

ANTHOLOGY

"Glimpse"

by
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INT. THE HUB

We're looking at the top of a large, circular, metal platform, about ten meters in diameter, floating in the middle of white nothing. Several COMPUTER MONITORS adorn the outside, with terminals at each one. A large DOORWAY-like device is situated in the middle.

Two TEENAGERS are on top of this platform, both examining several monitors. One is tall, with dark hair and skin, and the other is medium sized, in terms of height and build, Caucasian, with cropped brown hair.

The tall one, ZACK (19), pipes up.

ZACK

Alright, I think I got the demo tape figures out.

The other one, JAMES (18), nods.

JAMES

Good. We get this going and we can get back to searching.

James ducks under a workstation, while Zack pulls out a camera and sets it up on a tri-pod.

ZACK

Whenever you're ready.

James stands, and walks over to the camera, standing in front of it.

Zack fiddles with the controls for a second, then joins James.

The camera beeps.

JAMES

(taking a deep breath)
My name is James, and this is Zack. If you've found this recording, and this place, then I'd ask you now not to touch anything for a few days. We found out the hard way that things in here can be dangerous.

Be stops for a moment, taking another deep breath.

JAMES (CONT'D)

With any luck, we'll be back and leave you a note or another recording, and set up a meeting time. Please don't tell anyone about this place yet.

ZACK

We, ah, call this place "The Hub." We don't know who built it, when they build it, or how, or where this place actually is. All we know for sure is that the doorway to here is hidden in... well, you already found it, I guess. This place, the monitors here, anyway, allow us to see into various futures.

JAMES

We aren't really sure that's what's happening, of course. It could be snippets of our future, or it could even be some elaborate scam, but-

ZACK

But we don't think so. A lot of what we've seen here, and, uh, of what we want to show you, would take the best and most expensive special effects devices to pull off, and even then, we can adjust how we see these worlds, and what angle to look at, and it just seems to be totally limitless.

JAMES

But there are some drawbacks. We don't know where else this doorway could possibly lead, even into one of the futures. We don't know much of anything about this place.

ZACK

In the event that we somehow cannot regain access to this place, or, y'know, have died, we will now show you some of the more basic functions of how this place works, and what you might expect to see by using the monitors here.

They wait for a bit, then:

ZACK (CONT'D)
Alright, cut.

JAMES
(double takes)
What? Cut?

ZACK
What?

JAMES
This isn't a movie shoot, Zack.

ZACK
I know. I'm just... nervous, is
all.

JAMES
That's why you kept cutting me
off?

ZACK
Yeah. Sorry.

JAMES
(shakes head)
Nevermind. I'll review the demo
tape, then.

ZACK
Yeah, I'll write up the script
for the control sequence.

JAMES
It's not a movie shoot, Zack.

ZACK
(sarcastically)
Then I'll wing it.

JAMES
Won't you just get nervous again?

ZACK
Then I'll write up a script.

JAMES
Okay. Whatever.

James heads over to the station Zack was at, sits down, and punches a few keys.

JAMES' POV

Looking through James' eyes, at the control screen.

The sound of typing is still heard, as long computer commands are punched into the screen.

Finally, James hits a final key, and the screen displays a loading screen, which quickly finishes, and brings up a display of a girl sitting in a room, staring out a round window into deep space.

The camera moves slowly towards this, closer and closer, until we make a smooth transition to:

INT. SHIP - TEST ROOM

A GIRL is staring out the window, looking deep into space. The walls are all a sterile, very light grey, much like the girl's clothing.

A mechanical voice is heard, loud and clear, although no speakers are visible.

VOICE

Today's plan: Testing the nervous system.

The girl doesn't respond.

VOICE (CONT'D)

The goal of this test is to examine the sense of touch.

GIRL

You won't understand. You can't feel anything.

VOICE

The goal is to analyze and reproduce a nervous system.

The girl shakes her head, but stands, and heads for the wall opposite to her.

As she approaches, a faint outline of a door appears in the wall, and the inside of this outline moves outwards, and slides off to the side.

VOICE (CONT'D)

This is a follow up of yesterday's test, where we examined the sense of taste. The goal of yesterday's test was to analyze and reproduce taste buds.

The girl exits the room, and the door closes behind her.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARK - STAGE - AFTERNOON

A MAN is standing on a steel stage in a large field, waving his arm at a rather large cheering crowd.

A SHOT rings out, striking the man in the chest, and sending him to the ground.

UNKNOWN (V.O.)

We believe you. We just don't believe in you.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY - SKYSCRAPER ROOFTOPS - AFTERNOON

Looking down at the ground, apparently from the top of a skyscraper.

A small dot down below, a person, is seen rapidly getting larger, bringing a SUPERHERO into view. All we catch of him is a blue costume, and crackling energy, before he flies past the camera, grinning.

INT. HERO'S APARTMENT - NEXT

The Hero lands in his apartment, through the window, and pulls off his mask.

He looks up to see someone there, looking amazed to see him.

Looking pissed off, The Hero turns around and flies out of the window.

INT. BAR - NEXT

The hero, now in civilian clothes, drinks out of a large bottle in a bar, clearly intoxicated.

EXT. CITY - AFTERNOON

The Hero, flying at eye level with a fifty-foot monster, a cross between a gorilla and an ape. The Hero PUNCHES the beast across the snout, then FIRES a beam of energy at it, causing a large EXPLOSION.

CUT TO:

INT. CHURCH - NEXT

Inside a large, well-furnished church, a young woman is giving a sermon.

We focus on one man in the crowd, a moustached, bald MAN.

This Man seems to be unreadable.

VOICE (V.O.)
I want you to infiltrate this
religion and bring it down, if
necessary.

MAN (V.O.)
All due respect, sir, but
religious persecution? Is that
what we're about now?

The man crosses, then uncrosses his legs, agitated.

EXT. SPACE - NEXT

Several ships fight one another in the vacuum, firing
lasers at each other, destroying fighter after fighter.

UNKNOWN FEMALE (O.S.)
(filtered, through
radio)
They're killing each other!

BLACK OUT:

TITLE OVER:

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