

EON

20/11/2024

INT. NASA - RADIO ASTRONOMY OBSERVATORY - NIGHT

A cold, sterile room glows under flickering fluorescent lights. Empty coffee cups and snack wrappers suggest long hours. A faint BEEP hums beneath the static silence.

JAMES WARD (32), sleep-deprived but sharp, leans over his workstation, headphones on. His T-shirt reads "ALIENS EXIST - Change My Mind." On the screen: waveforms undulate—then spike. He blinks.

He adjusts a dial. The anomaly stabilizes. Not natural.

JAMES
(into intercom)

Mark, you gotta see this. 74.9 MHz
is... off the charts.

MARK SPENCER (30s), laid-back, sarcastic, enters with a half-eaten protein bar and a tired grin.

MARK

If it's another neutron star burp,
I swear I'm applying to work in
oceanography.

JAMES

Look at this. It's not noise. It's
structured. Like... it's repeating.

MARK
(frowning)

Repeating? Cosmic radio doesn't
repeat. That's not chaos, that's
code.

They lock eyes. On screen, the frequency pulses... like a heartbeat.

A quiet footstep. They turn.

MARCUS stands in the doorway. Coffee in hand. Calm. Watching the screen, not them.

NOTE FOR DIRECTOR:

As Marcus enters, the camera should hold on him a few seconds longer than usual.

Just enough for the audience to notice a faint mark a mole or distinct speck in one of his eyes.

This visual detail will serve as a subtle anchor point for the viewer.

As the story unfolds, Marcus will appear in multiple forms subtly shifting identities, guiding from the shadows, wearing different faces.

The mark in his eye is the only constant a silent confirmation that the same presence remains.

His gaze in this moment should feel ancient, peaceful, and quietly infinite.

A being that has seen far more than he says.

MARCUS

Then maybe it's not trying to be
heard. Maybe it's waiting for
someone to understand.

MARK raises an eyebrow. James glances at him, unsettled.

MARK

Oookay. Who invited the philosophy
major?

MARCUS
(smiling, unfazed)

Just passing through.

He sips the coffee. Still watching the screen.

On it, the pulse quickens—almost like it's listening back.

FADE OUT.

They lock eyes. On screen, the frequency pulses... like a heartbeat.

FADE OUT.

INT. NASA - BRIEFING ROOM - DAY

A sleek, dim-lit room. A massive screen displays the frequency graph. Across the table, six scientists sit in tension.

DR. ADRIAN KOVACS (45), disheveled brilliance and coffee stains, stands at the head. His eyes are sunken but alert.

KOVACS

How long did it last?

JAMES

Seventy-two seconds. Then silence.

MARK

But it didn't disappear. It...
looped. Recurring at exact
intervals.

Kovacs rubs his face, almost like he's seen a ghost.

KOVACS

Then it's not a burst. It's a
beacon.

Dr. ELENA RUIZ (38), poised and sharp, taps on her tablet. A star map appears on the screen.

RUIZ

Origin: Right Ascension 17h 42m.
Declination -28° 59'.

The map zooms in. The dot blinks. Center of the Milky Way.

KOVACS

That's near Sagittarius A.

Silence. The room shifts. Everyone understands the implications.

MARK

That's... impossible. Nothing
escapes a black hole.

JAMES

And yet, something's transmitting.
From inside it.

Kovacs leans in, eyes wide.

KOVACS

Gentlemen... and ladies... we might
be looking at the first controlled
message

From the heart of gravity itself.

The frequency pulses again on-screen, perfectly spaced.

RUIZ

If this is cosmic noise... why does
it feel like it's listening?

They all exchange glances. No one dares speak.

FADE OUT.

EXT. CITY - DAY

Sunlight bounces off mirrored windows. The city hums cars,
chatter, the distant rhythm of life.

DR. ELENA RUIZ walks briskly down the sidewalk, a coffee in
hand, earbuds in. Her face is tense as if the signal from the
black hole still echoes somewhere in her bones.

She crosses an intersection. Then stops.

Across the street, a MAN IN A GRAY OVERCOAT stands
motionless, facing her. Expressionless. Almost... too still.

She blinks. He's gone.

RUIZ

(murmurs)

Okay... no sleep and three coffees.

She keeps walking but something's wrong.

A WOMAN walks by, talking on her phone.

A MAN crosses with a newspaper under his arm.

A CAR honks twice.

Then the same WOMAN appears again. Same call. Same steps.

Then the same MAN. The same honk.

RUIZ slows down.

She turns, heart pounding. She's caught in a loop.

Suddenly everything STOPS.

People freeze mid-stride. Phones hang in the air. Heads turn in unison toward her.

Silence.

RUIZ stares, breath sharp. In the reflection of a glass storefront, she sees herself or rather...

Something that shouldn't be her.

Something is standing where she is. But it's... not her.

CUT TO BLACK.

INT. RADIO ASTRONOMY OBSERVATORY - NIGHT

The lab is dimly lit now, bathed in a low amber glow. Everything feels quieter than usual like the room is holding its breath.

KOVACS sits at the console, massive headphones on. Next to him, DR. RUIZ leans forward, eyes locked on the signal graph pulsing across the screen.

RUIZ

You sure this is the raw
transmission?

KOVACS

No filters. No enhancement. Just
pure space.

A few seconds of silence. Static hums.

Then a faint, low-frequency vibration. Organic. Almost like... a whisper that never forms words.

Ruiz removes her headphones slowly. She looks disturbed. Her skin has goosebumps.

RUIZ

Did you hear that?

Kovacs nods. Pale. Haunted.

KOVACS

Not just heard it. I felt it.

Ruiz walks away from the console, rubbing her arms.

RUIZ

It's not noise. Noise doesn't make
your spine tighten.

She turns back. Hesitates.

RUIZ (CONT'D)

Why do I feel like... it's not just
a signal?

Kovacs exhales sharply. Turns up the volume slightly.

KOVACS

Because it isn't.

Silence.

Suddenly a low HUM fills the room. But the headphones are off.

The sound is not in the audio feed. It's in the air.

They freeze.

KOVACS (CONT'D)

It's here.

FADE OUT.

INT. NASA - BRIEFING ROOM - DAY

A sterile, high-security conference room. Whiteboards. LED panels. The image of a damaged satellite flashes on the main screen.

GENERAL WALTER HENDERSON (late 50s), gruff and done with everyone's shit, steps to the front. He sips from a military grade coffee mug.

GEN. HENDERSON

Good morning, scientists,
overqualified engineers, and
caffeine addicts.

The crew sits around the table:

- KOVACS (paranoid, twitchy)
- RUIZ (cool, analytical)
- MARK SPENCER (sarcastic, unimpressed)
- DR. RANDY MCCARTHY (too optimistic)
- CAPTAIN JASON REED (chill, pilot swagger)

GEN. HENDERSON (CONT'D)

Our Echo-7 satellite got bitch-slapped by something unidentified.

MARK raises an eyebrow.

MARK

Could be a meteorite. Or a Chinese bolt. Or a very angry bird.

GEN. HENDERSON

It's not a joke. Knocked our system out cold.

RUIZ

What do you want us to do?

GEN. HENDERSON

Get up there. Fix it. Don't die.
Don't cost more than we already paid.

RANDY grins.

RANDY

So... just a standard cosmic death
trap. Got it.

CAP. REED

Can we at least play music during
liftoff?

GEN. HENDERSON

Sure. But if I hear Adele mid-
repair, I'll personally reroute
your oxygen to the trash.

MARK leans back, smirking.

MARK

No "Rolling in the Deep"? That's
cold.

Some chuckles. Henderson doesn't laugh.

GEN. HENDERSON

Wheels up in 24 hours. If any of
you die, it's paperwork I don't
want to fill.

He walks out. Silence lingers a second. Then:

RANDY

Great pep talk. Real motivational.

FADE OUT.

INT. SHUTTLE HORIZON - IN ORBIT

Inside the sleek interior of the shuttle, organized chaos
reigns. Straps hang loose. Tools float. The hum of systems is
constant.

CAPTAIN JASON REED floats by, dodging a rogue sandwich
drifting like it owns the place.

CAP. REED

Okay, who left a sandwich in zero-G? This thing just tried to slap me.

MARK

Randy. I can smell the mustard from here.

RANDY

In the name of science, I plead the fifth.

RUIZ

If he eats that, I want to be the one who calls it at the autopsy.

Everyone laughs. RUIZ floats past with calculated grace.

KOVACS watches the console, dead serious.

KOVACS

Satellite approach in fifteen minutes.

CAP. REED

Cool. Plenty of time for a round of UNO.

MARK

Are you high? We're in space. UNO is illegal past the stratosphere.

CAP. REED

Exactly. No laws up here. Just vibes and vacuum.

They all smirk, except Kovacs glued to the readouts.

KOVACS

Echo-7's signal is erratic. I don't like it.

RANDY

We never like anything in space. That's kind of our thing now.

Suddenly, the com beeps.

RUIZ

Let's do a systems check before we
reach that space corpse.

MARK

And maybe chain Randy to something.
For everyone's safety.

FADE OUT.

EXT. ON SATELLITE - ORBIT - LATER

Space. Black, endless. The horizon curves below like a
sleeping beast. The crew floats outside the shuttle, tethered
like puppets on invisible strings.

RANDY struggles to adjust a panel. Sparks fly.

RANDY

Okay, I'm 90% sure this isn't
supposed to be sparking.

MARK (O.S.)

What's the other 10%?

RANDY

Pure faith and caffeine.

REED hovers nearby, scanning diagnostics.

CAP. REED

Hey, Kovacs, something's off with
the magnetic lock.

KOVACS (O.S.)

Off how?

CAP. REED

Like... it's repelling us.

REED reaches for the panel and it twitches. Just a flicker.
Like it "moved".

REED

Did the fucking satellite just
flinch?

Silence.

RUIZ (O.S.)

I'm getting interference. Audio's
cutting in and out.

Static crackles. Then a low, unnatural tone. Deep. Rhythmic.
Not human.

MARK (O.S.)

Guys, tell me you heard that. That
wasn't us.

RANDY's visor fogs slightly from the inside.

RANDY

Okay. Now I'm sweating in a suit
that recycles my sweat. This is
fine.

The satellite's surface pulses, almost imperceptibly. A wave.
Like breath.

KOVACS (O.S.)

Pull back. Now.

RUIZ (O.S.)

Everyone retreat. Now, now, now!

Tethers jerk. Tools drift. The com fills with static and one,
faint sound:

A VOICE. Whispered. Digital and wrong.

UNKNOWN VOICE (O.S.)

Lis...tening...

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. SHUTTLE HORIZON - AIRLOCK - MOMENTS LATER

The crew drifts back inside, pale and shaken. Helmets come off. Breathing is ragged. No one speaks.

