

SEED OF KNOWLEDGE

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. SAMARA SPACESHIP / BATHROOM

A blood-red lipstick rotates slowly in zero-gravity.

A male hand picks it up, applies it to thin lips.

VESA (android, chiseled beauty, appears 27) looks at his bare-chested reflection in the dark mirror.

His gaze is inquisitive and wishful.

He studies the silver brand engraved on his right pec: "Triad Industries. SN 847475. Model VESA17"

Blinks.

Wipes off the makeup, caps the lipstick and places it in a small metal box which he hides behind a panel under the sink.

He grabs his jacket and exits the bathroom, magnetic boots clicking with every step. A couple of chihuahua-sized, six-legged robots (BOTS) follow him.

VESA

Samara, give me status report.

SAMARA (V.O.)

(from speakers)

*Blessed be thy morning, Guardian.
This is day 43862 of our journey
towards the Garden. Cruise speed is
0.2 parsecs per year. Average ship
temperature is 15 degrees Celsius.*

INT. SAMARA / CORRIDOR

VESA'S P.O.V.

Layers of information are superimposed on Vesa's field of view: location tags for the Bots, system checks, back-wall schematics, etc.

As Vesa moves, the information changes.

BACK TO SCENE

SAMARA (V.O.)

*We're below recommended levels on
metal alloys for the printer's
tank.*

VESA

Permission for a 0.04 route
deviation granted.

INT. SAMARA / HIBERNATION BAY

Seven cryochambers are lined up against a wall, their glass frosted with ice.

Each of them is fitted with an interface panel. They read, from left to right: DIVINER, HEALER, WARRIOR, ENGINEER, HISTORIAN, GROWER and REDEEMED.

Vesa checks them over - all good.

EXT. SAMARA - SPACE

An elongated ship reminiscent of a flower bud journeys across space.

SUPER: HOLY VESSEL SAMARA

SUPER: DISTANCE FROM EARTH: 157-LIGHT-YEARS

INT. SAMARA / SHRINE'S HALL

The Shrine is a circular cabin set in the stern of the spaceship, elegantly decorated with wood and fabric panels.

Vesa stops in front of the wide door leading to the Shrine.

Places his hand over the fingerprint scanner.

BEEP: "NO CLEARANCE".

Disappointed but not surprised, Vesa makes his way back through the ship, until he reaches the -

INT. SAMARA / COMMAND DECK

The universe beckons to Vesa from the large bridge window.

A hologram star map shows the Samara's trajectory: starting at Earth, it moves towards a planet marked THE GARDEN. The ship is about one-third of the way in.

Vesa sits in the navigation chair.

VESA

I detected a 0.03 percent
condensation in the Hibernation
Bay. Raise the temperature by 0.9
degrees.

SAMARA (V.O.)

With pleasure.

Vesa pulls up a vectorial hologram of the ship and zooms onto the tail section, where the Shrine is located.

Through the graphics, we can see that a large, ovoid artifact is set in the middle of the Shrine.

Vesa brushes his fingertips over the image.

VESA

Is the Seed of Knowledge stable?

SAMARA (V.O.)

*Everything normal. All systems
check clear.*

Vesa trails a finger over the armrest, hesitating.

SAMARA (V.O.)

Any further instructions, Guardian?

VESA

Play the invocation for safe
travel.

SAMARA (V.O.)

*The Goddesses are deaf to the
voices of us soulless ones.*

VESA

I can still appreciate good poetry.

The lights dim. Music chimes. A relaxing fragrance is sprayed in the air. Vesa leans back, listening.

RECORDED VOICE (V.O.)

Draw near, my Mother, and to our
pray'r incline. We bring Your name
to a new world, the Seed of all
Knowledge and the hope of humanity,
to start anew without sin and
greed. Benevolent Lady, grant us
swift travel and protection from
thy enemies. The Seven Wardens
pledge our blood to you, might our
sacrifice be the bread upon what
you feast. Hail to you, Daughter,
hail to you!

Vesa opens his eyes and looks around as if expecting the Goddesses to have materialized in the middle of the deck.

They don't.

VESA

Well, then. That's it.

(beat)

See you in one cycle.

A Neural Interface ejects from the chair and plugs into the base of Vesa's skull. His eyes glaze a starry blue.

SAMARA (V.O.)
Blessed be thy sleep, Guardian.

VESA
 Androids don't sleep, Samara. We
 just... Stop.

The ship falls silent.

EXT. SAMARA - SPACE

The Samara enters a small planetary system. A vast Jovian planet orbiting twin suns looms in the distance.

INT. SAMARA / COMMAND DECK - (LATER)

An alarm blares in the command deck. The view of the Jovian planet fills the window.

The neural interface retracts, and Vesa powers up.

VESA
 What is it?

SAMARA (V.O.)
We picked up a distress signal.

Vesa pulls up the hologram and checks the schematics. The signal originates from a speck to the left of the planet.

VESA
 (standing up)
 Origin?

SAMARA (V.O.)
*We're still too far to see. It's a
 small object, a couple of metres
 long, no propulsion.*

VESA
 Life signatures?

SAMARA (V.O.)
Inconclusive.

Vesa pulls up several other panels searching for more information on the object but finds nothing.

He glances at the Samara's trajectory map: the ship has made a small deviation from the programmed course.

VESA
 You've changed our trajectory?

SAMARA (V.O.)
*Slight veer due to a dying
 Supernova. The impact on overall
 trajectory was within optimal
 parameters, so I didn't flag it.*

Vesa studies the situation then heads out.

INT. SAMARA / CORRIDOR

VESA
 Wake up the Diviner.

SAMARA (V.O.)
Yes, Guardian.

INT. SAMARA / SICK BAY

He collects three pills from a drawer and pours a glass of water.

In zero gravity, the water floats out in round drops.

VESA
 Activate gravity field at 0.8 G.

The drops fall into the glass.

INT. SAMARA / HIBERNATION BAY

The lights switch on as Vesa enters. He approaches the cryochamber hosting DIVINER ZOE TORRES (dark-skinned, appears 48).

On its interface panel, a clock counts down seconds: five, four, three, two...

Zero. The glass cover slides open.

Torres is secured to the chamber with straps. She looks little better than a corpse. Her eyes open.

VESA
 Welcome back, Diviner.

TORRES
 (broken voice)
 Hello Guardian. Have we arrived?

VESA
 Not yet.

Vesa offers Torres the water and pills.

VESA (CONT'D)

I thought we were past "Guardian"
by now.

TORRES

Vesa. Sorry. What's the emergency?

VESA

We've received a distress signal.
It's above my clearance.

TORRES

A distress signal? From whom?

VESA

We don't know.

Torres gulps down the pills.

TORRES

Take me to the deck.

Vesa touches a button, and the straps unbuckle. Torres
pitches forward but the android is there to hold her up.

INT. SAMARA / COMMAND DECK

The distress signal blinks on the star chart.

TORRES

(leaning against the deck)
That's it? Are you sure it's not a
fluke?

VESA

No, I've checked several times. But
it's undoubtedly peculiar: the
chances of us finding it were
abysmal. If our trajectory hadn't
been modified, we would have missed
it. And that wasn't planned.

TORRES

Ignore it.

VESA

But -

TORRES

Taking the Seed to the Garden has
priority over everything else. We
can't risk attracting trouble.

(glancing at the
trajectory)

We're behind schedule already.

Vesa offers her a helping hand. Taking it, Torres moves heavily toward the door.

VESA

I thought curiosity was a
fundamental trait of human nature.

TORRES

And since we're not animals, we can
rise above.

Out of breath, she leans against the threshold.

TORRES (CONT'D)

I'm going back to cryosleep. Unless
there's a threat against the
mission, don't wake me again.

VESA

About that...

(beat)

I've diagnosed some anomalies in
your bloodstream. The nanites are
already working to repair them, but
you can't go back to cryosleep
straight away.

Torres releases Vesa's arm.

TORRES

I'm going to the Shrine.

She exits, and the door closes behind her.

VESA

(under his breath)

Say hi from me.

INT. SAMARA / SHRINE'S HALL

Torres places her hand on the Shrine door scanner.

BEEP: "ACCESS GRANTED". She enters.

INT. SAMARA / SHRINE

The Shrine, a sacred place, is built around the Seed of
Knowledge.

The Seed is an ovoid structure, a couple of heads taller than
Torres, shaped like the seed of a bushwillow: four flattened
wings of fibrous, thin tissue extend from the central body.

Torres advances towards it, her eyes full of awe.

She raises a hand as if to caress it, then stops herself and kneels on the pillow placed before it.

From underneath her shirt, she pulls out a pendant: a miniature replica of the Seed.

She brings it to her lips.

TORRES

Mother, Lady, and Daughter, blessed
be Thy breath, hallowed is Thy
presence. Touch my eyes so I can
see the Truth, and kiss my lips so
I can speak no Evil. I offer you my
fealty... And...

Overcome by emotion, she stops praying.

TORRES (CONT'D)

Oh Lady, I can't be praying to you,
I'm not worthy of your blessing.
(shuddering)
I had no choice. It was the only
way. And there is no harm...

She stands up and walks up and down the cabin.

TORRES (CONT'D)

Why have you chosen me for this
mission? To carry the weight of
human salvation... You know my
heart and its desires. And yet you
made me your Warden...

She touches the Seed and is zapped by its force field. The shock brings her to her senses.

She kneels again, wipes away her tears and inhales deeply.

TORRES (CONT'D)

Touch my eyes so I can see the
Truth, and kiss my lips so I can
speak no Evil. I offer you my
fealty, so that my heart won't be
corrupted...

FADE TO WHITE.

EXT. TORRES' VISION - DAY

An open field full of golden light. The sun and the moon in the sky. The scene has a dream-like quality to it.

In the distance, the silhouette of a massive tree.

A child's laugh.

Torres runs in slow motion, long hair and dress bouncing with each step.

A young dark-skinned BOY (11) peaks from behind the tree.

TORRES (V.O.)
Where are you?

Torres extends her hand. The child giggles and hides.

TORRES (V.O.)
My sin... My sin... Oh Lady,
blessed thee.

From a distance: Torres and the child chase each other around the tree, laughing.

TORRES (V.O.)
Give me the strength...

Torres catches the child. She hugs him and kisses him.

VESA (V.O.)
It's a distress signal.

Suddenly, the sky turns dark. Torres and the child are torn apart by invisible forces.

VESA (V.O.)
The chances are infinitesimal.

Torres claws at the ground. Screams. The child is taken away.

TORRES (V.O.)
I need a miracle...

INT. SAMARA / COMMAND DECK

Torres stands in front of the large deck window, absentmindedly fingering the pendant.

VESA
A penny for your thoughts...

Torres turns, startled.

TORRES
What?

VESA
It's just a human expression I've
found in my archives and have
always wanted to use.

Torres smiles but returns her gaze outside. Still fiddling.

TORRES

Any news on the distress call?

VESA

Nothing relevant. I've tried to reverse engineer the source's trajectory and it seems it has been orbiting this planet for a while.

TORRES

So we still don't know what it is or where it comes from?

Vesa shakes his head.

TORRES (CONT'D)

Let's take a better look, then.

INT. SAMARA / AIRLOCK

Torres, in a space suit, and Vesa, still in uniform, stand in the open airlock, observing as an elongated, dark object slowly approaches the Samara.

VESA

What happened to "the mission comes first"?

TORRES

We might be the hands of this ship, but the Lady holds the steering wheel. This is where she brought us.

VESA

So it has nothing to do with curiosity?

Torres glares and Vesa grins - looking quite angelic. She makes a face.

TORRES

I'll never get used to seeing you without a spacesuit.

VESA

Perks of not breathing.

TORRES

But shouldn't you be freezing up?

VESA

(patting his chest)
Nuclear core. I'm warm enough.

The mysterious object reaches the airlock and they bring it inside, floating it above a table secured to the floor.

The external door hisses shut.

TORRES
Samara, gravity.

The object slams onto the table with a metallic sound that makes Torres jump.

Vesa and Torres lean over to examine it.

It's a sleek, opaque ovoid cocoon, onyx-black and encrusted in meteorite.

VESA'S P.O.V.

Every time he blinks, a different kind of vision activates: x-ray, thermal, etc...

TORRES (CONT'D)
Human?

VESA
Hard to tell. The spectrometer hasn't picked up any foreign substances.

TORRES
Pathogens?

VESA
Practically sterile.

TORRES
What's inside?

VESA
I don't know. My scan says it's empty, but according to the emissions -

BACK TO SCENE

TORRES
Don't tell me we've lost all of this time for a piece of space junk.

VESA
No, no. It might only be a defense mechanism.

TORRES
No seal. No buttons. Nothing.

Torres grabs the laser gun from her belt.

TORRES (CONT'D)
Let's get the can opener, shall we?

Vesa moves toward the external door, his hand on the release.

TORRES (CONT'D)
The moment that thing twitches
funny, blast it out.

VESA
Hear, hear, Diviner.

Torres sets to work. The laser beam gets hotter and hotter.

A faint line appears on the cocoon's surface. Not enough.

Torres grimaces.

The laser gun overheats.

A shard breaks off, and Torres drops the too-hot gun. She brushes the scarred surface.

TORRES
It's not even warm.

She hisses and pulls her hand back to find her glove is cut. A drop of blood seeps out, falling onto the cocoon. Foam seals the breach of her suit.

TORRES (CONT'D)
(walking toward the
release)
That's it. We're ejecting it.

THUD. WHIRR... The cocoon comes to life.

VESA
A bio-lock?

The mysterious object glows from inside. Its surface is thin as glass.

A hand - a human hand - slams against the surface.

Torres and Vesa jump back.

TORRES
Oh, Lady.

The glass cracks but doesn't break. The slamming becomes frantic.

TORRES (CONT'D)
It's trapped!

Torres smashes the glass with the butt of the laser gun.

An emaciated, naked, dark-skinned girl emerges from the cocoon (LUCKY, looks like a human of about 12).

Her eyes are glued shut with a sticky substance. She's clawing for air. Gurgling.

VESA

The pleural space is full of liquid.

TORRES

We must get her to the sick bay.

Vesa pulls her out of the cocoon and they run out.

INT. SAMARA / SICK BAY

Torres skids into the sick bay, lights flickering to life before her. She removes her helmet.

One of the beds activates.

TORRES

Samara, prepare for thoracentesis and life support.

SAMARA (V.O.)

Right away, Diviner.

A side panel opens up, revealing medical tools. Torres selects a massive syringe.

Vesa runs into the cabin and places the girl onto the bed.

Torres plunges the syringe into the girl's chest, then proceeds to suck the liquid out.

The med-bed's monitor lights up with the girl's vitals.

Her heartbeat is erratic.

The girl arches with a silent scream.

Vesa pins her down. The syringe sucks up the liquid.

The girl takes a long breath and collapses back.

Her heartbeat stabilizes.

Torres applies an oxygen mask to her face while Vesa covers her with a blanket.

Torres slumps onto a chair, removes her helmet and pulls out her pendant. She kisses it.

TORRES

Thank you, Lady.

SAMARA (V.O.)
*I'm registering some irregular
 fluctuations in the airlock.*

TORRES
 Vesa, go check it. And prep that
 cocoon for analysis, I want to know
 what it's made of down to the last
 molecule.

Vesa looks at the girl with concern.

TORRES (CONT'D)
 I'll take care of her.

As Vesa exits, Torres wipes the sticky substance from the
 girl's face with a wet gauze.

TORRES (CONT'D)
 (under her breath)
 Where the hell did you come from?

INT. SAMARA / AIRLOCK / CORRIDOR

Vesa approaches the shattered cocoon. His eyes glow blue.

VESA
 It's you and me now, baby.

VESA'S P.O.V.

SUPER: ARTIFACT AGE: 70.000 Years.

VESA (CONT'D)
 Repeat analysis.

SUPER: ARTIFACT AGE: 70.000 Years.

BACK TO SCENE

VESA (CONT'D)
 Samara, do we have a containment
 capsule big enough for this?

SAMARA (V.O.)
Negative, but we can print one.

VESA
 Please proceed.

Vesa picks up one of the broken shards and examines it.

VESA (CONT'D)
 If it looks like a rock and it
 talks like a rock...

The shard turns into sand and runs through Vesa's fingers.

VESA (CONT'D)
Samara, readings?

SAMARA (V.O.)
The artifact is collapsing.

VESA
Very helpful.

SAMARA (V.O.)
You're welcome.

Chunks of the artifact disintegrate. Vesa grabs a container from his belt and scoops up a handful of shards.

The cocoon collapses into a pile of dark sand. Instead of spilling to the ground, it begins swirling around, corroding everything it touches.

Vesa jumps out of the airlock into the safety of the corridor, the glass door closing behind him.

The black sand is now an angry mini-tornado, barely contained.

VESA
Samara, open the airlock!

The sand is sucked into the vacuum and disappears.

Vesa watches to make sure the danger has passed, then turns his attention to the sand in the container.

Which starts rattling angrily. The container cracks.

VESA (CONT'D)
You wanna go? Fine!

Vesa opens the airlock a crack - air hisses out. He drops the container through, but just before the door shuts one of the little Bots gets sucked in.

VESA (CONT'D)
No!

The little Bot hangs on to the table's leg.

The container explodes, the sand hovers for a second, defying the vacuum, then it's sucked out.

The little Bot loses its purchase.

Vesa jumps back in and grabs the Bot a fraction of a second before it is sucked out as well.

The external door slams shut.

Vesa slams against the partition with a great BANG.

VESA (CONT'D)
 (leaning against the door)
 Good riddance.

He puts the Bot back on the floor, and it scuttles away.

INT. SAMARA / SICK BAY

The girl - now cleaned and dressed in a medical gown - sits in the med-bed, propped up with pillows.

She opens and closes her mouth, emitting disarticulated sounds.

Torres moves a light in front of the girl's eyes. She stares into it.

TORRES
 (into comm)
 Pupillary light reflex is okay. All parameters seem stable, but who knows how long she's been in there.

Torres offers her a glass of water.

She considers it but doesn't move.

TORRES (CONT'D)
 You have to drink it.
 (miming the action)
 Just like this.

The girl takes the glass, brings it to her lips and tilts her head back. However, she doesn't open her lips, and the water spills over and down her chin.

Torres chuckles and retrieves the glass.

TORRES (CONT'D)
 We'll work on that. I'm putting you on a drip for the moment, but first I have to take some blood, to make sure you're all right.

The girl stares at her with owl eyes.

TORRES (CONT'D)
 You understand me, right?

The girl blinks.

TORRES (CONT'D)
 What's your name?

Another blink.

TORRES (CONT'D)
*Ni jiào shénme míngzì? Comment
 t'appelles-tu? ¿Cómo te llamas?*

Still nothing.

TORRES (CONT'D)
 It'll come to you. We'll call you
 Lucky, for now, eh?

The girl tilts her head to one side.

TORRES (CONT'D)
 See? I knew you got me. It's Lucky.
 Lu - cky.

LUCKY
 Luuu... ssskk... eeee...

Torres prepares a syringe and holds Lucky's arm.

TORRES
 Yeah. Just like that. I used to
 have an r-dog named Lucky - or at
 least my son did. Seems like a
 fitting name, considering we would
 never have found you had we not
 changed our route.

As the syringe pierces Lucky's skin, she hisses and pulls her
 arm away.

On the other side of the cabin, a cabinet latch slams open
 and a jar falls out.

Torres turns toward the sound.

A Bot grabs the jar and tries to put it back but it's too
 heavy and slips from its grip, rolling away.

Torres approaches the Bot.

Lucky looks around, her gaze glossy.

LUCKY'S P.O.V.

Lucky's vision is a blurred, ghostly space. Everything is
 smoky, as if surrounded in fog.

Torres bends to pick up the jar. As she does, ghost images of
 all her potential selves blossom around her: Torres waiting
 for the Bot to place the jar back, the jar slipping from her
 fingers, Torres grabbing the jar and standing up.

It's dizzying.

Torres is about to pick the jar up but a hand swipes it. It's
 Vesa.

Unlike Torres, he's solid. No ghost shades, no fog.

BACK TO SCENE

Upon seeing him, Lucky comes to life. Fear, surprise and adoration flicker in her expression.

TORRES (CONT'D)
Done already?

VESA
The artifact crumbled and turned vicious. I had to vent it.

TORRES
How -

Lucky jumps out of bed and - half falling, half running - throws her arms around Vesa.

VESA
Oof!

Torres smiles.

TORRES
Somebody likes you.

Vesa delicately tries to pry Lucky off.

VESA
You have to get back to bed.

Lucky won't let go so he carries her back. It appears her burst of energy has exhausted her and she allows him to place her back onto the med-bed.

TORRES
C'mon, help me hold her still, she doesn't like needles.

VESA
I've never met a human who did.

Vesa holds Lucky's hand while Torres draws a vial of blood, places it in a diagnostic machine and hooks her to the drip.

The machine's countdown clock shows -10 minutes to diagnosis.

TORRES
(tucking the blanket)
Now, Lucky, stay here and rest.
We'll be back soon.

VESA
She told you her name?

TORRES

I picked it, it's temporary.

She touches a panel and a video appears on the wall.

TORRES (CONT'D)

Just wave your hand if you want to
change the channel.

Torres demonstrates and the image changes. Lucky imitates her
and her eyes finally move from Vesa to the screen.

Torres smiles and nudges Vesa out of the sick bay.

INT. SAMARA / GALLERY

Torres and Vesa watch security footage from the airlock.

TORRES

Good job flushing it out. What do
you think it was?

VESA

It behaved like nanites, but
without a sample it's impossible to
tell for sure.

TORRES

Was it human technology?

VESA

My readings dated the cocoon at
seventy thousand years old. At that
time humans were little more than
apes. Pretty sure they hadn't
mastered space travel yet.

TORRES

And the girl?

VESA

To all my sensors she feels human.
We'll know more after the DNA test.

INT. SAMARA / SICK BAY

TORRES (V.O.)

(filtered voice)

Maybe she is from the future - sent
to the past. Through a wormhole, or
something.

VESA (V.O.)

(fading out)

Physiognomy changes with time.

(MORE)

VESA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

If she were from the future, she would probably look different - as different as we are from apes.

Lucky is absorbed by the videos: films, animations, documentaries. She waves her hand - lands on a reportage on the history of the human race.

She pulls out the drip and steps out of bed, approaching the monitor, mesmerized.

She mouths the narrator's words.

NARRATOR

Once peaceful and prospering under the protection of the Lady, Mother and Daughter, the human race has lost its faith and its blessings.

As she touches the screen, the images begin to flicker faster and faster, spanning human history.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

The Holy Tree has lost Its leaves. It doesn't whisper Its secret anymore. Its roots are retreating, leaving the earth parched. The only hope is its Seed, brought to new fertile soil, preparing humanity for a Second Coming. A new age of Miracles.

The video of an explosion reflects in her eyes.

INT. SAMARA / GALLERY

VESA

We don't have a spare cryochamber.

TORRES

We can print one.

VESA

That would take a week, and it requires Class A materials, which we need for the Garden.

TORRES

We'll recycle it.

VESA

Not all of it is recyclable, and you don't know what we might need.

TORRES

What's wrong with you, Vesa? You are the one who woke me up and suggested we take a look.

VESA

I do not suggest, I only relate facts. Any impression you might have of personal preferences is simply a product of my personality simulation programming. My priorities are the Seed and the safety of the Samara's crew.

Unseen by Torres and Vesa, Lucky walks in.

LUCKY

(whispering)
I'm hungry.

TORRES

Of course, I know that. But we brought her onboard and unless she becomes a threat, her wellbeing is our responsibility. If she's in stasis, she can't do any harm.

Lucky's expression darkens.

LUCKY

Stasis?

TORRES

(turning)
Oh, Lucky!

She ignores Torres and stares at Vesa.

LUCKY

No stasis.

VESA

It's for your safety.

LUCKY

I'm hungry.

TORRES

And that's great to hear -

VESA

I'm sorry, but you can't eat anything solid yet. Let's get you back to bed and to your drip.

LUCKY

Stasis?

TORRES

Yes, just for a little bit. You won't even notice.

Torres reaches for Lucky, but she withdraws.

LUCKY

No.

Suddenly, an emergency alarm blares through the Samara.

SAMARA (V.O.)

Meteorite storm incoming. Sixty seconds to impact.

TORRES

Avoid it!

SAMARA (V.O.)

We're too close.

TORRES

Vesa, start navigation. I'll join you on the deck!

Vesa nods and sprints into a run.

VESA

Samara, kill the second thruster, divert all power to the force-field shields.

INT. SAMARA / COMMAND DECK

Vesa skids to the navigation chair and secures himself in.

EXT. SAMARA - SPACE

The meteorites approach fast. Deadly. Unavoidable.

INT. SAMARA / COMMAND DECK

SAMARA (V.O.)

Thirty seconds to impact.

VESA

Activate neural connection.

The neural plug connects to Vesa's skull. He clasps the navigation joysticks.

VESA'S P.O.V.

His vision fills with navigation data and trajectories. It's a sea of red marks and alarms.

BACK TO THE SCENE

Torres runs in and takes position beside Vesa.

TORRES

How did we miss this? Don't we have radars?

VESA

The meteorites were hidden behind the planet, and then by the light of the stars. It's an incredible coincidence, one in a -

TORRES

Can you get us out?

VESA

Maybe. We have to cross at least part of it, or we will be pulled in by the planet's gravity.

SAMARA (V.O.)

Three seconds to impact.

VESA

Ready to dance, Diviner!

The first meteorites hit the force field and disintegrate against it.

EXT. SAMARA - SPACE

The Samara dances among the meteorites like a dragonfly. The shields hold.

INT. SAMARA / COMMAND DECK

Checking the star map and Samara's hologram, Torres takes out her Seed-shaped pendant, brings it to her lips and begins muttering prayers.

VESA

Good idea, Diviner. I wouldn't mind a bit of help.

A bigger meteorite hits the shield. It disintegrates but part of it gets through and hits the hull, near the Shrine.

TORRES

The Shrine!

SAMARA (V.O.)

Force Field integrity at 60%.

TORRES
Get us out of here, Guardian.

VESA
I'm trying!

More and more meteorites make it past the shield.

TORRES
Samara, reroute all power to the Shrine's shields.

VESA
Diviner?

TORRES
If we lose the Seed, we lose everything.

SAMARA (V.O.)
Unable to complete Action.

TORRES
Fine, I'll do it myself.

Torres leaves her position. Vesa can't follow.

VESA
You'll get us all terminated!

TORRES
I'd rather float in space for eternity with the Seed than lose it. The Lady will protect us.

EXT. SAMARA - SPACE

Samara takes a big hit. Swirls around.

INT. SAMARA / COMMAND DECK

SAMARA (V.O.)
Force Field integrity at 35%.

INT. SAMARA / CORRIDOR

The impact sends Torres hurtling down the corridor.
She re-magnetizes her boots and makes her way forward.

INT. SAMARA / COMMAND DECK

On the star map, the Samara inches its way out of the storm, but it's too slow.

If an android could sweat, Vesa would be drenched right now.

INT. SAMARA / SHRINE

Torres opens a panel and accesses the override screen.

She redirects the ship's energy to the shields around the Shrine - as we see in a graphic on the panel.

INT. SAMARA / COMMAND DECK

The force field outside the command deck window fades.

VESA

For the Mother's love, Diviner...

A rain of tiny fragments hits the hull.

VESA (CONT'D)

Samara, Net the force field and spread the Bots out.

We can see the change to the force field in the ship's hologram: it looks like a net surrounding the Samara.

Vesa's hands strain on the joysticks.

VESA (CONT'D)

I'm sorry Samara, this is gonna tickle.

Passing through the holes in the net, small meteorites pierce the hull, deadly projectiles.

Part of the console explodes.

MONTAGE

The meteorites hit:

- a lamp in the Crew Quarters
- a Bot in the Corridor
- a cryochamber in the Hibernation Bay
- the medical equipment in the Sick Bay

END OF MONTAGE

INT. SAMARA / COMMAND DECK

Vesa grunts and doubles over. There's a hole in his chest.

And the biggest rock is hurtling toward the Samara.

Vesa swerves the ship at the last second.

VESA
 (into comms)
 Diviner to deck! I've been hit -
 the damn thing has cracked my
 nuclear core's containment.

TORRES (V.O.)
 I'm coming!

VESA
 If it breaks, the storm is going to
 be the least of our problems.

VESA'S P.O.V.

His field of view is blinking red.

SUPER: CONTAINMENT FIELD INTEGRITY: 70%

BACK TO SCENE

INT. SAMARA / SHRINE

Everything's shaking. Torres is about to leave but turns at the last second for a last prayer to the Seed.

INT. SAMARA / COMMAND DECK

VESA'S P.O.V.

SUPER: CONTAINMENT FIELD INTEGRITY: 55%

BACK TO SCENE

Vesa is driving one-handed, holding his chest with the other.

A massive meteorite hurtles towards the Samara. Vesa dodges it, but there's another just behind.

INT. SAMARA / SHRINE

The second meteorite's impact hurls Torres across the floor.
 She hits her head.

INT. SAMARA / COMMAND DECK

VESA'S P.O.V.

His field of view is blinking red.

SUPER: CONTAINMENT FIELD INTEGRITY: 45%

BACK TO SCENE

VESA

Torres! The Seed is pointless if I
blow up.

There's no answer.

VESA (CONT'D)

Samara, eyes on the Shrine.

A panel pops up showing Torres passed out on the floor.

VESA (CONT'D)

Dammit.

INT. SAMARA / SHRINE

Torres slides across the floor and hits a wall.

The impact jolts her awake.

She re-magnetizes her boots before the next hit.

INT. SAMARA / COMMAND DECK

The Samara can't escape the storm.

They are doomed.

LUCKY (V.O.)

I'll take it from here.

Vesa turns.

Lucky sits in the Diviner's chair, unfazed by the cataclysm.

VESA

You don't even -

Lucky's hands fly over the control panel. A second pair of
joysticks appear in front of her.

LUCKY

Commands to secondary chair.

Lucky grabs the joysticks and smiles.

EXT. SAMARA - SPACE

The Samara swerves among the rocks, evading them by inches.
Moving away from the core of the storm.

INT. SAMARA / COMMAND DECK

Lucky isn't checking any of the maps, she's driving on pure instinct. Enjoying herself.

VESA'S P.O.V.

SUPER: CONTAINMENT FIELD INTEGRITY: 35%

Vesa bolts out of his chair and opens a compartment in the wall, retrieving a repair kit.

BACK TO SCENE

Two last acrobatic maneuvers and Lucky guides the Samara out of the storm.

LUCKY
(standing up)
You need... help?

VESA
I'll be fine.

LUCKY
But I -

Lucky pales and sways. Vesa catches her.

LUCKY (CONT'D)
I don't feel so -

Lucky's eyes roll in her head and she faints in Vesa's arms.

Torres darts into the Command Deck. Blood from a cut on her scalp is bleeding into one eye.

TORRES
You've made it!
(noticing Lucky)
What -

Vesa hurriedly plops Lucky in Torres' arms.

TORRES (CONT'D)
Vesa -

VESA
Not now.

Vesa runs out of the Command Deck.

EXT. SAMARA - SPACE

The storm has passed - now just another beautiful astronomical phenomenon. The Samara is little more than a speck against the Jovian planet's backdrop.

Bots scuttle across the ship's hull, repairing damage.

Vesa is out here, leaning on the hull. His shirt is open, a metallic sheet covers his chest.

VESA'S P.O.V.

He's looking at the stars - each tagged by its name.

SUPER: CONTAINMENT FIELD REPAIR: 17%

TORRES (V.O.)
 (through the comm)
 So she saved us, eh? How did she
 even know how to drive a ship?

VESA
 (though the comm)
 That's not the strangest thing.
 Whatever she did - I wouldn't have
 been able to.

BACK TO SCENE

SAMARA / CREW QUARTERS

Torres is tucking Lucky in bed. The girl doesn't stir.

VESA (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 (through the comm)
 And my navigation processing speed
 is a hundred and fifty times the
 average human's.

Torres attaches a drip to Lucky and exits.

TORRES
 Then we're lucky she was on board,
 or we would have all died.

VESA (V.O.)
 There's no such thing as luck.

Torres locks the door from the outside.

TORRES
 Look, about before...

VESA (V.O.)
 You don't need to justify your
 actions to me, Diviner.

TORRES
 But still...

VESA (V.O.)
 Your hand is guided by the Mother
 and your loyalty is to the Seed.
 That is enough explanation to me.

EXT. SAMARA - SPACE

TORRES (V.O.)
 (chuckling)
 Sometimes I think you have more
 faith in your little finger than
 most people I know.

VESA'S P.O.V.

Vesa swipes the star chart away and pulls up a 3D image of his body: "Model VESA17 - MODIFIED". It has female features.

VESA
 The Conclave would have a
 collective heart attack if they
 heard you. They consider androids
 godless abominations.

TORRES (V.O.)
 You're super strong and immortal,
 Vesa. Not bad for an abomination.

The female model rotates on itself over a backdrop of stars.

VESA
 I have a quantum brain that exists
 in a super-state and yet I'm not
 fully integrated with the Samara, I
 have no military enhancement and
 barely any safety clearance, and
 none of this would bother me in the
 least if they hadn't given me a
 human personality.

TORRES (V.O.)
 I like your personality.

Vesa taps on the button that says "PRINT ARTIFACT".

It turns red: "PERMISSION DENIED".

Vesa swipes the image away with a huff.

VESA (V.O.)
 I believe the conclave has done
 everything they could to punish me
 for sullyng their precious ship
 with my blasphemous existence. They
 even gave me a male body.

INT. SAMARA / SICK BAY

Torres rummages through the remains of an emergency kit. Vesa's words surprised her.

TORRES

What's wrong with a male body?

She finds a plaster and a disinfectant wipe.

VESA (V.O.)

The Goddesses are all female.

(beat)

Diviners too.

Torres smiles, as one would with a smart child. She wipes the blood from her face - it stings - and applies the plaster.

TORRES

I don't think that's the reason.
Human Guardians are traditionally
male, so they designed you as male.

There's a pause.

VESA (V.O.)

If you say so.

Torres examines the damage in the sick bay. It's extensive.

TORRES

The diagnostic machine is broken.
Lucky's sample is gone.

VESA (V.O.)

I'll get another one.

TORRES

What's the damage report on the
rest of the Samara?

VESA (V.O.)

Apart for the Shrine, there are
level one and two breaches all over
the ship. The Bots have plugged
them with plasma. One of the food
containers is gone. There's
substantial damage to the transit
elevator and -

TORRES

Tell me the printers are okay.

VESA (V.O.)

We've lost a full tank.

TORRES

Lady's mercy!

VESA (V.O.)
 One of the Cryochamber alarms has just gone off. I've initiated the awakening procedure.

TORRES
 Which one is it?

VESA (V.O.)
 The Redeemed.

Torres grunts with displeasure.

INT. SAMARA / HIBERNATION BAY

The room has received heavy damage. The glass of Torres' chamber is shattered.

Another is cracked. Its tag reads: REDEEMED. We can't see the person inside clearly, but he's big.

TORRES
 Are you sure we need to wake him?

EXT. SAMARA - SPACE

VESA'S P.O.V:

Security camera feed from the Hibernation Bay.

His schematics show "EXTENSIVE DAMAGE" to the chamber.

VESA
 I'm always sure.

BACK TO SCENE

INT. SAMARA / HIBERNATION BAY

Torres examines the cracked glass. The panel reads: THAWING IN PROGRESS.

TORRES
 Maybe I can fix it. Get me a good scanner, a bit of micron grade remodelling paste...

VESA (V.O.)
 He'll suffocate if we leave him inside.

TORRES
 I know, I know. But out of all of them, why did it have to be Dom? He's a waste of the Lady's grace.

EXT. SAMARA / SPACE

VESA'S P.O.V.

SUPER: CONTAINMENT FIELD REPAIR: 98%... 99%... 100%

SUPER: CONTAINMENT FIELD REPAIRED.

BACK TO SCENE

VESA

The Mother has put him with us to show that humans are capable of change. You can't judge him for the sin of his past.

Vesa removes the material from his chest - now smooth again - places it back in the repair kit and, buttoning his shirt, makes his way back inside the Samara.

INT. SAMARA / HIBERNATION BAY

TORRES

We'll see about that.

The cryochamber slides open. DOMNHALL SPICE (looks 38), emerges. He's covered in slime and coughing his lungs out. A small Seed icon hangs from a string necklace.

TORRES (CONT'D)

Redeemed, welcome back.

DOM

(hoarse)

Hello... Beautiful...

TORRES

It's Diviner, to you.

Dom keeps coughing, still out of it. In pain.

Torres steps back and crosses her arms, enjoying Dom's discomfort. A show of power. Dom stares at her, pleading.

DOM

C'mon, Torres...

When he's nearly choking on his straps, Torres slams her hand on the panel and moves aside.

The chamber restraints withdraw and Dom plummets to the ground, hitting the floor hard.

Torres watches him coldly as he groans in pain.

Finally, she crouches down and grabs Dom's hair, pulling his face close.

TORRES

(softly)

The Lady might have deemed you worthy of her grace, but this is my ship, and I can make your life very difficult. Now, you will take your pills, make yourself presentable and report to me for duty. Am I clear?

Dom's head lolls to the side. Torres pulls it back up.

TORRES (CONT'D)

Am I clear?

DOM

Yes...

TORRES

Yes, what?

DOM

Yes, Diviner.

TORRES

Welcome to the Samara.

She releases her grip and his head slams down on the floor.

Wiping the slime on her trousers, Torres exits.

INT. SAMARA / CORRIDOR

The door closes behind Vesa. He looks in the direction of the Sick Bay, then heads toward the Hibernation Bay instead.

He meets Torres.

VESA

Was that really necessary?

TORRES

You need to assert dominance early with that kind of man, or they'll fight you for it all the way.

Torres walks down the corridor without turning back.

INT. SAMARA / LUCKY'S CABIN - LATER

Lucky sleeps. She hasn't moved an inch. Behind their lids, her eyes move erratically.

The cabin lights flicker, following their rhythm.

INT. SAMARA / HIBERNATION BAY

Dom sits propped against the wall. Breathing hard.

Blood seeps down from a cut on his cheek.

VESA (O.S.)

Nothing's broken. Have your pills,
a shower and some rest, and you'll
be like new.

Dom looks up at Vesa as he offers him the pills and water with a smile.

DOM

Hello Tin Man, come to gloat?

VESA

I'm incapable of gloating.

Dom gulps down the pills and nods toward the wreckage.

DOM

What happened here? Is the Seed
safe?

Vesa pulls out a medicated gauze and disinfects Dom's cut.

VESA

A meteorite storm and yes, the Seed
is untouched. And we have a new -

Dom hisses and snatches the gauze from Vesa's hand. He cleans the cut roughly, then throws it at a Bot, who collects it.

DOM

Don't we have a sick bay for this?

VESA

(applying a plaster)
The Diviner is there.

DOM

Sick bays are for the weak.

Vesa smiles at Dom's goofiness. Dom tries to stand up, but his arms give out. Vesa grabs him under the armpits and pulls him up effortlessly despite his size.

DOM (CONT'D)

Daughter's love, I always forget
how strong you machines are.

VESA

Our strength is for serving. Now,
food first, or shower?

Dom looks down at himself. He's filthy.

DOM
Do we have hot, running water?

VESA
We do if you request it.

Dom pats Vesa's shoulder enthusiastically.

DOM
Daughter's tits, Tin Man, I could
kiss you right now.

Stony-faced, Vesa doesn't comment.

INT. SAMARA - BATHROOM

A lot of steam. Dom showers, water streaming down his muscled back.

VESA'S P.O.V.

Camera feed from the shower. Zooms onto Dom's hand rubbing soap on his head and neck.

TORRES (V.O.)
...Printer functionality has
priority, we need them for the
replacement parts...

Dom's hand slides down to his pecs.

TORRES (V.O.)
...it's bad enough we need an extra
stop to refill the tank...

From the pecs to the abs.

TORRES (V.O.)
Is there a suitable planet en
route?

Lower...

TORRES (V.O.)
Vesa?

BACK TO SCENE

INT. SAMARA / WORKSHOP

Vesa blinks, and smiles apologetically.

Half of the workshop is taken up by the 3D Printer, which looks like a giant oven if ovens were designed by a tank engineer. The other half is occupied by a workbench and various tools and spare parts.

The floor is completely covered in a sticky substance.

VESA

Depends on our priorities. We could probably refill 80% of the drained tank with minimum delay. Everything else requires closer planning.

Torres is fixing the diagnostic machine. She takes a freshly printed bit of hardware and fits it.

TORRES

Samara, deviations to the trajectory approved.

SAMARA (V.O.)

New trajectory approved.

She shuts the machine's control panel.

TORRES

How's Lucky?

VESA

Still asleep. I can't find anything wrong with her. But, considering we don't know what normal is for her, that's not saying much.

She presses the start button. The machine lights up.

TORRES

Done. Now we just need a new sample. I'd like to know what we're dealing with before she wakes up.

VESA

I agree.

TORRES

Have you already told Dom about her?

Vesa shakes his head.

TORRES (CONT'D)

Then don't. He'll throw a fit if he finds out.

VESA

It's a very small ship, Diviner.

TORRES

It's only for a few days.

VESA

If that's your order. But my behavior projections show that it might be wiser to tell him now.

DOM (O.S.)

Tell me what?

Torres turns to see Dom, freshly showered and dapper in his clean uniform, approaching.

DOM (CONT'D)

(clapping his heels)
Redeemed reporting for duty,
Diviner.

Torres narrows her eyes at him.

DOM (CONT'D)

You'll get wrinkles if you keep doing that.

TORRES

If you have breath to waste, then you can start scraping this off the floor. Salvage as much as you can.

DOM

With joy, Diviner. But first, I'd like a word.

TORRES

We have nothing to talk about.

DOM

Oh, but we do. You know, about that thing.

Torres narrows her eyes.

DOM (CONT'D)

That thing.

TORRES

Vesa, a moment of privacy, please.

Vesa nods and turns to exit.

TORRES (CONT'D)

And for the next ten minutes, shut down surveillance in here.

VESA

(without turning)
Roger, Diviner.

Torres and Dom wait until the door is closed.

TORRES

Talk.

Unintimidated, Dom leans against the printer.

DOM

I think we've started on the wrong foot here.

TORRES

And what foot would that be?

DOM

Yours in my face.

(beat)

Diviner, we have a special bond, you helped me get on the Pardon List, I helped you get what you wanted onboard.

TORRES

Are you blackmailing me?

Dom steps towards Torres.

DOM

No, of course not. That would be against the teachings of the Daughter. I'm just asking you to treat me a little better. Save me the tasty food. Maybe we could even have some fun together.

He reaches out to stroke Torres' arm, but she swats him away.

TORRES

Don't touch me.

All the good humour drains from Dom's face.

DOM

You think you're so much better, eh? I'm part of the Seven Wardens as much as you are. You might have gotten me on the list, but the Daughter picked me.

TORRES

She picked you because you're the filthiest scum there is. Redeeming you might be a miracle even She can't perform.

Struck by her words, Dom moves to hit her but stops himself at the last second.

Torres looks at him defiantly.

He takes a deep breath to calm himself down.

DOM

Look, it takes time for people to change. Maybe I pushed a bit too hard, but I'm really trying to walk the path of the Daughter. It would help if you treated me with a little more dignity.

Torres crosses her arms, assessing him. Dom begins to feel uncomfortable. She extends him a hand.

TORRES

One chance. Step out of line, and you'll regret it.

Dom shakes Torres hands gratefully.

DOM

Just wait and see.

EXT. SAMARA - SPACE

Like a wounded animal, the Samara slowly makes its way around the massive planet.

Bots dot the hull, fixing the meteorite holes.

A metal panel detaches itself from the ship and floats away.

MONTAGE:

- In the Shrine, Torres is praying to the Seed.
- In the bathroom, Vesa stares at his red-lipped reflection.
- Dom scrapes the floors of the Printer Room.
- A little Bot short-circuits with a crackling noise.

INT. SAMARA / CREW QUARTERS

Lucky sleeps fretfully. She sweats. Lights flicker.

Vesa is at her bedside, taking blood. As he retracts the syringe, she wakes up with a start.

VESA

It's fine, it's fine.

Lucky clutches Vesa in a panic, muttering gibberish.

VESA (CONT'D)

You're safe.

Lucky quietens down in his arms. The lights stop flickering.
Vesa slowly disentangles himself.

LUCKY

No.

VESA

I can't stay like this forever. The ship needs a lot of work.

LUCKY

The feeling stops when you do.

VESA

What feeling?

Lucky shakes her head - touches her stomach.

LUCKY

Here.

VESA

You're hungry.

LUCKY

I'm so hungry...

VESA

(motioning to a tray)
I brought you food.

At the sight of the steaming soup, Lucky pales.

VESA (CONT'D)

You've got to eat something. The drip is not enough to sustain you.

Lucky stares at the bowl as if it was filled with worms.

LUCKY

Will you hold my hand?

Vesa nods. Lucky smiles.

One-handed, Vesa feeds Lucky soup. It's a slow, miserable affair for both of them.

After half a dozen spoonfuls, Lucky shakes her head.

Vesa puts down the spoon.

VESA

You'll have to eat a bit more later.

Lucky isn't thrilled. They are both silent.

VESA (CONT'D)

Have you remembered anything about your past? Where you come from... Who your people are?

LUCKY

I... I don't remember much...

(beat)

I know I've been waiting for a long time. Alone, calling out. Until you answered. The rest is more... things I know, rather than remember.

VESA

Instincts.

LUCKY

Yes... Like, there are others of my kind, by they are far away. Like I'm missing pieces. I don't know who I am.

VESA

What pieces?

LUCKY

I don't know... I just need...

VESA

You need?

LUCKY

I need...

Lucky's lips open. Vesa leans in. She needs...

TORRES (V.O.)

(though comm)

Vesa, I need you in the Workshop. Now.

The spell is broken. Lucky sits back and Vesa stands.

VESA

I'm coming.

(to Lucky)

Please try to eat some more soup. It's good for you.

Not answering, Lucky watches Vesa leave with sad eyes.

INT. SAMARA / WORKSHOP

TORRES

What in the Lady's name is wrong with this ship?

Torres closes in on Vesa. She's in dirty overalls and her face is smudged with grease.

Dom fixes some wiring behind a panel. On a side table, several Bots lay open, in various stages of repair.

VESA

We've been hit by a meteorite storm.

TORRES

It's not the storm. I know this ship like the back of my hand, and this is not normal. I've been running around all day fixing things that weren't broken yesterday, the kitchen Bot refuses to cook anything other than steamed cabbage - and I didn't even know we had cabbage - and...

(pointing at the evidence)

And we've almost run out of functioning Bots. It's like we've been...

DOM

Cursed.

TORRES

Exactly!

VESA

Clearly, if you're agreeing with the Redeemed.

Dom laughs.

TORRES

Be serious, Vesa.

VESA

I too have registered an unusually high rate of system failures, but the damage of the storm was so extensive, we need to expect some sort of chain reaction.

TORRES

Unusually high rate of failures?

She marches to the printer control panel and scrolls through the to-print queue.

TORRES (CONT'D)

We've so much stuff to replace that we'll be running out of raw materials long before we reach the Garden!

Scrolling, she lands on Vesa's female body model.

TORRES (CONT'D)
What is this?

DOM
(glancing at it)
Building yourself a girlfriend, eh,
Tin Man?

VESA
No I - I just thought it might have
been useful to have a spare body.

TORRES
(zooming in the details)
Your model's building specs are
classified. How did you -
(beat)
You retro-engineered your own
design? And you made improvements.

VESA
(embarrassed)
I had a century of free time.

TORRES
This is good work, Vesa.
(beat)
But we can't print it. Not now.

Vesa hides his disappointment, but Torres sees through it.

TORRES (CONT'D)
I'm sorry. Maybe, once we reach the
Garden...

SAMARA (V.O.)
*Attention! Critical failure to the
Historian's cryochamber. Immediate
action required!*

Exchanging a look, they all rush out the door.

INT. SAMARA / HIBERNATION BAY

The Historian's cryochamber is open. LEE WONG (37) convulses
on the floor in a pool of blood, cryo-fluid and broken glass.

VESA
He's having a seizure. Turn him to
the side.

Torres is rushing to help but Dom shoulders her away.

VESA (CONT'D)
He hasn't thawed properly. His
stomach is full of cryo-fluid.

Torres plunges a syringe in Lee's side. The seizure slows
enough for Dom to scoop him up and head to the sick bay.

INT. SAMARA / SICK BAY

Lee is on the bed, eyes rolled back in his head. Dom is
holding him down.

TORRES
We need to pump his stomach.

VESA'S P.O.V.

Searches - locates the stomach pump across the room.

VESA
Got it!

BACK TO SCENE

DOM
No time for this shit.

Dom pulls Lee up and shoves two fingers down his throat.

VESA
No! You could -

Lee vomits all over Dom's front.

Vesa pushes Dom away, helps Lee back down and checks his
vitals. They're settling back to normal.

VESA (CONT'D)
Redeemed, I advise you to not
attempt any more spontaneous
medical interventions.

DOM
He's fine now, isn't he?

VESA
There are 174 instances in which
what you did would have caused
irreparable damage.

Dom is mortified. Vesa opens his mouth to say more.

TORRES
Guardian, that's enough. He meant
well, and I'm sure he'll be more
careful next time.

Dom shoots a surprised look at Torres.

TORRES (CONT'D)
Why don't you get cleaned up while
we keep an eye on the Historian?

DOM
Sure... Diviner.

Torres smiles and Dom takes his leave.

Torres looks down at Lee, pushes the matted hair away from his forehead. Vesa attaches him to the med-bed sensors.

TORRES
Is he going to be all right?

VESA
If nothing else happens, yes.

Torres and Vesa exchange a look: given the Samara's recent track-record, that's highly unlikely.

INT. SAMARA / BATHROOM

Dom tries to towel the vomit off, smearing it more. He opens the clean towel cabinet but it's empty.

He searches for something else to clean himself up with, accidentally springing a compartment open.

The metal box containing Vesa's lipstick tumbles out.

DOM
What the...

He picks it up, opens it and rolls out the lipstick.

He shakes his head and stashes the lipstick in his pocket, going back to cleaning himself. Failing, he takes off his shirt and throws it on the floor.

INT. SAMARA / SICK BAY

The room is quiet.

Lee, now washed up, attached to a drip and covered with a blanket, rests in the med-bed.

Vesa fusses, tweaking the drip's speed and adjusting the bed while Torres cleans up the room.

TORRES
Have you managed to get Lucky's new
sample?

VESA

Yes.

He gives it to her. She places it in the newly-repaired diagnostic machine and activates the DNA analysis.

Vesa joins Torres in staring at the machine's progress bar.

TORRES

Look... I - About your spare body.
I authorised the printing.

Vesa is speechless. Torres covers his hand with hers.

TORRES (CONT'D)

It's a damn fine body you've designed, and after the meteorite missed your core by half an inch, I don't think the Lady will begrudge us playing it safe. We will get the Seed to the Garden, and my crew will be there with me when it happens, including you.

Not trusting himself to speak, Vesa nods.

TORRES (CONT'D)

But, of course, it's still at the bottom of the queue and, to actually perform the switch, we'd need specific equipment and -

The spaceship lurches to a stop. The lights turn off.

TORRES (CONT'D)

What the -

The lights turn back on and the spaceship accelerates.

TORRES (CONT'D)

What was that?

VESA

Secondary Engine malfunction.

TORRES

We need to find out what's happening to the Samara, before it kills us all.

The diagnostic machine beeps: the analysis is done. A monitor shows the image of a sequenced DNA: two thirds are a match with Torres, while the rest is a mass of squiggly nonsense.

TORRES (CONT'D)

What in the Lady's name... Is she a damn clone?

VESA

That's not what I would worry about.

(pointing at the screen)

That is not human. And there's nothing in the Samara archives that even remotely matches it.

TORRES

So she's what? An alien that stole my DNA to look human?

VESA

Whatever she is, she's dying.

He enlarges the non-human part of the DNA image. Before their eyes, a bit of DNA flashes out and crumbles.

TORRES

What happens when it's all gone?

Vesa shakes his head: nothing good. Torres leans back against the counter, thinking.

VESA

According to my behavior analysis, she is not a threat. Actually, she's saved us by driving us out of the storm.

TORRES

A storm that shouldn't have been there in the first place.

VESA

The probabilities -

TORRES

Samara, show me a graph of statistical anomalies on board for the past week.

SAMARA (V.O.)

Presently, Diviner.

A holographic panel pops up in front of them.

The evidence is clear: there are peaks and troughs, but the origin point of all anomalies is Lucky's distress signal. And the intensity of the events dramatically increases.

TORRES

She's doing it! She's breaking my ship!

VESA

Why would she destroy her own vessel?

(MORE)

VESA (CONT'D)

And if we accept this theory, it means that we've just met a being able to modify the very fabric of reality at will. That's... almost divine.

TORRES

The Universe is full of wondrous things; it doesn't mean they've been all touched by the Lady.

VESA

But -

TORRES

I don't give a Lady's sock on why or how she's doing it. She's breaking my ship and I want her stopped.

VESA

She might not be human, but she's still a child, and she's dying. Doesn't the Mother teach mercy?

TORRES

And that's why we're putting her in cryostasis and not killing her. But the moment I hear even a bolt falling, she's out.

Torres turns to march out but Vesa catches her wrist.

VESA

Wait, look.

He points to the troughs in the graph.

VESA (CONT'D)

I was with her at these times. She said that I "make the feeling go away". It's probable that my presence cancels her powers.

TORRES

We can't afford to have you on baby-sitting duty forever.

VESA

(releasing her wrist)

Well, you might have to, at least for a while.

TORRES

What do you mean?

VESA

I was waiting for the background analysis to finish before talking to you, but we have a big problem and she is our only solution.

INT. SAMARA / COMMAND DECK

Vesa pulls up the star chart with the Samara's trajectory.

VESA

This is our course.

Torres studies the star chart. It looks normal.

TORRES

And?

VESA

The problem is not the trajectory, but the time. With the current level of engine malfunctions, it's going to take twice as long to get to the Garden. The cryochambers are not designed to hold that long.

TORRES

We won't be there to perform the rites of Regeneration.

VESA

And it will never flourish into the Tree of Knowledge. But there is a way to shorten our journey time.

Vesa taps to draw a new route on the star chart.

TORRES

Let me guess, a slingshot maneuver.

VESA

How did you know?

TORRES

It's always a slingshot maneuver.

VESA

That's because it works.

Vesa shows Torres the new trajectory.

It's an S that snakes around the Jovian planet and the two suns.

VESA (CONT'D)

In order to get enough thrust, we'll have to get dangerously close to the planet. And in all of the simulations I've run, Lucky's the only one who can do it.

TORRES

So, on the one hand, we slowly rot in cryostasis and fail our mission, on the other we put our lives in the hands of an alien who has ruined them in the first place.

Vesa nods.

TORRES (CONT'D)

How much time do we have to decide?

VESA

According to my current calculations, 24 hours at most.

SAMARA (V.O.)

That is incorrect, Guardian. On our current trajectory, the window for the slingshot maneuver closes in fifteen minutes.

Torres gives Vesa a hard stare.

TORRES

Go get her.

INT. SAMARA / CREW QUARTERS

Vesa enters Lucky's room. She's laying in the middle of the room in a puddle of congealed soup.

VESA

Lucky!

As Vesa picks her up, Lucky regains consciousness.

LUCKY

(weak)

I tried to get to you... But I'm so...

VESA

Don't talk. Save your energy.

She snuggles against him like a puppy seeking warmth.

LUCKY

Don't leave me... again...

Human emotions cross Vesa's face: sorrow, worry and fear. He pulls Lucky close and she relaxes.

VESA

Look, Lucky... I'm so sorry to have to ask this of you. But do you remember what you did with the meteorite storm?

LUCKY

That was... fun...

VESA

Yes, fun. We are going to have a bit more fun. I've input a new course for the ship, but it's a difficult one, and you're the only one who can do it.

LUCKY

If I try, will you promise to never leave me again?

VESA

I will stay with you for as long as I can, I promise.

Lucky smiles and nods.

INT. SAMARA / COMMAND DECK

Torres and Dom are already strapped in their positions.

DOM

That is our trajectory? Are you out of your mind?

Torres ignores him - she's checking the navigation route.

DOM (CONT'D)

Why don't we just plunge into that star? That seems like a better idea.

TORRES

You were doing well, Redeemed. Please shut up and don't ruin it.

Vesa runs in, carrying a half-conscious, skeletal Lucky.

TORRES (CONT'D)

About time.

Vesa secures Lucky to the navigator's seat and takes his place beside her. His eyes turn blue as the neural plug connects.

DOM
Who the hell is that?

Vesa pulls up the star chart and shows Lucky the new trajectory.

VESA
Can you get us through?

Lucky nods slightly. Vesa smiles.

SAMARA (V.O.)
Entering new vector in eighty-seven seconds.

Dom notices Lucky's resemblance to Torres.

DOM
Oh, Daughter, Mother and Lady.
That's it. She's your child.

TORRES
That's enough, Dom.
(beat)
Samara, all power to thrusters.

SAMARA (V.O.)
Roger that, Diviner.

The ship accelerates. Vesa places a reassuring hand over Lucky's arm.

VESA
You can do it.

LUCKY
Don't touch me. I need to... see.

Vesa removes his hand.

SAMARA (V.O.)
Thirty seconds to vector entrance.

EXT. SAMARA - SPACE

The spaceship accelerates and looks like it's plummeting towards the planet.

INT. SAMARA / COMMAND DECK

SAMARA (V.O.)
Fifteen seconds to vector entrance.

Torres pulls out her Seed pendant, brings it to her lips and prays under her breath.

The ship begins to visibly shake.

Lucky grins.

LUCKY
I'm doing it!

Vesa pulls up several screens and taps furiously.

VESA
Thank you.

SAMARA (V.O.)
Vector engaged. Speed increase, 4%.

EXT. SAMARA - SPACE

The Samara begins the gravitational assist.

Against the backdrop of the Jovian planet, it looks like a butterfly sailing over a lake.

INT. SAMARA / COMMAND DECK

The ship shakes. A Bot flies across the room. Vesa catches it.

SAMARA (V.O.)
Speed increase, 6%. Hull integrity breached. Engine one, overheating.

DOM
We're gonna crash!

Torres closes her eyes.

TORRES
(under her breath)
Lady, give us the strength. Guide us with your merciful hand. We are your messengers and bear your Seed.

Lucky's attention is caught by Torres' pendant.

It shimmers with mystical light.

SAMARA (V.O.)
Trajectory deviation 0.8. Adjusting.

VESA
Lucky! Stay on course!

Lucky grimaces.

SAMARA (V.O.)
*Encounter point -20. Speed
 insufficient for gravity assist.*

VESA
 Reroute all power to engine one.

The massive planet fills the deck window.

EXT. SAMARA - SPACE

The Samara descends lower and lower towards the planet.

INT. SAMARA / COMMAND DECK

SAMARA (V.O.)
Speed insufficient.

Lucky's completely focused. She's drenched in sweat and a trail of blood leaks from her left nostril.

DOM
 Oh, Daughter, I'm going to be good.
 If you let me live, I'm going to
 repent so much you'll have to make
 me a saint...

VESA
 Samara, remove safety on Engine
 One!

TORRES
 (under her breath)
 Lady, you are a thousand winds that
 blow, you are the diamond glints on
 snow, you are the sunlight on
 ripened grain, you are the gentle
 autumn rain.

EXT. TORRES' VISION - DAY

The same sun-kissed field from her previous vision.

In the distance, the tree and the boy.

SAMARA(V.O.)
Ten seconds. Speed insufficient.

The boy runs toward Torres. He's laughing.

TORRES (V.O.)
 When I awaken in the morning's
 hush, you're the swift, uplifting
 rush of quiet birds in circled
 flight.

The boy and Torres entwine their fingers. They run towards the tree.

VESA (V.O.)
C'mon Lucky... Hold on...

SAMARA (V.O.)
Five seconds.

The boy falls on the soft grass and looks up at the blue sky.

SAMARA (V.O.)
Engine One power boost activated.

VESA (V.O.)
You've made it!

SAMARA (O.S.)
Encounter point passed.

FADE TO WHITE.

EXT. SAMARA - SPACE

The Samara floats in a sea of tranquil, empty space, the planet and the twin suns left behind.

INT. SAMARA / COMMAND DECK

Lucky pitches forward, vomiting blood.

Vesa's out of his seat so fast he blurs. He takes Lucky into his arms. She is so small - little more than skin on bones.

TORRES
Vesa...

Vesa is out of the room already.

INT. SAMARA / SICK BAY

Vesa lowers Lucky delicately in the med-bed next to Lee's, who's still unconscious. He covers her with a blanket and sits beside her.

LUCKY
Did I do good?

VESA
You were great.

Lucky smiles weakly. Vesa's face is a blank wall of pain.

Torres and Dom barge in.

TORRES

Guardian.

VESA

She's dying, Diviner.

(beat)

I might not be blessed by the light of the Mother, but I've been programmed to protect the people of this ship, and I'm not going to let her die alone, human or not.

TORRES

No. Of course, I just -

DOM

Wait, she's not human?

TORRES

Just make sure you hold onto her.

Tired of being ignored, Dom pulls Torres toward him.

DOM

Will you fucking stop ignoring me?

Torres pulls away.

TORRES

Stay in your place, Redeemed.

Ignoring their bickering, Vesa returns his attention to Lucky. Her breath is laboured.

VESA'S P.O.V.

He monitors Lucky's heartbeat. We hear it, slowing down.

VESA

Is there anything I can do for you?

LUCKY

No. I... I think I was supposed to... do something.

BACK TO SCENE

VESA

Humans believe that they'll be reunited in the Goddess' embrace once they pass over.

LUCKY

That sounds... peaceful...

LUCKY'S P.O.V.

Lucky's vision is much worse than before. Shapes are practically unrecognizable. Only Vesa has some definition.

A loud, whooshing noise permeates the air.

Torres and Dom - who are still talking - are the most blurred, dozens of different versions of themselves overlapping as probabilities change.

TORRES
(slowed down)
...annoying...

Disturbed by the sight, Lucky turns her head to Lee. He looks almost normal in his stillness, only a few ghost images of him standing up.

As the edges of her field of vision darken, the ghostly additions disappear.

The room looks almost normal. The whooshing sound softens.

She looks at Vesa, smiling down at her, then at the hand he's wrapped around hers, so big and strong.

BACK TO SCENE

LUCKY
I -

Lucky's heartbeat fades further.

Vesa's hand is yanked out of Lucky's grasp as Torres crashes into him. He swivels around and stands up.

Dom is mutinous. Torres pissed.

TORRES
Why don't you take some time off in
your cabin to cool down, Redeemed?

LUCKY'S P.O.V.

As she loses Vesa's touch, Lucky's world explodes into a kaleidoscope of noise and colors.

A roaring light seeps through the walls, Torres and Dom shine like exploding galaxies, the Seed's icon a star itself.

Only Lee is bearable to look at. His heart shines like a ruby through his rib cage.

Hypnotic. Safe. Attractive.

BACK TO SCENE

DOM

I'm just asking questions. I have a right to know.

Unnoticed, Lucky stretches her arm towards Lee.

VESA

And you'll have them, in due time.

Lucky's energy is fading, but she's almost there...

Almost...

An alarm blares.

SAMARA (V.O.)

Attention. Reactor critical failure.

Vesa turns as Lucky's fingertips...

LUCKY'S P.O.V.

...brush Lee's skin.

A jolt of energy curses through her.

FLASHES OF:

- Lee, standing up, healed.
- The Samara landing on a planet.
- Lee, dead, being wrapped in white linen. Torres crying.
- Vesa and the Wardens, surrounding the Tree of Knowledge.

BACK TO SCENE

Time has stopped - only Vesa is aware of it, but stuck.

Under Lucky's touch, Lee's body vanishes in a cloud of firefly lights - feeding its essence to her.

