

# THE SUPER TEENS

1.06 | SUPER MOM

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## 1.06 | SUPER MOM

### MAIN CAST

JANICE KNOX .....	BRITT ROBERTSON
CLARK KNOX .....	LOGAN LERMAN
SARA KNOX .....	SHENAE GRIMES
DEBBIE KNOX .....	LORI LOUGHLIN
DR. UUCSIO .....	JON HAMM
MRS. UUCSIO .....	NICOLE KIDMAN
JANE DOE .....	ASHLEY JUDD
DET. ASHLOCK .....	CASSIDY FREEMAN
WILLIAM HURT .....	DR. RIVERS

### GUEST CAST

AUDREY SWANKINS .....	SIENNA MILLER
UPSVILLE KILLER.....	LANA PARILLIA
VOICE .....	MICHAEL FASSBENDER
LUCY LINCOLN .....	CAREY MULLIGAN
FRED JOHANSSON .....	JOSH HUTCHERSON
MR. HARDLY .....	GREG VAUGHAN
SANDY TURNER .....	WOODY HARRELSON
JACKIE .....	DAPHNE ZUNIGA

TEASER

FADE IN:

**INT. EVERNEATH NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT**

Multicolored lights flash around and bounce off many grown adult bodies, who dance wildly on the black dance floor to the music playing. The beat of the music shields us from hearing any of the conversations going on, until we FOCUS ON a blond woman in her mid-40's -- DEBBIE KNOX. She stands at the crowded BAR, next to one of her friends -- JACKIE. They both stare at each other, attempting to start a conversation. They are barely audible to us.

JACKIE  
(disappointed)  
You're not having fun.

DEBBIE  
Jackie, I'm in my forties and have three kids. I shouldn't be out partying on a Tuesday night.

Jackie places her hand on top of Debbie's, giving her a sincere, helpful look.

JACKIE  
And that's why you need a break from everything.  
(beat)  
You need to have some fun!

Debbie looks up at her friend, and takes Jackie's hand off of her's.

DEBBIE  
I'll see you later, Jackie.

Debbie grabs her purse, and immediately goes for the door, not looking back at Jackie, who instantly sighs and looks at the BARTENDER.

JACKIE  
Another drink.

The bartender gives her a complementary nod, and heads for the ALCOHOL. Our music instantly cuts off as we --

CUT TO:

**EXT. UPSVILLE, WASHINGTON - SIDEWALK - MOMENTS LATER**

Debbie, now revealing her dark green party dress, covers herself in a beige jacket, and hurriedly walks down the sidewalk. She then pulls her CELLPHONE out of her jacket pocket, dials the numbers, and places the phone up to her ear. The phone RINGS, but is soon answered by an answering machine.

DEBBIE (O.S)  
(through phone)  
Hi, you've reached the Knox's.  
We're sorry we can't come to the  
phone right now, but please leave  
your name and number and we'll call  
you back! Thanks!

She waits for the BEEP to signal she can leave her message.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)  
Hey, I just wanted to let you guys  
know that I'll probably be home a  
little earlier than I planned. Love  
you. Bye.

She pushes END and thrusts her phone back into her pocket. She wraps her arms around herself, attempting to stay warm. She continues on her path down the sidewalk, heels clunking against the hard concrete.

But she soon stops once she reaches the JEWELRY SHOP, and looks at the case, protecting many precious jewels. Debbie walks towards the glass, and stares inside, in awe at the beauty.

ANGLE ON: GLASS. Debbie's reflection bounces back onto her. Her eyes sparkle at the sight of the jewels.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)  
Ha! Not with my salary.

She continues to stare at them, but her stare is soon broken once we see a MAN, in nothing but black, running up behind her. Debbie notices, and quickly ducks, causing the man to slam into the glass, sending shards everywhere.

Debbie TURNS TOWARDS the man, who stands back up, ignoring the glass shards sticking out of his flesh. Debbie quickly bolts down the sidewalk, running for her life.

Follow Debbie down the sidewalk. Her pace becomes faster with each step. The man is nowhere to be found. Debbie seems to be running faster, until she trips over her high-heel and topples to the ground.

She lets out many wincing of pain and removes her shoe, revealing her ankle. Her forehead appears to be bloodied, along with both of her legs. She struggles to move, but her attempts are soon stopped once a jet black boot enters frame, connecting with Debbie's face.

PULL AWAY to show Debbie's unconscious body, being dragged away by the man in black.

A black VAN pulls up beside them, and many more men, wearing the exact same thing as the other, exit the vehicle. All of the men grab Debbie, and lift her inside the van, and quickly reenter the automobile they exited.

And the van quickly speeds away, leaving us on the cold Upsville sidewalk, on a cold Upsville night.

**BLACKOUT.**

END OF TEASER

ACT 1

FADE IN:

**INT. KNOX HOUSEHOLD - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

SARA and JANICE KNOX curl up on their living room couch, covering themselves with wool blankets. Their eyes are glued to the TV in front of them.

ANGLE ON: TV. AUDREY SWANKINS, everyone's favorite British, blond reporter, sits behind her news desk, wearing a pink formal blouse. She glances down at the papers below her, which rest on the desk.

AUDREY

Our next story involves the disappearance of one Shela Aubrey, who has been missing since Monday of this week. No word on has been said about the recovery of Shela, but Detective Ashlock had this to say...

The screen CUTS TO a video of DETECTIVE ASHLOCK, who has a microphone shoved at her face. She looks emotionless, but determined.

DET. ASHLOCK

We're doing everything we can to find Miss Aubrey. But we have no leads. And trust me when I say we won't give up until we find her.

BACK TO the sisters. Janice clicks something on the remote, changing the channel.

JANICE

Not in the mood to be depressed tonight.

Their attention soon turns to something off-screen. So, we TURN AROUND to show CLARK KNOX, walking into the living room.

SARA

Who was it?

CLARK

I can't find the phone! And it was just Mom saying she'll be home early.

SARA'S POV: She turns to the digital clock sitting next to the TV. It reads 10:37 PM.

SARA  
And early would be...

CLARK  
I'm just repeating what she said.

JANICE  
(to Clark)  
I wonder why she went out tonight,  
anyways. She has that meeting  
tomorrow.

CLARK  
Once again, I am not Mom.

Clark takes a seat beside Janice, scooting her over closer to Sara.

JANICE  
(to Clark)  
Yea, it's cool. Whatever.

Clark shoots his sister a sarcastic smirk. Janice does the same. Silence fills the room until --

Sara lets out a yawn, startling her siblings.

JANICE (CONT'D)  
Don't tell me Sara Knox is tired at  
ten-thirty.

SARA  
Fine. I'll Let you two play with  
the demons of the night.

Sara shoots up from the couch, letting out another yawn. She exits our frame, leaving us with Janice and Clark.

Clark tilts his head at Janice, quickly jumps up from the couch and begins to follow Sara.

CLARK  
I'm tired, too!

Clark leaves. We STAY ON Janice flinging her arms out away from her body.

JANICE  
What? I don't stink, do I?

Janice walks off, following her siblings.

CUT TO:

**INT. KNOX HOUSEHOLD - HALLWAY**

Sara has her hand on the handle of her door, about to twist it, but Clark bolts up the stairs, startling her.

SARA

Oh, you came to join the Snoozers?

CLARK

Test tomorrow. What can I say?

Janice comes running up the stairs into the hallway, causing both of her siblings to turn their heads towards her.

SARA

(mocking; playful)

Aw, Janice coming to bed too?

JANICE

We've been kidnapped a couple of times. I don't want to take my chances.

All three of them let out a slight chuckle, and they all begin to enter their rooms, but --

A CRASH is heard downstairs, startling all of them. They all wear of face of worry.

CUT TO:

**INT. KNOX HOUSEHOLD - LIVING ROOM**

The remains of a broken window lie on the floor, no one in sight. Footsteps are heard running down the stairs. We are soon shown they belong to the Knox triplets, cautious to their surroundings.

CLARK

Who's there!

Janice turns into the kitchen, and quickly returns to her siblings.

JANICE

No one's in the kitchen.

SARA

Doesn't seem like anyone's here either.

CLARK'S POV: The broken window shards lie on the floor.

CLARK  
Look at the window.

We follow them as they make their way to the window, still cautious.

JANICE  
Well, no one's here. It must've  
been a bird or something.

ANGLE ON: BROKEN WINDOW. Janice, Clark and Sara all look outside, into the night, wondering what caused the broken window in their living room.

CUT TO:

**EXT. KNOX HOUSEHOLD - CONTINUOUS**

A FIGURE in nothing but black clothes stands atop the Knox household, looking out into the distance. We STAY ON him for a few BEATS until he front flips off of the roof, and runs away from the house.

SMASH CUT TO:

**INT. UNKNOWN LOCATION**

Nothing but gray shoots around the room -- grey walls and grey floors. Nothing else is in sight, except for the unconscious body of one DEBBIE KNOX. She now wears a jet black tank-top and bleach white pants. She also wears shin-high boots, which match her tank.

She finally rolls onto her side, slipping back into consciousness. She moans and groans in pain, and slowly rises into a sitting position. She holds her hand on her head.

She looks around, confused at where she's at. She places both hands back onto the floor and uses them for leverage to stand up. And once she stands back up, she clutches her head once again.

DEBBIE  
Hello?

She walks up to one of the grey walls, and places her free hand on it. She runs her hands across it -- nothing.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)  
Hello!

VOICE (O.S)  
Hello, Debbie Knox.

She darts her head around, trying to establish where the man's voice came from.

DEBBIE

Who's there?

VOICE (O.S)

Hopefully, you'll find out soon enough.

DEBBIE

Look, I don't have time to play Bates Motel! Let me out of here!

VOICE (O.S)

They're always so demanding at the start.

DEBBIE

What are you talking about!

VOICE (O.S)

All your questions will soon be answered, Debbie Knox.

DEBBIE

While I appreciate the heads up, I think I'll just skip right to the part where I can go home!

VOICE (O.S)

You're a feisty one, aren't you?

DEBBIE

I've been told.

VOICE (O.S)

Moving on.

(beat)

It's time for you first task.

DEBBIE

First task...

Metal is heard clanging, and we TURN TO one of the dull grey walls. The wall is lifted up, revealing the entrance to another room.

CLOSE UP: DEBBIE'S FACE. Her horrified expression grows, faintly, into curiosity. But still horrified.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)

What the hell is this?

VOICE (O.S)  
Please enter the next room.

DEBBIE  
You're obviously joking!

VOICE  
Proceed to the next room, or die.  
(beat)  
You're choice.

DEBBIE  
Someone knows how to persuade.

She eases her way towards the other room, cautiously. But she doesn't look back.

**INT. OTHER ROOM**

Blackness engulfs everything. Debbie's outline is barely visible once she enters. Metal is heard clanking once again, and the wall behind her slams back onto the ground. She turns towards the wall, and then back towards the room.

Brightness fills the room, making everything visible to Debbie. TURN AROUND to show a glass wall, revealing the outside -- nothing but grey. We PAN UP, revealing another glass wall; PAN DOWN to reveal Debbie feet, standing on another glass wall. She's in a tank -- a closed off tank.

VOICE (O.S)  
You should've just died.

DEBBIE  
I gave birth to triplets. I can handle whatever comes my way.

VOICE (O.S)  
Fine. Solve this riddle, and you'll be let out.

DEBBIE  
Riddle? Where are we? Gotham City?

VOICE (O.S)  
I ensure you; I'm worse than that walking, green question mark.

DEBBIE  
That's great! Now let me out!

VOICE (O.S)  
First, the riddle...  
(beat)  
(MORE)

VOICE (O.S) (CONT'D)

What always runs but never walks,  
often murmurs, never talks, has a  
bed but never sleeps, has a mouth  
but never eats?

DEBBIE

And if I refuse to answer?

VOICE (O.S)

I was hoping you'd say that.

A hole on the top glass wall opens, and gallons of water pour out, showering Debbie. She yelps and steps out of the waterfall.

DEBBIE

What the hell?!

VOICE (O.S)

It's simple. Answer the question,  
and you'll get out.

(beat)

And drown if you can't.

A CLICK ensures that the speaker has left, and is probably only watching for his amusement.

The water continues to flood in, rising with each second. It's now up to Debbie's ankles. She attempts to beat on the glass but nothing happens. She turns in circles, trying to figure a way out.

SMASH CUT TO:

**EXT. DR. UUCSIO'S BUILDING - NIGHT**

The shiny grey building stands tall in Upsville. Cars drive past, but the parking lot is empty. Darkness blocks some of the shininess.

CUT TO:

**INT. DR. UUCSIO'S OFFICE**

The back window shows the night sky -- a calming, yet creepy sight. But we FOCUS ON DR. UUCSIO sitting at his SUPERCOMPUTER, fingers flying away at the keyboard. He still wears his clothes from the work day -- a button shirt and slacks.

He continues to type as his wife, MRS. UUCSIO, strolls in wearing a dark purple nightgown. Matching slippers cover her feet. She wipes her eyes, trying to rid herself of the tiredness.

MRS. UUCSIO  
Come to bed, Geoffrey. It's late.

DR. UUCSIO  
I have to figure this out, Elise.  
These kids... I promised them.

She wraps her arms around her husband and hugs him tight. He rubs her arms.

MRS. UUCSIO  
And you always have tomorrow.

DR. UUCSIO  
But --

MRS. UUCSIO  
Geoffrey, you need some sleep.

DR. UUCSIO  
(smirking)  
Maybe I don't want to sleep.

They both look at each other, smiling. They both lean in and lock their lips, passionately. Dr. Uucsio stands up and strokes his hands through his wife's hair. Mrs. Uucsio wraps her arms around his neck.

Dr. Uucsio picks her up, and she wraps her legs around his waist. He begins to carry her off until --

The sound of shattering glass is heard. Both Uucsio's turn their heads towards each other, worried.

MRS. UUCSIO  
What was that?

DR. UUCSIO  
Stay here.

He walks towards the stairwell, cautiously. And his wife, ignoring his request, follows.

CUT TO:

**INT. DR. UUCSIO'S BUILDING - SECOND TOP FLOOR**

The Uucsio's exit the stairwell out onto the floor below, still cautious. A hand enters frame, and grabs Mrs. Uucsio by the shoulder, causing her to turn around and twist the person's arm. TURN AROUND to reveal JANE DOE, in sweatpants and a t-shirt, attempting to pry her sister's hand off of her wrist.

DR. UUCSIO

Jane?

MRS. UUCSIO

What are you doing?

She releases Jane's wrist.

JANE DOE

I was trying to see what the noise was.

DR. UUCSIO

Wait, so it wasn't you?

JANE DOE

No.

DR. UUCSIO

Then, who was it?

Metal clanging against each other is heard upstairs. All three of them turn their heads towards the stairwell, and bolt through the door.

CUT TO:

**INT. DR. UUCSIO'S OFFICE**

They all bolt into his office, Dr. Uucsio leading the way. They stop in their tracks and begin to look around.

DR. UUCSIO'S POV: His eyes scan the room. Nothing has been touched. Everything is in order, and almost as if they only imagined the noise.

JANE DOE

What was that?

DR. UUCSIO

I don't know.

MRS. UUCSIO

Well it had to have been something.

JANE DOE

Maybe a squirrel got in.

CLOSE UP: DR. UUCSIO'S FACE. His eyes continue to scan the room. He then turns around, facing the two women he lives with.

DR. UUCSIO

Yea, probably.

On his confused face --

CUT TO:

**EXT. DR. UUCSIO'S BUILDING**

CLOSE UP: WINDOW. A shattered window consumes our frame -- the one that was heard shattering moments ago. We PAN LEFT to reveal a MAN in all black, exactly like the one from the teaser and the one from scenes ago, sticking to the window. He then slowly climbs down the tallest building in Upsville.

**BLACKOUT.**

END OF ACT 1

ACT 2

FADE IN:

**INT. GLASS TANK**

The water has risen to Debbie's waist, and continues to grow. Debbie swishes around in the water, banging on the glass walls, but they do not break. She grasps her head, rubbing them through her hair.

DEBBIE

Come on, Debbie, think!

(beat)

Often murmurs, never talks. Has a mouth but never eats...

She swings her fist, connecting it with the glass wall. She screams with frustration, hitting the wall once again.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)

Okay, he didn't put me in here for no reason... water... it has to have something to do with it.

The water passes her midsection, rising towards her chest.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)

What type of water has a mouth?!

ANGLE ON: DEBBIE'S FEET. They're lifted off the ground, kicking around in the water, attempting to stay afloat.

We're now BACK ON Debbie, flailing her arms in the water, which is now at her neck.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)

Oh God. Oh God!

(beat)

Uh, uh...

(beat)

Dammit what water has mouth!!

The water pushes her up near the glass roof of the tank. She presses her hands against it, screaming with terror.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)

Wait... Bed... Mouth...

(beat)

River!! It's a river!!

The VOICE is not heard.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)  
It's a river dammit!

She beats on the roof, trying to stay afloat. She presses her face against it. The water has risen to her neck, and quickly covers her entire body. She continues to slam on the roof -- nothing happens.

Debbie's eyes flutter shut, and her body goes motionless. Her body begins to sink to the bottom until --

The bottom of the tank suddenly slides away, letting the all the water flush out to --

**INT. UNKNOWN ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

The water crashes onto the hard grey floor, Debbie following behind. Her limp body hits the ground with a THUD, and she bounces off the floor. She lies there, not moving.

She then begins to cough, thrusting her body up. Water explodes from her mouth, bursting everywhere. She continues to cough, but all the water is out. She clutches her chest, gagging.

VOICE (V.O)  
Great. You passed the first task.

DEBBIE  
(gagging)  
What kind of a sick freak are you?!  
I could've died!

VOICE (V.O)  
That's the point. We only want the  
best in our organization.

DEBBIE  
Organization?

VOICE (V.O)  
(ignoring)  
That's all for today, Debbie Knox.  
Have a nice sleep.

DEBBIE  
Wait! No! Let me out!!

The CLICK sound is heard again, signaling his absence.

DEBBIE'S POV: The same as the room before -- grey. But in the corner of this room, a thin, metal bed sits.

She begins to walk to the bed, but a sliding noise startles her, causing her to turn her head to a small opening in one of the walls. A metal platter slides through, holding a thin sandwich and a paper cup filled with water.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)

Bon appetite.

She begins to walk towards the platter as we --

SMASH CUT TO:

**INT. KNOX HOUSEHOLD - KITCHEN - MORNING**

We come to the Knox kitchen. But something seems different -- there's no one in it. But footsteps are soon heard, getting louder with each step. The walker is soon revealed to be CLARK KNOX, turning into the kitchen.

CLARK

Mom --

He cuts himself off once he notices no one in the kitchen. He slows his step, and looks around.

CLARK (CONT'D)

Mom?

He notices she is nowhere to be found, and makes his way to the refrigerator. He pulls out the carton of milk, and begins to drink from it.

JANICE then walks in, disgusted at the sight. She lets out a disgusted sound.

JANICE

Clark!

He almost drops the carton, but manages not to. He swallows what was in his mouth, and wipes his mouth with his jacket sleeve.

CLARK

Hey, do you know where Mom is?

JANICE

Here, I'm assuming.

CLARK

Well, usually breakfast is sitting on the counter, and... clearly it's not.

Before Janice can reply, SARA walks in, putting on her thin, yellow jacket. As she puts her arms in one of the holes --

JANICE  
(to Sara)  
Do you know where Mom is?

SARA  
I just got dressed. Sorry, but no.

Sara sticks her other arm through her jacket, and quickly sees something off-screen.

SARA (CONT'D)  
Seriously?

She walks towards the kitchen table.

JANICE  
What?

PULL AWAY to reveal the table with a handwritten note sitting atop. Sara walks over to it, and snatches it, holding it in front of Janice's face.

SARA  
Did you not see this?

Clark walks over to his sisters and grabs the note from Sara.

CLARK  
What's this?

SARA  
Looks like a note, Clark.

Clark shoots his sister a funny look. He then flattens the note out, and begins to read it aloud:

CLARK  
Kids, sorry, but I had to leave  
early. I had to get to that  
meeting. Love you guys.  
(beat)  
Sincerely, Mom.

SARA  
There. Problem solved.

JANICE  
Well, we better get to school.

Clark puts the note back onto the counter, and follows his sisters out of the kitchen.

CUT TO:

**INT. UPSVILLE HIGH SCHOOL - MORNING**

The crowded hallway fills our screen. Students move all around, some open their lockers. But we PUSH PAST them until we reach LUCY LINCOLN and FRED JOHANSSON, standing in front of Lucy's locker.

FRED

Did you study for the science test?

LUCY

Yea. I'm not going to get into a good college unless I do.

FRED

And you're going to be what again?

(beat)

A neuro-a-olo --

LUCY

A neurologist, Fred.

FRED

My bad...

We then PAN LEFT to see Janice, Clark and Sara walking towards their best friends. Lucy notices and nods towards them, informing Fred.

FRED (CONT'D)

Look who it is.

LUCY

The Knox's.

SARA

I know. Go ahead, take pictures.

They all laugh and Lucy closes her locker.

CLARK

Who's ready for the biggest test ever?

JANICE

Not the biggest ever. Just one of.

The school bell RINGS, and the teenagers all begin to make their way to their morning class. We follow the Knox's and their friends.

LUCY  
So, Lola's after school?

FRED  
Fine by me.

CLARK  
We'll have to see.

JANICE  
Yea. We haven't seen Mom since last night. We need to see how her meeting went.

As they turn the corner --

CUT TO:

**INT. UPSVILLE HIGH SCHOOL - CLASSROOM**

Students begin to take their seats, digging through their bags. Janice, Clark, Sara, Lucy and Fred walk in, taking their seats all around the room. We FOCUS ON Sara and Lucy, who sit side-by-side. Sara notices something at the front of the room.

SARA  
Looks like we have a sub.

LUCY  
But we still have the deadly test.

TURN TO the front of the room, showing the SUBSTITUTE, placing papers into a neat stack. He wears a jet black tie, and eyeglasses to match.

SUBSTITUTE  
I am your substitute, Mr. Hardly.  
Today you will be taking a test you all should know about. There will be no talking, and you may begin when I hand you the test.

