

My Roommate the Chosen One - PILOT

written by

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EXT. NYCAA DORMITORY LAWN - DAY

The NYCAA Student Activity Fair is in full progress, with signs, banners, live music, and food.

CHRIS(18) sits behind a booth, a determined look on his face.

Chris is well-groomed, preppy, and has an indomitably helpful spirit. He regrets not having the power to do more. If he could have a more exciting life, he'd take it in an instant.

Chris's booth reads "Donate Blood" above "What? Do you think you need ALL of it?" in smaller font.

Behind Chris is a small tent, inside which is a gurney. obscured by the tent flaps.

DELLA(30s), a nurse, shifts into view with GERALD(18).

Gerald is clad in an afrogoth style and is a lover of science and pseudoscience alike. He revels in the maudlin and is fascinated by dangerous myths and adventures.

DELLA

Hoo-wee, that's a lotta blood, kid.
Don't forget to take a cookie.

GERALD

Thanks. My mom says I've got the
heart of a race horse.

Gerald takes a cookie from a small tray and walks to Chris.

GERALD (CONT'D)

Havin fun?

CHRIS

Oh hey. You're the only one who's
given blood in three hours, but
history isn't made by quitters!

Chris holds a pen up as a FEMALE STUDENT walks nearby.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Excuse me, would you like to give
blood today?

FEMALE STUDENT

Eww, what are you, my ex-boyfriend?

The Female Student walks off in a huff.

Gerald nods approvingly and offers his hand to Chris.

GERALD
Harsh. I'm Gerald.

Chris shakes Gerald's hand as Gerald munches on his cookie.

CHRIS
My name's Chris. I can't save the
world if I let a few misguided
people get me down!

GERALD
You met anyone else here yet?

CHRIS
Just you. My roommate doesn't even
get in until later tonight. Oh, and
thanks for helping the cause!

Chris points at the fresh bandage around Gerald's arm.

GERALD
No big. My folks always taught me
that suffering builds character. I
like to double-dip and help people
while I suffer, so I give blood.

CHRIS
My mom and I used to give blood
together. She always said 'every
living thing deserves to be given a
second chance.'

The two share a beat of quiet reflection.

GERALD
My mom only ever took *me* to the
underground Robot Death League.

Chris raises his eyebrow.

GERALD (CONT'D)
Scientists, am I right? Well Chris,
I'll catch you later. I have to go
finish reading a book about
medieval torture techniques.

CHRIS
Oh yeah? What class is that for?

GERALD
Oh- no, I'm reading it for fun. Did
you know there are over 300 ways to
lower someone into a bed of spikes?

Chris stares at Gerald with his brow furrowed.

GERALD (CONT'D)

Anyway, bye!

Chris waves with a concerned look on his face.

Gerald walks away. Della approaches Chris from behind.

DELLA

Mmm... The last time I thought
about that many ways to torture a
person, I was in a loveless
marriage with a parrot breeder.

CHRIS

Uhh...

DELLA

You only get to be young and stupid
once. Now listen, I gotta get back
to the hospital. Go on and pack the
booth up, sugar.

Chris starts tearing down the booth as Della packs her gear
into a truck behind them.

CHRIS

Sorry we couldn't get more people
to donate today.

DELLA

Never you mind, child. That other
boy gave enough blood for five
kids.

CHRIS

Maybe he wasn't kidding about his
heart. I'll see you next week?

Della finishes and turns to wave at Chris.

DELLA

You got it! Bye, Chris!

Chris waves back before shoving the last of the booth's
materials into his backpack.

CHRIS

Alright. Maybe I'll check out some
of those food booths.

As soon as Chris turns toward the food booths a short
distance away, a DRAGON tears through the air above them.

A BLAST OF FIRE rains down where the medical tent used to be, scorching along the ground, cooking all the booths in a line.

The students and business liaisons <SCREAM> and run away.

Chris stands paralyzed in shock as booths around him burn.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Wh-what is *that*?!

The hot dog booth still has several rows of unusually pristine hot dogs despite the booth itself being ablaze.

Chris stares slack-jawed at the Dragon, fear in his eyes.

The Dragon soars at a booth labeled "Medieval Antique Club."

A TRAPPED STUDENT behind the booth is stuck under a suit of armor. A hoodied student casually examines a shield nearby.

The Trapped Student looks up in horror before trying to squeeze past the suit of armor next to him. The suit of armor dislodges awkwardly, trapping him further.

TRAPPED STUDENT
Help!

Chris bolts toward the booth as he looks between it and the Dragon, fear replaced with concern.

CHRIS
I'll save you!

The Dragon roars above, flame welling up in its mouth.

Chris's eyes grow wide as he continues sprinting. He sees that he won't make it in time. The Trapped Student struggles against the armor pinning him in the booth.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
NO!

The Dragon BLASTS the booth with a stream of fire.

Chris's eyes are wide, his pupils shaking. He slowly stops moving, concern replaced by despair.

The flames start simmering in front of a horrified Chris.

TRISTAN
(irritated)
Again?

TRISTAN half-heartedly swings the shield to a side, blowing away the fire, revealing the Trapped Student safe behind him.

Tristan is perpetually blasé. He's done everything and seen everything so much that it bores him. If he could have a normal life, he'd take it in an instant.

Tristan stands amidst the flames. He's holding a shield with a flame picture emblazoned on it. His other hand is stuffed in his hoodie pocket. His posture is slumped a bit.

Chris's eyes grow wide with awe.

Tristan shrugs off his backpack to the ground.

The Dragon turns around in the air, returning for a second shot at Tristan. It opens its mouth, fire welling up.

Tristan lazily raises the shield, looking bored.

The shield deflects the fire all around the booth, sending a shockwave along the ground, staggering Chris nearby.

TRISTAN (CONT'D)
More fire. What a surprise.

The Dragon circles overhead, roaring in anger.

Tristan casually regards his surroundings before stepping out into a more open part of the field away from any booths.

Tristan tosses an amulet on the ground in front of him.

TRISTAN (CONT'D)
Let's wrap this up, I've got stuff to do.

The Dragon lands nearby, staring Tristan down.

TRISTAN (CONT'D)
Don't gimme that look. You're big and you breathe fire. Not my fault you've only got the two gimmicks.

The Dragon roars, flaps its wings, and charges toward Tristan. Tristan doesn't move.

Chris looks on in panic.

CHRIS
Look out!

The Dragon suddenly stops just before Tristan. The amulet on the ground glows, casting an aura around the Dragon.

The Dragon is frozen in mid-air, unmoving.

A burst of energy cascades over the field as the Dragon is sucked quickly into the amulet on the ground.

Tristan picks it up casually and shoves it in his pocket.

Chris looks at the Trapped Student who has freed himself and is being helped up by a couple other students.

As Tristan dusts himself off, Chris approaches him.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
W-was that a dragon..?

TRISTAN
What was your first hint?

CHRIS
Sorry, I just... didn't think
dragons were real.

Tristan eyes Chris up and down with disregard and walks away.

TRISTAN
Everything is real.

Chris starts following after Tristan.

CHRIS
How did you do all *that*?

Tristan sighs, looking at his watch.

TRISTAN
I need to get to class. I don't
have time for a--

Tristan looks at Chris who has sparkles in his eyes.

TRISTAN (CONT'D)
--Fan club.

Tristan saunters off, stopping at a trash can to toss the amulet and shield inside before entering a campus building.

Chris looks around. A nearby booth that's lightly smoldering reads "Fantasy Roleplay Club". Cowering behind it is a GIRL in a witch's hat. She surveys the damaged field feebly.

Ambient flames still burn on some of the fair's booths. A wooden sign reading "STUDENT ACTIVITY FAIR" falls.

The Girl takes off her hat with a thousand-yard-stare.

GIRL

I think I'm gonna major in econ.

The Girl walks off, still staring into the distance.

Chris heads to the trash can that Tristan visited. Chris reaches into the trash can and pulls out the amulet.

The amulet glows softly.

CHRIS

He used this to capture the dragon.
Why would he throw it away?

Chris holds the amulet, looking deep into the gem.

INT. CAFETERIA - DAY

Chris is still looking deep into the gem of the amulet.

Chris sits alone at a table in front of a plate of fish.

Gerald approaches Chris, holding his own plate of fish.

GERALD

Hey man, I heard something *crazy*
goin on outside.

CHRIS

I-I can't even believe it. A *dragon*
attacked us!

Gerald's eyes get wide and he leans in close.

GERALD

What color was it? How many teeth
did it have? Get any pictures?

CHRIS

Uh... Red, lots, and of course not-
it was trying to roast us!

Gerald's eyes lose some of their luster.

GERALD

A literal dragon showed up on
campus and you didn't think to take
a picture?

CHRIS

I'm not gonna waste time taking
pictures when people are in danger!

Chris pauses, looking at the amulet.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Besides, it was all over so quick.
A guy in a hoodie somehow trapped
it in this.

GERALD
Ooooooh- lemme see.

Chris slides the amulet on the table to Gerald.

GERALD (CONT'D)
So... can I take this thing and put
it under a microscope or what?

Gerald leans over the amulet on the table, inspecting it
carefully. He measures it on all sides.

Chris stands up, lost in thought.

CHRIS
Sorry, I just--

Gerald taps on its face with a pencil.

The amulet promptly glows, lifting Gerald in the air in a
display of magical lights.

Gerald looks around, growing more aware of his situation.

GERALD
Oh man... this is so cool!

The amulet's glow sharpens as Gerald gets sucked into it at
the last word with a small <slurp> sound.

Chris stands still and alone, dumbfounded for a beat, looking
at the amulet on the table.

CHRIS
Ahhh dingle...

INT. MATH CLASS - DAY

A professor stands at the board when Chris bursts in.

CHRIS
Has anyone seen a bored guy in a
hoodie?

Several male students in hoodies raise their hands. Chris
narrows his eyes a little.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Fought a dragon earlier today?

All of the hands lower except one. An OBLIVIOUS STUDENT, who doesn't look at all like Tristan.

OBLIVIOUS STUDENT
Does it count if I've been fighting
the dragon of crippling self-doubt?

CHRIS
No. And no one calls it that.

Chris turns to leave. He dips his head back into the room.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
But good job! Self improvement
starts from within!

Chris exits. The Oblivious Student looks proud. The girl next to him pats him on the back and gives him a thumb's up.

INT. ENGLISH CLASS - DAY

Chris bursts in on another class in progress. An ENGLISH PROFESSOR lectures at the front of the room.

ENGLISH PROFESSOR
...which is how we know symbolism
in literature is all fake.

CHRIS
Has anyone seen the guy who fought
a dragon earlier today?

Chris looks around at the blank faces in the room. Chris frowns and leaves.

ENGLISH PROFESSOR
Anyway, Freud said 'sometimes a
cigar is just a cigar' and he was
right.

MONTAGE - VARIOUS

A. Chris barges into another classroom. Students are woodworking. Their machines turn off as they look from Chris to each other and shrug.

B. Chris runs into another room. The board says "Modeling 101." Everyone is gorgeous and subverting gender norms.

A FABULOUS MAN catwalks to the door and closes it in Chris's face.

C. Chris exhaustedly leans into a final classroom. Everyone is putting on clown makeup. They all look at Chris, eerily silent and unmoving.

CHRIS
Uhm... Nevermind.

Chris slowly closes the door, a little freaked out.

INT. NYCAA HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

CHRIS
No sign of him anywhere...

Chris looks uncomfortably toward the previous classroom.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
I didn't even know we *had* a clown class.

Chris slides down a wall, a look of defeat on his face.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
I need to find a way to get Gerald out without freeing the dragon.

Chris looks at the amulet and sees himself in a distorted reflection staring back.

Chris looks down before realization dawns on him.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Every living thing deserves to be given a second chance.

Chris regains his composure, determined.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Alright. Only one thing to do.

EXT. NYCAA DORMITORY LAWN - DAY

Chris walks through the remains of the student fair. Charred booths litter the field.

Chris stops at the booth for the medieval antique club. He picks a flail up from behind the destroyed setup.

Chris looks at the amulet in his hand.

CHRIS
I'll save you. Both of you.

Chris places the amulet on the ground, stepping back a foot.

He takes a deep breath and steels his eyes.

Chris brings the flail down on the amulet. The amulet shatters into many pieces.

Beat. Chris sweats a little, glancing around.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Boy, I hope--

The amulet's pieces explode in magical light. Chris is thrown back to the ground.

Gerald's body is reformed from the light and tossed next to Chris on the ground unconscious.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Gerald!

The Dragon's body is also reformed. It flares its wings above Chris and Gerald.

The Dragon spots Chris on the ground and narrows its eyes.

The Dragon lurches forward as Chris starts scooting backward, dragging Gerald with him.

The Dragon sniffs, flames licking at its nostrils.

Chris's eyes go wide. He flips over Gerald, shielding Gerald with his body, clenching his eyes shut.

Beat.

Chris opens an eye and peeks behind him.

The Dragon is inches away, staring right into Chris.

DRAGON
Among mortals, you appear to be
unique. You wished to assist me
despite what I seek.

TRISTAN (O.S.)
Balthazar. I thought I locked you
in the amulet of holding.

Tristan stands nonplussed nearby. Tristan spots Chris.

TRISTAN (CONT'D)
(judgmentally)
The fanboy. What did you do?

CHRIS
Gerald got trapped in the amulet! I
had to get him out and I wanted to
give the dragon a... second chance.
So I... kinda broke the amulet?

TRISTAN
A second chance to *what*? Eat me?

CHRIS
Can't you talk things out with him?

TRISTAN
(irritated)
It's a *dragon*.

CHRIS
Well, what does he want?!

