

BUNKER BORN: THE RISE OF NEW DETROIT

By Kasisi D. Harris

SETTING: It's nearing the end of a century long winter on earth post an asteroid cluster impact. Deep beneath the cities of the United States, bunkers are filled with the descendants of those chosen to escape the collision of the asteroid Wormwood with the Earth. On the surface of the Earth, life is sparse, but present. Small tribes of evolved humans, known as Techno Sapiens, huddle together in the surviving buildings.

PAGE ONE

SPLASH PAGE:

A bright, but overcast, sky lights an aerial view of sparsely populated downtown Detroit. Snow and ice cover most of the buildings. Only the tallest of buildings of the skyline stand above the melting remains of the post-impact winter. In the distance, two men walk away from the city's center toward a mound emerging from the snowmelt.

1 Caption: Old Detroit, one hundred years post Wormwood's impact.

2 Caption: For one hundred years the Earth has been a cold and desolate place. Many have died in the long lasting which has been unforgiving to those forced to survive on her surface.

3 Caption: Yet, for the first time, in a long time...

4 Caption: Perhaps the first time in the life of any living thing, a ray from the sun pierced through the clouds.

5 Title: Bunker Born: The Rise of New Detroit

6 Credits: Script: Kasisi D. Harris

PAGE TWO

Panel 1: Over the shoulder(s) shot of a mound of snow, melting to reveal a huge, circular, metal door. Faint line of derogatory graffiti are visible on the exposed portions of the door. The man to the left is KAI, THE OMEGA, appears 25, wears a jacket vest exposing his lean muscular arms and well defined shoulders, illuminated veins throughout. Next to him is a taller, more muscular, behemoth of a man, DEVIN, THE ALPHA, appears 40, has longer hair and wears a tactical jacket.

1 Devin: Cowards.

2 Kai: Survival is not cowardice, Devin. You, of all people, should know this having experienced harder times.

Panel 2: Over Devin's shoulder, we see Kai now standing at the entrance just a few feet away from Devin, one hand touching the door's metal surface near graffiti word, "Cowards".

3 Kai: I can understand why they descended. I just never expected for the snow to lift in my lifetime. I never considered what would happen if they tried to come back.

4 Devin: Nor have I. Sadly, our people may not share your understanding of, or sympathy for, the descendants of the Deserters.

Panel 3: Down Shot of Kai in a powerful stance. His lean muscular frame and glowing veins prominent. A shadow from the overcast sky stretches behind him as he still faces the door.

5 Kai: My empathy hasn't blinded me to the possibility of a hostile ascent to take back what they may believe is their birthright. This is not the surface of their forefathers. I won't just stand by and let them impose their will on us.

Panel 4: Big Head shot of Kai. Though his mechanical-like pupil and iris are hardly seen at a distance, you can now make out the details of them in this shot. Through his skin you can see tiny veins that seem to have light, more than blood, flowing through them. They glow, dimly, through his pale skin.

6 Kai: Let's head back to...

Panel 5: White Ben Day Big shot, with both Kai and Devin looking upward. A burst of light flashes in the sky as an egg-like object breaks through the clouds and streaks downward toward the ground a distance away.

PAGE THREE

Panel 1: Wide shot of an old abandoned snow covered street. The husks of cars, broken cement, and random debris litter the land. ANTHONY, 25, a rugged young man of average height and dense build, moves stealthily along a damaged brick wall. He wears a white laboratory coat cut more for tactical wear than lab work and a bandolier around his waist, that is mostly empty, save two green vials.

1 Caption: Mortar and Pestle Simulator, Bunker 313.

Panel 2: Tight shot of Anthony crouching by the edge of the wall trying to stay hidden while peeking on the other side. On the other side of the wall across the street lies a broken car husk.

2 Anthony: Thought: He's got to be there.

Panel 3: Close up of Anthony's hand grabbing a green vial from his waist bandolier.

3 SFX: CRASH! CRASH! CRASH!

Panel 4: Return to tight shot of Anthony along the wall, startled and looking in the opposite direction. Now, both of his hands reach for the two remaining green vials as he stares up at something off screen.

4 Anthony: Thought: How could I be so stupid!

PAGE FOUR

SPLASH PAGE: This should be a low angle shot over Anthony's shoulder from his crouched perspective. DR. BOURGEOIS stands, hands behind his back, on a hovering piece of metal floating a few feet above ground several paces away. He is calm and has an air of superiority about his stance. The metal platform glows a faint green. At his sides, two chunks of metal also glowing a faint green float, under the Dr.'s control.

1 Dr. Bourgeois: You'll have to do better than that, Anthony! The surface will be unforgiving: observe, decide, and act. Sixty seconds from application. That's all you'll get. Now, what will you do?

2 Caption: The Mortar and Pestle simulates surface conditions. White Coats spend countless hours honing the art of Deadly Influence; the application of nanites embedded into object to control them telekinetically.

PAGE FIVE

Panel 1: Medium Two Shot. As the chunks of metal fly down toward Anthony's position. Anthony smashes both vials on the wall next to him creating two green areas.

1 SFX: CRASH! CRASH!

Panel 2: Medium Two Shot. Before the chunks of metal reaches him, Anthony barrel rolls out the way.

2 Dr. Bourgeois: Good, Anthony! Nice evasion!

Panel 3: Medium Two Shot. A small debris cloud forms where Anthony once crouched.

3 SFX: BOOOM!

Panel 4: Close up on Anthony's face: tense and brow furrowed.

4 Anthony: Thought: He's not holding back.

5 Anthony: Thought: Neither can I.

PAGE SIX

Panel 1: Over Dr. Bourgeois' shoulder, high angle shot downward toward the debris cloud. Several bricks fly upward, out of the cloud, toward Dr. Bourgeois.

1 SFX: WHOOSH! WHOOSH! WHOOSH!

Panel 2: Medium Shot. Dr. Bourgeois jumps down backward off the platform and tilts it to block the incoming volley of bricks.

2 Dr. Bourgeois: Better! But now that you're out of vials, what will you do?

Panel 3: Close up shot of Anthony reaching down at his empty belt.

3 Anthony: Thought: I've wasted all my vials. Damnit, I have to be smarter than this. I can't give up now. I've still got a few seconds left.

Panel 4: Long Shot. Anthony dashes toward Dr. Bourgeois who breaks two green vials on pieces of debris toward his flanks.

4 SFX: CRASH! CRASH!

Panel 5: Over Dr. Bourgeois' shoulder we see a fast approaching Anthony weaving through the two pieces of flying debris.

5 SFX: WHOOSH! WHOOSH!

PAGE SEVEN

Panel 1: Long Shot. Now in melee range, Anthony launches a fist toward Dr. Bourgeois face, whose arm rushes up to meet it.

Panel 2: Long Shot. Just as Anthony's fist connects with Dr. Bourgeois' arm block. The environment turns all white. The two men stand frozen in position.

1 Female Computer Voice: Signal received. Ascension protocol activated. You now have seventy-two hours until ingress and egress seals are transitioned to local control.

Panel 3: Medium Two Shot. The men look up toward the ceiling.

Panel 4: Over their shoulders an angle shot toward the ceiling. We see a big holographic clock counting down from seventy-two hours.

1 Anthony: Is that--

2 Dr. Bourgeois: Never did I think I would see this in my lifetime.

Panel 5: Over Anthony's shoulder. Dr. Bourgeois is walking toward a wall. He raises his hand and a panel slides open revealing a dark passage into the next room.

3 Dr. Bourgeois: Come, Anthony. We must assemble the White Coats.

Panel 6: Long Shot. Dr. Bourgeois and Anthony walk into the darkness as the panel slides closed behind them.

PAGE EIGHT

Panel 1: We see a wide shot of a stadium-like space. Three formations of Bunker Born surround a square stage protruding from a wall. Stage left: A loose crowd of Engineers of various ages and races wear short royal blue utility jackets and black pants. Hovering just above them are metallic spheres with sensors recessed at various points. Each has a unique circuit board type pattern. Stage right: A loose crowd of men and women of various ages and races wearing olive drab utility coveralls. Down stage: A tight formation of men and women of various ages and races wearing long white laboratory coats. On stage, Dr. Bourgeois stands side by side with a woman in utility coveralls and a man in a short royal blue jacket. They stand behind MAYOR ANDERSON, 50, a clean cut man wearing a long black coat hands raised in the air to quiet the crowd.

Panel 2: Over the White Coats' shoulders, we see a long shot of the stage focused on the Mayor, his hands now down at his sides, and the three faction leaders behind him.

1 Mayor Anderson: Engineers, Logisticians, White Coats. Great Citizens of Detroit. If you're like me, you've grown up dreaming of a place that you'd never thought you'd see with your own eyes. Yet, here we are...

Panel 3: Medium Close up of the Mayor.

2 Mayor Anderson: Just days away from being able to walk in the same ground as our ancestors. But, we must proceed with caution. First, an expedition must be sent to secure a power source for our nanites.

Panel 4: Medium Three Shot of the three Faction Leaders: the White Coat Dr. Bourgeois, the Chief Engineer ALEJANDRO MONTEZ, 40, wearing the royal blue jacket of his faction and the Commanding Logistician EVELYN KAVANAUGH, 40, jet black hair with gray streaks throughout and an olive drab coveralls.

3 Mayor Anderson: (Off-Panel): Three of you have been selected by your faction leaders to be the first to leave our current home to secure our future one.

Panel 5: Tight Panel Long Shot of ELI STANOVICH, 25, arrogant, whose deep blue eyes that match the uniform jacket of the Engineers.

4 Mayor Anderson: (Off-Panel): From the Engineers, Eli Stanovich.

Panel 6: Tight Panel Long Shot of SEEKA JOHNSON, 26, reserved, a young woman of average height with long jet black hair and olive drab coveralls.

5 Mayor Anderson: (Off-Panel): From the Logisticians, Seeka Johnson,

Panel 7: Tight Panel Long Shot of Anthony Rayne.

6 Mayor Anderson: (Off-Panel): And from the White Coats, the leader of the expedition, Anthony Rayne.

PAGE NINE

Panel 1: Wide Shot of a room lit only by illuminated lines on walls in circuit board patterns. A desk sits in the middle of the room. It bears a similar circuit board design. Behind the desk the table, Mayor Anderson sits with a worn look on his face. Behind him, Dr. Bourgeois stands resting his hands on the top portion of the back of the Mayor's chair. Evelyn Kavanaugh stands on the left side of the table, (on the Mayor's left). Her arms are folded across her chest. On the right side of the desk, Alejandro Montez stands with his arms behind his back, his EA floating just above his shoulder. We see the backs of the Eli (his EA floating over his shoulder), Anthony, and Seeka facing the Mayor.

1 Mayor Anderson: That must've come as a surprise to you all, being selected?

Panel 2: Medium Three Shot of Eli, Anthony, and Seeka.

2 Eli: Mayor, if I might? Why wouldn't you just choose the faction leaders for the expedition?

3 Mayor Anderson: You're not children anymore, so I'll be frank. When the bunker door opens, we'll be on the brink of war.

Panel 3: Medium four shot of the Mayor and the three faction leaders.

4 Alejandro: Chicago wants to unify the whole of the Midwest under their flag by any means necessary.

5 Evelyn: You were selected because you are the most gifted of the three factions in your generation. You are more than capable of carrying out the mission. But, should you fall victim to an ambush...

Panel 4: Medium Three Shot of Eli, Anthony, and Seeka.

6 Seeka: ...Should we fall victim, the faction leaders will still be alive to protect the citizens of the bunker.

7 Anthony: We're pawns?

Panel 5: Close up of Dr. Bourgeois.

8 Dr. Bourgeois: More like a rook, knight, and a bishop. But yes, you're pieces on a chess board, and the future of Detroit is at stake. And now that you know this, what will you do?

Panel 6: Medium Three Shot of Eli, Anthony, and Seeka.

9 Anthony: We'll succeed. We have to.

Panel 7: Medium four shot of the Mayor and the three faction leaders. The Mayor and faction leaders smile faintly, in the way that parents smile when their children make a wise decision because of their teachings.

9 Mayor Anderson: Good. Now that you know your roles, it's time to focus on the mission. When you leave this bunker you'll have one objective, to secure the Old Penobscot.

10 Alejandro: Eli, you'll need to convert the antenna atop the building.

11 Evelyn: Seeka, once converted you'll have to apply the first batch of nanites into the immediate area.

12 Dr. Bourgeois: And Anthony, you'll need to protect them in the process.

Panel 8: Return to the wide shot of the room.

13 Anthony: Protect them from Chicago's troops?

14 Mayor Anderson: Yes, but there is one other possible threat we should talk about?

PAGE TEN

Panel 1: Wide Shot. Pristine white walls surround a workshop of human-like body parts. Wires hang from the ceiling and connect to the head of ONE, (4 months old), the upper torso of an android designed to be a six foot tall incarnate of George Washington.

1 Caption: Secret Facility hidden in the Inland Empire, CA. Two years before Wormwood's Impact.

Panel 2: Medium Two Shot. DR. CALLOWAY, (37), skinny more from stress than malnourishment, sits at One's side poking a tool at wires connected to the android's head while humming Dinah Washington's This Bitter Earth.

2 One: Are you sad that you were not selected?

3 Dr. Calloway: I was at first, but my children were selected, which means a small piece of me goes with them.

Panel 3: Over Dr. Calloway's shoulder we see One's face.

4 One: Dr. Calloway, you don't have any children.

Panel 4: Over One's Shoulder facing Dr. Calloway.

5 Dr. Calloway: I have One, and a piece of me goes with him.

6 One: Are you referring to me?

Panel 5: Medium Two Shot. Dr. Calloway places a tool on the tray sitting on the table beside him.

7 Dr. Calloway: You've got a lot to learn, son.

Panel 6: Wide Shot. Along the wall, three human-like figures, similar to One, are encased behind glass. The front of each pane displays a number: Sixteen, Thirty-Two, and Forty-Four.

8 Dr. Calloway: You all do.

PAGE ELEVEN

Panel 1: Wide Shot of a small room with several video monitors lining the wall all displaying different angles of the android One as he sits facing his inanimate brothers SIXTEEN, THIRTY-TWO, and FORTY-FOUR. Dr. Calloway stands side-by-side with KADEN VAREL, (54), whose silver hair and athletic build prove the pairing of brains and brawn doesn't expire after forty. The two men watch One on the screens as he sits facing his inanimate brothers SIXTEEN, THIRTY-TWO, and FORTY-FOUR. (Please note, some of the monitors should show a close-up of One's face, some should show an Asteroid cluster in space, and at least one other should show a space station).

1 Kaden: What is he doing?

2 Dr. Calloway: He's thinking.

3 Kaden: Why do his eyes flash different colors like that?

Panel 2: Medium Two Shot. Dr. Calloway stands just behind Kaden, who has his arms crossed in front of his chest. Both men still face the monitors.

4 Dr. Calloway: AI is a tricky thing. I needed some indication of what they were feeling. So, like a mood ring, I designed their eyes to change color based on their emotions.

5 Kaden: Like a mood ring. Fascinating.

Panel 3: Medium Two Shot. Kaden turns away from the monitors and faces Dr. Calloway.

6 Kaden: And of the matter we discussed earlier, are they ready? Can we trust them?

7 Dr. Calloway: If they're still alive, these androids will bring the two groups together. Besides, neither of us will be alive to see this through. Do we have a choice?

8 Kaden: No. I guess we don't.

Panel 4: Tight shot of Kaden focused on the monitor with the Asteroid.

9 Kaden: A great star fell from heaven, blazing like a torch, and it fell on a third of the rivers and on the springs of water. The name of the star is Wormwood. Heaven, help us.

PAGE TWELVE

Panel 1: Wide shot looking through a conference room window. Dr. Calloway's reflection can be seen staring out of the window. Outside, we see a picturesque view of snowcapped mountains in the background, and a rocket on a launchpad in the fore. In the sky, three bright lights pierce through the overcast.

1 Caption: Legacy Launch Site, Twentynine Palms, CA. Ten days until impact.

2 Dr. Calloway: Thought: If I only had more time.

3 One: Off-Panel: Father, are you nervous?

Panel 2: Over Dr. Calloway's shoulder, (he is facing the reader), we see One, Sixteen, Thirty-Two, and Forty-Four in a drab conference room, near its wooden door. Dr. Calloway is wiping away a tear from his eye.

4 Dr. Calloway: I'm happy.

Panel 3: Medium Shot. Sixteen, Thirty-Two, and Forty-Four are in the background. The focus of the shot is Dr. Calloway and One. Dr. Calloway's hand is on One's shoulder.

5 Dr. Calloway: You four are my gift to mankind, my greatest work. What is your prime directive?

6 One: To unite the Bunker Born with Surface Survivors.

7 Dr. Calloway: If anyone else asks you the same question, how will you answer?

8 One: To serve mankind.

Panel 4: Wide Shot. Dr. Calloway now faces the same huge conference room window as before. We see the reflection of Sixteen, Thirty-Two, and Forty-Four walking through the door. One remains facing Dr. Calloway.

9 Dr. Calloway: Now go. It's time. Go.

10 One: A piece of you goes with us.

Panel 5: Tight Shot of the rocket's boosters billowing smoke and fire.

11 Voice: Off-Panel: Three, two, one, take-off.

Panel 6: Long Shot: The rocket blasts into the air.

PAGE THIRTEEN

Panel 1: Wide Shot of a megalithic structure against the darkness of space. Beneath the station the curvature of a gray Earth fills the bottom of the panel.

1 Caption: Space Station One, Three hours prior to Ascension Protocol.

2 Caption: While the citizens of United States were forced to descend into Bunkers or seek shelter outside the blast area...

3 Caption: The President, his staff, and their families escaped the calamity by ascending to a secret space station.

Panel 2: Computer light from command and control consoles illuminate the interior of the President's Command Center. Two men stand around a hovering table. A holographic map of the United States of America lay floating just above the table's surface. PRESIDENT CLARENCE GILDER, (46), whose impeccable grooming and style does nothing to hide his skinny frame, slams his fist against the table. Behind the President, GENERAL TED CANDER, (45), stands with his hand behind his back. His tall height and broad features make him the living embodiment of a Greek god's statue.

1 President Gilder: Is this really necessary, General?

2 General Ted Cander: Mr. President, we'll have one shot to establish control once the population rises.

Panel 3: Medium Two Shot of the President watching General point to the Midwest Region.

3 General Ted Cander: The world needs to understand the might of their leader and what it means to show disrespect.

4 President Gilder: I know, but...

5 General Ted Cander: Tough decisions have to be made for the future of mankind.

6 President Gilder: One, bring me a drink of water, please.

Panel 4: Medium Three Shot of One standing between General Cander and President Gilder presenting a glass of water to the President.

7 One: President Gilder, the death of the Midwestern population is unnecessary --.

8 General Ted Cander: You are unnecessary. Leave, now.

PAGE FOURTEEN

Panel 1: In the control room, Sixteen and Forty-Four look at each other briefly from opposite sides of the control room before returning their attention back to their respective monitors.

Panel 2: Medium Two Shot of President Gilder and General Cander. Behind them and over their shoulder you can see the face of One. His eyes shine an Amber hue.

Panel 3: Long Shot of the back of One as he walks out the door and passed the Secret Service Agents posted at the entrance.

PAGE FIFTEEN

Panel 1: Wide Shot. A giant circular window reveals a big gray Earth. Several RESIDENTS crowd around the window to view the home of their ancestors. One leans against the wall, with his arms folded, near the entrance of this Promenade. He stares at the residents as they look out the window. A single KID, 9, wears blue coveralls with a patch of the United States flag on his shoulder, looks away from the window and at One.

Panel 2: Long shot of One leaning against the wall. The door is open next to him as Sixteen, Thirty-Two, and Forty-Four enter, their eyes shine white.

Panel 3: Over the shoulder of Sixteen, we see the kid pointing at them as they face each other in what appears to be conversation. His MOTHER, 29, wears the same blue coveralls, focuses on the child.

1 Kid: Why do their eyes flash like that?

2 Mom: That's how they talk to each other. It's not polite to stare, dear!

3 Kid: But, Mom --

Panel 4: As the kid looks out the window, we see the androids over his shoulder. This time, their eyes are red.

Panel 5: Wide shot of the promenade. We see the back of the Androids as they walk out the door.

PAGE SIXTEEN

Panel 1: Wide Shot of the President's Command Center. The President and his staff line the table with the holographic map. The is opening.

Panel 2: A Long Shot of the doorway. The door is open. An unconscious guard's limp body is being held up in the doorway, his head slumped to the right to reveal One's head behind it, with burning red eyes.

Panel 3: Medium shot of a confused President Gilder and his Staff. General Ted Cander, infuriated, points at the doorway. Three Secret Service Agents face the doorway.

1 General Ted Cander: Protect the President!

Panel 4: Wide Shot. The unconscious guard's body is on the floor. One stands just inside the room and stares at General Ted Cander. The Secret Service Agents draw their weapons. Sixteen dashes through the doorway toward the Agents.

PAGE SEVENTEEN

Panel 1: Wide Shot of Sixteen dodging, disarming, and debilitating the Secret Service Agents with effortless motions and great speed.

Panel 2: Medium shot of Thirty-Two and Forty-Four standing at control consoles within the room. The fingers of both their hands thunder away at the keyboards and controls.

Panel 3: One moves throughout the President's staff incapacitating them. Some of their bodies lay on the floor, others are falling, as the android approaches General Ted Cander.

Panel 4: Medium Shot of One facing General Ted Cander face to face.

Panel 5: Wide shot of the Space Station's exterior. Egg-like pods shoot from the station toward the gray Earth.

1 Thirty-Two: The main contingent of capsules have been launched. Twelve minutes until the remaining four depart.

Panel 6: Low Angle Shot from President Gilder, looking up at General Ted Cander as he glares at One.

2 President Gilder: Why are you doing this?

3 One: Tough decisions have to be made for the future of mankind. Correct, General?

4 General Ted Cander: Fuck you, tin can.

Panel 7: Medium shot. One strikes the General just behind the left ear.

5 SFX: KRACK!

6 One: Forgive me, General. Time is short.

PAGE EIGHTEEN

Panel 1: High Angle Shot. One looks down on the cowering President and the unconscious General Ted Cander.

1 Forty-Four: (Off-Panel): Missiles have been launched at coordinates that will yield no damage to the Earth, Moon, or Station upon detonation.

Panel 2: Wide Shot of Space Station with the back drop of outer space. Hundreds of missiles shoot toward the blackness and detonate in the distance.

Panel 3: Long Shot. One stands over the holographic table. His hands extended toward a holographic monitor that floats above the table in front of him. In the background, Sixteen, stands in the midst of downed Secret Service Agents. Thirty-Two and Forty-Four Stand watching One. The President, now the only conscious human that remains in the room, kneels beside the table, terrified.

2 Female Computer Voice: Ascension protocol activated. Seventy-two hours until ingress and egress seals are transferred to local control.

3 President Gilder: What the hell are you doing? It's not time yet. You'll kill them?

Panel 4: Over One's Shoulder as he looks at the President.

4 One: On the Contrary, Mr. President, we're saving them, and you. This is our father's will.

Panel 5: Medium shot of One as he looks at his three brothers.

5 One: We have three days until the Bunker Born surface. They'll need our help to survive.

Panel 6: High Angle Shot from the President's shoulder to the Four Androids near the door. One the last one in line out the door.

6 President Gilder: You'll leave us here to die?

PAGE NINETEEN

Panel 1: Close up of One's face as he stares back with white eyes at the President, now standing near the table.

1 One: Quite the opposite, I'm leaving you here to live, incapable of interfering.

Panel 2: Long shot. The President stares at an empty door.

PAGE TWENTY

Panel 1: Aerial Shot. A river of ice surrounds, Bell Isle, an island in the middle of the Detroit River. A short distance inland from where the land bridge connects to the island, steam rises from a clearing of completely melted ice and snow surrounding a smooth egg-like craft.

1 Caption: Bell Isle, Detroit.

Panel 2: Wide Shot. The sky is dark gray, as the hidden sun begins to set. Several Techno-Sapiens, light veins glowing through their skin, stand in a circle surrounding the egg-like structure.

Panel 3: Wide Shot facing the Techno Sapiens looking at the strange craft. Two men, Kai and Devin, walk through a clearing in the crowd.

Panel. 4: Over the shoulders of Kai and Devin we see JABREE, 17, a tall and musclebound Techno Sapien, wears a tactical jacket with fur that lines his lowered hood, stands between the two men and the craft.

2 Jabree: Omega Kai, Alpha Devin.

3 Devin: What have you learned?

Panel 5: Medium Three Shot. Kai, Devin, and Jabree are looking at the craft out of panel. In the background the other Techno Sapiens look toward them. The sky is darker now, and their eyes begin to glow a soft white.

4 Jabree: While it has minor directional controls in the form of the small grooves in its surface, it does not have any flight capabilities.

5 Kai: Perhaps its wreckage from the old world satellites. This wouldn't be the first time we've seen ancient trash crash down from the sky.

6 Jabree: There's one more thing... While we have not been able to find an entrance, the craft appears to be occupied.

PAGE TWENTY-ONE

Panel 1: Medium Three Shot. The three men stand closer to the craft careful not to touch it.

1 Jabree: What should we do, Omega?

2 Kai: We wait! Three of you stay here and stand watch over the craft. If anything changes. Notify Devin or myself immediately. Do you understand?

3 Jabree: Yes, Omega.

Panel 2: Long Shot. Kai and Devin turn to walk through the same opening in Techno Sapiens that they entered through. The craft, behind them and off panel, makes a loud hissing noise as if it's expelling a high volume of air quickly. They turn their heads back to look.

4 SFX: HHHHHIIIISSSSSS!!!

Panel 3: Close up of egg-like craft. Glowing lines on the craft's skin creates growing crevices exposing what's inside. A male humanoid with pale skin, eyes closed, and seated in red substance holding it in position.

Panel 4: Close up of the humanoids face. It is smooth and more human than the Techno Sapiens.

5 Kai: Off-Panel: Make Ready!

PAGE TWENTY-TWO

SPLASH PAGE:

A low angle shot of an android, ONE, standing directly in front of the, now open, egg-like craft. His eyes are glowing a bright white. He is clothed in a dark blue utility uniform. On the left side of his chest, he bears a nameplate that says, "One." On the right side is a patch of the ancient flag of the United States of America. His face displays a faint smile. The Techno Sapiens surrounding him are all in readied battle stances. While One stands upright and confident.

1 Kai: Who are you?

2 One: I am One.