

Queen of Collections tortures Torm's mother to force Torm's father to complete the "Dreamer Machine". It becomes a heart-wrenching moment of coercion, love, and ultimate sacrifice. The father is pushed beyond the brink—but makes a final, irreversible decision to *deny the Queen everything*.

Location: Core Chamber — Palace of Collections. The DREAMER MACHINE looms, pulsing and incomplete. Cables hang like veins. The room is cold and metallic, echoing with restrained sobs. Torm's mother is shackled to a memory rig, her body trembling under pulses of painful dream-intrusion. The Queen watches from a throne of polished glass.*

QUEEN OF COLLECTIONS

It's so simple, Doctor. Turn the last sequence. Align the spiral core. And I stop hurting her. But maybe... maybe you like hearing her scream.

TORM'S FATHER

(desperate)
Please... please, she's done nothing! Let her go—I'll finish it, just—no more!

QUEEN OF COLLECTIONS

You'll finish when I'm satisfied. You think I haven't heard that lie before? "Just give me time." "Just one more day." Time is over. Pain is now.

(she turns a dial; Torm's mother screams again as dream-spikes invade her mind)

TORM'S MOTHER

(gasping)*
Don't—don't give her the machine. Not for me... not for anyone...

TORM'S FATHER

(breaking down)
I can't watch you die.

TORM'S MOTHER

Then don't. Blind the world if you
have to... but don't... let her twist
dreams into chains.

The Queen steps down, face lit by the machine's flickering
light.

QUEEN OF COLLECTIONS

You're a scientist, not a soldier.
You'll build it. Because I own your
fear. And I will keep her soul
screaming until your fingers stop
shaking and your genius obeys me.

She steps aside. Torm's father stares at the console, then
at his wife. Something in him hardens.*

TORM'S FATHER

(quietly, to himself)
Forgive me, my love. Just one last
lie... and then we're free.

(He types rapidly. The machine begins to hum—louder,
brighter.)

QUEEN OF COLLECTIONS

(euphoric)
Yes... yes! Finally, it breathes!

TORM'S MOTHER

You can't build that machine for her

TORM'S FATHER

(softly, to his wife)
Close your eyes. I'm not very good at what I do, because
everything I try ends up better than I imagine.

Torm's mother understands he means to overload and kill
them

TORM'S MOTHER (cont'd)

(a whisper)
I never stopped dreaming of you...

He presses the overload trigger buried beneath the input pad. The humming becomes a shriek. Lights explode.*

QUEEN OF COLLECTIONS
WHAT ARE YOU—NO!

TORM'S FATHER
(last words, firm and defiant)
You can collect your corpses. But not
our dreams.

White light floods the chamber as the Dreamer Machine self-destructs—obliterating the chamber, consuming the Queen in fire and light. The screen goes to white.
