

**FADE IN:**

**INT. SALT LAKE CITY, HOSPITAL - MACHINERY ROOM - DAY**

An ear-piercing power torrent drowns out the SIZZLE and HUMS of an open electrical port...

...the power supply surges.

Then a huge ELECTRICAL EXPLOSION.

**SUPER: "Twenty One Years Ago"**

SPARKS run up the electrical wires, burst into flames and break through the corridor ceiling.

Electric lightning bolts hurtle through the wires as a black trench coat swirls down the corridor, the man pushes through a door marked

**MATERNITY WARD**

And dives over a bassinet as the electric lightning bolts strikes TWELVE babies and other HUMANS.

The power supply dies, total darkness.

Emergency lights snap on and bark at the aftermath smog.

Sirens RING.

Electrocuted HUMAN BODIES lie sprawled throughout. INFANTS in cribs lie dead and alive.

Baby KRAYKEN, in a bassinet, stares at the shrill cries of...

Baby NATHAN, thrashing on the chest of an athletic looking man in a black trench coat, who lies bleeding and semiconscious on the floor. This is SCALISE, 24, father of Krayken and Nathan.

Nathan's shrill cries draw the attention of BERTHA KING, 20, an injured and bruised Jamaican woman, who kisses a large cross and babbles in tongues, crying over her dead baby.

Bertha stares at Nathan, then back at her lifeless child. Closing her bloodshot eyes in prayer, she carefully swaddles her baby from head to toe, places him gently on a gurney.

Scalise opens his eyes to see Bertha snatch infant Nathan from his arms.

SCALISE  
What the hell? That's my son!

Scalise attempts to stand.

MIKE KING, 30s, struggles with malfunctioning elevator doors. Army tattoos decorate his challenged biceps as he holds the doors apart.

PING! PING! PING!

MIKE  
Bertha, hurry! I can't hold these  
fucking doors much longer.

Bertha clutches Nathan closer as she races toward her husband, Mike.

SCALISE  
Stop! I said stop!

Bertha turns to see Scalise limping after her, but ignores his desperate pleas.

As the elevator doors close, Scalise wedges a foot inside, struggling to pull them open, while Mike beats him off.

SCALISE (CONT'D)  
Please... stop. Nathan! Nathan!

BERTHA  
No! Mike do something. This crazy  
man wants to take our son.

Scalise yanks Mike's arm out of the door, refuses to let go.

The malfunction BUZZ kicks in. A stomach churning SCREAM descends with the elevator.

Scalise crumples in shock, holding Mike's mangled, bloody arm in front of his face.

With blurry vision, Scalise spots a NURSE picking up Krayken.

Scalise blacks out.

The blood, on his own horribly burnt lower arms, drowns the massive CRESTED STERLING SILVER RING on his finger.

The Nurse cuddles Krayken in her arms, rocks him and eyeballs the obliterated room.

NURSE

Hush, sweet Krayken. You're safe.  
But... where's your brother?

**INT. NATHAN'S HOUSE - BASEMENT - NIGHT**

A single light globe flickers, dangling from the ceiling. The shutters closed and locked. The dark wall is covered with intricate chalk formulas and equations.

**SUPER: "Seven Years Later"**

On a small bed in the corner, NATHAN, now 7, a little small for his age and malnourished, huddles confused. Metal chains run from the bed, cuffed around his wrists and ankles. Crying, he fiddles with a piece of chalk.

NATHAN

But, I don't wanna stay locked up,  
Mamma. It scares me.

BERTHA KING, now 27, with an inherent fear of the supernatural, appears traumatized, mutters in tongues, paces and clings to a Bible.

BERTHA

Nathan, we love you... Since the  
day you were born, we new you were  
gifted.

She pulls a plastic pill bottle from a pocket and rattles it under Nathan's nose.

BERTHA (CONT'D)

I told you before, these plum drops  
erase the imaginary rubbish in your  
head and the chains keep that demon  
of a man from ever finding you  
again. You're our little whiz kid.  
You're safe with Mom and Dad.

Kneeling before him, she holds his hands, then taps a finger on his head, pleading.

NATHAN

But, he's my only friend. Raz makes  
me feel better. I need him. No more  
plum drops, Mamma. Please, no more.

BERTHA

Nathan, you think you have this  
friend Raz, but you don't. You  
don't Nathan.

(MORE)

BERTHA (CONT'D)

It's an infectious disease plaguing your mind. From now on there'll be no more friends.

She draws a cross with her finger on Nathan's forehead.

BERTHA (CONT'D)

This spirit in your head will no longer have a hold on you. In the name of all that is holy, your sickness be gone. No longer will it choke and kill your mind. I hereby proclaim it will cease to destroy.

Bertha dumps pills into her hand.

Nathan tightens his lips, whips his head around and stares into a dark corner. His face saddens, ridden with fear.

RAZ, 7, a sturdy, freckle-faced, IMAGINARY friend, appears like a translucent mirage, waving and smiling at Nathan.

BZZZZAAPPP!

A sudden electric pulse surges outward from where Nathan sits, rattling the light globe. The room snaps to black.

Raz violently bashes his head into the wall like a maniac.

Nathan yanks against his chains, wailing at what he sees.

Bertha's face drops and she jumps onto the bed next to Nathan, forces his head back, slams her hand over his mouth.

Nathan squirms, but finally Bertha's grip overpowers him and the medication pacifies his fight.

Within seconds, the pill takes effect - Raz is gone. Nathan is in tears.

NATHAN

Raz is not rubbish! You're wrong!

BERTHA

It is for your own good, my boy!