

VECTOR

written by

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A PERFECT SUNSET.

Swirls of pinks, purples, and orange stretch far across a vast sky, looking down upon a--

EXT. BEACH - SUNSET

--where a rocky cliff face stares proudly out to sea.

A delicate, melancholy MELODY sweetly plays beneath the majestic beauty of crashing waves and sea foam rings.

DRIFTING DOWN THE SHORE

Smooth, white sand GLISTENS in the sun's rays.

Large rock formations jut from the earth. Waves CRASH AGAINST THEM, spraying water -- the drops TWINKLING in the sunlight.

Seagulls soar through the air.

The moment is warm. The moment is perfect.

The tide rolls in, splashing against HELD HANDS, clenched tight, belonging to a YOUNG COUPLE. They lay in the sand, his arms wrapped tightly around her.

GLIMPSES OF LOVE flash past -- sparkling eyes -- laughter -- skin caressing skin.

He leans down, kissing her forehead. She closes her eyes, breathing in the moment. Bliss embodied.

...until the image begins to DISTORT.

A deep, rhythmic, ELECTRONIC PULSING sets in just as

PIXELS FLICKER -- GLITCH -- ARTIFACT.

An array of DIGITAL INTERFERENCE corrupts the imagery. Multi-colored lines and static pop around the screen -- like a loose cable desperately clinging to the back of a television.

TWITCHING IN AND OUT, the image of three menacing

MASKED MEN IN TRENCHCOATS. THE BIOS.

Fleeting visual bursts of black leather, imposing hoods, and long, snout-like masks suggest a less-than-friendly disposition.

The distortion escalates, FLASHING to--

INT. SHITTY LOFT BEDROOM - NIGHT

A sparse concrete room, illuminated only by the soft blue glow of computer screens and NEON STREETLIGHT BUZZING in through the open window.

Blinking LED lights dance across several stacked computer towers strewn about, a nest of cables and wiring between them.

A WOMAN sits against the wall, her back turned. She stares ahead into thin, translucent panes of glass -- advanced computer monitors, configured haphazardly around a desk.

ACROSS NUMEROUS SCREENS

download progress bars tick away. Text scrolls through browser windows: parsed computer code strings, programming language markups, endless rows of hyperlinks:

- cArd c0unt3r v1.2b -

- teach3r \$exx fantasy 3.0 -

- faery DuST -

The woman swipes at a metal plate on the desk in front of her, controlling the cursor on screen. A message prompt pops up:

"Execute user download?"

She taps "YES."

She reaches for a pair of large can headphones and places them on her head, the padding completely covering her ears.

"WARNING: Unknown origin. Serious health risks may occur.

Proceed?"

She taps "YES" and leans back in her chair.

For the first time, her face becomes clear: TERA (late 20s), the young woman from the beach. The happiness and youth once flush throughout her face now nothing more than a memory.

With the headphones on, a blue computer tower LED blinks rapidly, syncing in pace with a matching LED on the headphones.

A deep, bass DRONING SOUND sets in, morphing to a cacophonous, electronic tune.

Tera relaxes her body, leaning farther back.

She grips the chair -- eyes flutter -- pupils roll white.
She's getting high.

TITLE: Vector

WOMAN TESTIMONIAL (PRE-LAP)
With soccer practices and grocery
shopping, it feels like I'm...

INT. BATHROOM - MORNING

A fogged up mirror, WIPED AWAY by Tera's hand.

She stands in a towel, head still dripping wet, combing out the knots of her hair. Embedded into the mirror glass, an LCD screen rolls a glossy corporate ad.

WOMAN TESTIMONIAL
(on screen)
...always running, trying to keep
track of my day. That's why I use
Memorite.

KID TESTIMONIAL
(on screen)
Memorite helps me with my homework!

MEMORITE ANNOUNCER
(on screen)
Improve your memory tenfold!
Memorite version three-point-oh.
Available now for download in the--

Tera taps an area of the glass and the screen shuts off.

EXT. A BRIGHT BLUE SKY - DAY

Clouds drift peacefully, until we PULL BACK to--

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

--Tera reaching and SLIDING the sky to the side, revealing a rather ordinary bedroom closet behind.

She grabs at a few tops before SLIDING IT BACK. She taps at the sky and watches it DISSOLVE to a mirror -- the closet door nothing more than a large screen.

She pulls a shirt on over her exposed bra and stares at herself blankly.