and it POPS into the shape of a domed cage.

MARK (CONT'D)

Voila!

Nicole inspects the dome.

NICOLE

And why are you making the roof of a Volkswagon?

MARK

Smartass. It's a Faraday Cage. When you wrap metal in a particular way around something --

NICOLE

You can re-route electrical currents to the ground. I know what a Faraday cage is. It's why you're safe in a car.

MARK

And I want to be able to sit in a storm and play with lightning, but I don't want to lug a heavy iron cage. This new metal alloy is light AND rustproof.

NICOLE

Well, it's adorable. Does it work?

MARK

(shrugs)
Won't know until lightning hits it.

NICOLE

That sounds safe.

He places the cage over her. She looks ridiculous.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

NICOLE (CONT'D)

Does this Faraday Cage make me look fat?

MARK

You look hot --

NICOLE

Hot, like I've been hit by lightning?

MARK

Little trust, please? I got you.

NICOLE

(suddenly serious)

Please be careful. It's not just you out in the wind and rain. You're dragging my heart around with you.

He nods, he knows. He leans in, kisses her through the cage.

NICOLE (CONT'D)

This isn't weird at all.

They both laugh while continuing to try to kiss. From NICOLE'S POV -- MARK'S BROAD SMILE DISSOLVES INTO --

MARK -- STRUGGLING IN DARK, SWIRLING, THRASHING WATER -- fighting to keep his head above water. He's dying --

INT. NICOLE'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - NIGHT - PRESENT

Nicole opens her eyes. Tries to shake off the image. Her breath is ragged. Unable to hold it off, she gives up and lets herself cry.

INT. PIZZA JOE'S - NIGHT

Dion stuffs his mouth full of pizza, Pat holds up an old issue of THE AMAZING SPIDER-MAN.

PAT

ASM #282.

Dion reaches for it, Pat pulls it away.

PAT (CONT'D)

Hey! Pizza hands! I've had this one since I was thirteen.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DION

Is it worth anything?

PAT

Like three bucks, but it's mine and I don't want it smeared with cheese grease.

Dion wipes his hands.

PAT (CONT'D)

Spider-Man fights Jean Grey in this one. She has telepathy AND telekinesis. And boots. Triple threat.

DION

Which one means you can move things with your mind?

PAT

Telekinesis. It's like, superpowers 101. All the Greats have it -- Luke Skywalker, Neo, Mary Poppins...

DION

No --

PAT

How do you think she floats around with an umbrella all day?

DION

She scares me.

PAT

Dude, she is the stuff of nightmares. When she was with those kids, they were drugged, chased by cops. Lady is stone cold evil.

DION

I don't want to be evil.

Pat doesn't realize this has turned into a real conversation.

PAT

Then use your powers for good.

DION

I don't even know how to use my powers.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

PAT
So, you're a superhero, now?

DION
I can do magic.

PAT
Cool. You got a name?

DION
Dion.

PAT
A superhero name. Like Pizza Face
or Fart Boy --

Dion giggles.

DION
You're Fart Grown-Up.

PAT
And together we're a crime-fighting
duo NO ONE wants to see coming!

Dion makes fake FART SOUNDS, Pat joins in. People at
neighboring tables turn and look at them.

PAT (CONT'D)
Don't mind us, we're fighting
crime.
(back to Dion)
You're gonna need a suit, like a
leotard with like a giant F on it.

DION
Or a cape with a fart bubble!

PAT
And you can't let anybody know your
true identity because if the
government finds out, they'll lock
you away and experiment on you!

DION
Really?

PAT
Yeah. The government is always
looking for people with special
powers so they can harness them and
use them as weapons --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

DION

My mom wouldn't let them do that.

PAT

Might not be her call. Remember
Batman's parents? Spider-Man's
uncle? Superman's whole PLANET --

Dion retreats. Pat realizes he's picked a scab.

PAT (CONT'D)

Hey, I was just kidding. Nothing's
gonna happen to your mom.

DION

Something happened to my Dad.

A beat.

PAT

Yeah.

(then)

He was my best friend, you know.
Since before I owned that comic.

Dion looks at the comic book as if his father is in it.

PAT (CONT'D)

We met at a robotics competition.

DION

Who won?

PAT

Who do you think?

Dion smiles -- his Dad was the best at everything.

PAT (CONT'D)

He talked me into coming to work
for BIONA with him. He was already
a storm chaser. I became his stats
guy, doing the math, recording the
data. The dynamic duo.

DION

Were you with him when it happened?

PAT

(shakes his head, no)

I didn't even know he was going
until it was too late.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

DION

They never found him, you know.

Pat hears the hope in Dion's voice and it breaks his heart.

DION (CONT'D)

Mom won't tell me what happened.
Just says it was a storm.

PAT

That's the problem with chasing
storms. Sometimes you catch one.

Dion waits for Pat to fill him in, but it's not his place.
Instead, he takes a different tack --

PAT (CONT'D)

But what I remember most about your
Dad is that he LOVED to fish. His
Dad taught him when he was a little
kid. You know, his Dad built the
lake cabin himself. Your
grandfather.

(then)

We used to go fishing up there any
chance we got but we had a rule
that we only ate what we caught. So
if the fish weren't biting, we
didn't eat.

DION

Did he catch a lot of fish?

PAT

Tons. Dude was amazing...

Off Dion, hanging on every word about his epic father.

PRE-LAP of the DOOR BELL RINGING.

INT. NICOLE'S APARTMENT - DOORWAY - NIGHT

Nicole (in yoga pants and a sweatshirt) opens the door to a
big hug from Dion. Pat waits in the hall, holding a SMALL
PIZZA BOX.

DION

Pat says I can have these comics as
long as I keep them in the plastic.

NICOLE

You say thank you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PAT
Loud enough to scare people.

NICOLE
(to Dion)
What's on your shirt?

DION
Mint Chocolate Chip.

Nicole gives Pat a stern look. He grimaces, *Sorry!*

NICOLE
(to Dion)
Brush your teeth.

Dion runs into the apartment.

PAT
(apologetically)
He wanted ice cream and I wanted
him to like me...

NICOLE
You should worry more about *me*
liking you.

PAT
Copy that.

Pat hands her the pizza box, a peace offering.

NICOLE
Thanks.

Pat nods, pauses -- not sure if he wants to say this, but --

PAT
He asked me how Mark died.

Tough for Nicole to hear.

NICOLE
What did you say?

PAT
Changed the subject.
(then)
But if I were him, I'd want to
know. He could be proud of --

NICOLE
Good night, Pat.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

As she closes the door.

PAT

Okay, it's up to you, obviously. I--

The door closes.

INT. NICOLE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Nicole's facing the door, her hand still on the doorknob.

PAT (O.S.)

(through the door)

'Night!

Dion's kneeling at the coffee table in his jammies, playing with LEGOS and ACTION FIGURES.

NICOLE

You need to talk to me before you invite people over.

Nicole starts folding the clean laundry.

DION

Are you mad?

NICOLE

This wasn't the plan for tonight. You ran away from school.

DION

I invited him before I did that.

NICOLE

How?

DION

Messaged him on Playstation.

NICOLE

You can do that? Why didn't I know that? I need to know who you're talking to --

DION

But you work all the time.

NICOLE

That's not fair, I take care of you. But somebody has to pay the bills --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DION

I don't want to live here. I like
our old house better --

NICOLE

Honey, we can't --

DION

If Dad comes home he won't know
where to find us!

That stops Nicole cold. Trying not to feel anything, she
turns back to folding the laundry.

DION (CONT'D)

I'm sorry.

Nicole shakes her head as if it's okay, but he knows it's
not.

Dion doesn't know how to un-do this moment. He looks at his
toys -- his heart is full... and... HIS "LAST JEDI" REY
ACTION FIGURE WOBBLER SLIGHTLY.

Dion lights up.

DION (CONT'D)

Mom?

NICOLE

It's okay. Go brush your --

Nicole looks over and sees Action Figure Rey WOBBLER UP OFF
THE TABLE, into the air. Nicole moves across the room.

Dion's happy to see Nicole's mood change as ANOTHER ACTION
FIGURE (KYLO REN) wobbles up and the two start circling each
other in the air.

DION

They're playing.

NICOLE

How --?

Dion smiles and shrugs -- and all of the LEGO PIECES FLOAT UP
into the air at once and begin circling gently around Nicole,
SATELLITING her at waist level, like the rings of Saturn,
ROTATING THEIR ORBIT AROUND HER -- A BUBBLE OF GENTLY
FLOATING LEGOS -- It's magical -- but not to Nicole.

NICOLE (CONT'D)

What IS this?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DION
(sweetly)
Magic.

Suddenly, more objects join the flying circle -- BOOKS, OPENED BILLS, A SCENTED CANDLE, DION'S CLEAN UNDERWEAR FROM THE LAUNDRY PILE -- picking up speed with Dion's enthusiasm but Nicole is getting more FREAKED OUT as the objects fly FASTER and FASTER, SWARMING, forming a cyclone.

NICOLE
No, no, no --

Objects begin to WOBBLE in their orbits, becoming erratic. CRASHING into one another. A LEGO glances off Nicole's shoulder.

Dion tries to get control back -- but his efforts seem to accelerate the chaos. He's no longer proud and excited, he's frantic.

