

PROJECT MANAGERS

Sci-Fi, Dramedy

Written by Eugene Cuprin

EPISODE 1 – "EXODUS. VERSION 1.11"

"Every miracle has a ticket number.  
This one has a prerequisite.  
Nobody read the prerequisite."

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LECTURE HALL  
COLD OPEN

FADE IN:

INT. ACADEMY OF INITIATED CIVILIZATIONAL PROGRESS –  
LECTURE THEATRE – UNSPECIFIED TIME

An amphitheatre built for hundreds. Tiered seats filled with STUDENTS – young, attentive, the particular alertness of people who know the final exam is structured around discussions like this one.

At the lectern: THE AUDITOR.

Not in the field today. Today he is a professor.

He wears the same expression he wears everywhere – the expression of a man who has reviewed more post-mortems than any reasonable being should – but there is something else underneath it. The faintest, most controlled pleasure of someone about to demonstrate a point that took civilizations thousands of years to prove.

A holographic screen behind him shows:

GIZA. EGYPT. 2560 BCE.

The three pyramids, perfect and golden against the desert sky.

Enormous. Precise. Completely, catastrophically useless for their intended purpose.

THE AUDITOR

In this cycle we will examine  
certain errors  
that may seem obvious in retrospect

–  
but which cost us considerably in  
practice.

We will trace their direct and  
indirect causes, review the  
corrective decisions taken,  
and return once more to the  
foundational principles of  
civilizational progress.

At the end of the cycle you will  
each receive an archived case and  
propose alternatives.

We will run those alternatives  
through the simulator and examine  
the consequences together.

(pause – looking at the  
pyramid)

Let us begin.

(to the room)

Who can identify the error in this  
project?

Silence. Students shift.

THE AUDITOR (CONT'D)  
No one. Fine. Who can name the  
principal architects?

STUDENT #1  
(tentative)  
..Torson?

THE AUDITOR  
Torson. Good. We have the  
architect.  
Who can name the testers?  
The project managers?  
Even the species of the  
implementation team?

Longer silence.

STUDENT #2  
(quieter still)  
..Sanu?

THE AUDITOR  
Correct. Sanu.  
(beat)  
And what are the baseline  
parameters of Sanu civilization?

A STUDENT in the third row reads from a data panel:

STUDENT #3  
Vision spectrum: X-ray to infrared.  
Hearing: ten hertz to one hundred  
kilohertz.  
Communications: packet-encrypted,  
family-group bound.

THE AUDITOR  
Is that all?  
(a pause that means: it  
should not be)  
What characteristic unites all  
civilizations of the bio-  
optimization era?

STUDENT #4  
The ability to manipulate mass.

THE AUDITOR  
Exactly.  
(he lets that land)  
The project specification was  
reasonably precise.  
It left room for interpretation.  
That room is where the failure  
lived.

In this class we are reviewing failures.  
 The failures that have impacts on civilizations.  
 Failures that are avoidable and those that are not.  
 Failures that you will have to predict.  
 And avoid at any cost.

Beat.

SMASH CUT TO TITLE CARD

TITLE CARD

*PROJECT MANAGERS  
 EXODUS. VERSION 1.11  
 "The specification was sound.  
 The implementation missed one detail.  
 The detail was the users."*

FADE IN:

EXT. LOW EARTH ORBIT — CONTINUOUS

The curve of Earth hangs below, impossibly blue.

Ancient. Unfinished.

A structure glides into frame — not a space station.

Not exactly.

It reads as: orbital campus. Modular glass towers, interconnected by pressurized walkways, ringed by solar arrays that spin too slowly to generate practical power but look outstanding in presentations.

Etched into the main hull, in a font that says

"We hired a very good brand agency":  
*YHV-SOLUTIONS  
 CIVILIZATION ARCHITECTURE GROUP  
 LOCAL CLUSTER — SECTOR 7G*

Below it, in smaller lettering someone tried to remove three times but couldn't quite get off:

*"Every Miracle Has a Ticket Number."*

SMASH CUT

INT. YHV-SOLUTIONS — OPERATIONS CENTER — CONTINUOUS

A cathedral of screens.

Holographic globes rotate above curved consoles.

Heat maps bloom across continents — red for conflict density, blue for cultural output, green for what the dashboards label

*"CIVILIZATIONAL POTENTIAL (ESTIMATED)."*

Most of the map is beige. Beige is not a good color on this dashboard.

TECHNICIANS move between stations with the focused energy of people who have been told the metrics review is in twenty minutes.

At the center console, alone, surrounded by seven monitors, sits DEVOPS.

No name badge. No introduction required.

He has been at this console longer than several of the cultures currently being monitored.

He wears the expression of someone who accepted their situation so completely that acceptance itself became a kind of philosophy.

He stares at a single blinking alert on the bottom-left screen.

It has been blinking for two hundred and forty years.

He takes a slow sip of something hot.

DEVOPS  
Still blinking.

He writes something in a log. Closes the window.

Opens the same window.

It is still blinking.

He takes another sip.

A JUNIOR TECH rushes past, datapad clutched to chest.

JUNIOR TECH  
DevOps – the all-hands starts in five.  
He's already in there.

DEVOPS  
(without looking up)  
He's always already in there.

JUNIOR TECH  
He rearranged the seating chart again.

DEVOPS  
I know.

JUNIOR TECH

He put himself at every seat.

DEVOPS

(long pause)

Noted.

He saves his log. Picks up his mug. Stands with the energy of a man walking toward something he cannot prevent – which is the only kind of walking he ever does.

PROJECT KICK-OFF: ALL-HANDS

INT. YHV-SOLUTIONS – MAIN CONFERENCE ROOM – CONTINUOUS

Glass walls. Twelve-meter table. Holographic display array floor to ceiling. The room hums with expensive cooling systems and barely managed anxiety.

The staff files in.

RAFA – RAPHAEL – takes the seat to the right of the head of the table. Neat. Composed. The kind of person who read every document distributed in advance and already identified three structural problems no one else noticed.

He is CTO and Chief of Staff. He is an angel. His wings are tightly folded behind his back. He does not look nervous.

He is, in fact, extremely nervous.

AARON sits midway down the table. Senior field agent.

Low-profile attire of someone who spends most of his time not in this building. He reviews notes with the quiet efficiency of a professional who already knows the assignment is more complicated than it will be presented.

DevOps enters last. Takes the far end. Opens a laptop.

Begins typing immediately.

The door at the head of the room opens.

YHVH enters.

The word that comes to mind is "incandescent" – but not in a comfortable way. More like a monitor running too many processes at once, which will either produce something extraordinary or simply catch fire.

He wears a scarf. Indoors. He always wears the scarf.

Nobody asks.

He moves to the head of the table with the velocity of a person who has already had this meeting in his head seventeen times and is simply waiting for everyone else to catch up.

He does not sit. He rarely sits.

He looks at the room. The room looks back at him.

YHVH

Good. You're all here. Except –  
 (scanning)  
 – where's the QA team?

RAFA

On a call. Sector 12 has a–

YHVH

Fine. Patch them in. Start  
 recording.  
 (to the ceiling)  
 RECORDING.

A small light blinks red in the corner. RECORDING.

Always recording.

YHVH moves to the display wall. Taps it once.

The holographic globe expands to fill the room – Earth, ~1250 BCE, rendered in warm amber. Beautiful. Ancient. Slow.

YHVH (CONT'D)

Let's start with the bad news.  
 Then we'll do the very bad news.  
 Then I'll tell you what I've been  
 working on.  
 (beat)  
 You're going to love what I've been  
 working on.

He gestures. Data overlays bloom across the globe:

population clusters, innovation indices, cultural  
 transmission rates.

Most bars on the chart are pointing in a direction that is  
 not up.

YHVH (CONT'D)

Three hundred years of monitoring.  
 Seven hundred field observations.  
 Forty-two site reports. And the  
 civilizational output curve  
 looks...

He draws a flat line in the air with one finger.

YHVH (CONT'D)

..like that.

ANALYST #1

(from the back)

To be fair, there was some momentum  
in the Mesopotamian corridor—

YHVH

Monuments.

ANALYST #1

..yes.

YHVH

They built a monument to the sun.  
With three hundred thousand people.  
Using ropes.

ANALYST #2

The precision engineering alone—

YHVH

IT. IS. A. ROCK.

(calming himself)

A very precisely engineered rock.  
Fine. I acknowledge the ropes.  
But we are not in the rock  
business.

He advances the display. Competitor overlays appear.

Red corporate logos pulse across the globe:

ZEUS CORP. MARDUK DIVISION.

Their activity metrics are aggressive.

Their infrastructure expands.

YHVH (CONT'D)

Our competitors. ZeusCorp is  
running fourteen active superhuman  
prototypes.

Marduk is doing ransomware-style  
takeovers.

(pause)

And we? We are watching.

He lets that land.

YHVH (CONT'D)

We are in observation mode on a  
planet since the tragedy of Sodom  
and Gomorrah.

The Board has given us a window.  
We need to use it.

RAFA  
 (carefully)  
 A window, or an ultimatum?

YHVH and Rafa hold a look that contains an entire separate conversation, compressed into 1.4 seconds.

YHVH  
 Both. As is traditional.  
 (beat)  
 Rafa - pull up the acquisition.

RAFA opens a file. The display shifts.

A new schematic appears: clean, elegant, intricate.

Double helix renderings. Data architecture diagrams.

A project title glows at the top:

*TORAH v7*  
*CIVILIZATION ARCHITECTURE*  
*FRAMEWORK*  
*DNA-NATIVE ENCODING PROTOCOL*  
*[CLASSIFIED - BOARD LEVEL ACCESS]*

The room goes quiet in a different way than before.

YHVH (CONT'D)  
 Two months ago, I finalized the acquisition of a startup. Very small team. Very large idea. They cracked something we've been trying to crack for six hundred years.

He moves through the schematics. His tone shifts - the frantic energy softens into something that sounds like genuine awe.

This is the other YHVH.

The one that built the thing in the first place.

YHVH (CONT'D)  
 Full civilization upgrade package. Encoded directly into human DNA. Not monuments. Not oral tradition. Not clay tablets that wash away in the first flood.  
 (exhale, recalling some event)

DEVOPS  
 (without looking up)  
 There is a known stability issue with recessive gene expression in mixed-cluster environments.

YHVH

Which is why we need isolation.  
The knowledge lives in the carrier.  
Passes to the next generation.  
Structurally stable - irreversible  
-  
by the second generational cycle.

DEVOPS opens his mouth -

YHVH

Flagged and resolved.

He looks at the room.

YHVH (CONT'D)

We're not writing on stone anymore.  
We're writing on people.

A beat. The room absorbs this.

CUT TO

BRIEF INSERT

INT. LECTURE THEATRE

Pyramids are on the display behind Auditor

He continues his lecture.

THE AUDITOR

The project specification was  
reasonably precise.  
It left room for interpretation.  
That room is where the failure  
lived.

He advances the screen. A formal document appears.

He reads from it.

THE AUDITOR (CONT'D)

Point One: provide access to  
transformation and initiated  
progress for any native  
who achieves a defined threshold  
independently.  
Point Two: restrict access by  
personal qualities, not species or  
social standing. Parameters to be  
displayed in maximally open form.  
Point Three: conceal the initiation  
mechanism from mass access.  
Individual access to remain  
possible upon meeting criteria.

Point Four: guarantee preservation of access methods for up to thirty thousand local years – in the event of ecological, anthropogenic, or other force-majeure scenarios.

He clicks forward. A fresco appears – the Egyptian weighing of the heart. Scales, feather, jackal-headed judge.

Rich with meaning. Completely legible to anyone with functioning eyes and an intact civilization.

THE AUDITOR (CONT'D)

Points One and Two were executed precisely.  
The transformation block was built to Torson's design.  
Parameters were encoded in frescoes and reliefs.  
A native, following the inscriptions, could reach the required level of consciousness.  
(beat)  
And then –

He pauses. He appears to almost enjoy this.

THE AUDITOR (CONT'D)

– having qualified, they could not enter.  
(beat)  
Why?  
(beat)  
Because Torson placed the initialization formulae at the bottom of the pyramid.

A murmur in the room.

THE AUDITOR (CONT'D)

For Torson, this was self-evident. A native who passed the selection process could simply read the inscription at the bottom by engaging their X-ray vision spectrum.  
Or lift the pyramid using standard mass manipulation.  
(pause)  
It did not occur to him that the natives lacked either capability.

The murmur becomes something between laughter and discomfort.

THE AUDITOR (CONT'D)

The result: no initiations for several centuries.

When the implementation division investigated, they found that the natives had grown discouraged. Their best individuals – those who achieved enlightenment – walked into the desert looking for the next step.

And died there.

(beat)

The priests attempted to explain the paradox. They became confused. They corrupted the information. The civilization and the language both declined.

The inscriptions became illegible. The data remained. The access to the data: lost.

CUT TO:

KIK-OFF CONTINUOUS

INT. YHV-SOLUTIONS – MAIN CONFERENCE ROOM – CONTINUOUS

YHVH (CONT'D)

The Board has authorized deployment.

We select a test cluster, extract them from existing infrastructure, move them to a clean environment – the desert – and we run the installation there.

TORAH v7. Clean. Isolated. Full rollout.

RAFA

The selected cluster is currently operating inside Egyptian infrastructure?

YHVH

Yes.

RAFA

Under Pharaoh's direct resource management?

YHVH

Also yes.

RAFA

So "extraction" means–

YHVH

Negotiation. Diplomacy. A professional and mutually respectful conversation

with the local administrator,  
followed by orderly migration of  
one to two hundred thousand people.

A pause. The room processes this.

AARON  
(quiet, measured)  
And if the conversation doesn't go  
well?

YHVH  
(tapping his scarf)  
Then we will try to convince.  
We have very a convincing toolkit.

DevOps types something. Saves it. Types something else.

DEVOPS  
Toolkit deployment will require  
environmental module access,  
biometric population feed,  
and presumably -- portal  
infrastructure.

YHVH  
Approved.

DEVOPS  
Thank you.

He does not look grateful. He types.

YHVH rubs his hands enthusiastically.

YHVH  
Now. Field assignment. Aaron.

AARON looks up.

YHVH (CONT'D)  
You have the lead on extraction.  
I need a field contact with direct  
access to Pharaoh's administration.  
Someone on the inside.

AARON  
I have a candidate. Former Egyptian  
palace staff. Hebrew background.  
Fluent in court protocol, both  
languages.  
Personal history with Rameses.

YHVH  
Any hesitation about this kind of  
work?

Aaron chooses his words with great care.

AARON

Moshe... He has... a speech issue.

YHVH

Noted. Good. You're both on this.  
You handle comms. He handles  
access.

YHVH looks at the display. Egypt glows amber and red.

Hundreds of thousands of data points.

Every one of them a person.

YHVH (CONT'D)

Get me a line to Egyptian HQ  
before end of day. Official  
channels first.

RAFA

Through Amon-Ra?

YHVH

Professional courtesy. He's their  
lead architect. He'll understand  
the rationale.

Rafa makes a note.

RAFA

I'll open the channel.

YHVH

Good.

He moves toward the door. Stops.

He exits.

The room exhales.

THE AMON-RA CALL

INT. YHV-SOLUTIONS — YHVH'S OFFICE — LATER

Smaller than you'd expect. Layered. Part war room, part  
library of a civilization he hasn't stopped thinking about  
for a thousand years.

Maps everywhere. Sticky notes in three languages.

A single plant that is either thriving or dying — it is  
genuinely hard to tell.

YHVH stands at his desk. RAFA beside him.

On the display: a communication channel initializing to  
Egyptian HQ.

The channel opens with a tone that sounds like brass and sunlight – which is how Egyptian corporate communication systems identify themselves.

AMON-RA appears on screen.

Composed. Warm. The quiet certainty of a master architect who has nothing left to prove. No ego – just steady competence and a slight amusement at the rest of the universe.

AMON-RA

YHVH. It's been a while.

YHVH

Ra. Thank you for taking the call.

AMON-RA

Of course. You're not the type to reach out without a reason.

YHVH

I have a project. It involves a population cluster currently operating inside your infrastructure. I want to open a formal request for phased migration. Fifty – maybe a hundred thousand.

AMON-RA listens. His expression is thoughtful – and not entirely surprised.

AMON-RA

I understand the rationale.  
I've seen the acquisition brief.  
Genomics manipulation –  
    (a small smile)  
– the elegance of it is not something  
I'd argue with.  
    (beat)  
The architecture isn't the issue.

A beat.

In the background, at his console, DevOps quietly opens a new ticket. He names it EGYPT\_NEGOTIATION.

He does not fill in the resolution field.

His expression does not change. He's done this before.

AMON-RA (CONT'D)

I don't run logistics. I don't manage resource allocation. Those are operational decisions. For those, you need to speak with the

implementation layer.

RAFA

(quietly, to YHVH)

Rameses.

AMON-RA

Horus... Rameses handles the labor pools.

The infrastructure. The supply chains.

If you want to move his workers...

(pause)

..that's his call.

YHVH

Can you facilitate an introduction?

AMON-RA

I can flag the request. But I'll be honest - he is not going to like this.

YHVH

Most people don't like what I bring to meetings.

AMON-RA

(something almost like affection)

No. They don't.

(beat)

AMON-RA (CONT'D)

By the way, what is the reason you need specifically this cluster? What is so unique in them?

YHVH

Well... There is a recessive genome in them that can be easily modified with our encoder.

Not quite unique, but a pretty rare mutation.

(beat)

YHVH (CONT'D)

(with grief)

Likely a result of Sodom's nuclear event.

AMON-RA

(a bit of a smile)

Looks like you can find a benefit in any disaster.

Good luck, YHVH.

The channel closes.

YHVH stares at the blank screen.

Taps his fingers once on the desk.

YHVH  
Get me Moshe.

Rafa types a message to DevOps:  
*"Prepare Direct Neural Comm. Midian field.  
Single recipient."*

DevOps replies in four seconds:  
*"Ready. Noted. Again."*

FIELD BRIEFING: MIDIAN  
EXT. MIDIAN – WILDERNESS FIELD SITE – LATE AFTERNOON

Earth. Finally.

The air is dry and ancient and full of the particular silence of places that have never been in a meeting.

Late sun catches the rocks in deep amber.

A hawk circles. Nothing is scheduled to happen here.

MOSHE walks a hillside alone. He carries a staff.

He is thinking the thoughts of a man who left a palace, became a shepherd, and has mostly made peace with the transition.

He rounds a boulder – and stops.

In a shallow dip in the rocks, a small acacia bush is on fire.

This would not be unusual in the Sinai.

What is unusual is that the bush is not burning.

The fire moves through it like light through glass.

Sustained. Purposeful. Not consuming.

MOSHE stares at it.

MOSHE  
..huh.

He takes one step closer. The fire holds steady.

A second step.

A VOICE comes – not from the fire exactly, but from somewhere between the fire and the inside of his own skull, which is a remarkable technical achievement.

DevOps will note it in the incident log as:

"Direct Neural Communication Event. Midian Field Site.  
Signal quality: excellent.  
Recipient response: within acceptable parameters."

YHVH (V.O.)  
(from everywhere at once)  
Moshe.

MOSHE freezes.

YHVH (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Take your sandals off.  
This is a clean environment... and  
static discharge.

MOSHE looks at his sandals. Looks at the fire.

Slowly, he kneels and removes his sandals.

He sets them to one side with great care – as though the sandals are now also part of something important.

YHVH (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
I have a task.

MOSHE  
(dry, mostly to himself)  
Everyone has a t-t-task.

YHVH (V.O.)  
I need someone who knows the  
Egyptian court. Someone who can  
walk into Pharaoh's hall and be  
recognized.  
Someone who speaks both sides.

MOSHE stares into the fire. Something in his face is changing – the stillness of a man who has been waiting for a door to open, not knowing what he would do when it did.

MOSHE  
There are other p-p-people who–  
I don't -- my speech...  
(longer pause)  
I'm not the right c-c-choice for  
this.

YHVH (V.O.)  
I know about your speech.  
Aaron is already on the project.  
He is your communications layer.  
You are the access point.

MOSHE  
What is the project?

YHVH (V.O.)  
 You know those people in Egypt.  
 The ones in the labor pool.

A pause. MOSHE's face is still.

His hands tighten on the staff.

YHVH (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 We're getting them out.

The fire burns. The desert holds its breath.

Somewhere above – on a monitor in low Earth orbit – DevOps  
 notes the time and closes a long-open recruitment ticket.

Status: ASSIGNED.

MOSHE  
 ..how long will it take?

YHVH (V.O.)  
 (half a beat)  
 We're still finalizing the timeline  
 with QA.

MOSHE nods. As if this is a normal answer.

MOSHE  
 Will it go smoothly?

YHVH (V.O.)  
 Define "smoothly."

MOSHE closes his eyes.

MOSHE  
 I'll need to think about it.

YHVH (V.O.)  
 You already said yes.  
 You said it in how you took  
 your sandals off.

MOSHE looks at the sandals. He cannot argue with this.

He stands. Picks up his staff.

Looks at the fire one more time.

The bush stops burning. No smoke. No ash.

Just an acacia in the late-afternoon sun, as if nothing  
 happened.

He puts his sandals back on. He begins to walk.

CUT TO:

BRIEF INSERT  
INT. LECTURE THEATRE

Auditor is writing something on a holographic notepad. The lecture goes on.

He clicks forward. The Rosetta Stone.

THE AUDITOR (CONT'D)

The corrective measure - this -  
restored the search.  
Several more centuries passed.  
Eventually the civilization  
developed technology  
sufficient to read the text at the  
base -  
for those who knew where to look  
or for those who knew how to raise  
the stones.

(dry)

Possession of the technology,  
unfortunately,  
does not consistently align with  
the criteria  
for transformation.

(beat)

Had the text been placed on the  
external face:  
still irrelevant. It was written in  
Torson's  
family packet-cipher.  
To which the unnamed tester also  
belonged.  
No native could have decoded it  
before  
their twenty-first century.  
Approximately.

(beat)

To date: zero initiations from the  
Torson project.

He looks at the room.

THE AUDITOR (CONT'D)

Failure.

(pause)

The corrections to the Project  
Charter added after the pyramid  
failure -- who can name them?

HOLD on the room - students opening data pads, scribbling,  
the low hum of a lesson that has just become very concrete.

CUT TO

FIRST CONTACT: PHARAOH  
 INT. PHARAOH'S PALACE — AUDIENCE CHAMBER — NEXT DAY

The grandeur of a civilization that has been winning for three thousand years and shows no sign of accepting alternatives.

Columns of red and gold. Attendants in perfect formation.

The smell of cedar oil and institutional permanence.

Every surface says: this will last forever.

Every surface has said this for five hundred years.

HORUS — RAMESES — PHARAOH — sits in the high seat.

He is not monstrous. He is something more precise:

an extremely competent administrator who is also, technically, a god, surrounded by a production schedule locked for eighteen months and a labor pool he cannot afford to lose.

He is not in a bad mood. He is in a mood that decides things.

MOSHE and AARON stand before him. Aaron composed, professional, field agent bearing perfectly calibrated for the room. Moshe is here — which is already more than anyone expected.

Pharaoh looks at them. Something in his expression acknowledges Moshe before any words are exchanged.

A flicker. Old familiarity.

He covers it immediately with the face of an executive in a resource dispute.

AARON

We come on behalf of YHV-Solutions.  
 We have a formal request regarding  
 a population cluster currently  
 operating inside the Egyptian  
 labor infrastructure.

PHARAOH looks at them with the expression of a man being interrupted during something important by something he refuses to acknowledge is more important.

PHARAOH

I know who you are, Moshe.

MOSHE

(a beat)  
 G-g-good.

PHARAOH

Whatever you're here to ask for,  
I cannot give it.

AARON

We understand the operational  
constraints. We're proposing a  
phased migration over—

PHARAOH

Phased.

(the word like a foreign  
language)

I don't have a phase available.  
I have a delivery date. Milestones.

He stands. Moves to the edge of the dais.

PHARAOH (CONT'D)

The infrastructure here is fully  
integrated. Removing a cluster of  
any size would constitute a  
material breach of operational  
continuity.

(pause)

I will not stand for it.

An ATTENDANT beside the throne shifts slightly — the  
practiced stillness of someone trained never to react,  
reacting.

The ATTENDANT smooths their expression back to neutral in  
approximately one second.

Pharaoh does not notice. He never notices.

PHARAOH (CONT'D)

Tell whoever sent you that the  
answer is no. Egypt's labor  
commitments are not available for  
renegotiation.

A long moment.

Aaron looks at Moshe.

Moshe looks at Pharaoh.

Pharaoh looks back — utterly certain.

MOSHE

(quietly)

That's your final p-p-p-position?

PHARAOH

It's not a position.  
It's a fact.

Moshe nods. Not in defeat. With the quiet recognition of a man who already knew this would happen, and knows what comes after.

He picks up his staff.

He turns and walks out.

Aaron follows. At the threshold, he pauses – without turning around.

AARON

We'll be in touch.

PHARAOH raises his elbows with an expression of surprise on his face. He watches them go. Returns to his seat.

He will not think about this conversation again – until it becomes considerably harder not to think about it.

ATTENDANT #1 approaches. Offers a scroll.

PHARAOH

Double the quota on the labor pool.  
If they want to leave, they can  
work until they don't.

He doesn't look up. He signs the scroll.

He has no idea what just started.

OPERATIONS CENTER: EXECUTE

INT. YHV-SOLUTIONS – OPERATIONS CENTER – SAME TIME

DevOps watches the audience chamber feed on a secondary monitor.

He watches Moshe and Aaron walk out.

He watches Pharaoh sign the increased quota order.

His expression does not change – because his expression never changes – but his typing slows by a fraction of a second, which, for DevOps, is a register of something.

He opens a new incident ticket.

Fields fill in one by one.

TICKET: EGYPT\_NEGOTIATION\_PHASE1

STATUS: OPEN

PRIORITY: CRITICAL

ASSIGNED TO: YHVH

DESCRIPTION: First contact with local

administrator (RAMESES\_GEN4) failed.

Subject unresponsive to diplomatic request.

Issued increased labor quota in response.

Toolkit deployment authorized per standing order.

COMPLETED DESCRIPTION: END

*ESTIMATED RESOLUTION: TBD*  
*NOTE: Subject is extremely confident.*  
*This is a known precursor to toolkit*  
*escalation events.*

He saves the ticket.

Opens the environmental module control panel.

Ten event slots. Ten red icons. Each one labeled.

Each one queued.

His fingers hover over the keyboard for a moment.

DEVOPS  
 (to no one)  
 Here we go.

He presses PULL REQUEST.

One by one, across the panel, ten progress bars begin to load.

EVENT\_01: WATER MODULE OVERRIDE...

EVENT\_02: BIOME INTRUSION - AMPHIBIAN...

EVENT\_03...

EVENT\_04...

The lights in the operations center dim slightly.

Somewhere, a fan starts running that wasn't running before.

DevOps reaches for his mug. Takes a long, slow sip.

The progress bars continue loading.

CUT TO:

BRIEF INSERT  
 INT. LECTURE THEATRE

THE AUDITOR stands at his lectern. The image of the pyramid still glows behind him.

A STUDENT raises a hand.

STUDENT #5  
 What were the corrective clauses?  
 To the Charter, after the pyramid?

THE AUDITOR looks up.

## THE AUDITOR

Clause Seven: all user-facing systems must be accessible using the native's own physical and cognitive capabilities. No assumptions about the end-user's sensory range.

(pause)

Clause Eight: the tester must not belong to the same biological species and tribe-encryption group as the architect.

(longer pause)

Both seem obvious.

(beat)

They were not obvious at the time.

He sets down his pen.

He closes his notepad.

A STUDENT raises a hand.

## STUDENT #7

The Torah v7 approach — encoding the information directly into the carrier —

(pause, choosing words)

Does it solve what Torson built wrong?

Or does it just change the address of the failure?

The Auditor looks at the student.

He does not answer immediately.

This is notable. He always answers immediately.

## THE AUDITOR

That is the question.

(beat)

Torson's failure was access. He built the destination correctly. He failed to account for the user's capacity to reach it.

(pause)

The Torah v7 approach places the data inside the user.

There is no access problem.

The data is already there.

(another beat — the one that means: however)

What it cannot solve is the question of whether the user will read what is written in themselves.

Silence.

THE AUDITOR (CONT'D)  
 We will discuss that next session.  
 (dry, almost to himself)  
 It will take several sessions.

He closes his notepad.

The pyramid image fades.

THE AUDITOR (CONT'D)  
 Read the Torah v7 architecture  
 brief.  
 All of it.  
 Including the appendix on  
 free-will parameter constraints.  
 Especially the appendix.

He looks at the room one more time.

THE AUDITOR (CONT'D)  
 Class dismissed.

SMASH CUT BACK

INT.YHVH-SOLUTIONS - OPERATIONS CENTER.

The progress bars continuing to load.

END OF ACT ONE

TEASER FOR ACT TWO:

On YHVH's screen, the Egypt deployment map lights up with ten red event markers, each tagged with a UX-generated icon and auto-assigned priority level.

The first reads:

*EVENT\_01: WATER MODULE OVERRIDE*  
*UX NOTES: "Classic. Very on-brand."*  
*DEVOPS STATUS: Executing.*  
*ESTIMATED COLLATERAL: Moderate.*

DevOps stares at the word "Moderate."

He changes it to "Significant."

He submits the form.

A junior tech leans over.

JUNIOR TECH  
 What does "Significant" mean,  
 exactly?

DEVOPS  
 It means the Nile is going to have  
 a very spectacular morning.

He presses ENTER.

FADE TO BLACK

ACT TWO - THE PERSUASION SEQUENCE (TEN EVENTS. TEN POST-MORTEMS.)

INT. YHV-SOLUTIONS - OPERATIONS CENTER - 2:17 AM

Ten red slots glow on the main panel.

DEVOPS opens EVENT\_01. Reads the UX brief.

Reads it again. Types into the incident log:  
*"UX has submitted a creative brief.  
 I have concerns.  
 Logging concerns. Proceeding anyway."*

He presses EXECUTE.

EVENT 01 - [ WATER MODULE / BUG: DURATION PARAM = NULL ]"WE HAD THIS IN TESTING"

EXT. NILE RIVER - EGYPT - DAWN

The river turns red. Deep, arterial, unmistakable.

A child lifts a jar from the bank. It's full of blood.

Fishermen pull their lines. The fish are dead.

INT. YHV-SOLUTIONS - OPERATIONS CENTER - MINUTES LATER

DevOps stares at the live feed. He opens the deployment config. Finds the duration field.

It's empty.

He scrolls through the change history. Finds a comment from four months ago by a developer who no longer works here:"lol remember to set this"

DEVOPS

We had this in testing.  
 This exact bug. We had it.

Pings the team. Title of the thread:  
*"we have a situation."*

MID-DEV joins the call, hair sideways, eyes at 40%.

DEVOPS (CONT'D)

The duration defaulted to permanent.  
 And we never built a reverse function.

MID-DEV

How do we fix it?

DEVOPS

Turn it off and turn it on again.

(beat)

I mean literally. The on/off switch  
in the root settings.

Everyone stares. DevOps implements it.

The Nile, on the feed, turns blue.

No one celebrates.

INT. PHARAOH'S PALACE — AUDIENCE CHAMBER — DAWN

Pharaoh watches the CHIEF ADVISOR while the river returns to  
normal.

PHARAOH

Can we reproduce it?

CHIEF ADVISOR

Our engineers replicated the  
effect.

PHARAOH

If we can do it too, it means  
nothing. Let's see who has more  
advanced technology.

CUT TO

INT. YHV-SOLUTIONS — INCIDENT REVIEW ROOM — LATER

YHVH at the board. RAFA with a tablet. DEVOPS in the back. UX  
DESIGNER, inexplicably cheerful, who should not have come.

RAFA

Nile contamination confirmed.  
Seven days. Fish population:  
zeroed.  
His engineers replicated it.

YHVH

Did they?

DEVOPS

Barely. But he said they did.  
If he says it with conviction,  
it becomes politically true.

UX DESIGNER

The red was very on-brand—

DEVOPS

It's on-brand for catastrophe.

YHVH

Did it move him?

RAFA  
 No. He closed the channel.  
 Doubled the labor quota.

YHVH  
 (to DevOps)  
 Send Moshe.

DEVOPS  
 For the same message?

YHVH  
 Same message.

DEVOPS  
 Logging the fish mortality ticket  
 under "remediation, low priority."

YHVH  
 Good.

DEVOPS  
 I disagree with that priority.

YHVH  
 Noted.

DEVOPS  
 Logged.

CUT TO:

EXT. PALACE GATES — EGYPT — NEXT MORNING

MOSHE arrives. He is escorted in.

He has been here before. It shows on his face.

FADE TO:

INT. PHARAOH'S PALACE — AUDIENCE CHAMBER

PHARAOH doesn't turn from the window.

MOSHE  
 You know why I'm here.

PHARAOH  
 I do. The answer is the same.

MOSHE  
 Then you know: I'll be back.

A pause.

PHARAOH  
 Fix the fish.

MOSHE walks out.

EVENT 02 - [ FROGS / BUG: INFINITE LOOP, NO SPAWN CAP ]"MORE IS MORE"

EXT. EGYPT - VARIOUS LOCATIONS - SIX HOURS LATER

Frogs. Everywhere. Frogs in the streets, the granaries, the ovens, the beds. 412 million frogs.

A PALACE COOK opens a bread oven.

Three frogs stare back.

He closes it.

He opens it again.

Fifteen frogs.

He sits down on the kitchen floor and stares at the ceiling.

He has made a quiet decision about his career.

INT. YHV-SOLUTIONS - OPERATIONS CENTER - HOUR FOUR

JUNIOR DEV

Field report just came in.

"There are frogs inside the frogs."

DEVOPS

Is that possible?

JUNIOR DEV

We never tested the collision system.

DEVOPS

No. We did not.

(typing)

Logging: "frogs inside frogs - collision system untested."

DevOps opens EVENT\_02 code. Finds the spawn rate.

DEVOPS

Why is spawn rate fifty thousand per minute.

No upper limit on spawn count?

There's an infinite loop here.

UX DESIGNER

Correct!! More is more!!

He throws to the main display emojis :frog::frog::frog:

DevOps stares at the frog emojis.

DEVOPS  
 (to the room)  
 We have a problem.

INT. YHV-SOLUTIONS — INCIDENT REVIEW ROOM — LATER

RAFA  
 Thirty-seven frogs per square  
 meter.  
 In the palace...

YHVH  
 That sounds like a lot.  
 DEVOPS  
 It is thirty-seven frogs of  
 catastrophe  
 per square meter of an entire  
 civilization.

UX DESIGNER  
 (brightly)  
 Immersion!

DEVOPS  
 Please don't.

RAFA  
 Cleanup protocol?

DEVOPS  
 Pile them.

RAFA  
 Where?

DEVOPS  
 Somewhere he can see the scope.  
 Near the pyramid?

RAFA  
 That's going to smell.

DEVOPS  
 Logging it as "environmental side  
 effects."

YHVH  
 Send Moshe. Same demand.

INT. PHARAOH'S PALACE — AUDIENCE CHAMBER — NEXT DAY

PHARAOH summons MOSHE before he even arrives at the gates.

MOSHE  
 Let them go.

PHARAOH

The frogs. Remove them.  
I'll consider allowing a  
three-day religious observance.

MOSHE looks at PHARAOH, says nothing.

He sends a message. The frogs are removed.

412 million dead frogs. The smell begins.

MOSHE looks at the palace.

He says nothing. He starts walking back toward the home.

INT. YHV-SOLUTIONS — INCIDENT REVIEW ROOM — LATER

DEVOPS

(types)

PHARAOH\_CAPITULATION\_REVERSAL: 1.

EVENT 03 — "WHICH VERSION OF MAIN?" [ LICE / BUG: DEPLOYED  
FROM WRONG BRANCH OF FIVE ]

EXT. EGYPT — EVERYWHERE — SIMULTANEOUS

Every grain of dust becomes a louse.

The air thickens. People look at their hands.

The hands are covered. A scribe looks at his papyrus.

It's alive. The document is alive.

FADE TO:

INT. PHARAOH'S PALACE — THRONE ROOM

The SORCERERS throw dust into the air. Dust remains dust.

They try again. Still dust.

HEAD SORCERER

(to Pharaoh, quietly)

We can't do this one.

(pause)

It's... nano-technology. Not  
something we have advantage in.

PHARAOH stares at his own sleeve.

Something tiny moves on it.

He says nothing for a very long time.

CUT TO

INT. YHV-SOLUTIONS — INCIDENT REVIEW ROOM — LATER

ANALYST

His engineers couldn't replicate.  
First time. They call it miracle.

DEVOPS

I'll take it.

DEVOPS (CONT'D)

For the record: we accidentally  
deployed  
the broken version from the wrong  
branch  
and it outperformed three weeks  
of professional fixes even with the  
loop.

RAFA

Should we always deploy the broken-

DEVOPS

I'm formally recommending it as  
process.

ANALYST

That can't be our process.

DEVOPS

And yet.

YHVH

His response?

RAFA

He closed the channel.  
Doubled the labor quota again.

YHVH

Send Moshe.

CUT

INSERT: "THE ESCALATION CURVE"

INT. LECTURE THEATRE

The lecture hall.

The Auditor stands at his lectern.

Behind him, the holographic display has changed.

No pyramids now.

A graph. Clean axes. Simple curve.

On the Y-axis: COMPLIANCE RATE.

On the X-axis: EVENTS DEPLOYED.

The curve starts high. Drops. Rises slightly. Drops again.

Drops again. Drops again.

Never returns to its opening position.

THE AUDITOR

Three events. Clean execution.  
Each one individual. Each one  
logged.  
Each one studied by both parties  
in real time.

He advances the display. The curve's slope steepens.

THE AUDITOR (CONT'D)

Then the documentation gets thin.  
(beat)  
This is the part of the case file  
I want you to pay attention to.  
Not because it is the most  
dramatic.  
(pause)  
Because it is the most instructive.

A STUDENT raises a hand.

STUDENT #8

Why does the compliance rate  
keep resetting upward between  
events?

THE AUDITOR

(without inflection)  
Because the subject is not  
irrational.  
He has a system.  
After each event, he recalculates.  
He asks: can I absorb this cost?  
Each time, until Event Nine,  
the answer is yes.  
(beat)  
The operator is making the same  
calculation from the other  
direction.  
Can I escalate further?  
Each time, until Event Ten,  
the answer is also yes.

He advances the slide.

THE AUDITOR (CONT'D)

Two rational actors. Both correct  
in their own models.

Both wrong about each other's model.

(beat)

This is not a systems failure.  
This is a documentation failure.  
Neither party is reading  
from the same spec.

He looks at the room.

THE AUDITOR (CONT'D)

Events Four through Eight.

(dry)

I will summarize.  
The records are thin.  
The DevOps logs are thin.  
The postmortems are thin.  
(beat)  
The field reports are not thin.  
The field reports are —  
(choosing the word with  
precision)  
— thorough.

He pauses.

THE AUDITOR (CONT'D)

The field agent walked into the same building eight times.  
He used the same words.  
He received the same answer.  
He turned around. He kept coming back.

(beat)

I want you to note that.  
Not as a devotional observation.  
As an operational one.

(pause)

The most expensive resource deployed in Events Four through Eight was not the toolkit.  
It was the field agent's willingness to keep walking through that door.

(beat)

We will return to that.

He closes the graph. The screen goes dark.

THE AUDITOR (CONT'D)

For now: the thin part of the record.

CUT TO:

EVENTS 04-08 — COMPRESSED RECORD / [FIELD DOCUMENTATION:  
SUMMARY GRADE]

EXT. PALACE GATES — EGYPT — NEXT MORNING

Moshe arrives for the third time in a week.

The gate guards recognize him now.

One of them nods. A sort of professional acknowledgment.  
INT. PHARAOH'S PALACE — AUDIENCE CHAMBER

MOSHE

Same message.

PHARAOH

Same answer.

A beat.

Moshe leaves the palace.

CUT

EXT. EGYPT — EVERYWHERE — SIMULTANEOUS

Flies. Everywhere. Clouds of flies. Biting, flying, noisy,  
annoying. People cannot breathe, cannot work, cannot move,  
cannot see.

Pharaoh looks at his engineers. They shake their heads.  
Pharaoh rubs his chin. Moshe leaves the palace with a  
frustrated expression.

In the YHV SOLUTIONS HQ

DEVOPS

(types)

PHARAOH\_CAPITULATION\_REVERSAL: 2.

CUT

EXT. MIXED FIELD — DAWN

On the Egyptian side of a shared field: every animal lies  
down and doesn't get up. Horses. Cattle. Sheep. Camels.

Four meters away, on the Hebrew side: a goat eats from a  
bush.

INT. PHARAOH'S PALACE — PRIVATE CHAMBER — THAT EVENING

PHARAOH summons Moshe.

PHARAOH

Sit.

Moshe sits. This is new. Moshe notes it is new.

PHARAOH (CONT'D)

The men. Three days. For the  
ceremony.

Inside Egypt. The families stay.

MOSHE  
Everyone leaves. That's the ask.

We see Moshe leaving the palace even more exhausted than he was before.

In the YHV SOLUTIONS HQ

DEVOPS  
(types)  
PHARAOH\_CAPITULATION\_REVERSAL: 3.

FADE TO:

EXT. EGYPT — VARIOUS — SIMULTANEOUS

Every Egyptian, at the same moment, looks at their hands.

A POTTER sets down his wheel. A SCRIBE drops his reed.

SOLDIERS sit down in the training yard.

PHARAOH looks at his own palms.

His sorcerers cannot stand. The HEAD SORCERER lies on the throne room floor.

HEAD SORCERER  
We've been out-teched.

FADE TO:

INT. YHV-SOLUTIONS — INCIDENT REVIEW ROOM — LATER

RAFA  
His technical team is down.  
Completely incapacitated.

YHVH  
His response?

RAFA  
He ordered physicians to cure it.  
There is no cure.  
These are nano-drones, not  
infection.  
But ordering a response maintains  
the story that this is manageable.

DEVOPS  
He's managing the story,  
not the situation.

YHVH  
That's very human of him.  
Send Moshe.

We see Moshe on his way from the palace. He is tired.

Pharaoh through the palace window watches him walking away.

FADE TO:

INT. YHV-SOLUTIONS — INCIDENT REVIEW ROOM — LATER

YHVH stands near the dashboard. He is looking at remaining event tickets. He asks to the room without turning around.

YHVH

What's the next tool?

RAFA

Hail.

YHVH

Can we make it more convincing?

UX DESIGNER

We need to confuse them. Something like oxymoron. Something like burning ice or ice of fire or -

DEVOPS

We can actually make it. Not very difficult.

RAFA

What do you mean?

DEVOPS

The hail of fire.

RAFA

How?

DEVOPS

Evaporate an oil puddle near the hail formation zone and ignite it with a lightning -

YHVH

Do it! Just. DO. It.

CUT TO

EXT. EGYPT — OPEN FIELDS — DAY

The sky turns the color of a bruise.

Hail the size of a fist falls — and inside each stone: fire.

Actual fire, burning as it drops. With a sound of falling bombs.

Horrifying. Dangerous. Convincing.

PHARAOH summons MOSHE. There's a small burn on his hand.

His voice is different. Controlled, but something underneath it has cracked slightly.

PHARAOH  
 Stop this. You win.  
 I'll let your people go.

MOSHE  
 All of them?

PHARAOH  
 All of them.

MOSHE sends a message to YHVH. The hail stops.

Two hours later, a guard finds MOSHE outside the palace.

PALACE GUARD  
 Pharaoh sends a message.  
 He's changed his mind.

MOSHE stands very still.

MOSHE  
 Of course he has.

He doesn't even go back inside.

He just turns and walks toward the home.

FADE TO:

EXT. EGYPT — EASTERN HORIZON — MORNING

The horizon moves.

Not clouds. The horizon itself darkens and resolves into a sound — low, growing, filling — before anyone has a word for it.

Then the locusts arrive.

Every green thing that survived the hail disappears within four hours. The sky is black at noon.

A FARMER watches his field go.

He doesn't try to save anything.

He just sits down.

CUT TO

INT. PHARAOH'S PALACE — COUNCIL CHAMBER

PHARAOH's advisors look at him.

No one speaks.

ADVISOR #1  
 How long will you hold out?  
 Egypt is gone.

PHARAOH  
(after a pause)  
Summon Moshe.

CUT TO:

INT. PALACE COURTYARD — THAT AFTERNOON

PHARAOH meets MOSHE outside the throne room.

No audience. Just the two of them.

PHARAOH  
The men. For the ceremony.  
The families stay here.

MOSHE  
Everyone leaves. All families.  
All livestock. That's the only  
offer.

PHARAOH  
Then we have nothing to discuss.

MOSHE  
Then I'll see you after the next  
one.

He walks away.

CUT TO

INT. YHV-SOLUTIONS — INCIDENT REVIEW ROOM — LATER

DEVOPS  
Partial offer. Men only. Refused.  
PHARAOH\_CAPITULATION\_REVERSAL: 4.  
New pattern — he's negotiating  
terms now, not just delaying.

CUT TO

INSERT: "THE LAST VARIABLE"

INT. LECTURE THEATRE

The lecture hall.

The graph is back.

The compliance curve ends in a long flat line.

Then — sharply — it drops to zero.

THE AUDITOR  
Eight events.  
(beat)  
I want to show you the one variable  
the operator did not model.

He advances the display.

A new data point appears on the graph – not on the Y-axis or the X-axis.

Off to the side. A separate column, entirely.

Labeled: FIELD AGENT THRESHOLD.

THE AUDITOR (CONT'D)

He modeled the subject's  
resistance.  
He modeled his own toolkit.  
He modeled the population  
logistics.  
He modeled the portal load.  
(pause)  
He did not model what happens  
to the person he sends  
through the same door  
eight times in a row.

A STUDENT looks up from their tablet.

STUDENT #9

Did the field agent file a  
welfare report?

THE AUDITOR

(a beat that contains an  
entire answer)

No.

Silence.

THE AUDITOR (CONT'D)

He filed operational updates.  
Timely. Accurate. Complete.  
He documented Pharaoh's responses.  
He flagged escalation risks.  
He noted each capitulation reversal  
with the affect of someone reading  
a weather report.  
(beat)  
He did not file a welfare report  
because it did not occur to him  
that he was allowed to.  
(pause)  
This is a separate failure  
from the toolkit failures.  
It belongs in a separate  
postmortem.  
(beat)  
To date: no separate postmortem has  
been filed.

He looks at the room.

THE AUDITOR (CONT'D)

You will note, in the archive footage, that after Event Eight the field agent makes one additional request.

(beat)

He asks to go back.  
Without the toolkit.  
Just himself.

(pause)

The operator says yes.

(beat)

I want you to think about what kind of person makes that request after eight trips through that door.

(pause – the one that means: and whether you would have authorized it)

And what kind of operator says yes.

He closes his notepad.

He does not look at the room when he speaks next.

He speaks to the display.

THE AUDITOR (CONT'D)

Event Nine.

(quietly)

Three days in the dark.

Followed by Event Ten.

(beat)

Read the QA ticket.

The one that rolled between sprints.

(pause)

Read it before next session.

All of it.

Including the timestamp on the original flag.

Including the name of the engineer who filed it.

He looks up.

THE AUDITOR (CONT'D)

Class dismissed.

SMASH CUT TO:

EVENT 09 – "THREE DAYS IN THE DARK"[ DARKNESS / NO BUG: WORKS TOO PERFECTLY ]

INT. YHV-SOLUTIONS — OPERATIONS CENTER — DAY

DEVOPS

Event Nine. Total photon  
suppression.  
UX recommends three days.  
I recommend two. Three introduces  
secondary panic events we can't  
control.

YHVH

Three days.

DEVOPS

Three days. Confirmed.  
(beat)  
I disagree with three days.

YHVH

Noted.

DEVOPS

Logged.

He executes.

CUT TO:

EXT. EGYPT — EVERYWHERE — INSTANT

Darkness.

Not night. Not clouds. Total, absolute darkness.

The kind you can feel with your hands.

FADE IN:

INT. PHARAOH'S PALACE — COMPLETE DARKNESS — DAY ONE

COURTIER

Should we light more fires?

PHARAOH

(in the dark)

No. Let him show me I can't.

INT. PHARAOH'S PALACE — DAY THREE — STILL DARK

PHARAOH has been sitting with his thoughts for three days in  
absolute darkness.

He sends a guard to find Moshe.

INT. PALACE ANTECHAMBER — MOMENTS LATER

MOSHE is brought in. Pharaoh speaks from the dark.

PHARAOH

Everyone. Take everyone.  
Men, women, children.  
Leave the livestock.

I need the livestock.

MOSHE

The livestock goes with them.  
We need it.

A long silence.

PHARAOH

Then we're done here.  
Don't come back.  
If I see you again - you die.

MOSHE stands. He walks out slowly.

He walks back through the dark corridors of the palace and out into the light of HQ.

He doesn't say anything when he returns.

He just sits down.

CUT TO:

INT. YHV-SOLUTIONS - INCIDENT REVIEW ROOM - LATER

Full room. RAFA. AARON. MOSHE. DEVOPS.

Three analysts. The UX DESIGNER, for once, silent.

Whiteboard: POSTMORTEM 09.

Below it, someone has written:

*"NINE EVENTS. NO RESOLUTION."*

RAFA

Nine events. Economy: critical.  
Tech team: incapacitated.  
He sat in darkness for three days  
and still won't release the  
livestock.

YHVH

I know.

RAFA

Event Ten is in the queue.

MOSHE

(standing)  
Before we go to Ten -  
let me go back down.  
No toolkit. Just me talking to him.

DEVOPS

The last conversation ended  
with a death threat.

MOSHE

I know. I need to ask anyway.

YHVH looks at MOSHE for a long time.

Then at the queue. The last slot.

YHVH

Go.

MOSHE leaves. The room watches him go.

CUT TO:

INT. PHARAOH'S PALACE — THRONE ROOM — LATER

Torches lit. The Egyptians still adjusting to light after three days without it.

MOSHE stands before PHARAOH.

No staff of authority. No delegation.

Just the man.

MOSHE

I'm asking you. Not officially.  
Just — let them go.

PHARAOH looks at him.

PHARAOH

You really believe in this.

MOSHE

Yes.

PHARAOH

Even now.

MOSHE

Especially now.

Something genuine crosses PHARAOH'S face.

He buries it.

PHARAOH

I told you. If I see you again —  
you die.

MOSHE

I know.

(beat)

Will you let them go? Please...

PHARAOH says nothing.

MOSHE nods. He picks up his staff.

He walks out for the last time.

EVENT 10 – "THE QA TICKET ROLLED TO NEXT SPRINT" [ FIRSTBORN / BUG: SLEEP MODULE EXCEEDED SAFE RESPIRATORY PARAMETERS. QA TICKET: UNRESOLVED. ]  
INT. YHV-SOLUTIONS – OPERATIONS CENTER – NIGHT

Most staff have gone home. DEVOPS at his console.

YHVH standing beside him. Looking at the last slot.

*EVENT\_10: FIRSTBORN PROTOCOL  
STATUS: QUEUED  
INTENT: Sleep induction. Behavioral modification.  
Extended rest cycle in unmarked households.  
UX NOTES: [NONE SUBMITTED]*

No creative brief. No label. Nobody wanted to write anything for this one.

DEVOPS

The intent is extended sleep.  
Kids sleep through the night, into morning.  
Long enough to be alarming. Not permanent.

YHVH

I know.

DEVOPS

The doorpost marking protocol is active.  
Every marked household is excluded.

YHVH

I know.

DEVOPS

The sleep induction wave –  
there was a QA ticket.  
Unresolved respiratory depression  
in the upper parameter range.  
It rolled between sprints.  
No one picked it up.

YHVH says nothing.

DEVOPS (CONT'D)

Verbal authorization required.

A long pause.

YHVH

..authorized.

DevOps nods. He types.

Then he stops.

He closes his eyes for exactly one second.

He presses EXECUTE.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. EGYPT — MIDNIGHT

The night is completely still.

Then — something passes through.

Precise. Without anger. Without joy.

In the marked households: silence. Safe darkness.

In the unmarked households: a child stops breathing.

Then another.

Then from every direction at once — the sound of a country discovering what it has lost.

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. PHARAOH'S PALACE — INNER CHAMBER — SAME NIGHT

PHARAOH wakes.

He knows from the silence in the next room.

He goes to his son's room.

He is on his knees.

He does not call for MOSHE.

He calls for a GUARD.

PHARAOH

Find the man. Find Moshe.  
Wherever he is. Now.

CUT TO:

EXT. EDGE OF GOSHEN — BEFORE DAWN

A GUARD runs across the lit border of Goshen.

He finds MOSHE sitting outside, awake.

He already knew something had happened.

Everyone in Goshen did.

PALACE GUARD

(out of breath)

Pharaoh says —  
(MORE)

PALACE GUARD (CONT'D)  
 (stops, collects himself)  
 Let them go. All of them.  
 Whoever wants to leave.

MOSHE looks at the guard.

He nods once.

MOSHE  
 Tell him we heard him.

The guard runs back.

MOSHE sits there for a moment longer.

He looks at Goshen behind him. Already stirring.

Families waking. Someone starting to pack.

He sends message to YHVH:

MOSHE (V.O.)  
 (message text)  
 "It's done. All terms.  
 Departure in three days."

CUT TO:

INT. YHV-SOLUTIONS — OPERATIONS CENTER — MINUTES LATER

DEVOPS looks at the screen.

He opens the incident log. He types:

*TICKET: EGYPT\_NEGOTIATION — RESOLVED*  
*STATUS: CLOSED*  
*RESOLUTION: Full population release authorized.*  
*EVENT 10 OUTCOME: As projected.*

He stares at "As projected."

He deletes it.

He leaves the field blank.

He sits there for ten seconds.

He saves the ticket.

Closes his laptop.

He doesn't ping anyone.

The operations center is empty.

Not quiet — the systems are running, the feeds are live, the portal rebuilds are queuing — but the humans are gone.

DEVOPS sits at his console.

He is not typing.

On the primary display: the field feed from Goshen. Families packing. Someone carrying a child on their shoulders through the pre-dawn blue. A very old man sitting on a bundle of cloth, watching the younger people move around him, his expression the specific patience of someone who has waited so long that movement itself seems unlikely.

DevOps watches the old man.

The old man does not know he is being watched.

DevOps opens the incident log. Scrolls to the top. The very first entry.

Two hundred and forty years ago. The blinking alert.

He reads his own log note from this morning – the ticket he just closed.

He looks at the resolution field, which he left blank.

He does not fill it in.

He picks up his mug. It is cold.

He drinks it anyway.

He opens a new ticket. He sits there for a moment with his hands above the keyboard.

He titles it:

QA\_PROCESS\_OVERHAUL.

He stares at the title.

He starts typing.

FADE TO:

POSTMORTEM 10 – THE MORNING AFTER  
INT. YHV-SOLUTIONS – INCIDENT REVIEW ROOM – NEXT MORNING

The whiteboard: ROOT CAUSE ANALYSIS – EVENT 10.

Someone wrote the heading and stopped.

That was twenty minutes ago.

DEVOPS

Intent: extended sleep cycle.  
Children sleep until next morning.  
Parents panic. Pharaoh panics.  
Everyone wakes up.

(MORE)

DEVOPS (CONT'D)

(beat)

The induction wave exceeded safe parameters.  
Respiratory depression. There was a QA ticket.  
It rolled between sprints. Wasn't picked up.

RAFA

Who owns the ticket?

DEVOPS

I do.  
I flagged it. I logged it.  
I did not stop execution.  
I asked for verbal authorization.  
I received it. I pressed execute.

(beat)

All of those things are simultaneously true.

YHVH

The authorization was mine.

DEVOPS

The QA failure was mine.

They look at each other.

DEVOPS (CONT'D)

This is going to be a long Board review.

YHVH picks up a marker.

He writes on the whiteboard, under ROOT CAUSE ANALYSIS:

"TEST YOUR CODE BEFORE IT TOUCHES THE WORLD."

He caps the marker. He sets it down. He leaves.

The room sits with the whiteboard.

DevOps reads an open ticket.

DEVOPS (CONT'D)

(reading as he types)

"QA\_PROCESS\_OVERHAUL.  
Status: Open.  
Priority: High.  
Assigned to: Everyone.  
This is not optional."

He marks it URGENT.

He changes the PHARAOH\_CAPITULATION\_REVERSAL final entry:  
*PHARAOH\_CAPITULATION\_REVERSAL: PERMANENT.*

*RESOLVED.*  
*METHOD: NOT TECHNOLOGY.*

He saves it. He leaves it all in the record.

FADE TO:

INT. YHV-SOLUTIONS — CORRIDOR — LATER

YHVH walks alone through the empty corridor.

RAFA finds him at the window that looks down at Egypt.

RAFA  
 He's releasing all who want to  
 leave.  
 Not just Hebrews. Moshe is  
 coordinating.  
 Three days for the departure.

YHVH says nothing.

RAFA (CONT'D)  
 It worked.

YHVH  
 (not turning from the  
 window)  
 I know.

YHVH (CONT'D)  
 (after a moment)  
 The fish. Event One.  
 Tell DevOps to mark that  
 ticket high priority.

RAFA looks at him. Such a small thing.

But YHVH is not looking at the scale right now.

RAFA  
 I'll tell him.

YHVH straightens his scarf.

He walks toward the operations room.

He has a migration to run.

TEASER — ACT THREE

INT. YHV-SOLUTIONS — OPERATIONS CENTER — THREE DAYS LATER

On YHVH's screen, the Egypt deployment map lights up with ten red event markers.

In the corner of DevOps's display — a quiet, unremarkable line:

*PORTAL — STATUS: READY.*

*LOAD RATING: ~5,000 CONCURRENT.  
 LAST TESTED: [REDACTED - PRE-CURRENT ENGAGEMENT]*

DevOps glances at it.

DEVOPS  
 (to no one)  
 Five thousand rated.

He opens a migration planning window. Looks at the population counter.

DEVOPS (CONT'D)  
 We've never moved more than...  
 (reads)  
 ..four thousand at once.

He opens a new ticket. Titles it  
*REDSEAPORTAL - LOAD PROJECTION.*

DEVOPS  
 (subtitle) while typing  
 "Population estimate: 600,000+.  
 Portal rated for ~5,000. Scale gap  
 not yet flagged upstream."

He pings Rafa.

No response.

The plague queue is running.

He pings YHVH.

No response.

He stares at the ticket.

DEVOPS (CONT'D)  
 (flat)  
 Logging it.

He saves the ticket. The progress bars for the plagues continue loading.

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF ACT TWO.

ACT THREE -- "RED SEA: THE PORTAL WITH BUGS"  
 INT. YHV-SOLUTIONS - OPERATIONS CENTER - PRE-DAWN

The migration counter on the main display reads:  
*ACTIVE FIELD POPULATION IN TRANSIT: 602,000+  
 DIRECTION: EAST / SINAI CORRIDOR  
 PORTAL STATUS: ACTIVE*

DevOps stares at the load counter.

DEVOPS  
(to no one)  
Six hundred and two thousand.

He opens the portal spec. Reads the rated capacity. Reads it again.

DEVOPS (CONT'D)  
The rating is five thousand  
concurrent.

A long pause.

DEVOPS (CONT'D)  
We are one hundred and twenty times  
over rated capacity.

He types into the log. Fast. The specific speed of someone who knows a catastrophe is coming and wants the timestamp on record.

*"PORTAL - RATED CAPACITY: ~5,000.  
CURRENT PROJECTED LOAD: 602,000+.  
LIVESTOCK: UNQUANTIFIED.  
LOAD TESTING AT THIS SCALE: NEVER PERFORMED.  
RECOMMEND STAGED MIGRATION OR ALTERNATE TRANSIT  
METHOD.  
PINGING YHVH."*

He pings YHVH.

Response from Rafa:

(subtitle)  
"He knows. The Egyptian army is  
three hours behind. We don't have  
staged migration."

DevOps reads this reply.

DEVOPS (CONT'D)  
(flat)  
He knows.

He resumes typing. The portal status holds - nominal, green, cheerfully unaware of what's coming.

PHARAOH'S PURSUIT [EGYPT ARMY DEPLOYMENT]  
EXT. RAMESES - CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAWN

The sun rises over what was the largest building project  
in the ancient world.

Now it is a field.

A very large, very quiet, very empty field.

Three hundred thousand workers are not here.

Their tools are not here. Their camps are not here.

The fires are cold. The bread ovens are cold.

SITE SUPERVISORS stand in the middle of the nothing, looking at their tablets, looking at the field, looking at their tablets again.

PHARAOH walks through it alone.

He does not run. He does not shout. He walks the length of the site in silence. Looks at the cold ovens.

Looks at a single sandal someone left behind.

He picks the sandal up. Turns it over. Puts it down.

PHARAOH  
(to his General)  
How many chariots.

GENERAL  
Six hundred elite. Full infantry  
support.  
Mobile in two hours.

PHARAOH  
(quietly)  
Do it.

He walks back toward the palace. He doesn't look at the site again. The calculation is made, quickly and finally: they were never going to stop.

Every concession he made was a courtesy extended to his own denial.

He will not extend it further.

PHARAOH (CONT'D)  
(without turning)  
All of them. Bring all of them  
back.

The General moves.

CUT TO:

EXT. SINAI CORRIDOR — DAY

The Hebrew column stretches as far as any eye can carry.

Families. Livestock. Carts loaded with whatever was grabbable in the hours between "we are leaving" and "we are leaving now."

Children on shoulders. Old people half-carried by young ones.

The confused and the faithful and the terrified, all moving together in the same direction.

Ahead of them: the sea.

Behind them: a rising cloud of dust from the direction of Egypt.

It takes a moment for the front of the column to understand what the dust means.

Then the understanding moves backward through the crowd the way fire moves through dry grass.

The column stops.

CUT TO:

INT. YHV-SOLUTIONS — OPERATIONS CENTER — SAME TIME

Aaron's field comm crackles to life.

AARON (V.O.)

(tense)

HQ. We need emergency extraction.  
Egyptian military in pursuit.  
Ninety minutes to contact.  
We're at the sea. Portal is not open.  
Six hundred thousand people.  
Nowhere to go. Please advise.

DevOps is already at the panel.

DEVOPS

(into comm)

Aaron. Portal is at ninety-three percent.  
Structural anomaly in the southern gate.  
I need twenty more minutes to—

AARON (V.O.)

We do not have twenty minutes.

DEVOPS

I am aware of the timeline.

RAFA enters at a run — unusual for Rafa.

RAFA

Status.

DEVOPS

Portal not ready. I flagged it.  
Southern gate anomaly—

RAFA

Can we open it at ninety-three?

DEVOPS

I can open it.  
I cannot guarantee stability  
under full population load.

RAFA

What does "cannot guarantee  
stability" mean, specifically?

DEVOPS

It means the gate might hold.  
It means the gate might not hold.  
I cannot tell you which until  
it happens. It was never tested  
under such load.

YHVH arrives. Scarf on. Expression locked.

He looks at the display. The portal percentage.

The dust cloud on the Egyptian feed.

He does the math in approximately one second.

YHVH

Open it.

DEVOPS

There is an anomaly in the—

YHVH

Open it.

DevOps looks at him.

DEVOPS

There will be a post-mortem for  
this.

YHVH

There is always a post-mortem  
for everything.

DevOps turns to the panel.

DEVOPS

(into comm)

Moshe. Activate the directional  
array.  
Point your staff at the far bank.  
The system needs a targeting  
anchor.  
You're the anchor. Don't move.

MOSHE (V.O.)

..my staff?

DEVOPS

Point it at the far bank. Now.

MOSHE (V.O.)

..which end?

DEVOPS

The end you point at things.

MOSHE (V.O.)

Right.

DevOps watches the targeting feed. A reticle aligns on the far bank of the sea. Locks.

He initiates the portal sequence.

CUT TO:

PORTAL OPENING: RED SEA [ SPATIAL TUNNEL - AQUATIC  
ENVIRONMENT - UNSTABLE ]  
EXT. RED SEA - SHORE - SAME TIME

Moshe stands at the water's edge. Six hundred thousand people at his back. Egyptian dust on the horizon.

He raises the staff. Points it at the far shore.

And the sea - moves.

The water divides. Not slowly. Not gently. It moves the way things move when a system rated for five thousand is asked to hold six hundred thousand - and does it anyway, for now, out of sheer engineering stubbornness.

Not left and right, exactly. It goes up - drawn into vertical walls that hold themselves in place with the visible effort of something working harder than it was designed to.

A passage opens along the seabed. Wide enough. Long enough.

The walls are actual water. Translucent green-black.

Fish circling inside, confused but contained.

Light filtering through in shifting columns.

It is one of the most extraordinary things any human being has ever seen.

For five full seconds, no one moves.

Then AARON steps forward.

AARON  
 (to the crowd, clear,  
 calm)  
 Walk. Don't run. Stay in the  
 center.  
 Don't touch the walls. Walk.

The column begins to move.

INT. YHV-SOLUTIONS — OPERATIONS CENTER — CONTINUOUS

CUT TO:

DEVOPS  
 (into comm)  
 Portal open. Load commencing.  
 (reads)  
 Sixty-two thousand in the corridor.  
 (pause)  
 Nominal parameters were five  
 thousand.

RAFA  
 (off screen)  
 I know.

DEVOPS  
 I want that acknowledged on the  
 record.

RAFA  
 Acknowledged on the record.  
 Keep it open.

DEVOPS  
 It's open.  
 Stabilizers at seventy-eight  
 percent.  
 (beat)  
 Stabilizers at seventy-one.

RAFA  
 How long until everyone is through?

DEVOPS  
 At current rate — forty minutes.

RAFA  
 And the Egyptian pursuit?

DEVOPS  
 Thirty-five minutes to the shore.

RAFA and YHVH do this math at the same time.

RAFA  
 We need to push the transit speed.

DEVOPS

I can widen the corridor but it  
draws more power from the  
stabilizers.  
If the southern gate anomaly  
activates under additional load-

YHVH

Widen it.

DEVOPS

Widening. Stabilizers at sixty-  
four.

The migration counter climbs faster.

The portal percentage holds. Barely.

On a secondary screen: the Egyptian army reaches the shore.

Chariot wheels lock briefly in the sand.

Then they see the passage. The walls of water. The retreating  
column.

The GENERAL looks at it. Looks at PHARAOH, who is riding  
at the front with an expression that has moved entirely  
beyond calculation into something more primitive and final.

PHARAOH

(to his army)

Follow them.

The chariots enter the corridor.

CUT TO:

PORTAL COLLAPSE. [ SYSTEM FAILURE - CRITICAL EVENT ]  
INT. YHV-SOLUTIONS - OPERATIONS CENTER - CONTINUOUS

The alert hits every screen simultaneously.

Red. Every screen. Red.

▲ CRITICAL - PORTAL STABILITY FAILURE  
▲ STRUCTURAL OVERLOAD - ACTIVE  
▲ CURRENT LOAD: 340.000 IN CORRIDOR  
▲ RATED LOAD: ~5.000  
▲ LOAD RATIO: 6.800% OF DESIGN SPECIFICATION  
▲ STATUS: COLLAPSING

DevOps doesn't need to read all of it.

DEVOPS  
 (into comm, fast)  
 Aaron. How many still in the  
 corridor?

AARON (V.O.)  
 Maybe three hundred. Two minutes  
 from the far bank.

DEVOPS  
 The Egyptians are also in the  
 corridor.

A pause.

AARON (V.O.)  
 ..how many?

DEVOPS  
 All of them.

He turns to the stabilizer panel. The incident panel has  
 generated fifty-three new tickets.

He opens one.

The root cause field reads:

LOAD EXCEEDED RATED CAPACITY BY APPROXIMATELY 6,800%.

NO ANOMALY. NO BUG. JUST MATH.

He closes it.

DEVOPS (CONT'D)  
 I can give you ninety seconds.  
 Routing all remaining power.  
 It holds the corridor for ninety  
 seconds  
 and then it collapses.

YHVH  
 Keep it.

DEVOPS  
 When the corridor collapses,  
 everything in it—

YHVH  
 Just try to keep it.

DevOps reroutes. No hesitation.

On the field feed: the last of the Hebrew column is running.  
 Children being carried. Old people half-carried to the bank.  
 Aaron at the exit, pulling people through with his own hands.

The corridor walls begin to tremble.

The fish press against the water.

The walls breathe.

In the operations center, everyone who isn't DevOps stops what they're doing and watches the screen.

DEVOPS

Sixty seconds.

On screen: the last Hebrew figure stumbles onto the far bank. Aaron steadies them. Looks back into the corridor.

The Egyptian chariots are halfway through. Wheel axles seized in the soft seabed. Horses panicking.

The General is shouting something no one can hear.

DEVOPS (CONT'D)

Thirty seconds.

DevOps's hands hover over the panel.

There is nothing left to do.

He built what he built.

DEVOPS (CONT'D)

(quietly)

Ten.

On the field feed: Moshe, on the far bank, watching.

Staff still in his hand.

DEVOPS (CONT'D)

Five.

The walls of water begin to lean.

DEVOPS (CONT'D)

Zero.

The corridor collapses.

Not explosively. Deliberately – as if the sea simply remembered what it was supposed to be doing.

The walls come down from both sides at once.

The water returns.

The sea is a sea again.

The far bank is full of people.

Standing. Wet from the spray. Alive.

Looking back at the water.

The water is still.

FADE TO:

EXT. RED SEA — FAR BANK — FIRST LIGHT

The far bank of the sea.

Dawn is arriving. Not fast. It takes its time, the way dawn does after a night no one will be able to explain to their children.

The Hebrew column has spread across the shore. Some people are sitting. Some are walking in small circles. Some are standing at the water's edge, watching where the walls were.

The sea is flat now.

There is nothing left to indicate what it was ninety seconds ago. Just water. Just the color of early morning.

AARON stands at the exit point — the exact place where the corridor ended — with his hands at his sides.

He has been standing here for eleven minutes.

He is not looking at the sea.

He is looking at his own hands.

They are shaking. Not from cold.

He closes them into fists. The shaking slows. Doesn't stop.

He opens them again. Looks at them.

He is a senior field agent. He has been in the field for a long time. He has seen the toolkit deployed before. He knows how these things work. None of that is currently relevant.

He pulled one hundred and fourteen people through the corridor exit with his own hands in the last ninety seconds.

He counted.

He does not know why he counted.

He couldn't have stopped counting.

MOSHE appears beside him. Quietly. The way Moshe does most things.

He looks at Aaron's hands. He doesn't say anything about them. He stands there with him instead.

A long moment.

AARON  
One hundred and fourteen.

MOSHE  
(a beat)  
I know. I watched.

AARON  
That's not the number.

Moshe waits.

AARON (CONT'D)  
That's the number we could see.

He closes his hands again.

AARON (CONT'D)  
The ones in the corridor when it—

He stops.

MOSHE  
(quietly)  
I know.

AARON  
(not quite a question)  
Did we do this right?

MOSHE looks at the sea.

Then at the hundred thousand people behind them.

Then back at the sea.

MOSHE  
We did what we were sent to do.

AARON  
That's not what I asked.

A pause.

MOSHE  
I know.

They stand there.

The sea holds its shape.

The sun continues to arrive.

After a moment, AARON straightens.

He does not wipe his hands. He does not look back at the corridor. He turns toward the column. The people.

The particular chaos of six hundred thousand individuals discovering simultaneously that they are somewhere new, and that somewhere new means making breakfast.

AARON  
(to himself, very quiet)  
One hundred and fourteen.

He walks toward the crowd.

Moshe watches him go.

Then Moshe sends a comm to YHVH:

MOSHE (V.O.)  
(message text, same  
register as before)  
"It's done. All terms.  
Departure in three days."

He looks at the sea one more time.

He sends it.

CUT

INT. YHV-SOLUTIONS — OPERATIONS CENTER — SAME MOMENT

DEVOPS (CONT'D)  
(flat, into log)  
Portal collapsed under load.  
Root cause: designed for thousands.  
Received hundreds of thousands.  
Nobody tested this. Nobody expected  
this.  
Nobody thought to ask what happens  
when you move an entire  
civilization  
through a tool rated for a field  
team.  
(pause)  
Migrated population — far bank —  
confirmed.  
Zero losses.  
Egyptian military unit is —

He checks the biometric feed. Doesn't finish the sentence.  
Types the number into the incident log instead.

No one speaks.

The incident panel has generated fifty-three new tickets in  
the last ninety seconds.

DevOps opens one. Closes it.

Opens another.

He closes fifty-two of the fifty-three tickets.

The fifty-third - `RED\_SEA\_PORTAL - PARTIAL\_COLLAPSE - CAUSE\_UNDETERMINED` - he assigns to YHVH.

Status: In Progress.

He will ping it again in a week.

And the week after that.

He will ping it forty-seven times.

It will never be closed.

He doesn't know this yet.

But somewhere in the part of him that has been doing this job for longer than Egypt has been a civilization, he suspects it.

AMON-RA CALLS BACK [ INCOMING - EGYPTIAN HQ - PRIORITY:  
FURIOUS ]

INT. YHV-SOLUTIONS - YHVH'S OFFICE - MINUTES LATER

YHVH stands at the window. His people are on the field feed, gathering on the far bank. Sitting down. Holding each other.

Looking at the water.

He allows himself exactly one breath of something that might be called relief.

Then every comm channel on his desk lights up simultaneously.

Egyptian HQ ident.

Flat red. Emergency priority. Unsolicited.

YHVH hesitates one second. He takes the call.

AMON-RA is on screen.

Not the composed professional from their earlier conversation.

Someone operating at the precise intersection of outrage and a very bad morning.

AMON-RA

YHVH.

YHVH

Ra. I was going to-

AMON-RA

Don't.

(MORE)

AMON-RA (CONT'D)  
 (a pause so controlled it  
 is almost admirable)  
 I want to be fair. I want to be  
 professional. Because I believe in  
 professional communication even  
 when –  
 especially when – I am very angry.

YHVH

Ra–

AMON-RA  
 There is a difference – a  
 meaningful, substantial difference  
 – between "we're moving a cluster  
 of workers" and "we ran six hundred  
 thousand people and their livestock  
 through a portal rated for five  
 thousand."

YHVH

The portal held long enough to–

AMON-RA

It held long enough for your  
 people.  
 Yes. It held.  
 (controlled fury)  
 And then it collapsed onto Rameses  
 and his entire security division.  
 Who were also in the corridor.  
 Because you didn't stop them at the  
 entrance.  
 You didn't close the portal once  
 your population was through.  
 You just – left it open.

YHVH

There wasn't time to–

AMON-RA

You deployed an industrial tool  
 at one hundred and twenty times  
 its rated load and did not tell  
 your opponent that the tool was  
 still active when he rode into it.

Silence.

AMON-RA (CONT'D)  
 (quietly – this is worse  
 than the shouting)  
 Did you know it would fail under  
 that load?

YHVH

..We had reason to believe it might.

AMON-RA

And you said nothing. You filed no warning. You closed no entrance. You let six hundred chariots ride into a tool you knew was failing.

Another silence.

AMON-RA (CONT'D)

Don't contact me for support. The incident report has already been filed with the committee.

The channel does not close immediately.

AMON-RA looks at YHVH for a moment longer – the look of a colleague who has decided to say something he did not plan to say.

AMON-RA

I want you to understand something. Not as a complaint. As a professional assessment, which I am giving you because I have respected your work for longer than most civilizations have had written language.

(beat)

What you built is impressive. The extraction was unprecedented. The encoding architecture is the most elegant thing I have seen from your division in four hundred years.

(pause – the warmth drains)

And you still let six hundred chariots ride into a failing system without a warning flag.

YHVH

The timeline didn't allow–

AMON-RA

The timeline was yours. You built the timeline.

(pause)

The Oversight Board will not review the outcome. They will review the decision architecture. How you modeled the risk. What you flagged.

What you chose not to flag.  
 (quiet)  
 I hope your documentation is clean.

A beat.

YHVH says nothing.

AMON-RA (CONT'D)  
 Don't contact me for support.  
 The incident report has already  
 been filed with the committee.

He closes the channel. Screen goes dark.

YHVH stands in front of it.

RAFA is in the doorway. He heard everything.

Expression of a CTO calculating blast radius.

RAFA  
 The Oversight Board—

YHVH  
 I know.

RAFA  
 If Amon-Ra filed a formal complaint  
 —

YHVH  
 I know, Rafa.

RAFA  
 The compliance issues could—

YHVH  
 (quietly)  
 I know. All of it.  
 (beat)  
 Ten minutes. Then we debrief.

Rafa nods. Closes the door.

YHVH stands alone.

On the corner monitor, the field feed shows the far bank.

Someone is singing. One person starting, then two, then the whole front row of the crowd — the music spreading backward through the column the way relief does when it finally arrives.

YHVH watches it.

He straightens his scarf.

SPRINT RETROSPECTIVE [ ALL-HANDS — PROJECT EXODUS — PHASE 1  
CLOSED ]  
INT. YHV-SOLUTIONS — MAIN CONFERENCE ROOM — LATER

Same room as the kickoff. Same table.

Different atmosphere — the specific texture of people who  
have been awake for thirty-six hours and have feelings about  
it.

Coffee, or the equivalent. Food no one is eating.

DevOps in his usual corner.

YHVH stands at the whiteboard:

*PROJECT EXODUS — PHASE 1*  
*SPRINT RETROSPECTIVE*  
*DATE: [CLASSIFIED]*  
*DURATION: LONGER THAN PROJECTED*

He clicks a remote. The display shows a summary document.

YHVH

Project Exodus, Phase One.  
Formally closed as of 0400 today.  
Target population: extracted.  
Destination: en route.  
TORAH v7 installation: scheduled.  
Phase One KPIs: met.

He advances the slide:

*TOTAL ERRORS LOGGED: 1,042*  
*OPEN INCIDENTS: 7 (down from 53)*  
*PORTAL STATUS: OFFLINE (pending rebuild)*  
*LOSSES: PARTIAL*  
*ENVIRONMENTAL REMEDIATION: PENDING (Fish)*

ANALYST #2

One thousand and forty-two errors.  
Previous phase record was  
two hundred and seventeen.

YHVH

New record.  
The complexity was proportionally  
higher.

ANALYST #2

(beat)  
I'm logging that framing as  
disputed.

ANALYST #1

Three plague events had collateral  
outside the target zone. The fish  
from Event One still don't have an  
adequate remediation ticket—

YHVH  
 (raising a hand)  
 The fish ticket has been escalated.  
 I escalated it myself. Last night.  
 High priority.

A pause. DevOps looks up from his screen for the first time.

He says nothing. He looks back down.

ANALYST #1  
 The portal had a rated capacity of  
 approximately five thousand  
 concurrent users.  
 We moved six hundred thousand.

YHVH  
 (a beat)  
 We did.

ANALYST #1  
 That's not a bug. That's not an  
 anomaly. That's—

DEVOPS  
 (without looking up)  
 That's arithmetic.

Everyone looks at him.

DEVOPS (CONT'D)  
 The portal worked exactly as  
 designed. We used it for something  
 it was never designed for. And we  
 were surprised when it failed.  
 (typing)  
 Logging this under "we didn't read  
 the spec."

YHVH uncaps his marker. He writes on the whiteboard, under  
 ROOT CAUSE ANALYSIS:

*KNOW YOUR TOOL'S LIMITS BEFORE YOU STAKE  
 SIX HUNDRED THOUSAND LIVES ON THEM.*

He caps the marker. Sets it down.

DevOps picks his phone up and photographs the message.

YHVH  
 I hear the retrospective items.  
 I'm logging them.  
 Staging environment: addressed in  
 Phase Two.

ANALYST #2  
 You said that after Phase Four  
 of the pre-Exodus planning cycle.

YHVH

(a beat)

I said it. I mean it more now  
than I did then.

(beat)

Here is what I also want to say.

He looks at the room. All of them. He doesn't often do this –  
look at the room as people, not as a project team.

YHVH (CONT'D)

Our people walked out of Egypt.  
All of them. More than the original  
cluster estimate – we picked up  
associated individuals who attached  
during extraction. The actual  
population is larger than  
projected.

That is not a bug.

That is the system working beyond  
its planned parameters.

He sets down the remote.

YHVH (CONT'D)

Did everything go smoothly? No.

Was the portal stable? No.

Did I have ten post-mortems in a  
week? Yes.

Is the Oversight Board now watching  
us?

Apparently, yes.

(beat)

But those people are on the far  
bank. And they are alive.

And what we do next is what this  
whole project was actually for.

He pauses. He does not advance the slide yet.

He looks at DEVOPS.

YHVH

DevOps. Ticket seven.

The blinking one. From the start.

What was its original subject line?

DevOps does not have to look it up.

DEVOPS

CLUSTER\_SELECTION\_HEBREW.

STATUS: CANDIDATE POPULATION

IDENTIFIED.

AWAITING EXTRACTION AUTHORIZATION.

(beat)

Two hundred and forty years open.

YHVH  
And the resolution field?

DEVOPS  
(quiet)  
I left it blank.

YHVH nods.

YHVH  
Here is the resolution.  
(to the room)  
The reason we needed that specific  
cluster – the genome, the mutation,  
the rare recessive expression  
DevOps flagged fourteen times in  
pre-acquisition – was always this.  
(advancing the slide)  
Not the extraction.  
The extraction was Phase One.  
This –

The TORAH v7 schematic blooms across the display.

Double helix. Data architecture.

The elegant, irreversible encoding.

YHVH (CONT'D)  
– is the project.  
Those people on the far bank  
are not the outcome.  
They are the deployment  
environment.  
(beat)  
Let's not forget that when Phase  
Two gets complicated.  
And it will get complicated.

He advances to the next slide:

*PHASE 2: SANDBOX  
OBJECTIVE: TORAH v7 INSTALLATION  
METHOD: DUAL-CHIP IMPRINTING (TABLETS x2)  
CHIPS: FABRICATED ON-SITE  
DURATION: EXTENDED VALIDATION PHASE  
KPI: ENCODE AND PRESERVE TORAH v7  
MONITORING: CONTINUOUS (drone array, active)*

YHVH (CONT'D)  
Code for the imprinting:  
needed by tomorrow morning.  
Chip fabrication equipment goes  
on the first transport.  
We print on-site – no shipping  
costs, no third-party handling of a  
classified payload.

MID-DEVELOPER

(on screen via video link)

We're not ready by tomorrow.  
The Commandments syntax debate  
is still-

YHVH

Resolve it tonight.

Immutable core. Commentary wrapper.

That's a directive, not a  
discussion.

MID-DEVELOPER opens their mouth.

YHVH (CONT'D)

A directive.

MID-DEVELOPER closes their mouth.

YHVH (CONT'D)

Rafa, you have operations.  
DevOps - portal rebuild starts  
when you've slept.  
Eight hours minimum. Also a  
directive.

DEVOPS

I'll note that in the log.

YHVH

Note it in the log and then sleep.

DEVOPS

(pause)

In that order.

YHVH

In that order.

He closes the presentation.

YHVH (CONT'D)

Congratulations. All of you.  
Phase One was supposed to be  
impossible.  
It wasn't impossible.  
It was just very, very hard.  
There is a difference.

He picks up his scarf.

YHVH (CONT'D)

(over his shoulder, at the  
door)

Someone deal with the frogs.  
The remediation report is  
six weeks overdue.  
He exits.

The room sits in the particular silence of people who have just survived something.

EPILOGUE "THE DESERT AS A LABORATORY"  
EXT. SINAI – DESERT HILLTOP – GOLDEN HOUR

The light here is the oldest light in the world.

MOSHE stands on a rise overlooking the valley below.

The tribes are settling. Thousands of fires bloom in the early dark – a galaxy of small, warm lights spreading across the desert floor.

The sound of it rises: voices, animals, children, the low frequency of several hundred thousand people building something temporary that they will somehow carry with them forever.

They believe God is with them.

They are not wrong.

AARON, quietly, to Moshe:

AARON  
You did well.

MOSHE  
(looking at his hands)  
I p-p-pointed a stick at a large  
b-b-body of water and walked.

AARON  
That is, surprisingly, what the  
job description says.

Moshe almost smiles. Almost.

He has a desert to walk into.

High above, almost invisible against the sky – a small dark shape drifts in a slow arc. Silent. Patient.

A surveillance drone.

It banks gently. Sensors sweeping the camp. Data uploading to HQ in real time. Moshe watches the camp. He doesn't see the drone.

CUT TO

INT. YHV-SOLUTIONS – OPERATIONS CENTER – SAME TIME

Rafa stands at the main display, watching the drone feed.

Behind him, DevOps is at his console.

He should be sleeping. He is not sleeping.

He is looking at the TORAH v7 build log.

RAFA  
(quietly, watching the  
feed)  
Look at that.

DevOps looks up. The camp below. The fires.

Hundreds of thousands of people, alive, in a desert, carrying something in their blood they don't yet have a word for.

RAFA (CONT'D)  
It actually worked.

DEVOPS  
Phase One. Yes.

RAFA  
I mean... look at them.

DEVOPS  
I'm looking.

A long pause.

DEVOPS (CONT'D)  
The build is unstable.

RAFA  
..what?

DEVOPS  
The TORAH v7 build.  
Tablet format has three unresolved  
dependency issues. Documentation  
incomplete in two critical  
sections.  
QA sandbox protocol hasn't been  
formally signed off.  
We're deploying tomorrow. On  
production.

RAFA  
Well, look—

DEVOPS  
How are we deploying tomorrow.  
The build is not ready.  
The documentation is nowhere.

RAFA  
The developers are not coming  
to the desert.

DEVOPS

I know the developers are not  
coming to the desert.  
I'm expressing frustration.

RAFA

(gently)  
I know. It will be fine.

DEVOPS

It will probably be fine.

RAFA

Yes, probably fine.

DEVOPS

It has never once been fine.

RAFA

(smiling slightly)  
No. But it's always been something.

DevOps looks at him. Looks at the screen.

Looks at the fires – very small, very many, very bright in  
the dark.

He types one last log entry for the day:

*PROJECT EXODUS – PHASE 1 – FINAL LOG ENTRY.  
Population extracted: confirmed.  
TORAH v7 installation: pending.  
Portal: offline.  
Team: operational (fatigue noted).  
The people believe that God is with them.  
Based on available data, they are correct.  
Whether the build deploys cleanly tomorrow remains  
to be determined.  
I have concerns.  
I always have concerns.  
Logging off.*

He closes the log. He closes his laptop. He looks at the  
fire-covered valley one more time.

Then – for the first time all episode – DevOps does something  
unexpected.

He doesn't type.

He doesn't log.

He doesn't ping anyone.

He just looks.

DISSOLVE TO:

THE END OF THE WORLD IS HERE

EXT. LOW EARTH ORBIT — PULLING BACK

The drone feed. The desert camp. The fires.

The camera pulls back — gently, steadily — past the drone, past the clouds, past the atmosphere.

The orbital campus of YHV-Solutions grows small.

Then smaller.

Then — visible around it — the rest of the sky.

Not empty. Full.

Other structures. Other lights. Other campuses.

Each one the color of its own corporation.

The brass warmth of Egyptian HQ.

The cold white of ZeusCorp's Olympus array.

The deep red of Marduk's Babylonian infrastructure.

The precise philosophical blue of Ahura Mazda's Persian cluster.

A universe of companies. All of them watching the same small planet. All of them with plans. All of them with project managers and incident logs and budget reviews and post-mortems that nobody reads until the catastrophe has finished happening.

And at the center of it — small, blue, patient, scarred — Earth.

Still there.

Still, somehow, in progress.

A TITLE CARD APPEARS:

*PROJECT MANAGERS*  
*Season 1: Debugging Humanity*

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF ACT THREE

END OF EPISODE ONE  
EP. 1 — "EXODUS. VERSION 1.11"  
PROJECT MANAGERS — Season 1 — Pilot