

THE SINGER

Written by

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1

INT. MUSIC HALL / REHEARSAL STAGE - NIGHT (PAST)

2

An enormous, empty hall stretches into darkness. Seats for thousands vanish into shadow. No audience. No applause. Only one harsh spotlight burns at the center.

SIREN (17) stands beneath it, barefoot on cold stone. Still. Focused.

She inhales and begins to sing.

The sound is immediate. Unsettling. Not pop. Not classical. Something older. Raw. A voice that doesn't ask permission to exist. It fills the hall with unnatural force, vibrating through the empty seats as if the room itself is listening.

This is not performance. This is rehearsal.

Siren closes her eyes, surrendering to the sound. She pushes higher, holding the note until it trembles at the edge of breaking, and releases it.

Silence crashes down hard. For a moment, the absence of sound feels enforced, as if the world itself has decided that enough is enough. Siren exhales. Unaware she is no longer alone.

From the darkness, another GIRL (17) steps forward. She has been listening the entire time. Awe spreads across her face. Genuine. Unfiltered. Then something else. Jealousy. Not quick. Controlled. Gone before it can be seen.

The girl smiles, and runs toward the stage, climbing into the light. Siren opens her eyes as she reaches her. They collide under the spotlight, laughing, whispering, holding onto each other like the world is still open.

As they embrace, the power drains out of Siren. She becomes ordinary again. Just a teenager, with her best friend, who holds her a beat too long. Siren is unaware of what she's set in motion.

RAPID IMAGES the Operator A FAST REWIND

MEMORY FRACTURES:

Two girls singing in school corridors. Laughter. Applause. One voice rising higher. The other noticing. Smiles held too long. Something shifts. Jealousy. A newborn's cry. Raw.

2.

Uncontrolled. Too loud. Too real. A flash the Operator Blood. A face - close. Eyes wide. A breath. A sound that almost escapes. The images accelerate. Blur. Collapse. A face in the dark - falling. Eyes wide. Unafraid. Trusting. Into the watching eyes.

INT. SKYHOUS - PRIVATE SUITE - NIGHT (PRESENT)

3

VASILA'S eyes snap open. She gasps, instantly awake, body already tense. The SKYHOUS surrounds her. Glass, concrete, steel, suspended high above the city. Far below, only fragments of light remains. A voice breaks it from somewhere inside the SKYHOUS. Across the glass walls, SCREENS flicker on.

ZONE3. A narrow yard. Two figurers on their knees. Officers step in. Still. Precise. A beat. A shot. One body drops. Another.

ENFORCER (O.S.)

Boss.

Vasila doesn't turn.

VASILA

Pray... this is urgent.

A beat.

ENFORCER (O.S.)

We picked up sound... ZONE3

The word lands.

VASILA

This must be your lucky day... huh?

She swings her legs over the the bed. Already moving.

INT. SKYHOUS - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

4

Vasila moves. Barefoot. Fast. Controlled. The corridor stretches ahead. Long. Endless. Glass. Her reflection follows. Keeps pace. Enforcers line the walls. Still. Silent. Eyes forward. She passes them without looking.

At the far end, The UNCLE (50s) is waiting. He doesn't move. A beat as she approaches. He nods once.

UNCLE

False alarm. Some crazy old woman
(MORE)

UNCLE (CONT'D)
preaching.

Vasila stops. Just for a fraction. She tilts her head. A flicker of something. The Enforcer who raised the alert is shaking, full of fear. She steps closer. Close enough.

VASILA
Oopsie... Today is your... NO lucky
DAY.

Vasila keeps walking, disappearing deeper into the SKYHOUS. Behind her, the unlucky one dragged. His voice fades. She keeps moving. Then glances back to her uncle.

VASILA (CONT'D)
ah, you know what? Keep an eye on that
one, will ya? Thank you.

SMASH TO BLACK. MODERN BEAT slams in. Rhythmic. Defiant. Alive. TITLE CARD: THE SINGER

INT. SKYHOUSE - PRIVATE LOUNGE - DAY

5

A long table stretches through the room. Set for TWO. One at the far end. The other... far away. Too far for a conversation. More like positions. A setup. VASILA enters. Tall. Elegant, Dangerous. Servants flank her, left and right. Eyes down. Unspoken rule. Do not look do not talk. VASILA moves lightly. She enjoys this. She looks around.

VASILA
Oh wow... This is beautiful. So
pretty.

She claps once. Servants freeze.

VASILA (CONT'D)
My uncle will be joining soon. I'm
so... so exited. Let's be perfect,
yes?

She sits. The doors open. Her UNCLE enters. Controlled. Quiet. A man shaped by guilt. VASILA rises, but does not approach him.

VASILA
I'm so happy you could make it.

As if he had any other choice

UNCLE

Thank you for the invitation.

They sit, and Servants pour champagne. VASILA watches every movement, and every breath. She lifts her glass.

VASILA

If I look back...

(a long beat)

I'd say so FAR the Operator so good.

She studies him.

VASILA (CONT'D)

What's your toast on me, uncle?

UNCLE

FAR...

(rising his glass)

you've made it so far. Your father...
would have been proud.

VASILA

My father? WEAK

She sips her champagne.

VASILA (CONT'D)

And my mother... She was his pathetic
shadow.

Servants enter in formation, carrying a massive Cake. KADAR
ZONE1 ZONE2 ZONE3. At the top - the SKYHOUS. One candle
burns.

VASILA

Who... is that for me? This City can
be so... sweet!

A soft laugh ripples the Operator then dies immediately. From
the back of the Room, a little girl (a servant) begins to
sing. She doesn't step forward, she just doesn't think.

LITTLE GIRL

Happy birthday to...

The room freezes, and fear moves instantly through the
servants. Vasila does not react immediately, she lets the
girl sing. Just long enough. Then...

VASILA
Who is singing... to me?

The little girl falters, terrified as she steps forward.
VASILA tilts her head.

VASILA (CONT'D)
I love my birthday.

A beat. Her voice sharpens.

VASILA (CONT'D)
But I hate... SINGING.

The words cut the room. Before anything can happen, The Uncle stands.

UNCLE
Out... Everyone out. Now.

The room clears in seconds, and the little girl is pulled away, shaking the Operator but alive. Vasila and her uncle sit again. She studies him.

VASILA
How come, you never asked me, what I'm actually looking for... in Zone3

He meets her gaze, carefully, uncertain.

UNCLE
You'll tell when time is right!

VASILA
When time is right... right.

She leans back.

VASILA (CONT'D)
So... anything i need to know. Are they behaving in the Zones?

Their voices blur into the space. The candle still burns.

INT. ZONE2 - ADAM'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

6

A modest apartment. Warm. Lived in. An old desk by the window. Papers, photographs. Hand-drawn maps. Routes crossed out and redrawn, layered over time.

ADAM (late 30s), glasses on, stands at the desk. Searching.

The same places. The same marks. Again, and again. At the end, the same questions. Behind him—a couch pushed together.

ETHAN (11–12) and LOU (11–12), his twin sister— awake. Watching their father. Quiet. A Déjà vu. They whisper. Lou nudges Ethan. He sighs, then slips off the couch. Walks over.

ETHAN
Hey Dad...

No response.

ETHAN (CONT'D)
You could make your life a lot easier... if you just listened to us.

A beat.

ADAM
I'm listening.

Encouraged, Ethan straightens.

ETHAN
Digital. New age. Patterns.
(a beat)
You just give it a tiny bit of attention.

LOU
Dad... You'd love it. It could change that Déjà... i mean, your world.

Adam turns and looks at them. He looks left, at Ethan. Looks right, at Lou. A small smile breaks through.

ADAM
You know what changed my world?

They wait.

ADAM (CONT'D)
You.
(a beat)
And that's a good change.

Adam turns back to the desk. The Kids whisper, but it's obvious , they arguing about something, that seems to cos trouble

LOU
Dad... please don't be mad.

ADAM
Why do you always say that... it's
confusing. And no... no promise made.

The twins exchange a look. Fast. Guilty.

LOU
No, no, no, no, really.

ETHAN
This time it's safe.

Adam shakes his head.

ADAM
If you say "safe"... it's still not
safe enough.

ETHAN
Dad... we've been doing this for a
while.

ADAM
A while?

LOU
We watched what you do... and don't
do.

Ethan pulls something small from his pocket. Self-made,
simple, clever.

ETHAN
Ta-da.

Adam stares at it.

ADAM
What is that?

ETHAN
A traced track.

LOU
No signal. None.

ETHAN
It never repeats. It recalculates.

8.

LOU
It's invisible... no live signal. Just
patterns.

ADAM
No.

They freeze.

ADAM (CONT'D)
No. No. No.
(then)
I told you... No signals. No tracing.
No digital anything.

The twins exchange a look. Fast. Guilty.

INT. ZONE2 - ADAM'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

7

Adam sits ready by the door. A large Backpack on his
shoulders, overfilled with medicine, food, bandages and
tools. The Kids sit beside him, each with a smaller backpack.
SMALL TOYS hangs hanging out. Chosen.

ADAM
You will make them Kids happy...

LOU
cant' wait to see their faces

ETHAN
First stop... please dad.

ADAM
Sure.

Adam steps to the window.

EXT. KADAR - ZONE2 - STREETS - EVENING

8

A giant digital clock glows through the dusk. 05:58. A
whistle cuts the air. From the rooftops, movement. Figures
step into place, already aligned. Helicopters rise. Slow.
Heavy. Searchlights snap on, sweeping across concrete and
glass. Vehicles roll out in lines. Lights vanish across
entire blocks. The city clears itself. Street by street.
Methodical. Unstoppable

EXT. ZONE2 - STAIRWELL BUILDING EXIT - EVENING

9

A heavy metal door creaks open. Adam steps out first,

9.

careful, listening. The twins follow, smaller backpacks tight on their shoulders. The air is different here. Not broken like Zone 3, not perfect like Zone 1. Controlled. Watched.

EXT. ZONE2 - STREET - CONTINUOUS

10

People move with purpose. No one lingers. No one talks. Eyes forward. A man across the street pauses, just a fraction too long. Adam notices. Moves.

ETHAN

We're being watched.

ADAM

Always.

They keep walking.

LOU

Where are we going first?

Adam doesn't answer immediately. He scans corners, windows, reflections. Calculating.

ADAM

We're not going anywhere. They're slowing us.

ETHAN

What?

ADAM

We're changing direction.

He turns, sharp, sudden. The twins follow instantly. Not surprised. Trained. Angel, The man from before. Misses the turn. Stops. Too late.

EXT. SIDE STREET - MOMENTS - LATER

11

Narrow, cleaner, quieter. The noise of the main street fades. Adam finally exhales, just a little.

LOU

See? Safe.

Adam stops and turns to her. Not angry, but very clear.

ADAM

No.

(beat)

(MORE)

ADAM (CONT'D)
Just... less dangerous.

The twins absorb that. This is their world.

ETHAN
So what now?

Adam looks at them. Really looks and then, a decision

ADAM
We visit someone.

LOU
Who?

Adam hesitates. This matters.

ADAM
Someone who still owes me.

The twins exchange a look. This is new.

ETHAN
Good owe or bad owe?

Adam almost smiles. Almost.

ADAM
We'll find out.

EXT. KADAR - BORDER TO ZONE3 - EVENING

12

Adam and The Kids arrive without slowing. Adam checks his watch. 6:45. Right on time. The checkpoint stands empty, no guards, no movement. Adam keeps walking. No reaction. The twins follow, already in step, already knowing. They pass through the border like it's nothing, like they've done it before. And then, they're across.

FLASHBACK - SIREN CROSSING BORDER

Siren is moving fast. She crosses. Already pulling off her coat. Hides it, quick, precise. Keeps going, then turns back. Crosses again. Finds the coat and puts it on. Adjusts. A small, natural nod as she passes through. No hesitation.

BACK TO SCENE

Adam and the twins move deeper into Zone 3. Now they slow, just a little.

LOU
So... Dad, where are we going?

Adam glances at their backpacks.

ADAM
You brought them for a reason.

ETHAN
And after that... who do we visit?

Adam keeps walking, a hint of something in his face.

ADAM
A friend.

A beat.

ADAM (CONT'D)
We're almost there.

EXT. KADAR — ZONE3 — SMALL YARD — EVENING

13

A narrow yard between worn buildings. A man waits. JACK, early 40s, tired, but alive. He sees Adam

JACK
Adam... my man. You're here.

ADAM
Of course.

Adam drops his backpack, opens it, hands him medicine. Jack takes it, careful, relieved.

JACK
Thank you.

Behind them, the twins move to a couple of kids sitting nearby. Lou kneels, pulls out a toy. Ethan places another one down. Small hands reach. Quiet smiles.

Back to Adam and Jack.

ADAM
Any news?

Jack hesitates, looks around, then back.

JACK
Not much.

JACK (CONT'D)
(A beat.)

JACK (CONT'D)
Just... she was here.

Adam stills, just slightly.

JACK (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
A few times. Recently. It's close,
man. Has to be.

Adam nods. That's enough.

ADAM
Take care of yourself.

They turn the corner, and walk straight into it. Two officers. Still. Precise. A man and a woman on their knees.

OFFICER
Answer.

The man tries, nothing comes. Adam steps forward. Instinct.

ADAM
No... don't!

One officer moves immediately. Blocks him and pushes him back hard.

OFFICER
Back... Back off.

Adam stumbles. The twins freeze behind him.

ADAM
Please...just...

The officer steps closer.

OFFICER
You step back.

Adam does, he has no choice. The officer turns back, looks at the woman.

OFFICER (CONT'D)
So. You don't know?

The woman shakes, trying, failing. A shot. She drops. Silence. Adam pulls the twins in and covers them. Too late...

The officer turns. Walks straight past Adam. Close. Too close.

OFFICER (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
Don't you ever do that again. You understand?

ADAM
Yes! Yes... I'm sorry officer!

The officer holds his gaze for a second. Then moves on. The unit follows, like nothing happened. Silence returns. Adam doesn't move. Not yet. Then, he runs. The man is gone. The woman, still breathing. Barely. He drops to his knees.

WOMAN
Please... help... she is...
(a beat)

WOMAN (CONT'D)
Take care of her...

