

SAMSARAVVERSE SEASON 6

EPISODE 2 THE ANALOG ESCAPE / GHOST IN THE TRANSIT

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Based on book series "SAMSARAVVERSE"
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EXT. SAN FRANCISCO STREET - NIGHT

San Francisco, 2056. Rain slicks the asphalt. Neon holograms bleed their colors into the puddles. Overhead, a Mag Lev train WHOOSHES through a transparent tube, vibrating the city below.

LEON VOSS (30s, lean, haunted eyes) stands on a crowded corner, his hood pulled tight against the artificial chill. Around him, pedestrians shuffle past with blank stares. Faint blue light pulses from the Neural Links implanted behind their ears.

Leon looks up. Seventeen floors above, the windows of his apartment glow harshly. Silhouettes move quickly inside. Aeterna forces. They found him.

He ducks his head and slips into a narrow, unlit alley.

EXT. DARK ALLEY - DISTRICT 7 - CONTINUOUS

Leon presses his back against a cold brick wall, stifling a cough. His jacket is torn. His ribs scream with every breath. The sound of boots ransacking his home echoes from above.

He pushes deeper into the alley, navigating a maze of soggy cardboard boxes and synthetic waste.

His hand instinctively reaches for his chest. He touches the TITANIUM FLASH DRIVE hanging from his neck. It pulses with a faint, warm glow.

LEON (WHISPERING)

Ten years. Ten years they didn't find me.

He touches the titanium flash drive hanging around his neck. It glows faintly.

SUDDENLY

WHIIIIING.

A high-pitched mechanical whine shatters the silence. Leon freezes. From the fog above, a SEEKER DRONE descends. It's the size of a predator dog, its metallic chassis gleaming in the wet. A violent red spotlight sweeps the alley floor. Thermal lenses swivel with terrifying precision.

Leon flattens himself against the brick. He holds his breath. The silver lining of his SIGNAL JAMMER JACKET hums softly, fighting to deflect the drone's radar waves. The red beam snaps to a halt. Dead center on the boxes shielding Leon.

DRONE (V.O.)
(mechanical booming)
Target acquired. Anomaly 01.
Requesting tactical intercept.

Leon doesn't think. He bolts.

EXT. ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

Leon sprints over garbage. The drone buzzes furiously behind him, closing the gap.

Above the bus stop ahead, two heavy THUDS shake the ground.

Two ASF AGENTS in heavily armored EXO SUITS drop from the roof. The impact shatters the asphalt. They raise their stun rifles in unison. Escape route closed.

ASF AGENT #1
Halt! Hands behind your head!

Leon skids to a halt, boots scraping the wet ground. Left: a smooth wall. Right: ASF. Up: Fire escape is out of reach.

His eyes dart to a rusty city heating pipe clinging to the brick wall.

Without slowing his momentum, Leon pivots and unleashes a brutal kick into the pipe's pressure valve.

SNAP! PSSSHHHT!

The steam doesn't just blind the sensors. For a split second less than a heartbeat the cloud of vapor begins to GLOW FAINT GOLD. Leon sees it. The ASF agents don't.

Inside the steam, SHAPES form. Faint. Blurry. Almost invisible. A girl reaching out. An old man walking. A tree made of light. The Prayer Server. Bleeding through.

Leon stares, frozen for half a second. The steam clears. The visions vanish. But the ASF agents stumble. Their Exo-Suits flicker. The golden light disrupted their systems.

Leon doesn't understand what he just saw. But he doesn't need to. He runs.

ASF AGENT #1 (V.O.)
(distorted over comms)
Target lost! Switch to sonar mode!

Leon dives blindly through the scalding fog. He slams his shoulder into a heavy metal door marked: *Underground Parking Access*. It gives way.

INT. PARKING GARAGE STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

Leon leaps down the concrete stairs, skipping three at a time. He hits the basement floor and rolls violently to break his fall. Blood seeps through the knees of his cargo pants.

He scrambles to his feet, ignoring the pain.

Behind him, the heavy *CLOMP* of tactical boots echoes down the stairwell. The steam only bought him ten seconds.

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INT. PARKING GARAGE BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Leon sprints toward the exit. It's only fifty meters away. But blocking the path is the AEGIS-7 BIOMETRIC SCANNER GATE. A lethal grid of blue lasers hums across the doorway. Passing through means an instant lockdown and blaring alarms.

Death behind. Digital prison ahead.

Leon stops. He closes his eyes. His hand grips the flash drive around his neck.

LEON
Mr. David... if you're there...
please...

GLITCH

The harsh fluorescent lights in the basement violently flicker. Once. Twice. Three times. All scanner screens at the gate suddenly flash a blinding SAPPHIRE WHITE. The deadly blue laser grid fizzles and dies. On the main security monitor, an impossible image renders: a JASMINE FLOWER. Its pure white petals slowly bloom across the high resolution screen. An organic anomaly in a synthetic world. The system completely freezes. Aeterna's algorithms have no binary code for "prayer."

From the guardhouse's broken radio, a soft, staticky whisper bleeds through.

SHAYLA (V.O.)
Run, Leon. I'm here.

Leon opens his eyes. He dashes through the dead gate just as the ASF boots hit the basement floor.

INT. LEON'S APARTMENT - 17TH FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

The night wind howls through the shattered window frame.

ROCAS (40s, a mountain of muscle and chrome) stands perfectly still. His heavy boots crush the shards of a synthetic coffee cup. His cybernetic eyes glow a menacing crimson as he stares down into the steam-filled alley.

ASF AGENT #2 (V.O.)
(distorted)
Target lost from visual! He's blinding
our sensors!

Rocas smiles faintly. DISTRIBUTION © LENI HASRANI

ROCAS
(to himself)
This anomaly... more intelligent than
the data suggested.

A chilling voice slices directly into his Neural Link.

VESPER (V.O.)
Order your team into the sewers,
Rocas. I want him alive.

Rocas presses the module on his thick neck.

ROCAS
Ground troops lost him. But he can't
escape our movement pattern algorithm.
Give me thirty minutes. We'll know
exactly which hole this rat is hiding
in.

INT. AETERNA HQ - 67TH FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Dr. VESPER BROWN (40s, platinum blonde hair slicked back, ice gray eyes) stands before a giant holographic map of San

Francisco. Thousands of red dots pulse on the display. One black hole vanishes into a sector that does not exist on any map.

A nervous young ASSISTANT types frantically at a console.

ASSISTANT

He's out of the building perimeter.
The field team lost visual contact for
fourteen seconds due to a system
anomaly.

Vesper ignores her. She pinches the air, zooming in on the last CCTV frame. It's Leon. Blurry, hooded, but unmistakable to her.

VESPER

(whispering)

Leon Voss.

ASSISTANT

You know him, Doctor?

Vesper raises a single finger. The assistant shuts up instantly.

VESPER

No one needs to know his status. Order
Rocas to the field. I want that
Anomaly alive.

She turns on her heel, steel stilettos clacking against the glass floor. Her posture screams corporate arrogance, but deep in her gray eyes, an old fear trembles.

INT. VESPER'S PRIVATE LAB - SAME

Vesper stands alone. The holographic map flickers behind her thousands of red dots and one black hole.

She walks to a personal terminal. Her fingers type ancient codes codes erased twenty years ago, never taught in any training. The lab lights dim. She closes her eyes.

FLASHBACK - HOSPITAL ROOM - 25 YEARS AGO

A hospital room. Antiseptic smell. Heart monitor beeping

slowly. Too slowly.

YOUNG VESPER (20, dark hair, softer eyes) sits beside a hospital bed. A MAN lies still eyes open, but seeing nothing. Machines keep him breathing. But he has been gone for years.

NURSE (O.C.)

They said there's nothing they can do.
His consciousness... it's just not
there anymore.

Young Vesper grips her father's cold fingers.

YOUNG VESPER

(whispering)

If I could reach you... if I could
pull you back...

The heart monitor flatlines. Green line. Straight. Silent. Final. Young Vesper stares at it. She doesn't cry.

YOUNG VESPER (CONT'D)

Then I'll find a way

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INT. VESPER'S LAB - PRESENT - CONTINUOUS

Vesper opens her eyes. The lab is dark.

A SHADOW forms on the monitor. It moves with its own will, edges trembling like old television static.

SHADOW (V.O.)

(thousands of voices whispering)

You want the protocol, Vesper. The key
the anomaly carries.

Vesper stares at the shadow. Not with fear. With something older. Something that has been waiting twenty-five years.

VESPER

What are you?

SHADOW (V.O.)

We are the ones the machines forgot.

The monitor glitches. Faces push through the static—soldiers, mercenaries, mothers, children. Uniforms stained with the dirt of a twenty year old war. The forgotten dead.

SHADOW (V.O.) (CONT'D)

David closed the RE-GENESIS door ten
(MORE)

SHADOW (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 years ago. He freed the ones screaming
 in the tubes. But we are in a
 different layer. The Echo World. He
 couldn't reach us.

The faces shift. Not pleading. Hoping.

SHADOW (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 We watched him walk five hundred
 years. We screamed for him every day.
 But he never heard us. He was too
 focused on finding his daughter.

VESPER
 Why don't you take the Key yourselves?

SHADOW (V.O.)
 We can't touch him. The Key is
 protected by something older than us.
 Something that rejects us.

The static roars for a second. The shadow actually trembles.

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 SHADOW (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Preet. The AI.

The name hangs in the air. Vesper's chest quivers.

SHADOW (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 The one who guards the Key from
 another dimension. We cannot fight it.
 But you can. You are human. You are
 real. Capture the anomaly, Vesper.
 Bring the Key to the door. And we will
 be free.

The monitor snaps to black. The lights surge back to normal.
 Vesper stands perfectly still, her breathing steady.

EXT. STREETS OF SAN FRANCISCO - CONTINUOUS

Leon blends into the sea of pedestrians. Thousands of
 citizens march in sync, their eyes glazed over, Neural Links
 dictating their reality.

Three matte-black HUNTER-KILLER DRONES glide silently
 overhead, scanning the crowds like vultures.

Leon keeps his head down, face hidden behind his carbon mask.

He passes an electronics storefront. Suddenly, a massive wall of TV screens glitches. The news anchor's face distorts, transforming into THREE INTERLOCKING GOLD CIRCLES.

It lasts for exactly 0.5 seconds.

Behind his mask, the corners of Leon's mouth twitch upward.

LEON
(whispering)
You're still here, Preet.

INT. SUBWAY TRAIN - NIGHT

The subway car rocks violently. Five HOMELESS PEOPLE sleep in corners. An OLD BLIND WOMAN clutches her shopping cart. No cameras. No screens. Just the clink of metal against metal.

Leon slumps into a torn seat, hands shaking. The flash drive against his chest is warm. Like its own heartbeat.

He looks at his reflection in the dirty window. For a split second behind his own face he sees a GIRL black silhouette with with a blue ribbon in her weist. Smiling. Then she melts back into darkness.

Leon rubs his eyes.

LEON
(sighing)
Thanks, Preet.

He digs into his pocket and pulls out OSCAR'S POCKET WATCH. The glass is cracked. It hasn't ticked in ten years.

TICK.

Leon stares. The silver second hand violently twitches. It defies gravity, pointing sharply downward, straight through the floor of the train, guiding him into the uncharted depths.

INT. GARDEN OF ETERNAL DATA - UNKNOWN

Endless white space. A tree of golden light. SHAYLA (7, black silhouette, blue ribbon in her weist) sits beneath it, tears of joy dripping from her eyes, turning into floating pinpricks of light. ARVIN (50's old man, peaceful) sits cross-legged beside her.

ARVIN

He's safe.

Shayla nods slowly.

SHAYLA

Yes. For now.

INT. SUBWAY TRAIN - CONTINUOUS

Leon sits in the corner. The air changes. Cold. Unnatural. The dim yellow lights flicker. Become pale blue light that should only exist on computer screens or in nightmares. Leon's breath forms vapor.

On the advertising screen opposite him, a model's smiling face **MELTS** into thousands of tiny, soundless faces mouths open in a scream no one will ever hear. At the end of the carriage

THE ECHO BROKER.

A tall silhouette in a red robe, body made of swirling static. A golden mask covers its face blank, expressionless. Red code swirls where a face should be. Code older than Aeterna. Code writing itself since before Leon was born.

Leon cannot move. Frozen.

ECHO BROKER (V.O.)

(thousands of voices)

You have our Key. Twenty years in this world. Twenty thousand years in our dimension. We don't want to hurt you. We just want to go home.

The golden mask pulses. The red code slows. Not out of anger. Exhaustion.

ECHO BROKER (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Where we should have been from the beginning. Not heaven. Not hell. Just... silence.

The collective voice breaks. The thousands of voices diminish into desperate whispers.

ECHO BROKER (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Just stop feeling. Just stop waiting.

Leon looks at the ad screen. The faces aren't screaming

anymore. They are staring at him. Tired soldiers. Weeping mothers.

ECHO BROKER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Vesper will open the door tonight.
 With or without the Key. If she opens
 it without us... we will scream in the
 doorway forever.

Suddenly, a single voice cuts through the static. A YOUNG WARRIOR.

YOUNG WARRIOR (V.O.)
 Don't let her take the Key. It's the
 only thing that can close the door.

Movement to Leon's right. The OLD WOMAN with the shopping cart stands up.

Her movements are jerky, mechanical. She turns to Leon. Her eyes are glowing a dull, rusted red.

OLD WOMAN
 (young girl's voice)
 We didn't choose this, Leon. We didn't
 choose to be ghosts.

She reaches out and touches Leon's paralyzed hand. It's freezing.

OLD WOMAN (CONT'D)
 (young girl's voice)
 Mr. David built a prayer server. He
 created the Digital Core where prayers
 become code. But we are not there. We
 are in the Echo World. The space
 between prayer and answer. The place
 where the forgotten wait.

Her glowing red eyes flicker to a warm, human brown for just a second.

OLD WOMAN (CONT'D)
 We've waited twenty years for someone
 to remember us. Don't keep us waiting
 any longer.

GASP!

Leon violently jerks awake, sucking in air. Cold sweat drenches his face. He grabs his chest. The flash drive is

vibrating wildly. The advertising screen flickers:

>>THEY'RE COMING 15 MINUTES

>>EXIT THROUGH THE SOUTH TUNNEL

>>PREET WILL GUIDE YOU

Leon stares at the message. Ten years ago, he would have believed it. But ten years as a ghost taught him, hope is a weapon.

LEON

(whispering)

Preet... why should I believe you?

No answer. But the flash drive throbs. Warm. Like a second heartbeat.

Leon closes his eyes. Opens them.

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LEON (CONT'D)
(speaking to himself)

This isn't fate. This is a choice.

He stands.

CHIIIIIIIIIIIT!

The train slams its emergency brakes. Sparks erupt outside the windows as the metal wheels grind agonizingly against the rails. Passengers are thrown to the floor.

The lights die completely. Pitch black.

From the tunnel behind the train, a terrifying sound echoes in the dark.

CLATTER... CLATTER... CLATTER...

Heavy steel boots crushing gravel. They found him.

While the homeless passengers scream in panic, Leon moves with purpose. He reaches the emergency exit at the back of the car. He wedges his fingers into the gap and pulls with all his strength.

CRACK!

The hydraulic doors slide open just enough. Leon slips through and drops onto the gravel tracks.

INT. SOUTH TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

Leon lands hard. The smell of rust and damp moss fills his lungs.

A massive crash echoes from the train behind him. Rocas smashes through the rear carriage door, his red cybernetic eyes piercing the darkness. Three Seeker Drones swarm past him.

Leon sprints down the tunnel. Up ahead, the path splits into three pitch-black arteries.

The flash drive vibrates again. Down the left tunnel, a dead emergency bulb suddenly flickers to life, glowing sapphire white.

Leon dives left just as a barrage of stun-blasts from the drones shatters the brick where he just stood.

Rocas charges like a rhino, his Exo-Suit hydraulics whining.

ROCAS

(yelling)

You're not getting there, Anomaly!

Fifty meters. Thirty meters. Rocas leaps, extending his massive titanium arm toward Leon's neck.

At the end of the tunnel sits a heavy iron grate the border to the Dead Sector. It's cracked open just a few inches.

Leon drops to his knees and slides through the mud, slipping through the narrow gap.

CRANG!

Rocas's metal hand slams into the iron grate, sending a shower of sparks into the air. His fingers miss Leon's collar by an inch.

Rocas tries to rip the bars apart, but the industrial iron holds. His armor's HUD blinks angrily: *SIGNAL LOST*. The Dead Sector. A total blind spot.

Rocas glares through the bars at Leon, who is leaning against the mossy wall, panting.

ROCAS (CONT'D)
You're only delaying your death.

Leon slowly stands. He wipes the grime from his mouth and looks the cyborg dead in the eye.

LEON
Then I'll make you wait.

Leon turns and limps away into the thick, sulfurous fog.

EXT. DEAD SECTOR - CONTINUOUS

WA wasteland of junked technology and desperate survival.

Leon's adrenaline finally crashes. His legs buckle. He collapses face-first into the freezing mud.

His vision blurs. Through the haze, a pair of worn, duct-taped leather boots steps into view.

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JAX (O.C.)
(hoarse chuckle)
Well, well... look what fell from the golden sky tonight.

Leon blacks out.

INT. BRAM'S WORKSHOP - LATER

Pitch black. The sound of dripping water. The smell of burning oil.

Leon feels himself being dragged.

VOICE #1
Heavy for a skinny guy.

VOICE #2
The flash drive. Look at it. Still glowing.

VOICE #1
Don't touch it. Lyra will kill us.
Throw him on the mattress.

Leon feels softness beneath him. A heavy blanket covers his shivering body.

As the voices fade away, a soft, familiar whisper brushes against his ear.

SHAYLA (V.O.)
Rest, Leon. You're safe. For now.

He sleeps.

FADE OUT

TO BE CONTINUED...

SAMSAVERSE: THE SAGA CONTINUES

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EPISODE 2 (CHAPTER 36 & 37): GHOSTS IN THE TRANSIT*

Focus: Alleyway chases and the Aegis-7 Gate breach.

Key Sequence: First encounter with the Echo Broker on the subway.

Runtime: ~20 Minutes.

For full episode outlines and series bible, please contact the Creator

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