

F I E L D S  
— O F —  
C O L O R

Episode 1:  
A Place Called Earth

by

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Second Draft  
September 2024

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Act 1

EXT. INTERSTELLAR SPACE

We fly through space toward a lone star. It is the only one visibly growing in brightness. Suddenly we look down on a blue-green globe. Life is here.

EXT. BYURIMIDAS LANDSCAPE - DAY

We descend through the cloud layer and into the world below, flying through a lush, verdant landscape. A subtitle reads:

**"Byurimidas: Frontier World"**

The camera pans to the horizon, revealing cities floating far above the landscape buoyed by large metal balloons underneath.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Eventually, we settle into a large forest and arrive at last at a footpath.

The peace of the forest is interrupted by JAINA REED, archivist and repair technician speeding along the footpath.

She is dressed in clothes from many different eras and carries a pack at her side and a staff on her back. She makes her way along the path, leaping over branches and grinning with a wide smile.

Suddenly, she stops in her tracks after noticing something on the path ahead. It looks like signs of an animal struggle. Blood and tufts of fur are peppered among the tracks in the dirt.

JAINA  
(enticed)  
Whoa...

She blinks her eyes, and when they open again, her pupils and irises are illuminated a pale blue. These are the LENSES, the universal computing device of this time. After a second, a small red light appears on the lower right of one of her irises, signifying that she has begun recording.

JAINA (CONT'D)  
Looks like something interesting  
happened out here. Signs of a struggle  
at the edge of the forest.

She moves around the site, documenting it all and narrating as she goes, clearly enraptured by the mystery of what transpired here.

JAINA (CONT'D)

(playfully)

Two, maybe...No, three small animals met and traded blows. Or bites. Or scratches. Maybe one said something the others didn't like.

(mocking gruff voice)

"Your mother is a hamster"

(other animal voice)

"You'll pay for that with your blood!"

She notices tracks of two small animals leading off the path and back into the brush.

JAINA (CONT'D)

Ah! Looks like these two were working together. Good thing too, this third guy looks a lot bigger. I wonder if they made it...

She trails off at the last bit, more out of distraction than sadness.

We hear an electronic beep coming from her comms, and she startles out of her daydream.

SUPERVISOR (MESSAGE)

Jaina, what's your status?

JAINA

(embarrassed)

Oh! Almost there, sorry.

She gets up and continues down the path, briefly glancing back at the story she left behind.

EXT. COMMS RELAY - DAY

Jaina arrives at her destination on the top of a hill in a clearing: a thin antenna-looking device with an electronics box on its side. She opens the box and sees much circuitry and some burn marks on the hardware. She has her lenses on for the repairs.

JAINA

(to herself)

Okay...diagnostics?

She flips a switch and a red light comes on.

JAINA (CONT'D)

Red.

(begins to examine)

Okay, looks like carbon scoring on some of the contacts?

She flips another switch to turn the device on, and as soon as she does, the machine starts sparking and becoming further damaged.

JAINA (CONT'D)  
(urgent)  
Yep!

She quickly examines her surroundings.

JAINA (CONT'D)  
Need a fuse, need a fuse...  
(sees a dark red rock)  
Make a fuse!

She goes over and chops the air above it, but thanks to her FIELD CIRCUITS, a cybernetic enhancement that allows manipulation of force fields, it breaks with a loud crack, distributing iron flakes around the break.

Using FIELD CIRCUITS again, she magnetizes the shrapnel into her grasp and runs to find a leaf on a nearby plant. Using the field circuits again she performs some kind of transmutation on the materials, depositing iron onto the surface of the leaf.

She hurriedly brings it back over to the box and inserts it, stopping the sparking and returning the comms relay to stable operation, indicated by green light.

She sighs in relief and leans against the antenna.

As she takes a breather, she looks over to a line of foliage and sees two small critters looking at her. They have recently healed wounds on their sides and travel as a pair. Its the small animals from the skirmish in the forest. Jaina smirks as she sees them.

JAINA (CONT'D)  
Heh, well done.

The creatures turn back into the shrubs and disappear.

SUPERVISOR (MESSAGE)  
That was quick thinking there, Jaina.  
We're really going to miss having  
you around here. There's really no  
chance I can convince you to stay?

JAINA  
Not on your life, supe.

She looks to the sky to see a ship landing from orbit. It's still on its way down.

JAINA (CONT'D)  
(daydreamy)  
This is an Earth job we're talking  
about. I'll never get another chance  
like this.

INT. REED HOME - EVENING

Jaina steps into the front door of her childhood home. Her  
parents are making food in the kitchen.

JAINA'S DAD  
Welcome home!

JAINA  
Hi! What smells good?

Her mother wipes off her hands with a towel.

JAINA'S MOM  
We weren't about to let you go off  
without your last meal.

Jaina leans against the counter that separates them.

JAINA  
I'm not dying, mom.

Jaina's father is leaning down to tend to one of his tasks,  
but stands up to address her.

JAINA'S DAD  
No, but you're leaving. So your  
favorite dinner it is.

JAINA'S MOM  
Get washed up, its almost ready.

JAINA  
Let me go set my stuff down, I'll  
give you a hand.

She walks through the house into her bedroom.

INT. JAINA'S ROOM - EVENING

Jaina enters the room she grew up in. It is filled with maps  
and books and the walls are adorned with artwork that looks  
to be from many different eras of humanity.

Upon seeing the room, she realizes this will be the last time  
she'll be here for a long while. Her face saddens and she  
takes a moment to walk around and take one last good look at  
everything. She traces the edges of books and artifacts with  
her fingers and lingers on them, savoring the feel.

Her mother stands in the still open doorway.

JAINA'S MOM  
(soft, reminiscent)  
Did I ever tell you what it was like  
when I first came here?

Jaina turns back around to meet her gaze.

JAINA  
You told me how you met dad in the  
textile halls.

Her mother takes split second to remember the hijinks to  
herself.

JAINA'S MOM  
(quietly smirking)  
Well, that's true but that was later.  
(begins walking over  
to Jaina)  
But the first few weeks on this side  
were scary. And lonely.

She comes to a stop by Jaina's side, arm around her shoulder  
as both look at an antique map of Earth on the wall.

JAINA  
(slightly defiant)  
I'm ready for this.

JAINA'S MOM  
Oh, I know you are. I just don't  
want you to think you shouldn't have  
doubts. That's normal.

JAINA  
(unsure)  
I *have* to go, Mom. I've been waiting  
so long for this.

Jaina begins slowly walking towards her map, gently dragging  
her mom along with her.

JAINA (CONT'D)  
I'm gonna get to see it. The place  
we came from.

JAINA'S MOM  
(in jest)  
I came from Ranis, sweetheart.

Jaina is not willing to pick up the tease.

JAINA

You know what I mean. ALL of us...

Jaina's father now enters the room and joins the conversation, not missing a beat.

JAINA'S DAD

What am I missing in here?

JAINA'S MOM

(to him)

Aren't you cooking?

JAINA'S DAD

(arriving next to  
her, pecking cheek)

You took too long. I finished.

He walks over to sit on the bed beside Jaina, who joins him.

JAINA

Did you get homesick when you came  
here too?

JAINA'S DAD

Not as much as your mom. I came  
here when I was pretty young, and  
also I liked the rain. It doesn't  
rain on the orbitals.

Jaina's Mom joins them on the bed, buttressing Jaina's other side.

JAINA

How did you guys get comfortable?  
Was it just time?

JAINA'S MOM

For me, it was the work itself.  
Once I got into the textile halls  
and started, I felt a lot better.

She takes a second to notice that Jaina seems distracted by her own thoughts, looking into the space ahead of her. Putting her hand on Jaina's shoulder, she gets her daughter's attention and continues.

JAINA'S MOM (CONT'D)

And I think once you get started  
doing what we all know you love,  
you'll feel better too.

JAINA'S DAD

And whenever you miss home, just  
remember...

He pulls a thin but sturdy woven blanket from the foot of Jaina's bed. It is red and tasseled, peppered with inlaid designs in the weave. He shrouds it over her head and shoulders to comfort her.

JAINA'S DAD (CONT'D)

You carry a part of us with you.  
ALL of us.

They all enter into a group hug, clutching each other and the blanket.

JAINA

I'll make you guys proud.

JAINA'S MOM

You already have.

EXT. REED HOME - NIGHT

We look in through the kitchen window, where amber light illuminates the Reed parents cleaning up from dinner. As the camera rises to the roof, Jaina sits upon it, munching on some remnants from the meal.

She stares out at the night sky at the stars beyond, longing for her adventure to begin.

EXT. SPACEPORT - DAY

We see an establishing shot of the port from above. Multiple craft sit waiting for passengers and cargo on a tarmac.

CUT TO:

Jaina walking up to an automated passenger transport craft on the tarmac. It is a moderate size, able to comfortably seat 50 or so passengers. She climbs aboard the ship through its ramp, carrying only a bag with her along with her trusty staff. Tied around her waist, looking almost like a half-dress, is her blanket. An automated voice comes over the speakers.

PILOT (V.O.)

(cordial)

Welcome aboard passenger transport  
804 en route from Byurimidas to Earth.  
Please strap in as we will be  
launching shortly.

CUT TO:

INT. PASSENGER SHIP - DAY

Jaina straps into her seat next to the other passengers and gets quietly excited. She places her bag underneath her seat



PILOT (V.O.)  
Activating gravity shield in  
3...2...1.

The lights in the cabin go dim as everything becomes weightless.

EXT. SPACEPORT - DAY

The ship's landing gear retracts, but it stays floating in position. It is no longer being affected by gravity.

Jet engines spin up and propel the ship aloft.

EXT. BYURIMIDAS SKIES - DAY

The ship rises through the cloud layer against the sunlit horizon.

INT. PASSENGER SHIP - DAY

Jaina and the other passengers are shaken by the ship's ascent vibrations, Jaina herself clutches her seat straps and closes her eyes.

EXT. BYURIMIDAS ORBIT - SPACE

The ship deactivates its jet engines after reaching space. After a moment, it activates its warp drive and speeds into the distance. It approaches a large polyhedral frame in space: one of the GREAT PORTALS.

INT. PASSENGER SHIP - SPACE

Jaina takes one look back at her home planet as she leaves the atmosphere. Her look of excitement dwindles, and a pang of homesickness hits her. She looks down to the blanket on her waist and runs her hands along the designs, depicting unknown past events.

INT. MUSEUM (VFX) - NIGHT

Fade in to a 3D painting of Earth in front of the sun against a starry background.

JAINA (V.O.)  
In the 57th age of our worlds, human  
lifespan had grown a thousand fold.

As the camera slowly zooms out we see more of the painting, revealing a few solar sail spacecraft departing from Earth.

JAINA (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Carried by the winds of our sun...

Cut to further out in the painting, revealing many more solar sails and a border of alien planets as their destinations.

JAINA (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 Countless cultures spread to the  
 worlds beyond earth, in what became  
 known as The Great Diaspora.

The camera pans up to reveal a fresco surrounding a dome skylight depicting multiple people raising their hands towards the skylight, stars visible beyond. The skylight is bordered by a depiction of a Great Portal frame.

JAINA (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 Hundreds of years later, the work of  
 ten generations was complete, and  
 Great Portals allowed humankind to  
 cross the stars in the blink of an  
 eye.

The camera slowly moves through the skylight, revealing only the starry sky.

JAINA (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 Now, in this Age of Reunion, human  
 cultures once separated by hundreds  
 of lightyears...

Cut to black.

JAINA (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 ...Would begin to collide once again.

EXT. EARTH ORBIT - SPACE

We look down on Earth, surrounded by a satellite constellation.  
 A subtitle reads:

**"Earth: Protected Heritage Zone"**

A similar Great Portal frame floats near Earth. From its vertices come bright lights which fire energy into the center of the frame. A gigantic bubble of warped spacetime grows from the intersection point, opening the Portal.

Jaina's ship comes through and heads towards Earth.

INT. PASSENGER SHIP - SPACE

Jaina looks out the window to marvel at the new world below her. She shakes the shoulder of the man sitting next to her and points out to Earth. The man flashes her a kind smile and nod and goes back to his business. This is second nature for him, but she's clearly excited.

EXT. EARTH SPACEPORT - DAY

The ship begins its descent into the spaceport of its destination.

EXT. EARTH ROAD - DAY

We pan down from Jaina's ship landing afar, and onto ART SAKNUSEM, pilot and former weapon designer watching the ships land in the city.

He rests on the side of the road, sitting atop a bench in an abandoned roadside station and dressed in a plain clothes with a long coat.

The road is otherwise empty and quiet, having long fallen into disuse. He takes a breath, collects himself and gets up. He walks down the road towards the city.

EXT. BAZAAR - DAY

People mill about an open bazaar, some with formal stalls, others simply laid out on blankets.

A old jewelry merchant is among them. He works with his tools on a plain silver ring, but it slips from his hands and rolls into the street.

As it rolls, we see Art's feet come into view and stop the ring in its path. After a second, it begins vibrating and levitates up into Art's hands.

He brings the ring back over to the merchant and sits down on his suitcase to face him, handing the ring across.

MERCHANT

Thank you young man!

ART

What makes you so sure I'm a young man? People can look like anything these days.

MERCHANT

You used field circuits. Old folks like me don't have those.

ART

You could get them. It's not a difficult procedure. You could even take off some of those years, if you wanted.

The merchant swats the air.

MERCHANT

Ah, no. I don't much see the point  
with my profession. And the years  
have never bothered me.

Art pauses to think.

ART

How much for the ring?

MERCHANT

Oh! You are older than you look.

ART

(smiling)  
Why?

MERCHANT

Things have not been done *that* way  
in some time.  
(points to sky)  
Not since the Commonwealth came and  
brought their supply lines with them.  
Are you not from Earth?

ART

Originally. But I haven't been back  
in a long time. It's...strange. To  
not recognize anything here.

MERCHANT

The people here are friendly, for  
the most part. You should not be  
afraid to strike up conversations.  
Just...stay away from the pilgrims.

ART

I'll keep an eye out. Can I ask...Why  
do you still keep making rings? If  
the Commonwealth provides, why do  
any of these stalls still exist?

The merchant leans forward. Art follows.

MERCHANT

Well, I can't speak for the others,  
but I have always enjoyed the craft  
itself. It feels...as if I am making  
the world a more beautiful place.  
Like I am taking a small piece of  
the world and putting myself into  
it. They say the Commonwealth is the  
same way. Spreading their bounty  
across the stars to see fruit from  
their own crafts.

Art gives a silent nod of approval, and the merchant extends his hand out to offer the ring.

MERCHANT (CONT'D)

Here, a gift. From one old man to another.

Art takes the ring, and we cut to him walking out the exit of the bazaar.

On his way out, he passes Jaina who is just getting off the landing pad and walking through the street.

EXT. OPEN FIELDS - EVENING

Wide shot of a large field filled with the ruins of old structures and defunct robots, overgrown by the ages. A single levitating vehicle, almost like a cart, glides over the terrain, suspended by tanks of gas in its chassis.

In its carry-bed, Jaina sits and watches the scenery pass while she enjoys the breeze.

INT. JAINA'S APARTMENT - EVENING

The door slides open and Jaina takes in her new room. The room is thick and stark concrete with no ornamentation. Just the bare essentials of a bed and dresser. A small kitchen is tucked away in the corner. It too has only the most basic of amenities.

JAINA

(visibly disappointed)

Oh...

She moves tepidly into the room, scanning for any notable features and finding none. After a pause, she taps her staff on the hard floors and a reverberation of sound off the bare walls greets her back.

She sets her bag and staff down against a wall and activates her lenses. Her hands make a quick series of gestures to begin an outgoing call, as she walks out the door to double-check the room number.

APPROVER (O.S.)

Hello! You've reached the  
Commonwealth Research Office,  
Terrestrial branch. How can I help  
you?

Jaina moves back inside and over to the window, unlatching its blinds and opening them to reveal the sunset outside. She pauses to look as she speaks.

JAINA

Hi, my name is Jaina Reed. I was told to check in at this channel once I got to my housing?

APPROVER (O.S.)

Oh, Miss Reed! So good to hear from you. How was your trip?

Jaina slowly pivots on her heel and saunters to the center of her cavern.

JAINA

(sitting down on floor)

My trip was great, my room's a little empty...

APPROVER (O.S.)

You can feel free to request anything you want through us. We should be able to get it to you within 36 hours.

JAINA

Through you? Not the local fabs?

Jaina lays down on her bed, looking up at the ceiling while she puts her hands behind her head.

APPROVER (O.S.)

There are no local fabs. Everything comes in through the ports from offworld. Unfortunately, its part of the very unique jurisdiction we have on Earth.

JAINA

Or...lack of jurisdiction.

APPROVER (O.S.)

You got it. Anyway, I'm sure you'll have time to learn the details as you go, but there are a few things that you should know before getting started with your research.

JAINA

Of course.

APPROVER (V.O.)

Hold on, there's an official script I'm supposed to read.

(MORE)

APPROVER (V.O.) (CONT'D)

(pause, then clearing  
throat)

As all Earth operations are conducted in a protected heritage zone, normal judicial systems are more complicated there. The Commonwealth's jurisdiction will not be able to fully protect you outside of the main ports and cities. As a result, we highly advise you to not venture outside of these areas if you can avoid it. Congratulations once again, and we hope your research goes well!  
(normal affect again)  
There, done.

JAINA

So where are you right now?

APPROVER (O.S.)

In orbit. That's as close as any official buildings are allowed to go.

A question occurring to her, Jaina sits up in place abruptly.

JAINA

Wait, so where do I report to exactly?

APPROVER (O.S.)

What do you mean?

JAINA

I'm here as an archivist? Where do I archive stuff?

APPROVER (O.S.)

Legally, we don't have a claim over anything on that planet. As far as the Commonwealth is concerned, you are an independent researcher. If you want something archived, YOU have to archive it. If you need something resolved, its up to YOUR discretion. You're running your own show now, Miss Reed. There's only so far we can go down there.

As the approver speaks, Jaina slightly jolts out of her bed in the beginnings of excitement. She looks out the window to see the sunset above the rolling hills outside, calling her to adventure.

JAINA

(excited)

Thanks for the advice. I'll be in touch.

APPROVER

Good luck, Miss Reed.

Jaina ends the call with a growing smirk on her face.

She looks towards her still open door, and runs back out of her apartment, grabbing her bag and staff on her way out. She closes the door behind her.

EXT. RUIN STREETS - EVENING

Art walks along the abandoned streets of a ruined city. buildings have crumbled and plants have overgrown almost everything.

He stops in front of a lot that clearly used to contain someplace, but no longer does. It is covered in the native grasses and wildflowers, and what little debris remains from its former structure is almost completely buried.

He stares at it head on, the street is silent but for the murmur of birds and bugs. His face is solemn, almost dead, before he takes a few steps into the grass. He runs his hands through their stalks, and lets them slip past.

He stops in the middle, noticing the remains of a metal sign with the long-rusted image of a rose on it. He moves no longer. This object transfixes him for a moment, but a ladybug breaks his attention away. It is crawling on the rose, and after a moment it flies away, Art's eyes following it as it goes.

With the spell broken, Art takes a moment to breathe, and lets whatever burdens him slip from his mind. His face is lighter now, though not totally. After a moment's further survey of the lot, he turns back towards the road and begins his return journey.

EXT. HILLTOP - NIGHT

Jaina finds herself on the crest of a hill overlooking the port town and stares out at the lights. She takes a deep breath in and listens to the wildlife around her as the breeze softly blows.

Suddenly, the sky becomes brighter than it should be. Jaina looks up to the cloud layer and sees a streak of light appear in the upper atmosphere. As she watches, increasingly intrigued, it descends further and further, eventually flaring across the sky.



Soon it becomes clear that this object, whatever it is, descends in her direction, and its getting dangerously close to ground.

EXT. EARTH ROAD - NIGHT

Art hears the boom from when the object enters the atmosphere and turns around in time to see the streak of light.

He immediately turns on his lenses and zooms into the object to analyze it. A message reads "No Radio-signatures".

EXT. HILLTOP - NIGHT

With a muted crash, the object lands not too far from where Jaina is standing on the hill, behind a tree line which trembles at its landing. Birds fly away in fright.

Without a second thought, she goes to chase after it.

EXT. CRASH SITE - NIGHT

Jaina reaches the crash site in the middle of a small clearing, where a smoldering crater greets her, ten meters wide at least. Jaina approaches the rim with trepidation, and slowly peeks over the edge.

Inside floats THE BEACON. It is shaped like a length of old branch, with a large knot two-thirds of the way down. It emits a faint golden glow. Jaina steps into the crater and slides down the inner wall, going down to shoulder height into the earth. Enticed, she approaches the object.

JAINA  
(whispering)  
What are you?

She blinks and her lenses activate, her eyes scanning over the strange artifact before her.

She moves in to touch it when Art arrives.

ART  
I wouldn't touch that thing!

Jaina turns to look at him, standing just above her on the rim. He starts slowly inching towards the edge himself.

JAINA  
Who are you?

ART  
Who are you?

Jaina pauses for the briefest of moments before deciding to pull "rank".

JAINA  
I'm Jaina Reed, I'm with the  
Commonwealth Archives. And you?

He hesitates, not wanting to reveal too much to a stranger.

ART  
Arthur Saknusem. Pilot. Friends call  
me Art.

JAINA  
Hi, Art!

ART  
(smirking, indulging  
her)  
Hi.

JAINA  
So is this one of yours, pilot?

ART  
(looking around)  
No, I just don't like it when things  
fall out of the sky. Especially  
when they make it past the Thousand  
Eyes.

Jaina gives him a quizzical look and he points to the sky.

ART (CONT'D)  
Satellite constellation. It's  
supposed to watch the skies. Whatever  
that is, it should've been targeted  
for vaporization.

JAINA  
(playfully)  
But...It wasn't. So why are you  
worried?

ART  
Do you know what that is?

JAINA  
No?

ART  
So it could be dangerous!

Jaina ponders for a second, then squats down to more or less eye level with the floating device. After a moment's visual inspection, she holds up her hands and gives it a quick rap with her knuckles.

Art takes a quick step forward as if to stop her, but relents. She's going to poke at this thing and he won't be able to convince her otherwise.

Jaina uses her field circuits to levitate the object up towards her and begins examining it more closely. She deactivates her lenses to talk to Art.

JAINA

Hey, I'm willing to share credit for the find! But my name goes first, okay?

ART

Credit?

She begins back out of the crater.

JAINA

(chuckling)

I'm joking.

(serious)

I found it first.

(holds out hand for

boost up)

But if you're so worried about what this is, we could do some research.

Helping her up, a bit confused by her casual tone, Art breaks a smile at her enthusiasm, but hesitates for a second.

Suddenly, in the distance, shouting is heard from multiple people. It doesn't sound friendly.

ART

What is that?

JAINA

More treasure hunters?

Art turns on his own lenses and stares into space, blinking repeatedly to change the images.

POV shot of Art looking through his lenses at satellite images of the crash site from orbit, zooming further and further in. We can see the crater as well as a small army of figures dressed in white robes approaching the site.

ART  
Looks more like Monks to me. They're  
all dressed in white.

JAINA  
Sounds like pilgrims.  
(activates lenses)  
Weird. Nothing's on the Gardenbraid  
about this yet.  
(Deactivating lenses)  
We should go. Come on, I have a  
place not far from here.

Jaina starts running back towards the city with Art, surprised  
that he needs to run, following close behind.

INT. JAINA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jaina pushes the front door open and strides in quickly,  
transfixed by the recovered object, not looking where she's  
going. Art follows her in and pauses a moment, shocked by  
the empty apartment.

JAINA  
(distracted)  
Feel free to make yourself at home.

Art just looks around. At home in what?

ART  
(incredulous)  
Sure...

Jaina finally catches on to his concern and looks around. She  
realizes he's worried about her place.

JAINA  
Oh, yeah. I just moved in earlier  
today, I haven't gotten the chance  
to decorate or... anything really.  
But the floor is very comfortable!

Art looks at the floor for a beat, then shrugs and takes a  
seat on the slab.

Jaina follows suit on the opposite side of the room, face to  
face with Art. Upon activating her lenses and beginning to  
record, she twirls the strange object in front of her eyes.

JAINA (CONT'D)  
You sure you don't want to share  
credit for this?

ART  
(waving hand)  
Really, I'm fine. I'm just curious  
about what it is.

JAINA  
We used to get stuff falling off the  
cities back home pretty frequently.  
It wasn't technically part of our  
job to bring them back, but people  
always appreciate it.

ART  
(confused)  
Off the cities?

JAINA  
(refocusing)  
Oh, sorry. I'm from Byurimidas.  
The floating cities place.

She deactivates her lenses and sets the object down beside  
her.

ART  
Is that safe?

JAINA  
(wavering hand)  
Eh... I heard it was mostly a  
conservation thing.

ART  
No, I meant *that*.  
(points to object)

JAINA  
Oh! I don't know yet. I'm running  
it through the archive records to  
see what comes up.

ART  
(extending hand)  
Mind if I...?

She puts her hand on the object, hesitating for a brief moment  
to look over at Art, then slides it across the smooth floor  
towards him.

Picking it up, he activates his own lenses and begins  
examination, turning it over in his hands as he does so.

ART (CONT'D)  
Hmm.  
(MORE)

ART (CONT'D)

Not to make you paranoid, but did it occur to you that I could be one of their spies?

JAINA

Briefly. But it doesn't really seem like their style. The pilgrims aren't usually quiet about their faith.

Art looks up from the object, finally ready to ask this question.

ART

Are you a pilgrim?

JAINA

No, I'm just an Earth Enthusiast. Its pretty much been my dream to come here ever since I can remember.

ART

(chuckles)

That feels strange to hear. So, you were the second person today to mention them to me. Who are they?

She leans back slowly, getting ready to explain.

JAINA

From Arath-Makah...

(Art still confused)

You didn't get the warning? How long have you been here?

Art shrugs.

ART

Well, I grew up here. But I've been gone for a while. I've only been back for a few hours, can't be much longer than you.

JAINA

And they didn't tell you about the pilgrims?

ART

I doubt they'd have a way to contact me.

She crosses her arms. She didn't expect to have to explain this to someone.

JAINA  
 Earth is a big part of the Arath-  
 Makahni religion, Korai.

CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

A throng of robed acolytes march quietly through the underbrush of the forest. Some carry lanterns, but most carry clubs.

JAINA (V.O.)  
 And part of their religion commands  
 that they make a pilgrimage to the  
 homeworld of humanity.

One of them, clad in newer, cleaner regalia walks through the crowd towards the front and the others bow their heads as he passes. Clearly this is a man of high standing, the LEAD ACOLYTE.

JAINA (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 It actually caused a really big  
 problem back when the Commonwealth  
 first expanded to include Earth.  
 Big diplomatic fallout over that  
 one. It's why the legal jurisdiction  
 is still so complicated here. Heritage  
 zone and all that.

He comes to the edge of the tree line, where a subordinate kneels in the dirt and examines Jaina's deposited footprints. He stands to meet his superior's eyes, and points into the distance, down the small mountain to a single island of illumination in the otherwise dark flatlands: Jaina's home.

ART (V.O.)  
 So why did we run from them?

CUT BACK TO:

INT. JAINA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

JAINA  
 Look, word around the Braid is that  
 the pilgrims have been getting  
 more...aggressive lately. Attacking  
 people on the roads, defacing  
 monuments, stuff like that. I heard  
 them coming...  
 (indicates to object)  
 and I... guess I panicked a bit.

She slumps, unsure about where she's going with this.

JAINA (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. I don't mean to talk bad about them. I've heard that they don't have great lives back on home, and the weight of this place... gets to them.

Art just listens solemnly to this. When she finishes, he thinks to himself for a moment.

ART

(almost to himself)

In the end, the Devil is nothing but his victims.

JAINA

Who told you that?

ART

(shrugs. lies)

Don't remember. Probably something I heard somewhere.

There is a moment of silence, the topic is over. Art sighs and returns to analysis.

ART (CONT'D)

No radiological signs, that's good. Toxicology negative. No sign of a power source but its clearly got one...

(pausing in interest)

And a radio signal.

Jaina's eyebrows jump up at this.

JAINA

Really? What kind?

ART

(examining closely)

That's a distress code. An old one.

(intrigued)

Very old. Looks like you found a distress beacon. Maybe this is how it got past the Thousand Eyes...

Jaina gets up and moves over to Art's side of the room. He gets up to join her and hands the beacon back. Jaina activates her lenses and begins reading the signal too. After a moment's examination:



JAINA

Not just that. There's data. In  
the higher harmonics, look.

POV through Jaina's lenses, where a spectrum of frequencies  
is displayed. One of the higher frequencies expands to reveal  
discreet pulses of information, garbled and unreadable.

JAINA (CONT'D)

Its encrypted, but its there.

A notice appears in the corner of Jaina's vision and as she  
looks over to it, we break out of the POV.

Jaina begins to break out into a manic smile, barely able to  
contain her excitement.

ART

(noticing)  
What is it?

JAINA

Nothing! There's *nothing* in the  
archive database like this. Zero  
results! Do you know what this means?

ART

(deactivating lenses)  
No, but you look excited.

JAINA

It means we've found something  
completely new! We've stumbled across  
a completely novel discovery on our  
first day! Get excited, man! Are  
you *sure* you don't want your name on  
this?

Art begins to crack the slightest of a wry smile, relenting.

ART

Well, maybe I could do with a  
footnote.

Jaina taps him on the arm, encouragingly.

JAINA

Yeah, that's the spirit!  
(turns to kitchen)  
I've been rude. Let's celebrate, can  
I offer you anything?

Art again pauses for the briefest of moments to look around  
the completely empty abode.

ART

*Can you offer me anything?*

Suddenly, before she can respond, something small crashes through the window and rolls onto the center of the room. Both sets of eyes snap to look at it. Its a grenade.

Without speaking, Jaina dodges behind the counter for cover and art sweeps his hand in a vertical arc, magnetically pulling the grenade upwards with it. Then, like a batter hitting a ball, he swipes in the air and the grenade is flung back out the window seconds before exploding.

The same shouting from the crash site is heard outside the window, only this time there's a lot more of them. They both dart to the broken frame to see a crowd of pilgrims surrounding Jaina's apartment.

EXT. JAINA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The crowd of white-robed acolytes surround the residence. They signal to one another, trying to prevent any route of escape.

As the Lead Acolyte reaches the front, another of the acolytes, ACOLYTE 2, approaches with a worried look on his face.

ACOLYTE 2

My brother, why have we come here?  
She is a child. What could be so  
important that we have to chase her  
into a corner like this?

The lead acolyte places a hand upon acolyte 2's shoulder and smiles an empty smile.

LEAD ACOLYTE

The relic has been expected by the  
High Evangelical for some time, my  
brother. That's why he sent me here,  
to guide you. It is the will of Korai  
that we have it.

ACOLYTE 2

Could we not simply speak to the  
child? Tell her our wishes? She may  
see fit to give it to us without the  
use of force.

LEAD ACOLYTE

(almost interrupting)

Anyone who stands in the way of  
Korai's will must be dealt with  
swiftly, brother. She cannot be left  
to incite further heresy.

Acolyte 2 isn't totally convinced and looks down, shaking his head.

LEAD ACOLYTE (CONT'D)  
 (threatening)  
 Would YOU stand in the way of Korai's  
 will, brother?

In shame, acolyte 2 slinks back into the crowd, which the lead acolyte now turns to.

LEAD ACOLYTE (CONT'D)  
 Then let us begin!

A group of the pilgrims splits off to break into the apartment's front door.

INT. JAINA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Crash! The door is kicked open and the small party of pilgrims flood into the apartment. Seconds later, another crash from behind.

Jaina and Art stand back-to-back, Jaina stuffs the beacon into her bag and clutches her staff in hand while Art feverishly scans the crowd.

ART  
 Do you have any combat experience?

Jaina's face breaks into a smile.

JAINA  
 (self-satisfied)  
 Hmm!

She slides her hand along the length of the staff, getting her grip. Art glances behind him to see her ready herself. Her eyes open to reveal that her lenses have been activated for the battle. With a turn of her heel, she's off!

She strikes first with a flurry of violence, knocking out a batch of enemies with her staff in short succession. She moves swiftly to throw her staff towards a pair near the door, downing them as well. She magnetizes her staff back to her hand and turns to continue the battle in the other direction.

Art's mostly playing defense. He swats the pilgrim's strikes away and ducks behind cover.

ART  
 We need to move!

JAINA  
 On it!

She focuses her efforts on the window exit, clearing a path for their escape. They both climb out the window, Jaina leaping, Art trailing behind.

EXT. JAINA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

They emerge onto the turf outside, surrounded by the remaining gang of followers, these ones carrying lanterns, startled, and clearly less eager for combat. Among them is the the Lead Acolyte, who carries only a small knife.

He, less timid than his entourage, immediately throws the knife at Jaina upon seeing her face. She deftly blocks it with a sweep of her staff. Carrying her momentum forward, she spins into a leg sweep which magnetizes the lanterns to the ground, shattering. The oil lights fire and creates enough of a barrier to run.

JAINA  
(shouting to Art)  
Get to the cart!

Art nods and gives a thumbs up. They both rush over to the hover cart that carried Jaina here, parked beside the building. Leaping into the carry bed of the vehicle, Jaina activates her lenses and the vehicle's controls light up. A speed gauge rises as the transport rushes off, ferrying the two away from the scene.

EXT. OPEN FIELDS - NIGHT

As the two passengers try to steady themselves on the cart bed after retreating, they speed towards the lights of the nearby port.

Art pulls himself up from prone and faces Jaina, who is flummoxed looking back at the disaster behind them.

Art quickly broaches the subject, almost shouting of the noise of the wind as they travel.

ART  
(sarcastic)  
You know, I really don't care for  
your neighbors.

JAINA  
This is insane! How did they find  
us?

ART  
We are carrying a distress beacon.  
Getting found is sort of the whole  
point.

He leans out slightly to look at their destination in the distance.

ART (CONT'D)

You think they'll follow us to the port?

JAINA

Its under Commonwealth jurisdiction.  
They can't.

From behind them, at what remains of Jaina's home, a noise and a bright light! They look behind to see a signal flare careening into the sky above the structure. From within the forest they all just exited, two small shuttles rise above the tree line and give chase in the direction of the cart.

JAINA (CONT'D)

(increasingly  
exasperated)

You've got to be *kidding* me!

ART

Boy, its a good thing you're an  
archivist, because your forecasting  
sucks!

Jaina snaps back around to look forward towards the port, lenses flashing on again.

JAINA

We're going dark!

The speed indicator on the cart's panel spikes, and the cart accelerates with a mechanical howl. As the vehicle speeds off into the horizon, all the lights on its structure turn off, and it continues on in darkness.

EXT. SPACEPORT - NIGHT

Art and Jaina park the cart and hurry to blend in with the thinning crowds of the port. As they pass through the moving pedestrians, they hear quiet sounds of confusion surrounding them. They look up to see what the crowd does: the pilgrim's ships, now greater in number slowly circling above the port like vultures.

Also in flight, circling at a wider distance, are security drones, smaller in size than the pilgrim's ships but still quite large. It almost looks like two packs of wolves circling each other before a fight.

Art leans over to Jaina and whispers, so as to not let any of the crowd overhear.

ART  
 (whispering)  
 If they're following the signal, we  
 need to get off-planet.

JAINA  
 You don't have to keep doing this.  
 We're here, you can catch a ship  
 to... wherever it is you want to go.

ART  
 No. Not 'till we're *both* out of  
 danger. So, where do you need to  
 go? Where would be safe?

She ponders for a moment.

JAINA  
 If we want *actual* Commonwealth  
 security, Bejiir.

Suddenly, a shaft of light shines down from one of the pilgrim  
 ships: a spotlight. They've been spotted.

ART  
 (nodding)  
 Lead the way!

They begin running through the crowds and alleys, attracting  
 a lot of attention from passersby. Jaina is in front,  
 sprinting towards the nearest tarmac opening, with Art not  
 far behind.

Once they are out on the tarmac, shouting is heard from one  
 of the far edges. Looking over, they see that more pilgrims  
 on foot are running to intercept them.

The transport ship that Jaina is aiming towards begins to  
 spin up its engines and slowly start floating upwards.

JAINA  
 NO!

She redirects to the next one in line. The doors to the second  
 transport ship open, and Jaina climbs halfway in. Art faces  
 behind to check their tail.

PILOT (V.O.)  
 Welcome aboard point-to-point charter  
 flight from Earth to a location of  
 your choice. Please specify your  
 destination on the panel inside.

As the two runners prepare to enter the craft, the crowd of pilgrims begins firing plasma bolts out of their hands towards Art and Jaina.

Art deflects the bolts with his bare hands.

JAINA  
(amazed)  
You know Balam?

ART  
This isn't Balam!

Before he can elaborate, he is struck in the face by one of the bolts and yells out in pain. He stumbles along the ground.

JAINA  
Art!

She runs back down the entrance ramp and grabs him, dragging him up into the ship with her, and slams the panel beside her to select any destination she can out of desperation.

INT. PASSENGER SHIP - NIGHT

Jaina clicks Art's seatbelt into place as the ship begins its takeoff sequence. She sits down across from Art and straps herself in.

As the ship is taking off, she looks out the window and sees that some of the pilgrims have boarded one of their own ships and launched as well, joining those which have already been circling. They are not letting them get away, and the port's security drones are not far behind.

Upon hearing a noise within the ship, she turns back around to see that Art has gotten out of his seat and begun rummaging around the compartment, tearing cables and technology from the walls.

JAINA  
What the hell are you doing?! You  
need to strap in!

He takes a previously unseen device from inside his coat and plugs it into the cables of the ship.

PILOT (V.O.)  
Warning! Unexpected compute load on  
navigational sub-computer. Please  
do not tamper with the ship's  
components in-flight.

On the far wall, an image is projected of some kind of advanced calculation taking place in the computer.

It is impossible to make out what it is at this point. Art's device simply hovers at the center of the room.

Outside the ship, plasma fire can be seen streaking across the ship's hull, barely missing. The situation outside has escalated to full-on conflict, with security drones and pilgrim ships firing salvos back and forth at each other. The transport ship begins bucking and weaving to avoid the fire automatically.

Art collapses on the ground and begins to bounce around the cabin unconscious as the evasive maneuvers toss the ship.

PILOT (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Attention! Navigational systems  
compromised by unexpected compute  
load. Evasive programs experiencing  
reduced performance.

EXT. PASSENGER SHIP - SUNRISE

Outside, the ships have risen high enough that the sun is peeking over the horizon. The parade of violence rises up through the cloud layer like an inverted tornado: Transport, then pilgrim ships, then security drones. Plasma bolts firing up and out like streaks from a firework.

One of the pilgrim's plasma bolts finally connects with the passenger transport, blowing out the engines. The ship suddenly begins to fall, tumbling back down through the spiral of pursuers, which collapses back in to follow it down.

INT. PASSENGER SHIP - SUNRISE

The ship is really tumbling now. No control and plummeting to the ground. Jaina fumbles around trying to brace herself for the impact, but mostly panicking.

JAINA  
Shit! Shit! Shit!

The camera pans around to see the projected image on the far wall finally congeal into a complete picture. Her head snaps to look at the wall. It's a PULSAR MAP, coordinates to some location in space.

We pull out from the map to see that it is reflected in Art's open, but half-conscious eye. His lenses are on. Upon seeing the image, his feet magnetize to the floor of the ship's deck.

His body stands itself up unnaturally to bring him even with the device and he extends a finger to just next to the device. Small arcs of electricity spark across the gap between finger and machine in a pattern suggesting that information is being transferred.



EXT. PASSENGER SHIP - SUNRISE

As the passenger ship falls, the pilgrim's vessels close in.

Then suddenly, a bright flash of light from the inside of the passenger vessel and the high-pitched scream of energy. An instant later, a bubble of warped spacetime, a portal, opens up inside the passenger ship and expands outward, enveloping the ship within its radius. The concussive shock wave from the portal's opening knocks the surrounding ships backwards, like a giant gust of wind is coming through the portal in all directions. This blast prevents any ship from entering the portal as it closes back up, taking the passenger ship with it and sending all the other vessels down and out, leaving only an empty sky.

CUT TO BLACK:

EXT. LIGHTHOUSE FIELD - DAY

Fade in to a grassy field in the mid-morning. A breeze blows through the grass and a lone house rests on the top of a hill in the distance.

The calm is broken by the same bright light, the same portal, and the same shock wave. When the portal closes, the passenger ship hits the ground with a distant impact.

INT. SHIP CRASH SITE - DAY

Smoke and dust everywhere. Jaina coughs and shakily regains her footing. A hole in the hull of the ship shows daylight beyond. Jaina stumbles over to it.

EXT. SHIP CRASH SITE - DAY

She emerges from the wreckage, eyes squinting in the light. The scene is noticeably more serene than the hell she just left behind, and even the wreckage to her immediate back. She takes a quick moment to breathe.

JAINA  
 (flicking on lenses  
 to record)  
 So...Personal biography. Looks like  
 we made it. Good. Exactly where we  
 made it to...

She surveys her surroundings and sees the field empty except for the house on the hill.

JAINA (CONT'D)  
 No idea.  
 (genuinely confused)  
 Ranch? Wildlife preserve?  
 (MORE)

JAINA (CONT'D)  
(looks over to house)  
Only one way to find out.

CUT TO:

EXT. LIGHTHOUSE - DAY

Jaina is knocking on the front door.

JAINA  
(yelling)  
Hello? Is anybody there? We've been  
in a crash, we need help!

There is no answer. Jaina moves around to look into the windows, but finds no movement inside.

JAINA (CONT'D)  
Guess I would have run, too.

She turns back around to return down the hill.

CUT TO:

EXT. SHIP CRASH SITE - DAY

Jaina pulls Art, still knocked out, from the crash. When she gets him out into the light, she can see his injuries. He's bleeding from the head, on top of the burn he had sustained before. She's visibly worried.

JAINA  
Oh, please don't tell me I killed my  
first friend on Earth in less than a  
day...

She lays him down on the ground and heads back into the ship.

INT. SHIP CRASH SITE - DAY

Covering her mouth and nose for the smoke, she looks around the inside of the ship until she comes upon the words she was looking for painted on the wall:

**Emergency first aid: MEDBAC**

She moves over to the panel and tears it off the wall, briefly struggling to pry it free. She pulls out an orange canister and moves back outside.

EXT. SHIP CRASH SITE - DAY

She opens the orange canister to find a white paste inside. She scoops some onto her fingers and applies it to Art's head

wound. Slowly, and then almost all at once, his wounds begin to heal.

Jaina breathes a sigh of relief and sits back onto the ground beside Art.

She sets the canister down and looks around her at the wreckage, wondering what to do now.

Suddenly she notices: Her blanket is missing!

She darts back up without a word and plunges back into the wreckage. After a few seconds, she emerges with her charred bag and the undamaged blanket, and tosses the bag aside, the beacon falling out.

With palpable relief, she slumps back down to the ground and picks up the beacon. She holds both the blanket and the beacon in her hands for a moment, staring at them. Then she clutches both to her chest and curls up a bit, resting her head upon the blanket for comfort.

CUT TO:

It's later, the sun is lower in the sky, and Art begins to stir. He opens his eyes and sits up to see that Jaina has built a fire. She notices he's awake and sits up.

JAINA

Oh, thank god! You're awake.

He rubs his head.

ART

Ow.

JAINA

How are you feeling?

ART

Like I just got hit by a train.

JAINA

Actually, you just got hit by a planet.

She turns around to point at the wreckage. Then, she flips back to Art.

ART

Then I'm doing pretty good, all considered. But we made it? We got away?

JAINA

Yep. I don't know where we are but we made it. Barely. It took about a half hour for the Medbac to fix you.

She shows the orange canister.

ART

(chuckles)

Sorry you went through all the trouble. I have some of my own.

He pulls out a small silver vial from his pocket and shows it to Jaina.

JAINA

(joking)

Oh, so you're one of those weirdos who carries their own Medbac around.

ART

It's not *that* weird.

He unscrews the vial and looks at the white paste within.

JAINA

I could never. Too much of a hassle.

Art talks as he walks over to a patch of grass.

ART

Starting the culture isn't the hard part, it's keeping it alive.

He picks a few blades of grass and stuffs them into the vial where they begin slowly dissolving. He screws the lid back on and puts it away as he sits back down at the fire.

Jaina's face is now more suspicious. This man has too many oddities about him. It's time to ask the big question.

JAINA

What was that thing you used on the ship? The thing that brought us here?

After a moment, he lies.

ART

It's a Tetherbox.

JAINA

(focused, almost accusatory)

Mind elaborating?

She's not letting up. She going to peel the answers away from Art if she has to.

Art hesitates.

ART

Well, it's an old technique, with some technical details. Are you sure you want to hear about it?

JAINA

Who do you think you're talking to?

He thinks for a second and nods. It's okay to give her the technical details.

ART

During the Diaspora, we needed a way to stay in contact with each other across lightyears. Radio signals would work, but they weren't very secure. They were prone to interception. And so the idea was had that we build a network of microscopic portals to transmit messages.

Jaina interrupts, for she knows this story.

JAINA

...Which became the Gardenbraid.

ART

(nodding)

I guess I shouldn't be surprised that you know your history. So, in that time, the Great Portals hadn't been invented yet; we didn't know how to use portals as shortcuts. In fact, every portal took longer to traverse than going through the ambient space...Just how the geometry worked. Very useful for secure comms but not very useful for travel unless...

He points behind her at the wreckage.

ART (CONT'D)

...You're in an emergency. If you're trapped with nowhere else to go, if you have enough energy you can pry one of the Gardenbraid portals open and slip through as an emergency exit.

She turns to look back at Art finishing his story.

ART (CONT'D)  
And that's a Tetherbox.

JAINA  
Clever!

Her admiration is palpable, so he chuckles. Then she cocks her head, noticing something.

JAINA (CONT'D)  
You talk about it like you were there.

After a brief moment feeling like he just got caught, Art tries to tell her as little as he can.

ART  
Well, I wasn't involved in the  
development, but I was around when  
it happened.

JAINA  
How old are you?

He tries to remember the number, first casually, then desperately. But he fails, and his face becomes tired.

ART  
(slightly defeated)  
Old enough that it no longer matters.

Jaina can sense that she touched a nerve there, and so relents her questions. For a moment, only the crackle of the fire is heard. She reaches down and slowly picks up the beacon from her bag, looking at it with a newly tainted curiosity.

JAINA  
All of that for this.

Forcing himself out of his sulk, Art stands up.

ART  
You still need to look at that thing  
more closely. Good thing we're right  
next to my ship.

JAINA  
(confused)  
Huh?

She follows Art to the spot he's using to look out to the hills. He points at the lone house on the hill.

ART  
Right there!

JAINA  
The house?

ART  
I call her The Lighthouse, actually.  
Come on, I'll show you.

They both start to walk in the Lighthouse's direction.

INT. LIGHTHOUSE - DAY

Jaina follows Art into the front door of the Lighthouse. Inside is a single room with a large circular control console in the center. Various adornments line the perimeter, but little in the way of actual furniture.

JAINA  
This is your ship?

ART  
Yep, my house and my ship.

Jaina looks around the space, taking it all in.

JAINA  
I forgot you said you were a pilot.

ART  
She's got full atmospheric clearance,  
top-grade scanners, and artificial  
grav circuit paneling underfoot for  
an uninterrupted 1 G experience.

JAINA  
I don't even think I've heard of  
most of those.

Art quickly recovers from another slip.

ART  
Well, those are the benefits of being  
in the trade for so long.

Jaina stops her wandering and goes up to the control panel, across the table from Art.

JAINA  
Hey, you said High-grade scanners.  
Can I use them on this?  
(shows beacon)

ART  
 (shrugs)  
 That's why we're here.

She sets it in the center of the center of the control panel and begins pressing buttons with intent.

The results of the scan are projected onto the ceiling of the room, as its walls are mostly windows. The image shows the same waveform as before, both signal and data pulses.

ART (CONT'D)  
 Why send a distress beacon with encrypted data?

JAINA  
 You want it to be found, but only for *some* people to find it.

ART  
 But its a distress signal. Whoever sent this is *in distress*. Who would be this choosy about their rescuers?

Jaina ponders briefly, before seeming to come to an unsettling idea. She begins tapping at the control console again, this time bringing up what appears to be a flight path above earth, showing a trajectory crashing into its surface.

JAINA  
 (solemn understanding)  
 Someone who's scared they might be heard...

ART  
 ...Who?

JAINA  
 Look.

She brings up a new image of the beacon's flight path.

JAINA (CONT'D)  
 This thing's flight path just got uploaded to the Braid. It came straight from the direction of Arath-Makah.

Art furrows his brow and begins to walk over to get a better view of the flight path.

JAINA (CONT'D)  
 Think about it, why would Arath-Makahni pilgrims care about some  
 (MORE)



JAINA (CONT'D)  
random piece of space debris? Why  
would they *attack* us without some  
kind of reason? They must want all  
record of someone dead and buried.  
Someone who knows they're being  
watched.

After a moment's brief pause, she decides to ask him a favor.

JAINA (CONT'D)  
(almost timidly)  
Can you take me there?

Art blinks loudly.

ART  
(disbelief)  
You just spent the better part of a  
day running from Arath-Makahni  
pilgrims and your plan is to go to  
Arath-Makah?

JAINA  
Yes.

ART  
Where presumably there will be...  
many more of them.

JAINA  
The Commonwealth aren't going to  
care about some random distress signal  
from outside their borders. This  
person needs help, and its gonna  
have to come from us.

ART  
Jaina, you just got here! Didn't  
you say this was your dream? And  
now you want to leave and jump into  
god knows what?

For the first time since gathering the beacon, Jaina is given  
serious pause. His point just hit her. She will have to  
leave. Concerned, she looks out the window to the sunlit  
meadow beyond, drinking in its vista as doubt flashes over  
her face.

Then she looks below, to the softly glowing artifact in her  
hand. The last lifeline of a stranger. Slowly, but surely,  
her face starts to display resolve.

JAINA  
(looking back up)  
Yes.

Art rubs his neck and sighs loudly, but he understands she has not chosen this lightly.

ART  
Alright, look. I can take you as far  
as Bejiir.

Art begins working the controls.

ART (CONT'D)  
...But then you're going to need to  
hop a carrier to Arath-Makah.

JAINA  
(kindly)  
Thank you.

EXT. LIGHTHOUSE - DAY

The house begins to float as engines propel it upwards from underneath, disturbing the grass around it with the wind it kicks up.

Engines go to full thrust, and the Lighthouse flies into the sky.

FADE TO BLACK: