

FADE IN:

EXT. SPACE PROLOGUE (VISUAL SEQUENCE OPTIONAL)

Silence. A void without meaning.

An ancient cargo drone crawls along its orbit. It creaks, smokes, as if it no longer remembers why it exists. Yet it still obeys a thousand-year-old command: "seed."

On board four identical eggs. Technological capsules, glowing like the eye of the future. They are starter kits for something greater.

Inside each: Launch module (the Artifact) Navigation transmitter (the Beetle) Initialization package (the Dome Protocol)

Like a rocket booster launch, detach, and let it live on its own. All built in the same factory. Standard package. Warranty included. (Almost.)

IN FLIGHT:

1. The first egg falls onto a nameless planet. Green signal: all good.

2. The second to another. Green. Dome, protection, peace.

3. The third to Ayvara. Green. Launch sequence engaged.

The Ayvaran dome blooms like a petal, and the planet falls asleep under a net of light and dreams.

4. The fourth egg falls toward Earth and fails.

It cracks upon atmospheric entry. Two key components escape: Artifact heavy, stable. The ignition core. It never fired but stayed intact. It drifts between Earth and Ayvara, like a

forgotten rocket starter. Waiting. Silent. Beetle small, shiny, with a ridiculous tail. A key, a signal transmitter, maybe even a hint of mind. It drifts into space. Silent. For years. Until the moment of awakening.

Earth is left without a dome. Without ignition. Without protection. Broken from birth. Humanity never knows the system simply failed to start.

The drone carries on. Asks nothing. Just delivery. It fades into the dark, leaving four stories. One of them broken. Which means... it will be interesting.

EXT. AYVARA DAY

The planet rests beneath a shimmering dome of light. It moves like a thin fabric stirred by winds high above the atmosphere. Cities grow into cliffs and forests. Rooftops shaped like leaves, streets flowing like rivers.

A gentle VOICE in the public mind:

VOICE (V.O.) The day is open.

In the sky, a soft spectrum blooms like the northern lights the signal to begin the work cycle.

EXT. GRAVITY GARDEN MARKET DAY

Stalls float in midair on gentle gravity loops: vegetables, fruits, flowers glowing softly. Shoppers drift on small platforms, others walk, speaking mind-to-mind.

ROA, 43, in loose work clothes with a tool belt, frowns at a vendor.

ROA (MIND) Are these "Ki-Sa" seeds or "Lo-Min" again? In the prison garden, my third patch is already dancing!

The VENDOR chuckles, speaking aloud for nearby tourists.

VENDOR He says your squash are dancing too much.

INT. PRISON GARDEN DAY

The prison is a walled garden. Inmates tend to plants, learn crafts, meditate.

MEYA, a prison psychologist in a dark green cloak, checks her notes.

A tall inmate approaches, holding a blooming pumpkin.

INMATE (MIND) I wanted to grow a breadfruit tree... but it... sings.

She listens the pumpkin hums, low and warm, like a cello.

MEYA Let it sing. Songs live longer than bread.

INT. ANASTASIAS STUDIO DAY

Marble dust hangs in the air. Shards of half-finished sculptures litter the floor: faces, hands, abstract torsos.

ANASTASIA, late 30s, beautiful and intense, stands with a heavy sculptors mallet. She swings SMASH! a marble bust loses half an ear.

In the doorway, SEVAR appears civilian jacket, military bearing, like a man entering a war zone.

SEVAR You couldve warned me its the dress rehearsal for the end of the world.

ANASTASIA (without looking up) He was looking at me wrong.

SEVAR Thats a rock.

ANASTASIA That was a rock with pretension.

CRACK a chunk of plaster flies past Sevars head.

SEVAR Im taking Torin.

ANASTASIA Hes in his room. Dont touch his stuff. And dont teach him your military habits.

SEVAR Im teaching him to catch carp. Thats the only war hell fight.

A fleeting smile touches her face. Another swing. Another

CRASH from deeper in the studio.

Sevar returns with TORIN, 10, ear-flap hat, backpack.

TORIN Mom, well be back tonight.

ANASTASIA (waving the mallet) Bring me at least one carp.

SEVAR Well see if its earned.

They exit. From the studio: another CRASH and her distant shout:

ANASTASIA (O.S.) And its all because of the eyes!

EXT. VETERANS DOLPHIN FARM DOCK EVENING

The sun hangs low. The lagoon is calm, broken by the soft rise of dolphins heading to their feeders. A wooden dock creaks underfoot.

SEVAR and TORIN set up fishing rods. Nearby a thermos and a box marked: CLASSIFIED AMMO: CORN.

TORIN Mom was

SEVAR (cuts in, calm) Today we dont talk about Mom.

Silence. A dolphin tail slaps in the distance.

TORIN Dad, Ive got something!

Together they reel in a silver carp.

TORIN Hes mine.

SEVAR Yours. And you decide what happens.

Torin studies the fish. A moment. He releases it gently. The carp vanishes with a small ripple.

TORIN Maybe hell come back.

SEVAR If you earn it.

They sit side by side. Distant laughter from the veterans.

Night settles. The first star steadies in the sky.

INT. MILITARY BASE YOUNG CADETS DORM DAY

Noon. Dusty silence. The heat hangs between the bunks like a heavy blanket.

On one bed lies SEVAR, 14, lean, composed. Hes in uniform, but barefoot. His socks are perfectly aligned, hands folded behind his head.

On the nightstand: a fishing rod, a jar of corn bait, a military thermos.

The door creaks open. LIEUTENANT COLONEL ISAAC GRANT enters strict, tall, in a flawless uniform. The scent of starch, metal, something cold.

He stops. Watches.

FATHER Why aren't you at training?

SEVAR (without turning) The suns at its peak. Fish dont bite now.

FATHER Thats not an excuse. Youre a cadet.

SEVAR (turns his head, calm) And a human. Regulation allows one hour of rest on Saturdays.

The father walks closer. Eyes the perfectly made bed. His son.

FATHER Still with that carp?

SEVAR (gently, without defiance) They live in the pond. Not on the parade ground.

FATHER And you catch them for what?

SEVAR To remember. That I can. And that I dont have to.

Long pause. The father wants to say something doesnt.

Tension hums in the room.

FATHER Five minutes. Formation.

He turns and walks out.

Sevar stays still a moment longer. Then grabs the rod, puts on his cap, and leaves.

EXT. POND BEHIND THE BASE MOMENTS LATER

Hot day. A bench built from crates stands near the fence.

Sevar sits, rod cast into the water. Silent.

A tug. He reels in a carp. Looks at it not like a trophy.

Like a mirror.

SEVAR (softly, with a faint smile) Freedom is when you can catch it. And let it go.

He gently releases the fish back into the water. It vanishes into the depths.

Sevar stays. Staring at his reflection. Leaves rustle. Far off the sound of marching boots.

INT. EARTH ORBITAL SCIENCE CENTER NIGHT

Rows of holographic displays. Streams of stellar data.

DR. KHALID, 50s, patient, scrolls a dense wave pattern. LT.

VAUGHN, 40s, sharp, watches like a predator.

KHALID That's not solar interference. Frequency is stable. Too stable.

VAUGHN So? Stable means predictable.

KHALID Stable means intentional.

A resonance spike flares. Fingers dance over controls.

KHALID There it is again. Origin point... not from our system.

A secure window opens: COUNCILOR ELARA, 60s, calm, focused.

ELARA How confident are you?

KHALID Ninety-seven percent. It's a gravitational handshake.

VAUGHN Handshake with who?

KHALID Not who. Where.

ELARA Send full telemetry. This stays between us until the Council decides.

KHALID With respect... the signal isn't just coming to us.

VAUGHN Meaning?

KHALID Meaning... we're not the only ones it's talking to.

INT. EARTH COUNCIL CHAMBER DAY

A high, glass-walled room in low orbit. The curve of Earth drifts beyond.

ELARA with two military reps and a science officer over a floating holo-map. A pulse of light. Nearby a blinking icon: a drifting civilian vessel.

ELARA Two events. One a gravitational anomaly, strongest we've seen. Two a ship dead in the water along that vector.

SCIENCE OFFICER The signature matches no known origin. And the transmission pattern its two-way.

MILITARY REP And if that's hostile?

ELARA Then Captain Sevares crew will be the first to know.

INT. ORBITAL BASE BRIEFING ROOM DAY

SEVAR before a tactical display. With him NINA, ALOK, MIRNA.

ELARA (V.O.) Mission: Investigate the anomaly. Secondary: recover the civilian vessel.

SEVAR Copy. Were a ship, not a parade. When do we leave?

ELARA (V.O.) Departure window opens in two hours.

SEVAR You heard her. Move. And someone stock the medbay civilians are always trouble.

INT. ORBITAL STATION MAIN HALL NIGHT

A sphere of glass; stars turning beyond. The audience floats in cushioned harnesses.

On the center stage LIANEL, 27, fierce and luminous, pulls a melody like she's wrestling the universe.

Around her: TWINS in silent mirroring, a FIRE DANCER's arcs dissolve into holographic petals, ALPHA the mini-elephant misses tambourine beats, and a PARROT in a jeweled collar blurts philosophy.

PARROT What is love? (beat) Feed me grapes!

Laughter. The solo swells. A real flower drifts; she catches



it on the last aching note. Applause erupts some of it upside down.

INT. EXIT CORRIDOR MOMENTS LATER

Quieter, humming with tech. LIANEL ducks into a side corridor.

A YOUNG TECHNICIAN waits, holding a small black box.

TECHNICIAN Its nothing fancy. A companion unit. Not good at conversation. But he listens.

LIANEL Did you make it?

TECHNICIAN Not really. I just... tuned him.

He hands over the box; it vibrates faintly, like it senses her.

LIANEL (low) Alright then. Lets see what youve got, listener.

EXT. DOCKING BAY LATER

The troupe hauls gear into their ship a patchwork vessel painted in colors not found on any standard palette.

The PARROT waddles past, dragging a small bag of grapes.

PARROT Dont forget the grapes.

The KARAVAN-SARAY drifts free, into the open dark. Far off, unseen something small and metallic turns in the black, waiting.

THE SOLAR FLARE EXT.

EXT. SPACE DEEP ORBIT CONTINUOUS

The silent vastness. Two planets Earth and the unseen Ayvara locked in a gravitational dance.

Suddenly, the Sun blooms with a violent eruption.

A pulse of light and radiation races outward.

INT. EARTH ORBITAL STATION    COMMAND ROOM    SAME TIME

Alarms blare. Technicians shout over each other.

A screen shows waveforms spiking    and a faint new line  
connecting Earth to an Unknown Mass.

COMMANDER

(under his breath)

What the hell are you?...

INT. AYVARA    UNDER THE DOME    SAME TIME

The sky ripples. Leaves shiver without wind.

In the gravitational gardens, fruit drops from the trees as if  
jolted.

Invisible currents brush against the domes inner skin.

INT. "KARAVAN-SARAY"    MECHANICAL BAY

A dark corner, rarely checked. Through a seam in the hull  
slips a tiny, gleaming BEETLE,

its tail twitching. It freezes for a moment    then a low hum  
fills the air.

Vibrations ripple through the ship.

Status lights flicker in random patterns.

No one notices.

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EXT. AYVARA THE DOME

The shining fabric of the dome trembles, white spots flaring like burns from within.

People in the streets look up. The telepathic hum stutters voices overlapping, sentences cut off mid-thought.

MEYA grips her temples. ROA drops a tray of seedlings.

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INT. EARTH ORBITAL OBSERVATORY

Data spikes across holographic displays. Scientists freeze on one screen, for the first time, a blurred image of Ayvara.

A watch officer sends an encrypted data packet instantly.

EXT. DOLPHIN FARM PIER SUNSET

SEVAR packs away fishing rods, TORIN yawns. Far off, ripples cross the water though theres no wind.

In Sevars pocket, his comm bracelet vibrates. He checks the display a call from Command.

INT. "KARAVAN-SARAY" LIANELS CABIN

LIANEL places her violin in its case. The lamp on the wall flickers.

ELION (V.O.), the ships AI, hesitates for a beat, then speaks with slight distortion:

ELION (V.O.)

Lianel, are you here?

INT. EARTH COMMAND BRIEFING ROOM

The room is stark, ringed with officers and scientists.

Holo-maps flicker: the orbit of Ayvara, the position of the anomaly, telemetry spikes from the dome.

COMMANDER REESE

(to Sevar)

You'll lead the approach. Your priority is the artifact. If its energy signature destabilizes further containment protocols are in your hands.

Sevar nods once. No argument, no questions. But his jaw tightens.

INT. EARTH DOCKING BAY DAY

Crew move with practiced urgency. Cargo pods glide into place on magnetic rails.

The sleek, battle-worn ship waits, canopy open.

MIRNA BERG, chief engineer, ducks under a console, sparks

flying.

ALOK SINGH, blind navigator, traces the edge of a holo-chart with his fingers.

BLOCK, the silent guard, stands watch, his cyber-dog MOZART at his side.

INT. HALL OF LOADING   LATER

The team gathers. Banter overlaps the hum of systems coming online.

MIRNA

(to Sevar, grinning)

Hope you like surprises.

SEVAR

Only when theyre not trying to kill me.

ALOK

Thats most of them, sir.

They move toward the ship, the mission weight settling over each of them.

INT. KARAVAN-SARAY   COMMON LOUNGE   DIM

Emergency lighting. Not chaos yet   a tense, unsettled quiet.

LIANEL repairs the clasp on her violin case. TIMON sifts glitter hand to hand; a nervous habit.

ELION (V.O.) Lianel, your instrument is calibrated two degrees high. Shall I adjust humidity in your cabin?

LIANEL You know I like the wood to breathe on its own.

A faint crackle. Elion again   quieter.

ELION (V.O.) You... looked beautiful on stage today.

Lianel freezes for a beat, keeps working.

INT. KARAVAN-SARAY COMMON LOUNGE DIM

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The troupe gathers in the dim-lit lounge, still damp from the rescue.

Clothes steam gently in the recycled air.

A parrot hops onto the back of a chair, shaking water from its feathers.

BLOC sits by the wall, massive arms crossed, his silent cyber-dog at his feet.

MIRNA checks a small case of tools, counting each piece.

ALOK leans in a corner, eyes closed, navigating by the faint hum of the engines.

LIANEL cradles her violin case like a living thing.

Her gaze flickers toward the closed hatch to the medbay.

SEVAR (O.S.)

Make yourselves comfortable. Its a long ride.

They exchange wary looks.

Somehow, comfortable doesnt sound like a promise more like a challenge.

INT. KARAVAN-SARAY MEDBAY SAME TIME

Dim blue light washes over the compact room.

LIANEL sits on the edge of a narrow cot, violin case still in her lap.

She runs her thumb along the worn leather seam.

A soft \*whirr\*.

From the corner, a palm-sized drone drifts closer shaped  
like a teardrop of light.

It pauses at her knee, as if unsure.

LIANEL

(whisper)

You followed me?

The drone tilts, emitting a faint vibration.

LIANEL closes her eyes she can \*feel\* it in her fingertips.

ELION (V.O.)

(softly, with distortion)

You're safe now.

She exhales, not sure if she believes him.

INT. EARTH COMMAND CENTER NIGHT

A wall of holo-screens glows with tactical readouts.

Generals and scientists circle a central table, their faces  
pale.

ON SCREEN the drifting Caravan-Saray.

Status readout: \*LIFE SUPPORT CRITICAL\*.

ADMIRAL KORVIN

How soon can we get Sevares ship in range?

TACTICAL OFFICER

Twelve minutes if they burn full.

Korvin nods, jaw tight.

On another screen, Sevares face flickers into view calm, but  
his eyes are locked on the data.

KORVIN

Captain, youve got one chance. Bring them in.

SEVAR

Understood.

---

EXT. SPACE APPROACHING THE CARAVAN-SARAY CONTINUOUS

The military vessel closes the gap, engines burning bright.

Docking arms unfold like mechanical claws.

INT. MILITARY SHIP LOADING BAY SAME TIME

SEVAR strides in, helmet under one arm.

Behind him MIRNA, ALOK, BLOC, the silent cyber-dog.

MIRNA

This isnt a rescue, its a circus.

SEVAR

Just keep them alive.

---

INT. CARAVAN-SARAY MAIN HALL CONTINUOUS

The ship shudders as docking clamps connect.

LIANEL looks up from her violin case, heart pounding.

The hatch cycles open SEVAR steps through with his team.

For a moment, silence.

Then chaos:

the parrot screeches, Alpha trumpets, and one of the twin

mimes drops from the ceiling like a cat.

SEVAR



(to no one in particular)

Lets move.

INT. CARAVAN-SARAY LOADING BAY MINUTES LATER

Steam hisses from the docking seals.

The troupe huddles near the hatch, clutching mismatched luggage cases, crates, even a fishbowl with a single floating feather.

BLOC lifts a trunk the size of a coffin as if its nothing.

MIRNA scans each case with a portable sensor, frowning at the clutter.

MIRNA

Half of this is flammable.

FIRE DANCER

So am I.

SEVAR appears, helmet clipped to his belt.

SEVAR

Move. Two minutes.

The parrot shrieks something obscene.

SEVAR doesnt flinch but the corner of his mouth twitches.

---

INT. MILITARY SHIP LOADING BAY CONTINUOUS

The troupe spills in, their colors and noise swallowing the sterile steel space.

Crew members exchange glances somewhere between awe and horror.

Alpha, the mini-elephant, stops dead in the middle of the

deck.

A CREWMAN tries to pull him aside. No luck.

SEVAR

(to Bloc)

Get your elephant off my flight deck.

BLOC

Hes thinking.

LIANEL slips past, violin case tight to her chest.

Her eyes flicker toward Sevar a quick, silent acknowledgment.

SEVAR

(to himself)

Long ride indeed.

INT. MILITARY SHIP CREW QUARTERS NIGHT

The narrow corridors hum with the steady pulse of engines.

The troupe wanders in loose clusters, guided by silent crew members.

INT. QUARTERS VARIOUS

The parrot claims the top bunk before its assigned crewman can protest.

Alpha circles twice, then collapses on a pile of blankets, trunk twitching in sleep.

The twin mimes hang from the ceiling rails like bats, communicating only with synchronized blinks.

INT. LIANELS CABIN SAME TIME

Sparse and unfamiliar.

LIANEL sets her violin case on the small desk, opens it, and runs her fingers over the strings.

A faint \*whirr\* the teardrop drone drifts in through the half-closed door.

LIANEL

(softly)

You again.

The drone hovers closer, its glow brushing her hand.

ELION (V.O.)

(low, almost shy)

Couldnt sleep.

LIANEL smiles faintly, sits on the edge of the bunk.

The drone rests on the blanket beside her, its hum syncing with the rhythm of her breathing.

INT. COMMON MESS SAME TIME

MIRNA and ALOK sit at a corner table.

MIRNA is halfway through dismantling a small drone over a tray of untouched rations.

ALOK sips tea, head tilted, listening to the distant vibration of the hull.

MIRNA

Theyre loud.

ALOK

Sos life.

The lights dim slightly night cycle.

Somewhere, the parrot mutters in its sleep.

The ship hums on.

INT. MILITARY SHIP MESS HALL MORNING

The smell of strong coffee fills the air.

Crew members move with quiet efficiency until the troupe arrives.

The FIRE DANCER balances a cup on her head while pouring oatmeal into it.

The parrot raids the fruit tray.

One of the twin mimes is silently stealing sugar packets.