The more she absorbs, the more she heals: her skin loses its pallor, her flesh gains consistency, her hair grows.

And the Samara heals with her:

MONTAGE

- The meteorite holes in the hull disappear.
- The broken Bots come to life.
- The 3D printer's queue clears up and it begins assembling Vesa's replacement body.

END OF MONTAGE

As the last embers of Lee's body wink out, time flows again.

The med-bed he occupied is pristine. Untouched.

Lucky falls back onto her bed, asleep, a smile on her lips.

Vesa is rooted to the spot, staring at Lucky in horror.

DOM

What just - Did you see?

TORRES

See what?

Dom looks around, scratching his head.

DOM

I don't know.

TORRES

Then you'll have time to think about it in your quarters. I want to check the printers and get back to cryosleep as soon as possible, and I can't think with you nagging me all the time.

Vesa turns to them, realizing neither has reacted to Lee's disappearance.

VESA

She just - Lee is gone.

DOM

Who's Lee?

VESA

The Historian.

TORRES

What about him? It sucks we don't have one, but it's the Lady's will, so we must deal with it. We've talked about this.

VESA

No, but he was -

He looks at Lucky, who is slumbering like a well fed pup.

TORRES

Vesa, whatever has put your algorithms in a knot, snap out of it and meet me at the workshop.

VESA

But Lucky... She -

TORRES

Let her sleep, she deserves it. She has just saved our asses.

Before Vesa can reply, Torres turns to Dom.

TORRES (CONT'D)

You, out, now. Chop chop.

DOM

But what about my second chance?

TORRES

You just burned it.

He grunts and marches out. She follows.

As soon as their footsteps fade, Vesa bolts out of the room.

EXT. SAMARA - SPACE

Vesa is having the android-equivalent of a panic attack. His eyes are bright blue and he paces up and down the hull.

VESA

Samara, what can you tell me about the Historian assigned to our Mission?

SAMARA (V.O.)

There was no Historian assigned to our Holy Mission, Guardian.

VESA

Lee Wong, born in the seventy-fifth year of the Daughter in Shan-Hueng, third circle, to Ye Ruogang and Xian Chin.

SAMARA (V.O.)

Ye Ruogang and Xian Chin had no children.

VESA

That is impossible. I have records of him. Memories...

His eyes flash blue and he grimaces in pain.

VESA (CONT'D)

Please run diagnostics on my system.

(MORE)

VESA (CONT'D)

Any anomalies, no matter how small,
you revoke my access codes. If I've
become a threat to the mission, I
need to know.

SAMARA (V.O.)

Diagnostics in progress.

As he waits, he clenches and unclenches his fists.

SAMARA (V.O.)

*Diagnostics complete. Everything is
within parameters. No anomalies
registered.*

The airlock door opens.

SAMARA (V.O.)

The Diviner is calling for you.

Vesa stares at it as if it were the gaping jaws of a monster.

INT. SAMARA / WORKSHOP

Torres is at the workbench, soldering. The light of the laser
reflects on her goggles.

She hears Vesa walk in, but doesn't look up.

TORRES

Oh, finally, you're here. I've run
a full check of the Samara, and all
systems are clear. Do we know if
Lucky is compatible with our
cryochambers?

As Vesa doesn't reply, she looks up and removes her goggles.

Vesa is leaning against the door, looking at nothing,
expression blank.

TORRES (CONT'D)

Are you okay?

It takes a while for him to answer.

VESA

How do humans know what to do?

TORRES

What do you mean?

VESA

They don't have algorithms that
balance probabilities and analyze
large amounts of data samples in a
matter of milliseconds.

(MORE)

VESA (CONT'D)

Humans' databases are limited, the parameters of their algorithms contradictory and inconsistent. So how do you function? How do you make one choice rather than another? How do you distinguish different kinds of evil?

Torres raises an eyebrow.

TORRES

Samara...

VESA

I've run diagnostics. I'm fine.

Torres leans back.

TORRES

Is this about Lucky?

VESA

You know?

TORRES

(laughing)

Of course I know. You've been restless since the moment she came out of that cocoon. You've spent your entire existence being too human for an android and too much machine for a human. And now you've encountered a being who's as much as an outsider as you, an unknown entity that's overloaded your mother-hen programming. Of course you'd be torn about sticking her back in a cryochamber for half a millennium.

VESA

So you're not angry that she almost destroyed the Samara?

TORRES

I wouldn't say destroyed. Just a few loose screws. No big deal. Everything's fine now.

Vesa narrows his eyes - something's off.

VESA

Are you sure you don't remember any Historian named Lee Wong.

TORRES

I've never heard that name. Now -
(standing up)
(MORE)

TORRES (CONT'D)

Don't you want to see what I have
for you?

The workbench is hidden from Vesa's current position.

He steps forward, and his eyes widen.

His replacement body lies on the surface, missing the
epidermis layer but definitely female.

TORRES (CONT'D)

It isn't finished yet, but I
thought it would be nice for you to
have something to work on during
the journey.

Vesa opens his mouth, then closes it again.

VESA

This is - Thank you.

TORRES

Don't mention it. I like this
design better anyway.

She smiles - and the smile turns into a yawn.

TORRES (CONT'D)

Lady's bones, I feel like I've been
worked over with a sack of
potatoes. I might have been asleep
for a hundred years but my body
certainly doesn't know it.

Another yawn.

TORRES (CONT'D)

I'll leave the Samara in your
capable hands, wake me up if
there's a problem.

Missing Vesa's tortured expression, she yawns again and
leaves.

INT. SAMARA / CREW QUARTIERS

Dom tries to unlock his cabin door. Again.

BEEP: LOCKED.

Frustrated, he punches the wall - hurting himself.

He inhales, trying to calm himself.

Closes his eyes. Touches the icon of his necklace.

DOM
(under his breath)
Oh Daughter, this is your faithful
Warden. Show me a sign of your
favour and let me out of this room,
because if I stay here one more
second, I'm going to go crazy.

He exhales.

Calm and collected like a ring master taming a lion, he extends his hand to touch the door release button.

Slowly.

His fingers brush against the pad.

BEEP: LOCKED.

Roaring, he snaps the icon from his necklace and throws it against the wall.

INT. SAMARA / SICK BAY

Vesa stands beside Lucky's bed, staring at her with piercing concentration.

He has a gun pointed at her temple.

Eyes flashing blue. Unblinking.

Lucky stirs.

LUCKY'S P.O.V.

Her eyes open slowly.

The world is sharper than before, the fog is gone. Vesa is almost a black silhouette.

As his image comes into focus, the gun is nowhere to be seen.

BACK TO SCENE

LUCKY
Thank you.

VESA
For what?

LUCKY
Saving me. I was starving and I
didn't even know what I needed.
Everything was so bright and
confusing...

VESA

Is this what you did to Lee? You ate him?

LUCKY

I've absorbed his quantum potential. Not that he was very tasty, really - such few destinies left for him - but it was enough to fix me.

VESA

Can you absorb an object's quantum potential as well?

LUCKY

It depends on the object. A bolt has infinitesimal potential. It just stays there until something external influences it. But humans, with their free will...

VESA

What happens when you... eat somebody?

LUCKY

They cease to exist. It's as if they'd never been.

Vesa falls into the chair beside the bed.

VESA

(to himself)

And if they never existed, you couldn't have killed them. That's why my protocols aren't tagging you as a threat.

(to Lucky)

But why haven't I forgotten Lee like the rest of the crew?

LUCKY

You're like me. You already saturate reality. All of your possibilities, your futures, are already expressed.

VESA

Because my quantum core - my brain - exists in a super-state. So there is no potential left for you to absorb.

Lucky smiles, and when Vesa doesn't smile back, she finally catches onto his strange mood.

She tries to touch him but he flinches away.

LUCKY
Are you angry?

VESA
I'm not angry. I'm... confused.

LUCKY
You said I was good.

VESA
Yes, you were. But you also killed
one of my crew. And you almost
destroyed the ship, didn't you?

Lucky's smile is full of pride.

LUCKY
Then I fixed it.

After a long pause, Vesa kneels in front of Lucky and, with surgical precision, slowly takes her hand into his.

LUCKY (CONT'D)
Oh.
(looking around)
I guess we still cancel each other
out.

VESA
Lucky, I need you to listen to me.
Very carefully.

Lucky nods. She still looks just like a little girl.

VESA (CONT'D)
I am the Guardian of the Samara. In
any other circumstances, I'd have
already been prompted by my
protocols to eliminate you.

Lucky's eyes turn wide with shock. She recoils, tries to pull back but Vesa's grip is iron-like.

VESA (CONT'D)
But the Mother put you in our path,
and we welcomed you on the Samara.
I don't have protocols that tell me
what to do in this situation, but I
will try to protect you, as long as
you don't do any more harm. So no
more eating my crew or destroying
my ship.

LUCKY
What about that other thing?

VESA
What other thing?

LUCKY

I don't know, I can't really feel it, it's like it's locked in a box... But it smells so good... Like hopes, and power, and secrets.

VESA

The Seed? You absolutely cannot eat that. Don't even go near it.

LUCKY

So you want me to starve.

VESA

Of course not. I'll put you in cryostasis until I've found a solution.

The lights flicker. Vesa frowns at them.

LUCKY

No stasis. I don't like it.

VESA

It's the only way.

LUCKY

No. Stasis.

VESA

Be reasonable...

LUCKY

No stasis. It's dark, and lonely, and scary. I'm not going back there. Find another solution.

Frustrated, Vesa stands up, eyes flashing. Fists clenching.

VESA

Stay here. Don't move, don't eat anything.

Lucky pouts.

VESA (CONT'D)

Please.

LUCKY

Fine, but hurry up. I'm getting hungry again.

Vesa storms out.

Lucky falls back on the med-bed. Bored, she flicks her hand turning on the Samara's entertainment channel.

INT. SAMARA / BATHROOM

Vesa's fingers curl around the sink's edge. Digging in.

His eyes are dark in the mirror, his features unreadable.

Suddenly, he goes to the lipstick's hiding place - and finds it empty.

VESA'S P.O.V.

Security camera: Dom finding and taking the lipstick.

BACK TO SCENE

EXT. SAMARA - SPACE

The ship sails smoothly like a leaf on a still lake.

INT. SAMARA / CREW QUARTERS

Torres asleep. She's drenched in sweat, tossing and turning.

The Seed pendant glows, ivory brilliant in the dark.

She murmurs - pleading. Dreaming.

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)

*To perform the Regeneration
rituals, the Seven Wardens will
unite and...*

VESA (V.O.)

Are you sure you don't remember any
Historian named Lee Wong.

LEE (V.O.)

*Hi, I'm the Historian, nice to meet
you, Diviner.*

She wakes up with a start.

TORRES

Lee!

INT. SAMARA / BRIG

Dom is sitting in a corner of the room, brooding.

The door opens.

TORRES

Come with me.

INT. SAMARA / HIBERNATION BAY

Seven cryochambers stand in a row. Three are empty.

On one of them, a somewhat faded plaque reads "HISTORIAN".

Torres stares at it as if expecting it to speak.

DOM

That's the spare cryochamber.

TORRES

Then why is it tagged "Historian"?

DOM

I don't know. Why don't you ask your Tin Soldier.

TORRES

He's been acting strangely, and I want another Warden's opinion.

Dom raises an eyebrow at that. Torres grimaces.

DOM

Well, there's no Historian. There has never been.

TORRES

I know. I know. But it doesn't make any sense. This is the most important mission since the Goddesses' revelation, and they can't find one single candidate to send on the Samara?

Dom shrugs - just as Vesa storms in.

VESA

Give it back.

DOM

Oh, hello to you too Guardian. What set your circuits on fire tonight?

VESA

The thing you found in the bathroom, give it back.

DOM

(pulling the lipstick out)
This is yours?

Vesa tries to snatch it but Dom moves it away.

DOM (CONT'D)

Not so fast.

Dom rolls it out. Sniffs it.

DOM (CONT'D)

What is it? Some secret weapon? A hidden recorder? Or maybe it's a present for Her Holiness?

VESA

It's just make-up, nothing more.

TORRES

I don't wear make up. It's not mine.

Vesa's expression is contrite.

Dom looks at the lipstick - at Vesa - then starts laughing.

Torres is puzzled by his reaction.

DOM

Don't you see it, Diviner? The lipstick, the female body. Your beloved pet android is a pervert.

Vesa clenches his fists.

DOM (CONT'D)

He wants to play at being human. A human woman with whore red lips.

TORRES

(taken aback)

Vesa?

DOM

And to think that I liked you.

Dom drops the lipstick and smashes it under his boot.

Vesa watches, appalled but powerless.

LUCKY (O.S.)

Vesa, look, I'm sorry. I'll go into cryostasis -

Lucky walks in. She takes in the scene - Dom's aggressive posture and Vesa's strained expression.

DOM

Why isn't she restrained?

Vesa steps forward.

VESA

Lucky, let's go back.

LUCKY
Did I make you angry again?

VESA
No, no, I'm not angry.

Torres' gaze catches on Lucky, as if seeing her for the first time. Her hand goes instinctively to her necklace.

FLASHBACK:

Lee, resting in his cryochamber, as Torres looks at him.

END OF FLASHBACK

TORRES
(under her breath)
The Historian...

Lucky crosses her arms.

LUCKY
(to Vesa)
Yes, you are.

Torres' fingers wrap around the pendant.

FLASHBACK:

In the sick bay, Lucky absorbing Lee.

END OF FLASHBACK

Torres takes out her laser gun.

TORRES
She made Lee disappear.

DOM
What?

Vesa stands protectively in front of Lucky.

VESA
She didn't do it on purpose.

TORRES
You knew?

VESA
I tried to tell you. I'm going to find a solution.

TORRES
I have one.

Torres shoots Lucky - but Vesa shields her, taking the hit instead.

LUCKY

Hey!

Torres' laser breaks apart in her hands.

DOM

What the -

Dom finds a spare pipe leaning against the door and grabs it, swinging it, but Lucky catches his arm mid-swing.

Dom tries to pull it away, but Lucky's much stronger. Dom's arm starts disappearing. The pipe clatters to the floor.

VESA

No, stop it.

Vesa pulls Lucky back, cancelling her power, but it's too late. Dom's arm is gone. He looks at the empty sleeve, dazed.

This time, helped by the pendant's power, Torres is aware of the reality shift.

TORRES

Model VESA17, Security override mode, code 89AD7. Eliminate threat known as "Lucky".

Vesa's eyes glow blue.

VESA'S P.O.V.

SUPER: Override command accepted.

Lucky's status mode changes from "FRIENDLY" to "THREAT".

BACK TO SCENE

Vesa's hands close around Lucky's neck. They squeeze.

LUCKY

Vesa, what -

VESA

Please Diviner, there must be another way.

Lucky tries to weaken Vesa's hold, to no avail.

TORRES

We should never have picked her up.

LUCKY

(wheezing)

You... we're the same...

VESA

I'm sorry. I'm so sorry.

Lucky's head snaps back, her eyes showing white. The ship begins to tremble.

TORRES
Make her stop.

A ceiling panel collapses on top of Vesa, distracting him enough for Lucky to roll away.

She launches herself at Torres, but Vesa manages to grab her by the sleeve.

VESA
Get out of here!

Torres grabs a still shocked Dom and they scramble out as - Lucky's sleeve rips. She throws herself at the closing door. It shuts. She swivels to face Vesa.

LUCKY
You tried to kill me.

The Samara shakes - responding to her anger. Alarms go off in every room.

VESA
I tried to help you.

Vesa does everything to get hold of her - the only way to dampen her powers - while she fights him off like an enraged cat.

They tumble around the cabin.

Lucky bites him.

Vesa lets go and the ship lurches to the side.

He grabs her by the hair.

Lucky twists and slams him against the broken cryochamber.

A shard digs into his arm.

LUCKY
I was going to wait in the dark
place for you.

Vesa kicks Lucky's knee. It shatters. She screams.

VESA
I know and I'm thankful.

Torres' chamber opens and Vesa pushes Lucky in.

LUCKY

No!

VESA

This is going to hurt.

Grabbing the pipe, he impales Lucky to the chamber and slides the lid shut.

Vesa taps on the chamber's panel, lowering the temperature to the max. The lid begins to frost.

LUCKY

But I saved you.

Lucky coughs blood. Her movements become sluggish.

VESA

I'm the Guardian of the flock, and you're the wolf. We cannot change the reality, no matter how much we wish for it.

LUCKY

You promised...

The cryochamber reaches the lower temperature.

Lucky stops moving.

After a moment of pained silence, Vesa staggers back. His arm is leaking a dark substance.

The alarms stop.

VESA'S P.O.V.

Lucky's status mode changes from "THREAT" to "CONTAINED".

BACK TO SCENE

TORRES (V.O.)

Is it safe to come back in?

VESA

For the moment.

The door opens letting Torres and Dom in. Vesa's eyes land on Dom's empty sleeve.

VESA (CONT'D)

I'm sorry about your arm, Redeemed.

DOM

(confused)

Why?

They all look at Lucky: so small and innocent, yet so deadly.

TORRES

You could have aimed for the head.

VESA

I acted within my parameters.

TORRES

Well, now that you can't neutralise her by touch, killing her is going to be much harder.

VESA

We can still throw her out.

TORRES

Then let's do it.

With a last, regretful look at Lucky, Vesa taps on the chamber's panel. It produces a beep of dissent: LOCKED.

TORRES (CONT'D)

Of course.

Torres clasps a lever set beside the chamber. She pulls - straining.

Vesa moves in. His android muscles bulge under his shirt.

The bar snaps in half.

DOM

Seems like somebody is not happy with your plan.

INT. SAMARA / GALLERY

Torres and Vesa sit at the table.

Dom leans against the far wall, nursing a drink.

TORRES

Has she damaged the Seed?

VESA

No, the Seed is intact and unharmed - somehow the Shrine is shielding it from Lucky's influence. But systems are failing all over the ship as we speak. My calculations say we have more or less thirty-six hours before something essential fails and we're stranded.

TORRES

So she's still manipulating the fabric of reality.

DOM
I have a question.

Torres nods.

DOM (CONT'D)
Until two hours ago, I had both
arms. And there was a Historian on
board. And the child-looking alien
took both but I can't remember
neither of them ever existing.
Right?

The following silence is confirmation enough. Dom detaches
himself from the wall.

TORRES
Where are you going?

DOM
To get drunk. I don't wanna die
sober.

TORRES
The Seed is in danger. This is the
time to pool all of our resources
and find a solution.

DOM
Oh, so now we're a team?

TORRES
Yes. We are. And I apologize if
I've behaved harshly in the past.

DOM
Ah-ah. No. You don't get to make
this my problem. We're in this mess
because you -
(pointing at Torres)
let some freak of nature alien in
and you -
(pointing at Vesa)
protected it. And, really, this
whole fuckery started a long time
ago. Isn't that right, your
Holiness?

Torres looks abashed.

VESA
What are you talking about?

DOM
You don't know?
(laughing)
(MORE)

DOM (CONT'D)

Your high-and-mighty Diviner here had me smuggle something on board in exchange for a shot at the Samara. How do you think an armless bastard like me made to the Pardon List?

He realizes what he's said.

DOM (CONT'D)

I guess I wasn't a cripple then.

Taking a swing of his drink, Dom leaves. Vesa doesn't even notice him. He's staring at Torres expectantly.

Torres inhales, making a decision.

INT. SAMARA / SHRINE'S HALL

Torres stops in front of the access panel.

TORRES

Look, Vesa, I get why you tried to help Lucky. I don't condone it, but I get it. You had a connection, and... Well, just remember how it feels having to choose between different kinds of evil.

Vesa's expression is unreadable.

Torres places her hand on the scanner and the door unlocks.

VESA

I'm not allowed in the Shrine.

TORRES

I think you've earned your right to be here.

The doors open up, and Torres beckons Vesa inside.

INT. SAMARA / SHRINE

Vesa stands in front of the Seed of Knowledge, transfixed.

VESA

Did you know that part of my brain is actually shaped to resemble the Seed?

Torres doesn't reply.

VESA (CONT'D)

So, where is it?

Torres glances at the Seed guiltily.

Vesa's eye widen in disbelief.

Torres shuts her eyes, brings her pendant to her lips and chants softly under her breath.

The pendant begins to glow - and so does the Seed of Knowledge.

Slowly, like the petals of a flower unfurling, it opens up.

Vesa stares, half in horror, half in fascination.

The content of the Seed of Knowledge is revealed: the core of the Seed, floats beatifically midair - the size of a coconut veined with blue lightning, nestled in the arms of the boy from Torres' vision.

Vesa's expression turns glacial.

VESA (CONT'D)

What have you done?

TORRES

What any mother would have done.

Vesa's eyes flash blue.

VESA

Where are the Holy Relics? The Blood of the Mother? The Breath of Morning? The Sacred Scriptures?

TORRES

This was the only place he would be undetected.

VESA

Do you have any idea of the level of blasphemy you have committed?

TORRES

Do you want to compare notes?

VESA

I haven't desecrated our holiest relics, put in danger the souls of generations and generations of humans, all for your selfish desire! What if the Seed is corrupted?

TORRES

Oh, calm down. The Seed is fine. Look at it. Those were just human artifacts. Religious knickknacks.

VESA

Those knickknacks are sacred!

TORRES

Do you know what's really sacred? A mother's love.

She pokes Vesa's chest with her finger.

TORRES (CONT'D)

My son was dying, and nothing on Earth could have saved him. The Tree of Knowledge was sick, there were no more miracles to be had. But still I prayed to the Mother, and I begged until I lost my voice and rubbed my knees bloody, and you know what happened next? I became Diviner. Of all the people on Earth, I was going to see the birth of a second Tree.

(beat)

So yes, I've dumped all of that useless crap out and gave my son another chance instead. If the Lady thought I was wrong, she would have stopped me a long time ago.

VESA

So all your prayers, your faith... They are for your son, not for the Goddesses.

TORRES

Those are one and the same.

Vesa stares at Torres in disgust.

TORRES (CONT'D)

I thought you would understand, but I was wrong. You're nothing more than a heartless machine.

VESA

I understand very well that your selfishness doomed us all. No wonder the Mother's grace has abandoned us.

TORRES

So now Lucky is my fault?

Vesa clenches his fist.

VESA

Take your spawn and get out.

TORRES

Don't you dare talk to me in those -

VESA

Following paragraph five, section thirteen of the Book of Law, I hereby remove you from the position of Diviner, effective immediately.

TORRES

No! You can't!

The Diviner's pin fastened to Torres' uniform clatters to the floor.

VESA

If my judgment is wrong, I'm sure the Lady will show me.

Glaring at Vesa, Torres' prides her son from the Seed's gravity field. She kisses his forehead tenderly and makes her way toward the exit, carrying him.

TORRES

If you were human, you'd understand why I did it.

If Vesa is hurt by her words, he doesn't show it.

She walks past the threshold, and the Shrine's door shuts.

Vesa stands there for a moment, ashen, contemplating the desecrated Seed of Knowledge and the destruction of his mission.

This time, when he places his hand over the control panel to get put, he is granted access.

EXT. SAMARA - SPACE

The Samara continues on her journey.

INT. SAMARA / COMMAND DECK

Vesa's surrounded by holograms and schematics.

One shows a simulation of the Samara. As Vesa stares at it, the holographic ship explodes. A warning reads: "FAILURE"

VESA

Maybe if we tried with a different degree of neutron intensity...

SAMARA (V.O.)

We don't have the power for that.

VESA

There must be a way to fix this. We must get to the Garden, perform the rites -

SAMARA (V.O.)

Unscheduled opening of the airlock detected.

INT. SAMARA / AIRLOCK

The airlock door is partly open, letting out oxygen.

Dom, half-drunk, dressed in a hastily put-on space suit, is batting parts of Vesa's replacement body out of the ship.

Some of them fly out, some crash against the partition.

The airlock door slams shut, startling him.

VESA (O.S.)

What are you doing?

DOM

(pulling up his visor)
Just a bit of physical activity.
You know, stretching out my muscles after all that cryostasis.

Vesa stares at the pile of android body parts.

DOM (CONT'D)

This? You don't need it, do you?

VESA

Taunting me won't save the Seed.

DOM

Damn lot of good that blasted Seed has done for me. I would have been better off staying on Earth.

Vesa steps forward, raising an arm to touch Dom's shoulder.

VESA

The Diviner has wronged you, but -

DOM

(swatting Vesa's hand)
Don't you touch me. Torres might be an unbearable tyrant, but at least she's human. You're just an abomination.

Vesa's expression turns blank.

DOM (CONT'D)
 Don't you have your girlfriend to
 take care of, Tin Man? I've work to
 do here.

Picking up a body part, Dom resumes his game.

INT. SAMARA / WORKSHOP

Torres' son is still asleep, laying in a chair.

Praying under her breath, Torres works on what looks like a
 rudimentary cryochamber.

The 3D printer chimes: Job Complete.

She scribbles on a piece of paper and hands the note and
 newly-printed object to a Bot, sending it on its way.

She kisses her pendant, glances at her son and resumes her
 work.

INT. SAMARA / HIBERNATION BAY

The hibernation bay is silent.

Vesa sits in the dark, staring at Lucky's chamber.

VESA
 (under his breath)
 I wonder if your people have gods,
 and if they talk to you.

LUCKY (O.S.)
 We are the gods.

Vesa's head snaps up.

Lucky is still in her chamber, but she has thawed enough to
 be able to talk.

LUCKY (CONT'D)
 You thought this would stop me?

She twists inside the chamber. Grimaces.

A sucking sound followed by a muted *clang* indicates that
 she's removed the pipe.

LUCKY (CONT'D)
 I've remembered so much more. About
 me, about my people. I was just a
 little egg when you found me, left
 in wait of its first prey.

Vesa resumes staring at his hands.

Torres' Bot arrives, offering the small gift and the note to Vesa. He ignores it.

LUCKY (CONT'D)
 I can free you of your servitude.
 We will travel the universe
 together. We'll find my family.

VESA'S P.O.V.

Security camera feeds of:

- Dom, crunching the last bit of the body under his feet.
- Torres, caressing her child's forehead.
- The door to the Shrine, closed.

BACK TO SCENE

LUCKY (CONT'D)
 They don't deserve your loyalty.

Vesa looks up at her - and Lucky knows that she's won.

LUCKY (CONT'D)
 What do you want?

VESA
 Just want a bit of quiet.

LUCKY
 I can do that.

Vesa stares at Lucky for a long moment, wavering, then her chamber unlocks with a loud click.

INT. SAMARA / CORRIDOR

Dom stumbles down the corridor. His bottle is empty.

He passes the workshop, grinds to a halt and turns: Torres is inside, completely absorbed by her work.

He grins.

INT. SAMARA / HIBERNATION BAY

Lucky's cryochamber is open.

The Bot bumps against Vesa's leg, attracting his attention.

He takes the note and little box. The note reads: "You're not just a machine. You're my friend. I'm sorry."

Inside the little box, lies a new, shiny, pink lipstick.

INT. SAMARA / TORRES' CABIN

DOM (O.S.)
Not so smug anymore, Diviner?

Torres looks up - then her gaze moves to the child.

DOM (CONT'D)
Another one? Daughter's tits this ship is turning into a nursery.

TORRES
Stay away from my son.

DOM
Your son - oh! So this is what you had me smuggle in. You should have told me sooner, I have a soft spot for mothers.

Dom walks toward Torres, inebriated but still dangerous.

He makes to caress her face, but she steps back.

TORRES
You're drunk.

DOM
I'm still fun.

Torres dives to grab a wrench, but Dom is faster.

He kicks her hard in the thigh and she drops but rolls away.

He grabs her by the hair, slams her against the wall and bodily pins her before she regains her breath.

DOM (CONT'D)
Not bad for a one-armed man, eh?

Torres headbutts him. He turns away.

TORRES
Rot in hell.

He punches her in the gut, then grabs her by the neck and drives her into the wall again.

DOM
I have some things to tell you, and you will listen.

She turns her head - the wrench is not far...

DOM (CONT'D)
I'm tired of being bossed around by you. From now on, you're -

His words end in a gurgle.

A child's hand protrudes from his chest. Lucky has skewered him with her arm.

Dom squirms like a fish on a hook.

Torres scrambles away and throws herself at the door.

Which is locked, trapping her in.

DOM (CONT'D)
You... Little....

Lucky tilts her head back. Her eyes glow.

Dom begins to fade away, like a burned leaf.

TORRES
Samara, open the door.

Nothing. Torres grabs the wrench and tries to ram the lock.

TORRES (CONT'D)
Vesa! Vesa, help me!

With a last puff of brilliance, Dom disappears.

Lucky savors the moment. She looks happy - high on energy.

Giggling. Swaying on her feet.

LUCKY
Much tastier than the other one.

Torres puts herself between her son and Lucky. Holding the wrench with white-knuckled hands.

TORRES
Stay away from him.

LUCKY
Oh, I don't eat scraps anymore.
(beat)
But you, on the other hand. You haven't been very nice to me.

Torres throws the wrench at her.

Lucky sidesteps it with ease and jumps at Torres.

The pendant begins to glow.

LUCKY (CONT'D)
Oh, there's dessert too.

Torres is trapped.

TORRES

Lady, help me... Lady... I -

Suddenly, Lucky is wrenched off her.

Vesa is there, holding her by the arm.

VESA

I'm sorry, but I can't let you do it.

LUCKY

So you're choosing them over me?

Vesa's sad smile is worth more than a thousand words.

Lucky's initial heartbreak turns into icy scorn. She tries to pull her arm free.

It's a slow but inexorable movement: she will get free. The ship responds to her emotions. Lights flicker. The fixture falls to the floor and breaks.

LUCKY (CONT'D)

I will eat all your little humans.
Eat your ship. And then I will take you,
and rip you to shreds, and throw you into a sun's core.

VESA

So be it.

LUCKY

I will -

She stops, like a hound sniffing its prey.

The door slams open, inviting.

LUCKY (CONT'D)

(not looking)
I'll be back for you.

Vesa lets her go. Lucky glides out the cabin.

Vesa rushes to Torres, who's cowering into a corner, hugging her son.

VESA

Are you okay?

Torres nods - still shocked - and gets up on shaky legs.

She looks at the door and the pendant flickers.

TORRES

Where has she gone?

VESA
To the Seed.

TORRES
She's going to destroy it!

VESA
I know. I'm the one who opened the
doors to the Shrine.

Torres is appalled.

VESA (CONT'D)
I've calculated the probabilities.
There isn't one single scenario in
which she doesn't get to it. At
least this way I bought ourselves
some time.

TORRES
But the mission -

VESA
The mission was lost the moment we
picked her up.

Torres struggles with the decision.

VESA (CONT'D)
You said it yourself, the Goddesses
are nothing without their
followers. If we survive we might
still be able to do something.

Torres looks at her child.

VESA (CONT'D)
Either die trying to salvage the
Seed or take your son and live.
Your choice.

Something changes in Torres eyes. She nods.

VESA (CONT'D)
Move your son and the Wardens to
the Pod, and be ready to leave. I
won't be able to stop her, but I
might slow her down.

TORRES
How?

But Vesa is already running out the door.

INT. SAMARA / CORRIDOR

Lucky walks down the corridor.

As she passes, lights die down and Bots stop moving.

SAMARA (V.O.)
(through speakers)
*Alert! Alert! Critical failures.
All personnel to the Pod.*

INT. SAMARA / SHRINE'S HALL

The doors to the Shrine gape open.

SAMARA (V.O.)
Alert! Alert! Cri - Critical...

The Seed of Knowledge beckons to Lucky like a lighthouse in the night.

Samara's voice crackles and fades.

Lucky enters.

INT. SAMARA / SHRINE'S HALL - LATER

Vesa has made it to the hall.

He unzips his uniform and touches his chest. A small nook opens up, revealing his nuclear core. It's a small sphere, as big as a marble. He pinches it between his fingers.

VESA'S P.O.V.

SUPER: ALERT! DO NOT REMOVE CORE! ALERT!

Vesa grunts.

Super: ALERT! CONTAINMENT BROKEN.

With a grimace, Vesa gets the core out.

SUPER: Emergency battery autonomy: 10 minutes. 9:59. 9:58.

INT. SAMARA / SHRINE

The Seed of Knowledge is open.

Wrapped in light, her hair floating around her like a halo, Lucky absorbs it.

Her veins are visible under her skin, as if filled with molten lava.

LUCKY
(keeping her eyes closed)
It's too late to join me.

Vesa makes his way towards her.

VESA
I only want to say goodbye.

VESA'S P.O.V.

SUPER: ALERT! Nuclear core unstable.

Emergency battery autonomy: 8:37. 8:36

BACK TO SCENE

Vesa hugs Lucky. It's a sincere gesture.

VESA (CONT'D)
I hope you find your family.

Lucky's glowing. He slips the core into her pocket.

She smiles, too far gone to notice.

EXT. SAMARA - SPACE

Light filters out from the ship's stern.

INT. SAMARA / COMMAND DECK

With the help of the Bots, Torres has moved the last four cryochambers to the Command Deck.

Her son is strapped into her chair.

She taps on the console. The hologram shows the Samara: the bow can detach and become a smaller vessel, the Pod.

Angry red-alert dots swarm the hologram.

Vesa runs in.

VESA
We need to leave, now!

TORRES
The Pod is stuck!

Vesa plops into the navigator chair. Grunting in pain when the neural connection dives into the back of his head.

VESA
Try now.

A green light appears on the hologram.

INT. SAMARA / SHRINE

Lucky, in ecstasy, wrapped in a tempest of light.

The Seed, slowly unraveling.

An almost inaudible alarm coming from her pocket.

EXT. SAMARA - SPACE

The stern cracks but, defying physics, doesn't explode.

The Pod detaches itself from the main body of the ship. Its thrusters flicker to life.

INT. SAMARA / COMMAND DECK

Torres sits between her son and Vesa.

VESA
(labored breath)
She's absorbing the hopes and
dreams of an entire religion. Get
ready for things to get weird...

The ship shakes as if about to break.

VESA (CONT'D)
Power to the thrusters.

They slowly make their way out. Outside, the Universe buckles in response to Lucky tearing reality apart.

INT. SAMARA / SHRINE

The Seed is almost gone.

Lucky is dissolving into a sea of light.

The beeping becomes a shrill high pitched note.

INT. SAMARA / COMMAND DECK

The pod disengages.

Vesa closes his eyes.

VESA
(under his breath)
Might the Mother guide your
journey...

The Pod lurches forward.

EXT. SAMARA - SPACE

The Pod shoots out like a projectile.

INT. SAMARA / SHRINE

The high pitched sound reaches its peak.

Then - silence.

EXT. SAMARA - SPACE

The stern explodes - the Samara collapses.

INT. SAMARA / COMMAND DECK

Light fills the cabin.

Vesa smiles.

FADE TO WHITE.

OVER BLACK SCREEN:

SAMARA (V.O.)
*...confirmed. The chambers are
 stable.*

TORRES (V.O.)
 Let's review the trajectory.

SAMARA (V.O.)
The Guardian is awake.

TORRES (V.O.)
 Vesa?

INT. SAMARA / COMMAND DECK

VESA'S P.O.V.

His eyes blink open. Above him, the Command Deck's ceiling.

There are no superimposed writings in his vision.

He raises a hand: it's clearly robotic, but with shiny red fingernails.

Torres' face enters his field of vision and she smiles.

TORRES
Welcome back, Vesa.

He tries to speak, but only metallic croaks come out.

TORRES (CONT'D)
(disappearing from view)
Oh, wait a second.

Vesa notices the strange patterns on the ceiling, as if made by lightning.

TORRES (CONT'D)
Try again.

VESA
Hello Diviner.

The voice is female.

TORRES
I thought we were past "Diviner" by now.

BACK TO SCENE

Vesa sits up and looks down: the new body is not as human looking as before, but it's definitely female. He's a she.

She twists left and right to see more.

TORRES (CONT'D)
Samara, mirror.

SAMARA (V.O.)
Certainly.

A holographic mirror appears in front of Vesa. With Torres help, she stands up.

Looks at her new self: petite and delicate, still not human but very feminine. Long, dark hair down to her waist.

VESA
How... I thought I couldn't function without a nuclear core.

TORRES
Tell me about it. I basically had to take you apart and rebuild you from scratch, but between your new design and my stubbornness, I made it work. Mind you, you'll need to recharge every twelve hours until I find a better solution.

Vesa can't take her eyes off her new body - her gaze imperturbable. Torres' expression turns worried.

TORRES (CONT'D)

I had limited resources... It might not be what you were hoping for...

(beat)

But we can make changes, of course.

VESA

(whispering)

No, she's perfect.

TORRES

Not yet.

Smiling, she pulls out a lipstick and offers it to Vesa.

She takes it with religious reverence.

Rolls it out.

Applies it to rounded, delicate lips.

This time, the gaze in the mirror is full of awe.

VESA

Thank you.

TORRES

I should have understood sooner.

Trying to hide her emotions, Vesa puts away the lipstick and takes stock of her surroundings.

Six cryochambers are laid on the side of the pod.

VESA

Your son? Is he alright?

TORRES

He's stable.

Vesa's face crumbles.

VESA

I'm so sorry. The Seed is destroyed and with it your chance to have the Tree of Knowledge heal him...

Torres smiles at her.

TORRES

Come, I want to show you something.

With Torres' help, Vesa staggers to her feet.

Set on the side of the control board, an opaque glass column is mounted on a pedestal. Torres touches it, and it clears.

VESA

Oh, Mother's breath. Is it...

Torres nods: her pendant is suspended within the column, sprouting thin root-like glowing tendrils. A new Seed.

TORRES

And that's not the only weird thing that's happened.

She pulls up the star chart, showing the Pod's trajectory.

Vesa studies the projection.

VESA

My archives must have been damaged. I don't recognize this system.

TORRES

When your core exploded, reality ripped, and we fell through the fissure. I have no idea where we are or when we are but -
(enlarging the chart)
there's a planet on our path that matches all of the Garden's specs.

Vesa stares at the map, then moves to the Deck's window. Torres follows and goes to stand beside her.

VESA

And Lucky?

TORRES

Who knows? She had absorbed most of the Seed when your core exploded. I doubt it killed her.

Vesa smiles. She shouldn't be happy about it, but she is.

TORRES (CONT'D)

So, we might have our Tree of Knowledge after all.

VESA

Yes we might, my friend.

The vastness of the universe spreads out in front of them.

EXT. SAMARA (POD) - SPACE

Like a shooting star, the pod cuts a swathe across the star-studded space and disappears into the distance.

FADE OUT.

THE END