

1997

0A EXT. CALIFORNIA - SUNSET**0A**

Colors stretch across the boarderless horizon. Beachgoers turn to leave as daylight dwindles. Against the crowd, a young boy stands, crowned by his large afro. Eyes locked on the ocean, he takes in every detail.

THE BOY marches toward the call of the crashing waves. Each little step in the sand leaves footprints. Each print washes away.

Ocean wind rushes through the curls on his head - his senses blur.

THE BOY
(Thinking)
*...This feels... like home.
The sand, the sky, the water...*

Piece by piece, the world around flows together seamlessly. In this moment, the boy experiences harmony. His eyes never waver.

Wonder what it's like out there.

Dreamers' Playlist
created by Reet Starwind

Track 1: And So It Begins (Intro)

2004

0A EXT. ROSACE, CALIFORNIA - NOON**0A**

Honking horns of the highway traffic feed into the small city, blaring in chorus with police sirens rolling throughout.

RADIO HOST
*Riise and shine Ro-Sa-Saaaay!
My favorite rose garden's showin'
her thorns early today.
Must be that summer madness settin'
it.*

0A INT. OFFICE SPACE**0A**

A WOMAN (tan-skinned, 30s, beautiful, tired) leans back from her desk. Wiping her eyes, she yawns.

RADIO HOST

(Cont.)

*Law Enforcement's still searching
the street for suspects in last
night's shoot-out.
If you're headin' in or outta
downtown, expect a looong rid-*

The woman turns a knob on her desktop radio, tuning to music. She lifts her mug, uncovering a framed photo herself beachside, smiling cheek-to-cheek between her two young sons.

MATCH CUT TO:

1 INT. SCHOOL BUILDING

1

'Rosacé School District Superintendent: LOGAN MARSHALL' reads across a certificate in gold print. Mr. Marshall (brown-skinned, 40s, been doing this job too damn long) adjusts the framed awards on his office wall. His small room is overrun, but kept neat as can be. Lining the frames up just right, he steps back to admire his work.

BOOMPH! His office door flings open. A middle aged man rushes in.

TEACHER 1

Mr. Marshall!

The slamming of the door shakes the frames crooked. Marshall removes his glasses, gripping the bridge of his nose.

MR MARSHALL

How can I help you?

TEACHER 1

*It's over at the high school. We
don't know what to do with JEYSIN
ORTEGA.*

The superintendent lowers his brow, turning to stare at the man.

MR MARSHALL

*What do you mean you, "don't know
what to do with him?"*

The teacher fidgets with his hands.

TEACHER 1

Not sure how to phrase it without sounding nuts, but it's like we've got anything left to even teach him. The district's never been known for academics, but still!-

QUICK CUT - HIGH SCHOOL CLASSROOM

A class full of students & handful of teachers watch on in silence. A golden-brown skinned boy sits atop a stack of chairs, scribing chalkboard notes.

JEYSIN

...Factor in wealth gaps along class lines, with rates of population growth, plus bull-eyes on their backs from being their time's 'first-world' societies...

Bushy dark brown curls top his head - faded low on the sides. A way-too-big white tee drapes over him. Graphic of a blue anime dragon stretches along the back, half tucked away into his indigo basketball shorts. Black crew socks, blue wristwatch and blue low-top sneakers complete his look.

Both the Greek and Roman empires were bound to fall. Don't know why they're always called the peak of mankind.

Jeysin (11) turns around, his big brown eyes not surprised to see his audience at a loss for words.

I'm guessing you guys don't either, right?

Rubbing the back of his head, he chuckles to himself. One teacher tosses their notes into the air. Student pack their bags and leave.

...And now it's weird.

QUICK CUT - MR. MARSHALL'S OFFICE

TEACHER 1

*Kid's got us beat
-And every teacher in that program has been at it since he was in diapers!*

(Lowly)

Was probably a smartass back then too...

MR MARSHALL
*Fine, fine, send him in. I'll- I'll
 think of something.*

Marshall returns to straightening his wall.

*At least it's him for once. Not that
 godforsaken broth-*

The last frame slides right into place.

TEACHER 2
Mr. Marshall! Mr. Marshall!

A woman rushes the doorway, grabbing the wall to catch her breath. She shakes the office wall, knocking the frames off center. Marshall takes a deep breath.

MR MARSHALL
What seems to be the issue?

TEACHER 2
It's over at the middle school!

The deep breath deepens into a sigh.

MR MARSHALL
*Let me guess.
 Is it JAK ORTEGA again?*

JUMP CUT TO:

2 EXT. SCHOOLYARD

2

Ash grey asphalt spans in every direction, tattooed with censored profanity tags and faded chalk hopscotch squares. Tall metal gates split up the different periods of lunch and recess.

A frail brown-skinned boy (12) drops to the ground in a heap. He raises his head to a trio of young teenage boys (each much bigger and stronger) tossing around a pair of fresh white sneakers. The tallest of the group (lanky, dark-skinned) laughs - pointing to the kicks.

BULLY 1
*Daaamn, those are fresh! Where'd
 you get em?*

His friend (brown-skinned, athletic build) dangles the shoes before his eyes and grins.

BULLY 2

These right here? Just fell into my hands. Must be my lucky day.

The third of the group (big-body, tan-skinned) reaches & snags the shoes.

BULLY 3

Man, lemme see these...

He reads the tag on the inside of the tongue and laughs.
They ain't even your size!

Bully 2 snatches the shoes back.

BULLY 2

I seen 'em, I liked em, so they my size!

The shoeless boy looks down to his socked feet. Frustrated, angry, he fumbles to his feet and chases after the trio.

BOY 1

Gimme back my sneaks!

WHAM. Bully 2 extends a stiff arm, ramming the boy back to the blacktop. Blood trails from the boy's nose - tears well up in his eyes. The bullies walk off, shoving each other around while tossing the shoes back and forth.

YOINK. A hand clad with a red, white, & blue wristband snags the kicks by their laces. The trio stops in their tracks, watching a large afro pass between them.

Whimpering, the shoeless boy closes his eyes to wipe his tears. Reopening, he sees a boy his size - sunlight glaring from behind his curly crown.

AFRO BOY

You're the only one rocking out with your socks out, so I'm guessin' these are yours.

The fresh white kicks land before their owner.

*Might want to hold your nose back
- blood stains are a pain to scrub out.*

BULLY 2

We been hearing about you.

BULLY 1

*You're that kid that stays in
someone else's business.*

Afro boy (12) turns to face the bullies - his face unimpressed. A scar runs across his left cheek, meeting the scratches and bandages spread the rest of his golden-brown skin. He dresses in a red tee, Americana colored wristbands, black basketball shorts with star graphics on each side, and high-top sneakers with noticeable mileage.

AFRO BOY

*Is that what they're saying about
me?*

(Smirking)

*All I usually hear is how I can't
keep my hands to myself.*

Kids across the schoolyard crowd around, forming a circle. Afro boy cracks his knuckles, loosens his wrists, stretches his neck - **YANK**. He's snatched up by the back of his hair.

Ow ow ow ow!

GIRL 1

(Quietly, angrily)

*What in the world do you think
you're doing?*

She's just older than him. Her skin is brown - curls coil from the waves of thick black hair running past her shoulders. Blue graphic tee, green hoodie wrapped around her waist, light denim shorts, black knee socks & matching trainers make her look. From behind her thin-framed glasses, her big brown eyes fill with worry.

