

VISITATION

PILOT

"The Arrival"

Written by

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Based on *Off-World Man* by Michael H. Childress II

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TEASER

BLACK SCREEN

SUPER:

"Let's pray that the human race never escapes from Earth to spread its iniquity elsewhere.' - C.S. Lewis"

FADE IN:

EXT. EARTH'S EXOSPHERE

Blackness of space.

A large spacecraft -- white paneling attached to a multi-stage rocket and booster with "NASA ExOps 1977" imprinted on it -- cruises past a slew of satellites as it makes its way into outer space -- A "CHNOPS" tag on the spaceship's hull.

The vehicle approaches the end of the exosphere, the rocket and booster separate from the ship -- an afterburner kicks in on the craft -- propels it farther into space until the spacecraft fades from view.

INT. NASA EXOPS MISSION CONTROL - SAME TIME

SUPER: "Undisclosed Location, 1977"

In the NASA operations center for external operations (ExOps) the environment is dark, busy with activity -- armed security officers stand around the perimeter of the room. Multiple monitors display the spacecraft as it exits the Earth's exosphere.

The live video feeds shows the ship's afterburner engage, the personnel all stand, shout, and clap in celebration -- some of the mission team members hug each other.

TWO OLDER MEN sport slacks and short-sleeved dress shirts, the FLIGHT OPS SUPERVISOR, 50s, and a MISSION MANAGER, late 40s, engage in quiet conversation.

MISSION MANAGER

Are...are we sure this...we should
be going through with this?

FLIGHT OPS SUPERVISOR
(stoically)
Well...besides the final decision
coming down from levels well above
our pay grades, obviously no
turning back now...

MISSION MANAGER
I really hope this doesn't come
back to bite us in the ass...

The two men glance back at the bank of monitors,
contemplatively.

EXT. DEEP SPACE

SUPER: "Unknown Location, Unknown Date"

The 1977 ExOps spacecraft moves through deep space against a
background of darkness and celestial events -- a light trains
on the spacecraft, moves along the length of the hull -- a
tractor beam, encases the NASA craft, moves it towards an
unseen object.

INT. UNIDENTIFIED SPACECRAFT - MOMENTS LATER

The NASA craft lies in what appears to be a massive cargo
hold -- TWO HUMANOID SHAPES, UNKNOWN HUMANOID #1 and UNKNOWN
HUMANOID #2, wear what appear to be alien-looking spacesuits,
but look more like exoskeleton armor -- they move towards the
NASA ship.

A tool resembling a blowtorch cuts through a section of the
NASA craft's hull, the cut section rises into the air covered
in red light like that of a tractor beam.

The portion of the hull floats away, a bunch of steam sprays
from the hole, as the craft depressurizes. Moisture also
leaks out onto the floor of the hold as a water barrier seems
to be a part of the heavy radiation shielding.

The last of the steam spews out, rows of circular containers
appear. Within each container, of which there appear to be
hundreds, are objects that look like human fetuses, each
around an inch and a half long.

Unknown Humanoid #2 turns to Unknown Humanoid #1, gestures
towards the spaceship with one of its arms -- the two turn
back to look at the NASA craft.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

INT. NOVEMBER BASE TRAINING LAB - DAY

SUPER: "Undisclosed Location, 2024"

Inside a high-tech, covert federal government research laboratory a muscular man, ERIK ROHAN, 38, Caucasian, trains in a light and compact mechanized (Mech) suit -- Erik's face has a hard look to it, with sharp features.

The suit is black with some dark grey components mixed in -- cybernetic implants dot Erik's lower neck and shoulders.

Erik engages in super fast-moving hand-to-hand combat with a LARGE HUMANOID ROBOT -- the robot swiftly lunges at Erik with its left arm after feigning a strike with its right -- connects powerfully CRUNCH with Erik's Mech suit in the head area.

Erik stumbles back from the contact, he appears agitated.

ERIK

Come on you fucking souped-up
toaster! That all you got?!

Erik's Mech suit glows brightly in the torso and forearm areas -- a sound like an energy field increasing in pitch sounds.

Erik lunges towards the robot with his right fist extended, his fist makes contact KERRANG with the robot's midsection. Upon contact the robot reels and slides backwards, but quickly rights itself.

Erik, without a moment's hesitation, closes the distance between him and the robot, unleashes a flurry of strikes on it -- sparks fly from the blows he lands.

He breathes a little heavily.

ERIK (CONT'D)

Sorry Princess, today is not your
day to shine!

Erik pivots, manages to get behind the robot in a flash of movement -- he puts the robot's head in a choke hold.

Gradually he twists the robot's head in a swift motion -- he completely rips the head off of the upper torso, the lights generated by the robot's power source flicker for a moment and fade out completely.

The lead lab technician, a pretty, but also kind of plain looking woman in a lab coat and wearing glasses, DR. ROISIN HARDNETT, 35, Caucasian, stands in a viewing area adjunct to the battle room -- she clicks on a button in front of the observation glass to speak with Erik.

ROISIN

Erik, an excellent display per the norm; however, your heart rate did spike more than normal when you went on the offense.

ERIK

Yeah Doc, I was kind of enjoying myself.

ROISIN

Of course you were. How did the new adaptive shock dampeners function?

ERIK

Pretty fucking well, pardon my French. When I took the big hit to the noggin from the tin can it felt like being hit by a small car rather than a semi-truck.

ROISIN

Noted. Eventually we will get that force suppression technology to a level where you will be able to withstand the most extreme concussive contact with barely a bat of an eyelash.

ERIK

Don't kill all of the pain with the receptors. It feeds me during the heat of battle like Oxygen feeding a fire. Not trying to operate like an occupant in a self-driving car... Let's not even talk about the artificial intelligence.

ROISIN

The embedded A-I assistant, which you noticeably still haven't enabled, would allow you to concentrate all your efforts on combat tactics.

ERIK

Doc, artificial intelligence is not intelligence.

(MORE)

ERIK (CONT'D)
I would rather consult my toaster
about battle strategies.

ROISIN
Ah, you are quite insufferable
sometimes.

ERIK
I feel like all my ex-girlfriends
would concur!
(sheepishly)
You up for a drink?

ROISIN
Perhaps I could be persuaded...

ERIK
Let me ditch this tin suit first!

INT. ERIK'S HOUSE - BEDROOM/BASEMENT - LATER

BEDROOM

Erik gets out of his bed, Roisin sleeps covered in a bed
sheet on the right side of the bed.

He stares out of his large bedroom window at a large body of
water just beyond his land line, stretches while he yawns
slightly.

8 Erik turns around -- his room is very spartan --a posh 8
bachelor's bedroom.

He walks out of the bedroom, grabs a gym bag on the way.

BASEMENT

Erik strikes a Wing Chun wooden dummy with impressive speed
before he moves on to a heavy striking bag that hangs from
the ceiling in another area of the basement.

He throws a mixture of punches, elbows, and kicks at the bag.
He rests with his hands upon his hips after he takes a swig
of water from a bottle.

ERIK (V.O.)
*How the hell am I going to fight
this A-I thing? Likely an
inevitability the higher-ups will
force it on us eventually...*

Erik grimaces, goes back to hitting the heavy bag.

INT. ERIK'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - LATER

Erik walks into the kitchen from the basement stairs,
Hardnett sits at the kitchen island with a cup of coffee in
front of her

ROISIN

We need to up your coffee game.
This is a step above paint
thinner...

ERIK

Roisin, as you well know I don't
even consume caffeinated things,
don't expect me to be an expert on
them!

ROISIN

Do you always get up before dawn to
strike inanimate objects with great
fervor the night after paying
homage to the whiskey gods?

ERIK

Well, yeah. It helps me think,
besides being pretty cathartic in
general. My mind is still spinning
regarding some of the unidentified
aerial object events of late. I
guess with all of the U-A-P
incidents over the years I had kind
of prepared myself mentally for
confirmation of actual extra-
terrestrial contact.

ROISIN

I think a lot of us scientists,
particularly cosmologists,
theoretical physicists,
astrophysicists, *et cetera* were
already convinced of the existence
of other sentient beings out there
in our massive universe, even
absent empirical evidence. We can't
have been it as far as intelligent
life.

Erik raises an eyebrow.

ROISIN (CONT'D)

The elements that makes us up are
found in abundance throughout the
universe!

(MORE)

ROISIN (CONT'D)

First contact was simply...an
eventual inevitability... The Fermi
Paradox. Any intelligent organisms
would likely encounter the same
impediments to deep space travel
that we have. Shielding.
Propulsion. Resources.

ERIK

(grinning)

Scientists... Well my hope is the
likely non-Earthlings I have
encountered thus far are not simply
the advanced team for a larger
force of hostile aliens seeking to
enslave us or worse... We could be
in for a world of hurt.

ROISIN

Well at least we have
your...business suit... All we can
do for now is speculate. Too many
unknowns.

ERIK

Indeed. Intelligence gaps abound.
You hungry? Omelet? I am going to
have a large one with enough cheese
to fell an elephant, and a slab of
steak!

ROISIN

I think the real extra-terrestrial
here is your metabolism...

Erik chuckles, goes to the refrigerator and opens it.

INT. NASA EXOPS MISSION CONTROL - SAME TIME

SUPER: Undisclosed Location, 2024

In a large, NASA ExOps executive office suite a slightly
portly man ExOps chief DAVID BARCLAY, 58, Caucasian, and a
thin, short woman, ExOps deputy chief SHANNON MCBRIDE, 42,
Caucasian, meet. Barclay lounges behind a large desk, McBride
sits in a chair in front of Barclay's desk.

DAVID

So what do we know thus far about
the base breach?

(MORE)

DAVID (CONT'D)

Preliminary reports make it sound like it wasn't just potentially a foreign adversary utilizing some new, advanced technology we have no current reporting on. I mean the capability to penetrate that base and escape unencumbered...

SHANNON

Not much beyond what you are already privy to. Awaiting the read-out of the debrief of the security personnel who encountered the unknown object. Supposed to take place tomorrow morning.

DAVID

Damn it, this is sounding more and more like something in our purview. The infiltration doesn't sound like any other unidentified anomalous phenomena contact we have ever heard of. We need to make sure every speck of information related to this is close-hold.

SHANNON

Absolutely. North American Aerospace Defense Command also seems to have picked up nothing, neither in our direct airspace nor beyond during the time of the incident.

DAVID

Alright let's circle back around after the debrief and read-out tomorrow.

McBride nods at Barclay, she gets up and exits the room.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. NOVEMBER BASE TRAINING LAB/ERIK'S HELMET - DAY

TRAINING LAB

Erik moves in his suit, attacks training targets.

An alarm sounds loudly BREET, BREET, BREET, red lights FLASH.

Over the facility's communications system an AUTOMATED VOICE repeats a message.

AUTOMATED VOICE (V.O.)

Warning. Warning. Unauthorized penetration detected. Facility lockdown commencing. Secure your work stations and shelter in place immediately.

ERIK

Fucking hell. Now what? This better not be another damn surprise drill. Suit, bring up comms. Patch me in to the base's force protection watch commander.

ROISIN

Okay everyone, lock down the lab STAT! Nightshade Protocol in five minutes or less!

ERIK'S HELMET

Inside the helmet of Erik's Mech suit a digital heads-up display (HUD) pops up, a call goes through.

After a few moments the suit's communication system connects with the base's security station, the watch commander, a tall, well-built man dressed in tactical clothing, DANTE SMITH, 30, answers via video link.

INT. NOVEMBER BASE SECURITY OPS CENTER - SAME TIME

Dante stands in the base security station room which is flush with a multitude of screens that show surveillance camera feeds.

FOUR OTHER SECURITY OFFICERS sit and stand at work stations around the room.

DANTE

Rohan, I was just about to route a priority direct action message to you. Forwarding you footage from one of the security feeds in an Echo Level hallway from approximately five Mikes ago. Stand by to receive.

ERIK (V.O.)

Good copy. Quick-reaction force teams already deployed I presume?

DANTE

Affirmative. Team one should be arriving at the known breach point at this time. Other teams are operating under facility incursion protocols.

INT. NOVEMBER BASE TRAINING LAB/ERIK'S HELMET - CONTINUOUS

ERIK'S HELMET

Erik's helmet HUD displays the security footage sent by Smith -- the cameras in the corridor of the penetration capture a flash of light, a blurred form moves in the hall. The camera feed goes black after a moment.

BACK TO SCENE

ERIK

What in the actual fuck was that? Doesn't look humanoid. Is that all the footage?

DANTE (V.O.)

That's the only surveillance capture we have now as the other cameras in the area were seemingly disabled via electromagnetic interference after the initial sighting of the interloper.

ERIK

Copy. I am already suited up so I will attempt to interdict ASAP. Plan on making my way through the adjacent corridors based on your real-time situation reports. Make sure your boys don't shoot me instead of it.

DANTE (V.O.)
Roger. I will inform the response
team leaders of your impending
ingress. Be safe.

ERIK (V.O.)
(perplexed)
*What the hell is capable of getting
in here? Russians have some new
advanced tech? China?*

Erik rapidly makes for the exit of the training lab, the lab technicians and Roisin can scramble in their area behind the safety glass as he does so.

INT. NOVEMBER BASE CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

Erik moves slowly, calculatingly through a dark corridor where red lights flash.

His Mech suit projects no light, he engages the night vision in his helmet.

ERIK
Suit, comms up. Smith, Rohan.

DANTE (V.O.)
Go for Smith.

ERIK
Approaching the juncture of the
Echo and Foxtrot passageways. Goal
is containment of the penetrator,
but will neutralize if necessary.
Make sure the forensic containment
teams are ready to go regardless.

DANTE (V.O.)
Copy. We are patching your helmet
feed into the central command
center. The Q-R-T commander is
Kevin Brody, and I am adding him to
our operational comms chat.

KEVIN BRODY (V.O.)
Rohan, we haven't seen hide nor
hair of the entity since the
initial camera visual. We... Oh
shit, oh shit!

A barrage of heavy-caliber automatic rifle fire rings out
BRRRRRT from the location of the quick-reaction teams (QRTs)
accompanied by lots of yelling.

ERIK
Brody, report! What's happening?!

A crackle of static and intermittent speech sounds over the communications with Brody.

ERIK (CONT'D)
Smith, I am moving to their
location now. I...

A dark, blurry object appears before Erik in a flash, makes contact with his Mech suit as it passes him -- launches him back approximately three meters.

The object slows down not one iota as it makes contact with Erik's suit.

DANTE (V.O.)
Rohan! Rohan come in!

ERIK
(slightly dazed)
I-I'm OK... Going to pursue the
target.

Erik gets up, his Mech suit lights up.

He moves at a high rate of speed in the direction of the unknown entity.

At the end of the long corridor he was knocked over in he halts the suit -- he comes across the blurred shape that charged past him -- it hovers near a security control door.

ERIK (CONT'D)
What the fuck are you exactly?
Smith, I have eyes on the target!
It's currently static just in front
of the Foxtrot door. It must have
some sort of cloaking capability,
its appearance seems to shift every
time I look at it directly. Thermal
vision shows little output heat-
wise.

The blurred mass shoots up through a wall in a flash of sparks and flame as though heading back towards the surface. It leaves a significantly-sized hole, which smokes.

ERIK (CONT'D)
Fuck. The entity seems to have
absconded through the base walls in
the same manner it did during
penetration.

DANTE (V.O.)

Copy. We'll see if we can get it on the base's external cameras. We reestablished comms with Brody and company. Fortunately no casualties to report. No team member seems to have hit the entity during the discharge of firearms we heard.

ERIK

As soon as we can confirm it's off-base let's get the after-action machine rolling. We need to figure out what the hell that thing was...as of yesterday...

Erik examines the hole the entity left, a focused light emanates from the suit, focuses on the penetrated area.

The object seems to have melted the base structure material as it departed.

EXT. WOODED AREA - MOMENTS LATER

The unidentified anomalous phenomena entity from the base flies through the air above tree tops in a heavily-wooded area -- it slows, descends into the foliage.

As it gets closer to the ground a figure cloaked in darkness, OFF-WORLD MAN, appears out of the darkness -- it is clad in all black.

The flying shape decloaks to reveal a small, black, triangular craft with no discernible means of propulsion.

The craft hovers in front of Off-World Man, it merges with him completely.

Several meters in front of Off-World Man a crackle of energy and bright blue light appear, and a portal a little taller than the being winks into existence.

Off-World Man steps into the portal and a few seconds later it closes behind him as quickly as it opened.

INT. NOVEMBER BASE SECURITY OPS CENTER - LATER

Erik stands in the base's primary security center with Dante and OTHER SECURITY PERSONNEL.

Dante and Erik hunch over a workstation as they intently view footage on a large monitor.

ERIK

So no video captures from the external cameras?

DANTE

Negative. Same seeming electromagnetic interference as with the hallway cameras. All we have is black or snow. Also nothing useful at the entity's egress point. Forensic teams have found a whole lot of nothing. Not a single solitary particle or fiber for analysis.

ERIK

Wonderful. Any major security incidents like this reported at any other installations?

DANTE

No currently there is no breach reporting we have been alerted of. We've been in constant communication with a multitude of national security entities basically since the moment of the breach. The White House has been fully briefed on the incursion. A joint task force has already been stood up.

ERIK

Yeah, I have a debrief at 0600 hours tomorrow. Not likely going to be very fruitful given the utter lack of information or evidence. I need to go back over my Mech suit's footage of the encounter with the entity. If you could do so as well just in case we missed something.

DANTE

WILCO. New shift coming on soon and we will have them look at it too. Fresh eyes and all.

ERIK

Alright after I review the suit's video again I am getting the fuck out of here. Call me ASAP if anything new comes to light, no matter the time. Not like I sleep much as it is.

Dante nods in acknowledgment, Erik claps him on the shoulder and proceeds to the security vault's door -- he engages with some of the other personnel on his way out.

INT. SECURE GOVERNMENT BRIEFING ROOM - MORNING

SUPER: "Undisclosed Location, 0600 Hours"

In a big room with a large table in the middle Erik, in normal business attire, sits at the head near the door.

Also at the table sit SEVERAL INDIVIDUALS, some wear business suit attire and some wear military garb. One of the military men, a large assuming figure with closely-cropped gray hair, GENERAL TY GRADY, 56, leans back in his seat at the other head of the table -- he leads the debrief.

Grady motions for everyone not seated to sit so the meeting can begin.

GENERAL TY GRADY

Alright everyone, let's get this show on the road. Could one of the back benchers secure the door please? Anyone not here by now is shit out of luck and can get a read-out later. Erik, I guess I will just hand it off to you. Everyone knows what we're here for. From the latest situation reports it doesn't look like there's much else to divulge to us at this juncture.

ERIK

Absolutely General. As everyone likely knows already I was training in my Mech suit at the time of the penetration. After communicating with base security in real-time I made my way to the reported incursion point to attempt to flank and intercept the unknown entity based on the Q-R-Ts' positions. After Commander Brody's team made contact and was unable to neutralize the target with suppressing fire the entity made its way to my position and knocked me flat on my ass with little effort. Then it proceeded to exit the base by essentially melting a hole in the structure.

(MORE)

ERIK (CONT'D)

Both base security personnel and I have poured over the footage from my Mech suit, which seems to have been impervious to the electromagnetic disruption the entity appeared to employ. Probably because of the suit's anti-radiation technology.

GENERAL TY GRADY

Copy all. Thanks Erik. Based on the information we have I think we have to consider the fact that this is either some previously unreported tech from a foreign adversary, or...it didn't originate on Earth...

Grady then hands a folder of briefing documents to an aide.

GENERAL TY GRADY (CONT'D)

Thanks everyone. Keep up the current mission posture absent any new information. Now give Rohan and me the room please.

The meeting attendees file out of the room until only Erik and Grady remain.

GENERAL TY GRADY (CONT'D)

Erik, so what's your raw take on this entity as you were really the only one to engage it directly, well physically?

ERIK

Honestly...it didn't seem like something humans could have produced at this point in our current technological state. Probably one of the most concerning aspects of the encounter was the potential utilization of a tactical E-M-P weapon.

GENERAL TY GRADY

Shit. That's what I thought you would say. Going to need you to be ready to deploy with the suit at a moment's notice in case this thing, or something else, decides to make a return visit. How is the suit functioning? Is it ready to go fully active?

ERIK

Copy. The suit is good-to-go. It's even better than the beta versions, which were also gold. Basically the techs under Dr. Hardnett are just making occasional, minor tweaks to the software, and to a lesser degree the actual suit hardware, every few months or so. She keeps pressing me to enable the suit's artificial intelligence in the operating system, but I still have concerns with how the A-I will affect my combat autonomy. I prefer verbal commands vice using the neural connections via my cybernetic implants. I believe I need to see what the Doc thinks of ramping up my battle training sessions to incorporate more...unusual hostile encounters...

GENERAL TY GRADY

Excellent. Well obviously everyone and their grandmother is ramping up over this. I am going to be in fucking meetings from here into perpetuity. Let the whiskey flow! Keep me in the loop and feel free to contact me directly at any time. I will have an aide send you the current, secure mobile phone number.

ERIK

WILCO.

Erik and Grady stand up, shake hands, and make their way to the room exit -- they continue to talk as they do so.

INT. NASA EXOPS MEETING ROOM - AFTERNOON

An ExOps technical advisor, a lanky, tall man with scruffy hair, DANIEL WILSON, 28, briefs David and Shannon with a large, touchscreen monitor in front of an oval table.

David and Shannon sit, focus intently on Daniel's presentation.

DANIEL

After a thorough review of sensor data in the timeframe before and after the installation attack there were no relevant atmospheric penetrations that we could observe. Of course a smaller object could potentially be capable of entering Earth's airspace undetected. Now what we did detect were short bursts of high energy emanations, and potentially some visual Cherenkov Radiation in a heavily-wooded area about one thousand meters from the base's perimeter...

SHANNON

Daniel, sorry, Cherenkov Radiation? What is that exactly?

DANIEL

Yes, Cherenkov Radiation is basically a visual effect of electrically-charged particles that are able to travel faster than light while in a clear medium. As the water molecules and the charged particles collide a blue light is emitted. This phenomenon can be witnessed in nuclear reactions specifically.

DAVID

Holy hell. What on Earth could generate that type of radiation outside of a nuclear lab or reactor?

DANIEL

I...I have no idea... We are now looking for this specific occurrence basically globally at this point.

DAVID

OK Daniel, thanks. Could you give us the room and send in the ExOps C-S-O standing outside the door?

Daniel collects some of his documents, proceeds towards the door.

Moments after Wilson exits a serious-looking man in a well-tailored business suit, GRAY PALMER, 40s, mixed-race, NASA ExOps chief of security enters -- he looks slender, but muscular with short-cropped hair and a well-kept mustache.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Gray, I presume you have been briefed on all the intel available at this juncture regarding the most recent U-A-P incident?

GRAY

I have indeed Sir.

DAVID

What are your initial thoughts given what you know thus far?

GRAY

Having seen an abundance of U-A-P reporting and analyses of prior contact incidents this particular case is like nothing I have been privy to before.

SHANNON

Indeed. This is a next-level event. Are you aware of Project CHNOPS?

GRAY

Honestly I have heard whispers in hallways of a project from the seventies, around when Voyager 1 was launched, that involved sending biological and informational material into the cosmos.

DAVID

Well consider yourself read-in to the program as of NOW. CHNOPS is exactly what your RUMINT sources ruminated it is. In 1977 ExOps sent a bevy of biological material into space encapsulated in a well-shielded ship along with information about the species, including biological details in multiple languages and with mathematical formulae relating to the biology of a multitude of Earth-based organisms. The ship was also sending out radio signals via a powerful interspace transmitter as it traveled.

GRAY

Understood. Is CHNOPS an acronym then?

SHANNON

Yes, it stands for "Carbon Hydrogen Nitrogen Oxygen Phosphorous and Sulfur". The building block elements of biological life as we know it. Those six elements make up the lion's share of organic matter on our planet. With every new U-A-P or other unknown entity incident we have to consider the possibility the CHNOPS ship was intercepted by an extra-terrestrial species and was able to determine the ship's origin. If so such a species could intricately understand our biology. Our inherent weaknesses.

GRAY

So some of these contacts are potentially...otherworldly...

DAVID

We certainly can't rule it out, especially after this latest incident. The entity displayed some worrying abilities.

GRAY

Undoubtedly. What are our next steps?

SHANNON

We are waiting for more information from the Mech suit operator, one Erik Rohan. He's apparently not ex-military, but worked for several other governmental organizations before being selected as the head operator for the Mech program. He's got actual cybernetic implants which allow him to basically merge with the suit when he is operating it. See if there's any other information about the incursion we can glean from him. He's certainly not an idiot so I imagine he has a good sense that this entity is potentially something not seen on Earth previously.

DAVID

Obviously keep us in the loop
should anything game-changing be
revealed during your own
investigation.

GRAY

Of course, not a problem. Meanwhile
my team is pouring over all the
intel we currently have again, with
a fine-tooth comb. If there's
something everyone missed they will
find it.

SHANNON

Excellent. Alright let's convene
for now then?

DAVID

Yes, I think we are good for now.

Gray nods, the three stand from their seats and make way to
the door -- they exit one by one.

INT. CAVE - NIGHT

Inside a cave Off-World Man sits atop a large rock.

Four floating, glowing balls positioned around him illuminate
the cave.

