

UNDETERMINED

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. ANCIENT GREECE - TEMPLE - DAY

PLATO, 53, stands before a group of STUDENTS on steps, lecturing.

PLATO

(Greek with subtitles)

The souls are all hanging around discussing their previous lives, determining the fill of their lots and deciding the next type of life to live.

TITLE

Plato  
Athens, Greece  
375 B.C.

PLATO

(Greek with subtitles)

Ajax chooses a lion's life. Atalanta, the life of an athlete. Another chooses the life of a politician, while yet another, that of a skilled workman.

Plato slowly descends the steps, eyeing students.

INTRODUCE LEITMOTIF:

PLATO

(Greek with subtitles)

When the souls have chosen their lives according to the pattern of their lots, they go before Lachesis who sends with each soul, a daimon.

Plato pauses and bends to STUDENT #1, 13 years old.

STUDENT #1

(Greek with subtitles)

The daimon is... the soul's destiny?

Plato turns his head to STUDENT #2, also 13, sitting next to Student #1.

STUDENT #2

(Greek with subtitles)

The daimon is guide and guardian of  
the soul's destiny.

Plato affectionately pats Student #2's head, then continues  
descending the temple steps.

PLATO

(Greek with subtitles)

The daimon is not destiny, but a  
whisper, slowly revealing the pattern  
of one's life, the life the soul chose  
even before choosing the parents to  
base its lot.

END LEITMOTIF.

MONTAGE - DURING OPENING CREDITS

-- A rotating DOUBLE HELIX.

-- MITOSIS sequence.

-- A scrolling GENOME sequence.

-- CELLS SPLITTING.

-- Cells splitting, SUPERIMPOSED upon a CROWD of people on a  
busy city street. 10% are IDENTICAL BEINGS.

-- The number of identical beings on the busy city street  
increases (up to 25%) SUPERIMPOSED over microscopic views of  
several VIRUSES - ANTHRAX, EBOLA, SMALLPOX.

-- The identical beings march unphased amidst a SOCIETY  
AFFLICTED with the VIRUSES.

-- A NUCLEAR MUSHROOM CLOUD.

-- FAST TRACK toward the mushroom cloud, being sucked up into  
it, then

WHITE OUT.

EXT. VILLAGE OF NUEMERICA - OUTSKIRT PATH - DAY 2306 A.D.

TITLE

Nuemerica  
2306 A.D.

FRAC, 13, (Plato's Student #2) dressed in a CEREMONIAL ROBE and HEAD BAND, emerges from a modest cottage, runs down a dirt path through WOODS, past HUTS, wood SHANTIES and by NUEMERICAN VILLAGERS dressed in drab, earthen brown robes.

Frac, athletic, yet lean, is heroically greeted and greets other MINORS through the medieval-like village.

EXT. NUEMERICA - VILLAGE ROUND - THE TEMPLE OF TRUTH - DAY

RAZIEL, 13, (Plato's Student #1) also dressed in CEREMONIAL GARB, impatiently twists hair ends, sits on the lower steps of THE TEMPLE OF TRUTH, a Mayan-type STEP PYRAMID of rough-hewn stone. Raziel is of slight build, almost bone thin.

EXT. NUEMERICA - PATH - DAY

FORNEUS, 13, confident, a natural born leader walks along a path with JANAX and TESH, both 15, large and brutish. Forneus points as Frac dashes by. Frac points back and nods, continues along the path leading to a cluster of large buildings.

Frac SLAPS the hand of DINEL, 13, and salutes a minor while running by. Several adults scowl at Frac.

EXT. THE TEMPLE OF TRUTH - DAY

Raziel stands and brushes dirt off the robe as Frac sprints up the path. VILLAGERS migrate toward the Temple. Several minors and a couple adults cheer Frac. Raziel admirably shakes head and smiles.

EXT. THE TEMPLE OF TRUTH - MIDWAY UP THE STEPS - DAY

Frac, a few inches taller than Raziel, effortlessly leads the ascent up the steep steps. Raziel is stressed by the climb.

FRAC

C'mon, it'll be simple. All you have to do is signal me when Gadal's speech is almost done.

RAZIEL

And you're doing this on a dare? A dare from Forneus?

Frac shrugs.

RAZIEL

You're not going to get Haniel's respect from a stunt like this.

FRAC

I don't care nothing about Haniel's respect.

Frac's jaw grinds. Raziel raises eyebrows.

RAZIEL

This is the craziest stunt you've ever pulled.

Raziel's eyes squint while turning to Frac.

RAZIEL

And, you want to do this on the most important day of your life? The day we become adults. Full Nuemerican citizens!

(shakes head)

You're nuts.

FRAC

This is the only time we'll ever be this close to the Inner Chamber. Haven't you ever wondered what's inside this place? When else will we ever be allowed to stand atop The Temple Of Truth? Not until our own child's thirteenth birthday, that's when.

RAZIEL

Unless you work for The Keepers Of The Truth--

FRAC

No way!

Frac and Raziel approach the top. Raziel combs fingers through hair. A large crowd gathers below in the VILLAGE ROUND, the circular open area of the central village.

The Temple Of Truth is the largest structure and central in the Village Round. Other prominent buildings lie on the circular perimeter. All the main paths and roads converge into the Village Round.

RAZIEL

Alright, so what's your plan? You're just going to walk into the Inner Chamber and retrieve some item... to prove to Forneus that you did it?

FRAC

Just signal me. Gadai being the oldest will speak first, then me, then you.

RAZIEL

You're forgetting... The Grand Architect resides in there.

Frac and Raziel reach the SUMMIT of the pyramid. There lies a twelve-by-twenty foot ENCLOSURE BUILDING. In front and to the right is a long WOODEN BENCH with two scruffy looking adults sitting on it. A smaller BENCH, with hand-carved ornamentation, sits empty directly in front of the enclosure.

Frac points to an ornate, hand-carved CHAIR with crimson upholstery to the left.

RAZIEL

I've never seen that chair before.

FRAC

The Grand Architect is officiating the ceremonies today.

RAZIEL

For us?

FRAC

Nah, some special announcement is the reason. I heard Haniel tell Pronoia about it at breakfast.

RAZIEL

So you *will* be able to get away with this then?

Frac smiles.

KEEPER OF THE TRUTH #1, in a standard, hooded BLACK ROBE, leads Frac and Raziel inside the enclosure, placing them behind a very nervous GADAL, 13. The Keeper retreats and sits on the small bench in front of the enclosure entrance, facing the ornate chair.

INT. ENCLOSURE BUILDING — DAY

RAZIEL

Hi. Gadai, right? I'm Raziel, this is Frac. I don't think we've met.

GADAL

Hi. I live on the outskirts of the village, over that way.

Gadai points out of the enclosure, the opposite direction Frac had come.

GADAL

I'm not in the Village too much, except when everyone is sleeping.

Raziel extends a hand.

GADAL

I help my Main Guardian Parent...  
(lowered voice, embarrassed)  
dung removal.

Raziel pulls back hand.

RAZIEL

(empathetic, reassuring)

Well, nice to meet you. I live with my Lessor Guardian, Psisya. I don't have a Main Guardian.

Frac checks out the surroundings. Behind them are steps that descend into the pyramid.

RAZIEL

(indicating Frac)

Frac's Main Guardian is a mathematician--

GADAL

Haniel. Everyone knows Haniel.

Frac cursorily nods and extends a forced smile, then looks back to the steps.

RAZIEL

Frac's Lessor Guardian is Pronoia, a fantastic pottery maker.

EXT. THE TEMPLE OF TRUTH - SUMMIT - DAY

PSISYA, 26, PRONOIA, 29, then HANIEL, (early 30S), climb to the summit. KEEPER OF THE TRUTH #2 seats them beside Gadal's Guardians, MITON and HAYAT (both middle age), the scruffy adults already sitting on the long bench.

Haniel displays unwavering confidence, has a large physique and is a head taller than anyone else. Pronoia maintains a very dignified and self-assured posture, whereas Psisya appears shy and withdrawn.

All wear the common earthen-colored robes, all clean and neat except for Gadal's Guardians' whose are old and worn.

Keeper #2 sits on the center bench beside Keeper #1.

IOFIEL (40s), is the last to rise to the summit and sits next to Haniel. Iofiel, bears a commanding presence, wearing a BLUE ROBE with GOLD EMBROIDERED SLEEVES, COLLAR and seven GOLD BUTTONS of different ESOTERIC SYMBOLS.

EXT. VILLAGE ROUND — THE PICTO TREE — DAY

Forneus sits on a low, extended branch of a large, old, sprawling, TREE which has SCENES of various Nuemerican activities painted on the SMOOTH BARK. An Egyptian "EYE OF HORUS" AMULET hangs around Forneus' neck. Janax and Tesh sit on large, above-ground roots.

JANAX

Think Frac'll do it?

TESH

Nobody's ever pulled anything like this. I say no.

(pops a pimple)

Whad'ya think, Forn?

Forneus coolly peers up at the enclosure atop The Temple.

FORNEUS

Frac will try. That wuss will try to talk Frac out of it though.

Everyone on the summit stands, followed by everyone in the Village Round. Forneus jumps from the branch and sits down with Tesh and Janax.

A shadow rolls over them. Janax looks up to see MORAX (early 30s). Forneus jumps up, bows head, eye twitches. Janax and Tesh follow suit. Morax, tall with long, black, wavy hair, looms over them even as they stand.

Morax wears a long, black, LEATHER CLOAK, hands in pockets, legs spread apart. Forneus' head bows, eyes twitch. Janax and Tesh quickly look away to the Temple summit.

MORAX

Don't be late tonight. We have... a task in the morning.

INT. ENCLOSURE BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Frac moves toward the stairs, but is jerked back by Raziel. FOOTSTEPS are heard coming up the steps. Frac, Raziel and Gadal bow their heads and look to the ground.

Frac peeks and sees a CRIMSON ROBE with METALLIC GOLD EMBROIDERED SLEEVES sweep by. THE GRAND ARCHITECT, (very elderly), pulls a hood over long grey hair, marches out onto the summit. Raziel and Gadal's heads are bowed, as is everyone's on the summit. Gadal quivers.

FRAC  
(whisper, to Raziel)  
Signal me.

Raziel gives Frac a pleading glance. Frac disappears down the steps. Raziel looks outside.

The Grand Architect steps to the edge of the summit. A TRUMPET sounds, everyone looks up. THUNDEROUS APPLAUSE drowns out the trumpet.

The Grand Architect raises arms to a V-position. Psisya and Gadal's Guardians clap wildly. Haniel, Pronoia and Iofiel clap politely.

Raziel glances back to the steps.

EXT. THE PICTO TREE - CONTINUOUS

Forneus cautiously looks around. Morax is gone. Wild-eyed, Forneus slaps Tesh, who is standing nearer than Janax.

FORNEUS  
Why didn't you tell me Morax--

JANAX  
Why're you so afraid of your own  
parent?

With a half-tilted head Forneus gives Janax a look as to say, "That's the stupidest question I've ever heard."

THE GRAND ARCHITECT (O.S.)

I would like to thank you all for attending today, not only to honor three children becoming adults and initiated as full citizens into the fabric of Nuamerican society...

Forneus, Janax and Tesh look up to the summit. The Grand Architect towers at the edge.

THE GRAND ARCHITECT

...but also to usher in this Year of Jubilation... a year in which THE GREAT ONE extols divine illumination.

The crowd applauds wildly. All are transfixed to the commanding figure looming overhead.

THE GRAND ARCHITECT

For this we show our appreciation to THE GREAT ONE for the blessing granted to us, saving this lodge as a remnant from the asymmetric existence our ancestors made of their world.

More wild applause. The Grand Architect looks up to the sky.

THE GRAND ARCHITECT

THE GREAT ONE saved us, and us alone, as a last hope for humanity from the terrible Big Bang that struck this creation a dozen generations ago. Our founding families were saved from THE GREAT ONE's wrath against the wicked, arrogant pride of the Old World, as an act of mercy, and... hope.

EXT. TEMPLE SUMMIT - CONTINUOUS

Haniel notices Pronoia with tightly crossed arms and legs, nudges Pronoia, indiscreetly gestures toward the seated Keepers. Pronoia loosens up.

THE GRAND ARCHITECT (O.S.)

THE GREAT ONE's blessings have been very generous to us since the last Divine Jubilation. We have experienced favorable weather to nourish our gardens. Sickness has virtually been obliterated from our existence. Gates of light have opened, illuminating THE GREAT ONE's essence to us all.

Thunderous applause. Iofiel's eyes roll. Keeper #2 gets up and walks next to The Grand Architect.

INT. ENCLOSURE BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Raziel steps away from behind Gadal, peers down the stairs.

KEEPER OF THE TRUTH #2 (O.S.)

Customarily our gift of Jubilation offerings has been a quarter of all our wages and proceeds.

(scans the crowd)

With all the endowed blessing we have enjoyed and to express our gratitude, The Grand Architect, as the voice of THE GREAT ONE in this world, decrees we raise our offerings to one half.

A long silence trails The Keeper's words.

Raziel rushes back behind Gadal and peers outside. Psisya looks confused, not sure how to react. Pronoia's arms and legs are again tightly crossed. Haniel and Iofiel are both red-faced.

EXT. THE PICTO TREE - CONTINUOUS

FORNEUS

This is the last straw! People are hungry as it is! Who can afford to give even more away?

JANAX  
 (looking around)  
 Sh-h-h.

Tesh stares spellbound. Forneus backslaps Tesh in the chest.

The Grand Architect stares down at the crowd, then as if on cue, the entire transfixed crowd all shout out in joy and clap wildly, never taking their eyes off the looming figure.

FORNEUS  
 That old cozener's out of line.

JANAX  
 Morax is right, something's got to be done. It is time for a change!

EXT. TEMPLE SUMMIT — CONTINUOUS

The Grand Architect turns to the Guardian attendants. Gadal's Guardians and Psisya clap enthusiastically. Pronoia and Haniel clap dutifully. Iofiel looks down, head shaking in disbelief.

THE GRAND ARCHITECT  
 Now, I would personally like to introduce the first of today's celebrants... Gadal, child of Miton and Hayat. We welcome Gadal's passage into adulthood this day...

The crowd below and summit attendees clap. Gadal's Guardians weep with pride and joy. The Grand Architect retires to the ornate chair.

INT. ENCLOSURE BUILDING — CONTINUOUS

Gadal trembles. Raziel nudges Gadal forward. Gadal nervously walks to The Grand Architect, bows and kisses the extended hand of The Grand Architect. Gadal turns and bows to the Keepers Of The Truth, to Iofiel and the Guardian attendees, and then a big bow to the applause of the crowd below.

Raziel creeps to the stairs and makes a bird call.

GADAL

I am so excited to be here...

Raziel twirls hair with fingers, looks to the summit, to Gadal and back to the steps.

GADAL (O.S.)

I intend to follow in my Main  
Guardian's footsteps as has been a  
family tradition for generations...

Raziel makes the bird call again, looks around, then disappears down the steps.

EXT. THE PICTO TREE - CONTINUOUS

FORNEUS

What a disgrace.

JANAX

What'd you declare last month?

FORNEUS

Two months ago.

(eye twitches)

I'm going to rule this place.

Janax and Tesh laugh. Forneus shoves them both. They both shove back. Forneus sneers at them. They back off.

FORNEUS

Mark my words.

Janax and Tesh roll their eyes.

INT. ENCLOSURE BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Frac cautiously emerges from the steps, goes to peer out to the summit, sees Gadal still giving speech. Everyone else is still in their places, but Raziel is nowhere to be seen.

GADAL

...Thank you all for accepting me as a fellow citizen of Nuemerica.

Gadal bows to all. A round of applause follows. Gadal sits between Miton and Hayat.

Frac claps, dumfounded and concerned by Raziel's absence. Sweat beads on Frac's nose.

THE GRAND ARCHITECT (O.S.)

Thank you Gadal. Our next initiate is the offspring of renowned mathematician and a square leader of Nuemeric society... Haniel and coupled mate, Pronoia. Allow me to introduce... Fraciel.

EXT. TEMPLE SUMMIT - CONTINUOUS

THUNDEROUS APPLAUSE as Frac steps out onto the summit, nose beaded with sweat. Haniel and Pronoia clap proudly.

Frac bows to Haniel and Pronoia. Pronoia is startled and nods Frac toward The Grand Architect. Frac takes the cue and walks to The Grand Architect sitting in the ornate chair.

The Grand Architect holds up a RINGED HAND with a "G" engraved on it. Frac looks at it, then directly at The Grand Architect's face and deep into The Grand Architect's EYES.

EXT. THE PICTO TREE - CONTINUOUS

JANAX

What's Frac doing?

TESH

Ain't you supposed to kiss the hand?

FORNEUS

You sure don't eyeball The Grand Architect like that.

BEGIN INTERACTIVE LEITMOTIF:

JANAX

Is Frac going to kiss the hand\*\*...  
or, just shake it\*?

EXT. SUMMIT — THE TEMPLE OF TRUTH — CONTINUOUS

The applause stills. The crowd murmurs. Iofiel is amused.  
Pronoia is concerned. Haniel angrily shakes head.

Frac, now unnerved by iniquitous eyes, takes the hand.

FAINT WHISPER (O.S.)

You have choice... embrace your  
liberty.

INTERCUT twice between Frac's HAND\* and Frac's LIPS\*\*.

Silence falls across the summit. The two Keepers Of The Truth  
on the short bench are uneasy, not sure what to do.

END INTERACTIVE LEITMOTIF (\*PROCEED, or \*\*GO TO: B2).

Frac SHAKES THE HAND. The Grand Architect's eyes narrow, face  
goes crimson beneath the hood. Frac lets go of the HAND as if  
it were a snake, then FREEZES in place. Sweat beads on nose.

Iofiel stands, walks over, leads Frac to the summit edge.

Frac sneaks a peek to the enclosure. No Raziel. Frac looks  
over to The Grand Architect, shudders.

FRAC

(under breath)

C'mon Raz.

IOFIEL

(quietly to Frac)

It's alright, give your speech.

(in an official voice)

Now that you are embarking upon the  
threshold of adulthood, what path will  
you seek in Nuemerician society?

Frac nervously looks to Haniel and Pronoia.

FRAC

Well-1...what I really would like to do someday...

(deep breath)

...is to be an artist. To paint the stories of our culture and our society throughout all Nuemerica, for everyone to see, read and learn from, like the Picto Tree.

Gasps are heard below. Haniel looks down in disappointment. The Keepers rise from their seat, but Iofiel shoots them a commanding look. They stay still, but do not sit down.

EXT. PICTO TREE - CONTINUOUS

JANAX

You can't do that.

TESH

Artists can only paint on official buildings.

FORNEUS

(amazed)

This is better than swiping anything from The Temple.

EXT. TEMPLE SUMMIT - CONTINUOUS

The Grand Architect immediately rises from the ornate chair, but quickly regains composure.

THE GRAND ARCHITECT

(hurrily)

Thank you Fraciel. That is something we can consider in council. Our next new citizen...

Frac looks to the enclosure. Still, no Raziell!

BEGIN INTERACTIVE LEITMOTIF:

THE GRAND ARCHITECT  
Raziel, beloved child of Psisya.

FRAC (V.O.)  
If I sit down, Raz will get caught\*\*.  
C'mon Raz. If I continue my speech...  
I'm in trouble\*.

Frac looks to the enclosure again. Keeper #1 walks over to lead Frac away.

FRAC (V.O.)  
Sit down\*\*? Continue my speech\*? Sit  
down\*\*?  
(bold)  
I'm really not done with my speech\*.

END INTERACTIVE LEITMOTIF (\*PROCEED, or \*\*GO TO: C3).

FRAC  
Excuse me your exalted One, I was not yet finished.

Complete silence falls across the summit and the entire gathering on the ground. The Grand Architect and the two Keepers glare at Frac with dagger-eyes.

Frozen in place, the blood drains from Frac's face. Frac begins a slow, ominous trek toward Haniel and Pronoia, glancing with dread at the vacant enclosure.

FRAC (V.O.)  
I'm so sorry Raz.

IOFIEL (O.S.)  
Well, as I speak for myself, I'm sure I speak for everyone...

Frac looks up to see Iofiel speaking these words.

IOFIEL

When I say that we would like very much to finish hearing Fraciel's life proposition.

A hushed silence. Pronoia claps. Haniel dutifully follows suit. Several whistles and claps are heard from the crowd.

EXT. THE PICTO TREE - CONTINUOUS

Janax and Tesh clap wildly and holler. Forneus whistles loudly. Several people in the crowd applaud until nearly everyone does.

FORNEUS

We need Frac.

EXT. TEMPLE SUMMIT - CONTINUOUS

The Grand Architect's face is as crimson as the robe, but extends an arm gesturing Frac to continue, then tightly wraps the arm into the other.

FRAC

(suppressing a grin)

Thank you. Thank you all. Aside from and before being an artisan, there is many things I would like to do. I'd like to help out where I can around the village, gain the respect of Nuamericans and my parental guardians. I would also like very much to go on a journey, or a quest. An odyssey if it be that.

Frac makes a quick glance for Raziell.

FRAC

(more slowly)

And from these journeys and experiences, I would recreate them into picture stories... for all Nuamericans to see.

Frac speaks from the edge of the summit to the gathering below, turns to address the attendees on the summit so as to glance for Raziel. Frac gets panicky.

The Grand Architect notices Frac's distraction and bends forward to look into the enclosure.

FRAC

(loud, high-pitch voice)

MOST OF ALL... I would like to thank the exalted Grand Architect for whose presence at this proceeding I am most honored.

Enough to distract The Grand Architect's attention back.

FRAC

(slowly)

It is not everyday that we are blessed with such dignity... and majesty...

The Grand Architect pivots between Frac and trying to bend around to see into the enclosure. Raziel still isn't there.

FRAC

Oh-h, EXALTED One... My sincere apologies to you...

The Grand Architect gives full attention to Frac.

FRAC

For any disrespect that you feel I may have conveyed...

Iofiel and Haniel give Frac suspicious looks.

FRAC

On my proposal to paint other than chosen dwellings and monuments.

The Grand Architect stands.

FRAC

AS IT WAS... only my intent to present...

The Grand Architect walks toward the enclosure entrance.

FRAC

(sulks)

A new ...idea.

Frac's shoulders drop, eyes widen and nose sweats. The Grand Architect shoots a look at Frac, steps into the enclosure. The Keepers turn, following The Grand Architect. Iofiel stands. Frac's head drops.

The Grand Architect TRIPS on a HAND TYING A SANDAL. Raziel jumps up from the shadows, shaking an INJURED HAND. The Grand Architect, nearly fallen to the ground, looks around, toward the steps, then steps back outside.

FRAC

And so I thank you all.

Frac quickly sits down between Haniel and Pronoia. Applause from the gathering follows. Haniel looks at Frac suspiciously, but says nothing, claps. Pronoia hugs Frac and wipes the beads of sweat off Frac's nose.

THE GRAND ARCHITECT

And our last honoree this day, Raziel,  
child of Psisya.

Raziel steps out from the enclosure with hand shaking off the pain, and — SWEAT SOAKED.

EXT. THE VILLAGE ROUND — NIGHT

Frac and Raziel stand outside a tent where a celebration dance is taking place. Gadal is inside — the center of attention, dancing with some younger children. Villagers are celebrating outside as well as in the tent.

FRAC

So you're going to be a scholar and  
writer? What about adventure?

RAZIEL

Sure. We've talked about adventure as long as we've known each other. I think we had quite an adventure today.

Frac nods.

RAZIEL

But, I do want to study. I want to know where I come from... who I am?

(contemplating)

I don't know, sometimes it's like what we're taught and told just doesn't feel right.

FRAC

Feel right? You... talking about feeling?

Raziel tilts head at Frac.

FRAC

Well, I know where I come from and I sure don't care. I don't want to grow up to be like Haniel. All I want to do is paint stories.

Raziel nods toward the tent.

RAZIEL

C'mon, they're waiting for us-- for you.

Frac turns to see Gadal give a salutatory wave. Frac nods in response, gives Gadal a thumbs up and leads Raziel away.

FRAC

Let's let Gadal have the glory.

Frac leads Raziel away from the celebration.

FRAC

What happen to you? I was scared-- uh-h, concerned. I didn't know if you were in there or left, I tried to--

RAZIEL

I seen what you were doing, thanks. I got lost. I went looking for you. It's a maze in there. I just barely dove into the shadows before The Grand Architect walked up.

FRAC

Quick thinking.

RAZIEL

Did you get anything?

FRAC

(shakes head "no")

I heard someone and cut back up the steps.

RAZIEL

(looks around)

I did.

Raziel reaches into an inside pocket, pulls out a book.

FRAC

You took that?

(intrigued)

A flat scroll.

RAZIEL

It's all Gs, Cs, As and Ts. I don't get it. Makes no sense. Do you know what this is?

Frac leafs through the pages.

FRAC

I don't know. Some cryptograph... for sure, but...

RAZIEL

Haniel might--

FRAC

No!

(rubs chin)

But maybe Agla--

RAZIEL

No!

(shakes head)

You crazy? And, don't tell your pal,  
either. Forneus will squeal for sure.

FORNEUS (O.S.)

Squeal on who for what, pinner?

Startled, Frac and Raziel turn to face Forneus, Janax and Tesh.

FORNEUS

(to Frac)

Nice show you put on up there. So,  
did you get anything?

Frac doesn't answer right off, looks at Raziel.

FRAC

Nope, didn't get a chance.

Forneus eyes Frac, then looks at Raziel and notices the book.  
Before Raziel can conceal it, Forneus snatches it.

RAZIEL

Give me that!

Raziel tries to snatch it back, but Janax steps in front,  
towers over Raziel. Tesh blocks Frac. Forneus opens the book.

FORNEUS

Well, what do we have here?

(stunned)

What is this?

RAZIEL

Give it back.

FORNEUS

I don't think so. This is pretty interesting.

FRAC

(angry)

Give it back, Forn.

Frac and Forneus eye-battle each other. Frac's jaw grinds.

FORNEUS

You better back down, or I'll have to inquire if The Keepers are missing any unusual scrolls.

Raziel, wild-eyed, lunges at Forneus. Both fall to the ground. The book falls from Forneus' hand, skids across the ground.

Raziel, in a fit of rage, is on top of the larger Forneus, but only for a moment. Forneus shoves Raziel off, jumps up and stomps a foot on Raziel's chest and across Raziel's throat.

Tesh and Janax hold Frac back.

A fleeting shadow sails unnoticed behind them all.

FORNEUS

(fuming, wild-eyed)

If you ever jump me again... I'll... rip your--

Forneus' foot lifts off Raziel's throat, actually Forneus is lifted off the ground and looks up to a towering Haniel.

HANIEL

You'll rip what?

Fear rolls across Forneus' face, eyes twitch. Raziel sits up, gasps, holds throat. Janax and Tesh disappear.

FORNEUS

Let me go! Or, I'll tell Mor--

HANIEL

You'll tell who?

FORNEUS

Nobody. Please, let me go.

Haniel drops Forneus to the ground. Forneus goes to stand, but Frac purposely bumps and knocks Forneus back down while going to help Raziel up.

Haniel stares at Frac in disbelief and departs.

Forneus also departs, tries to bump Raziel, but Raziel sees it coming and moves aside.

FRAC

(whisper to Raziel)

Where's the scroll?

Raziel shrugs.

EXT. A PATH, OUTSIDE THE VILLAGE ROUND - NIGHT

Forneus walks a path leaving the Village Round and is joined by Janax and Tesh.

FORNEUS

Weasels!

TESH

What'd you want us to do?

Forneus shoves and knocks the much larger Tesh to the ground. Janax stares down Forneus.

FORNEUS

Do you have it?

JANAX

What?

FORNEUS

That scroll.

Janax helps Tesh up.

JANAX

I don't.

TESH

Me either. I thought you had it.

Forneus shakes head.

FORNEUS

I thought you were holding Frac back?

TESH

Frac didn't have it.

JANAX

Neither did Razweasel. Maybe it's still laying there?

FORNEUS

We have to get that scroll back.  
It's... something.

They all turn to see a figure in the moonlight down the path staggering toward them carrying a large sack. They watch in silence as the figure comes closer and becomes recognizable.

TESH

Is that Salatheel?

JANAX

I thought Salatheel got killed?

FORNEUS

Missing. Been missing for over a month.

SALATHEEL (40s), appears travel-worn and bedraggled. Upon approach Salatheel drops the large sack and collapses. Tesh and Janax rush to Salatheel, while Forneus peers into the sack.

EXT./INT. HALL OF JUSTICE - GRAND COUNCIL CHAMBER - DAY

The large marble hall glimmers from the rising sun.

The Judges ARAKIEL, REMIEL, URIEL, SAMIEL and AZIEL, head an emergency council meeting with eight other Elders, including Iofiel.

AZIEL

Can anyone make sense of these objects  
Salatheel brought back?

SAMIEL

The flat scrolls obviously show the  
world before the Big Bang, but it also  
shows that world wasn't necessarily  
the most desirable place to live.

ARAKIEL

We must consider the ramifications of  
Salatheel's find. It's obvious The  
Keepers are quite disturbed by this  
and it's quite fortunate they were not  
the ones to find Salatheel.

AZIEL

They're already drafting decrees to  
forbid returning to Salatheel's  
underground village---

ARAKIEL

The Keepers Of The Truth may be  
correct in doing so. As much as they  
are suspect, they have maintained our  
existence all these generations.

IOFIEL

Verity is not something to be kept.  
It must be shared--

URIEL

So that we destroy ourselves? Did you  
not see these damning, flat scrolls?  
Our forebearing civilization had a  
terrible destructive bent--

IOFIEL

So you would rather live a lie? Have  
your own will bent to live under the  
supposed security of their oppressive  
power? What happens when truth is  
mixed with lies and you unknowing  
speak a truth, that is covering a lie?  
Ostracized and exiled... like Agla.

SAMIEL

Agla should have provided proof before speaking. Should have followed Haniel's example.

IOFIEL

Agla was confiding to us! Running ideas by us! Are you telling me you are not convinced by Agla's theories?

SAMIEL

I'm just saying Agla should have had mathematical formulas and would be with us this moment.

IOFIEL

Which is why we should pursue this...

Iofiel walks to the sack of items spread out on the floor. They include books, tools, weapons, and other 21th Century items.

IOFIEL

As proof of our existence... of where we came, who we are... and where our destiny lies.

(passionate plea)

Our future lies with our past.

Nobody objects and Arakiel stands.

ARAKIEL

I concur. We can't live in a cloud of deception, but we must tread cautiously. The Keepers are disturbed by this news, afraid of what may be uncovered. So we must act quickly, and choose our alliances wisely.

(looking around Council)

I propose, tomorrow we announce an expedition to Salatheel's Underground Village. Any objections?

Remeil stands.

REMIEL

I say we announce it immediately.

EXT./INT. A BUILDING ADJOINED BEHIND THE TEMPLE OF TRUTH - DAY

The Temple casts a shadow over the square block building.

Several Keepers Of The Truth, in their black, hooded robes, with hoods dropped are huddled around several books on a wooden table.

KEEPER #1

The whole village is discussing this.  
We have to end this. We cannot afford  
a revivification of the old ways.

Keeper #2 slams the books on the table.

KEEPER #2

Look at what was found. How can we  
stop this now?

KEEPER #3

First we win over hearts and minds.  
Nuamericans respect and honor us--

KEEPER #2

As they do The Elders!

KEEPER #3

But, The Elders give neither life nor  
expand their families. We must  
present a story, before The Elders do,  
of the deception Salatheel has brought  
to Nuamerica. The Grand Architect  
must make a speech.

KEEPER #4

Destroy Salatheel's credibility?

KEEPER #2

Destroy Salatheel!

KEEPER #3

For the good of society.

THE GRAND ARCHITECT (O.S.)

For the good of our order.

Everyone turns to The Grand Architect.

