

H O V E R

"Pilot"

Written by

Saundra Hall

TEASER

EXT. WORLD CENTER - COURTYARD - DAY

A massive crowd gathers at the steps of a monumental white building -- the WORLD CENTER -- a place of communication and union between all peoples of Earth.

At the top of the steps stands an intimidating pulpit with microphones of various shapes and sizes. An elderly man with a mechanical eye approaches: INNOVATOR XENON.

Multiple cameras focus in on the Innovator as he prepares to deliver a notion that will change the course of humankind forever.

INNOVATOR XENON

For far too long, humanity has been subjugated to natural disasters outside of our control. Plagued by storms, earthquakes, tornadoes, even hurricanes, our planet has both given us life *and* sought to take it away.

The Innovator pauses, gazing out at the innocent faces of the crowd before him, their survival now in Xenon's hands.

INNOVATOR XENON (CONT'D)

But we are the masters of our own fate. No more will we be at the winds of her mercy or the waves of her goodwill.

The crowd listens intently with bated breath, holding their loved ones tight as the Innovator pulls out a small remote.

INNOVATOR XENON (CONT'D)

Ladies and gentlemen of the world. It is with great pride and personal pleasure that I present to you a project that has been a lifetime in the making.

He clicks the remote. Behind him, just above his head, a 3D IMAGE OF EARTH flickers into existence.

INNOVATOR XENON (CONT'D)

Hover Technology has been my focus over the past several decades.

(MORE)

INNOVATOR XENON (CONT'D)

With it comes the promise of unlimited energy and the ability to overcome all of Earth's natural obstacles.

Suddenly, the 3D Earth is encased in shimmering blue Plates -- TECH-TONIC PLATES -- that interlock together, forming a spherical barrier around the planet. These Plates act as a man-made layer of Earth, a hovering life source for humans to build upon and begin anew.

INNOVATOR XENON (CONT'D)

Thus, the concept of hovering Tech-Tonic Plates was born. The project not only brings an incredible challenge, but an unimaginable cost as well.

The 3D Plates retract from the planet and tornadoes, volcanoes, hurricanes, and other deadly disasters repeatedly strike the surface of the Earth.

INNOVATOR XENON (CONT'D)

But without these Plates, we are left to the duplicitous devices of this planet, our future uncertain and uncontrollable.

The 3D image completely disappears. The Innovator grips the sides of the pulpit with fierce determination.

INNOVATOR XENON (CONT'D)

The dawn of a new age has begun. Implementation of the Tech-Tonic Plates must move forward at once for the sake of humanity. With Hover Technology, we will thrive forever!

The crowd erupts into joyous CHEERS as the Innovator proudly beams from the pulpit.

END TEASER

ACT ONE**INT. TECH-TONIC PLATE - CAVE - DECADES LATER**

OPEN ON a small crackling fireplace carved into a blue shimmering cave wall. A fire iron stokes the flames, encouraging them to grow despite the hostile habitat.

REVEAL the iron wielder, DECK, a tenacious youth with wild hair and scraps for clothes, hunched over the burgeoning flames.

BEEP! BEEP! BEEP! BEEP!

A low, rhythmic beeping breaks Deck's trance. He turns his head toward the source: a mechanical lump nestled comfortably on the floor. The rhythmic beeping rapidly begins to speed up until--

BING! The machine lights up in a brilliant flash of rainbow. Arms and legs unfold out from the mechanical body, and two digital eyes flicker to life on the robot's head panel.

BUCKET emerges from rest mode, its feet lazily hovering just inches above the ground.

DECK
(sarcastic)
It's about time you woke up. All
you ever do is sleep.

Bucket tilts its head curiously.

BUCKET
Whatever do you mean? How long was
I offline?

DECK
Ehhh, maybe 2 days?

BUCKET
(horrificed)
2 days?! I am only programmed 15
minute rest periods every 24 hours.
My repair unit must be
malfunctioning!

Bucket presses a button on its wrist. Multiple 3D graphs and charts materialize in front of it. Everything appears normal. Bucket SIGHS in relief.

DECK
I'm kidding, Bucket. It was
actually 5.

Deck sets the fire iron down and stands up.

BUCKET
5 days?!

Bucket notices Deck's smirk. Everything clicks.

BUCKET (CONT'D)
You're... joking, aren't you?
(sighs)
You know my sarcasm sensor is
unreliable.

Deck LAUGHS as he begins to rifle through cobbled-together
cabinets of all shapes and sizes.

DECK
We're running low on food. Gonna
have to make a quick shopping trip.
You need anything?

Deck reaches for his utility belt resting on a wobbly dinner
table and secures it around his waist.

BUCKET
Only my memory module. I would
think you would remember by now,
Deck. I mention this request every
time we leave the Cave.

DECK
I guess I *forgot*.

Bucket shoots him a look, then realizes again.

BUCKET
Please stop doing that.

EXT. TECH-TONIC PLATE - CREVICE - CONTINUOUS

Deck walks up to an open hole on one side of the wall. He
stands on the edge, letting his toes hang over a 1,000 foot
drop.

He touches the large middle buckle of his utility belt, which
is no buckle at all, but instead, a touch screen. It turns
on, displaying an image of a motorized grappling hook.

Deck swivels around to face his robot companion, a mischievous grin on his face as he dangerously teeters on the edge.

BUCKET
Don't do it, Deck.

DECK
(taunting)
Do what?

BUCKET
I know what that smile means. It means you're about to do something dangerous or stupid. Or both. I'm warning you, one of these days you're going to--

Deck crouches down, and in one fluid motion, backflips over the ledge and dives down into the soulless abyss.

BUCKET (CONT'D)
DECK!

Sandwiched between two Tech-Tonic Plates, Deck plummets to the ground, waiting for an opening as the adrenaline courses through his veins.

Suddenly, he whooshes out of the Plate gulf, completely free-falling. He presses the image on his belt. ZWIIP! The motorized grappling hook materializes and shoots out of the belt buckle, latching onto the bottom of the Plate.

DECK
Woohooooo! YEAH!

Before he reaches the top of his swing arc, he clicks his Hover Boots together. The soles light up a brilliant blue, a reflection of the Tech-Tonic Plates above him.

He releases his grappling hook and, with another acrobatic flip, floats down as his Hover Boots slow his descent, down into the--

EXT. UNDERWORLD - GARBAGE HILLTOPS - CONTINUOUS

Deck's feet plant down on a tall mound of garbage, and he clicks off his Hover Boots. He looks out across the Garbage Hilltops, a putrid place covered in trash as far as the eye can see. Every type of item imaginable is here, broken and scattered over the floor.

The garbage is dimly lit by the powerful blue glow from the Plates above. Deck looks up at them. From this distance, they could almost resemble a sky. Almost.

Bucket slowly hovers down next to Deck, arms folded and clearly unimpressed.

BUCKET

Why you choose to willingly risk
your life is beyond my processing
capacity.

Deck gives a wide grin, but Bucket just rolls its digital eyes and hovers away, scanning through the discarded items for anything useful.

Following Bucket's cue, Deck begins to rifle through the trash, looking for anything edible. He finds a few crusty COCKROACHES and scans them into his utility belt, digitally storing them for later.

Suddenly, a breeze pushes past the trash, releasing a piece of paper wedged between two hulking pieces of trash.

Curious, Deck pulls out the deteriorated scrap to see a picture of Innovator Xenon next to a 3D model of the Tech-Tonic Plates. The headline reads "TECH-TONIC PLATES: OUR FUTURE, TODAY". Deck SCOFFS.

DECK

So you're the guy, huh? You want to
see how your brilliant idea worked
out?

He holds the image out toward the Underworld as if to show the Innovator his creation. Bucket continues to scavenge for trash, completely oblivious.

DECK (CONT'D)

Look at what you've made.
Beautiful, isn't it?

He crumples up the paper and tosses it into a shattered toilet bowl. It lands squarely inside the bowl, and Deck pumps his fist in the air in celebration.

DECK (CONT'D)

Yeah!

(beat)

You find anything useful, Bucket?

Bucket lifts up a piece of trash halfheartedly but quickly drops it. It shakes its head, defeated.

BUCKET
(saddened)
No memory module in sight.

Deck approaches his companion and rests a hand on its shoulder, smiling.

DECK
Hey, don't worry about it. We'll
find it one day, no matter how long
it takes.

Bucket looks up, its digital eyes now full of digital tears.

BUCKET
Thank you for saying that.

