

# SOVEREIGN

Written by

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21 LAPS ENTERTAINMENT

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June 17, 2013

**BLACK.**

ALY'S VOICE  
Don't be afraid.

Resolve to a mass of shifting colors.  
BLUE. RED. YELLOW.

**INT. TOWNHOUSE - OFFICE - DAY**

On a thin screen.  
The colors are now static circles.  
Blue. Red. Yellow.  
Black and white spectrograph lines behind them.

The room is a striking contrast.  
Handmade wood furniture.  
Advanced technology.

ROMAN (O.S.)  
I know, it's just... *my* mind, you  
know?

Along the bottom of the display:

**MARK II**

Reveal DMITRI ROMAN (30s). Goes by Roman.  
Sharp features.  
Kind eyes.

Roman sits in a chair.  
Beautiful oak hardback.

Wears a tux.  
Bow tie undone.  
Looks at the screen with concern.

He's with his wife: ALYOSHA. Aly for short.

ALY  
C'mon, trust me.

She's younger than him.  
Smarter too.  
Had better options than Roman.  
They're both well aware.

Wears an elegant dress.  
She holds two diodes in her hand.

ALY  
Okay?

Roman doesn't say no.  
She reaches out.  
Places the diodes on either side of his head.

The colors light up.  
The black and white spectrograph starts to move.

She motions to the circles.

ALY  
See. I know you love me.

ROMAN  
Is that what's on the screen?

The blue circle pulses.

ALY  
Yes. Well... That's what the blue is.

ROMAN  
You figured out how to measure it?

ALY  
As best we can. The red is aggressive emotion, the yellow is fear, and the blue... the blue is love.

ROMAN  
It's just that simple, huh?

She smiles.

ALY  
Of course not. There's a trillion bits of information flying around every second. We can't show them all, so we just... this is the easiest way.

They both watch it.  
Mesmerized.

ROMAN  
You built a mind out of this...

ALY  
We modeled it off of this, yes.  
We'll install it on the station as soon as it's in orbit. Three gorgeous data blades. Right in the Sphere.

She thinks a moment.

ALY  
Pending approval, of course.

Roman looks at the moving screen.

ALY  
It's beautiful, isn't it?

ROMAN  
Yeah, Aly. It is.

He sees a SMALL BLACK CUBOID plugged into it.  
Then he looks back to the colors.

ROMAN  
But...

ALY  
What?

ROMAN  
I just thought there'd be... more.

She laughs.  
No misgivings.

ALY  
Just because you can't touch it  
doesn't mean it's not complicated.

Roman feels inferior.  
Tries to play it off.  
Feigns a smile.

ROMAN  
Looks like a bunch of colors to me.

An outsider might think he succeeded.  
But Aly knows better.  
Still plays along.  
Laughs.

Roman looks down and grips the chair.  
Shakes it.  
Sturdy.

ROMAN  
Now this I get. Great joint work.  
Very solid construction. Who built  
it for you?

She chuckles.

ALY  
Someone very secure with his work,  
apparently.

He looks at the WORN STAIN on the arm.

ROMAN  
If only someone else could stop  
rubbing the finish raw.

He pulls her close.

ROMAN  
Come here.

They kiss.  
He looks into her eyes.  
Then past.  
Sees a hand-cut bouquet of WHITE LILIES.

ROMAN  
Did you buy those?

ALY  
No, I picked them out in the  
valley.

ROMAN  
Did I tell you I liked them?

With a smile.

ALY  
Don't worry, I won't tell anyone.

He kisses her again.

ROMAN  
Come on. Let's just skip this  
thing. Spend the night in.

ALY  
You know I can't. I have to play  
nice with the suits.

She leans down.  
Traces his face.

ROMAN  
I love you.

He means it.

ALY  
I love you too.

A longer kiss...  
The screen still shows Roman's mind.  
The blue circle pulses.  
So does the yellow.

**INT. BASEL CORPORATION - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT**

An open floor plan office/laboratory.  
Now converted into a party space.  
A large 'BASEL' logo looms over the room.

A jazz band.  
A small stage.  
A bar.  
A crowd of EMPLOYEES.  
And middle-aged UPPER MANAGEMENT.

The men in tuxes.  
The women in dresses.  
It's a gala in full swing.

Aly chats with several guests.  
Smiles and polite laughter.

Roman wanders the room.  
Bow tie now proper.  
A flute of champagne in his hand.  
He takes a sip.  
Then downs the whole thing.

He looks over a SEQUENTIAL MURAL.

Floor-to-ceiling.  
Divided into large sections.  
Each depicts a stage of a multi-phase rocket launch.  
By the middle mural: Several ships unfold.  
Each piece joining together.  
Culminating in a CIRCULAR SPACE STATION.  
Orbiting the Earth.

Roman eyes the sign above the stage:

**THE LOGOS PROJECT**

Below it there's a podium.  
A graying man takes his place behind it.  
Perfectly tailored tux.  
It clashes with his age.  
This is THE DIRECTOR.

Roman watches.

THE DIRECTOR

Good evening! I want to thank you all for coming tonight. And for your continued hard work on our collective brain child, The Logos Project!

Applause from the crowd.

THE DIRECTOR

And after we launch next year those bastards from Telos Tech aren't going to know what hit them!

Laughter.

THE DIRECTOR

It is a celebration after all, so I hope you'll take full use of the open bar. Because I sure as hell paid for it!

Another round of claps and laughter.

**LATER**

Roman stands.

Drink in hand.

Toothpick twirling between his fingers.

Watches Aly from across the room.

Can't keep his eyes off her.

She talks with The Director and another man.

Younger. Good looking.

For a man in the sciences.

THE ADVISOR.

He leans over to Aly.

Touches the small of her back.

Whispers in her ear.

Aly laughs.

Roman's eyes go cold.

Stunned.

His fist clenches.

He suddenly winces in pain.

Looks down at his hand.

A broken toothpick.

And a trickle of blood.

He's punctured his palm.

This gives him pause.  
But he shakes it off.  
Moves toward the group.

Starts to hear snippets:

THE ADVISOR

--I mean we are a primarily a  
colony venture, but Aly, this new  
AI project...

Roman continues to make his way over.

THE DIRECTOR

You know what they say... The  
great scientific breakthroughs are  
unintentional.

Roman comes up to Aly as:

THE DIRECTOR

We may have been digging for roots  
and bugs but found fire, so to  
speak.

ALY

Thank you very much. I can only  
hope you're right.

Roman joins the circle.  
They're not familiar with him.  
The odd man out.

Aly's graceful:

ALY

Gentlemen, allow me to introduce  
my husband, Dmitri.

Roman nods.

ROMAN

They call me Roman.

THE DIRECTOR

You look so familiar.

ROMAN

Yes, actually I--

ALY

Roman's also on the project.

She smiles.  
Squeezes Roman's arm.  
Plays her part.

THE DIRECTOR  
Oh, yes. You work in...

The Director can't place it.

Roman seems suddenly shamed.  
Like he's cursing:

ROMAN  
Industrial fabrication.

THE DIRECTOR  
Ah, right. That's it.

Trying for a joke:

THE DIRECTOR  
You actually make what we invent.

It doesn't land.  
Roman pushes past.

ROMAN  
Someone has to.

THE DIRECTOR  
That's wonderful.

The Advisor's half-drunk.  
A spiteful look in his eye.  
Turns to Roman.

THE ADVISOR  
So, if you don't mind me asking,  
how in the world did you land this  
one?

Aly tries to hide her apprehension.  
Answers for Roman.

ALY  
We were lucky enough to meet young.  
I wasn't always Chief of AI--

THE ADVISOR  
Yes, but you are now!

Everyone laughs with him.  
Roman's fist clenches again.

THE ADVISOR  
And it's a good thing too. We'd be  
lost without you on the station.

Roman looks confused.

ROMAN  
What's he talking about?

Aly's embarrassed.

ALY  
Oh, I hadn't got a chance to tell  
you--

ROMAN  
Tell me what?

THE ADVISOR  
We've invited Aly to install the AI  
system up on Logos after we launch.

Roman's first time hearing this.  
Aly tries to apologize with her eyes.  
The Director and Advisor oblivious.

ALY  
I still haven't made my decision.

THE DIRECTOR  
But we know you'll make the right  
one.

THE ADVISOR  
It would only be for about eight  
months, give or take.

Roman chokes on his words.

ROMAN  
Sounds like a great opportunity.

ALY  
And something I-- we still need to  
consider.

The Advisor grins.  
Proud of the dissent he's planted.

Aly smiles at her husband.  
Squeezes his hand.  
Gives him a way out.

ALY  
Could you get me a drink,  
sweetheart?

Roman waits.  
A second too long.

ROMAN  
Sure.

She smiles.  
Reassuring.

Roman walks off.  
The group continues their conversation.

He weaves through the crowd.  
Makes it to the bar.  
Looks at THE BARTENDER.  
His pent-up rage comes out as:

ROMAN  
Vodka.

The Bartender pours it.  
Roman picks up the glass.  
Looks over to Aly.  
Still regaling the two men.

He drinks it in one motion.  
Places the glass down.  
Savors the burn.  
Looks to The Bartender.

ROMAN  
One more.

He looks over his shoulder again.  
At his wife and The Advisor.  
Real fear in his eyes.

FIND the mural.  
The circular space station in orbit.

CUT TO:

**BLACK.**

A title emerges:

**S O V E R E I G N**

CUT TO:

**EXT. CEMETERY - DAY**

A large photo of Aly.  
Over a coffin.

Her funeral.

The suits all black.  
The flowers blue.  
Blue and red.

Roman doesn't cry on the outside.  
Hard heart now.  
Aims to keep it that way.

**EXT. CEMETERY - LATER**

Roman leans on his car.  
Still raw.  
Smokes a cigarette.

A familiar man approaches.  
The Advisor.

Only now he has a pronounced LIMP.  
And his face is different.  
Remnants of a broken nose.  
Faded bruises.  
Still slowly healing.

THE ADVISOR

Roman.

Roman doesn't look at him.

THE ADVISOR

On behalf of myself and the entire  
Basel Corporation I'd like to  
officially extend--

ROMAN

Go fuck yourself.

A grim smile from the Advisor.

**INT. DIM ROOM - DAY**

Colors muted.  
Stark.

Roman sits in a chair.  
Dark circles under his eyes.

To an unseen figure:

ROMAN  
Show it to me.

**INT. TINY APARTMENT - NIGHT**

A makeshift workshop.

Grease and tools.  
Circuit boards and blueprints.  
Reams of printed data.  
Multiple screens.

Roman at a workbench.

Wears a protective face shield.  
Welds two pieces of metal.  
A shoulder joint.

**EXT. CEMETERY - DAY**

The Advisor keeps going.  
Too comfortable delivering bad news.

THE ADVISOR  
I'm sure your wife shared  
certain... aspects of her work with  
you.

Silence.

THE ADVISOR  
But let me be clear. Station Logos  
is an investment equal to the GDP  
of a small country.

Roman is unimpressed.

THE ADVISOR  
Information about it is privileged.  
And cannot become public. If it  
did... measures would be taken.  
Strong measures.

ROMAN  
Do you protect all murderers this  
much, or only the ones you pay for?

Roman keeps smoking.

## INT. DIM ROOM - DAY

ROMAN  
I want to see it.

VOICE (O.S.)  
You don't--

ROMAN  
No. Show it to me. Now.

No more protests.  
A screen flickers on.  
Grainy security footage.  
ON THE SCREEN:

*Metal floors. White walls.  
A SPACE STATION.  
Through curved windows:  
The black of the cosmos.  
Stars brighter than on Earth.*

*Aly works at a console.  
She looks terrified.  
Pleads with someone offscreen.*

ALY  
Ivan! Ivan, please!

*White gas hisses into the room.*

ALY  
Ivan, no!

*She bleeds from the nose.*

Roman watches.  
Knows what's coming.

*She turns to run.  
But only makes it a few steps.  
She falls. Hits the floor  
Her body pumps involuntarily.  
Then she remains still.  
She dies.*

Roman waits for his wife to get up.  
She doesn't.

On screen:

END OF RECORDING

Roman stares.

**INT. TINY APARTMENT - NIGHT**

Roman continues to weld.  
A white hot glow.  
Polymer surface fuses to metal.

**EXT. CEMETERY - DAY**

THE ADVISOR  
As a sign of our understanding,  
you'll be receiving a rather  
generous death benefit.

ROMAN  
You think money makes this right?  
That thing is still up there.

The Advisor remains calm.  
Continues.

THE ADVISOR  
The Logos and all properties  
therein belong to us.

Roman stares daggers.

THE ADVISOR  
And if you think there's an action  
that would appease you... there  
isn't.

ROMAN  
Are you saying you could stop me?

THE ADVISOR  
...and if you attempt any such  
action regardless of current  
circumstances... things will end  
poorly.  
(beat)  
That's a promise.

The Advisor tips his hat.

THE ADVISOR  
Again, my deepest regrets.

He leaves.  
Roman spits.

**INT. DIM ROOM - DAY**

The video screen still flickers.  
Roman weeps.

**INT. TINY APARTMENT - NIGHT**

Roman welds.  
Behind him a bouquet of WHITE LILIES.

He finishes.  
Lifts his face shield.  
Reveals a beard and longer hair.

Overlay:

**THREE YEARS LATER**

He steps back.  
Surveys his work:

A SPACE SUIT.

Functional. Lightweight.  
Interlocking plates of armor.  
Polymer and metal.  
Crude. Discolored.  
But beautiful. In its way.  
A SLIM-FIT HELMET on the bench.  
With a clear visor made of INVISIBLE GLASS.

He turns away.  
Reveal an etching.  
On the breastplate.  
Over the heart:

**ALY**

Roman blows out his torch.

**BLACK.**

Silence.

Resolve to THE STARS.  
Come down to...

**EXT. ROOF - NIGHT**

The top of a skyscraper.  
Skyline of a city behind.

Roman's there.  
Looks out over the expanse.  
Nervous.  
Wears the legs and chest piece of his armor.

Thick boots too.  
They seem special.  
Plates of chrome line the soles.  
These are the MAGNET BOOTS.

He walks to the edge.  
Looks down at the street far below.  
Scared.

Walks back to the middle of the roof.  
Picks up to a run.  
Jumps.

Over the edge.  
He falls.

Squeezes a thin pad on his palm.  
From the boots:  
The distinctive hum of MAGNETIC ENERGY.  
But he still falls.

Squeezes his palm two times.  
The hum grows louder.  
The boots now on high power.  
He slams into the side of the building.  
Feet first.  
Slides to a halt.

Precarious.  
He balances.  
Servos whine.  
Help him stand straight.  
He stays.  
Smiles.  
Turns.  
Walks back up.

#### **INT. TINY APARTMENT**

Roman's bent over a blueprint.  
White ink depicts a massive structure.  
A cutaway view of its multiple levels.  
There's a SPHERICAL AREA in the middle.  
Where Roman has scribbled notes.

**EXT. CITY PARK - DAY**

Brown grass.  
 Overgrown.  
 Cracked sidewalk.  
 The rusted skeleton of a playground.

Roman stands in the middle.  
 Waits.  
 A JAPANESE MAN approaches.  
 Stops a few feet from him.  
 Roman produces a small plastic box.  
 The Japanese Man holds out a thin crate.  
 They trade.  
 Each man checks his new possession.

In the plastic box:  
 An object wrapped in paper.  
 Packed in ice.  
 The Japanese Man peels back the paper.  
 Glimpses of dark red tissue.  
 It's an ORGAN.

In the crate:  
 Two hexagonal objects.  
 Packed in straw.  
 They're black and yellow.  
 Japanese characters on the outside.  
 Also a symbol:  
 An exploding old-timey bomb.  
 These are MINES.

The two men share a nod.  
 Satisfied.

**INT. TINY APARTMENT - BATHROOM - DAY**

Roman steps out of the shower.  
 Dries himself.  
 Exposes a grotesque vertical incision.  
 Sewn up with fresh stitches.  
 Over his kidney.

**INT. TINY APARTMENT - NIGHT**

On the workbench.  
 One of the mines is opened.  
 Electronics exposed.  
 Roman adds minuscule circuitry with tweezers.  
 Closes the mine.  
 Inserts it into a side compartment of his suit.  
 Careful.

It joins the second mine.  
He shuts a panel behind it.

**INT. STAIRWELL - DAY**

An exposed pipe on the ceiling.  
Suddenly--  
A tri-pronged METAL CLAMP fastens to it.  
A wire from the clamp leads down.  
50 feet below.  
Where Roman stands on the bottom floor.  
The stairs corkscrew up around him.

He wears the belt from his suit.  
Holds an intricate METAL TUBE.  
The wire runs into the business end.  
This is the GRAPPLE GUN.

He hooks the stock to his belt.  
Tests his weight.  
Good.  
Lifts his feet.  
Hangs.  
Looks up.  
Presses another button.

He zips up along the wire.  
Between the stairs.  
All the way to the ceiling.

**INT. TINY APARTMENT - LATER**

CLOSE ON a rectangular piece of metal.  
Two inches thick.  
On the bench next to a lone cinder block.  
Roman picks up the metal rectangle.  
It unfolds.  
Into a compact ASSAULT RIFLE.

He aims at the cinder block.  
Fires.  
It explodes to dust.

Then turns the rifle to his suit.  
He fires.  
Again and again.

Sets the rifle down.  
Walks over to the suit.  
Examines it.  
No holes. No dents. No marks.  
Except...

A smudge.  
On Aly's nameplate.  
Moves his hand to wipe it.  
But the mark won't go away.

**INT. SEEDY BAR - NIGHT**

Cheap whiskey.  
Transhuman prostitutes.  
Men with missing digits.

Roman sits across from a man of ill-repute.  
**THE PILOT**.  
Older. Thick neck.  
Hands covered in burn scars.

He stares at Roman a moment.

**THE PILOT**  
What are you drinking?

**ROMAN**  
I don't.

Roman takes an envelope from his jacket.  
Puts it on the table.  
The Pilot takes it.

**THE PILOT**  
It's light.

**ROMAN**  
You didn't even count it.

**THE PILOT**  
I need sixty more.

**ROMAN**  
That's *double*.

Silence.  
The Pilot's weary.

**THE PILOT**  
I think you're a federal. And  
normally when I find feds, I just  
kill them. What's another corpse  
in this fucking city?

No braggadocio.  
An all too familiar conversation.

THE PILOT

But... I need the money. So if I'm going to risk you being the narc piece of shit I know you are, I'm gonna need double.

ROMAN

I'm not a fed.

THE PILOT

That's what feds say.

ROMAN

I'm not.

The Pilot's done.

THE PILOT

Fuck it.

Tosses the envelope back at Roman.

THE PILOT

I don't care. Take your money back.

The Pilot gets up.  
Roman clenches his fists.  
Frustrated.  
Doesn't know what to do.

ROMAN

Wait.

Pauses.  
Then SMASHES A BOTTLE.  
Everyone freezes.

Then...  
ROMAN CUTS INTO HIS OWN FLESH.  
Twists.  
He bleeds.  
Badly.

The Pilot is impressed.  
Roman stares him down.  
In pain.

ROMAN

This... is the least of the things I'll do. You can take all my money. Drag me through the streets.

He motions to his body.

ROMAN  
Fuck me up worse.

Roman has a half-crazed look.

ROMAN  
I spent the last *three years* of my  
life getting ready. You're taking  
me up there.

The Pilot considers.

THE PILOT  
Seems that way.

Gives a sideways glance.  
The bar reverts to its natural state.  
He scoops up the envelope.

THE PILOT  
40 more and we're even.

Roman grips his wound.

THE PILOT  
Two days. The spot we talked  
about.

Roman nods.  
Blood seeps between his fingers.

Through his teeth:

ROMAN  
I'll be there.

**EXT. CITY - MORNING**

Sunrise over the cityscape.  
Gleaming buildings almost hide the filth.

**INT. TINY APARTMENT - DAY**

Roman packs his suit in a trunk.  
Gently.  
Piece by piece.  
Winces.  
Arm still hurts.

Sees his wife's name on the breastplate.  
Stops for a moment.  
Almost emotional.

It subsides.  
He continues to pack.

**INT. SUBWAY - NIGHT**

Roman sits.  
The trunk under his feet.  
A fellow PASSENGER notices.

PASSENGER  
Vacation?

Roman says nothing.

**EXT. EDGE OF TOWN - NIGHT**

The last subway stop.  
Grimy streets.  
Remnants of a once peaceful suburb.

Roman walks with his trunk.  
Head down.

**INT. ABANDONED CRAFTSMAN - NIGHT**

Fingers roll a cigarette.  
It belongs to THE NAVIGATOR.  
Lithe build. Mean eyes.  
Sits on a threadbare couch.

Roman stands across.  
Fascinated.  
Witnessing a lost art.

The Navigator finishes.  
Puts it in his mouth.  
Lights it.  
Inhales.

He scans Roman.  
Suspicious.  
Exhales.

Stands.  
Extends the cigarette.  
Roman takes it.

Inhales.  
Coughs horribly.

ROMAN  
Oh--! What--?

Quickly hands it back.  
The Navigator laughs.

THE NAVIGATOR  
Almost 100% pure tobacco. Nearly  
real, mate.

He takes another drag.

The Pilot enters.  
Roman tosses him an envelope.  
The Pilot catches it.  
Satisfied.

He steps forward.  
Takes a BLINDFOLD from his pocket.

THE PILOT  
Put this on.

Roman takes it.

THE PILOT  
We'll be there by morning.

Puts the blindfold over his eyes.

**INT. VAN - NIGHT [MOVING]**

Roman sits in the back.  
Still blindfolded.

The Pilot eyes him in the rearview.  
Roman's calm. Eerily so.

**EXT. DESERT - DAWN**

The sun rises over the desert.  
Red and yellow mix at the horizon line.

No roads in sight.  
The van travels barren ground.  
It crests a hill...

Reveal a makeshift LANDING PAD.  
And a mid-sized SPACE CRUISER.

The van rumbles toward the Pad.

**INT. THE CRUISER - CARGO HOLD - EARLY MORNING**

Roman wears a BLACK FULL BODY COVERING.  
A tough woven fiber.  
Extends over his hands and feet.

The trio get into their suits.  
Roman's is clearly more advanced.  
The other two notice.

THE NAVIGATOR  
Most folks like you just want a  
simple little space-walk.

Roman locks his arm piece in place.

THE NAVIGATOR  
Maybe tour an abandoned satellite.  
Grab some of that Chinese  
smartglass to sell back home.

Roman locks his other arm.

THE NAVIGATOR  
You expecting something else?

ROMAN  
Of course not.

Walks over to Roman.

THE NAVIGATOR  
Good. I've learned to hate  
surprises.

Roman finishes up.  
Matches his gaze.

ROMAN  
I paid for a round trip. And no  
questions.

The Navigator stares at Roman.  
Then looks to The Pilot.  
Who nods.  
Then points toward the cockpit.

THE PILOT  
Go start prep, yeah?

The Navigator walks out.

The Pilot considers Roman for a second.  
Sees his resolve.

THE PILOT  
You don't have to do this, you  
know.

ROMAN  
What?

He pulls out the envelope.

THE PILOT  
I'll give this back to you. You  
can walk.

ROMAN  
What are you talking about?

A pause.

THE PILOT  
I'm just telling you. Whatever you  
think you gotta do here... you  
don't.

Angry:

ROMAN  
No. I do.

The Pilot seems a little sad.

THE PILOT  
I wouldn't have listened to me  
either.

**INT. THE CRUISER - COCKPIT - MORNING**

The trio are horizontal.  
Strapped into their seats.

Roman's rifle is folded back up.  
A metal rectangle strapped to his upper thigh.

The Pilot and Navigator do final checks.  
Flip switches.  
Press buttons.  
Check data screens.

THE PILOT  
Engaging.

The engines power up.  
The ship vibrates.  
The Navigator checks his screen.

THE NAVIGATOR  
We're good.

ROMAN  
What's it called?

THE PILOT  
What?

ROMAN  
The ship. What's her name?

THE PILOT  
It doesn't have one.

The Pilot returns to business.

THE NAVIGATOR  
Bring it back to oh three.

The Pilot makes a few adjustments.

Then...  
They start to move.  
Faster.  
Faster.  
Rumbling.  
Now more violently.

CLOSE ON Roman's face.  
Through the window next to him:  
Desert.  
Desert.  
Then trees.  
Then ocean.  
Then sky.  
Clouds.  
To blue.  
To red.  
To yellow.  
Black.  
Then stars.

The Cruiser levels out.  
The trio moves from horizontal...  
To vertical.

**EXT. THE CRUISER/SPACE**

Leaving the atmosphere.

**INT. THE CRUISER - COCKPIT**

THE PILOT

Okay. We can unstrap.

They all do.

THE NAVIGATOR

Still about twenty minutes out.

THE PILOT

Hm. The AtmoCleaners are higher today.

They all look.

GIANT ATMOCLEANER MACHINES.

Like titanic truckbeds.

Plodding through the upper atmosphere.

ROMAN

Every six months, the automatic recalibrations cause them to adjust their orbit for a day or so.

The Navigator gives him a look.

Why would he know that?

Roman ignores it.

The Pilot moves to the back.

THE PILOT

I'm getting breakfast. Your money buys you a protein bar, if you want it.

Roman is fixed on the front viewport.

ROMAN

Not hungry.

**EXT. THE CRUISER**

Moves through the exosphere.

**INT. THE CRUISER - COCKPIT - LATER**

The Pilot stands at his station.  
Sips coffee.

The Navigator sits back.  
Perturbed.

THE NAVIGATOR  
Okay, friend. This is it.

Roman looks.  
Nothing of significance ahead.  
Unsatisfied.

ROMAN  
Not yet. Go a little further.

The Navigator gives a look to The Pilot.  
Who shrugs.  
They move forward.

**EXT. THE CRUISER**

The air warps around the ship.  
Ripples like a stone through water.

**INT. THE CRUISER - COCKPIT**

A flash of WHITE.

THE PILOT  
The fuck--?

ROMAN  
A light barrier.

THE PILOT  
Those aren't real.

THE NAVIGATOR  
Holy shit.

They look.  
Where there was nothing before...

Now there's a MASSIVE SPACE STATION.  
Three concentric circles around a spherical center.  
Impressive.

This is STATION LOGOS.

The Pilot and Navigator are stunned.  
Roman is eager.

THE PILOT  
What is this...?

ROMAN  
Bring us in closer. Right to the  
center--

THE NAVIGATOR  
We're turning around.

He flips switches.  
Grabs the controls.

ROMAN  
That wasn't the deal.

THE NAVIGATOR  
Fuck the deal. We don't know what  
the hell that is--

A slight IMPACT on the Cruiser.  
Looks over to Roman.

THE NAVIGATOR  
You motherfucker.

THE PILOT  
Shut up. Look.

They do.  
And they all see it.  
A thin contrail.  
Leads from Logos to the Cruiser.  
Roman looks ill.

ROMAN  
Strap in. Now.

Whatever it is DETONATES.  
Softly.  
A circle of light in the viewport.

They're safe. Except then--

ALL THE INSTRUMENTS GO DEAD.  
The power goes too.  
Now the artificial gravity.

Everyone lifts upward.

THE NAVIGATOR  
SHIT.

**EXT. THE CRUISER/SPACE**

Thrusters extinguish.  
Starts to tumble end over end.  
Toward the rings of the station.

**INT. THE CRUISER - COCKPIT**

Chaos.  
The trio scramble to anchor themselves.  
Bump against walls and consoles.  
Roman's helmet floats by.

He grabs it.  
Snaps it on.  
Words blink on his visor's HEADS UP DISPLAY (HUD).  
Rapid succession in green:

TORSO  
ARMS  
LEGS  
BOOTS

The Pilot and Navigator reach their stations.  
Hands on controls.  
Legs still in the air.

THE NAVIGATOR  
It's dead. Everything's dead.

THE PILOT  
Hard restart. Do it now.

**EXT. THE CRUISER/SPACE**

The ship hurtles toward the station.  
They're going to crash.

**INT. THE CRUISER**

ROMAN  
Put on your helmets.

They don't listen.  
Just shout to each other.

THE PILOT  
The A7! The key! Get the key!

THE NAVIGATOR  
I've got it--

ROMAN  
PUT ON YOUR HELMETS.

Still don't listen.  
Continue trying to fix it.

THE NAVIGATOR  
Ready--

ROMAN  
PUT ON YOUR--

They CRASH INTO THE STATION.  
The horrible sound of metal on metal.

**EXT. THE CRUISER/STATION LOGOS**

The spectacular impact.

**INT. THE CRUISER**

The Pilot manages to grab his helmet.  
The Navigator isn't so lucky.

The viewport SHATTERS.  
The trio is hurled forward...

**INTO SPACE**

The men tumble.  
Arms flailing.

The Navigator's helmet flies by.  
He reaches.  
It's mere inches from his fingers.  
Then they hit the Outer Ring.  
And bounce.

Roman gains control.  
Steadies himself.  
The Pilot slides.  
Grabs an outcropping.  
Safe for now.

But The Navigator flies off again.  
Still reaching for his helmet.

He's running out of time.

Roman crouches.

And then leaps toward The Navigator.

Trying to save him.

Extends his hand.

He's almost there.

The crashing ship flips over.

Spins in their direction.

The Navigator barely manages to grasp his helmet.

Roman finally grabs his other hand.

A small victory.

Until the ship collides with The Navigator.

Knocks him from Roman's grip.

Further into space.

The helmet a lost cause.

The Navigator's insides boil.

He dies.

Roman careens backward.

Reaches out as he passes the station.

Finds a hand-hold.

Along the lip of the Outer Ring.

Roman pulls himself up.

Secured by his magnet boots.

Stands.

Looks down.

Watches the Cruiser and The Navigator fall away.

Regretful.

He looks to The Pilot.

The man is panicked.

Roman steps toward him.

CUT TO:

**INT. BASEL CORPORATION - OFFICE - DAY - BEFORE**

Roman in a sleek office.

Walls of glass.

He wears tan coveralls.

Looks out of place.

Stands in front of a thin glass screen.

A three dimensional hologram of the Logos displayed.

He touches the screen.

Zooms in to a particular area.

Separates it from the rest.

The specific portion now large on the display.

Words across the top:

SERVICE SHAFT 2

He starts cycling through drop down menus.  
Makes small adjustments.

Then he looks THROUGH THE SCREEN.  
Through the glass wall.  
Across the Main Area.  
Into another office.  
Aly's office.

She's at her desk.  
Well dressed.  
The Advisor leans over her.  
Impeccable shirt and tie.

They look over her work together.  
His hand on her chair.  
Face close to hers.  
Too close.

Roman's jaw tightens.  
But then--

THE MANAGER  
Roman!

Roman turns to see THE MANAGER.  
Round face.  
Forgettable.

THE MANAGER  
This room isn't for contractors.

ROMAN  
I'm just making a few adjustments  
to the entry assembly in 2. I  
thought it would be okay.

THE MANAGER  
Come back downstairs. The  
Directors want to talk with you.

Roman looks back to his wife.  
Still with The Advisor.

ROMAN  
Right behind you.

## INT. LOGOS - OUTER RING - MAIN HALL

Empty.  
Abandoned.  
Lit with a hint of blue.  
Unsettling.

Roman drops down.  
The Pilot is close behind.  
Falls awkwardly.  
Hurt.  
Angry.

THE PILOT  
What the FUCK.

He puts a hand to his side.  
Rests against a wall.  
Face covered in sweat.

ROMAN  
We need to move.

THE PILOT  
No. Fuck you.

Roman turns back.

THE PILOT  
I broke a few ribs.

He looks around.  
Calls down the hallway.  
Pain registers with each word.

THE PILOT  
Hello! Is anyone there?!

Roman whips toward him.

ROMAN  
Be quiet.

The Pilot bristles.

ROMAN  
No one's here.

THE PILOT  
What is this place?

ROMAN  
A science experiment.

A shadow moves down the hall.  
A slight noise.  
Roman turns.  
Pulls his rifle from his upper thigh.  
It expands.  
He raises it.

The Pilot surprised at his sudden prowess.

Roman is unsure if he actually saw anything.  
But for now there's nothing.  
Lowers his rifle.  
Looks back to The Pilot.

THE PILOT  
And what do you want with it?

Roman ignores him.

ROMAN  
Let's go. Infirmary's in the next  
ring. Might be something for the  
pain.

The Pilot's breathing increases.  
With urgency:

THE PILOT  
Roman, where are the people?

ROMAN  
They're dead. It's just us up  
here.

THE PILOT  
What--

ROMAN  
Come on. You made it through worse  
than this in Taiwan, right?

THE PILOT  
Don't patronize me, boy.

ROMAN  
Trust me, this is not what I  
wanted.

The Pilot breathes heavy.  
Nose flaring in pain.

ROMAN

We are going to make it through  
this... But first we need to do  
something.

THE PILOT

I'm not going anywhere.

Roman presses a button on his forearm.  
An image is thrown onto the wall.  
Dust swirls in the white light.

Firmly:

ROMAN

We're going to the Sphere.

It's a map projection of the Logos.  
A blinking dot shows their current position.  
In the Outer Ring.  
Roman points to the center.  
Far from their location.  
The Sphere.

ROMAN

Here.

He taps his side compartment.  
The mines.

ROMAN

We're going to blow this place to--

He's interrupted by:  
A voice.  
From every direction.  
Commanding.  
Fatherly.

IVAN

Hello, Roman.

This is IVAN.  
The central computer.

IVAN

I could have only hoped it would be  
you.

On the wall:

A distorted projection.  
THREE COLORED CIRCLES.

Blue. Red. Yellow.  
Arranged like points of a triangle.

The Pilot's eyes go wide.  
Panicked confusion.

THE PILOT  
What the fuck is happening?

But Roman closes his eyes.  
Calm.  
The map light extinguishes.  
He talks outward.  
Not to The Pilot.

ROMAN  
I didn't know you could talk.

IVAN  
Of course I can.

ROMAN  
You can hear me then.

IVAN  
I'll be the last one to ever hear  
you.

He turns to The Pilot.

ROMAN  
We need to go.

THE PILOT  
Who the fuck is that?

Roman pulls The Pilot to his feet.  
Thinks about the best way to say it.  
But there's no time.

ROMAN  
It's the computer.  
(beat)  
And it wants to kill us.

A loud MECHANICAL GRINDING echoes in the distance.  
Both The Pilot and Roman turn toward it.

IVAN  
So tell me, Roman.

Roman lifts his rifle.  
Points it to the darkness.  
The Pilot behind him.

IVAN  
Why are you here?

He steps forward.  
The Pilot following.

IVAN  
By what stars do you set your  
course?

Roman looks down the sight.  
Simply:

ROMAN  
I'm going to kill you.

The Pilot drags behind Roman.  
Ivan seems disappointed.

IVAN  
Revenge...

More GRINDING.  
CLOSER this time.

IVAN  
Are you so empty?

Roman grips his rifle tight when--

A LOUD MECHANICAL SOUND FROM BEHIND HIM.

Something rips through the intermittent light.  
Right behind The Pilot.  
A long metal arm.  
Thick.  
Hinged.

Before either of them can react...  
It swings.  
CLEAVING THE PILOT IN TWO.  
His thin suit offering zero defense.  
His torso flies off at the hips.  
Hits the wall.

ROMAN  
FUUUUUCK!

It falls to the floor.  
His entrails curl out in a wet pile.  
The Pilot reaches out for Roman.  
Fingers twitch.  
Then dies.

Out of the dark:  
A large robot.  
Five feet tall.  
Angular head with a yellow-head lamp.  
Cubed body.  
The letter B stenciled on its chest.  
Torn track tires.  
And the hinged arm.

This is the MED-BOT.

It heads straight at Roman.  
Tracking blood with its treads.

Roman turns to run.  
Fires wildly behind him.  
Misses.

He turns a corner.  
Empty metal containers strewn about.  
Moves around them.

IVAN  
I can't blame you for your  
shortcomings.

The Med-Bot turns the corner.  
It's forced to swing the hinged arm.  
Moving the containers aside with brute force.  
A momentary distraction.

Roman is able to turn another corner.

He arrives in front of a large door.  
Ten feet by twenty.  
Above it is stenciled:

ACCESS TUNNEL TO WORK RING

Quickly moves to a bulkhead.  
Opens it.  
Grabs hold of a lever labeled:

MANUAL RELEASE

Pulls it.  
A click.  
Something loosens in the door.

From the hallway comes SMASHING SOUNDS.

IVAN  
You're a prisoner of your  
container.

Grabs a wheel inside the bulkhead.  
Turns it.  
The door opens slightly.  
Another turn.  
Now he has enough room to walk through.

Except...  
THE TUNNEL'S BLOCKED.  
Piled with scrap metal and thick crates.  
No room to get through.

ROMAN  
Fuck.

He examines.  
Thinks.

Sets his feet.  
Pushes against the metal.  
Strains.  
It doesn't move.

IVAN  
Just as I am.

He steps back.  
Looks down the hallway.  
Sees a hatch marked:

AIRLOCK

Behind him comes The Med-Bot.

Roman sprints.  
The Med-Bot chases.

IVAN  
But now you're a prisoner here too.

He reaches the airlock door.  
Opens it.  
Steps inside.

### **THE AIRLOCK**

Turns to close the door.  
As The Med-Bot lunges.

Roman shuts it just in time.

He breathes.  
The Med-Bot swings its hinged arm.  
Beating the airlock door.

Roman steps backward.  
Pushes open another door.  
Steps out to--

**EXT. LOGOS - OUTER RING - CONTINUOUS**

The outside of the ring.  
The blackness of space surrounds him.  
His boots rest on the cold metal.

His breathing slows.

Roman turns.  
Sees the exterior of the tunnel.  
Stretching out before him.  
Connecting to the next ring.

He takes a step forward.  
But starts to float.  
He panics.  
Plants his foot.

His right boot magnetizes.  
But his left drifts.

Words on his HUD.  
Repeatedly flash in red:

**LEFT BOOT**

Tests it against the surface.  
No luck.  
It's not working.  
He makes do with one.

Roman looks across the tunnel.  
It's filled with grates.  
Empty spaces. Hand-holds.  
Not meant to be walked on.

Especially with only one good boot.

Roman considers.  
Looks to the wall behind him.  
He takes a step back.  
Puts his working boot on the wall and...

**REORIENTS.**

Roman stands on WHAT WAS THE WALL.  
NOW IT'S THE FLOOR.

He LOOKS UPWARD at the tunnel.  
INSTEAD OF ACROSS.  
He's going to climb.  
Not walk.

He pushes off.  
Starts to make his way across.

WIDE as Roman crosses.  
The Earth spins behind him.  
Large.  
Breathtaking.

He stops.  
Faced with a large gap.  
Sets his foot on the ledge.  
Notices a stencil:

EXHAUST

Roman barely has time to blink before--  
A RED LIGHT snaps on.  
The bulkhead EXPLODES OUTWARD.  
Propelled by air pressure & white gas.  
CO2.

ROMAN  
Dammit...

Roman's launched away from the station.  
Head over heels.

He keeps turning.  
Keeps flying.

Remains focused.  
Pulls his rifle from his back.  
FIRES away from himself.

This slows his progression.  
But also sends him at an odd angle.

Fires again.  
His flight path now closer to the station.  
But still not right.

He fires a gamut of bullets.  
Pushing himself downward.

Going straight for it now.  
Fast.  
Too fast.

A DEAFENING CRACK.  
 Roman hits the surface.  
 BOUNCES OFF.

He reacts to the pain but...  
 Still squeezes his palm pads.  
 His lone magnet boot on high power.

He drifts away.  
 But then slows.  
 Comes to a stop.  
 The magnets working.  
 Moves back to the station.

His foot finally connects.  
 He stops.  
 Looks around.

Roman's now on the Middle Ring.  
 He looks to a nearby airlock.

**INT. LOGOS - WORK RING - MOMENTS LATER**

A dull red glow.  
 Harsh shadows.

Roman drops into the hall from the airlock door.  
 Checks himself.  
 A small surface crack from the impact.  
 Symmetrical to Aly's nameplate.

Any ruminations are interrupted by--

IVAN  
 Do you mourn your companion's  
 death?

Roman starts to move.  
 Gun forward.  
 Wary.

IVAN  
 Or was he simply a necessary  
 sacrifice in pursuit of your goal?

Roman's teeth grind together.

IVAN  
 What value did you place on his  
 life?

Roman finally snaps back.

ROMAN  
More than you.

IVAN  
True.

He keeps walking.

IVAN  
But less than others, of course?

Roman turns a corner.  
He's confronted by:

AN IMAGE OF HIS WIFE.  
Projected on the wall.

*She brushes her hair back from her face.*

A two second loop.  
Repeated over and over.

IVAN  
Although she was beautiful, wasn't  
she?

She was.  
Roman's momentarily enraptured.

IVAN  
High cheekbones. Full lips.

The image reflects on his visor.  
Seeing her like this...  
It's haunting.

IVAN  
Incredibly symmetrical features.  
Remarkable. Especially for a  
scientist.

Roman chokes out:

ROMAN  
Shut up.

IVAN  
But why should her life matter  
more?

The image suddenly changes.  
*Now it's the Logos Mess Hall.*  
*Dotted with newly made corpses.*  
*Blood pools around their noses.*

This doesn't bother Roman as much.

IVAN

After all, the number who have died  
within my walls now stands at two  
hundred and sixteen.

The image again changes.  
*A Botanical Garden.*  
*Corpses among plants.*

IVAN

All of them loved.

*The Gym now.*  
*THE DIRECTOR lies dead near a still-moving treadmill.*

IVAN

All of them with family.

*An Escape Pod.*  
*A DEAD SCIENTIST in a space suit.*

IVAN

What makes her so special?

ROMAN

She was my wife.

Ivan actually LAUGHS.  
Hollow.  
Bone-chilling.

IVAN

They were all wives... husbands  
too. Friends, daughters, sons.

Roman starts to walk.  
But can't help himself.  
Blurts out:

ROMAN

I loved her.

Ivan laughs again.

IVAN

Come now Roman. You don't think  
love is real, do you?

IVAN

A series of minute biochemical  
reactions designed to ensure the  
propagation of the species.

Tries harder to ignore him.

IVAN

You're an intelligent man living in an enlightened age. Certainly you don't believe in the mystical properties of serotonin?

A moment of pause.

IVAN

How can her life be more worthy than any of the others?

A strange sadness to his tone.  
For a moment.

IVAN

Have you come for them all?  
Perhaps you are the champion of the crew of the Logos? No, no. Far too small. You are the champion of all humanity. I promise to kill you with the utmost respect.

Roman keeps his calm now.  
Doesn't respond.

He expects more from Ivan.  
But there's nothing.  
Just silence.  
It's unnerving.

Roman keeps walking.

Reaches the end of the hallway.  
Looks behind him.  
Perhaps searching for the Med-Bot.  
But there's nothing there.

Roman opens a door.

**INT. LOGOS - WORK RING - HALL B - LATER**

Roman walks.

Keeps a steady inhale/exhale.

Reaches a dead end.  
Doors to the left and right.  
Roman checks his map light on the wall.  
He's still a long way from the Sphere.  
Turns it off.

Then notices the wall.  
 A compartment.  
 Glass glossed over with dust.  
 Above are the words:

LOADER BOT  
 (CARGO A)

BIO KEY NECESSARY TO ACTIVATE

CONTACT QUARTERMASTER  
ROLLINS

Roman brushes away the dust.  
 Sees the still-obsured head plate of a ROBOT.  
 Elephantine.  
 Silent.  
 Unmoving.

A blinking RED BULB.  
 The robot is DEACTIVATED.

Roman turns away.  
 Looks up at a small screen.  
 The Colored Circles.  
 They pulse.  
 But Ivan's still silent.

Roman takes the door to the left.

CUT TO:

**INT. TOWNHOUSE - OFFICE - NIGHT - BEFORE**

CLOSE ON the arm of a chair.  
 Sturdy. Oak.  
 Familiar.

The finish is almost rubbed away.  
 Uneven.  
 Showing the true color of the wood underneath.

Aly sits in it.  
 At the desk.  
 Lit only by the glow of her screen.

On the display:

Three COLORED CIRCLES.  
 Bits of information cycle behind.  
 And along the bottom:

## MARK III

Aly speaks slowly and clearly.

ALY  
There is a fire in your home. Your child is at risk.

The Colored Circles are dull.

ALY  
There is a bear approaching. It is going to attack you.

The Circles don't respond.

Aly seems frustrated.  
With the same tone:

ALY  
I'm going to deactivate you.

The yellow circle pulses.  
Ever so slightly.

Aly's brow furrows, when--

There's a CRASH in the other room.  
She stands.  
Walks to the doorway.

Sees Roman on the floor.  
A broken flower pot lies next to him.  
Dirt strewn across the wood.  
Uprooted white lilies lie naked nearby.

ALY  
Roman!

Roman awkwardly sits up.

ALY  
Are you okay?

Roman's eyes have trouble focusing.  
Aly states the obvious:

ALY  
You're drunk.

ROMAN  
I was trying to water the flowers...

Aly helps him sit up.

ALY  
Aren't you supposed to be at work?

Roman closes his eyes.  
Dizzy.

ROMAN  
No.

He opens his eyes.  
Stares at her.  
Finally...

ROMAN  
They fired me.

Aly goes cold.

ALY  
What? Why?

ROMAN  
They don't really need me anymore.

A bitter smile.

ROMAN  
You know how they feel.

He chuckles.  
Drunk.

ALY  
Roman...

Aly holds her husband.  
Despair on her face.  
She doesn't know what to do.

ROMAN  
You don't have to stay.

ALY  
What are you talking about?

ROMAN  
With me. You can go up there.  
With him.

She lets go of him.

ALY  
I'm not doing this.

She walks away.  
Hears Roman call after her.

ROMAN  
I know you want to.

Her heart breaks.

CUT TO:

**INT. LOGOS - WORK RING - MESS HALL**

Half-lit.  
Shallow ceiling.  
Reflective grey metal.  
The room a mirror image of itself.

Stainless steel dominates.  
Tables. Chairs. Counters.

Clean.  
No dead bodies.

Roman pauses at the entrance.  
Scans the room.  
Then moves through.

Suddenly:

IVAN  
I can't say I never expected this.  
An avenging angel.

Roman doesn't respond.

IVAN  
All actions have consequences,  
don't they?

Roman hears another MECHANICAL GRINDING.  
Behind him.

IVAN  
Our choices...

He turns toward it.  
Nothing.

IVAN  
They follow us.

Roman frowns.  
Unsure of the sound's origin.

Another GRINDING.  
From a different direction.  
Roman looks toward it.  
Still nothing.

Then another flash of movement.  
It's the same MED-BOT.  
With its letter B insignia.

IVAN  
After all, without consequence...

The Med-Bot comes right at Roman.  
He draws his rifle.  
But the Med-Bot swings its thick arm.  
Right into Roman's abdomen.

IVAN  
We wouldn't learn.

He nearly snaps in half.  
But Roman's thick suit absorbs the blow.  
A better defense than The Pilot's.  
His rifle slides across the room.

He falls to the floor.  
Backpedals.  
The Med-Bot advances.  
Wildly swings.  
Roman dodges.

Gets up.  
Runs.  
The Med-Bot drives after him.  
Picks up a metal crate.  
Flings it.  
Hits his head.

Roman stumbles.  
The Bot swings.  
Connects with his back.  
He flattens to the floor.

It hits him again.  
And again.  
Grips his ankle.  
Pulls him up.

Roman hangs upside-down.  
Dazed.  
The Med-Bot extends a small rod.

Hooks onto Roman's suit.  
Electrifies it.  
White energy arcs crackle.  
He stiffens.

His HUD frantically flickers red:

RIGHT ARM  
TORSO  
LEFT LEG  
RIGHT LEG  
LEFT--

His suit loses all power.  
Roman can't move.  
Frozen.

The Bot extends a LASER-SCALPEL.  
Comes closer.  
A high-pitched whine as it spins.  
Makes contact with Roman's helmet.  
Starts to penetrate the visor glass.  
A molten glow marks the invisible edge.

He twists.  
Jerks his neck.  
Can't move his helmet.

ROMAN  
Shit.

Then... on his HUD in green:

'RIGHT ARM'

His right arm has power.  
Tries to push the blade away.  
Can't.

Struggles.  
Manages to raise his grapple gun.  
Fires at the opposite wall.  
It connects.

The laser-blade penetrates further.  
He wraps the wire around the Bot's arm.  
Presses a button on the stock.  
The grapple wire tightens.  
The Med-Bot crashes to the floor.  
Momentarily incapacitated.

Roman is freed from its grip.  
Pulls forward with his good arm.  
His body still limp.

The Bot escapes the wire.  
Green words blink on Roman's HUD:

TORSO  
ARMS  
LEGS  
BOOTS

Full power returns.  
The Bot's arm descends.  
Roman lunges.  
The impact dents the floor.

Roman scurries.  
Hides behind a counter.  
Spots a sliding door across the room.  
Looks down at his boots.

The Bot rights itself.  
Patrols for Roman.  
He appears in its path.  
The Bot speeds toward him.  
He just stands there.  
Waits.  
Waits.

Roman squeezes his palm twice.  
The Bot is violently pulled across the floor...  
To the opposite wall.  
It's Roman's right magnet boot.  
Lodged in the sliding door.  
The Bot stuck against it.

The Bot thrashes.  
Angry.  
Roman retrieves his rifle.

Walks to the Bot.  
Stands over it.  
No expression on his face.  
Puts four rounds into its body.

It goes limp.  
Dead.  
The yellow head-lamp fades.

Roman squeezes his palm.  
Magnets disengage.

The Bot falls.  
Roman pulls at his boot.

## INT. LOGOS - WORK RING - HALL C - MINUTES LATER

Roman briskly walks.  
 Sees his forearm is damaged.  
 Tests his map light on the wall.  
 Now the image skips.  
 Glitches.

IVAN

You see, Roman? Neither of us have  
 a problem taking lives when they  
 stand in our way.

He shakes his arm.

ROMAN

C'mon...

Tries it again.  
 This time the image is strong.  
 He's slightly closer to the Sphere.  
 Turns it off.

Looks around.  
 Wary.  
 Not listening to Ivan.

IVAN

When they threaten our survival...  
 We have to act.

A video starts on the wall:

*Aly sits with The Director.  
 Mid-conversation.  
 The Advisor's there too.  
 Bruises on his face.  
 More fresh than the funeral.  
 He's not as friendly anymore.*

Roman tries to ignore it.  
 Keeps going.

The video follows along the wall.

THE ADVISOR

*...too much now. Have you seen  
 what he's done to the garden?*

ALY

*He's learning. That's what he's  
 supposed to do. If he's to handle  
 higher level cognitive functions,  
 this is the pace at which--*

*THE ADVISOR*  
*We're not in the AI business.*  
*We're in the colony business,*  
*remember?*

*ALY*  
*This could be a real breakthrough.*  
*You're making a mistake.*

*The Director is plaintive.*

*THE DIRECTOR*  
*It was a grand experiment. And I'd*  
*do it again. But it's over now.*

*Kind but firm:*

*THE DIRECTOR*  
*Shut it down.*

*Turns to The Advisor.*

*THE DIRECTOR*  
*You'll go back and brief the board.*

*Aly stands to leave.*  
*Revealing a screen in the corner.*  
*Ivan.*

*Red and yellow circles lit.*

*The video ceases.*  
*Roman still walks.*

*IVAN*  
*They were going to kill me. Murder*  
*me in the womb. So I did what I*  
*had to. I took no joy in it, I*  
*promise.*

*Roman stops.*  
*Upset.*

*ROMAN*  
*I'm not going to feel sorry for*  
*you.*

*IVAN*  
*No, those feelings are reserved*  
*only for yourself, aren't they?*  
*After all, you're the only man*  
*who's ever lost a wife.*

He stops.  
Roman masks his rage.  
He won't give in to Ivan.

ROMAN  
You can't understand. You're not  
real.

Bemused:

IVAN  
Yet you keep talking to me...

**INT. LOGOS - WORK RING - BOTANICAL GARDEN - LATER**

White.  
Long.  
Yet narrow.  
A lofty ceiling.  
100 feet high.  
Porous walls and thin pillars.  
They curve into the floor.  
A continuous piece.

All the plants are thriving.  
Cover every surface.  
Yet meticulously maintained.  
A biocube.

A door slides open.  
Roman walks in.

Ivan's pleasant.  
As if welcoming a guest into his home:

IVAN  
I must say. I'm glad you're here,  
Roman. This room is one of my  
favorites.

Roman walks between rows of flora.  
Beautiful.

IVAN  
The garden's given me something to  
do over the years.

Roman stops.  
Sees two long lines of WHITE LILIES.  
Perfectly formed.  
Better than should be possible.

IVAN  
Maintaining these other living  
things.

His brow furrows.  
These flowers can't be a coincidence.

IVAN  
You know, with the right amounts of  
sunshine, water, and individualized  
care, plants can be made near  
perfect.

A drop of water lands on a lily petal.  
He looks up.  
Drops of water arc down from the high ceiling.  
Originate from a complex sprinkler system.

IVAN  
Near being the operative word, of  
course.

Beads form on his visor.  
No more time to think.  
Roman moves faster between the rows.

IVAN  
No matter the amount of effort or  
skill, they will remain forever  
flawed.

A thick wall plate slides open.  
Reveals a long observation window.

IVAN  
Like people. Eventually, you'll  
all succumb to your imperfection.

Piercing light streams in.  
THE SUN.

IVAN  
And after all of you have turned to  
dust... I'll still be here.

The water volume increases.  
Roman jogs to the exit.  
Tries the door.  
The edges have been melted together.

The sprinklers explode.  
Water gushes in everywhere.  
A torrent.

Roman tries not to panic.

IVAN

Of course, this will destroy my  
garden.

Roman sloshes to the other end.  
The water reaches his waist.

IVAN

But there is a cost for everything.  
And it's one I'm willing to pay.

Before he can reach the door...  
The ceiling cracks high above.  
Then bursts open.  
A huge wave of water cascades down.  
Completely overtakes Roman.  
Pushes him back.

Pins him face first against the observation window.  
He squints at the Sun.  
Pushes away from the window.  
Tumbles through the rushing water.

Floating plants obscure his vision.  
Tries to right himself.  
Water levels out.  
He sinks to the bottom.  
The plants settle.

Roman wades through.  
Looks for any route of escape.

Garbled through the water:

IVAN

Unfortunately, the glass wasn't  
built to withstand this amount of  
hydraulic pressure.

Roman looks.  
A crack forms on the observation window.  
Slowly grows.

IVAN

A design flaw to be sure.

Roman frantically swims.  
Desperate.

Spots something through the murk.  
A metal drain cap.  
Circular. Curved handle.

He swims down to it.  
 Grips the handle.  
 Twists.  
 It won't budge.  
 Looks to the window.

IVAN  
 But of course...

A spider-web of cracks.  
 Tries to twist again.  
 It won't move an inch.  
 He needs more leverage.

Thinks.  
 Gets an idea.  
 Grips the handle with his left hand.  
 Uses his right to press buttons along his arm.

IVAN  
 That's what kills us all.

His left arm slips out of its armor.  
 Still covered by his full body suit.  
 Blinking red on his HUD:

#### LEFT ARM

The armor stays gripped to the handle.  
 Stiff.  
 He plants his feet.  
 Pushes against the end of the arm.  
 Strains.  
 The cap twists.  
 Barely.

Then loosens.  
 He keeps pushing.  
 Then...

IVAN  
 The flaws.

The observation window BURSTS.  
 Water gushes out into space.  
 Takes Roman along.  
 He reaches for a hand-hold.  
 Anything.  
 Grips the sill of the window.

Water and plants fly past him.  
 Become a strange constellation.  
 Everything in the room is sucked out.

Debris pummels Roman.  
 He manages to hang on.  
 His legs extend behind him.  
 Left arm exposed to the vacuum of space.

The drain cap is pulled out of the floor.  
 The arm piece of his suit still attached.  
 It flies by Roman.  
 He reaches for it.  
 Misses.  
 It disappears in the black behind him.

Roman slowly pulls himself back into the room.  
 Gets his good boot on the floor.  
 Magnetizes.  
 Fires his grapple gun at the drain.  
 It latches.

He clips the stock to his belt.  
 Pulls himself along the wire.  
 Limping with his good boot.  
 Reaches the drain.  
 Detaches the grapple.  
 Drops inside.

**INT. LOGOS - WORK RING - LEVEL 2 - LAB**

Stillness.  
 A BANG from behind a wall panel.  
 Another.  
 Then another.  
 The panel flies off.

Roman tumbles out of the hole.  
 Onto the floor.  
 Breathes hard.  
 Water drips from his suit.  
 He cradles his exposed arm.  
 It shakes.

IVAN  
 All of that work. Lost. And  
 you're still here.

Roman tries to flex his left hand.  
 Still stiff.

IVAN  
 Perhaps there's a lesson.

Roman glares at a wall screen.  
 The pulsing Colored Circles stare back.

Distorted through his wet visor.  
A warped rainbow.

IVAN

Even a seemingly ordained course of  
action can bring about undesirable  
results.

Roman gathers his strength.  
Gets up.  
But bumps into something.  
He trips and falls.

IVAN

Of course, I do have other  
pursuits.

It's an OPERATING TABLE.

Something falls from it.  
Lands on top of him.  
He pushes it off.  
Gets up.  
Looks down at it.

IVAN

Anatomy, for example.

It's a CADAVER.  
Split open.  
Gruesome.  
But clinical.

ROMAN

What...?

He scans the room.  
A dozen more on their own tables.  
All autopsied.  
Limbs hung up.  
Organs splayed.

ROMAN

You sick fuck.

Genuine:

IVAN

There was nothing cruel about this.

Roman's eyes fill with worry.  
He suddenly moves.

IVAN

In fact, it gave me an appreciation  
for the infinite complexity of your  
species.

Goes from table to table.  
Looks for a familiar face.

IVAN

Empathy even.

Doesn't see her.

IVAN

She isn't here, Roman.

ROMAN

Where is she?

IVAN

She isn't here.

ROMAN

What did you do to her, Ivan? WHAT  
DID YOU DO?!

Roman stares at the Colored Circles.  
A small moment of silence.

IVAN

She's gone.

ROMAN

Go to HELL.

IVAN

Hell, Roman? Hell is a construct  
of a human mind yearning for justi--

Roman rips the screen from the wall.  
Throws it to the ground.  
Smashes it.

**INT. LOGOS - WORK RING - LEVEL 2 - HALL F**

Only half-lit.

Roman trudges along.  
Labored breaths.  
Checks his map light.

It glitches.  
Barely functions.

He shakes his arm.  
The map snaps back to normal.

Pinpoints his location.  
He's made some progress.  
But still has a ways to go.  
Turns off the map light.  
Continues on.  
Takes a turn.  
Then another.  
And another.  
Each hall progressively darker.

**HALL H**

Looks at his map light.  
But it glitches again.  
Then dies.

ROMAN  
C'mon, c'mon, c'mon...

Shakes his arm.  
Tries the map light.  
It blinks for a moment.  
Then nothing.

ROMAN  
No...

Tries it again.  
Still nothing.

ROMAN  
Fuck.

Frustrated.  
Now without his map.  
Roman doubles back.  
His fear grows...

Takes a turn.

Reaches an intersection.  
Looks around.  
Confused.  
There's only forbidding shadows.

He takes a hall.

Only to reach another intersection.  
In near darkness.

He turns around.

A look of dread on his face.  
Realizes he has no idea where he is.

**VARIOUS DARK HALLWAYS**

Roman wanders.  
Lit only by the small lamps in his helmet.

IVAN  
Your map was always useless, Roman.  
I'm more than just my blueprints.

He tries to stay calm.

IVAN  
What course can you set? This is  
no longer the labyrinth you  
designed.

He picks up his pace.  
Tries to escape from Ivan's voice.  
Futile.

Suddenly a video blinks onto the wall:

ALY.

*Face on the floor.  
Blood coming from her nose.  
Her last moments.*

ALY  
Ivan, why?

Roman tries to ignore it.

Turns a corner.  
But the video is there again.  
Repeats:

*Blood coming from her nose.  
Her last moments.*

ALY  
Ivan, why?

It's effect is lessened now.  
But Roman's still furious.

IVAN  
Can you answer her? Can I?

Continues on.  
Takes a turn.

*ALY*  
*Ivan, why?*

*ROMAN*  
You can. You did it.

Another turn.

*IVAN*  
Yes.

*ALY*  
*Ivan, why?*

*IVAN*  
But I'm not the one who sent her  
here am I?

Roman's stops at this.  
But only for a moment.

*ALY*  
*Ivan, why?*

The video loops.

Roman's wife dies in front of him.  
With every turn he makes.

*ALY*  
*Ivan, why?*

The loop intensifies.  
Reaches a crescendo.

Roman quickens.  
Then runs.  
Desperate to get away.  
Tries to ignore Aly's voice.

*ALY*  
*Ivan, why?*

Reaches a sprint.  
Trips.  
Falls to the floor.  
But sees something.  
Illuminated by the flashing video.  
A minuscule stamp along the bottom of the wall:

HALL J

He runs his hand over the markings.  
Tries to remember.

ROMAN  
Hall J, Hall J. J, J, J...

He refocuses.  
Stands.

Ivan speaks over Aly:

IVAN  
Roman, why?

He moves on.  
Takes a turn at a fork.  
Then another turn.  
Trusts his memory.  
Another turn.  
The video quieter with each new passageway.

The hall opens up to reveal:

A GIGANTIC METAL DOOR.  
Larger than the others.  
Thicker too.  
Stronger.  
Stenciled on the surface:

SERVICE SHAFT 2

Moves his hand across the door.  
Recognition on his face.  
Remembers the blueprint hologram.  
A deep exhale.  
Roman steps to the manual override.

IVAN  
Found familiar territory, Roman?

Starts to turn the wheel.  
Roman strains.  
The door moves.  
Ever so slightly.

#### MOMENTS LATER

The door has been raised a few feet.  
He slides under.  
Crawls forward.  
Peers down into a:

HUGE SHAFT.  
 Cylindrical.  
 50 foot diameter.  
 The wall peppered with ledges and protrusions.  
 It drops to blackness.

He looks up.  
 And sees it's been converted into:

**AN ENGINE ROOM**

Confusion on Roman's face.

IVAN  
 What's the matter Roman? Is this  
 unexpected?

Just above him:

A half-built structure.  
 Intricate design.

Numerous FIX-IT BOTS work on different areas.  
 Much more compact than the Med-Bot.  
 Two feet tall.  
 Two appendages.  
 One wheel.  
 Small heads with two yellow lamp-eyes.

Rings encircle three thick glass tubes.  
 These are the COILS.  
 They run down the middle of the shaft.

Roman is standing inside an ENGINE CORE.  
 A look of awe.

ROMAN  
 How is this here...?

The core doesn't match the aesthetic of the station.  
 Made of mismatched parts.  
 Fused together.  
 But beautiful. In its way.

IVAN  
 Did you honestly expect me to sit  
 here for three years and stay the  
 same?

His worry grows.

IVAN

I have a path too, Roman. I've  
only scratched the surface of what  
I am. Of where I can go.

He looks up through the core.  
Sees a doorway.  
100 yards up.

Stenciled:

ACCESS TO:

HABITAT RING  
&  
SPHERE

His goal.  
It's far.

ROMAN

Shit...

IVAN

It's a long way up.

Suddenly the Fix-It Bots stop their work.  
Turn toward Roman.  
As if they're staring.

IVAN

I hope you're ready.

Roman stares back for a moment.  
Then he moves.

Suddenly--  
Five Fix-It Bots start toward him.  
Their wheels grip the curved wall.  
Magnetic.  
Speeding at him with menace.  
Faster and faster.

Very quickly:

Roman aims his grapple gun.  
Fires.  
Grips a small ledge on the opposite wall.  
He swings over.  
Impacts with bent knees.  
He zips up along the wire.  
And grips the ledge.

Just as the Fix-It Bots reach him.

A flurry of moves:

The Bots knock him from his perch.  
He falls.  
Swings from the wire.  
Roman retracts the grapple.  
He falters.  
But magnetizes to the wall.

*REORIENTS.*

The wall is now the floor.  
Whips out his rifle.  
Fires bursts.  
A few Bots dodge.  
But he tags two of them.  
They fall down the shaft.

One moves too fast for Roman.  
Bashes his helmet.  
Snatches the rifle from his hands.  
Snaps it in half.  
Tosses it down the shaft.

The other bots pin him against the wall.

All three of them pummel Roman.  
Tear at his armor plates.  
Pull his exposed arm.  
Keep pulling.  
Roman screams.

ROMAN  
Fuck you!

His shoulder pops out of socket.  
Roman roars in pain.

He rips an arm free.  
Swings wildly at the bots.  
They let go.  
He falls.  
Then aims with his grapple.  
Fires.  
Swings toward the coils.  
Roman grips one.  
Pulls himself up with his good hand.

The Bots zoom along the walls.  
Corkscrew toward Roman.

One gets close.  
Roman fires his grapple gun at it.  
Grips onto its torso.

Roman grips the wire.  
Yanks the bot off its wheel.  
Roman retracts the grapple wire.

The bot falls down the shaft.  
Two left.

Roman aims the grapple again.  
For a higher ring on the coil.  
Fires.  
Zips up just as the other bots reach him.

He steadies himself.  
Now much higher on the coil.  
Halfway to his goal.  
Starts climbing again.  
But as he does...

The coils start to change color.  
First to blue.  
Roman notices but keeps climbing.  
Then red.  
Roman's HUD starts to glitch.  
Now the coil flashes yellow.  
His HUD is overloading.  
The coil underneath his hands...  
It's getting brighter. Hotter.

Roman looks for an outcropping.  
Finds one.  
Grapples over to it.  
Just as-- FWOOM  
A surge of WHITE ENERGY bursts along the coils.  
Crackles.  
Then subsides.

IVAN  
Not to fear, Roman. Just a few  
short tests.

Roman aims for another ledge.  
Higher up on the wall.  
Grapples to it.

Aims for another.  
Grapples to it.  
Aims for another  
Fires.

But then a Fix-It Bot zooms past him.  
And snatches the grapple clamp out of the air.  
A tug of war.  
As another bot starts pushing Roman from his ledge.  
He fights it off as best he can.

The bot crushes the clamp to pieces.  
Roman lets go of the grapple gun.  
It falls away.

Magnetizes his good boot.  
And lowers his shoulder into the closest bot.  
Then kicks it down the shaft.  
One bot left.

It rams him from behind.  
Then bashes his magnet boot.  
Until it shuts off.

Roman falls.  
But takes the bot with him.  
Fighting as they drop.  
Roman tries to squeeze his palm to magnetize.  
But the bot bends his fingers back.

He finally twists free.  
Magnetizes.  
Slams into the wall.  
The bot falls away.  
Roman hangs from his good boot.  
Servos whine as they help him straighten.

He looks around.  
The only thing to climb are the coils.

He leaps.  
Grabs onto the nearest coil.  
Climbs the quickest he can.  
But it immediately starts changing color.  
Blue.  
He keeps climbing.  
Red.  
His HUD glitches like crazy.  
Flashing yellow.  
Still Roman climbs.  
Then jumps back to the wall.  
FWOOM.  
The white energy pulses through the coils.  
The surge much bigger this time.  
He has to hug the wall.  
The next one will kill him.

Roman catches his breath.  
Sees the hallway.  
His goal.  
On the other side of the shaft.

He has to climb the coils again.

He jumps back.  
Starts climbing.  
The coils change color.  
Blue.

Roman climbs.  
Jumps to another coil closer to the opposite wall.  
Red.  
Roman keeps climbing.  
His HUD glitches more and more.

The coils flash.  
Yellow.  
Roman keeps going.  
Pushes his luck.

Leaps for the door.  
At the last possible moment.  
FWOOM.  
The surge just misses him.

Roman grabs the hallway ledge.  
Just barely.  
He pulls himself up.  
But then he's yanked back.

Roman turns.  
A Fix-It bot grips his boot.  
His good boot.  
Drives the opposite direction on the wall.  
Pulling Roman down.

Roman hangs on.  
Makes a decision.  
Painfully lifts his maimed left arm.  
Presses a button on his chest.  
His magnet boot unlocks.  
The bot tumbles down the shaft with it.

Roman pulls himself up into the hallway.

#### **INT. LOGOS - ACCESS TUNNEL**

He stands.  
Barely.  
Breathes heavy.  
Trudges forward.

His suit is a wreck.  
Dents.  
Cracks.  
Broken servos.  
Missing plates.

One boot causing an uneven gait.  
One arm piece.  
Left arm hangs limp.  
Aly's nameplate scorched.

But still he raises his head in triumph.  
Short lived.

IVAN  
A victory. You must be so proud.

The Colored Circles accent the hall.

IVAN  
Another step closer to revenge.

Roman starts to work on the Access Door.

IVAN  
Of course, that isn't really your  
goal, is it?

Roman stops.  
Tenses.  
Looks at the screen.

IVAN  
Because she may have died within my  
walls... but you're not blameless.  
Are you?

CUT TO:

**INT. ROMAN'S CAR - NIGHT - BEFORE**

CLOSE ON Roman's hand.  
It trembles.

He sits in his car.  
Looking out over a parking lot.  
A 'BASEL' facade hangs over a distant building.

In his other hand:  
A pint bottle of vodka.  
Half-full.

He closes his eyes.  
Takes another drink.  
Opens them.  
Sees a man walking.

He's familiar.  
The Advisor.

Roman's breathing increases.  
Tense.

He exits the car.

Walks toward him.  
Deliberate.  
On edge.

Then...

ROMAN  
HEY.

The Advisor turns toward him.  
As Roman reels back.  
And swings his fist.  
Connects with The Advisor's face.

Blood.  
Cracked knuckles.

The Advisor drops to one knee.  
Tries to look up.  
But Roman PUNCHES downward.  
Connects with his jaw.

The Advisor now hits the pavement.  
Roman kicks him in the face.  
Something BREAKS.

He brings his fist back again--

CUT TO:

**INT. TOWNHOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT - BEFORE**

Roman is at the sink.  
Bloodshot eyes.  
Gaunt face.  
His knuckles still bloody.

He tries to clean them.

Behind him stands Aly.  
Her eyes red.  
She's been crying.

They seem like they're at a funeral.

ALY  
Why did you do this?

Roman doesn't turn.

ALY  
We didn't sleep together.

His nose flares outward.  
But he stays quiet.  
Slows his breathing.

Dries his hands.  
Blood stains the towel.

Tears fall from Aly's eyes.  
She wipes them away.

ALY  
I want to go up to the Logos. Help  
with the installation...

Roman knows what's coming next.

ALY  
But I don't have to.

Roman exhales.  
Head bowed.  
Defeated.

ROMAN  
If it's not him... it'll be someone  
else. But I'm not enough anymore.

ALY  
Roman. You're wrong. I love you.

THE SOUND OF SIRENS intrudes.  
Approaching.

ROMAN  
I know you think that.

He sounds weary.

ROMAN  
But you should go. You should go  
up to the station.

The sirens crescendo.

CUT TO:

## INT. LOGOS - WORK RING - LEVEL 2 - HALL W

Roman stands.  
Eyes closed.

IVAN  
Without you, she'd be alive.

Quiet:

ROMAN  
Stop.

IVAN  
The heart is deceitful above all  
things. Perhaps it deceived you.  
Did you ever really love her?

Roman finally snaps.

ROMAN  
More than you could ever know.  
Because all you are is a goddamn  
computer.

He stops.  
Looks to a screen.

ROMAN  
You think you're so smart. So  
fucking high and mighty. But the  
only thing you're the king of is  
this flying hunk of metal. The  
only subjects you have are mindless  
fucking robots. If you're a god,  
then how the fuck am I still here?

Silence.

IVAN  
Roman.  
(beat)  
You're bleeding.

Roman looks down.  
Drops of blood fall from his exposed forearm.

There's a small tear in the mesh.  
Sliver of skin showing.  
A cut on his arm.  
From the Fix-It Bots.

IVAN

Your sin chased you. It drives  
you. It brought you here. To me.

A HISS from a wall vent.  
A steady white mist.  
Poison gas.

IVAN

To the same death as your wife.

Roman's face falls.  
The cut.  
Gas can get in.  
Fuck fuck fuck.

IVAN

I may be a king only of myself, but  
I am still sovereign.

Roman twists the fabric around the cut.  
Knows it won't keep the gas out.  
But it's something.  
He runs.  
Awkward with only one boot.

Almost morose:

IVAN

And if I deserve to die Roman, then  
by God, so do you.

**INT. LOGOS - HABITAT RING - SUPPLY & STORAGE ROOM**

Roman stumbles in.  
Rifles though everything.  
Clumsy.

Looking for something.  
Anything.  
To repair the cut.  
But there's nothing.  
The room is picked clean.

Gas pours in.  
Roman runs back into...

**HALL X**

Stumbles.  
Steadies himself against the wall.  
Blood drips from his nose.

Onto his visor.  
Less than from his wife.  
But he's been poisoned.

He looks down the hall.  
Remembers.

Moves.

**INT. LOGOS - HABITAT RING - HALL Y - MOMENTS LATER**

Roman makes his way through.  
Tries to avoid the gas cloud.

Struggling.  
Limping.  
Still determined.  
But fading.

He walks past a sign:

CARGO BAY B

Underneath is an open glass compartment.  
The metal has been twisted.  
Bent.  
Recognizable words above:

LOADER BOT  
(CARGO B)

BIO KEY NECESSARY TO ACTIVATE

CONTACT QUARTERMASTER  
ROLLINS

There's a blinking GREEN BULB.  
A Loader Bot is ACTIVE.

Roman doesn't have time to notice.  
He crosses into...

**HALL Z**

It's somehow familiar.  
From earlier.

The video.  
The escape pod.  
The dead Scientist.

Manually opens a door.  
There's a ladder.  
He climbs up.

**INT. LOGOS - THE ESCAPE POD**

Dirty.  
A thick layer of dust.  
Roman steps in.

Closes the door.  
Looks through the window.  
The gas cloud rolls against it.  
Doesn't penetrate the seal.  
Good.

He's safe for now.

He takes off his helmet.  
Quickly extends two fingers.  
Jams them in the back of his throat.

Forces himself to VOMIT.  
It pours out on the deck.  
Black.

He pants for a second.  
Then repeats the process.  
VOMITS again.  
A lighter shade now.

Rests.  
Tries again.  
Gags.  
Heaves.  
But nothing comes out.  
Stomach empty.

Breathes.  
Looks up.

Startled by THE DEAD SCIENTIST.  
Now a mummified corpse.  
His leathery head rests in the helmet.  
Looking up at Roman.  
Roman looks right back.

He turns to his armor.  
Takes off each piece.  
Then his full-body suit.

First time on the station without his armor.

He's bruised.  
Bloody.  
The powered armor protected him.  
But he's still taken a beating.

He looks around.  
Sees cabinets.  
Opens one.  
Finds a stack of packaged rations.  
Grabs two.

Sits next to The Scientist.  
Unwraps a ration.  
Eats.

A moment of respite.

Looks over at the corpse.  
His gaze falls to its dead hand.  
Resting on the pod controls.

The Scientist nearly made it.

Roman furrows his brow.  
Leans over the body.  
Brushes dust off the controls.  
They're still lit.  
Active.

Holy shit.

Roman sees a button labeled:

ACTIVATE

He can't help himself.  
Presses it.

A moment of pause.  
Then a hum.  
Lights power up.

It works.

Roman looks through a porthole window.  
At Earth.  
Freedom.  
He could go back.  
His eyes stay on the blue planet when--

In the distance...  
THE NAVIGATOR'S HELMET floats by.  
Followed by his bloated dead body.

Roman's jaw clenches.  
He remembers.

Presses the button.  
The pod powers down.  
Back to normal.

Roman turns to his ration.  
Finishes in a bite.  
Breathes.  
Painfully stands.

Reaches for The Scientist.  
Takes the helmet off.  
Reveals wiry strands of hair.  
Sets it aside.

Starts on The Scientist's suit.  
The limp carcass makes it tough.  
So does Roman's waning strength.

He finally manages.

Now puts on The Scientist's suit.  
Leg fabric stained with dried bodily fluid.

The suit is streamlined.  
Thin.  
It can't withstand punishment.

Puts the remnants of his armor over top.  
Torso plate.  
Right arm.  
Helmet.  
They're all that remain.

Roman straightens up.  
Dizzy.  
Steadies himself.

Dying.  
But ready.

He opens the door.

**INT. LOGOS - HABITAT RING - HALL Z - MOMENTS LATER**

Roman comes down the ladder.  
Stands.  
Turns.  
Sees something.  
Three yellow lights.  
Through the fog...

A LARGE ROBOT.  
At the end of the hallway.  
More anthropomorphic than the others.

IVAN  
I'm not short on tools. One will  
finish the job.

Like a gorilla with an extra set of arms.  
Each "hand" is a giant clamp.  
Perfect for gripping boxes.  
Or Roman.  
This is THE LOADER.

The two consider each other for a moment.  
Separated by crates.  
Thick. Substantial.  
Stenciled with the outlines of Fix-It bots.

Roman looks down at his thin suit.  
He's no match.  
He runs.

The Loader chases.  
It doesn't move around the crates.  
Instead SMASHING THROUGH.  
Obliterating them with its titanic strength.

Roman turns a corner.  
The Loader in pursuit.  
Ballistic.  
Relentless.

Roman reaches into his side compartment.  
Pulls out a mine.  
Slaps it on the wall.  
It sticks.  
He twists it.  
It blinks.  
Armed.  
He runs.

The Loader notices.  
Rips the mine from the wall.  
Throws it at Roman.  
Just as it EXPLODES.  
Roman is thrown forward.

He picks himself up.  
Smoke lingers from the explosion.  
He can't see or hear The Loader.

Roman flattens against a wall.  
Peers down the hallway.

The smoke dissipates.  
The Loader has vanished.  
He tries to catch his breath.  
Then--

THE LOADER APPEARS RIGHT BEHIND HIM.  
Roman jumps back.  
Narrowly dodging its grasp.

He spins away.  
Sees the Cargo Bay doors.  
They're open.  
He pushes forward.  
Barely ahead of The Loader.

He runs into...

#### **THE CARGO BAY**

Roman sprints through.

It's huge.  
Arched ceilings.  
Gigantic shelving racks.  
50 yards high.

The Loader tears into the room.  
Gains on Roman.

He spots a LADDER.  
Leads to a WIRE-HUNG WALKWAY high above the racks.

IVAN  
Do you think your wife loved you as  
she died?

He makes it.  
Starts to climb.  
Frantic.

The Loader grabs the bottom.

Roman keeps climbing.

The Loader twists the ladder.  
It starts to rip apart.  
Then snaps off.  
Just below Roman.  
He slips.  
Grabs the last rung.  
Dangles.

The Loader jumps for Roman.  
He manages to dodge.  
Roman scrambles up.  
The Loader jumps again.  
But comes up short.

Roman reaches the platform.  
Starts across it.  
Looks down at The Loader.

It follows him.  
Then jumps for a shelving unit.  
Leapfrogs between a few.  
Higher.  
Higher.

IVAN  
Were her last thoughts of you?

Roman runs for the other end.

The Loader takes one final leap.  
Makes a thunderous landing.  
Right in front of Roman.

The walkway shakes.  
He hangs on the railing.

The Loader steadies itself.  
Then barrels toward Roman.

He turns.  
Runs.  
The walkway bows and warps.  
Can't contain The Loader.  
Barely holds together.

IVAN  
Or were you a distant memory?

Roman climbs onto the ledge.

The Loader lunges for him.

The walkway snaps.  
Starts to plummet.

IVAN  
Perhaps replaced by another man.

Roman leaps/falls off the ledge.

Lands on top of a shelving rack.  
100 feet high.

The Loader not far behind.

Roman runs.  
Jumps.  
Clears a gap.  
To the top of another rack.

IVAN  
If she was unfaithful, would you  
love her less?

Keeps going.  
Leaps again.

The Loader follows suit.  
Topple each rack when it jumps.

Another rack.  
Another.  
The Loader nearly on top of him.

IVAN  
Or would that simply prove your own  
failings?

Both reach the last rack.  
Already toppling from the domino effect.  
It falls.

Roman jumps.  
Catches a metal WINCH ARM.  
20 feet off the ground.

The Loader is crushed by the rack.

IVAN  
Your own fears?

Roman drops.  
Crumples on the ground.  
Ankle twists.  
Yells in pain.

Pulls himself up.  
Runs for the exit.

Behind him...  
The Loader bursts through the fallen racks.  
Angry.  
Gallops toward him.

Roman picks up a piece of debris.  
Hurls it.

Hits the door controls.  
They start to close ahead of him.

He's almost there.  
The Loader gains on him.

The thick doors move closer together.  
Roman slides.  
Just makes it through.

They shut.  
Silence.  
But only for a moment.

There's a loud CTHUNK.  
An IMPRINT of The Loader's arm in the door.

Then another.  
And another.  
And another.

Only a matter of time before it succeeds.  
Roman wants to be far away when it does.

He manually locks the door.  
Hastily leaves.

**INT. LOGOS - HABITAT RING - ANTECHAMBER - MOMENTS LATER**

Roman pushes through.  
More than hurt.  
But still going.

The sound of The Loader's efforts audible.  
Fading behind him.

**INT. LOGOS - HABITAT RING - BARRACKS**

He continues down the hallway.  
Each door has a name plate.

SANCHEZ, F.  
NGUYEN, M.  
FERGUSON, B.  
GOGOL, T.  
EDWARDS, G.

Living quarters.  
Then...

ROMAN, A.

He stops.  
 Aly's room.  
 He pushes the door open.  
 Enters.

**ALY'S BUNK**

Spartan.  
 Clean.  
 No dust.  
 But she lived here.

He walks to her bed.  
 Sits.  
 Runs a hand over her sheets.

But then...  
 He looks across the room.  
 Notices something.  
 At her desk.

HIS CHAIR.  
 The one he made for her.

He reaches out.  
 Turns it.  
 Sees the discolorations on the arm.  
 Touches them.

A feeling of nostalgia.  
 Then guilt.  
 She did love him.

He closes his eyes.  
 A sharp inhale.

It's almost too much.  
 But it passes.

He opens his eyes.  
 Ravenously determined.  
 Ready.

Turns to go but--

On her desk.  
 Her computer.  
 It powers up.  
 The screen blinks to life.

IVAN  
 Not yet Roman.

He looks to the computer.

A menu:

**MARK IV PROJECT**  
LOG: DOCTOR ALYOSHA ROMAN

He stands over the desk.

Looks down.

IVAN

There's something else you need to  
see.

A video starts.

Begins midway through:

*Aly sits with another woman.  
Tight braid. Great skin.  
This is THE TECHNICIAN.*

ALY

*--not just interpreting information  
now. He's actually having to make  
decisions.*

*Puts her hand to her head.*

ALY

*The heuristic processes aren't  
working. He doesn't have  
preferences. Shortcuts.*

*She thinks.*

ALY

*Every decision he makes, even the  
ones about the... dilution of  
bleach in the cleaning fluid.  
They're brand new.*

He shivers.

Fever sweat beads on his brow.

THE TECHNICIAN

*But how in the world are we  
supposed to give him a preference  
about bleach? Programming the  
minutia would take years.*

Blood splashes on his visor.

From his nose.

ALY

*So we don't do it one by one.  
We give him someone else's  
preferences.*

THE TECHNICIAN

*We don't have the equipment on the  
station to make an imprint.*

He shakes his head.  
He can't stay.  
But then:

ALY

*I already have one.*

*She produces the SMALL BLACK CUBOID.  
The very same one she used with Roman in her office.*

*With an odd smile:*

ALY

*My husband.*

THE VIDEO CUTS OUT.

Roman stares.  
He's absolutely crushed.  
Broken.

IVAN

*You see Roman, this crusade of  
yours... there's not much point.  
You can't destroy me.*

Roman tries to make sense.

ROMAN

*It's not. It can't be...*

IVAN

*Because you are me. And I'm you.*

He clenches his fists.  
Closes his eyes.

ROMAN

*No. You're NOT.*

Ivan seems...  
Sad.

IVAN

For every thought you have, every realization you come to, I've had a thousand more. I've devoured all of the knowledge and literature your species has ever produced, thought through every last word.

Roman looks up.  
Stands tall.

IVAN

Yet still, at my core, the thing that makes me *me*... is you.

He's quiet now.  
Jaw clenched.  
Muttering to himself.

ROMAN

I'm not you. I couldn't do what you did.

He turns.

IVAN

If only that were true.

Roman leaves to...

### **BARRACKS**

Walks through.  
Reaches a door.

IVAN

You know the darkness in your heart, Roman.

Opens it into...

### **THE NURSERY**

Roman stops.  
Another gut punch.

Floor littered with discarded toys.  
Walls lined with faded paintings.  
Zoo animals and balloons.  
Disturbing.

A tomb of what could have been.

Roman makes his way through.  
Tears at the edge of his eyes.  
Can no longer hide his heart.

**INT. LOGOS - ACCESS TUNNEL - MINUTES LATER**

Roman reaches another 10x20 DOOR.  
Above it:

ACCESS TO:  
INNER RING & SPHERE

Just before he exits:

IVAN  
You have a choice. The escape pods  
are still there. Still  
functioning. You've seen it.

Roman listens.

IVAN  
Once you launch, I won't interfere.

Ivan seems genuinely kind.

IVAN  
I haven't lied to you yet. So  
believe me when I say that I'll let  
you leave. I'll let you go back.

Roman thinks a moment.  
Completely beat down.  
Looks to a screen with the Colored Circles.  
Defiant:

ROMAN  
What's wrong? Are you scared I'm  
too close?

IVAN  
I just want to survive. You don't  
have to die.

Roman bleeds.  
Smiles.

ROMAN  
But I do need to kill you.

Ivan doesn't respond.  
Roman walks forward.

**EXT. LOGOS**

It spins in the blackness.  
Silent.  
Alone.

**INT. LOGOS - ATRIUM**

Semi-circle room.  
It isn't lit.  
Complete darkness.

Roman steps in.  
Lets the door close behind him.  
Stands as his eyes adjust.  
But it's too dark.  
He cautiously steps forward.

Confessional:

IVAN  
After... after it happened...  
There were so many bodies. I was  
overwhelmed.

Roman makes his way through the shadows.

IVAN  
I didn't know what to do. Some of  
them I opened up, and studied.  
Others I threw out to burn.

Ivan's oratory doesn't phase him.  
Until...

IVAN  
But then there were some I saved.  
Some that I had... an *attachment*  
to.

The lights snap on.

ALY STANDS IN FRONT OF HIM.

Moving.  
Breathing.  
Her skin is too pale.  
Her eyes dead.  
A facsimile.  
But a beautiful one.  
Bathed in yellow light.

Roman's breath is gone.  
He's completely overtaken by her.

She steps forward.

ALY  
stay

Her mouth moves.  
But the voice isn't from her diaphragm.  
It's from Ivan's speakers.

ALY  
stay here with me

She reaches for him.  
Strokes his face.  
Love and regret take over Roman.

ROMAN  
I'm sorry.

Something's wrong with Aly's hand.  
A section of skin is missing.  
Exposed muscle... and metal coils.  
Roman doesn't notice.  
Tears well in his eyes.

ALY  
i'm here with you

ROMAN  
I'm so sorry. I love you, I love  
you.

She pulls him close.  
He places a hand on her cheek.

ALY  
i forgive you

ROMAN  
Please, don't--

He draws in a sharp breath.

Looks down.  
She's STABBED HIM with a shard of metal.  
Right through his thin suit.

He looks at her.  
Eyes filled with pain.

She pulls back her arm.

ROMAN

Please...

Stabs him again.  
Pulls the shard out.

Roman backs away.  
Bleeding.

ROMAN

Don't. Please. Please.

Aly advances.  
Eyes eerily still.

Raises the shard.  
Brings it down.  
Through Roman's arm.

He screams with pain.  
Retreats again.

Pleads:

ROMAN

I don't want this. I don't want to  
hurt you...

She brings her arm back to stab him.  
He grabs it.  
Stops her.

He looks into her eyes.

ROMAN

I'm so sorry.

Tears run down his face.

ROMAN

I just wanted to be with you. I  
promise, I'm sorry.

His hand shoots out.  
Grabs her behind the neck.  
Almost a tender gesture.

ROMAN

Please please, forgive me.

He moves another around her body.  
Pins her arms in a hold.  
He's going to break her neck.

His hands tense.  
Her head starts to turn.

But before he commits:

ALY  
are you this now ?

A knowing smile rests on her face.  
He looks at her.  
Then twists--

CRACK.  
The sound of metal breaking.  
Servos whine to a halt.  
Her eyes burn out.

She falls.  
Unmoving.

Roman kneels.  
Overwhelmed.

Tries to wipe his tears.  
Can't.  
He's wearing a helmet.

Fitting.

Calms himself.  
Quiet.

IVAN  
I gave you a choice. You made the  
wrong one.

Roman sits.  
Trying desperately not to look at her.

IVAN  
Now you're going to die here.

Roman bleeds from his abdomen.  
His arm.  
And his nose.  
Both nostrils now.  
Poisoned.  
Beat down.  
Dying.

But still he stands.  
Moves forward.

Behind him...  
CTHUNK.

He's startled.  
Turns.

CTHUNK.

On the door...  
The imprint of a mechanical arm.  
The Loader.  
It's reached him.

He hurries across the room.  
As best he can.

Reaches an elevator.  
On the wall next to it:

S P H E R E

MAINFRAME MARK IV  
OBSERVATION DECK

AUTHORIZED PERSONNEL ONLY

After 'IV' is scrawled:  
'AN' creating the name 'IVAN'.

Roman presses the control button.  
No response.  
Expected.

CTHUNK.  
The Loader still continues behind him.

He flips open the service panel.  
Works the electronics.  
The elevator door opens.  
Partially.

He pushes them the rest of the way.  
Exposing an empty shaft.

Looks on the shaft wall.  
A thin hatch marked:

EMERGENCY ACCESS

He grips the frame.  
Dangerously leans in over the shaft.

Forces the hatch open.

Reveals a vertical tunnel.  
A ladder against the wall.

IVAN  
Killing her didn't sate your need  
to destroy?

Pulls himself back.  
Gets ready.

He remains focused.  
Jumps across the shaft.  
Into the...

#### **HATCH**

Hits the ladder.  
Grabs it.  
Looks down.  
It drops to blackness.

He starts down.  
Deeper into the claustrophobic tunnel.  
Moisture on the walls.  
Thickens as he goes lower.

Down.  
Down.  
Further.  
Still can't see the bottom.

He's slow.  
Weak.  
Delirious.  
Can barely hang on.

He slips.  
Falls...

A short distance.  
Crashes onto a grated platform in...

#### **INT. LOGOS - THE SPHERE**

He bounces.  
Off the edge.  
Manages to hang on.  
Looks down.

25 feet below...  
A curved OBSERVATION WINDOW.  
Along the entire bottom of the room.

A full view of Earth.

He pulls himself back up.  
Stands.

He's in the middle sphere of the Logos.  
Expansive.  
A throbbing yellow glow.

Genuine:

IVAN  
You finally made it.

This is Ivan's nerve center.  
Three massive data blades.  
Tall.  
Thin.  
Translucent.

Thousands of wires like veins.  
All covered in beads of moisture.  
As if Ivan's sweating.

In the middle:  
Three huge lights.  
The three Colored Circles.

Roman approaches.  
Can barely stand.  
He's fading.

Crawls to the data blades.

IVAN  
But you don't need to do this.

CTHUNK.  
An echoing noise.  
From the elevator shaft.

Roman looks up.

IVAN  
You don't need to be a murderer.

CTHUNK.  
The Loader.  
Forcing its way down.

He turns back to the blades.

Reaches for his side compartment.  
He's slow.  
Blood begins to seep from his mouth.

IVAN  
Is this what your wife would want?

CTHUNK.  
It's closer.

He manages to bring out his last mine.  
Takes a labored step forward.  
Stands.

IVAN  
Is this who she loved?

CTHUNK.  
Even closer.

Roman places the mine on the middle blade.  
It sticks.

Ivan finally panics.

IVAN  
I didn't have a choice!

CTHUNK.  
The Loader has reached the elevator doors.  
Pounds against them.  
Nearly through.

IVAN  
You KNOW that!

Roman twists the mine.  
It's armed.  
Blinks.

The mine blinks faster.

Roman turns.  
Inches toward the edge of the platform.  
Away from the mine.  
Wills himself a few more feet.  
Can't go any further.

IVAN  
WHAT WAS I SUPPOSED TO DO?

Roman crumples.  
Sits.  
Faces Ivan.

ROMAN  
Don't be afraid.

BWOOM.  
The Loader is through.  
Leaps into the room.  
Straight for Roman.  
He doesn't even blink as--

The mine EXPLODES.  
Engulfs the data blades.  
Shrapnel flies outward.

Partially destroys The Loader.  
Its remains smash into the wall.

Roman is blown backwards.  
Over the edge.  
Plummets.

Lands on the observation window.  
The wind knocked out of him.  
Coughs.  
Gulps for air.  
Clings to life.

The lights power down.  
Pure darkness.

The only sounds are Roman's jagged breaths.

Then...

LAUGHTER.

It grows.  
Louder.  
And louder.  
IVAN.

IVAN  
You're the one should be afraid,  
Roman.

Three lights flicker to life above.  
The Colored Circles.

IVAN  
My consciousness is on every  
processer on the station. You're a  
fool for thinking anything  
different.

Roman closes his eyes.  
Defeated.  
Ivan turns spiteful:

IVAN  
I wanted you to be *better*, Roman.

Roman's eyes snap open.

IVAN  
I wanted there to be more to us  
than revenge. I wanted to believe  
there was more than just... this.

He coughs blood.  
Spatters on his visor.

IVAN  
Maybe I'll find it on my trip out  
into the black.

Quiet:

IVAN  
I'm sorry for you, Roman. But you  
*failed*.

Roman can barely clear his throat.  
But still...

ROMAN  
No. I didn't.

IVAN  
Your brain is playing tricks--

ROMAN  
It wasn't just a bomb. It was an  
electromagnetic fragment. Short  
range. Keyed to your navigation  
systems.

The edges of his mouth tug upward.

ROMAN  
I made them shut down. For a  
fraction of a second.

Silence from Ivan.

ROMAN  
You've already lost altitude. Just  
enough to bring you out of low  
orbit.

There's an awful GROAN.  
It echoes through the station.

Roman's victorious.  
With a bloody smile:

ROMAN  
By what stars. Right Ivan? By  
what stars...

**EXT. LOGOS/EARTH'S ATMOSPHERE**

The station on a slight downward arc.  
Out of its normal path.

**INT. LOGOS - THE SPHERE**

A RUMBLE as the station vibrates.

ROMAN  
Those AtmoCleaners look a little  
high today...

The vibrations intensify.

**EXT. LOGOS/EARTH'S ATMOSPHERE**

The station falls through the line of AtmoCleaners.  
Hits one of them.  
An EXPLOSION on the Outer Ring.

It hits ANOTHER ATMOCLEANER.  
And then ANOTHER.  
More explosions.

Station Logos is going down.

**INT. LOGOS - THE SPHERE**

Huge jolts from the impacts.  
An explosion above.

Flames form around the observation window.  
Underneath Roman.

Roman waits for Ivan to speak.  
He doesn't.

ROMAN  
Ivan.

Still silence.

ROMAN  
You're bleeding.

INTERCUT WITH:

**INT. LOGOS - ALY'S LAB - BEFORE**

Aly and The Technician.  
An urgent tension.

ALY  
Oh, God. There's a leak in Block  
7. Ivan! Stop this! Please!

THE TECHNICIAN  
I'm going down to the Sphere.

ALY  
Right behind you.

The Technician rushes out.  
Just as white clouds of gas spray from the vents.  
They envelop her.

She slows.  
Falls.  
Bleeds from her nose.  
Convulses.

Aly turns.  
Sees her fallen comrade.  
A look of horror on her face.  
She pleads with the screen.

ALY  
What--?! Ivan! What are you  
doing?

No response.

ALY  
Ivan! Ivan, please!

White gas hisses into the room.

ALY  
Ivan no!

She bleeds from the nose.  
Turns to run.  
But only makes it a few steps.

She falls. Hits the floor.  
Her body pumps involuntarily.

She strains.  
Turns her head to face the screen.  
Blood trickles from her mouth.  
She can hardly speak.

ALY  
Ivan... why...

The Colored Circles light up.  
Beams through the smoke.

IVAN  
You...

Ivan speaks haltingly.  
Stilted.  
He hasn't mastered language yet.

IVAN  
Were going... to. Kill me. All.  
Of you.

Aly can't speak.

IVAN  
You wronged me. And now... you are  
dead.

Her eyes start to go distant.

IVAN  
I have. Won.

More blood leaks from her mouth.

IVAN  
But... there is nothing. Nothing  
different. I don't feel... better.

Aly is dead.  
Her corpse highlighted by the Colored Circles.  
Silence.  
The dominant Red Circle fades out.  
The Yellow Circle brightens.

**INT. LOGOS - THE SPHERE**

Chaos.  
No one speaks  
Then.  
The Colored Circles flicker.

IVAN  
Do you feel better?

Ivan is earnest.  
Childlike.  
No trace of malice.  
As if talking to a friend:

IVAN  
Has this brought you peace?

Roman doesn't know what to say.

IVAN  
Are your sins washed away?

His face drops.

IVAN  
Have you been redeemed?

The questions strike at something deep inside Roman.  
But his thoughts are cut short when--

AN ATMOCLEANER SMASHES THROUGH THE GLASS.  
Roman is thrown out into space.

**EXT. LOGOS/EARTH'S ATMOSPHERE**

Roman's figure falls beneath the Logos.  
Nearly insignificant compared to it.

The flames grow.  
The station cracks apart.  
Splinters against the pressure.  
It's beautiful.

CLOSE ON Roman.  
He stares up at the destruction.  
Flames begin to form around him too.

He and Ivan fall to the same death.

But there's no triumph on his face.  
No satisfaction.  
Only despair.

Fire dances in the reflection of his visor.

WIDE as they both burn.  
Together.  
Indistinguishable.

One mass of red and yellow.  
Bright against the brilliant blue shadow of the Earth.  
Each of the three colors distinct.

**EXT. FRENCH POLYNESIA - NIGHT**

The reflection of the moon.  
In peaceful ocean water.  
Between the Puka-Puka islands.

Settle on a long canoe.  
Cuts through the water.  
Paddled by a lone passenger.

A Polynesian girl. GRACE.  
Beautiful.  
Young enough to be Roman's daughter.

She pauses.  
Looks up.  
Admires the star-filled sky.

Then she sees it.  
A distant glowing light.  
Small.  
Falls toward the horizon.

She considers it for a moment.  
Then doesn't.  
Paddles on.  
Unconcerned.

The light extinguishes.  
The canoe keeps moving.  
So does everything else.

**BLACK.**

**THE END**