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I Am Number Four

By Alfred Gough

Whoo!

You know, showboating like that
just makes you look desperate.

Yeah, "Look at me. I can flip my ski."

Pathetic.

- Yeah.

- Daniel, that was awesome!

Nicole.

Hey, Daniel, Nicole left, huh?

Should've let me talk to her.

Whoo-hoo!

I love it out here.

The Big Dipper.

It's my favorite.

- Do you know that one?

- No.

I got a D in Astronomy.

So, I never see you with anyone.

Do you have a girlfriend
out of town or something?

Daniel? Daniel?

I want you to feel this!

This is what's coming for you.

Daniel, are you OK?

Oh, my God.

He's a freak.

He's some kind of freak.

Number Three's dead.

You all right?

- Yeah.

- Anyone else see what happened?

I told you not to keep this crap.

It just slows us down.

All right, let's go.

Daniel.

This is the part

I hate the most, the running.

But it's the only thing
in my life that's real.

The rest is a lie.

Even Henri.

People think he's my father.

He's not.

He's a warrior from my planet,

assigned to keep me alive.
I don't remember my father.
All he left for me
was some kind of box.
Henri says he'll pass it on to me
when the time is right.
I got my first scar
when I was nine years old,
near the border of Mexico.
It woke me from my sleep.
It was the first sign that the
Mogadorians had found us here on Earth.
The second scar
came when I was 12.
I was in Colorado,
in the middle of a spelling bee.
As soon as I felt it,
I knew Number Two was dead.
Last night, I got my third scar.
I was just a kid when the Mogadorians
invaded my planet, Lorien.
Nine of us children escaped.
We were gifted, meant to protect
our people when we grew up.
We never got the chance.
Everyone was killed.
We are the last of our kind.
Three of us are gone. Dead.
They are hunting us down,
one by one, in order.
I know I'm next.
I am Number Four.
All right, well, so...
Daniel won't be in school
the rest of the semester.
OK. You, too.
Your new ID.
And this time, you stay out of sight,
huh? No school, no teams, nothing.
John Smith. Very original.
I don't want to be original.
I want to be invisible.
This time was different.
I didn't just get a scar.

I, uh... I saw Number Three.
I felt the knife, I felt him die.
I could tell we all did.
- The others.
- We should get moving.
Mogadorians could've
already picked up our scent.
We're going to Paradise.
I have business to take care of.
It's Bernie Kosar.
Played football.
- Yeah, he played for Cleveland.
- Hm. Good to know.
- Next time, I get to pick the place.
- Yeah.
That's all of it.
I'm going to bed.
Ooh. Hang on.
I need a new picture.
We have to wipe out anything
that hits the Internet.
Say "Paradise."
Oh, shit.
This is why
I need you to be invisible.
Get back inside.
John.
Come on. Come back inside.
Little small for a Mogadorian,
don't you think?
I'm sure he belongs to someone.
He doesn't
have any collar or tags.
Hm. Somebody, somewhere,
must miss you, huh?
Come on.
Another pair of eyes
and ears watching the house?
- I'm gonna need somebody to talk to.
- Talk to me.
Yeah, keep the dog.
What are you gonna call him?
How about Bernie Kosar?
What are you doing up?

I changed my mind.

About what?

Look, uh, as much fun
as you are to be around,
I can't be a prisoner.

Uh, I have to go to school.

- No. No way, too risky.

- Come on.

Number Three was completely
off the grid and the Mogs got him.

- Didn't save him.

- Mm-mm.

Come on.

I'm gonna be safer if I blend in.

I promise I'll keep a low profile.

Look. Even if I let you, and I'm not,
you can't just waltz into school
and start class...

Do you think you're the only one
who can forge documents?

Hm. Do you have a...?

Five days of rations,
spare clothes, GPS, cash.

- What's your name?

- John Smith.

- Where are you from?

- Toronto.

You seem kind of tan for Toronto.

Santa Fe, New Mexico.

I know the drill, OK?

You keep this on you.

I'll call you every hour.

If you don't pick up,

I know something's wrong.

- Come on, every hour?

- That, or you can home school.

And I'll be your teacher.

Fine.

Hey, John, don't be stupid.

You keep your head down.

I know how to blend in.

OK, doll. Take a seat.

I'll just print up your schedule.

Back in a jiffy.

I know she's
the star photographer,
but it's not fair
to the other students.
She's using up all the vital supplies.
Emory, come on. "Strangers in
Paradise." At least she's creative.
The pictures on her website
are totally inappropriate.
Mr. Behrman, if you want to keep
the photos, you should just say so.
Keep the photos?
They're already all over the Internet!
It's a violation to post things like
this without people's permission.
You have to do something about this.
Mr. Behrman,
excuse us for a few minutes, OK?
Sarah, this is not like you.
Is there something going on?
- Everything's fine.
- Sarah?
- Honestly.
- Have a seat.
You can't let a few negative students
get you down.
Look, I don't want you to isolate
yourself from the rest of the school.
- You should enjoy this year.
- OK, I'll try.
- Good.
- Can I please have my camera back?
No more photos on your website
without teacher and student permission.
OK.
Here's your schedule.
Homeroom is calculus.
That's B-wing, room seven...
Oh, Sarah! Could you show our friend
to his locker? He's from Santa Fe.
Job fair starts tomorrow.
Everybody, job fair starts tomorrow.
What kind of camera do you use?
Eavesdropping?

That's not gonna win you friends.

- Check it out.

- What?

Tell that to the principal
with a fish tank for an office.

It's kind of hard not to hear.

Sorry. This whole place
is kind of a fish tank.

Well...

Room seven is down the hall,
and, uh, that's your locker right there.

Good luck... um...

Oh, uh, John...

...Smith.

OK. You don't want to tell me your name.

That's fine.

That's really my name.

John Smith.

What's up, man? You new?

Mark James. This is Kevin,
Jackson, Tyler and Max.

- Hey, man, what's up?

- John.

Good to meet you, John.

Where are you from?

- Santa Fe.

- Oh, New Mexico.

Play any ball out there?

- Football?

- Yeah.

- No.

- Play anything?

Baseball? Soccer? Ping-pong?

Nope.

OK. No, that's cool, man.

That's totally cool.

We could always use more
boosters in the stands, right?

Listen. You need anything,
you ask us, OK?

- We got you.

- I'll keep that in mind.

Good talking to you, big guy.

Look who it is.

Watch out, man.
Sorry, Sam.
Loser!
Wait up, fool.
Thanks.
Gotta love the classics.
Homecoming king versus
the science nerd.
Just get better with time, don't they?
- That guy, Mark, he's...
- Soon to be irrelevant.
He's in the third year of
the best four years of his life.
So, she was like, "The solar system's
sun does not revolve around the Earth."
I said, "Yeah, right."
Hey, Spock!
- Nailed it!
- Heads up! UFO, brother!
That had to hurt.
Hey, stay down, man.
Just stay down.
He's gonna cry. He's gonna cry.
- Oh, Mommy's coming!
- Oh...
- Right in the face.
- Hey, are you OK?
- Assholes.
- Yo, new dude! Little help?
Jesus!
I'm fine! Get off me.
Come on, man!
- You OK?
- No.
That's quite an arm
you got there.
Yeah. Who knew?
So, uh, what's with the UFO thing?
I know it's your first day and all,
but, uh, sooner or later
you'll figure it out.
Figure what out?
I'm definitely not the guy
you want to hang with.

Invisible.

You heard me

when I said that, right?

Yeah. Yeah, because

I remember you being there.

Let us face,

without panic, the reality of our times.

The fact that atom bombs

may, some day, be dropped on our cities.

And let us prepare for survival

by understanding the weapon

that threatens us.

Yeah.

How you settling in, bro?

- Fine, thanks.

- Good. That's good.

I see you and Spock are vibing.

Got a bit of a soft spot

for freaks, do you?

Who's talking?

Yikes.

Look. It's cute, it really is.

You are an adorable young man.

But I find it irritating,

so keep it on the bleachers, OK?

- All right.

- Good. That's good.

Also, while I'm here,

I'm gonna let you in on a little tip.

Find your place fast.

Catch the rest of this flick, OK?

Jesus, dude.

You are soaking wet.

John, get up.

Come on. We gotta go.

John.

- John.

- My hands. What...?

- Henri. My hands burn!

- John...

- Look at me and relax.

- What's happening to me?

They called them legacies back home.

You, the nine,

you're the only ones who have them.

- Legacies?

- That's right.

Your parents were members
of the Lorien Garde.

You've inherited their abilities. Gifts.

- Gifts?

- That's right.

My hands light up like road flares.

- And you call that a gift?

- Each legacy has its own function.

There's...

There's more coming?

As you breathe and focus,
you're gonna learn to control them.

- OK. OK.

- Just like you're doing, right now.

OK?

How do your hands feel?

- Better.

- Good.

So, what now?

Now?

We wait. You're gonna keep
growing stronger and faster.

I need you to be careful.

Right now, you have to focus
your mind. Get some control.

When you can do that,
you can get back to school.

I don't want to raise suspicion.

I still have business here.

In the meantime, your powers
will only draw attention.

You keep yourself in check,
you understand?

So I got all these powers,
but I'm not allowed to use them?

Exactly.

A little early for Thanksgiving.

Paper or plastic?

Whoa.

And you wind it here...

"Strangers in Paradise"?

I know. Arty, pretentious.
Uh... That's not actually
what I was gonna say.
I just needed a name for my website
and it was right there.
You know, they should've
called this town "Ironic."
Ironic, Ohio?
Has a ring to it.
What's up with you?
You look different, or something.
Sarah, come over!
I got a new bike!
OK, I will next week.
- Hold this for a second.
- All right.
Oh, they're so cute.
You know, uh... I mean it.
Uh... Your photographs...
My parents make me babysit
for film money,
and those are two of my victims.
You know, I'm, uh...
I'm actually trying to
pay you a compliment, but, uh...
...it's not going so well.
Oh.
Right. Um...
Thank you.
I don't know, I just, um,
see better through this thing.
It's like my own
personal BS detector.
Come on! Let's go!
Excuse me. Did you forget something?
You had two things to do, you know?
- Lock the door and turn off the lights!
- That's Sam's dad?
His stepdad.
Every night
it's the same thing with you!
This is it.
You live here?
Yeah, I grew up here.

- It's just a house.

- I know.

You hungry?

So, John, just moved
from Santa Fe a few weeks ago.

- The Smiths, right?

- Uh, yes, sir.

- And your father's a writer?

- Yes, he is.

Everybody really does know everything
in this town.

Oh, gossip spreads like Ebola.

Question game!

Oh! Sorry, my bad.

- All right, everybody, surrender them.

- Here you go.

All electronic devices.

Come on, Sarah. Thank you.

Hand them over.

- And you.

- Mom?

He'll get it back after dinner.

You'll get it back after dinner.

- Thank you, John. See? It's fine.

- All right.

So, Santa Fe's kind of hip, right?

You bored silly here?

Nah, not with the spring carnival
coming up!

It's fun, and you and your folks
should definitely come.

Oh, it's just me and my dad.

Where's your mom?

- Uh... My...

- Mom.

No, it's fine. My dad and mom,
uh, they didn't get married.

Uh, you know, check it out.

Carnival.

Sarah will be there
taking pictures for the paper.

Cheap labor.

- That is not why.

- No.

- She's a very talented photographer.

- Question game!

OK. Keep your voice down,
and we will play.

It's a dinner tradition. Otherwise,
we'd never talk about the good stuff.

Worst advice you ever got?

"Pull this."

Oh, stop!

That's really gross.

OK, um...

"Your parents will never know
you're gone."

It worked with your folks.

That's how she got here.

- Stop it. Stop.

- Oh, my God.

- What?

- OK, Sarah, your turn.

Oh. Mom telling me that self-tanner
looks totally natural.

She was orange.

Like a traffic cone.

On picture day.

Oh, you should go get that picture.

- We still have the picture!

- John, you are gonna...

Why would you want
to show him that?

I shouldn't have said it.

I think I tore them up.

Sorry about that.

- About what?

- My parents.

They were putting on the
"aren't we cool?" show.

They seem very proud of you.

Yeah, and they're already
trying to convince me

to go to the local community college
in Dayton.

They'd love it if I stayed here.

Got into wedding photography.

What do you want to do?

That's my favorite.
It's got all these light leaks
so the photos come out so interesting.
Here, I'll show you.
See that one right there?
That's what I was talking about.
What's this?
Um...
That is kind of private, actually.
It's amazing.
- What?
- You...
You're allowed
to look at everyone else...
...take our pictures, but, uh...
we're not allowed to see you?
OK.
That's enough.
Seems like you want to run away.
I'll just be happy
when I can get out of here.
I don't know.
I've been to a lot of places.
You don't have to give me the
"there's no place like home" speech.
I've heard it.
No, no. You can go wherever you want,
see whatever you want to.
But a place is only as good
as the people you know in it.
I, uh...
I think this is a pretty good place.
Bernie, you dumb dog.
- Does he belong to you?
- Yeah. I gotta go.
Well, hey. Hold on a sec.
Um...
Your turn.
Thanks.
I'm fine.
Heard you made quite an impression
in class yesterday.
Flashlight. It was a dumb prank.
But that class...

- Boring as hell? Yeah.

- Yeah.

Look, I know it's none of my business,
but you need to stay off the grid.

- What do you mean?

- It's all over the school.

Mark James and his man-tards
have it out for you.

Sarah may act like one of us...

...she's one of them.

He's into Sarah?

More than that.

Nobody can go near her.

They were like the town...

Whoa!

Loser!

No... OK, come on...

Oh, God.

- Sucks to be you, bro!

- Seriously.

Want a napkin? Get a cleanup crew!

I wonder who did that?

What a loser.

Leave me alone!

Ah, ah, ah...

Did you have a nice time
last night, John?

You see, in football,
a quarterback needs a few things.

Speed, strength...

Mostly, though, you need intuition.

A feeling when things
are going south.

First time we talked,
I should've listened to mine.

There you go, John.

Good boy.

Maybe you got some intuition
working for you, too.

That was awesome.

Raided lost and found.

- Nobody loses anything cool.

- You gotta be kidding me.

Dude, it was that or the Hannah

Montana sweatshirt. You got off easy.

So, uh...

...who's in the picture?

- My dad.

The real one.

Where was that taken?

Mexico. The Yucatn.

We used to go every year looking
for evidence of ancient astronauts.

Ancient astronauts?

Yeah. UFOs and shit.

Freak show stuff.

He called himself an anthropologist...

He was really just a foreman
at the steel mill.

He spent all his time preparing
for some kind of alien arrival.

I used to think he was a genius.

Had to, I guess.

Nobody wants to admit
their dad's a freak.

Sam...

Sam.

Oh!

Malcolm, what were you up to here?

Jimmy, Vince,

come on, slow down, boys!

- Hey, Sarah.

- Hey!

Mark James decided to fire
a warning shot about you.

When you first meet somebody,
do you dump all your stuff on them?

All your mistakes, your secrets?

Look, Mark and I, we changed.

I got into photography,

and he wanted me to be

his own personal cheerleader.

Said I was becoming a total snob.

And when we broke up,

that's what he told everybody.

That I was a total bitch.

