

PRAYPREY: CYCLE BREAKER

Screenplay by

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Based on the novel by Adam J. Spencer

A handwritten signature in black ink that reads "Adam J. Spencer". The signature is written in a cursive, flowing style with a large initial "A" and "S".

FADE IN:

ACT ONE - THE MISFIRE

TING.

EXT. VIRETHISH - TITAN FACE - NIGHT (AHEAD - THE MISFIRE)

CLOSE ON: A TITAN'S EYES.

Not animal eyes - WINDOWS the size of towers, blazing BRUISED VIOLET.

The "face" is an architectural nightmare: terraces, domes, hollow spires built into exposed bone-plates. Aqueducts tracing a jawline. The CITY is inside her.

And right now -

She is ENRAGED.

Fountains embedded along her cheek-terraces EXPLODE upward - steaming foam, shattered masonry. Bridges shear. Streets BUCKLE.

A low, inhuman sound rises from deep within her frame - a mourning note twisted into rage.

A flicker - half a frame - something BRUISE-VIOLET threads behind the light in her eyes.

BRACCA (V.O.)
You don't have to. You can wait.

TING.

WIDER - the city carved into her skull and shoulders begins to CRUSH.

A terraced dome COLLAPSES. A spire snaps like bone. Citizens scatter in swarms. SCREAMS stitch through roaring stone.

TING.

PRAYPREY (V.O.)
I can't.

A beat - the line hardens.

PRAYPREY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I won't lose them all.

TING.

SLOW MOTION - PRAYPREY midair.

PRAYPREY (young adult), mantle of pale TITAN-FLEECE, KAVRI pendant burning at her sternum. A living disc-shield grown to her back.

In her hands: the BLADE OF VOICE – green-gold light screaming along its length.

The air ripples with tone.

TING.

Impact.

The Blade goes into the Titan's chest –

Too clean. Too deep.

A micro-beat where you feel the mistake before you understand it.

TING.

The Blade PUNCHES THROUGH –

Into the HEART.

A sound that is not a scream – a NOTE breaking.

PRAYPREY recoils as realization arrives a half-second late.

TING... TING...

Now the rhythm changes.

Not a metronome – a HEART.

The TINGs slow, spacing out like final beats leaving a body.

FLASH-FRAME – bruised violet drains from the Titan's eyes. (ONE FRAME.)

FLASH-FRAME – the Titan's gaze finds PRAYPREY. No rage. No blame. (ONE FRAME.)

FLASH-FRAME – the city tilts. Domes collapsing inward like lungs caving. (ONE FRAME.)

TING.

BLACK.

PRAYPREY (O.S.)

No –

(sobbing)

I'm sorry.

HOLD.

TITLE CARD: PRAYPREY: CYCLE BREAKER

A softer echo – distant, almost remembered:

TING.

SMASH CUT TO:

**EXT. CHAPEL OF THE DIVINE MIRROR – RUINS – PRE-DAWN
(MINUTES EARLIER)**

Grey light. Smoke. A dying fire.

The chapel burns – surrendering.

WIDE: an amphitheater floor.

Mantid bodies – friend and foe – laid in careful parallel rows.
Cloth strips over faces. Wildflowers between them.

Someone took care of the dead.

At the crest: PRAYPREY. Motionless.

Her Titan-Fleece is dormant-white.

Clean.

(No stain yet.)

On her back: THE SHIELD OF THOUGHT – not strapped, but grown
there. Living metal shifting with her breath.

Something inside it is awake.

BRACCA – a female mantid – who the Shield used to be. She's the
one who held the Gorge Bridge alone while hundreds of civilians
crossed behind her. She fought until she was broken. At the
moment before death she underwent a metaphorical molt of mercy
– shedding body, keeping self. Now fully conscious – fully
Bracca – her PRESENCE lives on in the SHIELD OF THOUGHT.

BRACCA (V.O., FROM SHIELD)

(warm, rough)

Steady, spark. You're still
breathing. That means something.

PRAYPREY doesn't answer. Mandibles work once – swallowing
grief.

BRACCA (V.O., FROM SHIELD) (CONT'D)

You don't have to talk. Just don't
lock me out.

A beat. PRAYPREY's fingers brush the Shield.

Below, triage in motion:

VIRËSSA (30s), orchid armor cracked, surgical hands trembling at the edges, works smoke-blinded clutchlings.

MARAL (child), rust-orange and jade-mottled, shadows her with a water skin too large for her.

ZIPRA (late teens), smallest of the Vanguard with the biggest voice, sprints cart to cart, barking coordinates.

ZIPRA

Triage carts east! Walking wounded
at the SECOND column – not the
first!

SOL'RYN (20s-30s), desert-bred, lean, wings vestigial – adult female, long past the molt that traded flight for five-digit hands and height. She drops from the ridge above, lands in a crouch. Scans the perimeter. Says nothing. Climbs back up.

At the amphitheater edge:

VËRRYX (30s), Hollow Swarm defector, surrender cloth on antennae, stands with FIFTY HOLLOW DESERTERS behind her.

A spear-length gap between them and the Vanguard.

Deliberate.

PRAYPREY's Fleece stirs. A single bristle rises.

She turns WEST.

BRACCA (V.O., FROM SHIELD)

Feel that?

PRAYPREY

(barely)

Yes.

EXT. CHAPEL OF THE DIVINE MIRROR – RUINS – CONTINUOUS

A sound like rain on distant crystal.

TING.

Every head lifts.

TING-TING.

PRAYPREY's hand goes to the Kavri. It warms – gold pushing back the cold.

TING-TING-TING-TING-TING -

The sound MULTIPLIES. Spreading too fast.

Then -

SILENCE.

Every mirror in the world BREAKS.

Belt-loops pop. Pendants powder. Staff-heads fracture.

The chapel's convex mosaics EXPLODE into silver dust.

ZIPRA

(staring at it in her palm)

What - what just happened -

SOL'RYN vaults down from the ridge. Lands hard.

SOL'RYN

Scout mirrors are dead. All of
them. Dust.

VIRESSA

That network is -

SOL'RYN

Gone.

The weight hits.

No warning. No distant eyes.

PRAYPREY clutches the Kavri. It FLARES - warm, defiant, golden.

BRACCA (V.O., FROM SHIELD)

Hold steady. This shard remembers
what the world forgot.

PRAYPREY

Why is it still whole?

BRACCA (V.O., FROM SHIELD)

Because it was never glass. It was
a promise.

A tremor rolls through the earth.

Rhythmic. Intentional.

SOL'RYN

West ridge - movement.

ZIPRA
Define "movement."

SOL'RYN
(flat)
The ridge is standing up.

PRAYPREY turns fully west.

BRACCA (V.O., FROM SHIELD)
Spark -

PRAYPREY
Already moving.

EXT. WESTERN RIDGE - PRE-DAWN

The ridge begins to RISE.

Stone plates unfurl like armor segments long fused shut. Soil cascades. Moss falls in veils with root systems tearing loose.

The "hill" is the curved shoulder of something so massive geography mistook it for landscape.

The head emerges last.

Not a skull - a CITADEL. Terraced domes. Hollow spires. Windows where eyes should be.

BRACCA (V.O., FROM SHIELD)
Virethish.

The Titan KNEELS. The ground SIGHS.

A mournful note rises - low, resonant, heartbroken.

BRACCA (V.O., FROM SHIELD) (CONT'D)
She's not rampaging. She's trying
to come home.

PRAYPREY
(to Sol'ryn)
Do you feel that?

SOL'RYN
It's like -

PRAYPREY
- like it remembers being loved.
But doesn't know how to return the
feeling.

PRAYPREY starts down toward the Titan.

VIRĚSSA
Prayprey, wait -

PRAYPREY
I need to see.

Virethish's hand shifts, unearthing a CONVEX MIRROR SHARD - intact, shimmering with colors that shouldn't exist.

PRAYPREY touches it -

A memory-lance: city-song, clutchlings laughing, then SCREAMS and dark vines threading the spine.

PRAYPREY recoils.

PRAYPREY (CONT'D)
Filaments -

BRACCA (V.O., FROM SHIELD)
Yes.

A thin bruise-violet FILAMENT invades at the spine base.

The mourning song WARPS.

Virethish's window-eyes flood bruised violet.

Chaos begins - boulders rolling, bridges snapping, civilians in the path.

ZIPRA
CIVILIANS! LOWER CAMP!

VIRĚSSA
(shouting)
PRAYPREY! NOW!

BRACCA (V.O., FROM SHIELD)
(urgent)
You don't have to. You can wait -

PRAYPREY
I can't. I won't lose them all.

She draws the BLADE OF VOICE.

She LEAPS -

And as she flies, we do NOT "play the fall" again.

We HEAR the sound.

TING.

FLASH CUTS – single-frame impressions, the fall replayed as fragments:

The Blade hits too clean. Punches through. TING. TING...
TING...

The heart-slow begins.

Violet drains. Her eyes find PRAYPREY: grief, not rage. Domes collapsing inward like lungs.

TING.

CUT TO BLACK.

PRAYPREY (O.S.)

No –
(sobbing)
I'm sorry.

EXT. RUINS OF VIRETHISH – PRE-DAWN

Grey light. Smoke. Ash falling.

PRAYPREY stands where a heart used to beat.

Now the VIOLET STAIN blooms across her once-white Titan-Fleece.

The Blade is sheathed – but her hand keeps finding the hilt.

ZIPRA approaches. Stops ten feet away.

ZIPRA

Seventeen dead from the rockfall.
Another forty wounded.

PRAYPREY doesn't answer.

A figure moves through the settling dust –

VEL'ZHERA (adult), gaunt, cracked exo-plates, eyes sharp as glass.

She sees PRAYPREY.

Twenty paces of ash between them.

PRAYPREY extends a hand. An offering.

Vel'Zhera studies the stain. The Blade. The hand.

She pulls back. CERTAINTY.

She bends. Picks up a jagged convex SHARD – still warm, still faintly singing.