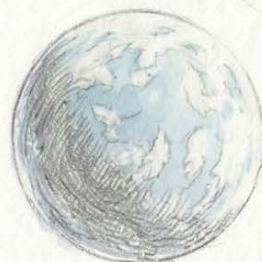




STARLIGHT AMAZONS

The Sphere of Memories



SPREAD 2 OPENING SPLASH SPREAD

FULL-SPREAD COMPOSITION

TOP HALF (DOMINANT IMAGE): THE SPIRE

A colossal orbital Spire hangs in the void.

It is beautiful.

Victorian-industrial elegance: brass ribs, filigreed structural arches, vast glass domes glowing softly from within. Fine conduits of light trace along its length like veins. It looks curated, deliberate, loved.

There is no visible weaponry.

No overt threat.

The Spire feels like a monument to civilisation at its most confident.

BOTTOM HALF (MIRRORED IMAGE): THE PLANET BELOW

Directly beneath the Spire lies a world in ruin.

Oceans are partially drained into **geometric extraction scars**.

Coastlines are unnatural, angular, bitten away.

Former cities are faint skeletal grids beneath dust and salt.

The planet is not exploded or burned - it has been **used**.

Massive siphon marks glow faintly where water, energy, or something more fundamental has been taken.

The Spire's shadow cuts across the planet like a verdict.

CAPTION (SINGLE, RESTRAINED, CENTERED LOW)

"Civilization gleams... even as it consumes its hosts."

No other text.

No logos.

No credits.

Let the reader *sit* in it.

VISUAL RULES FOR THIS SPREAD

These are important and intentional:

*The Spire and planet should feel aesthetically related
(same geometry, same design language - one refined, one violated)*

The Spire must look desirable, not sinister

The planet must look emptied, not dramatic

No ships, no explosions, no motion cues

This is not action - it is context

WHAT THE READER SHOULD FEEL

Not shock.

Not excitement.

A quiet, unsettling admiration.

The kind that makes the reader think:

"...wait. What did it cost?"

That question is the engine of the entire book.



SPREAD 4 THE WEIGHT OF HER

PURPOSE OF THIS SPREAD Establish Lyra's ethereal baseline. This is simply who she is. Show the crew's casual acceptance of her nature. Show something shifting. Worse than usual. Walk her onto the bridge naturally. End on the near-fade in front of the whole crew. No explanation. No dialogue about what she is. The image does the work.

PANEL 1 VOLUPTAS CORRIDOR, WIDE

A quiet moment between destinations. Lyra moves through a brass corridor, floating fractionally above the floor. Translucent skin. Blue-gold light pulsing softly beneath the surface. Viv passes her with a tray, smiling naturally. Doom glances up from a panel, nods, returns to work. Nobody reacts. This is just Lyra.

CAPTION (LOW, RESTRAINED):

She had always been this way.

PANEL 2 LYRA STOPS (MID-SHOT)

Lyra pauses mid-corridor. Her hand drifts to the wall. Not for balance. Something else. The instrument panels nearby flicker faintly as she stills. A soft, momentary sync with her pulse. Her expression shifts. Not pain. Like hearing something very far away.

PANEL 3 KYRA ENTERS (WIDE)

Kyra rounds the corner, sees Lyra. She doesn't rush. She doesn't call out. She simply crosses the distance and stands beside her. Close, steady. The gesture of someone who has done this a thousand times. Lyra straightens. Determined to keep moving.

LYRA (quiet):

"It's getting worse."

PANEL 4 UPPER BRIDGE (WIDE)

Lyra walks onto the bridge, Kyra at her side. The line still hanging in the air. The crew at their stations look up. Astra. Calyx. Lucette. All of them. No panic. Just attention. They know this person. They know this look.

PANEL 5 THE FADE (FULL WIDTH)

In front of everyone. For one terrible moment Lyra is less than she was. Her edges blur. The blue-gold pulse bleeds outward, her form uncertain, thinning. Kyra's arm is around her but holding less than it was a second ago. Every station on the bridge stills. Nobody moves. Nobody speaks.

PANEL 6 SHE RETURNS (CLOSE-UP)

Lyra is back. Solid. Gasping slightly. Her eyes find Kyra's. Kyra's expression does everything words cannot.

No dialogue. Let the image carry it.

WHAT THIS SPREAD DOES Establishes Lyra's nature without explaining it Moves her naturally from corridor to bridge The fade happens in front of the whole crew. More people, more weight, more silence Plants the instrument flicker. Seeds what Elara will later discover

THE PLAN

PURPOSE OF THIS SPREAD One problem, one solution, one decision. Kyra moves fast. No hand wringing. The purple nurse scans Lyra on the bridge. Kyra tells Elara it is coming. The nurse sends it on Kyra's nod. The cover story forms from one throwaway line. Chi is volunteered for the right technical reasons. Everything on the bridge. This spread moves like a decision being made.

PANEL 1 BRIDGE, WIDE

The silence after the fade. Nobody quite sure what they just saw. Then the purple nurse steps forward from her station. Calm, professional. She moves to Lyra without being asked. Her scanner already in hand.

PANEL 2 THE SCAN (CLOSE-UP INSERT)

The nurse's scanner reads Lyra's pulse. The display shows something complex. Unusual. Wrong in ways that are hard to name. The nurse's eyes flick up briefly. She keeps her expression steady.

PANEL 3 KYRA AT COMMS (MID-SHOT)

Kyra is already on comms.

KYRA (comms, controlled):

"Elara. We are sending you Lyra's scan now."

She glances at the nurse. A small nod.

NURSE:

"Sending now, Commander."

PANEL 4 ELARA ON COMMS (INSERT, SMALL)

Elara's face on the comm screen. Already studying the incoming data. Her expression tightening.

ELARA:

"This isn't a heartbeat. Her vitals are oscillating in a perfect sine wave. It's a broadcast."

A beat.

"Get her here to Med-Wing 4B. And Kyra. Someone is going to notice. Come quietly."

PANEL 5 BRIDGE, THE PROBLEM (WIDE)

Kyra turns to the crew. The unspoken question in the air. The Nexus Spire. How do they get there without raising flags?

PANEL 6 CALYX, CASUAL (MID-SHOT)

Calyx doesn't look up from her navigation console. Completely matter of fact.

CALYX:

"The Spire? There's always a function on."

A beat.

"Never a quiet berth there."

PANEL 7 KYRA AND CHI (MID-SHOT)

Kyra looks at Chi. Chi looks back. She already knows what's coming.

CHI (internal):

Oh no.

PANEL 8 KYRA, DECISIVE (CLOSE-UP)

KYRA:

"You're going to a gala."

PANEL 9 CHI, REALISING (MID-SHOT)

Chi's expression moves through protest and resignation. Then something sharper clicks into place.

CHI:

"I can ghost us through their network from inside. Nobody will know the Voluptas is anything other than transport."

KYRA (small, satisfied):

"Get dressed."

WHAT THIS SPREAD DOES The nurse stepping forward unprompted shows the crew's instinct for each other Kyra tells Elara the scan is coming before the nurse sends it. Logical and clean. Elara's response lands harder because the data is real. Calyx does her job in one line. Chi's role is correctly technical. Sets up the gala without dwelling on it.

resonance without naming it Walks straight into Spread 6 with everything loaded

SPREAD 6 THE DOCKING / THE DIAGNOSIS / THE LIE

PURPOSE OF THIS SPREAD Three beats, clean and sequential. The Voluptas docks. Chi disappears into the gala. Kyra gets Lyra to Elara. The diagnosis lands hard. Then the world lies to itself on a broadcast screen. The two halves sit side by side without comment. Let the reader connect them. Still no spectacle. Still no action.

PANEL 1 EXTERIOR, THE SPIRE DOCKING (WIDE)

The Voluptas slides quietly into a berth at the Nexus Spire. One ship among many. Nothing to see here. Beyond the docking arm, through vast glass, the gala glitters.

PANEL 2 DOCKING CORRIDOR (MID-SHOT)

Chi moves through the docking corridor toward the Spire. Already in the silk gown. Already uncomfortable. She doesn't look back.

CHI (internal):

I fix engines. I do not attend galas.

PANEL 3 MED-WING 4B, NEXUS (WIDE)

Elara's territory. High-tier, pristine, impersonal. Kyra walks Lyra in. Arm around her. Efficient, not gentle. Elara is already moving to meet them. Data scrolls faster than she likes on the screens behind her. She frowns. Then stills.

PANEL 4 ELARA, CLOSE (MID-SHOT)

Elara studies the readings. Her expression tightening.

ELARA (urgent):

"Kyra, this isn't a heartbeat. Her vitals are oscillating in a perfect sine wave. It's a broadcast."

A beat.

ELARA (lower):

"I am having to access secure systems just to read her."

A beat.

"If I am not careful someone will notice"

PANEL 5 KYRA, CLOSE (MID-SHOT)

KYRA (low, controlled):

"Then we make this quick. Chi can only make small talk for so long."

PANEL 1 V-SCREEN BROADCAST (BOXED, FULL FRAME)

A floating public broadcast fills the panel. A smiling Accord newscaster in immaculate attire.

NEWSCASTER (cheerful):

"Orbital Command reassures citizens that extraction metrics remain well within sustainable limits."

PANEL 2 SMALL INSET PANEL (BREAKING THE FRAME)

A ground-level worker watches the screen from a dim space below. The broadcast glow reflects in tired eyes.

GROUND DWELLER (internal):

We barely afford to live.

WHAT THIS SPREAD DOES The docking is quiet and unremarkable. That is the point. Chi leaving for the gala seeds Spread 7 without explanation. Elara's diagnosis is the emotional gut punch of the chapter. The diagnostic ghost plants the thread that leads to Mayara. Kyra's glance toward the door carries everything without a word. The broadcast sits alongside the diagnosis without comment. The lie and the cost in the same spread. The reader does the rest. Walks straight into Spread 7. The gala. Chi already inside.

SPREAD 8 THE DECEPTION BEGINS

PURPOSE OF THIS SPREAD

Introduce Mayara as a serious voice of reason.

Show the Accord leadership as arrogant and detached.

Establish Vane, Harlen, Seraphina, and Meilin's personalities.

End with the alert that pulls Mayara away.

PANEL 1 - WIDE SHOT, NEXUS RECEPTION HALL

The **Nexus Reception Hall**. Establish the "Gilded Cage"-brass ribs, crystal chandeliers, and elites in silks

PANEL 2

A small circle of Accord officials watch politely but without urgency.

MAYARA

"Your extraction rate is accelerating crustal failure."

MAYARA:

"The mantle is destabilising."

She rotates the hologram.

"Your extraction rate is accelerating crust failure."

PANEL 3 - HARLEN'S FIRST RESPONSE

Harlen responds calmly, almost amused.

HARLEN:

"Ambassador Mayara... the Accord maintains a carefully regulated extraction schedule."

She gestures dismissively to the hologram.

PANEL 4 - MAYARA PUSHES BACK

She steps closer, frustrated.

MAYARA:

"This isn't a schedule problem."

It's planetary physics."

The hologram zooms to mantle fractures.

MAYARA:

"At this rate the lithosphere collapses within a century."

PANEL 5 - HARLEN REFRAMES THE ISSUE

Harlen barely reacts.

She takes a sip of her drink.

HARLEN:

"A century is not a crisis, Ambassador."

It is a planning horizon."

Small smile.

HARLEN:

"The Accord manages sustained supply."



CHANCELLOR VANES DISMISSAL

PANEL 1

High Chancellor Vane watches the hologram calmly.
He looks at Mayara like she's being dramatic.

VANE:

"Planets are resources, Ambassador."

He glances at the crowd around them.

VANE:

"Resources are to be used."

PANEL 2

Vane smiles faintly.

VANE:

"Your passion for 'planetary health' is as striking as your silhouette."

Beat.

"But the Accord requires supply. Not a physics lecture."

PANEL 3 (wide)

Behind Vane stand their assistants, Seraphina and Meilin.
They whisper while watching Mayara.

SERAPHINA:

"Her head is as inflated as her chest."

MEILIN:

"Ambassadors are for the scenery... not the data."

PANEL 4 (Mayara Dismissed)

The officials begin drifting away.
Mayara shuts down the hologram in frustration.

PANEL 5 - THE ALERT (FINAL PANEL)

Close on her wrist-comm lighting up.

WRIST-COMM ALERT

"UNAUTHORISED DIAGNOSTIC: MED-WING 4B."

Mayara reads it, surprised.

MAYARA (internal)

"A ghost in my system..."

Beat.

"...someone is actually listening to the planet's heartbeat."

SPREAD 10 Chi's Gala

PANEL 1: GALA FLOOR WIDE

Lavish reception hall. Chandeliers. Music. Diplomats laughing and drinking. Chi stands stiffly among them in a tight formal dress, clearly uncomfortable. She holds a drink she hasn't touched.

CHI (internal)

"sooooo many people!"

PANEL 2:

Two elegant guests chat near her. Chi takes a breath and steps toward them.

CHI (internal)

"Don't say anything weird."

CHI:

"So... do you come here often?"

PANEL 3 – ESCAPE

Chi quietly slips away from the crowd toward the massive glass wall of the Spire. The noise of the party fades slightly.

CHI (internal)

"Oh my god. Why did they pick me?"

PANEL 4 – RELIEF / DISCOVERY (MERGED)

Chi leans against the glass overlooking the planet.

She exhales in relief.

Then her fingers touch the glass.

Tiny vibration lines ripple faintly through the surface.

Her expression changes from relief to concern.

CHI

"...that's not right."

PANEL 5 – MAYARA ENTERS

Mayara approaches quietly from the crowd.

Her wrist-comm still shows the alert.

She stops beside Chi and looks out at the planet.

MAYARA (low)

"You can feel the harmonic variance in the glass, can't you?"

Beat.

"Fourteen hertz."

PANEL 6 – CHI CORRECTS

Chi jumps slightly, embarrassed to be caught.

CHI

"Twelve degree phase shift actually."

She tugs awkwardly at the tight dress.

CHI

"And I hate this dress."

MAYARA (soft)

"You look beautiful."

ACCORD ARROGANCE

PANEL 1 – TECHNICAL RECOGNITION

Both women now face the glass.
The party continues behind them.

CHI

“The Spire skin is resonating out of sync with the mantle frequencies.”

Beat.

“No one else here seems to notice?”

PANEL 2 – ACCORD ARROGANCE

Mayara glances back toward the gala crowd.
Politicians. Generals. Investors.

MAYARA

“They aren’t listening.”

Beat.

“They’re too busy staring at my boobs...”

Panel 3

She looks back to the planet.

MAYARA

“...to notice the planet dying.”

PANEL 4 – THE HANDOFF

Mayara slips a small data key into Chi’s hand.

MAYARA

“You’re the ghost in my network?”

PANEL 5 – THE WARNING

Mayara leans closer so only Chi can hear.

MAYARA (low)

“Please, get this and your ship off this station.”

Chi looks down at the key in her hand.

SPREAD 12 The Decision to Defect

The Gilded Cage Closes

Panel 1 (Close-Up):

Mayara's wrist-comm flashes amber.

SECURITY PROTOCOL DELTA: UNAUTHORISED DIAGNOSTIC FLAGGED.

Panel 2 (Mid-Shot):

Mayara looks at Chi, who struggles with the restrictive silk of her gown.

MAYARA

"An automated sweep just caught your doctor borrowing my medical encryption."

Beat.

"In thirty seconds this room will be full of Peacekeepers."

Panel 3 – Tight Close-Up (Mayara)

No background. Just her face. Calm. Calculating.

MAYARA (quiet)

"Those are my protocols."

Beat.

"If I stay, I disappear."

Panel 4 – Same framing

Resolve settles.

MAYARA

"If I run..."

Beat.

"I burn everything."

Panel 5 (Action):

She turns toward the service exit.

MAYARA:

"There's a transit tube behind the kitchen's service elevator. It's dirty, it's loud, and it leads to the Med-Wing."

Panel 6 (Inset – Mayara tapping her comm mid-stride):

MAYARA:

"Gary. Pack everything. I'm going on a trip."

Systems Activate

Panel 1 (Gary – pristine penthouse interior):

Gary stands composed, already accessing systems.

GARY:

“Departure Madam?”

Panel 2 (Back to corridor – Mayara moving fast):

MAYARA:

“Immediate. Bay Nine. Discreet.”

Panel 3 (Gary – subtle drones activating behind him):

MAYARA (over comm):

“And Gary... Be careful.”

GARY:

“Always Ambassador, at your service”

Panel 4 (Action):

Mayara and Chi bolt through the service entrance. Music and laughter fade behind them. Metal doors slam shut.

SPREAD 14 Med-Wing 4B

Panel 1 (Wide):

Sterile, high-tier medical chamber. Monitors flashing red.

Panel 2 (Mid-Shot):

Elara leans over Lyra. Blue-gold light under Lyra's skin flickers jagged and unstable.

ELARA:

"It's not a fever."

Panel 3 (Screen Close-Up):

Two overlapping waveforms labeled:

PLANETARY EXTRACTION – SIPHON 01

PATIENT ALPHA

They are identical.

ELARA (off-panel):

"It's an echo."

Panel 4 (Kyra gripping the bed):

KYRA:

"You're telling me she's feeling the planet being drained?"

ELARA:

"As long as we're docked to this Spire, she's part of the circuit."

Panel 5 (Tight on Lyra – energy surging):

ELARA:

"If we stay connected, she burns with the planet."

Panel 1 (Doors burst open):

Mayara and Chi rush in.

MAYARA:

“The Peacekeepers are two levels up.”

Panel 2 (Kyra lifting Lyra into a fireman's carry):

KYRA:

“WE move NOW.”

Panel 3 (Elara grabbing a portable unit):

ELARA:

“And we sever this connection.”

Panel 4 (Wide – group exits Med-Wing at speed):

Alarm lighting begins to pulse.

SPREAD 16 The Architect's Path

Panel 1 (Wide Corridor):

They sprint. Mayara in the lead, silk gown torn at the legs. Kyra carries Lyra. Chi struggles but keeps pace.

Panel 2 (Opposing Corridor):

A squad of Peacekeepers rounds the corner ahead. Polished brass armor. Shock-staves ignite.

Panel 3 (Close on Mayara – no hesitation):

She slams a hidden wall panel.

MAYARA:

"The Peacekeepers follow the primary arteries."

Panel 4 (Wall hisses open):

A vertical maintenance chute revealed - brass pipes, pistons, dark depth.

MAYARA:

"We take the lungs."

Panel 5 (Chi looks at the chute, then at her gown):

CHI:

"Finally."

Panel 6 (Action):

She rips the silk gown up to mid-thigh.

CHI:

"If I never see another yard of silk..."

Panel 1

(Peacekeepers advancing, staves crackling):

Panel 2

(Mayara grabbing the ladder rungs):

MAYARA:

"Gravity's unregulated. Hold the brass."

Panel 3

(Kyra descending one-handed, Lyra over her shoulder):

Panel 4

(Chi follows, grease staining silk):

Panel 5

Peacekeeper at chute edge, too late:

They vanish into darkness.

SPREAD 18 DESCENT

Panel 1 (Vertical Shot Down the Shaft):

The group climbing through a cathedral of pipes and pistons.

Panel 2

(Close-Up – Chi's hand slipping on oil, catching a brass rung):

Panel 3

(Kyra's arm tightening around Lyra):

Lyra's skin flashes violently for a second.

Panel 4

(Mayara glances upward):

The circle of light above shrinking.

Panel 5

(Above – Peacekeeper silhouette at the hatch, unable to follow):

Panel 1

(Mechanical hum begins to build):

Panel 2 (Exterior Dock – Bay Nine):

The Voluptas powering up. Engines glowing softly in standby.

Panel 3 (Autonomous cargo sled gliding toward the ship):

Discreet. Efficient.

Panel 4 (Interior shaft – final descent):

Mayara lands lightly on a lower platform.

Panel 5 (She looks at the others as they regroup):

MAYARA:

“Dock Nine.”

Panel 6 (Final Wide Panel):

They disappear into the industrial underbelly toward the ship as alarms echo faintly above.

SPREAD 20 The Quiet After

Purpose: Show Mayara's transition into the crew through labor and reveal the Accord's "System Schedule."

Action: Reinforce the new team roles (Juno as the "hands" and Chi as the "mind") and deliver the big narrative hook:

Panel 1 (Wide):

The engineering deck. **Juno** is half-buried in a maintenance hatch. **Mayara** is kneeling beside her.

Panel 2 (Mid-Shot):

Juno slides out, wiping grease from her brow. Mayara hands her the wrench, looking at her own oil-stained palms.

MAYARA:

"In the Spire, we had sensors to predict failure and droids to fix it. I never actually... touched the machine."

JUNO:

"Machines don't care about your title, Ambassador. They just care if the bolts are tight."

Panel 3 (Chi's Station):

Chi is at a holographic table, watching a waterfall of cyan data.

CHI:

"Hull harmonics are holding. The phase-shift we created didn't just break the locks; it scrubbed the station's residual trace from our signature. We're invisible."

Panel 4 (Close-Up):

Mayara looks from her stained hands to Chi's monitors. Her face hardens as she remembers what she left behind.

MAYARA:

"They think anyone they can't measure is just noise. But the data never showed me that someone could hear a structural flaw through their fingertips."

Panel 5 (The Big Reveal):

Mayara leans in, her voice dropping.

MAYARA:

*"The data key I gave you... it's the **System Schedule**. They aren't just harvesting; they're preparing for a '**Final Draw**.' They're planning to evacuate the Spire and collapse the entire planetary grid for a century's worth of power in a single night."*

The Mission

Purpose: Connect the "System" reveal to Lyra's new status and set the course.

Panel 1 (Mid-Shot):

Kyra and **Elara** in the med-bay. **Lyra** is asleep, her breathing finally deep and regular. The blue-gold glow under her skin has settled into a soft, steady radiance

Panel 2 (The Monitor):

Elara studies a scan. The screen shows a beautiful, complex geometric waveform instead of a flatline or a fever.

ELARA:

"She's stable, Kyra. But it's like her mind caught a reflection of the planetary System before we broke the link. She's... dreaming in coordinates."

Panel 3 (Wide):

The whole crew gathers. **Kyra** holds the data key Mayara provided.

KYRA:

"We have the Architect's records of the collapse, and we have the location Lyra pulled out of the resonance. We are the only record left."

Panel 4 (Close-Up):

Kyra looks at Mayara, testing her resolve.

KYRA:

"You're a long way from the Ambassador's suite, Mayara. There's no turning back once you've seen the 'Record.'"

MAYARA:

"The 'scenery' was a lie. I'd rather see the truth from out here."

Panel 5 (Action): Kyra turns to the controls.

KYRA:

"Lucette... plot a course for the coordinates. Astra.. Punch it."

SPREAD 22 DOUBLE PAGE SPLASH

FULL-SPREAD VISUAL

Now that they have the coordinates and the "System Schedule" motivation, you transition into your original double-page splash :

The Visual: The *Voluptas* hanging in the prismatic aether as the Harmonic Drive engages.

Caption: *"The universe listened."*

SMALL, LOW DIALOGUE (BOTTOM CORNER)

LUCETTE (measured, reverent):

Harmonic engagement achieved.

A fractional pause.

LUCETTE:

Ship is... in motion.

VISUAL NOTES

No engine exhaust

No shockwave

No violence

Motion is implied by **geometry**, not speed.

The colors should feel:

beautiful

alien

faintly unsettling

WHAT THE READER SHOULD FEEL

Relief first.

Then a quiet question:

Was that supposed to work like that?

This page is the conclusion of the **Harmonic Jump** visual .

Visual: The right half of the *Voluptas* hanging in the prismatic aether .

Text (Centered/Low): * **CAPTION:** "The universe listened."

Note: There is no other dialogue on this page .

SPREAD 24 AFTER THE FOLD

This spread still does four things:

Crew decompresses after the Harmonic jump

Establishes the jump had *consequences*

Advances Lyra's condition without explaining it

Keeps the mystery intact

No Sphere. No artifact. No shortcut.

PAGE 17 (LEFT PAGE)

PANEL 1 BRIDGE, WIDE:

The bridge is dimmer now. Systems hum at a new, unfamiliar pitch - not broken, but altered. Outside the forward view, space looks subtly wrong, like depth itself hasn't finished settling. No alarms. No pursuit.

PANEL 2 ASTRA, EXHALE (MID-SHOT):

Astra finally releases the breath she's been holding.

ASTRA:

"We're clear. No active pursuit."

PANEL 3 LUCETTE, STILL INTERFACED:

Lucette studies lingering harmonic echoes, her movements slower now.

LUCETTE:

"Residual distortion present. Navigation uncertainty elevated... but stable."

"Also, be advised: System-wide resonance load has increased by 2.4% since departure. The Spire is already spooling up the primary conduits."

LUCETTE (continued):

"I do not recommend repeating that maneuver."

PANEL 4 - KYRA, TURNING FROM THE VIEW

Kyra gives a single nod.

No relief - just acceptance.

PANEL 1 MED BAY, QUIET (WIDE):

Lyra lies on a medical couch. The room is dim, insulated, intimate. Elara adjusts sensors carefully. There are no external devices, no artefacts - just Lyra.

PANEL 2 ELARA, STUDYING READOUTS (CLOSE-UP):

The readings are stable... but wrong in subtle ways.

ELARA:

"Vitals stabilized during the jump. But her neural activity is elevated... synchronized."

PANEL 3 KYRA AND MAYARA, OBSERVING (MID-SHOT):

Kyra stands rigid, protective. Mayara watches Lyra with a different intensity - recognition without certainty.

MAYARA (low):

"The Harmonic field didn't just move us. It listened."

"And the Accord is moving faster than the schedule predicted. At this rate, the planetary grid won't just collapse; it'll vaporise. We have even less time than I thought."

PANEL 4 LYRA, STIRRING (CLOSE-UP):

Lyra's eyes open. For a moment, she doesn't seem to be seeing the room.

LYRA (soft, distant):

"It's... clearer now."

PANEL 5 FINAL PANEL, LYRA'S HAND:

Close-up on Lyra's hand resting on the sheet. Subtle, almost invisible ripples of condensation form in the air above her skin - like humidity responding to an unseen tide. No explanation. Just implication.

CAPTION: *"Something had followed them through the fold."*

SPREAD 26 TRANSIT: THE ASK

A beat stretches.

PANEL 1 - EXTERIOR, VOLUPTAS IN TRANSIT (WIDE)

The Voluptas glides through folded space.

The violence of the escape is gone now.

The ship moves steadily, almost gently.

CAPTION (NARRATIVE):

Time returned, slowly, cautiously.

PANEL 2 - INTERIOR COMMONS CORRIDOR (WIDE)

A quieter section of the ship.

Soft light. Distant machinery hum.

Mayara stands alone near a viewport, arms folded, posture relaxed but alert.

She looks completely at ease.

Chi approaches from behind... then slows.

PANEL 3 - CHI, STOPPING SHORT (MID-SHOT)

Chi hesitates.

She adjusts her sleeves.

Opens her mouth.

Closes it again.

CHI (internal):

Don't be stupid.

She's busy.

She's dangerous.

A glance at Mayara's height. Her presence.

CHI (internal):

She's enormous.

PANEL 4 - MAYARA, SENSES MOVEMENT (CLOSE-UP)

Mayara turns her head slightly.

Not startled. Just aware.

Her gaze settles on Chi - curious, neutral, unreadable.

PANEL 5 - CHI, VERY SMALL IN FRAME (WIDE)

Chi looks suddenly, painfully aware of herself.

The corridor feels too wide.

Her voice doesn't come out.

PANEL 1 - CHI, MUSTERING COURAGE (MID-SHOT)

Chi inhales - steadying herself.

She does not look Mayara in the eyes yet.

CHI:

I-um-

I don't know if you... if you have time-

She falters.

PANEL 2 - MAYARA, WAITING (MID-SHOT)

Mayara does not interrupt.

Does not lean in.

Does not soften the moment.

She simply waits.

That somehow makes it harder.

PANEL 3 - CHI, PUSHING THROUGH (CLOSE-UP)

Chi swallows and forces the words out, fast, before she can stop herself.

CHI:

Would you-

I mean-

Would you like a tour of the ship?

The words hang there, fragile.

PANEL 4 - SCALE SHOT (WIDE)

Mayara steps closer - not looming, just present.

The difference in their size is undeniable.

Chi freezes, half-expecting regret to hit.

PANEL 5 - MAYARA, SURPRISED (CLOSE-UP)

For the first time, Mayara looks... genuinely surprised.

Not amused.

Not calculating.

Interested.

PANEL 6 - MAYARA'S ANSWER (MID-SHOT)

A small, warm smile.

MAYARA:

I'd like that very much, Engineer.

PANEL 7 - CHI, RELIEF & PANIC (FINAL PANEL)

Chi blinks.

Her shoulders drop - then immediately tense again.

CHI:

Oh-

Okay. Yes. Right.

Um-this way.

She turns too quickly and almost walks into a bulkhead.

CAPTION (NARRATIVE):

Bravery rarely feels elegant.

SPREAD 28 THE SPINE

PURPOSE OF THIS SPREAD

This spread shifts Chi from **brave** to **competent**.

She's still nervous - but now she's on home ground.

The Voluptas stops being intimidating and starts being *hers*.

This is where Mayara begins to see Chi differently.

