

REDSHIFT 2301

Written by

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Text appears on screen.

2301. A nuclear war between West and Eastern powers has turned the planet into a toxic hellscape unable to sustain life.

The last remaining on earth have crowded into the rebuilt vestige of what had been New York City, now dubbed COLONY.

Those who come wandering in from the wastes are processed at a checkpoint before being allowed access.

Special units known as PROCESSORS, raised from birth to obey and serve are stationed at these checkpoints, tasked with keeping COLONY safe from terrorist threats.

They are told to find a prophesied defector to the system - someone who will break free from the oppressive mental control of the COLONYMEN.

An impure they call TAR-SPAWN.

INT. COLONY - NIGHT

We cut in on a shot of PYR sitting in a chair. His back is facing the camera. A blue metal table in front of him is bare aside from a sci-fi looking pistol and a small, metal talisman.

A garbled voice starts to talk, subtitled.

VOICE V/O

Find the tar-spawn. Cleanse it.

Pyr reaches over to grab the pistol, then the little talisman.

EXT. COLONY PLAINS - NIGHT

A futuristic vehicle wips past bottom to top, and we tilt up to follow it. The plains are revealed, along with the mountains in the distance.

There's a house standing solitary in the plains - suburban, yet modern and almost brutalist. The vehicle slows to a stop and powers down.

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Moonlight pours into the house through a small window. A door opens and Pyr comes through, followed by more moonlight. As he shuts the door, the room returns to half-darkness.

Graffiti is scrawled on the wall. Pyr passes it as he walks by. *Colony is Dead.*

Shot of Pyr down the hall, hidden in shadow. He chooses one of three doors, opening it.

INT. CHECKPOINT - NIGHT

It's a small room, no bigger than a closet. A table is placed against the wall. Pyr slides the chair out and sits down.

Placed on the table is a singular piece of paper, perfectly straight and untouched. Beside this is a small pedestal into which Pyr places his little talisman.

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

A robot emerges from a slot in the wall. It floats around the room, surveying with a large, glowing eye.

INT. CHECKPOINT - NIGHT

We see the piece of paper on the table. Some sentences are readable.

January 4, 2301

Colony requests passage identification from all traveling entities.

Terrorist breaches are unacceptable. Any instances of such are punishable by dismemberment.

Find the tar-spawn. Cleanse it.

Pyr reads this, then looks down at the talisman in its slot. Three lights have sparked to life, one after the other. The last one now blinks on.

Ca-chunk

A small window opens in the wall, allowing light to pour in. Through this, we see a bare room, then the little robot surveying in the air.

Something else slides into view - a mangled human head with eyes rolling in their sockets. This head is suspended in a tank with wires. This is MEER.

We only see Meer through extreme close-ups. A distorted, mechanical voice is what he uses to speak.

MEER
Pleasant morning.

Pyr points to the window ledge, silent.

MEER (CONT.)
My identification?
(Pause)
I see.

An unseen hand snaps the ID onto the ledge, and Pyr takes it. He holds it over the talisman, which emanates light as it scans.

Blip

The ID is returned to the ledge, where it's sucked back into oblivion. Meer doesn't leave.

MEER

I sell things... Priceless things. My store is hidden beneath the pink lights.

A folded piece of paper appears on the ledge. Pyr takes it and unwraps it. There's a pink painted image of a flower. A pause, then the floating tank drifts out of view of the window.

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Once Meer is gone, the robot drifts over to the window. It peers through, then speaks in garbled English.

ROBOT

Not.

It drifts back into the room.

INT. CHECKPOINT - NIGHT

Pyr refolds the piece of paper, then sets it down on the table.

COLONYMAN

(Clear throat)

Excuse me.

Pyr looks up and sees a helmet framed in the window. It's a colonyman - a patrol officer for the colony. We see no more than his masked face.

COLONYMAN (CONT.)

Who was that traveler?

Pyr doesn't answer.

COLONYMAN (CONT.)

This is a test. Who was that traveler?

Pyr reaches over to the talisman and touches it. Another ID card replica is extruded from a slot. The same that just came through. *Colony ID Meer.*

Pyr looks down at it, debating whether or not to hand it over. He looks down at the folded paper.

COLONYMAN (CONT.)
Who was that traveler?

Pyr touches the talisman and the card is sucked back in. He shuffles something, and another is extruded - this time with a different name.

He takes it out and hands it to the colonyman. Who receives it with impatience.

COLONYMAN (CONT.)
Respond with greater speed, or I will enter a request for your dismemberment.

The floating mask moves away from the window. A pause, then the robot comes to the window again and peers through.

ROBOT
Not.

It drifts away.

Pyr looks down at the folded paper. He stares for a long time.

Click.

He looks up. Someone is aiming a pistol through the window. It's the colonyman.

COLONYMAN (CONT.)

Mental analysis test failed. You gave the incorrect identification. Tar-spawn located. Exit the checkpoint booth and follow promptly.

Tense silence. Pyr eventually gets up and walks to the door. Quick shot of the table - the folded paper is gone. He took it.

Shot of the window. There's a quick light blast, accompanied by a gunshot...

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

... The gun is smoking.

The robot turns and analyzes Pyr.

ROBOT

Tar-spawn. Tar-spawn. Tar-spawn. Tar-spawn.

Pyr lifts his gun and fires. The robot falls out of the air, sparking.

We see the door open and shut.

EXT. COLONY - NIGHT

The vehicle is racing across the plains again. It enters a long shadow beneath a mountain and vanishes from view.

EXT. COLONY CITY - NIGHT

Pyr emerges out of the darkness on a street. He takes out the folded paper from under his shroud and we see the pink flower. He looks up.

Shot of a giant, glowing pink flower sign on a building.

Cut to black.

The end.