

# "THE TOURISTS"

written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. LOW EARTH ORBIT - NIGHT

The curve of the Earth, slow and indifferent.

City lights burn like constellations trapped under glass.  
Thin trails of clouds. Faint aurora at the edges.

We drift closer, the planet filling the frame.

SMASH CUT TO:

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INT. NATIONAL IMAGERY ANALYSIS CENTER - NIGHT

Fluorescent light. Humming servers. A maze of cubicles built  
around glowing monitors.

The mood is tired, not tense. Night shift.

MARIA LOPEZ (32), sharp, under-slept, in a faded NASA hoodie,  
sits at her workstation surrounded by empty coffee cups and  
sticky notes.

On her screen: endless SATELLITE IMAGERY of deserts, oceans,  
forests. She scrolls, clicks, annotates. Routine.

A TINNY POP SONG leaks from someone's earbuds nearby.

A SUPERVISOR (50s) walks by with a mug.

SUPERVISOR  
You breathing, Lopez?

Maria doesn't look away from the screen.

MARIA  
On a delay.

He moves on.

Maria yawns, rubs her eyes. Starts another automated pattern  
sweep. A progress bar crawls.

She opens a personal email tab for half a second. A message  
thread with subject line:

DAD - TEST RESULTS

She hovers over it.

Doesn't open it.

Switches back to work.

The pattern sweep finishes. A soft CHIME.

On her screen, a few tiles flash ANOMALY in pale yellow.

She leans forward. Clicks the first one.

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ON SCREEN - SATELLITE IMAGE

High-resolution shot of a barren stretch of the SAHARA. Sand. Rocks. Nothing remarkable.

Except —

In the middle distance, on a ridge:

A LONE HUMANOID SILHOUETTE.

Thin. Upright. Facing away from the satellite.

Maria frowns. Zooms in.

Pixelation increases, but the shape is unmistakable: a person-sized figure.

She checks the metadata.

DATE: 10 MONTHS AGO

She flips to a more recent pass.

Same location. Same ridge.

Same figure. Same posture.

Maria taps the desk with her fingers. Not alarmed — yet. Just curious.

She brings up temperature overlay. The landscape glows in oranges and yellows.

The figure is a sharp, clean void. No heat.

Now she leans closer.

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INT. IMAGERY FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Maria rolls her chair back, stands, and walks toward a glass-walled office at the edge of the floor.

Inside sits DR. ELIAS WERNER (56), civilian physicist turned imaging analyst. Shirt sleeves rolled. Tie loose. A face permanently etched with "I've seen enough," but his eyes are still sharp.

He's hunched over a tablet with geological overlays.

Maria knocks on the open door with two fingers.

MARIA

Got a sec?

Werner gestures her in without looking up.

WERNER

If it's about the budget, I've decided to fake my death.

MARIA

It's not about the budget.

He looks up. Sees her expression. Sighs, sets the tablet aside.

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INT. WERNER'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Maria pulls up the Sahara imagery on his wall-mounted monitor.

Werner leans back, glasses low on his nose.

They watch the figure on time-lapse — multiple passes over months.

It never moves.

WERNER

Survey gear?

MARIA

Then some contractor forgot to file a two-story statue in the middle of nowhere.

She toggles to infrared.

The void pops.

MARIA (CONT'D)  
No heat signature. Not even  
reflective noise.

Werner's jaw tightens.

WERNER  
Drone? Shadow artifact?

She shakes her head, already ahead of him.

MARIA  
Cross-referenced shadow length. It  
tracks the sun. Angles are  
consistent. It's three-dimensional.

Werner considers that. Then:

WERNER  
Pull global archives. Same  
parameters. Humanoid verticals.  
Stationary. Non-thermal.

Maria hesitates.

MARIA  
That's a heavy lift.

WERNER  
So code it heavy.

She allows herself a tiny smile at the old-man joke.

MARIA  
Yes, sir.

She turns to go.

WERNER  
Maria.

She glances back.

WERNER (CONT'D)  
Filter out billboards and Jesus  
statues this time. I got yelled at  
last quarter.

MARIA  
Copy that. Only the terrifying  
anomalies.

They share a brief, dry look. She leaves.

Werner watches the still figure on the screen for one extra beat, faint unease creeping in.

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INT. MARIA'S APARTMENT - LATER THAT NIGHT

A modest one-bedroom in a bland D.C. high-rise. Stacks of dishes in the sink. A houseplant losing its war with gravity.

Maria dumps her bag on a chair, kicks off her shoes, drops onto the couch with her laptop.

The TV plays a streaming show with the volume low — some glossy cop drama where everyone's hair is perfect.

She barely registers it.

On her laptop: she opens a coding window. Types fast, building an automated query string.

A small sticky note by the trackpad reads in her own handwriting:

"SLEEP IS JUST LOW-RES DEATH"

She pauses. Opens the email thread from earlier.

We see only subject snippets:

DAD: "IT'S PROBABLY NOTHING."

DAD: "They want to do more tests."

DAD: "Call me if you're not too busy saving the world :)"

She doesn't scroll further.

Her phone buzzes on the coffee table.

CALLER ID: DAD

She stares at it. Lets it buzz.

Goes back to her code.

On the TV, in the background, a cop on-screen yells:

TV COP (O.S.)  
We're running out of time!

Maria mutters to herself.

MARIA  
Aren't we all.

She hits ENTER.

On the laptop, a progress bar appears:

GLOBAL HUMANOID STATIONARY OBJECT SCAN - INITIATED

The bar crawls forward.

Maria leans her head back, eyes closed. The glow of the screen paints her face as the scan marches across a miniature digital globe.

We push in on the word:

ANALYZING...

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INT. NATIONAL IMAGERY ANALYSIS CENTER - NEXT NIGHT

Back in the bunker.

Maria, more tired, sits at her station. A blinking notification flashes.

GLOBAL SCAN COMPLETE - 243 RESULTS

She straightens slowly.

MARIA  
That can't be right.

She clicks.

A world map opens with pins scattered across every continent.

She starts clicking through:

- A mountaintop in the Andes: a lone figure on a ledge.
- A rocky coastline in Chile: a figure half-submerged.
- A snowfield in Greenland.
- A frozen plain in Siberia.
- A dense forest in Brazil, the canopy parted just enough to show a tiny upright form.
- A rooftop in a dense city - she zooms out: Pyongyang.
- A residential street in the Midwest U.S.

On that one, we see a quiet OHIO CUL-DE-SAC. Kids riding bikes. Sprinklers. At the far end, at the edge of the frame -

A HUMANOID FIGURE on the sidewalk.

Maria's face drains of color.

She grabs her headset.

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INT. WERNER'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Werner has his jacket off, tie abandoned. He's working through takeout when Maria barges in, pale, holding a folder and a tablet.

MARIA

You need to see this.

He wipes his hands, annoyed but curious.

She throws the world map onto his large screen.

Pins everywhere.

Werner's annoyance evaporates.

WERNER

Are those... all-

MARIA

-stationary humanoid verticals.  
Non-thermal. Duration greater than  
six months. No registered  
structures. No recorded  
installation.

He steps closer. Quiet now.

WERNER

Two hundred and...

MARIA

Forty-three.

He stares.

Maria pulls up time-lapse clips. Figures arriving:

In each sequence, the frame is empty.

Then -

From one side of the image, a distant figure WALKS into view.  
Slow. Ordinary stride. No vehicle. No aircraft. No landing.



It reaches its current position.

Stops.

From that moment forward, for months of timestamps —

No movement.

Werner's face hardens.

WERNER

You're sure time stamps are  
correct?

MARIA

Triple-checked against orbital  
logs.

He runs a hand over his face.

WERNER

How has no one—

He cuts himself off. He knows the answer: everyone's watching  
their own little slice, assuming it's a glitch.

MARIA

We tag them all. Push everything  
upstairs.

He doesn't argue.

He just nods.

WERNER

Call the duty chief. Then book me a  
room with people who can yell at  
me.

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INT. PENTAGON - SECURE BRIEFING ROOM - DAY

A windowless room lined with screens. Generals, intelligence  
chiefs, a handful of civilian advisors. Coffee, folders,  
tension.

At the front: a large display currently showing a rotating  
Earth speckled with markers.

Werner stands at a lectern, a bit out of place among the  
uniforms.

Maria sits quietly along the wall, near the laptop running the presentation.

A FOUR-STAR GENERAL, HAWTHORNE (60s), looks impatient.

HAWTHORNE

Doctor Werner, everyone here's cleared and very busy. So in English, please.

Werner nods once.

WERNER

Approximately ten to sixteen months ago, two hundred and forty-three unidentified entities appeared across the planet.

He clicks.

Images flash: Sahara. Antarctic shelf. A ridge above MECCA. A remote village in India. A plaza in Moscow. The Ohio cul-de-sac.

WERNER (CONT'D)

They are roughly human in size and shape. They do not emit heat. They do not appear to breathe, sleep, or respond to environmental changes.

The CIA DIRECTOR (50s) leans forward.

CIA DIRECTOR

Are these people in suits? Robots? Probes?

Werner clicks to infrared overlays and seismic data.

WERNER

Their mass extends uniformly through whatever volume they occupy. No joints. No internal cavities. No detectable power source. No change in composition under thermal or EM stress.

A murmur.

HAWTHORNE

Where did they come from?

Werner gestures to time-lapse clips.

We see:

- An empty glacier. Then a figure simply walking into frame from beyond the edge.
- A flat desert plain. A figure cresting a dune.
- A city street. A figure appearing at the far end of a block, striding casually.

WERNER  
They walked in.

Laughter dies before it starts.

STATE DEPT REP  
From where?

Werner stares at the paused frame of a figure halfway between two frames of the empty landscape.

WERNER  
We have no record of their origin.  
Only their decision to stop.

Silence.

HAWTHORNE  
Have they done anything?

Werner looks at Maria. She taps a key.

Short clips roll of each figure, over months of time stamps.

They don't move. Rain, snow, storms, day, night - all pass around them.

Werner answers honestly.

WERNER  
They have done absolutely nothing.

That somehow frightens the room more than any act of aggression could.

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EXT. OHIO CUL-DE-SAC - DAY

Bright, ordinary suburban sunshine.

Kids on scooters. A dog barking. A MAIL CARRIER moves from house to house.

At the far end of the street, where the asphalt meets a small drainage ditch, stands one of the TOURISTS.

From a distance, it could almost be mistaken for a person standing perfectly still.

Closer:

It's smooth. Featureless. Matte. No identifiable face, though there is a suggestion of where one should be. No clothing, but it doesn't look naked either — more like a form before anyone decided what to put on it.

A POLICE CRUISER is parked halfway down the street, lights off. Two local COPS stand in the yard of the nearest house, arms folded, watching it with uneasy boredom.

On a neighboring lawn, a LITTLE GIRL (7) in a T-shirt and leggings sits cross-legged, drawing on the sidewalk with chalk.

She glances up at the Tourist occasionally.

Her MOTHER (30s), frazzled, stands on the porch with a mug, watching both her daughter and the figure.

MOTHER

Lily, stay in the yard.

Lily keeps drawing, unconcerned.

LILY

You said that yesterday.

MOTHER

I'm saying it again.

A NEIGHBOR (40s) approaches the cops.

NEIGHBOR

So... what, we just... live with that thing at the end of the street now?

Cop #1 scratches his neck.

COP #1

County says it's federal. Feds say it's global. Global says "don't touch it."

COP #2

We're just here in case somebody does something stupid.

Down the block, a TEENAGER films the Tourist on his phone.

TEEN  
 (under his breath)  
 What's up, content.

He zooms in on the unmoving figure.

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INT. LIVING ROOM - SAME NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

An older TV, daytime news playing.

A TALKING HEAD ANCHOR stands before a looping montage of similar figures in different landscapes around the world.

A chyron reads:

"THE STANDERS" - GLOBAL MYSTERY

NEWS ANCHOR (ON TV)  
 ...authorities continue to insist  
 there is no cause for panic, as the  
 so-called "Standers" have not  
 exhibited any hostile behavior...

The FATHER (30s) of the little girl from outside sits on the couch in work clothes, half-listening, staring out at the street through the sheer curtain.

On the TV:

NEWS ANCHOR (CONT'D)  
 ...while conspiracy forums dub them  
 "The Tourists," others see them as  
 a sign of-

The father mutes the TV. The room goes quiet except for kids shouting outside.

He pulls the curtain back just enough to see the figure at the end of the street.

It has not moved.

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EXT. SAHARA - DAY

Heat shimmers over an endless expanse of sand.

A perimeter has been established around the Sahara Tourist:  
 TEMPORARY FENCING, MOBILE TENTS, VEHICLES.

A dust-covered INTERNATIONAL TEAM moves about – uniforms from different nations, patches, flags.

At the center of it all stands the TOURIST. Up close now.

It's about 6'2". Humanoid. Limbs and proportions reasonably human, but the surface is... wrong.

Not stone. Not metal. Not any identifiable texture. Almost like the idea of a statue, rendered perfectly.

It stands ankle-deep in sand – but the sand around its feet doesn't behave right. It piles, but never covers the base.

COLONEL RASK (45), Swedish, no-nonsense, stands with DR. AISHA RAHMAN (41), Egyptian physicist, both in sun-bleached gear.

Between them and the Tourist, a BOMB DISPOSAL ROBOT trundles forward, treads digging into sand.

RASK

Again. Gentle this time.

The robot extends an articulated arm toward the Tourist's forearm. The servos WHIRR.

It touches the surface.

Nothing happens.

RAHMAN

Contact confirmed. No temperature change. No EM feedback. No surface abrasion.

RASK

Increase pressure.

The robot begins to push.

Arm motors strain.

The Tourist does not move. There is no give, no resistance, no friction reading.

The robot's arm starts to tremble. Then–

CRACK.

A JOINT in the robot's arm gives way, popping out of place. The machine slumps to one side.

The Tourist stands unchanged.

Rahman watches her tablet, disturbed.

RASK (CONT'D)  
Damage to the unit?

TECH (O.S.)  
Hydraulic failure. Torque logged,  
but no opposing force on the other  
side.

RAHMAN  
It's like it isn't pushing back,  
but it refuses to be somewhere  
else.

She catches her own words, unsettled.

Rask squints at the figure.

RASK  
No such thing as "refuses" in  
physics, Doctor.

Rahman doesn't answer.

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INT. TEMPORARY LAB TENT - LATER

Seismographs, tablets, monitoring equipment. The desert wind  
rattles the canvas walls.

Rahman stands over a screen showing vibrations around the  
Tourist.

The readings are bizarrely clean.

Werner appears on a small secure monitor, grainy but clear.

WERNER (ON SCREEN)  
How much force did you apply?

RAHMAN  
Equivalent of a truck trying to  
push over a light pole.

WERNER  
And displacement?

RAHMAN  
Zero. No microshift. No foundation  
settling.

She looks at the data again.

RAHMAN (CONT'D)  
If it were anchored, we'd see  
stress transfer in the ground. We  
don't.

Werner leans back, pinching the bridge of his nose.

WERNER (ON SCREEN)  
Then it's not anchored.

Rahman waits.

WERNER (CONT'D)  
It's simply... unwilling.

She stares at the Tourist through the tent flap.

RAHMAN  
Matter doesn't get a vote.

Werner doesn't disagree out loud.

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INT. CABLE NEWS PANEL SHOW - NIGHT

Split-screen of four faces: a PRIEST, a SCIENTIST (not Rahman), a CONSPIRACY PODCASTER, and a RETIRED GENERAL.

The host moderates over graphics labeled:

WHAT ARE THEY?

HOST  
Father Michael, some say these  
entities— these "Tourists"— are  
angels. Your response?

PRIEST  
Angels are messengers. These...  
stand. They do not bring a word.  
They bring a mirror.

CONSPIRACY GUY  
They're clearly advanced  
surveillance constructs. They  
appeared when global protests  
peaked, when—

SCIENTIST  
With respect, there is no evidence—



## RETIRED GENERAL

What worries me is not what they are. It's who knows exactly what they are and isn't telling us.

Maria watches this on a muted monitor in the background of the...

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## INT. IMAGERY CENTER - NIGHT

The main lights are dimmed. Fewer analysts. The hum of CPUs is louder in the relative quiet.

On one screen: the cable news panel, sound off.

On Maria's screen: dozens of thumbnails, each one a live satellite feed of a Tourist somewhere on Earth.

They all stand motionless.

She flips through them, hypnotized.

Werner appears at her shoulder, nursing stale coffee.

## WERNER

Counting sheep?

## MARIA

They don't blink.

A beat.

## WERNER

Maybe they don't have to.

She glances at him.

## MARIA

You think they're alive?

He watches one figure standing at the edge of a stormy sea.

## WERNER

Life is just organized stubbornness against entropy.

He studies the Tourist.

## WERNER (CONT'D)

If this isn't that, it's a good imitation.

Maria snorts softly, then sobers.

MARIA

Elias... if there were two hundred  
and forty-three of us standing  
motionless on another planet...

He looks at her.

MARIA (CONT'D)

What would we call that planet?

He thinks.

WERNER

Important.

She nods, turns back to the screens.

MARIA

We're not reacting like this planet  
is important to them.

They stand there, watching things that will not move.

EXT. OHIO CUL-DE-SAC - LATE AFTERNOON

The light has softened. Sprinklers click on and off. The  
Tourist still stands at the far end of the street.

LILY now rides her scooter in lazy circles on the sidewalk.  
She glances at the Tourist between loops.

Her MOTHER sits on the front steps with her phone, pretending  
not to watch.

A MINIVAN pulls in slowly and parks crookedly near the police  
cruiser. A MAN and WOMAN in their 60s step out. They stare  
openly at the Tourist.

The woman presses her palms together.

ELDERLY WOMAN

That's really it.

The man nods, awed.

ELDERLY MAN

Looks smaller on the news.

They begin walking toward it.

COP #1

Ma'am— sir— don't get too close.

They stop at the taped-off line. The woman's eyes fill with tears.

ELDERLY WOMAN

Our grandson died last year.  
Leukemia.

No one knows how to respond.

She stares at the Tourist as if it might respond for them.

It doesn't.

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INT. IMAGERY CENTER - EVENING

A large digital counter on the wall reads:

DAY 312 - GLOBAL PRESENCE

Maria scrolls through field reports tagged under a new category:

CIVILIAN INTERACTIONS

Photos and notes flash by:

- People kneeling.
- Flowers at fence lines.
- Protest graffiti: TALK TO US.
- Someone taped a birthday balloon to a barricade in Argentina.

Werner watches over her shoulder.

WERNER

This is what happens when mystery  
outlasts panic.

MARIA

What?

WERNER

It becomes furniture.

She keeps scrolling, disturbed by how mundane it all looks now.

---

EXT. SAHARA PERIMETER - SUNSET

The desert campsite has grown. Media trucks now line the outer ridge. Satellite dishes. Temporary power grids hum.

The Tourist stands at the center, unchanged.

Rahman walks with Rask along the inner perimeter fence.

RASK

I had to clear out a prayer tent  
this morning.

RAHMAN

People traveled for that?

RASK

From Tunis. From Rome. From  
somewhere in Poland.

Rahman watches a GROUP of civilians kneeling behind the outer  
barricade.

RAHMAN

It hasn't healed anyone. It hasn't  
spoken. It hasn't moved.

RASK

Don't need to, apparently.

A woman at the fence begins SINGING softly in a language  
Rahman doesn't recognize.

The wind carries it across the sand.

The Tourist does not respond.

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INT. NEWSROOM - NIGHT

A chaotic open-floor newsroom. Editors shout. Producers  
scramble between desks.

On multiple screens:

WORLD REACTS TO THE TOURISTS

A young REPORTER speaks urgently into a camera.

REPORTER

— ongoing gatherings now reported  
at thirty-eight sites worldwide.

(MORE)

REPORTER (CONT'D)  
 Some governments are calling them  
 unauthorized religious assemblies,  
 others are calling them—

She's cut off as the feed switches to a shaky livestream.

A MASS OF PEOPLE in the Philippines press toward a Tourist on  
 a beach.

A man screams:

MAN (ON FEED)  
 It's warm! I swear it's warm!

Another voice:

WOMAN (ON FEED)  
 It cured my son's asthma!

The camera whips back and forth wildly.

In the newsroom, a PRODUCER swears.

PRODUCER  
 Nothing is verified anymore!

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INT. MARIA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Maria sits on the couch with a laptop and a bowl of untouched  
 food.

Her dad's voicemail plays on speaker:

DAD (V.O.)  
 Hey, kiddo. Just wanted to hear  
 your voice. Doctors say we're still  
 in the "wait and see" phase, which  
 I guess is fitting for your job,  
 huh? Anyway. Call me when you can.

The message ends.

Maria stares at the dark screen.

Her laptop pings with a work alert.

She opens it.

A new report window appears:

INCIDENT - NORTHERN INDIA TOURIST

Maria reads.

Her face tightens.

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EXT. NORTHERN INDIA - RURAL VILLAGE - DAY (FOOTAGE)

Blistering sun. A Tourist stands at the edge of a dirt road.

Hundreds of villagers crowd around the barricades.

A MAN suddenly breaks free and runs straight toward the Tourist.

Shouts erupt.

He reaches it.

Wraps his arms around its torso.

For a moment, nothing happens.

Then his grip slips.

His body slides downward against the flawless surface.

He hits the ground hard.

Doesn't get up.

Screams.

Chaos.

The footage cuts.

---

INT. IMAGERY CENTER - NIGHT

Maria stands at Werner's desk, shaken.

MARIA

He broke every rib in his chest  
just holding onto it.

Werner nods grimly.

WERNER

Like hugging a falling building.

MARIA  
It didn't push him.

WERNER  
It didn't need to.

She looks at the global map.

MARIA  
People are going to start dying  
just trying to touch them.

Werner answers softly:

WERNER  
They already have.

---

EXT. OHIO CUL-DE-SAC - NIGHT

The Tourist stands under amber streetlights.

A small CROWD has gathered now. Lawn chairs. Phones. Quiet voices.

Someone has placed candles along the police tape.

Lily's father stands with her mother at the edge of their yard.

FATHER  
This street used to be boring.

The mother doesn't smile.

Down the block, a TEEN with a backpack hops the tape while no one notices.

He approaches the Tourist slowly, filming himself.

TEEN  
(whispering to phone)  
If this uploads, I love you all-

Before anyone can stop him, he reaches out and slaps the Tourist's arm.

The sound is dull and wrong.

His hand REBOUNDS violently.

His wrist bends the wrong direction.

He collapses screaming.

Panic erupts.

The Tourist remains unmoving.

Lily watches from behind her parents' legs, eyes wide and unblinking.

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INT. HOSPITAL ER - NIGHT

The Teen lies on a gurney, heavily sedated. His arm in traction. Swollen, purple.

A DOCTOR speaks to his parents.

DOCTOR

We don't understand how the injury propagated. There was no measurable counter-force.

MOTHER

Then how did his bones—

The doctor hesitates.

DOCTOR

It's like his body absorbed all the consequence of the motion by itself.

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INT. IMAGERY CENTER - LATE NIGHT

Maria rubs her temples, surrounded by update feeds.

Report titles stack faster than she can read:

— "THE STANDERS INJURY COUNT RISES"  
— "TOURIST TOURISM BOOMS"  
— "ARE THEY ANGELS, ALIENS, OR MIRRORS?"

Werner watches another monitor showing a TIME-LAPSE of the Sahara Tourist over months.

Still motionless.



MARIA

They're not reacting to us at all.

Werner studies the image.

WERNER

No.

She looks up.

MARIA

It's like we're the weather to  
them.

Werner exhales slowly.

WERNER

Or the background radiation.

She shivers at that.

---

EXT. SAHARA - NIGHT

Stars burn across a perfect black sky.

The Tourist stands under them, utterly still.

Wind sculpts sand around its legs.

Time passes.

Nothing changes.

INT. PENTAGON - JOINT OPERATIONS COMMAND - NIGHT

A massive digital wall shows live feeds from Tourists around  
the world. Ohio. Sahara. The Philippine coastline. Siberia.  
The Amazon.

Uniformed officers and civilian analysts crowd the room.

GENERAL HAWTHORNE stands at the center, jaw set.

HAWTHORNE

We are past observation. We are now  
in public safety territory.

He gestures to a feed of the injured Teen being wheeled into  
surgery.

HAWTHORNE (CONT'D)  
 People will keep testing them.  
 Families will keep bringing their  
 sick. Someone is going to try to  
 shoot one on purpose next.

A younger OFFICER shifts uncomfortably.

OFFICER  
 Sir... people already have.

Hawthorne looks at him.

OFFICER (CONT'D)  
 Small arms. Hunting rifles.  
 Handguns. Nothing records on  
 impact. The bullets either flatten  
 into dust or fall apart mid-flight.

Silence.

HAWTHORNE  
 Then we escalate in a controlled  
 environment.

---

EXT. NEVADA TEST RANGE - DAY

A flat, empty expanse of desert. Mountains in the distance.  
 Heat shimmer.

A single Tourist stands at the center of a massive exclusion  
 zone, airspace locked down for hundreds of miles.

Missile batteries line the horizon. Drones circle overhead.

Inside a reinforced mobile command bunker, military personnel  
 watch through thick glass.

Werner and Rahman stand near the back, deeply uneasy.

RASK (over comms)  
 Test One: kinetic impact.

A HYPERSONIC PROJECTILE launches.

It screams across the desert in less than a second and slams  
 directly into the Tourist's chest.

For an instant —

The impact distorts the air itself.

Then the shockwave rebounds.

The projectile disintegrates into vapor.

The blast wave tears backward across the range, shattering cameras, flipping vehicles, throwing soldiers off their feet.

When the dust clears —

The Tourist stands exactly as before.

Unchanged.

Rahman stares in horror.

RAHMAN  
It didn't absorb it.

Werner watches the data stream.

WERNER  
It rejected being in the equation  
at all.

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INT. MOBILE COMMAND BUNKER - CONTINUOUS

Sirens. Shattered monitors. Alarms screaming.

Hawthorne struggles to his feet.

HAWTHORNE  
Test Two. Directed energy.

A LASER BATTERY fires, a blinding beam cutting across the desert and bathing the Tourist in searing white light.

Sensors max out.

Then spike backwards.

Every display in the bunker goes dark at once.

Power loss.

Computers reboot.

When the feeds return —

The Tourist stands untouched.

The sand everywhere else is now fused into glass.

No one speaks.

---

INT. PENTAGON - LATER

Hawthorne sits heavily in a chair. The room feels smaller than before.

HAWTHORNE  
So that's it.

Werner stands across from him.

WERNER  
Force is irrelevant.

Hawthorne exhales long and slow.

HAWTHORNE  
Then what the hell are they?

Werner answers with absolute honesty.

WERNER  
Not a threat.

That lands wrong.

WERNER (CONT'D)  
A verdict.

---

EXT. VATICAN CITY - DAY

St. Peter's Square overflows with people. Pilgrims from every corner of the world. Banners wave. Candles burn in daylight.

The Vatican Tourist remains behind layered barricades near the boundary wall.

A newly appointed ARCHBISHOP addresses the crowd over loudspeakers.

ARCHBISHOP  
If these beings were sent by God,  
then their silence is not cruelty -  
it is judgment.

A second CLERIC steps to another microphone, shouting over him.

SECOND CLERIC  
Or they are the test itself!

The crowd fractures into opposing chants.

CROWD (GROUP A)  
JUDG-MENT! JUDG-MENT!

CROWD (GROUP B) (CONT'D)  
TEST! TEST! TEST!

Police lines strain as rival groups surge toward each other.

The Tourist stands between ideology and ideology,  
uninterested.

---

EXT. SAHARA PERIMETER - DUSK

Rahman walks alone near the inner fence, staring at the  
Tourist.

The desert has gone quiet in a way that feels wrong - no  
wind, no birds, no distant machinery.

Rask joins her.

RASK  
Command wants you rotated out.  
They're calling this site  
"culturally unstable."

Rahman smirks without humor.

RAHMAN  
The planet is culturally unstable.

She studies her tablet.

RAHMAN (CONT'D)  
Colonel... it didn't arrive here the  
way anything else arrives.

Rask looks at her.

RAHMAN (CONT'D)  
No heat bloom. No atmospheric  
disturbance. No displacement trail.  
It just appears already in motion  
on the earliest clean frame.

RASK

So?

Rahman swallows.

RAHMAN

So it didn't enter our environment.

She looks at the Tourist again.

RAHMAN (CONT'D)

It transitioned into it.

---

INT. IMAGERY CENTER - NIGHT

Maria pulls up the earliest recorded frames of dozens of Tourists.

Empty landscapes.

Then figures already mid-stride.

Always mid-stride.

Never a first step.

Werner leans over her shoulder.

MARIA

We never saw them start walking.

Werner's face tightens.

WERNER

Because they weren't ever  
stationary before they arrived.

Maria turns to him slowly.

MARIA

You mean they were already walking..  
somewhere else.

Werner doesn't answer.

He doesn't have to.

---

EXT. PHILIPPINE COASTLINE - NIGHT

Thousands gather along the shore around the Tourist standing half in the surf.

Torches burn. Songs rise. Some pleading. Some ecstatic.

A MAN with fever-bright eyes wades toward the Tourist through crashing waves.

MAN

Take it from me! Take the sickness!

Suddenly, armed COAST GUARD rush in, tackling him before he reaches it.

The crowd SCREAMS.

A bottle flies.

Then another.

Riot.

The Tourist stands in rolling water, uncaring of faith or fury.

---

INT. NEWSROOM - NIGHT

A PRODUCER shouts across the floor.

PRODUCER

We've got three deaths tied to pilgrimage surges in the last hour alone!

A REPORTER snaps on a mic.

REPORTER

Live in Tokyo, a new sect is calling the Tourists the "Archive Angels"—

Another PRODUCER yells:

PRODUCER 2

Social media thinks they're doorway markers for the rapture!

Chaos.

---

INT. MARIA'S APARTMENT - VERY LATE NIGHT

Maria sits at her kitchen table, sleepless. The room is dark except for her laptop.

Her father's number glows on her phone.

She finally calls.

It rings.

Once.

Twice.

Voicemail.

DAD (V.O.)

Hey, kid. You caught me after lights out again. Leave me one of your science rambles. Keeps me entertained.

Maria swallows.

MARIA

Hey, Dad. It's me. I... I found something at work. Something big. And I don't think it's here for us at all.

She hesitates.

MARIA (CONT'D)

Which probably sounds insane. But... I miss you.

She hangs up. Stares at the dark phone.

---

INT. IMAGERY CENTER - PRE-DAWN

Maria stands alone at her station, watching the global spread of Tourists.

Each one a silent punctuation mark on the planet.

She checks the Sahara Tourist again.



Still unmoving.

She zooms out.

For the first time, she notices something subtle but wrong:

The desert around it has shifted... while the Tourist hasn't.

The land has moved.

It hasn't.

She whispers to the empty room:

MARIA

You're not standing on Earth.

The monitors offer no reply.

TITLE CARD:

ONE YEAR LATER

---

EXT. OHIO CUL-DE-SAC - MORNING

The Tourist stands at the end of the street exactly as before.

But the street has changed around it.

A permanent CHAIN-LINK FENCE now encloses a wide perimeter. Tour buses idle on the main road beyond. Food carts. Merchandise stands.

A hand-painted sign reads:

WELCOME TO THE OHIO TOURIST SITE

Lily, now eight, stands with a school backpack at the bus stop with a dozen other kids. They barely glance at the Tourist anymore.

It's part of the scenery.

A bus pulls up.

As the kids climb aboard, a TOUR GUIDE's amplified voice drifts in from beyond the fence.

TOUR GUIDE (O.S.)  
— and if you look closely at the  
shoulder line, you'll see what many  
believe resembles early Greco-Roman  
proportions—

Lily boards the bus without looking back.

---

INT. TOUR BUS - CONTINUOUS

A group of TOURISTS from another state press to the windows  
with cameras.

A MIDDLE-AGED MAN narrates smugly to his girlfriend.

MAN  
They say this one's special because  
it's the only one in a residential  
neighborhood.

Outside, the Ohio Tourist remains unmoved.

---

EXT. SAHARA PERIMETER - DAY

What was once a military base has become a permanent  
INTERNATIONAL RESEARCH ZONE.

Glass observation towers. Elevated catwalks. Climate domes.

Rahman now works out of a hardened research structure, older,  
sharper, more tired.

Students and scientists stream past her with tablets and  
drones.

The Sahara Tourist stands at the center, unchanged.

A young INTERN approaches Rahman with a data slate.

INTERN  
Dr. Rahman, soil shift analysis  
just finalized.

She scans.

RAHMAN  
It's still declining to register as  
a displacement mass.

The intern hesitates.

INTERN

Do you think it knows it's famous?

Rahman doesn't even smile.

RAHMAN

Fame is a human parasite.

---

INT. IMAGERY CENTER - DAY

The room has been renovated. New glass walls. New funding.  
New tension.

A digital counter glows on the main wall:

DAY 365

Maria sits at a new upgraded station. Werner stands behind her.

On screen: dozens of Tourists across the globe.

Still.

MARIA

One full year.

Werner nods.

WERNER

A respectable sample size.

She glances at him.

MARIA

For what?

Werner watches the unmoving figures.

WERNER

For recognizing patterns that don't  
care when we recognize them.

---

EXT. PHILIPPINE COAST - SUNSET

Souvenir vendors sell plastic replicas of the Tourist.

A CHILD runs past holding one like an action figure.

The real Tourist stands beyond the barricades, half in water,  
half on sand.

Seagulls land on its shoulder sometimes.

They always leave.

---

INT. LATE-NIGHT TALK SHOW - NIGHT

The HOST jokes with a celebrity guest.

Behind them, a comedic graphic labeled:

"TOURISTS: STILL NOT TALKING"

The crowd LAUGHS.

---

INT. MARIA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Maria watches the talk show on mute.

Her father's empty wheelchair now sits beside the bed.

The room is quiet.

She checks her phone.

No missed calls.

She turns back to the TV.

On screen, the host mimes pretending to chat with a cardboard  
cutout of a Tourist.

The audience roars.

Maria looks away.

---

EXT. SAHARA - NIGHT

Stars burn overhead.

The Sahara Tourist stands.

Unchanged.

Wind moves sand.

It does not move the Tourist.

---

INT. IMAGERY CENTER - NIGHT

A small skeleton crew.

Maria scrolls listlessly.

Then—

She freezes.

Zooms in on the Sahara feed.

The Tourist's right foot is no longer perfectly aligned with yesterday's overlay.

It is off by less than an inch.

Maria leans forward.

MARIA

No...

She layers yesterday's frame over today's.

The misalignment is undeniable.

She toggles between them rapidly.

Heel... forward. Back. Forward.

She slams the ALERT.

---

INT. IMAGERY CENTER - CONTINUOUS

Alarms sound.

Analysts snap awake.

Werner rushes in from his office.

WERNER

What happened?!

Maria throws the Sahara feed onto the main wall.

The Tourist's foot lifts.

Not fast.

Not slow.

Just... inevitably.

Every feed across the globe updates simultaneously.

Tourists everywhere –

- In Ohio
- In the Pacific
- In Siberia
- On rooftops
- On mountain ridges

ALL LIFT ONE FOOT AT THE SAME TIME.

The room is silent.

Someone whispers:

ANALYST  
They're moving.

---

EXT. SAHARA - LIVE FEED

The Tourist's foot lowers.

The sand beneath it does not compress.

It simply allows the foot to be there.

The step completes.

Then stillness again.

One meter forward.

Nothing else changes.

---

INT. IMAGERY CENTER - SAME

No one breathes for several seconds.

Maria stares at the screens.

MARIA  
They waited a year...

Werner answers without looking away.

WERNER  
No.

WERNER (CONT'D)  
They waited for us to get  
comfortable.

---

EXT. OHIO CUL-DE-SAC - DAY (LIVE FEED)

The Ohio Tourist takes its first step.

One meter forward.

Directly into the street.

Cars SCREECH to a halt.

People scream.

A man drops his phone.

The Tourist stops again.

Perfectly still.

As if nothing happened.

---

INT. NEWSROOM - SAME

Red banners explode across every screen:

BREAKING: TOURISTS BEGIN TO MOVE

Anchors shout over each other.

ANCHOR 1  
- simultaneous movement worldwide-

ANCHOR 2  
- no change in behavior otherwise-

ANCHOR 3  
- authorities urging calm-

---

INT. IMAGERY CENTER - SAME

Maria grips the edge of her desk.

MARIA  
Where are they going?

Werner overlays trajectory projections.

Lines bloom outward from every Tourist.

Each to a different direction.

No pattern.

No symmetry.

Just... paths.

Werner stares at the chaotic map.

WERNER  
Wherever they were always going.

---

EXT. OHIO CUL-DE-SAC - LATE AFTERNOON

The Tourist stands one full meter into the street now.

Police scramble to reset barricades farther back.

Residents shout from porches.

A MAN in a pickup leans on his horn, furious.

PICKUP MAN  
It moved into the road! That  
thing's blocking traffic!

An OFFICER waves him back.

OFFICER  
Sir, kill the engine and step out  
of the vehicle!

The man ignores him, throws the truck into drive.



The pickup rolls forward.

Too fast.

Too close.

The bumper strikes the Tourist's leg.

There is no impact sound.

The truck simply... stops existing in forward motion.

Momentum has nowhere to go.

The hood buckles upward violently.

The windshield implodes.

The driver is crushed between seat and dashboard in an instant.

The truck rebounds backward as if it hit a wall of reality itself.

The Tourist remains unmoved.

Silence.

Then SCREAMS.

---

INT. HOSPITAL TRAUMA BAY - NIGHT

Doctors work frantically over the driver's shattered body.

A DOCTOR shakes his head at a sheriff's deputy.

DOCTOR

There was no deceleration pattern I  
can explain. It's like the truck  
suddenly discovered a limit it  
didn't know it had.

The deputy looks sick.

---

INT. IMAGERY CENTER - NIGHT

Maria watches the crash footage in stunned silence.

Werner stands beside her, hands folded.

MARIA  
That's the first one.

Werner nods.

WERNER  
The first direct one.

She looks at the global paths again.

MARIA  
How many more?

Werner doesn't answer.

---

EXT. SAHARA - MORNING

The Sahara Tourist stands one meter beyond yesterday's position.

Rahman marks the coordinate on a tablet.

RAHMAN  
Exactly one meter.

An INTERN checks another readout.

INTERN  
Same in Chile. Same in Argentina.  
Same in Greenland.

Rahman looks up sharply.

---

INT. IMAGERY CENTER - DAY

Maria overlays displacement measurements from dozens of Tourists.

Graphs snap into alignment.

MARIA  
One meter. Every one of them.  
Exactly one meter.

Werner narrows his eyes.

WERNER

Once?

She keeps typing.

MARIA

Once per day.

Werner exhales slowly.

WERNER

Then this is no longer movement.

She looks at him.

WERNER (CONT'D)

It's a schedule.

---

INT. UNITED NATIONS - EMERGENCY SESSION - DAY

Chaos. People shouting. Delegates arguing in overlapping languages.

Werner appears on a massive projection.

WERNER

All entities advance exactly one  
meter every twenty-four hours.

The room quiets.

FRENCH DELEGATE

And their destinations?

Werner brings up projected path maps.

Lines slice through cities, coastlines, forests.

WERNER

Unchanged.

A whispered panic spreads.

---

EXT. PHILIPPINE COAST - DAY

The coastal Tourist steps forward.

A fisherman who ignored evacuation warnings is directly in its path.

The Tourist does not stop.

The fisherman backpedals, slips on wet sand.

The Tourist completes its step.

The man is gently but fatally pinned against the earth.

The sea washes around his body.

The Tourist stands again.

Still.

---

INT. IMAGERY CENTER - NIGHT

Maria turns away from the screen.

MARIA

It's not attacking.

Werner watches the pinned figure.

WERNER

No.

MARIA

It's not even pushing.

Werner's voice is tight.

WERNER

It's displacing.

---

EXT. TOKYO EVACUATION ZONE - NIGHT

Thousands funnel across bridges under floodlights.

Helicopters thrum overhead.

The Tokyo Tourist advances one meter into what was a residential block only days ago.

Buildings are demolished ahead of its projected daily path like a controlled burn.

Still, some refuse to leave.

An OLD MAN sits on a folding chair in the Tourist's path.

Police plead with him.

OFFICER

Sir, please. It will not stop.

The old man stares at the approaching figure.

OLD MAN

Neither did my wife.

The Tourist advances the next day.

The chair collapses.

The man does not survive.

---

INT. IMAGERY CENTER - SAME

Maria watches the Tokyo feed silently.

MARIA

They're not changing direction for anything.

Werner replies quietly:

WERNER

Why would they?

She looks at him.

MARIA

Because we're alive.

Werner doesn't look at her.

WERNER

So is moss.

That lands heavily.

---

INT. GLOBAL MONTAGE - DAYS PASSING

- Cities drawing glowing projected "death lines" through neighborhoods
- Evacuation sirens wailing daily at countdown hour
- Schoolchildren marking "Tourist Time" on classroom clocks
- Families packing exactly one meter farther back every night
- Construction crews racing the advancing paths
- Memorials forming along projected routes
- Social media countdowns titled "STEP WATCH"

---

INT. MARIA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Maria eats standing over the sink.

On her TV, a live countdown ticks.

NEXT STEP: 00:00:32

She sets her fork down.

The clock hits zero.

On-screen, dozens of feeds show Tourists completing their daily step in perfect unison.

The world exhales.

Maria whispers:

MARIA  
It's like a heartbeat.

Behind her, the empty wheelchair is visible in the bedroom doorway.

---

INT. IMAGERY CENTER - PRE-DAWN

Werner studies trajectory overlays again.

This time something new appears.

Clusters.

He zooms in.

WERNER  
Maria.

She joins him.

Several projected paths, once scattered, now begin trending toward shared geological features.

Fault lines.

Subduction zones.

Caldera caps.

Drowned craters.

Maria's stomach drops.

MARIA

They're not crisscrossing randomly.

Werner nods.

WERNER

They're converging on stress.

---

EXT. SAHARA - NIGHT

The Sahara Tourist advances one more meter.

The air feels thicker than it should.

Distant thunder rolls beneath clear skies.

Rahman studies the horizon.

RAHMAN

The land is preparing.

Her assistant swallows.

ASSISTANT

For what?

Rahman doesn't answer.

---

INT. IMAGERY CENTER - SAME

Maria stares at the Sahara convergence data.

MARIA

If it reaches that basin...

Werner finishes the thought.

WERNER

The desert doesn't just expand.

They look at the projection of atmospheric modeling destabilizing outward from the final point.

WERNER (CONT'D)

It locks.

---

EXT. OHIO CUL-DE-SAC - NIGHT

The Ohio Tourist stands several meters into the former street now.

All houses in its future path have been demolished.

Only empty foundations remain.

Lily and her parents stand far back on a ridge with evacuees.

Lily watches the Tourist advance under floodlights.

LILY

It doesn't look like it's going anywhere.

Her mother answers softly:

MOTHER

It's going somewhere that's taking a long time to notice.

EXT. ANDES MOUNTAIN RIDGE - DAWN

A Tourist advances one meter along a knife-edge ridge high above cloud cover.

Below it: a jagged fault seam visible through exposed rock, glowing faintly with geothermal heat.

A team of GEOLOGISTS in oxygen masks watches from a lower platform.

GEOLOGIST #1

Stress bloom is accelerating.



GEOLOGIST #2

It wasn't accelerating yesterday.

They look up at the Tourist as it completes its step and stops again.

The mountain quietly GROANS.

Not loudly.

Not violently.

Like something old shifting in its sleep.

---

INT. IMAGERY CENTER - MORNING

Maria brings up the Andes feed beside Sahara, Pacific Trench, and Greenland.

Overlays snap into place.

For the first time, the paths visibly align with major tectonic and atmospheric instability zones.

Werner stands motionless behind her.

MARIA

They're not wandering.

Werner answers softly:

WERNER

No.

She swallows.

MARIA

They're marching the weak points.

Werner finally says the thought he's been circling for days.

WERNER

They're walking the exhibits.

Maria turns to him.

MARIA

What does that mean?

Werner gestures at the overlays.

WERNER

If you were building an archive of  
a world... you wouldn't catalog its  
cities.

She follows his logic, dread rising.

MARIA

You'd catalog what outlasts cities.

Werner nods.

WERNER

And what ends them.

---

INT. GLOBAL NEWS BROADCAST - DAY

A calm but shaken ANCHOR speaks as animated tectonic models  
spin behind him.

ANCHOR

For the first time, independent  
scientific agencies across multiple  
nations agree: the entities known  
as the Tourists are not moving  
randomly. Their projected paths  
terminate at points of extreme  
planetary instability.

On screen, bold text appears:

DESTINATIONS CONFIRMED: NOT HUMAN-CENTERED

---

EXT. RURAL INDIA - DAY

A Tourist advances toward an ancient river valley.

Villagers watch from a hilltop with packed belongings.

An ELDER speaks quietly to a younger man.

ELDER

The river has changed course seven  
times in my lifetime.

The Tourist completes its step.

The river subtly shifts its eddy pattern downstream.

ELDER (CONT'D)  
Now it learns how to stop.

---

INT. UNITED NATIONS - EMERGENCY ASSEMBLY - DAY

The chamber shakes with fear and argument.

Werner appears again on the main screen.

