

"T H E L O T T E R Y"

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FADE IN:

EXT. LIQUOR STORE - NIGHT

Cold rain. Heavy. Relentless.

A lonely LIQUOR STORE squats at the corner of a dead intersection. Sodium-vapor lights hum overhead. The asphalt shines like black glass.

Inside the store—

INT. LIQUOR STORE - CONTINUOUS

A CLERK (50s), bored, watches grainy late-night television mounted in the corner.

The bell over the door JINGLES.

A MASKED MAN enters. Mid-30s. Wired. Jittery. One hand buried in his hoodie pocket.

CLERK

Evenin'.

The Masked Man steps to the counter.

A beat.

He pulls the GUN.

MASKED MAN

Open the register.

The Clerk freezes.

CLERK

Jesus, man—

MASKED MAN

Now.

Hands shaking, the Clerk opens the register.

The mask slips slightly. We glimpse eyes — not evil. Desperate.

The cash drawer SLIDES open.

The Masked Man sweeps the bills into a backpack.

Outside, through the glass—

A YOUNG MAN (early 20s) pumps gas at the lone station pump.
Hoodie soaked through. Headphones on. Loud music. Oblivious.

Inside—

The Masked Man backs toward the door, gun still trained.

His foot catches a tipped-over beer crate.

He stumbles.

The gun FIRES.

A deafening blast.

The bullet shatters the bottle display behind the Clerk.

The Clerk SCREAMS.

Outside, the Young Man whips off his headphones.

He sees the gun through the glass.

The Masked Man turns—

Locks eyes with the Young Man.

Panic floods both faces.

The Masked Man runs.

PAGE 2

EXT. LIQUOR STORE - CONTINUOUS

The Masked Man BURSTS out into the rain and sprints down the sidewalk.

The Young Man just stands there, frozen.

Then—

He takes off after him.

Slipping in the rain.

Heart hammering in his ears.

MASKED MAN
(over his shoulder)
Stay back!

They cut through an alley.

Garbage cans scatter.

The Masked Man turns suddenly.

Raises the gun again.

The Young Man lunges without thinking.

They collide.

They struggle.

The gun goes off—

A violent, wet impact.

The Masked Man's body locks up.

A red bloom spreads across his chest.

His eyes go wide.

The Young Man shoves him away in terror.

The Masked Man stumbles backward... then collapses against the brick wall and SLIDES down, dead before he hits the ground.

The Young Man stands over him, shaking uncontrollably.

YOUNG MAN
Oh my God— I didn't—

He drops to his knees.

Vomits on the pavement.

Rain splashes into the pooling blood.

The Young Man looks at the body.

Then—

Something HITS HIM.

Not pain.

Something deeper.

He gasps sharply.
His spine arches as if struck by lightning.
The rain around him seems to slow, just a fraction.
His pupils DILATE.
Veins light faintly beneath his skin.
His scraped knuckles knit together in real time.
The nausea vanishes.
The trembling stops.
His breath deepens.
His face subtly tightens – imperceptibly younger.
He clutches his chest in horror.

YOUNG MAN (CONT'D)
What's happening to me—

Sirens begin to rise in the distance.
He backs away from the body.
Staring at his hands like they belong to someone else.

PAGE 3

EXT. ALLEY - MOMENTS LATER

Police lights wash the rain-soaked walls red and blue.
OFFICERS swarm the scene.

The Young Man is cuffed, sobbing, incoherent.

YOUNG MAN
He's still inside me— he's still—

An EMT checks the body.

EMT
Time of death's about a minute ago.

Another EMT checks the Young Man.

EMT #2
BP's normal. Heart rate elevated.
No trauma.

OFFICER
He fired the gun. That's the
shooter.

The EMT blinks.

EMT #2
Doesn't make sense. He's clean.

The Young Man stares at the dead robber.

Tears stream down his face.

YOUNG MAN
I feel... wrong.

They load him into the squad car.

As the door SLAMS—

The Young Man catches his reflection in the glass.

He looks younger than he did five minutes ago.

He SCREAMS.

SMASH TO BLACK.

TITLE CARD:

THE LOTTERY

PAGE 4

INT. SARAH COVENANT'S APARTMENT - PRE-DAWN

Absolute silence.

A high-rise apartment overlooking the sleeping city.

Minimalist. Sterile. Museum-clean.

No warmth. No clutter. No personality.

SARAH COVENANT (47) lies awake in bed, eyes open.

Not blinking.

Not dreaming.

She swings her legs over the side of the bed.

Cold concrete under bare feet.

She crosses to the bathroom.

Flicks on the light.

The mirror reveals a woman who looks early 30s at most. Calm.
Controlled. Unmarked by age.

Except the eyes.

They are ancient.

She opens a drawer.

Removes a small metal injector.

Checks the clear fluid inside.

She injects it into her thigh without hesitation.

A soft exhale through the sting.

On the mirror are taped photographs:

- A man in his 60s labeled "DAD"
- A woman in her late 50s labeled "MOM"
- A wedding photo: her husband, already gray
- A teenage boy labeled "CALEB - LITTLE BROTHER"

Sarah stares at them.

Not sadly.

Carefully.

Like touching an old wound without reopening it.

She turns away.

EXT. CITY STREET - MORNING

Sarah jogs through morning traffic.

Her pace is exact.

Her breathing controlled.

People glance at her as she passes — something about her age doesn't register correctly.

She finishes the run without breaking stride.

INT. MAJOR CRIMES BRIEFING ROOM - DAY

A crowded task force briefing.

Local homicide. State police. FBI.

Crime scene photos from different decades cover the wall.

Sarah enters. Badge visible:

DETECTIVE SARAH COVENANT

Captain RUIZ (50s) nods to her.

RUIZ
Morning, Covenant.

She takes a seat.

Ruiz clicks a remote.

Five murder scenes appear side by side:

— 1875
— 1923
— 1967
— 2008
— 2024

RUIZ
Five murders. Same wound. Same
placement. Same DNA.

Murmurs ripple through the room.

FORENSICS TECH
It's not statistically possible.

SARAH
Not the same as impossible.

Ruiz glances at her.

RUIZ
You've seen this pattern before.

SARAH
I've seen pieces of it.

The most recent victim appears on the screen – a young
INFLUENCER.

Dead. Perfect execution wound.

RUIZ
This killer should've died of old
age eighty years ago.

Sarah studies the image.

Her jaw tightens.

PAGE 6

EXT. POLICE BUILDING - DAY

Sarah exits the building.

Across the street—

A MAN watches her.

Early 30s. Nervous. Too alert.

Their eyes meet.

The Man turns and runs.

EXT. PARKING STRUCTURE - CONTINUOUS

The Man bolts inside.

Sarah follows at a steady pace.

Not chasing.

Tracking.

INT. PARKING STRUCTURE - CONTINUOUS

Footsteps echo.

The Man slips on the ramp and falls.

Sarah steps into frame, gun already drawn.

SARAH

Don't move.

The Man freezes.

MAN

I didn't mean to hurt him.

SARAH

When did it happen?

MAN

Last night.

Sarah's gaze flicks to his hands.

Smooth. Unscarred.

SARAH

Did you feel it?

The Man swallows.

MAN

Like my bones caught fire.

Sarah nods.

SARAH

How old were you?

MAN

Thirty-two.

SARAH

How old do you feel now?

The Man searches for the answer.

MAN

Twenty-five.

Sarah exhales.

SARAH
You took his time.

The Man stares at her in disbelief.

MAN
That's not possible.

SARAH
Neither is what you're standing in.

She lowers the gun slightly.

SARAH (CONT'D)
But here you are.

PAGE 7

INT. SARAH'S CAR - LATER

The Man sits in the passenger seat, shaking.

Sarah drives.

Rain streaks the windshield.

MAN
Am I going to die?

SARAH
Eventually. Just not on schedule.

MAN
How long do I have?

Sarah glances at him.

SARAH
Depends on what you do with what
you took.

The Man can't process that.

INT. FORENSICS LAB - NIGHT

A tech scrolls through DNA sequences.

TECH
Every historical sample matches at
the chromosomal level.

Sarah studies the screen.

SARAH
Then the killer isn't aging.

TECH
No human could live that long.

Sarah doesn't respond.

She already knows the answer.

PAGE 8

INT. SARAH'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Sarah pins more photos to the wall.

A red timeline now spans 150 years.

Her phone BUZZES.

UNKNOWN TEXT:
SOURCE VECTOR IDENTIFIED

Coordinates follow.

Sarah closes her eyes.

EXT. SUBWAY PLATFORM - NIGHT

An empty underground platform.

Wind howls down the tunnel.

A FIGURE stands at the far end.

Still. Waiting.

Sarah steps onto the yellow line.

The Figure turns.

This is EMMA.

Thirty-something. Timeless. Watchful.

EMMA

You always look older right before
the fall.

Sarah raises her gun.

SARAH

I don't know who you are.

EMMA

You will.

PAGE 9

A train SCREAMS through the station without stopping.

When it clears—

Emma is inches closer.

Not possible.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Ask your files what the first
victim did before he died.

SARAH

Get on your knees.

EMMA

He killed a man in a bar fight at
twenty-seven. You have the report.
You just haven't put it in the
right order yet.

Sarah tightens her grip.

EMMA (CONT'D)

You're hunting me.

(beat)

EMMA (CONT'D)

I'm hunting you.

The lights FLICKER.

Another train roars past.

When it clears—

Emma is gone.

PAGE 10

INT. SARAH'S APARTMENT - LATE NIGHT

Sarah stands alone before her wall of victims.

She reorders the earliest file.

Finds the note hidden in plain sight:

"Survived fatal bar altercation. No explanation."

Her phone BUZZES again.

UNKNOWN:
SATURDAY. 7PM. 2449 WILLOW.
BASEMENT.
YOU'RE NOT THE ONLY ONE WHO
SURVIVED.

Sarah stares at the text.

For the first time—

She smiles without humor.

INT. COMMUNITY CENTER - HALLWAY - NIGHT

A dingy, fluorescent-lit hallway in an old brick COMMUNITY CENTER.

Paint peels. Water stains creep across the ceiling. A bulletin board advertises ZUMBA • ESL CLASSES • AA MEETING.

At the end of the hall: a door with a paper sign taped to it.

Handwritten:

SECOND CHANCES - SUPPORT GROUP

BASEMENT

Sarah stands in front of the door.

She's in civilian clothes now. Jacket zipped. Hair tied back looser than usual.

She could walk away.

She doesn't.

She opens the door.

INT. COMMUNITY CENTER - BASEMENT ROOM - NIGHT

A low-ceilinged room. Old linoleum floor. A circle of mismatched FOLDING CHAIRS. A coffee urn and stale cookies on a plastic table.

A small group has already gathered:

"AMY" (late 20s, nervous, big coat despite the heat)

A VETERAN (40s, buzz cut grown out, haunted eyes)

A NURSE (30s, scrubs, hollow fatigue)

A YOUNG FATHER (30s, wedding ring he keeps twisting)

An OLDER WOMAN (60s, sharp gaze, soft voice)

A HAND-LETTERED SIGN on the wall:

SECOND CHANCES

"You survived. Now what?"

MODERATOR (50s, gentle, cardigan) looks up as Sarah enters.

MODERATOR

You must be new.

Sarah gives the room a quick scan. She clock everything — posture, scars, eyes.

SARAH

That obvious?

MODERATOR

We get good at spotting each other.

He gestures to the circle.

MODERATOR (CONT'D)

Grab a chair, any chair. We use first names or fake names or no names. Whatever you can manage.

Sarah takes an empty chair. Sits.

She is both too comfortable and deeply uncomfortable in this space.

MODERATOR (CONT'D)

Alright. Same deal as always. We're not here to fix each other. We're here to say the things people who haven't... been through it can't understand.

He looks to "AMY."

MODERATOR (CONT'D)

Amy, you wanna start?

Amy nods, reluctant but resigned.

She stares at her chewed nails for a second, then forces herself to look up.

AMY

I'm Amy. That's not my real name. But it's... what we're going with.

A couple of faint smiles.

AMY (CONT'D)

I was nineteen when the car hit us. We were drunk. I was the only one wearing a seatbelt. They told my parents I was gone.

She swallows.

AMY (CONT'D)

Then I just... woke up. No broken bones. No internal bleeding. Not even a scratch.

The Veteran shifts in his chair knowingly.

AMY (CONT'D)

The doctors called it "a miracle." My mother called it "God's hand." I called it... "lucky."

Beat.

AMY (CONT'D)

Ten years later, I got mugged outside my building. He knocked me down. I hit my head. I thought I was gonna die.

She glances at Sarah, just for a second, like she knows she's telling this for her.

AMY (CONT'D)
I grabbed my keys. I hit him in the face. Hard. He fell. His head hit the curb.

She looks down.

AMY (CONT'D)
I didn't mean to hit him that hard.
I didn't mean to—

(voice gets small)
I felt it when he stopped breathing.

Silence.

AMY (CONT'D)
It was like... my whole body inhaled. Like something poured hot metal into my bones. The little scar on my hand from the car accident? It disappeared. I haven't slept a full night since.

The Moderator nods, soft.

MODERATOR
Thank you, Amy.

He turns.

MODERATOR (CONT'D)
"James"?

The Veteran sighs.

VETERAN
That's not my real name either.

A couple of half-laughs.

VETERAN (CONT'D)
IED. Fallujah. Blew the Humvee in half. Everyone else... didn't make it.

His jaw works.

VETERAN (CONT'D)
I woke up five feet away from the crater. Didn't even lose a tooth.
(MORE)

VETERAN (CONT'D)
Chaplain said I must have an angel.
I believed him. For about a year.

He fixes his gaze on the floor.

VETERAN (CONT'D)
Then I had to shoot a kid. Twelve?
Thirteen? AK in his hands. Wouldn't
put it down. I tried talking. My CO
screamed. I fired.

He taps his chest.

VETERAN (CONT'D)
I felt it then. Same as she said.
Something leapt. From him. To me.
Next day I didn't need my glasses
anymore. Knee stopped hurting. I
stopped getting tired.

He looks at Sarah now.

VETERAN (CONT'D)
I don't think that was God.

MODERATOR
What do you think it was?

VETERAN
A bad loan.

The line lands hard.

INT. BASEMENT ROOM - LATER

The group has warmed a little.

Styrofoam cups of coffee. A little more eye contact.

The NURSE speaks now.

NURSE
Last year, a patient attacked me.
Meth psychosis. Tried to gouge my
eye out with a pen.

She mimics the motion unconsciously.

NURSE (CONT'D)

Security was slow. I grabbed the nearest thing—I don't even remember what it was. Some metal tray. I hit him.

She swallows.

NURSE (CONT'D)

I've been punched before. Kicked. This was... different. He just... stopped.

She looks at her hands.

NURSE (CONT'D)

I felt every cell in my body wake up. Like I'd been half-asleep for thirty years. I haven't gotten sick since. I also... can't stand to be touched anymore.

She forces a smile.

NURSE (CONT'D)

So that's fun.

A few people chuckle sadly.

MODERATOR

Thank you.

He looks to the YOUNG FATHER.

The Young Father twists his ring, takes a breath.

YOUNG FATHER

My daughter choked on a grape when she was three. Turned purple. I did the Heimlich, like they teach you in the classes you hope you never use.

He manages a small, apologetic smile.

YOUNG FATHER (CONT'D)

She lived. That's the part I like to tell.

Beat.

YOUNG FATHER (CONT'D)

Six months later her mother's ex came to the house drunk.

(MORE)

YOUNG FATHER (CONT'D)
Started banging on the door,
screaming about taking her back. My
daughter woke up crying. I... went
outside with a baseball bat.

His voice thins.

YOUNG FATHER (CONT'D)
I remember raising it. I remember
the first hit. I don't remember
stopping. I do remember... the moment
my heart skipped. Like something in
me... reset.

His eyes glisten.

YOUNG FATHER (CONT'D)
Sometimes I think I stole those
extra years I get to see my kid
grow up. Like I took them out of
his.

Silence.

Sarah absorbs all of this.

She sits forward slightly. Shoulders tight. Knuckles white on
the coffee cup.

The Moderator notices.

MODERATOR
You don't have to share if you
don't want to.

All eyes go to Sarah now.

She could stay quiet.

She doesn't.

SARAH
My first time was a home invasion.

The room shifts.

Even the fluorescent buzz feels quieter.

SARAH (CONT'D)
I was eighteen. Came home from a
movie. House was dark. Mom's car in
the driveway. Dad's, too.

Her gaze drifts to some middle distance.

FLASHBACK - INT. SARAH'S CHILDHOOD HOME - NIGHT

Dark hallway. Teenage SARAH (18) stands by the door, backpack over one shoulder. Earbuds around her neck.

SARAH (V.O.)
The TV was on in the living room.
Nobody answered when I yelled.

SARAH (18) drops her keys in the dish.

Moves down the hallway, cautious.

From a bedroom doorway, a SHAPE lunges.

A MAN in a ski mask. Knife in hand.

He slams her into the wall. She hits hard, head cracking plaster.

She gasps.

He presses the knife to her throat.

INTRUDER
Don't scream.

She does.

He clamps a hand over her mouth. Shoves her to the floor.

They grapple.

Her fingers scramble along the carpet, searching for anything.

They close around the base of a HEAVY BRASS LAMP.

She swings.

Connects with his temple.

He flinches.

She swings again. And again. And again. Screaming now. Animal sounds.

Blood spatters the wall.

The intruder collapses.

Still.

She's covered in blood. Hyperventilating.

SARAH (V.O.)
I should've died. He had the knife.
I had a lamp.

Young Sarah makes eye contact with the body.

Then—

The TRANSFER hits.

Her back arches.

The small cuts on her arms begin to close.

The welt on her cheek from hitting the wall fades.

Her breathing slows.

Footsteps pound down the hall.

Her MOTHER appears, screaming.

MOM
SARAH!

Her DAD behind her.

They see the scene. The blood. The body.

Her mother grabs her face, checking for wounds.

MOM (CONT'D)
Are you hurt? Baby, are you—

She stops.

Sarah's fine.

Not a scratch.

Just blood that isn't hers.

Her parents share a stunned look.

Young Sarah looks past them at a hall MIRROR.

Her reflection looks the same.

And completely different.

BACK TO BASEMENT - NIGHT

Sarah takes a measured breath.

The group watches her.

VETERAN

How many times since?

Sarah meets his eyes.

SARAH

Three.

The number lands like a weight.

AMY

You don't... look old enough.

Sarah's lips twitch.

SARAH

I hear that a lot.

Soft, grim laughter.

MODERATOR

How... do you carry that?

Sarah considers.

SARAH

On paper? I was cleared. Self-defense. Line of duty. Heroic action once or twice, if you believe the commendations.

She stares into her coffee.

SARAH (CONT'D)

In here?

She taps her chest.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Doesn't feel like "hero" is the right word.

Silence.

AMY

Feels like... what?

Sarah looks up.

Her guard lifts for half a second.

SARAH
Like the universe sent me the wrong
bill.

That lands.

The room understands that too well.

INT. BASEMENT - LATER (SHORT BREAK)

The chairs have loosened. People stand, stretch, get bad
coffee.

Amy pours sugar into hers like she's insulating herself.

Sarah stands near the back wall, alone, watching.

The Veteran approaches her.

VETERAN
Detective, right?

SARAH
That obvious?

VETERAN
You walk into a room like it
belongs to you and you might have
to shoot it.

She cracks the faintest smile.

SARAH
I'm here off the clock.

VETERAN
You think there's an off switch for
what we are?

He nods toward the others.

VETERAN (CONT'D)
You think any of us ever really
stop being... on?

Sarah doesn't answer.

Because the answer is no.

From the doorway—
A SHADOW lingers.
Someone watching.
We don't see their face.
Just the outline.
A woman's body. Still. Composed.
Watching Sarah.
We know it's Emma.
Sarah feels it.
She looks up.
The doorway is empty.
The hall light buzzes.
Sarah's jaw sets.

INT. BASEMENT ROOM - BACK IN CIRCLE - NIGHT

Everyone seated again.

The Moderator settles.

MODERATOR

Okay. Before we close, I want to
acknowledge something that's been
hovering in the room all night.

He looks around.

MODERATOR (CONT'D)

A lot of you have said some version
of "I didn't mean to." "I had no
choice." "It was him or me."

He glances at Sarah briefly.

MODERATOR (CONT'D)

And here... we don't argue with that.
We don't re-litigate the moment.

He gestures to the floor.

MODERATOR (CONT'D)
We talk about the after.

The Young Father raises a hand, tentative.

YOUNG FATHER
What if the after is... worse than
the moment?

Moderate nods, soft.

MODERATOR
Then we keep coming back.

Beat.

Amy suddenly blurts:

AMY
Do you ever... feel like something's...
waiting?

Everyone looks at her.

AMY (CONT'D)
Like whatever we walked away from
is... waiting to be balanced?

The room shifts.

No one says "yes."

No one has to.

Sarah leans forward.

SARAH
What if it's not waiting.

They all turn to her.

SARAH (CONT'D)
What if it's moving toward you?

That chills the room.

VETERAN
You mean like... karma with a gun?

Sarah weighs her words.

She's supposed to be here as just another damaged person.

She can't be that.

Not really.

SARAH
I'm working a case. A series of
homicides. The victims all have
histories like ours.

That locks everyone's attention.

NURSE
"Miracles"?

SARAH
Survivals that shouldn't have
happened.

Amy's voice shakes.

AMY
You're saying someone's... hunting
people like us?

Sarah doesn't soften it.

SARAH
Yes.

They absorb that like a blow.

YOUNG FATHER
How do they know?

Sarah's answer is quiet. Terrifyingly sure.

SARAH
Because they're like us too.

Silence.

Someone's Styrofoam cup creaks in their grip.

MODERATOR
We're... not here to increase
anyone's anxiety, Detective.

SARAH
I'm not here as a detective.

She means it and doesn't.

SARAH (CONT'D)
I'm here because... I don't know if
I'm the one being hunted.

She looks around the circle.

SARAH (CONT'D)
Or the one they're coming through.

That unnerves even her, hearing it aloud.

INT. COMMUNITY CENTER - STAIRWELL - LATER

Meeting over.

Chairs folded. People drift out in small, shaken clumps.

Amy lingers with the Young Father, talking quietly.

Sarah exits into the stairwell.

The hum of the fluorescent light is louder out here.

She pauses.

The hair on her arms rises.

Someone is here.

Watching.

SARAH
You like basements.

Her voice echoes faintly.

No response.

She moves up the stairs.

Slow. Careful.

INT. COMMUNITY CENTER - SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY - NIGHT

Dim. Lockers along one wall. Old posters peeling.

Sarah steps out of the stairwell.

Looks left.

Right.

Empty.

A basketball bounces once in the darkened gym beyond an open door.

Then silence.

Sarah moves toward the gym.

INT. GYMNASIUM - CONTINUOUS

An empty school gym – old wood floor, scuffed. Bleachers folded against the far wall. Faint smell of sweat and dust.

The single bouncing basketball is still slowly rolling toward the key.

It stops.

Sarah steps onto the court.

Her footsteps echo.

SARAH

You followed me once already. On the platform.

She scans the shadows.

SARAH (CONT'D)

You came to the basement. Why?

A voice, calm, from behind her:

EMMA (O.S.)

Because you came to the basement.

Sarah wheels.

Emma sits halfway up the bleachers.

Like she's been there for hours.

Like she belongs to the shadow.

Same as on the platform.

Composed.

Eyes too old.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Support group was a nice touch, by the way. You didn't have that the first time.

Sarah keeps her distance.

No gun out.

Not yet.

SARAH

So this is... what, a case review? You giving notes on my coping skills?

Emma smiles faintly.

EMMA

I'm giving notes on your timing.

SARAH

You've been watching me.

EMMA

I've been watching versions of you for a very long time.

Sarah feels that more than she understands it.

SARAH

You were downstairs.

EMMA

They're frightened. They're right to be.

Emma nods toward the stairwell.

EMMA (CONT'D)

They think the worst thing that can happen is someone like them showing up with a gun.

She looks back at Sarah.

EMMA (CONT'D)

They don't know about someone like you.

That hits.

SARAH

You keep saying my name like we
have history.

EMMA

We do.

(beat)

You just haven't lived it yet.

The gym feels bigger suddenly.

More empty.

Emma rises.

Moves down the bleachers at an unhurried pace.

EMMA (CONT'D)

You asked the right question in
there. "What if it's not waiting?"

She reaches the floor.

EMMA (CONT'D)

It isn't. It's moving.

She steps closer.

EMMA (CONT'D)

It's moving through you.

Now Sarah does draw the gun.

Clean. Smooth.

SARAH

That's far enough.

Emma stops.

EMMA

You always pull the gun around now.

SARAH

"Always"?

EMMA

Forty-seven times so far.

That doesn't sound like hyperbole.

Sarah's trigger finger tightens, but there's a tremor there.

SARAH
You're the one killing them. The survivors.

EMMA
The ones who start using what they stole.

SARAH
And what am I?

Emma's gaze softens.

EMMA
You're the one who pretends it's a burden until it isn't.

That lands too close.

A beat.

Emma tilts her head, studying Sarah with something like affection and grief.

EMMA (CONT'D)
In about a hundred and eighty years, you're going to teach my grandmother how to shoot.

Sarah stares.

EMMA (CONT'D)
She's going to call you "Aunt Sarah." You're going to tell her there's no such thing as monsters.

Emma's eyes glisten.

EMMA (CONT'D)
You're wrong.

Beat.

SARAH
Who are you?

Emma's answer is simple.

EMMA
I'm the one who remembers.

Sarah's grip on the gun tightens.

We stay on this moment —

Two women standing on an empty court.

One armed with a gun.

The other armed with an impossible future.

The air between them feels charged. Loaded with years that haven't happened yet.

INT. GYMNASIUM - CONTINUOUS (NIGHT)

Sarah and Emma stand frozen across the basketball court.

Rain taps faintly against the high windows.

The silence is heavier than the threat of the gun.

SARAH

You're telling me you're from the future.

EMMA

I'm telling you I was born into the consequences of your present.

SARAH

Funny how every liar starts there.

EMMA

Funny how every truth sounds like one.

Emma takes one slow step closer.

Sarah doesn't move the gun.

SARAH

You said the people you kill are the ones who "start using" what they stole.

EMMA

Yes.

SARAH

Define "using."

EMMA

They stop thinking of it as survival. They start thinking of it as entitlement.

SARAH

And you decided that makes you
judge, jury, and executioner?

EMMA

No.

(beat)

EMMA (CONT'D)

You did.

Sarah's jaw tightens.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Not yet. But you will.

Sarah fires a warning shot into the rafters.

The crack echoes violently through the gym.

Dust rains down.

SARAH

You don't get to rewrite me based
on a ghost story.

Emma doesn't flinch.

EMMA

That shot took six years off your
hearing in Timeline Twelve.

Sarah stiffens.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Batch of cheap powder. Faulty echo.
You never admit it because you
don't miss.

Sarah slowly lowers the gun an inch.

SARAH

You're enjoying this too much.

EMMA

No.

(quietly)

EMMA (CONT'D)

I'm terrified you won't see it in
time.

Sarah studies her harder now.

SARAH
If you're really from my future...
prove it.

Emma considers.

EMMA
Tomorrow morning, at 5:42 AM, your
brother's alarm will go off even
though he hasn't lived in your
apartment for fifteen years. Power
surge. Faulty wiring behind the
wall near the window.

Sarah's face tightens involuntarily.

EMMA (CONT'D)
You'll pretend it didn't shake you.
It always does.

Silence.

SARAH
Why not just kill me now?

Emma meets her eyes.

EMMA
Because every time I do, the time
doesn't disappear.

(beat)

EMMA (CONT'D)
It just goes looking for someone
worse.

Another charged silence.

SARAH
Then why kill the others?

EMMA
Because they would've built
kingdoms if I hadn't stopped them.

SARAH
So you're pruning timelines.

EMMA
I'm cauterizing rot.

Emma steps backward.

EMMA (CONT'D)
You'll be at Kayla Byrne's
apartment at midnight tonight. You
think you're hunting me.

(beat)

EMMA (CONT'D)
You're wrong.

She turns toward the far exit.

SARAH
If you walk out that door, I will
put you down.

Emma stops at the threshold.

EMMA
You always say that too.

She exits.

Sarah stands alone in the hollow gym.

Gun still raised.

Shaking slightly now.

INT. SARAH'S APARTMENT - EARLY MORNING

Dark.

Sarah lies awake on her bed.

The city glows faintly through the glass.

5:42 AM.

A BUZZING SOUND suddenly erupts from the far wall.

An old ALARM CLOCK goes off inside a drawer.

Sarah sits bolt upright.

Stares at it.

The buzzing continues.

She crosses the room slowly.
Pulls the drawer open.
The dusty old alarm clock stares back at her.
It's Caleb's.
Her dead brother's.
Sarah shuts it off with trembling fingers.
For the first time since the gym—
She exhales like she's running out of denial.

INT. FBI TASK FORCE - DAY

A much heavier room now.
Kayla Byrne's apartment photos on the screen.
Blood patterns.
Entry points.

SUPERVISOR

Our victim operated an invite-only survivor network. "Second Chance," "Borrowed Days," that kind of branding.

Sarah stiffens slightly at the phrase.

SUPERVISOR (CONT'D)

We've cross-referenced over six thousand self-reported "miracles." We're isolating likely candidates for vigilante targeting.

SARAH

You're building a kill list.

SUPERVISOR

We're building a protection list.

SARAH

Those are not the same thing.

SUPERVISOR

They are when you don't know which
side of the gun you're on.

A forensic analyst steps forward.

ANALYST

There's something else. Kayla
wasn't just curating survivor
stories.

She taps the tablet.

ANALYST (CONT'D)

She was cataloging incidents of
defensive homicide.

The room tightens.

ANALYST (CONT'D)

Same people. Same forums. Same
victims who later end up dead.

Sarah feels the net binding tighter.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

Midnight approaches.

Sarah moves fast through the rain.

She turns a corner and nearly collides with the YOUNG MAN
from the liquor store.

He looks worse.

Dark circles under his eyes.

Wire-thin with new energy under the fear.

YOUNG MAN

You said it would change me.

SARAH

It always does.

YOUNG MAN

I haven't slept. I can hear my own
heartbeat.

SARAH
That will pass.

He hesitates.

YOUNG MAN
They're watching people like me
online. The survivor forums.

Sarah goes still.

SARAH
Who's "they"?

YOUNG MAN
Someone calling themselves "The
Constant."

Her blood chills.

YOUNG MAN (CONT'D)
They sent me a message. Said I was
"unfinished."

Sarah grips his arm.

SARAH
You're not going home tonight.

YOUNG MAN
What—

SARAH
You're not alone anymore.

She pulls him toward her car.

Across the street—

A FIGURE watches from the shadows.

Emma.

Still.

Waiting.

INT. SAFEHOUSE APARTMENT - NIGHT

The Young Man sits on the edge of a couch.

Sarah hands him water.

YOUNG MAN
Am I going to end up like them?

Sarah meets his eyes with brutal honesty.

SARAH
Only if you decide the years mean
you're owed something.

He absorbs that.

YOUNG MAN
And you?

Sarah hesitates.

SARAH
I'm still deciding.

EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Emma stands alone, city lights beneath her.

Her phone buzzes.

A single message appears:

TARGET SECURED. TERMINATION WINDOW MISSED.

Emma closes her eyes.

EMMA
(in a whisper)
You always interfere here.

She looks out over the city.

EMMA (CONT'D)
And I always let you.

INT. SARAH'S SAFEHOUSE - LATER

Sarah watches surveillance feeds.

The Young Man sleeps fitfully nearby.

Her phone BUZZES.

UNKNOWN:
NEXT ONE'S IN MOTION. RIVERWALK.
22:14.

Sarah stares at it.

SARAH
Emma...

She grabs her coat and gun.

EXT. CITY RIVERWALK - NIGHT

Crowds.

Street performers.

Life moving everywhere.

Sarah moves against it, scanning faces, reflections.

She senses the convergence before she sees it.

At the far end of the walkway—

Another SURVIVOR laughs with friends.

Unaware.

Above—

A FIGURE stands at the edge of a parking structure.

Emma.

Gun in hand.

Sarah breaks into a run.

CUT TO BLACK.

EXT. CITY RIVERWALK - NIGHT

Crowds move in loose currents along the water. Laughter. Music. Street food smoke drifting.

Sarah pushes through bodies, eyes locked on the parking structure ahead.

On the upper level—

Emma stands at the concrete railing, coat still, gun low at her side.

Below—

The TARGET, a SURVIVOR in his late 30s, laughs with coworkers, beer in hand.

Alive. Unaware.

Sarah spots him.

Then spots Emma.

Her pace quickens.

INT. PARKING GARAGE - UPPER DECK - SAME

Emma watches through binoculars now.

Her breathing is shallow. Controlled. Reluctant.

She lowers the binoculars.

Sees something else—

A SECURITY GUARD (50s, heavysset, kind-eyed) exiting the stairwell, coffee in hand.

GUARD

Evening, miss. This level's closed after—

Emma turns too fast.

The Guard freezes at the sight of the gun.

GUARD (CONT'D)

Hey— hey— I'm just—

He steps back.

His heel slips in a rain puddle tracked inside.

He falls into her.

The gun FIRES.

A brutal crack inside the concrete chamber.

The Guard jerks.

Looks down.

Blood spreads across his uniform.

He drops to one knee.

Emma stumbles back in horror.

EMMA

No- no- no-

The Guard gasps.

Then the TRANSFER hits.

The bullet wound SEALS.

Blood retracts.

His back straightens.

His breathing deepens.

His eyes blaze with sudden youth and power.

GUARD

What... what did you do to me?

Emma's face collapses.

EMMA

I didn't mean to-

Below, faintly-

A gunshot echo reaches the riverwalk.

EXT. RIVERWALK / STAIR ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

Sarah hears it.

She doesn't hesitate.

She sprints for the stairwell.

INT. PARKING GARAGE - MID LEVEL - CONTINUOUS

The Guard rises shakily, staring at his hands.

GUARD

I was dying a second ago.

He laughs, half hysterical.

GUARD (CONT'D)

I feel incredible.

Emma backs away in terror.

EMMA

I gave you everything.

The Guard doesn't understand what that means yet.

But his eyes are changing.

Sarah bursts in from the stairwell, gun up.

She takes in the scene instantly.

SARAH

How much did he take?

Emma whispers:

EMMA

All of it.

Cold lands in Sarah's chest.

SARAH

You just made another one.

The Guard sees the gun.

GUARD

Hey- hey- I didn't do anything wrong.

SARAH

You didn't.

Emma steps forward urgently.

EMMA

You can't—

The Guard looks between them.

Realization clicks.

GUARD

If you shoot me... it goes to you,
doesn't it?

Sarah doesn't deny it.

GUARD (CONT'D)

I don't want this! Take it back!

He rushes toward Sarah.

Instinct overrides thought.

Sarah shoots.

Two shots.

The Guard drops instantly.

INT. PARKING GARAGE - TRANSFER

The impact hits Sarah like being struck by a truck made of time.

She screams.

Her knees buckle.

Her body convulses as centuries flood into her nervous system.

We see it in flashes:

- Wrinkles ripple across her face, then vanish
- Scars bloom on her arms, then dissolve
- Muscles tighten, release
- Hair at her temples goes gray, then dark again

Her heartbeat is a war drum.

Emma drops beside her.

EMMA

Sarah- stay with me- stay-

Sarah finally slams back into stillness.

Breathing hard.

Eyes open.

SARAH

How many years did I just take?

Emma swallows.

EMMA

All of mine.

Sarah closes her eyes in quiet devastation.

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND GARAGE - LATER

Sirens scream nearby.

Police flood the structure above.

Sarah and Emma crouch in shadow.

Sarah's hands still tremble.

SARAH

You were trying to kill me.

EMMA

Yes.

SARAH

And you still almost detonated the world.

Emma's eyes are empty with guilt.

EMMA

This is why I never win.

SARAH

Because killing doesn't destroy the time.

EMMA

It redistributes it.

That truth hangs between them.

INT. SARAH'S SAFEHOUSE - NIGHT

Medical equipment hums.

Sarah sits shirtless as monitors read impossible data.

EMMA
You're stronger now.

SARAH
That wasn't the goal.

Emma looks at her.

EMMA
It never is.

Sarah studies the monitor.

SARAH
You said I become something in your
future.

Emma hesitates.

SARAH (CONT'D)
Tell me.

Emma exhales.

EMMA
You stop thinking in terms of
people.

(beat)

EMMA (CONT'D)
You start thinking in systems.

Sarah absorbs that.

INT. FBI TASK FORCE - SAME NIGHT

Ruiz and the Supervisor argue in hushed tones.

SUPERVISOR
Ballistics link Marcus Vale to the
garage shooting.

Ruiz freezes.

RUIZ
Marcus Vale is impossible. That
case is sealed.

SUPERVISOR
Then something impossible just
reopened it.

A tech steps in.

TECH
We pulled traffic footage.
Detective Covenant was at the
garage before and after.

The room stills.

SUPERVISOR
Put a tail on her.

Ruiz stiffens.

RUIZ
We don't shadow our own.

SUPERVISOR
You do now.

INT. SAFEHOUSE - NIGHT

Sarah stares at a digital world map on a wall monitor.

Dots begin to appear.

Dozens. Then hundreds.

Sarah types rapidly.

SARAH
Hospitals. Combat zones. Domestic
homicides. Police shootings.

The map floods with red.

EMMA

How many?

SARAH

Ten thousand. Give or take.

Emma stares.

EMMA

In my future... you never saw them
this early.

Sarah's voice is steady.

SARAH

Then your future was blind.

She turns from the screen.

SARAH (CONT'D)

We're not hunting individuals
anymore.

Emma watches realization dawn.

EMMA

You're building something.

Sarah doesn't deny it.

CUT TO BLACK.

EXT. DESERT BADLANDS - NIGHT

A vast expanse of black rock and dust under a starless sky.

Wind howls across the flat nothing.

In the distance—

A fortified COMPOUND rises from the earth like a scar.
Floodlights. Watchtowers. Armed MEN on patrol.

Inside this place, power has been extracting power.

INT. COMPOUND - TRAINING YARD - NIGHT

Men in tactical gear fire weapons into distant targets.

Relentless.

Precise.

At the center of it all stands GENERAL KOROVIC (50s, massive, barrel-chested), shirtless despite the cold.

His body is a roadmap of old scars that never healed correctly—because they never needed to.

A SOLDIER steps up behind him with a pistol.

No hesitation.

The Soldier FIRES point-blank into Korovic's back.

The bullet FLATTENS against Korovic's spine and drops harmlessly to the dirt.

Korovic never even turns around.

The Soldier behind him GASPS in pain.

Drops to his knees.

The transfer fails—his body spasms as if struck by reversed lightning.

Korovic finally turns.

KOROVIC
You are not worthy to give me
anything.

The Soldier collapses, convulsing.

Korovic addresses the watching men.

KOROVIC (CONT'D)
Power must flow forward.

(beat)

KOROVIC (CONT'D)
Never backward.

The men bow their heads instinctively.

This is not a general.

This is a collector.

INT. SARAH'S SAFEHOUSE - NIGHT

The desert compound satellite feed plays on a large monitor.

Emma and Sarah watch in silence.

SARAH
How many centuries?

EMMA
Enough that his body can't accept
more.

Sarah studies Korovic's image.

SARAH
So he's saturated.

EMMA
Yes.

SARAH
Meaning killing him would—

EMMA
—dump a catastrophic amount of time
into whoever's closest.

Sarah's jaw tightens.

SARAH
Then we don't kill him.

Emma looks uneasy at that answer.

INT. MOBILE COMMAND VEHICLE - NIGHT

Sarah briefs a small, handpicked unit:

RUIZ (against regulation, off the record)

Two federal tactical operatives

A biomedical TECH with a portable suppression rig

A holographic model of the compound spins between them.

SARAH

We don't use lethal force unless
there is no alternative.

RUIZ

You're asking men to walk into a
miracle-proof warlord's playground.

SARAH

I'm asking them to leave with their
lives still belonging to them.

The Tech raises a device.

TECH

Neural suppression pulse. It won't
kill him. It will desynchronize
temporal uptake.

RUIZ

In English.

TECH

For about thirty seconds... he'll be
mortal.

Everyone processes that.

SARAH

Thirty seconds is all I need.

EXT. DESERT COMPOUND - LATER

Silent approach.

Night-vision optics.

Sarah and the unit breach the outer gate.

Gunfire erupts immediately.

INT. COMPOUND - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Chaos.

Bullets ricochet.

Men fall—and rise again as time floods into them from earlier kills.

Suppression rounds detonate with electric blue arcs.

A soldier goes down, thrashing as uptake is cut.

SARAH

Mark targets—but do not finish them!

RUIZ

That one just took three in the chest—

SARAH

Then suppress him!

They move as one.

Tactically. Relentlessly.

Professional.

INT. COMPOUND - CENTRAL CHAMBER - CONTINUOUS

Korovic waits inside a massive concrete arbory.

Floodlights snap on as Sarah enters.

They face each other across the open floor.

KOROVIC

You smell... unfinished.

Sarah raises her weapon.

SARAH

You're overdrawing.

Korovic LAUGHS.

KOROVIC

No such thing as too much.

The Tech rolls forward the suppression unit.

Activates it.

The field SURGES.

Korovic SCREAMS—not in pain.

In terror.

His massive body suddenly ages in real time.

Wrinkles bloom.

Spine bends.

Breath turns ragged.

KOROVIC (CONT'D)
No— no— you cannot give me back to
the clock—

Sarah advances steadily.

SARAH
You abused it.

Korovic lunges at her, suddenly weak.

She dodges.

Drives a blade deep into his gut.

He collapses.

Bleeding.

Mortal.

For the first time in centuries.

KOROVIC
You think this saves you?

(weak laugh)

KOROVIC (CONT'D)
You just created a market for the
leash.

His eyes roll back.

He dies—without transfer.

Silence crashes down.

Everyone stares.

The impossible has happened:

A true final death.

EXT. DESERT COMPOUND - DAWN

Smoke drifts over subdued fighters.

Immortals lie restrained in suppression cuffs.

The sun crests the horizon.

Emma stands beside Sarah, stunned.

EMMA

In every other timeline...

(beat)

EMMA (CONT'D)

This is where you executed
everyone.

Sarah watches the restrained survivors.

Then shakes her head.

SARAH

Then this timeline gets to be new.

Emma studies her with something close to awe—and fear.

INT. FBI TASK FORCE - MORNING

News footage rolls:

"UNCONFIRMED STRIKE ON MILITARY COMPOUND—NO BODIES
RECOVERED."

SUPERIOR OFFICIALS argue behind closed doors.

SUPERVISOR

She just destabilized three black
markets and six proxy wars in under
eight hours.

RUIZ

She shut down a genocide machine.

SUPERVISOR
She did it without permission.

RUIZ
That's usually how saving people works.

The Supervisor fixes his eyes on him.

SUPERVISOR
That's also how tyrants begin.

That word lands hard.

INT. SAFEHOUSE - NIGHT

Sarah and Emma sit in silence.

The Young Man sleeps on a cot in the corner.

EMMA
You crossed a line tonight.

SARAH
I erased one.

(beat)

SARAH (CONT'D)
There's a difference.

Emma hesitates.

EMMA
There's a reason I always tried to stop you before this moment.

SARAH
Then tell me.

Emma looks at her.

Truly looks.

EMMA
Because this is where the world stops being unpredictable to you.

Silence.

SARAH
And that's bad?

EMMA
It's irresistible.

CUT TO BLACK.

INT. SAFEHOUSE - NIGHT

Rain streaks the windows.

Sarah cleans Korovic's blood from her forearm in the sink.

The water runs red, then clear.

Behind her, Emma sits rigid on the edge of a chair.

Silence stretches.

Finally—

SARAH
You said there's a reason you
always tried to stop me before
tonight.

Emma nods.

EMMA
This is where I lose you.

Sarah turns.

SARAH
You're still standing here.

EMMA
For now.

Beat.

Sarah waits.

EMMA (CONT'D)
After Korovic, you realize you
don't need execution to control the
board. You just need leverage.

Sarah watches her carefully.

EMMA (CONT'D)

You start offering terms instead of bullets. Protection in exchange for obedience. Containment instead of slaughter.

SARAH

That doesn't sound like tyranny.

EMMA

It sounds like the first draft of one.

Sarah absorbs that.

EMMA'S CONFESSION - INTERCUT FLASHES

- Sarah in a dark command center issuing silent orders
 - Immortal squads moving through cities at night
 - Politicians meeting in secret safe rooms
 - Emma, aged 10, training with a suppressed rifle
 - Emma's grandmother smiling beside Sarah in a family photo
 - That same grandmother lying dead decades later, unaged
- Sarah standing alone

EMMA (V.O.)

You don't wake up one morning and decide to rule the future. You just outlive every person who ever told you "no."

BACK TO SAFEHOUSE - NIGHT

Sarah exhales slowly.

SARAH

And you came back to stop that.

EMMA

I came back to kill the infection at the source.

(beat)
You.

Sarah doesn't flinch.

SARAH

How many times?

EMMA

Forty-seven timeline collapses.

SARAH

And in none of them you found a way
to end it without murdering me.

EMMA

No.

Sarah's voice hardens—controlled, not angry.

SARAH

Then your method's broken.

Emma meets her eyes.

EMMA

So is your species.

That hangs between them.

EXT. ABANDONED INDUSTRIAL DISTRICT - NIGHT

A separate group of IMMORTALS moves through cracked concrete
and rusted steel.

Not Sarah's people.

These are the free harvesters.

Tattooed. Armed. Arrogant.

Their leader, MARA (30s, cold, charismatic), addresses them.

MARA

Korovic's dead.

Murmurs ripple through the group.

MARA (CONT'D)

Which means the leash is coming for
us next.

One of the men scoffs.

IMMORTAL #1

Let her come.

Mara smiles thinly.

MARA

She will.

(beat)

MARA (CONT'D)

And when she does, we don't
suppress.

Murmurs darken to hungry excitement.

MARA (CONT'D)

We feed.

INT. SAFEHOUSE - NIGHT

The Young Man stirs from sleep.

Grips his chest instinctively.

SARAH

You felt that.

He nods.

YOUNG MAN

Like... static in my bones.

Emma stiffens.

EMMA

They're transferring.

Sarah goes to the map.

Multiple new red flares ignite.

Simultaneous.

Violent.

SARAH

Someone's harvesting on purpose.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL DISTRICT - NIGHT

Mara's group descends on a pair of smaller-time immortals.

Gunfire.

Brutal.

Merciless.

Transfers detonate like invisible shockwaves between bodies.

One man goes down screaming as decades slam into his nervous system.

Mara executes another point-blank.

Absorbs the years without flinching.

Her eyes briefly glow with youthful fire.

MARA
That's better.

INT. SAFEHOUSE - NIGHT

The map now burns with cascading anomalies.

EMMA
This doesn't happen this fast in
the other timelines.

SARAH
Because nobody was brave enough to
draw a line this early.

Sarah looks at the sleeping Young Man.

At Emma.

At the screen.

SARAH (CONT'D)
If we keep killing, they keep
multiplying.

Emma studies her.

EMMA
That realization usually comes
right after your third massacre.

SARAH
Then I'm ahead of schedule.

INT. ARMORY - NIGHT

Sarah opens a reinforced weapons locker.

Inside—

Not guns.

SUPPRESSION TECH.

Cuffs. Injectors. Neural dampeners.

RUIZ stands in the doorway.

RUIZ
You deploying a militia now?

SARAH
I'm deploying an alternative.

Emma watches, uncertain.

EMMA
This isn't how it goes.

SARAH
Good.

INT. ABANDONED CHURCH - NIGHT

Candlelight glows against stained glass depicting judgment and fire.

Sarah stands alone at the altar.

One by one, people enter:

Amy

The Veteran

The Nurse

The Young Father

Two terrified new immortals captured that night

They hesitate.

Unsure why they're here.

Sarah faces them.

No badge.

No gun.

Only truth.

SARAH

Everyone in this room took time the
same way.

Accident.

Fear.

Instinct.

She lets that sink in.

SARAH (CONT'D)

What's happening outside is people
deciding that makes them kings.

Murmurs ripple.

SARAH (CONT'D)

It doesn't.

She lays suppression cuffs on the altar.

Metal clinks softly.

SARAH (CONT'D)

You can keep your years and serve
something that limits what you
become.

(beat)

Or you can give the years back the first time they turn you
into someone you don't recognize.

Silence.

AMY

What do you call that?

Sarah hesitates.

Then:

SARAH
The Covenant.

Emma's breath catches.

In her future—

This word carries oceans of blood.

Here—

It's still clean.

For now.

EXT. CITY SKYLINE - NIGHT

Lightning forks through low clouds.

Two systems are now alive at once:

Mara's free harvesters

Sarah's Covenant-in-embryo

Emma stands on a rooftop watching both paths unfold.

EMMA
(under her breath)
This is where the timelines really
start to fight.

INT. SAFEHOUSE - LATE NIGHT

Emma sits alone now.

Hands trembling.

Not fear.

Destabilization.

Her image flickers faintly in the mirror—barely a glitch.

She presses a hand to the glass.

EMMA
You're changing it too fast.

Behind her, Sarah appears.

SARAH
That was the idea.

Emma turns.

EMMA
If you fix it completely...

(beat)
I might not exist.

Sarah meets her gaze, steady.

SARAH
Then let's make you unnecessary.

That lands harder than any threat.

CUT TO BLACK.

EXT. ABANDONED RAIL YARD - NIGHT

Miles of rusted track and derelict boxcars under a low,
burning-orange sky.

Mara's HARVESTERS move between the cars like wolves.

Armed. Confident. Drunk on stolen time.

At the center—
MARA watches as one of her crew executes a CAPTURED IMMORTAL.

The transfer slams into the shooter.

He SCREAMS as decades flood his body all at once.

He drops to his knees, convulsing.

MARA
You'll stabilize. Breathe through
it.

The man finally steadies.

Looks up at her with awe.

HARVESTER
It's like God touched me.

MARA

No.

(beat)

MARA (CONT'D)

Like you touched God.

She turns as SIRENS wail in the distance.

MARA (CONT'D)

Covenant's coming.

EXT. STREETS NEAR THE RAILYARD - SAME

Unmarked vans roll in darkness.

Sarah rides in the front passenger seat.

No sirens.

No lights.

In the back:

Amy. The Veteran. The Nurse. Two newer recruits.

All wearing suppression cuffs.

All terrified.

RUIZ (driving)

This is already out of my jurisdiction by about four levels of hell.

SARAH

You don't have jurisdiction over time.

RUIZ

Lucky me.

Emma sits beside Sarah.

Quiet.

Flickering faintly at the edges when the streetlights hit her.

Sarah notices.

SARAH
You're destabilizing.

EMMA
The more damage you prevent, the
less justification there is for me.

SARAH
Then hold on a little longer.

Emma almost smiles.

EXT. RAILYARD - NIGHT

The two groups converge.

HARVESTERS on one side.
COVENANT on the other.

Weapons raised.

Suppression tech humming.

Mara steps forward alone.

MARA
So this is the woman taking away
our future.

SARAH
You're confusing "future" with
"addiction."

Mara laughs.

MARA
You think you're different because
you wear gloves?

She gestures to the cuffs.

MARA (CONT'D)
You're still stealing.

SARAH
No.

(beat)

SARAH (CONT'D)
I'm containing.

Mara's smile fades.

MARA

Then you're already worse than we
are.

She raises her rifle.

The world EXPLODES.

EXT. RAILYARD - WAR

Chaos.

Gunfire.

Harvesters drop--then rise when transfers hit.

Covenant operatives fire suppression rounds.

Blue arcs crack across bodies.

Immortals COLLAPSE, suddenly mortal.

Amy rushes forward, shaking, slapping cuffs onto a screaming
Harvester.

AMY

It's okay-- it's okay-- just breathe--

A HARVESTER lunges at her with a knife.

The Veteran tackles him mid-strike.

The knife sinks into the Veteran's side.

He fires point-blank.

The Harvester drops.

The Veteran stiffens as the transfer floods him.

He SCREAMS.

Amy drags him behind cover.

AMY (CONT'D)

Stay with me-- please--

Sarah moves through it all with brutal precision.

Suppress. Cuff. Move.

Suppress. Cuff. Move.

Until—

She clears a boxcar and finds MARA face-to-face.

EXT. BETWEEN BOXCARS - CONTINUOUS

Mara fires.

Sarah dives.

Returns fire.

Two rounds slam into Mara's chest.

Mara drops—then inhales sharply as the transfer SURGES.

She stands again.

Younger.

Sharper.

Stronger.

MARA

You feel it, don't you?

She charges.

They collide brutally.

Fist to jaw.

Elbow to ribs.

Bone cracks.

Mara gains ground with every impact.

EMMA (O.S.)

SARAH— DON'T KILL HER—

Mara drives Sarah against a boxcar.

Knife raised.

MARA
You either take the years...

(beat)

MARA (CONT'D)
...or become irrelevant.

Sarah hesitates.

A fraction of a second.

Mara stabs.

Instinct takes over.

Sarah fires point-blank into Mara's heart.

Mara drops instantly.

The TRANSFER hits Sarah like an avalanche.

She collapses to one knee.

Gasping.

Overloaded.

She looks up at Emma—

And Emma is screaming.

EXT. RAILYARD - CONTINUOUS

Emma's body glitches violently now.

Her outline tearing.

Her presence unstable.

EMMA
You weren't supposed to kill her—
this wasn't the moment—

Sarah rises shakily.

SARAH
She was going to kill my people.

EMMA

And now you just accelerated the
war by a decade!

Around them, Harvesters scatter.

Covenant holds the field.

But something fundamental has broken.

INT. FBI MOBILE COMMAND - NIGHT

Live feeds flicker chaotically across screens.

SUPERVISOR

Jesus Christ, this is a full-blown
supernatural riot.

ANALYST

We can't track the transfers- every
kill scrambles the data.

RUIZ (on monitor)

You're losing control, not us.

SUPERVISOR

You never had control!

He kills the feed.

SUPERVISOR (CONT'D)

Initiate containment protocol on
Cor-

He stops.

Realizes:

There is no jurisdiction for this.

EXT. RAILYARD - DAWN

Smoke drifts in strips.

Bodies everywhere.

Some dead.

Some restrained.

Some slowly stabilizing under suppression.

Sarah stands alone at the center of it.

Blood on her hands that isn't hers.

Emma stands nearby.

Fading now.

Translucent at the edges.

EMMA

That was your first real mistake.

SARAH

People lived because of it.

EMMA

And thousands will die because of
what it started.

Sarah absorbs that silently.

INT. SAFEHOUSE - MORNING

Amy sits on the floor, shaking.

The Veteran lies unconscious on a cot, flooded with too much
time.

The Nurse checks vitals.

Sarah stands at the window, alone.

Emma approaches, dimmer now.

EMMA

This is where I usually hate you.

SARAH

Do you this time?

Emma hesitates.

EMMA

No.

(beat)

EMMA (CONT'D)

This time I'm just scared of you.

That lands heavier.

EXT. CITY ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Sarah stands on a rooftop overlooking the city.

Lights everywhere.

Life everywhere.

Emma joins her.

Half-faded.

EMMA

The future just tilted.

SARAH

Good.

EMMA

Or catastrophic.

Sarah finally turns to her.

SARAH

Then stay long enough to find out.

Emma watches the city.

Nods once.

CUT TO BLACK.

EXT. CITY ROOFTOP - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

Wind whips across the rooftop.

Emma stands near the ledge, semi-translucent now. The city lights bleed faintly through her coat.

Sarah watches her carefully.

SARAH

You're disappearing.

EMMA
I'm being edited out.

SARAH
By what?

EMMA
By you changing enough outcomes
that my branch of time can't
justify existing.

Sarah steps closer.

SARAH
You said I become a tyrant.

EMMA
You still could.

(beat)

EMMA (CONT'D)
Just not the one I grew up under.

Sarah studies her.

SARAH
That's not an answer.

EMMA
It's the only honest one.

Emma sits on the ledge.

EMMA (CONT'D)
In my future, this is usually where
you stop asking questions.

SARAH
That sounds like a warning.

EMMA
It is.

INT. SAFEHOUSE - LATER (NIGHT)

The space is now crowded with activity.

Multiple MONITORS show news feeds:

— Riots in Eastern Europe

- "Miracle survivor" arrests in Seoul
- Unconfirmed vigilante actions in São Paulo
- A Covenant suppression team deploying in Toronto

Sarah stands at the center of it.

Amy briefs from a tablet.

AMY

We've stabilized six cities with
non-lethal containment. Three more
are in partial collapse.

SARAH

And Mara's network?

AMY

Shattered, but not gone. Smaller
splinter cells are forming.

RUIZ enters, exhausted.

RUIZ

We've got Homeland, NSA, CIA, three
congressional committees and a
Vatican rep all asking who's in
charge here.

Sarah doesn't hesitate.

SARAH

We are.

RUIZ

That's what I was afraid you'd say.

INT. SAFEHOUSE - MEDICAL ALCOVE - SAME

The Young Man sits on a cot as the Nurse scans his vitals.

His numbers finally look... human.

NURSE

Your recovery rate is slowing.
That's good.

YOUNG MAN

Good doesn't feel good.

She nods.

NURSE
It rarely does.

Sarah watches from the doorway.

YOUNG MAN
Am I... stabilizing?

Sarah answers carefully.

SARAH
You're aging again.

The Young Man almost laughs with relief.

YOUNG MAN
I thought that was gone forever.

Sarah's eyes soften—briefly.

INT. SAFEHOUSE - WAR ROOM - NIGHT

Emma stands near the back wall, flickering faintly.

EMMA
This is the part where the world
officially learns what you've
built.

SARAH
The world already knows.

EMMA
Not like this.

A RED ALERT flashes on the central screen.

AMY
We've got a live execution in
Prague. Public square.

Sarah's eyes harden.

SARAH
Send suppression through the
nearest cell.

AMY
They're not in position.

Emma steps forward.

EMMA
You're going to have to choose.

Sarah
Between?

EMMA (CONT'D)
Between letting them die... or
killing again to stop it.

A beat.

For the first time in the entire film—

Sarah hesitates too long.

AMY
If we don't act, that transfer
alone could create another Korovic
in under a minute.

Sarah closes her eyes.

Reopens them.

SARAH
Deploy lethal.

The room goes quiet.

EXT. PRAGUE - PUBLIC SQUARE - NIGHT (INTERCUT)

A terrified IMMORTAL is forced to his knees by masked
HARVESTERS.

Crowd screaming.

Phones raised.

A gun fires.

The execution AND the retaliation strike happen almost
simultaneously.

Time detonates invisibly through bodies.

The feed glitches.

Then goes dark.

INT. SAFEHOUSE - SAME

Sarah watches the feed cut.

Emma stares at her.

Not accusing.

Just... registering.

EMMA

That was the step.

SARAH

People lived.

EMMA

People always live. That's never
been the problem.

Sarah turns away sharply.

INT. SAFEHOUSE - LATER THAT NIGHT

The operation center empties out.

Only Sarah and Emma remain.

Emma is barely opaque now.

SARAH

Is that how it starts in your
future?

EMMA

No.

(beat)

EMMA (CONT'D)

In mine, you never hesitated first.

That difference hangs heavy.

Sarah studies her hands.

For the first time, they look... older.

Subtly.

Real.

SARAH

I'm aging.

Emma smiles sadly.

EMMA

You always were. Just... not on your
own schedule.

Sarah looks up.

SARAH

Does that mean this might end?

EMMA

It means it gets to.

EXT. COVENANT SITE - OUTSIDE SAFEHOUSE - DAWN

A new symbol is being stenciled onto armored vans:

THE COVENANT

Not a religion.

Not a government.

Something else.

News drones hover at a distance.

Sarah watches from the doorway.

RUIZ approaches.

RUIZ

You realize you just became the
most powerful non-state actor in
human history.

SARAH

That's not a victory.

RUIZ

No.

(beat)

RUIZ (CONT'D)

It's a responsibility no one asked
for.

SARAH

That's never stopped anything worth doing.

RUIZ doesn't argue.

EXT. ROOFTOP - DAWN

Sarah and Emma stand together as the sun rises.

Emma is almost transparent now.

EMMA

In the other timelines, this sunrise always belongs to you.

SARAH

And now?

EMMA

Now it belongs to the people underneath it.

Emma turns to her.

EMMA (CONT'D)

You changed the slope of the mountain.

SARAH

And the avalanche?

Emma considers.

EMMA

Still running.

But slower.

Sarah exhales.

INT. SAFEHOUSE - HALLWAY - MORNING

Amy passes Sarah.

AMY

We've got volunteers now. People coming forward.

SARAH
They want protection.

AMY
They want purpose.

Sarah absorbs that.

INT. SAFEHOUSE - EMMA'S QUARTERS - MORNING

The room Emma's been using is almost empty.

Her reflection in the mirror barely registers now.

Sarah stands in the doorway.

SARAH
How long?

EMMA
However long it takes for you to
finish proving me wrong.

Sarah steps inside.

SARAH
Stay.

Emma smiles.

EMMA
You don't need a future ghost
anymore.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Life continues.

People go to work.

Kids go to school.

A world that has no idea it just barely avoided a different
kind of extinction.

INT. SAFEHOUSE - WAR ROOM - DAY

The Covenant map now spans the globe.

Stabilized zones in green.

Active red fractures shrinking.

Amy looks impressed.

AMY
We're winning.

Emma, dim in the background, speaks quietly:

EMMA
You're surviving.

Sarah watches the board.

SARAH
That's the only kind of winning
that ever matters.

CUT TO BLACK.

INT. SAFEHOUSE - WAR ROOM - DAY

The global map glows.

Red zones shrinking. Green spreading.

Teams move in coordinated silence. Radios murmur. Tablets flash with biometric readouts.

Sarah stands at the center--still, focused. The eye of a storm she built.

Amy approaches with a tablet.

AMY
We've got formal requests for
cooperation from five governments
now. Quiet channels. Diplomatic
immunity. Shared tech.

SARAH
They want control.

AMY
They want protection.

SARAH
They always want both.

Amy hesitates.

AMY
You could legitimize this. Make it
official. Transparent.

Sarah finally looks at her.

SARAH
And when the next administration
decides containment should become
conscription?

Amy doesn't answer.

INT. SAFEHOUSE - OBSERVATION HALL - DAY

A long glass corridor overlooking a detention wing.

Suppressed IMMORTALS sit quietly in restraint chairs beyond
the glass. Some stare at nothing. Some weep.

One young woman shakes uncontrollably.

The Nurse kneels beside her, speaking softly.

NURSE
You're aging again. That fear you
feel? That's gravity returning.

The woman sobs.

WOMAN
It hurts.

NURSE
It's supposed to.

Sarah watches from the other side of the glass.

Emma stands beside her--barely visible now unless the light
hits just right.

EMMA
This is where I used to call you a
jailer.

SARAH

And now?

EMMA

Now I call you a dam.

Sarah doesn't know if that's praise or warning.

INT. SAFEHOUSE - PRIVATE OFFICE - DAY

Ruiz stands near the door. Tired. Unshaven now.

SARAH

You look like you haven't slept.

RUIZ

You look like you haven't been
allowed to.

He hands her a sealed file.

RUIZ (CONT'D)

Congressional black site proposal.
They want to take over long-term
containment.

Sarah flips through it.

Her face never moves.

SARAH

They'll build a prison.

RUIZ

They already have the blueprints.

SARAH

And then they'll start deciding who
deserves to go in it.

RUIZ

They already do that too.

Sarah closes the folder.

SARAH

Not with this.

She slides it back.

RUIZ
They're going to call you a
warlord.

Sarah meets his gaze.

SARAH
So did Korovic.

EXT. SAFEHOUSE - TRAINING YARD - DAY

Amy supervises new RECRUITS learning suppression technique.

Hands shaking.

Sweat pouring.

Amy corrects posture. Grip. Distance.

AMY
You're not subduing a criminal.

(beat)

AMY (CONT'D)
You're preventing a cascade.

One recruit nods, terrified but steadying.

On a nearby platform—

Emma watches.

Fading.

EMMA
In my future, this becomes an
academy.

Sarah hears that.

SARAH
Does it still?

EMMA
No.

(beat)

EMMA (CONT'D)
It becomes a memory.

Sarah looks at her sharply.

SARAH
Whose memory?

Emma doesn't answer.

INT. SAFEHOUSE - MEDICAL ALCOVE - DAY

The Veteran is awake now.

Sweating. Pale.

Amy sits beside him.

VETERAN
How long this time?

AMY
We don't know.

VETERAN
That's never gonna stop being
funny.

Amy almost laughs.

VETERAN (CONT'D)
Did it work? The raid?

AMY
Yeah.

VETERAN
Then it was worth it.

He closes his eyes again, exhausted.

Amy watches him, conflicted.

From the doorway, Sarah sees it all.

INT. SAFEHOUSE - EMMA'S QUARTERS - DAY

Emma sits on the edge of the bed.

Her feet barely indent the mattress anymore.

Sarah enters slowly.

SARAH
You're lighter.

Emma smiles faintly.

EMMA
I'm less defended.

Sarah sits across from her.

A rare, quiet stillness between them.

SARAH
Do you remember your real
childhood? Or just the future you
lived in?

Emma considers.

EMMA
Blended. Like a copied file that
keeps degrading.

(beat)

EMMA (CONT'D)
I remember my grandmother's
kitchen. Sun through the window.
You at the table showing her how to
disassemble a pistol blindfolded.

Sarah winces.

EMMA (CONT'D)
She burned the food every time on
purpose. Said smelling it meant you
were safe.

Sarah swallows.

SARAH
When does she die?

EMMA
Two hundred and twelve.

Sarah closes her eyes.

Whenever that is—

It's still killing her now.

SARAH
Did she hate me?

EMMA
No.

(beat)

EMMA (CONT'D)
She loved you like an earthquake
loves a city. Terrifying.
Necessary. Permanent.

Sarah exhales shakily.

EXT. CITY - ESTABLISHING - DUSK

News footage overlaps in montage:

— "COVENANT CELLS DISRUPT MIRACLE CULT
IN BRAZIL"
— "NONLETHAL SUPPRESSION TECH
DEPLOYED IN TOKYO"
— "GLOBAL DISPUTE OVER CIVIL RIGHTS
OF 'TEMPORAL SURVIVORS'"
— "VIGILANTE KILLINGS DECLINE
SHARPLY"

Society is reshaping itself around a truth it doesn't fully
understand.

INT. SAFEHOUSE - WAR ROOM - NIGHT

The Young Man sits at a console now. No longer shaken.

Alert. Focused.

YOUNG MAN
Transfer signatures are down sixty
percent globally.

Sarah watches the numbers with quiet disbelief.

SARAH
It's working.

Emma stands near the back wall, dim as a reflection in fog.

EMMA
It's stabilizing.

Sarah turns to her.

SARAH
Meaning?

EMMA
Meaning I don't get to exist in
stable systems.

That lands.

INT. SAFEHOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

The lights flicker as emergency generators briefly kick in.

Emma falters.

Grabs the wall.

Sarah is instantly there.

SARAH
What's happening?

EMMA
I think I just lost Prague.

Sarah doesn't understand at first.

Then it hits.

SARAH
The version of you from that
collapse—

Emma nods.

EMMA
I used to feel them all at once.

(beat)

EMMA (CONT'D)
Now they're letting go one by one.

Sarah grips her arm.

Her hand passes partially through.

Fear flashes across Sarah's face for the first time without armor.

SARAH
You said you'd hold on.

EMMA
I said I'd try.

EXT. SAFEHOUSE - DAWN

Emma stands alone outside as the sky lightens.

She is barely solid now.

The city noise passes through her like wind.

Sarah joins her.

They stand in silence.

EMMA
In the timelines where you become
what I fear...

(beat)

EMMA (CONT'D)
This is where you stop coming
outside.

SARAH
And now?

EMMA
Now you still care what the air
feels like.

Sarah closes her eyes briefly, letting the breeze touch her face.

INT. SAFEHOUSE - WAR ROOM - MORNING

Alert tones SOUND.

AMY
We've got a transfer spike— single
source— big one.

Sarah steps forward.

SARAH
Where?

AMY
Self-defense homicide. Domestic
situation. First-time transfer.

Sarah's eyes soften.

SARAH
Bring him in quietly.

The Young Man looks at her.

YOUNG MAN
The next generation.

Sarah nods.

EXT. INTERROGATION FACILITY - MORNING

A subdued, unmarked building beside the larger Covenant
complex.

No signs.

No fences.

Just quiet authority.

Emma watches the building.

EMMA
This room didn't exist in my
future.

SARAH
Good.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - MORNING (SETUP)

A plain room.

Metal table.

Two chairs.

Camera in the corner.

Sarah enters alone.

She sits.

For the first time in decades—

She waits.

CUT TO BLACK.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - MORNING

Fluorescent lights. Bare metal table. Two chairs.

The door opens.

A YOUNG MAN (early 20s) enters with a Covenant escort.

Shaking. Pale. Eyes wide with that same new-awareness panic Sarah has seen a thousand times.

The escort exits.

The door shuts.

It's quiet now.

The young man sits across from Sarah.

Neither speaks at first.

His hands tremble.

Sarah waits.

Finally—

YOUNG MAN
I didn't mean to hurt him.

Sarah nods once.

SARAH
None of them ever do.

That lands heavy.

YOUNG MAN

He broke into my apartment. My girlfriend was asleep in the other room. I grabbed the lamp. I don't even remember swinging it.

Sarah doesn't look away.

YOUNG MAN (CONT'D)

He hit the floor and just... didn't get back up.

His breathing accelerates.

YOUNG MAN (CONT'D)

And then I felt it.

He presses a hand to his chest.

YOUNG MAN (CONT'D)

Like my heart got heavier. Louder. I thought I was having a heart attack. Then the blood on my arm— it just... disappeared.

Sarah leans forward slightly.

SARAH

How old are you?

YOUNG MAN

Twenty-two.

SARAH

How old do you feel now?

He hesitates.

YOUNG MAN

Nineteen.

Sarah exhales through her nose.

Three years. Clean. Small. Still devastating.

SARAH

You absorbed what he had left.

YOUNG MAN

So I'm a monster now.

The word hangs in the air.

Sarah studies him.

SARAH

No.

(beat)

SARAH (CONT'D)

You're a fork in a road.

He doesn't understand that.

Yet.

SARAH (CONT'D)

You get to decide whether this
moment was an accident... or the
beginning of a habit.

She slides a thin data slate across the table.

On it: scans confirming the transfer.

YOUNG MAN

Can you take it back?

A crucial question.

Sarah's eyes soften.

SARAH

Yes.

Hope flares instantly.

Then—

SARAH (CONT'D)

But someone would have to die for
me to do it.

That hope collapses into understanding.

YOUNG MAN

So I just... live with it?

SARAH

You live with responsibility.

She reaches into her pocket.

Slides a matte-black card across the table.

No logo.

No rank.

Just one word:

THE COVENANT

YOUNG MAN

What is that?

SARAH

It's what happens when people like
us decide the years they didn't
earn still belong to the world.

He stares at the card.

YOUNG MAN

And if I say no?

SARAH

Then you walk out that door.

(beat)

SARAH (CONT'D)

And I hope you never start thinking
the time belongs to you.

The young man sits very still.

Then slowly—

He takes the card.

Nods once.

YOUNG MAN

I don't want to be hunted.

SARAH

Then don't become something that
needs to be.

EXT. SAFEHOUSE - SAME MORNING

Emma stands in the courtyard.

Barely visible now.

The sunlight passes almost entirely through her.

Sarah steps outside.

They regard one another.

SARAH

He chose.

Emma smiles faintly.

EMMA

They always do in this version.

SARAH

You sound surprised.

EMMA

I'm learning how unfamiliar hope feels.

Sarah steps closer.

SARAH

How much time do you have?

Emma studies her hands.

They are almost erased.

EMMA

Minutes. Maybe less.

Sarah swallows.

For the first time in the entire film—

She does not know what to do with her hands.

SARAH

Is this where you tell me the one thing that fixes everything?

EMMA

No.

(softly)

EMMA (CONT'D)

This is where I tell you the truth one last time.

Sarah waits.

EMMA (CONT'D)

You never become what I was afraid of in this timeline.

Relief flashes across Sarah's face—

Then suspicion.

SARAH
What do I become?

Emma holds her gaze.

EMMA
Tired.

Sarah lets out a quiet, cracked laugh.

EMMA (CONT'D)
You live long enough to get
exhausted by power. That's the only
reason it doesn't own you.

Emma's outline flickers violently now.

SARAH
You said I taught your grandmother
how to shoot.

EMMA
You still do.

SARAH
Then she still exists.

EMMA
Yes.

(beat)

EMMA (CONT'D)
Just not because you conquered the
world.

Wind stirs across the courtyard.

Emma's body begins to shear into drifting light.

SARAH
Do you remember me... the way I am
now?

EMMA
This is the only version of you
I'll ever be grateful for.

Sarah steps forward—

Her hand passes completely through Emma this time.

EMMA (CONT'D)
Don't try to hold on to me.

(beat)

EMMA (CONT'D)
That's how all the other versions
lost everything.

Tears finally spill from Sarah's eyes.

Quiet.

Uncontained.

SARAH
You came all this way just to
disappear.

EMMA
No.

(soft smile)

EMMA (CONT'D)
I came all this way to stop you
from disappearing.

Emma fades completely.

No flash.

No spectacle.

Just empty sunlight where she was standing.

Sarah remains.

Alone.

EPILOGUE

TITLE CARD:

ONE YEAR LATER

EXT. COVENANT FACILITY - DAY

A permanent, purpose-built complex now.

Not hidden.

Not public.

Somewhere in between.

Armored vehicles come and go.

New recruits enter.

Sarah watches from an upper balcony.

Her hair is tied back differently now.

A few faint silver strands at the temples.

She does not hide them.

INT. COVENANT TRAINING HALL - DAY

Amy instructs a group of new operatives.

Her hands are steady now.

She is no longer afraid of her own pulse.

Sarah observes from the doorway.

Proud.

TITLE CARD:

TEN YEARS LATER

INT. COVENANT OPERATIONS CENTER - NIGHT

A larger room.

Calmer.

Maps move slowly now.

Transfer spikes are rare.

The Young Man from the interrogation now runs global monitoring.

He looks older.

Human.

YOUNG MAN
Global transfer rate dropped
another twelve percent.

SARAH
Good.

She moves slower now.

But still with purpose.

TITLE CARD:

FIFTY YEARS LATER

INT. ARCHIVAL HALL - NIGHT

A cathedral of memory.

Glass cases display:

- Early suppression cuffs
- Maps from the first war
- Names etched into black panels

Sarah, now physically in her late 50s, walks alone through the hall.

She stops at a small, unmarked alcove.

Inside:

A single still image from a corrupted surveillance feed.

Emma.

Mid-smile.

Unstable.

Only Sarah knows who she is.

TITLE CARD:

ONE HUNDRED YEARS LATER

EXT. COVENANT MEMORIAL GARDEN - DUSK

Stone paths.

Names carved into long steel walls.

A gathering of people: young, old, ordinary, altered.

Sarah stands at the far end.

She now looks early 60s.

Fully, undeniably human.

She does not speak.

She walks to a single stone set apart from the others.

It is blank.

She rests her hand on it anyway.

FINAL SCENE

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

Another young person sits across from Sarah.

Different face.

Same fear.

YOUNG WOMAN
I didn't mean to-

Sarah gently raises a hand.

SARAH

I know.

The woman looks at her hands, shaking.

YOUNG WOMAN

Am I going to live forever?

Sarah considers her.

SARAH

No.

(beat)

SARAH (CONT'D)

But you're going to live louder
than most people.

She slides the familiar black card across the table.

THE COVENANT

The young woman stares at it.

Trembling.

Then takes it.

EXT. COVENANT FACILITY - NIGHT

Sarah steps outside.

The stars above are cold and distant.

She breathes the night air like it still surprises her.

For the first time in centuries—

The future feels finite.

SARAH (V.O.)

She saved me by showing me who I would become.

(beat)

I saved her by never becoming it.

(beat)

Somewhere, in a timeline that no longer exists, she's telling her grandmother stories about the monster I never was.

FADE OUT.

THE LOTTERY

END