

CONTINUUM

"The Quantification of Bar-ret Or-ton"

by
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TEASER

BLACK

Under which WE HEAR nothing. Several seconds of total silence. Then the VOICE of the NARRATOR is HEARD.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Existence is a path with a
beginning...

A point of light appears left of frame in the lower third of the screen. It pulses ever so slightly.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
...and an end.

A second point of light appears right of frame, directly across from the first. It also pulses slightly.

A line of light emanates from within the first point of light, slowly moving across the screen toward the second point.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Life is the journey along this
path.

The line of light continues its slow pace across the screen.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Life is a continuum.

The TITLE "CONTINUUM" FADES IN above the line of light, center screen. Its appearance is identical to that of the points and line. After two beats the TITLE GLOWS BRIGHTER, THEN DIMS AND SLOWLY FADES AWAY.

The line of light reaches a point 1/3 of the way across the screen, then veers sharply to the left. It slows, then stops. ANOTHER TITLE FADES IN at its end. The title reads "The Rho Oph Nebula, 1.305.2 Measured Life Units".

Lingering for a moment, the title, points and line of light all FADE AWAY SIMULTANEOUSLY and we are plunged into black again.

FADE IN:

INT. A FUTURISTIC APARTMENT - DAY

Really more of an inhabited cubicle. Devoid of windows and therefore the warmth of natural light.

CAMERA MOVES SILENTLY AROUND THE ROOM much like a virtual tour one might find on line. We see that this is a living area of sorts. Spartan, colorless, conforming at first sight, functional. Chair, table, sofa, lighting.

But as the CAMERA MOVE CONTINUES and more of this particular room is revealed we become aware of a personality that speaks out against this bland background.

An eclectic mix of objects PASSES THROUGH FRAME one at a time. A leather-bound book. A sculpture with insightful lines and depth. A frame-less painting bold of color.

The CAMERA SETTLES on one final object, a simple flower in a small clear glass vase resting on an otherwise empty shelf beneath an artificial light source.

This flower is exceptional even to those who might not appreciate objects of this kind.

It is a single flower on a delicate stem, with two soft leaves midway up its length. At the top rest ten petals, each of a different pastel color.

Imagine a small sunflower combined with the appearance of the most expensive tulip you can envision.

The flower is amazing in its simple beauty.

Our silent tour of this living area is interrupted by a MALE VOICE. The voice is emotionless, informational.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)
Bar-ret Or-ton. Quantification.
Report.

CAMERA RESUMES ITS MOVE, leaving the flower, moving upward along a wall toward the ceiling.

After a pause of a few seconds the voice returns, its tone and message unchanged.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)
Bar-ret Or-ton. Quantification.
Report.

CAMERA STOPS ITS MOVE as a ceiling-mounted loudspeaker comes into view.

Small, efficient, similar in appearance to the standard furnishings of the dwelling. It glows a cold, luminescent blue.

The source of the voice.

Again we hear the same message, this time with a non-threatening hint of firmness.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)
Bar-ret Or-ton. Quantification.
Report.

CAMERA SLOWLY TILTS DOWN from the loudspeaker, DOWN THE WALL, during the pause that follows.

A face comes into view, FILLING THE FRAME. We cannot see anything else. Only the face.

A face that appears to be human.

Male. Mixed race (shake up black, white, Asian, Indian & see what you get), average in appearance with what looks like dark, closely cropped hair.

We will refer to him simply as "the man" for the moment.

The man is looking up in the direction of the loudspeaker. His dark, intelligent eyes a curious mixture of indecision and defiance.

He is silent. His eyes lower and he stares straight ahead as the voice returns. Its tone is somewhat conversational this time but still direct.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)
Bar-ret Or-ton. You have not
submitted the required
documentation. Therefore you must
report. Quantification.

The man remains steadfast. He does not respond and continues to stare straight ahead. After a beat he raises his hand to his chin.

A webbed hand with clawed nails. Green in color. In stark contrast to his otherwise human-like features.

CAMERA BEGINS A SLOW PULL BACK, revealing that the man is seated in a chair and has been staring at himself in a wall-sized mirror. We see that his body is human in proportion, clothed in nondescript garments.

The back of his head comes into view and it is clearly not human. Black, hard, like a clam shell, with odd appendages that extend into his back.

The man is an alien being of some kind.

He slowly turns around in his chair and faces CAMERA.

His eyes look over in the direction of the flower seen earlier and he gently takes it into his grasp. His free hand lightly touches its petals as the voice returns.

The voice is angry this time, direct.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)
Bar-ret Or-ton. You will report.
You will be quantified immediately.
Report!

The man looks at the flower, at its pastel rainbow of colors. His eyes sharpen with determination. His hands tremble slightly betraying the battle going on inside of him.

Then, never taking his eyes off of the flower, he utters three words:

MAN
I...will...not.

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER