

**S K E P T I C**

"BROTHERS"

Pilot

by

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[BIBLE LINK]

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FADE IN:

**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.

SCREEN TEXT: **MOJAVE DESERT, NEVADA**

**EXT. DESERT BASIN - MOMENTS LATER**

The convoy arrives – dust clouds rolling over the desert floor – engines cutting one by one in practiced sequence.

The medical transport and Humvees park in a circle around an unmarked region. The Escalade parks just inside the region.

Humvee doors spring open. SIX OPERATIVES move like clockwork in two-man teams – dragging black rolling hard cases.

A high-ranking operative, LT. COLTON TRASK (30s) steps from the passenger seat of a Humvee. Confident and rigid, he surveys the scene with the poise of experience – every move deliberate, every breath measured.

**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 out of the Escalade's rear doors – one in his 30s, the other in his 50s – both dressed in immaculate black suits, sharp as scalpels. Their white hair, STREAKED with remnants of its original dark color, gives them a distinct, skunk-like appearance. The older man is nearly all white, while the younger has more dark than white hair. MIRROR MEN.

They turn their heads to face Trask without expression, focused solely on the operation.

## TRASK

All set.

The Mirror Men walk to the back of the Escalade and open the rear hatch. One removes a device resembling a twenty-four-inch slim TV with side handles.

They walk over to a clearing just outside the Operatives' secured 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
- MAGNETIC ANOMALY: PRESENT
- OCCUPANTS: PRESENT

**BACK TO SCENE**

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 FOR EVERYONE TO SEE - telekinetically. Its metallic skin shimmers in the moonlight, lights flickering around its edge, silent, motionless - defying physics. A classic disc-shaped UFO.

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**

CLOSE ON 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's faces are rigid, every muscle tense, eyes squinting in complete concentration. Beads of sweat forming.

Suddenly, Mirror Man 1's black hair SHIFTS until a WHITE STREAK snakes through it, draining the color like something unnatural is taking hold - a 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.

TRASK

(in comms)

Target down. Collapse perimeter and move to secondary positions.

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

ANCHOR (O.S., OVERLAP)

William Barrett, a new UAP whistleblower, is sounding the alarm about the existence of a classified Special Access Program, responsible for the retrieval and study of nonhuman craft, known as UAPs and UFOs -- that there's a Cold War-style tech race going on between nations.

(beat)

He also claims he's been targeted and now fears for his life.

The Operatives close in on the craft.

CUT TO:

**INT. ERIC'S APT. - SAME TIME**

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

A TV screen flickers, casting a cyan light across the room.

CLOSE ON TV as a YOUTUBE LIVESTREAM is underway for the channel "REDACTED." Two million watching. A chyron reads: TOP SECRET U.S. PROGRAM HIDING NONHUMAN TECHNOLOGY.

Investigative journalist, LOGAN MARSHALL (30s), steady and composed, carries the calm urgency of a man accustomed to asking dangerous questions.

Split-screen, WILLIAM BARRETT (30s), focused and articulate, radiates with the nervous energy of someone who knows he's crossed a line.

LOGAN

Today on "Redacted," we have William Barrett, a former National Security Official within a Special Access Program responsible for the retrieval and study of nonhuman craft. Welcome, William.

BARRETT

Thank you, Logan.

(beat)

This Special Access Program operates at such a level of compartmentalization that even those working within it don't know what they are working on. Even Congress is kept in the dark. This shadow faction is operating without oversight.

LOGAN

You've received death threats as a result of speaking out, correct?

BARRETT

I knew the risks. But I couldn't keep quiet any longer. I took an oath to this country - people deserve to know the truth.

CUT TO:

## **KITCHEN**

ERIC WALKER (late 20s), solidly built, with a stillness to him. He carries the kind of quiet focus that says he's seen more than he lets on. He sits at the kitchen table, tightly wound, dressed in black operative fatigues.

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

The livestream continues in the BG.

LOGAN (V.O.)

You're an American patriot. And I am a pit bull when it comes to protecting whistleblowers. Congress has made a show of this. They want whistleblowers to come forward.

BARRETT

Yes, but unelected officials, contractors, and program managers are withholding information from Congress itself, including members of the Intelligence and Armed Services Committees.

(beat)

This alien technology could change the world overnight -- ushering in a new era for humanity.

LOGAN

I guarantee you, it's a matter of time before we have hard evidence. A select few should not hold the keys to humanity's future. And if reports are true that Russia and China are also reverse-engineering downed craft, then we're not just facing secrecy -- we're facing national security.

On the kitchen table: a Signalink Transceiver linked to a laptop, a single USB thumb drive, a HAM radio, and a compact 3D printer - its translucent housing reveals something finished inside, small, its purpose unknown.

A CHIME notification from a nearby phone. Eric stops journaling, expectant.

A military-issued encrypted phone vibrates across the kitchen table. The screen lights up to display a message.

COMMANDER ROURKE: "SKYCATCHER ACTIVE." The protocol text feels heavier tonight.

A slow, measured exhale. His pulse ticking up.

Time to move--

--On the laptop screen, an interface pulses, awaiting transmission - his private backchannel to someone he shouldn't be communicating with.

Eric types: "Bird down. Meet in T+5hrs." Transmission sent.

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

He opens the door of the 3D printer and retrieves a typical BLACK UNIFORM CLASP.

He picks up the USB drive from the table and inserts it into the hollowed 3D-printed clasp, concealing it as a sleeve.

Eric rises from the kitchen table. He removes the chest pocket clasp from his uniform and replaces it with the USB clasp, so it appears seamlessly as part of his operative outfit.

He disconnects the Signalink device and HAM radio, packing the radio, laptop, and 3D printer into a duffel bag.

Finally, he grabs his journal and drops it into his backpack.

One last time, he scans the apartment – the clean countertops, the folded towel, the faint hum of the fridge.

Then, without another glance, he slips out.

DISSOLVE TO:

**EXT. CAMPSITE - CARLSBAD CAVERNS NATIONAL PARK, NM - NIGHT**

Beneath a canopy of stars, a desert canyon campsite glows softly in the night. The tents' fabric rustles in the breeze. A crackling campfire flickers nearby.

SCREEN TEXT: **THREE YEARS AGO**

Leaning back in a camping chair is Eric's older brother, CHRIS WALKER (early 30s), strumming "Simple Man" on an acoustic guitar. His rough hands and busted knuckles tell the story – a man built by hard work and hard times.

CHRIS

(singing)

...Oh, take your time, don't live  
too fast. Troubles will come, and  
they will pass. You'll find a...

Sitting next to his older brother is Eric, one leg crossed over the other, using it as a rest for his journal as he quietly writes.

Chris stops strumming his guitar.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Hemingway, you've had your nose to that thing since we got here. What's so important?

Eric looks up, tight-lipped. He places the journal into a pocket on the side of his camping chair.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Top Secret. Right?

Eric nods with a grin.

Chris chuckles and sets the guitar against his camping chair. He rises, stretching his back and wanders over to the pop-up grill, beer in hand, and fires up the burner.

TWO WOMEN engaged in a light conversation approach.

JOANNA "JO" WALKER (early 30s), barefoot and wearing an easy smile. There's a naturalness about her - earthy and vibrant. Her faded shorts and worn T-shirt speak to a woman who prefers life a little messy, unconcerned with the trivial.

Beside her, GABRIELLA "GABI" MENDEZ (late 20s) strides forward, keen-eyed and confident. A faded graphic tee is tucked into her jeans, her dark hair pulled back in a tight bun. There's an ease to her movements - the kind that comes from being among people she trusts.

Jo and Gabi snatch a couple of beers from a cooler and take their seats around the campfire.

JO

We saw a shooting star!

CHRIS

(teasing)

Maybe it was a flying saucer.

Chris laughs to himself and then shoots his brother a look.

Eric and Gabi exchange a glance, a flicker of unspoken understanding passing between them.

GABI

Nah, just a shooting star.

Chris turns from the grill, grinning at Eric.

CHRIS

I dunno. Eric saw one once. Right here -- Carlsbad Caverns. You were what, fourteen?

Eric merely nods.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

He doesn't like to talk about it.

ERIC

Not much to say. As you said, I was fourteen. Who knows what I saw?

CHRIS

You went on about it till Sunday. Dad was ready to muzzle you.

Jo turns to Eric.

JO

I believe you, Eric.

Jo eyes Chris to stop teasing. She gets up and digs into a photography duffel bag. She pulls out a tripod and SLR camera, assembling them with ease.

JO (CONT'D)

Let's go, everyone.

Eric and Gabi rise as Chris steps away from the grill and joins them. They huddle close, shoulders nearly touching.

Jo squeezes in beside them - arms slung around each other.

The shutter clicks - FREEZE FRAME. A perfect snapshot: four friends, frozen in a carefree moment, untouched by the troubles to come.

**END FLASHBACK**

CUT TO:

**EXT. KIRTLAND AIR FORCE BASE - TARMAC - NIGHT**

**SCREEN TEXT: KIRTLAND AIR FORCE BASE, NEW MEXICO**

Eric scans the tarmac, spotting 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 (CONT'D)  
Ok, now go. I'll keep an eye out.

Eric climbs into the Chinook.

**INT. HELICOPTER - COCKPIT - CONTINUOUS**

Eric enters the cockpit and hops into his seat.

He removes the USB clasp from his uniform, fingers steady despite the adrenaline thrumming. He pauses, scanning the tarmac through the cockpit windshield - empty.

With a final glance, he plugs the USB into a maintenance port beneath the controls - an access point typically reserved for post-mission diagnostics.

Gabi enters and drops into her seat.

Eric gives 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.

CUT TO:

**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

(into comms)

Stay sharp, team.

The Operatives have formed a perimeter around the UFO.

Mirror Man 1 extends a hand, waiting for something. Trask returns the telemetry device to Mirror Man 1.

He then raises it toward the UFO, lining up the display, scanning – searching the inside.

**MIRROR MAN 1 POV - CRAFT INTERIOR**

The device flares to life, combining X-ray and thermal overlays into a translucent mesh. The craft's interior SHIMMERS INTO VIEW, resembling a window reflection.

THREE FRAGILE HUMANOID FIGURES – but unmistakably not human – lie scattered across the deck from the violent impact. Two are going cold, their heat signatures draining.

The third stirs, struggling to rise, but collapses back down. Its faint thermal glow is the only sign of life remaining inside the craft as the other two fade away.

**BACK TO SCENE**

**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."

A beat.

ROURKE (CONT'D)  
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 desert floor, each step rhythmic against the brittle crust of packed Earth. Skycatcher Company settles into position around the craft.

**MIRROR MEN POSITION**

Mirror Man 2 extends an arm, placing his right hand on the side of the craft. A beat. A SURFACE SHIFT – and a seamless door RECEDES into the craft. A passage reveals itself with no noise, no hydraulics – only silence.

Rourke motions for his craft retrieval team to proceed. In formation, Skycatcher Company enters the ship, crouching to fit through the tight opening.

Trask turns to his Operatives.

TRASK  
Prepare for extraction.

**OPERATIVES POSITION**

The Operatives return to their solar panel-like arrays, moving with practiced efficiency. They break down the equipment, folding and collapsing each section before loading them into the waiting Humvees.

**MIRROR MEN POSITION**

In pairs, Skycatcher Company carries out the three humanoid beings on stretchers, each about the size of a twelve-year-old child. Their skin is milky Grey, nearly translucent, their large eyes black voids, and their bodies frail.

Mirror Man 1 PEELS BACK THE FLEXIBLE BLACK OCULAR COVERING from the living being's right eye, once believed to be its actual eye. He does the same to the left, exposing the being's actual pupils.

Trask retrieves a compact, briefcase-like metal holder from his tactical backpack and opens it. Mirror Man 1 gently lays the ocular covers into the case. Trask shuts it.

Humvees and medical transport arrive. Without hesitation, Skycatcher personnel load the two dead beings into a Humvee and the living one into the medical transport.

Rourke looks up at the helicopter overhead.

ROURKE  
(into comms)  
Engage hoist, Major!

**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's heat signatures are faint, NEARLY COLD. Instead of emitting warmth like other living bodies, they register as unnaturally blue-green on the thermal display.

But there's more. Around their heads, a distinct AURA OF HEAT, glowing orange-red in stark contrast to their bodies, like a corona. As if all the energy they emit is concentrated there, pulsing faintly, confined and purposeful--

**MIRROR MEN POSITION**

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

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  
(into 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 heavy-lift helicopter hoist lowers from the aircraft. Skycatcher Company grabs it midair and secures it around the craft with rehearsed speed. The flying disc groans under the tightening straps, tension creaking across its surface.

**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.

DISSOLVE TO:

**EXT. CONSTRUCTION JOB SITE - SAME TIME**

The full moon hangs low over the New Mexico horizon, casting long shadows across a construction site.

A row of portable floodlights hums, spilling yellow light over the skeletal frame of a half-built structure.

Everyone but TWO MEN remains. Eric's older brother, Chris, dressed in dusty work clothes and a faded baseball cap that reads ABQ CONSTRUCTION, sips a beer after a long day.

Sitting on the tailgate is a burly man with long black hair, KAI KANATI (50s), his posture grounded and unflinching. A grime-caked jacket, battered boots, and streaked jeans mark him as a man who's earned his place. A Cherokee beaded bracelet wraps around his wrist, a quiet nod to his heritage.

KAI

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

(beat)

Go home. Get some rest.

Chris's mood darkens - a flash of something heavier behind his swagger - trouble at home, written all over him. Kai picks up on it, having worked with Chris for years.

KAI (CONT'D)

Come on, Chris. What happened?

CHRIS

I know -- I know.

KAI  
You don't know shit, Chris.

CHRIS  
I gotta let Jo cool off, so I'm  
hitting Crossroads tonight.

KAI  
Oh, that should do it. That always  
works, right?

Kai hops off the tailgate, the pickup rattling beneath him.

Chris tosses his empty beer bottle in a trash barrel. He climbs into his pickup and turns the key. Nothing. He tries again. Dead. He slams his fist on the dashboard, rattling it under the force.

CHRIS  
SONOFABITCH!

Chris leans his head out the window, eyes pointing to the sky. Beside him, Kai follows his gaze.

KAI  
What?

CHRIS  
Oh, just looking for the fucking  
dark cloud. I know it's up there  
somewhere.

KAI  
Calm down. I'll drop you off.

Chris steps out of the pickup, slamming the door.

Suddenly, the presence of a low-flying helicopter overhead.

In unison, they glance up.

KAI (CONT'D)  
Military.

CHRIS  
(proud)  
Shit, that could be my brother.

KAI  
Air Force, right?

CHRIS  
Yeah.

KAI  
Have you been watching the news?

CHRIS  
Nah. Same shit -- world's gone mad.

KAI  
They're saying the government has been sitting on crashed UFOs since Roswell.

CHRIS  
Come on. My brother would know.

KAI  
(shrugs)  
Well...my Dad agrees, says he's heard stories from when he was a code breaker.

KAI (CONT'D)  
They've been coming here long before Roswell. He calls them "Star People."

Chris eyes Kia, unconvinced.

CHRIS  
Sorry, your Dad's cool, but I don't think "Star People" are coming anywhere near this rock.

CUT TO:

**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 rock face of a mountain rumbles to life. A seam of light appears - a vertical slit etched into the mountain. With a mechanical groan, a hangar door the size of a three-story building opens, its face vanishing into the stone.

A high-load trailer rolls out onto the exposed tarmac, flanked by crew, already moving into position.

The UFO steadily descends until it rests on the trailer bed.

The crew moves in - hoist unlatched, cables recoiled.

**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, fingers grazing cool metal until he finds the USB. He grips it tight and unplugs it, sliding it onto his uniform in one smooth motion - seamless, like it belongs there.

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 - genuine, unspoken gratitude hanging in the air. Then he slips 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, Major. 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 (CONT'D)

Hot date, Major?

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

ERIC

You got that right.

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

Eric reaches his Jeep and opens the rear hatch, where his backpack and duffel bag are. He unclips the USB-clasp from his uniform, retrieves the journal from his backpack, and places the USB into the INNER FLAP OF THE COVER.

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

WOMAN (O.S., OVERLAP)

Last year, the House Intelligence Committee held a hearing on UAPs and brought in some Pentagon bureaucrats who had only two answers to the many questions our team posed. They were asked: "I don't know," and "That's classified."

(beat)

This hearing is going to be different.

(MORE)

WOMAN (O.S., OVERLAP) (CONT'D)  
 We're going to have witnesses who  
 can speak frankly to the public  
 about their experiences.

CUT TO:

**INT. CROSSROADS TAVERN - SAME TIME**

Crossroads Tavern hums — a crush of blue-collar regulars blowing off steam, filling the bar with the rough laughter and worn-out energy of a long week not quite over.

**BAR**

Above the bar, the nine o'clock news flickers on a TV few are watching, its audio swallowed by the room's noise.

CLOSE ON TV. The chyron reads: NEW MEXICO STATE REPRESENTATIVE MONICA VASQUEZ HOLDS PRESS CONFERENCE ON UAPs.

MONICA VASQUEZ (40s) stands behind a podium surrounded by REPORTS, dead-serious and clearly capable.

REP VASQUEZ

We've had only pushback from  
 members of Congress and the  
 Intelligence Community.

(beat)

This is ridiculous, folks. They  
 either do exist or they don't. They  
 keep telling us they don't exist,  
 but they block every opportunity to  
 obtain the information that would  
 prove they do. We're going to get  
 to the bottom of this, dammit,  
 whatever the truth may be.

CUT TO:

**INT. CROSSROADS TAVERN - BAR - CONTINUOUS**

Chris approaches the bar and slides onto a stool.

LIZ (40s), a lanky, energetic bartender with a quick smile and a slower stride, steps over.

Liz pours a shot of Jack Daniel's and grabs a bottle of Budweiser, setting them down in front of Chris.

Chris knocks back the shot.

LIZ  
Jo comin' tonight?

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

LIZ (CONT'D)  
That's too bad.

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

CUT TO:

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

Three stories up, the loft is dimly lit, but spacious. At the far end is a state-of-the-art video recording studio. At a desk in the center of the lighting set-up is Logan Marshall, his back to the camera, facing a MONITOR.

Dressed in dark jeans and a rolled-sleeve button-down, the wrinkled fabric clinging from a day spent on edge.

The monitor screen is populated with files related to Eric Walker: military service records, redacted documents, personnel file, and communications logs.

Logan stands and walks over to the windows overlooking San Mateo Boulevard, and peers out.

CUT TO:

**EXT. DESERT ROAD - DULCE, NM - SAME TIME**

The convoy - Humvees, a medical transport, and the Mirror Men's Escalade - rips down a dark desert road, headlights cutting through the dust. They pass a sign: RESTRICTED ACCESS - AUTHORIZED PERSONNEL ONLY - NO TRESPASSING - 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.

With purpose, the Operatives and Mirror Men 1 and 2 disembark. The live Grey - secured to a stretcher - is wheeled into a freight elevator, flanked by TWO PLAIN-CLOTHES GUARDS, expressionless, no insignias. The doors slide shut.

**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 immaculate and brightly lit, lined with high-tech medical equipment - some unrecognizable. Empty beds stand in precise rows.

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

Mirror Man 1 retrieves a thin metal band from a wall compartment and fits it around the Grey's large head - a psionics blocker. The being JOLTS AWAKE. Seeing the Mirror Men, it lets out a SCREECH that echoes through the infirmary.

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.

DISSOLVE TO:

**INT. CROSSROADS TAVERN - LATER**

The crowd has thinned, leaving only a few patrons.

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

Suddenly, he's nearly KNOCKED OFF HIS STOOL. Chris turns. A 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.

Chris calmly places his Bud on the bar and stands.

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

LIZ  
Chris!

Before the Punk can react, Chris clocks him. The Punk stumbles backward.

The Punk fires back with a brutal right hook. Chris stumbles, almost toppling – but somehow steadies himself. Like a bull, he charges, slamming into the Punk. They crash into the woman, sending her sprawling off her stool.

CUT TO:

**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.  
(beat)  
(MORE)

## DIAGNOSTICS TECH 1 (CONT'D)

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.

A pause. The weight of that lingers.

ROURKE

(low, disappointed)

That's convenient.

(beat)

You know better than that, Gabi.

She nods with acknowledgment. A long beat.

GABI

(coy)

Is there a problem, sir?

Rourke motions to the MPs.

ROURKE

Damn it, Gabi.

A flicker of regret in his eyes. But duty overrides it. He nods to the MPs.

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

Rourke pulls out his secure phone, moving fast now--

SMASH CUT TO:

**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...

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, for now. Not safe to stay on the line. Not safe to veer off course. But it's Chris.

ERIC

(stressed)

On my way.

CLICK - Eric kills the call. Every second on his personal phone risks a trace. He grits his teeth. Eric stares at the phone in his hand - motionless. A flicker of regret.

His hand trembles as he braces the phone against the wheel and snaps it in half. He hurls the phone out the window.

Eyes forward, he presses the gas, knowing this road leads to only two outcomes - immunity or prison.

CUT TO:

**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 Major 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 Major Walker because he was feeling sick.

(beat)

Diagnostics is a standard procedure, nothing special.

(beat)

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 Major 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...

(MORE)

GABI (CONT'D)

We are co-pilots and comrades,  
nothing more -- fellow patriots  
serving this 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. Not in agreement. Not certainty. Just history. Rourke nods to the MPs. Her cuffs are unlocked.

Gabi looks back at him once more as she stands, her expression hardening with fear for Eric. Rourke knows precisely who the real culprit is.

Gabi turns 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.

CUT TO:

**EXT. CLASSIFIED FACILITY - SUNRISE MOUNTAINS, NV - NIGHT**

The jagged peaks of the Sunrise Mountains loom beneath a star-filled sky. A smooth granite summit, nearly invisible, hides faint seams – armored entrances and sensor arrays – the only signs of the classified facility buried deep 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.

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 meticulously examine and experiment on recovered nonhuman technology within an expansive, metallic-skinned laboratory.

Machinery hums as data streams across glass displays, showcasing schematics of anti-gravity propulsion systems and analysis of anomalous materials.

DR. ROHAN KAPOOR (40s) is crouched over a table, dressed in a white lab coat. Nothing flashy. Surgical in thought and movement – an applied physicist specializing in intelligent materials.

Floating in front of him is a perpetually rotating 3D hologram of SLEEK EYEGLASSES. Kapoor interacts with the hologram, rearranging a couple of its internal components.

Silence is broken by a sudden voice behind him.

VOSS (O.S.)  
Your materials have arrived.

Kapoor turns from his lab table, his eyes wired, a bead of sweat visible just behind his glasses. His fingers twitch slightly as he wipes them on his lab coat.

Trask passes the metal briefcase to Kapoor. His hands tremble slightly as he unclasps the briefcase, breath held. Inside, the ocular covers gleam, impossibly smooth, like glass.

Voss's gaze narrows, almost predatory.

VOSS (CONT'D)  
So, Kapoor, what's been the holdup?

Kapoor's attention snaps back to Voss immediately.

KAPOOR  
Titanium. The titanium frames reject the lens material, but I've swapped it for a beryllium-copper alloy due to its non-magnetic properties.

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 lens, 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  
Barring any analysis errors, and assuming the two materials mesh, I could have them to you tomorrow.

Kapoor points to the ocular covers in the briefcase.

KAPOOR (CONT'D)  
These ocular covers are adaptive tissue. They don't bond -- they integrate, like a biological graft.  
(MORE)

KAPOOR (CONT'D)

The material has to recognize the host tissue as its own.

Voss glances at him, slow and direct.

VOSS

Layman's terms, please. Time is of the essence. What's the probability that these will work?

Kapoor straightens, sensing her hunger for an answer.

KAPOOR

High, theoretically. Additional tests need to be performed. But I'm very confident Dr. Weller will be satisfied.

(beat)

Look at it like an AR chessboard, where you can move your pieces. The glasses will reveal branching futures, where events can be rearranged to yield different outcomes, like running a chess simulator, seeing every possible move and its consequences before you even touch a piece.

VOSS

But how likely are these futures to be accurate?

Voss hands the frames back.

KAPOOR

The system architecture draws from all of human history, every word, every image, every recorded event. It ingests all of this to map potential futures using algorithmic models.

Voss listens, face impassive. Kapoor pushes on.

KAPOOR (CONT'D)

However -- the deeper Dr. Weller reaches into the timeline -- the more unstable the results will be.

(beat)

It's like a camera lens -- in the background, the more distant years will be out of focus, with too thin a density to manipulate.

(beat)

(MORE)

KAPOOR (CONT'D)

Additionally, if we do not regularly update the temporal telemetry from the present, the glasses will display false futures.

He lets the warning hang a moment.

Voss's phone VIBRATES.

VOSS

Let's shoot for tomorrow, then.

KAPOOR

Understood. We will need a test subject to make a few calibrations before they're safe for Dr. Weller to use.

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 (CONT'D)

Find Major 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

Consider it done, Director Voss.

Trask pivots and strides toward the exit. The sliding doors hiss shut behind him, sealing the lab in an air of secrecy.

Voss turns back to Kapoor.

VOSS  
Test subject incoming.

After overhearing the exchange, Kapoor lingers – wary, unsettled as Voss moves on.

**INT. CLASSIFIED FACILITY - TACTICAL OPS CENTER - CONTINUOUS**

Trask moves into a controlled hive of activity with the silent weight of authority, eyes scanning for answers before anyone speaks. Eyes flick to him. Then back to screens.

Overhead fluorescents cast a cold, clinical light on rows of modular workstations. Walls of monitors flicker with live surveillance feeds, thermal overlays, and biometrics.

He approaches the LEAD INTELLIGENCE ANALYST (50s), who swivels in his chair, waiting.

TRASK  
Track down Major 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 central wall monitor – military history, deployment logs, psych profiles--

--Next, his DMV registration pings in – matched instantly to a traffic satellite data feed.

A MACHINE BEEP--

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

ANALYST 2  
Cross-checking camera feeds and LPR  
grids now.

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

Trask turns and exits without another word.

CUT TO:

**EXT. GABI'S APARTMENT - SAME TIME**

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

CUT TO:

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

Logan, sitting at his workstation, digs deep into his investigation.

CLOSE ON MONITOR. The detailed files on Eric Walker are now buried by browser windows, classified documents, and photographs.

Lines of data scroll past, revealing the name: Dr. Harrison Weller. His profile is linked to a classified 1980s CIA PsyOps program: DARK REALITY - an initiative focused on mastering psionics to spy on the Russians during the Cold War era.

Documents flash across the screen: Telepathy. Telekinesis. Remote Viewing. Techniques drilled into recruits, shaping them into weapons of the mind, inspired by encounters with nonhuman intelligence and technologies.

Logan pulls up a string of cascading windows, each containing 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  
You're 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 glances at his watch, tension mounting. His eyes shift  
to the door. Eric should be here any minute.

LOGAN  
Ok, gotta go.

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

DISSOLVE TO:

**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.

He carries Chris to his Jeep.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
(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 an empty highway, headlights slicing through the dark like searchlights. The engine hums low and tight, and the frame vibrates subtly under pressure. Eric's foot is heavy on the gas, fingers tight around the wheel.

Chris notices something's off tonight. Eric's quieter, weight in his eyes, haunted.

Outside, blurry streaks of roadside reflectors whip past, each one a flash in the corner of Chris's eye - too fast to track, too consistent to ignore.

Chris glances at the speedometer: 80 MPH. Eric notices.

ERIC  
Gotta be somewhere, is all.

Chris studies him. Eric is always composed and methodical. This is different - something is up with his little brother.

**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 to Chris's trailer home, engine idling. His plan is simple - drop his brother off and hit the road. Anxious, Eric looks over his shoulder - nothing.

Chris's got that weary look, tired from too many drinks. Eric, his hand on the gear shifter in reverse, ready to back out of the driveway.

Chris attempts to exit the Jeep and tumbles to the ground. Eric quickly parks and runs to his brother's aid. He lifts him off the front yard.

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 face the street. Eric follows his gaze.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
 (in Cherokee)  
 Osiyo, Usvi Tawodi.  
 (Hello, Old Hawk)

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

TAWODI "OLD HAWK" KANATI (70s) sits on the porch, his weathered hands moving with practiced care as he carves symbols into a wooden walking stick. His movements are deliberate, each gesture a reflection of tradition.

The porch is adorned with hand-carved totems, Cherokee beadwork, and weathered dreamcatchers. A hawk-shaped wind chime hums in the breeze.

Mounted proudly beneath the eaves, a U.S. ARMY FLAG flutters beside a faded POW/MIA banner – reminders of a past service Old Hawk seldom speaks of, but never forgets.

Old Hawk acknowledges Eric, a fellow service member.

Eric stoically nods back.

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

They step up to the trailer. The DOOR SWINGS OPEN HARD. Jo stands there, crossing her arms, in mid-argument mode. She's got that worn, no-nonsense look – sleeves pushed up, ready to throw words. A stark contrast to their camping days. But Eric's face peels the armor back.

JO  
 Eric?

Chris attempts to squeeze past them and into the trailer.

JO (CONT'D)  
 You and I will talk later.

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

CHRIS  
 (slurring speech)  
 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.

SMASH CUT TO:

**EXT. JEEP - INTERSTATE 80 - MOMENTS LATER**

Eric's Jeep tears down I-80, its engine growling as tires scream against the asphalt, throwing up ribbons of dust.

HEADLIGHTS CLOSE IN behind him. Trask.

In a fast-approaching Humvee, Trask grips the wheel, closing in - a relentless, calculated pursuit. He pulls alongside Eric's Jeep, their vehicles now neck and neck.

Trask jerks the wheel with precision, aiming to derail Eric.

Eric reacts fast, yanking the wheel to avoid the impact, but the sudden maneuver sends his Jeep skidding off the freeway, gravel clattering like gunfire.

Fighting for control, Eric struggles to correct. Another aggressive swerve forces Eric off the shoulder and onto unforgiving desert terrain - nowhere left to run.

The Jeep barrels across jagged Earth, BOUNCING HARD over rocks, frame groaning with each impact. Loose gravel spits from the undercarriage.

Ahead, a DROP-OFF looms, Humboldt River snaking 100ft below.

Trask closes in. Eric, a ball of nerves, YANKS THE WHEEL to dodge, but the sudden turn sends his Jeep TUMBLING towards the cliff. The Jeep violently rolls across the desert.

Eric is FLUNG FROM THE WRECKAGE, spinning weightless as the Jeep plummets off the canyon edge - swallowed by the ravine.

Trask and his men park and move in.

Eric lies bloodied, disoriented, struggling to stay conscious. He knows he's done. But it's not Trask he fears, it's what's coming.

A black sedan rolls up, its tires whispering across the dirt. TWO DIFFERENT MIRROR MEN (20s and 50s) emerge, their presence unmistakably unnatural. Again, the younger has more dark hair than white; the older, nearly a full head of white from years of psionic strain.

They move like predators past Trask and his OPERATIVES, eyes locked on their prey - Eric, lungs rattling, ribs broken.

Mirror Man 3, the younger one, pats Eric down. No journal. No USB. Just empty pockets.

Mirror Man 4 kneels - expression unreadable, but his focus is razor-sharp. He lifts a hand. Places it on Eric's head. He flinches - but there's no escaping.

A droning hum swells inside Eric's skull. An invasive force burrows into his mind. He convulses, muscles locking, but the older Mirror Man is relentless, ripping 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.

**BACK TO SCENE**

Trask has seen soldiers tortured before, but this isn't war. This is something else. Something deeper, wholly wrong.

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.

DISSOLVE TO:

**INT. CLASSIFIED FACILITY - HANGAR - SAME TIME**

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

Massive granite walls blend seamlessly into alloy plating, scattered with cryptic displays and pulse-lit controls embedded in the rock.

At the center of the hangar, floating effortlessly, hovers a seamless, BONE-WHITE CAPSULE smooth as porcelain.

Twenty feet long and ten feet in diameter, it's a perfect cylinder without seams or rivets. Its surface is glass-like.

The only comparison: a twenty-foot-long white TIC TAC.

A port slides open. Voss steps in. The entrance HISSES shut.

Ahead, a reinforced hangar door retracts into the mountain - a horizontal opening revealing the full moon. Through the hangar doors, we're at 9,000 FEET ELEVATION.

The white Tic Tac silently rises ten feet above the deck, weightless. It then vanishes - gone 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.

**PACIFIC OCEAN FLOOR**

Darkness swallows everything.

And then--

The darkness parts to reveal a BLACK PYRAMID on the ocean floor. Jet-black. Monolithic. Impossible. Etched across its surface - alien symbols older than any human civilization.

Still. Waiting. Unfathomably ancient.

Encased in a massive gantry, it resembles NASA's rocket platforms. Steel walkways and reinforced scaffolding span its surface, dotted with floodlights, monitoring stations, docking platforms, and a hangar.

Engineers and technicians move along suspended corridors, conducting tests and analyses, their movements dwarfed by the pyramid's colossal frame.

Looming nearby, a bioluminescent creature - unknown to science - drifts past like a ghost from another epoch.

Voss's capsule-like craft drifts closer without slowing and enters the hangar.

CUT TO:

**INT. ANCIENT PYRAMID GANTRY - CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER**

Quickly, Voss makes her way to the far end of the corridor where a lone silhouette stands gazing at the ancient pyramid through a window - DR. HARRISON WELLER (late 70s) - immaculately still, his presence more felt than seen.

Voss arrives. Dr. Weller turns, hands in pockets, pale face, eyes sunken, two voids, his full head of white hair almost glowing. He meets Voss's gaze - not with hostility, but with a cool, clinical detachment.

DR. WELLER

Ever play dominoes, Director?

VOSS

I have.

A beat.

DR. WELLER

Then you understand. One falls, the rest follow.

Voss silently curses herself for the situation, but her stance remains strong.

VOSS

We handled it.

DR. WELLER

Evidence remains... and evidence is dangerous.

Voss stays steady. What other choice does she have?

VOSS

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

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

DR. WELLER

(cold)

Two of my men are closing in.

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.

Voss is grateful for the unexpected reprieve from Dr. Weller's reprimands.

PYRAMID TECHNICIAN

Analysis shows the structure's resonant frequency is precisely tuned for psionic amplification. Its placement on the ocean floor -- under extreme pressure -- appears deliberate, likely to stabilize energy fields and enhance signal propagation.

(MORE)

PYRAMID TECHNICIAN (CONT'D)

(beat)

This wasn't accidental -- it was engineered for optimal frequency. A conduit. An amplifier. Perfectly aligned with your team's psionic capabilities.

Dr. Weller's face betrays an expression of 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.

DR. WELLER

Very well. Keep moving. 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 (CONT'D)

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 (CONT'D)

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

(beat)

(MORE)

DR. WELLER (CONT'D)  
They're questioning why they were  
lied to for decades.

DR. WELLER (CONT'D)  
(stern)  
If Disclosure happens, it will  
trigger an immediate Societal  
Failure Event: governments fall,  
economies collapse, religions  
unravel, and a third world war  
ignites.  
(beat)  
And a revolution of consciousness,  
irreversible, uncontrollable. Trust  
in governments will vanish  
overnight. We'll lose control of  
the narrative immediately.

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**

The hot morning sun spills through the kitchen window as  
Chris leans against the counter, cradling a mug of coffee.  
His eyes bloodshot, head throbbing.

Chris sets the mug in the sink, careful not to make a sound.  
He heads for the door, moving quietly to avoid waking Jo.

JO (O.S.)  
Good morning.

Startled, Chris turns.

Jo stands in the hallway, dressed in her usual sleepwear - an old T-shirt and worn cotton shorts.

A tense silence lingers as Chris waits for Jo to speak, his gaze lowered, fully aware he was in the wrong..

JO (CONT'D)  
Chris--

CHRIS  
I'm sorry, Jo. I know I've been a lot to deal with lately, and you don't deserve that.

JO  
I love you. I always will. I hate when we fight.

CHRIS  
Me too. I feel like shit about it.

JO  
You should. You've been a real mess these past few months. I just wish I could help. I wish I were enough.

CHRIS  
You are. God, Jo, you are. That's the last thing I want -- to make you feel unappreciated. I love you.

JO  
I know construction isn't what you wanted, but those days in the ring... they're behind you.

CHRIS  
I know. It just creeps up sometimes, but I know that's no excuse.

JO  
You need to come to terms with it. I'm here for you. Like you always say, it's us against the world. I still believe that.

Chris leans in to kiss her, but she steps back.

JO (CONT'D)

I haven't brushed. I wouldn't want to subject you to that.

They share a laugh, the tension broken, the warmth restored.

JO (CONT'D)

By the way, how are you getting to work today? Did you forget - your truck is at the work site?

CHRIS

Shit! I'll call Kai.

Chris quickly retrieves his cell from his pocket, but stops.

A long, quiet moment as he looks into his wife's eyes, as if seeing her for the first time.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

You're everything to me, Jo.

Before she can stop him, Chris steals a kiss - because he loves her, and in this moment, nothing else matters.

They fall into an embrace.

**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, its presence immediately unsettling.

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 happened?

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 Carlin 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 now.

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 about Eric...

Jo's breath catches.

JO  
Is he okay?

CHRIS  
He's missing.

She steps back, stunned.

JO  
What do you mean missing?

CHRIS  
He crashed off of Carlin Canyon  
into 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.

CLOSE ON CHRIS'S HANDS - clutching the journal.

DISSOLVE TO:

**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.

A beat.

GABI  
What do you mean?

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

GABI (CONT'D)  
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**

On Gabi's bedroom wall hangs a framed camping photo, captured at Carlsbad Caverns National Park. In the fading glow of dusk, Gabi, Eric, Chris, and Jo stand shoulder to shoulder at a campsite. They beam with unguarded love for one another.

**BACK TO SCENE**

Gabi springs out of bed, swiftly pulling on her military gear. She secures her pistol at her hip with practiced efficiency and bolts out the door.

**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 dashboard's navigation screen flickers, shedding its disguise as a standard GPS. In its place, a classified surveillance interface fills the screen - a live dossier on Joanna Walker: employment, home address, spouse, etc.

The data updates automatically, cross-referencing linked profiles. The screen shifts - Chris Walker.

The Mirror Men exchange a glance - cold, purposeful.

DISSOLVE TO:

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

Chris sits at the kitchen table holding Eric's journal.

Jo stands nearby.

He opens the journal and flips through the worn pages, sketches, cryptic notes, and unsettling drawings of UFOs. None of it makes sense.

Jo watches, hesitant. She knows Chris well enough to see the storm brewing inside him. She steps closer, reassuringly touching 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. 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, opening 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 sits at the kitchen table, 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  
 (soft, strained)  
 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 up against the counter. Gabi notices the journal clutched in Chris's hands.

GABI (CONT'D)  
 Wait -- how do you have that?  
 That's Eric's journal, right?

CHRIS  
 Yes, not sure, it fell out of my  
 toolbox this morning.

GABI  
 May I see it?

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  
 Yes.

Gabi frantically flips through Eric's journal, her eyes catching familiar sketches - UFOs, detailed maps of crash sites, classified locations and schematics she instantly recognizes. But then, something strange.

Page after page is filled with nothing but rows and columns of letter-number combinations: B4, J9, A3, D6 - a carefully laid out grid that makes no immediate sense, a cipher.

Toward the back, the entries shift. Handwritten notes, personal reflections - Eric's private thoughts, fears, ambitions... The contrast is stark: half the journal is coded precision, the other half, raw and human.

Gabi looks up, her expression serious. Chris and Jo sense this and pay close attention to Gabi's following words.

GABI (CONT'D)

Eric might be in danger.

CHRIS

What do you mean? He's missing. We don't know shit.

Gabi picks up the USB drive and holds it with her index finger and thumb.

GABI

What's on this and in Eric's journal is classified and very dangerous evidence.

Chris and Jo look at each other.

JO

Evidence of what?

Gabi opens Eric's journal to a page with one of his UFO sketches and shows it to them. But they don't get it.

CHRIS

That's a flying saucer, big deal. Eric can draw.

GABI

Not stories. This is a record of events.

CHRIS

What the Hell, Gabi?

Jo places a hand on Chris's shoulder to settle him down.

JO

Yeah, Gabi. We don't get it.

A flicker of guilt flashes across Gabi's face - her eyes drop for just a moment, as if the weight of the truth is pressing down, urging her to keep it buried.

CHRIS

What, Gabi?!

Gabi falls silent. Keeping secrets is second nature - divulging them, far less so. But today is different. Today, everything changed.

GABI

Governments are sitting on proof of nonhuman intelligence -- craft, tech, biologics...

(MORE)

GABI (CONT'D)

There's a Cold War-style arms race happening right now, and no one knows about it. The country that figures out the technology first will become the next superpower.

Chris crosses his arms, brow furrowed. He's heard this kind of talk before - but never from Gabi.

JO

But why would Eric do any of this?

GABI

He'd had enough of the lies. The world we live in -- it's a controlled illusion. A few people pull the strings. Eric believed the only way to truly serve the American people was to expose the truth -- truth that's been buried for decades. People deserve to know.

CHRIS

Let's see this "evidence."

GABI

Do you have a computer?

CUT TO:

**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.

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

Jo returns, setting her laptop in front of Gabi.

Gabi inserts the USB drive.

THE SCREEN BOOTS UP, REVEALING A WINDOW WITH FOUR FOLDERS: SKYCATCHER OP. 66, PSIONICS, DECIPHER, LOGAN MARSHALL.

Movement outside. From Gabi's vantage point at the kitchen table, TWO SILHOUETTES approach the trailer.

They pass the window. They stop. Unmoving. Waiting.

Gabi stiffens. Chris and Jo notice, following her gaze toward the front door.

A beat that feels like eternity.

The door opens slowly.

Mirror Man 1 and 2 calmly step into the trailer. Their heads turn in unison, like they shared one mind.

A silence settles over the trailer, heavy and suffocating.

Chris SPRINGS TO HIS FEET, fists clenched, ready to fight. Two against one is fine by him right now, even with a splitting headache.

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 (CONT'D)

Take one more step.

Gabi knows exactly what they're up against.

Her chair kicks back with a screech as she draws her pistol, firing off a rapid series of shots - each one just grazing the air around the Mirror Men.

Mirror Man 1 snaps his hand up and Gabi's entire body locks, muscles seizing as if squeezed by an invisible force. She thrashes against it, fighting like a caged animal.

Her feet lift off the ground until she's suspended three feet in the air, head mere inches from the ceiling. She struggles, teeth clenched, but the invisible grip holds tight.

Chris grabs Gabi by her belt to try to pull her down, but an INVISIBLE THRUST knocks him backward, slamming him into the kitchen cabinets.

Gabi's pistol is still gripped in her hand. But now, her own hand is turning against her. Gabi's arm moves, the gun slowly pressing against her forehead. A frozen panic consumes Gabi's face - a silent scream caught beneath the surface.

Chris jumps up from the floor 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 (CONT'D)

(in Cherokee)

Naqu svnohi.

(Now is the night.)

He blows the dust forward. A black cloud erupts, swallowing the Mirror Men. The smoke coils unnaturally, spiraling as if bending to Old Hawk's command.

The Mirror Men stagger, their movements stiff and disoriented.

GABI DROPS TO THE FLOOR, gasping for breath as the invisible force holding her dissipates - her gun slides across the linoleum floor just out of reach.

Old Hawk's eyes burn with focus - his hands outstretched, guiding the smoke.

OLD HAWK (CONT'D)

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.

Gabi sweeps Eric's journal and laptop with the inserted USB from the table, eyes wild with urgency.

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 (CONT'D)

Chris!

CHRIS

Fight, Jo! Fight!

Jo reaches Mirror Man 1, swinging and kicking mid-air as best she can. Through the swirling smoke, Mirror Man 2 emerges - she lands a kick to his chest, violently sending him tumbling backward into the smoke.

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.

Terrified, Gabi grabs Chris's arm, pulling him back. Chris resists, muscles straining against her grip.

GABI

(shouting)

Chris, we gotta go!

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

Chris's eyes burn with rage. Resisting, he reluctantly lets Gabi and Old Hawk forcefully pull him toward the back exit - his gaze never leaving Jo's body on the trailer floor.

**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 towards the visor. Gabi grabs them and fires up the engine - her eyes meet Chris's, weighted with unspoken words.

Gabi then slams the gas. The RV lurches forward, tearing across the backyard, kicking up dust as it charges onto the desert road.

Chris and Old Hawk sit in the back compartment of the RV.

Chris places his head in his hands to hide his face as a well of emotions hits like a tsunami. His pain fills the cramped RV - raw, suffocating.

Old Hawk places a hand on Chris's shoulder.

Chris says nothing, absorbing it all, the weight of everything settling in - he's lost everything that means anything to him.

**EXT. RV - DESERT ROAD - CONTINUOUS**

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

FADE OUT.

**END PILOT**