THE GRAND ARCHITECT  
We must act quickly.

KEEPER #5 rushes in behind The Grand Architect.

KEEPER #5  
(exasperated)  
The Elders are announcing...  
(catching breath)  
...an expedition to Salatheel's  
Underground Village... calling for  
volunteers. They are stating this to  
be the greatest discovery of origins  
of all time. Arakiel is even  
proclaiming this a gift and revelation  
from THE GREAT ONE!

The Grand Architect turns and walks out.

KEEPER #2  
So much for Plan A.

EXT. VILLAGE ROUND - HALL OF JUSTICE - DAY

A crowd gathers in front of the Hall of Justice. Iofiel tends to the line of volunteers. PELIEL (late 20s), assists. Frac and Raziel are in line. Arakiel stands atop the steps of the Hall of Justice.

ARAKIEL  
This is the greatest discovery of our generation, an adventure beyond imagination. We need dozens of able bodies for this quest. See Iofiel, to state your name and talent. Any individual of adult status is eligible.

Frac is visibly excited. Raziel is reserved.

FRAC  
This is going to be so great.

RAZIEL

(facetiously)

Uh-huh.

(serious)

We should stay and try to get that scroll back.

FRAC

Don't worry, if Forn was going to snitch, we'd be in trouble already. But, you're right. We do need to get it back.

Raziel, wide-eyed, nudges Frac. Frac looks up to Haniel approaching.

HANIEL

What are you doing?

FRAC

I'm joining up.

HANIEL

(scowl, to Frac)

You're not going anywhere. You're no adult.

FRAC

I'm thirteen.

HANIEL

You may be, but you're no adult! The way you acted during your ceremony-- that was a disgrace. You're lucky not to have been exiled. If it was not for my stature, you can bet you would have.

Frac grinds teeth, but looks down to the ground and says nothing. Raziel is shocked, scared and tries not to show notice, but twists hair uncontrollably.

HANIEL

And what was this life goal of yours? Create picture stories? Who ever heard of such a ridiculous thing?

Haniel bends down, face in Frac's.

HANIEL

If you think you are adult enough to  
slap my face--then here it is!

FRAC

(clenched teeth)

I can't do numbers.

ARAKIEL (O.S.)

This journey may be weeks, months  
long, the longest, largest and  
greatest quest in Nuemerican history.

Raziel is distracted to the summit of The Temple Of Truth.  
Alarmed, Raziel tugs Haniel's robe. The Grand Architect  
descends the steps.

RAZIEL

The Grand Architect has never come  
down to the Village Round.

ARAKIEL

We need thinking people, as well as  
able bodies. Salatheel's Underground  
Village will be searched, examined,  
recorded... and...

Arakiel notices The Grand Architect, stopped midway down the  
Temple steps.

RAZIEL

This is not good.

Everyone turns to The Temple Of Truth, all fall into silence.  
A long silent pause, then

ARAKIEL

(to The Grand Architect)

Have you come to bestow a blessing?

The Grand Architect surveys the scene.

THE GRAND ARCHITECT

(admonishing)

This is all a deception. Salatheel has been deceived. You all are being deceived. Speaking for THE GREAT ONE, I tell you it is an abomination to tread into the past of a vile civilization. No good will come of it. A curse has been cast at our feet and Salatheel has cast it.

The crowd murmurs. TEMPLE GUARDS descend the steps past The Grand Architect into the crowd toward the Hall of Justice.

Haniel scopes the crowd, departs Frac and Raziel.

THE GRAND ARCHITECT

By the will of THE GREAT ONE who has created all...

Haniel grabs and leads Salatheel to the steps of the Hall of Justice. The Temple Guards are right behind.

THE GRAND ARCHITECT

For the continued grace and salvation of the remnant Nuemerica...

Iofiel joins Haniel and quickly runs Salatheel up the steps. The Temple Guards hasten their pace. The crowd is confused.

THE GRAND ARCHITECT

Salatheel must be exorcised from the deceptive influences that are leading you all into condemnation.

Haniel, Salatheel and Iofiel plunge into the doors leading into The Hall of Justice. The Temple Guards follow.

AKAKIEL

STOP! GUARDS!

The Temple Guards are backed out the doors by huge LAHATIELIAN GUARDS in full leather body armor.

FRAC  
 Salatheel's safe. The one place The  
 Keepers can't go uninvited is The Hall  
 of Justice.

Frac glares up at Haniel standing sentinel atop the Hall of  
 Justice steps. Frac's jaw tightens.

FRAC  
 I can't go.

EXT. NORTHBOUND TRAIL LEADING OUT OF NUEMERICA – MORNING

CELEBRATORY FESTIVITIES accompany the EXPEDITION PROCESSION out  
 of Nuemerica. Music plays, banners wave, well-wishers shout.  
 The members of the Expedition all carry packs on their backs or  
 have a hand with a larger load.

TITLE  
 Several days later.

An angry looking group of Keepers Of The Truth stand on the  
 sidelines as Frac and Raziel pass, marching along behind  
 Iofiel, OETHRA, 30s, JIBRIL, 40s, and Haniel. Salatheel and  
 two Lahatielian Guards head the procession.

FRAC  
 I can't believe you signed me up.  
 You're making me defy Haniel, you  
 know.

RAZIEL  
 You're an adult. You can make your  
 own choice.

FRAC  
 I thought you didn't want to go?

RAZIEL  
 (shrugs)  
 We can always get the scroll back when  
 we return. And, who knows? Maybe we  
 will find out who we are.

FRAC

That's what the Elders are claiming.  
Plus, it's an adventure. What could  
go wrong? We're with the strongest  
and smartest people in the village.

Morax stands with the group of Keepers. Behind Morax is BYLETH (50s) holding a trumpet, JETREL (early 20s), MARCHOSIAS (20s), and RAUM (30s) — with a pet crow on shoulder. Forneus, Janax, Tesh and OLIVIER (late teens) stand next to Morax.

Forneus nods to Frac, gives Raziel a glare.

RAZIEL

There's the dumbest. I'm glad they're  
not coming.

FRAC

They are. All of them.

Raziel looks questionably to Frac.

FRAC

Haniel told Pronoia The Keepers were  
granted one-third representation...  
basically to lay off Salatheel.

Raziel is floored, confused.

FRAC

The Keepers choose Morax to head their  
group. And look who Morax has chosen  
to join up.

RAZIEL

Janax, Tesh, Olivier.

FRAC

Those are Forn's friends. Look behind  
Morax... Byleth, Marchosias--

RAZIEL

And Raum. Why would The Keepers choose them? I thought they were all nearly exiled for venturing into the Forest of Disaster... more than once!

FRAC

It was never proven.

RAZIEL

When do The Keepers need proof? Besides, everyone knows they did. They've all bragged about it. Forneus has even bragged about going with them before.

Frac shrugs. Raziel turns to watch The Keepers, along with Morax and company file into the procession far behind them.

RAZIEL

This whole thing can't be good. A lot of people are against this, believe what The Grand Architect was saying about this being a deception.

FRAC

At least we can get your scroll back.

The procession vanishes into thick woods. A fleeting shadow follows, darting through underbrush and trees.

EXT. CAMP - DUSK

Iofiel directs the Expedition members making camp in a large pasture, setting up tents circling a large bonfire.

EXT. CAMP - NEAR IOFIEL'S TENT - NIGHT

Small groups huddle around the huge campfire. Frac and Raziel wander among the groups, come upon the group with Iofiel, Haniel, Salatheel, Oethra, ZAREN (30s) and several unknowns. Frac and Raziel sit down unnoticed.

HANIEL

I say Morax and gang is going to shortcut through the Forest of Disaster.

SALATHEEL

What good will it do? They don't know where my Underground Village is.

IOFIEL

You've given enough description. It's rumored Raum and Marchosias have explored that land before, looking for Marchosias' family's alleged kingdom.

HANIEL

(bitter tone)

Morax knows that blasted Forest all too well. They could get two, three days ahead of the Expedition. Maybe more. Why else would the Keepers choose Morax?

SALATHEEL

Maybe we should all cut through?

ZAREN

No way! Those who have ventured within it have been changed, gotten looney. Some have gone completely mad.

HANIEL

I grew up with Morax. We were the best of friends. Morax was quite brilliant--

IOFIEL

Held great potential to be an Elder.

HANIEL

But Morax has changed, extremely.

IOFIEL

A judge of character lies within the company one keeps... Raum makes friends with no good character.

ZAREN

Raum and Morax were responsible for Agla's exile, you know.

Frac is startled by a fleeting shadow, nudges Raziel. They get up and depart.

ZAREN (O.S.)

Was your child trying to get exiled, not kissing the hand...

EXT. CAMP - CONTINUOUS

Frac and Raziel continue walking past other congregated groups.

RAZIEL

You didn't kiss The Grand Architect's hand?

Frac shrugs.

RAZIEL

That is slapping the face of THE GREAT ONE!

FRAC

(frown)

C'mon, that old geezer knows no GREAT ONE. I seen the face and looked deep into those eyes. Dark, empty. Pure hatred.

Raziel raises arms in question.

FRAC

Have you learned THE GREAT ONE to be of hatred? I was taught that THE GREAT ONE saved us from ourselves. That's compassion. The eyes of The Grand Architect terrified me.

Raziel laughs out loud.

RAZIEL

You? Almighty, fearless, daredevil,  
child-hero, terrified?

FRAC

If it's the last thing I do, it'll be  
to bring that phony down.

Raziel looks at Frac's serious demeanor... then surprisingly  
and playfully tackles Frac.

RAZIEL

Like this?

Both roll to the ground. Frac grabs Raziel around the neck.

FRAC

Whod'ya think you're messing with,  
Forneus?

Raziel pulls lose of the headlock. Frac lets Raziel gain  
dominance. Raziel sits on Frac's chest, knees pinning Frac's  
shoulders.

Frac bucks Raziel.

Both grab each other in headlocks.

RAZIEL

We got to get that scroll back.

FRAC

Yes we do.

EXT. EXPEDITION CARAVAN, MIDPOINT - DAY

The Expedition caravan burrows beneath the canopy of heavy  
evergreen trees. The mood isn't as celebratory as it was upon  
leaving Nuemercia, with the burden of this journey already  
showing on some members. Raziel struggles with a heavy  
backpack.

RAZIEL

And so goes adventure. Happy?

FRAC

I think this is great.

Raziel frowns. Frac pulls a wheeled supply cart. The greater obstacle, the greater the look of triumph on Frac's face.

FRAC

Have you ever been this far out of the Village? Look around you. Look at these trees and these views. Did you see that blue bird back away?

Raziel rolls eyes and frowns.

FRAC

You should be scholarly writing all this down.

(contemplates)

Forneus wants me to meet at Morax's tent tonight.

RAZIEL

You're not thinking about it, even a little... are you?

FRAC

What? Forn is fun. I don't see why you two don't get along?

RAZIEL

(adamant)

Forneus is a wack-job... just like Morax.

FRAC

Forn's not like Morax... just like I'm not like Haniel.

RAZIEL

(hard look, then laughs)

You're a lot more like Haniel than you realize!

Frac playfully backslaps Raziel's arm, Raziel's backpack falls.

EXT. LARGE PASTURE - CAMP - LATE AFTERNOON

The Expedition sets up camp. Frac has already set up a small tent as Raziel struggles to. Frac walks over and erects the stick used to hold the tent up. Raziel is then able to secure the stakes.

Forneus walks by, motions Frac to follow. Frac does.

FRAC  
(to Raziel)  
Keep the stick erect. I'll be back.

FRAC  
(to Forneus)  
Hey, wait up.

FORNEUS  
(quietly)  
You want your scroll back?

FRAC  
You know I do. Give it to me.

FORNEUS  
Tell me about The Temple. What's in there? How's it laid out?

Frac grabs Forneus' arm, stops and spins Forneus around. Forneus tries to read if Frac is serious or playing.

Forneus tries to wrap around Frac's arm, but Frac pulls away, grabs Forneus around the neck with both hands, pulls close.

Forneus quickly wraps arms over and around Frac's grasp, then pulls tight. This in effect brings Frac to knees.

FORNEUS  
Don't worry so about that scroll.  
What I got is the adventure of a  
lifetime... a mission!

BEGIN INTERACTIVE MOTIF:

Forneus squeezes harder, Frac grunts.

FAINT WHISPER (O.S.)

Follow your heart... use your head.

FORNEUS

You up for adventure\*\*? Or, aren't  
you\*?

Frac, in pain, looks up at Forneus\*\*, catches a fleeting glint of The Grand Architect's expression. Frac glances back toward where Raziel can be seen\* still struggling with the tent.

FORNEUS

So, are you with me\*\*?

(beat)

Or, not\*?

END INTERACTIVE LEITMOTIF (\*PROCEED, or \*\*GO TO: D4).

Frac from a crouched position, CATAPULTS forward at the expense of great pain, but knocks Forneus off balance. Both tumble. Forneus releases Frac. Frac commands control, pins Forneus to the ground with forearm across Forneus' throat.

FRAC

I'm already on the adventure of a lifetime.

(teeth clenched)

Next time we meet it better be you...  
handing me... that scroll.

Frac sternly gives a gentle push. Forneus gasps.

FRAC

And, you better never say a word about  
my little adventure in The Temple...  
to anyone... ever.

Indifferent to the pain, Forneus refocuses to GLARE at Frac.

EXT. CAMP - RAZIEL'S TENT - CONTINUOUS

Raziel finally gets the tent loosely erect, gazes at it proudly.

An UNUSUAL SOUNDING HORN blows at the rear of the Expedition. Activity ERUPTS all around Raziel, with Expedition members running to the rear of the caravan. One of these runners cuts across Raziel's camp, BRUSHING Raziel's tent, COLLAPSING it.

Raziel's frustration segues to concern as the activity rises to CHAOS. Raziel blindly scans for Frac.

RAZIEL  
Frac. Frac! FRAC!

EXT. CAMP - FRAC/FORNEUS LOCATION - CONTINUOUS

Byleth's HORN blows. People running toward the sound of the horn race by Frac still pinning Forneus. Frac is confused.

FAINT WHISPER (O.S.)  
Resist... resist...

BEGIN INTERACTIVE LEITMOTIF:

FORNEUS  
(obstructed speech)  
Now\*\*? Or never\*\*?

Frac looks down with disdain at Forneus.

FORNEUS  
You're going to pay for this.

Frac's anger builds. Frac begins to press down on Forneus' throat when a passing runner trips and kicks Frac hard, sending both Frac and the runner tumbling.

Forneus quickly gets up and gives Frac a "last chance" look\*\*, Upon no response, points a menacing finger and joins the runners.

END INTERACTIVE LEITMOTIF (\*PROCEED, or \*\*GO TO: D4).

EXT. CAMP, REAR — CONTINUOUS

Marchosias and Raum direct the followers to quickly grab bundles and traveling bags, and to follow Morax.

EXT. CAMP, FRONT — CONTINUOUS

Iofiel is signaling Lahatielian Guards to the back. Peliel and Oethra stand by.

IOFIEL

(to Lahatielian Guards)

Go! Go! Go!

(to Oethra)

Find out who has left and with what!

IOFIEL (cont'd)

(to Peliel)

Find out who is now in charge of The Keeper's entourage. I want an immediate meeting!

EXT. FRAC/FORNEUS CAMPSITE — CONTINUOUS

Raziel spots and makes way to Frac who is rising from being kicked over.

RAZIEL

What's going on?

Frac grabs Raziel and pulls toward Forneus fleeing with the separatists.

RAZIEL

Where are we going?

Frac doesn't answer. Raziel follows.

The scattered separatists all funnel back into the narrow path the Expedition had originally come.

Forneus is spotted midway and Frac begins physically shoving through the separatists. Raziel gets left behind, helplessly squeezed within the converging mass.

Frac sees Forneus nearly to the point of where Marchosias and Raum are. Lahatielian Guards are not far behind, violently pushing through the converging crowd.

Frac, like an eel through seaweed, makes way through the packed fleeing mass, reaches Forneus about to shoulder a backpack. Frac grabs Forneus. They struggle, but Forneus is helplessly bound with the entangled backpack. Frac pins Forneus against a cart of baggage.

FORNEUS

I don't have your scroll. Let me go... What are you doing?

Separatists now flee down the path without grabbing baggage as the Lahatielian Guards approach.

FAINT WHISPER (O.S.)

Forneus needs help... don't let go... don't lose hope.

FRAC

(sincere)

Saving you.

BEGIN INTERACTIVE LEITMOTIF:

They both read each other, then turn to see the Lahatielian Guards violently disabling separatists.

INTERCUT:

FORNEUS

Let me go\*.

FRAC

No\*\*.

FORNEUS

Let me go\*.

FRAC

(plead)

Don't go there\*\*.

FORNEUS

Don't you see? I have no choice\*.

FRAC

You have a choice. We all do\*\*.

FORNEUS

Look at who it is that I come\*?

FRAC

Doesn't matter. Stay with me\*\*.

FORNEUS

(sneers)

Upset your little pal\*\*?

Raziel is seen, now out harms way of the pressing mass, but trying to peer through to see Frac.

FORNEUS

What's my choice\*?

Marchoasis and Byleth run by, Byleth still blowing the horn. Sounds of the Lahatielian Guards stomping Morax's fleeing entourage resonate louder. Frac's grip on Forneus loosens.

FORNEUS

(sincere)

I don't have your scroll.

FRAC

It's alright.

FORNEUS

Let me go\*.

With a pleading look,\*\* Frac lets go of Forneus, reads a sad gratitude in Forneus' eyes. A crow caws.

Frac sees the rocketing fist of Raum zero in between both eyes.

SMASH CUT TO BLACK.

END INTERACTIVE LEITMOTIF (\*PROCEED, or \*\*GO TO: E5).

EXT. FRONT, EXPEDITION - CAMP — NIGHT

Frac lies UNCONSCIOUS on a make-shift cot outside of Iofiel's tent. Raziell quietly sits beside Frac, watching and listening to Iofiel's commands.

Frac stirs, wakes and looks around in confusion until getting a bearing.

FRAC

What hap-- where's...

(to Raziell)

Are you alright?

RAZIELL

Yeah, I'm fine. Raum slugged you hard, I seen it happen.

FRAC

(rubbing a painful face)

So, what's going on?

RAZIELL

About a quarter of the Expedition followed Morax. The Keepers are furious.

FRAC

Or, so they lead us to believe.

RAZIELL

Did Forneus tell you what they were up to?

FRAC

No, just that it was going to be the adventure of a lifetime.

RAZIELL

Were you going to go?

Frac doesn't answer, stands up on wobbly legs, watches Iofiel whisper and give a SEALED SCROLL to Dinell, who then goes running toward the back of camp.

FRAC

(head shakes "no," low-voice)

I was real tempted for a moment  
though.

EXT. OUTSIDE OF CAMP - NIGHT

Dinel comes running, then stops, catches breath, looks around.

Dinel finds a particular large rock, puts the sealed scroll behind it. Dinel nervously looks around, then jogs back to camp.

A shadow moves through the dark woods behind the rock. A white hand reaches behind the rock and retrieves the sealed scroll.

SERIES OF SHOTS - EXPEDITION JOURNEY

-- Salatheel uncertainly leads the Expedition SINGLE-FILE, cutting a narrow forest path.

-- Frac bears a lighter load—a backpack, points to birds, animals and unusual foliage. The physicality shows on Raziel who dredges along and shows little care for neither the oddities or the awesome vistas and landscapes.

-- One of the CARTS slides along a steep embankment. Immediate members collectively jump to action to save it.

-- THE FOREST OF DISASTER, a barren, withered and ghastly-looking environment, is a short distance to the right of the Expedition, too close for the comfort of many of the Expedition's members. Many show a diminished resolve in their romantic notions of adventure.

-- Darkness falls. The Expedition bunkers down in-line, with their baggage still packed. Frac sleeps soundly. Raziel peeks from under blanket. STRANGE SOUNDS pierce the thick air. EYES peer from the darkness. Movements abound.

(CONTINUE)

(CONTINUED)

-- DRIZZLE descends lightly upon the Expedition struggling over rough and rocky terrain. A gray sky blocks the mid-day sun. Withered brier bushes dot the desolate, wasteland of the nearby Forest of Disaster. Even Frac is tested by this terrain. Drizzle turns into a LIGHT RAIN.

-- Walking past a ROCK WALL, Frac points out faint images on it — PETROGLYPHS — in a horizontal order, first:

- A) A circle with an outline cross inside and a hooded, smiling face in a small circle on top;
- B) Several couplings of two anthromorphs connected at the genital areas, smiles on faces;
- C) Two anthromorphs side-by-side holding hands, one with a small upside-down anthromorph in its belly;
- D) A great horned Katcina mask, with round, hollow eyes and serrated teeth;
- E) A dozen identical, mirror-image anthromorphic figures (of no particular gender);
- F) A giant mushroom with tiny figures lying beneath it;
- G) A stick figure with hollow eyes and circular mouth;
- H) A double-linked spiral leading beneath a mountain.

-- The Expedition comes to a "Y." Salatheel is confused.

EXT. CAMP, MIDPOINT — CONTINUOUS

Frac and Raziel drop their backpacks.

RAZIEL

You're the artist, what the heck did that mean?

FRAC

I don't know, but my feeling is that it was a happy bunch that met a terrible fate..

RAZIEL

(scoffing)

Feelings.

FRAC

Let's go see what's going on upfront.

EXT. FRONT, EXPEDITION - CAMP — CONTINUOUS

Frac and Raziel push through to the front of the caravan. Iofiel, Peliel, Salatheel, Haniel, Gadreel and Zaren are discussing which way to proceed.

SALATHEEL

I don't remember, it was months ago, I mean, I don't even recall this split... but I must have come this way.

ZAREN

We could draw lots.

BEGIN INTERACTIVE LEITMOTIF:

HANIEL

Let's look at this logically. To the left\*\*...

CUT TO:

View a narrow, rocky pass with steep, high rock walls on both sides\*\*.

HANIEL (O.S.)

...the path gets even more grievous\*\*. Whereas...

CUT TO:

HANIEL

to the right\*...

CUT TO:

View a rocky pass with steep, high rock walls on one side, and the Forest of Disaster on the other\*.

HANIEL (O.S.)

We hug the Forest of Disaster, which may just lead us right into it... into Morax's domain\*.

CUT TO:

Everyone looking to Salatheel, who shrugs.

PELIEL

Hugging the Forest we may still be  
able to cut-off Morax\*.

ZAREN

The path to the left may lead us away  
from our objective, but it's still got  
to be safer than flirting with that  
blasted, forsaken land\*\*.

FAINT WHISPER (O.S.)

Avoid the mountainous path.

FRAC (O.S)

(boldly)

The path to the left is a perilous  
one, to be sure\*.

Everyone turns to face Frac. Raziel peers from behind Frac.  
Haniel sighs and rolls eyes\*\*. Iofiel is amused.

IOFIEL

How's that, Fraciel?

Frac realizes the boldness of the statement, confidence wains.

FRAC

Well... those rock pictures a ways  
back, I feel lead to this path, with a  
terrible tale trailing it\*.

Haniel turns and briskly walks away.

END INTERACTIVE LEITMOTIF (\*PROCEED, or \*\*GO TO: F6).

EXT. CAMP — NEAR IOFIEL'S TENT — NIGHT

Frac and Raziel lie side-by-side under blankets. The caravan  
bunkers down again still packed. Only Iofiel's tent is  
pitched. Iofiel, Peliel, Salatheel, Zaren and Haniel enter the  
tent. Two Lahatielian Guards stand at the entrance.

FRAC  
(deflated)  
"I feel," geez. Haniel's right--

RAZIEL  
Not right!

Frac is surprised at Raziél's quick defense.

FRAC  
C'mon, that was stupid... expressing  
my feeling... without proof!

RAZIEL  
You had more conviction than anyone  
else was expressing. I think you  
impressed Iofiel.

FRAC  
(unconvinced, shrugs)  
Yeah? We'll see which way we leave in  
the morning.

EXT. CAMP - IOFIEL'S TENT - DAY

The Expedition is packed and ready to proceed. Zaren walks away frustrated. Peliel gestures that it's time to leave. Raziél is anxious.

RAIN begins to fall.

Iofiel glances back, past Raziél to Frac. A faint smile rolls across Iofiel's face. Iofiel turns, gestures for the Expedition to move forward... to the RIGHT.

MONTAGE - ROCKY TRAIL BTWN ROCK WALLS - DAY

-- Rain pours. Expedition members are miserable and chilled.

-- The wind is blustery. The rain falls harder, at times horizontally.

(CONTINUE)

(CONTINUED)

- The trail between the rock wall and briery of The Forest narrows. The carts are too big to fit through. Cargo items are removed and the carts left abandoned.
- The torrential rains become so forceful the Expedition members are forced to seek cover in any nook or overhang that is accessible. Many members find none.
- Loosened rocks fall on Expedition members. Zaren points out a rough path that climbs the rock wall. They find various nooks and small caverns with varying degrees of shelter.
- Haniel gives Frac a very disappointed look.
- Frac and Raziel huddle closely in a nook, cover with blankets, but nonetheless shiver from the cold. Sporadic winds blow rain in on them.
- Darkness falls. Thunder and lightning strike continuous. Eerie wails are heard in the distance.

EXT. ROCK WALL NOOK - NIGHT

RAZIEL

All part of the adventure right?

Frac doesn't reply and pulls a blanket up to protect from a gust of rain.

RAZIEL

(shivering)

I felt like eyes were watching me all last night.

FRAC

(laughs)

You felt?

RAZIEL

Bug off, this is some weird land!  
Have you ever imagined anything like it? Look at this weather. I never seen rain go sideways.

FRAC

It's the wind.

RAZIEL

And the wind. Have you ever seen wind  
blow so hard? And it's cold. I've  
never been so cold in all my life.

Frac's head shakes in agreement. Hail starts falling. Frac  
sticks an arm out into it, recoils with pain and exchanges a  
look of bewilderment with Raziell.

FRAC

This can't be a good sign.

Frac pulls a blanket over their heads as a gust of wind pelts  
them with walnut-sized hail balls.

EXT. ROCK WALL NOOK - DAWN

The rain subsides to a misty drizzle. A crimson sun peeks over  
the horizon. Frac wakes, shakes Raziell awake.

RAZIEL

(groggy)

Leave me alone... I just got to sleep.

Frac edges out of the nook. Looking up, down and around  
reveals Expedition members still tucked in other nooks and  
crannies of the rock wall. There is little movement.

Frac climbs out to the haphazard path and up to the top,  
passing sleeping Expedition members still tucked in the nooks  
and overhangs. Over the crest is a lush, full foliage  
landscape.

Frac finds a large bush, SQUATS behind it. After URINATING,  
Frac comes back to the edge of the rock wall and gazes about.

LOW-LYING FOG conceals the Forest of Disaster, as well as the  
path ahead. A red sky slowly rolls across the horizon. Frac  
sits down distraught, and looks up to the sky.

FRAC

(quiet voice)

Oh, GREAT ONE... please, please...  
don't have me led everyone into harm's  
way. Please.

A white hand lands gently on Frac's shoulder. Frac looks up in utter surprise to meet AGLA's kind, empathetic face. Agla, 50s, an albino with long white hair, in a dark, hooded cloak sits down beside Frac.

FRAC

Agla!

AGLA

You did good.

FRAC

Did I? My big mouth may have just led  
the entire Expedition right into--

Agla shakes head "no."

FRAC

But I had no proof, just--

Agla holds up a finger to silence Frac.

AGLA

Be that as it may, you've tapped into  
a source, that many strive to reach  
their entire lives. Few ever do and  
some who actually reach it, disregard  
it because... they lack the proof.

Frac looks at Agla in confusion. Agla thinks for a moment.

AGLA

There's a universal force... an  
invisible vine, that connects all  
things. A force that can be neither  
seen with eyes, nor heard with ears,  
but seen and heard nonetheless, here--

Agla points to Frac's temple.

AGLA

And, here.

Agla pats Frac's chest.

AGLA

You understand what I'm saying, don't you?

Frac unsuringly shakes head affirmatively.

FRAC

I think so.

AGLA

I know you do. So does Iofiel.

Frac looks hopeful for moment.

AGLA

Haniel is one who has it, but yet demands proof.

Frac deflates again.

AGLA

You can be a light to Haniel. You scare Haniel, because you, like Pronoia, are proof... a proof that transcends mathematical formula. No matter how it may appear, you are more important to Haniel than anything in the world.

Frac looks hopeful again. A HORN BLOWS from below the crest.

AGLA

Listen to that voice within. It's your guide.

A rustle of voices nearby distracts Frac to look over the edge. Frac turns back, Agla is gone.

In Agla's place is Raziel's flat scroll.

EXT. PATH BELOW - DAY

Frac joins other Expedition members with Iofiel on the rock-strewn path at the front of the caravan. Salatheel joins them a moment later.

Thunder is heard beyond the Forest of Disaster.

IOFIEL

(to Peliel)

Any sign of Morax?

PELIEL

(head shakes "no")

Not a clue. The storm may have washed away any tracks though.

IOFIEL

We better make tracks while we can, before another storm strikes. Perhaps we can make a decent camp or find better shelter.

RAZIEL

(walking up, to Frac)

Or, enter to an even graver land.

EXT. A ROCKY AND HILLY TERRAIN - LATE AFTERNOON

The Expedition struggles over the terrain and is more travel-worn than ever. Every member shows the strain.

EXT. FRONT OF THE CARAVAN - CONTINUOUS

TITLE

A week later.

SALATHEEL

(travel worn, then suddenly excited)

This is it! This is where I chased the rabbit and fell into the crag.

Salatheel leaps ahead fifty yards and disappears down into a rocky crag.

SALATHEEL (O.S.)

(distant)

This is it! This IS it!

Iofiel, Haniel and Peliel all exchange glances, then run ahead. Others near the front follow suit.

They all stop and look down the crag, see Salatheel deep in it near a large, thick, metal door, partially crumpled and buried by large boulders.

IOFIEL

(to Peliel)

I want Lahatielian Guards to set up perimeter restriction around this entrance. Anyone who violates it, I want turned over immediately without question to the Kushielians. Announce this to the entire Expedition, and to set up permanent camp. Then organize the teams we discussed for our preliminary excursion in. We enter first thing in the morning.

PELIEL

Did you decide who to head the teams?

IOFIEL

Me, of course. Haniel. Oethra.

Irin. And...

(discreetly)

...alert the Lahatielian Guards to allow our special friend total clearance at all times.

EXT. INNER PERIMETER — ENTRANCE TO THE HIDDEN UNDERGROUND VILLAGE - DAWN

Iofiel addresses the teams gathered at the top of the crag. Frac and Raziel, uninvited, sit aside watching, unnoticed. Each team has the chosen leader and four members.

Haniel's team includes Zaren, Gadreel, Zortek and Jibril. Reilessio and Lear are among Irin's crew.

IOFIEL

We are to only search and record during this excursion. Do not move or disturb anything. Is this understood?

Everyone nods in agreement.

IOFIEL

All right then, let's go.

Salatheel and Peliel follow Iofiel, followed by Irin's team, then Oethra's and lastly Haniel's. Every member carries a torch and writing materials.

FRAC

It's not fair. You can bet if Morax was here, Forn would be walking in there right now.

RAZIEL

Not everyone has a parent to take their--

Raziel stops short and looks at Frac in sudden shock.

RAZIEL

I'm sorry. I didn't mean--

FRAC

(understanding, good humored)  
That's okay.

RAZIEL

I was referring to myself.

FRAC

I know.

Frac puts an arm around Raziel and squeezes affectionately.

FRAC

C'mon let's go.

Raziel goes to head back toward camp, Frac grabs and leads Raziel toward the teams.

RAZIEL

Are you crazy? The Lahatielian Guards will--

FRAC

We're already in the perimeter. You want to walk back past the Lahatielians? Alone? Do you know how embarrassed they would be?

(serious)

You DON'T embarrass Lahatielian Guards!