The Dragon, still looms over Chris. It exhales from its nostrils, blowing Chris's hair back.

The Dragon points a massive claw at Tristan.

DRAGON
This one and I have a blood feud. A
conflict of great magnitude.

Tristan pulls the magic shield back out from the nearby trash can and grabs the flail from the ground, readying to attack.

Chris is still directly under the Dragon, afraid.

CHRIS
Okay, but since I saved you from
the amulet, don't you owe me your
life or something? Can't you just
go live peacefully somewhere?

TRISTAN
Nah, those are werewolf rules.

Chris looks blankly back at Tristan.

CHRIS
What.

DRAGON
(dropping formality)
He's right. That's a werewolf
thing.

The Dragon raises its head back to its full height.

DRAGON (CONT'D)
But, perhaps there is wisdom in
what you say. I do deserve a
relaxing getaway.

Tristan lowers the shield and flail.

TRISTAN
Seriously, that's all it took?
We've fought dozens of times!

The Dragon looks between Chris and Tristan.

DRAGON
A deal is struck anew. One life
exchanged for two.

TRISTAN
Two lives?

The Dragon's eyes begin to glow crimson.

DRAGON
By the rising of the Elder Dagon,
The threads of these two worlds
shall be redone:

TRISTAN
Oh no...

DRAGON
One beset by chaos and malevolence,
The other of morals and
benevolence.
Thus, the eternal soul bond has
begun.

A crimson aura explodes out from the Dragon.

Chris tries to shield himself as the aura briefly clings to
Chris and Tristan, then dissipates.

TRISTAN
(offended)
And you did it with a *limerick*?

The Dragon shifts and takes off, soaring into the sky.

CHRIS
Whaaaaat just happened?

Tristan sighs and chews on his cuticle.

TRISTAN
Soulbond. I forgot dragons could do
that...

Tristan regards Chris with weary scrutiny.

TRISTAN (CONT'D)
Guess I'll be seeing you around.

Tristan walks away looking mildly annoyed. Chris remains on the ground, head raised for a beat.

Chris flops his head back onto the ground exhaling deeply.

The Dragon descends in the background onto the roof of a dorm building. It curls up and lays down.

INT. CHRIS'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A clean dorm room, split for symmetry on both sides with a bathroom attached on one end.

The light is on and there's an open suitcase on the ground. It still has most of its contents. A large, brown, furry lump can be seen just barely behind the bed frame on the right.

Chris tosses his backpack on his bed and walks over to the window, staring out for a beat.

CHRIS
(disbelief)
I saved someone's *life* today... I
saved a *dragon's* life today!

Chris laughs once in shock.

Chris turns back around and sees that a BEAR has stood up on its hind legs at the front of the room. A thin leg with a sneaker on the foot sticks out of the Bear's mouth.

Chris makes eye contact with the Bear.

Beat. The Bear slurps the leg down.

The Bear begins to sniff around the room on all fours, occasionally growling.

The Bear slowly closes in on Chris while he shrinks himself against the wall in desperation. The Bear inches closer.

Tristan appears over the Bear's shoulder. Chris's horrified eyes dart from the bear to Tristan and then back again.

TRISTAN

Oh, it's you. I'm your new roommate
as of--

Tristan checks his phone.

TRISTAN (CONT'D)

--Two minutes ago.

Tristan places a messy box with his belongings on top of the suitcase by the bed on the right and begins unloading it.

The bear turns toward Tristan and sniffs the back of his hoodie. Tristan pats the bear on the head without looking.

TRISTAN (CONT'D)

I didn't think we were allowed to
have pets here.

CHRIS

P-pet? It's a bear...! I-I think it
ate my roommate!

TRISTAN

(without concern)

Oh, bummer. That explains why they
moved me here so suddenly. Stupid
soulbond.

Chris looks at Tristan, terrified.

TRISTAN (CONT'D)

Sorry, things like this just sorta
happen around me. They work
themselves out though.

Tristan stands back up and turns to Chris, offering his hand.

TRISTAN (CONT'D)

My name's Tristan.

The Bear rears up behind Tristan with its paws in the air,
preparing to attack.

SLAM TO BLACK.

EXT. NYCAA DORMITORY LAWN - MORNING

The charred remains of the student fair remain, but the fires have been put out. The air is calm.

The road leading up to the dormitory has a windowed animal control van parked along the road.

Inside the van the Bear also sleeps peacefully.

INT. CHRIS AND TRISTAN'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Chris paces back and forth, fingers threaded together pressed against his head as he tries to think.

Tristan is laying down, both hands behind his head, relaxed.

CHRIS

You knew that dragon since you were seven?