Deck and Bucket share a smile when suddenly, a SCREAM rings through the hilltops. Deck perks up and runs up the nearest hill, toward the source of the noise. He touches the center of his utility belt again, and this time a pair of high tech binoculars materialize in his hands.

From his binocular POV, he spots an agitated MECHANICAL CREATURE in the near distance, stomping and thrashing. At the creature's feet, a GIRL cowers from the monster.

DECK
That Drilltooth is attacking
someone!

Deck clicks his heels together, reactivating his Hover Boots.

DECK (CONT'D)
Bucket! Let's hover!

EXT. UNDERWORLD - FLAT LANDS - CONTINUOUS

Deck and Bucket zoom toward the beast and girl, leaving a trail of disrupted garbage in their wake.

The beast scoops up the girl in its powerful jaws and tries to crush her, its teeth rotating like dangerous drills. She struggles to keep its jaw spread open, but her strength is slipping away...

GIRL
<STRUGGLING EFFORTS>

CRACK!

The monster CRIES out and stumbles back in surprise, dropping the girl. Bucket catches her.

BUCKET
I've got you, Miss!

Deck stands triumphantly in front of the beast, a golden glowing whip in hand.

DECK
Nice catch, Bucket!
(to the girl)
You okay?

Her eyes flit between the hulking beast, Bucket, Deck, and the hulking beast again.

GIRL
No!

The creature shakes its metal-plated body, and the plates around its head rearrange to form a pointed lance.

DECK
That's not good...

DRILLTOOTH
<ROARS!>

The creature charges at the trio! Deck stands his ground while Bucket protects the girl in its arms.

Before the creature reaches them, it rears up on its hind legs, exposing its underbelly. Seeing his moment, Deck strikes!

DECK
<BIG ATTACK EFFORT>

CRACK! Deck's whip connects with the creature's weak spot, and it CRIES OUT in pain as it topples over.

Deck proudly twirls his whip before scanning it back into his belt. The girl tentatively looks at the beast as Bucket puts her down.

GIRL
Is it...?

Deck shakes his head.

DECK
No. Just knocked out.

GIRL
What is that thing?

DECK

A Drilltooth. We shouldn't stick around long. Drilltooths normally travel in packs.

The girl grimaces and slowly steps away.

DECK (CONT'D)

What are you doing all the way out here? There isn't a Colony for miles.

She turns to face Deck, fear on her face.

GIRL

I'm... not from a Colony.

Deck's brows furrow in confusion.

DECK

Not from a Colony? Are you a Nomad?
Part of a wandering tribe?

The girl tentatively points up. Deck and Bucket's gaze follow her finger as they crane their necks to stare up at the Tech-Tonic Plates.

GIRL

Up there. I'm from the Surface.

Bucket and Deck reel back. Off their stunned looks...

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO**EXT. UNDERWORLD - FLAT LANDS - RESUME**

Deck and Bucket are alarmed by the girl's revelation.

DECK

You're from the Surface?!

GIRL

... yes.

DECK

How many more are there?

Deck suddenly takes a defensive stance, looking around as if someone was preparing to attack. The girl immediately senses his fear and reassures him.

GIRL

No one! I'm alone, it's okay.

Deck relaxes only a little, his eyes squinting as he analyzes the girl in front of him. She's roughly his own age, with dark scraggly hair and a solid green eyes. Her clothes are dirty, but they're well made, clearly foreign to the Underworld.

DECK

Why are you here?

The girl suddenly becomes very nervous, clutching her hands behind her back.

GIRL

It's a long story, but... I *fell*.

Deck and Bucket exchange skeptical looks.

DECK

(flatly)

You fell. All the way down here.
From the Surface.

GIRL

(shakily)

Yes.

BUCKET

What is your name?

JAM

Jam.

A beat.

JAM (CONT'D)
You know... like the stuff you
spread on bread.

Jam mimes the motion of spreading jam on a piece of bread.
Deck and Bucket stare back blankly.

DECK
I don't know what that is.

BUCKET
(hopeful)
Is it a type of electrical wire?

JAM
Never mind. Forget the bread. I'm
lost and have no idea how to get
home. Can you help me?

Deck folds his arms.

DECK
First, tell us why you're down
here. No one willingly comes to the
Underworld from the Surface.

Jam fidgets with her hands, then her eyes drift back to the
Drilltooth slowly breathing on the ground.

JAM
I thought you said we couldn't stay
here long, that more of those drill
monsters would show up. Could we
talk about this as we move away
from the thing with big teeth?

BUCKET
She's right, Deck, we should
relocate now before other
Drilltooths arrive.

Deck relents a little.

DECK
I don't know if it's true, but I
once heard a rumor that Miri had
dealings with the Surface. Let's
say I even knew where Miri was...
what would you give me in return?

Jam winces a little.

JAM

I don't have anything to offer.

Deck clicks his tongue.

DECK

Hmm, that's too bad. The second you said that, I somehow forgot the location of Miri.

BUCKET

(annoyed)

Don't believe him. This is sarcasm, which is painfully difficult for me to detect.

Jam looks down at the ground, thinking hard. After a moment, her head shoots back up, and she locks eyes with Deck.

JAM

What if I could take you to the Surface with me?

DECK

You mean it?

She stands firm.

JAM

Yes. I could help you get out of... this.

She looks around at all the trash when suddenly, the Drilltooth SNORTS and kicks its leg, startling her. She YELPS and runs towards Deck and Bucket.

DECK

Okay, Jam, the stuff you spread on breed, you've got yourself a deal.

JAM

It's bread.

BUCKET

I thought it was Jam?

Deck rolls his eyes, but he begins to lead the way.

DECK

Miri is only a few miles from here. Do you think you can keep up?

Jam SCOFFS.

JAM

If I could survive a drill monster,
I think I can handle a little walk.

EXT. UNDERWORLD - MIRI OUTSKIRTS - LATER

The Tech-Tonic Plates loom spectrally in the sky as Deck, Bucket, and Jam travel on foot to Miri. They've been walking a small while, conversation relatively sparse. Bucket decides to break the silence.

BUCKET

Ms. Jam, forgive me, but I did not properly introduce myself before. My name is Bucket, which was bestowed upon me by my now-silent companion, Deck.

Deck gives a nod.

JAM

How long have you lived down here?

BUCKET

I have inhabited the Underworld for 489 days, but Deck was born here.

Jam looks at him to elaborate, but Deck remains quiet.

BUCKET (CONT'D)

Where on the Surface are you from?

Jam SIGHS and looks down at her feet as she walks.

JAM

Nowhere important, really. Just this little place called Odon.

BUCKET

What is it like, compared to the Underworld? Deck surmises I once came from the Surface, but my memory module was lost, and I can't recall my time there.

JAM

(smirking)

That's convenient.

BUCKET

Quite the contrary. It is probably the most inconvenient aspect about me.

Jam looks up at the underside of the Plates.

JAM

Odonia is... beautiful. It's a
breathtaking place to live, and
everything is perfect.

Her face scrunches up a bit as she stares straight ahead.

JAM (CONT'D)

Or, at least, everything tries to
be perfect. I don't know. It's kind
of hard to explain.

BUCKET

How did you come to the Underworld
then?

JAM

I... don't really want to talk
about it.

(turning to Deck)

You were born here? Where is your
family?

Deck clears his throat from lack of use and speaks up.

DECK

Like you, I don't really want to
talk about it. At least, not until
you tell us how you got down here.

JAM

(peevied)

Why does it even matter to you? I
told you before: I fell.

Suddenly, her foot sinks straight through the ground, like
quicksand. SCHLOOMP!

JAM (CONT'D)

Oh, great. Just great.

She yanks on her leg until POP! Her leg is freed and she
topples over, face first into the mud.

JAM (CONT'D)

Unnghh...

Deck unsuccessfully stifles a GIGGLE as he watches her
clumsily rise out of the mud.

From the mud hole, two yellow beady eyes peer out at Jam when
suddenly--

THRASHER
<ANIMAL SQUEALS>

A small badger-like creature leaps out of the hole and onto Jam's face!

JAM
<MUFFLED SCREAM>

She and the Thrasher momentarily struggle until she overpowers it and throws it to the ground.

JAM (CONT'D)
Get off!

The Thrasher lands on its back but quickly flips itself over on all fours. Jam gets a good look at the angry creature: a small fleshy body with a face hidden behind a metal mask.

At that moment, the Thrasher lets out a HIDEOUS SCREAM! It rumbles through the valley, and Jam and Deck cover their ears.

Nothing happens.

DECK
We have to go... NOW!