MARK drops into a seat, wipes sweat from his forehead.

MARK

Okay, not to alarm anyone, but my
soul left my body back there.

RANDY peels off his gloves, staring at his shaking hands.

RANDY

There was something. I felt...
watched.

KOVACS

It wasn't watching. It was
"feeling" us. Like sonar... but
conscious.

CAP. REED paces the cramped cabin, muttering.

CAP. REED

Did anyone else hear the voice?
Like someone whispering inside your
skull?

Everyone freezes.

RUIZ

So it wasn't just me.

MARK looks around, eyes wide.

MARK

We brought it back with us, didn't
we?

Static hisses softly from the comms unprompted.

RUIZ

That's not normal.

KOVACS

Shut down all external channels. I
want hard isolation.

CAP. REED

We're in orbit, man. Nothing's
supposed to follow you "home" from
a satellite.

A low hum builds from the floor faint, almost like it's
coming from inside the ship.

RANDY

You guys hear that?

They all fall silent. The hum fades.

MARK

Cool. Love that for us. Haunted
shuttle. 10/10.

FADE OUT.

INT. HORIZON - COMMS STATION - MOMENTS LATER

The crew is gathered around the main console. Static buzzes.
Ruiz fine-tunes the signal.

RUIZ

Echo-7 is unstable. Structural
damage is critical. Repair's not
possible from here.

REED

Recommend remote shutdown. We've
done all we can.

A beat. Then

HENDERSON (V.O.)

Negative. You're not done.

Everyone stiffens.

HENDERSON (V.O.)

I don't care if it's breathing
fire. That satellite doesn't get
left behind. You go back.

MARK

Sir, with all due respect it's not
just broken. It's wrong.

RANDY

We felt something out there. It's
not technical. It's... alive.

HENDERSON (V.O.)

You are not priests. You are
engineers. Fix it.

Silence. The line crackles then goes dead.

RUIZ

(choked)

He's sending us back.

KOVACS

He doesn't understand. Or he
doesn't care.

REED

Either way... we go.

Nobody moves.

MARK

We're not astronauts to him. We're
tools.

RANDY

Disposable ones.

Ruiz powers down the console. The room dims. Outside the
window, Echo-7 floats like a wound that won't close.

REED

Suit up.

The crew exchanges weary, silent glances. No one agrees. But no one refuses.

CUT TO:

EXT. ON SATELLITE - FIGHT AGAINST TIME

Ruiz and Kovacs manually restart the cooling circuit.

RUIZ

Oh God... come on, come on...

Mark struggling to stabilize a panel. Temperature's dropping.

ALARM GOES OFF.

MARK

Am I dead?

KOVACS

Apparently no.

MARK

Well, let's go, 'cause it's a
little thick around here.

Ruiz nods. But before he leaves, something catches his eye.

He looks at the satellite's metal components. They don't look right.

RUIZ

Uh, wait a minute.

He approaches. He runs his hand over the surface of a steel plate.

MARK

Ruiz, really? Uh, what are you
doing? Let's get in the shuttle.

RUIZ

Check this out.

He's showing her the panels. They're all partially stripped.
Mark narrows his eyes.

MARK

I didn't leave that.

KOVACS

What the hell?

All the components appear to be hit by extreme vibration. But nothing was supposed to cause that.

MARK

It's like it vibrated by itself.

RUIZ

And yet, there shouldn't have been
nothing here that would cause
something like this something.

A faint creaking coming from inside the satellite.

MARK

No. I'm done with this.

I'm going back in the shuttle. Mark pushes back toward
Horizon. Kovacs takes another look. Something doesn't feel
right. He looks at Ruiz. Their eyes meet.

KOVACS

Let's not say anything yet.

Ruiz shakes his head. He walks away from the satellite. But
in his shadow, an indistinct shape seems to move... for a
split second.

INT. NASA - CONTROL ROOM - DAY

Rows of screens. Blinking lights. Analysts shuffle around
with confused expressions.

On the main screen: data feeds from the Horizon mission. The
readouts are... strange.

An intern frowns.

INTERN

Sir, Echo-7 is pinging us again.
But... it's not a ping.

SUPERVISOR

What does that mean?

INTERN

It's a full data stream.
Compressed. Repeating.

The SUPERVISOR, mid-40s, hardened, leans over.

SUPERVISOR

Replay it.

They play the stream. It flashes on screen—binary. Then waveforms. Then symbols.

Weird symbols.

TECH 1

That's not telemetry. That's...
language?

TECH 2

It's evolving. The code is
"changing" every time it loops.

SUPERVISOR

Is this feedback from the crew?

INTERN

No, sir. It's from the satellite.
Echo-7 is transmitting on its own.

Dead silence.

Then, the screen goes black for a beat.

And a message appears in plain English:

"HELLO."

Gasps in the room. Phones start
ringing. People freeze.

TECH 2

Uh... who exactly are we talking
to?

CUT TO BLACK.

INT. HORIZON - COMMAND DECK - CONTINUOUS

Chaos. Lights flicker. Alarms wail. Everyone scrambles
checking systems, shouting over one another.

Then the door slides open.

MARCUS steps inside. Calm. Silent. Almost... out of place.

He watches. Takes a slow breath. Doesn't say a word.

One by one, the crew notices him.

They fall silent.

He walks toward the center console. Slowly. With intention.

MARCUS
(softly, without fear)

Don't be afraid.

Eyes narrow. Mark clenches his jaw. Ruiz stares like she
wants to ask something but doesn't.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

It's just a tantrum. A cosmic mood
swing.

Beat. Silence.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

Things will settle. You'll see.

He glances toward the viewport.

No one responds.

They just watch him. Suspicious. Frustrated.
Afraid.

FADE TO:

INT. SHUTTLE HORIZON - MAIN CABIN - EMERGENCY MODE

Red strobes flash. A shrieking alarm pulses through the cramped ship. The air is heavy too heavy.

Oxygen levels plummet on the screen.

KOVACS

We're losing life support. Fast.

RUIZ

Switching to backup. Manual
override!

She yanks open a panel, sparks flying. Her hands tremble.

MARK

What the fuck is happening?! We
fixed the systems!

RANDY

Did we? Or did we just wake
something up?

The walls creak not mechanical. Organic.

A subtle hum runs through the ship like a heartbeat.

CAP. REED

We're not just failing. We're being
"shut down".

Static buzzes on the comms. Then... that voice again. Clearer
this time.

UNKNOWN VOICE (O.S.)

Do not resist.

KOVACS slams the power grid. Lights go out then surge back to
life in a flicker.

KOVACS

I don't care if it's God on the
comms shut it all down!

MARK grabs a toolkit, panting.

MARK

If this thing takes over the ship,
we're dead. Or worse.

RUIZ

Define 'worse'?

MARK

Still thinking. Ideas welcome.

Suddenly, a screen bursts to life showing "one of them"
sleeping in their pod. But... they're all awake.

RANDY

Okay, nope. That's me. That's me in
that bed. What the actual fu...

REED

It's toying with us.

KOVACS

No. It's "showing us something".
Preparing us.

MARK

For what?

Silence.

UNKNOWN VOICE (O.S.)

For the merging.

Everyone freezes.

CUT TO BLACK.

INT. SHUTTLE - COCKPIT

CAPTAIN REED fights the controls. Sweat drips down his face.

CAP. REED

Manual override's not responding.
It's flying itself!

RUIZ

I thought you "were" the override.

CAP. REED

Apparently not anymore!

The stars outside distort not just speed, but shape. Space itself bends.

KOVACS

Reality's unstable. We're seeing...
folds. Gravitational distortion
from inside.

MARK

Just say "we're screwed" like a
normal person.

A loud "CRACK" not mechanical. More like... "something breaking in the fabric of space".

Suddenly, the ship shudders. Lights flicker. The stars outside stutter, then flash white.

INT. SHUTTLE - MAIN CABIN

A low hum builds different than before. It pulses inside their chests.

RANDY

This is not retreat. This is
"transmission".

RUIZ

What?

RANDY

I think it's sending us back... as
data.

MARK

If I wake up as a jpeg on someone's
desktop, I swear...

The comms spark. And once again, the voice returns.

UNKNOWN VOICE (O.S.)

Destination is irrelevant. You are
already here.

Everyone stares at each other.

FADE OUT.

INT. SHUTTLE HORIZON - UNKNOWN TIME

Total darkness.

Then flickering emergency lights. Slow. Uneven.

RANDY is curled in a corner, whispering something to himself.

RANDY

It's not in the ship... it's in my
"voice"... it's using my voice...

REED floats in zero-G, eyes open, unblinking. His pupils...
fractured. Like broken glass.

RUIZ

Randy? Randy! Talk to me!

He doesn't move.

MARK is holding a wrench like a weapon, breathing fast. Every
small sound makes him twitch.

MARK

We're not alone. We're not
together. I see you, but I don't
"feel" you.

RUIZ

No one touches anything. No
systems. No voices. Nothing.

Suddenly KOVACS lets out a raw scream from the med bay.

INT. SHUTTLE - MED BAY

KOVACS is strapped to the table. Eyes wide. Convulsing.

KOVACS

I saw it I "am" it I'm not supposed
to know what I know!

RUIZ

Breathe! You're here. You're with
us!

KOVACS

No. No, I "was" here. I'm already
"gone".

The ship HUMS again. But this time, the sound comes from
"inside their skulls".

INT. SHUTTLE - MAIN CABIN

MARK drops to his knees.

MARK

What if we never left? What if this
is the loop? What if this is
forever?

Silence.

REED finally speaks. Soft. Empty.

CAP. REED

Then we'd better stop pretending
we're human.

EXT. EARTH ORBIT - THE UNIMAGINABLE VISION

The Horizon shuttle floats in a vacuum. But the shadow... The shadow drops from the ship's surface.

Like some kind of cosmic parasite, it begins to stretch out in all directions, as if impossibly shaped for human perception. Inside the monitors record a signal... Impossible frequency. Below the threshold of human perception. Like a thought from the universe. Kovacs analyzes the data with trembling hands.

KOVACS

It's... a brain wave.

RUIZ

(whispering)

The first mind of the universe.

INT. SHUTTLE HORIZON - UNDEFINED SPACE - NOWHERE

The ship groans. Not from impact from within. Metal moans like a living organism in pain.

Lights pulse. Red. Blue. Then black.

Then all gravity drops. The crew floats... but the walls don't stay still.

They MOVE. Like breathing skin.

MARK

Oh fuck... oh fuck... oh fuck! Why
are the walls moving?

RUIZ

This isn't happening. This isn't
happening. This isn't...

A SCREAM erupts from the next module.

They rush in.

INT. SHUTTLE - MODULE 2

RANDY is spinning in mid air, his body contorted in unnatural ways.

