

VIEWLAB WANTS YOU!

TV Pilot Episode One: The Beginning

Science-Fiction Fantasy Thriller

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Chantalle and her team use remote viewing to access information for unsolved crimes and missing people, yet the company they work for, ViewLab, has more sinister motives for their talents; meanwhile, the Water Protectors are working to undermine ViewLab's environmental corruption.

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TEASER

EXT. MOUNTAIN SIDE - DUSK

It is just after sunset, the last of the orange rays lick the side of the mountain, the valley below already bathed in darkness. The mountain is thick with trees and ripe with wildlife, no legal official dwellings exist past the first quarter of its rise. The trees always seem to be whispering, leaves fluttering, branches swaying. There is the odd winding path but there are rarely any hikers. The mountain is fenced off completely around the first third, DANGER and NO TRESPASSING signs abound. But you can hop the fence if you dare. This large mountain is part of a small mountain range that overlooks several cities, towns, and in the distance, VIEWLAB. There's a horrendous SCREECHING NOISE that starts as barely perceptual and slowly turns up loud by the end of the scene. We ZOOM IN to see a heavily wooded area. There are animals running, deer, squirrels, even a FOX. The treetops rustle, hard, as if there are creatures that we can't see running along the tops of the mighty trees but perhaps the animals that are running sense something we don't.

A wind has picked up, blowing the trees and debris in mini-cycles.

A man, SCOTT, has been walking along the mountain with a walking stick. He is healthy, thin, ragged; he lives off the land. A flock of birds burst up from where he's about to step as the screeching noise peaks. He watches the birds fly not with casual indifference but with close attention. Then his attention turns to the tree tops where something huge and invisible is pressing down. He puts his hand over his eyes as a bright light flashes, filling the frame.

SCOTT
(slowly, in wonderment)
Shiiit!

CUT TO:

INT./EXT. MONTAGE OF VISUALS AND SOUNDS

A rapid succession of images and sounds, voices and music.

Ribbons of colors float above and beyond all the scenes, music made visual.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The setting is inside and outside, all owned by VIEWLAB which sprawls across dozens of buildings and acres of land. Manicured and sterile, white and blue is the color scheme punctuated by fields of lush green grass that lead to fenced off woods.

A dozen CHILDREN wearing the VIEWLAB uniform (white T-shirt with VIEWLAB logo, jeans) of various ages sitting on the floor in a large white room in VIEWLAB draw large circles around themselves on white paper.

CHILDREN jumping and running outside in the vibrant green grass sing the same song over and over.

CHILDREN (VOICE OVER)

One two, what is in the view? Two,
three, what do you see? Three,
four, I need to know more...

CHILDREN hold hands and dance in a ring.

TEENAGERS in uniform sit at tables in the sterile VIEWLAB rooms, each with a bell jar in front of them, spinning paper windmills inside the jars with their minds. Some are more successful than others.

TWO CHILDREN play a "battleship" type game but with colors.

BABIES wear VIEWLAB rompers in rows of incubators in the ViewLab nursery. Mobiles above their cribs are the traditional Zener cards. In-between all the images of children/teens/babies we INTERCUT with scientists in white lab coats with the VIEWLAB logo working with traditional and not so traditional lab equipment, smoking vials, large whiteboards of numbers and drawings, photographs of murders, UFOs, cryptids and more flash by from laptop screens and drawings.

CHANTALLE (VOICE OVER)

Each piece of me is a part of you
and all of us create all of it.

DISSOLVE TO:

END TEASER

ACT ONE

INT. VIEWLAB VIEWING SECTOR LAB - AFTERNOON

We meet CHANTALLE GLANCES, age 36, a rather serious Hispanic lady who has been working as a remote viewing specialist for five years, solving crimes, unusual incidents and disappearances.

Chantalle is sitting at her desk which is piled with notebooks and papers. She has a laptop open. On the wall above her desk is a bulletin board festooned with papers full of drawings that she has done for the case she's working on.

She is drawing on a large piece of white paper, her eyes shut, noise blocking headphones on.

We see her drawing sporadic lines, large, perhaps a dinosaur.

A BELL DINGS.

She opens her eyes, removes her headphones and stares at what she's drawn.

CHANTALLE

Oh for god's sake. Why the hell did
I draw **that**?

She stares at what appears to be the rough renderings of a T-rex, her pencil tapping the paper impatiently.

CHANTALLE

What does it mean?

DIANA (34, Jamaican-Asian, playful personality) bursts into the office, clutching a large paper with lots of lines.

DIANA

Chantalle, can you believe this
shit? What does it mean?

Diana holds up a sketch that mirrors Chantalle's T-Rex.

CHANTALLE

(looking over Diana's
sketch and her own while
Diana sees Chantalle's
sketch)

I honestly thought this was a joke,
Diana.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DIANA

What are they thinking, Chantalle?
That we're stupid?

CHANTALLE

(musing)
Trying to throw us off. We just
need to focus harder.

DIANA

I swear, sometimes this job...

CHANTALLE

Yet...

The door bursts open again. This time it's FALA CROW (28, First Nations, still rather new to the team and has to work harder to prove herself as her father is DOCTOR CROW, head of the department) clutching pages of sketches.

FALA

(she's a bit apprehensive)
Hey ladies, did you see?

CHANTALLE

It's crazy.

Fala breathes a sigh of relief as she sees that her large, rough sketch is almost identical to the others. The women slide the drawings through a machine which sputters and hums and then projects a hologram comprised of all the drawings; almost a complete T-rex.

CHANTALLE

There are no dinosaurs, not alive
in our time...so what are we
seeing? The past?

DIANA

Maybe the target is one of the tar
pits...maybe they're trying to get
us to find more oil sites.

CHANTALLE

We would see a lot more than one T-
rex, wouldn't we?

FALA

Maybe it's just the dominant
image...you know, being a dominant
creature and all.

The women continue to stare at the T-rex, making notes on their tablets.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CHANTALLE

We'll have to do the best we can.
Go with the flow as it were.

Diana grimaces at Chantalle's bad joke, Fala ignores it as she stares at the hologram.

FALA

Well, we just draw what we see,
it's not for us to interpret it,
right?

CHANTALLE

Correct, Fala. Just draw lines with
no preconceived notice. No labels.

FALA

So, I'll not worry that what we
perceive appears to be a T-Rex. Our
only job is to upload the images to
let the other parts of the team to
decipher.

CHANTALLE

Yes.

FALA

But we'll find out one day...

DIANA

Sometimes we get to know the
results of what we've been working
on, but most of the time, no.

FALA

I find that the most frustrating
part of the job. How do we even
know if we were close or even had a
hit?

CHANTALLE

We're all still employed so there's
that...

CUT TO:

EXT. VIEWLAB - WAR ROOM

This is a giant room for meetings filled with desks, chairs, computers, screens, holograms spinning and whiteboards. In the room sit the BOARD of DIRECTORS in suits and a couple of scientists in lab coats. GRETCHEN FLOWERS is there as well.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

One of the scientists taps a whiteboard with a pointer, explaining something. We can only see what is going on, we can't hear past the glass.

There are giant spinning images comprised of lines, and squiggles and geometric patterns that create forms and then split apart to create new forms. Nothing stays although the odd form is recognizable, including the renderings of the T-Rex from Chantalle, Diana and Fala.

An argument apparently breaks out among the CEOs as hands are waving and raised voices are heard yet we can't decipher what they are saying.

The holograms whir, shifting, transforming, never staying clearly on one vision.

