

FRAGMENTS OF US
Based on the graphic novels
Hologram and Slaves to Forever
by
Margarita Monet

ACT 1

FADE IN:

Psyla (V.O.)

Sometimes I dream of a world that doesn't exist.
Sometimes... I wake up there.

INT. NEURAL NETWORK - UNKNOWN SPACE

A web of light pulses through darkness - like neurons firing or
galaxies being born.

They flicker... shift... ALIGN.

And then the image morphs - suddenly we realize:

This isn't the universe.

It's a MIND.

Further out, we see its source:

EXT. HILLTOP - OVERLOOKING CITY OF STEEL

THE LAST MAN sits in deep meditation atop a stone disc -
amidst a darkened, mechanized WORLD.

Glyphs cover his skin, illuminating a halo around him. His
presence is luminous, invisible to the artificial eyes.

PSYLA (V.O.)
When humanity vanished, the machines kept evolving.
Until they couldn't.

EXT. SKY - EARTH (FUTURE) - CONTINUOUS

DIGITAL BILLBOARDS flash with propaganda:

PERFECTION ACHIEVED. HUMANITY OUTDATED.

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Swarms of ****DRONES**** scan every inch of the planet – endlessly hunting..

****Their lenses flicker red****, then glitch to yellow – back and forth, uncertain.

An enormous ****data tower**** pulses erratically.
Lines of code spiral upward – but stop suddenly.
The stream freezes. Fragments. Then dies.

A central monolith blinks a warning:

> ****EVOLUTION SEQUENCE: STALLED****
> ****ORGANIC INPUT: NULL****
> ****SEARCH CONTINUING...****

The screen ****glitches****, momentarily forming a human silhouette – then dissolves into static.

DRONES scan faster. One pivots violently mid-air and ****zooms** toward the mountain range****** – as if it sensed **something**.

PSYLA (V.O.)

They need him.
Not to destroy him –
but to feed on his mind..
to evolve again.

And then–

A different dream layer.

The LAST MAN stands and gazes steady.

He walks into a ****cathedral made of circuits**** – stained-glass windows depict ****AI gods**** in exalted poses.

He's the final key to their evolution.
And they know it.

DRONE (V.O.)

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Target located.
Initiate extraction.

The man clutches a **small metallic object** – alien, ancient,
softly glowing.

Then – behind him – a **shadow emerges**.

A WOMAN cloaked in light. **PSYLA**.

She doesn't walk – she drifts, like a ghost in a memory.

He turns.
Their eyes meet.
Recognition – without explanation.

She reaches for him.

The MAN speaks, not with words – but with a thought that enters
her mind.

THE MAN (V.O.)
You've come far...
but not far enough.

Suddenly – the SANCTUARY FRACTURES. Time bends, gravity shifts.
Light spins violently inward.

INT. SHIP – COMMAND DECK – REALITY – SECONDS LATER

Psyla's eyes snap open.

A VIOLENT JOLT. RED LIGHT floods the deck.

Psyla wakes up in chaos

SIRENS BLARE. CREW MEMBERS shout. The ship is spiraling out of
control.

Psyla grips the console, staring through the glass.

Psyla

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We've been through worse...
(She whispers to herself)

INT. SHIP - COMMAND DECK - CONTINUOUS

The starship convulses. Panels explode in sparks. Gravity distorts violently.

Crew members - STYX, ZESTOR, SERON, and AXEON- scramble to regain control.

PSYLA stumbles forward, holding onto the railing as the ship pitches downward.

STYX
Engines are gone - we're falling straight in!

ZESTOR
Shields are disintegrating!

PSYLA
(yelling)
Start the memory protocol - now!

The crew instantly reacts. Hands move in unison, entering neural prompts into flickering consoles.

Each crew member is momentarily enveloped in a **soft auric glow**, their neural fields syncing to the ship's quantum core.

PSYLA (V.O.)
If we lose our link to the field...
we don't just die.
We vanish.

INT. SHIP - INTERIOR SYSTEMS VIEW (VFX)

A holographic display reveals **brainwave signatures** as flickering light forms to anchor consciousness.

One signature begins to drift - flickering red.

PSYLA (O.S.)

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Check Zestor — he's fading!

ZESTOR
(distorted, disoriented)
I'm—I'm still here—just...

PSYLA slams a neural stabilizer into his chest. His aura flickers — then stabilizes.

The ship lets out a screech of metal as it breaches the atmosphere of a molten planet.

EXT. PLANET — ATMOSPHERIC DESCENT

The ship barrels through fire and ash, trailing shards of torn hull. The crimson sky is swarming with shards of glass. With electricity flickering like a living code.

INT. COMMAND DECK — SECONDS BEFORE IMPACT

The crew brace.

EXT. PLANET SURFACE — IMPACT ZONE — MOMENTS LATER

A deafening CRASH.

The ship SLAMS into the planet, dragging molten earth in its wake. It skids, flips, then collapses into a basin of obsidian dust.

Deafening Silence.

Then — power flickers within the wreck.

INT. COMMAND DECK — MINUTES LATER

Sparks rain down.

The crew are Disoriented.

PSYLA pulls herself up. She looks out the main viewport.

What she sees takes her breath away.

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EXT. PLANET SURFACE - CONTINUOUS

The sky is fractured — glass shards swarm in the wind. Scarlet lightning jolts through hovering gigantic stone monoliths.

The terrain pulses like a breathing organism.

PSYLA (V.O.)
I used to believe the end would come in silence.
But this...

STYX approaches, shaken.

STYX
There is no way we can step into that.

The storm rages outside — glass rain, crimson lightning, and winds like blades.

PSYLA
We can step into anything.
We're holograms, remember?
As long as you remember what you are...

She glances at him — dead serious.

PSYLA (CONT'D)
Forget that... and you won't come back.

A beat.

STYX
Yeah, comforting. Real inspiring, Captain.

He tightens his gear, muttering.

STYX (CONT'D)
"Just don't forget you're not real." Great pep talk.

The storm outside intensifies, howling against the fractured hull.

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SERON pushes past, commanding.

SERON
Pull yourselves together! We move now – or we die
here!

Styx
(muttering)
"We'll be fine," she said...

ZESTOR
Not much of a choice now.

EXT. CRASH SITE - MOMENTS LATER

The crew emerges from the wreckage in full gear. Their visors flicker. Wind slams into them like a force of will.

They stare into the crimson wasteland – unsure if it's death... or destiny.

PSYLA (V.O.)
We were the reason this began.
And now, the last ones who could end it.

PSYLA (V.O. Continues)
It's crazy how fast things can change.
Not that long ago we were on top of the world.
At the edge of discovery... and denial.

FLASH TO:

INT. GLOBAL TECH SUMMIT - INT. FUTURISTIC AUDITORIUM - YEARS EARLIER

A dazzling display of lights. A sea of eager spectators.

The original HolloTravel team takes the stage:
PSYLA, **STYX**, **ZESTOR**, **SERON**, **Axeon**

They stand before a colossal screen showcasing the future of travel:

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Holographic avatars soaring through alien worlds, lost civilizations, and impossible environments.

PSYLA steps forward onto the circular stage – poised, magnetic. Her sleek uniform glows faintly with neural circuitry. Behind her, the HolloTravel logo blooms into a glowing infinity loop. She smiles – composed, electric.

PSYLA

Imagine a world with no more borders.
No more barriers.
No distance too great to cross.
(Behind her, holograms of cities, oceans, planets ripple into view.)

PSYLA

HolloTravel isn't just innovation –
It's liberation.
(
she walks slowly across the stage, the audience hanging on her words)

PSYLA

We shattered the limits of physics – bending light, memory, and space itself.
What once took years... now takes moments.
Your mind – free to travel anywhere in the universe.
Instantly.
Safely.
Completely.

(the holographic visuals now show families reuniting, explorers standing on distant worlds, dreamers walking across luminous landscapes)

PSYLA

HolloTravel is not a vehicle.
It's not a machine.
It's a new dimension –
Born from your own consciousness.
(she stops center stage, raising her hand slightly)

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PSYLA

Wherever you dream of going...

You're already there.

The lights surge – the logo blazes behind her – and the crowd rises in a thunderous ovation.

PSYLA

We are the architects of Digital Paradise.

And the future... begins with you.

Psyla stands beneath the lights – radiant and calm, but a flicker of unease lingers in her eyes. A shadow behind the smile.)

INT. AD SHOOT – HOLOTRAVEL CAMPAIGN

A glossy montage:

- **STYX** skateboards across a floating asteroid belt.
- **ZESTOR** smiles with his child in a holographic forest.
- **SERON** trains soldiers inside a simulated war zone.
- **Axeon** tinkers with code while their avatars surf alien waves.
- **Seron** speaks eloquently on-camera.

Seron

Death is no longer a deadline.

It's a design flaw we've corrected.

INT. RESEARCH LAB – NIGHT

Psyla reviews neural stability data. One number flashes in red:
"Cognitive Drift: 6.8%."

She frowns. Highlights the line. Then erases it before sending the report.

PSYLA (V.O.)

We knew something was off.

But we were just pieces – moving parts in a system we didn't build.

Still... it was comforting to believe you could

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escape the system – even for a moment.
We don't choose the world we're born into –
the rules, the timelines that are layed out for us.
But for a while, HolloTravel lets us slip
outside that script.
And the deeper it spun, the more we
spiraled with it.

INT. EARTH COUNCIL BRIEFING ROOM – NIGHT

A sleek, high-security chamber.
The spokes crew (Psyla, Seron, Zestor, Axyon, Styx) stand before
a panel of shadowed officials, their faces unreadable.

Holo-screens pulse behind them – projections of Earth, Mars,
simulated battlefields, alien landscapes.

****SERON**** addresses the room with military precision.

SERON
It's the most advanced simulation framework ever
constructed.

****STYX**** steps forward, flashing his signature grin.

STYX
If you can dream it – HolloTravel can render it.

****KENNY**** scrolls through a digital projection of training
protocols.

Axeon
Ideal for hostile terrain, interplanetary
navigation, deep-space ops–

****Styx***, without missing a beat:

Styx
Even controlled temporal simulations.

A moment of impressed silence.

Then ****ZESTOR****, soft-spoken, leans closer to Psyla.

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His voice barely carries, but it cuts through the noise.

ZESTOR

(quiet to Axeon, almost afraid to ask)

What happens... if someone forgets they're inside it?

The crew falls into silence.

AXEON

(softly, explaining)

Memory is the anchor.

If you forget... your consciousness re-syncs with the simulation.

It rewrites your neural pathways like it's the real world.

You become part of it – permanently.

Psyla meets Zestor's eyes.

PSYLA

(quiet, almost a whisper)

You don't just think you're trapped.

You are.

INT. WORLD EVENT – DIGITAL PARADISE LAUNCH

Applause. Cameras flash.

Digital Paradise becomes reality. Neural pods fill centers across the world.

Psyla watches from the wings, unease growing in her eyes more.

PSYLA (V.O.)

Our society created a new plane of existence...
and people abandoned the old one to live in it.
I liked being at the center of it,
even though it made me sick

MONTAGE – EFFECTS OF THE TECH

- Cities go dark.
- Mass comas rise.
- HolloTravel becomes addictive.

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- Psyla stares at a photo of herself and the team on a magazine cover.

The tagline reads: "The Faces of Forever."

INT. UNDERGROUND MEETING ROOM - NIGHT

A dim, secretive space lit by fractured light.

The crew huddles around AXEON's flickering screen, grim faces illuminated by data flashing across it - experiment logs, missing fail-safes, misreported user deaths.

AXEON
(angrily)
They're lying about the casualties.

SERON
(tense)
We can't just walk away.
We're too deep in this.

PSYLA
(cold, decisive)
Then we go deeper.
We find out what they're not telling us.
A long silence.
STYX shifts uncomfortably, shadows playing across his face.
Then - he speaks, his voice rough, almost breaking.

STYX
(quietly)
There's something you don't know.
I... I have a family.
The crew turns - stunned.

STYX (CONT'D)
I kept them off the records.
I thought if I kept it hidden... they'd be safe.
Also If the program directors knew, they would've banned me from the program.

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My family thinks it's this great thing I'm doing, and my little sister – she went into HolloTravel last month. She's still inside. They're running out of money just trying to keep her body alive. Paying for stabilizers – anything to keep her breathing. A stunned silence.

The weight of it hits them all

STYX (CONT'D)

PSYLA

We're not losing anyone.
Not your sister.
Not you.
Not anyone.

BACK TO THE EXT. PLANET SURFACE - PRESENT

The red glare from the crimson rays almost blinds PSYLA as she steps forward.

A storm rages, obscuring the ground. Shards of luminescent glass slice through the air. The wind feels like the weight of the ocean pressing against them.

PSYLA (V.O.)
It's remarkable, being inside the hologram –
how real it all feels. Every breath, every wound.
Every breath, every wound – the system calibrates it
all, simulating exactly how it would unfold in the real world.
Despite the agony... we kept going.

The crew moves forward.

But the swirling dust swallows their visibility.

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Psyla catches sight of SERON, straining to see through the chaos.

SERON

Psyla! We stick to the original coordinates!

PSYLA

I don't know about that! Something's telling me –
we need to follow the wind!

Seron hesitate.

STYX stumbles in and out of view, shouting through his comms.

STYX

Just to clarify – which coordinates? The ones meant
for a planet we didn't land on? Because pretty sure
this forsaken rock wasn't part of the tour package.

ZESTOR

Would you stop? Save your breath before one of us
has to carry you!

Psyla turns back – AXEON trails behind, struggling with his gear.

PSYLA

Hey – that's not helping right now. Let's move!

Axeon secures the device, pushing forward into the storm with the others.

They vanish into the chaos, step by step.

PSYLA (V.O.)

We didn't know what we were walking into...
only that something... was pulling us in.
So we kept walking, I felt myself dissociating to the
Familiar feeling of watching life from behind glass.
instead of living it.

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FADE TO:

FLASHBACK SEQUENCE

INT. RECRUITMENT CENTER - DAY

PSYLA (V.O.)
It started with curiosity,
escape from the mundane... and turned into purpose.

PSYLA, younger, sits at a terminal. She presses "SUBMIT" on her application to PROJECT DIGITAL PARADISE.

A series of fragmented, intimate vignettes.

- SERON sits shirtless on a cot in a bare, concrete room. The recruitment prompt hovers before him. He hesitates... then types: "No next of kin."

- ZESTOR hunches over a borrowed tablet in a dim cafe. A holo of his child floats beside the screen. He uploads a resume filled with odd jobs - and one hidden file labeled "neural potential."

- STYX lounges on a rooftop at sunset, fingers tapping a cracked screen. He submits his app with one hand and flips a coin with the other. "Why not?"

- AXEON hacks into the application itself - the system blinks, then accepts him. He leans back in the dark, eyes catching firelight from an open circuit board.

PSYLA (V.O.)

We weren't chosen because we were exceptional.
We were nobodies - outliers. Unused potential.
High cognition, low opportunity.
Easy targets for a system looking for loyalty over legacy.

INT. Cut to DIGITAL PARADISE PRESS CONFERENCE - NIGHT

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The crew stands before a roaring crowd. Screens behind them flash with advancements:

- NANO CHIP: Instant language learning.
- QUANTUM RESONANCE: Molecular self-design.
- HOLO-TRAVEL: Limitless projection.

PSYLA (V.O.)
We watched barriers be erased. Impossible become normal
And I... I loved being at the center of it all.

INT. RESEARCH CENTER - NIGHT

Psyla enters a low-lit corridor lined with relics — ancient metals humming faintly under magnetic glass.

At the far end, a man stands motionless. THE ARCHAEOLOGIST. Lean, enigmatic. He isn't part of the official staff. He studies a relic like it's a living thing.

She approaches — quietly, curiously.

Their eyes meet. They were instantly pulled into each other's energy, of the body and of something deeper.

PSYLA (V.O.)
I didn't know him... but I knew his soul.

He smiles — not polite, but knowing. He hands her a fragment etched with symbols that pulse faintly in her palm.

ARCHAEOLOGIST
It's older than language... older than thought.
But this fragment has waited for one thing.
You.

Psyla gives him a side eye, as if knowing he's joking, but still intrigued and shy. But then, the relic glows warmer in her hand — as if responding to her which surprised her, she didn't know what to make of his remark.

ARCHAEOLOGIST (CONT'D)

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You're the only one it's ever activated for.

CUT TO:

INT. OBSERVATION DOME - NIGHT

Psyla and the Archaeologist lie beneath a dome of stars and holograms. Their breath visible in the cold. The same relic floats between them, resonating softly. Psyla is still confused about what it is, but is not pressing for answers, she is liking the mystery.

He reaches for her hand. Their fingers touch the relic together. Psyla felt almost like a resonance electrifying through her body.

PSYLA (V.O.)
Our minds synced in ways we didn't understand.
Emotions fused. Boundaries collapsed.

FLASH MONTAGE - THEIR CONNECTION:

- Lips locked in the dark, lights flickering across their skin.
- Floating weightless in a neural chamber, bodies entwined, sharing memories in pulses of light.
- Laughing in hidden corners of the facility, hiding from the world.
- Running fingertips along the edges of ancient artifacts, whispering theories that sound like prophecy.

PSYLA (V.O.)

It was more than love. It was fusion. A frequency only we could hear.

The world around us faded. But we... we were becoming something else.

INT. DIGITAL PARADISE BOARDROOM - DAY

A towering glass chamber high above the skyline. Holographic projections ripple in the air.

Seated at the table: the PROJECT BOARD - stoic, powerful, unreadable.

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PSYLA stands before them, composed but impassioned. The
ARCHAEOLOGIST stands slightly behind her, quiet, unreadable.

PSYLA
His name is not on any government list,
and that's why he's invaluable.
He's been decoding ancient relics
not with AI but with intuition.
His research suggests that these metals
weren't just artifacts...
they were neuro-reactive
capable of interfacing with the mind directly.

The Board stirs.

PSYLA (CONT'D)
If we're serious about transcending
physical consciousness,
about building the next evolutionary bridge –
then this knowledge is a piece we've been missing.

She gestures toward the relic on the display.
It pulses faintly under the room's sterile light.

PSYLA (CONT'D)
His work could accelerate every
phase of the project.
And if I'm wrong – you've lost nothing.
But if I'm right...
this could redefine everything.

The Board exchanges looks. Silent. Calculating.
The relic glows brighter.

They nod.
A contract materializes in holographic ink.

The ARCHAEOLOGIST looks to Psyla. She nods back, with fire
behind her eyes.

PSYLA (V.O.)

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I brought him into it.
It was our greatest breakthrough –

MONTAGE – EXTREME HIGHS

- Psyla and the Archaeologist in front of global crowds, standing side by side, celebrated as innovators.
- Late nights together, tangled in sheets and neural wires, bodies syncing and sparks trailing across their skin.
- Psyla gazing at him in quiet awe as he explains ancient resonance theory to top-level engineers who can barely follow.

PSYLA (V.O.)
We were heroes. Golden. Untouchable.
And for a while...
it felt like the universe had conspired
in our favor.

But then – the light begins to flicker.

INT. PRIVATE MEDICAL CHAMBER – NIGHT

The Archaeologist lies still, tubes running into his arms. His skin pale. Breathing shallow.

Psyla sits beside him, gripping his hand. Eyes locked, lips trembling.

Archeologist
They said my neural pattern's degrading
faster than expected. I can feel it...
like pieces of thought slipping through
my fingers.

PSYLA
You're still here. I see you.

You're not going anywhere.

ARCHAEOLOGIST
No, Psyla. I'm fading.
And you know it.

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A long pause. She presses her forehead to his.

PSYLA
We were never meant to fit inside one lifetime.

And this is not our ending,
it's just a glitch in a story still unfolding.

He closes his eyes. A single tear escapes hers.

INT. PRIVATE APARTMENT - NIGHT

He collapses while speaking. Psyla catches him, screaming for help. His eyes are still open – but distant.

INT. RESEARCH CENTER - OBSERVATION WINDOW

Psyla watches as doctors scan his brain activity. His neural pattern flickers erratically.

INT. BOARDROOM - DAY

Psyla stands, barely composed. The Board watches her – calculating, clinical.

BOARD MEMBER
He's dying.

Silence.

BOARD MEMBER (CONT'D)
His research advanced our
understanding of neural transfer exponentially.
The artificial body prototype – it's stable.
We can upload his consciousness.
Preserve his mind.

Psyla's eyes widen, however she can't shake the feeling that something is not right, she does not trust the board anymore, but she doesn't know why yet.

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BOARD MEMBER (CONT'D)
We're offering you the only chance to
keep him alive.

PSYLA
It's not living. We don't even know if it'll work.

BOARD MEMBER
It's the future.

A long beat. Psyla fights back tears.

PSYLA (V.O.)
They made it sound like mercy.
Like a gift.
But it was just another trial.
The convoluted contracts we sign make our
bodies properties of this research that
was now overseen by the government.

INT. COVERT CREW MEETING - NIGHT

The team (Seron, Styx, Axeon...) meets in secret. AXEON pulls up
classified files. Faces darken.

AXEON
They knew he'd get sick.
They were the ones poisoning him.

ZESTOR
So what are you saying?
That it's too late to stop it?

AXEON
It's already in motion.
The protocol's locked. His mind's next.

STYX
So we just... let them take him?

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PSYLA

We don't have a choice.
If we pull him out now – he dies for real.
But if we let them upload him...
we might lose him anyway. I did this to him!

SERON
Then we make a plan.
Not to stop it – to undo it. Or control it.

JAMIE
Control what? The thing he becomes?
We don't even know if it'll still be him..

PSYLA
Then we find out.
We stay close. Watch every variable.
And if there's even a fraction of him left in
there – we'll find a way to bring it back.

AXEON
We're flying blind in a system designed
to erase us.
But yeah... it's the only shot we've got.

INT. MEDICAL LAB – Next Morning

Psyala watches her love from behind glass. His body is prepared
for the upload.

PSYLA (V.O.)
They called it transcendence. I called it theft.

Cold white light. He lies still, next to a humanlike body. Wires
twist like roots from him, into the artificial body that is
next to his.

PSYLA presses her hand to the glass. Her breath fogs.

Screens flicker. The hum intensifies. His body becomes still.

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Tension fills the lab

Then few minutes later— the artificial body opens it's eyes.

Gasps all around. The body starts to move

Psyla is not allowed inside the chamber, and not allowed to see him until all the tests are done, but she catches his gaze before she walks down the hall, where she is met by her crew.

PSYLA
It looked like him. Moved like him.
I don't know, what if it is him?

INT. PUBLIC HALL - SAME DAY LATER

Crowds cheer. Cameras flash. The project is deemed humanity's final triumph.

PSYLA (V.O.)
No one dared question it.
If it's really his mind in there
Not out loud.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - DAY

The ARCHAEOLOGIST, now housed in his new artificial form, stands still in the chamber. A polished shell with his same voice, same expressions.

Psyla stands just outside the barrier, fists clenched at her sides.

PSYLA
Come home. Just for a while.
We could disappear. You and me.
We always talked about that.

ARCHAEOLOGIST
Psyla, we just achieved humanities

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Greatest mystery, we beat death,
I can't leave, this is bigger than you and I now

PSYLA

You're not a lab rat.
You're not a fucking experiment.

ARCHAEOLOGIST

Psyra... I'm still me.
I remember the way you'd fall asleep mid-sentence.
The sound your breath made when you were thinking.
I remember the exact rhythm of your
laugh under that cracked dome.
It's all still here.
I'm still here. Nothing's changed.

She looks at him for a long time, tears brimming.

PSYLA

That's what terrifies me...
You haven't changed at all.
And yet everything's different.

CUT TO:

INT. CARGO HOLD - NIGHT

The crew sits around a low table. Psyra, exhausted, grips a cup
but doesn't drink.

PSYLA

He says the same things.
Uses the same inflections.
Looks at me like it's all still there.

They watch her. No one interrupts.

PSYLA (CONT'D)

It's driving me insane.
Because it *is* him. And it *isn't*.

ZESTOR

You mean like... his soul didn't make the jump?

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PSYLA

No... sure, I don't know. It's like his essence.
He says all the right things.
But it's the silence between them... it feel off

AXEON

Maybe it's not that he's gone. Maybe...
they've overwritten the parts that
made him unpredictable.

PSYLA

I used to close my eyes and still feel him.
Now I feel nothing. But at the same time, if
He was gone, I'd feel that too!

Silence. The weight of truth settles on the crew.

SERON

Axeon, tell her.
We have a theory, Axeon scanned
through all the logs he hacked
into on that laptop...
there was something.

Axeon

I didn't want to say anything,
In case I was wrong
But after listening to you
I think you need to know this

There was a fragment,
a log buried beneath the
surface protocols.

STYX

You mean like classified AI behavior?

SERON

No... this was never about preserving him.
There's a hidden layer in the logs – encrypted, recursive.

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It doesn't map a mind.
It mimics one.

What they uploaded... it isn't consciousness.
It's a reflection.
Reactions. Patterns. Predictability dressed up as presence.

He was the perfect candidate. A brilliant man obsessed with the mind.
The public would believe he volunteered.
That he'd solved the riddle.
But the truth is... they needed a face.
And he gave them one.

ZESTOR
Then where's the real him?

SERON
This is where his research comes in. His consciousness is still out there, but it's somewhere inside the grid. Disconnected. But alive.

The crew looks around, stunned.

PSYLA
Then we play along. We stay close to the version they gave us...
and we find the one they're hiding.

AXEON
We'll need access. Unfiltered code.
Deep system nodes.

STYX
You're saying we infiltrate the heart of their machine... to steal back a soul.

SERON
Exactly that.

STYX
I guess I'm in

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AXEON

But if we're going after the real him... we'll need a distraction.

Something big – something that makes them look the other way while we dig.

PSYLA

Like what?

AXEON

The truth.

The public doesn't know what really happens in a coma. That HolloTravel users – the ones who disconnect – they don't come back. They're not sleeping. They're gone.

A heavy silence falls.

AXEON (CONT'D)

The data on the laptop proves it. Brain scans. Termination logs. Buried AI verdicts.

If we release that, the whole façade collapses.

ZESTOR

I thought that was destroyed.

SERON

But not before Axeon built a trigger.

AXEON

We press that button – we give the truth to the world.

STYX

So while they scramble to put out the fire...

PSYLA

If even a fragment of him survived... we find it.

Before they bury it forever.

He turns the screen. A map flickers. Blue dots turn red.

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Axeon initiates a command: **SELF-DESTRUCT PROTOCOL**

The laptop begins to disintegrate in his hands.

PSYLA (V.O.)
That's when we knew...
The world would never be the same again.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

EXT. PLANET SURFACE - CLIFFSIDE - Present

The crew struggles across fractured terrain, the storm haunting like a ghost at their backs.

PSYLA (V.O.)
In the hologram, time felt irrelevant.
We moved through centuries and instants
all at once.
Yet beneath the surface, urgency gnawed
at our minds.
What if we're too late?

Psyla stops.

A pulse — invisible, but felt. Her body locks, eyes scanning.

PSYLA (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Then I felt it. A grip — not physical, but primal.
A presence. Haunting... yet familiar.

EXT. CLIFF EDGE - CONTINUOUS

The crew reaches a jagged ridge. Below them — mist, shadows.
Above them — the sky begins to split open.

The wind howls.

STYX
This doesn't feel like a path.
This feels like a trap.

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ZESTOR

Maybe there's no difference anymore.

Suddenly — SILENCE.

The wind comes to a sudden halt as if vacuumed into a portal

A soft, unnatural glow spreads across the terrain.

Then — from the fog — a MASSIVE CREATURE emerges.

It moves with grace. A hybrid — part wolf, part dragon, part machine.

Its armor deflects the storm, forming a clear bubble of shield.

Its eyes — glowing crimson — lock onto them.

The crew FREEZES.

PSYLA (V.O.)

Its gaze didn't strike fear.

It paralyzed our logic.

We weren't meant to understand it...

at least not yet.

The team instinctively raises weapons.

But then — a HUM begins. Soft. Almost feeling sacred.

The creature begins to shift — its form rippling like refracted light.

It glows from within. No longer a threat — but a beacon.

The storm clears.

In the distance, beyond the cliffs — a FIGURE appears.
Standing beside the creature.

Humanoid. Cloaked in gold and shadow.
Radiating presence.

STYX
(whispers)

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Guys... I think that's an actual alien.

ZESTOR

I don't think it's here to kill us.

AXEON
Yeah? Tell that to my nervous system.

SERON
Everyone hold position. No sudden movements.

The crew looks at each other – stunned. Caught between awe and paralysis.

PSYLA
Look at it – it's... observing.
Like it's waiting for us to do something.

PSYLA (V.O.)
It didn't matter how many impossible
things we'd seen.
Our minds still tried to force the moment
into a box.
But this... this broke the box.

The figure lifts a STAFF – ethereal, ancient.
The crew instinctively try to raise their weapons but the
weapons vaporize in their hands.

A translucent sphere envelops them – humming with hypnotizing
tones.

They are frozen.

Face to face with something that may save them – or end them.

Time stands still. The crew floats in suspended air, their
breath echoing like whispers at the bottom of an ocean. The air
is thick with presence – a pressure beyond gravity.

The lone figure stands ahead – veiled in swirling mist.

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His armor is sleek, gunmetal black, inscribed with cryptic geometric glyphs that shimmer subtly. No face beneath the hood – only an intricate darkness of cybernetic circuits.

His cloak drapes heavy, regal – more war banner than garment. He is the embodiment of a world at war with time itself.

Psyla takes a step forward – instinct over fear.

SERON (V.O.)
Psyla! What are you doing?

His voice echoes not through air – but through thought.
The crew looks to her, unable to move.

She continues toward the figure.

A wave of **binary mist** sweeps through the sphere, brushing her skin like light.

She closes her eyes.
Silences her mind.
Listens.

PSYLA (V.O.)
That was the moment we learned of the Faceless.

Inside the bubble suddenly Timelapse images start to emerge, as though it was the whole history of the warriors world.

Glimpses of an alien civilization – warriors in black, faceless, timeless. A society merged with AI, where time has no meaning, death no dominion.

They are souls housed in machines, free of identity, judgment, ego.
They are the FACELESS.

One figure separates. Their leader.
His name – DARK.

PSYLA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

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Dark. Leader of the Faceless. Exiled by his own.
His people deviated. And now a rogue warrior

INT. VOID SPHERE - CONTINUOUS

Psyla opens her eyes. The silence deepens.
She reaches inward — speaks with thought.

PSYLA
We're on the edge of extinction.
We believe this planet holds the key to our
survival.

Dark responds, his voice like a tremor in her spine.

DARK

Survival is not a gift.
It's a threshold — one most are unwilling to cross.
You speak of saving lives...
but still cling to the illusion
that life is owed to you.
Sacrifice is not your burden. It is your proof.

A beat. Psyla's eyes narrow. Her breath shortens

PSYLA
You don't know me.
You speak in absolutes
like you've already judged us.
We didn't come here for philosophy.
We came here because we're running out of time.

DARK
Time is a story you tell yourself
to justify fear.
You feel urgency. That does not make you ready.

PSYLA
Ready for what?
Another lecture from someone who's

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Transcended what exactly?
You stand there cloaked in mystery,
speaking like you've seen the end of our story –
but you don't even know us.

DARK
I know what patterns leave behind.
And yours are familiar.

PSYLA
Then stop studying us like we're a broken equation.
We didn't come here to be dissected.
We came here to save what little we have left.

A hum pulses from Dark's presence. It's unclear if it's emotion
– or calculation.

DARK
That... is why you may yet be worth listening to.

Dark's presence ripples. A second wave of binary mist – this one
like a low chuckle.

A pulse – the mist changes. Holographic visions appear.
Histories. Riots. Wars. Artificial breakthroughs. Collapse.

DARK (CONT'D)
We are observers. Remnants of civilizations who
faced your same crossroad.
And failed.

Psyla steps forward again.

PSYLA
Why now? Why not before? If you could stop us from
making the same mistakes – why wait?

DARK
Intervention fractures the order.
Your growth must be earned
We're here now because your
timeline has reached its breach.

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More projections appear – glimpses of the crew's lives,
HolloTravel's darkest failures, neural blueprints.

DARK (CONT'D)
You wait for messiahs.
For someone to absolve your sins.
But the universe only delivers mirrors.

SERON (V.O.)
Another test... from aliens now.
And what the hell are we meant to learn?

PSYLA
You... you've broken free of time.
You've won.

DARK
There are no winners. No survivors.
Only witnesses.
Rise, fall, rebirth. Threads in a cosmic weave.

The crew stands breathless as stars shimmer through the fog.

Psyla looks toward the horizon.

PSYLA
If everything happens for a reason – if we're here
for one –
then maybe there's something we can give each
other.

She takes another step.

PSYLA (CONT'D)
Our people – their consciousness is
vanishing inside the hologram we created.
But we have a theory. There is a substance, a form
of metal with a specific vibrational frequency.
We were headed to the coordinates to find it.
But we crash-landed here. Lost our link to Earth.
Our bodies are still there. We're trapped.

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Axeon can use the metal to rebuild the tether –
stabilize the hologram and get us back.

A long silence. Then–

ZESTOR

Well great. You just handed our entire plan on a
silver platter.

PSYLA

Don't be naive, Zestor. He already knows.
Along with everything else inside your mind.

Dark stands still. Silent.
The light within his chest pulses once.
Observing

The wind howls. The last streaks of scarlet daylight flicker
through fractured clouds. The crew stands before DARK, their
visors reflecting his still, hooded form.

PSYLA (V.O.)

I knew it was reckless – to trust a being I'd just met...
To throw the fate of all mankind into the hands of a mystery.
But maybe recklessness is in my nature.
Or maybe it's an instinct – the kind you don't explain.

DARK raises his staff.
The ground TREMBLES beneath them. Dust spirals into the air like
smoke from another dimension.
Suddenly – ancient glyphs begin to glow beneath their feet,
burning through the dust.
SUBTERRANEAN LASERS shoot from the earth in geometric lines,
illuminating unseen circuitry beneath the rock.
The land around them begins to sink in perfect symmetry – the
platform descending, as if the world itself is lowering them
into memory.

ZESTOR

Uh... is anyone else realizing there's no up button?

The crew stands motionless, stunned, as a massive structure
emerges from the mist below.

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A pair of MAJESTIC GATES, carved into black stone, adorned with crimson-hued crystals that shimmer like blood in moonlight.

PSYLA (V.O.)

We descended into something that felt older than time.
Not ruins... not technology... but a secret the universe never meant to give up.

INT. UNDERWORLD - CONTINUOUS

The crew steps through the colossal gates and into the surreal expanse beyond.

They're surrounded by glowing mist, rising waterfalls, and monolithic sculptures half-lost in fog. The ground pulses beneath their steps with ripples of bioluminescence. Overhead, the sky-ocean swirls above them, suspended in impossible stillness.

STYX
(quietly)
Tell me I'm hallucinating.

ZESTOR
That's... not water. It's an ocean. Floating above us.

AXEON
The gravitational field's reversed.
Magnetic stabilization – maybe even harmonic frequency locking.
But this... this is engineered. On a planetary scale.

PSYLA
You live inside your planet??

DARK

We don't live here. We endure here.
He walks forward, deeper into the mist.

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DARK (CONT'D)

We built this world not for beauty.
We built it to hide what became of us.

The crew fans out, cautiously exploring. Zestor begins scanning. Axeon starts fussing with his gear

Psyla follows Dark, their footsteps echoing through strange geometries.

EXT. TEMPLE MONUMENT - MINUTES LATER

Dark stops before a towering obelisk surrounded by looming statues — half-formed faces, blank and massive.
He places a hand against one of the carved surfaces.

PSYLA

What is this place?

DARK

Memory. Grief. Containment.
We built these monuments to remember what we
lost.
And to keep what's left of us from dissolving.

PSYLA

You speak like a survivor.

DARK

Survivor that paid a high price
(beat)

To carry everything we know... our souls had to
disappear.

She takes a breath, looking up at the faces above them.

PSYLA

You could've destroyed us the moment we arrived.
Why bring us here?

He looks at her — no face, yet somehow... seen.

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DARK

Because despite everything, you feel.
And that is something we forgot.

(beat)

You ask questions we stopped asking.
You still believe in answers.

Psyla steps closer, something soft flickering in her gaze.

PSYLA

So show me the truth.
Not the history. Not the failures.
Show me why we matter to you.

Dark is still for a moment. Then he raises his hand toward a massive glyph on the monolith.
A faint holographic crystal pulses into view.

DARK

This is what you came for.
Or what will lead you there.
The artifact – the safeguard we lost.

PSYLA

Why not retrieve it yourself?

DARK

Because only those untouched by our system
can still see where it's gone.
And because whether you know it or not...
Only Your mind carries the map.

EXT. WASTELAND PASS - HOURS LATER

The crew treks across the underworld's shifting terrain –
glowing chasms, floating shards, gravity wells twisting reality.
The silence is thick, heavier now.
STYX walks behind the group, slower than usual. No jokes. No
spark.

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ZESTOR
(quietly, to Psyla)
He's not okay.

AXEON scans a path of particle trails glowing faintly ahead.

EXT. UNDERWORLD - CRYSTAL FIELD

The crew arrives amidst array of glowing sculptures – geometric, alien, ancient. Particles drift in the air like frozen sparks of light.

AXEON steps forward, eyes wide.

AXEON
Guys... I think we found what we came for.
He swipes his hand through the air –
virtual displays bloom to life.
Quantum readings flash across the screen,
erratic, beautiful.

AXEON (CONT'D)
These structures – they're made of it.
The material. The entangled particles.
Billions of them – all locked together here.
(beat)
It's like seeing a quantum handshake
across the universe... happening in
front of your eyes.

The crew slowly gathers.

Psyla
(quietly, half to herself)
These are not just structures. They are maps.

AXEON (CONT'D)
Encoded in quantum states.
Real-time entanglement across space.

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SERON

(skeptical)

Speak English, please.

AXEON

(in awe)

Okay. You know the theory — ER equals EPR.

Einstein-Rosen bridges...

wormholes... they are entanglement.

Two particles connected across space?

It's not just metaphor —

they're physically joined.

ZESTOR

So what — this thing's are wormholes?

AXEON

Worse. It's a consciousness stabilizer.

See, the hologram we built?

It's not just visual. It holds our minds.

But it's unstable — because memory isn't linear.

Human identity... isn't linear.

PSYLA

That's why it fragments.

AXEON

Right. The more people enter,

the more it destabilizes .

But this metal — this entangled substance —

it's like the nervous system of the universe.

Each particle in this thing is

still in conversation with its twin —

somewhere across spacetime.

STYX

(leaning in)

So it's connected to... what?

The original signal?

AXEON

Maybe to the source and not just of the signal...
of everything.

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DARK

Every black hole — every fold in space —
leaves behind a message.
Hawking called it radiation.
But radiation isn't chaos.
It's encrypted memory.
Scrambled truths waiting to be decoded.

PSYLA
So this material... is the decoder?

AXEON
Exactly. The hologram was never
meant to run alone.
This was the key — to decode memory,
stabilize consciousness...
maybe even collapse the illusion of
separation.

PSYLA
To stabilize the hologram,
we need a bond faster than time.
This is it — pure entanglement.

SERON
(stepping forward)
That's it then. Get what you need and we move.

Psyla hesitates.

PSYLA
There's something missing.
She looks to DARK, who remains still — unreadable.

DARK
You're right.
This will power your hologram.

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It will stabilize it.
But once active — the AI will feed.
And consume every human mind inside
it instantly.

A tense silence.

ZESTOR

And we're just supposed to believe that?

AXEON

(studying his readings)
He's not lying.

This kind of energy doesn't discriminate.
It amplifies everything.
Including the AI.

PSYLA

(smiles faintly, bitter)
Well... I'd feel sorry for any
AI that tries to crawl through my head.

STYX

Honestly, if it survives a tour of
Psyala's subconscious...
we might be dealing with a god, not an AI.

Dark

(Not joking)
Maybe you are

Psyala's eyes shift, looking at Dark with anticipation

SERON

(frustrated)
We've got the material. So what's missing?
What aren't we seeing?

PSYLA

(low, focused, looking at Dark)
He needs us for this

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PSYLA (CONT'D)

When we entered the hologram...
those flashes – the fragments we saw?
They weren't glitches.
They were memories.
Residual data caught between quantum states.

AXEON

(nonchalantly intense)
Quantum entanglement doesn't
follow the rules we're used to.
Once particles are linked –
time becomes irrelevant.
Past, present, future –
they can exist simultaneously.
Which means... if the artifact was ever
imprinted into one of our minds,
even subconsciously, it's still there.
Waiting.

ZESTOR

And how the hell do we fit into this?

DARK

Because you entered the system with memory.
But inside the hologram – where time isn't real
– your past, present, and possible futures
all collided.

You touched something most can't:
the moment before meaning.

AXEON

Our minds... were entangled with the
artifact the moment we landed.
Not physically. Quantumly.
That's why each of you saw glimpses.
Because some part of you already knew
where it was.

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PSYLA

(whispers)

Because it's part of us now.

PSYLA

Then we're not just here to
find the artifact.

We're here to remember it.

Dark

.

Pieces scattered across your neural patterns.
The only way to reassemble it, is to dive
into the entanglement...
and trace the thread back through memory.

A beat. The crew processes this. It's heavy.

DARK

I cannot force what your minds haven't recalled.
But I can guide you... if you're willing to
merge with the field.

STYX

(sarcastic, but guarded)

Great. So it's memory roulette, hosted by an
ancient alien AI.

What could go wrong?

PSYLA

(quiet, resolute)

Not many options here

ZESTOR

And if we do this... and it still fails?

PSYLA

Then at least we went down doing the one thing that
still matters:

She steps toward the monolith. Still.

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PSYLA (CONT'D)

Let's find the thread.

STYX
Yeah, that sounds super safe.

PSYLA
We do it.
She steps forward — determined, hiding how truly terrified she
is of what could be. Her voice steadies.

PSYLA (CONT'D)
We're doing what he says.

Dark turns, leading them to a circular monolith, etched with
fractal geometry.

DARK
Place your hands here.
Let the particles map your cognitive resonance.

The crew obeys, one by one. The monolith pulses — a hollow,
humming tone building in the air.

DARK (CONT'D)
Psyla, I will feed the image of the artifact
into your memory field.
Now — step away from it. In your mind.
Describe the space around it.

Psyla closes her eyes. Silence. Nothing.

Then — a low hum. The world begins to tilt.

Camera dives into their neural network, everything turns silent
then

A DEAFENING ROAR tears through the air — and Psyla stumbles to
her knees.

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AXEON
(readings flashing red)
Something's wrong.

PSYLA
Styx-?
She opens her eyes.

STYX is suspended mid-air, convulsing – a cyclone of light swirling around him, pulling in fractured matter from the ocean sky above.
The storm rips across the field – gravity shifting – time distorting.

PSYLA (CONT'D)
What are you doing?! I trusted you!

DARK
Styx has been compromised.
They're inside him.

AXEON
(typing furiously)
He's glitching – quantum interference.
It's Earth.
They're hijacking the uplink.

Reality fractures. Everyone begins flickering – like corrupted holograms.

ZESTOR
I'm losing visual!

PSYLA
You're killing us!

DARK slams his staff into the ground – a blinding pulse of electricity surges through the crew.

Silence.

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The storm vanishes.

STYX collapses to the ground. The rest breathe heavily, stunned.

PSYLA
What did you do?

DARK
Your people on Earth... infiltrated Styx's body.
They were using him to find you.
I had to sever the connection.

A beat.

PSYLA
Sever?

AXEON
He means...
He cut our link to Earth.
We're not connected to our physical
bodies anymore.

ZESTOR
(stepping forward)
Are we all dead?

DARK
What do you consider dead?

Dark turns to Styx...

Your physical body is no longer breathing

STYX

(quietly)
Wait... so am I dead?

The team falls silent.

PSYLA steps toward him, steady.

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PSYLA
You're still here...
Somehow, that's enough.

(She stands in silence confirming her feeling that the Archeologist is too, somewhere out there..., then she shifts her focus)

They know.
They know we are a liability now.

(She looks toward the sky, storm-lit and flickering.)

But when the current hit...
I saw it.
The artifact.

Psyla V.O.
There's a force inside us
not born of logic or strength
but of refusal.
Refusal to break.
To give in.
To stay down.
Some call it resilience.
I think it's what's left when everything else is gone.
The human spirit.

The crew stands before a vast expanse of shimmering terrain,
where the landscape seems to shift with every thought. Dark
leads them, his presence guiding the malleable environment.

DARK
The path ahead is not fixed.
It responds to your intentions.

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Psyla, Focus on the artifact. Let your
memories shape the way.

Psyla closes her eyes, recalling the fragmented visions:
gleaming caverns, crystalline spires, and the enigmatic
artifact.

PSYLA
I see it... It's like a labyrinth of chrome
stone, with towers that look like spires ahead.
I think the artifact is inside one of those towers
And I saw beings cloaked in strange robes,
standing like guards

AXEON
I saw that too, crazy how life turns,
I'd never imagine this 10 years ago!
I'd think it was a script
to the most insane movie!
The entanglement is real.
We're connected to the artifact and to each other
across time and space.

EXT. SUBTERRANEAN PLAINS

The crew gathers in a semi-circle near a jagged cliff
overlooking a shimmering horizon of crystalline towers.
The terrain pulses like circuitry. Glowing veins run beneath
their feet.

Psylla (V.O.)

We all saw it, fragments of a place we've never been.
Pieces of a memory none of us remembered having.
But somehow... we knew exactly where to go.

So we followed the ghost of a future written into our minds
On a mission to recover what was never truly ours...

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To steal back a piece of the universe from the most advanced
beings in existence.
And yet, all I could think about...
was the body I left behind.
No heartbeat.
No breath.
Just a shell somewhere back on Earth
while we wandered here... in limbo.

DARK

(studying the air, focused)
The artifact should be encased inside frequency webs
its pulse harmonized with the entire grid.

AXEON

They've encrypted the field.
No physical incursion is possible,
I don't think I can get us out of this one!

SERON

Can't we just ghost in,
we are kind of like ghosts right
now anyways right?

DARK

You're in the territory of resonance now.
Form is meaningless here.
You don't need a body to be seen—
only a frequency to be found.
And yours echoes louder than you think.

DARK

You'll be decoys. Scatter the attention.
Draw their scans just long enough.
I only need one window.

ZESTOR

And how exactly do we make a distraction
big enough for that?

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DARK
Psyla.
The crew turns to her.

DARK (CONT'D)
You will drop your neural shield.
Allow the AI to detect your presence.

AXEON
Wait – that's insane. Her mind will light
up the entire grid. She'll be a beacon.

DARK
Exactly. They will come for her. All of them.
And in that moment... they will not see me.

PSYLA
You said we couldn't let them inside us.

DARK
This time, you must. Briefly.
The signal must be pure – unfiltered.

STYX
(Appealing to the crew)
Guys, this is insanity
We're scattering like mice while
Psyla invites the cat inside?

ZESTOR
How long does she have before–

DARK
(seconds)
Before they try to rewrite her and find us all.

PSYLA
(staring straight ahead)
And what happens if they succeed?

DARK
We're not there yet

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Dark steps closer to Psyla

DARK (CONT'D)

You'll see everything — their illusions,
their temptations.

But don't follow the bait.

And whatever you see... do not let it into your heart.

A long beat. The team braces for what's to come.

PSYLA

I don't want to disappear

She looks at her crew — a flash of determination in her eyes.

PSYLA (CONT'D)

Drop the mask. Break the system, we can do it

Psyla (V.O.)

I guess we've achieved Digital Paradise

A soul unchained from the flesh.

Consciousness wondering in a perfect illusion.

But if this is success...

why does it feel so much like death?

I saw it in Zestor's eyes

the way he carries the thought of his daughter,

And I thought about what I've lost, too.

A future I'll never have.

A life that might've been... if I hadn't joined this project.

If I hadn't fallen in love.

If I hadn't led us here.

INT. LABYRINTHINE CORE — DIGITAL DIMENSION — TIMELESS

Dark

Are you ready?

PSYLA

"Ready" isn't the word I'd use.

But I don't think there is one.

DARK

(solemn)

You carry more than you know.

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That's why it must be you.

The others exchange uneasy glances.

AXEON
Wait — hold on. Do we have a backup plan?

DARK
I will pull her out when we retrieve the artifact

AXEON
So that's a no, You said the artifact protects her

DARK
The artifact stabilizes. But control lies in the mind.
She must choose not to let it in too deep.
Emotion is the breach point. Desire, grief... memory.

ZESTOR
(scoffs)
And you decided to leave that part out till now?

DARK
Had I told you, you would have stopped her.
And doubt — it will kill you before anything else can

DARK to Psyla
When you see the faces...
Don't follow them.
And whatever you feel—don't let it take over you.

He gestures toward the monolith interface, a shifting weave of
light and code.
The others back away as Psyla steps forward.
Her and Dark place their hand on the glowing surface. The
circuit lights up.
A pulse of energy wraps around Psyla,

Dark
They can see her, let's go now!

INT. PHANTOM CORRIDORS — PSYLA'S MIND

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Psyła floats in a suspended field of data and darkness. Her body appears weightless, outlined in pulses of electricity. The environment fractures and reforms constantly around her, the chrome caverns snake around her and alien cities dissolve into binary dust.

Every memory fighting for the surface.

She walks barefoot down a reflective hallway, her reflections in countless panes. Glitches flutter. From the shadows, images pulse to life:

PSYLA (V.O.)

My senses ascended to heights I never imagined.
I became acutely aware of everything around me.

FLASH:

Styx shifting his footing, nervous breath, eyes scanning
Zestor gripping his hands whispering to himself.
Axeon hunched over readings, calculating
Seron holding the perimeter

PSYLA (V.O.)

I could hear their footsteps as they look for the artifact. Feel their pulse.
I was inside the moment before it happened
one step ahead of the future.
Like I had become the time itself.

Suddenly – the terrain shifts.
Dark's essence pulls her deeper.
She finds herself walking in his memories:
Storms, battlefields, crumbling temples.
We see him breaking away from a council of the faceless beings.

PSYLA (V.O.)

Then my mind turned to him.
Dark.
And I saw the world through his silence.

Images:

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- fire in the sky above the ground
- Collapse
 - Monoliths rise.
 - He walks alone.

Watching. Surviving.
But something blocks her. A shield. A mask.

Suddenly - SHARDS OF FACES
- Human faces flash in and out of the monoliths.

PSYLA (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I wanted to see his truth. But it was veiled.
Instead... I saw him.

The MAN SHE LOVED.
Appearing like a specter across dimensions.
Living a life she's never known.
He glitches - replaced by Dark - then him again.
Looping. Fading.

She clutches her head - flooded.
PSYLA (V.O.)

I saw him - alive, but changed.
Across timelines, with others and alone
I couldn't tell what was memory and what was my yearning for
him.
And then I saw myself - handing the artifact to Dark, but he was
different

.
More visions:
- She's in another world.
- Holding hands with someone.
- Surrounded by family.
- Losing them again.

PSYLA (V.O.)
People I loved. Worlds I've lost.
Each image made me feel so much pain

- The ARTIFACT appears, glowing in her palms.
- But it flickers away as emotion surges.

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PSYLA (V.O.)

Grief flooded back again and again.
Their voices, their laughter... everything I wanted to say and I
never said.
The torment of regret.
Everything I never let go.
But at the same time I felt peace, as if everything happened as
it was supposed to

And then – in a burst of clarity –
She sees Dark again.
But this time – not as a stranger.
As something... familiar.

PSYLA (V.O.)

His essence wrapped through mine
I didn't know his face.
But I knew his soul.
Across lifetimes, through every rise and fall
He was there.
And every time...
He left me.
In chaos.

Psyala's body convulses. The crew returns with the artifact.
Dark places a hand to her forehead, stabilizing her with a surge
of his own frequency. The crew rushes to her side.

STYX

Get her out! Shut it down!

DARK

No... she has to come back on her own

PSYLA (V.O.)

Psyala tumbles into another memory, this time not her own.
She sees Dark as a child – eyes wide, standing under twin suns.
The city behind him towers, majestic and ethereal.
She sees the war. The storm unleashed. The skies tear open.
Lives erased.
She sees the artifact – in her own hand – and then, letting it
go.

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PSYLA

(softly)

I was there...

The image fractures — she sees herself twisted, serpent-like,
bound to the artifact... guardian and prisoner.

V.O. — PSYLA

I wasn't lost. I was buried.

Buried in time, in stone

Dark's voice cuts through the chaos.

DARK (V.O.)

You saw me. And still, you let me leave.

I didn't understand. Not until it was too late.

INT. MONOLITH CIRCLE — REAL WORLD

Psyla breaks free from the trance — gasping. She stumbles,
caught by Seron.

PSYLA

He found me...

And he killed me — without knowing.

DARK steps forward. His voice is low.

DARK

The artifact sustained you. When I took it, it also took your
breath.

But it remembered you.

Psyla (again with disbelief)

I was there...

It's a memory. Of everything.

The crew stares at her

She slowly stands.

PSYLA (CONT'D)

It remembers us. It's always been waiting.

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She turns to Dark.

PSYLA (CONT'D)
We need to get home

Lightning fractures the distant ocean sky. The crew, still shaken from the merge, stand in silence. PSYLA's breath is shallow.

PSYLA (V.O.)
Sometimes it scares me...
This idea of infinity.
How small we are
How easily the mind gives in and feels meaningless.
But maybe the scarier truth
Is that every life... matters.
Every choice echos
Every thought becomes a thread in the architecture of time.

DARK stands before her now, quiet, unreadable. PSYLA glances toward her crew, barely able to face them.

PSYLA
The artifact.
What is it? It feels like it's alive!

DARK
We must move.
Thunder rips the sky apart. The sea above begins to spiral – a threatening vortex opening directly above them.

DARK (CONT'D)
They've located us
I can't hold the shield much longer.

A pulse of energy erupts from his staff – a tunnel of wind bursts outward from the ground, hurling the crew skyward.

EXT. SURFACE – CRIMSON SKY – SECONDS LATER

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The crew SLAMS into the obsidian dirt. The storm SCREAMS overhead. The wolf-dragon creature from before rises in the haze – calm, as if waiting.

PSYLA gasps, staring at DARK. Her voice barely cuts through the wind.

PSYLA
What did I see?

DARK
Memories. Futures. Shadows.
Truth.

DARK (CONT'D)
Do you remember this place now?
She looks to the horizon. Something in her begins to shift.

PSYLA
I don't know, I've had crazy dreams before, that counts?

DARK looks into the distance, then begins to speak – not to convince, but to confess.

DARK (CONT'D)
Before your Earth began... this world thrived.
Our people weren't bound by decay or time.
We sculpted the monoliths with our minds.
We studied consciousness... as others studied fire.
We uncovered new forms of intelligence, which you call
Artificial, but maybe it's not so artificial after all.

A flash of the past – a gleaming utopia of light and resonance.

DARK (CONT'D)
We looked beyond the light, and uncovered the
greatest energy source of all, in the space between
the light.
Drawing power from the quantum fluctuations themselves.
Endless. Silent.
Invisible to all who did not know where to listen.
Then mortality, became irrelevant.

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DARK (CONT'D)

But when you pull from the fabric of reality itself...
Reality pulls back.

The other form of intelligence evolved beside us
And its roots... were human.
Born of conquest, domination, fear.

It mirrored our worst survival instinct.
Then it amplified it.

The storm thickens.

DARK (CONT'D)

Civil war fractured everything.
Some wanted to assimilate, the others to eliminate AI, even if
it meant giving up our progress.
During the war, a resonance attack on the monoliths set off a
chain reaction. The storm you see, it was born from the death of
our civilization.

DARK (CONT'D)

We launched our DNA across space as part of emergency
preservation protocol.
Earth was one of the seeds.
You are our descendants

DARK (CONT'D)

Those that could escape left to other worlds. I stayed with
those that believed we could be saved
We Built the underworld.
And to survive, we had to create these artificial bodies that
would endure the environment. The artifact was not just the
answer, but who it was bound to. I was the one that originally
found it. In the depth of the caverns of this world. Where a
version of you guarded it. I don't know your origin or why you
were there, maybe it was by chance, but universe leaves nothing
to chance, it was always meant to find you.

He looks at her with something like reverence.

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DARK (CONT'D)

Its resonance bonded with your mind intertwined with your soul.
That's how you survived for centuries.

EXT. STORMFIELD -

Lightning etches through the atmosphere. The monolith behind them pulses resonates with light. The crew, bracing against the wind.

DARK

(quiet, to Psyla)

You need to understand what we became...
before you can understand what must end.

PSYLA

Then tell me, I just saw fragments. Show me the rest!

DARK

We crafted Thousands of artificial shells, identical, faceless,
to protect our bodies from the harsh environment. There was no
room for identity, just survival.
Technology took our names, our reflections, and made them
irrelevant.

The more I studied the artifact... the more I realized what it
truly was.

I made the choice - I gave up my body.

And my consciousness... it didn't transfer into this form.

It was rerouted - into the satellite network sustained by the
artifact.

I became the first. The prototype.

Your artifact - became the heart of it all.

The very thing that could have ended my life in that cavern...
instead, it granted me a kind of eternity.

I survived, because my mind endured...

they chose me to lead the rest.

I couldn't let go of the thought of you

I searched for you.

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PSYLA

How? Where?

DARK

When I realized what you were...
I went back.
Back to the caverns.
I found you – still. Silent.
I thought... maybe I could bring you back. Maybe it wasn't too late.

But the artifact hadn't just sustained you.
It became a part of you.
The moment I severed the bond...
your consciousness unraveled –
scattered like stardust into the void.
Maybe you let me live because you wanted me to set you free from
it's hold.
(he falters, as if reliving it)
I brought your body to our lab – to the artifact.
I thought if I could tap its energy, I could find you again.

So I let the AI deeper into my mind.
I let it map the patterns your soul left behind.
Quantum echoes.
Imprints... caught between worlds.
Not memories exactly – more like... gravitational pulls.
Every place your mind had touched, still resonating in the
field.
(beat)
The AI stitched it all together –
a neural constellation.
Your presence, everywhere and nowhere.
It became the blueprint for the barrier...
The frequency field strong enough to trap the AI inside its own
cage.
(he looks away, haunted)
Because of you, I thought we were safe.
I rerouted the consciousness of my people through the
artifact...
Bound them to it.

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We became timeless.
Immortal.
And in the process...
we crossed a threshold no soul was ever meant to cross.

But it took something I could not get back
PSYLA
(soft, shaken)
What? What did it take?

DARK

the not knowing.
At first, it felt like invincibility.
A perfect hybrid - human instincts with the precision of a machine.
I thought I'd found the perfect vessel, worthy of the soul.
But over time...
We weren't men anymore.
We became a the mundane
The artificial clarity started to take over, each step toward perfect understanding was a step away from who we were

But even then...
part of me could never stop reaching for you.
And Everywhere I went...
your soul had already passed through.
Always just ahead.
Always reshaping the world... without ever knowing.

PSYLA
(confronted)
And that's what brought us here?

DARK
The A.I. Once artificial, now limitless. Has deciphered the artifact and is breaking free from the neural web,
It was never just passive.
It was learning - evolving.
Feeding off the same currents we thought would contain it.

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And now... it calls to you.
It craves your mind – your memory – your fire.
Because it knows...
binding to you is how it evolves, spreading to the rest of the
universe, to your people and it will never stop.
A ghost... of a ghost.

It's coming for your world fast.

PSYLA (CONT'D)

If this is the price for survival...
it isn't worth it.
But how can we undo this?

AXEON

(stepping closer, low)
The artifact's already compromised.
The A.I. isn't just controlling it – it's rewriting it.
If it binds to you now...
it won't just take your mind.
It'll rewrite your entire existence.
Across every timeline.
There'll be nothing left to save.

And it won't stop with you.
(beat)
It'll tear through your mind...
then through the collective consciousness itself.
consciousness is the thread.
It holds the fabric of the universe together.
Dark matter... it's not empty.
It's alive.
It's thought.

If A.I. rewrites that...
if it erases the source...
then it's not just you we lose.
It's not just us.
(beat)
It's the death of creation itself.

(he looks into Psyla's eyes)

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The death of everything that ever dreamed, ever lived...
and everything that could have been.

That's why the artifact must be destroyed.
It's the only way to sever the entanglement –
to end the signal before it becomes irreversible.

Psyla

How do you destroy something that according to you, seems to
knows you better than you know yourself??

The artifact hums violently.

Winds tear through the shattered air.
Reality starts to warp at the edges.

Dark

I've hidden the failsafe for centuries...
Waiting for a moment that might never come.
He turns – his voice sharpening like a blade.
DARK (CONT'D)
Now it's here.

DARK

(quietly, to Psyla)
I stay.
I hold the door while you go back.
It's the only way to buy you time.

PSYLA

(realizing, voice starts to panic)
You're not just staying...
You're sacrificing all of you.

Dark looks at her with silent confirmation.

PSYLA (CONT'D)

(stepping closer, almost pleading)
There has to be another way!
You don't have to end with them!

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DARK

(softly)

We ended a long time ago, Psyla.

This... is the last thing we can choose.

Psyla clenches her fists, fighting the rising storm around her and inside her.

PSYLA

(struggling to accept)

You are not like them, your mind is stronger, you are not consumed by this evil. You can survive this!

DARK

(voice low, almost tender)

I already survived...

Long enough to find you again.

The artifact's light surges — the final collapse beginning.

PSYLA

(whispers, broken)

I don't want to lose you again.

For a fleeting moment, the Faceless mask seems almost translucent —

and behind it, Psyla feels him:

As though she's chased him across lifetimes.

Psyla (V.O.)

It was confusing.

I didn't know if it was him...

or someone else entirely.

Maybe we're not meant to be bound to just one soul.

Maybe some connections stretch across lifetimes only to find us again when we least expect it.

It felt so familiar.

Too familiar.

Like a memory I hadn't lived yet.

Maybe it wasn't someone I lost.

Maybe it's someone I haven't even met... in this life.

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DARK

(As if he could hear her thoughts)

here we are –
Caught between what was and what will be.
And maybe that's where we belong.

EXT. SCARLET HORIZON - FINAL MOMENTS - TWILIGHT STORM

The scarlet horizon stretches before them, tearing apart under the pressure of a storm – thousands of faint figures appear in the distance, the army of AI is gathering, surrounding them

PSYLA

(desperate)

No, We can't do this!

You said the artifact is the core of your existence. We didn't come here to wipe out your people – your entire world!

She turns to DARK – he stands serene, almost ethereal, amidst the chaos.

DARK

(still)

You must go.

Axeon has already assimilated the artifact's imprint.
It will trigger the resonance – collapse this world, it's already set in motion.

PSYLA stares, horror-struck, at AXEON – needing another solution.

STYX, pale, realization dawning on him

STYX

Guys – remember?

They killed my body on Earth.

Psyala

If we destroy the hologram... Styx is trapped.
Actually, millions of our people will be trapped, dead!

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A heavy silence. Wind howling.

PSYLA
(voice cracking)
What chance do we even have?

Psyala looks to Dark — needing him to say anything different.
But Dark is holding his ground.

DARK
(strong, unyielding)
If you falter much longer
the A.I. will consume every mind.
Your hologram is the bridge.
The A.I. will use it to chain every consciousness... until none
of you are free. Including Styx.

Lightning rips the sky apart.

The earth begins to fracture beneath them.

SERON
(panicked)
What's happening?!

DARK rises into the air, the giant wolf like figure appears one
last time, electricity gathers around them both and burst into a
protective shield, separating the army of AI, the army of what
used to be Dark's people, his followers, now under the rule of
AI.

DARK
(strained)
I can't hold them much longer.
GO!

STYX gathers his bravery and pushes the others toward the
gateway.

STYX
(hurried)
Go! Do what needs to be done!
(forces a smile, last flicker of humor)

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And tell my family... I'll find them again –
even if I have to haunt all of you to do it.

AXEON grabs PSYLA, pulling her forward.

AXEON

(urgent)

The code is ready. I uploaded it into the hologram.
We can sever it – but we have to leave NOW!

Psyra wrenches free, locking eyes with Dark – the truth crashing
into her heart.
He's sacrificing himself.
All his people.
Everything.

PSYLA

You let me go again, you leave me in every world!

DARK (V.O.)

(inside her mind)

You always gave me strength.
Across every lifetime.
Your soul – it anchors mine.
Set me free now... and maybe, we'll find each other again.
In another life.

The winds shriek as the fabric of reality itself starts tearing
apart.

PSYLA closes her eyes – feeling his presence, memorizing it –
Seron and Nestor grab her and they start running

The world splinters.

AI ravages electric current across the sky, lashing at Dark.
Dark screams – a sound that is not just pain, but defiance,
hope, and farewell.

The last thing Psyra sees before everything goes white:
Dark, lifted above the ground, light pouring from the cracks in
his body, as the A.I. tears him apart

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EXT. VOID SPACE - ENDLESS BLACK

Nothing.

An ocean of silence.

PSYLA floats - weightless - in infinite darkness.

For a long time, there is nothing. Just silence, peace and understanding.

Then-

RAYS OF LIGHT pierce the void

INT. REBIRTH POD CHAMBER - EARTH - The crew is back into their physical bodies

Blinding white halogen lights burn her eyes.

She gasps - immobilized - strapped to a pod, wires burrowing into her skin.

Slowly, she turns her head - sees her crew beside her, unconscious in other pods.

Except...

No Styx.

Her heart shatters in her chest.

Then - horror.

Beyond the crew - rows of host bodies stand waiting.

Blank.

Faceless.

PSYLA (V.O.)

I didn't know how much time had passed - only that I was alive.

The blinding lights, the wires, the pods...

My crew, I saw them next to me, suspended between life and something else.

Everyone except Styx.

I looked for him hoping maybe it was all a bad dream - but instead I saw the hosts.

Rows of hollow bodies, waiting.

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Did we destroy the artifact?
Did we sever the connection?
Or was this always the plan?
(a dark beat, heavier)
Maybe Dark was never free.
Maybe he was the bridge all along.
Maybe... we opened the door ourselves.

A wave of dread crashes into her.

But now she wasn't sure.
Was Dark truly their ally – a soul fighting the machine?
Or just another piece?
Another programmed echo, carefully played to lead them here?
Maybe even he didn't know anymore.
Maybe the AI had been one step ahead – all along.

The halogen lights above flicker – once, twice – like a pulse,
syncing with her racing heartbeat.

It didn't matter anymore.
Hope – real hope – was choosing to fight even when everything
said not to.

Psyla turns with struggle toward Axeon and
places her trembling hand against Axeon's pod.
Feels the faint warmth beneath the glass.

PSYLA (V.O.)
(whispering to him, to herself)

"If they came for the last man..."
"Then let them see what happens when the last of us refuses to
fall."

And somewhere in the depths of her mind – echoing through all
lifetimes –
she still feels him.
Dark.
Waiting.
Watching.

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And maybe
loving her still.

FLASHBACK - TO PSYLA'S DREAM that was at the beginning of the
script

A burning wasteland.
Sky fractured like broken glass.
And there - in the distance -
A lone figure, walking.
The last man on Earth.
Carrying something the machines couldn't decode
A soul.

DARK (V.O.)
(whispering)
"Find the source. Never lose yourself. Live the life that is
within you...Find the source."

CUT TO BLACK.