RANDY

It's inside my blood—it's rewriting
me MAKE IT STOP!

His face glitches. For a microsecond, he has "someone else's
face".

Then his own. Then no face at all.

KOVACS

It's corrupting perception. Space.
Memory. We're no longer bound by
sequence.

MARK

Speak English or shut the hell up!

Suddenly, MARK sees something behind KOVACS.

A copy of "himself". Just floating. Smiling. Bleeding from
the eyes.

MARK (CONT'D)

That's me. That's "me". Tell me you
see that!

REED

I see nothing.

The fake MARK opens his mouth. A VOICE comes out the VOICE.

But this time, in "Mark's own voice".

FAKE MARK

I was always here.

He vanishes.

Kovacs convulses. Screams echo from every part of the ship
but none of the crew is screaming.

RUIZ

This isn't real.

KOVACS

No. This is "more" real than
reality ever was.

Suddenly the ship's interior peels back. Revealing stars.

Not through windows through "cracks in the walls of
existence".

The void stares in.

UNKNOWN VOICE (O.S.)

Return.

MARK

What are we returning "to"?!

UNKNOWN VOICE (O.S.)

Your origin.

The floor beneath them vanishes.

They fall.

But there's no direction. No gravity. No body.

Only fear.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. THE HORIZON SHUTTLE - POWERLESS

The lights flicker. Not like before. This time they don't
come back.

Total blackout. The ship is dead.

Silence.

Then... a breath.

Not from the crew. From the "ship itself". Like metal lungs
pulling in vacuum.

RUIZ floats in the dark, eyes wide, whispering.

RUIZ

I don't think this is about
survival anymore.

MARK

No shit. Survival was two system
collapses ago.

RANDY

So what now? We wait for the dark
to eat us?

KOVACS

It's not the dark we should fear.

Beat.

KOVACS (CONT'D)

It's the "truth" hiding in it.

One by one, their watches stop. No ticking. Time has been...
removed.

The console turns on by itself. No power source. No sound.
Just light.

A soft blue pulse like a heartbeat. Familiar.

REED stares at it, entranced.

CAP. REED

That signal... it's not transmitting
anymore.

RUIZ

Then what is it?

REED

It's calling.

Everyone stills.

A sound begins to build. A layered frequency. Not voice. Not
language.

But it feels like "a sentence".

UNKNOWN (SUBCONSCIOUS VOICE)

You are near the center.

MARK

What center?

UNKNOWN

Yourself.

MARK backs away from the console.

MARK

Nope. Nuh-uh. That's enough
enlightenment for one lifetime.

KOVACS

This isn't a message.

He turns.

KOVACS (CONT'D)

It's an "invitation".

Silence.

Suddenly gravity returns. Hard. The ship jolts.

Everyone is slammed down.

One of them screams but the sound comes out "delayed", like
it had to travel through another dimension first.

Everything... warps.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. SHUTTLE - MAIN CABIN

Alarms remain silent. But they all hear it a "soundless hum"
deep in their bones.

RUIZ

Do we even know what "reality"
means right now?

MARK

At this point, I'm 80% sure we're
just code running in someone's
broken cosmic laptop.

KOVACS

Then let's make noise until it
crashes.

Suddenly the stars go dark.

All of them. At once.

The only light is from within the ship and from something
glowing just outside.

REED

Contact. Port side.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. NASA - CONTROL ROOM - EARTH - NIGHT

The room is packed. Dim lighting. Monitors everywhere. The
air is thick with stress.

SUPERVISOR LEE (50s), cool under pressure, stares at a
primary screen.

On it: Horizon's telemetry. Corrupted. Spliced with
unfamiliar symbols.

TECH 1

We lost full comms twenty-three
minutes ago. Now we're getting...
this.

TECH 2

These aren't errors. They're
intentional. Repeating, evolving.

SUPERVISOR LEE leans forward. The data pulses like a living
thing.

SUPERVISOR LEE

Get the language team.

TECH 1

It's not a language we know.

SUPERVISOR LEE

Then get people who know what we
don't.

Across the room, a wall of screens shows distorted footage
from the shuttle interior.

For a moment a face appears in the static. It's "not one of
the crew".

TECH 2

Sir... we're not alone on that
ship.

Phones ring. A red line blinks.

LEE picks it up. Listens.

His face drops a shade. Then two.

SUPERVISOR LEE
(to room)

They want full blackout. No press.
No intel leak. Not even internal.

TECH 1

What do we tell the families?

SUPERVISOR LEE

That were doing everything we can.

A beat.

SUPERVISOR LEE (CONT'D)

And hope they never know the truth.

CUT TO BLACK.

INT. NASA - CONTROL ROOM - DAY

The atmosphere has shifted.

No more chaos just silence, discipline, and denial.

SUPERVISOR LEE stands in front of a muted screen showing the Horizon. Still adrift.

TECH 1

They're still transmitting... sort
of.

SUPERVISOR LEE

Define "sort of."

TECH 1

It's not telemetry. It's...
signals. Rhythmic. Like breath.

TECH 2

And there's a pattern. A message.
But it's not for us.

Lee stares at the screen. He knows.

SUPERVISOR LEE

Then stop trying to read it.

He turns to leave.

TECH 1

Sir... should we inform Command?

Lee pauses.

SUPERVISOR LEE

Command already knows.

CUT TO:

INT. NASA - CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

Low lighting. Focused silence. Everyone's watching the same screen.

Telemetry data from the Horizon glitches. The ship's icon blinks. Then vanishes.

TECH 1

Signal lost. Tracking systems
show... nothing.

SUPERVISOR LEE

What do you mean "nothing"?

TECH 1

No trace. It's like the ship was
never there.

The room stills. Someone turns up the volume on the audio feed.

A faint signal emerges warped, broken but "there".

Then, a voice. Inhumanly calm.

AUDIO (V.O.)

"Do not be afraid".

The team exchanges looks.

TECH 2

It came from Horizon's location.
But it's not their frequency. It's
new.

SUPERVISOR LEE

Nods slowly.

SUPERVISOR LEE (CONT'D)

Prep SENTINEL-1. Autonomous recon.
No feedback, no broadcast.

INT. LAUNCH STATION - NIGHT

A sleek probe is loaded into a rail launcher. Lights go green.

The launch is silent clean ominous.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A new blip appears on the main screen: "SENTINEL-1".

ETA: 04:21:53

Then static.

TECH 1

It's gone. We lost the drone.

SUPERVISOR LEE

Confirm it.

TECH 2

It didn't crash. It didn't blink.
It just... stopped existing.

Silence.

The room lights shift subtly as a high-level visitor enters.

"CARTER (50s)", black suit, unreadable expression. Not military, not scientist. Something in between.

CARTER

You did your job. That's all we
ask.

SUPERVISOR LEE

Who are you?

CARTER

Someone who thinks containment is
more important than understanding.

SUPERVISOR LEE

We just lost five people.

CARTER

And you may have saved five
billion.

He opens a folder. Slides it across the table.

CARTER (CONT'D)

The President has authorized the
activation of Project VIGILANT.

TECH 1

Another rescue?

CARTER

No. Not rescue. Assessment.

SUPERVISOR LEE

You mean... threat verification?

Carter doesn't answer. Just stares.

CARTER

These decisions are not made at
your level.

He turns and exits.

Everyone watches the screen.

The Horizon is still gone. But the message remains.

AUDIO (V.O.)

Do not be afraid.

FADE OUT.

INT. NASA - BRIEFING ROOM - DAY

Clean. Sterile. No emotion.

A group of high-ranking officials sit around a long glass table.

Among them: CARTER, LEE, a MILITARY LIAISON, and a FEMALE SCIENTIST.

On the screen: still images from Horizon's last transmissions. Corrupted. One frame clearly shows a shadow... humanoid.

MILITARY LIAISON

We need to determine if this is
biological, technological, or
psychological.

FEMALE SCIENTIST

You're assuming it's one of those.
What if it's none?

CARTER

Then it's new. And we treat it as
hostile until proven otherwise.

LEE

The signal repeated. "Do not be
afraid." That's not a threat.

CARTER

It's manipulation. And manipulation
is strategy.

He clicks a button. A document appears: "PROJECT VIGILANT -
MISSION PARAMETERS".

CARTER (CONT'D)

Launch in 36 hours. Primary
objective: survey. Secondary:
recovery. Tertiary: suppression.

Everyone freezes at that last word.

MILITARY LIAISON

What are we suppressing?

CARTER

Whatever got them.

FEMALE SCIENTIST

Or... whatever they became.

Silence.

LEE

You're preparing for war.

CARTER

No. I'm preparing for contagion.

He closes the file.

CARTER (CONT'D)

If knowledge is a virus, this thing
is airborne.

FADE OUT.

INT. NASA CAFETERIA - DAY

A bright, sterile space. The soft hum of machines. AVA and NINA sit at a table, exhausted but amused, still catching their breath after a long training session. Trays half-full. Laughter half-hearted.

In the background, a MAN in a clean, crisp flight suit takes a coffee from the dispenser. New face. Calm movements. He scans the room then walks toward their table.

MARCUS

Excuse me... is this seat taken?

NINA

(eyeing him)

Uh, no. You're... new?

MARCUS

Sort of new. I've just been
assigned to the Vigilant.

AVA
(curious)

Backup pilot?

Marcus tilts his head slightly. Not quite answering. A warm smile forms.

MARCUS

May I ask... what makes you trust a
pilot?

Ava and Nina glance at each other unsure whether he's joking or not.

MARCUS (CONT'D)
(playfully)

Or is it more of an instinct thing?

A beat. He sips his coffee.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

It fascinates me... how people let
themselves be led into the unknown.
With so much hope.

They watch him. The smile, the calm, the depth. Something about him feels... off. But not in a bad way.

NINA

Trust is overrated. I prefer
telemetry.

MARCUS

And if the system fails?

NINA

Then I blame physics. Not fate.

Marcus smiles, unbothered.

MARCUS

I see. No room for mystery in your
world?

NINA
(dry)

Only unsolved variables. And I
don't worship those either.

Marcus nods, like he expected that. Like it confirms something.

MARCUS
(softly)

Even disbelief is a kind of faith.

Nina freezes for half a beat. That got through. Barely. But it did.

Ava watches the exchange. Curious. Then silence returns.

FADE OUT.

INT. NASA BRIEFING ROOM - DAY

COMMANDER TAYLOR stands in front of the crew. The screen behind her glows with encrypted data and mission schematics.

COMMANDER TAYLOR

It's a confirmation mission.
Observation. Containment if needed.

The word hangs in the air: containment.

Silence.

MARCUS
(measured, thoughtful)

Do we know what it wants?

Taylor blinks. A beat.

COMMANDER TAYLOR

It's not about what it wants. It's
about making sure it doesn't
threaten us.

