

EARTH, AGAIN
Episode 9

by

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SCENE 1 - "THE CLIMB"

EXT. SNOQUALMIE PASS - TREE LINE - DAWN

Silence. Not true silence - wind. A low, steady push across open snow. But underneath it: nothing. No hooves. No saddle creak. No tack jingle. No horses.

The first sound is breathing. Labored, close. Then the crunch of snowshoes - a wide, flat compression, not a boot print.

More breathing. More crunching. Five sets of snowshoes, staggered, each one landing slightly out of rhythm with the others. Pack straps creaking under weight. The wind cutting across all of it.

And underneath - Keeper. His paws punching through the crust with every step. A small, sharp sound. Crunch-break. Crunch-break. Already struggling.

CALLOWAY

(from the front, calling
back)

Stay in my tracks. Step where I
step. The crust is holding on the
left side but the right is soft.

Nobody answers. They're saving their breath. The snowshoes crunch. The wind pushes. The climb has started.

The trees are still around them - pine canopy overhead, the wind filtered through branches. But the sound is opening up as they climb. The canopy thinning. More wind getting through. The snow deeper between the trees.

They climb. The snowshoes find a rhythm - not comfortable, never comfortable, but functional. The wide gait is unnatural, every step a conscious effort. Hips burning. Thighs burning. The pack straps digging into shoulders that haven't carried weight like this in weeks.

Calloway leads. Robert is behind him. His breathing is wrong - wet, rattling, a cough buried in every third exhale. He won't say anything about it. He won't slow down.

MIRA

(from behind Robert,
quiet)

Robert. Drink something.

ROBERT

(tight)

I'm fine.

MIRA
You're coughing.

ROBERT
It's cold air. I'm fine.

Mira doesn't push it. But she stays close behind him.
Matching his pace. Listening to that cough.

The trees thin out. The canopy drops away and the sound world
opens - the wind hitting them full for the first time.
Unbroken. Constant. The kind of wind that doesn't gust
because it never stops long enough to start again.

CALLOWAY
(shouting over the wind)
We're above the tree line. Stay
tight. It's going to be exposed
from here.

The snow changes. Deeper in places - the snowshoes sinking
four or five inches instead of riding on top. Then
paradoxically shallower where the wind has blasted it down to
a hard crust, or bare rock. The snowshoes scrape on stone and
ice - awkward, stumbling.

LIV
(breathing hard)
The wind is -

CALLOWAY
I know. Keep your hood up. Breathe
through your nose.

They push on.

Robert falls behind. His cough is worse now. Wet, hacking,
the kind that bends him over and takes ten seconds to pass.

Mira drops back to walk beside him. His snowshoe catches on a
chunk of ice, and he stumbles. Mira grabs his elbow.

MIRA
Got you.

CALLOWAY
(stopping, turning back)
We hold here. Two minutes.

Everyone stops. The wind fills the gap immediately - without
the crunch of snowshoes, there's nothing but wind and
breathing. The world is enormous and empty.

MIRA

(to the group)

Drink water. Don't skip it - the cold dries you out faster than you think. And eat something. A strip of jerky, a handful of oats. Your body is burning through everything.

Liv pulls out a water skin. The slosh of it - light. Running low. She drinks. Passes it to Robert. He drinks, coughs, drinks again.

LIV

How far have we come?

CALLOWAY

Maybe seven miles.

LIV

That's it?

CALLOWAY

That's it. The snow's deeper than I expected. We're making maybe a mile an hour. The summit's still a long way up.

ROBERT

(between coughs)

How long?

CALLOWAY

At this pace? Six, seven hours to the top. If the weather holds. He looks up at the sky.

CALLOWAY (CONT'D)

I don't love what's building to the west.

Nobody asks what he means.

CALLOWAY (CONT'D)

Let's keep moving. Stay close.

They stand. The creak of packs being resettled on shoulders. The groan of cold muscles being asked to work again.

ROBERT

(to Calloway, low)

Calloway. If I slow down again -

CALLOWAY

You won't.

ROBERT
If I do. Don't wait. I'll catch up.

CALLOWAY
(flat)
That's not how this works, Robert.
We go together or we don't go. Now
move your feet.

Robert moves his feet. They climb.

A binding breaks on Mira's snowshoe. The snap of leather -
she stumbles, catches herself, goes down on one knee.

MIRA
Damn it.

CALLOWAY
(turning back)
What happened?

MIRA
Binding broke. The front strap.

CALLOWAY
Can you fix it?

MIRA
I think so. I need a minute.

She kneels in the snow. Cold fingers fumbling with leather
cord, trying to thread it through the frame and pull it
tight. The wind tearing at everything. A simple repair that
her hands won't cooperate with - the fingers too cold, too
stiff, the leather too wet.

CALLOWAY
(to the group)
Keep moving while we fix this.
Stamp your feet, swing your arms.
If you stop moving, you cool down.
Then the sweat freezes against your
skin.

They shift in place. Nobody talks. The wind. The cold
settling into every gap in their clothing.

Mira's fingers find the leather cord. Pulls it through. Ties
it off. She stands, tests the snowshoe - the frame creaks,
the binding holds. Good enough.

MIRA
Got it. Let's go.

They move again. The rhythm resuming - crunch, crunch, crunch. Wind. Breathing. The mountain above them, patient and indifferent.

Keeper is falling behind. He's been struggling since the tree line - every step a full-body effort, his chest plowing through crust that the snowshoes float over. His breathing is rapid, desperate.

HARLAN
(looking back)
Keeper. Come on, boy. Stay with me.

Keeper whines. A high, thin sound the wind almost swallows. He's trying. His legs are churning. But the snow is chest-deep and he's burning through everything he has just to stay upright.

He falls behind another ten yards. Twenty. His whining gets fainter.

HARLAN (CONT'D)
(stopping)
Keeper!

The dog lunges forward. Harlan turns around. Walks back through his own tracks - the only path the dog can follow. He kneels in the snow.

HARLAN (CONT'D)
(quiet)
Alright. Come here.

He reaches down and lifts Keeper. Sixty pounds of wet, trembling dog against his chest. Against the ribs that broke in a ravine in Montana and healed wrong and still wake him up at night.

His breath catches. A sound that isn't a grunt and isn't a groan - something he locks behind his teeth and doesn't let out. He stands. Adjusts the weight. Keeper's legs hang, his tail between them. His nose pressed against Harlan's neck.