One of the red-faced angry CEOs stands up and smacks the table repeatedly to make a point. We hear his muffled shouts.

ANGRY CEO

It can't be done. It shouldn't be done.

The camera PANS away down the hallway.

CUT TO:

INT. LABVIEW - OFFICE

In a bright, sterile office, Chantalle sits across from a stern-looking, handsome yet chubby, white man, FRANK, 26. His suit might be too small or perhaps he gained a lot of weight real fast. He taps his pen on the piles of folders and papers in front of him.

FRANK

Is your team ready for this?

CHANTALLE

I believe so. I've been preparing them with the sample exercises.

Frank looks at a whiteboard full of drawings from Chantalle, Diana and Fala as well as pictures of the ladies, and photographs of mountains and trees.

FRANK

Good, good.

CHANTALLE

Are you able to share with me any details?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRANK

You know the drill, Chantalle. You must go in blind with the team.

CHANTALLE

Yes, yes.

FRANK

We can't have them led or persuaded in any direction, you know that.

CHANTALLE

I'm at a point in my career that I know not to lead the viewers.

FRANK

Yes, consciously. But there are always the unconscious tells that can persuade a viewer.

CHANTALLE

Yes, yes. I'm more than capable of not giving clues.

FRANK

But are you? I don't think so.

CHANTALLE

I'm rather insulted...

FRANK

It's not about insult, it's instinct. Please, with all your degrees, you know it's true. You can never lead a team and be part of the team and know what the target is.

CHANTALLE

I trust that my next job review will put me in your chair, Frank.

FRANK

Not likely. I'm here to stay, for a long time. However, the office next to mine may become empty over the next few weeks. (he winks, conspiratorially) We'll have to see the results of the board meeting.

Chantalle is impatient and not happy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CHANTALLE

Funny, Frank. I can remember the days when I was a team leader and you were a fresh face. When did the tables turn and you become my boss?

FRANK

When I excelled at my job.

Chantalle laughs.

CHANTALLE

Please, Frank. You know as well as I do that you are not great remote viewing material. Not at all.

FRANK

Which I guess is why they chose me to oversee the most excellent remote viewers, and of course, our star viewer...

CHANTALLE

Star viewer?

FRANK

(chuckles)
Why you, of course!

CHANTALLE

Flattery helps take the sting away from this imbalance of power, but I'm still working my way to your spot and damned if I don't get it one day.

FRANK

(leans over, looks around
and then whispers)
You don't want my spot. Trust me.

Frank leans back in his chair.

FRANK

(speaks loudly, as if to
unseen listeners)
The office next door is brighter.

CHANTALLE

All right. Here's the thing...

Frank's phone buzzes on his desk. He looks over at the message that has popped up. His mood changes from friendly-stern to fearful-stern.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

FRANK

Look, Chantalle. I have to deal with something right now. Let's take this up again later, if at all. You have the target numbers and the information for the trip, right?

CHANTALLE

Yes. Big trip...what is it, forty miles?

They both laugh.

FRANK

Forty miles, four thousand miles, it's all the same at the end of the day.

CHANTALLE

It is.

FRANK

The supplies and equipment are being prepared and will be ready for pick up at the end of the day.

CHANTALLE

All right. We'll leave first thing in the morning. As planned.

FRANK

Have a good rest of your day, Chantalle.

CHANTALLE

I will, Frank.

CUT TO:

EXT. MOUNTAIN - AFTERNOON

The sun shines brightly on the same patch of mountain we saw before. Everything is normal for a lovely afternoon, the birds sing, there is movement and activity of nature existing. SCOTT is walking along a creek, holding his walking stick. We can see he's fit and hardy even though he's very well-worn with unkept hair, beard, clothes. Suddenly, the sounds stop and the tops of the trees move as something huge and invisible moves through them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Scott looks up and watches something that we can't see go from tree to tree until it's passed. He grimaces as he stares.

A FOX runs by, brushing his leg, seemingly in a panic.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHANTALLE'S HOME - NIGHT

The full moon rises, bright and beautiful. We are outside of Chantalle's home. She sits in a lawn chair on her small back porch, a glass of bourbon in her hand. In another chair, a woman, BELINDA, 36, sits across from her holding a beer bottle. There's a mid-sized cooler of ice with beer and a bottle of bourbon wedged into it. Belinda is Chantalle's neighbor and is a rather nervous, skittish type. Against Chantalle's firm calmness, it's an intriguing dynamic.

BELINDA

Gorgeous night. Gorgeous moon.
Makes autumn more enticing.

CHANTALLE

Yes, yes. It's a beautiful moon
tonight.

Belinda looks around and then whispers.

BELINDA

It's not part of the simulation, I
hope.

Chantalle smiles, we're not sure if she's truthful.

CHANTALLE

No, Belinda. This is reality and
that's the real moon. You're not in
the experiment anymore.

Belinda swallows a big gulp of beer from her beer bottle.

BELINDA

It's so hard to believe, that I'm
finally out of there. You have no
idea what it was like...for so
long...

Chantalle doesn't want to engage.

CHANTALLE

You're free to live your life as
you choose, Belinda.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHANTALLE (CONT'D)

You have been for quite some time now. Why not enjoy life instead of looking over your shoulder in paranoia every minute?

BELINDA

You tell me this every day, yet every day I wait for the other shoe to drop. It's a terrible headspace.

CHANTALLE

The other shoe isn't going to drop as there is no other shoe. You devoted yourself to The Plan and put in the requisite hours. Your part is over and has been for a long time.

BELINDA

And yet...and yet...

CHANTALLE

I'm sure your efforts didn't go unnoticed.

BELINDA

I tried my best...I don't know if I was successful...

CHANTALLE

(changing the subject)

The moon is beautiful. Take a moment to enjoy it.

Belinda tries to appreciate the moon. She is fidgety.

BELINDA

You going away again, right?

CHANTALLE

Tomorrow, crack of dawn. You're good to watch my place, right?

BELINDA

You know I will. Still have the key from last time. How long?

Chantalle sighs.

CHANTALLE

No idea. They never tell us where when how or why and never how long. We're done when we're done.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BELINDA

You must do some exciting work,
you're always so secretive about
it.

CHANTALLE

It's not really secretive, we just
sign non-disclosures. That's all.
Heck, even Star Wars actors endure
more non-disclosures than we do.

BELINDA

I sometimes imagine you're a spy,
but you're not, are you? A
government spy?

Chantalle laughs.

CHANTALLE

Oh, hell no. No spy. But even if I
was, I couldn't tell you. But I'm
not. Just a single mom doing some
confidential work.

BELINDA

Single mom, my ass. When did you
last see your kid?

Chantalle bristles.

CHANTALLE

It's been a while. He's at school.

BELINDA

With his dad.

Chantalle shrugs.

CHANTALLE

The arrangement is the arrangement.

Belinda grabs another beer from the cooler. She didn't mean
to upset Chantalle, she's an overtalker, so she attempts to
smooth things out.

BELINDA

I guess it's a good thing you have
the arrangement or you'd never be
able to travel so much.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

CHANTALLE

I would have figured it out...but for now, it's how it is. That's why a promotion would be good. I wouldn't have to travel so much and could be home with Dario.

BELINDA

Don't you like traveling?

CHANTALLE

Love travelling. But would give it up if Dario was here...but I had/have no choice and it is what it is.

BELINDA

I'm sure you'll see Dario again soon enough.

CHANTALLE

(nods and looks up at the moon)

Yep.

CUT TO:

EXT. MOUNTAIN SIDE - NIGHT

The full moon shines down on the mountain. The night is full of night nature sounds; owls hooting, wolves howling, distant dogs barking and so on. Scott is sitting by a small fire, roasting pieces of fish he's caught. He drinks a cup of water. He enjoys the full moon.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. CAR - MORNING

Chantalle, Diana and Fala are in the car, Chantalle at the wheel, the three scream-singing along to "Rain on Me" by Lady Gaga and Ariana Grande. Chantalle keeps her eyes on the road but is enjoying herself. Diana and Fala are enjoying coffee as they sing. The three ladies are bonding, not best friends but tolerant workplace bonding.

The car winds along the narrow road, snaking its way up the mountainside. They pass a sign, Mercy Motel, 10 miles.

CHANTALLE

Won't be long now.

DIANA

Good, my legs are beginning to cramp.

FALA

We're almost halfway up the mountain.

CHANTALLE

Halfway up Mount Abby. Not nearly the tallest mountain as you can tell by looking around.

FALA

Have you been up all the mountains around here?

CHANTALLE

No, not at all. A couple are fenced off halfway up or less, as you know. Like this one.

FALA

When I was a kid, me and my friends would dare each other to hop the fences.

DIANA

Did you?

FALA

Of course. We were kids. I'd have to give back my kid badge if I wasn't curious about what lay on the other side.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DIANA

What did you find?

FALA

I'm still looking. I guess that's why I pursued this line of work. Partly because of unexplained things as a kid.

DIANA

You must have seen something.

FALA

Sure. There's lots to see. But are there words for it? Especially when you're a kid? No. But I will share that I don't think I ever ventured more than ten feet from the fence on any of those mountains and that was plenty enough.

DIANA

What was plenty enough?

FALA

Sights, sounds...If I ever encounter them again, I now know how to record words that have no words and sounds that can be seen and not heard.

Chantalle slams on the brake.

CHANTALLE

Goddammit!

The women watch the hood of the car in horror.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROAD - MORNING

A fox lies by the road, breathing shallow, blood spattered with organs hanging out from being hit by the car.

The women get out of the car and go to the fox.

FALA

Poor baby, we have to help him.

DIANA

I'm not sure there's much hope for her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FALA

Why not?

Fala kneels by the fox.

CHANTALLE

Stay back, Fala. You don't know if
it's rabid.

FALA

She's not rabid.

Fala holds one hand out. Then she holds out the second hand.
The fox seems to understand Fala doesn't want to harm it.

Diana and Chantalle stand back from the fox, nervous it might
lunge.

FALA

There, there, you are healing...

Fala keeps her hands over the fox in a Reiki position.
Chantalle and Diana look on. Diana turns to the car.

DIANA

I should go see if we have any
blankets or towels for the poor
thing. Maybe we can drop it at a
vet.

CHANTALLE

Look.

Chantalle points to Fala who has put her hands down and looks
at the fox. The fox is intact, no longer breathing heavily.

The fox stands up, looks around for a moment, and then runs
away.

The women watch in astonishment. Fala smiles.

FALA

Beautiful fox...

CHANTALLE

You have a gift...

FALA

No...I don't. It wasn't her time
yet.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DIANA

But I saw her, a bloody mess with organs spilling out to healed and running off into the bushes.

FALA

The fox healed herself. She believed she had more to do on Mother Earth and I merely helped rearrange the molecules to make it happen.

DIANA

I had no idea you could heal.

FALA

Not healing, just rearranging...maybe like knitting which is rearranging the yarn from one state to a new one.

Chantalle is impressed although we'll discover in a later episode she already knew about Fala's gift.

CHANTALLE

However you describe it, that's an amazing gift.

DIANA

Why are you wasting time as a viewer when you could be a healer?

FALA

Perhaps I can be both.

CUT TO:

EXT. MERCY MOTEL PARKING LOT - AFTERNOON

Our THREE VIEWERS pull into the Mercy Motel parking lot just off the highway. It's not a busy part of the world. The Mercy is a modest two-story motel, like something you'd see around Niagara Falls, with a tacky outdoor pool and light-up kewpie dolls strung around the fencing and walls. The other mountains aren't too far away. There are a handful of vehicles in the parking lot, including a couple of old-fashioned cars from the sixties and seventies. The women stand by their car, looking around at their surroundings.

FALA

This is the place? Mercy Motel.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DIANA

Mercy indeed.

CHANTALLE

(checking her phone)

That's what it says.

DIANA

Wow, talk about creepy, right out of Bates Motel territory. (to one of the dolls mounted near her) Stop staring at me!

The women nervously laugh.

CHANTALLE

You never know what the budget will entail. It's almost always...interesting in some manner. Usually you can detect a correlation between the budget and our accommodations. This is likely a mid-to-low budget case. I've been in far worse.

FALA

Can't wait.

DIANA

We're just one of many wheels in the machine...just one, two, three.

FALA

I'm sure these teams are larger than we ever dreamed.

Chantalle has pulled herself together and takes her purse from the car.

CHANTALLE

With any luck, we'll nail the targets quickly and can get the hell out. (she shudders)

DIANA

Don't hold your breath. (she takes a whiff of the air.) Or maybe we SHOULD hold our breath. What the fuck is that smell?...And Hey, remember how that one case was nearly two months and we thought it would be two days?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

FALA

I remember you two being away and seeing all your work. It was so interesting to wonder what the end result was as I fed the information into the machine.

DIANA

It was so interesting but again, we never really know what we're looking for and worse...if we've found it.

CHANTALLE

(eyeing the office door)

I've said it for years, this job is for sadists and masochists, pick your battle....All Right, let's go get this done.

The women head for the office door which has the name of the motel and emergency numbers written all across it in large flowery stencil.

CUT TO:

INT. MOTEL OFFICE - AFTERNOON

A surly middle-aged woman, BETTY, with fried out blond frizzy beehive hair, weathered face and too much turquoise eyeshadow is scrolling through her phone, legs dangling over the edge of her chair like a teenager. (She's an echo of "Flo" from the show "Alice" which plays on the TV). She doesn't look up at the door when they enter even though a BAND OF WOODEN WIND CHIMES clank their arrival. The viewers take in the '70s vibe of orange, yellow, and black garish carpet and wallpaper, along with tall shafts of dried weeds and sticks in giant macramé vases. FALA smirks as she absorbs the décor. BETTY seems mighty absorbed in her social media. Chantalle is impatient.

The viewers wait for a moment, TV noise blabbering on in the background.

CHANTALLE

'Scuze me?

BETTY

(doesn't look up)

Hmmm?

CHANTALLE

Hi, there!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Betty slides her phone into her jeans as she stands and goes to the counter. She flips open a ledger with long blue nails that are decorated with tiny sea shells and coral.

BETTY

You're...Chantalle Glances,
amirite?

Chantalle stares at her, not amused nor impressed by Betty.

FALA

(naïve wonderment)
How did you know?

Betty chuckles as she steps over to the laptop that's on a ledge behind a partition so no one can lean over and grab it. The laptop has a chain which is attached to a ring under the counter.

BETTY

I guess I could spin a tall tale
about being a psychic, how I toured
all the fairs and carnivals from
Florida to the Yukon for forty
years, but you wouldn't believe me
anyway. I knew you were coming
because I have a reservation for a
deluxe room for three women at four
o'clock. And would you look at
that?

BETTY looks towards a large brass clock centered on a section of wall made from wood paneling, surrounded by the ugly wallpaper. The clock shows four, golden hands glinting in the sunlight as the big hand hits 12.

An old TV is mounted below. A seventies sitcom, *Alice*, is playing. Betty resembles "Flo" somewhat but without the pink uniform.

The resounding gong seems loud for the space and the viewers jump for each of the four beats.

FALA

Whoo...gotcha.

Betty swipes three room cards through an attachment on the laptop and gives them a small bucket wrapped in plastic along with three cups wrapped in plastic.

DIANA

Uh, thanks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BETTY

I prefer to give the glasses to my customers as they come in. Safer that way.

CHANTALLE

Sure.

Betty reaches for something under the counter and produces a large bottle of wine.

BETTY

A Gift. Enjoy. You're gonna be here a while.

She winks.

CHANTALLE

Thanks.

BETTY

You need anything, you know who to call. Number's on the door as well as in the room.

Betty points to the door where the motel after hours numbers are written.

BETTY

Coffee, tea, water, and Powerade are 24/7 and free in the lobby, which is through that door there. (she points to a badly painted glass door that opens to a narrow hallway). Ice machine on every floor, such a huge palace this is. Nothing but the best.

She chuckles, a raspy smoker's hack. The viewers politely laugh, it's a two-story fleabag.

BETTY

Breakfast goodies like muffins and donuts out until 9 am then you're on your own. Cleaners come in the morning, put out the sign if you don't want to be disturbed but they won't come back. Hard enough to get help these days without making them go crazy going back and forth to rooms that don't want cleaning. Make up your mind and stick with it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

DIANA

Sure.

BETTY

Questions?

FALA

I think you covered it all.

CHANTALLE

We'll let you know if there's anything else.

BETTY

(Betty puts on a creepy face.)

Don't be fooled by any noises in the night.

The women look at her. Betty laughs.

BETTY

Just messing with ya.

DIANA

Ha-ha

CHANTALLE

Let's go.

CUT TO:

INT. MOTEL SUITE - AFTERNOON

The three viewers drop their luggage. They stare disdainfully around the dim seventies-style room and check out the attached rooms. It's a huge suite; two rooms and a bathroom. One large room has two queen beds and a foldout couch. A big old-fashioned TV sits on the dresser. The second room is like an office/dining/cooking area. There's a small hotplate setup, straight out of the seventies, a bar fridge, and a working sink. A set of empty cupboards and drawers, a table and four chairs. A small couch, a couple of coffee tables and another old-school TV complete the scene.

CHANTALLE

Home sweet home.

DIANA

For at least at week.

She sniffs and screws up her nose.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHANTALLE

I know. Rotten water, backed up sewer, moldy carpet, who knows? I guess the boss thought the price was right.

DIANA

Lucky us.

CHANTALLE

Remember that gig we did at the Ritz Carlton in Laguna Beach?

DIANA

Oh, now don't be floating down memory lane when we're in the Fleabag Express.

FALA

The Ritz Carlton...sounds magnificent.

CHANTALLE

The digs were great, the case, not so much.

DIANA

True. That wasn't a good one at all...the case...

The two women sit in silence for a few minutes, remembering. Fala stares around the bedroom. She drags her suitcase over to one of the suitcase stands and opens it.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Betty stands at the counter, looking out the glass door. She plucks her phone from her jeans and makes a call.

BETTY

They've arrived.

She hangs up and slips the phone back into her jeans.

She has a strange smile on her face. She pulls out a cigarette and lights it up. As she pulls on it, she ripples, like an old school TV trying to focus or a hologram. Poof...she DISAPPEARS. The room morphs into a modern-looking lobby, with a little waterfall, no tacky dried weeds or macramé or hideous carpet. All is now modern sleek, white and blue, with a flat screen TV mounted on the wall.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The clock is modern as well. It's reminiscent of the stylings we saw at VIEWLAB.

CUT TO:

INT. MOTEL ROOM - LATER

The women have pulled out their briefcases and are opening up their laptops on the table. Chantalle plugs in a large power bar.

CHANTALLE

Hope I don't blow up the place!

DIANA

No one would miss it!

Fala puts some drinks from the cooler into the fridge. She eyes the bottle of wine.

FALA

What should I do with the wine? Are we drinking it now or later?

Chantalle looks at the bottle on the counter.

CHANTALLE

Bring that baby over. We might as well drink it now since we don't know what the week will bring.

Fala smiles and finds a corkscrew in her purse/case. She opens the wine and pours it while the other two are waiting for the laptops to warm up and shuffling file folders.

DIANA

Something not quite right with that woman.

FALA

Or this place. I know you two have been on a lot of stake-outs but I haven't.

CHANTALLE

I'm sure our creepy landlady is the least of our issues.

Fala hands a glass of wine to Chantalle.

CUT TO:

INT. VIEWLAB - AFTERNOON

DOCTOR CROW (Fala's father) receives a test tube being handed to him by his assistant, TOMMY SPORE.

TOMMY

What do you think, Doctor Crow?

DOCTOR CROW

(holds the tube up to a bright light source at his lab table. Beside him, a giant hologram of a test tube swirls)

We won't know 'til we know, young Tommy. We won't know 'til we know.

TOMMY

And then we'll...

DOCTOR CROW

We will wait and see. Look, it's beginning to match.

Tommy looks from the test tube in Doctor Crow's hand and at the hologram. The hologram recalibrates, matching the image in the doctor's hand more closely with each pass.

Behind them sprawls a giant lab with DOZENS OF SCIENTISTS glassed off in cubicles, working intently with gear and lasers, test tubes and holograms.

Doctor Crow carefully sets the test tube into a holder on the table.

DOCTOR CROW

Come, let's go for lunch. I'm starving, how bout you?

TOMMY

Shouldn't we be here? For the...

Doctor Crow looks up at him and grins.

DOCTOR CROW

Good job, Tommy. I was testing you. We are going no where but maybe to just over there, to get some more coffee. And maybe there'll be some donuts left from breakfast.

Doctor Crow and Tommy make their way towards the break room.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRETCHEN FLOWERS

Doctor Crow, Doctor Crow, I must
speak with you!

Gretchen Flowers, (more like a prickly cactus), is walking quickly towards him, her face red with fury, hair pulled back tight in a bun. Gretchen is a high-powered woman in a man's world even if it is the Age of Aquarius. She is the President of VIEWLAB and often clueless about the exact nature of the projects but very clever. Her mission is the bottom line, catching the money leaks that the Board of Directors will demand she answer to, so shit rolls downhill, as it were.

Doctor Crow sighs and turns around.

DOCTOR CROW

Ms. Flowers, how lovely to see you.

GRETCHEN FLOWERS

Cut the crap, sunshine. What's this about a team exploring that old Brown-Stillson case? How old is that case? Forty years? Fifty?

Doctor Crow pulls together all the patience he preaches about.

DOCTOR CROW

Whether a case is forty years or forty minutes, grieving families want answers. They want to know what happened to their loved ones. Closure.

GRETCHEN FLOWERS

Yes, I know that's one of mandates of ViewLab but we must be frugal. You sent out three of our best for a forty-year-old case? They would be better served elsewhere, no?

DOCTOR CROW

I always understand where you're coming from, Ms. Flowers, I do. This case is a bit different. There's a lot to it and I'm not quite ready to make my presentation on it yet. I'm waiting for more results, and new readings now that they are close.

GRETCHEN FLOWERS

Three of them? Our highest paid, two our seasoned pros...no offense.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

GRETCHEN FLOWERS (CONT'D)

But maybe Diana or Chantalle could take interns, then the other and Fala could work on something more pressing...more in the headlines if you know what I mean...