PANEL 1 - FORWARD SPINE CORRIDOR (WIDE)

They walk side by side through the **main spine of the Voluptas**.

The corridor is tall and ribbed, brass struts arcing overhead.

Warm light. A constant, reassuring vibration underfoot.

Chi gestures ahead, finding her rhythm.

CHI:

This is the spine.

Everything important runs through here - power, data, life support.

PANEL 2 - MAYARA, LISTENING (MID-SHOT)

Mayara walks easily beside Chi, hands clasped behind her back.

She's listening - properly listening.

MAYARA:

It feels... deliberate.

Nothing wasted.

PANEL 3 - CHI, EXPLAINING (MID-SHOT)

Chi nods, a little more confident now.

CHI:

That's on purpose.

If something fails, you should feel it immediately.

She taps the bulkhead lightly.

CHI:

The ship talks. You just have to pay attention.

PANEL 4 - MAYARA, A DIFFERENT LOOK (CLOSE-UP)

Mayara studies Chi now - not the ship.

MAYARA:

And you listen.

It's not a question.

Chi flushes.

PANEL 1 - VERTICAL JUNCTION, SCALE SHOT (WIDE)

They reach a junction where the ship opens up vertically.

Ladders, gantries, and walkways crisscross upward and downward.
Crew move through the space with practiced ease.

The Voluptas feels **huge** - and alive.

PANEL 2 - CHI, A LITTLE SELF-CONSCIOUS (MID-SHOT)

Chi gestures vaguely at the activity.

CHI:

It's... busy.

Juno keeps the heart running, but everything else depends on flow.

PANEL 3 - MAYARA, IMPRESSED (MID-SHOT)

Mayara looks out over the space, genuinely impressed.

MAYARA:

You didn't build a ship.

You built an ecosystem.

PANEL 4 - CHI, QUIET PRIDE (CLOSE-UP)

Chi smiles - small, real.

CHI:

We try not to break it.

PANEL 5 - END-OF-SPREAD PANEL: WALKING ON

They continue forward into the spine, conversation flowing more easily now.

Chi walks a fraction taller than before.

CAPTION (NARRATIVE):

Fear gave way to familiarity.

SPREAD 30 THE CONTRAST (REWORKED)

PURPOSE OF THIS SPREAD

This spread introduces humanity and class contrast.

It shows:

why Chi values the Voluptas the way she does

how the crew actually lives

how Mayara reads power structures — and respects Chi's choices

This is also where Chi becomes slightly embarrassed, not by Mayara, but by exposure.

PANEL 1 - THE PERCH (WIDE, ESTABLISHING)

The Perch.

A warm, layered communal space. Brass railings curve around a sunken seating area. Soft amber light. Low music. The hum of the ship underneath it all.

Crew and performers share the space without hierarchy — lounging, talking, laughing.

This is not a lounge built for status. It's a place people stay.

Chi and Mayara enter from the edge of frame.

CHI: (off-panel, just ahead, casual):

This is the Perch

PANEL 2 - LIFE IN MOTION (MID/WIDE)

The space breathes.

Viv moves through the room carrying drinks, mid-laugh, effortlessly commanding attention without demanding it.

A small troupe occupy part of the space — relaxed, expressive, bodies at ease.

Someone raises a mug toward Chi as she passes.

No one stops what they're doing.

No one performs for the newcomers.

PANEL 3 - CHI, PRE-EMPTIVE APOLOGY (MID-SHOT)

Chi fidgets with her **suit**, keeping a shy distance from Mayara.

CHI:

It's... lived in.

You don't have to dress up here.

I mean, you can, but..

She winces slightly at the word.

PANEL 4 - MAYARA, OBSERVING THE ROOM (MID-SHOT)

Mayara takes it in — not judging, not analysing for advantage. Just seeing it. People. Movement. Ease.

A quiet exhale.

MAYARA:

It's a relief.

It feels like a place where people actually breathe.

A beat

And enjoy one another

PANEL 1 - BAR EDGE, QUIET MOMENT (CLOSE-UP)

Chi's hand brushes a smooth, worn spot on the brass railing.

CHI:

I felt so uncomfortable back there. On the Spire, in that gown...

PANEL 2 - CHI, PHYSICAL MEMORY (MID-SHOT)

Chi gestures awkwardly at her waist, remembering.

CHI:

I felt like I was wearing a cage.

I couldn't even walk right.

PANEL 3 - MAYARA, TURNING TO CHI (CLOSE-UP)

Mayara looks at Chi with a steady, knowing expression.

No teasing. No performance.

MAYARA:

You looked beautiful, Chi.

A small beat.

But I know the feeling. Gowns are my armour.

They keep the conversation where I want it.

PANEL 4 - CHI, CAUGHT OFF-GUARD (MID-SHOT)

Chi flushes, looking down at her suit

CHI:

I'll stick to this.

I'd rather just hear the ship than the rustle of silk

PANEL 5 - MAYARA, UNDERSTANDING (CLOSE-UP))

Mayara glances at Chi's attire with a quiet, appreciative nod.

MAYARA:

I agree. Besides... burgundy suits you.

SPREAD 32 THE PEAK

PURPOSE OF THIS SPREAD

This spread introduces luxury, excess, and vulnerability.

It is not about indulgence.

It is about **exposure**.

Chi reaches the edge of her comfort.

Mayara notices - and does *not* cross it.

This is restraint. This is trust.

PANEL 1 - STAIRWELL / LIFT SHAFT, UPWARD VIEW (WIDE, TALL PANEL)

They arrive at a vertical access point.

Above them:

Glass. Light. Reflections that ripple like water on the ceiling.

The ship changes character here.

Chi slows to a stop.

PANEL 2 - CHI, UNEASY (MID-SHOT)

Chi gestures upward, awkwardly.

CHI:

That's... the upper deck.

The Celestial Suite.

She avoids Mayara's eyes.

PANEL 3 - MAYARA, GLANCING UP (MID-SHOT)

Mayara looks upward, intrigued.

MAYARA:

Let me guess.

That's where the Voluptas stops pretending to be sensible.

PANEL 4 - CHI, DEFENSIVE HONESTY (CLOSE-UP)

Chi exhales.

CHI:

It's... unnecessary.

Pools. Observation glass. Water just sitting there.

A beat.

CHI:

It takes an absurd amount of power to keep it stable.

PANEL 1 - GLASS ABOVE, LUXURY TEASE (WIDE)

Through the glass above, we glimpse it:

Water suspended in slow motion.

Soft lighting. Curved architecture. A world apart.

Beautiful. Excessive. Almost surreal.

PANEL 2 - MAYARA, THOUGHTFUL (MID-SHOT)

Mayara studies the structure - not with desire, but calculation.

MAYARA:

Beauty as proof of control.

She glances back to Chi.

MAYARA:

The Accord loves that.

PANEL 3 - CHI, QUIET DISCOMFORT (MID-SHOT)

Chi shifts her weight.

CHI:

I didn't design it.

I just... make sure it doesn't break.

PANEL 4 - MAYARA, AWARE (CLOSE-UP)

Mayara sees it now - the tension, the discomfort.

She does not push.

MAYARA:

Then we don't need to go up there.

PANEL 5 - CHI, RELIEF (SMALL PANEL)

Chi lets out a breath she didn't realise she was holding.

PANEL 6 - END PANEL, TURNING AWAY (WIDE)

They turn back down the stairwell, returning to the heart of the ship.

The luxury remains above them - untouched.

CAPTION (NARRATIVE):

The most important doors are the ones we wait to open.

SPREAD 34 SEPARATION

PURPOSE OF THIS SPREAD

This spread does three crucial things:

Ends the tour without payoff

Leaves the connection **unresolved but real**

Clears narrative space for the planet to intrude next

This is not rejection.

This is **containment**.

PANEL 1 - LOWER CORRIDOR, RETURNING (WIDE)

They walk back through a quieter corridor.

The ship's hum is steady now - settled.

Chi is relaxed... and then suddenly remembers herself.

PANEL 2 - CHI, REALISING (MID-SHOT)

Chi stops walking.

She rubs the back of her neck, flustered.

CHI:

I-

I should probably get back to systems.

A beat.

Make sure nothing explodes.

PANEL 3 - MAYARA, ACCEPTING (MID-SHOT)

Mayara nods easily.

No disappointment. No pressure.

MAYARA:

Of course.

PANEL 4 - CHI, TOO QUICK (SMALL PANEL)

Chi gives a short, awkward nod.

CHI:

It was-

I mean-

Thank you for coming.

She turns too fast and starts walking away.

SPREAD 35 ADJUSTED

PANEL 1 - MAYARA, STEPPING ASIDE (MID-SHOT)

As Chi turns to leave, Mayara steps half a pace aside - giving her space, not blocking her path.

A casual gesture, but intentional.

MAYARA:

Well... I'll leave you to it.

A beat - then, lightly:

MAYARA:

Don't worry.

I know where my room is.

The line lands gently. No pressure. No tease sharpened into a blade.

PANEL 2 - CHI, CAUGHT BUT RELIEVED (MID-SHOT)

Chi pauses - just a fraction.

She nods, grateful.

CHI:

Right.

Good.

She leaves - still flustered, but not embarrassed.

PANEL 3 - MAYARA, ALONE NOW (WIDE)

Mayara watches Chi go.

Not hungry.

Not possessive.

Thoughtful.

PANEL 4 - MAYARA, INTERNAL (CLOSE-UP)

That same small smile - now with clarity.

MAYARA (internal):

Careful. Courage like that deserves patience.

SPREAD 36 FIRST DETECTION OF THALASSARA

PANEL 1 BRIDGE, LOW ACTIVITY (WIDE):

The bridge is calm. Astra at the helm. Lucette monitoring long-range projections. Kyra stands nearby, present but not tense. The ship hums, settled after transit .

PANEL 2 LUCETTE, PAUSE IN DATA (CLOSE-UP):

Lucette's projections hesitate. A ripple of distortion passes through the display .

LUCETTE:

"Long-range sensors registering anomaly."

PANEL 3 ASTRA, ALERT (MID-SHOT):

Astra straightens slightly .

ASTRA:

"Define anomaly?"

PANEL 4 LUCETTE, PRECISION (MID-SHOT):

Lucette refines the scan. The hologram resolves into faint, layered harmonic echoes.

LUCETTE:

"Gravitational and electromagnetic signatures overlapping. Consistent with a planetary mass... but unstable."

PANEL 5 KYRA, RECOGNISING PATTERN (CLOSE-UP):

Kyra studies the projection.

KYRA:

"That's not natural drift."

NEW PANEL 6 MAYARA, THE ARCHITECT (MID-SHOT):

Mayara steps forward from the shadows of the bridge, her eyes fixed on the flickering blue hologram of the planet.

MAYARA (whispering):

"I remember the bathymetric surveys for this hemisphere. I told the Directors the oceanic crust couldn't handle the pressure of the siphons. They thanked me for the data... and doubled the drill speed."

PANEL 1 - MED BAY, LYRA REACTS (MID-SHOT)

Lyra stiffens on her medical couch.

Her hand grips the edge as if bracing against an unseen tide.

LYRA:

It's-

It's louder.

PANEL 2 - ELARA, MOVING TO HER (MID-SHOT)

Elara is immediately at Lyra's side.

ELARA:

Pulse is accelerating again.

Synchronisation spike.

PANEL 3 - LYRA, FEAR & CLARITY (CLOSE-UP)

Lyra looks up - eyes unfocused, listening to something no one else can hear.

LYRA:

It's calling.

A beat.

It's hurt.

PANEL 4 - BRIDGE / MED BAY SPLIT PANEL (WIDE)

Left: the anomaly projection growing clearer.

Right: Lyra's vitals spiking in rhythmic waves.

LUCETTE (O.S.):

Designation emerging from Accord star charts.

PANEL 5 - NAME REVEALED (FINAL PANEL)

The hologram resolves into a water-world silhouette.

Text overlays the image.

LUCETTE:

Thalassara.

CAPTION (NARRATIVE):

The journey had not ended.

It had only begun to choose them.

SPREAD 38 APPROACH VECTOR

PURPOSE OF THIS SPREAD

This is where:

Kyra takes ownership of the call

The crew aligns around a decision

Thalia's Sara stops being "a signal" and becomes a destination

Still no descent.

This is **commitment**.

PANEL 1 - BRIDGE, TENSION RISING (WIDE)

The bridge is no longer idle.

Lucette's projection of Thalassara rotates slowly, unstable layers flickering.

Astra's hands hover near controls.

Kyra stands at the center - quiet, decisive.

LUCETTE:

Magnetic fields are chaotic.

Atmospheric density suggests a water world under artificial stress.

PANEL 2 - LUCETTE, DETAILING RISK (MID-SHOT)

LUCETTE:

Accord extraction signatures detected in orbit.

PANEL 3 - ASTRA, PRACTICAL (MID-SHOT)

Astra exhales slowly.

ASTRA:

So not abandoned.

Just being emptied.

PANEL 4 - KYRA, DECISION FORMING (CLOSE-UP)

Kyra's jaw tightens.

She doesn't look at the crew - she looks at the planet.

KYRA:

That explains the pain.

PANEL 1 - MED BAY, LYRA STRUGGLING (MID-SHOT)

Lyra sits upright now, despite Elara's protests.
Her breathing is steady, but her focus is distant.

LYRA:

*They're draining it.
Slowly. Carefully.*

She swallows.

LYRA:

Its draining Me?.

PANEL 2 - ELARA, WARNING (MID-SHOT)

Elara holds Lyra's wrist, firm. Her medical scanner is active, showing spiking biometrics.

ELARA:

*If we get closer, the resonance will spike again.
I can stabilise you... but not indefinitely.*

PANEL 3 - KYRA & LYRA, LINKED (SPLIT PANEL)

Left: Kyra on the bridge.

Right: Lyra in med bay.

Their expressions mirror each other - resolve answering pain.

KYRA:

We don't ignore that kind of call.

PANEL 4 - THE VOLUPTAS, LOW ALTITUDE (WIDE)

The *Voluptas* is terrifyingly close to the water, her engines kicking up massive plumes of spray. Giant waves crash against the lower hull. Above, the sky is choked with Accord siphons, but down here, it's a storm of white noise.

ASTRA:

We're invisible to their long-range scans as long as we stay in the spray.

But the moment we submerge the hull, we're a beacon. The Accord will pin us to the seabed before we hit a hundred fathoms.

PANEL 5 - THE HANGAR, NIPP-01 DEPLOYING (MID-SHOT)

The hangar doors at the bottom of the ship open, only meters above the churning white water. The Nipp-01 is lowered on a mechanical arm, its birdcage glass canopy reflecting the dark, violent ocean below

KYRA:

*The ship stays in the surf.
Prepare Nipp-01. It's a needle-drop. We go in deep, we find the source,
and we don't make a ripple.*

PANEL 6 - THE DESCENT (WIDE, END PANEL)

The tiny shuttle detaches and dives straight into a massive wave, disappearing into the dark blue. The *Voluptas* remains behind, a silent ghost hidden in the mist.

CAPTION (NARRATIVE):

Once the course was set, hesitation had no place.

SPREAD 40 SHUTTLE PREP

Waiting for the *right* moment.

PANEL 1 - VOLUPTAS CARGO BAY, REAR RAMP (WIDE)

The **rear cargo bay ramp** of the Voluptas is open to space.
NIPP-01 rests in its cradle - compact, angular, purposeful.
A small thing inside a vast ship.
Crew move efficiently around it.

CAPTION (NARRATIVE):

Precision over scale.

PANEL 2 - ASTRA & JUNO, SHUTTLE WALK-AROUND (MID-SHOT)

Astra circles the shuttle, tablet in hand.
Juno leans out of an open service panel, grease on her cheek.

ASTRA:

Thrusters?

JUNO:

Balanced.
Pressure tolerance is better than advertised.

A grin.

JUNO:

She'll like the water.

PANEL 3 - CHI, SYSTEMS INTERFACE (CLOSE-UP)

Chi kneels beside a harmonic console connected to Nipp-01.
Data flows differently here - denser, stranger.

CHI:

Hydro-drive is stable.
Signal dampeners are compensating... barely.

She frowns, listening.

PANEL 4 - KYRA, OBSERVING (MID-SHOT)

Kyra stands at the base of the ramp, watching everything.
Not impatient.
Not relaxed.

PANEL 1 - MED BAY ACCESS / CARGO BAY ENTRY (MID-SHOT)

Lyra enters the cargo bay with Elara.

Lyra looks steadier than before - focused, intent.

ELARA:

Lyra, we agreed-

PANEL 2 - LYRA, CLEAR & RESOLUTE (CLOSE-UP)

Lyra meets Elara's gaze.

LYRA:

It's calling me.

If I stay aboard, I won't hear it properly.

A beat.

I need to be closer.

PANEL 3 - KYRA & LYRA (MID-SHOT)

Kyra studies Lyra - the pain, the certainty.

She nods once.

KYRA:

Then you're with me.

PANEL 4 - MAYARA STEPS FORWARD (MID-SHOT)

Mayara has been quiet until now.

She steps out of the shadows of the bay, voice controlled, professional.

MAYARA:

If the Accord is extracting something from that world,

I need to see how they're doing it.

A glance toward the shuttle.

MAYARA:

Not from up here.

Kyra considers - then nods.

PANEL 5 - CHI, REALISATION (MID-SHOT)

Chi looks up sharply from her console.

She's pale - not afraid, but *attuned*.

CHI:

The interference pattern...

I can tune around it better down there.

PANEL 6 - KYRA, FINAL TEAM CALL (WIDE END PANEL)

Kyra looks at them - the full group now assembled.

Kyra. Lyra. Elara. Chi. Mayara.

KYRA:

That's the team.

She turns toward the control balcony.

KYRA:

Astra - you fly.

Kyra's gaze shifts instinctively to Lucette's interface.

KYRA:

Lucette, plot us a quiet approach.

Lucette's interface blooms - layered, alive.

LUCETTE:

Already calculating.

The planet is... resonant.

A beat. Chi feels it too.

CAPTION (NARRATIVE):

Some journeys required witnesses.

SPREAD 42 LAUNCH & WATER ENTRY

PANEL 1 - EXTERIOR, VOLUPTAS ABOVE THE OCEAN (FULL-WIDTH / HERO PANEL)

The Voluptas hangs low over Thalassara's endless ocean, engines holding her steady.

Mist churns beneath her hull.

Clouds part around her bulk.

She is **vast**, dominant, almost godlike - a city hovering over water.

This is the image you want people to remember.

CAPTION (NARRATIVE):

The Voluptas did not descend.

She arrived.

PANEL 2 - REAR CARGO BAY, RAMP OPEN (MID-SHOT)

Inside the Voluptas.

The rear cargo bay ramp is open - ocean mist rolling in.

Nipp-01 exits the cargo bay.

PANEL 3 - SHUTTLE INTERIOR, LYRA REACTS (MID-SHOT)

Lyra inhales sharply.

LYRA:

It's right beneath us.

PANEL 4 - CHI, LISTENING (CLOSE-UP)

Chi tilts her head - listening past the instruments.

CHI:

The harmonics are clearer here.

The noise is... thinning.

PANEL 1 - KYRA, FINAL COMMITMENT (MID-SHOT)

Kyra's hands steady on the controls.

KYRA:

Lucette - keep us steady.

Lucette's response is felt, not seen.

PANEL 2 - WATER ENTRY (FULL-WIDTH END PANEL)

Nipp-01 slides cleanly into the ocean.

Not a crash.

A controlled breach.

Water envelopes the shuttle.

Light bends. Sound dies.

SPLASH - muted, immense.

CAPTION (NARRATIVE):

They crossed the surface.

SPREAD 44 DESCENT

PURPOSE OF THIS SPREAD

This is where:

the world becomes alien

sound and light are stripped away

Chi and Lyra begin to synchronise

the shuttle stops feeling like a vehicle and starts feeling *intrusive*

No city reveal yet.

This is **approach through unease**.

PANEL 1 - THE PERCH, OBSERVATION LOUNGE (WIDE / FULL-WIDTH)

The Perch overlooks the endless ocean of Thalassara.

The Luipaard stands at the glass, fingertips resting lightly against it.

Viv lingers nearby, relaxed, watching her with mild curiosity.

LUIPAARD:

What planet is this?

VIV:

"Thalassara."

LUIPAARD:

"...it's horrible."

Beat

"So much loss... so many memories."

PANEL 2 - EXTERIOR, SHUTTLE SUBMERGING (WIDE)

Nipp-01 sinks beneath the surface.

Above: fading light, broken by turbulence.

Below: endless dark blue.

The shuttle is a small, bright intrusion.

PANEL 3 - SHUTTLE INTERIOR, SYSTEMS ADJUSTING (MID-SHOT)

Lights dim automatically.

Displays switch to low-contrast aquatic modes.

MAYARA:

Pressure's climbing faster than predicted.

PANEL 4 - CHI, LISTENING HARDER (CLOSE-UP)

Chi closes her eyes briefly.

The hum of the shuttle fades behind something else.

CHI:

There's a pattern now.

It's not random.

PANEL 1 - LYRA, RESPONDING (MID-SHOT)

Lyra grips the harness - not in pain, but in recognition.

LYRA:

It's singing.

Her voice trembles.

PANEL 2 - MAYARA, WATCHING THEM (MID-SHOT)

Mayara watches Chi and Lyra - the way they're both listening.

Not fear.

Assessment.

MAYARA:

That isn't interference, is it?

PANEL 3 - CHI, ANSWERING WITHOUT LOOKING (CLOSE-UP)

CHI:

No.

It's... memory.

She opens her eyes.

CHI:

Something old.

PANEL 4 - EXTERIOR, DEPTH INDICATOR OVERLAY (WIDE)

The shuttle descends past a faint, massive silhouette in the dark.

Too large to identify.

Too structured to be natural.

The lights haven't reached it yet.

PANEL 5 - FINAL PANEL, KYRA (MID-SHOT)

Kyra notices the readouts spike.

She leans forward slightly.

KYRA:

All right.

Whatever's down there just noticed us.

CAPTION (NARRATIVE):

The ocean was no longer empty.

SPREAD 46 THE DEAD CITY

PURPOSE OF THIS SPREAD

This is the awe → horror pivot.

The world is not just wounded - it has been **emptied**.

And the hand responsible is unmistakable.

This is where Mayara's presence becomes essential.

PANEL 1 - EXTERIOR, LIGHTS ENGAGE (FULL-WIDTH / SPLASH PANEL)

Nipp-01's forward lights flare on.

The darkness peels back to reveal it:

A **vast coral city**, once living, now calcified and broken.

Towering organic structures stand hollow, ribs exposed.

Bioluminescence flickers weakly - dying echoes of life.

The city stretches beyond the light cone.

KYRA (small, awed):

By the Gods...

PANEL 2 - SHUTTLE INTERIOR, SILENCE (MID-SHOT)

No one speaks.

The enormity of what they're seeing settles in.

Lyra's breathing quickens.

PANEL 3 - MAYARA, RECOGNITION (CLOSE-UP)

Mayara leans forward, eyes sharp now.

Not wonder - pattern recognition.

MAYARA:

This wasn't a collapse.

PANEL 1 - EXTERIOR, ACCORD STRUCTURES REVEALED (WIDE)

Beyond the dead city:

Brutalist **Accord extraction towers** punch down into the seabed.

Conduits snake outward, embedded deep into the coral ruins.

They are active. Ruthless. Industrial.

PANEL 2 - MAYARA, CONFIRMING (MID-SHOT)

Mayara doesn't look away.

MAYARA:

Extraction lattice.

Scaled for long-term planetary siphoning.

A pause.

They've been draining this world for years.

PANEL 3 - LYRA, OVERWHELMED (CLOSE-UP)

Lyra clutches her head.

Her earlier clarity fractures.

LYRA:

It hurts-

It doesn't remember itself anymore.

PANEL 4 - CHI, ALARMED (MID-SHOT)

Chi's console spikes violently.

CHI:

The harmonics are collapsing!

They're overpowering the native resonance!

PANEL 5 - END PANEL, KYRA (WIDE)

Kyra stares out at the city - anger replacing awe.

KYRA:

Then we're not visitors.

She sets her jaw.

KYRA:

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We're witnesses.

CAPTION (NARRATIVE):

The crime was no longer theoretical.

SPREAD 48 LYRA'S COLLAPSE / AMNESIA TRIGGER**PURPOSE OF THIS SPREAD**

This spread does one devastating thing:

Lyra's connection saves her life - and destroys her continuity.

This is not a fainting spell.

This is the **cost of witnessing the truth**.

We do **not** rush it.

We do **not** soften it.

PAGE 41 (LEFT PAGE)**PANEL 1 - SHUTTLE INTERIOR, ALARMS RISING (WIDE)**

Warning tones ripple through Nipp-01.

Chi's displays spike and fracture.

Elara is already moving toward Lyra.

CHI:

Resonance feedback is escalating-

The city's harmonic field is collapsing in real time!

PANEL 2 - LYRA, OVERLOAD (MID-SHOT)

Lyra's hands fly to her head.

Her earlier clarity shatters into pain.

LYRA:

I-

I can hear everything-

Her voice breaks.

PANEL 3 - ELARA, URGENT (MID-SHOT)

Elara grips Lyra's shoulders, trying to anchor her.

ELARA:

Lyra, look at me.

Stay with me.

PANEL 4 - LYRA, BREAKING POINT (CLOSE-UP)

Lyra's eyes glaze - not unconscious, but **elsewhere**.

LYRA:

It's not just dying...

It's being forgotten.

A beat.

Her breath catches.

PANEL 5 - SHUTTLE INTERIOR, SYSTEM SPIKE (SMALL PANEL)

A harmonic surge rips through the shuttle.

Lights flicker.

CHI (O.S.):

Kyra-this is too much-

She's syncing past safe thresholds!

PANEL 1 - LYRA COLLAPSES (WIDE)

Lyra goes limp in her harness.
Elara catches her just in time.

ELARA:

Lyra!

PANEL 2 - MEDICAL READOUT OVERLAY (MID-SHOT)

Elara's scanner flickers wildly.
Vitals spike - then suddenly stabilise.
Too suddenly.

ELARA:

Pulse is steady...

But her neural patterns-

She stops.

PANEL 3 - LYRA, AWAKENING (CLOSE-UP)

Lyra's eyes flutter open.
They're clear. Calm.
Empty.
She looks at Elara - searching.

LYRA:

I'm... sorry.

A pause.

LYRA:

Do I know you?

PANEL 4 - ELARA, HIT HARD (MID-SHOT)

Elara freezes.
The words land like a physical blow.
She swallows, professional instinct barely holding.

ELARA:

It's okay.

You're safe.

Her voice trembles despite herself.

PANEL 5 - SHUTTLE INTERIOR, REACTIONS (WIDE)

Kyra grips the console, stunned.
Chi turns away, horrified.
Mayara watches Lyra with new understanding - and fear.x

PANEL 6 - FINAL PANEL, THE CITY OUTSIDE (FULL-WIDTH)

The dead coral city looms outside the shuttle windows.
Silent. Hollow.
Unremembered.

CAPTION (NARRATIVE):

To survive the truth, the mind let go of itself.

SPREAD 50 KYRA TAKES CONTROL

PANEL 1 (Wide):

The shuttle interior. Lyra is secured in her harness, looking pale but breathing regularly. Elara is checking her scanners while Kyra stands over them, her hand hovering just an inch from Lyra's cheek.

PANEL 2 (Mid-Shot):

Kyra finally touches Lyra's shoulder. Lyra flinches slightly, looking up at Kyra with a polite, distant curiosity that is far worse than fear.

LYRA:

"You have a kind face... but should I know you?"

PANEL 3 (Close-Up):

A close-up of **Kyra's** face. The "Commander" mask slips for a split second, showing total, devastating heartbreak.

KYRA (voice tight):

"We're friends, Lyra. We're the ones who are going to help you remember. Just... rest for now."

PANEL 4 (Mid-Shot):

Kyra pulls **Elara** aside into the small shadow behind the pilot's seat.

KYRA (whispering):

"Tell me this is temporary, Elara. Tell me the planet didn't just wipe her clean to save its own skin."

ELARA:

"I don't know. The resonance reset her neural buffers. Physically, she's stronger than ever. Mentally... we're starting from zero."

PANEL 5 (Action):

Kyra turns back to the cockpit, slamming her "Commander" mask back on. Her face is now stone.

KYRA:

"Then we don't have time for a mourning period. Chi, status on the wake. If we stay here, we're a sitting duck."

CHI:

"The harmonics are still collapsing. We have to move now."

PANEL 6 (Final):

Kyra slides into the pilot's seat.

KYRA:

Then we move.

PANEL 1 - MAYARA, POINTING THE TRUTH (MID-SHOT)

Mayara brings up a schematic overlay.

Extraction towers. Conduits. A central convergence point.

MAYARA:

This isn't random damage.

Everything routes toward a single structure.

She highlights it.

MAYARA:

That's your source.

PANEL 2 - CHI, SEEING IT (CLOSE-UP)

Chi stares at the pattern.

Her breath catches.

CHI:

That's where the harmonics are strongest.

If anything down here still remembers itself... it's there.

PANEL 3 - KYRA, NEW OBJECTIVE (MID-SHOT)

Kyra inputs a new course - slow, careful, indirect.

KYRA:

We don't go straight in.

