

S K E P T I C

"SECRETS"

Pilot

by

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Black.

PING...

A low-frequency sonar pulse disappears into the darkness.

Then--

The glow of instrument panels slowly illuminates the dark.

INT. CIA SUBMERSIBLE - NIGHT

The low HUM of electric propulsion fills the cramped titanium hull - a bus-sized submarine - every inch serves a purpose.

SUPER: 2022 - PACIFIC OCEAN, RUSSIA

Six OPERATORS work in near silence before banks of softly glowing displays.

A stabilized OPTICAL MAST feed shows a distant Russian naval task force stationary in the black Pacific.

Additional monitors display satellite imagery, sonar returns, encrypted telemetry, and navigational charts.

An OPERATIONS OFFICER studies the navigation display.

OPERATIONS OFFICER
Approaching observation point...

Beat.

OPERATIONS OFFICER
...and mark.

The submersible slows almost imperceptibly.

The HELMSMAN removes his hand from the controls.

HELMSMAN
Holding position.

The Operations Officer glances to the Captain.

OPERATIONS OFFICER
Observation point reached, Captain.

The CAPTAIN gives a slight nod.

CAPTAIN
Raise the optical mast.

The mast camera feed steadies, revealing the Russian fleet in remarkable detail despite the distance.

The crew settles into what promises to be another long night.

Then, an ALERT TONE breaks the silence.

An amber indicator flashes across a satellite display.

The SATELLITE ANALYST leans in.

SATELLITE ANALYST
Captain...

The Captain crosses to his station.

The overhead satellite feed expands to fill the display. A straight-down view of the lead Russian intelligence vessel.

The aft deck begins to separate - not like a flight deck - two massive armored panels slide apart with precision.

No personnel. No aircraft. Only darkness beneath.

The Operations Officer studies the feed.

OPERATIONS OFFICER
That's not in any Russian vessel
configuration we've seen, sir.

Silence. The opening widens. The dark void beneath the deck seems impossibly deep.

Then--

Three perfectly straight edges emerge from the darkness.

Something enormous slowly rises.

The shape resolves - a massive, matte-black TRIANGULAR CRAFT.

Featureless. No cockpit. No navigation lights. No visible means of propulsion.

It continues its silent ascent until it clears the deck.

The Captain never looks away.

CAPTAIN
Optical mast.

The CAMERA OPERATOR switches feeds.

The primary monitor resolves through shimmering night air.

The optical image sharpens.

The black triangle hangs over the Russian fleet - as if gravity simply doesn't apply. Perfectly still.

The Russian fleet remains motionless beneath it. No deck crew. No escort. No visible reaction. Only the low hum of the submersible.

The mission recording timecode continues to climb as the craft hangs in the air.

COMMUNICATIONS OFFICER
Sir... encrypted uplink window
doesn't open for another eleven
minutes.

Beat.

CAPTAIN
Override it.

The Communications Officer hesitates.

COMMUNICATIONS OFFICER
Legacy Channel?

The Captain's eyes remain fixed on the monitor.

CAPTAIN
Authenticate Legacy Channel.

The Communications Officer immediately goes to work.

No one aboard the submersible speaks.

The triangle simply hovers, rotating ever so subtly.

INT. PENTAGON - INTELLIGENCE ANALYSIS DEPT. - MORNING

SUPER: SIX MONTHS AGO

Rows of analysts work behind identical government workstations. Fluorescent lights. Gray partitions. The muted rhythm of keyboards and distant conversations. Another ordinary day inside the Pentagon.

WILLIAM BARRETT (40s), intelligent, composed, military bearing, scrolls through classified intelligence: Pacific surveillance. Foreign technology assessments.

A search result catches his attention.

PACIFIC OCEAN OFF THE COAST OF KAMCHATKA, RUSSIA. RUSSIAN
PACIFIC FLEET CLASSIFICATION: TS/SCI SOURCE: CIA

He clicks. Mission footage fills the monitor: the black
triangle hovering above the Russian fleet.

INCIDENT STATUS: VERIFIED INTELLIGENCE COLLECTION.

A database panel populates:

ASSOCIATED REPORTS: BERING SEA. NORTH ATLANTIC. SOUTH CHINA
SEA. ARABIAN SEA. MEDITERRANEAN SEA...

Barrett scrolls. Dozens of incidents. Different locations.
Different years. Same classification: ABOVE TOP SECRET.

This isn't isolated. It's a pattern.

Barrett leans back, unsettled, as the ordinary office hum
continues around him.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CAMPSITE - CARLSBAD CAVERNS, NM - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Beneath a canopy of stars, TWO MEN make camp in a desert
canyon, assembling a pair of well-worn tents.

Stenciled across both: WALKER.

SUPER: THREE MONTHS AGO

Obviously a pro at this, CHRIS WALKER (early 30s) assembles
his tent with ease. His rough hands and busted knuckles tell
the story - a man built by hard work and hard times.

His younger brother, ERIC WALKER (late 20s), solidly built
and disciplined, wrestles with the second tent. He's losing.

CHRIS

No. Other end, genius.

ERIC

You know they sell tents now that
don't require an engineering
degree.

CHRIS

Nothing wrong with these.

ERIC

It's older than I am.

CHRIS
And still standing.

They share a look.

CHRIS
So, it looks like you're going to
make a career out of the Air Force.

ERIC
That's the plan.

CHRIS
Dad would be proud.

ERIC
He was proud of you too, Chris.

CHRIS
I don't know. Maybe. You know Dad,
not a big talker.

Eric looks up at Chris from pushing a spike into the ground.

ERIC
He was proud.
(beat)
How are you and Jo doing?

CHRIS
Good.

ERIC
Good?

CHRIS
She wants me to stop fighting.

ERIC
I thought you did.

CHRIS
There's a match coming up.

Eric waits.

CHRIS
I've been thinking about it.
(beat)
The money would help.

ERIC
You're working.

CHRIS
Pouring concrete isn't exactly
cutting it.

Beat.

ERIC
She worries about you, that's all.

CHRIS
Still waiting for her to figure out
she married down.

Eric stands up and locks eyes with his brother.

ERIC
Stop that. You don't give yourself
enough credit.

The tents are standing now.

CHRIS
Your tent is crooked.

Chris steps over, adjusts a suspension rope, and drives the
corner stake deeper with precision.

TWO WOMEN approach carrying kindling.

JOANNA "JO" WALKER (early 30s), barefoot, earthy and vibrant,
wears faded shorts and a worn T-shirt. An easy smile.
Comfortable with life a little messy.

GABRIELLA "GABI" MENDEZ (late 20s), keen-eyed and confident,
wears an Air Force tee tucked into jeans, dark hair pulled
into a bun.

JO
You fixing his work now, too?

CHRIS
Somebody has to.

ERIC
Apparently I require supervision.

GABI
I've been telling him that for
years.

Eric gives her a look.

JO
You tell him about the fight?

Chris looks at Eric.

ERIC
He mentioned it.

JO
And?

ERIC
I'm staying out of this.

GABI
Smart move.

EXT. CAMPSITE - CARLSBAD CAVERNS, NM - LATER

Their campsite now glows softly in the night as a fresh, crackling campfire flickers in the center. The tents' fabric rustles in the breeze.

Leaning back in a camping chair, Chris strums "Simple Man" on an acoustic guitar.

CHRIS
(singing)
...Oh, take your time, don't live
too fast. Troubles will come, and
they will pass.

Sitting slightly apart from the others, Eric, one leg crossed over the other, uses it as a rest for his journal as he quietly writes.

Chris stops strumming his guitar and eyes his brother.

CHRIS
Eric, what the hell are you writing
all the time?

Gabi glances at Eric with quiet understanding.

Eric looks up.

ERIC
It's classified.

Chris laughs.

JO
Stop teasing your brother. If he
wants to write in his journal all
weekend, you'll let him.

CHRIS

You're right. I'm sorry, Eric. Now,
what the hell are you writing?!

They share a laugh, but Eric only smiles faintly.

Jo digs into a duffel bag by her chair. She pulls out a tripod and an SLR camera and assembles them with ease.

JO

Let's go, everyone.

Chris groans and reluctantly stands.

Eric closes his journal and sets it aside.

Gabi and Eric rise and the gang huddle close, shoulders touching - arms slung around each other.

The camera timer counts down.

The shutter clicks - FREEZE FRAME - four friends untouched by the troubles to come.

END FLASHBACK

EXT. DESERT ROAD - DUSK

A convoy of military Humvees, a medical transport, and a black Escalade tears down a desert road, engines growling like thunder beneath a blinding full moon.

SUPER: PRESENT DAY - MOJAVE DESERT, NEVADA

EXT. DESERT BASIN - MOMENTS LATER

The convoy arrives, dust rolling across the desert floor. Engines cut one by one.

The Humvees and medical transport form a perimeter. The Escalade parks inside it. Doors spring open. SIX OPERATIVES move in two-man teams, unloading black rolling hard cases.

LT. COLTON TRASK (30s) steps from a Humvee. Confident, rigid, experienced. He surveys the scene.

OPERATIVES POSITION

At their markers, OPERATIVES 1 and 2 open their case.

Inside, sleek black components – clean, angular. They assemble the device, locking it into a standing formation like a solar array. They tilt it forty-five degrees toward the blackening sky.

ESCALADE

Trask approaches the Escalade, its windows like mirrors.

TWO MEN step from the Escalade – 30s and 50s – immaculate black suits, sharp as scalpels. Their white hair is streaked with remnants of its original dark color. The older nearly all white, the younger mostly dark. MIRROR MEN.

Expressionless, they turn to Trask.

TRASK

All set.

The Mirror Men open the rear hatch and remove a device resembling a slim twenty-four-inch TV with side handles.

They carry it to a clearing outside the perimeter.

MIRROR MEN POSITION

The older of the two, Mirror Man 1, raises the device, angling it toward the stars. The screen glows – a soft, uncanny translucence – humming beneath the desert silence.

MIRROR MAN 1 POV – HANDHELD DEVICE

The glass screen displays infographics, celestial bodies – planets, constellations – and flight trajectory data: a HIDDEN HIGHWAY IN THE SKY containing Earth's "visitors."

On the glass screen, a 20-foot disc-shaped craft the size of a bus MATERIALIZES along one of the array's trajectory paths, cruising one hundred feet above the desert.

Data populates across the display in rapid succession--

ON SCREEN – CRAFT ANALYSIS:

- INTELLIGENT MATERIALS: PRESENT
- THERMAL HEAT SIGNATURE: 0°
- GRAVITATIONAL DISPLACEMENT: PRESENT
- OCCUPANTS: PRESENT

Mirror Man 1 glances at his partner. Mirror Man 2 calmly RAISES BOTH ARMS and closes his eyes – movements slow.

Long beat--

SKY

The UFO IS PULLED INTO EXISTENCE – TELEKINETICALLY. Its metallic skin shimmers in the moonlight, lights flickering along its edge. Silent. Motionless. Defying physics.

TRASK (O.S.)
(via comms)
Lock!

OPERATIVES POSITION

A burst of synchronized flashes erupts across the Operatives' solar panel-like arrays – quick, precise, like a coded pulse signaling they've locked onto the target.

MIRROR MEN POSITION

MIRROR MAN 2 eyes closed and concentrating. He lowers his arms – slow, deliberate.

SKY

Above, the craft matches Mirror Man 2's motion, descending in eerie synchronization. Suddenly, it JERKS – resisting. The descent falters.

MIRROR MEN POSITION

Mirror Man 1 hands the device off to Trask without a word and steps forward. He raises his arms and closes his eyes, joining his counterpart in a silent, telekinetic lockstep.

SKY

An invisible force pressing down from above. The craft rattles. Fifty feet above the desert floor, the UFO suddenly spins – fast and erratic – another attempt to escape.

MIRROR MEN POSITION

Both Mirror Men strain, faces rigid, sweat beading.

Suddenly, a WHITE STREAK snakes through Mirror Man 1's black hair, draining its color – the toll of telekinetic strain.

SKY

A sudden ripple glides across the craft's metallic shell, disturbingly fluid for something so rigid. The craft seizes – frozen in mid-descent.

Then, like caught in the grip of something colossal and unseen, it's yanked from the sky and VIOLENTLY SLAMS into the desert, detonating a SHOCKWAVE OF SAND in every direction.

MIRROR MEN POSITION

Trask turns, his hand blocking the stinging blast.

The Mirror Men stand still, statue-like, unfazed.

TRASK
(via comms)
Collapse perimeter.

The Operatives close in on the craft.

LOGAN (O.S., OVERLAP)
Former Pentagon intelligence analyst William Barrett says a classified program has spent decades recovering and reverse-engineering nonhuman technology – and that Russia and China are doing the same. Tonight, he speaks publicly for what may be the last time.

INT. ERIC'S APT. - SAME TIME

The apartment is clean, organized, bare – the home of a man ready to leave at a moment's notice.

A TV flickers. A YOUTUBE LIVESTREAM for "REDACTED." Two million watching. Chyron: TOP SECRET U.S. PROGRAM HIDING NONHUMAN TECHNOLOGY.

Investigative journalist LOGAN MARSHALL (30s), composed, accustomed to asking dangerous questions.

Split-screen, Barrett – focused, articulate, visibly on edge.

LOGAN

William... Why now?

BARRETT

Because I'm already finished. I've
lost my clearance. My career.
Friends won't return my calls.
Everyone inside knows what happens
when you speak. The only thing I
have left is the truth.

LOGAN

What are they hiding?

KITCHEN

Eric sits at the kitchen table, tightly wound, dressed in
black operative fatigues.

He leans forward and keeps writing in a worn leather-bound
journal. He scribbles with deliberate strokes - coded text,
diagrams, names.

The livestream continues in the BG.

BARRETT

Not bodies. Not flying saucers.
Technology capable of changing
civilization overnight.
Whoever unlocks it first won't just
dominate the battlefield. They'll
dominate the next century.

LOGAN

So this isn't about disclosure.

BARRETT

No. Disclosure is a consequence.
The real story is the race.
America. Russia. China. Every major
power knows something is here.
They're just pretending otherwise.

LOGAN

And Congress?

BARRETT

Most members have no idea how
compartmentalized these programs
are.

Unelected officials and defense contractors are making decisions that could alter humanity's future – without oversight.

LOGAN

You've received death threats.

BARRETT

Every whistleblower reaches the same crossroads. Stay quiet...or lose everything. I've already been blacklisted. Now I'm just trying to stay alive long enough for people to listen.

(beat)

And people are listening.

Eric stops writing. Looks up at Barrett on the screen, holding his gaze a beat longer than expected. Barrett's words have been growing louder in his head.

On the kitchen table: a Signalink Transceiver linked to a laptop, a USB drive, HAM radio, and compact 3D printer – something small visible inside.

Eric's encrypted military phone VIBRATES. He stops journaling, expectant.

A message appears:

COMMANDER ROURKE: "SKYCATCHER ACTIVE."

A slow, measured exhale. His pulse ticking up.

Eric glances back at Barrett on the TV. Then to his laptop. Time to move. On the laptop screen, an encrypted interface pulses – a backchannel buried behind layers of anonymity.

Eric types: "BIRD DOWN. MEET IN T+5HRS." Transmission sent.

Eric wipes the laptop, purging logs, encryption keys, and software traces.

He retrieves a BLACK UNIFORM CLASP from the 3D printer and slips the USB inside its hollow sleeve. Eric swaps it for the clasp on his uniform – seamless.

He packs the laptop, radio, and 3D printer into a duffel, then drops his journal into his backpack.

One last look around the immaculate apartment. He slips out.

EXT. KIRTLAND AIR FORCE BASE - TARMAC - NIGHT

SUPER: KIRTLAND AIR FORCE BASE, NEW MEXICO

Eric scans the tarmac and spots Gabi, coiled with energy, standing by a Chinook helicopter. Gabi waves him forward with urgency. He beelines to her.

They exchange a look - unspoken, resolute.

GABI
Let's see it.

Eric motions to the clasp on his jacket. Gabi inspects it.

GABI
You still trust what Barrett is
saying about the arms race?

ERIC
I've seen enough to know he's
right.

GABI
And if he isn't?

ERIC
Then tonight we find out.

Eric taps the clasp.

ERIC
We get the proof he couldn't.

Gabi nods.

GABI
Okay. Go. I'll keep watch.

Eric climbs into the Chinook but turns back to Gabi.

ERIC
Let's make it undeniable.

INT. HELICOPTER - COCKPIT - CONTINUOUS

Eric drops into his seat and removes the USB clasp, adrenaline thrumming. He scans the tarmac - empty.

He plugs the USB into a maintenance port beneath the controls, typically reserved for post-mission diagnostics.

Gabi enters and takes her seat.

Eric gives her a thumbs-up. It's real now.

CARGO BAY

Clad in black, the rest of the SIX-PERSON TEAM arrives - SKYCATCHER COMPANY.

At the front is COMMANDER NATHAN ROURKE (30s), Eric and Gabi's CO, a seasoned operative with quiet authority, having spent years in the shadows.

COCKPIT

Eric manages switches and levers on the control console.

Rourke leans in through the cockpit hatch. He lingers, watching Eric a beat longer than usual.

ROURKE

How are we looking, Walker? You've had that thousand-yard stare lately.

ERIC

(firm)
I'm good, sir.

Rourke nods. Doesn't buy it. Doesn't press.

ROURKE

Great.
(to Gabi)
Take us out of here, Mendez.

Rourke slaps the edge of the doorframe - his way of saying stay sharp - and slips into the cargo bay.

Eric stares ahead, jaw tight. Gabi notices.

EXT. KIRTLAND AIR FORCE BASE - HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS

Propellers slice through the cold air as the Chinook lifts off the tarmac, vanishing into the night sky.

EXT. CRASH SITE - MOJAVE DESERT, NV - SAME TIME

The craft rests in its impact crater, flawless. Near the craft, the two Mirror Men stand motionless.

TRASK
(via comms)
Stay sharp, team.

The Operatives have formed a perimeter around the UFO.

Trask returns the telemetry device to Mirror Man 1, who raises it toward the craft and scans inside.

MIRROR MAN 1 POV - CRAFT INTERIOR

X-ray and thermal overlays flare across the display. The craft's interior SHIMMERS INTO VIEW.

THREE FRAGILE HUMANOID FIGURES - unmistakably not human - lie scattered across the deck. Two heat signatures fade.

The third stirs, tries to rise, then collapses. Its faint thermal glow - the only sign of life.

SKY

The stealth-modified helicopter arrives, its rotors nearly silent, engineered to be a ghost in the sky. No navigation lights, no ID markers, just an invisible predator.

INT. HELICOPTER - CARGO BAY - CONTINUOUS

The open side door panel yawns wide to the dark expanse below - desert wind howling through the hull, slapping against gear and canvas. Rourke stands near the side door panel.

Rourke checks his watch. Still on schedule. His gaze sweeps the drop zone - posture locked, all mission.

ROURKE
(commanding)
On your feet.

Skycatcher Company rises as one with a loud "Hooah."

ROURKE
DROP!

Skycatcher Company rappels out, one by one, swallowed by the night - vanishing, ropes hissing against their gloves.

