

A person wearing a full-body hazmat suit and a gas mask is sitting on a rocky ledge, looking out over a vast, ruined cityscape. The scene is set at sunset or sunrise, with a bright orange and yellow sky. In the distance, a city skyline is visible, with a large plume of dark smoke rising from the left side of the frame. The overall atmosphere is one of desolation and hope.

IN THE RUINS OF THE OLD
WORLD, HOPE FLICKERS LIKE A
DYING EMBER.

LAST
The
STAND

J. K POKING

ACT 1: SCENE 1

In the year 2342, post-apocalyptic India has transformed into a harsh, fragmented landscape. Climatic catastrophes, bio wars, and pandemics have ravaged the subcontinent, leaving behind only a few scattered settlements and city-states.

The Wastelands of India:

- The once-majestic Himalayas now hide radioactive waste and toxic skies.
- The Ganges River has become a toxic sludge, a mere shadow of its former self.
- The remnants of Mumbai and Delhi serve as hubs for rival factions.

Amidst the ruins, three separatist groups have emerged, each with distinct ideologies and visions for the future:

The Three Separatist Groups that have emerged are:

Transhumanists:

" Forward to perfection, beyond humanity "

In the neon-lit metropolis of Neo-Vijayapura, the Transhumanists have built a technological wonderland. They believe that humanity's salvation lies in merging with AI, biotechnology, and cybernetic enhancements. Led by the enigmatic Dr.IYRA, they seek to create a new, superior species, unencumbered by human limitations.

Posthumanists:

" Empower Diversity in the Evolutionary Journey! "

In the mystical city of Manushyapura, the Posthumanists have established a spiritual and philosophical enclave. They believe that humanity will naturally evolve into a new, posthuman form, just as humans evolved from primates. Guided by the charismatic guru, Kalki Avatar, they explore the mysteries of consciousness, seeking to transcend human boundaries.

Eco-Extremists:

" Mother Earth, Our only home! "

In the heart of the rejuvenated Eastern Ghats, the Eco-Extremists have created a sustainable, eco-friendly haven. They prioritize the planet's well-being above human interests, seeking to restore the natural balance and heal the earth's wounds. Led by the fierce and enigmatic, Maya Durga, they will stop at nothing to protect the land and its creatures.

These three groups will shape the destiny of post-apocalyptic India, their conflicts and alliances determining the course of human evolution, technological advancement, and the planet's survival.

INT. EXTEN MEETING HALL - NIGHT

The EXTEN MEETING HALL is a cavernous, dimly lit space with walls lined with fractured screens and overgrown vines. A large, round table sits in the center, surrounded by high-backed chairs. The atmosphere is tense, the air thick with dust and the weight of history.

At the table:

DR. IYRA sits in a sleek, metallic chair. His three robotic hands hover over a holographic interface, adjusting settings with practiced ease. His three robotic legs are crossed, his mechanical gaze fixed intently ahead.

ELIA is seated to Dr. IYRA's left, her expression a mix of determination and weariness. Her clothing is a blend of modern and traditional, symbolizing his role as a bridge between past and future. She looks at Dr. IYRA with a mix of hope and skepticism.

MUDRA occupies the chair across from Dr. IYRA. His weathered face is marked by scars and lines, his right eye hidden behind a black eye patch. Despite his blindness on one side, he remains a figure of resolve, his posture upright and commanding.

DR. IYRA

(clears throat, voice echoing slightly)

We've reached a point where continuing this conflict is not only futile but self-destructive. We have an opportunity to draft a peace accord that serves our collective survival.

ELIA

(speaks with calm authority)

The evolution of our species—our very future—depends on collaboration. The posthuman era cannot commence if we are caught in perpetual strife. The accord you propose must ensure mutual benefits.

MUDRA

(voice raspy but firm)

Peace is a rare and fragile thing. It must be nurtured with respect for all life. We have witnessed too many scars on our world already. This accord must include measures to protect our environment and ensure justice for the victims of the past.

DR. IYRA

(nods, adjusting a setting on the holographic interface)

I agree. The agreement must encompass technological advancement, evolutionary progress, and ecological preservation. A comprehensive approach will safeguard against future hostilities.

ELIA

(leans forward, eyes narrowing)

What about oversight? How do we ensure that the terms of this accord are upheld? History has shown that agreements can be easily broken.

MUDRA

(grimly)

Trust must be earned, not assumed. Perhaps an independent body, composed of representatives from all groups, could oversee the implementation of this accord.

DR. IYRA

(activates a projection showing the terms of the accord)

I propose a council of equal representatives from each group. This council will have the authority to enforce the terms and mediate any disputes that arise.

ELIA

(nods slowly)

That could work, provided the council is given real power and not just a ceremonial role. The future of our species, and the survival of our world, hinge on this.

MUDRA

(sighs, then nods)

Agreed. Let's ensure that the council's mandate is clear and binding. Our survival depends on this accord, and we must all commit to it fully.

The three leaders exchange glances, the weight of their shared responsibility settling over them.

Dr. IYRA reaches out with his robotic hands to offer a document, projected onto the table. Elia and Mudra lean in, reviewing the terms.

DR. IYRA

(speaks with a sense of finality)

Shall we proceed with the signing?

ELIA

(extends a hand, nodding)

Let's hope this marks the beginning of a new chapter.

MUDRA

(solidifies the agreement with a firm voice)

For the sake of our future, and the world we inhabit, let it be so.

The three leaders sign the document in unison. The holographic interface flickers, sealing the accord with a brilliant flash. The tension in the room lifts slightly, though the path ahead remains uncertain.

The camera pulls back, revealing the three leaders seated at the table, each bearing the weight of their decisions and the hope for a more peaceful future.

FADE OUT.

BLACK SCREEN 3 YEARS LATER, 2345

ACT 1: SCENE 2

INT. DEADSPIRE - THRONE ROOM - NIGHT

The throne room of the Deadspire (Supreme Leader's residence) is a golden, towering structure of cold, metallic walls. The room is dimly lit by flickering, dying lights, casting long shadows across the ancient, crumbling architecture. The throne itself is an imposing, jagged chair made of darkened steel and adorned with faded emblems of the three groups: Transhumanists, Posthumanists, and Eco-Extremists.

At the center of the room, a figure sits slumped on the throne. This is SUPREME LEADER MALIK, an elderly man with a gaunt face and weary eyes. His once formidable presence is now reduced to a shadow of its former self. His robe, a tattered blend of the three groups' symbols, barely covers his skeletal frame.

Standing before Malik are his three high-ranking advisers: DR. IYRA (Transhumanist leader), ELIYA (Posthumanist leader). Each looks uneasy, their eyes shifting between Malik and each other.

MALIK

(voice raspy and weak)

I have summoned you here not for counsel, but for a final decree.

The room is silent, save for the occasional groan of the structure. Malik's hand trembles as he raises a gnarled finger toward the air.

MALIK

(continuing)

My time draws near. The blood in my veins grows colder, and I find myself unable to continue this cruel game of power. I... I have no heir to inherit this throne. Thus, I make my final wish.

Dr. IYRA steps forward, his robotic limbs clinking softly. He watches Malik with a mix of curiosity and apprehension.

DR. IYRA

What is it you wish, Supreme Leader?

Malik's gaze pierces through them, revealing a glint of desperation mixed with resolve.

MALIK

I place a bounty upon the head of the Eradicator of the Eco-Extremists. Whoever brings their demise shall ascend to the throne and become the next Supreme Leader. My life has been one of power and strife, and I wish for my end to mark the beginning of a new era.

Elia shifts uncomfortably, clearly torn by the implications of Malik's decree.

ELIA

And you believe this will bring stability?

MALIK

(sighing)

Stability? Perhaps. Or chaos. But it will bring change. It is not for me to decide. My time is done.

MALIK

(weakly)

Suffering has been our constant companion. Maybe in this final act, some semblance of order will emerge from the ruins.

Malik's head bows slightly, his strength fading. Dr. IYRA steps forward, a solemn look on his face.

DR. IYRA

We will carry out your will, Supreme Leader.

The three leaders exchange glances, a silent agreement passing between them. Malik's breathing becomes shallow as he weakens further.

MALIK

(whispering)

Then it is settled. My legacy... let it be the rise of a new power.

As Malik's eyes close for a sleep knowing he'll not die until he crowns his successor, the room remains still. The only sound is the echo of his snore and the distant rumble of shifting of guards amongst the grandeur of Deadspire.

Dr. IYRA, Elia stand in silent contempt

ation, the future uncertain but the path clear. The throne room's shadows deepen, symbolizing the end of one era and the beginning of another.

FADE OUT.

ACT 1: SCENE 3:

INT. PRECINCT - DAY

A grand, sprawling structure stretches into the sky, its surfaces gleaming in polished chrome and glass. The Precinct, the headquarters of the Transhumanists, hums with life—both human and machine. Everywhere you look, AI drones hover, guiding the movement of people and controlling advanced systems. Massive holograms of intricate city maps and detailed statistics hover above the ground, continuously updated by AI.

At the entrance of the Precinct, a monument towers over the courtyard—a colossal humanoid figure, half-machine, half-human, reaching toward the sky. Below it is inscribed the Transhumanist emblem: a DNA double helix entwined with microchips, surrounded by a radiant, mechanized eye. Beneath the emblem, their slogan blazes in bright, blue light:

"FORWARD TO PERFECTION, BEYOND HUMANITY."

Inside, hallways are flooded with soft light from AI systems integrated into the very walls. Automated assistants glide by, their synthetic voices murmuring commands and responses. The cold, calculated efficiency of the space is palpable.

INT. DR. IYRA'S CHAMBER - DAY

Dr. IYRA, the Transhumanist Separatist leader, stands before a massive, translucent screen projecting a real-time visual feed of the last remaining Eco-Extremist strongholds. His towering figure, augmented with three robotic arms and legs, glints under the artificial lighting. His eyes, a vivid blue from cybernetic enhancement, glow with a mixture of rage and determination.

The room is circular, lined with vast screens displaying data, surveillance footage, and population statistics. AI voices chirp softly in the background, calculating probabilities and updating outcomes. The Transhumanist emblem is etched into the floor beneath Dr. IYRA's feet.

DR. IYRA (voice calm, cold) The Eco-Extremists are a disease. A rot. They have held back our evolution for too long.

He gestures with one of his mechanical arms, pulling up a detailed map showing scattered red dots—locations of Eco-Extremist camps.

DR. IYRA

It's time we erase them from our future. Permanently.

The AI voice of the Precinct's central control system chimes in, a soothing, synthetic tone.

AI SYSTEM

Shall I initiate termination protocols, Dr. IYRA?

DR. IYRA

Initiate. And raise the incentive.

With a sharp flick of his robotic wrist, the screen flashes, and a new announcement scrolls across the hologram. His voice booms across the Precinct, transmitted to every Transhumanist soldier, leader, and operative:

DR. IYRA

Effective immediately: Any individual or unit that captures or terminates 100 or more Eco-Extremists will be rewarded with one lakh pixels.

A hum of acknowledgment runs through the room, the AI systems instantly processing the new orders and updating the ranks.

DR. IYRA

(staring coldly at the screen) For each of you, the hunt begins now. We will not stop until there is not a trace of them left on this earth.

He turns away from the screen, his mechanical legs clanking softly against the ground as he steps toward the grand window overlooking the neonlit skyline of the Transhumanist city. Below, soldiers and drones swarm, already mobilizing in response to the order.

DR. IYRA

(murmuring to himself) For perfection, we march forward. No one can stop us.

FADE OUT.

ACT 1: SCENE: 4

INT. BRENT - MAIN CHAMBER - NIGHT

The grand chamber of Brent, the headquarters of the Posthumanist separatist group, exudes an aura of stark elegance and austere spirituality. Walls adorned with holographic symbols of evolution and diversity are illuminated by dim, ambient lighting. The central focal point is a towering throne-like chair where ELIA, the Posthumanist leader, sits. She has green hair, akin to her younger sister, LENA. ELIA wears an intricate robe, adorned with the emblem of the Posthumanist slogan: "Empower Diversity in the Evolutionary Journey!"

LENA, a girl of 16 with matching green hair and fierce eyes, stands beside ELIA. The tension in the air is palpable. A holographic display shows the face of MUDRA, the Eco-Extremist leader, with the words "TARGET: MUDRA" beneath.

ELIA

(coldly, addressing the room)

Our vision for evolution demands sacrifice. Mudra, leader of the Eco-Extremists, represents a threat to our progress. His ideology hinders our journey towards a posthuman future.

LENA

(puzzled and slightly anxious)

Why only Mudra? What about the rest of his group?

ELIA

(with a firm, authoritative tone)

Mudra is the core of their resistance. Removing him will cripple their morale and disrupt their operations. We cannot waste resources on eliminating every single member when the leader's downfall will suffice.

LENA nods, her gaze intense. She then steps forward, addressing the assembled members.

LENA

(determined)

A bounty is hereby issued: whoever brings me Mudra's severed head will be declared my successor when Elia ascends to the position of Supreme Leader.

The room murmurs with excitement. The announcement is met with a mix of applause and hushed conversations.

ELIA

(smiling proudly)

Let this declaration mark the beginning of a new era.

As the scene progresses, traditional Malayali music begins to play softly in the background, a nod to ELIA's heritage. The music evokes a sense of reverence and celebration. ELIA stands, her regal demeanor accentuated by the music. The holographic symbols shift to display images of the Coromandel kings, paying homage to ELIA's lineage.

ELIA

(reflective, to herself)

From emperors of the Coromandel to the architects of the future. Our lineage is one of power and destiny.

The music crescendos as the chamber erupts in celebration, honoring both ELIA's 45th birthday and her ancestral legacy.

FADE OUT.

ACT 2: SCENE:1

INT. TERRA NOVA VILLAGE - DAY

The village of Terra Nova is a sanctuary hidden within the lush Eastern Ghats. Nature is allowed to flourish, with vines draping over ancient structures and wildlife roaming freely. The village stands in stark contrast to the desolate wastelands outside its borders. The Eco-Extremists' headquarters is a sprawling, vibrant village where nature reigns supreme.

The air is filled with the sounds of chirping birds and rustling leaves. In the center of the village, a large Banyan tree stretches its roots and branches wide, symbolizing strength and unity.

EXT. BANYAN TREE - DAY

MUDRA, the Eco-Extremists leader, tall, long beard and piercing eyes, chiseled features, and a strong jawline. Compassionate leader with strategic brilliance. Embodiment of strength and courage. He stands before the massive Banyan tree, his face etched with concern. He is a weathered man with a deep connection to the earth. His wife, AVANI, and their children, ARNAV and ARUSHI, gather around him, along with other families from the clan.

MUDRA

(gravely)

The time has come for us to protect our way of life. The bounties placed on us by Malik, Dr. IYRA, and Elia threaten our existence. We must act now.

AVANI

(worriedly)

What are we going to do, Mudra? How can we protect the children and our people?

MUDRA

(determined)

We must hide our future and ensure our ideology survives. Arnav, take this book, Bhoomi. It holds everything we stand for. Keep it close, for it is a part of me.

Mudra hands a leather-bound book, inscribed with ancient symbols and texts, to ARNAV, his older son. Arnav nods solemnly, understanding the weight of his father's request.

MUDRA

(to the group)

Avani, take the children and hide them under the Banyan tree. This tree will protect them as it has protected us.

Avani, with Arushi and the other children, begins to lead them towards the roots of the Banyan tree. The children look up in awe at the ancient tree, sensing its significance.

MUDRA

(addressing the remaining clan members)

We will divide into two groups. One will gather information on how to defeat the Transhumanists without taking lives. We believe that even our enemies deserve a chance at redemption. The other group will focus on the Posthumanists and their vulnerabilities.

The clan members nod in agreement, a mix of resolve and sadness in their eyes. They prepare to leave, each group setting off in different directions.

EXT. VILLAGE EDGE - DAY

As the sun begins to set, casting long shadows over Terra Nova, the two groups of Eco-Extremists depart. One group heads towards the barren wastelands to the west, while the other moves towards the technological strongholds of the east.

Mudra watches them leave, his face a mixture of hope and determination. He turns back towards the Banyan tree, where Avani and the children are now hidden safely among its roots.

MUDRA

(whispering to himself)

Mother Earth, our only home. We will protect her legacy.

The scene fades out as Mudra takes one last look at Terra Nova before following his own path. The village slowly returns to its serene state, with the Banyan tree standing as a silent guardian over the future of the Eco-Extremists.

FADE OUT.

ACT 2: SCENE 2:

EXT. DENSE FOREST - DAY

The dense forest is alive with the rustle of leaves and the chirping of birds. Tall trees block out most of the sunlight, casting a greenish glow on the forest floor. A narrow, winding path is barely visible among the undergrowth. The air is thick with the scent of earth and vegetation.

ARYAN (early 30s, rugged and determined, wearing a tattered cloak and carrying a makeshift weapon) and ISHA (late 20s, strong-willed and resourceful, her face marked with dirt and sweat) lead a small group of Eco-Extremists. The group is a mixture of men and women, each armed with makeshift gear and appearing weary but resolute.

ARYAN

(pointing to a map, held together with fraying string)

We should be nearing the outskirts of the ruined city. Keep your eyes open for any signs of the old world.

ISHA

(adjusting her backpack)

Manushyapura was said to be hidden deep within the ruins. We need to be cautious. The path ahead is treacherous.

The group continues, moving cautiously through the dense foliage. Occasionally, they stop to listen for any sounds of danger.

EXT. RUINED DELHI - EDGE OF THE FOREST - DAY

The forest begins to thin out, revealing the crumbling skyline of old Delhi in the distance. The ruins are a chaotic mix of collapsed buildings, overgrown with vines and shrubs. The once-grand structures now stand as skeletal remains against the backdrop of the ruined city.

ARYAN

(squinting at the ruins)

There it is. The heart of the city. We need to get through there and find Manushyapura.

ISHA

(nodding, her eyes scanning the area)

The ruins are dangerous. We could run into scavengers or worse. Stay sharp.

The group emerges from the forest and begins to make their way into the ruins. They move stealthily, navigating through the debris and avoiding open areas where they could be easily spotted.

EXT. RUINED DELHI - STREET LEVEL - DAY

The once-bustling streets of Delhi are now eerily silent. Broken glass, debris, and remnants of a bygone era litter the ground. The group moves carefully, avoiding exposed areas and sticking to the shadows.

ARYAN

(whispering)

We need to get to the central district. Manushyapura should be somewhere near the old temple complex.

ISHA

(spotting a partially intact building)

That building up ahead—looks like it might be a good vantage point. We could scout from there.

ARYAN

(nodding)

Good idea. Let's head there and reassess our route.

The group carefully approaches the building, its exterior partially intact despite the surrounding devastation. They climb cautiously, each member taking turns to keep watch.

EXT. RUINED DELHI - ROOFTOP - DAY

The view from the rooftop provides a panoramic sight of the ruined city. The group scans the area, taking note of possible routes and hazards. The distant spire of an old temple can be seen among the ruins.

ISHA

(pointing at the spire)

That must be it. Manushyapura should be nearby.

ARYAN

(determined)

Let's move out. We have to reach it before nightfall.

The group prepares to descend from the rooftop, ready to continue their search through the dangerous ruins.

FADE OUT.

ACT 2: SCENE:3

EXT. SHIVALIK MOUNTAINS - DAY

A dense mist envelopes the jagged peaks of the Shivalik Mountains. Aryan and his group of Eco-Extremists, rugged and weather-beaten, tread cautiously through the treacherous terrain. Their clothing is made from animal hides, and they carry makeshift weapons.

ARYAN

(whispering to the group)

Stay alert. This is the City of Manushyapura. It's unlike anything we've seen.

The group approaches a hidden entrance in the mountains, camouflaged by thick foliage and craggy rocks.

EXT. MANUSHYAPURA - GATEWAY - DAY

The Eco-Extremists enter through the concealed gateway into the city. Manushyapura sprawls before them, a stark contrast to their rugged existence.

The city is an intricate blend of ancient spirituality and advanced technology, with towering spires and crystal-clear rivers flowing alongside cobblestone streets.

INT. MANUSHYAPURA - CITY CENTER - DAY

Aryan and his group walk through the bustling city center. They pass by a group of scrawny Posthumanists, gathered around a large altar, offering simple, handmade tokens to their deity, KRA—a four-headed statue draped in vibrant cloth.

The Posthumanists are emaciated yet serene, dressed in flowing, ethereal garments. Their movements are deliberate and graceful, a stark contrast to the Eco-Extremists' raw, survivalist demeanor.

ARYAN

(under his breath)

Keep your eyes open. We need to blend in.

They continue through the market, a vibrant chaos of sights and sounds.

EXT. MANUSHYAPURA - MARKET - DAY

The market is a maze of narrow streets lined with stalls. Stalls overflow with exotic goods: shimmering fabrics, intricate jewelry, strange fruits, and mystical trinkets. The air is filled with the aromas of spices and incense. Merchants offer a myriad of artifacts, some glowing with bioluminescence, others adorned with spiritual symbols.

ARYAN

(to his group)

Look at this place. They have everything. We need to find something that'll help us fit in.

They move past stalls where Posthumanists barter in soft, melodic tones. The atmosphere is calm but charged with an otherworldly energy.

INT. MANUSHYAPURA - ABANDONED HOUSE - DAY

Aryan and his group find an abandoned house behind the market. The structure is old but intact, its walls covered in intricate carvings of KRA and other spiritual symbols. Inside, dust and cobwebs linger in the air.

ARYAN

This will do for now. We need to make it ours.

The Eco-Extremists set to work, clearing the space and changing into the flowing, spiritual attire of the Posthumanists. They adopt a more serene demeanor, attempting to mimic the tranquil aura of the people outside.

ARYAN

(looking at his reflection)

We'll need to act the part. Learn their ways, their beliefs. This is our only chance to gather information.

The group exchanges glances, their rough exterior softened by the delicate attire. They begin to settle into their new roles, preparing to live among the Posthumanists as one of them.

EXT. MANUSHYAPURA - CITY CENTER - NIGHT

As night falls, the city glows with an ethereal light. Aryan and his group step out of their new home, blending into the serene, spiritual rhythm of Manushyapura. They walk among the Posthumanists, carefully observing and adapting, their mission now intertwined with the mystic fabric of the city.

FADE OUT.

ACT 2: SCENE 4:

EXT. GANGES PLAIN - DAY

The once mighty Ganges now lies as a wasteland of toxic sludge and decaying remnants. The air is thick with an acrid stench. MUDRA, his brother-in-law RAVI (40s), and a small group of ECO-EXTREMISTS trudge through the mire. They're covered in grime, their faces hardened by the journey.

MUDRA

(looking ahead)

Keep your eyes sharp. We should be nearing the outskirts of Vijayapura soon.

RAVI

(nods, weary)

We've come a long way. I hope it's worth it.

ARJUN (25), Mudra's younger brother, walks beside KAVYA (25), both engrossed in a quiet conversation. They share a fleeting smile.

KAVYA

(softly)

You're quiet today. Thinking about something?

ARJUN

(looks at her)

Just... about everything we've left behind. And... about you.

Kavya blushes slightly but continues walking, their hands brushing occasionally.

EXT. VIJAYAPURA- DAY

The group emerges from the toxic sludge into the clean, shimmering environment of Vijayapura. The city is a marvel of omnipresent technology: sleek, towering skyscrapers with holographic advertisements, flying vehicles zipping between buildings, and clean, glistening streets. The atmosphere hums with the low buzz of advanced machinery.

RAVI

(in awe)

We've arrived. Look at this place.

MUDRA

(quietly)

Yes, this is where the future is being built.

They enter the city, their clothes and equipment looking shabby against the backdrop of high-tech splendor.

INT. HOTEL - DAY

The group finds employment at a bustling hotel. The interior is immaculate, with automated systems and efficient service. Mudra, Ravi, Arjun, and Kavya work diligently, adapting to the unfamiliar technology. Their hard work is evident as they help maintain the hotel's high standards.

INT. HOTEL - THREE MONTHS LATER - DAY

The hotel is thriving, thanks to the group's dedication. The owner, AKHTAR (70s), lies on his deathbed, weak but resolute. Mudra stands by his side, offering comfort.

AKHTAR

(weakly)

You've worked hard. You've earned my trust. I have no relatives... I want you to take over the hotel.

MUDRA

(surprised)

Thank you, Akhtar. I won't let you down.

Akhtar smiles faintly before closing his eyes.

INT. HOTEL - DAY

Three months later. The hotel is bustling with activity as preparations are underway for a grand event. MUDRA, now the owner, oversees the operations. A large banner reads: "Synthra's Birthday Party."

MUDRA

(to his staff all eco-extremists)

Let's make sure everything is perfect. This is our chance to gather information.

KAVYA

(approaches Mudra)

Are you sure this is a good idea? What if we get caught?

MUDRA

(steady)

We have to take risks if we want to understand the Transhumanists.

As guests begin to arrive, Mudra keeps a close watch, taking in the advanced technology and interactions among the Transhumanists.

INT. HOTEL - EVENING

The party is in full swing. Synthra (30s) mingles with guests, who are all adorned in cutting-edge attire. Mudra discreetly moves through the crowd, eavesdropping and observing the advanced lifestyle of the Transhumanists.

MUDRA

(to himself)

This is just the beginning. We need to learn everything we can.

As the night progresses, Mudra collects valuable information while ensuring the event goes smoothly. The group has successfully embedded themselves into the heart of Vijayapura, positioning themselves for future opportunities.

FADE OUT.

ACT 3: SCENE 1:

Here's the updated scene incorporating Tansen's musical talent and the exchange of Malik's gold ring:

INT. DEADSPIRE - SUPREME LEADER MALIK'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The room is grand but somber, reflecting Malik's authority and isolation. Supreme Leader MALIK, in his late 50s, lies on a grand bed, staring at the ceiling with a look of deep torment. His dark, simple robes enhance his austere demeanor.

TANSEN, in his 40s, stands respectfully near the bed. Tansen's posture is attentive, but his gaze reveals concern. He gently taps a small, intricate musical device—a hint of his musical genius.

TANSEN

My Lord, the bounty on the Eco-Extremists and the ERADICON campaign have caused significant unrest. What drives such extreme measures now?

Malik turns to face Tansen, his eyes revealing a deep, personal conflict.

MALIK

It's not merely about strategy, Tansen. The Eco-Extremists are led by Mudra. My cousin brother.

Tansen's eyebrows rise in surprise, and he looks at Malik with a mixture of curiosity and empathy.

TANSEN

Mudra... your cousin brother? What happened between you two?

Malik's expression darkens as he begins to recount a painful chapter from his past.

FLASHBACK - EXT. RURAL VILLAGE - DAY

Young Malik, around 20, and Mudra, a few years younger, work together in a lush field. They share a moment of camaraderie, but the atmosphere shifts as they head to a modest home.

YOUNG MALIK

(with frustration)

Mudra, why are the elders favoring you over me? I'm older; I should be the next Supreme Leader.

YOUNG MUDRA

(trying to be calm)

It's not about age, Malik. It's about vision and ability. They see something in me that aligns with their vision for the future.

Malik's face shows hurt and anger. The scene intensifies in the small, dimly lit room where an argument erupts.

YOUNG MALIK

(fiercely)

The succession rules are clear. I should be next. This is an affront to our traditions and my role.

YOUNG MUDRA

(pleading)

This isn't personal. It's about what's best for everyone. But if you feel wronged, let's resolve it without violence.

Malik's anger boils over. He grabs a weapon, his hand shaking as he faces Mudra.

YOUNG MALIK

(voice breaking)

I should end this now.

Malik raises the weapon, but his resolve falters. His eyes fill with tears of frustration and betrayal. Mudra stands firm, his expression one of sorrow but not fear.

YOUNG MUDRA

(softly)

Malik, violence won't solve this. Let's find another way.

Malik's hand trembles. He lowers the weapon, his face a mask of pain and rage. He storms out, leaving Mudra behind, who watches him go with a mix of sadness and understanding.

BACK TO PRESENT - INT. DEADSPIRE - SUPREME LEADER MALIK'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Malik's face reveals a blend of sorrow and unresolved anger.

MALIK

(voice choked)

I couldn't bring myself to kill Mudra, even though I wanted to. The elders' decision and our unresolved conflict left a wound that never healed. ERADICON is my attempt to confront that lingering pain and assert control.

TANSEN

My Lord, so the ERADICON is not only a strategic move but also deeply personal.

MALIK

(softly)

Yes. Sometimes, to maintain order, one must confront and eliminate their deepest grudges.

Tansen nods and takes a deep breath. He begins to sing a soft, melancholic song, his voice soothing and melodic. The music fills the room, creating a calming atmosphere. Malik's tense expression gradually softens as he listens.

TANSEN

(singing)

In the shadows of our past, we find the light,
Through the echoes of our pain, we seek the right,
Forgive the wounds, mend the hearts, let peace start,
In the silence, find the solace, heal the heart.

Malik's face shows visible relief as the song concludes. He takes off his gold ring—a symbol of his power and authority—and holds it out to Tansen.

MALIK

(softly, with gratitude)

Thank you, Tansen. Your music has eased my burden. This ring is a token of my appreciation.

Tansen accepts the ring with a respectful bow, his face reflecting gratitude.

TANSEN

My Lord, it is an honor to serve. I will carry out your orders.

Malik watches Tansen leave, his expression a complex mix of resolve and newfound calm.

FADE OUT.

ACT 3: SCENE 2:

EXT. TERRA NOVA - DAY

The sun's light pierces through the crumbling remnants of Terra Nova. The air is thick with dust, and the sky is an ominous shade of gray. A group of ragged children, led by AVANI, emerges cautiously from their hiding spot, a makeshift bunker covered in grime and rust.

AVANI (whispering) Stay close. Don't make a sound.

MIRA (12), her eyes wide with fear, clutches Avani's hand. Her breath comes in quick, shallow gasps.

MIRA (voice trembling) I can't... I can't breathe. Too tight.

AVANI (shushing her) Just a little longer, Mira. We'll be out soon.

The children, exhausted and wary, approach the edge of their hiding place. They peer out into the open world for the first time.

KARAN (14) gasps as he spots something in the distance.

KARAN (urgent) Look! Up there!

In the sky, a massive airborne vehicle named Velocitor glides silently. Its sleek, metallic surface gleams ominously. The craft's stealth technology makes it shimmer and vanish intermittently.

AVANI (eyes widening) That's... incredible. It's our way out.

Advik (15) grabs Avani's shoulder.

Advik We have to get to it. Now!

The children sprint across the desolate landscape, dodging debris and the occasional flicker of danger. Mira, still anxious, is comforted by Avani, who keeps a steady pace.

EXT. ABANDONED HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

The Velocitor hovers just above the crumbling highway. The children arrive, breathless and awe-struck, at a landing pad near the vehicle.

AVANI (panting) We're almost there!

Suddenly, the sound of engines roars through the air. Transhumanist and Posthumanist Spartans appear on the horizon, their vehicles kicking up dust as they close in on the children's position.

SENTINEL LEADER (shouting over the wind) They're getting away! Don't let them escape!

The Velocitor's landing ramp extends. The children rush up the ramp, but Mira freezes at the bottom, her fear of enclosed spaces overwhelming her.

MIRA (screaming) I can't go in there! It's too tight!

AVANI (desperate) Mira, you have to! We don't have time!

The Spartans' vehicles screech to a halt, and armed figures leap out, weapons at the ready. Avani pulls Mira towards the ramp.

AVANI (yelling) I'm coming with you!

In a flurry of chaos, the children scramble into the Velocitor. Avani grabs Mira and pulls her inside. The ramp begins to retract as the Spartans close in, their weapons firing sporadically.

INT. VELOCITOR- CONTINUOUS

Inside, the children are met with a futuristic, high-tech interior. Consoles light up as the Velocitor's systems activate. The ship's stealth mode engages, and it becomes almost invisible.

RAVI (looking out a window) They're not following us!

The Velocitor rises into the air, soaring above the burning landscape. The children watch in a mixture of relief and awe as the world below becomes a mere blur.

AVANI (to the group) We're safe. For now.

Mira, still shaken, looks at Avani with gratitude.

MIRA (barely audible) Thank you... for not leaving me.

AVANI (smiling) We're in this together. Always.

As the Velocitor flies towards an uncertain future, the children brace themselves for whatever challenges lie ahead, their spirits lifted by the promise of safety and hope.

FADE OUT.

ACT 4: SCENE 1:

The Velocitor lands in an abandoned city after few weeks of travelling. Avani and the children whom she led take over the city rebuild it and name it Celestia .

CUT TO:

10 YEARS LATER

INT. CELESTIA - DAY

The camera pans over the city of Celestia , an awe-inspiring blend of the old world and the new. Towering buildings stretch toward the sky, their facades draped in vibrant vertical gardens. Neon lights flash with advertisements in languages both ancient and futuristic, while holographic displays illuminate the streets with shimmering art. The hum of technology fills the air as hoverboards glide through the avenues and pedestrians navigate the city with ease.

CUT TO:

A massive statue stands in the heart of Celestia 's central square—a tribute to the fallen heroes of the past, their faces worn with time but revered. Below, a plaque reads: "In Memory of the Fallen. For Those Who Rise."

EXT. CELESTIA- MAIN COURTYARD - DAY

Avani, now in her late 40s, watches the city's pulse from a balcony high above. She's dressed in a sleek, weathered cloak, the fabric infused with subtle tech enhancements, giving her a commanding yet maternal presence. Her face is lined with both strength and loss. Below her, markets bustle with activity as citizens barter, share stories, and go about their daily lives. The sound of laughter echoes in the distance, intermingling with the hum of drones hovering by.

DEV (20s), tall and strong, steps up behind her. His expression carries the weight of responsibility but a flicker of warmth when he addresses her. Avani's once small group of children are now the Eradicon Orphans—guardians of Celestia .

DEV (softly)

Maa, we've received word. A new group of refugees—two families this time. They've come from the west, fleeing the same destruction the others have spoken of.

Avani turns, her eyes meeting Dev's, the glimmer of her once fiery spirit still burning beneath her calm exterior.

AVANI

(nodding)

The Transhumanists again. Their hunger for control will not stop until there's nothing left. Celestia must continue to be a sanctuary. We'll take them in, as we've taken in so many before.

Dev leans against the railing, looking over the city.

DEV

They've heard of Celestia's rise, of our resilience. But for how long can we hold this balance? Technology and nature... they're in delicate harmony here. One wrong move, one invasion from those who want to strip us of our power, and this—everything we've built—could collapse.

AVANI

(gazing far off, her voice steady)

For ten years, we have lived in peace. But peace in a world like ours is never meant to last. That's why we must be prepared. The Eradicon Orphans—you and your brothers and sisters—are the defenders of this hope. Of this dream.

She places a hand on his shoulder.

AVANI

We didn't survive the past just to watch the future crumble.

Dev turns to her, the weight of leadership on his shoulders heavy but not unbearable.

DEV

We've been watching the outskirts. Nothing yet. But if they come, we'll be ready. They won't take Celestia from us.

AVANI

No. They won't. Not while I'm still here. Not while the Eradicon Orphans stand tall.

A beat. The air between them hums with unspoken resolve.

DEV

(softly)

I sometimes wonder, Maa... If the old world could've found this balance, would it have fallen at all?

Avani's eyes soften, a wistful smile tugging at her lips.

AVANI

We'll never know. But Celestia is proof that we can rebuild. That even from the ashes of destruction, something beautiful can rise.

As the sun begins to set, casting a warm glow over Celestia, the streets light up with bioluminescent plants, and the city's energy seems to pulse with life. Dev and Avani stand side by side, gazing over the city they've nurtured, a beacon of hope amidst the chaos.

DEV

(whispering)

We'll protect it, Maa. No matter the cost.

AVANI

I know, my son. I know.

They stand together in silence, watching Celestia shine in the gathering dusk, a city alive with both past and future.

FADE OUT.

ACT 4: SCENE 2:

INT. CELESTIA- AVANI'S HOME - EVENING

The scene opens in a cozy, dimly lit room. AVANI (early 40s), stands by a bioluminescent plant, watching the sky through a large window. She radiates a quiet strength. DEV (early 20s) enters, holding hands with AVANTHIKA (19), a tall, confident young woman with sharp eyes, dressed in the practical yet elegant attire of a survivor.

DEV

(softly, to Avani)

Maa, I'd like you to meet Avanthika.

AVANI turns from the window, a warm smile on her face.

AVANI

(smiling)

I've heard so much about you, Avanthika. Welcome to our home.

AVANTHIKA smiles nervously, glancing at Dev.

AVANTHIKA

(tentatively)

Thank you, Maa. I mean... Avani.

AVANI chuckles softly, stepping forward.

AVANI

You can call me Maa, dear. If Dev trusts you, so do I.

AVANTHIKA visibly relaxes. The trio exchanges warm pleasantries for a few moments before Avani's expression subtly darkens. She glances at Dev.

AVANI

Dev, why don't you show Avanthika the gardens? I'll join you both shortly.

DEV nods, sensing something in his mother's tone.

DEV

Of course, Maa. Come on, Avanthika.

DEV and AVANTHIKA exit, leaving AVANI alone.

INT. -CELESTIA AVANI'S STUDY - MOMENTS LATER

Avani enters her private study, where an OLD-STYLE TELEGRAM machine sits. The machine clicks, a telegram sliding out. Avani's eyes sharpen as she pulls the paper free.

CLOSE-UP of the telegram text: "Mudra killed in ambush. Remaining groups in Vijayapura and Manushyapura seeking guidance. Awaiting orders. Where are you? How are the children? -- Aryan."

AVANI sinks into her chair, gripping the paper tightly. Her composure begins to crack, tears welling up in her eyes as she reads the message again.

FLASHBACK - EXT. THE GANGES PLAIN - DAY

Mudra, in his prime, leading his group through the toxic sludge, a determined fire in his eyes. Avani watches from a distance as they march forward into danger.

BACK TO PRESENT - INT. AVANI'S STUDY

AVANI wipes away a tear, regaining her composure. She picks up a pen and a sheet of paper, begins writing a letter.

AVANI

(narrating as she writes)

"Brother Aryan, I received the news of Mudra's death with a heavy heart. The children are safe here in Celestia. I mourn for my husband, but we must continue. I request you to pull back your forces and retreat. I am sending Lieutenant Madhanto escort you to Celestia."

She finishes the letter and seals it in an envelope, her eyes filled with sorrow but also resolve.

EXT. CELESTIA- NIGHT

LIEUTENANT MADHAN (30s), tall and athletic, approaches Avani's home. Avani steps outside, handing him the sealed envelope.

AVANI

(quietly)

Madhan, take this to Vijayapura. You must go undercover as a courier from Manushyapura. Deliver this to Ravi. Lead them all back here.

MADHAN nods solemnly.

MADHAN

I will not fail you, my lady.

AVANI watches as he disappears into the shadows, her heart heavy with the burden of leadership.

INT. CELESTIA- AVANI'S STUDY - NEXT DAY

Avani sits at her desk again, another letter in front of her. LIEUTENANT VIKRAM (early 30s), enters, dressed in courier gear.

AVANI

(narrating as she writes the second letter)

"Dear Aryan, the news of our brother Mudra's death has reached me. I grieve with you. We cannot afford to lose more lives. Retreat immediately and return to Celestia. Lieutenant Vikram will guide you."

She seals this letter and hands it to Vikram.

AVANI

Go to Manushyapura, Vikram. You know what to do.

VIKRAM

(nods)

Yes, my lady.

He turns to leave, but before he does, he glances back at Avani.

VIKRAM

We'll bring them home, I promise.

Avani gives him a small, grateful smile.

EXT. CELESTIA- NIGHT

Vikram rides off into the streets of Celestia, vanishing into the darkness.

Avani stands alone, watching the city with a quiet determination, knowing the fate of her people now rests in her hands.

FADE OUT.

ACT 4: SCENE 3:

INT. ABANDONED BUS STATION - NIGHT

The cold wind HOWLS through the broken windows. An old man, bent and frail, sits on a rusted metal bench. His white hair shines dimly under the flickering remnants of a neon sign that once displayed bus schedules. His deep-set eyes gaze vacantly into the distance.

LIEUTENANT MADHAN and LIEUTENANT VIKRAM, two brothers, enter the station from opposite sides. Both carry the grime and weariness of a long journey. Their matching devices—worn on their wrists—expand and contract into watches as they move. The brothers stand on opposite sides of the station, unaware of each other's presence.

EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF MANUSHYAPURA - DAY

Madhan's vehicle—a sleek, modified hovercraft looted from a sentinel—glides silently above the cracked earth, its engines WHIRRING. He passes skeletal remains of once-great skyscrapers, now twisted and crumbling. Vines and bioluminescent plants have reclaimed some of the ruins, bathing the path in an eerie glow.

Madhan scans the horizon, the ghostly silhouette of the Posthumanist city of MANUSHYAPURA barely visible through the toxic haze. His face is calm, focused. He taps his wrist device, sending a TELEGRAM to Vikram.

MADHAN (V.O.)

(Reading the message aloud to himself as he types)

"Two days out from Manushyapura. Terrain hazardous. Power low. How's Vijayapura?"

EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF VIJAYAPURA- DAY

Vikram, riding a similar vehicle, soars over a dried riverbed filled with debris. The air is heavy with dust, and the once-mighty river Ganga is now a distant memory. The sun hangs low, casting an orange-red hue over the landscape. Unlike Madhan, he passes through the remnants of a grand city that has fallen into decay. Towering monuments to human ingenuity, broken statues of machines and men, now litter the landscape.

VIKRAM (V.O.)

(Responding as he flies, fingers tapping his wrist device)

"Approaching Vijayapura. Endless wreckage. No signs of life yet."

INT. ABANDONED BUS STATION - NIGHT

The old man watches as both brothers finally notice each other, across the wide space. They stare, puzzled by the coincidence. Their vehicles hover quietly outside the station, humming softly.

They approach the old man, both walking cautiously. His eyes meet theirs, and he speaks in a slow, indecipherable language, his voice gravelly with age.

OLD MAN

(In a slow, alien language)

"ཨོ་མ་ཉི་པ་ལྷོ་ལྷོ་...མི་མིའི་ལུང་པར་སྐྱེད་པ་..."

Vikram and Madhan exchange confused glances, unsure of how to respond. The man lifts his hand slowly, gesturing toward the far end of the station where a glowing symbol—half-man, half-machine—hovers in the air.

MADHAN

"Can you understand him?"

VIKRAM

"No idea what he's saying. But he knows something."

The old man lowers his hand and closes his eyes, sinking back into the bench. He becomes still, as though he had never spoken. Vikram reaches for his wrist device and types a quick message to Madhan.

VIKRAM (V.O.)

"Ignore him. We need to keep moving."

Madhan nods and sends a response.

MADHAN (V.O.)

"Agreed."

They turn and head back to their vehicles, leaving the old man in the silence of the abandoned station.

EXT. SKY ABOVE POST-APOCALYPTIC LANDSCAPE - NIGHT

Both brothers soar through the night sky, their vehicles cutting through the darkness. Vikram passes over the shattered remains of bridges, the lights of Vijayapura in the distance, glowing like a technological beacon of the future. His eyes narrow as he speeds forward.

Meanwhile, Madhan glides over ancient fields, now scorched and barren. MANUSHYAPURA appears ahead, its towers stretching upward like skeletal fingers, the city's core pulsing with energy from the heart of Posthumanist technology.

INT. TELEGRAM CONSOLE - BOTH BROTHERS

As they approach their destinations, both brothers glance at their wrist devices, seeing the same message blink simultaneously.

DEVICE

"Ready for contact. Sending coordinates."

They type quick acknowledgments, synchronizing their final approach.

EXT. MANUSHYAPURA - NIGHT

Madhan's hovercraft descends toward the city's metallic gates, where synthetic guards—half-human, half-machine—await his arrival.

EXT. VIJAYAPURA - NIGHT

Vikram lands at the perimeter of Vijayapura, greeted by Transhumanist drones, silently observing his every move.

The brothers have made it. Separated by miles of wasteland, but bound by the same mission, their journey has just begun.

ACT 4: SCENE4:

EXT. VIJAYAPURA- DAY

The neonlit city of Vijayapura stretches endlessly before VIKRAM, a young courier boy with an air of awe. The city is a marvel of technology: towering skyscrapers, glowing neon lights, and advanced transportation systems. Vikram gazes around, marveling at the city's splendor. As he walks,

VIKRAM

(voice filled with admiration)

Look at this city... Vijayapura, a beacon of progress and grandeur. The brilliance of human ingenuity shines through every corner. Skyscrapers touch the skies, their surfaces shimmering with digital displays and bioluminescent gardens. The air is alive with the hum of advanced machinery, and everywhere you look, technology dances in harmony with nature.

(voice turns wistful)

If only... If only Dr. IYRA hadn't been consumed by her hunger for power.

If only the Transhumanists, Posthumanists, and Eco-Extremists could have coexisted in peace. Imagine what we could have achieved together. But alas, greed clouds the vision of even the most brilliant minds. It's a shame, really. We could have built a world where every faction thrived in harmony, a world where power didn't corrupt the hearts of the few.

(sighs)

But what can we do? Greed takes over, and the world is forever changed. And here I am, a mere courier, trying to navigate this marvel of a city that's both a testament to what humanity can achieve and a reminder of what could have been.

Suddenly, a WATCHDOG OFFICER (Vijayapura City Police), clad in sleek, dark armor, approaches Vikram. The officer's eyes are hidden behind a visor, but his presence is commanding.

WATCHDOG OFFICER

Halt. Identity verification required. What is your business in Vijayapura?

Vikram's eyes dart around, realizing he has to act quickly. He adopts a nervous but assertive demeanor.

VIKRAM

Uh, I'm just a courier. Got deliveries to make. Nothing out of the ordinary.

WATCHDOG OFFICER

(handing Vikram a data pad)

Enter your details for verification.

As Vikram starts to input his information, he suddenly grips the officer's arm, using a combination of surprise and agility to disarm him. The officer struggles, but Vikram manages to knock him out and seize his equipment.

Vikram, now in possession of the officer's gear, continues his journey with heightened urgency. He glances at a digital map on the equipment, searching for the location of the hotel once owned by Mudra, now under Ravi's ownership.

VIKRAM

(to himself)

Gotta find that hotel. Ravi's hotel. It's the only lead I've got.

The city hums with life as Vikram moves through the bustling streets, blending in with the crowd while keeping a keen eye on his surroundings. He navigates the neonlit metropolis, determined to uncover the path to his destination.

FADE OUT.

ACT 5: SCENE 1:

INT. VELOCITOR - DAY

Inside, ARYAN sits with ISHA, holding her hand tenderly. Nearby, ARJUN leans against a console with KAVYA by his side, both smiling softly. MADHAN watches over his group while VIKRAM and RAVI handle navigation. The mood is light, and there's a noticeable sense of relief.

ISHA

(Laughs softly)

"I still can't believe we managed to pull this off, Aryan. Ten years of living in the shadows, and now... we're free."

ARYAN

(Softly, gazing at her)

"Free to be ourselves. No more hiding, no more masks. Just you, me... and the sky that stretches forever."

ARJUN

(Turning to Kavya, teasing)

"Think we can actually stop looking over our shoulders now?"

KAVYA

(Playful, then tender)

"As long as you don't start acting like a Transhumanist again, we're good. I'd rather see you as you are—flawed and perfect, all at once."

ARYAN

(Chuckles, looking at Isha)

"Don't worry, those days are long gone. Now, it's just us, unchained, and the world feels bigger somehow."

The couples exchange loving glances. ARJUN leans in, gently placing a kiss on KAVYA's forehead.

KAVYA

(Smiling, voice soft)

"Finally, no more cover stories. No more pretending. Just the truth—your hand in mine, like the stars have always intended."

RAVI

(Groaning, from the navigation console)

"Oh for the love of Earth, can we go five minutes without someone falling in love? You're all making me nauseous."

The group bursts into laughter.

RAVI

(Looking at Arjun with mock exasperation)

"Seriously, Arjun. First, you break into a Transhumanist city, steal their finest ship, and now you're all starry-eyed? How did I get stuck with the romance squad?"

VIKRAM

(Grinning)

"Come on, Ravi. Just because you can't find love in a warzone doesn't mean the rest of us have to suffer."

MADHAN

(Smiling, calm)

"To be fair, Vikram, we've earned this moment. Years of infiltrating, leading Eco-Extremists under the radar... a little romance is the least of our problems."

RAVI

(Sarcastically)

"Sure, until someone accidentally hugs a laser turret."

ARYAN

(Chuckles)

"We'll make sure to keep our romance laser-free, don't worry."

ISHA

(Touching Aryan's arm, voice soft)

"Thanks to you, Aryan, and Madhan, our people are safe in Manushyapura. Now we just need to get to Celestia and start building something real."

CUT TO:

EXT. CELESTIA - SUNSET

The futuristic city, Celestia rises on the horizon. Tall bioluminescent structures glisten under the soft glow of the setting sun. A calm, lush, and technologically advanced metropolis is within sight.

INT.CELESTIA- DEV & AVANTHIKA'S SANCTUARY - EVENING

DEV stands in front of a wide glass window, overlooking Celestia. AVANTHIKA approaches him quietly, placing her hand on his shoulder.

DEV

(Softly, almost to himself)

"Look at it, Avanthika. We're finally here... after all this time. The world before us, shimmering, and it's ours."

AVANTHIKA

(Whispers, a smile on her lips)

"And together. After everything... we're finally together."

They share a quiet moment, their connection deepened by the journey they've endured. Dev turns, pulling Avanthika close, their foreheads touching, the moment serene and fragile.

DEV

(Softly)

"In the heart of chaos, we found peace. In the ruins, we built something unbreakable-us."

BACK TO VELOCITOR - DAY

RAVI

(Grumbling)

"I swear, if there's one more romantic speech, I'm jumping off this ship."

VIKRAM

(Smiling)

"We're almost there, Ravi. You'll survive."

Ravi rolls his eyes dramatically, and the others chuckle. The Velocitor continues its smooth journey toward Celestia.

ACT 5:SCENE 2:

INT.CELESTIA SECURITY GATES - DAY

The massive security gates of Celestia open, revealing a breathtaking sight of the futuristic city. Aryan and Arjun stand frozen in awe as they take in the towering structures, the glowing biolumines-

cent plants, and the neon-lit sky. The RAPID ACTION FORCE, dressed in sleek, high-tech uniforms, motion them forward.

RAPID ACTION FORCE OFFICER 1

(Saluting as Aryan and Arjun step forward)

Welcome to Celestia. Please proceed. The Holy Mother awaits.

ARYAN

(Eyes wide, whispering to Arjun)

You seeing this, Arjun? This place... it's like a dream.

ARJUN

(Equally stunned, nodding)

I've never seen anything like it. The stories didn't do it justice. It's... alive.

They pass through the final checkpoint, their eyes following the intricate holographic displays that float around them. The RAPID ACTION FORCE stands in perfect discipline as AVANI, dressed in flowing robes adorned with soft, bioluminescent patterns, approaches.

RAPID ACTION FORCE OFFICER 2

(Bowing deeply)

Holy Mother, they are here.

AVANI smiles gently, her presence radiating calm and strength. Aryan and Arjun exchange glances, unsure of how to react.

AVANI

(Warmly)

Welcome, Aryan. Welcome, Arjun. Celestia is honored by your presence.

ARYAN

(A little hesitant, then gathering himself)

The honor is ours, aunt. We've heard of Celestia, but... seeing it... it's beyond words.

ARJUN

(Grinning)

Feels like stepping into another world.

AVANI

(Smiling)

In a way, it is. But this world is yours as much as it is mine.

As AVANI leads them deeper into the city, the lights and structures become even more impressive. Suddenly, Aryan spots someone familiar walking toward them – DEV, now grown and hardened from the years.

ARYAN

(Eyes narrowing in playful recognition)

Well, well... if it isn't Dev. Last time I saw you, you were what? Four? You looked way better back then.

Dev chuckles, shaking his head as he steps forward.

DEV

(Grinning)

Glad to see time's been kind to you, Aryan. Can't say the same for your jokes.

ARYAN

(Teasing)

You've grown taller but not funnier, I see.

ARJUN

(Laughing)

Looks like Dev's still got that same old fire, though. Good to see you, brother.

DEV

Good to see you both. Welcome to Celestia... where nothing is quite what you remember.

They all exchange smiles, the past bridging the gap to this new, surreal world.

ACT 5: SCENE 3:

INT. CELESTIA- TOWN HALL - NIGHT

The ECO-EXTREMISTS, a rugged group of warriors, gather in the grand Town Hall of Celestia.

Bioluminescent vines coil up the towering columns, casting a haunting glow over the assembly. In the center of the hall stands AVANI, leader of the city and the new head of the Eco-Extremists after Mudra's death. She surveys the crowd with an intensity that commands silence.

AVANI

(voice strong, echoing)

We were once a peace-loving clan. We lived in harmony with the earth, nurturing it, protecting it.

War was never our way. We saw the path of violence as a betrayal of the very soil beneath our feet.

That was who we were.

(beat)

But look at what they have done! Look at what the Transhumanists and Posthumanists have brought upon us!

The crowd murmurs in agreement. Fists clench.

AVANI

(passion rising)

They tore down our forests. They poisoned our waters. They corrupted the sky, turning it into a wasteland of toxic fumes and artificial suns. For centuries, we warned them. We begged them to stop. But they didn't listen. They never listened!

(shouting now)

They looked at nature and saw only resources to exploit, to twist into their own grotesque image!

ARYAN

(angry)

They must pay for it!

AVANI

Yes! They will pay.

(pace slowing, more deliberate)

The time for begging is over. The time for peace is over. Now, we purge.

The hall grows still with tension. Eyes widen. The warriors lean in, hanging onto her every word.

AVANI

This will not just be a war of people, my brothers and sisters. It will be a war of ideologies! The Transhumanists seek to erase us, to turn us into soulless machines! The Posthumanists... they wish to replace us, to discard humanity like an obsolete tool! But we, the Eco-Extremists, know the truth. We are bound to this earth, and we will fight for it.

(snarling)

We will cleanse this world of their filth. They have driven us to the edge of extinction, but now we rise!

(clenching fist)

And we will purge the world of their twisted ideologies. We will burn their cities to the ground, uproot their technology from the veins of this planet, and restore the balance they so carelessly shattered!

The crowd is seething with rage, fists raised in unison.

AVANI

This is our war. This is Mudra's war. We will fight for every tree they destroyed, every river they poisoned, every life they discarded in their mad pursuit of power.

(pausing, voice lowering)

For Mudra... and for the Earth.

The crowd erupts into roars of agreement. The intensity in the hall reaches a fever pitch.

AVANI

This war will be known as... PURGE.

The Eco-Extremists slam their fists against their chests in a show of unity. The hall reverberates with the sound.

AVANI

(raising hand)

Now, we pay respects to Mudra, our fallen leader, our guiding star. And we sing the anthem of our people. The anthem that will carry us to victory.

The Eco-Extremists bow their heads. A solemn silence falls over the hall, followed by the slow, mournful rise of their anthem.

ECO-EXTREMISTS' ANTHEM

(Low, steady, and reverent)

We are the roots, deep in the earth,
The breath of the trees, ancient in worth.
We are the wind, fierce and free,
The soul of the river, flowing to the sea.

They broke the land, scorched the sky,
But we will rise, never to die.

In blood, in soil, our bond remains,
We are the storm, we are the rain.

For Mudra we fight, for Mudra we stand,
With nature as weapon, earth in our hand.

Purge we will, with fire and flood,
Till the rivers run clear, till the earth drinks their blood.

As the anthem concludes, the hall is charged with energy. The Eco-Extremists stand taller, emboldened, ready for war.

AVANI

(voice unwavering)

This is the beginning of the end for them. The beginning of our rise.

(pause)

The Purge has begun.

FADE OUT.

ACT 5: SCENE 4:

INT. TRANS-HUMANIST PRECINCT - DR. IYRA'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Dr. Iyra activates a voice recording device. His robotic hands move swiftly over the holographic keys as he speaks.

DR. IYRA

(speaking, calm and deliberate)

To Elia, Leader of the Posthumanist Coalition,

It is time for us to cease our differences and join forces, for both our futures are at stake. The relentless pursuit of the Eco-Extremists has drained the coffers of both Transhumanists and Posthumanists alike. This hunt, though necessary, is proving costly.

(pauses, considering his next words carefully)

Mudra has been apprehended alive. He is currently imprisoned in the dungeons of Vijayapura. This is our moment of triumph, and we must act swiftly. With Mudra's execution, their movement will collapse, leaving the remnants of the Eco-Extremists as nothing more than leaderless dissidents—easy prey for us both.

(leans in, voice lowers)

I propose we persuade Supreme Leader Malik to issue the death sentence for Mudra. His elimination will ensure their rebellion dies along with him. Their head severed, the Eco-Extremists will scatter like headless chickens.

(a slight smirk crosses his face)

Let us finalize a treaty, Elia. Together, we can secure the future for our people and put an end to this eco-anarchic blight once and for all.

(pauses before ending)

May this message reach you with urgency. Our victory is at hand.

Dr. Iyra, Supreme Leader of the Transhumanists.

Dr. Iyra stops recording. He places the device into a metallic container.

DR. IYRA

(to his DEPUTY, MAJOR GAUTAM, standing nearby)

Take this to Manushyapura. Ensure it reaches Elia directly. We cannot afford any delay.

Major Gautam nods, accepting the container.

MAJOR GAUTAM

At once, Supreme Leader.

He swiftly exits the office, leaving Dr. Iyra behind, staring at the holographic display of Mudra's capture. Dr. Iyra's mechanical hands twitch with anticipation.

FADE OUT.

ACT 5: SCENE 5:

INT. Brent (Posthumanist Headquarters)

The room is brightly lit with a bluish hue reflecting off the sleek metallic surfaces. Elia, the Posthumanist leader, sits at a long, curved console, tapping commands into a glass-like interface. A slim, cylindrical device on the table begins to emit a soft whirring sound, and a translucent screen materializes in front of him. It is Dr. Iyra's holographic telegram. The voice of Dr. Iyra fills the room, calm and deliberate.

Dr. Iyra (Voice Over)

"To Elia, Leader of the Posthumanist Coalition,

It is time for us to cease our differences and join forces, for both our futures are at stake. The relentless pursuit of the Eco-Extremists has drained the coffers of both Transhumanists and Posthumanists alike. This hunt, though necessary, is proving costly."

Elia listens intently, his fingers steepled, eyes narrowed.

Dr. Iyra (Continues)

Mudra has been apprehended alive. He is currently imprisoned in the dungeons of Vijayapura. This is our moment of triumph, and we must act swiftly. With Mudra's execution, their movement will collapse, leaving the remnants of the Eco-Extremists as nothing more than leaderless dissidents—easy prey for us both.

Elia clenches his jaw, knowing this moment is long overdue.

Dr. Iyra (Voice Lowers)

I propose we persuade Supreme Leader Malik to issue the death sentence for Mudra. His elimination will ensure their rebellion dies along with him. Their head severed, the Eco-Extremists will scatter like headless chickens.

Elia's eyes flicker with the knowledge that this would alter the course of history.

Dr. Iyra (Finishing)

Let us finalize a treaty, Elia. Together, we can secure the future for our people and put an end to this eco-anarchic blight once and for all. May this message reach you with urgency. Our victory is at hand.

Dr. Iyra, Supreme Leader of the Transhumanists."

The holographic message ends, but the tension in the air lingers. Gautam, Dr. Iyra's deputy, stands at the far end of the room, his posture tense.

Gautam

"The terms seem... decisive. But is this the future we truly want?"

Elia

"We don't have the luxury to hesitate, Gautam. Mudra's influence stretches far beyond his numbers. If we allow him to live, there will always be a chance for them to rise again. He's more than just a man—he's a symbol."

Gautam nods, his brow furrowing.

Gautam

"But convincing Malik... He won't be easy to sway, not with his ego and the way he resents Mudra."

Elia

"We don't need him to be easy to sway. We need him to understand that this is the only path to survival. His pride is the key, and we'll turn it to our advantage."

Before Gautam can respond, the door slides open with a soft hiss. Lena, Elia's sister, strides into the room. She carries herself with a quiet grace, her eyes sharp yet serene. Gautam immediately straightens, his breath catching slightly. He is captivated by her presence, his eyes unable to leave her as she crosses the room.

Elia (Noticing Gautam's reaction but ignoring it for now)

"Lena, what brings you here?"

Lena

"I've been monitoring the northern borders. There's unrest among some of the factions, whispers of a rebellion, but nothing substantial."

Gautam tries to focus on the conversation but finds himself distracted by Lena's elegance.

Elia

"We'll deal with that in due course. Right now, the treaty with Iyra takes precedence. The '**Treaty of Garrison**,' as we shall call it, will determine the future of our world."

Just then, the holographic telegram reactivates, and Dr. Iyra's image materializes in front of them. He stands tall, his third robotic arm hovering at his side as if waiting to make a point.

Dr. Iyra (Holographic)

"Elia, have you considered my proposal? The **Treaty of Garrison** will ensure both our survival and dominance. What is your stance?"

Elia

"The treaty is acceptable on one condition—we maintain our autonomy in all post-conflict governance. We will not bow to Transhumanist authority in the aftermath. The Posthumanists will retain their identity."

Dr. Iyra nods slightly, calculating.

Dr. Iyra

"Agreed. Our alliance is one of convenience, not submission. Your autonomy will be respected as long as the Transhumanist agenda is not impeded."

Elia

"Very well. The Treaty of Garrison will be signed under those terms. And Malik?"

Dr. Iyra

"Leave Malik to me. He will do what is necessary, whether through persuasion or force."

Gautam, still distracted by Lena, suddenly speaks up.

Gautam

"And what of the remnants of the Eco-Extremists after Mudra's execution? What happens to them?"

Dr. Iyra's gaze shifts to Gautam for a moment, his robotic limbs moving slightly as if assessing the younger man.

Dr. Iyra

"The remnants will fall without a leader. They will be absorbed, assimilated, or exterminated. It is no longer of consequence."

Elia's lips curl slightly, a mix of satisfaction and caution playing across his face.

Elia

"We will proceed with the signing of the Treaty of Garrison. May this be the last time we meet as separate factions, Iyra."

Dr. Iyra (with a hint of a smile)

"Indeed. Our fates are now intertwined, Elia."

As the hologram fades, Elia turns to Gautam, catching him staring at Lena. Lena smirks, clearly aware of the effect she has on him.

Elia (with a sly smile)

"Gautam, perhaps you'd like to debrief Lena on the situation at the borders."

Gautam flushes but quickly recovers.

Gautam

"Of course, madam. It would be... my honor."

Elia watches as the two leave the room, his mind already shifting back to the impending treaty, knowing that this alliance, however temporary, would reshape the world forever.

ACT 6: SCENE 1:

INT. VIJAYAPURA DUNGEONS - NIGHT

The dark, cold dungeons of Vijayapura. Metal walls covered in rust, small cells carved out of concrete. A low hum from distant generators echoes throughout. Cells are small, barely enough for one person. Mudra (60s), hardened and weary but determined, sits cross-legged on the floor, back against the wall. His eyes dart around the dimly lit corridor. Beside him is DAISUKE (45), a Japanese techie with a slim frame, his hair messy from years of confinement. A TRANSLATOR DEVICE, embedded in the walls, occasionally flickers with a dull blue glow. They've been trapped here for five long years, but hope lingers.

DAISUKE

(in Japanese)

(字幕) "Mudra, this is the night."

[Translator device]: "Mudra, tonight is the night."

MUDRA

(nodding)

"Finally. No more waiting."

DAISUKE glances at a small gap in the prison wall—his creation. He had hacked into the security system long ago but has been waiting for the right moment to escape.

FLASHBACK - 5 YEARS AGO

INT. VIJAYAPURA MAINFRAME ROOM - DAY

DAISUKE sits at a sleek terminal, his fingers flying over the holographic keyboard as the security system falls apart under his code. He's close to breaking in when the room's alarms start blaring.

DR. IRA (V.O.)

(over loudspeakers)

"Intruder alert! Halt immediately!"

DAISUKE is caught, his expression calm but resolute. He had only wanted a permit to enter the city. He's surrounded by Sentinel and dragged away.

BACK TO PRESENT - DUNGEONS

Footsteps echo through the corridor. ALIA (30s), a kind-eyed woman with a short-cropped hair, approaches their cell. She's dressed in the standard uniform of a prison cook but her eyes betray a fiery spirit. She slips a small key through the bars.

ALIA

"You two better move fast. This is the only chance you'll get."

MUDRA

"Come with us, Alia."

ALIA

"No. You'll need someone to cover your exit. They'll be looking for you, but they'll find me instead. It's the only way."

DAISUKE shakes his head in protest, but ALIA smiles, placing a hand on his shoulder through the bars.

ALIA

(softly)

"It's okay, Daisuke."

DAISUKE looks away, grief and determination filling his eyes.

DAISUKE

(in Japanese)

(字幕) "I won't forget you, Alia."

[Translator device]: "I won't forget you, Alia."

ALIA

"Go, now."

With a silent nod, MUDRA opens the cell. DAISUKE, carrying a small device, follows behind. They dash through the narrow dungeon corridors, avoiding the guards who are distracted by ALIA's actions.

INT. Vijayapura Hallway- MOMENTS LATER

ALIA purposefully makes her way to the guard post. She triggers an alarm on purpose, drawing attention. Guards swarm her as she faces them without fear.

ALIA

"Looking for someone?"

The guards tackle her. She closes her eyes, a small smile on her lips.

FEW HOURS LATER

EXT. Outside Vijayapura - DAY

MUDRA and DAISUKE reach the arid, barren landscape outside the prison. The landscape is harsh, with cracked earth and no vegetation in sight. A harsh wind howls as they sprint away from the dungeon.

DAISUKE

(in Japanese)

(字幕) "She sacrificed herself for us."

[Translator device]: "She sacrificed herself for us."

MUDRA

(gritting his teeth)*

"We owe her everything. Now we run."

Suddenly, their left wrists flicker. A small device implanted there activates. DR. IRA's face appears on the holographic screen.

DR. IRA

"Did you think you could escape from me, Mudra?"

MUDRA

(smirking)

"I already did."

DR. IRA

"You won't get far. Every Sentinel will be hunting you. I've placed a bounty—lifetime supply of pixels for anyone who brings you back. Alive."

DAISUKE, staring at the device, clenches his fists.

DAISUKE

(in Japanese)

(字幕) "They will hunt us like animals."

[Translator device]: "They will hunt us like animals."

MUDRA

(smiling grimly)

"Let them try. We'll see who catches me."

DR. IRA's hologram flickers and fades, but the tension remains. Mudra and Daisuke exchange a look, knowing the danger they now face. The sound of the Sentinel (Transhumanist security forces) echoes in the distance. They run into the night, disappearing into the arid wilderness, with no plan but survival.

EXT. VIJAYAPURA CITY - DAY

DR. IRA, in his technologically advanced throne room, paces furiously. ELIA, a strong-willed woman in her 40s, appears via HOLOGRAPHIC TELEGRAM.

ELIA

"The Treaty is suspended. We need Mudra back—alive."

DR. IRA

"Every Sentinel will be on him. He won't get far."

DR. IRA watches as a map of the barren wasteland outside Vijayapura lights up, tracking Mudra and Daisuke's movements. He smiles, confident in their imminent capture.

INT. ARID LANDSCAPE - NIGHT

MUDRA and DAISUKE sprint through the barren terrain, silhouetted against the harsh moonlight. The sound of a Sentinel Vehicle could be heard in the distance.

DAISUKE

(in Japanese, panting)

(字幕) "What do we do now?"

[Translator device]: "What do we do now?"

MUDRA

"We survive, Daisuke. We survive."

The two fight the sentinel. The fight destroys the tracking device which was implemented on them through which DR.IYRA tracked and threatened them.

ACT 6: SCENE 2:

INT. DEADSPIRE - THRONE ROOM - NIGHT

Supreme Leader Malik sits regally on a throne made of blackened iron, his body now restored to its prime after two months of advanced treatment. His once-withered form now boasts multiplied strength and agility. Muscles ripple under his skin, and his eyes glow with a fierce, renewed energy. His once frail legs now hold the power of a predator.

Tansen, his trusted deputy, stands to his side, ever vigilant, his dark robes flowing like shadows. The room is dimly lit, with only the faint blue glow of holographic displays illuminating the cold metallic walls. The air hums with tension.

SUPREME LEADER MALIK

(speaking with a low, powerful voice)

"My restoration is complete, Tansen. Two months, and now... stronger than ever."

TANSEN

(bowing slightly)

"My Lord, you are invincible once more. The Ironclad Vex eagerly await your command."

Suddenly, a hologram flickers into life in front of them, revealing Head of the Phoenix Initiative (PI), a tall figure clad in tactical armor, with a sharp gaze that reflects cunning and experience.

HEAD OF PHOENIX INITIATIVE (PI)

"My Lord, I bring urgent news. Mudra has been apprehended by the Watch Dogs while attempting to spy on the Transhumanists. He posed as a hotel owner."

SUPREME LEADER MALIK

(chuckling darkly)

"Mudra and a hotel? The man never knew when to quit."

HEAD OF PI

(nervously continuing)

"But, My Lord... Mudra has escaped from the dungeons of Vijayapura. Along with a companion he met in prison, a man named Daisuke."

Malik's expression hardens. His laughter fades into silence, replaced by a cold, simmering rage.

SUPREME LEADER MALIK

(eyes narrowing)

"They let him escape? After all this time?"

His fist clenches the armrest of his throne, the metal groaning under the force.

SUPREME LEADER MALIK

(voice rising in anger)

"Sanctions. Sanctions on Vijayapura until they recapture him. No one leaves. No one enters. They will pay for this failure."

HEAD OF PI

(urgently)

"My Lord, there is more. We have also uncovered intelligence about a new Eco-Extremist hub. It seems the remnants have regrouped after abandoning Terra Nova."

Malik rises slowly, his towering form casting an imposing shadow over the room. His eyes gleam with a dangerous light.

SUPREME LEADER MALIK

(voice trembling with controlled fury)

"A new hub? So they dare rise again?"

He turns sharply to Tansen, his voice a command.

SUPREME LEADER MALIK

"Scramble the Ironclad Vex. Send them in all directions. I want no corner of this world untouched. These Eco-Extremists... they are a disease that must be wiped out."

TANSEN

(nodding)

"It shall be done, My Lord. The Ironclad Vex will hunt them down."

The Ironclad Vex, Malik's elite military force, are soldiers enhanced with biomechanical augmentations. Clad in pitch-black armor that pulses with energy, they move with inhuman speed and precision. Their helmets are equipped with advanced sensors, allowing them to track any movement. They are relentless, disciplined, and feared across the land—silent enforcers of Malik's regime.

Malik sits back on his throne, the flicker of rage still evident in his eyes. His grip on power has never been tighter, and his ambitions extend to every inch of land left.

SUPREME LEADER MALIK

(in a low growl)

"Let them know... there is no place for rebellion under my rule."

TANSEN

(bowing)

"As you command, My Lord."

The hologram of the PI Head flickers off, and Tansen exits the room to carry out the orders.

SUPREME LEADER MALIK sits, his mind already planning the next move in this deadly game of control.

The cold, iron throne beneath him is a reminder of the power he wields—and the consequences for those who dare to oppose him.

FADE OUT.

ACT 7: SCENE 1:

EXT. PANIPAT- DAY

The harsh sun casts long shadows over the cracked, barren landscape. After weeks of trudging through the wasteland, Mudra and Daisuke finally reach the edge of Panipat, the energy behind humanity's fight for survival.

The city of Panipat is a breathtaking sight, emerging like a mirage from the desert wasteland. Massive, ancient-looking walls surround the city, crafted from stone and water-etched metal. Water channels run through the city, their reflective surfaces sparkling under the sunlight.

The structures are built around and over these channels, with every building displaying intricate carvings and symbols related to water.

Daisuke, awestruck by the sight, begins speaking in Japanese, his voice filled with reverence.

DAISUKE (in Japanese)

「見てください、ムドラ。この街はまるで水の夢の中にいるようだ。建物は水を象徴する形で作られており、全てが水の流れに合わせて設計されている。彼らの生活はこの水源と深く結びついているのがわかる。」

(Look, Mudra. This city is like a dream of water. The buildings are shaped to symbolize water, and everything is designed to align with the flow of the water. You can tell their lives are deeply connected to this water source.)

DAISUKE (continuing)

「見てください、水路に沿って建てられた家々。水の象徴である装飾が至る所に施されていて、彼らが水をどれほど大切にしているかがよくわかる。街の中には高く伸びる塔もあり、その上には水を集める装置が取り付けられている。」

(Look at the houses built along the waterways. Decorations symbolizing water are everywhere, showing how much they cherish it. There are also tall towers in the city, equipped with devices to collect and conserve water.)

As they walk through the city gates, they are greeted by the city's inhabitants. They wear simple, flowing garments that seem to be dyed with hues of blue and green.

Their faces are lined with a mix of resilience and tranquility, reflecting their harmonious relationship with their environment.

Mudra and Daisuke are led to the central plaza, where they find KAI, the leader of the Aquarians. Kai is an imposing figure with a weathered face and piercing eyes, his presence commanding respect. He approaches Mudra and Daisuke with a welcoming gesture.

KAI

Mudra, is it really you? It's been years. Welcome to Panipat. You and your friend are weary; let us offer you refuge. Our water is scarce, but we share it with those in need.

MUDRA

Kai, it's good to see you again. We've come a long way, and your hospitality is more than welcome. We need your help and the support of your people.

KAI

Of course, Mudra. We've heard of the struggles you've faced, and we sympathize with the Eco-Extremists. Let's discuss how we can join forces. For now, come, rest. Panipat is your home as long as you need it.

The scene fades as Mudra is led into a grand hall adorned with symbols of water and life, ready to discuss their alliance and share their plans for the future. While Daisuke is travelling around the city.

FADE OUT.

ACT 7: SCENE 2:

INT. PANIPAT TOWN HALL - DAY

The grand hall of Panipat is filled with the soft glow of sunlight filtering through the skylights. The stone walls are adorned with tapestries depicting aquatic life and water-themed symbols. At the center of the room, a large, round table sits between two figures - KAI, leader of the Aquarians,

and MUDRA, leader of the Eco-Extremists. Both are deep in conversation. A few paces away, DAISUKE, a curious young man, quietly peruses the shelves, soon stumbling upon an old book.

KAI

(serious, yet calm)

We have safeguarded the Great Oasis for generations, Mudra. Water is life, and our people know this truth as sacred. But you come to us now, speaking of alliance, when your eco-warriors have long rejected our ways.

MUDRA

(resolute, but measured)

We never rejected your ways, Kai. We rejected the notion of inaction. My people have seen the world burn, watched rivers turn to dust. The Transhumanists and Posthumanists have laid waste to ecosystems. We are not enemies. We are survivors.

KAI

(nods slowly)

Survivors, yes. But Panipat is a sanctuary. We do not take kindly to violence, even in the name of survival.

MUDRA

(passionate)

I do not seek violence. But if we don't act, your sanctuary will fall. The forces beyond these walls—they do not share your reverence for water, nor your respect for life. They will come for the Oasis. It is only a matter of time.

KAI

(leans forward)

And you believe your Eco-Extremists can stop them?

MUDRA

(firm)

We can. If we stand together. Your guardians, our people. The natural world and its last defenders.

There is a brief pause. KAI contemplates, eyes narrowing in thought.

KAI

(slowly)

You speak of unity. But how can I trust that your cause will not destroy what we've built? How can I trust that Panipat will remain a land of peace?

MUDRA

(softens)

By trusting that I, too, wish to preserve life. The Oasis is as sacred to me as it is to you. I don't want war, Kai. I want survival. For both of us.

KAI leans back, the weight of the decision settling upon him. Before he can respond, DAISUKE suddenly interrupts, his voice cutting through the tension as he reads from the book he's found.

DAISUKE

(reading aloud)

"The Harmony Charter... Written by the Founders of Panipat... Preamble: In the aftermath of the Great Drought, we, the Aquarians, recognize water as the ultimate essence of life... and we recognize the Great Oasis around which our kingdom is built as our God."

MUDRA and KAI both glance over, intrigued. DAISUKE continues, his voice carrying through the hall.

DAISUKE (cont'd)

(reading aloud)

"Article I: Beliefs and Values. One—Water is the source of all life. Two—Conservation is our highest priority. Three—Community comes before individual needs."

KAI

(slight smile)

The Harmony Charter... Our very foundation.

MUDRA

(listening closely)

Your ancestors understood survival, Kai. They wrote these words for a reason.

DAISUKE flips through a few pages, reading another passage.

DAISUKE

(reading)

"Article IV: Security Features. Water Guardians—trained protectors of aquatic resources and the kingdom. Eco-Friendly Defense—non-violent, nature-based security measures."

DAISUKE closes the book, looking at the two leaders.

DAISUKE (cont'd)

(earnest)

It's all here. Conservation, peace, but also protection. Perhaps Panipat has always been meant to stand as a beacon of survival.

KAI sighs deeply, weighing his options. After a moment, he turns back to MUDRA.

KAI

(calm but resolute)

Perhaps... you are right. We were never meant to face the threats of this world alone. If we join forces, we protect not just the Oasis, but our future.

MUDRA

(nods in agreement)

Together, then. For the Oasis, for Panipat.

KAI stands and extends his hand. MUDRA grasps it firmly, sealing their alliance.

KAI

For survival.

MUDRA

For life.

The two leaders lock eyes, their pact made. DAISUKE watches, hopeful, the Harmony Charter in his hand—a symbol of the unity that will guide them.

ACT 7:SCENE 3:

INT. CELESTIA - AVANI'S OFFICE - NIGHT

The room is dimly lit, bathed in the soft glow of holographic screens displaying various cities and regions. AVANI, dressed in her commanding yet gentle attire, sits behind her wide desk. Her face is calm but focused.

Across from her is a SPECTER (Specialized Protection and Counter-Threat Response Entity) OFFICER, a young woman in her late 20s, poised and professional, standing stiffly at attention. VIKRAM and MADHAN, both dressed in tactical gear, stand beside her. A map of a barren region is displayed on one of the screens: PANIPAT.

AVANI

(calm but direct)

You're certain of this information?

SPECTER OFFICER

(nodding)

Yes, ma'am. Panipat exists. It's more than just a rumor. A colony, hidden and isolated. Our agents confirmed sightings of survivors, living in conditions far worse than anything we've seen.

MADHAN

(frowning)

Panipat? I thought it was nothing but dust.

SPECTER OFFICER

It was. But they've been living underground, using old tunnels, makeshift shelters... barely surviving.

VIKRAM

Surviving? How?

SPECTER OFFICER

Scavenging. Raiding the ruins. We don't know much yet, but they're managing... somehow.

AVANI

(leaning forward, her eyes sharp)

Why now? Why come to the surface now?

SPECTER OFFICER

We believe they've run out of resources. Desperation is driving them up. But if we don't act soon, they might vanish again. There are whispers of unrest.

AVANI

(pauses, thinking)

Unrest can lead to opportunity.

VIKRAM

(crossing his arms)

You want us to infiltrate Panipat?

AVANI

Yes. I want to know everything. Who they are, what they want, how they've managed to survive all this time. If they're a threat to Celestia, or if they could be... allies.

MADHAN

Allies? You think they'd join us?

AVANI

(firmly)

People in distress seek refuge. Celestia offers that. But I need you to gather more. I need to know if they're worth saving.

The SPECTER OFFICER hands a small digital chip to Vikram. He nods, acknowledging the mission.

SPECTER OFFICER

You'll have backup if necessary. We've already mapped out entry points near the borders of Panipat. Our drones will keep an eye from above.

VIKRAM

We'll handle it.

MADHAN

(grinning)

It's been a while since we've had a mission like this.

AVANI

(standing up, her tone final)

This is a delicate matter. No unnecessary risks. We don't know what state these people are in. Bring back everything you can.

Vikram and Madhan nod in unison, exchanging glances before turning to leave.

AVANI

(as they reach the door, her voice softening)

And if there's hope for them... bring them home.

They exit the room, leaving Avani standing alone. She turns back toward the holographic map of Panipat, her eyes narrowing as the barren landscape looms over her.

INT. CELESTIA - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Vikram and Madhan walk briskly down the sleek, metallic hallway. The SPECTER Officer follows closely behind, a look of concern on her face.

SPECTER OFFICER

Be careful out there. We've had minimal contact. We don't know what we're walking into.

MADHAN

(smirking)

Since when has that stopped us?

VIKRAM

(serious)

It hasn't. But let's not get cocky. We're going in blind.

MADHAN

(playfully)

That's the fun part.

They share a brief look, then continue on their way. The SPECTER Officer watches them go, her expression unreadable.

EXT. CELESTIA - LAUNCH PAD - NIGHT

Vikram and Madhan board a sleek hovercraft, its engines humming as it prepares for takeoff. The SPECTER logo gleams on the side of the vehicle. The sky is dark, filled with stars and the distant lights of Celestia's towers.

As the craft lifts off, they fly into the night, heading toward the unknown territory of Panipat.

FADE OUT.

ACT 8: SCENE 1:

EXT. RUINED THEME PARK - NIGHT

The wind howls through the skeletal remains of the abandoned theme park. The dilapidated roller coasters loom like ghosts of a bygone era. In the distance, flickering neon signs struggle to stay alive amidst the decay. The Velocitor, a sleek futuristic vehicle, hums softly as it cools down.

VIKRAM, MADHAN, and a SPECTER OFFICER (late 30s, athletic build, cold blue eyes, clad in tactical gear) sit around a small fire. Their eyes are on the dying embers, as they share a tense silence.

SPECTER OFFICER

(voice sharp)

We've been heading to Panipat for days now. Don't tell me you've never wondered what's behind the feud between Mudra and Supreme Leader Malik.

MADHAN

(sighing)

We all wonder. But there's no answer written in any text.

VIKRAM

(grimly)

It's older than we know. Deeper.

Suddenly, the sound of footsteps breaks the silence. A tall figure emerges from the shadows – VIBISHANA, a towering 6'5" man with a long dark beard, wearing traditional clothing. His presence is commanding, and his weathered, muscular build hints at an ancient strength.

VIBISHANA

(in a low, calm voice)

The feud you speak of... I know its origins.

The group turns to face him, tense but curious. The SPECTER Officer stands, his hand instinctively moving to his weapon.

SPECTER OFFICER

(cautiously)

Who are you?

VIBISHANA

Vibishana. I've walked this earth for longer than you can imagine. I know the pain of kings, the betrayal of brothers. You want to know the truth? It's a story of blood, greed, and loss.

The SPECTER Officer lowers his guard, motioning for Vibishana to continue.

VIBISHANA

(seriously)

It began with Malik and Mudra's fathers.

FLASHBACK TO BEAUTIFUL KINGDOM - DAY

EXT. ROYAL GARDENS - DAY

The royal gardens are lush and vibrant. Flowers bloom in every color imaginable, and the sun casts a golden light over the peaceful kingdom. Birds chirp in the background, and servants tend to the greenery.

MALIK and MUDRA, both 20, Their fathers were close, but as Malik speaks, a darkness begins to seep into his words.

MALIK

(bitterly)

It was never meant to be this way. If my father hadn't died in the war, I would be the one destined to rule. Not Mudra's father... not him.

Mudra walks ahead, unaware of the deep-seated envy festering in Malik's heart.

INT. THRONE ROOM - DUSK

The room is lit by warm golden lanterns. Mudra's father, THE SUPREME LEADER, sits on the throne, his aura commanding. Malik enters, his face twisted with jealousy. He orders the guards to leave.

MALIK

(under his breath)

That throne... should be mine.

Without warning, Malik draws a hidden blade and STABS the Supreme Leader in the heart. The older man gasps, clutching his chest as blood spills over the floor.

MALIK

(whispering)

I will be the Supreme Leader.

The Supreme Leader's body slumps forward, lifeless. Malik wipes the blood off the blade, his eyes cold and determined.

EXT. ROYAL GROUNDS - DAY

News spreads like wildfire. Servants and soldiers alike whisper in shock as Malik ascends the throne. His family watches in silence, their hearts filled with dread. MUDRA, devastated by his father's death, turns to his mother and his betrothed – the beautiful young woman known throughout the land.

MALIK

(quietly to himself)

If my father were alive, none of this would have happened. I would have been the rightful crown prince.

FEW HOURS LATER

His thoughts turn to Mudra's betrothed. She, too, has always been out of his reach.

INT. MALIK'S PRIVATE CHAMBERS - NIGHT

Malik sits in his darkened chamber, eyes fixed on the portrait of Mudra's fiancée. He longs for her, imagines a life where she is his.

MALIK

(somber)

She could have been mine... if not for Mudra. Everything could have been mine.

The envy grows, festering until it erupts in fury. Malik orders the assassination of his family, including Mudra's mother and his betrothed, burning all bridges between them.

EXT. ROYAL GARDENS - DAY

Mudra stands over the grave of his mother and fiancée, his heart filled with rage. The once vibrant gardens now appear dull in his eyes, as if the world itself is in mourning.

MUDRA

(through clenched teeth)

I will avenge them.

INT. MALIK'S PALACE - EVENING

Mudra storms into Malik's palace. He finds Malik's wife and young son playing. With cold precision, he ends their lives. Malik returns from hunting to find his family slaughtered, his mind consumed by vengeance.

MALIK

(roaring)

MUDRA!!

BACK TO PRESENT

EXT. RUINED THEME PARK - NIGHT

Vibishana finishes his tale. The fire flickers, casting shadows across their faces. The weight of his words lingers in the air.

VIBISHANA

It was vengeance that bound them to their fates. The killing of loved ones, the betrayal of trust. That is what fuels the eternal hatred between them.

The SPECTER Officer stares at Vibishana, his brow furrowed.

SPECTER OFFICER

And you... how do you know this?

Vibishana steps back into the shadows, his voice fading.

VIBISHANA

Because I have seen it all. And it is a tale that never ends.

He disappears into the night, leaving the group in silence, the fire now barely a glow.

VIKRAM

(whispering)

What have we walked into?

MADHAN

(somber)

Something we cannot walk away from.

The wind howls once more, and the Velocitor roars back to life.

FADE OUT.

ACT 8: SCENE 2:

EXT. POST-APOCALYPTIC LANDSCAPE - DAY

The Velocitor hums along the cracked terrain, its sleek form gliding over the barren wasteland. Through the windows, the SPECTER OFFICER gazes out at the desolate view. Ruins of old skyscrapers rise like jagged teeth from the earth, their twisted metal skeletons a reminder of forgotten cities. The ground is scorched, lifeless, and dry, patches of dark clouds hang low over the horizon, casting shadows on an endless sea of dust and debris. A distant mountain, half-eroded, looms over the desolation, its peaks like fingers clawing at the heavens.

INT. VELOCITOR - SAME

MADHAN and VIKRAM sit in silence, the dim lights of the dashboard flickering as they navigate the wasteland. The vehicle is eerily quiet, except for the occasional mechanical whir.

VIKRAM

(looking at the data screen)

According to the AI... Vibishana.

(reading aloud)

"Vibhishana is the younger brother of Ravana, the King of Lanka, in the ancient Indian epic Ramayana. Though a rakshasa himself, Vibhishana turned his back on Ravana, and defected to Rama's side, owing to his dharma."

MADHAN

(to the SPECTER OFFICER)

Dharma... He chose the path of righteousness, even if it meant betraying his blood.

The SPECTER OFFICER stares ahead, lost in thought.

Suddenly, a beep echoes through the Velocitor. The PERIMETER SCANNER flashes RED.

VELOCITOR AI

(alarming)

Course deviation detected. Recalculating... you are traveling in the wrong direction.

The Velocitor sputters, the hum of its engines faltering.

EXT. POST-APOCALYPTIC LANDSCAPE - SAME

The Velocitor lurches forward, struggling, until it shudders to a stop. Smoke billows from beneath it as the craft touches down, kicking up dust as it hits the surface.

MADHAN, VIKRAM, and the SPECTER OFFICER disembark, the dry wind whipping at their faces. They look around, the harsh, post-apocalyptic world stretching before them with no sign of life. They begin walking.

EXT. POST-APOCALYPTIC WASTELAND - LATER

Hours pass. The trio trek through the vast expanse, weary and silent. The once-distant mountain grows nearer. The sun is low now, casting long shadows over the jagged earth.

Suddenly, VIBHISHANA appears before them. His ethereal form flickers into view, standing amidst the dust and ruin.

VIKRAM

(in dismay)

This future... is there even a future left for us?

Suddenly out of nowhere appears Vibishana.

VIBHISHANA

(solemnly)

The future, young one, is a path yet to be carved. But I have glimpsed it... and it is both terrible and magnificent. I have seen the fall of empires and the birth of new realms. This world will rebuild itself, though it may take centuries. The scars will remain, but new life... always finds a way.

Vikram, MADHAN, and the SPECTER OFFICER listen in silence.

VIBHISHANA (CONT'D)

I have seen the Greatest War of All Time, the Mahabharata. Not the one you know from the epics, but the one yet to come. It will make the battles of the past seem like mere skirmishes. Forces beyond your comprehension will rise, technology will entwine with the very essence of humanity. And there will be those who seek to rule, and those who seek to liberate.

(pauses)

But in this war, there will be no victors. The earth itself will revolt against the greed and destruction, and the oceans will consume the land. The skies will darken, and fire will rain from the heavens. All that man has built will crumble, just as it has before.

(voice deepens)

Yet, in the chaos... there will be hope. I have seen it—fragile, but present. Not in the machines, not in the towering cities... but in the hearts of those who remember the old ways. In the hands of those who carry the flame of dharma.

He takes a step forward, his gaze piercing through them.

VIBHISHANA (CONT'D)

You ask what the future holds? It holds ruin, rebirth, and a choice. A choice you must make. Will you succumb to the darkness, or will you rise and rebuild? You, Vikram, and your kind—you will decide the fate of the future.

EXT. POST-APOCALYPTIC WASTELAND - LATER

VIBHISHANA stands, his ethereal form flickering like the dying light of a faraway star. The wind picks up, swirling dust around him as his figure begins to fade, his words still hanging in the air. Without another word, without bidding farewell, he vanishes—leaving nothing behind but the echoes of his prophecy.

The trio stares at the spot where Vibishana stood moments ago, the silence almost deafening.

SPECTER OFFICER

(half to herself)

This man... he's like a ghost. None knows when he'll come... or when he'll leave.

MADHAN and VIKRAM exchange uneasy glances. The weight of Vibishana's message lingers, as they turn and continue their journey, the wasteland stretching endlessly before them.

A deep silence settles as the wind howls around them, echoing Vibishana's words. The vision of Vibishana flickers and fades, leaving the trio standing alone once more, dwarfed by the enormity of the wasteland.

They continue their journey, the weight of his words heavy on their minds.

ACT 8: SCENE 3:

EXT. PANIPAT - GATES - DAY

Vikram, Madhan, and the SPECTER Officer stagger forward, their faces etched with exhaustion. Their bodies are riddled with wounds, barely holding themselves up after 2 days of travel. The dry wind whips across the barren landscape as the gates of Panipat loom before them.

They collapse. The last of their strength fades as they fall into the dust, their breaths shallow.

The heavy Obsidian District guards, clad in dark armor, approach and look down at the unconscious trio.

GUARD #1

(looking them over)

They're barely alive. Get them inside.

CUT TO:

INT. OBSIDIAN DISTRICT - MEDICAL CENTER - NIGHT

The medical center is a fortress of healing. The walls, made of smooth black stone, glisten under soft, green lights. Dozens of sleek, metallic chambers line the walls, each one designed to treat severe wounds. Doctors and healers move with urgency, their hands glowing with nanite-infused energy.

Vikram, Madhan, and the SPECTER Officer are laid on separate tables. Machines hum as healing begins. Liquid fills their lungs, slowly rehydrating their dry bodies.

CUT TO:

INT. HYDROX PALACE - THRONE ROOM - NIGHT

Hydrox Palace, Kai's throne room, is a marvel of futuristic design. The floors pulse with a faint blue hue, reflecting the bioluminescent plants that line the walls. A towering holographic waterfall cascades down one side, shimmering with light.

KAI, the monarch, sits majestically on his throne—his deep eyes glowing beneath a silver crown. His robes are adorned with intricate patterns, reflecting his power and status. He sits as still as a statue, surveying his kingdom with the weight of its future on his shoulders.

The Prime Minister steps forward and hands him a small holographic device.

PRIME MINISTER

(presenting the device)

My Lord, this was found with Vikram, one of the outsiders. A message from Celestia.

Kai activates the hologram. Avani's voice fills the air as her image flickers before him.

AVANI (V.O.)

(to Kai)

These people are Eco-Extremists from Celestia whom I had sent to search for any settlement that needed help. We found your settlement on our Perimeter Scanners and thought you needed our assistance.

I am Avani, the Holy Mother of the Eco-Extremists and Celestia.

Kai narrows his eyes, his fingers tapping the armrest.

KAI

(intently)

Send word to Mudra. He will want to know.

CUT TO:

INT. OBSIDIAN DISTRICT - MEDICAL CENTER - NIGHT

A doctor, masked and gloved, carefully examines the unconscious Madhan. As he inspects the back of his neck, he freezes. There is no double bar, the unmistakable mark of an Eco-Extremist. His heart races as he waves over a colleague.

DOCTOR #1

(quietly)

This isn't him... There's no mark.

DOCTOR #2

What are you saying?

DOCTOR #1

This Madhan... he's a clone.

The doctor checks his pulse, and his hand brushes against a small holographic chip embedded in the clone's skin. The chip activates.

The hologram flickers to life—Supreme Leader Malik appears, his grin chilling.

MALIK (V.O.)

(mocking)

You didn't expect this, did you, Mudra? If you want the real Madhan back, it's simple—turn yourself in.

I know about Celestia. Your family... your clan of filthy worms... live there. It's a beautiful city-state, isn't it? But I can end it all. You know the rest.

The message ends abruptly, leaving only silence. The doctor backs away, his breath quickening.

CUT TO:

INT. HYDROX PALACE - STRATEGY ROOM - NIGHT

Kai stands next to Mudra, the grim expression on his face reflecting the weight of Malik's threat. Aquarian Guards line the room, their bright armor gleaming in the low light. A large tactical map of the region floats in the air, displaying settlements, armies, and battlegrounds.

Mudra, leaning against the table, looks torn—his fingers clenching the edge of the map as Malik's words reverberate in his mind.

MUDRA

(quietly)

I have no choice. If I turn myself in, my family—Celestia—will be spared.

Kai, strong and resolute, approaches Mudra, placing a firm hand on his shoulder.

KAI

(firmly)

Turning yourself in won't save them. It will only give Malik exactly what he wants—your submission. You give him this victory, and Celestia falls, with or without you.

Mudra's eyes are filled with doubt.

MUDRA

But what of my people? My family?

KAI

Your family needs a leader, not a martyr. We declare war, Mudra. We strike back, with the full might of Panipat and Celestia. Together. We end Malik's reign of terror once and for all.

Mudra takes a breath, still uncertain.

KAI

(continuing)

Think of what your father would have wanted—would he have surrendered to a tyrant? Or would he have fought for what was right?

Mudra clenches his fists, the resolve building in his chest.

KAI

(softly)

The time for submission is over. The time for war is now. Will you fight by my side?

Mudra looks up, meeting Kai's eyes. His uncertainty melts away, replaced by a fire in his heart.

MUDRA

(steely)

We fight.

Kai nods, a faint smile of approval crossing his lips.

KAI

(quietly)

Prepare the Aquarian Guard. We march to war.

FADE OUT.

ACT 9: SCENE 1:

EXT. DESERT - DUSK

Mudra and VIKRAM march ahead, with a disciplined army behind them. Kai's men are clad in rough, battle-worn attire, their faces smeared with ash and dust, moving like shadows in sync with the dying light. Their weapons are ancient but sharp, carried with the confidence of soldiers who've seen many wars.

Their armor gleams in the fading sunlight, scales made from the bones of sea creatures. Their weapons, spears, and tridents, glisten with a metallic blue hue.

MUDRA and VIKRAM walk side by side. Mudra's voice cuts through the quiet, reflective as the wind blows through the vast desert.

MUDRA

(thoughtful, almost nostalgic)

My father, the Supreme Leader, was a man trapped in the webs of governance. I never saw him much. But I found my teacher in Parshurama, the eternal warrior. A true immortal, still roaming this crumbling world. Lord Parshurama... it was from him I learned the art of war, the weight of leadership, the burden of governance.

Vikram glances at Mudra, intrigued.

MUDRA

He taught me how to wield a weapon, but more than that, he taught me when to lay it down. When to conquer, and when to rule. In him, I saw a balance between rage and wisdom... the true traits of a leader. While my father fought with laws and diplomacy, Parshurama fought with steel and fire. And that... that shaped me into what I am now.

Suddenly, the sound of CLASHING FISTS draws their attention. Up ahead, in the open dunes, a battle rages. Two figures, ASHWATTHAMA, his frame tall and imposing, his eyes burning with a dark, eternal fire, is engaged in a brutal fistfight with VIBISHANA. Vibishana moves with the grace of a tactician, while Ashwatthama's blows come with raw, unfiltered power. The ground around them seems to shudder with each punch and deflection.

Mudra halts, motioning for Vikram and Kai to stop. They observe silently.

VIBISHANA

(voice strained as he blocks a punch)

Ashwatthama! You refuse to join this Great War, but can't you see? This is your chance to atone for your sins! You've roamed this earth, cursed with immortality, but what good is eternity if you do

not fight for dharma?

Ashwatthama swings a heavy fist, but Vibishana ducks, countering with a quick jab to his ribs.

ASHWATTHAMA

(growling)

I fight for no one, Vibishana. I protect only Kalki. The world will burn if it must. That is not my concern.

VIBISHANA

(pained but determined)

But there will be no world for Kalki to save if you do not act now. Stand with Mudra. Stand with dharma! This war... it is greater than you and me. It is for the survival of everything.

Vibishana lands a solid punch to Ashwatthama's jaw, but the warrior barely flinches. They circle each other, fists raised, breathing heavy.

Mudra steps forward, addressing both warriors with deep reverence.

MUDRA

(respectfully)

Dronacharya Putra... Bhagawan Dost... your fight is not with each other. There is a greater battle ahead, one that will determine the fate of all. Vibishana is right, Ashwatthama. You cannot walk away from this.

Ashwatthama's fiery eyes meet Mudra's. For a moment, there's silence, the tension between the three men palpable. Finally, Ashwatthama lowers his fists, his expression unreadable.

ASHWATTHAMA

(gruffly)

I will think on it.

Vibishana exhales, stepping back from the confrontation.

VIBISHANA

(nodding to Mudra)

Thank you, Mudra. I will continue to fight for dharma. But I cannot do it alone.

MUDRA

(nodding in return)

We fight for the same cause. And when the time comes, we will stand together.

Ashwatthama turns away, walking toward the horizon, his massive frame shrinking in the distance.

Vibishana watches him go, his face contemplative.

Mudra turns back to Vikram and Kai, his voice steady.

MUDRA

(calm, yet resolute)

The world bends under the weight of immortals and their sins. We will need every ally we can get before the final battle with Malik.

The army continues forward, leaving Vibishana alone as he watches the sun dip below the horizon.

FADE OUT.

ACT 9: SCENE 2:

EXT. DESOLATE ROAD - DAY

Mudra, KAI, and VIKRAM travel through a barren wasteland. The sun burns fiercely in the sky, casting long shadows on the cracked earth. The remnants of dried-up rivers stretch out in the distance, with only the occasional gust of wind to break the eerie silence.

Ahead, a small group of gaunt, helpless people sat huddled together, clinging to each other. Children whimpering softly, and the adults look hollow, their eyes drained of hope.

MUDRA (noticing the group)

(in a soft voice)

They look shattered...

KAI

(softly)

More victims of the Great Drought.

VIKRAM nods grimly as they disembark their velocitors. A WOMAN in her early 30s, disheveled, her face streaked with dirt and dried tears, stands as Mudra nears. Her arms tremble, and she clutches a frail child to her side.

MUDRA

Are you in need of help?

The woman hesitates, then slowly steps forward. Her voice is hoarse from crying, her eyes filled with a mix of grief and fear.

WOMAN

(voice breaking)

Help... Help won't bring them back.

Her voice cracks as she looks back at the small group. Two more children cling to an elderly man, their faces smudged with dust, their cheeks sunken. She turns her gaze back to Mudra, her lips quivering.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

We lost everything... Our land, our water... It was all taken by the Great Drought.

KAI and VIKRAM exchange a sorrowful glance.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

The Sentinels came... They didn't care. They asked for one thing – Mudra. They kept asking if we knew where to find him...

Her voice drops to a trembling whisper. She presses her child closer.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

My husband—he begged for mercy. Begged them to spare our child. They didn't even blink. They—
(stifling a sob)

They killed them. Both of them. My baby... She was only four...

MUDRA's face tightens in anguish, his heart pounding as the full weight of her words sinks in. He lowers his gaze to the ground, swallowing his own rising guilt.

MUDRA

(teary-eyed)

I'm... I'm the reason you lost them.

The woman's eyes widen slightly, as though she doesn't understand.

MUDRA (CONT'D)

(choked)

Please... forgive me, if you can.

(sobbing)

I never wanted this. Not for you, not for anyone...

The woman stares down at him, her body frozen, her mind struggling to comprehend what's unfolding in front of her. Her lips part slightly, but no words come.

KAI, standing nearby, clenches his fists, his eyes misty as he steps forward.

KAI

(teary, voice filled with rage)

These power-hungry bastards won't stop. They won't let us live in peace until either their greed is met... or their end is.

There's a long silence. The woman's body shudders as she releases a deep breath she didn't know she was holding. Slowly, she kneels in front of MUDRA, resting her hand on his bowed head.

WOMAN

(softly)

I... I don't blame you.

The words are fragile, like a leaf caught in the wind. She exhales again, still broken but lighter somehow.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

We just wanted to live... in peace.

MUDRA raises his head, his face streaked with tears. He searches her eyes for any sign of the forgiveness he so desperately seeks.

MUDRA

(sincerely)

You'll come with us. To Celestia. You'll build a new life. I swear on everything I have left, you'll be safe.

The group of helpless people stirs slightly, hope flickering in their tired eyes. KAI and VIKRAM exchange a glance, nodding in silent agreement.

VIKRAM

Celestia has enough for all of us.

KAI

(nods)

You're not alone anymore.

The woman looks back at her remaining children, then returns her gaze to MUDRA. She nods, her voice barely a whisper.

WOMAN

Thank you.

MUDRA rises slowly, helping her to her feet. His heart still aches, but there's a new resolve in his eyes.

MUDRA

We'll get through this. Together.

With a renewed sense of purpose, Mudra and his companions lead the group away, heading toward the distant horizon where Celestia lies waiting.

FADE OUT.

ACT 9: SCENE 3:

INT. CAVE - DAY

The cave is dimly lit by a small shaft of sunlight streaming through a narrow hole in the rock.

ASHWATTHAMA, an ancient figure with deep, intense eyes and a calm but weary presence, is seated in a meditative posture. His breath is steady, his face lined with the weight of countless centuries. The sound of light footsteps breaks the silence.

A YOUNG BOY, about 8 years old, cautiously enters the cave. His face is dirt-smeared, his clothes tattered. He looks around, his wide eyes full of curiosity, not fear. His lips are chapped, and his small hands tremble slightly from thirst and hunger.

As the boy takes a step forward, a loose rock clatters across the cave floor.

ASHWATTHAMA

(eyes snapping open, his face hard with anger)

Who dares disturb my meditation?

The boy freezes, locking eyes with Ashwatthama. His face, despite the dirt and grime, radiates a certain innocence, but it is tainted by the unmistakable absence of parental care and guidance. His large eyes hold the weight of loss and confusion, as though he has wandered alone for days, unsure of what life truly means anymore.

A moment of tension. Ashwatthama's anger flickers, but as he looks at the boy's face, his rage begins to melt. The child's frailty and sadness stir something long-buried in the ancient warrior.

BOY

(softly, with a faint innocence)

Grandpa... what is the Great Drought everyone's talking about?

A long pause. Ashwatthama's stern gaze softens even more, the ancient warrior finally surrendering to the child's innocence. He sighs deeply, lowering his shoulders.

ASHWATTHAMA

(gazing into the distance, voice low and grave)

The Great Drought... is a catastrophe that reshaped the world, plunging it into a parched wasteland where life became a relentless struggle for survival.

Once fertile lands, bustling rivers, and thriving ecosystems were reduced to barren deserts and dry, cracked earth. Entire regions turned into dust bowls, and the sky seemed to hold back its rain as though nature itself had abandoned the planet.

The boy listens, but his expression is one of confusion masked by nods, as if trying to understand but failing.

ASHWATTHAMA (CONT'D)

The onset was slow... insidious. Rainfall became erratic, seasons blurred, and the once-reliable cycles of nature faltered. Crops failed year after year. Rivers shrank. Lakes evaporated. Forests withered. Animals vanished. Dust storms raged across the landscape, choking any life that remained.

Humanity wasn't prepared. Cities descended into chaos, water reserves drying up. Governments scrambled, rationing what little was left. The wealthy hoarded, while the rest... suffered. Wars broke out over water. Civilizations crumbled. The last oases became battlegrounds.

Ashwatthama's eyes harden again, but not with anger - with sorrow.

ASHWATTHAMA (CONT'D)

Survivors scattered. Small tribes formed, always on the move, searching for water, food, refuge from the storms. And in the ashes of this world, new regimes rose—most cruel of all, the Transhumanist Sentinels. They seized control of the remaining water sources, crushing any who defied them. Those who resisted... like Mudra... they were executed.

The boy fidgets, clearly not fully grasping the depth of the explanation, but his eyes remain fixed on Ashwatthama.

ASHWATTHAMA (CONT'D)

The Great Drought wasn't just about the earth drying up... it was humanity's greed, its exploitation of nature, that led to this desolation. Now, survival is more than finding water or food... it's about finding meaning, in a world where both have vanished.

The boy, his expression blank but earnest, nods slowly, as if to pretend he understood. He looks up at Ashwatthama with wide, pleading eyes.

BOY

(innocently)

I see, Grandpa.

Ashwatthama watches him for a long moment, his hardened exterior now completely gone. He places a large, weathered hand on the boy's small shoulder.

ASHWATTHAMA

(softly)

You may not understand yet... but you will. What is your name, child?

The boy shrugs, lowering his gaze.

BOY

I don't know... I don't have one.

Ashwatthama contemplates for a moment, his eyes softening with compassion. He nods slowly, making a silent decision.

ASHWATTHAMA

Then I will give you one. You shall be Karna. From this day forth, you shall stay with me lifelong as the world outside is the epitome of cruelty. I will teach you what it means to survive in this world

The boy's eyes widen, a spark of hope flickering behind them as he looks up at Ashwatthama. The ancient warrior gives him a faint, almost imperceptible smile. In the course of time Karna dots on Ashwatthama just like how a son dots a father.

FADE OUT.

ACT 10: THE PURGE:

EXT. APOCALYPTIC WARFIELD - DAWN

The barren landscape stretches to the horizon, littered with the skeletal remains of ancient cities. Massive craters pepper the ground, a reminder of previous battles. Towering metal ruins cast long shadows over the field. The sky is a sickly orange, clouded by dust and smoke, and the sound of distant explosions rumbles like a storm brewing in hell. The atmosphere is thick, oppressive.

CUT TO:

THE BRIGADE'S COMMAND POST - DAWN

Mudra, stoic and fierce, surveys the battlefield. His army—THE RAPID ACTION FORCE—is ready, lining the edge of a massive ravine that splits the landscape. Behind them, the helpless group Mudra rescued on the way to Celestia huddle, fear in their eyes. His generals stand with him.

MUDRA

(low, determined)

We stand at the precipice of history. Today, we fight not just for survival... but for freedom, for the future.

VIKRAM

(pounding his fist on his chest)

For every drop of blood shed by our fallen brothers and sisters, we will drown them in vengeance.

ASHWATTHAMA

We don't give up ground. We don't stop until Malik lies broken at our feet.

DEV

(to his father, with fiery determination)

We fight today for everything you've taught us, father. Today, I will make you proud.

Mudra's face softens for a moment, his eyes briefly meeting Dev's. He nods, proud but weary.

MUDRA

We have no other choice, son. Fight with honor.

CUT TO:

THE DOMINION SEEKERS - OPPOSITE SIDE OF THE RAVINE - DAWN

The IORNCLAD VEX, SUPREME LEADER MALIK'S elite soldiers, assemble in a mechanical rhythm. Their iron armor gleams in the dim light. Malik, towering and imposing, stands with DR. IYRA and ELIA beside him. ELIA's sister, LENA, stands nearby, ready for war.

MALIK

(raising his arm)

We shall crush them. We are the future of mankind, forged from the ashes of the weak. Every soul on this battlefield is either with us, or fuel for our fire.

DR. IYRA

(calm and methodical)

Let them run. Let them hide. Their biology is no match for our technology.

ELIA

(with a twisted smile)

The time has come to rid the world of the old ways, once and for all.

The army roars, their voices echoing across the ravine like thunder.

CUT TO:

EXT. APOCALYPTIC WARFIELD - MOMENTS LATER

Both armies line up across from each other. The tension is palpable. The wind picks up, carrying with it the scent of sulfur and death. Mudra walks to the front of his line, raising his hand.

MUDRA

(yelling over the field)

FORWARD!

The RAPID ACTION FORCE surges forward, their war cries filling the air. Opposite them, THE DOMINION SEEKERS charge.

CUT TO:

EXT. BATTLEFIELD - MIDDAY

The clash of metal, the thudding of boots, and the scream of war envelop the battlefield. Explosions erupt, sending bodies and debris flying. The air is filled with the sound of laser fire, metal clanging against metal, and the screams of the dying.

VIKRAM

(spotting MADHAN, his old comrade, in the distance)

Madhan! Brother, it's Vikram! Don't do this!

VIKRAM runs through the chaos, dodging blasts, to reach MADHAN, who stands eerily still, his eyes cold and empty.

VIKRAM

Madhan, this isn't you! I know you're in there. Don't let Iyra control you.

Madhan slowly turns, his expression unreadable.

MADHAN

I am under no control, Vikram. My purpose is clear now. You... are an obstacle.

VIKRAM

(eyes widening, realization dawning)

Iyra... he's turned you into a puppet.

MADHAN

(emotionless)

We all serve a higher purpose. Yours ends today.

Madhan drags his blade. Vikram, heartbroken, raises his weapon.

VIKRAM

Then forgive me, brother.

The two clash, their battle intense, as they weave through the chaos of war.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE BRIGADE STRATEGY TENT - DUSK

Ashwatthama and Vibishana lean over a holographic map of the battlefield. Ashwatthama's eyes burn with calculated fury.

VIBISHANA

Malik will be heavily guarded. We can't risk wasting forces on a frontal assault. We need to strike from the shadows.

ASHWATTHAMA

(coldly)

Malik wants to die on the battlefield like a king. But I'll make sure he dies in the dark, alone, choking on his own blood.

Vibishana smirks, impressed by the ruthlessness.

VIBISHANA

Capture him alive. Torture him. Show him what true suffering feels like. We'll destroy everything he's built and make him watch.

ASHWATTHAMA

I'll lead a small team. Kai's Aquarians will create a diversion at the west flank. While Malik's forces are distracted, we'll infiltrate his command post, overwhelm his guard, and drag him to his knees.

VIBISHANA

(grinning)

He'll beg for death long before it comes.

CUT TO:

EXT. COMMAND POST - LATE DUSK

The infiltration begins. KAI'S AQUARIAN GUARD launch a surprise attack on Malik's western flank. Explosions light up the DUSK sky, and chaos spreads through THE DOMINION SEEKERS' ranks. Amid the chaos, Ashwatthama leads his team—DEV, DAIUSKE, and KARNA—through the rubble.

ASHWATTHAMA

(whispering)

Stay close. We can't afford to miss this opportunity.

They slip through the enemy lines, cutting down guards as they move silently through the shadows.

CUT TO:

EXT. MALIK'S COMMAND POST - LATER

Malik stands on a raised platform, issuing orders. His SENTINELS form a protective circle around him. Ashwatthama, Dev, and the others strike swiftly. They take out the Sentinels one by one.

ASHWATTHAMA

(grabbing Malik from behind, his blade to his throat)

It's over.

MALIK

(growling)

You think you can kill me? You think this changes anything?

ASHWATTHAMA

(smiling darkly)

Oh no, Malik. You'll wish I had killed you.

Before they can move, explosions rock the ground. Malik's forces counterattack, throwing the Brigade's plan into chaos. In the distance, Mudra's forces are overrun.

CUT TO:

EXT. MUDRA'S POSITION - DUSK

Mudra is surrounded by THE PHOENIX INITIATIVE. Bloodied but unyielding, he cuts down soldier after soldier. But the numbers are too great. An explosion hits nearby, throwing Mudra to the ground.

DEV

(screaming)

FATHER!

Dev helps Mudra.

EXT. MALIK'S COMMAND POST - DUSK

The chaos of battle surrounds the command post. Explosions rock the horizon, and the dying scream for mercy. Ashwatthama, Dev, Daisuke, and Karna move swiftly through the shadows, taking out Malik's SENTINELS with deadly precision. Malik stands on a raised platform, commanding his troops, unaware of the danger creeping toward him.

ASHWATTHAMA

(whispering to the group)

The guards are thinning. Stay close and silent. He must be taken alive.

DEV nods, his face set with grim determination. The group splits up, fanning out to surround Malik's position. Karna and Daisuke silently slit the throats of two remaining guards, and Ashwatthama makes his move.

With lightning speed, Ashwatthama lunges, his arm wrapping around Malik's neck, his blade pressed to his throat. Malik freezes, shock flashing across his face.

ASHWATTHAMA

(hissing in his ear)

It's over, Malik. You're coming with us.

Malik sneers, defiant even in defeat.

MALIK

You think taking me changes anything? My army will tear you apart. They will never stop.

DEV

(stepping forward, voice seething with hatred)

No, Malik. We'll make sure you live long enough to see everything you built crumble to dust.

Malik tries to struggle, but Ashwatthama's grip is iron. Karna and Daisuke move in, quickly binding Malik's hands with thick ropes.

DAISUKE AND RAVI

(in chorus)

(quietly to Ashwatthama)

The diversion is working. The Aquarians are keeping the bulk of his forces distracted. We need to move now before they realize what's happening.

ASHWATTHAMA

(nodding)

Let's get him out of here. We have plans for Malik.

CUT TO:

EXT. ABANDONED RUINS - LATER

The group drags Malik through a desolate landscape of twisted metal and ruined structures. They move fast, keeping to the shadows as battle rages in the distance. Malik stumbles, but they force him forward, relentless.

They reach an old bunker hidden among the ruins. Inside, Vibishana is waiting, a sinister grin spreading across his face as he sees Malik.

VIBISHANA

(mocking)

Well, well. The great Supreme Leader Malik. How the mighty have fallen.

MALIK

(glaring at Vibishana)

You think this will stop me? My army will find me. And when they do—

ASHWATTHAMA

(interrupting, coldly)

No one's coming for you. You're nothing without your empire. And soon, even that will belong to us.

Vibishana moves forward, inspecting Malik with sadistic glee.

VIBISHANA

(to Ashwatthama)

Let me have him. We'll keep him alive just long enough to watch as we tear down everything he ever worked for. Then we'll break him.

ASHWATTHAMA

(nodding, voice low and dangerous)

But first, we need to end this battle. His soldiers will be leaderless. They'll scatter like the rats they are once they know Malik has fallen.

MALIK

(laughing bitterly)

You really think they'll stop for you? I trained them better than that. They'll fight until every last one of you is dead.

DEV

(fiercely)

Not today. This is where it ends for you.

CUT TO:

EXT. MAIN BATTLEFIELD - DUSK

The battlefield is pure chaos. Fires burn across the horizon, casting an eerie glow over the dead and dying. Mudra's RAPID ACTION FORCE and Kai's AQUARIAN GUARD fight fiercely against the DOMINION SEEKERS, but the odds are against them.

Mudra, bloodied and exhausted, fights at the heart of the battle. He cuts through Malik's soldiers with precision, but the tide is turning against him.

VIKRAM

(running up to Mudra, breathless)

Mudra! We have Malik. Ashwatthama captured him alive!

MUDRA

(eyes blazing with determination)

Then finish it. End this war once and for all.

VIKRAM

(pleading)

We need to fall back. You're wounded—

MUDRA

(cutting him off)

No. This is where I die. My son will carry the torch. The Brigade will win. But I must finish my fight here.

VIKRAM

(desperate)

Mudra, no—

But before Vikram can stop him, Mudra charges back into the fray, slashing through the oncoming wave of SENTINELS. His last stand is fierce, but he is overwhelmed by sheer numbers. As Malik's forces converge, Mudra fights valiantly, cutting down enemies with every stroke.

MUDRA

(raising his blade one last time, his voice echoing through the battlefield)

FOR THE BRIGADE!

A final blow strikes him down. Mudra collapses, his body still, but his spirit unbroken.

CUT TO:

EXT. ABANDONED BUNKER - MOMENTS LATER

Ashwatthama watches from a distance as Mudra falls. His face hardens, but he keeps his focus on Malik.

ASHWATTHAMA

(to Vibishana)

We end this toDUSK. Let them know their leader is gone. Without Malik, their forces will crumble.

VIBISHANA

(nodding, a cruel smile on his lips)

We'll make sure Malik knows every bit of it.

Ashwatthama, Vibishana, and the others drag Malik to a makeshift communication station in the Dominion Seekers Command Post, Ashwatthama activates the broadcast, sending a message to all of THE DOMINION SEEKERS' forces.

ASHWATTHAMA

(into the mic)

This is Ashwatthama of The Brigade. Your leader, Supreme Leader Malik, has been captured. He will face justice for his crimes. Surrender now, and we will show mercy.

He turns to Malik, his voice cold and victorious.

ASHWATTHAMA

(to Malik)

Watch closely, Malik. This is how your empire dies.

Malik struggles against his bonds, rage burning in his eyes, but he knows the truth. The Dominion Seekers are broken.

CUT TO:

EXT. MAIN BATTLEFIELD - LATER

The Dominion Seekers, upon hearing the message, falter. Confusion spreads through their ranks. One by one, soldiers drop their weapons, realizing their leader is gone. The Brigade surges forward, pushing the Dominion Seekers back.

Victory is within their grasp.

CUT TO:

EXT. MUDRA'S STATUE - DAWN

The battle is over. Mudra's body lies still on the blood-soaked ground, surrounded by fallen enemies. Dev approaches, his heart heavy with grief, but also filled with pride.

DEV

(kneeling by his father's statue, whispering)

You won, father. We won.

CUT TO:

NARRATOR (V.O.)

(reflective, with a hint of melancholy)

In this world, we speak of "Dharma" and "Adharma" as if they are carved in stone. We act as though they are absolutes. But what if they are simply the products of man's thinking? Twisted, shaped, and molded by the circumstances of our lives, our desires, our struggles?

Take "Malik", for instance. He killed Mudra's father, seized the throne. To us, it was "Adharma", a cruel betrayal. But to Malik, it wasn't. He took what he believed was rightfully his. He never saw it as breaking a moral code. To him, it was *justice* – reclaiming what was denied. And if he hadn't acted, would he have ever received what was, in his eyes, his birthright?

(pausing)

We label it "Adharma", but for Malik, it wasn't. Taking what belongs to you is not always wrong. And who are we to judge? We view it as evil, but from his eyes, it was survival.

Now look at "Mudra". The warrior who avenged his family, who fought to restore order. If he had hesitated, if he had let himself be bound by notions of "Dharma" and "Adharma", would we ever have seen the dawn of victory? Would the new world have been born? His hand was forced, his heart full of vengeance. But to him, it wasn't "Adharma"—it was justice for his people. For his father. For his very soul.

(pausing again, softer)

And here we are, playing judge and jury. But when we have a fate destined for us, why don't we live to our heart's content until we meet it? We are answerable to one person alone: ourselves.

Mudra and Malik—two sides of a coin, labeled as "Dharma and Adharma". But in truth, they judged themselves according to their own beliefs. Who are we to impose our judgments upon them? Who are we to decide what is righteous and what is sinful?

(a beat)

Judgment... judgment is nothing more than a shadow cast by our own beliefs. Achieving something doesn't give us the right to judge. Expressing what you think is one thing, but calling it the

truth? It's like saying chillies and *Gulab Jamuns* taste the same.

(smiling, wistful)

So, until I return once more, keep vibing. Live to your heart's content.

(beat)

WRITTEN & EXPRESSED BY

J.K. POKING.

THE END