He wears some sort of second skin-type suit which seems as
smooth and black as onyx, and also seamless. He raises his
right arm in front of him, a projection of a 3D hologram
image springs up -- it is a map of the contiguous United
States and superimposed on the digital map are points
highlighted in red -- after a moment the projection winks
out.

The light spheres go dark, are absorbed into Off-World Man's
suit.

He stands up, moves towards the cave opening.

He stares out into the wilderness momentarily, leaps from the
cave perch into the wilderness below.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. ERIK'S OFFICE AT NOVEMBER BASE - THE NEXT DAY

Erik sits at his desk, reviews some documents -- a knock at the door interrupts him.

ERIK
(loudly)
Come on in, it's open!

Dante and Gray enter the office.

DANTE
Erik Rohan, this is Gray Palmer,
NASA special ops' chief security
officer.

Erik springs up from his seat, moves towards the two men and extends his right hand to Gray -- the two shake hands.

ERIK
Great to meet you. Come on in. Have
a seat, please. Can I get you
anything? Water? Coffee?

GRAY
I am gold, thank you.

DANTE
Gentlemen, I will take my leave now
and let you have your powwow.
Rohan, hit me up when you are done
and I will come back to escort Mr.
Palmer back down.

ERIK
WILCO. Thanks Dante.

Dante nods in acknowledgment, exits Erik's office, closes the door behind him.

ERIK (CONT'D)
So my office informed me you and
your lot are part of the multi-
agency task force investigating
the...interesting visitor we had
not too long ago...

GRAY
That is correct. I think it goes
without saying this is the most
significant U-A-P incident to-date.
(MORE)

GRAY (CONT'D)

I wanted to meet with you in-person to get a sense of what you are thinking about the incursion given you engaged the entity directly.

ERIK

Well given you have seen all the intelligence we have currently the nine hundred-pound elephant in the room is the fact that nothing we have seen before has displayed the level of capabilities of the intruder I encountered.

GRAY

Of course the same analytical sentiment is prevalent amongst my people. The historical U-A-P interactions don't even come close to what we have seen here. Also as opposed to buzzing military pilots we have a hostile penetration of a secure government installation...that's next level audacity.

ERIK

Agreed on all points. Basically at this juncture we have little to go on in order to engage in proactive pursuit operations. The entity basically disappeared into thin air after egress. It's now us essentially waiting for another attack or an airspace detection, which seems unlikely. So what does your team think the way forward should look like based on the specific skillset of your people?

GRAY

We have the NASA satellite array and other ground and aerial sensor instrumentation at our disposal. Since we haven't garnered an iota of data on the U-A-P through the other government agencies monitoring our airspace. We can likely fine tune our assets to listen for sensory abnormalities not normally focused on.

ERIK

That makes a ton of sense. Let's get the ball rolling on expanding the joint operation to include your people. I will start rolling it the chain of command on my side if you can begin with yours. I imagine we should see some uncharacteristic rapid approvals given the nature of the mission. Before you leave here DANTE can go over the initial security protocol stuff with you so we can eventually have direct comms with your team to facilitate the rapid exchange of intel.

GRAY

Exactly what I was hoping for. Let me know if you or Dante or anyone else in your crew wants to pop over for a visit, meet and greet, et cetera.

ERIK

Excellent, sounds good.

Erik picks up the phone on his desk and dials Smith.

DANTE (V.O.)

Go for Smith.

ERIK

Dante, we're all finished up here, but before you escort Mr. Palmer down could you take him by your office and start the process for inter-agency direct security cooperation certification with his team?

DANTE (V.O.)

Copy. WILCO. I will be right up to retrieve him.

ERIK

Thanks mate.

Erik hangs up the phone.

The two men stand up from their seats, shake hands.

INT. NASA EXOPS MISSION CONTROL - THE NEXT DAY

On the NASA ExOps floor multiple individuals man workstations roam the floor, and have individual conversations.

At the front of the room sits a massive display in which individual data feed windows reside -- some are video feeds and others display sensor information.

Daniel stands near the large monitor array at the front of the room talking to a young, FEMALE NASA EXOPS ANALYST. Daniel has a tablet in his hands, scrolls on it with his finger.

DANIEL

So...doesn't look like there have been any anomalous detections since we have re-tasked the satellites and sensors?

FEMALE NASA EXOPS ANALYST

That is correct. Also nothing from a multitude of military and O-G-A assets.

DANIEL

I suppose we should take the absence of another encounter as a win. I was hoping we might get at least a glimmer of the radiation phenomenon again...

Shannon walks up to Daniel.

The analyst collects the tablet from Daniel, nods at Shannon before she departs.

SHANNON

Daniel, nothing new to report?

DANIEL

Negative. Not a peep across the board.

SHANNON

Well I guess that is slightly comforting...

The sound of a loud detection ALARM goes off -- DO, DO, DO, DO, DO -- flashes of red appear on the large monitor array.

SHANNON (CONT'D)

(concerned)

Is that a detection?

DANIEL

It would appear so.

Daniel runs over to a workstation a meter from where he was conversing with McBride -- he types furiously on a keyboard -- computer windows on the large monitor, at the desk stands at, open and expand.

Shannon walks over to Daniel, leans in to focus on the monitor.

SHANNON

So what do we have?

DANIEL

It's looking like we have a confirmed detection of the radioactive signature that is potentially linked to the initial incident. Stand by for geo data.

Shannon sits down at the desk next to the one Daniel is at, picks up the phone and calls David -- as she dials Gray walks up to the area Wilson and McBride occupy.

Shannon raises a finger to him as if to say "hold on a second".

DAVID (V.O.)

(groggily)

Barclay here.

SHANNON

It's Shannon. We have a confirmed detection of the package.

DAVID (V.O.)

(more alertly)

OK, Is Palmer there?

SHANNON

Yes, he just arrived and is right next to me.

DAVID (V.O.)

Good. On my way.

GRAY

What's the situation report?

SHANNON

Sensor intel identical to the radiation signature of the previous encounter collected. Awaiting current location data.

Gray beckons to one of his security officers a few desks away, a MALE EXOPS SECURITY WATCH COMMANDER, and the officer hurries over to Gray.

GRAY

(loudly)

Is the secure comms line with Rohan's team up?

MALE EXOPS SECURITY WATCH COMMANDER

Affirmative Sir. Permission to inform them of the detection?

GRAY

Yes, go ahead and do it now. Also tell them Rohan needs to be deployed ASAP once we confirm location data.

The watch commander nods, hustles back to his station, typing on his keyboard furiously as he does so.

EXOPS SECURITY WATCH COMMANDER

Sir, we are connected with November Base's security team. A DANTE is awaiting coordinates.

GRAY

Wilson, how are we looking?

DANIEL

(excitedly)

Got it! We are looking at...stand by... The Latitude/Longitude of the initial signature is 38.014190,-78.456432. Just outside Charlottesville Virginia!

GRAY

Watch commander, relay those coordinates to Smith now!

INT. NOVEMBER BASE MECH BAY - SAME TIME

Erik walks around in the storage and maintenance bay for the Mech program, he runs diagnostics on a tablet in front of his Mech suit.

A call comes through on earbuds Erik wears in his ears.

ERIK
Go for Rohan.

DANTE (V.O.)
Rohan, Smith. We just got relayed
coordinates from ExOps for the
location of another anomalous
detection. Suit up!

ERIK
Good copy. Is my limousine ready?

DANTE (V.O.)
Iron Horse transport is good-to-go.

ERIK
Roger. Suiting up now and will head
straight to the pad. Rohan out.

Erik places the tablet on a nearby desk, approaches the suit -
- he places his right hand on a panel on the back of the Mech
suit -- there is a scanner light and a moment later the
suit's back opens, reveals a standing cockpit with
instrumentation panels all over. Erik steps in, the suit's
back closes behind him.

ERIK (CONT'D)
Suit, comms up. Doc you there?

ROISIN (V.O.)
Mr. Rohan, yes, we are stood up and
monitoring. All suit systems are
currently nominal and holding
steady.

ERIK
(jestingly)
That's what I like to hear. When am
I getting my flight capabilities?

ROISIN (V.O.)
I think you are already the cause
of enough damage on the ground...

Erik laughs, moves the suit to the bay doors which open with
red lights flashing on either side of them.

EXT. NOVEMBER BASE FLIGHT PAD - MOMENTS LATER

Erik exits the bay, walks onto the flight pad -- he moves the Mech suit towards what appears to be a modified CH-53K King Stallion military helicopter.

Retro-fitted stealth technology components line the rotor and the fuselage.

The helicopter's rotors spin, the loading lowers.