And everyone listened.

All my friends.

Uh... I'm sorry.
I'm not. I mean, I was...
...but, um, I don't know,
I kinda look at it like a total gift.
Got away from all of that.
So, uh, what's the hottest attraction
at this place?
You gotta be kidding me, right?
This...
Don't be scared.
Save yourself.
Last year, she was drawn and quartered.
It was awesome.
My God.
Hell's Gate.
Everybody off.
Quite a production.
Hm. Small town.
OK. The last part got to me.
What is that?
Don't! Let him go! Let him go!
Stop it!
Hello?
Was that real? Are you all right?
Let me go! Stop it!
Leave him alone!
- No!
- Whoa! Calm down.
- Oh, my God. Just get off me!
- Sarah, come here!
- Idiot! It's you!
- Calm down! Calm down!
- Let go of me.
- You can take off, OK?
- Let go of me! Let go of me!
- Hey, listen. I will. I will!
Sarah!
Where is she?
It burns, man!
Dude, let go of me, bro, it hurts!
She's at Shepherd Falls!
Dude, put me down. What is that?
Where's John?
I don't get what happened to us.

I don't. I really don't.
So you have your friend
throw me over his shoulder,
drag me through the woods
to come here,
when all you had to do is ask me!
Like a normal person!
You don't have to tell me
I'm being an asshole, OK?
But you're a problem for me, Sarah.
Yeah, well, you really
should get over that.
- Wait. Sarah, wait.
- Just stop it!
You OK?
I hope you can throw
with your left hand.
No, John, stop! Stop!
John. John, stop. Wait.
Hey. I just didn't want you
to break his arm.
It's not you, it's me.
I shouldn't have lost it like that.
Hey.
Will you walk me home?
You should really get that looked at.
I will.
I, uh...
I think we should talk.
I know. It's crazy.
Mark is insane.
And this is our last year.
Who knows where you'll be
in three months?
Exactly.
Who knows?
So, I guess I'll just...
...see you when I see you?
Yeah.
OK.
Your hand's really warm.
All I think about is you.
All I think about is you, too.
Where did you come from?

All right, Mom! I got it!

- I, uh...

- Yeah, I should go.

Bye.

John! In here.

So, what are you?

You threw those football players
around like it was nothing.

And the hand thing?

That's not human.

So I'm asking you, what are you?

Do I need to threaten you?

All right, 'cause I got
some pictures on my phone,
and they're gonna start
some major questions.

- Give me that.

- No.

You know I can hurt you. Hm?

Knock yourself out.

My entire childhood...

...has been an episode of X-Files.

You know what it's like
to feel something...

...so strong...

...that every day you have
to keep telling yourself
your dad's gonna come back
and take you away from this shithole.

And that everything

we believed in was true.

And that we were not crazy.

Please.

Please.

Your dad was right.

What?

He was right.

About ancient astronauts...

...life on other planets...

...all of it.

Yes! I knew... I knew he
wouldn't just leave us!

I mean, they found his truck near the
border of Mexico, and he was just gone.

- Maybe they took him.
- Sam...
If he knew you were here,
he'd come home.
- You can't tell anyone.
- No, I-I-I wouldn't.
No, no, no. You gotta promise me.
Nobody knows this.
There are others from where I'm from
looking for me.
I'm not safe.
Sam! I know you are in there.
Get your ass in the house, now!
Wait until I get inside and then go.
Sam?
I promise.
Yes!
Come on.
Hey, you maniac.
- Hello, son.
- Hey, what's with the, uh...?
Hello, Dad.
Sheriff James says
some boys got hurt last night.
Couple of them
spent the night in the hospital.
- You said it was four?
- Yeah, four.
- On the football team.
- Yeah, that's right.
Of course, none of them are talking.
That includes my own boy, Mark.
- Your son is Mark?
- Yeah, that's right.
You know, that was his
throwing arm that got hurt.
He said you were there.
Uh, no. I was actually with a girl.
So I wasn't paying any attention.
Um...
Sarah Hart?
Well, no one wants to be the first
one to say what really happened.
But, eventually, someone will.