HARLAN (CONT'D)
(to the dog, very quiet)
I've got you.

He walks. The snowshoes sinking deeper now under the combined weight. Each step an act of will. The pack on his back, the dog in his arms, the ribs screaming underneath all of it.

CALLOWAY
(from the front, not
turning around)
Harlan. You good?

HARLAN
(a beat too long)
We're good.

They climb.

SCENE 2 - "THE HEART"

EXT. SNOQUALMIE PASS - DAY

Hours later. The wind has shifted - not stronger, but different. Colder.

The snowshoes crunch. The breathing. That's all there is now. The rhythm has become the world - crunch, breathe, crunch, breathe. Nobody has spoken in a long time.

Harlan is still carrying Keeper. His breathing is controlled, measured - the breathing of a man rationing his air. Every few minutes the dog shifts in his arms, and Harlan adjusts without breaking stride.

Robert's cough has gotten worse. Every few minutes it doubles him over - hands on his knees, the hack deep and wet, echoing off the snow. Then he straightens.

CALLOWAY
(stopping, looking west)
Everybody stop.

They stop. The wind.

CALLOWAY (CONT'D)
(low, to Harlan)
You see what's building?

HARLAN
(still carrying Keeper,
barely a voice left)
Yeah.

CALLOWAY
How long?

HARLAN

Twenty minutes. Maybe less.

CALLOWAY

(to the group)

Listen to me. We've got weather coming in fast. When it hits, we'll lose visibility. We keep moving no matter what. If we stop on this slope in a whiteout, we're dead. I'm going to rope us together.

He shrugs off his pack. Unstraps a coil of rope from the side. He ties one end to the frame of his pack and loops it through his belt.

CALLOWAY (CONT'D)

Everybody grab this rope. One hand on it at all times. I lead. You follow the rope. If you can't see me, you pull. If the rope goes slack, stop and call out. Nobody lets go. Understood?

MIRA

Understood.

ROBERT

Yeah.

HARLAN

Got it.

LIV

Okay.

Calloway feeds the rope back through the line. One by one they take hold - Mira first, then Liv, then Robert, then Harlan with one arm around Keeper and one hand on the rope.

They walk. The rope creaking under tension. Hands adjusting grip. The crunch of snowshoes and the hiss of the rope sliding through gloves.

Then the snow hits.

Not gradually. Not a slow fade. It rolls over them like a wave - grey, wet, thick, moving sideways.

The wind doubles. Triples. A roar that swallows everything - voices, footsteps, thought. Snow driving sideways, horizontal, stinging any skin it finds.

The sound is deafening - not silence but the opposite, a wall of white noise that erases everything else.

CALLOWAY
(shouting, barely audible
over the wind)
I'm here! Keep moving! Follow the
rope!

They walk blind.

Robert stumbles. The rope jerks.

ROBERT
(coughing, on his knees)
I'm - I'm fine. Give me a -

The cough takes him. Deep, wet, racking. His hand on the rope, his knees in the snow. The sound of a man whose lungs are full of something they shouldn't be.

MIRA
(shouting to Calloway)
Robert's down!

CALLOWAY
(from the wind)
Can he walk?

ROBERT
(hauling himself up)
I'm ok, I'm walking.

The rope tightens. They move. The wind screaming. Snow driving into their faces. Every step a negotiation between the body and the slope.

LIV
I'm not feeling so...

Her heart. A quick, strong beat from exertion, then a misfire. Another. And then, nothing.

She collapses. Hands grabbing, the rope jerking sideways. Snow packed into clothing. The impact forces the air from her lungs.

The howling wind...

MIRA
(shouting)
The rope's slack! Liv, you okay?

No answer.

MIRA (CONT'D)

LIV!

Nothing. The wind.

ROBERT

(from behind, shouting)

What's happening?

MIRA

Liv's not moving! She's down!

Mira follows the rope. Three steps. Four. Her snowshoes hitting something - a body. In the snow. On its side.

MIRA (CONT'D)

(dropping to her knees)

Liv! Liv, can you hear me?

Nothing.

MIRA (CONT'D)

(shouting over the wind)

It's her heart again!

ROBERT

LIV!

MIRA

Liv. I'm here. I need you to
breathe with me. Can you hear me?
Breathe with me.

The wind howling. Snow piling against them. Mira's voice - steady, controlled, the nurse underneath everything - cutting through the roar.

MIRA (CONT'D)

In through the nose. Come on, Liv.
In through the nose.

A sound from Liv. Not a word. Not a breath. A small, wet sound from somewhere deep in her throat. The sound of a body trying to work without the thing that keeps it running.

MIRA (CONT'D)

(louder)

Stay with us. Your heart knows what
to do. The pacemaker just needs to
find it.

The wind. The snow. Mira breathing loud and slow - performing the act of breathing for Liv to follow. A rhythm against the chaos.

Five seconds. Six. Seven.

ROBERT
(he's found them now, his
hands on Liv, voice
breaking)
How long?

MIRA
Don't count. Talk to her.

ROBERT
(close to Liv's ear,
cracking)
Honey. I'm here. I'm right here.

Eight. Nine. Ten.

CALLOWAY
(from the wind, distant,
shouting)
What's happening back there?

Nobody answers him. The wind takes everything.

Eleven.

Then it catches. The pacemaker fires - and Liv's body jerks.
A gasp that tears through the wind. A gulping, desperate
intake of air. Her hands clawing at the snow, at Mira's coat,
at anything.

She coughs. Breathes. Coughs. Breathes.

LIV
(barely a whisper, to
herself)
Not yet.

MIRA
(holding her)
There you are. Welcome back, kid.

LIV
(gasping)
I couldn't - I couldn't -

MIRA
I know. It's back. You're okay.

ROBERT
Honey...

Robert has his arms around her. In the snow, in the wind, in the whiteout. Holding his daughter like she's six years old and the sky is on fire.

CALLOWAY
(closer now - he's come
back along the rope)
Is she ok?

MIRA
She's breathing now. The pacer
stopped. Eleven seconds, maybe
more. It's back now.

CALLOWAY
Can she walk?

MIRA
(sharp)
Give her a minute, Calloway.

LIV
(small)
Yeah. I can.

ROBERT
She sets the pace. Whatever she can
do, we all do.

LIV
(finding something)
I.. can walk.

They pull her up. Mira on one side, Robert on the other. Her snowshoes finding the snow. Unsteady.

CALLOWAY
OK. Everybody on the rope. We're
close.

