

# Dance Of The Wanderers

[Season 1; Episode 1 — Jigsaw Falling Into Place]

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## **Disclosure**

NOTHING in this is finalized and WILL NOT be finalized until every single scene and every last word is written, checked over and rewritten several times. Things WILL change and evolve to become even better than I can imagine at the moment of writing this. KEEP WRITING no matter how stupid and awkward it may sound now, you CAN and WILL fix it later, but an outline is needed, so write until your fingers bleed.

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SCENE 1: EXT. ILLAMIRAILA ISLANDS. LATE NIGHT.

We're over the Illamiraila Islands looking at the whole of the city.

**KATHLEEN NYRO (V.O.):**

So, I must be cursed, right?

We see to various landmarks on the main island: A beautiful statue atop a hill depicting one of the Islands' Spirits, the Delta-Almini Administration Building, the Deacon Blues Bar, and more.

**KATHLEEN NYRO (V.O.):**

Born under like twelve bad signs or something. That's why this always happens, right?

Moving further inward, we see small shops, apartments, and homes. We push closer to one house in particular. This is our main character's home. We move in from the open top floor window into her bedroom.

**KATHLEEN NYRO (V.O.):**

Ugh, you're just being dramatic. Just go to sleep, Kathleen. Go. To. Sleep.

**INT. Kathleen's House. Kathleen's Bedroom.**

Inside, we find, on one side of the room a bookcase crammed full of books, pictures, and junk. Next to that is an odd tall stick and then a work desk with a computer on it. On the other side is a closet and a small dresser with a radio/clock on it. The clock reads: *11:59 PM*.

**KATHLEEN NYRO (V.O.):**

Besides..., how would you even know? Did you ask mom? It was probably only eleven bad signs, anyway.

Between the two sides is medium sized bed with a young woman laying on it above the covers. She's starting up at her ceiling. She looks slightly haggard; she's clearly hasn't been to sleep yet. This is Kathleen Nyro, 26, our main character.

**KATHLEEN NYRO (V.O.):**

(Sigh) But the Islands hate me and I—

*Beep, beep! Beep, beep!* Her clock ticks over to *12:00 AM*. Kathleen turns over to stares at it for a beat.

**KATHLEEN NYRO:**  
New day. (Deep breath)

She rolls back over and returns her gaze to the ceiling.

**KATHLEEN NYRO:**  
17 hours in, today's going to be great! (Wry smile) Absolutely fantastic.

Kathleen takes a pillow and puts it over head then uses both hands to press down the pillow down on her face.

**KATHLEEN NYRO:**  
Sleep, Kathleen, sleep...

After a moment she removes the pillow and sits up in the bed.

**KATHLEEN NYRO:**  
Sleep's for the winners and the losers of the world. I'm not either. I'm cursed!

She smiles and gets out of bed.

SCENE 2: INT. KATHLEEN'S HOUSE. GARAGE. MORNING.

[8:17 AM] Kathleen, still looking tired, is sitting on the floor of her garage doing maintenance on her motor scooter—a heavy set bike that is triangular in the front and rectangular in the back—which is turned on its side with a hatch open exposing its inners. It looks built for making deliveries. The name Asami Tourist H4 can be read in shiny silver letters on its side.

Next to her are some tools, a radio, a phone, and a cup of coffee. The phone is on with the name EZRA lit up on front. She's on speaker with him. This is Ezra Kamaka, 29, he has a strong yet kind voice.

**EZRA KAMAKA (V.O.):**  
This all sounds like a lot a work. Especially for today.

**KATHLEEN NYRO:**  
I'm almost done. Besides, I had some extra time this morning.

**EZRA KAMAKA (V.O.):**

I thought you used that extra time to go running?

**KATHLEEN NYRO:**

Did that too. All the way to the beach and back. Didn't even bring my girl.

Kathleen closes the hatch on the scooter and carefully rises it up. She then proceeds to spray it with cleaner and wipe it down.

**EZRA KAMAKA (V.O.):**

Uh huh. I thought as much? Let me guess: two?

**KATHLEEN NYRO:**

26.

**EZRA KAMAKA (V.O.):**

26 what?

**KATHLEEN NYRO:**

Don't know, but it beats two.

**EZRA KAMAKA (V.O.):**

26 it is then. That's how many minutes of sleep you had of sleep, isn't it, Kathleen?

**KATHLEEN NYRO:**

No, I—

**EZRA KAMAKA (V.O.):**

Am about to lie to me.

**KATHLEEN NYRO:**

Absolutely! Wait. (Beat) What did you just say?

**EZRA KAMAKA (V.O.):**

If you weren't so tired that wouldn't have slipped you up.

**KATHLEEN NYRO:**

I've had sleep.

**EZRA KAMAKA (V.O.):**

Yeah, yeah, I know you've *had* sleep before. I'm asking if you had sleep last night or did you stay up all night worrying about Almini's banquet?

Kathleen puts the rag and spray down and takes a long, silent swig from her cup.

**EZRA KAMAKA (V.O.):**

So are you not answering my question about your poor sleeping habits or about the banquet honoring your mechanized replacements?

**KATHLEEN NYRO:**

Can't a lady do both?

**EZRA KAMAKA (V.O.):**

Sure she can. A lady can run away all she wants.

Again a long silence ensues. Kathleen stares at the cup in her hand for a second before raises it up toward her mouth but decides against taking another slip and simply places it on the ground next to the phone. It makes a noticeable sound.

**EZRA KAMAKA (V.O.):**

Are you drowning in that coffee or just sulking? Anyway, you might want to come up for some air or you'll miss out on my surprise.

**KATHLEEN NYRO:**

Surprise? What is it?

**EZRA KAMAKA (V.O.):**

Oh, something big, something you'll like.

**KATHLEEN NYRO:**

Are you going to tell me what it is?

**EZRA KAMAKA (V.O.):**

Not yet. Still finalizing some details but I promise it'll be worth the wait.

**KATHLEEN NYRO:**

Something to keep my mind off tonight. Anyway, I gotta go. I'm meeting Lalla for breakfast.

**EZRA KAMAKA (V.O.):**

Tell sis: hey. Love you, Kathleen.

Kathleen takes a look at the assortment of bracelets on her left wrist. One of them has a wedding band going through it. She caresses the ring and smiles.