I'm sure you're right.
Thank you, Sheriff.
If we hear anything,
we'll let you know.
- Four of them, huh?
- Yeah.
Was it difficult?
Piece of cake.
Good. Means you're getting it.
Go upstairs, pack your stuff.
Because of last night?
Because I don't like people
showing up asking questions.
- And I think this is gonna raise a few.
- "They walk among us."
What is this? Some more
"truth is out there" freaks?
Except that's actually you.
One of the kids must
have caught you on video.
Oh, shit.
He's some kind of freak!
I can't get through the firewall.
We have to go there
and take it down ourselves.
Mogs see this, just a matter of time.
Pack your stuff. We're leaving.
I'm not going.
I'm sorry, what did you say?
I'm not going.
OK. If you want to pick
the next place, that's fine...
It's not my fight and it never was!
I can't even remember
a world before this one.
Wait, wait...
...is this because of a girl?
Go upstairs and get your stuff.
- You're not my father.
- No, no, no. He's dead.
He died for you.
In fact, you know what?
You have no idea how many others
have made sacrifices so you could live!

And it wasn't so you could come here
and experience puppy love
like a real live boy!
I'm not leaving.
John... John!
I'm not leaving!
Oh, yeah, I can do that now.
Hey, John!
I'm letting go, OK?
- OK?
- OK.
- On our planet...
- Just tell me why they want to kill me.
The Mogs, they don't colonize.
They decimate. And then they move on.
And now, they've moved here.
There are few forces that can stop them.
You and the other five can.
You were saved for a bigger purpose.
I'm not gonna let you throw that away
for a girl.
She's not just a girl.
I think about leaving her...
...but I can't.
And I don't know why.
We don't love like the humans.
With us, it's forever.
You never forget.
If she is that for you,
then don't let them win.
Or you'll never forgive yourself.
Now, we have to go.
I'll take care of the website tonight.
Buy you a day.
A day? To say goodbye?
That's more than the rest of us had.
He's some kind of freak!
Henri, I'm going to Sarah's.
Henri?
Henri? Hello? Henri?
No, but come here
and I'll tell you how to find him.
Who are you? Where's Henri?
417 Willard Court,

Warsaw, Indiana.

Come on, come on.

I need your help.

So, you guys... you guys don't...

- Abduct people?

- Yeah.

No.

But the other guys,

the ones that are chasing you...

...they do?

That's it.

Thanks.

Whoa! You brought a gun?

I stole it from Ed.

It might come in handy. Let's go.

- No.

- Dude, I came here to help you.

You have. Now, go home.

Whoa!

- What are you doing?

- I'm not bailing.

What if these Mog people took my dad?

Holy shit!

But you just dead-bolted it.

- OK. New plan.

- Yeah.

You follow that guy and you

text me if he comes back, OK?

Copy that. I'm on it.

Henri.

- Are you OK?

- You're not supposed to be here.

- What happened?

- The Mogs set this up.

We need to leave. They're coming.

Everybody stays right where they are

or I'll shoot this kid.

I'll do it!

Get your hands up!

So glad you brought the gun.

You're Malcolm's boy.

- Get the lights, will you?

- Shut up! Get your hands up!

Oh!

You! You're the one
from the video on our site.

- The one they're after.
- The one who's after?
- What's he talking about?
- The Mogs, they've been here.
- This was a trap.
- Yeah.

These dudes, whatever they are, man,
they got plans, know what I'm sayin'?

- John...
- I'm that guy, the conspiracy guy.

Nobody gives a crap what I say.

But this is real, man!

John. It's time to leave.

They like it here, Earth. They're gonna
take all this shit, everything!

John! Now!

We either do what they say
or we are all gonna die.

It's time to go! Now!