EXT. CRASH SITE - CONTINUOUS

Boots crunch against the brittle desert crust, each step rhythmic. Skycatcher Company settles into position around the craft.

MIRROR MEN POSITION

Mirror Man 2 places a hand on the craft. A SURFACE SHIFT — a seamless door RECEDES, silently revealing a passage.

Rourke motions his team forward. Skycatcher Company enters in formation, crouching through the opening.

OPERATIVES POSITION

They break down the arrays and load them into the Humvees.

MIRROR MEN POSITION

In pairs, Skycatcher Company carries out three humanoid beings on stretchers, each the size of a twelve-year-old. Frail bodies. Milky Grey skin. Large black eyes.

Mirror Man 1 PEELS BACK THE FLEXIBLE BLACK OCULAR COVERINGS from the living being's eyes, exposing its actual pupils.

Trask opens a compact metal case. Mirror Man 1 places the ocular covers inside. Trask shuts it.

Skycatcher loads the two dead beings into a Humvee, the survivor into the medical transport.

Rourke looks up at the Chinook.

ROURKE
(via comms)
Engage hoist, Captain.

INT. HELICOPTER - COCKPIT - CONTINUOUS

Eric's eyes lock onto the thermal camera monitor, recording every covert movement.

ERIC'S POV - THERMAL DISPLAY

The Mirror Men register NEARLY COLD — unnaturally blue-green. But around their heads, an AURA OF HEAT glows orange-red like a corona, pulsing with concentrated energy.

MIRROR MEN POSITION

Then, without warning, the Mirror Men snap their heads upward in unison, their movements unnatural.

Their eyes cut through the darkness, cold, unblinking. Not searching, but LOCKING ONTO ERIC through the cockpit window.

INT. HELICOPTER - COCKPIT - CONTINUOUS

Eric's pulse quickens. His grip tightens on the controls.

Gabi catches the shift in Eric - his focus fractured.

GABI

What?

ERIC

(low, tense)

They know... Somehow, they know.

GABI

How?

ERIC

(via comms)

Deploying hoist.

Eric can't help but remain fixed on the thermal display.

Suddenly, his grip falters, slipping off the hoist actuator.

GABI

Eric!

Eric regains control.

EXT. CRASH SITE - CONTINUOUS

The hoist lowers. Skycatcher Company secures it around the craft with rehearsed speed. The disc groans under the tightening straps.

MIRROR MEN POSITION

Mirror Man 1 reaches into his suit jacket without breaking eye contact with Eric and retrieves a strangely futuristic cell phone. He lifts it to his ear and makes a call.

Trask grips the briefcase with quiet authority as he strides toward the Escalade, unhurried and deliberate.

INT. HELICOPTER - COCKPIT - CONTINUOUS

Eric turns to Gabi, a sheen of sweat across his brow. She gives him a quick once-over, eyes narrowing, concern flickering behind her eyes.

SKY

The hoisted UFO steadies beneath the helicopter, hovering in place, ready for departure.

Gabi throttles forward.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION JOB SITE - SAME TIME

The full moon hangs over the New Mexico horizon. Portable floodlights illuminate the skeletal frame of a house.

Only TWO MEN remain. Chris, dusty from work, sips a beer beneath a faded ABQ CONSTRUCTION cap.

On the tailgate sits KAI KANATI (50s), burly, long black hair, grime-caked work clothes. A Cherokee beaded bracelet circles his wrist.

KAI

You were useless today. We've got a lot of catching up to do tomorrow.

(beat)

Go home. Get some rest.

Chris takes another drink.

KAI

What happened?

CHRIS

Nothing.

Kai gives him a look.

CHRIS

Jo and I got into it.

KAI

So you're going home.

CHRIS

I'm letting her cool off.

KAI

At Crossroads.

CHRIS
That's the plan.

KAI
Yeah. That always works.

Kai hops off the tailgate.

Chris tosses his empty bottle, climbs into his pickup and turns the key. Nothing. Again. Dead. He SLAMS the dashboard.

CHRIS
SONOFABITCH!

Chris looks skyward. Kai follows his gaze.

KAI
What?

CHRIS
Looking for the fucking dark cloud.
I know it's up there somewhere.

KAI
Come on. I'll drop you off.

Chris climbs out, slamming the door.

A low-flying HELICOPTER passes overhead. They look up.

KAI
Military.

CHRIS
(proud)
Shit, could be my brother.

KAI
Air Force, right?

CHRIS
Yeah.

KAI
You been watching the news?

CHRIS
Nah. Same shit. World's gone mad.

KAI
Government's releasing UFO files
now. All kinds of shit they used to
deny.

CHRIS
Come on -- just more distractions
from real issues. If any of that
were true, my brother would know.

KAI
Maybe he does.

Chris looks at him.

KAI
My dad believes it. Heard stories
when he was an Army code breaker.
Says our people have stories going
back hundreds of years. Calls them
"Star People."

Chris eyes him, unconvinced.

CHRIS
Your dad's cool, but I don't think
"Star People" are coming anywhere
near this shithole.

EXT. CLASSIFIED FACILITY - SUNRISE MOUNTAINS, NV - LATER

A summit -- concealed within the Sunrise Mountains of Nevada.

The helicopter descends, the UFO suspended below.

Ahead, the mountain rumbles to life. A seam of light appears
as a massive hangar door retracts into the rock.

A high-load trailer rolls out, crew moving into position.

The UFO descends onto the trailer. The crew unlatches the
hoist and recoils the cables.

INT. HELICOPTER - COCKPIT - CONTINUOUS

Eric reels the last of the hoist back into the bay.

They exchange a look.

Gabi's already banking the bird -- a crisp pivot into the sky.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. KIRTLAND AIR FORCE BASE - LATER

The helicopter lands and powers down.

INT. HELICOPTER - COCKPIT - CONTINUOUS

Eric reaches beneath the panel, finds the USB and unplugs it, snapping it seamlessly onto his uniform.

He glances at Gabi. Without a word, they unbuckle and stand.

For a moment, the world shrinks to just the two of them. Gabi grabs his shoulders, eyes locked on his.

GABI
I'll take it from here.
(beat)
And watch your six.

DIAGNOSTICS TECH (O.S.)
Diagnostics here.

They both flinch, adrenaline spiking.

GABI
(under her breath)
Shit. They're early.
(refocused)
Get out of here. Get to Logan.

Eric hesitates, eyes lingering on her. Then he hops out.

INT. SECURITY CHECKPOINT CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

The corridor hums with fluorescent light – sterile, humming, clinical. Footsteps echo against tile and steel – Eric – his expression unreadable. He hesitates. Just for a second.

His breath catches. Palms damp. His hand brushes the USB-clasp on his chest – a little too long – like he's unsure it's still there.

Ahead, a full-body scanner sits idle, glowing faintly like a sleeping eye. It hums with mechanical indifference.

TWO GUARDS (30s) in matte-black uniforms flank it.

GUARD 1
C'mon, Captain. Step on through.

Eric gives a clipped nod. Steps inside. The scanner flickers to life – a soft whine, rising to a pitch that only makes his heartbeat louder.

Guard 2 watches a monitor. His brow furrows slightly as the silhouette of Eric's body shimmers across the screen. But the disguised USB passes undetected.

The scanner powers down. The corridor falls eerily quiet.

Eric steps out, a little too fast.

GUARD 1
Hot date, Captain?

He keeps walking. Doesn't look back - hands clenched.

ERIC
You got that right.

EXT. KIRTLAND AIR FORCE BASE - PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

Eric opens the Jeep's hatch, removes the USB clasp, and retrieves his journal, slipping the USB into the INNER FLAP.

Then, he tucks the journal in a pocket of his jacket.

INT. CROSSROADS TAVERN - BAR - SAME TIME

Crossroads hums with blue-collar regulars blowing off steam after a long week.

Chris enters and beelines to the bar.

LIZ (40s), a fit bartender with a quick smile and a slower stride, is already pulling his usual and sets it down in front of Chris.

LIZ
Jo comin' tonight?

Chris, with an awkward smile and a nod, says, "Not tonight."

Liz catches the tone and moves off to help another customer without pushing it.

EXT. DESERT ROAD - DULCE, NM - SAME TIME

The Humvees, medical transport, and the Mirror Men's Escalade rip down a dark desert road, headlights cutting through the dust. They pass a sign: RESTRICTED ACCESS - AUTHORIZED PERSONNEL ONLY - USE OF DEADLY FORCE AUTHORIZED.

Suddenly, the ground opens, revealing a hidden ramp sloping into the Earth. The convoy rolls down, swallowed by darkness.

INT. DULCE BASE - UNDERGROUND VEHICLE BAY - CONTINUOUS

The convoy parks inside a vehicle bay carved from solid rock.

The Operatives and Mirror Men disembark. The live Grey, secured to a stretcher, is wheeled into a freight elevator, flanked by TWO PLAIN-CLOTHES GUARDS with no insignia.

CORRIDOR

Five stories beneath the New Mexico desert floor, the elevator doors whoosh open, and the Grey is rolled down the corridor toward an infirmary.

INFIRMARY

The infirmary is lined with high-tech medical equipment, some unrecognizable. Empty beds stand in precise rows.

The Operatives transfer the live Grey to a bed and exit, leaving the Mirror Men alone.

Mirror Man 1 retrieves a thin metal band and fits it around the Grey's head - a psionics blocker.

The being JOLTS AWAKE. Seeing the Mirror Men, it SCREECHES.

Mirror Man 1's eyes narrow, his expression darkening.

Without a word, he connects with the Grey telepathically.

MIRROR MAN 1 (V.O.)
Can you access the Pyramid?

Defiantly, the Grey's eyes narrow in concentration - Mirror Man 1 is FORCEFULLY PUSHED BACK, clutching his head in pain.

Mirror Man 2 swiftly dials a knob on the psionics blocker and the Grey JERKS violently.

Mirror Man regains his composure and steps up to the being.

MIRROR MAN 1 (V.O.)
We'll do this the hard way.

Mirror Man 1 places his pale hand on the being's head.

INT. CROSSROADS TAVERN - LATER

The crowd has thinned, leaving only a few patrons.

Chris remains slumped at the bar, throwing back a shot.

Suddenly, he's nearly KNOCKED OFF HIS STOOL. Chris turns. An obnoxiously tall PUNK (20s) stands over him, unaware.

CHRIS
What the fuck?

The Punk doesn't hear Chris as he's now talking to a WOMAN (40s) sitting at the bar.

PUNK
(slurred speech)
Hey, cougar-baby.

The Woman gives him a quick once-over, then turns back to her friend and continues with their conversation.

CHRIS
Leave her be, dude.

The Punk turns, sizing up Chris.

PUNK
Chill, man.

Chris stiffens – worn down, hollow-eyed, a battered version of the man he typically is. But a good old bar fight might be what he needs tonight. Chris calmly places his beer on the bar and stands.

Liz hustles over to the men. She knows what's coming next.

LIZ
Chris!

Chris clocks him. The Punk stumbles back, then fires a brutal right hook. Chris reels, steadies – then charges, slamming them both into the woman and knocking her off her stool.

INT. HELICOPTER - COCKPIT - SAME TIME

Inside the tight cockpit, TWO DIAGNOSTICS TECHNICIANS (30s) move methodically – specialized handheld devices tethered to the console, pulling flight data and thermal logs.

Behind them – the sudden presence of TWO MILITARY POLICE (20s), stepping into position on either side of ROURKE.

DIAGNOSTICS TECH 1

Commander, we almost missed it, but our readings indicate that the logs and thermal imaging have already been pulled.

(beat)

Encrypted bypass. A passive interface exchange -- nearly undetectable. But we found it.

Rourke absorbs that, eyes on Gabi.

ROURKE

Mendez, where's Walker?

GABI

I cut him loose.

ROURKE

(low, disappointed)

That's convenient.

(beat)

You know better than that, Gabi.

She nods with acknowledgment. A long beat.

GABI

Is there a problem, sir?

ROURKE

Damn it, Gabi.

A flicker of regret. Then Rourke nods to the MPs.

The MPs move -- but Gabi doesn't, expectant. They secure her.

Rourke pulls out his secure phone, moving fast now.

EXT./INT. JEEP - INTERSTATE 80 - MOMENTS LATER

Eric's Jeep barrels down the highway, his grip tightening on the wheel.

His military-issued phone RINGS -- it's Rourke. Eric stares at the screen, his pulse hammering. He lets it ring out.

Eric exhales.

Then, another call, but on his consumer cellphone.

Eric hesitates but picks up.

LIZ (V.O.)

Eric.

Eric clenches his jaw. Of all nights, Chris...

ERIC

What happened? Not again?

LIZ (V.O.)

Listen, I can't call Jo because, well, he'll fill you in, and I don't want to call the police. That's the last thing he needs right now.

ERIC

What happened?

LIZ(V.O.)

Just get down here, fast.

Eric checks his mirrors – empty road. He looks at the clock, then the highway ahead. Torn.

ERIC

(stressed)

On my way.

CLICK. Eric kills the call, braces the phone against the wheel, SNAPS it in half, and hurls it out the window.

Eyes forward, he hits the gas.

INT. KIRTLAND AIR FORCE BASE - INTERROGATION RM. - SAME TIME

Harsh overhead lights buzz faintly. Gabi sits at a metal table – upright, hands flat. Classic operator posture.

Two MPs stand posted at the door.

Across from her, a female AIR FORCE OSI INVESTIGATOR (30s), crisp uniform, by-the-book, reviews a thin file.

She looks up.

INTERROGATOR

Ok, Captain Mendez, where's Captain Walker?

GABI

I don't know where he is.

INTERROGATOR

Let's back up a bit, then.

(beat)

Why again did you assume diagnostic protocol duties over Eric when he's the co-pilot required to assist the Diagnostics team?

Gabi keeps her expression blank.

GABI

I offered to relieve Captain Walker because he was feeling sick.

(beat)

Diagnostics is a standard procedure. So, yes, I told him I would cover for him.

The Interrogator examines Gabi closely, looking for tells.

INTERROGATOR

Did he mention where he was headed?

GABI

I assumed he was going home. I just mentioned he wasn't well.

INTERROGATOR

Is it true that you and the Captain are more than co-pilots? The terms "work-husband" and "work-wife" have been tossed around base.

Gabi's voice is firmer now, measured.

GABI

(assertive)

Ma'am, with respect, we are co-pilots, nothing more -- fellow patriots serving our country.

Unconvinced, the Investigator flips a page in her file. Calm.

The door swings open. ROURKE enters. Quiet. Heavy. The interrogator stiffens, instinctively yielding to authority.

He takes a beat -- his eyes scan Gabi. Not suspicion. Something closer to regret. His jaw tightens -- a flicker of unease behind the otherwise unreadable face.

ROURKE

That'll be all, Mendez.

The Investigator hesitates -- protocol demands respect.

INTERROGATOR

But, sir--

ROURKE

We're done here, for now.

The Investigator quietly gathers her file and exits.

GABI

Commander Rourke, what's going on?

Rourke looks at Gabi – not angry. Just tired.

ROURKE

Go home, Gabi. Stay close. That's an order.

She straightens up.

GABI

Yes, sir.

Rourke holds her gaze. A quiet understanding passes between them – history. He nods to the MPs. Her cuffs are unlocked.

Gabi stands, fear for Eric hardening her expression, and walks out.

EXT. KIRTLAND AIR FORCE BASE - KIOSK - MOMENTS LATER

Gabi drives off the base as the kiosk gate lowers behind her.

Across the street, a BLACK SEDAN idles in the shadows, then pulls out and slips in behind her.

EXT. CLASSIFIED FACILITY - SUNRISE MOUNTAINS, NV - NIGHT

The jagged Sunrise Mountains loom beneath a star-filled sky. Faint seams in the granite reveal the classified facility buried within.

INT. CLASSIFIED FACILITY - VOSS'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

The office is austere – a fortress of glass and matte steel carved deep into the mountain. Screens pulse quietly along the walls, streaming classified intelligence feeds:

Reverse-engineering labs.

Satellite surveillance of classified recovery sites.

Russian retrieval teams securing a crashed craft.

Chinese scientists testing foreign materials.

Infrared footage of craft performing impossible maneuvers.

A sleek white desk cuts the room in half. DIRECTOR HELENA VOSS (40s) stands behind it with calculated poise in a crisp white suit. Her silver hair frames a face that betrays nothing. Her stillness drains the oxygen from the room.

Trask enters with the briefcase. He crosses over to Voss and presents it. Her expression shifts - controlled satisfaction.

VOSS

Follow me.

INT. CLASSIFIED FACILITY - INTELLIGENT MATERIALS LAB - CONT.

SCIENTISTS and TECHNICIANS examine recovered nonhuman technology throughout the metallic-skinned lab.

Machinery hums. Glass displays stream anti-gravity schematics and anomalous material analysis.

DR. ROHAN KAPOOR (40s), an applied physicist specializing in intelligent materials, crouches over a table. White lab coat. Surgical in thought and movement.

Before him, a rotating 3D hologram of SLEEK EYEGLASSES. Kapoor rearranges its internal components.

VOSS (O.S.)

Your materials have arrived.

Kapoor turns, eyes wired, wipes sweaty hands on his lab coat.

Trask hands him the briefcase. Kapoor unclasps it with trembling hands. Inside, the ocular covers gleam, impossibly smooth as glass.

Voss's gaze narrows, almost predatory.

VOSS

So, Kapoor, what's been the holdup?

Kapoor's attention snaps back to Voss immediately.

KAPOOR

Titanium. The frames reject the lens material. I've swapped it for a non-magnetic alloy.

VOSS
I'd like to see them.

Kapoor types below the hologram. Six micro-arms sprout from the table, weaving BERYLLIUM-COPPER into the glasses' frame. Seconds later, it's done -- except the lenses, still EMPTY.

Kapoor hands the frames to Voss.

KAPOOR
I'm calling it TeleSight.

Voss holds the frames to the light, turning them slowly.

VOSS
How close are you?

Kapoor looks to the ocular covers.

KAPOOR
If the material integrates,
tomorrow.

VOSS
And it'll work?

KAPOOR
Theoretically.

Voss gives him a look.

KAPOOR
Think of it as an AR chessboard.
TeleSight reveals possible moves
before they're made -- and where
they might lead.

VOSS
How far?

KAPOOR
That's the problem. The farther
into the future you look, the less
reliable it becomes.

VOSS
And Weller's remote viewing
capabilities? Will it interfere?

Kapoor hesitates.

KAPOOR
That's the variable I can't account
for. TeleSight looks forward. Dr.
Weller can look elsewhere.

VOSS
What happens when you combine them?

KAPOOR
I don't know.

Voss hands the frames back.

Her phone VIBRATES.

VOSS
Tomorrow.

KAPOOR
We'll need a test subject first.
They're not safe for Dr. Weller
yet.

She nods to Kapoor and answers her phone — her expression
darkens by an imperceptible degree.

VOSS
(angry)
Are you kidding me?! One of our
own? Do you realize what this
means?

She hangs up and turns to Trask.

VOSS
Find Captain Eric Walker with the
utmost urgency.

TRASK
Walker? That's a Skycatcher.

VOSS
Precisely.

TRASK
Understood.

VOSS
You'll have company on this one.
Follow their lead, Lieutenant.

TRASK
Understood, Director.

Trask pivots and strides toward the exit. The sliding doors hiss shut behind him.

Voss turns back to Kapoor.

VOSS
Test subject incoming.

Kapoor lingers – wary, unsettled as Voss moves on.

INT. CLASSIFIED FACILITY - TACTICAL OPS CENTER - CONTINUOUS

Trask enters a controlled hive of activity. Eyes flick to him, then back to screens.

Rows of workstations glow beneath cold fluorescents. Monitors display surveillance feeds, thermal overlays, and biometrics.

Trask approaches the LEAD INTELLIGENCE ANALYST (50s).

TRASK
Track down Captain Eric Walker.
Military ID number is 1546-A32.

The order ripples outward. Analysts exchange glances. Keyboards clatter. Code streams. Eric's personnel dossier bursts onto a wall monitor – military history, deployment logs, and psych profiles. Then his DMV registration appears – matched instantly to a traffic camera feed.

ANALYST 1
Got him. New Mexico, westbound on
Interstate 80.

ANALYST 2
Cross-checking feeds and LPR grids.

A satellite thermal map expands across another monitor. A red dot blinks – "TARGET ACQUIRED."

Trask turns and exits without another word.

EXT. GABI'S APARTMENT - SAME TIME

Gabi pulls into her apartment complex. Across the street, the black sedan slows and parks.

INT. LOGAN'S LOFT - ALBUQUERQUE, NM - SAME TIME

Logan digs through Eric's records: military history, flight logs, psychological evaluations, financials. Dozens of browser tabs crowd the screen.

Among the files: classified reports on Russian and Chinese retrieval programs. Satellite images of secured facilities. Naval encounters. Intelligence assessments warning of breakthroughs in reverse-engineered technology.

One phrase appears repeatedly: NONHUMAN TECHNOLOGY.

Data reveals DR. HARRISON WELLER, linked to a classified 1980s CIA PsyOps program: DARK REALITY – mastering psionics to spy on the Russians.

Documents flash: Telepathy. Telekinesis. Remote Viewing. Recruits trained as weapons of the mind, inspired by encounters with nonhuman intelligence and technology.

Logan opens classified photographs. UFOs in plain sight. One photo consists of Dr. Weller (40s) standing beside a saucer-shaped craft. Flanking him are half a dozen Mirror Men.

Logan stands abruptly. He grabs a burner phone and punches in a number. It picks up.

LOGAN

I'm going through these files you sent me on Dark Reality.

(beat)

What do psionics have to do with UFOs? The connection's not clear.

BARRETT (V.O.)

You won't believe it, but the craft material, if you can call it that, is intelligent.

LOGAN

What do you mean, intelligent?

BARRETT (V.O.)

Psionics can summon and pilot these craft. Supposedly, that's how non-terrestrials fly them.

LOGAN

Are you telling me they use telepathy to control a machine?

BARRETT (V.O.)
Yes. That's how the military
sometimes brings them down. They're
not all crashed UFOs.

Logan freezes, staring at the screen. Something clicks.

LOGAN
The arms race...

BARRETT (V.O.)
What about it?

LOGAN
Someone on the inside is trying to
prove you're right.

Beat.

BARRETT (V.O.)
Inside where?

Logan doesn't answer.

BARRETT (V.O.)
Do they have physical proof?

Logan checks the encrypted message on his phone again.

BIRD DOWN. MEET IN T+5HRS.

He looks at his watch.

Eric's late.

Very late.

LOGAN
Ok, I gotta go. Talk soon.

He hangs up and steps over to the windows, peering out, a
knot tightening in his gut. Where is he?

EXT. CROSSROADS TAVERN - SAME TIME

Sporting a fresh black eye, Chris sits on the sidewalk
slouched against the brick wall of Crossroads Tavern, head
low, as Eric's Jeep pulls up.

Chris tries to stand, but stumbles back down.

Eric quickly hops out of the Jeep and lifts his brother,
wrapping an arm around his waist for support.

Chris falls into Eric with a firm embrace.

CHRIS
(slurred speech)
Bro!

Eric doesn't respond. He glances up the street, anxious and carries Chris to his Jeep.

CHRIS
(slurring)
You're not pissed at me, too, are
you?

Eric, his chest pounding, unable to mutter the slightest of words. Chris waits for something – anything.

ERIC
Just tired, Chris.

INT. JEEP - MOMENTS LATER

The Jeep tears down the empty highway. Eric's foot heavy on the gas, fingers tight around the wheel.

Chris notices something's off. Eric is quiet, haunted.

Roadside reflectors whip past.

Chris checks the speedometer: 90 MPH. Eric notices.

ERIC
Gotta be somewhere, is all.

Chris studies him. Eric's eyes keep jumping to the mirrors. His hands grip the wheel tighter than Chris has ever seen.

CHRIS'S DOUBLE VISION POV - ERIC

Eric's eyes repeatedly shift between the rearview mirror and the road ahead, his gaze focused, restless, scanning lanes.

EXT. CHRIS & JO'S TRAILER HOME - MOMENTS LATER

Eric pulls up, engine idling. He checks over his shoulder – nothing. His hand moves to the gearshift, ready to go.

Chris climbs out and tumbles to the ground.

Eric throws it in park and rushes over, pulling him up.

They head toward the trailer.

ELDERLY MAN (O.S.)
Osiyo, Chris. Coyotes are quiet
tonight. Never a good sign under a
full moon.

CHRIS
(to Eric)
Hold on.

Chris turns to the street and waves. Eric follows his gaze.

EXT. OLD HAWK'S TRAILER HOME - PORCH - CONTINUOUS

TAWODI "OLD HAWK" KANATI (70s) sits on his porch, carving
symbols into a wooden walking stick with practiced hands.

Hand-carved totems, Cherokee beadwork and weathered
dreamcatchers surround him. A hawk-shaped wind chime hums in
the breeze.

Beneath the eaves, a U.S. ARMY FLAG hangs beside a faded
POW/MIA banner.

Old Hawk acknowledges Eric - a fellow service member.

Eric stoically nods back.

EXT. CHRIS & JO'S TRAILER HOME - CONTINUOUS

They reach the trailer. The DOOR SWINGS OPEN HARD. Jo stands
there, arms crossed, worn and ready for a fight. Then she
sees Eric. Her armor drops.

JO
Eric?

Chris attempts to squeeze past them and into the trailer.

JO
You and I will talk later.

Chris nods with guilt in his eyes. He turns back to Eric.

CHRIS
(slurring)
Wait here for just a sec. I gotta
show you something. It was Dad's.

He slips into the trailer.

JO
It's great to see you, Eric.

CRASH!

CHRIS (O.S.)
SONOFABITCH!

Jo rushes inside.

Suddenly, a pair of HEADLIGHTS appear in the distance - a MILITARY HUMVEE rolling up the street, slow, deliberate.

Eric's pulse spikes. A paralyzing beat.

Thinking fast, he scans for a hiding spot. His eyes land on CHRIS'S TOOLBOX on the porch.

He opens a drawer, places the journal inside, and closes it.

No time. Eric bolts, jumps into his Jeep, and peels off.

EXT. OLD HAWK'S TRAILER HOME - CONTINUOUS

From his front yard, Old Hawk observes in silence, his watchful eyes take in everything.

EXT. JEEP - INTERSTATE 80 - MOMENTS LATER

Eric's Jeep tears down I-80.

HEADLIGHTS CLOSE IN behind him. Trask.

The Humvee pulls alongside. Trask jerks the wheel, trying to force Eric off the road.

Eric swerves, skidding onto the shoulder, gravel spraying.

Trask swerves again, forcing him onto the rigid terrain.

The Jeep barrels forward, BOUNCING HARD over rocks.

Ahead, a DROP-OFF - the Humboldt River 100 feet below.

Trask closes in. Eric YANKS THE WHEEL. The Jeep TUMBLES toward the cliff.

Eric is FLUNG FROM THE WRECKAGE as the Jeep plummets into the ravine, out of sight.

Trask and his men move in.

Eric lies bloodied, barely conscious. He sees Trask approaching – then looks past him.

A black sedan rolls up. TWO DIFFERENT MIRROR MEN (20s and 50s) emerge – the younger mostly dark-haired, the older nearly all white from psionic strain.

They move past Trask and his Operatives toward Eric, bloodied and broken.

Mirror Man 3 pats him down. No journal. No USB.

Mirror Man 4 kneels and places a hand on Eric's head.

A droning hum swells inside Eric's skull. An invasive force burrows into his mind. He convulses as the Mirror Man rips through his memories.

SERIES OF SHOTS – ERIC'S MEMORIES

- The USB DRIVE slipping into the HELICOPTER PORT.
- The CRASH SITE, the BLACK SEDAN, the DOWNED CRAFT.
- The MIRROR MEN looking up at him from the ground.
- His JOURNAL being placed into CHRIS'S TOOLBOX.

Trask watches, visibly disturbed. He's seen men tortured before. Nothing like this.

Eric lies motionless, his heartbeat fading with each passing second. A STREAK OF WHITE HAIR on his head is now present.

The Mirror Men share a wordless glance. For the first time, their expression changes to one that resembles surprise – a decision made in silence.

MIRROR MAN 4

Take him.

Trask motions for his men to move in, hefting Eric into the back of the Humvee.

INT. CLASSIFIED FACILITY – HANGAR – SAME TIME

Inside the mountain base, Voss strides into a cavernous hangar where raw stone meets black-budget engineering.

At its center floats a BONE-WHITE CAPSULE, twenty feet long, seamless and smooth as porcelain. A giant white TIC TAC.

A port opens. Voss steps inside. It seals behind her.

Ahead, the hangar door retracts, revealing the full moon – 9,000 FEET above sea level.

The Tic Tac silently rises, weightless – then vanishes in an impossible blur.

SKY

The craft streaks across the stratosphere at 3,000 miles per hour – its path fluid, frictionless, unbound by physics.

PACIFIC OCEAN

Above the ocean, the Tic Tac instantly reappears and STOPS. Then, a straight vertical drop into the Pacific Ocean.

OCEAN FLOOR

Darkness swallows everything.

And then--

The darkness parts to reveal a BLACK PYRAMID on the ocean floor. Jet-black. Monolithic. Impossible. Alien symbols etched across its surface.

Still. Waiting. Ancient.

A gantry encases it – walkways, scaffolding, floodlights, monitoring stations, docking platforms, a hangar.

Engineers and technicians move along suspended corridors, dwarfed by the colossal structure.

Nearby, a bioluminescent creature drifts past like a ghost.

Voss's Tic Tac enters the hangar.

INT. ANCIENT PYRAMID GANTRY - CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

At the far end of the corridor, a lone silhouette gazes at the pyramid through a window – DR. HARRISON WELLER (late 70s), immaculately still, his presence more felt than seen.

Voss approaches. Weller turns, hands in pockets. Pale face. Sunken eyes. A full head of white hair. He regards her with cool, clinical detachment.

DR. WELLER
Ever play dominoes, Director?

VOSS
I have.

Beat.

DR. WELLER
Then you understand. One falls, the
rest follow.

Voss stiffens but holds her ground.

VOSS
We handled it.

DR. WELLER
Evidence remains... and evidence is
dangerous.

Voss holds his gaze.

VOSS
We'll retrieve it. We know who has
it, his brother.

DR. WELLER
Not yet.

Voss looks at him.

DR. WELLER
Eric didn't act alone. Let the
journal tell us who else he
trusted.

VOSS
And then?

DR. WELLER
Close the circle.

Dr. Weller looks out the encircling window, turning his back
to Voss.

Voss's posture stiffens, her eyes fixed ahead, the slightest
crack in her composure barely visible.

A PYRAMID TECHNICIAN holding a tablet with analysis running
on the device approaches Dr. Weller and Voss.

PYRAMID TECHNICIAN
Sir, preliminary analysis is complete.

DR. WELLER
Go on.

PYRAMID TECHNICIAN
Its resonant frequency is tuned for psionic amplification. The ocean pressure appears to stabilize the energy field and strengthen the signal.

(beat)
This was engineered as an amplifier -- perfectly aligned with your team's abilities.

Dr. Weller's face betrays satisfaction.

DR. WELLER
Splendid.
(beat)
By chance, do we know how old it is?

PYRAMID TECHNICIAN
Yes. Approximately 5,000 years.

DR. WELLER
And the symbols?

PYRAMID TECHNICIAN
Still working on those, sir.

Weller's satisfaction fades.

DR. WELLER
We've waited long enough. Find the answer. Our visitor will be arriving shortly.

The Technician exits, footsteps fading.

Dr. Weller turns back to Voss, pausing for a moment before refocusing his attention.

VOSS
How did you find it?

DR. WELLER
Remote viewing.

Dr. Weller takes a moment to collect his thoughts.

DR. WELLER

The world above is on the brink.
With each domino, the lie collapses
and belief spreads.

Voss shifts her weight slightly, the tightness in her neck
betraying the pressure of holding the line.

DR. WELLER

People no longer question whether
we're alone in the universe.

(beat)

They're questioning why they were
lied to for decades.

DR. WELLER

(stern)

If Disclosure happens, it triggers
a Societal Failure Event.
Governments fall. Economies
collapse. Religions unravel. World
war.

(beat)

Then a revolution of consciousness -
- irreversible, uncontrollable.
Trust in government vanishes. We
lose the narrative.

A chilling silence settles. Voss straightens, eyes locked on
his, and weighs her words carefully.

VOSS

(steadily)

If I may -- deepfakes, AI, media
outlets -- what's fake, what's real
-- there's no distinction anymore.

(beat)

People doubt their own eyes.

Dr. Weller's gaze sharpens.

DR. WELLER

(stern)

Doubt is useful. Belief is fatal.

(beat)

Disclosure must never happen.

VOSS

We'll make sure it doesn't.

Dr. Weller nods, gaze drifting back to the window, the
pyramid looming - still, ancient, waiting.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CHRIS & JO'S TRAILER HOME - KITCHEN - DAWN

Morning sun cuts through the kitchen window. Chris leans against the counter, nursing coffee. Bloodshot eyes. A head that won't stop pounding.

He sets the mug in the sink and quietly heads for the door.

JO (O.S.)
Good morning.

Busted.

Chris turns.

Jo stands in the hallway in an old T-shirt and worn cotton shorts. Arms folded.

CHRIS
I was trying not to wake you.

JO
How thoughtful.

Chris takes that one.

CHRIS
I'm sorry.

Jo studies him.

CHRIS
I know I've been a lot lately.

JO
You've been an asshole lately.

CHRIS
That too.

A reluctant smile almost gets her. Almost.

JO
I hate fighting with you.

CHRIS
Me too.

JO
Then stop giving me so much material.

Chris smiles. It fades.

CHRIS
I don't know what's wrong with me.

JO
I do.

He looks at her.

JO
You think because you're pouring
concrete instead of getting punched
in the face for money, somehow
you're less than you were.

Chris looks away.

JO
You're not.

CHRIS
Feels like it sometimes.

JO
Then you're an idiot sometimes.

Chris looks back at her.

JO
I didn't marry a fighter, Chris. I
married you.

That lands.

CHRIS
Still waiting for you to realize
you married down.

JO
Yeah. Keep waiting.

A beat. The last of the tension breaks.

Chris moves in to kiss her. Jo steps back.

JO
I haven't brushed my teeth.

CHRIS
We've been married six years. I've
survived worse.

JO
Romantic.

Chris grins.

JO

By the way... how exactly are you getting to work?

Chris stops.

JO

Your truck's still at the site.

CHRIS

Shit.

He pulls out his phone.

CHRIS

I'll call Kai.

He starts to dial - then stops.

Chris looks at Jo - something about this ordinary morning suddenly gets to him.

CHRIS

You know you're everything to me, right?

Jo softens.

JO

I know.

Chris crosses to her.

JO

Chris, seriously, my breath--

He kisses her anyway.

She gives in, wrapping her arms around him.

For a moment, it's just the two of them.

EXT. CHRIS & JO'S TRAILER HOME - PORCH - MOMENTS LATER

Chris steps onto the porch and grabs his toolbox. He pulls out his phone to call Kai when a squad car pulls up.

TWO OFFICERS, GEORGE and RALPH (30s), exit their squad car, marked with quiet sympathy. They approach gently.

CHRIS
George, is this about last night?
It's way too early for this shit.
I've got a splitting headache.

OFFICER GEORGE
Chris... It's about Eric.

Chris's hangover vanishes.

CHRIS
What?

OFFICER GEORGE
He was involved in an accident
early this morning off I-80.

CHRIS
What do you mean? Is he okay?!

The Officers exchange a glance.

OFFICER GEORGE
(carefully)
Looks like he might've fallen
asleep at the wheel. His car went
off the road at Carlin Canyon and
into the Humboldt River.

CHRIS
Is he okay? He was just with me
last night.

OFFICER GEORGE
We found his Jeep at the bottom of
the canyon... but there's no sign
of Eric. Not yet.

CHRIS
(outraged)
What -- are -- you -- talking
about, George? Help me understand!
(beat)
Where the hell is my brother?!

OFFICER GEORGE
It's the current -- strong this
time of year, you know that -- but
search crews are combing the river.

Chris stands, fearing the worst.

OFFICER RALPH
(confident)
We'll find him, Chris.

The words hang in the air - thin promises. Chris stares, processing.

Suddenly, his toolbox slips from his hand, crashing to the porch. Drawers slide open, tools spilling out - along with ERIC'S JOURNAL, unnoticed.

Jo steps onto the porch, alarmed by the noise. Her eyes flick to the officers, then to Chris, reading his face.

JO
Chris? What's going on?

Chris turns, eyes heavy.

CHRIS
It's Eric...

Jo's breath catches.

JO
Is he okay?

CHRIS
He's missing.

She steps back, stunned.

JO
What do you mean missing?

CHRIS
His Jeep was found near Humboldt River. He may have gotten swept away in the current.

The Officers are reluctant to intrude but bound by duty.

OFFICER GEORGE
We will be in touch as soon as we have more information.

CHRIS
I'm going down there myself.

OFFICER GEORGE
Chris, it's an investigation, please don't.
(beat)
Let us do our job.

(beat)
We'll be in touch.

The Officers quietly return to their vehicle and pull away.

Chris remains motionless, staring past them, barely registering their departure.

Jo bends down and begins to place the tools back into the toolbox. Chris notices the JOURNAL and reaches for it.

His fingers graze the worn leather cover, rough and familiar. A faint scent of pine and campfire lingers - Eric's scent.

JO
What's that?

CHRIS
Eric's journal...

JO
Why do you have it?

CHRIS
I have no idea.

EXT. GABI'S APARTMENT - STREET - SAME TIME

The sedan sits, waiting.

INT. GABI'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sunlight spills across Gabi's face as she lies on her side, eyes wide open, awake, distraught. Her phone buzzes on the end table - Commander Rourke. She snatches it up.

Long silence.

ROURKE (V.O.)
I didn't want to be the one to tell
you this, but Eric is missing.

Beat.

GABI
What do you mean?

There's a pause that goes on much longer than expected.

GABI
Commander? What happened?

ROURKE (V.O.)
It's a classified investigation.

GABI
Classified?!

ROURKE
That's all I can say right now.
(beat)
I'll need you back at base at 1500
for more questioning.

Rourke hangs up. Gabi, dazed, clutches her dog tags, grounding herself. Her gaze drifts across the room, landing on something unseen.

GABI'S POV - FRAMED PHOTO

Gabi, Eric, Chris and Jo at Carlsbad Caverns - the camping photo from happier times.

Gabi springs from bed, pulls on her military gear, holsters her pistol and bolts out.

EXT. GABI'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Gabi pulls out of her apartment complex and heads up the street. Across the way, the black sedan follows.

INT. GABI'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Gabi drives, her mind a storm of unanswered questions. She fights to stay composed behind the wheel.

She grabs her phone, dials. It goes to voicemail.

GABI
(voice cracking)
I'm on my way.

CLICK. Gabi tightens her grip on the wheel.

INT. BLACK SEDAN - CONTINUOUS

Inside the sedan, Mirror Men 1 and 2 trail Gabi.

The navigation screen flickers into a classified surveillance interface - a live dossier on JOANNA WALKER: employment, address, spouse.

The screen shifts — CHRIS WALKER.

The Mirror Men exchange a cold, purposeful glance.

INT. CHRIS & JO'S TRAILER HOME - KITCHEN - SAME TIME

Chris enters and sits at the kitchen table holding Eric's journal, staring down at it.

Jo places Chris's toolbox on the kitchen counter and stands nearby. She places a hand on his shoulder.

He flips through the journal — sketches, cryptic notes, unsettling drawings of UFOs. None of it makes sense.

Jo watches, concerned, then steps closer and rests a hand on his shoulder.

A quiet moment passes.

Jo sits, replacing the journal in his hand with her own.

JO
(softly)
They'll find him.

CHRIS
They better.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. WALKER CAMPSITE - CARLSBAD CAVERNS, NM - DAY - FLASHBACK

SUPER: 18 YEARS EARLIER

ROB WALKER (40s), sturdy, warm, an Air Force veteran whose discipline has softened into fatherhood, turns a pair of sizzling burgers on a blackened campfire grill grate.

A secluded desert campsite nestled between canyon walls.

Stenciled on the tents is "WALKER."

A pickup truck sits beside a weathered picnic table piled with camping gear.

Nearby, MARY WALKER (40s) unfolds lawn chairs, laughing as a gust of desert wind nearly steals the tablecloth from her hands.

CHRIS WALKER (14) hauls a cooler from the truck.

ERIC WALKER (10) chases a lizard across the red rocks before losing interest and wandering back toward camp.

Rob opens the cooler.

ROB
Don't shake 'em this time.

Chris smirks.

CHRIS
That was one time.

Rob turns back to the grill.

Chris glances at his parents...then quietly slips two cans of beer from beneath the ice into his backpack. He zips it shut.

Eric has watched the whole thing. He grins.

ERIC
I'm telling Dad.

Chris freezes. Looks around.

CHRIS
No, you're not.

Eric shrugs innocently.

ERIC
Maybe.

Chris hooks an arm around his little brother and gives him a playful noogie.

CHRIS
Keep talking. I'm sinking your battleship tonight then.

ERIC
You gotta find it first.

ROB (O.S.)
Everything alright over there?

The boys separate.

CHRIS
Yep.

ERIC
Yep.

Rob smiles and returns to the grill.

Eric flashes Chris a mischievous grin.

EXT. WALKER CAMPSITE - CARLSBAD CAVERNS, NM - LATER

The meal is over.

Paper plates. The grill burns low. Mary packs leftovers. Rob sips coffee. Chris slings on his backpack.

CHRIS

We're gonna check out the canyon.

ROB

Don't be long.

MARY

S'mores in twenty.

ERIC

Okay!

The boys head off. Once they're out of earshot, Chris reaches into his backpack and pulls out one of the beers. He cracks it open. PSSSHHT. The sound echoes through the canyon.

Eric shakes his head.

ERIC

You're gonna get busted.

Chris just grins and takes a gulp.

They continue deeper into the wash.

EXT. DRY WASH - CARLSBAD CAVERNS - MOMENTS LATER

The brothers weave through a narrow dry wash flanked by towering sandstone walls. Chris sips his beer.

Eric balances across a sun-bleached boulder, then stops. Something catches his eye. He squints into the canyon and wanders toward it.

Chris takes another drink, enjoying his rebellion.

CHRIS

Don't go far.

ERIC

I won't.

Chris smiles to himself and takes another sip.

A beat.

CHRIS

Eric?

No answer. He rounds the bend with an easy grin. It fades. The wash is empty.

CHRIS

Eric?

Only the wind. Chris walks farther. Checks behind a boulder.

CHRIS

Eric!

Nothing. He quickens his pace. Looks into a narrow alcove. Nothing. Climbs onto a rock for a better view. The wash stretches in both directions. Empty. His breathing quickens.

CHRIS

Eric!

Only his echo answers. Panic. He drops the beer. It splashes into the sand. Now he's running.

CHRIS

Eric! Eric!

He scrambles over rocks, searching every crevice. Nothing. Terrified--

CHRIS

Dad! Mom!

His voice echoes through the canyon.

In the distance--

ROB (O.S.)

Chris?!

Rob and Mary come sprinting into the wash.

CHRIS

He's gone!

Chris is nearly in tears.

CHRIS

He was right here... I just... I looked away...

Rob grabs Chris by the shoulders.

ROB
Which way?

Chris points deeper into the canyon. Rob takes off at a run. Mary begins calling Eric's name.

MARY
Eric! Eric!

Chris stands frozen for a beat...then races after them.

EXT. CANYON OVERLOOK - CARLSBAD CAVERNS - MOMENTS LATER

A DESPERATE SEARCH: Rob scrambles over boulders. Mary screams Eric's name. Chris searches every crevice. The sun sinks lower. Long shadows swallow the canyon. Silence. No Eric.

Rob suddenly stops.

Up ahead...

Eric stands atop a canyon rim. Perfectly still. Far too high for a ten-year-old to have climbed. His back is to them. He stares up into the darkening sky. Motionless.

ROB
Eric!

Eric doesn't turn. His gaze remains fixed on the first faint stars overhead.

ROB
Buddy... Stay right there!

Rob starts climbing toward him.

Chris stares up at him, baffled. There's no obvious path to the rim.

Rob reaches him. Eric doesn't acknowledge him. He's completely absorbed by the stars. Rob kneels. Gently turns Eric toward him. Eric blinks as if waking from a dream.

ROB
Buddy...

Eric quietly smiles. Not at Rob. Past him, at the stars.

BACK TO PRESENT

EXT. CHRIS & JO'S TRAILER HOME - MOMENTS LATER

Gabi pulls up to the trailer and parks.

The black sedan pulls up silently, settling beneath the deep shadow of an overhanging tree. Two figures inside, motionless, faces lost behind tinted windows.

Jo opens the door, a soft urgency in her face. Their eyes meet - a shared ache, raw and understood.

JO

Hi, Gabi.

Gabi steps inside. Jo quietly closes the door behind them.

The black sedan, half-swallowed by shadow, silent, watching.

INT. CHRIS & JO'S TRAILER HOME - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Chris is hunched over Eric's journal, flipping through its pages with quiet intensity.

Gabi steps toward him as he rises. They hug - tight, no words at first.

GABI

I'm so sorry, Chris...

Jo motions for Gabi to take a seat at the table and she does.

Unable to settle her nerves, Jo leans against the counter.

Gabi notices the journal clutched in Chris's hands.

GABI

Where did you get that?

CHRIS

Fell out of my toolbox this morning.

Gabi stares at it.

GABI

That's Eric's.

CHRIS

Yeah.

GABI

Give it to me.

Gabi takes the journal from Chris and runs her fingers along the cover, SEARCHING FOR SOMETHING hidden. Then she lifts the flap and pulls out the USB.

She places it on the table.

CHRIS
What is that?

Jo steps closer, peering over Gabi's shoulder.

JO
Is that a USB?

GABI
Yeah.

Gabi flips through Eric's journal – UFO sketches, crash-site maps, classified locations and schematics she recognizes.

Then something strange. Pages of letter-number grids: B4, J9, A3. Gabi stops. Studies the page. Flips ahead – more of the same. She goes back, comparing one page against another.

She moves on. Toward the back, handwritten reflections – Eric's fears, ambitions, private thoughts, fragments of his childhood encounter...

Gabi's expression changes.

GABI
Shit.

CHRIS
What?

Gabi picks up the USB.

GABI
Chris, nobody can know you have this.

CHRIS
Why?

GABI
Because this is classified.

CHRIS
Eric's missing. I don't give a shit if it's classified.

GABI
You should.

JO
Gabi, what is it?

Gabi opens Eric's journal to one of the UFO sketches.

CHRIS
That's a flying saucer. Big deal.
Eric can draw.

GABI
It's not just a drawing, Chris.

Chris looks at her. Gabi doesn't answer.

CHRIS
Gabi.

JO
Just tell us.

Gabi looks at them. There's no taking it back after this.

GABI
We recover them.

CHRIS
Recover what?

GABI
Craft. Technology. Biologics.

Silence.

JO
You're serious.

GABI
Russia has them. China has them. We
have them. Everybody's trying to
figure out how they work before
somebody else does.

CHRIS
Jesus Christ.

JO
And Eric?

Gabi looks down at his journal.

GABI
He couldn't live with what we were
doing anymore.

CHRIS
So he stole this?

GABI
He wanted proof. Something they
couldn't bury.

Chris looks at the USB.

CHRIS
Let's see it.

GABI
You have a computer?

EXT. OLD HAWK'S TRAILER HOME - CONTINUOUS

Old Hawk sits in the deep shadow of his porch, nearly indistinguishable from the shade around him.

Up the street, the two Mirror Men step out of their sedan, their movements unnervingly precise.

Old Hawk watches, silent and unmoving, tracking their every step with unwavering eyes. Something shifts in his expression. Recognition.

EXT. AREA 51 - GROOM LAKE, NEVADA - DAY - FLASHBACK

SUPER: 1976 - AREA 51, GROOM LAKE, NEVADA

A massive hangar stands open against the burning desert.

TWO ARMED MILITARY POLICE guard the entrance.

INT. AREA 51 - HANGAR - CONTINUOUS

Under harsh overhead lights sits a SILVER CHEVRON-SHAPED CRAFT, roughly the size of an F-16. Dried earth and mineral deposits cake its hull. Seamless. No visible means of entry.

Nearby, excavation crates and digging tools - this thing was pulled from the ground, not the sky.

Nearby, a young TAWODI "HAWK" KANATI (mid-20s), Army fatigues, works at a cluttered metal workbench.

Behind him, a large CHALKBOARD is covered in strange SYMBOLS copied from the craft. Beneath them, fragments of translation. Words crossed out. Question marks. Connections still forming.

A small bundle of SAGE smolders in a dish beside him, smoke curling over his notes.

Hawk studies a symbol, compares it to one on the craft, then writes another possible translation.

Footsteps.

DR. HARRISON WELLER (late 20s) enters with TWO MIRROR MEN and a COMMANDING OFFICER.

Hawk rises.

The Mirror Men move past him without acknowledgment, approaching the craft. They stop several feet from the silver hull. Their eyes fix on its seamless surface.

Mirror Man 1 raises a hand toward the craft. Mirror Man 2 follows, both intensely focused – willing it to respond.

Nothing. The craft remains inert. No seam. No entrance.

The Mirror Men exchange a glance. They refocus, straining harder this time. Still nothing.

Weller studies them, puzzled. His eyes sweep the hangar. Something catches his attention – a thin veil of smoke drifting from Hawk's workbench.

YOUNG WELLER
What's burning?

COMMANDING OFFICER
Sage. He says it helps him
concentrate.

Weller looks at the smoke. Then at the Mirror Men.

YOUNG WELLER
Extinguish it.

Hawk hesitates, then crushes the sage into the dish. Smoke continues to curl upward. They wait. It dissipates.

The Mirror Men turn back to the craft. They raise their hands and refocus.

A HAIRLINE SEAM appears across the silver hull.

Hawk stares.

The seam widens, tracing the outline of an entrance that wasn't there before. A section of the hull silently recedes. Darkness beyond.

Weller steps toward the opening, transfixed.

But Hawk isn't looking at the craft. He's looking at the extinguished sage. Then at the Mirror Men.

BACK TO PRESENT

INT. CHRIS & JO'S TRAILER HOME - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Jo sets her laptop before Gabi, who inserts the USB.

FOUR FOLDERS populate: SKYCATCHER OP. 66, PSIONICS, DECIPHER, LOGAN MARSHALL.

Movement outside. TWO SILHOUETTES pass the window. Stop.

Gabi stiffens. Chris and Jo follow her gaze to the door.

A long beat.

The door slowly opens. Mirror Men 1 and 2 enter. Their heads turn in unison.

Chris SPRINGS TO HIS FEET, fists clenched.

CHRIS

Come on!

The Mirror Men advance, calm and deliberate.

Chris yanks on Jo's shoulder to stand. Staring at the two Mirror Men, she rises carefully, like someone trying not to startle a bear - yet desperate to avoid its wrath.

Chris locks eyes with them, daring.

CHRIS

Take one more step.

Gabi recognizes them instantly. She kicks back her chair, draws and FIRES. Miss.

Mirror Man 1 snaps up a hand. Gabi's body locks, seized by an invisible force.

She rises off the floor, thrashing against its grip.

Chris grabs her belt, but an INVISIBLE THRUST slams him into the kitchen cabinets. His toolbox crashes to the ground, spilling tools across the linoleum floor. Among the tools is a battery-powered FRAMING NAILER.

Gabi's pistol remains in her grip. Her arm turns against her, pressing the gun to her forehead. Panic floods her face.

Chris jumps up and pulls Jo close. Mirror Man 2 turns toward them. A stillness hangs in the air.

Then--

A VOICE. Deep. Commanding.

OLD HAWK (O.S.)

RUN!

They turn - Old Hawk stands at the end of the hallway, having slipped in through the back. Stoic. His eyes fixed on the Mirror Men.

From his satchel, he pulls a bundle of sage and cedar ash, crushing it in his palm, whispering in Cherokee.

OLD HAWK

(in Cherokee)

Naquu svnohi.

(Now is the night.)

He blows the dust forward. A black cloud erupts, swallowing the Mirror Men, coiling as if under Old Hawk's command.

They stagger, disoriented.

GABI DROPS TO THE FLOOR, gasping. Her pistol skitters out of reach.

Old Hawk's hands remain outstretched, guiding the smoke.

OLD HAWK

Go! Now!

The Mirror Man 1 pushes through the smoke, his attention snapping to the closest, petrified target - Jo. Her BODY LIFTS OFF THE GROUND, legs flailing as she's pulled toward them, fingers clawing the air.

JO

Chris?!

Chris lunges, grabbing her hand, but an unseen force blasts him backward. He slams into the hallway wall and drops.

Chris's eyes lock onto Jo, suspended, struggling, her eyes wide with terror. He staggers back to his feet, blood trickling from his head, breath ragged.

JO

Chris!

CHRIS

Fight, Jo! Fight!

Jo reaches Mirror Man 1, swinging and kicking. Mirror Man 2 emerges through the smoke – she kicks him in the chest, sending him tumbling back into it.

Chris starts forward towards Mirror Man 1, but Old Hawk's hand slams against his chest hard.

OLD HAWK

If you go back, we all die.

Chris's fists clench, muscles taut, eyes brimming with rage and desperation. He looks past Old Hawk, his gaze locked on Jo, still floating helplessly, hands reaching for him.

Mirror Man 1 pulls her closer.

Mirror Man 2 pushes through the dissipating smoke, eyes burning with rage from Jo's strike. Without hesitation, he raises a hand toward her and SNAPS HER NECK.

Jo drops to the floor with a HOLLOW THUD.

CHRIS

JO!

Chris's face twists in pain – grief deeper than he's ever known. Tears rise, unbidden.

Mirror Man 2 focuses on Chris. Mirror Man 1 on Old Hawk.

The Mirror Men step over Jo's body – silent, relentless – as they close in.

Chris looks around frantically – anything, anything. His eyes land on the FRAMING NAILER among the scattered tools.

Chris snatches it up and FIRES.

THWACK! THWACK! THWACK!

A barrage of nails tears toward the Mirror Men--

They STOP DEAD in midair, inches from them, as if striking an invisible wall. Nails CLATTER to the floor.

CHRIS

GO OUT THE BACK!

Gabi grabs Eric's journal and the laptop. She and Old Hawk retreat down the hallway.

Chris backpedals after them, firing relentlessly.

THWACK! THWACK! THWACK!

Dozens of nails streak toward the Mirror Men, only to stop cold and rain onto the linoleum. The Mirror Men keep advancing, slowed by the relentless barrage.

Chris backs into the hallway, still firing - his eyes flicking one last time to Jo's body.

Then he turns and runs.

EXT. CHRIS & JO'S TRAILER HOME - BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

Chris, Gabi and Old Hawk burst through the back door. An OLD, RUSTED RV leans crooked in the sun-bleached backyard. They race for it, scrambling inside the battered vehicle.

INT. RV - CONTINUOUS

Chris staggers, overwhelmed, distraught, angry, confused.

Gabi jumps into the driver's seat.

GABI
Chris! Keys?!

Chris motions toward the visor. Gabi grabs it and starts the engine. Their eyes meet - unspoken understanding.

Gabi hits it. The RV lurches forward, tearing forward.

In back, Chris buries his face in his hands, overwhelmed.

Old Hawk rests a hand on his shoulder. Chris says nothing. He's lost everything that matters.

EXT. RV - DESERT ROAD - CONTINUOUS

The tires spin, spitting gravel and dust, before catching. The RV grips the Earth and barrels forward, swallowed by a rising cloud of sand.

INT. CLASSIFIED FACILITY - INTELLIGENT MATERIALS LAB - NIGHT

The lab sits empty. TeleSight rests behind reinforced transparent armor in a wall-mounted display.

Weller enters alone. With a subtle gesture, the lock disengages and the panel slides aside. He studies TeleSight. Not a trace of hesitation. He puts them on.

Then--

Weller shields his eyes as though staring at the sun.

SERIES OF SHOTS - TELESIGHT

- A Chinese laboratory where a recovered craft hums to life.
- Russian troops advancing through burning U.S. cities.
- Reverse-engineered craft dogfight in the skies over D.C.
- The BLACK PYRAMID distorts the ocean as it opens.
- Mirror Men wage a silent psychic war over humanity.
- Chris, Gabi, and Old Hawk burst into a pyramid chamber.
- Eric, suspended in mid-air, looks down at them.

Beat.

- A Grey slowly turns in the darkness.
- It stares directly back at Weller.
- It eerily blinks, aware of him watching.

Weller's eyes instantly bloodshot, he rips the glasses off. Staggering backward, he gasps for air as thin streams of blood run from the corners of his eyes.

For the first time... Dr. Harrison Weller is afraid.

CUT TO BLACK.

END PILOT