

# NO ORDINARY FAMILY

Story

By

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Teleplay

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ACT ONE

INT. THE FLAILING PROP PLANE - DAY

Turbulence and driving rain. Neither fun. The attractive and nervous POWELL FAMILY -- JIM, his wife STEPHANIE and kids, DAPHNE, 16, and JJ, 13 -- try to remain calm.

JIM (V.O.)  
Every story has a beginning.  
(then)  
This isn't it.

JIM (CONT'D)  
(concerned)  
That storm really came out of  
nowhere.

BUMP. Plane and passengers are tossed. MITCH McCUTCHEON -- the rugged pilot -- does his best to reassure the family.

MITCH  
Don't worry. I've flown through a  
lot worse.

JIM  
Oh... yeah. When?

MITCH  
Actually, I'm just trying to make  
you feel better. This is about the  
worst shit I've ever been up in.

Stephanie sees that Daphne's texting.

STEPHANIE  
(disbelief)  
Who are you texting now?

DAPHNE  
God.

Stephanie shakes her head. As Jim takes in his family...

JIM (V.O.)  
It was the moment that changed  
everything. But it wasn't the  
beginning.

BANG! The PLANE is JOLTED. Tossed to and fro, until it DROPS! Out of frame. Falling. The SUDDEN DIVE brings us BACK TO --

JIM (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
This is the beginning.

EXT. BEACH - 1992

A WAVE rolls in. Pristine and beautiful.

JIM (V.O.)  
I know. It looks like an ad for  
hair-loss or Cialis. It's not.

We REVERSE onto COLLEGE STUDENTS at a beach party. JIM POWELL, 20s, laughs with friends until his eye catches something. Or more specifically SOMEONE. Instantly smitten.

JIM (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Because our story began... the  
first time I saw Stephanie.

STEPHANIE is introduced to the GROUP OF GUYS. Jim, gobsmacked, *just stares at her*. Unable to speak or to shake her outstretched hand. Stephanie's a bit weirded out...

JIM (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Despite some initial missteps...

Stephanie shakes her head, walks off.

INT. JIM'S DORM - 1992

Jim talks on the phone, then smiles.

JIM (V.O.)  
...I convinced her to go out with  
me.

INT. STEPHANIE'S DORM ROOM - 1992

She hangs up the phone, turns to her studious ROOMMATE.

STEPHANIE  
(shrugs, unexcited)  
Might as well. Either that or  
Organic Chemistry.

INT. OFF-CAMPUS BAR - 1992

Jim animatedly tells a story to Stephanie, drinking amidst gesticulations.

JIM (V.O.)  
You ever have that night when  
everything you say is funny?  
Insightful?

She looks at him, forces a smile.

JIM (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
As I found out later, I didn't  
either.

INT. STEPHANIE'S DORM ROOM - 1992

Post-date, Stephanie enters. Her roommate looks up at her.

STEPHANIE  
He thought he was really charming.  
I just think he was drunk.

INT. OFF-CAMPUS BAR - 1992

A dejected Jim sits with his roommate GEORGE ST.CLOUD, African-American, who points to a STUNNING PHOTO of Stephanie in the campus paper. Under the headline "Student Wins Gentry Grant."

JIM (V.O.)  
Well-meaning friends tried to  
convince me my feelings were  
misguided --

GEORGE  
She's not that cute. Look at that  
extra space between her nose and  
upper lip. Disgusting. Plus...  
you really want to be married to a  
chick who's a scientist?  
(then)  
Actually, that's pretty hot.

INT. JIM'S DORM - 1992

Jim talks on the phone.

JIM (V.O.)  
Unmoved by such reason, I talked my  
way into a second date.

STEPHANIE'S DORM - as she hangs up, turns to her Roommate.

STEPHANIE  
(shrugs, unexcited)  
Might as well. Either that or  
Molecular Bio.

INT. JIM'S DORM ROOM - 1992

Jim stands before a CANVAS that he's working on.

JIM (V.O.)  
I was an artist. Better with  
pictures than with words.

EXT. BEACH - 1992

Jim and Stephanie walk along. Simple, easy.

JIM (V.O.)  
And so, having exhausted every  
other method, I settled on a last-  
ditch approach...

LATER... Jim sketches her.

JIM (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
To be myself.

Hands the drawing to her -- beautiful. She's moved.

JIM (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
And, somehow -- improbably -- I  
touched her.

She kisses him. MUSIC RISES.

INT. OFF-CAMPUS BAR

CLOSE ON A RING BOX. WIDEN to REVEAL Jim is proposing.

JIM (V.O.)  
After that, the milestones fell  
like dominoes. Engagement.

A FLASH MEMORIALIZES it as a PHOTO in an ALBUM. We flip the  
page to a PHOTO OF Jim and Stephanie being MARRIED.

JIM (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Marriage.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM

HOME VIDEO -- CLOSE on a BABY GIRL.

JIM (V.O.)  
In a couple of years... Daphne  
arrived. Beautiful. And I swear  
she knew it.

HOME VIDEO -- CLOSE on a BABY BOY with a blank stare.

JIM (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
A few years later... JJ. Not a  
thing on his mind. A look we  
quickly got used to.

INT. POWELL HOME

Daphne, now 5, is chased by JJ, now 2, through frame...

JIM (V.O.)  
Life flew by without question or  
peril.

THEN... JJ, now 7, chases Daphne, now 10, back the other way.

JIM (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
The kids got bigger.

A WALL is KNOCKED DOWN in the house by a WORKMAN.

JIM (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
The house got bigger.

IN A LAB -- White-coated STEPHANIE smiles as FLASH BULBS POP.  
She's receiving an AWARD.

JIM (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Stephanie's dreams got bigger and  
were gloriously fulfilled.  
Youngest Chief Researcher at Global  
Tech, the industrial conglomerate.

BACK AT HOME -- Jim sits in front of a canvas.

JIM (V.O.)  
There was only one thing in our  
lives that stopped growing... me.

REVEAL that the canvas is BLANK.

JIM (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
To fill in the space that my dreams  
once occupied, I got a job.

INT. A POLICE PRECINCT - DAY

Jim -- now a POLICE SKETCH ARTIST -- draws a composite on his  
DESKTOP COMPUTER. A CRIME VICTIM sits across from an  
uninspired Jim. A long way from true art. From his dreams.

JIM  
Anything you can recall about your  
attacker, you tell me. And it's my  
job to use that to create a sketch.

CRIME VICTIM  
He had these big eyes.

Jim pushes a button. EYES appear on his computer screen.

CRIME VICTIM (CONT'D)  
Bigger... bigger...  
(Jim clicks)  
He's not a muppet.

CRIME VICTIM (CONT'D)  
And smart lips. Really smart lips.

JIM  
I don't think we have a button for  
smart lips.

INT. JIM AND STEPHANIE'S BEDROOM

Jim enters, Stephanie's already asleep under SCIENCE JOURNALS.

JIM (V.O.)  
As Stephanie's dreams became more  
real and mine became memories, the  
space that had never existed  
between us -- it started to grow.

Jim CLOSES UP the journals, KISSES her forehead. He takes in  
his sleeping wife, then FLIPS THE LIGHT. As we SMASH TO --

EXT. TARMAC - SOUTH AMERICAN AIRPORT

The family approaches a shaky-looking PROP PLANE.

JIM (V.O.)  
We'd turned Stephanie's South  
American research trip last month  
into a family vacation. A chance  
to fill that space.

JIM (CONT'D)  
(enthused)  
This'll be great. We'll take this  
puddle jumper straight to the resort.  
And then... a week of R and R.  
(to JJ)  
You know what R and R means?

JJ  
Surfing and sailing?

JIM  
(forcing a smile)  
Close enough.

We SMASH TO...

INT. FLAILING PROP PLANE - DAY

BACK to where we started -- the Powell's plane in FREE-FALL.  
The family members hold on for dear life.

JIM (V.O.)  
It didn't work out like we'd hoped.

LATER... REVEAL a CRASHED PROP PLANE in the AMAZON RIVER DELTA.  
We're in NEWS FOOTAGE -- a caption reads "Family Found Alive!"

JIM (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Fortunately, we survived.

Continue FOOTAGE of the ACCIDENT SITE, under a CHYRON that  
reads "Pilot Dies in Crash."

JIM (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Unfortunately, our pilot wasn't  
quite as lucky.

EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

The family is wheeled out of the hospital. Jim and Stephanie  
embrace their kids -- then each other.

JIM (V.O.)  
We held each other close. Vowing a  
new beginning to our lives.

INT. JIM AND STEPHANIE'S FAVORITE RESTAURANT - NIGHT

A "romantic dinner" for two. Conversation is scant.

STEPHANIE  
Maybe next time, it could just be  
us. If we're ever brave enough to  
go airborne again.  
(no response)  
Jim?

JIM (V.O.)  
It was easier than admitting the  
truth -- that nothing had changed.

JIM (CONT'D)  
Sorry. I used up all my vacation  
time on the family crash-cation.

STEPHANIE  
Then maybe we could just drive up  
the coast. You could sketch the  
seascape.

JIM  
Unless the seascape commits petty  
robbery... not sure I qualify  
anymore.  
(then)  
Besides... not sure you have the  
time. Between the kids and your job.

STEPHANIE  
I can make the time. For us.



JIM

No one can make time. You'll just feel guilty for not being somewhere else.

She can't entirely argue. As they sit in silence, we HEAR --

GEORGE (PRELAP)

Jeez. You guys are my favorite couple.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Jim sits across from his best friend, George St. Cloud -- now late 30s -- who we recognize as his FORMER COLLEGE ROOMMATE.

JIM

We used to be my favorite couple, too.

GEORGE

C'mon. You're overreacting --

JIM

I'm not making any decisions. I just want to talk to him...

GEORGE

You want to hear about divorce? I've been thru two. The second one was like an interrogation at Gitmo. And the first one -- that was the bad one.

JIM

I don't make her happy anymore. It's actually the humane thing to do.

GEORGE

Look. No one says marriage is easy. But before you give up the fight, talk to this guy first. Not that he helped me... but he came close.

George reaches into his wallet. Pulls out a BUSINESS CARD. Slides it to Jim. It's for a MARRIAGE COUNSELOR.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

I know you guys are in a rough spot today. But hang in... because who knows what tomorrow brings?

INT. JIM AND STEPHANIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Stephanie lies in bed, asleep. Jim gets in... slowly closes his eyes and drifts off to sleep.

JIM (V.O.)  
So I went to bed and hoped tomorrow  
brought something new.

Jim flips off the bedside lamp. Room goes PITCH BLACK.

JIM (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
And believe it or not... it did.

From BLACK, we SMASH TO --

INT. POLICE PRECINCT - TODAY

IRIS MITCHELL  
I already told the detectives -- I  
couldn't see his face. He was  
wearing a mask.

IRIS MITCHELL, late 60s and dazed, sits across from Jim.

JIM  
Right, a mask of President Obama.  
But unless it actually was the  
President who robbed your store,  
there's not much I can --

IRIS MITCHELL  
Forty-three years we were married.  
We opened that jewelry store with  
money from my father. And now...

She cries softly, as Jim slides a tissue box towards her.

JIM  
I know this is hard. But if you  
can remember anything -- hair  
color, eye color, height -- I can  
create a composite of this man. It  
won't bring your husband back but  
it could help save someone else's.  
(as she cries harder)  
Why don't we take a little break,  
okay? How about some coffee?

INT. POLICE PRECINCT - LATER

Jim stands at the COFFEE STATION. OFFICER YVONNE CHO -- 30  
and beautiful -- approaches in uniform.

YVONNE  
Powell.

JIM  
Cho.  
(on second thought)  
Officer Cho.

Yvonne looks sympathetically at Iris Mitchell.

YVONNE

Third jewelry store invasion in three days. How's it going with the vic's wife?

JIM

Can I ask you a question? How do you do it? Day after day facing people you just can't help...

YVONNE

By not asking myself that question.

NEARBY... A METH-HEAD CRIMINAL in handcuffs is tossed into a chair at a DETECTIVE'S desk. The Criminal is tweaking hard --

COP

Sir. Tell me what you're on, sir. What drugs you have taken...

No use. The Criminal thrashes. Spits in the cop's face.

BACK WITH JIM AND YVONNE --

YVONNE

Truth is, I feel helpless most of the time, too. Crime's up. As bad as I've seen it. I wish more people around here cared as much as you do.

JIM

Caring deeply about things I can't control is a hobby of mine. My work... my marriage.

(he's said too much)

Anyway, I should get back to Mrs. Mitchell. But if you ever need big eyes or smart lips --

YVONNE

You'll be my first call.

As Yvonne smiles at Jim, ACROSS THE ROOM... THE CRIMINAL wrests free. *He lunges and GRABS the GUN of an unsuspecting cop.* Yvonne sees this.

YVONNE (CONT'D)

(yelling)

Gun!

Chaos. The Meth-head pistol-whips an oncoming uniform, knocking him down. Then points his gun wildly -- firing in the direction of -- YVONNE. BANG!

In a flash, Jim reacts without thinking -- LEAPS and PUSHES Yvonne out of the path of the oncoming bullet.

COPS fire on the Criminal, hitting him. He crumples into a heap. The melee settles. Jim looks to Yvonne, out of breath.

JIM

You okay?!

YVONNE

Yeah. I think so. You?

Jim nods, as the wounded Criminal is pulled to his feet and led past them. Yvonne rises, looks around quizzically.

JIM

What are you looking for?

YVONNE

The bullet... it missed me, but I can't seem to find where it --

JIM

Just be glad you're okay.

YVONNE

(nods, then)

Hey. You're sure you're alright?

JIM

Maybe I just need some air.

Jim, seemingly shaken, makes a beeline for the HALLWAY.

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

But it wasn't post-traumatic stress that drove me from that room.

Looks around -- he's alone. He opens his hand to REVEAL --

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

It was the unmistakable, irrefutable sense that life had finally turned.

THE BULLET, rests in his hand. Jim caught the bullet. Off Jim, stunned, we... SMASH TO BLACK.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. JIM AND STEPHANIE'S BEDROOM

On Stephanie, asleep in her bed...

STEPHANIE (V.O.)  
There's that split second just  
after you wake up when the world  
hasn't yet pressed itself on your  
chest.

She opens her eyes. Smiles blissfully to herself.

STEPHANIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Before you remember your work. Or  
your troubled marriage. Or the  
people you fear you'll disappoint.

She REACTS to the SOUND OF CAREFREE WHISTLING.

STEPHANIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
But what I woke up to that morning  
was something very different.

INT. BATHROOM

Jim flexes in the bathroom mirror. The love handles don't bother him today. Stephanie slowly enters, smiles.

STEPHANIE (V.O.)  
What I woke up to was a man I  
hadn't seen in years.

JIM  
(wide smile)  
Beautiful day, isn't it?

Stephanie smiles. Unsure, but not questioning it. Moves closer.

STEPHANIE  
You know, I can try to push back my  
presentation til this afternoon.  
If you wanna... you know...

JIM  
Sorry. Can't. Big day. Very big  
day.

A QUICK KISS and he's gone. Stephanie watches him, puzzled.

STEPHANIE (V.O.)  
Though Jim seemed different today,  
I barely had time to wonder why...

PUSH IN ON STEPHANIE'S REFLECTION, as she studies herself in the BATHROOM MIRROR.

STEPHANIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Because lately, my life had become  
a race.

WIDEN as she rushes to put on eye-liner -- badly.

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)  
Racing to get ready in the morning.

EXT. SCHOOL

Stephanie speeds into the drop-off lane.

STEPHANIE (V.O.)  
Racing to be there for my kids.

Daphne and JJ get out the car.

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)  
Remember, JJ. I'll see you at your  
teacher conference. And Daphne --  
I'll be at your soccer game.

Stephanie *vrooms* off, nearly clipping the CROSSING GUARD.

STEPHANIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Racing to the office.

INT. GLOBAL TECH - HALLWAY

Stephanie and her energetic lab assistant, KATIE ANDREWS, late 20s and perky cute, hustle down the hall.

KATIE  
The Board's waiting for you -- in  
the conference room.  
(then)  
And Steph? Shoes.

Katie indicates the Stephanie still has her SNEAKERS on. Stephanie quickly switches into her SHOES.

STEPHANIE (V.O.)  
Racing through my day... unsure if  
this was a race that could ever be  
won.

As she RUNS down the HALLWAY into --

INT. VAST CONFERENCE ROOM

Stephanie makes her presentation to the BOARD. Observing is Stephanie's boss, DR. DAYTON KING, 50s, kindly. High-tech video graphics fill a bank of OVERSIZED SCREENS.

STEPHANIE

-- but amidst the untold natural resources of the Amazon basin, we uncovered perhaps the crown jewel -- the *trilsettum coronis*.

CUTTING-EDGE GRAPHICS of the PLANT fill the screen, visually breaking it down on a cellular level.

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)

The *trilsettum coronis* has adapted and thrived for nearly 50,000 years --

DR. FRANCIS CHILES, 30s, slick, unctuous, INTERJECTS.

FRANCIS

A plant, Dr. Powell? You're wasting the Board's time... on a plant?

