

DARK SOUL OF MINE - PILOT

written by

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Pilot Episode: "The Sound of Silence"

One-Hour Drama / Horror

Written by

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Based on the novel

"Dark Soul of Mine"

FADE IN:

TEASER

EXT. DARK PINES FOREST - DAWN

A frozen forest, still and ancient.

Pines tower overhead. Snow crusts the ground.

HANK O'BRIEN (40s), rugged, experienced, moves through the trees with quiet confidence. This place is familiar. Personal.

He stops.

Ahead — a BUCK grazes in a small meadow. Pale coat. Antlers like a crown of bone and shadow.

Hank crouches behind a tree. Raises his rifle with practiced care.

The forest holds its breath.

Rustling leaves. Faint birdsong.

Hank steadies his breathing. Slows his heartbeat.

One perfect shot.

The buck lowers its head, oblivious.

Hank lines the crosshairs just behind the shoulder.

Exhales.

SQUEEZES THE TRIGGER.

The RIFLE CRACKS, echoing through the trees.

Recoil snaps his shoulder.

Hank smiles faintly – the familiar rush –

Then freezes.

The buck still stands.

A thin line of blood marks its head. Not its chest.

The animal does not flinch.

Does not run.

Does not fall.

The forest goes unnaturally silent.

No birds.

No wind.

Hank blinks. Adjusts his grip.

He fires again.

The shot tears through the quiet like thunder.

The buck remains untouched.

Hank's breath catches.

Slowly, the buck lifts its head.

Its dark eyes lock onto him.

Not afraid.

Curious.

Deliberate.

Hank lowers the rifle slightly.

His fingers tremble.

The air thickens – heavy, charged.

A VOICE vibrates inside Hank's chest. Not heard. Felt.

VOICE (O.S.)
Why do you want me dead?

Hank staggers back.

The rifle slips from his hands, CLATTERING onto the frozen ground.

HANK
Wh-what?

The buck tilts its head. Almost human.

VOICE (O.S.)
Why do you want me dead?

Hank shakes his head, forcing a laugh that dies instantly.

HANK
This isn't real.
I'm hearing things.

The buck does not blink.

Mist curls from its nostrils.

In the vapor — FACES flicker. Distorted. Gone.

VOICE (O.S.)
You come into my home.
You bring death.
And yet you do not understand why.

Hank swallows hard.

His confidence fractures.

HANK
(barely audible)
I... I don't know.

The buck steps closer.

No sound from its hooves.

VOICE (O.S.)
You do not know what you have
disturbed.
But you will.
You will all know.
You will all confess.

The buck turns away.

Walks into the trees.

Its presence fades – not disappears, but withdraws.

Sound rushes back.

Birds sing.

Wind moves through the pines.

Hank remains kneeling, frozen.

Shaking.

He stares at the rifle on the ground.

Does not pick it up.

After a long beat, Hank stands.

His legs are unsteady.

He turns away from the forest.

Walks toward town.

The words echo in his mind –

VOICE (V.O.)
Why do you want me dead?

EXT. EDGE OF SILVER HOLLOW - MORNING

Hank emerges from the woods.

Frosted rooftops glow faintly in the early light.

A hardware store window shines like a beacon.

Hank stops.

He looks down at his hands.

They tremble.

He clenches them into fists.

INT. HANK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Dim. Quiet.

A rifle leans against the door, untouched.

Hank sits alone near a weak fire.
The room is silent – but not empty.
Something presses at the edges of awareness.
Hank stares into the flames.

VOICE (V.O.)
You will all know.

Hank shivers.
The fire crackles, offering no comfort.
Outside, Silver Hollow sleeps. Unaware.

FADE OUT

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

EXT. SILVER HOLLOW - MAIN STREET - MORNING

A quiet mountain town prepares for celebration.
Banners stretch overhead:
SILVER HOLLOW WELCOMES THE CELESTIAL ALIGNMENT
People smile, wave, laugh.
But the smiles feel practiced.
Something hums beneath the normal.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY

A small, wood-paneled room that serves as Silver Hollow's
only law
enforcement outpost.
Order and quiet disarray coexist.
On one side of SHERIFF TOM CARTER'S desk: paperwork stacked
with near-
obsessive precision.
On the other: a framed PHOTO of HELEN and EMMA. The colors
are faded.

The glass bears a faint smudge – proof of how often it's been touched.

A worn AMERICAN FLAG hangs behind him.
Beside it, service awards and an ANTIQUE REVOLVER – polished, unused.

SHERIFF TOM CARTER (late 40s), broad-shouldered, weathered, sits hunched over his desk, studying a MAP of the festival grounds.

His uniform is pressed but worn – frayed cuffs, scuffed buttons.

His wide-brimmed hat rests untouched nearby.

His boot taps the floor.

A rare tell.

Tom notices it. Stops.

He exhales slowly.

TOM

Something always goes wrong.

He twirls a pen between his fingers.

The door CREAKS open.

DEPUTY JAKE COLLINS (30s), tall, lanky, easy confidence, leans against the frame with a lopsided grin.

Loose tie. Wrinkled shirt. Boots that have seen more bars than briefings.

His badge gleams – the one thing that's always polished.

JAKE

Sheriff. Relax.

Tom shoots him a glare sharp enough to cut steel.

TOM

Relax?

Last year we had an electrical fire on the Ferris wheel.

Year before that, Billy Walker nearly lit fireworks in the middle of the crowd.

And let's not forget Father Duncan breaking up a brawl between the mayor and Higgins over a rigged pie-eating contest.

Jake raises his hands, surrendering.

JAKE

Fair.
But it's still just a festival.
People eat too much funnel cake,
watch the meteors, go home with
stomachaches.
Same as always.

Tom leans back. The chair GROANS under his weight.

TOM

You don't get it.
When you've done this long enough,
you learn to trust your gut.

Jake straightens slightly.

TOM (CONT'D)

And my gut says this year's
different.

JAKE

Different how?

Tom doesn't answer right away.

The clock TICKS loudly.

Finally —

TOM

I don't know yet.
But I do know this.
Keep your eyes open tonight.
No slacking.
And remember... Relaxing is not an
option.

Jake nods. The humor drains from his face.

JAKE

Got it, boss.

Jake turns to leave.

TOM

Blooms on the main stage.
Marsha's handling the food stands.
You're with me tonight.
We patrol together.

Jake pauses, raises an eyebrow.

JAKE
Didn't know you missed me that
much.

Tom doesn't smile.

TOM
Just stay sharp.

Jake nods, subdued now.

JAKE
Always do.

Jake exits.

Silence settles back into the room.

Tom studies the festival map again.

Vendor booths.
Main stage.
Observation area.

Same as every year.

But the tension feels heavier.

Tom stands. Grabs his hat.

He moves to the window.

MAIN STREET below looks peaceful.
Children laugh.
A dog barks.
The town hums with routine.

Tom adjusts his hat.

TOM
(under his breath)
Here we go again.

He watches Silver Hollow —
unaware of what's coming.

FADE OUT.

EXT. DARK PINES FOREST ROAD - DAY

A battered STATION WAGON winds through dense forest.

The road glistens from earlier rain, reflecting towering pines that press in from both sides.

DR. BEATRICE BRIE (late 30s), focused and tense, grips the steering wheel.
Her knuckles are white.

Mist clings to the ground, swirling lazily as the car cuts through it.
The forest feels endless. Watching.

At last —

A MASSIVE ROADSIDE ROCK emerges from the fog.

Carved into stone:

WELCOME TO SILVER HOLLOW
Population: 6,477 (and counting)

Beatrice exhales. Rolls her stiff shoulders.

She has arrived.

EXT. SILVER HOLLOW - CONTINUOUS

The forest thins. The road smooths.

The air subtly shifts — heavier. Expectant.

Silver Hollow wakes.

Smoke curls from chimneys.
A bakery door opens, spilling the scent of bread and coffee.
An OLD MAN rolls up a storefront shutter.
A PAPERBOY pedals past, tossing newspapers with mechanical precision.

Beatrice slows, taking it all in.

The town looks untouched by time.

Old brick and faded wood storefronts lean gently together.
A rusted gas station advertises prices decades out of date.

Her engine grumbles as she rolls onto MAIN STREET.

EXT. MAIN STREET - CONTINUOUS

The SHERIFF'S OFFICE comes into view.

A DEPUTY leans against the railing, coffee in hand.
His eyes follow Beatrice's unfamiliar car.

A newcomer doesn't go unnoticed.

Beatrice meets his gaze briefly – then looks forward.

EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY

Streetlights flicker dimly as townsfolk go about their routines.

An old man sweeps his porch.
A woman in a long coat hurries past, collar turned up.

They barely look at Beatrice –
yet she feels their awareness.

Outsiders are rare.

Her station wagon rattles over uneven pavement.
Research equipment strapped to the roof CLANGS against frayed bungee cords.

A cigarette rests between her teeth. Unlit.

She tightens her grip on the wheel.

She's been in forgotten places before.

This one feels different.

EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY

Morning sun casts long shadows, bathing the town in warm light that does little to soothe Beatrice's unease.

She scans the storefronts.

BELL'S BANK & LOANS dominates the corner – three stories of dark red brick and granite. Brass letters sway above tall columns.

Beside it, MORGAN'S GENERAL STORE welcomes customers with wide wooden doors and the scent of cedar and produce.

A chalkboard reads:
FRESH BREAD TODAY – WHILE IT LASTS!

Next door, MICKEY'S BAR & GRILL smells of coffee and something sweet.

Further down:
 HILLSBOROUGH HARDWARE — tools and hunting gear beneath a faded
 WELCOME HUNTERS sign.

A pale-blue bookstore: CURIOSITIES & TALES.
 Leather-bound novels.
 A frozen pocket watch.
 An old telescope.
 A glass orb.

Children laugh as they run past.
 An elderly couple rocks outside the post office.

Almost too perfect.

Beatrice brushes a strand of auburn hair from her face.

BEATRICE
 Well, at least it's picturesque.

But her eyes say something's wrong.

EXT. MAIN STREET - CONTINUOUS

Banners stretch across the street:

SILVER HOLLOW WELCOMES THE CELESTIAL
 ALIGNMENT
 JOIN US IN WITNESSING THE
 PHENOMENON

Chalkboards advertise:
 GET YOUR ECLIPSE GLASSES HERE!
 STOCK UP BEFORE THE BIG DAY!

A café boasts:
 CELESTIAL PIE SPECIAL

A small stand sells galaxy pendants.

Excitement buzzes —
 but beneath it, reverence.

At the far end of the street, ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCH stands draped in indigo banners stitched with silver constellations.

Townpeople linger near the steps, gazing skyward.

A BRASS TELESCOPE gleams beside an open book of yellowed celestial diagrams.

Beatrice's grip tightens on the wheel.

This isn't anticipation.

It's worship.

And worship hides secrets.

INT. STATION WAGON - DAY

Beatrice's hand brushes the dashboard.

A FADED PHOTOGRAPH rests there —
a younger Beatrice smiling beside a man with kind eyes.

MICHAEL.

She studies it — haunted, not sentimental.

She sets it back.

EXT. DREAM INN - DAY

The station wagon pulls in.

The DREAM INN sags beneath peeling green paint.
A crooked porch railing.
A sign sways on rusted chains.

BEATRICE

Dream Inn...

(beat)

More like Die Inn.

She grabs her suitcase.

INT. DREAM INN - LOBBY - DAY

Fluorescent lights. Mildew and lemon cleaner.

A floral couch sags beneath outdated magazines.

Behind the desk, WILMA (50s) reads a gossip rag.
Doesn't look up.

WILMA

Welcome to the Dream Inn.

Beatrice drops her suitcase with a thud.

BEATRICE
I have a reservation.
Dr. Beatrice Brie

Wilma sighs theatrically, flips through a tattered logbook, then slides a tarnished brass key across the counter.

WILMA
Room two-oh-three.
Top of the stairs.

Beatrice lifts the key. Heavy. Worn smooth.

BEATRICE
Charming.

Wilma smirks faintly.

WILMA
Don't let the bedbugs getcha.

INT. DREAM INN - STAIRWELL - DAY

Beatrice climbs the narrow stairs.
Wallpaper peels beside her.

INT. DREAM INN - ROOM 203 - DAY

A sagging bed. Faint mothball smell.

Beatrice drops her suitcase.

BEATRICE
Perfect.

She moves to the window.

Mountains loom beyond town.

Somewhere out there, meteors will soon burn across the sky.

INT. ROOM 203 - LATER

A knock.

Beatrice opens the door.

Wilma stands there holding a wilted fern.

WILMA

Thought your room could use this.

BEATRICE

Thanks.

Wilma leaves without another word.

Beatrice sets the plant on the windowsill.

INT. ROOM 203 - NIGHT

Equipment unpacked.
Cameras.
Lenses.
Instruments.

A MAP OF CONSTELLATIONS spreads across the desk.

Beatrice adjusts a camera.

Outside the window -

A METEOR streaks across the night sky.

Beatrice freezes.

Then leans closer.

This is why she came.

ACT TWO

EXT. HILLSBOROUGH ELEMENTARY SCHOOLYARD - DAY

Recess chaos.

Kickballs THUD.
Kids SHRIEK with laughter.
Clusters form and dissolve.