TRISTAN

Well, "knew" is a bit generous. I accidentally flooded its cave with tar. It's not like we were in a book club together.

CHRIS

And the bear--

Tristan shrugs.

TRISTAN

Like I said, I thought it was yours. Figured you were a travelling circus performer with a trained bear or something.

Chris looks dumbstruck.

CHRIS

Why would a travelling circus performer be going to college? Why would they bring a bear?

TRISTAN

Because that's just how my life is. Frankly, it's a little weird how normal you are. Are you secretly a robot or something?

Tristan pulls a small rod from beside his bed and pokes Chris with it several times.

CHRIS

Ow- hey! Stop it! I'm just... *me*.
Listen, this is a lot- it's only
fair for you to explain *what the*
jam is going on.

Tristan has an irritated and bored look on his face.

TRISTAN

Nope.

Chris is knocked off-guard.

CHRIS

W-what do you mean "nope"? A *dragon*
tried to toast you alive yesterday.
How can this possibly *not* be worth
talking about?

Tristan takes a deep breath and sits up.

TRISTAN

Today, I'm going to get a new
backpack because the old one got
destroyed at the activity fair.

CHRIS

Well can we talk on the w--

Tristan turns to regard Chris with lukewarm irritation.

TRISTAN

Look, if it were up to me, we
wouldn't be roommates at all. I
told you I don't want a fan club.

Tristan opens the door to leave, but he's blocked by two FBI
agents, DARIUS and TRASK, who appear to have been waiting at
the door.

Tristan doesn't seem surprised, but his irritation grows.

Darius is a little surprised, but quickly composes himself
and holds up an FBI badge.

DARIUS

Mr. Bradley- uh, sir. I'm Agent
Darius. You know Agent Trask. I've
recently been assigned to the
Special Vehicles Unit, and we have
a case for you.

Tristan takes a deep, meditative breath through his nose.

TRISTAN
I've had a bit of a day, and I'm
really not interest--

TRASK
Sorry, sir, but we insist. This is
a matter of the utmost importance.
You'll have to come with us.

Chris's eyes grow wide as he admires the FBI agents.

TRISTAN
Like I said, I'm just not--

Chris steps up next to Tristan.

CHRIS
The *FBI* is coming to you personally
to help them! That's a huge deal!

TRISTAN
Not when they've done it 26 times.

CHRIS
You could help save someone's life!

TRISTAN
Ugh... If we do this one thing,
promise you'll stop bothering me.

Chris thinks for a second.

CHRIS
It's a deal. I'll stop being nosey.

The two FBI agents share a stoic and subtle high-five.

Trask approaches Chris, putting a hand on his back as he
ushers the two out.

TRASK
Look at you, a regular negotiator.
We should look into getting you
setup for our intern program.

The stars return to Chris's eyes. Tristan rolls his eyes.

INT. FBI STATION - LATER

The two FBI agents lead Chris and Tristan into the station.
Chris marvels at everything.

TRASK

So, with my partner lost at sea,
Agent Darius got a promotion. We're
getting him up to speed, and then
this bank robbery happened.

TRISTAN

Isn't that the second partner
you've lost at sea under mysterious
circumstances?

Darius looks concerned for a beat.

DARIUS

Wait, what?

TRASK

I tell ya, kid, the Bermuda
triangle only acts up when I've
been talking to you.

TRISTAN

You have no idea.

Agent Trask ushers them into a security room.

INT. FBI STATION - SECURITY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The four enter a room full of security monitors. Chris
continues looking around in wonder.

CHRIS

It's not... like, a security risk
for me to be in here, is it?

The two FBI agents exchange a look before laughing for
several seconds.

DARIUS

(seriously)
Yeah, probably.

CHRIS

So, how do you know Tristan?

DARIUS

Well, top brass--

Agent Trask holds a hand in front of Agent Darius.

TRASK

You haven't seen Tristan at work?
Oh man, you're in for a treat.

Agent Trask flicks on a monitor and turns it toward Chris and Tristan.

EXT. BANK - DAY - MONITOR

The monitor shows a bank next to a relatively busy street. A lifted truck is parked in the street out front.

Three GUNMEN run out of the bank holding sacks with dollar signs on them. Two jump into the front while one hops into the back of the truck.

The truck revs to life and drives over several cars, peeling down a side street.

INT. FBI STATION - SECURITY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Chris looks intensely at the monitor. Tristan looks bored.

TRISTAN

And?

TRASK

That's it. They ditched the truck in the next parking lot over. We engineered a traffic jam to keep em stuck, but there's no sign of them.

Agent Trask hands Tristan a photograph.

The photograph depicts the lifted truck, abandoned in a parking lot. It's been spray painted to read "SUCK LEMONS".

TRASK (CONT'D)

So, think you can pick them out in the crowd?

Agent Trask points at another monitor, which shows dozens of cars stuck in a traffic jam.

CHRIS

How is he supposed to--

TRASK

Just watch.

Tristan sighs.

TRISTAN

I dunno, it's probably that one.

Tristan points haphazardly at a yellow sedan on the monitor.

Trask pulls up a walkie talkie, turning it on.

TRASK
The yellow sedan. Take 'em down.

EXT. TRAFFIC JAM - CONTINUOUS - MONITOR

Several cop cars converge from the shoulders on the yellow sedan in the middle of the traffic jam.

Numerous POLICEMEN get out, surround the car, and pull out all three Gunmen and the money bags.

The Policemen flash smiles and a thumbs' up at the camera.

INT. FBI STATION - SECURITY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Agent Darius stares at the monitor in surprise as he slips a smug Agent Trask a \$20 bill.

DARIUS
Well I'll be...

Chris gazes, slack-jawed at Tristan, reaching out a hand to touch Tristan's arm.

CHRIS
How did you--

Tristan slaps Chris's hand away without looking.

TRISTAN
We agreed no more questions.

Agent Trask slaps Tristan on the back.

TRASK
Lighten up, kid. You did good. How did you explain it to me? You're "The Chosen One?"

TRISTAN
It's a *curse* that mimics "chosen one" phenomenology, localized around my plane of reality.

TRASK
Riiiiiiight, that was it. Oh! Oh!
Show him the thing!

Trask starts pointing at an unsecured crossbow on the wall.

Tristan glares.

TRISTAN
Fine, but then I'm leaving. Where's
your shooting range?

INT. FBI STATION - SHOOTING RANGE - LATER

Agent Trask, Agent Darius, and Chris stand on one side of the shooting range while Tristan stands a ways away down range. They're all wearing protective equipment except Tristan.

Agent Darius nervously holds the crossbow. Agent Trask grins nearby. Chris looks nervously from the agents to Tristan.

CHRIS
This isn't a good idea.

DARIUS
Are you... sure?

Tristan waves his hand half-heartedly.

TRISTAN
Yeah, it's fine. Just do it.

Agent Darius takes unsteady aim at Tristan.

Agent Darius pulls the trigger and winces as the bolt gets stuck inside Tristan's chest.

Chris panics and hops over the bar, running to Tristan.

CHRIS
No! Tristan, are you okay?!

Tristan remains nonchalant. He pulls the bolt from his chest. The arrowhead is smashed.

TRISTAN
I told you, it's fine. See?

Tristan reaches into his shirt and pulls out an antique locket with a massive dent in it.

TRISTAN (CONT'D)
Grandma's locket.

TRASK
Do it again, Darius.

Chris looks toward Darius with a panic and then dives out of the way as Agent Darius fires another bolt.

The bolt pierces Tristan in the stomach.

Chris cautiously stands up to examine Tristan.

Tristan reaches under his shirt and pulls out a journal.

TRISTAN

Decided to bring my journal today.

Tristan shrugs, tossing it to the ground.

Chris looks skeptically from Tristan to the bolts.

CHRIS

What if you run out of stuff?

TRISTAN

I don't. Gimme another one.

Darius fires another bolt. It bounces off Tristan's heart.

Tristan pulls out a dented coin.

TRISTAN (CONT'D)

Lucky dime I found yesterday.

Darius fires another bolt. It sinks into Tristan's thigh.

Tristan rips it out, then reaches into his pocket, pulling out a deck of playing cards, looking a little forlorn.

TRISTAN (CONT'D)

Aw man, I wanted to learn card magic this week.

TRASK

See? Literal plot armor. This kid's my favorite.

CHRIS

What... What happens if someone aims for your head?

Tristan looks at Darius and nods his head.

Darius fires another bolt.

Just before the bolt hits Tristan's head, a hoagie flies in front of it, getting stabbed through perfectly and landing neatly in Tristan's hands.

Agent Darius and Chris look on in silence.

TRASK

Hey, who's throwin sandwiches?

A nearby SURLY AGENT sits at a bench, picking at a bento box.

SURLY AGENT

My kid "helped" pack my lunch
today, but he still doesn't quite
know how food works.

Tristan rifles through the sandwich's ingredients briefly
before taking a bite.

Tristan grimaces and drops the sandwich.

TRISTAN

Peanut butter and ranch?!

SURLY AGENT

I know, right? No taste.

CHRIS

So you threw it *into a shooting*
range?

The Surly Agent looks almost like he's pondering for a beat.

SURLY AGENT

(as though it was normal)

Well, yeah.

