

SINGULAR

(PILOT) "Abs0lute Zer0"

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Version 5

Obsidian Elephant Productions

TEASER**EXT. THE VEIL. BACK STREET - NIGHT**

A man, SHAREHOLDER #3652, runs fearfully through an abandoned cobbled commercial street.

The place seems caught in time, like everyone was simply wiped from existence.

With his sharp tactical gear and brightly coloured, ultra cool, gravity defying hairstyle, #3652 could easily be a character from a video game.

He is pursued by... NIGHTSTALKER.

A humanoid dressed all in black, its face cannot be seen, but it follows #3652 with an unwavering gait.

#3652, still running, fires back a blue energy blast from a futuristic hand-pistol.

The blast strikes the NightStalker but has no effect.

A bubble with the word - RELOAD - hovers over his gun. He bashes the bubble and fires off more shots. No effect.

#3652 shakes his head in disbelief as he picks up speed.

#3652

Come on!

Without stopping, #3652 waves his hand to bring up a UI screen where he swipes through a carousel of weapons.

#3652 comes across a large, futuristic semi-automatic Blast Rifle and taps a button to purchase.

A loading wheel appears on the UI, it lags. #3652 glances back to see the NightStalker hot on his tail.

#3652 (cont'd)

Hurry up, hurry up!

The UI blinks with the words - SERVER NOT FOUND.

#3652 (cont'd)

What?

#3652 taps the buy button again, the UI freezes and warps.

#3652 grunts in anger and flicks the UI closed again, as he sprints around a corner.

He taps his wrist and the area briefly lowers in opacity, NightStalker's silhouette is visible through the buildings.

#3652 (cont'd)  
Help, is anybody there! I need an  
evac!

#3652 glances through windows as he passes but the streets are completely abandoned.

#3652 (cont'd)  
Please anybody!

Seeing an open door, #3652 rushes into...

**INT. THE VEIL. 50S DINER - CONTINUOUS**

An empty 50s diner with all the lights off.

#3652 dives over the counter and stashes himself in a back room and becomes silent.

Hearing footsteps outside of the Diner, #3652 glances around the door, where he sees a Silhouette outside.

#3652 hides again, tries to stifle his breath as he listens to the footsteps. Then... the footsteps fade away.

#3652's tense shoulders ease as he breathes a sigh of relief. He pitches up on his knees and presses his wrist.

Another blast of energy lowers the opacity to reveal NightStalker's silhouette on the other side of the wall.

#3652 gasps in panic and scrambles backwards as NightStalker walks directly through the wall.

NightStalker is finally seen in its full form, with its birdlike plague doctor mask.

#3652  
No! Please!

NightStalker grabs #3652 by the throat and lifts him off the ground.

#3652 gasps as his body starts to pixelate like a badly rendered animation--

CUT TO:

**INT. REAL WORLD. UPLOAD HOSPICE. SERENITY C3 - SAME**

#3652 lies in a hospital bed sedated with a nasal feeding-tube taped to his face.

A simple man, without the style or cyberpunk frills.

He is but one in a humble ward surrounded by twenty or more other sedated shareholders in plain white beds.

Glowing blue U-shaped apparatus wrap around the sides of their heads, part of The Veil Upload Mechanism.

#3652's face contorts in pain, he convulses once or twice, before breaking into a full blown seizure.

His machine alarms go off, shattering the silence.

Panicked medical staff rush into the room to resuscitate.

DOCTOR (O.S.)  
We need a crash cart in here!

NURSE (O.S.)  
Sir, we need to eject him.

The heart monitor flat-lines.

DOCTOR (O.S.)  
We're losing him!

Above the bed a placard reads:

SHAREHOLDER #3652.

*VEIL CORP. WISHES YOU A PLEASANT STAY.*

END OF TEASER