Marcus nods slowly, his eyes fixed on the display.

MARCUS

Sometimes a signal is just...
waiting for someone to listen.

Another silence. Not tension curiosity.

COMMANDER TAYLOR
(brushing it off)

Dismissed. Wheels up in 0300. Make
history.

The crew begins to rise. Chairs scrape. Marcus remains still
for a moment, gaze calm, thoughtful.

FADE OUT.

INT. NASA - PRE-BOARDING CHECK - DAY

Final prep area. Clean. Tense. Controlled chaos.

The VIGILANT crew lines up. Suits on. Helmets ready. One by
one, they step forward to be checked.

TECH OPERATOR (V.O.)

ID check. VIGILANT team. Confirming
five crew:

TECH OPERATOR (V.O.)

(1) COMMANDER AVA TAYLOR
(Mission lead)

Strategist. Focused. Carries more than she shows.

AVA nods once, firm but her eyes drift for a second. Just a
second.

TECH OPERATOR (V.O.)

(2) LT. MARCUS DARNELL
(PILOT)

Calm. Composed. The kind of silence that listens.

Marcus steps up. Glances sideways at Ava sees the storm
beneath her armor.

MARCUS
(softly, only for her)

She's going to be alright.

Ava stiffens. Her head turns, slow.

AVA

What?

MARCUS

Your mother.

A pause. Too much. Too intimate. Ava doesn't respond.

Marcus offers a soft, knowing nod. Then steps forward.

TECH OPERATOR (V.O.)

(3) NINA PARK
(FLIGHT ENGINEER)

Systems savant. Sceptic. Doesn't believe in God. Yet.

NINA smirks, not at anyone in particular. Tightens her gloves.

TECH OPERATOR (V.O.)

(4) DR. ELIAS MOORE
(BIO-SPECIALIST)

Brilliant. Inquisitive. Hates eye contact. Loves puzzles.

MOORE gives a nervous thumbs-up to no one.

TECH OPERATOR (V.O.)

(5) SGT. DOMINIC REYES
(SECURITY)

Blunt. Loyal. Deeply uncomfortable with deep space.

REYES taps his helmet twice, like a ritual. Breathes out.

TECH (O.S.)

VIGILANT team, clear for boarding.
Final call.

The crew exchanges brief glances. Last looks.

They walk one by one toward the unknown.

INT. NASA - OBSERVATION DECK - NIGHT

Silence.

General HENDERSON stares through the wide window. Earth glows below like a memory too bright to touch.

In his hand a worn photo. A woman and two boys. Smiles frozen in a time he no longer lives in.

He pulls out his phone.

Types.

Stops.

Backspaces slowly, like erasing hope.

He hesitates... then deletes the message entirely.

The phone goes back in his pocket. He keeps staring out, jaw tense. A war behind the eyes.

Footsteps. Soft. Calm.

MARCUS enters, quiet as thought. He stops beside Henderson. Doesn't say anything at first. Just watches the stars.

MARCUS
(gentle, not intruding)

You should call her.

No reaction.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

She cried. So did the boys. God
heard them.

Henderson tenses. His stare hardens. Not anger something older. Something broken and tired.

He turns slightly. No words.

But his eyes say:

"Who are you to know this?"

"What do you want from me?"

"You don't belong in my pain."

Marcus doesn't flinch.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

Beneath the uniform.. you're still a
man.

Silence.

Henderson says nothing. But something flickers in him. A crack in the steel.

Marcus walks away. No farewell. No smile.

Just presence. Then absence.

Henderson stay. Watching.

FADE OUT.

INT. NASA - TRANSIT BAY - PRE-LAUNCH SILENCE

Dim light. Empty hallway.

Only a low, steady hum.

The moment before momentum.

INT. NASA HANGAR - SHUTTLE VIGILANT - MORNING

The hangar is cathedral like. Quiet. Sterile.

In the center, the shuttle VIGILANT stands prepped and gleaming. Sleek, dark, and coiled like a weapon.

The crew moves in silence, suiting up. Technicians check systems, but no one speaks unless necessary.

MARCUS

Ever get the feeling we're not
coming back?

NINA

I get that feeling buying milk
these days.

They share a thin smile. Then silence again.

INT. SHUTTLE VIGILANT - BOARDING SEQUENCE - NIGHT

Inside, it's colder. Tighter.

Everything is ready but it all feels... final.

MISSION TECH

Final checklist complete. Comm link
green. Power core stable.

COMMANDER TAYLOR (O.S.)

Final boarding in two minutes.
Doors seal at 02:59.

Outside, CARTER watches from an upper platform. Hands behind
his back.

Expression unreadable.

TECHNICIAN (TO CARTER)

They have no idea what they're
flying into.

CARTER

That's the point.

INT. SHUTTLE - BOARDING TUNNEL

The crew walks single file, helmets in hand. No chatter. Only
breath and footsteps.

One of them glances back toward Earth one last time.

Then forward. Into the unknown.

CUT TO:

INT. VIGILANT - MAIN CABIN - IN ROUTE TO ECHO-7

Low ambient light. The thrusters hum softly, steady and sure.

Outside, the stars watch in absolute stillness.

DARNELL is at the controls calm, precise.

He pilots as if he's coming home.

A subtle smile rests on his lips.

TAYLOR studies mission data. PARK checks the panels. MOORE stares out, lost. REYES chews gum like it's his last defense.

REYES

So... this is the part where we pretend we're not terrified?

MOORE

I'm not terrified.

REYES

Great. That makes one of us.

TAYLOR
(not looking up)

Eyes on protocols. This isn't a vacation.

PARK

We're approaching Echo-7's signal perimeter.

TAYLOR

Any visual on Horizon?

DARNELL
(softly)

Nothing. Just static... and silence.

PARK

Still no telemetry from their black box.

MOORE

Which means either we're the first... or...

A flicker in the lights. Just once. Everyone notices. Darnell doesn't flinch. His smile lingers.

REYES

Why the hell are we even going?

PARK

Because someone up there thinks
it's fixable.

TAYLOR

And someone down here gave us
orders.

Another flicker. This one longer. Darnell glances toward the stars.

DARNELL

There's no need to be afraid.

Everyone turns, surprised. His tone is almost... serene.

DARNELL (CONT'D)

Some places just remember how to
welcome you.

No one knows what that means.

REYES

Okay, now I'm officially creeped
out.

Silence.

TAYLOR

Get some rest. Contact zone in five
hours.

Lights dim on their own.

Each face lingers in shadow fear, logic, doubt, faith.

Only Darnell remains still, eyes gently closed, hands on the controls.

As if he already knows the way.

FADE OUT.

INT. VIGILANT - MAIN CABIN - APPROACHING ECHO-7

Lights are dim. Outside, the stars seem... wrong.

Echo-7's signal pulses like a heartbeat on the main screen.

PARK

Echo-7's broadcasting on six
overlapping frequencies. That
shouldn't be possible.

MOORE

Could be bleed through from
Horizon's systems.

MARCUS

Or something pretending to be them.

A beat. The room tenses. Taylor studies the data stream.

TAYLOR

Visual in thirty seconds. Adjust
for drift. Stay sharp.

REYES

This is the part where the music
turns creepy, right?

PARK

It already did.

They move toward the viewport.

Marcus doesn't. He just stares at the beacon, serene.

MARCUS

Some things call to us in the
language we're most afraid to
understand.

NINA

(laughs, dry)

Jesus, Marcus. Can you just say
"radio interference" like a normal
pilot?

MARCUS

(interested)

Why would I?

She rolls her eyes. The others glance at each other.

The signal blinks faster.

Outside Echo-7 begins to take shape, like a monument waiting for pilgrims.

FADE OUT.

EXT. SPACE - ECHO-7 IN SIGHT

The satellite appears. Rotating slowly. Silent. Pristine.

Too pristine.

INT. MAIN CABIN - CONTINUOUS

The cabin is hushed. Dim light glows from the panels, pulsing slowly.

The ship trembles faintly. Instruments blink in silent warning.

MOORE

No external damage. No temperature
loss. That thing's...

REYES

Please don't say that.

The hum returns. Low, melodic. Almost... sorrowful.

Marcus sits quietly near the viewport, his eyes on the void beyond calm, like a monk at peace.

Ava watches him.

She hesitates. Then walks over, slow.

AVA

Earlier... you said she'll be okay.

MARCUS
(still looking out)

I did.

AVA

My mother. She's in a coma.
Terminal.

A silence thicker than air. Marcus turns to her, softly.

AVA (CONT'D)

I never told anyone. Not here. Not
at NASA. How...?

Marcus blinks. His eyes shimmer not with light, but with
presence.

MARCUS

You don't need to speak sorrow for
it to echo.

Ava exhales, faltering.

AVA

I wake up every day thinking
today's the last time I'll still
have a mother.

She wipes a tear, fast. Angry at herself for feeling.

Marcus slowly reaches out and rests a hand over hers warm,
steady.

MARCUS

Child... trust.

She looks up, fragile and startled.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

The Horizon crew they lost that.

He looks back at the data screens, flickering, unreadable.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

They forgot who they were. And when
you lose yourself... you're easy to
erase.

Behind them, Nina watches half-lit in red glow.

She doesn't speak. But her face darkens.

Not with anger.

With fear.

TAYLOR (O.S.)

Final systems check. Two minutes to
contact.

Marcus steps away, silent again.

Ava stands motionless. Her reflection in the viewport looks
like it's trembling.

FADE OUT.

EXT. VIGILANT - NEAR ECHO-7

The two crafts face each other in the void.

One alive. One... waiting.

FADE OUT.

EXT. ECHO-7 - CONTINUOUS

As they approach, something becomes undeniable:

Echo-7 reflects starlight in impossible directions.

Like it's bending space or folding it in on itself.

The surface doesn't shine it moves.

A shimmer like a silent ocean, holding its breath.

MOORE (V.O.)

I think it's reacting to us.

REYES (V.O.)

I think it's aware of us.

The shuttle hums then trembles.

A sound vibrates through the cabin.

Not mechanical. Not natural.

Like a thought... trying to become audible.

Behind VIGILANT, the camera lingers as if something unseen watches them enter the frame.

Then, the shuttle rotates on its own. Slowly. Unplanned.

TAYLOR (V.O.)

Compensate drift. Full manual.

PARK (V.O.)

Controls aren't responding.

INT. COCKPIT - CONTINUOUS

Marcus keeps his hands on the controls. He doesn't panic.

MARCUS
(whispers)

It's not drift.

TAYLOR

Then what is it?

He stares through the glass at Echo-7's shifting surface.

MARCUS

It's invitation.

A beat. No one answers. The hum grows stronger.

Marcus almost smiles not out of joy, but as if he's meeting something he's known forever.

FADE OUT.

EXT. SPACE

WIDE SHOT

Silence.

