

D O O R S (PILOT)

Written by

Jason Doyle

12 Hickey St Rochester NH 03868
(603) 534-0156

INT. WAITING ROOM

Humming fluorescent lights. PAUL DELAHUNT, 63, a wiry, mustached man with an air of wisdom about him, sits alone in a nondescript room. He fidgets as he waits.

A door opens, revealing a G-MAN, 30s, wearing a dark suit.

G-MAN

This way, Dr. Delahunt.

Delahunt anxiously stands and follows the G-Man out of the room.

INT. PHAGAN'S OFFICE

A dimly lit space, nearly dark - unusually dark for a place like this. NILES PHAGAN (42), a black-haired, thick man in an expensively tailored suit, sits behind the desk, wringing his hands. The wall behind him is completely obscured by dark shadow.

The office door opens, and the G-Man lets Delahunt into the room, closing the door behind him. Delahunt is alone with Phagan, and he seems uncomfortable with that fact.

PHAGAN

Please, have a seat.

DELAHUNT

I'd much rather stand, thank you.

PHAGAN

Suit yourself. I'm assuming that you already know why you're here?

DELAHUNT

Oh, we're just being open about this now, are we? Laying all of the cards on the table?

PHAGAN

Don't be flippant, Doctor. Tell us how to open the door.

DELAHUNT

Never.

PHAGAN

This is preposterous, Paul. You know that we'll eventually find our way in.

(MORE)

PHAGAN (CONT'D)

Why suffer needlessly in the name
of prolonging what's inevitable?

DELAHUNT

I'd rather die than help you open
that door.

A DISEMBODIED, COMMANDING VOICE fills the room. Delahunt
gasps as he looks at the darkness behind Phagan.

LEVIATHAN (O.S.)

(strained; otherworldly)

He. Means. It.

The wall is not shadowed, but inky black. It ripples, as if a
liquid, with twisted things moving just beneath its surface.
A series of tentacles materialize from the ooze, darting at
Delahunt with blinding speed.

CUT TO BLACK.

INT. WAREHOUSE

A dirty warehouse. The windows reveal the dead of night and
the strobing red-and-blue of police lights.

The concrete floor is spattered with blood. A woman CRIES.

INT. FBI SUV - AFTERNOON

Special Agent TARA HEADLY, 28, awakens, startled, in the back
seat of a dark SUV as it drives along a tree-lined road. The
driver, another dark suited G-Man DRIVER, 30s, doesn't take
notice. She collects her composure. The Driver glances back
at her in the rear view mirror.

DRIVER

Oh, you're awake. Welcome to New
Hampshire, Agent Headly.

HEADLY

It's...

She glances out the window. It's all trees.

HEADLY (CONT'D)

Scenic.

DRIVER

Indeed.

(pause)

We're nearly there.

EXT. SERVICE BUILDING - AFTERNOON

The SUV pulls up to a dingy, concrete service building and comes to a stop. The Driver and Headly exit the vehicle and start towards the building.

As they approach, the main door opens and DR. AIDAN FERRO, 45, a lanky man with scruffy hair and five o'clock shadow, exits. He approaches the two.

DR FERRO
You just be...Ms. Headly?

HEADLY
Special Agent Tara Headly. Nice to meet you.

DR FERRO
(to Driver)
And you are?

DRIVER
I'm the driver.

DR FERRO
And your here because?

DRIVER
I drive.

DR FERRO
(dismissive)
Excellent.
(To Headly)
Please, come with me.

Headly and the Driver begin to follow Dr. Ferro.

DR FERRO (CONT'D)
(to Diver)
Not you.

The Driver stops, scoffing at Dr. Ferro as he and Headly continue into the building.

DR FERRO (CONT'D)
(to Headly; quietly)
You'll want to move rather quickly.

As soon as they are inside, the Driver pulls a small, compact pistol from his jacket and chambers a round. He starts towards the door.

INT. SERVICE BUILDING

Dr Ferro and Agent Headly walk down a flight of metal stairs into a plain concrete hallway that ends with a single metal door.

DR FERRO

This way, please. Again, quite quickly, if you could.

They reach the door. Dr Ferro looks nervously over his shoulder before opening it, revealing a well lit, modern office space.

DR FERRO (CONT'D)

Through here, please.

Dr. Ferro hold the door open as Headly enters, then follows behind her. The door closes.

The hallway rests silent.

The driver creeps down the stairs, his weapon drawn. He approaches the door and opens it - revealing only a dark broom closet. The driver throws his hands up in confounded frustration.

INT. PRISM FACILITY

Dr. Ferro leads Headly deeper into the modern office space. He motions towards one of the several doors around the room.

DR FERRO

This will be your space. Please use it.

HEADLY

Thank you. What is it you're working on here?

DR FERRO

That's...complicated. As well as classified.

HEADLY

With all due respect, Dr. Ferro, how am I supposed to oversee your project's workflow if I don't even know what the project is?

DR FERRO

With all due respect, Agent Headly, that's not my problem.

(MORE)

DR FERRO (CONT'D)

You were sent to us without our say in the matter. For the sake of myself, my staff, and our work, I would appreciate it if you would keep to your space and out of our way, for at least the time being.

Dr. Ferro turns away and begins to walk out of the room.

HEADLY

(scoffs)

Dr. Ferro?!

DR FERRO

Use your space, Agent Headly, it'll be safer for all involved, yourself included.

Dr. Ferro exits the room, leaving Headly alone and confused.

INT. HEADLY'S OFFICE

A windowless space lit by cold, white lights. Headly looks over the room, then sighs and exits.

INT. PRISM FACILITY - MOMENTS LATER

Headly looks over the other doors in the main hub room. She enters one labeled 'Dr. Garret Wells'.

INT. DR WELL'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

An identical office space to Headly's, albeit vastly different in decoration - pop vinyls and action figures.

Dr. Garrett Wells, 34, a slightly heavysset and friendly looking man, sits at his desk as Agent Headly enters.

HEADLY

Hello. You must be Dr. Wells?

WELLS

(without looking up)

...and I'm assuming you're the new project manager they sent? Healy?

HEADLY

Headly.

Dr. Wells looks up, and has trouble containing his surprise - he did not expect her to be this pretty.

WELLS

Ah, yes.
(clears throat)
Headly.

Dr. Wells stands and shakes Headly's hand.

WELLS (CONT'D)

Dr. Garrett Wells. How can I help you?

HEADLY

I'm wondering if I can get some clarification on the project your team is running here. I can't manage something if I'm flying blind.

WELLS

What did Dr. Ferro tell you already?

HEADLY

Exactly nothing.

WELLS

(nervous)
Well, unfortunately, any dissemination of information is at his sole discretion. I can't provide any sort of illumination for you.

HEADLY

How am I supposed to do my jo--

WELLS

I'm sorry, agent. Please understand that this transition is awkward and uncomfortable for all of us. Now, if you'll excuse me, I have my own work to attend to.

HEADLY

Well, thank you for your time, I guess.

Headly exits the office.

INT. HEADLY'S OFFICE

Headly sits at her desk, idly looking at the computer monitor. She looks into the hard drive's contents.

It is all of the standard "new computer" fare. She opens a shared folder and attempts to open a sub-folder called 'PRISM'. It denies her access.

HEADLY

Damn it.

VOICES echo from the hall.

WELLS (O.S.)

You need to tell her what she's gotten mixed up in here, Aiden. There are new dangers. She might even be able to help us.

DR FERRO (O.S.)

Will you keep your voice down?!

Headly stands and cautiously rushes to her door, peering out. She sees:

INT. PRISM FACILITY

Dr. Ferro and Dr. Wells enter into Dr. Well's office.

Headly begins to silently cross the hub room to follow. She stops as the lights begin to flicker.

All around her the walls shake and reverberate with a harsh metallic hum. Colors shift all around her. Then, as suddenly and rapidly as it began, the shaking and sound stops. The room falls silent and normal.

INT. DR WELL'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

The door to Dr. Well's office bursts open as a furious Headly enters.

HEADLY

What the fuck was that?! Tell me what the hell is going on here!

Dr. Wells and Dr. Ferro are stunned, unsure how to respond.

HEADLY (CONT'D)

NOW!

DR FERRO

There's no need to shout at us.

HEADLY

Did you not see or hear any of what
just happened?! I'd like to know
"what I've gotten myself into".

Dr. Ferro shoots Dr. Wells a dirty look before addressing
Headly.

DR FERRO

That was merely a scheduled tuning.
Those keep us safe.

HEADLY

Tuning? Is this place a harp?
(pause)
You know what? I don't even care.

Headly throws her hands up as she turns to leave.

Dr. Wells gives Dr. Ferro a concerned look. Dr. Ferro starts
to follow Headly into:

INT. PRISM FACILITY - CONTINUOUS

Headly is storming through the hub room towards the door with
Dr. Ferro following behind.

DR FERRO

Agent Headly, please stop.

HEADLY

Save it, Doctor.

Headly reaches the door, angrily ripping open to reveal:

EXT. CROATIAN STREET MARKET - DAY

A metal door in a decrepit looking building opens along the
side of a busy street market somewhere in Croatia. Standing
in the doorway is a shocked Agent Headly, with the Prism
Facility behind her.

Food cooks on a steaming, smoky grill. A STREET VENDOR, 60s,
stands over it, smiling as he prepares some kind of seasoned
meat. He sees Headly and his face lights up. He motions for
her to come over.

STREET VENDOR

Molim te, lijepa Amerikanka, dođi i
probaj!

HEADLY

Oh fuck no.

INT. PRISM FACILITY - CONTINUOUS

Headly slams the door between herself and the eastern European street market. She turns back towards Dr. Ferro and Dr. Wells.

HEADLY

What in God's name was that?

DR FERRO

A street market in southern Croatia. That food cart actually makes excellen-

HEADLY

How?

DR FERRO

Please, I know this must be stressful. Have a drink.

Dr. Ferro offers Headly a paper cup of water. She accepts it and drinks it reflexively.

HEADLY

What is going on here?

DR FERRO

If you follow us, everything will be explained.

INT. PRISM DEEP HALLS

Hard concrete walls and strange machines. The trio of Dr. Ferro, Headly and Dr. Wells make their way deeper into the facility.

DR FERRO

This was started as a military communications project. In the process of investigating various aspects of quantum mechanics, we stumbled across frequencies that we weren't previously aware existed. Not anything beyond the current far ends of the spectrum, mind you, but something more within.

WELLS

Think of how a Tesseract, a mathematical hypercube, is a cube within a cube. These transmission bandwidths were always there, but were locked inside of or behind what we already understood as various types of waves - radio, light, et cetera.

HEADLY

What does all of this mean?

WELLS

The practical upshot? Pocket dimensions. Right now you're technically outside of the known universe, in a small pocket of three-dimensional space we've created.

HEADLY

What?

DR FERRO

This facility exists in a construct space we made while testing the first versions of our devices. There are several return points we can link to, such as the ones in New Hampshire and Croatia that you've already seen. There are several others.

The group arrive a set of large, metal double doors, locked by a keypad. Dr. Ferro enters a code. The doors open - revealing:

INT. APERTURE DEVICE ROOM

Dr. Wells, Dr. Ferro, and Headly enter into a large warehouse room, filled to the brim with machines that look like the definition of cassette futurism. In the center of the room rests a large, metal ring-shaped device roughly fifteen feet tall that is attached to a complex control panel.

DR FERRO

These are the aperture devices. This is where we first learned the project's true purpose.

HEADLY

...and what exactly is that?

DR FERRO

That would be best explained by the individual who explained it to us.

HEADLY

Well, where are they? What are we waiting for?

DR FERRO

We're waiting for the psilocybin in the water I gave you to take effect.

HEADLY

You drugged me?!

DR FERRO

No. I gave you water laced with a naturally occurring psychedelic compound derived from fungus.

WELLS

It's for your own protection.

HEADLY

(scoffs)

DR FERRO

He's right. Communing with entities can be taxing for beings like us.

HEADLY

Entities? What are you two even talking about right now?

Headly looks at her own hand - its texture is wavy. Colors in the room seem vibrant - the walls beginning to waver. Hallucinations as the psychedelics take hold.

DR FERRO

You're beginning to feel the effects, yes?

HEADLY

(absently)

Oh wow. Oh wow.

DR FERRO

(to Wells)

Initiate the sequence.

Wells walks up to the control panel and begins entering commands.

With BEEPS and a SHARP CLANK, the machines begin to power on, their components spinning and illuminating as the center ring begins to glow.

DR FERRO (CONT'D)

I do apologize, but this will be a very intense experience for you.

The machines' center ring glows to a fever pitch, filling with bright light. A wall of illumination. It drops back into swirling, infinite tunnel.

HEADLY

Oh my...

From the infinite depths of the swirling tunnel emerges a being - a kaleidoscopic assembly of eyes, fire, and sets of wings upon sets of wings. It is equal parts terrifying and beautiful.

GABRIEL

TARA HEADLY.

(pause)

BE. NOT. AFRAID.

SMASH CUT TO
BLACK