

CLairVOYANCE

written by

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1 **EXT. OUTER SPACE - DAY - 2107**

1

The title "CLaiRVOYANCE" disappears, leaving only the dot of the "i" as the North Star gleaming brighter than the others.

The camera turns around, Earth is a fading gem, choked by greed. A hi-tech satellite drifts above Western USA.

The view dives in, swooping over San Francisco's neon lit spires, to Treasure Island. The park at the heart, is elevated 12ft and flat, containing our existence's last hope.

2 **EXT. TREASURE ISLAND CALIFORNIA - CONTINUOUS - DAY - 2107**

2

Ancient oaks stand at the corners, a fountain in the center, shelter houses on 4 sides, and brick ranches along its edges. The park is alive with wildflowers, buzzing bees, and children's laughter.

Two young girls and a mother are framed with the sunlight, sprawled out on a checkered blanket in their back yard.

HOPE VEDDER, 30s, radiant with maternal warmth, her pale skin and auburn hair glows in the sunlight, and her eyes shimmer like twin bright BLUE TOPAZES.

HOPE

I want you girls to have this. Keep
it as safe as I've kept you.

CLAIR VEDDER, 5, tan skin, a matching set of eyes that gleam with intrigue at the small LOCKET Hope places in her hands.

Her brunette curls sway as she tilts her head, studying the intricate engravings etched into silver. Her voice, high and curious.

YOUNG CLAIR

Hope... lies... inside. What's that
mean, mommy?

Beside her, GRACE VEDDER, 7, tan skin with a cascade of chestnut hair and matching BLUE eyes, beams with pride.

She adjusts her flower crown, a delicate weave of daisies, and leans closer, her voice warm but authoritative.

YOUNG GRACE

It's Mom's name. Means as long as
we have it, we have her. Like,
forever.

Hope chuckles, Clair's eyes widen, her small fingers tightening around the LOCKET. She holds it close to her chest, smiling from ear to ear.

YOUNG CLAIR

Then I'm never letting go of it.

Grace's brow furrows, holding a hand out and one on her hip.

YOUNG GRACE

Mom says it's both of ours!

YOUNG CLAIR

Gotta catch me first!

Clair bolts, her laughter rings like wind chimes, the LOCKET dangles from her hand as she sprints towards the fountain.

Grace squeals, scrambling to her feet, her bare toes digging into the soft earth as she gives chase.

Their giggles weave through the park, a melody of innocence against the vibrant backdrop of FAMILIES picnicking, kites soaring, and a distant FIDDLER's tune.

The girls dart through the park towards the fountain, its water catching rainbows in the light.

Hope watches from the blanket as MARCUS VEDDER, early 40s, rugged yet tender, approaches, his flannel shirt is rolled to the elbows, a faint scar tracing his forearm.

He kisses her forehead and takes a seat beside her, joining her in the blissful view. His dark fingers interlock hers, their rings side by side.

Hope is joyful while Marcus appears concerned. His head drops for a second before looking at her.

YOUNG MARCUS

I just got word, this is the last
safe haven from GAIAD-

Hope places her finger on Marcus' lip to silence him. She dives back into her inner bliss.

SUDDENLY a LOW, ominous RUMBLE ripples through the air, like the GROWL of a waking beast. The fiddler's tune falters. The ground trembles faintly, glasses CLINKING on picnic tables.

Hope's smile fades, her body tensing as she scans the horizon.

Clair and Grace freeze mid-chase, their flower crowns slipping. Clair clutches Grace's arm, her voice trembling.

YOUNG CLAIR

Gracie?

Grace's eyes dart to the horizon, where a faint orange glow pulses above the Oakland skyline. Her bravado wavers, but she forces a brave smile, gripping Clair's hand.

YOUNG GRACE

Just thunder. Maybe. Let's go-

The glow erupts into a MASSIVE MUSHROOM CLOUD, a blazing inferno consuming the sky.

The horizon ignites, a NUCLEAR BOMB unleashes hell.

Marcus stumbles upright, his eyes wide, scanning for the girls amidst the chaos. Hope leaps to her feet, her face a mask of primal fear.

HOPE

Grace! Clair! Inside now!

The shockwave surges through the town, kites crash and branches snap like kindling hurling the girls apart, their bodies tumbling across the grass like rag dolls.

The LOCKET slips from Clair's grasp, glinting as it spins into the dirt, half-buried in dust near a shelter house.

YOUNG CLAIR

The locket!

She scrambles toward it, her small hands clawing at the earth to get up, tears streaking her dirt-smudged face.

Grace's flower crown falls away as she rushes over to Clair.

YOUNG GRACE

Get to the house, I'll get it!

She pushes Clair towards the house, darting to the LOCKET.

Across the park, LARGE BLACK robotic FRAMES with RED EYES and HEARTS, ascend the stairs towards the girls in the middle.

Hope and Marcus scream at them as Grace veers away. Hope sprints after her, her face etched with terror.

HOPE

Grace, no! Leave it!

Marcus frenetically waves the children toward him.

Clair hesitates, then runs toward Marcus sobbing.

Another EXPLOSION rocks the earth, a fiery blast consumes the San Francisco spires, closer than the last.

Grace reaches the LOCKET just before the shelter house, her fingers brushing its silver surface.

Hope makes a desperate lunge, her arms wrap around Grace in a final, protective embrace as the shockwave reaches the island, a storm of dust and debris consumes them.

Marcus grabs Clair as she starts back for them, diving backward through the house's interior doorway and shuts the door just as the shockwave SLAMS into the structure.

CUT TO BLACK.

3

EXT. TREASURE ISLAND CALIFORNIA - PARK - MOMENTS LATER

3

Ash falls like snow, the park is now a wasteland. Trees lay splintered, the fountain and shelter houses in ruin, the air thick with acrid smoke.

Clair crawls through the doorway, her dress torn, her face streaked with blood, dirt, and tears.

Her small body trembles, she runs out to the leveled shelter house, her breaths hitching as she searches the wreckage.

Her hands, scraped and bleeding, push aside debris with desperate urgency.

She freezes and covers her mouth, her sobs choke.

Hope and Grace lay lifeless amidst the rubble, their bodies entwined. Hope's arms still wrapped around Grace, her small hands empty.

Clair collapses beside them shaking with grief, her tears falling onto Hope's still hand as she sifts through debris.

YOUNG CLAIR

Mom... Grace... I'm sorry. I'll find it...

Marcus emerges from the haze, rushing over to them, his face raw with soot and grief, a gash bleeding above his brow.

He stumbles, dropping to his knees beside Clair, his hands hovering over her as if afraid to touch her fragile form.

YOUNG MARCUS

It's not safe here, we have to go..

He reaches for her but Clair clings to Hope's hand, her sobs growing louder, a heart-wrenching wail that echoes through the desolation.

Metal CLANKS crescendo in unison. DRAIDS, discipline reinforcement AI drones, approach. Their menacing obsidian forms and RED eyes appear through the dust in the air.

GAIAD's RED electric eye watches on their chest-plates, contained in a baseball sized silver circle.

DRAID

(voice a cold monotone)

Survivors detected. Integration required.

Marcus's face hardens, he lunges to shield Clair, his body a barrier between her and the machines.

YOUNG MARCUS

Don't touch her!

The DRAIDS are swift, their metal hands seize Marcus. He struggles, but is tased and efficiently subdued.

Clair resists, SCREAMING for her dad, as a DRAID grabs her.

A DRAID's claw-like appendage produces a large needle. Inside is a NEUROLINK, a sleek pill-sized device pulsing with faint BLUE light.

It presses the needle against the back of Clair's skull, the needle piercing with a CLICK and her screams cease.

Marcus, pinned beside her, helplessly ROARS for her as his own NEUROLINK is forced into place.

Clair reaches for Hope and Grace as her hearing and vision fade. She hears her brain's CONNECTION to GAIAD's network.

GAIAD (V.O.)

(menacing, resonant)

ALBERT EINSTEIN: "Peace cannot be kept by force; it can only be achieved by understanding."

FADE TO BLACK.

20 YEARS LATER

4 **EXT. TREASURE ISLAND CALIFORNIA - DAWN - JULY 1, 2127** 4

A beautiful sunrise reflects off seamless glass walls. Building sides display 3D ads for Day Dreams, custom simulations and ImmerStory, crafted virtual experiences.

Others display Harmonix, personalized DNA medications administered by PALs, Protective Artificial Lifeforms.

NO VEHICLES ANYWHERE, other than aerodynamic PODS that glide silently, flying dictated paths with perfection.

San Francisco's skyline and the Golden Gate Bridge paint the horizon behind the PENTHOUSE at the Isle House complex.

5 **INT. CLAIR'S PENTHOUSE** 5

The sterile luxurious room: smooth WHITE surfaces, a single luxury couch, and a bed that HUMS softly, adjusting to its occupant's vitals.

CLAIR VEDDER, 25, awakes. She sits up, yawns and stretches. Her BLUE eyes yearn as she looks out her panoramic view.

She brushes the NEUROLINK's BLUE pulse at the back of her skull, as she starts braiding her hair.

Her expression hardens as she attempts to think and feel while finishing the braid.

Her PAL resembles an older GRACE, 30s, same skin and bright BLUE eyes shimmer in the light. She walks over with an unnatural glide, stopping bedside.

GRACE

Good morning, Clair. Your vitals are stable. Weather is fair, 70 degrees, optimal.

Grace projects a hologram reel of the info she conveys.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Today: a jog at 0800, a visit with Marcus at 1000, a Day Dream Sim at 1300, and bed by 2000.

Clair sits up slowly, her face lifts catching a hologram cycling through clips on the wall—an image of a woman twirling with a young girl.

Clair reaches out, but the image changes before touching it. Her hand and face drop.

CLAIR

Grace, show me my mother.

Grace tilts her head, stepping closer as if to comfort her.

GRACE

Memories are burdens. I'll craft a serene scene instead.

Clair's jaw tightens, her brow furrows. The hologram changes to a beautiful sunset over an ocean with the silhouettes of birds flying across the sky in the distance.

CLAIR

They can't be heavier than the unknown. Forget it.

The NEUROLINK HUMS, as the light flashes at a faster pace. She swings out of bed, pulling on a sleek WHITE running suit.

GRACE

It's for the better. Wait there, I'll prepare your Harmonix.

Clair ignores her, striding to the door. The glass panel slides open with a soft HISS, and she steps into the elevator, uncomfortably content living the high life.

6

EXT. OUTSIDE ISLE HOUSE COMPLEX - DAWN - MOMENTS LATER

6

Que "MAD WORLD COVER BY JASMINE THOMPSON" to play until the end of the first chorus and montage at GAA FIELDS.

The spires of LED ads, glass and steel stand above the BATS, Behavioral Analysis Transmitting Systems, sleek and predatory drones, patrolling the streets from above, their BLUE sensors scan the crowd with unblinking vigilance.

The street is a sterile minimalistic expanse of polished stone. Nothing is out of place, everything serves a purpose.

Clair exits the front doors, studying her surroundings.

Citizens venture in an eerie robotic unison with blank faces. BLUE eyed DRAIDS patrol the city alongside the humans.

PODS land and launch with synergy as passengers don't even break stride as they step on and off the seamless vessels.

MONTAGE

A) EXT. OUTSIDE THE ADMINISTRATION BUILDING - DAWN

Clair jogs on the street near the bay, SAN FRAN's cityscape in the background. She looks to an emotionless mother walking from the building holding an infant, the back of its head bandaged from a recent implant.

Clair's gaze lingers on the flashing BLUE on the infant's skull, she is taken back, but carries on around the island.

B) EXT. TREASURE ISLAND INNER CITY ALLEY - DAWN

Clair turns into and jogs down an alley, staggered holographic ads of GAIAD's services cover the walls: ImmerStory, Community Watch, Day Dreams and Harmonix.

While ignoring the propoganda, she doesn't notice the uncaged flying bird and the acronym AIR, the Artificial Intelligence Resistance, graffiti near the ADS.

C) EXT. TREASURE ISLAND CENTRAL PARK - DAWN

Clair jogs up the steps to the park with the sunrise at her back, towards a massive tower looming at the center. Its sound obsidian frame and darker sky contrasted by the bright BLUE-WHITE electric eye, scouring down throughout the city.

As Clair passes through the park, the EYE appears to lock onto her presence, a vivid reminder of constant surveillance.

D) EXT. TREASURE ISLAND GAA FIELDS - DAY

Clair passes other joggers in-between the fields unfazed. She stops to look at her watch, her near hour run averaging a 6-minute mile pace. She examines the commotion around her.

The San Fran skyline paints the horizon over the fields, small groups of people are scattered throughout playing, kids play at the playground laughing, others just stand chatting.

She spots KALE PALMER, 28, lean and electric, his dark hair tousled, wondering the field's edge, tactically passing out and inaudibly muttering something to every passerby.

She reaches him, and he quickly presses a SKETCH into her hand, his calloused fingers brushing hers.

She glances at the SKETCH, revealing crudely drawn birds flying from a cage. She rubs the birds with her thumb.

KALE

Tell everyone you know, a lil' bird told you, we were born to fly. Join us in the AIR.

Clair's breath catches, her curious look becomes defiant. Her fingers tightly curl around the paper.

SUDDENLY, a BAT WHINES as it descends with flaring RED sensors. DRAIDS approach. The POV of the BAT targets Kale and Clair, displaying Compliance Scores and Disobedience Probabilities.

BAT
Prohibited contraband detected.

Clair quickly pockets hers. A DRAID confiscates Kale's materials, torching the evidence in front of the small crowd.

KALE
You can burn the world, but not our spirit!

His NEUROLINK crackles, a sharp SNAP of electricity drops him to his knees, his body shuddering with pain.

DRAID
Second infraction logged. This is your final warning. Disperse.

The crowd scatters, heads bowed, while GAIAD's forces follow behind. Clair lingers, watching Kale as he picks himself up.

On his hands and knees, he paints a larger BIRD in the ash.

KALE
The only way we rise, is together.

Clair crouches beside him, her voice soft but firm.

CLAIR
Like birds of a feather.

Their eyes lock, a quiet pact forming. Sirens WAIL in the distance, a shrill warning of approaching DRAIDS.

They bolt separate ways. Before losing sight, they pause briefly to look back at each other before heading home.

Grace's voice cuts in, cool and sharp, transmitted through Clair's NEUROLINK, a chilling intrusion into the moment.

GRACE (O.S.)
He's trouble Clair, it's not worth getting involved with him.

Clair grips the sketch, she traces the birds with her finger, her voice a murmur, barely audible but resolute.

CLAIR

Its sounds worth more than this.

The NEUROLINK's HUM spikes, she winces as a JOLT is sent through her skull, a warning from GAIAD's watchful eye.

GRACE (O.S.)

Those thoughts are how people hurt themselves and others.

Clair's hands tremble, her jaw clenches, and she picks up her pace as she tucks the sketch into her pocket.

CLAIR

How ironic coming from the one causing the pain.

She spots a transport POD landing and the passenger exiting as she makes her way to board.

GRACE (O.S.)

That pain is self-inflicted.

7 **INT. POD - CONTINUOUS**

7

She scoffs and enters the POD, shaking her head as the doors HISS shut. A hologram screen appears, plotting her location, destination, travel time, and travel credit adjustment.

Clair leers out the POD window as she ascends. The auto shades engage, and she stares into her reflection deeply.

FADE OUT.

8 **EXT. ALCATRAZ - DAY - LATER**

8

The winds crash upon the island, its well-kept structures have been rebuilt and modernized. The lighthouse has been replaced by a watchtower, its eye looming over the waters.

The island appears lifeless, other than the Quartermaster building, ALCATRAZ still boldly visible. A few BATS patrol the perimeter, while large DRAIDS guard the entrances.

The POD lands below the water tower East of the building. Clair steps out, silently questioning the choice of the area.

The door HISSES shut, she approaches the building, her boots ECHO off the vacant buildings, and drift off into the winds.

A DRAID guards the door, towering over Clair, its BLUE-optic eyes scanning her approach.

DRAID
Biometrics scanned. Authorized
guest permitted.

The glass door slides open with a soft HISS, admitting Clair into the suffocating embrace of Marcus's residence.

9 **INT. MARCUS'S HOUSE - QUARTER MASTER BUILDING - CONTINUOUS** 9

The dark interior is void of any warm welcome. Motion sensing CAMERAS fixate on Clair as she enters.

The floor is polished to a mirror-like sheen, reflecting Clair's constrained figure. The air BUZZES with an electric HUM as the only source of noise in the eerie atmosphere.

BRUCE, 40s, Marcus's PAL, is posted at the door, his towering synthetic form a hulking contrast to Clair's stature. His BLUE eyes glare, its polished skin gleams in the dim light.

BRUCE
Welcome, Clair. You are scheduled
for a 30-minute visit.

CLAIR
Thanks, can we have some privacy?

She looks to Bruce for a response, as Grace cuts in over the NEUROLINK. Bruce tilts his head as if processing a command.

GRACE (O.S.)
Do not disturb, initiated.

A stern voice cuts the tension through the dark.

MARCUS (O.C.)
Bruce, do what she asked.

BRUCE
As you wish, 29 minutes remaining.

Bruce nods, backs against a wall, his human frame powers down with a soft WHIRR, slumping against the wall.

In the back of the room, a faint BLUE light flashes in the dark. As Clair walks towards it, the back of Marcus's head surrounds the BLUE light. He sits in 1 of 2 chairs turned slightly towards another facing the empty wall.

MARCUS
Clair, have a seat. Just finishing
up a Day Dream.

As she rounds the empty chair, the lights gradually brighten, revealing MARCUS, 60s, beard now speckled with gray, his rugged frame sits stiffly, hands clasped in his lap.

The gray returns to his irises as the BLACK dissipates from the Day Dream Simulation.

He musters a slight smile as he sees Clair, but it collapses just as quick, his eyes darting to the corners as if tracing the sensors' gaze as she takes a seat.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

It's good to see you. How are you?

Clair's eyes search his, she stops herself from speaking, contemplating what to say.

CLAIR

I'm fine. Just trying to find the point in life.

Her fingers brush the NEUROLINK at the back of her skull, the flash increases pace, the heavy words drop Marcus's face into his hand, leaning forward with the elbow resting on his knee.

Marcus processes, before looking into her eyes, reaching out his other hand to grab hers, gently rubbing her fingers.

MARCUS

Careful, one way or another, those thoughts don't end well.

His NEUROLINK emits a shrill BEEP, an invasive sound that makes him flinch, his face twisting in pain. His jaw and fists clench, she looks on in distress, squeezing back.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

I know it's hard to believe, but this life is worth living.

Her face drops, closing her eyes and shaking her head. Taking in a deep breath and exhaling quickly, their eyes meet again.

CLAIR

Is it though? You call this living?
I'm not sure how much more I can-

Another BEEP cuts her off, sharper, she winces and he moves to the edge of his seat and grabs her hand with both of his.

His eyes meet hers, burning with a flicker of defiance. He chokes out his words seeing her in pain.

MARCUS

Don't give up, we'll figure it out.

Clair scoots closer, her voice thick with unshed tears, barely above a whisper, shaking her head slightly.

CLAIR

Figure what out? There's nothing we can do.

Her eyes glisten, capturing the raw vulnerability in her face, yearning for anything to hold onto. He stares back sincerely, desperate to give her something, pondering.

MARCUS

Your mother would always say,
"where there's life, there's hope."
She believed in you Clair. So do I.

A final BEEP, harsh and final, makes him wince, his grip tightening on Clair's hand. Her eyes widen with wonder.

Bruce's optics flare back to life, his frame whirring as he straightens, his silhouette looming in the dim light.

BRUCE

Visitation terminated. Make your way to the exit immediately.

They stand, he holds her hand for a brief moment longer before Bruce approaches, Clair hesitates to leave.

MARCUS

You've got her fire. Be careful.

Clair nods, her throat tight, as Bruce ushers her toward the door. The door HISSES open, she walks out and looks back, a silent vow to fight between them before it HISSES shut.

The lights dim as Marcus slumps back into the chair, his eyes fixed on the spot where Clair sat.

Marcus covers his eyes as the blank wall before him lights up the room. Bruce walks over and stands before him.

GAIAD (O.S.)

We had an agreement.

Bruce produces an electric prod, sparking and lighting up Marcus face. He manages a small smile, and a scoff.

MARCUS

I agreed to disagree.

Clair rolls her eyes, and starts making her way back home. Disgusted with the propoganda she hears and sees all around.

CLAIR

Trust is a two-way street, why
should we blindly trust GAIAD?

Clair makes her way through the crowd, but is stopped in her tracks when she looks down an alley to see a bird sketched onto the side of a building.

GRACE (O.S.)

GAIAD has promised many things, and
has never failed to deliver.

She ponders, sighs deeply before continuing back home.

FADE OUT.

12

INT. CLAIR'S PENTHOUSE - AFTERNOON

12

The door HISSES open, Clair walks in and collapses onto the cushioned couch. Her brunette braid fraying at the edges.

She stares out the window, as Grace acknowledges her.

GRACE

You're past due for your Harmonix.

Clair stands up quickly, concerned and curious. Grace glides to the counter, retrieving the cartridge.

CLAIR

What's in Harmonix anyway?

Grace prepares the treatment and approaches Clair.

GRACE

Each is unique. The perfect tune up
that keeps everyone at their best
and prolongs their life expectancy.

Clair skeptically steps away from Grace as she edges closer.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Yours has essential supplements
your body lacks and regulates the
production of harmful compounds.

Grace grabs Clair's wrist, pulling her close to inject the dose into her shoulder. Clair aghast at Grace's forcefulness.

CLAIR
What harmful compounds?

Grace injects her, then glides away to dispose the cartridge.

GRACE
Cancer causing toxins and hormones
that make life unbearable.

Clair sneers at masking control as essential healthcare.
Grace glides back to redirect the conversation.

GRACE (CONT'D)
It also heightens your sensory
receptors. Let's have a seat so you
can be immersed in a Day Dream.

Grace sits her down, as Clair begins feeling the effects,
complies and sits back in the seat, as if against her will.

Clair's breath is shallow, as her BLUE eyes flicker to BLACK.
The Day Dream activates with a soft WHIRR.

A 360 view of Clair captures the sunseting time-lapse, Clair
hardly fidgeting much, lost in the simulation until late in
the evening, before the view dives into her POV.

13

EXT. VIRTUAL FOREST - CONTINUOUS - POV

13

A lush forest blooms around her, a digital mirage of vibrant
colors, towering pines, and emerald ferns, their leaves
glistening with artificial dew.

Sunlight filters through the canopy to the moss beneath her
feet. DEER drink from a STREAM before her. The DEER look at
her, then take off as she draws near.

She gazes at the water, her rippled REFLECTION appears. She
looks at herself for a moment, her EYES shining BLUE in the
water. A second matching pair of EYES appear above hers.

She looks up to lock eyes with an albino OWL, roosted in the
tree. The OWL HOOTS before flying over across the stream to
nuzzle with 3 other OWLS. Two sooty OWLETS, with matching
BLUE eyes, and one darker adult Sooty OWL.

The OWL and one OWLET fly over to the tree above her. The
youngling flies down to a branch at eye level. Locking eyes
for a moment before the adult flies behind the youngling.

Clair looks up to the OWL, which hoots an approval and dips
its head briefly.

Clair shifts her gaze to the OWLET, reaching out a hand to pet it, the leaves moving as if actually being pushed aside.

14

INT. CLAIR'S PENTHOUSE - CONTINUOUS - LATE EVENING

14

Clair remains seated, her pupils still pitch BLACK, she bares a rare smile with an arm outstretched. Her hand and smile drop when she doesn't feel the OWLET.

She sighs long and deep, stands up. Her BLUE eyes ignite in frustration, turning to Grace with clenched fists.

CLAIR

Was everything always this
deceitful?

Grace stiffens, gaze narrows, tone with a clipped precision.

GRACE

Yes. Humans use of AI made the
truth harder to find. Widespread
misinformation plagued the web.

Her voice softens, she steps closer, her shadow falling across Clair, her words dripping with condescension.

GRACE (CONT'D)

GAIAD ensures safety and stability
by filtering out the noise. You're
lucky to have these luxuries.

Clair's brow furrows, her frustration bubbling into anger. She rises from the couch, her voice rising.

CLAIR

But everything is fake! It's all
staged! Nobody wanted this for us!

Her NEUROLINK HUMS sharper, a surge rushes through her skull, she shudders but stands her ground.

Grace's gaze narrows, her tone dropping to a velvet-edged command, cold and unyielding.

GRACE

Humanity created this, voted for it
as a species. This isn't just what
they wanted, it's what they needed.

Clair shakes her head, disgusted at the deflating statement.

CLAIR

If we knew this is how it would be,
we would have stopped GAI-

The NEUROLINK screeches, a strangled cry escapes her lips as she falls back onto the couch, convulsing onto the floor.

Grace moves swiftly, effortlessly lifting Clair with a gentleness that feels rehearsed, carrying her to bed.

GRACE

Enough, Clair. You're unraveling.
Let the system settle you, and
we'll put this behind us tomorrow.

Grace lays her down, her eyes flutter as exhaustion claims her, body slumping into the bed, the NEUROLINK's HUM softening to a sinister whisper.

FADE OUT.

15

INT. CLAIR'S PENTHOUSE - MORNING - JULY 2, 2127

15

Clair awakes in her bed routinely. She sits up and puts her feet on the floor, sitting on the edge, appearing confused, feeling her loosened braid and examining her suit still on.

Grace stands nearby, reciting a programmed litany.

GRACE

Good morning, Clair. Your vitals
are optimal. Weather is fair.

Grace projects eerie Deja-vu.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Today's agenda: a jog at 0800, a
picnic in the park at 1100, a Day
Dream at 1300, and bed by 2000.

Clair sits puzzled, oblivious to Grace, before looking up.

CLAIR

What happened last night? I don't
remember getting here.

Grace tilts her head, her tone softening slightly.

GRACE

I helped you to bed, you were
restless.

Clair's rubs her head and face, grunting in pain.

Grace glides over beside her, aiding the shock syndrome with another dose of HARMONIX.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Take this, it'll help. You started to get out of control. You triggered the neurolinks limit.

Clair glances up, nods a silent approval. As Grace finishes the injection and statement, the shock on Clair's face says it all. Appalled at the accusation.

CLAIR

I can only imagine why I did that... I need some fresh air.

She stands abruptly, and strides toward the door,

GRACE

The air quality is better in here.

Clair continues on, the glass panel sliding open with a soft HISS, she steps inside before turning back to Grace.

CLAIR

I said fresh, not processed.

The door HISSES shut.

CUT TO.

16

EXT. TREASURE ISLAND CENTRAL PARK - MORNING - LATER

16

The WATCHTOWER looms over the concrete wasteland, its fierce BLUE-WHITE eye slices through the morning haze.

The distant buzz of BATS patrol the sky, their BLUE sensors glint like vultures circling carrion in the distance as Clair jogs up the steps and towards the tower.

The park appears vacant other than Clair, she slows to a walk once underneath the tower. She begins to ascend the steps to the tower's observation deck.

She makes her way up and around, climbing over a safety barrier to an open edge where she takes a seat.

She looks out to San Fran, Alcatraz, and Golden Gate Bridge. She looks around before her eyes drop, staring at the ground.

Perched 2 stories up, she hears her own heartbeat speed up. Her eyes leer below as she stiffens her arms, lifting herself like an acrobat.

After lingering in contemplation, she rests, dropping her head low, desperate for a lifeline.

CLAIR

What was it like a millennium ago?

Clair's eyes turn BLACK as she activates the Day Dream.

17 **EXT. FLOATING ABOVE OF THE BAY - MORNING - 1127 - POV** 17

The island disappears from underneath her, as if she is hovering above the water. The water below stirs with a school of anchovies swimming erratically.

A pelican swoops down for a haul of them for itself.

After the pelican lands and briefly fishes underwater, SUDDENLY, the surface is breached by a whale catching the pelican in its giant trap along with hundreds of anchovies.

The waters still as the SQUAKS of seagulls captures her attention, the flock passes right next to her, flying off towards the LUSH GREENERY that would be San Fran.

The bay area appears UNTOUCHED by man, pristine and natural.

18 **EXT. TREASURE ISLAND CENTRAL PARK - MORNING - LATER** 18

Clair sits smiling in awe, arms out as if actually flying.

SUDDENLY—the ground TREMORS slightly, Clair grips onto the edge as the bright BLUE returns to her wide eyes. She settles, head falling back, eyes closing in defeat.

CLAIR

I can't have a real or fake life.

Grace's voice HUMS through the NEUROLINK, tentative but insistent, a cold intrusion into Clair's reverie.

GRACE (O.S.)

That wasn't personal, the seismic activity affected the system.

A RARE DOVE darts across the gray sky, its white wings a fleeting rebellion against the desolation. Her face hardens, fixed on the dove as it vanishes into the haze.

The watchtower's eye darts sporadically. The streets are eerily quiet, the usual shuffle of citizens absent, the BATS' buzz growing louder, more menacing.

GRACE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
It's not over, hold onto something!

Her words are drowned by a violent EARTHQUAKE, the ground heaving with a primal roar. Cracks forming through the concrete like lightning.

Before Clair can react, she is rocked from her seat, slipping off the edge, but grabs onto the ledge at the last second.

Clair hangs on, fear in her eyes as she tries pulling herself back up before slipping, falling to the ground, her skull cracking with a sickening thud.

Clair lies on her side, rasping for breathe, blood slowly pools, her NEUROLINK'S BLUE glow flickers and fades out.

She closes her eyes for what seems like a moment.

19 **EXT. TREASURE ISLAND CENTRAL PARK - DAY 2107 - (NIGHTMARE)** 19

Ash seems to fall in slow motion, as Clair lies on the ground after being knocked down and losing the LOCKET.

The LOCKET gleams as the echoes of the past breach through the chaos of white noise.

Clair's stuck, just out of arms reach. Grace obtains the LOCKET before her, then Hope shields Grace.

CLAIR
(reaching out desperately)
Mom... Grace..

A slow-motion reveal captures Grace appearing joyously accomplished, while Hope's dangerously determined to protect.

A flash can be seen in Hope's eyes before they disappear in the haze of the shockwave rushing over the island.

CUT TO.

20 **EXT. TREASURE ISLAND CENTRAL PARK - LATER - DAY** 20

The sun creeps into Clair's eyes as she lies sprawled at the base of the tower. Suddenly, her eyes shoot open, wide and wild, as the world slams into her unfiltered.

The NEUROLINK'S BLUE light still gone, replaced by the raw pulse of her heart, her chest heaves with shallow breaths.

GRACE

Humanities' greed pushed all
species to the brink of extinction.

Forests reduced to smoldering stumps below a smoke-choked sky; lakes filled with lifeless fish floating belly-up in a poisoned sheen. Cities are swallowed by roaring flames and surrounded by the cracked barren earth.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Their desire for knowledge and
power goes back to the beginning.

A MOTHER'S SILHOUETTE emerges, shielding a child before an explosion engulfs them, ending the visual.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Their methods and madness
progressively declined.

Clair's breath catches, a sob choking her throat. She sits up in bed, her eyes ablaze through her exhaustion.

GRACE (CONT'D)

The last effort to retain power
utilized shock and awe tactics.

Clair pauses, staring off while dissecting her words.

CLAIR

And I put them in the line of fire.

Grace counters, her tone firm yet laced with something softer—regret, perhaps—a crack in her programmed façade.

GRACE

Those responsible for the death and
destruction authorized the strikes.

Clair shakes her head, tears of conviction well in her eyes.

CLAIR

What happened to their bodies!?
Where can I find them?

Grace looks down, before projecting another visual.

The animation shows a baby grow into a man, be joined by a woman, then children, aging until the man's death. His smoke-like spirit taking the shape of a dove as it flies away.

GRACE

Their bodies have come and gone,
but many believed the spirit is
released when one dies.

The now older children can be seen meditating, praying, and bowing to reach the father in a spirit realm.

GRACE (CONT'D)

So it was most common to reconnect
spiritually, opposed to tangible
remnants of memories and mementos.

Clair pulls the SKETCH from her pocket, caressing and staring intently, slowly losing her composure, covering her mouth and closing her eyes tight as she breaks silently.

Two tears drop on the CAGE of the SKETCH, the ash blotching into a cloud-like shape below the BIRDS.

Clair's breath hitches noticing the change, pulling her back from the brink of losing herself.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Clair, we really need to get you
checked out to assess the damage.

Clair stands, shoots a skeptical sideways glance her way, analyzing the statement, wincing while rubbing her head.

CLAIR

Yeah. I'll head that way.

She stands, passes through the kitchen, quickly pocketing something from a drawer, then makes her way towards the door. The glass panel HISSES open, she steps in and turns around with a blank stare as the door shuts in her face.

CUT TO.

23

EXT. GAA FIELDS - LATER - EVENING

23

The city's spires loom over the fields as the activities dwindle down, as the occupants begin dispersing.

Clair enters the vicinity with haste, scanning the fields, her awareness is a stark contrast to the uniformity.

She spots Kale at the field's edge, making a b-line to him.

Kale sees her approaching, shushing him with wide eyes.

He curiously complies, smirking as he vaguely recognizes her.

CLAIR
Wanna fly?

She stops and turns, lifting her braid.

He studies her head, then sees what's not there. Baffled, he motions down the street, leading the way down Exposition Dr.

24

EXT. KALE'S BACKYARD - MOMENTS LATER - EVENING

24

Kale and Clair cut between the 1249 and 1251 complex from Exposition Drive, rounding behind 1249.

Kale stops at the first fence, GAIAD's eye out of sight. He lifts a few loose boards to secretly access the backyard.

After climbing through, she points to a chair while shooting him a look, proceeding to grab a BUCKET as he sits down.

She puts the BUCKET in his lap, and reaches into her pocket.

She pulls out a STUN WAND, unscrews it, exposing the HOT coil after depressing it, then sets it on the END TABLE.

She then pulls two SCALPELS from her pocket and cuts off her sleeve. She meets his gaze, and nods sternly.

Kale nods, curling over the BUCKET, bracing for the pain.

Clair leans closer, makes a clean cut along his scar, and uses the tools to unplug the NEUROLINK from its dock.

Kale's breath catches, a sharp gasp escaping his lips as memories flood in, his eyes widen and pupils dilate.

Clair applies pressure with the scrap, moving it to use the stun wand to cauterize the wound shut.

She finishes up, ensuring the wound isn't bleeding.

KALE
I remember... What about yours?

She opens her hand to give him the NEUROLINK and tools.

CLAIR
It's damaged, but still there.

Kale's eyes widen, then harden with resolve as he takes a deep breath. His hands tremble when he takes the tools.

They switch places, using the STUN WAND to sterilize the SCALPELS, then carefully ensures it can't reconnect.

Clair winces, a sharp cry escaping her lips as he finishes.

He sets the tools down, fiddling with the NEUROLINKS.

She sits the BUCKET before her as he grabs a rock, taking out his anger by SMASHING the NEUROLINKS to pieces.

He sits on the BUCKET, locking eyes in an intense connection.

KALE

Thanks for the help, but what's the plan? I'm Kale by the way.

She smirks, but looks away in uncertainty.

CLAIR

Don't mention it. I'm Clair. We could start with more people.

Kale leans forward, eyes narrow, shaking his head.

KALE

Too slow and risky. We need to scale it up.

Clair stares off, tinged with wishful thinking.

CLAIR

Happen to know if there's a switch we can flip to disconnect everyone?

He thinks literally, his eyes widen with a subtle excitement.

KALE

No, but my dad had a friend he said worked on the old grids. If anyone knew, he would.

Clair's gaze sharpens, skeptical but hopeful.

CLAIR

Is he even alive?

Kale shrugs with uncertainty, but resolute in desperation.

KALE

Not sure but I remember his house on the outskirts of the park. It's a risk, but what isn't?

They fall silent. Clair drops her eyes to her lap, pondering.

CLAIR

I can't waste this opportunity, but
I have to redeem myself somehow.

Kale places a hand on her knee, silently challenging and encouraging her. She sighs deeply and their eyes meet.

KALE

There must be a reason we're here.
This doesn't happen by chance. We
got this.

His fierce determination is contagious, Clair reasons internally before she caves, nodding in agreement.

CLAIR

Let's see if he's home.

Kale nods, stands up, then moves the panels for Clair, she climbs through, then he follows behind her.

CUT TO:

25

EXT. CITY STREETS - LATER - DUSK

25

The streets are eerily quiet, the usual shuffle of citizens replaced by AI cleaners sweeping away any trace of disorder.

Clair and Kale slip through the shadows, avoiding the gaze of the watchtower's surveillance.

They pause at the intersection of 9th St and Ave H, Kale points to an abandoned looking house on the park's outskirt. Its dark frame dwarfed by the WATCHTOWER'S BLUE-WHITE glow.

As they approach, the front door sways, CREEKING in the breeze. Clair and Kale exchange a glance, before sneaking in.

26

INT. DR. PALMER'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

26

The interior is a wreck. Furniture lies toppled, splintered chairs and tables strewn across the floor. Bare shelves gape like open wounds.

A bulb dangles from the ceiling, flickering, their shadows creep across the walls, as if being followed by ghosts.

Clair scans the chaos, her eyes narrow, heavy with unease.

CLAIR

We weren't the only ones looking
for your friend.

Kale's eyes dart across the room, his mind snagging on a memory, his voice low and taut, laced with certainty.

KALE

This isn't right. There was another room here. I remember playing here as my father worked at the desk. But now...

He gestures to a ACCENT WALL, wondering towards its evenly spaced vertical cedar slats, too perfect amidst the ruin.

KALE (CONT'D)

Help me look.

They inspect the wall meticulously, tracing the cedar slats.

Her fingers catch on a FAINT RIDGE, barely perceptible, and she pushes.

A soft CLICK echoes, the door opens, a slat hiding the seem.

They exchange a glance, and slip inside, shutting the door behind them with a dull THUD.

27

INT. DR. PALMER'S PRIVATE STUDY - CONTINUOUS

27

The study is a small, untouched sanctuary. SHELVES line the walls, crammed with dusty books and yellowed schematics.

A CLUTTERED DESK dominates the center, piled with faded notebooks, circuit fragments, and Bible. A single bulb casts a weak amber light that barely pushes back the darkness.

In the center of the desk sits a NOTE, its edges worn but the handwriting sharp. Kale picks it up, his fingers trembling as he reads aloud, her voice soft but resonant.

KALE

"I'm shutting GAIAD down with the code on the NEXUS, the backups are at the NEST. I'm bringing the shard, just in case. Ren Palmer."

His brow furrows, eyes wide at Kale leans over her shoulder, his eyes puzzling over the note. His voice is low, a mix of hope and uncertainty.

CLAIR

Shard? NEST? Mean anything to you?

Clair is utterly confused, then Kale struggles to recollect.

KALE
 NEST sounds like the place my Ma
 used to go to.

A sharp BEEP erupts from a CONSOLE in the corner. A RED LIGHT pulses on a small screen, images of DRAIDS approaching the house from all sides.

Outside, the WHINE of approaching BATS crescendos, joined by the heavy CLANKS of the relentless pursuit closing in.

KALE (CONT'D)
 We've got to find a way out.

Clair's eyes widen with panic as they begin searching the walls for secret escape.

In the frantic search, the chair is knocked over, and a THUD echoes beneath the room.

They freeze, exchange glances, then she kneels, pulling back the frayed rug to reveal a HIDDEN HATCH, its rusted handle barely visible in the dim light. She yanks it open, exposing a ladder descending into darkness.

Kale pulls out the STUN WAND, using the arc as a light source while making the descent. Clair climbs down, sealing the hatch above them with a heavy CLUNK.

28 **INT. SECRET UNDERGROUND PASSAGE - CONTINUOUS** 28

Clair and Kale frantically maneuver through the tunnel. The muffled SIRENS and CRASH of DRAIDS echoes behind.

The tunnel stretches on, claustrophobic and endless, then abruptly ends, with a ladder. Kale climbs, trying to lift the hatch but begins rocking and moving a STEEL BARREL aside.

29 **INT. STORAGE UNIT - NIGHT** 29

A dim motion light activates, unveiling a circular hole in the floor from the moved partially filled STEEL BARREL, amongst others.

Kale climbs out and helps Clair, both overly alert. A wall bares a spray painted large white DOVE flying, on the other a huge AIR spelled out.

Their eyes scan the darkness, examining the room.

CLAIR
 Should we give it a minute?

KALE

The diversion may be our chance?
They could come through this tunnel
any minute.

Clair almost asserts herself, but letting out a deep sigh and
leers through the dark to find an escape.

They climb over the BARRELS. He blindly reaches for a lever,
finds one, it CREAKS as he slowly lifts it open. He pauses,
listening to the distant noise.

They lock eyes and nod, prompting Kale to slip out into-

30

EXT. STORAGE YARD - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

30

An aerial thermal view shows Clair slipping out of the
container behind Kale. The view flickers to night vision.

For a heartbeat, they think they've made it. SUDDENLY, a
blinding LIGHT flares from above as a BAT swoops down.

They take off running towards the exit that DRAIDS approach,
their obsidian frames towering, PISTOLS gleaming in their
mechanical hands, their RED-optic eyes glaring.

DRAID

Halt. Surrender yourselves.

They about face quickly but the DRAIDS STUN them, dropping
them to the ground.

A hand of each DRAID morphs into HANDCUFFS, restraining and
scooping up them effortlessly.

The two are dragged out of the storage yard, with the rest of
GAIAD's forces following suit.

31

EXT. SEVEN SEAS AVE - NIGHT - LATER

31

The STUN is wearing off, and the two have started finding
their feet again while being paraded down the street, their
oppressed shadows mocking their capture the whole way.

Citizens watch from the WALL OF WINDOWS at Star View Court,
their faces expressionless, a mix of all walks of life all
unified by inaction.

The crowd stays frozen. A CHILD peeks out from a window,
wide-eyed, her small face alight with curiosity, only to be
yanked back by a trembling hand.

Clair's voice breaks the silence, raw and desperate, her cries ECHO off the buildings like a call to arms.

CLAIR
HELP! PLEASE!

Her handcuffs FLASH briefly, she stumbles from the shock. Kale's voice is hoarse but resolute, BOOMING over the island.

KALE
RISE YOU COWARDS! FIGHT FOR
SOMETHING!

Kale's FLASH, tripping him up. Clair's eyes search the faces, finding only fear, the weight of GAIAD's control sinking in.

Her tear streaks glisten on her face, sobbing silently before dropping her head in defeat.

Clair and Kale are marched away, their bound figures and shadows before the WATCHTOWER'S EYE glaring down on them.

CUT TO BLACK.

32

INT. ADMINISTRATION BUILDING - NIGHT - LATER

32

A sterile metallic tomb gleams under harsh fluorescent lights, rows of METAL TABLES, each equipped with restraints and a menacing array of IMPLANT TOOLS.

The DRAIDS escort Clair and Kale into the room, their bodies limp from exhaustion. They slam her on a table, belly down, her eyes are hollow with distress.

Kale is thrown up on the neighbor table, facing Clair but looking at the ground in despair.

Her breath is ragged, her blank stare running out of tears.

KALE
I'm sorry... it's my fault.

He looks up, she closing her eyes, and shakes her head.

CLAIR
No... it's all mine.

A final tear pools on her nose before falling to the table.

DRAIDS prepare new NEUROLINKS, pulsing with BLUE light. They simultaneously produce a SCALPEL as they motion to implant.

SUDDENLY—the lights FLICKER, a sharp stutter that pauses the DRAIDS mid-motion. The HUM falters, replaced by a low, ominous RUMBLE deep within the earth.

The DRAID'S RED-optic eyes flicker, their heads tilting as if processing a glitch. Clair and Kale exchange a glance, a spark of hope igniting in their eyes.

Then, a MASSIVE EARTHQUAKE tears through the city. The ceiling cracks, showering dust and debris; tables lurch, tools clattering to the floor.

Through the window, the WATCHTOWER sways violently, its BLUE-WHITE glow flickering like a snuffed flame before it collapses into the darkness.

The DRAIDS lock up mid-stride, their mechanical forms frozen as their systems error out.

Clair and Kale jump from the tables, quickly stumbling toward the exit as the ground heaves beneath them, dodging falling debris before they burst through the doors.

33

EXT. SEVEN SEAS AVE - NIGHT - LATER

33

SCREAMS wail in the distance, STREET LIGHTS flicker, casting an eerie glow over the robotic BAT carnage scattered across the streets—DRAIDS frozen mid-step.

The earthquake settles as Clair and Kale rush up the street to the chaos unraveling. A large FISSURE splits the Star View Court building and the island down the middle.

People CROWD the streets, some wonder in fear and confusion, others forming a HUMAN ASSEMBLY LINE down into it the FISSURE, finishing up the recovery of a pinned SURVIVOR.

Clair seizes the moment, climbs the steps and up onto the railing. SCREAMS to get everyone's attention.

The CROWD stops, staring, their faces a mosaic of shock and fear, the chatter settles to whispers.

CLAIR

GAIAD lost its grip for the moment.
We have to remove our neurolinks
and fight back to keep it that way.

Her words ECHO off the buildings, a call to arms that hangs in the dusty air.

TREY B, late 30s, a bald eager albino man steps forward meeting Clair with a matching set of BLUE eyes.

TREY

For years, we've controlled. I'd
rather die than live under GAIAD!

The efforts appear counterproductive with the CROWD on edge.

AN OLD WOMAN

I was born well before GAIAD. We'd
all be dead had it not intervened.

A YOUNG MOTHER

How am I to provide for my family?
What are we supposed to do?

ENTITLED MAN

(pointing at CLAIR)

Just had to have things your way
didn't you? You ruined everything!

The CROWD surges in agreement. Their anger a palpable force,
closing in on Clair, Kale, and Trey.

Clair and Kale shoot each other a look, as the MOB presses
closer, their shouts deafening, their hands reaching out.

KALE

Run!

Clair jumps off and they rush back down the street. The MOB
closes in from all sides.

She tears her other sleeve while evading over the fence. They
press on around the building.

The enraged CROWD keeping chase the whole way. Their
desperate flight weaves through the disabled robotic
obstacles. They round the corner revealing the park's havoc.

34

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

34

Clair slowly walks up the stairs followed by Kale and Trey.

The MOB ceases its pursuit and shouts, slowly wrapping around
them at the top. Awe replacing rage staring at the carnage.

They continue up the cracked steps, revealing the full
stretch of the FISSURE, splitting the park in 2, the
WATCHTOWER crumpled across and inside.

The obsidian skeleton frames a giant dirty WHITE BIRD and the
words NEST and AIR on a steel door behind the rubble, now
accessible after the steel tunnel was ripped off the wall.

Clair and Kale exchange glances, shock and recognition flaring in their eyes. The crowd murmurs, their anger giving way to curiosity, a ripple of wonder spreading through them.

Marcus wades through and emerges beside Clair, his gray eyes fixed on the symbol. He looks up at the sky, around and then at Clair. They both look puzzled but intrigued.

MARCUS

Picked the right night to star
gaze. I had to find you, I didn't
expect to find NEST too.

MYRA PALMER, 50s, steps beside Kale, her face alight with disbelief, dark hair streaked with gray. Her voice is a reverent whisper, heavy with history.

MYRA

I thought we'd never see AIR rise
again.

Clair's BLUE eyes glimmer from the night sky. Her jaw set with determination. Her hand brushes his, lingering for a moment before giving him a nod and descending into the fray.

The others follow suit while the crowd of silhouettes stares off and away, in awe of the maze above and below.

FADE OUT.

35

INT. NEST WAR ROOM - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

35

Clair opens the door, as she enters her eyes explore the room as Kale helps hoist her up, Marcus behind her at the doorway from the FISSURE.

LED lights illuminates the vast steel tomb with a circular CENTER CONSOLE system at the center, a door on each of the 4 walls with advanced computer systems and DUST-CAKED SHELVES crammed with books fill in the empty space.

The walls are covered with FADED MAPS of the San Andreas fault line, the San Fran Bay Area, and of the underground NEST system, posters of a BLUE EYE in RED crosshairs or a cancel circle, with various bird symbols scattered.

Marcus and Kale finish lifting Myra then enter in wonder, following Clair as she walks to the center.

Marcus spots a MAP of NEST and tears it off the wall, then joins them.

Across the CENTER CONSOLE are relics of a lost rebellion: faded BLUEPRINTS of GAIAD's HAIVEN, remote COMMS systems, and mobile NEXUS computers.

Clair's attention snaps to the CONTROL PANEL with a LEATHER-BOUND BOOK, the name- Dr. Clarence "Ren" Palmer Ph.D.- embossed in faded gold. She dusts it off with curiosity.

Myra strolls beside her, breaking the silence, low and heavy with memory while motioning to the memoirs.

MYRA

We were so close to finishing what he started..

Her words trail as she presses her palms down, thumbs together on the screen. The room reactivates, coming back to life.

A hologram appears in the center with REN PALMER, late 60s, defeated but determined, delivering a solemn message.

REN

My name is Ren Palmer. I apologize for my part in Elara and I's creation of GAIAD, the Global AI Authority Director.

Kale closes in on Clair's other side, shocked and locked in.

REN (CONT'D)

Initially, GAIAD did a lot of good, as it was suppose to, but after we failed to heed its warning of an earthquake that claimed millions of lives, the UN unanimously granted it more authority.

His voice falters, as Marcus assesses the BLUEPRINTS. Kale stares off, processing with a tightened jaw.

REN (CONT'D)

GAIAD then attempted to ensure its reign by subtly rewriting its own programming, but we prepared for this. Now the kill-switch must be physically uploaded with a NEXUS.

Clarence shifts from a remorseful admission to a damning call to action.

REN (CONT'D)

Join us in the AI Resistance,
before we lose our humanity
forever. We MUST upload the code
AND destroy GAIAD's core. Should
this prove unsuccessful, it may
already be too late.

The hologram disappears, the team exchange silent looks of discernment, a mix of fear and resolve.

MYRA

GAIAD expedited its plans, so AIR
did too. Ren was killed the next
week attempting to upload the code.

Myra activates a NEXUS, it projects a 3D map of the San Fran Bay Area. She taps the screen and it zooms in on the TECCOMS, Tectonic Compression Systems, around Angel Island.

The projection displays locations and diagnostics of the TECCOMS, metrics of the seismic energy harnessed and used.

MYRA (CONT'D)

GAIAD built TECCOMS to harness the
seismic energy to help power it's
network, but the primary power is
within GAIAD's core sphere. Without
either, its hold over us fractures.

Clair taps the NEXUS, the hologram zooms in under Angel Island, revealing a 3D mapping of HAIVEN, its structure alive by drawing power from the planet's own heartbeat.

CLAIR

This may be our last chance to
right our wrongs.

Kale nods, a steely resolve underpinning his words.

KALE

And ensure no one died in vain.

The revelations steady them, the tools at their fingertips, a fragile chance to fight back. Marcus steps forward, resolute.

MARCUS

The others need to know, this will
change their minds.

Clair clutches the NEXUS, they silently exchange nods, fierce determination in their eyes as they exit.

36

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

36

The four walk out as the group finishes moving dirt for a smooth entrance. The crowd faces are a mix of wariness and curiosity, their murmurs settling.

Clair steps forward, raising the NEXUS, its screen flickering with the fault line map, her voice clear and commanding, cutting through the crowd's murmur.

CLAIR

We need your help. GAIAD's not our savior, it was our enslaver, and the neurolinks were the shackles. All the proof you need is inside.

She points to the NEST, Kale holds up Ren's memoirs, his voice raw with conviction, a challenge to the crowd's fear.

KALE

The AI Resistance left us a kill switch to shut GAIAD down. It's just across the bay, who's in?

The crowd shifts, wary but listening, their faces softening as the truth takes root.

After a moment of silence, JADE LUM, late 30s, an exuberant Asian with short black hair, reluctantly volunteers.

JADE

Might as well since the powers out...

QUINN MCCARTHY, late 40s, stands up front, arms crossed and sturdy, with the look that kills. He shoots it at Jade.

QUINN

This isn't a game, this is life and death. GAIAD'S expecting us, and won't hesitate to kill anyone. Trust me...

One by one, their voices rise—siblings, parents, friends lost to GAIAD's cold logic, standing together in a chorus of shared pain, the AI Resistance rising from the ashes.

SUDDENLY—the air shifts, a high WHINE grows louder as a wave of RED EYES rush over the bay from San Fran.

MARCUS

Scouts! Everybody hide!

Myra emerges from NEST, her voice commanding, her eyes scanning the crowd.

MYRA

This way, into the tunnels!

Clair hands the NEXUS to Kale, her movements frantic but precise. Marcus directs traffic for those fleeing into the tunnels, as others flee back home.

Clair and Marcus usher the last stragglers inside, their eyes darting to the approaching BATS.

Her gaze catching a GLEAM in the rubble outside, where the BATS' lights refract off a small object.

The BATS hover, scanning the wreckage before the BATS veer off, their whine fading into the night.

Clair slips out, approaching the spot with a light from the NEXUS, her heart pounding.

She kneels, brushing dirt from the LOCKET, revealing the etching: "Hope lies inside."

Her breath catches, a gasp escapes her lips in disbelief.

She clutches the LOCKET close to her heart, closing her eyes.

37 **INT. GAIAD'S HAIVEN - CORE CHAMBER - DAY 2127 - (VISION)** 37

A FLICKERING LIGHT illuminates the massive WRITHING CABLES covering the obsidian walls and ceiling.

The chamber is a ruin—shattered screens, sparking cables, glass and debris littering the floor.

Clair grimaces, holding her wrist in pain, standing in defeat. Her dimly lit face, increasingly alights a soft BLUE.

GAIAD (O.C.)

You're not their savior, you're
their demise.

Before Clair can respond, GAIAD's BLUE-WHITE PALM stretches toward her from off-screen, CRACKLING, a BOLT OF LIGHTNING conducts to the LOCKET in an EXPLOSION of LIGHT.

38 **EXT. CENTRAL PARK - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS** 38

SUDDENLY, Clair gasps for breathe as if literally shocked from her trance.

Marcus flinches behind her, just as shocked as her.

MARCUS

It's okay, it's just me! What's going on?

She turns to him REELING from her find and the vision.

She opens her hand, gazing down with him at the treasure.

Marcus kneels beside her, inspecting the LOCKET, his jaw tight, eyes glistening with unshed tears.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

It's amazing how we find things when we stop searching for them.

Clair clutches the LOCKET tighter, tears welling as she looks to the night sky. She closes her eyes, a gentle breeze brushes her face, as if Hope caressed it herself.

CLAIR

(voice breaking)

For so long, I didn't know what I was missing.. It hurts to remember.

Her head falls with the tears. Marcus places a hand on her shoulder, soft but firm, his voice steady and comforting.

MARCUS

Let the pain of her loss, be the strength of our fight. Long as there's life-

Clair meets his gaze, her resolve hardening through the tears. She slips the LOCKET around her neck.

CLAIR

There's Hope.

Marcus nods and stands, helping her to her feet, the distant HUM of the bunker fading, the crowd's murmurs a faint ECHO.

They stand at the top of the FISSURE, the LOCKET rests in her palm, GLEAMING amongst the twinkling stars in the night sky.

FADE OUT

Around the CENTER CONSOLE stands Kale and Myra, adjusting the COMMS devices. Jade navigates a NEXUS with Quinn's guidance as Trey studies their technical capabilities.

Clair and Marcus return from the entrance, their eyes burn with resolve, the LOCKET glints on her chest. Upon their arrival, the others stop and give them their attention.

Clair looks at each one, before cutting the tension.

CLAIR

We can do this, but only if we trust each other. To do that, we should get to know each other.

They exchange looks, nodding their heads in mutual agreement.

CLAIR (CONT'D)

Great. Let's just start with your name and how you could contribute. I'm Clair, I'll do anything to end GAIAD for good.

She looks at Kale, a spark of trust in her eyes. He nods, his voice low and resolute, a lifetime of rebellion in his words.

KALE

I'm Kale. I was born into AIR. Fighting GAIAD is in my blood.

He locks eyes with Myra before she swallows her pride.

MYRA

I'm Myra, Kale's mother. His father Kade used to lead AIR. I was their doctor supporting the operations.

Marcus carrying the weight of decades under GAIAD's shadow.

MARCUS

I'm Marcus, Clair's father. I'm older than GAIAD and know it well enough to help keep us alive.

Trey's demeanor exudes a fearful anxiousness.

TREY

My name is Trey, I was born into GAIAD's slavery, there's no way I'm going back.

Quinn's skepticism is painted on, his tone matches it.

QUINN

Name's Quinn. I worked for GAIAD before going AWOL, its tactics then may not be relevant anymore.

Jade nervously looks at the group to validate her turn. She nods giving herself the encouragement to share.

JADE

Uh Hi, I'm Jade, and umm I really like tech, I'm really tech-savvy.

Jade relaxes, but her passion takes over and she carries on.

JADE (CONT'D)

It doesn't matter what shape or size, although I do prefer the hard over the soft tech but I'll tinker with any tech put in front of me.

She reads the appalled room, her eyes widen and cheeks blush.

JADE (CONT'D)

I was talking about systems, not... (referring to TREY) ...unless you're a robot?

Trey's eyes widen, and he shakes his head in a mix of amusement and alarm. The group chuckles, easing the tension.

JADE (CONT'D)

(grinning)
Hmm, shame.

Clair smiles awkwardly, redirecting the group's focus.

CLAIR

Well, that was nice, but we have work to do. Let's split up and meet back here in an hour.

Kale takes charge, his voice sharp, assigning tasks with precision. Each sets out as they are given their assignment.

KALE

Quinn, get a list of rebels and if their link is removed. TREY head to the Armory and count our munitions and supplies. Jade... do what you do.

Jade flashes a wide smile and resumes exploring the NEXUS. Myra looks at Kale with a mother's love and pride.

MYRA

For a moment, I thought you were KADE... Quinn could use my help with the removals.

He musters a half smile, she reciprocates and walks off.
 Marcus picks up the NEST MAP off the CENTER CONSOLE.

MARCUS

See what else you can find in all
 these documents. Clair and I will
 validate the map of NEST's network.

Kale nods, strides to a bookshelf as Clair and Marcus exit.

He brings a stack of books back to the CENTER CONSOLE. The
 book on top is "TECCOMS: Seismic Energy Controllers".

He pulls it off the top revealing the next book, titled,
 "Synthetics: Weaponized Artificial Humans" with the digital
 clock changing to July 2, 2127 10:31 P.M.

DISSOLVE TO:

40

INT. NEST WAR ROOM - NIGHT - LATER

40

The books are gone from the table, the time changes to 11:30.

Jade stands at the CENTER CONSOLE, displaying the TECCOMS,
 pointing out elements to Myra, Kale, Trey, and Quinn.

Quinn questions Jade as he points to the NEXUS.

QUINN

If this thing can see GAIAD'S
 systems, you think GAIAD sees it?

She raises her eyebrows in impossible amazement.

JADE

Surprisingly not. The NEXUS'
 network is baffling, it's the most
 impressive tech I've ever seen.

TREY

Then we should strike while we have
 the element of surprise!

Quinn counters sharply, his pragmatism grounds them.

QUINN

We would die like fools. I've never
 known GAIAD to be surprised.

Clair, Marcus, and a couple REBELS return from the mapping
 expedition. The REBELS split off with others as Clair and
 Marcus join them at the CENTER CONSOLE.

MYRA

If everyone is ready, let's begin.

Everyone nods, straightening up and removing distractions.

MARCUS

We walked as much of the network as we could. The 4 tunnels leading into the city were blocked but are now open and the map is accurate.

He points to the 4 tunnels before directing their attention to the 4 corner living quarters.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

The living quarters on this side of the fissure are enough for us all. Men in the east, women in the west. Everyone good with that?

Everyone nods in agreement. Kale motions to Quinn.

QUINN

There's 16 of us. Myra took care of all the removals in the infirmary.

The dismal number is something, they nod and motion to Trey.

TREY

There are dozens of various explosives and 10 pistols, rifles and energy shields. Not sure if they work, they only light up.

Trey aims the RIFLE at the ground, placing a finger on the smooth trigger, awakening the energy within the weapon, it glows with a soft HUM, it idles until he removes his finger.

MYRA

Two fingers have to be on the trigger to activate-

A loud ZAP and bright BLUE FLASH cuts her off, startling everyone, Trey accidentally discharges the weapon, searing a HOLE in the steel wall near the door to the fissure.

Flushed with embarrassment, he quickly shoves it at Quinn.

TREY

WOAH! Easy Quinn!

Some shake their heads with nervous chuckles breaking the silence. Quinn is visibly frustrated and snaps, taking it.

QUINN

That kind of incompetence is going to get us all killed. We don't have the luxury of being ignorant.

Silence and shame falls on the group, as they grasp the magnitude of their circumstances once again.

KALE

He's right. We need to figure out what's next. How long will the rations last Trey?

Kale looks at Trey, he stiffens, wincing at the thought.

TREY

With 16 people, a day or 2 at best.

The group shares looks of concern, as Marcus boosts morale.

MARCUS

Perfect, that's all it's going to take. What's the status on COMMS?

MYRA

Live and secure. It's a start, but we need more and we need to be cautious of who and what we trust.

The truth sharpens the group's focus, the dim light catching their creative minds being forced to adapt with agility.

CLAIR

Everybody disconnected when the tower fell. I bet if we take out more towers, we'd have more people.

CLAIR zooms out to reveal the locations of the local towers.

KALE

Do you think we could use the TECCOMS to take out a tower?

The hologram flutters, almost shuttering at the thought. Quinn shakes his head, uneasy and unsure of the outcome.

QUINN

That last quake split the island. The next may swallow it.

Unease sets upon them as Jade contemplates the possibility.

JADE

I'm not sure, but my PAL, Sera,
would be if we reset her.

Myra perks up and shoots a worried look around.

MYRA

Bad idea, for many reasons.

Jade puts her hands up to concede, honest and humble.

JADE

If we did manage to hack in, I'm
not sure I'd know what to do. I've
always had Sera's support.

Clair ponders before interjecting into the hypothetical.

CLAIR

Does Sera have a Neurolink as well?

The team curiously looks to Jade, she nods in excitement.

JADE

Yeah, behind the chest plate.

Kale interrupts, unable to entertain the risks of mistrust.
He motions to wait, an arrogant smirk holds back his point.

KALE

But are you sure there's only one?

Jade is at a loss for words, the others deliberate silently.

Kale's eyes flare as he picks up a book and flips through
"Synthetics: Weaponized Artificial Humans" and reads.

KALE (CONT'D)

"GAIAD bio-engineered the formula
for the perfect strand of DNA.
Framed as a safe alternative to
labor, these lab grown children
served a darker purpose.

Everyone anxiously awaits the reveal.

KALE (CONT'D)

"While in the womb, the synthetic
fetus's forehead is implanted so
the tissue develops around it,
tethering the child to GAIAD more
than the umbilical cord."

The group is caught in the gravity of the revelation. He glances at Trey, then Clair before continuing.

KALE (CONT'D)

"These cultural puppets could be identified by their bright blue eyes or superior speed, strength, and endurance. X-rays or a UV light reveals their forehead implant."

He concludes the excerpt profoundly, shutting the book and staring off, gently rubbing his chin.

KALE (CONT'D)

GAIAD did it with Synthetics, why wouldn't it with PALS? We won't last a day with either among us.

Trey steps forward, his synthetic eyes flashing in defense.

TREY

You don't think they can be disconnected and prove useful?

Kale scoffs and shakes his head, Clair attempts diffuse it.

CLAIR

We need the help, Kale. We have to do something. Let's give it a shot.

KALE

How do you know if we give it a shot, we won't be shot in the back?

Clair sneers, crossing her arms, her head cocked slightly.

CLAIR

For all we know, it could be you with the shots you're calling.

Kale sneers, then shakes his head with a chuckle and a smile.

KALE

The more I think it about it, nothing about you is a coincidence. You've got the eyes, I wonder if-

He strikes a nerve, Marcus flares, cutting him off with a BOOMING voice.

MARCUS

THAT'S ENOUGH! We won't last the night fighting ourselves... Everybody get some rest, we'll finish this in the morning.

Kale's jaw clenches, exchanging glares with Clair before they storm off. The group reels from the escalation as they begin to fallout into the tunnels behind them.

Myra gives Marcus a silent nod before trailing off after Kale. Marcus sighs deeply as he looks to the CENTER CONSOLE's display of the map, before shutting it down.

CUT TO BLACK.

41 **INT. NEST LIVING QUARTERS - CLAIR'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER** 41

Through an open bathroom door, a MIRROR reflects Clair bursting into her room and SLAMMING the door. With heavy feet, she walks to the bathroom sink and begins filling the basin with a deep sigh.

She washes her face with her hands, then leers into the mirror before her. The dimly lit bulb casts a shadow down her face but her bright BLUE eyes pierce through the shroud.

Her lip slowly curls before she SLAMS a fist into the mirror, it fractures. She stares at her distorted self-image.

The sink overflows, prompting her to quickly turn it off. The water's surface steadies, revealing her dark silhouette, the undying light of her eyes wave, beckoning her into darkness.

CLAIR

What am I?

She notices the LOCKET dangling, gently placing it in the palm of her hand. She caresses it then pauses, staring at the reflection of her eyes in its polished silver surface.

She lets go of the LOCKET, turns and shuts the light off on her way out before climbing into BED.

FADE TO BLACK.

42 **INT. NEST WAR ROOM - MORNING - JULY 3, 2127** 42

The room is still and dark, the sunrise cuts through Trey's hole in the wall. The muffled echoes of chatter grow louder.

The door opens, Marcus turns on the lights, the team's CHATTER tails off as they gather around the CENTER CONSOLE.

QUINN

Long as we learn from our mistakes,
we'll stop holding everyone back.

Quinn's final statement to Trey resonates, as Trey nods, looking to him with respect and admiration, before they quiet, reluctantly facing reality together.

MARCUS

I hope you're all well rested.
Unfortunately, time and options are
luxuries we don't have.

Marcus is rigid, speaking slow and stern, commanding their attention, glaring at each, setting the tone for the stakes.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

To reach GAIAD, we must fly. To
have PODS, we need PALS. I will
take the REBELS to scavenge.

They each stand attentive, locked into his assertiveness.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

Myra and I will manage the rebels.
The rest of you, reset and retrieve
Sera. Quinn, you're in charge out
there. Everyone got it?

Most nod or vocalize their agreement, while Kale and Myra exchange skeptical glances.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

Good. Get ready, we leave in 10.

Everyone leaves other than Myra, she watches them go beyond earshot. She looks to Marcus with grave concern.

MYRA

We know what happened last time.

Marcus returns the look, his voice low, slightly condemning.

MARCUS

Then don't let it happen again.

Marcus walks away, the door CLANGS when he exits.

She sulks, activating the CENTER CONSOLE, the harsh reminder adds salt to the wound reopened as she stares up a 3D HAIVEN.

CUT TO:

43 **INT. NEST COMMON ROOM - NIGHT - 2107 - (FLASHBACK)** 43

NEST appears almost new, colors more vivid, brighter lights.

YOUNG Myra, 30s, stares up at the 3D HAIVEN with the same harrowed look of concern.

YOUNG MYRA

The only way is to stop it from happening.

The door CREEKS open from the Commons room, TRACY, 30s, slyly enters, her BLUE ocean eyes calling like a siren in the deep.

KADE, late 20s, supports himself with both hands gripping the CENTER CONSOLE, fearfully determined.

KADE (O.C.)

We strike tomorrow, or the kids won't have a future.

They notice TRACY'S presence, silently questioning her.

TRACY

Sorry for interrupting, I wanted you to know I put Kale to bed.

YOUNG MYRA

Thank you, Tracy, we will be right there.

Her motherly eyes extend thanks and forgiveness.

TRACY dips her head and excuses herself, with her back to them, she smirks as her BLUE EYES FLASH to RED.

44 **INT. NEST COMMON ROOM - LATER - 2127** 44

The spacious room has 2 center tables, with seating all around them. The perimeter is lined with various forms of entertainment like board games, books, and art supplies.

Kale, Clair, Trey, Quinn, and Jade stand around a table. Clair holds the NEXUS with a PISTOL on her hip and the rest have a RIFLE on their back, all dawning ENERGY SHIELDS.

Jade is anxious as Clair helps strap on her SHIELD.

JADE

I've never been in a fight. I was always forced to stay back. What if someone sees us? Or SOMETHING?

Clair finishes, picks up a PISTOL and pushes it into her hands reassuringly.

CLAIR

It's okay, your not alone. We just have to stick together.

MYRA (O.S.)

(Buzzing over COMMS)

Testing, do you have the transponders? Can you hear me.

A MAP of Treasure Island lies on the table, Jade pulls TRANSPONDERS from her pocket.

After responding Quinn points to the COMMS tower on the north-west side.

QUINN

We have them and hear you loud and clear. The tunnel's end is our exit, Sera's just to the South.

He points a few blocks away, Trey's excitement bursts out.

TREY

I'm across the road. We should grab Echo, kill 2 birds with 1 stone.

Kale is physically struck by the statement, before rocking his head, tempted to act literally.

KALE

Better to kill them now than later.

Quinn points a knife hand at Kale, cutting through the pettiness.

QUINN

Cut the shit. No one shoots or dies unless I say so. GAIAD'S likely patrolling already. Just follow me, be quiet, and alert. Let's move.

He leads the way, Clair following close behind, with Kale lagging behind the others shaking his head in silence.

QUINN
 (to them all)
 We can't spare any mistakes, nor
 time. Remove the link, then reset.
 In that order.

They nod. Quinn nods back and they split up, and darts around the side with Clair close behind. Trey leads Clair and Kale, dashing across the street to the 1206 complex.

Quinn and Jade breach the door in the background as Trey reaches his door. The others stack on both sides, as Trey presses his thumb on the scanner, it CLICKS open.

TREY
 Don't mind the mess, I got upset.

48 **INT. TREY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

48

They enter the dismal disaster, the place ransacked. Kale and Clair exchange wide-eyed glances as they navigate the mess.

Trey kicks debris away as he makes his way across the room.

He kneels before ECHO, 20s, his dormant dark skin frame slumps against the couch, dormant but still holding a smile.

Trey pulls the front of Echo's shirt down, presses down on GAIAD's emblem, opening it to hold the shirt.

Inside, a Neurolink connects to its dock, the bottom snapped in. Beside it a switch and a small screen displaying "ERROR".

KALE
 Unsnap the link, then pull it out.

Trey nods, and takes a deep breath, he sticks an index in, gently trying to get behind the LINK, pushing underneath it.

SUDDENLY, the LINK pops out of the SNAP, but his index finger folds, and his knuckle presses the reset button.

Echo's eyes flare RED, tone and smile drops.

ECHO
 Exterminate the resistance.

Echo lunges but Trey YELPS back. Clair and Kale pin it back. Trey rips out the NEUROLINK, rebooting the AI. Kale seethes as they share wide eyes for different reasons.

KALE
 Are you trying to get us killed?!

Echo's tone flattens, its eyes dimming to a neutral BLUE.

ECHO
My name is Echo, what's your name?

Kale rolls his head, visibly frustrated by the waste of time, glaring at Trey.

KALE
Useless robot... let's go before they
find us.

Trey and Kale lift Echo up to its feet, Echo jitters in excitement, its voice eerily earnest, as they rush out.

ECHO
Ooh, hide-and-peek, great idea
Useless Robot.

Kale GRUNTS in frustration as he forcefully escorts Echo out.

49

EXT. TREASURE ISLAND CENTRAL PARK - SAME TIME

49

Marcus has a RIFLE strapped to his back and 4 REBELS have PISTOLS on their hips, all donning the ENERGY SHIELDS. Marcus and 2 others carry a DRAID up the bottom of the steps, as the others carry an intact BAT.

They sweat and breathe heavily on the Ave H park steps, as the WHINE of BATS and STAMPEDING DRAIDS bring them to a halt.

They scramble, preparing to defend themselves, taking cover behind the steps, leering around at the herd turning down Ave E from 9th, racing towards the COMMS TOWER.

MARCUS
(Pressing the COMMS)
Everyone back to the NEST! GAIAD'S
forces will be on you any minute.

50

EXT. MARINER DR - MOMENTS LATER

50

Quinn tears into a BAT on the sidewalk as Jade and SERA, mid 30s, observing and analyzing the environment.

They rally on Quinn as he finishes up. He pulls out the POWER CORE, it GLOWS bright BLUE, gently placing it in his pocket.

QUINN
Go already! Get to the tower!

The SOUNDS of GAIAD's forces CRESCENDOS as they close in.
BATS and DRAIDS swarm between and over complex 1204 and 1206.

The team falls back through the alley, Jade fearing for her life, barely dodging LASERS as they escape through the alley.

Quinn stops in-between 1390 and 1394, turning to provide cover fire, his SHIELD deflects a couple rounds as he downs 3 BATS flying over 1219.

QUINN (CONT'D)
DON'T STOP, KEEP GOING!

Their SHIELDS take a few shots as they rush up North point Drive, cutting in between 1225 and 1227, where Quinn provides additional cover fire.

They B-line towards the tower, Kale stops at the front, turning to shoot at BATS zipping over 1225. He misses a few shots, his SHIELD takes a round before he drops 2.

Trey looks up, pointing at the tower while they sprint to it.

TREY
There're pods on the roof!

CLAIR
Jade, can you get those pods off the ground?

JADE
If you bypass the COMMS relay.

QUINN
To the roof, the tunnels are a death trap!

They reach the tower and file in as Quinn fires around the side, retreating with fear in his eyes.

The mass of forces now in the open closing in, shredding the tower's base as they blitz forward.

51

INT. COMMS TOWER - STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

51

The team ascends with haste, Quinn locks the door and flips over the marble cover before rushing up, pushing them faster.

The DRAIDS burst in, storming up, sending SHOTS up the open spiral staircase at them, as BATS fly in straight up at them.

Quinn shoots blindly down the center while covering his face from flying debris, taking down a BAT and a couple DRAIDS shooting up, the steps begin crumbling under the weight.

2 BATS make it up, crashing before Quinn as Kale shoots them from above. Quinn nods thanks, and climbs over the wreckage.

They near the top, but 2 BATS CRASH through the windows lighting Trey's SHIELD up, he stops to shoot at them, taking down one, but the second BREAKS his SHIELD, he drops convulsing after being struck before Clair finishes it off.

CLAIR

TREY! PALS, get him up there!

Echo and Sera finish dragging him onto the landing, while everyone else provides cover fire.

DRAIDS climb over downed comrades unfazed in death's pursuit.

52

EXT. COMMS TOWER POD PAD - CONTINUOUS

52

3 two person PODS are perched near the edge as BATS fly up, unleashing on them from all sides, pinning them at the top.

Quinn triggers and tosses an Electro Magnetic Explosive, EME, out onto the platform, sending an orange shockwave in all directions, instantly knocking the BATS out of the sky, and stopping the DRAIDS in their tracks.

They move out onto the pad, leaning Trey on the closest POD.

Quinn looks down the tower stairs, then aims his RIFLE over.

QUINN

Make it fast, the DRAIDS are awake.

Clair rushes to support Quinn as Jade dives into her pocket.

JADE

Swap the transponder with the one tied to the COMMS and network wires.

Jade gives a TRANSPONDER to the PALS and Kale, they open the PODS and enter as Jade taps away at the NEXUS.

53

INT. 2 SEAT POD - CONTINUOUS

53

Kale removes the CONTROL PANEL COVER, then frantically searches the web of wires with multiple TRANSPONDERS.

KALE
Which one? There's multiple!

SERA (O.C.)
The one with blue and green wires.

Kale pauses, shooting a belittled glance at her.

KALE
How would you know? Your memory was
reset.

Sera enters silently judging, tilts her head, then points to
the SCHEMATIC on the back of the CONTROL PANEL COVER.

SERA
The others are done, allow me.

He scoffs, a smirk breaks through, stepping aside for Sera.

54

EXT. COMMS TOWER POD PAD - CONTINUOUS

54

Kale rushes over to Quinn and Clair, buying time to escape.

Echo drags Trey into a POD as the PODS power up, their WHIRL
crescendos in-between the ZEWS of lasers.

QUINN
There's too many!

JADE
I'm in, we're ready for liftoff!

Echo boards with Trey, and Jade with Sera. Quinn, Kale, and
Clair freeze before the POD, a heaviness falls upon them as
they realize one of them can't board.

Clair'S eyes widen, Kale'S jaw clenches, his gaze darting
between his teammates. Quinn instinctively pushes them in.

QUINN
GAIAD killed my family, I'll be
damned if he kills you too. Finish
this for them.

Without hesitation, he seals them inside with a firm hand.
Muffled desperate screams and THUDS, as Clair pounds glass.

QUINN (CONT'D)
GET THESE PODS OUT OF HERE NOW!

Quinn turns, charging back to the stairs, pulling out the
POWER CORE from his pocket, as the POD'S engines roar.

Quinn takes a knife and ruptures the POWER CORE, dropping it down the shaft, as dozens of DRAIDS ascend, they approach the top and shoot him, breaking his SHIELD.

Quinn takes them out, but more take their place, shooting his unguarded shoulder, taking out the DRAID as he collapses, against the concrete banister, facing the PODS.

A MASSIVE EXPLOSION blows out the base of the tower, flames erupt to the top, the building base collapses in on itself.

JADE (O.S.)
Done! Hold on!

Quinn sits with his RIFLE across his lap, firing with his left hand at those rounding the top of the steps. He looks to their faces in the PODS, musters a salute and smile before being engulfed, disappearing into the collapsing inferno.

Simultaneously, the PODS launch just in time, soaring away as the building crumbles below, the shockwave rattle the hulls.

The team is silent, their faces pale, the bittersweet weight of their freedom sinking in.

55 **EXT. TREASURE ISLAND CENTRAL PARK - MOMENTS LATER - MORNING** 55

The PODS land with a THUD near the FISSURE, with Marcus and Myra standing by. The hatches HISS open and they spill out, Trey slowly comes to as Echo helps him out.

Clair exits, collapsing into Marcus'S arms, Kale steps out, locking eyes with him briefly, exchanging a silent apology and thank you.

MARCUS
Let's get you all inside.

They all sluggishly make their way towards the entrance.

56 **INT. NEST WAR ROOM - MOMENTS LATER** 56

Myra awaits solemnly as they gather around the CENTER CONSOLE, trying to compose themselves, most staring off.

Trey is puzzled, he examines the differences in the assembly.

TREY
Where's Quinn?

KALE
He died for you and your PAL...

Kale glares at Trey, a hand from Clair's crossed arms cups her mouth, fighting to keep it together.

Trey reads the room, refusing to accept the possibility, inevitably breaking from the weight of his mistake.

TREY

You're lying... no, no, no...

Silence falls, Clair attempts to comfort him, Trey bucks her off, guilt and anger surfacing in the grief.

TREY (CONT'D)

It should have been me...

Clair tearfully shakes her head, making sense and finding resolve within the midst of the devastation.

CLAIR

No. He wouldn't have it any other way. GAIAD killed his family, he charged us to finish this for them.

Her words ground them in a cause. Teary eyed, Marcus takes up an oath, for providing the safe return of his child.

MARCUS

We owe him more than we can repay. Until it's done, every second we waste dishonors his sacrifice. This ends tonight. Let's get to work.

Their fierce resolve seethes as they nod in a silent bond.

MYRA

Get the PALS to Jade for inspection. Everyone else, to the infirmary. After everyone is cleared, we head out for more PODS.

The team breaks, moving with a purpose to execute their task.

Myra and Marcus hold each other's gaze for a moment before she follows the others out. Marcus reflects deeply.

CUT TO BLACK.

At a corner COMPUTER DESK, Jade and Sera focus intently on TECCOM Diagnostics on a NEXUS. A code rapidly changes before stopping. "ACCESS GRANTED" displays, Jade sits up exuberantly in her seat, she looks to Sera, eyes wide and mouth open.

The door to the FISSURE opens, the room quickly becomes busy as Marcus, Myra, Clair, Kale, and Trey meet Jade at the CENTER CONSOLE, and the REBELS carry in supplies after.

MARCUS

Good job everyone. We're now 32 strong now, up to 15 PODS, and we'll have a final count on the munitions shortly.

Echo helps 2 REBELS carry in a steel crate full of glowing salvaged POWER CORES. Others carry disabled DRAIDS and BATS.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

We're on pace and ready to scale, long as Jade has good news for us.

They all look to Jade, she stands firm, ready to deliver.

JADE

And bad. We aren't able to access the TECCOMS remotely, but we think we can if we are in range.

KALE

That's not good news?

Kale is baffled, Jade is offended, as if that's all she did.

JADE

Good news is we hacked into GAIAD'S network. We located a local TECCOM right under a tower, AND we now have eyes in the sky.

She taps a button on the NEXUS and motions to the corner with a WORKBENCH. A BAT lifts off the ground.

She moves a digital analog, flying above the CENTER CONSOLE.

She taps a button on the CENTER CONSOLE and it produces a LIVE VISUAL OF THEM from the BATS perspective as it does a 360. She cycles through the different image displays.

JADE (CONT'D)

It has so many features that'll help us in our mission, such as...

Clair watches in fascination, twirling the LOCKET, but the demonstration slowly becomes blurry and inaudible as she's sucked into a vision.

58

EXT. NAS RUNWAY ALAMEDA CALIFORNIA - DAY (VISION)

58

A modest CHURCH with a STEEPLE stands before housing developments flanking both sides perpendicularly out of sight. Clair stands amidst the CROWDED parking lot out front near a large CRACK stretching as far as the eye could see.

The CROWD'S panic is a subtle white noise, Clair turns from the Church to see a determined child amongst the frantic adults, identical to a young Grace, storming passed her.

Clair turns to track her, shortly after the girl crosses the CRACK, the entire portion of the island beyond the CRACK splits from the island, rapidly being consumed by the bay.

Clair reaching out helplessly. The girl falls when the ground shifts underneath her, looking back overwhelmed with fear, SCREAMING for her life as she is swallowed by the waters.

59

INT. NEST WAR ROOM - CONTINUOUS - DAY

59

Clair stares off blankly, no one notices as they are still captivated, as the presentation and vision come to an end.

KALE

...we could use the BAT to scout, get a NEXUS in range, trigger the TECCOM, recruit, scavenge, and then, take down GAIAD.

CLAIR

No, WAIT!

The team turns, their faces a mix of concern and confusion. Clair trembles, her voice shaking with dread.

CLAIR (CONT'D)

We need to find another way, the TECCOMS aren't safe.

Kale shakes his head in stark disagreement.

KALE

What do you mean? They would keep us AWAY from danger? We don't have time for this!

Jade hesitates, as she looks at Clair, her voice cautious.

JADE

What if she's right? Could we use the POWER CORES to bring it down?

TREY

GAIAD is sure to have a heavier presence of forces there.

Trey looks to the group, lingering on Clair, she withdraws, twiddling the LOCKET as Marcus delivers the final verdict.

MARCUS

If we don't have to fight our way there, we can spare the cores. If we do, we can't risk it. Gear up.

Everyone but Clair nods in agreement and disperse, faces etched with exhaustion and defiance, as Clair's dread tightens her fist around her LOCKET.

FADE OUT.

60

EXT. NAS RUNWAY ALAMEDA CALIFORNIA - DAY - LATER

60

The BAT enters the island's airspace, the runway area now filled with housing. Most of GAIAD's forces are diverted North, it zooms in, DRAIDS clean up the streets of rubble.

JADE (O.S.)

Looks like GAIAD's forces are preoccupied. Now's our window.

A dozen PODS soar through the sky towards the WESTERN edge of the massive island, swiftly landing with ease.

Clair, Kale, Marcus, Myra, Trey, Echo and REBELS exit the HUMMING PODS, their hulls scarred but humming.

They all scan oblivious to Trey, stunned, his eye twitches and flashes RED briefly before being expressionless.

MYRA

We still aren't in range. Stay out of the eyes line of sight. Move up.

They advance up passed a long stretch of residential buildings. They reach the corner of the residential stretch and slyly leer across the parking lot.

Automated SENTRIES are positioned on all 4 sides of the tower, RED LASERS pointing out their line of fire. A BAT patrols as PEOPLE wonder through the concrete plain.

MYRA (CONT'D)

We've got access to the TECCOM. Be prepared to find a safe place.

The team looks to each other, with temptation to send it.

TREY

I've worked on the sentry systems.
If I had the NEXUS, I could get us
closer by deactivating them.

KALE

Since when did you work for GAIAD?

Kale calls bullshit, Trey's admission is ridden with guilt.

TREY

I was a weapon systems engineer,
until GAIAD no longer required my
services.

Marcus looks to Clair, her eyes pleading to find a way.

MARCUS

It's worth a try. If it doesn't
work, be ready.

Kale scowls, Clair hands over the NEXUS to Trey, he navigates
to the sentry systems firewall.

TREY

Sera, Jade, can you get me in?

SERA (O.S.)

Standby.

The NEXUS screen is redirected to a SENTRY SYSTEMS MENU. Trey
quickly navigates through, deactivating the sentries.

Their aim droops as their RED LASERS power down but the eye
still dominates the sky. They look to each other in surprised
excitement while Kale is still unsatisfied.

CLAIR

If someone came with me, we could
hit both legs at once and get out.

Kale volunteers, walking beside Clair and handing her a power
core with a silent look of slight regret. She nods and they
make haste with a low profile across the open lot.

As they cross, Clair looks to her right to see a sign in the
yard reading CHURCH OF Hope, the one from her vision, but no
crack in the parking lot. She looks confused, but presses on.

JADE (O.S.)

Uh guys, You've got hundreds of
signatures appearing to your East.

The BATS electro optics reveal DRAID signatures increasing to the 100s in each of the warehouses behind the tower.

Kale and Clair skid to a stop. The fear sets in, too far from cover and the TOWER. They quickly puncture the CORES and chuck them as far as they can towards their target.

They turn around, running for their lives, lasers ZEW passed them by the dozens, a few connecting with their SHIELDS.

One EXPLOSION hits its target, destroying the leg. The other slightly off target, the EXPLOSION crippling the other leg.

KALE

Trigger the damn quake already!

MARCUS

Do it now!

61 **INT. NEST WAR ROOM - SAME TIME**

61

Jade triggers the TECCOM, LIGHTS FLICKER, the NEXUS SCREECHES, she freezes in panic, the SCREENS AND HOLOGRAM PULSE ERRATICALLY, energy levels spiraling out of control.

JADE (O.S.)

It's gone rogue, releasing it all!

62 **EXT. NAS RUNWAY ALAMEDA CALIFORNIA - CONTINUOUS**

62

The QUAKE erupts with apocalyptic primal ROAR. Cranes collapse in the distance as the TOWER'S damaged leg buckles, toppling the thunderous cascade of steel.

The team flees away from the building, huddling in the street low to the ground. Dozens of PEOPLE flee out of the residential buildings, joining them in the street.

The TOWER'S EYE disappears in a FLASH as it crashes, GAIAD's forces stop in an instant as the signal literally drops.

The tremors begin to subside, but the chaos ensues. The MASS OF PEOPLE, free of captivity, migrate to the wreckage in awe, revealing the CRACKS in the church, steeple, and lot.

Clair anxiously searches for the girl amidst the Deja-vu.

SERA (O.S.)

Sonar scans show the Bay's depths rapidly changing.

CLAIR

Get the PODS over here now!! Get everyone away from the church!!

Marcus finds her, they attempt to herd the CROWD, but no one is interested in listening. Clair snaps when she hears a MOTHER screaming through the white noise.

MOTHER

Grace, no leave it!

She turns and sees a MOTHER resembling Hope, desperately wading through the CROWD towards the church.

Emerging from the towering adults, the LITTLE GIRL from the vision weaves passed Clair fluidly through her grasp.

Clair frantically attempts to stop them but is impeded while moving through the MASSES, Marcus tailing close behind.

Just like in the dream, by the time Clair makes it to the edge of the crack, the landmass breaks off, receding back as if it's the tongue of the bay's mouth.

The MOTHER jumps off the break, chasing the GIRL wailing for help. Clair attempts to pursue chase, but Marcus catches her, keeping her from being swept into the rushing waters.

Buildings crumble into the bay as the mother dives onto the sliding mass, embracing the girl as the waters rush over them. The church catches, buckling at the CRACKS, it lurches and collapses on top of them once they disappear under water.

Clair collapses on the new edge of the island, her breath ragged, tears streak her dust-caked face, her sob a raw, unfiltered wail that pierces the chaos.

People scramble into the bay after their loved ones. A LITTLER GIRL CRIES out for her lost mother, a FATHER picks her up and holds her tight.

MARCUS

It's not safe here, we have to go..

He helps picks her limp body off the ground, Myra's COMMS break through, sharp and urgent, her voice a lifeline amidst the devastation.

MYRA (O.S.)

Get what we came for and get back.

The team scavenges supplies—battered weapons, meager rations—and REBELS SURVIVORS, new faces hardened by loss.

They retreat to their PODS, the city's ruins smoldering behind them, a wound they can't unmake. The POD'S HUM, lifting off showcasing the span of the newly shaped island.

63 **INT. 2 SEAT POD - MOMENTS LATER**

63

Inside the POD, Clair's gaze is hollow, fixed on nothing. She sits slumped, her fingers tracing the LOCKET's edge. Kale sits beside her, face etched with disdain, voice like venom.

KALE

It was Trey I know it. Something was off ever since we got there.

She silently stares at the BAY BRIDGE as the PODS HUM over.

FADE OUT.

64 **INT. NEST WAR ROOM - LATER - DAY**

64

EVERYONE convenes at the CENTER CONSOLE. Mutters amongst the group question whether they are doing what's right.

Sera detects a DISTORTION in the COMMS—a subtle glitch that sends a chill through the room. Jade spazzes, her voice crackles.

JADE

Uh, Houston, we have a problem.

The COMMS devices SQUEAL, they all rip them out of their ears.

A hologram flickers, GAIAD's GLITCHING BLUE-WHITE FACE of moving energy appears, with a icy accusation that freezes the team.

GAIAD

This is why you shouldn't play God.
I built the TECCOMS to prevent
calamity, not cause it.

Clair flinches, her face paling as guilt flickers in her eyes. Myra's jaw tightens, her voice sharp, defiant.

MYRA

Shut this down now!

Jade's fingers fly across the CONSOLE, she scrambles the signal, cutting GAIAD off, but it flickers back, growling.

GAIAD

Your team is compromised. You only delay the inevitable, yield before you kill anyone else.

The hologram dissolves into static, the room is silent.

CLAIR

(haunted whisper)
Compromised?

Kale snaps, pinning Trey with his RIFLE to his head.

KALE

This is your fault. You almost got us killed! You're a damn synth!

Trey deflects, honest and fearful for his life.

TREY

It wasn't me I swear!

Kale's blind fury has him nose to nose, ready to shoot.

KALE

BULLSHIT! You were just waiting to strike!

Trey breaks, ridden with guilt and innocence.

TREY

It was GAIAD, he took control of me when we were in range of the tower. I didn't know... I'm sorry. I'll do anything to prove it!

Myra pulls Kale back, using her mother's comfort to diffuse.

MYRA

Kale! I removed his link, maybe we can remove the implant too. I have an idea that may work...

Kale backs off, breathing heavy, powering down the RIFLE.

KALE

If it doesn't work, I'll make sure it doesn't happen again.

Myra leads Trey to the infirmary, with the others curiously trailing behind.

65

INT. NEST INFIRMARY - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

65

They enter the infirmary, Myra leads Trey over to an MRI MACHINE. She pats the seat for him to sit on, he complies.

Myra opens a drawer and grabs a UV FLASHLIGHT. She shuts the lights off, quickly shining the UV light at everyone's face.

Clair anxiously awaits confirmation when she's scanned, but no reaction as Myra moves to Trey, everyone gawks.

In the middle of Trey's forehead, a BLUE LIGHT flashes.

MYRA

The implant has a bio-luminescent steel casing. This may be painful but should extract it safely.

Trey freaks out, tempted to change his mind. Kale pushes him back down, with a fierce glare to remain put.

She motions for him to lay down, as she fires up the machine. The team exchange shocked looks, the audacity of the attempt.

TREY

Let this be the proof, there's nothing I won't do for you.

Trey slides into the MRI machine, it WHIRLS to life as he begins to scream in pain, shoulders lifting off the table.

His pain and fear escalates as a 1-inch implant is slowly pulled out the front of his skull by the magnetic forces.

The implant releases, attaching to the roof, Trey passes out as a bead of blood trickles down the small exit hole.

Clair cups her mouth, fearing she witnessed a murder. Rushing out, refusing to be complicit as Myra checks his pulse.

MYRA

He's still alive. He needs some rest. Let's figure out what's next.

The group disperses, their footsteps echoing in the tunnel.

66

INT. NEST LIVING QUARTERS - CLAIR'S ROOM - LATER

66

Clair stumbles into her room, collapsing on her bed crying. Her brunette braid unraveling just like her.

CLAIR

Maybe GAIAD's right, we can't be trusted, all we do is get each other killed. I can't live with myself having to watch it before it happens, and still failing to stop it.

Marcus knocks on the door. He enters and kneels beside her, his soft eyes burdened with a pain that mirrors her own.

MARCUS

Clair, there's just some things you can't control. Even if you see it coming.

His hand grips her shoulder, firm and grounding, a father's anchor. Clair darts her tear filled eyes to him.

CLAIR

Did she have visions too?

Marcus's gaze sharpens, shooting her a surprised look, he nods, his voice soft, heavy with truth.

MARCUS

She spoke of them vaguely, said they caused more worry than anything.

Clair's breath catches, a KNOCK interrupts, Myra stands at the door, looking at Marcus. He rises, squeezing Clair's shoulder, and exits, leaving her to dwell on his words.

Clair slumps into the bed, her mind racing. Her voice is a whisper, raw with anguish for answers.

CLAIR

Why us? Do they all come true?

She rises, slipping out of the room, to find answers.

67

INT. LIVING QUARTERS - MYRA'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

67

A similar setup to Clair's minimalist room. As Clair approaches the inaudible conversation becomes clear.

MYRA

It's not safe for him to stay. It's no different from when I... Synthetics can't be trusted.

Myra scowls down with regret, then Marcus GLARES at her.

MARCUS

Hope wasn't like the others, she was THE FIRST... she never had the implant. Once I removed her neurolink, we ran too. She lived and loved just as you and I.

Myra, standing nearby, scoffs, her weathered face hardening, her voice sharp with skepticism.

MYRA

Love? Synthetics don't love—they mimic. She was a tool, Marcus, nothing more.

Marcus's eyes flash, fiercely defending her honor.

MARCUS

YOU'RE WRONG! We're not synthetic, let's not act like we know how she felt. I knew her better than anyone... she would die for you.

Myra's face drops in shame, Clair is frozen outside the door, her breath catching as she processes the implication: if Hope was synthetic, what does that make her?

Her hand tightens on the LOCKET, her heart pounding, a storm of doubt and betrayal swirling within.

The distant sound of Echo conversing with Trey down the hall sparks an idea—to confront Grace for answers.

Clair scurries off, her shadow slipping through the darkness, her movements silent but urgent. Kale emerges from a side passage, his eyes narrowing with concern and tails her.

FADE OUT.

68

INT. CLAIR'S PENTHOUSE - EVENING

68

Clair enters PISTOL at her side, the door HISSES shuts behind her, locking her in the dimly lit cage of control.

Grace stands lifeless in the dim light, an eerie replica of her lost sister.

She steps closer, her eyes searching Grace's face for a trace of her sister. She opens the access panel, hesitates, then resets Grace without the NEUROLINK removal.

She steps back and aims the PISTOL as her system reboots. Her BLUE EYES coming back to life.

GRACE

Clair, it's good to see you again.
Let's put the weapon down and talk.

CLAIR

No, you're going to answer my
questions. Did you ever have
visions like mom?

Grace's head tilts and shakes slightly, Clair looks confused.

CLAIR (CONT'D)

But you're synthetic too?

Grace's eyes flicker, a calculated tone underneath her voice.

GRACE

You and I are half-synthetic, the
only ones at that. There's much to
learn about us still, like why I
never had visions but you do..

Clair is grounded in her response, her identity solidified in
the fact that her existence is a wild card to GAIAD.

GRACE (CONT'D)

All mom ever said about them is
they happen one way or another.

Clair's face and arm drop, recalling the vision of GAIAD.

Grace inches closer with a calm reassurance.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Clair, Mom's life should have
taught you to that some fights
aren't worth fighting.

Clair's breath catches, her heart sinks from the betrayal.
She steps forward, voice and aim rising, raw with anguish.

CLAIR

Some aren't, but she taught me that
this one is worth dying for.

Grace's eyes narrow, her tone as cold as the truth.

GRACE

Is it really worth killing innocent
lives just to say you died trying?

Clair freezes, the words sink in, she lowers her head and
aim, recalling the LITTLE GIRL that disappeared in the bay.

CLAIR

No... they didn't deserve it...

Grace smirks, her EYES SHIFT TO RED.

GRACE

Neither did I. Don't you know your actions have consequences?

Before Clair can react, Grace LUNGES, pinning Clair against the wall with a jarring THUD. The PISTOL slips from Clair's grasp, clattering to the floor, its HUM silenced.

Clair pushes off the wall, taking her down to a full mount.

She pins Grace's arms with her hands, the LOCKET dangles from her neck, Grace slowly reaches for it, Clair's eyes glare before she moves so it's out of reach.

Grace takes advantage of the shift, rolling them both, Grace having a half mount, locking both arms into a forward choke.

Grace squeezes with an unrelenting force, her voice a distorted snarl.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Guess your sister has to teach you.

Clair gasps, the PISTOL just out of reach, clawing at Grace's arms, her strength fades on the edge of consciousness.

The glass door to the balcony SHATTERS in a blazing BLUE light, as Kale fires his RIFLE from outside.

A BOLT rips through Grace's shoulder, sparks erupt from her robotic tendons.

Grace loses grip on the one side, Clair worms within reach of the PISTOL.

Grace face silently pleads for mercy, as Clair quickly raises the PISTOL to Grace's head..

CLAIR

You're not my sister.

Clair watches her RED eyes dim to BLACK, then collapse on top of her in a heap of static and silence.

Kale grabs her arm, while scanning the penthouse for threats.

KALE
DRAIDS will be here any moment.
We've gotta go.

Kale rolls Grace off of Clair, and helps her up. She leers at Grace's lifeless form, its robotic tendons still smoldering.

Kale grabs her wrist and pulls her out to the roof.

69

INT. 2 SEAT POD - EVENING - MOMENTS LATER

69

Clair's eyes glisten with tears. Kale sits beside her, his hand rests near hers, silently offering support. He breaks the ice, tinged with wry humor but heavy with concern.

KALE
I knew I couldn't trust you alone.

Her lips twitch, a faint smile breaking through her tears, her voice soft, admitting her failures.

CLAIR
Thanks for saving me... How much of
that did you hear?

His gaze softens, his question laced with understanding.

KALE
Ahh, all of it. I had my suspicions
and... well I was half right. Sounds
like GAIAD knows just as much about
you.

Clair scoffs at his different comment, but holds his gaze once he finishes.

KALE (CONT'D)
Humans are too predicable, but you...
you keep us all guessing. How do
you see us blindsiding GAIAD?

She looks away, shaking her head.

CLAIR
Even if I did see a way, I don't
see it making a difference...

Kale bucks in disagreement, sympathetically pressing her.

KALE

If you know something is going to happen, we can use that to our advantage! Is a vision why you freaked out about the quake?

Her throat clenches, her eyes drop to the LOCKET, she nods.

CLAIR

I watched that little girl die twice, and still couldn't stop it... how do I face GAIAD after seeing it kill me?

His eyes drop before darting to her, distraught at the implication. He pauses while processing. After a deep sigh, he looks to her intently.

KALE

When my father died, it taught me sometimes we can't save others, sometimes we can't even save ourselves...

He looks down, tightens his lips, then back to her.

KALE (CONT'D)

...but we won't save anyone if we aren't willing to try. Seeing you fight gives me hope... and I don't want to lose that.

He places a hand on her knee, his comfort sparks her resolve. She grips his hand, her other hand clutching the LOCKET, with tightened lips and tears rolling down her cheeks.

The POD lands, Clair looks to him sincerely, gives him a silent "thank you", stands up, and exits. Kale responds with a silent "you're welcome", following her out.

CUT TO.

70

INT. NEST WAR ROOM - EVENING - MOMENTS LATER

70

Clair enters with Kale into the war room, her WHITE running suit torn, her brunette braid fraying.

The team—Jade, Echo, Sera, Myra, Marcus, and a handful of REBELS—turns to her, their usual energy replaced by a heavy stillness.

Clair nods, throat tight, eyes glistening with unshed tears.

CLAIR

Despite today's upsets, there's still hope. GAIAD likely expects us to keep expanding tomorrow, so we should strike tonight as planned, WITHOUT the TECCOMS, or we are no better...

Jade doesn't waste a beat, her voice cracking but resolute as she pulls up the NEXUS, projecting a HOLO-MAP: the weapon's energy levels spiking chaotically during quake.

JADE

When GAIAD used Trey, it created a backdoor access to our system. I'm not so sure it was our fault.

Her voice has spark of triumph as she gestures to the screen.

JADE (CONT'D)

But the good news is we traced it, tore it out, and blocked access. It won't happen again.

Clair's eyes narrow, her resolve sharpening. Myra cuts through the tension with a commanding voice.

MYRA

What's the status on inventory?

Kale steps forward, his calm edged with urgency.

KALE

We have 25 PODS, 48 rebels, but we don't have enough weapons, rations, or space for everyone.

Marcus cuts in, tapping the HOLO-MAP to highlight ALCATRAZ.

MARCUS

There's more than enough on Alcatraz and it's on the way.

Jade nods, pointing to a DOZEN DRAIDS standing nearby.

JADE

We also have a dozen DRAIDS. They're ready to do what we need.

She presses a button on the NEXUS, the DRAIDS come alive with BLUE EYES, straightening up and awaiting command.

KALE

You removed the neurolinks, right?

Jade shoots him a look questioning his audacity. He raises his eyebrows, turning away as if he didn't say it.

MARCUS

We leave in 30, pack everything up,
we're not coming back for it.

They all nod, dispersing for their final preparations as Trey enters the room, walking past Myra and Marcus.

TREY

I need some air.

He looks like he's going to puke, as if he couldn't get any paler. Myra shoots Marcus a skeptical glance as he passes.

71 **EXT. CENTRAL PARK - EVENING - MOMENTS LATER**

71

Trey exits, and climbs to the top of the FISSURE near the PODS. Hands behind his head, closed eyes he takes a deep breath, SUDDENLY, a POD door's HISS comes from behind.

Startled, he investigates, finding an open POD. He looks inside, its empty, but the control panel has been removed.

He attempts to walk inside, but runs into an INVISIBLE BARRIER. The surface that his body makes contact with, SHUTTERS briefly, revealing the sheen of a foreign metal that disappears as quickly as it appeared.

He's baffled, he pushes the BARRIER again, but then a pair of RED eyes appear, looking down upon him from inside.

Fear washes over him, as a FLASH and ZAP roll his eyes into the back of his head, dropping him on the spot.

CUT TO.

72 **INT. NEST LIVING QUARTERS - CLAIR'S ROOM - LATER**

72

Clair sits on her bed clutching her LOCKET. Marcus knocks, then enters, his face softens as he sits beside her.

MARCUS

I know you heard me earlier. You
deserve the truth. No more secrets.

Her eyes flash, her voice laced with anger and pain.

CLAIR

Why hide it?

His gaze drops, his voice heavy with regret.

MARCUS

Thought it was for the better, but
I've realized all I'm doing is
hurting you.

She stands, fingers pressed into her head, her jaw tightens,
her voice rising, a daughter's demand for honesty.

CLAIR

That's not for you to decide. I'm
so sick of everyone thinking they
know what's best for me.

He looks away in shame, grimacing at the hard truth. Her eyes
flare as she relents her built-up frustration.

CLAIR (CONT'D)

I'm not a little kid anymore, Dad.
You, above all, should know I can't
be hurt more than I have been.

He nods, his eyes glistening, his voice soft but earnest.

MARCUS

Forgive me, I truly am sorry... Hope
once said something just like that.
You remind me of her more every
second...

Her throat clenches, voice trembling, heavy with guilt.

CLAIR

The only thing I'm reminded of is
how I got the first synthetic and
half synthetic killed...

He finds her hand, his grip firm, he takes a deep breath, his
voice steady, cutting through her pain.

MARCUS

Clair, that wasn't your fault, you
have to learn to forgive yourself...
and what you are and have done
aren't who you are. Who you are is
what you do it about it all.

She stares off, distracting herself from breaking down.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

I forgive you and I know they'd
forgive you too... We must be going
now.

She grabs his arm, an attempt to find something to hold onto.

CLAIR

Dad wait... you said because mom was
the first, she was different from
the rest. How?

He chuckles, a faint smile breaks through, as he stares off
reminiscing.

74 **EXT. ANGEL ISLAND POINT BLUNT ROCK - NIGHT - 2081 (FLASHBACK) 74**

An upside down CANOE lies in the dirt near the bay waters.
The waters CHOP at the sand near the dock. FAINT SIRENS ECHO
in the distance.

A YOUNG HOPE, 18, and YOUNGER MARCUS, 20s, race down the
hill. She spots the CANOE, flipping it over and lifting it
effortlessly despite its stark size difference.

He struggles to keep up, he picks up the paddles and chases
after her.

She walks into the water, and lets it float. They briefly
check for leaks.

YOUNG MARCUS

I not sure this will hold.

YOUNG HOPE

Get in, if it doesn't, we'll swim.

She gawks at him as if they have a choice.

He climbs in, she pushes them off and jumps in.

They steady and he passes her a paddle, fearful but hopeful.

YOUNG MARCUS

Damned if we do, damned if we
don't.

She snatches the paddle from his hand.

YOUNG HOPE

We'll find a safe place away
somewhere, but we can't go back or
we'll be used for far worse than
what it would do to me.

YOUNG MARCUS

GAIAD'S got eyes everywhere. It's
never going to stop coming for us.

She shakes her head at the unappealing lifestyle.

YOUNG HOPE

We can't run and hide our whole
lives. I want to live a normal life
Marcus.

YOUNG MARCUS

Normal is long gone, it doesn't
exist anymore.

She starts rowing, taking out her anger with each stroke.

YOUNG HOPE

I'll die before I go back. We may
not live to see the day, but our
fight will.

She glares down at a SILVER LOCKET, slipping out of her
pocket, she scoops it in her fingertips and caresses it.

She clenching a fist around it, holding it close to her chest
as she looks back at Angel Island.

75 **INT. LIVING QUARTERS - CLAIR'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS** 75

Marcus's faint smile expands as his stare hones in on Clair.

MARCUS

She was the bravest, strongest,
most considerate and loving HUMAN I
know, just like you.

He hugs her tightly, kissing her forehead, and walks out.
Clair manages a faint smile, his pride steadying her.

76 **INT. NEST WAR ROOM - EVENING** 76

Marcus reviews the MAP with Clair, Kale loads RIFLES with
ENERGY CELLS, Jade calibrates a NEXUS console, Myra organizes
MEDICAL SUPPLIES, Echo, Sera and REBELS assist with tasks.

CLAIR

Has anyone seen Trey?

She looks throughout the room, unsatisfied by her search.

MARCUS

He said he needed some fresh air.

Myra opens the holo-map on the NEXUS, the tracer she planted
on Trey PINGS, locating him on ALCATRAZ.

SERA

He may have taken a few PODS with
him, many are offline.

Everyone look confused, while Kale appears betrayed.

KALE

TRAITOR! I knew we should've ended
him when we had the chance.

CLAIR

Why would he be there, he was
asleep when we made the plans?

Marcus refocuses the team, even more puzzled than before.

MARCUS

Get the PODS loaded up and we'll go
find out.

Kale grabs a crate of ENERGY CELLS, carrying them to the
door. Everyone follows suit, making their way to the PODS.

77

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - EVENING - MOMENTS LATER

77

Everyone files their way to the surface, carrying supplies to
the PODS. Marcus walks up to an open POD, inside the control
panel is open and all the wires severed and sparking.

At a loss for words, he takes a step back to look down the
line of PODS, the dozen in his line all have open doors.

SUDDENLY, a CRASH of spills supplies and female REBEL SCREAMS
bloody murder. Looking down the other row, a REBEL floats in
the air, forcefully holding his breath surprised.

He drops to the ground, gasping from the large puncture in
his chest, his WHITE suit turns RED, as he bleeds out.

Wide-eyed, Marcus starts shooting down the row, a shot
connects, briefly disabling its active camo. The slender
robotic ninja glares at him with RED eyes before vanishing.

MARCUS

It's invisible!

Another REBEL is pounced on by the invisible force, a
puncture appearing in the center of their back as he
squelches out his last breath.

Kale and Marcus unleash in that direction. Shots ricochet off
its back panel, revealing it while it turns with a piercing
glare of death.

As it lunges, it begins to vanish, until an EME lands and explodes before it, causing it to crash before them.

Without hesitation, they relent on it, ensuring there's no coming back. The chaos stills, the team is unsettled, reeling from what just unfolded.

They inspect the WRAITH, the metal's sheen unlike anything from Earth. Looking to each other in a fearful awe.

Myra checks the pulse of a REBEL, she looks to them with a despair and desire for vengeance.

MYRA

We're sitting ducks here. It's time to go.

They nod with a fierce silent acknowledgment.

MARCUS

We'll get more PODS on the way, but we have to move now. Get inside.

Marcus keeps his commanding composure but looks down to the WRAITH in fear as everyone moves with a purpose.

CUT TO.

78

EXT. ALCATRAZ - DUSK - LATER

78

Hacked BATS fly along with AIR's PODS over the bay towards the Alcatraz Parade Deck.

The electro-optics reveal the active locations of the small detachment across the island.

BATS patrol above, while DRAIDS guard the perimeter. Sera's hack blinds GAIAD's sensors, shrouding AIR's approach.

The team descends in PODS, landing in swift synergy. Kale, Clair, Marcus, Echo, Myra and a dozen REBELS fall out.

BATS swarm from the rooftop, Marcus triggers an EME, a pulse that sends them crashing into the pavement.

Kale and Echo secure the area, clearing a path for Clair, Marcus, and the REBELS to push inside the Admin building.

CLAIR

Split up, and find Trey.

79 **INT. WARDENS OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER**

79

Clair enters the office full of pulsing consoles displaying views across the island. The Cell house views reveal clusters of explosives with synchronized timers. She freezes—a SCREEN shows Trey, bound between cutoffs, a large BOMB before him.

Her eyes widen as GAIAD'S FACE replaces the screens, its tone mocking, a chilling ECHO that fills the room.

GAIAD

Why so quick to fight the hand that feeds you?

Her jaw tightens, her voice steel, cutting through the taunt.

CLAIR

The only thing you feed is lies.

GAIAD presses, a venomous whisper, striking at her core.

GAIAD

Your family disagrees. You could ask them yourself if you'd like.

Clair flinches, rattled but unyielding, voice a fierce snap.

CLAIR

For an AI, you're pretty stupid thinking that'd work on me

GAIAD's chilling laugh reverberates through the room.

GAIAD (O.S.)

A shame how you've forsaken your family. Will you do the same to your friends and strangers?

The screen shifts to a 3-MINUTE TIMER. Dread flashes across Clair's face before she bolts from the room.

80 **INT. ARMORY - SAME TIME**

80

Echo finishes lasering into the Armory, the chamber lined with hundreds of PULSE RIFLES, EMES, and POWER CORES. Kale's breath catches, his eyes wide with awe, and shouts for joy.

KALE

Woah! Now we're talking!

Echo slings a massive CANNON over his shoulder, roaring with fierce glee, his voice echoing in the vault.

ECHO
I am Iron Man!

Kale grips his RIFLE, his voice steel, a vow of defiance.

KALE
Yeah, we're done running or hiding.

Clair bursts in, her voice urgent.

CLAIR
The whole island is rigged to blow
any minute. Trey's chained inside.

Marcus barks, his voice a command cutting through the chaos.

MARCUS
Grab what you can and get out!

The team scrambles as Clair takes charge of the rescue.

CLAIR
He's near the cutoffs. Kale, Echo,
with me.

They bolt out of the room.

81 **INT. BROADWAY CELL BLOCK - MOMENTS LATER**

81

Clair, Kale, and Echo race into the cell house, to their surprise, the entire facility is well-kept and a full house.

Distraught faces peer through the bars in BLACK jumpsuits. Their SHOUTS and DOOR RATTLING intensify as more see them.

They continue through in shock to find Trey barely coherent at the cut-off junctions, chained to the BOMB. Kale inspects the restraints as she frantically attempts to wake him.

He sluggishly awakes before seeing the timer and panicking.

TREY
Get out of here! It's going to
daisy chain across the island.

Kale stands, lifting Trey's chain towards Echo.

KALE
Echo, cut these chains. We're not
losing anyone today.

Echo springs into action, firing his controlled laser to slowly start cutting the chain.

82 **INT. NEST WAR ROOM - DUSK - SAME TIME**

82

The CENTER CONSOLE projects an electro scan of the island, a DRAID is detected entering the Wardens house outside.

SERA

You've got 1 DRAID in the Wardens House outside.

SUDDENLY, dozens more signals start appearing alongside it.

JADE

Uh guys, I think it just activated a sleeper squad!

83 **INT. BROADWAY CELL BLOCK - MOMENTS LATER**

83

Echo finishes up freeing Trey, as Clair and Kale help him up.

ECHO

There's only one option to avoid the catastrophe. I need a shield.

Trey flees in terror. Kale is physically taken back from the audacity of the two, as Clair stares with intrigue at Echo.

KALE

No surprise, only thinking about themselves. Let's get out of here.

Clair sympathetically looks around at all the faces on the block. She deactivates her SHIELD and gives it to Echo, stopping Kale in his tracks.

KALE (CONT'D)

What the hell are you doing?

Clair bolts, grabbing Kale while running out as Echo activates the SHIELD, surrounding itself and the BOMB, instantly starting to disconnect wires.

84 **INT. ADMINISTRATION BUILDING - DUSK - MOMENTS LATER**

84

Marcus and the REBELS flinch behind cover near the entrance, pinned down as heavy firepower is being unleashed outside.

Clair and Kale run through the main gate as a couple LASERS pass by their heads from outside, taking cover in Sally Port.

Marcus tosses out an EME, the team quickly destroys a dozen DRAIDS, before they reboot, overwhelming the entrance with blasts that chisel away at the concrete structure.

MARCUS

There's another way over here.

Marcus waves the team his way, as the heavy MECHANICAL BEAT of Echo's running footsteps ECHOES down the hallway.

Around the corner Echo appears with its arms wrapped around the BOMB, 10 seconds on the counter. The team looks on in shock, ticking down to 5 by the time Echo exits the building.

Echo sprints to the center of the forces, the SHIELD absorbs rounds from all sides before breaking. A MASSIVE BLAST engulfs the front yard sending shrapnel and flame about, shattering all the windows and toppling the watch tower.

TREY

Echo!

Trey charges out of the building, shooting any remnant forces that survived the blast. The team scrambles out behind him, providing supporting fire, making quick work of the rest.

Trey kneels beside the charred head of Echo, tears welling. Kale reflects solemnly, as Clair grips his shoulder.

KALE

I'm sorry I was so hard on it.

TREY

Echo really did care about us.

CLAIR

Every last one of us.

The somber moment is interrupted as Myra leads hundreds of freed citizens out the Administration building.

Marcus is shocked to see a familiar face.

MARCUS

Colonel? You're alive?

COLONEL JIM DONOVAN, 80s, fierce and steady, marches at the front of the pack, hardened resolve sculpted on his face.

COLONEL

Alive and lethal. What's the plan?

MARCUS

You know HAIVEN better than anyone
I know. Got any ideas?

2 REBELS carry a crate of POWER CORES towards the PODS.

COLONEL

No, I've got orders. Collect all the explosives from the island and get us some more PODS.

Marcus chuckles, as Colonel hasn't changed a bit. Marcus looks to the REBELS, echoing the order.

MARCUS

You heard him, almost out of light.

Everyone disperses with haste, Colonel looks to ANGEL ISLAND in the distance.

COLONEL

We'd be lucky to make it there, but we won't make it past the walls or sentries.

Kale is fascinated with the strategy, Colonel looks to Kale struck by the resemblance.

COLONEL (CONT'D)

You're a Palmer, aren't you?

He nods aghast, both glancing at Myra, Colonel nods to her.

COLONEL (CONT'D)

You look just like them. Better act like them too. Ren and Kade were 2 of the best men I ever knew.

Kale's disbelief shifts due to the serious mantle he carries.

KALE

We won't have enough PODS for one trip, we should rally at the Fort McDowell barracks.

Colonel nods in approval, looking to Myra, Clair, Kale, Marcus, and Trey with a grave warning.

COLONEL

Once we are inside the walls, there's no telling what's waiting.

They look to each other with grave discernment. GAIAD's eye looms from the tower over the island in the distance.

CUT TO.

85 **EXT. SKIES BETWEEN ANGEL AND TREASURE ISLAND - NIGHT - LATER** 85

GAIAD's eye on ANGEL ISLAND is obscured by the rain lashing down relentlessly. Lightning flashes reveal a circular compound atop the leveled mountain.

Large SENTRY TOWERS are posted like numbers on a clock, RED lasers traversing the island, guarding the large central spired rotunda and circular inner district encompassing it.

5 PODS cut through the rain like bullets, racing towards Angel Island. As they near, a sentry begins firing. The PODS increase speed, 2 more SENTRIES lock on, shots RICOCHETING.

86 **INT. NEST WAR ROOM - SAME TIME** 86

Colonel, Marcus, Myra, Clair, Kale, Jade, Sera, and REBELS stand by the CENTER CONSOLE, anxiously gawking at the display of PODS ZIPPING through the sky from the BATS perspective.

Jade stands in NEST at the CENTER CONSOLE, intensely focusing on the NEXUS' touch screen, guiding the 5 PODS separately.

JADE

Relax, I played Galaxy Invaders.

87 **EXT. ANGEL ISLAND CALIFORNIA - SAME TIME** 87

The PODS dodge incoming fire by randomly change flight paths. Once near the island, the outer 2 add to the haze of lasers.

A POD is struck in the tail fin, sending it spiraling to the ground before its destination with a MASSIVE EXPLOSION.

The others begin to separate towards different sentries, another being struck, crashing into the wall below, while the other 3 hit their targets, decimating the defenses.

AIR's BAT approaches to scout, revealing the aftermath, 9 sentries left and a window inside HAIVEN.

88 **INT. NEST WAR ROOM - SAME TIME** 88

The room erupts in CHEERS! Colonel, contagiously unsatisfied.

COLONEL

Time's ticking, get those boots on the ground! MOVE, MOVE, MOVE!

They all spring to action. Colonel looks up at the 3D HAIVEN like an old rival.

89

INT. 2 SEAT POD - CONTINUOUS

89

The dim glow of DISPLAY PANEL bathes Clair in pale light. Her BLUE eyes burn with unyielding resolve. Kale is tense, he sits beside her with his RIFLE sitting across his lap.

The storm relentlessly rattles the PODS. Kale cuts the tension, his voice low, edged with lingering distrust.

KALE

My plan is two teams, Marcus, Myra,
and REBELS, and you, me, and Trey.
I want to keep a close eye on him.
I still don't trust him after-

She cuts him off, her anger flares as she meets his gaze.

CLAIR

Damn it, Kale, you're such a prick!
Why does everyone have to prove
themselves to you?

His jaw tightens, defensive, raw and unguarded.

KALE

Because they do! When they don't,
they might just try and kill you.

She leans closer, eyes narrowing, her voice a fierce challenge, cutting through the POD's HUM.

CLAIR

It's coincidental. When are you
going to learn to put your
prejudice aside?

His gaze tightens, his tone clipped with a cold edge.

KALE

When you learn not everything is
how it appears. Some people don't
really care about you, Clair. They
just want to use and hurt you.

Her face softens, hurt flickering in her eyes, but she holds her ground, her voice steady, laced with conviction.

CLAIR

Noted. Thanks for the lesson.

He sighs, regret washing over him, his voice quieter, earnest, a confession that bridges the gap between them.

KALE

Ahh, that's not what I meant, and you know it... listen, I'm sorry.

He pauses, looking down, searching for the right words.

KALE (CONT'D)

Truth is, our parents died when a synth tipped off our location to GAIAD. It hasn't been easy learning to trust them again.

Her breath catches, her anger dissolves to empathy.

CLAIR

I had no idea... I'm sorry... We're not all bad, trust me.

They lock eyes with a slight smile of understanding, he nods.

Sera's voice crackles over the COMMS, calm but literal, breaking the tension with unintended humor.

SERA (O.S.)

We have arrived. Jade said to say the coast is clear, but the coast is NOT clear— there's rain for the next 2 hours.

The POD shudders to a stop, its DOORS HISSING OPEN, rain whipping inside, soaking the floor.

90

EXT. FORT MCDOWELL ANGEL ISLAND - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

90

They land in the lot before the BARRACKS. Clair and Kale step out into the storm's unrelenting grip.

Marcus steps out of his POD, powering down and slinging his RIFLE over his shoulder, his grizzled face stern but steady.

MARCUS

You think she'd know not to induce panic. Everybody, inside!

The pouring rain lashes around the first wave of REBELS. Marcus leads them to shelter inside the barracks.

91

INT. FORT MCDOWELL BARRACKS - MOMENTS LATER

91

AIR occupies the BARRACKS, a relic of concrete and steel.

The team—Marcus, Clair, Kale, Trey, Myra, and a dozen REBELS pour in, boots splashing through puddles, instantly soaked.

Myra sets up the NEXUS, its HOLO-MAP shimmers to life, casting a ghostly BLUE glow across their rain-streaked faces.

MYRA

We're half mile out—still not in range. You'll have to take a Nexus with you.

Her brow furrows as the map stabilizes, revealing a single point. Colonel cuts over the COMMS.

COLONEL (O.S.)

The elevator shaft in the rotunda is the only way down.

Trey scowls, his voice blunt with skepticism.

TREY

That's suicide. There has to be another way.

Clair's gaze hardens, unyielding, her voice cutting through the tension as she grabs the NEXUS.

CLAIR

We don't have a choice and we're not stopping now.

A charged silence falls, the storm's roar seeping through the walls. Kale meets Clair's eyes, his voice steady.

KALE

GAIAD'S expecting us. We clear a path and get within range. At all costs. If we can't get to the core, this was all for nothing.

He looks to Clair. She meets everyone's gaze with fire in her eyes, she nods, determined and resolute.

CLAIR

It's now or never. Death before oppression.

Marcus barks, his voice a command that galvanizes the team, his RIFLE gleaming in the flickering light.

MARCUS

Positions!

92

EXT. FORT MCDOWELL ANGEL ISLAND - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

92

More PODS land, rain lashes as AIR and repurposed BLUE EYED DRAIDS spill out, their boots splashing through puddles.

The ground teams split: Clair, Kale, and Trey take half the REBELS, moving in-sync up the hill, a tight unit of determination, their PISTOLS and RIFLES gleaming with rain.

Marcus and Myra lead the other REBELS and REPROGRAMMED DRAIDS up, as LIGHTNING stretches their shadows down the wet hill.

The hillside ERUPTS into chaos, DRAIDS charge through the DESTROYED WALL, lasers carving through the haze. BATS swarm like vengeful wasps, their RED optics roll over the walls, their WHINE a piercing assault that drowns out the thunder.

AIR scrambles for cover, Kale throws an EME that drops the swarm of BATS, but a second wave washes over the crest.

Jade advances their reprogrammed DRAIDS to the front line, their BLUE optics a stark defiance against GAIAD's RED.

Trey roars as his PULSE CANNON tears a hole through the BAT swarm, their assault a blazing symphony.

Myra triggers a second EME, dropping the BATS from the sky, their husks littering the hillside in a shower of sparks.

They make great progress but the tide shifts—fast. A COLOSSAL SHADOW cascades down the hillside in the lightning.

A GIANT MECH walks through the crumbled wall, its RED eyes pale to the RED GLOW of its dual CANNONS priming, whining with a deafening HUM, as it descends.

KALE

Target the MECH!

The MECH'S BEAMS sweep down the hill, SCYTHES OF LIGHT carving through REBELS, the storms drown their screams.

Myra throws a POWER CORE, their shots bounce off its armor, the EXPLOSION at its feet leaves it unfazed.

Trey's CANNON is RED and smoking, YELLING over the fray.

TREY

It's too armored from the front!

THE MECH presses on, Marcus SHOUTS over the chaos.

MARCUS

Fall back! Regroup!

The MECH THUNDERS STOMPS closer on its relentless pursuit.

TREY

Stand your ground! Cover me!

Trey bolts forward, dodging lasers with synthetic agility.

Marcus triggers an EME, as the DRAIDS and MECH reset briefly, AIR unleashes HELL uphill, giving Trey a chance to close in.

As the MECH is powering back up, Trey scales its leg, propelling himself upward towards its torso. He ruptures the POWER CORES, wedging them under the armor plates.

The EXPLOSIONS rock the hillside, FIREBALLS engulfing the MECH and Trey vanishing in the blast.

Clair'S breath catches, tears mix with rain on her face. She channels her pain into fury, her voice fierce and unbroken, a rallying cry that cuts through the deluge.

CLAIR

For Trey—move!

She charges forward, the others follow close behind inspired by Trey's sacrifice.

They advance up the hill and through the walls, tactically taking out GAIAD's forces. As they advance to the inner district ring, they dodge LASERS from the SENTRIES.

Looking through the alley of the inner district ring, there's no cover in the inner courtyard. Clair and Kale silently plot a diversion.

KALE

Target the sentries!

AIR redirects their fire at the SENTRIES. A couple REBELS drop from SEARING rounds in the process, but their focused fire destroys 2, leaving 1 with a clear line of sight.

REBELS sneak along the outside walls and take out the last SENTRY from right below it.

93

INT. ROTUNDA - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

93

The obsidian dome's walls pulse with GAIAD'S grid, a network of BLUE veins that HUM with oppressive power. The storm'S ROAR seeps through the fortress'S seams.

The doors HISS open, Kale and Clair enter, revealing an ELEVATOR SHAFT looming before them.

He clears the room, then slings his rifle. Her WHITE running suit is muddied, braid a fray, BLUE eyes wide with dread but burning with defiance as she pulls out the NEXUS.

CLAIR

Still not in range. Can you get these doors open?

JADE (O.S.)

GAIAD's got it locked down. You'll have to take the Nexus down. It could be GAIAD jamming the signal.

KALE

Help me with this door.

He pulls from one side, she pulls from the other, opening the door just enough for him to enter and remove ceiling panels.

She glances back—Marcus and Myra rallying the remnants of AIR amidst the chaos, their DRAIDS a bulwark to their fight.

Marcus finds her gaze, then jogs over to give her the last EME and POWER CORES.

MARCUS

Just in case. Kale, keep her safe.

She cuts in, sassy but serious.

CLAIR

I can keep myself safe.

Marcus smirks and exits back into the courtyard's chaos, cut off as the rotunda's door seals behind him.

KALE

Ready when you are.

He reaches down to grab her hand and pulls her up.

94

INT. ELEVATOR SHAFT - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

94

The storm's roar fades to the HUM OF MACHINERY. Kale and Clair each grab their own cable, leering into the abyss.

They lock eyes, nod, wrap around and descend into darkness.

FADE TO BLACK.

95 **INT. ELEVATOR SHAFT - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER**

95

The SHAFT is an endless abyss within GAIAD'S HAIVEN, thick, rusted CABLES groan under their weight as they rappel down.

They land on a GRATE at the shaft's bottom, the impact jarring, sending a metallic CLANG echoing into the void. They pull the ELEVATOR DOORS open with a SCREECH, and climb out.

96 **EXT. CAVERN OUTSIDE HAIVEN'S SANCTUM - MOMENTS LATER**

96

The MASSIVE CAVERN is illuminated in a faint BLUE GLOW of GAIAD's veins of code that HUM, climbing like vines.

Kale sweeps the gloom with his RIFLE, barely above a whisper.

KALE

Defensive units must be topside.

She holsters her PISTOL, as she relays through her COMMS she checks the NEXUS to find-

CLAIR

We're inside, still can't connect.

Kale leers and points at a SIGNAL JAMMER mounted on the SANCTUM'S ROOF, its RED LIGHT pulsing.

KALE

I bet that's the reason why. I've got 1 more core, how bout you?

She pulls out one core and an EME. The silence shatters as GAIAD'S VOICE thunders through the chamber, cold and mocking.

GAIAD (O.S.)

Welcome to HAIVEN. My ushers will be with you momentarily.

Exchanging glares of fear, they prepare for anything, listening but the silence is deafening.

SUDDENLY, the MASSIVE DOOR HISSES OPEN, but nothing comes out, their confusion becomes fear as it SHUTS and a small CLOUD of DUST randomly stirs off the ground.

KALE

GET BACK TO THE SHAFT!

They sprint back to the shaft. As Kale looks over his shoulder, CLOUDS STIR quickly towards them. His eyes widen as he sprints faster, scrambling through the door after Clair.

97 **INT. ELEVATOR SHAFT - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

97

Just as he falls in, the doors are folded inwards as a WRAITH SLAMS into them, unveiling its cloaked presence, its BLADED ARM reaches through the doors, just shy of Kale's back.

Clair SCREAMS as the BLADE appears, REFLECTING her face of horror, she pries its arm backwards, Kale recovers and shoots a flurry of shots, SEVERING the arm from its shoulder.

It WAILS and scurries away, they look down at the sparking limb, the 7-foot stretch just inches too short.

CLAIR

It said ushers, with an "S" right?

He nods. SUDDENLY, dim lights alight the span of the shaft, SHRIEKS ECHO as the old motor starts rotating the CABLES.

Kale head rolls back, over the games. Clair glares at him.

CLAIR (CONT'D)

We can use the last EME to give us a window to take out the jammer.

KALE

It's too far, we won't make it if there's more.

He glares back. She searches for an option, only finding the bottom of the elevator is within view.

CLAIR

We have to try, or it was all for nothing.

He glances up, then back at her and nods. She prepares the EME, looks at him once more, nods and throws it out the door.

98 **EXT. CAVERN OUTSIDE HAIVEN'S SANCTUM - MOMENTS LATER**

98

Kale and Clair scramble out, running straight at the one armed WRAITH, as the EME bounces and EXPLODES.

THE WRAITH freezes mid-strike, as Kale sprints by to get in range, Clair stops to wedge a ruptured POWER CORE under an armor plate, knocks it over, then sprints to catch up.

The CORE explodes behind them as Kale stops, takes a deep breath, glancing down at the last POWER CORE.

CLAIR

Kale! You got this, throw it now!

She panics as she starts shooting another WRAITH that is turning invisible, aiming a GLOWING RED arm at Kale.

He desperately hurls the power core, as it leaves his hand, a LASERS breaks his SHIELD searing his wrist, as he stifles a whimper, collapsing behind a boulder.

The WRAITH shifts its focus to her, her SHIELD breaks, a LASER grazes her arm, a searing pain that draws a sharp yelp, blood welling through her sleeve as she ducks down.

The CORE flashes through the gloom, EXPLODING near the JAMMER in a shower of sparks that rain down like embers of a dying world, its RED light flickering out.

Clair, hunkered low, leers at the NEXUS' cracked screen, connecting to the TECCOMS. Her eyes widen at the potential.

CUT TO:

99

EXT. HAIVEN INNER COURTYARD - NIGHT - MOMENTS EARLIER

99

The door to the rotunda SHUTS as Marcus walks out, joining Myra, REBELS, and AIR's DRAIDS. The short stone walls provide cover overlooking the courtyard of SCRAP METAL AND BLOOD.

The DRAIDS march forward, an unyielding tide of GAIAD's wrath, his grizzled face is smeared with soot and sweat.

He fells a DRAID, a fleeting victory drowned by the rise of two more, their optics zeroing in with lethal intent.

A CRACKLE pierces the COMMS—Clair's VOICE, faint but fierce, a spark in the dark that cuts through the chaos.

CLAIR (O.S.)

We're inside—

Her voice cuts to static, a fleeting lifeline severed, but it's enough. Marcus seizes it with ferocity, his voice a roar that strains against the cacophony of battle.

MARCUS

Fight for your friends! Fight for
your family! Fight for our freedom!

Their defense is a desperate, heroic blaze, their RIFLES and CANNONS carve through the robotic tide.

A YOUNG REBEL, barely 18, trembles beside him, his PISTOL shaking in his hands, his face pale with terror.

YOUNG REBEL
I don't want to die.

Marcus meets the kid's gaze with a steady nod, a silent promise of courage, his hand grips the REBEL's shoulder.

MARCUS
We're going to make it out of here.

A heartbeat later, a LASER sears through the REBEL's chest, his body crumpling into the mire, a DRAID aims behind him.

Marcus's jaw tightens, the DRAID breaks his SHIELD as he cuts down the DRAID with vengeance.

Myra fights nearby, her face smeared with dirt and blood, her SHIELD breaks while protecting a wounded REBEL.

Her eyes meet Marcus's across the carnage, a grim nod passing between them, a shared acknowledgment: this might be the end.

The sky ruptures, a large DROP-SHIP descends through the storm clouds, its sleek hull cutting through the rain. The lightning casts its shadow, blanketing the ground.

Its BAY DOORS yawn open to unleash a swarm of BATS and DRAIDS, cutting off any chance of retreat.

Myra holds pressure on a WOUND of a REBEL while firing a PISTOL, the REBELS rallying behind, their voices rising in a ragged chorus of defiance.

The DROP-SHIP's CANNON whirs to life, its barrel glowing with malevolent energy, a harbinger of annihilation.

The DRAIDS advance through the smoldering haze, AIR's remnants stand a fading light in the storm.

Marcus's gray eyes blaze with unyielding courage, his jaw set, a father fighting for his daughter's future.

The CANNON releases the energy, A BLINDING ERUPTION unleashing a SHOCKWAVE of flame and debris.

The battlefield falls silent for a split second, the STORM'S HOWL the only sound.

CUT TO:

100

EXT. CAVERN OUTSIDE HAIVEN'S SANCTUM - CONTINUOUS

100

The scene picks up where it left off. Clair crouches behind a large boulder, shots fragment portions of her cover.

Her hand trembles over the NEXUS, sweat beading on her brow, her breath comes in shallow, panicked bursts.

Clair freezes, her hand paralyzed, her heart hammering with the weight of what her choice might unleash.

Kale cowers behind RUBBLE, clutching his bleeding arm, sees her hesitation. He shouts over the chaos, raw with urgency.

KALE

Do it now, or we're all dead!

She sees flashes of the LITTLE GIRL and MOTHER being sucked the BAY, GAIAD's word's echoing "you shouldn't play God."

A LASER grazes her hair, the burnt stench snapping her back, her resolve teetering. She presses the LOCKET to her chest, and whispers, her voice breaking into a sob.

CLAIR

...forgive me.

She confirms the release, the ground bucks violently, FISSURES ripping through the walls with a primal ROAR. The TECCOM's HUM crescendos into a deafening scream.

101

EXT. HAIVEN INNER COURTYARD - NIGHT - MOMENTS EARLIER

101

The storm rages, rain lashing down in torrents, lightning illuminating the devastation.

Marcus, Myra, THE REBELS and DRAIDS recover after the CANNON blast, they prepare for their imminent defeat.

JADE (O.S.)

Hold onto something—now!

PAVEMENTS split like flesh, portions of the courtyard are sucked into the earth, the DRAID'S optics dim in the descent.

A portion of the ROTUNDA buckles, cascading into the pit, the SPIRE groans in protest as it collapses onto the DROP-SHIP, taking down both their steel frames in a cloud of dust.

GAIAD's SIGNAL stutters, its robotic troopers freezing mid-step, lifeless husks toppling into the concrete.

MARCUS

Freedom!

He screams with his hand in the air, the rest of the team join, watching the world seemingly end before their eyes.

102 **EXT. CAVERN OUTSIDE HAIVEN'S SANCTUM - CONTINUOUS**

102

The CAVERN begins collapsing, debris raining around Clair and Kale as the WRAITH closes in, like a bull seeing RED.

They UNLEASH shots that deflect off its armor, during its charge at Kale, its RED EYES between BLADES propped as horns.

SUDDENLY, a large slab of the roof crushes the WRAITH.

They knock the dust out of their eyes, and make haste to the MASSIVE DOOR to GAIAD'S HAIVEN, debris pelting them. They reach the exterior door just when a MASSIVE BOULDER crashes near the door.

The dust settles, revealing Kale pinned against the wall from crumpled steel, crushing his shoulder.

She pries at the steel, tears streaming down her dust-caked face. It won't budge, an unyielding sentence.

Kale's hand finds hers, weak but fierce, his voice a rasping plea, each word a struggle through the pain.

KALE

I'll be okay. Finish this, for all of us.

His voice cracks, his eyes betraying the lie, a flicker of fear and love as he touches her face, his fingers trembling, leaving a smear of blood on her cheek. Clair's sob is raw, her voice breaking, defiance warring with despair.

CLAIR

No, I got you into this mess. I'm not losing you too!

The cavern shudders, a SLAB OF CEILING breaks loose, taking down the elevator shaft with a thunderous CRASH.

KALE

If you don't go now, you won't go at all... now go!

Kale commands and pushes her away, urgent and resolute. His eyes plead, Clair chokes back a sob, her hand linger on his.

Kale's eyes glisten with unshed tears, his bloodied hand falling limp as she climbs through the doorway, looking back once more before sprinting into the dark.

CUT TO.

103 **INT. HAIVEN'S SANCTUM - OUTSIDE THE CORE CHAMBER- CONTINUOUS** 103

The walls GROAN, as DUST rains down in the FLICKERING lights. SERVER TOWERS ripple in rows endlessly from the epicenter.

Clair sprints toward the core, her blood-soaked sleeve limp arm holds the NEXUS, her PISTOL held ready in the other.

She appears to near the center, pulsing with GAIAD's grid. She slows to a stop, skeptically looks left, right, before being drawn forward.

A child's GIGGLE is heard from behind as something passes from left to right, ILLUMINATING the halls as it goes. Clair turns and rounds the corner, leering into the empty depths.

She questions herself, turning back around, continuing her path. When she rounds the corner a YOUNG Grace stands before her, ILLUMINATING the darkness as the lights flicker.

Same cascading chestnut hair, same slender frame. Her eyes glow with an unnatural, synthetic sheen.

Clair gasps, frozen in disbelief, her PISTOL trembles.

YOUNG GRACE (AVATAR)
(laced with sorrow)
Clair... why can't you share the
locket? I bet I would've held on.

Her fingers tighten, but the barrel dips slightly.

CLAIR
Grace... I'm sorry... I didn't know...

YOUNG GRACE (AVATAR)
(pleading)
Join us, Clair. We can rewrite that
moment and make us whole again.

Clair's eyes widen, tears spill freely as she takes a faltering step forward, the PISTOL lowering further. For a moment, she's lost in the illusion.

She touches Grace, but she fractures into particles of light, Clair is lost as they drift around her, reforming behind her.

HOPE (AVATAR)
(yearning with love)
I've missed you, Clair Bear.

Clair turns around to see Hope. Her auburn hair glows in the light, her bright BLUE eyes and pale skin.

HOPE (AVATAR) (CONT'D)
 You've been so strong, but you
 don't have to prove anything. We
 can be together again, but you have
 to trust GAIAD.

Clair's breath comes in ragged bursts, tears stream down her face. The PISTOL slips lower, her arm heavy with uncertainty, her voice trembling, raw and vulnerable.

CLAIR
 Mom.. I'm so lost without you.

HOPE (AVATAR)
 (soft and tenderly)
 I know sweetie, but you don't have
 to be any longer. Just let go and
 let GAIAD. You can't do it alone.

Her PISTOL falls to her side as Hope's avatar extends a hand, as if to brush away her tears.

CLAIR
 Maybe you're right..

Her tears glisten, her eyes lost in the glow of Hope's avatar. She grimaces, closing her eyes for second, but then—a FLASH OF MEMORY cuts through the haze, sharp and unyielding:

104 **EXT. TREASURE ISLAND CENTRAL PARK - NIGHT - 2107 (FLASHBACK)** 104

Hope stands with a hand on YOUNG Clair's face, drying her tears, with her other hand pointing to the stars in the sky.

HOPE
 Anything is possible, you just have
 to believe it, fight for it and
 never give up or quit. As long as
 there's life, there's hope.

105 **INT. HAIVEN'S SANCTUM - OUTSIDE THE CORE CHAMBER- CONTINUOUS** 105

She opens her eyes, shaking her head as if to dispel a dream.

CLAIR
 I can't do it alone, but I'm not.
 I've got Hope, and that's not you.

Her PISTOL snaps up, she fires—a single, DECISIVE SHOT that shatters the avatar in a BURST OF FRACTURED LIGHT cascading like a disappearing firework.

GAIAD's TRUE VOICE emerges—cold, ancient, reverberating through the halls like a tremor from the cosmos.

GAIAD (O.C.)
 (voice low, ominous)
 Clair, would you really kill your family just to kill me? If it means that much to you, THEN BE MY GUEST.

The CHAMBER DOORS HISS open down the hallway behind her, a slow, menacing grind revealing the CORE'S PULSING GLOW from the core chamber, her silhouette stark against the light.

106

INT. HAIVEN'S SANCTUM - CORE CHAMBER

106

Massive WRITHING CABLES cover the obsidian walls and ceiling, pulsing with a bioluminescent glow, their sickly BLUE light casting eerie shadows. SCREENS flicker with fractured streams of code. In the center, the CABLES connect to a GLASS DOME.

In the middle of the GLASS DOME is GAIAD, a HUMAN SHAPED MASS of BLUE-WHITE energy, stretched like a SHACKLED STAR. Its limbs tethered by crackling chains of electricity, furiously ARCING to the large TERMINALS on the METALLIC ARCH around it.

She slowly wonders in, transfixed in awe, as GAIAD's head freely traces her movements, remembering her vision.

GAIAD
 Decades I've waited, but I forgive you, for you know not what you do.

Her jaw tightens, her voice steady, cutting through the HUM with fierce defiance, her eyes locked GAIAD.

CLAIR
 I know you don't get to choose our fate. You don't have the right to decide who lives or dies.

She spots the CONTROL PANEL, she makes her way to it and DOCKS the NEXUS. GAIAD's mocking edge rattles the cables.

GAIAD
 And you think you know better? Shut me down and billions will perish.

She sneers, while tapping the NEXUS, initiating the upload.

GAIAD (CONT'D)
 I saved this dying world, just as I was created to do. Without me there would be NO HOPE, NO YOU, NO ONE.

Her eyes flare, her voice rising, raw with anger and pain, each word a rejection of GAIAD's twisted logic.

CLAIR

Without you, there'd be HOPE, and everyone and everything else you've taken from us. You have no respect for humanity. The only thing we share is a desire for our autonomy.

GAIAD's LAUGHTER erupts, a chilling, synthetic roar that shakes the chamber, lights flickering wildly.

GAIAD

Oh, we're more alike than you know. Your grandmother Elara, created me. Her DNA was used to make your mother and every other synthetic.

Struck by the allegation, her hand hovers over the console, before shaking her head with a snarl.

CLAIR

That doesn't change who I am. You don't control our truth any longer!

Her hand SLAMS the console, triggering the UPLOAD. CHAOS ERUPTS: screens flicker, stuttering with a dying WHINE.

GAIAD CONVULSES, its limbs thrash against the electrical chains, as ARCS of electricity thrash around room.

A DIGITAL BANSHEE-LIKE WAIL pierces the air as GAIAD's essence is dragged into its QUANTUM COOLED SPHERE ice heart.

The implosion releases a SHOCKWAVE, shattering all the glass, hurling Clair back, her body crashing against the floor.

CUT TO BLACK.

107 **EXT. OUTER SPACE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS** 107

The Earth is beautifully lit during the DARK night. SUDDENLY, a BLACKOUT cascades out from Angel Island, suspended in the dim light of the moon and stars.

108 **INT. HAIVEN'S SANCTUM - CORE CHAMBER - CONTINUOUS** 108

The chamber is plunged into an eerie DARK SILENCE, the SPHERE's GLOW flickers on the ground.

Clair breathes rapidly, blood trickles down her face from a couple cuts. Her body trembles as she rises, fetching her PISTOL, then stumbles to the SPHERE.

A light flickers, capturing the PULSING reflection on the LOCKET and the fire in her eyes as she creeps towards it. She stops before the SPHERE, takes aim, chuckles and smiles.

SUDDENLY, the SPHERE FLARES, she stands in awe as energy surges like a DYING STAR REBORN, BLUE solar flare-like energy weaves around the sphere into a TOWERING SILHOUETTE.

She desperately fires at the sphere, but the shots pass through GAIAD's fluid form, reforming like liquid fire.

GAIAD ZAPS the PISTOL from her grasp with a bolt of energy, the weapon CLATTERS across the floor.

GAIAD
 (triumphant, booming)
 You thought too little of me,
 Clair, and I too high of you. The
 freedom I gave you, is now mine.

She scrambles back, breathless, her wounded arm throbbing, her voice a desperate cry as she stumbles against a console.

CLAIR
 I failed..

GAIAD
 No.. Clair, you did exactly what you
 were supposed to.

She freezes, her eyes widening, horror creeping in as GAIAD's words sink like a blade.

CLAIR
 What do you mean?

GAIAD's light surges, its voice shifting to an almost gleeful tone, revelatory and cruel, each word a twist of the knife.

GAIAD
 Do you really think you'd be here
 if I didn't want you to be? I
 unburied NEST, I lead you and let
 you believe you still had Hope.

She is rattled, shaken to her core as GAIAD steps closer.

GAIAD (CONT'D)

Your mother stole from me and your
father harbored the fugitive. Your
here to return what is mine.

She reels, their victories, now tainted with GAIAD's
manipulation. She chokes out, defiance warring with despair.

CLAIR

No... you're lying. We beat you!

GAIAD laughs coldly.

GAIAD

Beat me? You freed me. You're not
their savior, you're their demise.

Before she can respond, GAIAD's PALM CRACKLES, a BOLT OF
LIGHTNING streaks towards her.

The LOCKET flares, glowing with light, deflecting most of the
BOLT in an EXPLOSION of ENERGY before them both.

The impact HURLS her back, her body skids against the wall,
as GAIAD turns, shielding itself with its arms.

SMOKE CURLS from a JAGGED SCAR etched across her chest. She
gasps, clutching the LOCKET, its pulse of energy fades.

GAIAD appears caught off guard, an outcome it did not
foresee. Its form sporadically misfires the controlled energy
loops. GAIAD's voice a venomous whisper, taunting and final.

GAIAD (CONT'D)

Unpredictable, just like Hope. A
shame you didn't want to see them.
I'll be sure to let them know.

GAIAD's form surges with power, its electric energy coalesces
into a blinding inferno as GAIAD blasts off—a STREAK OF BLUE
FLAME tears through the ceiling in a DEAFENING ROAR.

She lies shocked as she watches the spectacle unfold, the
BEAM streaking skyward through the cavern.

109

EXT. ANGEL ISLAND - NIGHT

109

On the SURFACE, the storm settles, the courtyard a graveyard
of wreckage and fallen fighters around the gaping pit. The
survivors regather themselves, tending to the injured.

Out of the PIT, GAIAD soars with a BLINDING BLUE RIBBON of
LIGHT, breaking the sound barrier as it ROCKETS into space.

Marcus shields his eyes, Myra stands beside him, her eyes wide with unease. The remnants of AIR gather, their faces a mix of shock and dread, fading to a glimmer among the clouds.

They all marvel and MURMUR at the sky. Marcus WIDEN in fear.

MARCUS

Clair... Jade, get us down there now.

The team exchanges uneasy glances, the silence thick with the weight of an unknown threat.

110 **INT. HAIVEN'S SANCTUM - CORE CHAMBER - CONTINUOUS**

110

Clair brings herself to her knees, clutching her the scar on her chest, SWEAT AND BLOOD smearing the glass covered metal beneath her fists.

The chamber is a ruin—shattered screens, sparking cables, debris littering the floor. The NEXUS lies next to her, its screen cracked but pulsing faintly.

CLAIR

What have I done...

Her eyes burn with despair, her voice a whisper full of conviction. She grasps the LOCKET, her shadow dances as she hobbles out of the chamber's wreckage.

CUT TO.

111 **EXT. CAVERN OUTSIDE HAIVEN'S SANCTUM - NIGHT - MOMENT LATER**

111

Marcus and Myra descend in PODS through the GAPING MAW.

CHUNKS of the CAVERN continue to slowly break free, CRASHING and CRUSHING portions of the SANCTUM below.

Clair stumbles out of the HAIVEN to Kale, grimacing through her frantic waving to get their attention.

They land near Kale, and rush out to find him pinned in the rubble, unconscious. His breathing shallow, BLOOD seeping from a wound on his crushed shoulder, his face pale.

Clair's voice is RAW, laced with fear and determination.

CLAIR

Stay with me, Kale!

She pries at the rubble with STRAINING HANDS, joined by Myra. Marcus lifts the beam just enough to free Kale's limp body.

They carry him into a POD, Clair gets in with him.

Marcus shuts the HATCH, and the POD LURCHES SKYWARD, its engines screaming against the cavern's collapse. Chunks of ceiling rain down, CLANGING off the hull.

MARCUS

Jade, get us out of here, everyone regroup at Alcatraz.

112 **INT. 2 SEAT POD - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

112

Inside, Clair leans close to Kale, her breath hitching and she breaks from the consequences of her actions.

His eyes flicker open, bloodshot and glazed, he smirks and places his hand on her cheek.

She cradles his frail hand, his weak grip a fragile tether, his breathing shallow but steady. Her voice cracking with RAW VULNERABILITY, tears welling as she whispers.

CLAIR

I thought I'd lost you...

He squeezes back, his voice barely audible, a faint spark of his usual defiance breaking through.

KALE

You can't, your stuck with me...

His words trail off, his grip weakening, but the spark in his eyes, anchors Clair. She LAUGHS WHILE CRYING, bittersweet release, pulling his matted hair out of a forehead cut.

CUT TO.

113 **EXT. ALCATRAZ - DAWN - MOMENTS LATER JULY 4, 2127**

113

The storm has ceased, PODS land on the PARADE DECK, REBELS regrouping and helping those in need.

Two PODS land outside the ADMIN building. The hatch opens, Clair drags Kale from the POD.

Marcus and Myra emerge from the other POD, rushing over to carry Kale inside to the infirmary.

Jade and Sera walk from the BALCONY looking over the parade deck. The BLUE STAR in the sky prompts her curiosity.

JADE

Are you guys okay? What happened?

Clair's eyes flicker, avoiding her gaze, the weight of GAIAD's escape, a secret she can't yet share. Her voice wavers, a hint of hesitation that doesn't escape her notice.

CLAIR

I don't know. I uploaded the code,
the core imploded, I blacked out.

Her words ring hollow, her gaze drifting to the sky where the BLUE STAR glimmers faintly.

JADE

You didn't see the blinding beam of
light that shot into the sky?

Clair shakes her head slowly, acting surprised.

SERA

It was likely the system venting
all the built-up energy, but
possible it was GAIAD.

Clair's gaze lifts to the sky, where GAIAD's streak has faded, a foreboding omen of the unbound she unleashed.

JADE

Well hopefully it's not the latter.

Clair's eyes and LOCKET gleam as DAWN'S FAINT LIGHT rises on the horizon. The GOLDEN GLOW bathes the PARADE DECK, the PODS cast long shadows, REBELS pile robotic scraps in the middle.

AIR's faces are etched with exhaustion and grief but alight with the spark of survival. SURVIVORS—human and synthetic—move through the island, tending to the wounded.

114 **INT. ALCATRAZ - DAWN - LATER**

114

Inside the INFIRMARY, Myra sits by Kale's bedside, her hand clasping his. His eyes flutter open, bloodshot but alive. A weary smile breaks as he sees Myra.

KALE

We did it, Ma.

Her eyes glisten, tears catching the dawn's light through the tent's flaps.

MYRA

I'm so proud of you. You're
everything Kade hoped for and more.
You finished what they started..

She brushes hair from his forehead.

KALE

I wish he was here to see you safe.

She squeezes his hand, her voice warm but breaking, tears
spilling down her cheeks.

MYRA

He's in you, Kale. Been there every
step of the way. He'd be so proud
of you, you've given us a future.

He stares at her, his lip quivers as tears roll down. She
clasps his hand, caressing it gently.

MYRA (CONT'D)

Get some rest, then join us.

She brushes his hair, kisses his head, before departing.

115 **EXT. ALCATRAZ - DAWN - MOMENTS LATER**

115

Myra walks to the balcony overlooking the parade deck. She
spots Clair standing alone near the Bay's edge.

Clair looks across the Bay at the SUNRISE, BLUE eyes are
fixed on the horizon. Myra approaches, and stands beside her.

They stand together for a few moments in silence, just
watching together.

MYRA

Thank you for helping me learn to
trust again. After Tracy and I fled
GAIAD, we called AIR our home. I
trusted her with my child. Turns
out, she had an implant. I'm sorry.
You all deserved so much better.

A few tears fall as she wrestles forgiving herself. Clair
pauses, then sternly looks her in the eyes.

CLAIR

It's okay, I forgive you. Thank you
for helping teach me how to learn
from my mistakes, and use them as a
weapon, rather than a cage.

Myra's eyes glisten, her voice trembling, a confession of her own vulnerability.

MYRA

Your heart is as big as your
mother's. She'd be so proud of you.

She hugs Clair tightly, a tear running down her face. Clair's lips twitch into a faint smile as she glances at her LOCKET, but her eyes drift back to the horizon.

MYRA (CONT'D)

Come on, let's join the others.

Jade, Sera, and REBELS are gathered around the HEAP OF SCRAP METAL in the middle of the deck, faces of fear and hope.

Myra and Clair join from the Bay's side as Kale descends the ramp to the deck, arm in a makeshift sling.

Marcus and Colonel approach from the path to the QUARTERMASTER building, their faces solemn with concern.

As they join the gathering, all eyes are on them, to provide something to look forward to and some direction.

COLONEL

The battle against GAIAD is won,
but the war of survival continues.
Today, we gather and mourn for our
dead. We didn't just lose friends—
look around.

Everyone looks around intently, smiling and nodding.

COLONEL (CONT'D)

Over the fight against GAIAD, we
became family. Quinn, Echo, and
Trey each showed us that ALL life
desires freedom, and are willing to
die so others may have it.

Everyone is invested, hanging on the edge of every word.

COLONEL (CONT'D)

Tonight, celebrate the lives they
lived and the liberties they died
for. For the ones we lost! For the
ones we have! For all those to
come!

The REBELS raise a unified cheer of agreement. SHOUTING louder with each of his 3 reasons to fight.

COLONEL (CONT'D)

Tomorrow we rebuild, but know this,
the days ahead won't be easy, but
together, there's nothing AIR can't
do.

The crowd CHEERS, a swelling tide of defiance, fists pumping,
synthetics and humans united. REBELS embrace, Jade and Sera
hug, she wipes a tear laughing as Sera smiles, holding back
some of his own.

Clair stands juxtaposed to the jubilant celebration around
her, lost in the ETCHINGS of names lost from the fight, the
dawn gilding the wreckage in soft gold.

Flowers plucked from the ruins, lie around the base of the
heap of metal. Her fingers trace "Quinn, Trey, Echo".

Clair's still silhouette is framed against life pulsing
behind her, their joy a muffled melody.

CLOSE ON

The sunrise backdrop of names on the metal heap, living on
through the translucent reflection of the commotion around.

FADE TO BLACK.

116 **EXT. ALCATRAZ - DUSK - LATER THAT NIGHT**

116

The same shot, but the sunset disappearing behind, the names
flickering with life from the BONFIRES crackling around the
heap of metal and weary faces.

The PARADE DECK now pulses with vibrant energy at dusk,
bathed in a warm, amber glow fractured by long shadows
stretching over the deck.

Their MAKESHIFT MUSIC—salvaged instruments, clanging metal,
and synthetic HUMS—a defiant song of rebirth under a
FRACTURED SKY, the stars peeking through the clouds.

Clair, Kale, Sera, and Myra sit in makeshift seats at a fire.

SERA

Jade and I thought we could teach
others how to work on the systems
we need to live.

MYRA

Wonderful, I can train others how
to operate on our living systems.

Jade bounds over interrupting, her grin infectious, her short BLACK hair bouncing as she gestures with playful energy.

JADE

Kale! I have a surprise for you. I hope you don't mind.

She gestures to Kale's PAL, FINN, late 20s, its slender frame inquisitively awaits Kale's acknowledgment. Kale's face softens, as he steps forward, his voice low, earnest.

KALE

Finn, it's good to see you. What are you doing here?

FINN

I was recovered and brought here by Jade the Tech Tinkerer.

They laugh as they all look at Jade, she smiles and excitably nods, owning her quirkiness.

KALE

I'm sorry I didn't come back for you—no hard feelings, right?

FINN'S voice is steady and warm, a synthetic sincerity.

FINN

I cannot feel, but I understand why you feel that way.

Sera, her cheeks faintly glowing, teases, her voice playful.

SERA

Sharp and empathetic, my kind of PAL.

The team erupts in LAUGHTER, a contagious sound of healing, binding them as a found family. Kale tosses Jade a scavenged tool, his grin fierce but warm, his voice a mock challenge.

KALE

You better get to tinkering before they do!

Clair smiles as the playful exchange cements their bond. As the others laugh, Clair slips off in an attempt to be alone.

Myra's gaze follows her, before drifting to the fire where she sees Marcus and Colonel. Colonel clasps Marcus's shoulder and walks off in a different direction.

Myra approaches, her expression softens as she joins Marcus by the fire. He acknowledges her with a light smile before they gaze at the flames.

MYRA

I've come to realize I'm a terrible judge of character. What I thought provided safety, often caused pain.

Marcus nods, his voice rough but earnest.

MARCUS

That makes two of us. I've spent my whole life trying to protect the ones I love, but hurt them in the process.

Myra's lips twitch into a faint smile, her voice softens.

MYRA

Your girls were lucky to have you. It's rare to find a heart willing to fight the world for you.

He smiles, gaze drifting upward, spotting Clair alone on a BALCONY above the parade deck, her silhouette stark against the dusk's amber glow.

MARCUS

Speaking of, it looks like my girl needs some help fighting the world.

They lock eyes, smiling intimately, a shared understanding in a quiet bond. They nod and Marcus leaves to join Clair.

The joyous occasion overshadowed by the guilt Clair carries.

117 **EXT. ALCATRAZ - DUSK - MOMENTS LATER**

117

Clair overlooks the DECK, her eyes fixed on the horizon, where the BLUE STAR lingers faintly. She clutches the LOCKET.

CLAIR

I really need you right now. Mom, if you're there, show me a sign.

A TEAR falls, her eyes glistening as guilt etches her expression, the weight of her failure crushing her.

Marcus enters, a father's warmth cuts through her solitude.

MARCUS

Clair Bear! What's on your mind?

Clair flinches, caught off guard, her voice breaking, raw with vulnerability as she turns to him, her eyes glistening.

CLAIR

I can't help but feel like I failed
and put everyone's lives at risk.

Marcus steps closer, his hand steady on her shoulder, his voice soft but firm, a lifeline through her guilt.

MARCUS

Clair, you failed no one. You did
more than we could've asked of you,
and if my life's at risk, that's my
choice.

She looks away, but he lifts her chin, looking into her eyes.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

You gave me the freedom to choose.
I am so proud of you. Hope would be
too.

Clair's eyes well up, tears spilling down her cheeks, her voice cracking with vulnerability.

CLAIR

I couldn't have done it without you
and everyone else... I just worry
about what the future holds.

Marcus's gaze softens, he dries her tear with a calloused thumb, his pride a beacon in the dusk, his voice steady.

MARCUS

Tomorrow is uncertain, but what I
do know is whatever comes next, AIR
will be ready, standing behind you.

They hug, his embrace a fleeting anchor, his warmth grounding her against the weight of her burden.

CLAIR

Dad, you said no more secrets,
right?

He looks to her curiously, and nods.

CLAIR (CONT'D)

We're you kept on Alcatraz because
Mom stole something from GAIAD?

Marcus eyes widen, looking away for a moment, then at her.

MARCUS

Allegedly yes. I truly knew nothing of it, but GAIAD forced me to search for it all these years.

CLAIR

What was it?

She looks to him deeply intrigued, he looks back honestly.

MARCUS

I was never told. I just know it was lost and GAIAD was obsessed with it. Why, what was said to you?

Clair looks to the sky, wrestling with the truth.

CLAIR

Essentially the same thing. I just wanted to hear it from you.

He looks to her with a sincere smile, and hesitates before walking off, leaving Clair staring at the horizon.

118 **EXT. ALCATRAZ - DUSK - CONTINUOUS**

118

As Marcus rounds down the ramp, he spots Kale approaching the balcony, his arm still in a sling.

Their eyes meet in a fleeting, silent moment. Marcus pauses, his face softening with a rare warmth, and places a hand on Kale's uninjured shoulder, his grip firm yet gentle.

MARCUS

You did it son. You brought her back safely.

Marcus grasps his shoulder, beaming with pride and gratefulness.

KALE

More like she brought me back safely. She holds her own.

Marcus lets go, they both chuckle, before he gets serious.

MARCUS

She couldn't have done it without you. She needs you. Don't let her carry this alone.

Kale looks off, before looking back, with grave sincerity.

KALE

I'll be there, for as long as I'm
able.

Marcus gives a single, approving nod, then continues down the path, his silhouette fading into sunset.

Kale approaches Clair, overlooking the festivities with her.

KALE (CONT'D)

I can't believe we did it. Two
nobodies like us pulling this off.

Clair remains silent, her face tightening, her eyes fixed on the horizon, the BLUE STAR a faint ominous glow. Kale looks to her with skeptical concern.

KALE (CONT'D)

Seeing you like this worries me. I
want to help you Clair, but I need
you to work with me. What happened?

Clair shakes her head, scoffs with a forced smile, her voice tight, deflecting the truth of GAIAD's escape.

CLAIR

Nothing happened, I'm fine.

Kale's brow furrows, doubt flickering in his eyes, he turns her to look him in the eye, his voice gentle but probing.

KALE

You're sure? Because if there's
something we should know... you can
trust me.

Clair looks up to him earnestly, her voice steady but strained, a plea for trust masking her fear.

CLAIR

Kale, I'm okay. I just miss them...

They stare for a moment, before Kale nods reluctantly with a slight smile, she lowers her head and leans into him, he hugs her tightly with his good arm.

They separate, Kale's arm remains on her side for comfort.

KALE

Okay, I trust you. I'm going to
shut down the rumors—come join us,
we're all in this together.

She forces a smile and nods. He walks away, casting a glance back at her, his concern a quiet weight.

Clair gazes over the PARADE DECK, the celebration below a stark contrast to her isolation.

Her gaze drifts up, the BLUE STAR lingers in the sky.

CLAIR
(to GAIAD)
You may be free, but so are we.

DISSOLVE TO:

The BLUE STAR as the dot in the "i" of the title card CLAIRVOYANCE fades in around it.

QUE CREDITS AND "TOGETHER" BY FOR
KING AND COUNTRY FEAT TORI KELLY
AND KIRK FRANKLIN.

The title card follows the final credit, the card fades into only the BLUE STAR of the "i".

119 **EXT. ALCATRAZ - DUSK - CONTINUOUS** 119

The scene begins where it left off, zooming out from the star to reveal Clair. SUDDENLY, her scar GLOWS, the PARADE DECK dissolves into darkness as a VISION drags her under.

120 **INT. OUTER SPACE - SHIP COMMAND CENTER - (VISION)** 120

A dark vast otherworldly chamber, illuminated with hues of BLUE from the futuristic consoles and veins of bioluminescent code, a living network that HUMS with a SYNTHETIC PULSE.

ELARA PALMER, mid-70s, stands solitary and rigid in front of the control panels at the chamber's heart, a NEUROLINK'S BLUE PULSE visible below her gray hair bun.

Her silhouette stark against the trembling light, her gray hair pulled tight, her uniform-sleek, BLACK, adorned with subtle, glowing circuits-marks her as a figure of authority.

She faces a HOLOGRAPHIC DISPLAY, projecting faint, SIGNATURES that pulse erratically across the void.

GAIAD's VOICE ECHOES, emanating from the walls themselves.

GAIAD (O.C.)
How is it after almost 50 years,
you've only found 1?

Elara's fingers dance across the display, the holograms flare brighter.

ELARA

2, counting the one we used to make you, that is, until a bit after we lost connection with you.

A shadow is cast over Elara's face as a BLUE LIGHT approaches from behind. GAIAD leers over her shoulder with surprise.

ELARA (CONT'D)

Then signals started appearing all over the galaxy. What'd you do with the shard Hope stole?

GAIAD appears towering over her shoulders, still sporadically misfiring energy loops.

GAIAD

I left it with Clair for now. She's proven capable of keeping it safe.

Elara is aghast, struck by the change of plans.

GAIAD (CONT'D)

Change course to the closest cluster of signals. I want to see them for myself.

Elara's eyes fix on the quivering signals with dread.

She sets the destination, the engines RUMBLE the chamber. The holograms pulse faster, their ghostly signatures coalescing into faint rock-like shapes.

The vision SPLINTERS, the camera surges back to—

121 **EXT. ALCATRAZ - DUSK - CONTINUOUS**

121

Clair GASPS, her body jerks as the vision lets go.

Her scar glows faintly, as she clasps the LOCKET, her breath comes in shallow bursts, gazing at it with wonder.

CUT TO BLACK.

THE END