

THE MINUS

A SCI-FI-MYSTERY SERIES

4 Sample Scenes

Cold Open

Lower Levels

Entering Paradise

A Mindtransporter Session

by

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A gigantic hole in the middle of a megacity. Its blackness penetrates everyone who dares to take a look at it. This is--

RICKSHAW (V.O.)

The Minus.

(beat)

To fathom it, to understand it,
is the greatest service to our
world. That is what they tell
us.

In the distance, high up in the sky above, something flashes -- a space capsule, on its way to the center of the black hole. A jet of fire and smoke behind it.

RICKSHAW (V.O.)

But they don't want us to see
what's really happening. There
is always a door behind the
door, a room behind the room..

(beat)

I need you to see the truth
behind the truth. And for this
we need to look into the eye of
this demon...

LOWER LEVELS - Rickshaw and Pancake - Mood Scene

1

EXT. THE CITY, LOWER LEVELS - DAY

1

Rickshaw hurries through the foggy street, tries to ignore the lanky, chatty kid (PANCAKE, 16), who struggles to keep up with him.

People eye them curiously as they pass - Rickshaw's slick suit and hairstyle are not those of a Low Level. His style is Upper Class. Meanwhile, Pancake looks like he belongs.

PANCAKE

It's just... I don't know what this memory means. And I need someone to look at it and tell me its value.

RICKSHAW

Sorry, kid. I don't do against the rules.

PANCAKE

But if you're just looking at the memory, it's not really a real session, is it? Technically speaking.

Rickshaw sighs, annoyed.

PANCAKE

(leans in)

Ok, listen. I can't do points, but I can get you anything you want. And by that I really mean anything. Especially when it's not official.

Rickshaw comes to a stop, looks sternly at the boy.

RICKSHAW

I'll say it again. I only do official and registered jobs. And so should you.

PANCAKE

Know anyone by chance? I mean, who'd be willing to do a memo-session off the records?

Rickshaw hesitates for a second.

RICKSHAW

No.

He then quickly crosses the streets and leaves the boy standing--

PANCAKE
(shouts after him)
Nah, my gut is telling me you
do!

Rickshaw ignores him and disappears into a gigantic building - one of the Main Towers of GRAND ECHO, the most powerful company in the city. The LOGO with the company's SLOGAN is emblazoned on the exterior facade, saying --

"THE ANSWER IS YES".

ENTERING PARADISE

1 INT. SECURITY DIVISION - DAY 1

A SURVEILLANCE SCREEN shows RICKSHAW's face. He adjusts his slick suit to hide his fidgeting, shows off his profile for the camera, to confirm his identity.

The ID screen reads

NAME: RICKSHAW
LEVEL 57

MEMO
LIMITED ACCESS

SECURITY GUARD 1 (O.S.)
It's the Memo. Confirmed.

SECURITY CHIEF (O.S.)
Let him in.

2 INT. TOWER, UPPERCLASS LEVEL - DAY 2

A massive gate opens in front of Rickshaw, revealing a bridge leading through a thick, lush exotic forest - it's a feast for the eyes.

Rickshaw pulls out a couple of vials, which contain white pills. He picks the one labeled "CONFIDENCE", pops the lid off and takes one.

Then he steps on the bridge.

CUT TO:

3 INT. SECURITY DIVISION - DAY 3

The SECURITY GUARD eyes Rickshaw intently on the surveillance screen, looks over to his SUPERIOR.

SECURITY GUARD 1
Why is it always him?

SECURITY CHIEF
Apparently he has a rare talent.

SECURITY GUARD 1
That is?

SECURITY CHIEF
Not losing it, when he is
cleaning out all those garbage
memories.

The security guy doesn't buy it - this fidgeting wannabe does not look the part, no matter how slick the suit is.

SECURITY GUARD 1
Ever needed one yourself?

SECURITY CHIEF
A Memo?

Security guard nods.

SECURITY CHIEF
Never did. Never will. I'd rather keep my memories, thank you. No matter how bad, at least I know they are mine.

SECURITY GUARD 1
I wonder how it feels.

SECURITY CHIEF
What?

SECURITY GUARD 1
Having memories in your head that aren't yours.

4 INT. TOWER, UPPERCLASS LEVEL - DAY

4

Rickshaw makes his way across the bridge. Any fidgeting dissipates as his confidence builds and he strides towards the open space on the other end.

The sunlight breaks through the glass roof, blinds Rickshaw for a brief moment. He doesn't lift his hand for cover, rather enjoys being blinded by the sun.

COMPUTER VOICE
Level Paradise. Welcome.

A Mindtransporter Session - Rickshaw and Trebuchet

1 INT. TREBUCHET CHAMBERS, UPPERCLASS LEVEL - DAY 1

Rickshaw follows a SERVANT through gold-ornamented hallways, until they reach the bedroom of TREBUCHET (50), the client for this memo session.

Trebuchet yawns, straightens up in his king-sized bed as the two approach. His male LOVER from last night slides a silk cushion behind Trebuchet's back for his comfort.

Trebuchet looks at Rickshaw with an indefinable smile, his rings and jewelry jingling around as he brushes his chin.

The servant serves two crystal chalices filled with something sparkly. Trebuchet takes it off the golden tray, hands one chalice to Rickshaw.

TREBUCHET

I want you to know, I appreciate you. What you're doing is... you are indeed healing me. Really. And for that I will forever love you.

(beat)

What's your name again?

RICKSHAW

Rickshaw, Sir.

TREBUCHET

Ah yes, right, Rickshaw... the darling memo of Paradies.

They clink chalices, but Rickshaw waits until Trebuchet downs the sparkly drink in one gulp, before he takes a sip himself.

Meanwhile, Trebuchet eyes Rickshaw, scans his appearance from head to toe.

TREBUCHET

Level 57, right?

Rickshaw looks down, embarrassed he could tell.

TREBUCHET

(smiles)

Oh no, nothing to be ashamed of...

Trebuchet puts his hand gently on Rickshaw's shoulder, strokes him, almost indecently.

TREBUCHET

You must know, I have a soft spot and great respect for

(MORE)

TREBUCHET (CONT'D)
people who devote their talents
entirely to sacrificial service.

RICKSHAW
Thank you, Sir.

Trebuchet grins and waves to the servant, who immediately
appears next to his side. Trebuchet leans in.

TREBUCHET
(low voice)
And I've really used his memo
services before?

The servant nods.

TREBUCHET
(sighs, to Rickshaw)
The only downside of your much
appreciated work is, that one
won't remember you after the
session. I can't deny that this
makes me feel uncomfortable. I
like to keep track of things.

Rickshaw stays silent. Remains in his polite, rather
submissive attitude.

TREBUCHET
Alright. Shall we take out the
garbage?

Rickshaw immediately gets to work. He pulls out a small
machine - the mindtransporter - and gets it ready for the
session.

Then he slips into a full body protection apron, sits down
across Trebuchet, and places the mindtransporter between
them. Both of them put on a headset, which are connected
with cables to the machine.

RICKSHAW
Is the giver ready?

Trebuchet nods. Rickshaw flips a switch on the
mindtransporter, activating it.

RICKSHAW
(for the records)
The trigger words has been
received beforehand and the
session will start now.

Rickshaw bends down to the microphone on the
mindtransporter.

RICKSHAW
 (into microphone)
 Tank 1730, Location: Echo
 Academy.

--and Trebuchet's memories rush into Rickshaw's brain.

2 *FLASHBACK - INT. ECHO ACADEMY - NIGHT*

2

Trebuchet's memory and POV.

Hysteric laughter echoes as Trebuchet runs through a winding corridor - the result of a drug cocktail he clearly couldn't handle.

RICKSHAW (V.O.)
 Set marker ONE.

Trebuchet finally reaches a sliding door, storms through it--

3 *FLASHBACK - INT. ECHO ACADEMY, SLEEPING TANKS - NIGHT*

3

--and sees himself face to face with a CHILD (8) of Tank No. 1730. He grabs him by the hair, pulling him towards the sliding door. The child kicks and screams.

Trebuchet can't stand the noise, places the child's head in the threshold of the sliding door, hammers on the nearby dashboard control. The door repeatedly smashes against the child's head and silences the screams.

Blood covers the floor. Trebuchet's once hysterical laughter turns into a desperate sobs.

RICKSHAW (V.O.)
 Set marker TWO.
 Transmission One and Two. Go.

4 *INT. TREBUCHET CHAMBERS - DAY - NOW*

4

Rickshaw jumps off his chair, pulls his headset off and vomits on to the bright white marble floor.

The servant tends to Trebuchet, who has fallen into a rejuvenating coma, looking like a sleeping, innocent child.

Rickshaw gags and wipes his mouth, shaken by the emotions of the Trebuchet's memories.

SERVANT
 Must have been a bad one.

RICKSHAW
Those are the best.

SERVANT
How?

RICKSHAW
They are worth the most points.

Rickshaw massages his neck and now dares to stare with hungry eyes at the breathtaking view - the City above the City, the towers reflecting the golden sun.

The clouds suddenly part and finally reveals what was covered underneath: A GIGANTIC BLACK HOLE in the middle of the city. This is the MINUS.