

Mind Over Matter
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OPENING SCENE - ESTABLISHING SHOT OF NEW YORK CITY

FADE IN.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - NIGHT

AERIAL VIEW - The Manhattan skyline glows against the dark sky, a sea of glass and steel stretching into the horizon.

The city breathes—pulsing with life, movement, electricity.

We glide over the Hudson River, the dark waters reflecting the shimmering lights of skyscrapers.

A low hum of traffic rumbles beneath us—honking taxis, the distant wail of sirens, the muffled roar of a city that never stops moving.

CAMERA SWEEPS DOWN - weaving through the crowded streets of Midtown.

Pedestrians shuffle past neon-lit storefronts, faces illuminated by billboards flashing advertisements for tech, pharmaceuticals, and political campaigns.

A news ticker scrolls across a massive screen in Times Square:

"BREAKING NEWS: GOVERNOR RICHARD VAUGHN SET TO ANNOUNCE NEW MEDICAL INITIATIVE."

The image of Governor Vaughn's confident, smiling face fills the screen.

CAMERA CONTINUES MOVING - pushing deeper into the city, passing:

Ambulances outside New York-Presbyterian Hospital.

A massive digital ad for Synapse Industries: "REVOLUTIONIZING THE HUMAN BRAIN."

Surgeons scrubbing in through the windows of an operating room.

Finally, we slow as we approach a towering glass building.

A name gleams in bold silver letters above the entrance:

"NEW YORK PRESBYTERIAN - NEUROSURGERY DEPARTMENT"

INT. OPERATING ROOM - NIGHT

Bright surgical lights flare to life.

The whine of medical instruments.

A figure steps forward, gloved hands raised.

Dr. Elias Grayson.

Calm. Precise. Brilliant.

Tonight, he will perform a miracle.

And it will set everything in motion.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE MIRACLE SURGERY

FADE IN.

INT. OPERATING ROOM - NEW YORK PRESBYTERIAN HOSPITAL - NIGHT

A bright surgical light beats down over the open skull of a patient. The steady BEEP of the heart monitor fills the tense silence.

A team of top neurosurgeons watches from behind a glass observation window, their eyes fixed on one man.

DR. ELIAS GRAYSON (40s, confident, precise, a genius at the peak of his career) stands at the operating table, scalpel in hand.

His eyes burn with focus as he works—his movements are smooth, almost hypnotic.

The patient? GOVERNOR RICHARD VAUGHN.

A shaved head, a severe brain injury—shrapnel from an attempted assassination lodged deep within his frontal lobe.

The other surgeons watch in awe.

SURGEON #1 (WHISPERING, AMAZED)
My God... Look at his precision.

SURGEON #2 (SHAKING HIS HEAD, IN DISBELIEF)

No one else would've even attempted this procedure.

Grayson moves with absolute certainty, using techniques that seem almost unnatural.

He doesn't hesitate.

He doesn't falter.

He is in control.

A nurse wipes sweat from his brow.

The lead anesthesiologist watches the vitals carefully.

ANESTHESIOLOGIST (NERVOUS, TO GRAYSON)
Brain activity is dropping, Doctor.
If we push any further—

GRAYSON (CALM, UNWAVERING)
Trust me.

With one final, impossibly delicate maneuver, Grayson removes the shrapnel.

A long beat of silence.

Then—BEEP. BEEP.

The heart monitor stabilizes.

The operating room erupts in controlled excitement.

The observing surgeons burst into applause.

Grayson finally steps back, pulling off his gloves.

He removes his mask, revealing a calm, knowing smile.

A nurse shakes her head in awe.

NURSE (QUIETLY, IN DISBELIEF)
You just saved the Governor of New
York.

Grayson simply watches the monitor, listening to the rhythmic pulse of life he has restored.

Then, almost to himself—

GRAYSON (SOFT, PHILOSOPHICAL)
The body can break. But the mind..
the mind can survive anything.

FADE TO BLACK.

SCENE 2 - THE INTERVIEW

FADE IN.

INT. TELEVISION STUDIO - "60 MINUTES" INTERVIEW - NIGHT

A large flat-screen monitor behind the set displays:

"THE MIRACLE SURGEON: DR. ELIAS GRAYSON"

Bright studio lights glare down on the set.

Dr. Elias Grayson sits across from a well-dressed interviewer, DIANE KELLER (50s, respected journalist, sharp and skeptical).

Clips of his legendary surgery play on the monitor behind them.

The world is watching.

DIANE KELLER (SMILING, PROFESSIONAL)
Dr. Grayson, the Governor's
recovery is being called nothing
short of a miracle. Your techniques
have pushed the boundaries of
neurosurgery itself. Some are even
calling you the greatest brain
surgeon of our time.

Grayson smiles modestly, nodding.

GRAYSON
I don't believe in miracles, Diane.
Just knowledge applied correctly.

The audience chuckles appreciatively.

DIANE KELLER (LEANING IN, INTRIGUED)
And yet, your techniques—your
ability to navigate the human
brain—are unlike anything seen
before. Some say you work with a
sixth sense, an almost supernatural
intuition for the mind.

Grayson pauses.

For the first time, there's a subtle shift in his demeanor.

He leans forward slightly.

GRAYSON (CALM, MEASURED)
The truth is... we've been thinking
about the mind all wrong.

The room goes quiet.

Diane raises an eyebrow.

DIANE KELLER
How so?

Grayson's fingers interlock. His voice lowers.

GRAYSON (SERIOUS, INTENSE)
We treat the brain like it's the
source of human thought. But I
don't believe that's true.
(beat, voice sharper now)
The brain is just a vessel. A
conduit. But the mind? The
consciousness? It exists
independently.

A ripple of unease moves through the studio.

Diane shifts in her seat.

DIANE KELLER (SKEPTICAL, RAISING A
BROW)
Are you saying... the mind is
separate from the body?

Grayson nods.

GRAYSON (LEANING IN, VOICE HYPNOTIC)
Yes. And I believe one day, we'll
prove it.
(beat, voice dropping even
lower)
That the mind can be freed from the
body.

The studio audience murmurs.

Diane forces a polite smile.

DIANE KELLER (CAREFULLY CHOOSING HER WORDS)

That's a... fascinating perspective, Doctor. But wouldn't many in the scientific community call that—

GRAYSON (SMIRKING, FINISHING HER SENTENCE)

Blasphemy? Pseudoscience? Lunacy?
(beat, his expression hardens)

Maybe. But every revolutionary idea is met with ridicule at first.

The interview ends on an uncomfortable note.

The camera lingers on Grayson's face—his confidence unwavering.

But beneath it...

Something dangerous.

Something obsessive.

FADE TO BLACK.

SCENE 3 - THE SCIENTIFIC BACKLASH

MONTAGE - GRAYSON'S FALL FROM GRACE

* NEWS BROADCASTS featuring scientists and neurosurgeons publicly condemning him.

DR. JAMES RUTLEDGE (Harvard Neurology Dept.) (angry, dismissive)

"Dr. Grayson's comments are irresponsible. This is not science—it's fantasy."

DR. AMELIA CHO (Johns Hopkins Neuroscience) (cold, unimpressed)

"The idea that consciousness can exist outside the brain is absurd."

* MEDICAL JOURNALS & ARTICLES MOCK HIM

"Once a Genius, Now a Madman?"

"Dr. Elias Grayson: The Neurosurgeon Who Believes in Ghosts."

- * GRANT FUNDING IS CUT. His hospital privileges revoked.
- * Former colleagues refuse to return his calls.
- * He sits alone in his office, staring at rejection letters.
- * His reflection in the glass of his office window distorts—his own shadow stretching unnaturally.

SCENE 4 - THE BIRTH OF OBSESSION

INT. GRAYSON'S PRIVATE LAB - NIGHT

Grayson stands alone in his darkened private lab.

Stacks of neuroscience books, consciousness studies, ancient texts.

A single journal page lies open before him.

A quote, underlined, scribbled in his own handwriting:

"THE MIND IS NOT THE BODY. THE BODY IS A CAGE."

Grayson lifts his gaze.

His reflection in the glass is wrong.

The shadow behind him.. moves on its own.

He doesn't flinch.

Instead—he smiles.

A man at the edge of revelation.

A man who will stop at nothing to prove he's right.

FADE TO BLACK.

SCENE 5 - COLD OPEN: THE FAILED EXPERIMENT

FADE IN.

INT. ABANDONED LABORATORY - NIGHT

Dim, flickering fluorescent lights cast long shadows over the cold, metallic surfaces of an underground laboratory. The space is cluttered with medical equipment, tangled wires, and monitors displaying brain activity in erratic waves.

A restrained TEST SUBJECT (mid-40s, gaunt, pale, eyes wide with terror) sits in a surgical chair. Electrodes are attached to his shaved scalp, and his arms are bound.

Nearby, DR. ELIAS GRAYSON, eyes burning with obsession) prepares a neural device—a sleek, futuristic helmet with wires protruding from it.

Grayson adjusts dials on a nearby console. A screen pulses with data—neural patterns, heart rate, brain activity. The numbers spike erratically.

He turns to DR. HENRY LASKER (50s, nervous, sweaty, and visibly reluctant), his reluctant assistant.

GRAYSON
(calm, almost reverent)
Are you ready, Henry?

LASKER
(hesitates, voice shaking)
Elias, this isn't safe. The last trial—

GRAYSON
(cutting him off, voice cold)
The last trial was a miscalculation. This time, we succeed.

Grayson lifts a syringe filled with a luminescent blue serum and injects it into the subject's neck. The man shudders violently.

TEST SUBJECT
(weakly, pleading)
Please... I don't... I don't want to—

Grayson flips a switch. A low hum builds as the neural device activates, surrounding the subject's head in a halo of cold blue light.

The subject arches his back, eyes rolling into his skull, mouth stretched in a silent scream. The monitors glitch, distort—the brain activity readings spike off the charts.

Suddenly—a loud, inhuman SCREECH.

The lights flicker wildly. The air warps around the subject, as if reality itself is bending.

The subject's veins darken, bulging under his skin—then, in a horrifying instant, his body slumps, lifeless.

The monitors flatline.

Silence.

Lasker stumbles back, breathing hard, eyes fixed on the dead man.

LASKER
(horrified, whispering)
What have we done?

A long, drawn-out static hisses from the speakers.

Then—a whispering voice. Distorted. Impossible.

SUBJECT (O.S.) (WHISPERING, OVERLAPPING VOICES, IMPOSSIBLE DIRECTION)

I... see... you.

Lasker spins around, searching for the source. The dead man's eyes are still wide open, but his lips do not move.

A nearby monitor flickers, displaying something not human—a shadowy, pulsating form, like a mind trying to take shape.

Suddenly—THE DEAD MAN JERKS UPRIGHT.

CUT TO BLACK.

TITLE CARD: "MIND OVER MATTER"

SCENE 6- INTRODUCING DR. GRAYSON

FADE IN.

INT. DR. GRAYSON'S PRIVATE OFFICE - NIGHT

A cluttered desk. Stacks of scientific journals, notes covered in frantic scribbles, and diagrams of brain scans and consciousness transfer models.

Dr. Grayson sits in dim light, watching a flickering video on his monitor—a replay of the failed experiment.

Onscreen, the subject screams, convulses, then falls limp. The whispering echoes through the speakers again.

SUBJECT (V.O.) (DISTORTED, OVERLAPPING VOICES)

I... see... you.

The video glitches.

Grayson pauses the footage, rubbing his temples. Dark circles under his eyes, his hands shaking slightly. He breathes deeply—his face is a mixture of exhaustion, obsession, and something else... fear.

A soft knock at the door.

He blinks, forcing composure.

GRAYSON

Enter.

The door opens, revealing Dr. Claire Holloway she is a lean, sharp-featured woman in her mid-30s with piercing hazel-green eyes, dark brown shoulder-length hair often tied in a loose ponytail, and light skin marked by subtle stress lines from sleepless nights; she favors practical clothing, usually a worn leather jacket over fitted jeans, with a silver locket she never takes off.

CLAIRE

Dr. Grayson. I wasn't sure you'd actually respond.

She steps in, taking in the organized chaos of the room—books, papers, strange anatomical drawings of brains severed from bodies.

GRAYSON

(gesturing to a chair,
weary but intrigued)

Dr. Holloway. Sit.

She hesitates, then sits across from him, folding her arms.

CLAIRE

Alright. I'll be blunt. Your theories are considered pseudoscience by half the academic world. The other half thinks you're a lunatic.

Grayson chuckles dryly, leaning forward.

GRAYSON
And what do you think?

CLAIRE
(beat, studying him)
I think you were once a respected
neuroscientist. Before you started..
all of this.

She gestures toward the scattered notes, the eerie brain scan images.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
But if even half of what you claim
is true... I need to see it for
myself.

Grayson watches her carefully. He slides a folder across the desk.

She opens it. Her face hardens.

Inside: distorted brain scans, images of patients with missing minds, a blurred security still of something moving without a body.

GRAYSON
(quietly, intense)
Consciousness can exist outside the
body, Dr. Holloway. I've seen it.

CLAIRE
(skeptical, but intrigued)
If that's true... where does the mind
go when it's set free?

A long pause. Grayson's eyes darken.

GRAYSON
That's what I intend to find out.

SCENE 7 - THE HIDDEN LAB

EXT. ABANDONED ASYLUM - NIGHT

Claire follows Grayson down a winding path, deep into the forest, until they reach the entrance to a long-forgotten psychiatric facility.

Rusting gates. Shattered windows. A sense of something watching from the darkness.

Grayson unlocks a hidden door, leading her inside.

INT. SECRET UNDERGROUND LAB - NIGHT

The walls are lined with monitors, each displaying live feeds of comatose test subjects. Some are breathing. Others... not so much.

Claire stops in front of a large containment chamber—inside, a motionless human body, but its brain activity is still spiking.

She steps closer.

Suddenly—the monitors flash erratic brain waves.

A low, inhuman whisper fills the air.

Claire freezes, as if something just brushed against her mind.

She turns to Grayson, unsettled.

CLAIRE
What the hell did you do?

Grayson stares at the screens, voice eerily calm.

GRAYSON
I opened a door.

SCENE 8 - A WARNING IGNORED

INT. SECRET UNDERGROUND LAB - NIGHT

A low hum vibrates through the air, mixing with the rhythmic beeping of monitors tracking brain activity. The flickering screens display distorted neural scans, each more grotesque than the last.

Claire stands frozen, her gaze locked on the motionless body inside the containment chamber. The brain activity monitor beside it spikes erratically, though the subject's body remains still.

She slowly turns to Grayson, her expression shifting from intrigue to deep unease.

CLAIRE
(whispering, unnerved)
That man in there... his body's dead.

GRAYSON
(matter-of-factly)
His body, yes. But his mind..

He presses a button on the console. The monitors glitch, and for a split second, a dark, shifting form flickers across the screen—something inhuman, pulsating, watching.

GRAYSON (CONT'D)
...is still very much alive.

Claire swallows hard. She steps back, rubbing her arms as if suddenly cold.

CLAIRE
This isn't just neuroscience. This
is—

GRAYSON
(interrupting, focused)
Progress.

Claire's eyes flick to the chamber, then back to Grayson.

CLAIRE
You're not just observing
consciousness. You're trapping it.

GRAYSON
(with quiet pride)
Not trapping. Freeing.

Before Claire can argue, the door to the lab swings open with a metallic groan.

DR. HENRY LASKER enters—late 50s, gaunt, weary, eyes sunken from lack of sleep. A man haunted by the things he's seen, but too afraid to walk away.

LASKER
(gruffly, to Grayson)
We need to talk.

Grayson doesn't even look at him.

GRAYSON
Later.

LASKER
(urgent, almost pleading)
No. Now.

Claire glances between them, sensing tension. Lasker's hands tremble as he pulls a small flash drive from his pocket and tosses it onto a table.

LASKER (CONT'D)
I ran an analysis on Subject 13's
last session. The consciousness
didn't just transfer—it changed.

Grayson finally meets Lasker's gaze.

GRAYSON
(calm, challenging)
Explain.

Lasker's face is pale, slick with sweat. He gestures to the monitors.

LASKER
We assumed consciousness was like
data—something we could move,
extract, store. But something's
wrong with it. It's evolving.

Claire picks up the flash drive, hesitant.

CLAIRE
You're saying the minds he
extracted aren't... human anymore?

Lasker just nods. His voice drops to a near whisper.

LASKER
We didn't extract a consciousness,
Claire. We created something new.

A long beat. The lab is deathly silent.

Then—a distant scraping noise echoes from the dark hallway outside the lab.

Claire's head snaps toward the sound.

CLAIRE
What was that?

Lasker looks to Grayson, whose expression remains unreadable.

GRAYSON
(quiet, detached)
One of the Echoes must have gotten
loose.

Claire stares at him.

CLAIRE
The what?

LASKER
(mutters, barely audible)
Oh, Christ...

Another scraping sound—closer this time. A slow, unnatural
drag against the floor.

Claire instinctively reaches for the nearest scalpel, her
pulse hammering.

Grayson, however, remains eerily calm. He steps toward the
control panel, presses a button, and a security feed flickers
onto a nearby screen.

The hallway outside is dark, grainy, but then—movement.

A shadowy figure limps through the corridor. Head twitching
unnaturally. Mouth hanging open. The face is wrong—distorted,
like a broken reflection.

The Echo stops just outside the lab door.

Claire barely breathes.

The figure tilts its head.. as if listening.

Then—a distorted whisper seeps through the speakers.

ECHO (V.O.) (GARBLED, OVERLAPPING VOICES)

I... see... you.

The lights flicker violently. The screen glitches.

And then—the feed cuts out.

SCENE 8 - THE ECHO

INT. UNDERGROUND LAB - NIGHT

BAM! Something SLAMS against the door.

Claire jumps back, knocking over a tray of scalpels. The instruments clatter loudly.

Another bang—this time louder, more forceful.

Lasker's breath quickens.

LASKER
(whispering, terrified)
It shouldn't be able to do that.

Claire glares at him.

CLAIRE
Do what, exactly?

LASKER
(voice shaking)
They're not supposed to be aware.

BAM!

The metal door buckles slightly. Something inhuman is pushing against it.

Grayson calmly walks to a nearby console, pressing a command. A sharp hiss fills the air as gas floods the hallway outside.

The banging slows. Then stops.

Silence.

Grayson turns back to them, unbothered.

GRAYSON
Problem solved.

Claire stares at him, disgusted.

CLAIRE
Jesus Christ, Elias. That was a person.

Grayson gives her a cold, measured look.

GRAYSON
(simply)
No, Dr. Holloway. That was a body.
The person is gone.

Claire exhales, trying to steady herself. She looks at Lasker, who won't meet her eyes.

CLAIRE
(quiet, accusing)
How long have you been helping him?

Lasker swallows hard.

LASKER
(softly)
Too long.

Grayson ignores them, already turning back to his work.

GRAYSON
We move forward. No more
distractions.

He types a command into the terminal. The screen flashes:

NEW TEST SUBJECT READY. INITIATING TRANSFER.

Claire's stomach drops.

She steps forward, looking at the new subject's profile on the monitor.

Her face goes pale.

Onscreen, the name reads:

"DR. HENRY LASKER."

Claire whips around.

Lasker's eyes widen in horror.

LASKER
(panicked, realizing too
late)
Elias... no. Please, no—

Before he can move, Grayson presses a final key.

The machine whirs to life.

Lasker's screams are drowned out by the deafening sound of the neural extraction process beginning.

Claire watches, paralyzed with horror, as Lasker's body seizes violently.

The monitors glitch. The lights flicker.

And then—a whisper, deep, distorted, and wrong.

LASKER (V.O.) (WARPED, DISTANT,
OVERLAPPING VOICES) (CONT'D)
I... see... you.

The screen cuts to black.

SCENE 9 - THE THING IN THE SYSTEM

BLACK SCREEN.

A deep, distorted BREATHING fills the silence.

Then, a garbled whisper—Lasker's voice, but wrong, layered, fractured.

LASKER (V.O.) (DISTORTED, OVERLAPPING
VOICES)
I... see... you...

FADE IN.

INT. UNDERGROUND LAB - NIGHT

The lab is bathed in red emergency light.

Claire stands frozen in horror, staring at Lasker's twitching, lifeless body. His eyes are open but empty, his mouth slightly agape.

On the monitors—his brain activity flatlines... then spikes.

Grayson watches, unbothered, typing rapidly into his terminal.

Suddenly—the lab lights flicker wildly. The monitors distort.

Then, Lasker's body twitches violently—as if something is moving inside him.

Claire jumps back.

CLAIRE
(horrificed, whispering)
Oh my god...

Lasker's head snaps toward her unnaturally fast.

His lips move, but his voice doesn't match—it's layered, inhuman, like multiple voices speaking at once.

LASKER (V.O.) (DISTORTED, OVERLAPPING
WHISPERS)

C...lair...e...

Claire gasps, stumbling backward.

CLAIRE
(shaking her head,
panicked)
No. No, that's not him.

Lasker's body convulses, then collapses back onto the
table—limp.

A long, dreadful silence.

Then—the computers flicker back to life.

On every screen: LASKER'S FACE—warped, stretched, his mouth
twisted in an unnatural grin.

LASKER (V.O.) (ECHOING FROM EVERY
SPEAKER, WHISPERING IN A SINGSONG
TONE)
I... see... you...

BZZZZZT!

The lab plunges into darkness.

A single monitor remains lit.

On it—a grainy, distorted security feed of the dark hallway
outside.

Claire and Grayson turn to look.

A figure moves in the shadows.

Not Lasker's body.

Something else.

Something born from the experiment.

And it's coming toward them.

SCENE 10 - THE NIGHTMARE ESCAPES

INT. UNDERGROUND LAB - EMERGENCY LIGHTING

Claire scrambles for a flashlight, her hands shaking.

Grayson remains eerily calm, his fingers flying across the keyboard.

CLAIRE
(hissing, panicked)
What the hell is that?!

GRAYSON
(focused, detached)
An evolution.

A loud CRASH from outside.

Claire spins toward the door.

CLAIRE
(furious, whispering)
You don't even care, do you?

Grayson glances at her, then turns back to his work.

GRAYSON
(simply)
We're on the verge of something
extraordinary.

Another crash—this time closer.

Then—a deep, guttural GROWL.

Claire tightens her grip on the flashlight. She slowly approaches the lab door.

The security feed flickers.

For a split second—a shadowy, grotesque shape appears.

It's taller than a man. Twisted. Pulsing.

It shouldn't exist.

Then, the screen goes black.

A metallic BANG—the door buckles.

Claire stumbles back.

Grayson finally stands. Unshaken.

GRAYSON (CONT'D)
(calm, fascinated)
It's learning.

Claire grabs him by the arm, furious.

CLAIRE
(whispering, frantic)
We need to get out of here!

Grayson just smirks.

GRAYSON
And leave my life's work behind?

Before Claire can respond—the lights flicker violently.
And then—the power dies completely.

TOTAL DARKNESS.

Silence.

Then—a slow, heavy breathing... right outside the door.

SCRAAAAAAPE.

Something is dragging its nails across the metal.

A long, dreadful pause.

Then—a whisper, right behind Claire's ear.

LASKER (V.O.) (DISTORTED, INHUMAN
WHISPER)
I'm... still... here.

Claire spins around—

But there's nothing there.

Then—the door SLAMS OPEN.

SCENE 10- THE HUNT BEGINS

INT. UNDERGROUND HALLWAY - NIGHT

Claire and Grayson sprint down the hallway.

Behind them—the Echo emerges from the lab.

It no longer looks human.

A shifting, elongated mass of flesh and shadow, Lasker's face half-formed, stretched into a frozen scream.

And it's fast.

Claire and Grayson barely make it through the next set of doors.

Claire **slams a button on the wall--**a heavy security door slams shut just in time.

BAM!

The creature SLAMS against the door with inhuman strength.

Claire backs away, gasping for breath.

CLAIRE
(frantic, barely holding
it together)
You... you turned him into that.

Grayson just watches through the reinforced glass.

The Echo tilts its head, watching them back.

Grayson steps closer to the glass, intrigued.

GRAYSON
(softly, almost reverent)
It's perfect.

Claire grabs him, shaking him.

CLAIRE
(furious, terrified)

IT. IS. NOT. LASKER.

Grayson finally looks at her.

His face is calm, controlled.

But then... something flickers in his eyes.

Something else.

CLAIRE
(whispering, realizing)
Oh my god...

She lets go of him.

Grayson smirks slightly.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
(whispering, horrified)
You let it in... didn't you?

Grayson just tilts his head.

Then—he whispers something under his breath.

GRAYSON
(soft, inhuman voice
layered beneath his own)
I... see... you.

Claire staggers back.

And then—the emergency power dies completely.

TOTAL DARKNESS.

SCENE 11 - TOTAL DARKNESS

BLACK SCREEN.

Breathing. Fast. Panicked.

Claire's.

A sharp BZZZZT!—then total silence.

A single red emergency light flickers to life, casting the hallway in hellish crimson.

FADE IN.

INT. UNDERGROUND HALLWAY - EMERGENCY LIGHTING

Claire stands paralyzed in terror, her breath shallow.

Grayson is still, standing a few feet away. His face is partially shadowed.

The Echo bangs against the metal door behind them.

BAM. BAM. BAM.

Each impact warps the metal inward.

Claire's eyes stay locked on Grayson.

She saw it.

For a split second.

When he whispered those words—something else looked back at her from behind his eyes.

A shadow within him.

Grayson tilts his head slightly, his smirk subtle but unnerving.

CLAIRE
(whispering, horrified)
You're not you anymore.

Grayson takes a step toward her.

She instinctively steps back.

GRAYSON
(soft, measured, eerie)
I've never been more myself,
Claire.

Another bang from behind them. The door is about to give.

Claire clenches her jaw, forcing herself to focus.

She reaches for the scalpel tucked in her pocket.

Grayson notices.

And smiles.

GRAYSON (CONT'D)
(calm, almost amused)
Now, now. That won't help.

Claire's knuckles whiten around the scalpel.

CLAIRE
(low, trembling with rage)
I should've let them shut you down
when I had the chance.

Grayson laughs softly.

GRAYSON
(whispering, eyes
darkening)
But then you wouldn't have seen...
the truth.

Claire tightens her grip.

But then—BAM!

The metal door behind them finally collapses inward.

The Echo spills into the hallway.

A shifting, broken shape of darkness and flesh.

A body that doesn't move like a body should.

The air distorts around it, as if space itself rejects its
existence.

Claire's eyes go wide.

The Echo speaks, but not with a mouth.

It whispers directly into her mind.

ECHO (V.O.) (WARPED, LAYERED VOICES, INSIDE HER HEAD)

We... are... awake.

Claire shrieks, clutching her head.

The voice is too loud, too deep, too many voices at once.

She stumbles, her vision blurring.

Grayson doesn't move.

The Echo crawls forward. Unnaturally. Inhumanly.

Its half-formed face twists toward Grayson.

And he... smiles.

GRAYSON
(soft, reverent)
Beautiful.

Claire barely registers what happens next.

Grayson steps toward the Echo— and it lets him.

The shifting mass reaches for him, tendrils of darkness brushing against his face.

For a moment—they merge.

Grayson's body convulses. His veins turn black.

And then—he inhales sharply.

His pupils dilate unnaturally.

His smile widens, stretching too far.

Then, in a voice layered with something inhuman—

GRAYSON (CONT'D)
(whispering, a thousand
voices at once)
I... see... you.

Claire doesn't hesitate.

She runs.

SCENE 12 - ESCAPE INTO MADNESS

INT. UNDERGROUND TUNNELS - NIGHT

Claire's footsteps echo through the darkened corridors as she runs blindly through the twisting underground facility.

Behind her—the Echo moves fast. Too fast.

It doesn't run.

It glides, pulsing forward, like a shadow stretching across reality itself.

The walls around her glitch—shifting between metal and something... wrong.

The Echo's voice whispers from every direction.

ECHO (V.O.) (INSIDE HER HEAD, DISTORTED WHISPERS OVERLAPPING)

You... belong... to us...

Claire clutches her temples, gasping.

She turns a corner—

And stumbles into another figure.

She screams.

But it's not the Echo.

It's a man.

A security guard, shaking, gripping a gun with white knuckles.

SECURITY GUARD
(panting, terrified)
Jesus Christ, what the hell is
going on?!

Claire grasps his shoulders, frantic.

CLAIRE
(desperate, shaking him)
We have to go. NOW.

The lights above them flicker violently.

Then, from the darkness—a voice.

GRAYSON (O.S.) (CALM, DISTANT, BUT
LAYERED WITH SOMETHING MONSTROUS)
No need to run.

Claire's blood turns to ice.

She whirls around.

Grayson stands at the end of the corridor.

But he's not alone.

The Echo is inside him now.

Or he's inside it.

His form flickers— shifting between his human shape and something else.

Something bigger.

Something older than human thought.

SECURITY GUARD
(stammering, pointing his
gun)
D-Don't move!

Grayson tilts his head. Smiling.

Then, in a gentle, almost playful tone—

GRAYSON
(soft, layered voice)
You should've left when you had the
chance.

Then—the lights GO OUT.

Total darkness.

Claire hears the security guard FIRE.

BANG. BANG. BANG.

A beat of silence.

Then—a sickening, wet tearing sound.

A gurgled scream.

Something drips onto Claire's shoulder.

She doesn't breathe.

The emergency lights flicker back on.

And Claire sees—

The security guard's body is gone.

Only his gun remains, slick with fresh blood.

Claire slowly looks up.

Grayson is still there.

But his smile is wider now.

And his shadow stretches unnaturally along the walls.

Then—his head jerks slightly, like he's listening to something.

His eyes lock onto Claire.

And in a voice that is no longer entirely his own—

GRAYSON
(whispering, with
something vast and alien
behind it)

Run.

Claire doesn't hesitate.

She sprints into the darkness.

FADE TO BLACK.

SCENE 13 - THE DESCENT OF DR. GRAYSON

BLACK SCREEN.

A slow, rhythmic dripping sound.

Then—a distorted whisper.

ECHO (V.O.) (LAYERED, SHIFTING VOICES, DEEP AND ANCIENT)

What... are... you?

FADE IN.

INT. UNDERGROUND LAB - ISOLATION CHAMBER

The room is pitch black, except for a single flickering light.

Dr. Elias Grayson stands alone.

Or rather, what's left of him does.

His posture is loose, unnatural, like a puppet held up by unseen strings. His breathing is shallow, but not entirely human.

His eyes are vacant, twitching slightly, as if adjusting to a new form of sight.

He lifts a hand, watching with fascination as his fingers stretch longer than they should, only to snap back into place.

In the dim glow of the flickering light, his shadow moves independently of his body.

Then—a voice.

Inside his head.

Or many voices.

ECHO (V.O.) (WHISPERING, AMUSED, HUNGRY)

You are... breaking apart.

Grayson smiles.

GRAYSON (SOFT, REVERENT, AS IF IN
PRAYER)

No... I am becoming.

A distorted BZZZT!—the light above him shorts out completely.

Total darkness.

Then—a pulse of something unseen ripples through the air.

And suddenly, Grayson is not alone.

Shapes flicker in and out of existence around him. Shadowy limbs. Unformed faces.

Half-formed figures—souls ripped from their bodies, now lingering in the space between.

The failed experiments.

The Echoes.

They whisper, hissing thoughts directly into his mind.

ECHOES (V.O.) (DISTORTED, LAYERED, URGENT)

You are too much. You are not enough.

You are breaking. You are endless.

You are... us.

Grayson shudders violently as his veins blacken, spreading like a living infection across his skin.

His mouth twitches, then stretches wider—too wide—before snapping back into place.

His pupils expand, swallowing the whites of his eyes.

Then—silence.

A moment of stillness.

Then, in a voice no longer entirely his own—

GRAYSON (SOFT, LAYERED WITH SOMETHING
MONSTROUS)

More.

He spreads his arms wide.

And the shadows rush into him.

SMASH CUT TO BLACK.

SCENE 14 - THE NATURE OF THE ECHO

BLACK SCREEN.

The sound of static crackling.

Then—a single distorted breath.

FADE IN.

INT. UNDERGROUND SERVER ROOM - NIGHT

Claire stands over a terminal, her hands moving fast, pulling up files, decrypting locked logs.

The room is dim, filled with rows of blinking servers, the heartbeat of Grayson's research.

The screen glitches, then loads a classified video file.

ON SCREEN: A grainy, security feed from two months ago.

The date stamp flickers.

PROJECT ECHO - SUBJECT 13

Lead Researcher: Dr. Elias Grayson

A younger Dr. Grayson appears on-screen, standing over a restrained patient.

His voice is calm, clinical.

GRAYSON (ON VIDEO)
(recorded, detached)
We are initiating full
consciousness extraction.

Lasker appears in the frame, visibly hesitant.

LASKER (ON VIDEO)
(whispering, nervous)
Elias... what if there's nothing left
when you pull them out?

Grayson smiles slightly.

GRAYSON (ON VIDEO)
(soft, almost excited)
That's the wrong question, Henry.

The right question is—what else is waiting?

Claire's stomach knots.

She fast-forwards the footage.

The experiment progresses—the patient convulses violently as
the machine extracts their consciousness.

The brain scan flickers. The data spikes erratically.

Then—something goes wrong.

The monitors glitch, displaying symbols that shouldn't exist.

And then—the screaming starts.

Not from the patient.

From the machines.

The air in the lab distorts, like heat warping reality
itself.

The screen glitches harder, the image warping.

For a brief moment—Claire sees it.

A shape behind Grayson.

Tall. Wrong. A presence without form, yet impossibly vast.

And then—Grayson turns, staring directly into the camera.

But not Grayson as he was then.

Grayson as he is now.

His eyes hollow. His mouth stretching into something that should not smile.

Then—the video cuts to static.

Claire stares at the screen, her breath caught in her throat.

And then—

A WHISPER FROM BEHIND HER.

GRAYSON (O.S.) (SOFT, LAYERED,
TERRIFYINGLY CLOSE)
Now you understand.

Claire whirls around.

Grayson stands there, smiling.

But his shadow stretches across the entire room.

And it's moving toward her.

SCENE 15 - THE POINT OF NO RETURN

INT. SERVER ROOM - NIGHT

Claire stumbles back, knocking over a cart of medical instruments.

Grayson steps closer, slow, deliberate.

His body flickers, like he's barely tethered to reality.

CLAIRE (TREMBLING, VOICE BARELY ABOVE
A WHISPER)
You let it in.

Grayson tilts his head.

His smile doesn't falter.

GRAYSON (SOFT, DELIGHTED)
No, Claire.
(beat, voice darkening,
layered with something
alien)
It let me in.

Claire lunges for a scalpel—

Grayson doesn't move.

Instead, the shadows themselves react.

A black tendril lashes out from behind him, slamming Claire into the wall.

She chokes, gasping for breath.

Grayson steps closer, lowering his face to hers.

His eyes—

They are no longer eyes.

They are voids.

And within them—countless fractured souls, screaming.

GRAYSON (WHISPERING, REVERENT) (CONT'D)
You have no idea what's waiting on
the other side.
(beat, softer, almost
tender)
But I can show you.

The shadows coil tighter.

Claire struggles, her vision tunneling.

She's losing.

Then—

A blaring ALARM cuts through the air.

Grayson's head snaps up, his smile faltering.

The lab's failsafe systems have engaged.

The walls around them shudder. The entire facility begins locking down.

A computerized voice echoes through the room:

FACILITY AUTOMATED SYSTEM (V.O.)
WARNING. SECURITY LOCKDOWN IN
PROGRESS. ALL SYSTEMS PURGING.

Grayson's face twists, something alien flickering behind his skin.

For the first time—he looks... afraid.

Claire gasps for air.

And then—she lunges for the emergency console.

She has one chance to stop this.

One chance to shut it all down.

FADE TO BLACK.

SCENE 14 - THE FINAL LOG

FADE IN.

INT. SERVER ROOM - NIGHT

The lab shudders violently. The overhead lights flicker erratically, casting disjointed shadows across the room.

Claire's breath is ragged as she grips the emergency console. Her fingers race across the keyboard, desperately trying to override the system.

Behind her—Grayson stands motionless, watching.

But his shadow moves differently.

It shifts across the walls, stretching like fingers reaching for her.

The computerized voice continues its warning.

FACILITY AUTOMATED SYSTEM (V.O.)
WARNING. SECURITY LOCKDOWN IN
PROGRESS.

DATA PURGE INITIATED.

Claire's eyes widen.

CLAIRE (WHISPERING, PANICKED)
No, no, no—

She scrolls through the system logs, searching for something—anything—that might explain how to stop this.

She sees a file flash across the screen.

FINAL VIDEO LOG - DR. ELIAS GRAYSON

Personal Archive

Her hand hesitates over the keyboard.

Behind her, Grayson takes a step forward.

Claire doesn't have time to think.

She clicks the file.

The screen flickers violently, then the video begins.

SCENE 17 - FLASHBACK: A BOY NAMED ELIAS

BLACK SCREEN.

The sound of laughter.

Then—grainy home video footage flickers to life.

VIDEO LOG - 1994

EXT. GRAYSON FAMILY HOME - BACKYARD - DAY

A young Elias Grayson (6 years old) runs across the yard, his messy black hair bouncing in the sunlight.

He's laughing, free, full of life.

A woman's voice calls out—warm, loving.

MOTHER (O.S.) (LAUGHING)
Elias! Slow down before you trip!

A man's voice joins in.

FATHER (O.S.) (CHUCKLING)
Let him be. He's got too much
energy for a boy his age.

The camera zooms in as Elias turns, grinning at the lens.

His eyes—so bright, so full of wonder.

MOTHER (O.S.)
(playful, loving)
Elias, say hello to the camera!

Little Elias waves enthusiastically.

YOUNG ELIAS
(excited, giggling)
Hi!

Then—the image distorts.

VIDEO LOG - 1996

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

The video resumes.

But the tone is different.

A hospital bed. A weak, pale woman lies in it—Elias's mother.

She's frail, her skin grayish, her breathing shallow.

A young Elias (now 8 years old) sits beside her, holding her hand.

His eyes are red from crying.

His father films from the doorway, his voice barely holding together.

FATHER (O.S.)
(soft, breaking)
Go on, Elias. Say something to her.

Elias snuffles, then leans close to his mother.