STEPHANIE

Not just any plant, Dr. Chiles. Carbon-14 dating traces the *trilsettum coronis* back to the Pleistocene Epoch --

FRANCIS

I stand corrected. You're wasting the Board's time on a *really old* plant?

Dr. King gives Francis a disapproving look.

KING

Dr. Chiles. You'll get your turn to waste the Board's time.

(turning back to her)

This is fascinating, Dr. Powell. Tell us more about this plant...

Stephanie glances at her watch. Never enough time. Then she smiles at King...

STEPHANIE

Our facility in Belém is already experimenting with practical applications across our divisions -- pharmaceuticals, paper, green fuels.

(then)

(MORE)

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)

To be honest, sir, I'd bet money  
there's nothing this plant can't  
do...

A HUNDRED DOLLAR bill slammed flat on a counter. WIDEN TO --

INT. FRONT COUNTER - BATTING CAGE - PRESENT

Jim stands across the counter from the teenage CLERK.

CLERK

I don't have change.

JIM

I don't want change. I want to buy  
out the whole place. One hour.

CLERK

Alright. Cool. All yours.

JIM

And I want you to take a break.

CLERK

Sorry. I'm not allowed to leave  
you alone here --

Jim slams ANOTHER HUNDRED down

CLERK (CONT'D)

-- for more than an hour.

INT. BATTING CAGE

Jim puts a token into the slot, presses the 80 mph Button.  
He stands at home plate. No bat, no helmet. He waits

A BALL fires out of the machine. Effortlessly, he reaches  
out and catches it. Smiles.

MOMENTS LATER -- Jim presses the 90 mph Button. Again, he  
waits. Again, a ball fires. Again, he catches it.

MOMENTS LATER -- Jim kneels down, examining the PITCHING  
MACHINE's inner workings. At 100 mph, the SPEED DIAL warns:  
"DO NOT TURN PAST." Jim turns past, all the way to 140 mph.

BACK IN THE CAGE -- Jim waits. A ball fires out. Blazing  
speed. He reaches out to catch it, but before it arrives...

STEPHANIE (V.O.)

As life came at me faster...

INT. HALLWAY - GLOBAL TECH

Stephanie and Katie HUSTLE back down the hallway.



STEPHANIE (V.O.)

...I raced to keep up.

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)

That took much longer than it was supposed to. Remember, if anyone needs me, I'll be at JJ's school -- Did I mention he may be flunking out? -- Then Daphne's game. And -- crap --

KATIE

What?

STEPHANIE

Date night with Jim! I forgot to make reservations. Can you --?  
(off Katie's nod)  
Someplace romantic. That won't give the table away if I'm late!

KATIE

Oh... Stephanie. Shoes.

They REVERSE the process -- Stephanie slips OFF the shoes, slips ON her sneakers. PUSHES out the DOOR. We MATCH ON --

INT. BATTING CAGE

A DOOR, opening, as George enters. Takes in Jim ALONE amidst the empty cages.

GEORGE

If this is an intervention, I don't drink. And if it's a surprise party, the turnout's a little depressing.

JIM

It's neither. There's something I need to show you...

Jim presses the button. Stands at home plate. Waiting.

GEORGE

I'm no Hideki Matsui, but don't you generally want a bat when you're standing up there?

CLOSE ON THE MACHINE -- as a BALL is fed down the tube and into the chute. It FIRES! Blazing speed.

Jim waits confidently. George squints nervously. The 140 mph fast ball speeds towards home plate. And then --

Jim reaches out and catches it. Opens his hand to REVEAL only DUST AND A COWHIDE COVERING

GEORGE (CONT'D)

(unsure)

O-kay. You've been taking magic classes at the Learning Annex?

JIM

It's not magic.

Jim UNZIPS a gym bag, pulls out a .32 Glock.

GEORGE

Uh, I think we're starting to cross lines here. Where the hell did you get that?

JIM

Supply closet. Surprisingly poor lock.

GEORGE

And what do you need *that* for?

JIM

I don't. You do.

(beat)

I need you to shoot me.

As George looks back in disbelief, we're --

INT. CLASSROOM - LATER

Stephanie faces PRINCIPAL YEAGER. JJ sits silently nearby.

PRINCIPAL

Not what a parent wants to hear. But if JJ's grades don't improve... repeating the ninth grade may be our only option.

STEPHANIE

(shaking her head)

It's my fault. I work with him every night. And if I had more time, I know JJ could excel.

The BELL RINGS. JJ stands, touches his mother's shoulder.

JJ

Sometimes there's just not enough time.

He exits. She watches him go, concerned.

EXT. SOCCER FIELD - DAY

The game's over. Daphne, in her SOCCER UNIFORM, is in an intense conversation with her boyfriend, LUCAS, 17, the epitome of a cool high school boyfriend.

DAPHNE

-- she was hitting on you.

LUCAS

Daphne, c'mon. Lindsay was just making small-talk.

DAPHNE

With her hand on your thigh.

LUCAS

She saw a mosquito.

DAPHNE

Riiight. So I guess she just wanted to whack it off?

Lucas smiles at her. She softens.

DAPHNE (CONT'D)

I don't know what's cuter about you. That you can't see when a girl is into you. Or that you're too into me to see it.

They KISS when... Stephanie arrives, OUT OF BREATH.

STEPHANIE

Daphne, sorry. I got stuck in traffic. -- Hi, Lucas. -- But I got here as fast as I could. I'm sorry I'm so late --

DAPHNE

(snarky)

You're not late, Mom. You're early for my next game. Besides, it's not like Dad made it, either.

Daphne walks, Stephanie follows.

STEPHANIE

(continuing)

I tried to get here. But I had JJ's conference -- they're talking Special Ed now or, God forbid, holding him back -- and my presentation ran long so --

DAPHNE

Guess what? Your life...? Not nearly as interesting to me as mine. I'll see you at home.

Daphne walks off, joining Lucas. As Stephanie watches her, hurt by her inability to connect, her PHONE RINGS --

STEPHANIE

(into phone)  
Hello?

INTERCUT DR. KING -- in the CONFERENCE ROOM.

DR. KING

Good news. The chairman wants to take us both to dinner. You hooked him. Wants to hear more about your research...

STEPHANIE

(concerned)  
Tonight?

DR. KING

Why? Something as pressing as dinner with the Chairman?

STEPHANIE

It's... "Date Night." With Jim. And I know it sounds silly. But things haven't been as smooth as they used to be and Date Night's a good way for us to--  
(stopping herself)  
I'm over-sharing, right?

DR. KING

Your devotion is admirable. So I'll understand whatever choice you make. But grant distribution hasn't been finalized. And Francis will be at that dinner, as well...

Stephanie exhales. She knows she has no choice.

INT. STEPHANIE'S LAB

Stephanie stares at a framed PHOTO of HER and JIM, as she picks up the phone, dials.

STEPHANIE

(into phone)  
Hi. It's me. Bad news... date night not looking promising.

INTERCUT Jim, on his cell, in the BATTING CAGE. Listening.

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)

(into phone)

And I'm sorry. There's no one I'd rather be with than you, but the Chairman's in town and suddenly it's like an episode of "Survivor" around here --

JIM

No, it's fine.

STEPHANIE

(a beat, then)

It is? You're sure?

JIM

Sure. How can we predict everything that's gonna happen to us?

STEPHANIE (V.O.)

And suddenly I couldn't tell -- did I have an understanding husband? Or one who just no longer cared?

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)

Well... okay. I'll see you at home then.

We STAY WITH JIM, as he hangs up his cell.

JIM

Alright. Let's do this.

WIDEN to REVEAL George aiming a gun at him from across the room.

GEORGE

(terrified)

I can't believe I'm gonna kill you--

JIM

You're not gonna kill me, George. You're just gonna shoot me.

GEORGE

I'm a black and white-kinda guy. To me... sorta the same thing.

JIM

(sincerely)

Look. You saw it. Something's happening to me. Something... impossible.

(MORE)

JIM (CONT'D)

I need to know what I can do. And  
I need your help. Please.

As George considers this, we're --

JIM (CONT'D)

I promise. It'll be over in a  
second.

GEORGE

That's what I'm afraid of.

George relents. Shakily aims the gun. Sweat beads on his face. Finger tickles the trigger. More sweat. But AS HE FIRES, *he loses his nerve and jerks the gun away.* The bullet flies off-course.

Jim reacts, sprints towards the bullet like a center fielder, Leaps in the air and flies into the wall. But unlike a center fielder... he goes RIGHT THROUGH.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

(stunned)

Jesus.

George runs to the HOLE IN THE WALL. Amidst pieces of plaster and drywall, Jim looks up at him from the floor REVEALS... the BULLET. Caught. Smiles.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

(at a loss)

Well there goes your deposit.

INT. GLOBAL TECH

Stephanie steps off the ELEVATOR into the LOBBY.

STEPHANIE (V.O.)

And so instead of "Date Night," I  
headed off to dinner...

SECURITY GUARD

Oh... Dr. Powell? They just left.  
Dr. King said to meet them at the  
restaurant.

Stephanie exhales as we SMASH TO --

INT. STEPHANIE'S CAR -- NIGHT

He turns the key. Dead.

STEPHANIE (V.O.)

And once again...

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Stephanie tries to HAIL a cab amidst the busy street.

STEPHANIE (V.O.)  
I found myself back in my familiar  
routine... racing.

She spots a CAB at the next block. It starts to pull away.

STEPHANIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Not to my husband or children. But  
now... racing to places I didn't  
even want to go.

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)  
Taxi! Taxi!

Stephanie races after the CAB. Trying to catch it.

STEPHANIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
And that's when it happened...

As she RUNS, Stephanie's BACKGROUND slows. Stephanie MOVING  
but TIME SLOWING --

STEPHANIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
In the world of science, we call it  
an unexplained phenomena. An  
occurrence so random and bizarre  
that it defies explanation.

Everything SLOWING. But Stephanie. Until, we WIDEN and --

STEPHANIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
And in a life short on time...

Resume NORMAL SPEED, as we suddenly FIND Stephanie IN FRONT  
OF THE RESTAURANT. Miles away.

STEPHANIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
I suddenly found myself... fast.

A stunned Stephanie tries to process what just happened, as a  
CAB PULLS up. King, Francis and the Chairman spill out.

KING  
Oh... Stephanie. This is a  
surprise. We thought you'd be  
late.

STEPHANIE  
(still stunned)  
Um. Traffic was with me.

Francis takes in her appearance -- disheveled from her "run."

FRANCIS

Nice look, Powell. Classy.

Everyone enters. Stephanie remains, thinks.

STEPHANIE (V.O.)

*I was an unexplained phenomena.  
And I'll tell you what -- it didn't  
feel half bad.*

As she smiles to herself, amazed, we... SMASH TO BLACK.

END OF ACT TWO



ACT THREE

INT. POWELL KITCHEN - MORNING

Family breakfast. Jim hums to himself as he eats.

JIM (V.O.)

For the next few weeks I did my best to act as if nothing had changed.

JIM (CONT'D)

(mmmm...)

This is great. Really great. What do you call this?

DAPHNE

Uh... Raisin Bran?

JIM (V.O.)

But the days following the onset of my abilities stuck to a similar script.

LATER -- Jim gives quick kisses to the kids.

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

I'd kiss my family goodbye.

And he's gone. Daphne turns knowingly to JJ --

DAPHNE

(re: Jim)

Mid-life crisis.

INT. PRECINCT

Jim sits with HECTOR, 20s, a witness.

JIM (V.O.)

Do my job...

HECTOR

(emotionally)

Mrs. Epstein hired me. When no one else would. She said I had potential. First person who ever believed in me. Now the last, too.

JIM

He was... wearing a mask?

HECTOR

President Obama, yeah.

Jim nods earnestly, then glances up at the WALL CLOCK.

JIM (V.O.)  
Counting the minutes 'til lunch.  
When I'd meet George. To write the  
Owner's Manual for my new ride.

EXT. DOWNTOWN HI-RISE ROOFTOP

Jim stands with George. Dressed in track gear. George holds a Mac iPad.

GEORGE  
Most of them can fly.

JIM  
I can't fly.

GEORGE  
You read comic books. I don't know  
all their names. But they can fly.  
Some of them.

JIM  
I can't fly.

GEORGE  
Two weeks ago, you couldn't catch  
bullets either. Or jump through  
walls.

JIM  
I can't fly.

GEORGE  
Just take a running jump. Get a  
head of steam. Think like  
something that flies.

Jim shrugs. Takes a running start across the roof and DIVES  
OFF THE EDGE OF THE BUILDING!

Instead of going up... he goes... DOWN. Like a stone.  
George blanches, runs to the edge of the roof. Looks down to  
see --

Jim, amidst a small crater of rubble that his impact caused,  
staring back up at him from the ALLEY below.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
Okay. You can't fly.

Then, Jim bends his knees and LEAPS BACK UP! Next to George!  
Lands with a roof-shaking thud.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
(smiles)  
But you can jump.

STEPHANIE (V.O.)

I guess I'd have given more thought  
to how strangely Jim was acting, but  
I had other things on my mind...

INT. POWELL KITCHEN

Stephanie -- buoyant -- kisses Daphne and JJ goodbye.

STEPHANIE (V.O.)

Namely, me.

As she bounces off, Daphne turns knowingly to JJ --

DAPHNE

(re: Stephanie)

Menopause.

INT. STEPHANIE'S LAB - DAY

Stephanie sits across from Katie.

STEPHANIE

Can I talk to you? In confidence?

KATIE

Ohmygod -- you're firing me...

STEPHANIE

No. I'm not firing you. This is  
about me.

KATIE

(excited)

Are you gonna tell me something  
really personal like we're best  
friends even though I'm only your  
lab tech because that would totally  
validate everything I've been  
working on in therapy?

STEPHANIE

I'm fast.

Katie looks at her. That's it?

KATIE

(unsure)

Um. That's the big... secret?

STEPHANIE

No. Really fast.

(off her look)

I'm not making my point. Uh... you  
know that weird little leprechaun  
you keep downstairs in your cubicle?

KATIE

Yeah?

Suddenly, Stephanie's GONE. But her exit is like a BLAST from a JET ENGINE firing to life. She moves THAT fast. Papers FLY about, Katie's HAIR is BLOWN back. Then --

The GUST returns with Stephanie, as she sets the LEPRECHAUN down *in front of a stunned Katie.*

STEPHANIE

(smiles)

I told you -- I'm fast.

As -- IN THE HALLWAY, CO-WORKERS scurry to retrieve their papers strewn about the hall, unsure what just happened -- Katie looks up at Stephanie...

KATIE

(nervously)

Dr. Powell. I consider you a role model, so don't take this the wrong way, but... you're frightening me.

As Stephanie smiles reassuringly back at her, we're --

JIM (V.O.)

Each day brought new tests...

EXT. STADIUM - DAY

George and Jim are in a parking lot outside of a college stadium. Jim starts to lift the SUV off the ground. George jots notes.

GEORGE

Remember. Lift with your legs. Last thing you want to do is throw out your lower back.

(then, as Jim lifts)

'kay, no problem with the luxury SUV. Tell me... how's it feel?

JIM

(car in the air)

Good, I guess. Though never thought I'd be able to actually lift a --

GEORGE

No, I was thinking of getting one when my lease is up... just wondering how it felt.

JIM

Oh... you know. Heavy.

Jim sets down the car, as we SMASH TO --

STEPHANIE (V.O.)  
And new discoveries.

EXT. TRACK - HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Katie stands alone on the deserted track. A STOP WATCH in hand. Every second... a BLUR WHOOSHES past her. Her HAIR again BLOWING back.

KATIE  
Am I being too accepting of this?  
Should I be asking more questions?  
I don't know -- It's very  
unsettling trying to carry on a  
conversation like this.

Suddenly, the BLUR stops -- it's Stephanie.

STEPHANIE  
How'd I do?

KATIE  
(checks the stop watch)  
Ten miles in just under five  
seconds.

STEPHANIE  
Hmmm. I thought I might be quicker  
than that.

KATIE  
"Quicker than that?" At that pace,  
you could run to New York in --  
(at a loss)

STEPHANIE  
Thirty minutes.

KATIE  
Ohmygod -- the Olympics! You  
should totally enter. Where are  
they this year? Korea? They're  
always in Korea...

STEPHANIE  
Katie, I'm not interested in the  
Olympics.

KATIE  
What are you interested in?

STEPHANIE  
(smiles, then)  
Making time.

MUSIC UP... as our MONTAGE begins...

EXT. ROOFTOP

George stands alone ON THE ROOFTOP. Then Jim soars into frame. Lands next to George, who checks his GPS.

GEORGE  
Okay. From Jefferson, right?  
(beat, realizing)  
That's a quarter mile.

Jim wipes a FEATHER off his shoulder.

JIM  
Think I hit a bird.

SMASH TO --

IN THE POWELL KITCHEN. Stephanie finishes tutoring JJ. He smiles, stands and exits. Then... he feels a WHOOSH of WIND against him. He TURNS... but Stephanie is GONE. SMASH TO --

DAPHNE'S SOCCER GAME -- as Daphne looks up from the bleachers to see Stephanie, waving at her.

IN STEPHANIE'S LAB... LATER, as she LOCKS the door. Then... she's a BLUR. Papers FLY... then FLUTTER back to their desks. Stephanie STOPS... smiles to herself. Checks her watch... DONE.

STEPHANIE  
Alright. Not a bad day's work.

INT. PRECINCT

Jim takes a WITNESS statement, types on his KEYBOARD. But his newfound strength causes him to CRUSH a few keys. He smiles sheepishly at the witness.

MOMENTS LATER -- at the SUPPLY WINDOW, Jim hands over the broken keyboard.

SUPPLY CLERK  
(re the keyboard)  
Fourth one this week.

JIM  
(shrugs)  
NAFTA.

Supply Clerk exits, revealing a ROW OF POLICE SCANNERS on the shelf behind him. Jim looks at them as YVONNE steps in.

YVONNE

How's it going? On the jewelry heist perp?

JIM

You can't catch him, I can't draw him.

YVONNE

Maybe we should switch jobs.

Yvonne turns, goes. Jim smiles as he watches her, then looks back at the SCANNERS and thinks. We END MONTAGE as we're --

EXT. ROOFTOP

George paces before Jim, reading off his iTablet.

GEORGE

So here's what we know. You can jump just over 1/4 mile in a single leap.

JIM

Single *what*?

GEORGE

(giving in)

Fine. Single *bound*.

(then)

No discernible increase in foot speed. However, you can lift in the area of 11,000 pounds. But like we talked about ---

JIM

Less on an empty stomach.

GEORGE

Even a granola bar helps. Anything to stabilize the blood sugar.

And... you can catch bullets.

(then)

Limitations -- no webs, no invisible plane and I'm pretty sure you can't speak with fish.

A beat, then...

GEORGE (CONT'D)

So. Have you talked to Steph about this? Told her what you can do?

(off Jim's look)

Jim! She's your wife! You gotta bring her into the cone of silence.

(MORE)

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Stuff like this comes out -- this,  
strippers and unpaid taxes. You  
need to get ahead of this one!

That's when he hears the DISPATCHER coming from a POLICE  
SCANNER sitting nearby.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

What's that?

JIM

Police scanner.

GEORGE

I know what it is. I'm asking what  
it's doing here.

JIM

I have these abilities. I should  
be doing something with them. Like  
stopping that psycho in the Obama  
mask who's killing innocent people--

GEORGE

Whoa, hold on! All we've learned  
is that we have a lot to learn.  
You're extraordinary. But you're  
not invincible. I'm not even sure  
you're *vincible*.

Jim looks at him.

JIM

Most of my adult life I've been  
powerless to make a difference. At  
work... in my marriage. But I'm  
not powerless anymore -- for the  
first time I can do something. For  
the first time, I can help...

As George looks at him, Jim's cell rings. He notes the  
number.

JIM (CONT'D)

(to George)

It's Stephanie.

GEORGE

Tell her! Before it gets out of  
hand. Now's your chance --

JIM

(shooing George away)

Shhh...

(into phone)

Hello?



IN HER LAB -- we INTERCUT Stephanie. A large STACK of new SHOE BOXES nearby.

STEPHANIE

Hi. So I finished all my work...

JIM

Already? It's barely noon...

STEPHANIE

Moving kinda fast today. But remember what we'd do sometimes when we both had a free afternoon?

JIM

Yeah?

STEPHANIE

It might be time to reinstate that tradition.

As Jim smiles to himself, we're --

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Lucas talks with LINDSAY, hot, blonde, in her SOCCER UNIFORM.

LINDSAY

...it starts at eight. My folks are at their time-share in Aruba.

Daphne, arrives also in UNIFORM. Not happy.

DAPHNE

Lindsay. Coach wants to see you.

LINDSAY

Why?

DAPHNE

Something about a protective bra for implants.

Daphne stares down an exiting Lindsay. Lucas smiles.

LUCAS

Be nice. She was just inviting us to her party.

DAPHNE

(skeptical)

Oh. "Us?"

(shakes her head)

God... how can you be so cute and so clueless at the same time?

LUCAS

Fine. She's hitting on me. But that's all it is.

(then)

Look... just 'cause you're not ready to sleep with me doesn't mean I'm looking for it somewhere else. I love you... so have some faith, okay?

As Daphne nods, we're --

INT. HOTEL - DAY

Post-sex. Jim and Stephanie, in bed. Blissful. She notes his wide smile.

STEPHANIE

(off his smile)

What?

JIM

So many things.

STEPHANIE

Like...?

JIM

Like... you called. Like we're here. Like we did that.

STEPHANIE

It's nice to remember that we're good at that.

JIM

Yeah. That's a nice thing to be good at.

He looks at her. For a long moment.

STEPHANIE

But...?

JIM

Nothing, just -- can I say it? You seem... different to me.

STEPHANIE

Me? Because I've been feeling the same way about you lately --

JIM

You have?

STEPHANIE

Jim, how could I not notice?  
You've been... happy.

JIM

You haven't been stressed.

She smiles at him. Moves in for a kiss. But he pulls away.  
As if he HAS to say it...

JIM (CONT'D)

You know, I didn't choose to be  
depressed. My life wasn't working  
out like I'd hoped. Meanwhile,  
you're running off living your  
dream every day...

STEPHANIE

Yes, I wanted to have it all. But  
I was running so fast, I was  
falling short at everything --

JIM

"Falling short?" Are you kidding?  
Who could keep up?

STEPHANIE

You couldn't keep up because...  
you stopped trying.

He's stung, but he knows she's right. They look at each  
other. Whatever connection they'd forged... fading. The  
beautiful afternoon nearly a memory.

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)

We were doing so well there for a  
second...

He smiles ruefully at her.

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)

I should get home. Help JJ study  
for his Math test.

(deflated)

But... thanks for a nice afternoon.  
It's nice to see your smile again.

Stephanie gives him a smile, exits. Jim exhales, regretful.  
Then... his CELL RINGS.

JIM

(into phone)  
Hello?

EXT. ROOFTOP

George talks on the phone, the POLICE SCANNER blaring nearby.

GEORGE

(excited)

Guess what? You got your wish --  
Obama mask! Robbery in progress.  
You're on.

(as he listens to the  
scanner)

Okay. Perp -- I like that -- *perp*  
heading north on 12th and Fig --

JIM

Hold on, 12th and Fig? That's  
cross town. How do I get there  
from here?

On that, we SMASH TO --

EXT. A CITY ROOF - LATER

Jim flies into frame, smashing down on the rooftop as pigeons  
scatter. A BLUETOOTH in his ear.

JIM

(into Bluetooth)

Okay. I'm on the Exxon Building.  
Which way now?

INTERCUT GEORGE -- back on the original rooftop, studying  
Google Maps on his iPhone.

GEORGE

(into phone)

Looks like -- it's a left.

JIM (O.S.)

A left?

GEORGE

You sure you don't want the freeway  
route? Looks much faster.

JIM

I'm not worried about traffic,  
George.

And with that, Jim leaps into the distance...

EXT. STREET

BLACK-AND-WHITES chase the SPEEDING CAR, which takes a  
corner. And another. Then, a SHARP RIGHT DOWN AN ALLEY.  
Losing the pursuing cruisers.

TILT UP to FIND... JIM, high above the alley. Car SPEEDS down it; Jim stands ABOVE it. It seems inevitable...

Jim LEAPS. Landing directly in the path of the ONCOMING CAR. Neither man nor vehicle yield. The car speeds closer; Jim stands his ground, closes his eyes.

Then... the car PLOWS into Jim. *Like hitting cement.* Airbags deploy. Tires burst. After a moment, Jim pries the grill off him, walks around rips open the driver's side door. The DRIVER wears...

The OBAMA MASK. It's the guy Jim's been trying to draw! Jim pulls him out. Throws him against a wall.

JIM

You. You're gonna go away for a long time.

Jim RIPS OFF the mask REVEALING THE SCARRED FACE of the criminal, who stares back and... LAUGHS.

JIM (CONT'D)

What's so funny?

CRIMINAL

What you don't know.

Jim squints, unsure, when --

**BANG!**

Jim FLINCHES! Turns to find -- A SECOND CRIMINAL, also in an Obama mask, pointing his freshly-fired HEAVY ARTILLERY gun at him.

In pain, JIM REACHES for the back of his head. Pulls his hand back to see -- it's covered in BLOOD. POLICE SIRENS approach. The CRIMINALS flee.

Jim, too woozy to pursue, drags himself up, pushes through an alley door and collapses into a darkened hallway.

INSIDE -- a fading Jim pulls out his Bluetooth, speaks into it.

JIM

George. Help. I've been shot.

And with that, Jim promptly passes out and we... SMASH TO BLACK.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

ON A FUZZY IMAGE that slowly sharpens to BECOME George.

GEORGE  
You're awake.

WIDEN to REVEAL we're --

INT. JIM'S BEDROOM - NEXT MORNING

George stands over Jim, in bed. Jim immediately reaches for the WOUND at the base of his skull. It's bandaged.

GEORGE  
You had some blood loss, but the bullet didn't penetrate too far. We pulled it out, sewed you up. Good as new.

JIM  
"We?"  
(realizing)  
Wait. My bedroom. George. Please don't tell me --

GEORGE  
She's a doctor.

JIM  
George!

GEORGE  
Where was I supposed to take you, a hospital? So I could explain to the attending how a bullet from a heavy artillery gun only penetrated a 1/4" into your scalp?

JIM  
But Stephanie. Of all people. She'll never understand what's happened to me.

Then... REVEAL Stephanie, having been listening off-camera.

STEPHANIE  
Actually, I think she will.

Jim looks at her.

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)  
You know that sketch of me out in the guest house? The one you drew on our second date?

Jim nods and SUDDENLY... she's GONE with a BLUR and a GUST OF AIR... Jim and George squint from its jet-like force. Then... she's BACK. Hands the FRAMED SKETCH to a stunned Jim.

GEORGE

You two are *freaky*.

INT. JIM AND STEPHANIE'S BEDROOM - LATER

Jim, in his bed, and Stephanie on it. Relaxed.

STEPHANIE

In his defense, George didn't want to tell me...

JIM

He's been dying to tell someone.

Stephanie takes in Jim.

STEPHANIE

He said -- you have... some kind of super strength.

JIM

(nods, then)  
And you...

STEPHANIE

Speed, for lack of a better term.

JIM

And you really think... the plane crash? That's when we -- ?

STEPHANIE

(nods)  
It's the only explanation. I've been over this. In my head.

INT. AMAZON BASIN - FLASHBACK

Mitch's plane has just crashed into a jungle STREAM. The FAMILY fights to push their way out of the wreckage.

STEPHANIE (V.O.)

When our plane went down... the water... it had a phosphorescence.

Stephanie struggles to get her head above water. Notices a GLOW to it.

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)

At the time I thought it was gasoline. From the plane. But gas floats on water. This didn't.

CLOSE on GLOWING AMORPHOUS PATCHES beneath the surface.

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

You probably didn't notice. You had other things on your mind.

Jim emerges from the wreckage. Last man out.

JIM

(urgently, to Stephanie)

You okay?

(she nods, then)

Daphne? JJ?

DAPHNE

JJ

Yeah.

We're okay.

JIM (CONT'D)

(realizing)

Mitch. Where's Mitch?

Jim's head is on a swivel, searching. Then he re-submerges, finds an UNCONSCIOUS MITCH trapped beneath the wreckage.

UNDER THE WATER -- He struggles mightily to free him. But he can't. And when he looks back at Mitch's face... he's dead. The PLANE VANISHES as it SINKS to the BOTTOM.

Jim is pained. Another moment in a long line of weak moments. He resurfaces, gasps for air. Then he looks at Stephanie. Shakes his head.

STEPHANIE

(reassuring)

It's okay. It's --

(pulls him close)

C'mere. We're okay. C'mere.

Jim nods, pulls his family close. Holds them all.

BACK TO PRESENT -- Jim and Stephanie in their bedroom.

JIM

So... that's what did this to us?  
The crash?

STEPHANIE

I don't know. But it's the only thing that makes sense. If anything about this makes sense...



JIM  
All of us were in that water.

STEPHANIE  
(concerned)  
I know.

Just then, Stephanie's cell rings.

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)  
(into phone)  
Hello?  
(then, concerned)  
Daphne. What's wrong?

INT. STEPHANIE'S CAR - PARKED

Stephanie on the drivers' side, an obviously shaken Daphne in her soccer uniform on the passengers' side.

DAPHNE  
(a beat, then)  
I didn't know who else to call.

STEPHANIE  
Daphne, can you talk to me? Tell me what happened.

DAPHNE  
You won't believe me.

STEPHANIE  
I always believe you.  
(off Daphne's look)  
Usually.

DAPHNE  
I had another game today.

STEPHANIE  
I'm sorry I couldn't get there.  
But your father --

DAPHNE  
Mom.

STEPHANIE  
Sorry. Not about me.

DAPHNE  
It started off normally enough.

EXT. SOCCER FIELD - 2 HOURS EARLIER

Pre-game stretching. Daphne waves to Lucas in the stands. Lindsay steps in next to her.

LINDSAY  
(re: Lucas)  
I wasn't hitting on him.

DAPHNE  
And you're a natural blonde.

Daphne looks at Lindsay. Hears SOMETHING that sounds like --

LINDSAY (V.O.)  
*He was hitting on me.*

But it's barely AUDIBLE. Daphne just looks at her. Trying to determine if Lindsay actually said something.

BACK TO THE CAR --

STEPHANIE  
This is a boyfriend problem?

DAPHNE  
Wait.

BACK TO THE SOCCER GAME -- Daphne dribbles down the field.

DAPHNE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Like I said, it was normal enough.  
Until second quarter. I take the  
pass, turn up field. And I'm all  
alone. One-on-one with the  
goalie...

The GOALIE stares at an approaching Daphne, and Daphne CLEARLY hears:

GOALIE (V.O.)  
*Sometimes I wish I was dead. I  
don't think anyone would miss me.*

But the Goalie hasn't opened her mouth. Startled, Daphne shoots errantly.

LATER -- Daphne sets down the ball, ready to kick it. An OPPOSING PLAYER staring at her.

DAPHNE (V.O.)  
And then... later, I'm setting up  
the direct kick.

OPPOSING PLAYER (V.O.)  
*But we used protection. I don't  
want a kid... especially if he's  
the father.*

DAPHNE (V.O.)  
Even the Ref.

As Daphne catches the Ref's gaze.

REFEREE (V.O.)  
*Vodka. No, gin. This game can't  
be over soon enough.*

BACK TO STEPHANIE'S CAR --

DAPHNE  
When they looked at me. Directly  
into my eyes. I heard them.

STEPHANIE  
Their thoughts.

Daphne nods, looks at her mother. Then...

DAPHNE  
Am I a freak?

STEPHANIE  
No. You're a Powell.

INT. POWELL LIVING ROOM

A family meeting in progress.

JJ  
So you guys have... like...  
superpowers?

STEPHANIE  
I'm not sure I'd put it like that.  
But... yes, we've gained new  
abilities. Extraordinary  
abilities.  
(then)  
And JJ... maybe you've been  
experiencing things, too. That you  
might not understand entirely...

JJ says nothing.

JIM  
(hopefully)  
JJ...?

JJ  
Unbelievable. My whole family gets  
dipped in some super water and all  
I get is... wet.

JIM  
So... you haven't -- ?

JJ

No. I'm still plain old JJ. You know, the dumb one.

DAPHNE

No one says dumb anymore. It's "non-academically minded."

STEPHANIE

What? No...

STEPHANIE

Daphne!

(then)

JJ, do you think that's how we see you?

JJ

Uh... no. I know it. The way you talk to me. The way you look at me.

DAPHNE

He's right. We all have roles in this family. Dad's the dreamer, Mom's the worrier. You're the dumb ass. And I'm the selfish one. Who cares only about herself.

Jim and Stephanie exchange a look.

STEPHANIE

Daphne. That's not how --

DAPHNE

And what's the point of this meeting anyway? For you two to convince yourselves that you're special? Because you can lift cars. And you can change your face. That you're not just some suburban couple who checked out on each other years ago?

STEPHANIE

Is that... is that how you see us?

DAPHNE

(head of steam)

Well, here's the good news. For me, anyway. What happened to me happened once. And I'm not planning on it happening again. So as far as I'm concerned, I'm in the same boat with JJ here. Just as boring as I was last week.

STEPHANIE

We can't make any assumptions. As a scientist, I've barely scratched the surface in my testing. And as your mother, I'm just plain worried about you.

DAPHNE

Then how about this? Quit your researching and your worrying. Just go back to thinking about me as the selfish girl. At least that you understood.

JIM

Daphne...

But she's gone, out the door, letting it slam behind her. When Jim and Stephanie look back, they see JJ's gone, too. SLAM! His bedroom door. They exchange a look of failure.

STEPHANIE

Guess these abilities don't change everything.

INT. PRECINCT - LATER

CLOSE on a perfect sketch of the CRIMINAL who shot Jim.  
WIDEN as Jim hands it to Yvonne at her desk.

YVONNE

What's this?

JIM

We got lucky. Witness saw this guy fleeing police pursuit yesterday.

YVONNE

(studying the sketch)

Hmmm. I hadn't heard. I'll run it through the database.

Yvonne SCANS in the sketch. Jim's SKETCH appears ON SCREEN. She initiates a MATCH PROGRAM. As it runs...

YVONNE (CONT'D)

Lemme ask you -- witness seemed credible?

JIM

Looked as honest as I do.

ON SCREEN -- a PHOTO MATCHES the sketch. We see the INFO: ERIK KOBLLENZ. And the RAP SHEET that comes with him.

YVONNE  
(reading off the screen)  
Jump bail last month in Michigan.  
Thanks, Powell. Good work.

JIM  
Any known address?

YVONNE  
(smiles)  
You bucking for my job?  
(he shrugs)  
No local address. But look at this  
-- someone named Sally Downs posted  
his bond last month. And she's got  
a place right downtown.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL PARTY - NIGHT

Party. Kids, music, beer. Daphne enters, makes a beeline for LUCAS, who's again talking to LINDSAY. Ignoring her, Daphne gives Lucas a LONG KISS. Then pulls away.

DAPHNE  
(to Lucas)  
This party is way too crowded.

LUCAS  
(good-naturedly)  
Hey. Easy. What's up with you?

DAPHNE  
I've had a really weird day. One  
that I'd just as soon forget. And  
I know one thing we could do to  
help me forget it...

He looks at her, she nods. He grasps the inference.

LUCAS  
Tonight? But I thought you wanted  
to wait...

DAPHNE  
For what? Who knows if we're even  
gonna be alive tomorrow?

LUCAS  
I'm pretty sure we're gonna be  
alive tomorrow.

DAPHNE  
Well I know a way we can be more  
alive.

She smiles, pulls him off. As Lindsay watches them disappear up the stairs, we're --

INT. SALLY DOWNS' HALLWAY - LATER

SALLY DOWNS, 30s and attractive, stands in the foyer of her tenth-floor apartment. REVERSE onto Cho and Hixon.

YVONNE

Ms. Downs? I'm Officer Cho and this is Officer Hixon. If it's not too much trouble, we'd like to ask you a few questions.

SALLY

About?

YVONNE

Your former boyfriend, Erik Koblenz. He's a suspect in a series of robberies that I'm sure you've heard about.

SALLY

Erik? I haven't seen him since I posted his bail. If you find him, tell him he owes me two grand.

YVONNE

Okay. Well if he attempts to make contact, please let us know.

As they turn to go, the OFFICERS turn to face Koblenz, stepping off the elevator. Yvonne sizes him up.

YVONNE (CONT'D)

Koblenz?

Suddenly, Koblenz lifts his GUN, blows a hole through Hixon. Then he TRAINS it on Yvonne, barks at Sally --

KOBLENZ

(to Sally)

Pack everything up, then disappear.

(looks at Yvonne)

This one'll stay with me.

And with that, he promptly cracks Yvonne with his gun. As she falls unconscious to the floor, we... SMASH TO BLACK.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

INT. JIM AND STEPHANIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jim sits at the desk, fiddling with his SCANNER. Can't get it to work. Then Stephanie enters. Preoccupied.

JIM

You okay?

STEPHANIE

Just got off the phone with my mother. Somehow... not sharing the details of my life with her never felt like lying. Until now.

JIM

For the best. If anyone can make you feel like moving at the speed of sound isn't fast enough, it's her.

Stephanie smiles. Then as her smile fades, she looks at him.

STEPHANIE

And there's one other thing...

She silently sets down the MARRIAGE COUNSELOR's card that George had earlier given him.

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)

Do you really think we need to see *him*?

JIM

Honestly... don't you? I mean, half the couples I know are in counseling. And the other half... figuring out who keeps the flatware.

She nods. Then looks at him --

STEPHANIE

How did I lose you, Jim? Did I disappoint you? Was I not who you expected I would be?

JIM

No. It wasn't you. I lost myself. And maybe it was just easier to blame you than to take responsibility. But that's over now. Because these abilities -- whatever they are -- make me feel alive. In a way that I haven't felt since... I met you.



She looks at him.

STEPHANIE

That's sweet, but Jim... I'm not so sure -- scientifically-speaking -- that these powers are a good thing. Unexplained phenomena usually aren't --

Just then, the SCANNER blares. *Code Zero. Repeat, Code Zero. Officer-involved shooting reported at 5700 block of Walling Avenue. All cars in vicinity. Proceed with caution.*

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)

(re: the scanner)

Jim... what's that? Why do you have that?

Jim motions for her to *shhh*. Listens as we HEAR the faltering voice of Officer Hixon: *This is Hixon... I've been shot... Koblenz has her... He has Cho...* His voice trails off.

JIM

(eyes widening)

It's him.

STEPHANIE

Who? Who are these people?

Jim hurriedly puts on his shoes, jacket.

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)

Where are you going? Jim.

(he stops)

We don't know enough about ourselves yet. Your limitations. Yesterday's bullet went thru skin. Which one penetrates muscle... or bone... or your heart?

JIM

Don't you see -- I can finally make a difference. Just like you did... everyday.

He looks at her... then he's gone. As we hear the FRONT DOOR slam, Stephanie thinks. And we're...

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

We hear the PARTY MUSIC bleeding in from downstairs. Daphne kisses Lucas, who's not quite sure what to make of her eagerness. Feeling his reluctance, she pulls away.

DAPHNE

What's wrong? You don't think I'm pretty any more...?

LUCAS

I think you're gorgeous. It's not that --

DAPHNE

Then what? 'Cause you're starting to make me question my high self-esteem.

She locks on his eyes. Hears his thoughts.

LUCAS (V.O.)

*Lindsay's right downstairs.*

DAPHNE

Lucas...?

LUCAS (V.O.)

*I can't do it with you upstairs with Lindsay downstairs.*

DAPHNE

(haltingly)

Lucas, are you... are you sleeping with Lindsay?

LUCAS

No. Of course not.

But his thoughts say otherwise...

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

*How did she know that?*

DAPHNE

(realizing)

Ohmygod. You're sleeping with that slut-bag!

LUCAS

No. I'm not. I --

Again, his thoughts belie his response.

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

*Who told her about this afternoon?*

DAPHNE

(hurt, livid)

This afternoon? You did it with her this afternoon -- ? You said you loved me -- That you were okay to wait...

Daphne turns, exits. Upset. Leaving Lucas alone.

LUCAS  
(to himself, incredulous)  
How the hell did she know that?

DOWNSTAIRS -- Daphne zeroes in on Lindsay. Faces her.

DAPHNE  
He's yours. Enjoy your  
relationship based on trust.

Daphne turns, tears filling her eyes. Strides out the door.

EXT. ALLEY - ADJACENT TO SALLY DOWNS' BUILDING

THWACK. Jim lands hard in the alley, another prodigious leap. A HOMELESS PERSON looks up in disbelief. Jim drops a TEN in his hat. *Shhh...*

EXT. SALLY DOWNS' APARTMENT BUILDING

Police barricade. Assembling crowd. Jim sees HIXON being carried out on a stretcher, oxygen mask strapped to his face.

JIM  
Yvonne? Where's Yvonne?

Before Hixon can answer, an EMT steps in, pushes him onto the waiting AMBULANCE. Jim thinks.

EXT. REAR OF SALLY DOWNS' BUILDING

Jim tries to open the heavy, back door. Locked. Looks around, then YANKS the door HARD. Hinges bust, handle breaks off in his hand... the DOOR OPENS. Jim sets down the handle, goes in.

INT. SALLY DOWNS' APARTMENT BUILDING

Jim tentatively enters, crouches beneath the stairwell as UNIFORMS fly up the stairs.

UNIFORM  
(to fellow cop, re:  
Koblenz)  
No sign of him. Special Response  
is on the way.

Jim tries to decide what to do when he HEARS a muffled WOMAN'S SCREAM. Looks around -- nothing. Then ANOTHER SCREAM.

Two questions swim in Jim's brain --

Is it Yvonne? And do I have super hearing? ANOTHER SCREAM. And the answer is "yes" to both. Cops fly up the stairs and Jim -- following the screams only he can hear -- goes down.

INT. POWELL LIVING ROOM

ON A TV -- carrying LIVE COVERAGE of the hostage situation-in-progress. Stephanie watching, concerned, as Daphne enters.

STEPHANIE

Honey... are you okay?

DAPHNE

Fine. I just wanna be alone.

STEPHANIE

Daphne...?