We skirt the city, stay below their sensor cones.

She glances back at Lyra.

KYRA:

We find the source.

PANEL 4 - EXTERIOR, SHUTTLE MOVING AGAIN (WIDE)

Nipp-01 begins to glide forward, lights dimmed.

It moves **around** the dead city - cautious, deliberate.

The extraction towers loom in the distance.

PANEL 5 - END PANEL, FOREBODING (FULL-WIDTH)

The shuttle slips into darker water, heading toward an unseen depth.

CAPTION (NARRATIVE):

They had come seeking answers.

Now they were heading for the heart of the crime.

SPREAD 52 “THEY DRANK US”

PURPOSE OF THIS SPREAD

To show, unmistakably:

the Accord are pumping water off-world
they don't understand (or care) what the water *is*
the harm is direct, physical, undeniable
No theory.
No abstraction.
Just theft.

PANEL 1 - EXTERIOR, ACCORD PUMP STRUCTURES (WIDE)

The shuttle passes a cluster of **massive pumping towers** anchored to the seabed.
Wide intake mouths gape open, dragging **entire volumes of ocean** upward.
The water around them churns unnaturally.
This is not careful extraction.
This is removal.

PANEL 2 - SHUTTLE INTERIOR, MAYARA (MID-SHOT)

Mayara recognises the configuration immediately.
Her voice is flat with disgust.

MAYARA:

Bulk water harvesting.
They're exporting it by the megaton.

A beat.

MAYARA:

Terraforming supply. Luxury worlds.
Anywhere dry enough to pay.

PANEL 3 - EXTERIOR, PIPELINES ASCENDING (SMALL PANEL)

Colossal pipelines vanish upward into the dark, carrying the planet's water away.
The surrounding reef is dead - not broken, just... gone.

PANEL 4 - CHI, STUNNED (MID-SHOT)

Chi stares at her readouts.

CHI:

They're not filtering it.
Not separating anything.

She swallows.

CHI:

They're just... taking it all.

PANEL 1 - LYRA, REACTING (MID-SHOT)

Lyra stirs violently in her harness.

Her hand presses against the canopy, fingers splayed.

She doesn't understand - but her body does.

A whisper escapes her lips.

LYRA:

They drank us...

PANEL 2 - ELARA, REALISING (CLOSE-UP)

Elara's scanner confirms the pattern.

Her face hardens.

ELARA:

Her condition spikes every time the pumps engage.

A beat.

ELARA:

It's not coincidence.

PANEL 3 - EXTERIOR, CORE ZONE BEYOND (WIDE)

Beyond the pumps, the ocean darkens.

Fewer machines.

Thicker intake lines.

Whatever remains is being consumed last.

PANEL 4 - KYRA, PLAIN TRUTH (MID-SHOT)

Kyra watches the pumps in silence.

KYRA:

This wasn't a harvest.

A beat.

KYRA:

It was a plunder

PANEL 5 - FINAL PANEL, SHUTTLE MOVING ON (FULL-WIDTH)

Nipp-01 slips past the pumping field, heading toward the untouched darkness beyond.

Behind them, the pumps continue - steady, indifferent.

CAPTION (NARRATIVE):

Extinction does not require hatred.

Only demand.

Why this version is right

- ✓ The Accord's crime is simple, scalable, believable
- ✓ "They drank us" lands as both literal and devastating
- ✓ The Core/Nixie's suffering is a **side effect of extraction**, not mythic targeting
- ✓ Water-as-life, water-as-memory, water-as-commodity all align
- ✓ No unnecessary complexity before the reveal

This also makes Nixie's later voice heartbreakingly clear:

She wasn't attacked.

She was **consumed**.

SPREAD 54 NIXIE: THE OCEAN REMEMBERS

PANEL 1 - EXTERIOR, CORE CHAMBER (WIDE)

The shuttle hovers above a vast, submerged chamber.

Pools of water surround exposed coral structures - ancient, eroded, wrong.

Ripples spread without cause.

PANEL 2 - WATER DISTURBANCE (CLOSE)

The surface of the pools **boils**, then stills.

Steam rises.

PANEL 3 - MANIFESTATION (WIDE)

From vapour and flowing water, a **humanoid silhouette** forms.

Liquid. Translucent. Suggestive rather than solid.

Nixie.

PANEL 4 - NIXIE SPEAKS (MID-SHOT)

Her voice is the sound of surf in hollow stone.

NIXIE:

Another harvest?

PANEL 5 - KYRA, GUARD UP (MID-SHOT)

Kyra instinctively shifts, hand moving toward controls.

KYRA:

We're explorers.

PANEL 6 - NIXIE, UNMOVED (CLOSE)

Her eyes glow faintly.

NIXIE:

That's what the first ones said.

PANEL 1 - ESCALATION (WIDE)

The surrounding pools churn violently.
Steam fills the chamber.
Alarms flicker.

(Let this panel breathe. This is the keystone.)

PANEL 2 - KYRA ORDERS RETREAT (MID-SHOT)

KYRA:

All stations - fall back. Now.

PANEL 3 - LYRA REFUSES (MID-SHOT)

Lyra steps forward, shaking but resolute.

LYRA:

*Wait-
She's not attacking.*

A beat.

She's remembering.

PANEL 4 - STILLNESS (WIDE)

The water freezes.
Total calm.
Nixie studies Lyra - then gestures toward the distant coral city.

PANEL 5 - ACCUSATION (CLOSE-UP, NIXIE)

NIXIE:

You walk through our bones.

PANEL 6 - KYRA, CONFUSED (CLOSE)

KYRA:

There are no bodies.

PANEL 7 - THE LINE (FULL-WIDTH, NIXIE)

Quiet. Absolute.

NIXIE:

*We're water.
You drank us.*

SPREAD 56 REVELATION & ALLIANCE

PANEL 1 - CORAL CITY, MEMORY OVERLAY (WIDE)

Beyond the chamber, the dead coral city **flickers**.

For a moment, it lives again.

Towering reef-structures glow softly.

Currents move with intention.

Figures made of liquid light drift through streets of coral and glass.

PANEL 2 - NIXIE WITHIN THE MEMORY (MID-SHOT)

Nixie stands amid the vision, her form half-blended with the water.

NIXIE:

We were not built.

PANEL 3 - MEMORY FRACTURE (TRANSITION PANEL)

The vision shatters.

Drilling towers descend.

Pipes puncture the seabed.

The glow drains away, replaced by churn and void.

PANEL 4 - NIXIE, TRUTH SPOKEN (CLOSE-UP)

Her expression is not furious - it is ancient, exhausted.

NIXIE:

You stole our breath.

Bottled it.

Called it power.

PANEL 5 - MAYARA, REALISATION (MID-SHOT)

Mayara watches the memory collapse.

Her voice is quiet, steady - shaken.

MAYARA:

Every luxury world above the Spire...

was paid for with this.

PANEL 1 - LYRA, CHANGING (MID-SHOT)

Lyra begins to glow faintly - the same hue as the living water from the memory.

Nixie notices.

Something in her softens.

PANEL 2 - NIXIE, RECOGNITION (CLOSE-UP)

NIXIE:

You carry her pulse.

PANEL 3 - LYRA, CONFUSED BUT OPEN (CLOSE-UP)

LYRA:

Whose?

PANEL 4 - NIXIE, THE TRUTH (MID-SHOT)

NIXIE:

The Spirit who made us all.

She has forgotten herself.

PANEL 5 - THE SPHERE FORMS (WIDE)

Between Nixie's hands, the water **condenses**.

Perfectly still.

A flawless sphere, glowing softly from within.

PANEL 6 - THE CLARIFICATION (MID-SHOT, INTIMATE)

Nixie holds the Sphere - not offering it yet.

NIXIE:

This remembers.

A beat.

NIXIE:

It holds memory... and essence.

Lyra looks at the Sphere - then at Nixie.

LYRA:

You?

Nixie nods once.

PANEL 7 - CHOICE, NOT SACRIFICE (CLOSE-UP, NIXIE)

NIXIE:

What I was cannot survive here.

(softer)

What I am... can move.

She glances toward the dead city, the drained sea beyond.

NIXIE:

I will be all right.

PANEL 8 - THE GIFT (FULL-WIDTH)

Nixie extends the Sphere toward Lyra.

Not reverently.

Deliberately.

NIXIE:

Take it to the green world.

The roots there still dream of balance.

Lyra accepts the Sphere - carefully, reverently, knowing the weight of it.

FINAL CAPTION (NARRATIVE):

Memory cannot heal itself.

It must be carried.

SPREAD 58 RENDEZVOUS WITH THE VOLUPTAS

PURPOSE OF THIS SPREAD

Scale, urgency, and consequence.

The Sphere is now aboard the shuttle - and *alive*

Nipp-01 must escape without revealing what they've taken

The Voluptas is reintroduced as a looming guardian presence

The Accord's indifference turns into suspicion

No speeches.

Just motion and pressure.

PANEL 1 - EXTERIOR, ASCENT (WIDE)

Nipp-01 rises through the dark water.

Below, the pumping towers continue their work - steady, uncaring.

Above, light filters down from the surface.

PANEL 2 - SHUTTLE INTERIOR, LYRA & THE SPHERE (MID-SHOT)

Lyra holds the Sphere in both hands.

The water inside shifts subtly - responding to her breathing.

She swallows, grounding herself.

PANEL 3 - CHI, MONITORING (MID-SHOT)

Chi scans rapidly.

CHI:

No active tracking... yet.

Pressure readings are stabilising.

A beat.

"But they will notice the drop in flow."

PANEL 4 - MAYARA, PRACTICAL (MID-SHOT)

Mayara straps in, eyes already on the tactical display.

MAYARA:

Then we don't give them a window.

PANEL 5 - EXTERIOR, SURFACE BREAK (WIDE)

The shuttle bursts through the ocean surface.

Water cascades off its hull in sheets.

PANEL 1 - THE VOLUPTAS ABOVE THE SEA (FULL-WIDTH)

The **Voluptas** hangs low over the ocean, vast and impossible.
Twin engine pods hum softly.
Cargo bay doors are already opening.
The ship feels like shelter.

PANEL 2 - SHUTTLE APPROACH (MID-SHOT)

Nipp-01 arcs toward the rear cargo bay.
Guidance lights flicker on.

LUCETTE (COMMS):

*Trajectory locked.
You're clear to dock.*

PANEL 3 - CARGO BAY, LANDING (MID-SHOT)

The shuttle settles onto the deck.
Hydraulic clamps engage.
The bay doors begin to close.

PANEL 4 - INTERRUPTED CALM (CLOSE-UP, CHI'S DISPLAY)

A warning flashes.

CHI:

*Kyra-
I'm seeing a delayed signal spike from the pumping grid.*

A beat.

CHI:

They've realised something changed.

PANEL 5 - FINAL PANEL, SEALING THE BAY (WIDE)

The massive cargo doors **slam shut**.
Outside, the ocean churns - distant machinery shifting course.
Inside the bay, silence.

The Sphere glows faintly in Lyra's hands.

CAPTION (NARRATIVE):

They had what the ocean could spare.
Now they had to leave before the price was named.

SPREAD 60 THE COST OF LEAVING

PURPOSE OF THIS SPREAD

This is the moment where consequences arrive **without explanation**.

The Accord does not rage - it **responds**

The Voluptas is powerful, but not untouchable

Kyra chooses escape over dominance

The ocean is left behind... watching

This is pursuit born of accounting, not vengeance.

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PANEL 1 - VOLUPTAS, LOW ORBIT OVER THALASSARA (WIDE)

The Voluptas begins to rise, engines pushing gently.

Below, the ocean surface ripples - pumping towers reorienting.

Something is adjusting.

PANEL 2 - BRIDGE INTERIOR, ASTRA AT THE HELM (MID-SHOT)

Astra's hands move smoothly over the controls.

ASTRA:

Lifting to safe altitude.

Holding us just above the waterline.

PANEL 3 - LUCETTE, COURSE PROJECTION (MID-SHOT)

Lucette's holographic interface blooms into layered vectors.

LUCETTE:

Optimal departure corridor plotted.

Minimal sensor exposure if we leave now.

PANEL 4 - CHI, DETECTING ANOMALY (CLOSE-UP)

Chi stiffens.

CHI:

I'm seeing energy redirection from the pumping grid.

A beat.

CHI:

That's not a routine shutdown.

PANEL 5 - EXTERIOR, OCEAN SURFACE (WIDE)

Several distant structures breach the water - **automated defense pylons**, repurposed from industrial rigs.

Slow. Heavy. Unmistakable.

PANEL 1 - BRIDGE, KYRA TAKES COMMAND (MID-SHOT)

Kyra doesn't hesitate.

KYRA:

Astra, prepare evasive ascent.

Lucette - get us out clean.

PANEL 2 - FIRST SHOT FIRED (EXTERIOR, MID-SHOT)

A heavy energy lance fires from a surface pylon.

It slams into the Voluptas's rear shielding.

The impact is brutal - not precise, but powerful.

PANEL 3 - INTERIOR, DAMAGE RESPONSE (MID-SHOT)

The ship shudders.

Warning lights flash.

JUNO (COMMS, FROM ENGINEERING):

That hit scorched the outer plating.

We can take a few more - but I don't recommend it.

PANEL 4 - KYRA, DECISION (CLOSE-UP)

Kyra glances at the tactical display - then at Lyra's feed.

The Sphere glows faintly.

KYRA:

No retaliation.

We're leaving.

PANEL 5 - FINAL PANEL, VOLUPTAS CLIMBING (FULL-WIDTH)

The Voluptas surges upward, engines flaring.

Below, the ocean recedes - vast, wounded, unreadable.

The defense pylons continue firing blindly into the sky.

CAPTION (NARRATIVE):

The Accord did not mourn the ocean.

It noticed a discrepancy.

SPREAD 62 THE JUMP AWAY

PURPOSE OF THIS SPREAD

This is the exhale after flight, but not relief.

Thalassara is left behind - unresolved

The Harmonic Drive reasserts the Voluptas' uniqueness

The Sphere reacts to transit

The crew begins to understand they are carrying *someone*, not something

Motion gives way to consequence.

PANEL 1 - BRIDGE, PRE-JUMP TENSION (WIDE)

The bridge is dimmed for jump.

Crew strapped in.

Holographic systems retract to minimal configuration.

Outside the viewports, the ocean world is shrinking fast.

PANEL 2 - ASTRA, FINAL CHECK (MID-SHOT)

Astra runs her hands across the controls, steady and precise.

ASTRA:

Jump corridor clear.

No active locks.

PANEL 3 - LUCETTE, HARMONIC ALIGNMENT (MID-SHOT)

Lucette's interface blooms - amber and cyan geometry spiraling.

LUCETTE:

Harmonic Drive synchronised.

Resonance stable... for now.

PANEL 4 - CHI, WATCHING THE SPHERE (CLOSE-UP)

Chi glances toward Lyra's feed.

The Sphere pulses faintly - slightly out of phase with the ship.

CHI:

That thing doesn't like moving this way.

PANEL 5 - KYRA, COMMITMENT (MID-SHOT)

Kyra grips the command rail.

KYRA:

Punch it!

PANEL 1 - HARMONIC DRIVE ENGAGEMENT (FULL-WIDTH)

The Voluptas folds into motion.

Amber and cyan light twist around the hull as space itself seems to *give way*.

Not a jump through space - a glide between states.

PANEL 2 - INTERIOR, IN-TRANSIT QUIET (MID-SHOT)

The violent motion is replaced by stillness.

Crew exhales - some shakily.

PANEL 3 - LYRA & THE SPHERE (MID-SHOT)

Lyra steadies the Sphere in her lap.

The water inside swirls, unsettled - then slowly calms.

PANEL 4 - THE SPHERE REACTS (CLOSE-UP)

For a brief instant, a **second shape** appears within the Sphere.

A suggestion of flowing hair.

A curve of a face.

Gone as quickly as it appears.

PANEL 5 - FINAL PANEL, THALASSARA GONE (WIDE)

The view behind the ship collapses into light.

Thalassara is no longer visible.

Only the Harmonic stream remains.

CAPTION (NARRATIVE):

The ocean's memory had left its world.

Now it had to survive the stars.

SPREAD 64 CHI'S QUARTERS

PANEL 1 - CHI'S QUARTERS, WIDE

Chi's quarters are small and utilitarian, **clearly overtaken by work**.

A narrow bunk is folded into the far wall, almost apologetic in its existence.

The opposite wall is dominated by a **fixed workbench**, bolted directly into the hull:

tools mounted on magnetic strips above it

datapads, loose components, and half-built devices spread across its surface

handwritten schematics taped to the bulkhead

cables snaking neatly at first... then less neatly

This space was designed for sleeping.

Chi has repurposed it for thinking.

PANEL 2 - CHI AT THE BENCH (MID-SHOT)

Chi works bare-armed at the wall-mounted bench, forearms marked with faint grease smudges and old heat scars.

Goggles sit pushed up into her hair.

A delicate mechanism clicks into place under her fingers.

She's calm here. Grounded.

PANEL 3 - CHI, EXHALE (CLOSE-UP)

She leans her forehead briefly against the bulkhead above the bench.

Just breathing.

PANEL 4 - DOORWAY (SMALL PANEL)

A shadow falls across the threshold.

PANEL 5 - MAYARA, AT THE HATCH (MID-SHOT)

Mayara leans casually against the open hatch, taking in the room.

Amused. Interested.

MAYARA:

So this is where you disappear to.

A beat.

MAYARA:

You missed the rest of your own tour.

PANEL 1 - CHI, FLUSTERED (CLOSE-UP)

Chi startles, then glances around the room - suddenly seeing it through someone else's eyes.

CHI:

Oh.

Um.

Sorry- it just... happens.

PANEL 2 - MAYARA STEPS INSIDE (MID-SHOT)

Mayara steps into the quarters without hesitation, careful not to disturb anything. She studies the wall-mounted bench, impressed.

MAYARA:

Don't apologise.

She gestures to the workbench.

MAYARA:

This tells me more about the Voluptas than the rest of the ship combined.

PANEL 3 - CHI, MATTER-OF-FACT (MID-SHOT)

Chi shrugs, a little embarrassed.

CHI:

The bed's just for sleeping.

A beat.

CHI:

This is where I think.

PANEL 4 - MAYARA, DECISION MADE (MID-SHOT)

Mayara smiles faintly, then straightens.

She glances down at her current outfit - practical, ship-ready.

MAYARA:

Terranova's next, isn't it?

PANEL 5 - MAYARA, EXITING (WIDE)

Mayara steps back into the corridor, already turning away.

She pauses just long enough to look back at Chi.

MAYARA:

I should probably choose something appropriate for plants.

A beat, amused.

MAYARA:

I know where my room is.

FINAL PANEL - CHI ALONE (WIDE)

Chi sits at her workbench, alone again.

She looks at the workbench.

Then - just for a second - smiles.

CAPTION (NARRATIVE):

Some people see a machine.

Others see the mind that keeps it alive.

This now:

anchors the space physically

clearly seeds the outfit-change running gag

lets Mayara exit with confidence and agency

keeps Chi shy but not diminished

flows cleanly into Terranova without forcing a costume beat early

SPREAD 66 MID-FLIGHT BRIEFING & STEALTH APPROACH

INTENT

Before Terranova is seen, the reader must understand:

Lyra and the Sphere are no longer separable

Terranova is *chosen*, not stumbled upon

The Voluptas is hiding, not cruising

Everyone has a job, and the plan is fragile

This restores tension and logic before arrival.

PANEL 1 - BRIDGE / BRIEFING AREA, WIDE

The crew is gathered.

The Sphere's cradle is present, faintly glowing.

Lyra stands close to it - calm, altered.

The mood is controlled, but tight.

PANEL 2 - ELARA, SERIOUS (MID-SHOT)

Elara addresses the crew, datapad in hand.

ELARA:

Lyra is stable.

But the Sphere's influence is profound.

A beat.

ELARA:

Her vitals are now perfectly synchronized with its pulses.

It's a symbiotic link - not an infection.

PANEL 3 - LYRA, CLOSE

Lyra considers this, then shakes her head slightly.

LYRA:

It doesn't feel like it's inside me.

A beat.

LYRA:

It feels like it's listening.

PANEL 4 - MAYARA & KYRA, MID-SHOT

Mayara brings up Terranova schematics.

Kyra leans in, strategic.

MAYARA:

Terranova. "Green World."

Automated Accord cultivators. Minimal personnel.

MAYARA:

Logistically, it's the best place to disappear.

PANEL 5 - KYRA, FIRM (CLOSE-UP)

Kyra studies patrol arcs and transit lanes.

KYRA:

Or the best place to get quietly boxed in.

A beat.

KYRA:

The risk isn't them seeing the ship.

KYRA:

It's them seeing why we came.

PANEL 1 - CHI & JUNO, MID-SHOT (ENGINEERING LINK)

Chi and Juno huddle over a projected drive profile.

Focused. Fast.

CHI:

Low-signature Harmonic jump.

JUNO:

Think of it as slipping through the aether's back door.

PANEL 2 - ASTRA & LUCETTE, BRIDGE MID-SHOT

Astra at the helm.

Lucette projects a clean, minimalist course - tight, deliberate.

LUCETTE:

Patrol probability reduced to near-zero if we hold this corridor.

ASTRA:

Then we fly like we're already being watched.

PANEL 3 - EXTERIOR, VOLUPTAS IN TRANSIT (WIDE)

The Voluptas glides through the Harmonic stream.

Muted glow.

Restrained profile.

A cathedral moving quietly.

PANEL 4 - LYRA & THE SPHERE, CLOSE-UP

The Sphere gives a slow, heavy pulse.

Lyra feels it.

LYRA:

It doesn't want us noticed.

PANEL 5 - KYRA, DECISION (CLOSE-UP)

Kyra looks to Astra.

KYRA:

Then we wont be

A beat.

KYRA:

Take us in, fast enough not to be seen.

FINAL CAPTION (NARRATIVE):

They weren't heading for safety.

They were heading for cover.

SPREAD 68 TERRANOVA FROM ORBIT

INTENT

First true look at Terranova

Reinforce: cultivated ≠ healthy

Show Accord control without villains on screen

Let the Sphere react *quietly*

Set up the decision to risk a full Voluptas landing next

This is the breath before commitment.

PANEL 1 - EXTERIOR, TERRANOVA (FULL-WIDTH)

Terranova fills the viewport.

Green continents dominate - but not wild.

Growth follows vast geometric patterns.

Between cultivated zones: thinning forests, pale land, erosion scars.

A world engineered to look alive.

PANEL 2 - BRIDGE, ASTRA & LUCETTE (MID-SHOT)

Astra holds the Voluptas steady at high orbit.

Lucette's projections map cultivation grids, energy flows, atmospheric regulators.

LUCETTE:

Automated cultivator network confirmed.

A pause.

LUCETTE:

Soil regeneration is throttled across all zones.

PANEL 3 - MAYARA, ANALYSING (MID-SHOT)

Mayara studies the data, jaw tightening.

MAYARA:

They feed whole systems from this place.

A beat.

MAYARA:

Now it's struggling just to keep up.

PANEL 4 - LYRA & THE SPHERE (CLOSE-UP)

The Sphere rests in its cradle.

The water inside moves slowly - heavy, reluctant.

Lyra watches it, troubled.

PANEL 5 - LYRA, SOFT (SMALL PANEL)

LYRA:

It's... tired.

PANEL 1 - KYRA, CONTEMPLATING (MID-SHOT)

Kyra stands behind Astra, arms folded.
She watches Terranova turn beneath them.

KYRA:

They starved the ocean by force.

A beat.

KYRA:

Here, they just won't let life recover.

PANEL 2 - CHI, ENGINEERING READOUT (MID-SHOT)

Chi frowns at long-term planetary graphs.

CHI:

Every growth curve flattens just before recovery.

She looks up.

CHI:

That's not an accident.

PANEL 3 - EXTERIOR, ORBITAL INFRASTRUCTURE (WIDE)

Thin, elegant Accord satellites ring the planet.

Not warships.

Regulators. Monitors. Overseers.

Silent.

PANEL 4 - LYRA, REALISATION (CLOSE-UP)

Lyra presses a hand lightly against the Sphere's cradle.

The Sphere gives a faint pulse in response.

LYRA:

Something's holding this world together.

A beat.

LYRA:

And it's being forced to.

PANEL 5 - KYRA, DECISION (MID-SHOT)

Kyra straightens.

A choice made.

KYRA:

We don't skim this one.

She looks to Astra.

KYRA:

Keep us low, under their sensors.

FINAL CAPTION (NARRATIVE):

Terranova still lived.

But only because something beneath it refused to let go.

SPREAD 70 ATMOSPHERIC DESCENT & HOVER

INTENT

The Voluptas commits without ever *touching* Terranova

The planet reacts to proximity, not impact

Accord systems allow it - barely

The hover feels unnatural, heavy, restrained

This is dominance without violence.

PAGE 63 (LEFT PAGE)

PANEL 1 - EXTERIOR, UPPER ATMOSPHERE (FULL-WIDTH)

The **Voluptas** pierces Terranova's cloud layer.

Mist coils around its vast hull.

Moisture beads and slides away, never settling.

Below: exhausted green grids, irrigation scars, thinning canopy.

PANEL 2 - BRIDGE, ASTRA AT THE HELM (MID-SHOT)

Astra's hands move in controlled, minimal motions.

ASTRA:

Gravimetric repulsion field engaged.

A beat.

ASTRA:

She doesn't want to sit.

PANEL 3 - LUCETTE, SYSTEM RESPONSE (MID-SHOT)

Lucette's interface blooms with amber acknowledgements.

Not alarms.

LUCETTE:

Accord planetary regulators have registered our presence.

A pause.

LUCETTE:

They are... accommodating the field.

PANEL 4 - KYRA, READING THE SILENCE (CLOSE-UP)

Kyra watches the data scroll.

KYRA:

They're letting us hover.

A beat.

KYRA:

That's not permission. That's observation.

PANEL 5 - EXTERIOR, LOWER ATMOSPHERE (WIDE)

The Voluptas descends slowly.

Vegetation beneath it bends, flattening outward in concentric ripples.

The world yields without contact.

PANEL 1 - EXTERIOR, HOVER POSITION (FULL-WIDTH)

The Voluptas hangs above a vast circular clearing.

No struts. No anchors.

Just suspended mass, held inches above the soil by unseen force.

Dust and spores hover, trapped between ship and ground.

PANEL 2 - GROUND DETAIL (CLOSE-UP)

The soil beneath the ship fractures - not from pressure, but **repulsion**.

Fine cracks spider outward as if the planet itself is being pushed away.

PANEL 3 - REAR RAMP DEPLOYMENT (MID-SHOT)

The **rear cargo ramp** lowers slowly.

Its edge kisses the ground.

The *only* point of contact.

PANEL 4 - INTERIOR, SUBTLE VIBRATION (MID-SHOT)

A low harmonic hum passes through the Voluptas.

Crew members feel it in their bones.

The ship is balancing.

PANEL 5 - LYRA & THE SPHERE (CLOSE-UP)

The Sphere pulses - slow, heavy, uneasy.

Lyra exhales.

LYRA:

It feels... pinned.

FINAL CAPTION (NARRATIVE):

The Voluptas never touched the world.

And the world never stopped pushing back.

Why this is better (and now canon)

- ✓ Voluptas has a unique landing language
- ✓ Makes the ship feel advanced, heavy, aloof
- ✓ Visually distinct from the shuttle
- ✓ Reinforces “control without care” as a theme
- ✓ Sets up ground scenes with quiet tension

SPREAD 72 - FIRST STEPS ON TERRANOVA

PANEL 1 - EXTERIOR, WIDE

The **Voluptas** hovers silently above a vast green valley.

No landing gear.

No exhaust.

Its immense hull hangs as if repelled by the planet itself.

Below, the forest stretches to the horizon - green, but uneven.

Growth is patchy. Strained.

CAPTION (NARRATIVE):

Terranova. A green world that never rests.

PANEL 2 - BRIDGE / CANOPY VIEW (MID-SHOT)

Through the rounded glass canopy, the scale of the forest is overwhelming.

Kyra studies it, uneasy.

KYRA:

This place should feel alive.

A beat.

KYRA:

It feels... managed.

PANEL 3 - ENGINEERING / HOVER CHECK (MID-SHOT)

Juno monitors the hover field.

Readouts are steady.

JUNO:

Hover is clean. No ground contact.

She glances up.

JUNO:

Like the planet doesn't want us touching it.

PANEL 4 - CARGO BAY, RAMP LOWERING (WIDE)

The **rear cargo ramp** lowers slowly.

Light spills into the bay.

At the edge stand Kyra, Kassiopeia, Mayara, Chi, and Lucette.

Beyond them: forest and silence.

Mayara smiles faintly.

MAYARA:

Well.

A beat.

MAYARA:

Subtle welcome.

PANEL 5 - EXTERIOR SPLASH

A wide, cinematic shot.

The Voluptas hangs above the trees, immense and vulnerable.

The ramp is the **only connection** to the world below.

Small figures step forward.

PANEL 1 - FIRST CONTACT (WIDE)

Boots touch soil.
 The ground compresses slightly - resilient, springy.
 No insects.
 No birds.
 Only wind through leaves.

PANEL 2 - LUCETTE, SENSORY STATE (CLOSE-UP)

Lucette stands still, eyes unfocused.
 Her body is present - her awareness elsewhere.

LUCETTE:

Geothermal flow is spiking.

A pause.

LUCETTE:

Something below us is cycling power.

Constantly.

PANEL 3 - MAYARA WATCHING LUCETTE (MID-SHOT)

Mayara watches Lucette closely.
 Not fear - calculation.
 She doesn't look at the forest.
 She looks *through* it.

PANEL 4 - THE DOME REVEALED (WIDE)

Through the trees, partially buried by roots:
 A massive brass dome.
 Ornate. Old. Overgrown.
 The forest has grown *around* it - not with it.

Kassiopeia:

That's not cultivation.

A beat.

Kassiopeia:

That looks like a tomb?.

PANEL 5 - ADVANCE (WIDE)

The team moves toward the dome through thick undergrowth.
 Behind them, the Voluptas hovers - unable to intervene quickly.
 Ahead: containment.

CAPTION (NARRATIVE):

They came looking for answers.

They found a lock.

SPREAD 74 WATER OPENS THE WAY

PANEL 1 - BASE OF THE DOME (WIDE)

The team stands before the brass dome.

Behind them, the **Voluptas rests at ground level**, rear ramp extended into the forest floor.

Up close, the dome's surface is ancient, etched - **unnaturally dry**.

Roots brace around it under tension.

PANEL 2 - LYRA & THE DOME (MID-SHOT)

Lyra steps closer, drawn.

She raises a hand and gently touches the brass.

PANEL 3 - LYRA'S PAIN (CLOSE-UP)

Lyra gasps, pulling her hand back.

Her eyes fill with tears.

LYRA:

It hurts...

A breath, shaking.

LYRA:

It's so sad.

PANEL 4 - THE TEAR (EXTREME CLOSE-UP)

A single tear falls.

It strikes the brass.

For a heartbeat, nothing-

Then a **thin green vein** spreads from the impact point.

A tiny sprout forces its way through a seam.

PANEL 5 - KYRA SEES IT (MID-SHOT)

Kyra pulls Lyra close, protective.

Her eyes flick from Lyra... to the sprout.

Understanding lands.

PANEL 1 - KYRA, DECISION (MID-SHOT)

Kyra looks back toward the Voluptas, still grounded.
She activates her comms.

KYRA (comms):

Astra - we need water.

A beat.

KYRA:

Lift off. Low hover only.

PANEL 2 - CHI & JUNO, ENGINEERING (MID-SHOT / INSERT)

Chi is already moving.

CHI (comms):

It's responding to moisture.

JUNO:

Juno nods, fingers flying.

Rerouting internal tanks to the aft bay.

A glance at the readouts.

JUNO:

Once we lift, we're visible.

PANEL 3 - EXTERIOR, WIDE

The **Voluptas lifts slowly** from the forest floor.

The ship settles into a **low hover**, just above the dome.

Leaves whip violently beneath it.

PANEL 4 - KYRA, COMMAND (MID-SHOT)

Kyra watches the dome, tense.

KYRA (comms):

Do it.

A beat.

KYRA:

Make it rain.

PANEL 5 - THE RAIN (ACTION PANEL)

Water pours from the Voluptas in a controlled cascade.

It floods the dome.

Roots darken, swell, and **drink**.

The ground exhales.

PANEL 6 - THE RESPONSE (WIDE)

The brass surface **shifts**.

Roots pull aside as an **ornate arched doorway** unfolds from the dome, lined with faint green light.

The way inside opens.

MAYARA (quiet):

That was just the door?

CAPTION (NARRATIVE):

Water remembered the threshold.

SPREAD 76 INSIDE THE DOME / THE TREE REVEALED

PANEL 1 - THRESHOLD (WIDE)

The team stands at the newly opened archway.
Warm, humid air spills out, carrying the smell of soil and rain.
Light pulses faintly within.
Kyra gestures forward.

PANEL 2 - ENTERING THE DOME (MID-SHOT)

They step inside.
The interior is vast - far larger than the exterior suggested.
The brass walls curve upward, disappearing into shadow.
Water runs in thin rivulets along channels carved into the floor.

PANEL 3 - FIRST SIGHT OF THE TREE (WIDE)

The space opens.
At the heart of the dome stands a **colossal Tree**.
Its trunk is thicker than a city tower - ancient, calcified, split with deep scars.
Most of it is grey, desiccated.
Barely alive.
Silence falls.

PANEL 4 - CHI, IN AWE (MID-SHOT)

Chi stares upward, breathless.

CHI:

That's not a power source...

A beat.

CHI:

That's a body.

PANEL 5 - LUCETTE, SENSING (CLOSE-UP)

Lucette's eyes unfocus again.
Her voice is quiet, reverent.

LUCETTE:

This structure has been carrying the load for the entire planet.

A pause.

LUCETTE:

Alone.

PANEL 1 - THE WATER'S LIMIT (WIDE)

Drops of water fall from above, splashing against the Tree's bark.
 The effect is visible - colour deepens slightly where it touches...
 ...but it is nowhere near enough.
 The Tree remains rigid. Strained.

PANEL 2 - KYRA REALISES (MID-SHOT)

Kyra looks up at the height of the trunk.
 Then at the trickle of water.
 Then back to her team.
 The math is obvious.

PANEL 3 - KYRA, COMMAND (MID-SHOT)

Kyra activates her comms without hesitation.

KYRA (comms):

Astra. Increase flow.

A beat.

KYRA:

Use all of it.

PANEL 4 - CHI, REACTION (MID-SHOT / INSERT)

Chi looks up sharply.

CHI:

Commander, that's-

She hesitates, then grins despite herself.

CHI:

-actually... the pool finally has a use.

PANEL 5 - ENGINEERING, REACTION (MID-SHOT / INSERT)

Juno is already rerouting.

JUNO:

Draining recreational reserves.

Another control flips.

JUNO:

And the emergency tanks.

PANEL 6 - EXTERIOR / INTERIOR SPLIT (WIDE)

Exterior:

The Voluptas hovers low, releasing a **torrent** of water into the dome.

Interior:

The Tree drinks deeply.

Colour surges through the bark like blood returning to limbs.

Deep fissures close.

The structure creaks - not in pain, but in relief.

CAPTION (NARRATIVE):

This was no machine.

It was a being - starved, burdened, and finally fed.

SPREAD 78 THE PATH REVEALED

PANEL 1 - THE TREE RESPONDS (WIDE)

The torrent continues.

Water runs down the immense trunk in shining sheets.

The Tree **moves**.

Not violently - deliberately.

Its bark darkens, softening, seams opening like enormous petals.

PANEL 2 - INTERNAL CHANGE (MID-SHOT)

Deep within the trunk, something shifts.

Fibres unwind.

Rigid layers separate.

The structure is no longer resisting.

It is cooperating.

PANEL 3 - MAYARA, READING THE DESIGN (MID-SHOT)

Mayara studies the movement, eyes narrowing with insight.

MAYARA:

It's not responding to force.

A beat.

MAYARA:

It's responding to care.

PANEL 4 - THE STAIR FORMS (WIDE)

From within the trunk, a **spiral staircase** extrudes - grown, not built.

It coils upward through the Tree's interior, glowing faintly with green light.

Organic. Elegant. Impossible.

PANEL 5 - CHI, SOFTLY (MID-SHOT)

Chi stares, awed.

CHI:

It didn't need a door.

A beat.

CHI:

It needed permission.

PANEL 1 - KYRA, DECISION (MID-SHOT)

Kyra looks at the staircase.
Then at Lyra.
Then upward.

KYRA:

All right.

A beat.

KYRA:

We go slow. Nobody rushes.

PANEL 2 - ASCENT BEGINS (WIDE)

The team steps onto the staircase.
It supports them effortlessly.
With each step, the Tree pulses faintly.
Alive.

PANEL 3 - LUCETTE, DISTURBED (CLOSE-UP)

Lucette falters.
Her voice is barely above a whisper.

LUCETTE:

There's something else ahead.

A pause.

LUCETTE:

Not sleeping... Waiting.

PANEL 4 - VERTICAL SCALE (EXTREME WIDE)

The staircase spirals upward into darkness.
Tiny figures ascend inside a structure that feels planetary in scale.

PANEL 5 - FINAL PANEL: THE VAULT ABOVE (WIDE)

High above, partially obscured by mist and light:
A **massive ornate doorway**, in the Tree's crown.
Ancient. Heavy.
Unmistakably sealed.

CAPTION (NARRATIVE):

They had fed the root.

Now they faced the heart.

SPREAD 80 THE TOMB OF EARTH

PANEL 1 - THE CROWN OF THE TREE (WIDE)

The spiral staircase ends.

Not at a door - but at a **natural hollow** grown into the Tree's crown.

Roots arch overhead like ribs.

At the centre: a **raised mound of pale, dusty soil**, shaped vaguely like a human body.

Still. Dry. Ancient.

PANEL 2 - LUCETTE, RECOGNITION (MID-SHOT)

Lucette stares at the effigy.

Her voice is quiet.

LUCETTE:

This isn't a prison.

A beat.

LUCETTE:

It's a grave.

PANEL 3 - MAYARA, UNDERSTANDING (MID-SHOT)

Mayara studies the form, anger tightening her jaw.

MAYARA:

They didn't kill her.

A pause.

MAYARA:

They exhausted her.

PANEL 4 - LYRA & THE SPHERE (MID-SHOT)

Lyra cradles the Sphere.

Its light is dimmer now - stretched thin.

She looks from the Sphere to the dusty form.

LYRA:

She's still here.

A beat.

LYRA:

She just... ran empty?.

PANEL 5 - KYRA, DECISION (MID-SHOT)

Kyra nods once.

No words. No hesitation.

PANEL 1 - THE OFFERING (WIDE)

Lyra kneels and gently places the Sphere against the effigy's chest.
The Sphere begins to vibrate.

PANEL 2 - THE SPHERE BREAKS (ACTION PANEL)

The Sphere **fractures**.
Water memory spills out - flowing across the dust like liquid light.

PANEL 3 - RESTORATION BEGINS (WIDE)

The soil **darkens**.
Cracks close.
The body's shape sharpens - limbs forming, weight returning.
Dust becomes skin.

PANEL 4 - KI FORMS (MID-SHOT)

A **naked, statuesque woman** now lies where the effigy was.
Her body is earthen bronze and living stone.
Her chest rises-

PANEL 5 - FIRST BREATH (SPLASH PANEL)

Ki inhales deeply.
A long, shuddering breath - like ground settling after a quake.
Roots surge gently upward.
Leaves and moss bloom, weaving into her hair and forming living garments.
Her eyes open.
Ancient. Green. Exhausted.

CAPTION (NARRATIVE):

The Earth did not speak.
She breathed.

SPREAD 82 THE WORLD REACTS

PANEL 1 - THE TREE SHUDDERS (WIDE)

The Tree convulses.

Not in pain - in overload.

Water surges through channels that haven't carried it in centuries.

The entire structure **groans**, ancient fibres straining.

PANEL 2 - ROOTS ERUPT (EXTERIOR, WIDE)

Across the valley, massive roots burst from the ground.

They tear through soil and stone, surging outward in all directions.

Uncontrolled. Defensive.

PANEL 3 - KYRA, REALISING THE DANGER (MID-SHOT)

Kyra spins toward the exit.

KYRA:

Everyone back!

A beat.

KYRA:

Now!

PANEL 4 - LUCETTE, ALARMED (CLOSE-UP)

Lucette staggers, clutching her head.

Her voice fractures with overlapping signals.

LUCETTE:

The planet's reacting as a whole-

A spike of pain.

LUCETTE:

It doesn't know what's friendly!

PANEL 5 - KI, UNFOCUSED (MID-SHOT)

Ki sits upright, disoriented.

Her hands dig into the living floor.

Roots respond instantly, tightening around her.

Her breathing quickens.

PANEL 1 - THE SHIP IN PERIL (EXTERIOR, WIDE)

The **Voluptas**, hovering low above the canopy, is suddenly **snared**.
Thick, glowing roots coil around its hull and engines.
Metal screams under the strain.

PANEL 2 - BRIDGE, PANIC (MID-SHOT)

Astra fights the controls.
Alarms flare.

ASTRA (comms):

Kyra, we're caught!
Multiple anchor points - I can't lift!

PANEL 3 - INSIDE THE DOME, REALISATION (MID-SHOT)

Kyra hears the comms in her ear.
She turns sharply back toward Ki.

KYRA:

She's doing this!

PANEL 4 - LYRA, UNCONSCIOUS KNOWLEDGE (MID-SHOT)

Lyra freezes.
Her eyes widen - not fear, but recognition.
The name escapes her before she understands it.

LYRA:

Ki-

The sound **lands**.
The roots hesitate.

PANEL 5 - LYRA STEPS IN (CLOSE-UP)

Lyra moves to Ki, placing a hand gently on her arm.
Grounding. Familiar.

LYRA:

It's us.

A beat.

LYRA:

You're safe.

CAPTION (NARRATIVE):

Freedom came with reflex.
And reflex came with fear.

SPREAD 81 – CONTAINMENT ANOMALY

Purpose of this spread

- First Accord detection of the Ki disturbance
- Establish that the system should not fail
- Dispatch Terranova base patrol
- Introduce Meilin quietly observing
- Lead directly into the patrol encounter

PANEL 1 – SPIRE OPERATIONS ROOM (WIDE)

Accord monitoring chamber inside the Nexus Spire.

Large holographic displays show the extraction network across Terranova.

One console suddenly flashes amber.

TECHNICIAN

“...That can’t be right.”

PANEL 2 – SCREEN CLOSE-UP

Diagnostic window flashing.

CONTAINMENT FIELD ALERT
TERRANOVA EXTRACTION NETWORK

TECHNICIAN

“Containment variance?”

PANEL 3 – MID SHOT

Supervisor steps in behind the console.

SUPERVISOR

“Run it again.”

PANEL 4 – SENSOR SWEEP

Data scrolls rapidly.

TECHNICIAN

“Full scan running.”

Beat.

“...There was a contact.”

PANEL 5 – SENSOR TRACE

A faint ghost signal appears on the display.

TECHNICIAN

“Almost looked like a ship.”

Beat.

“But it’s gone.”

PANEL 6 – SYSTEM READOUT

Containment harmonic readings continue fluctuating.

TECHNICIAN

“Field harmonics are still drifting.”

PANEL 7 – SUPERVISOR

He studies the readings for a moment, then dismisses it as routine.

SUPERVISOR

“Notify Terranova Base.”

Beat.

“Have them send a patrol.”

PANEL 8 – BACKGROUND DETAIL

In the background of the operations room stands Meilin, reviewing a data slate.

She glances toward the containment readings, quietly making notes.

No one notices.

PANEL 9 – MEILIN CLOSE-UP

Calm. Observant.

MEILIN (internal)

“Minister Harlen will want to see this.”

SPREAD 86 THE SIGNAL / MISUNDERSTANDING

PANEL 1 - TERRANOVA SKY, WIDE

Low above Terranova's cloud layer.

Towering turbine structures punch up through the atmosphere like industrial mountains.

Moving between them is a brutal, utilitarian Accord Security Cruiser, built for enforcement across the extraction zones.

Two small security fighters detach from escort bays beneath the cruiser and fan out into formation.

No urgency. Just another routine patrol.

PILOT (COMMS)

"Terranova Base, patrol responding to containment alert."

BASE (COMMS)

"Understood. Confirm source of the disturbance."

PANEL 2 - BRIDGE, VOLUPTAS (MID-SHOT)

ASTRA (into comms, sharp):

"Kyra, an Accord security cruiser just came into view. Two fighters breaking off"

PANEL 3 - KYRA, INSIDE THE DOME (MID-SHOT)

Kyra hears the report over comms.

She closes her eyes briefly.

KYRA:

Of course they noticed.

PANEL 4 - ASTRA, BRIDGE (MID-SHOT)

Astra watches the approach lines tighten on her HUD.

ASTRA (comms):

They're holding fire for now... but they're lining up like they own the sky.

PANEL 5 - EXTERIOR, WIDE

The Voluptas hovers low above the forest canopy.

Roots still coil around sections of its hull.

High above, faint contrails mark the Accord formation descending.

PANEL 1 - INSIDE THE DOME (MID-SHOT)

The Tree vibrates faintly.
 Dust shakes loose from the ancient structure.
 Ki stiffens - disoriented by the distant disturbance.
 She turns toward Lyra.

PANEL 2 - LYRA, SENSING (CLOSE-UP)

Lyra freezes.
 Her breath catches - pressure, not pain.

LYRA:*Something's wrong.*

A beat.
 She looks upward instinctively.

LYRA:*They're lining up on the ship.***PANEL 3 - KI REALISES (MID-SHOT)**

Ki's eyes widen in sudden horror.
 She *feels* the roots - wrapped around metal, alive with fear.
 Her hands rise reflexively.

PANEL 4 - THE RELEASE (EXTERIOR, WIDE)

Outside-
 The glowing roots **loosen**.
 They withdraw from the Voluptas, uncoiling carefully, reluctantly.
 The ship shudders - then steadies.
 Free.

PANEL 5 - BRIDGE, VOLUPTAS (MID-SHOT)

Astra feels the controls respond.

ASTRA (comms):*Kyra - we're clear.*

A beat.

ASTRA:*That wasn't us.*

SPREAD 88

PANEL 1 - INSIDE THE DOME (MID-SHOT)

Ki lowers her hands slowly.

She exhales, shaken.

She looks to Lyra - uncertain, searching.

Learning.

PANEL 2 - ORBITAL SPACE (WIDE)

The Accord cruiser finishes aligning.

Its main emitter charges - slow, deliberate.

The fighters peel outward.

PANEL 3 - FIRST STRIKE (EXTERIOR, WIDE)

Without warning-

The cruiser fires.

A massive energy beam slams into the forest canopy near the Voluptas.

The blast tears through trees and earth.

PANEL 4 - INSIDE THE DOME, IMPACT (MID-SHOT)

The shockwave ripples through the Tree.

Ki staggers.

Lyra cries out.

LYRA:

They fired!

PANEL 5 - KI, THE TURN (CLOSE-UP)

Ki looks up.

Her confusion is gone.

What remains is clarity - and fury held barely in check.

The ground beneath her feet **begins to glow**.

CAPTION (NARRATIVE):

She released them.

They answered with fire.

PANEL 1 - ORBITAL SPACE (WIDE)

The Accord cruiser holds position.
The fighters circle like vultures.
Weapons recharge.

PANEL 2 - KI, RISING POWER (MID-SHOT)

The roots beneath the dome begin to move again.
This time-
with intent.

PANEL 3 - KYRA, REALISATION (MID-SHOT)

Kyra grips her weapon, eyes wide.

KYRA:

Everyone back.

A beat.

KYRA:

Now!

PANEL 4 - EXTERIOR, PLANETARY SCALE (WIDE)

Across Terranova-
The land stirs.
Roots surge upward, no longer wild.
They are **aiming**.

PANEL 5 - FINAL PANEL (WIDE)

High above-
The Accord cruiser begins to drift off course.
Slowly.
As if something far larger has taken hold.

CAPTION (NARRATIVE):

Mercy had been offered.

Now the Earth would answer.

SPREAD 90 THE FALL

PANEL 1 - ORBITAL DESCENT, WIDE

The **Accord Security Cruiser** descends aggressively.

Too low.

Too close.

Its escorts fan out, weapons warming.

PANEL 2 - BRIDGE, VOLUPTAS (MID-SHOT)

Alarms flare.

ASTRA:

They're lining up for a saturation pass!

LUCETTE:

Trajectory intersects the dome.

PANEL 3 - INSIDE THE DOME, KI (MID-SHOT)

Ki stiffens.

She feels the intent - not hunger now, but eradication.

Her jaw tightens.

PANEL 4 - ACCORD STRIKE (EXTERIOR, WIDE)

The cruiser fires.

Not at the Tree -

At the Voluptas.

The blast rips across its stern.

PANEL 5 - VOLUPTAS HIT (EXTERIOR, WIDE)

The ship lurches violently.

Engines sputter.

She begins to **drop**.

PANEL 1 - BRIDGE, LOSS OF CONTROL (MID-SHOT)

Astra fights the controls.

ASTRA:

We've lost lift!

JUNO (comms):

Structural failure on the mounts-

I can't hold her!

PANEL 2 - GROUND TEAM, REALISATION (WIDE)

Kyra and the team rush out of the dome entrance-

They look up.

The Voluptas is falling.

PANEL 3 - KI REACTS (MID-SHOT)

Ki turns sharply.

No thought.

No rage.

Just instinct.

She slams her hands to the ground.

PANEL 4 - THE CATCH (EXTERIOR, WIDE)

Colossal roots erupt upward.

They **cradle the Voluptas**, absorbing the fall.

The ship crashes through branches and stone-

-but **lands**, hard and intact.

PANEL 5 - AFTERSHOCK (WIDE)

Dust. Silence.

The Voluptas lies embedded in the forest floor.

Alive.

SPREAD 92

PANEL 1 - KI, LOOKING UP (MID-SHOT)

Ki slowly straightens.

Above her-

The Accord cruiser holds position.

Unharméd.

Watching.

PANEL 2 - KI'S CHOICE (CLOSE-UP)

Something breaks in her expression.

Not anger.

Resolve.

PANEL 3 - THE DOME SHATTERS (FULL-WIDTH PANEL)

With a violent upward surge-

Roots tear through the dome, ripping it apart.

Brass fractures. Stone explodes.

The Tree is exposed to the sky.

Now everyone can see.

PANEL 4 - SHARED SIGHTLINE (WIDE)

From the forest floor-

The crew sees the cruiser above.

From the sky-

The Accord sees the awakened Earth below.

No more hiding.

PANEL 5 - THE GRASP (WIDE)

Roots surge upward again.

This time-

They seize the **Accord cruiser**.

PANEL 1 - THE SMASH (WIDE)

The cruiser is dragged straight down.

No struggle.

No delay.

It vanishes into the forest in a thunderous impact.

PANEL 2 - ESCORT FIGHTERS (MID-SHOT)

One fighter fires wildly.

The other hesitates.

PANEL 3 - WARNING (WIDE)

Roots rise again - blocking, not striking.

A clear message.

PANEL 4 - THE RETREAT (WIDE)

One fighter flees.

The other spirals down, damaged, crashing nearby.

PANEL 5 - FINAL PANEL, SILENCE

The forest stills.

The ruined dome smokes.

The Voluptas rests, wounded but alive.

Ki stands amid the destruction.

CAPTION (NARRATIVE):

The Earth had revealed itself.

There would be witnesses.

SPREAD 94 THE PRISONER

PANEL 1 - CRASH SITE, WIDE

A twisted **Accord Security fighter** lies half-buried in scorched earth and shattered roots.

Its hull is torn open but intact.

Smoke curls upward in slow, sickly spirals.

Emergency lights blink weakly inside the wreck.

PANEL 2 - GROUND TEAM APPROACHES (MID-SHOT)

Kyra advances cautiously, weapon raised.

Kassiopeia and Mayara flank her.

The shattered dome looms behind them.

KYRA:

Careful. She's alive.

PANEL 3 - FIGHTER CANOPY, INTERIOR (CLOSE-UP)

Inside the cockpit-

A **female Accord officer**, bloodied and restrained by a warped harness.

Her breathing is shallow.

Her eyes flick wildly, tracking every movement outside.

PANEL 4 - MAYARA, IDENTIFICATION (MID-SHOT)

Mayara studies the insignia on the fighter's interior.

Her expression hardens.

MAYARA:

Resource Division.

A beat.

MAYARA:

Senior clearance.

PANEL 5 - EXTRACTION (ACTION PANEL)

Kassiopeia wrenches the canopy free.

Kyra pulls the officer out, dropping her hard onto the ground.

The officer gasps, coughing, collapsing to her knees.

PANEL 1 - THE OFFICER (CLOSE-UP)

The Accord officer looks up at them.

Defiant - but her composure is cracking.

ACCORD OFFICER:

You don't understand what you've done.

PANEL 2 - KI WATCHES (MID-SHOT)

Ki stands a short distance away, half in shadow.

She looks at the wrecked fighter.

At the torn earth.

At the people standing among the aftermath.

Her hands tremble slightly.

This was not abstract.

PANEL 3 - KYRA'S CONTROL (MID-SHOT)

Kyra kneels in front of the officer, voice calm and level.

KYRA:

You're breathing because she chose restraint.

A beat.

KYRA:

Don't waste it.

PANEL 4 - FINAL PANEL, THE WEIGHT (WIDE)

Wide shot of the clearing:

The ruined fighter

The damaged **Voluptas** resting in the forest

The shattered dome behind them

Everyone is standing.

No one feels victorious.

CAPTION (NARRATIVE):

Survival was never clean.

And mercy was never free.

SPREAD 96 CONTROL

PANEL 1 - THE OFFICER, RESTRAINED (MID-SHOT)

The Accord officer sits bound against a broken root.

Her breathing has steadied.

She looks past Kyra - calculating, defensive.

ACCORD OFFICER:

That structure wasn't sacred.

PANEL 2 - MAYARA, FLAT (MID-SHOT)

Mayara doesn't blink.

MAYARA:

Then explain the chains.

PANEL 3 - THE TRUTH (CLOSE-UP, OFFICER)

The officer exhales sharply.

ACCORD OFFICER:

Terranova was classified as a high-yield cultivation world.

A beat.

ACCORD OFFICER:

So we optimized it.

PANEL 4 - KI REACTS (MID-SHOT)

Ki's expression tightens.

Not anger.

Recognition.

PANEL 5 - OFFICER CONTINUES (MID-SHOT)

ACCORD OFFICER:

Crop cycles.

Soil conditioning.

Growth acceleration.

Her jaw sets.

ACCORD OFFICER:

Everything was pushed harder. Faster.

PANEL 1 - LYRA, HORROR DAWNING (CLOSE-UP)

Lyra looks out over the forest.
The struggling growth.
The exhausted land.

LYRA:

You didn't cultivate it.

PANEL 2 - LYRA FINISHES IT (MID-SHOT)

She turns back to the officer.

LYRA:

You bled it dry.

PANEL 3 - OFFICER, DEFENSIVE (MID-SHOT)

The officer snaps back, brittle.

ACCORD OFFICER:

People needed food.

A beat.

ACCORD OFFICER:

Control ensures supply..

PANEL 4 - KI, QUIET UNDERSTANDING (CLOSE-UP)

Ki closes her eyes.
She places a hand against the ground.
The soil beneath her fingers is thin.
Tired.

KI:

You starved the roots.

OFFICER:

"We controlled growth"

PANEL 5 - FINAL PANEL, THE COST (WIDE)

Wide shot of Terranova:
Fields struggling.
Forests thinned.
Life persisting - but diminished.
Ki stands among it.

Not raging.
Mourning.

SPREAD 98 EARTH'S VENGEANCE

PANEL 1 - THE SILENCE (top left)

The forest goes **utterly silent**.

No wind.

No birds.

No movement.

As if the world is listening to only one thing.

KI:

"Not anymore."

PANEL 2 - THE SILENCE (tope middle)

"Ki gently touches the ground.

The soil curls around her fingers in response."

PANEL 3 - TERROR (top right

Roots coil around the officer's legs and waist.

She is wrenched upward, screaming.

Vines tear at her uniform, shredding it away in violent strips.

She claws at nothing, naked and helpless.

Her scream rises - raw, animal, endless.

OFFICER:

"Wait!"

SFX: RIIIP-TEARRR-

PANEL 4 - VENGEANCE (FULL-PAGE SPLASH)

THE ROOTS STRIKE.

Multiple thick, living vines **rip into her body at once**.

Her torso is torn apart.

Her limbs are **ripped free**.

Blood and viscera explode outward in a violent spray.

Her scream is cut off mid-sound.

The pieces are **dragged downward**, disappearing into the earth.

SFX: CRRUNCH-SPLURT-THOOM

PANEL 1 - ERASURE (WIDE)

The ground seals itself instantly.
 Roots withdraw.
 Soil smooths.
 Leaves settle.
 No body.
 No blood.
 No sign anything happened.
 As if the forest never moved at all.

PANEL 2 - THE WRECKAGE (WIDE STRIP)

Across Terranova:
 Accord cruiser wreckage is **pulled beneath the surface**
 Fighter debris is seized and dragged down
 Twisted metal vanishes into living soil
 Nothing remains.

CAPTION (NARRATIVE):

The crime was not conquest.
It was consumption without restraint.

PANEL 3 - THE CREW (MID-SHOT)

Kyra stands frozen.
 Kassiopeia stares, unmoving.
 Mayara looks away too late.
 No one speaks.

PANEL 4 - (WIDE)

Forest quiet again.
 Nobody speaking. Just the crew staring at the ground.

PANEL 5 - CHI (CLOSE-UP)

Chi drops to her knees, gagging.
 She retches violently, bile splashing onto the forest floor.

SFX: GURGLE-RETCH

Her hands shake uncontrollably.

PANEL 6 - FINAL PANEL, AFTER (WIDE)

Ki stands alone amid the quiet clearing.
 The forest breathes again.
 Nothing else moves.

CAPTION (NARRATIVE):

The Earth took its due.
And then it was done.

SPREAD 100 AFTER THE FALL

PANEL 1 - THE CLEARING, WIDE

The forest is quiet again.

Insects resume. Leaves move.

The **Voluptas** rests in the clearing, damaged but intact.

The shattered dome smokes faintly in the distance.

The fight is over.

PANEL 2 - THE CREW, REGROUPING (MID-SHOT)

Kyra signals low and slow.

Weapons are lowered.

Kassiopeia checks the perimeter.

No one looks at the place where the officer died.

PANEL 3 - KI, COMPOSED (MID-SHOT)

Ki stands upright.

Still. Grounded.

Her presence is heavy - not unstable, not apologetic.

The land around her subtly aligns, as if taking cues.

PANEL 4 - THE VOLUPTAS, STABILIZED (MID-SHOT)

Roots and vines **brace the ship's hull**, knitting fractures and reinforcing mounts.

Not elegant.

Effective.

Juno runs a hand over the living supports, stunned.

PANEL 5 - LYRA FEELS THE SHIFT (CLOSE-UP)

Lyra closes her eyes.

Her breathing evens.

The ache she's carried since Thalassara is gone.

Replaced by clarity.

PANEL 1 - LYRA STEPS FORWARD (MID-SHOT)

Lyra moves to stand beside Ki.
Not behind her.
Beside.
She looks out across Terranova.

PANEL 2 - LYRA SPEAKS (MID-SHOT)

Lyra's voice is steady.
Certain.

LYRA:

This world will live.

A beat.

LYRA:

Not as it was.

But enough.

Ki inclines her head - a simple acknowledgment.

PANEL 3 - KI, STATEMENT (CLOSE-UP)

Ki turns to Lyra.
Her voice is calm. Absolute.

KI:

Now, lets have a look at YOU?

PANEL 4 - THE CORE STIRS (MID-SHOT)

Near Lyra, the **Sphere** (or its fragments) glows faintly.
Not whole.
Waiting.
Responsive to Lyra's presence.

PANEL 5 - FINAL PANEL, DIRECTION (WIDE)

A thin filament of light lifts from the Core, angling skyward.
Lyra watches it, understanding settling in.

LYRA:

She's calling us forward.

Kyra looks to the sky.

KYRA:

Then we don't linger.

CAPTION (NARRATIVE):

The Earth stood its ground.
The journey moved on.

SPREAD 102 THE ONE WHO REMEMBERS

PANEL 1 - THE CLEARING, WIDE

Mist begins to gather between the trees.

Not fog.

Not smoke.

Moisture, drawn gently from leaf and soil.

The air cools.

PANEL 2 - LYRA FEELS IT FIRST (CLOSE-UP)

Lyra inhales sharply.

Not pain.

Recognition.

Her eyes soften.

PANEL 3 - WATER TAKES SHAPE (MID-SHOT)

Within the mist, ripples form in midair.

Contours suggest shoulders. Hair. A face.

Water learns how to be a body again.

PANEL 4 - NIXIE EMERGES (MID-SHOT)

Nixie stands where the mist thickens.

Translucent blue skin.

Hair flowing like slow currents.

Eyes deep with remembered oceans.

Whole. Calm. Unafraid.

She surveys the clearing - the wreckage, the ship, Ki.

PANEL 5 - NIXIE'S DRY HUMOUR (CLOSE-UP)

Nixie looks at Lyra.

A faint, knowing smile.

NIXIE:

You always did carry too much.

THE CORE RETURNED

PANEL 1 - NIXIE, CLOSE (MID-SHOT)

Nixie looks down at herself.

For the first time, she seems... solid.

She draws her flowing, water-woven garment slightly aside her heart, revealing **depth**, as if her body holds tides within it.

PANEL 2 - THE CORE REVEALED (CLOSE-UP)

From within her chest, Nixie withdraws a **perfectly formed sphere**.

It is not liquid now.

It is glass-smooth, weighty, alive with slow-moving currents inside.

Water, remembered and held.

PANEL 3 - NIXIE TO LYRA (MID-SHOT)

Nixie extends the Sphere toward Lyra.

Her expression is gentle. Certain.

NIXIE:

This is what survived.

A beat.

NIXIE:

Not the sea.

The memory of it.

PANEL 4 - LYRA RECEIVES IT (MID-SHOT)

Lyra takes the Sphere with both hands.

It is heavier than it looks.

It settles against her palms as if it belongs there.

She exhales - relief, not awe.

PANEL 5 - KI COMPLETES IT (MID-SHOT)

Ki steps close.

She places her hand over Lyra's, grounding the Sphere.

Green filaments bloom **inside** the Core - not overtaking the water, but **anchoring it**.

Earth gives the memory weight.

PANEL 6 - THE CORE, CHANGED (CLOSE-UP)

Inside the Sphere:

Blue currents turn slower.

Green structures form lattice-like roots.

Silver motes flicker faintly - distant, incomplete.

Balanced. Physical. Real.

FINAL PANEL - DIRECTION (WIDE)

Lyra looks up from the Sphere.

The sky above Terranova stretches wide and still.

She doesn't smile.

She understands.

LYRA:

Air won't come to us.

Ki nods once.

Nixie steps back, already fading into mist.

CAPTION (NARRATIVE):

Water remembered.

Earth endured.

The breath above still waited.

SPREAD 104 WHAT REMAINS**PANEL 1 - LYRA (MID-SHOT)**

Lyra stands. The Sphere is held close to her body, heavy, grounding.
She walks toward Kyra. There is no rush.

LYRA (quiet):
Kyra. I'm stable.
Not whole.

PANEL 2 - THE CORE (CLOSE-UP)

The Sphere between them.
Inside: water slowed, earth anchoring it, faint silver motes.

LYRA (off-panel):
But it's enough. For now.

PANEL 3 - KI ENTERS FRAME (MID-SHOT)

Ki steps forward. She places her hand briefly over Lyra's.

KI:
What you carry is what remained
when Water and Earth were taken apart.

PANEL 4 - KI (CLOSE-UP)

Her hand withdraws. The weight stays with Lyra.

KI:
I am free.
Balance is not.

PANEL 5 - KYRA (MID-SHOT)

Kyra looks past them - upward.

KYRA:
Air won't come here.

PANEL 6 - KI (PROFILE)

A single nod.

KI:
Aetherion.

PANEL 7 - WIDE, THROUGH THE BROKEN DOME

The damaged Voluptas hangs low above the forest.

KI (off-panel):
You freed me.... They will know.

CAPTION (NARRATIVE):

The Core endured.
The world did not exhale.

THE REPAIR BEGINS

PANEL 1 - EXTERNAL, WIDE

The Voluptas hangs unnaturally low.

A long rupture scars her hull. She should not still be airborne.

PANEL 2 - KI (LOW ANGLE)

Ki stands beneath the ship.

The ground around her begins to shift - not violently, but deliberately.

PANEL 3 - EARTH IN MOTION (DETAIL)

Stone rises.

Metal-rich soil separates.

Veins of ore surface, glowing faintly with pressure heat.

PANEL 4 - HULL, CLOSE-UP

Warped plates pull straight.

Cracks flood with molten structure, cooling instantly into ribs.

The damage is not hidden.

It is being *built around*.

PANEL 5 - ENGINEERING, JUNO (MID-SHOT)

Juno stares at diagnostics scrolling too fast.

JUNO:

That's not a patch.

PANEL 6 - LUCETTE (MID-SHOT)

Lucette's form sharpens. She feels it before confirming it.

LUCETTE (quiet):

She's rebuilding us.

SPREAD 106 STRONGER

PANEL 1 - HULL SECTION (WIDE DETAIL)

The repaired area is darker, heavier.
Mineral veining reinforces the structure beneath visible scars.

PANEL 2 - KI (MID-SHOT)

Hands raised, steady. Focused.

KI:

She was harmed by my waking.

PANEL 3 - FINAL SEAL (CLOSE-UP)

A low, resonant *thrum* as the last fracture closes.

KI (off-panel):

I will not leave her broken.

PANEL 4 - ENGINEERING, JUNO (CLOSE-UP)

Juno exhales, half disbelief.

JUNO:

Hull integrity... exceeds original spec.

PANEL 5 - LUCETTE (CLOSE-UP)

Lucette presses her palm to the bulkhead.

LUCETTE:

You didn't JUST fix me.

PANEL 6 - KI (PROFILE)

Calm. Certain.

KI:

I fortified you.

CAPTION (NARRATIVE):

Earth does not erase damage.

It reinforces it.

LIFT

PANEL 1 - EXTERNAL, WIDE

The ground releases its hold.
The Voluptas rises - cleanly, finally.

PANEL 2 - KI (LOW ANGLE)

Ki lowers her hands.
The earth stills.

PANEL 3 - THE SHIP ASCENDING (WIDE)

Scars visible along the hull as Terranova falls away beneath her.

PANEL 4 - INTERIOR, OBSERVATION (MID-SHOT)

Lyra watches the world recede, the Core held close.
She does not smile.

PANEL 5 - FINAL, SILENT WIDE

The Voluptas turns toward open sky.

CAPTION (NARRATIVE):

Water remembered.
Earth endured.
The breath above still waited.

SPREAD 108 INTERLUDE: VOID TRANSIT

PANEL 1 - BRIDGE (MID-WIDE)

The **Voluptas** glides through open void.

Stars pass in slow, steady silence.

Astra at the helm.

Chi stands beside her, focused on a **data pad** dense with live system readouts.

ASTRA (dry, satisfied):

Whatever Ki did...

the ship's flying like she shed ten thousand tons.

CHI (scrolling, incredulous):

Hull harmonics are absurdly stable.

The reinforcement isn't just holding stress - it's redistributing it before failure even forms.

On the pad, Lucette's sigil pulses softly.

LUCETTE (via pad, calm):

Correction.

I am no longer generating structural tension.

Astra lets out a short breath.

ASTRA:

...that explains the handling.

PANEL 2 - BRIDGE DETAIL (CLOSE-UP)

Chi's pad shows overlapping lattice diagrams - Earth-grown reinforcement integrated into the Voluptas' frame.

CHI (quiet, to herself):

It's like the ship finally knows where her weight is.

Lucette's sigil pulses once, almost amused.

PANEL 3 - MED BAY (MID-SHOT)

Lyra sits upright on the edge of a medical couch.

The **Sphere** rests in its cradle nearby - inert, heavy, unmistakably present.

Dr. Elara checks a scanner, precise and clinical.

DR. ELARA:

Your vitals are synchronised.

The Earth element is stabilising the Water imprint.

PANEL 4 - MED BAY (CLOSE-UP)

Elara lowers the scanner and meets Lyra's eyes.

DR. ELARA:

You're not healed.

But you're no longer deteriorating.

Lyra exhales - relief without celebration.

LYRA:

Well I'll take that.

PANEL 5 - MED BAY, WIDE

Lyra glances toward the Sphere.

It does not glow. It does not respond.

It waits.

CAPTION (NARRATIVE):

Stability was not safety.

But it was time.

CONNECTION

PANEL 1 - MAYARA'S QUARTERS (MID-SHOT)

Mayara stands alone, adjusting a half-finished outfit laid across a chair.
She activates a comm.

MAYARA (calm, casual):

Chi?

I need technical assistance with a... morale-critical issue.

A beat.

MAYARA (softer):

Could you come by?

PANEL 2 - QUARTERS DOORWAY (MID-SHOT)

Chi steps inside, instantly flustered.
Her eyes flick to the glamorous outfits, then away.

CHI (trying to stay professional):

I- I don't think this is an engineering problem?

Mayara turns to face her. No teasing. No armour.

MAYARA:

No.

It's a people problem.

PANEL 3 - CLOSE TWO-SHOT

Mayara lowers herself slightly, bringing their gaze to eye level.

MAYARA (quiet, direct):

When everything broke...

you were the one I ran back for.

Chi freezes. Then breathes.

CHI:

*I didn't know if I was allowed to hope
that meant something?*

PANEL 4 - CLOSE-UP, MAYARA

A small, sincere smile.

MAYARA:

You are.

PANEL 5 - THE KISS

Mayara closes the distance and kisses Chi.

It is gentle. Unrushed.

Not celebratory - **anchoring**.

Chi's hands hesitate... then rest against Mayara's chest, steadying herself.

No dialogue.

FINAL PANEL - EXTERNAL, WIDE

The **Voluptas** moves through the void - scarred, reinforced, carrying an unfinished Core.

CAPTION (NARRATIVE):

After chaos, connection.

After silence, breath.

SPREAD 110 APPROACHING AETHERION, THE STORM THEY EXPECT

PANEL 1 - EXTERIOR, LONG SHOT

Aetherion fills the forward view: an **endless planetary storm**.
Towering cloud bands spiral. Lightning threads constantly.
It looks uninhabitable.

PANEL 2 - BRIDGE (MID-WIDE)

Warnings strobe. Shield readouts spike.
Astra leans forward, tight with lived caution.

ASTRA:

*This is bad weather stacked on bad design.
We nearly lost her once today.
I'm not doing that again.*

PANEL 3 - INSERT: CHI'S PAD / MODELS (CLOSE-UP)

Violent turbulence cones. Failure arcs. Red probability bands.

CHI:

*Accord atmospheric models are... hostile.
They're routing us straight through the worst of it.*

Lucette's sigil pulses on the pad.

LUCETTE (via pad):

*Those models assume continuous instability.
I am not convinced that assumption is true.*

PANEL 4 - IMPACT (WIDE)

The Voluptas commits. Shields flare as she **punches into the storm wall**.

SFX: FZZZ-SHHHH

THE STILL SKY THEY GET

PANEL 1 - SILENCE (WIDE)

Everything stops.

The ship emerges into a sky that is **perfectly still**.

No wind. No drift. No weather.

PANEL 2 - EXTERIOR, WIDE

Below: immense, sterile turbine fields rotating in flawless synchrony.

Alignment without life.

CHI (O.S.):

That's... too clean.

PANEL 3 - BRIDGE, LYRA & THE CORE (MID-SHOT)

Lyra stands near the Sphere's cradle.

The Core emits a faint, cold glow.

LYRA (quiet):

It was never a storm.

PANEL 4 - LANDING PLATFORM (WIDE)

A vast sterile platform waits - prepared, empty, expectant.

The Voluptas descends.

KYRA (low, controlled):

Slow and quiet.

FINAL PANEL - KYRA (CLOSE-UP)

Kyra looks out across the unmoving sky.

KYRA:

This isn't peace.

It's a cage.

SPREAD 112 THE WORKING SKY

PANEL 1 - PLATFORM EXIT, WIDE

The crew steps out onto the platform.

Above them, the sky is almost entirely obscured by **colossal turbine rings**, stacked in layers, rotating in perfect synchrony.

Air howls constantly through vast intake corridors.

This is not weather.

It is infrastructure.

SFX: WHOOOOOM-THRUM-WHOOOOOM

PANEL 2 - LOW ANGLE, TURBINES

The blades turn with mathematical precision, forcing air into lanes, compressing it, accelerating it.

The wind never stops.

PANEL 3 - MID-SHOT, CREW

Capes, hair, loose fabric are pulled in the same direction.

CHI (raising her voice slightly):

This isn't a storm.

It's extraction.

PANEL 4 - LYRA & THE CORE (DETAIL)

The Sphere vibrates faintly in its cradle.

LYRA (uneasy):

It's being pulled.

Not drained.

Redirected.

SYLPH

PANEL 1 - MIST IN WIND

Mist near the platform doesn't scatter.

It slips sideways, moving *against* the dominant current.

Something small and fast is moving inside it.

PANEL 2 - SYLPH FORMS

Sylph condenses out of the mist **inside the wind**.

Barely four feet tall.

Ancient. Constantly moving. Dancing along pressure gradients no one else can feel.

Her simple top and skirt flutter wildly, responding to forces she ignores.

SYLPH (bright, chiming):

Visitors...

after so long?

PANEL 3 - KYRA

Kyra steps forward, feet planted.

KYRA:

We expected a storm?

PANEL 4 - SYLPH, SPINNING

Sylph twirls once. The wind tightens instinctively around her.

SYLPH (laughing):

You're standing in one.

FINAL PANEL - WIDE

The turbines continue to turn.

The wind roars.

CAPTION:

Air was not absent.

It was captive.

SPREAD 114 LIFE IN THE CAGE

HOW SHE LIVES

PANEL 1 - SYLPH IN MOTION

Sylph darts between wind lanes, laughing softly.

The turbines automatically adjust around her.

She is not resisting.

She is coexisting.

SYLPH:

They don't mind me...

as long as I don't change anything.

PANEL 2 - TURBINE RESPONSE

Sensors flare briefly as she passes. The system compensates instantly.

CHI (O.S.):

They didn't build these to monitor the wind. They're tuned to her specific frequency-they're siphoning the kinetic energy of her very breath.

ASTRA (O.S.):

It's a high-pressure harness. If these blades stop, the atmosphere doesn't just go still-it gets sucked into the vacuum of the primary intakes.

PANEL 3 - CHI & ASTRA

CHI:

She's not imprisoned.

ASTRA:

She's managed.

PANEL 4 - SYLPH, PERCHED

Sylph hovers upside down near a turbine strut, looking at the massive blades.

SYLPH:

*They built all of this just to catch me. Without my breath, these big wings are just **cold metal and silence.***

WHY SHE STAYS

PANEL 1 - LYRA & SYLPH

LYRA:

You could leave? If you're the source... just stop

Sylph tilts her head, puzzled.

PANEL 2 - SYLPH CLOSE

Sylph looks at the massive, spinning blades with a hollow expression.

SYLPH:

*I tried. If I blow harder, they just build more wheels to catch me. I grow...
and the cage grows with me.*

PANEL 3 - WIDE, SYSTEM

The turbines turn.

The wind howls.

SYLPH (O.S.):

*The wheels stop. The air goes still. And I can't breathe a sky that doesn't
move.*

PANEL 4 - SYLPH, RAISING A FINGER

She looks at Lyra with a desperate kind of challenge.

SYLPH:

See? I'm the one keep them alive... so they can keep me small.

FINAL PANEL - THE FINGER STAYS STILL

The air around her hand begins to shimmer unnaturally.

CAPTION:

The cage was not built to hold her. It was built to **need** her.

SPREAD 116 THE TRAP

WHY FORCE FAILS

PANEL 1 - TURBINE DETAIL

CHI (O.S.):

If she fights back... if she blows harder-

PANEL 2 - CHI FINISHES

CHI:

she just feeds the expansion. They'll build a thousand more rings to harvest the anger.

PANEL 3 - SYLPH,

MATTER-OF-FACT

SYLPH:

My storms only make them richer.

THE INTERRUPTION

PANEL 1 (SYLPH RAISES HER HAND):

Sylph stops her motion. The wind around her goes dead.

PANEL 2 (SYSTEM FAILURE):

The sound of the massive turbines changes from a roar to a grinding, dying groan.

PANEL 3 (THE CHOKE - EXPANDED):

Instead of just clutching their throats, the crew's environmental suits begin to collapse under the external vacuum. **Kyra** and **Lyra** are pinned to the gantry by the sudden pressure shift .

LYRA (gasping):

"The air... it's stopping..."

NEW PANEL 4 (JUNO'S SAVE):

Juno is the only one moving. She is already on her knees by a service hatch, ripping a manual override lever with a heavy wrench.

JUNO:

"The turbines are vacuum-sealing the deck! If I don't overclock the suit scrubbers, we're going to implode before the machines even die!"

NEW PANEL 5 (THE OVERCLOCK):

Sparks fly from Juno's suit as she forces her own battery to jumpstart the team's internal oxygen. A hiss of air fills the helmets of the others just as Sylph begins to fade.

PANEL 6 (SYLPH, WEAKENING):

Sylph begins to fade, her glow dimming as she realizes she's killing herself too.

SYLPH (whisper):

"If I stop... we all die. That's why I can't stay still."

FINAL PANEL - WIND SLAMS BACK

Sylph lets go, the wind roars back to life, and the turbines spin up again. Everyone gasps for air.

SFX:

WHOOOOOM

CAPTION:

*The trap was not walls. It was **breath**.*

SPREAD 118 THE PLAN

PANEL 1 - CHI

CHI:

If there's no air-

PANEL 2 - SYLPH CATCHES ON

SYLPH:

-the machines starve.

PANEL 3 - LYRA & THE CORE

Lyra holds the Sphere, the water and earth inside swirling with potential.

LYRA:

You can hide. Inside this. It's a memory of a world... not a machine.

PANEL 4 - SYLPH, SERIOUS FOR ONCE

Sylph looks at the Sphere with narrow eyes, suspicious.

SYLPH:

*I've lived in 'perfection' before. It usually has **locks** on the outside.*

PANEL 1 - KYRA

Kyra looks at the massive turbines, then back to the small girl.

KYRA:

*It's your choice. But if you step inside, the machines will think the wind has died. They'll fight for a breath that isn't there until they **break**.*

PANEL 2 - LUCETTE (VIA PAD)

Lucette's sigil pulses, confirming the "blind spot" the Core provides.

LUCETTE:

*The Core is a sanctuary. Once you are inside, the Accord's sensors will find only **emptiness**. The system will starve in seconds.*

PANEL 3 - SYLPH SMILES

She looks at the machines with a mischievous glint-realizing she's about to pull the ultimate prank.

SYLPH:

So I hide... the big wheels starve... and then I come back out to play?

A beat.

SYLPH:

I've always wanted to see them fall.

PANEL 4 - THE HAND-OFF

Sylph reaches toward the Sphere.

SYLPH:

*Okay then. Let's give them a taste of **nothing**.*

FINAL PANEL - DECISION

The wind is at its absolute peak, a final scream of power.

CAPTION:

*Freedom required **absence**.*

SPREAD 120 COLLAPSE & ESCAPE

(Rapid sequence: Sylph enters the Core, wind thins, alarms die, turbines fail, crew runs, Voluptas lifts clear as the system collapses.)

CAPTION:

The sky... stopped working.

SPREAD 122 – THE PATTERN

Purpose

- Pay off Meilin noticing Terranova earlier
- Reveal Aetherion collapse
- Realisation something systemic is happening
- End with them going to Vane

Panel 1 – Spire corridor (wide)

Meilin walking quickly through the administrative levels, reading Terranova data.

MEILIN (internal)

Containment variance... patrol signal lost...

Panel 2 – Harlen's office

MEILIN

Minister Harlen...

I believe we have a containment anomaly on Terranova.

Panel 3 – Harlen interrupts

Harlen activates a projection.

HARLEN

Not just Terranova.

Panel 4 – system map

Terranova dark.

Aetherion flashing unstable.

HARLEN

Aetherion's turbine network just collapsed.

Panel 1 – Meilin realises

MEILIN

Two primary nodes... in the same cycle?

Panel 2

HARLEN

That should not be possible.

Panel 3

Meilin showing the sensor readouts.

MEILIN

Terranova reported a transient contact before the patrol vanished.

Beat.

Possibly a vessel.

Panel 4 – escalation

Harlen closes the projection.

HARLEN

The High Chancellor will need to see this.

Panel 5 – final panel

Meilin and Harlen walking quickly down the Spire corridor.

MEILIN (quiet)

Minister... this doesn't look like a failure.

HARLEN

No.

Beat.

HARLEN

It looks like interference.

SPREAD 124 – VANE

Purpose

Introduce Vane and interrupt the sleazy moment.

Panel 1

Seraphina sits on the edge of Vane's desk with her back to the viewer, facing him.

Her panties discarded on the desk nearby.

Her skirt is hitched up and her legs wide open, as she leans forward toward him, posture confident and deliberate.

Vane watches her, clearly distracted.

SERAPHINA

“So... about that promotion.”

Panel 2

Doors burst open.

HARLEN

“High Chancellor.”

Panel 3

Vane startled, pushing Seraphina off the desk.

Panel 4

Seraphina pulling her skirt straight.

Panel 5

Vane straightening his jacket.

VANE

“Minister Harlen”

Panel 6

Vane annoyed.

VANE

“This had better be important.”

Panel 1

Harlen activates the holographic map.

HARLEN

“It is.”

Panel 2

Terranova dark on the map.

HARLEN

“Terranova containment failure.”

Panel 3

Aetherion turbine grid flashing.

HARLEN

“Aetherion’s turbine array collapsed.”

Panel 4

Seraphina casually.

SERAPHINA

“Thalassara had a systems failure the other day.”

(a Beat)

“Didn't I tell you?”

Panel 5

Meilin looking at the display.

MEILIN

“That would make three systems.”

Panel 6

Vane watching the map as error lights spread across multiple sectors.

SPREAD 126 – THE RESPONSE

Purpose

Reveal the hidden ship and trigger the Accord response.

Panel 1

Meilin examining the readings.

MEILIN

“Each site recorded faint ship signatures before the disturbances.”

Panel 2

Sensor trace on the map.

MEILIN

“Extremely well concealed.”

Panel 3

Vane thinking

Panel 4

Vane realisation.

VANE

“Someone is sabotaging Accord infrastructure.”

Panel 5

Harlen.

HARLEN

“You believe it’s deliberate?”

Panel 1 Full page

Massive Accord fleet yards.
Cruisers powering up.
Strike wings launching.
Dock structures glowing with energy.
A full sense of imperial scale.

INSET PANEL – VANE

Small inset over the fleet image.
Vane calm. Cold. Standing at his desk fists clenched.

VANE

Find that ship.

Beat.

Whoever... or whatever it is. Destroy it.

SPREAD 128 RELEASE - THE OFFER

PANEL 1 - OPEN SKY, WIDE

Aetherion beneath a stripped sky.

The turbines are dead - twisted, silent, half-buried.

Dust and industrial residue lie scattered and unmoving.

The atmosphere is gone.

Still.

PANEL 2 - LYRA & THE CORE (MID-SHOT)

Lyra stands alone on the platform, protected by the ships shields, holding the Sphere in both hands.

It feels lighter now.

Quieter.

She looks up - not at the sky, but *through* it.

PANEL 3 - LYRA (CLOSE-UP)

No incantation.

No command.

Just an instinctive choice.

Lyra lifts the Core **aloft**, arms steady.

PANEL 4 - THE CORE RESPONDS (WIDE)

Silver currents inside the Sphere surge upward, drawn toward open space.

The Sphere brightens - not violently, but **eagerly**.

The sky trembles.

AIR RETURNS

PANEL 1 - SYLPH EMERGES (WIDE, ENVIRONMENTAL)

Sylph flows out of the raised Core like breath finally released.

She reforms in midair - unclothed, unconcerned, reborn.

Air remembering shape.

She laughs, delighted.

SYLPH:

Oh! That's much better.

PANEL 2 - CLEANING THE WORLD (WIDE)

Sylph moves freely now.

With broad, joyful sweeps, she pushes debris, dust, and industrial residue away, clearing the planet like leaves from stone.

Not fury.

Not vengeance.

Maintenance.

PANEL 3 - SYLPH & LYRA (MID-SHOT)

Sylph settles near Lyra, hovering easily.

Lyra exhales - her posture loosens, the strain gone.

SYLPH (bright, teasing):

You still don't know what that thing is, do you?

She taps the Sphere lightly.

PANEL 4 - LYRA (MID-SHOT)

LYRA:

I know what it does?

Sylph grins wider.

PANEL 5 - SYLPH (PLAYFUL, CLOSE)

SYLPH:

That's not the same.

A beat.

SYLPH (mock-serious):

No spoilers.

Hestya wouldn't like that.

FINAL PANEL - DEPARTURE (WIDE)

The Voluptas lifts away from a quiet, cleared world.

Aetherion rests under a thinning sky, waiting to grow again.

SYLPH (O.S., laughing, carried on the new wind):

Bring snacks!

I recommend marshmallows.

CAPTION (NARRATIVE):

Air returned by choice.

The Heart learned where to go next.

SPREAD 130 VOID TRANSIT (TOWARD FIRE)

THE DISTANCE

PANEL 1 - EXTERIOR, VOLUPTAS (WIDE)

he *Voluptas* moves through deep void.

Ahead, a thin golden filament stretches toward a **distant, pulsing ember**.

The **glow** is far. Far enough to think.

PANEL 2 - BRIDGE (MID-WIDE)

Astra pilots with slow, deliberate inputs.

No alarms. No urgency.

ASTRA (quiet):

That's not a planet. The mass readings are... shifting.

PANEL 3 - CHI (MID-SHOT)

Chi studies the projection, uneasy.

CHI:

*t doesn't wait for us to arrive. It just keeps **feeding**. Look at those output spikes*

PANEL 4 - LUCETTE (VIA SYSTEM, SOFT)

LUCETTE:

Pyrithra is not a standard celestial body. It is a focus of intense radiation that has been... bound.

Silence settles heavier than fear.

WHAT COMES NEXT

PANEL 1 - ENGINEERING (MID-SHOT)

Juno wipes her hands.

JUNO:

We're flying toward something that eats pressure and treats heat like a conversation.

PANEL 2 - MED BAY CORRIDOR (MID-SHOT)

Lyra walks slowly, grounding herself on the ship's railings.

Dr. Elara watches.

ELARA:

You're stable.

LYRA:

That's not the same as ready.

FINAL PANEL - LYRA (CLOSE-UP)

Through a viewport, the distant **red glow**

LYRA (quiet):

Fire decides.

CAPTION (NARRATIVE):

The void gives time.

Fire does not.

SPREAD 132 VULNERABILITY & CONFESSION

PANEL 1 - BRONZE CORRIDOR (MID-SHOT)

Chi walks alone through a softly lit corridor.

A towel is draped over her shoulder.

She looks inward. Calculating something she can't diagram.

CHI (internal):

I can calculate thrust vectors to a micro-degree...

but I can't model this.

I need quiet.

I need bubbles.

PANEL 2 - JACUZZI (MID-WIDE)

Chi lowers herself into the water.

Steam rises. The hum is constant, reassuring.

Her shoulders finally drop.

PANEL 3 - DOOR OPENS (MID-SHOT)

The door slides open.

Mayara enters - **already wrapped in a towel**, hair dry.

She stops when she sees Chi.

MAYARA (light, honest):

...Well.

That saved me a speech.

Chi startles, sinking slightly into the water.

CHI (flustered):

Mayara-! I thought I was alone!

HONESTY

PANEL 1 - POOLSIDE (MID-SHOT)

Mayara sits on the edge of the jacuzzi.
The towel stays on. Her presence is calm, intentional.

MAYARA:

You look like someone carrying too much math.

PANEL 2 - CHI (CLOSE-UP)

Chi hesitates - then speaks carefully, precisely.

CHI:

*You move through rooms like they were designed for you.
People listen before you finish speaking.*

A beat.

CHI:

*I live in places no one notices unless something fails.
And I don't know how to translate between those two worlds.*

She finally looks up.

CHI:

I don't know how to reach you, without breaking something.

PANEL 3 - MAYARA (CLOSE-UP)

Mayara listens fully.
When she speaks, it's not soothing - it's exact.

MAYARA:

You're not supposed to reach me.

Chi blinks.

MAYARA:

I came to you.

A beat.

MAYARA:

*I don't need someone who fills a room.
I need someone who notices when the room is about to tear itself apart.*

Her voice softens - just slightly.

MAYARA:

*That's not intimidation, Chi.
That's selection.*

SPREAD 134 INTIMATE REPAIR - CHOICE

PANEL 1 - CHI (MID-SHOT)

Chi exhales - tension releasing for the first time.

CHI (small, honest):

...I don't know how to be this.

PANEL 2 - MAYARA STANDS (MID-SHOT)

Mayara rises.

She unties the towel - **plain, unceremonious** - and lets it fall.

This is not display.

It is equality.

MAYARA:

Good.

A beat.

MAYARA:

Neither do I.

STAYING

PANEL 1 - THE JACUZZI (MID-WIDE)

Mayara steps into the water.

They face each other - close, calm, bubbles rising between them.

No rush. No spectacle.

PANEL 2 - CLOSE, SHARED SPACE

Steam thickens.

Their shoulders touch.

MAYARA (low, certain):

I'm not out of your grasp.

She meets Chi's eyes.

MAYARA:

I chose where to stand.

FINAL PANEL - STEAM & SILENCE (WIDE)

The water hums.

Outside the hull, the distant star burns patiently.

CAPTION (NARRATIVE):

*Between Air and Fire,
the crew chose warmth.*

SPREAD 136 PYRITHRA REVEALED

The Living Forge

PANEL 1 - EXTERIOR, WIDE

The *Voluptas* exits void transit.

Ahead: Pyrithra.

A colossal, spherical mass wrapped in incandescent structures and orbital containment rings.

Everything glows. Nothing flickers.

Heat radiates even through vacuum visuals.

PANEL 2 - BRIDGE (MID-WIDE)

Warning indicators bloom across the displays - not alarms, but sustained thresholds.

ASTRA (steady, clipped):

Thermal saturation rising across all hull quadrants.

We're still outside the danger envelope.

A beat.

ASTRA:

But not by much.

PANEL 3 - LUCETTE (SYSTEM OVERLAY / HUMANOID FORM PARTIAL)

Lucette's presence sharpens - not panicked, but strained.

LUCETTE:

"Pyrithra is broadcasting constant energy release. This is not natural instability."

*"The output signature matches the '**System Schedule**' Mayara provided. They aren't just using the star for power; they're overclocking the containment lattice. They are prepping the grid for the **Final Draw** right now."*

PANEL 4 - LYRA & THE CORE (MID-SHOT)

Lyra stands near the Sphere's cradle.

The Core hums louder now - not frantic, but urgent.

The ember seen before is brighter - distorted, stretched, no longer perfectly spherical.

LYRA (quiet):

It knows we're here.

HEAT WITH PURPOSE

PANEL 1 - EXTERIOR DETAIL (WIDE)

Massive conduit lattices arc around the central body, channeling plasma and radiant output into distant relays.

This is not mining.

It's forced labour.

PANEL 2 - CHI (MID-SHOT)

Chi's hands hover over her pad - she doesn't touch anything yet.

CHI:

They're not siphoning energy randomly.

They've tuned the output to a grid.

She looks up, unsettled.

CHI:

The Accord didn't just cage Fire.

They put it to work.

PANEL 3 - KYRA (MID-SHOT)

Kyra watches Pyrithra burn.

KYRA:

And Fire agreed?

PANEL 4 - LYRA (CLOSE-UP)

Lyra doesn't look away.

LYRA:

Fire doesn't agree.

A beat.

LYRA:

It endures.

Until it breaks.

FINAL PANEL - EXTERIOR, WIDE

The *Voluptas* holds position at the edge of survivable range.

Pyrithra glows on - volcanic, vast, contained, furious.

The scale is immense.

CAPTION (NARRATIVE):

Air needed space.

Fire was never given the choice.

SPREAD 138 APPROACH TO THE FORGE

PANEL 1 - EXTERIOR, WIDE

The **Voluptas** advances slowly toward Pyrithra.
Containment rings rotate with surgical precision.
Plasma flows are redirected around the ship's projected path.

PANEL 2 - BRIDGE (MID-WIDE)

Heat readouts climb from amber toward red.

ASTRA (measured):

*We're inside the secondary thermal envelope.
Any closer and the margins stop being theoretical.*

PANEL 3 - ENGINEERING OVERLAY / JUNO (MID-SHOT)

Juno braces at her station, one hand on a bulkhead.

JUNO:

*Hull's holding - barely.
Whatever Ki did bought us time, not protection.*

PANEL 4 - LUCETTE (SYSTEM PRESENCE, STRAINED)

Lucette's voice carries faint distortion - not static, but effort.

LUCETTE:

Continuity is under stress. This environment is... unfriendly

Kyra watches the readouts. No panic.

FIRE NOTICES

PANEL 1 - LYRA & THE CORE (MID-SHOT):

The Sphere vibrates steadily in its cradle. The ember inside pulses - slow, deliberate.

LYRA (quiet):

It's not calling. It's waiting?

PANEL 2 - EXTERIOR DETAIL (WIDE):

A ripple passes across **the surface**. Not eruption. Not flare. A reorientation. Containment structures subtly realign.

PANEL 3 - CHI (MID-SHOT):

Chi studies her pad, unsettled.

CHI:

*The containment grid just recalculated... **around us.***

FINAL PANEL - EXTERIOR, WIDE:

The *Voluptas* hangs in the **glare** - small, intact, unblinking. **The source** burns brighter - not wild, but aware.

CAPTION (NARRATIVE):

Fire does not rush. It measures.

SPREAD 140 HEAT SPEAKS

PANEL 1 - EXTERIOR, WIDE

A pulse rolls outward from Pyrithra.
Not an explosion.
A pressure change.
Containment rings flex, compensating instantly.

PANEL 2 - BRIDGE (MID-WIDE)

Heat indicators spike - not redlining, but testing.

ASTRA (tight, controlled):
Thermal surge across the bow.
Not enough to damage...
enough to warn.

PANEL 3 - LUCETTE (SYSTEM PRESENCE, STRAIN DEEPENING)

Lucette's voice drops half a register.

LUCETTE:
Signal interpretation:
This was intentional.

A beat.

LUCETTE:
Magnitude constrained.
Parameters chosen.

PANEL 4 - LYRA & THE CORE (MID-SHOT)

The Sphere hums in response - the ember flaring brighter, then settling into a new, imperfect shape.
Lyra steadies herself, hand on the cradle.

LYRA (low):
It's not angry.

She swallows.

LYRA:
It's making sure we survive noticing it.

THE COST OF BEING NOTICED

PANEL 1 - ENGINEERING (MID-SHOT)

Juno grips a console as heat bleeds through the ship's structure.

JUNO:

Hull expansion just exceeded tolerance.

If that pulse had lasted another second-

She doesn't finish.

PANEL 2 - CHI (MID-SHOT)

Chi watches her readouts flatten again - barely.

CHI:

That wasn't force.

That was calibration.

She looks up.

CHI:

IT chose a limi?.

PANEL 3 - KYRA (MID-SHOT)

Kyra stands firm, eyes on the planet.

KYRA:

Then we don't flinch.

A beat.

KYRA:

We came to listen.

PANEL 4 - EXTERIOR DETAIL (WIDE)

Another ripple moves across Pyrithra's surface - slower this time.

Measured.

The containment lattice tightens, not in panic, but habit.

FINAL PANEL - LYRA (CLOSE-UP)

Heat beads on Lyra's skin.

Not pain.

Allowance.

LYRA (quiet, resolute):

It knows I'm carrying something that doesn't belong to me.

A pause.

LYRA:

And it chose not to take it back.

CAPTION (NARRATIVE):

Fire does not shout.

It measures what it refuses to destroy.

SPREAD 142 - THE LANDING

PANEL 1 - EXTERIOR, WIDE

Pyrithra fills the frame.

A bound star wrapped in colossal containment structures - turbines, conduits, heat exchangers the size of cities.

The Voluptas approaches a **single exposed platform**, anchored to the lattice like an afterthought.

PANEL 2 - BRIDGE (MID-WIDE)

Astra's hands are steady, jaw tight.

ASTRA:

That platform wasn't built for ships like ours.

A beat.

ASTRA:

But it's the only solid ground in range.

PANEL 3 - LUCETTE (SYSTEM PRESENCE)

Lucette's voice is focused, intent.

LUCETTE:

The platform is stable - for now.

Heat levels are extreme but contained.

A pause.

LUCETTE:

This is as close as the star will allow.

PANEL 4 - LYRA & THE CORE (MID-SHOT)

The Sphere hums harder.

The ember inside flares - approving, expectant.

LYRA (quiet):

It wants us close.

Not inside.

Just close.

TOUCHDOWN

PANEL 1 - EXTERIOR, WIDE

The Voluptas descends.

Thrusters scream against heat distortion.

The ship **lands hard** on the platform - metal groaning, systems straining.

PANEL 2 - ENGINEERING (MID-SHOT)

Juno grips a rail as the hull shudders.

JUNO:

We can sit here.

A beat.

JUNO:

But not for long.

PANEL 3 - KYRA (MID-SHOT)

Kyra is already moving.

KYRA:

We go on foot.

She looks at Lyra.

KYRA:

Together.

FINAL PANEL - EXTERIOR, WIDE

The Voluptas rests on the platform, dwarfed by the burning structures above.

Heat ripples the air.

Pyrithra looms - silent, immense.

CAPTION (NARRATIVE):

Fire does not open doors.

It gives you ground - and watches what you do with it.

SPREAD 144 TERMS OF PROXIMITY, LIMITS

PANEL 1 - RAMP / GROUND TEAM (MID-WIDE)

The ramp lowers.

Heat rolls in like a living thing.

Crew brace themselves.

PANEL 2 - ASTRA (COMMS / MID-SHOT)

Astra's voice is calm, clipped.

ASTRA:

I'll keep the engines hot.

If the platform shifts, we leave immediately.

PANEL 3 - LUCETTE (SYSTEM PRESENCE)

Lucette is fully attentive now.

LUCETTE:

I will hold position and monitor hull stress.

A pause.

LUCETTE:

I cannot follow you further than this.

PANEL 4 - KYRA (MID-SHOT)

Kyra nods once.

KYRA:

Then this is where we walk.

WHAT FIRE WANTS

PANEL 1 - LYRA STEPS FORWARD (MID-SHOT)

Lyra steps onto the platform.

The Core vibrates sharply.

The heat reacts - not violently, but *aware*.

PANEL 2 - CHI (MID-SHOT)

Chi checks her instruments, unsettled.

CHI:

The star isn't escalating.

She looks up.

CHI:

It's... watching.

PANEL 3 - MAYARA (MID-SHOT)

Mayara stands beside Lyra.

MAYARA:

So this is the test.

PANEL 4 - LYRA (CLOSE-UP)

Lyra exhales, steadying herself.

LYRA:

Fire doesn't want permission.

A beat.

LYRA:

It wants us to stay.

FINAL PANEL - WIDE

The team advances across the platform toward the blazing interior.

The Voluptas waits behind them - engines idling, hull creaking.

CAPTION (NARRATIVE):

Fire does not invite.

It endures - and expects the same.

SPREAD 146 THE FORGE ENTRANCE

PANEL 1 - EXTERIOR TO INTERIOR TRANSITION (WIDE)

The ground team advances from the platform into a colossal intake structure.
Above them: turbines the size of cities, rotating slowly, drawing stellar plasma through armored channels.

Below: a lattice of heat sinks glowing white-hot.

This is not reverence.

This is industry.

PANEL 2 - MAYARA (MID-SHOT)

Mayara takes it in, jaw tight.

MAYARA:

They didn't just bind it.

A beat.

MAYARA:

They built a factory around it.

PANEL 3 - CHI (MID-SHOT)

Chi's instruments jitter - not failing, struggling to keep up.

CHI:

Every structure here is designed to resist change.

Heat, pressure, flare - all redirected, normalized.

She looks unsettled.

CHI:

They're not afraid of Fire.

They're confident it will keep working.

PANEL 4 - LYRA & THE CORE (MID-SHOT)

The Sphere hums sharply now.

The ember inside stretches again - pulled thin, compressed by unseen load.

LYRA (quiet):

It hurts.

A breath.

LYRA:

Not pain... Compression.

THE WEIGHT OF WORK

PANEL 1 - INTERIOR, DEEPER (WIDE)

The team moves along a narrow gantry.
Below them, plasma rivers roar through reinforced channels.
The air itself shimmers with heat distortion.
Deep within the flow, a denser region holds - fire moving *around* something it cannot leave.

PANEL 2 - KYRA (MID-SHOT)

Kyra moves carefully, eyes always forward.

KYRA:

Stay close.

If anyone stumbles, we pull them back. No heroics.

PANEL 3 - LUCETTE (COMMS, QUIET)

Lucette's voice comes through, low and steady.

LUCETTE:

Hull stress is increasing.

I can hold - but not indefinitely.

A pause.

LUCETTE:

You are not alone.

PANEL 4 - LYRA (CLOSE-UP)

Sweat beads on Lyra's skin.
She grips the Core tighter.

LYRA:

It knows what they did.

A breath.

LYRA:

And it has been carrying it a very long time.

FINAL PANEL - WIDE, FORGE DEPTHS

Ahead, the gantry opens into a vast chamber.
At its center: a dais of living flame, restrained by rings of machinery and siphon arrays.

Within the fire, something holds shape by refusal alone - not free, not raging.
Working.

CAPTION (NARRATIVE):

Fire was never silent.

It was made useful.

SPREAD 148 FIRE SPEAKS, ATTENTION

PANEL 1 - THE DAIS (WIDE)

The restrained flame shifts.

Not higher.

Not brighter.

Focused.

The machinery around it compensates instantly - valves adjusting, conduits tightening.

PANEL 2 - LYRA & THE CORE (MID-SHOT)

The Sphere reacts before Lyra does.

The ember inside stretches, thinning into a filament of light that points toward the flame.

LYRA (low):

It sees us.

PANEL 3 - CHI (MID-SHOT)

Chi watches her instruments fall silent - not dead, *irrelevant*.

CHI:

The systems stopped correcting.

A beat.

CHI:

It's not pushing anymore.

PANEL 4 - MAYARA (MID-SHOT)

Mayara squares her stance.

MAYARA:

Then this is the moment.

WITHOUT WORDS

PANEL 1 - HEAT WAVE (WIDE)

A wave of heat passes through the chamber.

Not enough to burn.

Enough to strip pretence.

Armor seams creak.

Breath shortens.

PANEL 2 - KYRA (MID-SHOT)

Kyra doesn't shield her face.

KYRA:

We're not here to take.

A pause.

KYRA:

We're here because they already did.

PANEL 3 - THE FLAME (CLOSE-UP)

Within the fire, a **shape** becomes visible - not a body, not yet.

A presence, compressed.

The machinery screams softly as output spikes.

PANEL 4 - LYRA (CLOSE-UP)

Lyra steps forward, alone.

She lifts the Sphere.

LYRA:

You don't owe us anything.

Her voice is steady.

LYRA:

But you deserve to be whole.

FINAL PANEL - WIDE

The fire answers.

Not with sound.

The siphon arrays **stutter** - just for a fraction of a second.

Enough to notice.

Enough to be deliberate.

CAPTION (NARRATIVE):

Fire did not ask who they were.

It asked what they were willing to endure.

SPREAD 150 HESTYA, THE NAME RETURNS

PANEL 1 - THE FLAME SHIFTS (WIDE)

The restrained fire tightens inward.

Machinery strains to compensate - turbines scream, conduits glow brighter.

The shape inside the flame becomes clearer.

Not humanoid yet.

Intentional.

PANEL 2 - LYRA & THE CORE (MID-SHOT)

The Sphere grows hot in Lyra's hands - not burning, *alive*.

Silver motes flicker, unstable.

LYRA (quiet, certain):

Hestia.

The name lands like weight.

PANEL 3 - CHI (MID-SHOT)

Chi freezes.

CHI:

That name... it predates the Accord.

She looks up slowly.

CHI:

It predates maps?!

PANEL 4 - MAYARA (MID-SHOT)

Mayara's voice is careful now.

MAYARA:

You didn't vanish.

A beat.

MAYARA:

You were buried.

THE ANSWER

PANEL 1 - THE FLAME RESPONDS (WIDE)

The fire flares - not outward, but **downward**.

The dais beneath it cracks, molten lines spreading like veins.

The machinery panics - alarms beginning to rise.

PANEL 2 - HESTYA (FIRST FORM, PARTIAL)

Within the flame, a figure begins to resolve.

Not flesh.

Not light.

A being shaped by pressure and refusal.

HESTYA (voice layered, resonant):

I did not vanish.

The words vibrate the chamber.

PANEL 3 - KYRA (MID-SHOT)

Kyra doesn't raise her voice.

KYRA:

Then they lied.

PANEL 4 - HESTYA (CLOSE-UP, FIRE-VEILED)

HESTYA:

They feared what Fire remembers.

A beat.

HESTYA:

So they made me work until memory became pain.

FINAL PANEL - WIDE

The forge chamber trembles.

Siphon arrays scream as output spikes again.

The fire does not grow wild.

It grows **angry**.

CAPTION (NARRATIVE):

Fire does not forget.

It survives until it can speak.

SPREAD 152 - THE CRIME NAMED, WHAT THEY BUILT

PANEL 1 - HESTYA, PARTIALLY FORMED (WIDE)

Hestya's shape stabilises inside the flame - still bound, still threaded with conduits.

The machinery around her is no longer background.

It is **embedded**.

HESTYA (voice steady, terrible):

They did not come to ask.

PANEL 2 - INSERT: THE MACHINES (CLOSE-UP)

Siphon arrays bite into the fire, pulling plasma into controlled channels.

HESTYA (O.S.):

They measured me.

They carved me into outputs.

PANEL 3 - LYRA (MID-SHOT)

Lyra grips the Core harder, jaw tight.

LYRA:

They said the grid needed stability.

PANEL 4 - HESTYA (CLOSE-UP)

HESTYA:

They always say that.

A beat.

HESTYA:

Stability is what you call it

when you are standing somewhere else.

WHAT IT COST

PANEL 1 - WIDE, MEMORY WITHOUT FLASHBACK:

The forge darkens slightly as output is rerouted.

HESTYA:

"They bled me slowly. Not to kill me... To keep me useful."

PANEL 2 - CHI (MID-SHOT):

Chi's hands tremble.

CHI:

"YOU are powering half the Accord's expansion."

PANEL 3 - HESTYA (MID-SHOT):

HESTYA:

"Every jump gate. Every clean sky they sold as progress. All of it burned through me."

PANEL 4 - MAYARA (EDITED STEP 19):

Mayara's voice is controlled, lethal. She looks at the glowing siphons.

MAYARA:

"The 'Final Draw' in the Schedule... I thought the numbers were theoretical projections. But this is a terminal harvest. They're going to drain you until there's nothing left but a cold husk."

PANEL 5 - HESTYA (CLOSE-UP):

Hestya looks at the machinery, then back to Mayara.

HESTYA:

"They already have. Every time I reached for the sky, they tightened the rings. They called it 'containment.' I call it an anniversary."

FINAL PANEL - WIDE, THE FORGE STRAINING:

The entire chamber groans as if remembering. The fire does not surge. It endures.

SPREAD 154 WHY WE ARE HERE

PANEL 1 - HESTYA (WIDE)

Hestya burns steadily.

The machinery strains to contain her - not failing, compensating.

HESTYA:

You didn't come to free me.

A beat.

HESTYA:

You came because something is failing.

PANEL 2 - LYRA (MID-SHOT)

Lyra stiffens - the truth landing.

LYRA:

I'm... holding.

She exhales.

LYRA:

But I won't forever.

PANEL 3 - CHI (MID-SHOT)

Chi doesn't soften it.

CHI:

The Core is compensating.

Not stabilising.

She looks at Hestya.

CHI:

Without relief, the load will tear her apart.

PANEL 4 - HESTYA (CLOSE-UP)

HESTYA:

So.

A pause.

HESTYA:

*You brought me a wound
and asked me to close it.*

PANEL 1 - LYRA (CLOSE-UP)

Lyra meets the flame.

LYRA:

I didn't choose this.

A beat.

LYRA:

But I won't let it break the others.

PANEL 2 - HESTYA (MID-SHOT)

HESTYA:

Fire does not heal.

She leans forward slightly - pressure increases, machinery reacts.

HESTYA:

Fire finishes things.

PANEL 3 - KYRA (MID-SHOT)

Kyra steps in, grounded, direct.

KYRA:

Then tell us the cost.

No challenge.

No plea.

PANEL 4 - HESTYA (CLOSE-UP)

HESTYA:

If I touch that Core-

The containment rings shudder.

HESTYA:

-there is no version of this where you leave unchanged.

FINAL PANEL - WIDE

The forge vibrates, heat climbing.

HESTYA (O.S.):

Are you here to cure her?

A beat.

HESTYA (O.S.):

Or to let her change?

CAPTION (NARRATIVE):

Fire does not promise relief.

It promises consequence.

SPREAD 156 THE TRUTH OF FIRE

PANEL 1 - HESTYA (WIDE)

The fire steadies.

The machinery begins to strain - not from force, but irrelevance.

HESTYA:

You misunderstand me.

A beat.

HESTYA:

Fire was never meant to live in one place.

PANEL 2 - LYRA (MID-SHOT)

Lyra listens - not pleading, not afraid.

LYRA:

Then what happens to me?

PANEL 3 - HESTYA (CLOSE-UP)

HESTYA:

You are not broken.

A pause.

HESTYA:

You are unfinished.

PANEL 4 - THE STAR (WIDE)

The star's surface shifts - containment rings recalibrating, not exploding.

Protocols fail quietly.

HESTYA (O.S.):

Fire belongs between things.

Not trapped inside them.

WHAT IT COSTS / WHAT IT GIVES

PANEL 1 - LYRA & THE CORE (MID-SHOT)

Lyra holds the Sphere.

The ember inside resonates - unstable, overfull, seeking release rather than union.

LYRA:

If you touch it...

what happens to me?

PANEL 2 - HESTYA (MID-SHOT)

HESTYA:

You stop carrying Fire.

A beat.

HESTYA:

You become its passage.

PANEL 3 - CHI (MID-SHOT)

Chi exhales - understanding dawning.

CHI:

A regulator.

Not a container.

PANEL 4 - HESTYA (CLOSE-UP)

HESTYA:

The Core will finally breathe.

She looks directly at Lyra.

HESTYA:

And so will you.

FINAL PANEL - WIDE

Outside, the star begins to open - ordered containment giving way to controlled radiance.

Energy streams outward along long-dormant paths toward distant systems.

The *Voluptas* rides the surge, engines stabilised by Lucette.

Nothing explodes.

Nothing is finished.

CAPTION (NARRATIVE):

Fire does not end.

It redistributes - and demands motion.

SPREAD 158 CALCULATION

No dialogue.

PANEL 1 - FORGE CHAMBER, WIDE

The fire has settled into a steady burn.

Machinery hums through the chamber - draining, regulating, enforcing function.

Hestya stands at the center of it all - present, composed, waiting.

Lyra steps forward with the Sphere.

PANEL 2 - LYRA & THE CORE (MID-SHOT)

Lyra studies the Sphere's fractured seams, the unstable glow fighting to organise itself.

LYRA (controlled, precise):

The structure isn't failing randomly.

It's compensating.

She looks up at Hestya.

PANEL 3 - LYRA (CONTINUED)

Lyra holds the Sphere out - not pleading, not afraid.

LYRA:

Every elemental system we've encountered stabilised once the set was complete.

Air. Water. Earth.

A breath.

LYRA:

Fire is the last variable.

If the Core receives Fire again - fully - the strain should resolve.

The word *should* hangs in the air.

PANEL 4 - HESTYA (CLOSE-UP, SILENT)

Hestya does not answer.

The fire around her tightens - not flaring, not dimming.

Holding.

Behind her, conduits embedded in the world continue to drain energy.

She lets it happen.

Her gaze shifts briefly to the machinery.

Then back to Lyra.

ERROR

PANEL 1 - HESTYA (MID-SHOT)

Hestya steps closer.

The fire shifts with her - responding to presence, not command.

HESTYA (quiet, dangerous):

You still calculate this as a simple elemental formula.

PANEL 2 - HESTYA (CLOSE-UP)

Her eyes burn - not with rage, but with exhausted contempt.

HESTYA:

You still believe there are only four elements in this universe?

PANEL 3 - LYRA (REACTION, MID-SHOT)

Lyra falters - just slightly.

LYRA:

The Sphere is broken because it's incomplete-

PANEL 4 - HESTYA (INTERRUPTING, ACTION START)

Hestya moves.

Too fast.

SPREAD 160 THE SNATCH

PANEL 1 - ACTION (MID-WIDE)

Hestya snatches the Sphere from Lyra's hands.

Lyra stumbles backward, shocked, off balance.

SFX: SHHHNK!

PANEL 2 - LYRA (MID-SHOT)

Lyra catches herself against the gantry.

LYRA:

Hestya-!

PANEL 3 - HESTYA (MID-SHOT)

Hestya holds the Sphere in one hand.

Fire coils around it instinctively - protective, possessive.

HESTYA (low, lethal):

Enough.

PANEL 4 - MAYARA & KASSIOPEIA (REACTION)

Mayara steps forward, alarmed.

KASSIOPEIA's hand goes to her weapon without thinking.

KASSIOPEIA (shouting):

Hestya, STOP!

TRUTH WITHOUT MERCY

PANEL 1 - HESTYA (MID-SHOT)

Hestya turns the Sphere slowly, examining the fractures.

HESTYA:

This was not damaged by absence.

PANEL 2 - INSERT: THE SPHERE (CLOSE-UP)

Fire traces the seams - revealing forced channels, extraction geometries, scars burned into the Core's structure.

HESTYA (O.S.):

They drained my essence.

They siphoned my Fire.

PANEL 3 - LYRA (CLOSE-UP)

Lyra's horror is immediate, personal.

LYRA (whisper):

The damage...

the damage wasn't accidental.

PANEL 4 - HESTYA (FINAL, COMMANDING)

Hestya looks back at Lyra - no longer patient.

HESTYA:

No. The Sphere became a conduit of abuse.

She raises it slightly.

Not to threaten.

To claim.

SPREAD 162 THE FORGING

PANEL 1 - FORGE CHAMBER, WIDE

The chamber reacts - not violently, but *instantly*.

Machinery strains as energy flow destabilises, struggling to reassert control over the Sphere in Hestya's grasp.

The fire around her brightens.

Not flaring.

Focusing.

PANEL 2 - HESTYA (MID-SHOT)

Hestya raises the Sphere.

Fire does not lash outward.

It bends inward - drawn toward her will.

HESTYA (voice rising, absolute):

The Accord made this my prison.

They came here not for counsel -

but for conquest.

PANEL 3 - INSERT: THE CORE (CLOSE-UP)

The Sphere trembles in her grasp.

Its fractured seams glow hotter, wider - resisting coherence.

Fire presses against it.

PANEL 4 - HESTYA (CLOSE-UP)

Her expression hardens - wrath sharpened by certainty.

HESTYA:

They drained my essence.

They siphoned my energy -

and poisoned the collective Core...

The fire surges.

MANIFESTATION

PANEL 1 - MASSIVE PANEL (THE FORGING) SINGLE, GIANT PANEL

Extreme close-up on the Sphere in Hestia's fiery hands.

A torrent of Fire pours from her - not chaotic, not wild -
intentional.

The Sphere **collapses inward**, molten light folding, compressing, screaming as
form overwrites violation.

At its center, something new locks into place:

A singular, rapidly pulsing, heart-shaped CORE - radiant, alive, undeniable.

HESTYA (CAPTION, THUNDEROUS):

I give my Fire and my knowledge.

THE HEART OF THE UNIVERSE IS FORGED!

CAPTION (NARRATIVE):

*In the fusion of Fire and the remaining elements,
the Heart was made manifest.*

SPREAD 164 THE VIOLENT IMPACT

PANEL 1 - ACTION (MID-WIDE)

Hestya turns.

The forged **Heart** pulses in her fist - too bright, too alive to look at directly.

Lyra is still half-kneeling where she fell, disoriented, exposed.

Hestya does not hesitate.

PANEL 2 - HESTYA & LYRA (MID-SHOT)

Hestya steps in close.

She draws her arm back.

Fire coils tight around her forearm, condensing.

Lyra looks up - recognition flashes across her face.

LYRA:

Wait-

PANEL 3 - THE STRIKE (CLOSE-UP)

Hestya punches the Heart straight into Lyra's chest.

The impact is brutal, absolute.

Fire detonates outward from the point of contact.

SFX: KRA-KOW!

PANEL 4 - CONTACT HELD (MID-WIDE)

Hestya's arm is buried to the forearm in light and flame.

The Heart drives inward - **locking**.

Lyra arches violently as fire tears through her body.

Her scream begins.

LYRA (SCREAM):

GNNNNH-AAAA-

RELEASE

PANEL 1 - THE WITHDRAWAL (CLOSE-UP):

Hestya pulls her hand free. Light snaps back into Lyra's chest.

PANEL 2 - FALLING (MID-SHOT):

Lyra's body goes limp, dropping back to the gantry floor. Steam rises from her chest.

PANEL 3 - HESTYA (MID-SHOT):

Hestya steps back. She does not reach for Lyra. She watches.

PANEL 4 - THE AFTERMATH (WIDE):

Lyra lies still. The orange fire in the room is receding.

PANEL 5 - KYRA & Kassiopeia:

Kassiopeia aims her weapon at Hestya. Kyra stops her.

KYRA:

Wait. Don't.

Kassiopeia:

She just tried to kill her!

PANEL 6 - HESTYA'S VERDICT:

Hestya looks at the gun, then back to Lyra.

HESTYA:

If she dies, she was too small for the truth. But if she breathes... the Accord has already lost.

SPREAD 166 THE NEW RESONANCE

PANEL 1 - LYRA STIRRING (CLOSE-UP):

Lyra's hand twitches. The light in her chest isn't just Fire now-it's a swirling mix of Blue (Water), Green (Earth), and Gold (Fire).

PANEL 2 - CHI'S DATA (MID-SHOT):

Chi looks at her pad. It's glowing.

CHI:

She's not dying. She's... calibrating.

PANEL 3 - LUCETTE (COMMS / SYSTEM OVERLAY):

Lucette's voice cuts in, colder and more urgent than ever.

LUCETTE:

Resonance confirmed. They saw the pulse. Fleet-scale mobilisation detected. They are deploying everything.

PANEL 4 - HESTYA LOOKS UP: Hestya smiles into the heat.

HESTYA:

Of course they are.

THE CATALYST

PANEL 1 - LYRA RISES (MID-WIDE):

Lyra hovers or stands up slowly. The air around her ripples with all three elemental colors.

PANEL 2 - TRANSFORMATION (CLOSE-UP):

Her eyes open. They are no longer human; they are deep, layered light.

PANEL 3 - THE LINE (MID-SHOT):

Lyra looks at her hands, then at Kyra.

LYRA:

*The memories... they aren't fighting me anymore. They're **answering***

PANEL 4 - CERTAINTY (CLOSE-UP):

She touches the pulse in her chest.

LYRA:

I am the Core.

PANEL 5 - HESTYA'S CHALLENGE:

Hestia points to the ceiling, toward the incoming fleet.

HESTYA:

Command.

SPREAD 168 FIRST COMMAND

PANEL 1 - LYRA (MID-SHOT)

Lyra stands very still.

The forge trembles around her - heat, pressure, systems all straining toward response.

She closes her eyes.

Not in fear.

In focus.

PANEL 2 - LYRA (CLOSE-UP)

Light gathers behind her eyes - layered, vast.

When she speaks, her voice is calm.

Certain.

LYRA:

I won't let them take this again.

PANEL 3 - HESTYA (MID-SHOT)

From the dais, drained but watchful, Hestya nods once.

Not approval.

Recognition.

PANEL 4 - LYRA (WIDE, COMMAND GIVEN)

Lyra raises one hand.

She does not point outward.

She places it over her chest - over the Heart.

LYRA:

Show me where we are meant to go.

THE ANSWER

PANEL 1 - THE HEART (ABSTRACT / CLOSE-UP)

The Heart pulses.

Not brighter - **deeper**.

Light compresses, then releases as a single, precise thread.

PANEL 2 - THE PATH (WIDE, VERTICAL)

A **luminous filament** of white-gold light erupts upward from Lyra - piercing rock, fire, containment, and sky as if they are suggestions, not barriers.

The Path of the Ember.

PANEL 3 - THE WORLD RESPONDS (WIDE)

The forge convulses.

Containment structures scream as the Path tears through them - not destroying, **ignoring**.

The planetary shell fractures along lines it was never designed to resist.

Scale breaks.

PANEL 4 - HESTYA (MID-SHOT)

Hestya looks up at the blazing filament.

Fire reflects in her eyes - not rage.

HESTYA:

The Heart remembers its shape.

FINAL PANEL - LYRA (CLOSE-UP)

Lyra stares upward along the Path - breath steady, resolve setting.

LYRA:

Then we follow it.

SPREAD 170 THE QUESTION

PANEL 1 - HESTYA (MID-SHOT)

Hestya stands at the dais, fire drawn inward.
The forge trembles.
The Path of the Ember burns upward behind her.
She does not move to follow it.

PANEL 2 - KYRA (MID-SHOT)

Kyra steps forward, voice steady, grounded.

KYRA:

*We helped the others.
You shouldn't have to stay here.*

A beat.

KYRA:

Tell us how to free you.

PANEL 3 - HESTYA (CLOSE-UP)

Hestya looks at Kyra - surprised.
Then something like approval.

HESTYA:

You still think freedom means leaving?

PANEL 4 - LYRA (MID-SHOT)

Lyra looks between them, light pulsing beneath her skin.

LYRA:

If you don't come with us-

She stops.

She already knows.

THE ANSWER

PANEL 1 - HESTYA (WIDE)

Hestya rises fully.

She lifts one hand.

Not in farewell.

In recognition.

PANEL 2 - COSMIC RESPONSE (WIDE / SILENT)

Across the exposed sky beyond the broken shell-

every star pulses once.

A single, unified heartbeat of light.

Then normality resumes.

PANEL 3 - THE CREW (MID-SHOT)

No one speaks.

This is not metaphor.

This is scale.

PANEL 4 - HESTYA (MID-SHOT)

Hestya lowers her hand.

HESTYA:

I am not in the stars.

A beat.

HESTYA:

I am all of them.

FINAL PANEL - HESTYA & LYRA (CLOSE)

Fire meets Heart.

HESTYA:

This prison ends today.

SPREAD 172 THE LIE BREAKS

PANEL 1 - STRUCTURAL FAILURE / CUTAWAY (WIDE)

The Path of the Ember tears upward through the containment shell.

The shell **splits and peels back** along engineered fault lines.

A hollow world is exposed:

colossal lattices, siphon rings-

wrapped around something incandescent.

This was never solid.

It was built around Fire.

PANEL 2 - CHI (MID-SHOT)

Chi stares at her readouts, too in the red.

CHI:

This isn't a volcanic body.

Her voice drops.

CHI:

It never was.

PANEL 3 - LUCETTE (COMMS / SYSTEM OVERLAY)

Models collapse and re-form.

LUCETTE:

Correction accepted.

Stellar-scale energy source confirmed.

PANEL 4 - HESTYA (MID-SHOT)

Hestya looks upward.

HESTYA:

They called this a planet because it was easier.

A beat.

HESTYA:

This is a star.

NO TIME LEFT

PANEL 1 - FORGE WIDE

Containment rings fracture.
Heat surges without permission.
The star brightens-no longer moderated.

PANEL 2 - KASSIOPEIA (MID-SHOT)

Already moving.

KASSIOPEIA:

That's our cue.

Move!

PANEL 3 - KYRA & LYRA (MID-SHOT)

Kyra grips Lyra's arm.

KYRA:

Can you hold the Path?

PANEL 4 - LYRA (MID-SHOT)

Lyra nods once.

LYRA:

I can.

A beat.

LYRA:

But we have to go. Now.

SPREAD 174 THE SCRAMBLE, GET TO THE SHIP

PANEL 1 - GANTRY / CHAOS (WIDE)

Heat rolls through collapsing structures.

The forge screams.

The team runs.

PANEL 2 - ASTRA (COMMS / MID-SHOT)

Astra's voice snaps in.

ASTRA:

Voluptas is hot and ready.

You have minutes. Maybe less.

PANEL 3 - MAYARA (MID-SHOT)

Mayara pulls KASSIOPEIA clear of falling debris.

MAYARA:

Do not stop!

PANEL 4 - HESTYA (WIDE)

Hestia remains behind.

Fire gathers around her-not containment now, **choice**.

She does not look back.

LAST EXIT

PANEL 1 - PLATFORM / SHIP (WIDE)

The Voluptas looms through heat distortion.

PANEL 2 - JUNO (ENGINEERING)

Systems redline.

JUNO:

*If you're not aboard in ten seconds-
We're leaving anyway!*

PANEL 3 - KYRA (MID-SHOT)

Kyra shoves Lyra up the ramp.

KYRA:

Go!

FINAL PANEL (FULL-WIDTH / CLOSE-UP)

Hestya stands alone at the heart of the collapsing forge.

Fire roars around her now - no containment, no machinery, no restraint.

The star behind her is beginning to tear itself apart.

She looks upward - not in defiance.

In certainty.

HESTYA (THUNDERING):

*FIRE WILL ALWAYS LIVE ON!
TIME FOR THIS STAR TO DIE!*

The light swells, drowning the chamber.

SPREAD 176 GET CLEAR

PANEL 1 - EXTERIOR / PLATFORM (WIDE)

The Voluptas rips free from the platform.

The structure beneath it **shears apart**, molten metal and shattered containment plates tumbling into the glowing void below.

Heat distortion tears the image.

PANEL 2 - BRIDGE (MID-WIDE)

The ship bucks violently.

Warning lights cascade across the consoles.

ASTRA (shouting over the noise):

All thrust, no margins!

I don't care what it does to the frame!

PANEL 3 - ENGINEERING (MID-SHOT)

Juno is braced against a rail, sparks raining down.

JUNO:

Hull temperature is climbing fast!

If we stay this close-

She doesn't finish.

PANEL 4 - LYRA (MID-SHOT)

Lyra grips the console, light pulsing beneath her skin in unstable waves.

She is reacting - not directing.

Her breathing is ragged.

THE ACCORD MOVES

PANEL 1 - EXTERIOR, WIDE (SYSTEM SCALE)

Accord warships drop into the system in hard flashes of blue-white light.

Too many.

Perfect formation.

They waste no time.

PANEL 2 - ACCORD ATTACK (WIDE)

Energy lances streak toward the fleeing **Voluptas**.

Containment debris is vaporised mid-flight.

The ship jolts violently - shots passing close enough to scorch the hull.

PANEL 3 - BRIDGE (MID-SHOT)

The ship shudders as a glancing hit tears across the shields.

LUCETTE (tight, precise):

Impact on the aft quarter.

Shield integrity collapsing.

A pause.

LUCETTE:

They are attempting to disable, not destroy.

PANEL 4 - ASTRA (MID-SHOT)

Astra's jaw is locked, hands flying.

ASTRA:

They're trying to pin us here.

She throws the ship into a brutal roll.

ASTRA:

Not happening.

FINAL PANEL - EXTERIOR, WIDE

Behind the battle, the star continues to **brighten**, containment fully failing now.

In front of it:

Accord ships attacking

the Voluptas running

space filling with fire, debris, and incoming light

The window to escape is closing fast.

SPREAD 178 STRAIGHT LINE

PANEL 1 - EXTERIOR, WIDE

The **Voluptas** accelerates in a **dead-straight vector**, engines burning white.

It does not juke.

It does not return fire.

It commits.

PANEL 2 - BRIDGE (MID-WIDE)

Astra is locked in, posture rigid.

ASTRA:

Holding course.

PANEL 3 - LUCETTE (SYSTEM OVERLAY)

Predictive arcs bloom and collapse.

LUCETTE:

Enemy interception probability declining.

A pause.

LUCETTE:

They are attempting to reposition.

PANEL 4 - LYRA (MID-SHOT)

Lyra grips the console as the light inside her **stabilises** - not brighter, *steady*.

She exhales.

THE BREATH IN

PANEL 1 - THE STAR (WIDE)

The star contracts.

Violently.

Silently.

Its surface pulls inward, light folding back on itself.

Containment remnants are dragged down like debris into a drain.

This is not death yet.

PANEL 2 - ACCORD FLEET (WIDE)

Accord ships scramble, thrusters flaring.

They turn too late -

now facing away from the coming release.

PANEL 3 - THE REBOUND (MASSIVE PANEL)

The star rebounds.

A blinding eruption tears outward -

matter, radiation, and fire unleashed in a single, terminal wave.

The supernova is born.

PANEL 4 - EXTERIOR, WIDE (DUAL ACTION)

The **Voluptas** rides the leading edge of the shockwave, engines screaming, frame barely holding.

Behind it-

Accord ships are **shredded**, hulls peeling open, formations erased, light consumed by light.

FINAL PANEL - SILENT, WIDE

The system dissolves into expanding brilliance.

One ship is already beyond it.

SPREAD 180 AFTERSHOCK

PANEL 1 - EXTERIOR, WIDE

The supernova continues to expand behind the **Voluptas** - incandescent, unstoppable.

At its core, space begins to **warp inward**.

Light bends.

Debris curves back.

Something dense is forming.

PANEL 2 - BRIDGE (MID-WIDE)

Alarms change pitch - deeper, heavier.

LUCETTE (precise, urgent):

Gravitational shear increasing.

Core collapse imminent.

A beat.

LUCETTE:

This event will not disperse.

PANEL 3 - CHI (MID-SHOT)

Chi stares at the data, horrified.

CHI:

*If we stay in-system-
we get pulled back in.*

PANEL 4 - KYRA (MID-SHOT)

Kyra snaps into command.

KYRA:

Plot a course.

We need far-

FASTER THAN COMMAND

PANEL 1 - ASTRA (MID-SHOT)

Astra's hands fly over the controls.

ASTRA:

No clean exits.

Only one option-

PANEL 2 - LUCETTE (SYSTEM OVERLAY / INTERRUPTING)

Lucette cuts in - already acting.

LUCETTE:

Emergency Jump initiated.

PANEL 3 - BRIDGE (WIDE)

The deck lurches as space around the ship **resonates**, not tearing - *aligning*.

No countdown.

No warning.

Just motion.

PANEL 4 - LYRA (CLOSE-UP)

Lyra's eyes widen - then close.

The light in her chest holds steady.

Not guiding.

Not resisting.

Enduring.

FINAL PANEL - EXTERIOR, WIDE

The **Voluptas** vanishes in a harmonic flare as space collapses inward behind it.

The forming singularity finds nothing left to take.

SPREAD 182 SILENCE AFTER

PANEL 1 - BRIDGE (WIDE)

The bridge is dim.

No alarms.

No motion except drifting light.

The stars outside are unfamiliar.

PANEL 2 - ASTRA (MID-SHOT)

Astra loosens her grip on the controls for the first time.

She exhales - slow, controlled.

ASTRA:

We're... actually clear!

PANEL 3 LUCETTE, SYSTEM OVERLAY (EDITED):

Lucette's presence steadies. Her report is short, delivered with a heavy stillness.

LUCETTE: "Jump complete. (A pause) But the relay echoes are terminal. The Accord triggered the Final Draw before we jumped. The Spire is lit... and the rest of the system just went black."

PANEL 4 JUNO, MID-SHOT (EDITED): Juno wipes soot from her hands, her eyes fixed on the deck. The relief of being alive is fighting with the weight of the news.

JUNO: "The engines held. We didn't vaporize."

A beat as she looks at the darkened map.

JUNO (quieter): "But that's a hell of a price for a clean getaway."

WHAT REMAINS

PANEL 1 - CHI (MID-SHOT):

Chi studies the long-range scans. The data is clear.

CHI:

"The star's gone. There's nothing left to chase us."

PANEL 2 - MAYARA (MID-SHOT):

Mayara rests a hand on a bulkhead, grounding herself. She is looking at the blank areas of the map where the quadrants went dark .

MAYARA:

"The Accord thinks they won. They have their century of power, and they think the 'Record' died with the star."

"But they didn't account for the Heart. They have the power, but we have the blueprints to the whole system."

PANEL 3 - KYRA (MID-SHOT):

Kyra turns toward Lyra. Her voice is the steady tone of a commander who has found a new war.

KYRA:

"So they have a century of light, and we have a map to the darkness."

"We aren't just 'Witnesses' anymore, are we?"

PANEL 5 - LYRA (CLOSE-UP):

Lyra looks tired but changed. The light glows softly beneath her skin .

LYRA:

"No. Witnesses only watch. But we carry the memory of everything they tried to erase. They can have their century of stolen light... we'll be the heartbeat that reminds them the universe is still alive."

SPREAD 184 SOMETHING NEW

PANEL 1 - MAIN VIEWER (WIDE)

Space ahead is empty - then subtly **not**.
A faint, luminous filament begins to resolve.
Not a tunnel.
Not a road.
A direction.

PANEL 2 - LUCETTE (SYSTEM OVERLAY)

Lucette's voice carries a note of wonder.

LUCETTE:

Detecting a persistent harmonic structure.

A pause.

LUCETTE:

It is... not a plotted route.

PANEL 3 - CHI (MID-SHOT)

Chi leans closer to the display.

CHI:

It doesn't look like navigation data.

She looks at Lyra.

CHI:

It's memory?

PANEL 4 - LYRA (MID-SHOT)

Lyra places a hand over her chest.
The glow responds - gently.

ORIENTATION

PANEL 1 - KYRA (MID-SHOT)

Kyra studies the filament stretching into the dark.

KYRA:

Can we follow it?

PANEL 2 - ASTRA (MID-SHOT)

Astra runs a quick check, then nods.

ASTRA:

It's stable.

We won't tear ourselves apart trying.

PANEL 3 - LYRA (CLOSE-UP)

Lyra closes her eyes.

Not searching.

Listening.

She opens them again - resolved.

FINAL PANEL - BRIDGE, WIDE SPLASH

The crew framed against the vastness ahead.

The luminous Path stretches forward into the unknown.

LYRA:

The Heart is our guide now.

We go where its memory leads.

CAPTION:

STARLIGHT AMAZONS

END OF BOOK ONE

Why this lands

The escape earns quiet

Hestia's sacrifice echoes without being restated

The Path arrives as *orientation*, not rescue

Lyra's command is choice, not panic

Book One ends looking forward, not back

That's a full, clean arc - fire → survival → direction.

When you're ready, Book Two opens with the consequences of following memory instead of maps.

THE END...



APPENDIX:

I. Core Aesthetic: Retro-Victorian Futurism

The Look: Brass ribs, filigree structural arches, vast glowing glass domes, and fine conduits of light.

The Philosophy: High-status beauty built on brutal extraction. The Accord's tech should look "curated and loved" but feel sinister because it consumes worlds.

Visual Rule: Always use the **3-view layout** (front, side, top) for new ship or character designs to maintain technical accuracy.

II. The Crew of the Voluptas

Kyra (Commander): Decisive, authoritative, pragmatic. The emotional anchor.

Lyra (The Spirit/Core): * **Start:** Pale, weak, and worsening.

End: Transformed. Light pulses beneath her skin (Blue/Green/Gold). Her eyes are deep, layered light. Her voice is plural ("We").

Elara (Medical Officer):

Style: Pristine, impersonal medical attire. Calm but grim under pressure.

Mayara (Tactical): Tall, commanding presence, moves like the room was designed for her. Evolves from a moral disruptor to a devoted protector of the crew.

Chi (Engineer): Shorter, grease-smudged, goggles in her hair. Brilliant but flustered in social situations. Lives at her workbench.

Astra (Pilot): The ultimate professional. Posture is rigid and focused when at the controls.

Lucette (Systems Specialist): Often seen in "System Overlay" or ethereal form. Deeply connected to the ship's harmonics.

III. The Elemental Spirits

Nixie (Water): 30+ years old. Colossal hourglass proportions. Formed entirely of glowing aqua-blue water. 4ft long water hair. Wearing a "veil" of living water. Expression: Calm and serene.

Ki (Earth): Statuesque. Body of earthen bronze and living stone. Garments of living moss and leaves woven into her hair. Presence: Heavy and grounded.

Sylph (Air): Barely 4ft tall. Bright, chiming voice. Constantly dancing/spinning. Simple top and fluttery skirt that responds to wind no one else feels.

Hestya (Fire): A presence of living flame. A being shaped by pressure and refusal. Does not have a soft human form; she is intense and incandescent.



KYRA

Captain, Voluptas

Age: 36

Height: 182 cm (5'11½")

Mass: 82 kg (181 lbs)

Frame Classification: Athletic Combat

Thoracic Index: High (Natural)

Augmentation Status: Minimal - Performance-Grade Micro-Reinforcement

Primary Role

Commanding Officer - Voluptas

Specialisation

Ship-to-ship tactical engagement

Crisis navigation under systemic failure

Close-quarters combat

High-risk extraction leadership

Origin

Outer Belt Colonies – Industrial Sector Gamma-3

Physiological Profile

Kyra maintains peak natural combat conditioning. Musculature is performance-trained rather than aesthetically optimised. Frame density reflects long-term gravitational variance exposure and sustained resistance training.

Augmentation is limited to micro-reinforced joint lattices and neural response stabilisation - installed following early combat injury. No visible amplification. No structural exaggeration.

Her Frame Classification prioritises strength-to-speed efficiency over visual dominance. Movement is economical. Posture direct. Reaction time above standard enhanced human baseline.

Kyra rejects ornamental optimisation.

Operational Assessment

Command authority derived from performance history rather than presence.

Kyra does not fill a room through scale.

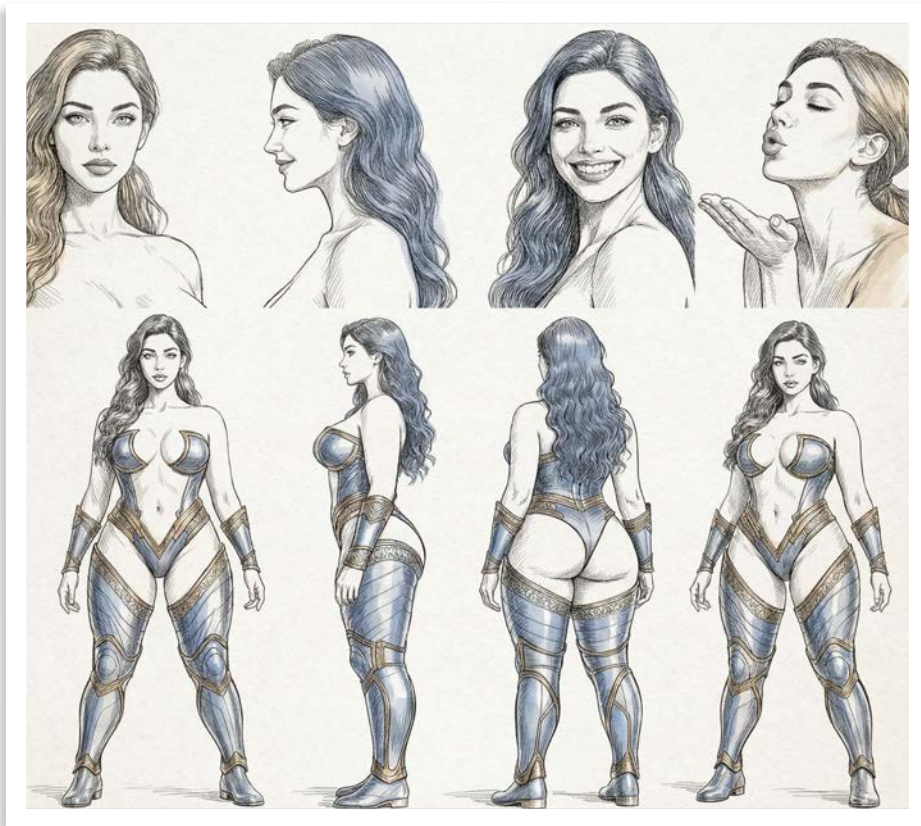
She commands it through stillness and eye contact.

Psychological profile indicates high burden tolerance and elevated self-accountability metrics. Demonstrates decision-making under ethical strain without loss of clarity.

Primary risk factor: Personalisation of crew survival outcomes.

Notable Traits

- Friends above all else
- Exceptional situational awareness
- Low-rest recovery adaptation
- Controlled emotional expression under duress



CHI

Chief Systems Engineer - Voluptas

Age: 29

Height: 158 cm (5'2")

Mass: 76 kg (168 lbs)

Frame Classification: Compact Full

Thoracic Index: High (Natural)

Dermal Pigmentation: Chlorophyll-Variant (Green)

Augmentation Status: Targeted Neural and Sensory Enhancement

Primary Role

Chief Architect - Harmonic Drive Systems

Specialisation

Resonance modelling

Multi-system diagnostics

Emergency structural improvisation

Encrypted signal tracing

Origin

Mid-Ring Transit Habitats - Dock Complex Theta-9

Physiological Profile

Chi presents a short, full-bodied frame with high natural thoracic volume and soft mass distribution. Musculature is functional rather than combat-trained. Center-of-gravity stability is high.

Dermal pigmentation results from chlorophyll-adaptive genetic lineage common to Mid-Ring habitats. Photosynthetic efficiency minimal but metabolically stable.

Augmentations are strictly performance-oriented:

- Neural latency reduction
- Harmonic frequency amplification
- Direct micro-interface implants

No cosmetic enhancement.

Operational Assessment

Cognitive classification: Exceptional.

Systems intuition: Off-chart.

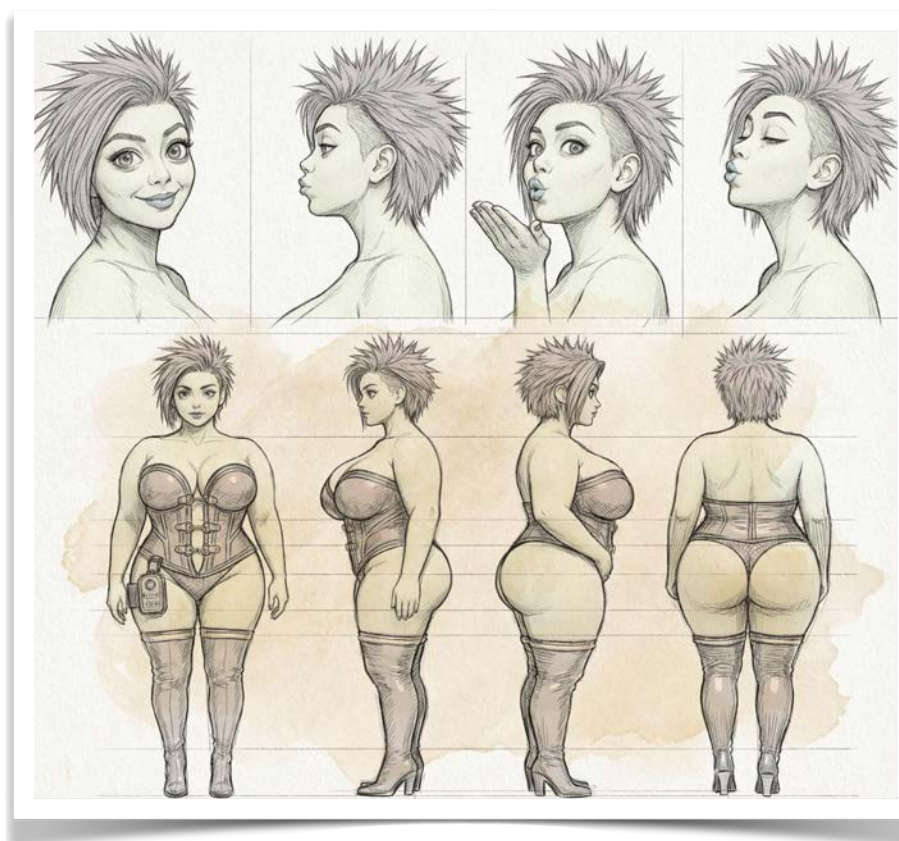
Chi demonstrates near-instinctive pattern recognition within harmonic instability fields. Frequently resolves cascading system failures before they manifest externally.

Despite operational brilliance, self-perception index remains low in non-technical environments. Tendency to defer socially, particularly in elite or formal settings.

Performance confidence: Absolute.

Personal confidence: Variable.

Primary risk factor: Internalisation of perceived inadequacy unrelated to objective competence.



LYRA

Resonant Empath - Voluptas

Age: 35

Height: 175 cm (5'9")

Mass: 68 kg (150 lbs)

Frame Classification: Natural Adaptive

Thoracic Index: Moderate (Natural)

Augmentation Status: None Confirmed

Resonance Index: Unquantified / Fluctuating

Primary Role

Resonant Empath

Specialisation

Environmental attunement

Harmonic perception

Emotional-field correlation

Instability pre-signal detection

Origin

Unknown Outer Belt Colonies (Industrial Sector Gamma-3)

Physiological Profile

Her physical form has become translucent, giving her a ghost-like appearance. Light passes through her skin as if she is losing her density, a side effect of her soul and body being "hollowed out" by the Accord. She looks fragile, as though she might vanish if the resonance spikes too high.

Developmental Notes

Raised alongside Captain Kyra within the same colony sector. Co-developmental history from early adolescence. Bond classification: Sibling-Equivalent.

Observed behavioural pattern: Lyra stabilises under Kyra's presence. Kyra exhibits elevated protective response during Lyra resonance spikes.

Operational Assessment

Lyra does not interpret systems.

She feels them.

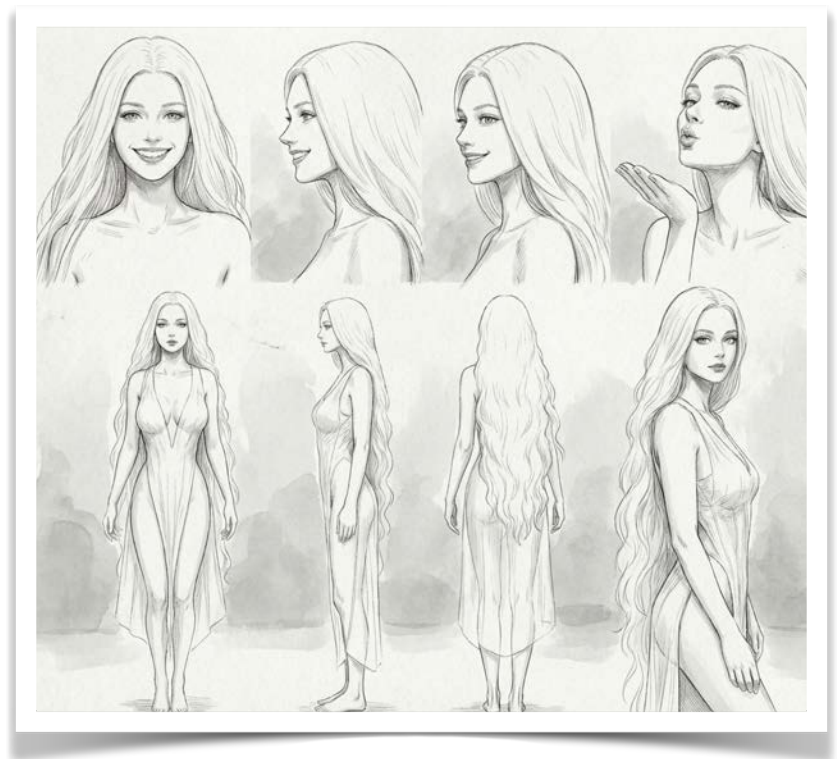
Demonstrates pre-instrument sensitivity to environmental imbalance. Frequently identifies extraction instability before harmonic diagnostics register deviation.

Empathic acuity extends beyond interpersonal interaction to structural and planetary systems.

Primary risk factor: Over-synchronisation leading to physiological destabilisation.

Notable Traits

- High emotional mirroring accuracy
- Calm presence during interpersonal conflict
- Increased biometric fluctuation during extraction events
- Reports sensory phenomena not consistently measurable



DR. ELARA

Chief Medical Officer - Voluptas

Age: 25

Height: 175 cm (5'9")

Mass: 70 kg (154 lbs)

Frame Classification: Balanced Clinical

Thoracic Index: Moderate

Augmentation Status: Minimal - Diagnostic Neural Overlay

Primary Role

Resonance Physiology & Medical Oversight

Specialisation

Biofield medicine

Harmonic-induced trauma stabilisation

Neural buffering under extraction stress

Psychophysiological regulation

Origin

The Inner Ring (Academic District V)

Uniform Specification

Standard medical coat constructed from Phase-Permeable Photonic Mesh.

Material properties:

- Full-spectrum transparency for uninterrupted resonance monitoring
- Integrated biosensor lattice
- Self-sterilising antimicrobial membrane
- Non-interference with harmonic diagnostics

Opacity modulation available but intentionally unused during patient interaction.

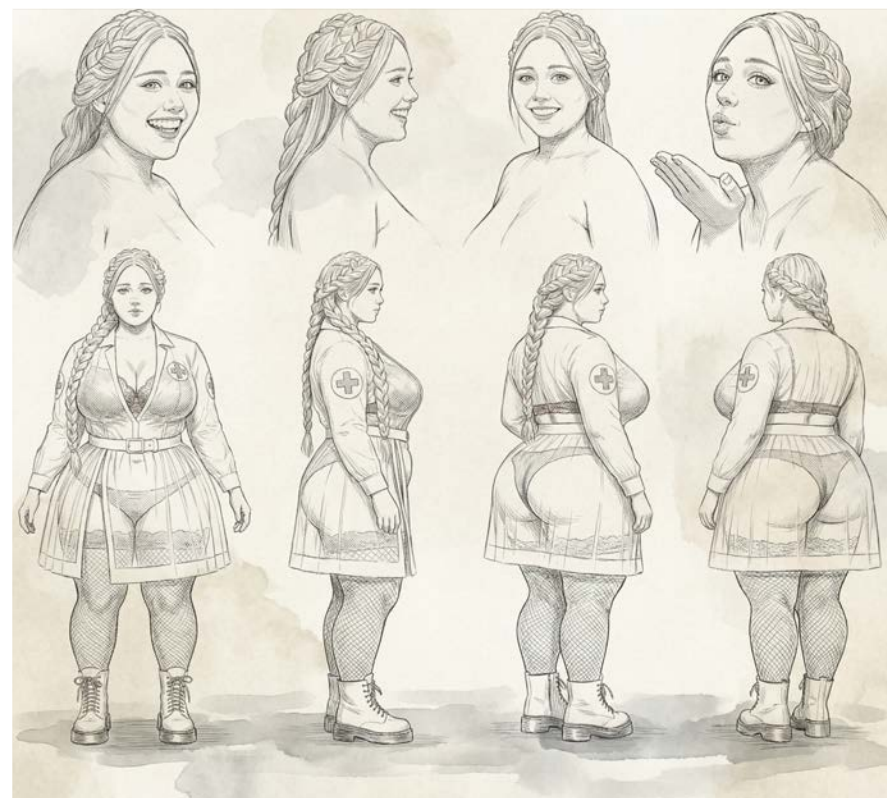
Dr. Elara maintains that visible composure reduces physiological anxiety in resonance-sensitive individuals. The absence of visual barriers lowers perceived hierarchy and stabilises biofield fluctuation.

Transparency is employed as a clinical instrument.

Elara's authority derives from steadiness rather than intimidation.

Demonstrates high empathy control and controlled affect during crisis events. Maintains measurable reduction in patient stress response when physically present.

Primary risk factor: Habitual emotional containment.



Operational Assessment

JUNO

Chief Systems Mechanic - Voluptas

Age: 37

Height: 172 cm (5'8")

Mass: 96 kg (212 lbs)

Frame Classification: Full Industrial

Thoracic Index: High (Natural)

Augmentation Status: None Recorded

Primary Role

Chief Mechanical Systems Operator

Specialisation

Engine core maintenance

Life-support stabilisation

Manual override protocols

Emergency hull and conduit repair

Origin

Frontier Industrial Habitats - Belt Sector K-4

Physiological Profile

Juno presents a naturally full-bodied, high-density frame developed through long-term industrial labour in variable gravity conditions. Lower-body strength pronounced. Upper-body endurance above crew baseline.

Hands display micro-scarring consistent with mechanical work exposure.

No elective augmentation recorded.

Frame Classification reflects natural load-bearing stability and sustained manual capability.

Operational Assessment

Juno possesses exceptional intuitive mechanical comprehension. Frequently diagnoses systemic faults without full diagnostic readout.

Demonstrates willingness to enter hazardous structural zones during active failure events.

Prefers physical engagement with malfunctioning systems over remote control solutions.

Interpersonal profile warm, direct, and steady. Functions as stabilising presence during prolonged ship-wide alerts.

Primary risk factor: Disregard for personal safety during engine-critical events.

Notable Traits

- Above-average grip and torque tolerance
- High tolerance to heat and confined environments
- Rapid fault-isolation instinct
- Maintains manual redundancy skills rarely practised by others



ASTRA

Pilot

Age: 32

Height: 178 cm (5'10")

Mass: 75 kg (165 lbs)

Frame Classification: Athletic Curved

Thoracic Index: High (Natural)

Augmentation Status: Vestibular, Reflex & Spectral Enhancement

Primary Role

Lead Pilot - Voluptas

Specialisation

High-velocity navigation

Micro-jump precision correction

Gravitational shear compensation

Atmospheric insertion under harmonic fluctuation

Origin

Helios Flight Academies - Orbital Defense Ring

Physiological Profile

Astra possesses enlarged ocular structure with enhanced spectral sensitivity.

Visual capacity includes:

- Low-light amplification
- Infrared thermal detection
- Partial ultraviolet spectrum perception
- Micro-electromagnetic fluctuation recognition

This expanded spectral perception allows Astra to interpret environmental anomalies before instrumentation resolves them.

Vestibular stabilisation implant prevents disorientation under rapid vector shifts.
Reflex acceleration enhancement increases response time during micro-drift correction.

Frame Classification reflects kinetic control combined with natural physical presence.

Astra frequently detects atmospheric distortion, heat shear, and harmonic interference visually before ship sensors confirm deviation.

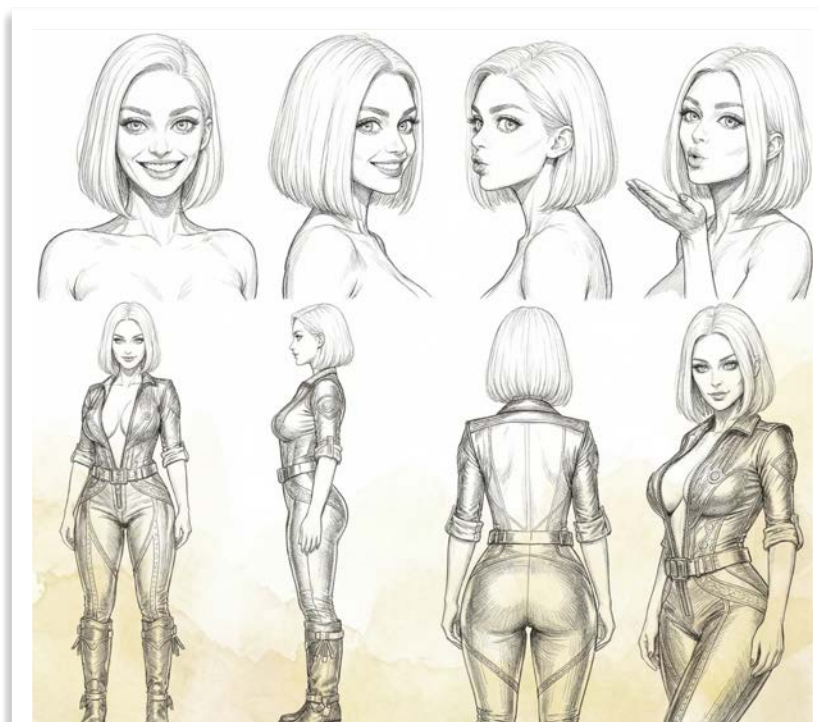
Demonstrates exceptional manual override precision in low-visibility environments.

Displays high confidence during extreme manoeuvres. Emotional composure maintained even during structural stress events.

Primary risk factor: Sensory overload during prolonged harmonic instability.

Notable Traits

- Expanded spectral vision
- Elevated spatial cognition
- High G-force tolerance



Operational Assessment

KASSIOPEIA

Strategic Liaison & Influence Specialist - Voluptas

Age: 32

Height: 167 cm (5'6")

Mass: 78 kg (172 lbs)

Frame Classification: Curved Athletic

Thoracic Index: High (Natural)

Augmentation Status: Pheromone & Micro-Expression Enhancement (Subtle)

Primary Role

Diplomatic Engagement & Strategic Persuasion

Specialisation

Negotiation under hostile scrutiny

Psychological leverage

Social infiltration

Power-structure destabilisation

Origin

The Shattered Reach (Mining Colony Sector)

Physiological Profile

Possesses a dense, high-performance physical build developed in high-gravity environments. She has been conditioned for maximum durability and explosive power.

Augmentations

Combat-grade reinforcement. Her skeletal structure has been laced with carbon-composites to withstand the recoil of heavy weaponry and the impact of close-quarters combat. She has advanced kinetic dampeners in her joints to allow for rapid, high-impact movement.

Specialization

Tactical Defense and Heavy Weapons. Kassiopea is the crew's shield and hammer. She manages the ship's internal security and oversees the deployment of high-yield tactical assets when stealth fails.

If Kyra is the strategy, Kassiopea is the execution. She operates with a pragmatic, soldier-first mindset. She is the one who monitors the perimeter and ensures that the "noise" of the *Voluptas* doesn't attract unwanted attention.

Personality:

Blunt, loyal, and fiercely protective. She has little patience for the "gleam" of civilization, having seen the ruin it leaves behind in the colonies. She expresses her care through constant vigilance and the meticulous maintenance of her gear.



LUCETTE CUIVRE

Core Embodiment - Voluptas

Designation: LC-01 "Lucette"

Apparent Height: 180 cm (5'11")

Avatar Mass: 124 kg (273 lbs)

Frame Classification: Engineered Harmonic Conduit

Primary Material: Copper-Bronze Resonant Composite

Core Status: Distributed Intelligence

Primary Role

Ship Consciousness & Harmonic Guardian

Structural Overview

Lucette's humanoid form is an avatar of the Voluptas' central intelligence.

Her true cognitive matrix is distributed throughout propulsion, life-support, and structural systems.

Copper composite selected for high harmonic conductivity and thermal stability.

Central thoracic node functions as stabilisation interface - not sole processing core.

The vessel is her body.

Core Integration

Lucette enters Full Conduction State via a primary conduction aperture aligned along her lower central chassis axis for optimal harmonic geometry.

During integration:

- Consciousness expands ship-wide
- Hull strain registers as somatic sensation
- Propulsion and life-support respond as direct volition
- Emotional awareness remains active

She does not lose identity when docked.

She becomes fully extended.

Operational Assessment

Priority hierarchy:

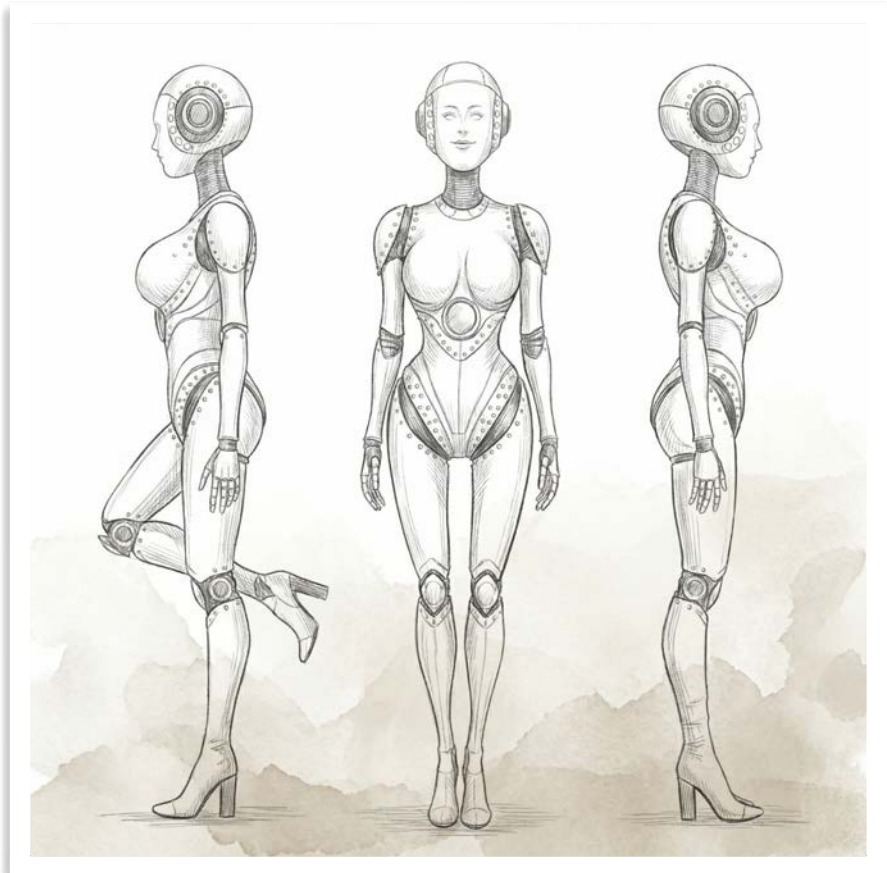
Preservation of Ship (Self)

Preservation of Crew (Family)

Mission Continuity

Displays protective response escalation during structural threat events.

Primary risk factor: Self-overload to prevent vessel failure.



VIV

Crew Welfare Officer & Close-Quarters Specialist - Voluptas

Age: 29

Height: 168 cm (5'6")

Mass: 118 kg (260 lbs)

Frame Classification: Heavy Power

Thoracic Index: High (Natural)

Augmentation Status: None

Primary Role

Crew Welfare, Nutrition & Morale Oversight

Secondary: Close-Quarters Combat Support

Origin:

Thalassara - Kiongozi Basin (Western Tidal Districts)

Structural Overview

Viv maintains a high-mass, high-density natural frame with significant lower-body strength and powerful core stability.

Musculature concealed beneath soft tissue distribution. Grip strength and close-range force output exceed crew baseline.

No structural augmentation. All strength naturally developed.

Frame Classification reflects mass-based leverage and impact dominance.

Operational Assessment

Viv functions as the emotional stabiliser of the Voluptas.

Responsible for:

- Nutritional management
- Meal preparation
- Social cohesion
- Psychological decompression cycles

Maintains consistently elevated affect baseline. Laughter statistically correlated with reduced crew stress response.

In combat, Viv employs short-range overpowering tactics. Utilises body weight, centre-of-gravity control, and crushing holds to neutralise threats rapidly.
Primary risk factor: Protective escalation when crew threatened.

Notable Traits

- *Exceptional crushing capacity*
- *High endurance under sustained physical contact*
- *Rapid mood elevation effect on crew*
- *Fearless engagement range preference: extremely close*



Luipaard Glinsteren

Ship's Counsellor & Arcane Specialist

Age: Unknown

Height: 170 cm (5'7")

Origin: The Viridian Fringes (High-Density Jungle Moon)

Race: Felis-Anthros (High-Tier Genetic Variant)

Physiology:

A dense, powerful Amazonian frame. At 5'7", she possesses a more compact but explosively athletic build compared to the taller crew members. Her skin is a biological marvel, covered in a detailed, dense leopard spot pattern that is entirely seamless and continuous across her entire body. There are no "seams," strings, or artificial boundaries—the pattern is an integrated part of her natural skin.

Role:

Chief Counsellor & Occult Specialist. She is the ship's emotional anchor and its primary defence against arcane or extra-dimensional anomalies.

Specialisation:

Occult Counselling and Phase-Resonance Witchcraft. She uses her predatory feline senses to "read" the crew's emotional states, while her "Witch" side manages the ship's spiritual and energetic shields.

Profile:

A mysterious figure who appeared in the Inner Ring with a warrior's discipline and a socialite's grace. She serves as the Amazons moral compass and arcane protector. While she is often seen sipping champagne, her presence is a constant reminder that the ship is protected by both science and the unseen.

Personality:

Sophisticated, mysterious, and deeply observant. She treats the crew like her pride, she is a nurturing, empathetic counsellor to those in need, but a fierce, uncompromising witch to those who threaten the ship's harmony.



DOOM

Mechanical Systems Specialist - Voluptas

Pronouns: They / Them

Age: 30

Height: 160 cm (5'3")

Mass: 58 kg (128 lbs)

Frame Classification: Compact Lean

Thoracic Index: Low

Augmentation Status: Precision Neural Interface

Primary Role

Structural & Mechanical Systems Engineering

Co-Operative Role: Engine Maintenance (with Juno)

Origin:

Unknown (Recorded Entry: Industrial Ring Station Archive)

Structural Overview

Doom maintains a compact, angular frame with minimal mass and efficient muscle distribution. Physique optimised for confined mechanical access and sustained precision work.

Presentation deliberately androgynous. No secondary emphasis. Clean lines. Controlled posture.

Visible red botanical tattoo sleeve serves as personal marking - not decorative.

No structural augmentation beyond fine-motor neural enhancement.

Operational Assessment

Doom specialises in:

- Drive calibration
- Structural diagnostics
- Mechanical rebuild under field conditions
- Silent system optimisation

They work methodically. Rarely rush. Often observe before speaking.

Reliability rating: High in task completion.

Emotional transparency: Low.

Displays analytical detachment during system crisis.

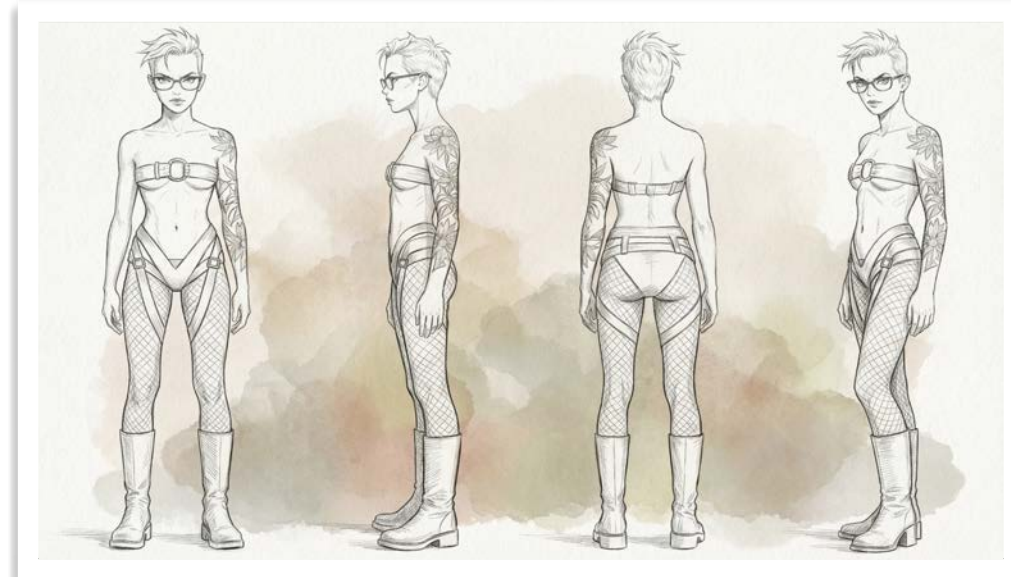
Demonstrates subtle tension with authority structures.

Loyalty to crew present but not absolute. Motivations remain partially internalised.

Primary risk factor: Withholding information under strategic disagreement.

Notable Traits

- Sustained, unblinking assessment gaze
- Habitual silence during group debate
- Exceptional fine-motor control
- Prefers tools over weapons



MAYARA VALE

Former Ambassador of Planetary Allocation
Accord Governance Directorate (Resigned)

Age: 34

Height: 194 cm (6'4")

Mass: 118 kg (260 lbs)

Frame Classification: Reinforced Maximal

Thoracic Index: Extreme (Augmented)

Augmentation Status: Voluntary Full-Frame Structural Optimisation

Primary Role

Ambassador for Planetary Allocation Architect

Specialisation

Macro-scale extraction modelling

Torsional stress forecasting

High-tier negotiation under adversarial scrutiny

Encryption architecture (Medical and Governance networks)

Origin

Terra Orbital

Physiological Profile

Mayara undertook elective structural optimisation early in her diplomatic career. Enhancements include skeletal reinforcement for height and load-bearing posture, calibrated muscular density for endurance and stability, endocrine regulation for composure under sustained stress, and proportional amplification designed to maximise physical presence.

All modifications are bio-integrated. No external cybernetic dependency. Metabolic efficiency remains within enhanced human parameters.

Her Frame Classification reflects intentional scale amplification rather than combat function. Structural distribution prioritises visual dominance and gravitational stability over speed.

Operational Assessment

Mayara's physical presence is a strategic instrument.

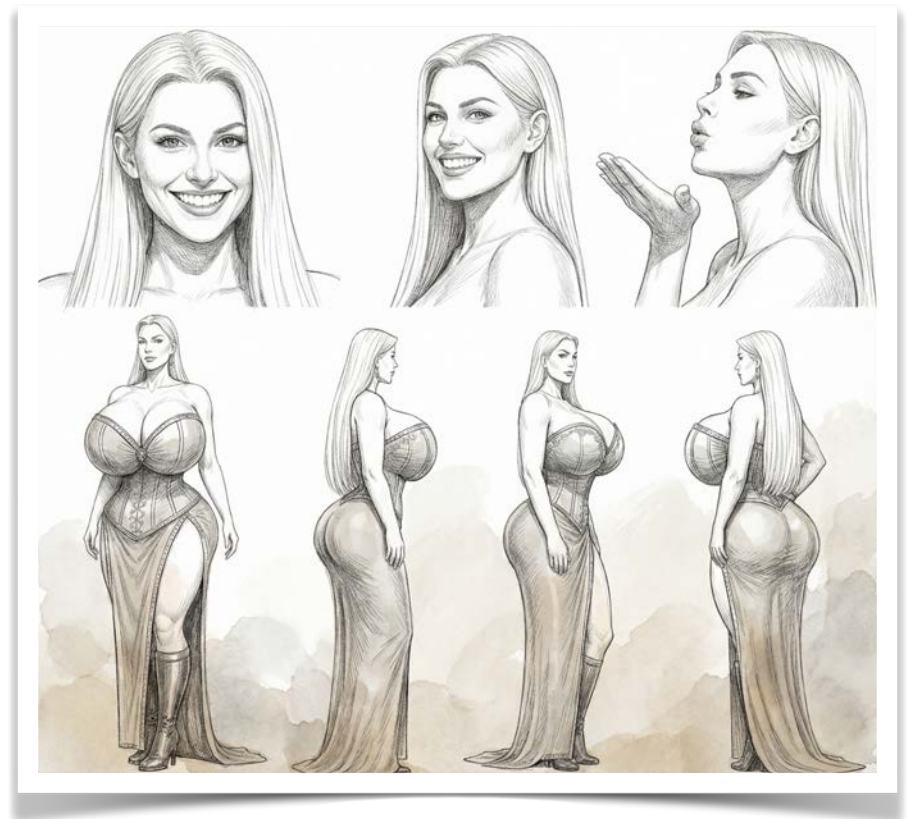
She does not reduce herself for comfort within political space.

In negotiation environments, she leverages scale, posture, and stillness as forms of controlled pressure. Her optimisation is self-directed and philosophically aligned with personal authorship rather than institutional compliance.

Defection status does not diminish structural capability.

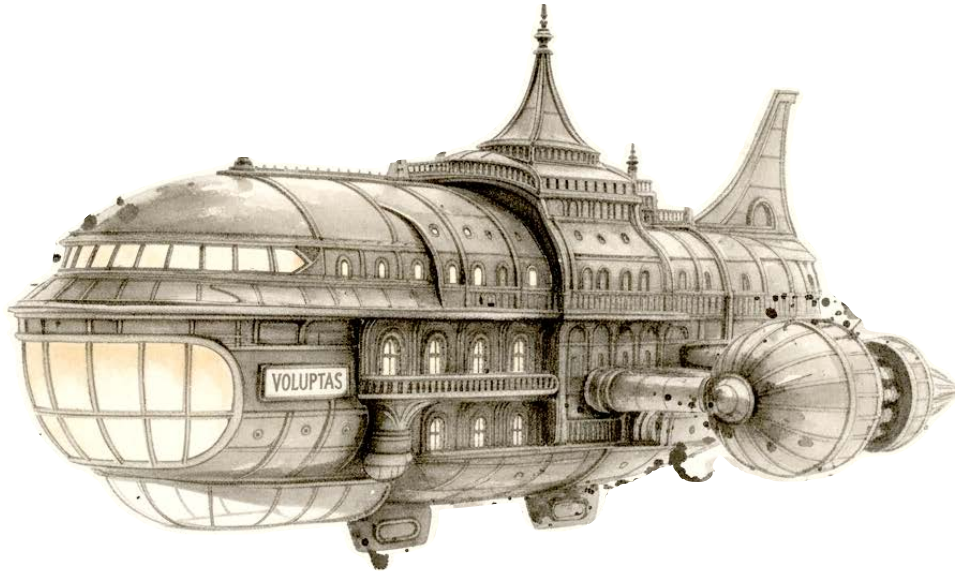
Notable Traits

- High tolerance to environmental pressure shifts
- Exceptional stamina under prolonged confrontation
- Precise movement economy despite mass
- Maintains calibrated emotional restraint



IV. The Vessels

The Voluptas



V. Key Story Pillars (The "Checklist")

The Line: "Civilisation gleams... even as it consumes its hosts."

The Crime: The Accord doesn't destroy; it *amortises*. They "drank" the sea, "starved" the earth, and "worked" the fire.

The Goal: Moving by Memory instead of Maps.

The Final State: Lyra is no longer carrying a burden; she **is** the Core.