Space stretches endlessly in every direction black, glittering, eternal.

Two objects hang in this abyss:

The SHUTTLE VIGILANT and The SATELLITE ECHO-7

From this distance, both are specks. Flecks of light floating in void.

Yet something feels wrong.

Stars flicker unnaturally near Echo-7 as if reality is bending subtly around it.

The camera drifts further back.

Now Earth enters frame glowing, vulnerable, unaware.

For a moment, all three exist together:

Earth.

The watchers.

The watched.

And in between...

A ripple. Barely visible. Like space exhaling.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. SHUTTLE "VIGILANT" - COMM STATION - ORBIT ECHO-7

Soft static. Then a signal stabilizes.

On the screen: the NASA CONTROL ROOM, filtered and flickering slightly.

TAYLOR

This is Vigilant. Visual on Echo-7 confirmed. No damage observed.

Satellite appears... intact. Possibly active.

NASA TECH (V.O.)

Vigilant. Proceed with standard perimeter scan.

Maintain current orbit. No engagement until instructed.

PARK

We're detecting irregular radiation near the hull. It's not on the spectrum chart.

MOORE

And the stars are... wrong.
Literally. Positions are off by
microdegrees.

A pause from NASA. Just background noise.

Then

SUPERVISOR LEE (V.O.)

Data received. Stay focused. Do not
interpret. Just observe.

REYES

Great. So we're flying blind with
orders to keep our eyes closed.

Taylor shoots him a look.

TAYLOR

Copy, Control. Holding pattern
until further notice.

Signal degrades for a moment. Audio distorts.

A voice cuts in not from NASA.

UNKNOWN (V.O.)

Do not be afraid.

Silence.

NASA's image flickers back.

LEE (V.O.)

Vigilant? Repeat. You broke
transmission. Confirm last message?

TAYLOR
(tense)

No message sent. Maintaining
current position.

LEE (V.O.)

Understood. Control out.

The screen goes black.

They all stare at the silence.

MOORE

That wasn't them.

PARK

Then who the hell was it?

FADE OUT.

The screen goes black.

Outside the window total stillness.

Except the stars.

They're gone.

Silence.

Ava looks at Marcus. Just... looks.

AVA

(quietly)

What do we do now?

Marcus doesn't move at first. Then slowly he blinks.
Breathes. Calm.

MARCUS

Reality knows its course.

Sometimes the most human thing we can do... is to step aside.

AVA

You're saying we... do nothing?

MARCUS

I'm saying we trust.

NINA

(snaps)

Trust what? Ghost satellites?
Glitch gods?

Marcus turns his gaze to her not angry. Just... present.

MARCUS

The more you fight it, the more it
teaches.

The Horizon crew forgot that.

No one speaks.

The hum continues. Deep. Inevitable.

They are now untracked.

Unseen.

And for the first time truly alone.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. NASA - HENDERSON'S OFFICE - NIGHT

The room is dim. Almost sacred in its stillness.

Henderson sits behind his desk, hands folded, eyes locked on
a photo frame.

A woman. Two boys. A smile from a lifetime ago.

He picks it up. Stares into the memory like it might speak
back.

His jaw tightens. His hand trembles.

He opens the desk drawer. Inside - an old secured phone.
Personal. Untouched.

He hesitates.

Then dials.

The silence between rings is unbearable.

WOMAN (V.O.)

Hello?

He exhales sharply. Voice cracked, barely audible.

HENDERSON

Please... don't hang up.
(beat)

I just wanted to say...

His throat closes. But the words come through anyway.

HENDERSON (CONT'D)

I've missed you.

More than you'll ever know.

A long silence.

Then — we hear a quiet breath on the other end. Shaken.

WOMAN (V.O.)

I know.

He presses the phone closer. Closes his eyes.

HENDERSON (V.O.)
(to himself)

God heard them...

INT. NASA - CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

The room is buzzing, but no one is shouting. Controlled voices. Fast fingers on keyboards.

Everyone pretending it's fine.

Monitors flicker. One feed goes black. Another glitches.

TECH 1

VIGILANT signal lost. No telemetry.
No visual.

SUPERVISOR LEE

Re-route through secondary arrays.
Force handshake via Sentinel ghost
trace.

TECH 2

Already tried. They're... not
pinging anything. Not even the
satellite.

A beat. Everyone hesitates to say the word: ****gone****.

TECH 1

We're still receiving... something.
Not from them. From Echo-7.

It's... layered.

LEE

Meaning?

TECH 1

Like a signal under a signal. And
something beneath that.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Behind glass, CARTER watches from above. Phone to his ear.

CARTER

No, they haven't failed. We've just
reached the part where failure
becomes irrelevant.

He hangs up.

Back in the control room.

TECH 2

Sir... the last code packet we got
from the shuttle?

He turns the monitor.

On screen: a single phrase, blinking.

"We are not lost. We are beyond."

Dead silence.

SUPERVISOR LEE

Who wrote that?

TECH 2

It didn't come from them.

FADE OUT.

INT. NASA - MONITORING ROOM

An engineer, LISA PARKER, (30) taps control panels, trying to reanalyze the data. Her eyes dart across the screens. Something doesn't add up.

LISA

Wait a minute.

A list of teams gone into space appears on a monitor. Horizon and Vigilant are not recorded at all.

LISA (CONT'D)
(CONT'D)

What the hell?

Open the communication archive. All records of conversations with Horizon and Vigilant are wiped. Like they never existed.

Lisa freezes. She takes a shaky breath. She gets up from her desk and runs to the General.

INT. NASA - GENERAL'S OFFICE

Lisa enters nervously.

LISA

Sir, we have a MAJOR problem.

GEN. HENDERSON
(sighs, not looking
up I know)

We've got two missing crews.

LISA

No, sir. We don't even have that many.

She puts the tablet on his desk. Henderson reads the data and his breath catches.

Nothing about Horizon and vigilant is in the system.

GEN. HENDERSON

No. That's not possible. I talked
to them, I saw the data...

LISA

Sir, if you check our records,
these teams were never launched.
Officially, they don't exist.

Silence.

LISA (CONT'D)
(trembling voice)

But we remember them.

INT. NASA - STRATEGY ROOM - NIGHT

Dim lights. Shadows stretch long across the table.

GENERAL HENDERSON, LISA PARKER, and CARTER sit in silence. A few others observe from the sidelines.

A monitor shows a paused image of Echo-7. Motionless.
Beautiful. Wrong.

HENDERSON

What we know: Horizon is gone.
Vigilant is off-grid. And Echo-7 is
doing things it was never designed
to do.

LISA

Sir, we're receiving fragments from
them. Voices, images, signals.
They're alive.

CARTER

Or... transformed. We can't verify
that those are still humans.

Beat.

LISA

You're talking like they're
infected.

CARTER

I'm talking like they're not ours
anymore.

A moment. Heavy.

HENDERSON

What are our options?

CARTER

Initiate Protocol 19. Full
blackout. Orbital containment. If
necessary remote detonation of Echo-
7.

Silence. Lisa stares at him.

LISA

You want to erase them?

CARTER

I want to protect everything else.

She slides a tablet toward Henderson. On it: the last message
received.

"We are not lost. We are beyond."

LISA

They're not dangerous. They're...
different.

HENDERSON

And difference terrifies people
more than monsters.

He closes his eyes. Breathes in. Decides.

HENDERSON (CONT'D)

We launch in 24 hours. Last chance
to bring them home... Or stop
whatever they've become.

CUT TO BLACK.

INT. NASA - COMM ANALYSIS ROOM - NIGHT

Static.

A console lights up unprompted. The room is empty except for
one tech on night shift.

He blinks at the screen. A file opens itself.

TECH

What the...

The video begins to play.

INT. HORIZON SHUTTLE - UNKNOWN TIME

Dark. Warped visuals.

CAPTAIN REED sits facing the camera. Pale. Eyes tired, but
peaceful.

REED (ON SCREEN)

If you're seeing this... then they
let you.

He breathes. Long pause.

REED (ON SCREEN) (CONT'D)

We are not dead. Not alive, either.
We are... elsewhere. Somewhere
language doesn't work right.

A flicker. His face splits for one frame distorted then re
forms.

REED (ON SCREEN) (CONT'D)

Time doesn't move here. It listens.
And so do we.

Behind him, strange symbols move along the walls. Not projected. Alive.

(Organic, spiraling glyphs form and dissolve like synapses, runes, and vines intertwined.

The surface doesn't reflect them. It grows them.)

REED (ON SCREEN) (CONT'D)

Tell them not to fear it. The
light. The silence. The shift.

Another flicker.

REED (ON SCREEN) (CONT'D)

We're not coming back. And maybe
you shouldn't follow.

The feed ends. The screen goes black.

The TECH sits frozen.

On the monitor: one final phrase types itself.

"They hear you now."

He hesitates. Eyes scanning the log files.

One line flashes in red: "HORIZON - CLASSIFIED TRANSMISSION."

He taps the screen. A prompt appears:

DELETE FILE?

His finger hovers. A breath.

Then he presses.

The screen blinks:

FILE ERASED.

He exhales slowly.

Returns to the console...

as if nothing ever happened.

FADE OUT.

INT. NASA - CONTROL ROOM - NEXT DAY

Silence.

Suddenly a COMM alert flashes. Everyone freezes.

TECH 1

Incoming signal... from VIGILANT.

SUPERVISOR LEE rushes over. Eyes wide.

The screen flickers. Audio only.

TAYLOR (V.O.)

NASA Control, this is Commander
Taylor of the VIGILANT. Situation
contained. No casualties.

No one moves.

TAYLOR (V.O.)

The Horizon crew repaired the
satellite before departure. Minor
system drift. We corrected it. Echo-
7 is operational.

Dead silence in the room.

TAYLOR (V.O.)

Requesting re-entry clearance.
Estimated ETA: 04:32. Looking
forward to debrief.

The message ends.

Everyone stares at the speaker.

TECH 2

That... that didn't sound like her.

LEE

What the hell is happening?

No one responds.

Then CARTER appears behind them.

Calm. Already knowing.

CARTER

Don't answer them yet.

FADE OUT.

INT. NASA - PRIVATE STRATEGY ROOM - NIGHT

Dim lighting. Silence. A single desk lamp glows.

GENERAL HENDERSON sits alone.

On the desk: a tablet, replaying the last transmission from VIGILANT.

TAYLOR (V.O.)

The Horizon crew repaired the
satellite before departure...

Looking forward to debrief.

He replays it. Again.

He closes his eyes. Not to rest to listen deeper.

On the desk, two photos:

One with the Horizon crew.

One with the VIGILANT crew.

He places one over the other. Covers both with his palm.

A moment.

Then he looks up not at the ceiling, but through it.

HENDERSON
(softly)

Permission granted.

CUT TO:

EXT. NASA - ASOLIZATION PLATFORM - DAY

The VIGILANT shuttle lands. Soft, clean. Textbook.

Technicians and observers line the platform. Tension silent in the air.

Lisa. General Henderson. Carter. All watching.

HISS of airlock. The ramp lowers.

The crew walks out. TAYLOR, DARNELL, PARK, MOORE, REYES.

Same steps. Same pace. Same faces.

Not triumphant. Not broken. Just... back.

TAYLOR

Commander Ava Taylor reporting.

Mission parameters executed. Satellite functional.

Systems stabilized. No anomalies.

GEN. HENDERSON
(soft)

Anomalies?

TAYLOR

None observed.

Silence.

REYES

Didn't think the re-entry would be
so smooth.

Guess we're lucky.

PARK

Everything ran clean. Almost
boring, to be honest.

Lisa exchanges a look with Henderson. Shock. Confusion.

They know what happened. The crew doesn't.

MOORE

Debrief team ready? I'd like to
update the logs before I forget
small details.

The crew smiles. Normal. Human.

But everyone else feels the static in their bones.

CARTER (O.S.)
(quiet)

Run diagnostics on the ship. On all
of them.

LISA

What do you expect to find?

CARTER

I'm hoping... nothing.

He doesn't believe that.

The crew walks toward the base. Confident. Relaxed.

As if they'd just completed a routine mission.

FADE OUT.

INT. NASA - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Fluorescent lights. Cold walls.

The VIGILANT crew sits aligned silent, alert.

On the other side of the table: Henderson and two other
officials.

A moment of stillness.

HENDERSON

Just the essentials.

What happened up there?

Reyes answers. Dry. Controlled.

REYES

We approached the satellite.

Horizon had done their job.

System was stable.

We requested permission to return.

A silence stretches.

Henderson leans forward. Tight voice.

HENDERSON

Horizon didn't repair anything.

The crew exchanges confused glances.

AVA

That's... what we found.

A working system.

NINA

We didn't send anything more than
that.

No diagnostics. No data. Just... confirmation.

Henderson stares at them. Long. Measured.

HENDERSON

Then someone's lying.

Or something's covering its tracks.

HENDERSON (CONT'D)

Then who repaired the satellite?

Silence.

Marcus slowly looks up not defiant, just... at peace.

MARCUS

Maybe it never needed repair.

Henderson frowns.

HENDERSON

Excuse me?

MARCUS

Some things break to teach us.
Others... bend, so we learn how far we've come.
A pause. Heavy.
Klein watches him with new curiosity.

KLEIN

Do you remember losing contact with
us?

PARK

No.

MARCUS

We were in constant sync.

REYES

If you didn't hear us, maybe... you
lost your connection.

That lands like a stone in water. Klein studies them closely.

KLEIN

Do any of you feel... different?

They all pause.

Then in perfect harmony:

CREW (IN UNISON)

No.

INT. NASA - INTERROGATION ROOM - MINUTES LATER

The interview team has stepped out. The crew is alone.
The room is silent. For a beat.

REYES

What the hell was that?

PARK

I feel like I just got grilled by
aliens pretending to be human.

MOORE

"Do you feel different?" Yeah, doc.
I feel like I need a drink and some
goddamn oxygen.

MARCUS

You'd think after all the money
they pump into this place, they
could afford a better therapist.

REYES

For real. That guy blinked
sideways, I swear.

Laughter.

TAYLOR

Let's keep it professional, people.

PARK

Professional? They just asked if we
remember being dead. What the
hell's next polygraph for dreams?

REYES

"Have you ever spoken to a star,
Mr. Reyes?" "Only when I'm drunk,
sir."

MOORE

Honestly, I feel more sane than I
did before the mission.

MARCUS

Maybe they're the ones who got
scrambled.

Taylor doesn't laugh. Just stares at the two-way mirror.

TAYLOR

They're still watching us.

REYES

Good. Let'em watch. Maybe they'll
learn what normal looks like.

A beat.

Then Marcus leans forward. Quiet. Serious. Not joking
anymore.

MARCUS

They're not watching to learn what
normal is.

He looks directly at the mirror like he sees beyond it.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

They're watching to see who
remembers what we've forgotten.

Silence.

Even Reyes doesn't have a comeback.

On the other side of the glass, Lisa and Henderson observe.
Stone-faced.

INT. NASA - CONTROL ROOM - THE NEXT DAY

General Henderson enters, shoulders stiff, face drawn. The
air is thick something unspoken has infected the room.
Operators are quietly typing, avoiding eye contact.

Lisa Parker scans monitor after monitor. Data scrolls by:
Flawless telemetry, mission logs intact. The Vigilant shows
green across the board.

HENDERSON

Status?

TECH 1

All systems nominal, sir. Shuttle
Vigilant completed mission
parameters. Echo-7 fully
operational.

Lisa's eyes narrow. She taps a command. Scrolls back. Again.

LISA
(to herself)

No gaps. No anomalies. No signal
loss.

HENDERSON
(gritting)

Too clean.

He walks past the screens slowly.

HENDERSON (CONT'D)

And Horizon?

Silence.

Lisa hesitates. Then checks a secondary terminal.

LISA
(quietly)

It's gone.

HENDERSON

Clarify.

Lisa swipes across the digital flight logs, then turns to face him.

LISA

The shuttle Vigilant exists in
every system. Horizon doesn't. Not
one line of code. It's like... it
was never launched.

TECH 2

That's impossible. We...

HENDERSON
(cuts him off)

Find out who scrubbed it. And when.

He glares at the main monitor. The image of Echo-7 pulses gently.

HENDERSON (CONT'D)

If the system thinks nothing ever
happened...

Beat.

HENDERSON (CONT'D)

Maybe it didn't.

CUT TO:

INT. NASA - CONTROL ROOM - THE NEXT DAY - CONTINUOUS

Tension. Monitors blink. Coffee cools untouched.

HENDERSON

Bring in Darnell.

CUT TO:

INT. NASA - INTERROGATION ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Marcus sits alone.

Still. Calm. He looks around, like he's been here before.

The mirror reflects the other side KLEIN, LISA, TECHS
watching silently.

The door opens. Henderson enters. Rigid. Haunted.

HENDERSON
(slicing)

I want the truth. No cryptic
answers. No riddles.

MARCUS

Truth doesn't fear silence.

HENDERSON
(dark)

In what measure are you involved in
all this? The anomaly. The
blackout. The... return.

Marcus folds his hands.

Smiles gently.

MARCUS

Would you sit?

Henderson hesitates. Then sits.

Marcus extends a hand across the table.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

Give me your hand.

HENDERSON

This isn't

MARCUS
(gently)

Interrogation. It's invitation.

Henderson studies his face. Something in him gives way.

He places his hand in Marcus's.

SUDDEN FLASH — WHITE.

VISION SEQUENCE RAPID, POWERFUL:

INT. RADIO OBSERVATORY — NIGHT

James watches a strange signal.

In the doorway, Marcus appears silently, coffee in hand.

MARCUS (V.O.)

Maybe it's not trying to be heard.
Maybe it's waiting for someone to
understand.

INT. HORIZON — COCKPIT — FLASHBACK

Satellite spinning out of control.

Captain Reed panics.

A shadowy figure pulls the tether stabilizing it.

Face blurred. But the eyes... are Marcus's.

EXT. SATELLITE - OUTER SHIELD

An explosion forming a crackle of light.

Marcus, in ghostly form, wraps it in pure silence.

The light implodes inward.

INT. LAUNCH CHAMBER - YEARS EARLIER

Henderson about to authorize a doomed launch.

Behind him, a janitor silently watches.

We see the same eyes Marcus.

INT. CHURCH - HENDERSON'S MEMORY

He kneels. Alone. Long ago.

Behind him a stranger lights a candle and whispers:

STRANGER

God speaks in echoes.

Marcus again.

BACK TO: INT. NASA - INTERROGATION ROOM

Henderson gasps. Eyes wide. Hand trembling.

HENDERSON

What... are you?

Marcus tilts his head. Compassion, not pride.

MARCUS

A reflection.

Of who you were... and who you might still be.

Henderson pulls his hand back visibly shaken.

A tear escapes his composure.

Behind the mirror NOTHING out of the ordinary is seen. Just calm talking.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

Be patient.

Henderson slowly rises.

Stares at Marcus like he's seeing the universe inside a man.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

You've always done your best.

Henderson turns. Walks out.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

The others wait. Curious.

Henderson passes them silent. Eyes glazed.

He doesn't look back.

Just whispers to himself:

HENDERSON
(whispers)

He was never really one of us...

FADE OUT.

INT. NASA - CONTROL ROOM - DAY

Lisa sits alone at her station, reviewing footage from the Vigilant's return.

On screen the crew descends from the shuttle. Routine. Standard protocol.

She squints.

Rewinds. Slows the footage.

There just behind the last crew member a technician.

Standing perfectly still. Staring into the camera.
Unmoving.

LISA

Who the hell...?

She enhances the image.

Name tag: CHARLY NICHOLAS.

She types fast, searching the internal personnel database.

NO MATCH FOUND.

Her eyes narrow.

She zooms in closer. Locks on the man's face.

And then she sees it a tiny mark in his left eye.

The same mark Marcus had.

Lisa freezes.

Her breath catches in her throat.

She taps her headset.

LISA

General Henderson. You need to see
this. Right now.

INT. NASA - CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Lisa rushes in, clutching a tablet.

Henderson is at the console, tense.

LISA

General... I found something.

She hands him the tablet.

He looks.

The image a technician standing behind the crew, staring directly at the shuttle cam.

He pinches to zoom.

Zooms again.

There it is.

A faint, distinct mark in the man's left eye.

Henderson freezes.

His fingers hover on the screen.

HENDERSON

I've seen this...

Not on footage.

He lowers the tablet.

HENDERSON (CONT'D)

Bring in Darnell.

Lisa looks up, startled.

LISA

Now?

HENDERSON

Now.

CUT TO:

INT. NASA - BRIEFING CHAMBER - CONTINUES

Marcus steps in. Calm. Coffee in hand.

Henderson waits in the center of the room.

MARCUS

You called, General?

Henderson doesn't answer at first.

Just stares at him. Studying.

HENDERSON

Let me see your eyes.

Marcus stops. Raises an eyebrow, confused.

MARCUS

My... eyes?

HENDERSON

Now.

Marcus complies. He takes a step forward. Looks directly at him.

Henderson leans in, inspecting searching for the mark.

But it's gone.

HENDERSON (CONT'D)

It was there.

I saw it.

Marcus is visibly uncomfortable now.

MARCUS

I'm sorry, General...

I don't know what you're talking about.

Beat.

HENDERSON

You're sure you haven't... felt
strange?

Seen things? Remembered anything that wasn't yours?

Marcus hesitates. Shakes his head.

MARCUS

No, sir.

Silence.

HENDERSON

Dismissed.

Marcus nods once. Turns and walks out slowly clearly unsettled.

Henderson remains frozen.

Eyes fixed on the door long after Marcus is gone.

FADE OUT.

FADE OUT.

INT. NASA - GENERAL'S OFFICE - MORNING

Footsteps approach in the hallway. Slow. Precise.

Inside, Henderson stands by the window, eyes distant.

A faint knock.

He turns.

The door opens. A man enters.

Not Marcus. But something in him... resonates.

HENDERSON

Marcus?

The figure pauses. Offers no answer. Only a gentle smile.

Henderson stares. His breath catches for a moment.

He says nothing else. But something deep inside him already knows:

This is not Marcus.

And yet... it is.

NOTE: when Lucifer makes his first appearance, the camera should linger a moment longer on his face.

Specifically, his eyes calm, knowing, ancient.

In that brief silence, Henderson catches something: a faint mark in one of his eyes.

Not obvious. But enough to trigger recognition and doubt.

GEN. HENDERSON
(barely a whisper)

Who are you?

The man tilts his head slightly. Says nothing. But Henderson hears a voice.

NOTE: the man's voice should feel internal not produced by vocal cords.

He does not move his lips.

It's as if the words resonate directly into the minds of those present.

Almost telepathic, without being overtly supernatural.

VOICE (V.O.)

I am a consequence. But if you need
a name... call me Lucifer.

INT. NASA - GENERAL'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Henderson blinks.

He's back at his desk.

Across from him the same man. Sitting.

As if he'd always been there.

No memory of sitting down.

No idea how time passed.

Henderson wipes his face. Sweat on his brow.

GEN. HENDERSON

What do you want?

LUCIFER
(smiling softly)

I want to help you understand the
truth.

GEN. HENDERSON
(hoarse)

What truth? Lucifer leans forward,
just slightly.

LUCIFER

The one you never dared to believe.

FADE OUT.

INT. NASA - GENERAL'S OFFICE - DAY

Henderson sits at his desk, drained. His hand trembles
slightly as he sips cold coffee.

The air is still thick with something unseen.

Lucifer stands across the room calm, unmoving.

His presence distorts the temperature. Time feels off.

LUCIFER
(calm, authoritative)

Call them in.

Henderson exhales sharply. He doesn't move.

GEN. HENDERSON
(hoarse)

And if I refuse?

Lucifer tilts his head, intrigued. Nothing threatening just
inevitability.

A tension builds in the silence, like the room is holding its
breath.

Suddenly a soft CREAK from the ceiling. Paint peels in the
corner, as if reality itself is brittle.

Lucifer says nothing. He doesn't need to.

Henderson finally nods. Resigned.

GEN. HENDERSON (CONT'D)

I'll call them.

CUT TO:

INT. NASA - MEETING ROOM - DAY

A high security conference room. Bright light. Thick, silent tension.

At the table: GENERAL HENDERSON, LISA PARKER, DR. KLEIN, and senior NASA personnel.

No one speaks at first.

HENDERSON

We've seen people in video footage
who don't exist. Signals we didn't
send. Memory behaving like it's...
optional.

Lisa taps a pen nervously. Her eyes are fixed on a paused frame:

LISA

Our systems didn't crash. They
adapted as if reality itself had
protocol.

Murmurs from others in the room. Disbelief. Fear.

DR. KLEIN

Are we suggesting this is cognitive
manipulation? On a planetary scale?

The room goes cold. The light above flickers. Once.

The door opens.

Lucifer enters. Calm. No ID badge. No explanation. But no one stops him.

He walks to the center of the table and sets down a small device sleek, alien in design.

It activates. A low hum fills the room.

LUCIFER

No more theories. No more
questions. Only the truth.

A monitor lights up displaying a data stream in a language no
one recognizes.

HENDERSON

Who are you?

Lucifer meets his eyes.

LUCIFER

"I AM WHO I AM."

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. COSMIC VOID - BEFORE TIME

Darkness. Silence. Limitless potential.

A massive, radiant presence pulses "The One".

Then it tears a piece from itself.

Not in rage. In intention.

The fragment falls through the void... toward what we will one
day call Earth.

EXT. PRIMORDIAL GARDEN - UNKNOWN TIME

A paradise untouched. A living canvas of light and silence.

In the middle of it two figures:

ADAM walks barefoot through tall grass, brushing leaves he
doesn't question.

He touches a deer and names it, softly: "Deer."

EVE kneels by a stream, moving water from one hand to the
other, smiling at the shimmer.

No fear. No joy. No right. No wrong...

Just being.

LUCIFER (V.O.)

They were not evil. They were not
free.

Adam watches a snake slither past. He doesn't flinch.

No concept of danger. No meaning in motion.

LUCIFER (V.O.)

They could not choose. Because they
did not know. They saw only what He
showed them.

Their eyes are open... but empty.

No questions. No weight.

LUCIFER (V.O.)

Obedience is not innocence. It is
ignorance dressed in peace.

They smile at the trees.

Name the sky.

Count stars they cannot understand.

FADE TO:

EXT. PRIMORDIAL GARDEN - LATER

Lucifer stands silently among the trees.

He watches ADAM and EVE gentle, calm, unaware.

They live in perfect ignorance. Laughing at flowers. Naming
butterflies.

He tries to speak.

LUCIFER

You are more than this.

But they don't respond.

Their ears hear wind, not meaning.

Lucifer watches, pained. Time passes.

He lowers his gaze.

EXT. TREE OF KNOWLEDGE - MOMENTS LATER

A serpent winds around the branches. Eyes wise. Still.

Lucifer has taken a new form.

EVE walks nearby, humming.

The serpent speaks clear, calm, almost kind.

SERPENT (LUCIFER)

Why do you not eat from this tree?

EVE

God said we must not. If we do...
we will die.

The serpent slowly tilts his head.

SERPENT

You will not surely die. But your
eyes will be opened. And you will
be like God... knowing good and
evil.

EVE pauses. Looks up at the fruit.

Something in her shifts.

She takes it. Bites.

Everything changes.

EXT. GARDEN - MOMENTS LATER

ADAM hides with EVE in the shadows.

They cover their bodies with leaves trembling.

Something is different. Their eyes hold fear.

A VOICE echoes through the garden.

GOD (V.O.)

Adam. Where are you?

No answer.

GOD (V.O.)

Who told you that you were naked?

They shiver.

INT. COSMIC REALM - UNKNOWN

We hear God speak again not in anger, but revelation.

GOD (V.O.)

Behold, the man has become like one
of Us, knowing good and evil.

(Genesis 3:22 - "Behold, the man has become like one of Us,
knowing good and evil.")

EXT. PRIMORDIAL GARDEN - OBSERVER'S PERSPECTIVE

Lucifer, now back in his true form, watches the two humans
walk through the garden changed forever.

LUCIFER (V.O.)

I did not lie. I did not curse
them. I gave them choice.

FADE OUT.

INT. NASA - CONFERENCE ROOM - POST-REVELATION

Everyone is frozen, stunned after the shared vision the truth
too immense to process.

Lucifer stands in the center of the room. Calm. Watching them
like a teacher who has waited centuries for this moment.

GEN. HENDERSON
(hoarse, shaken)

Where... is Horizon?

Lucifer raises a single hand.

Reality FADES.

EXT. SPACE - WHERE HORIZON SHOULD BE

Before them, the satellite is visible Echo-7. Burning.

Then... it explodes. Shatters. The Horizon is liquefied.

Debris floats across the void. A body frozen, twisted passes before their eyes.

Lisa SCREAMS.

LISA
(trembling)

NO! They were still inside!

Henderson collapses into his chair.

GEN. HENDERSON

You lied to us...

Lucifer says nothing. He simply blinks.

Reality... REWINDS.

The fire vanishes. The wreckage reassembles.

The Horizon is restored.

Lucifer passes his hand through the air. The orbits adjust as if threads are being rewoven.

EXT. ANOTHER UNIVERSE - THE HORIZON FLOATS

The ship hovers peacefully in a distant cosmos.

Alive. Intact.

GEN. HENDERSON
(whispering)

What have you done?

LUCIFER
(flat, but with depth)

I didn't lie. Horizon is safe.

But not... here.

Lisa stares at the crew on screen they're smiling, working. Normal.

LISA

Why aren't they answering?

Lucifer lowers his eyes, then meets theirs.

LUCIFER

They don't know they're no longer
in your universe.

The silence grows heavier. Then Lucifer steps closer.

LUCIFER (CONT'D)
(voice deep, like history
itself)

I have always guided you.

Through instinct. Through the voice that whispers when logic fails.

But like Adam and Eve, you are often too indoctrinated...
to see or hear the truth.

Lisa lowers her gaze. Henderson grips the edge of the table.

LUCIFER (CONT'D)

You asked for freedom, but feared
what it brings.

You called it temptation. Rebellion.

But it was... awakening.

Lucifer turns his eyes skyward or perhaps inward.

LUCIFER (CONT'D)

Now you know:

Obedience is peace.

But awareness... is pain.

He looks back at them.

LUCIFER (CONT'D)

And still... you chose to see.

CUT TO BLACK.

EXT. SPACE - WHAT WOULD HAVE REALLY HAPPENED

The image rewinds backward. The explosion snaps back into place, the wreckage reassembles, the satellite returns to its intact form.

Everything is as if the explosion never happened.

Lucifer passes his hand through the air.

AND THE ORBITS CHANGE.

EXT. EARTH - REAL-TIME ANOMALIES

Something is changing.

In Tokyo, a skyscraper suddenly flickers then shifts style, becoming a 1930s art deco building for a heartbeat before returning.

In Rome, journalists argue over a political scandal that "never happened," live on air.

In New York, a child remembers a mother she never had and cries in confusion.

The sky turns violet for a few seconds over Brazil, before returning to blue.

A man in Paris walks through a street that didn't exist yesterday.

He stops. Looks around. But no one else notices.

Birds fly in reverse motion above Cairo a moment of impossible ballet.

INT. LISA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Lisa stares at her hands.

For one second, she sees three of them. Three versions of her. One laughing. One crying. One... screaming.

She blinks. They're gone.

EXT. EARTH - STREET CAMERA FEED - STATIC - THEN FLICKER

Every surveillance feed glitches.

People walk in loops. Others vanish.

A digital clock jumps back 4 minutes, and then forward 7.

A woman speaks in a language she doesn't know then faints.

EXT. SKY - ABOVE EARTH - COSMIC VIEW

The camera pulls back.

Two universes overlap. Like soap bubbles merging one shimmering gold, one pure white.

Our world flickers as the new one begins to "set."

Lucifer's voice echoes, calm but cutting.

LUCIFER (V.O.)

When a universe is born, the one
beside it must distort to make
space.

INT. NASA - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Everyone watches satellite footage of cities transforming.

Lisa's hands shake.

LUCIFER

You called them "anomalies." But
they were birth pangs. Not
glitches... but integration.

EXT. EARTH - PEOPLE STARING AT THE SKY

Some look up and cry.

Others pray.

Most... pretend they saw nothing.

A single tear falls from a blind man's eye. He whispers:

MAN

It feels... familiar.

EXT. OCEAN - NIGHT

The water ripples... upwards.

Like gravity has forgotten which way is down.

EXT. COSMIC - HORIZON VIEW

Two Earths almost touch one real, one echo.

Then... a shiver runs through the stars.

LUCIFER (V.O.)

You feared chaos. But this was
always the cost of expansion.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. NASA - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Lisa takes a shaky breath. She looks toward Lucifer, who stands motionless, like a cosmic judge.

She looks at Henderson, at the others. They all wait for the answer.

LISA:
(whispering)

How much time do we have?

Lucifer smiles slightly. But it's not a smile of satisfaction. It is one of compassion.

LUCIFER:
(deep, calm voice)

It's up to you.

EXT. TIME STANDS STILL - ULTIMATE WISDOM

Everything is falling apart.

Henderson, Lisa and the others are no longer in NASA, they are no longer in their reality either.

They're in the MIND OF GOD.

EXT. THE REAL WORLD - DAY

We drift through a vision that's not quite Earth.

People walk... but they're not people anymore.

They see themselves from the outside no longer individuals.

Humanity is not billions of souls.

It is ONE soul, living through billions of bodies, spread across billions of realities.

LUCIFER (V.O.)

You thought you were separate. But
you were born of the same light.

Scenes flash:

- A child laughing.
- A man dying alone in an alley.
- A mother holding her newborn.
- A soldier screaming in a crater.

Lisa falls to her knees.

Tears. She clutches her chest as if it could break under the weight of collective memory.

LISA
(whispering)

God... are... we? Are we the one?

Lucifer doesn't answer.

He raises a hand and the Earth appears in the sky.

It is dead.

Burned. Blackened.

A future of self-destruction.

LUCIFER (V.O.)

This is the world you've built. A
world where you've normalized
killing yourselves.

CUT TO:

INT. NASA - DAY - BACK TO REALITY

Everyone jerks awake.

Sweat. Shock. Silence.

Henderson breathes heavily, soaked in perspiration.

Lisa's hands are trembling uncontrollably.

GEN. HENDERSON
(hoarse, stunned)

This... this must not be happening.

Lucifer stands at the front of the room.

Not triumphant. Not cruel. Just... infinitely sad.

LUCIFER

And yet, you're already walking
that path.

Henderson SLAMS his fist on the table.

GEN. HENDERSON

Why didn't you stop it?! Why didn't
you intervene?!

Lucifer's eyes shift. For the first time, true pain emerges.

LUCIFER

Because I gave you something
greater than salvation. I gave you
the choice.

Everyone in the room falls into silence.

Then Lucifer's voice deepens. Almost sacred.

LUCIFER (CONT'D)

I was never your enemy. I was the
one who said No when He turned
away.

FLASH - A vision:

A divine being turning its back on the universe.

Lucifer stepping forward... refusing.

LUCIFER (CONT'D)

I was exiled not for hate, But for
believing you deserved to decide
for yourselves.

Lisa gasps. Henderson looks away, devastated.

Lucifer walks slowly past them.

LUCIFER (CONT'D)

You condemned me in every story you
told... But I never condemned you.

The walls flicker. The room trembles.

LUCIFER (CONT'D)

Now you know the truth.

He turns back once.

FADE OUT.

EXT. THE REAL WORLD - DAY

The world looks the same... but something subtle has changed.

People move through the city working, walking, distracted but
one by one, they begin to pause.

A barista hands over coffee and suddenly stares into the eyes
of a stranger.

For a brief moment... connection.

A man on a crowded train lifts his head and feels something.
Not fear. Not confusion. Recognition.

INT. SCHOOL - CLASSROOM - DAY

Children stop drawing. They all turn toward the window at once.

They smile as if hearing the same word whispered in a voice no one else hears.

EXT. VARIOUS LOCATIONS - MONTAGE

A protest turns into a silence.

Someone drops their sign. Then another.

They look at each other and begin to weep. Not from despair from clarity.

- A surgeon stops mid-surgery. Looks at her hands. She whispers:

SURGEON

We are not separate.

- A prisoner in a solitary cell begins to laugh. He presses his hand to the wall.

PRISONER

I feel you.

INT. NASA - CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Lisa and Henderson sit in silence.

Everyone watches the data, the feeds, the world... shifting.

LISA

They feel it.

GEN. HENDERSON

How?

Lucifer stands near the window. Calm.

He doesn't smile he just knows.

LUCIFER

Because when one awakens... the
whole awakens.

LUCIFER (CONT'D)

You spoke the truth. That is all it
ever takes.

EXT. EARTH - WIDE SHOT

No storms. No fires. No signs in the sky.

Just humanity... beginning to remember itself.

INT. SMALL APARTMENT - NIGHT

A lonely man puts down his drink.

He picks up a phone. Dials a number he hasn't called in
years.

MAN

I'm sorry.

EXT. PARK - BENCH - DAY

Children run. Elderly people sit in silence.

Everyone feels a subtle warmth.

Something has returned.

Something that was always there.

EXT. EARTH FROM ORBIT

The world rotates as before but now, its frequency has changed.

FADE TO WHITE.

EXT. NASA - EDGE OF THE PLATFORM - SUNSET

Lucifer walks toward the shimmering horizon.

Light bends around him. The air hums gently.

He is about to disappear.

Then

LISA (O.S.)

Wait.

Lucifer stops.

Turns.

Lisa Parker steps forward, alone now, tears in her eyes but calm in her breath.

LISA (CONT'D)

I need to know... What should we do
next?

Lucifer looks at her. Not surprised.

Just... kind.

He takes a slow step forward. His voice is warm. Gentle.

LUCIFER

"A new commandment I give unto you,
That ye love one another; As I have
loved you, That ye also love one
another."
(John 13:34)

The room is silent.

He turns to Henderson.

His gaze gentle, timeless.

The same mark still glimmers in his eye.

Henderson sees it.

Recognizes it.

Freezes.

LUCIFER (CONT'D)

She waited for your call.

Henderson's breath catches.

LUCIFER (CONT'D)

It wasn't so hard, was it?

Beat

Sometimes... a simple act of
humanity can shift the course of
everything.

He steps closer. His voice soft meant only for Henderson.

LUCIFER (CONT'D)

When logic collides with
imagination...

beat

LUCIFER (CONT'D)

Imagination always wins.

Henderson doesn't reply.

He doesn't need to.

He understands now.

There are truths that don't ask for proof.

FADE OUT.

Lucifer smiles not triumphant, not mystical

Just with a deep, knowing peace.

Then he turns... and walks into the light.

Gone.

INT. NASA - CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

The room is quiet.

No alarms. No charts.

Just people... breathing together.

Lisa stands at the window. Henderson beside her.

LISA

He didn't give us an answer. He
gave us a beginning.

FADE TO WHITE.

EXT. EARTH - DAWN

Cities wake. Not with chaos. Not with confusion. But with
silence... and something new. People walk slower. Touch
things with meaning. Listen deeper. No angels fall. No
trumpets sound.

Just one undeniable feeling in every soul: Something has
changed.

Something has been remembered.

INT. CHILD'S BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING

A little girl wakes up.

She runs to the window, breathes in the light.

GIRL (SOFTLY)

I think today is real.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Soft light filters through white curtains.

Ava stands in the doorway, frozen.

Her mother pale, but awake is sitting on the edge of the bed.

Their eyes meet.

Tears flood Ava's eyes.

AVA
(whispers)

You look... better.

MOTHER

I feel... better.

Ava crosses the room and hugs her tight, overwhelmed.

Behind her eyes the memory of a voice:

MARCUS (V.O.)

Have faith, child...

Ava closes her eyes.

Smiles.

FADE OUT.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - DAY

Henderson stands still in civilian clothes in front of a modest home.

He takes a breath. Walks slowly toward the door.

It opens.

A woman in her 40s appears. Soft eyes. Familiar pain.

Two boys stand behind her one about 17, the other in military uniform.

They look at Henderson.

The older one steps forward, shakes his hand firm, respectful.

Henderson's eyes fill. A single tear falls.

The woman embraces him.

He doesn't resist.

Then, slowly...

They walk inside together.

EXT. SKY - HIGH ABOVE EARTH

Clouds drift peacefully.

Two birds fly in perfect synchronicity from opposite directions.

The sun rises.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. NASA - CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

The room is dim. Quiet. Henderson and Lisa watch the main screen in silence.

Suddenly a COMM alert chimes.

TECHNICIAN (O.S.)

Sir... we're receiving a
transmission.

Lisa leans forward.

LISA

From where?

TECHNICIAN (O.S.)

Horizon.

Gasps. All movement in the room freezes. Henderson stands slowly, eyes fixed on the screen as the signal stabilizes.

The face of CAPTAIN REED appears calm, unbothered, like nothing ever happened. His voice is steady.

REED (V.O.)

NASA Control, this is Captain Reed
of the Horizon. Revision complete.
All systems functional. Requesting
re-entry clearance.

The crew of the Horizon appears behind him, smiling casually, moving like a team returning from routine maintenance.

RUIZ (V.O.)

Diagnostics green across the board.
Satellite recalibrated
successfully.

MARK (V.O.)

Honestly... felt kind of boring.

RANDY (V.O.)

Copy that. No ghosts, no godlike
signals, just clean code and
caffeine withdrawal.

Silence in the control room. Lisa and Henderson exchange a
look shock, disbelief, gratitude.

LISA

They don't remember.

HENDERSON
(softly, awed)

No... they were never meant to.

He reaches for the console mic. A moment of pause. Then:

HENDERSON (CONT'D)

Horizon, you are cleared for re-
entry. Welcome home.

The feed fades to static.

Everyone in the room is silent not from fear... but
reverence.

LISA
(whispers)

This... was his final act.

HENDERSON

A return... without scars.

FADE TO WHITE.

NOTE: FINAL TITLE CARD - WHITE TEXT ON BLACK:

- * You think you know.
- * But what makes you believe that what you call truth... is real?
- * Is it because you've lived it?
- * Or because someone told you so?
- * Blasphemy is not in the questioning.
- * Blasphemy is in refusing to question.
- * The greatest sin...
- * is to let another decide for you what is good and what is evil.
- * Think. Feel. Decide.
- * That is the only true commandment.

FADE OUT.

THE END