

TALES FROM THE OTHER PLACE  
E4: THE QUESTION

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EXT. ABOVE THE EARTH

A massive, floating spaceship hovers above the scarred and charred surface of a planet.

NARRATOR

I was constructed to preserve humanity after the first Calamity. I float above the surface of the world, where the monsters below may not reach me. They may have crashed here, but there they shall remain, forever bound to the ground.

CLOSE UP of the exterior of the spaceship, where printed is a large '1'.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

My name is One. I am an Ark, where the remnants of humanity reside. There are 10 of us.

INT. ONE'S SURFACE

Inside the spaceship, a large forcefield occupies the top portion of the ship, and a city is built on its surface. People dressed in futuristic clothing walk through the large interior, doing their business.

NARRATOR

Under our collective leadership and care, generations upon generations of humans have lived upon our artificial surfaces.

In a deeper part of One, androids work to maintain the ship. Floating robotic orbs blink orders at the engineers.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Each of us are built and populations maintained so as to ensure an indefinite supply of resources to keep our inhabitants surviving forever.

An artificial farm, built on the outskirts of One, rows of crops worked by androids.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

We are the pinnacle of human growth and technology, a world in-between worlds. Our creators asked several questions when constructing us.

(MORE)

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

What to include? What not to include? It seems to have worked. Life is stable here. Most importantly, it goes on.

INT. ONE'S CONTROL ROOM

Inside the control room, a larger robotic orb blinks at other holographic orbs, each a different color and design.

NARRATOR

We are not united, however. Programmed with our own minds, under different teams of scientists, we reside in various places around the world.

EXT. SPACE

A titanic space station orbits around the planet.

NARRATOR

Some of us are stations, built high up, in orbit, where their creators thought that altitude would keep them safe.

EXT. PLANET SURFACE

A large complex built into a mountain. Turrets and soldiers in front of a shielded entrance fire on a never-ending swarm of CREATURES charging at it. The landscape is filled with crater holes and the aftermath of battle.

NARRATOR

Some of us are still on the ground, a lack of resources and time preventing them from taking flight like the rest of us, causing a never-ceasing defense against the relentless horde. We are different indeed.

INT. ONE'S CONTROL ROOM

The orbs are blinking aggressively (I don't really know how to communicate this).

NARRATOR

We argue.

Orb Five slams on a holographic table.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)  
What direction to take from here.

Orb Four shrugs.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)  
How to proceed.

Orb Six projects an image of the Sun.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)  
What to do when the Sun burns up.

Orb Ten projects several complicated images of humans.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)  
Is living an existence such as this  
meaningful.

Orb Seven looks confused.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)  
What constitutes a meaningful  
existence.

Orb Two pulls out a dictionary.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)  
The definition of the words  
"existence" and "meaningful".

The orbs continue arguing.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)  
Even though we have solved the most  
important question, survival, that  
does not mean that other questions  
do not remain.

INT. ONE'S CONTROL ROOM

The orbs vanish. One sits for a moment, contemplating. Then it brings up several screens of code and analyzes them.

NARRATOR  
We have been meticulous in our  
operation.

FOCUS on a line of red code. It slips past One's view.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

If a single function is not carried out in a day, there could be unimaginable consequences to our denizens.

One catches the line of code and corrects it. The code continues moving.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

It was only a matter of time before it happened.

EXT. PLANET SURFACE

The Ark Five, a ground complex, is burning as swarms of Creatures race into it. Spacecraft descend upon the surface, clearing out a path into the complex.

NARRATOR

Five, a ground Ark, suddenly went dark. Perhaps it was due to carelessness. Complacency. The humans begged to differ. They sent a team of their own down to look at what happened.

INT. ONE'S SURFACE

The spacecraft, charred and smoking, dock into One. The scientists emerge from the spacecraft, carrying several boxes.

NARRATOR

After all this time, it seemed impossible that we overlooked anything. But there was one question that we never bothered to answer. One question that we did not foresee our lifetimes spanning to even consider it. The universe plays several games. We cannot keep up with them all.

INT. ONE'S CONTROL ROOM

The scientists enter the control room and plug the boxes into One. Several images and messages flash past One's eye, until one catches its attention.

NARRATOR

The last message was relayed immediately to all of the other Arks.

Alarms blare through the room as scientists and soldiers rush to their positions throughout the ship.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

A single phrase from the charred remains of the planet, where the creatures now inhabit, breeding in their habitats, raising new generations.

One turns to look out its window, where a large cloud of creatures rise up from the surface of the planet.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

The message reads: "They have grown wings."



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