

***BREAKAWAY***

**INT. LANGLEY HOME - DAY**

**DENNIS LANGLEY (55M)**, unshaven, watery eyes, SHOVELS oatmeal into his face at an oak dinner table.

It's quiet in the spacious, rustic kitchen, save for the walls and floorboards CREAKING with the wind. Outside the tall windows, trees still cling to their autumn coats.

A KNOCK at the door. Dennis leers over like a starved dog.

In steps **GARRETT VERGLASS (63M)**. Sharp eyes pick the home apart piece by piece, like he's surveying a battlefield. A commander born centuries too late to conquer the world.

**GARRETT**

The notary is outside. Do not make him wait.

Garrett pulls a CHECK from his coat pocket. But before Dennis has even seen what's written on it--

**DENNIS**

I wouldn't hand this house over to you if that check was blank, Garrett.

Garrett's eyes narrow, drilling a hole through Dennis's head. He slides the check across the table.

**GARRETT**

This is far more than the land is worth. You should reconsider before you lose the chance to do so.

**DENNIS**

I told you, not for sale. I'm having Christmas with my kid right here.

**GARRETT**

Indeed, it is not for sale. But, you are going to transact it to me.

Garrett's hands SHIMMER like gemstones. He reaches at Dennis, pianoing his outstretched fingers. Dennis's eyes GLAZE over into a disassociated stare.

**GARRETT (cont'd)**

I prefer not to tell another man how to behave in his own home, but you have forced my hand, Mr. Langley.

The floor creaks again. But this time, it's louder than just the wind.

Garrett sees **CAMERON VERGLASS (20M)** halfway down the stairs across the living room. He's got a stick and a hockey bag slung over his shoulder, an oversized kid ready to carve some ice.

Cameron turns up the stairs back to **ANDREW LANGLEY (20M)**, higher up the staircase. He stops Andrew around the corner.

**CAMERON**

Wait, can you go grab the tape for my stick? Forgot it in your room.

Andrew shrugs, goes back up the stairs. Once the coast is clear, Cameron peers back around the wall.

In the kitchen, the NOTARY has come inside. He stands next to the table as Garrett and Dennis both sign a DOCUMENT.

The notary STAMPS the document with an inked embosser. He shakes Garrett's hand, heads out the door. Dennis sits mute, motionless.

Andrew bounds back to the stairs, tosses the tape to Cameron. When he hops down to the first floor, he discovers the company in his kitchen.

**ANDREW**

What's going on?

He swings around to his father, sees the expression drain from Dennis's face.

Garrett pushes the check to Dennis again. From the looks of the check, Garrett didn't make much of a generous offer.

**GARRETT**

(to Cameron)  
Put your bag in the car. I will drive you to campus.

Cameron eyes Andrew, speechless. He exits with Garrett.

The front door slowly closes on Andrew as he goes to his father's side. He shakes Dennis by the shoulders in vain.

Outside, Garrett and Cameron enter a sleek, modern coupe. It pulls down the driveway, away from the Victorian-style home left alone at the top of the hill.

**EXT. COLLEGE TOWN - DAY**

Garrett's car weaves through the outskirts of town, just off the tree-lined Route 87. A nearby highway exit sign reads --

**WELCOME TO THE TOWN OF TERRAPIN**

They approach a college campus hidden in the trees along the mountains.

**EXT. COLLEGE CAMPUS - DAY**

Flannel-clad students fill the sidewalks as Garrett and Cameron drive by.

**INT. GARRETT'S CAR - DAY**

Garrett holds his gaze forward, clears his throat.

**GARRETT**

You are welcome for the ride.

Cameron's dead silent, cramped inside the small car. Any stray movement might put his feet through the floor.

**GARRETT (cont'd)**

What did I tell you about going to that house?

**CAMERON**

You know they grew up there, right? Andrew's never gonna talk to me again, if he doesn't try to maim me on the ice first.

**GARRETT**

His father could not handle the responsibility. Nor could he make the most of the opportunity before him. No more than he could manage an ice cream parlor in the summertime. Judging from him, you should not be running around with his son, either.

Garrett brakes to a complete stop outside the CAMPUS ICE RINK. Cameron tugs at the door handle, but the car's locked.

**GARRETT (cont'd)**

What did I tell you?

**CAMERON**

What? I don't know.

**GARRETT**

Do not tell me "I don't know."

**CAMERON**

You told me to be home tonight.

**GARRETT**

You will be home tonight. For supper.  
For your birthday.

Cameron tries the doors again. Still locked.

**CAMERON**

Yes, fine. I'll be there.

The locks drop. Cameron needs no invitation to step out of the car. He pops the trunk, grabs his hockey bag, SLAMS the trunk closed.

Bag and stick secured, Cameron marches towards the arena. A few students cross his path. He ignores them as they wave at him, then at the car.

**STUDENTS**

Hi, Dean Verglass!

Garrett waves back with a smile. It's gone as soon as it appears. He reaches across the seats and pulls the door closed so hard the car SHAKES.

**INT. COLLEGE HOCKEY ARENA - DAY**

Shouts echo through the arena as hockey players skate the ice, while students mingle upon the bleachers.

Outside one end of the rink, Cameron exits the home team locker room. "**VERGLASS**" is printed across the back of his red-and-white jersey.

Above him, "**VERGLASS FAMILY ICE CENTER**" slowly rotates across a LED fixture attached to the scoreboard.

Cameron steps onto the ice, finds a spot to stretch. He dons his helmet, fitting it onto his short, slick, blonde hair. The bottom strap dangles near his chiseled jawline. It's like he was cut out of a pro hockey magazine.

One of his teammates, **COLIN (21M)** stops short just before Cameron, sprays him with ice. With his curly mustache, he's practically a turn-of-the-century, bare-knuckle boxer on skates.

**COLIN**

Where's Andrew?

**CAMERON**

Think he said he was gonna be late.

Colin shrugs as two other skaters glide over. They're twins, noticeably similar to Cameron, but IDENTICAL to each other.

**AUGUST (21M)**, the first twin, chews on a mouthpiece as he takes his helmet off. **ETHAN (21M)**, the second twin, whips his long hair back behind his shoulders.

**ETHAN**

You need a ride home for tonight?

**AUGUST**

Guy needs a ride to his own party.

**COLIN**

(to Cameron)

Can't believe you're spending your 21st birthday, of all birthdays, at home with your family.

A puck WHIZZES past them, careening off the boards. Cameron scoops a different puck onto the blade of his stick. He flings it back at the other end of the ice.

**CAMERON**

We're gonna get into it this weekend, Thursday through Sunday, relax.

**COLIN**

Everybody celebrates their 21st birthday on their 21st birthday, bro. Doesn't matter what day it is.

**ETHAN**

Relax, Lip Lettuce. He's got plenty of time to screw around with you. Lose the caterpillar and get ready for a real playoff beard, bud.

Colin flips them off, pushes away with his outside skate.

Another puck slides across the ice to Cameron. Down the rink, **ISAAC (20M)** taps his stick on the ice. **THE GOALIE (19M)** is ready in net behind him.

Cameron accepts the challenge, pushes off towards Isaac, accelerating past the blue line. He cuts from middle ice towards the boards, curls back inside as Isaac steps up.

A low shot along the ice from Cameron sneaks past Isaac's skates. The puck races to the Goalie's leg pad, only to suddenly BOUNCE over the Goalie's leg and into the net.

Cameron circles around. He notices August and Ethan waving. Meanwhile, the Goalie skates forward to where the puck bounced. He drags his stick on the ice. No bumps, no edges.

Cameron approaches the twins.

**CAMERON**

I told you, you gotta stop, even if it's just practice. I'm taking this seriously.

**AUGUST**

How can I take any of this seriously when now I can do this and score any time I want to?

August lifts a puck up with the blade of his stick. It's FLOATING above the blade, not resting on it.

Cameron slashes August's stick with his own, stopping its levitation, knocking the puck to the ice.

**CAMERON**

Are you crazy? What if someone sees?

**AUGUST**

What if they do? Who are they gonna tell? What would they say?

**ETHAN**

They'll say, "*good thing this guy's on our team, he's makin' the dang pucks float!*"

Cameron shakes his head as the twins skate away.

**COACH HEGAN (PRE-LAP)**

Alright, hustle up!

**INT. COLLEGE HOCKEY ARENA - NIGHT**

The team's tired. They coast over to the bench one by one. Some jump the boards to guzzle down water bottles. Others take a knee, coughing and spitting onto the ice.

**COACH ERUZIONE (45M)** watches them from the bench. A chubby man missing two fingers on his right hand, he's built like a wrestler after one too many falls off the top rope.

**COACH ERUZIONE**

You gotta give them a second, they just dragged ass for 45 minutes. Let them catch their breath.

The team glares at him. They drip with sweat, hot steam spouting off their necks.

Next to Eruzione, Assistant **COACH HEGAN (39F)** stands behind the bench. She looks more likely to sell you a timeshare or a pyramid scheme than to be coaching college hockey.

**COACH HEGAN**

Well, I didn't get the memo that said we were scheduled to drag ass today. So let me hit you with a big program update. How about, if we don't get with the program sometime soon, we're going to be watching the playoffs from the bleachers.

Eruzione points at them with two of his remaining fingers.

**COACH ERUZIONE**

Two games left in the season. We need to win both of them to make the playoffs or your summer jobs at Wendy's start next weekend. Meremet College and Bridgeport need these wins just as badly as you do.

**COACH HEGAN**

So no more dragging ass! Let's go, into the corner, pronto!

The teams groans. They skate away on shaky feet.

**INT. COLLEGE LIBRARY - NIGHT**

Still damp with sweat, Cameron studies beneath an ornate lamp. His hockey bag rests underneath the mahogany table.

Or at least, he's supposed to be studying. He's actually scrolling on his phone, browsing HOCKEY RECRUITERS. He's browsing their social pages with a eager thumb.

The multi-level library is mostly empty and entirely QUIET. It seems to go on forever in either direction.

Cameron glances at his phone, grits his teeth. He stuffs his books and papers into his bag, gets up, strides down the hall, and disappears between the bookshelves.



**EXT. VERGLASS MANSION - NIGHT**

Cameron drives an off-white SUV, slightly used, up to the gate. It divides a concrete wall that separates the leaf-strewn town road from a COLONIAL-STYLE MANSION.

**INT. FOYER OF VERGLASS MANSION - NIGHT**

A fire crackles within a stone fireplace. The mantle stretches to the ceiling along wood-paneled walls. Affixed to the mantle, a deer's head boasts its antlers.

Cameron slides his bag off his shoulder, strides down a nearby hallway. He takes a path of alternating lefts and rights, reaching a door at a dead-end.

He opens it, REVEALS a granite staircase that disappears into the dark. It looks like it's been used for millennia.

**INT. CAVE BELOW VERGLASS MANSION - CONTINUOUS**

He descends the stairs into a bottomless cave. A sickly, green glow emanates from the dark pit.

The staircase connects to a tall plateau standing like a tower in the middle of the absolutely vast chamber. All sides of the plateau plunge into the waiting abyss below.

Symbols, faces, and beasts are carved into the sides of the stairs like a mural. Cameron peers up ahead as he reaches the plateau, where silhouettes stand around the center, CIRCLING a PEDESTAL.

**CAMERON**

Sorry. Traffic.

The surface of the floor CRACKS beneath Cameron's feet, like he's walking on DEAD LEAVES and CICADA SHELLS.

The silhouettes become clear - the twins August and Ethan. And their father **HENRY (41M)**, built like a lumberjack version of Garrett. Their mother, **JOANNA (45F)**, nibbles her fingernails.

Opposite them, a tall, poised **VICTORIA (23F)**. Her dark eyes and hair match only her mother's. She's locked onto the pedestal with an icy stare.

Garrett takes a long, deep breath. The others stop circling.

**GARRETT**

(to Cameron)

When I was your age, I discovered that I had a certain way with people. At first, I thought I was just more charming than my peers. But I soon realized that I had a real power over them. That I could will upon them whatever I wished.

He paces around the family, stops at Henry.

**GARRETT** (cont'd)

I soon had your father. He too learned that he possessed a special gift. He met your mother, who discovered the secrets of her bloodline at the same age. Your brothers, Ethan and August. Your sister, Victoria--

**CAMERON**

--yes, they discovered their magic powers at 21. I know, I was there.

Garrett motions at the pedestal. Green energy COURSES through grooves and glyphs carved into the stone.

**GARRETT**

Our home is built upon this magical reservoir. A place where our gifts are heightened. There is no more appropriate place for you to be.

**CAMERON**

I can only imagine.

**GARRETT**

Where do you want to be right now?

**CAMERON**

At home. In bed. Maybe I'd give Andrew a call. See how he's doing.

Garrett eyes Cameron, gestures at the pedestal again. Cameron glares at him, steps onto it. He glances around at his family, who watch him blankly, except for Garrett, who's EYEING HIS WATCH with a clenched jaw instead.

Tick.

TICK.

**TICK.**

Cameron LEVITATES off the pedestal. The crevices of the stone shine bright with energy.

He looks down. A rigid TENDRIL reaches from the stone, grasping at his feet, wrapping up onto his leg.

It grows from the top layer of the floor, arched like a beetle's leg.

Tick.

Cameron screams as the tendril creeps up his leg, expanding up and around his body, ENCASING him in an insect-like exoskeleton.

TICK.

It writhes across his chest, up his arms, his neck, onto his face, toward his eyes, at his mouth as he cries for help--

**TICK.**

The tendril, the shell growing around Cameron, turn to dry husks and crumble away.

Cameron drops, falls to the pedestal, and tumbles to the surface of the plateau.

He clutches at his chest, wipes frantically at his body.

**CAMERON** (cont'd)

What the hell was that!? Why didn't you say it would be like that?!

**GARRETT**

Calm down. Do you feel any different?

Cameron HYPERVENTILATES.

**HENRY**

It's immediate. Second nature. You should just know.

**JOANNA**

You really don't feel anything?

Cameron struggles to answer.

Victoria rubbernecks the vein bulging on Garrett's forehead. The rest of the family glances at each other instead, avoiding Garrett's death gaze.

The family patriarch puts a hand on Cameron's shoulder.

**GARRETT**

Are you okay?

**CAMERON**

I-I'm alright.

Satisfied, he grips Cameron's shoulder HARD.

**GARRETT**

Because if not, you need to tell me. Until we get to the bottom of this, you will meet me at my office on campus every day, until we settle this. I need you to be alright so you can help me do that. Do you understand?

Cameron pulls away, hits him with a real "fuck you" look. He gets up, makes for the granite staircase.

But then his eyelids, his head, become HEAVY, WEIGHING HIM DOWN.

He stumbles forward. Behind him, Garrett holds his hand up, fingers SHIMMERING.

Cameron dozes in and out of consciousness, swaying near the edge of the plateau.

**JOANNA**

Garrett, stop!

It takes a moment, but Garrett finally puts his hand down, letting Cameron fall to his knees.

Face red, flushed, eyes tearing, Cameron scowls at his family.

Only Garrett looks him back in the eyes.

Cameron storms up the staircase as Garrett watches from the RITUAL SITE.

Tick.

TICK.

**TICK.**

**INT. CAMERON'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Cameron steps inside from the hallway, walking into a big PARTY. He squeezes between people with his hockey bag to get to his bedroom.

**INT. CAMERON'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT**

It's closer to a walk-in closet than a bedroom. Cameron shuts the door, drops his bag, sits on his bed.

He takes a breath, rests his head in his hands. He takes another deep breath, then another. And another.

**INT. CAMERON'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

The living room is packed and hazy. Students smoke, drink, smoke and drink. A few play video games on an old console.

Several hockey players in vintage jerseys pack wads of tobacco behind their lips. They FLING foil balls with hockey sticks at turned-over cups, chugging beer for every score.

In the middle of the room, an intense game of beer pong winds down to its final rounds.

Colin knocks on Cameron's door. Without much of a wait, he turns the doorknob, pushes the door open. Cameron's already standing in the doorway, as if he was about to leave.

**COLIN**

Sorry, bro. You okay? You look paler than usual.

**CAMERON**

You think I look pale usually?

**COLIN**

It's not a defining feature, but yeah.

**GUY STUDENT (O.S.)**

Hey Cam! Need you, bud. "*Pronto!*"

Cameron scans the room to find the caller.

**COLIN**

I'll grab you a beer from the fridge.

Cameron nods, works up a smile. He approaches the beer pong table, shakes his teammate.

The guy student tosses a ball that hits one of the close cups. Cameron steps back, floats a ball high in the air. He sinks it at the far end of the table.

Cameron fist-bumps his excited teammate as the other players bounce the plastic balls back over.

**INT. CAMERON'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NIGHT**

Across the room, Isaac talks to a girl in the kitchen. He's a bit loud, shouting over the music. A bit heavy-handed too, OBLIVIOUSLY wavering in and out of her personal space.

**ISAAC**

Saw a guy at the rink this week. I found his LinkedIn. He works for the Devils. He's here scouting for their farm team in Utica.

**GIRL STUDENT**

Crazy. What's a farm team?

**ISAAC**

A farm team? It's like, uh--

Isaac stops, watches Cameron sink another shot at the table.

Cheers from the beer pong game divert the student's attention away. She turns around to watch. Isaac drinks before continuing.

**ISAAC (cont'd)**

--Like New Jersey's minor league team, the Utica Comets. Pro teams in the NHL pull guys up from minor league teams when they need players. They call it a "farm team" because the major league teams farm players from the minors. So--

**GIRL STUDENT**

Hold on real quick?

She walks over to the table, strikes up a conversation with Cameron instead. Isaac hides an eye roll in his next chug.

**THE GOALIE (O.S.)**

That's rough, man.

The FWOOSH of a blow-torch catches Isaac off-guard mid-sip. He coughs hard, wiping his mouth dry.

Sitting on the nearby couch, the curly-haired Goalie heats a metal nail attached to the glass bong placed on an scratched, wooden end-table next to him.

**ISAAC**

Screw that guy.

**THE GOALIE**

Who, Big Cam?

**ISAAC**

Nobody calls him, "Big Cam."

The nail is red-hot. The Goalie shuts off the torch, puts it safely on the table. He scoops wax out of a small rubber container with what looks like a dentist's pick.

**THE GOALIE**

But, that's what he is, right?

The Goalie touches the wax-tipped tool to the heated nail. He's clumsy, far from surgical. A curl of hair bobs near the nail. He's one wrong move from setting his hair on fire.

**ISAAC**

Yeah, the guy's got all the brains, all the looks, all the money, more than he could ever need, more ice time than I can get. And now he's talking to the only girl who's pretty much the only reason why I'm here.

The Goalie rips a big hit. He nearly hacks up a lung.

**THE GOALIE**

I wouldn't go around telling people that.

**ISAAC**

What, that I came here just for her?

**THE GOALIE**

Yeah it's just--

**ISAAC**

--a little sad?

**THE GOALIE**

--very pathetic.

**THE GOALIE** (cont'd)

He has been having a season though, I'll give you that. All three have.

Isaac sits down next to the Goalie.

**ISAAC**

Yeah, August and Ethan suddenly become top scorers on the team after riding the bench for years. Then, Cam's right up there with them? How?

**THE GOALIE**

Maybe they got some kind of special, secret Gretzky training on the weekends. They could pay for it.

**ISAAC**

I don't know, man. Plus, Cameron aces every test in school. I've never seen him study. His grandfather's the dean. What if he's cheating?

He sighs, sinking into the couch.

**ISAAC (cont'd)**

Dude got the luckiest roll on life, man, and I got this.

**THE GOALIE**

I feel that. Want a dab?

Isaac glances at him, leans in, grabs the torch off the table, careful not to light his hair aflame.

**EXT. GARBAGE AREA OUTSIDE CAMERON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

Cameron hops down concrete steps into an alley. He makes his way to a dumpster next to the street. At arm's length, he HOISTS the bag into the greasy dumpster. Music and lights blare from his apartment a few stories above.

As he twists around to go back inside, someone walks by on the adjacent sidewalk, catching his eye. Cameron jogs over.

Up ahead, Andrew Langley walks away in the opposite direction. Cameron catches up and grabs him by the shoulder.

**CAMERON**

Andrew! Andrew, hey.

Andrew spins around. His blank expression sours. He steps back, pulls headphones off his ears.

**CAMERON (cont'd)**

Dude, you haven't been answering my texts. Is everything okay?



**ANDREW**

Haven't been answering your texts?  
I've been packing my stuff into  
cardboard boxes because your  
grandfather made my dad sign our  
house over to him!

Andrew shoves Cameron.

**ANDREW** (cont'd)

My dad doesn't remember anything,  
Cam. Nothing. What the hell is that?  
He doesn't remember signing anything!

**CAMERON**

I-I don't know, okay. I'm sorry. I  
don't know why he was there with your  
dad. We'll figure it out, I promise.

He ignores Cameron, who tails him down the block.

**CAMERON** (cont'd)

How much did he give you?

**ANDREW**

Your grandfather? Barely enough to  
wipe our asses with. We'll be lucky  
if we find a house we can afford in  
this state let alone in town.

**CAMERON**

Jesus. And it's your family home,  
it's where you grew up. You wouldn't  
give it up for any amount of money.

**ANDREW**

Wow, so understanding of you.  
Fuck off, Cam.

Andrew walks away. Cameron sighs, head hanging back.

PRE-LAP: A CROWD OF FANS CHEER

**INT. COLLEGE HOCKEY RINK - DAY**

The arena is PACKED, a sold-out house. Everyone's wrapped in  
red-and-white Terrapin College jerseys, flags, scarves, you  
name it. Rowdier students show off their painted faces and  
bellies.

Victoria, Henry, and Joanna sit in the bleachers just behind  
them, right in the middle of the crowd.

On the ice, Terrapin players pass pucks between each other. Their opponents - Meremet College, clad in black-and-orange - warm up on the opposite side of the rink.

Terrapin's coaches step onto the ice. Eruzione is light and graceful, while Hegan slips and slides her way to the bench.

**COACH HEGAN**

Alright, everyone in!

The team drifts over. Cameron peeks at Andrew, who doesn't return the look, then gets elbowed in the ribs by August.

**AUGUST**

See that guy standing near Victoria?

Cameron finds his family up in the stands. To Victoria's right, a business-casual **ONLOOKER (31M)** types on his phone.

**AUGUST (cont'd)**

Isaac said he's a scout for Utica.

Cameron squints at the stands, almost gawking at the Onlooker, who somehow hasn't noticed Cameron staring.

**AUGUST (cont'd)**

Take him out to dinner first, bud.

**COACH HEGAN (O.S.)**

Cam, Augie, listen up!

The two brothers turn back to their coaches.

**COACH ERUZIONE**

Why have we lost twice against Meremet this year? Because they skate harder than us. They hustle for the puck. They aren't reinventing the game. They're playing it harder.

**COACH HEGAN**

Which means all you have to do to win is to shape up and give a rat's ass!

A ref's whistle SQUEALS in the distance.

**COACH ERUZIONE**

Let's go! Cam line out first.

The team breaks from the huddle. Cameron glides to center ice to take the face-off, Colin and Andrew at his sides.

Cameron stares down the opposing center. The referee DROPS the puck. Cameron puts his body between the other skater and the puck, gains control, and passes backwards.

A Terrapin defenseman collects the puck, slings it to Andrew as the team advances. He carries it across the Meremet blue line.

The rest of Terrapin follows Andrew into the Meremet zone. Cameron claps his stick on the ice, requesting a pass.

**CAMERON**

Andy!

Andrew doesn't even consider a glance in Cam's direction. Entering heavy coverage, Andrew puts the puck on his backhand to avoid a defender.

As a result, he lets off a weak shot. The Meremet goaltender snaps the puck out of the air with his glove hand. Whistle blown. Cameron circles around the net, shaking his head. Andrew still won't look at him.

**INT. COLLEGE HOCKEY RINK - DAY**

The scoreboard reads **0-0**. There's just a minute left in the 3rd period as Cameron sits on the bench next to Isaac, watching Ethan dish the puck out into the Meremet zone.

**COACH HEGAN**

Cam line, go!

Ethan's line skates back to the bench, except for Ethan himself. Cameron bangs his stick on the boards.

**CAMERON**

C'mon Ethan, shift!

Ethan skates through center ice. As he crosses the Meremet blue line, he takes a shot that **RICOCHETS** around the boards and back out to center ice, **RIGHT TO A FRESH MEREMET PLAYER RIGHT OFF THE BENCH.**

The Meremet player skates the puck up the middle, flanked by more forwards. Cameron watches helplessly.

Sweat beads on his forehead. He blinks hard. When he opens his eyes again -- **time has stopped.** Everything and everyone is frozen in place. **Except Cameron.**

He looks around. Nothing is moving -- not the puck, not the skaters on the ice, not the crowd, nothing.

Terrapin players sit frozen on the bench, or half-standing, or midway through mantling the boards. Their eyes are as still as the rest of their bodies.

Cameron studies the game clock preserved in place above him.

He gets up from the bench, swings his leg over the boards, drops onto the ice, skates over to the puck. The puck does move when he taps it away from the Meremet forward, but when Cameron meets his opponent in the eye, a silent statue stares back at him.

**CAMERON** (cont'd)

Did I do this?

Cameron skates back, hoists himself over the boards and onto to the bench. He turns, scans the silent crowd. Even his family is frozen in place.

He sits, SQUEEZES his eyes shut.

As he opens his eyes again, time SPRINGS back to life.

The sudden restart of sound and movement all at once nearly sends Cameron's heart soaring out of his throat.

On the ice, the puck is now out of the Meremet player's control, having been moved out of position by Cameron.

Ethan, still on the ice, retrieves the puck from its new position, flings it back without looking.

Cameron hops the bench and catches Ethan's haphazard pass.

He rockets towards the opposite zone, suddenly in a **BREAKAWAY** by himself against the Meremet goalie alone.

As soon as he's over the blue line, he takes a loud SLAP-SHOT, a scorching buzzer beater that flies above the goalie's shoulder and INTO THE NET.

The scoreboard updates to **1-0** for Terrapin, with seconds left in the third period. The arena EXPLODES in celebration.

The Terrapin College hockey season survives, for now. The bench empties, not to pile onto Cameron but to at least embrace him with one huge sigh of relief.

But not Isaac.

**INT. COLLEGE HOCKEY RINK - MOMENTS BEFORE**

Time has stopped. Everything, and everyone, is frozen in place. Except Cameron.

Cameron looks around from the bench. Terrapin players are frozen sitting, half-standing, or in the middle of mantling the boards. They're frozen to the eyeballs, except for him.

**And, unbeknownst to him, Isaac.** Isaac's body is stuck on the bench, but his eyes bounce left to right. He's watching the whole thing.

After skating the ice, Cameron is back at the bench. Moments later, time is back to normal. Desperate to catch his breath, Isaac lurches forward as the action resumes, holding himself up on the boards.

He watches as Cameron jumps the boards, officially entering the play, and scores the game-winning goal. Skaters jump the bench, except for Isaac, who watches in disbelief.

**INT. COLLEGE HOCKEY RINK - CONCESSIONS - DAY**

The rubber-matted concessions area is packed with players, family members, and students all mingling after the game. The onlooker from the game, the HOCKEY SCOUT, walks through the crowd, heading for the exit.

**CAMERON** (O.S.)

Sir! Hold on!

The Scout is **JAKE PALERMO (29)**. He's dressed like he scouts for a pro hockey team, but he walks like he owns it.

Palermo doesn't realize he's been shouted at until he's nearly at the door, where Cameron has broke through the crowd behind him, still dressed in full hockey attire.

**JAKE PALERMO**

Can't hear myself think in here!

**CAMERON**

Yeah, the barn gets a little crowded.

Cameron shakes hands with the Hockey Scout.

**JAKE PALERMO**

Jake Palermo. You're Cameron Verglass. You and your brothers have been tearing it up out here lately.

**CAMERON**

Thanks, yeah, not enough though.  
Playoffs still hang by a thread.

**JAKE PALERMO**

Nothing's a sure thing 'til you kiss  
the cup. What're your plans after the  
season?

Cameron swallows hard.

**CAMERON**

I came over here because I heard you  
work for the Utica Comets, for the  
Devils. I want to play pro hockey.  
It'd be an honor to join the club.

**JAKE PALERMO**

Wouldn't be too far from home either.

**CAMERON**

Trust me, I want to get as far away  
from this town, from my family, as I  
can. I'll be in the rink all day, all  
night, I'll sleep there if I get the  
opportunity. I can promise you that.

Cameron purses his lips, shaking his head.

**CAMERON (cont'd)**

Sorry. Been a long semester. Finals  
and playoffs, same time, you know.

Palermo smiles, hands Cameron a business card.

**JAKE PALERMO**

Good luck against Bridgeport, it's an  
important game.

**CAMERON**

Yeah, that's an understatement. We  
need the win to make the playoffs.

**JAKE PALERMO**

Yeah. I guess it's important in that  
way too.

Palermo smiles, nods, walks out the door. Cameron furrows  
his brow, then reads the business card in his hand.

**INT. ISAAC'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

A crummy apartment at that. Not nearly as nice as Cameron's. Isaac steps inside. Fake tile flooring. White paint slapped over electrical outlets and the occasional cockroach corpse.

**INT. ISAAC'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - NIGHT**

Cramped, but real tile flooring in here. Isaac sidles by the hot iron radiator as it CLANGS against the wall.

He opens the mirror cabinet, takes a bottle of ibuprofen, pops two tablets. A big GULP of water follows.

**ISAAC**

...what the fuck...

His BLOODSHOT EYES glare back at him in the mirror.

**INT. ISAAC'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Isaac sits on a worn, leather couch in his dim living room. His hair drips onto the towel hanging around his neck.

REJECTION EMAILS from jobs and post-grad programs fill the inbox on a laptop next to him. He slaps the laptop closed, gets up, grabs a jacket near the front door, and leaves.

**INT. COLLEGE BAR - NIGHT**

The Terrapin College hockey team mingles around the crowded pub. Wall-mounted TVs show football games, a wrestling pay-per-view, some MMA. Who doesn't love watching a guy's face get caved in while sipping an overpriced pale IPA?

Cameron, Ethan, and August stand at the bar, drinking together. Cameron finishes his beer.

**CAMERON**

So why is he so obsessed with me getting my powers? He wasn't acting this weird when you guys turned 21.

**AUGUST**

He hasn't told you what the plan is?

**CAMERON**

He never tells me about anything he's working on. I just learn bits and pieces through osmosis from you guys.

**ETHAN**

It's good, nothing to worry about.

**AUGUST**

Well, nothing for us to worry about.

**ETHAN**

When you get your powers, I'm sure he'll fill you in.

**CAMERON**

Fill me in on what?

August chugs the rest of his beer. Ethan sees this, starts chugging HIS beer, desperate to catch up. They slam their bottles to the bar, finishing off with a duet of burps.

They turn around to order more beer, not having heard Cameron's question, just as Isaac step inside.

Isaac shakes off the cold as Cameron walks over.

**CAMERON** (cont'd)

Where'd you go? We're way ahead.

**ISAAC**

I'll get there. Let me free up some room first.

Isaac shoulders past Cameron towards the bathrooms.

**INT. COLLEGE BAR - NIGHT**

Isaac shakes the sink water from his fingertips as he returns from the bathroom. Up ahead, Cameron and Andrew are talking. It seems like an awkward conversation.

A toilet flushes back in the restroom. Colin soon follows, heading out back to the bar, but not before Isaac stops him.

**ISAAC**

What's up with Cam and Andrew lately?

**COLIN**

No idea. Drew hasn't been at our place in a bit.

Colin shrugs, walks off.

Meanwhile, Andrew suddenly exits the bar, leaving Cameron alone as his twin siblings approach him.



**ETHAN**

What's his problem?

**AUGUST**

I heard they're looking at that place on Higgins Ave. Not a bad spot.

**CAMERON**

What's wrong with you two?

**ETHAN**

His dad's about to buy a nice, new place that isn't an old haunted house on a hill with our graduation money. I'm mad for all three of us.

Cameron walks away, as Isaac heads out to the street.

**EXT. COLLEGE BAR - CONTINUOUS**

Andrew stands underneath the "TERRAPIN STATION" sign affixed to the top of the bar, thumbs at his phone. Isaac walks out, finding Andrew leaning against the bar.

**ISAAC**

Yo. You good with Cam?

Andrew peels away from his phone.

**ANDREW**

Why, what did he say?

**ISAAC**

Nothing, he doesn't tell me anything.

**ANDREW**

Okay? You came up to me, bro.

**ISAAC**

Because clearly there's something up with you two.

Andrew puts his phone away.

**ANDREW**

Well, for one, the Verglass's are scumbags, if you somehow can't tell. They do whatever they want, then donate a building to the town, and it's a-okay. Want to steal someone's house?

(MORE)

**ANDREW (cont'd)**

The town will not only turn a blind eye, but they'll send the movers free-of-charge. Bunch of sieves.

**ISAAC**

Wait, what? Cam took your house?

**ANDREW**

No, dude, his grandfather. Dean Verglass. He convinced my dad or forced him to sell. I don't know.

**ISAAC**

Forced him? Have you told anybody?

**ANDREW**

My dad signed something. How do I say, "my dad sold his house, but he didn't mean to, even though a notary watched him do it?"

**ISAAC**

So maybe your dad made a good deal?

**ANDREW**

Cam, I saw the check on the table. If Dean Verglass was offering that amount--look, my dad would never sell the house, but nobody would take an offer that low. He might as well have donated it to the church. Bro, my great-grandfather built it. I don't think he would've sold it even if the money was right.

**ISAAC**

Well, damn, I'm sorry man. I don't know what to say, that's nuts.

**ANDREW**

Just don't tell anyone, okay? I got into a fight with my Dad so I'm staying at my girlfriend's place. People are gonna find out we moved, but I don't want them to know why.

Isaac nods as Andrew goes back inside. Isaac shakes his head, hesitant to go back inside with him.

**INT. CAMERON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

Cameron returns to his apartment with Colin. The remnants of the previous night's party still litter the living room.

Colin stumbles into his bedroom, crashes to his bed. Cameron does the same into his own bed on the other side of the apartment. He stares at his digital clock on the nightstand, waiting for a minute to pass.

He seems to watch it for ages, MESMERIZED by the steady, red LEDs holding time in place.

Then, the clock finally changes - a minute passes. Cameron blinks hard, rubs his eyes. He groans, plugs a charger into his phone, and rolls over.

**INT. CAMERON'S APARTMENT - DAY**

Sunlight sneaks around black curtains as Cameron tosses around in bed on his phone. He types a text to Joanna.

**CAMERON** (TEXT)

Hey Mom, can we talk? About that night at the house. I think I got my powers since then. Also, there's other stuff about Grandpa that I don't think you know about.

Cameron stops. He taps back on his phone.

**CAMERON** (TEXT) (cont'd)

Hey, can we talk? There's stuff about Grandpa we need to talk about.

Taps more, deletes the message. When he tries to call her instead, there's no answer. He swings his legs off the bed, starts putting clothes on.

**EXT. TERRAPIN TOWN CENTER - DAY**

A thin ramp and staircase lead up to a small town hall building. Next to it, a placard reads, "Garrett Verglass and the Verglass Family."

Behind the town hall, there's a large department superstore, a Walmart-like building that dwarfs the town hall.

"**Garrett's**" stretches across the store in bold letters.

**INT. GARRETT'S DEPARTMENT STORE - DAY**

Shoppers are packed in like sardines, shuffling slowly but confidently around the store.

Frazzled manager **EMILY (19M)** runs around in a corporate polo a size too large. Her head bobs up among the sea of people as she looks around for somebody, ANYBODY, to save her. Customers pull at Emily as she goes by.

**INT. GARRETT'S DEPARTMENT STORE - BACK OF STORE - DAY**

Emily bursts through the double-doors, leans up against them like a pack of wild hogs are trying to break in.

**EMILY**

Mr. Verglass!

Emily runs through the back of the store. Aisles of inventory run THIN. Workers pull items from the shelves nonstop, hustling them out to the storefront.

Henry approaches from down one of the aisles.

**HENRY**

Hey Emily, what's wrong?

**EMILY**

I'm sorry, it's just crazy out there, Mr. Verglass. We're out of stock on half the store catalog. When's the next shipment coming in?

**HENRY**

Joanna's working on it. Please, we need you to handle them out there. You don't know how much we're counting on you!

Emily takes a moment. With a nod, she jogs back out to the storefront. Henry watches her run off.

When he moves away, his face becomes cold and expressionless. He walks deeper and deeper into a far corner of the store.

The storage area is DARKER here, where offices sit unused and cobwebbed. Fluorescent lights beg for maintenance, flickering in and out.

Henry opens a door. A green glow WASHES over him. The conference table and several chairs have been pushed to the side. Joanna has an ALCHEMICAL CIRCLE painted in white on the floor of an old conference hall.

Joanna stands over the circle, an open book in one hand. Her upper arm is BLOODY. She wraps the open book around the cut on her arm, pressing its pages against the wound.

The circle SHIMMERS. Energy from the ritual circle vortexes around them. The energy subsides as Joanna pulls the book off her arm.

Resting on the floor, within the ritual circle -- a batch of BIG BOX PRODUCTS. Flat screen TVs. Coffee makers. Unopened game consoles. New sports equipment. All boxed, slapped with a "Garrett's" store-brand logo on the side.

Joanna falls back into a chair, exhausted from the ritual. She rolls her sleeve down, glances up at Henry.

**HENRY** (cont'd)

We're gonna need more than that.

**JOANNA**

Help me get it out there before we start taking inventory, then.

Joanna stands up, woozy. She goes to pick up a box, only to fall into Henry's arms.

**HENRY**

It'll be just little longer. Once my friend is ready, he can get us out.

Joanna pulls herself away from Henry.

**JOANNA**

Your friend better hurry up. And what about Cameron?

**HENRY**

Cam will be ready when we need to leave, I'll make sure of it.

Henry watches her grab another box. He hesitates, before finally bending down to grab a box himself, while his eyes stay locked on Joanna.

#### **INT. COLLEGE CAMPUS - GYM - DAY**

The long room overlooks a practice field outside through wall-to-ceiling windows.

It's not your typical gym. There's rowing machines, a small green for putting and soccer. And all the way in the back, there's a narrow sheet of ice cooled behind transparent, rubber strip curtains.

Cameron skates with just gloves and a stick, otherwise in a t-shirt and shorts. He handles a puck between cones, skating back and forth between them.

He's also clad in a harness attached to the ceiling by a short bungee cord, which keeps Cameron mostly in place even as he skates HARDER, whipping the puck between obstacles.

Cameron peers up at the rest of the gym, catching Garrett walking through in his direction. Cameron keeps skating, knowing he's caught in the corner. Not much time to unhook himself, take off his skates, and run away in plain sight.

Garrett passes through the flaps, steps onto the ice.

**GARRETT**

When I said you would be meeting me in my office to help me, that was not a suggestion.

Cameron glares at him.

**GARRETT** (cont'd)

How are you feeling?

**CAMERON**

Fine.

**GARRETT**

I am sorry that you had to see that. With your friend. Andrew.

**CAMERON**

Not sorry that you did it?

**GARRETT**

Do you know what it means to look out for the best interests of our family?

**CAMERON**

How is taking their house looking out for our best interests?

Garrett smiles.

**GARRETT**

Let us take a walk. You are not busy, are you?

Cameron rolls his head, unstraps himself from the harness.

**INT. DEAN'S OFFICE - DAY**

Garrett unlocks the door, enters the office. He pulls a book from his bag, inserts it into an empty spot on the bookcase.

The shelf SLIDES sideways. There's an OLD DOOR behind it.

The door gradually swings open. THUNK. A rusty ELEVATOR SHAFT with a LIFT waits behind the wall.

**INT. CAVE BELOW DEAN'S OFFICE - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS**

They're both lowered into a cave, one with a bottom and no nauseating glow. Here the walls are carved with intricately decorated bookshelves, a LIBRARY filled with literature.

A huge waterfall pours into a pool in the middle of the cave. The bookshelves and cave walls surround the waterfall and the pool. Past the pool, the library extends into a labyrinth of aisles and shelves cut deeper into the rock.

They step off the lift.

**GARRETT**

Why do you think I brought you here?

Cameron stammers.

**GARRETT** (cont'd)

...this library is a well for magical power, like the space beneath our home. It is why I built the school here in the first place. It has high magical value.

Cameron is wide-eyed, taking in the vast sanctum.

**GARRETT** (cont'd)

Each book in this library contains a unique spell, each beyond what we can do naturally. I believe there's a book within this chamber that possesses the right spell, one that can unlock your magic permanently.

**CAMERON**

You believe that book's here?

**GARRETT**

I have explored the library since before you were even a thought in your parent's minds. Yet, I have not explored all of it. I am sure a book like that can be found soon enough with two people working at it, after the progress I have made already.

**CAMERON**

What's "soon enough?" I have a game in the morning, we won't get it done by then. I can help you this weekend.

**GARRETT**

No, Cameron. You are going to stay, and we are going to go through this library together. Even if it takes all night, every night.

**INT. CAVE BELOW DEAN'S OFFICE - NIGHT**

Hallways of books have been tossed to the ground into scattered heaps.

Cameron lays up against a mostly-bookshelf, digging through a pile as he dozes in and out of consciousness.

To avoid falling asleep, he jumps to his feet, then goes deeper into the library.

**INT. CAVE BELOW DEAN'S OFFICE - DAY**

Cameron pages through another book, loitering in a hall deep within the labyrinth. He's about to pass out standing up.

BRRRZZZTT -- his phone rumbles in his pocket. He pulls it out to take a look. Cursing under his breath, he runs out of the labyrinth, knocking books to the floor.

**INT. CAVE BELOW DEAN'S OFFICE - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS**

As Cameron approaches the waterfall pool, he sees Garrett already waiting in the cave's lobby.

**GARRETT (O.S.)**

Where are you off to?

**CAMERON**

I told you, my game's today. I'm already late as it is.

He shoulders past Garrett as he heads toward the lift.

**GARRETT**

Cameron, there is a line you are crossing lately that you do not want to be on the other side of.

Cameron stops, turns around back to Garrett.



**CAMERON**

Alright, make me stay then.  
Otherwise, I have a game to win.

As Cameron strides towards the lift, he STAGGERS forward, a dark dullness cast across his eyes.

He slowly walks back to Garrett, whose fingers DANCE in his direction. When Cameron gets to Garrett, passing him--

--he SNAPS out of the trance.

Garrett shudders, losing his breath, crumples forward.

Cameron comes to, sees Garrett on his hands and knees. He doesn't wait to ask questions, running right up to the lift.

On the ground, Garrett finally catches his breath. He looks daggers through his once perfectly slicked-back hair, now out of sorts, hanging crooked before his steaming-red face.

**INT. COLLEGE HOCKEY RINK - DAY**

The stands are filled to the max, spilling out to the floor around the rink where more fans watch through the plexiglass. Terrapin skaters circle by the boards in front of coaches Eruzione and Hegan.

Henry and Joanna somehow found a spot in the stands with Victoria. Henry and Joanna scan the arena to no avail.

**INT. COLLEGE HOCKEY RINK - LOCKER ROOM - DAY**

Inside the dark, home team locker room, Cameron scrambles to get ready. The BRRRRRRR of the arena horn kicks him into overdrive. His fingers burn red as he laces his skates.

The wooden locker room door creaks open. The HOCKEY SCOUT Jake Palermo sticks his head in, scans the room. He flips the light switch on.

**CAMERON**

Mr. Palermo?

The scout jumps, as if he wasn't expecting anyone to be here. Jake Palermo quickly clears his throat and smiles.

**JAKE PALERMO**

Always tie your laces in the dark?

Cameron finishes tying his skates, stands up, grabs his gloves, helmet, and stick.

**CAMERON**

Only when I'm late for the most important game of my life.

Jake Palermo steps aside as Cameron heads for the door. Cameron nods, leaves him alone in the locker room. Palermo turns, shuts the door, scans the locker room again.

**INT. COLLEGE HOCKEY RINK - DAY**

A ref blows the first whistle. Cameron clambers onto the ice, hoists himself over the boards onto the bench.

Eruzione comes over, slaps him on the helmet.

**COACH ERUZIONE**

Are you trying to screw me tonight, Verglass? Tonight of all nights?

**CAMERON**

I'm sorry, Coach.

**COACH ERUZIONE**

That "sorry" shit won't cut it, Cam. It's do or die for everyone tonight, you included.

Cameron catches a glimpse of his excited family in the crowd, followed by Jake Palermo as he shuffles to his seat.

**COACH HEGAN**

This is it, folks. One more game and we're playoff-bound, pronto!

Cameron stands up from the bench, ready to skate.

**COACH ERUZIONE**

Cam line out first, except you, Cam. Andrew, you can take the face-off.

So Cameron plunks back down. The rest of his line hit the ice without him. The team huddles up.

**TEAM**

(together)  
1-2-3-Terrapin!

The ref's whistle blows. Terrapin and Bridgeport meet on the ice as the crowd roars. On the first play, Cameron can only watch his team fight Bridgeport from the bench.

The puck drops. It's flung into the Terrapin zone. Soon enough, Blue-green Bridgeport skaters circle the Terrapin skaters in the home team territory.

A Bridgeport player strips the puck from Andrew, rips a shot from the blue line. Big save from The Goalie for Terrapin.

Isaac pokes the rebound away from the net, just in time. Colin takes the puck on his stick and shoots it out of the Terrapin zone to give them some breathing room.

#### **INT. COLLEGE HOCKEY RINK - DAY**

Bridgeport wins another face-off, following up with a flurry of shots on net. The Goalie tosses his body around to make each save.

Ethan CONCENTRATES on the puck. It SKIPS over the blade of the next Bridgeport player's stick, allowing Ethan to steal it and regain control for Terrapin.

But he's nearly CRUSHED by a second incoming Bridgeport player. He loses puck control trying to avoid the hit.

#### **AUGUST**

I got it!

August grabs up the puck, sends it against the boards.

CLOSE ON boards of the rink. A small gap between two panels opens ever so slightly, one panel now STICKS OUT at the ice more than the other.

The puck hits this gap in the boards, flying off in a wild direction towards the net. It finds a Terrapin player in front of the net, who taps the puck in for the team's first goal.

August and Ethan barrel into each other for a big hug as Cameron sneers at them from the bench.

#### **INT. COLLEGE HOCKEY RINK - DAY**

The buzzer goes off, signaling the end of the first period. Both teams circle around their respective bench. The scoreboard above reads **1-0** for Terrapin.

#### **COACH ERUZIONE**

Okay, that's good, but good's not good enough. Let's not sit on this lead. Let's give ourselves some room.

**COACH HEGAN**

They might be down on you but they are keeping up. And if they wear you down this next period, you'll be up shit's creek without a paddle.

**COACH ERUZIONE**

Buckets on! Quick shifts, 45 seconds. Cam line, you're up!

Cam doesn't get up at first.

**COACH ERUZIONE** (cont'd)

You too, Verglass, let's go.

The whole team gets their hands in for the huddle.

**TEAM**

(together)

Terrapin!

The ref blows the whistle and Cameron is back at center ice, eyes locked with the opposing forward. But Cameron's eyelids are like two-ton weights. He fights to keep them open.

Finally, his eyes shut, just for a moment, just as the puck drops. He opens them again, finding that **time has stopped**. The puck hangs above the ice.

He blinks. **Time is moving forward again**. The puck hits the ice, allowing the Bridgeport center to gain control. Skaters slash at the puck like they're taking sickles to hedges.

Coach Eruzione paces behind the bench.

**COACH ERUZIONE**

Come on, keep the pressure up!

The puck flies into the Bridgeport zone. Seconds later, Terrapin gets a barrage of shots off against the Bridgeport goalie. The blue-green-clad goalie is practically standing on his head to keep his net empty.

Bridgeport's skaters carry the puck back to center ice towards the Terrapin zone. Meanwhile, Cameron skates to the bench, letting Andrew take his spot.

Andrew rejoins the fray, skating hard at the puck carrier. He slashes at the Bridgeport player, looking for the puck but catching the ankle. The ref's whistle is immediate.

The PENALTY BOX door FLIES open. Andrew throws his stick inside the box, slams the door behind him.

**INT. COLLEGE HOCKEY RINK - DAY**

Bridgeport has restarted their rotation back inside the Terrapin zone, now with Terrapin down a player. It only takes a few passes for Bridgeport to find the right opening.

They redirect the puck to the blue line. A stocky Bridgeport defenseman knocks a stiff clapper past the Goalie's glove.

The arena falls quiet while the air horn blares through a hushed Terrapin College hockey arena.

**INT. COLLEGE HOCKEY RINK - DAY**

Cameron loses the next face-off. Terrapin skaters chase the puck, but Bridgeport beats them to it. They dish the puck back out to center ice and into the Terrapin zone.

Bridgeport takes a shot, collects the rebound, then another. A third shot hits the Goalie. Rebound! Bridgeport sends it back to the blue line. Another shot, save, and rebound!

The big Bridgeport defenseman snags the puck right in front of the net. He snaps his wrist to fire the puck between the Goalie's legs, scoring Bridgeport's second goal.

In an instant, the Terrapin bench is deflated, as the scoreboard updates **1-2** with Bridgeport now in the lead.

**INT. COLLEGE HOCKEY RINK - DAY**

A big face-off win for Cameron when Terrapin needs it most. He slings the puck to Andrew, who hustles into the Bridgeport zone. Cameron skates parallel into the zone.

As they reach the net, Cameron's wide open, but Andrew doesn't pass. Instead, he's takes a weak shot off his backhand that's easily stopped by the Bridgeport goalie.

Cameron skates up to Andrew after the ref blows the whistle to end the play. He grabs Andrew by the shoulder.

**CAMERON**

Come on man, give me something!

Andrew pushes Cameron, who pushes Andrew back. They start shoving back and forth. Terrapin teammates break it up, while everyone in the arena watches.

Coach Eruzione hops onto the ice, grabs them both by the collar.

**COACH ERUZIONE**

Are you two kidding me right now?

**CAMERON**

He's taking garbage shots!

**ANDREW**

Give me a reason to pass then!

**COACH ERUZIONE**

How old are you? Andrew, on the bench, now!

Coach Eruzione tugs Cam by the jersey.

**COACH ERUZIONE (cont'd)**

I asked you to get a grip. What was so damn hard about that!?

**CAMERON**

Nothing, Coach. I got it.

Coach Eruzione faces the whole team.

**COACH ERUZIONE**

Get it together or you're all done!  
I'll send you home before the game's even over, try me!

He cuts through back to the bench. The scoreboard shows the end of the second period, Terrapin still down **1-2**.

**INT. COLLEGE HOCKEY RINK - DAY**

Cameron sits on the bench, watching both teams fight for the puck. He can barely hear his teammates call to each other over the deafening crowd.

The Goalie makes a big save, holds the puck. He checks the scoreboard up above - there's **THREE MINUTES LEFT IN THE GAME** in the game.

**COACH ERUZIONE**

Cam, go! Go!

The Goalie passes the puck up to Andrew, who crosses center ice, dumps it into Bridgeport's zone, then hits the bench.

The puck is stopped by the Bridgeport goalie behind his net. He kicks it along to a teammate, who's checked into the boards by Colin.

Cameron jumps the boards, hustles up the middle of the ice into the Bridgeport zone, just as August snags the puck.

**CAMERON**

Augie!

August dishes the puck to Cameron. Cameron crosses the blue line, entering the zone just as he receives the pass, and as a Bridgeport defender steps up to him.

Cameron sees the Bridgeport goalie struggling to see around his defender. He takes his shot.

The puck flies just underneath the defender's arm. The Bridgeport goalie tries to react in time --

-- but the puck hits the back of the net, and drops  
BEHIND THE GOAL LINE.

BRRRRRRRR -- the game is tied up **2-2!**

The crowd nearly sends the roof flying off the arena. Terrapin players bear hug Cameron, while the rest of the team taps their sticks against the boards.

**INT. COLLEGE HOCKEY RINK - DAY**

Cameron wins the face-off, but he doesn't get full control of the puck. Both teams fight for possession at center ice, until Cameron regains control and passes back to Colin, who skates into the Terrapin zone.

He holds the puck behind the net, letting his teammates get ready. A few moments pass, then he saucers the puck back up to center ice toward Cameron--

--but it's intercepted by a Bridgeport skater.

The rest of Bridgeport's team FLOODS into the Terrapin zone. Suddenly, Bridgeport has a full hold of the puck in the Terrapin zone with ONE MINUTE REMAINING IN THE GAME.

Bridgeport shuffles the puck around Cameron and the rest of his team. He puts himself between the puck handler on Bridgeport and his goalie, eyes peeled.

The Bridgeport player winds up. His stick connects with the puck for a huge slap-shot.

Cameron drops, his chest square with the shot. He tenses up, closing his eyes to brace for impact.

When he opens them again, the puck is inches from his chest, FROZEN IN PLACE. Cameron breathes hard, eyes wide open.

**ISAAC** (O.S.)

I thought I was going crazy.

Cameron jumps to his feet, sees Isaac skating over while the rest of the arena is frozen in place, just like before.

**CAMERON**

You're not crazy. This is really happening. I think.

**ISAAC**

What is really happening?

Cameron takes a deep breath. The words don't come quickly.

**CAMERON**

...I don't know how else to say this, but my family can perform magic. Real magic. I was supposed to get my powers when I turned 21, but I didn't get my powers, until now, because it seems like I just did.

**ISAAC**

You're fucking with me.

**CAMERON**

How could I make this up?

**ISAAC**

I don't know!

**CAMERON**

Let's just be ready for whenever time starts moving forward again.

**ISAAC**

I knew it. You have the money, the looks, the name. But I knew there was something else, man.

**CAMERON**

Dude, I can't control these powers even if I wanted to.

**ISAAC**

Yet, here we are, time itself standing still, as you save the game.



**CAMERON**

I haven't touched the puck.

**ISAAC**

Not yet. But you're about to.

Cameron can't ignore the hockey scout in the stands.

**CAMERON**

You want our season to end here? Our entire hockey careers? Who's gonna recruit players from a team that doesn't make the playoffs?

**ISAAC**

That is not a good reason. You have all this time to react to the shot and make a play off the block.

**CAMERON**

We can figure it out, nobody else has to know. Nobody does know, okay? Not even my family. They can't know.

**ISAAC**

Let him take the shot then.

They stare each other down. Neither makes a move.

**CAMERON**

People are going to see you on the ice, they'll freak out. It'll be on camera.

Isaac doesn't budge. So Cameron skates up, gives him a shove. Isaac shoves Cameron back, so he shoves HIM back.

Cameron CHARGES into a full skate, grabs Isaac by his gear, throwing him across the ice. Isaac loses his balance. He CRASHES into the boards.

**CAMERON** (cont'd)

Shit.

Cameron skates up to him. He heaves Isaac over the boards, where he collapses into a heap between his frozen teammates.

Once Isaac is over, Cameron scans the rink to find where he was on the ice before time froze.

He slides in front of the the Bridgeport player taking the shot, squeezes his eyelids together. Then opens them again.

Cameron takes the shot RIGHT IN THE CHEST.

Already at the blue line, Colin is ready to burst into center ice towards the Bridgeport zone.

Cameron immediately collects the puck and pushes it up to Colin. The crowd cheers as Terrapin regains control off the blocked shot.

Colin makes it to the Bridgeport blue line, curls hard left to avoid a Bridgeport defender. The defenseman dives in vain to block the shot.

But Colin rips a fast one that flies over the downed defender and the Bridgeport goalie.

The air horn reverberates around the arena. Terrapin scores before the end of regulation, taking the lead **3-2!**

Helmets, sticks, and gloves fly into the air as Cameron's teammates rush him on the ice. The crowd cheers while the team collapses onto him into a dog-pile.

Meanwhile, Coach Eruzione helps Isaac off the bench floor.

**COACH ERUZIONE**

The hell are you doin', Izzy?

**ISAAC**

My arm, Coach.

Cameron inspects the crowd. He sees his parents cheering. Next to them, Jake Palermo TAKES NOTES on his phone.

He notices someone else staring at him, too - Victoria. She breaks eye contact, starts to move toward the exit.

Clocking this, Cameron skates away from the team, heading off the ice to the locker room, as Isaac watches from afar.

**EXT. COLLEGE CAMPUS, PATHWAY BETWEEN BUILDINGS - DAY**

KER-CHUNK - the steel door bursts open. It's a small exit far from the arena's main entry.

Cameron runs outside, still in his hockey pants, shin guards, socks, essentially waddling across the brick path in almost everything but his gloves, helmet, and skates.

Up ahead, Victoria walks swiftly to the parking lot.

**CAMERON**

Victoria! Hold on!

Victoria stops, turns back to him. They cast long shadows against the hockey arena, surrounded by the red-orange trees leering above and the evergreen bushes at their feet.

**VICTORIA**

There's a scout here from Utica. Told him how well you've been playing. You've hid your powers well, too. Why haven't you said anything?

**CAMERON**

Would you say anything?

**VICTORIA**

I would, and I did.

**CAMERON**

Vicky, you can't tell him. You do that and I'll lose any chance of living a normal life.

Victoria's face is sullen.

**VICTORIA**

I know.

Cameron blinks hard, opens his eyes. Nothing. Blinks hard, opens again. Nothing. A third time, still nothing.

Victoria sighs, starts to walk away. Cameron gives it one more try. Blinks hard. **TIME STOPS**. So does Victoria.

Cameron collects himself now that he has the chance. But suddenly, Victoria can move. She **BREAKS FREE** from the stoppage of time. Her eyes **GLOW** as she turns back around.

She grabs her right wrist, leveling her open hand at Cameron. A sphere of energy **BUILDS IN HER PALM**.

The orb **EXPLODES**, sending a shaft of energy soaring towards Cameron across the walkway. It resembles a semi-translucent **ICE PICK** the size of a 2x4.

The ice pick **SKEWERS** Cameron, pinning him to the door. His neck snaps back as he's nailed to the building.

The door isn't actually punctured, though, and Cameron doesn't seem actually pierced by the ice pick. But it's clearly passing through him and into the door. He squirms, coughs, winces in pain as Victoria approaches him.

**CAMERON**

I told you--I can't control it.

**VICTORIA**

We still need to tell them. You have magic inside you. He has to know.

Victoria walks off to her car, leaving Cameron to struggle.

**EXT. COLLEGE CAMPUS, PATHWAY BETWEEN BUILDINGS - NIGHT**

Cameron is still magically SKEWERED to the door. He tries to pull himself away, but it's too agonizing to try for long.

KER-CHUNK - the door opens from the inside again. This makes the ice pick DISSIPATE, which drops Cameron to the ground next to the walkway.

Colin steps out, carrying his gear and a beer. He notices Cameron crumpled and dazed in the bushes.

**COLIN**

Dude, where'd you go? I've been looking for you everywhere. Everyone ran onto the ice, it was awesome. And, like, totally dangerous.

Cameron gets up, stands on his own before Colin can help.

**COLIN (cont'd)**

Are you alright? We still gotta celebrate! Can't pass out yet.

Cameron glances at the parking lot. Victoria's car is gone.

**COLIN (cont'd)**

What's wrong?

**CAMERON**

Nothing. Where's Isaac?

**INT. COLLEGE HOSPITAL - NIGHT**

A nurse exits the recovery room. Sunlight scorches through the window, onto Isaac and his hospital bed. His right arm is held up in a ceiling-anchored sling, stuck in a cast with a few names scribbled on it. A doctor enters.

**ISAAC**

Can I get this down, please?

The doctor gingerly raises Isaac's arm from the sling, rests it awkwardly across his chest. The blinds are next, shut closed to keep the sun off his cast.

**ISAAC** (cont'd)

How long until I can play again?

**DOCTOR**

I'd worry about resting up first.

**ISAAC**

Bu this is my last season, we made the playoffs! I gotta skate.

**DOCTOR**

Isaac, your arm is fractured in two places. Without surgery, you'll be in that sling for at least two-to-six weeks, and then it could be another three-to-six months of physical therapy before you're able--

**ISAAC**

Three-to-six months? How!? All I did was hit the boards weird. That's more than the entire playoffs. I'll be graduated by then!

**DOCTOR**

I'm sorry to be the bearer of bad news. The nurse will check on you.

Isaac watches the doctor leave, drops his head back on his pillow. He punches the bed with his good arm.

When he's done, he sees Cameron standing in the room. Isaac sits up, trying to hide his hospital bed fit.

**CAMERON**

How're you feeling?

**ISAAC**

My arm's broken, what do you think?

**CAMERON**

Listen, Victoria's about to tell the rest of my family about my powers. But they're the only other people that will know. We can still keep this between us.

**ISAAC**

Keep this between us? Bro, you're talking to me about magical powers. Real magic. You stopped time. I don't even know how I would tell anybody.

Isaac lies back. Looks at Cameron. Leans back up again.

**ISAAC** (cont'd)

Does this have anything to do with what happened with Andrew? With his dad and their house?

**CAMERON**

Not that I know of.

**ISAAC**

What about the Dean?

**CAMERON**

He's not going to do anything else, okay? I'll talk to him.

**ISAAC**

So you do know what he's doing then?

**CAMERON**

Barely. But I told you, I'm not involved. I'm just trying to play hockey. That guy at the rink? He is a scout, he's from Utica. I talked to him after the Meremet game. I could play for the Comets.

**ISAAC**

Yeah. Though, why would you leave? You get anything and everything you want living right here. Why ride the bench in the minors when you've got it all here in Terrapin?

Cameron approaches the bed.

**CAMERON**

You know what? Yeah, my grandfather made it easy to get into his school. Besides that? I worked for everything I have. I get my own grades. I pay for my own place. I take care of my own life. Not with any magic. Not with anybody else's help. What you saw? That was the first time.

**ISAAC**

Second. I saw you the previous game.

**CAMERON**

Then what do you want me to say?

**ISAAC**

I don't know. Tell me what's going on, or what happened at Andrew's place. Start with that.

**CAMERON**

I don't know, okay? I don't.

**ISAAC**

Okay. Maybe I'll find out for myself.

Cameron turns to leave. Turns back to Issac. Goes to speak, but doesn't. So he exits, leaving Isaac alone once more.

**INT. COLLEGE CLASSROOM - DAY**

A full class of students. Pinned to a nearby corkboard, a laminated flier advertises the upcoming first round playoff game for the Terrapin College men's hockey team.

At the front of the room, Coach Hegan hides a portable game console behind the screen of her laptop. She's pretending to grade papers, of course.

Students filter out as the bell rings. As the last stragglers exit, Cameron enters from the hallway, approaches Hegan's desk. He's got a bit of stubble for a beard.

**COACH HEGAN**

Big Cam! To what do I owe the pleasure?

**CAMERON**

Have you seen Isaac the past few days? He checked out of the hospital, but I haven't seen him.

**COACH HEGAN**

Well, last time I checked, I'm not friends with him, you are.

**CAMERON**

I'm just asking if you saw him, not if you smuggled him out of his hospital bed.

Hegan puts the game down.

**COACH HEGAN**

Now that would be something wouldn't it? But no, I haven't seen him gallivanting around lately.

(MORE)

**COACH HEGAN (cont'd)**

He did just break his arm in a freak accident nobody in a packed arena saw though, so he can't be too far.

**CAMERON**

So you didn't see him, thanks Coach.

Cameron groans, leaving Coach Hegan to her game. She stops, puts the game down again.

**COACH HEGAN**

That wasn't my best work.

**INT. COLLEGE BUILDING HALLWAY - DAY**

Cameron walks out into the hallway, pulls out his phone, scrolls through a bunch of messages to Isaac. No response.

**EXT. LANGLEY HOME - NIGHT**

Isaac's car pulls up to the base of the hill, where the road meets the driveway. He flips on his high-beams into the inky-black night while the car slowly trudges up the hill.

The house is COMPLETELY DARK. Isaac steps out, easing his broken arm out of the car. It's held in place by a sling.

Once on the porch, Isaac notices a piece of paper adhered to the front door. Isaac pulls his phone out with his free arm, shines its flashlight on the leaflet.

**RISK REDUCTION NOTICE - THIS STRUCTURE HAS BEEN CONDEMNED BY THE TOWNSHIP OF TERRAPIN. IT IS UNLAWFUL FOR ANY PERSON TO ENTER THIS STRUCTURE OR REMOVE OR DEFACE THIS PLACARD.**

**WARNING. TOXIC SUBSTANCES ON PREMISES.**

Isaac steps back. Surveys the house. It seems perfectly fine to him. He tries the doorknob, then the porch windows.

**INT. LANGLEY HOME - NIGHT**

A hand LIFTS one of the windows up - in steps Isaac. He clambers onto the couch with one arm and rolls to the floor.

The house is still. As if the move was in progress, then everybody left without a trace. But it's certainly not in a state of needing to be condemned.



Isaac steps quietly around cardboard boxes and plastic bins. He finds a doorway where GREEN LIGHT shines beneath the door. He OPENS IT.

**INT. LANGLEY HOME - BASEMENT - NIGHT**

Isaac looks down from the top of the wooden stairs. It's a normal, unfinished basement. That is, normal besides the green glow emanating from a hidden doorway revealed by a fake wall that's been moved aside.

Isaac heads down the stairs, walks around the fake wall. He sees DENNIS LANGLEY up ahead, standing before an open doorway at the end of the hall.

Through the opening is a SWIRLING MASS OF LIGHT. Like he's peering into another galaxy.

Dennis is DEHYDRATED, gaunt. His cheek bones press against thin skin. In his hands, an AX. He SLAMS the door shut. He takes the ax, SWINGS at the door, cutting deep into the wood. He swings again. Wood chips FLY into the air.

He swings again, again, again, until the door is in pieces, until the whole house begins to SHAKE.

Dennis stumbles to the ground, dropping the ax. Isaac runs down the hall, goes to Dennis.

**ISAAC**

Mr. Langley! Hold on, I've got you.

He tries to help Dennis up, but he only surprises him. Dennis reaches for the ax, nearly catches Isaac in the side with the blade, but Isaac steps away in time.

**DENNIS**

Let me finish the job...it's not done yet...

**ISAAC**

Well it won't get done with you dead!

Isaac helps Dennis up as the house crumbles, debris hurtling down from the ceiling. He carries Dennis back out of the hallway, through falling debris, into the basement proper and to the stairs.

He has Dennis with his good arm. So as the house shakes, Isaac tries to balance himself with his other arm, but can't. They both topple backwards to the concrete floor.

Isaac lands hard on his back, knocking the wind out of him. But adrenaline quickly gets him back to his feet.

He tries again, clambering up the staircase, pulling Dennis along. The stairs might just break beneath them.

**EXT. LANGLEY HOME - NIGHT**

Isaac drags Dennis outside, just as the Langley home PLUNGES into the hill, leaving a huge SINKHOLE behind.

**EXT. LANGLEY HOME - NIGHT**

Red and blue lights blink against the tall trees. Cops have sectioned off the sinkhole.

Dennis is stretchered onto an ambulance. Isaac watches, then steps behind the trees, disappearing from sight.

**INT. AMBULANCE - NIGHT**

A medical worker looks over Dennis, pulls out a RADIO TRANSCEIVER from his pocket. He speaks into it.

**MEDICAL WORKER**

Recon to Sicily. He's still alive. No sign of rampancy. Bringing him in.

**EXT. MOTEL - NIGHT**

Jake Palermo checks out of his room, talking with the lady at the front desk. Once finished, he exits the office, only to run into Cameron on the sidewalk.

**CAMERON**

Mr. Palermo, good evening!

**JAKE PALERMO**

Mr. Verglass, what luck. Who tipped you off that I was staying here?

Cameron's eyes bounce up, and Jake follows his gaze -- to a big sign that says, of course, "Verglass Inn."

An awkward pause. Then Jake laughs, grins, extends a hand. Cameron shakes it.

**JAKE PALERMO** (cont'd)

Should've spotted that when I arrived. Happy to see you, Cameron. You caught me on my way home.

**CAMERON**

I'm sorry to bother you. Do you have time to talk?

**JAKE PALERMO**

Don't have much of a choice now do I?

**CAMERON**

Well, what do you think? Do I have a shot? I'm ready to travel, I'm ready to get out there. You say the word, I'm on the bus.

**JAKE PALERMO**

You played great. Your whole team did.

**CAMERON**

Thank you.

**JAKE PALERMO**

But, so did Bridgeport. I'll be honest, we've got a solid squad with tenure. We might pick up one, maybe two players from this conference this year. You have a shot, but that conversation starts when you make the finals.

**CAMERON**

What about the other teams? They have to be scouting.

**JAKE PALERMO**

You'd have to talk to the scouts recruiting for those teams then.

Cameron stops. Takes a moment to speak again.

**CAMERON**

Thank you, Mr. Palermo. Looks like I'll see you at the finals.

**JAKE PALERMO**

Can't wait.

Cameron walks off. The scout watches him walk off into the night with a scrutinizing look.

**INT. CAMERON'S CAR - NIGHT**

Cameron taps his phone - a missed text from August.

**AUGUST** (TEXT)

yo, where are you? u better get back here before grandpa finds you.

He puts his phone down, leans his head back against the driver's seat headrest.

**INT. VERGLASS MANSION - VICTORIA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

The sounds of BROADCAST COMMENTARY chirp from her room.

Victoria sits in the dark, in her computer chair at her desk, eyes glued to the monitor. She's watching a CLASSIC HOCKEY GAME from the late 90's.

She hears someone approach the room, quickly turns it off. Garrett's in the doorway. He taps lightly on the door. His hair's still a bit out of shape, his pocket square is off kilter, his necktie is out of sorts. There's BLOOD dried beneath his nose.

**GARRETT**

Got a minute?

Garrett walks over, sits on Victoria's bed opposite of her.

**GARRETT** (cont'd)

You did the right thing telling me.

**VICTORIA**

I know.

**GARRETT**

But is that why you did it? Because it was the right thing to do?

**VICTORIA**

I told you because I knew you would find out anyway.

**GARRETT**

Not because you thought he would keep it from me? Because I was thinking that maybe we cannot count on Cameron as much as I want to. I thought you might be feeling the same way.

**VICTORIA**

We can count on him. He just needs a little time.

**GARRETT**

But if that is the case, I need you to pick up the slack. Can you?

Victoria stares at him, stiff as a board.

**VICTORIA**

Yes, Grandpa.

**GARRETT**

Then, I need to count on you for something, right now.

**INT. FOYER OF VERGLASS MANSION - NIGHT**

The door whips open. As Cameron steps inside, he's greeted by almost the ENTIRE VERGLASS FAMILY around the fireplace. Only Victoria is missing.

Everyone is seated except for Garrett. They watch him for what seems like ages. Cameron meets Garrett's eyes.

**GARRETT**

Victoria told me of your revelation at the game. We have much to discuss. And much to prepare.

**EXT. COLLEGE CAMPUS - NIGHT**

Isaac sneaks around campus. Up ahead, he sees Victoria park in front of the admin office, get out of her car, walk up into the building. He stops, watching until she enters.

As the car idles, Isaac walks up to the back passenger-side door. He tries the handle. It's UNLOCKED.

His heart races. He peers inside the car, then checks his surroundings again.

**ISAAC**

This is nuts, this is nuts.

He breathes in quick, 1, 2, 3--he opens the door, DIVES INTO THE CAR, shuts the door behind him.

**EXT. COLLEGE CAMPUS - NIGHT**

Victoria appears from the Dean's office with something in her hand, some kind of OLD BOOK. She gets inside, tosses the book onto the passenger's seat.

**INT. VICTORIA'S CAR - NIGHT**

Isaac sits low in the back, as low as he can be on the floor. Passing street lights reveal his face for just a moment at a time. His breath is shallow, the bare minimum.

**EXT. INSIDE VERGLASS MANSION WALLS - NIGHT**

Victoria pulls in, gets out of the car, and goes inside. When the coast is clear, Isaac opens the door, setting off off the alarm.

He quickly exits, closes the door, hides in the nearby bushes, just before Victoria comes back out. She clicks the remote key to shut down the alarm, and goes back inside.

She's gone. Isaac approaches the door, tries the doorknob.

**INT. FOYER OF VERGLASS MANSION - NIGHT**

Isaac tiptoes in. The foyer is empty, save for the fire. Each step he takes is as silent as he can be. He rounds the foyer, browsing pictures on the wall.

Within the last frame, he recognizes a younger Garrett with who appears to be a former town mayor. It's a photo of the ground-breaking ceremony for Terrapin College.

The mayor has a DISASSOCIATED LOOK in his eye.

Isaac continues into a nearby hallway. He tries a few doors before finding and entering an OFFICE.

**INT. GARRETT'S OFFICE - NIGHT**

Isaac sneaks inside, using his phone light, finding himself inside the DEAN'S HOME OFFICE.

He goes right for the desk, shoves a hand into the closest drawer, pulls back a few papers. He finds the deed to the Langley home and the NOTARIZED AGREEMENT.

But there's little else for him to find in the drawer, so he checks the next one. And the next one.

**INT. GARRETT'S OFFICE - NIGHT**

In the last drawer, Isaac digs to the very bottom, finding a binder of printed documents. Isaac pours over the binder, flipping through the pages.

He stops right in the middle.

**ISAAC**

What is this...

He flips the page. It's a MAP of the town of Terrapin, with several plots of land and properties CIRCLED IN RED INK. His finger moves across the page, stopping on another circle.

**ISAAC (cont'd)**

That's Mom and Dad's place.

Several properties of the town are circled in red -- the campus, the Langley property, presumably Isaac's parent's home, the apartments, the Garrett's department store.

They're all connected by lines into the shape of a large PENTAGRAM. A word is written in red next to the pentagram with large, scratched letters -- the Latin word, "VOCARE."

Suddenly the lights flash on. Isaac stuffs the deed, the agreement, the map, all in his coat. Cameron steps in.

**CAMERON**

How'd you get in here?

Isaac turns around to him.

**ISAAC**

First of all, you tell me how Andrew and his dad said your grandfather forced them to give their house away? Did he use magic to do that? I bet that's how he made Andrew's dad sell.

**CAMERON**

What? You're asking the wrong person, I told you.

**ISAAC**

That's getting old, Cam.

**GARRETT (O.S.)**

What is getting old?

They turn to see Garrett behind them. He looks like he hasn't slept in days. Isaac nearly JUMPS out of his skin.

**ISAAC**

Dean Verglass! I thought we had a study session tonight, that's my bad. It's tomorrow! Can't trust anything these days, can you?

**GARRETT**

Isaac, I did not request your presence tonight--

**ISAAC**

--T-That's alright! I have to head home anyway, so--

**GARRETT**

--But, I insist that you stay and join us. I would like to see you make your study session tomorrow.

Cameron catches Garrett's COLD GLARE in his peripheral view.

**INT. DESCENDING STAIRS BELOW MANSION - NIGHT**

Pitch black, until the doorway opens. Garrett, Cameron, and Isaac's silhouettes stand at the top.

Garrett descends. Isaac watches Cameron, who moves forward without turning back. So Isaac follows, but not before shutting the door behind him, shrouding them in darkness.

Their phone lights flash on. Garrett walks ahead without a light at all, invisible in the dark until the glow from the pit meets his DRAINED FACE.

**INT. CAVE BELOW VERGLASS MANSION - CONTINUOUS**

They reach the end of the steps, where they arrive at the bridge taking them to the RITUAL SITE. Isaac gazes at the massive stalactites above, the huge cavern walls, and the green glow creeping up the plateau.

They arrive at the pedestal. Victoria, Henry, Joanna, August, and Ethan stand in a circle around a stone artifact.

**GARRETT**

We have a guest joining us.

August and Ethan step out of the circle. They extend their right hands, fingers stretched at Isaac. Isaac RISES INTO THE AIR. He struggles, gasping, like he can barely keep his head above water.



**CAMERON**

Hey, stop! I told you, I have my powers, I just can't control them. I'll grow into them eventually.

Cameron steps toward the twins, but Victoria gets in between.

**GARRETT**

What Victoria told me changed things. I now know you do not need a spell to unlock your powers, but one to help you simply control them. For that, you need a different spell. One I knew where to find.

**CAMERON**

Okay, okay! Just let him go first.

Garrett side-eyes Isaac. He waves his hand at the twins. They drop Isaac, who lands right on his cast arm.

Cameron finally steps onto the pedestal. Victoria HANDS SOMETHING to Garrett. He hands it to Cameron. It's the book Victoria took from Garrett's office on campus.

Cameron studies the old tome. Its leather cover is a storm of symbols unrecognizable to him. He opens the book, thumbs through the pages. All of it is in this unfamiliar language.

**CAMERON** (cont'd)

I can't read this.

He reads the words again. He can't understand them, but this time, HE HEARS VOICES SHOUTING THE WORDS IN HIS HEAD.

**GARRETT**

Concentrate. The fifty-fifth page.

Cameron flips to the page. As he reads, the voices start to grow louder in his head. In unison, the rest of the Verglass family SPEAK THE SAME WORDS ALOUD in a simultaneous chant.

Isaac watches, crawling away from the family, as their chanting gets LOUDER and LOUDER.

The green glow creeps up the plateau and the stone pedestal. It flows through the engraved lines and paths of the pedestal, rivers flowing up to Cameron.

The energy flows into the book. Suddenly, the book BLASTS him with energy like he's in a WIND TUNNEL.

Cameron staggers back, then pushes against the wind.

**GARRETT** (cont'd)

Keep reading! Again! Again!

Cameron's eyes fly from left to right, left to right, left to right, faster and faster, FASTER and FASTER.

The Verglass's chant louder, FASTER. AGAIN. AGAIN. Cameron grips the book so hard the pages might rip from the spine.

The book glows. Green energy gushes from the pedestal, consuming Cameron and the book.

Then--**CRACK**

The page SPLINTERS. The whole book shatters like glass from cover to cover. A piercing WHITE LIGHT pours from the cracks, enveloping them all.

**INT. RITUAL SITE - CONTINUOUS**

The light FADES.

Pieces of the book crumble in Cameron's hands, falling to the floor. Cameron looks around at his family, who return the same blank gaze. Except for Garrett.

Several seconds pass, until Garrett eyes Cameron.

**GARRETT**

I was wrong about you. You weren't made for this.

Cameron looks at him, breathing heavily. Suddenly, loud CLICKS echo from the pit of the cave. The cave TREMBLES.

Then - echoes of BUZZING and SCRATCHING follow from the depths of the cave. Stalactites fall into the pit. Everyone hunkers down, trying not to be thrown from their feet.

Something in their peripheral catches their attention. A HAND GRIPS THE EDGE OF THE PLATEAU.

The back of the hand, up to the palm and along its human fingers, is encased in a BUG-LIKE SHELL. SOME KIND OF HUMAN PULLS ITSELF UP TO THE PLATEAU.

As the creature leers at the Verglass's, Cameron looks closer. Its EXOSKELETON is similar to what grew on Cameron when they first tried the ritual after he turned 21. It's like a CHIMERA of BUG and HUMAN.

There's some kind of tendon, tendril, SOMETHING connected to the chimera's back, hanging off the plateau and into the pit. Like a long UMBILICAL CORD.

Garrett is full of wide-eyed astonishment.

**CHIMERA**

With your call, I have been summoned.  
To speak with you, my mortal coil has  
been reconstructed.

**GARRETT**

You speak for the Patron of the Pit?

The chimera studies the family with cold eyes.

**CHIMERA**

Your powers are spread thin -  
fettered and weak. My master can  
bestow your whole clan all with  
stronger magic than you seek.