*Today must be the day you finally
lost your damn mind.*

AFRO BOY

*Chill out MARIE! You're cramping my
cool.*

MARIE

*You're the one that needs to chill,
Jak!*

She releases her grip.

*Always in a rush to get yourself
killed.*

He plays it off, stumbling into leg stretches.

JAK

*Yet I'm still here 'cause I got a
lifesaver in my corner.*

He brushes up against her shoulder with a grin. She slaps his shoulder off and points a finger between his eyes.

MARIE

*I'm studying to be a nurse, not a
shaman!
No amount of gauze & rubbing alcohol
is going to put a soul back in your
body.*

JAK

Then I'll just have to win.

He closes his eyes and steps back.

(Grinning)

It's on my pride as a real man.

More kids flock over to the circle. Teachers call for backup.

MARIE

(Unamused)

*And what better way to prove your
manhood than violence?*

JAK

*You know that's not it at all.
We've seen how they get down.
Someone was gonna have to put 'em in
their place sooner or later.
Just happened to be me - sooner, not
later.*

The trio marches toward to Jak and Marie. Her fists tighten as Jak walks ahead to meet them.

MARIE

Just be careful!

Without looking back, he raises a thumb.

JAK

Careful's like my middle name.

Marie kneels down to open up her backpack. Quickly digging through, she unveils a first-aid kit.

MARIE

Careless is more like it.

JUMP CUT TO:

3 INT. MR MARSHALL'S OFFICE

3

Sitting behind his desk, Mr. Marshall tenses at the sound of his door opening.

JEYSIN

*Good afternoon Mr. Marshall, sir.
You wanted to speak with me?*

He gently closes the door. Marshall sighs with relief.

MR MARSHALL

Yes. Please, make yourself at home.

He stands to dig through an accordion folder while Jeysin settles in.

*I've dedicated my life to education
- been in the field for decades now,
teaching up & down the coast. In all
that time, you remain the only
prodigy of your kind I've ever seen.*

The boy's eyes wander the room, looking for anything else to latch onto.

JEYSIN

It's no big deal to me, honest.

MR MARSHALL

Need to be so modest son.

JEYSIN

*-Oh and again, I promise I'm not
cheating!*

MR MARSHALL

*At this point, even if you were
that'd be just as impressive.
Your natural talent is remarkable,
and I'm not the only one who's
taken notice.*

He places a pile of decorative papers before his student.

*The only mail anyone around here's
getting mail from a boarding school
or university - all with your name.*

Yet every time you're asked about transferring...

JEYSIN

...I turn it down.

MR. MARSHALL

*What's the reason, son?
The extra attention uncomfortable?*

Jeysin's fake smile falls away.

JEYSIN

No- well, yes. But that, that's not it. Not all of it.

He grabs the long curl of his hair, twisting the lock between his fingers. Marshall sits on the side of his desk. He makes direct eye contact with his student.

MR MARSHALL

Tell you what. Level with me, and I'll never bug you with the stuff again.

He points towards his temple then gestures towards Jeysin's.

What's going on up there?

QUICK CUT

3A EXT. SCHOOLYARD

3A

Sweat rolls from Jak's forehead. The bully trio surrounds him and creeps forward. Marie and White Shoes watch from the crowd as she treats his nose. Jak's heart pounds harder with each breath. Time seems to slow as breaths grow heavier and heavier.

From the sun above, to the shouting around, to the stress inbound, his senses flood. The world around him sways side-to-side.

Then, for a moment,

he feels every separate thing as one in the same.

Fighting to regain control, he notices Marie calling to him. The sight of her calms his nerves. Jak's breathing & the world around return to normal.

Bully 2 snaps the air with a strong punch. The crowd winces, waiting for the hit. Jak dodges the strike the perfect timing - his reflexes contorting him away from danger. Marie adjusts her glasses.

JAK

How did I...?

BULLY 2

Hold still!

Bully 2 tries another punch, but Jak stings him with three bullet punches of his own. Bully 2 stumbles back and Bully 3 rushes in, swinging wildly. Jak dips and dodges each one then strikes the taller boy back onto his rear. Seeing his friends down, Bully 1 hesitates to make a move.

Marie sighs with relief as the crowd erupts. Newfound strength setting in, Jak bounces on the feet, banging his knuckles together like a boxer.

*Get it while it's hot!
Ass whoopings like this ain't handed
out every day!*

QUICK CUT

3B INT. MR MARSHALL'S OFFICE

3B

Jeysin stops his twist and nervously looks up to Marshall.

JEYSIN

*...But those are just my ideas. What
do you think?*

MR MARSHALL

I think...

He places a hand on the boy's shoulder.

*I think everyone around here, your
age and mine, could learn a lot from
following your lead.*

QUICK CUT

3C EXT. SCHOOLYARD

3C

Jak darts around the blacktop with the trio in hot pursuit. Teachers fight to contain the students swarming to follow the action. Bully 1 chases Jak to the tetherball courts. Jak

smirks, dodging and luring the boy headfirst into the metal pole. While Bully 1 is dazed, Jak drills the ball with a fierce punch. The ball whirs around in a blur, wrapping Bully 1 to the pole. It bumps against his head & Bully 3 rushes in.

BULLY 3

I've had enough of you!

Jak dances across a row of hopscotch squares to evade his attacks. Marie shakes her head at his showboating, the crowd eggs him on for more. Losing his footing, Jak stumbles backward into a gate.

BULLY 3

Nowhere to run now!

Bully 3 steps in with a heavy fist, but Jak squats down to slip beneath the punch. Using his new strength, he stretches open a hole in gate - catching Bully 3's arm. Stuck in place Bully 3 kicks at Jak. He is swiftly knocked out with a fist to the gut.

Feeding off the applause, Jak raises a hand to his ear. Bully 2 stalks him from behind. Marie notices, but her call reaches him too late. Jak looks to her and Bully 2 drops Jak to one knee with a strong hook. The crowd hushes - Marie clasps her hands over her mouth.

BULLY 2

Ain't too tough now, is you!?

He punts Jak in the ribs - the boy rolls across the concrete. A stream of blood runs from the corner of Jak's mouth as he struggles up to his feet. At the sight of red drops on the ground, Marie rushes to her friend's aid. Bully 2 snags her up by her backpack.

Maybe I should put the hurt on your girlfriend here too.

He wipes his mouth and spits.

MARIE

Get your grimy hands off me!

She swung her arms and legs trying to break free. Pounding a fist to the ground in anger, Jak stands to his feet. No rage nor worry show on his face.

JAK

Girlfriend? I don't think Marie's my type.

Bully 2 doesn't know what to think.

She freaks out way too easy. That punch hardly hurt, but she's over there about to piss her pants.

Jak spits and returns to his smirk. Marie's expressions sours from relieved to angry.

MARIE

Jak, you jackass! I'll beat you up myself soon as he lets me go!

JAK

You might do it too. Hit a hell of a lot harder than he does.

Bully 2 drops Marie. She lands hard on her rear - glaring angrily & rubbing her back.

BULLY 2

You just keep runnin' your mouth!

Fists clenched, he fires his strongest. **SHAK**. Jak catches the punch with ease.

JAK

See? No horsepower.

Holding onto the fist, Jak tightens his grip. Unable to shake free, Bully 2 throws another fierce punch. Jak blocks again in the same way - grip bringing the bigger boy to his knees.

And you wanna talk toughness?

Helpless, he looks up with furious eyes. Jak blasts him into the blacktop. **WHOOSH!** A gust of wind fans out from the force of the strike - silencing the schoolyard. Standing tall, Jak shakes out his left hand.

That's how tough I am.

The crowd erupts and Jak stands at the center of the frenzy with a grin.

Thank you, thank you. You're far too kind.

Another teacher pokes their head out of the flood of kids. Raising an arm to speak, he is beamed in the head with a carton of strawberry milk. The man huffs, clears his throat, and tries again.

TEACHER 3

*Jak Ortega to the superintendent's
office this instant!*

School security approaches, Jak raises his arms like he's been through the procedure before. More faculty arrives to break up the crowd. In the middle of it all, Marie notices White Shoes. He clutches the sneakers closely, eyes watery with joyful tears.

QUICK CUT

3D INT. MR MARSHALL'S OFFICE

3D

MR MARSHALL

*Now just to figure out what to do
with you.*

He paces back and forth across the small room, rubbing a hand across his chin. While Jeysin sits patiently, a strange surge shoots through his head. He places a hand to his temple, face tight with pain.

*School year will be wrapping up
soon. Gives us plenty time to think
about-*

JEYSIN

*I do have one request, sir, if it
wouldn't be too much trouble.*

His head rings.

*Would it be possible to be dismissed
early today? I've been having the
weirdest headaches lately.*

MR MARSHALL

*Then it sounds like you should get
some rest. Can't afford to have
anything hindering our star student.*

He quickly jots up a note.

*Show this at the nurse's office and
they'll take care of you.*

JEYSIN

Thank you so much Mr. Marshall.

Swiping the note, he stands to shake hands.

MR MARSHALL

*The pleasure's been mine Mr. Ortega.
Take care now.*

Jeysin exits the hall to the right. A moment later, security guards escort Jak to the office from the left end of the hall. He plops down into the same chair Jeysin sat in.

JAK

Yo Marsh. How you livin'?

He reclines with his feet up on the neighboring chair. Marshall gestures to security who closes the door and exits.

MR MARSHALL

(Sternly)

*This isn't a joke Jak.
Sit upright & put your feet down.*

JAK

*I know this isn't a joke - it's a
waste of time.*

Jak sits up, crossing his arms and closing his eyes.

MR MARSHALL

(Temper slipping)

A.. waste of time you say?

JAK

*Because we both know how this is
going to go.*

Mr. Marshall stands, searching through a nearby filing cabinet.

*Another nice, long pep talk
preaching to me about how it's wrong
for me to "solve problems with
violence" and how at this rate I'll
"end up going nowhere" and-*

MR MARSHALL

*Your ticket to nowhere is right
here.*

He pulls out a paper folded into five sheets, each one covered with marks and writing.

*12 years old yet you already have
the single most dubious disciplinary
record in the history of this school
district.
Have anything to say for yourself?*

Jak shrugs his shoulders.

JAK

*I'll be 13 next month, if it makes
you feel any better.*

Marshall slams the file onto his desk.

MR MARSHALL

*That's your problem right there!
Treating everything like it's some
damn joke.*

Jak looks away.

JAK

(Lowly)

Not true.

The superintendent nears his student, bending down to reach eye level.

MR MARSHALL

*What was that?
Any other time your mouth's writing
checks you can't cash, but now
we're talking about you and-*

JAK

I said that's not true!

He stands to look Mr Marshall in the eye - hands shaking. He points out a scar running along his forearm.

*Wasn't joking when some creeps
started stalking Marie for not
talking to them.*

Another scar across his left cheek.

*Wasn't joking when high schoolers
picked on my brother for getting
better grades than them.
And I wasn't joking today, when
some dude I don't know got his
sneakers jacked.*

He points to the bandage now across his nose.

*Get sick of seeing the same crap
every day so I do something about
it!
You tell me solve things 'with my
head and not my hands,' but never
care that my problems get solved!*

Emotion rings from his voice. He looks to the ground - hands no longer shaking. Mr. Marshall sighs and sits behind his desk.

MR MARSHALL

Look, I get it. You want to "be the man," be the tough guy & stick up for others. But I cannot condone violence, especially not on school grounds.

I'm going to have to suspend you again, 5 days: a full school week.

JAK

That's it? Sweet.

He returns to his carefree mood.

MR MARSHALL

(Almost sinister)

You'll also spend the rest of the day and an hour after school in detention - make the deal even sweeter.

JAK

Wow, a whole day full of fun stuff. I must be the luckiest man alive.

MR MARSHALL

You'd be even luckier if I hadn't talked with that wonderful brother of yours earlier. I trust that you'll be on your best behavior in detention, correct?

Jak makes a zipping motion across his mouth.

JAK

It'll be like I'm not even there.

SFX: SCHOOL BELL RINGING

4 EXT. ROSACE - AFTERNOON

4

Marie walks the city's streets - mind lost in thought. Cars cruise by on the passing roads, bouncing from potholes or hydraulics. She enters a block of abandoned property, approaching an alley closed off with wood panels. She looks over each shoulder then slides a loose plank aside. Following the path to a side entrance, she turns the doorknob and steps inside.

5 INT. THE HIDEOUT

5

Inside was an old gym: high ceiling, wide walls, and a basketball hoop bracketed up on the far side. Sun sneaks in through the few windows not boarded from the inside. Patches, burn marks, chipped paint and exposed brick color the walls. Marie walks under the hoop and across the room to the sound of buttons clicking & pixelated explosions.

In the far corner of the room were: a big-screen fatback TV, two large cardboard boxes, and tall stacks of martial arts VHS tapes & video game cartridges. Jeysin sits in the middle of it all - legs crossed and eyes locked on the TV screen. Despite being alone, he plays from the Player 2 slot.

Marie peeks at him from behind the tower of movies.

MARIE

You're at it early.

JEYSIN

Having a weird day, so I hurried here to play video games. Things make sense in video games.

Marie smiles and shakes her head - walking over to his side.
Jak's not with you?

MARIE

He's gonna be a while. Our day got pretty weird too.

She took a seat & tuned into the screen - following Jeysin's character. A blue-colored action hero takes cover in the corner - dodging fire from the robot enemy filling half the screen.

JEYSIN

Another detention?

MARIE

Yep.

JEYSIN

Another fight?

MARIE

Yep.

JEYSIN

Dang, was waiting on him to beat this game. We made it so close last night!

MARIE

*You know your brother. He treats
real life like it's his video game.*

JEYSIN

*Word around the high is he tied some
kid to a pole and shoved another
through a fence?*

MARIE

*Happened in front of my face and I
still don't believe it.*

She removes her glasses to clean the lenses on her shirt. Jeysin's character fires the finishing shot at the boss enemy. The screen is covered in 2D flames. NEW HIGH SCORE blinks in white lettering at the top of the dark loading screen.

*He's a pain any other day, but now
he's got me wondering if he has
superpowers.*

JEYSIN

Superpowers?

NEW HIGH SCORE blinks in white lettering at the top of the dark loading screen.

MARIE

*Took out three guys twice his size,
and showed off the whole time. No
clue how he did it, but while he was
fighting something in the air
felt... different.*

She taps a finger to her chin.

(Thinking)

*Some explanation. He probably thinks
all that's ridiculous.*

JEYSIN

*I don't think it's ridiculous at
all, actually.*

Seeing his character on a new level, Jeysin pauses the game.

MARIE

*Alright, cool because it's been on
my mind all day and-*

Her face drops.

...How did you hear that?

Jeysin rubs his head and chuckles nervously.

JEYSIN

*Like I was saying, today's been...
weird.*

Marie grabs him by the shirt, shaking him back & forth.

MARIE

*Reading minds is a little bit more
than weird!*

She releases him - retrieving a notepad and pen from her backpack. **CH-CHIK.**

Alright. Spill the details.

Jeysin grabs the twisted lock of his hair - winding it while retraces his thoughts.

JEYSIN

*It all started in the nurse's
office.*

FLASHBACK

6 INT. HIGH SCHOOL

6

JEYSIN

(Cont.)

*This headache I've been having
cranked up to 10.*

He sits beside an older boy on a short bench in the tight room.

SFX: PHONE RINGING

*Each time, it felt like something
outside was trying to tap into my
head. My brain was like a balloon
trying not to pop!*

He fought to keep a straight face through the pain. The boy next to him writhes in pain, clutching at his stomach.

*A sensation filled my skull, some
kind of mass.. or force.
Fought so hard to contain whatever
it was that I let a little slip and-*

BOY 3

(Thinking)

*Why I let them dare me to eat all
those meatloaves? I'mma dumbass,
man...*

Jeysin tilts his head at the boy. Rubbing a hand on his temple, he turns and shakes his head.

NURSE
(Cranky)
I'm on it, I'm on it!

The woman answers the phone.
What's the problem?
Yeah?
How am I supposed to know?
Maybe try cutting him from the pole
before you call the nurse's office!

BOY 3
They've been in that bathroom
forever! I don't know if I'mma make
it..!

Jeysin grows more uneasy every moment sitting between the two.

NURSE
Fine. Send em to my office.

She slams the phone down onto the hook.
Next.

Jeysin stands before her desk, waiting as she looks over the note.

You're all set kid. Make sure you
stop by the main office on the way
out.

She signs and returns the paper slip.

JEYSIN
Thank you.

He stops at the door, turning over his shoulder to focus on the nurse.

NURSE
(Thinking)
The way my back is hurtin, someone
needs to send my ass home early too.

QUICK CUT

6A INT. HIDEOUT

6A

JEYSIN

*Turns out the picking & poking at my
brain were thoughts from other
people. Go figure.*

Marie finishes a page on her notepad, flipping over to the next.

MARIE

*How would you describe it? The whole
brain sensation, mind reading thing?*

JEYSIN

*It's like... tuning to a radio
station. I can pick up signal from
anyone, but it's fuzzy*

The same sensation that overcame Jak hums gently inside Jeysin's head. He taps two fingers to his right temple.
*Unless I focus on one. Once I'm in
tune, I hear every song. Commercial
free.*

MARIE

*...So to work effectively, your
power requires specific action.
That's more than enough to work
with!*

Marie finishes bullet pointing her idea. She tucks her pen behind her ear as she stands - sunlight reflecting in her glasses.

MARIE

*And now that we've got our data, how
about we do a little testing?*

6B MIDDLE SCHOOL

6B

Early evening sun shines onto the school building. Carefully, Jak looks both ways. With the coast clear, he hops from the first floor classroom window. Left inside is elderly teacher, sleeping behind his desk. "Jak was here" is written down the middle of his balding forehead.

7 EXT. ROSACE - MAIN STREET

7

Hands behind his head, Jak strolls as the town bustles around him.

JAK

*Mom might actually kill me once she
finds out I got suspended again
& I'm running low on good excuses.
Maybe I should skip town?
Nah, she'd still find me. She's got
like 5 senses or something.
Wonder if I...
-hold up.*

Thoughts of the fight ran through his head.
*Can we talk about that beatdown
earlier?*

He looks to his hands, still amazed by his strength.
There was no stopping me!

Stepping in rhythm, he shuffles his feet - throwing jabs at
the air.
*I was so strong, so fast, so smooth,
So-*

A glance at his surroundings depicts collapsing buildings,
fire damage & shattered windows, gang tags & 'for sale'
signs. Mostly vacant storefronts lined both sides of main
street. Link-ups on corners are spied on by cop cars.
*It doesn't even matter.
It doesn't even matter because
nothing here gets the chance to
matter!*

He tightens his hands into fists.
Wish I had a way out...

STRANGER

(Raspy)

*You don't even know how right you
are, young...*

Jak stops and looks around for the voice. He spots an older
man beneath the shade of an old shop's awning, draped in
worn-out clothing. His eyes hide behind a pair of dark
sunglasses. Twisted graying hairs spread across his head and
jut from his chin. Leathery brown skin shows his age. Jak
raises an eyebrow at the man.

JAK

What am I so right about?

STRANGER

*'Bout this city and the way they run
it. Turned us into a buncha cattle.
This around us was a different
world.*

The man gestures to the neighborhood.

*There was love in these streets -
the pulse of this city. You could
feel it beatin' every day.
All the mom & pop shops on this
block used to be boomin'.*

JAK

In this dump?

He points a thumb over his shoulder and shakes his head.

*Naaah.
No way.*

STRANGER

*Those times is long gone now - been
gone since before you was born.*

JAK

What made everything change?

Jak sits before the man, meeting him eye-level.

STRANGER

*Can't keep a good thing without
someone comin' along tryin' to take
from it. Outsiders rolled in, taking
everything they could.
Took our money, took our blocks, our
votes, our lives. By the time they's
done, all we had were regrets.*

The boy hangs his head, troubled by the stranger's tale.

*But I tell you one thing can't no
one ever take...
A dream.*

JAK

A dream?

STRANGER

*A certain somethin' special that
means more than life itself.
I know you got one! I can feel it!
It's why you need your ticket outta
here, right?*

Jak laughs, bringing a smile to his face.

JAK

Hell yeah you're right.

STRANGER

*Didn't seize mine when I had the
 chance. All this time later and I'm
 still here looking to find for my
 place out there.
 Got the feeling if I keep on
 searchin, I'll find it somewhere.*

He places a hand to his forehead and chuckles.
*So you've gotta promise me something
 little dreamer boy.*

Jak locked in on the man's words.
*Don't put your dream aside for
 anything.
 The will of a dreamer can make any
 fantasy reality.*

He flashes a wide grin with as many missing teeth as gold ones.

JAK
*You know, some people would call you
 crazy old man...*

Jak stands, dusting his hands on his shorts.
*But I've been called crazy too, so
 we must be onto something.
 Thanks for the pep talk.*

He turns to leave, but approaches the man once more.
*Old man's probably not your
 government name, is it?*

The man laughs.

STRANGER
MACK. You can call me Mack.

JAK
Old Man Mack it is then.

MACK
Got a ring to it.

The new friends share a fist bump.

JAK
*My name is Jak.
 I swear on my word: I won't let you
 down!*

Jak takes off running. Mack watches in the boy's direction, nodding his head.

MACK

*So full of life... Kid's a rare breed.
Hope he don't lose focus...*

He looks straight ahead, flashing his grin.
I ain't losin' mine again.

8 EXT. ROSACE NEIGHBORHOOD

8

Jak cuts down a path opening up to a large field. Kids gather, playing soccer and baseball on the lone stretch of clay dirt & grass between clusters of buildings. **CLINK.** A metal bat slugs into a baseball. A home run flies from home plate to the far side of the field.

Jak sees the ball and picks up speed. The sensation returns, flowing down into his feet as he pounds the pavement. He beats the ball to its landing spot, catching it with ease while trotting to a stop. From the opposite corner of the park, he used some of his power and fired the ball back where it came.

JAK

Strong and fast?