MIRA
You don't know that.

CALLOWAY
We're close.

They walk. The rope taut between them. Liv's steps slow and careful, Mira matching her stride.

Nobody speaks. The crunch of snowshoes. The rope creaking taut, going slack, creaking taut. The wind swallowing everything.

They walk.

SCENE 3 - "THE LODGE"

EXT. SNOQUALMIE PASS - SUMMIT - DAY

The slope levels. They don't realize it at first - the legs still pushing uphill when there's no uphill left. Calloway stops. The rope goes slack behind him.

CALLOWAY
(quiet, almost to himself)
We're on top.

MIRA
What?

CALLOWAY
(louder)
It's flattened out. This is the summit. We're on top.

Nobody cheers. Nobody has the breath. They stand in the driving snow, on the summit of Snoqualmie Pass, and they can't see a thing.

LIV
(exhausted)
Now what? I don't see anything but snow.

CALLOWAY
We need shelter. We can't go down the west side in this - the descent is steeper. One wrong step and you're off a cliff.

HARLAN
(barely a voice left,
still holding Keeper)
So we wait out the storm up here?

CALLOWAY
If we can find cover. There will be buildings up here, somewhere.

MIRA
Can't see a damn thing.

They stand there. The wind tearing at them. The snow piling on their shoulders, their packs, the tops of their hoods. Liv leaning against Mira. Robert doubled over, coughing.

Then the wind shifts. Just for a moment - a gap in the squall, the snow thinning.

LIV
What is that?

The wind closes in again. The shape gone.

CALLOWAY
I saw it. Something big ahead, to the left. Everybody stay on the rope.

They stumble forward. Twenty yards. Thirty.

The snow thins again - and this time the shape holds.

HARLAN
I see it. A building. There's more behind it - posts, some kind of towers.

LIV
They go up the slope. With little benches hanging from them? What is this place?

CALLOWAY
(laughing)
It's a ski resort!

The wind swells, then drops for a moment.

CALLOWAY (CONT'D)
There! That building!

They push forward towards it.

CALLOWAY (CONT'D)
It's the main ski lodge. This way!

They reach the building. A door - he pulls the handle. Frozen. He puts his shoulder into it.

The frame cracks, the door scrapes open six inches, a foot, enough. He forces the door open wider.

CALLOWAY (CONT'D)
Alright. Inside!

The sound changes. They stumble in. Boots on a floor - wood, dusty, undisturbed. The room is large. The windows are intact - heavy glass, built for snow load.

The moment they push through the door, the wind cuts off. Not gradually - like a switch. The roar drops to a muffled howl on the other side of the walls.

Calloway pulls the door closed behind them, with a slam.

The sudden, shocking quiet of an enclosed space.

MIRA

God. That was... that was real.

Liv collapses into a chair.

LIV

Too real.

Robert is beside her.

ROBERT

You're ok?

LIV

I will be, Dad. I just... I just need a minute.

HARLAN

(setting Keeper down - the groan of it)

Keeper hits the floor and just lies there. Panting. Not moving.

HARLAN (CONT'D)

Oh, that's better.

CALLOWAY

Wow, look at this fireplace.

HARLAN

Damn near big enough to stand in.

ROBERT

(looking around)

And there's wood everywhere.

Chairs, tables, the bar. All of it's fuel.

(to Liv)

Honey, lay down over here. We'll get a fire doing.

LIV

(not really meaning it)

I can help-

MIRA

Lie down.

LIV

(relief)

Thank you.

She lies down. The thud of a body that has nothing left. They don't discuss it. The sound of survival taking over - hands grabbing chair legs, the crack of chairs smashed, old wood being broken apart.

Someone finds the flint and steel. The scrape of it. A spark. Another. The tinder catches - a small flame, growing, fed with splinters, then chair legs, then a table top broken in half.

The group collapses around it. Packs dropped where they stand. Bodies lowering to the floor. The sounds of people letting go - groaning, exhaling, the creak of joints and the rustle of wet clothing.

The fire catches in the big hearth. The draft pulls and the flames climb. The crackle and pop of burning wood filling the space.

Boots pulled off. The sound of that - the hiss of pain, the groan as swollen feet meet air. Blisters. Frostbite.

MIRA

(pulling off her gloves,
flexing her fingers)

Everybody drink. Now, while you're
warming up. Your body needs water
as much as heat.

Water skins passed around. The slosh of them - light. Running low. But they drink.

Keeper steams as he dries by the fire. His breathing finally slowing.

MIRA (CONT'D)

There's a chalkboard behind the
bar. Still has the specials on it.

ROBERT

(quiet)

Somebody wrote that the morning of
the invasion. Went home that night
and never came back.

Mira walks further in. She stops.

MIRA

A lost and found bin over here.
Gloves, goggles. There's a kid's
mitten - it's pink.

She picks it up. The stiff crinkle of a frozen glove.

LIV

People used to come here. To ski.

ROBERT

They'd drive up from Seattle on a
Saturday morning. Whole families.
Kids learning to ski, parents
drinking hot chocolate by the fire.
This fire. This hearth.

LIV

For fun.

ROBERT

(quiet)
Yeah. For fun.

A beat. The fire popping. The wind outside - audible but held
back.

MIRA

(looking at the
chalkboard)
Tomato bisque. Grilled cheese. Hot
cider.

ROBERT

Oh man...

LIV

(almost smiling)
Must have been something.

They rest. The fire roaring in the big hearth. The wind
outside, the warmth inside.

Mira returns and checks Liv. Hands on her wrists, her
forehead. Listening to her breathe.

MIRA

(low, to Liv)
Your pulse is steady. You need
sleep more than anything.

LIV
(already drifting, settles
down into an improvised
pillow)
I can do that...

The fire settles. The lodge creaks around them - the weight of snow on the roof, the timber adjusting to the heat. Old sounds. Solid sounds.

MIRA
(quiet)
She scared me to death up there.

ROBERT
(hoarse)
You and me both.

MIRA
(quiet)
Eleven seconds, Robert.

He doesn't answer. The fire pops. A log shifts and sends a shower of sparks up the chimney.

MIRA (CONT'D)
We're close. We'll get her there.

ROBERT
Yes we will.

A long beat. The wind outside.

The fire crackles. The wind howls outside and doesn't get in.

SCENE 4 - "THE WEST SIDE"

EXT. SUMMIT AT SNOQUALMIE - DAWN

Silence. After hours of wind howling against the walls, the absence of it is what wakes them.

Boots on the floor. Calloway, already up.

CALLOWAY
The storm broke. Come look at this.

The sounds of people rising - slow, stiff. Groaning. Blankets pushed aside. The hiss and groan of boots being pulled on over blistered feet.

CALLOWAY (CONT'D)

Frost on the windows. Wipe it off -
come look at this.

LIV

(wiping the glass clean)
Way down there - is that green?

CALLOWAY

Yeah. Further down the valley. The
west side sheds the snow a lot
faster.

ROBERT

West slope gets all the rain. Once
we get below the snow line, it'll
be a different world.

MIRA

How different?

CALLOWAY

More rain than snow at lower
elevation. We'll be on bare ground
by midday.

MIRA

And Seattle?

CALLOWAY

Two days. Maybe three, the shape
we're in.

A beat. "Two days" hangs in the air.

ROBERT

Two days. We can do that.

MIRA

We need to eat first. Whatever we
have left, we split it now. Nobody
walks out of here on empty.

Mira crosses back toward the packs. The rustle of bags being
opened, food being divided. Calloway and Harlan move too -
boots on the floor, Keeper's claws clicking after Harlan. The
sounds of people with purpose again.

But Liv doesn't move. She's still at the window. Her palm
flat against the cold glass.

ROBERT

(noticing)
Liv? You okay? How's your chest?

LIV
It's fine. I'm fine.

ROBERT
You sure? Let Mira -

LIV
Dad. I said I'm fine.

A beat. Robert backs off. He moves toward the packs. Mira doesn't.

Mira walks to the window. Stands next to Liv. They both look out at something they can hear in the silence - the drip of snowmelt off the eaves. The first dripping they've heard in weeks.

LIV (CONT'D)
(quiet)
I didn't think about this part.

MIRA
What part?

LIV
What it would feel like. To almost
be there.

A long beat. The snowmelt dripping. The fire down to embers behind them.

LIV (CONT'D)
The whole way here, I kept thinking
- just make it to tomorrow. Just
make it through the pass. Just keep
walking. And I was okay with that.
I knew how to do that.

A breath.

LIV (CONT'D)
But now you're telling me it's two
days and I'm standing here looking
at green, and I...

She trails off. Her hand squeaks against the glass.

MIRA
(gently)
And you what?

LIV
I don't know what comes after.

MIRA

After what?

LIV

After any of it. After we get there. After they fix it. If they fix it. What do I - what does that look like? I go home? I just... live?

MIRA

Just like the rest of us.

LIV

I don't know how to think about that. I've been thinking in days. Hours. How far to the next stop, how much water is left, how cold it's going to get tonight. And now you want me to think about... years?

The dripping. Steady. Patient.

MIRA

You don't have to think about years. Not yet.

LIV

(voice cracking, just barely)

Mom used to talk about what I'd do when I grew up. And I'd laugh, because - who thinks about that? You're thirteen, you think you'll be thirteen forever. And then the lights went out and it didn't matter anymore. And then the pacemaker started going and it really didn't matter. And now...

She stops. A breath. Steadying herself.

LIV (CONT'D)

Now someone's telling me I might get to grow up, and I don't even know what that means anymore.

Silence. Mira doesn't rush to fill it. The fire pops behind them. A last ember settling.

MIRA

Your mother would know what to say right now.

LIV
(almost a laugh)
Yeah. She would.

MIRA
I don't. But I'll tell you what I know. You don't have to be ready for it. You just have to walk down the hill.

A beat.

LIV
(quieter)
I keep hearing the screen door. At our house. The spring was broken, so it banged shut every time. Dad kept saying he'd fix it. Mom said she liked the sound.

A breath.

LIV (CONT'D)
I haven't thought about that in...
I don't even know. Months. And now I can hear it.

Keeper pads over to Liv and noses her hand. She scratches his ears. The jingle of his collar.

LIV (CONT'D)
(to Keeper, a real smile
in her voice)
Yeah. You don't worry about any of this, do you.

Keeper pants. His tail thumps against the floor.

LIV (CONT'D)
(straightening up)
Okay. Then let's get moving. I feel rough, but better. Sleep helped a lot.

The group hefts their gear, and move toward the door. The door scrapes open.

The crunch of snowshoes on fresh snow. But this time: downhill.

CALLOWAY
Careful - the snowshoes slide on the downhill. Keep your weight back.

LIV

I noticed.

HARLAN

Trees are coming back. Small ones
first - barely up to my waist.

CALLOWAY

They'll get bigger as we drop. The
snow's still deep up here at the
pass.

They descend. The sound world changing with the elevation
drop - the open wind of the summit giving way to canopy.

The wind cutting off. Dripping replacing howling.

MIRA

The snow's turning to slush. My
feet are soaking through.

HARLAN

I'm hitting mud underneath.
Calloway - are we done with the
snowshoes?

CALLOWAY

Yeah. Snowshoes off.

The sound of bindings being unstrapped. Frames pulled free.
The first steps without them - boots on wet ground.

LIV

(laughing, almost)
I forgot how to walk normal.

ROBERT

My legs don't know what to do.

MIRA

Listen. Do you hear that?

Birdsong. A single note, tentative. Then another bird
answering. Then a third. The forest filling with sound.

LIV

Birds. When's the last time we
heard birds?

HARLAN

Days.

LIV
It smells like... everything. Like
the whole world is alive down here.

Keeper barks - a sudden, joyful sound. Then the crash of a dog tearing through ferns and undergrowth.

HARLAN
(laughing)
There he goes. Hey - Keeper! Don't
go far!

More crashing. Keeper doesn't care. The sound of a dog remembering what legs are for.

MIRA
Let him run. He's earned it.

Robert coughs. Not the cough from the summit - something worse. Deeper. Wetter. A sound like fabric tearing inside his chest.

He stops walking. Bends double. The cough takes him - ten seconds. He can't stop it. His hand on a tree trunk, the bark scraping under his grip.

LIV
Dad?

He spits. Then silence.

LIV (CONT'D)
(sharp)
Mira!

ROBERT
I'm ok -

MIRA
What is it?

LIV
He coughed up blood.

MIRA
Damnit.

Nobody speaks. They don't have to. The sound Mira makes - a small, controlled exhale through her nose - says enough.

LIV
What is it?

MIRA
 (steady, clinical)
 Robert, I need to listen to your
 chest.

She presses her ear against his back. Her hand flat on his
 ribs.

MIRA (CONT'D)
 Breathe in. Deep as you can.

Robert tries. The breath catches halfway - a crackling,
 gurgling sound that doesn't belong in a human chest. He
 coughs again. Can't help it.

MIRA (CONT'D)
 (pulling back, to
 Calloway, low)
 Both lungs. He's got fluid in both
 lungs.

CALLOWAY
 (low)
 How bad?

MIRA
 Bad. He needs rest, warmth, and
 fluids, and he needed them a week
 ago. And penicillin. What he has is
 pneumonia on a mountainside.
 (To Robert)
 Robert, I'm sorry, I know this is
 what Eleanor-

ROBERT
 (he can hear them)
 I can walk.

He pushes off the tree. Takes one step. Two. On the third,
 his legs give. He goes down - not a stumble, a collapse.
 Knees hitting wet ground, then his hands, then nothing. The
 sound of a body that has run out.

LIV
 (rushing to him)
 Dad!

ROBERT
 (on the ground, trying to
 get up)
 I'm okay. I just - give me a second
 -

He tries to stand. Gets halfway. Goes down again. The cough takes him on the ground - curled on his side in the wet ferns, hacking, gasping, the sound of drowning on dry land.

Keeper comes back through the undergrowth. Noses Robert's face. Whines.

CALLOWAY

(quiet, to Mira)

Can he make it to Seattle like this?

MIRA

Not on his feet, he can't.

HARLAN

(already moving)

Then he goes on ours.

Harlan and Calloway pull Robert up. One arm over each shoulder. His feet dragging, finding purchase, losing it. The wet sound of boots slipping on moss.

ROBERT

(barely there)

Don't. I'm slowing you down.

CALLOWAY

(flat, echoing his own words from the climb)

That's not how this works. We go together or we don't go.

Robert doesn't answer. He doesn't have the breath.

They walk. Three men moving as one broken thing. Calloway and Harlan bearing the weight, Robert's boots catching on roots and slipping on wet rock between them. Mira ahead with Liv, looking back every few steps. Keeper circling the group, tail low, whining at the wrongness of it.

The dripping forest around them. The old highway under their boots - cracked, overgrown, but still there. Water falling from branches, from moss, from the air itself.

And now a new sound underneath it all: Robert's breathing. Shallow, wet, rattling with every exhale. The sound of a man whose lungs are filling up.

SCENE 5 - "THE SKYLINE"

EXT. I-90 - WEST OF THE CASCADES - DAY

The rain. Boots on wet pavement. But the rhythm is wrong - not five people walking, but two carrying a third. The shuffle and scrape of Robert between Calloway and Harlan. His feet touching down, sliding, touching down again. Their breathing labored under his weight.

They've been like this for hours. Taking turns - Calloway and Harlan, then Mira and Calloway, then Harlan and Mira. Everyone except Liv, who isn't strong enough, and Robert, who can't be.

LIV

Dad. Stop.

ROBERT

What's wrong?

LIV

Nothing's wrong. Look.

A beat. Footsteps stopping, one by one. The rain.

LIV (CONT'D)

Is that-

They lower Robert to a sitting position against a guardrail. He lists sideways. Calloway holds him upright.

ROBERT

(barely audible, the words
costing him)

That's Seattle, honey.

Nobody speaks. The rain. The wind. Robert's breathing - shallow, rattling, the sound that has become the metronome of their march.

LIV

(barely audible)

That's really it?

ROBERT

That's it.

LIV

Dad. That's where we're going.

That's actually where we're going.

Her voice breaks. Not sadness - something bigger. The sound of a person who has been holding herself together for a thousand miles and just felt the first crack.

She's looking at Seattle and she's looking at her father slumped against a guardrail and she can't hold both of those things at once.

LIV (CONT'D)

(losing it)

I didn't think - I kept telling myself we'd get here, and I believed it, I did, but I didn't - I didn't actually think -

She drops to her knees beside him. His arm comes up - slow, heavy, the arm of a man who has to think about lifting it - and wraps around her.

ROBERT

(holding her, barely a whisper)

I know. I know.

She's crying. Not quietly. The kind of crying that comes from somewhere deep and locked, that she hasn't let out since Belle Creek.

The sound of it against Robert's chest, muffled by his coat. His arm around her - just one, the other too weak to lift. The rain falling on both of them.

Liv cries until she can't anymore. Then she breathes. Ragged at first, then slower. Then steady.

LIV

(pulling back, wiping her face)

Okay.

ROBERT

Yeah?

LIV

(steadier now)

Yeah. I'm good.

A beat. The rain.

MIRA

So. We're looking at Seattle. The facility is twenty miles north of the city. How do we find it?

ROBERT

The invoices gave me a cluster of addresses. All within a half-mile radius.

(MORE)

ROBERT (CONT'D)

First, we follow I-5 north out of the city. Then cut off for three miles, and we're there.

CALLOWAY

What are we looking for?

ROBERT

A fence. Military-grade, chain link, barbed wire. Behind it, an access road leading to a single-story building. Concrete and steel. Looks like nothing - a motor pool, a water treatment plant. Something you'd drive past without a second thought.

CALLOWAY

And underneath? This... Ark?

MIRA

Assuming it's still there. Assuming the nannies didn't find it.

ROBERT

The Ark has its own fusion power core, but it's deep. A hundred and thirty feet of rock and military shielding between the core and the surface. If anything on this continent survived the purge, it did.

HARLAN

One thing at a time. First we get there.

LIV

How long?

CALLOWAY

Two days on foot. We'll need to swing wide around Seattle itself - a city that size, even dead, could have people in it. People with opinions about strangers.

MIRA

So we skirt it. Stay on the east side, pick up the north road above the city.

LIV

Then let's get going.

They walk. The rain. The road. The skyline ahead of them - dark, silent, waiting.

SCENE 6 - "THE FENCE"

EXT. HIGHWAY - NORTH OF SEATTLE - DAY

Two days later. The rain hasn't stopped. The group moves slow - not cautious-slow, damaged-slow. Calloway and Harlan still carrying Robert between them. They've stopped switching off with Mira - she's needed at Liv's side, watching her pulse, rationing the last of the water between two patients.

Robert is walking now - barely. His feet move, but it's reflex more than intention. His weight still on Calloway and Harlan. His cough has changed too - less violent, but constant.

MIRA

How's the map?

The crinkle of wet paper as Robert unfolds the map. It tears at the crease.

ROBERT

(shaking, barely lucid)

Damn it.

LIV

Here. Let me hold that side. Your hand -

ROBERT

It's fine.

LIV

Dad. You're missing a finger. Let me hold the map.

A beat. He lets her.

Robert focuses. The engineer underneath the wreckage.

ROBERT

We passed the interchange an hour ago. Our cutoff should be ahead. We turn east, follow it for three miles.

CALLOWAY

Then what?

ROBERT

Then we look for something that
doesn't want to be found.

They walk. Keeper ranges ahead, disappearing into the ferns,
crashing back. The only one of them with energy.

LIV

It feels desolate.

CALLOWAY

I bet that's by design. Nobody
lives out here. No water source, no
farmland, no reason to stop.

HARLAN

Good place to hide something.

ROBERT

That's the idea.

The road narrows. Cracked asphalt giving way to something
smaller - a two-lane road, overgrown, the ferns pushing in
from both sides.

Keeper stops. Not his usual pause to sniff. A full stop -
ears forward, nose working, body rigid. A low whine.

HARLAN

(low)

He doesn't like it.

CALLOWAY

Neither do I. Feels dead out here.

They walk. A quarter mile. The silence deepening. Even the
rain sounds different - heavier, more closed in.

ROBERT

OK, this is the road from the
invoices. We're close now.

CALLOWAY

There.

HARLAN

Where?

CALLOWAY

Through the trees. Fifty yards to
the right. There's a fence line.

They push through undergrowth - wet branches slapping against coats, ferns dragging across legs. Keeper is already there, sniffing along the base.

HARLAN

Chain link. Eight feet, barbed wire on top.

ROBERT

(quiet)

Looks military, all right. Concrete footings on the posts. This isn't a deer fence.

MIRA

How far does it go?

CALLOWAY

Impossible to say. Somebody drew a line through this forest and said everything on the other side is theirs.

MIRA

Let's follow it. There will be a gate house, eventually.

They follow the fence. The rain on the chain link - a faint, metallic patter, different from rain on leaves.

CALLOWAY

Yep. Gate ahead.

A gate. Heavy gauge steel. The rattle of a chain - rusted into a single mass. Nobody's opened this in years.

ROBERT

(reading)

"United States Department of Defense. Restricted Area. Authorized Personnel Only. Use of deadly force authorized."

A beat. The rain.

CALLOWAY

Chain's not coming off. Give me a minute with the fence.

His knife out. Working at the chain link beside the gate post - the metal parting, link by link. Rusted thin in places. A minute of work. He peels back a section, holds it for the group.

CALLOWAY (CONT'D)

Through here.

They squeeze through one at a time. The scrape of packs against chain link. Keeper slips through without touching a thing.

Their boots on pavement again. A different sound - flat, hard, purposeful. A road that was built to go somewhere specific.

ROBERT

(barely audible)

This is it. This is the road, where they trucked in all the materials from those invoices.

They walk. The rain. The road pulling them forward. Keeper close to Harlan now, tail low, ears flat.

LIV

Dad. Whatever's at the end of this road -

ROBERT

Yeah?

LIV

I just want you to know. Whatever happens. This was worth it. All of it.

Robert doesn't answer for a long time. Just their boots on the road. The rain.

ROBERT

(hoarse)

Let's go find out.

They walk. The access road stretching ahead of them through the trees. The rain falling. Five people and a dog, at the end of a thousand-mile road.

SCENE 7 - "THE BUILDING"

EXT. ACCESS ROAD - FACILITY - DAY

The rain falling straight down, no canopy to break it.

Their footsteps slow.

LIV
Is that it?

ROBERT
(barely audible)
That's it.

CALLOWAY
You sure? It just looks like a
warehouse.

LIV
A big warehouse.

ROBERT
It was designed to look like
nothing. But look at the footprint -
it's huge. Couple hundred feet
across. And look at the size of
that ramp. It's got rail tracks.
Something big was meant to roll out
of here.

HARLAN
Rail tracks?

CALLOWAY
He's right. Under the moss. Steel
train rails, set into the concrete.
They run right out of the building
and off down that side road.

ROBERT
This is the assembly building. The
Ark is underground. They'd bring it
up and roll it out to a launch site
somewhere else. This is where they
kept it.

A beat. The rain on the roof of the building - a flat,
metallic sound, different from rain on trees.

CALLOWAY
How do we get in?

ROBERT
Front door.

He walks toward it. His boots on wet concrete - a path under
the moss.

Robert reaches the main entrance. Double doors, steel, heavy
gauge.

He pulls the handle. Nothing. Rusted shut.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

Come on.

CALLOWAY

Here.

Calloway and Robert together. Harlan's walking stick jammed into the seam as a lever. The creak of metal. The groan of rust releasing.

The door breaks free. Six inches. A foot. Enough.

The smell - stale air, concrete, damp. The exhalation of a building that hasn't breathed in over a decade.

MIRA

Closed air. No mold. The structure held.

They pull the door wider. Robert steps through. Calloway follows. Mira. Harlan, his stick tapping concrete.

Liv doesn't move.

She stands in the doorway. The rain behind her, the dark ahead. Keeper sits at her feet, looking up at her, waiting.

From inside, footsteps moving away. Robert's voice, already deeper in the building, already gone.

Liv turns. Looks back. A thousand miles of road she may never ride again.

ROBERT

(from inside, noticing)

Liv?

A beat. The rain. Keeper whines once, soft.

LIV

Yeah. I'm coming.

She doesn't move. Not yet. One more breath of rain and open air. Then she turns and steps through the door. Keeper follows. Her boots on concrete. The sound changes - close, enclosed, final.

INT. FACILITY - GROUND LEVEL - CONTINUOUS

LIV
(quiet, catching up)
Where'd you guys go?

HARLAN
Hang on, I've got a torch.

The scrape of flint on steel. The flame catches. Orange light pushes into the room.

ROBERT
Reception lobby.

He moves to a desk and picks up a clipboard.

ROBERT (CONT'D)
Visitor log. Last entry - Day of
the invasion.

They move deeper. Their boots on concrete. The sound of the torch flame as they move.

CALLOWAY
Offices. Dozens of them.

Their boots echoing down the hallway. Doors hanging open on both sides. The torch light sweeping into each one as they pass.

LIV
There's still paper on the desks.
Coffee mugs.

MIRA
Someone left a jacket on a chair.

HARLAN
There's a whiteboard in this one.
Equations, diagrams. Someone's
handwriting.

Robert joins him.

ROBERT
(quiet)
That's engineering notation. Man
after my own heart.

LIV
A photo on this desk. A family -
two kids.

She picks it up.

LIV (CONT'D)
They're at the beach.

She sets it back down. The small click of the frame on the desk.

They move on. The hallway stretching deeper into the building. The sound of the torch - the crackle and hiss of it - the only living sound.

MIRA
A break room. Coffee pot still on the burner.

CALLOWAY
Mugs in the sink. Heh. One of them says "It's not over-engineered. You're under-appreciating it."

ROBERT
(a small, broken sound - almost a laugh)
Yeah.

MIRA
They just walked out. In the middle of a workday. Left everything.

ROBERT
Everyone did that day.

The hallway ends at a door. Different from the office doors - heavier, steel, reinforced frame.

ROBERT (CONT'D)
This way. Security door. This is the line. Everything before this was office space. Everything after is the program.

CALLOWAY
(reading)
"Restricted Area. Security Clearance Required Beyond This Point."

He tries the handle. Locked. Not rusted - bolted.

ROBERT

The lock's electromagnetic. No power, so it's stuck in whatever position it was in when the lights went out. Obviously, the biometric reader is dead too.

CALLOWAY

Sealed when the power died.

ROBERT

Right.

Calloway tries the handle. Puts his shoulder into it. Nothing. The door doesn't move.

CALLOWAY

That's not coming open with a shoulder. This is reinforced steel.

HARLAN

We need a pry bar. Or explosives.

MIRA

There were supply rooms back down the hall.

Footsteps back down the corridor. A door creaking wider. The sound of someone rummaging - metal on metal, things being shifted on shelves.

MIRA (CONT'D)

(calling back)

Brooms, mop bucket, cleaning supplies... hang on.

More rummaging. Something heavy scraping across a shelf.

MIRA (CONT'D)

Crowbar. And it's a big one.

Her footsteps returning. The sound of the crowbar being handed off to Calloway.

CALLOWAY

That'll do.

The crowbar jammed into the seam between the door and the frame. Calloway leaning into it - the creak of metal under pressure. The frame resisting.

CALLOWAY (CONT'D)

Harlan. Get on this with me.

Two men on the crowbar now. The groan of steel bending. The bolt straining in its housing.

A crack. The bolt tears through the frame - the screech of metal giving way. The door swings inward and bangs against the wall.

The echo that comes back is wrong. Too long. Too deep. The sound rolling away from them into a space that's much, much larger than a hallway.

SCENE 8 - "THE CHAMBER"

INT. FACILITY - ASSEMBLY CHAMBER - CONTINUOUS

They step through. The torch flame flutters. The sound of their footsteps changes completely - from the flat echo of a corridor to something cavernous, bouncing off walls that are far away, a ceiling high above.

LIV
(whispering)
Oh my god. This is huge.

CALLOWAY
What is this place?

Their footsteps echo as they move forward. The floor is steel - a different sound from the concrete hallway. Massive, flat, solid.

ROBERT
The assembly chamber.

MIRA
The floor's metal. Why is the floor metal?

ROBERT
Because it's not a floor. It's a door. We're standing on the silo doors.

HARLAN
Silo doors.

ROBERT
The Ark is underneath us. A hundred and thirty feet straight down.

Calloway stamps his boot on the steel. A deep, resonant boom that rolls through the chamber and comes back.

CALLOWAY
That's thick.

ROBERT
Blast doors. Designed to take a direct hit.

LIV
So how does the Ark get out?

ROBERT
These silo doors open. The elevator platform raises the Ark up to this level. That wall opens up. Then it rolls out on rail to the launch site.

MIRA
And how do we open these doors?

ROBERT
Power and access credentials.
Neither of which we have.

A beat. Five people standing on a steel floor, in the dark, above a shaft that may or may not hold anything at all.

HARLAN
So how do we get down to it?

ROBERT
We don't go through the silo doors.

There should be a service stairwell somewhere in this building - maintenance access, separate from the main shaft. The engineers needed a way down that didn't involve riding the elevator platform.

MIRA
Here - I've got a second torch.
Harlan, give me a light.

The crackle of oilcloth catching flame from the first torch.

ROBERT
Spread out. We're looking for a door.

(MORE)

ROBERT (CONT'D)

Anything marked service access, or
sublevel. It should be along the
walls.

They split up. Footsteps scattering in different directions
across the steel floor - the echo making them sound small,
distant. Two torches moving apart, the light dividing the
darkness.

CALLOWAY

(distant, echoing)

Nothing on the south wall. Just
conduit and cable runs.

HARLAN

(further away)

Same over here. Solid wall.

MIRA

(from a different
direction)

There's a door over here. But it's
just an electrical panel.

Their voices bouncing off the walls and ceiling - the sound
of people hunting through a space they can't see the edges
of. The torches throwing long shadows that swing and cross.

CALLOWAY

(closer now)

Wait. Back this way. There's a door
we walked right past.

Footsteps converging. The two torches coming together.

A door - heavy, unmarked except for a small stenciled label.

CALLOWAY (CONT'D)

(reading)

"Sublevel Service Access."

He tries the handle. It opens.

CALLOWAY (CONT'D)

Bingo.

They file into the stairway. The echos narrow.

LIV

(looking down)

That's a lot of stairs.

SCENE 9 - "DOWN"

INT. FACILITY - SERVICE STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

The sound changes immediately. The open chamber echo - gone. Just their footsteps on metal grating, ringing down the stairwell. The torch crackling. Breathing. Nothing else.

The first flight. The grating sings under their boots - a pitched, metallic ring that multiplies in the shaft. Keeper's claws clicking with every step.

HARLAN

Easy, boy. Just stairs. Thirteen flights of stairs.

The second flight. The third. The rhythm settling in - boots, grating, echo. The torch throwing their shadows against the concrete wall, long and swinging.

CALLOWAY

Pipes running along the wall here. Big ones. This was a serious facility.

ROBERT

Ventilation, water, electrical conduit. Everything the lab needed, fed down from the surface.

Fourth flight. Fifth. Robert has his arm over Calloway again. His boots catch on every other step - the metal ringing wrong, the rhythm broken. His cough echoes in the shaft, bouncing down ahead of them and coming back like something waiting at the bottom.

MIRA

Robert. Stop for a second.

ROBERT

I'm fine.

MIRA

You're not fine. Drink something and catch your breath.

A water skin uncapped. Robert drinks. Coughs. Drinks again.

ROBERT

Okay. Let's keep going.

Sixth flight. Seventh. Their legs heavy - after everything they've walked, these stairs are cruel. Calloway and Harlan are grunting now, not hiding it. Robert's weight pulling at them on every turn of the staircase. Mira's limp audible too, the uneven rhythm of her boots on the grating.

LIV

It's getting...warmer?

CALLOWAY

She's right. Feel the railing -
it's not cold anymore.

MIRA

The air's changing too. Drier. Less
damp.

ROBERT

(quiet, winded)

A hundred and thirty feet of rock
and steel between us and the
surface. Nothing gets in. Nothing
gets out.

Eighth. Ninth. Keeper whines on the grating - his claws
slipping on the metal. Harlan talks to him, low and steady.

HARLAN

Almost there, boy. Almost there.

ROBERT

Ten... Eleven...

LIV

My legs are shaking.

CALLOWAY

So are mine. Don't tell anyone.

They keep descending.

MIRA

Twelve...

More stairs.

ROBERT

Thirteen.

The stairs end. A landing.

Calloway lowers Robert to the floor. The sound of a man being
set down carefully - the groan, the settling, his back
against the wall. His breathing is the loudest thing in the
shaft. Wet. Fast. Wrong.

LIV

Let's not do that again, please.

ROBERT
(from the floor, a ghost
of the old Robert)
It'll be thirteen back up - that'll
be worse.

LIV
Ugh.

MIRA
Yeah, I'm just going to lie down
and die now.

CALLOWAY
Before you do...

That is a serious door.

And in the torchlight - a door. Different from everything
else they've passed.

LIV
This has to be it.

She raps her knuckles on the door. The sound of thick steel.

CALLOWAY
Like a ship's hatch. A wheel lock.

Robert pulls himself to his feet.

ROBERT
This is it. The Ark lab is behind
this door.

Robert puts his hands on the wheel. It creaks subtly.

He stands there.

ROBERT (CONT'D)
Um...

MIRA
Robert.

ROBERT
(quiet)
Yeah?

MIRA
Open the door, Robert.

ROBERT
Yeah.

He turns the wheel. It resists - then breaks free with a sound like a gunshot, the locking bolts retracting. The door swings inward.

A distant hum from inside. Warm, steady.

SCENE 10 - "THE ARK"

INT. FACILITY - ARK BAY - CONTINUOUS

They step through. The room is vast - the base of the shaft, circular, the elevator platform beneath their feet.

And sitting on the platform, filling the space the way a ship fills a dry dock: The Ark.

ROBERT

The Ark.

LIV

(whispering)

Dad. It's floating.

ROBERT

(barely able to speak)

Repulsion field. The platform maintains a fixed hover. Always.

It's been floating here for ten years.

HARLAN

(very quiet)

Jesus Christ.

CALLOWAY

How big is this thing?

ROBERT

Seventy feet. Give or take.

LIV

It's like a whale. A metal whale.

MIRA

The hull - there's no seams. No bolts, no rivets. How is it made?

ROBERT
Printed. Layer by layer. One
continuous piece.

CALLOWAY
Is it... alive?

The words come out before he can think about them--it *seems*
alive. He corrects.

CALLOWAY (CONT'D)
Is it working, I mean.

ROBERT
Let's find out.

Robert pushes off Calloway's shoulder. Stands on his own for
the first time in two days. Sways. Steadies. Walks toward it -
alone. His boots on the elevator pad, each step careful and
deliberate, the echo swallowed by the hum.

ROBERT (CONT'D)
(a breath that is almost a
sob - the last good
breath he has)
It's here. It's real. It works.

LIV
(closer now)
Dad. How do we get in?

Robert pulls himself together.

ROBERT
Over here, this access walkway.

They climb a short staircase, then walk down the metal
grating.

ROBERT (CONT'D)
There's an entry panel built into
the hull. Near the door seam.

His fingers find it - slightly recessed, flush with the hull.
Warm to the touch.

ROBERT (CONT'D)
Here...

He presses it.

A tone. Short, flat, negative.

ROBERT (CONT'D)
(under his breath)
Come on...

Again. The same flat rejection.

LIV
What's wrong?

ROBERT
It's not responding.

He moves along the hull. Hands across the surface, pressing, searching. His breathing getting ragged.

ROBERT (CONT'D)
I don't know. Maybe the
authentication degraded. Ten years
without a system check - the
protocols could have corrupted -

LIV
Dad.

ROBERT
(hitting the hull with his
open hand)
Open! Goddamn it - OPEN!

The slap echoes up the shaft. Then silence. The torch crackling. Five people breathing in the dark.

The standing was the last of it. Robert sinks. His back against the hull, sliding down until he's on the floor. The sound of a body that has spent its last reserves. His breathing fills the silence - shallow, wet, the rattle louder now in the enclosed space.

ROBERT (CONT'D)
(barely audible)
We came a thousand miles.

Nobody answers.

MIRA
(kneeling beside him)
We're not done. Machines have
workarounds -

ROBERT
It's built to live on other
planets, Mira. If the AI won't let
us in, we don't get in.

The hum of the Ark. Low, steady, patient.

LIV
(quiet)
Try talking to it.

ROBERT
What?

LIV
You designed the AI. So talk to it.
Not the panel. Just... talk.

He stands.

ROBERT
Yeah. OK.
(clearing his throat)
This is Robert Ward. Senior systems
architect, Exoplanet Sustainability
Vehicle program. NASA contractor ID
seven-seven-four-two-four.

Requesting voice authentication and
primary access.

The hum doesn't change. The silence holds.

The torch pops. Keeper shifts on the floor, his collar
clinking.

Nothing.

ROBERT (CONT'D)
(voice breaking)
I don't know what else to -

The Ark speaks.

Not a tone. Not a chime. A voice. Calm, clear, unhurried -
synthetic but warm. It comes from everywhere at once, filling
the shaft, rising up through a hundred and thirty feet of
concrete and steel.

THE ARK - the artificial intelligence Robert helped build -
ten years alone in the dark, and it remembers his name.

ARK
Robert.

Robert makes a sound. Not a word. Not a sob. Something
between the two - the sound of a dying man hearing his own
name spoken by something he built a lifetime ago. Calloway
catches him before he falls.

The voice continues. Patient. Measured.

ARK (CONT'D)
It's been a long time.

END OF EPISODE.