

THE BARNHOUSE EFFECT

Written by

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Based on *The Report on the Barnhouse Effect* by Kurt Vonnegut

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FADE IN:

EXT. BATTLEFIELD - DAY

SUPER: 1944. FRENCH COUNTRYSIDE

Behind a destroyed tank, KURT (19) and PERKINS (19) sit in dirty American WW2 GI uniforms. Gunshots, explosions and screams resound all around them. Barb wire, shell-craters and dead bodies fill the field they are in.

Kurt holds his rifle in one hand and peaks out from around the tank. Perkins clutches his rifle with both hands and shivers.

KURT
There's too many.

Kurt lays back against the tank.

PERKINS
We're dead! They got us, man!

Kurt shakes his head.

KURT
No, no, they can't--

PERKINS
They do! We got no more tank! We
got no more--

Kurt looks around.

KURT
Uh, uh, we've got a tank! Yes...

Kurt digs into his pocket and takes out a homemade, beaten-up toy tank.

KURT (CONT'D)
Here! This'll keep us safe!

Perkins stares at the toy for a beat.

KURT (CONT'D)

I know this looks bad, but my dad
came back from the first war and
made this for me. He said it'll
protect--

PERKINS

--Oh my god, you've lost it. You've-

Kurt takes his hand off his rifle to put it on Perkins' shoulder.

KURT

Look; we have to- we're gonna make
it through this, because we have to
win with real tanks so back home
they can play--

A rifle shot cuts off Kurt by blowing a hole in Perkins' chest. Kurt turns to see GERMAN SOLDIER, who's just come around the corner taking aim at him.

But Kurt is quicker. His face contorts into one of sorrow and rage, and he goes prone before the German can adjust his aim.

KURT (CONT'D)

Raaaah!

Kurt yells as he empties his rifle into the German's chest, eviscerating him before he even falls down.

Once the German does fall, though, Kurt looks back to Perkins, who is dead.

KURT (CONT'D)

I'm sorry.

Still without getting up, Kurt grabs the toy tank, then looks back at the dead German. The sight disturbs him, so he looks at the tank in his hand.

KURT (CONT'D)

For you.

Kurt crawls away on his stomach.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

A small, plain college classroom with only around twenty STUDENTS at desks. Among them are Amie (20), an attractive African-American girl in hand-me-down clothes, and next to her, Kurt (25), who has marked up maps of Europe and the USA laid out on his desk and moves his toy tank over them.

SUPER: VONNEGUT UNIVERSITY - 1950

Kurt looks to the front of the room, where there's no professor, then to the door, annoyed. Most of the other Students are chatting.

KURT

Anybody got the time?

Amie looks at her small, but shiny watch.

AMIE

Hmm. He might actually not be coming this time.

Kurt smiles.

AMIE (CONT'D)

Thirty-minutes--

NINA (20), a well-dressed white girl, leans over to look at Amie's wrist.

NINA

Hey! That's not a bad time piece!
Where'd you get it?

AMIE

Uh, thank you. I suppose the same
place ya'll get--

Nina holds up her larger, shinier watch.

NINA

Yeah, I kinda doubt that. We don't
really have the same style. Well,
you work with what you got, I
guess.

Amie lowers her eyes while Kurt watches, sympathetically.

Kurt leans over to Amie.

KURT

Hey, Amie, after class you want to--

Kurt stops when he sees both Nina looking at him like he's a
freak, and Amie's shocked expression.

AMIE

Wha-? No. Sorry. I have to work on
my paper.

KURT

I thought we could edit each
others'.

AMIE

My scholarship can't afford dis-
I'm sorry, I work better alone.

Kurt sits back in his chair, defeated.

Kurt takes a notebook out of his pack. He opens it to a page
with "HOW TO BEAT THE SOVIETS" written at the top, but
nothing else.

The door slams open, and the whole class looks up to see
Professor BARNHOUSE (60), a short, balding, bespectacled man,
burst in carrying a stack of books.

BARNHOUSE

Sorry! I'm so sorry, students. Once again, I got carried away in my work!

Barnhouse sets the books down on the teachers' desk, then leans against it, gasping.

Kurt raises his hand.

KURT

Professor--

BARNHOUSE

--For the umpteenth time, Allen is fine, Kurt.

KURT

Could we just go back to the conversation we were having last week about limited resources real quick? It's essential for my paper--

Barnhouse springs up from the desk and moves to the chalkboard.

BARNHOUSE

Yes! Yes! Of course, Kurt. You know such talks are the only things that make teaching bearable.

All the Students exchange glances. Barnhouse writes the words "War Studies: Class #" on the board, but pauses to think about the number.

KURT

Well, last class you said that if man could control clouds like he learned to control plants--

Barnhouse points to Kurt.

BARNHOUSE

Yes! Yes! Peace through plenty!
There'd be nothing left fighting
for.

KURT

But what I don't get... well, all
my research says that they may be
Reds may be evil, but they're doing
well enough to build as many tanks
and ships as us. Why do we still
want to fight?

Barnhouse puts his hands on his chin.

BARNHOUSE

I suppose you young people all know
more about the world you're
inheriting than I do. Go by what
your research tells you. If you've
got questions about the mechanics
of your paper, come to my office at
six. Moving on...

INT. HALLWAY - 6 PM

In the empty hallway, Kurt walks up to a door labelled "Prof.
Allen Barnhouse." He looks at his watch, which reads 6:30,
and tries to turn the knob, but it's locked.

Kurt rolls his eyes, annoyed. But then he hears the faint
sound of classical music coming from inside the door.

Before he can do anything, he hears the door unlock and lock.
It unlocks again, but this time he opens the door a crack
before it locks again.

INT. BARNHOUSE'S LAB - CONTINUOUS

The lab is small and very messy. Scattered over the central table, counters and shelves are books, papers, rocks and even a few mouse cages. The classical music plays on a phonograph in the corner.

Kurt pokes his head in the door and sees Barnhouse, with his back to the door, examining mice in a small maze. Bits of cheese, books, a camera, and even a few of the mice float in the air around Barnhouse.

The scene shocks Kurt, and he blinks several times. He focuses his sight on the floating objects, but can't see any wires or glass.

Barnhouse sets the floating mice down in the maze.

BARNHOUSE
Alright, now off.

The needle comes off the record.

BARNHOUSE (CONT'D)
Now unlock and lock.

The bolt on the door Kurt holds slides into the locked position, causing Kurt to throw the door open in shock.

KURT
Gaah!

BARNHOUSE
Gaah!

Barnhouse cries out and clutches his chest to turn around and see Kurt. All the floating objects around him drop to the floor.

KURT
Professor?!

BARNHOUSE

Kurt?!

The two stare at each other for a beat. Then, Kurt looks down at all the objects that floated a second ago. Then back at Barnhouse.

KURT

Telekinesis.

Barnhouse holds out his hand.

BARNHOUSE

P- please, Kurt, you can't tell anyone.

The door starts to close, so Kurt jumps inside.

INT. BARNHOUSE'S LAB - LATER

Kurt's toy tank rolls through the mouse maze, forcing the traversing mice out of the way. Barnhouse watches depressed, but Kurt watches fascinated and excited.

BARNHOUSE

I call it "Dynopsychism." During the first war, I got captured, but my chains snapped when I thought about... well, it's hard to explain. Since then--

Kurt flicks the toy tank.

KURT

--How big can you go?

Barnhouse steps back from the maze and looks up at the ceiling. One of the tiles moves, and a file flies out from the crawlspace, down onto the table. It opens and pictures of smashed boulders, capsized car-wrecks and floating orbs of water arrange themselves on the table.

BARNHOUSE

It's taken quite a bit of practice,
but for the past few months I've
been driving all over the county
trying to find something I couldn't
smash, lift, or reshape.

Kurt examines the pictures.

KURT

There were all you? And you're
still just our professor?

BARNHOUSE

Well, I've, lately I've...

Barnhouse looks around the room for something. Kurt spots a
piece of white paper underneath the pictures. He takes it out
and reads it.

KURT

'Dear Agent Cuthrell, I have
discovered a new force more
powerful than atomic energy.'

Barnhouse looks back to Kurt, and sees the letter.