JAM
Why, what's going... on?

She trails off as she sees HUNDREDS OF THRASHERS sprout up from the ground and rush straight for them!

JAM (CONT'D)
RUN!

They run away from the horde as fast as they can, but the Thrashers have incredible speed, and they quickly close the gap between them.

DECK
Bucket! We have to hover!

BUCKET
Understood!

JAM
What?!

As if of one mind, Bucket and Deck grab each of Jam's arms, and together, hoist her up until her feet no longer touch the ground. She begins to panic and kicks her legs.

JAM (CONT'D)

Ahhh!

The trio hovers across the valley floor, away from the rampaging creatures. They begin to pick up speed as they start to put distance between them and the Thrashers.

Jam, incredulous, looks at Deck's shoes, then up at Deck.

JAM (CONT'D)

(incredulous)

You can *hover*?!

Deck side smiles, but the Thrashers start leaping up into the air like dolphins as they try to bite Jam's ankles.

JAM (CONT'D)

They're biting me!

She kicks them away as Bucket and Deck speedily glide toward Miri.

DECK

We're almost there!

As they begin to approach the Colony, the Thrashers come to a stop and watch as the trio approaches the Colony.

JAM

Why are they stopping?

BUCKET

Deck... look at Miri!

EXT. UNDERWORLD - MIRI COLONY - CONTINUOUS

They approach the now derelict colony of Miri to find it's been reduced to a smoldering shell of its former mud-made self.

The small mud huts were ripped and torn apart, belongings tossed out into the small streets as if it were ransacked.

Bucket and Deck mindlessly set Jam down, and she cautiously takes a few steps forward.

JAM

What happened? Where is everyone?

Her voice eerily echoes, a grim reminder of how alone they are.

Bucket raises its right arm, holding out its palm to the wreckage. It begins to scan for any signs of life in Miri.

The results come back negative.

BUCKET

I'm afraid to say.. Miri was
Cleansed. No one remains in the
Colony.

JAM

Cleansed?

Deck takes a knee, winded. A tragic memory rushes back to him, forcing him to relive an experience he wished to forget.

INT. UNDERWORLD - DARMA COLONY - MANY YEARS AGO

Deck sees his MOTHER back in his childhood home. She turns to look at him, a YOUNG DECK, with a warm smile on her soft face.

BUCKET (V.O.)

The Surface routinely monitors the
inhabitants of the Underworld.

Deck reaches out towards her, but she quickly withdraws her hand and turns to face the door.

BUCKET (V.O.)

Every time an Underworld colony
grows too large...

The door is kicked in and multiple humanoid ROBOT SOLDIERS enter, equipped with laser rifles and weaponized clubs.

His mother hides Deck under the table and rushes to confront the soldiers.

BUCKET (V.O.)

... the Surface performs a
Cleansing.

She launches herself at them, thrashing and punching any that approach her, but one soldier knocks her out with its club. They drag her away, out of the house.

BUCKET (V.O.)

This way no one in the Underworld
can pose a threat to life on the
Surface.

Deck is left all alone, shivering under the table as tears streak down his face.

EXT. UNDERWORLD - MIRI COLONY - RESUME

Deck shakes the memory away and forces himself to return to the present. Jam looks horrified.

JAM

I had no idea... about any of this!

Deck's fists clench.

DECK

It's how they control us. By keeping us weak and separated.

JAM

Deck... I'm so sorry...

Deck looks up at Jam, whose eyes well with tears. He feels his own eyes stinging, but he blinks the feeling away.

SURFACE AUTHORITY BOT #1(O.S.)

HALT!

A troop of SURFACE AUTHORITY BOTS appear, aiming their weapons right at the trio!

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE**EXT. UNDERWORLD - MIRI COLONY - RESUME**

Jam freezes, rooted to the spot, while Deck and Bucket take defensive stances. They're surrounded and outnumbered, 2:1.

The Surface Authority Bots are emotionally stunted, monotone drones that uphold Surface law with no exceptions. Unlike Bucket, they sound and look far more robotic and stiff.

SURFACE AUTHORITY BOT #1
Article 2, Section 23 of the Earth
Law Manual states that any
Underworld personages found at the
scene of a Cleanse shall be
executed immediately.

The Bots cock their guns and prepare to fire, but Jam holds up her hands for them to stop.

JAM
No! Wait! I'm from the Surface! I'm
from Odonal!

The Bots momentarily pause.

SURFACE AUTHORITY BOT #1
Do you have identification?

Jam looks at Bucket and Deck first, but then she rolls back her sleeve and exposes what looks like a barcode on her forearm. A Bot scans it with its palm.

SURFACE AUTHORITY BOT #1 (CONT'D)
Joanna Bazon, of the Odonal
District.

Jam rolls her sleeve back down, slightly ashamed.

JAM
See? I'm from the Surface, so no
execution necessary.

The Bot glances behind Jam towards Deck and Bucket.

SURFACE AUTHORITY BOT #1
Identification?

Jam steps into the Bot's line of vision, refocusing it on her.

JAM
They're with me.

The Bot pauses for a moment then agrees to her wishes.

SURFACE AUTHORITY BOT #1
Let us escort you home, Joanna.

The Bot takes out a Transport Pad and places it on the ground. A brilliant beam of orange light shoots up towards the Tech-Tonic Plates.

Jam walks toward the beam and sees Deck's worried face through the light.

JAM
It'll be okay.

Deck looks to Bucket, who nods supportingly. Deck takes a step into the light, and his foot slowly begins to rise. He takes another step, and his entire body begins to ascend into the sky.

He looks out across the Underworld, taking it all in one last time, and mentally saying goodbye.

He looks up at the Tech-Tonic Plates as they grow even closer, and a small hole separates to allow him passage through.

It's dark at first, but eventually a bright light shines from above. Deck feels his ascent start to slow, and he steps out into the--

INT. SURFACE - TRANSPORT STATION - LATE AFTERNOON

He GASPS as he stands in an interactive, bustling hub which for all Surface comings-and-goings. It's a high tech facility with hovering transport tubes that connect to every major Surface city, traveling vertically, horizontally, even diagonally.

Bucket approaches Deck from behind.

BUCKET
This is nothing like the
Underworld.

Deck stares in awe.

DECK
No, it isn't.

Jam comes up next.

JAM
Are you ready?

DECK
Yeah. I think I am.

A few Surface Authority Bots make their way to an unoccupied transport tube, where they hover in place for a brief moment before a surge of power propels them out forward and out of sight.

Jam nudges Deck forward.

JAM
Go on. Stand there.

Deck cautiously steps into the transport tube, and he can feel himself hovering. He looks down at his feet, but his Hover Boots aren't on. Bucket floats in and grips Deck's shoulders.

DECK
Are you nervous, Bucket?

BUCKET
(babbling)
Me? Nervous? No. It's not in my programming.

It grips Deck's shoulders even tighter.

JAM
Hang on!

Another power surge courses through the transport tube, and it thrusts Deck and Bucket forward, through the--

EXT. SURFACE - LUSH FOREST - CONTINUOUS

Vegetation and plant life litter the Surface much the same way garbage and waste litter the Underworld. Their roots are strong and buried deep into the Plates, coursing with blue energy and power.

The transport tube surge continues to push Deck and Bucket through the trees, onward into--

EXT. SURFACE - ODONA DISTRICT - CONTINUOUS

ODONA DISTRICT stands tall, a proud symbol of the Surface

world's success. Encased in great steel walls of blue, the district stretches on for miles.

INT. SURFACE - ODONA - TRANSPORT STATION - CONTINUOUS

The transport tube feeds into Odonas Transport Station. The Bots wait for Deck and Bucket to exit.

DECK

What is this place?

SURFACE AUTHORITY BOT #1

This is Odonas District, one of the oldest and proudest Districts of the Surface world.

Jam exits the transport tube behind them a moment later. Deck turns to face her and pulls a face.

DECK

(quoting Jam)

"Nowhere important." A "little place called Odonas."

She smiles sheepishly as Bucket looks up at the silver skyscrapers grasping at the sky.

BUCKET

I certainly would not classify it as little.

SURFACE AUTHORITY BOT #1

Right this way. He is waiting for you.

Jam GULPS, but she wordlessly follows the Bot out into the street, Deck and Bucket not far behind.

EXT. SURFACE - ODONA DISTRICT - STREETS - CONTINUOUS

The streets of Odonas are wide and open, paved of deep blue. Humans and robots inhabit the district, shopping on street corners, doing business, or spending time with loved ones.

DECK

Everyone looks so happy.

Jam smiles sadly at Deck.

The trio are escorted by the Surface Authority Bots through the street, and peoples smiles turn to frowns as they watch them pass.

BUCKET

Deck, it is possible I forgot what happiness looks like, but are these Surface dwellers upset to see us?

Deck begins to notice it too. The citizens begin to disperse or close themselves up inside their homes, away from the Bots and the Underworlders.

EXT. SURFACE - ODONA DISTRICT - ODONA COURT - MOMENTS LATER

The small troop finally arrive at their destination, a towering building fortified of steel ingot.

The Bots gesture them inside, through the giant metal doors engraved with a silver staff.

INT. SURFACE - ODONA DISTRICT - ODONA COURT - CONTINUOUS

Jam, Deck, and Bucket step into the grand hall of ODONA COURT. Before them, a SHADOWY FIGURE sits on a raised bench.

SURFACE AUTHORITY BOT #1

Joanna Bazon and her Underworld associates, your honor.

A deep booming voice barks commands from the shadows.

SHADOWY FIGURE

Step forward.

Jam obeys the command, but Deck falters. She shoots him a glance, and he hurriedly steps forward, bowing.

JUDGE BAZON slowly rises from his seat, reaching for his silver cane. As he steps fully into view, Deck focuses on a deep facial scar over his right eye.

JUDGE BAZON

(unphased)

Joanna... you have returned.

JAM

I'm sorry if I worried you, Father.
It was not my choice to leave you.
I was taken!

The Judge approaches Jam and cups her chin in his veiny hand, analyzing her facial features.

JUDGE BAZON

You have not been harmed, have you?

JAM
No. I'm fine.

She looks at Deck and Bucket.

JAM (CONT'D)
These two helped me, Father. They
aren't from the Surface, but I
believe they deserve a life in
Odonia.

For the first time since arriving, the Judge acknowledges
Deck and Bucket.

JUDGE BAZON
Underworlders. Curious.

Deck gulps as the Judge encircles him and Bucket, studying
them.

JAM
There are terrible things down in
the Underworld! Monsters and
creatures like I've never seen
before!
(sadly)
And even more terrible are the
things done by Surface dwellers.

The Judge stops scrutinizing Deck and Bucket and returns his
cold gaze to his daughter.

JUDGE BAZON
What you saw is an Underworld
illusion, dear child. Nothing more,
nothing less.

The Judge gestures to Deck and Bucket, his voice growing
irate.

JUDGE BAZON (CONT'D)
And what you have done... bringing
these *pets* into my courtroom... is
unacceptable.

The courtroom goes completely silent. One of the Surface
Authority Bots that led them in drops its weapon by accident.

The Judge's eyes dart towards the disturbance and he
straightens himself, smoothing out his cloak. His cane
rhythmically taps on the tile floor as he walks toward the
Bot.

JUDGE BAZON (CONT'D)
This is my court.

The Bot trembles ever so slightly as the Judge approaches it.

JUDGE BAZON (CONT'D)
And what I decide becomes law.

The Bot stares straight ahead and past the Judge's austere gaze.

The Judge turns to walk away, and the Bot visibly droops in relief. After a few steps, the Judge SNAPS his fingers without turning around.

JUDGE BAZON (CONT'D)
Dispose of it.

Bots on either side of the machine forcefully restrain it and drag it out of the courtroom, inviting the return of bone chilling silence.

Deck realizes he's been holding his breath for what feels like hours and shakily inhales. The Judge detects this faint sound as he callously sits back in his bench.

JUDGE BAZON (CONT'D)
Joanna, I will ask you only once:
why have you brought this refuse
into my court?

JAM
They aren't normal Underworlders.
They helped me, and Deck... he's
special. He has Hover technology.

The Judge's eyes widen with interest.

JUDGE BAZON
Where did you get that?

Deck blinks, realizing the Judge is directly talking to him.

DECK
I don't know, sir. Your honor.
I've... I've always had it, I
guess, ever since I was little.

JUDGE BAZON
How is that possible?

DECK
My mother. She gave it to me
before... before she was gone.
(MORE)

DECK (CONT'D)

She said it was the last thing my
father left me.

JUDGE BAZON

(suspicious)

Whose son are you?

Deck pauses a moment, his heart beating fast.

DECK

I don't know.

The Judge shakes his head and slams his cane into the ground,
splitting the end of it.

JUDGE BAZON

Don't play games with me, boy! I
know a liar when I hear one!

The Judge SNAPS again then points a crooked finger at Deck.

JUDGE BAZON (CONT'D)

Authority Bots, take these
Underworlders away. Do with them
whatever you'd like.

The Bots grip their weapons a little tighter, and some begin
to slowly move in to the center.

JAM

You can't do that! They haven't
done anything wrong!

JUDGE BAZON

Joanna, do you really believe an
Underworlder could have access to
our technology? Come now, don't be
stupid!

Jam reels back slightly from the insult, but she presses on.

JAM

I won't let you do this! You have
to listen to me!

JUDGE BAZON

No, Joanna, listening to you is the
problem. You have clearly lost your
mind, visiting the Underworld and
speaking to me, in my court, as if
you were one.

JAM
I didn't visit the Underworld, I
was forced there!
(realizing)
Father... who took me there?

The Judge ignores her question.

JUDGE BAZON
Authority Bots, remove these
Underworlders from my presence...
all *three* of them!

The Bots encircle the trio, closing in fast around them, but Deck is ready for the attack.

He presses an image of dual laser swords on his belt, and they materialize into his hands.

DECK
Raaahhhh!!

He slashes at a nearby Bot, immediately cutting it in half and deactivating it.

The Judge stands, his eyes filled with flames.

JUDGE BAZON
Kill him!

More Bots rush towards Deck, but he continues to slash them and keep them at bay.

DECK
C'mon, Bucket, I need your help!

BUCKET
I feel... conflicted. I don't
believe in Bot-On-Bot combat.

A Bot swings it's electric club directly at Bucket's head, who miraculously ducks in time.

DECK
You don't have a choice!

Bucket reluctantly fights the onslaught of Bots. Its arms transform into cannons, and it begins volleying balls of energy directly at them, begging for forgiveness with each blast.

BUCKET
Oh, I do apologize! Apologies!
Again, my sincerest apologies!

A Bot engages Jam, who puts up a fight, throwing a few hooks. The Bot sweeps her legs, knocking her down.

DECK

Here!

Deck tosses Jam one of his laser swords. She catches it, looks up at the Bot, and strikes it right through its core.

JAM

(STAB EFFORT)

JUDGE BAZON

Kill them! KILL THEM ALL!

Deck continues to fight, now back to back with Jam as they both raise their swords. In one choreographed motion, they leap toward opposite ends of the room, slashing cleanly through the rows of Bots in their way.

DECK/JAM

(BIG SLASH EFFORT)

With most of the Bots eliminated, the Judge begins to slink back into the shadows and disappears behind a curtain.

JAM

Father!

Jam notices and rushes after him.

DECK

Jam!

He takes off after her. Bucket, realizing both human companions have left it, shoots one last Bot for good measure.

BUCKET

Now that one, I oddly felt no remorse.

It hovers after Deck and Jam, out into--

EXT. ODONA DISTRICT - DUSK - MOMENTS LATER

Odoná is quiet, the once vibrant district has settled into sleepy blue haze.

Jam, Deck, and Bucket burst out onto the street as they pursue after Judge Bazon, who rounds a corner and disappears from sight.

BUCKET

Hold on!

It cradles both Jam and Deck in its arms and rockets toward the street corner Judge Bazon turned down.

The District's back streets and alleys are maze-like and winding. Bucket whips and whizzes around every corner in its best effort to catch up.

They round yet another twisted corner when Bucket realizes it's a dead end! It tries to stop in time before impact--

DECK/BUCKET/JAM

<SCREAMS/IMPACTS>

--but they crash into the wall and collectively fall to the floor in a dazed heap. Bucket's eyes rotate like a digital slot machine.

BUCKET

Is everyone all right?

Deck and Jam nod their heads and shakily stand on their feet. Suddenly, the wall in front of them SHAKES and slowly begins to separate like two sliding doors.

The trio instinctively step back and shield their eyes as a bright light pours out onto them. A HOODED FIGURE emerges, its hands together in prayer.

HOODED FIGURE

At long last, you have come to me.
I have much to tell you... Deck.

Bucket and Jam stare on incredulously as Deck's jaw drops. Everyone remains frozen as we...

END EPISODE