

BEING LOGAN

EPISODE ONE

“WELCOME TO MY HELL”

Written by S. China

1. INT. SMITH HOUSE - LOGAN'S BEDROOM - MORNING

A large Iron Man poster hangs on the wall over the headboard. The blue covers on the bed rise and fall steadily, in unison with the unruffled breathing of the sleeper who is buried under them. A handful of science text books are piled neatly on the side table next to a pair of glasses, a smart watch, a mobile phone, and a Marvel Iron Man Alarm clock. The time on the alarm clock turns to 06:59...

The alarm goes off. A hand shoots out from under the covers and smacks the top of the clock. Silence returns to the room as the hand slowly retreats under the covers.

2. INT. SMITH HOUSE - LOGAN'S BEDROOM - MORNING

The time on the Iron Man clock is 07:10

The door to Logan's bedroom is flung open and his mother bursts into the room, a whistle in her mouth. She tosses the covers off Logan's bed, blowing the whistle loudly, its wail cutting through the quiet morning air. With the covers flung to the floor, Logan, in his pyjamas, is coiled up on the bed covering both ears with his hands, curling up into a ball murmuring and groaning

LOGAN

Mmmmmmh. Mum, please!!!! I am
up! I am up. Please stop!!

Finally, his mother stops blowing the whistle and walks over to the window where she draws open the curtains, letting a streak of light stream into the room, at the same time speaking to Logan.

MUM

Rise and shine Twisty, I thought
you would be up early, excited
to start at your new school.

(SHE SITS ON THE BED NEXT TO LOGAN)

Are you nervous

LOGAN

No mum, I'm not nervous, and I'm not excited either. It's just school.

MUM

I know baby, but it's a different school, a different city, a different country. Chicago is nothing like South London you know.

LOGAN

I will be fine mum. You don't need to worry about me.

She stands up and walks towards the door, she turns around before she walks out.

MUM

I am not worried baby. Besides, I will be around to look after you. Now get ready and come down for breakfast.

Then she walks out closing the door behind her

LOGAN

(almost shouting at the just-closed door)

Around where, what to do you mean? Mum!

3. INT. SMITH HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

Logan walks into the kitchen. His dad is sat at the far end of the table, already dressed in a shirt and chinos, and flipping through the newspaper. His sister, Sam, is sitting next to him looking down on her mobile phone. His mum, already dressed in a 2-piece pants suit, is dishing out scrambled eggs into plates on the table. Logan sits on the chair opposite his dad, as his mum scoops some eggs into his plate, which already has in it a sausage, a hash brown, and baked beans.

LOGAN

Morning dad

DAD

Morning Twisty. Big day today
innit? Are you nervous?

LOGAN

It's just school dad. I am fine.

(LOOKING UP AT HIS MOTHER)

Mum, why are you dressed up? Do
you have a job interview?

MUM

(walking away from the table to put the pan in the sink)

Even better, it's a surprise.
You will love it!

LOGAN

You are not taking me to school
mum, I can't...

MUM

Of course not, my darling, you
are a big boy now.

The door opens and HARRY, Logan's older brother, who is
already dressed for school, walks in.

HARRY

Who is a big boy now?

He sits down and starts eating the food on the plate.

MUM

(mockingly)

Logan doesn't want mummy to walk
him to school, he is too big for
that now.

HARRY

(Laughing, sarcastically)

Awww, is that so? He doesn't
want mummy to scare away all the
pretty American girls he is

going to impress with his big
sexy scientific brain.

Everyone laughs except Logan who stares at Harry with
indifference.

LOGAN

I think you are the one who is
going to impress them with your
"supreme" musical talent!

Everyone, except Harry, laughs again, but the laughter is
interrupted by the doorbell ringing.

MUM

Logan, could you let grandma and
grandpa in, please?

LOGAN

Grandma and grandpa? What are
they doing here this early on a
Monday?

A puzzled look on his face, Logan stands up and walks into the
hallway towards the front door.

4. INT. SMITH HOUSE - ENTRANCE DOOR - MORNING

Logan flings the door open to reveal his grandparents
standing, wide grins plastered on their faces. Logan hugs his
grandmother first, then his granddad.

LOGAN

What are you both doing here
this early?

GRANDDAD

That's not the welcome we
expected from our favourite
grandson.

They both walk past Logan as he closes the front door behind
him. They take off their coats and hang them on the wooden
coat hanger behind the door.

LOGAN

Sorry, grandma. Sorry, grandpa.
You never come by this early.

(AS AN AFTERTHOUGHT)

On a Monday?

GRANDMA

We are here to watch the twins,
Logan. Are you excited about
your first day at your new
school?

LOGAN

Watch the twins? Where is mum
going?

5. INT. SMITH HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

Grandad is sitting next to Logan's dad, grandma is picking up dishes and loading them into the dishwasher, Logan's mum is just finishing breakfast. Logan's sister, Sam, and his brother, Harry walk out towards the front door saying goodbye to everyone. Logan enters into the kitchen (his backpack slung on his back) as Harry and Sam walk out

HARRY/SAM

(To everyone)

Bye

MUM

Bye. Have a lovely first day at
school. I am sure they will love
you both.

DAD

(to both)

Be good, and look out for your
little brother!

GRANDMA

Bye children, enjoy your first
day

In the background, the front door is heard opening and slamming shut as Harry and Sam leave the house.

GRANDDAD

Logan, are you not walking with your brother and sister to school?

LOGAN

(walking towards the front door)

I will catch up with them. Bye, everyone.

MUM (O.S.)

Take care baby. Don't let them pick on you. And cut back on all the cute geeky stuff, just for today, OK!

LOGAN

(sarcastically)

Thanks for the confidence in me mum!

Logan walks towards the door. In the background, his mother can be heard, almost shouting, as he pulls the door open.

MUM (O.S.)

I'll be around if you need me, baby.

6. EXT. SMITH HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - MORNING

Logan emerges from the front door, shuts it behind himself and slumps back on the door exhaling as if relieved to be outside. He unzips the small pocket of his backpack and pulls out an Iron Man action figure. He rubs its head and says in a whisper:

LOGAN

Everything is going to be just fine. Everything will be fine.

7. INT. SCHOOL - SCIENCE CLASS - MORNING

Students are talking in small groups scattered around the classroom, some are walking around, others hugging and greeting. The science teacher, Mr Mumford, dressed in a black shirt, a black tie, black pants, and black boots walks in through the door. He strides confidently towards the front of the class, clutching in one hand a black Simpson crash helmet and in another an expensive-looking black leather bomber jacket. The students do not stir or seem to notice his presence until he shouts at the top of his voice

MR. MUMFORD
OK OK OK OK!!
(CLAPPING)
Settle down, people. Settle
down!

The students reluctantly take their seats, and after they quieten down, Mr Mumford resumes.

MR. MUMFORD
Welcome to the Science class. I
will be...

The door makes a loud squeaking noise as it is slowly pushed open and Logan enters. All heads turn to look at the newcomer.

MR. MUMFORD
Oh, who do we have here?

LOGAN
Logan. Logan Smith. It's my
first day.

MR. MUMFORD
Oh, the new kid from England!
(BOWING MOCKINGLY)
Come on in and take a seat, your
grace.

The students laugh and snigger as Logan makes his way to the front of the class, looking for a free seat. He finally finds one and sits slowly, as if the chair is hot.

MR. MUMFORD

So, Logan; are you like this bunch...

(GESTURING TO THE CLASS)

...who couldn't identify a single element on the periodic table if their lives depended on it? Let me guess, you are interested in pursuing drama and literature and becoming the modern-day Shakespeare or Dickens?

LOGAN

No Sir. Actually, I love science. I want to be an inventor, like Nikola Tesla.

The class breaks into laughter, some mockingly mimicking Logan's British accent. Mr Mumford seems taken aback, he eases himself into his chair and signals the class to be quiet by raising his hand.

MR. MUMFORD

Oh, do you now? You must be the only person in this class who knows who Nikola Tesla is, I will give you that.

ALI, who is sitting next to Logan and twisting the ends of her long natural braids with her fingertips clears her throat and speaks:

ALI

I know who Nikola Tesla is, too

MR. MUMFORD

Oh, do you now? And what is your name? Are you another newbie?

ALI

The name is Ali. I joined last term...

(STARING DOWN GRIFFIN, THE SCHOOL BULLY)

...I beat up a bully in your class?

Laughter fills the classroom

MR. MUMFORD

Oh, I remember you; you are the feisty one. I mistook you for a Mahomed Ali fan, not a scientist my dear. What kind of science do you do? Angry science?

Class laughs again except for Logan and Ali

MR. MUMFORD

(pointing to Logan and Ali)
Can the two of you come to see me in the Science lab after classes?

8. INT. SCHOOL - CORRIDOR LOCKERS AREA - AFTERNOON

Logan is walking along the corridor towards his locker. A group of girls from his class are walking in the opposite direction, chatting and giggling, then whispering as they approach Logan. Pam, the leader of the group, suddenly plants herself in front of Logan. Logan tries to walk around her, but she moves in front of him, blocking his way. The other 4 girls are standing behind her at first, then they start circling, pacing around Logan menacingly.

PAM

(in a very bad English accent)

Hey, British boy. Have you made any new friends, I mean, any new mates yet?

LOGAN

Not yet.

PAM

Say something funny in your fancy British accent.

LOGAN

Sorry, I am not a comedian. I don't know any jokes.

PAM

Oh yeah, I forgot you are the science geek-nerd. Mr Mummyboys' favourite. Be careful Harry Potter; this is not Hogwarts.

(IN BAD BRITISH ACCENT)

Rumour has it that Mr Mummyboys fancies young lads. Do you like boys or girls Harry Potter?

LOGAN

I am not Harry Potter.

JEN

Answer the question Brit-nerd, do you like girls or boys?

PAM

(to the other girls)

I don't think Brit-nerd likes girls.

LOGAN

I like some girls; but not the ones standing in front of me right now. Excuse me.

Logan pushes through the girls and continues towards the lockers.

PAM

(to the other girls)

Ooooh, Mr Brit-nerd has an attitude.

(THEN TO LOGAN)

Watch out Brit boy. You don't want us as your enemies!

Logan walks on, and the girls proceed in the opposite direction. Then Logan hears a familiar female voice calling his name.

MUM (O.S.)

Logan. Logan!

Logan spins around; his mouth drops in shock, and he freezes as if he has seen a ghost. His mother walks towards him briskly.

MUM

Surprise! I told you I would be
around to look after you. And
BOOM! Here I am!

Logan continues to stare at his mother, not believing what he is seeing and hearing. He closes and opens his eyes and closes and opens his eyes again wishing he is imagining things, that when he opens his eyes again, she will be gone. But she is there. He shakes his head and finally finds his voice.

LOGAN

What are you doing here mum?

MUM

How about a 'Hello mother'
first. Where are your manners
young man?

LOGAN

Mum!!

MUM

I work here now.

LOGAN

What do you mean you work here
now?

MUM

I got a job in the school
office. And I wanted to
surprise---

LOGAN

Surprise?!! You succeeded mum!!
Hooray!! But why? Why mum, Why?

MUM

I thought you kids would like...

LOGAN

Don't mum. Please don't. The
last thing I want is you making
my life...

(SIGHS)

You know what; I doesn't matter
mum. I have to go.

MUM

But Logan...

Logan runs down the corridor, leaving his mum standing alone,
hordes of students walking past her in both directions,
uncertain what to do.

9. INT. SCHOOL - SCIENCE LABORATORY - AFTERNOON

Ali is looking at science charts and posters on the wall.
Logan pushes the laboratory door and walks in briskly, panting
and breathing heavily. Ali turns around to face him.

ALI

(walking towards Logan)

If it isn't his majesty, his
royalness the British scientist
himself!

Logan sits on chair and stares at her, saying nothing.

ALI

You look like you have seen a
ghost. You alright?

Logan sighs heavily, takes a deep breath, and exhales slowly.

LOGAN

Apparently yes; I have just seen
a ghost. Of my bloody mother,
who is not even dead yet!

ALI

Say what? Are you Brits crazy
like they say---

LOGAN

(seeming annoyed, raising his voice)

Sorry, who is "they"!!

ALI

(sitting on the chair next to Logan)

Sorry. It's just a saying. I
didn't mean to upset you. You
ok?

LOGAN

Sorry, It's not your fault. It's
my mum.

ALI

What's wrong with your mum?

LOGAN

What's wrong with my mum is that
she decided to get a job here,
in the school office, and forgot
to tell me. Until I bumped into
her in the corridor 2 minutes
ago.

ALI

Ouch, that is not cool. Why your
mamma play you like that?

LOGAN

My family is crazy. It's not
just my mum; my brother and
sister are here too.

(AS IF TALKING TO HIMSELF)

It's like I can never get away
from them.

ALI

That sucks. You are welcome to
hang out at my house if you
wanna get away.

LOGAN

Your house? Thanks.

(AS AFTERTHOUGHT)

Where do you live?

ALI

At the end of your street...

The door swings open. Mr Mumford enters, clutching his black crash helmet; Ali and Logan turn to look at him.

MR. MUMFORD

I can see you two science lovers
have already met.

ALI

We are not lovers!

MR. MUMFORD

I meant you both love science.
Right?

(TO ALI)

You are a feisty one, aren't
you?

ALI

(to Mr Mumford)

Is it true what they say about
you?

MR. MUMFORD

What do they say about me?

ALI

That you are as smart as
Einstein and you are like a
billionaire

MR. MUMFORD

Is that so? And they say I waste
my time teaching science to
uninterested wicked kids at this
school because?

ALI

Because you enjoy it.

MR. MUMFORD

Do I look like I am enjoying
myself?

ALI

No.

(she pauses, twisting her long braids with the tip of her fingertips)

So, what exactly is your deal,
Sir? I am from the Southside and
I ain't no punk.

(NODDING TOWARDS THE HELMET ON THE TABLE TOP)

That crash helmet costs a
fortune. Teachers can't afford
that; and your snazzy leather
jackets and boots...

MR. MUMFORD

Ok ok, enough; Detective Feisty.
You talk too much, and you ask
too many questions. I didn't ask
you here to grill me about my
fashion and accessories.

LOGAN

So, why did you summon us?

MR. MUMFORD

I wouldn't say summon kid. But
since you asked I thought you
two are promising young
scientists. Well, I don't know
yet how good you are but you...

(LOOKING AT LOGAN)

...sound like a nerdy Harry
Potter. It's cute, and it's a
good start. And you...

(LOOKING AT ALI)

I like the fire in in you. I
hope we can channel that fire
into something more, erm,
useful.

He walks over to the cupboard, opens it and takes out a large
sketchbook. He drops it on the table with a thud, facing Logan
and Ali:

MR MUMFORD

Everything I ever invented and
wished to invent since I was 8,
right through to high school,
right through to MIT

(PAUSES)

All in there.

(ALMOST WHISPERING AND LOOKING
OUT OF THE WINDOW AS IF TALKING
TO HIMSELF)

And my old man thought I was
crazy. Only if you could see me
now old man; building each and
every one of them with ...

ALI, who has walked over is now standing in front of him and
interrupts his soliloquy.

ALI

Can we see, can we see?

Mr Mumford snaps out of his mini-trance and snatches the
sketchbook away, holding it tightly to his chest.

MR. MUMFORD

Oh no, kiddo. You have to earn
that right. And no student in
this forsaken school has ever...

LOGAN

How do we earn the right?

MR. MUMFORD

You bring yours. And for every
good idea that is good enough
for us to build, I will show you
one of mine.

ALI

That's not fair...

Logan interrupts her mid-sentence.

LOGAN

Deal.

Ali silently mouths 'What?' at Logan, her hands outstretched, palms facing up.

Mr Mumford walks over to a big shiny rectangular container that seems to have suddenly appeared out of thin air next to the work top. He places his palm at the top of the container, and suddenly it makes a wheezing sound, and blue light illuminates around the outline of what appears to be the container's door. He leans closer, staring directly and unblinkingly into two circles marked by green illumination in the middle of the container's door. Two blue beams of what appears like laser light streak from the circle into the pupils of his eyes. Suddenly the door of the container swipes open. He places the sketchbook inside the container, and the door swipes shut switching off all the lighting. Then, within a second the whole container disappears into nothing.

Mr Mumford turns around to face the transfixed Logan and Ali.

MR MUMFORD

(a wide grin of satisfaction on his face)

The only prototype of its kind

(HE PAUSES FOR EFFECT)

...in the world.

LOGAN

(Slowly)

Wow, what is that? Where did it go?

MR MUMFORD

(putting on a fake British accent)

That, my Harry Potter friend, is a marvellous piece of engineering that can transform shapes and fly invisibly at speeds of up to 250 miles per hour. As we speak, it's already sitting in my office at home.

LOGAN

(mouth dropping in disbelief)

No way! That is not possible.

MR. MUMFORD

Yes way, and there is more and better where that came from..

ALI

So, it is true then what they say about you?

MR. MUMFORD

I don't know who "they" are, but I think you need to stop listening to "them" and paying more attention to what matters little girl ---

ALI

I'm not a little girl. The name is Ali.

MR. MUMFORD

OK, Miss "what they say" did "they" tell you that I just saved both your little butts today?

(WINKING AT ALI)

I bet they didn't tell you that, did they?

He picks up his helmet and struts towards the exit.

ALI

Saved our butts from what?

Mr Mumford stops at the door, one hand pushing the door open, he turns around and says:

MR. MUMFORD

Newbie-Christ. That's what I saved you from. It's a school tradition for "christening" newbies. And if it is true what "they" say, you two were in for some unforgettable fun today.