TWO CREW MEMBERS beckon Erik forward towards the ramp with their hands and green glowsticks -- he enters the craft.

INT. TRANSPORT HELICOPTER - MOMENTS LATER

Erik stands upright and locked into a custom docking mechanism for his Mech suit -- his suit faces the direction of the now-closed rear ramp door.

TWO HELICOPTER PILOTS man the cockpit -- HELICOPTER PILOT #1 engages an aircraft communications system.

HELICOPTER PILOT #1 (V.O.)
Welcome aboard Sir. Time to target is estimated at approximately twenty-five Mikes. We are facing some annoying winds, but shouldn't be a problem.

ERIK
Copy. Let's stick with the stated operational plan and aim for an ingress point of one thousand meters from the target.

HELICOPTER PILOT #1 (V.O.)
Roger. We will stay within an established radius of the target zone for close air support if needed. We've been weapons hot since leaving the base and a refueling plane is in the air should we require it. The extraction site is being secured at this time by two Q-R-Ts supported by unmanned aerial assets, all of which deployed prior to our lift off.

ERIK
Copy all. Thank you gentlemen. Suit, comms down.

Erik ends the communication with the pilot, brings up a map with the helicopter's current location on his HUD.

The helicopter lifts off.

ERIK (CONT'D)
Suit, patch me through to the joint
communications hub for the op.
Smith? Palmer?

DANTE (V.O.)
Smith online.

GRAY (V.O.)
Palmer up.

ERIK
Good copy. Have we been able to
detect any further abnormal
movement or energy signatures in
the target area since the initial
alert?

GRAY (V.O.)
Negative. We just got that strong
radiation detection and nothing
since that time.

ERIK
Okay, we should be about five Mikes
out from the site at this point.
Dante, confirm my helmet camera
feed is live and you are receiving?

DANTE (V.O.)
Affirmative. Receiving.

GRAY (V.O.)
We have your live feed up here as
well.

ERIK
Excellent. Let's go radio silent
until I egress the helo and am on
terra firma. Not sure what radio
intercept abilities this thing
could have given what we have seen
previously. Also we have to
remember potential tactical E-M-P
capability. Our air and ground
assets could be susceptible if the
range of the weapon is significant.

DANTE (V.O.)
Copy. All air asset operators are
aware of the potential E-M-P risk.
Smith, out.

The helicopter's hold red lights flash.

Over the aircraft's communication a pilot's voice sounds.

HELICOPTER PILOT #1 (V.O.)
Crew prepare for suit undocking. We
are two Mikes out from the target.
Stealth mode has been initiated.

As the interior of the craft goes even darker a YOUNG MALE
CREW MEMBER in military garb works at a control panel near
the rear of Erik's Mech suit -- he presses a few buttons and
the hydraulic clamps on the legs and arms of the suit open.

HELICOPTER PILOT #1 (V.O.)
Sir, prepare for rear door opening.
Descending to an altitude of thirty
meters from the ground.

ERIK
Copy. Good-to-go.

The rear helicopter ramp door lowers.

Erik takes a few steps towards the exit.

ERIK (CONT'D)
Suit, engage night vision. Weapons
check. Scan the ground for any
human signatures or any other
energy readings.

The fuselage lights in the aircraft turn from red to green
indicating the helicopter hovers over the drop point.

Erik moves his suit to the opening, jumps out.

EXT/INT. WOODED AREA IN VIRGINIA/ERIK'S HELMET - MOMENTS
LATER

WOODED AREA

The Mech suit lands on the ground with a giant thud.

ERIK'S HELMET

Upon landing Erik immediately scans the area with his suit's night vision capabilities based on pop-up screens in his helmet.

Also on his HUD there a camera feed rolls, shows a drone that operates somewhere over the target area.

After the initial scans of the area Erik moves closer to the initial target detection location.

He closes the distance quickly, arrives at the site.

HUD displays indicate another set of scans.

ERIK

Suit, comms up. Task Force Charlie,
Rohan.

DANTE (V.O.)

Go for Task Force Charlie.

ERIK

Suit sensors are picking up nothing
new at the target site. Any other
detections here or within the
general vicinity?

DANTE (V.O.)

Negative. We are getting nada.
Maybe the ExOps detection was
erroneous.

An proximity alarm goes off in Erik's helmet -- movement has been detected fifty meters to his twelve o'clock from his position according to the HUD.

BACK TO WOODED AREA

ERIK

Stand by. Detecting movement. Not
far in front of me from my current
position. Going to shed a little
light on the situation. Suit,
deploy flares for maximum landscape
luminosity and kill the night
vision.

Erik's Mech suit deploys multiple flares from its rear, they burst into light flashes when they reach an altitude of 50 meters, illuminate the night sky.

ERIK (CONT'D)

Flares successfully deployed. Not
seeing anything just yet.

In the location of the detected motion Off-World Man walks into view, stops a few meters after he becomes visible to Erik.

ERIK (CONT'D)
Holy shit. Contact! I repeat,
contact! Humanoid figure.
Approximately two meters in height.
No sign of the smaller form entity
from the base incursion.

The light from the flares reveals to Erik the smooth, black surface of Off-World Man's suit-like skin -- the light the flares generate give the suit almost a fluid texture.

ERIK (CONT'D)
(excitedly)
What in the fuck are you? Suit,
open eternal comms.

Erik points at Off-World Man.

ERIK (CONT'D)
(sternly)
Unknown entity, identify yourself.

Off-World Man hears Erik's projected voice, he tilts his head slightly as if he contemplates Erik's voice and/or message.

ERIK (CONT'D)
Okay, issued a command and it's
just staring at me, I think, like
I'm on a first date with a mime...

DANTE (V.O.)
Copy. We have air and ground
support flanking your positions
should the situation go hot.

ERIK
Roger. Going to try the carrot once
more, before the stick. Unknown
entity, again, identify yourself.
What is the purpose of your
presence here? Declare your intent.

A red beam of light shoots out from Off-World Man's right arm scans Erik's suit from head to toe.

Erik reels a bit from the light, but his suit doesn't seem to be negatively affected by the red light.

ERIK (CONT'D)
Okay, it seems to be probing me
with a light now. Suit functions
still nominal, but I might have
peed myself a little...

After close to a minute the red scanning light dissipates --
Off-World Man just stands in the same position, his head
faces towards Erik.

ERIK (CONT'D)
Well the verbal commands are
yielding no results. Going to
attempt to coax it into action by
closing the distance a little. Lets
see if I can elicit a response
besides the silent treatment.

DANTE (V.O.)
Rohan, proceed with extreme
caution. Close air support is in
range should the need arise. We
will light that thing up like a
Christmas tree.

Erik advances his Mech suit towards Off-World Man.

ERIK
Good copy. Not picking up any
emitters whatsoever from the form
at all. Only way I know it is there
is due to visual confirmation.

As Erik gets closer to Off-World Man the latter remains
still, in the same position.

ERIK (CONT'D)
This thing hasn't even fucking
flinched. Not one iota. There
aren't even eye slots in the head
area...

From Off-World Man's suit a barrage of waves emit in Erik's
direction, in a flash -- Erik's Mech suit is launched ten
meters back it smashes through trees violently as it does so.

ERIK (CONT'D)
(strained)
ARGGHHHH! Okay, I guess the
honeymoon is over! It just knocked
me on my arse with some sort of
sonic or pulse wave weapon. Felt
like being hit with a Mack truck.

Erik gets up, rights the Mech suit -- the HUD targeting system pops up as soon as he focuses on Off-World Man again.

ERIK (CONT'D)
Suit, bring the focused energy guns
online and direct one hundred
percent capacity at the target!
Head and torso!

Erik's Mech suit fires two beams of white hot fire light at Off-World Man -- as the energy weapon emittances approach Off-World Man they dissipate into particles, float up into the sky.

ERIK (CONT'D)
Well that didn't work...

DANTE (V.O.)
Rohan, Ready for combat air
support?!

ERIK
Negative. Hold off on that. Going
to try something else. Suit,
tactical shield up!

The tactical shield deploys, Erik begins to charge at Off-World Man at a fast rate of speed.

ERIK (CONT'D)
Alright motherfucker, let's see
what else you got!

Erik gets within three meters of Off-World Man -- as Erik is almost in contact with him an electric charge disperses from Off-World Man's suit and Erik's shield slowly evaporates.

The two beings are seemingly about to collide, Off-World Man's form begins to vibrate rapidly and Erik's Mech suit, instead of smashing into him, simply passes right through him as if he were a hologram and not corporeal. Erik's Mech suit falls on the ground, face first, and slides a good distance before coming to a stop.