A BOOK smashes the glass of a FRAMED PHOTO and the broken glass joins the swirl of objects. Nicole's arm is nicked by a SHARD --

NICOLE (CONT'D)
OW! Stop it, stop it, STOP!!!

LEGOS and ACTION FIGURES SLAM themselves into walls. Dion looks over in time to see A LAMP flying toward Nicole. Nicole SHRIEKS -- Dion SCREAMS --

And EVERYTHING STOPS. Flying objects FREEZE in mid-air.

Nicole is facing the lamp, which is frozen in the air, INCHES away from her face. Eyes wide with fear, her heart is racing.

We hear BANGING ON THE WALL, muffled yelling from George --

AND ALL AT ONCE...

THE FLOATING OBJECTS DROP TO THE FLOOR WITH A CRASH.

Shaking, Nicole drops to her knees, sits on the floor, examines the small cut on her arm. Dion runs to her.

DION
I didn't mean to hurt you!

NICOLE
Honey, you didn't do that --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

DION
I've been doing magic --

NICOLE
With a kit you bought at Walgreens!
(scans the debris)
I don't understand. How did that
happen? I've never seen anything
like it.

DION
I have.

Nicole looks to Dion. He's serious.

DION (CONT'D)
There's a pen in my room that comes
when I need it.

Off Nicole's gathering panic --

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON: A PEN ON HIS DESK, IN...

INT. NICOLE'S APARTMENT - DION'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Nicole watches skeptically as Dion stares at the felt tip pens and colored Sharpies lying among all of the LEGOS scattered on his desk. Nothing moves.

He looks back at his mom, then turns back and walks closer to the desk. He concentrates, but nothing happens.

NICOLE
Which one are you trying to move?

DION
The black Sharpie. I use it for
faces, but it must be mad at me.

NICOLE
Sharpies can't get mad, honey.

DION
(under his breath)
I'm pretty sure they can.

She notices a FIGURE he's made out of LEGOS: HIMSELF AS A SUPER HERO, wearing a cape.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NICOLE (O.S.)
Is this you?

Dion looks embarrassed.

NICOLE (CONT'D)
You're really getting good --

Nicole's focus on the sculpture brings them back to normalcy for a moment. Dion puffs up, proud.

DION
I want to draw something on his
cape, like flames or --

NICOLE
Flames are cool --

DION
Yeah and I want them to be jagged,
like this --

The black Sharpie flies across the desk and into Dion's hand. Nicole GASPS. Dion quickly looks to her --

DION (CONT'D)
Are you mad at me?

NICOLE
No, 'course not. It's just... this
is... different. From anything.

She hugs him close, in part, to reassure him, but also to keep him from seeing just how scared she really is.

NICOLE (CONT'D)
Bedtime.

Dion looks up to check her expression, then nods and climbs into bed. Nicole tries to put on a good face, but she's not okay. Her hands are shaking as she pulls the covers up around him.

DION
Is the government going to take me
away?

NICOLE
What?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DION

Pat says the government will take
me away and experiment on me. I
don't want any shots. I hate shots!

NICOLE

Did you show him this?

Dion shakes his head, -- no.

DION

I told him I do magic.

NICOLE

Nobody's taking you away.

Nicole crooks her finger, Dion presents the top of his head
and she kisses it. We can feel her anxiety even as she tries
to shield it from Dion.

Dion settles into bed, closes his eyes. Nicole softly traces
his face with her finger - their bedtime ritual -- and Dion
begins to relax, drifting off to sleep.

Off Nicole, letting her guard down, scared,

CUT TO:

INT. NICOLE'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NIGHT

CLOSE ON NICOLE'S CELL as she taps numbers with SHAKY HANDS.

Nicole's huddled in the far corner, cell phone to her ear.

NICOLE (CONT'D)

(whispering; into phone)

Pick up the phone, Kat! I've been
texting you for an hour. It's about
Dion. He's -- I need to --

She breaks off, stymied. No words.

NICOLE (CONT'D)

Just call me.

She hangs up, texts --

TO KAT: WHERE R U???????

We see a LINE OF TEXTS to Kat, all unanswered.

Nicole turns to her computer, urgently reading and clicking.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

CLOSE ON NICOLE'S COMPUTER SCREEN

The results of a GOOGLE SEARCH on HALLUCINATIONS. We read a few words before the window is closed, revealing ANOTHER GOOGLE SEARCH on BRAIN TUMORS. That search is erased and "TELEKINESIS" is typed in, bringing up:

SEARCHES RELATED TO TELEKINESIS:

- telekinesis **real**
- telekinesis **training**
- telekinesis **powers**
- telekinesis **superpower**

The cursor hovers over the word SUPERPOWER... we HEAR the DING! of a text.

Nicole grabs her phone and reads:

FROM KAT: GOING INTO SURGERY SOON. TAKE DION TO E.R.