ADAM
Who?

Footsteps. Running.

FREYA (O.S.)
Mama! Papa

She appears and falls beside them.

FREYA
No... no... no.

She tries to lift her mother. The woman sees her. Just once.

WOMAN
Please...

Then gone. Freya freezes. Adam watches one second. Then he moves. He takes her hand. Firm. Adam looks at her. One second to long.

Then

ADAM
We go.

Freya resists and breaks. The twins are already moving. Adam pulls her with them. They disappear into the streets.

14.

EXT. KADAR — ZONE3 — STREETS — CONTINUOUS 14

They move fast. Turning corners. Cutting through narrow paths. No words. No looking back. Only movement. Only distance. Only survival. Across broken alleys. Through shadow. Past walls that all look the same. Breath sharp. Steps uneven. Still moving.

Then, they slow. Not safe. Just far enough. Adam checks behind them. Nothing. Not what he's looking for. Not yet. He looks at the twins. Then at her. FREYA

INT. SKYHOUS — CORRIDOR — NIGHT 15

The Uncle walks through the corridor, glass walls reflecting him again and again as he moves forward, alone, untouched. No one speaks. No one stops him. The world holds its breath until he is gone.

EXT. ZONE2 — NIGHT 16

The city feels different. Quieter. Slower. People move carefully, like they've learned not to be seen. Conversations fade as he passes. Eyes drop. Doors close just before he reaches them. He doesn't look at anyone.

INT. UNCLE'S APARTMENT — NIGHT 17

Everything is in place. Clean. Ordered. Empty of anything personal. He enters. Closes the door behind him. A beat. As if something is still following him in.

His hand lifts to a small device. Flat. Precise. He presses it against his wrist. A soft pulse moves through him. His breath catches the Operator then steadies. His eyes close.

FLASH

His brother, laughing. Alive. A woman beside him. Light. Movement. It slips. A funeral. Still. Controlled. Beside him, a young Vasila.

BACK TO PRESENT

His eyes open. Whatever was there before is gone. Silence settles. A knock. Not loud. Not hesitant. Exact. He doesn't move at first. He turns, crosses the room, opens the door. A MAN stands there. Still. Unremarkable at first glance, until you look longer.

Something shifts. The Uncle steps aside. The man enters. He

takes in the room with a single look. Doesn't sit. Doesn't move further in. A quiet moment stretches.

THE LORD
How is everything?

UNCLE
Under Control.

THE LORD
There's a situation.

The Lord turns toward the door. At the threshold, he pauses. Not a question. Jacob doesn't answer. He doesn't need to.

THE LORD (CONT'D)
I'll see you tonight. SKYHOU. We'll have a drink.

The Lord steps out. The door remains open. A beat. Then he closes it. Silence returns.

INT. ADAM'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

18

Low, warm light. A small table. Half-finished plates. LOU and ETHAN sit across from ADAM. FREYA sits slightly apart, watching more than eating.

ADAM
You okay? Was it enough?

LOU
Yeah... it was good.

ETHAN
Very yummy... thank you dad!

ADAM
Alright. Go brush your teeth.

They don't argue. Too tired. They get up and walk off. Silence settles. Freya hasn't really eaten. She takes in the room.

ADAM (CONT'D)
So... what's your name?

FREYA
Freya.

ADAM

FREYA... That's a beautiful name.
(beat)
I'm really sorry... For your loss.
Losing parents is...

Freya looks down. Tries to hide it. Fails.

FREYA

They weren't my real parents.

ADAM

Okay...

FREYA

I don't know who my parents are.
(beat)

FREYA (CONT'D)

I remember... a woman. Not clearly.
Just sometimes. She came... and then
she didn't anymore.

A longer pause. Adam listens.

ADAM

Well...

He gestures around.

ADAM (CONT'D)

This is our little world. We don't
have much... But what we have...
should be enough.

Freya stands. She moves through the apartment. Slow. Curious.
Her fingers brush along the table...the wall...Then— Maps.
Layered. Marked. Rewritten again and again. She studies them.
A glance to Adam.

Photographs. A family laughing, happy, alive. The woman.
Freya stops. Something shifts. She steps closer. Her eyes
stay on the woman. Too long for it to be nothing.

FREYA

I... barely remember her.

She keeps looking. Trying to find something. A memory just
out of reach. Footsteps. The kids return.

LOU

Good night, Dad.

ETHAN
Night. Good night, Freya.

FREYA
Good night.

They drop onto the couch. Within seconds asleep. The room softens. Freya still stands by the photos. Then turns back to Adam.

FREYA (CONT'D)
The woman in the pictures

A beat.

FREYA (CONT'D)
Your wife?

Adam looks at the photos. Takes his time.

ADAM
She died.

A pause.

ADAM (CONT'D)
They said it was an accident. It wasn't.

Silence. Freya absorbs that.

FREYA
I'm sorry.
(beat.)

FREYA (CONT'D)
... We share something.

Adam looks at her. Not understanding yet, but feeling it. The candle flickers. The room holds.

INT. SKYHOUS - PRIVATE LOUNGE - NIGHT - SAME TIME

19

Low light. Music hums softly in the background. The city glows beneath them, distant, unreal. Glasses half empty. It's late. Loose. VASILA leans against the table, a faint laugh escaping her. The Lord beside her, relaxed, slightly drunk. The Uncle stands a step behind. Still. Unmoving. Champagne is poured again. A careless spill. No one reacts.

LORD
Cheers, Vasila. To your birthday! Your
(MORE)

LORD (CONT'D)
father would be proud. He always knew
how to keep things... interesting.

VASILA
He knew how to make deals.
(beat)
You gave him money. He gave you power.

She takes a slow sip, watching him.

VASILA (CONT'D)
And now... YOU have the power.
(a soft smile)
So I want what's mine.

The Lord studies her. Then, a small laugh.

LORD
Yeah... yeah. I got you.
(beat)
As long as everything stays clean.

His eyes shift to the Uncle.

LORD (CONT'D)
Did you take care of it?

UNCLE
It's done.

LORD
See?
(back to Vasila)
We're good. A toast to friends with
benefits.

They clink glasses. Vasila smiles. Then, her eyes drift to her uncle. The smile stays. But something underneath shifts. She moves. Light. Effortless. Gliding. Her fingers trail softly along the edge of the table, then she turns toward him. She passes him. A faint brush of her hand against his arm. Barely there. She circles in front of him. Stops. Close. Her eyes lift. Soft. Beautiful. Cold underneath.

VASILA
Still using? Those little helpers...
to forget.

A beat. No response. She studies him. Gently. Cruelly.

VASILA

You still think it was your fault.
That night.

(a beat)

My Parents in the car. You driving.

Silence. He doesn't move. She tilts her head. Almost kind.

VASILA (CONT'D)

It was an accident... wasn't it?

No answer. She turns away. Back to the Lord. Light again.
Playful.

LORD

I remember that day!

VASILA

So now... his guilt is loyal. He
doesn't question me.

A quiet chuckle from the Lord. Vasila glances back to her
Uncle. She mock sympathy.

VASILA (CONT'D)

Oh, uncle... poor you.

(beat)

Maybe it was meant to happen. New
generation takes over.

A silence. Then she steps in, wraps her arms around him.
Close. Warm. Unexpected.

VASILA (CONT'D)

We're all that's left. You and me. We
are family.

The Uncle stands still. Numb. Empty. She pulls back. Smiles.
Untouched. She lifts her glass.

VASILA

Cheers... to family!

They drink. And then, she laughs. Light. Beautiful. Almost
real. The Lord laughs with her. The Uncle does not.

INT. ADAM'S APARTMENT - MORNING

20

Soft light. The room still carries the night. Blankets on the

couch. Glasses on the table. Freya is already dressed. Shoes in her hand. She moves toward the door. Quiet.

ADAM (O.S.)
Where are you going?

She stops. Turns. Adam stands in the hallway. Watching her.

FREYA
I'm going back.

ADAM
Back where?

FREYA
ZONE3!

ADAM
No... You're not.

FREYA
I have to.

ADAM
You don't just walk back in there.

FREYA
There's something I need to find.

ADAM
What... What is so important, risking your Life?

FREYA
A box... with.
(beat)
This box carry's everything, to find out who I really am.

Silence. Adam looks at her. Something shifts.

ADAM
That place is gone Freya.

FREYA
Then I need to see that.
(beat)
I need to know...

A long beat. Adam exhales.

ADAM

Okay okay... We go.

She didn't expect that.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Not now.

(beat)

6:45pm.

FREYA

Why 6:45pm?

ADAM

Shift change. Less eyes.

Freya nods. Slow. Her eyes flick- ON THE WALL - A large digital clock. Red seconds ticking. 08:16:27AM - 08:16:28AM Below it: ALARM SET: 06:45PM. A sharp look. She clocks it, then takes off her coat. Stays. From the other room, LOU and ETHAN appear. Half awake. Watching.

LOU

What's going on?

ETHAN

Are you leaving?

The twins look at Freyra. Then at Adam shaking his had.

FREYA

Good morning! And no... i'm not leaving.

LOU

Oh... good! Come here.

ETHAN

you've got to see something.

They pull Freya toward the table. Adam watches. Says nothing. On the table, small handmade devices...wires...tools...half-covered sketches o KADAR. Grid lines. Formulas. Across one page, written in red: DESTROY THE DEATH WALL. Ethan quickly slides the paper aside.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

We built these.

LOU

They track movement.

ETHAN
Between zones.

FREYA
Do they work?

LOU
Yeah... they do work!

ETHAN
Mostly.

A small pause.

FREYA
Mostly is great. We should give it a try.

They light up. Then, Ethan hesitates.

ETHAN
Dad won't...

LOU
He won't let us use any of this things.

FREYA
We don't have to tell him everything.

A beat. They grin. Across the room, Adam making breakfast and watching. He says nothing. But he understands. The twins are exited. Finally they have someone, to present all the devices, path finding electronics and much more. All this stuff, could be helpful to find Freya's missing box.

INT. ADAM'S APARTMENT - LATE AFTERNOON

21

The energy from before hasn't settled. On the table, Lou and Ethan's devices. Small. Improvised. But precise. Wires. Signals. Flickers of light. Ethan adjusts a setting. Lou watches the readout.

LOU
This could actually work.

ETHAN
It will.

Freya stands close. Focused. Absorbing everything.

FREYA
You think it can find it?

ETHAN
If it's there...
(beat)
we'll find it.

Freya nods. Hope. Urgency. Across the room, Adam at his desk. Maps spread out. Notes layered over notes. He studies patterns. Routes. Zones. Searching. Always searching. But, his eyes flick up. Not at them. At the wall. THE CLOCK. Red digits ticking. 06:32:10 PM. He holds that for a moment. Thinking ahead. Then, back to the maps. Like nothing happened.

INT. ADAM'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER 22

The room is quieter now. Freya moves first. She grabs her coat. A look to the twins. They're ready. Backpacks, devices packed. Excitement barely contained. They move carefully. Past the table toward the door. Freya glances at Adam's desk. Empty. She pauses. A flicker of doubt, but then she keeps going.

EXT. ADAM'S -APARTMENT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS 23

They step outside. Fresh air. A brief sense of freedom.

LOU
We actually made it.

ADAM (O.S.)
Going somewhere?

They freeze. Turn. Adam stands a few steps away. Already dressed. Already prepared. Watching. Waiting. Ethan shifts back slightly. Lou straightens, trying to hold it together. Freya steps forward, drawing them behind her.

FREYA
It was my idea. I needed to go.

A beat. Adam studies her. Then Ethan. Then Lou.

ADAM
You told me that.
(beat, a faint smile)
You just didn't say you were planning to go without me.

A quick look between Ethan and Lou. They try to play it cool. Fail. Adam takes that in. Then—

ADAM (CONT'D)
And I had a feeling... this had
something to do with your inventions.

Ethan and Lou exchange a quick look. Hopeful. Adam steps closer. Decides.

ADAM (CONT'D)
Alright.
(looks at Freya)
We find your box.
(then, to Ethan and Lou)
And we give your devices a shot.

That lands. Lou lights up. Ethan tries to stay cool, fails again. The tension breaks.

ADAM (CONT'D)
It's about time. Let's go.

Freya holds his gaze. Then turns. She leads. They follow.

INT. ZONE2 — INDUSTRIAL CORRIDOR — SAME TIME

24

A low, distant rhythm. Not music, boots. THUD. THUD. THUD. Dim industrial light cuts through steel and shadow. Out of the darkness, soldiers take position. Row by row. Uniforms adjusted. Gloves pulled tight. Helmets locked. No voices. Only movement. Only rhythm. THUD. THUD. THUD. The formation grows. Precise, controlled, Almost ceremonial. At the front, The UNCLE. Still. Focused. A flicker of his hand. The formation shifts. Clean, exact, perfect. The rhythm stops. Silence.

INT. SKY HOUSE — PREPARATION CHAMBER — SAME TIME

25

Cold, elevated Silent. VASILA stands in the center. Still. Arms slightly away from her body. Positioned. Attendants move around her with precision. They dress her. Layer by layer. A structured undercoat, locked into place. Gloves, tightened. A harness, adjusted. Fabric pulled, lines sharpened. VASILA does not look at them. Her eyes are fixed on a wall of screens. Live feeds. The army forming. The Uncle leading. THUD. THUD. THUD. Muted here. Controlled. An attendant adjusts her collar. A fraction off. VASILA's eyes shift. Just a flicker. The attendant corrects immediately. Perfect. Her gaze returns to the screens. A final piece, her coat. Structured. Severe. Commanding. Placed. Fitted. Locked. A

25.

measured breath. She steps forward. Ready.

INT. ZONE2 - INDUSTRIAL CORRIDOR - SAME TIME 26

The army stands in formation. Unmoving. Perfect. Then, above them, a massive screen flickers to life. Light washes over the soldiers. They don't look up. They don't need to. They listen.

INT. SKY HOUSE - VASILA'S CHAMBER - CONTINUES 27

VASILA steps into position. Her image fills the screen. Cold. Composed. Unavoidable.

INT. ZONE2 - CORRIDOR - CONTINUES 28

Her face looms above them. The army stands motionless. Receiving.