Tristan brushes himself off and walks by Agent Trask, looking
at him expectantly.

TRISTAN

For the clothes.

Agent Trask moves to complain, but stops and hands the \$20
bill to Tristan.

TRISTAN (CONT'D)

I'm out.

Tristan heads toward the door as Agent Trask's walkie talkie
chirps at him.

WALKIE TALKIE VOICE

Uhh, we've got a... situation here?

Tristan pauses at the door.

TRISTAN

(exasperated)

Here we go.

WALKIE TALKIE VOICE
You're not gonna believe this, but
there's a couple of... cannibals?
That took over a school here.

Agent Trask looks concerned.

TRASK
I'm sorry, *cannibals*?

WALKIE TALKIE VOICE
Word on the ground is they ate the
principal and they have some kids
held hostage. Elementary through
high school age.

TRASK
Do we have a plan?

WALKIE TALKIE VOICE
We could send in a couple of
younger agents undercover.

Agent Trask's eyes dart over to Tristan and Chris.

Tristan's expression is stern.

TRISTAN
Nope. I said I'm done. That's it.

TRASK
You could save a lotta--

TRISTAN
This is *your* job, not mine.

CHRIS
Tristan, if you can help save a
bunch of kids, you *have* to--

Tristan flashes a glare at Chris

TRISTAN
The only thing I *have* to do is get
my backpack so I can carry my stuff
to class tomorrow.

Chris lowers his gaze, admiration gone.

CHRIS
But you have so much power...

Tristan clenches his fists hard, but barely maintains his
composure and attitude.

TRISTAN

Go be a hero if you want. Leave me
out of it.

Chris steels his resolve and turns to Agent Trask.

CHRIS

I'm in. Tell me what to do.

TRISTAN

It's your choice if you get
yourself killed.

Tristan turns back and exits.

DARIUS

Is he gonna be okay alone? He
doesn't have superpowers, does he?

Chris hesitates.

CHRIS

As a matter of fact, I do.

TRASK

Good enough for me. Get him dropped
into the school. He'll detain the
cannibals and we'll sweep in once
he's got everything under control.

Chris pauses.

CHRIS

E-everything?

TRASK

Relax, kid. If you're like Tristan,
you'll get out without a scratch.

CHRIS

Right...

EXT. SCHOOL ROOF - LATER

Chris looks up at a helicopter pulling up a rope ladder.
Someone in the front seat sticks a thumb's up out the door.

Chris has the same uncertain look on his face as he opens the
roof landing door of the school. He's wearing an FBI hat.

CHRIS

(to himself)

Whyyyyyy did I lie?

(MORE)

CHRIS (CONT'D)
I have no idea what I'm doing. And
all they gave me was a junky stun
baton...

Chris looks at the baton in his hand. A single spark comes off the end as it makes a sad fart sound.

Chris hears a scream from inside the building. He refocuses.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
No time to worry about that. People
are counting on me.

Chris runs inside and down the stairwell.

INT. SCHOOL - CONTINUOUS

Chris stops at a corner at the bottom of the stairwell. He peeks around the edge.

LENNY, one of the cannibals, stands in front of a locked door, trying to force the lock open.

Lenny doesn't look right. He's clearly human, but his proportions are slightly improper and his gait and posture are both slightly animalistic.

Chris doesn't see anyone else on either side.

Chris approaches Lenny.

Lenny turns and fixes his glazed eyes on Chris.

Lenny lunges.

CHRIS
I won't let you hurt anyone else!

Chris shoves the stun baton into Lenny's chest.

Beat. Nothing happens. Chris begins sweating.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Uh...

Lenny throws Chris against a wall. The stun baton rolls away.

The two struggle and fight, but it's clear Chris is weaker.

Lenny tries to bite Chris several times, but Chris dodges.

CARL, the other cannibal, rounds the corner.

Carl sees the fight and approaches.

Chris looks at Carl, but his fear is replaced by dread when he sees a LITTLE GIRL hiding under the water fountain.

The Little Girl is terrified, holding her hands on her mouth.

Chris fights against Lenny, trying to reach his baton.

The **baton** makes a loud <zap> as Chris fails to grab it.

The Little Girl **shrieeks** quickly, then covers her mouth again.

Carl turns to the Little Girl and bends down, seeing her.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

NO!

Chris tries to get up, but Lenny forces him down.

Carl gets low and grabs the Little Girl's leg. She **screams**.

Lenny is dominating Chris and reaches down to bite him, but right as he does, Chris shoves the stun baton into his neck.

Lenny fries and falls over.

Chris struggles to get up, but Carl is already leaning in to bite the Little Girl next to the stairwell.

Chris stands up, gritting his teeth, panic in his eyes.

Tristan slides in from the stairwell, stopping right in front of the Little Girl, his arm raised.

Carl bites Tristan's arm lazily, failing to puncture skin.

Chris's eyes light up.

Tristan is crouched low over the Little Girl, protecting her, his forearm in Carl's mouth.

Carl chews slowly, but relaxes, moans, and falls over.

Carl is asleep.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

You came! Also, what just happened?

TRISTAN

Oh, I uh... I secrete a mild neurotoxin when I'm threatened.

(MORE)

TRISTAN (CONT'D)
Gene splicing thing when I was a
kid. The vapors hit him before he
bit too hard I guess.

Tristan breathes, then regards Chris with irritation.

TRISTAN (CONT'D)
You're lucky you're alive. Next
time, just let the FBI do their
job. Don't get involved.

Chris looks hurt, but quickly regains his assuredness.

CHRIS
If I hadn't come, would she have
been that lucky?

Tristan follows Chris's gaze. The Little Girl quivers behind
Tristan, hugging his leg.

LITTLE GIRL
Are they dead?

Chris slumps back to the ground laughing.

CHRIS
No, just sleeping.

TRISTAN
Get outta here, kid. Tell your
teachers that everything's okay.

The Little Girl looks timidly at Lenny and Carl.

The Little Girl runs up and kicks Carl, then runs off down
the hall and around the corner.

Chris leans his head against the ground, breathing.

CHRIS
Okay, remind me never to do
anything like that again without
preparing a little first.

Agent Trask and Agent Darius run down the hall with a couple
COPS behind them.

TRASK
Well done, boys.
(to the cops)
Cuff the cannibals and let's get
this ugly episode wrapped up.

CHRIS

How did you know it was all clear?

Agent Trask pulls the hat off Chris's head. One of the holes in the 'B' is clearly a camera lens.

TRASK

Got a good shot from the chopper.
You did a great job.

Trask picks up the stun baton and hands it to Agent Darius.

TRASK (CONT'D)

Get this to R&D and tell Luis if he
doesn't test his tech next time,
we'll send him back to Ohio.

Agent Darius grimaces.

DARIUS

Isn't that a little cruel? Are the
FBI really in the business of
ruining lives like that?

Agent Trask and Agent Darius share another look.

They both laugh raucously.

TRASK

Alright, you kids should get back
to campus. We'll clean up here.

Tristan immediately turns to leave.

TRISTAN

Finally. Peace.

CHRIS

I need to stay behind for a bit. I
wanna make sure everyone's okay. I-
if that's alright?

TRASK

Whatever floats your boat, kid.

EXT. NYCAA DORMITORY LAWN - SUNSET

Chris walks up the sidewalk toward the dorms, a backpack
slung over his shoulder.

Tristan sits on a small hill, watching the sunset.

Chris approaches him from behind.

CHRIS

Nice view.

TRISTAN

Why did you want to go in there?

CHRIS

I always wanted to be a hero. I
guess that's pretty dumb though...

Tristan looks briefly unsure.

TRISTAN

(quietly)

Little bit.

CHRIS

I stayed behind and talked to some
of the kids and teachers. They
wanted you to have this.

Tristan stands and turns to Chris. Chris is holding a blue
backpack to him straps-first.

Tristan takes it by one of the straps.

TRISTAN

I guess that problem's solved.

CHRIS

Turn it over.

Tristan tentatively turns the backpack over. The word "HERO"
is duct taped onto the front in shaky lettering.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

The little girl you saved did that.

Tristan tries on his new backpack. His expression softens and
he smiles slightly.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Why do you call it a curse?

Tristan stops, a look of soft sadness on his face.

TRISTAN

A witch told me. Said it was the
biggest she'd ever seen. Swirling
around me like a typhoon.

Chris pauses briefly.

CHRIS

Can... it be cured? I uh- I don't
know how curses work.

TRISTAN

I dunno. I moved away from home to
try to be normal for a little
while. Guess it didn't work, huh?

Chris looks forlorn for a beat, then perks up.

CHRIS

Well, you made a friend already.
What's more normal than that?

Tristan hides a smile and punches Chris lightly on the arm.

TRISTAN

Way too cheesy for me.

Tristan saunters away to the dorm's front door.

TRISTAN (CONT'D)

(to himself, pleased)
Pfft. Fanboy...

Chris stays there, equally pleased, absorbing the sunset.

INT. PARKING LOT CAR - CONTINUOUS

A TRISTAN-LOOKALIKE sits in the car, gazing out the window at
Tristan as the dorm door closes behind him.

TRISTAN-LOOKALIKE

So... This is where you ran off to
with *my* money...

SLAM TO BLACK