ERIK (CONT'D)
Fuck! Like an Aikido match, using
my own force against me. I just
passed...passed right through it!

Erik, still on the ground, spins after recovering from the fall.

Off-World Man remains in the same position, and now faces Erik again.

ERIK (CONT'D)

Dante, please tell me you saw that...

DANTE (V.O.)

Affirmative. We all think escape and evasion is the best option at this time. We should regroup and figure out next steps.

ERIK

You...you might be right... Prepare for evac. I am going to give this thing a wide berth as I escape and evade. If it pursues tell air ops to empty their ammo stores at it. Suit, direct all remaining power to the defensive shield.

DANTE (V.O.)

On it. Tread lightly. This thing is like nothing any of us have ever seen before.

ERIK

You're telling me...

Erik gets the Mech suit back to its feet.

Off-World Man remains static, faces Erik's direction.

ERIK (CONT'D)

Well at least it doesn't seem to be interested in going on the offensive despite my attack. Tell the Doc flight capabilities for the suit would be really handy about now.

Erik raises the Mech suit's arms to signal a non-threatening posture, moves to the right of Off-World Man so he can begin his walk to the evacuation site.

As he is doing so a pulse generates from Off-World Man's form which doesn't seem to affect the Mech suit, but after a moment a drone crashes into the ground in view of Erik, but still a hundred meters or so away.

ERIK (CONT'D)

It must have just used an E-M-P weapon. That drone just fell out of the sky like a dead bird.

DANTE (V.O.)

We saw instant power loss and then
loss of communications with it was
instantaneous.

Erik continues to move slowly to the right and away from Off-World Man.

Directly in front of Off-World Man, a burst of crackling white and blue energy appears and a void opens up.

Off-World Man never, never breaking his gaze from Erik's position, steps into the opening -- it winks out in a flash after he does so.

ERIK

Uh, I think this thing just...
teleported the fuck out of here...

GRAY (V.O.)

Rohan, Palmer. We just detected the
same radiation signature as from
the initial encounter with the
other entity.

ERIK

OK, abort evac. We need the
forensic teams to comb this entire
area STAT. Radiological gear too of
course. My suit power levels are
still good so I will remain static
and provide ground cover in case
this thing decides to make a return
trip.

DANTE (V.O.)

After-action teams are *en route* to
your position at this time. Also
one of the Q-R-Ts is breaking off
from their current position to
provide additional ground support.
The second Q-R-T will remain at the
evacuation site. Federal and state
law enforcement entities are going
to help secure the areas
surrounding the investigation zone.
Establishing a wide perimeter.
Cover story is this is a chemical
spill incident.

ERIK

Good. Palmer, no atmospheric
abnormalities?

GRAY (V.O.)
Negative. Normal aerial activity
only as far as we can tell.

ERIK
Damn. How the hell do we counter
this thing with all we have seen
from it thus far?

Flashlight beams from the QRT members dispatched from the
evac area cut through the darkness -- multiple operators in
chemical, biological, radiological, and nuclear (CBRN) gear
come into view from the darkness of the forest.

ERIK (CONT'D)
Alright one Q-R-T is now on-scene.
I am guessing an all-hands after-
action soiree is already in the
mix?

DANTE (V.O.)
Affirmative. Everyone is currently
running around like chickens with
their heads cut off.

ERIK
Lovely.

Erik scans the area, including the skies, as the personnel
secure the scene, collect evidence.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. NASA EXOPS MEETING ROOM - LATER

Erik, Dante, Gray, Shannon, Daniel, David, and Grady assemble in a NASA ExOps secure conference meeting room.

On one side Erik, Dante, and Gray sit -- on the other Shannon, David, and Daniel.

At the head sits General Grady -- everyone talks amongst themselves and some documentation for consideration circulates.

On a large monitor in a wall in front of the large table the screen shows "SECURE VIDEO CONFERENCE" and "NATIONAL SECURITY COUNCIL" (NSC), but in the room shown on the chair is empty.

A male MILITARY STAFF OFFICER AIDE, 32, enters, hands a piece of paper to Grady.

MILITARY STAFF OFFICER AIDE
A communique for you General.

GENERAL TY GRADY
Alright everyone, apparently we have no N-S-C representative because everyone is spun up over there, but my people will deliver a comprehensive read-out to them to brief the White House after we conclude here. Let's get this started. Firstly, I think it goes without saying that this entire operation is close-hold. Everything iota of information is codeword-level protected. The official, overarching op name is Operation: Space Ghost. The Op name was NOT my idea. The primary target's designation is The Visitor. The secondary one is Little Boy. With that out of the way I think it's prudent we start off with Rohan as he has directly engaged both of the unknown entities now. Erik, any first thoughts based on your experience yesterday outside of what is evident in the footage?

ERIK

Thanks General. Given you all have seen the video captures from my Mech suit's cameras I will spare you the play-by-play. Of course I have been replaying the interaction with...The Visitor over and over in my head. I get the feeling it could have easily put me in the ground, yet it mostly just waited for me to go on the offensive. That and even if it is linked to the first U-A-P entity neither have actually caused much destruction or harm to me or the Q-R-T guys who encountered the cloaked interloper at my base. What is this thing here for? Is it a recon scout reporting back to...to whomever? Are there others like it inbound? How do we know these aren't time-traveling future humans based on that portal The Visitor opened? What is the endgame?

GENERAL TY GRADY

All excellent points Erik. I think we have to assume the entities' intentions are hostile...until we don't have to...

GRAY

It's terrorism until it's not. How did these things arrive here? Are the two entities linked? Likely so I would think.

DAVID

(clears his throat)
General, if I may...

GENERAL TY GRADY

Go ahead David.

David glances at Shannon somewhat nervously before he speaks again.

DAVID

So...we might have a theory... In 1977, the same year we launched Voyager I, there was another mission of equal, or possibly greater significance, that also came to fruition.

(MORE)

DAVID (CONT'D)

Months prior to the launches NASA ExOps had detected a radio signal seemingly transmitted from a point millions of miles away, but still within our galaxy's limits. Now the universe is comprised of billions of galaxies, but our own Milky Way is one hundred thousand light-years wide. A decision was made. Respond to the signal by dispatching a craft directed towards the source of the transmission, filled with information about our species and world. Unlike Voyager I we lost communication with the other spacecraft after it had traveled about three billion miles from Earth. That is about the distance from Earth to Pluto.

GENERAL TY GRADY

Bloody hell. So you think our mysterious guests are a result of this Voyager-adjacent mission?

DAVID

Yes, possibly. We are still able to communicate with Voyager I and it is close to fifteen billion miles from Earth. Of course, technically, the loss of comms on the other craft could have been a system failure of some sort.

GENERAL TY GRADY

Okay, so we might have invited them here...

ERIK

It tracks. What is the chance that it's just a species that happened upon Earth while gallivanting through space vice answering an invitation from us?

SHANNON

The Fermi Paradox. Extra-terrestrial life likely exists in our super-massive universe, but we haven't seen evidence of it...well until now possibly...

DAVID

Space travel is hazardous to humans. Any potential intelligent life forms out there in the expansive cosmos likely faced the same, or similar, impediments to roaming space, particularly deep space, outside a protective, nourishing planet such as we have.

GENERAL TY GRADY

(sighs)

Well how do we counter...

As Grady speaks a loud alarm sounds BREET, BREET, BREET.

GENERAL TY GRADY (CONT'D)

(irritated)

Now what?

Grady's staff officer aide comes back in the room suddenly.

MILITARY STAFF OFFICER AIDE

Sir, We have an airspace penetration above the facility. We should evacuate you to the safe area immediately.

The room's secure line rings, Gray reaches over and picks it up.

GRAY

Palmer.

EXOPS SECURITY WATCH COMMANDER (V.O.)

Sir, security breach detected. Appears to be a U-A-P located above the facility. Lockdown procedures initiated.

GRAY

Got it. I will be out to the watch floor momentarily.

EXT. AIRSPACE ABOVE NASA EXOPS FACILITY - SAME TIME

Off-World Man's drone hovers over the NASA ExOps headquarters -- it is not cloaked.

The drone scans the building's façade with a red light -- once it completes its probe it shoots back off into the dark, pre-dawn sky.

INT. NASA EXOPS MEETING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The meeting attendees now all stand, ready to file out of the room.

A crackle of energy and light near the in-wall monitor appears -- upon seeing the energy disruption the meeting attendees all push back to the back of the room, look at the energy phenomenon with awe and concern.

GENERAL TY GRADY

What the fuck is...

Gray rapidly draws a sidearm from underneath his suit jacket, directs it towards the light -- as he does a rift amongst the light forms, and widens.

Off-World Man steps through it into the room -- several meeting attendees gasp at the appearance of the visitor.

GRAY

(sternly)

Hold it right there! Identify yourself!

Off-World Man seems to acknowledge Gray's voice, looks forward at the group huddled in the back of the room behind Gray.

Off-World Man does not move, but the fluid motion of his suit's surface makes it look like he is -- his suit slowly drain from his head area to reveal his face and head.

DAVID

Holy...

SHANNON

He's...he's...human!

OFF-WORLD MAN

(calm and collected)

Greetings. Apologies for the scare.
You can lower your weapon now
Mr...Palmer.

Gray, with mouth agape, does lower his weapon away from Off-World Man's position after a moment of obvious hesitation, but does not re-holster it.

OFF-WORLD MAN (CONT'D)

I imagine it is pretty surprising
to see my face and hear my voice.
Hopefully not too off-putting?

(MORE)

OFF-WORLD MAN (CONT'D)
Perhaps some of you are not so
surprised at all...

Off-World Man turns his gaze in the direction of David and Shannon.

OFF-WORLD MAN (CONT'D)
(grinning)
Lucy, you got some 'splaining to
do! Mr. Barclay, Ms.
McBride...would you like to explain
or shall I?

SHANNON
It...it can't be...

David stands with the blood still drained from his face -- he doesn't respond to Off-World Man verbally.

The others shoot looks at David and Shannon as if questioning them about what Off-World Man talks about.

OFF-WORLD MAN
Very well. I mean I like to talk
anyway. Especially in your
language...er, languages. Everyone
can sit down if they want. Take a
load off!

Some sort of commotion occurs outside the secured meeting room door -- Gray walks over to the phone on the table, picks up the receiver, and hits a button.

GRAY
Stand the tactical response guys
outside the conference room down.
We are fine...for now...

The noise outside the door ceases -- General Grady motions for everyone to take a seat.

OFF-WORLD MAN
(with levity)
Excellent, excellent. Now tuck in
for this is a story for the ages!

Off-World Man moves towards the head of the table closest to where he appeared, but remains standing.

OFF-WORLD MAN (CONT'D)
Now sit right back and you'll hear
a tale, a tale of a fateful trip! I
jest...but not really.
(MORE)

OFF-WORLD MAN (CONT'D)
 So, close to fifty of your Earth
 years ago the predecessors of the
 people whose building we currently
 occupy shadowed the other deep
 space mission of the same year with
 an even
 more...enterprising...audacious
 one... They decided it would be a
 great idea to send some biological
 material into outer space. I mean
 what's the worst that could happen
 right? I gather some of you are
 aware of this little factoid
 following recent events, namely
moi. What you are probably NOT
 cognizant of is that the biological
 material sent out into the vastness
 of space by your progenitors
 consisted not of newt D-N-A, but
 of...human embryos...

Erik is seen gritting his teeth. The attendees, besides David
 and Shannon, look utterly stunned at the revelation.

OFF-WORLD MAN (CONT'D)
 Oh yes! Space zygotes away! So the
 well-shielded pre-humans set off
 into the dark in a really expensive
 incubator.

GRAY
 Jesus...

OFF-WORLD MAN
 Oh, he won't help you now! Jesus
 has left the building. Anyhow, as
 the biological material cruise ship
 passed planets in your solar
 system, and then left your
 universal microcosm it kept going
 and going and going. Eventually it
 was found. Not by the intended
 beings who had been sending out
 some HELLO messages from a solar
 system far from this place. It was
 discovered by another group of
 creatures. Let's just say this
 bunch is not as nurturing as the
 other crew would have been. On the
 discoverers' home world the embryos
 were cultivated, well were
 attempted to be.

(MORE)

OFF-WORLD MAN (CONT'D)
 As you have probably hypothesized
 by now they are more
 technologically-advanced than
 humans although still seemingly not
 interested in visiting Earth. They
 see Earthlings as uninteresting,
 less-advanced brutes. Not worthy of
 contact. Oh yes, they have
 intercepted your radio
 transmissions for as long as they
 have been broadcast into the aether
 and subsequently reached receivers
 on their world.

Off-World Man brings up a 3D map projection which shows a
 running reel of Earth-based television transmissions,
 including footage from the advent of the television.

OFF-WORLD MAN (CONT'D)
 So...as you might have figured out
 by now...I was the only viable
 embryo that survived the imperiled
 journey and
 subsequent...harvesting! From the
 other cargo items they were able to
 basically bring me to form as a
 test tube baby. They instructed me
 in the language and ways of my true
 home world based on the radio
 intercepts and information included
 with the spacecraft treasure trove.
 I am...human...albeit with some
 genetic...alterations...

DAVID
 (almost stuttering)
 So...so...why are you here if your
 rearers had no interest in making
 contact with us?...

OFF-WORLD MAN
 (excitedly)
 Ah, so therein lies the rub! Not
 being one of them, they fashioned
 me this suit you now see before
 you, which not only allowed me to
 thrive on their planet, it also
 permits me to travel through space
 without succumbing to one of the
 numerous perils of the cosmos to
 humans out there. Of course I had
 to make some changes to it.

(MORE)

OFF-WORLD MAN (CONT'D)
Now, their intent wasn't for me to
return to Earth, but as one might
expect I longed to see the world of
my creation! Am I a runaway?!

GRAY
(grimly and sternly)
What are your intentions now that
you're here? Just a friendly visit?

OFF-WORLD MAN
(laughing)
Now...that answer is somewhat
complicated!

Off-World Man moves his right hand to his chin in a
contemplative gesture. He begins to pace back and forth for
the first time since his arrival in the facility.

OFF-WORLD MAN (CONT'D)
Hmmm... Now ask yourself... What
would a sentient organism who was
abandoned by his people to the dark
and cold of space want from those
who shunned him and sent him
packing?...

Off-World Man stops pacing suddenly and behind him the
characteristic sign of his transport portal opening appears.

OFF-WORLD MAN (CONT'D)
(angrily and loudly)
"The world is beautiful but has a
disease called 'man"! Why, I seek
revenge of course my dear friends!

Off-World Man quickly leaps into the portal void, it winks
out in an instant behind him.

ERIK
Okay, we are royally FUBARed...

SHANNON
(startled)
He...he sounds like he's from
Earth...

ERIK
Who knows how long he has been
engaged in hostile recon here?
Could have been surveilling us for
a while as far as we know.

(MORE)

ERIK (CONT'D)

Also seems pretty intelligent in general, if not utterly out of his gourd. The question is what was he looking for, with what I presume is his recon drone, when he sent it to penetrate November Base?

GRAY

Well your Mech suit is probably the greatest threat to him *mano a mano* so maybe he was hoping to sabotage the Mech program entirely. Also we need to make sure security is tighter than normal around nuclear facilities.

ERIK

He could have easily taken me out here so he likely believes the suit is the true threat, not the operator. He might not know we have been training redundant operators, but likely has made the presumption.

DAVID

(testily)

Damn it, what the hell were they thinking in 1977?! We also have to consider he is lying about being one of the embryos...

SHANNON

All we know from historical files is that this wasn't just some rogue NASA ExOps mission. This was approved at the highest levels of government. The public would have decried this plan from the rafters, en masse.

GENERAL TY GRADY

Alright I need to get to D.C., STAT. The President needs to be apprised of these new developments ASAP, in person. Rohan, despite the outcome of your last encounter *tete-a-tete* you are currently our best hope at stopping this...man. Well as the tip of a larger spear at least. Tell your tech team cost is no barrier, get that suit up to maximum capabilities as of yesterday.

(MORE)

GENERAL TY GRADY (CONT'D)
ExOps people, get your best and
brightest minds on this. We need to
hypothesize potential
vulnerabilities. Even based on the
limited data we have on him to-
date. Call me anytime, day or
fucking night, with any significant
developments...on any front. Let's
move people!

Everyone stands, rushes towards the door.

As they file out Grady sits for a moment before his aide
engages him -- the two men also exit the room.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

EXT. NOVEMBER BASE ACCESS ROAD - EVENING

Erik sits in his suit on a truck -- it transports him to another base for training.

From the night sky vibrational sounds resonate.

Erik departs the flatbed truck, starts walking towards the front of the convoy -- he scans with his suit's night and thermal vision tools.

ERIK

Suit, deploy flares and open
external comms. Come on out you
piece of shit! I know you're here
stalking us like a psycho ex!

Erik's Mech suit launches multiple flares -- after detonation they illuminate the area.

A dark figure appears, walking out of the tree line. As it gets closer to Erik's position Off-World Man's suit, flickers against the flare light -- he is now visible.

