

TITLE: "FAULT LINE"

INT. ABANDONED TRAIN STATION – NIGHT

A crack runs through the floor.

LYRA stands still, controlled. Hands faintly glowing.

KANE paces, energy flickering under their skin.

KANE

You always pick dramatic spots.

LYRA

I picked somewhere empty.

A spark slips from Kane's hand.

Lyra sees it.

LYRA (CONT'D)

You're losing control.

KANE

I'm fine.

LYRA

You're not.

Silence.

KANE

So what—this is a warning?

LYRA

Yes.

KANE

You don't get to do that.

LYRA

I do if people are in danger.

KANE

You think I don't know what I'm doing?

LYRA

I think you *did*.

KANE

You left.

LYRA

I stayed as long as I could.

KANE

Didn't feel like it.

Energy pulses—stronger.

The crack widens.

LYRA

If you keep going, you're going to break.

KANE

Then I break.

LYRA

You won't be the only one.

Kane steps closer.

KANE

You ever think about just letting it go? No control.

Lyra's glow builds.

LYRA

There's still a choice.

KANE

You already made yours.

LYRA

I chose not to hurt people.

A sudden surge from Kane—uncontrolled.

Lyra throws up a field. The air distorts—then still.

Both breathing hard.

LYRA (CONT'D)
You didn't mean that.

KANE
...Not like that.

They step back. Energy rising again.

KANE (CONT'D)
You want to stop me?

Lyra doesn't move.

LYRA
I don't want to fight you.

Beat

LYRA (CONT'D)
But I will.

Energy surges. The crack splits wider.

KANE
Don't leave this time.

Lyra steps forward.

LYRA
I'm not.

They raise their hands—

Energy collides—