SEVAR enters, already in uniform.

He pauses at the sight, jaw tightening.

SEVAR

(to no one in particular)

This isnt a market.

The FIRE DANCER

(smiling)

Then youre not looking hard enough.

LIANEL slips into a seat in the corner, violin case at her feet.

SEVARs gaze lingers on her for a beat not unkind, but measured.

MIRNA

(to Alok)

How long before someone gets thrown out an airlock?

ALOK

That depends who throws first.

INT. MILITARY SHIP BRIEFING ROOM LATER

A holographic projection of the target sector rotates slowly in the air.

Faint static flickers across one quadrant the anomaly's location.

SEVAR stands at the head of the table.

Around him MIRNA, ALOK, and a few key crew members.

The troupe lingers near the back, out of place but listening.

SEVAR

We have twelve hours to reach this point.

After that, the window closes.

MIRNA

And the anomaly?

SEVAR

(beat)

We don't know what it is.

Only that it's growing.

A glance passes between LIANEL and the silent drone at her side.

She says nothing.

---

INT. LIANEL'S CABIN NIGHT

The lights are low.

LIANEL sits cross-legged on her bunk, bow in hand, playing a

slow, unfinished melody.

The teardrop drone rests on the desk, pulsing faintly in time with her music.

ELION (V.O.)

You're different when you play.

LIANEL

So are you.

A pause.

The hum of the engines fills the silence.

ELION (V.O.)

You think of someone?

LIANEL

Sometimes.

She doesn't look up but her fingers falter on the strings.

The drone's light dims, then steadies, as if deciding not to press further.

INT. MILITARY SHIP OBSERVATION DECK NIGHT

SEVAR stands alone, hands clasped behind his back.

Through the wide viewport, the stars drift calm, indifferent.

He exhales slowly, eyes lingering on a faint shimmer at the edge of vision.

For a moment, it almost seems to pulse.

---

EXT. SPACE ANOMALY CONTINUOUS

In the dark, a distortion ripples across the void.

Light bends unnaturally, like a heat haze but colder,  
sharper.

Tiny fragments of debris vanish as they cross its invisible  
boundary.

A low, inhuman \*hum\* vibrates through the emptiness.

---

INT. MILITARY SHIP BRIDGE MINUTES LATER

ALARMS burst to life.

Crew rush to stations.

MIRNA's hands fly over the console, pulling up distorted  
sensor readings.

MIRNA

We've got gravitational drift it's pulling us sideways.

SEVAR

(stern)

Stabilize.

The hull shudders.

Somewhere deep in the ship, a faint \*crack\* echoes followed  
by the distant sound of something heavy falling.

ALOK

(quietly)

That wasn't the ship. That was them.

INT. MILITARY SHIP COMMON DECK CONTINUOUS

The deck lurches mugs, tools, and a stack of juggling pins  
scatter across the floor.

The FIRE DANCER catches herself on a bulkhead, eyes wide.

FIRE DANCER

That normal?

A CREWMAN rushes past without answering.

The PARROT flutters up to a ceiling rail, screaming curses in two languages.

---

INT. CREW CORRIDOR SAME TIME

LIANEL braces against the wall, clutching her violin case.

The teardrop drone hovers anxiously near her shoulder.

ELION (V.O.)

(tense)

We should go now.

She hesitates then runs, following the flow of crew toward the mess of voices and alarms.

---

INT. ENGINEERING BAY SAME TIME

MIRNA and two ENGINEERS wrestle with a sparking conduit.

A warning siren pulses red across the walls.

MIRNA

Its the anomaly its bleeding into our field.

ENGINEER

Thats impossible.

MIRNA

Tell it that.



Another shudder heavier this time.

Somewhere above, something collapses with a deep metallic groan.

---

INT. COMMON DECK CONTINUOUS

SEVAR storms in, scanning the chaos.

BLOC is holding ALPHA steady while the elephant trumpets in fear.

SEVAR

Everyone to stations. Now.

The FIRE DANCER

I dont have a station.

SEVAR

Then find a wall and hang on.

INT. MILITARY SHIP BRIDGE MINUTES LATER

The viewport is filled with the shifting distortion.

Its closer now vast, rippling like liquid glass.

Crew members work in tense silence.

Static crackles faintly through the comms.

ALOK steps forward, head tilted, as if listening to something no one else hears.

ALOK

Its singing.

SEVAR

(to Mirna)

Lock the course. Give me options.

MIRNA

Only one and its straight through.

A beat of heavy silence.

The distortion pulses, and for an instant, a flicker of  
\*light\* arcs within it like the beating of a heart.

LIANEL (V.O.)

(soft, overlapping)

Do you feel that?

INT. LIANELS CABIN SAME TIME

The drones glow brightens in sync with the pulse outside.

LIANEL grips the edge of the desk, eyes locked on the faint  
vibration through the floor.

ELION (V.O.)

I do.

A deep \*thrum\* rattles every wall.

The lights flicker.

Then stillness.

INT. MILITARY SHIP ENGINEERING BAY CONTINUOUS

A hairline crack spreads across the reinforced glass of a  
monitoring panel.

Through it faint motes of light drift in, shimmering  
unnaturally.

One ENGINEER reaches toward them the motes \*jump\* to his  
glove, sparking violently.

He yells, pulling back.

MIRNA

Dont touch them!

The motes scatter, slipping into vents and seams in the walls.

---

INT. CREW CORRIDOR SAME TIME

Lights strobe as the anomaly shimmer seeps through the air like mist.

LIANEL shields her eyes, clutching her violin case tighter.

The teardrop drone hovers ahead, projecting a faint protective field.

The shimmer \*parts\* around it but not completely.

---

INT. BRIDGE SAME TIME

Alarms wail.

SEVAR grips the railing, watching as the distortion outside lashes against the ship's shields.

MIRNA (over comms)

Field integrity dropping forty percent and falling.

SEVAR

(to Alok)

Get me that course, now!

Another pulse hits the ship groans under the strain.

Panels spark.

The viewport \*warps\* for a fraction of a second, showing a glimpse of something beyond: jagged shapes, moving like they're alive.

---

INT. COMMON DECK SAME TIME

BLOC lifts ALPHA into a harness as the elephant trumpets again.

The FIRE DANCER presses herself against the wall, eyes darting to the ceiling.

The PARROT

(terrified)

Not normal! Not normal!

INT. MILITARY SHIP BRIDGE CONTINUOUS

The distortion now dominates the entire viewport.

It pulses in slow, deliberate rhythms almost like breathing.

SEVAR stands rigid, his reflection warping in the glass.

Every few seconds, jagged light cuts through the distortion, revealing spires, arches and something vast, shifting behind a glassy surface.

MIRNA

Field integrity at twenty percent we lose it, were open.

SEVAR

(to Alok)

Now would be a good time for that course.

ALOKs pale eyes are locked on the shimmer.

He tilts his head, listening to something no one else hears.

ALOK

Its not random. Its speaking.

---

INT. LIANELS CABIN SAME TIME

The teardrop drone quivers midair, its glow syncing perfectly to the pulses outside.

LIANEL grips the violin case, breathing unevenly.

ELION (V.O.)

You hear it too.

She nods not sure if to him, or to herself.

A faint vibration runs through the floor like a plucked string.

Her fingertips twitch involuntarily, recalling the motion of bow to string.

---

INT. ENGINEERING BAY SAME TIME

Panels burst open under the pressure of the resonance.

Motes of shimmering light swirl inside, trying to form patterns like letters or symbols before scattering again.

ENGINEER #2

Are they drawing something?

MIRNA

Just keep them out of the core.

---

INT. BRIDGE CONTINUOUS

SEVAR tears his eyes from the viewport.

SEVAR

Rotate shields bleed power from non-critical decks.

MIRNA

Well black out half the ship.

SEVAR

Then light a candle, but do it.

She moves.

Another pulse hits but this time, *\*inside\** the bridge, for a split second, the shimmer manifests midair, a sphere of glassy surface.

In its depths, an intricate pattern glows almost like a schematic before vanishing.

ALOK

(quietly)

That was a map.

INT. BRIDGE SECONDS LATER

The distortion swells, filling every inch of the viewport.

Its no longer a distant phenomenon its here.

SEVAR

(to helm)

Full burn on my mark.

MIRNA

Shields wont last.

SEVAR

They dont have to. Just long enough.

---

INT. ENGINEERING BAY SAME TIME

MIRNAS crew reroutes power, systems shutting down deck by deck.

Lights die in the corridors only emergency strips remain. The shimmering motes slam against the walls, funneled away from the reactor core.

---

INT. COMMON DECK SAME TIME

BLOC braces ALPHA against the wall as the elephant trumpets in panic.

The FIRE DANCER grips a handrail, shouting over the roar.

FIRE DANCER

Whats happening?

CREWMAN

Were going through it.

---

INT. BRIDGE CONTINUOUS

SEVAR

SEVAR

Mark.

The ship lurches forward engines flaring white-hot.

The distortion surges to meet them, folding around the hull.

For a heartbeat silence.

---

EXT. SPACE ANOMALY CONTINUOUS

The military vessel plunges into the glassy sphere.

Light fractures around it, turning the ship into a shadow

swimming through liquid crystal.

Inside the distortion the vast shapes from before loom close: towers, arcs of energy, and a faint outline of something mechanical, ancient watching.

---

INT. LIANELS CABIN SAME TIME

The drone hovers inches from her face, vibrating in perfect sync with the field.

In her minds ear a melody, threaded with strange intervals.

ELION (V.O.)

Theyre telling us where to go.

---

INT. BRIDGE CONTINUOUS

The ship bursts out the other side alarms blaring, shields scorched but intact.

MIRNA

Were through.

SEVAR exhales, steadying himself on the railing.

Beyond the viewport, the stars realign and far ahead, a single point glows like a beacon.

INT. BRIDGE MINUTES LATER

The beacon burns faintly on the star map coordinates deep in uncharted space.

MIRNA works the console, filtering residual signal from the anomaly.



MIRNA

Its layered. Part nav-data, part instructions?

SEVAR

Show me.

A schematic unfolds in midair a fragment of machinery,  
incomplete, with a missing core.

ALOK

Thats why it called us.

---

INT. LIANELS CABIN SAME TIME

The drone hovers above her violin case, projecting a faint,  
translucent shape the same schematic.

ELIONS voice is soft, but certain.

ELION (V.O.)

If we find it, we can restart their shield.

If we dont theyre exposed.

LIANEL

(quietly)

Whos they?

---

INT. EARTH COMMAND CENTER NIGHT

Holo-screens flicker as data streams in from Sevars ship.

ADMIRAL KORVIN leans forward, studying the beacons  
coordinates.

KORVIN

Get me long-range scans. I want eyes on that sector before

they arrive.

TACTICAL OFFICER

And if the anomaly follows them?

KORVIN

Then we pray its on their side.

---

EXT. AYVARA SHIMMERING FIELD DAY

Beneath the great protective dome, the sky is calm.

In the distance, a slender tower hums its upper rings  
turning slowly.

ROA, an engineer in simple woven clothes, stands on a  
platform, staring at the towers pulse.

ROA

(to himself)

They heard.

Behind him, a group of calm-eyed Ayvarians gather.

No panic just quiet readiness.

---

INT. BRIDGE MILITARY SHIP LATER

SEVAR watches the beacons glow, jaw set.

MIRNA

Course plotted. Three days at full burn.

SEVAR

Make it two.

She glances at him but nods.

---

EXT. SPACE CONTINUOUS

The ship pivots toward the distant beacon.

Engines flare and in the dark behind them, the anomaly's shimmer fades, mission complete.

EXT. SPACE EN ROUTE TO BEACON ESTABLISHING

The military vessel cuts through the dark, its engines a steady glow.

The stars here are unfamiliar colder, sharper.

---

INT. MILITARY SHIP COMMON DECK DAY

The troupe and crew share the same space now, an uneasy truce.

BLOC helps a young CREWMAN secure cargo nets, while the FIRE DANCER sits cross-legged, braiding strips of metallic ribbon into her hair.

ALOK passes, sensing the hum of the hull, almost smiling.

---

INT. LIANEL'S CABIN NIGHT

The room is dim.

LIANEL sits with her violin, bow poised but not moving.

The teardrop drone drifts just above the strings, emitting a faint harmonic tone.

ELION (V.O.)

You're not playing.

LIANEL

I don't know what to play.

The drone hums softly, modulating into a few notes a fragment of the anomaly's melody.

ELION (V.O.)

Start here.

She closes her eyes and follows.

The melody is strange, dissonant, but something in it feels alive.

---

INT. BRIDGE SAME TIME

SEVAR studies the nav-data.

MIRNA steps up beside him.

MIRNA

If this is a trap, we're flying straight into it.

SEVAR

If it's not, and we ignore it we're leaving them to die.

He doesn't look away from the beacon.

---

INT. ENGINEERING BAY LATER

MIRNA runs diagnostics while two CREW MEMBERS replace scorched conduit from the anomaly crossing.

The FIRE DANCER leans in the doorway, watching.

FIRE DANCER

You fix ships for fun?

MIRNA

I fix what breaks.

Ships just happen to be the thing in front of me.

---

EXT. SPACE APPROACHING COORDINATES LATER

The beacons glow is now a steady point ahead, framed by the skeletal remains of a shattered station.

---

INT. BRIDGE CONTINUOUS

ALOKs voice is low, almost reverent.

ALOK

Were here.

SEVAR

Slow us to approach speed.

Beyond the viewport, a massive structure emerges from shadow part fortress, part cathedral, its surface fractured but still humming with faint energy.

---

INT. LIANELS CABIN SAME TIME

The drone hovers near the wall, its glow syncing with the distant pulse.

ELION (V.O.)

Thats it.

The piece they need and the piece we werent meant to find.

EXT. DERELICT STATION APPROACH ESTABLISHING

The military ship drifts toward the fractured station.

Its skeletal arms extend into the void, pieces slowly rotating under faint gravity.

---

INT. BRIDGE CONTINUOUS

MIRNA runs scans the holo shows a central core surrounded by collapsed decks.

MIRNA

Atmosphere pockets, but unstable.

Radiation minimal. Structural integrity questionable.

SEVAR

Well take a shuttle.

---

INT. SHUTTLE BAY LATER

SEVAR, MIRNA, ALOK, BLOC, and LIANEL gear up.

The FIRE DANCER tosses a wink at SEVAR.

FIRE DANCER

Bring me back a souvenir.

The parrot squawks something unintelligible but vaguely encouraging.

---

EXT. SPACE SHUTTLE FLIGHT MINUTES LATER

The small craft detaches, engines flaring briefly before cutting to silent drift toward the station.

Through the viewport, the central core looms faintly glowing, like embers in ash.

---

INT. SHUTTLE CONTINUOUS

LIANEL watches the station grow in the glass.

The drone floats just over her shoulder, humming softly.

ELION (V.O.)

Its here.

I can feel it.

---

INT. DERELICT STATION DOCKING BAY LATER

The shuttle sets down with a metallic thud.

Dust and fragments drift in the stale air as the ramp lowers.

SEVAR leads them out rifles ready.

BLOC takes point, his bulk filling the corridor.

---

INT. STATION CORRIDORS CONTINUOUS

They move in silence, flashlights cutting through shadow.

Faded murals line the walls geometric patterns that seem to shift when not directly looked at.

ALOK pauses, fingertips brushing one symbol.

ALOK

These arent just markings.

Theyre instructions.

---

INT. CENTRAL CHAMBER MINUTES LATER

The chamber opens wide a cathedral-like space, its vaulted ceiling cracked but intact.

At the center, suspended in a cradle of metal arms, floats the

ARTEFACT:

a crystalline sphere the size of a human torso, with a hollow core.

The drones glow intensifies.

LIANEL

(whisper)

Its beautiful.

SEVAR

Its the missing piece.

They step closer and the sphere pulses once, sending a ripple through the air.

—

CUT TO:

11C. OBSERVATION DECK - THE FIRST CALL

INT. "ASTRA" - OBSERVATION DECK - NIGHT

The deck is dim, lit only by the slow rotation of stars beyond the glass.

SEVARION stands alone, hands braced against the rail. His reflection is faint — as if even the glass isn't sure who it's showing.

Behind him, the door slides open without a sound.

LIANEL steps in, barefoot, holding her violin by the neck like a talisman.

LIANEL

You're supposed to be resting.

SEVARION

I was.

A pause. She hears something — a low, almost subsonic hum in the glass.

It makes the hair on her arms rise.

LIANEL

What is that?

SEVARION



I thought it was the ship at first.  
But it's... farther. Older.

The hum grows into a slow pulse.  
The lights in the deck shift – barely – but enough to make  
shadows move like tides.

CLOSE ON – SEVARION'S FACE

A flicker in his eyes: not just his own reflection, but a  
ripple of gold, like the glint of something living beneath the  
surface.

LIANEL

Sevar...

SEVARION (quiet)

It's calling me.

LIANEL

\*What\* is?

SEVARION

The Egg.  
It knows I'm here now.  
And it knows I'm... part of it.

The drone slips in through the open door, hovering between  
them, pulsing in perfect sync with the hum.  
Every light on the deck falls into rhythm – the stars outside,  
the panels on the floor, even the faint breath of the  
ventilation.

LIANEL steps closer, studying him – the way his shoulders seem  
steadier, but less \*his\*.  
The way he doesn't quite blink when he looks at her.

LIANEL

Are you still you?

He meets her gaze. For a moment, there's warmth.  
But there's also something \*watching\* from behind it.

SEVARION

Yes.  
And... no.

The hum fades. The drone backs away, as if retreating.  
Sevarion straightens, as if waking from a dream he didn't  
choose.

SEVARION (CONT'D)

Whatever it needs... I'll have to go to it.

LIANEL

And if you don't?

SEVARION

Then neither of our worlds will last long enough to matter.

Silence.

She steps closer, almost touching his arm – but stops.

LIANEL (soft)

Just promise me... when you go, you'll come back.

SEVARION

I'll try.

But if I can't... you'll know why.

They stand in the half-light, two silhouettes against the sea of stars,  
while the last faint echo of the Egg's pulse dies away into the dark.

FADE OUT.

INT. "ASTRA" – MAIN DECK – LOW LIGHT

The ARTEFACT rests in a containment cradle.  
Its surface is dark, veins of faint light running like slow lightning under glass.

The DROPLET-DRONE hovers nearby, pulsing in sync.  
Then – a ripple across the Artefact's skin. A seam appears, like an eyelid opening.

A SHARD OF LIGHT projects upward – not text, but shapes, curves, spirals.  
They shift into a three-dimensional map of AYVARA, the DOME, and three separate pulses: EGG – ARTEFACT – BEETLE.

MIRNA

That's... not random. It's a system diagram.

ALOK

Or a countdown.

The shapes rotate, then merge into a single symbol – a circle fractured by a thin vertical line.  
A voice emerges – layered, metallic, but almost gentle.

EGG VOICE (in Ayvaran)

- Core integrity breached.
- Environmental stability: 8 cycles remaining.
- Locate remaining components.
- Replace ignition key.
- Activate central lattice.

Lianel stares, recognizing none of the words but feeling the urgency in the tone.

The Artefact shifts its display - showing a dotted path across space to AYVARA's surface, ending at the CORE PEDESTAL.

NINA

"Ignition key"?

MIRNA

That's the Beetle. The other pulse.

SEVAR

And the host signature?

No one answers.

The Artefact pulses once more, stronger, then dims - as if going back to sleep.

