

BIO-MEX

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A crescent Earth hangs amidst the celestial everlasting. Day and night run their ancient chase as the auroras dance in the shadows at the whim of another solar flare. It's the year 2145.

The Moon slowly peeks from behind the glowing planet while a massive hurricane forms in the Atlantic ocean, no doubt a result of an ailing climate.

As the storm spins far below, the International Space Station appears, drifting, steadfast and resolute in its mission of peace through the heavens.

A twinkle flickers in Siberia. A solar panel aboard the I.S.S. silently swivels to snare more sunlight as a curious ball of light arcs away from the Earth trailed by a bowed column of white exhaust. The plume cuts out sharply as the ball leaves the atmosphere.

The I.S.S. continues its ill-destined traverse as a weaponized rocket whips into view and, like a javelin thrown by Aries himself, decimates the I.S.S. in a silent eruption, sending panel shards, flash-freezing limbs and charred wreckage hurtling into the darkness of space.

As the debris scatters into the endless night a devastating sight encircles the globe. A symphony of flashes emanates from the mosaic of continents below. One by one, dozens of plumes arc over the seas, as mushroom clouds dot major cities and engulf the skies.

The Earth whirls, carrying clouds of nuclear fallout from east to west as urban centers waiting to greet the morning light flicker into darkness and succumb to the encroaching haze.

A scrap of fuselage, adorned with "I.S.S." tumbles toward the Earth, leaving behind the wreckage from whence it came. Gravity draws the debris toward the Pacific-northwest. It pierces the atmosphere and begins to sear. The insulation and paint melt away, revealing a titanium base that glows red as it enters the world, toppling toward the west coast.

A metropolis beneath the haze appears, nestled amongst the coastal boreal forest as the scrap lurches toward the downtown core at increasing speed.

2 EXT. WESTLAKE AVENUE - SEATTLE - PRE-DAWN - CONTINUOUS 2

The scrap of titanium reveals itself to be much larger than originally thought as it slams into the crumbling streets of Seattle's downtown core, causing another explosion in a sea of collapsed buildings and twisted metal.

Up ahead, weaving through crowds of panicked citizens is a young boy, DOLION TYRO(6). He cries as he runs through the streets alone, panic-stricken by the havoc that surrounds him. He's covered in dust. Ashen mud cakes his face and he wears a loose fitting and heavily tattered dark-gray hoodie, hood drawn, that covers his wavy brown hair. The jacket almost swallows him. He scampers around boulders of concrete and broken glass guided by the glow of bioluminescent street lamps and hover car fires.

A woman calls out in the distance.

WOMAN

Dolion...!

A building store front explodes. Probably a gas line.

Dolion continues his escape.

WOMAN

Dolion!

A woman grabs his hand, relief flows through her, and the two run on together. Dolion looks up through tear stained cheeks as they dash onward to see his mother. ABIGAIL TYRO(31), equally suited to her son in a loose, dark-gray hoodie, a match to Dolion's. Smart. She's also covered in ash and wears a small canvas backpack, black yoga pants and Gore-Tex hiking boots.

Frightened and overwhelmed, Abigail guides her son by his hand through the nascent warzone. The crumbling skyline dwarfs the pair as they bolt for their lives over cars and fallen skyscrapers.

As the pair run through a BLOWN OUT BUS that spans the road, the top 6 floors of a building falls from the sky, a block behind them, and disintegrates in the street. The awe-inspiring sight launches dust, glass and concrete in all directions, smashing store windows and denting marble buildings. A boulder strikes a man running beside them dead to rights. The sound haunts Abigail and Dolion for a moment. The dust cloud grows as the sound of bending steel moans from the crash site.

Sensing trouble, Abigail spots a fallen STONE WALL ahead, she picks up Dolion mid-run and shields him as she dips around the corner just as a car-sized chunk of marble cartwheels through the bus and past the wall, plowing down a crowd of people ahead.

Dolion whimpers.

DOLION

Where's dad?

ABIGAIL

He's just up ahead, Doli. Okay?
We'll see him soon, hun.

Abigail gathers herself.

On the other side of the roadway, hiding behind a similar wall, Dolion spots a young boy. He cowers, clenched in a little ball, covered in ash, as the dust from the recent upheaval invades the street.

Abigail is panting, thinking. Dolion tugs at her collar and points to the lonely boy across the road. Abigail sees the boy and wonders where his parents could be. The boy whimpers, watching the wounded people up ahead wail for mercy.

She looks to Dolion and considers leaving without the boy. Abigail leans toward a clean getaway for a moment but her heart can't take it. She puts Dolion down, tucked up against the wall.

ABIGAIL

Stay. Here.

Dolion nods and watches as Abigail peeks around the corner to make sure it's clear. A group of panicked and injured people have gathered since the rumble of the crashing building. They run through the marble-torn bus. Abigail waits for a break in the bunch.

As the first collection passes she darts across the road to the other stone outcropping. Sliding on the broken gravel to a stop in front of the boy. He wears brown corduroy pants and a white t-shirt. He's covered in soot and ash and has a scraped cheek framing bright green eyes.

ABIGAIL

Hey, little man. Are you hurt?

The boy shakes his head. Abigail tilts his jaw to check his face. It'll heal. She holds him by the shoulders.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)

No. Where are your parents, huh?

The boy breaks into a sob. Clearly a fresh wound. Abigail offers condolence by rubbing his shoulder.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)

Okay. It's okay. What's your name, kiddo?

His nose drips and tears wet his cheeks as he blubbers.

HUNTEN

Hunten.

ABIGAIL

Hi Hunten, I'm Abi. You can come with us. Okay? My son, Dolion, is right over there.

She nods to Dolion across the way. Dolion waves meekly. HUNTEN(5) sees him and looks back to Abi, locking eyes. A tsunami siren bellows.

ABIGAIL

Shit. Ready?

Hunten nods.

ABIGAIL

Let's go. Dolion!

Abigail jolts up with Hunten in tow. She reaches out her free hand for Dolion to join them as they run. Dolion bursts out from behind the wall, joining the pair hand in hand as they run down the road. The back of Dolion's hood bounces as they jog, an AMBER-YELLOW INSIGNIA adorns the back of his charcoal jacket.

MATCH CUT:

3 EXT. LENORA STREET - DOWNTOWN SEATTLE - CONTINUOUS 3

Dolion's hood continues to bounce as the trio rounds the corner. Abigail scans the rubble for any sign of movement. The street's in shambles. Broken buildings, glass and steel litter the street.

ABIGAIL

Mike!

Abigail surveys the scene. No response calls back.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)

Mike!?

DOLION

Dad!

The tsunami siren wails back up again.

MIKE

Abi!

A voice echoes against the cavernous wasteland. Abigail can't quite place it. She takes a step further into the wild urban jungle.

ABIGAIL

Mike! I'm coming.

Abigail leads the children onward as they search for the voice. Dolion looks at his sullen new friend. Abigail's pants are torn and bloodied as they search, hand in hand.

They walk through a tunnel of bent steel and cracked concrete. Suddenly, Abigail spots her husband, MIKE TYRO(33). His white collared shirt grabs her attention around a fallen wall, he's pinned underneath a cement column and in a bad way. She jolts to a stop.

ABIGAIL

Mike!

Abigail turns around, and halts the children. She steels herself.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)

I need you both to stay here.
Promise me you won't look, no
matter what, okay?

A stern look of love and pain sinks into the children. The two boys nod.

Abigail turns and walks around the wall. Throughout the exchange, Dolion listens to his parents talk from inside the tunnel. His blank stare and occasional trembles, a symptom of traumatic shock.

MIKE

Listen to me, Abi...

ABIGAIL

What happened, baby?

Abigail drops to her knees. Dolion continues his blank stare and shudders, listening to the exchange. A sobering tear rolls down Dolion's cheek.

MIKE

Where's Doli?

ABIGAIL

He's here, behind the wall.

MIKE

Doli. I love you.

Dolion wants to look, but he made a promise, so he closes his eyes and speaks through the cracks in his broken heart.

DOLION

I love you too. I love you too.

MIKE

Listen to me. You need to get to high ground. Take Dolion and go. The water's coming.

ABIGAIL

I'm not leaving you. We're not leaving you. We can get you out.

MIKE

No, Abi. NO! I love you but I'm barely hanging on. My legs are gone. I'm sorry. I'm so sorry.

ABIGAIL

No... no. Don't be sorry.

Abigail looks down to see his legs crushed under the enormous column. Shock is setting in. Mike's teeth chatter. The tsunami siren sounds again as a low rumble grows in the distance.

ABIGAIL

Oh, Mike.

MIKE

I need you and Doli to make it. Promise me.

ABIGAIL

I... I promise. I promise.

Abigail bends down and gives Mike a long kiss goodbye. She sobs as she finishes the embrace. The loosened steel rivets start to jingle as the rumble of the tsunami grows louder. Abigail lets go of Mike with an agonizing cry and stumbles back to the kids.

Hunten's breath grows anxious as the drone starts to drown out surrounding sounds.

MIKE

I love you. Go. Abi! Go.

Dolion breaks as he strains to keep his promise. He bursts back into a sob as the weight of this final goodbye strikes his heart.

Abigail gathers the children as Mike's screaming echoes off the remaining walls and blends with the hum of the impending waves.

MIKE

I love you, Dolion! I love you,
Dolion.

From above, the tsunami threatens. It creeps through the city mere blocks away while the trio runs for the hills.

Abigail and the two young boys sprint, hand in hand through the street. Dolion's hood remains drawn as he gallops.

MATCH CUT:

4 EXT. THE WASTE - DOLION BEING CHASED IN THE WASTE

4

A HOODED FIGURE races over tree branches, arms raised as shields, as serpentine vines snap poisonous fangs inches from his face. The back of the caped figure features the AMBER-YELLOW TYRO FAMILY CREST set on a CHARCOAL-BLACK CLOAK.

A hand plants on a rock and the moss's horde of microscopic suckers immediately latch around the hand like velcro, causing the racer to stumble as he painfully rips the hand away and continues his escape from some unknown assailant. In this mutated wasteland everything is prey.

Down the path through the forest a TWO-HEADED SNAKE slithers along a branch that overhangs the pathway. The serpent spots its impending prey as the figure dodges an onslaught of venomous barbs, launched by purple flowers that enwind the trunks of nearby trees. The barbs dart through palm leaves as the foliage withers and oozes - a powerful venom that is wise to evade.

An arrowhead pokes through a thicket as a second HOODED FIGURE nocks an arrow and trains their masked eye on the Tyro family crest. The eye, partially obscured by the

foliage, glows red. A targeting overlay guides their aim as the forest is blanketed in a red hue. They draw their arrow.

The two heads of the polycephalous viper nip at each other vying for the kill as the sprinting man approaches. The snake recoils, timing the attack. As the figure is about to pass the pendent branch the snake lunges out, both sets of extended venomous teeth dripping with anticipation.

An arrow pins one of the snake's heads against the branch, narrowly missing the man's hood. The remaining snake head strains to complete its attack but doesn't reach as the figure continues his escape through the underbrush.

Boots stomp the muddy ground as the figure continues his escape. Vines trail behind, weaving through tree roots and shrubbery, stalking their prey.

The archer chases in the shadows, clad in TACTICAL STEALTH ARMOR.

Suddenly, the forest opens up to a clearing and a sheer cliff face halts the fleeing man. No one would survive this fall. The panting man inspects the ledge for any way down.

Nearby, the archer settles behind a natural blind then quickly nocks and draws another arrow. This is the shot he's been waiting for. A laser guide, embedded in his crimson eye, locks onto the yellow family crest. The hunter launches the arrow but the weight of his front foot snaps a twig as the arrow sails through the foliage.

His target is about to turn when the arrow strikes them in the back, straight through the crest. The figure lurches upon impact and their life slowly fades before tumbling off the cliffside to the forest floor.

The archer, a menacing specimen, trimmed in high tech tactical gear, approaches the cliff edge to survey his kill below. His eye still glows red.

Blood stains the Tryo family crest below as vines and critters surprisingly avoid the archer and pour over the cliffside - they smell blood.

The archer opens his palm, face down as a blue light emits from his hand. The arrow slides out of his victims back and

sails up the drop where the archer catches it and returns it to his quiver. Job done. The archer slinks back into the shadows of the forest leaving the body lying down below.

The blood stain pools amid the family crest as vines, insects and the dirt itself engulf the corpse and absorb their kill.

An iridescent DOUBLE WINGED BIRD rises from the forest floor into the skies above, dwarfing the scene below as the body disappears beneath the canopy. The forest is a labyrinth far below.

The mutant bird has a MOD embedded in the back of its neck as it swoops to reveal the expanse of THE WASTE. In the far off distance, high above the forest, whole trees bend and snap as some monstrous terror stalks through the woods. Beyond...

A massive pearlescent DOME spans a shielded metropolis, nestled in the belly of a toxic world.

5 EXT. HOUSE OF CARDS - STREET - NIGHT

5

The foggy Ashtown skyline peeks through a moldering hole punched in the 12th story wall of a run down building in the dome's vice district. A steel frame lacks rivets and nearly succumbs to rust as a hairless rat with fangs wrapping around its bottom jaw dares to cross the decaying beam on the hunt for its next meal. Behind the tormented rat sprawls a brimful metropolis, teeming with all manner of nefarious activity. PEDESTRIANS and MERCHANTS fill the streets, vying for profit or pleasure, undeterred by another night of acrid rain. Tattered stolen leathers, the buzz of neon signs and the squalor of dying streets echo into the night - this is Ashtown - A world of the future - humanity's final flailing attempt to build a "home."

Heavy rains descend on a decrepit warehouse as STREET PERFORMERS, black market DEALERS and hordes of CITIZENS ebb and flow from the pulsating energy inside this crumbling battlement. A factory WINDOW, checkboarded with missing glass panels on the second story, hosts a baroque neon sign that radiates: HOUSE OF CARDS into the streets below. A wounded robotic street sweeper, stuck in a loop, repeatedly runs into the curb in an attempt to collect a discarded cap

of SKIZ when a passer-by unceremoniously kicks the sweeper onto its side with a chuckle to his friends. The neon sign towers above and glows onto the doomed robot below as the light in its eye finally burns out.

MATCH CUT:

6 INT. HOUSE OF CARDS - THE DEN - CONTINUOUS

6

The neon sign hangs outside the ashen checkerboard window as the boom of raucous illicit gambling swells inside. The unlucky and untamed bellow their displeasure at a winning house. Heavy bass rattles their chips and muses nearby dancers as another hand goes to the dealer. Men roar, women gab and others weigh the threat of their worming vices while the night surges on as it has countless times before.

A hulking man towers over the masses as he makes his way through the swarm of scoundrels. REAPER is a beast of a man with a knack for inflicting one thing - pain. He haunts the tables as he passes, ensuring that all the wretches tote the line.

Reaper lumbers across the main floor to a back room and quietly steps inside.

7 INT. HOUSE OF CARDS - OFFICE

7

The glow of a dozen monitors light the otherwise dark room as a silhouetted figure surveys the happenings on the floor. An unabashed SUN TATTOO adorns the scalp of HUNTEN as he runs his fingers over the scars left by the needle, deep in thought. He is unphased by Reaper as the giant nervously settles behind him in the shadows of the cold room. Reaper's meekness is troublesome. As HUNTEN speaks his voice is modulated by a custom built digital voicebox.

HUNTEN

Is my old friend in the ground?

REAPER

Yes, sir. Dolion is dead.

HUNTEN

Mmm. His children?

REAPER

In process. We have a plan.

Hunten turns his head, only slightly, then remains silent. The simple movement spurs Reaper to appease him.

REAPER (CONT'D)

The cloaks are rallying and we have a few new tricks ourselves. I'm not worried.

Hunten breathes heavily. His breath is modulated by the voicebox.

HUNTEN

I must pay my respects, when the time is right.

Hunten straightens his gaze on the screens.

HUNTEN (CONT'D)

Bring me the girl.

Reaper nods silently and leaves the office. Hunten remains fixated on the wall of screens in front of him, an imposing faceless silhouette - resolute and undaunted.

Hunten clenches a GOLDEN VIAL hung on his roseate necklace. His haunting eyes transfixed on the screens as he commands his world with effortless precision.

8 INT. WESTEND WAREHOUSE - GROUND LEVEL - NIGHT

8

Fluorescent lights flicker as the dome's dwindling power grid shows signs of its age. Layers of rough graffiti blanket the concrete walls. Water rushes as the tap squeaks off.

In the logy mirror, AMBROSIA "AMBER" TYRO, Dolion's oldest progeny, looks up at her own reflection - searching her depths. Beads of water roll down her face and collect as dust tainted drops land in the sink. She's strung out, shaking and nearing her breaking point.

Amber grounds herself, slowly closes her eyes and takes a calming breath. As she opens her eyes, she reaches into her

tactical leather jacket pocket and removes a CUSTOM INHALER - the preferred delivery method for Ashtown's newest drug craze - SKIZ.

Amber takes a pull from her custom rig, holds it in for a moment then exhales as she looks back at her reflection. Her PUPILS REACT and grow wide as the drug sinks in - nothing will lift you up like a hit of high grade SKIZ.

She pockets the inhaler and takes a final, stealing breath in the mirror. Her demeanor has shifted, she's cool and calm - A woman in control of her world.

9 INT. WESTEND WAREHOUSE - GROUND LEVEL - MOMENTS LATER 9

LEX, Amber's second, is jonesing, a pale-blue vessel has burst in her left eye. A symptom of heavy SKIZ use. Lex is clad in form-fitting custom leather body armor, as she waits outside the washroom. She gives the impression she could drink gasoline and spit fire. She looks at Amber as she exits the washroom.

LEX

Fuuuuck...

Lex chuckles a little as she see's Amber.

AMBER

What...?

LEX

I mean... You look like shit.

AMBER

Thank you.

Amber shakes out her legs like she's about to run a race.

LEX

You... alright?

Amber gives Lex a look. Lex looks back. They say nothing.

LEX

Boss...

AMBER

Yes! Okay...?

Amber looks away, then back again. She uses her hand with a gesture to say, "back off."

AMBER (CONT'D)

(Whispering)

Yes.

[Beat]

AMBER (CONT'D)

YOU good?

LEX

Yep. We're great.

LEX shakes her head, concerned and exasperated as Amber looks worse for wear.

10 INT. WESTEND WAREHOUSE - RAFTERS - CONTINUOUS 10

Two agile figures, a man and a woman in head to toe cyber-samurai combat armor, linger in the rafters above, watching what unfolds below.

They slowly slither among the beams following the action and looking for any sign of upheaval - an eye in the sky.

AMBER

Okay. Okay! Good. Let's do this then.

Amber taps her collar and a full tactical head mask covers her head, equipped with an internal respirator.

They both walk away, readying themselves for the business at hand.

11 INT. WESTEND WAREHOUSE - GROUND LEVEL - CONTINUOUS 11

The glow of the dome outside casts a light that bleeds through the beams of dust and fog filling this dark world of drug deals and bad blood. Two sects of brutish

BODYGUARDS, a league of some of Ashtown's most unfinished rogues, jockey for dominance through their grim looks and hostile flare. The leader of the bestial men is a mammoth gangster named STYX. He wears blacked out tactical gear and a full cyberpunk head mask, akin to Amber's. Styx taps the side of the helmet and the face cover opens to reveal his scarred face.

A diamond jewel set into his third eye glimmers in a beam of light. His gold teeth betray the beauty of the precious metal when he grins at Amber and Lex upon entering the fray.

Amber settles at the end of the line next to her stalwart thugs, Lex stays close - a welcome shadow.

STYX

Nice of you to join us. Done
powdering your pretty little nose,
princess?

Amber pays no mind to the tactless insult. She's heard it a thousand times before. Calmly, she gets to business, nodding to Lex who passes the signal along to one of their guards.

The woman disappears into the shadows for a moment and re-emerges carrying a LARGE BLACK CASE. She leaves it on the ground next to Amber and Lex then returns to her place among the league of rascals.

Lex bends down, turns the case with a flare, and opens it to unveil:

A mosaic of neon blue vials, packed tightly and glowing with high grade SKIZ.

AMBER

One hundred percent pure SKIZ.
Straight from the source. Nothing
like that bullshit vapor you've
been hucking around your hood
lately.

STYX jeers and racks his jaw. She struck a nerve. He nods to a guard. The brutish goon crosses the dusty no-man's-land to the case. Amber's faction watches for any

misstep. He withdraws a single vial of the radiant SKIZ from the case and walks it over to STYX before falling back in line. STYX loads it into his own CUSTOM INHALER and takes a pull, clearing the whole vial.

STYX

Haaaaaa... Mmmmm...

PUPILS DILATE as STYX rolls his neck and exhales sharply. The veins in his neck pulsate as his face flushes red. He then turns to his guards to share his approval of the high with a smirk. The men readjust and ready themselves.

AMBER

Twelve units. Fifty thousand vials.
Ten thousand inhalers. Now...

Amber's tone hardens.

AMBER

I showed you mine...

STYX gleams his golden maw with a troubling grin. He signals another one of his bodyguards with a nod and a finger twitch. The lackey steps forward with a silver box the size of a palm. He's about to hand it to Amber but Lex intercepts him.

The brute looks back to Styx for direction, Styx nods. The man begrudgingly hands the box to Lex and falls back into the ranks.

Lex stares at the man until he settles then looks coldly at Styx before opening the lid. Amber and Lex both inspect the contents and their bewilderment is impossible to conceal.

STYX

A box should suffice, right,
princess?

AMBER

So funny... coulda sworn the deal was
four.

STYX

Things change, sweetheart. The
market is king. You understand.

Styx and his goons bubble with laughter. Lex seethes and is about to unleash but Amber touches her wrist to quell her advance. Amber is clearly displeased by this transgression.

STYX

Oh, come now. You have nowhere else to go. We're the only legitimate game in Ashtown, but you knew that, princess.

LEX

Watch it, twig!

The offense spurs Lex. She is a pitbull, ready to pounce. Amber remains composed. She approaches Styx and without hesitation thrusts the box into his chest.

AMBER

Four. Boxes. Now.

Styx and Amber stare at each other, each reeling from the thralls of high grade SKIZ.

AMBER (CONT'D)

Princess.

Amber winks. Styx's grin fades. The guards from each faction sway uncomfortably, anticipating a bout. Each sect observes their leader's for any sign of trouble.

STYX

You do know why they call me "Styx" right?

Amber raises an eyebrow.

STYX (CONT'D)

Ever heard of the River Styx? Greek mythology. See, I'm the only thing between you and the great beyond, princess. Best fall in line.

Without hesitation, his guards unsheath a buffet of blades. Amber's allies remain still, speaking to the control and restraint of their leader. Amber leans in toward Styx and smiles, grating at the man in front of her.

AMBER

Oh sorry. My apologies. For some reason I thought it was because you're as dumb as a bundle of sticks.

LEX

Ha.

Styx takes offense and draws a GOLDEN PLATED REVOLVER. Amber's guards draw as well, pulling back the hammers on a cacophony of guns. Time stands still as the revolver trains on Amber.

Lex moves to step in front of her kingpin but Amber pushes her away with a hand.

STYX

Final offer, sweetheart. Last chance. Be a doll and don't make a fuss.

Amber looks to Lex with a self-assured smirk. Lex returns the glance with a nettled roll of her eyes, "not again."

AMBER

You're so cute and stupid. You'll be last. And don't call me "Sweetheart."

Styx cocks the revolver. Bang! He fires the gilded pistol.

Concrete bursts from the wall behind Amber as the slug enters the facade. Amber is unscathed, as though she were a ghost. She smiles back at Styx who is confounded by his neglect when his eyes burst wide and his head tilts to the sky as a blade springs forth from his chest then twists with a flourish.

Styx looks to the blade as the life leaves his body and he falls to the ground revealing Amber who stands behind him.

AMBER (CONT'D)

I was never one for bullshit.

Styx's guards are ready for a fight that has already ended. They stand nervous and stupefied.

Two incarnations of Amber stand before them. The one who fell Amber touches a mod behind her right ear and the hologram Styx shot flickers out.

Amber turns to her legion.

LEX

What of these fools?

Lex notions to Styx's crew.

AMBER

You, lot, look hungry. Can't be cheap feeding those bellies...

INT. WESTEND WAREHOUSE - RAFTERS - CONTINUOUS

The two figures slink along the beams above, waiting for any sign to spring into action.

INT. WESTEND WAREHOUSE - GROUND LEVEL - CONTINUOUS

The group of ruffians look to each other, considering the alliance. One of Styx's legion steps forward.

AMBER (CONT'D)

Don't fuck with me, man. You're out gunned.

The man locks eyes with Amber. After a long moment...

GOON

Why should we trust you? You haven't given us much reason.

AMBER

You probably shouldn't but the way I see it you don't have much choice. I'm offering you a way to earn your next meal.

GOON

What guarantees do we have you won't toss us to The Waste...

INT. WESTEND WAREHOUSE - RAFTERS - CONTINUOUS

As the exchange continues below. A hairless rat approaches behind the female figure along the beam. It twitches as it approaches and salivates at the prospect of tasting human flesh.

GOON (CONT'D)

...the first chance you get? We have no allegiance. The cloaks have you in their cross hairs.

AMBER

If we band together the Cloaks can't touch us. Wouldn't it be nice to own this town? Do as you please?

Amber's pitch is sinking in. The RAT is getting close to the female figure along the beam. It crouches, readying to pounce when the male figure sees the threat, swiftly draws his sword and cuts the rat in two. The two halves languidly roll off either side of the beam and tumble through the air en route to the floor below. The two figures dart eyes at each other knowing this rat's toppling corpse is the spark in a powder keg.

INT. WESTEND WAREHOUSE - GROUND LEVEL - CONTINUOUS

Amber and the Goon stare at each other. The oafs and numbskulls that once followed Styx whisper amongst each other.

GOON

Say we agree, what's the next...

The rat's sundered corpse hits the deck and a cloud of dust begins its rise in no-man's-land. The surprise jars the goon who looks up to see two assassins in the rafters and goes on the defensive.

GOON (CONT'D)

They have moles in the rafters! Get the other boxes back to HQ.

A handful of Styx's men run for the exit.

Another half dozen take up arms with Amber's crew. The goon draws an abraded old glock and raises it, ready to fire.

GOON (CONT'D)

Alright you bitch, you're going to pay for...

Soaring from the rafters above, the male figure plunges his blade from tip to hilt through the crown of the Goon's skull, landing in a crouched position on one foot and one knee. This startles those from Styx's crew who have begun to fight. Then the assassin stands, grabs the hilt of his blade and levers it to the ground, cutting the goon in two from head to waistline. The divided goon hits the deck.

What remains of Styx's mutts make for the exit, chased by Amber's syndicate.

Amber stands there, unphased.

AMBER

That was fucking disgusting, Nav.

NAV

Yeah, it was.

NAV rips a BANDANA off the fallen goon's neck and uses it to clean the blood from his blade. Lex stumbles forward and sheaths her own dagger then settles near Amber.

AMBER

Bring me those boxes.

NAV

On it. DAE...!

Nav looks up to the rafters then uses two fingers to signal Dae to chase Styx's men. Dae nods then begins to run along the beams making her way toward the exit with cat-like control.

Nav looks back to Amber and Lex. Dust falls like ashen snow from Dae's departure. In the distance above, Dae bursts through a pane glass window at the far end of the warehouse - she's on the hunt.

NAV (CONT'D)

I'll geo-com you when we have them.

Amber nods.

The two women watch as Nav turns and runs toward the opening in the colossal warehouse door where the glow of the dome casts a beam of light through rain and fog into the now empty warehouse.

The dust has irritated Lex and she begins a coughing fit - no doubt another consequence of her heavy SKIZ use.

AMBER

Come on. Let's get you some fresh air.

Amber takes Lex under her shoulder and leads her out a service door nearby. The rain pours down into the west end industrial sector street as Lex struggles to catch her breath.

12 EXT. WESTEND WAREHOUSE - STREETS - CONTINUOUS

12

In the distance, past the end of the long warehouse Nav runs down the street and engages in a street fight with an escaping member of Styx's brigade in the distance as Amber helps settle Lex onto a ledge. Lex continues her coughing fit and struggles to breathe.

AMBER

Breathe, Lex. Come on. Breathe, hun.

Lex gasps for air. She's losing steam.

LEX

I'm trying.

Lex pulls her jacket back and looks down to reveal a throwing knife has made it through her gear and sticks through her outside flank near her heart. Nav continues to fight his foe down the street.

AMBER

Lex...

Amber can't find the words. Lex starts coughing again. The fit takes hold and blood bursts from her mouth.

LEX

It's okay.

Mouths of blood muddy her words.

LEX (CONT'D)

I had f... fun. You're a good, b... b...

Lex tries to get it out but struggles to finish the word.

LEX (CONT'D)

..Boss...

Lex dies. As her eyes settle to a stop, the neon blue vessel that had burst in her eye gleams off the glow of the dome.

AMBER

Lex... Lex!

Amber shakes her fallen comrade. She shakes her again.

AMBER (CONT'D)

LEX!

No friend stares back. Lex is gone. Amber breaks. She drags her hand over Lex's face to close her eyes. Amber has lost a dear friend. She snaps a BRACELET off her wrist and leaves it on Lex's heart. She was a warrior. A sister. The bracelet is hand woven from recycled plastic bag fibers.

As Amber places the bracelet on Lex she notices the blood that abandoned her friend shimmers with flecks of neon blue crystals. This wasn't just a knife wound. The Skiz doomed her long before tonight. In the distance, Nav continues his bout.

13 EXT. INDUSTRIAL SECTOR - STREETS - CONTINUOUS

13

Nav dodges the swing of an enemy blade with a flourishing backflip. Then head bobs two throwing knives that stick in the aluminum siding behind him. A cybernetic ninja, since the year 2194. High tech, modified. Deadly.

NAV

Nice try! I'm bored.

He charges the tiring henchman and lunges into a monstrous front flip, where, mid-flip, back toward the goon, he throws two knives of his own. The knives connect, first in the heart, then one right between his eyes.

Three bodies litter the street. All of them are Styx's fallen men.

Nav lands the frontflip ninja-ready with a flourish and the whoosh of his sword. He opens his TACTICAL MASK without a command and approaches his latest kill. Nav searches the pockets of the rogue. He finds an inhaler, two vials and takes his knives back. Then searches the other pockets and pulls out one of the four silver boxes. Due to Amber. For restitution of a deal gone south. Two down, two to go. The comm chatters.

DAE (O.C)

You done playing with your friends,
Nav?

NAV

You know, I'm never sure. I got one
of the boxes.

DAE (O.C)

Me too.

NAV

That makes three.

Nav secures the box in a hidden pouch in the torso of his tac-gear.

NAV (CONT'D)

Hey, Dae...?

DAE (O.C)

I'm trailing him now. Heading north
along the service pipes. We're two
blocks up.

NAV

That's my girl.

Dae watches from the RATIONS FACTORY rooftop across the street as the final Styxian disciple retreats for freedom along the tremendous service pipes that border the cardinal directions of the dome. X truly marks the spot in this world. In some places the pipes are towering enough to house whole businesses, apartments, and theaters.

The lumbering thug, tires from the escape he's chasing. His breath isn't what it used to be, before all the SKIZ. As he flounders a run he gets the sense that someone is watching.

Dae continues her trail on the rooftop above. Carefully watching to avoid being seen. She throws stones off the roof to toy with her prey. Dae laughs to herself.

DAE

Naughty boy. Here I come.

The thug twitches anxiously, darting his eyes this way and that, knowing he deserves the worst. A rock hits the street behind him. The thug spins around, firing a pistol wildly until the clip empties. He continues walking backward.

Behind him, Dae climbs down from the building and disappears behind a fence.

The thug continues his gnawing retreat, stepping backward carefully and reviewing the street he just traveled. As the thug turns back around, Dae stands in front of him spinning a SHENG BIAO to her side.

DAE (CONT'D)

You're twitchy. I get it though. Days of hitting the inhaler. Styx passing you that knockoff "vapor" shit, instead of the real deal.

Dae switches sides with her whirling weapon. The thug is stunned.

DAE (CONT'D)

Not to mention, watching all your buddies die just now. I'd be twitchy too.

The man turns to run the other way and is confronted by Nav. The thug raises the gun and clicks the empty chamber - a reflex. Nav shoves him back into the center of the two assassins.

NAV

You're not leaving, are you? I just got to the party. Dae! He's not leaving is he?

DAE

I don't believe he was but if so... you know... rude!

Nav starts slowly walking toward the thug.

NAV

You're NOT leaving, right, my guy?

Nav starts laughing as he approaches. The thug awkwardly joins in. Dae chimes in as well. Soon, all three are laughing. At what, no one is sure. Nav is looming now.

THUG

Please guys, you know... I have a daughter and a wife. I just want to go home.

Nav studies the thug for sincerity. He tilts his head to consider another perspective. The thug cowers.

DAE

Ha! No you don't. I know who you are, Bucky Harker. You couldn't land a girlfriend in an airfield. He's single as a Pringle, Nav.

NAV

"As a Pringle," hear that, BUCKY!

Nav revels in saying Bucky's name.

NAV

God, I miss Pringles. Remember those?

Nav remembers the extinct snack. He snaps out of it. Behind Bucky's head, Dae starts what looks like a dance. She is winding up to throw the Sheng Biao.

Nav puts a hand on Bucky's shoulder.

NAV (CONT'D)

So unfortunately, B-man, you lied.
So we can do this one of two ways.
Fast or slo..

A pointed blade pops through the front of Bucky's face just inches from Nav's nose accompanied by the sound of jingling chains. Dae has slain the man.

Dae violently retrieves her blade. Bucky falls to the ground, lifeless. Nav is unimpressed.

NAV (CONT'D)

That was my kill! You know I'm this close to a hundred.

DAE

No it wasn't. I trailed him. I even toyed with him before you "arrived."
I cornered him. Mine!

Nav rolls his eyes and bends down to search the perp for the final silver case.

DAE (CONT'D)

You're just pissed because I'm catching up. I beat you tonight.

Nav doesn't look up from searching Bucky.

NAV

It's not a competition, Dae.

Nav locates the silver box as Dae begins casually walking away.

DAE

Whatever helps you sleep at night, champ.

After a moment and some distance, Nav carefully takes a peek inside the box, what he sees chills him to the bone. Dae calls from down the street.

DAE (CONT'D)

You coming?

Nav puts the box in his torso pocket and follows after Dae.

15 EXT. RATIONS FACTORY - LOADING DOCK CORRIDOR - CONT'D 15

Down the street, tucked behind the loading doors of the Rations Factory, RIOT "RIT" TYRO and his twin sister, SAGE TYRO, peer through a crack in the factory door. The two have been following Nav and Dae since the warehouse as they watch them walk by outside.

NAV

You're getting good with that thing.
Almost took my eye out.

DAE

But I didn't.

NAV

"But you didn't," and that's what counts.

DAE

And that's what counts.

Nav and Dae share a laugh as they walk by and out of earshot.

NAV

I gotta geo-comm Amber and tell her
we got em.

Rit is jammed underneath Sage as they watch their friends pass by. Sage turns away from the crack and begins to walk through the dormant factory. Rit stands revealing he was awkwardly pinned and shakes out the rust in his joints.

RIT

Did you see Dae split that guy's head
open? Wapah! I mean...

SAGE

I'm glad she's on our side.

The weight of the tons of steel and iron that make up the colossal factory bear down on the twins as they take this shortcut to their next deal.

SAGE (CONT'D)

You got the stuff?

RIT

Yep. In my trusty fanny.

Rit pats a retro looking pouch that's fastened around his waist. They used to call them fanny packs and Rit likes the nostalgia of it all.

SAGE

Remember, twelve canestars.

RIT

Twelve canee-staaaas!

Rit's excitement is bubbling over as they climb a ramp that leads toward the exit.

RIT

Hey, did mom have blue eyes or were they green? I can't remember.

SAGE

Green. They were green.

The pair reach the exit. The metal door squeaks open. Rit holds the door for his sister as...

SEAMLESS CUT:

16 EXT. NORTH BARRIER ROAD - STREET - CONTINUOUS

16

The twins step out onto the sidewalk of NORTH BARRIER ROAD, the boundary between the INDUSTRIAL SECTOR and the SCIENCE SECTOR. Ashtown's iconic service pipelines tower across the road. Scattered windows pepper the rounded edges of the enormous pipes.

A heavily rusted hover vehicle kicks back as the frail engine struggles. There are few hover cars left these days. The car rumbles past as it hovers eight inches off the road.

RIT

Are you sure? I coulda sworn they were blue. Maybe a gray-blue kinda thing. Which might explain why they come across as green. But does that mean they ARE green if they look green? I mean... What if our eyes are not the colour we think they are because the actual colour we think THEY ARE ... we can't actually see, because it's reflecting back at everyone else... I'm shook.

Rit rambles on as he stands behind his sister. Sage scans the street up and down. Across the road, about half a block north, dwarfed by the pipes and ECHO Tower beyond, a man wearing mint green scrubs under his yellow raincoat sits on a bench in the beam of a bioluminescent street lamp. An ECHO LAB TECH. He locks eyes with Sage and rises to cross the street toting two BLACK CASES.

SAGE

Come on.

Sage sets off to meet the ECHO LAB TECH around the next corner as the man dips shadily into a nearby street. Rit trails behind, reeling from his recent existential episode.

The twins reach the INTERSECTION and hear a quick SHRILL WHISTLE.

The Echo employee pokes his head from the alley and with a gesture he invites the twins to join him, ducking back into the shadows.

Sage bites, then leads the way to the alley as Rit follows dutifully behind.

17 EXT. ALLEYWAY OFF NORTH BARRIER ROAD - CONTINUOUS

17

The twins turn the corner and spot the echo employee huddled in an alcove. Sage and Rit make their way down the alley to the alcove.

RIT
Can we get dumplings later?

SAGE
Shut up. Yes, later.

The echo employee adjusts uncomfortably as the pair approaches. He scans the alley and the roofs above before he speaks.

ECHO EMPLOYEE
Sage.

SAGE
Damian! What's shaking, baby?

DAMIAN
Would you keep it down! You know I hate this part.

RIT
Aww, cute.

SAGE
Fair enough! Down to business then. You got the canestars?

RIT
That's twelve cases.

Damian swings the two cases out from the shadows and holds onto one. He lifts it to his chest and opens the case to show the SIX FULL CANESTARS inside. Rit picks up the second case and checks inside. Rit nods to Sage.

SAGE
Give it to him.

Rit unzips his fanny pouch and pulls out a satchel with six vials of SKIZ. Rit casually walks the pouch to Damian, a little to lax for Damian's liking.

DAMIAN
GAWD!

Damian snatches the pouch away from Rit as his eyes dart, seeking any sign of looky-lous. Rit backs off and chuckles.

RIT

You might want to take one of those
tout de suite, my man.

Sage yanks the second case away from Damian and turns to
leave with an embellished twirl.

SAGE

Let's go!

Rit playfully salutes Damian as he withdraws in pursuit of
his sister. Their voices fade as they leave the scene of the
deal. The glow of hazy early morning light is threatening
its arrival as the two make their way down the alley.

SAGE (O.S)

Thanks, Damian.

RIT (O.S)

Okay, now, dumplings?

Damian lets out a quivering breath as he releases the
tension of another drug deal. He reaches into his scrubs and
pulls out an inhaler. He loads one of the six vials into it
and takes back a half vial.

His eyes widen and PUPILS DILATE as the shakes fade and the
SKIZ calms his nerves.

18 EXT. OUTSIDE ECHO TOWER - NORTH BARRIER ROAD - CONT'D 18

Damian has a renewed composure. He pockets his GENERIC
INHALER, stands up straight and snaps the collar of his lab
coat to reset himself and return to work.

He sets off through the alley, cooley eyeing for any sign of
prying eyes. The coast is clear. Damian continues his strut
to the edge of the alley, then crosses the street, walking
along the sidewalk to the corner of North Barrier Road.

Damian reaches the T-intersection where the colossal service
pipes loom and the statuesque ECHO building casts an ominous
aura into the foggy dawn sky. Damian jogs across the
thoroughfare.

19 EXT. ECHO TOWER - COURTYARD - MOMENTS LATER

19

Damian rounds the corner of the great service pipes that act as a fortification for the battlement that is ECHO TOWER. The behemoth copper pipes pale the man as he continues his confident march past the would-be gateway. Common folk know this as the singular entrance to ECHO TOWER but common folk only know so much.

The SKIZ has Damian quietly awe-stuck by the opalescent tower as he continues through the courtyard to the entryway of this glowing edifice. The service pipes catch the soft hazy light that blankets the dome as the peeking morning sun fails to cut through the layers of dust and ash that have encircled the globe for a hundred and fifty five years. Damian delights in the smooth fluidity of the revolving door.

20 INT. ECHO TOWER - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

20

A smattering of techs and administrators sprinkle the lobby as morning routines begin. Damian approaches the turnstile.

A SECURITY SENTINEL stands either side of the checkpoint. Damian scans his wrist over a READER on the right side of the turnstile. Do the sentinels sense the SKIZ? Damian sneaks a glance toward the sentinel on his right. The turnstile BEEPS - green means "go."

Damian's gaze lasts a second too long and the sentinel leers to meet his eye. Damian snaps forward and continues past the checkpoint, nervous that his pupils and contented smirk have given him away. The sentinel watches after Damian as he makes his way into the depths of ECHO's halls.

21 INT. ECHO TOWER - LABS CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

21

Damian continues his journey into ECHO'S LAB CORRIDOR. Floor to ceiling glass lines the diaphanous hallway. On either side of the sterile concourse lives a half dozen laboratories, each with its own unique objective. One studies advanced tech, another analyzes air quality a third, biometrics.

As Damian nears the end of the corridor his reflection in the glass reveals...

22 INT. ECHO TOWER - CHEMISTRY LAB - CONTINUOUS 22

SAESHA "SAESH" HAEZ(18), a chemist with a unique knack for blowing things up, evident from the singed collar on her relatively new lab coat. She works in her lab, carefully pouring an iridescent-cloudy liquid into a BEAKER from an ERLLENMEYER FLASK.

SAESH

Ninety-three, milliunits..

She wears protective goggles, a forest-green t-shirt and black tactical pants under her three-quarter length ECHO issued lab cloak.

23 INT. ECHO TOWER - BIOLOGY LAB - CONTINUOUS 23

Opposite Saesh's lab sits her partner in crime, ARTEMISIA "ARTI" THORNE(25) - ECHO's newest resident BIOLOGY FIELD TECHNICIAN. A year of risking life and limb analyzing the world outside the dome has taught her to wear tougher clothing - you never know what the work day brings. Under her lab coat she wears emerald-green tactical pants and a matching t-shirt, great for camouflage in The Waste. An ECHO issued AIRMASK covers her mouth, paired with her own, modded out, CUSTOM PROTECTIVE GOGGLES as she dissects another of the hairless rats that's been plaguing Ashtown for the last 3 years.

The hairless rat's skin is blotchy like the shell of the extinct quail's egg. Arti finishes making an incision and folds the skin on the torso of the rat open to expose its intestines.

ARTI

Okay, little buddy, what are you hiding from us, huh?

Arti grabs a pair of tweezers and uses them to move the innards this way and that.

Saesh cradles a translucent green tablet as she writes down some data points and ratios with her stylus. Her handwriting at once morphs into organized typography. The notes continue to organize and rearrange as she writes.

As she finishes writing she underlines "37 mu - CuSO4."

The conclusion dawns a new understanding. Saesh dashes to the supply cabinet against the wall and quickly withdraws the CuSO4.

She hurries back, draws a scale toward her from the center of the lab's island, opens the jar of powdered CuSO4, calibrates the scale with a touch and pours 37 milliunits into the pan of the scale.

Saesh closes the jar, places it down firmly and stares at the potential energy latent in this mere 37 milliunits of CuSO4.

She carefully lifts the pan off the scale, turns around to another counter and peers into the beaker of iridescent-cloudy liquid. Saesh's heart races as she considers the consequences of her calculations.

With a nervous hand she thrusts the pan of CuSO4 forward and empties its contents into the beaker.

All is calm as time bends waiting for a catalyst. Saesh inspects her concoction. The powder settles to the bottom of the beaker. Another heartbeat runs its course, nothing. Then, like oil moving through water a grain rises in the smoky, aqueous solution. A membrane around it is shrinking like air leaking from a balloon - an unfamiliar time bomb.

The membrane collapses with a green spark followed by a nearly infrasonic explosion. Webs of pearlescent greens and blues crawl up the wall, blanket the glass and arc between laboratory equipment - nothing breaks or rattles. The only evidence is the subtle sound of static fading away as the reaction equalizes.

SAESH

Whoa.

Arti looks up from her dissection, sure that she felt something. She darts a look over to Saesh across the hall. Saesh is pacing, hair standing on end, racking her brain - nothing new.

Arti returns to the task at hand. She has removed the rat's kidney and cuts into it with an unexpected crunch.

ARTI

Whaaaaat?!

Arti is intrigued by this novel discovery. She prods further, peeling the walls of the infected rat's kidney away to reveal NEON-BLUE KIDNEY STONES. They glitter in the light of the lab.

ARTI

No way...

Arti ponders the implications of her revelation. SKIZ has entered the ecosystem, which means...

A chime rings off through a speaker. Damian's voice bursts from the intercom in each lab. Residual static fissles as the word comes through.

DAMIAN

Thorne and Haez. I need you to make a run. Head to the north-east access point. They're just repairing the gate, damn brownouts. For once I'd like a week that starts without a glitch.

The voice sighs.

DAMIAN (CONT'D)

As soon as it's open I need another sample of P22A. You know the one.

Without hesitation Arti mobilizes. She rolls away from the table as she sheds her MEDICAL GLOVES and airmask and quizzically observes the shimmering neon crystals on her dissection tray.

She tosses the gloves in a bin and grabs her tac-jacket, making her way out into the hall.

26 INT. ECHO TOWER - CHEMISTRY LAB - CONTINUOUS

26

Saesh excitedly measures another batch of CuSO₄ powder on the scale. She hits her mark and places it in a small, frail glass bulb. On top of the glass bulb she sticks a cork, then places the modified lid inside a test tube, half full of the cloudy liquid solution. A new weapon, perhaps. You can never be too careful in The Waste. Best be prepared for anything.

Saesh grabs her tactical field jacket off a hook and places the chemical surprise in the breast pocket for easy access should things go sideways.

Saesh moves for the door. Arti waits in the hall. Before Saesh exits she turns off the lights. Her finger zaps as she touches it and her hair falls down flat.

The two make their way down the hall as a final bolt of blue and green arcs the hall between their labs behind them.

27 EXT. DOME WALL - ASHTOWN OUTSKIRTS - DAWN

27

The arc of the massive triangular honeycomb dome curls above as the vast crystalline structure meets the forest floor below. Lush plants inside the dome stand off with their mutated counterparts growing and riling just beyond a thick layer of repurposed steel and countless triangular panels of recycled glass. Beads of condensation hang and streak down the edge of the dome as rust continues its slow advance on the aging wall.

A young man, locked in focus, tinkers in a metallic control box nestled a few paces from the dome wall. His elder father peers over his shoulder as the young man repairs a circuit in charge of opening the access point. The morning glow above fills the sky with a cool pearlescent brume.

OLD MAN

Be sure to purge the capacitor before you complete the circuit and..

YOUNG MAN

I know, pa!

A holographic schematic hovers in front of Cuma, projected through his prescription safety glasses.

OLD MAN

Okay. Alright.

Cuma tinkers further. The hologram guides his next move to a capacitor. He purges the capacitor and solders the circuit. A RED LIGHT INDICATOR on the panel switches to GREEN. Repair complete.

OLD MAN (CONT'D)

That's my CUMA. That's my boy. Well done!

CUMA KAUR(23), looks over his shoulder with a smile and places his wireless soldering iron in his tool belt. He wears a brimless nav-blue protective helmet, navy-blue bomber jacket and matching Gore-tex pants. Paired with black combat boots as he inspects his work. The ECHO logo graces his left breast pocket. Cuma revels in his successful repair with another smile when..

Arti and Saesh approach through the brush toting ECHO issued COPPER-GLASS helmets on their hips attached to a decked out tool belt. They are flanked by four CLOAKS.

ARTI

Cuma, hey.

SAESH

Heeey.

CUMA

Girls! Off on another daring adventure?

SAESH

Always.

OLD MAN

You will be careful, won't you, girls?

SAESH & ARTI (UNISON)

Yes, KAHUNA!

The two ladies laugh at their tandem exclamation.

ARTI

That's what these big lugs are for.

KAHUNA

Oh, I see. I see.

KAHUNA KAUR(62) chuckles, smiles and bows to the young women. He wears a faded navy-blue long coat with navy-blue cargo pants, a full brim aluminum protective helmet and worn black combat boots. Kahuna leans on a staff to support himself. His knees aren't quite what they used to be.

The girls share a laugh as they approach the access point near the towering dome wall.

The Cloaks look to one another silently, covered in head to toe tactical gear and adorned with navy-blue cloaks, hoods drawn - all business. Each Cloak has a two foot long sword sheathed at their side. The back of their cloaks feature a white acronym, SCD. Members of the SUPPORT. CONTROL. DETAIN division.

KAHUNA

You kids didn't see any critters on your way? Little bastards been digging holes under every inch of this god forsaken jar.

SAESH & ARTI (UNISON)

No, Kahuna.

KAHUNA

How about you lads?

One of the Cloaks stares back at Kahuna through the obsidian goggles set in his helmet but remains silent.

KAHUNA (CONT'D)

Not the most talkative bunch, huh?

Cuma gathers his tools and materials.

CUMA

Give me one second.

He finishes gathering his materials from the control box and stuffs them in the pocket of his toolbelt.

CUMA (CONT'D)

Damn rats have been chewing through our wiring. Causing brownouts all over the place.

Saesh darts her eyes away and smiles awkwardly at the mention of the brownout. Arti cues Saesh as both girls begin slipping protective leather gloves on while they wait.

CUMA (CONT'D)

Just have too...

Cuma flips the breaker and the access point whirs as a green light flicks on near a READER on the panel to the right of the enormous steel door.

CUMA (CONT'D)

...reset the phaser.

A monstrous steel reinforced door frames the entrance to a dangerous world and eclipses the bodies that stand before it. Two small portholes in the door hint at the lush and violent world beyond.

The girls smile at Cuma and Kahuna as they prepare to leave the safety of the dome behind two Cloaks. Arti approaches the panel and scans her wrist.

ARTI

Thanks, gents. Catch you later, Cuma?

CUMA

Sounds good.

Saesh manages a flirtatious grin at Cuma who returns the favor. Kahuna notices and smiles at the romance of it all. Cuma closes the control panel door and the father and son share a smile.

The foremost Cloaks stand resolute as the massive steel door bellows open with a thunderous metallic drum. A second set of doors lies beyond. This is an airlock.

CUMA (CONT'D)

Be safe!

ARTI

You know it.

The girls follow the first two Cloaks into the airlock. The trailing Cloaks walk past the father and son as one steals their smiles away with a glare. The airlock closes behind the group.

KAHUNA

What's his damage? Sheesh. Poor boy.

28 EXT. THE WASTE - NEAR ASHTOWN - CONTINUOUS

28

The mammoth steel doors roar open and expose the daring research team to the dangers of The Waste. All is calm. Arti and Saesh now wear their ECHO issued COPPER-GLASS HYBRID HELMETS as they amble out of the airlock. The four Cloaks face one of the four cardinal directions as they surround the women and tread a step at a time into a clearing in front of the access point. They all stop in formation and survey their surroundings for any sign of danger.

A quiet moment of vigilance stews. A Cloak chatters on his com.

CLOAK 1

All clear, Miss Thorne.

Saesh is still pretty nervous out here. Arti less so. Arti taps the back of her wrist with two fingers and a holographic map appears, projected on the inside of her helmet. Arti analyzes the map for the best route forward.

ARTI

This way.

Arti points toward the south-west. The formation moves in unison onto a nearby path and into the forest.

ARTI (CONT'D)

We've got about a ten minute hike so stay sharp.

CLOAK 1

Copy. You heard her, Cloaks. Eyes peeled.

Each Cloak minds their assigned direction with hands on the hilt of their sword as the group moves cautiously through the woods away from the protection of the towering dome.

29 EXT. THE WASTE - JUNGLE PATH - MOMENTS LATER 29

The party walks along a thin path through the woods. Each Cloak focuses on one direction as they flank the scientists. In the nearby trees the forest creaks and pulsates, sensing the presence of foreign bodies.

Arti and Saesh step attentively down the path. A PREDATORY VINE creeps from the underbrush behind the group. The rearmost Cloak spots the offense and, in a flash, draws and slashes his sword, severing the fanged head of the vine. The vine recoils, chittering and oozing a purple fluid as it retreats.

Saesh yelps. Arti snaps a look back.

CLOAK 2

Clear.

Arti gives Saesh a stern look and puts a silencing finger in front of her lips. Saesh gulps down her anxiety and nods back to Arti.

CLOAK 1

Copy.

ARTI

We're getting close.

30 EXT. THE WASTE - JUNGLE CLEARING - MOMENTS LATER 30

The group enters a clearing. Pockmarked around the meadow are MAN-SIZED PURPLE PODS that open to the sky above. Each pod is topped with a bushel of BRIGHT YELLOW GRASSES that act as whiskers for the organism.

As the team passes one of the pods on the edge of the clearing a large LIME-GREEN DRAGONFLY grazes the tip of its

yellow whiskers. The yellow tendrils snatch the dragonfly out of the air with a zap and draw it into its bulbous pod in a flash. The bulb undulates and flashes as it digests its snack, revealing the outline of the dragonfly being shredded within amidst scattered bursts of light.

SAESH

I'll never get used to that smell.

Saesh grimaces at the scent that pervades the clearing as they enter the plateau.

ARTI

Come on. Let's get our samples and get outta here.

The company makes their way deeper into the meadow. Ever vigilant of their perilous surroundings. From above, the orchard of pods has a beautiful order to it.

The team arrives at one of the largest pods in the center of the glade.

ARTI

Okay, Saesh, get your soil and nitrate samples. Remember, be thorough, be fast.

SAESH

On it.

Saesh gets to work pulling her samples. Arti turns to the two Cloaks behind her.

ARTI

Can one of you spot me? I just need to biopsy the inside wall of this big guy.

Arti pats the outer wall of the pod. Cloak 3 and Cloak 4 look at one another. Cloak 4 nods with a simple nod for Cloak 3 to assist Arti. Cloak 3 loses and begrudgingly approaches to assist Arti with the biopsy.

Cloak 4 falls into a triangle formation and trains his eye on the edge of the clearing.

Meanwhile, behind some nearby trees at the edge of the clearing, a POV as someone or something watches on.

ARTI

Can you just give me a boost with
your knee?

Cloak 3 gets down on a knee. Leaving the other for Arti.

ARTI (CONT'D)

Thanks, champ.

Arti raises above the brim of the bulb of the enormous aubergine carnivorous vegetable. She flinches and ducks to avoid a yellow whisker that bounces in the breeze as she steadies herself on the knee of the unlucky Cloak.

Arti looks down into the belly of the pod and sees a partially digested ADOLESCENT DEER with three sets of inky black eyes. She's startled for a moment. Bolts of static electricity dance between the deer meat and the gooey membrane inside.

Mesmerized, Arti grabs a BIOPSY NEEDLE from her TECHNICIANS TOOLBELT. She reaches the needle inside the lips of the bulb and buries the tip into the flesh. The pod twitches at the assault. Arti pulls her arm back just as the pod snaps its gaping maw shut. The yellow tendrils above sizzle with static as they dance and arc charges amidst the filaments in the gentle breeze.

Arti stumbles down off the Cloak's knee.

ARTI (CONT'D)

Got it. Phewff.

Arti lets out a thrilled chuckle.

SAESH

I'm good here too.

Saesh finishes loading a petri dish with soil. When... Heavy footsteps rustle through the brush. Something is charging.

CLOAK 1

Attention. Three o'clock.

The Cloaks draw their swords and look to their three but struggle to see past the array of pods.

The steps go silent. Saesh and Arti sneak toward each other, back to back.

Suddenly, Cloak 3 and Cloak 4 are torn from their feet and are ripped into the woods by poisonous vines.

Cloak 2 is backing up quietly against a pod as a disfigured monster of a man sneaks up behind him. The figure is part man but mostly an abomination of The Waste itself. Plants, insects and snakes have merged with the man in a mutated horrorshow of a creature. It wears a tattered gray cloak.

As Cloak 2 continues his nervous retreat, a barbed tentacle reaches from behind the monster's shoulder and pierces the neck of the floundering Cloak. Cloak 2 goes down. Arti and Saesh back away from the threat as Saesh digs into her chest pocket for the concoction she made earlier.

Cloak 1 manages to attack with his sword and sever the right hand of the monstrosity but the monster persists as another vine wraps tightly around the man's neck and effortlessly tosses him into the treeline.

The mutant sets its eyes on the two women. Rows of pods provide a striking backdrop for the monster's impending attack. Arti looks for somewhere to run but no route's in sight when Saesh throws the chemical grenade at the monster. It splashes on the encroaching atrocity who continues its advance, unphased. Arti and Saesh prepare for the end and close their eyes when, suddenly...

A sharp wheezing is soon followed by a zapping sound and a low, infra-sonic boom. The monster falls to the dirt, inches from Saesh's feet. It's smoking and buzzing with blue-green bands of static electricity that leach into the forest floor.

Arti is stunned.

ARTI

What was that?

Saesh manages a smile. Pride fills her as Arti struggles to grasp what just happened.

SAESH

Just a little something I cooked up
in the lab. Don't tell Damian.

ARTI

I mean... I guess I owe you one.

SAESH

Oh, drinks are on you all week.

ARTI

Easy, rookie.

Cloak 1 limps back to a circle of pods. He rubs his neck and is nursing a wound on his abdomen. As he rounds the nearby pod he sees the fallen monstrosity still smoking amongst the pods atop this plateau.

CLOAK 1

What the hell happened?

The girls speak over each other.

ARTI

SAESH

Uh... it's a science thing. Whiskers zapped him.

Arti and Saesh search each other's eyes, trying to rectify their story.

ARTI

Yep, that's what I meant. The
yellow things. Got to close. Bazaa.
Lucky. Mmhmm.

Arti nods awkwardly. Cloak 1 isn't convinced but has bigger priorities. He calls out to his fellow Cloaks to organize the platoon.

CLOAK 1

Roll call. Call out!

The buzz of the forest is all that calls back.

CLOAK 1

Roll call. Cloaks. Call out!

The buzz continues, then...

CLOAK 3 (O.S)(CONT'D)

I'm here.

His labored voice calls out from the tree line.

CLOAK 3 (CONT'D)

Asher is down. Fucking Waste.

Cloak 1 looks to Cloak 2 whose empty eyes stare up at the smoggy sky.

CLOAK 1

Mica too. Dammit!

He turns to Arti and Saesh.

CLOAK 1 (CONT'D)

We need to get back to the gate,
now.

Cloak 1 taps his ear. Arti notices the tattered AMBER-YELLOW TYRO CREST that graces the back of the fallen monster.

CLOAK 1 (CONT'D)

HQ, come in, HQ. Yeah, We've had an
incident. Mark our position. Bishop
and Munro are down. We're
regrouping and on route to the east
gate.

Arti pulls out a copper pipe from her toolbelt and taps the center with her thumb. She holds it out in front of her. The pipe hums as it floats then unrolls, six feet long, and hangs in the air. With her hand, Arti guides the floating electric copper sheet to ground level.

ARTI

Saesh. Help me roll him.

CLOAK 1

What are you doing? We need to get
back to the gate immediately.
There's no time.

ARTI

Not without this sample.

Cloak 3 hobbles over to the group. He clutches his shoulder and is clearly in a lot of pain.

ARTI (CONT'D)

This "thing" is a gold mine. I'm not leaving it out here.

Arti and Saesh roll the corpse onto the COPPER HOVER STRETCHER.

CLOAK 1

We don't have manpower or the clearance to/

ARTI

We have been looking for some way to understand The Waste for years. This is our best chance to get ahead of it.

CLOAK 1

I can't allow you to/

ARTI

WESTON, the more we know the less we have to come out here. You want this to happen again? I'm not asking.

WESTON

Fine. I'll call it in. But this is on your ass.

Arti and Saesh share a look. Arti smirks.

WESTON (CONT'D)

HQ, be advised, we'll need intake and de-con. We're bringing back... Hazardous... Hazardous, uh... material.

Arti guides the loaded hover stretcher back to chest level.

WESTON (CONT'D)

We need to move.

ARTI

We're ready.

Weston nods for the group to move out. The group starts off with the two remaining Cloaks flanking the scientists. The hover stretcher floats between Saesh and Arti as they make their way back to the path.

Arti quietly touches her ear piece on her helmet.

ARTI (CONT'D)

Amber Tyro.

The group marches. The com clicks on.

AMBER (O.C)

Arti, hey, what's up?

ARTI (CONT'D)

Hey, Amber. You need to get to ECHO now.

31 EXT. THE WASTE - JUNGLE CLEARING TREELINE - CONT'D 31

As they leave the clearing another POV watches from the treeline.

A man (26) with dark hair, wearing a green hooded leather jacket and matching pants, holds the modded, double-winged iridescent bird on his forearm. He touches a moss covered log but the moss doesn't latch on. It roils under his palm.

As Arti and her team leave the clearing the man CLICKS HIS TONGUE and lifts the bird toward the sky. The bird raises high into the air, atop the canopy, with Arti's team in sight. It soars above, following the crippled team on its route back to the safety of the dome.

32 INT. ECHO TOWER - BIOLOGY LAB - LATE AFTERNOON 32

The monster from The Waste lays on an ENCLOSED GLASS TABLE in the lab. The TATTERED CLOAK that features the Tyro family crest rests folded on top of the glass enclosure.

Arti stares at the glass case, disassociating from the loss of two teammates earlier in the day. She bites at the chapped skin on the inside of her bottom lip.

Amber Tyro enters in a haste, tired and strung out, Nav follows casually behind.

AMBER

Where is...

Amber spots the body, presumed to be her father, Dolion Tyro, and slows to a crawl. She approaches the glass enclosure with a quieted and tortured curiosity. Nav posts up, leaning on a desk near the door.

Amber gently touches the tattered cloak that hosts her family's worn out crest. A GAPING HOLE is torn in the center of the insignia.

ARTI

When I saw the crest I com'd right away.

AMBER

How did he die? What killed him?

ARTI

Best guess is an arrow through the back before The Waste got ahold of him and uh... took over.

Amber scans the corpse and notices the missing hand.

AMBER

His hand.

ARTI

Yeah, Weston got a swing in before he tossed him like a ragdoll. It's recent. We lost two Cloaks today.

AMBER

Shit.

NAV

Amateurs.

AMBER

How'd you end up taking him down?

ARTI

Dumb luck.

Arti looks at Saesh's lab across the hall. Saesh is peeking from behind her monitor as the visit continues.

ARTI (CONT'D)

Barbs on the CARNE BULBS got him.
Got too close. Zapped him.

Arti talks with her hands, a bit out of character. She's bad at lying to friends.

AMBER

Hmmm. That is lucky.

Amber's not convinced, she squints her suspicion at Arti. Nav shifts in place with equal skepticism.

After a beat, Amber resumes her analysis of the mutated anomaly on the table. Wilting vines, dying leaves and patches of what look like snake skin cover the body amid tattered rags that were once clothes. Sores still bubble. Puss leaks from many wounds, creeping inside the containment with a life of its own. Amber searches for any identifying feature.

ARTI

I'm... I'm really sorry, Ambs.

Amber stares at the ooze as it bleeds from the creature's severed wrist and searches for a new host, it only finds the sterile glass. Amber is lost in thought, mesmerized.

AMBER

I always thought it'd be me that
killed him. After everything he put
us kids through.

Amber touches the glass, reeling in a storm of confusing emotions.

NAV

Crossed my mind a time or two.

Amber darts a sharp and knowing look at Nav through misty eyes.

Nav's grin fades.

AMBER

Keep me posted. We'll need to cremate him. I want him to stay dead.

ARTI

As soon as I finish my tests and pull some samples BARTO is taking him down to the morgue.

Amber steels herself, holding back a tear. She removes her hand from the glass and heads for the exit as Arti blurts..

ARTI (CONT'D)

I'm here if you need anything.

Arti watches Amber leave as the sliding glass doors close behind her. Nav approaches Arti.

ARTI (CONT'D)

"Thanks, Arti, you're a good friend."

Arti blows off the ignored words of support.

NAV

"Zapped him", huh?

Arti looks to Nav with stiffened eyes. Then she darts a look across the hall to Saesh who returns a knowing look from behind her computer monitor.

Nav follows Arti's eye to Saesh then squints back to Arti. He slowly and suspiciously saunters through the automatic sliding doors.

NAV

Be careful, ladies.

Nav leaves, following Amber down the hallway. Arti looks back to Saesh then widens and rolls her eyes with a shrug. After a beat Arti turns back to her lab. Time to get back to work.

ARTI (CONT'D)

Okay, Mr. Rat. Let's see what this big lug has to tell us, huh.

Arti addresses the partially dissected rat from earlier.

A TOP-DOWN VIEW of the glass containment pod where the torn amber-yellow Tyro crested cloak looms. Arti rolls a tray of syringes and knives over to it and begins taking samples.

MATCH CUT:

33 INT. ST. BASTIENS CATHEDRAL - AFTERNOON - 2 DAYS LATER 33

The folded cloak adorned with the Tyro family crest lays atop a ceremonial table. An urn now sits in the middle of the crest where the tear dominated moments ago.

The sandy rose-gold haze of high noon blankets the dilapidated cathedral and peeks around the eroding walls and pocked roof tiles of the ailing sanctuary. A blood-orange hue permeates the building.

Rain leaks down walls, from the ceiling, and, in some areas, falls unimpeded to the floor inside while a smattering of funeral goers find seats amid dewy pews.

The Tyro siblings and found family sit stolid in the front two pews as the congregation settles.

A graying monk dressed in a green robe crosses the creaking ramshackle stage to a pulpit on the front corner of the rickety stage.

MONK

One more minute and we'll get started. Please find a seat everyone.

ARTI

I can't believe it. It's the end of an era.

AMBER

Yeah, well, karma's a bitch.

SAGE

But only if you are. Honestly, why waste an urn.

RIT

At least we don't have to look at
his face.

HUNTEN NIM enters the decrepit sanctum. He surveys the pews for a place to sit. Hunten sports a COPPER TIPPED CANE and wears an all black new-age suit with a SLUG-GREEN POCKET SQUARE and black circle framed glasses.

Hunten oozes forbidden wealth as he takes in the gathering, calculating his approach.

34 INT. ST. BASTIENS CATHEDRAL - RAFTERS - CONT'D 34

High above the congregation, hidden in the darksome rafters of the single remaining sheltered corner, Nav and Dae lurk, out of sight. Dae notices her father enter the sanctuary.

NAV

What is your father doing here?

DAE

I have no idea.

Hunten makes his way down the aisle. His cane CLINKS and ECHOES off the walls as he stalks forward.

35 INT. ST. BASTIENS CATHEDRAL - PEWS - CONT'D 35

Hunten slides into the second set of pews and sits just behind Amber and her siblings.

MONK

Please be seated. We gather here today to celebrate the life of one of Ashtown's founding fathers. Dolion Tyro was a very intelligent man who...

The monk continues his sermon as the conversation unfolds amidst the pews.

SAGE

I never found him to be much of a father. Did you, Rit?

RIT

That would be a "no" from me.

AMBER

Shhh.

Amber hushes the twins. Hunten leans forward.

HUNTEN

Pardon my intrusion on this very
sad day miss Tyro. My name is
Hunten Nim. I was a friend of y/
Amber speaks over her shoulder, eyes forward.

AMBER

I know who you are.

HUNTEN

Well then you know that your father
and I have a long and storied
history.

Amber raises an eyebrow.

HUNTEN (CONT'D)

I've simply come today to pay my
respects and check in on my dear
friend's children. How is the
family holding up?

RIT

We're fan-fuckin-tastic, Hunter.

Amber slaps Rit's shoulder with a silencing smack. Hunten
clears his throat.

HUNTEN

Hunt-en.

AMBER

We're managing just fine, thanks.

HUNTEN

Glad to hear it. I hope the funeral
hasn't set you back.

AMBER

Like I said, we're managing just fine,
thank you.

HUNTEN

I'm happy to help out if you need
anything at all. I can't imagine
Dolion leaving you destitute. He
must have left you something of
value?

AMBER

Listen, Mr. Nim. We'll cross that
bridge when we reach it. Okay? Right
now, as much as I hated the man, I'm
here. At my father's funeral. So if
you're truly a friend... shut the fuck
up.

Hunten backs off as Amber turns her attention forward.

MONK

...Dolion Tyro is remembered by his
eldest son, Dagon Tyro; his
middle-eldest daughter, Ambrosia
Tyro; and his youngest twin son and
daughter, Riot and Sage Tyro. Along
with many other ingenious
inventions and...

Hunten leans forward again and whispers something in Amber's
ear.

36 INT. ST. BASTIENS CATHEDRAL - RAFTERS - CONT'D

36

From this high up Dae and Nav can no longer make out what
Hunten says to Amber when he whispers before he stands up
and wanders out of the sanctuary to the ECHOES of his METAL
TIPPED CANE.

DAE

God, my dad is such a fucking dick.

NAV

I wonder what he said to her.

DAE

Yeah, me too.

Down below, the congregation FADES TO an empty sanctum. Amber leads the last remaining guests through the atrium as they exit the hall door. Amber stands at the sanctuary door.

AMBER

Thank you all for coming. We'll see some of you at the reception later, yeah?

Amber's voice echoes into the rafters above.

NAV

I think we're done here. Reception? Sandwiches?

DAE

I could eat.

Nav tilts his head to the BROKEN STAIN GLASS WINDOW and the two slink along their respective beams and repel out a window.

37 INT. ST. BASTIENS CATHEDRAL - EMPTY SANCTUARY - CONT'D 37

Amber walks most of the length of the hall, straight down the aisle toward the stage that hosts the CEREMONIAL TABLE where her father's cloak lays, folded. She walks up on the stage to the edge of the table and stares down at her family crest. The urn still sits at its center. The family crest looms into her soul.

Amber continues a prolonged stare at the emotionally weighted blanket and matching cement fashioned urn. Maybe it's the long day or the suppressed emotions. Or maybe she just needs another bump of SKIZ, but her eyes mist a little more than she'd like.

Suddenly, Amber reaches down and lifts the cloak with a smothering whoosh.

SEAMLESS CUT:

Crawling from behind a rock, a CATERPILLAR with barbs that twinkle electric charges while it traverses a stick emerges and taps its hundreds of feet along the two foot beam.

As the caterpillar completes its traverse, the edge of a LARGE GRANITE STONE reveals Amber Tyro. She holds the GRAY TATTERED CLOAK and matching urn. The cloak is now a little unfolded.

Amber stands facing the stone, crying and trying to gather herself to speak. Amber fights off tears as she speaks.

AMBER

I brought you some of dads things.
He's here too.

Amber taps the urn's lid with her palm. She struggles on.

AMBER (CONT'D)

Say hiii... Umm... I may never know why
but you seemed happy with him
nearby, but... I figured... I figured
you guys had some catching up to
do, so...

Amber nods an emotional gesture. She places the urn down next to her MOTHER'S GRAVESTONE and then quickly refolds the cloak's flailing edges. She places the cloak down beside the urn and backs away.

AMBER (CONT'D)

I don't have long so... ummm... If you
haven't yet, I hope you find each
other soon, wherever you are.

Amber stands there for a moment, searching her heart for more.

AMBER (CONT'D)

Okay... Bye.

A twig snaps nearby. Amber's eyes dart to the origin of the sound. A SILHOUETTED FIGURE sits on a log in the shadows. A darksome double-winged bird swoops into the leaves of a branch above him.

SILHOUETTED FIGURE

I was curious if you still visited her.

The silhouetted figure emerges from the shadows. He's the green leather clad bird syre from the clearing. His green leather hood is drawn.

SILHOUETTED FIGURE

I see you do.

AMBER

Dagon?

DAGON

Hi, baby sister.

Amber slugs Dagon in the jaw.

DAGON (CONT'D)

Ah, what the hell? I haven't seen you in 9 years and this is how you/

AMBER

You haven't seen me? WE haven't seen YOU! You fucking asshole. Where have you been?

DAGON

Amber, I can explain everything. Just give me/

AMBER

"Explain everything?" Oh, you can explain everything. Can you explain why a teenager should become the surprise single mother of two twins after her older brother abandoned them?

Amber is panting heavily.

AMBER

Can you "explain" why mom got sick first and left us with dad? With fucking Dolion. Can you?

DAGON

I can, some of it, yeah. Amber it's not what you think.

AMBER

Fuck you!

Amber's radiation alarm goes off. Amber taps the hologram that has appeared on her wrist. She turns and storms off toward the dome wall.

AMBER (CONT'D)

Go fuck yourself, Dagon.

Dagon watches Amber walk away. He CLICKS HIS TONGUE and the double-winged iridescent bird cracks a branch in the treeline then lands on Dagon's shoulder.

DAGON

Amber... ugh. Come on. Let's go, Signey.

39 EXT. TYRO WRECKING - OLD HOUSE - EVENING

39

Amber walks down the long crumbling asphalt driveway that leads straight up to the steps of the OLD HOUSE. A towering neon and steel TYRO WRECKING SIGN dwarfs her approach. As Amber nears the house, heavy dub-rock music rumbles the wooden patio from inside.

40 INT. TYRO WRECKING - OLD HOUSE - DINING AREA - CONT'D

40

Amber enters the CLATTERING SPRINGED FRONT DOOR to her old home and is immediately bombarded with nostalgia. Things haven't changed much. The lights, the smells; all relics of a time of great scavengers and reluctant engineers. Amber walks further into the bowels of nostalgia to find the twins and their found friends roiling with their own nostalgia in the kitchen. The crew is fueled by a BOTTLE OF WHISKEY.

Sage and Rit are on the floor in the living room, feet away from the rest of the group who sit around the table. The twins have a crowbar and are prying at loose floorboards, searching for something.

SAGE

I never thought I would ever come
back to this hell hole.

Sage takes a swig and passes the BOTTLE to Rit.

RIT

Do you remember when Amber broke
curfew and Dolion threatened to put
her in the crusher?

The group rumbles with laughter. Rit takes a swig and passes
the bottle to Cuma. Rit returns to prying.

NAV

Ah, the crusher.

CUMA

Kahuna used to say the same thing.
That crusher has caused more
nightmares than The Waste itself.

They all laugh and agree. Cuma takes a swig and then passes
the bottle to Nav. Nav passes the bottle along to Dae and
Dae passes it along to Arti. Nav and Dae don't drink. Rit
lifts a board out of the floor. He hands it to Sage.

RIT

Left.

Sage places the board on the floor to her left with a CLOP.
Rit tries to reach down but it's still a little too tight to
get to anything.

Arti reaches back to the refurbished stereo and turns the
volume down a bit.

ARTI

Rit, what are you two doing?

RIT

Don't worry about it.

SAGE

Dad used to keep things under the
floorboards.

RIT

Shut up, Sage. Fuck. If he left us anything, it's in here.

Arti takes a swig and passes the bottle to Amber.

ARTI

How about you, Ambs? Any memories you'll hold onto?

Amber takes a couple big gulps from the bottle.

AMBER

I'll remember how he used to pin me against a wall by the throat when I'd talk back to him.

The warm and jubilant room turns cold and serious as Amber remembers her father.

AMBER (CONT'D)

How he'd take out his anger about mom on the twins and then keep them out of school until their bruises healed. How he beat Dagon into submission until he just left us.

Amber takes another swig. She stares blankly into the room.

Suddenly, she laughs. Her slightly hysterical cackle turns into unwelcome tears.

AMBER (CONT'D)

And now... Now he's fucking gone. Off the hook, just like that.

Amber hugs the bottle of whiskey. She retreats against the wide door frame that opens to the kitchen and slides her back down until she's scrunched in a ball against the wall.

Rit pops the last board out and hands it to Sage.

The rest of the group is still silenced, unsure what to do.

RIT

I got it! I got it.

Rit lifts a wooden box out from under the wooden floor. The Tyro family crest is BRANDED on the top of it.

The group is struck by the mystery of the box.

Rit blows off a thin layer of dust and stands with the box in the middle of the living room. Sage stands up beside him.

DAE

Well... open it, dammit.

Rit takes in the request from Dae and looks down to the box. He unlatches the BRASS CLASP and lifts the HINGED LID. The lid covers his face and hides his reaction.

DAE (CONT'D)

What is it, Rit?

Rit hands the box to Sage with his free hand, which reveals an envelope in his other hand, folded into a hexagon. A WAX SEAL is stamped in the center, pressed with the Tyro crest.

Rit breaks the seal. He unfolds the envelope and pulls out a letter.

ARTI

Read, fool!

Rit hesitates a moment. Then he begins to read.

ARTI

Okay, uh... It says. "Kids, if you are... If you are rea... reading this then I'm... then I'm gone. Things are... aren't what they seem to b...

Sage rolls her eyes.

SAGE

Wow, of course the dyslexic opens the envelope.

Sage snatches the letter away.

RIT

Hey.

SAGE

Shut up.

Sage holds up the letter and reads.

Amber listens, scrunched in a ball against the wall as she continues to hug the bottle of whiskey. She takes a swig.

SAGE

"Kids, if you're reading this then I'm gone. Things aren't what they seem. The scrapyard is yours. Listen to Amber, she'll keep your heads on straight."

Amber scoffs and shakes her head.

SAGE (CONT'D)

"There's more to the scrapyard than meets the eye."

ARTI

Woo, ominous.

SAGE

Then it says... Um... Ha. Okay...
"Scrambled eggs, use wet eyes,
beneath your feet, power's blind."
Scrambled eggs...?

Amber begrudgingly slides her back up the door frame.

RIT

"Power's blind?" What are those numbers in the corners?

SAGE

I don't know, Rit! Safe to say, our old man had a few circuits loose.

Amber stumbles a around the table. Cuma moves to catch her, she swats him away. Amber snatches the letter from Sage.

Sage makes a claw with her hand. Amber reads.

SAGE

Meow...

AMBER

It's a code.

Amber stands in the center of the living room entrance.
Amber takes another swig of the whiskey.

AMBER (CONT'D)

Dolion's still being a shady
asshole in death. Who's surprised?
Not me. I'll tell you that for
free.

Amber waves the letter around in her hand as she speaks when
Rit snatches it back away.

AMBER (CONT'D)

Fine, take it. You figure it out.
I'm done.

Amber crosses back past the table and is about to leave the
dining area when she stops and then turns back to face the
group, the bottle of whiskey hanging in her limp hand.

AMBER (CONT'D)

Oh yeah, Dagon's back.

The group erupts.

SAGE

What?

RIT

Did she just say, "Dagon?"

ARTI

Oooooooooo...

AMBER

I went to see mom. Earlier. Er... her
grave, anyway. Dagon was there. I
don't know... Maybe he's back to
claim his "kingdom." I told him to
fuck off but... I just thought you
should know.

Amber bows to bid the group adieu and goodnight.

AMBER (CONT'D)

This is our house now.

Amber turns and starts walking down the hallway.

AMBER (CONT'D)

Get your shit together. We're
moving the operation here starting
tomorrow.

Amber is almost to a room at the end of the hall when a loud
CLATTER is heard in the yard outside. Dae moves quickly to
the window and spots three figures in the junkyard. Rit and
Sage join Dae as she watches them.

DAE

Scavengers! Three of them.

RIT

Soleus. They're stealing our parts!

Dae looks to Amber at the end of the hall.

AMBER (CONT'D)

Well, go get them. Fuck!

NAV

On it.

Nav and day storm past the group remaining at the table.
They still wear their gear and tap their masks as they
leave, concealing their faces.

ARTI

Be safe.

The rickety door slams open as the sound of Nav and Dae's
footsteps launch out the door.

AMBER

Here we go. Welcome home.

Amber walks back to the room at the end of the hall, enters
and slams the door behind her.

Two men and a woman burst around a corner in the industrial sector. The men are wearing homemade black tactical gear, fashioned from scavenged parts. These are members of the SOLEUS GANG, evident from their scavenger style and crimson eyewear. Their SCRAP-FASHIONED MASKS feature rotating sets of RED MONOCLES with various magnifications. They have rugged plastic hoods fashioned into their masks to combat the unceasing rains of the dome.

The group of thieves runs to the end of the block as steam billows from the sewers under the failing bands of overhead bioluminescent street lights.

MALE SCAVENGER 1

Split up. There's only two of them.

A throwing knife strikes one of the gangsters in the neck. He goes down in a heap. The throwing knife RINGS out of the man's neck and ARCS through the air back to Dae who catches it effortlessly as she approaches casually down the middle of the street, silhouetted by the steam and the backlight of mint green bioluminescence. Blood pours into the grit of the street.

NAV

I'm not even mad about that one.
That was a nice throw. Wasn't that
a nice throw?

Nav stalks above the remaining duo, crouched on top of a street light on the corner. He plays with an OLD ZIPPO LIGHTER nonchalantly, taunting the thieves with his voice and the sound of the clicking lighter echoing off the surrounding buildings.

MALE SCAVENGER 2

Go. Go!

The man and woman set off down two different streets.

Dae chimes in over comms.

DAE (O.S)

I've got the girl.

Nav CLINKS his lighter closed.

NAV

Copy.

Nav watches the man run down the street toward a NIGHT MARKET then, like a cat, Nav lurks along the beam, out of sight.

42 EXT. ASHTOWN NIGHT MARKET - STREETS - MOMENTS LATER 42

The gangster bowls through PEDESTRIANS at a busy outdoor market, scared for his life. He tramples PEDESTRIANS and blasts through stalls, scattering goods in the streets with little care for the chaos that follows him.

His frenzy has him disheveled revealing long greasy hair that escapes from under his mask as he makes his escape from the attacker.

As he reaches the end of the market, the fleeing gangster casts a hysteric glance back to his pursuer when...

A SWORD whips past his ear and plants into the wall beside his face, claiming one of his greasy locks. The flinched gangster whimpers a moment as the lodged blade begins to ring and vibrate, pulling itself free.

The sword sails back through the air straight into Nav's hand who approaches with a menacing and focused look in his eye.

The panicked gangster runs for it and snakes through a nearby hole in a chain link fence.

Nav arrives at the wall where he nearly decapitated the gangster. His lock of hair hangs on a sliver of old wood near the hole left by his blade. He recognizes it. The hunt is on.

NAV

Rease...

Nav stalks to the gap in the chain link fence and enters...

Nav steps through the fence and scans the site for his prey. Rease's shadow flickers off a wall inside the site.

NAV

Rease. You owe me for a haircut.

Nav follows Rease's shadow through the maze of cement columns supporting the unfinished building.

The field of columns gives way to a clearing in a semi finished atrium, a dead end. Nav has Rease cornered.

NAV (CONT'D)

What conditioner do you use cuz
after a certain length I just get
breakage?

Rease smiles. Nav returns a confused smile.

NAV (CONT'D)

Are we bonding?

REASE

You could say that.

Five thugs approach from behind. Rease smirks as the tables turn. The thugs brandish blades. Nav prepares to fight.

NAV

You should have told me this was a
group thing. I would have brought
more toys.

Five thugs converge on Nav and the battle begins. Nav skillfully takes down two thugs in a flash, his blades blurring as he moves like the wind.

Rease spots a chain against a nearby wall as Nav faces off with the remaining three opponents. Nav dodges a lunge and is about to make another kill when Rease trips him with the chain and Nav hits the deck.

The three hooligans descend on Nav. He doesn't have time to react when...

THUD, an intricate chrome throwing knife catches one thug between the eyes. He topples over. The final two thugs turn, following Nav's eyeline where...

Dae stands as her chrome blade returns with a flourish. She sheathes it in a DOUBLE BELT HOLSTER that crosses her torso. Dae pulls out two fresh knives and licks them.

Rease doesn't like his chances now. He starts to slink around the remaining combatants.

Dae and Nav face off, one-on-one, with the final two thugs. Like lightning, Nav throws his projectile blade to Dae who quickly stabs her thug in the neck then throws the knife toward the wall. Nav recalls the blade. It curls through the air, cuts a hole in the other thugs back and rips through his chest. The two thugs fall to the cement floor.

Rease is just about to sneak out a nearby door when Nav grabs him by the collar.

NAV

Ah pap pap! Where do you think
you're going?

REASE'S POV: Nav slugs Rease in the nose. Lights out.

44 EXT. TYRO WRECKING - CRUSHER - EARLY MORNING

44

REASE'S POV: Rease's eyes flutter open. Rease is laying down. Nearby, Nav is sharpening his long-sword with a broken PORCELAIN PLATE. Nav notices Rease stirring awake and puts down the chunk of porcelain.

NAV

'Morning, sleepy head.

REASE'S POV: Nav approaches.

NAV (CONT'D)

Thought I hit you a little too
hard there for a bit.

Rease tries to scream but can only mumble. Nav removes his gag. The monstrous CRUSHER dwarfs the pair as Rease lies tied up in the open trunk of a rusted HOVER TOWN CAR. Nav

holds the BUTTON CONTROLS in his hand. Rease's hair is short and patchy.

REASE

They're gunna fucking kill you when they find out what you did.

NAV

Rease, Rease, Rease. You're really not in any position to be making threats, my guy.

Nav taps the "DOWN BUTTON" on the controls and the giant mechanical crusher WHIRS loudly as it starts to descend.

REASE

Ahhh, fuck! Alright! Alright!

NAV

(Mouthed)

I can't hear you.

REASE

Stop it! Stop the fucking.. I'll talk.

Nav taps "STOP".

NAV

There's the little bitch I know and love. Diggin' the new do, Rease. Thought I should even it out a bit. Got a little carried away though. What do you think?

Nav grabs a nearby car mirror and shows Rease his reflection. Rease looks into the mirror, seeing his hair.

REASE

Aw, fuck..

NAV

Yeah, not my best work. But hey... it'll grow back. Dead or alive.

Nav pats Rease on the knee. Rease flinches then surveys his predicament.

REASE

You better let me out of here.
Soleus doesn't take kindly to be
slighted.

NAV

Yeah, yeah. You can go show your
friends your new look soon. First,
I need some information.

The crusher WHIRS again and begins to descend, Rease briefly
squirms, then the crusher suddenly stops. CLICK.

NAV (CONT'D)

Wow, sorry. Buttons are touchy.

Rease pants heavily in fear.

NAV (CONT'D)

Still getting the hang of this
little gadget. Got it in the Will,
actually. Always wanted to play
with it as a kid but, wouldn't you
know it, the old man literally had
to die before I could play with it.

Nav's nonchalance irks Rease. Nav smiles. Rease smiles back
uncomfortably.

NAV (CONT'D)

So, Rease, I have two questions. Or
else, you know...

Nav hoists the control buttons and mimics pressing the
"DOWN" button. Rease flinches nervously. Nav nods to Rease
who returns a reluctant nod back.

NAV (CONT'D)

Question one. Why were you
scavenging in our yard last night?

Nav holds his thumb over the button.

REASE

We... we've been taking on new men
lately. More men, more armor.

NAV (CONT'D)

Why more men? Are you planning something?

REASE

Hey, that's two more questions.

Nav lowers his thumb closer to the button. Rease winces at the movement.

NAV

No. That was a singular follow up question that dovetailed into a more thorough follow up question.

The men stare at each other for a moment.

NAV (CONT'D)

I still have one question. And you still haven't answered the follow up. Keep up, Rease.

Nav shakes the controller. It CLICKS ON and CLICKS OFF with a whir.

REASE

Okay! Okay. Uh... What was the...

NAV

Why more men? Are you planning something? Come on, Rease.

REASE

Right. Soleus is down a SKIZ supplier. Something about a new gang... bad blood, I don't know. We're gearing up to defend our turf. Defense. That's it.

NAV

Hmmm... Okay. Question number 2. Where... is the real Soleus HQ? Not the decoy.

REASE

Fuck you! I tell you that I'm dead anyway.

NAV

Dead anyway about does it, yeah.

Nav CLICKS "DOWN". The Crusher whirs and resumes its descent.

REASE

Ahh! Fuck. Fuck, nooo, okay! It's in the commercial district at the west end of 46th and 3rd.

The crusher continues its encroaching whir. Nav wants more.

REASE

Ahhh. Take the service pipe's utility entrance on the corner of 3rd down to SUBFLOOR THREE then follow the SUN TAGS.

The shadow of the crusher is stealing the light.

NAV

Follow up... what's the password?

REASE

No!

NAV

What's the password?

REASE

Aaahhh! "Sun and Moon, Thoth and spoon." "Sun and Moon, Thoth and spoon." Ahhh.

Nav pushes the "STOP" button but there's NO CLICK. It's jammed. Nav pushes the "UP" button but again no click.

REASE

Hey man, I told you. "Sun and Moon, Thoth and spoon." We had a deal.

NAV

I'm trying, it's jammed.

Nav tries pushing the "DOWN" button repeatedly and the crusher CLICKS three times. It speeds up, essentially slamming into the car and crushing Rease inside.

NAV (CONT'D)

Oh, geez. My bad, Rease.

Blood starts to leak out of the fluid drain at the base of the crusher. Nav sighs and walks over to the stream of blood. He pulls back a SMALL METAL STUD on the HILT of his sword and watches as the blood pours into it. The sword starts to RING and HUM. A jolt of electricity dances over the blade's surface.

Nav closes the slot and starts to walk back to the OLD HOUSE, walking off.

A fly lands briefly in the growing pool of blood. It's MULTI-FACETED EYES reflect a gruesome crimson pool that blends with the early morning haze as it rubs its legs.

Suddenly, the fly takes off from the puddle and flies through the junkyard as morning fades through the day to evening rain and arrives at..

SEAMLESS TIMELAPSE:

45 EXT/INT. TYRO WRECKING - SHOP - EVENING

45

The TYRO WRECKING SHOP as an outside light FADES ON. The FLY enters through a broken pane in the front window. The shop is an arched steel building with a large open area at its center, equipped with work benches and tables for fabricating and refurbishing all manner of materials that go through the junkyard. WELDERS, WOODS SAWS, LATHES and PAINTING ROOMS constitute the old building. Dust and rust have invaded some facets but not all. Dolion had his favorite tools.

Saesh walks through the main open area of the shop with a worn out RECYCLED PLASTIC BOX of LAB SUPPLIES, filled to the brim. She places it on a SHOP TABLE at its center. Arti passes in front of Saesh with a load of OLD FIVE GALLON BUCKETS and heads to the shop wall a few meters away. The team is moving their SKIZ operation in.

SAESH

I'll need somewhere I can seal and
sterilize easily.

ARTI

How about this room?

Arti calls from the side wall. Saesh walks over to inspect a
beaten down empty room attached to the main building.

SAESH

Yeah... This'll do.

Rit bursts in the shop door with a couple pizza boxes.

RIT

Dinner's here.

Rit crosses to the center table and places the boxes down
next to Saesh's supplies. Rit opens a box and takes a slice.

RIT

Man, I would die if pizza didn't
survive the apocalypse.

Rit maws the pizza slice. Saesh rushes over to the table.

SAESH

Careful with the merchandise.

Saesh slides the pizza boxes away from her supplies.

RIT

Whoa, my bad, Chika. I did not
realize this box was so precious.

Rit turns slowly, seducing the box on the table. Rit speaks
to the box while finishing chewing his first slice of pizza.

RIT (CONT'D)

Hey baby, I haven't seen you around
here before. What are you into,
science and shit? Ah, me too, I
could get down with some chemistry,
you know what I'm saying?

Rit puts his arms around the box and moves in for a kiss.

Saesh watches his greasy pizza-hands leave shiny streaks on the box.

Rit kisses the lip of the box.

RIT (CONT'D)

Oh my god! You're a good kisser.
No, you're a good kisser? No, you
are.

Saesh lurches forward to reclaim her box but Rit tilts back and twists away.

SAESH

Put it down, Rit.

INT. SAESH'S SUPPLY BOX - SHOP - CONT'D

BEAKERS, TUBES and INSTRUMENTS lean and tumble inside as the box Rit holds pivots on multiple axes. A cloudy white liquid in a test tube spills out and lands near a worn opening on the inside of the old plastic box and leaks out.

INT. TYRO WRECKING - SHOP - CONT'D

Rit settles after evading Saesh's advance.

RIT (CONT'D)

Hey, we were having an intimate moment. How dare you speak to my girlfriend that way. "It?" She is not an "it."

Rit turns to the box.

RIT (CONT'D)

You're my gorgeous sexy baby,
aren't you? Yesh.

Rit nuzzles the lip of the box.

SAESH

RIT!

RIT (CONT'D)

Alright, alright. I'm done.

He puts down the box. A begins to walk away. Cuma enters.

ATRI

You're a pig, little man.

SAESH

Disgusting. I feel sorry for any woman insane enough to date you.

RIT

If I'm so disgusting...

Rit turns around with a flare and points to the pocket on his left leg.

RIT (CONT'D)

Then how did I make that sexy plastic box wet? Boom!

Rit makes guns with his hands and raises them in the air.

RIT (CONT'D)

Riddle me that, Chikas. Pow, pow!
Oh shit!

Sage enters the shop with a BOTTLE OF WATER and approaches.

CUMA

Have some class, man.

Rit notices that the stain is right on top of DOLION'S LETTER.

SAGE

Someone explain how we're twins?

RIT (CONT'D)

Shit. Shit. Shit.

Rit carefully pulls the folded letter out of this pocket and unfolds it slowly. Amber enters, looking hungover.

ATRI

Did you get that wet, grease stain?

Rit examines the letter for damage. In front of his eyes, it begins to shift. A line fades in where it's wet. Rit looks a little closer.

RIT

Hey, hold on a second.

AMBER

You got it wet? Dammit, Rit. I told you to take... Give it to me!

Amber lurches forward to try and snag it but she's too slow. Rit pulls away, wiry as his is.

RIT

Just wait a second.

Rit reads the riddle again. Speaking under his breath.

RIT (CONT'D)

"Scrambled eggs, use wet eyes... use wet eyes." "Scrambled eggs..."

Rit ponders for a moment. Nav and Dae enter from patrol.

RIT (CONT'D)

I'm scrambled eggs.

NAV

Who now?

DAE

What's he saying?

RIT

I'm scrambled eggs. It was a long time ago but Dad used to call me "Scrambled eggs." I couldn't read anything and so he'd call me scrambled eggs and would say "Scrambled eggs don't taste..."

FADE TO:

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

INT. CLASSIC RED HOVER TRUCK - TRYO WRECKING YARD - DAY

Dolion repairs the stereo system of an old truck. He tinkers with a soldering iron and pliers as YOUNG RIT looks on.

DOLION

...better or worse than other eggs,
they taste different, and you, my
friend, are different."

Dolion completes the repair and shares a smile with YOUNG RIT then turns up the volume to 8 on an old POP HIT from the year 2137. The volume knob is a hexagon.

END FLASHBACK.

MATCH CUT:

INT. TYRO WRECKING - SHOP - CONT'D

The hexagonal creases that grace the letter hang in front of Rit's face as he holds it out.

RIT

We need to get it wet.

ARTI

Wait. More wet?

RIT

I only put it together when I saw
the water stain on the letter. I
don't know, maybe being back in the
shop is triggering memories but if
I'm scrambled eggs and these lines
appear when it gets wet... I mean I
think we should get it wet.

ARTI

What if it ruins it, Rit?

RIT

What if it doesn't?

SAESH

It could work in theory. Uh,
chemically, that is.

The group contemplates.

AMBER

Do it.

ARTI

Ambs...

AMBER

Dolion was a tricky bastard. This is just crazy enough. It might work. Do it.

Rit quickly reaches over and snatches Sage's bottle of water.

SAGE

Hey!

RIT

Yoink.

Rit places the letter down on the table. He looks around the table for one last confirmation from the group. Amber nods.

Rit pours some water on the letter and watches as the edges flatten to the table. Slowly, gray lines appear that follow the creases and radiate to the edges of the letter.

Each line points to a number along the edge of the old paper. A large gray infinity symbol watermarks the center of the letter inside the hexagon.

RIT

Whoa.

AMBER

Let me see.

Amber steps closer and analyzes the sopping paper.

AMBER (CONT'D)

8, 1, 6, 4, 7, 1. Does that mean anything to anyone?

Amber looks around the room.

SAGE

Could be an address. An old geo-com tag?

ARTI

Coordinates?

Nav approaches the table.

NAV

6 digits? Hmm.

DAE

Could be an old license plate.

RIT

No way... That's it.

They all look at Rit. He starts breathing heavily, excitement builds in his eyes. He rolls his eyes around in his head searching his memory for something.

Suddenly, Rit runs to the pit stairwell at the back of the shop, whips around the guardrail and descends into the basement, leaving the group guessing above. Scrap metal and wood CLATTER under foot.

NAV

Sage, is he tweaking?

SAGE

Probably.

Sage walks over to the guardrail and hollers down.

SAGE (CONT'D)

Rit, you good?

More CLATTERING as Rit rummages down below.

SAGE (CONT'D)

Rit...

Silence.

RIT

Guys, get down here.

Sage swings around the guardrail and descends into the pit. The rest of the group gathers and follows in tow.

46 INT. TYRO WRECKING - SHOP MECHANICS PIT - EVENING 46

Sage approaches Rit mesmerized as she stares forward. The rest of the group finishes coming down the rusted stairs. They clear away OLD CHAIRS, EMPTY SPOOLS and TRINKETS as they make their way to the front of the wall where Rit and Sage stand. Beams of dusty light reach into the pit from access panels above. A cool minty light illuminates their faces as they approach.

Ahead of them, the whole front end of the RED HOVER TRUCK has been fashioned into the wall and now acts as the massive hood for a large BIOLUMINESCENT DESK LIGHT at Dolion's old WORKSTATION.

AN OLD LICENSE PLATE that reads 816471 is set in the front bumper. Dusty TOOLS, JOURNALS and an OLD COMPUTER MONITOR rest on the workstation. Inlaid into the near right corner of the desk is a NAVY BLUE HEXAGON featuring a copper-wound infinity symbol at its center - a match to Dolion's letter.

Amber steps forward.

AMBER

Well, I think that about covers the
"beneath your feet" portion of
things.

Amber looks up to the ceiling of the pit and then to the group. Some nod, some try to wrap their minds around it.

Amber steps past the twins and runs her finger over the dusty hexagon inlay. After a lingering moment..

AMBER

Rit how did you know this was down
here?

RIT

I didn't. I mean not all this. Dad
used to work down here while he was
fixing up the truck. The license

plate used to sit on his desk. This
though, this is new.

AMBER

Obviously he wanted us to find it.
What's the final part of the riddle,
again?

CUMA

"Power's blind."

The group parts to reveal Cuma standing at the back of the
line.

CUMA (CONT'D)

I've been thinking about it since
you read it out last night.
Something about it.

Amber's finger still lingers on the inlay. She moves to turn
around and address Cuma but her finger presses the corner of
the inlay and it pops up. It's a coin.

Amber removes the coin, turns around and lifts it in front
of her eye.

Rit snatches it away.

RIT

Cool. What is it? Money?

Rit bites the coin.

SAGE

No, greaseball. Clearly it's
important though, give it back.

RIT

Fine.

Rit flicks the coin back to Amber who catches it. Amber
examines the coin again.

AMBER

Maybe... it's a key.

ARTI

A key to what, Ambs?

AMBER

I don't know but think about it.
Why all this trouble and secrecy.
It must be something important.
Something worth hiding.

SAGE

Leave it to dad to keep us in the
dark.

CUMA

Hold on.

The group turns back to Cuma.

CUMA (CONT'D)

"Power's blind..."

A revelation strikes Cuma. He toils a thought over in his
mind.

CUMA (CONT'D)

Turn down the lights.

Rit reaches into the hood of the light and dims it.

AMBER

What is it, Cuma?

CUMA

As an engineer we work with power
all the time but it's rarely
visible to the naked eye. Usually
it's hidden underneath the surface
making us...

SAGE

Blind.

CUMA

Precisely.

Cuma taps the side of his glasses and an orange lens folds
out from the arm, sliding in front of his right eye.

CUMA (CONT'D)

ECHO developed X-ray tech to see
behind the surface so we can make
repairs.

Cuma scans around the room using his X-RAY LENS.

CUMA (CONT'D)

That way we can see the problem
before we have to open... it..

CUMA POV: Cuma spots a hidden conduit that leads from the
hexagonal inlay on Dolion's workstation around a nearby
corner.

CUMA

Got it.

Cuma follows the conduit, stepping carefully over Dolion's
leftover junk. The group follows curiously behind, clearing
more items as they trail Cuma.

CUMA POV: Cuma follows the orange glow of the underlying
conduit to an electrical box on a nearby wall that's covered
in OLD WOODEN CLOSET DOORS.

CUMA

Here.

Cuma taps his glasses again and the X-RAY lens returns to
the arm of his glasses as Nav and Rit clear the closet doors
away.

AMBER

We need some light.

Sage steps away to a nearby wall and flicks on the
MINT-GREEN pit lights.

Behind the doors an ELECTRICAL BOX is fastened to the wall.
There are no buttons or switches, just an empty space in the
center of the box - a perfect match to the hexagonal coin
from Dolion's desk.

Amber approaches inquisitively and places the coin inside
the box. The NAVY-BLUE setting in the coin GLOWS and the

copper-wound infinity symbol lights up as electricity flows through it.

The wall pops forward with a bang, startling the group, and then slides to the right as dust falls to the floor.

A steel door with "BIO-MEX" spray painted in orange on its surface appears behind the sliding wall.

NAV

BIO-MEX?

As the wall completes its slide a HIDDEN PANEL in the wall under the box pops open, revealing a KEYPAD that GLOWS RED.

Amber stares at the keypad.

RIT

Punch in the code.

AMBER

What code?

RIT

The license plate, duh.

Amber stares, forgetting the code.

RIT (CONT'D)

Eight, one, six, four, seven, one.

Amber punches in the first five digits and pauses before the last one.

AMBER

Here goes nothing.

Amber presses the final digit.

END