He looked down to his legs.
I could get used to this.

Track 1



Track 1

9 INT. HIDEOUT - WEIGHT ROOM - SUNSET

9

Marie clicks her pen onto her notepad and looks up.

MARIE

Okay. How did it go?

Jeysin breathes deeply and exhales.

JEYSIN

I feel... everything...

Sensation spread evenly throughout his body. Arms raised, he lifts 100 lb. weights in each hand.

*Every fiber of me is running at
1000%, yet...*

Marie pauses her writing, looking to him.
*I just feel like me.
 It's all so.. natural.*

He lowers the weights to the ground - startling himself with their **THUD**. Marie examines his arms and checks his pulse.

MARIE
*Heart rate's about the same.. No sign
 of any muscle strain either.
 It's like we thought - whatever you
 two found today boosts the body
 insane ways.*

Jeysin looks to his hands, opening and closing over and over.

JEYSIN
*If that package somehow includes
 psychic powers, there's no telling
 what else we can do.*

MARIE
 (Excited)
*This discovery is going to
 change the medical world!
 I'm gonna need a bigger notebook.*

Marie kneels down to her bag - a streak of light on the ground catches her eye. Outside, the sun begins to set.
*Shoot!
 Told my parents I'd be studying
 tonight.*

JEYSIN
That exam is coming up soon, right?

MARIE
*It was nice not having to think
 about it for a little while..
 I'll catch up with you guys
 tomorrow.*

She quickly hugs her friend then heads for the door.
Be safe.

JEYSIN
Hey Marie.

She stops, looking back to him.
Don't be so hard on yourself.

He smiles, bringing one to her face.

MARIE

Thank you.

CUT

10 EXT. CORNER STORE

10

Two teenage boys post up outside a neighborhood shop, sipping big can iced teas. A blur shoots into the open store door behind them.

TEEN 1
(Eyes wide)
You see that?

The blur speeds back out of the store. Teen 2 boy takes a long sip from his drink.

TEEN 2
Nah.

TEEN 1
Word..

Teen 1 takes another a sip from his drink.
(Confused)
...Did, did I see that?

11 INT. GYM HIDEOUT - MAIN FLOOR

11

Jeysin stands before the TV - mirroring the movements of the martial artists in the retro Kung-Fu flick on screen. Hearing the outside door open, he turns up the volume and steps away. Jak enters, carrying a black plastic bag.

JAK
Yoooo
Anybody home?

JEYSIN
(Bad lip-synching)
"What do you want?"

On the TV, one martial artist stands against another. Jeysin stands across the room from Jak, striking a Kung-fu pose. The older brother smirks, dropping the bag & striking up a pose of his own.

JAK
"Is that one-eyed bastard here?"

He poorly lip-syncs the opposing character.

JEYSIN

"You dare call our boss that?"

The brothers change pose with each line, stepping closer to one another.

JAK

"You bums obviously don't know me."

JEYSIN

*"Oh we know you.
You're one of Luu's men - the one
they say can kick like a mule."*

JAK

*"Well if you know of me, then that's
the best that'll come of it."*

JEYSIN

*"You better watch it! You're on our
home ground now."*

Raising arms forward, the brothers met wrist to wrist, eye to eye.

JAK

*"I couldn't give a damn who this
area belongs to! Where I am always
belongs to me."*

JEYSIN

*"Then maybe I'd like to find out -
if that's the truth!"*

They exchange strikes and parries - countering one another & matching the movie step for step. On screen, the two opponents clash powerful punches. Jak & Jeysin end their spar with a dap and an embrace.

SWUSH

Basketball splashes through the net. Standing below the hoop, Jak catches the ball. He takes the last bite of his empanada and hurls the ball across the room. Jeysin finishes snacking on his own empanada. He catches the ball, takes aim, and drills another shot.

JAK

*With these powers you can probably
skip college next year & go straight
to the league.*

Jeysin chuckles as he lines up another shot.

JEYSIN

*Mom would cry if she ever saw me
playing for the Lakers.*

Jeysin swishes a third shot. Jak grins ear to ear.

JAK

*Leave it to the two smartest people
I know to already have this power
stuff figured out.*

He spins the ball on a fingertip.

JEYSIN

*Marie took the lead on this one. I
was just the guinea pig.
She ran home to study, so we've
still got a lot of questions.*

JAK

Then let's get us some answers.

The brothers test themselves in various sections of the gym. Losing his balance, Jak plops onto the padded floor in the tumbling area. On the palms of his hands, Jeysin walks by him.

Punching bags dangle from chains in the boxing room. Jeysin knocks a training dummy to the floor with precise strikes. Jak focuses his power to his left hand and steps a massive punch. The impact rips the chain loose - flinging the bag across the room and into a wall.

12 EXT. HIDEOUT ROOFTOP

12

Side by side, the brothers stare to the horizon. The sky blazes with color. Jeysin stretches out his arms and yawns.

JEYSIN

This view is unbeatable.

Jak taps a foot to the ground, his mind turning.

JAK

Think so?

He peeks over to his brother then looks out again.
Wonder if it really is.

JEYSIN

(Smiling)

Here we go again.

Jak raises an eyebrow.

JAK
Whatchu mean?

JEYSIN
*The speech about how badly you want
get out of here & "see the world."*

JAK
-Because it's true!

His hands close into fists.
*There's a whole world out there
waiting for us see it, but we've
been stuck here seeing the same ole.*

He pauses, glancing down at the shaded streets below.
...Know what though?

Jak looks to his hands. His grin returns.
*Things are different now.
Us finding this power is just the
start of it.*

13 EXT. ROCASE - MAIN STREET

13

The lights and sounds of Rosacé blur by. The setting sun swaps places with the dark night sky. Mack remains seated on the street corner where he had spoken to Jak - his eyes focused.

14 INT. ORTEGA HOME - NIGHT

14

The brothers sit in their living room watching TV together. The front door opens slowly. The woman from the office job sneaks in and shuts the door behind her.

WOMAN
(Sighing)
I'm so tired I could just-

JAK & JEYSIN
Mom! Mom! Mom! Mom!

JEYSIN
We have so much to show you!

JAK
We got these powers and-

MOM

*Can't I at least unwind for a moment
before you two bombard me? You know
I'm a zombie when I work both
jobs...*

She kicks off her shoes.

JAK

*This ain't your usual bombarding,
trust me! And if you don't, trust
Jeysin.*

JEYSIN

*Your day as JULISA ORTEGA secretary
& administrative assistant may be
over, but your night as Julisa
Ortega, mother of two begins now.
You're in for a surprise.*

JULISA

Clocking in.

She presses her back to the door and slides to the floor.

*Does the surprise have anything to
do with Mr. prize fighter over there
getting another suspension?*

Julisa leers at her eldest.

JAK

(Nervous)

*It does, but not how you think!
I won the fight that earned me my
vacation, as always, but that's when
I discovered my super powers!*

Julisa tenses up, but holds a straight face in front of her boys.

JULISA

...You did what now?

JEYSIN

*I have them too! Plus I'm
telepathic.*

JULISA

(Sarcastic)

*Didn't we have to take Jak to the
doctors' for that last year?
What are they putting in those damn
lunches these days?*

She rose to her feet.

JEYSIN

*You have to hear us out, at least
this once!*

JULISA

*Once? For years you two have either
been telling me stuff that either
belongs in a comic book...*

She turns to Jak.

*or something that makes my brain
hurt.*

She turns to Jeysin.

*Now I come home from a double and an
hour in traffic to the news of you
two somehow magically developing
superpowers at school today and I'm
just supposed to believe it?*

The brothers looked to one another. After a moment of silence, they nod their heads. Julisa huffs and groans.

JULISA

*Alright, come on. Let's see these
"powers."*

JAK

Bet. Check this sh!t out!

With one hand and little effort, he hoists a fully stacked bookshelf. Julisa is awe-struck. One of her cheeks twitches from the shock.

JULISA

(To herself)

...It finally happened...

She takes in a deep breath.

WHAT THE HELL DID YOU JUST SAAAY!?

Jak drops the shelf - its contents raining down on him. He lays dazed, buried beneath the pile of books. Julisa puts a hand to her face, running it through her hair and looking away.

*TERRY and NATE were supposed to be
here for this...*

JEYSIN

(Puzzled)

*You knew about this? And what does
it have to do with Dad and Uncle*

Nate?

JULISA

*It has everything to do with them.
Follow me.*

Jeysin follows her from the room. Jak digs himself out of the book heap before doing the same.

*You're cleaning up those books up
when we're done talking.*

He stops in his tracks.

JAK

*(Lowly)
Damn it!*

JULISA

I heard that!

He scurries from the room.

15 INT. JULISA'S BEDROOM

15

Jak plops onto the bed next to Jeysin. Standing atop a stool, Julisa searches through the top shelf of her closet. She emerges with a large box like the ones the boys had at their hideout.

JULISA

*With all the digging you do up
there, I'm surprised you didn't find
this first.*

JAK

*(Baffled)
You knew?
Uh, I mean-*

JEYSIN

How did you know?

JULISA

*Give me some credit.
Your mother knows a lot more than
you'd think.*

She drops the box in front of her sons and wipes the dust from its top. Contents of the box sparkle gold as room light shines on them.

*And it's time you two knew a little
more.*

She removes the variety of items stored inside: newspapers, video tapes, photographs, medals.

JULISA

Long story short, there are two kinds of people in this world: normal folks like me and those like you two, your father, and uncle.

She dusts off a tape with her hands.

Their powers made them professional fighters in the SFC.

JEYSIN

The.. Superhuman Fighting Classic?

JAK

(Not impressed)

Isn't that the cheesy fake fighting thing with all the crazy effects? I stopped believing that was real when I was like 9.

JULISA

Yes, and no. There are no special effects.

She puts the tape into the VCR player atop her TV and presses play.

See for yourselves.

She seats herself between the boys. Footage rolls, showing shots of a large stadium filled with cheering fans. In the center of it all sits a single wrestling ring.

ANNOUNCER

(Excited, articulate)

The Superhuman Fighting Classic: a combat sport spectacle unlike any other! Every four years, the world's greatest martial artists answer the call of this showcase of spectacular strength and sensational skill. Broadcasting from the Hampton Coliseum in Norfolk, Virginia to television sets across the globe!

Under bright lights, a variety of fighters show off their techniques.

ANNOUNCER

(Cont.)

The 5th event, kicking off on June 25th, 1984, would surely become one

to remember.

Making their debut were two young scrappers sure-fire for SFC stardom: "TURBO" Terry Omega, the 15-year-old boxing specialist with raw power and ferocious spirit.

Terry's shown as a muscular, brown-skinned teen with a large, perfectly round afro and a confident smirk. His fitting white tee is tucked into his blue jeans, cuffed to sit just above his high-top red trainers. His thin gold chain shins under the lights and his fingers were taped, leaving the knuckles bare. His highlight reel is full of fierce, fire-coated punches.

And his brother, "NITRO" Nathaniel Omega, a 16-year-old master an unnamed style. His ever smooth methods and moves leave fans and fighters in awe!

Nate is thinner than Terry. His attitude calm, collected as his long, silver dreadlocks are tied back into a ponytail. A fancy medallion rests on the open chest of his karate top. Matching pants and simple footwear complete his look. In his highlights, Nate breezes through opponents without breaking his cool.

In one fight, Terry shakes the ring floor with a powerful leap upward. Nate is shown dashing through the air without touching the ground. A side by side shot shows the brothers standing in ring. Julisa pauses the tape.

JAK

(Wide eyed)

..That was the coolest thing I've ever seen!!

He downplays his own hype.

Who'd have thought our old man wasn't always such a bum?

JULISA

(Sternly)

Jak, your father is not a bum.

JAK

Maybe he'll show up one day and tell me that himself.

He folds his arms.

And what's with the "Omega" thing?

JULISA

Big stars in everything use stage names.

(Fondly)

"Turbo & Nitro, the Brothers Omega" was theirs.

JEYSIN

So every competitor in these tournaments has power like ours?

Julisa and Jak turn to Jeysin.

JULISA

Your powers make it all possible. It's said that out there in the world are special people,

She gently rustles her boys' hair.

who turn their will into talents the rest of us could only dream of. For one reason or another, most of 'em become wannabe superheroes or fight pro.

Jak resumes the video. He studies the footage of Terry and Nate.

JEYSIN

And to think this has been sneaking by the public all this time. Looks like the best place to hide anything is in plain sight.

JULISA

Fans think what they're seeing is fake and they're supposed to. If word on these powers ever got out, all hell would break lose. The scary part is not being able to tell who has it. Whoever does can use their power for anything.

CUT

16 EXT. MAIN STREET - NIGHT

16

The space Mack sat is vacant. Across the street, neon lights flash from the one business still open: a jewelry store. The owner (middle-aged, white-skinned, business suit) secures the lock on a silver briefcase and taps a code into his security

console. He peeks around nervously. Alarmed, the console beeps and blinks red light. The owner sighs with relief - jumping at the sight of a stranger lingering behind him.

POOR MAN

*'Scuse me sir, hate to botha ya.
Just tryna grab a bite to eat
tonight. Anything at all you can
spare a hungry vet? I'd really-*

OWNER

*(Glaring)
No, I do not!*

He clutches the briefcase in both arms.
*And if you want food so bad, work
for it your damn self.*

Brushing past the man, he bumps into another figure.
Watch it pal!

Mack stands before him, grinning.

MACK

*Nothin' personal, man. We hungry out
here.*

Mack snatches the briefcase from the shop owner, throwing him to the ground. Slinging the case over his shoulder, he strolls away. The owner pulls a black handgun from inside his jacket.

OWNER

Don't screw with my money!

POW. He fires a shot directly into Mack's back, halting him mid stride. The bullet hit its mark, stopping dead in its tracks and falling to the to the ground. Shop owner can't believe his eyes.

MACK

*See, why'd you have to go and get
all hostile?*

In a single step, Mack rushes the man, striking him over the head with the briefcase & knocking him out cold. Mack checks his back for blood. He smiles at his clean fingers, rubbing them together. He kneels down and rips the case open, taking out a stack of money. He tosses the cash to the man the owner had blown off.

*Treat yaself to somethin' nice. You
deserve it.*

17 INT. JULISA'S BEDROOM

17

JEYSIN

Are the winners rewarded well?

JULISA

Yes, and they should be. Lives are on the line out there and those fights get real ugly, real fast.

The two wince at a hard hit shown on screen.

JULISA

Only makes sense the winners get paid-

JAK

1 Million dollars?!

Jak stands to his feet. His face sours.

If they're so rich, why are we still here?

JEYSIN

And I thought the two were away on military duty?

JULISA

After fighting they were recruited for a force of super soldiers.

From the box she lifts a photo of Terry and Nate in their 20s. They smile for the camera, dressed in army green jumpsuits.

They go off the grid for jobs so secret that even I hardly have contact.

She sighs.

Last I heard, they'd be back this summer, but til then I've been doing the best I can.

JAK

That settles it.

JULISA

Settles what sweetie?

He tightens his fists.

JAK

I'm going to enter the SFC!

Jeysin's thrilled at the thought. Julisa waves it off.

JULISA

*Your dad would be so proud to hear that.
Maybe one day when you're a little older you can-*

JEYSIN

If the tournament takes place every four summers & this tape is from 1984, there should be one happening this year!

JAK

Done deal.

Jak high fives his brother.

JEYSIN

The event kicks near July, you've got no time to waste!

JAK

School's almost out anyways and I'm already suspended for a week of that.

Julisa dreads how quickly she lost her boys to the idea.

JULISA

(Joking)

And I'm just supposed to take off work to drive my precious preteen sons coast to coast for superpowered gladiator matches?

JAK

Nah, I'm good. If I can survive this town, I can make it anywhere.

Jeysin twists his long lock and looks to the ceiling to think.

JEYSIN

*Using public transit, he should have just enough time to get to Virginia & train along the way.
If anyone can pull it off, it's definitely Jak.*

Julisa palms her face.

JULISA

(To herself)
*They're joking, they have to be
 joking.*

JAK
As if you weren't coming with me!

JEYSIN
You mean it?!

JULISA
 (Moping)
He's supposed to be the good one...

JAK
*Of course I do. This will be the
 wildest stunt I've ever tried to
 pull.*

He throws an arm around Jeysin's shoulder.
*No way I can pull it off without my
 super genius brother by my side.*

Julisa ejects the tape and packs up the contents of the box.

JAK
*I was still watching that!
 ...At least rewind the tape first.*

JULISA
Not happening.

JAK
*Rewinding the tape? But don't you
 always tell us to-*

JULISA
*You two entering that tournament is
 not happening! I'm already
 regretting even mentioning it.*

She switches the TV back to cable from the VCR and began
 flipping through the channels.

JAK
*But pops got to do it when he was
 only 15!*

JULISA
15, not 12. End of story.

JAK
*I'll be 13 next month and 13's like
 the new 15... I think?*

He looks to Jeysin who couldn't back him up.

JULISA

*I said end of story. I'm done
talking about it.*

Frustrated, Jak kneels down and digs deeper into the box. He discovers a dog-tag necklace engraved with 'TURBO OMEGA.' Checking over his shoulder, he sees his mother focused on the TV and he tucks it into his pocket. Julisa's channel search lands on local news.

REPORTER 1

*We're on scene in eastern Rosacé
where the police continue their
pursuit of an armed thief at large.
The victim alleges \$20,000 worth of
cash and precious gems were stolen
from Luciano Jewelers on Federal
street.*

Julisa turns up the volume. The brothers lean in close as the newswoman (30s, tan skin, long dark hair) continues.

*I'm joined now by an officer who has
been on the hunt for the criminal.*

COP 1

*Anyone in the east Rosacé
neighborhood should remain indoors
until we've apprehended the suspect.*

The officer's an older white-skinned man with a short haircut and moustache.

*Suspect confirmed aggressive and
dangerous. Last two men close on his
trail were clocked out cold.*

JAK

I know that corner...

TV sets all around town tune into the news as the story develops.

18 INT. MARIE'S HOME

18

COP 1

*We're still figuring out what
measures are needed to take to bring
him in. Shots have been fired.. but
so far our efforts have been
ineffective.*

The officer is unsure in his statement.

*Again, all residents of the east
Rosacé are advised to remain in
their homes until the situation is
resolved.*

Marie's parents (big dark brown-skinned man and thin brown-skinned woman) watch from their living room sofa.

MR. RIVERS

*First job I find out of this town,
we're leaving and never looking
back!*

He loosens the tie on his short-sleeve, sweat-stained dress shirt. His wife wraps up her dark curls into a head wrap then takes his hand.

MRS. RIVERS

*I'm sure they'll get things under
control dear.*

MR. RIVERS

*If it's not one thing, it's another!
Our own daughter gets assaulted by
some punks at that school today -
and now this!*

Marie overhears them from her room. With a lamp above as her only light, her eyes scan the large textbook opened on her desk. Her black cat walks onto her text, stretches its back, and walks away.

MRS. RIVERS

*All this fussin' ain't gonna help
you none. Marie's just fine-*

MR. RIVERS

*Due in no part to that friend she's
always hanging around. That boy is
just like everything else in this
town nowadays: reckless and out of
control!*

MRS. RIVERS

*Try and ease up a little. She's been
studying for her exam since she got
home.*

MR. RIVERS

*When she passes, she'll be the first
one of us finally out of here! It
can't happen fast enough.*

Marie yawns and adjusts her glasses.

MARIE

I couldn't agree more, dad.

She turns to the next page.

19 INT. JULISA'S BEDROOM

19

JEYSIN

(Upset)

Wish people weren't always so mean to each other.

JULISA

I've always tried to teach you guys to think that way. Glad to see it's sticking.

She puts a hand to his head, messing with his hair with and smiling.

JAK

...I think we should go.

His words shift the tone in the room.

I think we should go out there and find the guy. See if we can stop him.

JULISA

You're always putting yourself out there Jak, I get it. That's how you are. But wanting to track down a dangerous criminal on the loose? You're really out of line today.

JAK

(Emotional)

I feel like I have to!

He looks to Jeysin who gives him a nod.

*Like we have to!
Whoever's out there wasn't hurt by bullets - they must have powers too!
Me and Jeysin spent all day practicing how to use ours.*

JULISA

A day? And now you think you can go take on the world?

JAK

Someone has to step up!

JULISA

*Someone doesn't have to be you two!
You're just boys, why don't you get
that?!*

JEYSIN

(Calmly)

*...We may be the only people who can
make a difference here.
We owe it to those around us to at
least make that effort.*

Julisa tries to argue. Her words never make it out. She walks from the bed - surprised by her sons wrapping their arms tightly around her waist.

JAK

*I know this is hard mom, but right
now, more than ever in my life, I
feel like I'm doing the right thing.
I can't turn that down.*

JULISA

(Eyes watering)

*I love you two so much.
Just please please please, be
careful.*

JEYSIN

We will.

The brothers share a look.

JAK

Let's go.

20 EXT. ROSACE BACKSTREETS - NIGHT

20

JAK

Good job the words back there.

Using their power, the duo speeds through the neighborhood.

JEYSIN

*Times like these I wish I could
trade my words for your nerves.
...Are you ever afraid?*

JAK

Me? Nah.

*You got my back and I got yours,
what more could I need?*

He turns to run backwards and grin at his brother.
*Besides, you won't make history for
being afraid.*

Following a path of debris, they reach a wide alley littered with garbage. An injured policeman lays at the entrance, bruise on his forehead. At the other end a dark figure carries a briefcase. One streetlight flickering above and a pair of burning trashcans give the alleyway low, orange lighting and a haunting atmosphere.

The brothers creep forward. CRINK. Jeysin steps onto a shard of broken glass. The figure stops to peek over his shoulder. Jak and Jeysin stand firmly, side by side. They raise their guards as the figure approaches. Jeysin is visibly nervous, but Jak is overcome with surprise as the figure comes to light.

JAK
Old Man Mack?

He greets with a grin.

MACK
*Ah, little dreamer boy. What brings
you round these parts at this hour?*

JEYSIN
You know this guy?

He keeps his eyes on Mack.

JAK
(Unsure)
*Met him today headed home from
detention. He seemed mad cool...
It was you that robbed that store?*

MACK
Guess the word got out.

He chuckles.
*Found something I really wanted &
made it mine. Don't even know how,
but I did it.*

Mack pats the briefcase proudly.

JEYSIN
*Stealing and hurting others is
wrong!*

MACK

*Wrong, right, it's all relative
little dude... Life's much grander
when ya chalk the rules.*

Jak is conflicted listening to Mack's words.

JAK

So you got some money, now what?

MACK

*Get the hell up on out this city.
I'd still be invisible and worthless
to every no good bastard in this
bear trap if I ain't act for myself.
Can't let anything get in my way.*

He drops the case to the ground.
Or anyone.

JAK

*Mack, you really don't need to do
this man. There's gotta be a better
way.*

MACK

*Oh contraire, little dreamer boy. I
took a stand on what I wanted most.
Ain't no turning back.*

He cracks his knuckles.

JAK

Then we're gonna have to stop you!

MACK

Best of luck wit that.

Mack kicks the briefcase, sending it sliding across the ground. With the boys distracted, he lunges in and strikes Jak into an alley wall with a hook. Jeysin hesitates before making his move, striking Mack with a pair of kicks. Mack knocks Jeysin away with backhand, but Jak returns and lands a strong punch onto Mack's cheek. Mack grips the boy's leg and fling him onto Jeysin.

*Seems you boys have found your
something special as well. Bullets
ain't hurt one bit, but I felt those
that.*

Mack's dark glasses crack from Jak's strike, revealing one crazed eye.

What else ya got!?

The brothers' quickness and teamwork evenly matches Mack's strength and size. Missed attacks from all three leave dents in dumpsters, craters in the ground, and holes in the brick walls lining the alley. The fight slows to a standstill. The brothers catch their breath. Mack cracks his neck to loosen up.

JEYSIN

Jak, can you hear me?

His voice runs through Jak's mind. Jak rubs his head.

JAK

Yeah, but I don't see you talking. He must've hit me harder than I thought.

JEYSIN

I'm using my telepathy so we can think up a plan without him hearing us.

Jak nods and looks to Mack.

Rushing him at the same time isn't working. The powers seem to be new to all of us, but he's got a natural advantage in strength.

JAK

So what's the remedy?

JEYSIN

Attacking in waves may be our best bet for a clean hit.

Waiting for action, Mack taunts the boys.

JAK

Lead the way. I'll be right behind.

Jeysin gulps.

JEYSIN

Here goes something.

Jeysin dashes toward Mack again. The man readies a punch, but Jeysin baseball slides between his open legs. Mack looks up to see Jak trailing in. Mack prepares to block, but is knocked from his feet by Jeysin's sweeping kick.

Down low-

Jak connects with a flying kick, driving Mack into and cracking the alley wall. **KRICK!**

JAK

Up top!

Motionless, Mack falls to the floor. The Ortegas are relieved, until the older man struggles back to his feet. Shards of his shattered glasses rain to the ground.

MACK

*A lot tougher than you look, the
both of ya...
Only wanted to get you off my tail,
but now I'll have to put you down.*

JAK

Not if we take you down first!

He dashes in. **CRACK!** Mack seizes a wood plank from the ground and whacks Jak across the head. Jeysin tries to follow - Mack catches him by the throat. He strangles the boy with one hand - lifting him from the ground as Jeysin fights to break free. Reeling from the last hit, Jak shakes his head. Blood gently rolls down his temple.

Mack charges power to his free hand. Jeysin gasps for air. Fists shaking in anger, Jak bursts forth. Jeysin grimaces, awaiting Mack's last strike. **THUMP.** Jak stomps hard, pivoting his body to pour out his full force.

CRRRACK! Jak rockets a devastating punch into Mack's ribs. The force knocks the air from area, breaks Jeysin free, and sends Mack tumbling down the alley.

Exhausted and emotional, Jak marches over to Mack's body. He pulls Mack's shirt to lift him from the ground and raises a fist. Mack chuckles between coughs, blood runs from his nose and corner of his mouth.

MACK

*You made me proud Little Dreamer
Boy...*

Jak loosens his grip.

*We're of the same breed... People
pushin for what they want, no matter
what...
Don't.. ever lose that... fire roarin'
inside you...*

Mack cracks one last grin before falling unconscious.

JAK

I won't Old Man... I promise.

21 EXT. ORTEGA HOME - MORNING

21

REPORTER 2

The manhunt for the jewelry thief has come to a close. Described as a "miracle," not even the hero officer himself could explain.

Local news plays on the Ortega's living room TV, next to the restocked bookshelf.

COP 2

I'm telling you all, it's true! One sec I got clobbered and the next thing I knew the perp was gone & the briefcase was in my hand.

His fellow officers celebrate behind him. In silence, Jak and Jeysin pack their bags before sneaking out their bedroom window.

22 INT. HIDEOUT

22

At the gym, they box up & lock up the collection of movies and games. On the rooftop, they reflect on the time spent in their hometown. Jak looks to the early morning sun. Jeysin looks to him, recalling his talk with Mr. Marshall.

JEYSIN

The opportunities would no doubt be life-changing, but they'd feel hollow without my mother & my brother Jak. We're not the richest and neither of us even have memory of our father being in our lives. Even still, we've always had one another and that's something I can't give up.

22A INT. MARIE'S ROOM

22A

Marie is awakened by the morning light peering through her window. Her cat sleeps beside her, curled up. Having dozed off studying into the night, Marie's now crooked glasses leave a mark on her face.

She walks to her window just as Jak, who had waited outside to find the courage to see her, turns and walks away.

23 EXT. ROSACE TOWN LIMITS

23

Bag to his side, Jeysin sits on a bench, looking to his wristwatch. Jak approaches.

JEYSIN

How were the goodbyes?

JAK

I chickened out.

JEYSIN

She isn't going to be happy with us when she finds out we skipped town.

JAK

*She's going to yell and throw stuff at me anyways. Rather deal with that once I can get her a gift to make up for it.
Ready to roll?*

JEYSIN

If you are.

JULISA

Cool the jets you two.

She stood behind her sons, startling them.

JAK

Mom?! Jeez, where did you come from?

JEYSIN

How did you know you were here?

JULISA

All good moms have a sixth sense about their kids.

JAK

(To himself)

I knew I forgot one.

JULISA

*From looks on your faces seeing Terry and Nate in action, I knew I wouldn't be able to stop you.
Just sorta wished I had a bit more time before my babies were ready to take on the world.*

She plays with her boys' hair then pulls them in close.

Take care of each other, and make sure you call me whenever you can so I don't have a heart attack.

The duo heads off. Jak kept his attention forward, trying to be strong. Jeysin fights back tears, waving to Julisa. She blows kisses to her boys as they move further from her sight
(Thinking)

Terry...

She wipes away tears of her own.

*They're more like you two than you
ever dreamed.*

Rosacé is left in the horizon behind the brothers as the sun fully rose over the ocean. Jak playfully nudges his brother in the arm as the two hiked onward.

JAK

*All I ever wanted was to see the
world...*

He pulls his father's necklace from his pocket, placing it around his neck & tucking it beneath his shirt. Jeysin smiles as Jak looked to the sky.

And I think I just might do it.

The best, is yet to come.