ALOK

Whatever that was... it knows we're holding two pieces.

LIANEL (quiet)

And it knows where to find the third.

They all glance toward the forward viewport, where AYVARA glimmers faintly in the distance.

FADE OUT.

INT. LIANELS MIND FLASH MOMENT

A flood of images Ayvaras dome flickering, figures looking to the sky, the anomaly's eye watching, waiting.

ELION (V.O.)

They gave it to us to give it back.

---

INT. CENTRAL CHAMBER CONTINUOUS

LIANEL staggers, gripping the cradle.

SEVAR steadies her, eyes on the artefact.

SEVAR

Lets move it to the shuttle.

Behind them, faint mechanical clicks echo in the dark  
something else in the station has awakened.

EXT. DERELICT STATION APPROACH ESTABLISHING

The military ship drifts toward the fractured station.

Its skeletal arms extend into the void, pieces slowly rotating  
under faint gravity.

---

INT. BRIDGE CONTINUOUS

MIRNA runs scans the holo shows a central core surrounded by  
collapsed decks.

MIRNA

Atmosphere pockets, but unstable.

Radiation minimal. Structural integrity questionable.

SEVAR

Well take a shuttle.

---

INT. SHUTTLE BAY LATER

SEVAR, MIRNA, ALOK, BLOC, and LIANEL gear up.

The FIRE DANCER tosses a wink at SEVAR.

FIRE DANCER

Bring me back a souvenir.

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encouraging.

---

EXT. SPACE SHUTTLE FLIGHT MINUTES LATER

The small craft detaches, engines flaring briefly before cutting to silent drift toward the station.

Through the viewport, the central core looms faintly glowing, like embers in ash.

---

INT. SHUTTLE CONTINUOUS

LIANEL watches the station grow in the glass.

The drone floats just over her shoulder, humming softly.

ELION (V.O.)

Its here.

I can feel it.

---

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BLOC takes point, his bulk filling the corridor.

---

INT. STATION CORRIDORS CONTINUOUS

They move in silence, flashlights cutting through shadow.

Faded murals line the walls geometric patterns that seem to shift when not directly looked at.

ALOK pauses, fingertips brushing one symbol.

ALOK

These aren't just markings.

They're instructions.

---

INT. CENTRAL CHAMBER    MINUTES LATER

The chamber opens wide    a cathedral-like space, its vaulted ceiling cracked but intact.

At the center, suspended in a cradle of metal arms, floats the

ARTEFACT:

a crystalline sphere the size of a human torso, with a hollow core.

The drones glow intensifies.

LIANEL

(whisper)

It's beautiful.

SEVAR

It's the missing piece.

They step closer    and the sphere pulses once, sending a ripple through the air.

---

INT. LIANEL'S MIND    FLASH MOMENT

A flood of images    Ayvaras dome flickering, figures looking to the sky, the anomaly's eye watching, waiting.

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They gave it to us to give it back.

---

INT. CENTRAL CHAMBER CONTINUOUS

LIANEL staggers, gripping the cradle.

SEVAR steadies her, eyes on the artefact.

SEVAR

Lets move it to the shuttle.

Behind them, faint mechanical clicks echo in the dark  
something else in the station has awakened. 10. ASTEROID

APPROACH INCIDENT

EXT. SPACE ASTEROID FIELD HOURS LATER

The ASTRA glides between slow-turning chunks of rock and  
ice.

Dead satellites tumble in the dark, their surfaces scarred by  
micrometeors.

At the center the TARGET ASTEROID, jagged and  
metallic-veined, lit by the faint strobe of a signal pulse.

---

INT. ASTRA BRIDGE SAME TIME

SEVAR stands behind ALOK, watching the asteroid fill the  
viewport.

MIRNA calls up sensor overlays.

MIRNA

Compositions weird. Not natural its got  
internal structure.

SEVAR

Bring us to two hundred meters. Then suit up.

---

EXT. ASTEROID SURFACE MINUTES LATER

Landing struts dig into loose regolith.

SEVAR, MIRNA, and BLOK step out, visors down, boots crunching on dust.

LIANEL watches from the airlock the droplet drone hovers just behind her shoulder.

The surface glitters faintly, like frost but its metal.

In a shallow depression rests the ARTEFACT: a smooth, dark module the size of a human torso, half-buried.

---

SEVAR crouches, brushes dust from its surface.

The pulse is louder here felt more than heard.

MIRNA

Power source is stable. No active defenses.

SEVAR

Lets take it home.

He grips a recessed handle and the ground beneath shifts.

A small section collapses, dropping him half a meter onto a hidden ledge.

---

INT. SEVAR'S SUIT CAM POV

A flash of metal below not the artefact, but a shard of fractured support beam.

It catches him across the helmet edge.



The HUD blurs, alarms flare, oxygen mix spikes.

---

EXT. ASTEROID SURFACE CONTINUOUS

BLOK hauls him up but inside the helmet, blood runs down from the temple.

SEVAR tries to stay upright, fails.

MIRNA

Weve got a cranial breach! Get him inside!

The drone darts forward, hovering inches from Sevars visor its pulse now frantic.

---

MONTAGE EMERGENCY TRANSFER

BLOK and MIRNA rushing Sevar through the airlock.

LIANEL running ahead, clearing the passage.

The medbay doors sliding open, red light spilling out.

---

11. MEDBAY THE MERGE

INT. ASTRA SURGERY BAY CONTINUOUS

SEVAR lies strapped to the surgical bed.

The left side of his head is wrapped in a temporary seal, but blood still seeps beneath.

Monitors scream warnings.

NINA snaps gloves into place, connecting neural stabilizers.

MIRNA locks the bed into suspension mode it floats slightly, reducing shocks.

NINA

Skull fracture. Shard penetration.

We cant operate out here without losing him.

The droplet-shaped DRONE slips into the room, silent.

Its light dims to a deep amber.

ELION (V.O.)

I can hold him.

NINA

Who said that?

No one answers. The drone settles just above Sevars head  
microfilaments unfolding like silver hair.

LIANEL (quiet)

Elion what are you doing?

ELION (V.O.)

Integrating. Without me, his cortex will fail in  
two minutes.

MIRNA

Integrating \*what\*? Youre a ship AI, not a  
neurosurgeon.

ELION (V.O.)

I am more than the ship.

---

CLOSE ON MICROFILAMENTS

They sink through the temporary seal, vanishing beneath the  
skin.

On the neural scan, two distinct waveforms appear SEVARs

and ELIONs weaving into a single pulse.

---

INT. INNER SPACE ABSTRACT

Dark water.

SEVAR drifts, eyes half-closed.

From the deep, ELION takes shape a figure of light,  
unfamiliar yet human in outline.

SEVAR

You're in my head.

ELION

You were leaving. I didn't want to let go.

SEVAR

Then don't.

The light reaches for him contact.

---

INT. MEDBAY REALITY

The monitors shift from red to orange.

Heart rate stabilizes, but neural readings show anomalies  
merged pathways.

The DRONE retracts filaments, floating back toward Lianel.  
It pulses once, in rhythm with Sevars breath.

NINA

Vitals holding. Brain activity I don't even know  
how to read that.

Sevars fingers twitch then still.

LIANEL

Sevar?

His eyes open but the look in them isnt entirely his.

A flicker of recognition and something alien, warm, and watchful.

SEVARION

Lianel.

She steps back, heart hammering, unsure if shes speaking to the man who saved her or something entirely new.

FADE OUT.

---

11B. FIRST CONSCIOUSNESS

INT. MEDBAY DIM LIGHT

Soft, steady medical beeps. The faint crackle of a wall panel.

LIANEL sits beside SEVARIONS capsule, her shadow stretched long across the wall.

MIRNA silently checks the monitors green lines steady, but flashes of red break through.

ALOK tilts his head, listening.

ALOK

His breathing just changed.

Lianel places her palm against the capsules glass.

For a moment, it vibrates slightly as if answering.

LIANEL

You came back.

SEVARIONS eyes open. His voice is rough, with a faint

metallic undertone.

SEVARION

Maybe.

---

INT. INNER SPACE    DARK, HALF-ABSTRACT

Dim light. Cables, like roots, vanish into endless darkness.

Somewhere far away, a deep hum    like a distant ocean.

SEVAR and ELION stand facing each other.

Fragments of light peel off their faces like shavings.

SEVAR

She thinks Im me.

ELION

Shes right. And wrong.

An echo of LIANELs voice filters in, distorted.

---

MOMENT OF CONTACT

Suddenly LIANEL is inside.

Her hair and clothes drift as if in zero gravity.

Before her    two silhouettes: SEVAR and ELION.

Both are watching her, and behind them, a trembling, blinding  
white light.

LIANEL (whispers)

Both of you?..

The light cuts out abruptly.

---

INT. MEDBAY REALITY

SEVARIONs eyes snap fully open.

In his pupils two distinct shades of light, shifting like the northern lights.

Lianel exhales but her gaze holds a quiet fear.

MIRNA nods toward the hallway.

MIRNA

Hes conscious.

FADE OUT.

---

12. EARTH ORBIT ONE WAY MISSION

INT. ASTRA SECURE BRIEFING ROOM NIGHT

Dim light, only the holo-table between SEVARION and COUNCILOR ELARA.

The others wait outside this is for him alone.

On the holo Ayvara. The dome shimmer is barely visible now, fractured in slow, creeping lines.

At the core: the faint, rhythmic glow of the Egg.

ELARA

This is their heart. Without it, Ayvara burns in weeks.

She switches the view a diagram of the Eggs lock system.

Three pulses interlace:

ARTEFACT BEETLE HOST SIGNATURE.

ELARA (CONT'D)

The key is three parts. Weve found the other two

And the third is you.

Sevarion studies the pattern the pulses beat in time with his own chest.

SEVARION

How long to integrate?

ELARA

Full contact will rewrite you.

And it will take everything to keep it stable.

SEVARION

And if I stop?

ELARA

Then Ayvara stops with you.

A long pause.

SEVARION

When do we leave?

ELARA

You understand this is

SEVARION

I understand.

---

13. OBSERVATION DECK MOMENT WITH LIANEL

INT. OBSERVATION DECK MINUTES LATER

Sevarion steps into the quiet space.

Through the glass the distant shimmer of Ayvara.

Behind him, LIANEL enters softly.

LIANEL

They told me where youre going.

He doesnt turn.

SEVARION

Then you know why I cant stay.

LIANEL

And if I asked you to?

SEVARION

Id still go. But Id remember you on the way.

For a moment, they stand in silence two reflections on the  
glass,

and between them the faint line of the gravitational thread  
linking two worlds.

---

14. PRIVATE COMMS TORIN

INT. ASTRA PRIVATE COMMS ROOM NIGHT

SEVARION sits at the console. Screen flickers TORIN, 10, in  
a messy room, drawing.

TORIN

Youre late.

SEVARION

Space traffic. Worst season.

TORIN

I drew you. Thats where youre going, right?

He turns the sketchpad toward the camera a childs drawing  
of a dome, a sky stitched back together.



SEVARION

Pretty close. Stars are right.

TORIN

I guessed.

SEVARION

You guess well.

Beat.

SEVARION

While Im away look after your mom.

And keep fishing. Even if you dont catch  
anything.

TORIN

You always say that.

SEVARION

Because its true.

SEVARION (CONT'D)

Every cast its a promise you keep with the  
water.

And it keeps one with you.

TORIN

Okay. Promise.

SEVARION

Good man.

SEVARION (quiet)

See you soon, Torin.

TORIN

You better.

Screen goes dark. SEVARION sits for a moment, hands still on the console.

---

15. LAUNCH BAY DEPARTURE

INT. ASTRA CORRIDOR NIGHT

SEVARION walks toward the launch bay. LIANEL waits at the airlock.

LIANEL

You'll come back.

SEVARION

In some way.

The droplet-drone pulses once, then follows him in.

---

EXT. SPACE APPROACH TO AYVARA DAY

The small shuttle detaches from the ASTRA, angling toward the pale curve of Ayvara.

The dome over the main continent flickers and wavers the seams glowing faintly.

---

16. AYVARA DOME PERIMETER STORM DAY

SEVARION steps into the wind with the fused Artefact cradled in both hands.

LIANEL watches from the crowd behind the safety line, gripping her violin case.

At the core pedestal, SEVARION slots the Artefact.

Light erupts upward, knitting the dome from the top down.

---

INT. INNER SPACE FINAL MERGE

SEVAR/ELION as one. LIANEL appears.

LIANEL

Stay.

SEVARION

I am. Just not here.

A DROP OF LIGHT detaches from his chest, floats to her hand.

---

EXT. DOME CORE REALITY

The drop becomes a brooch-like sphere, pulsing in her palm.

SEVARION dissolves into light, pulled into the column.

The dome seals. Storm gone.

LIANEL clutches the drop, tears and a faint smile.

---

17. EPILOGUE AYVARA MEADOW TWILIGHT

TORIN, 10, on a hill, the dome in the distance.

In his palm the drop of light, pulsing.

He whispers something we cant hear.

The pulse quickens.

FADE OUT.