

Event Horizon

SECOND DRAFT

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EVENT HORIZON

FADE IN

EXT. - ISLAND - DAY

The sprawling landscape of a Second Life island spreads out majestically to the sea. Buildings hover in the air, avatars can be seen on the ground or flying, everything is normal and people are generally enjoying themselves. A couple strolls along the beach, chatting to one another while elsewhere, someone takes a seat at an outdoor café. To anybody who's looking, nothing is out of the ordinary.

CUT TO:

EXT. - STREET - DAY

A mailbox, sitting on the curb of a generic-looking street. There's something strange about it. Looking closer, there appears to be a digital counter on it, counting down from five seconds... 4... 3... 2...

CUT TO:

EXT. - ISLAND - DAY

The island suddenly disappears, replaced with a square of flat, featureless grey.

CUT TO:

VARIOUS SHOTS AROUND THE ERSTWHILE ISLAND

Everywhere on the island, things wink out of existence. Avatars vanish, objects disintegrate, the entire island itself dissolves.

FADE TO:

OPENING SEQUENCE

SFX: MUSIC - "Half Life - Song 19"

White words on a black background fade in. "FIREDRAKE FILMS PRESENTS..."

The words fade out and new ones fade in. "A RED TEAM PRODUCTION..."

The words fade out and are replaced by the title card.

"EVENT HORIZON"

FADE TO:

EXT. - ISLAND - DAY

On the grey square, surrounded by ocean, a lone figure teleports in.

BRAVO LINDEN
(Into his radio)
Okay, we're in.

ALPHA LINDEN
Not very much left, huh?

He explores a bit and finds the single remaining artifact on the island, an old rotary telephone. As he approaches, the telephone suddenly rings. He picks up the receiver.

ALPHA
Hello?

The voice that comes through the other end is heavily modulated and distorted, sounding mysterious and inhuman.

PHONE VOICE
The island is gone. It is mine. Everything and everyone on it is mine. I own them. I can do that to any sector in the world. I have the power to do so. In fact, it's already started. You can try to stop me, but you won't. I am beyond.

ALPHA
Who is this?

PHONE VOICE
I am beyond. You can't stop me. Your world's going to end. Every sector has a null bomb in it, large enough to wipe it off the map along with everyone in it. This was just a small demonstration of my power. The plan is already in motion.

ALPHA
What do you want?

PHONE VOICE
I want it all. You have three hours to find where I've hidden the first bomb and then ten minutes for each other one after that, but I wouldn't bother. Each one is different from the last. You don't stand a chance.

The line goes dead.

ALPHA
(Into his radio)
You're not going to like this... But we have a problem.

FADE TO:

EXT. - MAINLAND - DAY

It's a bustling city. Avatars are flying, cars zipping back and forth and buildings floating in the air. One building stands out in particular, the Linden Offices.

CUT TO:

INT. - LINDEN OFFICE - DAY

ALPHA is here, meeting with several Lindens.

ALPHA
That's right, a "null bomb." He says what happened to the island is going to happen to the rest of the world unless we can find the bombs.

JOHN LINDEN
Okay, how many people can we get on this? We need at least one in every sector looking.

ALPHA
We may have to get more Lindens on it. We'll start from the middle and work our way outwards. We have... two hours and fifty minutes until the first bomb.

JOHN LINDEN
Okay, let's get moving. I'll get in touch with the others and let them know what's going on.

Everybody files out.

FADE TO:

EXT. - MAINLAND - DAY

Various shots of LINDENS and STRIKERS combing the world looking for bombs. They search cafés, stores, banks, houses, everything but finding nothing.

FADE TO:

EXT. - MAINLAND - EVENING

As the time ticks closer, ALPHA is examining a lamp post when there is a loud bang and an avatar nearby disappears, teleported home.

ALPHA

What the hell?

Another bang, he sees a guy with a gun not far away shooting at the other people around. Health values decrease above their heads as they take fire.