Raziel nods, follows Frac.

INT. ENTRANCE - HIDDEN UNDERGROUND VILLAGE - CONTINUOUS

The teams file over the huge, crumpled, two-foot thick, metal door. Frac and Raziel climb through nonchalantly, unnoticed and unchallenged.

An entrance tunnel widens into a LARGE CAVERN with METAL RECTANGULAR DOORS along its walls. The doors have metal wheels and small signs: FOOD/SUPPLIES; DORMITORIES; COMMAND CENTER; MEDIA CENTER; RECREATION CENTER; MEDICAL CENTER; POWER PLANT; and COMMANDER'S SUITE. Some of the designations make no sense to the Nuamericans.

INT. MEDIA CENTER - CONTINUOUS

Frac and Raziel follow Haniel's team into the MEDIA CENTER. They all look about in wonder.

BOOKS are stacked in WALL SHELVES. Dormant COMPUTERS on tables around the room are foreign to the crew.

Frac and Raziel peruse the flat scrolls and are utterly fascinated by the images in the books, forbiddingly flipping through some, viewing:

- A) New York City
- B) ships in port
- C) automobiles and trucks on an Interstate
- D) airplanes
- E) an Apollo rocket blastoff
- F) a moon landing
- G) the Earth from space
- H) a spectacular nebulae
- I) a double helix
- J) Washington, DC
- K) scenes of war and suffering
- L) smallpox inflicted victims
- M) human clones stylistically overlaid with  
As, Ts, Cs and--

--Haniel slams their books shut.

INT. THE GRAND CAVERN - A MOMENT LATER

Frac and Raziel leave the Media Center into the central cavernous area. TORCHES have been lit and placed throughout, now illuminating the entire environment.

RAZIEL

What is this place? Those flat scrolls... it was as if moments of time were frozen into them.

FRAC

What a world that was. Horrible, yet awesome.

RAZIEL

I know. No wonder The Keepers Of The Truth wanted to prevent this.

FRAC

(prophetic, sad)

Well, life's never going to be the same after this.

Raziel nods in melancholy fashion. Both look around the GRAND CAVERN. Massive exhaust fans are embedded in the stone walls.

FRAC

Well, where to next?

RAZIEL

Home.

FRAC

C'mon.

Frac leads Raziell toward a door with an overhead sign reading, "MEDICAL CENTER."

INT. MEDICAL CENTER - A MOMENT LATER

Frac looks around in astonishment. Oethra's team is examining and recording items with diligent certitude.

RAZIEL

(whisper)

This is a lot like inside The Temple of Truth.

INT. POWER PLANT - A MOMENT LATER

Frac and Raziell enter the empty room, walk around with a torch, looking in awe and wonder at huge GENERATORS and COMPRESSORS rising high from the floor.

DIALS, KNOBS, LEVERS, BUTTONS and GAUGES encompass several CONTROL PANELS. A single, RED TELEPHONE RECEIVER dangles at the near end of one control panel.

A loud, creaking metallic sound outside the room draws Frac and Raziell's attention.

INT. GRAND CAVERN - CONTINUOUS

Frac and Raziell hustle toward the cries coming from an open door to "DORMITORIES." Rushing into the door, both stop as if hitting a wall. They reflexively grab their noses.

Irin and team quickly come out, covering their noses, gagging.

Frac, pulls tunic over nose and mouth, ventures in the door.

INT. DORMITORIES – CONTINUOUS

The room, larger in length and width than the Grand Cavern, is completely filled with BUNK BEDS, hundreds of them.

On nearly each bed is a SKELETON, some with clothes, some without, some with blankets peacefully draping them as if in an eternal sleep.

Raziel peeks in, jaw drops, then gags and vomits.

Other members from other teams arrive.

INT. GRAND CAVERN – CONTINUOUS

Frac leads Raziel out of the dormitories into the relative cleaner air of the central cavern. Both gag along the way.

RAZIEL

That was disgusting.

FRAC

That was unreal. Why would they allow themselves to all die like that? Without a fight? Like they all just decided to give up?

RAZIEL

Musta been one horrible world to choose to die.

IOFIEL (O.S.)

They didn't chose to die. Their existence ended unaware. An invisible poison killed them.

Frac and Raziel turn to Iofiel walking by without stopping.

Iofiel walks away without looking back, then enters a room alone at the far end of the Grand Cavern.

Frac and Raziel approach the room, see a sign that reads, "COMMANDER'S SUITE." Raziel shrugs, Frac holds a finger to lips as they both quietly enter the room.

INT. COMMANDER'S SUITE - CONTINUOUS

BEGIN INTERACTIVE LEITMOTIF:

The first thing Frac and Raziel notice as they enter is a single metal bed to the left. On the bed, a skeleton in a military officer's uniform lies peacefully. Raziel is startled, holds mouth to stave off the impulse to vomit.

Raziel immediately turns to leave\*, but Frac grabs hold of Raziel's arm\*\*.

With back to Frac and Raziel, Iofiel sits in a high-back, leather chair at a mahogany desk. Iofiel picks up a titanium-cased LAPTOP COMPUTER and taps on it producing a dull, metallic clink, turns it over and back, lightly prying.

Iofiel puts the laptop computer on the desk, examines it without touching it, then presses a button on it's narrow, front edge. The top pops open slightly and Iofiel lifts the top further.

A whining sound emits from the laptop computer, Iofiel instinctly draws back, then leans forward again to examine it more closely. The top half lights up blue, casting a blue hue across the entire room. Frac and Raziel press against the wall next to the door. Raziel turns to leave\*. Frac holds Raziel in place\*\*.

An image of a lean, gaunt man with the same military uniform as the skeleton lying on the bed appears on the screen. Frac and Raziel look at the skeleton again. Raziel wants to leave\*.

Iofiel settles into the dusty chair without giving notice to Frac or Raziel. Frac notices a movement in the shadows of a corner of the room. Raziel is shaken by the image of the military man.

COMPUTER MAN

Greetings. My name is General Thomas J. Franklin, United States Army. If you are witnessing this message, my compatriots and I have died in a choice less horrible than the virus plague... rather attack, that scourged the earth. This message is a condemnation to you for allowing this horror upon the world.

GENERAL FRANKLIN, 50s, coughs uncontrollably for a moment.

GENERAL FRANKLIN

Or, perhaps you are a future survivor, a descendant of those who successfully hid underground until this great planet had cleansed itself of the cancer man inflicted upon it. This message is then for you, a testimony against the men of action and the actions man and replicates of man can inflict upon each other. And, upon the world the Creator commissioned them to steward.

Iofiel is out of sight behind the high back of the leather chair, save hands resting on a crossed leg, fingers interlocked together with index fingers pointed as a steeple toward the computer screen.

Frac is entranced\*\*. Raziel is shaking, desperately wants to leave\*.

GENERAL FRANKLIN

If you are a discoverer from the future you may or may not realize what happened in two thousand sixty-six. Hence this is a history lesson for you... and a moral dilemma to ponder.

Raziel strains looking to the dark corner, gasps and about to speak when a long, white finger silently appears rising to pink lips, signaling Raziel to silence. Frac is entranced by the General's message and brushes Raziel off.

GENERAL FRANKLIN (O.S.)

The story I tell you is a summary of the events that led to the destruction of the civilizations of the twenty-first century.

Raziel turns attention back to the computer screen. The screen shows a montage of twentieth century images as General Franklin speaks, beginning with a farmer behind an ox-pulled plow.

GENERAL FRANKLIN (V.O.)

The history of mankind is a case of cause and effect from man's beginning, but in the twentieth century man made exponential leaps in many ways.

RAZIEL

(whisper to Frac)

What is man-kind?

Frac silences Raziel with a finger to lips.

GENERAL FRANKLIN (V.O.)

Man's capacity of knowledge made a monumental jump sparked by scientific advances and manufacturing capabilities leading to some quite innovative creations.

COMPUTER SCREEN IMAGES: an early INDUSTRIAL REVOLUTION FACTORY; a STEAM LOCOMOTIVE; the first MERCEDES BENZ AUTOMOBILE; the WRIGHT BROTHER'S FIRST FLIGHT; a factory ASSEMBLY LINE rolling out FORD MODEL Ts; a DC-10; and a FORD MODEL A.

GENERAL FRANKLIN (V.O.)

But, unfortunately a combination of a greed and a lack of wisdom advanced the dark side of man producing some of the most horrific scenes in human drama to the point of pure evil and man systematically destroying man...

COMPUTER SCREEN IMAGES: World War I TRENCH FIGHTING, SOLDIERS with GAS MASKS; TROOPS dying from GAS WARFARE; a NAZI SWASTIKA; a Nazi MILITARY PARADE with GOOSE-STEPPING SOLDIERS; a fierce World War II BATTLE; a CONCENTRATION CAMP; NAKED people being herded into "SHOWERS;" The naked people in the showers CONVULSING from released GAS; DEAD BODIES shoveled into CREMATORIUM OVENS.

Raziel holds a hand over mouth, leaves. Frac's head bows in disgust, looks at the door\*, then the computer screen\*\*.

GENERAL FRANKLIN (V.O.)

But darkness had not completely cloaked the world and a moral light still shined in many a man and woman, even to the point that these people sacrificed their gift of life to combat and conquer the darkness.

Normandy Invasion shows on the computer as Frac follows Raziel out the door.

END INTERACTIVE LEITMOTIF (\*PROCEED, or \*\*GO TO: G7).

INT. GRAND CAVERN - CONTINUOUS

Frac puts a hand on Raziel's shoulder.

RAZIEL

Let's get out of here.  
(tries to come to grips)  
This is a horrible, horrible place.

Frac says nothing, rubs Raziel's shoulder.

RAZIEL

I don't think I even want to know who I am. What horrible people! We're from them?!

Raziel is becoming unglued. Frac searches for an answer.

FRAC

At least you're not Forneus.

Raziel is stumped at what Frac said, thinks about it for a moment, looks at Frac... and bursts out laughing. Frac laughs in response, gives Raziel a gentle punch in the arm.

RAZIEL

(shaking head affirmatively, grinning)  
 Yep, at least I'm not Forneus.

FRAC

Let's go.

They walk toward the entrance. Frac looks sideways down a narrow corridor. A glint off the floor catches Frac's attention.

RAZIEL

We'll have to wait until everyone else  
 departs... the Lahatielian Guards you  
 know-- hey, where are you going?

Frac ambles down the narrow corridor, picks up an item from the floor and looks at it in shock. Frac looks at Raziel very seriously and holds up a chain with

FORNEUS' AMULET.

INT. COMMANDER'S SUITE - A MOMENT LATER

Agla stands next to Iofiel still sitting in the leather chair.

COMPUTER SCREEN IMAGES: Rapid sequence of newspaper headlines—  
 — "ROE vs. WADE;" "Feminists Burn Bras;" "Divorce Rate  
 Doubles;" "TEST TUBE BABY SURVIVES FIRST YEAR;" "Sperm Bank  
 Opens In LA;"

GENERAL FRANKLIN (V.O.)

Subsequently, many men of action lost  
 faith in a Creator who would allow  
 such destructive creatures as the  
 Global Wars exhibited, henceforth  
 preached man as the master of his  
 domain, the navigator of his own  
 destiny setting forth a journey into a  
 brave new world...

COMPUTER SCREEN IMAGES: Rapid sequence of newspaper headlines — "SUPREME COURT STRIKES DOWN TX SODOMY LAW;" "Gay March in New York Celebrates Same Sex Marriages;" "QUEER EYE FOR THE VATICAN GUY."

GENERAL FRANKLIN (V.O.)

...Thus disregarding the strict religious guidelines set forth and adhered to for centuries... All scientific holds barred.

COMPUTER SCREEN IMAGES: Rapid sequence of newspaper headlines — "DOLLY: FIRST CLONE;" "HUMAN GENOME CRACKED;" "CULT CLAIMS FIRST HUMAN CLONE: Scientists skeptical;" "DESIGNER CHILD BREAKS SIX OLYMPIC RECORDS;" "US FINALLY JOINS THE WORLD STAGE: ALLOWS HUMAN CLONING."

General Franklin's image reappears on screen.

GENERAL FRANKLIN

(melancholy, bowed head)

And, that was the beginning of the end... that is, the end as we, the citizens of the twenty-first century, knew it.

General Franklin lifts head. Face is painted with despair.

GENERAL FRANKLIN

While the powers that be staged a global crusade to rid the world of weapons of global destruction, men of action were behind the scenes with little notice exploiting and bastardizing the codes of life...

Frac and Raziel slip into the room. Without a glance, Iofiel holds up a hand to still them.

Behind the general, a DOUBLE HELIX GRAPHIC unravels spewing Gs, As, Cs and Ts which mix and reassemble again.

Frac and Raziel's jaws dropped. They look at each in shock and amazement, then quickly look to Agla who gives them a quick cursory glance and a gesture of silence. Frac and Raziel continue to watch, jaws still dropped.

GENERAL FRANKLIN

...without regard to consequences they were unveiling, not having learned from their nuclear follies. With Sartreian mindset they brought into existence a race of like beings before considering the essence these soulless creatures might possess.

Iofiel discreetly tilts the cover of the laptop computer and swivels the chair toward Frac and Raziel.

Frac holds up the amulet.

FRAC

They've been here!

GENERAL FRANKLIN (V.O.)

One man of action in particular, Doctor Sovaz, a brilliant genome engineer was the first to successfully replicate a synthesized human being...

Agla tilts up the laptop screen. Raziel is drawn to it. Iofiel takes the amulet from Frac, examines it.

COMPUTER SCREEN IMAGE: A middle-age, fit man with thick eyebrows, black hair with a long curl down the middle of his forehead and in a white lab coat looks up from a microscope in a medical lab.

RAZIEL

That's like the room I seen in the Temple Of Truth!

Iofiel and Agla look at Raziel. Raziel looks at them, "busted."

Frac looks to the computer screen. The image changes to a graphic of TWO DOUBLE HELIXES SPLITTING, unraveling with As, Gs, Cs, and Ts, intermingling to create a THIRD DOUBLE HELIX.

GENERAL FRANKLIN (V.O.)

Sovaz did this directly from the genome of two different DNA hosts, rather than cloning a single genome, thus, truly mimicking nature and allowing total engineering control of the replicate genome.

COMPUTER SCREEN IMAGE: Various RUNGS on the replicate HELIX sequentially HIGHLIGHT then appear FINALIZED with a CHROMED, artificial-looking appearance. Sovaz's image reappears, but with a nefarious expression.

FRAC

Those eyes are The Grand Architect's.

Iofiel, Agla and Raziel look at Frac. Computer image changes to a microscopic view of a SMALLPOX VIRUS.

GENERAL FRANKLIN (O.S.)

Sovaz was also an architect in the creation of the virus-infected replicates who scourged natural man--

INT. GRAND CAVERN — NARROW CORRIDOR — A MOMENT LATER

Frac and Raziel lead Iofiel hastily down the narrow corridor to the spot Frac found the amulet.

FRAC

Right here.

Iofiel looks down the corridor. A faint glow of light emits from an open door. Iofiel cautiously walks to it, stopping at the doorway. Frac and Raziel follow behind Iofiel. Frac holds high a torch. The signage to the room reveals "ARMAMENTS."

Agla joins them, lowers the torch, illuminating a NUCLEAR WARNING SYMBOL.

AGLA  
This is not good.

INT. ARMAMENTS ROOM - CONTINUOUS

They cautiously enter. A hole in the ceiling shoots a shaft of daylight into the room. RACKS of RIFLES are emptied, save a few hastily left behind.

One wall contains a dozen STAINLESS STEEL DRAWERS, each twenty-four inches high by forty-eight inches long, and each with a nuclear warning symbol. A sign above the drawers read, "TACTICAL COMPACT GUIDED NUCLEAR MISSILE DEVICES."

One DRAWER is pryed open and empty. Another has pry marks, but not opened. Iofiel tugs on a closed drawer — LOCKED.

IOFIEL  
We must have interrupted them. They  
can't be far.

Iofiel looks at the nuclear warning symbol, then Frac and Raziell.

IOFIEL  
Everyone out!  
(sternly, to Frac and Raziell)  
Not a word of any of this to anyone.  
Do you understand? No one! Not a  
single word!

Frac and Raziell nod affirmatively.

EXT. TEMPLE SUMMIT - NIGHT

The Grand Architect stands with arms behind back, staring over a sleeping village. Stars in the sky shine brightly, except in the direction the Expedition had departed, where strikes of lightning flash.

A Keeper Of The Truth approaches The Grand Architect, pauses without interrupting. After a moment The Grand Architect turns to face the waiting Keeper, gray curl falls across forehead.

THE GRAND ARCHITECT

Yes?

THE KEEPER

We have gotten message they've found Salatheel's Underground Village.

THE GRAND ARCHITECT

Bunker Thirteen?

THE KEEPER

It would appear so.

THE GRAND ARCHITECT

Franklin's bunker... of all bunkers. Is Morax with them?

THE KEEPER

No, Morax may have been successful in short-cutting--

THE GRAND ARCHITECT

Good, good. Perhaps Morax's mission was indeed a success.

EXT. EXPEDITION CAMP - NIGHT

A large bonfire lights the night. Excitement of the day's findings have energized the Expedition members with groups clustered in discussion around the bonfire.

Frac and Raziel wander past the various groups, pausing momentarily to listen to various discussions.

EXT. THE EDGE OF CAMP - NIGHT

Frac and Raziel retreat to a dark, quiet spot away from the excitement around the bonfire.

RAZIEL

What's this all mean? Who are we?

FRAC

(shrugs)

I'm me. You're you.

RAZIEL

(annoyed)

I mean, did you hear that General Franklin's story? We might not even... be real.

Raziel sits down distraught. Frac notices, but is unsure what to do, then punches Raziel in the arm, hard.

RAZIEL

OW! What the--

FRAC

You felt that?

RAZIEL

(pissed)

Yeah!

FRAC

That was real. We are real.

RAZIEL

That's not what I mean.

FRAC

I know what you mean. We are not one of those copy beings. I know we're not. Tomorrow we'll go look at those flat scrolls again. There are answers there. I'll show you we are real.

Frac sits down next to Raziel, puts an arm around Raziel's shoulder and pulls tight. Raziel's head falls to Frac's shoulder, then weeps.

RAZIEL

What else is really real?

(looks to the groups)

Do you think THE GREAT ONE really abandoned us long ago, like some of them were saying?

Frac shrugs without saying a word, unsure of the answer. A shadow moves aside Frac and Raziel. The bushes behind them rustles. Frac and Raziel turn to see Agla dropping to a cross-legged sitting position.

AGLA

No, we are not abandoned. THE GREAT ONE is with us right now. Always is.

Raziel looks at Agla in confusion. Frac appears to comprehend.

AGLA

THE GREAT ONE is everywhere, in everything; a dynamic force present in every living thing... and, even in every thing that doesn't seem alive. In truth, everything is alive, all part of THE GREAT ONE.

RAZIEL

You're even more confusing than that General Franklin. Are you saying THE GREAT ONE is in MORAX?

(frustrated)

I guess I'm one of those who needs proof. I don't see it.

AGLA

To see the invisible, examine that which you can see.

Agla snaps a BRANCH from an EVERGREEN tree.

AGLA

You can see what this entire tree looks like simply by examining this branch.

RAZIEL

(despair)

I can't take any more! Of any of  
this! I just want to go back home.

BEGIN INTERACTIVE LEITMOTIF:

Raziel stomps off. Frac watches Raziel depart\* then shrugs to Agla\*\*. Frac looks again to Raziel\*.

Raziel kicks some Expedition member's unattended baggage which contains something heavy and solid. Frac and Agla watch Raziel jump around with a busted foot. Raziel dares not look back. Frac stands up.

AGLA

(serious)

We need to continue talking\*\*.

FAINT WHISPER (O.S.)

A dilemma... enlightenment... or love.

Frac looks at Agla\*\*, then at Raziel\* hobbling away.

END INTERACTIVE LEITMOTIF (\*PROCEED, or \*\* GO TO: H8).

FRAC

(nods affirmatively)

Yes we do. I want to... but, I have  
to go attend to Raziel.

Agla nods.

AGLA

Wait. I want you to have this.

Agla hands Frac a SILENT WHISTLE.

AGLA

Blow in it, lightly.

FRAC

A whistle?

Frac blows in it. No sound. Frac hands it back.

FRAC

Nothing. It's broke.

Agla points through the brush to those around the bonfire. They all look around in confusion.

AGLA

It works. Use it only in extreme need.

Frac shrugs and pockets it, departs and runs to catch up with Raziel, putting an arm under Raziel's to help Raziel walk.

FAINT WHISPER (O.S.)

Wise choice. Love *is* the greatest choice of all.

Agla smiles.

EXT. EXPEDITION CAMP - DAY

Iofiel stands on a makeshift bench. A large mass of Expedition members gather, some in various groups, some milling about individually. Frac and Raziel indiscreetly stand nearby.

IOFIEL

(quietly, to Peliel)

I want the Lahatielian Guards alerted to secure that room, above as well as inside. Utmostly, I want Kushielians to hunt down Morax and that stolen cache.

PELIEL

Already in motion.

IOFIEL

I also want to see Haniel.

Peliel leaves. A HORN blows and the mass of Expedition members draw attention to Iofiel.

IOFIEL

Attention everyone. I have some urgent news to share with you all.

The crowd murmurs.

IOFIEL

Morax has beat us here and has already  
left...

The crowd stirs.

IOFIEL

...with weapons that endanger the  
whole of Nuemerica.

The crowd gasps.

IOFIEL

Please... we do not know the intent of  
Morax and gang--

EXPEDITION MEMBER (O.S.)

To take down the Keepers!

Several in the crowd cheer. Iofiel signals the horn blower,  
who blows the horn. The crowd stills.

IOFIEL

These weapons are extremely dangerous,  
a danger to the entire village, a  
danger to our very existence.

The crowd silences.

IOFIEL

We leave here immediately.

EXPEDITION MEMBER #1 (O.S.)

But what about the treasures here?

EXPEDITION MEMBER #2 (O.S.)

We come all this way just to turn  
around?

IOFIEL

We leave immediately.

EXT. THE EDGE OF CAMP - LATER

Frac and Raziel sit where they had with Agla the night before. Busy activity of the Expedition members breaking camp can be seen through the brush.

FRAC

Why'd you want to come out here? We have to break down our tents.

Raziel looks around, reaches into robe and pulls out a book.

FRAC

(surprised)

Where? No, you didn't... did you?

Raziel smiles a devilish grin.

FRAC

I don't believe you, you little swiper you.

Frac looks at the cover. It reads, *EVOLUTION: A FRACTAL PERSPECTIVE OF MANKIND*. Frac flips through pages of text.

FRAC

(confused)

Of all those amazing flat scrolls, why'd you swipe this one?

Raziel flips to the middle of the book, points to a photo.

RAZIEL

What does this remind you of?

Frac looks at it, shrugs.

RAZIEL

C'mon think.

The photo shows a modern woman giving birth in a modern hospital. The head of the baby emerging, the father holding the hand of the agonized mother.

FRAC

Ew-w! That's disgusting! That's like... a wild beast!

RAZIEL

(disappointed)

You're not thinking. Where have we seen this picture? Very recently. Think!

Frac is confused, not getting what Raziel is referring to, then

FLASHBACK — THE ROCK WALL DRAWINGS

BLUE TINTED SCENE of the entire spread of the PETROGLYPHS.

CUT TO:

The petroglyph of "two anthromorphs holding hands, one with a small upside-down anthromorph in its belly."

INTERCUT:

Childbirth photo.

Individual petroglyph.

PRESENT — EXT. THE EDGE OF CAMP — A MOMENT LATER

FRAC

So what does this mean?

RAZIEL

(shrugs)

I don't know, but I think this is a part of the story from that rock wall.

FRAC

For sure.

RAZIEL

Did you copy those drawings?

Frac points to head. Raziel rolls eyes.

HANIEL (O.S.)

Frac. Frac. Where are you?

Frac sighs. Raziel conceals the book. Frac gets up.

FRAC

Speaking of rock walls.

Frac departs. Raziel reopens the book, flips through pages, looks at the photos, reads captions.

RAZIEL

Sovaz, genome architect, father of genetic cloning...

Raziel examines the photo, turns the page.

RAZIEL

Sovaz with daught--

Shock grips Raziel's face.

RAZIEL

--er, Rena.

EXT. EXPEDITION CAMP - CONTINUOUS

The camp is busy with Expedition members hurrily packing. Frac approaches Haniel.

FRAC

Whacha need?

HANIEL

Iofiel has assigned me, and you, to pack those flat scrolls in the Media Center to take back to Nuemerica.

Haniel turns and heads for the entrance.

FRAC

What about Raz?

Haniel doesn't answer nor even acknowledge Frac's question, just keeps walking. Frac sighs, shakes head and follows Haniel.

EXT. THE EDGE OF CAMP - A MOMENT LATER

Raziel is white, turns back to the previous page showing a portrait of a 30s age Sovaz, smiling, head of full black hair, long curl down the middle of forehead and thick eyebrows above jovial eyes. A bookcase of medical journals in the background.

Raziel turns back to the photo of Sovaz with his daughter of thirteen, standing stone-faced in a black and white dress holding Sovaz's hand. Sovaz bears a forced grin in this posed snapshot. Sovaz's eyes appear dead compared to the previous photo.

Raziel looks very closely at the young daughter, hand unconsciously laying across the book concealing everything but the girl.

AGLA (O.S)

Looks like... you!

Raziel startles, jumps aside, letting loose of the book. Agla stoops, looks at it carefully.

AGLA

And...

(looks directly at Raziel)

The Grand Architect?

RAZIEL

(shocked)

WHAT?

Agla examines the book.

RAZIEL

How do you know? What do you mean?

AGLA

Didn't you ever see The Grand Architect? During your celebration?

RAZIEL

Heck no, I was too scared. I mean I did but the face was cloaked in that hood.

AGLA

Well I have, many times. This scroll says Doctor Sovaz was a brilliant genetic scientist... first documented scientist to create people, like General Franklin said.

RAZIEL

What? Like THE GREAT ONE?

AGLA

Precisely.

RAZIEL

I don't get it. Has The Grand Architect been around since then?

AGLA

I don't know. Legend has it--

RAZIEL

(distracted)

Have I?! Who am I?

AGLA

No, no. I remember when you were born. I was a close friend with Haniel, a mentor actually. Pronoia used to babysit Psysya then. Each had a child literally at the same time. Pronoia was young, but Psysya was yet a child.

RAZIEL

Do you know who my Main Guardian is?

Agla looks Raziel straight in the eyes and shakes head "no."

AGLA

Sorry, I don't know. You must speak  
to Psisya about that.

RAZIEL

(weeping)

The Grand Architect?

Agla shrugs and looks down, puts an arm around Raziell.

AGLA

I don't know.

(beat)

But I promise you, when we get back we  
will get to the bottom of this... to  
the bottom of a lot of things.

MONTAGE - MISCELLANEOUS SCENES - DAY

-- Frac and Haniel load books into crates.

-- Iofiel directs workers and Lahatielian Guards in the Grand  
Cavern. The workers remove crates and items, the guards  
inspect and document them.

-- Peliel stands high on a knoll barking orders to camp members  
breaking camp and loading carts.

-- Expedition workers carry crates out of the bunker entrance  
under watch of Lahatielian Guards.

-- Reilessioob watches this procession with crossed arms and a  
crossed look, motions for the Keeper Of The Truth, Lear,  
whispers instructions. Lear then departs quickly and  
discreetly through camp and out — toward Nuemerica.

EXT. APPROACH TO THE FOREST OF DISASTER - DAY

Morax carries a SICK Forneus through thick, UNBEATEN WOODS.  
Raum and a follower carry the metal case. Byleth and  
Marchosias each carry a sack of weapons, while other followers  
haul various cargo and baggage.

RAUM

Forneus ain't going to make it. Face it Morax, Forneus is just slowing us down... slowing you down.

Morax glares at Raum.

RAUM

Kushieliens are sure to be on our trail, sure to head us off when we emerge The Forest, if we don't travel swiftly.

MORAX

You just worry about hauling that case. Kushieliens are my concern.

RAUM

Why is Forneus dying, Morax? You going to risk infecting us all?

FLASHBACK — INT. ARMAMENT ROOM — TWO DAYS AGO

TITLE

Two days ago.

RED-TINTED IMAGERY: Byleth loads a sack with rifles. Another sack is lifted by a vine through a hole in the ceiling. Raum prys a STAINLESS STEEL DRAWER in the wall.

Forneus opens a STAINLESS STEEL CASE already removed from the wall. A nuclear warning symbol adorns it. Forneus lifts the weapon from it and plays with levers and knobs.

A small pellet falls out, drops to the ground. Forneus quickly grabs the pellet and searches for where it had fallen from.

MARCHOSIAS (O.S.)

(from above)

What the heck, are you pulling or something?

BYLETH (O.S.)  
I'm helping to lift. PULL!

Forneus looks to see Byleth actually pulling on the sack. Byleth and Raum snicker. Raum notices Forneus fiddling with the nuclear weapon.

RAUM  
(growl)  
Put that back in the case... then get up there and help poor Marcho.

Raum and Byleth snicker. Forneus scrambles to do so, stashes the discarded capsule under foam padding in the case.

PRESENT - EXT. APPROACH TO THE FOREST OF DISASTER - DAY

Morax looks at Forneus. A momentary flash of parental concern flashes across Morax's face.

SERIES OF SHOTS - JOURNEY - DAY

- The Expedition caravan begins their departure.
- Lahatielian Guards stand sentinel at the entrance to the underground bunker.
- Morax grievously lays Forneus on a make-shift cot before departing with the rest of the entourage into the Forest of Disaster. Forneus lifts a struggling arm to them, but Raum is the only one to notice — and, says nothing.
- Lear approaches upon a dead-looking Forneus, feels for a pulse, then looks around the area and climbs a nearby hill. Lear searches until reaching for a particular plant.
- A cadre of Kushielians march through woods.
- Lear returns to Forneus' side with a rooted, flowering plant and brushes the pollen under Forneus' nostrils until Forneus stirs slightly. Lear crushes the roots between fingers until it's a hard mush and packs it between Forneus' lips and gums.

(CONTINUE)

(CONTINUED)

Lear stops and listens, then hurriedly breaks the stem allowing a milky substance to drip into Forneus' mouth. Forneus coughs and sneezes, then breathes lightly.

Lear quickly departs.

-- The cadre of Kushieliens approach Forneus lying still. They notice Forneus but do not stop. Instead they split up, half in the direction Lear went, half into the Forest of Disaster.

EXT. FOREST OF DISASTER - DAY

Though day, the Forest is dark and gloomy. Morax's entourage has slowed to a struggled crawl.

Byleth is sweating profusely. Marchosias looks worse for the wear, while the other followers are only fatigued from the travel. Raum throws up violently. Morax is the only one looking alive and alert.

The crow drops from Raum's shoulder, dead to the ground.

EXT. ENTRANCE TO THE FOREST OF DISASTER - EVENING

Forneus still lies motionless and unconscious on the cot, but some color has returned to cheeks and brow.

Forneus' mouth slowly chomps. A milky spittle drips from lips.

Forneus' eyes reveal an REM flutter.

MONTAGE - MISCELLANEOUS SCENES

-- The Expedition caravan travels through woods, comes upon Forneus.

-- Morax's entourage stumbles along. Raum drops to the ground. Morax gestures onward, leaving Raum behind. Byleth vomits.

(CONTINUE)

(CONTINUED)

- Frac arrives at Forneus' side, helps to carry the cot. Haniel also joins to help. Raziel watches jealously.
- Agla arrives alone at the spot where Forneus had laid. Agla picks up the withered remains of the plant that Lear had treated Forneus with.
- Raum, still lying on the ground, hears heavy stomping through the woods, alarmed, struggles to raise up.
- The boots of Kushieliens march in unison through the dreary Forest of Disaster landscape.
- Raum exerts all might to crawl into the cover of gnarly brush. The sound of uniform marching gets louder. Raum vomits blood as eyes bulge in fright.
- Lear arrives and stands before a moonlit Temple Of Truth in the quiet, sleeping Nuemeric village.
- Morax stands with the metal case at feet, gestures for the entourage to continue on.

After all are gone, Morax whistles. A withering, shadowy creature in a worn, raggedy cloak emerges from a cave, hobbling on a twisted stick cane.

INT. TEMPLE OF TRUTH - LIBRARY - NIGHT

The Grand Architect sits in a padded, leather chair behind a huge mahogany desk. The large room is wood paneled with ornate wood shelves full of leather bound medical volumes and scientific journals. Two other Keepers Of The Truth occupy other padded chairs. Lear wearily stands in front of the desk.

KEEPER #1

That will be all for now. Get some rest, we'll talk more in the morning.

Lear leaves. The Grand Architect buries head in hands.

KEEPER #2

(cynical)

Those are your genes Sovaz.

KEEPER #1

And Reilessio's! What a combination.  
Why in the world did you do that?

THE GRAND ARCHITECT

I was indebted.

(assertive)

We were indebted. She delivered us  
what we needed at the time.

KEEPER #1

Oh yeah, that's right — subjects!

THE GRAND ARCHITECT

(shrugging)

We had to have something to work with.

KEEPER #1

Fricke's space cadets.

THE GRAND ARCHITECT

We were their gods, weren't we?

KEEPER #2

(impatient, frustrated)

Alright already! We've got a serious  
situation here. Morax has nukes.  
Handhelds for god's sake Sovaz. One  
of those could destroy... this entire  
facility. This wasn't the plan!

KEEPER #1

What do you suppose Morax's objective  
is?

THE GRAND ARCHITECT

(frowns at Keeper #1)

That's the stupidest thing you've ever  
said. What do you think?

KEEPER #2

So what do we do?

(accusingly)

Morax is your responsibility Sovaz!  
Your genes, your responsibility.

The Grand Architect leans forward, elbows on knees, hands grasped with fingers steeple-pointed to forehead, thumbs on chin.

THE GRAND ARCHITECT

You know, if we play this right, this could work to our advantage. This could be the solution to the bigger problem right now.

KEEPER #1

Bigger? What's that Sovaz?

THE GRAND ARCHITECT

Iofiel's Expedition.

(turning from Keeper #1)

Here's what we do.

EXT. THE FOREST OF DISASTER - SAMMAELIAN SWAMP - NIGHT

Morax sits on the metal case. A hooded remnant of a withered, old human being sits atop a giant mushroom, smokes a pipe. A greenish glow emits from no particular source all around them.

MORAX

I have only one.

THE FOREST SEER

Plus the conventional weapons?

Morax nods affirmatively.

THE FOREST SEER

(disappointed, but decisive)

Then you must strike into the heart of the beast. Quickly and decisively. Strike deep, for that Temple must never rise again.

The Seer blows a large cloud of smoke which swirls around Morax and descends to the ground.

THE FOREST SEER

Too bad. Just possessing a second of these weapons would have assured no resistance whatsoever thereafter. The old nation ruled the world simply by possessing its power. Never had to use it but once... that is, until the power went worldwide, and miniature.

The Seer draws from the pipe, talks unimpeded as if inhaling air.

THE FOREST SEER

The Elders could give you a degree of resistance, but I suspect they will be taken care of before you even set foot in the Village. The Keepers will use you as a ruse to overpower them without losing face with the villagers.

The Seer blows the smoke out, enveloping Morax with it. The smoke swirls and lingers suspended around Morax.

MORAX

But, what about...

(slowly, dreamy)

I see The Keepers waiting for our return... Kushielian Guards are on our heels... Iofiel flanks from the roundabout path... I avoid them...

The Seer blows more smoke at Morax.

MORAX

There's an underground tunnel--right to The Temple--

(excited)

from here?

The suspended smoke drops to the ground. The Seer jumps off the mushroom, taps on it producing a metallic clink and shoves it. It's a metal mushroom of the kind used with underground bunkers, opening on hinges, leading to a three foot diameter hole.

THE FOREST SEER

Go! All I ask is--

MORAX

(retaining a remnant of dreaminess)

The title of THE GREAT ONE!

Morax grabs the metal case, shoves it in the hole, then climbs down with it.

EXT. THE FOREST OF DISASTER - PATHWAY - NIGHT

Morax's remaining followers continue along a path through the greenish glowing landscape. Marchosias assists a sickly Byleth who has remnants of vomit on clothes and chin.

MARCHOSIAS

You can't go on like this. You must rest.

BYLETH

(struggled speech)

No, Morax said not to stop. We have to keep going.

MARCHOSIAS

Well, Morax is not here!

Marchosias stops the procession, sets Byleth on the ground. Everyone else readily stops, sits down.

MARCHOSIAS

Morax just left Raum by the wayside.

BYLETH

We have a mission.

MARCHOSIAS

For crying out loud, what about  
Forneus?

BYLETH

Forneus was dead.

MARCHOSIAS

That may be... but no, Morax is losing  
it. One at least takes a moment for a  
proper burial, especially for one's  
own child. That's messed up.

BYLETH

So is the the way we have been living.  
The way The Keepers control our lives!  
(stands)  
Let's go.

Byleth is stopped by sudden convulsions of dry heaves. The  
entourage stands by helplessly.

Tesh and Janax come running from behind, out of breath, barely  
able to speak.

TESH

Kushieliens!

JANAX

Couple thousand paces back.

MARCHOSIAS

In the Forest?

TESH

In the Forest!

JANAX

On our trail.

Marchosias shows concern. Byleth gathers a vestige of  
strength, leads the followers.

INT. TUNNEL UNDER FOREST OF DISASTER - CONTINUOUS

Morax travels slowly, pulling the metal case through the narrow tunnel, labors at a slight bend in the tunnel, continues on.

SERIES OF SHOTS - JOURNEY - DAY/NIGHT

- Frac is at the front of the caravan with Iofiel as they approach the SPLIT in the path. Frac runs ahead. Jibril and Oethra carry Forneus' cot.
- Raziel walks alone, away from the caravan. Agla approaches. As they walk along, Agla speaks with Raziel, points at objects and at the sky. Raziel shakes head in disbelief, argues and gestures in apparent disagreement.
- Frac comes to the cave drawings, examines and sketches them. The caravan catches up, Frac rejoins them.
- The Expedition bunkers down for the evening in the pasture at the mouth of the steep canyon path.
- Forneus sits against a large boulder, awake and conscious, looks up at the stars. Frac arrives with some mushy food and attempts to feed Forneus. Forneus looks quirky at Frac, grabs the food, shows no assistance is needed. Frac smiles. Forneus smiles.
- Morax's followers struggle through briars in the Forest of Disaster. Moonlight casts a surreal appearance to the twisted landscape. Byleth looks deadly sick and is carried by Janax and Tesh. Marchosias sweats profusely, struggles to keep up with the others. FEAR is evident on all their faces.
- Kushieliens march lockstep unphased through beaten down brier.
- The first hint of light has the Expedition breaking camp and cautiously making way into the narrow, ROCK WALL PATH. Frac wanders around looking for Raziel.

EXT. ROCK WALL PATH - DAYBREAK

Raziel walks with Agla. They arrive at the petroglyphs. Raziel points them out, then compares the one to the photo in the book. Agla shows a keen interest. Agla looks back to the "Y" split in the path, then draws on a piece of paper.

AGLA

This map will shortcut you past the path ahead so that you jump ahead of the Expedition.

RAZIEL

Where are you--

AGLA

(very serious)

I have to explore something. I need you to get back to the Village to see the Elders before the Expedition arrives and hopefully before Morax and gang attacks.

RAZIEL

Do you really think they'll attack?

AGLA

Morax disdains the status quo as much as the Elders do.

RAZIEL

But the Elders would never make an attack. That's just... uncivilized.

AGLA

But Morax's mind has been poisoned.

RAZIEL

From journeys into the Forest of Disaster?

AGLA

Worse, from the influences of the Yenech, the Forest Seer.

Raziel shudders.

AGLA

Legend has it the Yenech was a leader of the old world, lives, if life is a proper term for it, in the middle of the Forest of Disaster. Supposedly the Yenech has the power to see the future, but I say the Yenech is just a shrewd and conniving philistine who mastered the ancient secrets, but had been seduced into darkness.

RAZIEL

(skeptical)

The ancient secrets. Sorry, I still can't buy into all that.

AGLA

But you accept the book you stole from The Temple Of Truth contains the codes of life? As if life can be reduced to a code?

RAZIEL

Yes, but General Franklin made logical sense of it.

AGLA

To you, because you understand the logic. But, if you couldn't comprehend that logic, would you accept it as truth?

Raziel contemplates Agla's statement.

RAZIEL

And you comprehend the ancient secrets?

AGLA

Yes.

RAZIEL

But you don't accept the logic of this code of life.

AGLA

Yes I do and probably with a broader  
comprehension than you can imagine,  
because--

RAZIEL

Of the ancient secrets!

AGLA

Because I don't view the world through  
narrow blinders. Because I feel the  
truth of it.

RAZIEL

Feelings. Sound like Frac.

Agla smiles, puts an arm around Raziel. Raziel however doesn't  
know how to accept the warm embrace, tensely crosses arms.  
Agla disengages.

AGLA

Raz, not all is visible to us. Take  
for example those wondrous cosmic  
images you seen in the Media Center.  
Would you have believed such wonder if  
I, or anyone just told you?

Raziel pulls a ripped page from an inside robe pocket, unfolds  
it. It's the Seahorse Nebula.

RAZIEL

But, here's proof. I can at least see  
it.

AGLA

That is an invisible world to us.  
It's visible only to special eyes that  
was built to detect it and translate  
it for our blind eyes to relate.

RAZIEL

This is still proof that it exists.

AGLA

And if the special eyes were never  
built to detect it, would this then  
not exist?

Raziel contemplates, says nothing. Agla is satisfied.

AGLA

I must depart. Are you alright?

Raziel nods.

AGLA

Be sure to explain to the Elders, just  
as I explained to you — even if you  
don't understand, they will.

Raziel nods.

AGLA

This is of the utmost importance! I  
can count on you?

RAZIEL

Yes. Absolutely.

Agla moves to hug Raziel, then hesitates and extends a hand for  
a shake. Raziel brushes by the hand and hugs Agla tightly.

RAZIEL

Be careful, and... THE GREAT ONE be  
by your side.

EXT. FOREST OF DISASTER — RAQUIA CANYON PASS ENTRANCE — DAY

The front of the Expedition caravan reaches the spot where  
Morax's group had originally broke away to shortcut through the  
Forest of Disaster. Several Kushieliens are there lying in  
wait.

Iofiel talks with the Kushieliens as Frac helps Forneus stand.

FORNEUS

I can't believe I am among the living again.

FRAC

I thought you were dead.

Iofiel returns to the caravan head, Haniel joins.

IOFIEL

The Kushieliens say no one has emerged.

PELIEL

Well that's a good thing. We're ahead of them.

HANIEL

Or, they've taken another way.

IOFIEL

We have to move quick.

(to Haniel)

When we reach our first campsite, I want you, Gadreel, and... pick several others to split off and approach the Village from the opposite end. Take a cartload of items, including a copy of the historical evidence of the Big Bang and the end of the Old World... and, about Sovaz!

Iofiel hands Haniel a large, sealed envelope.

IOFIEL

Bury this in the location specified. If all else fails, we can always fall back on this... someday.

EXT. THE EXPEDITION'S FIRST CAMPSITE - NIGHT

Raziel jogs through the first campsite, pulls hood over head and hastens the pace.

INT. TUNNEL UNDER FOREST OF DESTRUCTION — A MOMENT LATER

Morax pulls fervently to no avail at the case jammed in a bend in the tunnel, then cursedly digs away with hands at the dirt around the case.

EXT. BRIERS — FOREST OF DESTRUCTION — NIGHT

Byleth is deadly sick, unable to move. Marchosias picks up Byleth, then Tesh motions for silence.

Heavy, unison footsteps are heard not far off. Everyone quietly recedes into the cover of heavy briers.

Footsteps approach and stop. A Kushielian silently looks around. Another Kushielian SNIFFS the air.

Janax and Tesh look close at Kushielian boots, scan up tree trunk-like legs, terror on their faces.

Automatic rifle shots mow the Kushielians down.

EXT. PATH TO NUEMERICA — NIGHT

Raziel jogs along the path, pauses and listens.

Eeiry howls echo in the distance from the Forest of Disaster. Raziel shudders and races away.

EXT. THE EXPEDITION'S FIRST CAMPSITE — NIGHT

The Expedition caravan arrives at their former campsite. Haniel immediately diverts a cart from the main path, directing it through untraveled woods. Gadreel and Oethra take the lead, cutting a path while nine other Expedition members push the wayward cart.

Haniel pauses, scans the caravan until spotting Frac.

HANIEL

Frac!

(persuasively)

Come with me.

Frac is one of four carrying Forneus' cot. Forneus is sleeping. They all stop at Haniel's beseeching.

FRAC

(quietly)

I have to attend to Forneus. And, find Raz. Raziel is missing.

HANIEL

I'm sure Raziel is around. And, Forn will be taken care of just fine with Iofiel's people. I would really like you to join me.

Frac looks at Haniel in disbelief.

FRAC

Now? After all this time you now want me to join you? Sorry. I'm not going to allow a friend — a *soulmate*, to pass through the gates of Raquia.

Frac urges the other carriers forward. Haniel looks down sadly.

Forneus lies on the cot asleep, yet bears a SLIGHT GRIN.

EXT. TEMPLE SUMMIT - PRE-DAWN

HORNS BLOW in the distance calling villagers to the Village Round. Nuamericans gather, most awoken from sleep.

HORNS BLAST on the summit heralding The Grand Architect's arrival. The villagers below look up in confusion.

THE GRAND ARCHITECT

Attention children of The GREAT ONE.  
News of a serious nature has been delivered to us last night. The Expedition is returning sometime this morning...

The villagers CHEER. The Grand Architect raises arms high in the air. HORNS BLARE.

THE GRAND ARCHITECT

Please! There is a seriousness to this news! The Expedition returns armed with dangerous weapons. Weapons of such horror, every single one of our lives are at stake.

The Grand Architect stifles the satisfaction of seeing the shock and fear on the Nuamericans' faces.

THE GRAND ARCHITECT

They are not the loved ones you and I knew when they left. Their minds and hearts have been corrupted and poisoned as one who enters the Forest of Disaster.

The villagers murmur amongst themselves in confusion.

THE GRAND ARCHITECT

We will do all we can to prevent any harm to them, but...

EXT. TOP OF STEPS TO THE HALL OF JUSTICE - CONTINUOUS

Several Elders stand in the doorway looking up and over to the Temple Of Truth's summit, listening with narrowed eyes. The crowd is abuzz.

THE GRAND ARCHITECT (O.S.)

We must protect the innocent citizens of Nuemerica first and foremost.

Raziel appears, breathlessly climbs the steep steps, tugs on Aziel's robe.

INT. TUNNEL UNDER FOREST OF DESTRUCTION - CONTINUOUS

Morax pushes the jammed case back into a relatively wider section of the tunnel and opens the case partially, then struggles to remove the weapon from it.

Forneus freely moves through the narrow tunnel with the weapon.

EXT. THE HALL OF JUSTICE - TOP OF STEPS - DAY

The Elders watch as the crowd below mills about in uncertainty and confusion. The Elder, Remiel, addresses the crowd.

REMEIL

Fellow Nuamericans! I will be brief  
and to the point.

The crowd silences.

REMEIL

We are presented with a dilemma of the  
severest magnitude. There is ample  
evidence of whence we came, of who we  
are... and, who they are!

Remeil points to the summit of The Temple Of Truth.

EXT. TEMPLE SUMMIT - CONTINUOUS

The Grand Architect and a dozen Keepers Of The Truth are  
amassed, looking threatening.

REMEIL (O.S.)

*Keepers* is the only thing of truth to  
their being!

THE GRAND ARCHITECT

Silence you fool. These children of  
THE GREAT ONE are not going to be  
swayed by your conspiratorial  
rhetoric.

REMEIL (O.S.)

Rhetoric? Conspiratorial? Let me  
pass around some of these flat scrolls  
embedded with images froze from the  
past.

EXT. THE HALL OF JUSTICE - TOP OF STEPS - CONTINUOUS

Remeil holds up Raziel's book, the spread shows a stylish photograph of cloned humans in a medical facility.

REMEIL

Does the name Sovaz sound a horn?

THE GRAND ARCHITECT (O.S.)

Remeil you are a complete idiot. Stop before you cross a point of no return.

The Grand Architect discreetly motions to a cadre of Temple Guards in the enclosure. They disappear.

REMEIL (O.S.)

Tell these people who you are. Who they are!

THE GRAND ARCHITECT

(to the crowd, pointing at Remeil)

Children of THE GREAT ONE, I will tell you who they are! They are direct descendants of the very ones who destroyed the Old World. A deviant race who in attempt to take over the world, save for the grace of THE GREAT ONE, very nearly destroyed it and the good people of THE GREAT ONE... you all! All of us.

Individuals in the crowd argue with each other over the conflicting accounts.

THE GRAND ARCHITECT

Here comes their loyal cohorts now.

The Grand Architect points across the Village Round.

EXT. PATH LEADING INTO THE VILLAGE ROUND - CONTINUOUS

Byleth, Marchosias and the rest of Morax's ragtag gang enter the Village Round bearing automatic weapons. Marchosias and Byleth are so sick they appear as walking dead.

The crowd is confused and divided. Groups are arguing and several individuals are shoving and pulling at each other.

Temple Guards pour out of an opening at the base of The Temple Of Truth to confront Morax's gang, who unflinchingly open fire at the Temple Guards.

The crowd is shocked, scream and yell, but save a few individuals, no one runs away.

EXT. VILLAGE ROUND - CONTINUOUS

The first wave of Temple Guards fall. A second wave pours out of The Temple, this time bearing weapons of their own — laser guns and they literally slice apart several of Morax's people— body parts remain animate for a moment before falling limp.

INT. TUNNEL FROM FOREST OF DISASTER - UNDER TEMPLE OF TRUTH - CONTINUOUS

Morax sweats profusely while struggling to drag the heavy nuclear weapon through the narrow tunnel.

Morax comes to a wood barricade, shakes it to no avail, sets the weapon aside and kicks at it continuously until breaking through.

Attempting to shoulder the weapon, Morax pukes violently, staggers and falls to knees.

EXT. PATH LEADING INTO THE VILLAGE ROUND - CONTINUOUS

A HORN BLOWS heralding the return of Iofiel's Expedition. They are utterly aghast upon seeing the scene before them.

Marchosias and several devotees reflexively turn and shoot at Expedition members. A Temple Guard cuts Marchosias off at the ankles with a LASER BLAST while a Kushielian snaps a leather whip around Marchosias' throat, dragging Marchosias into an angry mob of villagers.

Frac and Forneus struggle to the front to witness the chaos. Frac becomes enraged. Forneus is stirred. Frac sees Raziel at the top of the steps to the Hall of Justice crying with Psisya. A sigh of relief momentarily sweeps across Frac's face.

A group of villagers attack Morax's people that fired upon the Expedition. Temple Guards beat Morax's people.

Iofiel and Peliel break up villagers battling each other.

One by one, the people in the crowd fall into silence, staring mutely to the summit of The Temple of Truth.

EXT. TEMPLE SUMMIT - CONTINUOUS

The GLARING SUN silhouettes TWO FIGURES atop the pyramid, but there's no question the characters above, nor the situation coming down.

Morax has The Grand Architect clenched by the hair, drags the wretched old Keeper leader to the edge. The Tacticle Compact Guided Nuclear Missile Device is branished in the air by the other hand.

The crowd is aghast, confused.

Temple Guards rush the steps, Morax points the device at them. Iofiel and Peliel rush to The Temple screaming for the Temple Guards to stop. They pause, Iofiel cautiously climbs the steps.

EXT. VILLAGE ROUND - CONTINUOUS

Utter contempt is brazen on Forneus' face glaring up at Morax.

IOFIEL

Morax. Think about what you're doing... what you might do.

Forneus moves toward the steps of The Temple without diverting sight from Morax. Frac grabs Forneus' arm, but Forneus shakes Frac off. Frac understands.

IOFIEL

That weapon will destroy us all. It must go back. Look at you! You're dying already.

EXT. TEMPLE STEPS - CONTINUOUS

A CLOUD BLOCKS the glaring sun, revealing an ashen complected Morax, wobbling, residue of vomit in hair and on clothes.

Forneus climbs the bottom Temple steps.

MORAX

This order ends. The wily sophistry, the OUTRIGHT LIES END TODAY!

IOFIEL

Yes they will. Not like this. Don't destroy the entire civilization.

MORAX

Do you know what we are? Do you know WHAT THESE DEVILS DID TO US?

IOFIEL

No! It's not what you think.

MORAX

Are we like them?

Morax RIPS open the ROBE of The Grand Architect just as the cloud passes the sun, again casting the stripped Grand Architect and Morax into SILHOUETTE.

The crowd gasps.

Morax's people below strike Temple Guards and Keepers Of The Truth to rip their robes open. The villagers and Expedition members alike are astonished, confused.

Frac heads for the Temple steps.

EXT. VILLAGE ROUND - BETWEEN THE TEMPLE OF TRUTH AND HALL OF JUSTICE - CONTINUOUS

Fighting breaks out in the crowd, against Temple Guards and likewise against Morax's gang. Kushieliens battle both. Temple Guards blindly fire their laser guns.

Free-form chaos transpires.

EXT. TEMPLE STEPS, TOP - CONTINUOUS

Forneus bounds past Iofiel. Frac approaches.

FRAC

Forn don't!

Morax shoves the "revealed" Worldly One down the steps. Forneus hops over the tumbling old man.

Morax engages a mechanism on the nuclear weapon, points it down the steps. Forneus springs right in front of it. Morax is shocked. Hatred seethes from Forneus' eyes. A wave of fear momentarily rolls over Morax.

EXT. STEPS OF THE TEMPLE OF TRUTH - MIDWAY - CONTINUOUS

Frac, midway up the stairs, looks about in disbelief and confusion.

INTERCUT FRAC'S BLURRED POV:

- A) The weapon in Forneus' face.
- B) A silent scream from Iofiel.
- C) The crowd below savagely fighting.
- D) Haniel and crew approaching from the alternate path.
- E) The Grand Architect lying stripped at Iofiel's feet.
- F) Raziel descending the Hall of Justice steps.
- G) Agla leading a procession of naked individuals down the main path toward the Village Round.
- H) Several villagers ascending the Temple steps below Frac.
- I) The crowd below savagely fighting.

(CONTINUE)

(CONTINUED)

- J) Laser blasts flying sporadically.
- K) Forneus holding the weapon to mouth, and Morax's fear parting to contempt.
- L) Iofiel rushing upward, silent scream.
- M) A silent scream from Raziell.
- N) SLO-MO of Morax fingering the trigger.

FRAC

STOP! Everyone stop!

No one hears Frac.

FAINT WHISPER (O.S.)

(muted)

The whistle... blow the whistle.

Frac frantically reaches in pocket, stumbles with the silent whistle.

FAINT WHISPER (O.S.)

(muted)

If they destroy the Keepers, they  
destroy Nuemerica.

Frac gets it to mouth and BLOWS HARD.

Everyone, everywhere stops... and grabs their ears against intense pain.

FRAC

STOP! STOP! Stop.

Everyone looks to Frac.

FRAC

(pleading)

Don't you see? Look around. Don't  
you get it?

Frac looks at the crowd below, notices Haniel.

FRAC

If you destroy them, you destroy  
yourself...

Haniel is gleaming a genuine respect and admiration for Frac.

FRAC

You destroy our existence... We need  
them... or... we wither.

It's suddenly obvious that the Nuamericans, standing or lying on the ground, with clothing ripped apart from fighting, are WITHOUT GENITALIA. No FEMALE BREASTS, no PENISES, no VAGINAS — just ANUSES and URINARY orifices in the pubic region. All exposed Nuamericans are the same whether heavy, tall, short or petite; whether seemingly manly or seemingly feminine. Whereas The Grand Architect, all The Keepers Of The Truth and all the Temple Guards bare GENITALIA — MALE or FEMALE.

A solemn, melancholy air slowly fills the Village Round... then CLICK! Click... Click, click, click.

Frac looks up to see Morax pulling the trigger, but nothing. Forneus slowly moves the weapon and with unforeseen power grabs Morax by the throat.

A buzz in the crowd draws Frac's attention. Agla enters the Village Round... with a clan of naked, savage-looking beings.

All are naked, save the person next to Agla who wears a breastplate of fancy, colored feathers and a horned headpiece. All the naked savages also have genitalia as the Keepers do.

The crowd is stunned.

Morax comes tumbling down the steps past Frac. Several villagers advance to attack Morax. Raziel grabs a laser gun from a felled Temple Guard, and surprisingly, jumps to Morax's rescue.

Agla climbs the steps to Frac's level.

AGLA

Fraciel speaks the truth. The Keepers are key to the existence of our civilization.

VILLAGER

Why? Who are they?

Iofiel joins Frac and Agla.

AGLA

Charlatans.

IOFIEL

They were responsibly for the destruction of the Old World, by denying the order of the natural world and playing the role of THE GREAT ONE themselves.

The crowd is confused and flabberghasted.

IOFIEL

They were there from the beginning. The Keepers Of The Truth were wizards of a sort in the Old World, learned the codes of life, but in unrelentless haste and thoughtless consequence, they created a race of soulless beings.

The crowd is speechless.

VILLAGER

These disgusting creatures?

AGLA

No! They, like the Keepers in their day, are natural beings, the real thing. And more so, as they are actual descendants of the original people of this land. They, like their ancestors survived by taking refuge in the bowels of the earth.

RAZIEL

(suddenly distraught)

The real thing? Then what are we?

EXT. VILLAGE ROUND - CONTINUOUS

Haniel approaches the steps to The Temple of Truth, sets one foot on the steps.

HANIEL

It was in defeat of the rebellious, moral-less monsters Iofiel spoke of, that Sovaz, that is, The Grand Architect and the other Keepers sought refuge in a protected underground village, much like the one Salatheel discovered -- right beneath this temple.

EXT. TEMPLE STEPS - CONTINUOUS

Haniel climbs a couple steps, holds up a book titled, *The Human Genome*.

HANIEL

Harnessing the Secrets of Life, The Keepers have regenerated their bodies to extend their own lives from that day to even now.

The Grand Architect rises, reaches within his ripped-open robe.

HANIEL

Mastering the Secrets of Life, Sovaz and the others have manipulated natural mechanisms so that our kind became totally dependent on their fallacious grace.

Sovaz, The Grand Architect raises a pistol and points at Haniel.

FRAC

NO-O!

Sovaz attempts to shoot, but the pistol is jammed. Frac rushes to wrestle the pistol away, but Sovaz grabs Frac by the throat. Frac gasps, eyes bulge.

Haniel rushes forth.

About to pass out, Frac reaches and SQUEEZES Sovaz's genitals. Sovaz freezes, releases Frac, keels over.

The pistol FIRES.

Haniel falls down several steps to the ground of the Village Round. Frac rushes down to Haniel.

EXT. VILLAGE ROUND - CONTINUOUS

FRAC

(weeping)

No, please don't go. Wake up.

Haniel reaches up and wraps an arm around Frac, pulls close.

HANIEL

(fading)

I'm proud of you.

Frac's floodgates break. Pronoia pushes through the crowd, rushes to embrace Frac and Haniel.

Raziel and Psisya are at Morax's side.

BOOM UP to encompass the entire disarrayed scene.

FADE TO WHITE.

EXT. THE VILLAGE ROUND - DAY

The sun shines on the busy activity of Nuamerican life. Frac is painting a scene of the Eagle nebulae on the side of a nondescript building.

TITLE

Two weeks later.

Raziel, dressed in distinguished looking garb, approaches Frac, who stripped to waist is speckled with multi-colored paints.

RAZIEL

What's up o'wise one.

Frac turns to Raziel, grins.

FRAC

My, don't you look... im-po-tant.  
How's the gig decoding the genome with  
Aglá?

RAZIEL

Fine. It will take forever and a day,  
but fine. Nice painting.

Raziel examines it.

RAZIEL

New beginnings... I like it.

FRAC

Speaking of new beginnings, how's your  
extended family doing?

RAZIEL

(shit-eating grin)

Oh, here's some sign-language I've  
learned.

Raziel flips Frac the bird.

FRAC

Isn't that academic.

(both laugh)

Seriously, how's--

RAZIEL

Both will be fine. That hemp plant does cure the poisoning from that weapon.

(amazed)

That's like the same energy that comes from the sun.

Both look up.

FRAC

And, we don't get poisoned by it.

RAZIEL

(shakes head "no")

It's an amazing system THE GREAT ONE has designed. A miracle.

FRAC

(grinning)

A miracle?

Raziel slugs Frac in the arm.

RAZIEL

Morax will be imprisoned though. Forn will never have anything to do with Morax — ever. That would take a miracle!

FRAC

Really was going to blow up the Temple, huh?

RAZIEL

Apparently. But, due to the fact Forneus had monkeyed with the weapon in the first place and inadvertently disengaged the weapon--

FRAC

So, in actuality, your sibling is the hero of all this?

RAZIEL

(frowns)

I suppose you could make that connection.

FRAC

Are you going to tell me the story about Morax and Psisya?

RAZIEL

Some other time. Still grosses me out. Forn did land some leadership role with the new Temple Keepers.

FRAC

At least you have a sibling.

RAZIEL

You're my sibling.

Frac smiles.

RAZIEL

How goes it with Haniel?

Frac's smile widens ear-to-ear. Raziel is pleased.

Frac turns, dabs some paint onto the painting.

FRAC

So, what happens with The Grand Architect, I mean Sovaz?

RAZIEL

Die a natural death, like the other Keepers. Sovaz is uncooperative for the most part, as is Reilessio. But other Keepers, like Lear, seem to be relieved that this whole ordeal is over and are helping Agla and Iofiel's team to reverse engineer what they have done.

FRAC

I heard the nats are going to be instrumental in reverting back to a natural order.

RAZIEL

The Nacirema? They'll certainly speed up the process after the first generation of natural Nuamericans. As savage as they seem, they still maintain actual knowledge to The GREAT ONE's order. The ancient secrets. Akasha.

FRAC

We don't?

Raziel shrugs.

RAZIEL

Agla does. Iofiel.

FRAC

Too weird. I think that natural way would be freaky.

Frac dabs another brush stroke.

FRAC

(without turning from painting)

You think if we were nats...

Raziel waits for Frac to continue, then realizes

RAZIEL

Ew-w!

(disgust turns to wonder)

We could still couple a child.

Frac turns in mock horror.

FRAC

EW-W-W-W!

Raziel turns red.

RAZIEL

Oh, I have some exciting news. I've been awarded a leadership position in the next Expedition back to Salatheel's.

FRAC

(genuinely pleased)

Great! Good for you.

RAZIEL

Did you apply yet?

Frac shakes head "no."

FRAC

I'm good.

RAZIEL

You're not going, o'adventurous one? Get out of here! You're not serious?

Frac shakes head "no."

FRAC

I got what I want. Plus, I have enough material to paint for several lifetimes.

(turns to Raziel)

Besides, I'm sure to get some wonderful stories from you to paint.

Raziel nods agreeably.

FADE TO WHITE.

EXT. ANCIENT GREECE — TEMPLE — DAY

A cloud rolls in front of the glaring sun.

Plato sits down with his group of students.

PLATO

(Greek with subtitles)

The soul of the mighty Ulysses, tired  
of a life of trials and tribulations,  
searched for the life of a common,  
private man.

THE END.

FADE TO BLACK.