

THE BOY WHO SAW TOMORROW

A feature screenplay inspired by the original concept THE SPECIAL KID

Written by

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Family Sci-Fi Thriller / Crime Drama

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FADE IN:

EXT. BLACK OCEAN - NIGHT

A moonless sea slaps against a wall of jagged rock. Far beyond the coast, lightning flashes over an island that does not appear on any tourist map.

A low SIREN moans from under the water.

INT. BLACK SITE - HOLDING CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Steel doors. Wet concrete. Armed GUARDS posted every ten feet.

AGENT JAY HART, 42, controlled and dangerous, moves through the corridor with a folder clamped under one arm.

A younger agent hurries to keep up.

YOUNG AGENT

You really think he still matters? He's been buried here six years.

AGENT JAY

Men like him matter until they stop breathing.

They stop at a reinforced door marked: SUBJECT S-9.

The young agent keys in a code. The door opens with a hydraulic gasp.

INT. BLACK SITE - EL SALVADOR'S CELL - CONTINUOUS

A man sits chained to the floor beneath white light.

SAM JACOBO, known to the world as EL SALVADOR, late 40s, calm as a priest and colder than the room around him. A restraint mask covers his mouth.

Agent Jay studies him.

AGENT JAY

You built armies. You moved

poison through schools. You
buried families in the same dirt
you sold them.

El Salvador's eyes do not blink.

AGENT JAY

And still, I hear you were
building something worse.

El Salvador's masked breathing rasps.

Agent Jay opens the folder. Photos of a dismantled weapon.
Notes in Spanish. A hand-drawn symbol: NEUROGENX.

AGENT JAY

What is NeuroGenX?

El Salvador's eyes sharpen for the first time.

The ceiling lights FLICKER.

A distant machine HUMS deep in the facility like a giant
sleeping heart.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOLIDAY BACKYARD - DAY

Sunlight. Smoke from a barbecue. Kids chase each other
through a sprinkler while grown men talk too loud over paper
plates and music.

MICHAEL HOLIDAY, 34, former military, big smile, tired eyes
that have seen war, flips burgers with pride.

SAMANTHA HOLIDAY, 32, radiant and very pregnant, watches him
from the patio door. She rubs her belly like she already
knows the boy inside.

BRAD MILLER, 35, Michael's lifelong friend, lifts a beer.

BRAD

To Michael. The only man I know
who reads crime biographies at a
baby barbecue.

KYLE PARKS, 36, laughs and points his bottle at Michael.

KYLE

He's gonna have that baby solving cold cases before kindergarten.

MICHAEL

Laugh now. My boy's gonna have Babe Ruth's arm, Steph Curry's shot, and Sherlock Holmes' brain.

BRAD

Or he might be a firefighter. Or a school teacher. Or the kid at McDonald's who forgets my fries.

Michael throws a dish towel at him.

MICHAEL

Don't put limits on my son before he gets here.

Kyle notices the book on the table: EL SALVADOR: KING OF FEAR.

KYLE

You finished that thing?

MICHAEL

Last night. Four hundred bodies tied to him. Women. Kids. Schools. He called fear a business model.

BRAD

They caught him though, right?

MICHAEL

Black site. No sunlight. No phones. No visitors. Where he belongs.

A beat. Michael looks toward Samantha, softer.

MICHAEL

I don't want my son growing up in a world where men like that get to breathe easy.

Kyle hears the old soldier in him.

KYLE

Then raise him right. That's the war now.

Michael nods. A smaller, scarier truth lands on him.

MICHAEL

Being a father scares me more
than combat ever did.

From inside the house -- Samantha laughs with LATOYA PARKS,
33, bright, protective, Kyle's wife.

Michael hears that laugh and smiles.

MICHAEL

But I can't wait.

INT. NURSERY - DAY

A small room prepared with impossible love.

A Sherlock Holmes blanket. A tiny magnifying glass painted
on the wall. A shelf of soft toys. A new digital drawing
tablet still in the box.

Samantha sits carefully in a rocking chair while LaToya
folds baby clothes.

LATOYA

Girl, this room looks like a
little detective already pays
rent in here.

SAMANTHA

Michael picked the theme. He
says our son will solve
mysteries with him.

LATOYA

Michael says a lot of things.
That's why we love him and pray
for him.

They laugh.

Samantha's smile fades when a sharp pain cuts through her
belly. She hides it, but LaToya sees.

LATOYA

There it is again.

SAMANTHA

It's nothing.

LATOYA

You went to the doctor and
didn't tell him.

Samantha looks down, guilty.

SAMANTHA

He worries so hard, LaToya.
Every little thing turns into
him trying to fight the whole
world for us.

LATOYA

That's what husbands are for
when they're not being annoying.

Samantha fights a nervous tear.

SAMANTHA

The doctor said the baby is
healthy. He just wants to watch
a few things. I wanted Michael
to have today without fear.

The door opens. Michael stands there.

He heard enough.

MICHAEL

Complications?

Samantha freezes.

INT. HOLIDAY LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The party has emptied. Plastic cups are bagged. The
television plays an old detective show at low volume.

Michael and Samantha sit on the couch, the space between
them filled with love and fear.

MICHAEL

You went without me.

SAMANTHA

I didn't want to steal your joy.

MICHAEL

My joy is you two. Not
pretending everything is fine.

Samantha reaches for him.

SAMANTHA

I'm sorry. I was scared.

Michael takes her hand and presses it to his lips.

MICHAEL

Then be scared with me.

She nods. They pinky-swear like children, and the silliness breaks the tension.

Then Samantha gasps.

A contraction hits like a wave.

SAMANTHA

Michael--

MICHAEL

Babe?

Another contraction. Harder.

Michael grabs the phone. His hands shake for the first time all day.

MICHAEL

(into phone)

My wife is having a baby. Five-eight-nine-zero Maple Drive. Please hurry.

Samantha squeezes his arm.

SAMANTHA

Don't leave me.

MICHAEL

Never.

EXT. HOLIDAY HOUSE - NIGHT

Ambulance lights wash the quiet street red and blue.

INT. DELIVERY ROOM - NIGHT

Samantha pushes through tears and sweat. Nurses move with

urgent grace. Michael stays beside her, forehead pressed to hers.

NURSE EVANS, 50s, steady and kind, guides them.

NURSE EVANS

One more. Come on, Samantha. One more for your boy.

Samantha screams. A newborn CRY cuts through the room.

Everything stops.

The nurse lifts the baby.

NURSE EVANS

He's here.

Michael crumbles.

The child is placed in Samantha's arms.

SAMANTHA

Hello, Jake.

Michael touches the baby's tiny hand.

MICHAEL

Hey, champ.

Baby JAKE grips his finger. Michael laughs through tears.

MICHAEL

Strong grip. That's a sign.

Samantha looks at Michael like this is the safest moment they'll ever know.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - LATER

Michael stands with Nurse Evans near the nursery window. Baby Jake sleeps beyond the glass.

NURSE EVANS

He's stable. Healthy. Beautiful.

Michael hears the unspoken word.

MICHAEL

But.

Nurse Evans chooses care over speed.

NURSE EVANS

There were signs during delivery. And there may be developmental things you'll need to watch as he grows. Not a verdict tonight. Not a limit. Just a road that may need more patience.

Michael stares at his son.

MICHAEL

Is he going to be okay?

NURSE EVANS

He is your son. He will need love, structure, advocacy. He will surprise you in ways no doctor can chart.

Michael tries to nod. His father-dreams of ball fields and easy answers slip out of his hands.

NURSE EVANS

Don't grieve the boy before you meet him.

Michael turns to her, hit by that.

NURSE EVANS

Meet him. Let him teach you who he is.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Michael returns to Samantha and Jake.

Samantha sees his face.

SAMANTHA

What did they say?

Michael sits beside her. He looks down at Jake, then back at his wife.

MICHAEL

They said our boy may walk a
different road.

Samantha's eyes fill.

MICHAEL

And we're walking it with him.

He leans in, kisses Jake's head.

MICHAEL

All the way.

MONTAGE - JAKE GROWS

-- THREE-YEAR-OLD JAKE lines toy cars by color while Michael watches, confused at first, then joins him.

-- Samantha kneels beside Jake during a therapy session, celebrating when he uses a picture card for water.

-- Michael tries to toss a soft ball. Jake ignores it and draws circles in the dirt. Michael nearly sighs, then sits beside him and draws too.

-- Jake covers his ears during fireworks. Michael wraps him in a blanket and whispers the countdown before each BOOM.

-- Six-year-old Jake studies a detective show. He rocks gently, eyes fixed, not on the chase, but on the clue everyone else misses.

-- Eight-year-old Jake draws a red shoe near a storm drain. The next morning, a neighbor finds her missing child's shoe exactly there. The child is safe.

-- Samantha tapes Jake's drawings to the fridge like masterpieces.

-- Michael buys Jake a digital drawing pad. Jake touches the screen, amazed that a line can become light.

END MONTAGE.

INT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - RESOURCE ROOM - DAY

Jake sits with MS. RIVERA, 40s, a patient special education teacher who understands that quiet is not empty.

A visual schedule rests on the table: DRAWING. READING. BREAK. LUNCH.

MS. RIVERA

Today we have a visitor drill.
The alarm will sound one time.
Then we go outside.

Jake presses his headphones tighter.

JAKE

Too sharp.

MS. RIVERA

I know. So we prepare the sharp
before it arrives.

She places a small card in front of him: I NEED QUIET.

MS. RIVERA

This is not weakness. This is a
tool.

Jake looks at the card. Then he draws beside it - a bridge.

MS. RIVERA

A bridge?

Jake nods.

JAKE

Words bridge.

Through the classroom window, two older boys shove a smaller boy behind the gym. Jake sees it. His body stiffens.

MS. RIVERA

Jake?

Jake points. Ms. Rivera follows his gaze and rushes out.

EXT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - GYM WALL - DAY

Ms. Rivera stops the bullying before it becomes worse. The

smaller boy wipes tears.

Jake watches from the doorway, shaking but relieved.

MS. RIVERA

(to Jake)

You helped him.

Jake holds up the quiet card.

JAKE

Too loud.

MS. RIVERA

Helping can be loud. We recover
after.

She walks him back inside.

INT. HOLIDAY DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Michael, Samantha, and Jake eat dinner. Jake's plate has separated foods. Nothing touching.

Michael practices patience like a muscle still growing.

MICHAEL

Ms. Rivera said you helped a boy
today.

Jake keeps his eyes on his plate.

JAKE

Wall hurt.

SAMANTHA

You saw somebody being hurt by
the wall?

JAKE

By boys.

Michael takes that in. Not future crime. Present harm.

MICHAEL

You don't have to carry every
hurt you see.

Jake looks at him, confused.

JAKE

If see, help.

Samantha reaches for Michael's hand under the table. That sentence becomes the center of the movie.

SAMANTHA

That's who he is.

EXT. COMMUNITY PARK - DAY

A sensory-friendly police outreach event before the viral attention. Officer Hernandez kneels beside Jake near a patrol car.

OFFICER HERNANDEZ

You want to turn the lights on without sirens?

Jake nods.

Hernandez switches on silent lights. Red and blue dance across Jake's face.

JAKE

Pretty police.

Hernandez laughs.

OFFICER HERNANDEZ

I'll take that.

Michael watches, surprised by how gentle Hernandez is.

OFFICER HERNANDEZ

My nephew's autistic. People always talk about him like he's a puzzle. He's not a puzzle. He's a person.

Michael nods, humbled.

MICHAEL

I'm still learning.

OFFICER HERNANDEZ

Good dads do.

INT. HOLIDAY GARAGE - NIGHT

Michael builds a small quiet corner for Jake: foam panels, a desk, soft lamp, charging station for the drawing pad.

Samantha stands in the doorway.

SAMANTHA

You know this is sweeter than a batting cage.

Michael smiles, embarrassed.

MICHAEL

Don't tell Brad. He'll say I got soft.

SAMANTHA

You did.

Michael steps back to look at his work.

MICHAEL

When he was born, I mourned a version of fatherhood I invented in my head. I hate that I wasted even one night doing that.

Samantha goes to him.

SAMANTHA

You came back from it.

MICHAEL

He pulled me back.

Jake appears with a drawing of Michael in the garage wearing a cape.

JAKE

Dad build quiet.

Michael's eyes sting.

MICHAEL

Yeah, champ. Dad builds quiet.

INT. JAKE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jake, now 11, sleeps under a weighted blanket.

His walls are covered with drawings: broken toys, police badges, birds, maps, faces with too-large eyes.

A desktop computer glows softly. The drawing pad charges beside it.

The newest picture waits on the screen: two boys, one holding the broken head of an action figure, the other crying.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOLIDAY BACKYARD - DAY

Jake's eleventh birthday.

A small, sensory-friendly party. No balloons popping. No loud music. A quiet table with drawing paper. Cupcakes instead of a giant cake.

Jake sits in a corner of the yard, wearing noise-canceling headphones. He rocks gently, smiling when the sunlight moves across his fingers.

Michael watches from the grill. Pride softens him.

Kyle and Brad stand nearby with plates.

KYLE

He's getting big.

MICHAEL

Yeah. Big eleven.

BRAD

He looks happy.

MICHAEL

He is. We learned happy doesn't always have to look loud.

Brad's son CALVIN, 11, rough around the edges, hovers near Jake's toys. Kyle's daughter LIANA, 10, watches Jake with curiosity she has not learned how to soften.

Liana points.

LIANA

Why does he do that with his hands?

Kyle crouches to her eye level.

KYLE

Because it helps his body feel calm. We don't make fun of what helps people survive.

LIANA

I wasn't making fun.

KYLE

Then ask with kindness.

Across the yard, Calvin snatches Jake's favorite action figure. Jake sees it. His body stiffens.

CALVIN

Does this thing even talk?

Jake reaches for it.

JAKE

Mine.

CALVIN

Say please.

Jake's breathing changes. He sees the toy twist in Calvin's hand.

The plastic head POPS off.

For Jake, the sound is a thunderclap.

He strikes Calvin's arm.

Calvin falls back, shocked, then screams like the victim.

CALVIN

He hit me!

Adults rush in.

MICHAEL

Jake!

Samantha kneels by Jake, not angry, focused.

SAMANTHA

Hands down, baby. Breathe with me.

Jake trembles. His fingers flutter.

JAKE

Broken.

Brad grabs Calvin.

BRAD

Apologize.

CALVIN

He hit me first!

BRAD

Now.

Calvin glares.

CALVIN

Sorry.

Jake studies him, then hugs him. Calvin freezes, not expecting grace.

JAKE

Okay.

The adults exchange looks.

INT. HOLIDAY KITCHEN - LATER

The house is quiet. The party ended early.

Samantha washes frosting from plates. Michael bags trash with too much force.

SAMANTHA

He doesn't hit people, Michael.

MICHAEL

I know.

SAMANTHA

Something happened.

MICHAEL

I know that too.

They hear Jake humming upstairs, a pattern of five notes.

INT. JAKE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jake sleeps.

Michael checks under the bed for a missing cupcake wrapper and finds a folded drawing.

He opens it.

The picture: Calvin breaking the action figure. The head is in one hand, the body in the other.

Michael sits on the bed.

MICHAEL

What did you see, son?

Samantha appears in the doorway.

SAMANTHA

Come to bed.

Michael hides the drawing gently, not from shame but from fear.

MICHAEL

In a minute.

He kisses Jake's forehead.

MICHAEL

I believe you.

EXT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - MORNING

Brad's truck pulls up. Calvin and Jake climb out with backpacks.

Brad catches Michael by the arm.

BRAD

Calvin told me something.

Calvin looks ashamed.

CALVIN

I broke Jake's toy. I lied.

Michael kneels so Calvin can face him.

MICHAEL

Telling the truth after fear gets loud? That's brave.

Calvin nods.

CALVIN

I threw the head in the toilet.

Jake watches Michael. Waiting.

MICHAEL

We'll fix what we can. And when we can't, we still tell the truth.

Jake softly repeats the last word.

JAKE

Truth.

INT. HOLIDAY HOME - MICHAEL'S OFFICE - DAY

Michael compares the drawing to the broken toy parts on his desk.

Brad stands behind him, uncomfortable.

MICHAEL

He drew it before Calvin admitted anything.

BRAD

Kids draw wild stuff.

MICHAEL

Not wild. Exact.

BRAD

Michael, you served in places where coincidences got people killed. I get why your brain looks for patterns.

MICHAEL

This isn't trauma talking.

Michael opens the computer. Another Jake drawing fills the screen: a handcuffed man slipping one cuff, two officers tackling him.

BRAD

What's that?

MICHAEL

We're going to the police station fundraiser tonight.

Brad laughs because he needs it to be funny.

BRAD

So now your son draws tomorrow?

Michael doesn't laugh.

MICHAEL

Maybe tomorrow draws him.

EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY

The local station hosts a community fundraiser. Food trucks. Patrol cars for kids. Officers in dress blues. A banner reads: COMMUNITY SAFETY DAY.

Jake hesitates at the entrance, overwhelmed by voices, radios, shoes on tile.

Michael kneels.

MICHAEL

Headphones on. Thumb press if it's too much.

Jake presses his thumb to Michael's thumb. Their private signal.

SAMANTHA

We can leave anytime.

Jake looks at a display board of missing-person flyers and crime-prevention posters.

JAKE

Bad guys.

MICHAEL

Sometimes. But good people stand up too.

INT. POLICE STATION - COMMUNITY ROOM - DAY

Samantha catches up with LaToya near a punch table.

LaToya notices Samantha refusing wine and smiling too hard.

LATOYA

Hold on. Why are you glowing
like a church announcement?

Samantha pulls her aside.

SAMANTHA

I'm pregnant.

LaToya nearly screams, then clamps her own mouth.

LATOYA

Girl.

SAMANTHA

Don't tell Michael. I want to
surprise him on our anniversary
trip.

LATOYA

I will lock my mouth and swallow
the key.

They hug.

Across the room, Michael shows Jake the holding cells
through a safe glass wall.

MICHAEL

This is where choices catch up
to people.

A DOOR BUZZES.

OFFICER HERNANDEZ enters with a petty thief, RAY VICK, 30s,
cuffed and smiling too much.

OFFICER HERNANDEZ

Temporary booking. Nobody panic.
He's more mouth than monster.

Ray sits on a bench near Jake while Hernandez turns to
answer another officer's question.

Jake's eyes lock on Ray's left hand.

A cuff pin slides.

A tiny METALLIC CLICK.

The sound swallows the room for Jake.

His vision fractures: Ray running, a child knocked over, a gun grabbed, blood on tile.

Jake SCREAMS.

JAKE

No! No! No!

Everyone turns.

Ray bolts.

Officer Hernandez tackles him three steps from the exit.
Another officer secures the cuff.

The room erupts.

Michael reaches Jake first, shielding him from attention.

MICHAEL

Eyes on me. Breathe. You did
good. You're safe.

OFFICER HERNANDEZ

Your boy just saved my badge.

Michael forces a smile.

MICHAEL

He got startled.

OFFICER HERNANDEZ

No. He warned us.

Jake presses his face into Michael's chest.

JAKE

Run. He run.

Michael looks at Samantha. Samantha has no answer.

INT. HOLIDAY HOUSE - JAKE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Jake sleeps hard, drained.

Michael studies the drawing on the computer: Ray mid-run, officers tackling him.

Samantha stands behind him, arms folded.

SAMANTHA

Don't do this to him.

MICHAEL

Do what?

SAMANTHA

Turn him into a mystery you have to solve.

MICHAEL

I'm trying to understand him.

SAMANTHA

Then start with this: he is a child. Not evidence.

Michael absorbs it.

MICHAEL

You're right.

But he cannot look away from the drawing.

INT. MALL - ELECTRONICS STORE - DAY

The family waits in line with a new charger for Jake's tablet.

A WOMAN in a long tan coat stands ahead of them, calm but sweating.

Jake stares at her coat pocket.

His fingers flutter. His breathing climbs.

SAMANTHA

Jake?

Jake grabs the woman's coat and will not let go.

WOMAN

Excuse me!

MICHAEL

Jake, release.

Jake shakes his head, panicked.

JAKE

Under. Under. Under.

The woman yanks free, leaves the line, and rushes out.

Michael apologizes to the CASHIER, who wears a second badge that reads SECURITY: NORA WELLS.

MICHAEL

I'm sorry. He's autistic. He didn't mean harm.

NORA WELLS

No harm done.

She crouches and offers Jake a lollipop.

NORA WELLS

You saw something, didn't you?

Jake does not answer. He watches the door the woman used.

INT. MALL SECURITY ROOM - DAY

Hours later, Nora scrubs through security footage.

The woman in the tan coat enters the store two hours before the Holidays arrived. She slips boxed electronics under the coat lining.

Nora freezes the screen.

Then she pulls up footage from the register.

Jake grabbing the coat.

Nora leans closer.

NORA WELLS

What are you, little man?

EXT. HOLIDAY DRIVEWAY - MORNING

Michael loads Jake into the car for school.

Nora hurries up the driveway, breathless and holding a tablet.

NORA WELLS

Mr. Holiday?

Michael shields Jake instinctively.

MICHAEL

Can I help you?

Nora shows him the footage.

NORA WELLS

Your son stopped a thief. Not
after. Before we knew.

Michael watches the video, jaw tight.

MICHAEL

Why are you showing me this?

NORA WELLS

Because I posted it.

Michael's face changes.

NORA WELLS

I blurred his face. I thought it
was a feel-good hero clip. It
blew up overnight. Two million
views before I took it down.

MICHAEL

You put my child on the
internet?

NORA WELLS

I made a mistake.

MICHAEL

No. You opened a door you don't
have to live behind.

Jake, in the car, hums the five-note pattern louder.

Nora looks down, ashamed.

NORA WELLS

The mayor's office called.
Reporters. Everybody wants to
meet the boy who saw crime
before it happened.

Michael closes his eyes.

The quiet life is gone.

INT. NORA WELLS' APARTMENT - NIGHT

Nora watches the viral video numbers climb with dread. Commentators argue over Jake on split screens.

One influencer calls him a miracle. Another calls the family frauds.

Nora deletes the post. It is too late.

Her teenage daughter, MAYA, sees her crying.

MAYA

Mom?

NORA WELLS

I thought I was celebrating him.

MAYA

Did you ask?

That lands harder than any online comment.

Nora picks up her phone and searches for Michael's number.

INT. MAYOR'S OFFICE - HOLDING ROOM - DAY

Before the press conference, Michael sits with Jake in a quiet room away from cameras.

The Mayor's press secretary tries to hand Michael talking points.

PRESS SECRETARY

Keep it positive. Miracle language plays well.

Michael looks at her.

MICHAEL

My son is not a campaign slogan.

PRESS SECRETARY

Of course. I just mean--

SAMANTHA (ON PHONE)

Put me on speaker.

Michael does.

SAMANTHA (V.O.)

Derrick-- I mean Michael, listen to me. If one question feels wrong, you walk.

Michael smiles at her accidental use of the writer's spirit in his world, then focuses.

MICHAEL

I will.

Jake draws a microphone with teeth.

MICHAEL

Yeah. Feels like that to me too.

INT. HOLIDAY KITCHEN - DAY

Samantha watches the viral clip on her phone. Comments flash beneath it: MIRACLE KID. AUTISM SUPERPOWER. FAKE. GOVERNMENT WEAPON. ALIEN CHILD.

Michael enters. Samantha throws the phone onto the table.

SAMANTHA

This is what I was afraid of.

MICHAEL

I didn't post it.

SAMANTHA

But you believed the wrong person would eventually see him. And now they have.

Michael sits. The fight drains out of him.

MICHAEL

I can't unring it.

SAMANTHA

Then protect him from the noise.

MICHAEL

The mayor wants a press conference.

SAMANTHA

No.

MICHAEL

If we hide, they invent stories. If we speak, we control the truth.

SAMANTHA

The truth is he needs cereal,
quiet, and his mother. He does
not need cameras.

Jake appears at the doorway, clutching his drawing pad.

JAKE

Mom sad.

Samantha melts. She pulls him into her arms.

SAMANTHA

I'm scared, baby. That's all.

Jake touches her cheek.

JAKE

No loud.

Michael kneels beside them.

MICHAEL

No loud. I promise.

INT. DR. PARKER'S LAB - FLASHBACK - NIGHT

Years earlier. Parker, younger, works in a government lab
with classified files.

A senior scientist, DR. HALDEN, warns him.

DR. HALDEN

NeuroGenX is not a medicine.
It's a door. The problem with
doors is governments always want
keys.

PARKER

If it helps predict violent
behavior--

DR. HALDEN

Then somebody will use it to
create violent behavior.

Parker looks through a glass wall at brain scans.

DR. HALDEN

Promise me you won't chase this.

Young Parker cannot promise. His ambition is already listening to another voice.

INT. DR. PARKER'S LAB - NIGHT

Present Parker watches Jake's drawings again. He sees an old scan beside Jake's pattern.

The match terrifies him because it proves Dr. Halden right.

Parker opens a locked drawer and removes a photo: his wife and daughter.

DR. PARKER

I'm getting out.

His phone buzzes. Marcos.

He lets it ring, and ring, and ring.

EXT. DESERT SAFEHOUSE - NIGHT

A compound hidden behind acres of scrubland. Armed men unload crates beneath red work lights.

INT. SAFEHOUSE - WAR ROOM - NIGHT

MARCOS JACOBO, 44, El Salvador's brother, studies the viral clip on a wall monitor.

His men call him EL HERMANO. He wears grief like armor.

DR. LEON PARKER, 50s, neuroscientist, frightened by the company he keeps, stands beside him.

Marcos pauses the video on Jake's blurred face.

MARCOS

He sees the crime before it opens its eyes.

DR. PARKER

Or he reacts to micro-cues. Pattern recognition. Hyper-attunement.

MARCOS

Can he find my brother?

Parker hesitates too long.

MARCOS

Doctor.

DR. PARKER

There are theories. NeuroGenX is not supposed to exist outside of military papers and bad myths.

Marcos steps close.

MARCOS

My brother built half a weapon around a myth. Then they buried him before he could finish. This child is not a myth.

He points at the screen.

MARCOS

Bring me the boy.

INT. HOLIDAY HOUSE - NIGHT

Jake draws at the kitchen table while Michael reads headlines on a laptop.

Samantha places a plate of sliced apples beside Jake.

SAMANTHA

No more comments.

Michael shuts the laptop.

MICHAEL

Agreed.

Jake slides a drawing toward Samantha.

It shows her asleep in a hospital bed. Tubes. Bruises. A dark figure near a window.

Samantha's breath catches.

MICHAEL

Jake?

Jake points to the figure.

JAKE

Bad quiet.

A DOORBELL CHIMES.

Everyone freezes.

Michael checks the security screen. Only the porch. No one there.

A small white business card sits on the mat.

INT. HOLIDAY FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Michael opens the door with one hand behind his back.

He picks up the card.

DR. LEON PARKER. NEURODEVELOPMENTAL RESEARCH.

On the back, handwritten: I can help you understand your son.

Samantha takes the card and tears it in half.

SAMANTHA

No.

EXT. MAYOR'S OFFICE - DAY

A controlled press area. Cameras behind ropes. Police presence. Michael holds Jake's hand. Jake wears headphones and sunglasses.

Samantha watches from home via livestream, unable to bear the crowd.

The MAYOR speaks, but the reporters only see Jake.

REPORTER #1

Mr. Holiday, is your son
psychic?

MICHAEL

My son is eleven. He is
autistic. He communicates
differently. He notices things
most people miss.

REPORTER #2

Will he work with law enforcement?

MICHAEL

He will go to school. He will draw. He will be a kid.

REPORTER #3

But if he can stop crime, don't you have a moral duty?

Michael's temper flashes.

MICHAEL

My moral duty is to protect him from adults who want to turn a child into a tool.

Jake suddenly stiffens.

A high, terrified sound climbs out of him.

JAKE

Mom. Mom. Mom.

Michael crouches.

MICHAEL

Jake, she is home. She's safe.

Jake claws at Michael's sleeve.

JAKE

Bad quiet. Mom fall.

Michael's phone BUZZES: MOTION ALERT - FRONT DOOR.

He checks the live feed.

A masked man runs from his house carrying a backpack.

MICHAEL

Officers! My house!

He sweeps Jake into his arms and runs.

INT. HOLIDAY HOUSE - DAY

Chaos.

Drawers open. Jake's room torn apart. Computer cables ripped out.

Samantha lies unconscious near the dining table, blood on her temple.

Michael drops beside her.

MICHAEL

Samantha. Baby, look at me.

Jake stands in the doorway, humming the five-note pattern through tears.

JAKE

I told. I told.

Michael's face breaks.

MICHAEL

I know, son. I know.

EXT. HOLIDAY HOUSE - DAY

Paramedics load Samantha into an ambulance. Michael tries to climb in with Jake.

OFFICER HERNANDEZ stops him.

OFFICER HERNANDEZ

They stole the computer and the drawing pad.

MICHAEL

Everything backs up to the cloud.

Hernandez hears what that means.

OFFICER HERNANDEZ

Then whoever did this may come back.

Michael looks at Jake.

MICHAEL

They're not coming near my son again.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Samantha sleeps, bruised but alive. Tubes. Machines. Soft BEEPS.

Michael sits beside her with Jake curled against him.

Samantha wakes enough to whisper.

SAMANTHA

Is he okay?

MICHAEL

He's here.

She touches Jake's hair.

SAMANTHA

Not a gift. A child first.

MICHAEL

Always.

Samantha fights sleep.

SAMANTHA

Promise me.

MICHAEL

I promise.

Jake lifts his head.

JAKE

Baby.

Samantha's eyes widen. Michael looks between them.

SAMANTHA

He knows.

MICHAEL

Knows what?

A tear slides down Samantha's cheek.

SAMANTHA

I'm pregnant.

Michael's face shifts through shock, joy, and terror.

He kisses her hand.

MICHAEL

Then I have more to protect.

EXT. BRAD'S DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

Brad sits in his truck after accepting Marcos' money. He stares at the envelope on the passenger seat.

His hands shake.

A voicemail from Michael plays over Bluetooth.

MICHAEL (V.O.)

Hey, brother. Jake keeps asking when Calvin's coming over again. Call me back.

Brad begins to cry. He deletes the voicemail, then immediately regrets it.

BRAD

I'm sorry.

He starts the truck.

INT. BRAD'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Brad's wife, DENISE, sleeps. Brad stands in the doorway watching her.

On the dresser: past-due notices, family photos, a child's soccer trophy.

Denise opens her eyes.

DENISE

Did the bank call again?

BRAD

It's handled.

DENISE

How?

Brad cannot answer.

DENISE

Brad?

He kisses her forehead.

BRAD

I fixed it.

But the look on his face says he broke something worse.

INT. BRAD'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Michael and Jake stay at Brad's house for safety. Brad appears helpful, but his smile is tight.

His wife is away with family. The house feels too clean, too quiet.

Jake stands in the hallway, staring at a closed office door.

BRAD

Guest room's ready.

MICHAEL

Thanks, brother.

Brad flinches at the word.

Michael notices foreclosure papers on a side table. A stamp reads: PAID IN FULL - \$75,000.

Brad quickly covers them.

BRAD

Bank finally stopped breathing down my neck.

MICHAEL

Good.

Brad pours a drink with a shaking hand.

BRAD

World gets expensive when people depend on you.

Michael watches him.

MICHAEL

Yeah. It does.

INT. BRAD'S GUEST ROOM - NIGHT

Jake refuses to sleep.

He draws on a borrowed tablet, eyes wet, mouth trembling.

Michael sits on the floor beside him.

MICHAEL

What is it?

Jake turns the tablet.

The drawing shows two men exchanging cash. One looks like Brad. The other is a shadow with a doctor's glasses.

Michael's blood chills.

JAKE

Friend broken.

INT. BRAD'S KITCHEN - LATER

Michael stands over the foreclosure papers while Brad sleeps upstairs.

Paid in full. Seventy-five thousand dollars.

On the counter: a second business card. Dr. Parker.

Michael whispers to himself.

MICHAEL

Brad, what did you do?

Outside, a car idles with headlights off.

INT. DR. PARKER'S LAB - NIGHT

Dr. Parker reviews copied files stolen from Jake's computer.

Drawings fill the monitors. Crimes before crimes. Harm before harm.

Parker opens a secured database labeled NEUROGENX - DECLASSIFIED FRAGMENTS.

He compares Jake's brainwave patterns to old military theory.

A match indicator pulses.

Parker steps back, horrified.

DR. PARKER

God forgive me.

Marcos enters with STRIKER, 30s, silent, a blade expert with dead eyes.

MARCOS

God is not funding this operation.

Parker looks at the screen.

DR. PARKER

If this is real, forcing it could kill him.

MARCOS

Then do not force it badly.

PARKER

He's a child.

Marcos smiles without warmth.

MARCOS

My brother is family.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Michael tells Samantha about Brad's money and Parker's card.

Samantha is weak but sharp.

SAMANTHA

Brad would never hurt us.

MICHAEL

Desperate men let strangers hold the knife.

SAMANTHA

Then don't leave me alone with him.

Michael nods.

Jake, drawing in the corner, suddenly tears a page in half.

SAMANTHA

Jake?

The page shows Samantha on the floor again. This time a gun in a gloved hand.

Michael reaches for his phone.

INT. HOLIDAY HOUSE - NIGHT

Michael brings Samantha home from the hospital with police outside. The house has been cleaned but not healed.

Brad arrives with groceries, forcing cheer.

BRAD

I stocked the fridge. You guys shouldn't worry about anything.

Jake hides behind Samantha.

BRAD

Hey, little man.

Jake whispers.

JAKE

No friend.

Brad's face twitches.

Michael steps between them.

MICHAEL

He's tired.

Brad nods too quickly.

BRAD

Of course.

EXT. HOLIDAY PORCH - NIGHT

Michael follows Brad outside.

MICHAEL

How'd you know Parker's name?

Brad freezes.

BRAD

What?

MICHAEL

At your house. You said Doctor Parker after the press conference. You weren't there.

Brad looks away.

BRAD

Michael, I'm stressed. I probably saw it online.

MICHAEL

The card never went online.

Silence.

Brad's eyes fill.

BRAD

You don't know what it's like to almost lose everything.

MICHAEL

You should have come to me.

BRAD

I couldn't come to you with that kind of shame.

Michael softens despite himself.

MICHAEL

Then come now.

Brad almost does.

A phone VIBRATES in Brad's pocket. He sees the caller and goes pale.

BRAD

I have to go.

He leaves fast.

INT. HOLIDAY BEDROOM - NIGHT

Michael sits with Samantha.

MICHAEL

We leave at dawn. Cabin in California. No announcement. No phones except burners.

SAMANTHA

What about the police?

MICHAEL

Somebody always talks. We move first, explain later.

Samantha places his hand on her stomach.

SAMANTHA

No more hero decisions without me.

MICHAEL

No more.

Jake appears in the doorway with a drawing.

It shows a police station burning.

INT. POLICE STATION - CAPTAIN'S OFFICE - MORNING

Michael, Samantha, Jake, and Officer Hernandez sit with CAPTAIN REYES, 50s, no-nonsense.

Michael lays out the drawings: toy, escape, theft, attack, burning station.

CAPTAIN REYES

I believe danger is coming. I do not believe in magic.

MICHAEL

Call it pattern recognition.
Call it whatever lets you act.

Hernandez points to the burning station drawing.

OFFICER HERNANDEZ

This layout is our underground facility.

Captain Reyes turns slowly.

CAPTAIN REYES

No civilian should know that layout.

Jake rocks, whispering.

JAKE

Fire under floor.

Captain Reyes picks up her phone.

CAPTAIN REYES

Lock down the lower levels. Now.

INT. DR. PARKER'S CAR - DAY

Parker drives toward the Holiday house, sweating. He records a voice memo.

DR. PARKER

If this message is found, Marcos Jacobo forced my research. The child, Jake Holiday, may carry a rare neurochemical marker. Do not let them place him on any transmitter.

A black SUV rams his car from behind.

Parker fights the wheel.

Striker appears beside him at the red light, calm behind the wheel of the SUV.

Parker floors it.

EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY

Parker's car rockets through traffic. The SUV follows.

Parker calls Michael.

INTERCUT - PARKER / MICHAEL IN CAPTAIN'S OFFICE

MICHAEL

Parker?

DR. PARKER

Do not trust Brad. Do not let them take Jake underground. They want the boy near a secure facility so they can hit it.

MICHAEL

Who is they?

DR. PARKER

El Salvador's brother. NeuroGenX is real. Your son's brain can anticipate violent intent. A transmitter can weaponize it.

A TRUCK blares its horn.

Parker swerves.

DR. PARKER

They need him to find the island.

MICHAEL

What island?

DR. PARKER

Where they buried El Salvador.

Striker's SUV slams Parker again. Parker's phone falls.

The line cuts.

INT. CAPTAIN'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Everyone stares at Michael.

Captain Reyes makes the decision.

CAPTAIN REYES

We move the boy to federal custody.

Samantha stands.

SAMANTHA

No. You are not taking my child from me.

AGENT JAY (O.S.)

No one is taking him.

Agent Jay enters with two federal agents.

AGENT JAY

But if Dr. Parker said island,
then this just became national
security.

Michael recognizes the type of man Agent Jay is.

MICHAEL

And my son?

AGENT JAY

Still a child. But every killer
tied to El Salvador may be
looking for him by nightfall.

Jake points at Agent Jay's pocket.

JAKE

Black water.

Agent Jay stills.

Nobody knows the black site is surrounded by ocean.

INT. HOLIDAY HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

Samantha packs quietly. Jake's backpack contains headphones,
drawing pads, a weighted lap blanket, and a small toy
detective badge.

LaToya arrives, crying but steady.

LATOYA

Kyle has the kids. I'll ride
with you.

SAMANTHA

No. I need you alive and loud if
something happens.

LaToya grips her hands.

LATOYA

Then let me be loud now. Don't
trust Brad.

Samantha looks toward the window. Brad's truck pulls up.

INT. HOLIDAY LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Brad enters, face ruined by guilt.

BRAD

I need to talk.

Michael is not home. Samantha stands between Brad and Jake.

SAMANTHA

Then talk from there.

Brad's eyes fall to Jake.

BRAD

I'm sorry.

Jake backs away.

JAKE

Mom fall.

Brad pulls gloves from his pocket.

Samantha sees them.

SAMANTHA

LaToya, run.

Brad breaks.

BRAD

They said if I didn't help,
they'd kill my family. They paid
the bank. I thought it was just
files. Then it got bigger.

Samantha moves Jake toward the back hall.

SAMANTHA

Brad, listen to me. You have a
choice right now.

Brad pulls a silenced gun, hand shaking violently.

BRAD

I don't anymore.

LaToya swings a lamp into Brad's arm.

The gun FIRES into the wall.

Jake screams. Samantha shoves him into the pantry and slams the door.

Brad and LaToya struggle. Samantha grabs Brad from behind. Another shot hits Samantha in the side.

She falls, gasping.

LaToya bolts for the front door.

Brad aims through tears.

BRAD

I'm sorry.

A POLICE SIREN wails outside.

Brad panics and runs out the back before he can fire again.

INT. HOLIDAY PANTRY - CONTINUOUS

Jake crouches in darkness, hands over ears.

Through the door, Samantha whispers.

SAMANTHA (O.S.)

Jake... baby... draw the door.

Jake takes a crayon from his pocket and draws on the pantry floor: a small door inside a bigger door.

INT. HOLIDAY LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Michael bursts in with Agent Jay and Hernandez.

Samantha is bleeding but alive.

MICHAEL

No, no, no.

Samantha grabs his shirt.

SAMANTHA

Pantry. He saved Jake.

Michael opens the pantry. Jake falls into him.

JAKE

Friend broken.

Agent Jay sees the drawing on the floor.

A hidden service hatch in the pantry wall. Michael never noticed it.

Agent Jay opens it. Jake's backpack is inside, untouched.

AGENT JAY

He hid what mattered.

EXT. BRAD'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Police surround Brad's house.

Inside, a single shot.

INT. BRAD'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Brad lies dead on the kitchen floor. But the angle is wrong. A forced suicide.

Agent Jay studies the scene.

AGENT JAY

They cleaned their witness.

Michael looks at Brad's body, anger and grief braided together.

MICHAEL

He was my brother.

AGENT JAY

Then make sure the men who broke him don't get your son.

INT. FEDERAL SAFE FACILITY - OPERATIONS ROOM - NIGHT

Agent Jay reviews Jake's drawings with a behavioral analyst, DR. MINA SHAW.

DR. SHAW

He is not predicting random crime. Look at the pattern. Every event contains imminent harm and moral violation.

AGENT JAY

Moral violation?

DR. SHAW

He reacts strongest when an innocent person is about to be hurt by a deliberate choice.

AGENT JAY

So he isn't a radar.

DR. SHAW

No. He's a conscience with a sensory system no one understands.

Jay looks at Jake's drawing of Samantha.

AGENT JAY

And we're about to put a conscience in the middle of a war.

DR. SHAW

Then don't ask what he can do for us. Ask what the war will do to him.

INT. SAFE FACILITY - QUIET ROOM - NIGHT

Before the ambush, Agent Jay sits with Jake and tries to build trust.

AGENT JAY

Your dad says you like Sherlock Holmes.

Jake does not answer.

AGENT JAY

Holmes noticed small things. Mud on a shoe. Ash on a sleeve.

Jake whispers.

JAKE

He listened to quiet.

Agent Jay nods.

AGENT JAY

I'm not very good at that.

Jake looks at him for the first time.

JAKE

You loud inside.

Jay absorbs the hit. No one has described him better.

AGENT JAY

Yeah. I am.

Jake slides over a drawing: Agent Jay standing alone in a burning hallway.

JAKE

Don't stand alone.

INT. SAFE FACILITY - PARENT OBSERVATION ROOM - NIGHT

Before the ambush, Michael watches Jake through one-way glass. Jake sits with Dr. Shaw, who places three cards on a table: SAFE, HELP, STOP.

Jake touches HELP.

DR. SHAW

Who needs help?

Jake points at Michael behind the glass, though he should not be able to see him.

Michael closes his eyes.

Agent Jay stands beside him.

AGENT JAY

I need to ask him about the drawings.

MICHAEL

No. You want to aim him.

AGENT JAY

If he can see where the next attack is--

MICHAEL

He is not your drone.

Agent Jay swallows his answer because it would be ugly and practical.

AGENT JAY

I have men and women who may die tonight.

MICHAEL

And I have a son who has already been punished for caring.

Inside the room, Jake starts drawing without being prompted. Dr. Shaw does not interrupt.

The drawing shows Michael on one side of a glass wall and Jake on the other. Between them, a door.

DR. SHAW

What is the door for?

Jake writes one careful word: TRUST.

Michael sees it and softens.

MICHAEL

(to Jay)

You want his help? Earn him.
Don't use him.

INT. SAFE FACILITY - QUIET ROOM - LATER

Agent Jay enters alone and leaves his gun outside the door. Jake notices.

AGENT JAY

Your dad told me I was doing this wrong.

Jake keeps drawing.

AGENT JAY

He was right.

Jay sits on the floor, not in the chair above him.

AGENT JAY

When people ask you for pictures, does it hurt?

Jake taps his chest.

JAKE

Here first.

AGENT JAY

Then we stop when it hurts here.

Jake studies him. A small agreement passes between them.

Jake slides over a drawing: a van turned sideways, smoke, a tunnel.

JAKE

Not road.

Agent Jay looks at it, alarmed.

AGENT JAY

What road?

Jake circles the tunnel in red.

JAKE

Bad mouth.

INT. SAFE FACILITY - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Agent Jay shows Michael the tunnel drawing.

AGENT JAY

We can change routes.

MICHAEL

Then change them now.

CAPTAIN REYES

If we change, the leak learns we know.

Michael turns on her.

MICHAEL

My son drew a van exploding. I do not care about your leak strategy.

Agent Jay makes the call.

AGENT JAY

We use decoys. Three vans. No one knows which one carries Jake until wheels roll.

Captain Reyes nods.

CAPTAIN REYES

That buys time.

Michael looks back through the glass at Jake.

MICHAEL

Time is not the same as safety.

INT. SECURE HOSPITAL - SAMANTHA'S ROOM - NIGHT

After the ambush, Samantha records a voice message for Jake on LaToya's phone. Her hands shake around the device.

SAMANTHA

Hi, baby. It's Mom. If you hear this, I need you to remember our breathing. In for four. Hold for four. Out for four.

She demonstrates through pain.

SAMANTHA

You are not bad because bad people want your gift. You are not responsible for grown folks' evil choices. You are my son. You are loved before you draw anything, before you warn anybody, before you save anybody.

LaToya turns away to cry.

SAMANTHA

Come home because you are wanted, not because you are useful.

She stops recording and sends it to every device tied to

Jake's account.

INT. BUNKER LAB - NIGHT

Jake's tablet, stolen with the rest of his things, lights up on a side table. Samantha's message plays faintly through a cracked speaker.

SAMANTHA (V.O.)

In for four. Hold for four. Out for four.

Jake, strapped under the machine, hears it.

His panic slows by one breath.

Parker hears it too. The doctor's eyes fill with shame.

DR. PARKER

Your mother is strong.

Jake whispers through tears.

JAKE

Mom got up.

Parker looks toward the door where Marcos' men stand.

DR. PARKER

Then so do we.

INT. BUNKER SECURITY ROOM - NIGHT

Marcos watches footage of Samantha's message. It annoys him because love is interfering with science.

MARCOS

Turn it off.

A technician kills the audio.

On another monitor, Jake's brainwave stabilizes.

TECHNICIAN

Sir, the mother's voice reduced the spike.

Marcos thinks.

MARCOS

Then isolate him from it.

Parker, listening nearby, hides a flash of anger.

DR. PARKER

You isolate him, you lose the response. His gift is tied to attachment. Threat, love, protection. You remove love, you remove the trigger.

Marcos studies him.

MARCOS

Then we threaten what he loves.

INT. UNDERWATER CABIN - MAINTENANCE VENT - EVENING

During the final fight, Michael crawls through a narrow vent toward the machine room. He can hear Jake on the other side of a wall.

MICHAEL

Jake. Can you hear me?

JAKE (O.S.)

Dad?

MICHAEL

I'm here. I need you to listen. Remember when you were little and fireworks scared you?

Jake is silent, listening through the wall.

MICHAEL

We counted before the boom. We took the loud and made it smaller. That's what we're doing now.

JAKE (O.S.)

Boom big.

MICHAEL

Then we count bigger.

Michael presses his forehead to the metal.

MICHAEL

You don't have to be brave the way soldiers are brave. Be brave the Jake way. Draw the door. Find the quiet. Help if you can. Come home if you can.

On the other side, Jake touches the wall.

JAKE

Come home if can.

MICHAEL

Always try.

INT. UNDERWATER CABIN - REACTOR ACCESS - NIGHT

Agent Jay reaches the reactor access panel with Major Vale. The panel is sealed with a code no one has.

Major Vale plants charges.

AGENT JAY

No. The boy drew this door closed. If we blow it, we may flood the pod tube.

MAJOR VALE

Then what?

Agent Jay pulls out Jake's drawing and turns it sideways. The crayon lines reveal numbers hidden in the railing pattern.

AGENT JAY

He gave us the code. He just didn't write it like us.

Jay enters the numbers.

The lock opens.

MAJOR VALE

I will never doubt crayons again.

INT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL AUDITORIUM - DAY

Months after the ceremony, Jake's school holds a quiet

assembly about kindness. No media. No heroic music. Just students, teachers, and parents.

Ms. Rivera stands beside Jake, who has chosen to show one drawing on a projector.

It is not the explosion. Not the cartel. Not the medal.

It is a bridge made of words.

MS. RIVERA

Jake wanted to share one sentence.

Jake faces the microphone. The room waits without rushing him.

JAKE

Different is not broken.

The auditorium applauds softly the way they learned to do.

Michael and Samantha sit together with baby Hope. Michael wipes his eyes.

Samantha leans into him.

SAMANTHA

That's the movie.

Michael nods.

MICHAEL

That's our boy.

INT. FEDERAL TRANSPORT VAN - NIGHT

Samantha is rushed to a secure hospital. Michael refuses to leave Jake.

Agent Jay rides with them toward a federal safe facility.

Jake draws by dim red interior light.

The picture shows a hallway, gas, men in black, and a blade.

Agent Jay sees it.

AGENT JAY

Turn around.

DRIVER

Sir?

AGENT JAY

Now.

The van swerves off the planned route just as the road ahead EXPLODES in sparks from caltrops.

Black SUVs burst from side streets.

A chase begins.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL DISTRICT - NIGHT

The federal van fishtails through loading yards. Gunmen lean from SUVs, firing controlled bursts.

Agent Jay returns fire through a rear port.

Michael covers Jake with his own body.

MICHAEL

Head down! Count with me!

JAKE

One-two-three-four-five--

A bullet punches the window beside them.

Agent Jay shoots out a warehouse chain. The van crashes through the yard gate.