YOUNG ELIAS (WHISPERING, DESPERATE)
Mommy... please don't go.

His mother's lips barely move.

But she smiles weakly.

She brushes his cheek with trembling fingers.

MOTHER (WEAK, FADING)
It's okay, my love. I'll always be
with you.

Elias shakes his head violently.

YOUNG ELIAS (CRYING, ANGRY, DESPERATE)
No! I don't want you to leave!

His father sniffles behind the camera.

His mother struggles to breathe.

She tries to speak, but the words don't come.

Then—a long, shrill BEEP.

The flatline.

Elias's small body freezes.

The camera drops to the floor.

A blurred image of nurses rushing in. His father's broken sobs.

Elias doesn't cry.

He just stares at his mother's lifeless body.

His tiny fingers gripping her hand—holding on, as if he could pull her soul back.

The video glitches.

Then—darkness.

VIDEO LOG - 2001

INT. TEENAGE ELIAS'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

A teenage Elias (15 years old) sits at his desk, lit only by the glow of a computer screen.

His room is filled with books on neuroscience, consciousness, and near-death experiences.

His hands shake as he types.

The camera is set up on a tripod.

He leans in, staring into the lens.

His eyes—hollow, dark, haunted.

TEENAGE ELIAS (WHISPERING, OBSESSED)
There has to be something beyond
this.
(beat, swallowing hard)
Death isn't an end. It's just... a
locked door.

His hands tighten into fists.

TEENAGE ELIAS (MORE INTENSE,
DESPERATE) (CONT'D)
And I'm going to find the key.

STATIC.

VIDEO LOG - 2020

INT. GRAYSON'S PRIVATE STUDY - NIGHT

Dr. Elias Grayson, now older, colder, and obsessed, sits before the camera.

His face is thinner, his eyes darker.

He speaks softly, but with absolute conviction.

GRAYSON (ON VIDEO)
(whispering, hypnotic)
We've spent centuries trying to
understand the mind.
(beat, eyes narrowing)
But we've feared the truth.
(leaning in, intense)
The mind is not bound to the body.

It is something greater. Something endless.

He smiles slightly.

GRAYSON (ON VIDEO) (CONT'D)
And soon... I will prove it.

The video cuts to static.

SCENE 18- CLAIRE'S REALIZATION

BACK TO PRESENT - INT. SERVER ROOM - NIGHT

Claire stares at the blank screen, shaking.

She finally understands.

Grayson wasn't just experimenting for the sake of science.

This was personal.

He never got over losing his mother.

He wasn't trying to break the boundary between life and death for knowledge.

He was trying to bring her back.

And in doing so...

He had opened something far worse.

A low, distorted chuckle echoes behind her.

Claire whirls around.

Grayson stands in the doorway.

His face twisted in amusement.

His shadow stretching, flickering unnaturally.

GRAYSON (SOFT, DARKLY AMUSED)
Now you see.
(beat, tilting his head)
Wouldn't you do the same... if it
were someone you loved?

Claire tightens her jaw, her breath sharp.

Then—she lunges for the terminal.

She has one last chance to stop this.

FADE TO BLACK.

SCENE 19 - CLAIRE'S LAST CHANCE

FADE IN.

INT. SERVER ROOM - NIGHT

The walls shake violently, as if the entire facility is breathing.

Emergency sirens wail, and the red lockdown lights flash in erratic bursts, casting Grayson's shifting form into jagged, unnatural silhouettes.

Claire's fingers fly across the keyboard, desperate, her breath ragged.

The emergency system is engaged.

One command.

One keystroke.

She can shut it all down.

Erase the data.

Destroy the facility.

Bury Grayson and the Echo before they can escape.

Behind her, Grayson watches.

Or rather—the thing wearing Grayson's body does.

His eyes are pitch black now. Moving. Pulsating. As if filled with countless tiny, shifting figures, trapped within.

His shadow stretches across the floor, tendrils of darkness snaking toward her.

But he doesn't stop her.

Instead—he smiles.

GRAYSON (SOFT, ALMOST AMUSED)
Go ahead, Claire.

Claire freezes.

Her fingers hover over the final command.

But something in his voice—**something knowing**—makes her hesitate.

CLAIRE (WHISPERING, HESITANT)
Why aren't you stopping me?

Grayson tilts his head.

His teeth are too white. Too sharp.

GRAYSON (SOFT, HYPNOTIC)
Because you already lost.

A slow horrified realization dawns on her face.

CLAIRE (WHISPERING, DREAD CREEPING IN)
No...

Grayson smirks.

GRAYSON (MOCKING, GENTLE)
Oh, Claire.
(leans closer, voice
lowering, layered with
something inhuman)
You think I'm still here?

Claire's breath catches.

And then—she sees it.

On the monitor.

The security feed.

The containment chamber is empty.

Subject 13—the original Echo—is gone.

Her stomach drops.

Grayson just smiles.

GRAYSON (WHISPERING, WITH SOMETHING
VAST BEHIND IT) (CONT'D)
I set it free.

Claire's pulse hammers.

She slams the keyboard, executing the shutdown command.

OVERRIDE FAILURE. SYSTEM LOCKED.

CONSCIOUSNESS TRANSMISSION COMPLETE.

A low, electronic hum fills the room.

Claire whips around.

Grayson's body trembles—

And then—his face glitches.

Like a corrupted video file.

For a brief, stomach-churning moment, his features blur and distort—his mouth stretching too wide, his eyes multiplying and then vanishing.

Then—he snaps back into focus.

His smile is wider now.

GRAYSON (SOFT, ALMOST TENDER)
I'm not just Elias Grayson anymore.
(beat, voice dropping to a
whisper, the weight of
infinity behind it)
I am so much more.

Claire stumbles back.

Her heart pounds in her chest.

She failed.

She lost.

And now—it's too late.

SCENE 20- ASCENSION

INT. SERVER ROOM - NIGHT

The lights flicker violently.

The walls groan, bending unnaturally, as if the facility
itself is shifting.

Claire scrambles for the exit.

But Grayson doesn't follow.

He tilts his head back, eyes rolling white.

And then—

THE ROOM EXPLODES INTO DARKNESS.

INT. UNDERGROUND FACILITY - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Claire stumbles out of the server room, gasping.

Behind her—the door frame warps, twisting into an unnatural
shape.

The hallway lights shatter.

Something laughs in the dark.

But it's not Grayson anymore.

It's every voice he has absorbed.

A chorus of whispers and screams and laughter.

They echo from every direction.

Claire runs.

But the hallway stretches, distorting, twisting back onto itself.

She skids to a stop.

The walls pulse like living flesh.

Her own shadow stretches unnaturally across the floor.

And then—

Grayson emerges from the darkness.

But it's not just him.

His form flickers.

One second, he's himself.

The next—his face shifts, becoming Lasker. Then Subject 13.
Then countless others.

The dead souls trapped within him.

Their eyes hollow. Their mouths frozen in silent screams.

Grayson steps forward.

Claire backs away, her breath shaking.

CLAIRE (WHISPERING, TERRIFIED)
What... are you?

Grayson's head tilts, his smile stretching too wide.

And then—he opens his mouth.

And every voice speaks at once.

GRAYSON / ECHO (V.O.) (A CACOPHONY OF WHISPERS AND SCREAMS)

We. Are. Free.

Claire screams.

SCENE 21 - ESCAPE?

INT. UNDERGROUND FACILITY - SECURITY CHECKPOINT - NIGHT

Claire slams through a security door, sealing it behind her.

Her hands fumble at a control panel.

She activates the failsafe.

An alarm blares—

FACILITY SELF-DESTRUCT INITIATED.

PLEASE EVACUATE IMMEDIATELY.

Claire spins around.

The hallway beyond the glass is now completely dark.

For a moment—nothing moves.

Silence.

Then—

A single hand presses against the glass.

Grayson's.

But his fingers are too long.

His bones shifting beneath his skin.

His smile still there.

Still watching.

Still waiting.

Then—the glass begins to crack.

Claire runs.

Behind her—the facility begins to collapse.

The walls cave inward.

The ceiling shudders.

And as she races toward the final exit hatch—

She hears it.

A whisper.

Not from behind her.

But inside her head.

GRAYSON / ECHO (V.O.) (SOFT, AMUSED, INEVITABLE)

You can run, Claire.

(beat, almost affectionate)

But you'll never be alone again.

Claire's breath catches.

Her hands tremble.

And as she reaches for the final exit hatch—

The screen CUTS TO BLACK.

SCENE 22 - EPILOGUE: THE SPREAD

BLACK SCREEN.

Then—a soft mechanical BZZZT.

A news broadcast crackles to life.

INT. TELEVISION STUDIO - ONE WEEK LATER

A news anchor smiles at the camera.

ANCHOR (CHEERFUL, PROFESSIONAL)

And in other news, authorities are
still investigating the explosion
at Grayson Laboratories last week.
The renowned neuroscientist Dr.
Elias Grayson is presumed dead—

(beat, shuffling papers,
smiling)

—but his groundbreaking work on
consciousness may live on.

(turning to the camera,
intrigued)

Coming up, an exclusive interview
with a new research team continuing
Grayson's theories.

A familiar name flashes across the screen.

LEAD SCIENTIST - DR. CLAIRE HOLLOWAY

The TV feed glitches.

For a split second—Grayson's face appears in the distortion.

Smiling.

Then—

CUT TO BLACK.

SCENE 23 - THE FBI ARRIVES

INT. SERVER ROOM - NIGHT

Claire stares at the security monitors, her breath catching in her throat.

Multiple camera feeds flicker to life.

For the first time, she sees what's happening outside the facility.

A fleet of black SUVs screeches to a stop at the facility's overgrown, hidden entrance.

Red and blue lights flash against the trees.

FBI tactical teams spill out, armed and moving fast.

Through the grainy night-vision feed, Claire recognizes their leader:

AGENT MICHAEL VASQUEZ (Late 40s, hardened, tactical mind, zero patience for bullshit).

A man who has spent years chasing ghosts.

And now, he's found one.

The team moves in formation, weapons drawn.

Claire's hands tremble over the keyboard.

She should feel relieved.

She should feel saved.

But she doesn't.

Because Grayson is still standing behind her.

And he's smiling.

SCENE 24 - A WARNING TOO LATE

INT. SERVER ROOM - NIGHT

Claire spins back toward Grayson.

His shadow coils unnaturally around him, his blackened veins pulsing beneath his skin.

He tilts his head, watching the monitors with calm amusement.

CLAIRE (WHISPERING, DESPERATE)
They're here. You're finished.

Grayson chuckles softly.

GRAYSON (MOCKING, ALMOST AFFECTIONATE)
Oh, Claire.
(leans in, voice dropping
to a whisper, layered
with something monstrous)
They're already dead.

The security feeds flicker.

Claire's stomach twists as she sees it.

The FBI agents are inside now.

Moving through the abandoned halls of the facility.

Weapons raised.

Their radios crackle with static.

Then—the lights in the corridor flicker.

A shadow moves at the edge of the frame.

Something fast. Wrong.

The feed glitches violently.

And then—

A screaming agent is dragged into the dark.

The whispering voices grow louder.

And then—

A HAND GRABS CLAIRE FROM BEHIND.

She screams.

SCENE 26 - THE LAST AGENT

INT. SECURITY HALLWAY - NIGHT

Claire struggles, gasping—

Until she sees who it is.

Agent Vasquez.

His face smeared with sweat, his expression raw with fear.

He's injured, limping, but very much alive.

His gun is drawn, shaking slightly.

VASQUEZ (LOW, URGENT)
We need to go. Now.

Claire nods, breathless.

Behind them—the server room door SLAMS SHUT.

Grayson is gone.

But the whispers remain.

Moving through the air like a living thing.

Vasquez grabs Claire's wrist.

VASQUEZ (GRITTED TEETH) (CONT'D)
I don't know what the hell you
people were doing down here—
 (glancing at the walls,
 which seem to breathe)
—but we're burning this place to
the ground.

Claire nods.

She doesn't argue.

She just runs.

SCENE 27 - ESCAPE THROUGH HELL

INT. UNDERGROUND FACILITY - MAIN HALLWAY - NIGHT

Alarms wail.

The facility groans, metal and concrete twisting as if reality itself is breaking.

Claire and Vasquez run through the endless hallways.

Behind them—

The shadows ripple.

Something is chasing them.

Not footsteps.

But a shifting, crawling, pulsating mass of darkness.

It clings to the walls, the ceiling, reaching for them.

The facility is collapsing.

Doors slam open and shut by themselves.

Lights explode overhead.

Vasquez fires behind them—but the bullets do nothing.

Claire sees the exit ahead.

A metal blast door, halfway open.

Beyond it—the night sky. Freedom.

They're so close.

Then—a whisper in her ear.

GRAYSON (V.O.) (INSIDE HER HEAD, SOFT,
INEVITABLE)
You can't leave, Claire.

She gasps.

And something grabs her ankle.

A blackened hand.

Crawling out from her own shadow.

She screams.

Vasquez spins, grabbing her.

He yanks her forward—hard.

She tumbles through the blast door—just as Vasquez SLAMS the emergency override.

The steel doors SCREAM SHUT.

The last thing Claire sees—

Grayson, standing on the other side.

Watching.

Smiling.

As the facility collapses around him.

Then—darkness.

SCENE 28 - AFTERMATH

EXT. WOODS OUTSIDE THE FACILITY - NIGHT

The ground trembles.

A deep, inhuman SCREAM rips through the air—

Then—

BOOM.

A massive explosion erupts from underground.

A shockwave tears through the trees.

Claire and Vasquez hit the dirt as the fireball roars into the sky.

And then—

Silence.

Nothing but the crackling of flames and the distant sound of sirens.

Claire rolls onto her back, gasping.
She stares up at the night sky.
For the first time in hours, she sees stars.
Vasquez coughs, sitting up beside her.
They exchange a look.
She should feel relief.
They destroyed it.
They stopped it.
Didn't they?
Claire's hands shake.
She closes her eyes.
And then—
A single whisper.
Soft.
Inside her head.

GRAYSON (V.O.) (GENTLE, PLEASED,
INEVITABLE)
I... see... you.

Claire's eyes snap open.

CUT TO BLACK.

SCENE 28 - WHAT REMAINS OF GRAYSON

BLACK SCREEN.

A deep, rhythmic breathing.
Not human. Not entirely.
Then—a single heartbeat.

THUMP.

FADE IN.

INT. COLLAPSED FACILITY - THE VOID

Darkness.

A ruin of concrete and steel, buried beneath the earth.

Sparks flicker from shattered wires.

The whispers have faded.

All is still.

And then—

A hand emerges from the rubble.

Pale. Twisted. Fingers too long.

Dr. Elias Grayson pulls himself free.

Or rather—what's left of him.

His lab coat is shredded. His body is broken—but something else is holding it together.

His veins pulse black. His skin shifts, like something inside him is moving.

For the first time since the transformation—Grayson is alone.

No more observers.

No more subjects.

Just himself.

But what is he now?

His hands tremble as he looks at them.

They flicker.

Phasing between flesh and shadow.

He closes his eyes.

The voices—gone.

No more whispers. No more screaming.

Only silence.

Grayson smiles.

GRAYSON (SOFT, WHISPERING TO HIMSELF)
I... survived.

And then—

A horrible realization.

He looks down at his own body.

And laughs.

Low at first.

Then growing.

A laughter that is both his and not his.

He is not whole.

Because he is no longer many.

He is one.

For the first time, Elias Grayson is truly alone inside his own mind.

And it is hell.

FADE TO BLACK.

SCENE 29 - VASQUEZ AND THE AFTERMATH

EXT. FBI SAFEHOUSE - UPSTATE NEW YORK - NIGHT

A safehouse in the middle of nowhere.

A dimly lit kitchen. A coffee machine dripping slowly.

Agent Vasquez sits at the table, a bottle of whiskey next to him.

His hands shake.

He's been through hell before.

But nothing like this.

A file sits in front of him.

Inside—classified reports on Dr. Elias Grayson.

He's been watching Grayson for years.

And now, Grayson is dead.

Isn't he?

A knock at the door.

Vasquez instinctively reaches for his gun.

CLAIRE (O.S.) (THROUGH THE DOOR, TIRED
BUT FIRM)

It's me.

Vasquez exhales.

He opens the door.

Claire stands there. Pale. Hollow-eyed.

She hasn't slept in days.

Vasquez steps aside.

She walks in. Doesn't sit. Just stares at him.

Finally—

CLAIRE (QUIET, ALMOST EMPTY) (CONT'D)
He's not gone.

Vasquez watches her carefully.

VASQUEZ (GRITTED TEETH, TIRED)
You're sure?

Claire nods.

Her hands clench into fists.

CLAIRE (WHISPERING, HAUNTED)
I still hear him.

Vasquez looks away.

He grabs a folder from the table.

VASQUEZ (LOW, SERIOUS)
Then we finish this.

He slides the folder toward her.

Claire hesitates, then opens it.

Inside—new case files.

More disappearances.

More than before.

And worse—they started after the facility collapse.

CLAIRE (WHISPERING, HORRIFIED)
He's spreading.

Vasquez nods.

A long silence.

Then—Claire finally sits.

For the first time, they're on the same page.

For the first time, they have the same enemy.

And for the first time, Claire isn't running.

She's going to fight.

Because if Grayson isn't dead—

Then neither is she.

FADE TO BLACK.

SCENE 30 - TRACKING GRAYSON

EXT. ABANDONED GAS STATION - RURAL PENNSYLVANIA - NIGHT

The gas station is dark, long abandoned, surrounded by nothing but woods and silence.

A single overhead light flickers erratically.

A black SUV pulls up, headlights cutting through the night.

Inside, Agent Vasquez grips the wheel, his knuckles white.

Claire sits beside him, studying a laptop screen, her fingers shaking slightly.

The FBI database scrolls with missing persons reports.

CLAIRE (READING ALOUD, VOICE TENSE)
Dr. Michael Reeves. Neuroscientist.
Disappeared three days ago.
(beat, scrolling faster)
Dr. Naomi Curtis.
(MORE)

CLAIRE (READING ALOUD, VOICE TENSE)
Cognitive researcher. Gone last
week.

(another beat, her stomach
tightening)
Dr. Patrick Zheng. Artificial
Intelligence specialist. Vanished
from his lab two nights ago.

She closes the laptop, exhaling.

CLAIRE (SOFT, REALIZING) (CONT'D)
He's taking the minds he needs.

Vasquez nods, staring out the windshield.

He doesn't say it, but they both know the pattern.

Grayson is building something.

And whatever it is—it's almost finished.

A chime sounds from Claire's laptop.

She opens it—a new file download.

A security camera image.

Taken last night.

Her breath catches.

Vasquez leans in.

The image shows a hospital hallway.

A doctor walking toward the camera.

Except—

The doctor's face is wrong.

Blurred. Distorted. Like the camera can't fully capture it.

But the shape of the body. The stance.

It's Grayson.

CLAIRE (WHISPERING, HORRIFIED) (CONT'D)
He's still wearing a body.

Vasquez clenches his jaw.

He shifts the car into gear.

VASQUEZ (GRIM, FOCUSED)
Then let's take it from him.

SCENE 31 - THE SPREAD

INT. RESEARCH FACILITY - NEW YORK CITY - NIGHT

Dr. Naomi Curtis's lab.

Empty.

But not abandoned.

Security footage from the past 24 hours plays on a nearby monitor.

The lab should be motionless.

But something moves.

Not a person.

The machines.

Screens flicker.

Servers activate by themselves.

The air ripples.

Something is here.

The computer monitor glitches violently.

A message types itself across the screen.

THE BODY IS A CAGE.

THE MIND IS FREE.

And then—

The monitor flickers to an image.

Dr. Elias Grayson.

Smiling.

Watching.

Waiting.

Then—the power cuts out.

Total darkness.

And in the pitch black—a whisper.

GRAYSON (V.O.) (SOFT, INEVITABLE)
I see you.

SCENE 32 - THE FINAL EXPERIMENT

INT. UNKNOWN LOCATION - THE LAB THAT SHOULDN'T EXIST

A dark chamber.

Walls covered in pulsing wires.

Flickering screens display brain scans, consciousness transfer models, and something else—

A human figure, suspended in a tank of liquid.

A new body.

A new vessel.

The final stage.

Grayson stands beside it, his current form unstable.

His face flickers between identities—Lasker, Subject 13, the countless minds he has consumed.

But his voice—

That is still his.

GRAYSON (SOFT, REVERENT)
The next step.
(beat, a slow smile)
I will be whole again.

His hand presses to the glass of the tank.

The figure inside shifts, twitching, forming.

The perfect mind in the perfect body.

Grayson closes his eyes.

And then—the transfer begins.

SCENE 33- INTERCEPTION

EXT. UNKNOWN LOCATION - OUTSIDE THE FACILITY - NIGHT

Claire and Vasquez stand at the edge of the ruined industrial site.

The facility before them shouldn't exist.

But it does.

Claire grips the handle of a stolen FBI-issued rifle.

Vasquez checks his sidearm.

They exchange a final glance.

VASQUEZ (LOW, GRITTED TEETH)
You ready for this?

Claire nods.

Her eyes burn with something new.

CLAIRE (WHISPERING, DETERMINED)
Let's end this.

They move in.

And inside the facility—

Grayson is waiting.

And he is ready.

FADE TO BLACK.

SCENE 33 - INFILTRATION

EXT. UNKNOWN FACILITY - NIGHT

A storm brews overhead, thunder rumbling across the ruined industrial site.

The facility looms before them, a structure that shouldn't exist.

The walls are smooth, black metal, humming softly, like something alive.

Vasquez grips his sidearm, scanning the perimeter.

Claire adjusts the rifle strap on her shoulder, exhaling slowly.

VASQUEZ (LOW, FOCUSED)
No guards. No security.

Claire shakes her head.

CLAIRE (WHISPERING, UNEASY)
Because he doesn't need them.
(beat, eyes narrowing)
He knows we're coming.

A long silence.

Then—Vasquez nods.

VASQUEZ (GRIM, STEADY)
Then we don't waste time.

They move in.

SCENE 34 - THE ASCENSION BEGINS

INT. UNKNOWN FACILITY - THE CORE CHAMBER

A vast, darkened lab.

Wires coil like veins, pulsing with a dim blue glow.

In the center—

A glass containment tank.

Inside, a figure floats in a clear, viscous fluid.

Not quite human. Not quite formed.

A new vessel. A perfect body.

Grayson stands before it, his current form flickering.

His face phases between identities—Lasker, Subject 13, the others he has consumed.

But his eyes remain the same.

Dark. Infinite. Knowing.

He places a trembling hand against the glass.

The transfer is almost complete.

His final evolution.

A shuddering exhale escapes his lips.

GRAYSON (WHISPERING, REVERENT)
No more limits. No more cages.
(beat, smiling softly, in
awe of himself)
I will be free.

Then—

A faint sound.

Footsteps.

Grayson's smile fades.

He turns slowly.

And there they are.

Claire and Vasquez.

Standing at the entrance.

Guns raised.

Breathing hard.

Dripping rainwater onto the cold metal floor.

For a moment, nobody moves.

Claire locks eyes with him.

Her finger tightens on the trigger.

Vasquez's jaw clenches.

And Grayson—

He smiles.

SCENE 35 - THE FINAL CONFRONTATION

INT. UNKNOWN FACILITY - CORE CHAMBER

CLAIRE (LOW, FIRM, BREATHLESS)
Step away from the tank, Elias.

Grayson chuckles softly.

He steps forward instead.

GRAYSON (MOCKING, GENTLE)
Claire.
(tilts his head, amused)
You still think you can stop me?

Vasquez cocks his gun.

VASQUEZ (GRITTED TEETH)
We're not thinking.

Grayson closes his eyes for a moment.

The air shifts.

A deep, subsonic hum ripples through the room.

The walls pulse.

The facility is breathing.

And suddenly—the power cuts out.

TOTAL DARKNESS.

Claire inhales sharply.

A whisper—right beside her ear.

GRAYSON (V.O.) (SOFT, ECHOING FROM
EVERYWHERE AT ONCE)
Do you know what it's like, Claire?
(beat, voice almost sad)
To be trapped in your own mind?

A sudden THUD.

Vasquez fires into the dark.

Muzzle flash illuminates the chamber for split seconds—

But Grayson is gone.

Or—

Everywhere.

Claire grits her teeth.

She reaches for a flare grenade on her belt.

VASQUEZ (URGENT, WHISPERING)
Light it! Now!

Claire yanks the pin.

The flare ignites—blinding red light bursting through the chamber.

And there—

Grayson.

Standing directly in front of them.

Smiling.

SCENE 36 - NO MORE RUNNING

Claire raises the rifle—

Grayson moves first.

Too fast.

He grabs Vasquez by the throat, lifting him off the ground.

Vasquez chokes, struggling.

Claire FIRES—point blank.

The bullets slam into Grayson's chest.

He doesn't react.

Instead—he leans close to Vasquez's ear.

And whispers.

GRAYSON (SOFT, LAYERED, INFINITE)
You've spent your whole life
chasing monsters.
(beat, almost...
compassionate)
But you never understood.
(MORE)

GRAYSON (SOFT, LAYERED, INFINITE)
(smiling, voice dropping
to something deeper,
older)
You were never hunting us.

We were waiting for you.

Vasquez's eyes widen in horror.

Then—Grayson lets him go.

Vasquez collapses, gasping.

Claire reloads.

Grayson tilts his head at her.

GRAYSON (SOFT, CURIOUS) (CONT'D)
And you, Claire.
(beat, studying her like
an experiment)
Still afraid of what you could
become?

Claire doesn't answer.

