



"SHATTERED HEAVEN"

PART FOUR

**Written By  
Joseph Burdette and Joshua Legg**

"Star Trek" and all related products are the sole property of Paramount Pictures.  
"Avalon" is a nonprofit fiction project. No copyright infringement intended.



FADE IN:

EXT. PRIME - NIGHT

The beauty of Prime greets us. It's night as the multiple moons hang in the sky, the lack of stars letting only moonlight consume the sky. In the distance of the rolling grassland is the Cult's masterful Temple: The Avatar of Light.

Wind blows as we hear the commotion of people working. Loudmouthed laborers shouting and giving orders. We pan down to see a LANDING PAD and a small building next to it. Boxes and crates are simply sitting next to the metal platform, several non-cultists work. The landing pad is patrolled by three red Cult Acolytes, each holding massive looking weapons, while the other people haul crates onto the pad.

From a different view, we pan across a close up of the crates that are off to the side, not on the landing platform. We see words like "CAUTION" and "EXPLOSIVES" written on the sides. Finally, three familiar people enter our view. Crouched down and well out of view are SHERA, CARLISE, and RIDEK. All still clad in their black clothing.

CARLISE

(whispering)

Tell me why I agreed to go on this mission again.

Shera hushes her.

SHERA

(same)

Shh!

RIDEK

I'm with Carlise, we can fit into these crates sure enough, but we'd have to empty them out. The guards will see the explosives lying on the ground.

SHERA

What's that again? Blatant pessimism?

(changing moods)

Don't worry about that. They'll probably just assume a crate broke or something.

RIDEK

Yeah, three crates.

CARLISE

He's right. These Cult guys are meticulous enough to notice. That's their forte.

SHERA

This plan has some rough edges. It's not perfect. Nothing is. But we have to work with what we...

ACOLYTE(O.S.)

Hey!

An off-screen guard shouts, clearly not at the three Avalon crew, but at a man hauling a crate. Shera peaks around a crate to see the Red talking with the man.

She goes back.

SHERA

(even quieter)

Whatever, we just do what we need to do.

RIDEK

Well, maybe we can use this to our advantage.

He points to a device Shera has.

RIDEK

Lemme see that corder thing. I have an idea.

EXT. PRIME - NIGHT - LATER

A silver and red shuttle descends from the sky, it's engines only slightly kicking up ambient dust. It's not loud, and looks much more graceful than the larger Cult ships. It slowly and steadily sets down as civilian workers and red acolytes watch on.

The mild disturbance the shuttle brings dies down. A landing ramp extends down and out walks an Acolyte guard without a helmet on and with white medallions pinned across his chest. This is a GENERAL.

The General is greeted by a single guard.

The guard bows to his knees and raises a sword his carries.

GENERAL

(raspy voice)

Are we done here?

GUARD  
 (standing)  
 Yes, General. The Unfaithful have prepared everything and will load the cargo.

GENERAL  
 The Unclean won't touch holy ground?

The guard peers over at the motley crew of unfaithfuls, out of earshot.

GUARD  
 They, uh... don't know.

GENERAL  
 You didn't tell them?

GUARD  
 Penultimate Sovari told me himself to withhold the information about the particulars of their duties.

GENERAL  
 That sounds like him. I had wondered why we had so many volunteers for a job that means the end of their immediate lives. They didn't know.

(a beat)  
 Give them the choice. Convert and serve our religion or be executed.

The general turns to return to his ship.

GUARD  
 What of the other ships? The ones that landed with the ore to finish the Avatar of Light.

The guard nods toward the shining tower in the distance.

GENERAL  
 I heard they were to left alone for the time being.

GUARD  
 'For the time being'?

GENERAL  
 Take it as you will.

The General leaves the guards sight, who almost shamefully looks over to the crew of unfaithfuls.

GUARD  
(to the crew)  
Alright, get those crates stored on  
the shuttle.

We see a small lift come down from the shuttle as the crew begins it's less-than-exciting work.

ACOLYTE  
(in the distance)  
Sir!

The guard looks over to the Acolyte. The Acolyte is waving the guard over to his location.

Focusing elsewhere, We look over to see a bearded man and a clean shaven man hauling a particular crate.

BEARDED MAN  
(angry)  
Would you hold your end of the box!

CLEAN SHAVEN MAN  
I AM! You're jerking it around!

BEARDED MAN  
It's not me.

CLEAN SHAVEN MAN  
It feels like something's rolling  
around in this one.

The clean shaven man puts the box down, leaving the bearded man still holding his end.

BEARDED MAN  
What are you doing?

CLEAN SHAVEN MAN  
I'm checking it out. Seeing what's  
in here.

BEARDED MAN  
No! Don't!

CLEAN SHAVEN MAN  
Why not?!

INT. BOX

Inside the wooden box, we see Carlise curled up, holding her legs to her chest with one arm and holding a pistol in the other. Her face shows a look of shock as she listens to the conversation raging outside.

BEARDED MAN

(muffled)

If the Reds find us snooping in their stuff they'll probably kill us.

CLEAN SHAVEN MAN

(same)

It's a wonder they haven't done that already! I'm looking.

Suddenly, the other end of the box drops with a bang. Carlise smacks her head on the bottom of the crate.

She cringes in agony, mustering all her strength to stay quiet.

EXT. PRIME - NIGHT

The clean shaven man points to the crate.

CLEAN SHAVEN MAN

Don't drop it like that! It might explode!

BEARDED MAN

If you're so confident that there are bombs in here, why do you want to check it out?

(a beat)

Let's just get these things on the shuttle and get out of here. Don't make it any harder than necessary.

The clean shaven man drops his head.

CLEAN SHAVEN MAN

Gods damn it, fine. Get your end.

INT. BOX

Back in the box, Carlise rubs her head and lets out a sigh of relief.

EXT. PRIME - NIGHT

At the end of the landing platform, the Acolyte guard is joined by the head guard.

GUARD

What is it?

The Acolyte points his silver finger to the ground, where we see several boxes worth of explosive containers has been strewn down the slight hill the landing platform sits on. As expected.

GUARD  
What happened?

ACOLYTE  
We don't know. Shall I get a clean  
up...

GUARD  
(quickly)  
No. Not yet.  
(a beat)  
Get me a Seer.

ACOLYTE  
Yes sir.

The Acolyte runs off briskly as the guard glares at the explosives on the ground.

Back to the two bickering men, their conversation hasn't let up.

CLEAN SHAVEN MAN  
I'm just saying, maybe it's not  
explosives in these crates. Who  
knows what we're really hauling?  
Maybe bodies!

BEARDED MAN  
Doesn't feel like a body.

CLEAN SHAVEN MAN  
Well, you never know.

Finally, they get to the shuttle and set it on the lowered platform.

BEARDED MAN  
If it was a body, it would probably  
stink by now.

A fairly loud sneeze is heard from the crate they were just hauling. The two men look at each other quizzically.

The clean shaven man starts to say something, but the bearded man grabs his arm.

BEARDED MAN  
You didn't hear a thing! Let's go.

We pan over to the small building next to the platform. Three Acolyte guards escort a cloaked figure out of the building. We've seen this kind of person before, a black shroud and a mechanical device attached to the skull.



Some of the unfaithful workers turn to see the person, but two Acolyte train their weapons on the people, who promptly return to their work.

They escort the figure, the Seer, to the head guard.

ACOLYTE

This Seer just recently suffered a near fatal cerebral hemorrhage, but he should be good for at least one more reading.

GUARD

Ask it what happened.

The Acolyte nods, and turns to the Seer. He bends down to let the Seer hear him better.

ACOLYTE

What happened here? What do you see?

There's a slight pause while it tilts its head to look at the acolyte.

Our view CHANGES.

We now see from the perspective of the Seer. Everything is blurry, he's standing in one place yet the world races in circles and colors everywhere intensify and bleed together.

ACOLYTE

(distorted, echoing)

What do you see?

Slowly, as if arising from another reality, the Seer begins to view three people kneeling behind crates.

Our view RETURNS.

Nothing is said by anyone. The Seer remains still and silent for a long while. The head guard turns to look at them.

GUARD

Are you sure it's still alive?

ACOLYTE

Last we checked...

SEER

(raspy)

It's the...

(a beat, a breath)

Unfaithful.

Suddenly, the Seer erupts into convulsions. The machine on its head starts to stutter, the green fluids circulating begins to turn black.

Just as quickly, the Seer falls to the ground. The machine stops completely. It's clearly dead.

ACOLYTE

Surprised it made it that long.

GUARD

Unfaithfuls? Does that...

They all turn to see the shuttle is already taking off.

GUARD

Stop the shuttle! Get it back here!

INT. BOX

Back in one of the crates, we see Ridek holding onto a hand held device. He punches a button and smiles.

EXT. PRIME - NIGHT

A huge EXPLOSION from the explosives on the ground erupts! All the Cult guards standing near it are engulfed in the blaze.

INT. SHUTTLE COCKPIT

In the cockpit, a pilot and the Cult general look mildly shocked at the event.

PILOT

Should we turn around?

GENERAL

Looks like the unfaithfuls are taking a dangerous turn. Don't land, just wipe them out.

PILOT

Yes sir.

EXT. PRIME - NIGHT

The shuttle arches around and begins firing its weapons, each pulse of light igniting large plumes of fire from impact.

INT. SHUTTLE CARGO HOLD

We pan over the multitude of boxes laying lazily about as the sound of weapons is heard outside.

SHERA  
 (muffled)  
 Ridek, you're smarter than I expected.

CARLISE  
 (same)  
 It was really my idea!

INT. THE AVALON - BRIDGE

On the bridge, ZORIN and SIREN are alone. Zorin paces back in forth, his face riddled with anger and his fists clenching.

SIREN  
 (worried)  
 He's not serious is he?

ZORIN  
 I don't care. Even if this is a joke, however elaborate, I WILL rip his head off.

SIREN  
 Do you know who he's talking about?  
 This Adele woman?

ZORIN  
 I'll rip her head off too.

Siren gives a look as if that response was unsatisfactory.

SIREN  
 He really hasn't told us anything of his personal life during the war, only the gruesome stuff. Maybe we should help him.

ZORIN  
 If I had...

The door opens. ISAAC SAROLA is standing there.

In a quick, cat-like motion, Siren rushes in front of Zorin and places her hand on his chest. She speaks softly so Isaac can't hear them.

SIREN  
 Remember what he said. Don't go after him. God knows what he'll do.

She moves back out of the way. Obviously, Zorin is heeding her advice. As he walks forward, Isaac brandishes an extremely dangerous gun in one hand and a small, beeping device in the other. It's visibly counting down. Rapidly.

ISAAC  
Sharing secrets?

ZORIN  
(through clenched teeth)  
What are you doing Isaac?

ISAAC  
Zorin, you know that I have respect  
for you and what you've done to  
keep us out of trouble...

ZORIN  
That's not what you said earlier.

ISAAC  
...But I don't believe my presence  
on this ship is much appreciated.  
I'm the only one on this ship who  
can heal a broken arm, yet I'm  
stuck on the lowest deck doing all  
the dirty work like dealing with  
Hatch, or murdering that Sciran who  
snitched us two years ago.

ZORIN  
You think you're not appreciated?!

ISAAC  
I need that woman, more than you  
could know. She's been the only  
thing I've ever cared about and I  
just need her... and I think you do to.

SIREN  
What the hell would we need her for?

ISAAC  
She can help us.

ZORIN  
You aren't talking about her  
religion are you? Converting?

ISAAC  
No, of course not. I'm talking  
about getting and staying away from  
the Cult. She can help with that.

He slowly enters the bridge.

ZORIN

Why should we believe that? You're threatening to blow up the ship if we don't comply!

ISAAC

That's right. And according to this baby

(taps device)

We've only got a minute for you to decide before we all go up in a blaze of glory.

(beat)

Tick tock.

ZORIN

You've always been impulsive Isaac, but this is obscene!

ISAAC

What's obscene is what's going to happen to that innocent woman tomorrow!

ZORIN

It's not OUR place to interfere!

ISAAC

Maybe we should make it our responsibility! When was the last time we EVER helped another person in need?

SIREN

(with a laugh)

You're one to talk about morality Isaac.

ISAAC

Just because I choose to be the grunt around here doesn't mean I don't know what's morally right. I choose to ignore some morals, yes. But right now I'm looking at morals from another angle. From an innocent's eyes.

ZORIN

I can't believe this selfish, diluted garbage!

Isaac stands tall. The device goes down to less than 40 seconds.

ISAAC  
 Still, my instructions stand. We  
 HAVE to save her.

35.

ZORIN  
 And then what? We go and if we  
 don't get killed we come back and  
 make it to safety? Do you think  
 everything's going to go so  
 perfectly? When has anything ever  
 gone perfect?

Isaac doesn't say a word. There is a long, tense silence.

SIREN  
 There has to be a way to resolve  
 this. Isaac, just think of US.  
 Think about how improbable this  
 whole idea is. You'd be risking ALL  
 of our lives.

ISAAC  
 What about that woman and the Typhon?

Confusion from Zorin.

20.

ZORIN  
 What about her?

ISAAC  
 You let her carry out one fucked up  
 plan to get us free from the Cult  
 and what did it do? Got us deeper  
 into trouble.

ZORIN  
 We're still alive aren't we?

ISAAC  
 The point is, you took a risk  
 without even talking with your crew  
 about it. I think its time someone  
 else decided to make a call.

SIREN  
 You think that person should be you?

15.

ISAAC  
 Yes! Fuck, ANYONE!  
 (aggravated)  
 I think that's enough conversation  
 for now. I'm sticking with my plan,  
 and if I'm not helped along...

He wiggles the device.

10 seconds. Isaac begins to count down.

ISAAC  
 Nine... eight... seven...

By now, even Isaac is sweating.

ISAAC  
 Six... five...

SIREN  
 ZORIN!

ISAAC  
 Four... three...

ZORIN  
 YES! We'll do it!

Isaac smiles genuinely and taps a button on the device,  
 halting the countdown.

ISAAC  
 That's better. Just so you know,  
 this don't mean the core's safe.  
 Just one tap of another button and  
 she still goes up. This time  
 without all this damn drama.

Zorin is literally shaking with rage, though he knows he's  
 powerless to do anything but listen to the madman before him.

Isaac still smiles and puts his gun away.

INT. TEMPLE - TEMPLE ROOM

We are again greeted by the familiar sight of ADELE and  
 HATCH sitting. Hatch is lazily perched on a pillar's ledge,  
 Adele looking over a scroll.

There is pure silence in the room, Hatch is very  
 uncomfortable and looks tired. He stands up.

HATCH

So, what are they gonna do? Burn us alive? Stake through our hearts? Spiders in our minds?

ADELE

Nothing quite so primitive. We have... something of a fondness for executing the unfaithful by rooting out the source of their heresy.

HATCH

What, their hearts? Eyes?

ADELE

The mind.

Hatch cringes.

HATCH

Damn. From my position on things, that's pretty primitive too.

ADELE

What's it like?

HATCH

I wouldn't particularly know what having my brains squelched out feels like.

ADELE

The Federation. What's it like? Is it wonderful?

HATCH

Wonderful? Um, not quite. They've screwed me over enough times for me not to care about them any more.

ADELE

You feel there is some corruption in the way things are handled?

HATCH

Kinda. Unfair is the best way to describe it I guess.

ADELE

Such is life.



HATCH

I know. That's what everyone says,  
"It's you Hatch, not everyone else."  
Everyone thinks I'm selfish.

ADELE

I know that very feeling.

He sits down and crosses his legs next to Adele.

ADELE

Everyone believes I'm selfish for  
thinking of the Cult as becoming  
radical. That just because I was  
growing less and less pious doesn't  
mean I should force that belief as  
truth on everyone else.

HATCH

Well, if you believe it to be true,  
why can't you just leave the Cult  
and start up your own religion?

Adele looks at Hatch with offense.

HATCH

(regretful)

Sorry. See, in my time I really  
didn't have much of anything...

ADELE

No possessions?

HATCH

(slightly taken back)

Well, I mean as far as faith.

ADELE

No religion, too?

HATCH

Not at all.

ADELE

That's hard to imagine.

HATCH

Well, it's easy if you try Di...  
Adele. I mean, it was something we  
had moved past.

ADELE

How could the religion of Those Who  
Walk in the Light spring from...

HATCH

(quickly)

That's just the thing. I don't know!  
It's so...

Hatch is lost for words.

HATCH

What do your writings say about the  
rise of the Cult or whatever?

ADELE

The scriptures speak of a time of  
chaos deep in the sands of history.  
Men murdered their brothers and  
tyrants ruled over every world.

(beat, reverent)

In this time of terror and  
destruction, a select few peoples  
banded together with the desire and  
will to save this galaxy from  
itself. From their hearts sprang  
the very will of the Prophet, whose  
words formed the very foundation of  
our scriptures and the beginning of  
the cleansing of worlds.

(another beat, darker)

But something kept him from  
completing his holy Crusades...  
Siepra.

HATCH

Sie-wha?

ADELE

Our texts are vague as to what  
Siepra is and what it did to thwart  
the Prophet's will, unfortunately.  
But it was enough to halt his  
immediate efforts and force the  
creation of the very... civilization  
you see now.

HATCH

Now wait, the Prophet? Is it the  
same guy that Sovari guy is so  
excited about seeing in a few hours?

ADELE

I don't know. Only those high above  
me know.

HATCH

Oh! That's efficient. Ya know, this stuff is so whacked up.

ADELE

Do not blaspheme the most holy of prophets! His will has saved the lives of countless individuals across this galaxy and thwarted the needless and petty wars that were tearing our civilization apart. Though we do not see him... the prophet has always been that channel to that one thing common in every being in the galaxy.

HATCH

(smug bastard)

The Heart?

ADELE

The Light.

Hatch sends a smug expression across.

HATCH

Right-O.

After a moment, Hatch shutters suddenly and violently.

HATCH

Whoa. Did you feel that?

ADELE

No. What?

Hatch turns around to see the rest of the darkened room. Nothing.

HATCH

Nothing. Just drafty in here I guess.

INT. THE AVALON - BRIDGE

Siren, all lonesome and by herself, is pacing across the bridge. Arms folded in worry, she looks like she hasn't had sleep in days.

COMPUTER

That's starting to hurt, you know.

SIREN

Huh?

COMPUTER

I can feel every step you make.

SIREN

Well, turn that part of you off or something. You never complained before.

COMPUTER

I wasn't awake before. Not since Thomas Hatch came aboard.

Siren doesn't answer, just continues to pace.

COMPUTER

I can tell by your heart rate and perspiration that you are nervous. Is it Zorin's meeting with Isaac or the plan they are concocting?

SIREN

(angry)

What, are you scanning me?

COMPUTER

It's merely a safety/health precaution, to make sure you're still on the ship or didn't suffer a severe hammer blow to the head.

SIREN

Oh that's kind. Just, cut it out. I don't care if you scan me, just don't let me know about it.

(a beat)

I don't know if this is going to work.

COMPUTER

From what I can tell, it sounds like it's the best plan one could come up with in this situation.

SIREN

Are they done?

COMPUTER

Here's Zorin now.

On her mark, Zorin marches into the room. His large form remains commanding but looks worried himself. Siren greets him.

SIREN

We ready?

ZORIN  
He's a lunatic.

SIREN  
Well duh.

ZORIN  
But a lunatic with an agenda. His  
plan isn't foolproof but it might  
be possible to pull it off.

SIREN  
"Might"?

Zorin shoots her a cold glare.

ZORIN  
What, you actually expected to be  
able to do this and live to tell  
about it?

FADE OUT.

BLACKNESS

The faint sound of breathing is heard. One can only assume it's someone very close. A grunt is heard, the only other thing audible in a blistering silence.

The faint sound of a gun cocking is heard... then a scrape. Like something large is being dragged. The breathing intensifies as it becomes laced with worry. The scraping stops. Creaks are heard, and finally a slight pop.

INT. BOX

The top of the box opens as we see a Cult worker, dressed in peasant robes, appears before us.

Shera trains her large pistol to the Cult worker's head and FIRES. The silenced weapon causes the worker to collapse. Shera takes a brief moment to hint a smile and gets up from the crate.

INT. SHUTTLE CARGO HOLD

The cargo hold is not big at all, barely enough room to stand up in.

SHERA  
Carlise? Ridek?

CARLISE  
 (muffled)  
 In here!

RIDEK  
 (same)  
 Me first!

Shera steps over some boxes to look for them.

SHERA  
 Say again.

CARLISE  
 (as before)  
 In here!

RIDEK  
 Here!

Shera locates where Carlise is: in a crate at the bottom of a very large stack. Ridek however, is is by himself near the exit. She goes to Ridek's aid first.

INT. BOX

The box lid is flipped off. From Ridek's perspective, we see Shera. She smiles.

SHERA  
 Hurry up, get Carlise out while I  
 hide the body.

Ridek gets out of the box and looks to where Carlise is making a minor amount of noise. He sees the daunting pile of boxes with disgust.

EXT. CULT CRUISER

We get an external view of the bird-like Cult ship. It's much sleeker than most we've seen. It floats in the night sky of Prime, set against the blue moon.

INT. CULT CRUISER - CORRIDOR

Shera, Carlise, and Ridek fill the frame as they stand motionless in a doorway.

Shera looks rather sick, the others are just shocked at something. Slowly we begin to pull back.

CARLISE  
 Maybe it would be better to let  
 this place burn.

It's very dark, but through the shadows we can see the walls of the corridor are soaked in blood. Resting on the ground and against the walls are Cult and alien corpses alike. Limbs and obvious entrails dot the ship's hall. The hall continues into darkness.

RIDEK

Yeah, I'm thinking that's an idea.

CARLISE

Ugh, that smell.

Shera immediately steps forward.

SHERA

(retching)

Let's go.

CARLISE

Are you crazy?

SHERA

We scanned the ship, this is the only way to the lifts. If we want to get to the bridge, we have to go.

Shera keeps walking, carefully avoiding the first few bodies.

Ridek leans over to Carlise.

RIDEK

(whispering)

One thing Xindi know how to do is to avoid a mess like this, even though they're more used to causing it.

Carlise looks at him with furrowed eyebrows. She isn't amused.

CARLISE

Dick.

Ridek lowers his head.

RIDEK

Sorry.

Carlise follows Shera's lead and cocks her weapons as she walks. Ridek takes a moment to compose himself.

RIDEK

God, people don't have a sense of humor anymore.

He begins to walk too.

They turn on their flashlights, shining beams of light into the grotesque hallway. Shera, who is still leading, carefully balances watching her tricorder and watching where she steps with her flashlight.

SHERA

There's no one on this ship.

CARLISE

On this ship or on this deck?

SHERA

Well, on this deck but I don't think the Cult would even set foot on this ship. Unclean ground and whatever.

There is the faint sound of squishing. No one wants to look down to see what it is...

RIDEK

(sarcastic)

Oh, that's freaking beautiful.

SHERA

Over here!

She shines her flashlight on a door in the distance.

CARLISE

The lift?

SHERA

Yeah.

They slowly make their way through the dark and silent hallway. We hear their breathing and not much else besides an occasional squish.

There is a long silence as they don't speak and continue to walk. There is an intensely eerie feeling about at this moment.

But they make it to the lift door. Shera pushes a button and the door slides open. Inside, it's a square lift with a single wall flame burning. They step inside.

INT. CULT CRUISER - LIFT

The door then shuts. They finally stand in descent light. They stand still, not speaking. Clearly, they are very effected by their voyage.



CARLISE  
Right, let's not speak of this ever  
again.

SHERA AND RIDEK  
Yeah.

SHERA  
Let's not.

RIDEK  
Never again.

Relief. Shera starts looking over the simple interface near  
the door.

SHERA  
(to herself)  
Hmm, bridge. Bridge...

She taps a button. The lift slowly starts moving. Then,  
suddenly stops.

RIDEK  
Crappy Cult Crap.

CARLISE  
You think they're powering systems  
down?

SHERA  
No, if they were the power would  
already be down.

It starts up again... then shutters to a stop.

It JOLTS! The wall mounted fire lamp comes out of it's  
holding place and lands on Ridek! Immediately, his black  
clothing catches ablaze!

RIDEK  
(in shock)  
FUTHERMUCKER!!!

He twists and turns, hitting the flames trying to put them out.

CARLISE  
Ridek!!

She takes off her coat and smothers the flames as Shera  
picks up and holds the torch.

SHERA  
Is he okay?

RIDEK

(angry)

Goddamn Cult Crap! Can't even put  
in lights!

(angry/sarcastic)

Hey!! How many Cultists does it  
take to screw in a light bulb?

He rubs his legs, which look burned but not severely.  
Carlise tries to comfort him.

The lift continues to stutter upward, the unreliable thing  
shutters all around them.

INT. THE AVALON - HANGAR DECK

We quickly pan around the room to see no one is in the  
hangar, then we witness the main door open from the corridor.

Zorin, Isaac, Siren, and Azel step into the room. They are  
silent, an obvious tension as to the recent developments  
impedes any conversation.

SIREN

Are we sure about this guys?

ZORIN

About as sure as we can be.

(a smug glare to Isaac)

But, I guess that's up to our medic  
here.

ISAAC

Listen, you won't be disappointed.  
Adele WILL help us. Call it a  
premonition.

ZORIN

It's not that, it's the whole  
breaking into the Cult's most  
sacred and well guarded temples.

SIREN

We've done crazier things. Remember  
the day we escaped that Confederate  
Slave Ship?

ZORIN

Don't remind me.

(to Azel)

How is everything?

Azel folds his arms and leans against the wall. He's not happy.

AZEL

The computer's been bitching at me about how much the core overload hurts. She only just stopped when you released the overload.

ISAAC

(turning)

Tell her I'm sorry but I still have my finger on the button if something goes...

(suspiciously)

goes wrong.

Azel rolls his eyes in serious disdain. He leaves in a huff.

Isaac presses a few buttons on the nearby control pad and the landing ramp falls.

Outside, a storm is raging. Lightning and torrential rain hammer down as wind whips the precipitation up into the ship.

COMPUTER

You guys are going out there?

ZORIN

It's the only way to get into the Cult temple without them seeing us on their sensors. It's a highly electrical storm.

COMPUTER

Is it safe to even go out there?

ZORIN

Of course not. But Isaac needs his woman.

Sarola turns and cocks a semi-large gun.

ISAAC

You're not one to talk. I met Adele in the last battle of Jushai Prime against our enemies. That day was the worst day of my life, and the one who drug me out of that hell hole alive is about to be crucified. She's the only person who's ever respected me.

Quickly, Zorin rushes his hulking body over to Isaac and punches... the control pad that brings the landing platform up. The room is silenced as the sounds of storm cease.

ZORIN

(in Isaac's face)

This whole time you've been threatening us, saying you'll destroy Avalon if we don't cooperate.

(through his teeth)

This whole time we allowed you to lead us through your designs. You know me well enough to know I would kill anyone else who would dare do that to me. Don't go saying no-one respects you on this ship because if we didn't, I would've killed you long ago. It's out of respect for you that I'm doing this.

He again punches the button and the ramp lowers again. He and Siren walk out into the maelstrom, leaving Isaac to ponder Zorin's words for a moment.

INT. TEMPLE - HALLWAY

Within the illustrious Avatar of Light, the holy temple, the corridors are very triangular in shape. Red silk stream from the ceiling as candles and lanterns light the way. Outside, the storm presses on.

ROL'GIN(O.S.)

Given the complexities of our civilization, I won't be surprised to see people fall upon their baser instincts and learn to embrace the feral instinct of wanting to be part of a larger community. To be loved by someone higher than thyself.

GENERAL(O.S.)

Though people today are arrogant and uncivilized, most are stubborn enough to keep away from us.

In our view walks ROL'GIN and the Cult General from before.

ROL'GIN

If you ask me, the universe is heading toward a sizable crossroad. Not just prophecy, but in terms of the people. The war that ended years ago that gave birth to the Confederacy leads me to believe things will only degrade until...

(they stop walking)

Only the faithful are left.

GENERAL

Are you saying we should stay out of the affairs of everyone else?

Rol'Gin nods.

GENERAL

I suppose you don't think there is much room for my kind in the Cult, if that is your line of thinking.

ROL'GIN

I don't believe...

(pause)

The prophet speaks of Holy Hands. Hands can create, destroy, twist, or recover. Hands are used to pray, hands are used to pull triggers. The Prophet says, "An open hand is an open heart, receiving the blessings and giving forth to those who lack faith. A closed hand is a closed heart, an instrument in which one strikes... and destroys".

GENERAL

The Prophet made those statements centuries ago, before the war and before the degradation.

ROL'GIN

But does his point not withstand?

GENERAL

Does the Prophet not also say, "One's life is the sum of their time"? We all live our lives by what our surroundings dictate. He was referring to the influence of a changing structured society changing the meanings of people's lives. There is no society today, only chaos. We must adapt to society today to survive and to live life.

(a beat)

Not only that, but Penultimate Sovari speaks directly with the Prophet, does he not?

ROL'GIN

He does.

GENERAL

And Sovari, therefore the Prophet, willed my services into being. It's by Holy Design that I, and the Cult military, are. To deny Holy Design would be...

ROL'GIN

Yes, I know. Heresy.

The General nods.

GENERAL

I have much to do.

ROL'GIN

I understand. I will retire.

They give slight nods to each other and walk away.

INT. TEMPLE - ROL'GIN'S ROOM

Rol'Gin's room is not much different than the architecture of the rest of the building. Flame, red, and stone. Though, it is fairly spartan with just a bed, a night desk, and a single book of Prophetic Teachings.

Rol'Gin, completely unannounced, enters our view. He lays on his bed and picks up his book. For a moment, he only glares at it. No life seems to flow through his eyes as he does. He opens it and a slip of paper falls out.

He picks it up and looks at it. The same picture Adele had... Sovari, Rol'Gin, and Adele smiling.

INT. TEMPLE - SOUTH ENTRANCE

The south entrance room is not very big. It's just a small soldier outpost with a door leading outside. Very disappointing. Three Acolyte soldiers sit around a wooden table, their weapons set to the side and an odd looking card game takes place before them.

ACOLYTE 1

I don't have any more fives.

ACOLYTE 2

(a slight laugh)

I'm sorry. That means your on a hold.

ACOLYTE 1

Yes, I know what it means!

ACOLYTE 3  
 Maybe we should quit for now.

ACOLYTE 1  
 Hey, don't worry. The Guard Foreman  
 doesn't ever check up, and he's  
 even less likely to check up on the  
 SOUTH wing.

ACOLYTE 3  
 No, it's not that. It's just that  
 he's loosing all his credits.

Suddenly, there's a knock at the door.

The three guards stumble out of their chairs and grab their  
 rifles. The first Acolyte pushes up against the door.

ACOLYTE 1  
 Who is it?

VOICE  
 Perimeter guard! Quick, open up. My  
 friend's hurt!

The Acolyte looks at his two companions, both shrug at this.

The Acolyte opens the door... No one's there. Just the  
 slight concrete ramp leading up to ground level as rain  
 pours down. Thunder and lightning.

ACOLYTE 3  
 Close it!

ACOLYTE 1  
 Who's there?!

ACOLYTE 2  
 Yeah, just close the door!

The first Acolyte does. He slams it shut and turns to his  
 friends...

Siren stands behind the other two guards!

ACOLYTE 1  
 GIRL!!!

As the guards turn to shoot, Siren tosses a grenade-like  
 device and she dives away. An explosion of energetic  
 swirlies fills the air around them and they fall to the  
 ground in lazy plops.

Siren gets back up and looks at the guards. She smiles.

EXT. TEMPLE - SOUTH ENTRANCE

Outside the south entrance, Isaac and Zorin wait in the rain.  
The door opens and Siren looks out.

SIREN  
We're in.

INT. TEMPLE - SOUTH ENTRANCE

Zorin and Isaac walk in. They both see the Cult guards  
splayed on the ground.

ISAAC  
They didn't put up much of a fight?

SIREN  
They tried.

ZORIN  
We can be sure they're not the last.  
We need to find our way through  
this place without being...

Siren holds up her hand to silence him. She bends down out  
of view for only a few seconds.

SIREN  
Way ahead of you.

She comes back up holding one of the Acolytes helmets.

SIREN  
No one will suspect it.

Isaac looks down at the unseen guard.

ISAAC  
No wonder they all wear helmets.  
That's sick.

SIREN  
I hear it's a big problem among the  
Cult nowadays.

Siren gives Zorin the helmet as she goes back to undress the  
rest of the guards with Isaac.

The large Hirogen tries to put the Red helmet on, but the  
thing is much too small.

ZORIN  
How am I supposed...



Without a second's notice, Siren holds up a red cloak, one that will effectively cover Zorin's head.

INT. TEMPLE - HALLWAY

Through an expansive hallway, lined with columns and adorned with banners, our three heroes briskly walk.

ISAAC  
My feet are starting to hurt.

SIREN  
Shut it up, Isaac. We'll turn around if you want to flake out.

ISAAC  
Do we know where we're going?

Zorin, holding the tricorder, waves it around at his waist.

ZORIN  
The next level. If this is accurate, that's the jail center.

ISAAC  
And if it's not accurate?

GENERAL(O.S.)  
HOLD!

From off screen, we hear the familiar voice of the Cult General. Our three heroes turn and imitate Acolytes to the best of their knowledge. They kneel.

The General stands tall above them.

GENERAL  
What are you doing? Are you not supposed to help with the preparations for Prophet's arrival?

ISAAC  
No... uh, sir. Lord... mister.

An angry look from the general, Zorin and Siren peer over to Isaac in silent disappointment.

ZORIN  
We were told by... Rol'Gin to oversee some prisoners.

GENERAL  
Rol'Gin? What were his orders? Exactly.

ZORIN  
Just to help the current guards  
keep an eye out.

GENERAL  
You wouldn't be lying?

ISAAC  
No way!  
(a beat)  
I mean, no sir.

The General starts to pace before them.

GENERAL  
Sounds like something he would  
order. He has... a loathsome  
interest in the well-being of  
prisoners. Did he at all mention  
Adele Tiernan?

Isaac raises his head ever so slightly.

ZORIN  
(quickly)  
No. No specifics.

Suddenly, the General smiles and leaves. Without even so  
much as a goodbye.

Zorin looks up to see the General walking away.

In a single fluid motion, Zorin uncovers his weapon, points  
it at the General, and FIRES.

The General falls dead, Siren stands up in shock.

SIREN  
Why'd you do that?!

ZORIN  
Why not?

Stunned silence from both Isaac and Siren. Then relief.

SIREN  
Oh ok.

ISAAC  
Good call.

They look around.

SIREN  
 We should go, any minute this place  
 will be crawling with Cult if they  
 heard that gun shot.

In agreement, they head out.

EXT. CULT CRUISER

Once again, we see the lone Cult Cruise in the sky of Prime,  
 awaiting its fiery end.

INT. CULT CRUISER - CORRIDOR

Once again within the darkened Cult ship, Shera leads the  
 way as Carlise helps Ridek along. His legs don't appear to  
 be in the best shape, but he's walking.

CARLISE  
 Shera... how we doing on time?

SHERA  
 We're ahead of schedule

RIDEK  
 Are we there yet?

SHERA  
 The bridge is just up here.

They keep walking. The hall is not as filthy as before, but  
 it's still dark.

CARLISE  
 Shera!

SHERA  
 WHAT!

CARLISE  
 How do we know it's safe in there?

We see they're right up to the bridge door.

SHERA  
 Come on, no one is on this ship  
 besides us. The Cult don't want to  
 even set foot here cause of this  
 Unholy Ground bull...

She walks into the bridge...

We see a good 15 armed Cult Acolytes in the bridge... all  
 turned to see our three people.

They raise their weapons.

SHERA

...Shit.

A lead Acolyte comes up to Shera.

LEAD ACOLYTE

WHO ARE YOU?!

No one answers this guards questions. It's as if their eyes are fixated on the other 14 guards who are threatening them with weapons.

Ridek takes a few limps forward.

RIDEK

(strongly)

I'll tell you! We're here to  
commandeer this ship!

SHERA

Ridek! Shh!

RIDEK

And if you fucks don't do as we say,  
you and the Prophet will be one in  
the sky.

CARLISE

Ridek, don't give them any ideas!

A moment's silence.

LEAD ACOLYTE

Are you threatening us?

RIDEK

Damn right. See this?

(holding up the tricorder)

I have this wired to blow all the  
explosives on this ship either on  
command or on my death. You don't  
do what I say, we all die. Kill me,  
we all die. Get it?

LEAD ACOLYTE

You would kill us all for this ship?

RIDEK

We need it.

LEAD ACOLYTE

You won't get away with it.

RIDEK

Yeah well, that's mostly up to you guys. Now, put down the guns, or we all go... boom.

He touches a button on his padd... Almost every Acolyte in the room flinches.

He smiles. They all comply and set their weapons to the ground. Shera takes charge.

SHERA

Now everyone. Get into that lift over there.

LEAD ACOLYTE

Are you crazy? That lift isn't big enough for...

SHERA

DO IT!!!

They move at her command, all of the acolytes stuffing themselves into the lift. They disappear a moment later, though the lift does sound as if it is way past its normal tolerance.

Ridek, reveling in his endeavor, leans over to Carlise.

RIDEK

Pious my ass. I've got another idea.

A wry smile.

INT. TEMPLE - HALLWAY

BANG!!!

A large explosion erupts from around a corner, debris and pieces of wall go flying.

Isaac and Zorin come around that very corner, guns blazing. Unseen Cult fire bullets into the walls around them, conveniently missing our heroes. Zorin dodges some shots and Isaac rolls.

ISAAC

This is working our better than I had hoped!

ZORIN

At least we're not skulking around anymore. I hate that!

Another eruption.

ISAAC  
Where's Siren?!

Three Cult guards rush around the corner, aiming their very large rifles at Isaac and Zorin.

Quickly, Siren rushes out from behind a nearby pillar and slaps one guy over the head. The other two look to see Siren and she throws her leg to trip them both.

She pulls a grenade out and drops it next to the downed guards and RUNS.

BOOM!!

INT. TEMPLE - HOLDING CELLS

Through the large doors come barreling our crew. All three lunge at the doors to shut them. Siren pushes a single button next to the doors which initiate a loud CLANK. Locked.

ISAAC  
The Cult never ceases to surprise me how stupid they can be. People can so easily lock them out of their own rooms.

They turns around to see...

More Acolyte guards patrolling the holding cells, now intent on the three.

ZORIN  
Well, this is all according to plan.

SIREN  
Where are all the prisoners? Adele?

We see no one is being held in the cells.

ISAAC  
Well, all these fine Cult guards about to shoot us do have one use to us.

ZORIN  
WHAT?!

Isaac throws down his guns and puts his hands up.

SIREN  
What are you doing?!

ISAAC  
 We've desecrated their temple!  
 They'll take us to where Adele is...  
 'cause she pretty much did the same  
 thing.

Isaac has a grin stretched across his face.

Siren and Zorin cover their face in humiliation as the Cult guards move in. They all drop their guns and surrender to the ever growing amount of Reds.

INT. TEMPLE - TEMPLE ROOM

Hatch's face greets us. He looks almost like he's been crying. As before, both him and Adele sit across each other.

ADELE  
 I'm actually glad they put you in here with me Thomas. You are a decent man. Though, maybe a bit eccentric.

HATCH  
 Thanks for that. I have to ask...  
 (a beat, he fiddles  
 with his hands)  
 Exactly, what year is it? I know it's quite a bit into the "future", but how far? I didn't even take a temporal theory class back in my day.

ADELE  
 I take it your measurements of time are the same as the archaic ones?

HATCH  
 Archaics? You calling me a name?

ADELE  
 No, it means old.

HATCH  
 Oh.

She thinks for a moment.

ADELE  
 So much has taken place. Records have been lost so it's impossible to really tell. Though, if I were to use the human standard scale... it close to the year 4427.

HATCH

Wonderful.

ADELE

Though, current time records indicate this year as 1450.

HATCH

Whatever. Say, do you think they'll get us something to eat? I haven't had food in days.

ADELE

Days?

HATCH

Well, A day. But still.

ADELE

We're scheduled to die in a few hours Tom.

HATCH

What, you guys don't believe in last meals?

The doors open...

They both look over with an amount of fear as it's probably Sovari. Alas, it is not. The door closes and Rol'Gin rushes in. Adele gets up and greets him with a smile.

HATCH

YOU!!

ADELE

Calm, Thomas.

(back)

Rol'Gin, what are you doing here?

ROL'GIN

Adele, I'm so sorry for not doing this sooner. I can't keep it a secret any longer. I've been a follower of yours for a very long time. Sovari knew this, but he thinks I've renounced my devotion to you, but I haven't.

Hatch raises an eyebrow.

HATCH

Huh.



ADELE  
 Rol'Gin, you don't have to...

ROL'GIN  
 Yes I do. I'm getting you out of here.

HATCH  
 (loudly)  
 And ME?!

ROL'GIN  
 (to Adele)  
 Is he worth it?

She smiles.

ADELE  
 Yes. He is.

Rol'Gin nods to Hatch.

ROL'GIN  
 If Adele believes it, it's good  
 enough for me.

Hatch's confusion takes a mild step back.

HATCH  
 Thanks. Appreciate it.

There is a beat.

ROL'GIN  
 We'll have to wait. I'm expected  
 elsewhere right now. But when the  
 time is right, I'll make the first  
 move. Goodbye.

ADELE  
 Goodbye.

HATCH  
 Adios muchachos!

An odd look from both of them. Hatch looks sheepish.

He takes off toward the door...

Suddenly like a ghost, PAU'ZAURIC appears in front of Rol'Gin!

ZAURIC  
 Rol'Gin. Wonderful to see you again.

Rol'Gin is in a state of shock.

ROL'GIN

You...

Hatch leans over to Adele.

HATCH

Who's that?! Was he here the whole time?

ZAURIC

Quiet! Sovari knew this would take place. He knew your faith is merely a coating on your tongue. Nothing more.

ROL'GIN

You were spying on us?

ZAURIC

That's my function. To watch people. Though, it's a job I'd rather not have. Sovari is going to love this...

The doors bang open.

Siren, Zorin, and Isaac stumble in the room. Acolytes lead them in, though more like shoving them in.

Thomas rears back.

HATCH

HEY YOU GUYS!!

Immediately, all three new inductees try to turn and run at the sight of Hatch. But the guards block them.

ISAAC

Great, hell before death.

On this, we...

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. TEMPLE - HOLDING CELLS

As the trio is roughly thrown into the holding cell, Hatch can't help but look extremely happy. But he smartly keeps from rushing forward until the Acolytes retreat and lock the heavy door.

HATCH

Oh man, you don't know how glad I am to see you.

(sees Isaac)

Well, with HIM here, I guess you can tell.

Siren, though visibly shaking with anger and humiliation at the surrender, does look glad to see Hatch.

As Siren, Zorin and Hatch converse, Isaac begins to slowly close on Adele, his eyes wide in pure joy.

SIREN

To be honest, it's a surprise to see you here.

Zorin is less than enthused.

ZORIN

Yes. It is.

HATCH

So how did you get here? A valiant rescue? For little ol' me?

(tears well)

I've never been so happy.

Zorin grunts in annoyance.

ZORIN

We did not come for you by any means.

(points to Adele)

We came for her.

HATCH

Adele? What's so special about her?

SIREN

It's not important. What we need to discuss is how to get out of here.

HATCH

Believe me, I've tried. If you can bust down the door, they shoot you. If you can survive them shooting you... they shoot you some more.

ZORIN

Thank you for the recap. What is the food and waste cycle in this room?

HATCH

If by that you mean the time they give us food and take our... yeah, never.

SIREN

What?

HATCH

Yeah, I haven't seen anyone besides Adele since my grand tour of this place. Not to mention no food.

(his stomach growls loudly)

See?

ZORIN

This complicates things.

HATCH

Hey, come on. If you came all this way, it should be easy, right?

SIREN

Not without our weapons.

Hatch's face slackens.

HATCH

Yeah, that may make things a bit less easy...

We cut away from this scene back to the lovestruck doctor, who is closing on the silent Adele, who is watching the other conversation with bemused disinterest. She somehow doesn't notice Isaac until he gently places his hand on her knee.

ISAAC

Hello, Adele.

She barely turns to acknowledge him.

ADELE

Yes? Shouldn't you be talking with them?

Isaac's eyes don't move from Adele, not even to blink, making him look all the creepier.

ISAAC

They can talk all they want. I just need you.

ADELE

Excuse me?

Isaac looks puzzled.

ISAAC

Don't you remember me? Jushai Prime?  
The last day? You helped me...

Isaac cuts off with small tears of pain and joy at seeing Adele again.

ADELE

You must be mistaken. I helped no  
one during that battle.

ISAAC

But you did! You dragged me out of  
the rubble...

ADELE

I did nothing but watch my brethren  
take up heathen arms against others  
in the Prophet's name, killing in  
his name. Destroying in his name!

Isaac isn't listening to her rant.

ISAAC

You don't remember... medic second  
class Isaac Sarola? We met there...  
You helped me.

Isaac's pain-wracked face closes up as he gets closer to Adele's. His already creepy demeanor is even worse.

ADELE

There was... a man with a medical  
uniform, that I remember. He was  
young and close to madness with the  
battle around him. I... told him  
the Prophet was with him even as  
everyone around me used weapons to  
kill others, staining their robes  
with heathen blood.

(beat, alone in thought)

It was then I realized that those  
who claim to follow the Prophet  
were doing nothing but working for  
their own ends, not his. Not  
anymore.

(MORE)

ADELE (CONT'D)

When men who claim to be civilized  
kill others for any means... it is  
an abomination the Prophet should  
not allow. And yet he does allow it.  
And still has to this day...

Adele can't continue as Isaac suddenly LEAPS forward and passionately kisses Adele! She shouts in alarm, kicking and punching with all her might. Isaac eventually grabs her arms with his, pinning her as his lips intertwine with hers.

When she does land a knee onto his groin, however, Isaac drops like a stone. The previously conversing trio turn to the scene.

HATCH

That HAD to hurt!

INT. CULT CRUISER - BRIDGE

Ridek is now sitting at one of the largest consoles on the bridge, Shera and Carlise at his flanks, keeping him steady on his injured legs. He looks quite content at whatever commands he has input.

RIDEK

And this button goes... here. This  
switch... flipped. There you go.

SHERA

Do you know what you're doing?  
Honestly?

RIDEK

Sure I am. Why wouldn't I be?

SHERA

Because you flipped that same  
switch six times already.

RIDEK

Hey, when you do these things you  
sometimes have to backtrack, start  
all over again.

SHERA

Not when you're trying to activate  
the console.

We turn to see the console Ridek is working at in greater detail. Indeed, it is dark as night.

RIDEK

Shut up.

CARLISE

This is ridiculous.

Carlise sighs and KICKS the console with all her might.

RIDEK

You idiot!

SHERA

That was rude!

But, almost immediately after the kick, the console hums to life!

SHERA

Oh... uh... very good.

RIDEK

Wouldn't have thought of that for a second.

CARLISE

Ancient Talosian secret. I swear.

Ridek smiles and gets to work. As he does, Shera's eyes dart to a large screen detailing the insides of the vessel. A large, red blob is heading right for the bridge.

SHERA

Uh... we may have a problem.

CARLISE

The hell is that?

Ridek doesn't skip a beat.

RIDEK

The crew coming back. They should've realized I couldn't wire the explosives with a little tricorder all at once.

SHERA

Smarter than we thought. You owe me some cash, Carlise.

CARLISE

Yeah, yeah.

The blob moves faster and faster, riding a very powerful lift.

SHERA

So, uh... how much time do you think we have?

Ridek doesn't answer, preferring to tap buttons like mad.

Unfortunately, Shera does get an answer. In the form of several guns jabbing into her back.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. TEMPLE - ROL'GIN'S ROOM

Rol'Gin stands at the edge of his bed. In his hand, he holds an extremely old book of scripture, possibly over a century old. The scene is silent and very tense.

Especially when there is a loud knock on his door. Rol'Gin jumps before he nervously answers.

ROL'GIN

Y... yes?

Standing in the threshold is not Sovari or some kind of horrible death squad, Rol'Gin's fear, but a very slight man dressed in robes several sizes too large. This is TOLLARIS, Rol'Gin's second.

TOLLARIS

Lord? Are you well?

Rol'Gin smoothes some hair atop his head and puts the book down on a nearby table. He tries to hide his anxiety with all his might but it fails miserably.

ROL'GIN

Yes. Yes, I am.

(beat)

What can I do for you?

Tollaris looks puzzled for a moment before clearing his throat.

TOLLARIS

Rol'Gin, I'm afraid I have orders from the local commander that all vessels have been locked down due to some trouble on the fire ship.

ROL'GIN

An incursion?



TOLLARIS

I don't know. I have ordered the helm to keep us in a low orbit for now, but I don't know if we will be moved.

ROL'GIN

That is wise.

Rol'Gin looks past Tollaris quickly before grabbing his second's shoulders.

ROL'GIN

Tollaris, until I give you a counter order, you are the commander of my vessel. Do nothing to attract attention to yourself or the crew. They've suffered enough.

Tollaris looks doubly confused but does not question, long used to strange orders.

TOLLARIS

I understand. Will you be rejoining us soon?

Rol'Gin sighs.

ROL'GIN

I do not know. Just follow my orders. Please leave me.

Tollaris, for a moment, looks genuinely concerned for Rol'Gin, but hides it under the veil of military discipline.

TOLLARIS

As you will.

Tollaris moves to close Rol'Gin's door.

ROL'GIN

Please lock it behind you.

Tollaris nods and does so, leaving Rol'Gin once again alone.

INT. TEMPLE - HOLDING CELLS

Adele is behind the solid wall of Zorin and Siren while Isaac tries to explain himself. Hatch watches from a distance.

ISAAC

I just... wanted you to know my feelings.

ZORIN

This woman can help us? Help you in ways I'd rather not discuss, but to think you'd do all of this for...

SIREN

You're sick, Isaac.

ISAAC

(slightly angry)

You don't know anything! She helped me survive my own home's goddamn destruction! She gave me the strength to keep going.

ADELE

I don't know you! Leave me alone!

ISAAC

You do know me! You have to! You're... my life! I'd give anything to you! Do anything!

SIREN

Then die already and leave us alone!

Isaac is but an inch away from pouncing between Zorin and Siren to get to his lady love. All three participants are shouting at each other their views while Adele cowers in true terror and Hatch watches with interest.

ZORIN

I swear when we get back, you won't have a place on my ship!

ISAAC

As long as I'm with her, it doesn't matter!

SIREN

Shut up!

The scene grows in chaos, building and building. Isaac rushes Zorin several times, but his mere human strength is nothing compared to the Hirogen's. Siren holds her arms out, prepared to strike out with her tendrils should she need to.

HATCH

Stop it!

Comically, the action stops when Hatch screams. And when he points to the door, the group turns in unison to see what he does.

ISAAC

Oh damn.

Standing in the doorway is another short Cultist, though there are several things very different, and very WRONG, about him.

First of all, where all other cultists wear red robes of smooth cloth to one degree or another, these robes are dark red leather, all of them dangling off his nearly skeletal frame, pulling him over in a hunchback position. But the weirdest things about him are his bald head, skin so pale that it looks translucent and his eyes, which are not natural but crude-yet-refined metallic implants that spin and click in precision. This is the CREEPY CULTIST.

CREEPY CULTIST

So you are the new ones to disgrace  
the temple. I am disappointed to  
see so few of you...

Isaac and Zorin stop their tussling and move in fluid motion to stand before the creepy cultist in the most intimidating manner possible. Siren circles behind, keeping a careful vigil.

The Creepy Cultist does not even look at them. As far as we know.

CREEPY CULTIST

Unfortunately, Adele and one Thomas  
Hatch have been selected to meet  
the Prophet in Sovari's little  
playhouse, so they are out of my  
hands...

Creepy Cultist's head moves to stare at Isaac in a move too fast to see. He smiles broadly, showing off teeth sharpened to razor points.

CREEPY CULTIST

But the rest of you... are mine.

He laughs in a way that would leave nightmares.

CREEPY CULTIST

You should have stayed on your vessel.

Still looking at Isaac, Creepy Cultist backs out of the doorway, still cackling and looking creepy as hell. When the doors close, Hatch comes out of a dark corner in mock bravery.

HATCH

That guy was CREEPY.

Everyone, even Adele, turns to Hatch and rolls their eyes as one.

INT. TEMPLE - SOVARI'S CHAMBERS

The hallway leading to Sovari's chambers tall enough to permit the Avalon to fly through on her back end. Well over one hundred meters from floor to ceiling. Pau'Zauric walks forward, his black form moving like a shadow across the immense structure.

It takes him five minutes to walk the entire hall. He approaches wooden doors over twenty meters tall, covered with carvings of mortal suffering and Cult vessels in glorious detail. Zauric lightly taps the door as if it were someone's home.

ZAURIC

Hello? Anyone home?

There is no verbal reply, but one of the absurdly large doors slowly opens by the muscle of three extremely large and berobed Naussicans who look both the epitome of suffering and joy. They stand in perfect silence until Zauric enters. When he is past the threshold, the gigantic aliens pull the door shut.

INT. CULT CRUISER - BRIDGE

Shera and Carlise are bound with tight straps of red leather and held at the far end of the bridge away from Ridek, who is holding his tricorder with one hand while blindly working at the console with the other.

RIDEK

That's right, I did it! It's all on this tricorder.

An acolyte approaches Ridek slowly.

RIDEK

STOP right there... I'll push this button. I will! Let me finish this!

The acolyte tries again.

RIDEK

What are you, dense!? I said stop!  
(pushes some more buttons)  
Yeah, just keep right there.

As Ridek keeps over a dozen Acolytes at bay, Carlise and Shera do what they can. Carlise has a gag over her mouth, blood oozing from under it.

An acolyte cowering in a corner has a large chunk of bottom lip missing.

SHERA  
Come on... let us help him. Look at his legs for goodness' sake!

ACOLYTE  
Shut up!

The acolyte moves to put a gag on Shera's mouth.

SHERA  
Come on... let us be. We won't stop whatever you have planned. We just... wanted a tour of the ship.

ACOLYTE  
Liar. We saw how you've desecrated our canisters with your... bodies. You will but live to see this vessel consumed in cleansing fire. I don' need to explain how you will witness it.

SHERA  
Maybe we can... come to other terms, then?

In her binds, Shera uses her last wile, her body, to try and convince the acolyte. But the restraints prevent her from doing more than wiggling in a weird way.

The acolyte looks disgusted.

ACOLYTE  
You heathens are all alike.

He stands and moves to Ridek. We keep on Shera and Carlise for a second.

Though Carlise can't speak, we can tell her expression screams: "You have so much to learn about men."

Ridek is now staring at the console, only half-heartedly holding his tricorder out to his side. Every time he hears a footstep, though, he lifts the device slightly, forcing everyone to take a step back.

Until the acolyte shows up behind him and grabs the tricorder in an extremely fast motion.

RIDEK  
HEY! That's mine!

The acolyte smiles grimly and PUNCHES Ridek in the burned legs, causing him to cry out in pain.

ACOLYTE  
Heathens like you are what are  
ruining this galaxy. Your deaths  
will not be soon enough.

More acolytes show up after the single show of bravery and bind Ridek quickly, making sure to be extra rough.

Just before they get his arms, though, two things happen.

ACOLYTE  
Would you like any last words  
before we send you to the next life?

RIDEK  
Yeah...

He presses one button on the console. Sirens and klaxons blare loudly!

RIDEK  
FUCK YOU!

Everyone looks on in fear.

EXT. PRIME - NIGHT

In the turbulent skies above Prime, everything around the massive temple is suddenly lit up almost as day!

Everyone for miles around turn to look at the spectacle, especially those aboard the Avalon...

INT. TEMPLE - TORTURE ROOM

The torture room is in the same hall as the holding cells, shown by the extremely similar architecture. Except for the many, many table-sized racks covered with bodies of species of all kinds, some mutilated beyond recognition.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)  
AUUUUUUUUUGHHHHHHHHHHH!

We pan over metal instruments almost too horrible to imagine, several of them covered in liquids of all colors and types. Blood of a more human variety, fresh and still viscous, already covers several.

As we keep moving, we see the Creepy Cultist moving about a larger table like a child in a candy store.

CREEPY CULTIST

Now let's see... this xreptacilic acid does wonders on your left arm's blood vessels. Look at that swelling! I'll have to use it on humans more often...

We keep moving to see Isaac, shirtless, covered with sweat and strapped spread-eagle to the table. In several veins on his body stick out several crude pipes and cruelly large syringes.

CREEPY CULTIST

Now, answer me this one question and I'll stop the flow for a moment.

Isaac doesn't reply but simply sweats and shakes in pain.

CREEPY CULTIST

Why did you sneak into our most holy of temples? Surely it could not have been for a woman.

Isaac doesn't reply.

CREEPY CULTIST

Excellent.

Creepy Cultist moves to a control console at Isaac's side and pulls a lever melodramatically. The tubes connected to Isaac firm up with liquid quickly pumping into them. Isaac cries out loudly.

ISAAC

ADELE! ADELE! ADELE! ADELE!

Creepy Cultist shuts the machine off.

CREEPY CULTIST

Hmm... most peculiar. Could your misguided feelings lead you to do something as stupid as this? Hmm...

As he thinks, Creepy Cultist activates the machine, listening to Isaac's cries like a very creepy music.

As Isaac suffers, Creepy Cultist waves two acolytes, almost green in pure horror.

CREEPY CULTIST

Collect him and send him back.  
Bring me the Deltan.





ROL'GIN

I'm... just going to visit Tollaris.  
He has something I need.

SOVARI

Is that so? Why did you not send for  
an attendant to see to this matter?  
Don't you have matters to attend  
that are much more important than  
simple errand runs?

ROL'GIN

Since you have taken the reigns of  
power... no.

Sovari laughs heartily.

SOVARI

Rol'Gin, you are always good for a  
laugh. Don't let that jovial spirit  
die in your final days.

ROL'GIN

I'll try not to. Remember the last  
words of the traveling merchant of  
Andoria. "My spirit will join the  
prophet soon. I leave nothing  
behind but my joy and my hopes."

SOVARI

Yes yes yes. I've heard the parable  
many times.

Sovari and Rol'Gin stand silently for a long while.  
Eventually, Sovari's eyes gleam with something.

SOVARI

I must be leaving you now, Rol'Gin.  
Finish your errand. I won't stop  
you. Good bye.

Sovari walks away still unusually happy, leaving Rol'Gin to  
keep walking, extremely confused.

As he walks, he is unaware of Zauric stalking him on his  
heels...

INT. TEMPLE - HOLDING CELLS

The mood of the room is now dour. Isaac looks weak on the  
floor, hesitantly tended by Adele. Though he doesn't look  
nearly as bad as he claims to. Zorin and Hatch wait by the  
door, both anxious for Siren to return.

HATCH  
So... how did you two meet?

ZORIN  
Are you serious?

HATCH  
I thought it would ease some of the tension.

Zorin looks out the door for a long moment.

ZORIN  
Perhaps it would be better if she told you.

Hatch nods, knowing he won't get more.

HATCH  
So are you two... you know...

He sways his hips back and forward in an indication of...

ZORIN  
No, we do not.  
(beat)  
Another thing she should tell you.

HATCH  
I see...

Zorin jumps suddenly and stares ahead.

ZORIN  
They're coming.

Zorin easily shoves Hatch out of the door's way as it slams open, emitting a very unconscious and shirtless Siren. The marks where the tubes entered her are all healed almost miraculously, but her out-of-waking demeanor proves that there is something much worse going on inside her body.

ZORIN  
Siren!

Zorin moves fast enough to catch the falling Siren, gently lowering her to the floor. Isaac opens his eyes at the commotion, reluctantly pulling away from Adele to see what's up.

ZORIN  
What did they do to her?

Hatch does his best to keep not only from fainting, but from keeping his eyes on Siren's almost serene face.

HATCH  
Is she alright?

ZORIN  
I don't know. Isaac!

Isaac stands and moves to inspect Siren with the cool hands of a professional. Adele is behind him, impressed at his sudden mood change.

He works for only a moment.

ISAAC  
Severe shock caused by a massive  
influx of...

CREEPY CULTIST  
Myochondriax Seventeen. My own  
special blend of Deltan maladies.  
She took it all magnificently.

Zorin moves to kill Creepy Cultist with his bare hands, but the same acolytes step forward with very large guns.

CREEPY CULTIST  
I had my fun, even though I will  
have nothing to report to  
Penultimate Sovari...

Zorin looks proud at that statement. Creepy cultist turns to the Hirogen.

CREEPY CULTIST  
It will take several hours to  
prepare the machines for you,  
animal. I promise you will feel  
more pain than you think you can  
handle. It's my own personal challenge.

He exits in a huff, allowing Hatch to once again emerge from the shadows to watch Isaac do his best for Siren.

HATCH  
Damn creepy...

Isaac is performing a quite stylized CPR on Siren, checking everything on her torso for signs of life.

ISAAC  
Come on... come on, dammit!

ADELE  
Will she survive?

ISAAC

Survive, yes. He must've diluted  
whatever he was using with too much.  
She's only fighting a few things.  
But will she ever wake up...?

ADELE

Is there anything I can do?

Though he's lost in his work, Isaac still lights up at Adele's question.

ISAAC

Pray.

Isaac, with his newfound, almost unnatural care, does all he can to help Siren not only breathe but survive to regain consciousness.

Hatch walks back and forth, chewing on his thumbnail and looking very disturbed, especially when Isaac's chest pumping or forced breathing causes her hand tentacles to extend a few centimeters then retract.

Zorin stands like a statue.

It all goes silent and tense.

Isaac looks desperate.

ADELE

Dear Prophet... please extend your  
wisdom to this man to save her  
life... please let her live.

Siren suddenly GASPS for air loudly, kicking Isaac off of her and grabbing her nearby shirt in the same instant. She still looks weak but at least awake.

ZORIN

Are you all right?

Siren tries to stand to show her strength, but can't support her own weight. Zorin catches her easily.

ZORIN

Don't try too hard. Let it pass.

As Siren relaxes in Zorin's embrace, she tries to speak, though it quickly fades into welled tears and soft sobs.

HATCH

I'm so sorry, Siren...

ISAAC  
 Be damn glad it didn't last much longer than it did. She's on the edge as it is.

Nobody has much time to relax or even enjoy the silence before the door smashes open again! This time it's Rol'Gin, however.

ZORIN  
 YOU! How much must you torture us!?

Siren's presence is the only thing keeping Zorin from ripping Rol'Gin in half.

ROL'GIN  
 Whatever you may be feeling about me and those I serve, Hirogen, it is well deserved. But I hope my next actions will redeem me in the eyes of the rest of the galaxy.

ISAAC  
 What are you talking about?

Rol'Gin disappears for a moment then reappears just as fast, this time brandishing every weapon taken from our heroes from before, even some extras!

ROL'GIN  
 I'm going to get you out of here.

INT. TEMPLE - CORRIDOR

Everyone runs for their lives through an endless amount of halls and corridors in the temple, all of them identical in shape and build. Zorin carries Siren in his arms as well as leading forward with his guns. Isaac, though not at his peak, is still only second to Zorin. Even Hatch and Adele are armed, though they don't look like they enjoy it.

Rol'Gin leads the troupe, holding a small paper map in his hands.

ROL'GIN  
 This way.

He leads them around a sharp turn to...

A group of at least six hundred soldiers and acolytes! Lead by an extremely pleased Sovari.

SOVARI  
 My very dear Rol'Gin. How I've been  
 waiting for this moment.

Zorin and Isaac move forward, ready to shoot their way out.  
 Hatch tries to follow but only makes a fool of himself.

ROL'GIN  
 No, you cannot win.

SOVARI  
 Wise words, wiser than I thought a  
 heretic like yourself could ever utter.

Rol'Gin tosses the map to Isaac.

ROL'GIN  
 Run.

ZORIN  
 But we can-

ROL'GIN  
 RUN!

Without question, Zorin and Isaac head in the opposite  
 direction, taking Adele and Hatch with them.

When they're long gone, Sovari and his acolytes surround the  
 now resolute Rol'Gin.

SOVARI  
 So it has come to this. Your  
 traitorous mind has finally  
 corrupted to the point of letting  
 other heretics loose on our most  
 sacred of sites. You disgust me.

Rol'Gin calmly looks at the gathered soldiers then at Sovari.

ROL'GIN  
 No... it is I that am disgusted in  
 you. The Prophet's message has  
 always been one of peace. Of  
 providing an example to the galaxy  
 as to what we COULD be. He has  
 never once said every member of us  
 must be armed, must kill those who  
 do not believe.

SOVARI

It is YOU who are wrong, Rol'Gin.  
You are not the penultimate. I am!  
I have spoken to the Prophet! I  
know what he wants, and I will  
ensure it comes to pass. It is my duty!

Tired of the speech, Rol'Gin rears his hand back and PUNCHES Sovari! The blow isn't especially powerful, but it is surprising.

SOVARI

How the mighty have fallen...

Sovari strikes back, knocking Rol'Gin to the floor! The penultimate follows, forcing Rol'Gin's face to the floor multiple times.

ROL'GIN

You will never understand.

SOVARI

I understand enough. I understand  
you have tainted our very religion.  
Our friendship. Over a misguided...

Sovari flashes a small knife in Rol'Gin's face.

SOVARI

Ideal.

From behind, Sovari jabs the knife into Rol'Gin's back, straight into his heart. Rol'Gin's death is mercifully quick.

SOVARI

In death, may you find his will again.

Sovari stands and looks over all of his stunned troops.

SOVARI

Go and find them!

The troops file out around Sovari.

INT. TEMPLE - LIBRARY

The library of the temple is a massive room, full of windows that open to the still dark sky. It is empty save for a single computer terminal connected to a mainframe half the size of the Avalon.

It is still and silent until Adele runs in, completely out of breath.

ADELE

In here! We can rest here!

Zorin runs in second, placing Siren down on a rather conveniently placed bench hewn of solid stone. Isaac and Hatch are next, both of them pointing their guns behind them.

ZORIN

What is this place?

ADELE

One of the mainframes of the temple. Every writing and piece of collected information is stored here.

HATCH

Awesome.

Isaac and Zorin move to cover the doorway, leaving Adele to tend Siren and Hatch to stare at the computer. Reverently, he sits at the only console and activates it.

ZORIN

Hatch, what are you doing?

HATCH

Just some research.

Zorin rolls his eyes again.

Hatch taps the screen over and over, pouring through uncounted amounts of information. Images of all kinds pass over the screen, including Federation vessels of the past that look familiar yet somehow alien.

When Hatch stops at a file named U.S.S. Diadem, he stops cold.

HATCH

Hmm...

Unfortunately, he taps the screen in shock, only to have it switch to U.S.S. Diadem-A, a Starfleet ship of such an alien design to be nearly incomprehensible.

HATCH

No no no! Go back!

He taps the screen furiously, trying to get back. Unfortunately, all he gets are progressively weirder and alien starships and people's profiles he doesn't care about. Eventually, Hatch slumps in defeat.

HATCH

DAMMIT!



On cue, of course, the door suddenly BOOMS with the loud pounding of a battering ram!

SOLDIER (O.S.)  
Open this door!

ZORIN  
Hatch, stop the searching and cover us!

Hatch looks quickly to Adele and Siren, who both look frightened and weak. Hatch reluctantly stands and stares at the screen, which now shows the profile of a silicon based life form. In frustration, he takes his handgun out and shoots the screen.

SOLDIER (O.S.)  
Weapons fire. Aim to kill!

The pounding gets louder and louder, making an impressive dent in the door's frame.

ISAAC  
It's not gonna last.

ZORIN  
On my count, we shoot, understand?

Isaac cocks his gun.

ISAAC  
Got it.

Hatch just stands like a frightened kitten.

HATCH  
Yeah, sure, whatever.

The door pounds one last time, throwing it open!

ZORIN  
Start shooting!

Zorin and Isaac cut down the first wave of advancing cultists, their shots all perfect. Hatch tries to shoot, but can't point it right.

In perfect slow motion, more soldiers than both fighters can take swarm into the library, pounding, punching and wrestling Zorin to the ground and easily shoving Isaac over. Siren tries to fight but can barely lift her head.

Adele looks down in shame.

Hatch's eyes widen as a gun barrel is shoved in his face.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. PRIME

Prime, in her glory, spins like a jewel through black space, sparkling oceans and green hills roll and twist under a veil of pure white clouds.

We slowly go forward, going closer to her atmosphere until we're flying just above cloud tops. Racing with us are several small vessels, all of them the color of blood red. They fly in perfect formation until dipping below the puffy cloud cover. We follow them until we find ourselves-

Flying over a city several hundred kilometers long, every sparkling silver building covered in red banners the same color as the ships. People line every street, all of them dressed in the same red color, making the streets look as if blood.

We continue flying until we're flying over a massive savannah, its grasses full of life of all shapes, several herds of massive animals walk by in proud procession, lead on by a line of marching people in red robes. A line that is several miles long.

As we fly, we find this line ends at a gathering so massive, it looks as if the ground itself is bleeding. Millions upon millions of people of all races face a single direction, something so far off, we can not yet see it. As we fly over this crowd so massive it goes off into the farthest horizon, we eventually see the object of their adoration.

We speed toward a vaguely pyramid-like structure, viewing more and more detail as we enclose. Eventually, we find a pyramid so massive, yet vaguely familiar, it dominates even the massive jungle that surrounds it. This is the temple of the Avatar of Light. It is a pyramid four kilometers tall and long on every side, angled perfectly with every cardinal direction. The vessels of the Cult fleet and those that have been taken rest nearby, under the shadow of a smaller temple building.

But through all this, people in their uniform red robes stand in unison, turning the world red in their presence. It is both perfect and terrible in its beauty.

We slowly begin to pull up after this awesome spectacle, into the temple itself, back into the very room from previous.

INT. TEMPLE - LIBRARY

Our group is in bad shape. Isaac and Zorin have been completely disarmed as several Cult soldiers hold them down while others take their boots to both male's torsos and legs. Zorin puts up much more of a fight, but can't even himself stand up against a dozen well muscled humans and other species.

Surrounded by ten guards with guns all pointed at his head, Hatch drops his gun.

HATCH

I give up. I give up.

Adele is treated not much better than Zorin. A dozen well armed men not only hold her down with their weapons, but several take the chance to punch or kick her. Siren, weak as she is, doesn't resist to simple rope bonds around her arms and feet.

Into this scene, Sovari enters, his face beet red and a large vein on his forehead throbbing. He surveys the surrendered group for a moment, his eyes locking especially on Adele before he speaks.

SOVARI

It vexes me very much why you...  
heathens... would desecrate ground  
so sacred to me and everyone around  
us. We have enough respect to not...  
trample your most private and  
respected places. And yet here you  
are in this repository, this  
sanctum, of the Prophet's most  
secret and guarded information.  
This sin is... nearly  
incomprehensible. It vexes me.

Sovari looks to Adele.

SOVARI

How the mighty have fallen. Your  
corruption has touched too many  
souls, too many minds. I long for  
the hour when your blood will seal  
this temple and keep it safe from  
others like you for all eternity.

Sovari takes his boot to the prone Adele and KICKS, breaking her nose with a sickening crunch.

ISAAC

YOU FUCKING BASTARD! I'LL KILL YOU!

Sovari doesn't even look down.

SOVARI

Restrain them and place the two heretics in shock collars. I'm sure the Prophet will forgive us for a minor expediency of his plans.

With Isaac still screaming, the Cultists obey the order. Adele and Hatch are bound with silvery collars and handcuffs that, when locked, emit a low buzzing sound. Isaac and Zorin are bound by simple cuffs, but Zorin's seem much stronger.

Sovari takes one last look at the prisoners before walking off.

ISAAC

Come back, you bastard! Come back!  
COME BACK!

He's finally silenced by the strong butt of a rifle against his face.

INT. AVALON - BRIDGE

The bridge is nearly empty of life except a very angry Azel and a very nervous crewman sitting at the helm console. Azel sits in Zorin's seat, his head buried in his hands. Tears flow freely from his palms, a testament to his knowledge of the explosion.

COMPUTER

Um... Azel? I can see something you should see.

AZEL

(quietly)

I don't care.

COMPUTER

You should. It's THEM.

Azel slowly lifts his head. On the viewscreen, the Avatar temple stands majestically and terribly. Very tiny pinpricks of movement can be seen at the very top.

AZEL

Can you... magnify it? Somehow?

COMPUTER

Sure.

The view suddenly shoots forward to the top of the temple, revealing a hub of activity.

Before we can comprehend it, however, we suddenly go forward with it, transcending the viewscreen to:

EXT. TEMPLE - TOP

The top of the temple, kilometers into the sky, is almost windy enough to knock everyone to their feet and off its sheer sides. Sovari and his guards walk slowly and carefully on painstakingly carved footholds, keeping posture and face on the horrendous ledge.

Our crew is brought up after Sovari moves to the edge of the temple, standing proudly before a group of people so massive, it reaches like a red ocean. Behind him, four machines slowly rise. Two are the general size and shapes of a normal bed, while the other two, rising from the center of the top, are nearly three meters wide and keep rising to ten meters tall. Spindly, metallic tentacles reach out at every meter, waving in the wind like flags.

Sovari raises his fists, a wordless command to bring Hatch and Adele forward.

HATCH

Hey, keep your hands off of that!  
Don't touch me there! OW! Stop that,  
jerk!

The Cultists that bring Hatch forward all share the same annoyed expression as they walk forward.

Very quickly, the two machines that rose immediately behind Sovari expand and transform into two upright beds full of spikes, blades and a rather nasty screw-like device at the head area.

HATCH

OH FUCK THAT!

Sovari lowers his arm, the signal to tie Adele and Hatch to the beds. Behind the group approaches the creepy cultist, his eyes gleaming a murderous light.

Adele is held in front of the leftmost bed while Hatch is taken to the right. The creepy cultist takes four leather straps from a hidden pocket and begins to bind the pair's wrists at specially molded loops.

CREEPY CULTIST

You know what these are? They're  
the hide of the last heretic to  
anoint a temple over six years ago.  
His death was dreadfully fast, but  
I think I've perfected it this time.

HATCH

Why don't you test it on yourself  
to find out first? You can have my  
spot. Here, I'll just slip out-

A soldier slaps Hatch with his gun.

Sovari turns to the two then to the rest of the prisoners  
standing just behind.

SOVARI

We will have to use these machines  
multiple times for each of you, but  
I doubt the Prophet will mind.

(wistfully)

He will arrive soon. Soon enough to  
watch you die and fulfill the final  
prophecy.

Adele's eyes widen.

ADELE

What do you mean? He is... here?

SOVARI

(venomously)

He is EVERYWHERE, ignorant one.

(wistfully again)

He will address all of his children  
before he reveals the final  
prophecy to all of us. This very  
temple was constructed to transmit  
his views not only to us on this  
world, but to everyone in the  
galaxy! Do you not see it yet!? The  
wonderful wholeness of it all?

(beat, to the air)

Begin the ceremony!

The soldiers around Hatch and Adele disperse and join the  
others around Zorin, Isaac and Siren in perfect order. They  
begin to march around the entire trio and the gruesome  
tables until they form perfect ranks and files around them,  
not a single man out of place.

Sovari stands still as the taller machines behind the tables  
begin to flap and whirl around in wind not created naturally.  
They eventually begin to expand, contract and move so  
rapidly that they form a perfect sphere nearly thirty meters  
wide. Amazingly, no tentacle touches anyone on the temple  
top, though several come within mere inches of some  
cultist's heads.

Sovari finally turns to see the wondrous device in its glory, watching as the tentacles move so rapidly that the sphere looks like a solid surface more than a dozen tentacles whipping in sequence.

SOVARI

I, the penultimate Sovari bow to the wisdom and power of the one who sees the fate of the universe and the soul! The one who transcends death and life to know the very secrets of the galaxy and all of us in it! I BOW TO YOU!

On Sovari's word, the sphere suddenly crystallizes into a metal ball of perfect proportions. And in this sphere... a face coalesces!

Slowly at first, like a fog rolling in, the face fills the entire sphere in a three dimensional image of a hooded figure that only exudes power. Though we can't see the eyes or nose, a very full beard pours out of the bottom of the hood and thin, crooked lips form at the top of this shaggy mane. This is the hooded face of THE PROPHET himself! As he speaks, we can only get the slightest hint of crooked but perfectly white teeth.

PROPHET

My children. My... beautiful children.

The red tide of cultists both on the temple and on the ground immediately kneel like Sovari, making a terrible red wave of people on the ground. Several thousand wail and moan in wonder and pain, both in religious fervor and of being crushed under thousands of other worshipers.

PROPHET

I am honored to see those who follow my message are such legion. You are all the strength of the galaxy, its strong will against the terrible forces of chaos and depravity that has reigned since that terrible cataclysm of old. The cataclysm that destroyed one galaxy but built a new one, one in which my message sprouted and grew until eventually, all will know the universal truths as I know them. You are all the saviors of this galaxy.

(MORE)

## PROPHET (CONT'D)

Each of you are a soldier in the army that will cleanse the darkness and leave my light in its wake. I am the Prophet and I know these secrets.

(beat)

Know that the end times are near. Know that the cataclysm that destroyed entire worlds will soon return, and you, my glorious children, are all that stand between destruction and salvation. But your task is not so complete or simple. You must... draw more. Only through bringing more into our glorious fold will they survive this cataclysm. Only by destroying the wicked and unfaithful will this second coming of destruction be thwarted.

(pause)

Thus is my message to you. Thus is the final prophecy. Go forth and spread my message. Go forth and eliminate those that will not listen and spare them the fate worse than death.

Sovari stands as the message ends. As he does, the Prophet's face slowly dissolves into fog and the perfect sphere dissolves into the same tentacles from before.

Slowly, the towers recede back into the temple, leaving the soldiers, Sovari and the prisoners the only things on the surface.

## SOVARI

You have heard his message. Now you will see it made flesh. These... heretics have done nothing but betray his trust and His divine message. Their false blood will make this holy site impervious to more unholy footfalls unto this place.

Sovari turns to Hatch and Adele, who sit still on their torture beds.

## SOVARI

(quietly)

Begin the cleansing.

CUT TO:



INT. AVALON - BRIDGE

Azel's face is a deep green as he watches Sovari speak.

AZEL  
They aren't serious. No way.

COMPUTER  
Isn't there anything you can do? We can't let Tom Hatch die. Or anyone else.

Azel stands, slowly looking over the bridge.

AZEL  
You're right.

As he turns to Siren's console, where the nervous guy is nearly passed out, Azel's face lights up.

AZEL  
Computer, can you tell me what all this does?

CUT BACK TO:

EXT. TEMPLE - TOP

The sadistic beds begin to whir to life, spikes along their sides pulsating while the head screws whir to an impossible RPM and begin a slow trek downward.

Hatch is beside himself with tears and snot while Adele stands resolute.

ADELE  
If it is my fate to die branded a traitor and heretic, so be it. It matters little in his eyes. I know I am faithful.

HATCH  
Ohpleaseohpleaseohpleaseohplease!  
Don't kill me!  
(sob)  
What's going on? Why'm I here? This is a dream. A dream.  
(sob)  
Oh GOD!

Hatch's sobbing gets truly pathetic, his face contorted by sobs and snot pouring from his nose. Even Isaac gets fed up with it.

ISAAC  
Shut the fuck up, Hatch!

But Hatch just keeps repeating the same thing to himself, just as the screw on top of his head begins to twist the most errant strands of his hair.

HATCH  
OhGodohGod! No.

Suddenly, all the sounds of the machines, the crowd and the wind atop the temple are dwarfed by a massive BOOM from the heavens! Everyone's heads turns to see:

EXT. PRIME - SKY

Prime's sky is lit up with the falling shape of the very Cult vessel Shera's team boarded! The vessel leaves a long trail of fire in her wake, falling fast and hard straight toward the temple itself!

INT. CULT CRUISER - BRIDGE

Shera, Carlise and Ridek sit around the helm console, Shera's arms freed while the other two are still bound. All of them are ecstatic with joy, unbridled excitement plastered all over each face.

CARLISE  
I can't believe that worked! You're a genius, Ridek!

The bridge rocks and tumbles like mad as the barely-controlled vessel makes its descent through the atmosphere.

SHERA  
Who falls for a engine core explosion? I mean honestly, I've heard of stupid, but-

CARLISE  
WATCH OUT!

On Carlise's warning, a small Cult cruiser almost runs right into the falling ship!

SHERA  
WHOA!

Pulling and wrenching the controls with all her strength, Shera barely moves the massive ship out of the way. The smaller ship escapes with only a few burn marks on her hull.

CARLISE

(dazed)

Okay... I think I just shortened my  
life a bit.

RIDEK

(same)

You can have some of mine... I  
don't need it.

CARLISE

(same)

...Thanks...

The clouds before the ship quickly dissipate, revealing the massive temple and the red ocean around it. All the activity at the top looks like nothing but ants scurrying about in perfect order.

Carlise's smile suddenly turns twisted.

CARLISE

Are you thinking what I am?

Shera looks to Carlise then back forward, her smile changing to match.

SHERA

You're bad. Very bad.

Carlise and Ridek laugh.

EXT. TEMPLE - TOP

The screw atop Hatch's head now has several strands of hair tangled into its maw, quickly pulling them out from the roots.

Hatch's face is still a wreck of tears and nasal drippings, but he is no longer crying, but half in pure terror and half strangely calm.

HATCH

OW! It took six months to grow that,  
bastards!

Unfortunately, nobody listens to him, especially as the falling ship SMASHES into the roof of the temple, her fiery exterior crushing and flash-frying several cult soldiers before they realize what's going on.

Sovari stays strangely calm in the chaos of sound and heat, even as his soldiers and guards die by the dozen under the fiery onslaught.

But the peril is not over yet for Hatch and Adele. As Hatch laughs in joy as the red vessel tears chunks out of robed men and the temple's top, the screw finally begins to make contact with the top of his skull.

HATCH  
 AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAUUUUUUUUUUUGGGHHHHH!

His scream is one borne from hell itself, the most horrible noise heard in this universe yet.

But it is really short.

Because the machine has been stopped.

By several slender, silvery tentacles.

HATCH  
 Am I alive?

Hatch looks over to the still prone Siren, forgotten by the guards in the chaos around them, with her arms stretched out to their maximum, her tendrils lashed out to their maximum, jamming the deadly screws and their deadly intention.

ADELE  
 Thank you.

Siren nods and yanks her arms back, tearing the screw devices from their holdings and crushing them with rage-filled strength.

HATCH  
 (loud laugh)  
 I SO owe you a beer or something!

Siren nods in appreciation before slowly retracting her tendrils and passing out in wonderful sleep.

Zorin, meanwhile, has easily broken from his restraints and is having a grand time throwing cultists from their feet to the bottom of the temple like a child would throw stones.

ZORIN  
 This feels good!

Zorin punches a cultist in the chest, knocking him back into a line of others behind him, knocking them to the ground and under the crushing belly of the flaming captured vessel now lolling about like a beached whale on the temple's roof.

Isaac is also suddenly free, taking a stolen knife to cult Adele's bonds and gently lowering her to the ground.

ISAAC

Here you are.

Adele moves immediately to Siren to check on her health. Isaac follows obediently, completely forgetting Hatch.

HATCH

Uh, hey, guys? A little help?

Adele turns to Isaac coldly, who hops over to free Hatch quickly before going back to Adele.

HATCH

Uh... thanks.

By now, most of the cultists are either dead or fleeing to safe corners, cowering in abject fear. The ship slowly lifts from the roof, her now bloodstained belly almost matching the color of the rest of the ship.

Zorin and Hatch join the sleeping Siren, worried Adele and impassioned Isaac. Unfortunately, Sovari quickly walks forward.

SOVARI

You... HEATHENS! Look at what you have done! There are no words to describe this... DESECRATION!

From a hidden pocket, Sovari reveals a very nasty looking gun, but looking slightly different than those we've seen before.

SOVARI

You must die! The prophet has willed it! It MUST be done!

Hatch walks forward.

HATCH

Dude... chill out.

Sovari merely screams like an animal and lowers his gun on Hatch's chest...

But drops like a stone when the report of a firing gun sounds. Sovari is merely hit in the shoulder, but it's enough to send him to his knees.

Isaac walks forward, brandishing a very small derringer-like gun.

HATCH

Thanks... again.

ISAAC  
He was aiming for Adele... not you.

HATCH  
Still... thanks, Isaac.

ISAAC  
(mirthless)  
Don't fucking thank me.

Hatch smiles and joins the rest of the group.

But their mirth ends when the captured ship floating above their heads is suddenly STRUCK by a powerful missile!

ZORIN  
What was that?

EXT. PRIME - SKY

We have a very grand and sweeping view of the temple. Already, the millions of people groundward are panicking, crushing some, killing others in a fervor unheard of before and will again.

And suddenly flying in from a dense cloud are a squadron of red cult fighters, their weapons blazing in deadly intent, all of it aimed at Shera's captured vessel! After launching six missiles, the ships break off, swarming like hornets over a wounded animal.

INT. CULT CRUISER - BRIDGE

Shera barely holds the ship together as it rocks and rends from the relentless assault.

RIDEK  
I've changed my mind! I want my  
life back, Carlise!

CARLISE  
Too bad, I just used that, too!

Shera merely looks forward with intent as she is slammed by another missile.

At least until the sensor monitor goes wild!

SHERA  
Um... what's that approaching...  
REALLY fast?

Carlise and Ridek move to look outside, just as...

EXT. PRIME - SKY

The fighters buzz around the ship and the temple roof, strafing both targets with powerful machine guns. Everything looks really bad until...

EXT. TEMPLE - TOP

Hatch jumps out of the way just before he is peppered with thousands of machine gun bullets.

HATCH

Whoah!

Isaac tries to shoot back with his pea shooter, but it only holds three bullets.

More machine blasts nearly tear the group apart until..

EXT. PRIME - SKY

From a wisp of smoke rising from the temple's damaged top fly two missiles, both of them striking two cult fighters and turning them into piles of shrapnel instantly.

An instant later, a black streak turns the smoke into an amorphous blob, flying forward with a vengeance. The Avalon is like an avenging angel, tearing through the atmosphere too quickly to be targeted by the cultists. She destroys the rest of the squadron within moments.

EXT. TEMPLE - TOP

Hatch suddenly pops up from the bottom of the screen.

HATCH

YES! OH FUCK YEAH! TAKE THAT!

Though Zorin or Isaac don't exclaim quite so loudly, it's clear they feel the same thing in the spectacle.

Just as quickly as the Avalon flies overhead, she appears at the very edge of the temple's roof, her cargo ramp extended fully. Azel stands at the edge, waving everyone aboard.

ZORIN

Go! Go!

While Zorin picks Siren up bodily, Hatch, Adele and Isaac easily hop onto their rescuing ship. Zorin just steps over the short gap.

ZORIN

Go to the bridge!

Everyone nods before running into the ship and closing the ramp.

Just before it's closed, however, Hatch turns around and gives the still-kneeling Sovari the finger with all his might.

INT. AVALON - BRIDGE

The Avalon's bridge is full of activity with everyone aboard save Shera, of course.

Siren pats Zorin weakly on the shoulder as he sets her down next to her console. She sits and takes control easily.

AZEL

(excited)

The computer and me... we flew the ship.

HATCH

And kicked total ass!

Zorin sits at his seat.

ZORIN

We are not finished yet. Take us into orbit and signal the other vessel to do the same.

Siren weakly nods and gets to work.

EXT. PRIME ORBIT

The Avalon and stolen cruiser slowly rise above the clouds into space. Unfortunately... a dozen fully functional Cruisers block the path to freedom, all of them pointing their missile tubes at our hero's ships.

HATCH (O.S.)

Shit.

INT. AVALON - BRIDGE

Everyone's eyes lock on the viewscreen.

ZORIN

Missile count.

The computer chimes in.

COMPUTER

Uh... six.

ISAAC

Six?



COMPUTER

And when's the last time you got more, huh? Not like I can magically replicate these things.

SIREN

How can we fight twelve cruisers?

Zorin pauses for a long moment then sighs.

ZORIN

We may have to surrende-

ADELE

You cannot.

HATCH

Excuse me?

Adele strolls forward, followed by Isaac, of course, and points to the underside of a cult ship on the viewscreen.

ADELE

If you can launch a missile at the sensor dome at the front of the vessel, it will create a blind spot under the cargo area for a moment. Enough for our damaged vessel to slip through.

Zorin nods.

ZORIN

Signal Shera and tell her of this development. Prepare to use their warp engines as soon as we launch our ordinance.

HATCH

Uh... this is all well and good... but how will we escape?

Nobody has an answer.

EXT. SPACE

The Avalon flies forward like a black knife. She launches six missiles in rapid succession, all of them hitting six cult ships simultaneously.

Immediately after, Shera's vessel leaps forward into warp, appearing just at the edge of the prime system.

INT. AVALON - BRIDGE

Everyone is smiling at the completion of the plan.

ZORIN

Excellent.

But the mood fades when the ship suddenly ROCKS by the impact of a powerful missile!

SIREN

We're under attack!

ZORIN

We cannot win! Signal surrender!

HATCH

What!? You just escaped Cult central, took on a bunch of their ships AT ONCE, and now you're going to give up?

The bridge SHUDDERS with another impact.

ZORIN

Shera escaped with the vessel as planned. They will find a way to rescue us in time.

HATCH

You idiot! They're going to KILL US!

ZORIN

(coldly)

Did you... insult me?

HATCH

I calls em as I sees em. You're making less sense now than you did before!

ZORIN

I should have kept you in the temple when I had the chance!

Zorin, in rage built up since he first saw Hatch, LEAPS up and grabs the man around the neck!

Unfortunately, the metal collar around said neck suddenly activates, sending Zorin into powerful SHOCK! He falls to the floor in a heap, leaving Hatch on his feet and very much afraid.

HATCH

Um... okay.

AZEL

I can't believe he did that.

ISAAC

I can't believe he didn't do it earlier.

Unfortunately, the ship ROCKS with another impact.

COMPUTER

Uh, yeah, there's a hull breach on the back of the ship. Just thought you should know.

Hatch leaps over the still Zorin. The ships SHUDDERS. Siren is quickly slumping over in fatigue.

HATCH

Hold it together, Siren. We'll be out of here soon.

Siren weakly nods. Behind Hatch, Azel and Isaac try to flip Zorin onto his back, but his heavy bulk is too much for them to move. Adele walks behind Hatch.

ADELE

So what do you propose?

HATCH

There's got to be something here. Some kind of ace in the hole...

Hatch looks around the bridge quickly, his eyes slowly focusing on a dusty console almost hidden under a broken light near Siren's console.

HATCH

What's that?

SIREN

We couldn't get that one to work. Zorin took the power from it and put it into my console.

Hatch nods and approaches the mysterious console, blowing dust off of it, sending it flying everywhere.

HATCH

Computer... what is this? Does it have power?

The console slowly and weakly powers up.

COMPUTER

She's right, they took a lot of stuff from it, but there's enough for it to work. I'm sorry, I don't know what it does.

Hatch presses a few buttons carefully. Nothing happens except the constant shudder of missile impacts.

AZEL

We don't have much left!

After a particularly nasty SMASH!, a conduit bursts overhead, jetting fire over the bridge! A console behind Zorin's seat EXPLODES in flames, torching the fabric of the seat badly. The doors out of the bridge are knocked out of their holdings, CRASHING to the ground.

Siren falls to the floor in final exhaustion. Hatch loses his footing, nearly falling on Siren.

HATCH

Oops.

AZEL

...We're dead...

EXT. SPACE

The Avalon is nearly surrounded by hundreds of missiles, their bright contrails illuminating the ship to perfect clarity. She looks beautiful in the light. Several missiles impact, one of them TEARING a missile launcher clean off! Another strikes a nacelle, darkening it quickly.

INT. AVALON - BRIDGE

It's a mess of fire and chaos. People scream and flail. Hatch has a gash on his head from the impact with the floor. Fortunately, he still works the console, pressing buttons blindly.

EXT. SPACE

More missiles surround the ship...

INT. AVALON - BRIDGE

Hatch moves to a large, red button.

EXT. SPACE

The missiles close in...

INT. AVALON - BRIDGE

Hatch touches the button.

EXT. SPACE

The missiles turn to impact and destroy the Avalon, all of them targeting the bridge! Their fury almost touches the ship...

Until it's suddenly surrounded by a glowing energy shield like those of old times. It's invulnerable fury easily dissipates the missiles and even sends a few flying blindly into space.

The cult vessels surrounding the Avalon stop firing in awe and surprise.

The Avalon's shield disappears quickly, but she is whole. Her powerful impulse engines send her to the edge of the system in but a few moments.

INT. AVALON - BRIDGE

The chaos is lessened, but almost everyone is unconscious save Hatch and Adele.

ADELE

You did it, Hatch. You did it.

Hatch weakly smiles.

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

INT. AVALON - CORRIDOR

Zorin walks stiffly with a much improved Siren. We join the end of their conversation.

SIREN

Azel theorizes that whatever protects the cult vessels from broken space must reside in their hulls, so he had a few of us clear the other ship's cargo bay enough to fit the Avalon into it.

ZORIN

It would explain why they painted our ships before we entered broken space.

SIREN  
 (continuing)  
 We'll use the ship until we're out  
 of Red territory then cannibalize  
 whatever we need. We'll just leave  
 it drifting in space wherever we  
 leave it.

ZORIN  
 Agreed.

Siren suddenly stops at an unmarked door.

SIREN  
 I'll stop here.

Zorin nods and limps onward.

INT. AVALON - HATCH'S ROOM

Hatch lies in his room alone, though it does now contain a  
 rather comfortable bed, obviously stolen from the Cult  
 vessel. Hatch is on his back, lazily staring at the roof.

SIREN (O.S.)  
 Can I come in?

HATCH  
 Sure.

Siren slowly enters the room.

SIREN  
 I just wanted you to know that  
 Zorin... appreciates your efforts  
 in saving all of us.

HATCH  
 So he's not going to kill me?

SIREN  
 (smiles)  
 Not today.

HATCH  
 Thanks, Siren.

Siren smiles warmly and exits. Hatch almost nods off to sleep...

COMPUTER  
 Uh... Tom? You awake?

HATCH  
 I am now.

COMPUTER  
I just wanted to thank you for  
everything. If it wasn't for you...

HATCH  
It's fine.

COMPUTER  
Still, thanks.

The room goes silent. Hatch's eyes remain wide open.

HATCH  
Uh... computer?

COMPUTER  
Yes?

HATCH  
You're all... sentient, right? And  
you're just as much a person as any  
of us.

(beat)  
I was just thinking... you need a name.

COMPUTER  
A name?

HATCH  
Yeah. Something so nobody thinks of  
you as just a computer. You're more  
than that by like... a million times.

COMPUTER  
What do you suggest?

Hatch yawns deeply.

HATCH  
I dunno. Something simple. Since  
you're the ship and the ship is  
Avalon... what about... Ava?

COMPUTER  
Ava? What kind of... I like it.

HATCH  
Really?

AVA  
Really. Thanks, Tom Hatch.

Hatch smiles.

HATCH

No problem.

As Ava "leaves", she dims the lights in Hatch's room to let him sleep.

But Hatch is no longer looking up at the ceiling. He is looking out the window. At stars both familiar and not his own.

We slowly pull out the window to:

EXT. SPACE

We see the Avalon covered by a massive red cocoon. As we keep pulling back, we see that she's snugly enclosed in the belly of the damaged Cult vessel. Both ships fly away at warp, slowly enveloped by starlight.

FADE OUT.

The End



Directed by  
David Livingston

Cast list  
Thomas Edwin Hatch  
Zorin  
Siren  
Isaac Sarola  
Adele Tiernan  
Azal  
Shera  
Ava  
Ridek  
Carlise  
Sovari  
Rol'Gin

Executive producers  
Joshua Legg & Joseph Burdette

Guest cast  
Acolyte guards  
Cult Soldiers  
The Unfaithful  
The Seers  
Tollaris  
Pau'Zauric

Post production consultant  
Mike Heriford

Executive consultant  
Jeremy Burnham

Casting by  
J. Legg, J. Burdette, & Tony Black

Production manager  
Tony Black

First assistant director  
Cador Davis

Second assistant directors

J. Burdette & Bill W.

Music by

Trent Reznor & Maynard James Keenan

Director of photography

Marvin V. Rush

Production designer

Paul Weaver

Editor

Stuart Baird

Art director

Paul Weaver

Set decorators

John K. Rouna

Armani Windbreaker

Construction coordinator

Richard Wright

Property master

David Gilmour

Special effects coordinator

Stan Winston

Camera operator

Ron Jeremy

Chief lighting technician

Harriet Jones

Key grip  
Roger Waters

Second unit director  
Frank Williams

Sound mixer  
Kevin Shirly

Head painter  
Picaso

Costume designer  
LaBoba Fetters

Makeup artist  
Spanky McFelix

Hairstylist  
Jose

Production coordinator  
Kerry Meighers

Script supervisor  
J. Reeves-Stevens

Production associate  
John Petrucci

Extras casting  
Mike Portnoy

Legal counsel  
David E. Kelly

Assistant to the executive producers  
Farie

Transportation coordinator  
Seth McFarlane

Visual effects producer

Paul Weaver

Post production coordinator

Brandon Bergman

Sound supervisor

John Myung

Sound editor

Jordan Rudess

Music editor

Hugh Jass

Re-recording mixers

Kevin Shirly

Re-recorded by XXX studios

Digital effects by Reader's Imagination studio

Special Thanks To

Duke, Heather, Farie, music, Grimm, and internet porn.

We love ya!

Thanks, acknowledgements, special thanks, filmed at XX location, filmed with PANAVISION digital cameras, [www.nov-net.com/avalon](http://www.nov-net.com/avalon), little symbol thingies

Events, characters and situations are fictional. Any similarities to any person, living or dead, or to actual firms, is purely coincidental. Copyright 2005 the Avalon Team. This script is subject to the laws of the U.S., Canada, England and the rest of the civilized world. And unauthorized duplication will result in a real paddlin'. And we'll tell.

An original Avalon production.

**Star Trek Avalon**  
**Shattered Heaven**











**Fade In:**

**EXT. PRIME - NIGHT**

Two Months Later

Once again, we see the rolling hills and distant cities of Prime.

We follow a straight, unwavering path to the top of the magnificent Avatar of Light. The wind blows around us, the moons shine brightly, and the top of the mammoth temple is within reach.

Atop, we see two people... Sovari and Rol'Gin! Both sit in foldout chairs, makeup only half applied, reading white scripts. Rol'Gin has curlers in his hair and white face cream slopped on his face.

Suddenly, Sovari "sees" us.

SOVARI

What the hell! No cameras!

Rol'Gin also takes notice of us.

ROL'GIN

(to someone off-screen)

Doug! Can you get these paparazzi assholes out of here?

A large security officer steps from off camera and puts his hand over the lens.

DOUG

Alright buddy, let's go. The shows over, go home.

BLACKNESS...