Mr. Hardly begins to pass out the tests, which are 6 pages thick. He makes his way to Sara, who looks in disgust at the packet.

PULL AWAY as the class begins to work on their test. Mr. Hardly makes his way back to the desk as scribbling can be heard.

CUT TO:

**INT. UPSVILLE HIGH SCHOOL - CLASSROOM - LATER**

Tests are still out, but some have been completed. Many students watch in anticipation as the clock ticks by. The bell soon RINGS, and the tests that haven't been completed are now being walked to the desk.

Our main teenagers begin to walk out the door until --

MR. HARDLY  
Janice, Clark, and Sara Knox?

They all turn towards the substitute, who stands, staring at them.

MR. HARDLY (CONT'D)  
I need to speak with you three.

JANICE  
(to Fred and Lucy)  
We'll see you guys later.

Fred and Lucy exit, letting us STAY ON the Knox's and their substitute, who walks over to the door and closes it.

CLARK  
What did you need to talk to us about?

MR. HARDLY  
Your secret.

SARA  
What are you talking about?

MR. HARDLY  
Oh, please save the lying, I don't have time for it.  
(beat)  
We've been watching you.

CLARK  
You must have us confused with someone else.

MR. HARDLY

No, we don't. Now why don't you just make it easy, and come with me.

SARA

We're not going with a wannabe teacher who we just met.

She goes for the door, but Mr. Hardly grabs her by the hair. Sara lets out shriek as he sends her flying across the room, knocking into many tables.

JANICE

What is wrong with you?!

He grabs Janice by the shoulders and lunges her against the wall, causing her to yelp. He then turns to Clark, who is running towards him, fist pulled back.

As Clark throws his fist forward, Mr. Hardly ducks and grabs Clark by the shirt, throwing him towards Sara.

Sara begins to stand, holding onto the tables that didn't fall when she collided with them.

SARA

Substitutes aren't usually that strict.

MR. HARDLY

Trust me. I'm no ordinary substitute.

He walks towards Sara, pushing desks out of the way. Sara begins to back up, but trips over one of the desks. She stares at him from the ground.

He picks up a desk and lifts it above his head. He stares at Sara, evilly.

But before he is able to throw the table towards Sara, Janice enters frame, jumping on Mr. Hardly back. He drops the table to the side and tries to shake Janice off.

MR. HARDLY (CONT'D)

Let go of me, you little brat!!

JANICE

Like hell!

He begins to flail his arms, attempting to grab Janice. Her hair flies everywhere, and all he does is scream.

He then back pedals towards a wall and shoves Janice into it, causing her to loosen her grip, and fall onto the ground.

But before Mr. Hardly can recover, Clark runs towards him. But Mr. Hardly grabs Clark, lifts him up and slams him into the desk, cracking it.

MR. HARDLY

Go ahead!! Use them!

Suddenly, a piercing scream fills our ears, and sonic waves enter our frame, colliding with Mr. Hardly, sending him into the nearby wall next to Janice.

Sara walks up to where Mr. Hardly was standing, rubbing her throat softly.

SARA

Careful what you wish for.

Clark manages to roll off the table, and make his way towards Sara, fierce.

CLARK

What are you doing?!

SARA

Sorry I was saving all our asses!

CLARK

You just showed him we had powers!

SARA

He said he already knew, anyway!

JANICE (O.S)

(scared)

Guys.

TURN AROUND towards Janice, who is being held by Mr. Hardly. He holds a HANDGUN, equipped with a silencer, at Janice's head, grinning insanely.

MR. HARDLY

Play time's over.

CLOSE UP: MR. HARDLY'S FACE. He continues to grin, and begins to sweat, holding a firm grip around Janice. And on that, we

--

**BLACKOUT.**

END OF ACT 2

ACT 3

FADE IN:

**INT. UPSVILLE HIGH SCHOOL - CLASSROOM**

CLARK and SARA watch in horror as their sister, JANICE is held with a gun to her head by MR. HARDLY, their substitute. And all four of them look sweaty and tired.

JANICE  
Please, just let me --

MR. HARDLY  
Shut up!!

SARA  
What is your problem?!

MR. HARDLY  
We need people like you. People who can handle themselves.

CLARK  
We?

MR. HARDLY  
Time will tell.  
(beat)  
Now, I suggest you come with me before your sister here gets plastered all over the wall.

JANICE'S POV: She stares down at his arm, which is wrapped around her neck, holding her tight.

She continues to stare at her attacker's arm as her eyes begin to glow red. Pointed at his arm, her eyes shoot ruby red laser, piercing Mr. Hardly's skin.

He lets out a yelp, releasing Janice. She runs over to her siblings, watching Mr. Hardly clutch his arm. He drops his gun.

They all bolt towards the door, but Janice soon stops her siblings.

JANICE  
Wait, we can't just run out into the hallway.

SARA  
Well, I'd rather be out there than in here with Mr. Psychopath!

JANICE

There's people out there!

CLARK

Well, let's quit standing here, and go out the window!

They then bolt to the window. They attempt to get it open until --

A soft *BANG!* A bullet flies by, piercing Janice's shoulder. She falls down.

CLARK (CONT'D)

Janice!

He bends down to his sister, helping her to her feet. Sara turns towards Mr. Hardly, who sits on the floor, pointing his gun at them.

MR. HARDLY

This isn't over.

As they stare at the gun that could meet their demise --

SMASH CUT TO:

**INT. DR. UUCSIO'S OFFICE - MORNING**

DR. UUCSIO, in a navy blue button-up shirt, folds papers into a neat stack on his desk. He turns to find his wife, MRS. UUCSIO, in a red sweater and khaki skirt, walking towards him. Both of them smile.

MRS. UUCSIO

Any appointments today?

DR. UUCSIO

Yea, right. Elise, nobody shows up anymore. That Bright Day stuff just kind of passed.

MRS. UUCSIO

Check your e-mail. Maybe someone did.

DR. UUCSIO

Elise, I don't think --

MRS. UUCSIO

A few months ago we didn't think teenagers with superpowers would be showing up at our front door.

(MORE)

MRS. UUCSIO (CONT'D)  
 (beat; smiling)  
 Now check.

Dr. Uucsio walks over to his SUPERCOMPUTER and begins to type.

ANGLE ON: SUPERCOMPUTER SCREEN. Dr. Uucsio's e-mail is pulled up. A folder, labeled INBOX, has a bright red 1 flashing above it. He maneuvers his mouse towards it and clicks on it.

DR. UUCSIO  
 Could be our lucky day.

Up pops an e-mail, from DEBBIE KNOX.

DR. UUCSIO (CONT'D)  
 Debbie?

Mrs. Uucsio's scan the letter, and her face grows with horror, but she quickly covers it up -- she's hiding something.

ANGLE ON: EMAIL. The e-mail reads: Dr. Uucsio, I have decided to leave, due to reasons of my own wellbeing. Please inform my children of this, and please do not come looking for me. My life will be better this way. From, Debbie Knox.

DR. UUCSIO (CONT'D)  
 This doesn't make any sense.

MRS. UUCSIO  
 You're... You're right.

DR. UUCSIO  
 Why would she just... leave?

JANE DOE (O.S)  
 Who left?

TURN AROUND to JANE DOE, walking towards them, wearing dark pants and a white blouse. Her hair is tied in a bun, revealing her dangly earrings.

DR. UUCSIO  
 Debbie. She just sent this e-mail saying she left.

JANE DOE  
 That's odd.

