

PILOT EPISODE

Written by

Justus

1.1 INT. DOCTOR'S WAITING ROOM - DAY

FADE IN:

Heavy breathing fades in.

A YOUNG GIRL (6) sits on a bench in a gray-blue waiting room, hyperventilating.

She clutches a plushy tightly.

Her pink clothes starkly contrast with the drab surroundings.

Her MOTHER (mid-30s) wraps her in a protective embrace.

A heartbeat pulses in the background.

CLOSE-UP:

- Her feet tapping nervously.
- Her eyes darting, unfocused.
- Her lips dry, slightly parted.

The girl's blank stare drills into the void.

Her mother squeezes her hand.

The door opens. A YOUNG BOY (8) exits the doctor's office, wiping tears from his face.

A muffled DOCTOR'S VOICE calls out:

DOCTOR (O.S.)

Next.

The girl snaps back to reality. Her grip on her mother tightens.

She looks up at her mother.

MOTHER
(softly) You'll be fine,
I promise.

The mother tries to hold onto her daughter's hand until she can't anymore.

As the girl follows the doctor, the room expands revealing a long hallway filled with children just like her. Scared.

On the left, a massive needle disappears behind a closing operating room door.

The eerie liminal music grows, amplifying the uncanny horror of the facility.

POSTERS LINE THE WALLS, propaganda masked as encouragement:

- "Chase your dreams, or be consumed by nightmares unfulfilled!"
- "Obey or decay; the rules keep your heartbeat at bay!"
- "Nova Pangea: Paradise forged in perfection, where utopia is the only option!"
- "Perfection isn't a dream, it's your new reality in Nova Pangea!"

The joyful, childlike design of the posters contradicts their terrifying message.

Nearby, two doctors, LEO YAO and THOMAS KLUNGEN, study a confidential file, whispering.

1.2 EXT. PHOENIX CITY - CONTINUOUS

The front doors burst open, revealing the magnificent structure.

A futuristic solarpunk city, organic shapes and towering buildings fused with biotechnology. The architecture feels natural yet advanced.

BAM. A hologram banner hovers over the plaza, flickering:

"GET YOUR SHOT HERE."

THE GOVERNMENT a collective of AI-generated faces, speak in unison:

GOVERNMENT VOICES (V.O.)
No more pain, with artificial blood
in your vein!

-BEGIN TITLES-

We soar over the city, revealing its vastness.

WHOOSH, hyper-speed trains zip across elevated railways.

NO CARS. Just thousands of people moving in harmony.

On the streets, food vendors line the sidewalks, serving extravagantly plated dishes.

People pay with a touch of their finger.

Their clothes are muted in color but bold in design, matching the solarpunk aesthetic.

WHOOSH, we dive into the bustling crowd.

At the heart of the city, a floating monument:

A massive, unfinished PHOENIX, levitating through advanced magnetic technology.

-END TITLES-

1.3 INT. UNDERGROUND TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

The camera tilts downward into the hyper-speed tunnels.

Commuters wait in shadows, stepping onto red, orange, or green light indicators, signaling where the trains will arrive.

A train rushes in.

WHAM. Doors open, passengers pour in and out.

Within seconds, the train departs.

The tunnel falls silent. The dull green glow signals no train is coming.

A gust of wind snakes through the tunnel.

Down the tunnel in the shadows, a few young men squat near the tracks, faces blank, hollow.

One snaps out of his daze, reaching into his pocket.

A plastic bag. Inside: pills.

The label reads: AR.

He plucks a pill, lifts it to his mouth.

Then freezes.

A white light glows in the distance.

He shakes his friends awake.

The light swells.

They RUN.

The white glow vanishes into the darkness.

The tunnel empties.

The green lights shift to orange.

A new figure steps in.

A YOUNG WOMAN, cloaked in a black hoodie. Her face hidden.

She climbs onto the edge of the platform.

A black rope dangles from the ceiling.

She tightens the noose around her neck.

Her hand trembles.

Her necklace slips open'inside, a photo of her family.

She looks down at it.

Her breath catches.

A low, guttural growl.

A sudden rush of air.

She lets go.

SUSPENDED.

Her eyes widen in terror.

She claws at the rope.

A CLANG.

The orange lights turn red.

A heartbeat pounds.

HEADLIGHTS.

A HORN SCREAMS.

Her eyes, pure panic.

WHAM.