John. John! John, no!

John, go!

- Now!

- Go!

Start the car.

Come on! Get us out of here!

- I can't find the keys!
- What do you mean?
- I can't find the keys!
- Come on! Come on!

Guys, what are we waiting for?

- I've lost the keys!
- John, start the engine.
- What?
- You can do it. Start the car.
- Come on.
- Start the car.

Whoa, whoa. Come on, come on!

He's coming! He's coming!

Start the car! Start the car!

Use your magic powers!

Come on! We are so dead!

Oh, my God!

Go! Drive the car!
You take this.
Malcolm was using it
to track the others.
- Wait. So, my dad was...
- He was helping us.
He was supposed to bring us together.
You need to find the others.
Together you'll be more powerful.
I can't do this without you.
Yes, you can.
Yes, you can.
You have no idea
what you're capable of.
Henri.
Just let me talk.
OK. So, I called you like you said.
I mean, it's not my fault they got...
I mean, we held up our end.
- Hm.
- We're still in?
The whole new world order thing?
The Locator.
- Where is it?
- OK.
All he had was a knife and that rock.
And I put it...
- It was over there, man.
- "It was over there, man."
But it's not there now.
Cartoons for children.
Where I'm from, men have to work.
Look, I'll work hard.
The disregard that so many of you
have for practical matters,
it's... beautiful.
I think we should
all have some fun. Huh?
Gadgets.
You call them "toys for boys."
I have a gadget.
- Would you like to play with it?
- Uh... No, no. I...
It wants to play with you!

Need to talk to you.
Any idea where
I might find your friend?
He's not who you think he is.
Excuse me?
The Paradise Sheriff's Department
raided the home of two suspects,
seizing computers
and several suspicious items.
An APB has been issued on
the suspects and anyone with...
We need to get out of here.
There's a news thing.
The cops think you and Henri
are criminals or terrorists.
We're going back.
I'm outside of
the home here in Warsaw
where the mutilated bodies of
two paranormal website operators
were just found a few hours ago.
The police are not saying
if they have any leads
or even why these
brutal murders occurred.
Police have no suspects
at this time...
- I have one of those!
- What?
One of those.
I took it from my dad's stash.
- I need you to get it.
- Yeah, yeah.
Let me off at Linndale.
Sarah's at a house up there.
I'll call you after.
- And then what?
- Then I get the rock and you go home.
- It's him.
- John?
- Did you see that?
- What's he doing here?
Yeah, he's here.
That's him!

Come on.

Come on.

Doesn't seem like your kind of crowd.

Not so sure who my
kind of crowd is right now.

- Look, just...

- John Smith?

I'm such an idiot.

And they're saying that your dad
is some kind of terrorist.

He's not a terrorist.

Tell me the truth.

Who are you?

He's upstairs.

All right, guys, out of the way.

You didn't answer my question.

I just came to say goodbye.

- John, wait! What are you... No, John!

- Don't move!

Sarah!

How...

- Move! Move!

- Go!

That was awesome!

Whoa...

What you did is not possible.

Who I am...

...it's all in here.

I took these for you.

Wait. Come with me.

Please.

Any idea where they'd be?

I think I know

where she might go.

- Who the hell are they?

- Big-ass linebackers?

Holy shit...

No, no, no!

Dad!

An alcohol-fuelled
young guy like you...

...healthy and well-fed.

I bet you watch a lot of television,
don't you? Do you? Do you?

- Yeah.

- Yeah.

In this situation here,
you're probably thinking,
"Maybe I could save the day.

Maybe I could be the hero."

But I say... don't do that.

OK?

Tell me now, where is the boy?

These are beautiful.

Can you show me?

- No!

- Get in!

Let me go! Let me go!

Let go of me!

- Hello?

- Where are you?

I'm at the high school.

Yeah, you need to get out of there now.

Why? What's happening?

Your stunt with the car
is already on YouTube.

If they're not right on your ass now,
they will be soon.

