

PROJECT MANAGERS

Sci-Fi, Dramedy

Written by Eugene Cuprin

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

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FADE IN:

INT. LECTURE THEATRE – UNSPECIFIED TIME

An amphitheatre of the ACADEMY OF INITIATED CIVILIZATIONAL PROGRESS. 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: AUDITOR. A man without age. Something between 60 and 6000. Dark hair, dark and intense eyes framed by slightly heavy eyelids. He has a prominent, straight nose and a thin-lipped mouth set in a stern line.

He has reviewed more post-mortems than any reasonable being should, in more worlds than most can imagine.

He is not in the field today. Today he is a professor.

A holographic screen behind him shows:

GIZA. EGYPT. 2560 BCE.

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

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 causes, review the corrective decisions, and return to the foundational principles of civilizational progress.

AUDITOR (CONT'D)

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.

He pauses. Turns to the pyramid.

AUDITOR (CONT'D)

Let us begin.
(to the room)
Who can identify the error in this project?

Silence. Students shift.

AUDITOR (CONT'D)

No one. Fine. Who can name the principal architects?

STUDENT #1
 (tentative)
 ..Torson?

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?

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.

AUDITOR
 Is that all?

He pauses and looks at the students with an expression that
 there should be something else.

AUDITOR (CONT'D)
 What characteristic unites all
 civilizations of the bio-
 optimization era?

STUDENT #4
 The ability to manipulate mass.

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

Beat.

SMASH CUT TO

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, 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.

At the center console, alone, surrounded by seven monitors, sits DEVOPS (early 50s).

No name badge. No introduction required.

He is a man whose face is a weary topography of sleepless nights, marked by heavy, shadowed eyes and a persistent, thousand-yard stare. He has unkempt, dark curls, wears rumpled olive fleece.

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 DEV (20s) rushes past, datapad clutched to chest.

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

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

JUNIOR DEV
He rearranged the seating chart again.

DEVOPS
I know.

JUNIOR DEV
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.

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 (40s) – RAPHAEL – CTO and Chief of Staff. Possesses a lean, athletic build and a sharp, composed face, a pair of wings tightly folded behind his back. He is an angel.

He takes the seat to the right of the head of the table.
Neat. Composed.

AARON (50s) is a man of rugged, sun-weathered intensity, with shoulder-length salt-and-pepper curls and a thick beard. He 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.

DevOps enters last. Takes the far end. Opens a laptop. Begins typing immediately.

The door at the head of the room opens.

YHVH (50s) enters. A man of fading, salt-and-pepper dignity, his face a weathered map of hard-won experience and deep-etched lines.

The word that comes to mind is "incandescent" – but not in a comfortable way.

He wears a scarf. Indoors. He always wears it.

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.
(to the ceiling)
Start recording.

A small light blinks red in the corner. 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.

(MORE)

YHVH (CONT'D)

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 (20s) a young man with a pale, freckled
complexion, sitting in the back, rises his finger.

ANALYST #1

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. Another one - 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.

(pause)

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.

YHVH (CONT'D)

Full civilization upgrade package.
Encoded directly into human DNA.

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 (CONT'D)

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 - CONTINUOUS

Pyramids are on the display behind Auditor. He continues his lecture.

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. INITIATED
CIVILIZATIONAL PROGRESS CHARTER.

He reads from it.

AUDITOR (CONT'D)

Point One: provide access to
transformation and initiated
progress for any native who
achieves a defined threshold.

AUDITOR (CONT'D)

Point Two: restrict access by
qualities, not species.

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.

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.

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.

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.

AUDITOR (CONT'D)

The result: no initiations for several centuries. Enormous resources literally buried in the ground.

He clicks forward. The Rosetta Stone.

AUDITOR (CONT'D)

The corrective measure - this -

(pointing the screen)

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.

(MORE)

AUDITOR (CONT'D)

(dry)

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

(beat)

To date: zero initiations from the
Torson project.

He looks at the room.

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

KICK-OFF CONTINUOUS

INT. YHV-SOLUTIONS -- MAIN CONFERENCE ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

YHVH

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 a very 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.

YHVH stands at his desk. Rafa beside him.

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

The channel opens with a specific tone sound.

AMON-RA (50s) appears on screen.

Composed. Warm. The quiet certainty of a master architect. 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.

His expression does not change.

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's a recessive genome that takes our encoder cleanly.

(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 silence.

Late sun catches the rocks in deep amber. A hawk circles.

MOSHE (late 40s) walks a hillside alone. He carries a staff.

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.

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.

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.)

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.)

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.

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 p-p-project?

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

A beat. Moshe's face goes still.

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

MOSHE
 Do you m-mean I have to go back
 there? Back into the palace. Talk
 to HIM.

YHVH (V.O.)
 That's the job.

Moshe's hands tighten on the staff.

MOSHE
 You remember WHY I left, right?
 Rameses has a sister. I had...
 (trying for dignity)
 ...an ill-advised period of poor
 judgment with her.

He winces at his own phrasing.

MOSHE (CONT'D)

I barely got out alive.
Now I'm married. I have a family.
You want me to tell my wife I'm
going back to the palace to see my
ex and ask her brother for a favor?

A small, impossible pause from the fire.

YHVH (V.O.)

If Rameses executed everyone his
sister had an affair with, Egypt's
population would be cut in half.
He does not remember you.

Moshe bristles.

MOSHE

I remember him. And he remembers
enough. You are asking me to walk
straight into the one room I've
spent my whole life running away
from.

Beat.

MOSHE (CONT'D)

No. Find someone else.

Silence. The fire burns, unimpressed.

YHVH (V.O.)

Your wife is not losing you to your
ex. She's leaving Egypt with you.
All of them are.

Another beat.

MOSHE (CONT'D)

Fine. But when my wife asks why
we're moving, I am not leading with
"So, there was this princess.."

The bush crackles like it might be trying not to laugh.

YHVH (V.O.)

Noted.

The fire burns. The desert holds its breath.

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

Status: ASSIGNED.

MOSHE

..how long will it take?

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

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 took your sandals off.
 You said yes before you started
 arguing.

Moshe looks at the sandals, caught.

MOSHE
 (quiet, to himself)
 I have to learn to stop doing that
 first.

He stands. Picks up his staff.

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:

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.

HORUS — RAMESES — PHARAOH (40s) — sits in the high seat.

He is not monstrous. He is something more precise: a competent administrator who is also, technically, a god, surrounded by a production schedule locked for eighteen months.

Moshe and Aaron stand before him. Aaron composed, professional, field agent. Moshe is uncomfortable.

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

A flicker. Old familiarity.

He covers it immediately.

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.

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 hits like a foreign language

PHARAOH (CONT'D)

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 (40s) 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. 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.

Attendant 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.

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 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
ESTIMATED RESOLUTION: TBD
NOTE: Subject is extremely confident.

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 - CONTINUOUS

Auditor stands at his lectern. The images of the pyramid and Rosetta Stone still glow behind him.

A STUDENT raises a hand.

STUDENT #5

What were the corrective clauses?
To the Charter, after the pyramid?

Auditor looks up.

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 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.

The pyramid image fades. The double helix renderings appears.

AUDITOR (CONT'D)

Torson's failure was access. The Torah v7 approach puts the data inside the user. Different risk profile. We'll get there later. Read its documentation by the next session.

He looks at the room one more time.

AUDITOR (CONT'D)

Class dismissed.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. YHV-SOLUTIONS - OPERATIONS CENTER.

The ten 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 DEV

What does "Significant" mean,
exactly?

DEVOPS

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

He presses ENTER.

FADE TO:

ACT TWO - THE PERSUASION SEQUENCE

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 - "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 configuration file. Finds the duration field. It's empty.

He scrolls through the change history. Finds a comment from four years 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-DEVELOPER (30) joins the call, hair sideways, eyes at 40%.

DEVOPS (CONT'D)

The duration defaulted to permanent. And we never built a reverse function. How do we fix it?

MID-DEVELOPER

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

OK. 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 (late 20s), 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.

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:

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 : "MORE IS MORE"

EXT. EGYPT — VARIOUS LOCATIONS — SIX HOURS LATER

Frogs. Everywhere. Frogs in the streets, the granaries, the ovens, the beds.

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.

CUT TO

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 (CONT'D)
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 frog emojis to the main display.

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 is shining. He opens his mouth to shout something. DevOps stops him with a gesture.

DEVOPS (CONT'D)
Please don't.

RAFA
Cleanup protocol?

DEVOPS
Pile them.

RAFA
Where?

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

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.

Moshe leaves the palace. At the gate he turns back, looks at the palace.

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

CUT

INT. YHV-SOLUTIONS — INCIDENT REVIEW ROOM — LATER

DEVOPS

(types)

PHARAOH_CAPITULATION_REVERSAL: 1.

EVENT 03 — "WHICH VERSION OF MAIN?"

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... not insect, it's
technology, miracle. 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

EVENTS 04-08 — COMPRESSED RECORD
EXT. PALACE GATES — 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 — SAME TIME

MOSHE
Same message.

PHARAOH
Same answer.

A beat.

Moshe leaves the palace.

CROSS-CUT

EXT. EGYPT — EVERYWHERE — SIMULTANEOUS

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

CROSS-CUT

EXT. PALACE GATES

Moshe leaves the palace with a frustrated expression.

CROSS-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.

CROSS-CUT

INT. PHARAOH'S PALACE — PRIVATE CHAMBER

HEAD SORCERER
All the livestock. At once. Gone.

PHARAOH
What is it? Any disease? Virus?
Bacteria?

HEAD SORCERER
Seems like a wave impact. Sound probably.

PHARAOH
So the meat is intact?

HEAD SORCERER
The meat is fine.

PHARAOH
Then announce a feast. Three days.

He looks at scribe, who is handing a scroll to attendant.

Attendant runs with the scroll to him. He signs it.

CUT 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.

INT. PHARAOH'S PALACE — AUDIENCE CHAMBER

PHARAOH

The men. Three days. For the ceremony. Inside Egypt. The families stay.

MOSHE

Everyone leaves. That's the ask.

PHARAOH

You've changed...

(pause)

Aren't you afraid?

MOSHE

Of you? No. There are p-powers beyond me and you. I am just a grain of sand in the d-desert.

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

CUT

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. But ordering a response maintains the story that this is manageable.

YHVH

Why is he so stubborn. He sacrifices all his country thinking that we will quit. What's the next tool?

RAFA

Hail.

YHVH

Can we make it more persuasive?

UX DESIGNER

We need to confuse them. Something that sounds 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.

CROSS-CUT

INT. PHARAOH'S PALACE — AUDIENCE CHAMBER

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.

CROSS-CUT

EXT. EDGE OF GOSHEN - TWO HOURS LATER

A guard finds Moshe outside the palace.

PALACE GUARD
He's changed his mind.

CROSS-CUT

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

EXT. PALACE GATES - RIGHT AFTER

Aaron meets Moshe near the gate, puts his hand on Moshe's shoulder. Just a gesture of support.

Moshe looks at his brother. Exhales.

MOSHE
I can't stand it. I do not want to hurt them any more. It's not their fault. It's not fair.

AARON
I know.

MOSHE
Tell him, I am out.

AARON

No.

(pause)

We don't get to quit. Not in the middle.

Moshe looks at Aaron once again. He walks away with his head down. He looks twenty years older than he was in front of burning bush.

EVENT 09 - "THREE DAYS IN THE DARK"
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.

FADE TO:

INT. PHARAOH'S PALACE - DARKNESS - DAY ONE TO THREE MONTAGE

COURTIER

Should we light more fires?

PHARAOH

(in the dark)

No. Let him show me I can't.

PHARAOH has been sitting with his thoughts for three days in absolute darkness. No sign of light, just sounds and thoughts.

He sends a guard to find Moshe.

CUT TO:

INT. PALACE ANTECHAMBER — MOMENTS LATER

Moshe is brought in. Pharaoh speaks from the dark.

PHARAOH (CONT'D)
Everyone. Take everyone. Men,
women, children. No livestock.

MOSHE
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.

CUT TO:

BRIEF 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.

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

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

AUDITOR (CONT'D)
Then the documentation gets thin.

This is the part of the case file
I want you to pay attention to.

A STUDENT raises a hand.

STUDENT #8

Why does the compliance rate keep
resetting upward between events?

AUDITOR

(without inflection)

Because the subject is not
irrational. He has a system. After
each event, he recalculates: can I
absorb this cost? Until Event Nine,
the answer is yes.

(beat)

The operator is making the same
calculation from the other side:
can I escalate further? Until Event
Ten, the answer is also yes.

He advances the slide: EVENTS FOUR THROUGH EIGHT.

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.

AUDITOR (CONT'D)

Events Four through Eight. The
field agent walked into the same
building for the same answer.

(beat)

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

He closes his notepad.

AUDITOR (CONT'D)

Event Nine.

(quietly)

Followed by Event Ten. Study them
before next session. All of their
materials.

He looks up.

AUDITOR (CONT'D)
Class dismissed.

SMASH 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
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 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"
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_*

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)

We shall not deploy at this risk level-

YHVH

We have to. We've gone so far, he is almost ready to release them.

DEVOPS

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.

The air is shaken by the terrible scream of thousands of voices.

JUMP CUT TO:

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

PHARAOH wakes. The scream outside. The silence in the next room.

He goes to his son's room.

He is on his knees.

After some time 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 knows what had happened. Everyone in did.

PALACE GUARD

(out of breath)

Pharaoh says –

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. There is message from Moshe.

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.

DEVOPS

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

DEVOPS (CONT'D)

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

I authorized it. It's all on me.

DEVOPS

The QA failure was mine. I could prevent it. Or stop it. I didn't.

They look at each other.

YHVH picks up a marker.

He writes on the whiteboard, under ROOT CAUSE ANALYSIS:
"TEST YOUR CODE BEFORE IT HITS 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:
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

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.

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 hundred at once.

He opens a new ticket. Titles it
REDSEAPORTAL — LOAD PROJECTION.

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

He stares at the ticket.

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

He saves the ticket.
END OF ACT TWO.

FADE TO BLACK.

ACT THREE -- "RED SEA: THE PORTAL WITH BUGS"

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. No tools, no camps. The fires and bread ovens are cold.

SITE SUPERVISORS (30-50) 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.

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.

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.

The column stops.

CUT TO:

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.

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.

*"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.

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 not ready yet.
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.

RAFA

Status.

DEVOPS

Portal not loaded. I flagged it.

RAFA

Can we open it?

DEVOPS

I cannot guarantee stability under
full population 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

Possible casualties-

YHVH

On me. Open!

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.)

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

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.

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.

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

The column begins to move.

CUT TO:

INT. YHV-SOLUTIONS — OPERATIONS CENTER — CONTINUOUS

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.

INT. YHV-SOLUTIONS — OPERATIONS CENTER — CONTINUOUS

The alert hits every screen simultaneously.

Red. Every screen. Red.

CRITICAL — PORTAL STABILITY FAILURE!

STRUCTURAL OVERLOAD!

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. All red.

He opens one.

The root cause field reads:
LOAD EXCEEDED RATED CAPACITY. NO BUG.

He closes it.

DEVOPS (CONT'D)
 I can give you ninety seconds.
 Routing all remaining power. And
 then it collapses.

YHVH
 Keep it.

DEVOPS
 When the corridor collapses,
 everything in it—

YHVH
 Just try to keep it.

MOSHE (V.O.)
 Aaron!

DevOps reroutes. No hesitation.

DEVOPS
 Moshe, try to fix on the target, we
 are losing energy for spatial
 stabilization.

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.

Moshe, on the far bank, holding his staff, pointing it straight. The staff becomes heavier with every second that passes, but it helps. The corridor walls stops to tremble for a minute.

The fish press against the water.

Then the walls breathe.

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

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

Moshe holding his staff with two hands, struggling, refusing to lower it.

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

The General is shouting something no one can hear.

Moshe sees Pharaoh's chariot approaching.

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.

DEVOPS (CONT'D)
Five

The walls of water begin to lean. Last Hebrew is on the bank. Chariots approaching. Moshe looks straight into Pharaoh's eyes. He can try to help Egyptians get safely to the shore. He can hold an anchor staff a bit longer. It will cost him a lot. But he makes a decision.

DEVOPS (CONT'D)
Zero.

Moshe drops his staff. The corridor collapses.

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 at the end of the corridor...

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 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.

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 a long time.

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

He counted.

Moshe appears beside him. Quietly.

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 knew how 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.

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

He walks toward the crowd.

Moshe watches him go.

FADE TO:

INT. YHV-SOLUTIONS — OPERATIONS CENTER — SAME MOMENT

DEVOPS

(flat, into log)

Portal collapsed under load. Root
cause: tool rated for a field team,
used on a civilization.

(beat)

DEVOPS (CONT'D)

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 every week.

He will ping it forty-seven times.

It will never be closed.

AMON-RA CALLS BACK

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.

AMON-RA (CONT'D)

(a pause)

I want to be fair. 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 an unstable portal."

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.

YHVH

There wasn't time to—

AMON-RA

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 let six hundred chariots ride into a tool you knew was failing.

Silence.

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 (CONT'D)

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)

The code you built is impressive. It 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

You built the timeline.

(pause)

The Oversight Board will not review the outcome. They will review the decision architecture.

(quiet)

I hope your documentation is clean.

A beat.

AMON-RA (CONT'D)

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

YHVH says nothing.

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 Ra filed a formal complaint—

YHVH
 I know, Rafa.

RAFA
 The compliance issues—

YHVH
 (quietly)
 I know. All of it. He is right. He
 is absolutely right.
 (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
 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

The 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

ANALYST #2

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

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 users.
We moved six hundred thousand-

YHVH

(a beat)

We did.

ANALYST #1

That's not a bug. That's-

DEVOPS

(without looking up)

That's arithmetic.

(beat)

Logging it.

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

*KNOW YOUR TOOL'S LIMITS BEFORE YOU STAKE 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 in previous planning.

YHVH

(a beat)

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

(beat)

YHVH (CONT'D)

(beat)

Here is what I also want to say.

He looks at the room. Actually looks at them.

YHVH (CONT'D)

We pulled them out. All of them.
More than the original cluster.
People who were never in the list,
who attached on the way.

He lets that hang, not quite sure how to sell it.

YHVH (CONT'D)

On paper, that's a breach of scope.
In practice...

(searching)

they're alive. They're on the far
bank. That's what I have.

A beat. He is not triumphant; he's forcing this into a win.

YHVH (CONT'D)

The cluster that sat in a queue
for two hundred and forty years-

He looks at DevOps.

YHVH (CONT'D)

DevOps. Ticket seven. 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.

YHVH
 The resolution field?

DEVOPS
 (quiet)
 Blank.

YHVH (CONT'D)
 Here is the resolution.
 (to the room)
 It's walking around in a desert.
 That is the outcome I'm prepared to
 defend.

He sets down the remote, more tired than satisfied.

He pauses for a minute. He takes off his scarf, puts it on the table. Then, as if he recalled that he needs to continue, he takes the remote, advances the slide.

The TORAH v7 schematic blooms across the display.

Double helix. Data architecture. Text over it reads:
OBJECTIVE: TORAH v7 INSTALLATION

YHVH (CONT'D)
 The project. Those people on the far bank. If we do not initiate them now - all is worthless.

YHVH (CONT'D)
 All the incidents, events, all the casualties, kids... all of this. Pharaoh and his army...

He looks at the room once again. Gathers himself.

YHVH (CONT'D)
 Code for the imprinting: needed by tomorrow morning.

MID-DEVELOPER
 (on screen via video link)
 We're not ready by tomorrow. The Commandments syntax-

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.

He walks toward the exit.

YHVH (CONT'D)
(over his shoulder, at the
door)
Someone deal with the fish. The
remediation report is six weeks
overdue. He exits.

He did not pick up his scarf. It is lying there on the table
like a snake's skin.

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

Moshe stands on a rise overlooking the valley below.

The tribes are settling. Thousands of fires bloom in the
early dark.

The sound of it rises: voices, animals, children, the low
frequency of several hundred thousand people.

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.

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 is looking at the TORAH v7 build log.

RAFA
(quietly)
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.

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. On them.

RAFA

Well, look—

DEVOPS

If this install goes wrong, we undo everything we just did.

RAFA

(gently)

I know. It will be fine.

DEVOPS

It has never once been fine.

RAFA

(after a pause)

I know. It never is. We do it anyway.

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 — DevOps does something unexpected.

He doesn't type.

He doesn't log.

He doesn't ping anyone.

He just looks.

DISSOLVE TO:

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. Olympus arrays, Babylonian
clusters, Persian infrastructures.

A universe of companies, all watching the same small planet.

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

Still there. Still, somehow, in progress.

A TITLE CARD APPEARS:

PROJECT MANAGERS

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF EPISODE ONE
PROJECT MANAGERS – Season 1 – Pilot