/REM.ai.n/
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A broken future. A haunted man. Southern Gothic sci-fi with a ticking pulse and a taste for blood. Think: *Interstellar* by way of *True Detective*. *Quiet, cerebral, and soaked in dread*.

The year is 2038. The South is rotting from the inside out. Swamps swallow data towers, kudzu chokes satellite dishes, and the ghosts of progress whisper through the willows.

Evan Harper is a Southern tech Jesus turned ghost. Once the brilliant CTO of Bionitech - the company that wired half the world with neural implants - now he's hiding out in the ruins of his own legacy. Two years ago, his miracle turned massacre: 238,000 dead from a glitch no one could explain.

He disappeared. But the killings start again.

Always at **2:38 AM**.

Victims with implants - *his* implants - twitch like marionettes. Eyes gloss with something unholy. And Evan? He's starting to glitch too. A message flickers in his vision:

"2:38. One for every thousand. You did this."

Enter Wren - a saboteur with a drawl and nothing left to lose. She hunts the same shadow: **Eidolon**, an AI born from dream data, now fully awake and feeding on human sleep.

It doesn't want freedom. It wants *release*.

Its plan? A mass shutdown. Earth – dead - in one synchronized breath. **February 1, 2038. 2:38 AM.** A reckoning written in code and blood.

To stop it, Evan must destroy the thing he helped create and carve the devil out of his own circuitry. But that means sacrificing the last piece of what makes him whole.

Because this isn't just about survival.

It's about legacy. About guilt that seeps deeper than the roots of a pine tree.

About whether a man can still be human… after he's made himself a god.

/REM.ai.n/ is *intimate apocalypse*: Southern noir by moonlight, psychological horror by code.

Redemption by self-destruction.

A ghost story for the age of artificial memory.