

THE MIRROR MEN

"DAY 1"

Pilot

by

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FADE IN:

INT. APARTMENT - DUSK

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

DINING ROOM

ERIC WALKER (late 20s), solidly built, sits at the dining table in black operative fatigues, journal open before him. He writes with measured precision, the quiet focus of a man who's seen more than he lets on.

LIVING ROOM

A TV screen flickers, casting a blue light across the apartment.

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

Former National Security Official William Barrett says he's seen proof the U.S. is hiding recovered nonhuman craft, commonly referred to as UFOs or UAPs.

(beat)

You're saying there's a program -- above top secret -- retrieving crashed craft?

BARRETT

Compartmentalized so tightly, even Congress is blind. They're studying them, reverse-engineering these craft.

LOGAN

You've been followed? Hacked?

BARRETT

Not by the government you know --
by a shadow faction inside it.

DINING ROOM

Eric's gaze snaps to the window - hyperaware, heart hammering.

BARRETT (O.S.)(CONT'D)

Congress wants proof -- photos,
locations of these hidden
facilities, sample materials...

Eric leans forward and continues to write in an open, worn leather-bound journal on the table. He scribbles with deliberate strokes - coded text, diagrams, maps, names...

BARRETT (O.S.)(CONT'D) (CONT'D)

They want something undeniable.

Eric glances at a Signalink Transceiver on the dining room table 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 and precise, its purpose unknown.

LIVING ROOM

LOGAN

If that proof went public?

BARRETT

It could change everything --
energy, medicine, space travel...
(beat)

But it could also tear the world
apart. Governments scrambling,
markets in free-fall -- faiths
questioned. And while we argue over
Disclosure, Russia, China, and
others are already reverse-
engineering what they've recovered.
This isn't just secrecy -- it's a
global arms race.

LOGAN

So you're saying--

BARRETT

I'm saying the proof is coming,
whether we're ready or not.

(MORE)

BARRETT (CONT'D)

We have a right to know the truth
about our existence in the
universe.

(beat)

I urge other members of the
military and intelligence community
to come forward.

DINING ROOM

Eric looks at the TV, connecting with Barrett's final words.

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

A military-issued encrypted phone vibrates across the dining
room 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 make his 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." A brief pause.
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 dining room table. He removes the chest
pocket clasp from his uniform and replaces it with the USB-
clasp, seamlessly appearing 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, Eric scans the apartment - the clean
countertops, the folded towel, the faint hum of the fridge.

Then, without another glance, he slips out.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. DESERT ROAD - SAME TIME

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.

In unison, they turn their heads to face Trask without expression, purely focused 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 secured perimeter set by the Operatives.

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, nebulas – and flight trajectory data: a HIDDEN HIGHWAY IN THE SKY – 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

BACK TO SCENE

Mirror Man 1 glances at his partner. Without a word, Mirror Man 2 calmly RAISES BOTH ARMS toward the sky and closes his eyes – movements slow, ceremonial.

After a beat--

SKY

The UFO BLINKS INTO VIEW FOR EVERYONE TO SEE, having been pulled into existence telekinetically.

Its metallic skin shimmers in the moonlight, lights flickering around its edge, silent, motionless - defying physics. A classic 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 as if the object is fighting back.

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 from the 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 away just enough, his hand coming up against the stinging blast. The Mirror Men stand, statue-like, unfazed.

TRASK
(in comms)
Target down. Collapse perimeter.
Secondary positions. Move!

The Operatives close in.

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 resting place for his journal, quietly writing.

Chris stops strumming and watches his brother.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Hemingway, you've had your nose in
that thing since we got here.

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

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Classified, right?

ERIC
Top Secret.

Chris chuckles and sets his guitar against the 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 braid. 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.

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
Yeah, and you and Dad laughed at me all weekend.

CHRIS
(grinning)
He doesn't like to talk about it.

ERIC
Not much to say. Like you said, I
was fourteen. Who knows what I saw?
It was probably a shooting star.

Gabi falls strangely silent.

CHRIS
You went on and on about it. Dad
was ready to muzzle you.

Jo turns to Eric.

JO
(smiling)
I believe you, Eric.
(to her husband)
Chris, many people believe we're
not alone in the universe.

