

CUT TO:

EXT. PALACE PATIO - SUNSET

BOT removes the dying leaves from a plant. In the back, BAN sits on the edge of a small terrace, reading the journal.

A windchime sits perfectly still. A pile of weeds and withered leaves gather at BOT's feet.

BAN
(to Bot)
Do you still remember our promise, or will you pretend to have forgotten it?

Bot stops handling the plant. She gains an amused smile.

BOT
Which promise?

BAN
The promise to cure sorrow, misery, death. I was almost there. What was so wrong with what I built?

BOT
You built a bridge across the sea. Tell me: where does the water go?

The deity slides over and goes to kiss Bot's forehead. Bot just stares at her.

BAN
I miss you. I miss how we used to talk. Can you stop being wise and just talk to me?

It takes a moment for the words to reach their destination. Bot's years of discipline and resolve melt away for an instant, as her eyes choose to betray her humanity.

BOT
I don't have the answers you seek. We could talk for aeons and you'd still hear only what you wish to hear.

BAN
Your voice. That's all I want to hear.