Not what Nicole wanted to hear. Feeling desperate and alone --

CUT TO:

INT. NICOLE'S APARTMENT - DION'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Nicole gently wakes Dion.

NICOLE
Sweetie, c'mon, we need to go see
Aunt Kat... Shhh, it's okay, let's
put your coat on...

She wraps his jacket around him. He's half asleep and at 7, heavier than the boy she used to be able to carry easily.

INT. HOSPITAL - RECEPTION AREA - NIGHT

Nicole's shaking hands fumble with the soda machine until a bottle of water comes out. She gives it to Dion, who is slumped in a chair half-asleep, just as Nicole's sister, KAT NEESE (late 20s; wearing surgical scrubs) gets off the elevator.

NICOLE
Kat!

Kat goes straight to Dion.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KAT
(to Dion)
Hey, buddy. You're not feeling
well?

Dion yawns. Kat feels his forehead.

KAT (CONT'D)
No fever, that's good. Something
hurting?

He shakes his head, sleepily.

Kat looks to Nicole, who looks like hell.

KAT (CONT'D)
I'm going to talk to your mom. Stay
right here, okay?

Dion sleepily snuggles into the chair. Kat leads Nicole away.

KAT (CONT'D)
I told you to take him to the E.R.--

NICOLE
I need you to look at him.

KAT
Nicky, I was about to scrub in. He
doesn't even look sick.

NICOLE
(blurts, bluntly)
He can move things with his mind.

A beat. A look.

KAT
What are you doing?

NICOLE
I'm telling you -- he made, like, a
hurricane or a cyclone of...
THINGS. LEGOS and -- It was CRAZY
and it scared the SHIT out of me --

KAT
Okay, okay --

Kat hurries Nicole down the hall. She peeks in the window of
the CHAPEL, opens the door and pushes Nicole inside.

INT. HOSPITAL - CHAPEL - NIGHT

A small room with a stained glass altar. It's empty. They sit on one of the pews.

KAT

Did you take something? I gave you those Lorazepam in case of an emergency --

NICOLE

I'm telling you, something is happening with Dion. I saw it! He made things fly around the living room and I'm bleeding --

KAT

You're saying Dion's violent?

NICOLE

I'M SAYING HE HAS POWERS! WEIRD, SCARY POWERS!

Nicole breaks down, crying.

KAT

You have so much on you right now --

NICOLE

Don't DO that. Don't MINIMIZE --

KAT

I'm trying to figure out what's going on because I'll tell you right now, Dion does not have powers!

Nicole jumps up.

NICOLE

Come with me, I'll show you --

KAT

No! Stop it! You're acting nuts! You don't get to DO this anymore! You're somebody's MOTHER, for godssake!

NICOLE

You don't think I know that?

Kat takes a deep breath. Gets back on track.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KAT

You need to talk to someone --

NICOLE

I'm talking to YOU --

KAT

I mean a professional because no kid needs to see their mom looking like you do right now. You need to get it together.

A long beat. She's right. Nicole nods, okay, and confesses --

NICOLE

I lost my job today.

KAT

Oh god...

(then)

Okay... I have to go into surgery, now. You need to go home, don't watch the news, just get some rest. I'm on call all weekend but I'll be over as soon as I can, we'll figure it out. But right now, I gotta --

"GO..." Nicole nods. Conversation's over. Time to be an adult again. As Nicole moves to the door --

KAT (CONT'D)

Hey.

Kat sticks out her pinky finger. Exhausted, Nicole wraps her pinky finger around Kat's -- a hold-over from childhood. A connection. A promise. No matter what.

INT. HOSPITAL - RECEPTION AREA - NIGHT

Kat waves to Dion as he exits the hospital holding his mother's hand. Nicole is working very hard to keep it together.

INT. NICOLE'S CAR/DRIVING - NIGHT

Nicole drives in almost total darkness, her face lit by passing cars. Exhausted. Confused. Ill-equipped for this moment.

She looks at Dion, sleeping up against the passenger window, also exhausted, but somehow trusting enough to fall asleep.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Nicole looks back to the road just in time to see RED TAIL LIGHTS. She reflexively SLAMS on the BRAKES and veers off to the shoulder of the road to avoid hitting the car in front of her.

Dion rustles awake.

NICOLE
We're okay, baby.

He settles back.

Off Nicole, staring out at the dark road, wondering what's next.

INT. NICOLE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Nicole turns off the lights in the kitchen and the living room. As she heads off to bed, she steps on the REY ACTION FIGURE. She places it on the coffee table and observes the mess Dion's cyclone created. BOOKS, LAUNDRY, TOYS scattered across the floor. Something catches her eye: LEGOS EMBEDDED IN THE WALL. She wrenches one free, but half a dozen others are buried deep in the drywall.

She looks around at the mess. *It was real, wasn't it?*

INT. NICOLE'S APARTMENT - NICOLE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT (LATER)

Nicole is in bed, holding the LEGO she pulled out of the wall, staring up at the dark ceiling, tears in her eyes. The door to her room inches open and Dion's there, backlit -- a tiny person casting a long shadow.

DION
Mom?

Nicole tries to wipe away her tears so Dion won't see them.

NICOLE
Yes, sweetie.

DION
I can't sleep --
(then)
Are you crying?

NICOLE
I'm fine, I'm fine. Come here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Dion crawls up onto the bed. Nicole snuggles up next to him. Nicole covers him with the blanket, wraps her arms around him.

NICOLE (CONT'D)

That better?

DION

Yes.

She holds him for a moment and he lets her. He's still a little boy.

DION (CONT'D)

Are you scared of me?

NICOLE

No. I'm --

(then)

How long has this been going on?

Dion shrugs. Dunno.

DION

So, things don't come when you want them?

She shakes her head, no.

DION (CONT'D)

Happens in comics... and movies...

NICOLE

Those things aren't real.

Dion thinks hard on that.

DION

Am I not real?

NICOLE

You are the only real thing in my life.

A beat. Then --

NICOLE (CONT'D)

Pat said you were asking about your Dad.

DION

You never talk about him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

NICOLE

It just made you so sad.

DION

Made you sadder.

Nicole nods, it's true.

DION (CONT'D)

He was a storm chaser.

NICOLE

Yes. He got caught in a hurricane in New Orleans -- and he saw a woman's car go into the river. So, he jumped in to save her.

DION

And did he?

NICOLE

He did. But the river took him instead.

DION

He should've just come home.

NICOLE

That's not what heroes do, right? A lady named Charlotte Price went home to her family that night because your Dad was a hero.

Dion retreats.

DION

(softly)

I forget him.

This knocks the wind out of Nicole.

NICOLE

What?

DION

(so sad)

Sometimes.

Nicole gathers herself, picks up her iPhone from the top of her night stand. Clicking a few times, she hands the phone to Dion. He sees:

A VIDEO OF MARK -- talking to the camera:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MARK (ON VIDEO)

Hey baby. How was your day?

Dion's eyes go wide. Mark leaves space on the video for Nicole to answer back. She tamps down her own pain and plays along, for Dion's sake.

NICOLE

(to the video)

A little weird, Mark. Stuff flew around the living room. Oh, and Pat took Dion out for pizza.

On the video, Mark nods, as if he's hearing her.

NICOLE (CONT'D)

(to Dion)

Your dad was traveling so much that last year, he made this video for me.

MARK (ON VIDEO)

... That's great. How's my little man, Dion?

Dion's eyes brighten. Nicole's mist with tears.

NICOLE

(to the video)

Dion's great. Best kid ever.

MARK (ON VIDEO)

I'm telling you, Nicole, that kid is going to rule the world...

Nicole smiles, hugs Dion.

MARK (ON VIDEO) (CONT'D)

... I wish I could be there, but -- you got this...

Nicole wants to believe that more than ever.

... When I get back, we'll go up to the cabin, just the three of us. Okay?

Nicole nods, yes, then moves her lips along with Mark as he says --

MARK (ON VIDEO) (CONT'D)

I miss you. I love you. I'll see you soon.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

The video ends. Nicole and Dion are silent for a beat.

Nicole has an idea --

NICOLE

I don't think you should go to
school tomorrow.

Dion looks up at Nicole --

INT. NICOLE'S CAR/DRIVING - HIGHWAY - DAY

The window is opened just slightly, and the breeze feels good on Nicole's face as she drives onto the freeway. She's a little more relaxed than we've seen her. Not carefree, but she can breathe.

Dion watches her face to gauge their situation. She feels his eyes on her, looks over at him and smiles.

Her smile releases his, and Dion rolls down his window, leaning into the rushing wind, grinning from ear to ear. Nicole loves seeing him happy. Makes her happy, too.

As they head out of the city, she turns on the radio and hears RIHANNA'S "UMBRELLA."

NICOLE

Oh, hell yeah.

Nicole CRANKS it up, sings:

RIHANNA (ON THE RADIO)

Because / When the sun shines,
we'll shine together / Told you
I'll be here forever / Said I'll
always be your friend / Took an
oath I'mma a stick it out 'till the
end...

Dion sings along, while doing the best dance moves his seat belt will allow. Cracks Nicole up, which is what he was going for. Nicole mimics the dance. They both sing at the top of their lungs:

RIHANNA (ON THE RADIO) (CONT'D)

Now that it's raining more than
ever / Know that we'll still have
each other / You can stand under my
umbrella / You can stand under my
umbrella, ella, ella, eh, eh, eh...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Off Mom and Son, letting loose as they head to the country.