DAPHNE

(giving in, emotional)

I don't like this. I don't want to be a freak --

STEPHANIE

That's not what you are. Did it -- did it happen again?

DAPHNE

(nods, then)

I was with Lucas -- and after everything, I just wanted to lose myself, you know. We were totally amped to do it. I mean I was --

Stephanie swallows her horror.

DAPHNE (CONT'D)

And when I looked in his eyes... I could hear him thinking about how he'd already done it with that skank Lindsay Miller. He said he loved me. Why would he say that if he didn't mean it?

STEPHANIE

Because when it comes to love, most people are... reckless. Sometimes like Lucas was tonight. Sometimes slowly, over years. Without even knowing it.

Daphne nods. Then...

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)

And Daphne? About our family fight today -- I don't think you're selfish. I just think you're sixteen.

(a final thought)

And it's hard enough to be sixteen without any added burdens.

(MORE)

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)

So maybe for now -- try not to  
eavesdrop on people's thoughts

DAPHNE

It's not like I can control it,  
Mom. God.

STEPHANIE

Then we'll work together. Figure  
out how you can. Promise.

Daphne nods appreciatively, as JJ enters.

JJ

What's going on -- ?  
(off their looks)  
Never mind. Why is that on?  
(gets it)  
Hey, is Dad there?

JJ indicates the CRIME COVERAGE on the television.

STEPHANIE

I think so.  
(to Daphne)  
Daphne, if you want to be alone, I  
understand.

DAPHNE

That's okay. I'd rather wait here  
with you...

JJ

Me, too.

As Jim's family sits, waiting anxiously... but together.

INT. PARKING GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER

Jim moves through the dimly-lit garage. He peers around a  
corner -- where he sees Koblenz throwing Yvonne into the  
trunk of the car.

JIM

Let her go!

Koblenz looks up to see Jim approaching.

KOBLENZ

Sorry. She's my insurance policy  
for getting out of here.

JIM

I'm warning you! You don't have a  
partner to stop me this time --

KOBLENZ

Who says I ever did?

Koblenz smiles. Suddenly, he DISAPPEARS and MATERIALIZES behind Jim. Jim turns -- ANOTHER KOBLENZ, as the previous one VAPORIZES. Jim is stunned.

Koblenz has the POWER of TELEPORTATION -- instantaneously and seamlessly, he can MOVE HIS BODY ANYWHERE (like hitting "Hyperspace" in a game of Asteroids). Jim REALIZES there only was ONE KOBLENZ back in the alley. But he's special.

Koblenz FIRES HIS GUN -- BANG! But Jim DEFLECTS the bullet. Then... another Koblenz APPEARS... FIRES; again Jim SWATS it away. The CYCLE continues -- as Koblenz TELEPORTS around, in front of, behind, and above Jim. SHOOTING... Jim deflecting.

KOBLENZ (CONT'D)

What? You thought you were the only one?

KOBLENZ FINALLY APPEARS directly behind JIM. The GUN pressed directly to JIM'S HEAD -- Before Jim can respond, Koblenz COCKS the GUN.

KOBLENZ (CONT'D)

Last time we met, I didn't kill you, but then again, I shot you from four feet away. I'm guessing this bullet goes a little deeper.

JIM

Why are you like this?

KOBLENZ

Don't you know? You and me, we're not --

But before Koblenz can say another word -- BANG! Jim flinches, but --

KOBLENZ DROPS to the ground, DEAD. Jim, STUNNED, looks up to see YVONNE -- fresh from the jimmed trunk -- holding a GUN.

JIM

Thanks.

(then, tentatively)

Um. How much did you see?

YVONNE

What are you talking about? I see a sketch artist trying to be a hero. Go. Or you'll be explaining yourself to the Police Board.

Jim, appreciative, takes off. As Yvonne thinks, we're...

INT. POWELL LIVING ROOM

ON THE TV -- LIVE COVERAGE continues with VIDEO of YVONNE being led out of the building, freed.

REVERSE onto Stephanie, now with Daphne and JJ, watching. Then the FRONT DOOR HANDLE turns. They turn to see -- Jim.

STEPHANIE

Thank God.

Stephanie moves to him, hugs him. As do the kids. Jim holds them close. Then...

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)

(to Daphne and JJ)

Guys. If your father and I could have a minute.

They nod, exit. Stephanie and Jim remain. A beat, then...

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)

Jim. You were enough for me from the first moment we met. Okay... the second moment. But if this is what you need to feel special, I can't ask you to give that up.

JIM

I keep thinking about when we met. About that couple on the beach. We're different now. In all sorts of ways. But we can be them again. If you want to...

STEPHANIE

Do you want to?  
(he smiles, nods)  
Me, too.

He reaches out and gently strokes her face.

JIM (V.O.)

And so, after the onset of the extraordinary, we were left with questions that any family might face.

INT. JIM AND STEPHANIE'S BEDROOM

As they lie in bed, side-by-side. Awake.

JIM (V.O.)

Can we start over together?

INT. HIGH SCHOOL

IN THE HALLWAY -- Daphne watches Lucas walk down the hall with Lindsay. But his eyes WANDER back to Daphne... she averts her gaze, not wanting to hear anything.

STEPHANIE (V.O.)  
Why am I this way?

INT. MATH CLASS - DAY

JJ, sitting at his desk, awaiting the start of the exam.

JIM (V.O.)  
Am I special enough to be loved?

CLASSMATE  
(to JJ)  
Dude. You study for this?

JJ  
(lost cause)  
Why bother?

JJ opens the test, begins. Algebraic equations. He starts to scrawl his answers when... almost by divine intervention...

STEPHANIE (V.O.)  
Questions with answers we might not expect.

...WHEN JJ SUDDENLY WRITES A FLUENT, COMPLEX EQUATION. He's stunned. As are we. *What The Fu--???*

STEPHANIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
But answers we'll continue to search for.

INT. STEPHANIE'S LAB - DAY

As a GUST of WIND blows through the lab... ultimately REVEALING Stephanie, hard at work. Katie points to her BULLETIN BOARD, where her papers remain undisturbed.

KATIE  
(her solution!)  
Push-pins.

Then... Stephanie looks up from her MICROSCOPE.

STEPHANIE  
(significantly)  
My blood. I'm not sure why it didn't appear sooner, but it's the most extreme case of translocation I've ever seen.



KATIE  
(peering into the scope)  
I've never seen anything like that  
before...

STEPHANIE  
I have.

As Katie looks back at her...

JIM (V.O.)  
With faithful friends by our side.

EXT. ROOFTOP

BAM. Jim lands on the ROOF, a FAST FOOD BAG in his hand.  
George looks up from his iPad, analyzing Jim-related data.

GEORGE  
You got cheese on mine, right?

Jim exhales, LEAPS OFF again. George turns back to his work.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
(to himself)  
Always forgets the cheese.

STEPHANIE (V.O.)  
I know it's quite a story...

INT. THERAPIST'S OFFICE

Stephanie sits on a couch.

STEPHANIE  
But you asked us how we got here,  
so... did I leave anything out?

WIDEN TO REVEAL Jim sitting next to her.

JIM  
No, I think you hit all the  
highlights.

WIDEN AGAIN to REVEAL Daphne and JJ, alongside.

DAPHNE  
You didn't have to tell him the  
part about Lucas.

JJ  
Or make me seem retarded.

STEPHANIE  
I'm sorry. But we were just trying  
to be accurate --

REVERSE onto DR. ALLEN, the stunned family therapist.

JIM

We brought along the whole fam --  
given everything that's happened...  
figured it couldn't hurt. But this  
is all confidential, right? Doctor-  
patient thing?

DR. ALLEN

Yes. Of course... Although I'm a  
little curious why you're here.  
Because if it's to understand these  
so-called abilities of yours, I  
can't be of much help.

STEPHANIE

No. We're here because we want to  
work. Not just as a couple. But  
as a family.

Jim nods in agreement. Then...

DR. ALLEN

We've got our work cut out for us.  
Might I recommend we start with  
twice a week?

And as Dr. Allen dives into the task of helping our family  
navigate their lives, both extraordinary and unfailingly  
human, we DISSOLVE TO --

EXT. AMAZON RIVER DELTA - DAY

Pristine and tropical. We should remember it as the sight of  
the Powell's plan crash last month.

Wind ripples the water, as we PUSH BENEATH THE SURFACE...  
moving deeper, past sea life, past reedy vegetation --

-- to the hazy depths where the PLANE WRECKAGE rests.

Beneath the twisted plane lies...

The BODY of MITCH McCUTCHEON, our pilot. Lifeless amidst the  
salty water. Until --

His eyes BOLT open. Suddenly ALIVE. And we... SMASH TO  
BLACK.

END OF SHOW