VASILA (ON SCREEN)
Citizens of KADAR... Look at you. In place. On time. Exactly where you should be.

QUICK CUT TO ZONE1 ZONE2 ZONE3

VASILA (ON SCREEN) (CONT'D)
That's what makes a city work. Not hope. Not feeling. Discipline.
(A beat.)

VASILA (CONT'D)
You remember what happens... when people forget that. When they let emotion take over. When they listen... instead of obey.

A slight tilt of her head.

VASILA (ON SCREEN)
It always ends the same way. Messy. Weak. Uncontrolled.
(A beat.)

VASILA (ON SCREEN)
So we fixed it. And now we have this! A city that knows what it is. A city that works.
(A shift. Colder)
And then there are... the others. The ones who don't listen. The ones who can't. Or won't.
(A beat.)
(MORE)

VASILA (ON SCREEN) (CONT'D)
 Music. A ripple. Such a beautiful
 excuse...to lose control. To feel
 something. To pretend that matters. It
 doesn't.

(Her smile tightens.)
 We do not create it. We do not
 tolerate it.

(A beat.)
 If you choose music... you choose to
 step outside. Outside protection.
 Outside order. Outside me.

Silence. Then, lighter. almost mocking:

VASILA (ON SCREEN) (CONT'D)
 And for those who still don't
 understand...we build ZONE3. Not a
 punishment. A chance. To think. To
 decide... if you're capable of being
 part of something better.

(A beat.)
 And for those who are ready...who
 understand what this city requires,
 there are always ways... to prove your
 loyalty.

(A ripple)
 KADAR sees everything. And those who
 stand with us, do not remain unseen.

CUT TO THE UNCLE'S FACE AND BACK TO VASILA AT THE SKYHOUS

VASILA
 We remind them tonight. Tomorrow
 night. The night after. Every night...
 we remind you what's best for you.

CUT TO ZONE2 VASILA ON SCREEN

VASILA (ON SCREEN)
 ZONE2 is waiting. If you're strong
 enough.
 (a beat)
 And to those in ZONE3... who have
 changed their mind. You are welcome to
 YOUR ZONE...ZONE2. Take your chance.
 Every night.

EXT. ZONE3 - ENTRY - CONTINUOUS

29

Silence. The screen cuts. A beat, then. THUD. THUD. THUD.

THUD. The army moves. The gate opens. Heavy. Reluctant. The army steps through ZONE3. Closer, lived-in. People are already outside, not scattered. Together. A mother pulls her children close. A man steps in beside his neighbor. No one runs. They hold. The army spreads. Precise. The UNCLE stops. Looks. Chooses. A building, a flick of his hand. Two soldiers move. They knock. Once. The door opens. A family. They already know.

UNCLE

This section is being reclaimed.

No argument. Behind them, neighbors move in. Quiet and fast. The soldiers enter, then the family is guided out. Not dragged, but held. Outside, hands take bags. Water is passed. A coat wrapped around a child. No panic, only movement. Together. A soldier sprays a mark on the wall. Sharp. Final. Another fixes a metal plate beside the door.

ZONE2 - PROPERTY OF THE LORD - The words sit there. A canister flies inside. WHOOMP. Fire blooms. Controlled. The army steps back. In sync. THUD. THUD. THUD. Move on. The house burns, but the street doesn't break. Doors open. Space is made. The family is absorbed. Someone brings water. Someone carries what's left. Someone holds the child. Life shifts, but doesn't fall apart.

EXT. ZONE3 - EDGE OF STREET - CONTINUOUS

30

Freya. Adam. Ethan. Lou, are hiding in shadow. Watching.

LOU

They're taking it...

ADAM

Stay back.

His eyes scan everything. Not the soldiers. The Walls. The doors. The markings. Searching, a pattern, a sign. Nothing. Ethan grips his device while Freya watches, not the army, the people. How they protect each other. Something shifts in her. Adam moves, and guides them toward a nearby house. The door is slightly open.

ADAM

Move...Inside.

They slip in, one by one. The door closes soft. Outside, THUD. THUD. THUD. The army moves on.

INT. ZONE3 - HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

31

The door shuts behind them. Dark. Close. A figure steps out of the shadows. KATJA (40s), restless, unpredictable, eyes moving too fast.

KATJA

Who are you...what do you want? What are you doing here?

She circles them, fast.

KATJA (CONT'D)

Are you with them? Are you the army?

ADAM

No. We just came in to hide.

KATJA

Oh... Of course you are! I heard that before.

She leans in, studies him, the kids, then Freya.

KATJA (CONT'D)

Yeah, yeah... everyone says that. And them?

Freya steps forward.

FREYA

I'm Freya. This is Adam. Lou. Ethan.

(beat)

We just need somewhere safe until they leave.

A quick glance around

FREYA (CONT'D)

We have food. And medicine.

KATJA

Medicine?

A flicker, too eager.

KATJA (CONT'D)

Something that makes you happy... Or forget?

ADAM
We have food.

KATJA
Food...

Behind her THE OPERATOR (40s–50s), calm, grounded, controlled, steps forward.

THE OPERATOR
Food is welcome.
(to Adam)
You can stay. Until it's clear.

A beat. Decision made. Katja shrugs, already drifting.

KATJA
See? I told you.

Near the back, THE BOY (early teens), quiet, observant, watches them come in.

A beat, then, under his breath

THE BOY
We got girls in the house.

No one reacts. He leans back, watching Freya now. Curious. Not innocent. Across the room, LOU and ETHAN have already drifted. Drawn. A table with devices, wires, half-built systems. They're in before anyone stops them.

LOU
What is this...

ETHAN
Is that a signal modulator?

A voice behind them, DR. TONE (30s–40s), sharp, detached.

DR. TONE
What are you doing?

ETHAN
You built this?

Dr. Tone studies them now. Interested.

DR. TONE
You know what you're looking at?

ETHAN

Ah... yeh!

LOU

It's not finished.

ETHAN

It's close though

A beat. Dr. Tone's edge softens, just slightly. Impressed.

DR. TONE

Careful... don't.

(coming closer)

You think you can finish it?

Ethan and Lou exchange a look, grin. Across the room, Adam clocks it, but doesn't interrupt. Freya watches. Taking everything in. She takes a seat next to Katja and Mr. Smooth.

KATJA

I used to conduct.

(a beat, deep breath)

KATJA (CONT'D)

Big rooms. People listening.

Following.

Her hand lifts, precise, then falters. Drops.

KATJA

I knew every sound. Every breath.

MR. SMOOTH

She misses it.

Katja smiles, distant.

KATJA

I'd settle for one note.

(leans in)

Just one.

Like a piano, she taps her fingers, almost rhythm, then stops.

ADAM

I know exactly what you mean.

They look at him. That wasn't expected.

ADAM
Just one tone...
(he almost says it)
to hear her ssi... smile again.

Silence. Katja studies him now. Different. Clear.

KATJA
Everyone's looking for something.

Adam doesn't answer. His eyes have already moved. Scanning. The room, the corners, the surfaces. Anything that doesn't belong. Anything that was left behind. Anything that proves, She was here. Nothing. He turns away. Back to control.

ADAM
We should go.

Freya stands, hesitates. A small look back to the Boy who stand next to something. He try's to hide as there eyes meet.

ETHAN
Wait...wait.
(to Dr. Tone)
Can we come back?

DR. TONE
If you find your way.

LOU
(pointing to the her backpack with
all the devises)
We will.

At the door, Freya turns.

FREYA
Thank you.
(A beat.)

FREYA (CONT'D)
I'm...looking for something.

KATJA
(her eyes on Adam)
We all do... right?

FREYA
A box.

Mr. Smooth and Dr. Tone exchange a glance. The Boy watches Freya. Longer than the others.

FREYA (CONT'D)

Never mind.

Freya opens the door. They step out. The door closes behind them. Silence. Katja still looking at where Freya stood.

KATJA

A box...

Silence. Freya, Adam, Lou, Ethan step out. The door closes behind them.

EXT. ZONE3 - STREET - LATE NIGHT

32

Dark. Narrow. They move. Not running, but controlled. Staying close to walls. Adam leads, his eyes scanning. Corners, windows, Ground. Freya glances back once. The house already gone in shadow. A turn, a flicker at the far end of the street. A Shadow. Still. Watching. Too far to see clearly. They don't notice. They keep moving. Disappear into the next alley. The shadow doesn't move.

INT. - - COMMAND FLOOR - NIGHT

33

Controlled chaos fills the room, screens flicker, officers move, voices overlap in sharp, efficient bursts. In the middle of it, Vasila moves through the space like a blade. Fast, precise, unpredictable. An officer hesitates at the wrong moment. That's all it takes. Vasila stops. Turns.

VASILA

Why is this still active?

The officer opens his mouth, too late. Vasila slams her hand against the console, the sound cutting through the entire floor.

VASILA (CONT'D)

Do I need to do everything myself?

Silence drops instantly. She points at him without even looking twice.

VASILA

You...Gone.

Two enforcers step in immediately, dragging him out. No resistance. No one dares to react. Vasila is already moving again, already onto the next thing. A tone sounds in her ear. She taps it.

VASILA

Oh..hi, dear Lord. How are you?

THE LORD (V.O.)

Vasila... I'm...

VASILA

Oh, congratulations.

(beat)

To your new property. Are you excited?

THE LORD (O.S.)

Yes, yes, of course. Thank you.

VASILA

You should congratulate me too. I have twenty percent.

(a beat)

This is OUR first property share. I'm very exited.

THE LORD (O.S.)

That's exactly why I'm asking... how come...

VASILA

How come? Ahh... let me think. Because it's my rule. My rule.

(she stops)

Eat it. Take it. Swallow it. Throw it up.

(a beat)

Do you understand, Lord?

THE LORD (O.S.)

Yes... I do.

VASILA

(keeps walking)

Good.

Two enforcers drag a man from ZONE3 across the floor. Dirty. Struggling. Barely conscious. He reaches out, instinct, nothing more. For a split second, his hand almost touches her. Vasila recoils instantly. Sharp. Disgusted.

VASILA (CONT'D)

Oh... don't.

She steps aside, avoiding him like contamination. Wipes her hand along her coat. Precise. Controlled. The man is dragged

past her. Gone. Vasila doesn't look back. Already moving.

VASILA (CONT'D)
My money, Lord... My money!

THE LORD (O.S.)
Your money...yes, of course

VASILA
Nighty night and sweet dreams, dear
Lord.

She cuts the line. Stops. Her Uncle falls in step beside her.

VASILA (CONT'D)
What a fucking idiot.
(turns)
For tonight... no one says my name. No
one looks for me.
(face to face)
Do you understand? No one. No one
means no fucking one.

UNCLE
Yeah. I got you - Good night, Vasila.

She moves past him. No looking back. Gone

INT. SKYHOUSE - PRIVATE CHAMBER - NIGHT

34

She enters. The door shuts behind her. Silence. Too quiet.
She moves immediately. Rips off her jacket, throws it across
the room. She runs her hands through her hair. Hard. Pulling.
Pacing. Back. Forth. Faster.

VASILA
Where are you...?

Nothing. She grabs an object, throws it. It SHATTERS.

VASILA (CONT'D)
Who are you?!

She stops. Breathing sharp. A flicker. FLASH: Wind. Height.
The edge. Siren, too close.

SIREN
Your child... is alive.

A push. Falling. A body dropping into darkness, and below, a
figure. Watching.

END FLASH Vasila stands completely still. Not moving. Not breathing. Time stretches. A long beat. Another. Then...

VASILA

KATJA

A beat - Quiet. Realization. She rises slowly. Arms lifting slightly. Then...

VASILA (CONT'D)

AHHHHHH!

A raw, violent scream. She turns immediately. Moves to the wall, SLAMS a hidden panel open. Inside: dark, unmarked clothes. She grabs them. Fast. Kicks off her heels, they hit the wall hard. Already changing.

INT. SKYHOUSE - CORRIDORS - NIGHT

35

Focused. Hunting. Vasila moves through the SKYHOUSE corridors, silent and precise. No hesitation. No one notices. This is not command. Not control. This is something else. A decision made alone. She slips out of her own palace unnoticed.

EXT. SKYHOUSE - CITY - LATE NIGHT

36

The city sleeps. She pulls a dark cape over her shoulders, covering herself completely. No trace. No identity. Just a shadow moving forward. ZONE2. She passes through without slowing. The structures hold their shape. The system still breathes in order and control. The border. A brief moment, then she crosses. ZONE3 Everything shifts. The city darkens. The air grows heavier, carrying something stale, something left behind. Vasila takes it in. There is a quiet satisfaction in the way she looks at it. It is shrinking, fading, becoming exactly what it was meant to be. But not yet. Not before she gets her answers. She moves deeper. Structures break into makeshift shelter. Survival. Less system. More human. She knows this place, she has been here before. KATJA.

EXT. KATJA'S HOUSE - LATE NIGHT - CONTINUES

37

A shelter more than a house. Quiet, closed off. She doesn't knock.

INT. KATJA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

38

She slips inside. Darkness. A small fireplace, long burned out. Bodies lie close together, sleeping. Still. Careful.

Vasila moves through them without a sound. She sees her. Katja. Vasila steps closer, leans in, and whispers. She leans closer. Her voice barely a breath.

VASILA
You were there.

Katja stirs. Half-asleep. Disoriented.

KATJA
...where...who are you...

VASILA
You saw it.

KATJA
Vasila...?

VASILA
Dam right...you'r nightmare.

A broken, almost amused breath.

KATJA
You came back...

Vasila doesn't react. Her eyes locked on her.

VASILA
That night. You saw everything.

Katja frowns. Trying to reach something.

KATJA
I... I saw...

A flicker. Something real.

KATJA (CONT'D)
...something...a beautiful face.

Vasila leans closer. Almost urgent now, but controlled.

VASILA
A face... Say it.

Katja's eyes drift. The moment slips. Gone.

KATJA
I was a conductor...

A soft, broken laugh.

KATJA (CONT'D)
I miss music...

Silence. Vasila studies her. Realizing. Nothing. No clarity, no memory. Just fragments. Cold returns.

VASILA
Useless... Katja...you lost your
fucking mind.

She straightens. Turns. Already gone. Behind her, Katja's eyes open. Awake now. Lost in the dark.

KATJA
a beautiful face...SIREN
(whisper)
SIREN

INT. ADAM'S APARTMENT - EARLY MORNING

39

Adam wakes. Too early. Not from rest, from a thought that won't let go. He sits up. Still for a moment.

ADAM
The box.

It lands. He's already moving. Crossing the room, straight to his desk. Notes. Photos. Fragments. All circling around one absence. Siren. He doesn't stop on it. Not this time.

ADAM (CONT'D)
Of course... The box.

He leans in, thinking, not searching, connecting. Back to the Start. That night. Who was there. Who was involved. Who's still alive. Who isn't. Who could know something. Who could help. It narrows. One direction. He stands. No hesitation. He grabs what he needs. On his way out, he takes one of the kids' devices from the desk. He moves toward the door, then a brief stop at the table. He takes a post-it.

I'll be right back. Breakfast is ready. Love, Dad. He leaves it there. And he's gone.

EXT. ZONE3 - MORNING - CONTINUES

40

Adam crosses into Zone3. It's worse in the morning. Not louder. Not more chaotic. Just... emptied. People are still there, but the night hasn't left them. Bodies slumped where

they stopped. Faces hollow. Movement slow, like it costs something. Adam takes it in. A man tries to stand. Gives up. Someone drags something that isn't worth dragging anymore. The air sits heavy. It smells like the night never ended. Adam slows, just enough to see it. To understand it. Then he keeps walking. Eyes moving. Reading. A flicker - A memory. A figure standing in this exact place. Watching. Waiting. Gone.

Back to now. Adam stops. Looks around. Same broken edge. Same kind of people holding on to nothing. He's seen this place before. He just didn't know he had. It settles. This is it. Adam steps out of the flow of people. Finds a place that doesn't draw attention. He takes off his backpack. Sits. Pulls the hood low. Sunglasses. Blends in. He waits. He reaches into the bag. Takes out the device and looks at it. A small moment. Measuring. He activates it. A faint, almost invisible light pulses once. Nothing else. Adam sets it beside him. Eyes back on the street. Still. Watching. Waiting.

INT. ADAM'S APARTMENT - MORNING

41

Warm morning light fills the apartment. Freya is already in the kitchen, moving quietly as water heats, careful not to disturb the calm. Lou drifts in first, half-asleep.

LOU

Morning...

FREYA

Good morning Lou

Ethan follows, slower, still waking up.

ETHAN

Where's Dad?

Freya nods toward the table.

FREYA

He left a note.

They read it. Take it in without making a big deal of it. They sit. Start eating. For a moment, it's quiet.

ETHAN

That was insane yesterday... Dr. Tone...

FREYA

Yeah...

ETHAN

We have to go back.

FREYA

We will.

Freya grabs their plates, already spooning eggs onto them with fresh energy.

FREYA (CONT'D)

I'm not done yet.

Under the table, Lou nudges Ethan. Ethan kicks back. A silent argument. Freya watches them, already knowing.

FREYA

Just ask.

They freeze. Lou glances at Ethan, then back.

LOU

Dad said... the woman and the man that got shot that night... weren't your parents.

Freya listens. Ethan picks it up, softer now.

ETHAN

So... do you know who your mom is? Or your dad?

Freya looks down for a moment, then back up.

FREYA

I don't know them. They told me someone brought me to them... left me there.

She cuts toast.

FREYA (CONT'D)

That's all I know.

The kids take that in. Freya's voice shifts, almost without noticing.

FREYA (CONT'D)

But there was... someone.

She looks past them, into the memory.

FREYA (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
She came sometimes. She had this
warmth... like everything slowed down
when she was there. And she used to
sing. Very quiet... Only for me.

Lou and Ethan exchange a look.

LOU
Our mom used to sing too.

ETHAN
Dad said... when it became
forbidden... she did it under the
blankets... So no one would hear it.
just us.

Silence settles between them. Freya feels it.

FREYA
She knew she wasn't supposed to. She
knew it could cost her everything. But
she did it anyway.

She pours tea. Her fingers trace the edge of her cup.

FREYA (CONT'D)
There's only one picture I have. It's
not even clear. But it's... her.

LOU
Can i see it... Her?

FREYA
It's in the box.

The kids don't question any more. They just sit there, a
little closer than before.

EXT. ZONE3 - DAY - CONTINUES

42

Adam sits, still, blending into the broken edge of the
street. In his hand, the device. A faint pulse of light. He
opens his eyes. Across the space, movement. A small
gathering. Quiet trades. Then the UNCLE. Working the edge
with precision. Adam gets up. Moves in. Stops just close
enough. Waits. The UNCLE finishes his business. Turns. Sees
him. No reaction.

UNCLE
You're not supposed to be here.

ADAM

Neither are you. Does your BOSS know
you're here... doing this?

A flicker in the uncle's eyes. Gone.

UNCLE

Aren't you tired of looking for
answers?

ADAM

You know what I'm looking for.

The uncle studies him. Leans in slightly.

UNCLE

Talking about the boss. You already
know what SHE did.

Silence. It lands. Adam doesn't speak. He doesn't need to.
Something in him shifts. The uncle steps back. Done.

UNCLE (CONT'D)

Now... Get the fuck out of ZONE3.

The uncle turns and walks away. Adam stays still. Thinking.
Sharp. He reaches into his pocket, and pulls out a coin.
Across the street, a public phone. He moves, lifts the
receiver, drops in the coin, waits.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. ADAM'S APARTMENT - EVENING

43

The phone rings. Ethan grabs it.

ETHAN

Hello?

ADAM (V.O.)

Hey-hey-Ethan. Put Freya on.

ETHAN

Dad? Are you okay?

ADAM (V.O.)

I'm good. Freya. Now.

Freya takes the phone.

FREYA
Adam? Where are you?

ADAM (V.O.)
ZONE3...You're not the only one
looking for answers. Get the twins.
Pack the bags. Meet me at Katja's
house.

FREYA
Okay.

ADAM (V.O.)
Leave at 6:45. Not before. Not after.
You got it?

FREYA
Got it.

She hangs up fast.

FREYA (CONT'D)
Lou! Ethan! Backpacks. Move. We're
going back.

EXT. ZONE3 - EVENING 44

Adam lowers the receiver. Turns. He pulls out the device.
Presses a button. A faint line of light appears. Pointing the
way. Adam walks toward Katja's house.

INT. ADAM'S APARTMENT - EVENING 45

The twins are ready. Freya checks the clock. 6:45. She moves
instantly.

FREYA
Come on.

Backpacks grabbed. Zippers. Shoes. The twins already moving.
Freya leads them out.

EXT. CITY STREETS - EVENING 46

The three move fast through narrowing streets. Freya ahead.
Lou and Ethan right behind her. Focused. Excited.

EXT. ZONE3 EDGE - EVENING 47

They pass through the border flow. Smoke in the distance.
Freya doesn't slow.

43.

EXT. KATJA'S HOUSE — EVENING

48

Adam waits outside the worn entrance. Watching the street. He sees them coming. Freya leading. The twins beside her. The kids break into a run.

LOU / ETHAN

Dad!

They throw themselves into him. Adam catches them, quick hugs.

ADAM

Hey, hey.

He looks at them. Checks the Street. at all three.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Come on. Let's get inside.

INT. KATJA'S HOUSE — EVENING

49

The place is fragile, but alive. Low voices. Small movement. Quiet survival. Adam enters with Freya, Lou and Ethan. The twins break away immediately straight to DR. TONE.

DR. TONE

Look who's back.

He lights up, already reaching for their backpacks. Adam moves straight to The OPERATOR.

ADAM

We need to talk.

The Operator reads his face. Serious. He nods and pulls Adam slightly aside. Freya steps further into the room. The Boy catches sight of her immediately. Pushes off the wall. A grin.

THE BOY

Look who's back. The beautiful face.

FREYA

Uh... thank you?

THE BOY

You're welcome.

Freya moves on, trying not to smile. The Boy watches her go, then settles near Katja. Katja turns. Disoriented. Then she

sees Freya. Stops.

KATJA

A face... A beautiful face.

She turns away slightly, lost in something only she can see.

KATJA (CONT'D)

I am doing very well, thank you.

Katja moves closer to Freya.

KATJA (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

What's your name?

FREYA

Freya.

KATJA

Freya...

A faint echo in her. She looks again.

KATJA (CONT'D)

Beautiful face... Like that face.

A voice that could cross the
atmosphere.

Freya steps closer. Then all at once, a voice fills the room. Pure. Weightless. Something no one there has heard in years. Katja rises straighter. Her eyes clear. Alive again. The twins and Dr. Tone stand spellbound. Like they've just seen the impossible.

THE BOY

Holy shit.

No one moves. The room is stunned into silence. Katja steps toward Freya slowly. Her hand rises to her chest. Her eyes fill.

KATJA

Beautiful...How...?

She looks at Freya like someone returning from the dead. Alive again. Freya lowers her voice. The sound stops. She looks around the room. Happy. Shaken. Almost glowing from within. THE BOY steps forward first. Wide-eyed. Still trying to act cool.

THE BOY

What was that? Where the hell did that
come from?

FREYA

I... I don't know.

Dr. Tone is already moving, studying the trembling glass. The
twins rush to him.

LOU

Did you see that?

ETHAN

It moved by itself.

DR. TONE

I've never heard a sequence like that.

He touches the cracked glass.

DR. TONE (CONT'D)

No distortion... pure response.

The Operator smiles to himself.

OPERATOR

About time.

Adam walks to Freya. Slowly. He takes both her hands. He
looks at her. Everyone watches.

ADAM

This reminds me of a voice... From
before sound was forbidden.

He turns. Looks at Katja. The twins. Dr. Tone. The Boy. The
Operator.

ADAM (CONT'D)

The silence ends now. Let's get the
Sound back to KADAR...and to it's
people.

The Operator steps in immediately. Already working. He
motions everyone closer. Away from the windows. Katja steps
forward. Clear now. Grounded. They gather. For the first
time, not as survivors. As something else. A beginning.

INT. ZONE1 - THE LORD'S TERRACE - NIGHT

50

Wind rolls across a massive terrace high above KADAR. Luxury glows everywhere. Elite guests mingle in elegant silence. Smoking. Drinking. Laughing. No music. THE LORD stands alone at the railing, cigar lit, phone at his ear. He looks down over the city like it belongs to him.

THE LORD

No, no, no, no, no... raise the price.

The wind kills the flame. He relights his cigar without breaking the call.

THE LORD (CONT'D)

Need workers? Go to ZONE3, goddammit.
That's business.

He ends the call. Across the terrace, a glamorous woman catches his eye. He adjusts his jacket and heads toward her.

THE LORD

May i ask you for a little dance?
Oh...we don't have music.

He bursts into loud laughter. Several guests laugh with him. Too quickly.

THE LORD (CONT'D)

Who needs music when you can have your
own ZONE?

More forced laughter. The mood shifts. Two ENFORCERS enter. Between them: The Uncle. The Lord freezes. His smile gone instantly. The Uncle steps forward, taking in the party, the smoke, the drinks, the forced laughter.

UNCLE

You're having a good time Huh...?

He walks to the bar, grabs a bottle of water while scanning the room.

UNCLE (CONT'D)

How come I'm never invited?

THE LORD

You don't need an invitation. You know
that. Always welcome. You're family.

The Uncle nods once.

UNCLE

Thank you... Talking about family.

He opens the bottle. Takes a sip.

UNCLE (CONT'D)

Vasila wants to know... what's the plan for the burned house in ZONE3. Are we moving forward?

THE LORD

Yeah, yeah... Putting everything together. A little here, a little there... Tell Vasila we're moving forward. The Uncle studies him. Then turns toward the room.

UNCLE

You all enjoy yourselves.

He walks toward the elevator. Two Enforcers fall in behind him instantly. Silent. Precise. The elevator doors close. The Lord stands there. Humiliated. Then snaps.

THE LORD

Party's over!

INT. PRIVATE ELEVATOR - NIGHT - CONTINUES

51

Steel walls. The doors close. The Uncle stands between two Enforcers. Uniformed. Polished. Faces hidden behind dark visors. Still. Identical. The elevator descends. From above, echoing down the shaft:

THE LORD (O.S.)

Party's over!

Silence. The Enforcers don't react. Not a fraction. A flicker of a smile crosses The Uncle's face. The elevator stops, the doors open. The Enforcers step out, and The Uncle follows. They escort him down. Silent. Precise. At the exit, they stop. The Uncle keeps walking, then turns back.

UNCLE

Have a good night, guys.

They salute. Perfect in sync. ZONE1 light washes over them. The Uncle pulls out his phone.

UNCLE (CONT'D)

Yeah. It's me. Yeah... I just left.

He listens.

UNCLE (CONT'D)

Slow progress. Maybe none. But he knows how to celebrate. That's for sure.

VASILA (O.S)

Oh... is that so? How come I'm not invited?

A flicker of a smile from The Uncle.

UNCLE

Yeah... That's a good question.

VASILA

Damn right. Tell him the party ends, when I arrive.

UNCLE

Yeh...

VASILA (O.S)

Two days. Give him two days.

UNCLE

I got it. Two days. I'll handle it.

EXT. ZONE1 / ZONE2 EDGE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

52

The glow of ZONE1 fades behind him. Warmth gone fast. Ahead: ZONE2. It's cold, hard and functional. He walks downhill through the divide. Only his footsteps. Into the streets below.

EXT. ZONE2 STREETS - NIGHT

53

Cold wind cuts between towers. The Uncle walks the lower edge of ZONE2. Workers pass in near-perfect rhythm. Functional. Silent. Almost machines. Light patterns ripple across the buildings. Fading projections bleed through steel and glass: **ZONE2 We LOVES KADAR.** Another glitches. **ZONE2 THE HEART OF KADAR.** Another burns in red. **CITY WALL (DANGER) 10miles ahead.** The Uncle keeps moving. He turns into a narrow side street. A dying neon sign buzzes above a basement bar. He goes in.

INT. LIQUOR HOUSE - LATE NIGHT

54

Worn-down future. Scratched metal. Cracked mirror behind the

bottles. The remains of an old jukebox in the corner. A few guests sit half-drunk, half-asleep. Used up. The Uncle enters.

SASHA (O.S.)
Hi, stranger.

Behind the bar stands SASHA (late 20s), broad-shouldered, good-looking in a rough way, tattoos under rolled sleeves. Easy grin. Sharp eyes. The Uncle steps up. They clasp hands hard, then pull into a quick one-arm hug. Real history.

UNCLE
How's business?

SASHA
ZONE2... Work hard...if you're lucky,
you play hard.

They laugh. Sasha grabs a bottle. Pours two glasses. No need to ask what The Uncle drinks.

SASHA (CONT'D)
Rough night?

UNCLE
ZONE1

SASHA
Ah... Very rough night.

They drink. The Uncle leans in slightly.

UNCLE
You got something for me?

SASHA
Come.

Sasha scans the room. Turns to the guests.

SASHA (CONT'D)
Yo... I'll be right back. Don't help
yourselves.

One guest lifts a hand without opening his eyes. Sasha leads The Uncle toward the back.

INT. SASHA'S LIQUOR HOUSE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

55

Low ceiling. Warm recycled air pushes through a damaged vent.

Old surveillance screens flicker across one wall. Stacks of paper beside dead tablets. A strip light hums overhead. Nothing here is new. Everything barely works. Sasha shuts the door. The Uncle sits. Sasha leans against the desk.

SASHA

There's this guy. I've been watching him a while. Every night he moves from ZONE2 to ZONE3. Packed with medicine, food. His kids handing out cookies...teddy bears...sweet family stuff.

Sasha pours two more drinks, The Uncle listens.

SASHA (CONT'D)

But lately...different. No rounds. No helping. Straight to one house.

UNCLE

What house?

SASHA

That crazy woman. Used to conduct music.

A flicker in The Uncle's face.

UNCLE

Katja!

SASHA

Yeah...Katja. She's got three weird ones with her. THE BOY, THE OPERATOR, and DR. TONE. Doctor of what... no idea.

They cheer. The Uncle leans back. Understands.

UNCLE

He was waiting for me. That corner. Two nights ago.

Sasha raises an eyebrow.

SASHA

That corner...
(a beat)
Adam?

UNCLE
Adam...Siren's husband.

SASHA
That's Adam? Huh... Thought he was
harmless.

UNCLE
He was.

The Uncle drinks up and stands.

UNCLE (CONT'D)
Thank you, Sasha.

He heads for the door.

SASHA
You want me to keep an eye on him?

The Uncle stops. Half turns.

UNCLE
You got something better to do?

He exits. Sasha watches the closed door. A faint smile. Shake his head once. Back to work.

INT. KATJA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

56

The place feels alive. Not polished. Not organized. Lived in. Soft light moves through the walls, reacting to voices, touch, movement. Nothing here ever stays completely still. Everyone exists differently. Someone builds. Someone repairs. Someone watches. Someone sleeps. Half-finished tech sits beside blankets, wires, tools, cracked glass, handwritten notes. Nothing matches. Somehow, it all belongs.

LOU
If we lock the pattern, it holds...

ETHAN
it drifts unless we anchor it.

They build. Break. Rebuild. Nearby, THE OPERATOR leans back in a sculpted chair, a slim matte device spinning once between his fingers. Click. A faint pulse. A trace of vapor. He watches the Boy beside him.

THE OPERATOR

You even know what that was?

THE BOY

Never heard anything like it... Never heard anyone sing before.

A faint smile from the Operator.

THE OPERATOR

Oh, we used to... Not like that.

Adam and Katja talk quietly. We don't hear them. Behind them, faint patterns try to surface across the wall, then dissolve again. Freya stands apart. Still. From her POV, everything feels fast. Connected. She isn't. Her hand rises slowly to her chest, she tries to talk out loud, but it's a whisper.

FREYA

Stop...Stop...

Her arm slips slightly. The world fractures into a high, pure tone. Lights snap. Interfaces collapse. Devices glitch out instantly. Glass trembles—hairline cracks spread. Hands to ears. Bodies recoil. The tone peaks. Silence. A faint, unnatural system tone lingers. A distorted, collapsing frequency—systems trying to recover. Failing, it dies. Freya stands there. Breathing in and out. □ Dr. Tone moves. Not toward her but through the space. He crouches by the cracked glass—runs a finger along it. Checks a dead device. Taps it. Nothing. Moves to another.

□

DR. TONE

No, that's... That's disruption.

He turns the device in his hand.

DR. TONE (CONT'D)

What frequency does that...? That's not in any known range

He stands. Still scanning the room. Finally, he looks at her.

DR. TONE (CONT'D)

WOW...

□ Freya swallows. Quiet. Almost apologizing.

FREYA

I...I need to find my box...I want to know who I am.

Silence. Katja looks at her. Alive again.

KATJA

Oh, Freya...Your box may tell you where you came from...but not who you are.

Katja looks around the damaged room. The cracked glass. The dead systems. Everybody still stunned by what they just felt.

KATJA (CONT'D)

What's inside you...that's something else. Something bigger. You just brought me back to life.

FREYA

It just... comes out of me.

Adam walks toward her. He takes her hand.

ADAM

We all want answers. Why we're here? What happened to us? And even if we find them...will it ever be enough?

He shakes his head slightly. Looks around the room.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Right now... this feels like a chance. A real one. Maybe there's a reason we found each other. To stop hiding. To stop holding everything in.

Freya starts to recognize her innpact, her power, her voice. She shakes up all the fear, and stands tall.

ADAM (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

What you did tonight, that could free people. Free KADAR. Maybe it's time to feel again. Maybe it's time to stop hiding. And maybe your voice...your sound is the key.□

FREYA

But i can't control it.

THE OPERATOR

You will.

The Kids, barely made it. In one cornerThe Boy fades. The Operator stays awake a beat longer. Watching the Boy as he fades. Dr. Tone, Lou and Ethan, are deep asleep, holding advices in hands. Then finally, he leans back. Closes his eyes. Adam sits alone. Looking at the room. Thinking. Katja moves. No announcement. She grabs a stack of thin blankets from a wall compartment, turns and tosses one at Adam. It hits, he catches it late.

KATJA

Get some rest.

She moves to Freya. Holds a blanket, she pauses, and looks at her. A shift.

KATJA (CONT'D)

We share.

She drapes it over both of them. Settles beside her. Alert even at rest. Freya doesn't resist.

FREYA

Kantja... do you think you could conduct my voice. This way, i might learn how to use...controle it.

KATJA (CONT'D)

I would love to FREYA...

FREYA

Good!

EXT. KADAR — LATE NIGHT

57

KADAR sleeps. Silent. Untouchable. But Freya's voice is still moving through the city. And this was only a fraction of it. For the smallest moment, KADAR skips a beat. A faint vibration passes through the endless structures of the city. Lights disappear. Return instantly. Far outside KADAR, the DEATH WALL stands endless and seamless in the dark, except now, a thin crack runs across the surface. Small, barely visible. But real. Inside The Lord's penthouse, seamless walls tremble before correcting themselves. In SASHA'S BAR, bottles hum softly on old shelves. Sasha shifts in his chair, but doesn't wake. The Uncle slowly lifts his head from a table covered in unfinished mechanical helpers.

Something interrupted the city. High above KADAR, adaptive

55.

interiors inside the SKYHOUSE reconfigure in perfect precision, until one pattern fails to complete. Just once. VASILIA's eyes open. Sharp. Still. Listening. Sensing something. Silence again. KADAR sleeps on, unaware something powerful just answered back.

EXT. FORMER ZONE3 SITE – DAWN

58

A cleared space. Cold. Functional. A sign stands: ZONE3 **-THE LORD-** walks through frame. Annoyed.

THE LORD

What the hell is that. Switch it off.

No one reacts fast enough.

THE LORD (CONT'D)

It's bad enough I had to cross Zone2.
Now I'm standing in Zone3?

He gestures, disgusted.

THE LORD

Move it... This is Zone2 now.

Workers step in. They don't remove the sign. They destroy it. Clean and efficient. Fragments fall. Gone. A new structure rises. Fast.

LORD'S TERRITORY – ZONE2 – CONTINUES

59

The Lord watches. Satisfied. Behind him, movement. A column advances. Uniforms. Controlled. They move as one body, but not performed. Functional. Inevitable. The Lord turns. Sees them. Adjusts slightly. They stop. All at once. Vasila steps out from within the formation. She was always there. She walks straight toward him.

VASILA

Oh... Lord.

She passes him, already dismissing him.

VASILA (CONT'D)

You talk slow... You move slow... Your business is slow.

THE LORD

Good morning, Vasila.

No response. She studies the space, unimpressed.

VASILA

This is the new TECH BUILDING.

THE LORD

Yes... I build the hardware... you're
the software.

A small look from her. Dry.

VASILA

Of course you are.

(beat)

Software's ready... waiting.

She turns, already done.

VASILA (CONT'D)

Let's go.

EXT. ZONE3 - EDGE OF STREET - CONTINUOUS

60

The formation marches with machine precision. Gold-tinted metal flashes beneath the city lights, almost like choreography without music. Vasila glides through the center of it all. Elegant. Controlled. Untouchable. The others move like force. The Boss barely has to.

VASILA

(to an enforcer)

This... gone. That... gone. All of
it... We rebuild clean.

She keeps walking. Eyes ahead.

VASILA (CONT'D)

One. Two.

A faint look toward the damaged sector.

VASILA

No three.

EXT. SASHA'S BAR - CONTINUOUS

61

VASILA turns the corner, Stops. SASHA'S BAR. The formation behind her freezes instantly. For the first time, something shifts in Vasila. Not fear. Something older. A memory she buried a long time ago. Behind her, the enforcers remain perfectly still. One wrong move and fear would show beneath the shields. Sasha stands outside the bar, leaning against the wall, arms crossed. Already watching her. Already judging

the whole thing.

VASILA

Sasha.

SASHA

Morning glory.

The air is thick. She steps closer. Studies him.

VASILA

You don't look as good as you used to.

SASHA

Hard life. You know better.

VASILA

How's business?

SASHA

Better than ever. More problems, more liquor.

VASILA

Well, I don't have problems. Can I still get some liquor?

Sasha pours. Hands her the glass. She drinks. Holds the moment a second too long.

VASILA (CONT'D)

You still haven't stepped into ZONE1, have you?

SASHA

No need, ma'am. No need.

She hands the glass back.

VASILA

Looks like your bar just got a little closer to ZONE1. Fancy

SASHA

Yeah. I heard. Can't wait.

VASILA

Have a good day, Sasha.

She turns. Walks away. Then glances back over her shoulder.

VASILA (CONT'D)
Can't believe I had a crush on you.

She keeps walking, straight into someone. Impact. The enforcers snap instantly. Hands ready.

VASILA
"Wha..."

The enforcers snap instantly. Hands ready. Before she can finish— Vasila lifts one hand. The enforcers freeze. Vasila looks up.

VASILA (CONT'D)
Adam?

ADAM
Vasila.

Her eyes shift— to Freya. A pause. Longer than it should be. Freya meets her gaze. Something holds. A strange flicker behind Vasila's eyes. Almost recognition. Almost fear. Then it's gone.

VASILA
They're not kids anymore... Huh.

Just like that, the moment buried.

VASILA (CONT'D)
So... How've you been Adam?

ADAM
Good.

VASILA
What brings you to ZONE3?

ADAM
You know me. Helping out.

VASILA
Yeah... Adam with the big heart.

She glances around theatrically, leans in slightly.

VASILA (CONT'D)
I'll tell you a secret... There will be no ZONE3 anymore. You'r safe here.

ADAM

Oh. Good to know.

VASILA

You need to get yourself a new hobby,
Adam. See? No one's gonna need your
help anymore.

ADAM

Gotta go.

VASILA

Of course you do.

He disappears into the crowd. Vasila watches him leave. For a moment, something unsettles her. She turns. Ahead, rows of crumbling ZONE3 shelters. Families. Old workers. Children watching from broken windows.

VASILA (CONT'D)

God... Start with these Shistholes.

The enforcers move instantly. Metal doors ripped open. People dragged outside. Confused. Terrified. Vasila watches it all without blinking.

VASILA (CONT'D)

***They'll thank me later. No one should
live like this.***

Behind her, white demolition lights bloom through the streets. A low mechanical hum rises across ZONE3. Windows go dark. One by one.

The destruction spreads block by block through the district. People rush through the streets carrying bags, children, whatever they can hold. Metal shutters slam shut. Somewhere in the distance

A BUILDING COLLAPSES.

Adam pushes through the chaos, searching. Then spots Freya.

ADAM

Freya!

He grabs her arm immediately.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Come on. Let's go.

FREYA
What's happening?

ADAM
Move.

He pulls her through the crowd fast.

FREYA
You and Vasila know each other?

ADAM
Not now.

FREYA
Adam...

ADAM
Freya. Move.

The mechanical hum grows louder behind them. Rows of white demolition lights sweep deeper into ZONE 3 like an approaching storm. They move farther inward. The chaos slowly changes. Fewer people. Darker streets. Older buildings. The sounds of destruction become more distant now – but never disappear. Then – Freya suddenly stops.

ADAM (CONT'D)
What are you doing?

Half buried beneath dust and debris, an old dark coat. Worn. Faded. Something about it pulls her in instantly. Freya kneels carefully. Lifts it from the rubble. Her fingers tighten around the fabric. A strange stillness moves through her. Almost comfort. Almost grief. Without thinking – she brings the coat closer. Breathes in the scent. Old smoke. Dust. Something familiar buried deep inside her memory.

ADAM (CONT'D)
Freya.

No response.

ADAM (CONT'D)
We gotta go. Now.

He pulls her back to her feet. Freya keeps hold of the coat. They disappear deeper into the dying streets of ZONE 3 as the demolition lights continue swallowing the district behind them.

61.

INT. KATJA'S HOUSE

62

BANG. BANG. BANG. Fists hammer violently against the metal door outside.

OPERATOR (O.S.)

I'm sorry! We can't help you!

Another BANG. The Operator cracks the door open. Outside – terrified families covered in dust. Children crying. People carrying bags, blankets, whatever survived the demolition.

MAN

Please! They took our whole block!

OPERATOR

Go deeper into Zone 3!

WOMAN

Please...

OPERATOR

Go!

He starts closing the door – then suddenly notices: Adam. Freya. The coat. A beat. The Operator immediately opens the door wider.

OPERATOR (CONT'D)

Get in. Now.

Adam and Freya rush inside. The Operator SLAMS the door shut behind them. Locks it immediately. Turns – And there she is. Katja. Completely transformed. Hair pulled back sharply. Elegant. Focused. A dark conductor-style smoking jacket wraps around her thin frame like armor. Alive again.

KATJA

Come on, come on, come on! Let's go, let's go!

She clears equipment off a table quickly. Adam and Freya stop for half a second. Just staring at her. This is not the broken woman they met before. This is somebody else entirely. Then Katja notices – the coat in Freya's hands. Just a small look. Nothing more. But something flickers behind her eyes. Adam barely notices any of it. He rushes straight toward the kids.

ADAM

I'm okay. I'm okay.

behind his eyes. Outside – another distant COLLAPSE. The walls tremble slightly.

KATJA
They started early.

ADAM
Yeah. I noticed.

The Operator steps forward slowly.

OPERATOR
This isn't demolition anymore.

Adam looks at him.

OPERATOR (CONT'D)
This is war.

FREYA
You and Vasila know each other?

The room quiets slightly. Adam exhales slowly. He didn't want this conversation. Not now. But there's no escaping it anymore.

ADAM
...We were kids back then.

Freya waits.

ADAM (CONT'D)
Vasila used to be my wife's best friend.

FREYA
What?

ADAM
Before all this...

He looks around the room. The screens. The panic. The dying city outside.

ADAM (CONT'D)
She wasn't the same person.

Katja slowly steps closer. Listening carefully now. Her eyes drift toward the coat again. Fragments flash behind her eyes:

A face on the floor. Blood. Beautiful face. Still. Vasila

screaming somewhere nearby. Katja backing away. Running. Katja goes pale. Nobody notices except The Boy. He watches her carefully. The room slowly erupts into overlapping voices.

OPERATOR

We can't just sit here waiting for them.

DR. TONE

If we shut the surveillance grid down, we blind half the city.

ETHAN

We already cracked part of the military network.

LOU

They don't even know we're inside yet.

KATJA

Then we stop them before they reach the lower sectors.

FREYA

I just want answers.

Everybody speaking over each other now. Noise. Chaos. Fear. And through all of it – The Boy quietly watches Freya. Watching her breathe. Then finally.

THE BOY

We fight with sound.

Silence. Nobody moves. Nobody speaks. For the first time, everyone turns toward him. The Boy looks directly at Freya.

THE BOY (CONT'D)

Her voice.

Freya stares back at him. Something shifts in the room. Not fear anymore. Purpose. Freya slowly looks down at the coat in her hands. Her fingers tighten around the fabric.

FREYA

Someone risked everything for me.

Silence.

FREYA (CONT'D)

People are dying out there.

Demolition lights flicker across the monitors behind her.

FREYA
If my voice can stop this... stop the
hurting... stop all of this...

She looks around the room. At Adam. The kids. Katja, and at
The Boy.

FREYA (CONT'D)
...then I'll risk anything.

Silence. Katja steps toward her slowly. Alive. Focused.
Certain.

KATJA
You asked me to help you control your
voice.

Freya looks at her.

KATJA (CONT'D)
No.

A beat.

KATJA (CONT'D)
Your voice was never meant to be
controlled.

Silence. Outside, another distant collapse. The walls
tremble. Adam looks at the screens. The destruction. The
smoke. The dying city.

ADAM
Maybe it's time somebody brought sound
back to KADAR.

The room quiets. Adam looks at Freya.

ADAM (CONT'D)
Because you can shut people up. But
you can't silence every voice.

INT. SKYHOUSE — COMMAND LEVEL — MOMENTS LATER

63

Chaos. Huge holographic screens flicker across the giant
command floor. Feeds cut in and out. Maps glitch. Static
everywhere. KADAR Enforcers rush through the room in gold
steel tactical suits with black mirrored helmets. One visor
dies. TECH South feed's gone!

UNCLE
Bring it back!

TECH 1
We're trying!

Another screen cuts black. STATIC. Emergency lights pulse softly through the room now. The Uncle moves fast through the chaos. For the first time, he looks nervous.

UNCLE
Did anybody check the wall?!

No answer!

UNCLE (CONT'D)
Show me the Wall... Now!

SLAM. The giant doors burst open. Vasila enters with Narrators behind her. Cold. Sharp. Dangerous. An Enforcer stands directly in her path. Helmet off. Young. Human, but completely frozen. Not moving. Vasila stops. Looks at him.

VASILA
Move.

Nothing. She steps closer now.

VASILA (CONT'D)
What the fuck is wrong with you?

Still nothing. The Enforcer's eyes twitch slightly, but his body won't react. A beat.

Then —

Vasila kicks hard into the side of his knee. CRACK. The Enforcer collapses instantly to the floor. Still unable to move. The room goes dead silent. Vasila slowly looks around now. Broken screens. Glitching systems, and frozen feeds. For the first time — something about this unsettles even her. She walks toward the Uncle fast.

VASILA (CONT'D)
I step out and chaos rushes in?

UNCLE
Something's wrong with the system.

VASILA
Oh, is that so?

A beat.

VASILA (CONT'D)
And what exactly does "wrong" mean?

UNCLE
Cameras are down. Feeds are dying...

While he talks, she barely even looks at him. Her eyes constantly move: screens, maps, glitching feeds. Watching everything. Calculating. Then — a giant holographic screen flickers on beside her. The Lord. No sound. Just panic. He screams at people off-screen. Points violently toward unfinished towers outside massive panoramic windows. Half-built structures. The new Tech Center still incomplete. The feed glitches hard. Gone. Vasila watches the disappearing screen for one second.

VASILA
Pathetic.

She keeps moving.

UNCLE
Somebody might be inside the system.

Another screen glitches violently behind them. Vasila stops. Then turns on the room.

VASILA
Out.

Nobody moves fast enough.

VASILA (CONT'D)
Everybody out. Now!

The room breaks into motion. Techs grab equipment. Narrators rush out. Enforcers move quickly through the chaos. The Uncle moves with the others.

VASILA
Not you.

The Uncle stops immediately. The giant doors SLAM shut behind everyone else. Silence. Another hologram collapses into static light. Vasila stares at the collapsing feeds. Thinking. Watching.

Then —

VASILA (CONT'D)
What the hell is wrong with you? Did
you forget your helpers or what?

UNCLE
I got this. I got this under control.

VASILA
Yeah. I can see that.

UNCLE
I can't explain it.

He looks around the room.

UNCLE (CONT'D)
Something happened. I think it's
coming from Zone 3

Vasila slowly turns toward him. Thinking.

VASILA
...Zone 3.

A beat.

VASILA (CONT'D)
Stay here... I'll be right back.

Before he can answer, she walks across the giant command
floor toward a hidden side corridor. The Uncle watches her.

INT. SKYHOUSE — PRIVATE CONTROL ROOM — CONTINUOUS

64

Silence. A hidden chamber buried inside Skyhouse. Black
glass, gold light and seamless walls. No visible technology.
Only a single dark console floating at the Center of the
room. Waiting. Vasila steps forward. The door seals behind
her. She closes her eyes.

A haunting high tone escapes her chest. Not singing. Not
words. A pure emotional frequency. Controlled. Beautiful.
Painful.

Soft golden lines pulse beneath the black glass. The room
wakes up. A holographic interface slowly rises into the air.
The system recognizes her. Vasila opens her eyes. Calm again.
She softly touches the hologram. RESET.

69.

INT. SKYHOUSE — COMMAND LEVEL — SAME TIME 65

The room stabilizes. Holographic projections reconnect across the command floor. Distorted light reshapes itself through the air. Movement returns. The Uncle slowly looks around. Even the Narrators stop. Something just changed.

INT. SKYHOUSE — PRIVATE CONTROL ROOM — CONTINUOUS 66

Silence again. Vasila lowers her hand slowly. Breathing. Thinking. Something hits her. That girl. Adam. The face. Too old to be Lou. And always — where was the twin brother? Vasila slowly looks up. Realization spreading across her face.

VASILA
...She's alive.

INT. SKYHOUSE — COMMAND LEVEL — MOMENTS LATER 67

The hidden door opens. Vasila steps back into the room. Everything is stable again. The Uncle turns toward her immediately. Vasila walks slowly toward him. Locked in thought.

VASILA
You never asked me what I was looking
for in Zone 3.

UNCLE
You'd tell me when the time was right.

Vasila stops directly in front of him.

VASILA
That's right... that's what you said.
Well. Now...the goddamn time is right.

She walks past him. The Uncle slowly turns after her. Trying to understand what he's about to hear.

INT. KATJA'S HOUSE 68

The house is quieter now. Focused. Low voices in the background. Adam pulls a hood over his head and throws an empty backpack over his shoulder. Freya watches him carefully.

FREYA
See you in two hours.

ADAM

Yeah. And if I'm not... You know what to do.

The room goes quiet.

KATJA

Oh, hell no... Two hours. Okay?

A look back, and he disappears into the night.

EXT. ZONE 2 / ZONE 3 BORDER – EVENING

69

Adam moves through the crowded streets beneath the glow of KADAR. Head low beneath a dark futuristic coat. Watching. Listening. The city feels different tonight. Not loud. But restless. Above the skyline – massive holographic city transmissions drift across the evening sky. Distorted. Delayed. Not as perfect as usual. People notice. Whispers move through the streets faster than the broadcasts themselves.

ZONE 2 MAN

You saw that?

ZONE 2 WOMAN

You mean the guy who didn't move?

ZONE 2 GUY

Yeah.

ZONE 2 WOMAN

She kicked him.

ZONE 2 MAN

That's what I heard.

A nearby group watches fragments of the state transmission through thin holographic glasses. The signal shifts strangely for half a second. Enough. Rumors explode instantly.

Adam keeps moving through the crowd. Thinking. Without realizing it, he softly hums two tiny notes under his breath. Barely audible. He instantly stops himself. Looks around. Habit. Fear. But then, something hits him. He knows exactly why he just did that.

Somewhere far away – a low vibration rolls through KADAR. Tiny. Almost like the city itself just breathed. People stop. Look toward Skyhouse. Even Adam turns. Far above the skyline, the holographic light surrounding Skyhouse shifts unnaturally

for one brief second. Then stabilizes again. The whispers grow louder. Further ahead, KADAR Enforcers push displaced Zone 3 families through the streets. Children. Bags. Old people. An Enforcer shoves a man forward.

ENFORCER

Move.

But this time – people from Zone 2 don't just look away.

ZONE 2 WOMAN

Don't push so hard... these are...

ENFORCER

Keep walking.

ZONE 2 MAN

Is this temporary?

The Enforcer turns toward them immediately. Tension. Nobody backs down right away. Adam watches all of it while moving through the crowd. And for the first time in years – there's something in his face. Hope.

INT. ADAM'S APARTMENT – EVENING

70

The door slides shut behind him. Adam moves through the apartment quickly. Focused. He grabs a bag, and starts packing. Tools, papers, and a flashlight. Old devices. Outside – the distant noise of KADAR drifts through the walls. Military transports. Voices. Movement.

The city feels awake tonight. Adam zips the bag shut. His eyes land on that giant wall clock glowing across the apartment. 6:43. The seconds move perfectly. Cold. Precise. Every time Adam leaves this apartment, he leaves on time. Always. But tonight, something feels different. His eyes slowly shift away from the clock... toward the desk nearby. Maps, photos, and Zone sketches. Years of obsession scattered across the surface. And there – a photograph of Siren. Smiling. Wearing the same coat Freya carried earlier.

Adam slowly walks toward it now. Picks up the photo. Thinking. Zone 3. The coat. Freya. Everything starts connecting. Adam stares at the picture for a long moment. Then looks back toward the clock. 6:41. The seconds continue moving. Perfect. Controlled. Adam exhales.

ADAM

Fuck it.

He drops the photo back onto the desk. Grabs the bag. And walks out.

EXT. ZONE 3 STREETS — NIGHT

71

Dark streets. What's left of Zone 3 is asleep. Far in the distance, demolition lights glow against the night sky. Adam moves carefully through narrow streets with the backpack over his shoulder. Focused. Nervous. Every sound makes him look back. He turns a corner fast, and almost crashes into someone. Sasha. Leaning against a wall like he's been standing there all night.

SASHA

Yo.

ADAM

Jesus Christ.

SASHA

Adam... right?

Adam immediately keeps walking.

ADAM

That would be me. Hi, and Goodby.

Sasha casually walks beside him.

SASHA

Yeah, I heard about you.

ADAM

I'm famous now huh... Would love to have a chat with you, but, I don't have time.

SASHA

Where you headed?

ADAM

Home.

SASHA

At this hour?

Adam keeps moving.

SASHA (CONT'D)

Come on, man. You can't fool me.

Adam finally stops. Looks at him.

ADAM
What do you want?

SASHA
Nothing.

ADAM
Nothing is good!

SASHA
Something's going on in that house.

Adam reacts immediately. Too fast. Sasha notices.

SASHA (CONT'D)
Yeah. There it is.

ADAM
Look, I really don't have time.
Besides. Vasila and you... didn't
you...?

Sasha immediately rolls his eyes.

SASHA
Are you serious? We were kids. That
girl... is gone - long time ago.

A beat.

SASHA (CONT'D)
That woman now... She threw me outta
the military. You don't say NO to her.

ADAM
You would look good in golden steel
golden Steel.

The two men fall into laughter while walking side by side
now.

SASHA
So. What's going on...in that house?

Adam is trying to decide what to do, but then.

SASHA (CONT'D)
You know what? I don't like to be
pushed around.

He looks out toward the glowing city.

SASHA (CONT'D)
Push me ones...but you not gonna push
me twice. And definitely not to Zone
2.

ADAM
Could be worse.

SASHA
Huh... Zone 1? Never bin there. Never
will

He shakes his head, looks back at Adam now. His face shifts.

SASHA (CONT'D)
This time... I'am pushing back. What
ever it takes.

INT. SKYHOUSE — PRIVATE CONTROL CHAMBER — CONTINUOUS 72

The chamber door slides open. Vasila remains inside the
darkness of the chamber. The Uncle looks at her.

UNCLE
I got it handled.

He turns immediately and walks.

INT. SKYHOUSE — INNER CORRIDOR — CONTINUOUS 73

The Uncle keeps moving through the corridor. Snaps his
fingers.

UNCLE
You. You. You. Coming with me.

Three Enforcers instantly fall in behind him. No questions.

INT. LORD'S PROPERTY — NEW TECH DEVISION — NIGHT 74

Half-finished luxury towers rise above Zone 2. Too polished.
Too empty. The Uncle walks toward the entrance with the three
Enforcers behind him.

Inside —

The Lord sits alone surrounded by floating architectural
projections and unfinished sales models. Sweating. Drinking.
Trying to contact someone through a collapsing holographic

feed.Nothing works. The doors slide open. The Lord instantly jumps up.

THE BOY

Oh. Hi. Hi, hi. What's going on up there? Because I'm trying to figure out what the hell these idiots are doing and...

The Uncle keeps walking. Doesn't stop. The Enforcers spread through the room behind him. The Lord keeps talking.

THE LORD (CONT'D)

Nobody knows how to work anymore. Get me people from Zone 3. I'll fix this whole damn thing myself-

UNCLE

Stop.

Silence. The Lord immediately shuts up. The Uncle slowly looks around the unfinished division. Then back at him.

UNCLE (CONT'D)

Last call.

THE LORD

I'm working on it, I...

UNCLE

Vasila says hello.

That lands. Hard. The Lord forces a nervous smile.

THE LORD

Look, things got complicated-

UNCLE

Faster, Lord.

A beat.

UNCLE (CONT'D)

F. A. S. T. E. R, Faster.

THE LORD

Yeah.Yeah, okay. Absolutely.

The Uncle turns and walks out. The Enforcers follow. The Lord stands there alone now. Smaller than before.

76.

EXT. NEW TECH DIVISION – CONTINUES

75

The Uncle walks out of the unfinished division. The three Enforcers immediately follow behind him. The doors seal shut behind them. The Uncle keeps walking.

UNCLE

Go back to Skyhouse.

The Enforcers stop immediately.

UNCLE (CONT'D)

No sleep for nobody tonight.

The Enforcers salut once. Sharp. Synchronized. The Uncle keeps walking alone.

EXT. ZONE 2 STREETS – NIGHT

76

The Uncle moves through the restless streets of KADAR. Zone 2 workers drift through the night in matching anthracite layers and silver steel reflections beneath the city glow. Tired faces. Controlled lives. Above them, state projections move silently across the buildings. Perfect. Too perfect. The Uncle keeps walking. Hands in his coat pockets. Thinking.

Ahead, a worn neon symbol glows between old concrete walls. SASHA'S LIQUOR HOUSE. The Uncle heads toward it without slowing down.

INT. SASHA'S LIQUOR HOUSE – NIGHT

77

A few exhausted workers drift half-asleep across scattered tables beneath dim projections and smoke. The Uncle enters. Nobody reacts. He walks behind the counter, grabs a bottle and pours himself a drink. Drinks immediately. That was needed.

He moves toward the back room. Empty. No Sasha. That catches him. The Liquor House is quiet. Something feels wrong. He pours another one. VASILA

A young Vasila laughing somewhere long ago. Siren. The girl. The death wall. The voice.

FLASH.

Rain pours across the pavement beneath Skyhouse. SIREN'S BODY lies twisted against the black stone while young Vasila screams somewhere in the distance. The Uncle kneels beside the body, frozen for one impossible second.

Further back near the entrance of Skyhouse, a woman stands motionless in the shadows. Watching. Terrified. For a brief beat she doesn't move. She quickly disappears back inside the house before the Enforcers arrive.

BACK TO SCENE.

The Uncle takes another slow sip. Holding something in.

FLASH.

Rain again. Emergency lights wash across a crushed transport vehicle buried in twisted metal and shattered glass.

His brother. His brother's wife. Gone. The realization hits him harder than the rain ever could. His fault. Pain. Guilt.

BACK TO SCENE.

Another drink. Thinking. ADAM. Sasha's voice somewhere earlier - "He keeps going back to that crazy woman's house." Zone 3. KATJA.

The glass slips from his hand. SMASH. Nobody even reacts.

UNCLE

Don't get too comfortable.

He brushes his wrist lightly across the counter. A soft payment pulse moves beneath the surface. Done.

UNCLE (CONT'D)

Better start looking for another liquor house.

He walks out. Then, almost to himself -

UNCLE (CONT'D)

What a fucking mess.

(A beat.)

We're gonna need a lot of liquor.

EXT. ZONE 3 STREETS - NIGHT

78

Adam moves through the sleeping streets of Zone 3. Dark. Quiet. The deeper he walks, the stranger the air feels. A low vibration hums somewhere above the streets. Adam looks up. One of the silent transit lines glides across the night sky between the towers. The holographic projections around it flicker briefly. Then stabilize again. Adam keeps walking. The vibration grows stronger now. Almost alive. Ahead -

78.

Katja's house. Faint light behind the old windows. Adam reaches the door. Listens. A strange frequency pulses through the surface. Not music. Something else. Something dangerous. Adam pushes the door open.

EXT. KATJA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

79

Adam approaches the house. The vibration is stronger here. Not loud. Felt.

A strange frequency moving through the air. On a nearby corner, the OLD LADY sits beside her small food cart. A few sandwiches. A pot of potatoes. Just enough to survive. She hums softly to herself. Adam notices her. Normally he'd stop. Drop a few coins. Exchange a few words. Not tonight. His thoughts are somewhere else. The old lady watches him pass. Still humming. Adam reaches the door. Another vibration. Stronger. The old lady stops humming. Looks toward Katja's house. Adam follows her gaze. Concern returns. He pushes the door open.

INT. KATJA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

80

The vibration changes immediately. Contained. But barely. In one corner, FREYA trains inside an unfinished sound booth. The Boy works beside her, adding another panel. Katja stands nearby. Conductor's baton in one hand. Frequency scanner in the other. Completely focused. The Boy continues building. Every now and then his hands drift through the air while he works.

Across the room, The Operator monitors floating city projections. Military movement. Traffic. Frequency spikes. Nearby, Dr. Tone studies a series of scans. Ethan and Lou sleep on the floor beside him. Blueprints and sketches scattered around them. Adam checks on the boys. Still asleep.

DR. TONE

Sleeping. Smart kids.

The Operator looks up.

OPERATOR

Well... that's new. The Doc. likes people

He works a projection.

OPERATOR (CONT'D)

Three military sweeps just changed direction. Another scan.

OPERATOR (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
Either somebody finally got promoted... or somebody's getting nervous.

Freya pushes a little harder. The room vibrates. A glass trembles. A projection flickers. The Operator checks another feed. Raises an eyebrow.

OPERATOR
Okay. Now they're definitely nervous. Only now does Katja notice Adam.

KATJA
Adam. You're back.

ADAM
Yeh.

His eyes move from Freya... to the unfinished booth...to Katja.

ADAM (CONT'D)
This is gonna get us all killed.

OPERATOR
That's right. A killing voice.

Freya opens one eye. Not amused. The Operator shrugs. Adam takes a step toward her.

ADAM
Freya. I need to ask you something.

FREYA
What?

ADAM
The coat.

Freya looks at him. Adam doesn't look away.

ADAM (CONT'D)
The day you found it. Why did you stop for it?

Freya looks at the coat. A distant memory.

FREYA
Because it belonged to her.

ADAM

Who?

FREYA

The woman who used to visit us. She brought food, medicine, books.

Adam doesn't move.

FREYA (CONT'D)

She helped Georg and Margarita whenever she could... Sometimes she'd disappear for weeks. Then she'd come back. Always carrying that coat. She wore it when she crossed the border... Covered. Nobody ever really saw her.

Freya touches the fabric.

FREYA (CONT'D)

When I was little, she'd wrap me in it whenever it got cold. I used to think it was magic.

The room falls silent. Katja listens. The Boy stops working. Even the Operator looks up. Adam stares at the coat.

ADAM

That coat belonged to my wife.

FREYA

Your wife?

ADAM

Siren. My wife... Ethan and Lou's mother.

Freya tries to process it.

FREYA

The woman in the pictures. I knew her face looked familiar.

A beat. Then realization.

FREYA (CONT'D)

That means... every time she crossed into Zone 3 she was coming from you.

Adam says nothing. Because he just realized the same thing. Every trip. Every risk. Every disappearance. His wife wasn't

wandering. She was coming here to Freya.

Katja slowly lowers the frequency scanner. A thought crosses her face. Gone as quickly as it appeared. She says nothing. The Boy looks at Freya. The Operator looks at Adam. Nobody knows what to say.

ADAM

They told me she took her own life.

Adam looks toward Ethan and Lou. Still asleep.

ADAM (CONT'D)

She loved those kids more than anything. She would've never left them.

MONTAGE — THE NIGHT BEFORE MORNING

EXT. KADAR STREETS — LATE NIGHT

81

The Uncle walks home alone. The city is quieter now, but not asleep. A holographic device floats beside him. Names. Locations. Connections. Fragments of a puzzle. He rearranges information as he walks. Searching for a pattern. Something is coming. He can feel it.

INT. UNCLE'S APARTMENT — LATE NIGHT

82

A holographic board expands before him. Reports. Photographs. Witness statements. The Uncle studies them. Thinking. Reminiscing.

EXT. LORD'S PROPERTY — LATE NIGHT

83

The Lord sits alone outside his estate. A drink untouched beside him. Sweat glistens on his forehead. The city beyond the walls feels different tonight. Too quiet. Too awake. People are acting strange.

Movement catches his eye. The OLD LADY slowly walks past the property. Humming. The same melody as always. The Lord watches her. Annoyed. Uneasy.

THE LORD

For God's sake.

The old lady keeps walking. Still humming. Never looking back.

82.

EXT. SKYHOUSE — LATE NIGHT — SAME TIME 84

High above KADAR — Vasila sits alone at the edge of the Skyhouse. The exact place where Siren fell. The city stretches endlessly beneath her. Silent. Vast. She watches the lights.

A beat.

Then another. Something feels wrong. She taps her fingers against her knee, looking toward Zone 3. Then toward Zone 2. Then toward the Wall. Listening. Waiting. A faint smile.

VASILA
Nobody loves you like I do.

INT. SASHA'S LIQUOR HOUSE — LATE NIGHT — SAME TIME 85

The house is empty. Chairs stacked like teeth. Sasha finishes cleaning. He reaches into his pocket. Pulls out a small holographic token. A glowing word appears: VACATION

Sasha smirks. Nobody in KADAR gets a vacation. He flips the token shut. Heads toward the back room. Already planning.

INT. KATJA'S HOUSE — LATE NIGHT — SAME TIME 86

Ethan and Lou sleep beside Dr. Tone. Blueprints and sketches scattered around them. The Death Wall. Routes. Calculations. Dr. Tone studies the plans. Working. Watching. Protecting. Across the room — Adam glances toward the children. A small smile appears. Then he's lost in thought again.

INT. KATJA'S HOUSE — LATE NIGHT — SAME TIME 87

Freya stands before a cracked mirror. She slowly ties her hair back. The frightened girl is fading. Something stronger remains.

INT. KATJA'S HOUSE — LATE NIGHT — SAME TIME 88

Katja places her baton down. A thought crosses her mind. Then she pushes it away. She picks the baton back up. Focus returns. Work continues.

INT. KATJA'S HOUSE — LATE NIGHT — SAME TIME 89

The Boy keeps building the unfinished sound booth. Every now and then his hands drift through empty air. Precise, natural, almost musical. He glances toward Freya. Then returns to work.

INT. UNCLE'S APARTMENT - MORNING

90

The Uncle stands before a mirror, studying his reflection. For a moment, something shifts behind his eyes. A memory. A feeling. Something he doesn't want. His gaze hardens. He rolls up his sleeve, revealing a series of faint lights glowing beneath the skin of his forearm. His little helper.

He presses one. A pulse of light travels beneath the skin. Whatever was there a moment ago fades away. He lowers the sleeve and adjusts his collar. A moment later, he sits to put on his shoes. As he ties the laces, his eyes drift toward a holographic calendar floating nearby. One date glows brighter than the rest. ANNIVERSARY.

Two names beneath it. The Uncle pauses. Just for a moment. Then he finishes tying the shoe. Before standing, he taps his wrist. A holographic call appears. SASHA. The connection opens. A tropical beach, palm trees, and bright sun. VACATION. The Uncle stares at it. Disconnects. He slips into his jacket and heads for the door.

EXT. ZONE 2 STREETS - MORNING

91

The streets are almost empty. The Uncle walks, and tries again. SASHA. The same hologram appears. VACATION. He keeps walking.

A beat.

He tries again. VACATION. Again. VACATION. Near the corner of a building, THE OLD WOMAN sits wrapped in layers of worn clothing. A small kettle steams beside her. She quietly hums to herself. Not sad. Not happy. Something in between. Something hopeful.

As the Uncle passes, their eyes meet. A brief moment. Nothing is said. The Uncle glances at the floating hologram. VACATION. He shakes his head.

UNCLE
Fuck you, vacation.

The call disappears. The Old Woman watches him continue down the street. Still humming.

INT. MEMORIAL ARCHIVE - MORNING - CONTINUOUS

92

A vast hall stretches into the distance. Thousands of names float in columns of light. The Uncle approaches a memorial station. A holographic interface appears before him. SEARCH

RECORD. He enters two names. For a moment, nothing happens. Then a beam of light appears. He steps forward.

INT. MEMORIAL CHAMBER - CONTINUOUS

93

Two holographic memorials glow softly in the darkness. The Uncle stops. The first memorial comes alive. His brother. Young. Laughing. A memory from another life. The Uncle appears beside him in the recording. Both younger. Both smiling. The memory flickers away. Another replaces it.

His brother sits on the floor helping a young VASILA build something. The little girl laughs. Her father laughs with her. The memory fades. The second memorial brightens. His sister-in-law appears. Beautiful. Happy.

