
EXT. STORM ENGINE — NIGHT — ABOVE THE WEST DESERT**

A rusted sky-ship creaks above the clouds. WIND howls. LANTERNS sway. One STEAMPUNK PIRATE stands at the bow—cloak flapping, face lit by dull copper light. He speaks softly, almost to himself, almost to the wind.

STEAMPUNK PIRATE

The desert steals everything—water,
time... names.
Once, I was just a boy. Ash on my
hands. My village sank beneath a
black crust while I dreamed about sky
engines.
Now I'm brass and leather. Gears
where laughter used to be.

The Gold Mother doesn't care who we
are. Just what we bring her—gems,
bones, broken dreams.
(pause)
We're her hands now. Her hunger.

Kratt tried to cheat her scale once.
She smiled when she turned him to
smoke.
I still see that smile when I close
my eyes.

We chase ghosts and nightmares for
her. But I've got a dream of my own.
One day, when this rust-ship forgets
how to float...
I'll crash it.
Let the desert have me.

Maybe I'll hear my name again. Or
maybe just the wind... whispering
"worthless."

Either way... it'll be honest.