INT. FEDERAL VAN - CONTINUOUS

Jake suddenly points left.

JAKE

Dark mouth.

Agent Jay sees a tunnel entrance under a rail bridge.

AGENT JAY

Take it.

The van dives into darkness.

EXT. RAIL TUNNEL - NIGHT

The SUVs overshoot. One crashes. Another reverses.
But inside the tunnel, Striker waits.
He steps from the shadows with a grenade launcher.

INT. FEDERAL VAN - CONTINUOUS

Michael sees him too late.

MICHAEL

Brace!

The blast flips the van onto its side.
Blackness.

INT. RAIL TUNNEL - MOMENTS LATER

Smoke. Twisted metal. Sprinkling sparks.
Michael crawls awake, blood in his mouth.
Jake is unconscious but breathing.
Agent Jay fights two attackers near the van doors.
Striker enters through the smoke like a ghost.
He kicks Agent Jay down and points a pistol at Michael.

STRIKER

The boy.

MICHAEL

Over my dead body.

STRIKER

That can be arranged later.

Striker fires a taser into Michael. Michael collapses.
Jake wakes and reaches for him.

JAKE

Dad.

A hood drops over Jake's head.

CUT TO:

EXT. DESERT ROAD - NIGHT

The cartel convoy transports Michael and Jake after the tunnel ambush.

Inside one SUV, Jake hums while blindfolded. The hum irritates a young cartel soldier, Tavo.

TAVO

Stop.

Jake hums softer.

Tavo raises a hand, then stops when Jake whispers.

JAKE

Bus water.

Tavo stiffens.

TAVO

What?

JAKE

Little brother. Bus water.

Tavo looks at the boy as if a ghost spoke through him.

Later, Tavo secretly sends a text home: DO NOT LET NICO TAKE BUS 17.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - SAME NIGHT

A school bus skids near a flooded ditch. One child is not on it because his mother kept him home after Tavo's warning.

INT. CARTEL SUV - NIGHT

Tavo reads the reply: YOU SAVED NICO.

He looks at Jake differently now.

Jake cannot see him through the blindfold, but he senses the

room change.

JAKE

Good quiet.

INT. UNDERGROUND BUNKER - NIGHT

Jake wakes strapped to a padded chair beneath a machine shaped like a crown made of metal ribs.

His eyes search for Michael.

Dr. Parker stands nearby, bruised, ashamed.

DR. PARKER

Jake, I'm sorry.

Jake does not respond to words. He hears fear in the room like weather.

Marcos watches from the shadows.

MARCOS

Ask him.

DR. PARKER

He is not a map.

Striker presses a blade to Parker's neck.

MARCOS

Ask.

Parker kneels in front of Jake.

DR. PARKER

Jake, there is a man on an island. A very bad man. They want to know where.

Jake's breathing becomes shallow.

The metal crown powers on. A low-frequency HUM fills the room.

Jake screams.

INT. BUNKER HOLDING ROOM - SAME

Michael hangs from restraints, battered but conscious. He hears Jake scream through the walls.

The sound turns him animal.

MICHAEL

Jake! Jake!

A guard smirks too close.

Michael head-butts him, grabs the guard's keys with his teeth, and works them toward his cuff.

INT. SECURE HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Samantha wakes in a guarded room. LaToya sits beside her, arm bandaged.

Samantha sees the empty chair where Jake should be.

SAMANTHA

Where is my son?

LaToya cannot lie.

LATOYA

They took him.

Samantha rips at her IV.

LATOYA

Samantha, stop.

SAMANTHA

My son knows when I fall. He needs to know I got up.

A nurse enters, startled.

Samantha looks at her with a mother's force.

SAMANTHA

Get me a phone.

INT. BLACK SITE - COMMAND CENTER - NIGHT

Agent Jay, bruised from the ambush, arrives by emergency chopper. He moves with fury held under a lid.

Monitors show the island defenses.

A TECH tracks an unauthorized signal spike.

TECH

Sir, something pinged the old NeuroGenX frequency.

AGENT JAY

From where?

TECH

Mainland first. Then it reflected here. Like a question looking for an answer.

Agent Jay looks toward the holding level.

AGENT JAY

He's using the child.

INT. BLACK SITE - EL SALVADOR'S CELL - NIGHT

El Salvador sits in chains. The restraint mask still covers his mouth.

The overhead light flickers again.

He begins to laugh beneath the mask.

INT. BUNKER LAB - NIGHT

The machine projects broken images onto glass: water. Rock. A black door. A number sequence.

Parker sees coordinates forming.

DR. PARKER

Stop it. His vitals are spiking.

Marcos leans close to the glass.

MARCOS

Where is my brother?

Jake sobs, eyes unfocused.

JAKE

Black water.

Coordinates lock.

Marcos closes his eyes in relief.

MARCOS

Thank you, little prophet.

Parker yanks a cable from the machine.

DR. PARKER

That's enough.

Striker breaks Parker's nose with one punch.

INT. BUNKER HOLDING ROOM - NIGHT

Michael gets one cuff loose.

A phone rings in the dead guard's pocket. Michael grabs it.

On screen: MARCOS.

Michael answers and says nothing.

MARCOS (V.O.)

Tell Striker we have the island.

Michael's eyes harden.

MARCOS (V.O.)

And keep the father alive. El Salvador asked for him personally.

The call ends.

Michael pockets the phone.

INT. SECURE HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Samantha calls Michael's phone. No answer.

She calls Jake's drawing tablet account from a borrowed phone. A cloud backup opens. New images sync in stutters.

LaToya leans over her.

A fresh drawing appears: a black island, a submarine, a weapon, and a time: 9:38.

SAMANTHA

He's leaving bread crumbs.

LATOYA

For who?

Samantha calls Agent Jay.

SAMANTHA

For all of us.

EXT. OCEAN - PRE-DAWN

Cartel boats cut across black water without lights.

A stolen mini-sub travels beneath them.

INT. BLACK SITE - COMMAND CENTER - PRE-DAWN

Agent Jay watches radar bloom with incoming contacts.

AGENT JAY

Wake every gun we have.

CAPTAIN MASON, commander of the site, looks at him.

CAPTAIN MASON

They shouldn't know this island exists.

AGENT JAY

They asked the wrong child the right question.

INT. EL SALVADOR'S CELL - PRE-DAWN

Agent Jay enters and removes El Salvador's mask.

El Salvador smiles like he has been waiting for this visit.

EL SALVADOR

Agent Hart. You look tired.

AGENT JAY

Your brother is coming.

EL SALVADOR

Of course he is.

AGENT JAY

He used an autistic child to find you.

For one second, El Salvador's smile fades with genuine interest.

EL SALVADOR

Autistic.

AGENT JAY

Eleven years old.

EL SALVADOR

Then your world brought me a miracle.

AGENT JAY

Your brother brought you a death sentence if he steps on this island.

El Salvador leans as far as the chains allow.

EL SALVADOR

Pressure is what weak men call responsibility.

Agent Jay recognizes the quote from an old report.

AGENT JAY

You always did hide murder inside philosophy.

EL SALVADOR

And you always thought cages could change destiny.

Alarms SCREAM.

EXT. BLACK SITE ISLAND - DAWN

The sea erupts with incoming fire.

Defense turrets answer. Missiles streak. Boats explode. Cartel soldiers hit the rocks and climb.

INT. BLACK SITE - SERVICE TUNNEL - DAWN

Striker emerges from a flooded access shaft with a small kill team.

He moves through guards with a blade before they can shout.

INT. BLACK SITE - COMMAND CENTER - DAWN

Gunfire echoes in lower levels.

TECH

Internal breach!

Agent Jay grabs a rifle.

AGENT JAY

Hold the cell block.

INT. BLACK SITE - EL SALVADOR'S CORRIDOR - DAWN

Striker appears with Agent Jay's young agent as a human shield.

STRIKER

Codes.

The young agent bleeds from the shoulder.

YOUNG AGENT

Don't.

Striker breaks his arm. The scream does what the threat could not.

The cell door opens.

El Salvador steps out of chains for the first time in years.

He inhales.

EL SALVADOR

The world still smells afraid.

INT. BUNKER HOLDING ROOM - DAY

Michael is dragged into a transport room where Marcos prepares to leave with Jake and Parker.

Jake is weak, strapped into a mobile medical chair.

Michael sees him and fights the restraints.

MICHAEL

Take me. Let him go.

Marcos studies Michael.

MARCOS

My brother said you would say that.

MICHAEL

Your brother doesn't know me.

MARCOS

He knows your face.

Striker enters via video call from the island.

STRIKER (ON SCREEN)

He is free.

Marcos bows his head, overwhelmed.

MARCOS

Prepare the underwater cabin. We bring the boy to the weapon.

Michael hears the word.

MICHAEL

Weapon?

Marcos smiles.

MARCOS

Your son is not the weapon, Mr. Holiday. He is the key.

INT. BLACK SITE - LOWER DOCK - DAY

El Salvador and Striker board the stolen mini-sub under fire.

Agent Jay fires from the catwalk, hitting Striker in the

shoulder.

Striker barely reacts.

El Salvador sees Agent Jay.

EL SALVADOR

Come watch the future burn!

The mini-sub drops into black water.

Agent Jay looks at the sea, then at the burning island.

AGENT JAY

Track them.

TECH (V.O.)

We lost them under thermal clutter.

Agent Jay pulls out his phone. Samantha has sent Jake's drawings.

A submarine. A cabin. A time.

Agent Jay whispers.

AGENT JAY

Not lost.

INT. UNDERWATER CABIN - DAY

A hidden structure built into a sea cliff.

INT. UNDERWATER CABIN - ARMORY - DAY

El Salvador suits up after his escape. Marcos watches him like a boy again.

MARCOS

I dreamed of this day.

EL SALVADOR

Dream smaller. We are not free until the world fears our next breath.

MARCOS

The boy found you. Maybe he can help us without dying.

El Salvador turns.

EL SALVADOR

Mercy is a luxury men invent
after victory.

Marcos lowers his eyes, realizing his brother came back
colder than memory.

MARCOS

He is only a child.

EL SALVADOR

So was I when the world taught
me power.

INT. UNDERWATER CABIN - PARKER'S MAKESHIFT MED BAY - DAY

Parker cleans Jake's electrode burns with trembling hands.

DR. PARKER

This will sting.

Jake watches him.

JAKE

You sad bad.

Parker almost laughs at the accuracy.

DR. PARKER

Sad bad. Yes.

JAKE

Fix it.

Parker looks toward the machine room, where El Salvador's
weapon waits.

DR. PARKER

I'm trying.

JAKE

Try louder.

Parker's shame turns into courage.

INT. UNDERWATER CABIN - SUB DOCK - EVENING

Michael and Tavo move through the dock while alarms pulse.

Tavo hands Michael a small access card.

TAVO

This gets you past one door. Not the second.

MICHAEL

Then we break the second.

Tavo looks back at the gunfire.

TAVO

If I live, I disappear.

MICHAEL

If you help my son, I will make sure you get that chance.

Tavo nods.

A guard sees them.

Michael fires first, not to kill, but to drop the weapon. Tavo looks surprised.

MICHAEL

We choose what we become.

That line hits Tavo harder than the gunshot.

INT. UNDERWATER CABIN - GLASS ROOM OBSERVATION - NIGHT

During the final countdown, Jake sees El Salvador trapped behind glass.

For a moment, the villain is just a man behind a window, terrified of being powerless.

EL SALVADOR

You don't understand what they took from me.

Jake's hand rests near the self-destruct shield.

JAKE

You took you.

El Salvador is stunned by the simple truth.

The countdown continues. Half bunker, half submarine dock,

half nightmare.

Michael is thrown onto the floor.

Jake is wheeled in. Parker limps beside him.

A massive device rests behind glass: a neural-detonation weapon wired to a central reactor. It looks less like a bomb than a cathedral built by a madman.

El Salvador enters, free, shaved, dressed in black.

Michael recognizes him slowly.

MICHAEL

Sam?

El Salvador smiles.

EL SALVADOR

You remembered the smaller name.

Michael's mind snaps back twenty years.

FLASHBACK - EXT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

A young Michael in tactical gear watches from cover as cartel men hold hostages near vans.

Young SAM JACOBO, military marksman, has a rifle trained on a drug lord using a civilian as a shield.

YOUNG MICHAEL

Hold. Shot is not clear.

YOUNG SAM

I have it.

YOUNG MICHAEL

Negative. Wait for my cue.

Sam exhales. His finger tightens.

A red laser dot touches the drug lord's chest. The target moves.

Sam fires.

The hostage drops.

Michael's face shatters.

YOUNG MICHAEL

No!

Gunfire erupts. Michael charges through chaos to free other hostages.

Later, as medics cover the dead hostage, Michael rips off his helmet.

The dead man is his brother, DAVID.

Michael attacks Sam, pounding him until soldiers pull him away.

YOUNG MICHAEL

I told you to wait!

Sam's eyes fill with rage, not remorse.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. UNDERWATER CABIN - DAY

Michael stares at El Salvador.

MICHAEL

David was my brother.

EL SALVADOR

One civilian.

Michael lunges, but chains yank him back.

MICHAEL

His name was David!

El Salvador steps closer.

EL SALVADOR

And when they discharged me,
when they erased my future, I
learned your country only
punishes men who miss. So I
became a man who does not miss.

He gestures to Jake.

EL SALVADOR

Your son sees violence before it blooms. My machine will turn that sight outward. Cities will not know they are dying until their minds begin to burn.

DR. PARKER

It will kill him.

EL SALVADOR

History always asks for children.

MICHAEL

No. Cowards do.

El Salvador punches Michael hard enough to split his lip.

EL SALVADOR

Start the transmitter.

INT. SECURE HOSPITAL - DAY

Samantha, against medical advice, sits upright on a video call with Agent Jay.

On screen, Jay rides in a military aircraft with a strike team.

SAMANTHA

Jake draws in sequences. Not one picture. A path. The last one had a room with glass and a door inside a door.

AGENT JAY

Can you send everything?

SAMANTHA

Already did.

LaToya holds Samantha's hand.

SAMANTHA

Agent Jay, my son isn't just seeing crime. He chooses to stop the ones where innocent people get hurt.

AGENT JAY

I understand.

SAMANTHA

No, you don't. He won't run if

running means someone else dies.

Agent Jay looks at the drawings on a tablet.

AGENT JAY

Then we make sure he has another
choice.

INT. UNDERWATER CABIN - MACHINE ROOM - DAY

Jake is placed beneath the neural crown. Electrodes touch
his temples.

Parker whispers to him.

DR. PARKER

Focus on your mother's voice.
Not the machine. Your mother's
voice.

Jake's lips tremble.

JAKE

Mom says breathe.

Parker nearly breaks.

DR. PARKER

Then breathe.

The machine powers up.

A deep HUM becomes a piercing tone.

Jake screams.

Michael thrashes against chains.

MICHAEL

Stop it!

Images bloom in the glass: maps, targets, populated grids,
the black site, then a city.

The weapon drinks from the signal.

A vial fills slowly with shimmering fluid: NeuroGenX
stabilizer.

El Salvador watches like a worshiper.

EL SALVADOR

Beautiful.

Parker sees Jake's vitals crash.

DR. PARKER

If I don't disconnect him now,
he dies.

EL SALVADOR

Then disconnect him when the
vial is full.

Michael locks eyes with Jake.

MICHAEL

Son! Look at me!

Jake turns through pain.

MICHAEL

You are not a machine. You are
Jake Holiday. You are my boy.
You choose.

Jake's screaming changes. It becomes a hum. Five notes.

The machine stutters.

Screens glitch with Jake's drawings instead of coordinates.

A picture appears: Samantha holding Jake beneath a bright
sky.

El Salvador's smile falters.

EL SALVADOR

What is this?

Parker sees an opening. He rips out a cable and palms the
vial.

Striker shoots Parker in the side.

Parker falls but throws the vial under a grated walkway.

DR. PARKER

Run the wrong program now.

El Salvador kicks him aside.

EL SALVADOR

Find it!

INT. UNDERWATER CABIN - HOLDING CELL - MOMENTS LATER

Striker drags Michael into a cell and chains him to a wall.

STRIKER

Your son is stronger than you.

MICHAEL

That's the first true thing
you've said.

Striker leaves.

Michael studies the cell. Rusted bolts. A floor drain. A loose bracket.

He starts working the bracket with two broken fingers, silent through pain.

INT. UNDERWATER CABIN - JAKE'S ROOM - DAY

Jake is left in a small side room with paper and markers. A guard, TAVO, early 20s, watches him.

Jake draws a submarine and a small square hidden behind pipes.

Tavo peeks.

TAVO

Why do you draw doors?

Jake doesn't look up.

JAKE

Doors help people leave.

Tavo's face shifts. He has a little brother somewhere.

TAVO

My brother draws cars.

Jake slides him a blank sheet.

JAKE

Draw him.

Tavo hesitates, then takes the marker.

For one minute, the war outside the room cannot enter.

INT. MILITARY AIRCRAFT - DAY

Agent Jay studies the underwater cabin layout from Jake's drawings. A special operations commander, MAJOR VALE, stands beside him.

MAJOR VALE

These look like a child's pictures.

AGENT JAY

They are better than our maps.

Major Vale points to the clock Jake drew.

MAJOR VALE

Nine thirty-eight tonight.

AGENT JAY

That's when it blows or fires.

MAJOR VALE

Which?

Agent Jay looks at another drawing: Jake smiling behind glass while fire blooms behind him.

AGENT JAY

The kid may not know the difference.

INT. SECURE HOSPITAL CHAPEL - DAY

Samantha sits in a wheelchair, IV pole beside her. LaToya kneels near her.

Samantha holds one of Jake's old drawings: three stick figures holding hands.

SAMANTHA

When he was little, people said he didn't look at us enough. Like love only counts if it

looks back the way people
expect.

LaToya wipes tears.

SAMANTHA

But he felt everything. Too
much. Every room. Every sound.
Every hurt.

LATOYA

He feels you now.

Samantha closes her eyes.

SAMANTHA

Then hear me, baby. Come home.

INT. UNDERWATER CABIN - CELL - EVENING

Michael frees one hand. Blood runs down his wrist.

A shadow appears. Tavo.

Tavo unlocks the door, terrified.

TAVO

Your boy drew my brother. He
drew a bus accident. I called
home. My mother pulled him off
the bus before it left.

Michael stands unsteadily.

MICHAEL

Where is Jake?

TAVO

Near the sub dock. But El
Salvador has guards everywhere.

Michael takes the guard's pistol.

MICHAEL

Not everywhere.

INT. UNDERWATER CABIN - SERVICE CORRIDOR - EVENING

Michael moves through pipes and steam. He is hurt, limping,

but precise.

He disables one guard with a choke. Another with a knee and a wall.

He finds Parker bleeding in the machine room.

DR. PARKER

I tried to stop it.

MICHAEL

Where is the vial?

Parker points weakly toward the grate.

DR. PARKER

If he gets it, the weapon stabilizes. If the boy gets near the core, he can crash it. But Michael... it may trap him.

Michael grips Parker's shirt.

MICHAEL

No more sentences that end with my son dying.

Parker nods, ashamed.

DR. PARKER

There is an emergency pod behind the glass room. Manual release outside. Someone must trigger it.

Michael hears gunfire from the dock.

AGENT JAY (O.S.)

Federal agents!

Hope enters like thunder.

INT. UNDERWATER CABIN - DOCK - EVENING

Agent Jay's team breaches through a service hatch. Gunfire erupts.

Striker meets them with blade and pistol, cutting through smoke.

Agent Jay fights him hand to hand on the wet dock.

Striker slashes his arm. Jay fires. Striker takes a round to the leg and still comes.

AGENT JAY

What are you people made of?

STRIKER

Debt.

Michael appears and tackles Striker off the dock edge. They crash into shallow black water.

INT. UNDERWATER CABIN - JAKE'S ROOM - EVENING

Jake hears gunfire. He sees the glass room from his drawing down the corridor.

Tavo appears, wounded.

TAVO

Your dad is coming.

Jake looks toward the machine room. The five-note hum starts again, but this time calm.

JAKE

Bad man fire.

TAVO

Then hide.

Jake takes his drawings and walks toward the danger.

INT. UNDERWATER CABIN - MACHINE ROOM - EVENING

El Salvador finds the vial under the grate.

He inserts it into the weapon core.

The massive device wakes. Red lights turn green. A targeting map appears: LOS ANGELES BASIN.

El Salvador places his hand on the activation lever.

EL SALVADOR

A state in days.

Jake enters behind him.

JAKE

No.

El Salvador turns, surprised.

EL SALVADOR

Little miracle.

Jake holds up a drawing: El Salvador trapped behind glass.

EL SALVADOR

You think paper stops me?

Jake points to the glass room.

JAKE

Door inside door.

El Salvador laughs and steps toward him.

Jake runs.

INT. UNDERWATER CABIN - GLASS ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jake darts inside a reinforced observation chamber. El Salvador follows, thinking he has cornered him.

Jake slips through a small maintenance hatch at the bottom - the door inside the door.

El Salvador is too large to follow.

The chamber door SLAMS shut.

El Salvador turns to the glass as Jake stands outside, trembling but brave.

EL SALVADOR

Open it.

Jake shakes his head.

EL SALVADOR

Open it or I will kill your father in front of you.

Jake looks past him.

Michael enters the machine room, soaked and bloody, with Agent Jay behind him.

Michael sees Jake outside the glass. Relief and terror collide.

MICHAEL

Jake!

Jake points to the weapon core. A self-destruct key glows behind a shield.

JAKE

Bad fire stops.

Michael sees the problem: the key is on Jake's side. The emergency pod release is on Michael's side, across a corridor filling with smoke.

Agent Jay covers him.

AGENT JAY

Go.

El Salvador pounds the glass.

EL SALVADOR

I made myself from ashes! You cannot end me!

Jake opens the shield.

Michael runs for the pod release.

MICHAEL

Jake, wait for me!

Jake looks at his father, tears slipping down.

JAKE

Dad breathe.

He presses the self-destruct.

A countdown begins: 00:60.

INT. UNDERWATER CABIN - SERVICE CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Michael reaches the emergency pod control. It is jammed with a manual safety pin.

He rips at it. His broken fingers fail.

Agent Jay arrives and pulls with him.

The pin snaps free.

INT. GLASS ROOM - CONTINUOUS

El Salvador's fury becomes fear as emergency locks seal every door.

EL SALVADOR

Marcos!

But Marcos lies dead in the dock firefight. No one answers.

Jake crawls into the emergency pod behind the maintenance wall.

The hatch sticks.

He pushes. It will not close.

INT. SERVICE CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Michael slams the pod release.

Nothing.

He slams it again.

MICHAEL

Come on!

A green light flickers.

INT. EMERGENCY POD - CONTINUOUS

The hatch finally seals.

Jake curls around his drawings as the pod launches downward

through a tube.

INT. MACHINE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Michael sees the pod indicator turn green.

He laughs once, sobbing.

AGENT JAY

Move!

They run.

Behind glass, El Salvador pounds until his hands bleed.

EL SALVADOR

I am history!

The countdown hits zero.

EXT. UNDERWATER CABIN - NIGHT

The cliffside erupts from within. Fire blooms beneath the water, a terrifying flower of light.

The shockwave throws the federal extraction sub into darkness.

INT. FEDERAL EXTRACTION SUB - NIGHT

Michael slams into a bulkhead. Agent Jay holds him down as the sub tumbles.

MICHAEL

Jake! Where is he?

AGENT JAY

Emergency pod launched!

MICHAEL

Where?

Agent Jay looks at the blinking screen. The pod signal vanishes in the shockwave.

He cannot answer.

Michael breaks, a raw sound ripping from him.

INT. RESCUE HELICOPTER - DAWN

After the explosion, before the pod is found, Michael's grief comes in waves.

Agent Jay sits near him but remembers Jake's drawing: DON'T STAND ALONE.

Jay moves closer.

AGENT JAY

When I was twenty-seven, I lost a team because I thought asking for help made me weak.

Michael stares at the ocean.

AGENT JAY

Your son told me not to stand alone.

MICHAEL

Then help me find him.

AGENT JAY

I am.

Jay puts a headset on and orders every search craft to widen the grid around the kelp line.

EXT. COAST GUARD CUTTER - MORNING

Jake is lifted from the emergency pod. He is barely conscious, clutching wet drawings to his chest.

A medic tries to take them.

JAKE

No. Mom sky.

The medic lets him keep the paper.

MEDIC

Okay, buddy. Mom sky comes with you.

INT. HOSPITAL NURSERY - DAY

After Jake's return, Michael brings him to the glass to see

his newborn sister.

Jake studies the baby.

MICHAEL

Her name is Hope.

Jake thinks about it.

JAKE

Too small for big name.

Michael laughs for the first real time since the nightmare began.

MICHAEL

She'll grow into it.

Jake touches the glass.

JAKE

Hope quiet.

Michael nods.

MICHAEL

Best kind.

EXT. OCEAN - DAWN

Debris floats on quiet water.

A rescue helicopter sweeps the horizon.

INT. RESCUE HELICOPTER - DAWN

Michael, wrapped in a blanket, refuses medical attention. His hands are bandaged. His eyes scan the water without blinking.

Agent Jay sits opposite him.

AGENT JAY

He launched. I saw the green light.

MICHAEL

Then find him.

AGENT JAY

We are.

Michael pulls a damp drawing from his jacket. It is almost ruined but still visible: Samantha holding Jake's hand under a bright sky.

Michael clings to it.

MICHAEL

He drew home.

EXT. COASTAL WATER - DAWN

A small orange pod bobs between waves, half-hidden by kelp.

Inside the tiny window, Jake's hand presses against the glass.

A Coast Guard swimmer spots it.

COAST GUARD SWIMMER

Pod! We have the pod!

INT. SECURE HOSPITAL - DAY

Samantha waits in bed, pale and furious with hope.

Michael enters first, battered.

She sees his face and almost dies from what she thinks it means.

Then two medics roll in Jake, alive, wrapped in thermal blankets, oxygen under his nose.

Samantha sobs.

Jake opens his eyes.

JAKE

Mom got up.

Samantha reaches for him.

SAMANTHA

Yes, baby. Mom got up.

Michael kisses Jake's forehead.

MICHAEL

You came home.

Jake lifts a weak finger to Michael's chest.

JAKE

Dad breathe.

Michael finally does.

MONTAGE - AFTERMATH

-- News reports confirm El Salvador and Marcos Jacobo dead in the underwater facility explosion.

-- Federal crews recover fragments of the weapon. The NeuroGenX vial is listed as destroyed.

-- Brad's betrayal becomes a cautionary note in sealed files, but Michael places flowers on Brad's grave anyway.

-- LaToya, healing, sits with Samantha and the newborn baby girl in the hospital nursery.

-- Jake attends therapy again. No cameras. No reporters. A quiet room. A new blue drawing pad.

-- Michael sits beside Jake in the backyard. This time he does not bring a ball. He brings paper.

END MONTAGE.

EXT. CITY HALL - DAY

A modest ceremony. No circus. Family only, a few officers, Agent Jay, Captain Reyes, Nurse Evans, LaToya and Kyle.

The mayor presents Jake with a medal in a small velvet box.

Jake doesn't want it around his neck, so Michael holds it.

MAYOR

For courage that saved countless

lives.

Jake looks at the crowd, overwhelmed.

Michael steps to the microphone.

MICHAEL

When Jake was born, I thought
fatherhood meant teaching my son
how to be like me.

He looks down at Jake.

MICHAEL

I was wrong. Fatherhood meant
learning how to see the world
through him. Not as broken. Not
as less. Different. Honest. Full
of things the rest of us are too
loud to notice.

Samantha holds their newborn daughter.

MICHAEL

My son is not special because
people can use him. He's special
because he loves what is right,
even when he's afraid.

Jake takes the microphone gently.

The crowd quiets.

JAKE

Bad quiet is loud.

People lean in.

JAKE

Good quiet helps.

He hands the microphone back to Michael.

Michael smiles through tears.

MICHAEL

That's the whole speech.

The crowd applauds softly, then stops when Jake covers one

ear. They learn.

EXT. CITY HALL - SIDE ALLEY - LATER

Agent Jay steps away from the ceremony. He opens an evidence case and checks the contents.

A single sealed tube glows faintly with shimmering fluid.

Not destroyed.

Captain Reyes appears behind him.

CAPTAIN REYES

That better be going where no
one can touch it.

Agent Jay closes the case.

AGENT JAY

Some things are too dangerous to
destroy without understanding.

CAPTAIN REYES

That sentence starts wars.

Agent Jay looks back toward Jake, who is laughing quietly as Michael and Samantha draw with him on the City Hall steps.

AGENT JAY

Then let's hope we learned from
this one.

He walks into sunlight.

EXT. HOLIDAY BACKYARD - SUNSET

Weeks later.

A gentle family cookout. Smaller now. Safer. Kyle and LaToya help set plates. Samantha rocks the baby. Michael sits with Jake under the tree.

Jake draws a new picture.

Michael watches but doesn't ask what it means.

Jake slides it over.

The drawing shows their family in the backyard. No fire. No guns. No cages. Just a bright fence, a dog they do not own yet, and a sky full of blue.

MICHAEL

Is that tomorrow?

Jake smiles.

JAKE

Maybe.

Michael smiles too.

MICHAEL

Then maybe tomorrow looks good.

Jake puts his headphones on Michael's head, sharing his quiet.

For the first time in the whole story, no sirens, no alarms, no screaming.

Only wind in the trees.

FADE OUT.

THE END