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Web Portfolio Sample

SIN #1- SIN Goes Offline

EXT. SERTA0 FRONTIER - DAY

Dried earth CRUNCHES under heavy footsteps. Nearby a TECHNICIAN tinkers with crashed THUMPER.

JOHNNY
(exasperated)
Damn it's hot.

RACE
(annoyed)
Yeah, I know. You've said as much about six times now. Bitching about it isn't going to make it any cooler.

A loud, metallic thud of a side panel being closed. The THUMPER rumbles to life.

RACE (CONT'D)
There. That should do it.
(into headset)
Alright, Terry. I'm ready to send this back to base.
(beat)
Terry?

JOHNNY
Is something up?

Race stands up and walks away from the thumper.

RACE
(into headset)
Terry, quit dicking around and respond.
(beat; to himself)
Son of a...

JOHNNY
What's going on?

RACE
I can't get Terry on the comm.

JOHNNY
Let me try.
(into headset)

Terry, amigo. Pick up.

There's no static from a dead signal in either of the men's headsets. In fact, there's no noise coming through at all.

JOHNNY

Weird.

RACE

Did you get through?

JOHNNY

No. I didn't. I didn't get anything, actually. There wasn't even any static.

RACE

I noticed that, too. Maybe the nimrod just turned comms off. Try to contact him over shortwave?

JOHNNY

That won't work - we're too far out. I'm going to try pinging somebody through the SIN.

Johnny TAPS on a plastic screen. There is no response.

JOHNNY

Uh...

RACE

What?

JOHNNY

I can't bring up SIN.

RACE

(concerned)

What?

Johnny tries again in vain to access the network.

JOHNNY

(frustrated)

I can't access SIN. Any of it. I can't contact anyone, I can't bring up any reports.

(beat)

Oh, hell.

RACE

'Oh, hell?'

JOHNNY

I can't even bring up our maps.

RACE

(sigh)

Great. Just freakin' great! How are we going to find our way back to the main road?

JOHNNY

We aren't - we reactivate the thumper's emergency signal and stay put until the network comes back up.

RACE

Well, look on the bright side: if the SIN doesn't come back online soon, you won't be complaining about the heat anymore.

END.

SIN #2 - The Chosen First Strike

INT. DREDGE SECURITY STATION - AFTERNOON

The command center bustles with panicked activity. Accord Soldiers converse hurriedly with each other while desperate to gather intelligence during the SIN outage.

CMDR. BAYER
(annoyed)
Can somebody give me a damn update?

LT. FOY
The network is still offline,
Commander.

CMDR. BAYER
(grumbling)
Of course it is.
(to LT. FOY)
How long have we been without
contact?

LT. FOY
About twenty minutes. We're still
trying to ascertain how exactly the
network went down. What little we
know tells us that the disruption is
from an outside source.

CMDR. BAYER
Are you saying the SIN was
intentionally brought offline?

LT. FOY
Yes, Sir. The whole network is caught
in some kind of forced manual defrag
loop. It's actually quite ingenious.

CMDR. BAYER
I'm sure it is, and you can have all
the time you need to admire it later.
Right now, though, we need to find a
way to--

A LOUD EXPLOSION rocks the Security Station. Glass SHATTERS,
metal TWISTS, and the room RUMBLES for several moments.

LT. FOY

(coughing)
Commander? Commander?!
(beat)
Damn.

Panic spreads through the Security Station.

LT. FOY
(into headset)
This is Lieutenant Foy to any nearby
Accord patrols. We've suffered a
massive--

A THUNDEROUS RUMBLE from the approaching Chosen Capital Ship interrupts Foy mid-sentence. The sound of Foy's headset hitting her desk is heard.

LT. FOY (O.S.)
What in the hell is that...
(beat)
Get out. Everybody out! Everybo-

A second EXPLOSION. The feed abruptly cuts to STATIC.

END.

SIN #3 - Battle in the Streets

EXT. DREDGE STREETS - NIGHT

Gunfire echoes off the walls as Accord and Chosen battle in the streets. In the distance, the THUNDEROUS RUMBLE of the Chosen Capital Ship can be heard.

In the midst of the firefight, a young ENSIGN rushes to give a situation report to his COMMANDER.

ENSIGN PAVEL

Sir! Three more squads of Grays have begun pushing into the marketplace. So far we're holding our own, but Commander Foiles is requesting additional soldiers.

CMDR. KEEN

Commander Foiles is going to have to wait her damn turn, Ensign. We have the bulk of their forces bearing down on us - we don't have the manpower to spare right now!

ENSIGN PAVEL

Understood, Sir!

CMDR. KEEN

You tell the Commander to hold her line. Once we've secured the square, we'll split off and help clear out the mar--

A BULLET RICOCHETS off of ENSIGN PAVEL's HELMET. The now-dead rookie drops to the ground in a meaty heap.

CMDR. KEEN

(shock)

Ensign!

The weapons fire continues, but a new sound comes: the TORMENTED SCREAMS of TORTURED SOULS.

CMDR. KEEN

(grotesque shock)

Oh my god...

(to soldiers)

Fire... FIRE! FI--AAH!

The TORTURED SOULS come closer, swarming over the soldiers as

explosions and gunfire dot the background.

END.

SIN #4 - After the Attack

INT. UNDERGROUND BUNKER - NIGHT

A lone man sits in a dark room, talking into a shortwave radio.

MASON DIRK

Hello? Hello? If anyone is out there, my name is Mason Dirk. My family and I are trapped underneath Dredge, in an old pre-Firefall bunker. This place looks like it's going to fall apart any minute. Our children are young. If you're out there, please respond.

The feed cuts to STATIC.

CUT TO:

MOMENTS LATER

The feed returns to a later entry.

MASON DIRK

It's been six days since those Chosen... things... took Dredge. After the Arclight, Miranda and I thought our children be safer away from the coastline. Dammit.

The feed cuts out again.

CUT TO:

MOMENTS LATER

The feed returns to a later entry.

MASON DIRK

A month. It's been a month since it went to hell. My wife, she... she wanted out. She wanted to make a go for it on her own. I couldn't let her. I couldn't let her jeopardize our kids. They...

(beat)

My children will understand one day.

The feed cuts out.

CUT TO:

MOMENTS LATER

The feed returns.

MASON DIRK

The children are asleep now, for the first time since... We have no food. We barely have any water. I'm afraid we aren't going to be able to

(cough)

Make it. I feel like I've let...

(cough)

No, no, no! The gas is

(cough)

Seeping in. Kids! Kids, wake up! We need to go! We need--

Mason coughs uncontrollably as the feed cuts out.

END.