

BROKEN WORLDS

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. RAGING RIVER - LOS ANGELES, CA - DAY

A raging river rushes as sounds (o.s.) of YELLING -- CRYING -- POUNDING FOOTSTEPS -- INTERMITTENT RUMBLING -- BLARING HORNS -- SCREAMING SIRENS -- BLASTING ALARMS are heard.

SUPERIMPOSE: "Los Angeles 2075"

The flowing river of water is undisturbed until THE FOOT of a MAN STEPS into the torrent.

EXT. DOWNTOWN - LOS ANGELES, CA - DAY

Reveal: The stream is actually ocean water gushing through a street in the middle of the city.

The Man underestimates the force of the water and is PULLED into it, DRAGGING him downstream. Helpless, he reaches for help.

Some frantic onlookers stop and try to help, but their outstretched hands do not reach the Man.

Meanwhile, the city streets are jammed with people IN COMPLETE PANDEMONIUM, fleeing from a RAPID SURGING SURF right behind them. Dead bodies are carried by the surf.

INT. DISTRICT AREA - LOS ANGELES, CA - DAY

Cars are stuck in flooded streets -- buildings torn apart -- windows smashed -- debris floats and motionless heads bob on the surface of ocean water.

A dog cowers in the crevice of a building, witnessing the chaos.

Police cars, firetrucks, EMS ambulances, National Guard vehicles WEAVE IN AND OUT of people, flooded areas, fractured buildings. Military helicopters circle above in the gray sky.

INT. VARIOUS VEHICLES - LOS ANGELES, CA - DAY

The EMERGENCY FIRST RESPONDERS -- POLICE, FIREFIGHTERS, PARAMEDIC, and NATIONAL GUARD -- communicate inside their vehicles by satellite radio.

SERIES OF SHOTS - EMERGENCY RESPONDERS MANAGING THE DISASTER

A Police Responder DRIVES THROUGH A CHAOTIC SCENE of people who are DISORIENTED and RUNNING in every direction. Policemen try to direct them to safety.

POLICE

We've got to evacuate these people!

A Firefighter Responder watches from his truck as Firefighters ASSIST PEOPLE underneath piles of rubble.

FIREFIGHTER

We need more help!

A National Guard Responder checks a message on the screen of his monitor.

NATIONAL GUARD

Oh my God, there's another wave coming!

FIREFIGHTER

How much time do we have?

NATIONAL GUARD

We don't! It's on our ass right now. Get out of there! Go inland!

FIREFIGHTER

We need more time!

The Paramedic Responder watches Paramedics tend to severely injured people, with others on stretchers.

PARAMEDIC

We can't leave them behind -- they'll die.

NATIONAL GUARD

If you stay, you'll die.

POLICE

(looks at monitor)

Oh no, it's headed right for us! Again!

EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN - LOS ANGELES, CA - DAY

A huge ocean wave begins to move forward, picking up speed. It GROWS and forms and CLIMBS into a GIGANTIC WAVE until it PEAKS OVER 100 FEET HIGH, and for a split second, it stands still, then slowly curls and DESCENDS VIOLENTLY DOWNWARD...

EXT. HOUSE - DESERT - DAY

A weather-beaten, two-bedroom house sits on a desert terrain.

SUPERIMPOSE: "Sixty Miles East"

It's encased by a tall wire fence, which has seen better days but surrounds the perimeter of the house. Various gadgets line the fence, including sensors and security cameras.

Abandoned houses with broken windows, unhinged doors, facades punished by sand and wind are the only neighbors.

Strong, continuous winds kick up sand, drift horizontally.

INT. LIVING ROOM - HOUSE - DAY

DEREK (30s), a dutiful but passive husband, looks disheveled, He sits on a chair alone.

On a couch across the room sits KIRA (30s), his red-haired, overbearing, overwhelmed, wife.

Sweat seeps through their loose clothing in the sweltering room, but Kira's flash of beauty is something sweat and anger can't erase.

Next to Kira is ALANA (8), their precocious curly-haired child, hair almost matted.

They all stare vacantly at a newscast on TV.

The TV signal is weak, transmission glitches. Air conditioner RUMBLES.

VARIOUS IMAGES ON TV show: Tortured faces infected by virus; deer laying lifeless in desert fields; grounded birds feeble attempt to survive; bodies floating in flooded streets...

Alana, restless, walks to a window next to her dad and stares outside.

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)

(from TV)

...disasters have impacted more than half the world's population, spreading viral, bacterial and animal-borne diseases...

Alana sees a SCRAGGLY DOG outside the window, circling outside the fence. Her eyes light up like it's Christmas morning --

ALANA

Mommy, there's a dog outside!

When Kira speaks, it takes every last ounce of energy she has left --

KIRA

Let it stay outside.

ALANA

But--

DEREK

Listen to your mother Alana, and don't get any ideas.

KIRA

Did you do your homework?

Alana sighs and rolls her eyes.

ALANA

Yeah.

DEREK

Are you sure? Because I'll check it later, so if--

ALANA

What else is there to do?
(watches the dog)
It looks sad. And lonesome. Can I just go pet it? I'll come right back.

DEREK

No. It's outside the fence, leave it there.

KIRA

You don't want to get sick, do you?

ALANA

But it's so booooring in here.

Derek looks from his daughter to his wife, who just stares out another window. She looks broken by the circumstances.

DEREK

We'll make dinner soon. And then I'll let you beat me at chess.

ALANA

Let you, old man?

He pretends to frown and looks at her to see her smirking. He reaches over and tousles her hair --

BZZZZZTTTHH -- the TV goes blank -- Kira jolts and stares at it like it's a personal attack --

KIRA

Damn it, Derek! You said you fixed it!

DEREK

I said I tried. I'm not a
repairman.

KIRA

Understatement of the year.

Alana turns toward her parents, uncomfortable, peers out the window again. Derek huffs and stands.

DEREK

I'll check the transmitter.

He walks into the bedroom. Kira follows him. Alana notices her parents left the room. She sneaks out the front door.

INT. BEDROOM - HOUSE - DAY

Derek stands above a transmitter with its best days long gone, confounded by the problem.

KIRA

You don't know what the hell you're
doing, do you?

Derek gives her a side-eye. She stands in the doorway, hands on hips with a look of disdain on her face.

DEREK

I think I heard a knock at the
door. Maybe it's a technician
offering a helping hand.

KIRA

You're an ass. Just fix it this
time. It's the only way we know
what the hell's going on out there.

She walks out. Derek looks back at the transmitter and lets out a long heavy sigh, the weight of the world taking its toll on him.

INT. LIVING ROOM - HOUSE - DAY

Kira walks into the living room. She stands in front of the TV, waiting for it to come back on. The intense wind gusts shake the house.

The quiet of the room is broken by the sound of the alarm going off. Kira looks to a small security monitor in the corner of the room, showing outside but no sign of anyone breaking in.

KIRA

(to Alana)
It's just wind, honey...

EXT. HOUSE - DESERT - DAY

The fence around the house sways in the wind. There are holes cut through the wire of the entrance gate....

INT. LIVING ROOM - HOUSE - DAY

Kira waits for an answer. None comes. She looks out the window. Alana isn't there. Kira searches around the rest of the rooms --

KIRA
Alana. Alana? ALANA!

She runs down the hall --

INT. BEDROOM - HOUSE - DAY

And bursts into the room --

KIRA
Alana's gone!

Derek looks to her in question. They lock eyes, and both their faces fill with fear.

DEREK
The dog.

They sprint out of the room.

EXT. PLAYGROUND - PARK - DAY

Alana wanders the sand-covered road into an apocalyptic landscape. The sun is diluted by thick haze. Sand and dust sweep across the road in gusts of wind.

Alana places a pocket penknife back in her pocket. She shields her eyes from the flying debris, then ducks behind the cover of dying bushes.

After the gust, she enters a small, dilapidated playground dotted by a smidgen of brown grass. Rusty monkey bars. Broken teeter totter. Tilted merry-go-round.

She spots a row of swings that appears weathered but intact. She feels something and turns to see a small boy, JAKE (8), standing next to her.

He's even sweatier than she is. She looks back at the swings.

ALANA
Are they safe?

JAKE

I think so.

ALANA

Maybe they'll cool us down.

They step together and jump on the swings. Suddenly, they are carefree kids of yesteryear just enjoying the rush of a swing.

JAKE

What's your name?

ALANA

Alana.

JAKE

I'm Jake. Never seen you here before.

ALANA

I'm not supposed to be outside.

JAKE

Me neither. I wait 'til Mom has her nap and sneak out. She thinks I'm napping too. I hate naps.

ALANA

What about your dad?

JAKE

Don't got one.

A long moment of silence.

ALANA

Maybe we can play on the monkey bars next.

She looks at Jake but he is focused on something else and stops swinging. Alana follows his gaze -- JAKE'S MOTHER (30s) stands there. She has a scolding look on her face.

JAKE'S MOTHER

Jake. I told you not to leave the house.

Jake jumps off, touches Alana's arm.

JAKE

I gotta go.

Jake rushes over to his mother. She grabs his wrist and yanks him along.

After a moment, Alana looks lonely and like it isn't fun anymore. She jumps off the swing.

EXT. BUILDINGS - DESERT - DAY

Kira and Derek frantically check inside abandoned houses and shops, calling her name. They sweat profusely from the exertion and heat.

DEREK

Why would you leave her alone when she just saw that dog?

KIRA

You're not seriously blaming me.

DEREK

Why not? You had to make sure you took the time to come in the bedroom and berate me.

KIRA

You're the one who gave her that penknife. Clearly, she had to use that to escape.

DEREK

I gave it to her for protection.

KIRA

Oh, please. Don't pretend to be someone else. If you actually did anything for us, I wouldn't have to look over your shoulder all the time.

DEREK

God, you blame me for everything.

KIRA

If you accepted the blame for anything, I wouldn't have to.

DEREK

This again...

She stops and glares at him.

KIRA

Maybe if you'd come home to your family that night instead of her... you'd have been able to fix things before you broke them.

Kira doesn't give him a chance at responding before she walks off. Derek sighs, frustrated.

Derek has an epiphany --

DEREK

That park. She begged to go to that park.

They rush into the woods.

EXT. EDGE OF PLAYGROUND - PARK - DAY

Alana walks away from the playground on cracked remnants of asphalt. She stops as she spots something up ahead -- the SCRAGGLY DOG.

The Dog approaches Alana. They stop, stare at each other. A momentary standoff.

The dog wags its tail, pants, then comes up to her. She stoops to pet the dog, it WHIMPERS as if human contact is a very rare thing.

ALANA

Hi puppy. You a good boy? Wanna play?

She stops a small broken branch blowing across the ground. She picks up the stick and throws it. The dog stares at her.

ALANA (CONT'D)

You don't wanna play? You're probably hungry... I'd give you something, but I don't have any food. You wanna maybe just walk?

Alana walks with the dog beside her.

KIRA (O.S.)

Alana!

DEREK (O.S.)

ALANA!

Alana pauses her steps as she sees her parents appear from the woods on the road ahead.

Her parents freeze when they SEE THE DOG at her side.

DEREK (CONT'D)

Oh, no...

KIRA

Alana! Get away from the dog -- Slowly. Come to us.

ALANA

He's good, Mom, he's a good boy. He's lonel--

The dog SNARLS AND GROWLS at the parents -- Alana is startled. Freezes, arms clenched tightly at her side.

Kira CLAPS HER HANDS.

KIRA
Go! Go away. Shoo!

Derek STUMBLES on the cracked asphalt as he steps forward.

KIRA (CONT'D)
Derek. You'll spook the dog. Just stand still.

The dog menacingly raises its hackles, saliva dripping. Kira remains calm -- flashes a halting gesture with her hand. She stares directly into the dog's eyes.

KIRA (CONT'D)
No.

Her soft tone does nothing to calm the dog.

Her eyes glance at a piece of loose asphalt beside her -- looks to the dog -- he lifts a front paw -- spring-loads his back legs -- snarls -- and -- LUNGES AT KIRA --

Kira snatches up the asphalt -- SWINGS HER ARM AROUND just as the dog is about to pounce on her -- CRACK -- SMASHES the dog's nose -- the dog SQUEALS, scampers off.

Alana runs to her parents and jumps into her father's arms. The parents examine her.

DEREK
Did it bite you?

ALANA
No.

KIRA
Did it lick you?

ALANA
I don't know, maybe. I--I only pet him.

KIRA
I told you not to go outside or near that dog.

ALANA
I just wanted to play.

Alana begins to cry.

DEREK

Hey, it's okay, you're safe now. We were just worried. Did you see or touch anything else?

ALANA

I don't... I met a boy. He did the swings with me.

Kira and Derek share a long worrisome moment of eye contact.

KIRA

Did... he touch you?

ALANA

I don't know.

She cries harder. Kira looks like she's about to shatter.

DEREK

Let's go home.

Derek keeps her in his arms and turns to the way they came.

ALANA

Did you fix the TV, Daddy?

Kira looks around for the boy, the dog -- nothing around them. Nobody following them.

EXT. CITY - DAY

A vast contrast to the isolated desert, the city teems with death and chaos, vastly dilapidated and on its knees.

In the distance, the ocean has risen halfway up the buildings, halfway through the city.

EXT. HELENA'S HOME - CITY - DAY

HELENA (30s) exhales vapor from an e-cigarette. She carries herself like royalty, exuding seductive beauty with complete power and lethal venom.

TOR (30s), a brute who sends chills up your spine with just a glance, stands beside her. He fears no one, except Helena.

They overlook a burned-out, neglected city in ruins alongside the Pacific Ocean from the precipice of a mansion perched on reinforced stilts on the side of a mountain.

TOR

Ever seen anything more beautiful?

His smile is devious.

HELENA

Depends on one's perspective.

TOR

This is the perspective of a king.

She steels her jaw at him.

HELENA

You mean a queen.

Tor looks to her for a moment, taking in the view from her toes to her breasts.

TOR

Yes. Of course. But even queens don't live this well.

In front of the couple, a descending incandescent needle-shaped object lights up the sky. It appears to hit the ground in the distance. But there is no noise.

TOR (CONT'D)

Did you see that? A meteor in broad daylight?

HELENA

It's a meteorite, darling, it crashed to the ground.

TOR

I didn't hear anything. Maybe a UFO.

The RUMBLE of a vehicle spins them around. On the driveway that curves toward the back of the home comes a huge van. A motley-looking GANG OF MARAUDERS empties the van.

Tor walks from Helena to his savage henchman, LUKA (30s), who leads the Marauders.

TOR (CONT'D)

Any problems?

LUKA

A few squealers. Had to shut 'em up.

TOR

And the Councilman?

Luka motions to a Marauder, who opens the sliding van door. A severely mutilated body wrapped in plastic falls to the ground.

TOR (CONT'D)

What's this, Luka? I told you to get rid of him, not to slice him to pieces. Tor doesn't like this.

LUKA

The boys just wanted to have some fun.

Helena steps up behind them. She peers at the mutilated body, disappointed.

HELENA

Get that off my property before it makes a mess.

She walks into the large home before Luka can respond.

Tor watches tauntingly as Luka picks up the floppy body in plastic without effort and throws it over his shoulder.

LUKA

We'll give him a proper burial.

Tor scurries after Helena. Luka watches with disdain and envy. Luka walks toward the edge of the property and without hesitation, tosses the body over the edge of the cliff. He gives the sign of the cross.

LUKA (CONT'D)

Sleep tight, Councilman.

INT. BALCONY - HELENA'S HOME - DAY

Helena watches Luka at the edge where he tossed the body.

HELENA

Your men are getting sloppy.

TOR

Maybe, but the Councilman won't be voting on police issues any time soon.

Tor looks to Helena for a laugh but she shoots him down.

HELENA

He won't be an asset, either.

TOR

Sorry.

HELENA

I didn't get to where I am by shows of force. I got here by thinking ahead. Betting on the collapse of leisure industries.

(MORE)

HELENA (CONT'D)
Investing in scarce resources. In
flood defense programs...

Helena gives him a stern look.

HELENA (CONT'D)
We must think of the future.

INT. ABANDONED APARTMENT - CITY - DAY

In an empty house in shambles due to neglect, a man is jolted awake by a CRASHING SOUND outside.

He has piercing black eyes and pale skin. This is ORIN (20s).

He lies on a mattress on the floor, stirring until he gradually gets up.

Looking out the window, he notices TWO POLICE OFFICERS approaching the house. They're searching the perimeter of the house, rummaging around and about to enter.

Still waking up, he grabs a bag and heads down the hall to a back window, which he opens and climbs through.

EXT. ABANDONED APARTMENT COMPLEX - CITY - DAY

Orin looks down and around outside the window. It's a bit of a jump to the stairwell across the way. He hears the door downstairs being broken into -- he has no choice but to jump.

Orin DASHES a short distance and LEAPS --

He LANDS and makes it with impressive agility, but he scratches his hand in the process. He winces as he makes his way down the stairwell.

INT. LIVING ROOM - HOUSE - NIGHT

The MOANING wind POUNDS sand against the house. Dim flickering lights illuminate the CREAKING living room.

Kira and Derek watch TV.

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)
(from TV)
...the lack of police funding,
powerful gangs have emerged in the
cities throughout the country...

Derek looks over his shoulder down the hall, then back to Kira. Kira watches him, seemingly frustrated.

KIRA
Why aren't you working today?

DEREK

Finished the data input gig for Wilson & Carter yesterday. Couldn't find anything new yet.

KIRA

Our rations are low.

DEREK

I know, Kira, but there isn't much call for an events manager when no-one wants to leave their homes.

Kira closes her eyes and sighs... tries hard to hold it together.

KIRA

You ever think about leaving this godforsaken place?

DEREK

And go where? At least we have a home here. Not many can say--

KIRA

You call this a home? There has to be a better place.

Kira looks at him, then her eyes widen as she sees Alana standing at the end of the hall -- her skin shows a red rash.

ALANA

I don't feel so good.

They run to her side. Kira checks her temperature with her hand.

KIRA

She's got a fever. Are you achy?

Derek hurries to a cabinet and pulls out face masks. Grabs a water bottle from a stash in the cupboard.

ALANA

I'm sorry, I puked...

DEREK

Don't be sorry, honey. We need to keep you hydrated. Here, we should put these on.

Derek hands the masks to Kira and Alana.

ALANA

I don't want a mask.

DEREK

Alana, we have to be careful--

ALANA
I can't breathe through a mask.

KIRA
What's the point Derek? We're all
in here together.

Derek hesitates, then relents. He puts the masks back in the cabinet.

Kira takes Alana's hand and leads her to her bedroom.

KIRA (CONT'D)
You need to go back to bed. We'll
give you something for your
stomach.

INT. ALANA'S BEDROOM - HOUSE - DAY

A few empty bottles of medicine sit on the nightstand. A bucket rests against Alana's bed.

Derek sits, wearily watching Alana sleep, fitfully. Her rash has visibly spread. Derek moves to the living room.

INT. LIVING ROOM - HOUSE - DAY

Kira stands at the window, still as a statue.

KIRA
You know she has to go to the
hospital.

DEREK
Maybe it'll pass. We can--

KIRA
It's not going to "pass." She needs
treatment and medication. We have
no choice.

DEREK
I don't know. The city and the
gangs, and... they're dangerous.
They say the hospitals are full.

KIRA
This is not the time to be afraid.

DEREK
I'm not afraid, Kira. She's a girl.

Kira nods, understanding what he's saying. Doesn't respond.

DEREK (CONT'D)

There's a chance none of us'll come back...

Kira spins and beelines right past him --

KIRA

I'm not letting my child die of a virus? Grow some fucking balls.

Derek shrinks. He watches Kira leave the room, then looks outside through a window and quivers.

He steps to a cabinet in the corner. Opens it, retrieves a handgun. His hands shake as he loads it with bullets. A bullet drops to the floor.

Derek stares at it in frustration. Deliberates for a moment, then picks it up, loads the gun, tucks it into his pocket.

EXT. HOUSE - DESERT - DAY

Kira carries Alana to the back of their car, lying her down on the backseat. Derek sets the alarm system before looking at the house, anxious to leave it.

Kira catches him looking at the house and they share a glance. Derek acquiesces, gets into the car.

The car disappears into the heat-induced wavy road.

EXT./INT. DESERT - CAR - DAY

Derek drives the sand-pocked EV on a desolate main street with Kira beside him. Alana lies uncomfortably in the back.

They veer around dead animals lying in the street. They view others in ditches and fields.

Some are emaciated, others bloated due to the heat. Trees are burned and ashen in the swirling sand.

DEREK

You should have stayed home.

KIRA

She needs me. You both do.

Kira notices a dead animal being picked apart by vultures.

KIRA (CONT'D)

At least we're outlasting some animals.

EXT./INT. CITY/CAR - DAY - (LATER)

The sand morphs into broken asphalt and cement. They move toward the city that looms ahead, passing more forsaken boarded-up buildings, from shops to office blocks to houses to apartment buildings.

The car passes a scruffy HITCHHIKER who is followed by another, and another. They CRY for help as Derek passes them.

Their pleas take a toll on Derek --

DEREK

Don't they know we need help too?

KIRA

Keep your eyes on the road, Derek.

EXT. PHARMACY - PARKING LOT - DAY

They come across a pharmacy, pull into its lot.

INT. CAR - PHARMACY - DAY

Derek looks at Alana, asleep and hidden by a blanket.

DEREK

Stay low and keep the doors locked.
I'll be as quick as I can.

Kira nods.

INT. PHARMACY - DAY

Derek peruses the store. The shelves are nearly bare.

As he heads to the back, a pale man in a dark overcoat turns into the aisle right in front of him -- they lock eyes for a short moment -- the pale man has piercing black eyes. It's Orin, who is picking out bandages from the shelf.

ORIN

Apologies...

Orin moves around Derek, and Derek proceeds to the pharmacist, GERALD (50s).

DEREK

My child needs... medication--

GERALD

Meds? Where have you been? Mars?

DEREK

We live... on the outskirts.

Orin stands near the end of an aisle. His ears perk up when he hears "outskirts."

GERALD

You might as well be from Mars.
We've been out of stock for months.

DEREK

What about other pharmacies?

GERALD

Out of stock. The black market's got all the meds now... I suppose you could go downtown. Cut a deal with Tor. If anyone has what you need, it's him.

ORIN (O.S.)

(unique foreign accent)
Don't listen to him.

Derek and Gerald turn to see Orin only a few feet away.

GERALD

Who the hell do you think you are?
This is none of your damn business.

DEREK

Who's Tor?

ORIN

The parasite who pays this man to send people to be robbed and killed.

Orin looks at Gerald and his glare is intense.

GERALD

You--you shouldn't make accusations like that.

ORIN

It's not an accusation if it's true.

GERALD

I don't have to put up with this.
This is my store. You get the hell out or I'll have you thrown out.

DEREK

Hey, look, please calm down. I just need medication for my daughter.

(then)

How do I find this Tor?

GERALD

Daughter?

Gerald suddenly looks menacing at hearing Derek's child is a girl. Derek looks panicked, realizing his mistake.

DEREK
Son--My son.

Gerald appears unconvinced by Derek's backtracking.

ORIN
(to Derek)
Yes, Tor can get you meds, but
you'll pay a high price... your
life.

Derek is bewildered by Orin's information, and uncomfortable by Gerald's reaction. He backs away from the counter.

DEREK
I'll just... try a hospital.

Derek hurries to the door. Orin follows.

Gerald raises his wrist and speaks into a bracelet phone.

GERALD
Hello, Tor...

Orin catches up to Derek before he exits the front door.

ORIN
I wouldn't recommend a hospital
either.

Derek is torn, gazes at Orin's oddly dark eyes, and leaves the store.

INT. CAR - PHARMACY - DAY

Derek jumps into the car. Kira sees his hands are empty.

KIRA
Nothing?

DEREK
He said they're out. And everyone
else is, too.

KIRA
Go to the hospital.

Derek looks back to the pharmacy. Orin stands in the doorway, just watching him.

DEREK
That man warned me not to.

Kira looks to Orin. Something about him draws her in. She quickly shakes it off --

KIRA
Well, it's not his daughter who's
sick. So drive.

Derek studies Orin one last time, then puts the car in gear.

EXT. HOSPITAL - CITY - DAY

The hospital is an imposing building surrounded by forty-foot-high stone walls. Wire with razor blades is embedded on top of the wall.

A SECURITY GUARD (50s) stands at the entrance. DOZENS OF PEOPLE wait in a line in front of the hospital.

Derek pulls up to the entrance. He motions to the Guard. The Guard approaches the car.

INT. CAR - HOSPITAL - DAY

DEREK
My son is seriously ill--

GUARD
Save your breath. There aren't any
vacancies. Hospital's full.

Derek looks past him.

DEREK
Should I go to another city?

GUARD
You can, but it's all the same. You
have to wait until someone dies and
be the lucky one next in line.

The Guard peers in at the lump under a blanket in the backseat. Alana's not visible underneath it.

KIRA
Is there a waiting list?

The Guard gestures toward the waiting crowd.

GUARD
You can get in line, but I wouldn't
stay there overnight. A lot of
unsavory DPs come around.

DEREK
DPs?

GUARD
Displaced people.

DEREK
Oh. Got it. Thanks anyways.

EXT. CAR - HOSPITAL - DAY

Derek begins to back out, suddenly STOPS as he almost runs someone over -- Tor is standing behind the car. The Marauders, including Luka, approach the car from all sides.

Tor struts to the driver's door. Luka plants himself behind the car. The Guard sees what's happening and walks the other way, wanting no part of it.

INT. CAR - HOSPITAL

Kira and Derek become apprehensive.

KIRA
Derek...

Their faces flush with fear when Tor KNOCKS on the window.

Derek looks for a way out but there are too many bodies around the car to move it safely.

Tor knocks again then motions for Derek to roll down the window. Kira senses the danger --

KIRA (CONT'D)
Derek, don't.

Tor offers a sick smile. He raises his voice and speaks through the glass --

TOR
Where you going? You just got here.

Tor leans to the back window and sees the blanket hiding Alana. He looks back at Derek and Kira.

TOR (CONT'D)
And I haven't had a chance to meet your daughter.

Kira's eyes widen--

KIRA
We're leaving.

TOR
You leave when I give you permission to leave.

Kira looks around to see Tor is accompanied by a gang of FOUR MARAUDERS, along with Luka.

KIRA
(under her breath)
Derek, put the car in reverse and
back out.

DEREK
I'll call the guard.

KIRA
He won't help. Drive. Now.

Derek looks in the rearview mirror. Luka waves at him.

DEREK
Someone's behind us. I can't run
over him.

TOR
(through the glass)
Good call.

KIRA
Get the hell out of here, Derek.

DEREK
I could kill the guy.

Luka POUNDS on the trunk of the car.

LUKA
Come on, I'm in the mood for a
party!

Kira leans into Derek --

KIRA
Do you know what they're going to
do to us?

TOR
Does your wife make all your
decisions... Derek?

Luka BANGS on the trunk again and HOWLS -- Alana wakes up from the commotion. She sits up, causing the blanket to slip off her.

ALANA
Mommy, Daddy, what's going on?

TOR'S EYES LIGHT up as he sees Alana, confirming his suspicion.

DEREK
Nothing. Go back to sleep.

TOR
(through back window)
Hello, little girl.

KIRA
Derek, this is our only chance. I'm
begging you. He'll get out of the
way.

DEREK
What if he doesn't?

KIRA
RUN OVER HIM!

Derek struggles with the decision - he's too weak to move.

HE TURNS THE CAR OFF. The locks pop up. Kira is beside
herself. Alana is confused.

LUKA
Awww. I wanted you to try.

Tor opens the door. He leans in to Derek --

TOR
Derek?

Derek looks at him.

TOR (CONT'D)
Your wife was right... you never
should've stopped the car.

Derek and Kira shake in fear. Kira reaches over the seat and
takes Alana's hand.

Tor GRABS Derek and RIPS HIM FROM THE CAR. Kira jumps at the
force, grips Alana's hand tighter.

Tor pushes Derek up against the car.

TOR (CONT'D)
There's an easy way we can do this,
Derek. We'll let you go, but the
woman and the kid stay... You don't
have to worry, Tor knows someone
who's always wanted a child, so
she'll be well taken care of. As
far as your old lady goes, well...
Tor knows of a good use for her.

Tor offers a dark, quiet laugh. Derek tries to puff himself
up --

DEREK
You are not taking my family from
me.

Tor bristles at Derek's defiance. Pushes himself nose-to-nose with Derek.

TOR

Let me put it another way, Derek.
Your wife and child will be coming
with me, whether you live or die.
Okay? Make sense? It's the only
choice you're getting right now.

ORIN (O.S.)

That's one lousy choice.

Tor freezes like he can't believe he just heard someone confront him. He cranes his neck to the side until he sees Orin standing just beyond his men.

TOR

And who the fuck are you?

ORIN

Let the family go.

Tor chuckles.

TOR

Nobody gives orders to Tor,
especially DPs.

ORIN

Who's Tor?

Tor's infuriated by Orin's disrespect.

ORIN (CONT'D)

I'm not a Displaced Person.

Tor and his Marauders close in on Orin.

ORIN (CONT'D)

I'm exactly where I need to be.

TOR

Well, you're about ten seconds from
being in the ground.

ORIN

Six against one, I don't like the
odds.

One of the Marauders, RODDY (20s), makes a slight movement toward his gun--With lightning precision, Orin FIRES A HIDDEN WEAPON through his overcoat--

ZZZP -- Roddy SCREAMS IN PAIN, collapses, twitches, rendered motionless. Blood GUSHES from his nose, eyes, and mouth onto the street. The gang all stare at Roddy in shock.

ORIN (CONT'D)
Five against one. Better.

Shaken by Orin's shooting skill and his strange weapon, Tor looks at Orin, who doesn't even seem to be holding a weapon.

In this distraction, Orin quickly GRABS Derek--

ORIN (CONT'D)
(to Kira)
You. Quick. Drive--

Kira LEAPS from the passenger seat to the driver's seat as Orin SHOVES Derek into the backseat and jumps in beside him.

Kira desperately KICKS the car into gear. Tires SQUEALING.

TOR
Shoot him!

Tor pulls up his gun and fires at the car -- MISSES -- as the car drives away SWERVING. The Marauders SCRAMBLE after it, but it's too late.

Luka runs after the car and reaches out and futilely SMACKS the very back of it with his hand as it drives away. However, he focuses on the license plate.

INT. CAR - CITY - DAY

Kira speeds off. Derek's still relatively frozen. Orin looks at Kira in the rearview mirror, catching her looking at him.

Orin sees Kira's red hair, the look of awe on her face -- something hits him -- mouth agape -- but he can't say a word.

They share a long moment of eye contact... until Orin turns his attention to Alana.

ORIN
Little lady. You're okay now.

DEREK
We can't thank you enough, um...

ORIN
Orin.

Alana perks up. She manages to speak --

ALANA
Did you save us, Mr. Orin?

ORIN
You are a precocious little one. I only... helped.

ALANA
 (coughs)
 What's pre-kosh-us?

ORIN
 It's a gift... It makes you
 special.

ALANA
 Why do you look and speak like
 that?

KIRA
 Alana, that's rude.

Orin smiles at Kira. Kira senses a certain gentleness
 contrary to the man who shot a person.

ORIN
 I'm not from this place.
 (to Kira)
 Turn off here.

Kira makes a turn into a side street, where Orin points to an
 abandoned garage.

INT. GARAGE - CITY - DAY

As Kira pulls into the garage, Orin gets out and shuts the
 garage door before getting back into the car.

INT. CAR - GARAGE - DAY

ORIN
 Wait here, ten minutes. Long enough
 for them to search the area but not
 to regroup.

Alana begins wheezing. Kira looks to her in worry.

KIRA
 We need to get medication for her
 quickly. Do you know of a
 drugstore, or anyone, who might
 have some?

ORIN
 Yes.

DEREK
 Who?

ORIN
 I have what's needed.

Kira reaches across the car to him, lays her hand on his arm. She exudes desperation --

KIRA
We don't have a lot of money...

ORIN
There is no cost.

Kira looks dumbfounded at this, then leery as she leans back, distancing herself from him. Derek shifts away from Orin.

DEREK
I'm... confused. Why are you helping us?

ORIN
So that you will help me.

Orin looks to Alana with a calming gaze. Kira reads it a certain way and her instincts kick into gear--

KIRA
No!

ORIN
I would never take your child. I heard you live out of the city.

Kira shoots a look at Derek.

KIRA
Where did you hear that?

ORIN
I simply need a place to stay. With good people.

KIRA
You want to... stay with us?

ORIN
I believe it's a fair trade.

Quiet thoughts fill the air.

Kira starts to nod but--

DEREK
Orin, please give us a moment.

Orin steps out of the car, away from the family.

Derek locks eyes with Kira.

DEREK (CONT'D)
We don't know anything about him.

KIRA
We know he saved us.

DEREK
Kira... He killed that man without even hesitating. He's dangerous.

KIRA
He didn't freeze when we needed him.

DEREK
He risked his life to get into our home. He's after something, Kira.

KIRA
You want to protect this family?

DEREK
Course I do.

KIRA
Then let someone in who can.

The words are a blow to the gut. Derek takes it, silently. Without waiting for Derek to consent, Kira waves Orin over.

KIRA (CONT'D)
We accept.

ORIN
Then we can't waste time.

Orin pulls out a pill from a small bottle, hands it to Kira. She examines it.

ORIN (CONT'D)
Give her the pill.

Kira and Derek exchange a glance, a little hesitant.

ORIN (CONT'D)
It's perfectly safe.

Kira goes for it and puts the pill in Alana's mouth.

DEREK
I have to warn you, we only have two bedrooms.

ORIN
I'll sleep outside.

KIRA
It's 120 degrees in the day and freezing at night. And there's wind and sand and animals...

ORIN
I've endured worse.

They study him, unsure of their decision.

ORIN (CONT'D)
We should move.

KIRA
OK. You sit up front. Derek, are you able to drive?

Derek nods. Orin walks around the car as Kira opens the door to the back. He slips past her and their arms brush against each other. She flips her red hair. His eyes linger just a little too long...

KIRA (CONT'D)
Are you okay?

Orin shakes it off.

ORIN
Yes. Fine.

She smiles and slips into the car. Orin sits in the passenger seat, catching a wary look from Derek.

EXT. HELENA'S HOME - NIGHT

A strong wind swirls trash around Helena's lavish mansion overlooking the barren city.

INT. BEDROOM - HELENA'S HOME - NIGHT

Helena sits on her luxurious bed, smoking her e-cigarette and scrolling through a news website that has alarmist headlines:

SCREEN: MORE STORMS TEAR THROUGH WESTERN STATES -- G7 SUMMIT DESCENDS INTO CHAOS -- SCARCE RESOURCES THREATEN PEACE...

KNOCK KNOCK. Helena looks up and sees Tor standing at the doorway. A seductive look crosses her face.

HELENA
Come in.

Tor rushes in to kiss her passionately.

HELENA (CONT'D)
Take off your dirty clothes and tell me the good news.

Tor removes his clothes to reveal a rock-hard body. He takes his time, then slips into bed with Helena. She lays a finger over his mouth before he can kiss her --

HELENA (CONT'D)
Tell me about my present first.

Tor looks nervous at speaking.

TOR
There were... complications.

Helena leans away from him.

HELENA
What do you mean complications?

TOR
It's hard for Tor to explain--

HELENA
It's not that fucking hard. Do you have them or don't you? Do you know how valuable they are?

TOR
Of course.

HELENA
Childbearing women are worth more than gold. Children are...

She pauses as she's about to choke up. She steels herself --

HELENA (CONT'D)
Even more precious.

TOR
I know you want a child, but...

HELENA
But what, Tor? Watch your words, carefully.

TOR
Look around you. Nobody has what you have.

HELENA
Just shut up Tor! You have no idea.

Helena lays her hand across her lower stomach in reflex.

HELENA (CONT'D)
How did you screw up a simple job of grabbing a child and a woman? Was the husband too much for you?

TOR
Some DP got in our way.

HELENA

A DP? A sick, weak, wanderer?
Please tell me there were a dozen
or more.

TOR

Just... one.

Helena offers a belittling laugh. Tor moves away from her .

TOR (CONT'D)

He had some fancy-ass gun, like a
laser or something. He killed Roddy
in a split second. We didn't even
see the guy move.

HELENA

He killed Roddy? And you didn't do
anything about it? You're losing
your touch, Tor. Get out of my bed.
Find out where they live, and bring
me the woman and the girl! And try
not to wet your pants this time.

Tor picks up his clothes.

EXT. HELENA'S HOME - NIGHT

Tor stomps out of the house and sees Luka waiting.

LUKA

How'd it go?

TOR

Fucking bitch. She takes it out on
Tor because she can't have babies.
Hell, no one can have babies.

LUKA

Well, they say women have a clock
that starts ticking when--

TOR

Close that hole in your face, Luka.

LUKA

Hey, don't blame me. I'm just
following orders. I'm not the
leader. Who's in charge here?

Tor appears irked Luka's laid down a challenge.

TOR

Get our cops on the line. We'll
find out where this family lives.

(MORE)

TOR (CONT'D)

Send them to the house to make sure that DP isn't there. Then we can nab our prey. It's time to hunt.

INT. HALLWAY - HELENA'S HOME - NIGHT

Helena walks down a long hallway. She slowly enters a room.

INT. CHILD'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

As Helena opens the door, a gentle wind from the door moves a dangling mobile above a crib, and CHIMES are heard.

Helena steps inside the pristine bedroom. She passes a stuffed teddy bear rug, touches the oval-shaped mahogany crib, a matching bassinet, neutral-colored play-shelf.

She looks down to a table with a basket of toys and stuffed animals. She pulls out a wool lioness and caresses it close to her chest.

HELENA

I'm sorry you never got to see this... and I'm sorry I lost you before we had a chance. Please believe me, with all the money in the world, I couldn't save you.

(then)

There's a chance now... I promise you'll have a sister soon.

INT. HOUSE - DESERT - NIGHT

Kira and Derek stand at the door of Alana's room, looking in on her, asleep but restless.

Kira pulls the door to close, leaving it slightly ajar. She steps down the hall and Derek follows her into the kitchen.

KIRA

How did they know we had a daughter?

Derek looks ashamed.

DEREK

The pharmacist wasn't gonna help. I thought if he knew it was for a child...

(off Kira's scowl)

I was just trying to help.

KIRA

That's always your excuse. 'Just trying to help'. So why's the outcome always the opposite?

DEREK

That's not fair. You two are everything to me. I would never knowingly put you in danger--

KIRA

And that's supposed to comfort me, is it? When they pulled Alana from my arms? That you didn't mean it?

Derek looks crushed. The heavy tension in the air is broken when Kira spots --

ORIN standing inside the front door, watching.

ORIN

Sorry, I... I have a heightened sense of danger. I felt some... tension. I thought it may have been Alana. My apologies.

He moves to go back out--

KIRA

Wait. Stay. I'll make sweet tea.

Orin closes the door and enters the kitchen area.

ORIN

How is Alana?

DEREK

Her temperature seems to be out of the danger zone.

Kira readies supplies for the tea. She stops to look at Orin.

KIRA

Thanks to you.

Derek steels himself at the backhanded insult. Eyes Orin.

DEREK

... I was wondering if I could ask--

The alarm abruptly BLARES, set off by an unexpected intruder from outside. They apprehensively look to each other.

Derek makes a deliberate effort to take charge by stepping in front of Orin and goes to look at the security monitor, where two uniformed POLICEMEN stand.

DEREK (CONT'D)
Shit. What do they want?

ORIN
They could have witnessed me coming
inside.

Derek seizes the moment to prove himself --

DEREK
I'm going out.

He deactivates the alarm.

ORIN
Be vigilant.

Derek gives him a frustrated look, feeling patronized.

EXT. HOUSE - DESERT - NIGHT

On the front step, two uniformed policemen, OFFICER BARRETT (50s) and OFFICER REESE (40s) wait.

DEREK
Officers. Is there a problem? What
can I do for you?

OFFICER BARRETT
Evening, sir. I'm Officer Barrett.
(points to partner)
Officer Reese. We're following up
on a disturbance that happened
earlier outside St. Mary's
Hospital.
(points to Derek's car)
Is that your car?.

DEREK
I didn't think you were policing
this far out...

OFFICER BARRETT
Well, we're stretched pretty thin,
but still tryin' to do our best for
you folks.

OFFICER REESE
Witness gave your registration.

DEREK
We were the victims.

OFFICER BARRETT
We know, sir. We need your help
nailing the perpetrators.

DEREK

Um, it was a group of gang thugs, threatening me and my family. One of them spoke in the third person, called himself Tor--

The officers share a look.

OFFICER BARRETT

Course, we're aware of the bastard.

OFFICER REESE

Been investigating him for a while.

DEREK

And you haven't taken him in? He tried to take our child.

They share another look. Concern.

OFFICER BARRETT

New low even for him.

DEREK

Can't you arrest them?

OFFICER BARRETT

Well, sir, that's where we could use your help.

OFFICER REESE

We're having trouble making anything stick.

OFFICER BARRETT

Lot of people don't have the guts to do what's right. But you seem like a decent man. I'm thinking you do. If you could accompany us into town to give a statement, agree to testify against--

DEREK

I can't leave my family.

OFFICER BARRETT

What about protecting your family? Don't you want us to do that? This man isn't going to stop, not unless you help us stop him.

OFFICER REESE

We can station a unit out here for their protection.

OFFICER BARRETT

They'll be safe.

Barrett steps back, gestures to his badge.

OFFICER BARRETT (CONT'D)
Let's make sure they stay that way.

Derek looks stumped at what to do, then--

ORIN (O.S.)
Don't trust these men, Derek.

Orin approaches from behind, staring hard at the officers.

Officer Reese lays his hand across the butt of his gun. Orin shifts his eyes there. Looks back up to make eye contact.

OFFICER REESE
We're trying to help.

ORIN
I don't see any badge numbers.

INT. LIVING ROOM - HOUSE - NIGHT

Kira anxiously watches Orin and Derek and the police through the security camera monitor.

EXT. HOUSE - DESERT - NIGHT

The officers look guilty. But they play it off.

OFFICER REESE
We gave you a chance to do the right thing. Don't come crying to us if it ends badly for you.

The officers leave without looking back. Orin watches them carefully until they get in their car and drive off.

DEREK
How would they know it was us at the hospital and how would they know how to find our home?

ORIN
They're on a payroll, and it isn't the state's...
(then)
I'll keep watch. You can go back inside. Keep an eye on Alana.

He pulls a pill from the bottle and hands it to Derek. Derek takes it.

ORIN (CONT'D)
Another pill in one hour.

Derek nods, appearing to trust Orin a little more, albeit begrudgingly.

INT. DRAWING ROOM - HELENA'S HOME - NIGHT

Helena and Tor, unusually dressed up, chat with GUESTS, drinking cocktails. Soft MUSIC plays in the background.

One MALE GUEST (40s) speaks to Helena with Tor clinging to her side --

MALE GUEST
(admiring the decor)
It appears that you've survived quite well, Helena. Consider yourself one of the lucky ones.

Helena absorbs his comment, feigns a smile.

HELENA
I believe one makes her own luck.

Through the French doors, Helena notices the two policemen and Luka waiting in the hallway. Helena excuses herself and subtly pulls Tor with her to the hallway.

INT. HALLWAY - HELENA'S HOME - NIGHT

Helena and Tor meet the officers and Luka. Officer Barrett shakes his head --

OFFICER BARRETT
No go. That DP zombie freak was there. Inside the house.

TOR
What? They let him into their home? They're on rations like everyone else. Why would they share anything with a drifter?

LUKA
Maybe because he saved their lives?

Tor fires a look of daggers at Luka.

OFFICER BARRETT
He might be gaming them as well.

OFFICER REESE
He convinced them we weren't real policemen.

OFFICER BARRETT
"I don't see any badge numbers".

Helena pays attention to this detail.

HELENA

Maybe he wants the woman and child
for himself...

OFFICER BARRETT

Well, he's got his hooks in 'em,
whatever he's playing. Came across
as a smart one to me. Devious.
Somethin' about those freakish dark
eyes. Keep that in mind if you
still want the woman and the child.

The officers look to Luka. He pulls out cash, pays both of
them and walks them out.

HELENA

(to Tor)

Fake policeman? That was your move?

Tor looks embarrassed.

HELENA (CONT'D)

You're wasting my time.

TOR

Tor will take care of it.

HELENA

UGH! Why do you constantly address
yourself in the third person? It's
hot when we're fucking, but when
we're just talking it's annoying as
hell. Are you that insecure or do
you really think that much of
yourself?

TOR

It's a habit.

HELENA

Break it.

Tor looks tired of being emasculated. He flexes his jaw,
clenching his teeth. He watches her return to the drawing
room, passing Luka who returns.

TOR

(to Luka)

Tired of taking orders from her.
Tor does what he wants when he
wants.

LUKA

And what does he want?

TOR
Gear everyone up. We'll do it ourselves.

LUKA
Do what?

TOR
Take the wife. Take the kid. Take off that DP's fucking head.

His glass SHATTERS in his hand.

EXT. HOUSE - DESERT - DAY

Ominous, rolling clouds darken the sky, gusts pick up.

INT. LIVING ROOM - HOUSE - DAY

As the walls GROAN, Kira is at the counter, readying a few rations. Derek's entranced by the TV news.

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)
... and if the sea level on the Chesapeake Bay continues its current path, 167,000 acres of marshland and three million people's homes will be destroyed...

Orin comes from down the hall.

KIRA
How long will it take to work?
(off him)
The medication.

ORIN
If her temperature's already down, I'd say one more dose should get her through the worst.

KIRA
Thank you, Orin.
(re the rations)
Will you join us?

ORIN
You have little enough as it is--

KIRA
Please. You're our guest.

A beat. He considers. Then smiles.

ORIN
I'd be honored.

BZZZZZTTT -- the television blacks out again. Kira looks at it, then Derek and huffs --

KIRA
Didn't you just fix that thing?

DEREK
It's these damn winds.

ORIN
I can try fixing it, if you don't mind. I've had some experience with electronics.

Derek gets up from his chair, a little jealous of Orin's apparent confidence of being amazing at everything.

DEREK
Be my guest, since that's what you are.

Orin examines the back of the TV. He removes a wire, looks to Derek.

ORIN
Do you have a heavier wire? I believe this one is too thin. Seems to be what's shorting out your TV.

DEREK
A heavier wire? I think we might.

Derek searches a drawer of parts, finds a heavier wire, hands it to Orin. Orin does some quick work with Alana's pocket knife and connects the wire to the TV.

The image on the TV returns. Derek frowns at Orin's easy success. Kira hides a smile.

EXT. PHARMACY - DAY

BADAR (40s), a burly man with black irises and a weapon and coat identical to Orin's, stands in front of the pharmacy from earlier.

He pulls up his weapon, without aiming, BLASTS the front door apart. Through the falling debris, Badar heads inside.

INT. PHARMACY - DAY

Gerald, the pharmacist, cowers, terrified by the explosion. He watches Badar walk inside. Startled by Badar's appearance, Gerald steps back.

BADAR

I'm looking for a man. He was just here. A tall, thin man. Black eyes, overcoat.

GERALD

He's--He's never been here before...

BADAR

I didn't think he was a regular. Which direction was he headed?

GERALD

I didn't watch, I was on the pho...

Gerald stops speaking in mid-sentence as Badar walks menacingly toward him.

BADAR

He was with someone.

GERALD

He's a stranger too...

BADAR

Where did he go?

GERALD

I think he went to his car...

BADAR

You just said you weren't watching. Where'd the tall man go?

GERALD

I didn't pay attention...

BADAR

You see, now I can't trust you.

Badar scans the bare shelves inside the pharmacy.

BADAR (CONT'D)

You don't have much here, not enough to die for... except you lied to me.

Badar points the weapon directly in front of Gerald's face.

BADAR (CONT'D)

Five seconds to get your story straight.

Gerald's quivering finger points in a direction.

Badar OBLITERATES Gerald's head.

BADAR (CONT'D)

I hate liars.

Badar grabs a candy bar and leaves.

EXT. HOUSE - DESERT - NIGHT

Wind picks up velocity, spraying sand against the house and throughout the desert. Some objects on the porch BANG loudly as they're tossed about.

INT. ALANA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Alana sleeps, her breathing finding an easier rhythm. Orin looks down at his patient in silence.

He slips an odd device from his pocket. It's shaped like a pulse oximeter: a small set of metallic jaws suited for a fingertip. It's chrome surface is covered in strange symbols, and it makes an unnerving --

CLICK, WHOOSH -- as he presses it shut on his index tip -- A needle breaks and pushes into his skin, injecting something into his bloodstream.

He sucks his finger, freezes when--

DEREK (O.S.)

What are you doing?

Derek's in the doorway, watching. Orin hurriedly returns the device to his pocket.

ORIN

I'm sorry, Derek, you were engaged.
It was time for Alana's pill.

Derek watches Orin, wary.

DEREK

It's time to eat.

INT. LIVING ROOM - HOUSE - NIGHT

Rations are arranged on a small table near the counter. The TV drones on in the background --

NEWSCASTER

... United Nations negotiations continue to stall today amidst growing accusations that multiple countries have misrepresented their emissions levels of mandated targets required to receive international aid...

Derek directs Orin to a seat, takes one of his own.

The back door swings open. Orin alertly swivels to see Kira struggling carrying an axe and a few chopped logs.

KIRA
(off him)
Temperature's suppose to drop.
Alana gets cold.

ORIN
Let me help you.

He moves to stand, but--

DEREK
I got it.

Derek steps in front of Orin, blocking his path to help. Derek helps Kira set the logs by the fireplace.

Kira removes her protective clothing. Eyes the two men, sensing the tension.

They all sit, begin picking at their rations.

KIRA
What's going on?

DEREK
I'd like to know the same thing.

ORIN
I owe you both an apology. You were out. Derek was engaged. Alana's pill was due, so I--

DEREK
What did you inject?
(off him)
You pricked your finger with something.

KIRA
Derek, he's a guest.

DEREK
He's a stranger.
(to Orin)
What was it? Are you an addict?

KIRA
Derek--

DEREK
He was in our daughter's room injecting himself with something.

ORIN

I understand your suspicion. I have
a... condition, as you can see --

He gestures to his skin, his eyes.

ORIN (CONT'D)

I have to medicate before I eat.

KIRA

You're diabetic.

ORIN

Not exactly...

KIRA

(to Derek)

He's diabetic.

DEREK

And how do you have medication when
no one else does? The pharmacies
are empty.

ORIN

I--

KIRA

He saved Alana's life--

DEREK

To get into our home! Either
there's something in here he wants,
or something out there he's hiding
from, and both of those are shady.

KIRA

Maybe he just needs a place to
stay.

DEREK

And I let you convince me. Convince
me we had no other choice but to
let him in--

ORIN

Please. If my being here is going
to cause conflict, then...

He stands, looks out at the whirling sands.

ORIN (CONT'D)

I have no problem being out there.
I'll be gone by morning.

KIRA

No, just... Where did you get the
pills?

ORIN
They were given to me by someone.

DEREK
Some black market dealer.

ORIN
A friend.

DEREK
And where is this friend?

Orin smiles sadly.

ORIN
He's no longer with us.

KIRA
I'm sorry... We're sorry.

DEREK
He was in Alana's room--

KIRA
Because you were catatonic in front
of the fucking TV.

DEREK
How else are we gonna hear any new
developments?

KIRA
There are no new developments!
Everything's fucked. It was fucked
yesterday. It's fucked today. It'll
be fucked tomorrow. You'd rather
watch it burn than actually do
anything.

ORIN
Alana can hear you.

All eyes on him.

ORIN (CONT'D)
Sorry. Not my place.

Derek stands, still stinging from Kira's blow.

DEREK
I'll get Alana some water.

He vanishes from the room, leaving Orin and Kira in stony
silence.

KIRA
Orin... we can't go on this way...

Sand batters the house.

ORIN

When human beings are put into tense situations they have no control over, they tend to take it out on those closest to them. But he's not your enemy. This climate, that's your enemy.

KIRA

He's just not built for this.

ORIN

A good thing. The men who tried to take Alana? Those are men suited to the apocalypse.

(then)

You should talk to him. No anger. No argument. Just talk. Cherish. Embrace what time you have. I know if I had mine again, I'd... well...

She studies him for a long beat. His eyes scrutinize the outside, but he listens. Kira wearily stands up.

KIRA

He cheated on me. On us. Maybe in time I could have reconciled it all but I didn't get time. The world went to shit and there wasn't space for my anger any more. Now it's like we live past each other...

ORIN

The TV, I can fix. This...

Kira laughs derisively. Orin breaks the awkwardness, stands.

ORIN (CONT'D)

I wish to cause you no more grief. I will be gone in the morning.

He moves to head outside.

KIRA

At least stay inside.

He nods thanks.

INT. KIRA AND DEREK'S BEDROOM - HOUSE - NIGHT

Kira lies asleep. Derek stares at the ceiling. The wild winds and sand bend the walls and shake the house.

INT. LIVING ROOM - HOUSE - NIGHT

Orin sits at the window like a sentry. His jacket hangs from the back of a chair by the table.

He leans closer to the glass, somehow seeing something through the impenetrable opacity of the whirling sands.

Then, in a flash, his EYES TURN BLACK. The darkness of his irises leak into the whites until they're just pools of ink.

Orin's POV: The sand and darkness lose their opacity, revealing previously invisible details in the landscape.

Far away, he can now make out a tiny speck of light edging closer--

DEREK (O.S.)

What are you?

Orin turns to see Derek holding his weapon, taken from his jacket. He freezes.

DEREK (CONT'D)

You're gonna tell me the truth or I'll shoot.

ORIN

That weapon fires heat-seeking bio-slugs. It's calibrated to hit human body temperature. If you fire, it won't be me that falls.

DEREK

You're saying you aren't human?

ORIN

Derek, please...

DEREK

(calling)

Kira!

(to Orin)

What did you give our daughter?

ORIN

She's getting better. You've seen it yourself.

Kira appears in the doorway. Orin instinctively turns his head, hiding his eyes from her view.

KIRA

Oh my God, Derek, what the fuck are you doing?

DEREK

Show her.

ORIN
Show her what?

DEREK
Your eyes.

KIRA
You've lost your mind.

ORIN
No... He hasn't.

He turns slowly to Kira, revealing his ink black eyes, triggering a terrified gasp from her lips.

She places herself behind Derek.

KIRA
Who are you?

Orin fixates once again on Kira's hair, its red color transfixing him...

BEGIN FLASHBACK

INT. CLASSROOM - ANDROMEDA ACADEMY - DAY

DR. GAGAN (O.S.)
Planet Earth is dying...

A free-spirited rarity, BRIEX (20s), sits in a seat next to Orin. Her red hair is exactly as Kira's, and he can't take his eyes off it.

They're seated in a massive auditorium, stacked with students dressed in uniforms. They form a continuous circle of vertically-tiered stations surrounding a revolving stage.

In front of each station is a crystalline partition equipped with an amplified communicator to listen and speak for the students -- and the instructor.

ANDROID GUARDS are fixed at the entryways -- HALF HUMAN, HALF MACHINE -- They wear jagged black armor with hoods and carry silver metal HOOKS with radiating light blue tips.

Their faces possess the same movement and features as everyone else, except the Guards' expressions render them unapproachable.

Everyone in the classroom has black irises and speaks with a similar accent as Orin but with different colored hair -- blues and yellows and violets...

At the front, DR. GAGAN (40s), the instructor, wearing a distinct colored uniform, arrogantly stands behind a podium at the center of the swirling stage.

His right hand has a synthetic appearance and an unnatural flesh color.

DR. GAGAN (CONT'D)

From the glazed eyes I see in this room, to the questions some of you ask me in your bolder moments, I believe I need to reiterate why we must care, and deeply care, about a world 2.5 million light years from our own...

He homes in on a YOUNG MAN whispering to a classmate.

DR. GAGAN (CONT'D)

Quiet, Neo-Telmar. There is no active participation in this class. No interaction. You are spectators.

ORIN

(still staring at Briex)
Fine by me.

Briex giggles.

DR. GAGAN

Laughter is an interaction, Neo-Briex. You will, once again, see me after class.

Gagan turns his attention to an image of Earth behind him.

Briex playfully throws a scrunched wrapper from a vitality bar at Orin. It bounces softly off his head.

DR. GAGAN (CONT'D)

Earth is experiencing climate change that will inevitably lead to its own destruction. This will have a profound effect on its galaxy, the 'milky way'. As Earth's nearest habitable neighbor, it could indeed have the same effect on our own galaxy, Andromeda.

Around the auditorium, students take notes in various ways. Some wear sleek visors upon which alien script appears as Gagan speaks, translating his words into digital notes.

Others hold a pen-shaped device adorned with tiny dials, deftly working them with one hand and using the tip like a click pen. The tip burns an intricate symbol onto a work pad.

DR. GAGAN (CONT'D)

The universe is a delicately balanced machine, not a whorl of chaos. The Earth's demise would remove an existential cog.

Orin's eyes trace the curve of Briex's neck, the tilt of her head as she writes by hand, unlike her tech-reliant peers.

DR. GAGAN (CONT'D)

When you are dispatched there, you will be gathering data. Cultures, politics, diversities, attitudes, the human condition... Data that will help us assess the nature of the catastrophe and Earth nations' ability and willingness to resolve it. If any here still deem that goal unworthy...

He gestures to the doorway.

DR. GAGAN (CONT'D)

There's the exit.

INT. HALLWAY - ANDROMEDA ACADEMY - DAY

Orin leans against the wall, trying to look nonchalant. He watches the classroom doorway, which is filled by vertical beams of undulating plasma.

Blurry shapes of exiting students can be seen approaching then walking through the door, clearly appearing on the other side, continuing on their way.

Briex and Dr. Gagan emerge through the beams of the doorway, Dr. Gagan speaking low. Briex shakes her head, appearing annoyed, and walks away from Dr. Gagan.

She joins Orin.

ORIN

Did he try it again?

BRIEX

He really wants me to be his assistant.

ORIN

That's not all he wants.

BRIEX

Right. Of course. It couldn't just be that I'm smart.

ORIN

You are smart. Smart enough to see through him.

BRIEX

I can see that he hates you.

ORIN

Luckily you have better taste.

She stares at him, smirks. They head to the exit together, hand in hand.

EXT. ANDROMEDA METROPOLIS - DAY

They step out of the imposing structure of the academy: Huge towers stretch into the sky behind a 4D monolithic sign reading: "ACADEMY OF SPACE EXPLORATION".

It stands among a pulsing metropolis, full of light and movement. Meteorites sporadically SHOOT across the sky, BOUNCING off a transparent light blue dome that shields and filters the entire metropolis below.

Flat spinning satellites HOVER outside the dome.

The dome emits prismatic streaks of sunlight to the hemisphere-shaped structures that populate the area.

Solar panels completely wrap around the exteriors of the structures. The panels reflect and absorb rays of sunlight.

Passengers arrive and depart from pyramid-shaped taxis that WHIRL above the structures by maneuvering in all directions, finding the shortest route from one structure to another.

A brilliant red government symbol of innumerable citizens forming an outreaching hand is emblazoned on all sides of the multiple military installations.

Orin and Briex pass students and others ducking into the opening of a long air tunnel that carries passengers to various stops in front of other buildings. They opt to walk.

BRIEX

In the mood for some stimulation?

ORIN

Your place?

BRIEX

In your wildest fantasies.

Briex smirks at him, stops them in front of a hemisphere-shaped building, a "STIMULATION CENTER".

INT. STIMULATION CENTER - DAY

Orin and Briex face each other, standing against body-fitting non-liquid gel. Lasers emanate from the gel and penetrates the perimeter of their entire bodies.

Between them, an incandescent light illuminates a fuming globe. Their hands are on the globe, eyes are on each other.

Sensations run through their bodies, stimulating them, making it somewhat difficult to speak at first.

ORIN
Dinner later?

BRIEX
I have somewhere to be.

ORIN
You always say that.

BRIEX
It's always true.

ORIN
Can I come?

She deliberates, then gives him a short shake of her head --

BRIEX
I haven't figured you out yet.

ORIN
I'm not complicated.

BRIEX
That I have figured out.

ORIN
Why the mystery?

Her eyes flit to the vigilant ANDROID SOLDIERS in each corner of the room.

BRIEX
Telling is a dangerous act these days.

Orin follows her gaze. Looks bothered by the sight --

ORIN
That's the real reason I signed up to the program. To one day go somewhere where we aren't listened to, watched every single second... and to meet beautiful girls.

BRIEX
Crazy coincidence. I signed up to meet creeps.

EXT. ANDROMEDA CITY STREET - NIGHT

Orin and Briex stroll together until she stops at a poster encased in a translucent solid material that reads "ONE VISION, ONE COMMITMENT, ONE GOVERNMENT". Orin notices a change in her mood as she glares at it.

He reaches for a piece of metal on the ground and SMASHES the front of the encasement but does not break it. He hits it repeatedly until the writing is indiscernible.

Briex smiles at him.

BRIEX

OK.

ORIN

OK what?

She takes his hand.

BRIEX

You can come.

EXT. ANDROMEDA DOWNTOWN - NIGHT

Briex leads Orin toward a huge crowd. Collapsible banners opposing tyranny and advocating freedom of speech stick out above the horde -- An anti-government rally.

As they approach its perimeter--

SHAY (O.S.)

Briex!

A young, headstrong non-conformist, SHAY (20s), approaches.

SHAY (CONT'D)

You made it.

BRIEX

We did.

Shay eyes Orin suspiciously.

BRIEX (CONT'D)

He's with me.

(off him)

He's not an infiltrator, Shay.
Doesn't have the brains for it.

SHAY

They're dragging people off the streets. Be careful who you trust--

A sudden CACOPHONY ahead as the rally explodes into action -- young people DEFACING photos -- TRASHING government property -- BURNING effigies of regime leaders.

Orin watches in inspired awe, turns to see Briex watching him.

ORIN

Is this a test?

She beams at him, the energy of the rally feeding the electricity between them. They gaze at each other. Orin brushes back her hair. Briex kisses him. He touches her face, caresses it, then --

BOOM! Android Soldiers MARCH in and DETONATE a chemical spray to break up the rally.

The protesters FIGHT AND YELL at the Soldiers. They become violent and throw rocks and loose debris from the street.

Soldiers BLUDGEON AND SHOCK protesters with their metallic hooks. HEAVE more chemical bombs into the choking crowd. Apprehend and beat hostile protesters.

Orin grabs Briex's hand and pulls her along, ducking in and out of protesters and the Soldiers. They are almost in the clear when--

A SOLDIER DARTS into their path. He rears back to club Orin when--

Orin SWINGS with all his might -- SMASHES the Soldier squarely in the face -- the Soldier staggers backwards -- Orin grabs Briex and they flee.

Briex's taken aback but the adrenaline gives her a rush. She kisses him again while running and they get lost in the smoke and the ferocious fighting behind them. (FLASHBACK ENDS.)

BACK TO PRESENT

INT. LIVING ROOM - HOUSE - NIGHT

Orin's eyes are returning to 'normal'. He looks sadly at Kira. Derek's hands shake as he continues to point the weapon at Orin.

KIRA

What's happening to your eyes?!

ORIN

I'm not of this place. But you must believe me when I say I am here to help--

DEREK

Get out.

Orin flinches, as though hearing something we can't. His eyes gaze out the window.

ORIN

It's too late.

KIRA

What?

ORIN

They're here.

He holds out a hand.

ORIN (CONT'D)

The weapon, Derek.

KIRA

Who's here? I didn't hear anything.

Alana interjects --

ALANA (O.S.)

Orin has a heightened sense of danger.

Alana has come out her room to see the stand-off. Kira rushes to protect her from the sight.

ALANA (CONT'D)

What's happening?

KIRA

You should be in bed, sweetheart.

Orin smiles at her.

ORIN

I'm glad to see you're better--

DEREK

I said get out.

ORIN

You are in danger. Your family is in danger. I can't stop what's coming empty-handed.

DEREK

You could be lying.

The FAINT SOUND OF A GROWLING ENGINE puts the question to rest. The family looks frightened.

ORIN

Derek... I will take care of them,
and you will never see me again.

Derek finally relents, hands over the weapon.

ORIN (CONT'D)

Take Alana to her room. Barricade
the door.

Orin moves toward the front door. He looks back for a moment at his two hosts -- Derek's fear and apprehension etched into his face, Kira trying to mask her sadness.

ORIN (CONT'D)

Thank you for your hospitality.

He vanishes into the night.

EXT. DESERT - NIGHT

In the pitch-black desert, Tor uses hand gestures to instruct his Marauders as they move out of the van.

The Marauders turn their backs to the wind blasting dust and sand thick in the air. They scatter to their positions, pistols in hand.

Luka ventures alone. He surveys the area, sees only darkness. The wind howls and the dust makes it impossible to see.

There is an eerie silence as Luka inches towards the house's fence. Each step is filled with trepidation.

His men scatter around the house but they may as well be miles away, given the darkness.

Luka listens, steps lightly -- ZZZP -- a SCREAM ECHOES out followed by GUNFIRE. He's alarmed, lifts his gun.

Luka hears HEAVY STEPS MOVE in an undetectable direction through the wind. The footsteps come to a stop.

He hears a pistol FIRE. Then the unmistakable ZZZP of Orin's weapon -- a SCREAM.

Luka squints and scans into the blustery murkiness when he hears Tor's voice CRACKLING through his bracelet phone.

TOR (V.O.)

What's happening?

LUKA

How the hell can I tell?

Luka ends Tor's call. He makes a call himself. BERNIE (20s) picks up.

LUKA (CONT'D)
Bernie, what's going on?

BERNIE
I don't know. I can't see anyth--

ZZZP -- a scream -- a gunshot. Luka expresses alarm.

LUKA
Fucking hell.

INT. LIVING ROOM - HOUSE - NIGHT

Kira emerges from Alana's room to find Derek peering out the window. They hear a SCREAM and GUNSHOTS outside but can't see anything.

DEREK
She OK?

Kira nods deep in thought.

KIRA
What do you think he is?

DEREK
I don't know.
(then)
Feels like the world's suddenly
full of monsters.

KIRA
Maybe he really is here to help.

DEREK
You think so?

KIRA
Why else would he throw himself out
there like that?

This gives Derek pause, but--

DEREK
I hope you're right. But I'm not
taking that chance.

He swallows hard and goes to the cabinet, pulls out the handgun, loads it.

KIRA
What are you doing?

DEREK
I'm not leaving your and Alana's
safety up to luck or strangers
again.

KIRA
No, Derek, no...

She puts a hand on his chest.

KIRA (CONT'D)
We need you here.

He looks into her pleading eyes, sees them soften.

KIRA (CONT'D)
I haven't been kind to you.

DEREK
I gave you no reason to. I betrayed
you. And now I've put us in this
situation.

KIRA
It's not your fault.

DEREK
It is. And I'm sorry. But I can fix
it. I can save us.

He kisses her, then makes for the door.

She steps in front of him--

KIRA
Please. Derek. DEREK!

Her sudden emotion pauses him.

KIRA (CONT'D)
You have nothing to prove to me,
OK? Nothing.

Derek smiles sadly.

DEREK
We both know that's not true.

He shakes her off. Darts outside, leaving Kira alone.

She wraps herself in her arms and stares at the closed door,
tears down her cheeks.

EXT. DESERT - NIGHT

Luka calls on his phone again. He's on edge, scrambling
blindly in the darkness. There's no answer for a few moments
then finally someone picks up.

LUKA
Darko, did you see anything? What
the hell's happening?

ORIN (V.O.)
 (from phone)
 Darko can't talk right now.

Luka sees the silhouette of Orin hovering over Darko's dead body when the wall of sand clears out for a moment.

ORIN (V.O.)
 (from phone)
 And neither can his friends.

Luka quickly FIRES THREE SHOTS at the silhouette but it disappears amidst a gust of dirt and sand.

He walks forward, rather blindly, and gets to Darko's body, barely making it out as sand covers it. But no sign of Orin.

Luka, petrified, realizes he's alone. He looks around, anticipating an attack at any moment.

EXT. OTHER SIDE OF HOUSE - NIGHT

Derek moves around the house surreptitiously, slipping out from under a gap underneath the gate.

He wanders into the desert with his gun pointed. Wind and sand batter his vision and senses, making him struggle to get his bearings.

As he steps further out into the darkness, he freezes as a gun is pressed against his head.

Luka's steely eyes study Derek, who quivers.

LUKA
 Put the gun down, Derek. You know
 you're not gonna use it.

DEREK
 I will if I have to.

LUKA
 You'll be dead if you don't put it
 down now.

Derek reluctantly relents. His hand drops and he loosens his grip on the gun, but does not drop it.

LUKA (CONT'D)
 That's a good boy.

DEREK SWINGS AROUND and SMASHES LUKA IN THE FACE WITH THE GUN -- Luka falls down hard, holds his face -- Derek points the gun at Luka.

DEREK
I swear I'll kill you if you get
up.

Luka laughs. He brushes the sand off his clothes, looks up at Derek.

LUKA
If you had it in you, you'da done
it already.

Luka spits blood.

DEREK
I'm warning you. Stay down.

Derek looks around blindly. He yells into the darkness --

DEREK (CONT'D)
Orin!

No response comes. He shouts louder.

DEREK (CONT'D)
ORIN! I HAVE ONE OF THEM. HE'S
DOWN!

Still no answer. Luka laughs again, starts to get up.

LUKA
Your old lady could do it, but you
don't have the balls.

Derek FIRES -- Point-blank -- MISSES -- Luka reaches up -- GRABS his wrist holding the gun -- YANKS Derek to the ground like a rag doll -- SLUGS him in the face with his own gun, knocking out Derek.

LUKA (CONT'D)
Amateur.

Luka throws Derek over his shoulder and hauls him away.

After a moment, Orin appears where he heard Derek's voice. He surveys the landscape, observes drips of blood.

INT. LIVING ROOM - HOUSE - NIGHT

Kira frantically peers out the window, trying in vain to decipher the sounds she's hearing.

She jumps at a sudden--

BANG--

At the door, RUSHES over to find--

ORIN. He stands at the doorway, clutching the side of his head, blood seeping through his fingers from a long, painful gash. The shot barely missed killing him.

He speaks, *but what comes out isn't English*. It's a completely unrecognizable language.

Kira shrinks back from the door, frightened.

Orin's confused when Kira speaks. The intonation suggests a question, but her words are MUFFLED and unintelligible.

He realizes what's wrong: He reaches a hand to the back of his head, traces it below his skull to the highest vertebrae--

TAPS it with a knuckle.

Kira repeats her question but it still doesn't register, then again --

TAPS HARDER--

KIRA

Derek?

ORIN

Please. I realize you have no reason to trust me, but please let me in.

KIRA

Not until you tell me where he is!

ORIN

He isn't with you?

KIRA

He went out there. He wanted to protect us...

Orin looks out at the sand.

ORIN

There are only dead bodies out there, and he isn't one of them.

Kira is devastated.

KIRA

I told him not to go...

ORIN

I'll find him. Let me treat myself and I'll search for him.

Kira is in no shape to make a decision, she hesitates...

ORIN (CONT'D)

What other choice do you have?

She steps aside, lets him in. His blood leaves a trickle trail on the floor as he sinks into a chair.

ORIN (CONT'D)

It's not as bad as it looks. Just grazed me.

KIRA

I'll get the first aid kit.

She rushes off. He touches his wound, grimaces from the pain. He turns and looks out the window. The night is dark. But he sees something that causes alarm --

On the horizon, at the top of the hill, the moon illuminates a man in a long jacket like his own.

Kira returns with the first aid kit in hand, pulling his attention from the window for a brief moment. When he looks back, the figure is gone.

EXT. DESERT - DAY

Day breaks over the swirling sand around the van. Luka shoves Derek to the ground at Tor's feet. He's unconscious, with a deep gash above his eye.

Several surviving Marauders straggle to the vans and get in.

TOR

Where're the others?

LUKA

Face down in the sand.

Luka does the sign of the cross. Tor looks uneasy. Then an unsettling sense of fear grows on Tor's face --

TOR

And the DP?

Luka does not answer.

TOR (CONT'D)

Fuck...

LUKA

At least I brought back something useful.

TOR

Yeah, but the DP's still got the kid and the woman. And we just took a hit in the numbers game.

LUKA
Then we gotta up our numbers.

TOR
Or change our game.
(re Derek)
We're gonna use this sack of shit
as a bargaining chip. We'll cut a
deal: Him for the DP.

LUKA
But we're here for the girls--

TOR
Who'll have no protection once the
DP gives himself up. Once he's off
the board, we take 'em.

Tor heaves a long, large box from the van bed into the sand,
kicks open the lid to reveal a cache of new assault rifles.

Luka beams, picks out a couple and feels their heft.

TOR (CONT'D)
No more half-measures.

Unnoticed by Tor and Luka, Derek has regained consciousness,
listening to their plan in horror.

INT. LIVING ROOM - HOUSE - DAY

Kira applies a makeshift dressing to Orin's head. He winces
from pain. Notices her shaking hands.

ORIN
He's alive, Kira. And we'll get him
back.

KIRA
Where are you from?

ORIN
... Andromeda.

She lets out an incredulous laugh, but she sees his solemn
reaction and it dissolves into fear. She stops bandaging,
moves away.

KIRA
Jesus, you're insane.

ORIN
No, no. Kira.

He stands, she shrinks, but he takes both her hands, doesn't
let her pull away, speaks calmly --

ORIN (CONT'D)

Kira, you're husband is missing.
Panic is a luxury we can't afford.
Now, think about what you've seen.

KIRA

Let go.

ORIN

Think. And look at me. You know I'm
telling you the truth.

Her eyes widen, mouth dropping as what once seemed to her to
be human aberrations now seem genuinely alien.

KIRA

Oh, no... no...

He lets go. Her legs give, sinking onto the couch.

KIRA (CONT'D)

I let you in...

ORIN

And you were right to. Because I'm
here to help.

He kneels beside her, grimacing from the pain of the gash.

ORIN (CONT'D)

We're taught about you from a young
age. We've watched your planet slip
into crisis. We fear what it might
do to our own. The lucky few of us
get to come here, to study, to
learn...

(then)

It's when I see people like you,
like Alana, like Derek, I see your
strength and kindness, I see hope.

Kira stares in disbelief, fighting what she knows is true.

ORIN (CONT'D)

You don't believe me.

KIRA

I... don't know what I believe.

He smiles, gently.

ORIN

Well... That will suffice for now.

ALANA (O.S.)

What was all that noise? Was that
shooting?

The voice snaps Kira and Orin from their conversation. Alana stands in the doorway, wiping her eyes. She is looking a little better with more color in her face.

KIRA

It was the wind blowing trees
around, honey.

Alana notices Orin's wound. Orin puts a hand over the dressing, a vain attempt to hide it.

ALANA

What happened to Orin?

KIRA

Orin had an accident. But all you
need to worry about is getting
better. You should be back to bed.

ALANA

Where's Daddy?

KIRA

He... went out for some supplies.
He'll be back soon.

The van's HORN BLASTS OUTSIDE. It repeats, ear splitting. Kira and Orin share a look -- A warning.

ALANA

What's that?

KIRA

Just someone driving by. Back to
bed.

Alana, confused but skeptical, returns to her room. She closes the door. Kira simply stares after her.

ORIN

She's a smart one. She knows
something's wrong. You may have to
be honest with her.

Kira nods and looks more broken by the minute.

Orin looks through the window as the BEEPING ceases, sees Luka approaching the fence, dragging Derek.

ORIN (CONT'D)

Stay here.

EXT. HOUSE - DESERT - DAY

Orin heads outside to meet Luka, who stands at the fence holding Derek, tied and gagged, with a gun pointed at his head.

LUKA
 We need to speak to his old lady.
 About the fate of her husband.

Kira BOLTS out of the house.

KIRA
 What about my husband?

ORIN
 I said stay inside.

KIRA
 No chance.

LUKA
 It's quite simple, your husband for
 the DP. Or a bullet in good old
 Derek's head. Your choice.

Kira catches Derek's eye. He MOANS through his gag, trying to warn them of the deal, but he's unintelligible.

LUKA (CONT'D)
 Oh no, Derek. Taking her a while,
 isn't it?

Kira takes a quick look at Orin, waiting for him to act. He doesn't.

LUKA (CONT'D)
 Take all the time you want, as long
 as it's daylight. By nightfall,
 it's gonna get ugly.

Luka drags Derek back toward his van. Kira turns to Orin.

KIRA
 I know I can't ask you to give up
 your life for someone you just met.
 But I can't let Derek die.

ORIN
 I wouldn't expect you. Or let you.
 (then)
 The man's right... it's going to
 get ugly.

KIRA
 We have until tonight...

Orin notices the barreling storm, the debris and sand blocking out the sun, blackening the desert skies...

ORIN
 I wouldn't count on that.

His eyes land on Derek being dragged back into the desert --

SHAY (PRE-LAP)
GET YOUR HANDS OFF ME!

BEGIN FLASHBACK

INT. CLASSROOM - ANDROMEDA ACADEMY - DAY

The students watch in silent horror as Shay is dragged from his seat by several ANDROIDS. Dr. Gagan watches on from the podium, unfazed.

LEAD ANDROID
You are accused of dissident
behavior. Please come peacefully.

Shay struggles and fights them at every step.

They TOSS him to the floor, ZAP him with their hooks, pulling an agonizing SCREAM from his lips. No one dares step in.

SHAY
DON'T BE ANDROIDS! FIGHT AGAINST
TYRANNY! SPEAK OUT!

He manages to break free for the briefest second, his eyes locking forlornly with Briex's before he's dragged, kicking and screaming from the room.

Briex looks away, trying to hide her shame of not being able to help Shay. Tears well in her eyes.

Gagan continues his lesson as if nothing happened.

DR. GAGAN
I hope no-one else has lost sight
of our purpose or fallen prey to
'resistant' thinking.

He looks out over his students with barely concealed contempt.

DR. GAGAN (CONT'D)
It may sound unscientific, but in
many ways it's as if we are fated
to journey to Earth, fated to save
it.

A LARGE EYEBALL is projected behind Dr. Gagan.

DR. GAGAN (CONT'D)
Evolution has given us the ability
to darken our eyes to block out the
extreme light of our home. This in
turn gives us keen eyesight in the
relative darkness of Earth.

He turns his eyes to the sunlit roof. They flush inky black.

DR. GAGAN (CONT'D)

We age more robustly than humans,
allowing us time to observe them
over generations.

Orin sees Briex's grief, who's still shaken by Shay's fate.

DR. GAGAN (CONT'D)

And thanks to the work of our most
esteemed astro-linguists and
engineers, our neuro-cochlear
implants can grant us fluency in
almost one-hundred of Earth's
seemingly innumerable languages.

Orin nudges Briex, mouths, 'Are you OK?'.

DR. GAGAN (CONT'D)

Care to share your thoughts with
the class, Neo-Orin?

Orin shakes his head.

DR. GAGAN (CONT'D)

Are you under the impression that
this room is your forum?

The doctor strides directly toward Orin as he continues to
speak, moving closer and closer -- in an escalating --
menacing -- intimidating approach --

DR. GAGAN (CONT'D)

Climate change has created a chain
of multiple events on Earth. The
sustained brightness is caused by
the intensity of the sun -- The
intensity of the sun is caused by
global warming -- Global warming is
caused by emissions -- Emissions
destroy the atmosphere -- Causing a
desperate fight over scarce
resources -- Possibly resulting in
a nuclear war.

Gagan ends up face-to-face with Orin, hovering over him in a
power position, forcing Orin to look him in the eye, clasping
the partition with his right hand.

DR. GAGAN (CONT'D)

So, tell me, Neo-Orin, are your
vapid thoughts more important than
the threat of nuclear war and the
eradication of an entire sentient
species?

The room is silent. Orin does not blink. Dr. Gagan walks
away, piqued.

Orin notices the doctor's right hand has left a mark on the partition.

INT. HALLWAY - ANDROMEDA ACADEMY - DAY

Students pile out of the classroom. Orin waits for Briex. Briex does not leave with the others. Orin becomes impatient and steps into --

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

He sneaks inside to find her talking to the doctor, her back to Orin. Dr. Gagan smiles at Briex, touches her arm, gestures flirtatiously. Orin, upset, leaves.

EXT. ANDROMEDA ACADEMY - DAY

Orin storms out of the building. Briex runs after Orin, catches up to him.

BRIEX

Where are you going?

ORIN

You seemed busy.

BRIEX

He asked me about being his assistant again. The guy doesn't take no for an answer. He's persistent and persuasive.

ORIN

Persuasive? What did he persuade you to do?

BRIEX

I didn't think you were the jealous type.

ORIN

I can be... if someone's worth it.

She finds this sexy. She leans into his space. Her eyes bounce from his eyes to his lips and back again. They kiss...

INT. BEDROOM - BRIEX'S APARTMENT - DAY

Briex and Orin engage in torrid sex in Briex's tiny bedroom.

LATER

Briex and Orin lie together in the after glow. They nestle as one in the arms of each other.

ORIN

Only a month before our mission. I can't wait. Staying there for good.

BRIEX

It's such a huge decision. We'll be leaving family and friends behind. I haven't decided.

ORIN

There's no one here to hold me back... except you.

She studies him for a moment.

BRIEX

You never talk about your family.

ORIN

They're dead.

BRIEX

Radicals?

Orin answers by a bitter expression on his face.

ORIN

I never want to go through what they suffered.

BRIEX

Is it the "real" reason you accepted the mission?

ORIN

I always thought of staying on Earth if I had the chance to escape this awful world...

BRIEX

The facts about climate change scare me, don't they scare you?

ORIN

Not as much as brutal tyranny. At least on Earth, there seems to be a semblance of freedom.

BRIEX

If it doesn't work out, we can always come back, right?

Orin shakes his head at this.

ORIN

I don't understand how you can feel that way. Look what happened to Shay. Getting out is our only chance of changing our lives.

BRIEX

I do want change. I was just hoping it would be here. On our planet, our home.

ORIN

Briex, if you're having doubts, I don't think you should go.

BRIEX

I'm so confused, I don't want to stay here without you.

ORIN

If you stay, I'm not going either.

BRIEX

I have to rethink this because I love you... If we stay here, there is no future. What will happen to us? It's unfair to you since you desperately want to go.

ORIN

That was before we met.

She stares directly into his eyes. Puts her hand on top of his. Then raises his hand to her heart. She cups his hand inside both of hers.

BRIEX

Here, we're not permitted to have hopes or dreams. On Earth, maybe you and I can build our hopes and dreams of the possible, and the impossible, together.

A sudden tone -- PING... PING -- from the apartment door causes them to jump.

Briex hurriedly pulls on some clothes.

BRIEX (CONT'D)

Wait here.

Orin abides, until he hears the familiar voice, muffled through the bedroom door.

DR. GAGAN (O.S.)

Good evening.

Orin slips out of bed, starts getting dressed himself.

BRIEX (O.S.)

Dr. Gagan, what are you doing here?

DR. GAGAN (O.S.)

I thought, perhaps, I could interest you in a dialogue at a place I know down the street.

BRIEX (O.S.)

I told you I wasn't interested. This is highly unprofessional. And inappropriate.

DR. GAGAN (O.S.)

Could I come in and have a chat?

BRIEX (O.S.)

For a professor you don't have a clue how to read a room. Goodnight.

DR. GAGAN (O.S.)

It's Orin, isn't it? Poisoning you against me?

Now dressed, Orin, seething, steps out into --

INT. LIVING SPACE - BRIEX'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

He sees Gagan leaning against the doorframe. The doctor shifts uncomfortably as he sees Orin glaring.

ORIN

You do a good enough job of it yourself, creeping up on the doorsteps of female students so late in the evening?

DR. GAGAN

(to Briex)

I see you have company. I'll see you in class tomorrow.

Dr. Gagan walks away. Briex closes the door and turns to Orin.

ORIN

He's stalking you now? Want me to report him?

BRIEX

No. I can handle it myself.

Orin watches her failing to hide her fear, her body shaking as she walks away. (END FLASHBACK.)

BACK TO PRESENT

INT. LIVING ROOM - HOUSE - DAY

Orin watches Kira just as he did Briex. She's gazing tearfully out the window...

The sun begins its descent toward the sand, sky starting to redden. *Time is running out.*

Kira can't bear the tension, or the silence. She switches on the TV, filling the room with that familiar voice --

NEWSCASTER

... New estimates reveal global temperatures will surpass the five degree limit of the Paris Accord despite international efforts...

Kira, tearful and anguished, repeats what Derek used to say --

KIRA

How else are we gonna hear any new developments?

ORIN

We need to stay strong.

KIRA

How?! We can't just wait here.

Orin contemplates, makes a decision --

ORIN

I need to teach you how to use my weapon.

KIRA

What? Why?

ORIN

We don't know how this is going to go. I think it's safe to say lives will be lost. Let's make sure they aren't yours.

KIRA

I don't know anything about guns.

ORIN

It's a weapon, not a gun. And it's simple to use. Here, hold it, feel it.

Kira takes the weapon with trepidation.

KIRA

What if I have to aim?

ORIN

The weapon shoots heat-seeking,
exploding slugs. You only have to
point near the body to hit your
target.

Kira takes aim at the wall, getting a feel for the weapon.

ORIN (CONT'D)

There. That's it.

He touches her to adjust her position. She initially recoils--

ORIN (CONT'D)

Sorry... Unavoidable.

Orin tries again. This time, Kira lets him.

An abrupt WARNING ALERT FLASHES on the TV. Kira puts down the
weapon. They watch IMAGES OF A STORM appearing on the screen--

An eerie yellow sky and blue moon overlook a town without
lights.

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)

(from TV)

The National Weather Service has
issued a severe sandstorm warning
for the viewing area...

Footage captures a huge wall of sand and debris moving toward
the city, creating near-zero visibility.

Wind and sand tear into houses and buildings. Wreckage flies.
Visibility blurred. Sunlight obscured. Streets deserted.

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)

(from TV)

Hurricane-force winds, widespread
power outages, and property damage
have been reported...

Kira and Orin watch with great interest.

KIRA

Unbelievable.

ORIN

Ironic.

KIRA

The storm?

ORIN

The one silver lining of climate
change. It provides a thick curtain
to protect us when we need it most.

EXT. HOUSE - DESERT - DAY

Outside the house, the wind BATTERS the fence, tearing down a large part of it. The sun grows larger and redder as it sinks toward the horizon.

INT. LIVING ROOM - HOUSE - DAY

Kira and Orin hear the fence breaking outside. Kira suddenly diverts her attention back to Orin.

KIRA

Us?

Orin puts his hand on Kira's shoulder. She seems to melt a bit at his touch. Alana walks out of her room.

ALANA

I can't sleep anymore. I've already read all my books. Can I stay out here?

KIRA

You look like you're feeling better.

ALANA

Yeah. Now I'm getting sick of being in my room all the time.

Orin chuckles at this. Kira looks at Orin and does the same.

ORIN

I don't believe you're contagious anymore so it should be alright.

KIRA

We must be careful of the storm...

Alana looks out at the ROARING storm.

ALANA

Is Daddy still out there?

Kira takes Alana up in her arms.

KIRA

Don't worry, Daddy can brave the storm.

EXT. DESERT - DAY

The Marauders clad themselves in masks, scarves, jackets, gloves to protect them from the storm. Tor drinks from a pint of whiskey.

Derek struggles in the back of the van, still tied and gagged.

Luka surveys the scene.

LUKA

I don't think this shit's gonna blow over.

TOR

Good. Gives us an advantage. They're shackled up in that house and nowhere to go. Besides...

(loads his rifle)

...they'll curl up like little balls after the first rounds cut through.

LUKA

What if you hit the girls?

TOR

I'll be aiming at the roof.

LUKA

You want to give up on the offer now? Maybe they aren't that stupid.

TOR

I can't go home empty-handed.

Tor jumps out of the vehicle and heads toward the house. He aims the rifle and BLASTS ROUNDS across the rooftop -- shingles EXPLODE, wood SHATTERS, holes SCATTER the roof.

INT. LIVING ROOM - HOUSE - DAY

Debris FALLS from the ceiling above Orin and Kira, who hunker down behind the couch.

EXT. HOUSE - DESERT - DAY

Tor YELLS over the storm toward the house --

TOR

You owe Tor an answer woman. What's it gonna be? Is the freak gonna surrender or fight?

Tor waits for an answer that does not come. He trudges back to the convoy.

TOR (CONT'D)

Roll out, boys!

Luka sidles up to him.

LUKA

How are we gonna shoot an invisible man?

TOR

Just tell them to shoot anything they hear or that moves.

LUKA

It's gonna be like the wild, wild west out there.

TOR

If we kill one of our own, so be it, it'll be worth it to get the kid and the woman.

Luka instructs the gang. They pile out of the van, grab the rifles, disperse in different directions.

INT. LIVING ROOM - HOUSE - DAY

Orin wraps a makeshift scarf around his face, heads to a window. He sees a Marauder moving at the rear of the house. He heads to the backdoor.

KIRA

Wait, there's no place to hide in the desert.

ORIN

I won't be hiding.

Silently, Orin vanishes into the darkness. Kira moves to the kitchen and grabs a large knife, sits at the front door.

EXT. HOUSE - DESERT - DAY

Outside the door, Orin immediately shoots the Marauder closing in -- ZZZP -- the man screams in pain, FIRES A SHOT into the air involuntarily.

INT. LIVING ROOM - HOUSE - DAY

Kira flinches when she hears the gunshot from outside, dropping the knife to the floor.

She picks up the knife and moves to the security monitor -- the screen is a whiteout -- it has lost the feed.

EXT./INT. VAN - DESERT - DAY

Tor hears the zap, the scream, the shot. He retreats inside of the van. Takes another swig. Derek spits out his gag --

DEREK
You're scared.

Tor snarls at him and stuffs his gag back down his mouth.

TOR
No wonder your old lady won't save
your ass.

EXT. HOUSE - DESERT - DAY

Two Marauders approach the house and peer through the windows.

Standing on top of the riddled roof of the house, Orin spots them through the unforgiving wind. He balances himself. Aims. FIRES -- ZZZP -- ZZZP -- they SCREAM IN AGONY as the lightning-fast shots kill both of them.

EXT. DESERT - DAY

Luka rushes back to the lead van in a panic -- Tor opens the window.

LUKA
They're dead! They're all fucking
dead. We didn't even see the
fucking guy.

Tor's face drops, realizing he and Luka are the last two alive.

TOR
He can't be that fast.

Tor's eyes widen and his attention is diverted.

TOR (CONT'D)
What the fuck?

Tor faintly sees a shadowy figure near the van. He takes in the figure, discerning if maybe one Marauder did survive...

TOR (CONT'D)
Luka, who is that?

LUKA
(turns)
What? I don't see anything.

The figure is gone. Tor looks terrified.

LUKA (CONT'D)
Maybe you should lay off the cuckoo
juice.

TOR

I swear I saw that freaky son-of-a-bitch standing right there!

LUKA

Then why didn't you fuckin' shoot him?! If you're just gonna tuck tail and run then do it already.

TOR

I can't. I promised Helena.

Luka has had it with Tor and all of this.

LUKA

Fuck this shit. Kill the fucking DP myself.

He beelines straight to the house, rifle at his side. He shouts to be heard over the howling storm.

LUKA (CONT'D)

I'M NOT HERE TO FIGHT, I'M HERE TO NEGOTIATE. I WANT TO SEE THE LADY OF THE HOUSE.

The wind is the only answer.

LUKA (CONT'D)

WE'RE TRADING YOUR HUSBAND FOR THE STRANGER. IT'S A BETTER DEAL THAN BOTH OF THEM DYIN'. THE STRANGER IS NOTHING TO YOU. TAKE THE DEAL.

INT. LIVING ROOM - HOUSE - DAY

Facing the floor, Kira agonizes over the decision.

EXT. HOUSE - DESERT - DAY

Luka senses something near him. He turns. Orin is there, his strange weapon up and aimed.

Luka lifts his rifle in a knee-jerk reaction -- A STANDOFF.

Luka surveys Orin's position. Breathes heavily. Luka's finger creeps near the trigger. Orin is momentarily distracted by Kira opening the front door. Orin turns back to Luka --

In a split second -- Luka TWITCHES -- Orin anticipates -- LEAPS simultaneously as Luka FIRES -- barely evading Luka's BURST OF SHOTS -- Orin FIRES his weapon in MIDAIR -- EXPLODING THE SIDE OF LUKA'S FACE. Both hit the ground.

Orin picks himself up, unscathed. Orin takes Luka's rifle, tosses it to the front of the house. Kira emerges from the house to collect it.

INT. VAN - DESERT - DAY

Tor looks absolutely horrified.

TOR

Fuck!

(to Derek)

He got himself killed over a piece of shit like you.

Tor takes another swig. Snatches his rifle.

EXT. VAN/HOUSE - DESERT - DAY

He grabs Derek, jerks him out of the van and pushes him to the front of the house, holding Derek in front of himself as a shield.

Derek's trembling, straining to get free. Pinned down by plastic ties biting into his wrist, he manages to pull a thumb free of his restraints.

Kira sees Derek emerge through the sandstorm. Her heart sinks. Tears well up. Orin notices, then faces Tor --

ORIN

Derek is a good man. One of the human beings not out to hurt people and destroy their lives. But if I have to... I'll kill him and you to save the rest.

Kira puts her hand over her mouth in disbelief.

TOR

I don't believe you.

ORIN

If you make one move with that rifle, you won't live to find out.

The intensity of the moment seems to be getting away from Orin.

ORIN (CONT'D)

Maybe it's this crazy weather, but I'm starting to get a little crazy myself...

Tor looks increasingly more nervous.

ORIN (CONT'D)

I can see your fear, Tor. Put the gun down.

(then)

Even if you try to scatter all those bullets with that rifle, you'd miss me, and you'd die, like your good friend, Luka.

Tor glances at Luka's body lying flat in the sand, then back to Orin.

Luka abruptly opens his eyes.

TOR

I got another deal... Derek's life for just your gun. Tor don't even want the women anymore. They're not worth all this... but Tor's not leaving Derek without the gun.

Kira can't contain herself --

KIRA

Please, Orin. Give him your gun. Nobody else has to die today.

Tor begins to lose his resolve. Orin senses it. Derek tries in vain to scream a warning through his gag. He nearly has one hand free...

ORIN

I'm feeling a counter-offer... I'll leave the weapon with Kira, you leave Derek behind and I'll go with you peacefully. This family deserves to be happy. As happy as is possible on this planet.

Tor's eyes are jittery.

TOR

Alright... sounds okay. Drop your gun.

ORIN

Right... not gonna happen. I'll give it to Kira. She can cover her husband, and me, until we leave.

Facing Tor, he carefully gives the weapon to Kira. She aims it at Tor. Orin slowly walks toward Tor.

Tor is tensed, muscles twitching with anticipation, ready to fire when--

DEREK BREAKS FREE. With every ounce of exhausted strength he barges into Tor, knocking him off balance--

DEREK

It's a trap Kira! Shoot him!

It takes Kira a split-second to register, just long enough for Tor to SPRAY ROUNDS INTO DEREK'S BODY AND HEAD, which jerk vehemently, blood squirting as he topples into the sand.

Orin's stunned. Kira SCREAMS in anguish, her finger squeezing the trigger when--

ZZZP -- Tor FLIES BACKWARD WITH A SCREAM, firing a dozen rounds into heaven, dies instantly.

The blowing wind and sand begin to form another desert grave. Nearby is a terrified Luka, remaining on the ground as still as he can.

Orin takes Tor's rifle, looks at Derek. Then at Kira.

Kira drops the weapon, RUSHES to Derek. She falls on top of him, crying hysterically. Orin stands there, uncertain of what to do.

Orin sees Alana run through the doorway. She beholds the aftermath of the gunfight. Tears stream down to her mouth.

She dashes to Kira and her dead father, hugs both of them.

ALANA

Daddy! Daddy! What happened to Daddy?

KIRA

Daddy saved our lives, Baby. He saved us from some bad men.

Alana stares at Tor's corpse, mouth agape. She turns to Orin in confusion at this insane moment and fallout.

ALANA

Orin... did you kill the bad man?

ORIN

No Alana. Your mother did... she saved all of us. She was very brave. So was your father.

Orin leaves them to console each other, takes Tor's rifle and his weapon inside the house.

Luka, meanwhile, watches the grieving family enter the house. He keeps a close eye on them, then carefully, starts to crawl away from the house toward the unmanned vans.

INT. GREAT ROOM - HELENA'S HOME - NIGHT

Helena entertains several GUESTS at her home. She spots Luka limping in the hallway. The side of his face is mutilated and bloody. His body is covered head to toe in dirt and sand.

Helena, shocked and embarrassed, composes herself. She turns to her guests.

HELENA

Excuse me.

She walks as if nothing is wrong until she reaches the --

INT. HALLWAY

HELENA

How dare you come here like this.
Where's Tor, did he screw up again?

LUKA

He's dead.

Helena takes this in, surprised. She looks regretful.

LUKA (CONT'D)

The stranger and the woman killed everyone.

HELENA

I sent a small army to that house
and two people killed them all?

He looks at the floor. She turns to a window, pensive.

HELENA (CONT'D)

Do you know what it means to be
childless Luka? I'll grow old and
die... no one will mourn my death.

She walks off slowly, leaving Luka alone and wondering what to do next. He watches Helena leaving.

EXT. DESERT - NIGHT

At sunset, the storm has subsided. A cross made out of slats from the house is planted in the sand beside Derek's grave.

Derek's name, date of birth, and death are scrawled on the cross. Kira and Alana stand at his grave, praying.

Orin stands off to the side while Kira and Alana comfort each other as they sob.

ORIN

Do you want to say anything?

KIRA
I should have said it all sooner.

ALANA
I love you, Daddy.

KIRA
Go inside out of the heat. I'll be
in in a moment.

Alana puts her head down as she walks back to the house. Kira
stares at the gravesite.

KIRA (CONT'D)
I'm so sorry Derek. I regret ever
talking to you in the way that I
did. I regret how this place made
us...

Then she takes a long look at the desert...

KIRA (CONT'D)
(to the desert)
You killed him. I hope you're
happy.

The desert wind mercilessly continues to blow. Orin stares
into the desert night as well. A different memory washes over
him...

BEGIN FLASHBACK

INT. BRIEX'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

An excited Orin takes the stairs two at a time until he
arrives at Briex's apartment door.

He waves his hand past a button on the door -- PING. No
answer. He waves again -- PING. Nothing.

ORIN
Briex? Bri?

He pushes the door and his hand goes through the door -- the
door penetrable, left unsecured. He barges in.

INT. BRIEX'S APARTMENT - DAY

Orin freezes. His jaw drops. Briex lies on the floor, her
neck twisted and purple, eyes wide open, clothes torn.

ORIN
Bri! No! No! Bri!

Orin leans over her, weeps, caresses her. He picks her up, gently rests her on her sofa.

He pulls a blanket over her body, exposing only her face.

Through tears, he spots a torn strand of material -- the color of Dr. Gagan's uniform.

Then, he SEES A PHOTO -- BLOOD-STAINED. A candid shot of he and Briex at the anti-government rally...

Orin picks up the photo. His face distorts with rage. He RIPS the photo into pieces -- SCREAMS -- clinches his fists. He storms out.

EXT. ALLEY - SIDE DOOR OF ACADEMY - NIGHT

Dr. Gagan, wearing an overcoat and hat, exits the academy into an alley. He's startled to see Orin emerging from the shadows. Orin has a weapon dangling to his side.

Dr. Gagan retreats back inside the academy.

INT. ACADEMY - NIGHT

Dr. Gagan deliberates on what to do. He scrambles down a dark hallway.

EXT. ALLEY - SIDE DOOR THE ACADEMY - NIGHT

Orin deliberates on going inside the academy. He finally decides to go inside.

He holds the weapon with one hand while he grabs the door handle with the other --

From behind, the right hand of Dr. Gagan CLUTCHES ORIN BY THE NECK, his left hand GRABS THE BARREL of Orin's weapon.

Gagan's forearm bears deep scratches, as though from a struggle.

Orin's voice strains through the chokehold --

ORIN

You tried to blackmail her -- she still rejected you...

Gagan tightens his grip, squeezing the last word back into Orin's throat.

DR. GAGAN

Look where her path with you ended.

Orin STRUGGLES but the clasp of Gagan's hand on his neck is like a vice and Orin cannot move. He GRIMACES in pain as Gagan's hand SINKS DEEPER into his neck.

Orin becomes wobbly, but manages to use both of his hands to grab the barrel. They WRESTLE OVER THE WEAPON.

Orin FALLS to his knees, losing strength.

Gagan continues his lethal grip. His right arm begins to VIBRATE -- THE SOUND OF A CLUSTER OF ARTIFICIAL FIBERS SNAPS. Gagan's arm goes limp.

USING BOTH HANDS TO OVERPOWER GAGAN, Orin twists his body to face Gagan.

ORIN MUSCLES THE BARREL TO GAGAN'S HEAD--

SLIPS HIS FINGER TO THE TRIGGER--

SQUEEZES, and--

ZZZP -- BLOWS HIS HEAD OFF.

Orin, a bit disoriented, rubs his neck, which is now a deep red color.

Orin slowly makes it to his feet, removes Gagan's overcoat, tosses it aside.

Orin is STUNNED when he pulls off Gagan's shirt, REVEALING GAGAN'S ENTIRE ARM IS ARTIFICIAL. The invisible skin contains the artificial circuitry inside. The arm continues to move.

Orin points his weapon at Gagan's arm and ZZZP!

He tears the shirt into strips, wraps them around his neck, making a brace, trying to cover the mark left by Gagan.

INT. CORRIDOR - ANDROMEDA TRANSPORT STATION - NIGHT

Through the windows, incandescent spacecrafts zoom crisscross paths in the distant sky.

Orin is wearing Dr. Gagan's overcoat and hat, and carrying two bags. Around his neck is the makeshift brace.

He enters a long tubular hallway to a section marked, "EMBARKING DISTRICT", passing throngs of other aliens.

Orin scrutinizes the aliens then waits until they move on. He approaches the entrance to the Embarking District.

Orin moves to an IMAGER. The sign reads, "HAND RECOGNITION". He scopes the area to ensure he's alone, opens one of the bags --

Inside the bag reveals Dr. Gagan's neural prosthetic hand that was cleanly blown off from his arm. The hand continues to move -- clenching into a fist then opening.

Orin removes the hand from the bag as he looks over his shoulder, his own hands shaking. He presses it against the imager, but the hand is still flexing and relaxing.

A yellow light appears, reading, "NO DETECTION. TRY AGAIN".

ORIN

Damn.

Orin looks around, waits until a group passes. He repeats the movement but presses down hard on the hand to flatten it against the imager.

A blue light flashes, reading, "HAND RECOGNITION POSITIVE. ACCESS GRANTED".

A door allows him to proceed, Orin walks through it. He apprehensively stashes the hand back into the bag.

Orin searches for a refuse vacuum. He doesn't see one. Hesitates anxiously. He spots one at the entrance where a TRANSPORT GUARD (50s) stands.

He loiters in the embarking district until --

A small group of passengers approach the spacecraft, preoccupying the Guard's attention.

Orin quickly and cautiously tosses the bag into the vacuum, which sucks it in. He proceeds --

INT. SPACECRAFT - NIGHT

Orin takes a few steps inside--

TRANSPORT GUARD (O.S.)

Inspection.

The Guard observes his neck brace, nods his head toward it.

TRANSPORT GUARD (CONT'D)

Losing end of a fight?

ORIN

Sort of.

Orin opens his bag revealing medication, his weapon, and sundries. The Guard examines the items, pushes the bag toward Orin.

TRANSPORT GUARD

Documents.

Orin hands Dr. Gagan's digital documents device to him. The Guard studies Orin's face.

TRANSPORT GUARD (CONT'D)
You're early.

ORIN
I finished my class sooner than expected.

TRANSPORT GUARD
You look too young for a doctor.

ORIN
My parents' genes. Thanks. I'll take the compliment.

Orin smiles convincingly. The Guard hands the device back.

TRANSPORT GUARD
I wish I had your genes. Have a nice, long trip.

The Guard leaves. Orin breathes a sigh of relief, finds a module, sits.

OTHER PASSENGERS file in. Orin pushes his hat down.

EXT. ANDROMEDA TRAJECTOR - NIGHT

The spacecraft SHOOTs out of the Trajector into the sky.

EXT. OUTER SPACE - NIGHT

An incandescent, needle-shaped spacecraft passes through the galaxy.

INT. PORTHOLE - SPACECRAFT - NIGHT

Orin's P.O.V.: Through a porthole, the spacecraft moves toward planet Earth in the distance.

INT. ORIN/PORTHOLE - SPACECRAFT - NIGHT

Orin peers out the portal showing the spacecraft moving toward planet Earth in the distance. (END FLASHBACK.)

BACK TO PRESENT

INT. LIVING ROOM - HOUSE - DAY

Orin peers out the window. He sees a figure in the distance, the figure from before in the long coat, emerging from the horizon. The windblown sand makes it hard to see clearly.

Kira sits at the table. Alana watches a children's TV show.

KIRA

Do you really think we're safe now?

ORIN

I don't think they'll come back.

Orin is fixated on the phantom figure in the distance, which is seemingly getting closer. Kira notices Orin's gaze.

KIRA

You're waiting for someone. Aren't you?

Orin turns to Kira.

KIRA (CONT'D)

I've seen you look out the window, tensing up. Orin, who is it?

He waits, nervous.

ORIN

I don't know who he is. All I know is he's sure to find me before I find him.

EXT. SUV - DESERT - DAY

A modern SUV in pristine condition sits idle on a desolate road, the lone silhouette in the featureless landscape.

INT. SUV - DAY

Helena sits in the driver's seat, knuckles white on the wheel. She gazes across the sand at Derek and Kira's home in the distance.

She snatches a semi-automatic pistol from the passenger seat, steps out of the car and heads toward the house.

INT. LIVING ROOM - HOUSE - DAY

Kira is still processing what Orin has revealed.

Orin looks at Alana for a moment. She numbly watches her show -- A BULLETIN interrupts the children's show.

ALANA

Awww. Come on...

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)

(from TV)

Protestors have stormed the United Nations after infighting stalled their vote on an aid package for Pakistan. The country is still reeling in the wake of devastating floods in Karachi...

ALANA

Not again.

Alana shuts off the TV. Orin and Kira look over at her. Alana wanders down the hall to her bedroom.

ALANA (CONT'D)

I'll stick to my old books from now on.

Orin and Kira smile at Alana as she disappears. So do their smiles.

KIRA

What life is this for her? She needs friends, games to play, swing sets... fun...

ORIN

She's resilient.

KIRA

How do you have so much calmness about the future? So much confidence, while we get worked up about the smallest of things?

He looks at her as she takes his hand. He doesn't resist.

ORIN

An outsider can do or say something more effectively, simply because you're too close to a loved one.

(then)

I was very much a different person before I came here. I lost a dear friend. She was the most beautiful person I ever met.

Orin gets a bit lost in her eyes. He smiles warmly.

ORIN (CONT'D)

She was very much like you.

His smile fades. He chokes up, showing emotion in front of her for the first time. Takes a moment. Kira keeps holding his hand then squeezes it. He searches her eyes.

ORIN (CONT'D)

I know what it feels like to lose someone you love. I can feel the same seething in you.

Kira finally pulls her hand away. Composes herself. She studies Orin for a moment.

A BANG BANG at the door jars them. Orin appears concerned.

They look to each other. He stands to move to the door but something stops him. He looks back and sees her hand gripping his arm tightly.

KIRA

You're not here. Just me and my daughter.

Kira picks up the rifle on the floor and walks to the door. She swings it open, the rifle pointed, revealing --

BADAR. He puts his hands up.

BADAR

Whoa. Whoa.

KIRA

What do you want?

BADAR

I'm just looking for a man. His name is Orin. His eyes are very much like mine.

KIRA

Well, I'm the only one here so move on.

She shifts the rifle in her hand to remind Badar of it.

BADAR

If you do see a man like the one I describe...

He definitely picks up on her rage, takes a step back, hands still up.

ALANA (O.S.)

Mommy?

Badar looks over Kira's shoulder to Alana. They make eye contact --

ALANA (CONT'D)

He has eyes like Orin.

He looks back to Kira. Tilts his head --

WHAM! ORIN KICKS THE DOOR SHUT FROM BEHIND IT--

WHAM! BADAR IMMEDIATELY SMASHES THE DOOR BACK OPEN, sending splinters from the shattered door into Kira -- She falls back, dropping the rifle. Kira rolls to Alana and pulls her under her.

Badar BARGES inside -- weapon drawn -- points it at Orin.

Orin, caught off guard, fails to aim his weapon.

BADAR

You flinch, you die.

Badar smiles. Orin's stoic. Badar observes Orin holding the weapon.

BADAR (CONT'D)

Drop it! I've got a trigger finger ready to blast you into oblivion. Don't try testing it.

Orin lets the weapon fall to the floor. Badar kicks it to the other side of the room.

BADAR (CONT'D)

You were smart to move from place to place to avoid me, but you can't slip away this time.

Off to the side, Kira protects Alana with her body as Alana cries. Kira spots her gun on the floor, unnoticed by Badar.

BADAR (CONT'D)

We are supposed to be observers, not defenders, Orin. But you never paid much attention to rules, or I wouldn't be here.

ORIN

The government rules were broken before I broke them.

BADAR

And killing a federal educator? You shouldn't even be on this planet.

Badar eyes the dressing on Orin's head. Blood begins to seep through it.

BADAR (CONT'D)

I'll give you one last chance to leave with me.

ORIN
I'd rather die here than go back to
that place.

Badar stares into Orin's eyes.

BADAR
As you wish...

Badar raises his weapon to Orin's head, aims and --

BAM-BAM-BAM-BAM-BAM-BAM!

Badar is SUCKER-PUNCHED by a close-range BARRAGE OF BULLETS
TO HIS BODY. SPARKS FLY IN ALL DIRECTIONS--

THE BULLETS BOUNCE OFF BADAR--

TEARING THROUGH HIS CLOTHES -- REVEALING THE DENTED, JAGGED
BLACK ARMOR OF AN ANDROID--

Badar FALLS backward and DROPS his mangled weapon.

KIRA IS ON HER KNEES HOLDING A SMOKING ASSAULT RIFLE.

Badar LIFTS his head, shocking Kira.

BADAR ZEROS IN ON THE RIFLE.

Kira pushes Alana out of harm's way.

Badar stands, APPROACHES Kira.

Orin TACKLES Badar but Badar SWATS him away like a fly.

As Badar heads toward Kira, Orin WRAPS his arms around
Badar's feet, who TRIPS and FALLS--

Orin JUMPS on top of Badar's waist.

Unmoved, Badar CARRIES Orin as he CRAWLS INEXORABLY toward
Kira on his hands and knees --

Kira is frozen by panic. She recoils as the menacing Badar
gets closer and closer--

ORIN
In the face! Shoot him in the face!

Badar's outstretched hand NEARLY REACHES her--

Kira finally lifts the rifle--

Badar TOUCHES THE BARREL of the rifle--

KIRA SQUEEZES THE TRIGGER--

EXT. DESERT - DAY

BAM--BAM--BAM ECHOES over the vast expanse. Helena lies prone in the sand, arms over her head in fear of the gunfire, twitching at each shot.

Then silence. After a few moments, Helena braves a look up toward the house, sees only stillness.

INT. LIVING ROOM - HOUSE - DAY

Badar's face is a pulverized mess from the gunshots. He collapses to the floor.

Orin, covered in splashes of blood from Badar's face, collapses too, but from exhaustion.

Kira drops the rifle and turns back to Alana, who is frightened. Kira cradles her daughter tight. Alana stops crying.

Orin moves to them on his knees. He holds them tentatively.

After a breather --

ORIN

(to Kira)

Gather all the things you can fit into the car. I'll wait outside until you're ready to go.

KIRA

Why? It's over.

ORIN

This house has been good to you. It's protected you through difficult times. But it's no longer safe here. We have to move. That is... if you want me around.

KIRA

I want you around.

ORIN

Another agent might come after me.

KIRA

And he'll end up like Badar.

They share a smile. He finally lets them go and rises. Kira brushes her daughter's hair off her tear-streamed face.

KIRA (CONT'D)

It'll be okay, sweetie. We have each other.

ALANA

And Orin?

KIRA

And Orin.

He offers a soft smile.

ALANA

I wish Daddy could have come with us.

KIRA

Me too, sweetie, me too.

She hugs Alana. Orin watches.

EXT. HOUSE - DESERT - DAY

The car is packed and Orin helps Kira and Alana move the last of their things into it. Orin closes the trunk.

HELENA (O.S.)

Are you alright?

They all turn to see Helena standing inside the broken fence. In their scramble to leave the house in a hurry, they didn't notice her approach. Her face shows an expression of concern.

KIRA

Can we help you?

HELENA

I was just passing and I heard gunshots.

ORIN

And you came toward them?

HELENA

I thought maybe someone was hurt.
(noticing Orin's wound)
God, you're hurt.

Helena creeps toward them and they back off, suspicious. She subtly grips the pistol behind her back.

ORIN

I'm fine. You should move on.

HELENA

I have medicine. Let me see...

She's still inching closer. Orin locks eyes with Helena.

ORIN

What do you want?

HELENA
So many things.

Orin senses danger --

ORIN
(to Kira and Alana)
Get in the house.

Kira and Alana oblige. Helena rapidly pulls out the gun --
FIRES! Orin doubles over, grabs his stomach, blood gushes --

KIRA/ALANA
Orin!

They run back to Orin, pull him into the house and close the door while --

Helena's pistol jams. She tosses the pistol aside and rushes back to her SUV to retrieve another semi-automatic pistol.

INT. LIVING ROOM - HOUSE - DAY

Alana and Kira move Orin against a wall. They duck down as bullets RICOCHET off the house.

A loud CREAKING NOISE is heard as the house shifts from the force of the wind. The family huddles together close to the floor. Orin, bleeding heavily, reaches for his weapon.

ORIN
I only have a few shots left.

Kira crawls to the kitchen, snatches a dishcloth off the counter. Bullets continue to PEPPER and RICOCHET off the house and ZIP through windows.

ORIN (CONT'D)
Alana, get my bag.

CRASHING TO THE FLOOR, the ceiling collapses. Orin instinctively aims his weapon, then retracts it.

Alana worms to his bag hanging close to the floor. Kira crawls back to Orin, applies the dishcloth to stop the hemorrhaging.

Alana comes back and hands the bag to Orin. He pulls out a tube of ointment. He applies it ever so gently to his stomach gash, grimacing.

ALANA
Will that heal the wound?

Orin pauses to look at Alana, he tries to smile.

ORIN

You are very precocious.

Orin grips his weapon, stands defiantly.

EXT./INT. HOUSE - DESERT - DAY

Helena stalks the house tentatively, moving from window to window. She stops when she sees Orin looking the other way.

Orin HEARS her and JUMPS behind a partition. POW--POW--POW -- She SHATTERS THE PARTITION, but Orin is unhurt.

He quickly returns the shot -- ZZZP -- His aim is too fast and off balance and misses wildly. Helena hurries away.

Kira and Alana stay ducked down, huddled together. They scoot further to the center of the house.

Orin remains standing, scanning the windows for Helena.

KIRA

Orin, get down!

ORIN

And do what? Wait for her to come --
She wants you.

There is a CRASH in the house. Orin swings around and aims his weapon at the sound. But it's just another part of the ceiling falling down.

HELENA (O.S.)

He's right.

Orin turns around, Helena is standing behind Kira and Alana. There's large gap in the wall behind Helena, through which she had snuck.

Alana tries to make a DASH for it but Helena GRABS her and pulls her to the side.

Orin quickly AIMS at Helena -- PULLS the trigger -- CLICK -- SILENCE FOLLOWS.

Helena realizes Orin has run out of ammo. She aims carefully.

POW! A BULLET SMACKS INTO ORIN'S CHEST.

ALANA

Orin! No!

Alana tries to wriggle free from Helena's grasp but she holds her tight.

HELENA

Sometimes you have to send a woman to do a man's job. Isn't that right girls?

Kira tries to reach for Alana but Helena just slaps her hand away.

HELENA (CONT'D)

This... thing, whatever he is. He doesn't want to help you. His kind only want something for themselves.

KIRA

And you're different, are you?

HELENA

I'm thinking about the entire future of humanity. That's pretty unselfish, wouldn't you say?

Kira realizes fighting back is futile. Resigned, she stands up, steps away then disappears behind Helena and Alana.

HELENA (CONT'D)

And what a world we will make.

She leans into Alana's ear. Alana recoils from her.

HELENA (CONT'D)

We're going to make the future together--

CHHHUUUUUKKK!

Helena's face suddenly FREEZES. EYES BULGE. MOUTH AGAPE. She begins to tremble. Her hand releases the gun, dropping it to the floor.

She slumps forward to reveal Kira standing behind her and the AXE PLANTED INTO HER BACK.

Alana extricates herself from Helena, picks up her gun, runs it to her mother. Alana stares at Helena.

Helena, spluttering and still in shock, picks up her head, shaking --

HELENA (CONT'D)

I would have given you the world...

Helena slumps forward. Her shaking ceases.

Alana makes her way over to Orin, who is lying on the floor, writhing in pain, dazed. She leans over, tends to him.

ORIN

I knew you'd be our savior.

Alana hugs Orin as Kira watches them. Orin doesn't know how to respond or what to do. Slowly Orin wraps his arms around Alana. Kira joins them.

KIRA

We have to get you to the hospital.
Or are you going to tell me you
have medication for that too?

Orin manages a smile as Kira and Alana help him up.

INT. CAR - DESERT - DAY (LATER)

Kira and Alana gingerly put Orin in the backseat. Alana sits next to him. Kira goes to the front seat, starts up the car.

EXT. CAR - HOUSE - DAY

The car pulls away from the house, leaving it all behind -- a once safe home that will soon be yet another lost in the sand.

TWO WEEKS LATER

EXT. EMERGENCY SHELTER - DAY

Desert shelters are crammed by temporary tents, structures and victims who have been transplanted due to the effects of climate change.

INT. TENT - SHELTER - DAY

Orin, Kira and Alana share a tattered but large tent with a family of four, each family having its own living space. Both families are playing a board game when Orin stands.

ORIN

I should get our rations before
they close the kitchen.

Orin looks to the other family.

ORIN (CONT'D)

Do you want me to get yours?

The father of the family, EMILE (40s), an unshaven, soft-spoken man, speaks for the family.

EMILE

Thanks, we already had ours.

ORIN
 (to Kira and Alana)
 I'll be right back.

The families acknowledge him and he walks off into the crowd. Kira watches him leave.

EXT. PATHWAY - SHELTER - DAY

Orin winds his way through a congested sandy pathway. He gets bumped around like a pinball trying to make his way to the kitchen.

As someone pushes Orin sideways, he observes a PERSON walking along side him, staring.

Orin stops, the Person stops. Orin and the Person study each other. Orin believes the person looks familiar.

ORIN
 Shay?

They walk toward each other and meet in the middle of the path.

SHAY
 I heard you killed Badar.

ORIN
 Are you here to kill me?

INT. TENT - SHELTER - DAY

Kira looks worried.

KIRA
 Orin should have been back by now.

EMILE
 Maybe there's a long line. I wouldn't worry.

KIRA
 You don't understand, someone's looking for him.

Kira turns to Emile's Hispanic wife, MARIA (40s).

KIRA (CONT'D)
 Maria, will you keep an eye on Alana? She likes to wander off.

MARIA
 I won't let her wander off.

Kira exits the tent in a hurry.

EXT. PATHWAY - SHELTER - DAY

Kira takes off down the pathway among the horde. She watches both sides of the path to look for Orin.

Every step she takes, she becomes more and more concerned. Her steps get longer, faster. She gets aggravated by people bumping her.

She begins to panic and nearly cries. She screams inside her head until --

A hand from the crowd touches her. She whirls around. It's Orin. An expression of relief overcomes her.

She seizes his neck and hangs on like she will never let go. He reciprocates -- but lets go of her.

KIRA
What happened?

ORIN
What are you doing here?

KIRA
I was so afraid another alien found you!

ORIN
Another one did.

Orin steps aside and behind him stands Shay.

She stares in disbelief. They exchange gazes. She sees Orin's distinctive features in Shay.

And Shay studies her face and red hair and recognizes her resemblance to Briex.

INSERT - BRIEX'S FACE

Briex smiles as the wind blows her red hair across her face.

BACK TO SCENE

Kira doesn't know whether to be afraid or befriend him.

ORIN
His name is Shay.

KIRA
What's happening here?

ORIN
Let's go back to camp.

Kira is completely befuddled, but frightened.

EXT. TENT - SHELTER - DAY

Outside the tent, Orin, Kira and Alana gather together. The family observes from inside the tent but is unaware of what's happening. Shay is standing apart at a short distance.

ORIN
I'm going back home.

Kira is thunderstruck, nonplussed. Alana is afraid of the prospect of Orin leaving.

ALANA
(points to Shay)
Is he taking you away?

ORIN
No, he's a friend.

KIRA
(tearing up)
Orin, this is your home.

ORIN
It's not my world.

ALANA
Are you going away like Daddy?

ORIN
No Alana, my world needs me.

KIRA
But we need you more.

ORIN
I can't fight climate change here on Earth, but in some small way, I can protect you by trying to change it in my world. It's the only way.

KIRA
Is it worth it to take such a great risk? For what?

ORIN
Our scientists have found a way to neutralize emissions that cause the effects of climate change. Their technology can alter the future on Earth.

KIRA
But you're wanted for murder. If you stay, you'll be safe. You don't know what you'll face when you go home.

ORIN

Our government is desperate for information. They're giving fugitives on Earth amnesty in exchange for the data we collected. They want our experiences, views, observations...

(then)

They will share the technology with Earth.

KIRA

And you trust them?

ORIN

Shay is a fugitive. He escaped like I did. I trust him.

(then)

He showed me the documentation.

KIRA

(sobbing)

I don't care about documentation, I don't care about what could happen, I care about now. Maybe we'll have some perfect world in five, ten, 1000 years from now, but I have to say this -- it'll mean nothing if we don't have you in our world and leave us with a lifetime of heartache.

Kira tries to hide her crying from Alana; however, Alana is crying too.

ALANA

Orin, please don't go. Who's going to take care of you?

ORIN

You've done enough and I don't want to go. But try to understand I'm trying to make things better for you in time to come.

Kira picks up a bottle of water and a meal box, wiping her tears. She hands it to Orin.

KIRA

It'll be a long ride home.

Orin takes it, turns around not to be hugged and faces Shay. Kira and Alana hug him anyway from behind.

ORIN

It's time to go.

Shay finds it hard to watch, holds his head down.

Orin REVERSES his direction to face Kira and Alana. He holds Alana close to his waist and wraps his arm around Kira, holding her tightly to his body, eyes gazing at each other.

ORIN (CONT'D)

I'll find a way back.

They reluctantly release each other. Orin and Shay walk away leaving a heartbroken mother and child behind.

EXT. PATHWAY - SHELTER - NIGHT

After Orin has gone, Kira and Alana stroll along the path, grief-stricken.

An incandescent, needle-shaped object illuminates the sky, shining on the entire shelter. Alana looks up in wonder.

ALANA

Mom, look, a shooting star.

The ascending object races across the sky, away from the Earth. Kira follows its path but the object does not burn out.

KIRA

Orin's right... you are very precocious.

FADE OUT.

THE END