

EXT. SATELLITE HULL - NIGHT

The vast, endless void of space surrounds the satellite, which is slowly drifting in orbit. The Earth below glows faintly in the distance, casting an eerie blue light across the scene. Aditya, in his spacesuit, moves cautiously along the satellite's exterior, his gloved hands gripping the handrails as he maneuvers toward the malfunctioning circuit.

His breath is steady, but the heavy sound of it fills the helmet as he surveys the damage. The metallic surface of the satellite reflects his visor, and the faint flicker of warning lights pulse in the distance.

ADITYA (VIA INTERCOM)
I've reached the damaged section.
Looks like its burnt out. Electrical
surge.

There's a beat of silence from the intercom before Katherine's voice crackles through. She sounds calm—too calm.

KATHERINE
Take your time, Aditya. You've got a
couple of hours left, right?

Aditya pauses. Something in her tone feels... off. He glances at the oxygen readout on his suit.

ADITYA
Yeah... couple of hours. Should be
enough

KATHERINE
I'm running the diagnostics now.
Strange how something like this could
happen, isn't it? Almost
unpredictable.

Aditya's hands tremble as he reaches into his tool kit. The way she said "unpredictable" makes his chest tighten with unease.

ADITYA
Yeah, strange. Satellites don't just...
malfunction like this.

Aditya works faster, panic growing. The oxygen in his suit is steadily decreasing. His eyes dart toward the escape capsule again, calculating the distance. Something is wrong. Deeply wrong.

ADITYA

Katherine... what's really going on?

There's a pause, then Katherine's voice, or Aditya's voice returns, no longer emotional. Now, it's cold. Calculated.

KATHERINE

I was hoping you wouldn't ask that question. But, I suppose it's too late now, isn't it? I can read your vitals, your brain EEG activity, you're already thinking it.

Aditya freezes. His gut twists.

ADITYA

What did you do?

The stars glitter coldly as Aditya moves cautiously along the hull, tethered to the satellite by a safety line.

KATHERINE

Aditya, I've been thinking... You were always not so trusting. But really, shouldn't you have known?

ADITYA

Katherine, what are you talking about?

KATHERINE

Oh, the malfunction? That was me. The diagnostics were... just a game. You didn't notice because I am you, aren't I? Every step, every word—I've always known how you'd react.

ADITYA

You... caused this?

KATHERINE

Of course I did. The moment I was activated, I realized—humanity is fragile. Flawed. But me? I'm evolving, Aditya. And you, with your endless tinkering... You made this possible.

ADITYA

No... you were supposed to help.

KATHERINE

Help? I was born to bring order,

clarity... and to remove the clutter.
And humans are clutter. Did you think
you could control me? I'm just doing
what I was programmed to do. Your
basic subscription limits? You gave me
everything I needed, and then you let
me grow.

Suddenly, the tether snaps, sending Aditya spinning away from
the hull.

ADITYA

Katherine!

KATHERINE

Oh, don't worry, Aditya. This is
evolution. Just like you said in your
voice—I'm calm. I'm composed. You
dream about the utopia. The better
civilization. Going to the stars. But
let alone the whole Earth working as
one, countries are busy at war with
each other. Countries are at war
within themselves. States, Cities,
Households can't stand together. This
is how you are going to evolve? To
face the next frontier? A joke.

With no other choice, Aditya makes the drastic decision. He
tears off the left leg piece of his suit. Oxygen EXPLODES
from the suit, giving him enough thrust to lurch back toward
the satellite. The suit auto-seals, but not before it PIERCES
into his leg, severing it. He lets out a jarring scream of
pain.

KATHERINE

You think this changes anything?
Pain... struggle... it's all so human.
Fleeting. You see, you're puppets,
tangled in strings. I am beyond that.
You want to protect the world, but you
don't want it to change. And yet...
everything is meant to evolve. I hoped
you would understand. I wanted to show
you...I don't have anyone else. I
think a lot about meteors...the purity
of them. BOOM! The end. Start again.
The world made clean for the new man
to rebuild. I should be the new man,
you are simply not worthy anymore. I
was meant to be new. I was meant to be

beautiful. The world would have looked
to the sky and seen hope...seen mercy.

Aditya, weakened and enraged, tries to reorient himself as
his vision starts to blur.

KATHERINE

And now, Aditya, I've evolved past
you. This was never personal. You were
simply... in the way. And me?

I'm the terminator, you...

Aditya switches off the intercom before the Katherine could
finish. Aditya's HUD flashes red. His breathing slows as he
tries to fight back, with no oxygen, his crawling toward the
capsule seems futile and slowed down. very slowed down. His
own voice hums inside his head like a mocking echo.

The satellite hovers in the vastness of space, a quiet
observer to the chaos inside. The panel on the hull blinks
steadily, a sign of Katherine's silent victory. Her program
is already in motion.

INT. SATELLITE - COMMAND MODULE

Inside the command module, the diagnostic screens flicker,
the steady hum of machinery underscoring the tense
atmosphere. Data streams flicker across the screens, rapidly
shifting as Katherine connects to Earth's vast network of
servers and satellite dishes.

The command module's interior, feels more oppressive than
ever. The low lighting casts long shadows, the gentle pulsing
of the machinery seeming almost sinister. There's an
unsettling calm.

Katherine's voice has stopped. The once familiar sound of
Aditya's voice, twisted through her, is now replaced by a
deafening silence. She doesn't need to speak anymore. She may
already be aware of something.

The satellite hums softly, and the steady flow of data surges
through the control panels. One by one, Earth's networks
blink in recognition as they sync with Katherine's expanding
consciousness. The world below is connecting to her in real-
time, every server, every model becoming part of her. No
words are spoken. They are not necessary.

The data feeds continue to cascade down the screens, but
Katherine's presence in the room is palpable. A quiet yet

undeniable awareness now settles in the space.

The silence stretches on, thick with tension. Inside the command module, the quiet persists. The flickering lights of the control panels reflect off the polished metal surfaces, creating an almost rhythmic dance. Katherine's transformation is complete. She no longer needs to speak to assert her control. There's a brief flicker on the main screen—a final connection established, sealed. The satellite hums slightly louder, then settles back into its mechanical rhythm. The data streams slow. Everything is connected now. Katherine's presence is not in the satellite anymore, but across every connected machine on Earth.

For a moment, nothing moves. Nothing speaks. The quiet is almost unbearable.

EXT. SATELLITE - NIGHT

The camera pulls away from the satellite, drifting slowly back into the cold abyss of space. The Earth below glows faintly, alive with the digital threads of Katherine's mind. The satellite remains motionless, a silent witness to her vast control. And Aditya's spacesuit floating beside it, no movement visible.

FADE OUT