DOCTOR CROW

(nodding)

Yes, of course, I do understand. Give me one week...

GRETCHEN FLOWERS

One week? Are you nuts? Do you know how much that's going to cost us...in so many ways.

DOCTOR CROW

One week. You won't be disappointed.

GRETCHEN FLOWERS

I'd better not be.

Gretchen marches off. Doctor Crow and Tommy look at each other for a moment, then Doctor Crow spies the snack table.

DOCTOR CROW

Oh, look, donuts!

Doctor Crow reaches for a donut.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. SAIDY'S BEDROOM

SAIDY, 18, reaches for a donut from the box beside her without skipping a beat while smashing the buttons on a gamepad. Her room is dark save for the glow of the 50-inch monitor that bathes her in a flashing rainbow of light while she navigates deep space, shooting the enemy, spinning in her gaming chair. There are lots of posters on the walls from media stars to motivational quotes. The game is audible to us through the speakers. She wears headphones and is listening to something else.

Saidy is listening to binaural beats; sounds at certain vibrations/tone wrapped within a music tapestry. A popular subconscious tool for a variety of reasons. This particular round of binaural beats also includes a narrator.

HEADPHONE SOUNDS

(High pitch grows louder over the gaming noises. The binaural beats calm computer voice grows louder but the pitch is always louder.)

VOICE

You are aware that all around you are millions of microbes, no infinite microbes. If you push your hand through the air, you push aside the microbes and behind that curtain lies the true reality.

HEADPHONE SOUNDS

(The pitch lowers half a tone.)

VOICE

Reach out, shift the curtain, grab what is yours.

SAIDY

(She has employed a difficult move to shatter the enemy ship.)

YES! Gotcha!

VOICE

The more you know you can have it, the more you will have it. Whatever "it" is that you desire.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HEADPHONE SOUNDS

(The two pitches now play together in a clash, the music is still playing, the voice continues.)

VOICE

I am in this moment, ready to receive what the universe has to give.

Saidy puts down the gamepad, grabbing another celebratory donut.

SAIDY

So close to beating this fucking game...

Saidy reaches over to a notepad and pen on the desk. The tones and music continue in the headphone.

Saidy draws.

CUT TO:

INT. MOTEL ROOM

Chantalle is drawing on a giant sketch pad at the table. Circles, lines, waves. A glass of wine is beside her. Diana sits across from her, also drawing on a giant sketch pad, with wine at her side. Fala sits on the couch with a large laptop, staring intently at the drawings that the viewers had drawn earlier. Some of the sketches are taped to the wall and to a giant display board that the ladies had brought with them.

FALA

T-rex...are we seeing the past?
That's way beyond past.

She clicks on the drawings, examining parts of them up close, putting them side by side. They aren't identical by any means. They all are the products of many lines and shapes, much like the ones being formed at the table.

Fala sips the wine.

FALA

I know I've not been around the world to all the fine wineries, but I imagine it's safe to say that this isn't from any of those.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHANTALLE
(continues to draw)
You'd be right about that.

Diana looks up from her work.

DIANA
Fala, what is the next target
number?

Fala clicks a few buttons to open files and checks the
report.

FALA
33-D467

DIANA
(writing it on a notepad
beside her)
33-D467, got it.

Diana turns the page over the sketch pad and writes the
target number on the top of the sheet. She frantically
sketches. Her scratching is so loud that Chantalle looks over
at her.

CHANTALLE
Gotta hit?

DIANA
Not sure...not sure at all.

CUT TO:

INT. VIEWLAB NURSERY

We are on the outside, looking in through the viewing glass.
There are TWENTY-ONE HUMAN BABIES in separate incubators in
the ViewLab nursery. Above each incubator hangs a mobile with
the Zener cards instead of traditional toys.

A charismatic man, HORACE DARK, ageless, stands at the edge
of the room, looking at the babies. He is wealthy and plastic
perfect, nothing out of place from his fake hair to thousand
dollar shoes. He stands with a couple of nurses,
pontificating about something we can't hear through the glass
as they nod and take notes. He waves his hands, looking from
the nurses to the babies. The nurses wear ViewLab smocks,
their hair perfect, nearly identical in traditional nursing
hats and shoes. Some of the babies are awake. Some are
asleep. Three babies stare at the diagrams, already focusing
on the mobiles at a young age.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They grin and coo, kicking their feet. It's almost creepy as they seem to understand what they are looking at.

CUT TO:

INT. WAITING ROOM - VIEWLAB

A YOUNG COUPLE sit in the waiting room of an office in yet another department at ViewLab. KATIE, 28, and JOHN, 28, are grim-looking as they sit and stare at their phones. They are regular people, dressed in plaid shirts and jeans, not shabby but not wealthy.

The RECEPTIONIST looks out through the glass from her station at them.

RECEPTIONIST

Mr. and Mrs. Hubert, you may go in.

The couple nervously stands, Katie clutches her purse with one hand and a small paper bag with the other. A stern-looking NURSE meets them at the door.

NURSE

Good day, Mr. and Mrs. Hubert.
Please follow me.

CUT TO:

EXT. MOTEL PARKING LOT - AFTERNOON

Rock music is blaring from an old radio, old school Led Zepplin with Robert Plant screaming his way through "Black Dog." A bright red T-Bird is in the driveway, surrounded by pails of water, damp rags and such. Black-haired NASHOBA, (19, First Nations) is working hard polishing up his car, though an ash flicks from the cigarette dangling from his mouth.

He screams along with Plant, clearly having a good day.

The CAMERA PULLS BACK, revealing the entirety of the motel. It seems smaller as we pull back farther to reveal how it's nestled in a ring of mountains.

Not far from the motel is a large hill and beyond that, a subdivision that could harbor Wisteria Lane. Behind the subdivision is a larger hill. That hill doesn't feel like it belongs but it's not clear why just yet, it's almost like a different texture or perhaps even drawn in.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The hill RIPPLES. Did we imagine it? As we begin to blame a trick of the light, it PULSES for a moment and then is still.

CUT TO

EXT. HILLSIDE COMMUNITY - AFTERNOON

The CAMERA circles from the mountain, along neat, tidy vibrant streets, freshly washed mid-sized cars, flowers of every type lining the sidewalks and walkways then up to the windows of one of the houses. We peer in for a moment to observe a FAMILY OF FOUR around the dinner table. Middle class, pictures on the walls, TWO ADULTS (SIX and SVEN), TWO CHILDREN (Three-three and Nina), plates of colorful enticing food, and glasses of bright orange juice. On second glance, gender is neutral and all four people wear the same page cut hairstyle, black glasses, white shirts, and black leggings. Footwear is sneakers for the kids, and thigh high boots for the adults.

One of the children speaks.

THREE-THREE
(their face is flushed
with earnest)
I saw it, Six. I swear I did.

The adults look at each other. Six pats Three-three's hand.

SIX
Now, now...

SVEN
(scolding Six)
That's not it...

THREE-THREE
Why can't I speak my Truth? I saw
what I saw.

SIX
Just because you saw something
doesn't make it real.

THREE-THREE
It's real, just not in our
dimension. There are so many
things...I've been watching.

Sven jumps up and tackles Three-three. They scuffle for a bit. Sven ends up sitting on Three-three, pressing a hand over their mouth as Three-three tries to speak but only muffled noises come out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SVEN

Shhh. Not here not now.

THREE-THREE

(shakes their head in
defeat)

Mmm

SIX

Oh, Sven, let Three-three go.

SVEN

(seems ready to release
his hand)We're a cluster. One goes, we all
go. And we don't know where that
is.

SIX

What if it's better than here?
Maybe we're supposed to mention...

SVEN

Shh, don't get careless. Keep your
thoughts to yourself. In fact,
don't put them there either. Go put
your musings over in the container.

Six stands up from the table and reluctantly goes into the kitchen. There are four giant containers on the counter, each labeled with their names. Six takes the Six container. It is heavy so doesn't slide easily. When it's within reach, Six presses the combination lever that releases the top with fingerprint recognition. Inside are many more containers. Six plucks out a small purple square.

THREE-THREE

How come Six gets to...

SVEN

You are more than welcome to siphon
your thoughts into your storehouse.
It's much safer than leaving them
ready to blurt out when you know
that Someone is watching from
Somewhere.

THREE-THREE

And when my thoughts are stolen
from the counter and forgotten from
my mind, then what? How does that
serve any of us?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Six stares with apprehension at the purple box as Three-three speaks. Sven glares angrily at Three-three.

SVEN

Don't make Six doubt. It's safer this way. You will see, one day, you will see.

Sven shudders with a distant memory and puts their hand back over Three-three's mouth.

SVEN

Hurry.

Six opens the purple container and takes out a small metal disk. It snaps to the back of Six's head for a moment. Six blinks rapidly while the thoughts download. Six unsnaps the disk and returns it to the case. Nina has been silent until now.

NINA

It's a trap.

SIX

What's a trap?

NINA

Like Three-three said, stolen from the counter, stolen from your mind...they want to bury your thoughts...out there...

Nina points out the window towards the giant unusual hill.

SVEN

Shhh...don't speak such nonsense or I'll have to insist you park your thoughts as well.

Six slowly puts the purple case back into the Six container.

SIX

We can return our thoughts anytime, you know that, right?

NINA

The theory.

SIX

I've done it many times myself. When I want to reminisce about ...past ...things. I just plug in for a moment and then release.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

SIX (CONT'D)

On the counter, the thoughts don't interfere with my work.

NINA

Maybe...but maybe the thoughts ARE the work...did you consider that?

Six scrunches up their face. They doesn't want to hear about it.

NINA

Thoughts are power. (s/he whispers, as the three press close together) They are biding their time, waiting for a specific thought. When that happens, we're of no more use.

Sven pushes up and away, and marches across the room to the fridge. They take the container of juice out of the fridge and pours more for everyone. All four have reassembled at the table and continue to eat.

SVEN

Nothing to see here. Just enjoying our breakfast...a beautiful day it will be...

As if on cue, the sun shines brighter into their home. Then it's brighter than the sun. Three-three runs to the window.

THREE-THREE

Can't you see it?

Three-three points to the hill, it glints in the sunlight while the mountains do not.

SVEN

It's like a Big Rock Candy Mountain...ever hear of that song? (Sven hums a bit of it)

THREE-THREE

I have now.

They all stare at the hill, frozen in a tableau. Sven breaks the freeze.

SVEN

Come now, let's finish our breakfast, shall we?

The four resume to their breakfast yet again, silverware clattering as they eat.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

In the background there's a loud rumbling. Three-three jumps up and runs to the window.

THREE-THREE

What is THAT!

Three-three's face is a combination of awe and horror.

The family rushes to look out the window.

CUT TO:

INT. MOTEL ROOM - KITCHENETTE

Fala rushes to the window in their room. Chantalle and Diana put down their pencils and stare at her. A loud rumbling is heard and felt. Fala pulls back the blackout curtains and brilliant light shines into the room.

CHANTALLE

What the --!

DIANA

I don't know...I just can't...

FALA

I don't believe it.

CHANTALLE

What is it?

Chantalle and Diana both stand to join her. There is glaring sunlight shining in. They shield their eyes with their hands.

CUT TO:

INT. SAIDY'S BEDROOM

Saidy jumps up in glee as the enemy planet explodes in holographic spectacle. She removes the ear pods and stares at the game as the end credits roll.

SAIDY

That's gotta be a record.

She takes out her notebook and notes the time. She jots down a few lines about the game and how she beat it while glancing at the monitor and credits.

SAIDY

Oh, shit, an end credit game. Get back in there!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She leaps back into her gaming chair and grabs her gamepad just in time to blow up a dozen flying robots.

SAIDY

This game is WICKED.

The light shines on her face and glasses. She's in heaven.

CUT TO:

INT. VIEWLAB NURSERY

Inside the nursery, the lights spark and snap, blue arcing, as babies in the incubators cry. The mobiles swing, dizzying with all the zigzags, wavy lines, and stars. It's dark, then light, a horror show as shadows dodge between the babies. One of the shadows scoops a baby out of its incubator.

The baby barely has time to cry as its whisked away down the dark hallways.

CUT TO:

INT. VIEWLAB CORRIDOR

Horace Dark walks briskly down a dark corridor carrying his briefcase. The hall is lit only by flashing emergency lights. Sirens shriek around him. He looks restrained and businesslike, but ready to bounce.

CUT TO:

INT. VIEWLAB DOCTOR OFFICE WAITING ROOM

The Huberts sit patiently yet fearfully waiting in a little room for the doctor to see them.

KATIE

(holding John's hand)

I hope this is it.

JOHN

Me too.

KATIE

I'm so tired.

JOHN

We both are.

The lights flicker and buzz.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KATIE

What's that?

JOHN

Seems like a power surge.

KATIE

So many power surges...

JOHN

Well, let's hope that's all it is.

They look worriedly up at the lights.

CUT TO:

INT. SAIDY'S BEDROOM

Saidy turns off the computer game. She turns off her spinning lights, the VR controls and everything else.

She stretches and yawns.

SAIDY

Whooh!

Saidy goes over to her bed, reaching for her notebook and pen. She lies on her bed, flipping through pages of strange line drawings, many echo what the viewers draw. Her pen is poised to notebook.

SAIDY

What a trip. I'm still shaking.
Gotta write it down.

Saidy writes as she muses and mutters.

SAIDY

Not a world record, but certainly
respectable. And half the time as
before.

She looks over at the computer and squints her eyes in thought.

SAIDY

Maybe it was three, perhaps four at
the most?

Saidy puts down her pen and rubs her temples.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SAIDY

Oh for god's sake, of course, can't
have the good without the bad. Ugh.

Saidy rubs her head and then reaches behind her hairline at the back of her scalp. She snaps off a tiny disk, as we've seen before.

SAIDY

Gotta save the game, really no
different than the eighties...or
...is that idea, of saving a game,
a thought, or would the game be
saved even if it wasn't thought.

Saidy stands, a bit dizzy, and goes over to her dresser. There's a large container on it, like the one in the house of Sven and family. She opens the container and then drops the disk into it.

She stretches and sighs with a bit of relief. She puts the container back in its spot. She opens her top right dresser drawer and pulls out a small box. It has more of the chips in it. She plucks one out and snaps it onto the back of her neck.

She closes her eyes as the new disk recalibrates to her.

She nods.

SAIDY

Yes. Please format. New disk.

She waits for a moment and smiles.

She returns to her bed.

Saidy draws a flower and quickly writes a bunch of words and scribbles then closes the book.

SAIDY

Hope they like the psycho babble,
sheesh.

Saidy stares up to the corner of her room for a moment.

We see her looking up at us. Then we see her POV of looking up at a camera hidden in the ceiling. We're back to looking at her as she directly speaks to us.

SAIDY

I wonder what life was like before
there were cameras everywhere?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SAIDY (CONT'D)

Before DNA and all those other forensic tests. A world where you could exist, play a game with no one looking over your shoulder, what would it be like? Did YOU have that life?

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. MOTEL ROOM - KITCHENETTE

The outside bright light flashes off. Everything is normal once more.

The women breathe a sigh of relief, as if they've just landed from a very high fall.

FALA

That was like a giant spotlight.

CHANTALLE

Wonder what they're looking for?

FALA

Who?

DIANA

Spotlight? Not lightning or the sun?

CHANTALLE

Oh, come on, Diana, you've been doing this long enough to know better.

DIANA

Mothership?

CHANTALLE

That's the spirit! Though I don't think that either.

FALA

So what is it then?

CHANTALLE

It's likely related to why we're here.

FALA

Oh, of course. I'm a bit thick sometimes. Don't mind me.

DIANA

You've not done a lot of field work yet, you're going to find all kinds of strange things that you've never heard of or dealt with.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DIANA (CONT'D)

And soon you won't really blink when something like a light that's just a bit too bright shines in your window. We never dismiss, but we stay objective, and watch for the patterns.

FALA

It's always about the patterns...

CHANTALLE

That's why the hippies were always singing about the fabric of the universe, in a sense it's true. We're all just bits being swirled around at any given time. Learning to break through the portal...

FALA

The portal! You've never told me about a portal.

CHANTALLE

Ah...you will see for yourself one day. And for the record, there's more than one portal.

FALA

Oh, tell me now, please...How else am I supposed to learn and grow?

DIANA

Uh, uh. We have these non-disclosure agreements to contend with even between us. Let's shut this conversation down. Fala, can you please go grab some more ice. I want to just finish this one part I was seeing...

Fala takes the bucket from the counter.

FALA

I shouldn't be nervous going out there, after...that...

DIANA

I think there's nothing to worry about...but stay cautious. We never know.

FALA

Okay.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Fala leaves the room. Diana looks at Chantalle.

DIANA

Well?

CHANTALLE

What do you think?

DIANA

Honestly? The walls have ears, and likely eyes. I'll keep my thoughts to myself for now.

CHANTALLE

Wise. You remember...

DIANA

Shh...patterns...

CHANTALLE

More wine?

Chantalle pours them each a glass of wine. Close up on wine pouring out of bottle.

CUT TO:

EXT. MOTEL

Fala carries the ice bucket. She closes the motel room door behind her, cautiously looking around but there's nothing to fear. Nashoba has finished washing and buffing his car and all the buckets have been put away. He's putting a box into the car. He sees Fala with the ice bucket.

NASHOBA

Hey!

FALA

Hey, yourself!

NASHOBA

Beautiful day!

FALA

It was, I'm trapped inside for the rest of it now.

NASHOBA

That's a shame. I just got my car all shined up and now I'm going for a drive. I suppose you wouldn't want to go with me?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FALA
I can't...I'm working...

NASHOBA
Working? Now?

FALA
Yeah, I'm working in my room.

NASHOBA
With those two old ladies?

Fala laughs.

FALA
Old ladies? Hardly.

NASHOBA
Well, old or not, they aren't as hot as you are.

FALA
Stop.

Fala is clearly please at the flattery. She is now standing beside the car.

FALA
Such a beautiful car. They don't make them like that anymore.

NASHOBA
It's a shame. They're great for a drive on a nice day.

FALA
How's the gas?

Fala chuckles expecting a huge number.

NASHOBA
No gas. I rebuilt this car so that it runs on solar panels and electricity!

FALA
Wow, that's amazing.

NASHOBA
Yup. Blows old people's minds when they come and see my cars at the shows. They can't believe...

Nashoba's phone goes off.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

NASHOBA

Ah shit, I gotta check that, can
tell by the ring tone...

He pulls out his phone and glances at it.

NASHOBA

Well, that ends that. I couldn't
have taken you for a drive
anyway...

FALA

Work?

NASHOBA

Something like that...

Fala heads off towards the ice machine then turns back.

FALA

What was that light a few minutes
ago?

NASHOBA

What light?

FALA

You didn't see that...

Nashoba has already slid into the driver's seat and turning
on the car.

FALA

(mutters to self)
Well, that's that...

Fala continues on to the ice machine.

INT. VIEWLAB LABORATORY - AFTERNOON

Doctor Crow is observing the holograms in the lab. Tommy
types notes as Doctor Crow speaks.

DOCTOR CROW

This time it's much more clear, how
little we have to change.

TOMMY

I still can't believe it.

DOCTOR CROW

Believe it.

EXT. WOODS - CREEK - AFTERNOON

CLOSE UP of water frothing from the mouth of a cave.

Up alongside one of the mountains surrounding the town that the viewers are exploring, there's a waterfall and streams wide-enough to boat and fish. Dangerous even.

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODS - SCOTT'S CAMP - AFTERNOON

Scott stands lonely at a fire pit in the woods, not too far off the road. This is his home turf; nearby is his nest where he sleeps, his areas for hunting and food preparation and so on. He has a large container full of water. He scratches his head. He looks up at the treetops. The leaves rustle with secrets, the branches sway, heavy with the weight of leaves, animals, and nests. He squints, watching something that we can't see along the tops of the trees.

We can almost glimpse that maybe there's something invisible making a path along the treetops by the way the trees and leaves sway. The "thing" races along the tree tops as if up the mountain and then the trees are still once more.

He looks towards the road.

Nashoba's car careens up the road, radio blaring "Running with the Devil" by Van Halen. Scott walks closer to the road to take a look.

The car races by, stops a ways down, and then backs up, not by Scott. Nashoba jumps out of the passenger seat and races toward another part of the woods.

SCOTT

(mutters)

Get out...for god's sake...

Several animals run by Scott: fox, deer, rabbits. He watches them and shrugs as he tidies up his area.

CUT TO:

INT. MOTEL ROOM

Fala returns from the ice machine. The women are working.

FALA

Weird.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHANTALLE

What?

FALA

This place...people...

CHANTALLE

You talk to that weirdo motel lady?

DIANA

(chuckles)

Oh boy.

FALA

No. Not her.

DIANA

Who then?

FALA

Just a dude washing his car.

DIANA

The guy with that red car?

FALA

Yeah.

DIANA

I saw him earlier when I was looking out the window. Nice looking young man.

FALA

But a fucking weirdo.

DIANA

What did he do?

FALA

Nothing. Just got hinky vibes off him, that's all.

DIANA

Maybe you're grumpy he didn't check you out?

FALA

Oh, he checked me out. Even invited me for a ride. And then took it back.

DIANA

Took it back?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

FALA

Yeah, he got a phone call and drove off like a bat out of hell.

Chantalle is watching them talk but continues to draw.

CHANTALLE

You'll find it's best not to socialize with the locals when we're on a case.

FALA

I know. I read the handbook. It was just chitchat.

CHANTALLE

Just stay away from the locales. That's my advice.

Fala goes to her computer and snaps it open, not happy.

CUT TO:

INT. THREE-THREE'S BEDROOM

Three-three and Nina sit on the bedroom floor, staring at a rectangle. It's a laptop type object. Three-three opens the lid and begins to type. Nina watches over Three-three's shoulder and giggles.

CUT TO:

INT. BRIGHTTOWN - AFTERNOON

Brighttown is nestled halfway up the mountain where Scott roams and Nashoba just drove into. Brighttown is a subdivision of bungalows and other modest dwellings, perhaps one hundred in all, nestled into the side of the mountain, beyond the fences. Brighttown is a secret place comprised of a variety of citizens, all of whom share suspicious thoughts and jealousy of everyone and everything. Hostile. A lot of the citizens are similar in appearance, elongated heads, greyishblue skin, large eyes, large foreheads. They resemble Greys.