**KATHLEEN NYRO:**

I will. Love you, too. Later.

She ends the call and put the phone in her jacket. Standing up, she turns off the radio then goes to a nearby exposed sink and washes her and cleans off some of the dirt from her arms and jeans. She returns to her scooter and pets affectionately.

**KATHLEEN NYRO:**

Come on girl, let's go meet the world.

She picks up her helmet and puts it on, gets on her bike, and takes off.

### SCENE 3: EXT. ILLAMIRAILA. CITY STREETS. MORNING.

[8:27 AM] Kathleen rides through the peaceful morning streets of the city. She seems to be enjoying the ride. As she rides up a small hill she turns a corner into a narrow alley. When she comes out of the alley onto the main street she sees a DASbot—a 5-foot mechanical robot with hologram monitor for a face. Its badge reads: 1011. She seems shocked and mildly irritated by it.

**KATHLEEN NYRO:**

(Heavy sigh) A DASbot...

It locks eyes with her as she passes by and begins reciting one of the DASbot's general announcements. Though, it seems very directed at Kathleen.

**DASBOT 1011:**

Stay Safe Citizen! Do Not Commit Crimes!

As she passes it, it seems like everything slows down around her. It becomes clear that 1011 *is* speaking directly to her.

**DASBOT 1011:**

Or I Will Have To Deal With You!

One of 1011's eyes twinkle. Kathleen breathes out her nose.

**DASBOT 1011:**

And You Wouldn't Want That.

Kathleen finally passes the DASbot. And life comes back to the world. She glances back, but 1011's no longer looking at her.

**KATHLEEN NYRO:**

Bastardbot.

**EXT. Lalla's House. Morning.**

[8:31 AM] Kathleen comes up to a beautiful three floor house, white in color with a nicely trimmed yard in front. The porch is decorated with both potted and hanging plants—lots of colors are on display.

The front door opens and two people step out: A lanky man with light brown skin. This is Ian Orange. And a woman of medium height (shorter than Kathleen), light skin with an orange-ish complexion, short hair, and fiery eyes. This is Rango Onori. The two wave goodbye to the woman in the doorway. A very short girl at 5'2" with a fragile frame. This is Lalla Kamaka, 24.

Kathleen rolls into the driveway and Ian gives her a kind wave as he and Ringo walk across Lalla's yard. It seems like Ringo is ignoring Kathleen, until she stops to put on some very dark sunglasses. She turns toward Kathleen's direction and gives a small, nonchalant nod, before continuing on with Ian. The two get in a car and drive away.

Kathleen hops off her bike and makes her way up to the porch where is attack hugger by Lalla.

**LALLA KAMAKA:**

Hey, little sis! Good morning!

Kathleen smiles and hugs her back. We they release we get a good look at Lalla. She has milk chocolate skin, long jet black hair, and an aura of confidence and happiness. She also has strange white markings like tattoos across her forehead and along her collar bone going down into her shirt.

**KATHLEEN NYRO:**

Aren't I older?

Lalla smiles and grabs Kathleen by the waist; leading her inside the house.

**LALLA KAMAKA:**

Hmm, are you?

**INT. Lalla's House. Kitchen. Morning.**

Morning light shines gently through the window hitting a table—a cozy round table standing in the center of a cozy little kitchen. The size of the kitchen is actually a little bigger than it first seen as on the walls are lined with appliances and drawers or ceiling high wood dressers VO with plates, figurines, and pictures.

At the counter to the left, Kathleen is slicing up vegetables with chef-like speed and precision. Though each time she yawns she seems to move the knife closer and closer to her hand. Next to her is Lalla at the stove mixing up a sauce. Lalla glances over at Kathleen and seeing her becoming increasing sloppy with her knife work. She gently grabs Kathleen's arm with one hand and pats her on the back with the other.

**LALLA KAMAKA:**

Careful.

Kathleen stop cutting and turns to Lalla.

**KATHLEEN NYRO:**

I'm okay. I can do this in my sleep.

**LALLA KAMAKA:**

I know you can. I just watched you. Up all night again?

The two return to their tasks.

**KATHLEEN NYRO:**

Lalla, I've had plenty of sleep.

**LALLA KAMAKA:**

Yeah, I know you've had plenty of sleep in your lifetime, but I'm specifically talking about last night.

Kathleen adds her ingredients to Lalla's pot and she instinctive starts stirring the mix. Lalla then takes out a lattle and pours the mix over some omelets over to the side of her. The pair work very well together.

**KATHLEEN NYRO:**

Your brother made the same joke earlier.

Lalla lights up with a big smile. She passes one plate to Kathleen and then the two takes seats at the table.

**LALLA KAMAKA:**

Did he?

**KATHLEEN NYRO:**

He did, but you're both wrong. I did get sleep last night and I can prove it.

Kathleen yawns and Lalla smiles.

**LALLA KAMAKA:**

Go on, sis, I'm listening.

Kathleen takes a few bites of her omelet before going on.

**KATHLEEN NYRO:**

I had a dream last night. A dream of a lone lost man stuck in an endless forest. It had been days or months or years. He didn't know anymore. All he knew was that his world had abandon him. Or so he thought. As he stumbled through the forest a began to guide him. He followed this light all the way to out the forest to a beach. Finally, out of the forest the man fell to his knees and cried tears of joy. He threw his hands in the air and gave praise to the Sun—to Atulu. Suddenly, a large tide comes in and swallows him whole. When it recedes the man is gone or at least his flesh. His spirit lingers, still giving thanks to Atulu. He says, "Thank you, Atulu. Thank you for never deserting me. Thank you."

**LALLA KAMAKA:**

Is that the end?

**KATHLEEN NYRO:**

No. That's not the end of the dream. The sky turns dark and the sun whites over becoming a full moon. The tides die down as the winds rage on. And soon the water is completely gone leaving only dry sand. Even the forest is barren, full of only withered trees. Then, the harsh winds blow away a mound of sand revealing the man's body—now old and gray. The man, slowly, deliberately, turns over to face the sky. He takes a long hard look at the moon, now red like blood, before he speaks. When he finally opens his mouth this is what he says, "So, the time did

come, Atulu. Atulu, the teacher, I have learnt your lesson.” And with that said the man disappears completely—body, spirit, all. And then, I woke up.

**LALLA KAMAKA:**

I love how you can weave Island lore into your stories. Can I use that story for one of my dances?

**KATHLEEN NYRO:**

Of course you can.

**LALLA KAMAKA:**

Kathleen?

**KATHLEEN NYRO:**

Yeah?

**LALLA KAMAKA:**

I don't believe for a second you went to sleep last night.

**KATHLEEN NYRO:**

Why not?

**LALLA KAMAKA:**

Well, your dreams are usually centered on you.

**KATHLEEN NYRO:**

Are you saying I'm an egoist?

**LALLA KAMAKA:**

No, I saying you have a habit of bottling stuff up and that stuff tends to spill out into your dreams. If you had a dream last night would have probably been about robots and banquets. But the points moot, because you didn't sleep.

**KATHLEEN NYRO:**

You Kamakas are too damn perceptive.

**LALLA KAMAKA:**

You stayed up all night worrying about this. I can't fathom why. Ezra's already line up a new job for you and it not like this is the first job you left.

**KATHLEEN NYRO:**

Yeah, but I really did like it there or, at least, I like working with Nat. It felt like another home. And I'm not leaving, I'm being replaced. Sometimes it feels like I might be cursed.

Lalla comes behind Kathleen and hold her in arms.

**LALLA KAMAKA:**

So dramatical. You're going to be fine, Kathleen. You know why? I can't find a mark on you.

Kathleen smiles while looking at the white markings on Lalla's forehead.

**EXT. Illamiraila Island. City Streets. Morning.**

Kathleen is riding her bike through the city streets.

**KATHLEEN NYRO:**

Big sis's right. Just roll with the punches, Kathleen.

**SCENE 4: EXT. DSW-7. MORNING.**

[8:57 AM] Kathleen arrives at a tall building and parks her bike. A sign in front of the building reads: DELTA SECURE WORKSITE 7. Kathleen takes a moment to survey the building; looking all the way up to its top. She breathes in the air.

**KATHLEEN NYRO:**

I really did like this place. Good-bye DSW-7.

Kathleen grabs several of the folded boxes she has strapped to her scooter and heads inside.

**INT. DSW-7. Office. Morning.**

Inside, Kathleen is packing away various things in boxes. The lights in the office are dim—most of the light is coming from sun through the windows to the side. The rectangular office is quite large—even more so that it's so empty. All that fills it are a few empty desks, tables, and chairs. After closing a box Kathleen grabs it and leaves the office.

**EXT. DSW-7. Morning.**

Kathleen places the box by her scooter outside. She makes the trips from the office to her bike

several time. She doesn't seem to be in any hurry or have any worry about someone taking her boxes.

**INT. DSW-7. Office. Morning.**

[10:34 AM] When Kathleen enters the office this time she finds a tall woman crouched over a small box on the floor. This woman is Natalie Nguyen. She turns around and gives a little two finger wave to Kathleen.

**NATALIE NGUYEN:**

Yo.

**KATHLEEN NYRO:**

Hey, Nat.

Kathleen walks over to Natalie.

**NATALIE NGUYEN:**

It's so lonely now. Sad, isn't it?

Kathleen takes looks around the room.

**KATHLEEN NYRO:**

Yeah, it is.

Natalie stands up and points at one of the desk that has a couple of neatly placed objects around it.

**NATALIE NGUYEN:**

Is this it for you?

**KATHLEEN NYRO:**

Yeah.

**NATALIE NGUYEN:**

I got in so late. Had to get ready for tonight? I'll help ya.

**INT. DSW-7. Hallway. Morning.**

The two women are walking side by side carrying boxes.

**NATALIE NGUYEN:**

So, Kay, have ya givin' it any thought.

**KATHLEEN NYRO:**

Yeah.

**NATALIE NGUYEN:**

Really, now. Before you say no—

**KATHLEEN NYRO:**

I've thought about it and—

Natalie glances at the ring hanging off Kathleen's bracelet.

**NATALIE NGUYEN:**

If you wouldn't leave for Ezra you certainly won't leave for me, right.

**KATHLEEN NYRO:**

Guess our secret love affair ends today! (Smiles) You tried, he tried, but nothing can steal my heart away from these Islands.

**NATALIE NGUYEN:**

Funny girl.

**KATHLEEN NYRO:**

(Sigh) I can't leave this place. It's my home. Lalla's here. My favorite bar's here.

**NATALIE NGUYEN:**

Along with all your favorite worst nightmares.

**KATHLEEN NYRO:**

That's—

**NATALIE NGUYEN:**

The Wanderers' Festival in a few weeks.

**KATHLEEN NYRO:**

Partially true.

**NATALIE NGUYEN:**

Well, it's your life. I suppose you know what's best for ya, but damned if I know whatcha think that is.

Natalie stretches her free arm above her head.

**NATALIE NGUYEN:**

Gonna miss these little talks of ours.

**KATHLEEN NYRO:**

Same here. Good-bye, secret lover.

Kathleen smiles and extends her hand.

**NATALIE NGUYEN:**

Good-bye, lost little girl.

They put down their boxes for a second and give each other a quick hug. They pick up their stuff and continue on.

**KATHLEEN NYRO:**

See you tonight?

**NATALIE NGUYEN:**

Two hours of watching the people who replaced our jobs with bots pretend they actually care they replaced our jobs with bots. (Beat) I got front row seats.

Natalie walks off, waving at Kathleen without turning around. Kathleen watches her for a moment before leaving in the opposite direction.

**EXT. DSW-7. Morning.**

Kathleen finishes strapping the bags to the back of her scooter, jumps on, and takes off. Near the doors of the work building a ghostly apparition watching as she shrinks in the distance.

**SPIRIT:**

The fulfillment of our promise begins today.

SCENE 5: EXT. KATHLEEN'S HOUSE. DAY.

[11:51 AM] Kathleen arrives back at her house or at least the place where it should be. She stares silently at what is now, essentially, an empty lot between two houses. She cocks her head, squints her eyes and looks away.

**KATHLEEN NYRO:**

28 hours...

She decides to circle around the block.

[11:54 AM] Kathleen returns to the still empty lot. She takes off her helmet, lets it fall on the grass on the sidewalk, and just stares. This is where she lives, but her house is definitely not here. Calmly, she steps off her bike and calmly walks up to where her front door would be. She grabs for where the knob would be but catches nothing but air. She walks in.

Inside her house, Kathleen looks all around in disbelief. As she makes her way to the center of this pretty big space she takes off her jacket and throws it far to her side. It hits the ground and she winces a little as if hoping it would land on some invisible furniture. She stops at the center of her lot.

**KATHLEEN NYRO:**

Yep.

She presses a button on her earpiece and briefly ringing starts before it's immediately cut off by Lalla's cheerful voice.

**LALLA KAMAKA:**

Olu!

**KATHLEEN NYRO:**

Somebody stole my house.

**LALLA KAMAKA:**

Is this a joke?

**KATHLEEN NYRO:**

Somebody stole my entire house.

**LALLA KAMAKA:**

I don't get it.

[12:11PM] Lalla walks up from behind Kathleen, twisting and twirling around, not believing what she's seeing or rather not seeing.

**LALLA KAMAKA:**

I don't get it.

Kathleen's sitting on the floor looking far off into the distance.

**LALLA KAMAKA:**

I don't remember your house being mobile.

**KATHLEEN NYRO:**

Me neither. What should I do? Do I report it? I mean, I have to report it. My house is gone. Somebody stole my house!

Lalla sits down behind Kathleen and holds her in her arms.

**LALLA KAMAKA:**

No one stole your house.

**KATHLEEN NYRO:**

Well, it didn't get up and walk away.

**LALLA KAMAKA:**

Maybe the Spirits spirited it away.

Kathleen turns head to give Lalla a sour look. She then stands up, takes out her phone and starts dialing a number.

**LALLA KAMAKA:**

Who are you calling?

Kathleen doesn't answer and just holds the phones tightly to her ear until the person picks up.

**KATHLEEN NYRO:**

Ezra? Ezra!

**EZRA KAMAKA (V.O.):**

Kathleen? What's up?

**KATHLEEN NYRO:**

Ezra! Does your surprise have anything to do with our house?

**EZRA KAMAKA (V.O.):**

No. Did something happen?

**KATHLEEN NYRO:**

Yeah. I'll call you back.

**EZRA KAMAKA (V.O.):**

Kath—

She hangs up and walks to the edge of the foundation that use to be the front of her house, sits down, and rest her head in her hands. Lalla follows and sits beside her.

**KATHLEEN NYRO:**

This sucks.

**LALLA KAMAKA:**

This does suck, but that doesn't mean you should be mean to my brother.

**KATHLEEN NYRO:**

How the hell do I report this?

**LALLA KAMAKA:**

Stop ignoring me.

**KATHLEEN NYRO:**

Sorry, Lalla.

Lalla does a wave as if to say it's okay.

**KATHLEEN NYRO:**

And Ezra will understand.

Kathleen jolts up!

**KATHLEEN NYRO:**

Shit!

**LALLA KAMAKA:**

What?

**KATHLEEN NYRO:**

The banquet!

**LALLA KAMAKA:**

Oh.

**KATHLEEN NYRO:**

I need to change, but all my clothes were in the house I thought would be here when I got back!  
And the boxes! What the hell am I gonna do with my boxes! Live in 'em?

Kathleen points to her bike striped down with boxes.

**KATHLEEN NYRO:**

Look, Lalla! My new house. It's super modern, compact, and best of all modular. Don't fear the price its economically right! Build it up, break it down, move it around, and do it again.

Lalla stands in front of Kathleen's view.

**LALLA KAMAKA:**

Kathleen! Take a breath and calm down. Come on, do it.

Kathleen inhales greatly and exhales.

**LALLA KAMAKA:**

I got an idea. I got some old pictures of your house. And we can take a picture of your—of this and you can run them to Delta-Almini to report you missing house. While you're gone, I'll ask around here. Someone had to see something. And forgot about your modular house, you'll stay with me until we figure this out.

**KATHLEEN NYRO:**

Okay, Thanks Lalla.

Kathleen manages a small smile.

SCENE 6: EXT. DELTA-ALMINI BUILDING. DAY.

[12:37 PM] Kathleen turns into the parking lot of a large round building. The signs she passes as she enters read: DELTA-ALMINI (on the top) and NEW HEADQUARTERS OF SECURITY & TECHNOLOGY (on the bottom).

As Kathleen parks and gets up her bike, she notices how different it looks from the old DSW-7 building. It's new; freshly painted in white, it's almost hard to look at with so much light bouncing back off of it. It's blue tainted windows glisten in the sun and hide the life inside. Hanging from the midsection of the building is a banner that reads: DELTA-ALMINI HONOUR BANUET / DASBOT TASK FORCE INAUGURATION. Below it, where the stairs meet the entrance, a nasty little commotion is happening. An older man is being forcibly removed from the building by a pair of DASbots. He's making quite the fuss while the bots nonchalantly escort him down the stairs. This man is Dr. Ansel Eldoon, mid 50s.

**DR. ANSEL ELDOON:**

Unhand me!

Kathleen is walking up to the base of the stairs, as Dr. Eldoon breaks free of the robots. This seems to be where the DASbots wanted him anyway as they simply turn around and head back up the stairs.

**DR. ANSEL ELDOON:**

I have a right to be angry! Dammed backstabber! This isn't the end of it, Almini! As sure as the moon will rise, I will be back! You can bet—oh! Oh! You can bet on it!

He's still mumbling quite angrily when Kathleen gets to him.

**KATHLEEN NYRO:**

Dr. Eldoon? Is that you?

Kathleen stands about a head taller than the doctor. He has to look up to see who this woman calling his name is.

**DR. ANSEL ELDOON:**

Yes, who are you?

**KATHLEEN NYRO:**

Kathleen. Kathleen Nyro. Ezra and I helped you out a few years back.

**DR. ANSEL ELDOON:**

Oh! Kathleen! Yes, yes, I remember. It's been ages. How are you, my dear?

**KATHLEEN NYRO:**

Well, from the looks of it, about as well as you. What was that just now?

The two turn toward the entrance of the building and watch as one of the DASbots takes post by the door and the other enters. The doctor grunts and turns away.

**DR. ANSEL ELDOON:**

Oh, I wouldn't want to bother you with the plight of an old man.

**KATHLEEN NYRO:**

Nonsense, Doctor. Let me finish up here then we'll go somewhere and talk.

**DR. ANSEL ELDOON:**

Such a kind girl you are.

**KATHLEEN NYRO:**

Hopefully, I'll be right out.

Kathleen grimaces at her comment before heading up the stairs. She gives the posting DASbot a glance as she goes inside.

**INT. Delta-Almini Building. Lobby. Day.**

[12:45 PM] Inside, the Delta-Almini Building looks just as big and pristine as it does from the outside. Its structured and neat layout combined with the high ceilings and artwork along the walls give off the impression of a serious business without feeling cold and uninviting.

There's a decent amount of foot traffic in the lobby area—both civilians and workers. In the center of the lobby is a large circular desk with all sorts of monitors and equipment. Standing in front of desk is Kathleen engaged in conversation with the two officers behind it.

**KATHLEEN NYRO:**

That's right. Gone. The whole thing.

The older, bald officer on Kathleen's right put his head down for a second and rubs his temple a few as of trying to come to grips with what Kathleen is saying. His nametag reads: GRANT.

**GRANT:**

That can't be right.

The younger one turn to his partner and then to Kathleen. His nametag reads: WARD.

**WARD:**

Ma'am have you had alcoholic beverages today? You might be a bit loopy and traveled down the wrong street.

Grant rubs his temple harder and sighs. Kathleen shots the young officer a nasty look then turns to Grant.

**KATHLEEN NYRO:**

If I hit him would you arrest me?

**GRANT:**

The monitors could be turned off.

Wards turns to Grant with a shocked look. Kathleen turns her glance back to Ward.

**KATHLEEN NYRO:**

Wow, I can't believe I was fired and you're staying. Listen, kid—

**WARD:**

I'm as old as you.

**KATHLEEN NYRO:**

Listen, *kid*. I've lived on these Islands my entire life and explored every nook and cranny here. And I used to work for Delta before your company took over. It's my house. I know where it should be. I know where everything should be. Believe me when I say it is not there.

Kathleen produces two photos from her inside jacket pocket and gives the top one to Grant.

**KATHLEEN NYRO:**

This is my house from about a year ago and other than some yard work and age this is what it looked like this morning.

She than hands him the second photo.

**KATHLEEN NYRO:**

And this is what it looked like 30 minutes ago. Gone.

The two officers take turns mulling over the photographs. They both have looks of disbelief.

**KATHLEEN NYRO:**

Somebody stole my house.

**GRANT:**

You can't steal a house.

Ward keeps switching between the two photos as if something would change. Grant takes the photos from him and looks up at Kathleen.

**GRANT:**

Can we keep these?

**KATHLEEN NYRO:**

Sure. I'm gonna need some copies, though.

**WARD:**

We can do that.

Ward takes the photos and leaves the desk area.

**GRANT:**

We'll look into this.

**KATHLEEN NYRO:**

Please do. I'll be back for the banquet, tonight.

**EXT. Delta-Almini Building. Day.**

[12:52 PM] Back outside, Kathleen meets up with Dr. Eldoon who's sitting on the steps.

**KATHLEEN NYRO:**

I hope that wasn't too long?

**DR. ANSEL ELDOON:**

No, no.

**KATHLEEN NYRO:**

Good. I know a restaurant near here.

Kathleen smiles and the doctor nods in agreement.

SCENE 7: EXT. RESTAURANT. DAY.

Kathleen and Dr. Eldoon are sitting at a table of a mildly crowded outdoor eatery, The Blue Orchid Bistro. The two are talking under the shade of their table's umbrella. A nearby street clock reads: *1:05*.

**DR. ANSEL ELDOON:**

After the meager between Delta and Almini and the rearranging of the board (sigh) I was simply thrown to the curb. 'Almini's robots are simply better', they told me.

The doctor lowers his head and sighs heavily.

**DR. ANSEL ELDOON:**

There's nowhere left me for on this Island.

**KATHLEEN NYRO:**

Can't you just leave the Islands? Find work somewhere else? You're a talented—

**DR. ANSEL ELDOON:**

This is my home! That place—!

Kathleen gives the doctor a shocked looked. Some of the people at the nearby tables do the same.

**DR. ANSEL ELDOON:**

Sorry. That place—I've spent so much of my life there. So many memoires made.

The doctor looks off to his side, focusing on some distant imaginary point.

**DR. ANSEL ELDOON:**

That place is my home. Within its walls: My raison d'être. No, no, I'm far too old and far too enamored with that old life.

He turns back to Kathleen.

**DR. ANSEL ELDOON:**

No, no, I'm far too old and far too enamored with that old life.

He moves in closer and grabs hold of Kathleen's left hand with his right and looks her straight in the eye.

**DR. ANSEL ELDOON:**

It's a terrible thing to find yourself without a purpose, my girl. It truly is.

He returns to his previous position and takes a big final bite of his sandwich. After a moment of chewing he washes it down with his water.

**DR. ANSEL ELDOON:**

(Quieter) A man without a home may do dangerous things to get it back.

Kathleen gives the doctor a concerned look.

**DR. ANSEL ELDOON:**

Don't mind an old kook like me. I'm just angry and talking nonsense.

Dr. Eldoon takes another slip of water.

**DR. ANSEL ELDOON:**

Can I ask you something Kathleen?

**KATHLEEN NYRO:**

Sure you can.

**DR. ANSEL ELDOON:**

If I needed another favor like before (beat) would you help me again?

**KATHLEEN NYRO:**

Of course, Doctor. What do you need?

**DR. ANSEL ELDOON:**

Just that. Just knowing what good company I'm in is all I wanted.

Kathleen gives the doctor a warm smile. The waitress comes round and delivers the check and takes the empty plates. Kathleen goes to pick up the bill, but the doctor stops her.

**DR. ANSEL ELDOON:**

No, no, my dear, a gentleman should pay. Thank you, Kathleen for listening to an old, lost fool, like myself on such a lovely afternoon.

The doctor puts some money on the table and the two walk over to Kathleen's scooter.

**DR. ANSEL ELDOON:**

It's been a pleasure, my dear.

He extends his hand to shake Kathleen's, but as Kathleen's hand touches his he goes in for a hug. It catches her off guard. She instinctively starts to back off, but then give a shrugs that says, "What the hell" and lets it happen. Afterwards the two part ways. Kathleen zooms off on her bike.

**SCENE 8: EXT. CITY. DAY.**

[1:41 PM] Kathleen spends the afternoon looking for her house. She goes from one area to the next. In each new area she finds people and shows them the print out of her house. [2:12 PM] Some people give her odd look, [3:33 PM] others laugh, and [4:57 PM] some simply tell her no.

[6:23 PM] After what must have been some hours Kathleen finds herself across from a large forested area leading up a cliff with large statue on top of it. She stops, sit on her bike, and takes in the view. For a moment, Kathleen sees her house, but when she looks again the view is normal. She moves her glance to the sun. It's setting. She revs up bike and continues on.

**EXT. The Deacon Blues. Day.**

[6:27 PM] Kathleen's bike is parked outside of a bar. The words on the bar's roof read: THE DEACON BLUES.

**INT. Deacon Blues. Day.**

Inside, we find the bar has a really good atmosphere. Lively, but not rowdy. Kathleen is sitting at the bar. She looks like she just wants the day to end. A bartender who looks to be in his 30s is behind the bar. His name is Deantoni Mouskouri.

**KATHLEEN NYRO:**

Pour me a drink.

**DEANTONI MOUSKOURI:**

What will it be, Stranger?

**KATHLEEN NYRO:**

Something hard and make it a double. Wait, is a double double a thing?

**DEANTONI MOUSKOURI:**

Rough day?

**KATHLEEN NYRO:**

(Heavy sign) Like you wouldn't believe. And neat.

**DEANTONI MOUSKOURI:**

Anything else.

**KATHLEEN NYRO:**

Another glass if you would. Empty.

**DEANTONI MOUSKOURI:**

(Sigh) Are you drinking or watching.

**KATHLEEN NYRO:**

Watching.

**DEANTONI MOUSKOURI:**

Come on, girl. I hate it when you do this.

**KATHLEEN NYRO:**

It's been a really, really rough day, DT.

**DEANTONI MOUSKOURI:**

Still, it's disrespectful to sit in my bar and not drink.

**KATHLEEN NYRO:**

I'm not loitering.

**DEANTONI MOUSKOURI:**

Aren't you?

Kathleen pulls out a photo and lays it on the bar.

**KATHLEEN NYRO:**

Take a look at this.

DT picks up the photograph and takes a good look at it.

**DEANTONI MOUSKOURI:**

An empty lot? So what.

He tries to give the photo back to her, but she pushes his hand away.

**KATHLEEN NYRO:**

On top of having to go to my layoff party and fake smile my way through it... I lost my house today.

She takes out another photo and gives it to him.

**KATHLEEN NYRO:**

I lost my house today. Like literally.

DT looks over the two photos for a moment before putting them down. He begins to make her a drink in silence.

**KATHLEEN NYRO:**

I've been up and down the city all afternoon searching for it. Questioning people, "Hey, have you seen this house? It's missing. No, that's not a joke. I don't know, maybe it grew legs and walked away? Have you seen it?" (Sighs, while shaking her head) I feel like a crazy person!

DT finishes and puts a drink down in front of her. He places an empty glass next to it. Kathleen puts her head down and watches the filled glass for a while. She pushes it a little with her finger while muttering something, inaudibly, to herself.

After a while she takes the filled glass and raises it into the air, then proceeds in slowly pouring it into the empty glass. She watches as the golden brown liquid dances through air, glittering here and there. It briefly connects the two cups before completely filling up the second. The last few drops pop up, some landing on the bar, some dribble down the side of the glass.

**DEANTONI MOUSKOURI:**

Listen, Kay. I don't really know what to say here. But dealing with rough days on your own is only good on occasion. Doing it too much is bad for your soul.

Kathleen stares vacantly at the newly filled glass.

**DEANTONI MOUSKOURI:**

How about it? Sharing a drink with me?

She wipes away one of the stray droplets with her finger.

**KATHLEEN NYRO:**

No. I just want to watch the Spirits. Alone.

Deantoni frowns and watches her for a beat. Kathleen doesn't bother to look up. DT shrugs and begins to walk down the bar to check on another customer.

**KATHLEEN NYRO:**

Next time, okay.

DT nods and continues on to the other customer. Kathleen carries on staring at the spirits with a somber face.

**SCENE 9: EXT. DELTA-ALMINI BUILDING. PARKING LOT. NIGHT.**

[7:30 PM] The sun is on its way down allowing the lights from the building to really sparkle in a way it couldn't hours earlier. Along with the all the well-dressed people entering the building, everything really looks fancy and beautiful. Kathleen looks down at her casual ware and shakes her head. She takes a deep breath and she gives her checks a little smack.

**KATHLEEN NYRO:**

Okay.

She walks forward to the building.

**INT. Delta-Almini Building. Lobby. Night.**

[XX PM] Kathleen walks up to the desk in the lobby where the two officers from before are. They two are dressed up a bit and recognized her immediately.

**KATHLEEN NYRO:**

Any luck finding my missing house.

The older officer grimaces a bit.

**GRANT:**

We received a report from the DASbot in the area and (beat) it basically said a house went missing in the neighbor. We haven't been able to figure out how... yet.

**KATHLEEN NYRO:**

Figures. I had the same luck. Anyway, I'm not dressed up, but I'm on the list.

**INT. Delta-Almini Building. First Floor Elevators. Night.**

Kathleen is waiting outside an elevator hall with tons of people. The doors open and people shuffle in.

**INT. Delta-Almini Building. Elevators. Night.**

Packed inside a nice looking elevator, Kathleen tries her best not to make eye contact with all the nice looking people. It's clear that they're all going to the same for the same. However, Kathleen sticks out among the crowd being the only one in her casual street clothes. She keeps her eyes laser focused on the floor indicator.

When the doors open on the 8<sup>th</sup> floor, Kathleen bolts out only to be stopped by a familiar voice.

**INT. Delta-Almini Building. Eighth Floor Hall. Night.**

**NATALIE NGUYEN:**

Oh my god! I knew you weren't looking forward to this, but who'd thought you'd be this bold.

Kathleen turns to face Natalie.

**NATALIE NGUYEN:**

What happened?

**KATHLEEN NYRO:**

Nat, It's been the longest day ever. I just want to go sleep. Promise, I'll tell you later.

Natalie pats Kathleen on the back and leads her into the hall where the ceremony is being held.

**NATALIE NGUYEN:**  
Cheer up. It gets worst from here.

**INT. Delta-Almini Building. Banquet Hall. Night.**

The banquet is held in a giant room filled with beautifully decorated tables and gorgeous crystal chandeliers. In front is wide stage with a podium in the middle and a row of chairs on either side of it. Behind those are tall velvet curtain and a huge blank screen for a project to be shown on. Kathleen and Natalie take a seat at one of the tables up front.

A presenter walks on to the stage and stands in front of the podium.

**PRESENTER:**  
The banquet will start momentarily. If everyone could please find their seat.

Several people come from behind the curtains and fill out some of the seats to the right of the podium. The man closest to the presenter seems to be restless and antsy. He's twirling a cigarette between his fingers and shaking one of his legs. His tie is loose and top shirt button unbuttoned. By contrast, the man next to his seems perfectly in order and plain. The only motion he makes is to whisper something to the agitated man. This causes he to put his cigarette.

The presenter takes a final look around to makes sure everyone on stage is there and if everyone in the audience has taking their seats.

**PRESENTER:**  
Now, without further ado, the President of Delta-Almini, Mr. Charlie Almini, will start us off.

The presenter steps aside and starts a clap going. The agitated man steps up the podium. This is Charlie Almini. He takes a long hard look over the audience, giving them this sort of dead eye stare before speaking.

**CHARLIE ALMINI:**  
Look, I'm not one for long, elegant speeches and I doubt many of you want to hear from me and my company. After all, I am the reason why most of won't be clocking in tomorrow. I get. You feel I'm some foreign asshole, some spreadsheet junkie that decided on a whim that merging with a local company and replacing a bunch of hard working people with some bots could save the company a penny and pound. But let me get something straight here. I'm not some junkie. I may still be considered an outsider, but I live here. This is my home. My decision wasn't made

on a whim. It was made as a strategic plan to better protect the Island from catastrophic events like 10 years ago. In the end, could this all have gone smoother. Possibly. It didn't and that's a failing on me, but it's a decision I would never change. I will protect my home at all cost.

There's an awkward silence. (Beat) Charlie Almini takes his seat.

Back in the audience, Natalie turn to Kathleen.

**NATALIE NGUYEN:**

And he just sits down like nothing happened.

The presenter heads back to the podium and starts up a clap again. It's slow to start and never manages to sound natural.

**PRESENTER:**

Now, if I can have the department heads of the Delta Security Corporation come on stage.

Natalie stands up and straighten her dress.

**NATALIE NGUYEN:**

That's my que.

She looks down at Kathleen with a mischievous grin.

**NATALIE NGUYEN:**

Inspired by you, I may need to do something bold, too.

Kathleen pushes her away. Natalie quietly laugh to herself as she joins the line of people headed on stage. When everyone makes it to the stage they take their seats. The host check to see if everyone is accounted for. He gives a little nod to himself signaling all is good and turns back to the audience.

**PRESENTER:**

We will begin the honoring ceremony.

A montage starts; showing the different company heads coming up to the podium and shaking hands with the presenter and presumably the mayor of the Island, then giving a speech, followed accepting an award while getting a photo taken. The montage ends when it's Natalie turn. She goes up the podium and shakes to the two men's hand then turns to the audience.

**NATALIE NGUYEN:**

Thank you for the kind introduction. Um, I think I'll keep this short. It's been a real honor serving the people of this Island. And, I'm really gonna miss it.

She looks at Kathleen, specifically.

**NATALIE NGUYEN:**

Especially, all the people I had the pleasure of meeting, working with, and befriending. Thank you. Cheers!

Afterwards, the audible claps for her in a loud and roaring manner. The presenter comes back up and hands her a certificate while leading away from the podium so the cameraman can get a better shot of her. Camera flashes go off. White out.

[9:37 PM] We come back to the stage with a row of DASbots lined up with gold sashes scrawled across their metal bodies. The screen behind them flashes between a two messages: (First) DELTA-ALMINI: A New Company For A New Age, (Second) DELTA-ALMINI SECURITY ROBOT GRAND INAUGURATION: Friendly, Safe, Dependable.

**INT. Delta-Almini Building. Eighth Floor Hall. Night.**

People are flooding out of the banquet room—taking the elevator or stairs to get out. Kathleen and Natalie are already outside the room. The two found a spot off to the side talk.

**NATALIE NGUYEN:**

Well, that was a stone cold bummer of an evening.

**KATHLEEN NYRO:**

Yeah. And now it really over.

**NATALIE NGUYEN:**

It's sad.

**KATHLEEN NYRO:**

When do you leave the Islands?

**NATALIE NGUYEN:**

Morning. Last chance to come.

**KATHLEEN NYRO:**

Thanks Nat.

The two look at each other for a beat then hug. They start heading out with the masses.

**SCENE 10: EXT. DELTA-ALMINI BUILDING. PARKING LOT. NIGHT.**

[9:56 PM] Kathleen is standing next to her bike. She's lightly caressing it while talking on the phone.

**KATHLEEN NYRO:**

Thanks, Lalla, but I'm okay. (Beat) Yeah, I'm too tired and the In Rainbows' Hotel isn't too far.  
(Beat) You too. Night.

Kathleen hangs up the phone and puts it in her pants pocket then jumps on her bike and takes off.

**EXT. Illamaraila. City Streets. Night.**

Kathleen travels the empty moonlit streets, speed around bends and going up and down various alleys, until she finds herself at the In Rainbows Hotel. It's a nice looking hotel broken into multiple sections.

**INT. In Rainbows Hotel. Lobby. Night.**

Kathleen talks to the woman at the front desk to reserve a room.

**INT. In Rainbows Hotel. 3<sup>rd</sup> Floor Hallway. Night.**

Kathleen stumbles through the hallway looking for her room. She comes across two doors across from each other in the middle of the hall, checks her key, and goes for the door on the left. Room 303.

**INT. In Rainbows Hotel. Room 303. Night.**

Kathleen doesn't even bother taking off her clothes and just falls into the bed. She rolls around a bit like she having a mild seizure then stops completely. After a beat she grabs for some cover and brings in up her head, but as soon as she releases it, it springs back down covering only her legs. Finally, sleep takes her. Next to the bed is small table with a glass of water and a digital clock on it. The clock reads: *10:15 PM*.

Her sleep doesn't last long. Back up, she sits up in the hotel bed and looks at table. She stares at the clock which reads: *10:21 PM* and frowns.

**KATHLEEN NYRO:**

Should I even count that as sleep?

She frowns and moves her glance to the glass on the table. She checks inside the drawer for something she doesn't find. Afterwards, she turns her efforts elsewhere: The dresser in across from the bed, the closet by the door, the little drink counter next to that, finally the storage area under the bathroom sink. She finds it—another glass—under the sink. She shrugs at the unusual location.

Back at the bed, Kathleen takes one the glass filled with water and rises it about a foot over the empty one and slowly pours the water in. Her eyes look so tired as she does this. When she finishes, she switches the glasses around to start again, but immediately stops when she hears a crash followed by a scream. Both sounds are far in the distance. Kathleen puts the glasses and stands up to listen more intently. A series of thud sounds can be heard like a very heavy animal is stomping forward.

Kathleen smacks herself on her checks.

**KATHLEEN NYRO:**

I'm awake.

She moves towards the towards the door and opens it. A man zooms past her door.

**SCREAMING MAN:**

Run!

She pokes her head outside the door, but sees nothing. Though, the sound close. Then, after a moment from down the hall at the intersection, a fury of people run pass—right to left. A beat later it appears. A giant robot! It looks a lot more mechanical than the friendlier design of the DASbots and a lot larger. The mechanized monster stops in the middle of the intersection and looks down the hallway where Kathleen is. It's looks like it looking for something or someone. It locked eyes with her. It looks like it's looking for her. This immediately hits Kathleen and she begins to run down the hallway. It gives chase. She turns the corner—left—and continues down this hall until she reaches another intersection—left again. The robot struggles to maneuver down the relatively narrow hallways. Kathleen comes to a man motioning people into his room—right. Pass him is the stairway—north. She looks behind her and see it coming and makes a quick choice. North. She spirals down the stairwell and kicks open the door to the lobby. She books it

to front door bursting through the it. She speeds to her bike; starting it quickly, it revs hard. Looking behind her, she seeing the monster closing in. No doubt left, it's definitely after her. She roars off not wanting to find out why.

**EXT. Illamiraila. City Streets. Night.**

Kathleen flies down street after street making insane dodging maneuvers, but it's gaining. It's not until a few DASbots spot the commotion and try holding the metal monster back that Kathleen finally gets some good distance between them.

[10:34 PM] She arrives at the forested cliff from before and sees her house again. This time it doesn't disappear.

**KATHLEEN NYRO:**  
What the hell is going on!

**EXT. Forested Area. Night.**

She zooms up the cliff, maneuvering pass trees—left and right. The robot just bashes through them. When she gets to the top of the cliff, there's a big opening with of a giant Spirit statue and her house before her. As she gets close to the area the beast smacks her off her bike ripping off her jacket. The robot stops attacking her and starts to pummel the ground where her jacket fell. Kathleen takes this time to run into her house.

**INT. Kathleen's House. Night.**

Inside the house, Kathleen slams the door behind her, locks it, then lends against it. Panicked, she looks around—right, left, right, up, then back down. There doesn't seem to be anything that can help her. Then! Another vision appears to her—an odd looking stick. She shakes her head.

**KATHLEEN NYRO:**  
39 hours...

She then runs up the stairs and goes straight to her room.

**INT. Kathleen's House. Kathleen's Room. Night.**

Kathleen looks around for a second to find the staff and discovers it between her desk and dresser. She grabs it and goes out to her balcony.

**EXT. Kathleen's House. Balcony. Night.**

Kathleen looks over the side to see the robot still punching at the ground. She stands back, takes a deep breath, then jumps off the balcony landing on the bot's back.

**EXT. Forested Area. Night.**

The machine doesn't notice and just keeps punching away at the ground. Kathleen takes the staff and starts hammering away. The mech just continues its assault on the ground. Kathleen continues hers on it, but doesn't really look like it's working. The ground cracks under the nonstop attack of the machine's fist. Kathleen lowers her grip on the staff and then raises the rod above her head to deliver a powerful strike. Before the staff reaches the apex of its ascent it glows a purplish color. She strikes down! A small explosion occurs causing the stick to propel from her hands and into the statue, breaking off the head piece. More mini explosions start. Kathleen falls off and rolls toward her house. Big Explosion! Before it reaches her a purple translucent bubble forms around her; still she gets knocked out from the force of it. Fade out.

**SCENE 11: EXT. WANDERERS' CEREMONIAL AREA. LATE NIGHT.**

[11:29 PM] Fade in. Broken stones, wood, and flaming rubble surrounds Kathleen. Her vision is blurry. She struggles to get up, but loses balance and falls. Her eyes close.

[11:41 PM] When her eyes open again, a floating humanoid projection—a Spirit, is above her. It's the one from earlier that was watching her at the DSW-7 building. This is Noella, a.k.a. Christine.

**KATHLEEN NYRO:**

Chr—Christine?

**NOELLA (a.k.a. Christine):**

I am Noella, Mother of the Illamiraila Islands and the ill-fated sister to the Spirits.

Her eyes close and open again. Noella is closer now. Everything is still very blurry. Everything expect her. Noella is very clear and definite.

**NOELLA:**

Sentenced to curse 10,000 souls for my calamitous and erstwhile actions.

Kathleen crawls to Noella, trying to understand the situation, but again falls down.

**NOELLA:**  
Kathleen Nyro...

**KATHLEEN NYRO:**  
You can't...! I can't...

Kathleen passes out and everything goes to black.

**NOELLA (V.O.):**  
You are the last soul that I claim.

Fade out.

SHOW CREDITS.

With Special Thanks to [Radiohead] for creating music that helped [inspire] this episode!  
And the lovely audience for watching [reading]!

SCENE 12: EXT. ILLAMIRAILA ISLAND. ABOVE THE CITY. LATE NIGHT.

[11:59 PM] Fade in. The sounds of mild wilds and far off sirens can be heard. High above the city, floating, Noella is looking down on the Island below. In the distance is the still burning wreckage of Kathleen's fight with the oversized mech. An ambulance is speeding to the scene. Noella's face is stoic.

**NOELLA:**  
Thank you, Kathleen. Thanks to you, all the pieces are falling into place. Everything will be right.

[11:59 PM ticks to 12:00 AM]

Fade out.