KURT (CONT'D)

'I should like to see it used for
global peace, and am requesting
your advice. Yours truly, Allen
Barnhouse.'

BARNHOUSE

Yes, uh, well, that. I need some
advice, veteran to veteran, as to
what--

Kurt dashes for the phone and snatches it up.

KURT

--Hello? Operator, get me, uh--

The receiver slams down. Kurt looks to Barnhouse, who is afraid. Kurt smiles.

KURT (CONT'D)

C'mon, professor. I know this is dangerous, but cowards don't make history.

Kurt bends down to take his notebook out of his bag and tosses it away.

KURT (CONT'D)

Forget this! We don't need it! It's just you! The reds'll be trashing their bombs and holding free elections next year if we- we...

Kurt's smile fades, and he turns around to do think.

KURT (CONT'D)

You could probably just smash all their weapons at their bases on the maps. They'd still have plenty in reserve--

BARNHOUSE

--I haven't sent that letter yet because I don't want to be a soldier! Not anymore! I want peace, not--

Kurt turns around and puts his hands on Barnhouse's shoulders.

KURT

And you think I do? If I never see a rifle or hear a bomb again, it'll be too soon, but the guys in charge pulled us through the wars, they'll tell you how we make peace a reality.

Barnhouse smiles.

Kurt walks over and picks up the phone. He dials a number.

KURT (CONT'D)

Hello? Operator, get me, uh...

Kurt looks to Barnhouse.

BARNHOUSE

Agent Cuthrell. 555-2882. I met him
once. I fall under his
jurisdiction, if anyone's.

INT. LAB - DAY

The lab is large and shiny white, but with no windows.
Barnhouse, now wearing military fatigues without symbols,
sits in a chair while several SCIENTISTS in lab coats attach
wires to his head and chest and set up cameras to watch him.

Across from Barnhouse stand Kurt, dressed in the same blank
fatigues, and Agent CUTHRELL (30s), a well built, dark haired
man in a suit and sunglasses. They stand next to a large lead
ball.

KURT

You feeling alright, professor?

Barnhouse flinches as the Scientists apply another wire, but
gives a thumbs up.

Kurt turns to Cuthrell.

KURT (CONT'D)

The man you sent to us did tell you-

-

Cuthrell taps the ball with his foot.

CUTHRELL

--Two-hundred pounds on camera is measurably different from hearing the boy we send to chase prank calls saying he saw a pen float.

The Scientists wrap up their work. Barnhouse forces a smile.

BARNHOUSE

Alright. I understand the plan.
Just tell me when.

Cuthrell puts one hand on his hip, revealing a gun holster, and points to the ceiling with the other.

CUTHRELL

This room is for-point-five meters tall. Lifting it up two would require approximately--

KURT

--He can also squash it flat when afterwards.

CUTHRELL

I'm sure--

BARNHOUSE

--I think it would be best if I moved it along different axis to demonstrate--

Cuthrell puts both his hands on his hips, giving Kurt a good view of his weapon.

CUTHRELL

--Gentlemen!

Kurt points to the gun.

KURT

Is that a PPK?

Cuthrell looks at Kurt, confused.

KURT (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, it's just... I didn't
think American agents--

CUTHRELL

This was Hitler's bodyguard weapon
until he turned it on himself. It's
not the weapon, it's how you use
it.

Cuthrell leans close to Kurt.

CUTHRELL (CONT'D)

And speaking of using weapons--

Cuthrell's sidearm flies out of its holster, stopping in
front of Barnhouse's face, where it empties. Barnhouse looks
annoyed.

Cuthrell stares at Barnhouse while feeling his empty holster.
Kurt smiles, and looks to the scientists.

KURT

Were we rolling?

One Scientist writes on a clipboard.

SCIENTIST

Hmm. Far less energy, but far more
precision.

MONTAGE: (Set to military parade music)

- In a gym, Kurt curls medium-sized dumbbells, but stops when
Cuthrell gives him an annoyed look. They then look to
Barnhouse, who uses his powers to lift every weight in the
room.

- Barnhouse is at a lake, observed by the same group as the
lab. He looks to Kurt, who nods. Barnhouse then uses his
powers to split a lake Moses-style.