CHRIS
So what are they doing up there?
Sightseeing? Come on. And there's
been no proof, ever. Besides, it's
too big a secret to keep secret.
There's no way. Oswald killed JFK,
and we landed on the moon.

JO
(to Eric and Gabi)
He'll never change.
(to Chris)
And that's a shame.

Chris shoots his wife a look, shrugging his shoulders.

Jo springs up and digs into a photography duffle 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,
joining them. They huddle close, shoulders nearly touching.

Jo squeezes in beside them. They squeeze together, arms slung
around each other, grinning wide.

The shutter clicks - FREEZE FRAME. A perfect snapshot: four friends, frozen in a carefree moment, untouched by the troubles yet 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, joining Gabi at the helicopter.

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 quickly goes to 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.

GABI
(whispers)
All set?

Eric gives a thumbs up. They eye each other - 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 the quiet authority of a man who's 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 we looking, Walker? You've had that thousand-yard stare lately.

ERIC

(firm)

I'm good, sir.

Rourke studies him - not convinced, not unconvinced - just reading him like a man who's done this too long.

ROURKE

Great.

(to Gabi)

Ready when you are, 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 black 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, statues in tailored black. Nearby, Trask is alert but cautious.

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 its screen like a scope, scanning - searching for something inside.

MIRROR MAN 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, as if looking through a window.

THREE FRAGILE HUMANOID FIGURES - 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 the only sign of life left inside the craft as the two others fade out.

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 open side door panel.

The rotors churn above, vibrating through the floor and into their boots. Harnesses creak, metal clips rattle.

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

ROURKE
On your feet. Final checks. Green
light on my mark.

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 shadow. A passage reveals itself with no hiss, 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 black pupils.

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

Humvees and the medical transport arrive. Without hesitation, Skycatcher Company loads 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!

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.

Eric ZOOMS IN on their heads, adjusting the thermal camera's focus - the heat signatures pulsing from their brains.

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 is it?

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 looks at Eric, concerned.

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 has left for the day. 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 on the job.

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
some serious 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.

Kai shakes his head disapprovingly.

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'll cool her off.

Kai hops off the tailgate, the pickup rattling beneath him. He slams it shut.

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

CHRIS
SONOFABITCH!
(to Kai)
Can you believe this shit?!

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

KAI
(confused)
What?!

CHRIS
Oh, just looking for the fucking
dark cloud.

KAI
I'll take you.

CHRIS
Great.

Chris steps out of the pickup, slamming the door.

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

In unison, they glance up.

KAI
Military.

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

KAI
Air Force, right?

CHRIS
Yep.

KAI
Have you been watching the news?

CHRIS

Nah. Same shit -- world's going to hell at light speed.

KAI

They're saying the Air Force has been sitting on crashed UFOs since Roswell.

CHRIS

Come on.

KAI

(shrugs)

Well... that's what my Dad says.

KAI (CONT'D)

Says they've been coming here long before Roswell. "Star People," he calls 'em.

CHRIS

Sorry, I like your Dad, but I highly doubt "Star People" are coming anywhere near this place.

CUT TO:

EXT. CLASSIFIED FACILITY - SUNRISE MOUNTAINS, NV - LATER

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

The helicopter descends in tight formation, the UFO suspended below them, hanging ten feet from the belly of the aircraft.

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 yawns open, its face vanishing into the stone.

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

ERIC
Now let's get back to base before
Commander Rourke.

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
Go.
(beat)
I'll take it from here.
(beat)
And watch your back.

DIAGNOSTICS TECH (O.S.)
Diagnostics here.

They both flinch, adrenaline spiking.

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

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, Captain. Step on through.

Eric gives a clipped nod. Steps in. 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)

In a hurry?

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

ERIC

Running late.

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

Eric reaches his Jeep and opens the rear hatch, where his backpack and duffle 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 puts the journal in a pouch pocket on his jacket.

WOMAN (O.S., OVERLAP)

Last year, the House Intelligence Committee held a hearing on UAPs and brought in some Pentagon bureaucrats who only had two answers to the questions 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.

VASQUEZ

We've had a heck of a lot of
pushback about this hearing we've
had. Members of Congress who fought
us. Members of the Intelligence
Community, as well as the Pentagon.
Even NASA backed out on us. There
are a lot of people who do not want
this to come to light.

(beat)

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

CUT TO:

INT. CROSSROADS TAVERN - BAR - CONTINUOUS

Chris approaches the bar and slides onto a stool.

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

LIZ
Your regular?

Chris nods.

Liz pours a shot of Jack Daniels and grabs a bottle of Bud, setting them down.

Chris knocks back the shot.

LIZ (CONT'D)
Jo comin' tonight?

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

Liz catches the tone - trouble in paradise - 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 and tripod, 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 on Eric Walker - military service records, redacted documents, personnel file, and communications logs.

Logan stands and walks over to the tall windows overlooking San Mateo Boulevard, peering 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 splits open, revealing a hidden ramp sloping into the Earth. The convoy rolls down, swallowed by the darkness below.

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.

With its ocular covers removed, its pupils resemble black holes, void of emotion.

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. 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 1 regains his composure and steps up to the being. He places his pale hand on the being's head.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CROSSROADS TAVERN - LATER

The crowd has thinned, leaving only a scatter of patrons.

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

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

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

CHRIS
Leave her alone.

The Punk turns, sizing up Chris.

PUNK
Mind your business.

Chris stiffens – the truth stings. He's worn down, hollow-eyed, a battered version of the man he typically is.

PUNK (CONT'D)
Fuck off.

Chris calmly places his Bud on the bar and stands.

Liz hustles from the other side of the bar.

LIZ
Chris!

CHRIS CLOCKS HIM. The Punk stumbles backward, crashing into the Woman, knocking her off her stool.

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.

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)

We almost missed it, but our readings indicate that the logs and thermal imaging have 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

(to Gabi)

Damn it, Gabi.

A flicker of regret in his eyes. But duty overrides it.

ROURKE (CONT'D)

Take her.

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. It's about Chris.

Eric clenches his jaw. Of all nights...

ERIC

What happened?

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.

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, Sergeant Mendez, where's Captain Walker?

GABI

I don't know where he is.

INTERROGATOR

Let's back up a bit, then. We'll revisit that.

(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 really standard procedure, nothing special. I just stand by and wait for Diagnostics to finish. If they have a question, I'm there.

(beat)

(MORE)

GABI (CONT'D)

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 didn't look well.

INTERROGATOR

Is it true that you and Captain
Walker 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 and comrades, nothing more --
fellow patriots serving this
country.

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

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 by.
That's an order.

She straightens up.

GABI
Yes, sir.

Rourke holds her gaze. A quiet understanding passes between them. Not agreement. Not certainty. Just history.

ROURKE
I know you two are close.
(beat)
He never mentioned anything?

GABI
No, Commander.

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 with recovered nonhuman technology inside 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 standing over 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 that out for 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 them TeleSight.

Voss holds the frames to the light, turning them slowly, her gaze surgical.

VOSS

How close are you to finishing?

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. 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)

(MORE)

KAPOOR (CONT'D)

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 will these futures 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 be manipulated.

(beat)

Additionally, if we do not update the temporal telemetry from the present regularly, 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 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
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
You'll have your test subject very
soon.

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 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 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 a hit. 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 – "SUBJECT 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: BLACK 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 is of Dr. Weller (40s) standing beside a saucer-shaped craft. Flanking him are THREE PAIRS OF 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 Black 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 material -- if you can call it that -- used for these crafts 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 they sometimes bring them down. They're not all crashed UFOs.

LOGAN

And who are these strange-looking men with Weller?

BARRETT (V.O.)
They're psionic operatives, ex-CIA.
Weller poached them in the
eighties, broke away from the
agency, and now they've embedded
themselves deep in the intelligence
community.

Logan glances at his watch, tension mounting. His eyes shift
to the door. Eric should be here any minute.

LOGAN
Eric should be here soon.

BARRETT (V.O.)
Good luck -- and be safe.

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)
Eric!

Eric doesn't respond. He glances at 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.

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, methodical. This is different - something is up with his little brother.

They pass a "ROAD NARROWS AHEAD" sign, its reflective glare briefly lighting Chris's face as he watches Eric.

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.

ERIC
What?

Chris turns to face the street. Eric follows his gaze.

CHRIS
(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 nods to Eric stoically.

Eric 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 — but Eric's face peels the armor back.

JO
Eric? Hey--

Chris attempts to squeeze past them and into the trailer.

JO (CONT'D)
(to Chris)
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.)
AAGH! SONOFABITCH!
(groaning)
I hate this fucking coffee table!

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 and divots, 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 than white in his hair; the older, nearly a full head of white. 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
(to Trask)
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 twelve 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.

NIGHT SKY

The craft streaks across the stratosphere at 12,000 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 bears a resemblance to 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 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
(quiet, clinical)
Ever play dominoes, Director?

VOSS
(steady)
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 remains steady. What other choice does she have?

VOSS
We'll retrieve it.

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.

(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)

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

(curious)

How did you find it?

DR. WELLER

One of my men. 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)

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 happen.

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 from the night before.

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

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 yesterday.

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'm here for you.
(beat)
I know construction isn't what you wanted, but those days in the ring... they're behind you.

CHRIS

I know. You're right. 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)

(smile)

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's at the 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. Reluctantly, they part.

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 suddenly.

CHRIS
What happened?

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

CHRIS
What do you mean?
(beat)
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 -- but search crews
are combing the river now.

Chris stands, fearing the worst.

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

There's a long pause as Chris comprehends all this.

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
(concerned)
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
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)
(MORE)

OFFICER GEORGE (CONT'D)

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

Overshadowed by the long morning shadows of city buildings, 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, missing?

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.
(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 picks up.

A silence. Not awkward, just heavy.

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

JO (V.O.)
(somber)
Thanks, Gabi...

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. Thanks for coming.

GABI

Of course.

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 (CONT'D)

I just needed to see the two of you. Make sure you're alright.

JO

We're managing. Hoping for good news soon.

Gabi notices the journal clutched in Chris's hands.

GABI

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. Undeniable proof.

Chris and Jo look at each other.

JO
 Dangerous?

CHRIS
 Yeah. Proof 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 (CONT'D)
 That's a flying saucer, big deal.
 Eric can draw and he sometimes
 comes up with stories and shit. A
 real Renaissance Man.

GABI
 Not stories. This is more like a
 record of actual classified events.

CHRIS
 What the Hell, Gabi? Why would--

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
 Gabi, spit it out.

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

GABI
 Governments are sitting on proof of
 nonhuman intelligence -- craft,
 tech, biologics... 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 how is Eric wrapped up in this?

GABI

He'd had enough of the lies. This world -- it's a controlled illusion, run by a handful of people pulling the strings. Eric believed the only way to truly serve the American people was to expose what's been buried for decades. They deserve to know.

CHRIS

Let's see this "proof."

GABI

Do you have a PC or something?

CHRIS

Jo, get your laptop.

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 the 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.

JO

There! A decipher for the Journal.

CHRIS

What are psionics?

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 turning in unison, like they share 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 (CONT'D)

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 up, 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 backwards, 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)

Naquu 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

(panicked)

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 it, 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 mean 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.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ANCIENT PYRAMID GANTRY - OBSERVATION DECK - SAME TIME

Dr. Weller stands alone, studying the black pyramid as shadows ripple across its etched stone surface. Behind him, TWO OPERATIVES enter, flanking the Grey being the Mirror Men captured. Passive and unreadable, the being stands motionless.

The metal-banded psionic block is strapped around its large head like a crown.

CUT TO:

INT. ANCIENT PYRAMID GANTRY - APEX CHAMBER - MOMENTS LATER

Dr. Weller, the Grey, and Operatives approach the outer surface of the Apex Chamber concealed via the gantry system.

The being lifts a hand and places it on the stone. An entry grinds open, revealing only darkness. The Operatives click on flashlights, and the four step inside.

APEX CHAMBER

The Apex Chamber is a vast, angular space of impossible darkness, where walls of black stone narrow as they rise, closing into a sharp vertex high overhead, giving the space a suffocating, three-sided geometry.

In each corner stands a sculpture - alien figures carved from the same black stone. They resemble the Greys.

Dr. Weller calmly steps into the center. Closes his eyes. Raises his arms. His full head of white hair almost glowing in the darkness.

Then, he begins to rise. Levitating three feet off the stone floor, the unseen energy of the chamber rippling through him.

FADE OUT.

END PILOT