

DANGEROUS MIND

Pilot

FADE IN:

INT. GOVERNMENT RESEARCH FACILITY - SUB-LEVEL CORRIDOR -
NIGHT (1963)

A long, underground concrete corridor.

The kind designed to survive war.

Fluorescent lights buzz softly overhead, uneven in rhythm.

At the far end, an elevator door opens with a hydraulic hiss.

Two armed guards escort ARTHUR PATRICK (22) out.

Arthur is physically capable, broad-shouldered, but his eyes betray constant recalibration - like the world never quite aligns for him.

Walking beside them is DR. MICHAEL MASON (early 30's).

Mason wears a lab coat but no tie. Sleeves rolled up. Kind eyes. Alert, but not hardened.

DR. MASON

Arthur... we're just going to run a
few baseline tests tonight.

Arthur studies him carefully.

ARTHUR

You said that last time.

Mason offers a small, apologetic smile.

DR. MASON

I know. I wouldn't be here if I
didn't believe that.

Arthur considers this as they walk.

At the end of the corridor, a reinforced steel door waits.

A placard bolted beside it reads:

KINETIC RESPONSE LAB - SUBJECT A17

Mason stops the guards.

DR. MASON (CONT'D)

I'll take him from here.

The guards hesitate.

A beat.

Then they step back.

Arthur notices.

INT. TELEKINESIS TEST CHAMBER - CONTINUOUS

A large industrial room, open and unforgiving.

Concrete floors. Steel beams. Observation glass on one side.

No chair. No restraints.

A deliberate decision.

At the center of the room stands a steel table.

On it: a dense metal block, roughly the size of a brick.

Mason gestures Arthur forward.

DR. MASON
Stand here. Feet shoulder-width
apart.

Arthur obeys.

Mason steps back toward the observation glass, where another man waits:

DR. SIDNEY GODDARD (mid 50's).

Neatly dressed. Precise. Government-issued confidence.

Goddard watches Arthur like equipment.

DR. GODDARD
You're being generous tonight,
Michael.

Mason doesn't look at him.

DR. MASON
I'm being careful.

Goddard leans into the microphone.

DR. GODDARD
Arthur. Lift the object.

Arthur closes his eyes.

The hum in the room deepens, subtle but oppressive.

The metal block vibrates.

Slowly, it rises.

Arthur opens his eyes.

Immediately – the room feels wrong.

Not spinning. Not blurred.

Misaligned.

Arthur's foot slides as if the floor shifted a few inches.

He adjusts – overcorrects – nearly stumbles.

ARTHUR

The distance is off.

Goddard watches, intrigued.

DR. GODDARD

Ignore it.

Arthur focuses harder.

The block floats steadily now.

But the walls feel closer. Then farther.

The door is no longer where his mind insists it should be.

Arthur turns his head, disoriented.

The block SLAMS down onto the table.

Arthur staggers backward, reaching for the wall – MISSES.

Mason is already moving.

DR. MASON

That's enough.

Arthur drops to one knee, breathing hard, eyes scanning the room like a man lost in fog.

ARTHUR

It doesn't stay still.

Mason enters the chamber quickly, steadying him.

DR. MASON
I know. You did well.

Goddard clicks a pen.

DR. GODDARD
Log spatial instability. Increase
tolerance threshold next session.

Mason looks up sharply.

DR. MASON
No. We maintain current parameters.

Goddard smiles thinly.

INT. PSYCHIC COGNITION LAB - DAY

Bright. Clean. Intimate in a way that feels invasive.

KATARINA CRANSTON (21) sits in a padded chair.

Electrodes line her scalp.

Mason sits across from her, close enough to be human.

DR. MASON
If at any point you feel
overwhelmed, we stop.

Katarina nods, grateful.

Behind the observation glass, Goddard watches.

DR. GODDARD (V.O.)
Proceed.

Mason hesitates, then nods.

DR. MASON
Katarina... can you tell me what I'm
thinking?

Katarina exhales slowly.

Her eyes focus – not on Mason, but through him.

KATARINA
You're worried this place will
change you.

Mason freezes.

KATARINA (CONT'D)
 You think if you stay long enough,
 you'll stop feeling bad.

A beat.

Mason swallows.

Then—

Katarina's body locks.

Eyes open. Unblinking.

Her chest rises calmly.

She is awake — trapped.

Mason stands immediately.

DR. MASON
 Katarina?

No response.

He moves around her, waves a hand gently in front of her eyes.

Nothing.

Behind the glass, Goddard speaks calmly into the mic.

DR. GODDARD
 Log paralysis onset. Maintain
 observation.

Katarina's eyes flick wildly, tears welling but unable to fall.

Mason steps back, shaken.

DR. MASON
 She's conscious.

DR. GODDARD
 Then she's learning.

INT. MEDICAL HOLDING - NIGHT

Low light. Concrete walls.

Arthur sits on a bench, feet planted, trying to ground himself.

The floor still feels subtly angled.

Mason enters with water.

DR. MASON
Drink slowly.

Arthur does.

A moment later, Katarina is escorted in and seated nearby.

Guards leave.

Silence.

Arthur looks at her.

ARTHUR
You freeze.

Katarina nods.

KATARINA
I hear everything. I just can't
answer.

Arthur absorbs that.

ARTHUR
After I move things... the room
doesn't agree with me anymore.

Katarina studies him.

KATARINA
Like it's punishing you.

Their eyes meet.

Something forms – fragile, necessary.

MONTAGE - PASSAGE OF TIME (1964-1969)

- Arthur lifts heavier objects, walks crooked afterward, guided by Mason.
- Katarina locks into paralysis mid-session; Mason times it, speaks softly to her until it passes.
- Goddard observes, detached, pushing for longer durations.
- Arthur stabilizes faster when Katarina is present.

- Katarina's episodes shorten when Arthur is nearby.
- Security increases. Locks double. Procedures tighten.
- Mason argues quietly with Goddard behind glass.
- Arthur and Katarina exchange looks that say everything they can't.

INT. MEDICAL HOLDING - NIGHT (1970)

Arthur sits alone.

Older now. Hardened.

Katarina enters slowly.

She sits beside him.

Long silence.

Arthur senses it.

ARTHUR

What's wrong?

Katarina stares forward, hands trembling.

KATARINA

Michael confirmed it.

Arthur turns to her.

KATARINA (CONT'D)

I'm pregnant.

Arthur's balance holds.

The room doesn't shift.

For the first time, the world feels fixed.

A distant alarm begins to sound somewhere deep in the facility.

Low. Ominous.

Mason appears in the doorway, watching them – fear and resolve colliding.

INT. KINETIC RESPONSE LAB - NIGHT (1971)

The room has changed.

More sensors. More cameras. Reinforced glass doubled in thickness.

Arthur stands at the center, older now, hardened by years of use.

In front of him—

A steel containment crate the size of a small car, bolted to the floor.

Behind the glass:

Dr. Goddard and Dr. Mason

DR. GODDARD

Lift it.

Arthur closes his eyes.

The hum in the room deepens — louder than ever before.

The crate shudders.

Bolts scream as metal protests.

Arthur opens his eyes.

Immediately — the room fails him.

Distance stretches. Walls pull away.

The crate rises.

Not slowly.

Violently.

The bolts RIP from the floor, tearing concrete with them.

The crate floats, fully suspended.

Arthur stumbles, grabbing at empty air.

The door is suddenly too far away.

Too close.

ARTHUR
(shouting)
Michael—!

Mason leans forward, alarmed.

DR. MASON
Arthur, bring it down!

Arthur tries.

The crate slams into the far wall, denting reinforced steel.

Alarms blare.

Arthur collapses to one knee, completely disoriented, palms pressed flat to the floor.

He cannot tell where he is anymore.

Guards rush in.

Goddard doesn't blink.

DR. GODDARD
Log maximum kinetic threshold
exceeded.

Mason turns on him.

DR. MASON
You're going to kill him.

DR. GODDARD
He's surviving, isn't he?

INT. PSYCHIC COGNITION LAB - NIGHT

Katarina sits in the chair.

Visibly pregnant.

No restraints now.

They don't matter anymore.

The room is filled with OBSERVERS — military, Intelligence, scientists.

Mason stands closest to her.

DR. MASON
Katarina... tell me when it's too
much.

She nods.

Her eyes close.

Instantly – the room shifts.

Every observer stiffens.

Some gasp.

Some clutch their heads.

Katarina's body locks.

Eyes snap open.

She is frozen – awake, paralyzed, but now everyone feels it.

Thoughts bleed.

Fear. Guilt. Violence.

One Observer drops to his knees, overwhelmed.

Another backs into a wall, shaking.

Goddard watches, fascinated.

DR. GODDARD
She's not reading them anymore.

Mason turns.

DR. MASON
What do you mean?

DR. GODDARD
She's projecting.

Katarina's eyes fill with tears she cannot shed.

Mason steps forward.

DR. MASON
Stop the test.

No one moves.

DR. GODDARD
We're past stopping.

INT. MEDICAL WARD - NIGHT (JULY 1971)

Katarina lies on a hospital bed.

Labor.

Pain wracks her body, but her eyes remain focused – determined.

Arthur is restrained nearby, frantic, the room constantly betraying his sense of space.

Mason stands between them.

DR. MASON
You're not alone. I'm here.

Katarina grabs his arm.

KATARINA
Promise me–

She freezes mid-sentence.

Paralyzed again.

Aware.

Terrified.

Mason grips her hand.

DR. MASON
I promise.

Moments later.

A Baby's cry cuts through the room.

Arthur sobs.

Mason gently lifts the child.

KALIN PATRICK.

Perfectly calm.

Eyes open.

Watching.

INT. NEUROLOGICAL OBSERVATION LAB - CONTINUOUS

Kalin lies in a clear bassinet.

EEG leads across his scalp.

EKG monitors on his chest.

The screens SPIKE instantly.

Waves cascade violently across the monitors.

Technicians freeze.

TECH

That's not possible.

The machines recalibrate.

The readings grow stronger.

Kalin doesn't cry.

He stares at Mason.

Lights flicker.

Then stabilize.

Mason exhales, shaken.

DR. GODDARD

(extraordinarily calm)

Extraordinary.

MONTAGE - KALIN, AGES 0-2 (1971-1973)

- Kalin in Mason's arms. Calm. Safe.
- Mason feeding him, singing softly.
- Kalin's EEGs growing more complex, more powerful.
- Toys floating gently around Kalin's crib - effortless, uncontrolled.
- No paralysis. No disorientation.
- Goddard watching from behind glass.
- Arthur stumbling through corridors, deteriorating.
- Katarina locking into paralysis longer each time.

— Mason arguing with Goddard in hushed but furious tones.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT (1973)

A CIA seal sits on the table.

Goddard stands rigid.

Mason sits, pale.

CIA OFFICIAL
The program is terminated. All
assets destroyed.

Mason looks up.

DR. MASON
Assets?

CIA OFFICIAL
Subjects.

Mason's breath catches.

INT. MEDICAL HOLDING - NIGHT

Arthur and Katarina sit together.

Katarina frozen again.

Aware.

Arthur disoriented, barely standing.

Guards enter.

Mason watches helplessly as they are taken.

Arthur locks eyes with him.

ARTHUR
Protect him.

Arthur is dragged away.

Katarina's eyes never leave Mason.

Then they're gone.

INT. GODDARD'S OFFICE - LATER

Mason stands across from Goddard.

Shaking.

DR. MASON
You murdered them.

DR. GODDARD
We concluded an experiment.

Mason slams his fist on the desk.

DR. MASON
He's a child.

Goddard slides a folder across the desk.

Inside: Kalin's file.

Stamped: TERMINATION AUTHORIZED.

DR. GODDARD
So is he.

INT. NURSERY - NIGHT

Low light.

Kalin sleeps peacefully.

Mason stands over him, tears streaking his face.

He lifts Kalin into his arms.

Cradles him.

DR. MASON
(whisper)
I won't let them hurt you.

INT. SERVICE CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Mason pushes a medical laundry cart.

Inside: sterilized sheets.

And hidden beneath them -

Kalin.

Monitors hum nearby.

Guards nod Mason through.

They trust him.

A security camera swivels.

Lights flicker.

For half a second – the camera freezes.

Kalin stirs.

The cart rolls forward.

EXT. FACILITY SERVICE EXIT – NIGHT

Rain.

Darkness.

Mason pushes the cart into the night.

No alarms.

No shouts.

Just the sound of rain swallowing the facility whole.

Mason looks down at Kalin.

The child's eyes are open.

Watching.

A very light neon blue glow in the child's eyes.

EXT. NEBRASKA CORNFIELDS – DAY

An endless sea of CORN.

Green and gold waves stretch to the horizon, bending in the wind like a living thing.

A sweeping aerial shot – slow, graceful, almost serene.

The camera glides forward, drifting above gravel roads, farmhouses, irrigation rigs.

Quiet.

Safe.

Then—

The fields give way to a small town.

EXT. AURORA, NEBRASKA - CONTINUOUS

Population 5,000.

A water tower with peeling paint.

A main street with brick storefronts.

Pickups parked at angles.

American flags in windows.

The camera passes over—

— the post office

— a diner with a neon sign

— a grain elevator

— a gas station with two pumps

Then—

EXT. AURORA HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Modest. Clean. Proud.

The camera descends, floating toward the front entrance as students pour inside.

The bell RINGS.

INT. AURORA HIGH SCHOOL - MAIN HALLWAY - DAY

Lockers slam.

Laughter echoes.

The hum of adolescent energy fills the space.

Students cluster in groups, passing notes, leaning against lockers.

Then—

JACK ROWAN (16) steps into frame.

Tall. Athletic. Effortlessly handsome.

Not flashy. Not arrogant.

He wears a red and white letterman's jacket with a sewn on "A" on the chest.

Heads turn – not because he demands it, but because he belongs.

A GIRL leans toward her friend.

GIRL
That's Jack.

A FOOTBALL PLAYER claps him on the shoulder as he passes.

PLAYER #1
Morning, QB2.

Jack grins.

JACK
For now.

They laugh.

Jack moves through the hall like he's done it a thousand times – relaxed, friendly, observant.

Something calm behind the eyes.

INT. AURORA HIGH SCHOOL – LOCKER ROW – CONTINUOUS

Jack opens his locker.

Inside: neatly stacked books. A folded football play sheet.

A small photo tucked in the corner – barely visible.

Jack pauses for half a second.

Stares at it.

Then closes the locker.

A CHEERLEADER, LISA (16), steps up.

LISA
You coming Friday or pretending
you're sick again?

JACK
Homecoming? I think I can manage.

LISA
You better. Half the town's acting
like it's the Super Bowl.

Jack smirks.

JACK
It kind of is.

INT. HISTORY CLASS - DAY

A typical classroom.

Posters of presidents. Chalk dust in the air.

Jack sits mid-row.

The teacher drones on.

Jack listens – actually listens.

Not zoning out.

Not bored.

The KID behind him leans forward.

KID
Coach says if Miller goes down,
you're starting.

Jack turns, measured.

JACK
Coach says a lot of things.

KID
You ready?

Jack shrugs.

JACK
Always.

But there's no ego in it.

Just fact.

INT. CAFETERIA - DAY

Noise.

Lunch trays slide.

Jack moves through the line, nodding to people.

Someone SHOUTS from a table.

VOICE

Rowan!

Jack raises a hand in acknowledgment.

He sits with a mixed group – athletes, band kids, nobody excluded.

Conversation overlaps.

FOOTBALL PLAYER #2

They're saying the stands'll be packed.

BAND KID

My mom already bought a new jacket.

CHEERLEADER

Everyone's coming. Even people who graduated.

Jack listens more than he talks.

He smiles.

Laughs at the right moments.

But there's a subtle distance – like he's slightly removed from the excitement.

A TEACHER passes by.

TEACHER

Big game, Jack.

JACK

Yes, sir.

The teacher moves on.

Jack stares at his tray for a beat longer than necessary.

Then shakes it off.

INT. HALLWAY - AFTERNOON

The final bell.

Students spill out.

Jack walks with his friend MARK (17).

MARK
You nervous?

JACK
About what?

MARK
Friday. All eyes on you.

Jack stops.

Considers this honestly.

JACK
No, Dave Miller is the starter. My
time is next year after he
graduates.

Mark studies him.

MARK
You're weirdly calm about
everything.

Jack smiles, faint.

JACK
Guess I don't know any different.

They head toward the exit.

EXT. AURORA HIGH SCHOOL - LATE AFTERNOON

The parking lot buzzes.

Engines start.

Jack steps outside.

The Nebraska sky wide above him.

He pauses.

Takes a breath.

For just a moment.
 The sound drops out.
 Not silence.
 Just distance.
 Jack closes his eyes.
 Then opens them.
 Everything normal again.
 He heads off toward the field.

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - CONTINUOUS

Empty now.
 Quiet.
 Bleachers waiting.
 Jack jogs onto the grass alone.
 Tosses a football in the air.
 Catches it.
 Smiles.
 Friday is coming.

EXT. AURORA HIGH SCHOOL - FOOTBALL STADIUM - NIGHT

Friday night lights blaze against the dark Nebraska sky.
 The stands are packed.
 Banners. Noise. Energy.
 The entire town is here.

INT. STADIUM TUNNEL - NIGHT

The Varsity team lines up.
 Helmets on. Pads strapped.
 Jack stands near the back - calm, relaxed.

The starting quarterback, DAVE MILLER (18), paces nervously.

The HEAD COACH addresses them.

HEAD COACH
This is our house. Play smart. Play
fast. Play together.

The team roars.

Jack claps with them – steady, focused.

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - NIGHT

The game is underway.

Crowd erupts.

Aurora drives hard.

Miller drops back.

A defender blindsides him.

Miller goes down hard.

The stadium goes silent.

EXT. SIDELINE - CONTINUOUS

Trainers rush to Miller.

The head coach looks down the bench.

Sees Jack.

HEAD COACH
Rowan! Helmet!

Jack doesn't hesitate.

He grabs his helmet and jogs toward the field.

The crowd murmurs.

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - NIGHT

Jack takes the huddle.

The players look at him – curious, unsure.

LINEMAN

You good?

Jack nods.

JACK

Yeah.
Simple.

He steps behind center.

Claps his hands.

JACK (CONT'D)

Set.

The snap.

SERIES OF PLAYS - JACK'S FIRST DRIVE

- Jack drops back. Calm.

- A blitz forms - he steps left before it develops.

- A receiver breaks open - Jack releases the ball before the cut.

- Touchdown.

The crowd explodes.

Coaches stare.

EXT. SIDELINE - NIGHT

The OFFENSIVE COORDINATOR flips through his play sheet.

Confused.

OFFENSIVE COORDINATOR

That wasn't the route.

The HEAD COACH watches Jack jog off the field.

Uneasy.

Impressed.

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - NIGHT

Another drive.

Jack reads the defense instantly.

Audibles at the line.

Perfect throws.

Effortless.

Not flashy – precise.

The defense adjusts.

Jack adjusts faster.

Another touchdown.

The crowd is losing its mind.

INT. BLEACHERS - NIGHT

Fans lean forward, whispering.

FAN #1
Where did he come from?

FAN #2
That kid's special.

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - NIGHT

Final seconds.

Aurora wins by a wide margin.

Jack kneels.

Game over.

EXT. LOCKER ROOM - LATER

Steam fills the room.

Players celebrate.

Jack sits quietly, unlacing his cleats.

A LINEBACKER drops beside him.

LINEBACKER
Man... how'd you do that?

Jack looks up.

Honestly unsure.

JACK
I don't know.

The linebacker laughs.

LINEBACKER
Come on.

Jack shakes his head.

JACK
I could just... see it.

The laughter fades.

LINEBACKER
See what?

Jack searches for words.

JACK
Everything.
Before it happened.

A beat.

The room grows quieter.

Someone turns the music back up.

MONTAGE - JACK'S RISE

- Jack throwing perfect passes under pressure.
- Scoreboards lighting up.
- Records breaking.
- Newspaper headlines spinning past camera:
 - LOCAL BACKUP QB STUNS HOMECOMING CROWD
 - ROWAN SETS STATE RECORD
 - UNSTOPPABLE
- College scouts in the stands.
- Television cameras on sidelines.

- Jack calm amid chaos.
- Defenses collapsing around him – too late.
- Coaches from opposing teams staring in disbelief.
- Jack shaking hands, polite, humble.

INT. BEDROOM – NIGHT

Jack sits on his bed, alone.

Newspapers scattered.

A sports magazine on the desk.

His face on the cover.

He stares at it.

Confused.

Uneasy.

He looks out the window toward the quiet Nebraska night.

Something is moving faster than he can understand.

EXT. AURORA HIGH SCHOOL – DAY

A news van parks.

A reporter steps out.

Camera on shoulder.

Jack walks past students – everyone watching now.

Whispers follow him.

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD – SUNSET

Jack stands alone again.

Tosses the ball.

Catches it.

Perfectly.

Effortlessly.

He frowns.

This isn't supposed to be normal.

EXT. MILLER FARM - DUSK

A massive, well-kept Nebraska farm.

Wide land. Big sky.

A modest farmhouse sits a quarter-mile off to the side – smaller, older, clearly not the main residence.

A pickup truck pulls in.

JOHN ROWAN (58) steps out.

Bearded. Weathered. Calloused hands.

This is Dr. Michael Mason, but the beard and years bury the past.

He carries a lunch pail and walks toward the farmhouse.

INT. ROWAN FARMHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Simple. Clean. Lived-in.

Football trophies on shelves – mostly team awards.

Jack sits at the kitchen table, homework spread out, a football spinning lazily in his hand.

John enters.

Jack looks up, smiles.

JACK
Hey, Dad.

John relaxes instantly.

JOHN
Hey.

John sets his pail down, washes his hands at the sink.

He watches Jack for a moment – studying him the way you study something you're afraid to lose.

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

Dinner half-finished.

A small radio plays softly in the background.

A Sports Anchor's voice bleeds through.

RADIO (V.O.)
—sixteen-year-old quarterback Jack
Rowan continues to draw national
attention—

John reaches over and turns the radio off.

Jack notices.

JACK
They were talking about the game.

John avoids his eyes.

JOHN
I know.

A beat.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Jack... I think things are getting a
little loud.

Jack frowns.

JACK
Loud's good, isn't it?

John sits across from him.

Careful.

JOHN
Sometimes loud brings the wrong
kind of people.

Jack doesn't understand.

JACK
Dad, this is what I've worked for.
Colleges are calling. Recruiters.

John stiffens — just slightly.

JACK (CONT'D)
 You know we can't afford tuition.
 This could change everything.

John's jaw tightens.

JOHN
 I don't want you chasing something
 that might hurt you.

Jack leans forward.

JACK
 Football isn't hurting me.

John almost says something.

Almost.

Then stops himself.

JOHN
 I just want you to be careful.

Jack softens.

JACK
 I am.

John nods – but he isn't convinced.

EXT. MILLER FARM – DAY

Jack and Dave toss a football in the yard.

Dave is solid, confident, the kind of kid everyone likes.

They move easily together – best friends.

DAVE
 Man, my dad won't shut up about
 scouts.

Jack laughs.

JACK
 Your dad owns half the county.
 He'll survive.

Dave smirks.

DAVE
You don't get it. You're the story
now.

Jack shrugs.

JACK
I'm just playing ball.

Dave studies him.

DAVE
You ever think about leaving?

Jack pauses.

JACK
Sometimes.

Dave grins.

DAVE
Wherever you go, I'm visiting.
You owe me touchdowns.

They laugh.

John watches from a distance, uneasy.

INT. AURORA DINER - NIGHT

Warm. Crowded.

Jack and Lisa sit in a booth.

She's smart, confident, not starstruck.

LISA
Everyone's talking about you.

Jack rolls his eyes.

JACK
I noticed.

She smiles.

LISA
Does it freak you out?

Jack considers.

JACK
A little.

LISA
Good.

Jack laughs.

JACK
Why?

LISA
Means you're still you.

They share a quiet moment.

Jack reaches for her hand.

Comforted.

Normal.

INT. ROWAN FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

Jack enters quietly.

John sits at the table, reading mail.

Envelopes. Letterheads.

Jack notices.

JACK
More colleges?

John nods.

JOHN
Some.

Jack smiles.

JACK
See? This is good.

John looks at him - really looks.

JOHN
Jack... if I ever told you to stop-

Jack interrupts.

JACK
I wouldn't.

Not defiant. Just honest.

John exhales slowly.

JOHN
I know.

EXT. AURORA HIGH SCHOOL - PRACTICE FIELD - DAY

Practice.

Jack runs drills.

Flawless.

Coaches whisper.

A man in a jacket watches from the fence - not a coach.

Jack notices.

Feels... something.

The man leaves.

Jack shakes it off.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - DAY

Dave ties his cleats.

DAVE
Big game Friday.

Jack nods.

JACK
Always is.

Dave grins.

DAVE
Just don't get bored out there.

Jack smirks.

JACK
I'll try.

EXT. MILLER FARM - NIGHT

John stands outside alone.

Stares at the stars.

A radio plays faintly from inside another house.

Jack's name is mentioned again.

John closes his eyes and takes a deep breath.

His hand shakes.

Fear buried deep.

INT. JACK'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jack lies awake.

Football posters on the wall.

Scholarship letters on his desk.

Lisa's bracelet on the nightstand.

He stares at the ceiling.

Restless.

Something feels close.

EXT. AURORA HIGH SCHOOL - NIGHT

The stadium lights flicker on.

The stands fill.

The town gathers.

Jack stands on the sideline, helmet in hand.

Calm.

Focused.

Unaware

INT. FEDERAL OFFICE BUILDING - SECURE FLOOR

Muted artificial light filters through narrow windows.

Concrete. Steel. Fluorescent hum.

An American flag stands in the corner – stiff, ceremonial.

A long conference table dominates the room.

Three men sit already waiting. All in dark suits. No insignia.

A heavy door opens.

Two Agents enter.

One of them, AGENT KELLER (40s), drops a folded newspaper onto the table.

It slides to a stop.

The headline is visible:

NEBRASKA QB PHENOM STUNS NATION –

“Plays Like He Was BUILT, Not BORN”

A photo beneath it.

Jack Rowan – mid-throw.

Young. Calm. Focused.

The room studies it in silence.

Close on newspaper.

A subheading is circled in red pen:

“Sources compare Rowan’s performance to a controlled experiment in anticipation and reaction.”

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM – CONTINUOUS

One of the seated men, DIRECTOR HART (50’s), finally speaks.

Measured. Controlled.

DIRECTOR HART
Who wrote this?

AGENT KELLER
Sports columnist out of Chicago.

DIRECTOR HART
Doesn’t matter.

Another man at the table, AGENT MORROW (60s), older, harder, flips the paper over.

AGENT MORROW
Someone's been reading too many
Cold War myths.

Keller doesn't smile.

AGENT KELLER
Or someone remembers them.

A beat.

Morrow looks up.

AGENT MORROW
You saying this is—

Keller slides a manila folder onto the table.

Stamped:

ARCHIVED - TERMINATED PROGRAM

He opens it.

Black-and-white facility photos.

Redacted names.

A final page:

SUBJECT: INFANT MALE

STATUS: MISSING

The room tightens.

DIRECTOR HART
Careful now.

Director Hart staring intently at the Agents.

DIRECTOR HART (CONT'D)
That program was erased.

AGENT KELLER
The paperwork says so.

He taps the newspaper.

AGENT KELLER (CONT'D)
But this kid is sixteen.

Same age the subject would be today.

Silence.

Hart leans back.

DIRECTOR HART
You're making a leap.

Keller meets his eyes.

AGENT KELLER
So did the scientists who created
him.

No one corrects him.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Morrow flips through the folder.

Stops on a blurred photo of a man - younger, harder to
identify.

AGENT MORROW
Any idea who got him out?

Keller hesitates.

AGENT KELLER
One researcher was never accounted
for.

Hart stiffens.

DIRECTOR HART
Name?

Keller doesn't answer immediately.

Then -

AGENT KELLER
Doctor Michael Mason.

The name hangs in the air.

Hart, cold now.

DIRECTOR HART
Mason died with the program.

AGENT KELLER
That's what the report says.

Another beat.

AGENT KELLER (CONT'D)
So did the child.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - LATER
The newspaper lies open again.
Jack's photo stares back.
Young. Unaware.

AGENT MORROW
What if we're wrong?

Keller doesn't hesitate.

AGENT KELLER
Then he's just a football player.

Hart considers.

DIRECTOR HART
And if you're right?

Keller closes the folder.

Firm.

AGENT KELLER
Then he's the most valuable asset
this government ever lost.

Silence.

Hart stands.

DIRECTOR HART
Don't spook the town.

AGENT KELLER
Understood.

DIRECTOR HART
Observe only.

Keller nods — but his eyes say not for long.

EXT. FEDERAL BUILDING - NIGHT

Agents exit into night of the busy city.

Life goes on.

Cars pass.

No one notices.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - EMPTY

The newspaper remains on the table.

Jack's photo.

Folded once.

Carefully.

Like a warning.

EXT. AURORA HIGH SCHOOL - FOOTBALL STADIUM - NIGHT

The stadium is packed beyond capacity.

Cars line the roads. People stand three deep along the fences.

This is no longer a small-town game.

This is an event.

EXT. STANDS - CONTINUOUS

Cameras everywhere.

Men in windbreakers embroidered with logos:

NEBRASKA. MIAMI. OKLAHOMA. ALABAMA.

College recruiters whisper to one another.

Clipboards. Stopwatches. Quiet awe.

EXT. SIDELINES - NIGHT

John stands apart from the crowd.

Hat low. Jacket zipped.

He watches from the shadows, never fully stepping into the light.

His eyes never leave the field.

Fear rides just beneath his calm.

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - NIGHT

Jack commands the offense.

Confident. Relaxed.

He calls signals.

The snap.

Jack drops back – reads the field instantly.

A pass released before the receiver breaks.

Touchdown.

The crowd erupts.

Recruiters scribble notes.

SERIES OF PLAYS - THE NIGHT BUILDS

– Jack audibles flawlessly.

– Defenders collapse too late.

– Receivers look surprised at how open they are.

– The scoreboard climbs.

Jack never celebrates.

He jogs back to the huddle, steady.

Focused.

EXT. SIDELINE - NIGHT

The head coach watches, stunned.

HEAD COACH
(to assistant)
He's seeing things I'm not.

John grips the railing tighter.

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - NIGHT

Fourth Quarter.

Aurora up comfortably.

The crowd buzzes – anticipation thick.

Jack lines up.

The Option Play is called.

The snap.

Jack rolls right.

A defender closes.

Jack cuts left – jukes him clean.

Another defender lunges – Jack slips past.

A third misses entirely.

The crowd ROARS.

Jack turns up-field.

Open grass.

Then—

WHAM!

A fourth defender comes from Jack's blind side.

Full speed.

Helmet to shoulder.

Jack is driven into the turf.

Hard.

The sound echoes.

The crowd goes dead silent.

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - CONTINUOUS

Jack doesn't move.

The ball rolls free.

Players freeze.

Whistles scream - too late.

EXT. FIELD - CONTINUOUS

ANDREW ANDERSON (17), wide receiver, Jack's friend, sprints over.

He drops to his knees beside Jack.

ANDREW
Jack?

No response.

The stadium holds its breath.

Andrew leans closer.

ANDREW (CONT'D)
Hey. Hey, stay with me.

Jack's chest rises.

Barely.

Andrew exhales - relieved.

Then—

Jack's eyes begin to open.

Slow.

Unfocused.

Andrew leans back slightly.

Something's wrong.

JACK'S POV:

- The world swims.

- Sound stretches.

- The stadium lights smear into streaks.

BACK TO SCENE

Andrew stares into Jack's eyes.

A faint neon blue flicker dances across Jack's pupils.

Just for a fraction of a second.

Andrew's breath catches.

ANDREW (CONT'D)
(whispering)
What the hell...

The blue light flickers again.

Brighter.

Gone.

Jack inhales sharply.

The stadium remains silent.

John watches from the shadows, face draining of color.

He knows.

Everything has just changed.

INT. AURORA COMMUNITY HOSPITAL - X-RAY ROOM - NIGHT

Cold. Sterile.

Machines hum softly.

JACK lies on the X-ray table.

Still in his uniform, but his jersey and pads removed.

A thin blanket covers him.

His eyes flutter, half-conscious.

John stands nearby, hands folded tight, forcing calm.

A RADIOLOGY TECH adjusts the machine.

RADIOLOGY TECH
Alright, Jack. Just lie still.

The machine slides into position.

A faint buzz begins.

Then—

The buzz deepens.

Lights overhead flicker.

The tech frowns.

RADIOLOGY TECH (CONT'D)
That's strange.

She checks the panel.

The machine whines louder.

Suddenly — the screen goes black.

The room falls silent.

INT. X-RAY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The tech taps the monitor.

Nothing.

RADIOLOGY TECH
I just calibrated this.

A doctor enters, DR. HARRIS (mid 40's).

DR. HARRIS
What's the issue?

The lights flicker again.

Longer this time.

Jack stirs.

His fingers twitch.

John notices immediately.

JOHN
He's probably overstimulated.

Dr. Harris looks at him.

DR. HARRIS
Excuse me?

John realizes he spoke too fast.

Recalibrates.

JOHN
After head trauma, sensory overload
can cause autonomic responses.
Light sensitivity. Electrical
interference.

Dr. Harris blinks.

DR. HARRIS
Electrical interference?

John gestures to the machine.

JOHN
Older equipment can spike under
irregular bioelectric activity.
Stress response. Adrenaline.

The tech looks between them.

RADIOLOGY TECH
That's... not wrong.

The lights stabilize.

Jack exhales.

INT. HOSPITAL WAITING ROOM - NIGHT

Crowded. Quiet.

Dave, Lisa, Andrew, teammates, and coaches.

All exhausted.

Lisa wrings her hands.

Andrew stares at the floor.

Dave paces.

A NURSE exits, speaks softly.

NURSE
They're running scans. He's stable.

Relief washes over them.

But it doesn't fully land.

INT. X-RAY ROOM - NIGHT

Second attempt.

The machine slides again.

This time -

The lights dim slowly.