- Barnhouse, Kurt, Cuthrell and the Scientists stand to the side of a massive dirt field. On the field, plows plow the fields without anything pulling them, and seeds float behind them, dropping into the holes. The skies then become overcast, and it rains only on the field.

- In a desert, the group stands nearby three tanks and a nuclear bomb. Barnhouse wears a blindfold. Barnhouse is nervous, but Kurt puts his hand on his shoulder. The tanks crumple like cans and the nuke disassembles itself. Cuthrell cracks a smirk, but Kurt fixates on the ruined tanks.

- A hand shuts the vault door to a steel bunker, leaving the only thing inside a mannequin dressed up like Stalin. The mannequin explodes from the same point in the chest the German shot Perkins, it's head landing by the door.

- In the desert, Kurt, Barker and the scientists observe a small mock up of a town in the distance. The town collapses and Barker applauds, but Kurt steps back.

- Kurt opens the door to the bunker with the dummy. He steps on the head as he comes in, crushing it, terrifying him.

END MONTAGE:

INT. WAR ROOM - DAY

In a small room, Kurt, Barnhouse and Cuthrell stand around a model of the Texas coast, on which several plastic bombs, battleships and tanks are arranged to represent an invading force. Cuthrell points to a model tank.

CUTHRELL

--And then mop up the ground
forces. We're calling it "Operation
Brainstorm."

KURT

Ha.

Cuthrell glances at Kurt, then at Barnhouse.

CUTHRELL

You understand, professor?

BARNHOUSE

Uh, yes, yes, perfectly.

Barnhouse looks to Kurt.

BARNHOUSE (CONT'D)

It- Its a great honor to practice
defending our country from a from a
foreign invasion like our
Forefathers, isn't it, Kurt?

Kurt picks up a model bomb, inspects it, then shows it to
Barnhouse.

KURT

Seems damn expensive, sir.

Cuthrell snatches the bomb.

CUTHRELL

Eternal vigilance is the price of
liberty.

BARNHOUSE

And once we fully convince the
Pentagon of our power, we'll have
millions to spend on other things,
right?

KURT

And who needs money? Did you see
how Allen plowed?

The other men give Kurt weird looks.

KURT (CONT'D)

-that field? You said we could
start sending rain to Africa when--

Cuthrell waves his hands.

CUTHRELL

--Please don't tell us how to do
our jobs.

Kurt looks hurt.

BARNHOUSE

Of course not. I- I understand my-
my assign--

KURT

--Actually, can we have another
minute to go over it... alone.

Cuthrell cocks an eyebrow, but then walks out.

Kurt looks at the model, then at Barnhouse.

KURT (CONT'D)

Allen, you know they're gonna use
you a weapon forever, right?

Barnhouse looks into Kurt's face, worried.

BARNHOUSE

But- uh, you keep saying--

Kurt puts both his hands on Barnhouse's shoulders.

KURT

--They might have you wreck cities
or they might have you assassinate
figures. Do you really want to do
either? Or do you want to create
free power and plant millions of
trees?

BARNHOUSE

Peace through plenty... but what
are we supposed to do? They'll
never let me go now.

Kurt rolls his eyes.

EXT. ARMY BASE - DAY

AMERICAN SOLDIERS run and drive vehicles back and forth across the tarmac while Agent Cuthrell approaches a group of officers looking at a map.

The room of the large office building behind Cuthrell explodes into splinters of wood, and Barnhouse and Kurt float out. The duo are afraid and wobble in the air as they move out over Cuthrell and the Officers' heads.

CUTHRELL

Professor! What the hell?!

Kurt looks down at Cuthrell and smiles.

Cuthrell draws his gun.

CUTHRELL (CONT'D)

Freeze!

Cuthrell's gun mangles into scrap in his hands. All the American Soldiers' rifles and the weapons mounted on the vehicles crumple, too.

Barnhouse gets the hang of flying and speeds up. He and Kurt disappear into the distance.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Kurt and Barnhouse move carefully. They both wear backpacks and some of Kurt's casual wear. Barnhouse lags behind because for him the pack is heavy and clothes do not fit.

They come to a door labelled "STORAGE" and Kurt waits for Barnhouse to arrive so they can both enter at once.

INT. STORAGE - CONTINUOUS

The storage room is a classroom filled with stacks of boxes and books. Amie sits on the floor surrounded by books, papers and Barnhouse's animal cages.

Kurt and Amie gasp when they see each other.

BARNHOUSE

Thief!

Barnhouse holds out his hands and all the stuff in front of Amie flies at her. Amie screams.

Kurt slaps Barnhouse's arms down, causing the flying objects to fall.

KURT

No! It's Amie!

Barnhouse calms down and adjusts his glasses. Amie lies on the floor, afraid.

BARNHOUSE

T-terribly sorry, girl. We're just here to retrieve all my notes and--

AMIE

--Professor? Kurt? What- How'd ya-?

Kurt runs over and kneels by Amie, setting down his pack and helping her up.

KURT

Long story short, Allen has superpowers, and we've been away testing them with the army.

Amie looks back and forth between Barnhouse, Kurt, and the stuff on the floor. Then she starts picking them up.

AMIE

But lemme guess; you saw now that
Uncle Sam don't treat his workers
too nice.

Amie's actions surprise Kurt, but he joins her in gathering
the stuff and putting it in his pack.

KURT

Yeah, that's about it. How'd you
know?

Amie looks up at Barnhouse.

AMIE

Ya'll is Professor Allen Barnhouse.
I been reading everything you wrote
here all night. Ain't no white man
who figures out Uncle Sam's
bullshit like you.

Barnhouse uses his powers to lift and gather all the stuff
off the floor and move it to his pack. The display stuns
Amie. Kurt puts his hand on her shoulder.

KURT

I knew there was a reason I liked
you.

Amie looks at Kurt, surprised, but excited.

KURT (CONT'D)

Listen, you can't tell anyone--

Kurt stops when he sees headlights through the windows.
Outside, several army jeeps and black cars pull up.

Amie, Kurt and Barnhouse duck down. Agent Cuthrell and
several American Soldiers with tranquilizer rifles exit their
vehicles and fan out.

KURT (CONT'D)

I knew this was a bad idea.

Amie crawls for the door.

AMIE

Get out. Head to fifty-seven,
fourteenth avenue. There's a thirty-
eight in the register. I'll stall
them.

BARNHOUSE

Oh, we won't need--

Kurt follows her out.

KURT

--And now there's more than one
reason. C'mon.

INT. CAMPAIGN OFFICE - DAWN

A small restaurant turned campaign office for a black Sheriff candidate. The windows are boarded, and the posters and papers are ripped and strewn about.

Kurt and Barnhouse stand around a table with a few of the books and Kurt's maps from earlier on it. Kurt holds a flashlight with one hand and marks the maps based on what he reads with the other.

When Kurt finishes, his marking cover more of the paper than the map. Kurt smirks.

KURT

So many weapons, so many hungry
people, so little time.

Kurt looks takes a .38 revolver out of his pocket and sets in on the table.

KURT (CONT'D)

So we better get started.

Barnhouse smirks.

BARNHOUSE

Agreed.

The gun crumples.

INT. AFRICAN MANSION - NIGHT

White walls, marble floors, mahogany furniture, etc. All the blinds are closed.

Kurt (35) and Barnhouse (70) sit at a dinner table with several empty serving plates of varying sizes. Kurt and Barnhouse's own plates are empty, and their attention is on a newspaper and a hand-written sheet of paper, respectively.

SUPER: SEIRRA LEONE - 10 YEARS LATER

KURT

So, your think about...

Kurt looks up at Barnhouse, who focuses on the paper.

KURT (CONT'D)

Allen, if this is what you think about when you use your powers, how the hell can you focus enough to--

Barnhouse's brow furrows for a second.

KURT (CONT'D)

--Do what ever you just did?

Barnhouse yawns and sets down the paper.

BARNHOUSE

Uh, a stockpile of longbows. Costa Rica.

Kurt pushes the handwritten paper to Barnhouse.

KURT

This makes no sense.

BARNHOUSE

Huh? Yes, well, uh, keep reading
and practicing that.

Kurt frowns. Barnhouse tries to stand up, but it pains his back. Kurt rises just as Amie (29) and JAWARD (27), African, well dressed, come around the corner.

JAWARD

Professor! Professor, here.

Kurt, Jaward and Amie all help Barnhouse to his feet. Amie grabs his cane from the wall and hands it to him. There are wedding ring on both her and Kurt's fingers.

Once Barnhouse is up, Kurt moves to Amie and Jaward.

KURT

Amie! Jaward!

Kurt hugs Jaward and kisses Amie on the forehead.

KURT (CONT'D)

How was the conference?

AMIE

Eh, not too swell. We want
technology this, we gotta have
workers that--

Barnhouse puts his hand to his ear and leans toward Amie.

BARNHOUSE

Wh- what?

Kurt puts his hand on Barnhouse's shoulder.

KURT

It didn't go very well.

BARNHOUSE

Yes, yes. You see, uh, we'll clean
up this world.

Barnhouse slowly moves toward the exit. Kurt, Amie and Jaward watch him go, frowning.

JAWARD

What did you accomplish today?

Kurt takes a miniature radio out of his pocket as he looks at the papers on the table, solemn.

KURT

Some longbows and suspected
gunpower makers, I think.

Kurt switches the radio on.

RADIO REPORTER (V.O.)

Senator Warren Foust continues to
urge citizens to construct and
train with slingshots while Premier
Slezak continues to advocate
screening for psychically--

Kurt smiles and changes the dial, scanning the airwaves.

KURT

Yeah, yeah. Slingshots this, gilded
cage that. But daddy won't buy you
a BB gun until your twelve, son.

AMIE

We'll always be complaining 'bout
something.

Amie puts one hand on her hip and picks up a fruit from the table with the other.

AMIE (CONT'D)

(Chewing)

Everybody's got food now, so we
whining about fat people.

JAWARD

Ha! Screen for the psychically
powerful? What chance do those
violent fool have of learning what
even--

There's thud and the sound of cracking bone from just outside
the doorway Barnhouse exited through. All three heads look
up, terrified.

BARNHOUSE (O.S.)

Gaah!

The three rush out.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - TWILIGHT

A small, but well-furnished and equipped hospital room.
Barnhouse lies in the bed. Amie sits in the corner, asleep.
Kurt sits reading a book titled "THE DAY BARNHOUSE DIES." A
heartbeat monitor beats slowly.

Kurt closes his book and stands up. He looks at Barnhouse,
whose eyes are closed, head is bandaged, and arm is in a
sling. Kurt then at the sign-in sheet. The patient's name
reads "Clark Kent."

KURT

You're the sole reason this
hospital can afford this stuff, and
yet we can't even give your real
name.

Kurt turns around and sits on the edge of the bed. He looks
at the sleeping Amie.

KURT (CONT'D)

She keeps saying your not far off
from this world when you're out or
the room. Sometimes... even when
you're in the room.

Kurt looks at the title of his book, then opens it to the page he dog-eared. The top of the page reads "CHAPTER 9: BIOLOGICAL WARFARE."

KURT (CONT'D)

I mean, I know you're not gonna live forever. Those guys who think you've a prophet are bonkers... but c'mon! I've read all the stuff about medical advancements that have been made since you started!

Kurt turns around to lean over Barnhouse.

KURT (CONT'D)

Everything you've done since ten years ago... I have to be ready when it happens... right?

After a beat, Barnhouse groans in pain and puts his free hand over his heart while Kurt watches in horror.

Kurt grabs Barnhouse's wrist with both hands and lifts it off.

KURT (CONT'D)

No! C'mon, You've done way too much! It can't just--

INT. CHURCH - NIGHT

The building itself is small and old, but the pews and statues of Jesus are all new. In a corner, Kurt, now with an unkempt beard, watches three remembrance candle burn down.

Once the final candle is out, Kurt turns around and looks up at Jesus. Kurt hesitates, but clasps his hands together in prayer.

KURT

Lord... Lord please... I know they're all in your kingdom, but...

Kurt opens his eyes and takes the toy tank out his pocket. When he does though, a folded piece of paper falls out.

Kurt kneels down and picks it up. He unfurls it, revealing it to be the handwritten paper from the previous scene.

