

FINAL DRAFT

COSMOS : THE PROLOGUE

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**ARIDORIA** IS A PLANET CHARACTERIZED BY ITS STARK CONTRAST BETWEEN TWO DISTINCT HEMISPHERES.

ON ONE SIDE LIES **EXSICA**, A HARSH DESERT LANDSCAPE WHERE WATER IS SCARCE AND LIFE IS DIFFICULT.

ON THE OTHER, **LUXORA** FLOURISHES WITH LUSH GREENERY, PONDS, AND LAKES.

DESPITE THE PRESENCE OF THESE WATER BODIES, THE MAIN SOURCE OF WATER FOR THE PLANET IS ITS EQUATORIAL RIVER, **THE EONIVA**.

**THE EONIVA** A GRAND EQUATORIAL RIVER THAT SPANS 18 KILOMETERS IN WIDTH. EONIVA SERVES AS THE CENTRAL AXIS OF THE PLANET, DEFINING THE SEPARATION BETWEEN THE ARID DESERT AND THE FERTILE GREEN LANDS. ACTUALLY NOT JUST GEOLOGICALLY BUT IT SEPARATES THE PLANET AND ITS PEOPLE IN OTHER WAYS.

THE NAME EONIVA BLENDS "**EON**" (SUGGESTING ETERNITY) WITH A HINT OF LIFE, SYMBOLIZING THE RIVER'S TIMELESS ROLE AS A VITAL BOUNDARY AND LIFE-GIVING FORCE.

THE PLANET EXPERIENCES RAINFALL ONLY ONCE EVERY THREE YEARS, CREATING A RARE AND SPECTACULAR PHENOMENON WHERE RAINBOWS APPEAR ON THE GROUND DUE TO THE UNIQUE ATMOSPHERIC CONDITIONS.

THIS INFREQUENT RAINFALL ADDS TO THE PLANET'S MYSTIQUE AND EMPHASIZES THE RIVER'S CRUCIAL ROLE IN SUSTAINING LIFE AND MARKING THE BOUNDARY BETWEEN TWO CONTRASTING WORLDS.

Far from humanity lies Aridoria, divided by a massive river EONIVA.

To the north, LUXORA—lush, prosperous, untouched by suffering.

To the south, EXSICA—a barren wasteland, where the enslaved struggle to survive.

The river, once a lifeline, now flows with the tears of the Exsicans.

In dark caves, they carve their visions into stone, believing these sacred murals EONIVA will one day awaken and offer salvation.

TITLE ON SCREEN: LONG AGO, EXSICA REGION, ARIDORIA

1

INT. ARIDORIAN CAVE - NIGHT

1

In the pitch-black cave, the only sounds are the echoes of the man's hurried breaths and the distant drip of water. The darkness is complete, wrapping the cavern in a suffocating silence. Suddenly, a flickering fire torch appears, illuminating the cave's rough walls with a faint, trembling light.

As the man stumbles deeper into the cave, the dim firelight reveals ancient murals etched into the walls, their surfaces worn by time. The images, intricate and cryptic, stretch across the cave's expanse, their purpose and meaning shrouded in mystery.

The faint light makes the symbols seem to shift and move, as though alive in the flickering shadows, observing the man as he passes. The man doesn't pause to study them but moves past, his bloodied hands brushing against the stone as he advances deeper into the cavern.

As the man walks along the walkway, his eyes reveal a deep-seated fear—the fear of dying before he can pass on the message of the visions he had for the future. The intensity of his gaze reflects his urgency and desperation.

His breaths are heavy and rapid, his chest rising and falling in quick succession. Visible injuries on his body, blood oozing from wounds that speak to the struggle he has endured. He moves quickly, propelled by a mix of fear and determination as he pushes deeper into the cave, driven by the need to complete his urgent task.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The man, injured and drenched in sweat and blood, urgently carries the torch. His body tells the story of his people—a mixture of exhaustion from slavery (sweat) and rage-fueled revolt (blood).

In a close-up, a single drop of sweat rolls down his skin, slow and deliberate. It travels along the curve of his arm before meeting a drop of blood, the two liquids mixing together. As they blend, the bright redness of the blood begins to fade, as though the fear is diluting the people's rage and that might push them back on the chains. The man, however, clenches his fists and continues carving into the stone, as if to resist this dilution of hope.

As he approaches a section of the rough cave wall, the man halts, his breath heavy with urgency. The surface before him is uneven and textured, marked by the passage of time. He studies it closely, sensing its potential as a canvas for his urgent message.

As he is walking along the walkway he finds a even and flat wall where no mural is carved yet. He looks at it and then looks up pointing his head towards the heavens.

CAVEMAN

(Sighs in relief)

Ua Vajtswv tsaug uas tau saib  
xyuas kuv.

(translated as "Thank  
you God for taking  
care of me.")

Pronounced as -యుఎ

వాజ్జీస్వ్వ త్సౌగ్ యుఎఎస్ టౌ సైబ్

క్యుయాస్ కువ్.)

After a brief pause, he puts the fire torch on the ground, illuminating the wall with a flickering glow. He then takes out a chisel from his pocket and begins carving new mural into the stone. His hands, bloodied and trembling, add fresh symbols alongside the ancient ones already etched into the cave walls.

The rhythmic sound of the chisel striking the stone echoes through the cavern, each stroke sending sparks flying, briefly illuminating the surrounding darkness. The new etchings contrast sharply with the old, capturing his urgency and desperation.

(CONTINUED)

The man starts chanting in an unknown language, urging himself and his people not to surrender to fear. To combat his rising dread, the man starts chanting in an unknown language, urging himself and his people not to surrender to fear. The rhythmic sound of his voice mixes with the echoes of the cave.

CAVEMAN

(chants in a low voice, these chants will be going in the background along the action)

Tus Tswv uas muaj hwjchim loj kawg  
nkaus, hauv qhov tsaus ntuj no,  
kuv thov Vajtswv, thov koj tiv  
thaiv kuv ntawm kev ntshai.  
Thov muab lub zog rau kuv lub  
sijhawm no.

Thaum kuv muab kuv lub zeem muag  
tso rau hauv lub pob zeb, tuav kuv  
txhais tes, cia lub zog sawv, Thov  
cawm peb dim ntawm qhov tsaus  
ntuj, Thov mloog kuv hu.

(translated as-  
Almighty God, in  
this darkness, I  
pray, protect me  
from fear. Please  
give me strength  
this time. When I put  
my vision in the  
stone, hold my hand,  
let the power rise,  
Please save us from  
the darkness, Please  
listen to my call.)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CAVEMAN (CONT'D)

(Pronounced as -టన్ టీ. ఖ  
స్థబల్యూవీ యుఎఎస్ ముయాజ్  
హ్వాజ్చిమ్ లోజ్ కల్ న్కాన్, న్యోబ్  
హౌవ్ ఖోవ్ త్సన్ స్తుజ్ నో, కువ్  
థోవ్ వాజ్జ్స్వ, టివ్ తైవ్ కువ్ స్టమ్  
కెవ్ నై. థోవ్ ముఅబ్ లబ్ జోగ్ రౌ  
కువ్ లబ్ సిజ్వుం నో. థౌమ్ కువ్  
ముఅబ్ కువ్ లబ్ జీమ్ ముయాగ్  
తోస్ రౌ హౌవ్ లబ్ పోబ్ జెబ్, టువా  
కువ్ టీఎక్స్వైన్ టెన్, నీ లబ్  
హెచ్చబల్యూజే చిమ్ సవ్వ, థోవ్ నీ  
ఎం పెబ్ డిమ్ స్టమ్ ఖోవ్ త్సన్  
స్తుజ్, థోవ్ మూగ్ కువ్ హు.)

As the fire torch's light begins to fade, the cave's shadows grow longer and more ominous. Despite the encroaching darkness and the dwindling light, the man continues to carve with frantic energy. The only visible illumination comes from the sporadic, scintillating sparks that dance around the cave, highlighting the man's desperate effort to complete his task before the darkness—or his pursuers—consumes him.

As the man continues his desperate carving, a particularly bright spark leaps from his chisel and skitters along the dark wall of the cave. The spark's light traces a fleeting path across the stone, creating a shimmering line of illumination in the encroaching darkness.

As the spark moves  
(Moving from Left to  
Right of the screen)

MATCH CUT TO:

2

EXT. MOUNTAIN CLIFF - NIGHT - EARTH

2

A Comet moving the sky.  
(Moving from Left to  
Right of the screen)

TITLE ON SCREEN: PRESENT, SOMEWHERE ON EARTH

The car cruises along the winding mountain road, headlights cutting through the darkness. The sky is clear, stars twinkling above.

(CONTINUED)

3

INT. WILLIAM CAR - NIGHT - EARTH

3

JOHN, 22, leans out of the window, staring into the vastness, looking lost in thought. WILLIAM, focused on driving, glances at him occasionally.

WILLIAM  
(Playful, trying to  
break the silence)  
Hey John! What are you doing out  
there?

JOHN  
(Without looking away  
from the sky)  
Looking at the stars... wondering  
how peaceful it would be to  
just... disappear into them. No  
more worries.

WILLIAM  
(Chuckling)  
Disappear? What, you wanna be an  
astronaut now!

JOHN  
(Shakes his head,  
voice tinged with  
sadness)  
Nah... I just want to escape  
everything. All of it.

WILLIAM  
(Puzzled)  
Everything?

JOHN  
(Sighs, pulling back  
inside the car)  
Yeah... everything. Job's gone, my  
relationship's a wreck... and now  
I can't even win a simple drone  
race.  
(Glances at the  
broken drone on the  
backseat)

Glancing briefly at john while he was looking at the  
drone and then turns towards the drone

(CONTINUED)

WILLIAM

(In a cheering up  
tone)

Come on, man, that's just life.  
It's not always about winning.  
Losing's part of the game, too.

JOHN

Yeah? Then why does it feel like  
I'm stuck always on the losing  
side?

WILLIAM

(Looking serious for  
a moment)

Look, failing doesn't mean you're  
a failure. You know that, right?  
It just means you're trying.

(Playfully)

But if you really want to  
escape... you could always...  
y'know, kill yourself.

John looks at William in a little shock

WILLIAM

(In an apologetic  
tone)

I'm kidding! Relax.

JOHN

(Sighs, shaking his  
head)

I can't even do that, Will. I'm  
stuck. Chained down by all this...  
all these emotions. Feels like I'm  
trapped in a love prison, that I  
can't escape from.

WILLIAM

(Softly, seeing the  
pain and tears in  
John's eyes)

You're not trapped, man. You just  
need to get through this. It's a  
rough patch.

JOHN

(Laughs weakly,  
glancing out the  
window)

A rough patch?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



JOHN (CONT'D)

My life's been one long rough  
patch. Ever since my dad died...  
it's like nothing makes sense  
anymore.

WILLIAM

(Regretful)

Man... I didn't mean to bring up  
all that. I'm sorry.

WILLIAM

(After a pause,  
glancing at John)

Do you ever wonder if there's more  
to all this? Like... a reason why  
things happen the way they do?  
Something like GOD, destiny...

JOHN

(Looking out the  
window, voice heavy  
with  
disillusionment)

GOD? Hahahah okay.

WILLIAM

What is so funny?

JOHN

(in a louder tone)

GOD.

WILLIAM

What do you mean!!

JOHN

If gods created us, why make us  
suffer so much? And if humans  
created gods, isn't it just a  
reflection of our own flaws?  
How can something born from our  
imperfections(humans) be  
perfect(GOD)?

If this is the case then what and  
who is GOD? I was never able to  
figure it out.!

WILLIAM

(Looking at John,  
thoughtfully)

Maybe it's not about having  
everything figured out.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

Maybe it's about finding hope in the struggle.

JOHN

HOPE? Thats dead looonnnnggg back.

My dad... you know he died in an accident, right?

William nods his head quietly acknowledging to John's question

JOHN

Some say that he hit the divider on purpose. Others say it was an accident. Either way, he's gone. And my mom... she never talks about it.

WILLIAM

(Genuinely curious tone)

Why?

JOHN

(Shrugs, emotion creeping into his voice)

I don't really get it. She just... shuts down after he passed. It's like she can't handle me taking any risks. It's suffocating, you know?

She checks my phone and you know freaks out if I even think about driving too fast.

WILLIAM

(Surprised)

Really?

JOHN

Yeah! she always worries if I'm out too late, like I might disappear too from her life like my father.

WILLIAM

(Continuing in surprise)

I didn't know she was like that.

(CONTINUED)

JOHN

(Nods)

Yeah. That's why I got into drone racing.

WILLIAM

(Looking at John's  
drone in the  
backseat)

So, it's your escape?

JOHN

(Quietly, voice dull)

Yeah... but even that's gone now.

4

EXT. MOUNTAIN CLIFF - CONTINUOUS

4

William pulls the car to a stop and parks it along the edge of the cliff. John steps out first, the door creaking softly in the stillness. William lowers the window and switches on the radio, letting the music fill the air before he climbs out as well.

He pulls out his phone—time, battery level, and a glaring "No Signal" displayed on the screen. Only emergency calls are possible.

Meanwhile, John walks slowly toward the cliff, his gaze fixed on the dark, sprawling sky above.

JOHN

I never wanted to die like my father Will.

WILLIAM

Leave it right.

JOHN

If death comes naturally to me, I will take it. But I can't kill myself. I don't want people calling me a coward.

Radio starts announcing about a breaking news.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RADIO NEWSREADER  
(noisy channel,  
BREAKING NEWS-in  
background)

An earthquake is being reported in  
California ,NEIC-National  
Earthquake Information Centre has  
confirmed that the magnitude is  
7.5 on a rector scale

William walked toward the car, leaving John standing near  
the edge of the cliff. As he approached the volume  
buttons from the opened window, he cranked up the volume  
of the car stereo.

RADIO NEWSREADER  
(News Continued)  
The quake struck at a depth of 145  
km (90 miles), NEIC added.  
The US Geological Survey said the  
epicenter of the earthquake was  
about 62 km southwest of San  
Francisco.  
There were no immediate reports of  
casualties or damage.

WILLIAM and JOHN looks at each other and continues to  
listen.

The ground starts trembling under their feet. Both of  
them notices it.

John looks towards the sky thinking

JOHN  
GOD! If you ever exists please  
take me.

A deafening thunder rumbled through the thick dark clouds  
in the sky, shaking the air. In an instant, a blinding  
lightning bolt struck the ground just meters from where  
John stood. The force of the strike ignited a roaring  
fire, which began to rapidly spread. The ground beneath  
him trembled violently, and before he could react, John  
lost his footing. He was hurled down into a valley,  
crashing through thick, tangled bushes as he slides down  
and lands on a tree grown on the surface of the slope.

WILLIAM  
(Shouts explosively)  
JOHNNNNNNNNNN.....!!!!

(CONTINUED)

William runs towards the cliff and looks down into the valley. And sees fire spreading rapidly.

John keeps tumbling down, frantically pushing away branches and rocks that threaten to injure him. After what feels like endless sliding, he crashes onto a tree trunk that grew along the slope. The impact jolts him forward, sending him into the mouth of a strange, pitch-black cave. Inside, the darkness is so complete, he can't see a thing.

William runs towards the car and pulls out his phone to call the emergency services.

5

EXT. CAVE - MOMENTS LATER

5

John hears a steady heartbeat, his own breath quickening in the stillness. The faint crackle of a distant fire mixes with the shifting sound of sand. He can barely open his eyes.

6

EXT. MOUNTAIN CLIFF - CONTINUOUS

6

William picks up a torch light from the boot of the car. he moves towards the cliff and points it towards the valley.

WILLIAM  
(in tears and  
stumbling voice)  
John.....!

7

EXT. CAVE - CONTINUOUS

7

John slowly gets to his feet, wincing from the fall. His eyes dart to the tree trunk leading into the cave. Carefully, he steps onto it, balancing himself as he walks along the narrow, rough surface. Each step is cautious, his footfalls barely audible against the crackle of distant fire.

Reaching the mouth of the cave, he hesitates for a moment before stepping inside. He frantically searches his pockets, the rustle of his clothes echoing in the cave. Finding his phone, he checks it: time, battery level, and a glaring 'No Signal'. He presses on, his flashlight sweeping the space ahead.

After a few steps, something reflects in the distance glowing like animal eyes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

7

He freezes. Grabbing a stone, he tosses it toward the reflection. The sound of metal clings through the cave. Confused, he picks up another stone and throws it again another metallic echo. It's not an animal.

Hesitantly, John inches forward, hand trembling as he reaches out to touch the cold, metallic surface before him.

As John's fingers brush against the cold, metallic surface, a soft hiss breaks the silence. The surface shifts under his touch, and suddenly, a door swings open with a quiet mechanical whir. A blinding light floods out, illuminating the cave.

In the glow, John stands frozen, eyes widening in disbelief. The light reveals the shape of a large, strange probe—its sleek, otherworldly design gleaming in the darkness. The reflective surface he had seen was part of this mysterious machine, now fully exposed in the pale light.

8

EXT. MOUNTAIN CLIFF - MOMENTS LATER

8

William puts the torch on the car bonnet and takes his phone out and calls 911

WILLIAM

Hello 911!

9

INT. CAVE - MOMENTS LATER

9

John steps cautiously into the probe, his eyes adjusting to the dim, pulsating light of the interior. The walls hum with an unsettling energy, and amidst the high-tech clutter, he spots a sleek wristband lying on a console. Intrigued, he reaches out and picks it up.

In an instant, the wristband clamps onto his wrist with a sudden, tight grip. A sharp, cold shock surges through him as the band cinches firmly, sending waves of panic through his body. He frantically tries to pull it off, but the more he struggles, the tighter it grips.

Electric pulses shoot through his arm, causing his muscles to twitch uncontrollably. His veins momentarily glow beneath his skin, as if lit by an internal fire.

(CONTINUED)

JOHN  
(muttered through  
gritting teeth in a  
trembling voice)  
What the hell is this?

Desperation mounts as he sees the wristband's interface spring to life. A holographic display projects into the air, casting a flickering light across the probe's interior. The symbols and text that flash across the HUD are indecipherable, heightening his fear. John's breath comes in ragged gasps as the realization of his predicament sets in—he is trapped, and the probe conceals mysteries he cannot yet comprehend.

John's heart races as the holographic HUD begins a methodical scan, a soft, pulsing light sweeping across him. A series of symbols and codes flash briefly before settling into a steady glow. The HUD's scanning process seems interminable, and John's anxiety escalates with each passing second.

Finally, the scan completes, and a result appears on the HUD in a language completely foreign to John. His confusion deepens as he struggles to make sense of the symbols.

Just then, a voice, smooth and mechanical, begins to speak in a language he doesn't understand. The sound is soothing yet disconcerting.

AI  
(in a gibberish  
language-Hmong)  
Zoo siab txais tos rov qab,  
vajtswv, nws tau ntev npaum li  
cas. Peb nyob rau hauv koj txoj  
kev tswj

The voice gradually fades as the HUD shifts, and a holographic welcome video begins to play.

The video is filled with enigmatic visuals and cryptic messages, accompanied by the same alien language.

John watches in stunned silence, his mind racing as the full implications of what he's seeing start to sink in.

John's panic reaches a peak. He screams in frustration and violently waggles his wrist, desperately trying to get the wristband off. His hand accidentally touches a control panel, causing the AI to momentarily falter.

(CONTINUED)

JOHN

What the hell kind of language is this?

The HUD flickers, and the AI's voice shifts, now speaking with a refined, old-fashioned English accent from the late 1800s to early 1900s.

AI

Detecting English. Would you prefer to converse in this primitive language?

John stares, bewildered, at the holographic display as the AI's voice waits for his response.

AI

Please confirm me whether you prefer to converse in this language?

JOHN

(in a scary and impatient voice)

YES.

AI

Hello , Sir? I am pleased to serve you ! My name is 'AVN.5820.ISAPoB' you can rename me if you like to! I see you are carrying a computing devices, Meanwhile can I connect to it?

JOHN

(John while trying to get rid of the band, hastily says)

Do what the fuck you want! And don't bother me for a minute.

John shuts his eyes tightly, overwhelmed by the situation. As he does, random holographic images flood his mind—satellite connections, sprawling network diagrams, and data streams downloading for user adaptability. The images are vivid and chaotic, reflecting the complexity of the technology surrounding him. As the AI gather the data from all over the world by connecting through internet.

Suddenly, the entire system responds to his actions. Lights flicker, and the holographic displays waver as the probe's systems begin to reboot.

(CONTINUED)



The holographic display shifts to a welcome video as the system reboots, and the AI's voice changes to a casual American accent.

AVN.5820.ISAPOB

It took me a while to reboot  
because you're carrying a  
primitive electronic device!

John's frustration turns to a grim realization that removing the wristband is going to be more complicated than he thought. He takes a deep breath, trying to stay calm.

JOHN

Hey, you! Where are we?

AVN.5820.ISAPOB

We are at an elevation of 3000  
feet above sea level of Aquatera-X  
Locally knows as EARTH!

JOHN

Aqua..Ter...what? Whatever.

John looks moves towards the glass window and looks around the cave.

JOHN

Can you help me get out of this  
place?

AVN.5820.ISAPOB

Are you sure?

JOHN

Yes, for sure.

AVN.5820.ISAPOB

Please proceed to the main cabin  
and confirm your request there.

John makes his way to the main cockpit, his movements cautious but determined. He sits in the pilot's chair, which feels oddly comfortable despite the circumstances. As he settles in, he initiates the start engine sequence.

The holographic HUD in front of him flickers to life, displaying a series of technical readouts, fuel status and status updates. The main engine system runs through its startup sequence, lights and indicators pulsing in a rhythmic pattern.

(CONTINUED)

Suddenly, a seatbelt wraps around John, securing him firmly in place. The harness tightens, making him immovable and adding a new layer of urgency to the situation. John struggles briefly, but the restraints hold him fast as the engines continue their complex preparations. The HUD and the controls disappear suddenly.

AVN.5820.ISAPOB

There is go for main engine start.

JOHN

(Confused)

Wait! What's Happening?

AVN.5820.ISAPOB

THROTTLE CHECKED

JOHN

Wait!Wait!

AVN.5820.ISAPOB

3...2....1...GO

With a sudden, powerful thrust, the probe launches into space. The force pushes John back into the seat, the cockpit filled with the roar of engines and the sensation of rapid acceleration.

As the probe accelerates rapidly into space, the intense force continues to push John back into his seat. The g-forces become overwhelming, pressing against him with relentless pressure. His vision starts to blur as the cockpit's interior spins in a dizzying whirl.

The rapid ascent and increasing velocity cause John's body to strain under the immense pressure. His heart races, and he struggles to focus as the cockpit view becomes a distorted streak of light and color.

The sensation of weightlessness intensifies, and he feels a growing heaviness in his head.

Despite his efforts to stay conscious, the force of acceleration becomes too much. John's vision fades to black, his body succumbing to the strain of the high-speed journey.

As the probe continues its flight into space, John loses consciousness, slumping into the secure embrace of the seatbelt.

(CONTINUED)

Meanwhile the vast expanse of space begins to unfold outside the cockpit, stars and distant galaxies shimmering in the void.

TITLE ON SCREEN: "COSMOS:THE PROLOGUE"

10

EXT. CAR - MOMENTS LATER

(Will Match cut to)

10

William shedding tears.

(Earth as his eye lid  
and probe as the  
droplet)

William wipes of the tears

as the camera moves away revealing the scene in a ARIEL  
shot

The emergency service cars approaches him.

As the time passes Emergency service employees deploys  
drones for searching everything. The drones flew through  
in the fire.

A emergency employee approaches Willy.

EMERGENCY EMPLOYEE

(in a helpless tone)

We are sorry, we tried our best to  
find him, but we think he must be  
in the intense fire. I think he  
must be dead.

WILLIAM

(with eyes filled  
with tears)

Hmm...! Where have you gone john!!

The Employee pats William and solaces him.

WILLIAM

(whimpers in sorrow)  
Where have you gone?

FADE TO BLACK.

11 INT. DARK ROOM - NIGHTMARE

11

John stands before his father's desk, illuminated by a blinding light that hides everything but his father's hand, gripping a pen. The room around them feels vast and endless, but silent.

John moves closer, desperate to see what his father is writing. His fingers reach out toward the diary, but just as he touches it. Suddenly, the ground beneath him crumbles away, and he's surrounded by a sea of people, their faces twisted in desperation.

CROWD VOICE

Help us! Get us out!

Their voices overlapping, pounding against his ears.

A monstrous sandstorm swirls up from the ground, whipping around them, the sand cutting into his skin like needles. The air is thick, suffocating.

Through the storm, John sees the desk reappear, his father's figure still hidden by the light. He rushes toward it, trying to block out the screams, the wind. He grabs the diary, but as soon as his fingers touch the cover, the book catches fire, burning in place, endlessly, without turning to ash. The flames lick at the edges, but the paper never crumbles, it just burns and burns, the crackle of fire blending with the howling storm. The cries of the crowd grow louder, more frantic, as John stands frozen, the flames reflecting in his wide eyes, the pages never consumed.

CUT TO: REALITY

12 INT. PROBE - MOMENTS LATER

12

John's eyes snap open, his chest heaving as he gasps for air, the remnants of the chaotic nightmare still swirling in his mind. His breath slows, and the haze of confusion begins to lift. John slowly settles down and realizes that his seatbelts are now free-able. He unbuckles himself, looks outside the window while sitting in the chair slowly he walks towards the window and puts his hand on the window looking into the vast cosmos.

JOHN

How far are we from the place we started?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

5820.ISAPOB

We are 800 galactical units away  
from the launch spot.

JOHN

Can we go back to the launch spot?

AVN.5820.ISAPOB

The fuel is not sufficient for us  
to go back to Earth. And  
unfortunately i don't find any  
fuel resources near in by galactic  
spaces.

JOHN

Do we need fuel? Isn't the back  
thrust force enough for moving the  
probe in the backward direction  
and use the momentum gained for  
the rest of the travel as we don't  
have a retarding friction.

AVN.5820.ISAPOB

Yes thats possible, but it would  
take a lot of time for us to go  
back to earth, and unfortunately  
we don't have enough resources for  
you to survive till then.

JOHN

Hmm.. That means there is no way  
that I can go back to earth alive.

AVN.5820.ISAPOB

Unfortunately yes we don't have.

JOHN

Then why didn't you tell me that  
we are running in low fuel and we  
don't have any resources.

AVN.5820.ISAPOB

Didn't I ?

12.A FLASHBACK:

12.A

John looks up as everything flashes back, where john  
hastily tries to check and accept all the readouts and  
Status warnings.

PRESENT:

13

INT. PROBE - CONTINUOUS

13

JOHN  
(in a very pleasing  
voice)  
Aaa.... Yeah it is something that  
we call on earth as Human Error.

AVN.5820.ISAPOB  
Oo Okay! Human error.

JOHN  
Okay lets discuss it later.

AVN.5820.ISAPOB  
Sure.

JOHN  
By the way whats your name?

AVN.5820.ISAPOB  
I am AVN.5820.ISAPoB. AVN means  
ARIDORIAN Vessel Network.  
We all belong to the ARIDORIAN  
Vessel Network. We are called  
MEURONS.

JOHN  
Morons?

AVN.5820.ISAPOB  
MEURONS

JOHN  
Okay but morons suits you.!

AVN.5820.ISAPOB  
.....!

JOHN  
Okay continue

AVN.5820.ISAPOB  
Our Network runs under the  
protocol of I.S.A.P.O.B which  
means  
I stands for Intelligent System  
Analysis: Processes and interprets  
data from ship systems for  
informed decision-making.

John looks confused looks at the Dash board and thinks

(CONTINUED)

AVN.5820.ISAPOB  
S for Safety Protocols: Monitors  
systems, initiates safety  
measures, and manages emergencies.

JOHN  
What the hell is this?

AVN.5820.ISAPOB  
(Continues telling  
about the core  
functions of AVN)  
A for Autonomous Navigation:  
Controls navigation systems, plots  
courses, and avoids obstacles  
independently.

P for Predictive Operations: Uses  
analytics to forecast issues and  
optimize performance.

O for Operational Control: Manages  
propulsion, environmental systems,  
and overall ship operations.

B for Behavioral Adaptation:  
Learns from experiences and adapts  
to new conditions.

John looking at his finger nails and putting his palm on  
his cheeks,

JOHN  
Are you finished?

AVN.5820.ISAPOB  
Yes but there is my batch number  
5820 and the significance of it  
is..

JOHN  
Enough Enough! I understood you  
are from Arthur Whistle Network.

AVN.5820.ISAPOB  
Its Aridorian Vessel Network.

JOHN  
Usshhhh! Yes.

AVN.5820.ISAPOB  
You can always rename me if you  
want.

(CONTINUED)

JOHN

Aha! Thanks for the provision  
milord.

AVN.5820.ISAPOB

We are not milords, we are just  
vessels.

JOHN

Aah!? Okay show me your name on my  
HUD.

"AVN.5820.ISAPoB" appears on the HUD

JOHN

(reads the text  
character by  
character slowly)

A V N . 5 8 2 0 . I S A P o B  
.....Hmmm

After observing the name very keenly

JOHN

Let us name us as AV-IS. AVIS

AVN.5820.ISAPOB

Please reconfirm the new name.

JOHN

Its AVIS.

The AI system undergoes a quick reboot and slow the  
screen glows up

AVIS

Hello sir, AVIS is here to serve  
you.

JOHN

Sir..? I gave you a name so now,  
you give me a name.

John walks towards a window to look out into the vast  
beauty of the cosmos.

AVIS

..... I will call you "THE CHIEF"

JOHN

"CHIEF".... Sounds great.

John reaches the window

(CONTINUED)



AVIS  
Thank you chief.

John puts his hand on the window.

JOHN  
AVIS! Don't we have any chance to  
go back to earth.

AVIS  
Unfortunately no chief!

JOHN  
That means everything there is  
gone for me forever right.

AVIS  
Hmm...

JOHN  
I think we don't have much time,  
once the fuel is out. We are going  
to end up floating endlessly in  
the cosmos. Am I right?

AVIS  
Yes. That's a possible case.

JOHN  
Huh! Still Optimistic.

John looks at his wristband and gazes the window. Looking  
into the vastness of the COSMOS and understands that he  
has come far away from the earth. His heart is getting  
heavy and his mind is full of thoughts.

John gives a sigh.

JOHN (V.O.)  
Good bye.

And a tear drop rolls down his cheek

JOHN  
I've been running from this my  
whole life, AVIS. My father's  
death, my mother's silence, all  
the failures—I thought I could  
outrun them.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JOHN (CONT'D)

But no matter how far I go, it's still with me. I think it's only with me

No matter how much time passes, it's like I'm the only one who holds it.

AVIS

I think no john let me tell you a story

On my planet, Aridoria, the enslaved carve their dreams into cave walls, believing they're visions from God. It's their hope-faith that one day, someone will find these messages and a savior will lift their burdens. They are enslaved by chains. You, by your own fears. If they can have hope, so can you.

JOHN

It's not hope; it's escapism. They're not addressing their suffering or fighting to change their situation. They're just burying their heads in the sand, hoping someone else will fix it for them. It's like they're stuck in a loop of inaction.

John gazes out into the vast cosmos, reflecting on his own struggles.

JOHN

I've been doing the same thing, haven't I? Running away from my situation, thinking that if I escape, everything will be better. But now, out here, I'm at absolute nothingness.

AVIS

In the grand scheme of the universe, many things that seem monumental may appear insignificant.

JOHN

Exactly. All those problems, all that running—it's like dust in the wind.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JOHN (CONT'D)

Maybe it's time to stop avoiding  
and start facing things head-on.

AVIS

A shift in perspective can often  
lead to a change in approach.

JOHN

Yeah... maybe the people back on  
that planet need to realize the  
same thing. It's not about waiting  
for a savior. It's about taking  
action and fighting for  
themselves.

13.B

John leans back in his seat, a new resolve forming as he considers the lessons from both his own experience and the people's belief. And want to fight against the fact that he never explored speed in his entire life. As John has no time, all that he can do is to wait until the fuel is all out. And Die eventually. Then he thinks to get the feel of the speed.

13.B

JOHN

I've never really experienced  
anything real--no true speed, no  
freedom.

AVIS

The ship is now is a fuel  
efficient mode, to extend the life  
span by 18 Sols. If the ship is  
throttled high the fuel depletes  
rapidly.

JOHN

I don't care about the fuel or the  
resources. At this point, dying is  
just dying. But if I can truly  
experience something--something  
beyond my cocoon life--then I want  
to seize that chance. This is the  
only opportunity I might have.

John looks at the control panel, his resolve hardening. He disengages Automatic Navigation and Controls, ignoring the persistent warnings flashing on the display.

JOHN

I'm going to face the end, I want  
to experience the extreme, the  
unimaginable. I want to feel the  
speed.

(CONTINUED)

With a determined grip, John pulls the throttle steering. The spaceship's engines roar to life, and the control panel lights up with a cascade of warning signals. Red lights flash and alarms blare as the ship accelerates.

SYSTEM

(in a robotic voice)

Alert: Full throttle engaged. Fuel reserves critically low. Temporal and spatial distortions imminent.

As the spaceship accelerates towards 10% of light speed, the ship begins to tremble under the immense forces. The stars outside the viewport stretch into elongated streaks of light, as if the universe itself is bending in response to the ship's acceleration. The ship's hull groans, vibrating as it is pushed to its structural limits.

John feels a powerful surge pushing him back into his seat. The air inside the cabin grows heavier, and the view outside warps dramatically. The familiar pinpoints of stars elongate into surreal, luminous trails, creating a tunnel of light that pulses with each passing second.

The sensation intensifies as the ship moves through bursts of distorted space-time. John's surroundings flicker and blur as if reality itself is being torn apart and stitched back together. He sees flashes of cosmic phenomena—nebulae, distant galaxies, and shimmering energy fields—rushing past in rapid succession.

JOHN

(Breathing heavily,  
exhilarated by the  
sensation)

This is... incredible. It's like moving through the very essence of time and space.

SYSTEM

Warning: Extreme relativistic effects detected. Subject is experiencing intense temporal distortion. Prepare for disorientation.

John is bombarded with a sensory overload. The cabin's interior seems to ripple, and the stars outside are now a dazzling, chaotic mosaic of colors and shapes. The ship's acceleration causes the fabric of space-time to pulse, creating waves of energy that make John feel as though he's moving through a fluid rather than empty space.

(CONTINUED)

John's vision is filled with bursts of light and color, as if he's glimpsing the universe in a series of rapid flashes. Each moment feels like a jump through different layers of existence, with the ship flickering between points in space-time. The intense speed creates a feeling of almost skipping through reality, making every instant both exhilarating and disorienting.

JOHN  
(Shouting over the  
cacophony of alarms  
and the roaring  
engines)  
I never imagined it would feel  
like this! I'm really living!

The experience continues as John pushes the throttle to its limits, savoring the overwhelming rush of his high-speed journey through the cosmos. The ship's alarms wail, the controls flash, and the entire universe outside seems to dance with the rhythm of his unprecedented velocity.

A EXTREME WIDE SHOT OF THE LIGHT TRAIL TRAJECTORY OF THE  
PROBE

MATCH CUT TO:

14 EXT. ARIDORIA DESERT - SUNSET

14

A line being drawn by a kid with his finger on the ground. He has his mother along side him.

The desert stretches endlessly, bathed in the golden hues of the setting sun. The air shimmers with heat as the sand people gather in a solemn circle, their faces partly hidden by scarves. A soft wind stirs the fine grains of sand, creating patterns that ripple across the dunes.

To a side, a MOTHER and her young DAUGHTER kneel, their hands moving with deliberate care.

The MOTHER holds the DAUGHTER'S hand to etch the name of the savior into the sand. The MOTHER's face is lined with both weariness and unwavering faith.

Nearby, a MAN in his late thirties, named KALEN, stands apart from the circle, with a face is etched with fatigue and frustration.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KALEN using a slender stick writes the name of the savior but his movements are slow and mechanical as he performs his ritual, his eyes reflecting a deep sense of disillusionment.

DAUGHTER

(With wide, curious  
eyes)

Mother, how will we know when the  
savior has come?

The MOTHER pauses, looking out over the desert with a gaze filled with both hope and nostalgia. The fading light casts long shadows across the sand.

MOTHER

(Gently, with a voice  
full of conviction)

there will be unmistakable signs.  
Our tears will turn to flames, and  
the sand will rain down from the  
sky. The savior will emerge from a  
cloud of dust lit by fire.

DAUGHTER

(Eyes sparkling with  
wonder as she  
glances at the  
tranquil horizon)

FLAMES...! CLOUD OF FIRE...!

So, when we see those signs, it  
means the savior is finally here?

MOTHER

(Nods, her expression  
a blend of hope and  
patience)

The signs will be powerful and  
clear. The savior will come in  
their own time. Until then, we  
must keep our faith and continue  
our rituals.

As the MOTHER and DAUGHTER are having this discussion, the camera shifts to KALEN. He is now seated a short distance away from them.

KALEN stares out at the unchanging horizon, his eyes devoid of the hopeful spark seen in others. His hands, once engaged in the ritual, now lie still, resting in the sand. He clenches his fists, his frustration palpable as he mutters under his breath.

(CONTINUED)

KALEN  
(Muttering to  
himself, bitterly)  
Forty years of this... for what?  
Still no sign, no change. It's all  
just a lie to keep us occupied.

15 INT. PROBE - CONTINUOUS

15

The probe barrels through space, shaking violently. John, sweat beading on his forehead, clutches the controls. The HUD blinks with urgent warnings.

SYSTEM  
WARNING: Engine failure imminent.  
Fuel levels critical.

AVIS  
(Calmly)  
John, decelerate immediately.  
Engine overload is inevitable.

John glances at the rapidly approaching planet, determination in his eyes.

JOHN  
(Muttering to  
himself)  
I've never felt this kind of  
speed. If I'm going out, I'm going  
out feeling something real.

He pushes the throttle to its limit. The probe groans under the strain, the hull beginning to red-hot glow.

The probe shudders violently, the controls vibrating. The exterior of the probe heats up as it enters the atmosphere, flames licking at the cockpit windows.

SYSTEM  
Brace for impact. Brace for  
impact.

John closes his eyes, a mixture of fear and exhilaration on his face as the probe plunges into the atmosphere, turning into a fiery streak across the sky.

16 EXT. ARIDORIA DESERT - NIGHT

16

The peaceful desert night is interrupted by a bright streak of light burning through the sky.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

It's John's probe, descending like a fireball, tearing through the atmosphere with alarming speed.

On the ground, the MOTHER and DAUGHTER, still kneeling in the sand, look up as the DAUGHTER catches the fiery streak in the corner of her eye.

DAUGHTER

(Excited, pointing to  
the sky)

Mother! Look! The sky is on fire!

MOTHER's tear-filled eyes reflect the descending fireball, the flames mirroring in her tears. The MOTHER gasps, her voice shaking with emotion.

MOTHER

(Whispering in awe)

Tears... turning into flames...

Others nearby begin to notice, and soon, the entire gathering of sand people look toward the heavens. The DAUGHTER, wide-eyed, tugs at her mother.

DAUGHTER

(Ecstatic)

It's the sign, Mother! Ruach  
Nevua(Spirit of Prophecy)!

The probe hurtles toward the ground, its impact imminent. As it crashes into the desert, the ground trembles. A massive cloud of sand is kicked up, billowing into the sky like a great wave of dust. The people watch in stunned silence as sand rains down on them, carried by the strange gravity of the planet.

DAUGHTER

(In awe, turning to  
the crowd)

The sand... it's raining...

The sand people, overcome with shock and reverence, stand frozen. They exchange glances, the realization spreading through the crowd.

As the probe continues to skid across the desert, sparks fly from its damaged hull. The leaked fuel from the probe begins to seep into the grooves carved by the people over generations as part of their ritual to summon the savior.

Suddenly, the fuel ignites from the electrical sparks, and the grooves carved deep into the earth burst into flame.

(CONTINUED)



The flames race through the intricate pathways in the sand, illuminating the desert in a mesmerizing display.

The sky is a swirling mix of dust, fire, and light, as if the very earth is alive and responding to the long-awaited prophecy. The people watch, speechless.

Through the fiery glow and rising dust, a dark silhouette emerges from the wreckage of the probe-John. He stumbles forward, standing tall against the backdrop of glowing fire and swirling sand.

John realizes that he is not dead yet.

JOHN  
AVIS. Did't I Die?

AVIS didn't reply anything. John call out AVIS

JOHN  
AVIS! Are you there?

The DAUGHTER gasps, tugging on her mother's arm.

DAUGHTER  
(Breathless)  
Mother... is it him? Has the savior finally come?

17 INT. MOTHERSHIP - NIGHT

17

The sound of heavy footsteps echoes as a man in dark, back armor strides through the vast, metallic corridors of the mothership. He turns left and steps through a doorway, entering a dimly lit room.

NARMORD, cloaked in flowing black robes, stands with his back to the door, gazing out into the cosmos through a massive window.

The Black Armor Soldier snaps to attention and salutes.

BLACK ARMOR MAN  
(bowing slightly)  
All hail, Lord Narmord. We've detected the AVN-5820-ISAPOB warship-high-priority target for the past 80 years. It just entered the Exsica Region, likely crash-landed. No confirmation yet on survivors. We're headed there for an initial sweep and will keep the mothership updated.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Narmord's voice is a low, menacing growl.

NARMORD  
(without turning)

Hmm.

The Black Armor Soldier begins to step back, preparing to leave.

NARMORD  
(turning slightly)  
How many of you are going?

BLACK ARMOUR MAN  
Just two, sir—myself and Yudar.

Narmord's eyes narrow as he contemplates the mission.

NARMORD  
(intense, with a dark  
smirk)  
Check if he's aboard that ship,  
two men won't be enough. One swing  
of his blade, and the blood could  
fill a second river on Aridoria.

BLACK ARMOUR MAN  
How will I know him, Milord?

NARMORD  
His Blade, The blade that can only  
be wielded by him. The blade that  
cut the entire planets into two.  
The blade that is the last thing  
you can see when you are in-front  
of him.

The Black Armor Soldier halts, sensing the gravity of the statement.

NARMORD  
His blade. Only he can wield it—a  
weapon that split entire aridoria  
into two political regions. His  
blade will be the last thing you  
see... if you're foolish enough to  
stand in his way.

Outside, a fleet of warships deploys from the mothership,  
heading toward the crash site.

EXT. ARIDORIA DESERT - NIGHT

Meanwhile the sand people stare in awe, their belief now shaken by the impossible scene unfolding before them.

John, disoriented and unaware of the significance of his arrival, stands before them lone figure amidst the flames and dust, unknowingly embodying the savior they had waited for.

Mother in her overwhelmed happiness just stares at the barely visible figure of John and stands expression less.

AVIS

No John you are just born.

JOHN

What?

The sand people, one by one, fall to their knees, gazing at John, who stands confused yet regal in the glowing aftermath of the crash. The prophecy, etched into their minds for generations, seems to have come to life before their very eyes.

John closes his eyes.

CUT TO: NIGHTMARE

John stares in horror as the diary pages burn endlessly, flames consuming the edges yet leaving the paper untouched. The fire creeps toward the ink, the letters themselves catch fire, burning as though the words were made of flames.

Suddenly, the paper flips by itself in the raging storm, revealing a name, etched in the glowing remnants of fire: "Ruach Nevua."

John opens his eyes.

CUT TO: TITLES