ERIK (CONT'D)

Visitor contact!

OFF-WORLD MAN

Ah, Mr. Rohan. I feel like you are
one to not be trusted...how
disappointing!

ERIK

Egomaniacal narcissists are pretty
predictable.

Off-World Man continues to walk towards Erik until he is a about three meters from Erik's position.

OFF-WORLD MAN

Such a low opinion of me?! Were I a
lesser man I might hath been
offended! Listen, your intestinal
fortitude is commendable; however,
you must know that in this little
dynamic you, and your fellow
monkeys, are the fly, and I...am
the swatter. Just accept your place
in the natural order of things!

ERIK

You are just a human thinking he's
a special space boy. Some unique
aberration. Without that suit your
foster parent species made for you
there's just a fragile little human
with more insecurities than a
newborn calf. It's superbly
evident. Step out of it and let's
see whom the insect is...

OFF-WORLD MAN

(shakenly)

I am your superior you cur!

ERIK

Oh, touched a nerve have we?
Typical drama queen.

OFF-WORLD MAN

You...you will die slowly...

Off-World Man charges at Erik, he moves with superb speed --
his right fist extends as he moves.

Erik manages to pivot before Off-World Man makes contact
fully, but he does manage to clip the shoulder of the Mech
suit slightly.

Off-World Man spins around rapidly, once again faces Erik.

ERIK

Were you even trying to hit me? I
have seen speedier movement at a
senior Bingo night. Pathetic. Poor
little space embryo boy.

OFF-WORLD MAN

(irritated)

Dog...I will flay the skin from
your flesh and then I will start on
your friends. They will all wish
for death before I permit it.

As Off-World Man approaches Erik again his suit vibrates as
if he is about to deploy his energy beam weapon.

At the same time Erik's suit lights up in the arm and torso
areas, he fires metal balls which shoot out of his suit at a
high rate of speed.

Erik's spheres and Off-World Man's beams collide -- a chain
of explosions occur and both men are rocked by concussive
blasts, they get knocked back a few meters.

Both men return to their feet quickly.

ERIK

Well that smarted. Looking a little slower than in our previous encounter! What's the matter, lost a step wasting all that energy running your mouth?!

OFF-WORLD MAN

You are outmatched metal man, and you know it. Now witness my power!

Off-World Man advances again and this time seems to almost shift through space as opposed to motion with regular bipedal action -- he reaches Erik, delivers an uppercut that connects with the lower part of the Mech suit's helmet KERRANG.

Erik launches backward, smashes through a tree CRACK as he is propelled by the punch -- now on the ground his Mech suit has noticeable damage to it with fluctuations of light around the neck and torso areas.

OFF-WORLD MAN (CONT'D)

Woooooooo! Strrrrrrike! Hey batter batter swinnng batter! Come on, that had to hurt...

ERIK

(somewhat strained)

Ah, you hit like a soft aristocrat. Also, check your arm.

As Off-World Man looks down at his arms, on his right is a device Erik has placed on it during Off-World Man's last assault -- it starts sounding off rapidly BEEP, BEEP, BEEP and detonates with brilliant beams of white light.

Off-World Man gets launched several meters back -- as he hits the ground his smooth, black suit begins to crackle a bit with small visual bursts of energy -- reveals his human form in some portions of it.

Off-World Man slowly props himself up, his face now fully revealed.

OFF-WORLD MAN

Well...well played my good sir. Who knew you had it in you?

ERIK

Oh, did I hurt your walking condom? You ready to call it quits? There's no dishonor in admitting defeat.

OFF-WORLD MAN
(face etched in a snarling
rictus)
Why I am just getting started!

Off-World Man gets to his feet -- Erik does as well -- both are visibly suffering from injuries.

OFF-WORLD MAN (CONT'D)
Take comfort in the fact that you
have been a worthy opponent. I
changed my mind and I will spare
you a slow death. You deserve
better for such a showing!

ERIK
Death would be welcome compared to
your mouth...

OFF-WORLD MAN
Ah, levity even in your final
moments! You, sir, shall be missed!

Off-World Man begins walking somewhat decrepitly towards Erik, his suit is vibrating.

Erik slowly moves in Off-World Man's direction at the same time.

ERIK
Suit, cut external comms and open
internal. Dante, Rohan.

DANTE (V.O.)
Rohan! Status report!

ERIK
The Visitor is debilitated, but not
enough. Be prepared to go danger
close.

DANTE (V.O.)
No! You have to be able to finish
him?!

ERIK
Negative. We have to be sure he's
ghosted. Scorch the earth on my
order. Bomb. Suit, end internal
comms!

As the two men approach each other Erik's suit glows an uncharacteristic red in the upper torso area, red light starts flashing.

OFF-WORLD MAN

O-o-oh, red lights flashing cannot
be good a good sign! Looks like
your steel cocoon is going lights
out! Will you emerge as a butterfly
then?

ERIK

Still enough juice in me to end
that unceasing, infantile rambling
of yours... Beginning to think your
alien adopters kicked you the fuck
out.

OFF-WORLD MAN

Well it's been real Mr. Rohan. Just
know that the rest of your folk
will fall after you. A simple
planetary reboot. Your walking meat
sacks have had their time to shine
in the Sun, and still somehow
behave like animals in the lower
echelons of the animal kingdom!

ERIK

Just...stop...talking... If it
takes death to shut you up so be
it.

As Erik and Off-World Man are now within a meter of each other. Erik lunges forward, embraces Off-World Man.

OFF-WORLD MAN

Oh, how nice, does this mean we are
betrothed now?! I mean I usually
like to be bought dinner first, but
I will make an exception for you
Erik!

A moment after Erik bear hugs Off-World Man his suit deploys two long, metal arms from its backside -- the arms ensnare Off-World Man's suit in the scapula areas -- clamps on the tips of the arms then embed themselves in the suit and several portions of Off-World Man's body that have been exposed by his suit's degradation from Erik's attacks.

OFF-WORLD MAN (CONT'D)

(pained)

AGHHHHH! Not on the first date! I
don't do cuddling.

ERIK

Got you motherfucker!

OFF-WORLD MAN

Get a little closerrrrr, don't be shy! Not sure how you think this is going to help you, but if you want a final waltz before you die who am I to deny you your last rites?!

ERIK

As an off-worlder, you ever just sit on your adopted world and breathe in deeply while taking in all the majesty of the cosmos? It kills me that so many of my people don't take the time to just walk outside and look up. The Moon, the stars. Better than any book or movie could ever dream to be. Look up beyond all of the microcosmic nonsense taking place down here, in perpetuity, and just get lost in the infinite wonder. Dream of distant civilizations and almost unfathomable celestial events.

OFF-WORLD MAN

You are a complex man Mr. Rohan! This little party has been great and all, but now it's time for you to go. Worry not, I will think on you from time to time! My greatest nemesis to-date!

Erik's suit, still blinks red in the torso area, starts flashing more rapidly and there is a beeping sound that almost sounds like a countdown -- the sound starts to increase in frequency.

OFF-WORLD MAN (CONT'D)

Sounds like you are about to go nighty night without my help! Why not just step out of your little suit and we can stare into each others' peepers as I end you? The last caress!

ERIK

Hahahahahahaha.

OFF-WORLD MAN

You are taking this really well. Hats off to you sir!

ERIK

That light...that beeping...that's
the result of me having enabled my
suit's self-destruct mechanism...

OFF-WORLD MAN

(eyes widen)

You...you wouldn't...

ERIK

Oh I fucking would!

Off-World Man attempts to escape Erik's Mech suit's clamps --
he rocks back and forth trying to separate from Erik's suit's
grasp.

OFF-WORLD MAN

(miffed)

Release me you lowly vermin! How
dare you!

Erik's suit doesn't destruct, instead a large energy burst
erupts, launches both men backwards.

ERIK

Oh, that smarts...

OFF-WORLD MAN

You...you had me there for a
second.

Off-World Man gets up, limps -- Erik remains on the ground,
dazed.

OFF-WORLD MAN (CONT'D)

I believe this is where I take my
leave. Ta ta now Mr. Rohan!

Off-World Man opens a portal, steps through, it closes behind
him.

ERIK

D-Dante... Prick absconded. Send an
ambulance. Better yet...send a
hospital.

Erik rolls over on his side.

EXT. EARTH'S EXOSPHERE - SAME TIME

Out of the blackness a spacecraft emerges, it is approaching
the outer limit of the Earth's exosphere.

Visitation PILOT: "The Arrival"

57.

As it reaches the barrier, it cloaks.

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF PILOT