Come on.

And don't tell me this is not my fight.

My dad probably knew those guys were
coming and that's why they took him.

And also, I have your dog.

Look, I'm on my way.

I'll meet you out front of the school.

You've got to get out now.

John?

John!

Let's go.

Let go of me!

Jesus!

Sarah! If you're in there, run!

Run!

Let me go!

Listen to me. I'm not gonna
let them hurt you, OK?

Do you understand me?

Come on.

Lt'd be a good idea, cowboy, if you kept your heroics off the Internet.

- Who are you?

- Number Six. Where's your protector?

- Dead.

- Yeah. Mine, too.

Mogs got her four months ago.

- We've been tracking them down.

- Tracking them?

Yeah. Lucky for you, I saved your ass.

You should be watching your own ass.

Mogs have all the exits covered.

Looks like you're gonna have to fight to get out.

- Are you game?

- Yeah.

There's a tunnel under the school that leads to the stadium.

Oh, you made friends.

How nice.

Let's go.

Got any other legacies

I should know about?

Stay tuned.

Oh, shit.

Oh, shit!

Careful, they'll see us.

And you're going

to need all your energy.

- What was that?

- They're comin'.

Ah! Whoa, whoa, whoa!

Whoa! Sam, what are you doing?

Did you see what just

flew out of that truck?

And your dog just shape-shifted into one of them.

I thought he was gonna eat me.

Here's your rock.

Hi! I'm Sam. What's your name?

Jane Doe.

That's cool. It's cool.

So, are you a number, too?

- Who is this tool?

- Sam, focus.

What flew out of the truck?

Come on! Go, go!

Sam. Come on! Go!

Come on! Come on!

Come on!

Ahh!

- Hit me.

- What?

With your lumen.

I need to power-up.

Hit me!

Red Bull's for pussies.

He killed Henri. I want him.

Ah!

Four!

You're good with your hands.

- Thanks.

- No problem.

- My dog, he, uh... he just...

- Yeah, he's a chimera.

He came with you from Lorien.

Someone had to look after you.

You brought a gun?

Are you serious?

- What? It might come in handy.

- This way.

Go!

- Take her back to the tunnel!

- Got it! Come on!

- Holy...!

- Ahh!

I play a lot of Xbox.

Oh!

Oh! Ahh!

Number Four, I think you
have something I need. Hm?

Oh, thank you for making
this so nice and easy.

Think of how quickly we'll finish off
the rest of the planet. It's fantastic!

Soon, I'll be done with all of you.

Just relax.

You can't stop what's coming.

You never could.

You have...

...no idea...

...what I'm capable of.

Ah!

John.

Fireproof?

I told you to stay tuned.

All right, give me that.

Come on.

Thank you.

Oh. Well, that was disappointing.

So, not a tracking device?

No, it was.

- Did you feel that, too?

- Yeah.

- We know where we need to go.

- Yeah, we can find the others.

- Here.

- Thank you.

I hope this doesn't get you in trouble.

Nah. Stuff goes missing from evidence
all the time.

My dad won't even know.

- You want to be heading west now.

- Why?

Because I told my dad you're going east.

- Six, Sam's coming with us.

- What?

- No way.

- He's one of us now.

We need to find his father.

You slow us down,

I'll shoot you myself.

And I believe you.

Could we go now?

You know, I wouldn't leave
if it wasn't, uh...

- Safer.

- Yeah.

I know.

Really sorry about

what happened with Henri.

Me, too.

You know I'll find you again.
Probably still be here.
It's the people that make the place.
- Right?
- Yeah.
Henri warned me that
we only fall for one person.
Ever?
Ever.
This is the first town
I've left without Henri.
But it's also the first one
I have a reason to come back to.
Henri was right,
we're stronger together.
So we will find the others.
My planet is called Lorien,
but Earth is my home now.
It's as good a place
as any in the universe.
And that's how it's going to stay.