MRS. UUCSIO  
 I guess... She... she couldn't handle her kids having powers and ran off.

DR. UUCSIO  
I don't think she would do that,  
though.

MRS. UUCSIO  
Look, let's just drop it! She left,  
okay!

Both Jane and Dr. Uucsio turn towards her, shocked by the sudden outburst.

DR. UUCSIO  
Are you feeling okay?

JANE DOE  
Why don't you go lie down for a  
while?

Mrs. Uucsio stares at them, and then walks away towards the back room. And on that --

SMASH CUT TO:

**INT. UNKNOWN ROOM**

DEBBIE lies on the hard, thin bed, covered by only one thin blanket. Her stomach moves up and down as she breathes. But she is soon awoken by --

VOICE (O.S)  
Wake up.

She bolts into an upright position, inhaling and exhaling heavily. She looks around and remembers where she is.

DEBBIE  
And here I thought you forgot about  
me.

VOICE (O.S)  
Our rising agents do need sleep.

DEBBIE  
Agents? What are you talking about?

VOICE (O.S)  
As I said before, time will tell.  
(beat)  
And right now, it's time for your  
next task.

DEBBIE

I'm done with this! Let me go! My family's going to notice I'm missing.

VOICE (O.S)

Oh, we're taking care of your children.

Debbie bolts up and runs to the center of the room, thinking this will intimidate the voice. Her whole body tenses, and her eyebrows firm.

DEBBIE

Stay. Away. From my family.

VOICE (O.S)

Then do as I say, and we won't have any problems.

In answer, Debbie drops her head, signaling she will obey. But her head is soon brought up once the side wall begins to rise up, revealing another pitch black room.

VOICE (O.S) (CONT'D)

You know the drill. Go.

Debbie slowly makes her way to the dark room, wondering what her next task could possibly be.

CUT TO:

**INT. OTHER ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Darkness engulfs -- our only light coming from the room Debbie is coming from. Once she's fully in the room, the wall behind her slides to a close.

The lights suddenly fill the room, and Debbie becomes visible. Once her eyes adjust, she stares at horror of what is in front of her.

DEBBIE'S POV: A young, dark-skinned woman sits on the floor, scared for her life. She is bound with rope, which wraps all around her body. Her mouth is stuffed with white fabric, blocking her speech. Red sticks are attached to her stomach with multicolored wires sticking out of it. The wires connect to a timer ticking away on top of them, which reads: 10:00.

DEBBIE

Oh my God.

VOICE (O.S)

Find a way to defuse the bomb, and  
you both live.

(beat)

Don't, and I have some cleaning to  
do. And no untying her. We don't  
want any cheating, do we?

The CLICK is heard, but Debbie doesn't react. She continues  
to stare at the young girl, as the timer begins to tick down.

SMASH CUT TO:

**INT. UPSVILLE HIGH SCHOOL - CLASSROOM**

Clark holds his sister, Janice, up. She grips her wound  
tightly, blood everywhere. Sara stands beside them, eyeing the  
shooter, Mr. Hardly, who now stands, continuing to point the  
gun at them.

CLARK

Let us go! She needs to see a  
doctor!

MR. HARDLY

You three aren't going anywhere.

He taps his ear, possibly turning on a communicator. He waits  
for a BEAT and slightly turns his head away from the teens  
and begins to talk.

MR. HARDLY (CONT'D)

It's me. I've got them. I'll be  
bringing them in...

Taking advantage, Sara sneaks up behind Mr. Hardly and kicks  
the gun out of his hand, sending it to the other side of the  
room.

SARA

Like you said, this isn't over.

She sends her knee between his legs, causing him to scream in  
pain. Reacting, Mr. Hardly lifts Sara up by her throat,  
choking the life out of her.

Clark runs up to them and punches Mr. Hardly in the cheek,  
sending him into the nearby wall. Sara falls to the ground,  
clutching her throat. Clark bends down to help her up, but  
Mr. Hardly rushes towards him swinging his fists.

Clark ducks, and swings one of Mr. Hardly, who ducks as well.  
Now, Hardly swings a kick into Clark's abdomen, sending him  
into the desk.

Mr. Hardly lifts Sara up by her hair, and throws her into the wall. He walks towards her, attempting to pick her up again, but she kicks him in the nose, bloodying his face

Clark manages to stand and bolts towards Hardly, spearing him, driving him towards the pile of knock over desks.

Sara runs towards Janice, and attempts to open the window. As we STAY ON them, we become startled one Mr. Hardly enters frame, soaring into the glass, sending shards everywhere. Mr. Hardly lies in the grass outside. Clark comes to his sisters, who look at him in shock.

SARA (CONT'D)

You threw him through the window?!

CLARK

Not like I had a choice!

SARA

Well, then we better get moving!

JANICE

I -- I can't.

Janice continues to clutch her arm, blood covering her hand. Clark then picks his sister up, and steps outside through the broken window, Sara following. And the triplets bolt off, leaving us on Mr. Hardly.

He struggles to move, but he is able to tap his ear once again.

MR. HARDLY

I lost them.

As he cringes his face in pain we --

SMASH CUT TO:

**INT. UNKNOWN ROOM**

CLOSE UP: THE TIMER. It is now shows 7:21, and continues to count down. The young woman cries, fearing for her life. And Debbie begins to sweat, fearing for her's as well.

DEBBIE

(shaking)

Okay, okay, okay.

DEBBIE'S POV: We get a closer look at the wires: a red, white and black one.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)  
We're gonna get you out of this,  
just hold on.

Debbie looks around, searching for a clue.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)  
This is just like the water thing.  
There has to be something around  
here that gives a clue.

She stands up and walks around the small room. She runs her hands through her hair and wipes the sweat off her brow.

The young woman bulges her eyes towards Debbie, trying to tell her something.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)  
What is it?

Her eyes continue to bulge. They move up and down, scanning Debbie. The woman lets out a loud moan.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)  
I -- I DON'T UNDERSTAND.

Debbie looks down at herself, attempting to figure out what the young woman wants her to know.

Debbie pulls at her black tank-top, wondering if it has something to do with what the other woman said. The woman screams a moan, signaling yes.

DEBBIE  
Shirt? Tank-top? Black...  
(beat)  
White!

The woman nods.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)  
Black tank-top... White pants... No  
red...

She grabs the red wire, but hesitates. What if she was wrong? Her face says she doesn't want to take that chance.

Debbie shuts her eyes, and turns her face. She yanks the red wire out of its socket, and the timer suddenly stops.

Debbie leans back, sighing with relief, the woman doing the same.

But before they can celebrate, the timer pops open, revealing a numbered keypad and a second timer, which begins to countdown from 01:00.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)

Crap.

On their faces of horror --

**BLACKOUT.**

END OF ACT 3

ACT 4

FADE IN:

**INT. UNKNOWN ROOM**

The timer continues to tick down, now only at 00:56. The young WOMAN is now crying more profusely, and DEBBIE is on the verge. Sweat consumes Debbie's face but she doesn't wipe it away. She concentrates on the numbered keypad, which will stop the timer.

DEBBIE

Uh... Numbers. It's got something  
to do with numbers.

DEBBIE'S POV: She looks around, attempting to find a clue. Nothing.

The woman attempts to scream, but the bondage over her mouth refuse to let her do so -- it comes out a loud moan.

The woman shakes her head in all different directions.

DEBBIE

What?

The woman repeats her action.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)

Your head?

The woman violently shakes her head up and down, signaling Debbie is correct.

DEBBIE'S POV: Debbie looks around her head, and no clue is found. She moves the woman's hair out of the way, and she almost moves it again, but she FOCUSES ON a small black mark just below her ear. She moves her hair even more, revealing 7421.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)

Seven-four-two-one?

The woman moans as loud as she can.

Debbie rapidly pushes the numbers in on the keypad. After she pushes them in, she stares at the timer, which suddenly stops at 00:06. Debbie finally leans back, sighing with a tremendous amount of relief. The woman does the same.

DEBBIE

Oh, thank God.

But a BEAT after, the floor below the young woman soon slides away, causing her to fall. Her moans echo around.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)

No!!

The floor quickly slides back into place. Debbie leans forwards hitting at the floor the young woman was just at.

VOICE (O.S)

Congratulations. You passed your second task.

DEBBIE

You son of a bitch! Who the hell do you think you are?

VOICE (O.S)

I think I'm the one who is keeping you alive. Now get back into the other room before I feel you're just a waste of space.

Debbie's heart races, sweating dripping for her trembling body. The wall, leading into the room with the bed, slides open, and Debbie slowly returns to her hell.

SMASH CUT TO:

**INT. DR. UUCSIO'S OFFICE - NOON**

DR. UUCSIO stands at his desk with his DESK PHONE up to his ear. He paces back and forth, running his hand through his jet black hair.

DR. UUCSIO

Debbie, pick up. Where are you?  
Call me back when you get this.

JANE DOE then walks into our frame, a look of worry on her face.

JANE DOE

Still no word from her?

DR. UUCSIO

I've called her a million times,  
and she hasn't answered one of them.

JANE DOE  
Maybe she just --

DR. UUCSIO  
I appreciate the optimism, Jane,  
but I don't think it's going to  
work here.

Jane gives an awkward smile, and then bolts her head up, and  
rushes to the SUPERCOMPUTER, and begins to type away.

DR. UUCSIO (CONT'D)  
What are you doing?

JANE DOE  
You said optimism wouldn't help, so  
let's actually do something and  
find her.

Her fingers continue to fly, and her brother-in-law makes his  
way behind her, watching her work.

ANGLE ON: SUPERCOMPUTER SCREEN. A map of Upsville fills our  
frame. Tiny red dots move around the map, obviously looking  
for something. The dots suddenly stop, and *NO MATCH FOUND*  
flashes on the screen.

JANE DOE (CONT'D)  
Well, she hasn't been using her  
credit cards anywhere.

She continues to type, but *NOT FOUND* flashes on the screen.

JANE DOE (CONT'D)  
And her cellphone must be shut off.

Footsteps are heard making their way towards them. TURN  
AROUND TO MRS. UUCSIO, wondering what they are doing.

MRS. UUCSIO  
What's going on?

DR. UUCSIO  
We're trying to figure out where  
Debbie went.

MRS. UUCSIO  
She said she left. I don't know why  
we're still talking about this!

JANE DOE  
What is wrong with you, Elise?

MRS. UUCSIO  
 Why are we still talking about  
 this? You received the e-mail  
 saying she left!

JANE DOE  
 The e-mail!

Jane Doe focuses back onto the supercomputer, Dr. Uucsio look  
 at her in confusion. But he soon figures it out.

DR. UUCSIO  
 Of course!

MRS. UUCSIO  
 What now?

DR. UUCSIO  
 We can track where the e-mail was  
 sent from by finding the IP  
 address.

Jane Doe looks at the computer with frustration.

JANE DOE  
 What?!

ANGLE ON: SUPERCOMPUTER SCREEN. *NO IP ADDRESS FOUND* flashes  
 on the screen.

DR. UUCSIO  
 That's impossible. How can a  
 computer not have an IP address?

*DING.* TURN AROUND to the elevator as JANICE, CLARK and SARA  
 rush in, Clark still carrying Janice, who still holds her  
 bloody wound.

Dr. Uucsio, Mrs. Uucsio and Jane Doe all rush towards them,  
 attempting to help. Dr. Uucsio takes Janice from Clark.

DR. UUCSIO (CONT'D)  
 Oh my God.

CLARK  
 Help her!

Mrs. Uucsio clears everything off of the desk, so Dr. Uucsio  
 can lay Janice on top of it.

DR. UUCSIO  
 Jane, Elise, I need a scalpel and a  
 Bunsen burner.

They run off into the back.

DR. UUCSIO (CONT'D)  
Clark, there's some whiskey one  
floor down in a fridge. You need to  
get it.

SARA  
You think *now* is the time for a  
drink?!

DR. UUCSIO  
It'll numb the pain. Go, Clark!

Clark sets off down the stairwell, but we STAY ON Dr. Uucsio  
as he pushes down on Janice's wound. Blood consumes her  
shoulder, and it floods onto the desk.

SARA  
Is she going to be okay?

Dr. Uucsio doesn't answer.

SARA (CONT'D)  
(demanding)  
*Is she going to be okay?*

DR. UUCSIO  
(ignoring; to back of  
room)  
I need those supplies!

Mrs. Uucsio and Jane come running in, carrying the supplies  
he requested. And a BEAT after, Clark bolts back into the  
officer, carrying the WHISKEY.

DR. UUCSIO (CONT'D)  
Give me the bottle.

Clark hands him the bottle, and Dr. Uucsio throws the cap to  
the ground. He tilts Janice's head up and slowly pours the  
whiskey into her mouth.

She coughs it up, spitting it everywhere. Dr. Uucsio repeats  
the process, Janice the same.

DR. UUCSIO (CONT'D)  
Hopefully that's enough.  
(beat)  
Scalpel.

Jane hands him the scalpel, and he lets out a big sigh. He finally digs the scalpel into Janice's shoulder, causing more blood to gush out. She shrieks like crazy, but he continues to dig. She tries to retreat from his grasp.

DR. UUCSIO (CONT'D)

Clark!

Clark holds his sister down on the table, looking away. He doesn't want to see this.

DR. UUCSIO (CONT'D)

Plug the Bunsen burner in!

Mrs. Uucsio attaches the Bunsen burner to the gas pipe and turns it on, fire erupting from it.

Dr. Uucsio digs the scalpel deeper into her wound, searching for the bullet. He finally digs down deep enough, and begins to push the bullet up to the surface. Blood continues to gush out. But finally, the bullet pops out.

He then puts the scalpel over the open flame, which is coming from the Bunsen burner. He twirls it around, the scalpel never leaving the flame.

He finally presses the scalpel down on Janice's wound, causing her to scream in pain. He continues to press the scolding scalpel on her flesh until it begins to close. He places the scalpel onto the table.

DR. UUCSIO (CONT'D)

Sara, run over there and get a towel.

Sara runs towards the back, and quickly returns with a small TOWEL. She rolls it up and pushes it down on Janice's shoulder.

DR. UUCSIO (CONT'D)

Elise, go get some bandages.

SARA'S POV: The small towel covers Janice's shoulder, but blood continues to flow down her arm. Sara moves the towel, trying to mop it up. And as she does so, the towel slightly exposes her wound, and Sara's finger runs across it. As it does, a faint, blue aura glows, shocking Sara.

She jumps away from Janice, screaming and almost tripping in the process.

DR. UUCSIO (CONT'D)

Sara, what is it?

SARA  
 Something... Something glowed blue.

DR. UUCSIO  
 What are you talking about?

But before he can answer --

DING. The elevator doors part, revealing MR. HARDLY, holding his HANDGUN by his side. Sara and Clark gasp upon sight.

DR. UUCSIO (CONT'D)  
 Can I help you --

He instantly points the gun towards Dr. Uucsio, causing Jane to shriek. Dr. Uucsio raises his hands and backs up.

MR. HARDLY  
 It's amazing what you can do with  
 putting a tracker in a bullet.

On his sickling smile --

SMASH CUT TO:

**INT. UNKNOWN ROOM**

Debbie sits on her hard bed, sobbing into her hands. She then lifts her head, moving her hair out of her face.

VOICE (O.S)  
 Aw, cheer up. It's not that bad.

DEBBIE  
 Go to hell.

VOICE (O.S)  
 You seem to be in a rough patch  
 right now. So, I'll give you the  
 rest of the day off.

CLICK.

Debbie jumps up and starts flailing her arms, screaming her lungs out. She punches and kicks the wall. She then grabs her bed and slings it across the room. She attempts to frenzy again, but something catches her eye.

A VENT is seen from where her bed was at. She runs over to it and crouches down, pulling at it. It finally rips off, and she carefully places it on the ground, and jolts through the vent, into the air ducts.

CUT TO:

**INT. VENT - CONTINUOUS**

She crawls as fast as she can, trying not to make any noise. We follow her along until we --

CUT TO:

**INT. SEWER - CONTINUOUS**

She kicks the vent out, and crawls out into the disgusting area. She suddenly looks and finds a LADDER leading up into freedom. She quickly jumps to it and begins to climb.

CUT TO:

**EXT. UPSVILLE, WASHINGTON - CONTINUOUS**

A MANHOLE is soon pushed off the hard cement, and out climbs Debbie, quickly shielding her eyes from the light. We PULL AWAY to reveal her location -- the middle of downtown.

She runs out of the middle of the road, and continues to run as fast as she can.

CUT TO:

**EXT. UPSVILLE, WASHINGTON - ALLEYWAY**

Debbie runs down the alleyway, short-cutting to her destination. She continues on her path until --

*MEOW.*

DEBBIE'S POV: She turns her head towards a pile of garbage next to several garbage cans. A flyer reading PACO'S! COMING SOON! is pushed away, revealing a CAT. But something strikes this cat as odd -- it's purple. Its fur is mangled and its ribs bulge out from its skin.

Debbie starts to run away, but soon turns her head towards the car, stopping herself.

DEBBIE

Of all days...

She jumps towards the cat, and picks it up. She holds it like a newborn baby and sets off.

SMASH CUT TO:

**INT. DR. UUCSIO'S OFFICE**

Mr. Hardly eases towards his hostages, not taking his eyes off of them.

MR. HARDLY

I do have to say, you three put up quite a fight. Just like your mother.

SARA

What?

CLARK

What did you do to her?!

Hardly lets out a spine-chilling laugh.

MR. HARDLY

I just did what I was told to do.

JANE DOE

And what exactly was that?

MR. HARDLY

To capture Debbie Knox and make it seem as if she... left town.

DR. UUCSIO

So, you're the one who sent the e-mail?

MR. HARDLY

Well, no, I'm the one who made it seem like someone sent the e-mail. I just hacked your computer.

He turns towards Sara and Clark.

MR. HARDLY (CONT'D)

Yours was much simpler. All I had to do was leave a simple letter.

SARA

You son of a --

MR. HARDLY

I suggest you not finish that statement, or things are going to get a little messy.

*RING.*

Sara's phone begins to sound, but she continues to stare at Mr. Hardly

MR. HARDLY

Go ahead. Answer it.

Sara digs it out of her pocket, and slides her finger across the screen, answering it.

SARA  
Hello?

INTERCUT WITH:

**INT. UPSVILLE HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAY**

LUCY LINCOLN leans up against a set of lockers, standing by FRED JOHANSSON, with her phone to her ear. DETECTIVE ASHLOCK and DR. RIVERS stand behind her, talking to various STUDENTS.

LUCY  
Sara, where are you guys? That substitute's missing and there's a shattered window!

SARA (O.S)  
(through phone)  
Yea. Yea, we're fine. Janice got sick and we took her home.

LUCY  
Are you sure? There saying that sub's name isn't even Hardly. What did he want to see you guys about?

INTERCUT WITH:

**INT. DR. UUCSIO'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS**

Sara's eyes never leave Hardly's gun.

SARA  
Nothing. He thought he knew our mom.

INTERCUT WITH:

**INT. UPSVILLE HIGH SCHOOL - CONTINUOUS**

Lucy brushes her hair out of her face.

LUCY  
Well, call me later.

She ends her call as Detective Ashlock approaches her and Fred. She has a pen and pad in her hands.

DET. ASHLOCK  
And your names are?

FRED  
Fred Johansson.

LUCY  
Lucy Lincoln.

DET. ASHLOCK  
Do you have any connection with  
this "Mr. Hardly"?

FRED  
No. We just met him today.

Dr. River's walks up, carrying a plastic bag. The bag carries  
a shell casing.

DR. RIVERS  
We have a casing. But no bullet.

DET. ASHLOCK  
How do we not have a bullet?

DR. RIVERS  
We searched this whole school,  
inside and out. No bullet.

Ashlock turns to Lucy and Fred.

DET. ASHLOCK  
That's all.

Lucy and Fred walk off, joining a group of students.

DR. RIVERS  
And get this, the Knox's aren't  
here.

DET. ASHLOCK  
Imagine that.

SMASH CUT TO:

**INT. DR. UUCSIO'S OFFICE**

Sara shoves her phone back into her pants pocket, her eyes  
never leaving the gun pointed at her.

MR. HARDLY  
Police already there? Earlier than  
I expected. Now, come with me.

He makes his way towards Sara, pushing the barrel of the gun  
directly on her head. Sara whimpers, scared for her life.

CLARK (O.S)  
Leave her alone!

He TURNS to Clark, who is now standing, defending his sister. His hands are both in the form of fists.

MR. HARDLY  
Oh, are you trying to protect her?  
That's sweet. Real sweet, really.

CLARK  
They know what you did! Janice's  
blood has to be all over that  
classroom!

MR. HARDLY  
Well, you see. It's not. My men  
cleaned that up for me. Nobody even  
knows we were there.

CLARK  
What do you want?

MR. HARDLY  
You.

He pushes the gun onto Clark's forehead, turning off the safety.

MR. HARDLY (CONT'D)  
And trust me when I say I can bring  
you back dead.

Suddenly, darkness engulfs the room, and our screen is filled with nothing but black. A gunshot is heard, followed by multiple screams.

SARA  
Run, Clark!!

Multiple grunts are heard, along with punches and kicks connecting with someone. But it all stops once a body is heard hitting the hard ground.

Brightness fills the room. We're able to see once more. Clark, Sara, Dr. Uucsio and Jane Doe are unharmed. But we TURN AROUND to the unconscious body of Mr. Hardly, his gun on the other side of the room.

Everyone shows shocked faces.

SARA (CONT'D)  
(to Clark)  
Did you?

CLARK

No, I thought you --

MRS. UUCSIO (O.S)

What happened?!

They all TURN TO Mrs. Uucsio quickly running into the room, carrying a mound of bandages. She shows worry on her face.

MRS. UUCSIO (CONT'D)

What's going on?

DR. UUCSIO

Some psychopath came in her with a gun, and wanted Janice, Clark and Sara's powers.

MRS. UUCSIO

Is everyone okay?

Everyone looks at one another, assuring that they're fine and no harm is done.

DR. UUCSIO

Okay, Elise, I need those bandages.

She hands him the bandages, and he goes towards Janice. As he begins to put the bandages on, he lets out a surprised gasp.