Although what might appear odd or unusual to those who don't expect it, the citizens of Brighttown aren't too concerned about their appearance as they all share the same features. What concerns them more are strangers who enter their town.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

There are border guards into the subdivision. Two of them stand by large armored cars.

Saidy is standing at the border gate talking to one of the guards. GUARD ONE holds a scanning wand device.

GUARD ONE

Who are you?

SAIDY

I'm Saidy Eighty. I was sent here.

The guard studies her.

GUARD ONE

No, you weren't. I would have been informed.

SAIDY

(impatient)

Ah but you were informed. I even have it here on my phone, and on an actual piece of paper if you can believe it.

Saidy reaches for the bag on her shoulder.

GUARD ONE

(Guard Two waves his hand)

No, it's okay.

Guard One scans her with his wand and reads it.

GUARD ONE

Go ahead.

Brighttown is a dull, dark place, quite the opposite of the name. Saidy's confident walk grows slower as she continues along the gravel road. She pulls a map from her pocket.

SAIDY

Wild.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAVE - AFTERNOON

Saidy finds a cave.

SAIDY

I guess this is it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Saidy wanders into the cave. It's dark and scary. There are echoes and noises. Saidy pulls out a flashlight and shines it around trying to find her way. The light shines on a pair of human eyes.

SAIDY
(screams)

It's Nashoba. He grins.

SAIDY
Who are you?

CUT TO:

INT. MOTEL ROOM

Chantalle draws; lines and shapes randomly scribbled. The floor is filling with drawings from all three women. Fala picks them up and hangs them along the wall. Chantalle and Diana put down their pencils.

The women all stand around to scrutinize the drawings.

CHANTALLE
Any patterns leaping out?

FALA
(points)
How bout that jagged piece?

DIANA
I was thinking the same.

Fala points to how it shows up on four different drawings.

CHANTALLE
The piece is consistent. Let's document that.

Fala takes pictures and enters the data.

DIANA
Of course, it's the tooth...

CHANTALLE
Tooth?

DIANA
Of the T-rex.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHANTALLE

I thought we were on to a new one now. Beyond the T-rex that isn't a T-rex. Remember to stop giving them names.

DIANA

Maybe they're all related, the lab ones and these ones. They only give us the target numbers.

FALA

Wouldn't it make sense to have several targets for one case?

DIANA

Not really.

CHANTALLE

No, well...maybe...it's hard to say. Each case is so unique...some more so than others.

DIANA

Perhaps several targets are in the same spot. And so the dinosaur might be around these parts?

FALA

How cool. Maybe we'll find fossils or something. T-rex fossils!

DIANA

You know it rarely works that way but whatever happens, should be interesting nonetheless.

CHANTALLE

We also need to stop calling it a T-rex or dinosaur. Remember, we're supposed to be objective. Don't give the forms names. It's not our job. If we keep calling it a T-rex or dinosaur, we will always see that.

DIANA

Yes, yes...remote viewing 101. Just the shapes only, ma'am.

CUT TO:

INT. CAVE - AFTERNOON

Saidy and Nashoba seem comfortable as they sit against the wall of the cave.

SAIDY

So sometimes I watch what I say, sometimes I don't. I just try to fly low, don't want shit from anyone.

NASHOBA

Ha. I love catching shit, raising shit, I feel alive.

SAIDY

Alive hurting other people.

NASHOBA

Naw, not stupid shit like hurting people. I mean dancing and doing things like baseball or gymnastics. Maybe rock climbing. So much to do. Ever gone skydiving?

SAIDY

Goodness no. I don't know when I'd ever have a chance.

NASHOBA

Nothing like it. Nothing at all. Just a rush, a sense of exhalation. Made me higher than any drug, honest.

SAIDY

Wow, skydiving. Where do you go to do that?

NASHOBA

If I knew where we were I could direct you. But right now, we've rippled into the game.

SAIDY

What do you mean, we've rippled into the game?

NASHOBA

(his face ripples)
What I said, rippling in and out.

CUT TO:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

INT. SAIDY'S BEDROOM

Saidy bursts awake at her computer, the gamepad in her hand, the monitor on and showing the mountains.

SAIDY
What the--?

CUT TO:

EXT. FIRE PIT - FALA'S DREAM

It is night, dark. About FIFTY FIRST NATIONS INDIGENOUS PEOPLE FROM BABIES TO ELDERS sit, stand and dance around a large bonfire. There is dancing and singing, people beating drums and playing instruments, colorful costumes, bright orange flames in the fire.

FALA watches from a distance, hiding in the bushes as her ancestors dance.

One of the ELDERS, CHIEF SIX-BEARS turns to look at her. The music and singing all stop. The focus is now on Fala. There is silence until Chief Six-Bears speaks.

CHIEF SIX-BEARS
Fala, why are you hiding?

Fala is startled that she is being spoken to.

FALA
Me?...I'm not hiding. I'm watching...

CHIEF SIX-BEARS
Watching from the sidelines brings in-action. Come into the circle, Young Fala.

Fala carefully stands up and approaches Chief Six-Bears. A low beat on a drum is heard.

FALA
I'm here.

CHIEF SIX-BEARS
You know your role.

FALA
Yes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The others watch and murmur whether they believe she knows her role or not.

CHIEF SIX-BEARS
You know your role. You know your part.

FALA
Yes.

CHIEF SIX-BEARS
(calls up to the skies)
We are the Water Protectors.

The others sing in agreement.

OTHERS
(different voices speak
different words)
We are the Land Defenders. We are the Water Protectors. We are here to protect our Mother Earth, to keep her safe. To keep our water safe. To keep all living creatures safe.

The voices stop speaking. Everyone turns to look at Fala once more.

FALA
I'm a Water-Protector...

ANIMIKII steps forward from the crowd.

ANIMIKII
What have you done today to protect our supply?

Fala feels attacked but keeps her cool.

FALA
I'm working with a team, we're working to find...

ANIMIKII
Your work will go faster if you remember where you came from...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CHIEF SIX-BEARS

The water falls from the sky and onto the mountains, as it travels to us, there are many strange and wonderous opportunities in its path. Opportunity lies before us all, Fala. You must take it.

FALA

I'm in my dream job.

CHIEF SIX-BEARS

You're in a dream.

ANIMIKII

You can use your dream vision...

FALA

I thought I was using it...

CHIEF SIX-BEARS

Your power is stronger than you believe. If you don't believe in yourself, how will others believe in you?

FALA

I believe...

The singing and dancing begin again, drum beats, bells jingle, the mournful staccato song fills the night sky as the bright orange bonfire sparks and burns.

FALA

I believe...

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

INT. MOTEL BEDROOM - NIGHT

Fala bursts awake in the night. The glow of the full moon shines down. She looks over at the other two who are sound asleep and lightly snoring.

FALA
I believe.

CUT TO:

EXT. MOUNTAIN SIDE - NIGHT - STILL A FULL MOON

Scott sleeps by the dying fire. The fox that Fala healed watches him for a moment. It looks around the camp, perhaps for food, but Scott knows how to not leave food around to attract animals.

There is a bright light that blocks the moon. Then a darkness enters the light.

The fox looks up and then dashes off into the night.

CUT TO:

INT. THREE-THREE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Three-three looks out the window at the bright night sky. Three-three then sees the dark shadow of a giant machine rising from the mountain.

END PILOT EPISODE