

EXTRA ORDINARY

An Animated Feature

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EXT. DOWNTOWN BOISE - DAY

A RED THREAD trembles loose from a woven sign.  
A breeze carries it past a café door.

An ACCORDION MELODY bursts to life.

QUICK MEMORY FLASHES WITH THE MUSIC:

- YOUNG EVAN, 7, swallowed by a wooden accordion.
- Bellows breathing. Wood creaking. Music not perfect.
- His little fingers stumble over the buttons.
- His mother, MAITE, late 40s. Warm. Bright. Mischievous.

MAITE  
You're trying too hard to get it  
right.

YOUNG EVAN  
I'm messing it up.

- Maite reaches in to punch a spectacularly WRONG CHORD.

MAITE  
Then mess it up with confidence.

Young Evan smiles at her.

Maite gives an innocent shrug.

He cracks up.

- A little older now, Evan finds the melody.
- Maite dances beside him, planting a kiss on his forehead.

BACK TO BOISE

The same accordion melody carries down the block.

The red thread rises past a small market window.

A cook dusts flour from her apron.  
A kid in a bright scarf hops over sidewalk cracks.  
A sheep watches from a mural.

INSIDE ON TV

A muted morning newscast. Old Faithful. A massive RED  
GEMSTONE is lodged where it should erupt.

"OLD FAITHFUL: ECLIPSE CROWDS EXPECTED"

The red thread whips away.

EXT. BOISE NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

The accordion fades beneath sprinklers, bikes in yards, backpacks bouncing toward school.

The red thread drifts over quiet rooftops...  
Toward one house. THE DAILY RESIDENCE.

On the front door, a wooden welcome sign: "ONGI ETORRI"

INT. DAILY BATHROOM - DAY

The red thread slips through a cracked window and lands beside a chipped Yellowstone mug.

A toothbrush moves in perfect little circles.

EVAN DAILY, 12, brushes at the mirror, hair sleep-mashed.

He counts the strokes.

EVAN  
Ninety-eight. Ninety-nine. A  
hundred.

The loose thread catches his attention.  
His own reflection does not.

Evan pinches the thread and drops it into the waste bin.

He finally meets his own eyes in the mirror...  
Tired. Worried. Not ready for the day.

He straightens.

EVAN (CONT'D)  
I'm okay.

Plops his toothbrush into the chipped Yellowstone mug.  
Rotates the mug front and center. Perfect.

DAN (O.S.)  
Evan. Lila. Breakfast!

EVAN  
Coming.

INT. EVAN'S BEDROOM - DAY

Evan enters his room arranged with museum precision.

Books squared. Pencils lined tallest to shortest.  
A scuffed *pala* paddle leans against a trophy.

A humble shrine atop his dresser:

-- A folded Yellowstone park map: creases flattened smooth.  
-- An Old Faithful snow globe: tiny flakes, tiny geyser.  
-- A wooden Yellowstone Junior Ranger badge.  
-- A framed photo: Younger Evan and parents at Old Faithful.

In the photo, DAN DAILY, sunburned and smiling. MAITE DAILY, warm, bright, alive. Evan, full of joy.

Evan gently adjusts a golden LAUBURU PENDANT draped over one corner of the photo.

DAN (O.S.)  
Last day of school! Special  
breakfast.

INT. EVAN'S CLOSET - DAY

Evan opens his closet.

A row of color-coded T-shirts hangs in perfect order.  
His fingers move down the line.  
Empty hanger... he stops.

EVAN  
Dad! Where's my Friday shirt?

He searches everywhere it should be.

On his dresser, the snow globe TREMBLES RED.

Evan freezes.  
His breath catches.

EVAN (CONT'D)  
No.

The globe trembles again.

He backs into the closet door.

EVAN (CONT'D)  
Stop!

He forces air into his lungs.

The snow globe settles.

Evan stays where he is, waiting to see if it moves again.  
He finally exhales.

His hand hesitates, then chooses a plain white T-shirt.

INT. DAILY KITCHEN - DAY

The kitchen is bright, warm, lived-in with colorful touches.

Evan enters in his plain white T-shirt.

DAN DAILY, 40s, works at the stove with heroic focus. His thick glasses fog with steam.

CLAIRE CALDWELL-DAILY, 40s, packs lunches, humming softly.

LILA CALDWELL, 12, headphones around her neck, doodles in the margin of a school handout while chomping a strawberry.

Her eyes quietly make one lap around the room:

-- Dan, trying too hard.  
-- Claire, covering for him.  
-- Evan, already anxious.

On the table near an empty chair, a tiny vase holds one tired RED ROSEBUD, petals wilted, almost gone.

Evan inspects the dying flower.

DAN

I know. It's on my to-do list.

Dan sets a plate in front of Evan with a flourish.  
Something warm. Steaming. Different.

DAN (CONT'D)

Before you judge, this was Mom's fave.

Evan's eyes dart to the empty chair... the dying rose.

EVAN

Mom did Toast Fridays.

Dan's face droops.

Claire pauses mid-slice.

CLAIRE  
We can still make toast.

DAN  
I am famously brave near bread.

Evan stares at the plate.

The steam above the plate bends toward Evan... toward Dan...  
A faint, golden wisp forms between them.

Lila notices first. She blinks.

Evan notices too. Curious.  
Then... it's just steam again.

Evan gives a small smile.

EVAN  
Thanks, dad.

He pokes the food with his fork. Eats.  
Tries not to like it. Likes it.

Dan pretends not to notice.

Lila doodles on her school handout labeled:  
"YELLOWSTONE ORAL REPORTS"

DAN  
Diorama day?

Lila slides over her Old Faithful diorama...  
A huge red gemstone fills the geyser's cone.

Evan slides over his... classic Old Faithful. No gemstone.

LILA  
Yours is inaccurate.

EVAN  
Yours looks weird.

LILA  
Can't pretend it's not there.

Evan turns his eyes away.

Dan and Claire trade a look.

DAN  
On that note, Camp Faithful bus  
leaves first thing tomorrow.

EVAN

Mom would want us to go together.  
As a family.

DAN

Something different. New memories.

CLAIRE

You still see Yellowstone. And the  
eclipse!

EVAN

Old Faithful was better when it was  
just... faithful.

Lila turns a strawberry in her fingers.  
Pointy. Red. Gem-ish.

She plops it into the empty geyser hole of Evan's diorama.

LILA

That's better.

EVAN

That's fruit.

LILA

That's symbolism.

He reaches for it.

Lila blocks him.

LILA (CONT'D)

And reality.

Evan's fork TREMBLES RED beside his plate.  
He hides it with his hand.

Lila's eyebrows narrow.

EVAN

(under his breath)

Don't.

The fork twitches under his palm.  
He holds his breath...

The fork stills.

CLAIRE

School bus!

Lila exhales, heading out.

DAN  
I can still make toast for the  
road.

Evan takes one last bite.

EVAN  
It's good. Mom would've liked it.

Dan smiles.

EVAN (CONT'D)  
Maybe not on Toast Friday.

Dan laughs softly.

Evan picks up his diorama carefully.  
The strawberry wobbles in the geyser hole.  
He steadies it, then heads out.

Dan watches through the window as they leave.

DAN  
Can't believe it's been... three  
years.

Claire follows his gaze.

CLAIRE  
The gemstone came that same summer?

Dan forces a nod.

DAN  
First Yellowstone trip... without  
Maite.

He pours fresh water into the wilting flower's vase.

DAN (CONT'D)  
I hope Evan's ready to make the  
trip without us.

Claire lays her head on Dan's shoulder.

CLAIRE  
Like you said. New memories.

He gives a small smile, grasping her hand.

The dying rose wilts toward the empty chair.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

Kids swarm lockers. Backpacks fly. Excited voices chatter.

Evan moves through the last-day chaos, carefully balancing his shoebox diorama.

Lila walks beside him, headphones around her neck, her own diorama tucked safely under one arm.

Evan's strawberry gemstone wobbles.

EVAN  
It's leaking.

LILA  
It's evolving.

The strawberry slips. Evan catches it, then puts it back. Red juice drips down his hand.

A folded paper towel appears.

ZEKE  
For gemstone seepage?

Evan jumps... accepts the towel, wiping.

EVAN  
Zeke! Where did you come from?

ZEKE BELLWEATHER, 12, with flame-red hair, seemingly materializes beside them like he's been waiting his whole life for a strawberry-related emergency.

ZEKE  
I survive by blending in.

He opens his utility vest...

Pens. Tape. Binder clips. Granola bars. Batteries. Floss.

Every pocket has a purpose.

EVAN  
Zeke-vest to the rescue--

Evan and Lila crack the same smile.

EVAN & LILA (CONT'D)  
Again.

Zeke spots Evan's plain white shirt.

ZEKE  
Friday shirt casualty?

EVAN  
Mmm-hmm.

ZEKE  
Dude. Anomalies happen.

The bell RINGS.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

Shoebox dioramas line the front table.  
Geysers. Mountains. A bison with googly eyes.

On the board: "YELLOWSTONE ORAL REPORTS"

MRS. KLINE, 30s, with last-day-teacher-energy.

MRS. KLINE  
Two minutes each. Educational. And  
then summer.

Zeke is already standing.

MRS. KLINE (CONT'D)  
Of course, Zeke. Go ahead.

Zeke lifts his aggressively organized diorama...  
Old Faithful, red gem, red-string fault lines.

ZEKE  
My presentation is titled... *The  
Old Faithful Gemstone: Miracle or  
Impending Doom?*

The class SNICKERS.

ZEKE (CONT'D)  
Three years ago, we all know a  
massive earthquake hit Yellowstone  
at high noon on the summer  
solstice. Old Faithful erupted on  
cue, and when the steam cleared, a  
giant red gemstone was lodged in  
the geyser cone.

Zeke illustrates.

ZEKE (CONT'D)  
Since then, Old Faithful has not...  
*Old Faithfuled.*

Mrs. Kline hides a yawn.

ZEKE (CONT'D)  
Scientists disagree on what the gem  
is, how it appeared, and whether  
Old Faithful will ever erupt again.

Evan glances at his own diorama with strawberry gem.

ZEKE (CONT'D)  
This Sunday, the solstice happens  
during a total eclipse. A  
tantalizing model for conspiracy.

MRS. KLINE  
Conspiracy, Zeke?

ZEKE  
My cousin sells churros at Mammoth.  
Adults get surprisingly honest  
around churros.

A few kids LAUGH.

MRS. KLINE  
Thank you, Zeke. Strong string  
work.

ZEKE  
The string thanks you.

MRS. KLINE  
Next. Evan?

Evan freezes.

Lila lowers her headphones.

Zeke slides Evan an index card.  
In tiny writing: "BREATHE FIRST"

Evan walks to the front with his shoebox diorama.

The strawberry gemstone wobbles in Old Faithful.  
Evan steadies it.

EVAN  
Old Faithful got its name because  
it always did what it was supposed  
to do.

He looks at the strawberry. Hates it.

EVAN (CONT'D)  
It was reliable.

The strawberry trembles.

EVAN (CONT'D)  
Faithful.

The strawberry SHUDDERS.  
Evan's eyes grow wide.  
Lila leans in.

Evan quickly traps it under his hand.

POP!

Red. Everywhere. Juice soaks into his plain white shirt.

The class GASPS.

The diorama is covered in red pulp.

MRS. KLINE  
Well, creative use of... produce.

Zeke raises his hand.

ZEKE  
I have peer-reviewed berry  
tolerance data.

MRS. KLINE  
Of course you do.

Evan stares at his ruined diorama.

EXT. MAITE'S BASQUE CAFE - LATER

A corner cafe with flower boxes and a hand-painted sign:  
"MAITE'S BASQUE CAFE"

A tiny, torn red thread is woven into the sign's border.

INT. MAITE'S BASQUE CAFE - DAY

Customers chat. Plates clink. Espresso steams. Family photos  
on the wall. A LAUGH from the kitchen.

Evan sets down his backpack and red-stained diorama.

He traces a finger along a smeared chalk edge of a  
handwritten chalkboard menu, restoring one faded stroke.

A crooked stack of menus... he squares them.  
A stool half an inch out of line... he nudges it back.

Dan watches from behind the counter.

DAN  
There he is. *Quality Control*.

Evan tries not to like that.

DAN (CONT'D)  
How'd the presentation go?

Evan covers the red stain on his shirt.

EVAN  
Strawberry incident.

Claire and Lila enter from the kitchen.

Lila pulls down her headphones.

LILA  
I have a clean shirt.

EVAN  
I'm good... thanks.

Lila plops to a table with her sketchbook.

Evan finds Zeke eating *croquetas* from a paper basket while highlighting a camp form.

Evan steals one, munching.

EVAN (CONT'D)  
One of my mom's recipes Dad doesn't butcher.

ZEKE  
The *croquetas*? Incredible. This camp liability form? Terrifying.

A REGULAR CUSTOMER, 70s, waves Evan over.

REGULAR CUSTOMER  
Your mother called this *porrusalda*.  
Your father calls it--

EVAN  
Porch salsa.

DAN  
My pronunciation has character.

The Regular laughs.

DAN (CONT'D)  
Betrayed again by Quality Control.  
Bus table four?

EVAN  
Table four wobbles.

Dan shrugs.

DAN  
Nobody better.

Dan slaps a sticker over Evan's strawberry stain:  
"HELLO, MY NAME IS: QUALITY CONTROL"

Evan looks down, not thrilled, but not removing it.

Something catches Evan's eye...

Across the street, an old, boxy van sits parked crookedly,  
plastered with stickers, antennas, and ratchet straps.

The driver steps out... GRISHAM "GRISH" CROWE, 50s. Portly.  
Army jacket. Balding with a wild fringe of hair and unkempt  
beard.

Eyes that measure surroundings before people.

EVAN  
Coffee guy's here.

Evan watches Grish approach the cafe.

DAN  
He has a name. Grisham Crowe. Same  
VIP corner booth. Per mom's rule.

EVAN  
But why?

DAN  
Your mom was about the only person  
in high school who didn't treat  
Grish like a punchline.

The cafe door JINGLES.  
Grish steps inside.

GRISH  
Coffee?

Dan brightens professionally.

DAN  
Afternoon, Grish.

GRISH  
That remains to be seen.

Grish spots Evan's exploded-strawberry diorama.

GRISH (CONT'D)  
What happened to Old Faithful?

Evan rotates his diorama away.

Dan places a coffee mug down.

DAN  
One black coffee. White mug.  
Wouldn't dream of dyes.

Grish eyes the mug.

GRISH  
Good. Dreams are how toxins get in.

No one knows what to do with that.

The coffee steam curls toward Evan... toward Grish.  
A glint of gold passes between them.

AT LILA'S TABLE

Lila's pencil races across her page.  
Her fingers tighten.

SNAP. The pencil breaks.

She stares at the page.  
Unsettled.  
Folds and shoves it loosely into her sketchbook.

AT GRISH'S BOOTH

Evan and Grish see the golden steam wrapping between them.

Grish waves a hand through the steam... it drifts apart.

GRISH (CONT'D)  
You're Maite's boy?

Evan stiffens.

EVAN  
Evan.

Grish nods slowly.

EVAN (CONT'D)  
Enjoy the coffee.

AT TABLE FOUR

Evan clears dishes. A half-finished bowl of bright red soup balances near the edge.

He wipes too hard.  
The table wobbles.  
The bowl slides.

SPLAT. Red soup everywhere.  
Evan freezes. Lila sees his face change.  
He wipes at the stain. It smears worse.

In the corner, a mop TREMBLES RED...

EVAN (CONT'D)  
No!

The mop scoots closer, RISING from its bucket...

THE MOP STANDS.

Angry, fluffy eyebrows.

Evan lunges and grabs the handle.

The mop BUCKS against his grip.  
Evan holds tighter.  
It BUCKS harder.

EVAN (CONT'D)  
Stop!

The mop RIPS free.

Evan looks at his empty hand. Oh no.

Zeke looks up.

ZEKE  
That mop has... posture.

Lila steps into his sightline.

LILA  
Don't look at the mop.

ZEKE

Which makes me want to look at the  
mop.

The mop launches into action, swabbing the spill, table, and  
Evan's shoes.

A glass tips. CRASH.

Customers turn, but the mop has already moved on.

AT GRISH'S BOOTH

Grish curiously watches the mop zip toward him.  
His attention shifts to the floor.

The folded page from Lila's open sketchbook slides out.

LILA'S SKETCH: Grish. Evan. Golden coffee steam curling  
between them.

Grish studies it.

The mop whips past his boots.  
He doesn't flinch.  
Folds the page and slips it into his coat.

AT TABLE FOUR

Evan's eyes grow wide.

DAN

What was that?

Lila steps into Dan's view.

LILA

Nothing.

The mop spins toward the entrance.

Lila pulls Evan to the front.

LILA (CONT'D)

Are you doing this?

EVAN

Not on purpose!

They hurry after the mop, trying very hard to look casual.

The front door SLAMS open and the mop disappears outside.

Everyone turns at once... too late.

Eyes large, a LITTLE KID who saw it all... APPLAUDS.

EXT. MAITE'S BASQUE CAFE - CONTINUOUS

The mop bursts onto the sidewalk, bucket bouncing behind it.

Evan watches it turn toward Grish's vehicle at the curb.

A dirty windshield... a purpose.

EVAN  
Please don't.

The mop launches... SPLAT.

Soapy strings spread across the windshield... GLASS CRACKS.

The bucket dents the hood. CLUNK.

Silence.

Grish strides outside slowly.

He looks at the mop.  
The broken windshield.  
The dented hood.

The mop slides down the glass with a wet SQUEAK.  
The windshield wipers kick on, tangling in the mop threads.  
A pathetic little wiper versus mop fight.

Grish looks at Evan, frozen in his tracks.

GRISH  
Perhaps reparations are due.

EXT. GRISH'S HOUSE - LATER

A garden gnome wears safety goggles in tall grass.

A rundown home on a quiet street. Blacked-out windows.  
Security cameras. Tarps. Wind chimes made from old keys.

Evan eyes Grish's van with the cracked windshield.

EVAN  
This guy's nuts, right?

LILA  
Obviously.

Dan rolls a clunky, old lawn mower toward Evan.

DAN  
Good news. It has self-drive.

Evan takes the mower handle.

DAN (CONT'D)  
You mow. I handle the windshield  
bill. We both apologize.

Evan watches the house... a curtain snaps shut.

Lila raises her eyebrows at Evan.

The front door opens.

Grish appears with a metal colander on his head and a toaster  
under one arm.

Dan nudges Evan forward.

EVAN  
Sorry about your windshield, Grish.

DAN  
I'm off for a repair quote.

The toaster DINGS. Grish does not react.

Dan lowers his voice to Evan.

DAN (CONT'D)  
Front yard only. Thirty minutes.

Lila settles onto the curb with her sketchbook.

DAN (CONT'D)  
Lila?

LILA  
What? Someone should supervise.

DAN  
No adventures.

LILA  
Perfect.

She pulls up her headphones.

Dan heads off.

Grish looks Evan over like he's a new species.

GRISH  
You operate machines, boy?

Evan pulls the mower cord.

EVAN  
I can handle a mower.

Evan pulls the cord again... nothing.

GRISH  
Too much fear in the shoulder.

EVAN  
Fear of what?

GRISH  
Or grief. Hard to tell.

Evan grips the mower handle.

EVAN  
You don't know me.

GRISH  
No.

Evan pulls again. The mower ROARS to life.

GRISH (CONT'D)  
(over the mower)  
Knew your mother though.

Evan looks up, curious.

Grish bolts inside, the screen door SLAMMING shut.

Evan stares at the closed door.

The mower handle TREMBLES RED in his hands.

He pushes it forward.  
A clean strip of grass. Good.

Ahead... a small rosebush.  
Bright red rosebuds.  
A single red thread caught on a thorn.

Evan stops.

The front blinds part... Grish watching.  
The front wheels lift... the engine growls.

EVAN

Stop!

The mower charges for the rosebush.

Evan digs in his heels.

Grass sprays.

The thread flutters.

EVAN (CONT'D)

Not now!

The mower BUCKS, dragging Evan forward.

The front door BURSTS open.

GRISH

Stop fighting it!

EVAN

I'm not!

GRISH

You're holding on too tight!

The mower claws toward the roses.

GRISH (CONT'D)

Just let go!

Evan loosens his death grip...

The wheels settle.

The engine softens to a contented PUTTER.

Evan stares, breathing hard.

AT THE CURB

Lila stares in disbelief. Headphones lowered.

She grips her pencil too hard, fingers white.

GRISH'S YARD

Grish steps in front of the idling mower.

GRISH (CONT'D)

Interesting.

Evan takes a step back.

EVAN

I should call my dad.

GRISH  
Your dad thinks a mop damaged my  
van.

The mower PUTTERS between them.

GRISH (CONT'D)  
But we both know something else  
happened. A mop. Now a mower.

Evan goes still.

GRISH (CONT'D)  
I have answers. Come on.

Grish heads toward his workshop.

AT THE CURB

Lila shoots to her feet.

LILA  
Evan. No.

Hair-thin golden lines flicker across her sketch page.  
She rubs feeling back into her fingers, watching Evan.  
The gold lines snap, disappearing into thin air.  
Lila sees them fade... a sharp inhale.

EXT./INT. GRISH'S WORKSHOP - CONTINUOUS

Grish punches in a security code.

GRISH  
There's a lot to explain. And not  
much time.

He spins around.

GRISH (CONT'D)  
Bring the sister if you must.

EVAN  
Stepsister.

Lila frowns, resolute.

LILA  
We're not going into your garage.

GRISH  
My garage? That's in the back and  
it's a mess.

Grish opens the roll-up garage door.

GRISH (CONT'D)  
This... is my workshop.

Inside: hanging tools, coiled wires, dark shapes. Something enormous under a tarp.

Evan steps inside, Lila following him carefully.

Grish clicks on a bank of HUMMING lights.

The workshop is a disorganized disaster. A huge Yellowstone map. Fault lines in red ink. Newspaper clippings. Chalkboards. Red string connects everything.

Beneath the workbench, abandoned contraptions. Small. Scorched. Stripped for parts.

On a display stand, a handmade model of the RED GEMSTONE.

Grish pets it like a dog that might bite.

GRISH (CONT'D)  
Three years ago, this abomination  
lodges itself in Old Faithful's  
throat.

A newspaper clipping: "GEMSTONE DRAWS RECORD CROWDS"

GRISH (CONT'D)  
The world called it a wonder.

Another clipping: "GEYSER ACTIVITY UNSTABLE?"

GRISH (CONT'D)  
I called it a curse.

Lila spots a selfie photo labeled "D-DAY":  
Grish on a Yellowstone boardwalk, hugging an OLD DOG.

Grish snatches it away, tapping three solstice dates circled in red.

GRISH (CONT'D)  
Every summer solstice at noon, the  
gemstone glows and chooses someone.

EVAN  
Chooses?

GRISH  
Whoever's feeling the most.

He points at Evan.

GRISH (CONT'D)  
Fear. Grief. Anger. Whatever drowns  
out the rest. The stone turns that  
feeling into a power.

He studies Evan.

GRISH (CONT'D)  
Something... extra. And I think it  
chose you.

Evan looks at his hands.

It clicks.

EVAN  
We were there.

GRISH  
At Old Faithful? Summer solstice?

EVAN  
Family trip right when school gets  
out.

Evan catches Lila's eye.

LILA  
The rangers make everyone count  
down to the glow at noon.

GRISH  
Of course they do.

Lila faces Grish.

LILA  
So why do you need Evan now?

GRISH  
This Sunday, the eclipse interrupts  
the stone while it's choosing.

He points to a crude drawing of the sun, moon, and gemstone.

GRISH (CONT'D)  
It needs sunlight. For once, it  
won't have enough.

EVAN

So...?

GRISH

That's our opening.

Grish yanks away the tarp.

THE MACHINE.

A bizarre homemade device cobbled together from steel pipes, copper tubing, gauges, and a mess of wires.

Atop, a large, rounded glass chamber.

A huge circular lens stands mounted on a swiveling arm.

Evan inspects three polished handles surrounding the base.

LILA

What in the world is that?

GRISH

A way to stop the stone.

EVAN

So... how does it work?

Grish points to the handles.

GRISH

Those chosen connect here--

He taps the chamber.

GRISH (CONT'D)

--their powers come together--

He swings the lens... a single beam of sunlight pierces the gemstone model.

GRISH (CONT'D)

--and sunlight carries our powers  
into the stone. From a safe  
distance.

Grish's eyes narrow.

GRISH (CONT'D)

Kaput. Sayonara. No more choosing.

EVAN

With a giant magnifying glass?

Grish adjusts it on the pivot.

GRISH

Focusing lens! Much more high-tech.

Evan waves his hand through the beam of light.

An aggressive SKULL-AND-CROSSBONES sticker covers the machine's access panel.

EVAN

Let me guess... don't open that?

GRISH

Not unless you enjoy exploding.

LILA

This all sounds crazy.

GRISH

Crazy and wrong are different things.

Lila folds her arms.

Evan inspects the handles.

EVAN

So why three handles?

GRISH

The stone has chosen three times.

EVAN

So, there's others... like me?

Grish looks away.

GRISH

I know of one. Highly destructive.  
They disappeared to minimize the damage.

That catches Evan.

GRISH (CONT'D)

Next time, it could choose something nobody can control.

He leans in.

GRISH (CONT'D)  
But you? You can learn control.

EVAN  
How?

GRISH  
Hold on, then let go.

QUICK FLASHES:

-- Evan's hand clamps over the trembling fork.  
-- He grips the mop. It BUCKS. He holds tighter.  
-- White knuckles on the mower handle... his grip loosens.

BACK TO SCENE

Evan's hand rises to his Quality Control sticker covering the red shirt stain.

GRISH (CONT'D)  
You are not broken, Evan Daily.

Evan looks at him.

GRISH (CONT'D)  
You are the fix.

Lila steps beside Evan.

LILA  
He's not a battery for your machine.

Evan stares at the gemstone model.

LILA (CONT'D)  
And he can't help. We leave for camp tomorrow.

She stares him down.

GRISH  
Closer to the stone? Closer to controlling your power...

He leans in.

GRISH (CONT'D)  
*Resurrection.*

Evan's eyes grow wide.

Lila watches him.

LILA  
We're leaving.

Evan's eyes stay on the machine.

GRISH  
You want answers? It's now or  
never, Evan!

The garage door RUMBLES down.

INT. DAILY RESIDENCE - EVENING

Packing chaos: backpacks, sleeping bags, eclipse glasses, bug  
spray, snacks.

Evan checks boxes on a color-coded list.

EVAN  
Another Zeke-list for the win.

Evan takes a deep breath.

Claire gets into his eye line.

CLAIRE  
Are you okay?

Evan nods too quickly.

Lila watches him.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)  
You know, you're more like your mom  
than you know.

She inspects Evan's bag.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)  
She packed so many socks.

Evan lets a smile slip out.

EVAN  
Of all colors.

Lila sketches a mop with legs.

LILA  
You know, mops don't usually chase  
cars.

CLAIRE  
Yeah, what did happen?

EVAN  
I lost control of it.

Lila peers at him.

DAN  
And I found the Friday shirt.

Dan enters, handing Evan a folded Yellowstone shirt:  
Old Faithful blasts upward to a perfect blue sky.

EVAN  
Thanks, dad. It's perfect.

DAN  
Bedtime. Bus comes early.

Everyone leaves the room, except for Evan.

He carefully peels the Quality Control sticker from his  
stained shirt... and presses it onto his Yellowstone shirt.

INT. DAILY KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

On the kitchen table, the rosebud droops low in its vase.

Dead. Petals curled inward.

Evan stops.

GRISH (V.O.)  
You are not broken, Evan Daily...  
You are the fix.

Evan reaches out and touches one brittle petal.

EVAN  
I'm sorry, mom.

The flower TREMBLES.  
A RED GLOW.

Evan's hand pulls back.

The stem straightens... One red petal uncurls... Another.

The rosebud lifts its head toward him.

Alive.

Evan stares in wonder.

In the hallway, Lila appears... watching.  
She sees the rose.  
Backs away.

Evan never sees her.

INT. EVAN'S BEDROOM - LATER

Moonlight. A packed backpack waits beside his bed.

Evan sits on the edge of the bed, playing his wooden  
accordion softly... The MELODY his mother taught him.

Beside him, the photo of him and his parents.  
He studies it as he plays.

The last note fades.  
Evan's fingers keep tapping lightly against the buttons.  
He sets the accordion down.

Around his neck now... his mother's lauburu pendant.

He hides it beneath his shirt.

EXT. DAILY RESIDENCE - MORNING

The "Camp Faithful" bus GROANS to the curb.

MARTY PIPER, 24, nerdy substitute-teacher authority with a  
plastic whistle, checks a clipboard.

MARTY  
Daily, Caldwell, Bellweather?

Dan and Claire help load gear.

Lila waits with her sketchbook, headphones on.

Evan stands with his backpack, wearing the Yellowstone shirt  
and crooked Quality Control sticker.

Zeke barrels up with overloaded roller bags.

Evan and Lila exchange a look.

ZEKE  
What? Yellowstone is statistically  
unpredictable.

Marty tries to blow his whistle. It barely works.

MARTY

Boarding! If I ever forget your name, don't take it personally.

Dan pulls Evan into a quick hug.

DAN

Have fun. Maybe learn something?

Evan nods, quiet.

DAN (CONT'D)

Even if it's just about socks.

They share a quiet smile.

Claire lifts one side of Lila's headphones.

CLAIRE

Take care of each other.

Lila nods, hugging her mom.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Promise?

LILA

Promise.

The bus door folds open.

Evan stands in the doorway with his backpack.

Dan lifts a suitcase.

Claire bends for Marty's dropped pen.

Zeke blocks the luggage bay.

Lila climbs aboard.

For three seconds, nobody has eyes on Evan.  
That is all he needs.

INT. CAMP BUS - CONTINUOUS

Lila drops into a seat.

Zeke wrestles a roller bag.

LILA

Where's Evan?

She checks the aisle.

ZEKE

Thought he was with you.

Lila scans the rows... no Evan.

Through the window, Dan and Claire wave from the curb.

The bus door HISSES shut.

MARTY

Yellowstone, here we come!

The bus LURCHES.

Lila presses to the window.

Across the yard... Evan... sprinting the wrong way.

LILA

Evan. There.

Zeke sees her face.

ZEKE

So, not here?

Lila watches Evan disappear down the street.

INT. GRISH'S WORKSHOP - DAY

A single KNOCK on the metal garage door.

Grish looks up from the machine.

The garage door GRINDS open.

Evan stands outside, backpack over one shoulder.

GRISH

Miss your bus?

Evan does not answer.

GRISH (CONT'D)

No. You didn't.

EVAN

I made a flower... come back.

Grish goes still.

EVAN (CONT'D)

A rose. It was dead, then--

GRISH  
--it wasn't? Now... that's a  
development.

EVAN  
The gemstone... it can help me  
control my power?

Evan looks at the palms of his hands.

EVAN (CONT'D)  
Enough to... bring my mom back?

GRISH  
People aren't flowers.

EVAN  
I know. But I have to find out.

Grish steps aside.

GRISH  
Then we find out.

Evan steps inside. The garage door lowers behind him.

Darkness swallows the last strip of morning.

EXT. YELLOWSTONE - OLD FAITHFUL GEYSER BASIN - DAY

Yellowstone wakes in white steam and gold light.

Boardwalks weave through steamy haze.  
Planks creak beneath passing tourists.

Old Faithful sits silent... atop it, a massive RED GEMSTONE.

A handheld seismometer scratches too fast.

AMAIA ITURRALDE, 20s, kneels over it in muddy boots and a  
field vest too new to be broken in. She frowns at the  
seismograph.

Her sleeve pulls back as she adjusts the instrument.  
A LAUBURU tattoo on her wrist.

A "BOISE STATE EARTH SCIENCES" water bottle at her feet.

DR. CAL HARKER, 60s, in ranger green, approaches with coffee,  
certainty, and a slight southern drawl.

He spots the tattoo. The bottle.

HARKER  
Lau... bu-ru, right?

AMAIA  
Close enough.

HARKER  
I'm Cal Harker. Head honcho and  
fellow Bronco. You must be the new  
gal?

AMAIA  
Yup. Amaia. First day.

She taps the readout.

AMAIA (CONT'D)  
Not my first tremor.

HARKER  
Tremors? Yellowstone has those  
these days.

AMAIA  
Not like this.

She shows him the strip.

AMAIA (CONT'D)  
Same tremor. Same interval. Thirty-  
seven times since dawn. It's almost  
like the sunlight--

Harker gives it half a glance.

HARKER  
The gemstone blocked the vent. The  
basin adjusts. Perfectly normal.

A low RUMBLE moves beneath the boardwalk.

Tourists CHEER.

Old Faithful does not erupt.  
The gemstone gives one faint red PULSE.

Amaia sees it.

AMAIA  
Blockages don't have a pulse.

Harker's coffee pauses halfway to his mouth.

HARKER

First day's for observing. Log it.  
Enjoy your day.

He walks off.

She watches the seismometer scratch.

AMAIA

That pressure has nowhere to go.

The whole basin breathes... except Old Faithful.

INT. GRISH'S WORKSHOP - LATER

Evan's family photo is now pinned to Grish's wall.

A fresh red string connects it to the gemstone model.

Evan ducks beneath it.

EVAN

Is all this string necessary?

Grish adds another pin with surgical focus.

GRISH

Without string, ideas are just a  
theory.

EVAN

So string theory?

Grish almost smiles.

GRISH

Everything important is connected  
to something.

EVAN

Do I get my photo back?

GRISH

When we're done.

He peels back a curtain and scans the street.

GRISH (CONT'D)

Did anyone see you come in?

EVAN

No. Why?

GRISH  
You are a fugitive child with  
luggage inside my shop. This  
probably doesn't end well for me.

EVAN  
So where do we start?

GRISH  
Not here.

Grish holds up a hand.

GRISH (CONT'D)  
Enough theory. Time for evidence.

EXT. GRISH'S DRIVEWAY - CONTINUOUS

The garage door GROANS open as Grish and Evan wrestle the enormous machine toward the van on a wheezing dolly.

It CLANGS against the frame, clipping the safety-goggled lawn gnome and nearly toppling it.

Grish panics, catches the gnome.

GRISH  
Not today, Harold!

Evan hides his smile.

EVAN  
This... thing fits in your van?

GRISH  
Define *fits*.

EXT./INT. GRISH'S VAN - CONTINUOUS

The back doors FLY open.

Boxes with suspicious labels. Crates. Buckets. Tarps. Ropes. Canned beans... all meticulously secured.

Evan gives him a look.

GRISH  
What? Bug-out protocol.

EVAN  
For what?

GRISH  
Many varieties of bug.

Grish opens a box marked: "PUBLIC FACES"

Wigs. Sunglasses. Fake mustaches.

He offers Evan a blond wig with braids.

GRISH (CONT'D)  
Visual firewall.

EVAN  
No. Everyone will look at me.

GRISH  
Fine. No eye contact. If asked,  
you're my nephew.

Grish slams the back door.

INT. CAMP BUS - DAY

Lila watches out the window.

Her hand rises.

LILA  
Mister Marty?

Marty searches his clipboard.

MARTY  
Yes! Lila... Cald-weather?

Lila freezes.

LILA  
Never mind.

Zeke watches her.

ZEKE  
You know where Evan went.

LILA  
Grish.

ZEKE  
Creepy coffee guy? Why?

LILA  
Grish thinks he can help Evan.

ZEKE  
Help him? How?

LILA  
Understand what he's been going  
through. Since his mom...

Lila slumps back in her seat, closing her eyes.

ZEKE  
This feels adult-notification  
adjacent.

LILA  
If we tell Marty, everyone panics.

ZEKE  
What's the current panic-to-  
potential-danger ratio?

LILA  
Bad.

ZEKE  
Do we trust Grish?

LILA  
I don't know. But I trust Evan.

That lands.

ZEKE  
Fine, temporarily. Panic postponed.

Lila watches Boise shrink in the distance.

INT. GRISH'S VAN - MOVING - DAY

The van rattles down a highway.

In the back, the machine shifts under tarps. Evan sits wedged  
between cases of canned beans.

One fist clutches his mother's pendant beneath his shirt.

EVAN  
So you knew my mom in high school?

Grish nods.

EVAN (CONT'D)  
What was she like back then?

Grish finds the perfect words...

GRISH  
Annoyingly brave.

Evan smirks.

GRISH (CONT'D)  
She once stood between me and three  
boys twice her size.

EVAN  
What happened?

GRISH  
They reconsidered their afternoon.

Grish peers ahead.

GRISH (CONT'D)  
She was kind to people... who had  
not yet earned it.

EVAN  
Yeah. She did that.

Evan stares down the road.

EVAN (CONT'D)  
Should I tell my dad why I'm not at  
camp?

GRISH  
Excellent way to involve people  
with paperwork and handcuffs.

EVAN  
So he'll just think I'm... missing?  
He doesn't deserve that.

GRISH  
No. He deserves the truth. Just  
like you.

EVAN  
Then I should call him.

GRISH  
After the test.

Evan looks down at his mother's pendant.

EXT. ABANDONED BASALT QUARRY - DAY

Black basalt. Sagebrush. Wind.

A rusted sign: "DANGER. NO TRESPASSING"

The van bumps past it anyway.

EXT. ABANDONED BASALT QUARRY - LATER

Grish and Evan slide the machine to rest in the dust.

EVAN

So how does this work?

Grish digs through the van.

Old wires. Cans of beans. A cracked flashlight.

He finds an old, chewed-up tennis ball.

His hand lingers.

Evan notices.

EVAN (CONT'D)

You have a dog?

GRISH

I have a calibration object.

Grish sets the ball on a flat slab of basalt.

At the machine, he loosens a rusty knob to tilt the lens.

The beam sweeps across the dust... to settle on the ball.

Grish nods.

GRISH (CONT'D)

Let 'er rip.

Evan looks at him.

EVAN

What?

GRISH

Handle.

EVAN

Will it hurt?

GRISH  
Hasn't yet.

Evan places a hand on the handle.

One gauge barely twitches.

GRISH (CONT'D)  
Name what it wants.

Evan studies the teeth marks.

EVAN  
A dog.

GRISH  
It needs a dog. But what does it  
really want?

Evan's fingers find the pendant beneath his shirt.

EVAN  
To be brought back.

Evan grips the handle harder.

The machine HUMS.  
One gauge jumps.  
The needle scratches across paper.

Red light blooms inside the chamber... and bleeds into the  
focused beam.

The ball trembles!  
Then rises an inch.

Evan stops breathing.

Grish does too.

For one impossible second... THE BALL FLOATS!

The gauge drops.  
The beam flickers out.  
The machine COUGHS.

Grish watches it.  
The ball VIBRATES.

POP.

It BURSTS into blackened dust.

Evan jumps.

Silence.

EVAN (CONT'D)  
Was that supposed to happen?

Grish ignores the question.

GRISH  
You lifted a ball.

He taps two dark gauges.

GRISH (CONT'D)  
But your power alone won't stop the  
stone.

Evan slumps away, fixing his Quality Control sticker.

GRISH (CONT'D)  
What?!

EVAN  
My dad thinks I'm missing. I left  
Lila on the bus. And how does any  
of this get me closer to my mom?

GRISH takes out his phone.  
Holds it toward Evan.

GRISH  
Here. Said you could call.

Evan looks at the phone.

EVAN  
And tell him what?

GRISH  
The truth.

Evan looks at the machine.

EVAN  
Not yet.

Grish lowers the phone.

Evan's fingers tap that same little pattern against his knee.

He looks toward the road.

EVAN (CONT'D)  
But I should be at camp. With Lila.

Grish's eyes narrow.

GRISH  
Your... step--

EVAN  
Sister.

Evan peers in.

EVAN (CONT'D)  
She's my... problem solver.

GRISH  
The doodler with headphones?

Evan's eyes narrow.

EVAN  
She's the only one who really sees  
me. Especially after my mom died.

That catches Grish.

EVAN (CONT'D)  
And she already knows I'm  
regretting all of this.

GRISH  
How would she know that?

EVAN  
Just the way she is. Always knows  
what I'm feeling before I do.

Grish freezes.

GRISH  
Headphones and opinions are a...  
powerful combination.

He turns to the van and digs through clutter...

Grish holds up Lila's sketch page from the cafe.

EVAN  
That's Lila's drawing.

GRISH  
Cafe evidence was unattended due to  
uncontrolled mop activity.

LILA'S DRAWING: A golden ribbon of steam connecting Evan and  
Grish.

EVAN  
What? She notices things.

GRISH  
Maybe more than notices?

Evan traces the doodled ribbon.

EVAN  
She drew us... connected.

Grish looks at him.

EVAN (CONT'D)  
Maybe the stone chose her too.

GRISH  
You wake things. Maybe she connects them.

He hands the doodle to Evan.

GRISH (CONT'D)  
Your family went to Old Faithful every summer, right?

EVAN  
So we go find out.

Evan studies the doodle.

EVAN (CONT'D)  
But she's almost to Camp Faithful.

GRISH  
Conveniently located.

EVAN  
This sounds like kidnapping.

Grish starts lugging the machine toward the van.

EVAN (CONT'D)  
And if she says no?

GRISH  
We ask nicely.

Evan looks at Lila's drawing... then toward the road.

EXT. CAMP FAITHFUL - DAY

Late-afternoon golden sun pours through dusty pines.

Lila looks back down the road behind them.

The camp bus pulls into a rustic camp beneath a crooked banner: "CAMP FAITHFUL WELCOMES SOLSTICE EXPLORERS!"

Kids spill out with seven-hours-on-a-bus energy.

Marty hops down first, clipboard in one hand, whistle in the other.

MARTY

Hydration! Sunscreen! Buddy system!

He blows the whistle. A sad PEEP.

Lila steps off last, sketchbook clutched to her chest. She searches the crowd. No sign of Evan.

Zeke appears beside her.

A COUNSELOR hands Lila and Zeke name tags.

COUNSELOR

Cabin Marmot.

ZEKE

Marmot. Underrated mammal. Warns the colony when danger's coming.

LILA

Feels ironically accurate.

She looks down.

LILA (CONT'D)

I should've told someone.

ZEKE

We remain within the window for adult-notification regret.

Lila watches Marty lose a battle with two campers tangled in one sleeping bag.

LILA

I trust Evan. I'm just not sure trusting him means leaving him on his own.

ZEKE

Emotionally persuasive.  
Logistically upsetting.

Marty checks his clipboard.

MARTY  
Cald-better! Bell-amore! Bright  
summer faces!

LILA  
Just act normal.

Zeke forces a smile... it is terrible.

ZEKE  
Initiating normal human behavior.

Lila keeps watching the road.

INT. GRISH'S VAN - MOVING - DAY

Grish drives hunched over the wheel in dark sunglasses.

He dons a weathered hat:  
"IDAHO POTATO MUSEUM" depicting a giant potato.

Evan stares at him.

EVAN  
Is that a disguise or--?

GRISH  
Semi-regional camouflage.

The van stops behind heavy brush.

Through the trees: cabins, campers, Camp Faithful.

Grish kills the engine.

GRISH (CONT'D)  
Belly of the beast.

EVAN  
Summer camp?

Grish SCOFFS.

GRISH  
Children. Crafts. Schedules--

EVAN  
Lila--there.

Across camp: Lila and Zeke sit in a camp circle.

GRISH  
We watch. We retrieve the asset.

EVAN  
Her name is Lila.

GRISH  
Correct. The asset has a name.

EVAN  
Stop calling Lila an asset.

GRISH  
Fine. We retrieve the Lila.

EVAN  
We ask Lila to help us.

Evan slides out.

EVAN (CONT'D)  
I've got this.

Grish gets out and blocks him.

GRISH  
You are twelve, possibly registered  
as missing, and emotionally  
combustible. I'll go.

EVAN  
You won't fit in. You're... old and  
dressed like a potato.

Grish looks down at himself. Potato-ish.

GRISH  
We all have our limitations.

EXT. OLD FAITHFUL BASIN - DAY

Cloud shadows drift across the ragged basin.

Amaia walks the boardwalk.

Steam HISSES from a fresh crack spidering through the brittle  
earth.

Amaia kneels. Holds a hand near it. Too hot.

A tiny lodgepole pine leans, its roots exposed in dry soil.

Amaia carefully drains the last of her water bottle atop it.  
She presses the soil back into place.  
Looking back at the steaming crack...

AMAIA  
Something's not right.

She continues down the boardwalk.

EXT. WOODS NEAR CAMP FAITHFUL - DAY

Evan and Grish move through long shadows between trees.

Grish crouches low, wildly overcommitted to stealth.

They reach the edge of camp.

EXT. CAMP FAITHFUL - ORIENTATION CIRCLE - CONTINUOUS

Marty addresses a circle of campers.

MARTY  
--so my excitement is seeing young  
minds connect with nature.

The kids stare.

MARTY (CONT'D)  
Great sharing, me. Who else?

Lila stands beside Zeke, deadpan.

Zeke notices movement near the trees.

LILA  
What?

ZEKE  
That bush is moving.

ACROSS CAMP

A pair of binoculars slowly rises above a bush... Grish.

Beside him, Evan peeks from behind a pine.

ORIENTATION CIRCLE

Lila sees Evan.  
Relief. Then anger.

LILA  
Evan.

She breaks from the circle toward the woods.

MARTY  
Call-winkle! Buddy system!

Zeke jumps after her.

ZEKE  
Mold-zinkle is the buddy!

Marty looks down at his clipboard.

MARTY  
Has this been approved?

ZEKE  
Retroactively!

Lila tears into the woods.

EXT. CAMP FAITHFUL - EDGE OF CAMP - CONTINUOUS

Lila storms around the brush toward Evan.

She looks him over... then hugs him hard.

He hugs her back. She pulls away.

LILA  
What are you doing here?

EVAN  
We need your help.

Grish half-hides behind a pine. Poorly.

LILA  
We?

EVAN  
You need to come with us.

LILA  
Why would I?

GRISH  
Good instinct.

Lila clocks Grish's bizarre potato hat.

Evan catches her trying not to smile.

LILA  
Do not compliment me during a kidnapping.

Zeke arrives, out of breath.

ZEKE

I knew panic would become running.

He spots Grish.

Then the van through the trees.

Something enormous under a tarp inside.

ZEKE (CONT'D)

Why is there a man, a van, and a tarp situation?

GRISH

Three unrelated anomalies.

He tips his potato hat.

GRISH (CONT'D)

I am Grish. Mission leader.

Zeke stares at him.

ZEKE

Zeke. Sweet hat. Respect.

Grish nods once.

Lila aims her concern at Evan.

LILA

What are you doing?!

EVAN

Helping Grish stop the stone.

LILA

And what do you get?

Evan holds up his hands.

EVAN

Control.

Lila absorbs that.

LILA

Evan. You can't... bring her back.

EVAN

I... brought a rose back to life.

LILA

That's not what I mean.

Zeke studies Evan.

ZEKE  
You made a flower undead?

Evan catches Lila's gaze.

LILA  
I saw.

He nods.

EVAN  
And you're part of this too.

Lila crosses her arms.

LILA  
How is that?

Evan holds up her folded cafe sketch.

LILA (CONT'D)  
You stole my drawing?

GRISH  
Recovered.

Lila snatches it... returning it to her sketchbook...  
Next to the mower doodle.

She freezes.

EVAN  
You see... what connects people.

Lila looks at him sharply.

EVAN (CONT'D)  
Maybe the gemstone chose you too.

Grish nods once.

LILA  
And that's why you came for me?

EVAN  
One test. If I'm right, you'll see.  
Please believe me.

Lila looks back toward camp. Then at Evan.

LILA

I believe... that you want all this  
to be true.

That lands. Evan looks away.

LILA (CONT'D)

But I'm not getting in that van.

A LOW HUM rises behind the trees.

Through the brush...  
Beneath the van's tarp...  
The machine GLOWS GOLD.

Golden pinpoints appear at Lila's fingertips.

Evan leans in.

Grish goes still, a slight smile.

GRISH

Lila. Look. It feels you.

She looks to her hands. The strands SNAP away.

Zeke takes one involuntary step back.

ZEKE

Glowy fingers. New category of  
reality.

Lila's jaw tightens.

EVAN

Don't you want to understand this  
too?

She looks from the glowing van to camp... then Evan.

LILA

Fine. But I'm still not calling  
this a good idea.

GRISH

So she's joining willingly. Can we  
please get that on record?

A distant PEEP.

Zeke checks camp, already calculating.

ZEKE

Marty's starting cabin checks. We can't just disappear.

GRISH

We need to vacate the premises.

ZEKE

I can buy us time, but I need ten minutes.

GRISH

You get four.

ZEKE

Six. Plus improvisation?

Grish grimaces, throwing his arms up.

GRISH

Make it quick!

Zeke searches his vest.

ZEKE

Perfect. Dental floss. Binder clips. But I need a fan--

Grish digs through his van.

GRISH

Got it.

ZEKE

Oscillating?

GRISH

Of course.

EVAN

Zeke... what are you doing?

Zeke smiles heroically.

ZEKE

Adapting to our environment.

EXT. CAMP FAITHFUL - DAY

Camp pathway lights flicker on as Zeke slips between shadows like the least graceful spy alive.

He rolls under a picnic table.

Gets tangled in a volleyball net.  
Freezes as Marty passes with his clipboard.

Zeke slips away.

INT. CABIN MARMOT - MOMENTS LATER

Empty bunks.

Zeke bursts in, getting to work...

He stuffs pillows and rain jackets into three sleeping bags.

He rigs the fan to tug the floss, lifting the sleeping bags  
in tiny, fake breaths.

A sketchbook lands on one bunk.  
A color-coded itinerary on another.  
Eclipse glasses on the last.

Zeke steps back. Smiles.

Three campers appear to sleep peacefully.

He CLICKS off the light.

EXT. CABIN MARMOT - CONTINUOUS

Zeke dives out the window.

Taped to the front door:  
"CABIN REFLECTION TIME. PLEASE RESPECT OUR PROCESS."

A whistle lightly PEEPS nearby.

INT. GRISH'S VAN - MOVING - LATER

Light fades as Grish speeds down a winding back road.

Too fast.

EVAN  
Is this speed necessary?

GRISH  
We're already behind.

EVAN  
Behind what?

GRISH

The sun.

The machine bumps between crates and buckets.  
Evan and Lila hang onto it.  
The chamber gives a faint glow.

Zeke inspects the machine.

ZEKE

Fascinating prototype.

He touches the SKULL-AND-CROSSBONES warning label panel.

ZEKE (CONT'D)

Gnarly sticker.

GRISH

Paws off!

Zeke jumps back.

ZEKE

Copy that. Creating a mental chart.

The van hits a rut.  
The machine lurches forward.  
Evan catches it before it crushes Lila.

EVAN

Grish! Slow down!

GRISH

We're on borrowed time already.

Maite's pendant slips free from beneath Evan's shirt.

Lila notices.  
Their eyes meet.  
Evan quietly tucks it beneath his shirt.

Zeke sees too.

ZEKE

So what's your power?

EVAN

I'm still figuring it out.

GRISH

Resurrection.

ZEKE

Does that include... people?

Evan touches the pendant beneath his shirt.

EVAN  
I don't know yet.

ZEKE  
But you're gonna try?

Evan stares out the window.

EVAN  
That's why I'm here.

Lila leans in.

LILA  
Even if you can... have you thought  
about what she'd come back to?

Evan touches the pendant.

EVAN  
I know what she'd want.

He waits for Lila to agree.  
She looks away.

GRISH (O.S.)  
Hang on!

The van BUMPS.

LILA  
This still feels like a bad idea.

GRISH  
An idea you entered voluntarily.

LILA  
Because your machine glowed at me.

GRISH  
It made a compelling argument!

Evan and Lila exchange a look.

ZEKE  
For the record, I joined because of  
abandonment reflexes... and  
possible snacks.

They hold on through another BUMP.

Evan places a hand on Lila's arm.

EVAN

One test. If I'm right, you'll understand.

She nods.

The van suddenly LIFTS.

Everyone and everything AIRBORNE.

Then... SLAMS down.

GRISH

Excellent. Everyone's alert.

Zeke wipes his brow.

ZEKE

Alertness is not the issue.

The machine HUMS.

Lila senses something... holding her temple.

The paper needle scratches.

The glass chamber gives a faint golden glow.

The HUM grows LOUDER.

Lila reaches into her backpack.

She pulls on her headphones.

Presses them tighter... wincing.

Her eyes snap to Evan.

The van swerves.

The machine shifts toward him!

Lila lunges for Evan, shoving him clear.

She grabs for the machine to stop it...

Her hand lands on the second handle.

One gauge BURSTS alive.

Golden light BLOOMS through the chamber.

Golden dust strands ERUPT throughout the van.

Lila... Machine... Connected.

Zeke's eyes grow wide. He pinches a strand in wonder.

ZEKE (CONT'D)

What ancient magic is this?

Grish brushes away golden strands like they're spiderwebs.

GRISH  
Sweet Baby Moses.

The van's headlights FLICKER.

The paper needle races.

Lila stares at the glowing chamber.  
The golden strands wrap around her fingers.  
She tries to pull away... Can't.

She closes her eyes...  
Pinning her headphones to her ears...  
Almost in pain.

BLACK.

Everything electrical dies.

Only the chamber glows gold.

ZEKE  
This is not on my chart.

Grish SLAMS the brakes.

EXT. DIRT ROAD PULLOUT - CONTINUOUS

Gravel sprays.  
Dust settles.

Silence.

The van... hangs SUSPENDED IN MID-AIR over open canyon.  
Peaceful.

INT. GRISH'S VAN - CONTINUOUS

The golden strands lace throughout the van's frame.  
Zeke slowly looks out the window... straight down.

ZEKE  
Updating... my... chart.

Lila still grips her handle.  
Eyes closed.  
Terrified.

LILA  
What's happening?

EVAN  
Lila! Look at me.

LILA  
Am I... doing this?

She slowly opens her eyes... full of tears.

LILA (CONT'D)  
I can feel... everything.

EVAN  
I know. You always do.

Evan places a hand on her hand... then on a machine handle.

The whole van VIBRATES RED AND GOLD.

Evan takes a deep breath.

Lila does too.

The van eases backward.  
An inch. Another. Another.  
The van settles firmly into gravel.

They both release from their handles.  
The golden strands fade away...  
Lila's fingers tremble.

She exhales, lowering her headphones.

LILA  
What just happened?

Evan gives her a small smile.

EVAN  
You did it.

Grish tears off the paper strip.

Lila looks at Evan.

LILA  
I almost killed us all.

EVAN  
No. You saved us all.

GRISH  
*Connection.*

Lila watches the fading golden strands.

LILA  
Why would the gemstone choose me?

EVAN  
Our first trip together as a new...  
family.

Lila smiles.

LILA  
Dan was so sunburned. He loves  
Yellowstone.

Evan gives a small laugh.

EVAN  
Because my mom did.

LILA  
He wanted to show us everything.

She looks at Evan.

LILA (CONT'D)  
You did too.

EVAN  
Happiest I'd been in a long time.

LILA  
Me too.

Lila watches the last golden strands fade.

LILA (CONT'D)  
But I wasn't afraid. Or angry. I  
was the opposite of all that.

Grish folds his hands in reverence.

GRISH  
Maybe big feelings aren't always  
bad ones.

Zeke blinks.

ZEKE  
New chart... The van floated. Lila  
saved us.  
(MORE)

ZEKE (CONT'D)

Evan was somehow involved. I'm unclear on everything.

GRISH

No more detours. Next stop Old Faithful.

Zeke surveys the machine.

ZEKE

Problem! Nobody gets this contraption into a national park.

Silence.

EVAN

Fair point. Mission leader?

Grish grimaces.

GRISH

Okay, one more detour.

A grin.

GRISH (CONT'D)

We need Chameleon.

ZEKE

Animal... concept... or felony?

GRISH

All of the above.

Evan gives a questioning look.

Grish puts the van into gear.

GRISH (CONT'D)

Hold on!

Evan offers Lila his hand.  
She takes it.

Headlights cut into the darkness.

INT. AMAIA'S CABIN - NIGHT

A small, portable trailer cabin.

Amaia eats noodles from a paper carton, surrounded by field gear and seismic printouts.

Her laptop streams a recorded Yellowstone press conference.

HARKER (ON LAPTOP)  
All geothermal activity remains  
normal. We're expecting huge  
eclipse viewing crowds tomorrow at  
Old Faithful.

Amaia slams her fork into the carton.

Her seismic monitor CHIRPS.  
Fresh data scrolls across the screen.  
Her phone BUZZES.

Her phone's lock screen: a LARGE FAMILY PHOTO.

TEXT FROM AMA: "First day okay, *maitea*?"

Amaia smiles.

Another SHARP SPIKE races across the monitor.

Her smile fades.

AMAIA  
Is anyone else listening?

She looks out the window... steam drifts in the moonlight.

INT. CABIN MARMOT - NIGHT

Marty opens the door a crack.

Three sleeping-bag lumps rise and fall.

Marty smiles, relieved.

MARTY  
Great job, Marmots.

He closes the door.

One lump slowly slides off the bunk with a THUMP.

EXT. LONG HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Headlights sweep across a roadside sign:  
"IDAHO NATIONAL LABORATORY"

Grish's van turns onto a lonely side road.

EXT. RESTRICTED STORAGE FACILITY - NIGHT

Dark. Too quiet.

Chain-link fence. Security lights. Cameras.

A GUARD in a shack watches a tiny TV.

Beyond the fence, a huge, windowless warehouse.

Grish's van creeps into view.

INT. GRISH'S VAN - CONTINUOUS

Grish kills the engine.

He manually cranks down the window with a loud SQUEAK.

Everyone SHUSHES him.

EXT. RESTRICTED STORAGE FACILITY - CONTINUOUS

Grish slaps a magnetic decal onto the van:  
"IDAHO DEPARTMENT OF FISH & WILDLIFE"

The team creeps past the guard shack to the fence.

Zeke proudly produces bolt cutters... Too small.  
Then a collapsible extension.

Evan places a hand on the rusted lock.

Lila gives him a nod.

Evan's eyes narrow.  
The lock briefly shudders... GLOWS RED... CLICKS open.

The gate swings open.

Zeke quietly retracts the extension, disappointed.

A security camera pans toward them.  
Golden strands bloom from Lila to the camera.  
She tugs one.

The camera swings.  
Past them.  
Right at Grish...

Who pancakes himself onto the asphalt.

Evan and Lila fight a laugh.

The camera pans away.

The golden strands crowd around Lila.  
She sways. Evan catches her.  
The strands fade away.

She nods. They hurry inside the fenced perimeter.

EXT. RESTRICTED STORAGE FACILITY - SIDE DOOR - MOMENTS LATER

A security keypad.  
Grish punches in four numbers.  
GREEN.

EVAN  
How'd you do that?

GRISH  
I installed this door.

LILA  
So you worked here?

Grish pauses.

GRISH  
I was briefly tolerated.

The door opens.

INT. RESTRICTED STORAGE FACILITY - CONTINUOUS

Overhead lights CLUNK on.  
An enormous, spotless warehouse.  
Empty.

Evan steps carefully through the room.

Dust drifts... bending around something... massive.

Lila notices.  
She reaches out.

LILA  
Evan, watch out!

Evan freezes, reaching forward... A SHIMMER ripples.

CLUNK.

Zeke bounces backward.

ZEKE

Ow! Think I found it.

Out of nowhere, a small control pad tumbles to the floor.

On the screen: one graphic icon... a chameleon.

GRISH

Bingo.

Zeke fiddles with the control pad.

The shimmering cloak disappears... revealing a huge military vehicle beneath.

Then it's invisible again.

GRISH (CONT'D)

We gotta move quick.

Grish pries open an electrical panel... yanks a wire.

ALARMS BLARE.

A loading dock door raises and Grish sprints outside.

The kids stare.

ZEKE

Did he just flee the scene?

Footsteps running down the hall.

EVAN

Forget Grish! Get the cloak!

Lila grabs one edge.

Evan another.

EVAN (CONT'D)

Pull! Now!

WHOOMPH.

The cloak tears free... and drops over the entire team.  
Everything vanishes.

The warehouse door BURSTS open.  
The Guard rushes in...

The military vehicle sits exactly where it should.

Then... A can of beans slowly ROLLS across the floor.

UNDER THE CLOAK

Everyone silently stares at Zeke.

ZEKE  
(whispers)  
Sorry. Emergency protein.

BACK TO SCENE

The can stops at the Guard's boot.  
He reaches for his radio.

WHOOOSH!

Sprinklers ERUPT overhead.  
The Guard slips all over the floor.

Water hammers the invisible cloak.  
The cloak flickers violently.

BEEP. BEEP. BEEP.

Grish reverses the van straight inside.

INT. GRISH'S VAN - MOMENTS LATER

The shimmering cloak now drapes over the entire van.

Evan and Lila hang onto the machine for dear life.

Zeke lands in back mashing on the control pad.

Grish floors it.

GRISH  
Full cloak! Now!

ZEKE  
I'm trying! The interface is  
unfriendly.

GRISH  
Be friendlier!

ZEKE  
I'm pressing every friendly-looking  
button!

EXT. RESTRICTED STORAGE FACILITY - CONTINUOUS

The van blasts through the gate.

Invisible.  
Visible.  
Invisible.

Then... a giant can of beans races down the road.

GRISH (O.S.)  
Why are we beans?!

The beans flicker... then disappear.

The guard watches the empty road.

GUARD  
(into radio)  
Possible theft of invisible...  
Beans?

EXT. DESERT ROAD - NIGHT

The cloaked van rattles into darkness.

INT. GRISH'S VAN - MOVING - NIGHT

Wet. Breathless. Electric.

GRISH  
Why were we beans?!

Evan looks at Lila. Then Zeke.  
The three burst out laughing.

Grish does not.

Zeke swipes through the Chameleon control pad.

The cloak FLICKERS... gravel, beans, night sky.

The machine shifts toward them.

Evan stumbles to the van's floor.

Lila braces against the machine... still sliding.

LILA  
Evan!

GRISH  
Hang on!

Grish reaches back to steady the machine.  
His hand lands on the third handle.

A dark pulse ripples through the chamber.

Lila's eyes widen.

Grish freezes.

He quickly lets go.

The machine settles.

Evan pulls himself up... he didn't see.

Lila looks from the fading chamber pulse... to Grish.

He avoids her eyes.

EXT. YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK ENTRANCE - LATER

The cloaked van rolls beneath a wooden arch:

"YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK"

EXT. YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK - CONTINUOUS

The van rattles past a boardwalk.

Past Amaia's freshly staked lodgepole pine sapling.

The little tree straightens.

Its needles QUIVER...

Toward the passing van.

The van keeps going.

INT. DAILY RESIDENCE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Dan lies awake.

Eyes open.

Claire sits up beside him.

CLAIRE

Can't sleep either?

DAN

Nope.

CLAIRE

So we're going?

DAN

Yup.

They throw off the covers.

CLAIRE  
I'll start coffee.

INT. GRISH'S VAN - MOVING - NIGHT

Grish checks his watch.

In the rearview mirror, Lila and Zeke snooze in back.

Evan draws the pendant from beneath his shirt.

GRISH  
Your mother's necklace?

Evan nods once.

Grish nods back.

GRISH (CONT'D)  
There.

Beyond the windshield, Old Faithful's steam glows in the moonlight.

The place from the photograph. The mug. Every summer before.

Deep within the distant steam... a faint red pulse.

The van disappears into the basin.

INT. AMAIA'S CABIN - NIGHT

Darkness, except for a laptop glow.

Amaia snoozes at her tiny table, cheek on a seismic printout.  
Cold noodles spill out beside her.

Her phone BUZZES.

TEXT FROM AMA: "Going to bed?"

SKRRRT. Her portable seismograph scratches hard.

Amaia wakes... checking the device.

Not a tremor. A pattern.

Three sharp spikes. A pause. Three more.

SHE TYPES: "Going for a walk."

Amaia studies the patterns.

AMAIA  
What... are you...?

She plugs the seismograph into her laptop.

A rough SENSOR MAP of the basin appears:

-- Old Faithful blinks. Normal.  
-- Another signal pings nearby.  
-- It pings again. Closer.  
-- Moving toward Old Faithful.

AMAIA (CONT'D)  
You are not geothermal.

Her phone BUZZES again.

AMAIA (CONT'D)  
(to her phone)  
Yes, Ama. I have bear spray.

She grabs her boots.

Through the window, a patch of trees flickers.  
Tree. No tree. Half a tree.

EXT. SERVICE ROAD PULLOUT - NIGHT

The cloaked van flickers to a stop in the moonlight.

Van. No van. Half a van.

The doors fly open.  
Evan is already moving.

Zeke climbs out, wrinkles his nose.

ZEKE  
What's that smell?

EVAN  
Yellowstone.

Zeke takes another cautious sniff.

ZEKE  
Smells better in photographs.

Beyond the trees... Old Faithful's gemstone faintly glows in the distance.

EVAN  
Why are we stopping?

GRISH

Brittle ground in the basin. We  
carry it from here.

They unload the machine to the ground with a CLUNK.

Evan and Zeke throw the Chameleon cloak over it.

One polished handle pokes free.  
Grish covers it beneath the cloak.  
Lila watches him.

EVAN

And how exactly are we getting  
this... all the way down there?

GRISH

Willpower.

Evan struggles to lift his side.

Zeke joins.

ZEKE

This thing weighs more than  
optimism.

They all strain to carry it forward.

It drops to the ground.

GRISH

I'll get the dolly.

Grish digs through the van.

Lila corners him.

LILA

Why did the machine respond to you?

Silence.

Her eyes narrow.

LILA (CONT'D)

It chose you... first.

Grish has no answer.

EVAN (O.S.)

Chose who first?

Grish turns to face Evan.

GRISH  
The first year... the stone chose  
fear.

Grish slumps. Small.

GRISH (CONT'D)  
His name was Marley.

QUICK FLASHES:

-- MARLEY, the old dog, riding shotgun beside Grish.  
-- An empty passenger seat.

BACK TO SCENE

GRISH (CONT'D)  
He was my oldest pal. That year  
I... had to put him down. Told  
myself it was the right thing. So  
the stone handed me exactly what  
I'd become...

He looks at his hands.

GRISH (CONT'D)  
*Destruction.*

Grish stares dead ahead.

GRISH (CONT'D)  
I held onto him until the very end.  
Then... I let go.

Silence.

GRISH (CONT'D)  
After that, I broke almost  
everything I touched. I made sure  
it never happened again.

Evan looks away.

EVAN  
So you can power the machine too?  
Stop the stone? Why'd you even need  
us then?

GRISH  
Because I can't do it alone.

Evan steps toward him.

EVAN

How does any of this help me get my  
mom back?

Grish can't answer.

LILA

It doesn't.

Her words hit hard.

EVAN

You let me believe--

Grish looks at Evan's pendant.  
Then meets his eyes.

GRISH

Yes.

Evan stares him down.

GRISH (CONT'D)

I destroy things. You gave me hope.

EVAN

You gave *me* hope. You lied to me!

Grish looks at Evan... empty.

Lila instinctively takes one step back.

LILA

Grish?

His hands tighten into fists.

A loose rock beside Grish's boot TREMBLES.

LILA (CONT'D)

Evan! Back!

Grish tries to open his fists.

Lila's face falls.

POP.

The rock bursts into gritty dust.  
Black traces escape his fists.  
Grish recoils.

Silence.

GRISH

The hard part's not knowing what  
you're gonna destroy next.

EVAN

You don't get to tell me what the  
hard part is!

Grish looks away.

GRISH

Maite... She never let anyone carry  
the hard parts alone.

Evan looks down.

EVAN

I'm done. With all of it.

LILA

Evan.

EVAN

I'll do it myself.

He turns away.

LILA

Evan!

She steps in front of him.

LILA (CONT'D)

Stop trying to put everything  
back the way it was.

EVAN

What? Before anything gets hurt?!

She swallows hard.

LILA

Evan, you can't bring her back!

EVAN

She wasn't your mom!

Silence.

LILA

No. She was yours.

Lila steadies herself.

LILA (CONT'D)

But we're your family too. If she  
came back... what happens to my  
mom? To us?

Evan has no answer. He looks away.

Lila's anger gives way.

LILA (CONT'D)

Losing her doesn't mean we have to  
lose you too.

Her eyes water.

GRISH

Evan, do not make my mistake.

Evan tromps off into the woods.

Lila watches.

A golden strand reaches after Evan...

Grish catches her arm.

GRISH (CONT'D)

Don't.

LILA

Why?!

GRISH

He needs to choose.

LILA

Let go!

Grish doesn't.

GRISH

Exactly.

She realizes.

Grish releases her.

Her golden strands snap.

ZEKE

Dude...

Evan is gone.

EXT. YELLOWSTONE WOODS - NIGHT

Evan crashes through the dark.

LILA (O.S.)

Evan!

He finds a freshly broken wildflower. Determined.

EVAN

Wake up.

Nothing.

EVAN (CONT'D)

Wake up!

He looks all around.

EVAN (CONT'D)

Mom.

Nothing.

EVAN (CONT'D)

I need you to be here!

The woods answer with silence.

His fingers tap that same little pattern against his leg.

The faint ACCORDION MELODY his mother taught him returns beneath the tapping.

Evan closes his eyes. Keeps tapping.

He pulls the pendant out from under his shirt.

He watches a single red thread drift past.  
It catches on a branch... slips free...

Evan follows.

A FLASHLIGHT explodes through the darkness.

AMAIA (O.S.)

Hands where I can see them!

Evan freezes.

Amaia steps between the pines. Field bag over one shoulder.  
Radio clipped at her chest. Bear spray ready in one hand.

AMAIA (CONT'D)  
Where is it?

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

Amaia gestures down.

AMAIA  
The ground does.

EVAN  
Are you a ranger?

AMAIA  
Worse. Geologist.

Her flashlight catches the sticker on Evan's shirt:  
"HELLO, MY NAME IS: QUALITY CONTROL"

AMAIA (CONT'D)  
Quality Control? Of what?

EVAN  
Absolutely nothing.

She lowers the bear spray a bit.

AMAIA  
Listen, I've been tracking a signal  
across half the basin. And it just  
landed right behind those trees.

Evan says nothing.

His hand instinctively covers the pendant.

Amaia's flashlight catches it.  
She pauses.

She pockets the bear spray, then draws back her sleeve.  
Turns the flashlight toward her wrist.

Her lauburu tattoo. The same shape as his pendant.

Evan looks from her wrist to her face.

EVAN  
You're Basque.

AMAIA  
You are too?

She nods toward the pendant.

EVAN  
This was my mom's.

Amaia lowers the flashlight.

AMAIA  
What's her name?

EVAN  
Her name... was Maite.

Amaia softens.

AMAIA  
I'm... sorry.

She notices the wildflower still clutched in his hand.

AMAIA (CONT'D)  
I've been on a wild goose chase all  
day and now everything makes even  
less sense.

EVAN  
I can relate.

She lifts the handheld seismograph.  
Its signal trembles.

AMAIA  
Whatever you're hiding out here...  
show me.

Evan takes a deep breath.

EXT. SERVICE ROAD PULLOUT - NIGHT

Lila paces.

Zeke watches the ground.

ZEKE  
Does my being nervous make you  
pace? Because your pacing makes me  
nervous.

Grish tries to lift the machine.

GRISH  
Come on. We're behind schedule.

LILA

No. We're not leaving him. He's out there because of you.

GRISH

He's out there because the stone turns grief into a weapon.

AMAIA (O.S.)

So it's a weapon?

Everyone turns.

Amaia steps out of the trees... Evan beside her.

ZEKE

Scary forest woman.  
(a tiny bow)  
Zeke Bellweather.

Amaia studies the group... kids... Grish.

AMAIA

Who's the potato farmer?

EVAN, LILA, & ZEKE

Grish.

AMAIA

Answers. Now!

Evan pulls back the Chameleon cloak.

EVAN

This... is the machine.

Amaia checks her seismograph... nodding.

AMAIA

That's what I've been tracking.

GRISH

So much for stealth.

She looks toward Old Faithful.

AMAIA

Explain how this... thing... is in sync with the tremors.

Evan pauses.

EVAN

Listen, it's a long story, but  
we've gotta get this down to Old  
Faithful.

Amaia lets out a LAUGH, eyeing the machine.

AMAIA

Before I even begin to ask *why*...  
how exactly were you planning to  
haul this monstrosity across a  
protected, fragile basin?

The ground RUMBLES.

The machine LURCHES.

Without thinking... Evan grabs one handle.  
Lila watches him... grabs another.  
Grish hesitates... then grabs the third.

All three gauges TREMBLE.  
The paper needle SCREECHES.  
The chamber GLOWS... Red. Gold. Black.

Dust lifts.  
Pebbles tremble.

THE MACHINE RISES... HOVERING.

Another inch.

Nobody breathes.

Wonder floods Evan... Lila... Grish...

ZEKE

Dude! I want a superpower.

The three instinctively guide the machine forward.

Amaia circles the scene.

AMAIA

Impossible.

Evan glances at Lila.

A breathless laugh escapes them both.

They join their free hands.

Grish tightens his grip.

The machine steadies between them... HOVERING.

Amaia watches in utter shock.

Zeke throws the Chameleon cloak over it.

The cloak flickers...

Half machine. Half forest. Mostly impossible.

They begin moving the machine toward Old Faithful.

Amaia steps in their way.

GRISH

We don't need supervision.

She holds up her seismograph.

AMAIA

Same signature. Same tremors. This  
shouldn't be possible... but it is.  
I'm coming whether you like it or  
not.

She looks at her radio... switches it OFF.

AMAIA (CONT'D)

Tell me everything. Start at the  
beginning.

Evan nods.

Amaia follows closely.

ZEKE

Can I be in charge of the  
magnifying glass?

GRISH

Focusing lens!

They steer the hovering machine forward, disappearing into  
the darkness under a sea of stars.

EXT. OLD FAITHFUL - MAINTENANCE SHED - NIGHT

Steam drifts across the moonlit basin.

A rundown, wooden maintenance shed leans between two trees.

The chameleon-cloaked machine rests outside.

A faint HUM.

INT. OLD FAITHFUL - MAINTENANCE SHED - CONTINUOUS

Dusty. Forgotten. Falling apart.

The team settles onto the musty floor.

Amaia studies hurried notes.

Lila sketches a hand-drawn map of the geyser basin.

Evan watches the hidden machine through a dirty window.

EVAN

Good thing is, now we're mostly  
invisible too.

ZEKE

If only humans had a cloak mode.

Evan anxiously fiddles with the wilted wildflower.

Amaia looks between them.

AMAIA

So. The gemstone chooses someone  
every solstice. We're trying to  
stop it. But how?

GRISH

The eclipse weakens the stone. But  
we need the last sunlight to carry  
our powers into it.

Amaia ponders that, holding up a printout.

AMAIA

That tracks. Tremors start when the  
sun rises. And grow stronger  
throughout the day.

GRISH

Light fades. Stone weakens. That's  
when we strike.

AMAIA

So a very small window.

EVAN

So your data backs this up?

AMAIA  
The sunlight part. Your...  
superpowers? Recap those.

LILA  
He breaks things, I connect  
things...

EVAN  
And I wake things.

Amaia studies them.

AMAIA  
Prove it.

Evan's fingers find his mother's pendant.  
He opens his hand to hold up the wildflower.

The flower slowly opens. Alive.

Amaia gently takes the flower... studies it.

AMAIA (CONT'D)  
Oh-my-god. This is witchcraft.

ZEKE  
Dude.

Lila gently touches a petal.

LILA  
Evan. Your control. It's stronger  
now.

He nods once.

LILA (CONT'D)  
Your... mom...

EVAN  
I still don't know how.

Evan turns to Grish.

EVAN (CONT'D)  
How did you learn control?

Grish looks out at the gemstone.

GRISH  
When the moment comes... don't  
hesitate.

Zeke yawns.

ZEKE  
Is sleep part of the mission?

GRISH  
No.

His eyes settle firmly on the cloaked machine outside.

INT. OLD FAITHFUL - MAINTENANCE SHED - LATER

Grish SNORES loudly against the wall.

Everyone else lounges, covering their ears.

Evan stands watch.

INT. DAILY FAMILY CAR - MOVING - LATER

Dan drives through darkness.

Claire wakes beneath a Yellowstone blanket. Looks into the back seat.

Pillows. Eclipse glasses. A backpack bursting with socks.

CLAIRE  
You packed for one night, right?

DAN  
Your confidence in Yellowstone is reckless.

He gives her a playful glance.

CLAIRE  
And surprising the kids at sunrise is not helicopter parenting?

DAN  
Traveling is not hovering.

Claire smiles, then looks out at the distant mountains.

CLAIRE  
I knew you wouldn't let this trip go.

Dan looks down the road ahead.

Claire reaches across and takes his hand.

Their headlights disappear into the night.

INT. OLD FAITHFUL - MAINTENANCE SHED - LATER

Early dawn glows through the dusty window.

Evan blinks awake.

Lila sleeps on the wooden floor.

Amaia snoozes against her field bag.

Zeke hugs the folded Chameleon control pad.

Grish... is gone.

Evan slips outside.

EXT. OLD FAITHFUL - MAINTENANCE SHED - CONTINUOUS

The invisible machine HUMS.

One corner of the cloak hangs open.

Evan approaches.

Grish kneels beside the machine's open access panel.

A flashlight in his teeth.

The skull-and-crossbones sticker... is broken.

EVAN

What are you doing?

Grish startles.

GRISH

Making sure we only have to do this  
once.

He reaches deep inside the machine.

A soft CLICK.

Grish holds up a silver metal cartridge: THE LIMITER.

EVAN

What's that?

GRISH

Limiter. Stops the machine from  
draining us dry.

EVAN

Meaning?

GRISH

I'm willing to accept this as a  
potential kamikaze mission.

Evan doesn't laugh.

EVAN

Even if it fries the machine? Or  
worse...

Grish meets his eyes.

GRISH

I won't let anything happen to you.  
Or Lila. Promise.

EVAN

So you don't need us.

GRISH

Wrong. I can't wake it. Connect it.  
But maybe I can deliver a final  
blow.

He slams the panel closed.

EVAN

What if you're wrong?

Grish considers him.

GRISH

Wouldn't be my first failure.

He taps Evan's pendant.

GRISH (CONT'D)

And if I'm wrong... you figure out  
the rest.

He offers Evan the limiter.

GRISH (CONT'D)

Take it.

EVAN

What do I do with this?

GRISH

Souvenir.

Evan hesitates... then takes it.

Grish exhales.

GRISH (CONT'D)  
Keep this between us?

Evan closes his hand around the limiter.

GRISH (CONT'D)  
Or they won't let me... finish the mission.

Grish studies him.

GRISH (CONT'D)  
Will you?

Evan thinks about it.

EVAN  
Yeah.

GRISH  
Can I ask why?

Evan's hand touches his pendant.

EVAN  
I trust you.

GRISH  
Wrong order. I haven't earned your trust yet.

EVAN  
Order doesn't always matter.

The first rays of sunlight touch the tops of the pines.

The machine's HUM deepens.

EXT. OLD FAITHFUL - PARKING AREA - DAY

A rainbow of colors paints the Yellowstone horizon.

Dan drinks from a giant coffee tumbler beside the family car.

Claire folds up a well-worn Yellowstone map.

A low RUMBLE moves beneath them.

Coffee ripples over the rim.

A fresh crack HISSES, venting steam near the edge of the parking lot.

Dan watches it carefully.

DAN  
Huh.

Claire follows his gaze.

CLAIRE  
Normal?

Dan shakes his head.

DAN  
Not necessarily.

Another distant RUMBLE rolls through the basin.

Dan checks his watch.

DAN (CONT'D)  
Camp heads to Old Faithful after  
breakfast.

Dan reaches into the back seat and carefully lifts a single fresh red rose.

Claire smiles.

Dan nods.

He gently closes the car door.

They head toward Old Faithful.

EXT. OLD FAITHFUL - GEYSER BASIN - DAY

Low sunlight catches steam everywhere.  
The whole basin seems to smolder.

Tourists disappear into the vapor, then emerge farther down the boardwalk.

EXT. YELLOWSTONE - PATHWAY - DAY

Cars stopped on the road.  
Pedestrians stopped on the adjoining path.

Causing the backup... one massive BISON.  
Half on the asphalt. Half on the path. Chewing.

Dan stands a little too close, clutching his rose.  
The bison stares at him.  
Dan stares back.

Claire hooks a finger through Dan's backpack strap.  
Gently reels him backward.

CLAIRE  
And we're still not hovering?

DAN  
Currently not even traveling.

The bison shifts its weight.  
Both lines inch forward.

The bison sits.

Everyone GROANS.

Dense trees block the sky.

DAN (CONT'D)  
Just don't wanna miss the eclipse.

The bison continues chewing.

EXT. OLD FAITHFUL - GEYSER BASIN - LATER

Families. Tour groups. Cameras. Tripods. Rangers.

A few eclipse glasses rise.  
A quiet murmur rolls through the crowd.

Overhead, the ECLIPSE begins...  
A first tiny bite vanishes from the sun.

INT. OLD FAITHFUL - MAINTENANCE SHED - DAY

Raising the control pad, Zeke peeks through the window.

ZEKE  
Congratulations, campers.

Through the window, the cloak perfectly hides the machine.

ZEKE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
We've successfully hidden an  
essential hunk of junk at America's  
most famous tourist trap.

Evan high-fives Zeke.

EVAN  
Couldn't do this without you.

Lila steps in front of Evan, arms crossed.

LILA  
Where were you this morning?

EVAN  
Standing watch.

Lila doesn't buy it.

LILA  
(quieter)  
I don't trust Grish. He's still  
hiding something.

Evan takes this in.

Amaia switches on her park radio.

HARKER (ON RADIO)  
--total eclipse thirty minutes out.  
Visitors should now keep eclipse  
glasses on.

STATIC.

HARKER (ON RADIO) (CONT'D)  
Amaia Iturralde?

She jumps.

HARKER (ON RADIO) (CONT'D)  
Location? Come in.

She quickly shuts the radio off.

Heavy FOOTSTEPS outside.  
Everyone freezes.

A shadow fills the dirty window.  
Zeke slowly leans away.

A BISON peers inside.  
Chewing.

Zeke leans in to stare back.

A DEEP RUMBLE rolls through the earth.  
Everyone grabs hold as the shed SHUDDERS.

Outside, the bison lifts its head.

Then lumbers away.

Amaia switches her radio back on, quiet.

HARKER (CONT'D)  
Geology? That tremor was  
substantial. What's our evacuation  
threshold?

Her eyes narrow.

AMAIA  
Bit late for that, Harker.

She switches the radio off and studies her seismograph.

AMAIA (CONT'D)  
The tremors are... getting  
stronger.

EVAN  
What does that mean?

Grish watches the cloaked machine.

Lila watches him.

GRISH  
It means we get one chance to stop  
the stone. Nobody wanders. Remain  
invisible!

ZEKE  
We are still incognito.

He scans the crowd... his face changes.

ZEKE (CONT'D)  
Uncle Jefe?

A CHURRO VAN slowly pulls into place.

The serving window swings open.

ZEKE (CONT'D)  
Perfect. Pre-disaster churro  
opportunity.

Evan peers out the window...  
The eclipse. The growing crowd. The gemstone.

Amaia studies her seismograph. Her eyes widen.

The GROUND SHAKES!

Evan watches through the window... his face goes pale.

EVAN  
You guys...

GRISH  
What? What!

Lila grabs Evan's arm.

Everyone follows Evan's gaze.

THROUGH THE WINDOW

A pebble tumbles out from beneath the gemstone.

The gemstone SHIFTS.

Evan doesn't blink.

EVAN  
The gemstone... just moved.

ZEKE  
Dude...

A LOW RUMBLE groans beneath the boardwalk.  
Tourists CHEER.

Grish frowns.

GRISH  
To your battle stations. Now!

Amaia's face drains.

AMAIA  
Stay off the thermal crust!

EXT. OLD FAITHFUL - GEYSER BASIN - DAY

The sunlight grows stranger. Steam billows.  
Crowds in eclipse glasses look up.

UNDER THE CLOAK... the whole team huddles.

The machine HUMS louder.

Amaia clutches her radio.

HARKER (ON RADIO)  
Just minutes til totality.

Grish CRACKS his neck.

Another RUMBLE. Steam HISSES from nearby vents.

GRISH

Final check. Evan, Lila--handles.  
Zeke, lens. Aim it at the stone.

Zeke salutes.

ZEKE

Aye aye. So, I'm mission control?

GRISH

Just don't lose the sun.

Grish leans toward Amaia and her seismograph.

GRISH (CONT'D)

Lots of tremors.

She gives a worried nod.

Grish checks the crowd. Eclipse glasses tilted upward.

GRISH (CONT'D)

Ready...

They pull away the cloak.  
The machine rests exposed.

The whole crowd is watching the sky.

Evan freezes.

EVAN

Lila...

She sees too.

On the boardwalk... Dan and Claire approach the crowd.

Evan gulps.

EVAN (CONT'D)

Our family's here.

Amaia's eyes grow wide.

AMAIA

I know the feeling.

Amaia's huge family gathers to look upward at the eclipse.

Zeke holds up binoculars.

ZEKE  
Churro cart's still here.

GRISH  
Mission control! Sunbeam!

Zeke dons his eclipse glasses and heroically swings the giant lens toward the sun...

Another violent RUMBLE.  
A nearby geyser EXPLODES skyward.  
The sunlight shifts darker.

GRISH (CONT'D)  
Handles... now!

Evan takes one handle. Lila the next. Grish the third.

CLICK. CLICK. CLICK.

The machine awakens.  
The chamber comes alive.  
The paper recorder scratches wildly.

Zeke directs the beam of light.

Sunlight pours through the lens, flooding the chamber.

EVAN  
Two degrees left. Zeke. Higher.  
Hold.

The brilliant focused beam locks onto the gemstone.

The machine ROARS!

DEEP CRIMSON LIGHT runs from Evan's hand into the machine.  
GOLDEN STRANDS race from Lila's hands.  
BLACK SMOKE curls around Grish.

The chamber floods with impossibly bright light.

Amaia watches in wonder.

The gemstone PULSES... then fades.

The ground goes quiet.

Amaia watches her seismograph.

AMAIA  
The tremors... are slowing.

A tiny dormant geyser lets out one peaceful puff.

ZEKE

So... did we do it?

Grish looks up toward the fading sunlight.

GRISH

Too quiet.

The machine's chamber sputters.

Zeke desperately adjusts the lens.

ZEKE

We're losing the beam! There's...  
not enough power.

Grish glares at the machine... it GROANS.

GRISH

Less sunlight. More me.

He looks at Evan. Lila.

GRISH (CONT'D)

Off!

He shoves them away from their handles.

They stumble backward.

Grish grabs the two outer handles... BLACK SPARKS.

The outer handles BEND INWARD, locking against the middle handle.

The machine EXPLODES with power.

BLACK LIGHTNING ricochets across its frame.

The sunbeam GLOWS brighter for a moment.

The ground SHAKES violently.

Steam ERUPTS across the basin.  
Geysers BLAST everywhere.

EVAN

Zeke! We're no longer incognito!

Zeke throws the cloak over them. It flickers violently...  
then holds.

The machine screams LOUDER.

Grish SCREAMS with it.

LILA  
No! Grish!

Her golden strands shoot toward him... pulling him back.

His feet barely stay on the ground.

BLACK ENERGY pours from his hands into the machine.

LILA (CONT'D)  
Evan! What's he doing?

Evan's hand goes to his pocket.

EVAN  
He pulled this out. Max power.

He holds up the limiter.

LILA  
You knew?

Evan can't meet her eyes.

One of her golden strands SNAPS.  
She pulls harder.

LILA (CONT'D)  
Evan! It'll kill him!

Amaia checks her seismic reader... Her face drains.

ON THE BOARDWALK

Boards buckle. Geysers blast. People scatter.

Dan's glasses slip down his nose.

Claire shoves them back into place.

CLAIRE  
Eyes up.

The sun is almost fully darkened.

AT THE MACHINE

Lila fights to keep her golden strands from snapping.

LILA

Evan! I can't. Do something!

Evan watches Grish.

The machine.

The shaking basin.

The scattering crowds.

He reaches toward Grish...

The machine gives one final SCREAM.

The chamber goes dark.

The beam disappears.

The machine DIES.

Grish slumps against it.

Lila lunges, barely catching him.

LILA (CONT'D)

Grish!

No answer.

Evan slowly raises a trembling hand.

A faint RED GLOW.

The machine TWITCHES.

One handle lifts.

Then another.

And the third.

The handles slowly WRAP around Grish...

Not trapping him. Holding him.

Grish hugs the machine back.

GRISH

I held on as long as I could.

He pets the glass chamber.

Evan watches him.

One last gentle HUM.

SILENCE.

A deep... RUMBLE. BOOOOOOOOOM!

The basin EXPLODES with motion.  
Boardwalks BUCK.  
Steam ERUPTS.

Visitors SCREAM.

The gemstone TILTS.

Amaia's seismograph SPIKES.

EVAN  
Amaia! What's happening?

A violent GROAN.

Amaia studies the reading.  
Looks to gemstone.

AMAIA  
Pressure's breaking through  
everywhere except Old Faithful.

Another vent ERUPTS.

AMAIA (CONT'D)  
If that gemstone doesn't move  
now... this whole basin lets go.

Evan watches Old Faithful.

EVAN  
Is it... too late?

AMAIA  
To evacuate?

She looks across the packed boardwalks.

AMAIA (CONT'D)  
Yes.

EVAN  
So there's nothing we can do?

Amaia studies the gemstone.

AMAIA  
Old Faithful needs to let go.

Evan watches her.  
Then the gemstone.

His hand finds Maite's pendant.

He looks at Lila.

EVAN

I know what she'd want.

His fingers release the pendant. It falls against his chest.

One deep breath.

Evan strides toward the glowing gemstone.

Horror rushes over Lila's face.

LILA

Evan! What are you doing?

She looks to Grish.

LILA (CONT'D)

What is he doing?

Slumped against the machine, Grish manages a proud smile.

GRISH

Being annoyingly brave.

Evan adjusts his ragged, peeling Quality Control sticker...

He runs toward the gemstone.

EXT. OLD FAITHFUL - GEYSER BASIN - CONTINUOUS

Steam vents ERUPT on either side of Evan.

The ground rolls. He runs forward... hands first.

A violent crack splits the earth behind him.

The Old Faithful gemstone towers, pulsing bright.

Evan leaps and CRASHES both palms against the gemstone.

A deafening, crystalline DRONE.

Everything turns WHITE.

The gemstone RIPS FREE.

Old Faithful... ERUPTS into a colossal tower of steam.

Evan and the gemstone LAUNCH upward into the air.

The stone burns crimson beneath his hands.

He looks down from high above.

AT AMAIA'S EQUIPMENT

Needles scratch violently across paper.

She looks beside her... No Grish. No Lila.

Only Zeke, staring upward. Jaw dropped.

ZEKE

I have no chart for this.

Amaia spins toward Old Faithful.

ABOVE OLD FAITHFUL

Evan squeezes his eyes shut.

The roar disappears.

Sunlight through a kitchen window.

Steam curls from a familiar mug.

A golden thread across a worn tablecloth.

Across the table from Evan... his mother, MAITE.

Not sick. Not fading. Ordinary.

Smiling.

A simple red rose in a vase.

Evan stares at her.

EVAN

Mom...

She straightens his Quality Control sticker.

It's still crooked.

She gives an innocent shrug.

MAITE

No one better.

A small laugh escapes Evan.

Then his eyes fill.

She squeezes his hand.

EVAN

I'm sorry.

She shakes her head, gently puzzled.

MAITE

Why?

Evan looks at their joined hands.

EVAN

I can't bring you back... can I?

Maite smiles.

MAITE

Look at you.

She nods to Evan.

A tear slips down her cheek.

MAITE (CONT'D)

You already have.

Maite lifts the rose and breathes it in. Delighted.

EVAN

I... don't know how to finish this.

MAITE

I think you do.

She squeezes his hand.

He squeezes back.

MAITE (CONT'D)

Just let go.

Evan gently lets go of her hand.

The kitchen light grows brighter.

Maite smiles as she disappears into it.

Brighter... until it becomes...

ABOVE OLD FAITHFUL

The blinding corona of TOTALITY.

Evan opens his eyes.

The sun has vanished behind the moon.

A perfect black circle hangs in a silver sky.

Across the basin, tourists' eclipse glasses lower.

Countless faces turn toward Old Faithful.

The gemstone and Evan SHINE above the geyser like a new sun.

No one can look directly at it.

Evan's palms sink into rippling gemstone.  
A RED GLOW spreads through the stone.  
The gemstone bucks violently.

His hands slip.

A GOLDEN STRAND lashes around his wrist.  
Then another.  
Evan looks...

Lila floats beside him, one hand pressed to the gemstone.

Her other hand reaches for his.

LILA  
You're terrible at following  
directions!

Evan grabs her hand.

GOLDEN STRANDS flood through the gemstone.  
The gemstone steadies.

They lock eyes... tears.

BLACK ENERGY crawls across the gemstone's opposite side.  
Grish rises into view, tethered to Evan by it.

GRISH  
Nobody was supposed to wander!

Evan laughs through tears.

LILA  
So... do we have a plan?

Evan nods.

EVAN  
Let go. Together.

Lila looks at their joined hands.

BELOW

Zeke watches through his binoculars.

ZEKE  
Dude. Total aura right now.

Amaia's seismic needle slows.

AMAIA

The pressure's... stabilizing.

Old Faithful's geyser EXPLODES with built-up steam.

ABOVE OLD FAITHFUL

RED. GOLD. BLACK pour freely through the stone.

EVAN

Now!

They release the gemstone.  
But hold tightly to one another.

The gemstone FRACTURES!

A single crack. Then countless.  
White light races through every fracture...  
Then every color on Earth.

The gemstone IMPLODES...

A zillion radiant, colorful fragments burst across the sky.

Old Faithful's geyser ERUPTS higher than ever before.

A rainbow of color pierces the darkness of totality.

Crystal fragments drift like glittering snow.

Purple. Blue. Green. Yellow. Orange. Red.

The shaking stops.  
Steam hangs motionless.

SILENCE.

Evan, Lila, and Grish remain suspended above Old Faithful.

LILA

How do we get down?

Grish frantically looks below.

GRISH

Flying was outside the mission  
scope!

EVAN

Look!

The crystallized fragments gather beneath their feet.

The three slowly descend, riding a river of rainbow glitter toward the basin's floor.

ZEKE

Okay. That's magically majestic.

A tiny RAINBOW PULSE shoots from the falling fragments...

It strikes Zeke directly in the chest.

ZEKE (CONT'D)

Ow.

Amaia looks at him.

Zeke pats himself down.

ZEKE (CONT'D)

I'm good.

His skin flickers bright PURPLE.

AMAIA

Zeke...

ZEKE

What?

His hair turns GREEN.

ZEKE (CONT'D)

Maybe I blended in a little too hard.

EXT. OLD FAITHFUL - BOARDWALK - MOMENTS LATER

Evan, Lila, and Grish stumble onto the boardwalk.

Dan and Claire fight through the crowd toward them.

DAN

Evan!

Dan pulls Evan into a crushing hug.

He sees Maite's pendant at Evan's chest.  
His grip tightens.

Claire grabs Lila.  
She pulls her headphones down and folds into the hug.

The four hold tightly.  
Evan looks toward Old Faithful.

Dan follows his gaze.

Rainbow colors shimmer through the steam.

EVAN  
Nothing's the way it used to be.

DAN  
No.

Evan touches Maite's pendant.

EVAN  
But that's okay.

Dan reaches into his jacket.  
Hands Evan the fresh red rose.

DAN  
I didn't want you to think I  
forgot.

Evan smiles... and inhales the rose's scent.

Dan watches him, a tear welling.

DAN (CONT'D)  
You look just like her sometimes.

Evan looks at him.  
Dan pulls him close again.  
Nothing else needs saying.

Across the boardwalk, Amaia finds her AMA, 50s.

AMAIA  
Ama. Why are you all here?

Her mother embraces her.

AMA  
Because I'm so proud of you.

She squeezes her eyes shut.

AMAIA'S FAMILY  
We all are!

Her family swarms her for hugs.

Harker pushes through the chaos.

HARKER  
Amaia. You saw this coming.

AMAIA

I tried... to tell you.

Harker takes that.

HARKER

Keep speaking up, kid.

He looks to Amaia's family.

HARKER (CONT'D)

She'll be running this whole place  
soon.

Ama glows.

The whole family CHEERS.

Nearby, Grish kneels quietly watching...

A YOUNG BOY kneels beside his frightened OLD DOG.

The boy holds the dog close until its trembling stops.

Grish smiles, removing his potato hat.

GRISH

Atta boy.

Zeke approaches, his face completely BLUE.

His Uncle Jefe follows, carrying an arm-full of churros.

UNCLE JEFE

Sobrino, what's wrong with your  
face? It's all azul.

Zeke shrugs.

ZEKE

Churros all around!

UNCLE JEFE

Who are your *amigos*?

Zeke points with a churro.

ZEKE

Evan, my best friend. Grish...  
essentially my *sensei*.

Grish bows astutely.

ZEKE (CONT'D)

And then Lila--

EVAN  
She's my sister.

Lila smiles. Then hugs him.

Churros all around.

MARTY (O.S.)  
Bell-dinger! Cold-swell! Daily!

Everyone turns.

Marty spits rainbow dust from his lips.

MARTY (CONT'D)  
There you are. Bus leaves in ten.

Shattered boardwalks. Towering steam. Rainbow dust.

MARTY (CONT'D)  
Beautiful reflection!

Evan watches rainbow fragments dissolve into steam.

EXT. GRISH'S SHOP - WEEKS LATER

HAROLD the gnome. Still standing. One safety goggle cracked.

A hand-painted sign hangs above the garage:  
"THE GEMSTONE SOCIETY"

INT. GRISH'S SHOP - CONTINUOUS

The garage has transformed...  
Maps. Seismic monitors. Snacks. All organized.

A photograph of Maite hangs above the workbench.

Lila's drawings cover one wall, connected by golden string.

Headphones around her neck, she carefully sketches a new  
chalkboard menu.

Evan plays a few bars on his wooden accordion...

The same melody his mother taught him.  
Perfectly.

Then he punches a spectacularly WRONG CHORD.

Lila looks up.

Evan gives the same innocent shrug Maite once gave him.

Lila laughs. Evan smiles.  
Keeps playing.

Zeke enters with a plate full of toast.

ZEKE  
Happy Toast Friday!

Evan finishes the tune and sets the accordion beside him.

He munches a piece of toast.

Grish enters carrying a wriggling puppy, MOXIE.

GRISH  
Everyone, this is Moxie. Strictly  
for security measures.

The puppy licks his face.

GRISH (CONT'D)  
Stop compromising the perimeter.

EVAN  
Why Moxie?

Grish smiles.

GRISH  
Because being brave is only half of  
it.

He frowns.

GRISH (CONT'D)  
Mox! Leave the seismic cabling  
alone!

Zeke concentrates on a CHAMELEON perched on the workbench.

ZEKE  
Okay, Churro... Yellow.

The chameleon turns yellow.

ZEKE (CONT'D)  
Yes!

Zeke turns yellow too.

LILA  
You know chameleons already do  
that.

Zeke studies her.

LILA (CONT'D)  
Change colors?

EVAN  
But he couldn't.

Zeke tries to return to normal.

He turns plaid.

EVAN (CONT'D)  
Sweet superpower, Zeke.

ZEKE  
Still in learning mode.

Evan smiles.

Moxie jumps into Grish's arms.  
Grish cuddles him.

The gemstone model lies shattered.

Evan plants his Old Faithful snow globe among the pieces.

Inside, the tiny geyser ERUPTS.

FADE TO BLACK.