He winks at them before stepping out; Ali and Logan look at each other not saying a word.

Then, the door opens again and Mr Mumford sticks only his head through.

MR. MUMFORD

If I were you, I would lock this door and wait 30 minutes before walking home. Just to be safe. And Logan; don't let this one

(LOOKING AT ALI)

act as your spokeswoman. She will get you killed.

The head disappears before both could answer. Logan springs to his feet and locks the door, he turns around to face Ali

LOGAN

Did you know about Newbie-Christ?

Ali shakes her head; an uncertain, almost frightened, look on her face.

10. EXT. STREET. LATE AFTERNOON

Logan and Ali are trudging on the sidewalk, past the playground park. In the background, mothers can be seen pushing their prams and young children playing on the swings and on the slides.

ALI

Is it like on TV - like Hogwarts and everybody in pretty little uniforms and being super polite?

LOGAN

(laughs)

I wish it were like that. It's just like here. Lots of terrible and horrible people. Some kids in my school used swear words when they were only six...

(PAUSES)

What was it like where you grew up, I mean before you moved here?

ALI

It was awesome. But you would have hated it.

LOGAN

(stops to look at Ali)

Why?

ALI

(slowly, hesitant almost)

Because you are ---

LOGAN

Because I am white?

ALI

No, because you are British!

LOGAN

(embarrassed)

Oh, sorry

ALI

And being white wouldn't help also

She laughs and sticks her tongue out at him.

Suddenly, Griffin, the school bully, runs straight at them, Logan ducks just in time to avoid being hit. The boy stops and turns around and menacingly advances towards Logan.

GRIFFIN

What have we got here? The two "science lovers."

Logan tries to walk past him, but he blocks the way.

LOGAN

What is your problem? What do
you want?

GRIFFIN

(pushing Logan, who stumbles back but does not fall)

You are my problem, ugly Harry
Potter! Geek-wiener!

Ali, who's frothing with anger, jumps between Logan and
Griffin, she swings her backpack forcefully towards Griffin,
catching him on the chin; he stumbles back, hand on his jaw

GRIFFIN

You hit me, you little ---

Before he can finish his sentence, ALI hurls herself at him,
punching him in the face and anywhere she can punch in a wild
frenzy. Griffin covers his face with both hands to avoid
punches to the face. Ali dives at his feet, sending him
crashing to the ground. Logan rushes and grabs her from behind

LOGAN

Stop it, Ali, Stop it!

She tries to wiggle out of his grip, legs flying, trying to
land more kicks at Griffin who's picking himself up, shaken.

LOGAN

(to Ali)

You stop it now!

(TO GRIFFIN, ALMOST SHOUTING)

And you! Can you please just
leave us alone!

Griffin looks shell-shocked stumbles backwards, pointing at
both Ali and Logan.

GRIFFIN

(gritting his teeth with anger)

This is not the end. You stupid
geeks. You think your little
Rosa Parks here will protect you

forever? The only reason I
didn't smash her is that I don't
like killing little girls.

(STARING AT ALI WITH RAGE)

But one day I may not be able to
control myself. So watch out
little girl

(POINTING A FINGER AT ALI)

Ali struggles to free herself from Logan

ALI

I don't mind killing little
boys. So bring it on, little
boy. I told you I am going to
beat you so hard..

LOGAN

Stop it, both of you!

(PULLING ALI BY THE HAND)

Come on Ali, let's go.

Ali and Logan walk away, leaving Griffin fuming. As they walk
away, Griffin can be seen kicking an empty can of soda
angrily.

LOGAN

(letting go of Ali's hand)

What's wrong with you? You can't
just fight like that; you will
get hurt! He is bigger than you
are and you are just---

ALI

(mockingly)

I am just what? Just a girl and
I can't defend myself?

LOGAN

No, you are just too angry Ali.
And you should not fight when
you are angry.

ALI

What do you know about fighting?

LOGAN

I know that I am not good at it.
I am not built to fight; not
with my hands and legs anyway.
If I have to fight, I fight
smart.

ALI

Is that so, Mr Sherlock Holmes?
Or Doctor Who? You fight with
your brain? Well, in Chicago
that will get you killed.

LOGAN

I am not dead, am I?

ALI

You will be soon. I won't always
be around to protect you, and
your precious little brain will
not keep you safe. It's only
your first day at school, and
you'd be knocked flat if it
wasn't for me "Mr I fight with
my brain".

LOGAN

Probably not.

Logan stops walking, Ali stops too. Logan pulls his backpack
from his back, opens the main zipper and pulls out a gadget
that looks like a torch. He holds it in his right hand,
showing it to Ali

ALI

(with a hint of sarcasm)

A torch. What; you were going to
shine a light in his eyes? Very
clever!

(clapping her hands in a mocking applause)

Logan points the 'torch' at Ali's hands then presses a button.
A white string shoots out the back of the gadget, hitting
Ali's wrists and enveloping them in a plastic-looking hard

shell. She tries to pull her hands apart but is unable; the material from Logan's gadget has bound her hands in a tight, strong grip. She raises her hands towards her face staring at the material in complete shock. She shifts her gaze towards him.

ALI

Dude, what the hell did you do to me?

LOGAN

(a smug grin on his face)

Fighting smart my dear. There is enough to bind your legs too if you want...

Logan points the back of the gadget at Ali's legs.

ALI

(shaking her head vehemently)

No no please don't! Can you get this off me, please? It comes off right? Please tell me it comes off!

LOGAN

Yes, it dissolves after 30 minutes by itself.

ALI

30 minutes! Are you kidding me?

LOGAN

Well if it dissolved quickly it wouldn't work, would it?

ALI

No no no I can't go home like this.

LOGAN

(starts to walk, Ali follows behind him)

Ok, come to my house. I have a solution that works in 5 minutes.

ALI

So, what is it? How did you make it? Can you teach me?

LOGAN

It's one of my many inventions. It's top secret. Maybe one day I will teach you. But not today.

11. INT. THE SMITH HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

Logan's grandma is sitting on the sofa, crocheting; his grandpa is reading a thick war time novel. Afternoon cartoons are playing on the television. The grandparents do not notice Logan entering the living room, followed by Ali whose hands are still bound together.

LOGAN

Afternoon grandma. Afternoon grandpa

The grandparents are startled, and they look up.

GRANDMA

And who is this beautiful young lady?

LOGAN

Oh, this is Ali, my friend from school.

(TO ALI)

Ali, that's my young and vivacious grandma; and my old senile grandfather.

ALI

Hi Logan's grandma and grandpa

GRANDPA

And what's that on your hands, young lady?

(TO LOGAN)

Did you kidnap her?

LOGAN

Grandpa! No, I did not kidnap her!

GRANDPA

Why are her hands bound up in spider-glue?

LOGAN

I was demonstrating it to her!
Kidnap her?

(LOOKING AT ALI)

As if I would be able to kidnap her!

GRANDMA

It's lovely that you made friends on your first day. We were expecting the worst...

LOGAN

Grandma, where are the twins?

GRANDMA

They were eating their afternoon snack in the kitchen...

LOGAN

They are not in the kitchen

(RUNNING OUT OF THE LIVING ROOM)

Perry!! Paige!! Perry!! Paige!!

Logan sprints up the staircase, calling out the twins' names, Ali follows slowly, stumbling, her hands still bound together.

12. INT. SMITH HOUSE - TOP FLOOR LANDING - LATE AFTERNOON

Panting and breathless, Logan stops to catch his breath. The twins, Paige and Perry, run out of his bedroom, almost knocking him over.

LOGAN

There you are. What were you
doing in my bedroom?

Perry shakes his head and Paige giggles. They both catch a
glimpse of Ali struggling up the stairs.

LOGAN

Paige. What were you doing in my
bedroom?

PAIGE

(Pointing at ALI)

Who is that?

LOGAN

That's Ali, my friend from
school

(PULLING PAIGE INTO HIS ARMS)

Paige; what were you doing in my
room?

PAIGE

Treasure hunt.

LOGAN

What treasure hunt?

PAIGE

Sweets. Harry said there are
sweets.

LOGAN

Did you find any sweets?

Paige shakes her head.

Logan gets up slowly and hesitantly marches towards his
bedroom.

13. INT. SMITH HOUSE - LOGAN'S BEDROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

Ali behind him, Logan enters his bedroom slowly and stares in disbelief at the room that is ransacked as if it has been burglarized by five burglars. The furniture is turned upside down, books strewn all over the floor, covers ripped off from the bed.

Logan slumps to the floor, leaning back against the door frame. Ali sits next to him, hands still bound.

ALI

(Gesturing to the mess with her bound hands)

Did they?

Logan nods slowly.

ALI

How can such small people create
such mayhem?

LOGAN

(Looking into the distance, away from ALI)

Welcome to my hell.

END OF EPISODE