

FADE IN:

INT. OPENING MONOLOGUE - DAY

An aerial view of the town he grew up in, in the winter, slowly coming in on where this scene happens.

MAIN CHAR:

(Contemplation)

I always wondered why nobody I knew was like me. Not that the people I knew were weird, they all had hobbies and friends and so on, but none of them were really like me. As a result I would do things on my own. And because no one else really wanted to come with me on my expeditions, I didn't have any limits. I remember one cold morning in the winter of my sophomore year of high school. I was walking to school and I noticed a kid biking past me, I could tell he wasn't incredibly stable, probably because of his bulging backpack, and maybe also because he was a nervous little freshman.

Show what happens next, still with voice over narration.

MAIN CHAR:

(More narration,  
less  
contemplation.)

So I watched him as he biked on ahead of me, and then without thinking I jumped into the road and pushed him out of the way of a car. It wasn't until long afterwards that I was able to make out the series of events in my mind clearly. What I remember now is that I had seen in my periphery a car coming on far faster than the speed limit of the road, and in my main focus, I saw the kid wobble a little bit too far and begin to fall off his bike. The rest was the result of an instinct I didn't even know I had. In the aftermath, the kid thanked me, his parents cried and insisted I come over for dinner every Saturday night from then on, and I got away with only minor scrapes and bruises.

MAIN CHAR:

But that was only the first time. Incidents like this began to happen more often. I began to realize that the notion of fear had become distant to me, and as my fear faded, my sense of purpose increased. Slowly but surely I began to feel as if I had a set place in the world, that I was a protector of people, and a settler of problems. The first time this caused me any real harm was a day in mid May. Kids were beginning to feel the excitement of the coming of summer. The weather has

suddenly turned warm from an unusually cold April, and people's spirits were high. And so were mine.

MAIN CHAR:

. I was talking with a couple of boys from the football team and one of them began talking about how he had stolen a teacher's wallet that he didn't like. I thought he was joking at first, but he pulled it out and showed us. The teacher's credit card, as well as one hundred and fifty dollars in cash and other various things. I asked him if he was going to give it back and he gave a little laugh and said he would'nt. I told him that he should at least give back the credit card and other necessary things that he couldn't use anyway. He gave me a dirty look and turned to walk away. I wasn't about to stop, I put my hand on his shoulder, that was when he lashed out. He turned around and hit me; hard. I was not a weak person, but he was a football player and I didn't have very good odds against him. He hit me again, this time knocking me over, then, standing over me, he kicked me in the face until I was thoroughly bloody. I couldn't tell what happened after that because my eyes were filled with the sting of tears and drops of blood, but I assume he and his friends left the scene quickly after that. I went home that day and straight to the bathroom where I closed the door and tried to clean off my face, but it was no use, I couldn't hide the fact that I had been beaten up, so instead of face my parents, I left. It was at that point that my better judgement really left me. I decided to live like a nomad, moving around from place to place.

Start showing a map from top view tracking his progress fading in and out between scenes depicting what he's doing.

MAIN CHAR:

My ideals were more important to me than my standard of living, or the feelings of my family. I would go around and find people wronging others, and fix it, sometimes successfully, other times, not so much. But I never stopped trying, I all but forgot about my family and my friends. I know now that a huge search began for me, one that lasted for more than a month. But by some miracle of fate, I was never found. I still don't know how far I ended up wandering in my quest for universal justice, but the incident that ended my life as a nomad happened in a town about 85 miles west of where I had started.

EXT. THE FIGHT - NIGHT

Main character is walking at night, his breath visible in the air, the town is breaking down, only some streetlights work, he hears angry voices from around the corner

PERP

(Angrily)

I told you, I want my money!  
Give me my money!

VICTIM

(Scared)

I don't have it!  
Just another week and I'll have  
it!

Main character runs around the side of the building to see the perp about to stab the victim

MAIN CHAR:

Hey!

Main character runs in front of the knife and is stabbed, then the other guy is stabbed and the perp runs off into the night.

MAIN CHAR:

I woke up in a hospital bed, with my wounds all but healed. I was told by the police department that they found me and a man that they were unable to identify, both stabbed on the ground, there was no sign of the third man. I had been unconscious for about six weeks and the doctors said it was a miracle that I had survived. I was questioned about the circumstances surrounding my stabbing and I had no desire anymore to hide. I told them what happened from the start to the the end, from saving the kid on the bike to the moment I got between the man and the knife. I was returned to my parents, it turned out it was just days before my eighteenth birthday. They cried and celebrated, but I don't think they ever forgave me for what I did to them. As for me, I lost my reckless need to make things right. I spent the next 9 months cramming all the school I had missed in, and then took a job at a local Burger King. It's been ten years now since I was found, and I am almost finished getting my college degree. I look back on the choices I made over that period of time, and while they were undeniably foolish, I learned so many things from that, most importantly perhaps, is that you never realize how important it is to have the people you care about until they are gone.

As it ends, it fades out and you see the main character staring out the window of his college dorm room at the setting sun with a cup of coffee in his hand. He turns around when someone asks if he's coming

MAIN CHAR:

Here I come, sorry I got lost in  
thought.

He walks out of the room and the camera fades out looking at  
the setting sun through the window.

FADE OUT.