Near a chain-link fence -

BILLY "BRUISER" WALKER (16) looms over TOMMY HARDING (8).

Billy is big for his age. Broad shoulders strain a faded hoodie.
Shaggy hair shadows steel-gray eyes that have already seen too much.

Teachers sigh at the sight of him.
Younger kids keep their distance.

Billy likes it that way.

BILLY
Hey, shrimp.

Billy snatches TOMMY'S LUNCHBOX —
a dented blue tin with a peeling astronaut decal.

Tommy shrinks. Oversized hoodie swallowing his frame.
Wide blue eyes shimmer with tears.

His new birthday sneakers are already scuffed.

TOMMY
(quiet)
P-please..
I just want my lunch back.

Billy's crew closes in.

MARK — tall, lanky, pockets stuffed with stolen junk.
JOEL — freckled, stocky, spitting sunflower seeds.
VINCE — clean, composed, arms folded, watching without
emotion.

Billy flips open the lunchbox.

BILLY
What've we got?

He dumps the PB&J sandwich — jelly-side down.
The apple rolls away.
Crackers scatter across the dirt.

Billy's smirk widens —
then flickers, just for a beat.

BILLY (CONT'D)
Lunch of champions.

He kicks the empty lunchbox back toward Tommy.

BILLY (CONT'D)
There you go.
All yours.

Mark and Joel laugh.

Tommy drops to his knees, scrambling to gather what he can.

A loose circle of KIDS forms — watching, silent.

A WHISTLE PIERCES the air.

TEACHER (O.S.)
Hey! Break it up!

The crew scatters – practiced.

Billy lingers.

Hands in his pockets, he turns away.

As he walks off, his eyes catch –

The CHURCH STEEPLE rising beyond the schoolyard.

For a moment, Billy's smirk fades.

Something unsettled flashes across his face.

Then it's gone.

Billy disappears into the crowd.

INT. SILVER HOLLOW HIGH SCHOOL – HALLWAY – DAY

Lockers SLAM. Voices echo. Teen chaos.

EMMA CARTER (16) stands half-hidden behind her open locker, fingertips pressed to the cool metal.

She peeks out.

Across the hall – JASON BELL (17), football captain, varsity jacket, effortless confidence. He leans against a locker, surrounded by friends.

Jason laughs.

Emma reacts like she's been hit by sunlight.

She ducks back behind the locker door, chestnut hair falling forward like a curtain.

She adjusts her pale pink sweater, fidgets with the SILVER STAR PENDANT at her neck.

Jason glances her way.

Emma SLAMS the locker halfway shut – a shield.

LISA (O.S.)
Earth to Emma.

LISA MILLER (16) leans against the neighboring locker, arms crossed, smirk locked in place.

Leather jacket. Neon-green tee. Combat boots. Unapologetic.

LISA (CONT'D)

You've been staring at Jason Bell
for exactly sixty-eight seconds.

Lisa snaps her fingers.

LISA (CONT'D)

Why don't you just go talk to him?

Emma spins, mortified.

EMMA

What?

LISA

Go.
Talk.
To.
Him.

EMMA

Are you insane?
He doesn't even know I exist.

Lisa rolls her eyes hard.

LISA

You're smart.
You're cute.
And you're way too good for half
the guys in this school.
Including Jason Bell.

Emma scoffs, tugging her sleeves over her hands.

EMMA

Cute?
Jason dates girls like Sarah.

She nods down the hall.

SARAH MILES, cheerleader-perfect, struts past.

LISA

Sarah Miles?
Please.
She's all filters and fake smiles.

Lisa steps closer.

LISA (CONT'D)
 You're real, Em.
 That's better.

Emma leans her forehead against the locker door.

EMMA
 Guys like Jason don't go for real.
 They go for perfect.

Lisa grabs Emma by the shoulders and turns her around.

LISA
 First -
 Jason's just a guy.
 A hot one, yeah,
 but still just a guy.

LISA (CONT'D)
 Second -
 if you don't believe in yourself,
 how is he supposed to notice you?

Emma sneaks another look down the hall.

Jason is already walking away, laughing with his friends.

Emma exhales.

EMMA
 I just...
 I can't.
 Not yet.

Lisa throws her hands up.

LISA
 You're impossible.
 One day I'm going to push you
 right into his path.

EMMA
 (small smile)
 Thanks.
 For trying.

LISA
 Always.

Lisa loops her arm through Emma's.

They start down the hallway.

LISA (CONT'D)

But right now we've got bigger problems.
Like convincing your dad to let us stay out late for the meteor shower.

Emma groans.

EMMA

No way.
He'll never let me go to the campfire after the festival.

LISA

Seriously?
Even now?
It's just a party in the woods.
What's the worst that could happen?

Emma tightens her grip on her backpack strap.

Frustration rises.

EMMA

He doesn't trust me.
Or anyone.
And I'm sick of it.

Lisa softens.

LISA

Then sneak out.

Emma stops.

The word lands.

Something dangerous flickers behind her eyes.

EMMA

(quiet)
Maybe I will.

They continue down the hall.

Emma's expression hardens —
caught between fear and rebellion.

INT. ANDREWS' GARAGE - DUSK

A rhythmic CLINK of tools echoes through a dimly lit garage.

Fluorescent lights hum overhead, reflecting off a pristine 1969 FORD MUSTANG. Cherry-red paint. Polished to a liquid shine.

MARKIE ANDREWS (21) crouches beneath the open hood, tightening a bolt on the V8 engine. Focused. Precise.

This car is his obsession.

His salvation.

His escape.

Markie is lean but solid, grease-stained T-shirt, battered jeans, scuffed boots.

A LEATHER CUFF circles his wrist – worn, never removed.

Across the garage, WALTER ANDREWS (50s), broad-shouldered and grizzled, leans against a workbench. Denim overalls streaked with oil. Plaid shirt.

A dangling bulb half-lights his face.

He watches his son – pride and worry intertwined.

WALTER

You're obsessed.
You know that, right?

Markie doesn't look up.

MARKIE

I just want it perfect.

He wipes his hands on a rag.

MARKIE (CONT'D)

The second I graduate –
I'm gone.

Walter sighs, runs a hand through salt-and-pepper hair.

WALTER

Grass isn't always greener, kid.

Markie tightens his jaw. Looks up now.

MARKIE

Anything's greener than here.

The words are sharp. Long-held.

Walter absorbs it. No anger – just understanding.

WALTER
This town raised you.

MARKIE
This town cages you.

Silence hangs between them.

Markie turns back to the engine, quieter now.

MARKIE (CONT'D)
I've gotta get out before I end up
stuck like—

He stops himself.

Walter's gaze softens. He fiddles with a wrench, avoiding his son's eyes.

WALTER
Just make sure you're not running
from something you'll regret
leaving behind.

Markie doesn't answer.

He stares past the garage clutter —
to the open door.

Twilight settles over Silver Hollow.

The FIRST METEORS streak across the darkening sky.

Something stirs in Markie's chest.

A pull.

EXT. SILVER HOLLOW - FESTIVAL PREP - DUSK (INTERCUT)

Banners stretch across MAIN STREET, snapping in the breeze.

Volunteers string lights.
Vendors set up food stands.

The air fills with the scent of caramel apples and sausages.

Telescopes are positioned in the park.
Children race between booths.
Music drifts from a small stage.

Silver Hollow buzzes with life.

Beneath it all —

a faint HUM of unease.

INT. ANDREWS' GARAGE - SUNSET

Markie tightens the final bolt.

He steps back.

The Mustang gleams - flawless.

He runs a hand across the hood, savoring the cool smoothness.

For a moment, the world disappears.

Just him.

The car.

The dream.

Markie looks up.

The METEOR SHOWER is in full blaze now -
streaks of white fire tearing across the sky.

His breath catches.

MARKIE

(soft)

Soon.

A promise.

Behind him, Walter watches in silence.
Uncertain. Afraid.

Above them -

The meteors intensify.

High overhead, barely noticeable -
a FAINT RIPPLE shivers across the sky.

Unnatural.

Otherworldly.

Something is coming to Silver Hollow.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. ST. MICHAEL'S CHAPEL - SUNSET

A small wooden chapel at the edge of Silver Hollow.

Still. Reverent.

Sunlight pours through stained-glass windows, bathing the nave in gold.

FATHER DUNCAN (66), gentle, weathered, moves quietly between the pews.
His black cassock is frayed at the edges. A silver cross rests heavy against his chest.

He smooths the altar cloth.
Straightens candelabras.
Stacks hymnals at the ends of pews.

Every movement is deliberate.
Ritualistic.
Like a farewell.

Duncan pauses, looking out over the empty chapel.

DUNCAN
(soft)
Everything has its season.

He stops at a STAINED-GLASS WINDOW –
ST. MICHAEL defeating the dragon.

Colored light spills across the floor.

Duncan rests his hand against the cool glass.
Lets the moment linger.

INT. VESTRY – CONTINUOUS

Duncan opens a leather-bound LEDGER.

Neat handwriting.
Careful lists.

He traces a finger down the page.

DUNCAN
Wine for communion... check.
Candles stocked... check.
Hymnals ordered... check.

His finger pauses at the final line:

NOTES FOR THE NEXT PRIEST.

Duncan smiles faintly.

He closes the ledger. Sets it aside.

INT. CHAPEL - CONTINUOUS

Duncan kneels at the altar.

His knees protest – but his voice is steady.

DUNCAN

Lord, thank you for the strength
to serve.
May this place remain a refuge
long after I'm gone.

He rises.

A SOFT CREAK draws his attention.

MRS. ABERNATHY (70s) stands in the doorway, eyes moist.

MRS. ABERNATHY

Father Duncan...
I just wanted to thank you.
For everything.

Duncan crosses the nave and clasps her hands.

DUNCAN

No, Mrs. Abernathy.
It's people like you who make
this place special.

She nods, emotional, and leaves.

Duncan extinguishes the candles one by one.

The chapel darkens.

He locks the doors behind him.

EXT. ST. MICHAEL'S CHAPEL - EVENING

Duncan steps onto the stone stairs.

Cool air wraps around him like a farewell embrace.

Festival MUSIC and LAUGHTER drift from town.

For the first time in decades –
he carries no responsibility but his own.

Duncan looks back at the chapel.

The bell tower stands silhouetted against twilight.
For a beat, he imagines the bell tolling.

DUNCAN
(whisper)
See you around, old friend.

He turns toward the glow of MAIN STREET.

EXT. MAIN STREET - FESTIVAL - EVENING

Lights twinkle.
Music hums.
The smell of pies and sausages fills the air.

Duncan moves through the crowd, content but thoughtful.

Footsteps approach behind him.

He turns.

BILLY WALKER (16) swaggers toward him, flanked by MARK, JOEL,
and VINCE.

Their laughter is sharp. Forced.

In Billy's hand -
a KNIFE catches the fading light.

Duncan stops.

His steady gaze meets Billy's.

Billy freezes.

The knife slips from his hand -
CLATTERS onto the pavement.

Duncan bends. Picks it up.

The weight of it sits heavy in his palm.

DUNCAN
Son...
Why carry something like this?

Billy's bravado cracks.

BILLY
I- I was just holding it
for a friend.
It's nothing.

Duncan extends the knife back to him.

DUNCAN
A blade is never nothing.
It can protect..
or it can destroy.

DUNCAN (CONT'D)
Choose carefully.

Billy snatches the knife, grips it tight.

He won't meet Duncan's eyes.

BILLY
Don't tell me what to do.

Billy turns and bolts.

His friends follow, their laughter masking unease.

Duncan watches them disappear.

The festival sounds fade.

Silence settles.

DUNCAN
(quiet prayer)
Lord, guide them.
Guide them before it's too late.

EXT. SILVER HOLLOW - SKY - NIGHT

The first METEORS streak across the sky.

Light tears through darkness.

A celestial prelude -
to what's coming.

EXT. SILVER HOLLOW TOWN SQUARE - NIGHT

The sky ignites.

A METEOR SHOWER unlike any before -
streaks of white and gold tear across the heavens.

The crowd GASPS in awe.

Banners flutter in the mountain breeze.
String lights twinkle from every lamppost.

VENDORS fill the square –
pies, candied apples, handmade quilts patterned with stars.
Pastries shaped like meteors.

Silver Hollow is alive.

This isn't just a festival.
It's tradition.
Heartbeat.
History.

Families spread blankets.
Children wear costumes of comets and stars.
Elders tell stories by firelight.

The town gathers –
just as it always has.

EXT. FESTIVAL EDGE - CONTINUOUS

At the edge of the square, DR. BEATRICE BRIE works with
focused precision.

Telescope.
Tripod.
Instruments.

Her dark hair is pulled into a loose braid.
Plaid shirt. Jeans. Dirt-caked boots.

She doesn't watch the crowd.
She watches the sky.

A cigarette hangs from her lip, forgotten.

BEATRICE
(to herself)
Come on...

She tightens the tripod.

A CRUNCH of leaves behind her.

Beatrice stiffens.

She turns.

A small BOY stands in the shadows –
TOMMY HARDING (8).

Oversized hoodie.
Battered backpack.
Wide eyes filled with fear and wonder.

BEATRICE (CONT'D)
(gentler)
Hey there.
What's your name?

Tommy hesitates.

TOMMY
Tommy.

Beatrice studies him — something about his weight, his silence.

BEATRICE
What are you doing out here alone?
The festival's that way.

She nods toward the lights.

Tommy grips his backpack straps.

TOMMY
They took my flashlight.
Billy and his friends.

His voice trembles.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
They ran off with it.

Tears well.

Beatrice crouches to his level.
Places a gentle hand on his shoulder.

BEATRICE
Hey.
You're safe right now.

She rummages through her bag, pulls out a SMALL FLASHLIGHT.

Hands it to him.

BEATRICE (CONT'D)
You can borrow mine.

Tommy takes it carefully.

TOMMY
Thank you.

BEATRICE
 How about you sit with me for a
 bit?
 I'll walk you back when I'm done.

Tommy nods.

Sits beside her on the grass.

EXT. FESTIVAL EDGE - LATER

Beatrice adjusts her instruments.
 Tommy watches, fascinated.

BEATRICE
 Meteors aren't just streaks of
 light.
 They're fragments - bits of comets
 burning up in our atmosphere.

TOMMY
 Like messages?

Beatrice smiles.

BEATRICE
 Kind of.
 Postcards from space.

She lowers her voice.

BEATRICE (CONT'D)
 Sometimes they carry anomalies.
 Particles we don't understand.

TOMMY
 (wide-eyed)
 Like aliens?

Beatrice chuckles.

BEATRICE
 Not exactly.
 But sometimes... something close.

TOMMY
 So you're here to find one?

BEATRICE
 That's the idea.

Tommy looks back up at the sky.

TOMMY

I think it's scary.
All that space.
No one to talk to.

Beatrice pauses.

BEATRICE

It can feel that way.
But it's beautiful too.
Knowing there's more than we'll
ever understand.

TOMMY

Do you ever feel lonely?

The question lands.

Beatrice hesitates.

BEATRICE

Sometimes.
But every discovery connects us
a little more.

Tommy studies her.
Trust forming.

BEATRICE (CONT'D)

If I see something strange tonight,
you'll be the first to know.

Tommy grins.

TOMMY

Deal.

EXT. SKY - CONTINUOUS

A SUDDEN FLASH -
one meteor brighter than the rest.

The crowd CHEERS.

Beatrice lunges for the telescope.

BEATRICE

Oh-

She adjusts frantically.

Through the lens -

A FAINT RIPPLE shimmers across the stars.
Light bends. Warps.
Unnatural.

BEATRICE (CONT'D)
(breathless)
That's not right..

TOMMY
What is it?

BEATRICE
I don't know yet.
But it's unusual.

She steadies the scope.

BEATRICE (CONT'D)
Make a wish, Tommy.

Tommy looks back at the sky.

Silent.

The meteors rain down like fire.

TOMMY
(soft, honest)
I wish I were an adult.

Beatrice turns to him.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
So Billy can't beat me anymore.

The words hang in the air.

The ripple in the sky pulses.

Just once.

Unseen by the crowd.

Beatrice stares at Tommy.
Something cold and profound settling in her chest.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

EXT. SILVER HOLLOW - MAIN STREET - NIGHT

The METEOR FESTIVAL ROARS.

Carnival games. Fireworks popping faintly above. Music, laughter, motion everywhere.

SHERIFF TOM CARTER pushes through the crowd, eyes sharp, constantly scanning.

Something's off.

Tom slows as a familiar figure catches his eye.

HUGH "WHITE FOX" FEATHERSTONE sits cross-legged on a faded blanket. A small TIP BOX beside him reads:

MUSIC FOR THE SOUL - DONATIONS ACCEPTED

Hugh's albino features glow pale beneath the lights. White braided hair. Beads. Leather. Animal skins.

He lifts an OBOE and plays – a low, haunting melody that cuts through the carnival noise.

The crowd unconsciously quiets around him.

Tom approaches.

TOM
Evening, Hugh.

Hugh continues playing, then lowers the oboe.

HUGH
Evening, Tom.

TOM
Didn't expect to see you out here tonight.

HUGH
The land called. Loud enough that even I couldn't ignore it.

Tom studies him. Uneasy.

TOM
Festival feels different this year.

Hugh's eyes flick upward – toward the sky.

HUGH
The stars are watching.

A chill crawls up Tom's spine.

Hugh raises the oboe again. The melody resumes – darker now.

Tom turns, scanning the crowd.

His gaze LOCKS on —

BILLY WALKER loitering near a dart booth with MARK, JOEL, and VINCE. Billy leans against a post, smug, coiled energy.

Tom's jaw tightens.

TOM
(into radio)
Keep an eye on Billy Walker.

DEPUTY JAKE COLLINS steps up beside him.

COLLINS
Kid's got trouble written all
over him.

Nearby, a disturbance.

EMILY PIERCE (Late 20's) struggles with her FATHER, JOHN — drunk, unsteady, slurring.

EMILY
Dad. Please. You promised.

John stumbles, nearly crashing into a passing family.

Tom moves in, steadying him.

TOM
Easy, John.

EMILY
(embarrassed)
I'm sorry.

TOM
Let's get him somewhere safe.

They guide John through the crowd toward Emily's car.

Tom helps settle him inside.

TOM (CONT'D)
You okay to drive?

EMILY
Yeah. Thank you, Sheriff.

She pulls away.

Tom watches the taillights disappear.

Then —

RAISED VOICES.

Billy now stands face-to-face with JASON BELL near the game stalls. A small crowd gathers, sensing trouble.

BILLY
Think you're better than me,
Bell?

JASON
Walk away, Billy.

Billy laughs — sharp, dangerous.

BILLY
Golden boy always thinks he wins.

Billy's hand slips inside his jacket.

Tom sees it.

TOM
Billy—

Too late.

The KNIFE FLASHES — fast, reckless.

Jason jerks back as the blade GRAZES his arm.

The crowd SCREAMS.

Jason stares at the blood, shocked more than hurt.

Billy freezes — realizing what he almost did.

TOM (CONT'D)
(booming)
DROP IT, BILLY!

Billy hesitates — then PANICS.

He turns and RUNS.

TOM (CONT'D)
Collins!

Collins takes off after him.

The crowd buzzes with fear now. Parents pull kids close.

Tom kneels beside Jason.

TOM (CONT'D)

You hit?

JASON

(shaken)

Just a cut.

Tom presses a cloth to the wound.

Police lights flash in the distance.

Tom looks up – toward the sky.

Above the festival, unseen by most –

A FAINT RIPPLE SHIVERS through the stars.

Unnatural.

Otherworldly.

EXT. DARK PINES FOREST - NIGHT

Billy crashes through the trees, breath ragged, boots slipping on wet leaves.

Behind him –

DEPUTY JAKE COLLINS barrels after him, flashlight beam slicing through the trees.

COLLINS

Billy! Stop running!

Billy doesn't look back.

Branches whip at his face. He stumbles – catches himself – keeps going.

The forest feels wrong tonight. Too quiet. Too close.

Billy bursts into a small clearing – skids to a stop.

Nowhere left to run.

The flashlight beam locks onto him.

COLLINS (CONT'D)

(breathing hard)

Hands where I can see them!

Billy turns slowly. His chest heaves. Sweat and fear streak his face.

BILLY
He started it.

Collins advances cautiously.

COLLINS
Drop whatever you've got.

Billy looks down — realizes his hand is still clenched around the knife.

For a beat, he doesn't seem to recognize it.

BILLY
(confused)
I didn't mean to—

Collins lunges.

Billy reacts on instinct — turns to bolt again —

Collins tackles him HARD.

They hit the ground. Leaves scatter. The knife skids away into the dark.

Billy thrashes, feral, panic overtaking anger.

BILLY (CONT'D)
Get off me! I didn't do anything!

COLLINS
Stop fighting!

Collins wrestles Billy's arms behind his back.

Billy suddenly goes still.

Too still.

His breath comes shallow now. Eyes wide. Afraid — not of Collins.

Of something else.

BILLY
(low, shaken)
It wasn't supposed to happen.

Collins hesitates — just a second.

COLLINS
Of course not.
What did you think of?

Billy doesn't answer.

Collins snaps the cuffs closed.

CLICK.

The sound echoes unnaturally through the trees.

Collins pulls Billy to his feet.

COLLINS (CONT'D)
You're under arrest.

Billy looks up at the sky through the canopy.

The stars seem.. distorted.

For a fleeting moment, Billy swears he feels the ground vibrating beneath his boots.

Then it's gone.

BILLY
(whispering)
Something's wrong.

Collins tightens his grip.

COLLINS
Really?
Well, let me tell you.
Everything about you is wrong, and
you're in big trouble.

He starts leading Billy back toward the trail.

Behind them, the forest settles.

Watching.

EXT. EDGE OF SILVER HOLLOW - NIGHT

The festival is dying.

Lights flicker off one by one along MAIN STREET.
Vendors load trucks. Music fades into distant echoes.

SHERIFF TOM CARTER stands beside his patrol car at the edge of town.

Alone.

He watches the last families drift home, children half-asleep in their parents' arms.

The town exhales.

Silence settles in.

Tom rubs the back of his neck. Something still isn't right.

He looks up.

The sky is calm now. Clear. Empty.

No meteors.
No movement.

Too quiet.

Tom listens.

Nothing.

Then —

A subtle shift.

Not a sound. Not a feeling exactly.

More like pressure.

Tom stiffens.

His hand grips the roof of the car, grounding himself.

The streetlight above him flickers.

Once.

Twice.

Then steadies.

Tom swallows.

He scans the empty road. The dark tree line beyond town.

TOM
(under his breath)
...What the hell was that?

No answer.

A faint breeze stirs, carrying the smell of smoke and cool night air.

The sensation fades.

But the unease remains – deeper now.

Tom looks back toward Silver Hollow.

The town sits quietly under the stars.

Waiting.

Tom opens the patrol car door, hesitates – then looks up at the sky one more time.

Nothing there.

He gets in, starts the engine.

As the headlights sweep across the road –

High above, unseen by Tom –

The stars subtly BEND.

Just enough to notice.

INT. SHERIFF'S STATION - HOLDING CELL - NIGHT

The cell is small. Concrete. Cold.

BILLY WALKER sits alone on the bench, elbows on knees, hands cuffed in front of him.

The distant SOUNDS of the station drift in and out – a radio murmur, a phone ringing somewhere, footsteps passing and fading.

Billy stares at the floor.

His leg bounces uncontrollably.

He clenches his hands. Unclenches them. Studies his fingers like he's never seen them before.

Something about them bothers him.

Billy presses his palms together. Hard.

Nothing.

He exhales, frustrated.

The fluorescent light above him BUZZES.

Billy looks up.

The light flickers.

Once.

Then steadies.

Billy swallows.

He shifts on the bench, suddenly uncomfortable in his own skin. His breathing quickens – then he forces it back down.

Control. Always control.

He leans forward, resting his head in his hands.

For a moment, he almost looks like a kid again.

Then –

Billy freezes.

Not fear.

Recognition.

He lifts his head slowly. Listens.

There is no sound.

Still, he feels it.

A pressure. Low. Deep. Like standing too close to something big.

Billy's jaw tightens.

BILLY
(barely audible)
..Go away.

The sensation fades.

Billy blinks. Looks around the empty cell.

Nothing's changed.

The light hums normally now.

Billy leans back against the wall, staring straight ahead – wide awake.

Waiting.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

ACT FOUR

INT. SILVER HOLLOW REGIONAL HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Fluorescent lights. Pale walls. The low, constant BEEP of machines.

A curtained trauma bay.

JASON BELL lies on a gurney, conscious, pale. A bandage wrapped around his side. A nurse adjusts an IV.

SARAH MILES stands nearby, shaken, mascara streaked, clutching her phone with trembling hands.

The curtain pulls back.

GEORGE BELL enters.

Mid-fifties. Immaculate suit. Not a wrinkle out of place. His presence silences the room without effort.

He takes in his son in one glance.

Doesn't rush.
Doesn't speak.

He steps closer. Places a hand gently on Jason's shoulder.

GEORGE
(quiet)
Does it hurt?

Jason nods slightly.

JASON
I'm okay, Dad.

George studies the bandage. The IV. The monitors.

Something cold hardens behind his eyes.

A DOCTOR approaches, cautious.

DOCTOR
Mr. Bell, your son was lucky.
The wound was superficial.
We'll keep him overnight.

George nods once.

GEORGE
Thank you.

The doctor retreats, relieved to escape.

George turns to Sarah.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
You were there.

She swallows.

SARAH
Yes, sir.

GEORGE
Tell me exactly what happened.

She hesitates – then:

SARAH
Billy Walker pulled a knife.
Sheriff Carter stopped it.
Jason didn't fight back.

George listens. Absorbs every word.

GEORGE
Where is Billy Walker now?

SARAH
The police have him.

George nods again.

Satisfied – but not calm.

Jason reaches for his father's sleeve.

JASON
Dad... it's done.

George meets his eyes.

GEORGE
No.

He smooths Jason's hair back – a tender gesture that doesn't match the tension in the room.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
This isn't how things work.

He turns – and nearly collides with SHERIFF TOM CARTER, who has just arrived.

They lock eyes.

A beat.

TOM
He's stable.

GEORGE
I know.

Silence stretches.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
I expect this handled properly.

TOM
It is.

George studies Tom. Measures him.

GEORGE
My son almost died tonight.

TOM
I won't let it happen again.

A faint, humorless smile crosses George's lips.

GEORGE
See that you don't.

He steps past Tom, already done.

Tom watches him leave.

The corridor seems quieter now.

He exhales slowly.

Something presses in his chest.

Not fear.

Pressure.

The lights above flicker – just for a moment.

Tom looks up.

Nothing.

The steady BEEP of the monitor continues.

But the unease does not fade.

INT. SHERIFF'S STATION - HOLDING AREA - NIGHT

The station is quiet, but tense.

BILLY WALKER sits alone in the holding cell, hunched forward. His wrists are red from the cuffs. He stares at the floor.

DEPUTY MARSHA SMITH stands behind the desk, paperwork neatly arranged, eyes never leaving the cell.

The front door BURSTS open.

LUCY WALKER (Mid 40's) storms in, breathless, eyes wild.

GLENN CARDIGAN (Late 30's) follows – tall, broad, tightly wound.

LUCY

Where is he?

Marsha doesn't flinch.

MARSHA

Visiting hours are over.

LUCY

That's my son.

MARSHA

He's being held for questioning.

Lucy steps closer to the desk.

LUCY

You can't keep him here.
He didn't mean it.

Glenn stays back – watching. Measuring.

GLENN

We want to see him.

MARSHA

That's not happening tonight.

Billy lifts his head slightly. Hope flickers – then fades.

Lucy's voice cracks.

LUCY

He's scared. He's alone in there.

MARSHA

He's safe.

Glenn steps forward now.

GLENN

You're making a mistake.

Marsha straightens.

MARSHA

Step back, sir.

Glenn doesn't.

GLENN

You don't get to decide what happens to my family.

The air tightens.

Before Marsha can respond –

The door behind them OPENS.

SHERIFF TOM CARTER enters.

The room reacts instantly.

Lucy turns.

LUCY

Tom.

Glenn steps back half an inch. Just enough.

Tom takes in the scene – Billy, the cell, Marsha, the parents.

TOM

Marsha.

MARSHA

They just arrived.

Tom nods. Then to Lucy.

TOM
Go home Lucy.

LUCY
You can't do this to him.

TOM
He pulled a knife.

GLENN
He didn't hurt anyone.

TOM
He stabbed Jason Bell.
He could have killed him.

Silence.

Tom moves closer to the holding cell. Billy won't meet his eyes.

TOM (CONT'D)
This isn't negotiable.

Lucy's voice drops.

LUCY
Please.

Tom hesitates — just a fraction.

That's when it happens.

A LOW HUM creeps into the room.

Subtle. Vibrating.

Everyone feels it.

The overhead lights FLICKER.

Billy stiffens.

Marsha looks up.

MARSHA
(quiet)
Sheriff—

The HUM deepens.

Not louder.

Heavier.

Like pressure in the chest.

Lucy grabs Glenn's arm.

LUCY
(whispering)
Glenn... do you hear that?

The HUM CUTS OUT.

Instant silence.

The lights SNAP back to full brightness.

No one moves.

Tom's jaw tightens. He looks around the room — at Marsha,
at Lucy, at Glenn.

Something has changed.

TOM
That's enough for tonight.

Lucy starts to protest.

TOM (CONT'D)
Go home.

Glenn studies Tom — unsettled now.

He nods once.

GLENN
We're not done.

TOM
No.

Marsha opens the door for them.

Lucy looks back at Billy one last time.

LUCY
(breaking)
I love you.

Billy doesn't respond.

The door closes.

The station falls quiet again.

Tom exhales slowly.

MARSHA
What was that?

Tom doesn't answer.

He looks toward the holding cell.

Billy stares straight ahead.

Wide awake.

EXT. SILVER HOLLOW - OUTSKIRTS / MAIN ROAD - NIGHT

The festival is over.

Main Street empties. Booths half-packed. Lights dimmed.
The last of the crowd drifts home, tired and quiet.

SHERIFF TOM CARTER drives alone in his patrol car, heading
out of town.

No siren. No rush.

Just the hum of the engine and the road stretching ahead.

Tom rubs his temples, exhaustion settling in. The night's
events replay behind his eyes - Billy. The knife. The hum.

The road curves.

A LOW GROWL cuts through the silence.

Tom glances in his rearview mirror.

Headlights approach fast.

A BLACK STINGRAY CORVETTE glides past him, smooth and
deliberate. Too clean. Too controlled.

As it passes -

Tom catches a glimpse through the driver's window.

A MAN in his mid-thirties. Dark hair slicked back. Sharp
features. Calm eyes.

They lock eyes for a split second.

Not hostile.

Not friendly.

Assessing.

The Corvette continues down the road, disappearing into the darkness without speeding up.

Tom slows instinctively.

Frowns.

Something about the car doesn't sit right.

Not local.

Not lost.

Just... present.

Tom watches the taillights vanish.

TOM
(to himself)
Who the hell was that?

He exhales, shakes it off, and continues toward town.

EXT. TOM CARTER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Tom's patrol car pulls into the driveway.

The house is dark. Quiet.

He steps onto the porch. The wood CREAKS under his boots.

INT. TOM CARTER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Tom hangs his hat. Loosens his jacket.

A single lamp casts soft light across the room.

He pauses at EMMA'S BEDROOM DOOR.

Knocks gently.

TOM
(soft)
Emma?

No answer.

He opens the door slightly.

Emma sleeps peacefully, moonlight washing over her face.
Freckles. Familiar. Painful.

TOM (CONT'D)
(whisper)
You're just like her.

He closes the door carefully.

INT. TOM CARTER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Tom sits on the edge of the bed. Unties his boots slowly.

The night catches up with him.

The fight.
The holding cell.
The hum.
The car.

He lies back, staring at the ceiling.

EXT. SILVER HOLLOW - SKY - NIGHT

The last METEORS streak across the sky.

Beautiful.

Wrong.

INT. TOM CARTER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Tom's eyes finally close.

But his jaw tightens in his sleep.

Something has changed.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

INT. ST. MICHAEL'S CHAPEL - FATHER DUNCAN'S BEDROOM - DAWN

Soft light spills through a STAINED-GLASS WINDOW, breaking into fractured reds and blues across the room.

BILLY WALKER'S eyes SNAP OPEN.

He gasps - sharp, involuntary.

He sits up too fast. The bed CREAKS under unexpected weight.

Billy blinks. Disoriented.

This is not a holding cell.

This is not his room.

The walls are neat. Orderly. A CRUCIFIX hangs above the bed. The faint scent of old wood and candle wax lingers.

Billy raises a hand to his face.

It's larger. Rougher.

He touches his jaw — STUBBLE.

BILLY
(confused)
What the hell—

The voice that comes out is DEEP. GRAVELLY.

Billy freezes.

He swings his legs off the bed. His feet hit the floor with a heaviness he doesn't recognize.

He stands.

Unsteady.

Across the room —

A FULL-LENGTH MIRROR.

Billy approaches it slowly.

He looks up.

FATHER DUNCAN stares back at him.

Older. Weathered. Real.

Billy staggers back.

BILLY (CONT'D)
(whisper)
No. No, no, no—

He presses his hands to his face again. Feels every line. Every truth.

This isn't a dream.

Billy turns away, panicked. Moves to the window and throws it open.

EXT. SILVER HOLLOW - MORNING

The town looks normal. Quiet. Peaceful. Wrong.

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Billy paces, breathing hard.

BILLY
(sudden, raw)

No—!

He stumbles back, breath spiraling.

Hands shaking. Chest heaving.

He clamps his eyes shut. Forces himself still.

BILLY (CONT'D)
(to himself)
Okay... okay...

His eyes land on a BIBLE resting on the nightstand. Still open. A handwritten bookmark tucked inside.

Billy lifts it.

BILLY (CONT'D)
(reading)
"Guide me, Lord, in all I do."

Billy scoffs — hollow.

BILLY (CONT'D)
Yeah. Real funny.

A KNOCK at the door.

Billy jumps.

WOMAN (O.S.)
Father Duncan?

Billy freezes.

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

Are you awake?

Billy swallows. Forces his voice lower. Slower.

BILLY

Uh- yes. Just a minute.

He straightens the clerical shirt. Adjusts the collar.
Fumbles.

The door opens.

MRS. WHITAKER (60s), kind, practical, holds a small plate
of cookies.

MRS. WHITAKER

Thought you might need breakfast.

Billy stares - unsure how to exist in this body.

BILLY

(awkward)

Thanks.

She studies him.

MRS. WHITAKER

You all right, Father?
You look... tired.

BILLY

(forcing calm)

Long night.

She nods, satisfied enough.

MRS. WHITAKER

Festival cleanup starts soon.

BILLY

Yeah... okay.

She smiles, a little unsure.

She steps away.

The door closes.

Billy stands there, frozen.

He sets the plate down. Stares at it.

No appetite.

He moves back to the mirror.

The reflection hasn't changed.

Billy meets his own eyes – or what used to be his.

BILLY (CONT'D)

(quiet)

I've gotta figure this out.

Outside, the morning light stretches across Silver Hollow.

The town wakes.

Unaware.

Billy stands in the body of a priest.

Trapped.

INT. TOMMY HARDING'S BEDROOM - MORNING

BEATRICE BRIE stirs.

Her eyes open slowly.

The ceiling feels too close.

She frowns.

This isn't right.

She shifts beneath the blanket – restless, uncomfortable – like her body won't settle.

She groans.

BEATRICE

(groggy)

Ugh...

The sound STOPS her.

That voice is too high.

Beatrice sits up sharply.

The blanket slips.

Her arms are small. Thin.

Not hers.

She stares at them.

Breathing quickens.

BEATRICE (CONT'D)
 (quiet)
 No... no—

She swings her legs off the bed.

Her feet barely touch the floor.

The room comes into focus — SUPERHERO POSTERS.

A DESK cluttered with crayons. TOYS in the corner.

A CHILD'S ROOM.

Beatrice backs away — and bumps into a dresser.

Above it —

A MIRROR.

She looks up.

A YOUNG BOY stares back at her.

Not older than eight.

Wide-eyed.

Terrified.

Beatrice freezes.

BEATRICE (CONT'D)
 (breaking)
 What—?

Her voice cracks — unmistakably a child's.

She stumbles back, heart racing.

BEATRICE (CONT'D)
 (panicked)
 No— no, no, no—

She presses her hands to her face.

Feels soft skin.

Small bones.

This is real.

A KNOCK at the door.

Beatrice jumps.

LISA (O.S.)
Tommy? You awake?

Beatrice's breath catches.

She swallows hard. Forces calm.

BEATRICE
(trying)
Yeah— just a minute!

The words sound wrong in her mouth.

A beat.

LISA (O.S.)
Breakfast is ready.

Footsteps move away.

Beatrice exhales — shaky, controlled.

She sits on the edge of the bed.
Head in her hands.

Thinking.

The scientist in her pushes through the panic.

BEATRICE
(to herself)
Okay. Focus.

She looks around again.

The room.
The body.
The memory of the meteor shower.

Her eyes widen.

BEATRICE (CONT'D)
(realizing)
Tommy...

She stands — steadier now.

Walks back to the mirror.

The boy stares back.

Beatrice meets his eyes.

BEATRICE (CONT'D)
 (firm)
 I need to find him.

Resolve settles in.

She straightens her shirt.
 Takes a breath.

The world has changed.

And she intends to understand it.

EXT. SILVER HOLLOW - MORNING

The town wakes.

Unaware.

INT. TOM CARTER'S HOUSE - EMMA'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Birds chirp softly outside.

A peaceful morning.

SHERIFF TOM CARTER lies in bed.

He stirs. Groans. Stretches—

And stops.

Something is off.

His limbs feel too light. Too small. The familiar ache in his shoulders is gone.

Tom blinks, eyes still heavy with sleep.

The ceiling is wrong.

Not wood beams.

LAVENDER WALLS. Twinkling FAIRY LIGHTS draped across them. Pop star posters. A messy teen desk.

Tom's breathing quickens.

TOM
 (groggy)
 What the—

His voice comes out SOFT. HIGH.

Tom freezes.

Slowly, he sits up.

Long brown hair spills into his face.

He looks down.

Slender hands. Pink nail polish.

A cartoon UNICORN sleep shirt hangs off narrow shoulders.

Tom's heart hammers.

TOM (CONT'D)

(whisper)

No...

He swings his legs over the bed.

Thin legs. Smaller feet.

He stands— unsteady. Dizzy.

The room sways for a beat.

Tom presses a hand to the wall, grounding himself.

He turns his head and catches a glimpse in the mirror
across the room—

Just enough to see a flash of EMMA'S FACE.

Tom recoils.

His breath catches.

A SOUND from outside the room—

Heavy footsteps pounding up the stairs.

Fast.

Panicked.

The doorknob JIGGLES violently.

A voice SHOUTS from the hall— deep, gruff, unmistakably
Tom's voice—

EMMA (O.S.)

DAD! DAD!

Tom's eyes widen.

He takes a step toward the door— fear and disbelief
colliding—

The door BURSTS OPEN.

EMMA — in TOM'S BODY — SCREAMS.

END OF PILOT