EXT. RURAL ROAD - DAY

Nicole's car turns onto a two-lane, country road. Lots of trees, not a lot of houses. They pass a run-down Bait and Tackle shop and keep going.

EXT. LAKE CABIN - DAY

Nicole's car carefully navigates the gravel road leading to a small, rustic A-Frame cabin with a wrap-around porch, surrounded by trees, facing the water. A "FOR SALE" SIGN leans at an angle in the front yard. Looks like it's been there for a while.

The car stops on the grassy suggestion of a driveway.

Down the hill, lies a crystal blue lake ringed with trees. Not another house in sight, this place is secluded, idyllic.

And the sight of it is painful for Nicole.

Dion jumps out and runs down toward the water as...

WE HOLD WITH NICOLE. She steps out, takes in the view. The forest, the water, the breeze -- they all smell and feel like Mark to her. This was his place.

Nicole pulls out their bags and takes them to --

EXT. LAKE CABIN - FRONT DOOR - DAY

CLOSE ON: An old set of KEYS on a RUBBER FISH KEY RING.

Nicole flips through them, trying to remember which key goes to the front door. Tries one... nope... tries another, it fits but it takes a little jiggling to get the key to turn. Finally, it does and...

The door opens. We PEER inside...

INT. CABIN - DAY

Nicole walks into the living room and is hit with a wave of nostalgia. The place is just as they left it on their last visit. She looks around, breathing deeply, trying not to cry.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

We HEAR Dion outside happily making airplane sounds, pretending to fly as he runs down to the lake -- but WE STAY WITH NICOLE as she takes in the room.

Nicole is drawn to the dusty bookshelf, to the framed photos of 20-SOMETHING MARK AND NICOLE having drinks at sunset; Nicole and BABY DION swimming in the lake; Mark and 4-YEAR-OLD DION fishing.

They all looked so happy.

She touches the books on the shelves, which bring back memories of relaxing family times -- "THE SNOWY DAY," "HARRY POTTER," "A BRIEF HISTORY OF TIME," "ELLINGTON WAS NOT A STREET."

Her attention goes to a closed door.

INT. CABIN - STUDIO - DAY

Nicole enters. An empty room, cleared of all furniture. Wooden floor. Big windows looking out to the water. A FLOOR-TO-CEILING MIRROR is propped against one wall and in front --

A BALLET BARRE.

Nicole walks up to the barre. Her feet naturally go into first position.

CLOSE ON HER HAND... as she places it on the wooden barre.

Her body aligns and we see the dancer she once was. She closes her eyes and *feels like herself again* --

A FLASH OF NICOLE PERFORMING A MODERN DANCE SOLO ON AN IMPRESSIVELY LARGE STAGE -- BARE FEET -- LEAPING -- ATHLETIC, STRONG -- LANDING, TWISTING, CREATING TABLEAUS WITH HER BODY -- ENERGY AND JOY -- SEGUES INTO --

THIS SAME ROOM IN THE CABIN, IN THE PAST -- NICOLE TRYING TO TEACH MARK ONE OF HER DANCE MOVES. HE'S NOT GREAT AT IT BUT HE'S GIVING IT HIS ALL. NICOLE LAUGHS HERSELF SILLY WHILE MARK CLOWNS AROUND -- NICOLE THROWS HER ARMS AROUND HIM AND THEY FALL INTO A SLOW DANCE -- SENSUAL, SEXY -- WE'RE CLOSE ON MARK'S FACE -- MARK'S SMILE -- MARKS EYES -- WHEN --

Nicole's reverie is interrupted by Dion's MUFFLED SCREAMS --

DION (O.S.)

Mom! Mom, come here! Hurry! Help!

Nicole rushes out --

EXT. CABIN - BEACH - DAY

Nicole runs to the beach to find --

Dion pushing a RICKETY ROWBOAT into the water. No danger, just a little boy's curiosity.

DION

Help me!

NICOLE

That thing is so rusty, it probably doesn't even float --

DION

Look!

He holds up an old fishing pole.

NICOLE

We can't go fishing, Dion --

DION

Why not?

NICOLE

Because... we don't know how.

DION

You put the pole in the water.
C'mon! Let's go.

NICOLE

It doesn't work like that, you need bait--

But Dion has pushed the boat into the water and is climbing inside.

NICOLE (CONT'D)

You're not going out there by your--

She gives up and runs to the water's edge, gets inside the boat with Dion. He's grinning from ear to ear.

EXT. LAKE BAY / INT. RICKETY BOAT - DAY (LATER)

Dion tries to fish while Nicole tries not to throw up. Dion throws his fishing line into the water -- waits for a split second before pulling it out and throwing it into the water on the other side of the boat.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NICOLE
Dion, please stop rocking the boat.