DR. UUCSIO (CONT'D)

How on Earth...

Everyone runs towards him, curious.

DR. UUCSIO'S POV: Janice's wound is mysteriously closed, but she has dried blood all down her arm. He runs his finger across the healed wound.

JANE DOE

But she was shot.

CLARK

How did it heal that fast?

Janice lets out several exhales, and slowly begins to move around. She opens her eyes, and props herself up on one shoulder.

JANICE

(woozy)

What?

*DING.* They all turn their heads towards the elevator, cautiously. But their cautiousness turns to comfort once Debbie runs out, carrying a mangled purple cat.

Debbie notices the body on the floor.

DEBBIE

What did I miss?

As her family and friends begin to run towards her, we --

**BLACKOUT.**

END OF ACT 4

ACT 5

FADE IN:

**INT. KNOX HOUSEHOLD - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

DEBBIE sits on the couch, petting her new found pet as it eats from a dish. The CAT continuously purrs as she does so. Beside her sits JANICE, CLARK and SARA -- her children.

Debbie stares at her children, worried.

DEBBIE

I still can't believe one of my babies got shot.

JANICE

Mom, I'm fine. I don't even have a scar.

CLARK

I don't see how, though.

Sara notices the cat and looks at it like a foreign object.

SARA

Are we seriously keeping that *purple* cat?

DEBBIE

Of course. It was homeless and starving. I couldn't just leave it out there by the trash.

JANICE

What are we going to name it?

DEBBIE

Paco.

SARA

Paco?

DEBBIE

I found it by a flyer that said "Paco", so I think it fits.

Silence shoots all over the room, but it is soon broke by:

DEBBIE (CONT'D)

We're never going to be the same, you know. Bright Day... it changed us forever.

CLARK

Huh?

DEBBIE

Our lives have changed... forever.

SARA

We're trying our best not to let anyone find out about us, though.

DEBBIE

But our lives. Nothing has been right. We have to lie to everyone we come in contact with.

(beat)

We have to lie to the police for crying out loud.

CLARK

Are you saying we should just tell everyone our secret?

DEBBIE

No, I would never put us in danger like that. I'm saying that we can't be so careless anymore.

(beat)

People know about you three, and they'll kill to get you.

JANICE

But, Mom, it always works out.

DEBBIE

And what if one day it doesn't? What if one day someone dies, because of your secret?

(beat)

I'm not saying we can't live our life. What I'm saying is to just be careful.

Her children's eyes fall to the ground, no answer is replied. Silence fills the room.

*KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK.*

Debbie stops petting the cat and makes her way to the door. She unlocks the door and swings it open revealing DETECTIVE ASHLOCK.

DET. ASHLOCK

We need to talk.

**CUE MUSIC:** Shake It Out - *Florence + the Machine*

SLOW MOTION kicks in as our song begins to play. Det. Ashlock enters the Knox home as we --

CUT TO:

**INT. KNOX HOUSEHOLD - LIVING ROOM - LATER - MONTAGE**

Detective Ashlock sits by Janice, Clark and Sara, asking questions. But the music causes them to be inaudible.

Sara shakes her head in reply, her siblings following suit.

SARA  
(mouthing)  
She was sick.

Ashlock nods her head, but it's obvious she doesn't believe them.

CUT TO:

**INT. UPSVILLE UNIT - EDITOR'S OFFICE - MORNING - MONTAGE**

Debbie sits in front of the desk of SANDY TURNER, who looks furious. He's yelling, but to us, he's inaudible. Debbie can only shake her head in reply.

He motions for her to get out, and she obeys.

CUT TO:

**INT. UPSVILLE UNIT - BULLPEN - MORNING - MONTAGE**

Debbie stands at the copy machine, pulling papers out. Her head slowly lifts up.

DEBBIE'S POV: She looks at the TV, which shows AUDREY SWANKINS with the news-head *MYSTERIOUS SUBSTITUTE FOUND NEAR POLICE STATION, BUT QUICKLY ESCAPES CUSTODY.*

Her gaze quickly goes back down to the copy machine, and she retrieves the rest of the papers.

CUT TO:

**INT. UPSVILLE HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAY - AFTERNOON - MONTAGE**

Janice, Clark and Sara walk by LUCY and FRED. Lucy and Fred are the only ones seen talking, the Knox's just listen.

Their gaze falls to the ground as they realize they can never be truthful with their best friends.

CUT TO:

**INT. UPSVILLE POLICE DEPARTMENT - BULLPEN - AFTERNOON - MONTAGE**

Detective Ashlock sits at her desk, typing on her computer. Her computer shows the information of Janice Knox, but she soon clicks to Clark Knox.

DR. RIVERS walks up behind her, and she soon notices. He shakes his head solemnly at her, assuring her he didn't do as well as he hoped.

CUT TO:

**INT. DR. UUCSIO'S OFFICE - NIGHT - END MONTAGE**

DR. UUCSIO sits at his SUPERCOMPUTER, MRS. UUCSIO and JANE DOE stand around him. His screen shows yellow blood molecules zooming across screen. *NO MATCH FOUND* flashes, frustrating Dr. Uucsio. Mrs. Uucsio pats his back, says something, and walks off to the back room.

CUT TO:

**INT. DR. UUCSIO'S OFFICE - BATHROOM**

She stands in front of the MIRROR, her reflection staring back at her.

FLASH TO:

**INT. DR. UUCSIO'S OFFICE - FLASHBACK**

Mrs. Uucsio stands behind a corner, watching MR. HARDLY point his gun at her family and friends. We follow her as she runs to a CONTROL PANEL. She flips a button, turning off the lights.

But we are still able to see her as we follow her as she runs towards Hardly, swiftly kicking him in the stomach, and punching him in the face.

His body falls to the floor as we follow her back to the control panel, turning lights back on.

FLASH TO:

**INT. DR. UUCSIO'S OFFICE - BATHROOM - RETURN**

She swings her hair over to one side and turns sideways. We ZOOM IN on her ear, and behind it we are able to see 0014.

She rubs her finger over the numbers, wanting them to go away. And a small tear drops from her eye and falls past her cheek as our music fades out.

SMASH CUT TO:

**INT. UNKNOWN OFFICE**

We come to a MAN dressed in a business suit. He sits at a mahogany desk, showing a blank expression to the person in front of him.

TURN AROUND to reveal MR. HARDLY, cowering at the sight of the man. And it revealed, by his voice, that the man was the one commanding Debbie Knox in the gray rooms.

MAN

You failed me.

MR. HARDLY

Trust me, sir, it won't happen again.

The man stands and opens his desk drawer, pulling a HANDGUN out and quickly shooting Hardly in the face. His bloody body falls to the ground.

MAN

You're right. It won't.

Heels are heard clunking against the ground, but the owner is a mystery until we hear her raspy voice:

UPSVILLE KILLER

Someone must like to clean.

We STAY ON the man, not revealing the killer.

MAN

Better than having to listen to him.

UPSVILLE KILLER

So, I'm guessing everything went according to plan?

MAN

Correct.

UPSVILLE KILLER

Are you aware of the next step?

MAN

Stay away from the Knox's until you give us the signal.

UPSVILLE KILLER

Excellent.

MAN

But I don't understand why you made us release Debbie Knox.

UPSVILLE KILLER

I didn't want to work with you so you could ask questions. All you need to know is that it's all going as I had planned.

We CUT TO her pearly white teeth, which are surrounded by a shiny green surface -- something must be covering her skin. She smirks evilly, and on that we --

**BLACKOUT.**

END OF EPISODE