

Dance Of The Wanderers

[Season 1; Episode 1 — Jigsaw Falling Into Place (Home)]

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SCENE 1: BLACK SCREEN.

NOELLA THE ANCIENT (V.O.):

Disturbing.

NOELLA THE CHILD (V.O.):

Disgusting.

EXT. Illamiraila Islands. Above The Islands. Late Night.

Fade in. We're looking over an archipelago comprised of six major islands. All of which seem to be subtly moving in unison.

NOELLA THE MOTHER (V.O.):

Truly, what a horrible place this Illamiraila is. Spiraling endlessly nowhere. It's movement without motion.

Jumping from island to island we see various large and beautiful statues. One on each island depicting different otherworldly creatures posed in majestic ways. They all stand tall looking down on their respective islands like watchers. We end on the statue located on the largest of the islands. [*Illamiraila (Main Island) - 11:52 PM*]

NOELLA THE MOTHER (V.O.):

This place is no home. Not for my obdurate brethren...

We descend from the statue—passing through the forest that surrounds it and into the city below. We pass by a bar called The Deacon Blues—its lights still on, we pass by a tall glass building with the words Delta-Almini in front of it, and other man-made structures.

NOELLA THE MOTHER (V.O.):

Not for my so-called children...

Moving deeper into the city, we find ourselves in the residential area. We move down various streets and pass by numerous houses until we stop in front of a two floor house located on the left side of a sloped street. After a brief pause we continue forth, fading into the house.

NOELLA THE MOTHER (V.O.):

And especially not for us.

INT. Kathleen's House. Kitchen. Late Night.

Inside, we find a young woman sitting alone in a kitchen. It's very dark as the only light is what's coming through the windows. The woman is slowly shifting water from one glass to another—diligently watching the liquid line it creates. Her feathery black hair is disheveled, her eyes' void of light, and skin's pallid and pale. She looks extremely tired. This is our main character, KATHLEEN NYRO (26).

NOELLA THE MOTHER (V.O.):

This land is a curse that ensnares us, Kathleen.

INT. Kathleen's House. Stairs. Late Night.

Heading up the stairs Kathleen's shadow looms large on the wall behind her.

NOELLA THE MOTHER (V.O.):

But I will set us free.

INT. Kathleen's House. Bedroom. Late Night.

Inside her room, Kathleen lays down on her bed, takes a pillow, and smothers her face with it. She convulses and writhes around on the bed in a prolonged and exaggerated performance, before coming to an abrupt and sudden stop. Her arms extend out across the bed and her body lay still as if dead.

Beep, beep! The clock on the small dresser to her right reads: *12:00 AM*. Kathleen, alive, removes the pillow from her face and turns to look at the clock.

KATHLEEN NYRO:

New day. (Deep breath)

Kathleen gets up, puts on some running shoes, and grabs her jacket.

KATHLEEN NYRO:

Today's going to be great. (Wry smile) Absolutely fantastic.

She leaves her room and closes the door behind her, revealing a strange bumpy staff. It's about 1.5 meters tall and from its center a purple light begins to glow. We fade out on the growing intensity of this light.

NOELLA THE MOTHER (V.O.):

Just wait a little longer.

SCENE 2: EXT. LALLA'S HOUSE. KITCHEN. MORNING.

Two women sit across from each other at a kitchen table silently staring at one another. Morning light gushes in from the window between them. A nearby hanging clock, reading: 8:27, fills the room with its only sound—a steady, echoy ticking. The woman on the right is Kathleen and on the left is LALLA KAMAKA (24), a brown skinned girl with long hair covered in strange white, tattoo-like markings. On the table are plates with breakfast food on them, coffee cups with a pot in the center, and next to the pot is a phone. EZRA KAMAKA (29) is on the other end.

LALLA KAMAKA:

I don't believe for a second you had that dream last night.

KATHLEEN NYRO:

Why not?

LALLA KAMAKA:

Kathleen, you know I love you—

KATHLEEN NYRO:

But.

LALLA KAMAKA:

But—you look like someone who's never heard of sleep let alone experienced it.

KATHLEEN NYRO:

Thanks.

LALLA KAMAKA:

And besides, your dreams are usually centered on you not random wanderers.

KATHLEEN NYRO:

Are you saying I'm an egoist?

EZRA KAMAKA (V.O.):

I think she's saying: Why not come clean and tell us what you actually did last night? It's obvious you didn't get any sleep. Come on, Kathleen.

KATHLEEN NYRO:

Went to sleep. Had a dream.

EZRA KAMAKA (V.O.):

Hmm. She's not talking, sis. Whaddaya think?

LALLA KAMAKA:

We could guess?

EZRA KAMAKA (V.O.):

Yeah, let's see... Probably spent some time stressin' about Almini and their banquet tonight.

LALLA KAMAKA:

While doing her water calming technique.

EZRA KAMAKA (V.O.):

Of course, it's classic Kathleen.

LALLA KAMAKA:

Then a late night/early morning run.

EZRA KAMAKA (V.O.):

And when she got back, she probably tried going to sleep.

LALLA KAMAKA:

But it wouldn't come. Frustrated, she decided to work on her bike.

KATHLEEN NYRO:

(Under her breath) You Kamakas are too damn perceptive. (Back to normal tone) Stop! Enough.
Can't lady have some secrets. Some mysteries to be allured?

EZRA KAMAKA (V.O.):

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

Kathleen stays silence and take a large, audible sip from her cup.

EZRA KAMAKA (V.O.):

Are you drowning in that coffee or just sulking?

KATHLEEN & LALLA:

Sulking.

Lalla puts on a big smile and giggles a little.

EZRA KAMAKA (V.O.):

That's good to know. But, hey, it's getting late over here and unlike someone I plan on getting some sleep tonight.

KATHLEEN NYRO:

Bye, Ezra.

EZRA KAMAKA (V.O.):

Hey, remember I got a surprise for my two favorite ladies.

KATHLEEN NYRO:

It better be worth the wait.

EZRA KAMAKA (V.O.):

Aren't they always? Later, sis.

LALLA KAMAKA:

Tu toku.

EZRA KAMAKA (V.O.):

Later, Kay. Love you.

Kathleen pauses for a moment and looks down at the bangles on her left wrist. A wedding band is attached to one of them. Lalla notices the pause. Kathleen plays with the band and smiles.

KATHLEEN NYRO:

Go lay down, Ezra.

The phone clicks off.

LALLA KAMAKA:

What a strange love you have.

KATHLEEN NYRO:

It's not strange, just complicated.

LALLA KAMAKA:

Complicated's supposed to include the best part.

Kathleen and Lalla gather their plates and take them over to the sink to clean. Lalla washes while Kathleen dries.

LALLA KAMAKA:

So tell me, what really kept you up last night. It wasn't just Almini.

Kathleen briefly stops and looks over at Lalla before shrugging and continuing her task.

KATHLEEN NYRO:

I don't know. Sometimes, it feels like I don't belong here. Like the Islands are pushing me away.
Like I'm cursed.

LALLA KAMAKA:

So dramatical, Kathleen. (Smile) You'll always belong right here.

They finish and turn towards each other. Lalla dries her hands with an old towel.

LALLA KAMAKA:

And about being cursed; I know you're going to be fine. Know why? I can't find a mark on you.

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

LALLA KAMAKA:

Listen to big sis!

KATHLEEN NYRO:

Thanks, Lalla, but aren't I older?

LALLA KAMAKA:

Are you?

EXT. Illamiraila Island. City Streets. Morning.

[8:57 AM] Kathleen rides a beautiful heavy-set motor scooter through the city streets. The bike is mostly navy blue with white highlights. The name ASAMI TOURIST H4 can be read in shiny silver letters on its side. Kathleen handles it like pro—full of confident and familiarity.

KATHLEEN NYRO:

Yeah, big sis's right. I'm not cursed.

She rides up a small hill and she turns a corner into a narrow alley. When she exits the alley onto the main street she sees a 5-foot mechanical robot with a holographic monitor-like face. It has two police-like badges on its frames. The one on its arm reads: DELTA ALMINI SECURITY and the one on its chest reads: 1011. She seems shocked and mildly irritated by it.

KATHLEEN NYRO:

(Heavy sigh) A DASbot...

It locks eyes with her and begins an announcement. Though, it seems very directed at Kathleen.

DASBOT 1011:

Stay Safe Citizen! Do Not Commit Crimes!

As she passes it, it becomes clear that 1011 *is* speaking directly to her.

DASBOT 1011:

Or I Will Have To Deal With You!

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

DASBOT 1011:

And You Wouldn't Want That.

Kathleen finally passes 1011, but when she glances back at it it's no longer looking at her.

KATHLEEN NYRO:

Bastardbot!

She turns back around, her face more irritated than before.

KATHLEEN NYRO:

I know your right sis, but sometimes it's hard believe it.

SCENE 3: EXT. DELTA SECURE WORKSITE 7. MORNING.

[9:04 AM] Kathleen arrives at a large building. The sign in front of the place reads: DELTA

SECURE WORKSITE 7. Kathleen takes a moment to survey the old building: While nothing on the building is broken many parts are worn or discolored. Vines cling to the sides of the structure while the parking lot is littered with cracks and breaks. 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. Delta Secure Worksite 7. Office. Morning.

Kathleen is inside a dimly lit office packing away various things into boxes. The office is large and rectangular in shape with just a few bare desks, tables, and chairs filling out the space. After closing a box Kathleen grabs it and leaves.

EXT. Delta Secure Worksite 7. Morning.

She places the box next to her scooter. She makes several of these trips to and from the office and doesn't seem to be in any kind of hurry or have any worry about someone taking her boxes.

INT. Delta Secure Worksite 7. Office. Morning.

[10:53 AM] When Kathleen enters the office this time she finds a tall blonde woman crouched over a small box on the floor. The woman turns around and gives her a little two finger wave. This is NATALIE NGUYEN (29).

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 to one of the desk that has a couple of neatly placed boxes around it.

NATALIE NGUYEN:

Is that it for you?

KATHLEEN NYRO:

Yeah.

NATALIE NGUYEN:

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

INT. Delta Secure Worksite 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's in a few weeks, isn't it?

KATHLEEN NYRO:

Partially true.

NATALIE NGUYEN:

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

When they reach the end of the hallway, Natalie pushes one of the front doors open with her hip so they can exit.

EXT. Delta Secure Worksite 7. Morning.

They set their boxes down by the door. Natalie stretches out her arms.

NATALIE NGUYEN:

Gonna miss these little talks of ours.

KATHLEEN NYRO:

Same here. (Smiles) See you tonight?

NATALIE NGUYEN:

Two hours of listening to Almini try to sell us on this layoff. (Beat) Sure, I got front row seats.

They give each other a quick hug before Natalie pushes the door back open. Walking away, Natalie waves bye to Kathleen without turning around. Kathleen watches until the door completely closes. She then picks up one of the boxes next to her and heads toward her bike.

[11:24 AM] Kathleen finishes strapping the boxes to the back of her scooter, jumps on, and takes off. Near the doors of the old building a ghostly phantom appears. She's humanoid in appearance but not human. She's old and tattered; translucent or maybe fading. A ghost. A spirit. This is NOELLA. She watches Kathleen as she shrinks in the distance.

NOELLA THE ANCIENT:

My daughter...

SCENE 4: EXT. KATHLEEN'S HOUSE. DAY.

[11:48 AM] Kathleen arrives back at her home to find that it's gone missing! She stares at what is essentially just an empty lot. Her head cocks sideways as she squints her eyes.

KATHLEEN NYRO:

28 hours...

She turns away from the empty lot, deciding to circle around the block.

[11:51 AM] When Kathleen returns, her house is still missing. She lets out a heavy sigh as she tosses off her helmet which falls onto grass next to the sidewalk. She walks up to her front door—or to where it should—and hesitates for a moment letting the weight of situation hit her. Her hands then mime the act of opening a door and she walks in.

Inside, Kathleen looks around in disbelief. As she makes her way to the center of the lot, 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 piece of furniture. She stops when she reaches the center.

KATHLEEN NYRO:

Yep.

She presses a button on her earpiece; it briefly rings before Lalla's cheerful voice can be heard.

LALLA KAMAKA (V.O.):

Olu!

KATHLEEN NYRO:

My house is gone.

LALLA KAMAKA (V.O.):

Is this a joke?

KATHLEEN NYRO:
My entire house is missing.

LALLA KAMAKA (V.O.):
I don't get it.

[12:11 PM] 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.

Without turning around or standing up, Kathleen begins to speak.

KATHLEEN NYRO:
Somebody stole my house.

LALLA KAMAKA:
You can't steal a house.

KATHLEEN NYRO:
Well, what happened!?

Lalla places a hand on Kathleen's shoulder then sits down beside her. Kathleen lays her head on Lalla's shoulder.

LALLA KAMAKA:
I don't know.

Lalla wraps her arm around Kathleen to comfort her.

KATHLEEN NYRO:
I need to report this, right? I mean, I have to. Right? How the hell do I report this?

LALLA KAMAKA:
I don't know that either, but we'll figure something out.

The two stay silence for a moment then, suddenly, Kathleen shoots up her head.

KATHLEEN NYRO:

Shit!

LALLA KAMAKA:

What?

KATHLEEN NYRO:

The banquet! My clothes were in my house. All of 'em.

Lalla puts on an almost apologetic face as she rubs Kathleen's side.

LALLA KAMAKA:

It'll be okay. We'll figure something out.

SCENE 5: EXT. DELTA-ALMINI BUILDING. DAY.

[12:46 PM] Kathleen turns into the parking lot of a large round building. The signs she passes as she enters reads: (on the top) DELTA-ALMINI and (on the bottom) NEW HEADQUARTERS OF SECURITY & TECHNOLOGY. Kathleen gets off her bike and marvels at the Delta-Almini building. It's a lot different than her DSW-7. It's new; freshly painted in white with turquoise tinted windows that glisten in the sun, and pavement as smooth as a newborn's bottom. Nothing's worn, discolored, or overgrown. Kathleen also notices a banner hanging about halfway up that reads: DELTA-ALMINI HONOURING BANQUET / DASBOT TASK FORCE INAUGURATION. She brings her vision back down, take a deep breath, and exhales.

KATHLEEN NYRO:

Good-bye, DSW-7.

She heads toward the building.

INT. Delta-Almini Building. Lobby. Day.

From the inside the Delta-Almini Building looks just as big and pristine as it does outside. It's structured and neat layout combined with its high ceilings and pleasant 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 of both civilians and workers. In the center of the lobby is a large circular desk with all sorts of monitors and equipment in it. Standing in front of desk is Kathleen engaged in a conversation with the two officers behind it.

KATHLEEN NYRO:

That's right. Gone. My entire house is missing. It's not there.

The older, bald officer puts his head down for a second and rubs his temple a few times before looking back up at Kathleen. His nametag reads: GRANT TEMPLE, and the other, younger one's reads: WARD FAITA.

GRANT TEMPLE:

Fine. We'll look into it.

He nonchalantly waves her off.

KATHLEEN NYRO:

I'm not making this up.

GRANT TEMPLE:

(Slight louder and annoyed) We'll look into it.

The two stare at each other for a moment before a loud yelling forces them to turn towards the entrance. The sound, while very loud, is intelligible from where they are.

WARD FAITA:

I bet you 30 bixla it's the *doctor* again. What's with all the looneys today?

Kathleen shots Ward a sharp look then turns to leave.

EXT. Delta-Almini Building. Day.

[12:59 PM] When the doors open up, Kathleen sees what the commotion is—two DASbots are carrying a furious, old man down the stairs of the entrance. The man kicks and screams to no avail. This man is DR. ANSEL SCORDATO. Kathleen follows behind.

DR. ANSEL SCORDATO:

Unhand me!

When they reach the bottom of the stairs the man finally breaks free, though it seems this is where the DASbots wanted him as they simply turn around and head up. He brushes himself off a bit then turn back towards the building in a huff.

DR. ANSEL SCORDATO:

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

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

KATHLEEN NYRO:

Dr. Scordato? 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 SCORDATO:

Yes, who are you?

KATHLEEN NYRO:

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

DR. ANSEL SCORDATO:

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 look back at the building and stare at the two DASbots posted by the entrance. The doctor grunts and turns away.

DR. ANSEL SCORDATO:

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

KATHLEEN NYRO:

Nonsense, Doc. Let's talk.

DR. ANSEL SCORDATO:

You are such a kind girl. Yes, okay.

KATHLEEN NYRO:

Good. I know a place nearby.

Kathleen smiles and the doctor nods in agreement.

SCENE 6: EXT. RESTAURANT. DAY.

Kathleen and Dr. Scordato sit at a table of a mildly crowded outdoor eatery, The Blue Orchid Bistro. The two talk under the shade of their table's umbrella. A nearby street clock reads: *1:10*.

DR. ANSEL SCORDATO:

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

The doctor lowers his head and sighs again.

DR. ANSEL SCORDATO:

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 SCORDATO:

This is my home!! That place—!

The doctor's outburst takes Kathleen by surprise. Some people at the nearby tables turn to look at them.

DR. ANSEL SCORDATO:

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 SCORDATO:

That place is my home. Within its walls: My raison d'être.

He turns back to Kathleen.

DR. ANSEL SCORDATO:

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

He moves in closer, grabbing one of Kathleen's hand with his and looks her straight in the eye.

DR. ANSEL SCORDATO:

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 huge final bite of his sandwich. After a moment of chewing he washes it down with his water.

DR. ANSEL SCORDATO:

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

Kathleen gives the doctor a concerned look.

DR. ANSEL SCORDATO:

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

Dr. Scordato takes another slip of water.

DR. ANSEL SCORDATO:

Can I ask you something Kathleen?

KATHLEEN NYRO:

Sure you can.

DR. ANSEL SCORDATO:

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

KATHLEEN NYRO:

Of course, Doctor. What do you need?

DR. ANSEL SCORDATO:

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

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

DR. ANSEL SCORDATO:

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

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

DR. ANSEL SCORDATO:

It's been a pleasure, my dear.

He extends his hand to shake Kathleen's, but as soon as Kathleen's hand touches his he goes in for a full hug. It catches her off guard. She instinctively starts to back off, but then give a shrug and lets it happen. Afterwards the two part ways. Kathleen rides off.

SCENE 7: EXT. ILLAMIRAILA (MAIN ISLAND). CITY STREETS. DAY.

[2:29 PM] Kathleen spends the afternoon looking for her house, going from one area to the next. In each new area she finds people and shows them a print out of her house. [3:33 PM] Some give her odd looks, [4:14 PM] others laugh, and [5:47 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 over a cliff with a large otherworldly statue looking down from it. She stops, sit on her bike, and takes in the view. For a moment, briefly, she thinks she sees her house on the cliffs. She moves her glance to the sun. It's setting. She revs up her 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. The Deacon Blues. Day.

Inside, we find the bar has a really good atmosphere. Lively, but not rowdy. Kathleen sits at the bar, looking like she just wants the day to end. A bartender is behind the bar. His name is DEANTONI MOUSKOURI (31).

KATHLEEN NYRO:

Pour me drink, DT.

She lays her head down on the bar with her arm extended across its wooden surface.

KATHLEEN NYRO:

The meanest thing you have.

DEANTONI MOUSKOURI:

Rough day?

KATHLEEN NYRO:

(Big sigh) Beyond mortal comprehension.

She rolls her head away from him.

KATHLEEN NYRO:

And a second glass. Empty

DEANTONI MOUSKOURI:

(Sigh) Are you drinking or watching.

KATHLEEN NYRO:

Watching.

DEANTONI MOUSKOURI:

Then no. I've told you a million times it disrespectful to sit in my bar, buy a drink, and then not drink it.

KATHLEEN NYRO:

It's been a really rough day.

DEANTONI MOUSKOURI:

Still.

Kathleen sits up and pulls two photos from her jacket pocket. She places them in front of him.

KATHLEEN NYRO:

This morning I had a house. (She points to the first photo) This afternoon I didn't. (Her finger moves to the second) I lost my house today. Like literally. And the day's not over, yet. I still have to go to my layoff party and fake smile like everything's A-Okay. Please, DT, two glasses.

Deantoni stares at the photos for a moment then looks at Kathleen's muted face before silently preparing her order. He places two glasses in front of her—one full, one empty. Kathleen puts her head back down and watches the filled glass for a while. She pushes it a little with her finger while muttering something to herself. Finally, she takes the filled glass and lifts it into the air and proceeds to slowly pour its contents into the empty glass below it.

DEANTONI MOUSKOURI:

Listen, Kay. I don't really know what to say here. But dealing with rough days on your own is

good on occasion. Doing it too much is bad for your soul.

She watches as the golden brown liquid dances through the air, briefly connecting the two cups before completely filling the second. The last few drops pop back up, some landing on the bar, some dribble down the sides of the newly filled glass.

DEANTONI MOUSKOURI:

So, how about it? Share a drink with me?

She wipes away some of the stray droplets on the glass with her finger.

KATHLEEN NYRO:

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

Deantoni frowns while observing her for a little bit. Kathleen doesn't bother to look up. He shrugs and begins to walk down the bar to check on another customer.

KATHLEEN NYRO:

(Quietly) Next time, okay.

DT nods silently and continues on to the customer. Kathleen carries on staring at the glass with a solemn face and tired eyes.

SCENE 8: EXT. DELTA-ALMINI BUILDING. NIGHT.

[7:39 PM] Kathleen arrives back at the Delta-Almini building. The lot is completely filled with cars and people in formal wear making their way inside. She takes a moment to get mentally ready—smacking her cheeks.

KATHLEEN NYRO:

Okay.

INT. Delta-Almini Building. Lobby. Night.

Kathleen walks up to the desk in the lobby where the two officers from before are. They're dressed up a bit and recognize her immediately.

KATHLEEN NYRO:

Any luck finding my house?

Grant grimaces a bit when he looks up and sees her then turns away slightly as if embarrassed.

GRANT TEMPLE:

No. Shortly after you left, we received a report that a house in that area had vanished. We haven't been able to figure out how...yet, but—

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 waits outside an elevator hall alongside a tons of people. When the doors open they all shuffle in.

INT. Delta-Almini Building. Elevators. Night.

Packed inside a very clean looking elevator, Kathleen tries her best not to make eye contact with all the well-dressed people. Eight is the only floor highlighted; it's clear that they're all going to the same place for the same reason. However, Kathleen sticks out among them being the only one dressed in casual street clothes. She keeps her eyes laser focused on the floor indicator.

When the doors open, Kathleen bolts outs only to be stopped by a familiar voice.

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

NATALIE NGUYEN:

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

Kathleen turns to face Natalie.

NATALIE NGUYEN:

What happened?

KATHLEEN NYRO:

Nat, It's been the longest day ever. I promise I'll tell you why later. But, right now, I just want to get this over with.

Natalie pats Kathleen on the back as she leads her into the banquet hall.

NATALIE NGUYEN:

Cheer up, mate. It only 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 a tall velvet curtain and a huge projector screen. 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 a few of the seats to the right of the podium. The man closest to the presenter seems to be very restless; twirling a cigarette between his fingers and feverishly shaking one of his legs. His tie is loose and top shirt button undone. This is CHARLIE ALMINI. By contrast, the man sitting next to him seems perfectly calm and orderly. His posture is perfect and all his clothes are finely pressed and buttoned up. This is DREW HAMILTON. Drew whispers something to the Charles causing him to put his cigarette away and relax—slightly.

The presenter takes a final look around to make sure everyone has taken their seats on the stage and in the audience.

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. Charlie steps up to the podium. He takes a long, hard look over the audience, giving them a sort of dead eye stare before speaking.

CHARLIE ALMINI:

Look, I'm not one for long, elegant speeches and I doubt any of you really want to hear from me or my company. After all, I'm the reason why most of you won't be clocking in tomorrow. I get. I'm some foreign asshole, some spreadsheet junkie that decided on a whim that merging these two companies and replacing a bunch of hard working people with some bots could save someone a penny and a pound. That's what you all think, right? I get. But let me get something straight. I'm not some foreign junkie. I know, I wasn't born here. Consider me an outsider or not, but this is my home, too. And my decision wasn't made on a whim. It was a strategic plan to better protect

these Islands from catastrophic events like 6 years ago. In the end, could this have all gone smoother? Possibly. It didn't. And I will have to carry that burden. But given another chance I would make the same choice. I'll protect this Island—*my home*—at all cost.

Charlie stares silently into the crowd. They awkwardly and silently stare back at him. He takes his seat. Back in the audience, Natalie turns to Kathleen.

NATALIE NGUYEN:
Now, just what the hell was that?

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

Natalie stands up and straighten out 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 now commence the honoring ceremony.

One by one, the different company heads take turns going up to the podium, giving a speech, and accepting their award while getting a photo taking. Natalie's the last of the heads to go up. She shakes hands with the presenter before taking the podium.

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 all. Cheers!

The audience claps in a loud and roaring manner. Natalie smiles at this. The presenter comes back up and hands her a plaque. He then leads her to the left of the stage to have her photo taken. When she's ready the cameraman takes the shot. A flash goes off. White out.

[9:52 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 to the elevators or stairs to get out. Kathleen and Natalie find a spot off to the side to talk.

NATALIE NGUYEN:

I can't believe a man like that used the word *junkie* to describe *himself*.

KATHLEEN NYRO:

Twice.

NATALIE NGUYEN:

I know! Really!?! (sigh) What a bummer of night.

KATHLEEN NYRO:

At least it's finally over.

NATALIE NGUYEN:

Yeah...

They look at each other with somber expressions.

KATHLEEN NYRO:

When are you leaving?

NATALIE NGUYEN:
Morning. Last chance to come.

KATHLEEN NYRO:
Thanks Nat.

Kathleen gives Natalie a look that says it all. They hug before joining with flood of people.

SCENE 9: EXT. DELTA-ALMINI BUILDING. NIGHT.

[9:58 PM] Outside, 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.

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

EXT. Illamaraila. City Streets. Night.

Kathleen travels down several empty streets and speeds around a few bends before finding herself at the In Rainbows Hotel. It's a nice looking hotel complex broken into multiple sections.

INT. In Rainbows Hotel. Lobby. Night.

Inside she talks to the woman at the front desk to reserve a room.

INT. In Rainbows Hotel. 3rd Floor Hallway. Night.

She then stumbles through a hallway looking for her room. In the middle of the hallway she comes across two doors, checks her key, and goes for the door on the left. Room 303.

INT. In Rainbows Hotel. Room 303. Night.

Kathleen doesn't bother taking off her clothes—just falls into the bed. She rolls around a bit like she having a mild seizure then suddenly stops. After a moment she grabs for some cover and

brings it up her head, but as soon as she releases it, it springs back down covering just her legs. She takes a look at the clock on the table next to bed; it reads: *10:15*. Finally, sleep takes her.

CRASH! Her sleep doesn't last long as big sound wakes her. She looks around for a second but doesn't see anything. She turns to the clock: *10:21*, and frowns.

KATHLEEN NYRO:

Should I even count that as sleep? (She shakes her head) No, I will not count that as sleep.

CRASH! That sound again! It's coming from outside her window. She stares at the closed curtains. The sound becomes constant; louder. She sits up as whatever-it-is is getting closer. Then, a large shadow appears from behind the window. Suddenly, a mechanical arm break through! It's a robot! But it's too large, too mechanical to be a DASbot. That's enough analysis for Kathleen. She books it out of there and into the hallway.

INT. In Rainbows Hotel. 3rd Floor Hallway. Late Night.

The mechanized creature pursues. She runs until she finds a door leading to a narrow stairwell, she takes it and heads for the lobby. The bot is too big and has trouble following.

INT. In Rainbows Hotel. Lobby. Late Night.

As she runs through the lobby a monstrous sound echoes through the building. Kathleen turns to a few people and yells: *RUN*, before continuing outside.

EXT. In Rainbows Hotel. Late Night.

Kathleen gets to her bike and jumps on. She turns to look back at the hotel and sees that a section in the back is collapsed. Then, another big crush occurs! The monster breaks through the front side of the building! It takes a moment to spot Kathleen. Whatever it is it's definitely here for her. She gets out of there—fast!

EXT. Illamiraila. City Streets. Late Night.

Kathleen flies down street after street, 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.

[*10:42 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. Late 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 clearing with her house and the giant statue in it. As she gets close to the area the beast smacks her off her bike, ripping off her jacket and sends her and her bike flying. The bot 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. Late Night.

She slams the door behind her, locks it, then leans against it. Panicked, she looks around—looks everywhere. There doesn't seem to be anything that can help her. Then! A 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. Bedroom. Late Night.

Kathleen frantically searches her room for the staff. When she finds it, she takes it with her to her balcony.

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

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

EXT. Forested Area. Late 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 begins to crack under the pressure of the machine's fist. Kathleen readies the staff for a powerful blow by raising it high above her head. The staff begins to glow. She strikes down! A small explosion occurs

causing the staff to break. A piece of flies at the statue and destroys the top half. Kathleen falls off and rolls toward her house. The machine's body pops and crackles from mini explosions across its metal frame until a big explosion occurs! Before the explosion reaches her; a purple translucent bubble forms around her. Still, she gets knocked out by the force of it. Fade out.

SCENE 10: EXT. FORESTED AREA. LATE NIGHT.

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

[11:41 PM] When her eyes open again, a floating humanoid apparition is in front of her. Seemingly, the same one from earlier, albeit younger.

KATHLEEN NYRO:

Chr—Christine?

NOELLA THE MOTHER:

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

Her eyes close and open again. Noella is now closer. Everything around her is still blurry, but Noella clear and defined.

NOELLA THE MOTHER:

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 THE MOTHER:

Kathleen Nyro...

KATHLEEN NYRO:

I can't...! You can't...!

Kathleen passes out and everything fades to black.

NOELLA THE MOTHER (V.O.):

You are the last soul that I claim.

SHOW CREDITS.

With Special Thanks to Pyrrha Berkley, the lovely audience for [reading], and [Radiohead] for creating music that helped [inspire] this episode!

SCENE 11: EXT. ILLAMIRAILA (MAIN ISLAND). ABOVE THE CITY. LATE NIGHT.

[11:59 PM] Fade in. The sounds of mild winds 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 THE MOTHER:

My pitiable ways seem to always inspire ire, yet as wretched as I have become, do not misunderstand my intent, Kathleen. I have truly done this for us. We will reclaim our lost homes.

[11:59 PM ticks to 12:00 AM] Fade out.