She pulls the trigger.

BOOM.

The shot hits the glass tank behind him.

Cracks spread.

The containment system alarms blare.

The fluid inside begins to drain.

The new body—

Grayson's perfect vessel—

Is dying before it can live.

Grayson's smile fades.

For the first time... real anger flashes in his eyes.

The facility trembles violently.

The walls shatter.

Reality itself begins to twist.

And then—Grayson SCREAMS.

SCENE 37 - THE END OF GRAYSON

The room collapses.

Shadows bleed from Grayson's body, unraveling.

His form distorts, breaking apart.

His voice fractures.

The Echo inside him is unraveling.

Claire and Vasquez stumble back.

Grayson reaches for them—

But his hand disintegrates.

His face twists in agony.

For the first time, he looks afraid.

GRAYSON (WHISPERING, VOICE SHATTERING)

No... no, no, no—

(his body flickers—
phasing between all the
minds he's consumed—)

I was supposed to be—

(beat, realization
dawning, voice breaking
apart entirely)

Whole.

And then—

Grayson ceases to exist.

The Echo collapses inward.

A final pulse of darkness explodes outward—

Then—

Nothing.

Silence.

A long, empty silence.

SCENE 38 - AFTERMATH

EXT. UNKNOWN FACILITY - NIGHT

Claire and Vasquez stumble out of the ruins.

The facility implodes behind them, swallowed by the earth.

The storm has passed.

They stand in the cold air.

Alive.

Vasquez clutches his ribs, breathing heavily.

Claire doesn't move.

She just stares at the remains of the lab.

Finally—Vasquez speaks.

VASQUEZ (LOW, EXHAUSTED)
Is it over?

Claire doesn't answer.

Her hand trembles slightly.

Then—

A soft whisper.

So faint.

So quiet.

But it's inside her head.

GRAYSON (V.O.) (SOFT, DISTANT,
INEVITABLE)
I... see... you.

Claire closes her eyes.

She exhales.

And doesn't say a word.

FADE TO BLACK.

SCENE 39 - WHAT'S STILL INSIDE CLAIRE

INT. MOTEL ROOM - SOMEWHERE UPSTATE - NIGHT

The small motel room is dark, lit only by the glow of a TV playing static.

Claire sits on the bed, her face illuminated by the flickering light.

She hasn't slept.

She hasn't moved in hours.

Her hands grip the edges of the mattress, her breathing shallow.

A half-empty bottle of whiskey sits beside her.

On the cheap motel desk, a file folder is open.

Inside—photographs of Grayson's victims.

But Claire isn't looking at them.

She's staring at her own reflection in the motel mirror.

Or rather—

The shadow behind her.

It shouldn't be there.

But it is.

She knows what it is.

She's known since the facility collapsed.

She closes her eyes.

And then—

A whisper, soft, just beneath her skin.

GRAYSON (V.O.) (GENTLE, AMUSED, INEVITABLE)

You let me in.

Claire inhales sharply.

Her hands tremble.

She doesn't turn around.

Because she knows—

If she does, she'll see him.

Standing right behind her.

Smiling.

FADE TO BLACK.

SCENE 40 - VASQUEZ HAUNTED

EXT. SHOOTING RANGE - FBI SAFEHOUSE - DAY

A pistol fires.

BANG. BANG. BANG.

Agent Vasquez reloads his weapon, his expression unreadable.

The target dummy in front of him is shredded.

He breathes hard, wiping sweat from his brow.

He hasn't told anyone what he saw inside that lab.

They wouldn't believe him.

Hell—he barely believes it himself.

A junior agent approaches.

YOUNG AGENT (HESITANT, NERVOUS)
Sir? The Director wants an update
on Holloway.

Vasquez grunts.

He holsters his gun, grabbing his jacket.

VASQUEZ (LOW, GRIM)
Tell him she's fine.
(beat, jaw clenching
slightly)
Tell him we're watching her.

The young agent hesitates.

YOUNG AGENT
You think she's dangerous?

Vasquez pauses.

He looks down at his hands.

The scars. The memories.

And for the first time in his career—

He doesn't have an answer.

FADE TO BLACK.

SCENE 41 - IS GRAYSON TRULY GONE?

INT. DARK ROOM - UNKNOWN LOCATION

A computer monitor hums softly.

A lone figure sits in front of it.

Typing.

Their face hidden in the darkness.

The screen displays a single file:

PROJECT ECHO - FINAL LOG ENTRY

The figure clicks PLAY.

The screen glitches.

For a moment, it shows static.

Then—

A face appears.

A face that shouldn't exist anymore.

Dr. Elias Grayson.

He leans in close to the camera.

Smiling.

And then—

He blinks.

His eyes shift slightly.

As if he sees the person watching him.

As if he knows.

A long pause.

And then—

He speaks.

GRAYSON (SOFT, AMUSED, INEVITABLE)
I see you.

SCREEN CUTS TO BLACK.

SCENE 42 - THE NEW HUNT

INT. FBI SAFEHOUSE - BRIEFING ROOM - NIGHT

Claire and Vasquez sit across from each other.

Neither of them speak.

Neither of them sleep anymore.

A single case file is on the table between them.

A new disappearance.

Another scientist.

Another pattern.

Claire meets Vasquez's gaze.

For the first time, there's no doubt.

No more questioning.

CLAIRE (QUIET, FIRM, RESOLUTE)
He's still out there.

Vasquez nods.

He leans forward, picking up the file.

VASQUEZ (LOW, DETERMINED)
Then we find him.

No hesitation.

No turning back.

This time—

They finish it.

FADE TO BLACK.

SCENE 47 - THE SPREAD BEGINS

INT. CORPORATE OFFICE - NIGHT

A sleek, high-rise corporate building.

A plaque on the wall reads: SYNAPSE INDUSTRIES.

Inside, executives sit in a dimly lit conference room, sipping expensive whiskey.

A **presentation screen displays neurological research—**brain mapping, AI integration, and cognitive enhancement.

At the head of the table—Dr. Alan Brenner.

Or rather—Grayson.

Perfectly settled into his new body.

He wears a sharp suit, his expression calm and measured.

The executives applaud.

CEO (OLDER MAN, CONFIDENT) (SMILING)

Dr. Brenner, your advancements in cognitive preservation are... groundbreaking.

(leans forward, intrigued)

Are you saying we could one day transfer human consciousness—digitally?

Grayson smiles.

GRAYSON (IN BRENNER'S BODY) (SMOOTH, REASSURING)

Not one day.

(beat, his eyes darkening slightly)

Today.

A long silence.

The room buzzes with nervous excitement.

The CEO leans back, exhaling slowly.

CEO (GRINNING, SHAKING HIS HEAD)

Jesus.

(beat, impressed)

You might just change the world.

Grayson chuckles softly.

He lifts his glass of whiskey.

GRAYSON (IN BRENNER'S BODY) (SOFT, AMUSED)

That's the idea.

The executives toast.

And as Grayson takes a slow sip, his reflection in the whiskey glass flickers—

For a split second, he sees his old face.

The fractured, decaying version of himself.

Smiling back.

Grayson blinks.

And just like that—it's gone.

He exhales. Refocuses.

Then, he leans forward.

The deal is sealed.

The spread has begun.

FADE TO BLACK.

SCENE 48 - CLAIRE'S BREAKING POINT

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Claire sits on the floor, surrounded by newspaper clippings, case files, and open laptops.

Vasquez paces nearby, frustrated.

Her hands clench into fists.

Her breath is unsteady.

She hasn't been herself.

The whispers are louder now.

Every time she closes her eyes—

She sees him.

Standing in the dark corners of the room.

Watching.

GRAYSON (V.O.) (SOFT, MOCKING, EVER-PRESENT)

You're running out of time, Claire.

She presses her hands against her temples.

Her heartbeat pounds in her ears.

Vasquez notices.

He kneels in front of her.

VASQUEZ (LOW, FIRM)
Tell me what's happening.

Claire looks up at him.

And for the first time—

She lets him see the fear.

CLAIRE (WHISPERING, SHAKING)
He's inside my head.

Vasquez stares at her.

And then—he grips her wrist.

VASQUEZ (URGENT, UNWAVERING)
 Then we end this.
 (beat, jaw tightening)
 Tonight.

FADE TO BLACK.

SCENE 49 - THE FINAL BATTLE BEGINS

EXT. SYNAPSE INDUSTRIES - NIGHT

A storm brews overhead.

Thunder rumbles.

A black SUV pulls up across the street.

Inside—Claire and Vasquez.

Armed. Ready.

Claire clutches her gun, exhaling slowly.

Vasquez loads his weapon.

They watch the building.

VASQUEZ (LOW, STEADY)
 Once we go in, there's no turning
 back.

Claire nods.

Her fingers tighten around the grip.

CLAIRE (WHISPERING, EYES BURNING)
 Then let's finish this.

They step out into the storm.

Lightning flashes.

And inside the building—Grayson waits.

Smiling.

Ready.

FADE TO BLACK.

SCENE 50 - GRAYSON ASCENDS

INT. SYNAPSE INDUSTRIES - CORE SERVER ROOM - NIGHT

A massive data center.

Rows of glowing servers stretch endlessly.

In the center—a single chair.

Grayson sits, calm, composed.

Electrodes attached to his temples.

Monitors surround him, displaying neurological data,
consciousness transfer models, and one word flashing in red:

UPLOADING.

His final move.

Not just a new body.

Something bigger.

Something limitless.

He will exist everywhere.

He will never die.

A slow smile spreads across his lips.

GRAYSON (SOFT, TRIUMPHANT)
You never understood, Claire.
(beat, as the process
nears completion)
I never needed just a body.
(voice dropping to a
whisper, filled with
something vast, infinite)
I needed all of them.

And then—the doors burst open.

Claire and Vasquez storm in.

Weapons raised.

Breathless. Determined.

CLAIRE (FURIOUS, DESPERATE)
STOP THE UPLOAD.

Grayson smiles.

He doesn't move.

Doesn't have to.

The room trembles.

The lights flicker violently.

The shadows pulse.

And then—the facility itself begins to warp.

Reality shatters.

Claire and Vasquez brace themselves.

Grayson leans back in the chair, closing his eyes.

And then—

The final transfer begins.

SCENE 51 - THE END OR A NEW BEGINNING?

INT. SYNAPSE INDUSTRIES - FINAL MOMENTS

Claire runs to the control panel.

Her fingers fly across the keyboard.

Vasquez covers her, firing at the shadows forming around them.

Grayson shudders violently in the chair.

His body glitching, twisting.

Claire finds the kill switch.

Her hand hovers over it.

If she stops the upload—

Grayson dies.

But if she fails—

He will never die.

VASQUEZ (URGENT, YELLING)
DO IT, CLAIRE!

Claire grits her teeth—

And then—

She slams the switch.

SCENE 52 - AFTERMATH

EXT. SYNAPSE INDUSTRIES - DAWN

The building is in ruins.

Fire burns from shattered windows.

Claire and Vasquez stumble outside.

Smoke rises into the early morning sky.

Sirens wail in the distance.

They fall to their knees.

Breathing.

Bleeding.

But alive.

Claire stares at the wreckage.

A long silence.

Then—

Vasquez slowly turns to her.

VASQUEZ (LOW, QUIET, SHAKEN)
Is he gone?

Claire doesn't answer.

She just closes her eyes.

And in the silence—

A whisper.

GRAYSON (V.O.) (SOFT, DISTANT,
INEVITABLE)
I see you.

Claire opens her eyes.

And doesn't say a word.

FADE TO BLACK.

SCENE 53 - IS HE REALLY GONE?

INT. FBI SAFEHOUSE - INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

A dimly lit room.

Claire sits alone at a metal table, her hands wrapped around a cup of untouched coffee.

A security camera blinks in the corner.

She hasn't slept.

Hasn't spoken since the explosion.

The door opens.

Agent Vasquez steps inside.

He sits across from her.

Places a file on the table.

Slides it toward her.

Claire doesn't move.

A long silence.

Then—Vasquez speaks.

VASQUEZ (LOW, UNREADABLE)
We ran a full system sweep.
(beat, eyes locked on her)
Grayson's consciousness—his
upload—never completed.
(leaning in slightly)
We won.
(beat, slower now, like
he's waiting for her
reaction)
Didn't we?

Claire finally looks up.

Her eyes are bloodshot.

Haunted.

She opens the file.

Inside—photos of the destroyed lab, servers melted, circuits fried.

A final report:

SUBJECT: ELIAS GRAYSON

STATUS: DECEASED.

Claire studies the words.

And yet—

She can still hear him.

A whisper.

So soft, so quiet.

But there.

GRAYSON (V.O.) (DISTANT, AMUSED, INEVITABLE)

You think it's that easy?

Claire's hand tightens into a fist.

Her breathing shallows.

Vasquez notices.

He leans forward, his expression darkening.

VASQUEZ (FIRM, WHISPERING)
Tell me the truth, Claire.
(beat, voice lower now,
serious, deadly serious)
Is he still inside you?

