

EAGLE THE ARCHER

~~SMART ASS COP
Swim free. You made bail.~~

~~DEEP
(with hope)
Someone from Vought? New York,
maybe?~~

~~SMART ASS COP
Guess again.~~

Sc. 1

START

INT. JAIL - FRONT DESK - SANDUSKY, OHIO - THAT NIGHT

Deep emerges from the back to see... EAGLE THE ARCHER waiting for him. A Hawkeye-type hero. Tactical outfit, with a slick HUNTER'S BOW slung across his chest. Holds out a SODA CAN.

EAGLE THE ARCHER
Would you like a Fresca?

DEEP
Thanks. I know you. You're...
Raven? Ravenwing?

Eagle swallows his irritation.

EAGLE THE ARCHER
Eagle. Eagle the Archer. Out of
Cleveland? We met at Vought-Con
like five times -- it doesn't
matter. You alright?

DEEP
You bailed me out?

EAGLE THE ARCHER
Even heroes need a hand once in a
while. C'mon.

The Deep. Perplexed. But he'll take any help he can get.

STOP

INT. BEAUTIFUL GIRL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Bed with fluffy pink comforter. Antique white vanity. Flowered wallpaper. Stone cold dainty. Incongruous, after all the gritty places we've been.

Then... a GIANT PAIR OF TWEEZERS enters frame. Attaches a painting of a horse to the wall. REVEAL:

INT. HAITIAN KINGS BASEMENT - NIGHT

M.M. works on a small, exquisite DOLL HOUSE. With precision, focus, and O.C.D. Throws an annoyed look to --

CHERIE and FRENCHIE. In the middle of a fight.

THE BOYS

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Butcher exits without another word. Frenchie and Kimiko follow. Mother's Milk stays behind a beat. Turns to Hughie for some tough-love --

MOTHER'S MILK

All I wanted was out. You're the one who stuck your finger in the hornet's nest. Remember your Sunday sermon about saving the world because no one else was coming? Congratulations, that's exactly what we're doing now. Except Butcher's driving the bus. So get on, or go wait for another bus.

MM follows Butcher and the others.

Hughie hesitates, still angry at Butcher -- but of course he follows. This is the only bus he has right now.

INT. EAGLE THE ARCHER'S CONDO - DAY

DEEP sits on the couch. Seems a little nervous. Like he's at a job interview or something --

CAROL sits across from him in the easy chair. Red marker in hand. She pages through a spiral-bound "DESTINATIONS: THE NEW SCIENCE OF SELF-RENEWAL: SELF-AWARENESS" workbook that Deep has filled out --

WE SEE QUESTIONS at the top of each page: *Draw yourself in a Vast Space. Draw yourself seeing Shame as unnecessary. Draw yourself as Others see You. Draw yourself as someone Important. Etc.*

All of the drawings look nearly identical. Deep, shirtless, hero pose, hands on hips. He's clearly not a great artist, maybe 7th grade honors level.

CAROL

What do you think you're missing?

DEEP

Color, maybe? I only had a blue pen and my suit is green, so...

CAROL

What do you think is wrong with this?

She turns the workbook, holds it up: *Draw yourself as You see You*. Deep leans forward. Searching.

DEEP

Perspective? Or... maybe a vanishing point?

The FRONT DOOR opens. EAGLE THE ARCHER enters, loaded down with 12-packs of Fresca tied together with string --

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SC. 2

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CAROL

How do you expect to be welcomed back into The Seven if you can't be honest with yourself? How do you expect them to love you if you don't love yourself?

DEEP

Carol, if I'm being honest? I don't know what the fuck you want from me.

START →

EAGLE THE ARCHER

Hey, guys! How's it going in here?

CAROL

(at her wits end)
I've never seen a block like this.

DEEP

I never said I was Thomas Kinkadee. I'm just trying to do the work.

Eagle smiles. Unfailingly polite. Puts a hand on Deep's shoulder.

EAGLE THE ARCHER

I have something that can help.

INT. EAGLE THE ARCHER'S CONDO - KITCHEN - DAY

CLOSE on WATER pouring through a mesh strainer filled with dried bits of... Tea? Shrooms? Banisteriopsis caapi vine? Eagle is methodically, lovingly preparing a drink for Deep.

EAGLE THE ARCHER

This is going to help open you up. Do you like Dave Matthews?

DEEP

What is it? Shrooms?

EAGLE THE ARCHER

I guess I'd call it... a gateway.

Deep grabs the cup, chugs it down. No hesitation.

DEEP

Sweet. Let's do this.
(then, realizing)
You're not gonna have any?

Eagle smiles. Nope. He is not.

EAGLE THE ARCHER

Deep. This is your journey.

STOP

The back door of the SUV mysteriously OPENS from within.

EAGLE
We've been summoned.

DEEP
We've been what?

INT. SUV (TRAVELLING) -- DAY, LATER

Deep and Eagle are in the back. We don't see the face of the driver -- just the back of his head from our guys' POV. It's all very mysterious to Deep.

EAGLE
This is a huge honor. Nobody meets Bryce Bolton -- the founder of the Collective -- two weeks into their journey.

Deep watches the back of the driver's head.

EAGLE (CONT'D)
He barely meets anyone. I'm ten years in and I've never seen him, never met him, nothing.

DEEP
This is huge.

EAGLE
They say he's a prophet.

DEEP
A prophet?

EAGLE
(nods)
A visionary. He's a God who woke up and dreamed he was a man.

Deep takes this in, impressed.

DEEP
What does he want with us?

Before Eagle can answer, the SUV pulls up at a private airport.

Eagle excitedly reaches for the door -- but the Driver turns to them for the first time. He locks eyes with Eagle:

DRIVER
Not you.

Eagle's crestfallen. The Driver gestures to Deep --

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DRIVER (CONT'D)

Only him.

EXT. AIRPORT -- CONT.

The Driver opens the door for Deep. He gets out, looks back at Eagle -- but he's not even looking at him now. Just looks straight ahead, downcast.

DRIVER

From here, you must walk alone.

Deep turns to see -- a GULFSTREAM G550 awaiting him, the door open, the stairs beckoning him forward...

INT. BECCA'S HOUSE -- KITCHEN

WE'RE TIGHT ON PANCAKES -- they're placed in front of Homelander as he sits beside Becca and Ryan at the breakfast table.

HOMELANDER

That looks great.

BECCA

Maple syrup?

HOMELANDER

Love it. Thank you.

They all dig into their pancakes. Homelander takes in the family tableau.

HOMELANDER (CONT'D)

I always wondered what this would be like.

He puts an arm on his son Ryan's shoulder. Ryan manages a half-smile.

HOMELANDER (CONT'D)

And guess what? I kinda like it.

He takes another bite of his pancake.

RYAN

Mama. Quiero Raisin Bran por favor?

Homelander turns to him --

HOMELANDER

What the fuck is that?

BECCA

Spanish. Mondays mornings we have breakfast in Spanish. It's an immersive language program --

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