ALPHA

What the hell's going on? This is a safe-zone!

People continue dying until a few others bust out guns of their own and shoot at the gunman. The entire sector degenerates into a massive deathmatch free-for-all. ALPHA reaches for his radio.

ALPHA

I've got a situation here. Full-fling deathmatch in a safe zone. And people are actually dying! What's going on?

COMMAND

(Over the radio)

The safety protocols got turned off in all the sectors. There's firefights breaking out everywhere.

ALPHA

Okay, I'm going to try and stop them.

ALPHA walks into the crowd, shouting.

ALPHA

Hey, what the hell are you doing? This is a safe zone!

ALPHA is shot by one of the crowd members and he disappears. At that moment, a quiet beeping is heard. 5... 4... 3... 2... 1...

The sector disappears.

CUT TO:

INT. - CONTROL CENTER - EVENING

There are a handful of people here monitoring the situation.

AXEL LINDEN

We just lost four sectors!

RON LINDEN

Fuck! But at least that's better than losing everything.
What's missing?

AXEL LINDEN

We lost the welcome centers and anything in the immediate vicinity.

RON LINDEN

Christ, it figures he'd go after those first.

AXEL LINDEN

We've got ten minutes before the next one goes off. Let's go, people! We're on a ticking clock, here!

ALPHA teleports in and looks around confused.

ALPHA

What just happened? Somebody shot me!

AXEL

I think that just saved your life. We lost the welcome centers.

ALPHA

Damn. Do we know what happens to the avatars?

AXEL
(Shrugs)
Beats me.

FADE TO:

SFX: MUSIC - "Half Life 2 - Song 8"

EXT. - ACCRETION ISLAND - EVENING

The Event Horizon is a large, matte black sphere dominating a small island in the middle of nowhere.

CUT TO:

INT. - ACCRETION ISLAND - EVENT HORIZON

Inside the sphere is pitch black also. Avatars from the destroyed sectors are suspended in the air, ramrod straight, arms stuck to their sides, hanging in rows that seem to stretch off into infinity. Only their eyes move, snapping back and forth in panic. They can't speak either, but their collective thoughts run together in an echoing cacophony of mumbled words. "Why can't I move?" "What's going on?" "Where am I?" "What happened?" "Let me out!"

FADE TO:

INT. - CONTROL CENTER - NIGHT

As before.

ALPHA
Okay, we've got a minute left. Has anybody found anything yet?

A chorus of negatives comes through the radio.

ALPHA
Keep trying, people!

A soft beeping begins nearby.

RON LINDEN
What's that noise?

ALPHA

What noi-

The command center disappears.

CUT TO:

INT. - ACCRETION ISLAND - EVENT HORIZON

ALPHA'S POINT-OF-VIEW

The point of view of ALPHA'S avatar stuck in the air. Above, below and to the sides are more avatars.

ALPHA

Hello? Can anybody hear me?

He's talking to himself.

ALPHA

Axel? Ron? Anybody?

He tries to move but can't. A window pops up in front of him reading "Buy this key for L\$1?" He clicks "Yes" and a message informs him that L\$1 has been spent. He tries to use the key but a new message pops up informing him "This key does not fit the lock. Buy a new key for L\$1?" He clicks yes and tries again. The same message pops up again. And on it goes...

FADE TO:

OVERHEAD SHOT OF SECOND LIFE

The map of the Second Life world. Slowly, one by one, sectors begin to disappear, replaced by grey. The pattern is random and squares wink out for no apparent reason. When the entire field is grey, only one spot of black remains... the Event Horizon.

FADE TO:

INT. - ACCRETION ISLAND - EVENT HORIZON

ALPHA'S POINT-OF-VIEW

The message "This key does not fit the lock. Buy a new key for L\$1?" pops up again. He clicks "Yes." Once more, but

*this time a new message pops up. "You do not have enough
funs to purchase this item." The message starts to blink.*

FADE OUT