Claire exhales.

And for the first time since the explosion—

She isn't sure.

FADE TO BLACK.

SCENE 54 - THE GOVERNOR RETURNS

EXT. GOVERNOR VAUGHN'S ESTATE - NIGHT

A private estate, deep in the countryside.

A fireplace glows through a large window.

Inside—Governor Richard Vaughn sits alone in his study.

The man who should have died.

The man Grayson saved.

A glass of whiskey in his hand.

He stares at an old news clipping.

A headline from years ago:

"Dr. Elias Grayson Saves Governor's Life in Historic Surgery."

A photo of them shaking hands.

The Governor exhales.

He closes his eyes.

And then—a soft static hum.

The fireplace flickers.

The lights dim for a split second.

The Governor tenses.

Slowly, he turns.

And in the reflection of the window—

A shadow stands behind him.

A shape that shouldn't be there.

A voice, smooth and familiar.

GRAYSON (V.O.) (SOFT, AMUSED, JUST A WHISPER)

It's been a long time, Richard.

The Governor's breath catches.

His fingers tremble around the whiskey glass.

He doesn't turn around.

He doesn't move.

Because he knows—if he does, he'll see him.

FADE TO BLACK.

SCENE 55 - A VISIT FROM A GHOST

INT. GOVERNOR VAUGHN'S ESTATE - STUDY - NIGHT

The fireplace crackles softly.

Governor Richard Vaughn sits motionless in his high-backed leather chair, his fingers clenched tightly around his whiskey glass.

The room is deathly quiet.

The shadow behind him does not move.

Or rather—it moves too much.

A shape that shifts slightly, as if it hasn't fully settled into reality.

Then—a voice.

Smooth. Familiar.

GRAYSON (V.O.) (SOFT, AMUSED, INEVITABLE)

No words for an old friend?

The Governor's jaw tightens.

He closes his eyes.

Takes a slow breath.

VAUGHN (LOW, STEADY, COLD)
You're not real.

The shadow shifts again.

A dry chuckle.

And then—Grayson steps forward.

His reflection solidifies in the window.

Not as Alan Brenner.

Not as the decaying thing that Vasquez and Claire destroyed.

But as himself.

The way Vaughn remembers him.

The brilliant surgeon.

The man who saved his life.

Gray eyes. Calm. Controlled. Intelligent.

Smiling.

GRAYSON (SOFT, ALMOST GENTLE)
If only that were true.

The Governor finally turns his head.

And—there he is.

Standing in front of the fire, hands in the pockets of his expensive black coat.

Just like old times.

The Governor exhales slowly.

Swirls the whiskey in his glass.

Takes a long sip.

Then—he leans forward.

VAUGHN (LOW, MEASURED)
How the hell are you still alive?

Grayson tilts his head slightly.

GRAYSON (SOFT, AMUSED)
You already know the answer to that.

A long silence.

Vaughn sets the whiskey down.

Laces his fingers together.

His expression unreadable.

 VAUGHN (QUIET, THOUGHTFUL)
You could have gone anywhere.
 (beat, eyes narrowing
 slightly)
Why come to me?

Grayson steps closer.

The air feels heavier.

The shadows lengthen slightly.

He smiles.

 GRAYSON (SOFT, DELIBERATE)
Because I saved your life once.
 (beat, tilting his head
 slightly, watching Vaughn
 carefully)
And now...
 (leaning in, voice lower,
 quieter, filled with
 something vast and
 unknowable)
I need you to return the favor.

FADE TO BLACK.

SCENE 56 - WHAT GRAYSON WANTS

INT. GOVERNOR VAUGHN'S ESTATE - STUDY - MOMENTS LATER

The fire casts long, flickering shadows across the walls.

Governor Vaughn stares at Grayson.

Trying to mask his unease.

Trying to rationalize this.

Grayson studies him, as if amused by his struggle.

Then—he sits.

Calm. Collected.

As if this is just another business meeting.

Vaughn finally speaks.

His voice steady. Controlled.

VAUGHN (LOW, SERIOUS)
What do you want, Elias?

Grayson leans forward.

GRAYSON (SOFT, PERSUASIVE)
A second chance.

A beat.

Vaughn raises an eyebrow.

VAUGHN (FLAT, UNIMPRESSED)
You were declared dead.
(beat, watching him
closely)
The FBI is still investigating what
happened at that facility.
(leans back slightly,
measured)
You expect me to... what? Make that
go away?

Grayson chuckles softly.

He shakes his head.

GRAYSON (CALM, SMOOTH)
No, Richard.
(beat, eyes sharp now,
glinting with something
dangerous)
I expect you to help me finish what
I started.

The Governor stiffens slightly.

His fingers tap against the armrest of his chair.

A subtle, nervous tic.

VAUGHN (LOW, CAREFULLY CHOOSING HIS
WORDS)
And what exactly did you start?

Grayson tilts his head. Smiles.

GRAYSON (SOFT, ALMOST REVERENT)
You wouldn't be alive if not for
me.

(beat, eyes narrowing
slightly)
But you've felt it, haven't you?

The Governor says nothing.

Grayson's smile grows.

GRAYSON (SOFT, HYPNOTIC) (CONT'D)
Something is different.
(beat, watching him
closely)
Your mind... sharper.

Your reflexes... quicker.

Your body—stronger.

(leans in, whispering, almost conspiratorial)

You survived that surgery because I did something no one else
could.

(beat, voice lower, a little darker now)

I set you free.

Vaughn's jaw clenches.

The whiskey glass trembles slightly in his grip.

Because the truth is—

Grayson isn't lying.

Since the surgery, he's felt things he can't explain.

His instincts are sharper.

His mind processes information faster.

Sometimes, he knows things before they happen.

And sometimes, at night—

He hears whispers.

Vaughn forces himself to breathe.

He sets the whiskey down.

Looks Grayson dead in the eyes.

VAUGHN (LOW, UNREADABLE)
What did you do to me?

Grayson's smile lingers.

Then—he stands.

Walks to the large window overlooking the darkened forest.

His hands in his pockets.

For a moment, he simply watches the night.

Then—he speaks.

GRAYSON (SOFT, MEASURED, DISTANT)
I saved your life, Richard.
(beat, tilting his head
slightly, a hint of
something colder now)
And now...
(turning back, smiling
slightly, voice dropping
lower)
I need you to help me save the
world.

Vaughn doesn't move.

The fireplace crackles.

The room feels smaller. Tighter.

Grayson watches him.

Waiting.

Vaughn's fingers drum slowly against the armrest.

His mind racing. Calculating.

Weighing his options.

And then—

Slowly—

He leans forward.

VAUGHN (LOW, THOUGHTFUL, DANGEROUS
NOW)
Tell me more.

FADE TO BLACK.

SCENE 57 - THE QUESTION WITH NO ANSWER

INT. FBI SAFEHOUSE - BRIEFING ROOM - NIGHT

A dimly lit room.

Walls covered in case files, neurological diagrams, red-string connections pinned to a corkboard.

In the center of the table—a single laptop.

A blurry, grainy image on the screen.

A security camera still from Governor Vaughn's estate.

Vaughn, sitting in his study.

And behind him—a shadow.

Claire stares at the screen.

Her fingers tap against the table.

A slow, steady rhythm.

Vasquez leans against the wall, arms crossed.

His jaw tight. His eyes dark.

A long silence.

Then—Claire speaks.

CLAIRE (SOFT, HAUNTED)
If the mind exists outside the
body...
(beat, her voice lower
now, tense, uncertain)
Then how do we kill it?

Vasquez exhales through his nose.

Shakes his head.

VASQUEZ (GRITTED TEETH)
I don't know.
 (beat, pushing off the
 wall, pacing now)
A bullet stops a body. Fire,
drowning, strangulation—
 (beat, looking at her now,
 voice sharper,
 frustrated)
But how the hell do you kill
something that doesn't need a body
to exist?

Claire closes her eyes.

The whispers are there.

Always.

Soft.

Patient.

Waiting.

She presses her palms against her temples.

Takes a shaky breath.

Then—she looks at Vasquez.

And says the thing neither of them want to hear.

CLAIRE (LOW, RELUCTANT, BUT CERTAIN)
Maybe we can't.

The words hang in the air.

Vasquez stares at her.

His expression unreadable.

Then—he scoffs.

Shakes his head.

VASQUEZ (FIRM, GROWLING SLIGHTLY)
Bullshit.

He grabs a chair, drops into it.

Leans forward, fingers pressed against his temples.

His voice is lower now.

Tighter.

VASQUEZ (GRITTED TEETH, THINKING
ALoud) (CONT'D)
There's always a way to kill
something.
(beat, exhaling sharply,
looking at her now,
serious, determined)
We just have to figure out how.

A long silence.

Claire nods slowly.

Her mind already working.

The question is no longer if.

It's how.

And they need answers.

Fast.

FADE TO BLACK.

SCENE 58 - A NEW HUNT BEGINS

EXT. GOVERNOR VAUGHN'S ESTATE - NIGHT

A black SUV pulls up outside the mansion.

Claire and Vasquez step out.

Their breath visible in the cold air.

The mansion looms before them.

Dark windows.

No movement.

But inside—

Something waits.

They exchange a final glance.

Then—they move in.

And inside the estate—

Grayson smiles.

Waiting.

Watching.

Because he knows—

They still don't know how to stop him.

And that makes them his.

FADE TO BLACK.

SCENE 59 - THE TRUTH ABOUT VAUGHN

INT. GOVERNOR VAUGHN'S ESTATE - STUDY - NIGHT

The door creaks open.

Claire and Vasquez step inside the Governor's dark study.

Their flashlights cut through the shadows.

The air is heavy, unnaturally still.

The walls are covered with portraits and framed achievements, all honoring Governor Vaughn's distinguished career.

The room reeks of wealth, control—and secrets.

On the desk, a glass of half-finished whiskey sits beside an open laptop.

Claire's eyes land on it immediately.

CLAIRE (WHISPERING)
The laptop.

Vasquez nods.

He moves to the fireplace, his gun raised, checking the corners of the room.

Claire sits at the desk, opening the laptop.

The screen flickers to life.

Files. Hundreds of files.

Her fingers move fast, opening one labeled "PROJECT ECHO:
OPERATIONS LOG."

Her stomach tightens as the first entry loads.

CLAIRE (READING ALOUD) (CONT'D)
"Patient Zero: Richard Vaughn. Test
subject in consciousness separation
procedure. Results exceeded
expectations."

She stops, her hands freezing on the keyboard.

Her voice falters.

CLAIRE (BARELY WHISPERING) (CONT'D)
He wasn't just a patient. He was...

Vasquez turns, his expression hardening.

VASQUEZ (GRITTED TEETH)
The first.

The realization hangs heavy in the room.

Claire clicks into another file—a video log.

The screen glitches.

Then: grainy footage of Vaughn strapped to a surgical table.

Grayson stands over him, calm, surgical.

GRAYSON (ON VIDEO) (CLINICAL, PRECISE)
The mind is not tethered to the
body. With the proper conditions,
consciousness can move freely...
(beat, glancing down at
Vaughn's unconscious
form)
...even into another host.

Claire and Vasquez exchange a horrified look.

Grayson wasn't just saving Vaughn.

He was testing him.

The video cuts out.

A soft whisper fills the air.

Not from the video.

From the room.

GRAYSON (V.O.) (SOFT, AMUSED) (CONT'D)
Digging into things you don't
understand, Claire?

Claire spins in her chair, gun drawn.

But there's no one there.

Vasquez's grip tightens on his weapon.

His eyes dart around the room.

The whisper continues.

GRAYSON (V.O.) (MOCKING) (CONT'D)
Vaughn doesn't even know what he's
become.
(beat, lower, darker)
But soon... he will.

The lights flicker violently.

And then—a loud crash echoes from upstairs.

Claire and Vasquez freeze.

And then—they move.

SCENE 60 - THE SECRET TO DESTROYING CONSCIOUSNESS

INT. GOVERNOR VAUGHN'S ESTATE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Claire and Vasquez burst into the room.

It's empty.

Luxurious, untouched—except for a single object.

A data tablet sits on the bed, its screen glowing faintly.

Claire approaches it cautiously.

On the screen is a file directory.

One file is highlighted, titled:

"TERMINATION: A CONSCIOUSNESS OUTSIDE THE BODY."

Claire's eyes widen.

She opens it.

The file reveals a single document:

The mind can only exist outside the body temporarily.

To destroy a separated consciousness permanently, it must be severed from all connections—

Including its original host.

Claire stares at the screen.

Her voice shakes as she reads it aloud.

CLAIRE (QUIET, HORRIFIED)
"If we sever him completely..."
(beat, swallowing hard)
"He dies for good."

Vasquez steps forward, his brow furrowing.

VASQUEZ (GRITTED TEETH)
And how the hell do we do that?

Claire scrolls to the final part of the document.

The instructions are clear—and devastating:

Destroy all connected hosts.

Even those unaware of their connection.

Claire's hand covers her mouth.

She knows what it means.

Vasquez does too.

His jaw clenches.

VASQUEZ (LOW, GROWLING) (CONT'D)
Vaughn.

Claire nods slowly.

The Governor isn't just a survivor.

He's a living anchor for Grayson.

If they kill Grayson's consciousness...

They have to kill Vaughn, too.

SCENE 61 - GRAYSON'S FINAL TRAP

INT. GOVERNOR VAUGHN'S ESTATE - GRAND HALLWAY - NIGHT

Claire and Vasquez move quickly down the hallway, their boots echoing on the hardwood floor.

They reach a staircase leading to the Governor's private office.

But then—the air shifts.

A low, unnatural hum.

The lights flicker.

Vasquez raises his weapon.

VASQUEZ (LOW, TENSE)
He's here.

CLAIRE (QUIET, GRIPPING HER GUN)
He's been here the whole time.

The door to the office swings open slowly.

Claire and Vasquez exchange a look.

Then—they move in.

INT. GOVERNOR VAUGHN'S ESTATE - PRIVATE OFFICE - NIGHT

The room is dark, lit only by the faint glow of a computer monitor.

Governor Vaughn sits at his desk, his head bowed.

His hands rest on the desk, fingers twitching slightly.

He doesn't look up.

CLAIRE (FIRM, CAUTIOUS)
Governor?

No response.

They step closer.

And then—the monitor glitches.

Grayson's face appears on the screen.

Smiling.

GRAYSON (SOFT, MOCKING)
You really thought you could kill
me?

Vaughn's head snaps up suddenly.

His eyes are wrong.

Dark.

Glowing faintly.

He speaks, but it's not his voice.

It's Grayson's.

VAUGHN (IN GRAYSON'S VOICE) (SOFT,
AMUSED)
This is my world now.

The shadows in the room shift violently.

Vaughn's body jerks unnaturally.

Claire raises her weapon.

CLAIRE (YELLING)
Vaughn! Fight him!

Vaughn grits his teeth, struggling.

His voice shifts between his own and Grayson's.

VAUGHN (STRAINED, DESPERATE)
I... can't...

Grayson's face flickers on the monitor.

His voice is calm. Reassuring.

GRAYSON (ON MONITOR) (SOFT, HYPNOTIC)
Let go, Richard.
(beat, smiling faintly)
I'll make you... whole.

Vaughn screams.

And then—he lunges at Claire.

Vasquez fires.

The bullet slams into Vaughn's shoulder.

He collapses, gasping.

But the shadows pulse violently.

Grayson's voice fills the room, echoing from every direction.

GRAYSON (V.O.) (LOUDER, DARKER) (CONT'D)
You can't stop me.

Claire looks at Vasquez.

Then down at Vaughn.

Her hand tightens around her gun.

CLAIRE (WHISPERING, TREMBLING)
We have to sever him.

Vasquez's eyes harden.

He knows what that means.

They exchange a final look.

Then—Claire raises her weapon.

Vaughn looks up at her.

His voice breaks through—just for a moment.

VAUGHN (WEAK, DESPERATE)
Please...

FADE TO BLACK.

SCENE 62 - THE ENDGAME

FADE IN.

A single gunshot echoes.

The room is silent.

The shadows collapse inward.
Grayson's voice fades.
For the first time—he is gone.
Claire and Vasquez stand over Vaughn's lifeless body.
Neither of them speaks.
They just stare.
And in the silence—
Claire feels it.
The whispers are gone.
But so is a part of her.

FADE TO BLACK.

SCENE 62 - THE LAST CHOICE

INT. GOVERNOR VAUGHN'S ESTATE - PRIVATE OFFICE - NIGHT

The room feels wrong.
Shadows pulse along the walls, the air vibrating like a living thing.
Governor Vaughn kneels on the floor, his body trembling violently.
His eyes shift—flickering between his own and Grayson's hollow stare.
He is both of them.
And he is losing himself.
Claire and Vasquez stand over him, weapons raised.
But Claire hesitates.
Her finger trembles on the trigger.
Because this is different.

Vaughn isn't just another victim.

He's the key.

To kill Grayson, they have to sever his last connection to this world.

And that means killing Vaughn.

The man Grayson saved.

The man who did nothing wrong.

Vaughn looks up at her.

His voice is his own again—just for a moment.

VAUGHN (WEAK, DESPERATE, BARELY
HIMSELF)

Please...

Claire's heart pounds.

She tightens her grip on the gun.

She wants to believe there's another way.

But there isn't.

Vasquez steps beside her.

His voice is cold.

Final.

VASQUEZ (LOW, STEADY, WITHOUT
HESITATION)

Do it.

A long silence.

Claire's finger tenses on the trigger.

Vaughn trembles—one last moment of control.

And then—

His face twists.

Grayson's voice pushes through him.

GRAYSON (V.O.) (SOFT, MOCKING,
INFINITE)
You think this ends with me?
(beat, voice dropping
lower, darker, crawling
under her skin)
I'm already somewhere else.

Claire's eyes widen.

Her breath catches.

What does that mean?

Vasquez doesn't wait.

He pulls his trigger.

BANG.

Vaughn's body slumps forward.

His breath escapes in a slow, broken sigh.

And then—

The shadows collapse inward.

A deep rumbling fills the air.

And for the first time in days—

Claire hears nothing.

The whispers are gone.

Grayson is gone.

FADE TO BLACK.

SCENE 63 - THE AFTERMATH

EXT. GOVERNOR VAUGHN'S ESTATE - DAWN

The first hints of morning bleed across the horizon.

Claire and Vasquez stand outside the ruined estate.

The air is cold. Quiet.

A small team of FBI agents move through the wreckage.

Vasquez lights a cigarette with shaking hands.

He takes one slow drag.

Then—he looks at Claire.

She hasn't said a word.

She just stares at the ground.

Her mind is somewhere else.

Vasquez finally speaks.

VASQUEZ (LOW, ROUGH, EXHALING SMOKE)
It's over.

Claire doesn't answer.

She doesn't believe it.

Because deep down... she knows.

Grayson's last words won't leave her mind.

"I'm already somewhere else."

She clenches her fists.

She knows Vasquez needs to believe they won.

So she forces herself to nod.

CLAIRE (QUIET, DISTANT)
Yeah.
(beat, whispering, lying
to herself)
It's over.

FADE TO BLACK.

SCENE 64 - A FINAL MESSAGE

INT. UNDISCLOSED LOCATION - DARK ROOM

A computer screen flickers.

A security feed from inside a corporate office.

A man sits at a desk.

Typing.

The nameplate reads:

DR. NAOMI CURTIS

SYNAPSE INDUSTRIES
The screen glitches.

A low hum fills the room.

And then—a message types itself across the screen.

Slowly.

One word at a time.

THE BODY IS A CAGE.

THE MIND IS FREE.

The screen glitches violently.

And then—

A final message appears.

I SEE YOU.

A faint chuckle echoes from the speakers.

And in the darkness—

A shadow moves.

FADE TO BLACK.

SCENE 65 - THE SCIENCE OF THE MIND

INT. FBI R&D LAB - NIGHT

A high-tech research facility, deep underground.

Walls lined with monitors, experimental machines, and cutting-edge weaponry.

The humming glow of servers fills the space.

In the center—a large reinforced glass chamber.

And inside it—a strange, sleek laser device.

Claire and Vasquez stand beside DR. EDWIN KAPLAN (50s, eccentric, brilliant, a little too excited about dangerous things).

A genius in quantum physics and experimental weaponry.

Kaplan adjusts thick-rimmed glasses and pulls up a holographic display of brain waves.

He gestures toward it excitedly.

DR. KAPLAN (GRINNING, ENTHUSIASTIC)
Okay. Let's talk about
consciousness as energy.
(beat, waving his hands
dramatically)
People think thoughts are just
neural activity, electrical signals
firing between synapses.
(leans in, eyes lighting
up)
But what if I told you that's only
half the picture?

Claire crosses her arms.

Vasquez leans against the table, unimpressed.

VASQUEZ (FLAT, SKEPTICAL)
I'd say get to the part where we
kill a ghost, Doc.

Kaplan laughs.

DR. KAPLAN (STILL GRINNING)
Right, right. Here's the thing—
(taps the holographic
display, pulling up data
charts)
When you're alive, we can measure
consciousness. We can see the
energy moving through your brain.
(beat, serious now)
But the moment you die?
(snaps fingers)
That energy source—your body—is cut
off.

No body, no readings.

Claire watches the data flicker.

CLAIRE (THINKING ALOUD)
But that doesn't mean the energy is
gone.

Kaplan points at her excitedly.

DR. KAPLAN (GRINNING)
Exactly!
(beat, stepping forward,
voice lowering, more
serious now)
I think—no, I know—that the energy
of the mind moves into another
dimension.

Vasquez narrows his eyes.

VASQUEZ (GRITTED TEETH, SKEPTICAL AS
HELL)
Another dimension.

DR. KAPLAN (NODDING ENTHUSIASTICALLY)
Not in the science-fiction sense.
In the quantum mechanics sense.
(beat, gesturing to the
laser behind the glass
chamber)
Our world exists on a three-
dimensional plane.

But energy? True pure consciousness energy?

(leans in, voice lowering, almost conspiratorial)

I think it shifts into a higher state.

Somewhere we can't measure.

(beat, shrugging, almost laughing to himself)

At least, not yet.

A heavy silence.

Claire and Vasquez exchange a look.

Claire's mind is racing.

Vasquez rubs his temples.

VASQUEZ (GRITTED TEETH, IMPATIENT)
And what the hell does this have to
do with stopping Grayson?

Kaplan grins.

He taps the glass chamber, gesturing to the laser inside.

DR. KAPLAN (PROUD, EXCITED)
Because this can do more than just
measure consciousness.
(beat, eyes glinting with
something dangerous)
It can push it.

Claire's breath catches.

CLAIRE (SOFT, UNCERTAIN)
Push it... where?

Kaplan presses a button.

The laser hums to life, glowing a strange pulsing blue.

He turns back to them, grinning like a kid with a new toy.

DR. KAPLAN (SMILING, ALMOST GIDDY)
Wherever the hell it goes when it
leaves the body.
(beat, tapping the glass,
voice dead serious now)
You want to stop Grayson?
(beat, leaning in, eyes
burning with certainty)
You don't destroy him.

You banish him.

A long silence.

Claire stares at the laser.

Vasquez exhales sharply.

He doesn't believe in other dimensions.

Doesn't believe in ghosts.

But he believes in what he saw.

And right now?

This is the only shot they have.

Finally, Claire nods.

CLAIRE (LOW, RESOLUTE)
Then let's end this.

FADE TO BLACK.

SCENE 66 - FINAL SHOWDOWN

EXT. ABANDONED INDUSTRIAL COMPLEX - NIGHT

A storm rages overhead.

The industrial complex stands half-collapsed, forgotten.

But inside—

Something waits.

Claire and Vasquez step out of an unmarked SUV, armed and ready.

Behind them—Kaplan's team unloads the containment laser.

A high-tech energy field generator hums softly, flickering in the rain.

Kaplan adjusts controls on a wrist tablet.

He turns to Claire and Vasquez.

DR. KAPLAN (SERIOUS NOW)
This is a one-time deal.
(beat, looking at Claire
specifically)
We push him out of our reality, and
he's gone.
(beat, slower now, a
warning in his tone)
But if this fails—
(glances toward the storm
above them, voice lower)
We might not get another chance.

Claire tightens her grip on her rifle.

She already knows.

She steps forward, staring into the darkness of the complex.

Her voice is calm. Steady. Ready.

CLAIRE (LOW, CALLING OUT)
Grayson.

A low, distant whisper.

Then—

A voice from everywhere.

And nowhere.

GRAYSON (V.O.) (SOFT, MOCKING, INFINITE)

You really think you can get rid of me?

The shadows inside the complex shift.

A figure steps forward.

Grayson.

Or what's left of him.

His form flickers—phasing between himself, Vaughn, and
countless others.

A body that is not a body anymore.

His eyes burn black.

His smile stretches too wide.

Claire doesn't flinch.

She simply raises her weapon.

CLAIRE (LOW, FIRM, FINAL)
Let's find out.

The laser hums to life.

A final confrontation.

A battle between dimensions.

Between the known and the unknown.

Between life, death—

And whatever the hell Grayson has become.

FADE TO BLACK.

Claire and Vasquez set the trap. Grayson fights back. They activate the laser—sending his consciousness into the unknown. But as the light engulfs him— he whispers one final thing. A warning.

A promise.

GRAYSON (V.O.) (SOFT, INEVITABLE, AMUSED)

You have no idea what else is out there.

The screen glitches.

A final pulse of light.

And then—

Silence.

A long, empty silence.

Claire and Vasquez stand motionless.

Did they win?

Or did they just open the door to something worse?

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END...?

(PART TWO LOOMS.)