Kurt smiles, but then frowns, afraid. He stands up.

KURT (CONT'D)

No...

Kurt looks back up at Jesus.

KURT (CONT'D)

We've changed, haven't we?!

He holds up the tank.

KURT (CONT'D)

There are no more of these! There
are no more guns- gaaah!

Kurt cries out in pain as an arrow goes into his leg. He still manages to stand and looks down at it, but his vision gets blurry and dark.

He looks up to the entrance and sees two silhouetted men holding bows.

CUTHRELL (V.O.)

I actually like this better than my
Walther. Thanks.

Kurt collapses on the floor.

INT. ARMY CAR - DAWN

Kurt rouses from his sleep in the back of an Army jeep with a caged back seat. The car drives through a grassy field.

Kurt checks himself. Hid hands and feet are cuffed. His pants are cut away on the leg he was shot, and there's bloody gauze wrapping over the wound.

Kurt checks his surroundings. There are two GUARDS in the front seats with short swords and shields, and Agent Cuthrell (40) sits on his right.

CUTHRELL

You know, most people still don't believe me when I tell them I was in charge of your case initially.

Groggy, Kurt turns to face Cuthrell, but the movement makes him wince and grab his wound.

CUTHRELL (CONT'D)

Yeah, I'd be careful about that. I had to hit an artery to make the drug work fast enough. If you're powerful friend tries to fly you away, you'll probably re-open it and bleed out.

Kurt stares at Cuthrell for a beat, but then lays back in the seat.

KURT

Why are you doing this?

Cuthrell raises an eyebrow.

CUTHRELL

If you were at that church because the old man is finally dead, which you will tell us the truth on...

Cuthrell leans into Kurt and shows him the toy tank.

CUTHRELL (CONT'D)

-Then playtime is over. Back to work.

(MORE)

CUTHRELL (CONT'D)

I'm handing this over to my son to teach him to use the weapons he's only ever seen the broken carcasses of, and you're gonna teach us everything you know about the old man's powers.

Kurt looks at Cuthrell like he's deranged for a beat.

KURT

What's there even left to fight about?

Cuthrell smirks and leans back in his seat.

CUTHRELL

You're from Florida, Kurt. I know being away from can change a man in ways, but your ancestors still fought for the cause. How can you give the citizens of a country like this the resources to pose a threat to us?

Cuthrell holds up the tank.

CUTHRELL (CONT'D)

We're having enough problems with the ones at home won't stay in their own neighborhoods. I wouldn't trust them with this.

Kurt is shocked initially, then clenches his fists. There are two light clinking sounds from below him. He and Cuthrell look to see that his chains have split.

Kurt is shocked by what he sees, but then, before Cuthrell can react, he looks to the tank in Cuthrell's hand.

The tank crumbles into a ball, and Cuthrell's hand closes around it, breaking his fingers.

Cuthrell cries out in agony as the Guards turn around to see what's happening.

KURT

Your right. Playtime is over.

EXT. FIELD - MOMENTS LATER

The roof of the moving car explodes, and Kurt rockets out into the sky.

About thirty feet up, he stops and watches the car below lose control and flip onto its side.

Kurt looks at his hands, looks at the ground below him, then back to the car that Cuthrell and the two Guards climb out of.

Cuthrell stands on the car's side and looks up at Kurt in both anger and fear. With his unbroken hand, he reaches into his pocket, taking out small crossbow, but an invisible force knocks him off the car onto the ground.

KURT

Barnhouse was a great teacher, but
it's graduation day!

The two Guards exchange afraid and confused looks. Cuthrell clutches his ribs and looks up.

KURT (CONT'D)

We'll be watching you now, not just
the weapons, cause it's not the
weapons, it's how you use them.

Kurt turns and flies off into the horizon of a rising sun, back in the direction the car came from.

Cuthrell lays on the ground, scowling.

CUTHRELL

Jesus fucking Christ.

One of the guards turns to look at Cuthrell.

GUARD

Do you think we have two Barnhouses
now, sir?

CUTHRELL

It don't fucking matter. Our
expert's say that kid's gonna
outlive my son.

FADE TO BLACK: