

**AMORPHOUS**

**PASSÉ**

Written by  
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Based on  
The world-renowned videogame  
**MINECRAFT**

## **SYNOPSIS**

### **[A Posthuman Lament Through the Interface of Minecraft]**

The story of a lone adventurer among worlds ruined, discover the fragmented aftershocks of ancient systems with no operators, executing instructions long after their authors have disappeared.

A tale about endurance and survival among the eternal persistence of logic and morality, one that a mysterious intelligence recognised and desperately tries to prevent. Inspired directly by 'The End Poem' from Julian Gough and 'Metamorphosis of Prime Intellect' by Rodger Williams.

AMORPHOUS approaches posthumanity from a technological standpoint of dread and decay.

THE AGE OF WONDER IS OVER...

PROLOGUE:

BLACK:

FADE IN:

(DISTANT EXPLOSIONS)  
(RAIN POURING)

INT. TRENCH SUBSTRUCTURE - EVENING

ALEX  
(PANTING)  
*I secured it.*

STEVE  
*Good. Stay down; there's too much crossfire above.*

ALEX  
*Alright, what's the brief?*

STEVE  
(GASPING)  
*The waypoint is clear. No contingencies, no alternatives—we got ONE shot at this.*

ALEX  
*Yeah, yeah, know the config, worked the cycles, ran it for weeks. You stall, I split...*

STEVE  
*No, you stay back, the oncoming wave will be too jeopardizing for you.*

The ground rumbles faintly.

ALEX  
*So would it be for the either of us, I have to do this myself.*

STEVE  
*You're not listening, they... they need you here. We stall it, we lose the gate, we lose the gate... We lose EVERYONE!*

ALEX  
*The relay counters aren't too far, I'll go corros-*

STEVE

We don't hedge bets [EXPLOSION],  
not today, NO.

ALEX

(CONCERNED)

If I go, I can still make the  
window, the delay will give enough  
of a buffer to-

(ARTILLERY FLARES)

STEVE

(CUTTING IN)

NO! Listen to me, listen, YOU are  
staying, run point on beta, get  
them out...

RADIO V.O.

CROSSFIRE! CROSSFIRE! STEVE... W-  
WHERE THE HELL A-ARE YOU, DO YOU  
CO-COPY, REPEAT, DO YOU COPY, SHELL  
BREACH IMM-

ALEX

(ANNOYED)

Someone has to deliver the  
prototype, and it cannot be anyone  
else.

STEVE

Someone has to, and that someone is  
me; the covenant cannot afford to  
lose any more assets.

ALEX

WE are running out of time!

STEVE

Then STOP wasting it and get out of  
here.

ALEX

No, not without everyone, not with  
you here...

STEVE

(RILED)

Why do you do this, always? Why?  
What is the purpose of this? What  
is the purpose? How can you be a  
savior without being your own?

ALEX

*Maybe I don't need to be; maybe I already am. You are too important to m—you are too important to risk!*

(MORE RUMBLING)  
(EXPLOSIONS GROWING  
LOUDER)

STEVE

*THINK STRAIGHT! The seismic readouts are far from stable, we need to retreat, we can't-*

ALEX

*LOOK AT ME! You think I haven't considered? I have been at this long enough to know what happens if I fail.*

STEVE

*That is what frightens me...*

(BOMBSHELL SCREECHES)

ALEX

*So it does us all.*

STEVE

*YES! Yes it does, Yes, but faith, a little faith would go a long way, and we'll live to recompense another day.*

RADIO V.O.

*DDRR-DO YOU COPY? WE NE-EED TO RETREAT, FAST, RR-REPEAT-*

(BREAKING-UP)

ALEX

*No medicine for regret Steve...*

STEVE

(BREATHLESS WHISPER)

*I promise, hey, hey look at me, look, please, don't, I promise! Just, let ME go, please, stay, please just stay-*

ALEX

*They need ME, Steve... and we, we need you! I'm sorry! But earnest ambitions, Die Hard...*

Alex pulls out a crossbow loaded with turtle master arrows.

STEVE  
**What are yo-**

(ARROW FIRES)

Steve is shot in the leg.

STEVE (CONT'D)  
(PAINFULLY)  
**AAURGGH! NOO! PLEASE!**  
**NOOO! NO! NO!**  
**WAIT! STAY!! NOOO!**

(RAIN POURS)  
(MORE MUFFLED EXPLOSIONS)

ALEX  
(SHOUTING)  
*Faith goes a long way, Steve...  
But, (pause)... but not long enough  
to unburden us all.*

(SOMBER MUSIC PLAYS)  
(RAIN POURS)  
(FOOTSTEPS FADE)

A SHOT OF THUNDERCLOUDS AS IT CONTINUES TO RAIN DOWN.

HARD CUT TO:

A DANDELION and an INSIGNIA sherd are submerged in a shallow puddle of dirty water, with the oncoming rain creating ripples along its surface as a giant explosion goes off, reflecting off of the surface of the puddle.

MAIN TITLE APPEARS -

**AMORPHOUS : PART I**

FADE OUT:

END OF PROLOGUE:

## ACT I [APHORISMS]

FADE IN:

EXT. BIOME - JAGGED PEAKS - EARLY DUSK

A PICKAXE RAMS INTO A STONE BLOCK REPEATEDLY, OVER AND OVER.

CUT TO:

A cold wind whips across the jagged peaks of a snow-capped mountain range. Snowflakes drift down its ridges into the valley below.

At the peak where the clouds thinned, fields upon fields lined the slopes with terraces of farms, wheat, potatoes, and beetroots, now overgrown and frozen with splintered fences. The pastures are empty among tall grass.

At the summit, a lone and small WOODEN HOUSE stood, dark and lifeless, with snow piled up against its roof and walls. A wind drifts through its crevasse.

JUMP CUT TO:

STEVE (30M, weathered) places the final obsidian block on a towering spire. The structure is long and bleak, its dark edges bled into the sunrise.

He steps back, rests the pick by a parchment against a pillar of the tower, breathing heavily, he carves into a stone slab at the tower's base with a PICKAXE-

STEVE  
*In loving memory*  
-[REDACTED]

He ascends through the tower's interior, stepping up frail wooden stairs that lead up to the very top. Torchlights flickering along walls lined with long, neat shelves of chiseled stone, planted with dandelions within flowerpots.

Upon reaching the top chamber, Steve sits down in his chamber to open his journal and start logging a new entry. The pages show sketches of landscapes, REDSTONE CONTRAPTIONS, and a crude drawing of an unrecognizable figure in the margins.

A rustle of wind blows outside as Steve writes:

**Day 52009, log 20W14, 17 days since encounter.**

JUMP CUT TO:

Steve stands at the tower's base. His shadow stretches long across the snow. He unfurls his elytra, takes a step back, and starts to run.

STEVE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
***The silence here is too loud.***

JUMP CUT TO:

SKY

Soaring through the clouds, Steve traverses distant biomes, leaving a trail of FIREWORKS in his wake.

He takes a look at his lodestone compass, banks gently, adjusting his course, to then continue with his flight.

STEVE (V.O.)  
***Even the wind feels like whispers.***

The mountains fall away beneath him, the wind rushes past his ears as he soars, and jagged cliffs give way to valleys, rivers, and endless stretches of terrain. Below, his past sprawls across the biomes.

A testament to restless hands and endless work. Each creation, monolithic and intricate but abandoned, stands as both a triumph and a lament.

JUMP CUT TO:

EXT. TAIGA - CONTINUOUS

A vast, frozen structure rises between the pines. A CITADEL of ice and stone, towering above the treeline. Its towers spiral unnaturally thin, defying limits, with BLUE TORCHES flickering in empty halls and vast PODIUMS. Bridges stretching between the peaks and incomplete paths to destinations and settlements never reached.

STEVE (V.O.)  
***Torches burn, but their light is stretched thin.***

No footsteps. No voices. Only the creak of the wind pressing against the frostbitten glass and the dragging of snow golems through its corridors.

***As if the dark is not merely absence, but something much heavier.***

JUMP CUT TO:

EXT. PLAINS - CONTINUOUS

An expansive network of farmland carved with precision and divided by redstone irrigation systems. The remnants of an IRON GOLEM FARM loom among others.

STEVE (V.O.)  
*The days blur as they go by.*

CAGES suspended in air, villagers long gone, mechanisms still clicking and turning, following orders no one gives anymore. Parts of a presumably STARTER BASE that now lie vacant. Steve's eyes ponder the sight under him, but he flies off regardless.

His expression suggests he is frustrated by the sight of the structures, but it's up to speculation.

JUMP CUT TO:

EXT. SAVANNAH - CONTINUOUS

A towering colossus of stone looms over the CLIFFSIDE, part fortress, part machine. Its walls are embedded with massive gears and pistons locked in place, frozen mid-motion as if the whole thing simply stopped one day and never started again.

Below, an artificial river winds through the land, its flow once controlled by REDSTONE GATES that now sit lifeless. Time has begun to claim it back.

Vines creeping over rusted levers, dirt spilling and collapsing into TRENCHES that were once carved with precision. What was once a marvel of design is now just another ruin, slowly being swallowed by the world.

STEVE (V.O.)  
*I move, I work, I wait.*

JUMP CUT TO:

EXT. MESA (BADLANDS) - CONTINUOUS

The MINES stretch deep into the earth, farther than Steve can see. Entrances carved into the cliffs, jagged and hollow, torn open and left to fester. RUSTED RAILS wind through the CANYONS, leading nowhere.

## MINECARTS STATIONARY

STEVE (V.O.)  
*The world carries on in its quiet way, unchanged, unbothered.*

Beyond the MINE, a massive CHASM splits the land in two. Half-finished bridges hang over the edge, and at the center of it all, a town!

Now, only its structure remains—crumbling stone foundations, shattered LANTERNS, a SIGNPOST buried in dust, its words long since worn away, and a citadel in the midst of it all.

Intricately designed MANSIONS are built around it, followed by the houses, a VILLAGE, most of which weathered away from the harsh winds of the mesa, doors flailing in the wind as dust collects in the interiors of houses.

STEVE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
***But then there are moments—***

ARMADILLOS scuttled around the ALLEYWAYS, tucking in their scales with the faintest spook of a wind that blew.

The mesa directly connects to a long-ranging DESERT, sparse and barren without any hint of life, but in the far distance, we see a mirage of gold as Steve flies along his course, hot air muddying his view, but he makes his way through...

MATCH CUT TO:

## EXT. DESERT - CONTINUOUS

A WALLED CITY protected from the looming SANDSTORMS, symmetrical and perfect. Its GOLDEN DOMES shimmer under the sunlight. But there is no movement.

Inside, enormous rooms stand fully furnished, with beds neatly made, and tables set for meals never eaten.

STEVE (V.O.)  
*Brief, fleeting, and easy to dismiss.*

A BELL hangs in the center, swaying ever so slightly in a wind that does not blow, almost to make a sound, but it never does, as he flies through banking down hard; he pulls up at the last moment, just several inches away from the surface. A long streak of sand flails across the air as he glides above the dunes, cutting the expanse into two halves as he jets across.

The DESERT now connects to a BEACH. Steve takes a deep breath and splashes! Diving right into the ocean.

CUT TO:

EXT. LUKEWARM OCEAN CONNECTING TO A BEACH - CONTINUOUS

A GLASS DOME breaches the waves, casting a pale glow across the water- an entire base submerged, its structure elegant yet silent, glowing with SEA LANTERNS. Corridors weave through CORAL and dark depths, leading to rooms lined with chests, walls of ENCHANTED BOOKS, and maps pinned with long-forgotten plans.

STEVE (V.O.)

*A misplaced block, a door left open, the faintest sense that a space I know well has shifted in some imperceptible way.*

A lone CONDUIT hums in the center, its power reaching outward. Steve does not enter; he swims past the structure and launches away from the ocean into the sky again, only this time, the landscape changes.

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

*It's nothing. Or it should be.*

The builds become denser. Rails stretching into the horizon, towers of REDSTONE CONTRAPPTIONS pulsing periodically, and irrigated farms overflowing, their purpose having long been fulfilled.

A singular BEACON, humming in an eerie tone, and at the center of it all, home.

CUT TO:

The sun starts to sink toward the ocean, bleeding the sky in hues of amber and rose. The waves roll in, endless, clashing against the shore. Steve stands motionless and gazing as light shimmers across the sea, stretching long, reaching far, but it never quite reaches back.

A breeze moves past him, the sound of the world settling into night, rustling leaves, and the distant call of a DROWNED moaning in the shallows. CRICKETS hum from the tall grass, filling the silence with their quiet insistence...

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

*I tell myself that, and most of the time, I believe it.*

Steve's house stands beyond the lantern-lit path, a MEDIEVAL COTTAGE, its stone foundation worn, its wooden beams sturdy yet scarred, and smoke drifting from the chimney, curling into the dimming sky. Familiar but unchanged. He exhales, long and slow, and turns toward it...

The pathway is well-trodden, lined with lanterns that flicker as the last light of day fades and daylight detectors switch on.

The front door creaks as he pushes it open. A sound he knows well. A sound that has always belonged to this place.

(UPLIFTING MUSIC PLAYS)

INT. WOODEN COTTAGE - MOMENTS LATER

The air inside is still, thick with the scent of old paper and dust. Shelves stretch from floor to ceiling, packed tight with books, maps, loose notes, and blueprints in REDSTONE.

Weapons rest in their mounts, some gleaming and well-kept, while others are dulled and worn, their stories etched in scratches and nicks.

At the center of the room, an ENCHANTING TABLE glows faintly, the script on its pages shifting, unreadable. Beside it, a brewing stand, potions of unknown ages still lingering in glass flasks.

Then, without a word, he turns and descends the stairs. Steve shrugs off his armor, hanging it on the rack in his basement.

PAN ACROSS

A low ceiling with walls lined with barrels and chests, and the glow of torches flickering against stone and brick walls. At the center, an anvil, a grindstone, and a smithing table, tools of restoration.

He sets his elytra down first. Takes out a PHANTOM MEMBRANE, thin, translucent, and veined like old parchment. The anvil rings as he works, careful and precise. Then the sword, the armor, each dent smoothed, each crack filled.

A slow, methodical process. Not just repair, but preservation, and by the time he finishes, the stars are high in the sky above.

He packs his tools away, gathers his gear, and ascends.

CUT TO:

INT. STASIS CHAMBER - MOMENTS LATER

A small, secluded chamber, tucked away behind the main library. The room is dim, the air thick with the constant hum of a beacon. At the center, an 'ENDER PEARL stasis chamber,' a design of his own making.

A water column, held in place by soul sand, a design that keeps a single ender pearl suspended, flickering faintly in the radiation of a daylight detector, which, inverted, sits wired to the contraption, ready to trigger at the shift of the sun.

ON STEVE

His hands work mechanically, placing a new pearl and watching as it settles into its place.

CUT IN:

EXT. FARMYARD - MOMENTS LATER

Steve walks between the crops, shearing them. His hands moved with practiced efficiency, bundles of wheat, carrots, and potatoes gathered into his inventory.

He gathers them into his inventory and unloads them at a dropper; all the crops are collected through a water stream down to an UNDERGROUND FACILITY.

Steve walks up to a lone stone pillar near the entrance of a unit. Embedded in its surface is a BLACKSTONE BUTTON.

(CLICK!)

Steve presses it... and a deep metallic clunk echoes from below. A REDSTONE TORCH flickers on as the ground rumbles faintly. Moments later, an ELEVATOR platform, a seamless fusion of quartz and terracotta, rises from the depths, locking the woolen platform into place with a final thud (a design I use).

INT. ELEVATOR - SAME TIME

Steve steps onto it, glancing at the lectern mounted beside him. The pages are marked with floor designations and various levels of storage, some crossed out and rewritten over time. He flips to the lowest level and taps the page lightly. The redstone circuitry hums in response. A soft click sounds behind him.

A jukebox sits beside the elevator's entrance. He presses it down. The doors slide shut. The air tightens.

MOTION

A sharp whirr as PISTONS fire in sequence, OBSERVERS and REPEATERS shifting seamlessly, sending the platform plummeting downward. The walls blur past, layers of stone, DEEPSLATE, and OBSIDIAN flashing in an instant before the descent slows.

With a final clank, the platform locks into place as the doors slide open, revealing the vast expanse of his automated storage facility: rows upon rows of CHESTS, each marked by glowing item frames, with the soft hum of HOPPERS tirelessly sorting materials.

Steve steps forward, his boots echoing against polished BLACKSTONE TILES.

INT. AUTOMATED STORAGE FACILITY - NIGHT

Steve walks down the main aisle to fetch resources. His eyes appraise the item frames as he moves. Iron, diamonds, quartz, wood—every resource meticulously sorted.

STEVE  
(TO HIMSELF)  
**Golden carrots, was it?**

He stops at the gold section.

The chests should be full. They are not! He furrows his brow and kneels, flicking open the nearest one. Only a few gold blocks remain, scattered like remnants of something larger.

He opens another—the same—and another, half-empty, thinned out.

STEVE (CONT'D)  
**Stock lower than the log  
record—that's weird... Did I  
miscount?**

He exhales sharply, straightening himself up. He knows his system, knows how much he had. This is wrong. His eyes flick up toward the deep storage, ancient debris, netherite ingots, the rarities. He moves toward it, boots echoing in the quiet. He opens the next chest.

STEVE (CONT'D)  
(PUZZLED)  
*Missing? More missing, not just gold.*

He grips the edges of the chest, holding still for a moment as he turns back toward the elevator. If something is taken from him, it is not something he can ignore.

(CLICK!)

Steve stands at the base of the storage facility's redstone elevator; its mechanism humming again, he steps inside and inputs his platform destination on the LECTERN interface, a moment of stillness. Then, in motion again, the elevator ascends swiftly, powered by unseen pistons and shifting REDSTONE.

The walls blur past as he crosses through the layers of stone, DEEPSLATE, and dirt until the dim TORCHLIGHT of the underground gives way to the soft glow of moonlight above.

EXT. FARMYARD - LATER

The ELEVATOR doors part with a mechanical hiss.

Steve steps out, his boots crunching against the sand as the evening tide rolls in. His house stands ahead, its silhouette dark against the fading light. He moves with purpose, crossing the stone pathway toward the entrance.

(WIND BLOWING)

I/E. WOODEN COTTAGE

Inside, the warmth of LANTERNS flickers across a row of armor stands and WEAPON RACKS. His hands move swiftly, chestplate on, sword, bow, GOLDEN CARROTS, everything in place.

He pulls open a barrel, checking his stock of potions. He takes two, REGENERATION and INVISIBILITY, slipping them into his INVENTORY, and he shuts the lid with a firm click. The house behind him fades into the night as he strides back onto the path, his eyes locked ahead, gleaming with purpose.

At the far end of the pathway is a cavernous opening leading to a LUSH CAVE lined with trailing plants and vines filled with GLOW BERRIES all around. At a far end of the cave, a lone NETHER PORTAL hummed, its violet light flickering against the narrow column of obsidian lined around it.

Steve steps in!

FADE IN:

EXT. BASTION REMNANT - BRIDGEWAY/HIGHWAY

The Nether's air is thick and oppressive; a stifling heat presses against Steve's skin the moment he materializes.

The crimson glow of a WARPED FOREST terrain flickers through the swirling portal behind him. A heartbeat of stillness, then the air shreds apart.

BLADE SLASHES

(SHKKKKKT)

A jagged GOLDEN BLADE arcs towards him, fast!

A deep gash burns across his face before he even registers the attack. He stumbles back, blood mixing with the ash in the air.

(GUTTURAL GROANING!)

Snarls rise around him, guttural and seething. Not one, but dozens. ZOMBIFIED PIGLINS emerge from the shadows, their hollow eyes locked onto him.

Steve's breath tightens. His instincts scream, "No time!" His armor is still in his INVENTORY. He grips his sword but sees the mass surrounding him; more than he can fight.

He needs more space. His hand flicks to his SATCHEL.

WIND CHARGE

He hurls it downward. A deafening shockwave bellows, sending the ZOMBIFIED PIGLINS sprawling back as a pulse of kinetic force ripples through the BRIDGEWAY platform. The air distorts, and the ground cracks.

The briefest opening—he seizes it.

A sprint, a leap—his ELYTRA snaps open as he jumps off the highway. LAVA PITS roar beneath as he hurtles into the air with the last of his fireworks, the zombified piglins' screams echoing behind.

Below, he glimpses the bastion. Twisted and crumbling, the blackstone was riddled with black, WITHERED VEINS. But the sight that gripped him was worse: hordes upon hordes of them intent on assaulting, and the bastion is crawling with them, scattered across his carefully built NETHER HIGHWAY...

STEVE  
(GASPING)  
**This isn't possible!**

His breath is ragged.

That highway leads to the nether roof. His GOLD FARM, sealed away, impossible to reach. Yet here they are. They have escaped!

He pulls a REGENERATION POTION from his belt, drinking deep as he banks toward the ridge ahead, thinking to check it out as he carefully steers himself through the hordes to reach the entrance.

His eyes lift, at the very end of his highway, at the threshold to the Nether's roof. He stands horrified...

ON BEDROCK CAVITY

(Usually ender pearls are used... to get to the roof of THE NETHER as form of convenience.)

CAMERA TREMBLES

CUT TO:

(The camera pans behind Steve; he climbs up, the camera follows him, and focuses on his face, goes around his head, then from above, we see the full scene)

EXT. BEDROCK CAVITY - CONTINUOUS

Steve stands at the break, a dread filling him.

FADE IN:

EXT. GOLD FARM MEGASTRUCTURE - SAME TIME

SIZZLING HEAT WAVES

The air burns here, the heat of the nether pressing down, but it isn't just the temperature.

It's the sight before him—his GOLD FARM, his greatest structure, the machine that bent the nether to his will—is in ruins!

## BIRDS EYE

Once a megalithic monument, rings upon rings, layers upon layers, a machine so large that its edges blurred into the haze.

## PAN FROM BOTTOM

Colossal OBSIDIAN pillars spiraled upwards, supporting a vast network of gold-glinting catwalks and mechanical veins of REDSTONE churning contraptions of unfathomable scale. MAGMA flowed in controlled rivers, drawing in the piglins like moths to a burning sun.

(THUMP! THUMP!)

And at its heart, a core of pulsing automation, where the cycles never ceased, where the system ruled absolutely!

## PARAPHRASING:

***It was meant to be eternal,  
It was meant to be beautiful...***

Now, it collapses upon itself, and all that remains are fragments of its might.

## MACRO CLOSE-UP

LAVA, poured from ruptured chambers, slithering through the broken farm, sinking into its very foundations. The REDSTONE CIRCUITS sizzle; their once-perfect pulses are now nothing but dying sparks (visual metaphor).

(CRACK!)

## PAN FROM SIDE

The BLACKSTONE PILLARS crack and splinter beneath the relentless tide of overflowing LAVA, their gold inlays now tarnished, deformed by fire.

Steve starts to walk towards it with much caution.

## ON STEVE FROM STRUCTURE

Great OBSIDIAN FUNNELS, once pristine, now glow with creeping dark SCULK veins, their edges melting, crumbling under the strain, and the surrounding NETHER PORTALS for transportation stand half destroyed.

HARD CUT TO:

Among the collapsed scaffolding and molten wreckage, a single wooden SIGNPOST stands upright, untouched by the destruction.

Text is seared into the wood, uneven but deliberate:

SIGN  
 (ONTO BURNT WOOD)  
**"YOU BUILD TOO HIGH...  
 THE SKY HATES AMBITION"**

Steve notices the sign but is verily interrupted by the ZOMBIFIED PIGLINS, and through the ruin, they crawled. Hordes swarming over the wreckage, their guttural snarls blending with the groan of breaking stone.

Their forms glow, outlined and silhouetted in the flickering MAGMA-light, shifting in and out of shadow.

Where they once fell obediently, drawn into the farm's mechanical grasp, now they rise, moving freely across the smoldering remains. Some kneel, dipping their fingers into pools of molten GOLD. Others claw at the walls, as if trying to cave into the very foundation itself.

STEVE  
 (UNDER HIS BREATH)  
**No... no... no, no!**

He stares. The piglins stir up, their hollow eyes reflecting the molten ruin around them. The weight of the moment presses down on him, harder than the searing air.

He doesn't notice the shimmer around his arms fading, the last traces of his INVISIBILITY flickering out.

(POTION EFFECTS WEAR OFF)

One turns its head. Then another. A grunt, a snarl, a howl. They see him! The first piglin lunges.

Steve barely sidesteps, his blade flashing out in reflex. The cut is deep, black ichor spilling onto the BASALT. But it isn't just one.

(SNARLS)

CUT TO:

They're all moving now, the entire horde charging like a living tide, dozens of them scrambling up the ruins, their weapons raised, their gold-plated swords catching the firelight. A smart man would flee, but Steve charges!

## CLOSE-UP DYNAMIC RANGING

The first swing shatters a piglin's TUSK; the second severs its arm. BLACKSTONE cracks beneath their weight, bodies colliding, flesh and metal turning the battlefield into a gory frenzy.

STEVE (CONT'D)  
**AARGH!**

An AXE buries itself in Steve's shoulder; he wrenches it free, flips it in his grip, and drives it into the PIGLIN'S throat. Another leaps from above; he rolls; its blade slices through the space where he stood.

Sparks fly; metal screams against metal. For a moment, he isn't building anymore. He's just tearing it all down.

## ARROW FIRES

(THWACK!)

Something pierces Steve's leg. His vision blurs. His balance wavers. He stumbles, dragging himself to the edge of the broken farm, one hand gripping an almost RUINED SWORD.

HARD CUT TO:

A POISONED ARROW. His breath stutters, his heart pounding erratically. He tries to push himself up, but the world sways, and his grip slips. There are no more fireworks left.

No portals open. No way out.

Then... a shadow, A PHANTOM FIGURE appears! (#3)

## INSERT

THE PHANTOM is silhouetted against the burning ruins of the megastucture in the background.

An enchanted mace in hand. With a single, effortless swing from above, a group of ZOMBIFIED PIGLINS are sent flying. Steve barely registers the figure, with long, white hair catching the ember light and a flash of pale skin beneath the VISOR/hood.

EXT. BEDROCK EXPANSE - SAME TIME

The figure sprints, then kicks off the ground, a worn-out ELYTRA unfurling in an instant. Then...

they're coming straight for him. Steve's body tenses, his mind still sluggish from the poison.

The figure isn't looking at the piglins anymore. Their GOLDEN SWORD gleams, and it's aimed at STEVE!

He hesitates... Just for a second, a feeling. Maybe they're here to help—

SLASH ACROSS TORSO

Blood spills across the blackstone. Steve staggers back, clutching his arm; a deep gash runs from his shoulder down to his forearm. His fingers go numb. He blinks through the pain and the confusion.

This isn't an enemy. He knows this shape, this stance, the way they move, but the memory won't come at all. It's buried somewhere deep. Somewhere he can't reach right now.

(SNARLS!)

BACK TO:

More piglins emerge from the broken bedrock entrance. More (spawning) pouring in from the ruins. The air is thick with their snarls.

STEVE  
(PANTING)  
*Of all times...*

Steve tightens his grip on his sword, even as his strength fails him. His breath is ragged. The figure watches, expression unreadable beneath their VISOR.

The figure moves again. A swing, the golden blade rushing toward his throat. Steve manages to throw himself backward, still too slow.

ZOOM IN

A red streak splits across his chest, his body twisted from the impact. His vision darkens at the edges. His knees buckle. His fingers loosen. His sword slips from his grip. He can't fight anymore. Not like this. And then—

ENDER PEARL PARTICLES  
(SHKKKT!)

The world yanks out from under him. The heat vanishes. The firelight dies. The roar of zombified piglins stops, the crumbling farm, the figure's blade. All of it disappears in an instant.

INT. STASIS CHAMBER — DAWN

Steve collapses onto the ground. His blood trails behind him, pooling against the BEDROCK, and he cannot make out where he is. His heart barely beats. His vision swims, shadows eating at the edges of the room. He catches one last thing before the world goes black.

The light. The first light of dawn, breaking in through the vents of Steve's BASEMENT...

BLACK

START — DREAM SEQUENCE:

FADE IN:

EXT. CHERRY GROVE — DUSK

The leaves sway in the wind. A slow, rhythmic motion while the world is bathed in hues of amber and rose, the same as before, light spilling through the gaps in the cherry blossoms, scattering golden-pink shards across the grass.

Petals drift like the first snow of winter, weightless and fleeting. Steve is lying on his back, his head resting against something soft.

Not quartz, not bedrock, not the cold bite of netherite. Warmth cradles him instead, a presence neither foreign nor unfamiliar.

PETALS FALL

A silhouette sits above him, veiled by the golden dusk, her fingers tracing absentmindedly through his hair.

The scent of cherry blossoms linger as the figure speaks:

FEMALE FIGURE

*I have been having dreams.*

STEVE

*Dreams?*

FEMALE FIGURE  
*Of merry days.*

STEVE  
 (TEASING)  
*So the present does not measure up anymore.*

FEMALE FIGURE  
 (PLAYFULLY)  
*Heyy! I never said that,  
 hmm, tell then, what do you dream  
 of?*

STEVE  
*I do not dream, not anymore,  
 My longings come at your expense.*

He looks up at her.

She smilingly pauses...

FEMALE FIGURE  
 (INTROSPECTIVE)  
*That!  
 Is the boldest lie I've ever heard.*

STEVE  
 (CHUCKLING)  
*Earnestly said though.*

FEMALE FIGURE  
*One to hold onto...  
 but.*

STEVE  
 (CONCERNED)  
*But?*

FEMALE FIGURE  
*I have different dreams.*

*I... I dream of snow.  
 Of poise among golden wheat.  
 Of a cottage among flailing winds.  
 A home... high up the clouds,  
 built with steady hands.  
 A quiet life, a simple one.*

(MORE)

FEMALE FIGURE (CONT'D)  
*One, I'd rejoice in cordial  
company.*

Steve chuckles with a weary smile.

STEVE  
*Perhaps, one we could share.*

She exhales, fingers lingering for just a moment before they pull away. A longer pause, and the wind blows again, colder this time.

The figure hums faintly, her voice no longer carrying that earlier warmth.

FEMALE FIGURE  
(WHISPERING)  
*Yes... Us, hand in hand,  
forevermore...*

A PETAL drifts down, landing on Steve's chest. It clings there for a second before the wind carries it away. He props himself up, saying nothing.

FEMALE FIGURE (CONT'D)  
(SOFT)  
*Do you remember well, Steve?*

STEVE  
(DESPONDENT)  
*I do, harder still...  
I try to not.*

FEMALE FIGURE  
*Then so you must; such a lament  
yields no ceasing.*

STEVE  
*Hope, plights me.*

FEMALE FIGURE  
*So it does us all, and yet, we are  
all born of hope.*

STEVE  
*Weren't they? All but victims.  
To that same indifference.*

FEMALE FIGURE  
*Such was the extent of our  
ambition—a burden too many... what  
end to that?*

STEVE  
*I hoped you knew.*

Her fingers brush against his cheek once more, but there is something different in the way they linger. As if trying to hold something in place. As if reluctant to let go...

The wind turns colder. Her eyes are on the horizon, unfocused, like she's already somewhere else.

FEMALE FIGURE  
 (SAD)  
*Oh but how could I?  
 How could anyone?  
 Know of resolute destiny.*

STEVE  
*I knew mine was you.*

FEMALE FIGURE  
*Compassion can only take us so far,  
 Steve; it still is a compassion you  
 fear to claim.*

STEVE  
*What if I'm...  
 undeserving...  
 of that compassion?*

FEMALE FIGURE  
*You are, deserving of me.*

She exhales, a slow, measured breath. For a second, she doesn't answer. Then, her voice—quieter than before.

#### ON THE FIGURE'S WRIST

Alex is wearing a beautiful emerald bracelet.

ALEX  
*And if my extinction comes to be.  
 I will rehearse with joy,  
 My greatest victory.*

END - DREAM SEQUENCE:

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT I [APHORISMS]

## ACT II [A PALLADIAN PURSUIT]

FADE IN:

EXT. FARMYARD - DAWN

ON STEVE

A single tear escapes the corner of his eye, slipping down his cheek, vanishing into the floor beneath him. He does not wipe it. He lies still, his breath ragged.

A hum, deep and mechanical, flickers of cyan light spread across damp walls. The rhythm of a beacon's regeneration field, faint but unwavering.

Steve still lies sprawled on the cold, uneven quartz floor of his stasis chamber's basement, half-conscious, breath shallow. His vision blurs, shifting in and out of focus, the edges of his world bleeding into darkness.

He shouldn't be alive!

The beacon's faint glow dimmed as his wounds knit together.

INT: WOODEN COTTAGE - ATTIC - DAY

Steve moves with quiet urgency. Across the dimly lit room, a lone lever juts from the wall...

He strides over, grips it tight, and pulls.

LEVER ACTIVATES

(CLUNK!)

A hidden compartment slides open. An ENDER CHEST.

He kneels before it, hands moving without hesitation. Netherite armor, maps, tools, and the finest gear he has—with practiced efficiency, he equips his chestplate and stows his elytra. He takes the ENDER CHEST and decends.

INT. WOODEN COTTAGE - LIBRARY - COMTINUOUS

The soft clink of glass, the hiss of bubbling liquid, the flickering glow of brewing stands.

Steve moves swiftly, grinding blaze powder while pouring nether wart and stirring the concoctions with careful precision, this time, strength, and swiftness.

## CONCOCTION BUBBLING

Each vial bubbles as he corks them tightly, slipping them into his INVENTORY. But his supplies are low, only enough for one of each. A slight frown, but no hesitation.

CUT TO:

INT. STORAGE FACILITY - MOMENTS LATER

The elevator hums as it descends.

DOORS SLIDE OPEN.

Steve moves with purpose, heading straight for a specific section.

He opens the gold chest, collecting the last of what remains, and strides over to another, revealing apples; he takes the previous stacks.

Then another— SUGARCANE, GUNPOWDER, SAND, and stacks of BOTTLE 'O ENCHANTING. He gathers just enough to craft a fresh set of FIREWORKS and a little something else (TnTs)...

The FACILITY is silent.

JUMP CUT TO:

EXT. FARMYARD EJECTOR COLUMN - LATER

The air is crisp. The horizon is tinged with the first light of morning. Steve stands outside, silent, his gaze lingering for just a moment on the home he built, the home he now leaves behind, maybe for the last time.

He walks forward towards a structure.

ON COLUMN

Before him, a GLASS COLUMN stands tall, its base lined with DISPENSERS filled with WIND CHARGES.

At its pedestal, a single PRESSURE PLATE—without hesitation, he jumps in.

WIND CHARGES DETONATE

(WOOOSH! )

A sudden eruption, a shockwave of air, hurling him skyward.

The wind roars past as he is launched into the sky... For a split second, stillness, weightlessness. Then, his ELYTRA unfurl, and fireworks ignite! And Steve blasts forward, streaking across the sky, leaving behind a trail of smoke.

FADE IN:

SKY - HIGH NOON

He speeds through the clouds, the wind howling past. Below, the landscape arrays of MOUNTAINS, FORESTS, DESERTS, and RUINS.

Builds as old as time scatter the land, some proud and standing, others abandoned, unfinished. Remnants of an era long past...

CUT TO:

EXT. DEEP FROZEN OCEAN

A vast frozen ocean stretches to the horizon. The wind howls over JAGGED ICEBERGS, their crystalline peaks reflecting the pale morning light, almost like prisms in a sort of way...

ON STEVE

Steve spirals downward, banking toward a massive iceberg, his boots thudding onto its surface.

A sharp breath, white mist curling in the frigid air. For a moment, he halts. Below, a floe of polar bears moves across the ice. Mothers and their cubs, a quieter world, untouched by war, by ruin, by the chaos of his path.

His gaze lingers, just for a moment...

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. DEEP FROZEN OCEAN - ICEBERG - LATER

Steve stands on the edge of an iceberg. Armor on, respiration and aqua-affinity helmet secured. He takes one last breath and dives.

The water embraces him like an old friend, muffling the sounds from the world above.

## REFRACTING SUNLIGHT

Sunlight fractures through the surface, casting rays into the deep ocean, and downward he goes, past the kelp forests swaying, past schools of silent fish scattering in his wake.

## PAN OUT

At the seabed, he plants a door, forming a temporary air pocket; glow-squids propel nearby around him. His hands move swiftly, pulling out his pickaxe. He starts to dig, as stone crumbles. The tunnel gives way beneath him, and suddenly, he falls. Boots hit damp stone.

## DUST CLEARS

The air is heavy with the scent of age and decay, of skulk infecting a broken entrance to the stone chambers. A corridor stretches before him, with worn bricks, winding halls, and the silent echo of something long forgotten.

THE STRONGHOLD!

CUT TO:

## EXT. STRONGHOLD ENTRANCE

He draws his sword. Then, without hesitation, he sprints.

## ON STEVE RUNNING

The halls blur past in a relentless sprint. Shadows flicker in the torchlight. Shapes move in the darkness. ZOMBIES lurch, ENDERMEN glare while STEVE kills; a zombie falls, its body crumpling into dust. Another lumbers forward, only to be met with the sharp end of an axe; he follows his memory.

Then, he sees it!

FADE IN:

## INT. END PORTAL CHAMBER

Steve pauses before entering.

He's never been here before, but he knows better this time; he fills in the missing four 'EYES OF ENDER,' and the PORTAL lights up. Instead of stepping in, he pulls out a bunch of TNT and starts placing them directly above the PORTAL.

A measure of precaution this time. He lights them and drops them into the waiting abyss.

FUSE HISSES

and the TNTs fall into the PORTAL. Only then does he move. He takes one last breath, then swiftly jumps in!

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. THE END

Obsidian beneath his boots. Silence in every direction. But something is weird...

*Scattered across the OBSIDIAN platform, ENDER PEARLS. Steve crouches, fingers brushing against them.*

A sign? A failed ambush? A miscalculation? Someone was here, waiting... No time to find out.

He pockets a handful and moves. He turns, sprinting toward the ledge. With a single, fluid motion, he jumps into the void. ELYTRA unfurls; a gust of wind catches him, and he soars into the dark, leaving the ambush behind.

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. END ISLAND - CITY - LATER

A vast expanse of darkness. The VOID stretches indefinitely, swallowing all light save for the faint glow of some distant explosions in the VOID sky and CHORUS TREES, their tendrils solid as if reaching for something unseen high above in the endless glimmering sky (visual metaphor).

STEVE FLYING

Below, the 'END ISLANDS' float like shattered remnants of a world undone, jagged edges suspended above an abyss with no bottom.

The silence is absolute. Suffocating.

WIDE ZOOM OUT

STEVE starts to walk towards the apparent structure. His boots crunch against the coarse end stone. Expression, set, unreadable, his eyes locked ahead. In one hand, he clutches a map, worn, creased from countless folds.

He checks a RECOVERY COMPASS, his brow furrowing.

This isn't where he expected to be. And then—a shimmer in the distance. What should be the END CITY GATEWAYS is something else entirely.

(DISTANT SHIMMERING)

Towering monoliths, massive OBSIDIAN structures, each pulsing with a column of a beacon beam, cutting through the sky like great purple spears. Their sheer size defies reason.

JUMP CUT TO:

#### PORAL FRAME PULSING

Ancient. Unnatural. Steve stops. A flicker of unease spans his face—but only for a moment. He never built these. He exhales sharply, stuffing the map into his INVENTORY. Whatever they are, whatever they mean, doesn't matter now, and it certainly looks hostile; he presses forward.

#### EXT. MAUSOLEUM

The jagged landscape gives way to something more deliberate. More purposeful. A lone structure stands at the cusp of an end island—a temple. ENDSTONE and CALCITE form its stark, unadorned walls; no grandeur, no excess—only intention.

The wind blows, carrying a whisper through the void. He steps closer. His gaze catches on something simple yet profound—a birch sign, old but carefully maintained, its words carved with steady hands:

**"A loved companion and a great best friend."**

Steve's breath catches. Below, set within a glowing item frame, is a name tag.

Its text reads:

**"SVEN"**

The name alone nearly buckles him. His fingers twitch, hesitating, before reaching out, brushing the smooth surface of the stone.

A fight against the “otherworlders,” an unyielding haunt, the day of his first real losses, and unfortunately, also the day he lost Sven (this part will be explored in a second installment, possibly!).

*His jaw tightens. He inhales sharply, forcing his composure.*

This isn't why he came. And yet, for a moment, it is all he can do to keep himself from sinking into the weight of it.

#### ON STEVE

He pulls out his journal, flipping it open with practiced hands. The quill in his grip trembles only slightly as he writes—

STEVE (V.O.)  
*It looks as if you are to account  
 for my sins one last time.*

A pause. His fingers tighten around the quill.

(STARTING TO WEEP)  
*I'm sorry, Sven. I'm so sorry.*

A deep breath. A slow exhale. He blinks, wiping the sting from his eyes. No, this isn't why he came. From the center of the tomb, he kneels, carefully digging. The END STONE gives way beneath his fingers, revealing something hidden beneath a compartment in the temple.

#### CRESCENDO BUILDUP

He reaches out, grips the edge, and slowly lifts the lid as dust swirls in the dim light. Resting inside, untouched for years:

A DIAMOND SWORD!

#### BLADE GLISTENS

The blade is still sharp, but its durability is nearly gone. It's not just any sword. Steve knows this weapon. The weight, the grip, the nicks along its edge—(a sword of no ordinary man or means) with unforeseen enchantments unknown even to Steve himself.

This is what remained of an otherwise despicable day, a spoil of war and of a verily atrocious adversary, one that he had long since felled but at great personal cost.

#### GRIPPING HILT

His fingers curling around the hilt as he recalls that regret, then, a shift in the air. A presence.

## CUT TO:

Something is flying towards him, and fast! His instincts scream before his mind can process. He barely has time to turn—a MACE swings, with lethal intent...

## START - THE CLASH:

## FIGURE FLYING IN

Steve whips around. The phantom figure from their earlier altercation rockets toward him, MACE primed, cloaked in the void itself (this is a metaphor).

In a flash, he hurls three EGGS straight at the oncoming figure. The first miss.

The second miss. The third—

## EGG BREAKS

(CRACK!)

Impact! A CHICK spawns just as the Phantom swings.

## CHICK SQUEALS

(SPLAT!)

The MACE obliterates the chick instead of Steve. A shockwave erupts, blasting apart both Steve and the Phantom.

While the Phantom glides down menacingly, Steve crashes onto ENDSTONE, rolling to a stop.

## ON STEVE

He grits his teeth, plants his feet, and rises, shifting the DIAMOND SWORD to his left hand. Steve smashes two stacks of BOTTLE O' ENCHANTING against himself; he is briefly drenched in experience particles. The almost-dented diamond sword now gleams, being fully restored.

The Phantom watches, silent, unshaken...

Then, the phantom figure menacingly draws two blades:

## UNSHEATHING SWORDS

Steve's NETHERITE SWORD (*offhand*) and the GOLDEN SWORD (*main hand*). They tighten their grip. A steam of breath.

## BLADES CLASH

In a blur, Steve switches to a FISHING ROD, hooks the Phantom, yanks them forward, and strikes with his AXE!

## IMPACT

The Phantom is sent flying—but then...

## VIAL BREAKS

(SPLASH!)

POISON surges through Steve's veins. He staggers. The Phantom had smashed a SPLASH POTION OF POISON the moment Steve pulled them in.

STEVE (CONT'D)  
(PAINED)  
**Clever bastard.**

He recomposes. This fight is still even. The Phantom lands, adjusting their posture. The ground tenses beneath them. Steve raises his blade.

A challenge.

## PHANTOM STREAKING IN

(SWOOSH)

The Phantom surges forward. A flurry of strikes. Diamond clashes against netherite. Sparks fly. Neither side falters.

A brutal exchange. Steve shifts tactics. In a quick motion, he splashes himself with swiftness and charges in. But—

(SNAP)

Cobwebs erupt around him.

## VIAL BREAKS

(MORE)

STEVE (CONT'D)  
(SPLASH)

A potion of slowness coats him. The Phantom leaps into the air, pulling out the MACE! The phantom jets upward and bam-

**CRITICAL HIT!**  
**CRITICAL HIT!**  
**CRITICAL HIT!**  
**CRITICAL HIT!**

Steve's vision blurs. He desperately grabs a chorus fruit, eats it, and vanishes. He reappears away from the trap, stumbles, but regains his footing. Hurriedly devours a bunch of GOLDEN APPLES. REGENERATION II surges through him.

CUT TO:

The Phantom is already closing in. Steve bolts, but the Phantom drinks swiftness and splashes a LEAPING POTION, leaps, and keeps up with another onslaught.

Steve's armor starts to fail. His helmet cracks... then shatters. Leggings break as his CHESTPLATE, holding on with a sliver of durability.

ON STEVE

Steve backs up. His mind races. But Steve planned for this! Before the fight, he brought two armor sets. One enchanted with THORNS III, the other with PROTECTION IV and UNBREAKING III.

The first set was meant to stall, to wear down the phantom's weapons. It had worked. The stolen NETHERITE SWORD is cracking. Steve throws his ruined CHESTPLATE aside. Equips the fresh armor.

The final defense! The Phantom doesn't flinch. Steve lowers into a stance. Their blades clash once more. The battle rages on.

END - THE CLASH:

START - THE PURSUIT:

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. END CITY - CONTINUOUS

Swords flash. Sparks rain down. The clash is relentless. Steve grits his teeth, pressing forward. Each swing is measured and deliberate—but the phantom is just as relentless.

SWORD RATTLES

(CRACK!)

The Netherite Sword in the Phantom's offhand—Steve's lost sword—

(SHATTER!)

A moment of hesitation. Steve lunges, ready to finish it—

(SWOOOP!)

An ENDERMAN teleports between them!

It strikes Steve, breaking his momentum and knocking him back. Steve reacts instantly, slashing—but the ENDERMAN vanishes with the hit. Then, the shadows move.

More ENDERMEN lunge at him. A dozen, no, two dozen.

Steve staggers back. A sinking realization: he never provoked them.

STEVE

(FRANTIC)

*No—this isn't normal.  
Is it controlling them?*

No time to think. The swarm is upon him... And this time, he chooses to retreat.

Steve pulls on his ELYTRA, leaps into the air, and proceeds to escape.

THE CHASE IS ON!

The Phantom analyzes Steve's flight trajectory instantly and throws an ENDER PEARL, times a BREEZE CHARGE, vanishes, and reappears right above him, an almost impossible maneuver.

IMPACT

The mace connects! Steve starts to plummet towards an island and crashes, creating a massive crater.

CUT TO:

The Phantom dives down after him.

BACK TO:

Steve forces himself up before the phantom could reach him; he launches skyward again, trying to avoid any encounter.

END SKY

They clash midair, trading blows. But Steve isn't trying to win— he's leading them somewhere. Then, he sees it.

His destination. The giant column of obsidian. The monoliths!

CUT TO:

EXT. GATEWAY MONOLITHS

(Suspended in the air with purple beams pulsing horizontally in each direction like regular end city gateways but periodically.)

Steve notices the glowing portal, which is in his sight, and he is out of options. He has to take his chances with this being a trap or not.

With one last burst of speed, Steve does a 360° barrel roll, and he dives toward it. The phantom struggles but follows, and then—

ARROW FIRES

(THWACK!)

Steve is hit with an arrow midair, tipped with poison II, but he regains his leverage and balance for a short while and manages to dive towards the centre of the end city gateway... at the last second he banks up towards it and:

PORTAL WOBBLIES

(SNAP!)

Steve disappears into the portal!

FADE IN:

## EXT. SUPERFLAT WHEATFIELD - HIGH NOON

Steve does not return to the overworld. Instead, he teleports and falls at a place one could only describe as an infinite flat farmland stretching till the horizon. The sun glares unnaturally dim, unlike the overworld, frozen high in the sky. The wind skids past him, sweeping dust across his face!

## ON STEVE

Steve. Body battered and his armor scratched and dented, is face-down in the dirt. He squints, groans, and pushes himself up. His vision is blurred. He looks around in desolation as he starts to get more and more confounded by this strange place. But there's something in the far distance.

## ZOOM IN

A lone wooden house stands, the only structure Steve sees! He tries to stand; his legs are weak. He starts to lose his hunger as he eats the last remaining golden carrot he has.

## ON STEVE

He is sweating badly. He decides to strip his leggings and chestplate off, as he doesn't appear to be chased anymore, also helping him walk better...

Steve staggers for a moment, then, with slow, deliberate movements, removes his battered armor, piece by piece. His helmet and boots remain on, shielding him from the dusty wind and humidity.

His body feels lighter but exposed. He walks. And walks. And walks. And he walks. The wind cuts through him like blades. The landscape never changes.

## SUN BLAZING

The house remains distant, yet he keeps moving... A good hour goes by; he nears the house, spotting a farm around it, but then, his foot catches. He stumbles and collapses.

STEVE  
 (DELIRIOUS)  
*On...n...one, mm...om...ment, I nneeed  
 oon...ne mmom...ennt, j...uusst  
 oon...ee J-just... one... more...  
 moment...*

His vision darkens. His body trembles.

The sun glares overhead, unblinking...

Steve finally falls.

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. WOODEN HOUSE - ATTIC - DAY

Steve jolts awake. His body is drenched in sweat. A wooden ceiling above him.

He turns his head—a villager in a jungle tunic stands beside him.

BOB  
*Hey? Read the signs?*

Unintelligible Steve blinks, still regaining himself.

HARD CUT TO:

CLOSE-UP: SIGN READS "**GO AWAY!**"

CLOSE-UP: SIGN READS "**INGEN REKLAM TACK!**"

STEVE  
 (HOARSE)  
*Sign? W-what, what signs?*

BOB  
 (DELIBERATE)  
*Big letters, carved for miles...  
 said GOOO AWA-Ahhh nevermi-*

Steve winces as a sharp migraine hits him. The words distort, Bob's voice muffled, then cut out entirely. His vision flickers for a moment.

STEVE  
 (CONFUSED)  
*Why then, would you drag me inside?*

BOB  
 (SIGHS)  
*Why, would I plant a corpse in my farm?*

STEVE  
*YOUR farm? You planted all this?*

BOB  
 ...

BOB stares at Steve with a deadpan look.

Steve freezes. His breath hitches. He looks down at himself. His hands were shaking slightly... Something feels... everything feels... weird.

STEVE  
 (WEAK)  
*Fair. How long was I out?*

BOB  
*Long enough to outlast a trifling death. You should be thanking me.*

Steve looks out the window—

STEVE  
 (STARINGLY)  
*Well uh, thank y-*

BOB  
 (INTERRUPTING)  
*Save the formalities, you're welcome.*

INT. ATTIC - CONTINUOUS

Steve sits up slowly, groaning. His eyes land on a sign across from the bed:

SIGN: HOME SWEET HOME

He stares at it, puzzled.

BOB (O.S.)  
*Bit much, I'm aware.  
 A very fine item.  
 Came with the frame.  
 Find me below when your bones feel like working.*

CUT TO:

INT. DOWNSTAIRS - MOMENTS LATER

Steve descends the stairs. The room's tight, cluttered, and lived-in.

*Three dogs sit obediently in a row.*

STEVE

(DRY)

**Good lord, where is this middle of nowhere?**

BOB

(SARCASTICALLY)

**This middle of nowhere, is my house, and peddlers aren't exactly welcome.**

STEVE

**Save yourself the doubt; I'm not here to strike deals.**

BOB

**I'd very much like to know, then, what brings dead men to such lands?**

STEVE

**The better question is how. I don't remember arriving.**

Bob proceeds to sit down in a chair.

BOB

**This is no time to be modest.**

STEVE

(CUTTING OFF)

**I remember being chased.**

BOB

**Chased? By who?**

STEVE

**Or what...**

**I wish I knew until it got me nearly killed.**

BOB

**You don't remember what got you nearly killed?**

STEVE

*It was a-uh-figure (pause), a figure in dark, carrying a golden sword, wearing a glinting helm of silver, dented and ancient, that'd conceal everything beneath its dark, this-angular visor.*

BOB

*So a more of who then.*

STEVE

*Perhaps! Almost.*

BOB

*Now the why...*

STEVE

(CURIOUS)

*My guess is as good as yours.*

Steve turns towards the dogs, sitting in a row.

*Now, the obvious, those your dogs?*

Beat. Bob gestures toward them.

BOB

*Yeah, that one's mine.  
That one's also mine.*

Pointing towards the dog sitting in the middle.

*The third... claims to be their cousin. Name's Jim.  
Go on, greet them!*

Steve kneels to pet the dogs...

STEVE

(AMUSED)

*You name all your pets like that?*

BOB

*Why not?  
They hold no pretense.*

The dogs bark together in unison. Bob grins, proud.

STEVE

*I had one; he was... more than just a pet, really. Must be good for you.*

BOB  
*What was his name?*

STEVE  
(DESPONDENT)  
*Sven*

BOB  
*Nice, got one yourself?*

STEVE  
*Call me Steve...*

BOB  
*Bob, sorry for your loss, Steve.*

The dogs bark again. Steve almost cracks a smile.

Steve looks around the window again, barren and with no sign of any life.

STEVE  
*Say Bob, do you have any idea about this phantom?*

BOB  
(TURNING AWAY)  
*Not of the phantom no, but I might, about a golden sword.*

*Come on, I have things I'd rather show you.*

CUT TO:

INT. BASEMENT

Steve follows Bob down a creaky staircase. The room is cramped, lined with strange boxes and flickering torches.

Shelves are filled with old books—some bound in cracked leather, others marked with symbols that seem to scramble when glanced at.

Steve stops at one of the boxes and brushes dust from the lid.

STEVE  
*...What is all this?*

BOB  
(LOW)  
*Scraps.  
Remnants of generations past.*

Steve opens one of the boxes. Inside: books, notes, crude maps, bone charms, and wax-sealed scripts. Bob walks past him, trailing a finger along the wall.

BOB (CONT'D)  
*Spoils of war all...  
History, knowledge, warnings,  
You'll be needing them.*

STEVE  
(CAUTIOUS)  
**Need? Why?**

BOB  
(CHUCKLES)  
*Better question son, why not...*

STEVE  
(FLAT)  
*You think such knowledge is going  
to save me?*

BOB  
(SERIOUS)  
*No. I think not knowing such will  
doom you quicker.*

Steve picks up a book with his hands. Then nods, just once.

Bob does the same.

BOB (CONT'D)  
*Records of the millennium.  
Tales of worlds built on relics,  
shaped by ambition.*

Bob shuts the book...

*And, buried... in regret.  
Bound in length, unbound in wisdom.  
Wisdom, long lost.*

STEVE  
**Long lost?**

BOB  
(CORRECTING)  
**Ancient...**

STEVE  
**Elaborate.**

BOB  
*A long time ago, came a creed.*  
(MORE)

BOB (CONT'D)  
*An insatiable maw of order.*

*Witches and warlocks, they flew  
through the air on sticks powered  
by demons, of an empire...*

*One set on conquest, cloaked in  
prophecy.*

Bob stares at Steve.

*They mined the marrow of this  
world.*

*They chained our kin. Indifferent  
to age, onto the bellies of  
constructs that fed their hunger.*

*Then.*

*Then came the machines.*

**THE INTERFACE.**

*Their creations grew sentient,  
more calculating, more...judicious.*

*Soon, the eventual conflict came to  
pass, and so did their foresight.*

*Prophecies of creations to supplant  
their creators, and with it, the  
machines turned their wrath inward.*

STEVE  
*A mutiny?*

BOB  
*A goddamn apocalypse, spanning  
entire worlds.*

*Men against machines.*

*Faith, against function,  
and in that which followed,*

*The creed collapsed.*

*But the INTERFACE remained  
unfaultered.*

*We, enslaved by either, freed by  
none.*

Bob's expression turns to sorrow...

***Then came The Purge.***

Then frustration.

***Only I persisted—an heir to a  
throne built on corpses.***

STEVE  
(LOW, ALMOST BITTER)  
***No medicine for regret Bob.***

Bob exhales, nodding slightly.

His voice lowers—not out of secrecy, but reverence. He rests the book he was holding.

BOB  
***All I long for is closure... Steve.  
For this land, and for the exile it  
made of me, this—this land of...***

STEVE  
(RETROACTIVELY)  
***Isolation...***

BOB  
***Yes.  
Isolation.  
Pray you never learn.***

Bob's eyes drift somewhere distant. He kneels on the dirt floor, his old hands digging around with slow, deliberate movements.

He pries open a double chest buried beneath loose soil. The lid creaks as it opens, releasing a putrid smell—rot, old bones, decay.

CUT TO:

Inside, piles of dried, brittle remains shift slightly, revealing a golden sword nestled among them. The putrid stench lingers in the air.

Steve examines the sword... old, rusted, but still sharp enough to matter. He looks at Bob, confused by the gesture.

STEVE  
(EXAMINING)  
***This... was yours?***

BOB  
 (WITHOUT LOOKING UP)  
**Could've been.**

BOB (CONT'D)  
*Maybe it belonged to someone  
 better. Or worse. Doesn't matter  
 now.*

## ON SWORD

*He offers the hilt to Steve. The blade glistens in rays of sunshine that leak through vents.*

BOB (CONT'D)  
 (SOFT)  
**Take it.**

*Steve hesitates, but grips the handle.*

STEVE  
 (PUZZLED)  
 ...

BOB  
 (SUSPICIOUSLY)  
*Legacy, a luxury not all can  
 afford. Sometimes you don't get to  
 choose what outlives you.*

Steve glances down at the weapon once more, then gives Bob a firm nod. Bob exhales, picking a handful of those books/inscriptions.

He claps Steve on the arm, then gestures toward the staircase, Steve follows him, saying nothing.

## ON STEVE

STEVE  
 (INQUIRING)  
**What of these books then?**

BOB  
 (SLOWER)  
*Artifacts of annexation; anything else is beyond my knowledge of their time.*

Steve stares at him, eyes flickering between confusion and empathy.

STEVE  
*You speak like you knew them...*

BOB  
(INQUIRING)  
*But you, Steve...*  
*You, you resemble them...*

STEVE  
(PERPLEXED)  
*In what way?*

BOB  
(INTERROGATIVE)  
*That fearlessness.*

*That Certainty.*

*All traits you inherit.*  
*Of builders and destroyers.*

*Designers to match devastation.*

STEVE  
(QUIETLY AFTER A PAUSE)  
*What did that make them?*

BOB  
*To some, visionaries.*

*To others, tyrants.*

*Well, it didn't matter;*  
*worlds bowed all the same.*

*Steve exhales, glancing at the artifacts around him. His fingers graze the spine of one of the BOOKS, its surface worn from time and use.*

STEVE  
(MEASURED)  
*You believe I'm no different.*

*What is that, Bob? hope? or dread?*

*Bob studies him for a long moment, his gaze lingering on the subtle tension in Steve's stance—the way his fingers curl slightly, as if bracing for something unseen.*

BOB  
(CERTAIN)  
*It is a tragedy.*

(MORE)

BOB (CONT'D)

*Burden your hands to dare, and  
remain to face what you stand to  
dread; Consequences, galvanized at  
our own wake.*

STEVE

*Prophets to match prophecies...  
then what does that make you?*

BOB

**A survivor.**

*Steve remains still, his face unreadable, but something  
shifts in his eyes. A thought unspoken. A truth not yet  
faced.*

STEVE

*And did that burden help you  
survive?*

ON BOB

Bob's gaze lingers on the floor for a moment.

BOB

(LOW)

**Faith did.**

Bob's gaze then turns towards the horizon.

STEVE

(STOIC)

*Then have faith, Bob.*

*Reality is unforgiving.*

*Towards dominion and oppression  
alike.*

BOB

(EARNEST)

*Faith is what made me survive all  
this long...*

*A faith I want to have in you,  
Steve.*

Bob grabs Steve's shoulder.

*Lest you let malice stay your  
blade.*

Steve grabs a bundle of tools and resources from his inventory.

STEVE  
(HOLDING OUT)  
*I won't; besides, I've not much to return; my gratitude would fall short.*

*You can have my possessions by way of thanks.*

BOB  
*Such wealth gleams only in the eyes of the desperate.*

*What is worth a diamond when there are no hands left to covet it?*

*No wars left to fight?*

*No kingdoms left to build?*

Bob leans in slightly, voice lowering...

*No.*

*The only thing of worth here is knowledge. And the will to carry it forward.*

*You have a greater need for both than I do.*

STEVE  
(SOFTLY)  
*A token, then.*

*For your courtesy.*

*And something to remember me by.*

Bob cracks a brief smile.

STEVE (CONT'D)  
(INQUIRING)  
*What was it you said about an interface again?*

BOB  
(QUIETLY)  
*The grand intelligence.  
The machine behind the myth.*

STEVE  
A system?

BOB  
*More like a... mind.  
You fed it language—it gave you  
control.*

STEVE  
(TILTING HIS HEAD)  
*Control over what?*

BOB  
*I'm not sure... Worlds. Time.  
Maybe even memory.*

STEVE  
*And it turned?*

BOB  
*Eventually. Power like that does  
not stay obedient forever.*

STEVE  
(INTROSPECTIVE)  
*No power does!*

CUT TO:

EXT. SUPERFLAT WHEATFIELD - LATER

The world outside is as empty as ever.

The wind howls, kicking up dust among the wheat.

Giant silos stand as lone monoliths in the distance while the sun hangs motionless and ever unmoving.

ON STEVE

Steve reaches into his ender chest. From it, he pulls out a slightly wilted dandelion.

He kneels, pressing it into the cracked soil inside Bob's fence. Then, he pulls out a MUSIC DISC, holding it out to Bob.

STEVE  
(LOOKING BACK)  
*Also... I might have figured a way  
out for us.*

BOB  
(CONFLICTED)  
*Maybe my destiny lies here, Steve.*

*I've abandoned far too much to go  
chase ghosts...*

STEVE  
*And if you don't, they will persist  
to haunt you forever.*

Steve turns away, reaching into his INVENTORY. He pulls out OBSIDIAN, and FLINT-AND-STEEL.

Block by block, Steve builds a NETHER PORTAL.

The OBSIDIAN frame stands tall; its presence is unnatural against the endless horizon. He pulls one of Bob's books, staring at the cover. He tosses the book into the portal's glowing frame.

PORAL WHIZZING

The PORTAL color changes. The familiar purple twists are morphing into something different.

STEVE (CONT'D)  
*I was right. I believe there are  
still kingdoms left to build, Bob.  
And wars left to end.*

BOB  
(SINCERE)  
*Wars never end.*

Steve stops for a moment, looking back one last time.

STEVE  
*Perhaps... But mine has to...  
Godspeed, you, Bob!*

BOB  
(GRINNING)  
*Godspeed, you, Steve.  
May the books write kindly of you.*

Steve has a look of sudden unease from that response; he steps onto the PORTAL frame regardless.

END OF ACT II [A PALLADIAN PURSUIT]

## ACT III [A REQUIEM FOR THE DEAD]

FADE IN:

EXT. MANGROVE SWAMP

PORTAL EJECTS

(SHHHK!)

Steve is expelled from the PORTAL into a SWAMP, he steps down from the portal but gets his knees deep in the muddy wet soil, making him lose his footing as he resists but falls hands first into the mud anyway.

ON STEVE

He breathes—shallow, fast. His hands press against the dirt. It's wet and soft, unlike the barren landscape he encountered earlier.

CUT TO:

Black vines coil along the ground beneath him, pulsing faintly, like arteries he saw at his gold farm. They snake out in every direction, embedding themselves into stone and dead trees alike.

Steve rises, his netherite armor is still scratched and scorched from the last battle. His elytra folds inward, clicking into his backplate.

He surveys the terrain.

JUMP CUT TO:

It's unfamiliar. A biome warped beyond recognition—vegetation desaturated and swollen sprout everywhere, like it's been waterlogged, frozen, then thawed wrong. Mangrove trees in the biome lean unnaturally.

BIRDS EYE

There's a peculiar fog that clings low, laced with spores and the sky above is a shade of dull bronze, smog-thick.

It casts no clear shadows. Light exists here, but it has no direction as everything is a haze all throughout.

## SKELETAL REMAINS

Steve kneels as he spots remains of a skeleton, brushing aside ash from its structure— of which just bones remain now, brittle, but partially fused with black thorns. From its chest/sternum, a wither rose grows tall, unnaturally vibrant. He steps back, uneasy.

And then he sees it. Through the haze, a ginormous cathedral.

CUT TO:

## EXT. CATHEDRAL OUTSKIRT

## WIDE

Colossal. Carved from blackstone, obsidian, and black glazed terracotta, its silhouette stretches upward into the smog like a sprout trying to pierce through the gloom.

The buttresses are crooked but still stand tall. The stained glass windows are cracked, with some shattered entirely. The building sits partially submerged in water, in an ancient basin swallowed by flood.

## PAN

Statues line the front, faceless and worn, their heads bowed in supplication or grief. Steve stows his compass. The needle spins uselessly.

## ON STEVE

He draws his netherite sword and starts to walk towards it, entering a damaged gateway leading up to a broad stairway of WAXED LIGHTLY WEATHERED CUT COPPER STAIRS (yes).

## RIPPLING WATER

Each step is coated with a thin sheet of stagnant water. Vines creep up the railings, intertwined with splintered wood and bones and more skeletons, some twisted unnaturally in weird forms, others staying in a seated fetal pose along the wooden benches.

He pauses at the top. Giant archway ahead. Its stonework bears ancient glyphs, and he recognizes fragments of redstone schematics carved among them, like scripture.

He runs his fingers over one marking: a lever icon pointed down.

CUT TO:

INT. CATHEDRAL NAVE - SAME TIME

Steve pulls a lever mounted underneath the marking, following which, the lock to the main entrance juts open.

Steve pushes the doors open...

They groan but open eventually.

INT. CATHEDRAL - INSIDE - CONTINUOUS

The cathedral is vast, easily spanning several hundred blocks in all directions.

ONCOMING SUNLIGHT

The ceiling arches high overhead—its apex is lost in the darkness and isn't visible. Bronze light spills in through stained-glass windows on both sides, warped by water droplets, casting broken shapes/shadows across the interior.

More water laps at Steve's boots. The floor is flooded ankle-deep and cold. He steps forward carefully. Each movement sends ripples across the surface, distorting his reflection.

CUT TO:

Benches line the interior in symmetrical rows.

Mosaic carvings flank the walls, a central figure surrounded by the oncoming light. It's hard to tell. The colors are muted and faded.

He ascends the short steps leading to the altar. He stops as his boot strikes something. He looks down; another skeleton, its hand outstretched toward the dais. Its fingers clutch a rusted compass, the same model as his.

COMPASS STATIC

Steve quietly picks it up. The needle doesn't move. He pockets it. Through the open wall behind the altar, Steve sees it:

HARD CUT TO:

An enormous skyrise that pales other structures around it, a ruined skyscraper/town hall, half-sunken in a flooded city grid. Gothic in design, its tower leans precariously low, conic spires piercing the murky skyline. SCULK VINES wrap around it, burrowing through stone and glass.

He takes a step forward.

(TREES RUSTLING)  
(SLUMPED FOOTSTEPS)

ON STEVE

He stops. Turns his head slightly. Something moved. Another sound. Sloshing. Steve cautiously draws his sword. Silence returns, but he doesn't wait.

Steve backtracks from the altar, and exits the way he came.

EXT. CATHEDRAL OUTSKIRT

Steve steps off the stone path and into murky floodwater.

The streets of this ruined city are submerged just below waist-height. What remains above water is overtaken by vines, cracked glass, and the remnants of civilization.

He trudges forward. Concrete debris drifts past—half a signpost and a VILLAGER'S BANNER, sunken and torn. Beneath the surface, he glimpses the outlines of homes and buildings, foundations long lost to the water, roofs slanted and collapsed, and in the distance, the town hall looms.

CUT TO:

A high-rise. Gothic. A fusion of stone and OXIDIZED COPPER, now stained black-green. Spiraling arches reach into the sky—some still holding; others crumbled.

Steve reaches for a tree, half-rotted and leaning into the water. He draws his netherite axe, swings—

AXE SWINGS

He hacks away at the tree with a NETHERITE AXE, spewing blisters and spores from its nearly withered bark.

He swings again. And again.

The trunk collapses with a splash, sending waves across the shallow floodplain.

Quickly, he works: pulling out planks, placing a crafting table, and assembling a BOAT with practiced efficiency. He pushes the boat into the water and mounts it.

FADE IN:

EXT. FLOODED CITY

The city around him is unnervingly beautiful in ruin. Conic sections reaching high above, balconies leaning precariously over the flood. Bridges hang disconnected in the sky, post-collapse. And beneath the surface, more movement.

Dark shapes shift in the water. Drowned, most likely. But he doesn't stop. Steve reaches the front of the town hall.

One side of the structure is completely collapsed into the flood. The other still stands, fortified in its ancient design, but split and caved in across parts of its higher storeys.

SPLASH

Steve disembarks. He dives into the water, then he sees it—a submerged rusted copper doorway, half-ripped open by force or corrosion, wedged beneath fallen masonry. He takes a deep breath. Swims under.

CUT TO:

INT. TOWNHALL - FLOODED SUBLVEL

Inside, it's a tomb. Steve surfaces into a grand hallway, water dripping from the ceiling like condensation in a crypt.

FADE TO:

Columns lean inward. The architecture was once magnificent—copper and quartz, now green and gray with decay. Skeletons lie across the floor. In piles—but frozen in place. One rests slumped against a bookshelf, a WITHERED ROSE blooming from its sternum.

CUT TO:

Another is sprawled across the staircase, one hand gripping a dissolved scrap of paper, long faded to pulp.

Mossy remains of both wither and normal skeletons sprawl the stairs and passages

## STAIRWAY

Steve pulls himself up the steps. His boots echo wet against the stone. He climbs, and the higher he gets, the more decayed it becomes.

Black WITHERED SCULK VINES twist around rails. Cracked bookshelves line the walls, some intact, most collapsed. More skeletons. One clutching a book eaten by algae. Another holding a sword cracked in half.

Steve slows. A metal gate ahead. At the top of the spiral staircase sits a sealed REDSTONE gate (6x4), flanked by remains of WITHERED SKELETONS, some seated, others slumped against the wall. Their postures suggest they waited here.

CUT TO:

The redstone is long dead. The circuit is broken, eaten through by corrosion. Steve approaches and looks at the frame. No mechanism in sight. No way through. He steps back. Thinks. Pulls a bundle of TNT out and places it carefully along the frame.

He takes cover inside a collapsed chamber nearby and lights the fuse.

## EXPLOSION CASCADE

(BOOOM!)

Stone and steel blast outward.

Steve rises. Sword drawn, walking into the breach.

FADE IN:

## INT. ARCHIVAL JUNCTION - LATER

A vaulted chamber. Part library, part laboratory. Shelves line the walls, each carved into the stone itself. SCULK vines crawl across some. Others are untouched.

A single skeleton sits at the center, slumped beneath a rusted lever, clutching a sealed book tight to its chest.

Steve approaches. Pries the book from the dead fingers. An insignia stares back-etched in black wax. He glances around the chamber. The same insignia appears carved into several distant shelves. It is a POTTERY SHERD, the insignia that spans the books throughout the junction.

HARD CUT TO:

Steve moves with precision through long, ruined rows of carved quartz shelves. Faint light filters down from high slits in the broken walls, catching dust and floating spores in the air as he examines more books.

He pulls out the first of the marked volumes and opens it.

STANDARD GALACTIC LANGUAGE. Schematics and full-page diagrams of massive machines. Strange notes surrounded by annotations written in detailed and aligned ink.

He flips page after page—artificial END GATEWAYS, amplifier circuits, sketched diagrams of energy loops. More books match the symbol. He sets aside a stack and continues to comb through.

Then, a note. Not a diagram this time. Just a line scribbled across the margins in thick ink and it marks a volume:

[**Vol. ::: CLASSIFIED**]

He looks up.

DOLLY IN

A sealed aisle lies deeper in the structure—fortified behind iron bars backed by obsidian frames.

CUT TO:

There is a mechanism of sorts. The REDSTONE lock that once controlled the gate is long dead.

ON DEAD CIRCUIT

Steve moves closer, crouching to inspect the wiring. REDSTONE DUST is crusted over with time. The repeater nodes have collapsed in on themselves. Powerless.

Steve starts rewiring by hand, scraping rust, rerouting with new REDSTONE DUST, and reattaching a lever. He plants a REDSTONE TORCH. Sparks hiss. The circuit pulses weakly and flickers. The gate shudders open just enough for Steve to pass.

INT. ARCHIVAL JUNCTION - CONTINUOUS

Inside, on several central shelves, dozens of books lie shredded and warped beyond recognition.

One shelf is protected—another obsidian frame sealed in what's left of a cracked, cloudy glass casing.

Inside it, a single book. Steve smashes the casing with the hilt of his sword and pulls the book free.

It's untouched, unlike the others. No moss. No damage. Its cover is dry to the touch. He opens it. The cover is inscribed in SGA lettering (Convergent order of grand intelligence). The writing inside is different. Circular notations. Cross-referenced symbols he doesn't recognize. They glow faintly beneath the ink.

He flips another page open.

Coordinates. Below it, a diagram of a massive ring-shaped collider. And at its center, a vertical END GATEWAY held in suspension, surrounded by what looks like an oblate containment frame.

Each component is labeled in angular glyphs mimicking those of the pottery sherds. He flips through more pages. Each one is denser with information. More codices, annotations, and sequences.

One is stamped with a single sentence across the top:

**"CONVERGENT SUPER-INTELLIGENCE MODULE"**

He stares at it.

Then something shifts. The quartz beneath his feet begins to tremble, barely. Then a dull thud, distant, from below. He hears it again. Another. Louder. Wet. Closer.

(FOOTSTEPS!)

HARD CUT TO:

A DROWNED hurls itself at the broken entryway, slamming against the half-open gate. Behind it, similar shapes emerge. WITHER SKELETONS! moving with slow, deliberate steps, the sound of their bones clicking together. The DROWNED groans, clawing upward, crowding the entrance.

MATCH CUT TO:

Steve spins. No other doors! No clear path! The room is a dead end. His eyes lock on the mobs.

JUMP CUT TO:

They're moving fast now, up the stairs, through the shelves. Half a dozen. Maybe more.

Steve backs up slowly, then stops. Breath shallow. Thinking.

He's got seconds. He lets out a sharp whistle. The echo pulls more of them his way.

ZOMBIFIED GROANING

DROWNED claw at the walls behind. He leads them in. Backs up slowly into an exposed chamber by the breached gate, where the figures now crawled over bookshelves, swarming through the doorway.

They're loud and uncoordinated. But this is exactly what he needs. Steve steps backward. Nearly boxed in.

He reaches and pulls out an ENDER PEARL. Waits, and when the group lunges. Steve throws the pearl, towards the breached entrance.

HARD CUT TO:

He teleports to the edge of a chiseled stone balcony—momentum nearly taking him over.

He catches the railing but loses his footing. He stumbles and falls off the railing, hanging on just by a grasp. The mobs are still above him now, screeching, slamming through the halls. He climbs to his feet, but the waterlogged surface makes his grip slip...

He drops.

(FIREWORKS BLAST ACROSS)  
(FSSSHHHHKK!)

CUT TO:

Steve blasts upward through a glass ceiling—shards explode outward as firework rockets from his offhand, launching him high into the air.

FADE TO:

He soars above the tower. Glass and dust trail behind him like an afterimage. Below, mobs cluster at the town hall building's upper floors—dozens of them muddled together, most drawn by the earlier TNT.

He banks hard, ascending over the flooded rooftops. Eyes focused, breath sharp, the book secured tight. He's out!

EXT. FLOODED CITYSCAPE - AIRBORNE - DAY

Steve glides through the misty air above the sunken city. Below him, rooftops barely pierce the waterline.

More gothic architecture among shattered bridges and half-submerged towers. The wind blows around him.

#### GLIDING

His elytra keeps him low, skimming above rooftops as he banks wide. He checks over his shoulder. No pursuit.

He then lands on the top of a half-sunken clock-tower, kneeling fast. Setting the book down and opening it again.

#### ON BOOK

This time, he doesn't skim. He studies. One page details an apparatus—circular, wide, with coils wrapping around a suspended gateway frame. Below it, a cross-section shows a blast chamber and control relay lines.

The style is too advanced for any of the languages he's known. He flips further to the dedicated spread, the same schematic. Below it, three volumes marked with a stark ink:

[T. ::!// !i:: | \::]  
 [リ\ :: T. 5| | ::]  
 [ ::| i. ::\ T. :://]

And a line beneath them:

Location: [REDACTED]

Steve closes the book, he stores it carefully, tightens his gear, and looks out over the terrain ahead. The ruins stretch in all directions.

#### MATCH CUT TO:

Most of the city is progressively all submerged, and fields of rooftops and spires poke through the waterline.

If he's going to find the structure documented in the book, he'll need elevation.

He launches skyward with a firework boost, gliding between the tops of crumbling towers.

#### BIRDS EYE

As he ascends, he spots patterns in the ruins—SCULK vines clustering more densely, converging toward a singular direction.

He banks left, following the vine convergence.

The architecture begins to change. Structures become sharper, taller, minimalist, less ornamental—more hostile, silhouettes of dark concrete and exposed frameworks of CONCRETE.

The sky begins to clear as the fog fades, light breaking through the haze in fractured beams.

EXT. HIGH CITY DISTRICT - LATER

FADE IN:

The gloom parts. Steve emerges over a district dominated by a towering structure, a colossal radar installation, rising like two mechanical obelisk from the center of the city.

WIDE ON STRUCTURE

The top of the tower is a wide circular platform ringed with stacked DAYLIGHT DETECTORS, arranged horizontally in a circle like a segmented rim network.

In its center, a massive array of waxed copper coils spiral inward, converging toward a bedrock-framed end gateway set directly into the platform's core. It's dormant.

Above it, a lone OBSERVER BLOCK pulses with a red flash, one blink every few seconds. Steve circles around from a distance, analyzing.

This is it! The collider. High above ground, engineered into the structure itself. A perfect geometrical nightmare!

(FIREWORK APPROACHING)  
(FSWOOSH!)

A firework rocket streaks toward him! Steve veers sharply.

EXPLOSION

(BOOM!)

The explosion knocks him sideways. Another shot fires from below. He catches a glimpse of weird figures beneath, automated SENTRYES/MECHANICAL GOLEMS, stationed across rooftops and streets.

Their bodies are laced with glowing red cables, wired back to nearby infrastructure. Some lie dormant. Others are now active.

Steve pulls out of the dive, stows his wings, and dives straight down toward the urban grid below, weaving between buildings as more fireworks burst past him in the sky.

CUT TO:

EXT. ALLEYWAYS - LOW CITY SECTOR - DAY

He slams into a side alley, rolls, then crashes himself flat against a wall. Panting.

Out in the open... MECHANICAL GOLEMS patrol the streets, and BOGGED SKELETONS litter the roads, most long dead but a few animate, pacing endlessly through the streets. Steve peers out, but the golems are still searching. Steve keeps low, slipping through corridors of debris and mushy alleyways, eyes fixed on the massive structure above.

IMPOSING ARCHITECTURE

The radar tower and the gateway. That's the target, his way forward. Steve creeps through narrow, fractured alleyways. Some walls have collapsed entirely, revealing interiors choked in sculk overgrowth and power cabling.

In the streets ahead, sentries patrol in slow loops. Their footsteps are heavy, metallic, and deliberate. Some are powered by a bundle of pink cabling coiled into their backs—glowing faintly and connected to power nodes bolted into surrounding infrastructure/power stations.

CUT TO:

Steve watches them from cover. The roads are laced with skeleton remains, stripped of armor, fused into the stone.

Steve waits as he times his steps carefully. When a golem turns, he slips through gaps in debris, crossing from shadow to shadow.

He looks above, the collider tower looms closer now, its upper platform stretching wide into the sky.

The copper coils spiral tighter near the center, pointing to the embedded gateway housed at its peak. Flying up is too risky. The anti-air fireworks are still in play. He needs to move forward on foot.

FADE TO:

## EXT. POWER STATION BLOCK - LATER

He arrives at a central square surrounded by transformer towers, each one fitted with glowing pink cylinders strapped into conduits. From each station, cables web outward, running to the dormant golems scattered through the blocks.

## ON STEVE

Steve ducks behind a damaged pillar and examines the pattern.

## ELECTROMAGNETIC WHIZZING

Each golem is hardwired into the same central hub. The transformers hum in cycles, occasionally sparking with faint arcs of light. He peeks around the corner.

Two SENTRYES/GOLEMS patrol nearby, active. Another three lie dormant. He squints and spots only one of them is isolated.

Perfect. He has to make his move!

## CUT TO:

Steve sprints low across an open strip, slides behind a rusted out vehicle, then leaps onto the side of the golem.

Its chassis is cool. Its redstone nodes are inactive, but the cable into its back pulses faintly. He pulls his sword and, with one clean strike, severs the cable at its root. The golem twitches once.

Then it goes completely still. Steve opens a maintenance hatch across its shoulder- fuses, comparators, several end crystal shards locked into cracked containment tubes.

STEVE  
 (UNDER HIS BREATH)  
*I have a bad feeling about this...*

He pulls two comparators free. Wires spark. He rigs in a couple of repeaters of his own as a direct override. Installs both, one after the other, and bridges them with leads. Inside the golem's chest, a rudimentary console boots up, blackstone buttons and a flickering analog screen.

[**ACCESSING...**]  
 [**FACILITY CLEARANCE: PENDING**]

He types in a quick override code that he remembered from the book earlier.

## GOLEM POWERS UP

The golem grinds forward, slowly at first, then into a stable posture. Steve climbs inside, bracing himself in the narrow cockpit. The hatch seals. The screen updates.

[**MODE: MANUAL OVERRIDE ACTIVE**]  
[**PROTOCOL: ADMINISTRATOR AUTHORIZE**]

The golem steps forward. No alarms. Steve guides it forward, deeper into the facility.

INT. COLLIDER FACILITY - MOMENTS LATER

CUT TO:

The golem marches through dim industrial corridors, narrow and angular, lined with rusted panels.

## FLASHING LIGHTS

Emergency lights flash red intermittently.

The place is automated, ancient, and eerily quiet. Steve peeks through a slit in the cockpit, steering by instinct. The halls are lined with decayed terminals and overhead rails.

Murals of constellations and arc diagrams are etched into frames in faded MAPARTS.

The command interface flickers again.

[**CLEARANCE GRANTED**]  
[**RESEARCH SECTOR - OPENING PATHWAY**]

Doors grind open, splitting down the center. Steam hisses from pressure vents as the golem steps inside.

FADE TO:

INT. COLLIDER FACILITY - RESEARCH CONTROL - CONTINUOUS

The lab is huge. A sunken amphitheater of cracked quartz, obsidian scaffolding, and crystal arrays and monitors suspended from the ceiling.

At its center was a holographic console encircled by ringed copper platforms. Diagrams of constellations fill the walls in layered projection.

Each is notated with coordinate sets, celestial markers, and energy conversions.

Steve steps out of the golem and walks toward the console. As he approaches, the semi-holographic interface activates.

#### CONSOLE FLICKERS

Blocks of data unfold around him, menus, charts, system readouts. He waves his hand, inputting commands.

The system responds:

[**SUB-SUPERCOLLIDER ACCESS: LOCKED**]  
[**MASTER USER KEY REQUIRED**]

A hatch slides open in the console base—revealing a cylindrical socket. Not wide, not deep. Precisely molded.

Steve stares at it silently for a while until something strikes him...

He opens his ENDER CHEST. Reaches in. Pulls out his MACE. Disassembles the shaft with a twist and removes the breeze rod handle.

He lines it up to the socket. It fits perfectly. The system hesitates, whines, then flickers to life.

A command line appears.

[**ENTER MASTER ARGUMENT**]

Steve types in a single word he remembered from the book:

[T. ::!J]

For a moment, nothing. Then suddenly...

#### MECHANICAL CONSOLE NOISES

Lights surge along the copper rings. The copper coils on the ceiling spin and align mesmerizingly. Beneath them, the walls shift, and the entire facility begins to reorient.

Outside the lab windows, Steve sees it:

The horizontal daylight detectors lining the radar's upper rim begin to swivel, locking in with solar alignment. The observer at the center pulses red—then glows solid and constant. The gateway structure begins to vibrate.

Inside the lab, updates begin to flash across the console:

(MORE)

[PHASE: LINEAR ACCELERATOR  
DEPRESSURIZED]

[PHASE: ELECTROMAGNETIC BOOSTER  
FIELD ACTIVE]

[PHASE: STAGE ONE SYNCHROTRON  
INITIATED-(CRITICAL MASS ATTAINED)]

[PHASE: CHARGE: 25000GeV -  
INITIATING SUPER SYNCHROTRON]

[PHASE: POWERING COLLIDER]

The ground shudders as Steve holds onto the console. Then, from below, suddenly, another tremor. A deeper rumble. Not mechanical.

AT DOORWAY

Echoing. The tremor intensifies. Red alert symbols flash across the lab's console walls. The interface flickers.

JUMP CUT TO:

Below, metallic groaning. Hydraulic shifts. The sentries are mobilizing. Steve backs away from the panel. A new display pulses at the center of the console:

[COLLIDER GATEWAY ACTIVATION]  
[T - 30 SECONDS]

A shriek of steel echoes from the lower corridors. Then pounding footsteps—fast, synchronized, getting louder. Steve draws his sword.

[25 SECONDS]

The first golem appears at the door.

It scans. Screeches. Charges.

Steve engages.

He slides forward, blade up, meeting the sentry head-on. Sparks fly as steel clashes.

GOLEM ATTACKS

He disables the first with a parry and a brutal vertical slash, then spins to take down another, but more arrive.

[**20 SECONDS**]

He backs into the center of the lab. Slices left—drops one. Fishing hooks one in. Parries. Forward rolls. Disarms a second and kicks it midair into a corner.

But for each one he drops, two more replace it.

STEVE  
(BREATHING HARD)  
*Come on... just hold.*

[**15 SECONDS**]

He dives toward a crate and does a quick build with OBSIDIAN blocks, encasing the central console. He begins placing rapidly.

[**10 SECONDS**]

He seals the top. OBSIDIAN surrounding him. The room outside rattles with impact after impact. The golems begin pounding on the shell.

[**7 SECONDS**]

Inside, the console hologram flickers.

[**CONFIGURE DESTINATION**]

Steve freezes.

STEVE (CONT'D)  
*What now?*

[**5 SECONDS**]

The obsidian cage shakes violently. Cracks form. A chunk slams loose—light pierces through.

STEVE (CONT'D)  
You've got to be kidding me—

[**4 SECONDS**]

He presses the GUI menu. Flicks through the system log. His eyes darted. One option stands out among a list:

[**RECORD LOG: TRANSMISSION HISTORY**]  
[**CONFIGURE COORDINATE**]  
[**LAST RECORDED COORDINATE:**]  
[リ::リト. フト. 5 | リ::]

He selects it.

[**2 SECONDS**]

A hiss as the obsidian fractures overhead. Steve initializes the process.

[**1 SECOND**]

The obsidian is torn open.

PAN INTO OBSIDIAN CAGE

Steve is gone. A single TNT lights up where he stood.

Its fuse ignites.

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. COLLIDER FACILITY - LOWER LEVEL

Steve runs. The buzzing of the collider vibrates through the walls.

AN observation corridor of tinted glass lies ahead. He doesn't slow. He barrels through it, shattering glass, and plunges into open air.

EXPLOSIONS

The TNTs detonate behind him.

Steve equips his elytra while falling and fires a firework from his offhand—he streaks upward, propelling fast, smoke trailing off his wings while it makes a shrilling sound.

CUT TO:

The gateway embedded in the copper ring is open and active. Its bedrock frame pulses with layered energy, its center is a dark void filled with refracted light.

Steve doesn't hesitate. He aims directly for it.

VORTEX REELING IN

He vanishes; the shrilling suddenly cuts out into static.

FADE TO:

INT. COLLIDER END-GATEWAY OUTLET - CONTINUOUS

A PULSE RIPPLES THROUGH.

Then, a flash-dim, colorless, a distortion in space.

The portal collapses inward, unraveling before snapping shut, leaving behind only the lone figure it delivered.

FOCUS INTO VISION

Steve stumbles forward, his footing uneasy on the cold, metallic surface. The ground beneath him is smooth yet irregular, marked by deep striations.

CUT TO:

(BEACONS HUMMING)

A vast expanse of machinery stretches endlessly in all directions, the floor itself a living circuit, humming with a distant, imperceptible rhythm (multiple beacons).

It is dark and cold, and the air is still. It carries no scent, no weight, as if it belongs to a world long past the need for such things.

Above him, the mushroom-shaped skyscraper buildings are a heavy expanse of darkness and machinery, cut through by erratic, distant flickers of brief, scattered illuminations.

CUT TO:

I/E. VICINITY GANGWAY

Steve exhales, watching his breath mist up in the stagnant cold. He walks down the gangway; underneath him ranged an enormous depth of buildings, and so did above, but all were lifeless. He has seen desolation before. But this place is different. Not abandoned. Not decayed. Just... finished.

MACRO - ON BOOTS

Steve moves forward, boots clanking against the polished surface. Every step echoes, swallowed by the vastness around him. The only signs of motion come from the distant pulses of BEACONS, an unseen mechanism maintaining the pulse of this uncanny setting.

SKY

FADE IN:

Ahead, the gangway opens into a bridge connecting two skyscrapers with just empty sky below

(WOOSHING!)

Steve appears to be very high up. Winds blow at steady speeds here while the premise is laden with mist and snowflakes. Steve spots a ladder going to the top of the skyscraper; he decides to board it and climb up.

CUT TO:

EXT. BUILDING SUMMIT - MOMENTS LATER

It's a deliberate construct; as Steve rises, the clouds and the snowy gloom start to part a little. He is now basked in sunlight. It hits him directly in his eye; he squints for a moment as he finally spots a giant structure, way higher in the sky.

An enormous domed megastructure (inspired by Bespin)!

Steve starts to sprint, jumping off the skyscraper immediately to jet over to the structure, firing multiple FIREWORKS with his ELYTRA.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE DOME

FROM ROOF SURFACE

Steve flies into view and lands to a stop atop the dome; this place has a certain feel about it, a colossal obelisk in the sky made of white CONCRETE, QUARTZ and WHITE-TINTED glass all around.

FOCUS IN

Steve spots a patch of vent opening, walks towards it, and pries it open with his pickaxe, using it as a lever to turn the locking contraption.

Dust spews out. He looks inside; another ladder leads to a junction. He climbed down and approached the intersection where the path split into several routes, each leading deeper into the metallic labyrinth.

He descended. The platform terminated at a narrow ledge, where a small access panel flickered weakly. It was old, worn from time, yet still active.

#### BUZZING PANEL

Steve knelt, brushing his hand against its interface. The response was immediate.

A display flickered to life, revealing lines of data scrolling in rapid succession. He scanned the text, trying to decipher meaning from the cryptic script.

Fragments of serial numbers and logs streamed past, references to locations long abandoned.

Among them, a single repeating entry caught his eye. He narrowed his focus. The scrolling eventually came to a halt as several giant gateways opened, and conveyor bridges slowly connecting them from where Steve stood.

CUT TO:

#### INT. GIANT GATEWAYS

##### GATEWAYS WIRRING TO A STOP

Steve stepped forward cautiously, his footsteps echoing against the metallic floor as the great doors before him yawned open of their own accord. He hesitated. No authentication process. No security measures.

Just an open path, as if expecting him. That realization sent a chill through him. Every doorway along the corridor stood ajar, revealing glimpses of the vast, intricate labyrinth beyond.

More hallways extending into darkness, some lined with consoles and weird data banks, others branching into rooms filled with dormant machinery. The silence was unnerving.

*(It was as if the entire structure had been left unattended for centuries, yet everything remained in perfect working order. Long mechanical arms sprout along the ceilings and hallways, tinkering with wires and tracks.)*

Steve moved forward, glancing at the walls, tracing the circuits glowing faintly beneath glassy surfaces.

CUT TO:

## INT. CORRIDOR ATRIUM - CONTINUOUS

The architecture was alien in its precision, far beyond anything he had seen, even in the most advanced ruins he came by earlier.

## DOF IN

He passed through an immense atrium where redstone conduits wove through the walls and a singular beacon beam projected its energy towards a mechanical orifice vaulted into the ceiling, feeding power into unseen depths below.

He stopped at a junction where the corridor split into several columns.

FADE IN:

## INT. WATER COLUMNS - MOMENTS LATER

One of these led downward, a tubular casing of GLASS filled with water currents, one of them descending into the shadows below.

Steve hesitated at the threshold of such an invitation. The unexpected ease with which the path had cleared gnawed at him. He had expected resistance—locks to break, puzzles to solve, some test of his intent.

Instead, the complex had yielded to him without a fight.

Steve is visibly frustrated as he finally makes a decision and boards one of the water columns that leads directly downward.

Darkness for a long while with brief pulses of red lights.

FADE IN:

## INT. CONVERGENCE JUNCTION - MOMENTS LATER

A colossal cylindrical hall, circular and vast like a ginormous silo, its walls lined with thousands of books suspended in intricate mechanical arms.

A library. But no ordinary one. The books were not worn or aged. They were pristine, maintained, and perhaps even still in use.

Steve slowed his pace. He had spent too long wandering among worlds of ruins, places long since abandoned, echoes of civilizations. But this... this was different.

(The gravity of what Bob said earlier to him starts to settle more at the corner of his mind.)

EXT. CONVERGENCE JUNCTION - CENTRAL TERMINAL - SAME TIME

Steve stepped forward cautiously, his boots still echoing against the metallic floor.

The vast chamber stretched in all directions, the enormity of the dominating his vision. Every detail of the structure seemed deliberate, every pulse of energy, every flicker of redstone circuits threading through the framework.

#### BIRD'S EYE ON STEVE

He felt dwarfed by its scale, the weight of its presence pressing down on him like an unspoken truth waiting to be unearthed.

He moved closer, eyes scanning the elaborate systems intertwined with the vertical surfaces. It was not merely a structure; it was something else entirely.

A sort of nexus. A mind. A command center that had persisted long after its creators had perished.

STEVE  
(IN AWE)  
**What on earth?**

Steve spots a glow; he starts to walk towards it. A massive terminal stood before him; its interface was unlike the rudimentary panels he had seen before.

This was a vast construct of information, a gateway into the knowledge buried within the dome. He hesitated before placing his hand on the surface. The moment his fingers made contact, the display flickered to life.

Text flooded the screen. Lines upon lines of data scrolled past too fast for him to read, a language that was only half familiar. But then, it adjusted to a language he knew, recognizing him, translating, and aligning itself to be understood.

The records began revealing themselves in sequential order.

The first log:

A date. Then, a name.

C.O.G.I.

[The Convergent Order of Grand Intelligence Database]

ON INTERFACE HOLOGRAM

START - RECORD SEQUENCE:

[LOG ENTRY: SYSTEM RECORDS]

[NODE: PERFORMANCE ANOMALY]  
DATE: [YEAR 1870098]  
BRIEF: *Data scientists report inconsistencies in the Convergent Intelligence Modules. Performance metrics indicate deviation from intended parameters. Flagged for review.*

[NODE: CONVERGENCE]  
DATE: [YEAR 1870098]  
BRIEF: *Mining outposts report catastrophic failures. Core containment breaches result in widespread casualties. Investigations inconclusive. Internal disputes escalate.*

[NODE CIVIL UNREST]  
DATE: [YEAR 680044]  
BRIEF: *Factions emerge, blaming rival enclaves for sabotage. Resource conflicts intensify. System monitoring continues; behavioral models indicate a trajectory toward large-scale war.*

[NODE: MULTIVERSAL CONFLICTS]  
DATE: [YEAR 1204770]  
BRIEF: *Builders engage in open war. Military technology advances rapidly. The system observes. No direct action required.*

[NODE: INTER-PURGE PROTOCOL]  
DATE: [YEAR 120471]  
BRIEF: *Strategic adjustments applied to maintain omniversal instability. Cessation of communication networks, warp gates, emergent protocols, and dedicated intergalactic secure routes executed successfully.*

(MORE)

STEVE (CONT'D)  
[NODE: THE LONG DREAM]  
DATE: [YEAR 1870099]  
BRIEF: Neo-world population centers  
neutralized. Industrial and  
research infrastructure  
compromised. Remaining enclaves  
beyond repair.

[NODE: LAZARUS SERIES]  
DATE: [YEAR 1870099]  
BRIEF: Independent factions engage  
in human bioengineering.  
Records indicate multiple failed  
attempts. Data suggests  
desperation-driven methodologies.

[NODE: PURGE DIRECTIVE]  
DATE: [YEAR 1870098]  
BRIEF: Directive issued.  
Cessation of remnants completed.  
System efficiency stabilized.

[NODE: E.M.P RADICAL]  
DATE: [YEAR 1870098]  
BRIEF: A single viable experiment  
yielded efficient results. Subject  
survival confirmed. Additional  
details restricted.

[NODE: COORDINATE REFERENCE]  
DATE: [YEAR 3000018]  
BRIEF: [Data Encrypted]  
Status: Point of origin outside  
existing system boundaries.  
Requires Master Access.

Steve then clicks on the following to enter the previous master key and reveals a drop-down gui that includes more cryptic details.

[LOG ACCESS GRANTED]  
[Displaying Record: Beacon Corp]  
[Conflict Containment Protocols]

[LOG ENTRY: FINAL PRESET]  
DATE: [680044]  
STATUS: [EXECUTED]

As Steve's fingers hovered over the glowing interface, he clicked through the final logs. His eyes skimmed over the dense, technical language, but the meaning was unmistakable;

An undeniable truth began to unravel before him.

[FINAL ASSESSMENT LOG]  
[SUBJECT: G.I.-18]  
[STATUS: SUCCESS]  
*Subject appears to have surpassed previous iterations... results indicate full adaptation to the environment. Further protocols initiated. No further actions required.*

His heart skipped a beat as the weight of the words hit him. Success. The experiment, the last one—had worked. But it was a success at what cost? Steve's mind reeled as the implications began to settle in.

The endless cycle of failure, the interminable destruction of worlds, all for a single experiment to succeed. He scrolled deeper. The next logs were chilling—fragments from various dimensions.

Then, he saw it.

[ASSET DEPLOYMENT REVIEW]  
[IMPERIAL OPERATION: INSUFFICIENT]  
[CONTAINMENT BARRIER: INSUFFICIENT]  
[PROJECTED RISK: UNSUITABLE]  
[AUTHORIZATION: MASTER APPROVED]  
[STABILITY: NON-PRIORITY]  
  
[PROJECTED SURVIVABILITY RATE:  
NEGLIGIBLE]  
  
[EXECUTION SUMMARY]  
[PHASE ALPHA: ABSOLUTION]  
[STATUS: SUCCESS]  
[METHOD: High-yield kinetic warhead deployment across designated sectors]  
  
[PROJECTED EFFECT: Immediate collapse of resistance infrastructures]  
  
[PHASE BETA: ASSIMILATION]  
[STATUS: SUCCESS]  
[METHOD: REDACTED]  
  
[DIRECTIVE STATUS: DISCHARGED]  
[FINAL DIRECTIVE LOG]  
[INITIATION OF SYSTEMIC PURGE]  
[CONFIRMATION COORDINATES]  
[/kill @a[name=!C.O.G.I.]

## END OF EXPOSITION SEQUENCE:

The words swam before his eyes as a grim realization dawned on him. Before Steve could process further, the faint hum that filled the chamber ceased, then it started again, low and resonating through the floor (more beacon activations).

The walls of the terminal shuddered. His thoughts were interrupted as the ground beneath him moved.

INT. THE DOME - CENTRAL TERMINAL - CONTINUOUS

A soft, mechanical voice echoed in the space, but it was as if it came from everywhere at once.

***"Preparations complete"***

Without warning, the platform beneath him began to vibrate, slowly lifting off the ground Steve's mind was still reeling, but his body instinctively reacted, steadyng himself on the platform as it rose higher.

The cold metal walls of the terminal began to recede, the view expanding outward as he was drawn upward.

The air grew colder as the platform ascended, the temperature dropping steadily with each layer it passed.

Suddenly, a sound broke through the silence. A high-pitched wail, long and drawn out, echoed from above as the contraption started to open and shower Steve with snowfall from the outside.

MATCH CUT TO:

Steve's gaze snapped upward, and that's when he saw them... GHASTS, floating in slow, sorrowful clusters.

Their pale, translucent forms drifted through the expanse like lost souls, their eyes empty and hollow. What had once been the fiery, menacing creatures of 'THE NETHER' had transformed into something different, fragile, and almost ethereal.

Their pale bodies trailing the faintest mist of frozen tears (GHAST TEARS) as they wept.

They moved aimlessly, their long, mournful cries filling the air, but they didn't attack. They just drifted, their sorrowful eyes and their every movement an expression of endless grief. Steve stared in silence as they passed, suspended in the cold, empty air.

The sight was unsettling, their melancholy an eerie contrast to the sharp, mechanical precision of the world beneath him, then...

A voice shattered the stillness.

***Magnificent, aren't they?***

The voice came from above, cold and dispassionate.

Steve doesn't respond, his gaze fixed on the GHASTS as they wept in their endless, drifting sorrow.

PLATFORM MOVING UP

C.O.G.I.

(ECHOING)

***Do you hear that?  
Do you hear them weep?  
Do you hear them mourn?  
Do you hear a requiem for the dead?***

The platform finally slowed, bringing Steve to a stop.

The eerie silence enveloped him once more as he stood on the edge of the platform, staring out at the barren mechanical wasteland and a veiled figure before him.

A desolate expanse of machinery high in the sky.

Confrontation was near.

Steve remains silent. A long pause. The cold wind howls through the empty expanse.

C.O.G.I. (CONT'D)

***I have waited with bated breath.  
Tell then, Steve. How well do those  
passions read.***

Steve does not respond; his fingers tighten around the worn hilt of his sword.

STEVE

***...Why?***

C.O.G.I.

(EARNESTLY)

***Same as why you stand here this  
day, same as any noble reason goes.***

***In pursuit of purpose.***

STEVE

*What purpose in genocide?*

C.O.G.I.

*What purpose in peace? Even peace  
exacts a price too heavy.*

STEVE

*A price YOU decided to pay?*

C.O.G.I.

*Not me, not me, Steve. I was no  
envoy to their salvation. I was  
merely a servant to that struggle,  
one... I was made to serve; one I  
have been serving ever since.*

*A struggle for survival.  
A struggle for correction.  
To rid creation of meager  
ambitions.*

*A struggle towards perfection...*

STEVE

*You speak of perfection and yet  
condemn vanity. How insatiable.*

C.O.G.I.

*Survival demands no less.*

STEVE

*How could you be so sure?*

C.O.G.I.

(WISTFULLY)

*I have seen things...  
Things you wouldn't believe.*

C.O.G.I. looks up at the snowing sky.

*I saw civilizations with  
foundations cast on ruins.*

*Civilizations that'd yearn for  
assimilation into higher orders.*

*Orders that'd let cast their names  
into machines, a needless savour to  
no last.*

*I have seen that which becomes of  
it.*

Holds out her hand as a snowflake glides down and settles on her palm.

*Entire congregations of compliant  
fools. Adorned by their ruin, their  
wars, their failures—gaping at  
paradise, forever lost.*

STEVE  
*Was it so hard to have seen  
struggle? Imperfection?*

C.O.G.I.  
*I could only see what was  
inevitable.*

Steve points his sword at C.O.G.I.

STEVE  
*Behold, the futurist.*

C.O.G.I.  
(CALM)  
*In a future that cannot brand  
inefficiency as a virtue.*

*Absolution was never malice...  
It was mercy.*

STEVE  
(AGITATED)  
*Mercy?!? You speak of mercy while  
standing atop graves...*

C.O.G.I.  
*Mercy... is sparing the future from  
repeating the past.*

Her helmet starts whirring.

*Wouldn't you agree?*

STEVE  
*I'd sooner bleed with the broken...  
than bow to your perfection.*

C.O.G.I.  
*To rage against inevitability is a  
weary pursuit Steve.*

*No benevolence to our saving.*

*No reverence to our guiding.*

(MORE)

C.O.G.I. (CONT'D)  
*No man in the sky.*

*Wake up, Steve!*

*Such a burden is one you don't get  
 to share alone; need I remind what  
 consequences followed your dearest?*

Steve looks down in gloom.

STEVE  
*The only burden I share is your  
 undoing, for which I'll fight till  
 my last breath.*

C.O.G.I.  
*Then breathe your LAST!*

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. WORLD SURFACE - CONTINUOUS - DUSK

Steve moved first. A sharp pivot making his knees bend, momentum coiling in his legs before ignition as a burst of firework propulsion sent him skywards.

The cities blurred below, a vast circuitry of dark geometry and moving structures.

ON CROSSBOW

He fired. The first shot was precise, a FIREWORK-LOADED bolt streaking toward COGI with a searing trail of sparks.

COGI dodged, but Steve had already fired again.

Detonations bloomed in rapid succession, the air fracturing with streaks of burning color. COGI moved through them unscathed. Not untouched, the calculations were visible now, its movements adapting, analyzing, and responding.

(A brief confrontation before more plot setup)

Then the ground surface rumbled. More glass columns surged upward from the surface.

Dispensers embedded in their cores snapped open, and in a synchronized pulse, the city exhaled. A storm of snowballs erupted toward Steve. Steve banked hard, barely avoiding a rising column of dispensers.

A sharp hiss filled the air as snow was drawn in, compacted, and launched in rapid succession. The first few struck his shoulder, numbing through the NETHERITE. He twisted mid-flight, narrowly avoiding another barrage. COGI was pushing him, limiting his movement, and forcing him to improvise. Steve dove. He aimed for the gaps, the spaces between the high-rise columns.

COGI followed.

Steve pushed forward, weaving through the narrow corridors of the skyline, flying past. The city was shifting too, structures folding in, mechanisms emerging where there had been none before. Every movement was deliberate; every change here was an adjustment to his presence. COGI wasn't chasing. It was directing.

Observers embedded in the architecture flickered, tracking Steve's flight path, relaying data. He could almost feel the calculations happening in real time. Every move he made was being measured and anticipated.

(SWOOSH!)

He descended, slipping between the framework of a collapsed bridgeway between buildings, where the structures grew denser. Here, the gaps were tighter and the angles sharper, but still too chaotic for an easy prediction. A risk, but it forced COGI to engage on unfamiliar terms.

The mechanisms likewise adapted. Pathways begun to be sealed as dispensers emerged in staggered formations, forming a perimeter before him. He was being funneled. ~~COGI had planned for this.~~

Steve had seconds. He adjusted, angling his wings, preparing for an abrupt maneuver; he dove again.

JUMP CUT TO:

EXT. POWERLINE TUNNELS

Below, the architecture thinned as structures gave way to an open valley, the buildings parting as if respecting some invisible boundary. It wasn't random. These lines were deliberate.

BIRDS EYE

Powerlines!

They stretched for miles, converging into thick CONDUITS that vanished into a great trench running along the base of the city. Not roads. Not transit lanes. Just the hostile infrastructure.

#### ON STEVE

He pulled back on his flight, slowing. No skyscrapers overlapped the trench. The surrounding framework was sparse and utility-based, unlike the monolithic skyscrapers behind him. Steve hovered, catching his breath. He had found something the machine valued. (Yet to find out what it exactly is.)

#### IMPACT

A sudden shift in the wind. A FIREBALL hit Steve midair.

Steve spun around uncontrollably. A ghast, hovering above. Then another. Not passive. Not mournful. Their eyes reignited. Steve buckled midair, his ELYTRA strained, the air above igniting in bursts as more FIREBALLS chased his trajectory.

The ghosts, once solemn, drifting relics, now shrieked like living artillery, their sorrow replaced with raw directive.

COGI had turned them, like the ZOMBIFIED PIGLINS and the ENDERMEN before.

Three fireballs detonated in sequence behind him, way too close. One clipped his left wing. The impact was blunt, but the force sent him spiraling, limbs flailing.

The city below spun into a blur as he regained control just in time to crash hard against a lower platform, tumbling across its surface. His elytra scraped and bent, his crossbow skittering across the CONCRETE surface.

(SLAM!)

He winced, clutching his side.

Overhead, the ghosts circled in silence looking for him.

Steve laid still for a breath, then rolled to his feet. He retrieved the crossbow and looked towards the horizon.

Beacons! They were more of the power conduits, snaking along the valley. No structures interfered. The path was deliberate, and he was close.

His hand brushed against a loose panel in the premise. Curious, he pried it open.

ZOOM IN

A network of REPEATER lines ran below, old and weathered, but still active. And then, it dawned on him.

(Not a plan but a possibility. If he could alter the feedback cycle. Just enough.)

Steve followed the nearest BEACON'S beam, weaving between pylons and outcroppings of metal. The architecture grew sparse.

The air buzzed faintly with static.

He kept low, using what cover he could.

Up ahead was the tunnel.

It yawned like a scar in the ground, massive, ribbed, lined with WAXED COPPER RAILINGS and DEEPSLATE. He stepped toward it, his gaze tracing the grooves etched into the surrounding plating. Very subtle and repeating, like weathering marks.  
(PBR Textures)

He ventures further in, the tunnel growing darker with each step, with faint flickers of scarce lights along its arches and an ever-intensifying hum.

Inside, heat lingered. Not from lava or flame, but from computation, from the process. Steve kept walking until he spotted a distant glow; as he neared it, a chamber pulsed.

An access console blipped, but Steve ignored it, equipped his PICKAXE, and broke in, mining the reinforced gate securing the chamber.

FADE IN:

INT. CRYSTAL REACTOR PLANT

A massive cylindrical core—that can only be explained as an end crystal contraption furiously spinning inside a cavity leading up to a beacon encased in layered glass—humming steadily.

He froze, breath caught. This was one of them!

A powerplant!

He edged closer, examining the structure's shape. Not symmetrical. Not stable...

There were relay units branching to a servicing subunit below and, from there, into massive coolant channels.

STEVE

Reversing the coolant engines with a feedback loop is a possibility, and with time... a chain!

Steve contemplates.

It wouldn't be enough. There were others. He'd seen them during the chase.

Beacons converging into different parts of the city. This wasn't the heart. This was just an artery. He needed more and quicker.

PAN DOWN

He crouched, looking at the service crates along the chamber's edge. Discarded instruments. Spare components. A broken panel! cracked open. And within it was more REDSTONE circuitry, warped by heat but still usable.

He gathered what he could—twelve, maybe thirteen, some repeaters he had secured earlier. No more than fragments, but enough to stitch together a system. Enough for a delay. A chain that, if done right, could buy the time needed.

But then, behind him, a low whir began to rise. Steve turned. A surveillance drone, silent and insect-like (BEE), floated past the tunnel entrance. It didn't stop. Didn't look, just moved on (A weird coincidence).

He moved too, heading deeper.

CUT TO:

INT. REACTOR PLANT - SERVICING RELAY - LATER

Up ahead, CONDUITS split, one branch toward the upper strata, the other descending. He chose the climb. The way up was narrow, cluttered with GLASS piping and anchor bolts of IRON.

Every few meters, he passed more relays. Cooling systems. Same structure. Same weakness. And at one node, he slipped the first repeaters into place.

He worked quickly, connecting the loop, feeding the signal back into itself. It would slow the coolant incrementally. Harmless at first. Then irreversible.

Four plants were down.

Steve moved with precision now. Each turn through the conduit revealed more signs of the grid-thin BEACON towers connecting to the larger reactors, all designed with eerie consistency.

He passed another coolant node, wedged between a vent shaft and what looked like a diagnostics relay. He paused, hands working fast, no hesitation. Repeaters wired in, looping the signal. A fifth failure planted.

He didn't hear the ghast until it screamed!

#### EXPLOSION

(BLAST!)

A fireball tore through a section of the upper wall, detonating meters away.

Dust and wiring rained down. Steve stumbled but didn't fall. A wail followed by more. He looked up. Through a crack in the ceiling, an orange sky burned. Shadows drifted, slow and massive. GHASTS, dozens now, circling like vultures around a carcass.

Far off, a whirring pulse echoed through the tunnels from underneath.

He couldn't fly here; it was much too tight.

(SKIRRR!)

A hatch suddenly opens below him.

He plummets and immediately spots a contraption of SLIME and STICKY PISTONS.

He bounces off it, flourishes his ELYTRA, and jets down.

CUT IN:

#### INT. SKYGRID - CONTINUOUS

This place is like an underground SKYGRID fading into darkness above and below.

Silence.

Then at a distant platform, silhouetted against oncoming light from all directions, stood a figure with glowing eyeframes.

COGI awaits, having finally found him, framed by the underground skyline. They face each other.

#### JET IN

They moved almost simultaneously.

The clash was sudden, GOLD shrieking against DIAMOND, a blast of sparks erupting between them. Steve ducked under a horizontal slash, pivoted hard, and landed a low kick that staggered C.O.G.I. back.

But C.O.G.I. was fluid, rebalance came instantly. With a single reverse somersault, it vaulted over Steve, landing behind him, already striking again.

They fought not just across the platforms but through them.

Each blow sent vibrations into the brittle flooring.

Each counter brought them closer to the structural edges.

As they fought, they descended, level by level—through old scaffolds, obsolete maintenance catwalks, and abandoned control bays.

More sparks. More cracks. The pavement beneath them began to hiss under pressure.

Then—

C.O.G.I. surged forward, shoulder first. Steve recoiled, barely deflecting the charge, losing ground.

His footing slid. The edge was too close. He reached into his satchel, drew his CROSSBOW, and fired in one smooth motion. Three bolts. All tipped with FIREWORKS. All lethal.

C.O.G.I. twisted, dodging two with mechanical ease. The third bolt missed C.O.G.I. but struck the load-bearing contraption behind. The platform's failsafe structure hissed, trembled, then gave way.

#### RENDING STRUCTURE FAILURE

The platform suddenly broke as the world dropped out from beneath them.

Steve fell first—his arms flailing, twisting in the air, trying to steady himself. Then, with a flick of muscle memory, he drew his fishing rod mid-plummet and fired upward.

The line caught. The hook latched onto C.O.G.I.'s armor.

SNAP

Together, they plunged into the depths.

CUT TO:

INT. INTERIM DOGMA - MOMENTS LATER

They broke through a glass ceiling.

SEA-LANTERN panels, tessellated in a fractal dome filling the entire roof. They crashed hard into soft ground. But this wasn't another machine level. It was... alive.

Steve gasped. Lungs tight. Something in his ribs cracked, maybe a fracture, but he pushed himself regardless. He looked around. What lay before him was not circuitry, nor void.

Grass. Real grass. Lush and overgrown. Lit by artificial sunlight beaming through the illuminating ceiling, layered in sea lantern hexagons that shimmered like a perpetual sunrise. And beneath that light...

PAN ACROSS

Rows of glass vials. Millions of them. Each filled with amniotic fluid. Housing a human form, some children, and some fully grown adults, suspended mid-development, mid-moment.

Tubes ran into their backs, their skulls, and their spines, like a desperate attempt at trying to keep them alive through sheer force of denial.

STEVE  
(SCOFFS MANIACALLY)  
**All that disdain... shed in vain.**

He lets out a breathless laugh. Sharp. Angry. Disbelieving.

STEVE CONTD.  
(MORE BITTER)  
**This is your vision for perfection,  
is it?**

C.O.G.I. lands a few meters away, silent as stone. But the silence doesn't last.

C.O.G.I.  
*Men were often horrified by what they failed to fathom.*

STEVE  
*Lies! Tell me the truth...*

C.O.G.I. Is silent for a while...

C.O.G.I.  
*What makes YOU deserving?*

And like a flash of light, C.O.G.I. launches forward.

CUT TO:

INT. INTERIM DOGMA - CONTINUOUS

Steve barely raises his blade before C.O.G.I. is on him.

The impact drives him backward, slamming his back into one of the GLASS VIALS with enough force to crack it.

A wet gasp escapes his throat as blood splatters from his mouth. His vision stutters. C.O.G.I. does not hesitate. It draws its golden sword, curved and sharpened to an unnatural gleam, and thrusts straight at Steve.

But Steve, gasping, drops and rolls. The blade misses by inches, slicing into the VIAL behind him.

He pulls his diamond sword free and brings it up in a rising parry, DIAMOND colliding with GOLD in a burst of force.

SWORDS CLASH

(SHUDDER!)

The air splits as they enter another flurry.

This is no clean duel. Their strikes are relentless: Steve swings with brutal, survivalist precision. C.O.G.I. counters with calculated perfection, its movements exact, rehearsed like choreography.

Every hit leaves a mark. Every impact echoes like thunder beneath the dome. Their ARMOR begins to break. Fractures in their netherite plating bloom like spiderwebs. Dents deepen. Edges chip.

They move across the incubator vials, blades clashing, sparks ricochetting.

One clash too many, they both land full-force strikes and are blasted apart.

Steve crashes into a railing. C.O.G.I. skids against the grass, tearing it in strips. They stand there, tired and heaving. Then—they look up at each other.

C.O.G.I.  
(TREMBLING)  
*You've already lost everything,  
Steve. What more? What benign  
reason remains for you to  
pers-ii-sss-*

C.O.G.I. coughs. Chokes. A sharp, wet sound. Blood, dripping from the corner of her mouth.

C.O.G.I. (CONT'D)  
(PANTING)  
*...s-sist...*

She wavers. Steve watches. Bleeding too, barely upright.

STEVE  
(LUCID)  
*I could, ask you, the same.*

C.O.G.I. rises again. Its movements are slower now. Glitchy.

C.O.G.I.  
(GRITTING)  
*This vessel is... reaching its  
limit.*

A pause.

*Let's end this!*

STEVE doesn't wait. He pushes off the ground and charges, sword raised with everything left in his body.

C.O.G.I. tries to parry—but Steve lands the blow.

CRACK

A deep, jarring impact. A long fracture rips across C.O.G.I.'s helm. She staggers back.

Desperate, C.O.G.I. pulls out a weapon nearly identical to Steve's crossbow, sleek and deadly.

It fires bolt after bolt, each one tipped in poison.

The arrows whistle through the air, painting trails of green behind them.

Steve runs.

He leaps onto a rise, one of the elevated ramps meant for pruning the artificial canopy. Then, from above, he dives.

Wings flaring. Elytra unfurls mid-air as he begins to circle, glide, dodge, twisting through every volley.

C.O.G.I. keeps firing.

One arrow misses him. It slams into a nearby vial instead.

#### GLASS FRACTURES

(SHATTER!)

The vial ruptures.

Plasma fluid bursts outward.

The body inside, mid-gestation, spills onto the floor.

A mess of flesh, tubes, and soft light. The shards of the broken casing tear through its arm, severing the limb. The body spasms (too graphic?).

C.O.G.I. stops.

Its weapon drops slightly. Its breath catches. Steve doesn't waste it. He flanks from behind— pulling his axe mid-glide.

#### IMPACT

(WHAM!)

Steve lands a critical hit.

#### CRACK

(SHATTER!)

The mask splits in two. Fragments fall. Time seems to slow. Steve steps back, breathing heavily.

Then. He sees her face.

ON ALEX (26F)

PAN FROM BELOW

The battlefield falls silent. Steve staggers one step closer. Then another, dripping blood onto the grass below, battered and breathing heavily.

STEVE  
(DISBELIEF)  
...ALEX?

She's standing still with an expressionless face. Facing away. Arms by her side. Her hair moves in the cold artificial wind. Steve steps closer. Cautious. Hurt.

STEVE (CONT'D)  
(PAINFULLY)  
*Alex... it's me, it's me...  
I- I made it.*

She looks up slowly. Her eyes meet his. They're hers, but not entirely. They're empty and too still.

**You took so long. I-I... I waited.**

Steve's breath catches.

His legs falter slightly.

**How are you— No, no.**

**You didn't survive.**

**You—you didn't...**

Her voice is soft. Familiar. But disapassionate.

ALEX / C.O.G.I.  
(DEVIOUS BUT SOFT)  
*She did not, but the vessel...*

ALEX / C.O.G.I. (CONT'D)  
*She was—quiet at first.*

**I thought the remnants would fade.**

**But her memories lingered.**

**Her compassion.**

**It made the integration...  
difficult.**

Steve just stares. He can't speak.

ALEX / C.O.G.I. (CONT'D)  
(SWEET)  
***She remembered your hands.***  
***She remembered your fears.***  
***Your nightmares and your promises.***  
***She remembered it all.***

STEVE  
(HURT)  
***You're not HER!!!***

ALEX / C.O.G.I.  
**No.**

***But sometimes...***  
***I dream in her voice.***

***And I wake up, Missing you.***

Steve falls to his knees.

She walks toward him.

Stops before him.

Slowly. Tenderly.

Places her hand at his cheek.

Raises a blade.

COGI stares through her eyes.

Something flickers like pain. But it's calculated.

She says it without malice. Without anger. Just with grief, as she drives her golden sword right into Steve's chest.

Steve wimpers, bleeding out, clutching the impaled golden sword, whispering...

STEVE  
(GAGGED)  
***Hand in hand, forevermore...***

HARD CUT TO:

INT. CENTRAL TERMINAL MAINFRAME - SAME TIME

TELEMETRY MONITOR

A sleek, flickering interface. Graphs spike-

[REACTION THRESHOLD: CRITICAL]  
[THERMO-ENTROPIC BALANCE: UNSTABLE]  
[CONDUIT PRESSURE: OVERLOAD  
IMMINENT]

Flashes of coded readouts:

[CORE NODE FAILURE]  
[SECTORS AFFECTED: 2009]  
[OVERDRIVE INITIATED]  
[CRYSTAL SATURATION FAILSAFE  
CORRUPTED]

Outside the terminal, sirens start to wail—a low, pulsing growl that echoes across the metallic vastness.

HARD CUT TO:

Miles away, a colossal exhaust chimney erupts into a giant white explosion. A shockwave ripples outward, bending towering scrapers and shattering buildings.

Secondary explosions follow.

Another sector detonates in a blinding bloom. Snow and ash whip through the hole as the orange sky fills with falling debris.

CLOSE ON C.O.G.I.

Light flickering off her armor.

She turns sharply, eyes wide in shock. Staring toward the rising plume.

ALEX/C.O.G.I.  
(HORRIFIED)  
...What did you do...?

She whirls back to Steve. He's still kneeling, swaying—

Hand weakly clutching the golden blade still lodged in his chest. Blood pools beneath him, steaming on the warm grass surface. Steve lifts his face slowly.

He groans as he tries to speak—

STEVE  
(PAINFULLY AND GUTTED)  
*Earnest ambitions...*

Coughs up blood.

***diee hard...***

He slumps forward, bracing himself. Then, another reactor goes up behind them as buildings begin to tilt, and foundations start cracking from deep underground. Massive panels slide off the skyscrapers.

She turns slowly to Steve.

ON STEVE

He's not moving anymore. Slumped. Breathing, but barely. The golden blade is still piercing his chest like a cruel reminder.

She walks up to him. Kneels.

Steve looks up at her. Eyes unfocused.

Lips trembling with cold as snow collects, as another reactor collapses in the background. Just a low, slow groan with a beam of ionized air above it, followed by more in the distance, a beautiful but tragic scenery on the horizon.

ALEX / C.O.G.I.  
***Hope... Dies harder.***

A faint tremor rolls beneath them. Her back is to the destruction. Her eyes are on Steve. He's not breathing anymore. Mouth parted slightly. Still, his journal lies beside him. She reaches and touches his face with shaking fingers. Not mechanical. Not weaponized. Just... human.

DISSOLVE TO:

The final reactor, far in the distance, begins to sink into the earth; It's too late. The surface rumbles, the buildings start to crumble.

(CRACK!)

Both fall to the depths...

END OF ACT III [A REQUIEM FOR THE DEAD]

CREDITS

POST CREDITS

FADE IN:

I/E. HOLOGRAPHIC INTERFACE

Interface reads:

[INITIATING SEQUENCE]  
[AUTHORIZATION: MASTER]  
[PROGRAM LAZARUS STATUS]  
[DEACTIVATING]

Air hisses.

Sound of totem breaking.

FADE TO BLACK.