DION
I can't find the fish.

He switches sides again.

NICOLE
Maybe there aren't any.

DION
It's water! There are fish!

He pulls his line out of the water again.

NICOLE
Just let it sit for a minute. See what happens.

Dion plops the line back in, watches for a split second, then-

DION
Can I see your phone? I want to show you the app I want.

NICOLE
If you'll sit still --

She hands her phone to Dion, who pulls up the app online.

DION
Here -- it's this --

Nicole looks at the phone, sees a KID SKATE ON A BOARD.

NICOLE
Is that Chris?

DION
No. You can't see Chris' videos unless you have an account. And I don't have an account. Which is why I can't 'like' anything.

NICOLE
Right.

She hands the phone back to Dion, who keeps watching videos.

NICOLE (CONT'D)
This never ends, you know.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DION

What?

NICOLE

Wanting to fit in. Trying to figure out what to do or buy or wear or say. I mean, what do you actually like? LEGOS, comic books...

DION

Chris doesn't like comic books.

NICOLE

So? You like them. Maybe you'll teach him about comic books. Point is, if you let people see who you are, you won't just have friends, you'll have the *right* friends.

(then)

Who's ready for macs and cheese?

Nicole picks up one of the oars.

DION

We only eat what we catch. We have to keep fishing.

NICOLE

That's not happening. And I'm not letting you starve because we don't know how to fish. Help me row.

Instead, Dion turns to the water, sticks out his 'Abracadabra hands,' and concentrates.

NICOLE (CONT'D)

Dion. Stop that.

Dion crooks his eyebrow and intensifies his efforts.

NICOLE (CONT'D)

It's cheating and -- don't do that!

Nicole waves her hands in the air as if dispelling magic, but Dion's attention goes to something over her shoulder. His EYES GET WIDE and he SMILES BROADLY.

NICOLE (CONT'D)

There's a fish right behind me, isn't there?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Grinning, Dion shakes his head, NO. Nicole turns around to see AN ENTIRE SCHOOL OF FISH HANGING IN THE AIR -- twisting and flipping their tails -- gasping for air, confused. Nicole SQUEALS --

NICOLE (CONT'D)

Oh my lord --
(to Dion)
Put them down --

DION

But --

NICOLE

They need water. They can't breathe
up there!

Dion concentrates his Abracadabra hands on the gasping fish. The fish stay put but WATER FROM THE LAKE flies up and surrounds each fish -- their own private fish bowls.

The fish begin to slowly ROTATE around the boat. Nicole and Dion are surrounded by the school of fish, swimming around them in the air.

Nicole stares at the phenomenon in wonder -- even more so when she sees...

The WATER touching the shore of the lake around them begins to RIPPLE. Nicole looks around, trying to understand what is happening, as --

With the warm creak of ancient wood, all of the TREES surrounding them on the bank of the lake begin to BEND toward them, as if bowing.

Dion smiles -- loving it -- in awe.

Nicole watches her son delighting in this impossible event.

NICOLE (CONT'D)

(carefully)
Let the trees go, sweetie --

Dion looks to her -- *oh, okay...*

He points his Abracadabra hands -- but the TREES keep bending. We hear the GROAN and CREAK of wood being strained beyond its capacity.

NICOLE (CONT'D)

Dion --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

DION

They're not listening.

We hear the SNAP of a BRANCH BREAKING -- LEAVES come flying in Dion's direction -- TWIGS, SMALL BRANCHES torn from the massive trees pelt Nicole. Dion dodges them as best he can but his cheek is CUT by flying debris.

A RUMBLE shakes the ground as the ROOTS of a LARGE TREE are PULLED OUT OF THE GROUND. The tree leans farther toward the center of the lake.

NICOLE

Make it stop, Dion --

DION

I'm trying --

The last roots of the large tree snap and TREE COMES CRASHING DOWN INTO THE LAKE -- Nicole looks up to see --

A HUGE, HEAVY BRANCH

COMES HURLING TOWARD THEM -- FAST -- STRAIGHT AT DION --

NICOLE LUNGES FOR DION BUT CAN'T GET TO HIM BEFORE --

THE BRANCH REACHES DION'S FACE -- AND --

NICOLE

Dion!

THE BRANCH PASSES WITHOUT CONNECTING. Where Dion just was, there is only...

A PUFF OF BLACK SMOKE

The branch FLIES PAST, tumbling into the water. Nicole sees --

DION

Standing on the shore. HAVING JUST TELEPORTED THERE FROM THE BOAT! He has no idea how he did it or even that he could.

The remaining trees snap back to their upright positions.

Dion looks to Nicole, still crouching in the boat -- both electrified with fear and *HOLY SHIT* at what just happened.

INT. CABIN - DION'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Nicole studies the sleeping Dion's perfect, innocent face at rest, trusting that he's safe and loved. He is. Almost unbearable how much.

THUNDER RUMBLES in the distance.

INT. CABIN - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Nicole exits Dion's room. Closing his door softly, she sees a CLOSET DOOR in the hallway, opens it.

Hanging in the closet among the SWEATERS, FISHING VESTS and WATERPROOF WADERS is MARK'S WOOL JACKET. Nicole takes it off the hanger, feels the material, puts it to her face, smelling him still there. Soon, we're --

INT. CABIN - KITCHEN - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Nicole hand-washes a plastic WINNIE THE POOH dish and sippy cup as Mark, wearing the WOOL JACKET, sweeps by Nicole to fill a travel mug with coffee.

MARK

Did he go down for a nap?

NICOLE

You're going to be gone when he wakes up. Can't you hold off?

MARK

There's one flight to New Orleans.

NICOLE

This was supposed to be our time away --

MARK

And it will be -- as soon as I get back.

She shoots him a look -- he knows that's not going to fly.

MARK (CONT'D)

I've been trying to connect with this... *expert* for weeks. Suddenly, I hear back and there's a clock on it--

(then)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARK (CONT'D)

Just stay, hang out with Dion --
watch Phineas and Ferb seven
thousand more times and I'll be
back before you know it.

Nicole's trying not to be won over. She warns:

NICOLE

You know I'm going to let him eat
macs and cheese and stay up 'til
midnight.

MARK

He loves macs and cheese.

He wraps his arms around her.

MARK (CONT'D)

And I love you.

He kisses her. She melts. Goddamn it.

When they part, he looks in her eyes and prompts:

MARK (CONT'D)

And...?

NICOLE

What?

MARK

And *you*...
(nothing from her, so --)
... Love...

NICOLE

Don't go.

She's serious. He drops the joke. We see something very
complicated and difficult going through his mind. He wants to
explain -- confide -- make her understand. He can't.

MARK

If there was any way...

Nicole gives up -- he's going.

Mark knows he can't make this right. As he goes to pick up
his bags, he rethinks his jacket. Taking it off, he opens the
hall closet door, swaps it for a waterproof raincoat, leaving
the wool jacket hanging as he heads to the door.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MARK (CONT'D)

Nic.
(she looks at him)
I love you.

She accepts it but still doesn't say it back.

Mark exits.

Off Nicole,

BACK TO PRESENT

INT. CABIN - HALLWAY - NIGHT - PRESENT

Nicole feels the wool jacket at her face -- then puts it on, zips it up -- it's huge on her. Feels as if Mark's all around her, embracing her. She slips her hands inside the pockets and -- pulls a FOLDED PIECE OF PAPER from one pocket.

It's A NOTE, written in Mark's handwriting:

CHARLOTTE PRICE 504-782-3287

Nicole is bereft. Charlotte Price was not some random woman Mark saved. He knew her.

Nicole hears the SCREEN DOOR FLAPPING. Shaken, she heads to the front door.

EXT. LAKE CABIN - FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

The front screen door FLAPS with the wind. Nicole goes to close it and the SKY LIGHTS UP, illuminating Dion, in his pajamas, standing out in the clearing staring up into the night sky.

NICOLE

Dion?
(yells --)
What are you doing out of bed?

Dion looks up at the storm with scientific curiosity, enthralled, drawn to it.

DION

Looking at the Rain People --

NICOLE

We need to get back inside --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Nicole runs to where he is, takes his hand, but stops when she sees what Dion sees --

OUTLINES OF SEVERAL OF PEOPLE, STANDING IN THE VEIL OF RAIN. GHOST-LIKE, SEE-THROUGH. Nicole is stunned. Dion steps toward one of the Rain People, walks right through him. Dion smiles -- and walks through another.

Out of the corner of her eye, Nicole sees ONE of the Rain People move forward -- toward her. It's MARK.

LIGHTNING crashes over the lake. The storm is moving in. 'Mark' reaches out to Nicole, screaming something -- a warning? He can't be heard above the wind.

NICOLE (CONT'D)

Mark?

Dion's moving in and out of the Rain People. He turns to look at Nicole and sees her reaching out to MARK.

DION

Dad?

Just as Nicole and Mark are about to touch, LIGHTNING FLASHES -- MARK AND THE OTHERS BURST INTO A MILLION PIXELS AND ARE SUCKED BACK OVER THE LAKE INTO THE STORM. THE STORM DISAPPEARS.

Suddenly, it's a cloudless night. Nicole is left breathless.

DION (CONT'D)

Was that my Dad?

(then)

Where'd he go? Where'd he GO?!

Off Nicole, staggered, looking into the night --

SMASH TO BLACK:

END OF PILOT