**AUGUST**

(whispering to Ethan)  
I think it means it's going to  
upgrade us to first class.

Meanwhile, Isaac scrambles to clutch his phone. He takes a picture of the chimera, then stuffs it back into his pocket.

The chimera's BLOODSHOT EYES pierce Garrett.

**CHIMERA**

Once you receive this gift he bares,  
you must wield it without spare.

**GARRETT**

And if we don't?

**CHIMERA**

If this task you cannot reach, your  
life will pay the contract's breach.  
This gift will light your soul  
aflame, until it is brimstone and  
glassed sand all the same.

**GARRETT**

We understand...on one condition.

The chimera tilts their head as Garrett points in the direction of Cameron and Isaac.

**GARRETT** (cont'd)

You can exclude these two. Neither of them are ready, willing, or worthy. Remove his powers and wipe both of their memories.

Cameron and Isaac trade glances between each other.

The chimera looks at Garrett, shell plates on its shoulders shifting. It raises one of its hands. The Verglass's and Isaac all back up to the other side of the plateau, while Garrett stays at the front.

The chimera closes its fist. Shattered pieces of the book bounce off the plateau, hurtling down into the abyss.

A wave of energy blasts out from the chimera's hand, like the ring of a planet expanding from his palm, washing over EVERYONE ON THE PLATEAU.

When the energy dissipates, Isaac gets to his feet. He looks back at the huge set of stairs.

Victoria steps up behind him.

**VICTORIA**

Where are you going?

She focuses hard. But her eyes don't glow. No energy forms in her palm. Victoria examines her hand, puzzled.

The twins August and Ethan step up next to Victoria, trying to force-choke Isaac into submission again.

Seconds later, he's still on the floor. Finally, Garrett steps to Isaac. He flairs his fingers at him. But that doesn't work either. He's POWERLESS.

Cameron breaks into a sprint towards Garrett and the stairs. He grabs Isaac by the shoulders.

**CAMERON**

Run!

Cameron and Isaac run to the stairs, as the rest of the family turns back to the chimera.

Garrett approaches the creature

**GARRETT**

Explain yourself, Speaker.

The chimera looks at him blankly.

Garrett moves around the Chimera, grabs a hold of the large TENDON connected to the chimera with both hands. He PULLS.

He DETACHES THE TENDON FROM ITS BACK -- revealing pincer mandibles, like the mouth of a leech the size of his head.

The chimera falls to its knees, leaking a gross fluid from the wound. Garrett puts the grotesque cord to his back. The tendon LATCHES ONTO GARRETT'S SPINE.

There's a loud sound of GNASHING, beating of wings. A shrill shriek rings out into the cave.

Garrett peers down at the chimera.

**GARRETT** (cont'd)

So be it. I will talk to him myself.

The tendon is pulled -- GARRETT IS PULLED BACK INTO THE ABYSS BY THE TENDON, YANKED INTO THE PIT.

Henry and Joanna run to the edge as Garrett vanishes.

**JOANNA**

Garrett!

**HENRY**

Dad!

**ETHAN & AUGUST**

Holy shit!

They turn to Cameron and Isaac, as they go further and further up the stairs, then back down at the pit.

The chimera's chest heaves -- its exoskeleton falls to the ground, revealing a entire human beneath it, one that looks like they could be another one of Cameron's siblings.

#### **INT. HALLWAYS OF VERGLASS MANSION - NIGHT**

Cameron and Isaac scramble out of the doorway, take a turn down one of the halls. They take a left, then another right, in a maze that is seemingly without end.

They round a corner to stop and take a breath.

**CAMERON**

Are you alright?

**ISAAC**

What the hell is this place man?  
You've got me in this freak fun house  
with your crazy family. All of you  
have this freaky magic, this house!

(MORE)

**ISAAC (cont'd)**

What the hell even was that thing?!  
Then your grandpa jumped into a  
fuckin' pit!

**CAMERON**

I don't know. They found a book that  
summoned it. The spell on the house  
is still working somehow. Maybe our  
powers just got shorted.

**ISAAC**

This is nuts. This is NUTS.

**CAMERON**

Calm down, it's a pass-code. You have  
to do the correct order of rights and  
lefts down these hallways to get out.

Isaac rolls his eyes, keeping his mouth shut.

**CAMERON (cont'd)**

Asshole, I'm trying to help you!

They turn their heads to the approaching footsteps and  
voices of the rest of the Verglass family.

**CAMERON (cont'd)**

Go. I'll try to slow them down. It's  
two lefts, three rights, one left,  
one right. Go before they catch up!

But it's too late. Henry, Joanna, Victoria, and the twins  
August and Ethan have already rounded the corner.

Henry reaches behind his back into his belt, retrieving a  
REVOLVER. Its design is BAROQUE, like an old cosmic map. It  
hums like a motor of sinister design. He aims it at Isaac.

**CAMERON (cont'd)**

Woah, Dad, relax!

**HENRY**

It's alright, it'll just put him in a  
trance until we figure out what to  
do. We need to finish the ritual.

**JOANNA**

Finish the ritual? Henry.

**ISAAC**

Hell no, there's no way I'm going  
back down there.

Henry lowers the gun at Isaac's knee. He FIRES.

Isaac close his eyes. He opens them again. **TIME HAS STOPPED.**

The bullet hangs just before his knee, motionless. Isaac looks around - all except Cameron are frozen in place.

With a moment to make a move, he looks down the next hallway, but hesitates to move an inch. Then he **BLINKS**. The bullet **SPLINTERS** the wood floor.

The Verglass's jump back from the bullet firing, just as Isaac takes off down the hallway.

Cameron knocks the gun from Henry's hand to the floor, then takes off after Isaac while Henry goes for the gun.

#### **INT. HALLWAYS OF VERGLASS MANSION - NIGHT**

Isaac runs down hallway after hallway, taking lefts and rights. He runs by a bookcase, goes to pull it over.

But before he can grab it, the bookshelf topples over **ON ITS OWN**. Isaac looks at his hands in shock, but there's no time to stop. He pulls more down behind him, creating an obstacle course of toppled furniture in his wake.

Around another corner, Isaac slams himself against the wall, pull his phone out. Still has no service.

Isaac races down another hallway. There's a **FLIGHT OF STAIRS** before him instead. Isaac **TRIPS** down the stairs, **LANDS ON HIS CAST**. He cries through a clenched jaw.

It takes him a moment to get to his feet. Once he's up, he caresses his cast arm with his other hand. Suddenly, the bones in his broken arm **CRACK**, **SHIFTING** within the cast. He winces, shouts in pain. After a moment, he taps his arm.

Finally, he **BASHES** his arm against the wall. Not an ounce of pain. Well, at least outside the normal amount you'd receive for bashing your arm against a wall.

#### **ISAAC**

Okay, either I fixed it or I just did a real number on it and can't feel shit.

He pulls the sling off, moves forward down the new hallway he's found down these stairs.

**INT. MYSTERIOUS HALLWAY IN VERGLASS MANSION - CONTINUOUS**

Cameron reaches a hallway FILLED WITH DOORS, it's riddled with them.

If there's a ceiling, Cameron can't see it here. The walls stretch into a dark shadow up above, the doors lining the walls all the way up in the dark.

Up ahead, Isaac is dumbstruck by the sight of the hallway. He blinks, rubs his eyes. He can't shake it -- that's what he's seeing.

Isaac tries the door, then another, and another still. They're LOCKED. He curses under his breath, then gives up, electing to continue running down the hallway instead.

**CAMERON** (O.S.)

Isaac!

Cameron catches up to him.

**CAMERON**

We can use this one.

Cameron jogs past Isaac. Before the hallway bends, he meets a door that's SLIGHTLY AJAR.

**ISAAC**

Woah, woah, where does that go?

**CAMERON**

It'll take us out of here. You gotta trust me or he is gonna get you with that thing.

**ISAAC**

Stand back. I'm going first.

Cameron steps out of the way. Isaac goes to the door, grabs the doorknob. With his face hidden, Isaac pauses. His eyes dance back and forth while he thinks.

Finally, he spins around, CASTS his hand at Cameron. Cameron's EYES GLAZE OVER into a wide, dull gaze.

**INT. MYSTERIOUS HALLWAY IN VERGLASS MANSION - NIGHT**

CLOSE ON Cameron's eyes as he stares blankly.

**JOANNA** (O.S.)

Cam!



Cameron blinks, snaps out of it. The door is SHUT. Isaac is GONE. He stares at the door as the rest of the family's footsteps grow louder.

#### **INT. MYSTERIOUS DIMENSION - ???**

Isaac stands in inch-deep water, like an ocean drained to the sea floor. A blanket of vapor inundates him.

FAMILIAR VOICES ECHO IN THE DISTANCE. They speak words he hasn't yet heard. Through the mist, he can make out what seems like a huge structure in the distance. Isaac walks through the mist in its direction.

He moves forward, to see a massive CLIFF before him. It's made of QUARTZ. Chiseled into the cliff-side is a huge opening, a DOORWAY made for giants. A MIRROR-LIKE FILM ripples across it.

Isaac approaches the doorway, touches the film. His skin SIZZLES. But his fingers do pass through to the other side. He pulls his fingers back like he's touched a hot stove.

His hearts races. His reflection leers back at him.

**CAMERON** (O.S.)

Isaac!

Isaac turns. The dimension is FOLDING IN TOWARDS HIM. Layers of earth and mist fold like ORIGAMI around the doorway.

Cameron is running across the inch-deep water, splashing through as the land curls up to them.

He dashes as the folding nearly catches up. He BODY CHECKS Isaac, spearing him through the portal.

The dimension COLLAPSES entirely, disappearing into a black void of nothingness as they both pass to the other side.

#### **INT. MYSTERIOUS HALL IN VERGLASS MANSION - NIGHT**

Henry, Joanna, August, Ethan, and Virginia make it to the point of the hallway where Cameron and Isaac disappeared. Virginia tries the door they escaped through. It's LOCKED.

A phone call breaks the silence. Joanna answers.

#### **INSIDE GARRETT'S DEPARTMENT STORE**

Garrett's store manager Emily runs around inside the store's inventory, still clad in her winter jacket and boots.

**EMILY**

Mrs. Verglass, Mrs. Verglass! You have to get down here, someone broke into the store!

**JOANNA (OVER PHONE)**

Emily, slow down. Are you okay?

Emily stops running around the back of the store.

**EMILY**

I came in for my early shift this morning and found so much of the back empty! No alarms, nothing's broken, but so much of our inventory is gone!

**MANSION HALLWAY**

Joanna eyeballs Henry, pulls the phone from her head.

**HENRY**

What is it?

**EXT. LANGLEY HOME - NIGHT**

Owls hoot in the distance as the dark, unlit Langley Victorian rests upon the hill. The house still sits quietly.

Suddenly, a strip of energy TEARS through the air near the house, hidden among the trees. It expands into a DOORWAY, with a RIPPLING FILM across it.

Cameron and Isaac hurtle through as the doorway disappears behind them. Cameron gets up first. He brushes himself off, then studies the house on the hill.

Meanwhile, still on the ground, Isaac checks his pockets while Cameron isn't looking. He finds the documents he took from the Verglass home still in his jacket.

Next, his phone. Isaac scrolls to the pictures he took of the chimera. It's in the cave, but there's NO CREATURE IN THE SHOTS.

Isaac swipes down to refresh. Still nothing. He puts his phone away, peers into the darkness. The portal's gone, too.

Cameron looks over to see Isaac made it through the portal.

Isaac gets up, fills his lungs with crisp autumn air.

They stare each other down beneath the crescent moon that looms above.