

## SCENE 1 - "LIV'S JOURNAL"

INT. LIV'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Silence. Then, slowly: crickets. A light wind against the walls of a wooden house. A distant coyote, far off in the hills. The world settling into night.

Close: A match struck, a candle being lit. A page being turned. The scratch of a pen on paper. Intimate, near.

LIV (V.O.)

Mom used to say the stars were where we were headed. Dad still believes that. Me - I just want to make it to spring.

She pauses. The pen lifts. She thinks. The pen returns.

LIV (V.O.)

I was six when the world stopped. I don't remember much - just the chaos of it. The lights going out, everywhere. And Dad carrying me. We never even saw who did it. We just know they left something behind.

Very faint, at the far edge of hearing: a low hum passes. Distant. Alien. The probe on patrol. It fades. The crickets continue as if nothing happened.

LIV (V.O.)

The nannies. That's what people call them. Machines - floating, silent, everywhere. They don't bother you if you follow the rules. And the rules are simple: no technology. No electricity. No building anything that might make us... more than what we are now.

A beat. The pen moves faster.

LIV (V.O.)

Dad has always taken that personally.

She stops writing. Sets the pen down.

LIV (V.O.)

There's a calendar downstairs with a red circle on it. Dad won't talk about what it means. But I know. There's a clock inside me, ticking down, and it's the one thing in this world I'm not allowed to fix.

She pauses.

LIV (V.O.)

I know Dad's scared. Tomorrow, I'll go up on the ridge, maybe find him some huckleberries.

She closes the journal. The leather cover folds shut with a soft snap.

A breath. Then she leans forward and blows out the candle.

Darkness.

## SCENE 2 - "SPARSE BREAKFAST"

EXT. WOODSHED - EARLY MORNING

A bird, tentative. Then another. Dawn is just beginning. A rooster crows.

ROBERT sets a round of firewood on a stump. An axe bites into wood. A clean, splitting crack. The wood falls in two halves. He picks up another round, stands it on the stump.

Chop. Split. The rhythm of a man who has done this a thousand mornings.

He crosses to the chicken coop. A gate creaks. Hens cluck and shuffle, annoyed at the intrusion. His hand moves through straw.

ROBERT

(muttering)

One egg? Come on, ladies. We had a deal.

He closes the coop. Walks back toward the house. His boots on frozen ground.

INT. HOUSE DOWNSTAIRS - EARLY MORNING

A heavy wood door opens and closes. The stove door swings open on its hinge. Wood is loaded onto a thick bed of glowing embers - the soft hiss and crackle of the fire accepting it. The stove door clangs shut.

A pan is placed on the stove. The egg is cracked, then sputters in cooking oil.

Robert steps to the nearby wall. A page tears off a wall calendar - the sound of paper ripping cleanly.

ROBERT  
(muttering, marking the  
date)  
February first.

A pen scratches a line. Then silence. His breathing changes. Slower. Heavier.

ROBERT  
(barely audible)  
Three weeks.

The pen is still in his hand. He doesn't move. The house is silent except for his breathing - slower now, heavier, as if the number has physical weight.

Water boils - a sharp, insistent bubbling that pulls him back.

He pours it into two mugs. Tea.

He cuts a chunk of yellow cattail bread, then plates the egg and the bread onto a plate.

ROBERT  
(calling upstairs)  
Breakfast!

INT. HOUSE UPSTAIRS - EARLY MORNING

We hear Robert pattering downstairs.

Bedsprings creak. Footsteps on wood planks. Liv dresses - fabric rustling, a belt buckled.

Liv descends the stairs. Each step has its own creak.

LIV  
Cold morning.  
(MORE)

LIV (CONT'D)  
(sniffing the air)  
Smells good.

She takes the plate. A beat.

LIV  
Not joining me?

ROBERT  
Nah, had mine already.

She holds his eyes for a moment, but says nothing. She eats.

LIV  
You're staring at your old NASA  
badge again.

ROBERT  
Am I?

LIV  
You always do that when you're  
thinking too hard.

ROBERT  
Eat your breakfast.

LIV  
(a beat)  
This is the last of the cattail  
bread?

ROBERT  
Yep.

She eats. He sips his tea. The stove crackles between them. The house is small - rough sawn wood, timber frame, warm enough in winter. The sounds are close, domestic.

Robert takes a hunting rifle from the wall. Opens the bolt, then loads four rounds into the small magazine.

LIV  
I bet Mira would trade us a few  
loaves, for some venison.

He chambers the first round.

ROBERT  
Mm hmm.

Robert crouches, opens a steel trunk. The hinges whine. Inside: various small electronics, relics of the old world. He carefully removes something.

LIV

We need the geiger counter today?

ROBERT

Hot zones are shifting. I want to update the maps while we're out there.

LIV

And if a nanny spots it?

ROBERT

Then I'll throw it, like last time.

LIV

We're running out of things to throw.

He reseals the trunk.

ROBERT

I'll be outside.

He crosses the room. The door opens. Cold air rushes in. He steps outside, and closes it.

LIV

Yes, sir...

She finishes with the plate.

Takes out her revolver, spins the cylinder, and holsters it.

She follows him outside.

SCENE 3 - "DEER HUNT"

EXT. FOREST TRAIL - MORNING

Footsteps on a forest floor. Leaves, twigs snapping softly underfoot. The canopy above filters the sound - birdsong, wind through high branches. Two sets of footsteps, one heavier than the other.

They walk in comfortable silence for a moment. Then Liv speaks.

LIV  
You ever think about what Mom would say? About all this?

ROBERT  
About what - the hunting?

LIV  
About... everything. The way we live now.

ROBERT  
(a beat)  
She'd say we're doing fine. And then she'd reorganize the pantry and tell me I'm stacking the firewood wrong.

LIV  
(smiling)  
Yeah. She would.

They push through denser brush. Branches sweep past.

ROBERT  
(quieter)  
She'd hate it, Liv. The same way I do. She just would've been quieter about it.

The terrain changes. They're climbing. Their breathing deepens. The forest thins slightly, and the sound opens up - more wind.

EXT. RIDGE OVERLOOK - MORNING

They clear the rise. The wind catches them.

LIV  
(stopping)  
Dad. Look.

A beat. They stand still.

LIV  
Sunrise over the lake. God, that's something.

ROBERT

Ten years. The world still does that every morning like nothing happened.

LIV

Maybe nothing did happen. To the world, I mean. Just to us.

A beat.

The wind on the ridge. Robert doesn't answer. Not because he disagrees - because he doesn't have a response.

Robert pulls out a worn map. Paper crinkles as he unfolds it.

ROBERT

We're here. The old campground is south of us. And this -  
     (his finger taps the  
     paper)  
 - this X is the hot zone we marked last month.

LIV

Which means the deer will have pushed east.

ROBERT

That's my thinking. We circle around, stay upwind.

He folds the map. They continue, bearing right, away from the marked zone.

EXT. DEEP FOREST - MORNING

The forest closes in again. Denser. Quieter. Robert's pace slows.

ROBERT

(whispering)  
 Hold up. See that? Broken branch, about chest height. Fresh.

LIV

(whispering)  
 And there - droppings. Still wet.

ROBERT

He's close. Maybe ten minutes ahead of us.

They move carefully now. Each footstep deliberate. Their breathing controlled.

LIV  
(still whispering)  
Can I ask you something?

ROBERT  
If you do it quietly.

LIV  
The nannies - why electricity? Specifically. They don't care about fire. They don't care about guns, or swords, or - I mean, we could build a steam engine and they probably wouldn't blink.

ROBERT  
Because fire cooks your food. Electricity builds your civilization. Computers, communication, medicine, industry - it all runs on current. You want to be a species that stays in one valley forever, fire's enough. You want to reach the next star? You need electricity.

LIV  
So they drew a line.

ROBERT  
Right at the threshold. Everything before it - tolerated. Everything after - destroyed. They banned progress.

Robert stops. He's spotted something.

ROBERT  
(barely audible)  
There.

Through the foliage: movement. Something large, threading its way through scrub at the tree line.

ROBERT  
Buck. Big one. Sixty yards, maybe seventy.

He takes a knee. The rifle stock settles against his shoulder. The scope clicks as he adjusts for windage.

ROBERT  
(sighting)  
He's turned toward us. White eyes  
- you see that? Milky. Radiation  
mutation from the old hot zone.

LIV  
Can we still eat it?

ROBERT  
Muscle should be ok. We'll leave  
the liver.

A breath. His finger slides to the trigger.  
The buck bolts. A crash of brush and hooves, fleeing.

ROBERT  
Fuck.

A beat. The deer is bounding away.

ROBERT  
I mean - damn.

LIV  
Fuck, indeed.

ROBERT  
Come on, let's keep after him.

They're up and moving, fast. Branches slap and grab at  
them. Footsteps pounding. Heavy breathing. They push hard  
through the forest. Running now.

Suddenly - the yellow box on Robert's jacket squawks to  
life. A sharp, angry ticking sound. Slow at first, then  
rising in tempo as they advance.

Robert freezes. His hand shoots to Liv's shoulder, stopping  
her dead.

ROBERT  
(sharp)  
Radiation.

They stand still. The geiger counter ticks, rapid and  
hostile.

ROBERT  
Damn it. New zone.

They back up. The sound calms.

He unslings the rifle, pulls out the map. Paper crinkles.

ROBERT

We're... here. This wasn't hot  
last month.

LIV

That's three new ones this season.  
The zones are growing.

ROBERT

(marking the map with a  
pen)  
Or the old maps were wrong.

LIV

Either way, the world is getting  
smaller.

He marks a new X. Folds the map.

ROBERT

We go right. Circle wide.

They redirect. Moving fast again, but more cautiously now.  
The geiger counter quiets more as they pull away from the  
zone.

They break through the tree line into open space.

LIV

(breathing hard)  
There - in the field!

The buck, running through tall grass. Open ground.

SCENE 4 - "THE NANNY"

EXT. OPEN FIELD - MORNING

Wind across an open field. Tall grass swaying. The buck's  
hooves, distant and receding.

ROBERT

OK, he's settled down. Ready to  
take your first deer?

LIV

Really?

ROBERT  
Rite of passage. Doesn't get more  
primal than killing your food.

She pauses.

LIV  
Give me the rifle.

He unslings it, hands it to her.

ROBERT  
Round is chambered, safety is on.  
Here, use this branch for a rifle  
rest.

Liv raises the rifle to her shoulder, rests the rifle on  
the branch.

LIV  
I've got a shot.

ROBERT  
Good, pull it tight into your  
shoulder... That's it. This is 6  
point 5 Creedmore, so it's not a  
lot of recoil, but be ready for  
it.

LIV  
OK. I'm good.

ROBERT  
Wait for a side shot. Just behind  
the front shoulder.

LIV  
I see him... I've got it.

ROBERT  
Then exhale halfway, and squeeze.  
Let it surprise-

He sees something.

LIV  
Dad?

ROBERT  
Wait.

His breathing stops entirely.

A sound enters. Not from any direction. From everywhere. A low, resonant hum that vibrates in the chest more than the ears. It is not mechanical. It is not natural. It is something else.

ROBERT  
(a whisper, barely a  
voice)  
Don't move.

LIV  
What -

ROBERT  
Don't. Move.

The hum grows. Closer. Something is in the field with them.

LIV  
A nanny.

The hum shifts. It tightens, focuses. A new quality - higher, sharper.

ROBERT  
Shit! The geiger counter.

Robert grabs the geiger counter off his jacket.

The hum is closer now. Louder. Probing.

ROBERT  
(hissing)  
Get down. NOW. I'll throw it.

He throws the geiger counter. The throw - a grunt, the whistle of the box arcing through the air, landing in the grass thirty yards away. The ticking, now distant.

ROBERT  
Down!

He hooks an arm around Liv and they dive. The impact of two bodies hitting earth. Grass closes over them.

They lie flat. Breathing hard. The grass hides everything. Only sound.

ROBERT  
(whispering, right  
against her ear)  
Don't lift your head. Don't speak.  
Just breathe.

A scanning whine. The probe has found the geiger counter.

Metallic clicks, rapid and irregular. Sensor clusters adjusting, rotating, twitching. An angry, disapproving tone.

Then: the energy lance. A sound like lightning channeled through a needle - a single, blinding crack of focused energy. The concussion thumps through the ground beneath them.

The geiger counter is gone. In its place: a hissing crater, earth still crackling.

Silence.

The hum holds. The probe is still there. Deciding.

Liv's heartbeat is audible now - not racing, exactly, but prominent. Thudding in her chest. We hear it as fear.

Five seconds of terrible quiet.

The probe's hum changes again. Not the aggressive scanning tone. Something subtler. Deeper. A resonance that holds and lingers. The second-pass tone.

Is it focused on Liv?

Robert stops breathing. His hand tightens on her arm.

Three seconds. The deepened tone sustains.

Liv starts to speak - just the first shape of a word, barely a breath - and Robert's hand clamps down on her arm.

She stops. The word dies.

Two more seconds. The tone holds.

Then it shifts away.

The hum returns to neutral. The probe resumes its patrol. The sound recedes - slowly, unhurried - until it is at the edge of hearing. Then gone.

The world returns in pieces. Wind. A bird, cautious. Grass rustling.

A long beat. Neither of them moves.

LIV  
(shaking)  
Is it gone?

Robert lifts his head. Looks around.

ROBERT  
Yeah. It's gone.

They sit up. Grass and dirt fall from their clothes. Liv's breathing is ragged.

LIV  
That was... I've never been that close.

ROBERT  
Neither have I.

LIV  
(quietly)  
Did it... was it looking at me? At the end?

A beat. Too long.

ROBERT  
No. It found the geiger counter. That's all it wanted.

LIV  
You sure? It's like it could hear my pacemaker.

ROBERT  
(too firm)  
I'm sure. Come on. Let's head home.

EXT. FOREST TRAIL - LATE MORNING

Walking. Slower now. The energy drained from them. Boots on leaves. No conversation for a stretch.

LIV  
That was our only geiger counter.

ROBERT  
Probably the only one for a few hundred miles. We'll have to rely on the maps.

LIV  
And hope we don't walk through a hot zone.

ROBERT  
We'll be careful.

LIV  
Super.

A pause. Then:

LIV  
How are we supposed to live like  
this, with no tech?

ROBERT  
We're meant to survive, not much  
more.

LIV  
(Bolder, now that danger  
is past)  
And some fucking aliens get to  
decide that for us? That we can't  
move past the iron age? Who the  
hell do they think they are, to  
decide that?

ROBERT  
If I ever meet one, that'll be my  
first question.

Their footsteps continue. Home is getting closer.

#### SCENE 5 - "THE CALENDAR"

INT. ROBERT'S HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

The door opens. Cold air swirls in, then is shut out. Coats  
are hung on hooks. The stove crackles - still holding  
embers from the morning.

Robert crouches by the stove, adding wood. The fire catches  
and grows.

Liv sets the rifle down.

LIV  
Dad.

He doesn't answer. He's poking the fire.

LIV

Dad. I know you don't like talking about it, but this month is -

ROBERT

Not today, Liv.

LIV

When, then? Because the date on that calendar doesn't care what day we pick to discuss it.

He stands. Closes the stove door harder than necessary.

ROBERT

I'm aware.

LIV

You said the battery was rated for twelve years. I was four when they put it in. That makes me sixteen in -

ROBERT

I can do math.

LIV

- in weeks, Dad. Weeks.

A long pause. The fire crackles.

ROBERT

(quieter)

I know.

LIV

So what do we do? What's the plan?

ROBERT

The plan? Thanks to the nannies out there, "medical science" means pouring whiskey over a knife before cutting into a patient. I can't open you up. I can't replace the battery. I can't even test it without an electrical device that would bring a probe through our roof.

LIV

There has to be something -

ROBERT

Anything I might try would be as dangerous as letting the battery run out. I could kill you trying to save you.

LIV

And doing nothing?

ROBERT

(exploding)

I DON'T KNOW!

The words ring in the small house. The fire pops. Somewhere outside, a chicken startles and clucks.

A beat. Robert's breathing is ragged.

ROBERT

(hoarse)

I'm sorry. I -

LIV

It's ok.

ROBERT

It's not ok. None of this is ok.

The door opens. The cold air again. The door shuts behind him.

Liv stands alone in the house. The stove crackles.

Her footsteps. Slow. She stops. We hear her breathing, close - and behind it, the creaking of the house in the wind.

## SCENE 6 - "TRAJECTORY"

EXT. ROBERT'S YARD - NIGHT

An outdoor fire. Larger than the stove - open, breathing, popping with resin. Crickets. A clear, cold night. The vast open acoustic of sky above.

A door opens. Footsteps on frozen ground. Liv crosses to where Robert sits by the fire.

She doesn't say anything at first. She sits beside him. The fire crackles between them and the silence.

A long beat. Then:

LIV  
You miss your old work. At NASA.

ROBERT  
(exhaling)  
Yeah. I do.

He pokes the fire. Embers scatter upward.

ROBERT  
We had it so easy, Liv.

LIV  
(gently teasing, she's  
heard this before)  
"Lights at the flip of a switch.  
Hot food without a fire."

ROBERT  
(a small laugh)  
I know. I do go on.

LIV  
A little.

ROBERT  
But it wasn't just the comforts.  
That's what people don't  
understand. It wasn't about - hot  
showers or television or any of  
that. It was the direction.

LIV  
Direction?

ROBERT  
Trajectory. We were going  
somewhere, Liv. Every generation  
moved the line a little further.  
Figured out one more thing. Cured  
one more disease. Reached one more  
place we'd never been.

He looks up. The fire reflects off nothing - just cold,  
clear sky.

ROBERT  
The Arks were supposed to be the  
next step. Not just visiting other  
planets, or sending robots. Living  
there.

(MORE)

ROBERT (CONT'D)  
Setting down roots on another  
world and saying - we belong here  
too.

LIV  
And then...

ROBERT  
And then something looked back and  
said: "No. You don't."

The fire settles. A log shifts. Sparks.

ROBERT  
They didn't just kill billions of  
people. That's - that's a horror,  
and I'll never make peace with it.  
But what eats at me, what I lie  
awake thinking about, is that they  
cancelled the future. They looked  
at everything humanity was about  
to become, and they decided we  
didn't get to become that.

LIV  
But Dad - the world was also a  
mess, right? Before? Wars.  
Pollution. Nuclear bombs. People  
starving while other people threw  
food away.

ROBERT  
All true.

LIV  
So maybe the aliens saw all that  
and thought -

ROBERT  
That we weren't ready? Maybe. But  
being imperfect and being hopeless  
aren't the same thing. We were  
moving, Liv. Stumbling, stupid,  
dangerous - but moving. You don't  
have to be where you're going. You  
just have to be heading there.  
That's what trajectory means.

A beat.

ROBERT

And now we're standing still.  
Worse than still - we're sliding  
backward. And that... paralysis,  
with the problems we still have?  
That's how a species dies. Not in  
a flash. In a slow forgetting.

A beat. The fire. Robert staring into it.

LIV

(quiet)

Mom used to say something. When  
you'd get down.

"The river keeps flowing."  
Remember? She'd say that whenever  
things got really bad. "The river  
keeps flowing, Robert."

A beat.

ROBERT

(barely audible)

Yeah. I remember.

Down in the valley, distant gunshots ring out. Drunken  
yelling follows - Mira's community, someone having a loud  
night.

LIV

(lightly)

At least Mira's crew is having  
fun.

Robert smiles weakly. Pokes the fire.

LIV

You know what's funny? She'd  
probably agree with half of what  
you just said. She just thinks the  
answer is patience, and you think  
the answer is action.

ROBERT

Patience is a luxury for people  
with time.

That lands. They both know what he means. Neither says it.

Liv stands. Extends her hand.

LIV  
Come on, grumpy. Mira invited us  
to dinner.

ROBERT  
I'm not hungry.

LIV  
I am. And I'm tired of cattail  
bread.

He doesn't move.

Then he takes her hand and lets himself be pulled to his  
feet.

ROBERT  
This changes nothing. I'm still  
grumpy.

LIV  
Noted.

#### SCENE 7 - "MIRA'S TABLE"

#### EXT. PATH TO MIRA'S SETTLEMENT - EVENING

Two sets of footsteps on a downhill path. The sounds of the  
valley shift as they descend - Robert's quiet hilltop  
giving way to something else entirely.

LIV  
When's the last time you went down  
there?

ROBERT  
Been a while.

LIV  
It's just dinner, Dad.

ROBERT  
With Mira, nothing is "just"  
anything.

EXT. MIRA'S SETTLEMENT, BELLE CREEK, MONTANA - EVENING

The soundscape opens. It is loud, layered, alive. A blacksmith's hammer rings against an anvil - steady, purposeful. Goats bleat.

Children chase each other between structures, their laughter tangling with the clatter of wooden bowls being stacked.

A hand-cranked grain mill turns with a rhythmic whir. Women call instructions across cook fires. Men argue - not fighting, just loud.

Somewhere, a fiddle saws through a melody that keeps losing its way and starting over.

This is not a quiet place. It is not an efficient place. It is a human place.

LIV  
(taking it in)  
God. It's so... much.

ROBERT  
Eighty, ninety people, last I heard. Maybe more now.

A voice calls out to them from across the clearing.

MIRA  
Robert! You actually came.

Her footsteps approach - confident, unhurried. She clasps Liv's hands first.

LIV  
Hi, Mira.

MIRA  
Liv. I'm glad. Come, join us. Your father keeping you fed?

LIV  
One egg at a time.

MIRA  
(a small laugh)  
Well, you're welcome at our table any evening. Both of you.

ROBERT  
We appreciate that.

MIRA

I mean it. Community matters,  
Robert. Especially now. Come on.  
We slaughtered a few goats this  
morning - there's plenty.

She leads them through the settlement. The sounds press in from every side - footsteps on packed earth, a dog barking, someone sawing wood nearby. Mira walks through all of it like water through rock.

A woman intercepts them, a toddler crying on her hip.

WOMAN

Mira - Jonah's fever still hasn't  
broken.

MIRA

(without slowing)  
Did you try the willow bark tea?

WOMAN

He won't keep it down.

MIRA

Crush it into honey. Small doses,  
every hour. If he's not better by  
morning, come find me.

WOMAN

Ok.

The woman nods and peels away.

Ahead, two women are arguing - loud, sharp, overlapping.

WOMAN 2

- said I could use the south  
garden through February, and now  
you're -

WOMAN 3

I said no such thing, and you know  
it -

Mira stops. The two women notice her and go quiet.

MIRA

Elena. Whose seeds are in the  
ground right now?

WOMAN 3

(reluctantly)  
Hers.

MIRA

Then it's her garden through  
harvest. After that, you two work  
it out or I'll give it to someone  
who doesn't make me listen to  
this.

Both women mutter agreement. Mira is already walking again.

She is everywhere here. Not as a tyrant. As a center of  
gravity.

They reach a long table beneath an open-sided timber  
shelter. People crowd the benches - passing bread, pouring  
water, talking over each other.

MIRA

Come, sit. There's two chairs over  
there, by Ingrid.

LIV

That roasted goat smells amazing!

MIRA

Lena's recipe. She won't tell  
anyone. We've tried bribery,  
threats - nothing works.

A woman down the table laughs and waves them off.

LIV

And flatbread, and carrots?  
(mouth full)  
This is incredible.

MIRA

And mead, for Robert, anyway.

She pours a mug, hands it to him.

ROBERT

Oh... It's a very fine meal. Thank  
you, Mira. It's really generous of  
you.

A girl close to Liv's age leans over.

SETTLEMENT GIRL

You're Robert's daughter? From up  
the hill?

LIV

That's me.

## SETTLEMENT GIRL

You should come down more often.  
It gets boring talking to the same  
people every night.

LIV

(a real smile)

I just might.

Robert sees that smile. Something crosses his face - not  
jealousy, but recognition. This is what she's missing. This  
is what living alone on that hill costs her.

Mira notices him watching.

MIRA

(quietly, to Robert)

You and she could stay, you know.  
If things ever got difficult.  
There's a place for you here.

ROBERT

(after a beat)

I appreciate that.

MIRA

I mean it. Whatever else you and I  
disagree on.

That sits between them.

A sound enters at the edge of hearing. The hum. Low,  
resonant, unmistakable. A probe, approaching from the east.

Robert's whole body tightens. His hand grips the edge of  
the table.

LIV

(panicked)

Dad??

The hum grows. It passes over the tree line and into the  
settlement. Close. The sound of rotating sensor clusters -  
metallic clicks, shifting - fills the air above them.

ROBERT

Just be still, honey.

The community notices. Conversations lower - not to  
silence, but to a hush. A mother pulls her child onto her  
lap. A man at the end of the table sets his cup down and  
waits. The blacksmith pauses mid-swing, holds the hammer at  
his side.

No one runs. No one hides. They just hold still.

LIV  
Another one?!

The probe drifts through the village. Its scanning hum vibrates in their chests.

Robert is rigid. His breath is shallow. The memory of the field - Liv beside him in the grass - is written in every locked muscle.

ROBERT  
Mira...

MIRA  
Samuel, pass me those potatoes,  
would you?

She takes the passed dish, and ladles some food from it onto her plate.

MIRA  
Thanks.

The probe clears the shelter. Its hum recedes toward the western ridge. The sensor clicks diminish.

The blacksmith resumes his rhythm. Conversations resurface, one by one, like birds after a storm.

MIRA  
(to Robert, evenly)  
Robert, you can release that death  
grip on the table now.

Robert releases his grip. He exhales.

ROBERT  
How do you do that?

MIRA  
Do what?

ROBERT  
Sit there like that. Not even  
flinch.

MIRA  
Practice. And the understanding  
that it has no reason to harm us.

ROBERT

It's a machine. It doesn't need a reason. Those things derailed humanity. It passed through here like a predator among its prey.

MIRA

That's where you're wrong. They're the most rational things on this planet. They follow rules. If you follow the same rules, they're furniture.

ROBERT

Furniture.

MIRA

Well, furniture that can kill you. But so can a badly built roof. You just make sure the roof is sound.

A commotion at the edge of the settlement. Two of Mira's riders come up the main path, a third figure between them. Not restrained exactly - but steered. A young man, early twenties. He walks with his chin up, but his hands are shaking.

The click of claws on packed earth - a dog, close at Harlan's heel.

HARLAN

Mira.

Keeper settles onto the ground beside him. A quiet exhale through his nose, then still.

She turns. Her expression doesn't change, but something behind her eyes sets.

MIRA

What is it?

HARLAN

Found this in Callum's workshop.  
Under the floorboards.

The rider holds something out. Small, wrapped in oilcloth. Mira takes it, unwraps it. The clink of small components - metal and wire.

MIRA

(examining it)  
Callum.

CALLUM

It's not what it looks like.

MIRA

It's a wire coil and a magnetic core. Wound copper, hand-stripped wire, and a salvaged magnet. It's exactly what it looks like. A crude generator.

CALLUM

I wasn't going to power it. I was just studying it. The principles. It's not even -

MIRA

We literally just had a nanny pass through.

CALLUM

I know.

MIRA

Where does the study end, Callum?

He doesn't answer.

MIRA

Where does it end? You study the coil. Then you spin it. Then you feel that first tiny spark and you think - just a little more. You build a bigger version. And then the sky opens and everyone within a quarter mile learns the cost of your curiosity.

CALLUM

(voice breaking)

My mother is sick, Mira. You know that. I've read about a procedure - but it needs-

MIRA

I know what she needs.

That softens her. For a moment, the audience hears it - the weight. She knows. She's not indifferent.

MIRA

I lost people because someone thought a week of electricity was worth the risk.

(MORE)

MIRA (CONT'D)

They were right that it was beautiful. They were wrong that it was safe. I won't let you make that choice for the people sleeping in those houses tonight.

She wraps the device back in its cloth. Hands it to her rider.

MIRA

Take it to the forge. Melt it down.

No one speaks. The wind moves through the settlement.

Somewhere, a child laughs - oblivious. The moment holds.

CALLUM

Mira-

MIRA

(quieter now, which is worse)

This is the first time, Callum. And I know what drove you to it. So we talk. You understand what happens if there's a second time?

He stares at her.

MIRA

Say it.

CALLUM

There won't be a second time.

MIRA

No. There won't. Your mother needs you here.

She holds his eyes. Then she turns back to the table. Sits. Picks up her cup. Somewhere across the settlement, the forge bellows hiss to life.

MIRA

Lena - is there more of that goat?

The community exhales. The dinner resumes. The fiddle starts up again. Callum is walked away by the riders, his head lower now.

The evening winds down. People drift from the table. Children are carried to bed.

## SCENE 8 - "AFTER DINNER"

EXT. PATH FROM MIRA'S SETTLEMENT - NIGHT

Footsteps uphill. Slower than the walk down.

A long silence.

LIV

Cold night.

ROBERT

No cloud cover. Makes for a great  
view of the Milky Way though.

They walk in silence.

LIV

She's not wrong. About the risk.

ROBERT

She's not wrong about the risk.  
She's wrong about the response.

LIV

That boy wanted to help his  
mother.

ROBERT

I know.

LIV

And she melted it down.

ROBERT

I know.

Their footsteps on cold ground.

LIV

Would she do that to you?

Robert doesn't answer for a long time.

ROBERT

She wouldn't need to melt anything  
of mine. She'd skip straight to  
the last warning.

LIV  
 (quiet)  
 That's not funny.

ROBERT  
 It's not a joke.

They walk. The settlement sounds fade behind them.

LIV  
 It was nice, though. Being around  
 people.

ROBERT  
 Yeah. It was.

SCENE 9 - "MIRA'S MUSING"

EXT. MIRA'S SETTLEMENT, BELLE CREEK, MONTANA - LATE NIGHT

The community has gone quiet. The fiddle is done. The last  
 voices have faded into houses.

A fire burns low - the soft collapse of embers settling, an  
 occasional pop.

A gentle clatter of dishes.

MIRA  
 Katherine, go to sleep. The last  
 of the dishes can wait.

KATHERINE  
 You know what? Not going to fight  
 you on that. See you tomorrow,  
 Mira.

MIRA  
 'Night

A long silence. Just footsteps and fire.

CALLOWAY  
 Was a good night.

MIRA  
 Calloway. I wondered where you  
 were hiding. Yeah. Everyone needed  
 that.

CALLOWAY

You've been quiet since they left.

MIRA

I'm always quiet.

CALLOWAY

You're quiet like you're chewing  
on something.

Mira doesn't answer right away. A goat shifts in its pen. A dog lifts his head - claws scraping on packed earth - then settles back down.

MIRA

Did you see his face? During the  
Callum business?

CALLOWAY

Robert's?

MIRA

He wasn't watching Callum. He was  
watching me. Measuring what I'd  
do.

CALLOWAY

And?

MIRA

And I think he's planning  
something. The way he talked  
tonight - derailing humanity's  
future. And the way he held that  
girl during the probe.

When I went up there today, to  
invite them? I saw a calendar with  
a big red circle on it, about  
three weeks from now. That's not a  
man settling in for winter. That's  
a man looking for a door.

The fire crackles.

Someone had too much to drink, and is being helped home.

SETTLEMENT DRUNK

I'm fine... Really...

KATHERINE

Sure you are, Joseph. Come on,  
now...

SETTLEMENT DRUNK

You are such a good friend...

CALLOWAY

Robert's one man on a hill with a teenager and a revolver. What's he going to do?

MIRA

I don't know. That's what bothers me. He wasn't born for this world, not like you and I were.

CALLOWAY

You think he really wants the old world back again?

MIRA

He wouldn't be the only one.

A beat.

MIRA

Callum built that coil for his mother. After I ordered it melted, you know what spooked me? The look on every face at that table. Half of them were afraid. The other half were thinking - if Callum almost got away with it, maybe I could too.

CALLOWAY

That's always been true. You can't stop people from wanting.

MIRA

No. But I can stop one man from giving them a reason to try.

The wind picks up. Somewhere far off, a coyote.

MIRA

That girl is dying.

CALLOWAY

What?

MIRA

That scar. You've seen it. She's hiding something underneath, from the nannies. Something electrical.

CALLOWAY  
Shit. A pacemaker?

MIRA  
Installed before the invasion,  
when she was small. Batteries  
don't last forever.

CALLOWAY  
Three weeks... So he'll do  
something desperate.

MIRA  
Desperate, and big. Putting those  
together is how people end up in  
the ground.

CALLOWAY  
One Eighteen.

MIRA  
One Eighteen...

CALLOWAY  
You think he has a plan?

MIRA  
No. But if they leave this valley  
alone, one of two things happens.  
Either he dies out there and that  
girl dies with him. Or he finds  
what he's looking for, and he  
brings it back, and everything  
we've built here burns.

CALLOWAY  
So we stop him.

A long pause.

MIRA  
No.

CALLOWAY  
No?

MIRA  
If I stop him and the girl dies,  
I'm the woman who killed a child  
to keep the peace. Every mother in  
this settlement will look at me  
and see that. Every father. That's  
poison.

(MORE)

MIRA (CONT'D)

The thing that holds this place together isn't the water well or the crops. It's the belief that what I do, I do for their children. The moment I sacrifice someone else's...

She trails off. The fire pops.

CALLOWAY

So what, then?

MIRA

I go with him.

The fire settles. An ember falls. The settlement is asleep around them - all those houses, all those people, breathing in the dark. Everything she built.

CALLOWAY

You - what?

MIRA

He's not a kid with a generator coil. He's a NASA engineer with a dying daughter. If he's going to find something dangerous, I need to be standing next to it when he does. Not here, waiting for the consequences to ride home.

CALLOWAY

Mira, you can't just leave. You're-

MIRA

What? Irreplaceable? Then I've built this place wrong. Elena can manage the council. Thomas runs the fields. The mill runs fine with Sarah. You handle security. I've spent ten years making sure this community is built to last. It can survive without me for a few weeks.

CALLOWAY

And if it can't?

MIRA

Then it was never going to last anyway.

That sits. Calloway absorbs it.

CALLOWAY  
I'm coming with you.

MIRA  
Damn right you are. And all your  
guns. Bring Harlan too. And  
Keeper.

CALLOWAY  
He won't like it.

MIRA  
Doesn't have to. He has to be good  
on a horse and keep his mouth  
shut. Both of which are his finest  
qualities.

A beat. Almost a laugh between them. Almost.

MIRA  
Come on, walk me home.

They stand and make their way outside.

#### SCENE 10 - "THE ARK PAPERS"

#### INT. ROBERT'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The door opens. Cold air, then warmth - the stove still  
holds embers. They shed their coats. Liv lights a candle,  
while Robert loads wood into the stove.

ROBERT  
I'll get the fire back up. Nice  
thing about a small home, it heats  
up quickly.

LIV  
Yes, please. Then, I want you to  
show me the Arks. Take your mind  
off things.

He keeps loading firewood.

LIV  
You know you want to...

She's teasing him now, and they both know it's working.

LIV  
What was that artificial brain  
thing called? The one you worked  
on? An... A.Y.?

ROBERT  
(flat)  
You're hilarious.

LIV  
Smart people think so.

He closes the stove.

She pulls a heavy pile of thick binders from a shelf and  
drops them onto the table.

LIV  
Come on. This stuff has gathered  
dust long enough.

The thud carries weight. These are substantial documents.

A binder is opened. The spine cracks. Pages turn - stiff,  
old, official.

He comes over, settles into a chair.

ROBERT  
OK, I surrender. God... It's like  
looking into another world.

LIV  
What's this one?

ROBERT  
NASA tech documents. Exoplanet  
Sustainability Vehicle program.

LIV  
Oh. Sure. That sounds like a real  
thing that exists.

Pages turn faster. Robert's voice changes - lighter,  
younger, the voice of a man reconnecting with something he  
loved.

ROBERT  
Here. Here's the Ark specs.  
Seventy feet long, hovering  
platform design. Eight-person crew  
capacity.

LIV  
Hovering? Like, flying?

ROBERT  
More like floating. A repulsion field. You could park one in an alien swamp and it would just - sit there, six feet off the ground. Clean. Stable.

LIV  
That's insane.

ROBERT  
That was the easy part. Look - living quarters here. Kitchen. Hydroponics for growing food. Water reclamation. A full science lab.

He turns a page and stops. His breathing catches.

LIV  
What?

ROBERT  
(reading slowly)  
Medical bay. Here. See this?

His finger taps the page.

ROBERT  
The auto-doc unit. The Ark's AI would run it. Automated surgical system. Capable of most any procedure. Organ repair, implant replacement, microsurgery...

A long silence. The fire crackles in the stove.

Robert's breathing changes - shorter, tighter. He starts to say something. Doesn't.

LIV  
Well. That'd be pretty damn handy right now.

ROBERT  
(barely audible)  
Yeah.

A beat. Neither looks at the other.

LIV

How many did they build?

ROBERT

Two prototypes. One launched - made it off-planet before the invasion. The other stayed on Earth. In some underground lab, somewhere.

LIV

And you don't know where.

ROBERT

I helped design the AI. But it was all remote - through the internet. Everything was tightly compartmentalized. My team and I wrote code. We never saw the actual vehicle. Never visited the facility.

LIV

That's so weird.

ROBERT

The internet was a strange beast.

He notices the box Liv mentioned. Cardboard, worn.

ROBERT

What's that box? That's what Nana dropped off today?

LIV

Yeah. Said she found it cleaning out her attic. More of Mom's work stuff.

ROBERT

Hm. Let me see.

Robert pulls the box over. Opens it. Shuffles through papers.

ROBERT

Expense reports. Purchase orders. This is all accounting papers from the program.

LIV

She worked with you, right?

ROBERT

In the financial office. She helped control how the money got spent. Every dollar accounted for.

He's rifling through pages now. The sound of paper on paper - rapid, searching.

ROBERT

(distracted)

Your mother was meticulous. Every receipt, every transfer...

He trails off. A page has caught his attention.

LIV

Feeling better?

No answer. He's reading.

LIV

Dad?

ROBERT

(distant)

Hmm? Yeah. Yeah, I'm - this is nice. Having a little of your mom back. Even if it's just work reports.

LIV

Good.

She kisses his cheek.

LIV

Enjoy. I'm going to get some sleep.

ROBERT

(absorbed, not looking up)

OK, honey. Sleep well.

Her footsteps go up the stairs. A door closes above.

The fire crackles. A candle flame flickers. Robert turns pages.

Time passes. The fire settles. A coyote calls out, and is answered.

Paper turning. Paper turning. Paper turning.

## SCENE 11 - "MIRA PREPS"

EXT. MIRA'S HOME - NIGHT

Mira and Calloway reach her home, step up onto the wooden porch. An old door opens.

MIRA  
Thank you, kind sir.

CALLOWAY  
You really think Robert will let you ride with him?

MIRA  
He doesn't have a choice. He needs provisions for a journey like that, and the only market is mine. We'll be ready when he comes to trade.

The village is quiet now. An owl hoots.

CALLOWAY  
Assuming you're right about him.

MIRA  
Look up on his ridge. That candle's been burning for hours. He's not sleeping. He's searching.

CALLOWAY  
For what?

MIRA  
Anything. That's what makes him dangerous. A man with three weeks and nothing to lose doesn't sit still. He runs. And he takes that girl with him.

CALLOWAY  
He kept that girl alive for ten years. On a hilltop. By himself.

MIRA  
And?

CALLOWAY

That's not a man with nothing to lose. That's a man who's been losing slow and just found a way to stop.

MIRA

Hm. Get some sleep. We ride when they do. And bring your bow. We're not wasting rifle rounds on dinner.

CALLOWAY

Alright. Goodnight, Mira.

Footsteps diverge. Mira stands alone.

The settlement sleeps.

Then she turns and walks inside. Her door shuts.

SCENE 12 - "YOUR MOTHER SHOWED ME"

INT. ROBERT'S HOUSE - DAWN

First light. The rooster. Footsteps on the stairs. Liv descends, still half-asleep.

LIV

(yawning)

Damn, it's freezing in here. Dad?  
Did you stay up all -

She stops. He is exactly where she left him.

LIV

Are you ok?

He turns in his chair to face her.

ROBERT

I'm ok.

A beat.

LIV

What's...

ROBERT

And you will be too.

Silence. Liv doesn't move.

LIV  
(carefully)  
You found it. The Ark?

ROBERT  
Your mother showed me.

Liv freezes.

The moment drags out.

LIV  
Explain that, please.

A beat.

LIV  
What do you mean?

ROBERT  
(standing, gathering  
papers)  
Even classified facilities leave  
paper trails, Liv. Equipment gets  
purchased. Construction materials  
get shipped. And all of that  
generates expense reports that  
have to be filed, approved, and  
mailed somewhere.

LIV  
Mailed where?

ROBERT  
That's the question I spent all  
night answering. Your mother  
tracked every dollar. Vendor  
payments, shipping receipts,  
construction invoices - all going  
to the same cluster of addresses.  
All within the same half-mile  
radius.

He turns to her.

ROBERT  
Twenty miles north of Seattle,  
Washington. A decommissioned  
military facility.  
(MORE)

ROBERT (CONT'D)

The invoices show a hundred and thirty feet of underground excavation, custom environmental shielding, and equipment transfers that match the Ark's component list exactly.

LIV

(sitting down)  
It's really there.

ROBERT

It's there.

LIV

At least - it was there. Ten years ago. We have no idea if it survived the invasion.

ROBERT

A hundred and thirty feet underground, inside military-grade shielding. The Arks had their own nuclear power core. If anything survived, it did.

LIV

Seattle is a thousand miles away, Dad.

He looks at her. Then at the calendar. The red circle.

ROBERT

Then we'd better not waste the morning.

LIV

What - now? This minute?

ROBERT

How many days are on that calendar, Liv?

She looks at it. She doesn't answer.

ROBERT

Gear up, honey. We've got a long way to go.

A beat. Then Liv stands.

LIV

Meet you outside in ten minutes.

## SCENE 13 - "LEAVING HOME"

EXT. ROBERT'S YARD - EARLY MORNING

Horses stamping. Leather cinching. Saddlebags being secured - the soft thump of supplies settling. Buckles clicking.

Robert leads one horse to where another is already loaded. His movements are quick, purposeful.

A door opens and closes. Liv crosses the yard, a full backpack over one shoulder, the rifle in her other hand.

LIV

Left a note for Nana on the kitchen table. She'll feed the chickens.

ROBERT

Good.

She throws the pack onto the horse, secures it. The rifle slides into a leather holster with a whisper. She swings up into the saddle.

Robert checks the cinch one more time. Mounts.

They sit there for a moment. Looking at the house. The yard. The chickens, oblivious.

LIV

You think we'll see this place again?

ROBERT

I think your kids are going to grow up here.

LIV

(quiet)

That's a lot of pressure on a thousand-mile horse ride.

ROBERT

One mile at a time. Let's get those supplies.

LIV

We should be quick. In and out.

ROBERT

We need dried meat, oats, grain,  
salt, and something for the  
horses.

LIV

And if Mira asks where we're  
going?

ROBERT

We're going hunting. Long trip.  
Heard there's elk north of the  
basin.

LIV

You're a terrible liar.

ROBERT

Then don't let me do the talking.

SCENE 14 - "TO MARKET"

EXT. MIRA'S SETTLEMENT - MARKET - EARLY MORNING

The market is already humming. Voices barter and overlap.

SETTLEMENT MAN

Got my shovel fixed yet?

BLACKSMITH

Yeah, right over there.

SETTLEMENT MAN 2

Oh man, my head...

Dried meats slap onto wooden counters.

Grain pours into sacks. A hand scale clanks. Chickens  
complain from a crate.

ROBERT

Good morning. We need venison. Ten  
pounds. Three of pemmican. Two of  
salt. Sack of flour, and a sack of  
oats. What'll it cost me?

VENDOR

What've you got?

Robert sets something down. A metallic clink.

VENDOR

Three.

Another two clinks on the countertop.

VENDOR

Done.

LIV

That's most of it. We still need  
more blankets -

She stops talking. From ahead, at the far end of the market row, comes the sound of horses approaching.

Three of them, shifting their weight, approaching, leather creaking under full loads. And beside them, the quick padding of a dog's paws on hard ground - Keeper, trotting at the horses' flank.

LIV

(Too brightly, surprised)  
Oh, hi, Mira!

MIRA

Good morning, Liv. Going  
somewhere?

LIV

Um...

CALLOWAY

Packed heavy for a hunting trip.

A beat.

MIRA

Where?

Robert says nothing.

MIRA

Robert. Where are you taking her?

ROBERT

Somewhere that can help.

MIRA

That's not an answer.

ROBERT

It's the only one I've got.

LIV  
Mira, this isn't -

MIRA  
Liv. I know about the pacemaker.  
I've known for a while.

A beat. Liv's breathing catches.

LIV  
What...?

MIRA  
That scar. The way you touch your  
chest when you think no one's  
watching. Guessing you don't have  
much more time. I'm so sorry,  
darlin.

ROBERT  
That's... OK - I admit, I'm  
impressed.

MIRA  
Robert. Listen to me. Good men  
with impossible plans get people  
killed. I have watched it happen.  
I have buried the proof.

ROBERT  
And scared women with good  
intentions let people die slow.  
I've watched that too.

MIRA  
(absorbing the blow)  
There was a man in the eastern  
settlements. Found a generator and  
a cache of old batteries. Was  
going to power an old radio tower-  
contact other survivors across  
three states. Coordinate, rebuild.  
A good, hopeful plan...  
The nannies response is always  
proportional to what they detect.  
They destroyed everything within  
half a mile. Not combatants,  
Robert. Families.

ROBERT  
And that's a tragedy. But it's not  
a reason to stop.

MIRA

The man survived. Lived with it for a year. Then he walked straight into a hot zone and didn't come back.

That lands. The horses breathe.

MIRA

Hope is the most dangerous thing in this world. More dangerous than the nannies. Because hope makes you believe the rules don't apply to you.

ROBERT

Their rules shouldn't apply to any of us, Mira. That's the whole goddamned point.

A long silence. The blacksmith's hammer starts up in the distance - Mira's community, beginning its day.

LIV

(quiet)

How long have you known?

MIRA

Long enough.

ROBERT

Then you know I'm not asking permission.

MIRA

I'm not offering any. I'm telling you what's happening. You're riding out to find something. Something technological. Something you believe will save your daughter. And if it still exists, after ten years of those things purging the land? Then it's the most dangerous object on this continent.

ROBERT

It's not a weapon. It's a medical facility.

CALLOWAY

Ah shit.

MIRA  
(incensed)  
A medical... As if that makes any  
fucking difference?

ROBERT  
So what - you're going to stop me?

He cocks the hammer on his handgun.

The market goes quiet. Not all at once - a vendor stops mid-sentence. A sack of grain settles to the counter. The chickens in their crate are the last sound to die.

Two seconds. Just horses breathing and the distant hammer of the forge.

HARLAN  
You don't want things to go that way.

MIRA  
Robert, if I wanted to stop you,  
I'd have taken your horses in the night.

ROBERT  
(a beat)  
Then... No.

Absolutely not.

MIRA  
It's not a request.

ROBERT  
I'm not riding with someone who wants to destroy the thing I'm looking for.

MIRA  
And I'm not sitting here for a month wondering what you'll drag back to my valley. So one of us adjusts.

LIV  
Dad.

ROBERT  
Liv, stay out of this.

LIV

No. Listen. She's got three horses packed with gear. And five guns is a lot better than two. 'Always trust the math', right?

A long beat. Robert's breathing. The horses shifting. The blacksmith's hammer, steady in the distance.

ROBERT

You're getting more like your mother every day.

LIV

Seattle is a thousand miles away.

ROBERT

It is.

LIV

Through territory we've never seen.

ROBERT

Yes.

LIV

And God knows what we'll run into along the way.

ROBERT

All manner of shit, and most of it dangerous.

LIV

OK, then.

A beat.

ROBERT

OK, then.

MIRA

Alright, good. I always like a consensus. Let's get moving. Calloway, scout a bit ahead of us. No surprises.

CALLOWAY

Sure, Mira.

He guides his horse out in front, and moves ahead quickly.

MIRA

Harlan, grab some more blankets,  
then catch up with us.

HARLAN

You got it.

He whistles to Keeper.

HARLAN

Let's go, boy.

MIRA

(Yelling)

And some whiskey!

(Softer)

Think we'll need it.

The horses pick up the pace, leaving the village behind.  
Among the hoofbeats, the lighter, quicker rhythm of  
Keeper's paws on the dirt trail, keeping pace.

The sounds of civilization fade. Replacing by wind, hooves  
on dirt.

LIV (V.O.)

Dad says trajectory is what  
matters. That humanity's worth is  
measured by where it's heading,  
not where it's been. Mira says  
restraint. That the thing that  
proves we deserve a future is the  
wisdom to wait for one.

The horses continue.

LIV (V.O.)

I don't know which of them is  
right. Maybe neither. Maybe both.  
All I know is there's a road in  
front of us we've never traveled,  
and a clock inside me that doesn't  
care about philosophy.

A beat.

LIV (V.O.)

Mom would've said something smart  
right now. Something about how the  
answer is always simpler than the  
argument. I wish I'd gotten to  
know her long enough to learn how  
she did that.

The horses walk. The wind moves through the trees.

The low hum of a nanny in the distance.

Liv takes a breath.

Her heartbeat is audible now, growing louder.

LIV  
(Uncomfortable)  
Hmm

And then - her hand goes to her chest. A quick, involuntary movement. Her breathing hitches. Not pain. Something different.

Her heartbeat falters. One beat lands wrong. A gap where there shouldn't be one. Then it catches, resumes. Unsteady for a moment. Then regular again.

She breathes through it. The horses keep walking. The wind doesn't change. Nothing in the world acknowledges what just happened inside her chest.

Five seconds. Just hooves on earth. Breathing. The creak of leather.

LIV (V.O.)  
I think the answer is somewhere  
ahead of us. On a road we've never  
traveled, in a place we've never  
seen, inside a machine my father  
helped build and has never  
touched.

The probe hum lingers. Steady. Patient.

LIV (V.O.)  
I just hope we get there before  
the clock runs out.

The hum holds for three seconds - alone, separated from everything else.

Then silence.

END OF EPISODE ONE