

FADE IN:

EXT. THE IN-BETWEEN - PRESENT DAY

A surreal landscape unfolds, bathed in the eerie glow of a blood-red sky. Stark white dirt stretches endlessly, broken only by jagged, ominous rock formations.

MATTHEW, 21, dressed in ghostly white and gripping a mysterious alien gadget, dashes desperately towards the camera. His breath is ragged, his eyes wide with urgency. He dives behind a boulder, his heart pounding in his chest, and swiftly cloaks himself with a white blanket, his camouflage barely adequate against the hostile terrain.

The air thrums with a low, menacing hum. Out of the crimson sky, a Warper aircraft materializes, its dark shadow enveloping Matthew's hiding spot. He freezes, every muscle tensed, as the aircraft hovers ominously above.

CUT TO BLACK:

FADE IN:

INT. TARA'S PARENTS HOUSE - NEW YORK - DAY

SUPER - 7 YEARS EARLIER

TARA, 11 years old, draws a barren and rocky landscape on a piece of a paper. Tara's mother, SHAUNA, 30's, can be heard panicking in the kitchen.

SHAUNA

(panic)

They followed me here. I'm sure of it.

MANS VOICE

(calming yet commanding)

Calm down. Now is not the time to panic.

SHAUNA

I can't go back. I can't leave her.

MANS VOICE

Shauna, you have no other choice.

Crash! A window breaks and Shauna Screams. Suddenly there is silence. Shauna walks into kitchen and finds only broken glass. Her mother and the male have vanished.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. COLLEGE LECTURE HALL - NEW YORK - DAY

SUPER - PRESENT DAY

The lecture hall buzzes with low conversations and the rustle of notebooks. At the front, a TEACHER in their 30's lectures passionately.

TEACHER (booming voice)
Plato believed the soul, an eternal essence, animates us. When a body perishes, the soul survives and is reincarnated.

At the back, TARA, 18, feverishly sketches a desolate landscape—jagged rocks under a blood-red sky, white dirt stretching endlessly. Incoherent whispers fill her mind, growing louder.

TEACHER (CONT'D)
Plato's theory suggests that I might have been a cellist in the nineteenth century. You might have been a bumblebee. And Gemma here, a bare-knuckle boxer.

The class laughs, cutting through the whispers for a moment. Tara's pen snaps, startling her. The whispers halt abruptly, leaving an oppressive silence. She bends to pick up her broken pen, her face flushed.

TEACHER (CONT'D)
That's all for today. Remember to submit your assignments by the end of the week.

As the students pack up, Tara clutches her sketchbook, her breathing shallow. The weight of the whispers lingers, a constant, unseen threat.

CUT TO:

EXT. OFFICE BLOCK - NEW YORK - DAY

Tara presses the doorbell outside an imposing building. The harsh afternoon sun casts long shadows, accentuating the building's austere architecture.

INTERCOM

Hello.

TARA

It's Tara Wilkes here to see Linda Smith.

A loud buzz signals the unlocking of the door. Tara steps inside.

CUT TO:

INT. LINDA'S OFFICE - NEW YORK - DAY

Linda, 40's, a seasoned therapist, sits across from Tara. The room is chilly, with a stark, almost clinical atmosphere, yet it is lifted by touches of warmth and color—vibrant cushions, a warmly lit lamp, and cheerful artwork.

TARA

The whispering gets louder and louder until it breaks, and then there's silence.

LINDA

Can you hear what the voices are saying?

TARA

No.

LINDA

And the image in your mind?

TARA

It's still there, distorting everything. This place... I feel drawn to it, like it holds answers about my mother.

Linda begins writing on her prescription pad.

LINDA

I think we should try increasing your meds to six milligrams and see how that goes.

Tara nods. Linda hands her the prescription.

LINDA (CONT'D)

Before you go, Afia Abdi is showing her work at the Eden Gallery this week. I remembered you telling me how much you liked her.

Linda hands Tara a pamphlet.

CUT TO:

EXT. BUS STOP - NEW YORK - NIGHT

A bus pulls up at the dimly lit stop, its brakes hissing as it comes to a halt. Tara steps inside, the doors closing behind her with a soft thud.

CUT TO:

INT. BUS - NEW YORK - NIGHT

Tara boards the bus, swipes her fare card, and makes her way to the back. She sits near the rear, away from the few scattered passengers. The city lights blur past the windows as she takes out her sketchbook and resumes her drawing, the whispers in her mind a constant hum.

CUT TO:

INT. BUS - NEW YORK - NIGHT

The bus glides through the darkened city streets. Tara's focus shifts from her noseband to the passengers getting on and off. The whispers in her head grow louder, more insistent.

A man in his 50's, disheveled and reeking of alcohol, stumbles aboard, clutching a bottle of liquor. He lurches down the aisle and collapses into the seat next to Tara, his eyes bloodshot and wild.

DRUNK MAN (slurring)

They are coming, you know. You can hear them, can't you? They are in my head too. Our minds will be theirs and when they are done with us...
Boom!

The whispers in Tara's mind reach a fever pitch, drowning out the man's ramblings. She clutches her head, the noise unbearable. Suddenly, the whispers cease, leaving a deafening silence.

TARA

This is my stop.

Tara stands abruptly, moving past the man and towards the door. The bus slows to a halt, and she steps off into the night, the unsettling encounter lingering in her mind.

CUT TO:

EXT. GALLERY ENTRANCE - NEW YORK - NIGHT

Tara walks up to the gallery entrance, the city lights casting long shadows. She pauses, takes a deep breath, and opens the door.

CUT TO:

INT. GALLERY - NEW YORK - NIGHT

The gallery is dimly lit, each painting bathed in a solitary, focused light. Tara moves quietly among the exhibits, her eyes widening as she recognizes familiar landscapes—barren, rocky terrain under crimson skies. She stops in front of a large painting at the center, depicting a figure strikingly similar to herself, standing in the same desolate landscape she often draws.

Mesmerized, Tara's gaze is fixed on the painting until a voice startles her.

AFIA (smiling)

She looks like you.

Tara turns to see AFIA ABDI, a vibrant woman in her 40s, dressed in flowing white garments. Her presence is both calming and enigmatic.

TARA (awe-struck)

Hi... I'm Tara.

Afia extends a hand, her smile warm.

AFIA

Afia. Nice to meet you, Tara.

Tara returns the handshake, then turns back to the painting.

AFIA (CONT'D)

She came to me in a dream.

TARA

What was it about?

AFIA

How love conquers all. And how death is just the beginning. Do you know this place?

TARA

Yes, but... I mean... I've never been there.

AFIA

But you see it in your mind.

TARA

Yes.

AFIA

I was like you once. My perception of this world was different from everybody else.

TARA

How did you cope?

AFIA

Life finds a way of helping you manage what is in front of you. What do you feel right now?

TARA

Anticipation, but with a sense I have experienced this before.

AFIA

I was hoping to hear that. Come with me.

CUT TO:

INT. GALLERY BASEMENT - NEW YORK - NIGHT

The basement is dimly lit, the air thick with the scent of incense. Antique furniture is artfully arranged, and vibrant cushions are scattered across the floor, casting colorful shadows in the flickering candlelight. Tara enters, her eyes wide with curiosity and apprehension.

Afia retrieves white garments from a drawer, her expression firm and resolute.

AFIA (firm)

Put these on.

Tara moves behind a screen to change, the rustle of fabric punctuating the silence as Afia lights more incense, the smoke curling lazily in the air.

AFIA (CONT'D)

When I was your age, I met a man
called Ezequiel.

He helped me to see what you already see.

Afia picks up Tara's sketchbook, her fingers deftly folding
the corner of a specific drawing before placing it back in
the bag.

AFIA (CONT'D)

Most people can't comprehend what it
is, and it drives them to madness
trying to unearth the truth. They
cling to theories of the unexplained
or conspiracy to help them process
what it is that ails them. And when
it all becomes too much and the
unexplainable remains unexplained,
they become shells of their former
selves, open to manipulation and
deceit.

Tara emerges from behind the screen, now dressed in white
and clutching a head-scarf.

TARA

I don't know how to put this on.

Afia approaches, her movements deliberate and serene as she
helps Tara with the head-scarf.

AFIA

The key to all of this, as we both
know, is to let all these feelings
wash over you. There are things in
this world that we can't or won't
understand. And this is okay. Unlock
your mind and be free to live with
this burden, and the truth will reveal
itself. Please, take a seat.

Tara sits between the cushions, her breath shallow with
anticipation. Afia's voice is calm and guiding.

AFIA (CONT'D)

Close your eyes and take deep breaths.
In and out. In and out.

Picture the place you seek in your mind. Let every other
thought drain from your body. What do you see?

TARA

I see a barren landscape.

AFIA

(sharp)
What else?

TARA

It is somewhere yet at the same time
nowhere.

AFIA

We call it the In-Between. It exists
in the space between two very
different worlds. Our world and
another world we call Xeto. This
boundary cannot be crossed. It exists
to shield our world from theirs and
their world from ours. Would you
like to see it?

Tara nods, her eyes still firmly closed. Afia retrieves a
small vial from a drawer and hands it to Tara.

AFIA (CONT'D)

The first time is always the hardest.
Then you will be able to come and go
as you please.

TARA

Are you coming too?

AFIA

Yes. Don't worry, I have chosen a
safe place for us to arrive.

Tara drinks from the vial, her body slowly entering a daze.
She begins to drift into unconsciousness as the sound of
footsteps echoes. A man appears at the top of the basement
steps, descending slowly. He stops behind Afia, who smiles
reassuringly.

AFIA (CONT'D)

See you on the other side.

BANG! Afia drops to the floor, the echo of the shot
reverberating through the room. Tara slips into a deep,
dreamless sleep.

FADE TO BLACK:

FADE TO WHITE:

INT. GALLERY BASEMENT - NEW YORK - NIGHT

A bright white light engulfs the room, gradually fading to
reveal Tara, now alone in the basement.

The space is eerily quiet, with no sign of Afia or the mysterious man.

CUT TO:

INT. GALLERY - NEW YORK - NIGHT

Tara steps into the gallery, her footsteps echoing in the silence. She pauses, noticing that every painting now depicts her in various scenes, each one eerily familiar. She takes a deep breath, opens the entrance door, and steps outside.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE IN-BETWEEN - NIGHT

Tara steps onto the white dirt, her eyes scanning the barren, rocky landscape. She reaches into her bag, pulls out her sketchbook, and examines the drawing with the folded corner. Recognition dawns as she spots the rocky outcrop depicted in her sketch. Determined, she starts walking towards it.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE IN-BETWEEN - NIGHT

Tara trudges across the vast, empty landscape, her figure small against the desolate expanse.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE IN-BETWEEN - NIGHT

Exhaustion overtakes Tara as she stops, parched and weary. She pulls out a water bottle from her bag and takes a desperate sip. Suddenly, the whispers return, louder and more insistent than ever. She collapses to her knees, covering her ears in agony.

MATTHEW appears, urgency in his voice.

MATTHEW

(panic)

We have to go. Now!

Tara tries to move but stumbles, the whispers overwhelming her. Matthew struggles to lift her, but she is immobilized by the relentless noise.

A Warper spacecraft materializes above them, hovering menacingly. The whispers crescendo to a deafening pitch and then abruptly stop as the spacecraft speeds away.

TARA
(confused and
disorientated)
What was that?

MATTHEW
There is not the time for
explanations. Move. Now!

CUT TO:

EXT. THE IN-BETWEEN - NIGHT

Matthew stops abruptly and opens a concealed hatch in the ground.

MATTHEW
Quick. Down here.

He helps Tara descend into the opening, then follows, closing the hatch behind them.

CUT TO:

INT. UNDERGROUND TUNNEL - THE IN-BETWEEN - NIGHT

Tara and Matthew navigate through an intricate cave system, the tunnels illuminated by a soft, bioluminescent glow.

MATTHEW
Don't worry. We will be safe here.

TARA (shocked)
What just happened?

MATTHEW
You freaked out and we nearly died,
that's what happened.

Tara is at a loss for words, still processing the chaos.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)
Did you not see the Warper spacecraft?

TARA
Warper spacecraft?

MATTHEW
How did you get here?

TARA
Afia.

MATTHEW

Afia helped you? And she told you nothing about this place?

Tara stutters, trying to find the right words.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)

A Warper is what we call them from the other world.

TARA

Xeto.

MATTHEW

Yes, Xeto. If Afia sent you, there must be a reason. What are you? A pilot? A gunner? A scientist? A farmer? Please tell me you're a friggin' farmer at least.

TARA

Err...

MATTHEW

Okay, we'll figure it out. I'll take you to Ezequiel. He'll know what to do with you.

Matthew's candidness and slight humor bring a touch of levity to the otherwise tense situation, easing Tara's anxiety just a bit as they move deeper into the tunnel.

CUT TO:

INT. BASE ENTRANCE - THE IN-BETWEEN - NIGHT

Matthew and Tara approach a heavy-duty door embedded in the rock. Matthew grins at the security camera, and with a soft beep, the door unlocks and swings open.

CUT TO:

INT. BASE - THE IN-BETWEEN - NIGHT

Tara follows Matthew into a cavernous opening. The cave is a stunning display of bioluminescent flora clinging to the walls, casting an otherworldly glow. Stalactites and stalagmites create natural sculptures, their surfaces glistening with moisture. The space is a buzz with activity, people moving purposefully through the natural corridors and makeshift pathways.

CUT TO:

INT. RESERVOIR - BASE - THE IN-BETWEEN - NIGHT

They walk past a massive underground waterfall, the water cascading down with a thunderous roar, feeding into a serene reservoir below. The water sparkles under the soft light, creating a shimmering effect that illuminates the cavern.

CUT TO:

INT. GARDEN - BASE - THE IN-BETWEEN - NIGHT

In an expansive cavern, farmers diligently tend to crops grown in the white dirt, illuminated by bright artificial lights hanging from the ceiling. The contrast between jagged rock formations and sleek technology creates a surreal, hopeful atmosphere. The air hums with the soft buzz of machinery and the earthy scent of soil.

CUT TO:

INT. MILITARY AREA - BASE - THE IN-BETWEEN - NIGHT

A gunner, clad in military armor, steps into a tube that ascends to the surface with a soft hiss. As Matthew and Tara walk past, they encounter SUNITA, a pilot in her 20's, and JOHN, a mechanic and gunner in his 20's, standing next to a sleek aircraft. Sunita's brow furrows with intense focus, her eyes never leaving the aircraft.

SUNITA

The changes you made to the E.P.E.
are causing a slight imbalance.

John's eyes light up with a spark of curiosity and enthusiasm. He adjusts his glasses and leans in to inspect the aircraft, his fingers practically itching to dive into the mechanics.

JOHN

Okay, I'll look into it.

He begins muttering under his breath, already lost in a world of technical schematics and engineering marvels. Sunita continues to scrutinize the aircraft, her drive for perfection unrelenting.

CUT TO:

INT. EZEQUIEL'S OFFICE - BASE - THE IN-BETWEEN - NIGHT

EZEQUIEL, a driven and ambitious leader in his 20's, and MAYA, a serene and tender woman in her 40's, are deep in conversation as Tara and Matthew enter.

EZEQUIEL
(strong and forceful)
Talk to our contacts on Earth and
see what you can do.

Matthew, you're back. Any news?

MATTHEW
I have found what I think is a new
Warper interference tower due East.

EZEQUIEL
Let me see.

Matthew hands Ezequiel an alien device. With a flicker, it projects a detailed image of an imposing alien structure onto the wall.

EZEQUIEL (CONT'D)
It's bigger than anything we have
seen before.

MAYA
(concerned)
A tower that size could be affecting
hundreds of thousands of people back
on Earth.

EZEQUIEL
We need to scrutinize the images
first, come up with a plan.

I'll arrange a briefing first thing tomorrow.

MAYA
(with warmth)
Matthew, are you going to introduce
us?

MATTHEW
I found her walking the surface alone.
She said Afia sent her.

EZEQUIEL
Yeah. And where is the old witch
now?

MAYA
(sharply, then calming)
Ezequiel, What is your name?

TARA
Tara.

MAYA

I know Afia wouldn't send you here on your own. Do you know where she is?

TARA

I was at her gallery, and I drank the vial. I was falling asleep when a man came. I think he shot her.

EZEQUIEL

(anger)

Damn it!

In a fit of rage, Ezequiel thrashes at the items on his desk, sending them flying. He storms off, slamming the door behind him.

MAYA

Matthew, make sure he doesn't do anything stupid.

Matthew gives Tara a reassuring wink and follows Ezequiel.

MAYA (CONT'D)

You must be hungry. Follow me.

CUT TO:

INT. MESS HALL - BASE - THE IN-BETWEEN - NIGHT

Maya and Tara fill their plates with food, the warm, comforting aroma contrasting with the cold, hard reality they face.

They sit at a table, quiet conversations around them.

MAYA

(gentle, Nurturing)

Afia shielded you, so you'd be ready to face the truth when the time

TARA

What's going on?

MAYA

Warpers twist minds, distorting reality. If they control enough minds, our world merges with theirs. We must prevent that.

TARA

Does anyone in power know about this?

Maya shakes her head gently, her expression serious yet serene.

MAYA

Only those who can perceive this place are aware. We have allies on Earth who risk everything to help us.

Tara's eyes light up with a flicker of hope.

TARA

(hopeful)

Do you know anyone named Shauna Wilkes?

Maya's face softens further, though there's a hint of evasion in her tone.

MAYA

I'm not sure. Why?

TARA

She's my mother. She disappeared when I was eleven. I hoped to find her here.

MAYA

Reaches out, placing a comforting hand on Tara's arm.

MAYA

I'm sorry, Tara. I haven't heard of anyone by that name here.

CUT TO:

INT. GARDEN - BASE - THE IN-BETWEEN - NIGHT

Maya and Tara walk through an expansive cavern, illuminated by bright, artificial lights. Farmers diligently tend to crops, their movements efficient and purposeful.

MAYA

All the food we eat is grown here. The white dirt is high in calcium carbonate.

Tara looks overwhelmed by the activity around her, the sheer scale of it all.

MAYA (CONT'D)

We take activated charcoal tablets to prevent mild poisoning from
(MORE)

MAYA (CONT'D)
prolonged consumption. The lights
and everything else here run on
electricity from the natural
electromagnetic fields in the
atmosphere, like the energy from
lightning on Earth.

An aircraft descends onto a nearby landing pad, its sleek
form glinting under the lights.

TARA
(awe-struck)
Why have I never seen anything like
this before?

MAYA
Most of the tech here is reverse-
engineered from Warper technology.
If it got back to Earth, the Wappers
could use it against us.

CUT TO:

INT. AIRCRAFT - MILITARY AREA - BASE - THE IN-BETWEEN -
NIGHT

Sunita emerges from her aircraft, holding her helmet with a
look of intense focus.

SUNITA
The balance is a lot better. But
it's not perfect.

John's eyes light up with excitement, his mind already
whirring with potential solutions.

JOHN
I have an idea. Give me a few
minutes.

He eagerly opens a panel on the aircraft, his fingers moving
deftly over the controls. Maya and Tara approach, their
presence barely registering in John's concentrated world.

MAYA
Hey. This is Tara. She has just
arrived.

Sunita turns, her demeanor shifting to a warm yet determined
welcome.

SUNITA

(friendly yet strong)

Welcome to God's last frontier. I'm Sunita. This is John.

JOHN

(briefly looking up)

Hi.

TARA

What kind of aircraft is that?

Sunita's eyes sparkle with pride.

SUNITA

This is Bonnie. An electric propulsion aircraft designed for near vertical lift and forward thrust. She self-charges when flying through EMF's, which is handy when there's a Warper on your tail.

John, still focused on his work, can't resist chiming in.

JOHN

(geeky enthusiasm)

See the helmet Sunita is holding? It stimulates the brain, keeping the blood flowing to the central nervous system. Worn together with an anti-g suit, it helps prevent loss of consciousness under high G loads.

A gunner emerges from a tube, their presence reinforcing the seriousness of their mission.

TARA

What is he doing?

SUNITA

He's a gunner, keeping watch for Warper activity on the surface. Shoot the bastards down if they come. John is my gunner and mechanic. The best in the business at both.

Matthew approaches, his expression serious.

SUNITA

And here is the best scout in the business. Personally responsible for the fall of fifteen interference towers.

MATTHEW

(serious)

Ezequiel wants to see you.

CUT TO:

INT. EZEQUIEL'S OFFICE - BASE - THE IN-BETWEEN - NIGHT

Ezequiel stands as Tara, Matthew, and Maya enter, his presence commanding the room.

EZEQUIEL

(apologetic yet
forceful)

I'm sorry for the way I behaved earlier. It was completely out of order. I can only hope that you can forgive me and give me the opportunity to show you that I serve all of you, in the hope that one day we might defeat the scourge that is Xeto.

Tara nods her head politely, the tension in the room palpable.

EZEQUIEL (CONT'D)

The thing is, Afia must have sent you here for a reason. Can I see your bag?

Tara hands Ezequiel her bag. He takes out her sketchbook and flicks through the drawings, his brow furrowing with concentration.

EZEQUIEL

Did you draw these?

Tara Nods.

EZEQUIEL

You must have a very clear mind. Do you recognize any of these places?

Ezequiel hands the sketchbook to Matthew, who quickly flips to the page with the folded corner.

MATTHEW

I found Tara on the surface close to this rock formation.

Suddenly, Tara is overwhelmed by loud, incoherent whispers. She collapses to her knees, clutching her ears in agony.

EZEQUIEL

(Unsure)

Is she okay?

MATTHEW

I found her doing this on the surface.

Maya rushes to Tara, her face etched with concern.

MAYA

(Concerned)

Tara, can you hear me?

TARA

(in pain)

Yes.

MAYA

Talk to me. Tell me what is going on.

TARA

I can hear whispering. It's really loud.

MAYA

Come with me. I'll get you some water.

EZEQUIEL

(commanding)

Wait. What does the whispering sound like?

TARA

I don't know.

EZEQUIEL

Is it high-pitched and sharp?

TARA

Yes.

EZEQUIEL

(sudden realization)

Oh my god. I think she can hear them.

MAYA

Hear who?

TARA

They are coming. Here. Now.

MAYA

Who is coming?

TARA

The Warpers.

An alarm blares through the room, and Sunita bursts in, her face set with determination.

SUNITA

There are twenty Warper aircraft heading this way.

EZEQUIEL

(Urgent)

We need to evacuate the base now.

SUNITA

We should stay and fight.

EZEQUIEL

Everything that is not nailed down needs to be loaded into a vehicle. We will follow escape route A to the surface and make our way to the secondary base in the north. All surface gunners are to remain in their positions until further notice. Understood?

SUNITA

Yes, boss.

Sunita rushes out. Ezequiel turns to Matthew with fierce determination.

EZEQUIEL

Keep Tara safe.

MATTHEW

Should I take her back to Earth?

EZEQUIEL

Under no circumstances is she to go back to Earth.

CUT TO:

INT. MILITARY AREA - BASE - THE IN-BETWEEN - NIGHT

Tara, clutching her head in agony, stumbles as she and Matthew sprint through the chaotic military area.

CRASH! The ground convulses under a Warper air-strike, debris raining down.

People dash frantically, carrying furniture and supplies, their expressions masks of fear and desperation.

CUT TO:

INT. GARDEN - BASE - THE IN-BETWEEN - NIGHT

Tara and Matthew race past the garden, where farmers are frantically digging crops from the white dirt, trying to salvage what they can.

CRASH! Another Warper strike hits, the impact throwing them off balance. Tara trips, but Matthew pulls her up, urgency in every movement.

CUT TO:

INT. SURFACE VEHICLE AREA - BASE - THE IN-BETWEEN - NIGHT

Vehicles are being loaded with desperate speed. Matthew helps Tara into the passenger seat of the first vehicle.

MATTHEW

Wait here. I have to go help.

CRASH! Another impact. Matthew grips the vehicle, the base convulsing around them.

CUT TO:

INT. MILITARY AREA - BASE - THE IN-BETWEEN - NIGHT

CRASH! The base shakes violently as another Warper air-strike hits. Rocks and debris fall from above, scattering across the floor. A gunner descends from the surface, his body badly burned and his steps unsteady. Without hesitation, Matthew rushes to his aid, supporting him and guiding him away from the danger.

CUT TO:

INT. MEDIC AREA - MILITARY AREA - BASE - THE IN-BETWEEN - NIGHT

Matthew enters the medic area, helping the injured gunner onto a stretcher where MAYA and TINA, a medic in her 30's, are tending to the wounded.

MAYA

(Urgently)

He is badly burned. Tina, make sure he has nothing on him and get him some help on Earth. There isn't anything we can do for him here right now.

Tina nods and swiftly gets to work, while Matthew looks on with concern.

MAYA (CONT'D)

(turning to Matthew)

Tell Ezequiel we are five gunners down. If we are going to retreat, we need to go now.

CRASH! The base shakes again under the relentless Warper attack, the urgency of their situation clear and immediate.

CUT TO:

INT. AIRCRAFT - MILITARY AREA - BASE - THE IN-BETWEEN - NIGHT

Ezequiel is deep in conversation with Sunita, their faces etched with determination.

SUNITA

All aircraft are at maximum capacity.

EZEQUIEL

Okay. Tell the gunners to stand down and the vehicles to move out. Anybody not essential to the evacuation is to go back to Earth. Then take the aircraft to the secondary base. Lose any Warpers that follow you and do not engage with them. We will meet you there in twenty-four hours.

SUNITA

Got it.

CRASH! Another Warper strike hits, shaking the base. Dust and debris rain down, heightening the sense of urgency. Matthew rushes up to Ezequiel, his expression grave.

MATTHEW

Maya says we need to leave now.

EZEQUIEL

I've just given the order. Where is Tara?

MATTHEW

I put her in a surface vehicle.

EZEQUIEL

(shouts)

Go find her. Don't leave her side.

CUT TO:

INT. MILITARY AREA - BASE - THE IN-BETWEEN - NIGHT

Many gunners descend rapidly from the surface, their faces etched with determination, as Matthew dashes past them.

CUT TO:

INT. GARDEN - BASE - THE IN-BETWEEN - NIGHT

Matthew sprints through the now-deserted garden. He barely notices a farmer off to the side, drinking from a vial. The farmer's features blur, fading into a silhouette and then into nothingness, swallowed by the chaos.

CUT TO:

INT. SURFACE VEHICLE AREA - BASE - THE IN-BETWEEN - NIGHT

CRASH! CRASH! CRASH! The base is under relentless assault, hit repeatedly by Warper air-strikes. Matthew sprints in front of a moving surface vehicle, forcing it to a sudden halt. He yanks open the passenger door.

MATTHEW

(desperate)

Where is she?

DRIVER

Who?

MATTHEW

The passenger—where is she?

The driver points towards the garden.

DRIVER

You mean her over there.

Matthew's eyes follow the direction of the driver's finger, spotting Tara standing by the garden, staring upwards, seemingly lost in thought.

CUT TO:

INT. GARDEN - BASE - THE IN-BETWEEN - NIGHT

Earthling aircraft are seen leaving, their lights cutting through the darkness. Tara stands motionless, staring up at the retreating lights, lost in thought. Suddenly, a deafening CRASH shatters the stillness. The lights and ceiling come crashing down in front of her, leaving the sky visible above.

A Warper aircraft hovers menacingly over the newly formed hole, its dark silhouette stark against the crimson sky. Tara remains frozen, transfixed by the sight above her.

In a split second, Matthew races toward Tara, his movements a blur of urgency as he drinks his vial. He grabs her tightly, and in an instant, they disappear just as the Warper ship fires. The blast leaves a gaping hole where they had stood moments before.

CUT TO WHITE:

INT. LIVING AREA - HOUSE - AFRICAN PLAINS - NIGHT

The blinding light fades, revealing Matthew and Tara locked in each other's grasp. They open their eyes, finding themselves in an unfamiliar, dimly lit room.

TARA

(Confused)

Where are we?

MATTHEW

I don't know. I didn't have time to envisage our re-entry.

TARA

Are we back on Earth?

MATTHEW

Yes.

Matthew and Tara cautiously open the front door.

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE HOUSE - AFRICAN PLAINS - NIGHT

They step outside into the vast expanse of the African plains, the night air cool against their skin.

The landscape is serene, a stark contrast to the chaos they just escaped.

In the near distance, a shadowy figure stands still, observing them. Matthew squints, trying to make out the figure.

MATTHEW

(Shouts)

Hey. Can you tell me where we are?

The figure turns slowly, stepping into the moonlight. It's Afia, a knowing smile on her face.

AFIA

(Smiling)

I've been expecting you.

CUT TO BLACK:

FADE IN:

EXT. OUTSIDE HOUSE - AFRICAN PLAINS - NIGHT

The vast expanse of the African plains stretches out, bathed in the soft glow of the moon. Matthew and Tara exchange uncertain glances, their breaths visible in the cool night air. Afia approaches, her presence both reassuring and enigmatic.

AFIA

(warm)

I knew you'd find your way here.
Come, you must be tired.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING AREA - HOUSE - AFRICAN PLAINS - NIGHT

Afia leads them inside, where the room is warmly lit by an array of candles. The walls are adorned with intricate tapestries, and a soft, earthy scent fills the air. Afia gestures for them to sit.

AFIA

Please.

TARA

(confused)

I thought you had.... Why did you
leave me?

AFIA

(Smiling)

I wanted you to see the in-between
for yourself. Breathe in the air
and the dirt. I wanted it to speak
to you.

Matthew shifts uncomfortably, his skepticism evident.

MATTHEW

(confused)

How did we get here?

AFIA

You should rest. You've had a long
journey. We'll talk more in the
morning.

CUT TO:

INT. SMALL ROOM - HOUSE - AFRICAN PLAINS - NIGHT

Tara and Matthew sit in a small, cozy room, the walls adorned
with vibrant fabrics. They sit on opposite sides of the
room, an uneasy silence between them.

TARA

(Sighs)

Thank you. For saving my life.

MATTHEW

(shrugs)

Whatever it is that speaks to you.
It nearly got us all killed. I am
going to speak to Afia in the morning,
tell her that you shouldn't go back
to the in-between.

Matthew leaves. Tara picks up a pillow and holds it close.
She squeezes the pillow with all her might, fighting away
the tears.

Tara stands and paces to the window berthing heavily. She
stares out the window at the night sky filled with stars.

As tara turns away there is a clatter. Startled, Tara notices
a picture frame has fallen onto the floor from a side-table.
She picks it up, careful not to cut herself on the broken
glass.

The picture depicts three women, all smiling, standing in
the same room Tara is in now. The woman are Afia, Maya and
Shauna, who is heavily pregnant.

AFIA

(smiling)

Now that was a good day.

Tara is startled and lost for words.

AFIA (CONT'D)

That day your mother vowed never to go back to the in-between.

TARA

(desperate)

Please, where is my mother?

AFIA

I'm sorry. But nobody knows. She left us, just as she left you.

TARA

Maya said she didn't know her.

AFIA

She has her reasons. As we all do.

TARA

Why? What did she do?

AFIA

It's not what she did do. It's what she didn't.

TARA

(upset)

Please, stop talking in riddles.

AFIA

If you want to know more find a man called Lawrence. Lawrence Tavernier.

TARA

Why. Who is he?

AFIA

He, my dear. Is your father.

CRASH! There is a large clattering noise, it reverberates around the room, sending chill's through both Afia and Tara.

Matthew enters.

MATTHEW

(Scared)

What was that noise?

AFIA
(concerned)
We are being watched.

MATTHEW
What. Are you sure?

AFIA
Tara, do you hear anything?

TARA
(scared)
No. Nothing.

Suddenly the piercing whispers engulf Tara, sending her to the ground in agony.

AFIA
(to Matthew,)
You both need to leave. Use the In-between to get to New York.

MATTHEW
Why her. She nearly got us all killed.

AFIA
(demands)
Go Matthew. Now.

Matthew is reluctant at first. Afia glares at him. Matthew takes Tara's hand and they start to disappear.

At this moment the door bursts open, a Warper Controlled Human with glowing red eyes, lunges towards Afia with an almighty yell.

CUT TO WHITE:

INT. GARDEN - BASE - THE IN-BETWEEN - NIGHT

A Blinding Light slowly fades revealing Tara and Matthew under the cavernous hole created by the warper aircraft where they so nearly died.

Tara's pain relents as quickly as it came. They both stand up. Matthew's concern is deadly real.

TARA
(confused)
What was that?

MATTHEW
A W.C.H. Warper Controlled Human

TARA

(upset)

We have to go back. Help Afia.

MATTHEW

She said we are to go to New York.
Any Idea why?

TARA

I don't know.

(realization)

Unless, that's where my father lives.

MATTHEW

(surprised)

Your father?

TARA

I'm supposed to find him. Lawrence
Tavernier.

MATTHEW

(sarcasm)

What! Your joking right. Lawrence
Tavernier, your father. This day
just keeps getting better and better.

TARA

(confused)

I don't understand.

MATTHEW

You're about to. Hold on tight.

Matthew clings onto to Tara's arm and they begin to slowly
disappear

TARA

(Yells)

Wait.

CUT TO WHITE:

END OF PILOT