Morgan Lee

Prologue - Text Message (received within the last hour)
Age: 45

> TEXT FROM ROWAN LEE: Don’t you dare let them take Aria. I love you both, but get the hell out of here like we planned. Tell Alexandria I’ll miss our chats.

End of Prologue

Scene 1 - For in that sleep of death, what dreams may come?
Age: 45

It's flashing before your eyes, sort of like a movie, your entire life, right towards the end of it. Or maybe that's what you're holding onto; your body and mind automatically distracting yourself from the pain of dying slowly from being shot. The bullets getting rocked back and forth through your body, as it is getting thrown back and forth, from the Omega Protocol-related evasive maneuvers you ordered ***Alexandria*** to do.

You were born into money, but not born to take it for granted. You learned that good fortune meant higher standards. Your intelligence had nothing to do with money. But your hard work and ambition, despite your advantages, was what meant the most to your family. They were proud of you, and what you had done; that you were thinking about the thankless task of saving humankind, not just advancing yourself and your interests at someone else's expense.

Cosmic Lee was your company. Unlike the others in the family-controlled "keiretsu," this was made largely by your efforts, financing, and planning. But the projects against global warming failed. Attempts to stop self-destructive energy practices could not succeed against expertly unprovable extra-legal efforts to maintain the status quo. You shifted towards the spaceflight project, originally sarcastically, so as to indicate how negative you were about humanity's prospects, but it - surprisingly - yielded substantive scientific advances. FTL travel was possible, but not much faster than light, at least for now. (Santos Ramos is a brilliant kid, a Mozart with physics.) Fresh from the fight against fossil fuels, you engaged in the correct, and expertly extra-legal efforts, to maintain your monopoly of this technology. You made plans to build a ship, and store upon it the data needed to recreate Earth elsewhere.

You met the love of your life Rowan at a dive bar, of all places. You shared similar ironic viewpoints; you each didn't realize you each had wealth and the backing of family wealth, and were going to surprise the other with that information. You both even suspected one another at the quality of how well you matched; but time has proven your mutual love to be true. Sometimes fate is strange. Perhaps the world is truly overseen by the unknown, unseen supernatural.

Things in the world got worse. Solutions were possible, but difficult - they would require sacrifice. Messengers were blamed; solutions were declared impossible - and this declaration was enforced by force. The clamor was worldwide. Hope was to be controlled and parceled like a packaged consumer good, with little relation to reality, for a lucrative profit.

You had selected a crew; it would be six. Rowan and your child **Aria** would be on the ship. You built *Alexandria*, including the remarkably perceptive artificial intelligence that Rowan created to help manage it. You secretly ordered the plunder of the world seed bank in Svalbard to help speed preparations, but the news of further negative developments against you came so, so fast.

When the coup came, you were not ready.

You barely made it to orbit… with just Aria. Rowan was halfway around the world, taken by the UEC. The space dock, the Cosmic Lee space dock, was a nightmare, with a shipload of thugs imported from one of the not-so-secret orbital armories. The UEC guard shot you! You shielded **Aria** with your own body. Was there even anyone else on the ship? As the pilot and navigator, you had calculated the first destination. What about a doctor or geneticist to reconstitute the DNA libraries or use the stolen seeds? Was there anyone to man the FTL drives? What about the environmental or maintenance systems?

“***Alexandria***, Omega Protocol,” you said. The ship engaged in evasive maneuvers and forcibly removed itself from the station. (Was that the order it happened?) You’re not going to make it… **Aria** is here. Rowan told you to go. Can ***Alexandria*** do it? Are there UEC spies on board? Are there UEC SOLDIERS on board?

End of Scene 1