UN SECRETARY-GENERAL  
Dr. Werner, are you suggesting  
these entities are intentionally  
triggering planetary disasters?

Werner chooses his words carefully.

WERNER  
No.

He lets that settle.

WERNER (CONT'D)  
I'm suggesting they are arriving  
precisely when those disasters  
become inevitable.

A murmur rolls through the room.

GERMAN DELEGATE  
Then they are not invaders.

Werner nods gravely.

WERNER  
They are curators.

That word detonates across the chamber.

---

EXT. OHIO EVACUATION RIDGE - EVENING

Lily and her parents sit with evacuees on folding chairs as  
the Ohio Tourist completes another daily step below.

A MAN nearby scoffs bitterly.

MAN  
Curators. That's the word they're  
using now.

Lily looks at him.

LILY  
Curators take care of things.

The man snorts.

MAN  
Yeah. Of dead ones.

Lily thinks about that as the Tourist stops again.

---

INT. IMAGERY CENTER - NIGHT

Maria stares at the convergence modeling.

MARIA  
If every endpoint is a failure  
point...

Werner finishes the thought:

WERNER  
Then the collection is about  
collapse, not life.

She looks at him.

MARIA  
A museum of what goes wrong.

Werner exhales.

WERNER  
A museum of what lasts after what  
goes wrong.

---

EXT. PHILIPPINE COAST - NIGHT

The Tourist stands where the tide now behaves strangely,  
pulling back farther each day.

Fishermen no longer go out.

The ocean seems to be rehearsing something.

---

INT. CULT COMPOUND - NIGHT

Dozens kneel around a projected path map painted on the floor.

A LEADER stands over them, eyes wild.

CULT LEADER

They are not here to end us. They  
are here to prove we were not  
worthy of keeping the world!

The followers beat their chests in rhythm.

---

INT. MARIA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Maria paces while on the phone with an off-screen HOSPICE NURSE.

HOSPICE NURSE (V.O.)

He's sleeping most of the day now.  
He asks about you.

Maria closes her eyes.

MARIA

Tell him... tell him I'm watching  
something very important.

She hangs up.

Her TV turns on automatically to breaking news.

---

INT. TELEVISION SCREEN - CONTINUOUS

A SCIENTIFIC PANEL DISCUSSION.

A PHILOSOPHER speaks:

PHILOSOPHER

If these beings are cataloging our  
failure, then the most terrifying  
possibility is not that they  
destroy us—

She pauses.

PHILOSOPHER (CONT'D)  
It's that they do not consider us  
worth preserving at all.

---

INT. IMAGERY CENTER - LATE NIGHT

Werner stands alone, recording a private voice note.

WERNER (V.O.)  
Human extinction has always been  
narrated as an ending. But  
extinction is not an ending. It is  
a transition between chapters  
written by something that doesn't  
speak our language.

---

EXT. SAHARA - NIGHT

The Sahara Tourist advances again.

One more meter.

The air shimmers with a wrong kind of stillness behind it.

Storm clouds gather far beyond the horizon but never reach  
this place.

The desert feels... curated.

---

INT. IMAGERY CENTER - SAME

Maria watches Sahara and the Andes split-screen.

MARIA  
If they're curators...

Werner looks at her.

MARIA (CONT'D)  
What are we?

Werner answers barely above a whisper:

WERNER  
We're not the exhibit.

She waits.

WERNER (CONT'D)  
We're the noise in the hallway  
between exhibits.

That lands with final, cold clarity.

---

EXT. PACIFIC TRENCH ZONE - PRE-DAWN

A Tourist reaches the edge of an invisible boundary in open water.

It stands over a location where the ocean floor is already tearing itself apart.

The sea pulls away unnaturally fast.

Deep water begins to open.

The Tourist takes one more step—

---

SMASH TO BLACK.

EXT. PACIFIC TRENCH ZONE - PRE-DAWN (CONTINUOUS)

The Tourist stands on open water.

Below it, the ocean is no longer behaving like ocean.

The surface pulls backward in concentric, trembling rings, revealing darker and darker depths as if the sea itself is inhaling.

On the horizon, a LINE OF RESEARCH VESSELS forms a trembling arc at the edge of the exclusion zone. Drones hover overhead, struggling to maintain position in destabilizing air currents.

The Tourist completes its final daily step.

One meter.

It stops.

Perfectly.

For a heartbeat, nothing happens.

Then the sound arrives.

Not an explosion.

A planetary exhale.

The ocean floor collapses inward.

A vertical wall of water drops straight down as if poured through a hidden drain the size of a nation.

Seismic shockwaves ripple outward.

Every vessel on the horizon is lifted like a child's toy and smashed flat in seconds.

Satellites glitch.

Signals vanish.

When the water finally rushes back in, it is not a wave—

It is reclassification.

---

INT. IMAGERY CENTER - SAME

Every screen on the wall goes white.

Then black.

Then comes back in cascading fragments.

Maria grips her desk.

MARIA

Status—!

An ANALYST shouts:

ANALYST

All vessels lost! All! The trench  
just... changed depth by four  
kilometers!

Werner stares at the stabilized feed.

At the center of the violent churning water—

The Tourist.

Still standing.



Unmoved.

---

INT. GLOBAL NEWS BROADCAST - MORNING

The Anchor looks shaken, barely holding composure.

ANCHOR

Authorities confirm that the collapse at the Pacific Trench was not a tsunami, not a quake, and not a weapons event. It represents a previously unrecorded geological transition.

Behind him, footage of satellite readouts: before and after overlays.

The ocean floor configuration is now permanently different.

A label appears quietly at the bottom of the screen:

PACIFIC TERMINUS - CONFIRMED

---

INT. UNITED NATIONS - EMERGENCY ASSEMBLY - DAY

The chamber is near-riot chaos.

Delegates shout over one another.

Werner appears on the central holoscreen.

UN SECRETARY-GENERAL

Dr. Werner-- did the entity cause this?

Werner is careful.

WERNER

No.

That word is not reassuring.

WERNER (CONT'D)

It arrived at the exact moment when causation no longer mattered.

Silence falls.

JAPANESE DELEGATE  
Then why arrive at all?

Werner looks directly into the camera.

WERNER  
So the transition could be  
recorded.

That breaks something in the room.

---

EXT. PHILIPPINE COAST - DAY

The sea has not returned to its normal rhythm.

Wave timing is wrong.

Tides arrive early, late, sideways.

The Tourist stands where it always has.

A FISHERMAN stares out at the water, shaking.

FISHERMAN  
The sea forgot where it used to be.

---

INT. IMAGERY CENTER - NIGHT

A new designation auto-populates beneath the Pacific Tourist  
feed:

TERMINUS STATUS: LOCKED

ARCHIVE ZONE: OCEANIC RECONFIGURATION

Maria stares at the label.

MARIA  
It didn't leave.

Werner answers quietly:

WERNER  
Why would a monument leave?

She turns to him slowly.

MARIA  
Monuments are for memory.

Werner nods.

WERNER  
And memory is only ever built after  
something is over.

---

EXT. ANDES RIDGE - DAY

The Andes Tourist reaches a narrow convergence seam where two tectonic plates meet like teeth.

Geologists evacuate their final forward station.

The Tourist takes its last step.

The ridge does not explode.

It sags.

Miles of mountain settle downward by centimeters that will become meters over months.

Snow lines shift.

Glaciers begin a slow, unstoppable migration.

Another quiet label appears across global feeds:

ANDEAN TERMINUS - CONFIRMED

---

INT. MARIA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Maria sits on the edge of her bed in the dark.

Her phone buzzes.

A text from the hospice nurse:

HE'S DECLINING QUICKLY. IF YOU WANT TO COME—

Maria stares at the message.

Across the room, her TV turns on automatically with breaking coverage of the Andes event.

Two ends of time calling her at once.

She doesn't move.

---

INT. IMAGERY CENTER - PRE-DAWN

Werner stands alone before the now-growing list:

PACIFIC TERMINUS - LOCKED

ANDES TERMINUS - LOCKED

SAHARA - 92 DAYS TO TERMINUS

GREENLAND - 141 DAYS

SIBERIA - 157 DAYS

OHIO - 28 DAYS

Maria enters quietly.

They stare at the countdowns together.

MARIA

How many endpoints before it's not  
survivable?

Werner doesn't hesitate.

WERNER

We passed that question already.

She looks at him.

He softens.

WERNER (CONT'D)

Now it's about how long the after-  
image pretends to be a future.

---

EXT. OHIO EVACUATION RIDGE - NIGHT

The Ohio Tourist advances again.

One meter closer to its convergence point beneath the former suburb.

Below the ridge, firefighting teams intentionally burn off remaining structures in advance.

The older Lily watches with her parents.

LILY

Is it ever going to stop?

Her father answers without certainty.

FATHER

Everything stops eventually.

She doesn't like that answer.

---

INT. IMAGERY CENTER - NIGHT

Maria overlays seismic, atmospheric, and magnetic modeling.

For the first time, she sees it clearly:

Each terminus does not end the world.

It removes a rule.

Ocean behavior.

Mountain load bearing.

Atmospheric moisture retention.

Methane stability.

Layer by layer, physics itself is being simplified.

She whispers:

MARIA

They're not killing the planet.

Werner watches the projections flatten into brutal simplicity.

WERNER

They're restoring it to a state  
that doesn't require us.

---

EXT. SAHARA - DAWN

The Sahara Tourist stands closer to its basin than ever.

The air behind it has gone permanently dry.

A storm system roars across the horizon — then breaks apart as it approaches, unable to cross an invisible border.

The desert beyond the Tourist is no longer weather.

It is exhibit space.

TITLE CARD:

EIGHTEEN MONTHS LATER

---

EXT. COASTAL RELOCATION ZONE - MORNING

Rows of prefab housing stretch along a blighted shoreline far from any Tourist path. Wind snaps flags mounted to poles marked with evacuation sector numbers.

Children run between units carrying school tablets.

A TEACHER (30s) addresses a small outdoor class.

Behind them, in the far distance, a Pacific Tourist stands like a lighthouse that casts no light.

TEACHER

Don't forget— tomorrow is Terminus  
Drill Day. Blue routes only.

The children nod, bored.

For them, this is all normal.

---

INT. IMAGERY CENTER - DAY

The room has become quieter, more ritual than emergency.

Countless TERMINUS labels now ring the globe.

Maria is older than the last time we saw her. Not in years—  
in weight.

Werner stands beside her, looking at a new identifier.

GREENLAND TERMINUS - LOCKED

MARIA  
That's the ninth.

WERNER  
Ninth confirmation. Dozens more in  
queue.

She watches a projection of atmospheric loss sliding across  
northern latitudes like a slow breath held forever.

MARIA  
People used to argue about the end  
of the world.

Werner nods.

MARIA (CONT'D)  
Now they argue about which parts of  
it were ever real.

---

EXT. VATICAN CITY - DAY

The square is empty now.

No pilgrims.

No riots.

Only permanent fencing and a Tourist standing beside ancient  
stone.

A single OLD PRIEST kneels alone at the barricade.

He whispers:

OLD PRIEST  
We waited for signs. But the only  
sign was that no one was watching  
us anymore.

The Tourist does not move.

---

INT. MARIA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Cardboard boxes line the walls.

Maria sorts through belongings she hasn't touched since before the arrival.

She opens a small wooden box:

Inside— her father's WATCH, scratched and worn.

Her phone buzzes.

A final hospice message already read.

She sits on the bed.

Puts the watch on.

It still ticks.

Time still pretends.

---

EXT. OHIO TERMINUS RIDGE - EVENING

The Ohio site is now one of the most heavily monitored places on Earth.

Miles of cleared land. Massive industrial cooling units vent heat from deep-extraction wells.

The convergence point beneath the former suburb is now visible as a vast engineered pit exposing methane hydrate veins.

The Ohio Tourist advances closer with each day.

COUNTDOWN DISPLAY (DIGITAL SIGNBOARD):

OHIO TERMINUS: 14 DAYS

Lily, now a teenager, stands on the ridge with her parents and newcomers who've arrived to witness the end.

A MAN nearby records on a handheld cam.

MAN

Fourteen days until it stops again.

Lily doesn't respond.

She watches the Tourist.

---



INT. IMAGERY CENTER - NIGHT

Werner studies new data layered across the surface of a magnified Tourist scan.

Maria joins him.

MARIA

You've been staring at that for hours.

Werner magnifies even further.

At impossible resolution, the Tourist's surface is not smooth

—

It is composed of repeating micro-structures, nested within nested tessellations.

Not sensors.

Not circuitry.

Something else.

WERNER

They're not cameras.

MARIA

Then what are they?

He overlays seismic, atmospheric, and magnetic change data.

The tessellations ripple in phase with each environmental shift.

Not observing.

Confirming.

Werner exhales.

WERNER

They're verification lattices.

Maria feels the meaning hit.

MARIA

You mean they're checking the work.

Werner nods.

WERNER  
They're confirming the transition  
is complete.

---

EXT. AMAZON BIOME - DAY

A Tourist moves through thinning jungle.  
Behind it, the ecosystem does not rebound.  
The forest simply fails to regrow.  
Animals are gone.  
The silence is categorical.

---

INT. GLOBAL NEWS BROADCAST - NIGHT

The ANCHOR is somber, restrained.

ANCHOR  
Sociologists now confirm that the  
post-Terminus generation shows no  
elevated trauma markers. For those  
born after the first locks, the  
Tourists are not omens or gods...

A graphic appears:

THEY ARE LANDMARKS

ANCHOR (CONT'D)  
They are simply where the rules  
change.

---

EXT. OHIO TERMINUS RIDGE - DAY

COUNTDOWN: 7 DAYS

The Tourist advances again.  
Lily steps forward to the fence.  
A GUARD gently blocks her.

GUARD

Stay back.

She looks at him with quiet certainty.

LILY

It's not here for me.

He doesn't know how to answer that.

---

INT. IMAGERY CENTER - NIGHT

A new alert chimes.

Maria's screen flashes:

ANOMALY - SIGNAL DEVIATION

She snaps upright.

MARIA

Werner- this one is different.

He joins her.

The Ohio Tourist's lattice structures are pulsing out of sync with the planetary models.

For the first time ever- the lattice is not just responding.

It is initiating.

Maria whispers:

MARIA (CONT'D)

It's not verifying..

Werner's breath stills.

WERNER

It's querying.

---

EXT. OHIO TERMINUS ZONE - SUNSET

The Tourist stands only days from its final position.

The pit beneath hums with vented methane and controlled flame burns.

The air tastes metallic.

Lily stands alone at the front line of the ridge fence.

Her parents are farther back now.

She stares at the motionless figure.

For a brief, impossible moment—

The wind moves around the Tourist differently than it ever has before.

Not avoidance.

Interaction.

A faint, sub-audible vibration ripples through the ground.

Lily feels it beneath her feet.

She whispers without knowing why:

LILY

Hello?

The Tourist does not move.

But the lattice on its surface flickers.

Once.

Then stillness again.

---

INT. IMAGERY CENTER - SAME

Alarms spike across one console only.

Werner stares at the Ohio feed in disbelief.

WERNER

It generated a deviation.

Maria's voice breaks.

MARIA

Did it just... respond?

Werner doesn't dare say yes.

But the data says something else dared to exist there.

For the first time—

A Tourist acknowledged something outside its function.

---

EXT. OHIO TERMINUS RIDGE - NIGHT

COUNTDOWN: 3 DAYS

Floodlights blaze across the pit and the Tourist's final approach vector.

The sky looks wrong again.

Not stormy.

Anticipatory.

Lily stands with the other watchers.

But now she knows:

It heard her.

EXT. OHIO TERMINUS RIDGE - NIGHT

COUNTDOWN BOARD: 00 DAYS, 08 HOURS

The ridge is packed with observers now— evacuees, scientists, journalists, soldiers, families who refused to leave.

Generators thrum. Floodlights bleach the pit white.

Deep below, controlled methane burns in slow blue spirals.

The Ohio Tourist stands utterly still at the edge of its final meter.

LILY (now 16) sits on the hood of a utility truck, knees to her chest, wrapped in a blanket. Her parents stand nearby but give her space.

The sky is wrong again— a faint shimmering distortion like heat without heat.

---

INT. IMAGERY CENTER - NIGHT

Only essential staff remain. The room is dim, reverent.

Maria and Werner sit side by side in front of the Ohio feed.

On Werner's monitor: the verification lattices writhe in slow, asynchronous patterns.

MARIA  
It's been querying for three hours.

WERNER  
That's longer than any response  
event ever recorded.

She swallows.

MARIA  
What could it possibly be asking?

Werner doesn't answer yet.

He zooms deeper into the lattice structures.

For the first time, human mathematics begins to faintly align.

His face drains of color.

---

EXT. OHIO TERMINUS ZONE - SAME

The wind dies completely.

Every sound feels suspended.

No insects.

No birds.

Just machines and breathing.

Lily slides off the truck and walks slowly to the fence.

A GUARD starts to stop her— then hesitates.

The Tourist is not moving.

She steps up to the fence line.

Stares at the figure.

For the second time in her life, she feels the ground respond.

A faint vibration passes through her feet.

She speaks softly, without fear.

LILY

You're going to stop tomorrow.

The lattice flickers again.

Once.

Twice.

This time— longer.

---

INT. IMAGERY CENTER - NIGHT

Werner's screen explodes with cascading translation attempts.

Maria watches, breathless.

MARIA

It's generating output.

Werner's hands tremble on the keyboard.

WERNER

No... it's not generating language.

He looks at the collapsing models.

WERNER (CONT'D)

It's generating classification  
logic.

Maria's blood runs cold.

---

INT. IMAGERY CENTER - CONTINUOUS

A single symbolic string stabilizes from the chaos.

Werner stares at it.

Maria watches his face.

MARIA

What does it say?

Werner doesn't want to answer.

Finally:

WERNER

It's not asking who we are.

He looks at her.

WERNER (CONT'D)

It's asking whether we ever were.

Maria feels her knees nearly give.

---

EXT. OHIO TERMINUS RIDGE - NIGHT

Lily presses her forehead lightly to the cold metal of the fence.

She whispers:

LILY

Do you know what we are?

A long silence.

Then- something impossible.

Not sound.

Not vibration.

A shift in meaning, like a pressure change inside the skull.

For Lily alone:

A presence.

Not a voice.

A transmission of certainty.

---

INT. IMAGERY CENTER - SAME

Every Ohio sensor spikes in perfect unison.

Werner's screen locks into a final translation state.



A single designation resolves:

SUBJECT: HOMO SAPIENS  
 STATUS: NON-PERSISTENT ANOMALY  
 ARCHIVAL VALUE: CONTEXTUAL ONLY

Maria stares at it.

MARIA  
 Contextual for what?

Werner gestures to the globe now filled with locked galleries.

WERNER  
 For whatever remains when context  
 no longer includes us.

---

EXT. OHIO TERMINUS ZONE - SAME

Lily's eyes fill with tears, not from fear, but from overwhelming understanding.

She whispers:

LILY  
 You're not here to watch us.

The presence presses one final answer into her.

She nods slowly.

LILY (CONT'D)  
 You're here to watch what happens  
 without us.

Behind her, her mother is crying, sensing something she cannot hear.

---

INT. MARIA'S APARTMENT - VERY LATE NIGHT

Maria sits alone on her bed.

Her father's watch ticks loudly in the silence.

She watches the Ohio livestream on mute.

The Tourist stands waiting.

Maria closes the laptop.

Picks up her phone.

Dials a number she hasn't called in years.

It goes to voicemail.

She speaks anyway.

MARIA

I spent my whole life trying to  
prove we mattered to the universe.

She swallows.

MARIA (CONT'D)

Turns out that was the wrong  
experiment.

She hangs up.

---

EXT. OHIO TERMINUS ZONE - DAWN

COUNTDOWN BOARD: 00:00:30

The crowd is utterly silent now.

No chanting.

No praying.

No arguing.

Just watching.

The sky above the pit has turned a sick copper color.

The Tourist stands at the brink of its final meter.

The lattice across its surface begins to glow faintly— not  
light, but positional certainty.

Lily grips the fence.

---

INT. IMAGERY CENTER - SAME

Maria and Werner stand now.

No chairs.

No notes.

Only witnesses.

COUNTDOWN: 00:00:05

Maria whispers:

MARIA  
This is it.

Werner answers:

WERNER  
This is one of them.

---

EXT. OHIO TERMINUS ZONE - DAWN (CONTINUOUS)

The final second arrives.

The Tourist takes its last step.

One meter.

It stops.

For a moment—

Nothing happens.

Then the ground beneath the pit undergoes phase failure.

Not an explosion—

A collapse of state.

Methane hydrates destabilize everywhere at once.

Fire blooms downward instead of up.

The atmosphere above the pit thins instantly.

Clouds tear apart mid-formation.

The land around the convergence becomes chemically sterile in seconds.

No sound wave.

No shockwave.

Only reclassification.

When it ends:

The pit is no longer a pit.

It is a permanent absence of habitability.

And at its center—

The Ohio Tourist, motionless.

Locked.

A new label appears across every feed on Earth:

OHIO TERMINUS - LOCKED  
ARCHIVE ZONE: ATMOSPHERIC  
COMBUSTION

---

INT. IMAGERY CENTER - DAWN

Another gallery seals.

Werner closes his eyes.

Maria whispers:

MARIA  
How many left?

Werner checks the remaining moving markers.

Only a few dozen now.

WERNER  
Enough.

---

EXT. OHIO TERMINUS RIDGE - SAME

The crowd does not cheer.

They do not scream.

They simply step back in unison.

Lily remains at the fence longer than anyone.  
 Her parents approach her slowly.  
 She turns to them, presence still echoing inside her.

MOTHER  
 What did it say?

Lily searches for words that do not exist.  
 Finally:

LILY  
 It didn't come for us.

She looks back at the locked Tourist.

LILY (CONT'D)  
 We just happened to be in the  
 frame.

---

INT. IMAGERY CENTER - MORNING

Werner removes his glasses.  
 For the first time, he looks truly old.

MARIA  
 You once said we weren't the  
 exhibit.

He nods.

MARIA (CONT'D)  
 Then what are we?

Werner answers with quiet finality:

WERNER  
 We're the temporary scaffolding a  
 planet used to become something  
 else.

Maria looks at the globe.  
 At the locked galleries.  
 At the few remaining moving Tourists.

MARIA  
And when they finish?

Werner does not sugarcoat it.

WERNER  
The museum opens.

MONTAGE - THE FINAL GALLERIES LOCK

- GREENLAND:  
The polar Tourist reaches the  
fracture basin beneath miles of  
ice. The ice does not crack. It  
reassigns. Entire shelf structures  
shift into permanent static  
geometry. Ocean currents reroute  
forever.

GREENLAND TERMINUS - LOCKED

- SIBERIA:  
Permafrost fails in layered waves,  
methane blooms freeze mid-fire like  
amber. The atmosphere loses a  
degree of entropy it will never  
regain.

SIBERIA TERMINUS - LOCKED

- ANDES (SECOND NODE):  
A dormant caldera collapses inward  
without eruption. Pressure resolves  
instead of exploding.

ANDEAN SECONDARY TERMINUS - LOCKED

- INDIAN RIVER VALLEY:  
The river reroutes underground in  
one silent night, leaving behind an  
empty fossil bed.

RIVER TERMINUS - LOCKED

With every lock, something fundamental about Earth  
simplifies.

Not destroyed.

Curated.

---

INT. IMAGERY CENTER - NIGHT

Only Werner and Maria remain now.

The room is darker than ever.

On the globe: fewer than ten moving Tourists remain.

Werner's voice is quiet.

WERNER

Extinction isn't an event.

Maria watches the globe.

MARIA

Then what is it?

Werner answers after a long moment:

WERNER

It's a design principle.

---

EXT. COASTAL RELOCATION ZONE - NIGHT

Grown children sit on rooftops watching distant locked zones glow faintly on the horizon.

They don't cry.

They share snacks.

This is the only world they've known.

---

INT. MARIA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Packed now. Empty.

Maria stands in the doorway with one last box.

She takes off her father's watch.

Places it on the kitchen counter.

Lets it keep ticking by itself.

She turns off the light.

Leaves.

---

EXT. FINAL MOVING TOURIST - AT SEA - SUNSET

The last moving Tourist walks across open water toward a deep-ocean convergence point no vessel can reach.

No observers.

No drones.

Just sky, water, and purpose.

It takes its last step.

Stops.

The ocean reorganizes beneath it as if completing a sentence that began before life existed.

FINAL OCEANIC TERMINUS - LOCKED

---

INT. IMAGERY CENTER - FINAL NIGHT

Only one label remains blinking:

ARCHIVAL SEQUENCE: COMPLETE

Werner exhales.

Not relief.

Completion.

Maria stands beside him.

MARIA  
So that's it.

Werner nods.

WERNER  
The galleries are sealed.

Maria looks at the quiet globe.

MARIA  
What happens to us now?



Werner looks at her—not as a scientist, but as a human for the last time.

WERNER

Now we become what always happens  
after context expires.

Maria swallows.

MARIA

Which is?

Werner answers softly:

WERNER

Footnotes.

---

EXT. OHIO TERMINUS RIDGE - NIGHT

Years later.

The Ohio Archive Zone is now a glassed-in exclusion monument.

Guided tours pass silently on elevated walkways.

Lily, now an adult, stands alone at the observation rail.

The locked Ohio Tourist remains unmoved at the center of the sterile basin.

A CHILD beside her tugs at their parent.

CHILD

Why did they come here?

The parent hesitates.

Lily answers instead, gently:

LILY

They didn't come here.

She looks at the Tourist.

LILY (CONT'D)

They were always here.

The child frowns, confused.

Lily smiles faintly.

---

EXT. WIDE EARTH SHOT - ORBIT - NIGHT

The planet turns slowly.

Locked gallery zones glow faintly across its surface in geometric constellations.

Deserts.

Trenches.

Fractures.

Absences.

No signs of war.

No devastation.

Just a world reorganized around what will outlast intelligence.

---

INT. UNKNOWN SPACE - TIMELESS

We now see:

A truly vast ARCHIVE STRUCTURE, not mechanical, not biological — something else entirely.

Within it:

Countless planetary spheres hang in ordered suspension.

Each subtly different.

Each bearing locked geometries.

The Earth sphere slides gently into a designated lattice.

A designation resolves beneath it in alien symbolic math.

Then a translation appears for the audience:

ARCHIVE ENTRY:  
 TERRESTRIAL BIOSPHERIC TRANSITION  
 STATUS: COMPLETE  
 INTELLIGENCE PHASE: NON-PERSISTENT  
 VALUE: CONTEXTUAL

The Earth dims slightly.

Not erased.

Filed.

---

EXT. EARTH - DAY (FAR FUTURE)

The camera pushes toward the planet.

No humans.

No cities.

No broadcasts.

Just oceans, wind patterns, tectonic motion, slow biological  
return in simplified forms.

Weather systems that no longer accommodate conversation.

Mountain ranges that no longer care what named them.

Earth continues.

Without witnesses.

---

FINAL IMAGE - EXT. EARTH - NIGHT (MATCH CUT)

The same curve of the Earth from the opening.

But now:

No city lights.

Only aurora.

Cloud bands.

Silence.

---

FINAL LINE - OVER BLACK:

WE WERE NEVER THE EXHIBIT.

---

FADE OUT.

THE END