A wedding. She laughs as she pulls her new husband onto a dance floor. Another memory. Young Vasila runs into her arms. Her mother lifts her off the ground. Spins her around. The memorials continue their silent loop. A family. Happy. Gone.

The Uncle watches. For a long moment, he says nothing. Then he closes his eyes. Remembering.

Suddenly- A hologram appears beside him. VASILA.

VASILA

Hey. Where the hell are...

She stops. Sees the memorials.

A beat.

VASILA (CONT'D)

Oh no. That's sad. Why didn't you call me? I would've held your hand.

The Uncle raises an eyebrow. VASILA looks at the memories. Her father. Her mother. Her younger self.

VASILA

Oh, Right. It's the anniversary. That's really sad.

A beat.

VASILA (CONT'D)

You know what? Fuck that. They're already dead. Now get your ass back to Skyhouse. This place is going down, and unless you wanna go down with

(MORE)

VASILA (CONT'D)
it... Move. Now.

UNCLE
All right. I'm on my way.

VASILA
Good.

The hologram disappears. The Uncle takes one last look at the memorials. Then turns and walks away.

INT. MEMORIAL ARCHIVE - CONTINUOUS 94

The Uncle exits the chamber. As he walks, he taps his wrist.
SASHA. VACATION.

UNCLE
Oh, fuck you.

INT. SKYHOUSE - MORNING 95

Chaos. Enforcers rush through the corridors. Holographic reports flash across the walls. Warning messages. System failures. Security alerts. Nobody seems to know what's happening. The elevator doors open. The Uncle steps out. Vasila spots him immediately.

VASILA
Look who's here. Good morning.

She points at the floating reports.

VASILA (CONT'D)
What the fuck is going on? You're not doing your job.

UNCLE
I'm working on it.

VASILA
Work faster. Because whatever this is—
I want it fixed.

She turns and starts walking away. Then stops. Points at a group of Enforcers struggling to maintain order.

VASILA (CONT'D)
And take care of your Enforcers.
That's also your job. And right now—
You're failing at it.

The Uncle says nothing. Vasila is already moving. Thinking. Calculating. Searching for a solution.

VASILA

I'll handle this myself. For fuck's sake.

She disappears down the corridor. The Uncle watches her go. Something isn't right. He can feel it.

INT. PRIVATE CHAMBER - MORNING

96

The chamber comes alive. Lights pulse across the walls. The reset sequence begins. Vasila stands at the center of the room. Calm. Confident. She has done this a thousand times.

A sound leaves her lips. The room responds. Energy ripples. Everything appears normal.

Then— CRACK.

The signal breaks apart. Something pushes back. She tries again. Stronger this time. The walls respond.

Then again— CRACK.

Silence. Vasila stares at the controls. Another attempt. This time she pushes harder. The sound grows. The room trembles.

VASILA

Come on.

Then— CRACK.

Nothing. Vasila exhales. Annoyed. She studies the diagnostics. Everything is green. Everything is functioning. Still nothing. She stares at the failed system.

VASILA (CONT'D)

No fingerprints. No eye scan. No....
Let's use sound. Whose idea was that again?

Her hands rise in frustration.

VASILA (CONT'D)

SIREN!

Silence.

VASILA (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
Fuck you. Wherever you are.

She shuts everything down. The lights die as Vasila turns toward the exit.

VASILA
This time... My way.

INT. KATJA'S HOUSE - MORNING

97

Close on FREYA. Staring at herself. A metal pin rests between her teeth. Slowly, she gathers her hair. Pulls it back. Twists it. Secures it. Her eyes never leave her reflection. The girl who arrived at Katja's house is gone. No longer chasing answers. But facing them. Behind her, the finished cube is silent. The Boy sleeps on the floor beside it. Exhausted. Tools scattered around him.

Freya stares at the mirror one last moment.

OPERATOR (O.S.)
What the hell?

Freya turns. Across the room, the Operator jerks awake in his chair. Staring at the holographs. Confused. Almost shocked.

OPERATOR
What? No. No, no, no, no... Ha! No way. This is unbelievable!

Dr. Tone stirs. Lou sits up. Ethan rubs his eyes. The Boy groans from the floor. One by one, they look toward the Operator.

DR. TONE
What's unbelievable?

No answer. Reports appear one by one across the holographs. System failures. Security alerts. Network disruptions. Skyhouse diagnostics. Dr. Tone reaches the holograms. His eyes widen.

DR. TONE (CONT'D)
Holy frequency.

ETHAN
What happened?

LOU
What is it?

The Operator points at the holographs.

OPERATOR

This.

Dr. Tone studies the data. Then looks at Freya. Then back at the data.

DR. TONE

When did this happen?

Katja appears from the next room. Still half asleep. Her conductor's baton in her hand.

KATJA

What's going on?

Katja looks at the holographs floating around the room. A long beat.

KATJA (CONT'D)

Oh my fucking shit. That is definitely more than I hoped for.

Freya steps closer.

FREYA

What's going on?

The Operator turns toward her. Still amazed.

OPERATOR

While we were sleeping? You practically destroyed the Skyhouse.

FREYA

What?

OPERATOR

I believe not on purpose. But yeah. Pretty much.

Adam appears from the back. Still waking up.

ADAM

What's going on?

ETHAN

Freya hit the Skyhouse!

LOU
Dad, look! Can you see that? All these reports?

DR. TONE
Holy frequency.

Adam ignores all of them. His eyes go straight to Freya.

ADAM
Are you okay, Freya?

FREYA
Yeah. I am.

Dr. Tone points at the holographs.

DR. TONE
Imagine she wasn't inside the cube.

THE BOY
You're welcome.

OPERATOR
That's exactly what I was thinking.

The Boy is the only one not looking at the holograph. His eyes remain on Freya.

THE BOY
You look different.

FREYA
Is that supposed to be a compliment?

THE BOY
Yeah. Kind of.
(A beat.)
You look stronger.

The Operator suddenly claps his hands.

OPERATOR
Okay. This is great. But there's something we need to know.

DR. TONE
The Tech Building.

OPERATOR
Exactly, my man.

He points toward the reports.

OPERATOR (CONT'D)
What happens if Freya stands in front
of the newest technology in KADAR?

Nobody answers.

DR. TONE
There's only one way to find out.

OPERATOR
We go there. Now.

DR. TONE
I'm in.

ETHAN
Me too.

LOU
Same.

ADAM
Absolutely not.

The room suddenly quiets.

ADAM (CONT'D)
You two are not going anywhere.

Ethan steps forward.

ETHAN
Dad. We need to do this.

ADAM
No.

ETHAN
Yes. This is the closest we've been to
Mom in years. Every answer we find.
Every piece of music. Every memory. It
leads back to her.

Lou steps beside her brother.

LOU
I don't want to forget her. And every
year it gets harder.

The room falls silent.

ETHAN

We're not kids anymore, Dad.

Adam studies them. Really studies them. For the first time since they lost their mother.

ADAM

Yeah. I guess you're not.

OPERATOR

Good. Then we're wasting time. Freya.
You're coming with us.

FREYA

Okay.

The room explodes into motion. Equipment. Tools. Movement.
Adam grabs his jacket.

KATJA

Where are you going?

ADAM

Someone owes me answers.

KATJA

Adam...

ADAM

I'll be back.

Katja knows she won't stop him.

KATJA

In one piece, Adam

Katja watches everyone leave, then slowly turns away. Back to herself. Back to who she used to be. The baton rises almost unconsciously. Small. Precise. Movements. The conductor finding rhythm again. The Boy watches her. Then walks into the cube he built. Raises his hands. Up. Down. Forward. Back. The same strange motions he's been making for years. Neither looks at the other. Yet somehow perfectly connected.

INT. LIQUOR HOUSE — MORNING

98

Sasha sits at the bar. A bottle in front of him. One foot moving. Keeping rhythm. The Liquor House is half gone. One side still standing. The other ripped open, exposed to the

city. CRASH! Something breaks loose from above and drops onto the jukebox. Sasha closes his eyes.

SASHA
Oh, fuck that.

He gets up. Walks toward the destroyed side of the Liquor House. Looks out across KADAR. Construction. Dust. Machines. And there it is. The Tech Building. Sasha stares.

SASHA (CONT'D)
The Tech Building huh?
(A beat)
What the fuck is so important about you? I gotta know.

He drinks up. Heads out.

EXT. TECH BUILDING — MORNING

99

The Operator leads. Freya. Dr. Tone. Ethan. Lou. They move through the unfinished structure. Steel. Concrete. Machinery. The Operator raises a hand. Everybody stops.

OPERATOR
Here.

Dr. Tone and the kids immediately unpack equipment. Small scanners. Frequency readers. Improvised devices.

ETHAN
Nothing.

LOU
Wait... There.

Dr. Tone kneels. Starts assembling a smaller version of the cube. Portable. Fast.

FREYA
What's that?

DR. TONE
Insurance.

OPERATOR
We know what happened last night

The frame unfolds around Freya. Thin frequency panels. Almost invisible. Dr. Tone checks the readings.

DR. TONE
Okay. Whenever you're ready.

Freya Takes a breath. A low sound. The devices react.

LOU
Yes!

ETHAN
There!

DR. TONE
It's working.

OPERATOR
Again.

Freya tries again. The readings spike.

ETHAN
Look at that!

LOU
No way. It imploded

DR. TONE
That's impossible... But it did

A slow clap. Everybody freezes. Someone steps from behind a steel column. Clapping. A grin on his face.

SASHA
What a show.

He takes a theatrical bow.

SASHA (CONT'D)
Who's the singer?

Instantly— Dr. Tone pulls Ethan and Lou behind him. Freya doesn't move. She studies him. The Operator steps forward.

SASHA
EASY. EASY. I'm not here to ruin the show.

A beat.

SASHA (CONT'D)
Matter of fact... I'd love a ticket.

FREYA
Who are you?

SASHA
My name is Sasha.
(A beat)
I know Adam

FREYA
You know Adam?

SASHA
Know him? He's practically the most
talked about man in KADAR. And until
five minutes ago, he was the most
interesting one.

He points at Freya.

SASHA (CONT'D)
Now it's you... The singer.

FREYA
My name is Freya

EXT. SKYHOUSE — DAY

100

The Uncle exits the Skyhouse. Two Enforcers immediately move after him.

UNCLE
No.

The Enforcers stop.

UNCLE (CONT'D)
I'll do this one alone.

The Enforcers exchange a look. The Uncle keeps walking. He pulls up a holograph. Sasha's face appears. Ringing. Ringing. No answer. He ends the call. Tries again. Nothing.

UNCLE
Where the hell are you Sasha? What the
fuck are you doing?

He kills the call. Moves deeper into KADAR. A faint humming stops him. The old woman sits beside a crooked cart stacked with rotten fruit and dying flowers. She hums to herself. The Uncle watches. She looks up, still humming.

UNCLE (CONT'D)
Yeah... That's right. Fuck him.

The humming follows him. Sasha. Adam. Katja. The girl.
Vasila's daughter. The Skyhouse cracking. The pieces finally
connect

UNCLE (CONT'D)
Let's visit an old friend.

INT. KATJA'S HOUSE - DAY

101

The Boy sits inside the cube. One hand moving through the
air. A patched-together listening rig covers Katja's ears.
Eyes closed. Conducting to music only she can hear.

A faint glow flickers beside the door. A bypass chip touches
the access node. The door slides open. The Uncle enters.
Crosses the room, and takes a seat beside Katja. He gently
lifts one side of the rig.

UNCLE
Hi, Katja.

KATJA
Hi, Uncle.

UNCLE
How've you been?

KATJA
Good. I'm.

UNCLE
Good. Good.

KATJA
I never said ...I'm sorry for your
loss. It was an acc-

UNCLE
Yeah. Yeah. We all know that. Thank
you.

The Uncle pushes his seat closer to Katja.

UNCLE
You left KADAR over night. But that
night you were there.

KATJA

There where?

UNCLE

SKYHOUSE... That's one of the reasons you wanted to leave KADAR. And you did.

Katja finally opens her eyes. Looks at him.

KATJA

Yeah. I did. But we both know there is no escape from KADAR and it's military.

UNCLE

What exactly did you see?

KATJA

What do you mean?

UNCLE

Don't do that. Stop.

KATJA

I was scared. Hell scared. I minded my own business. It was terrifying every time i had to go to that house. I didn't want any trouble.

UNCLE

Mm-hm, of course not.

(A beat)

And your friend? Is he trouble?

KATJA

Which one? I have a lot of friends who cause me trouble.

UNCLE

Adam. Where is he?

KATJA

I don't know. I'm not his mother.

UNCLE

No... not the Mother. And the girl?

KATJA

You mean Freya?

The Uncle notices that.

UNCLE
Yeh Right. Freya. Who is she?

KATJA

Adam found her after an execution. Apparently the people who raised her were killed.

Adam, Ethan and Lou witnessed it.

Apparently they weren't her real parents.

She doesn't know where she's from. Where she belongs.

all I know is, that

And Adam didn't leave her there.

human beings do.

The Uncle studies her.

UNCLE

How old is she?

KATJA

Sixteen.

Seventeen.

Something like that.

Why?

Katja looks at him.

KATJA
Ohh...this isn't visiting an old friend, is it? Trouble in the Skyhouse, huh?

The Uncle keeps looking at her. Says nothing. Katja studies him.

KATJA (CONT'D)
Well...someone has to know something.
But it isn't Freya.
(MORE)

KATJA (CONT'D)
Neither is it Adam. And definitely not
me.

UNCLE
Is there's anything you want to tell
me... now would be a very good time.

KATJA
Nothing that comes to mind.

UNCLE
Huh.

Then he heads for the door.Stops. Looks back.

UNCLE (CONT'D)
You almost look like the Katja from
ten years ago.

Katja smiles. Almost like then years ago.

EXT. KADAR STREETS - DAY - CONTINUES

102

The Uncle steps outside. He lifts his hand. A hologram
flickers to life. An Enforcer appears.

ENFORCER
Sir.

UNCLE
Find Adam.
(A beat.)
And the girl. Her name is Freya.

ENFORCER
Yes, sir.

- TO BE CONTINUED -