Not flicker.

Dim.

The machine begins to hum at a lower pitch.

Unnatural.

Jack's breathing deepens.

John steps closer.

JOHN

Jack. Listen to me.

Jack's eyes open slightly.

The hum spikes.

A metal tray nearby rattles.

The tech steps back.

RADIOLOGY TECH

Okay, that's not normal.

Dr. Harris watches the tray.

Then John.

DR. HARRIS

What exactly do you do, Mr. Rowan?

John doesn't answer right away.

He keeps his eyes on Jack.

JOHN
 Right now?
 I'm trying to keep him calm.

John places a hand gently on Jack's shoulder.

Jack's breathing slows.

The hum fades.

Lights return to full brightness.

Silence.

INT. X-RAY ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The monitor flickers back on.

Normal readings.

Dr. Harris exhales.

DR. HARRIS
 We'll run a CT instead.

John nods.

Too quickly.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - LATER

John steps out.

Dr. Harris follows.

DR. HARRIS
 You're very informed for a
 farmhand.

John forces a small smile.

JOHN
 I read a lot.

Dr. Harris studies him.

DR. HARRIS
 Your son's... unusual.

John meets his gaze.

Careful.

JOHN
He's a good kid.

A beat.

DR. HARRIS
That wasn't what I meant.

John nods – accepting the warning.

INT. WAITING ROOM – NIGHT

John approaches the group.

Lisa looks up immediately.

LISA
Is he okay?

John nods.

JOHN
He will be.

Andrew swallows.

ANDREW
I saw something when he went down.

John freezes.

Just for a fraction.

JOHN
Saw what?

Andrew hesitates.

ANDREW
Nothing.
Probably nothing.

John places a hand on Andrew's shoulder.

Firm. Reassuring.

JOHN
I'm sure it was.

Andrew nods, unsure.

Dave steps forward.

DAVE
Coach says scouts are already
calling the hospital.

John's jaw tightens.

JOHN
They'll have to wait.

INT. X-RAY ROOM - NIGHT

Jack lies still now.

Asleep.

Monitors steady.

John sits beside him.

Watching.

Protective.

Afraid.

He reaches out, brushes Jack's hair back gently.

JOHN
(whispering)
They can't see you.
They can't take you.

The lights hum softly overhead.

Normal.

For now.

INT. SECURE GOVERNMENT FACILITY - BRIEFING ROOM - NIGHT

A windowless room.

Concrete walls. Steel table bolted to the floor.

A projector hums softly.

Agent Keller, Agent Morrow, and Director Hart sit waiting.

The door opens.

DR. Sidney Goddard enters.

Older now. Sharper. Immaculate.

He carries a thick file under his arm.

He doesn't sit.

He places the file on the table.

Close on the file.

Stamped across the front:

PROJECT: HELIX

STATUS: TERMINATED

INT. BRIEFING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Goddard clicks a remote.

The projector snaps on.

Black and white footage flickers onto the wall.

- A facility.
- Restrained subjects.
- Neurological readings.

DR. GODDARD

What you're looking at began in
1963.

No emotion.

Just fact.

PROJECTION - ARCHIVAL FOOTAGE

- Arthur Patrick.
- Young. Focused.
- A steel object lifting.

DR. GODDARD (CONT'D)

The objective was not mind control.

He lets that sit.

DR. GODDARD (CONT'D)

It was anticipation.

He clicks.

PROJECTION - EEG WAVES

- Spiking. Layered. Unnatural.

DR. GODDARD (CONT'D)
To see the future a fraction of a
second before it happened.
To move before the world caught up.

INT. BRIEFING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Keller leans forward.

AGENT KELLER
You were building weapons.

Goddard smiles faintly.

DR. GODDARD
We were building certainty.

He clicks again.

PROJECTION - KATARINA CRANSTON

- Eyes open. Frozen.
- Observers reacting around her.

DR. GODDARD (CONT'D)
Katarina Cranston possessed
empathic and cognitive projection
capabilities.

He gestures.

DR. GODDARD (CONT'D)
She could read intention. Influence
behavior.
Not thoughts - decisions.

Morrow stiffens.

AGENT MORROW
And Arthur?

Goddard clicks.

PROJECTION - ARTHUR PATRICK

- Objects tearing loose. Spatial distortion.

DR. GODDARD
Arthur manipulated mass and
inertia.

A beat.

DR. GODDARD (CONT'D)
But his body paid for it.

Goddard turns back to them.

INT. BRIEFING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

DR. GODDARD
They were incomplete.

Hart frowns.

DIRECTOR HART
Incomplete?

DR. GODDARD
Their powers outpaced their
physiology.

He clicks again.

PROJECTION - MEDICAL RECORDS

A highlighted line:

SUBJECT: INFANT MALE - EEG ANOMALY

The graph explodes across the screen.

Layered. Impossible.

DR. GODDARD (CONT'D)
The child was different.

The room stills.

DR. GODDARD (CONT'D)
No degradation.
No feedback loop.
No consequence.

He looks at Keller.

DR. GODDARD (CONT'D)
He wasn't powerful.
He was stable.

Silence.

AGENT KELLER
And the program ended.

Goddard's jaw tightens.

DR. GODDARD
The program was terminated.

He closes the projector.

The room returns to gray.

INT. BRIEFING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

AGENT MORROW
You lost the child.

Goddard's eyes harden.

DR. GODDARD
We were betrayed.

Hart studies him.

DIRECTOR HART
By whom?

Goddard doesn't hesitate.

DR. GODDARD
Doctor Michael Mason.

A beat.

AGENT KELLER
And if Jack Rowan is that child?

Goddard steps closer to the table.

His voice lowers.

DR. GODDARD
Then Mason didn't just steal an
asset.
He stole the future of warfare.

Keller absorbs this.

DIRECTOR HART
Your recommendation?

Goddard opens the file again.

Slides a PHOTO across the table.

Jack. Mid-throw.

DR. GODDARD
I want eyes on him.

AGENT MORROW
You're retired.

Goddard smiles thinly.

DR. GODDARD
I helped create him.

Silence.

DR. GODDARD (CONT'D)
And if Mason is there...

A flicker of something personal crosses his face.

DR. GODDARD (CONT'D)
I want to see him.
First hand.

INT. BRIEFING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Hart considers.

Then nods.

DIRECTOR HART
You accompany the team.

Keller looks uneasy.

AGENT KELLER
Observe only.

Goddard gathers his file.

DR. GODDARD
Of course.

But his eyes say otherwise.

EXT. FEDERAL FACILITY - NIGHT

Goddard steps into the darkness.

Calm.

Certain.

Something long buried is waking up.

EXT. MILLER FARM - NIGHT

Wind rolls through the cornfields.

The farmhouse glows softly against the dark.

Everything looks calm.

It isn't.

INT. ROWAN FARMHOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Muted television light flickers across the room.

A SPORTS ANCHOR talks excitedly.

TV ANCHOR (V.O.)
—sources confirm Jack Rowan is now
on the national radar—

John stands at the doorway, listening.

His jaw tightens.

He reaches over and turns off the T.V.

Silence.

Jack sits on the couch, still in sweatpants, ice pack on his shoulder.

He looks up.

JACK
Why do you keep doing that?

John doesn't answer right away.

He walks to the window, peers out into the dark fields.

JOHN
Jack... we need to talk.

Jack exhales.

Already defensive.

JACK
If this is about recruiters again—

JOHN
It is.

Jack sits up straighter.

JACK
I don't get why that's a problem.

John turns.

Measured. Careful.

JOHN
Because attention brings questions.

Jack scoffs.

JACK
That's the point.

John steps closer.

JOHN
I think you should sit out the rest
of the season.

The words land hard.

Jack stares at him.

JACK
What?

JACK (CONT'D)
You're serious?

John nods.

JOHN
You've done enough.

Jack laughs — sharp, incredulous.

JACK
Enough for who?

John doesn't answer.

Jack stands.

JACK (CONT'D)
Do you have any idea what people
would give for this?

John's voice tightens.

JOHN
That's exactly what I'm afraid of.

Jack shakes his head.

JACK
You're afraid of everything.

That one hits.

John stiffens.

JOHN
That's not fair.

JACK
Isn't it?

Jack starts pacing.

JACK (CONT'D)
All my life it's been "be careful,"
"don't stand out," "keep your head
down."

John tries to interrupt.

JOHN
Jack—

JACK
No. You never wanted me to be more
than this place.

He gestures around the room.

The house.

The farm.

John's face tightens.

JOHN
I wanted you safe.

Jack snaps.

JACK
Safe from what?

John hesitates.

Just a beat.

That's enough.

JACK (CONT'D)
You don't want me to succeed
because you never did.

The room goes still.

John absorbs that — like a punch.

JOHN
(low)
That's not true.

JACK
You're a farmhand, Dad.

There it is.

Jack immediately regrets it.

But the words are already out.

JACK (CONT'D)
You broke your back for other
people your whole life.
Don't tell me to shrink because you
did.

John's eyes glisten — but his voice stays steady.

JOHN
I chose this life.

Jack shakes his head.

JACK
No. You ran to it.

Silence.

Long.

Heavy.

Jack backs away.

Breathing hard.

JACK (CONT'D)
I'm going downstairs.

JOHN
Jack—

Too late.

Jack turns and storms toward the basement door.

INT. BASEMENT STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Jack takes the stairs two at a time.

Anger driving him.

The light flicks on.

A cluttered, unfinished basement.

Tools. Shelves. Workbench.

This is John's space.

Jack paces, furious.

He kicks the wall beside the workbench —
Hard.

A hollow sound.

Jack freezes.

Kicks again.

The panel shifts.

Jack crouches.

Pushes.

A false panel swings inward.

Behind it —

A large leather briefcase.

Old.

Heavy.

Jack stares at it.

Heart pounding.

He pulls it out.

Sets it on the floor.

Opens it.

Files.

Photos.

Medical charts.

Notebooks.

A large journal.

EEG/EKG readouts.

Facility images.

A name highlighted on multiple pages:

KALIN PATRICK

Jack's breath catches.

INT. ROWAN FARMHOUSE - BASEMENT - NIGHT

The briefcase lies open on the workbench.

Files. Photos. Medical charts.

EEG readouts. Facility images.

Jack stands frozen, staring at a black and white photo –

A baby. Electrodes on his scalp. Eyes open.

Jack's breath is shallow. His hands shake.

JACK

(quiet)

Why do I remember this?

Flashes hit,

White walls.

Bright lights.

A woman screaming – silent.

A man reaching for him.

Restraints.

Needles.

Jack staggers back, nearly losing his balance.

JACK (CONT'D)
This isn't a dream.

Footsteps on the stairs.

John appears at the top. He sees everything –

The briefcase, the files, the photo in Jack's hands.

John stops.

The weight of sixty years presses down on him.

JACK (CONT'D)
Who is Kalin Patrick?

John doesn't answer.

Jack steps closer. Holds the photo up.

JACK (CONT'D)
Is this me?

John swallows. His silence confirms it.

JACK (CONT'D)
You told me I was normal.

John finally descends the steps.

JOHN
I told you what you needed to
survive.

Jack laughs – broken.

JACK
You lied to me.

JOHN
I protected you.

JACK
From what?

John reaches the bottom step.

For the first time, he looks afraid.

JOHN
From people who would never stop
looking for you.

Jack's eyes burn.

JACK
Why?

John meets his son's stare.

There's no more hiding.

No more delay.

JOHN
Jack...

A beat.

JOHN (CONT'D)
We need to talk.

CUT TO BLACK.