

BLACK SKY PROTOCOL

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Earth is dry, cracked, and burnt out.

Nothing grows. Nothing lasts.

Survival depends on what's left underground – mineral deposits pulsing with nutrients. They rise without warning, and vanish just as fast.

When a deposit's detected, the coordinates are broadcast on all channels.

This broad cast is called the **Black Sky Protocol** – a beacon of hope for anyone left in the wasteland.

Reaching it first means securing the nutrients needed to survive.

And fighting off anyone else who comes looking.

EXT. DESERT - DAWN

Wind slices over the dunes. The sun crests the horizon.

In the distance, a lone figure crouches beside a rusted chunk of machinery, long since devoured by time and sand. We only see him from behind. The low hum of electronics rumbles under the silence. His black trench coat flutters – worn from years in the elements.

His head is fully mechanical.

We will come to know him as NOMAD.

He stands. Begins the slow climb up the dune.

Suddenly – a sharp alarm chirps from his wrist.

He lifts his sleeve. A battered armband flares to life with a flickering hologram.

MYSTERY MAN

Shit.

With a flick of the wrist, the hologram vanishes.

He crests the dune. Stares out over the wasteland – shattered towers, broken electrical lines, collapsed satellites buried in sand.

The camera rotates around to reveal his face.

Or what's left of it.

Worn metal. Expressionless.

A soft red glow pulses from his eye socket. A low, mechanical growl begins to build – deep, rhythmic, like breathing.

CUT TO:

INT. GLASS HOUSE - DAWN

Industrial size cables run all over the white marble floor.

White marble floors. Industrial cables snake across the ground, connecting to a humming VitaCorp™ nutrient ventilator.

Tubes run from the machine, across the floor, up the side of a sleek couch, and into the sleeve of a young man – polished, well-kept, asleep.

We will come to know him as ACE.

A sharp ping slices through the silence – the same alert Nomad received.

He stirs, groans, stretches. Reaches over and grabs a silver earbud off the table.

ACE

Alright what do we got.

A metallic triangle on the table projects a clean hologram and map.

AI COMPANION (FEMALE VOICE)

VitaCorp Alert: nutrient deposit located. Coordinates locked – Sector 7G. Distance: 198 miles. Viability window: 4 hours, twenty-six minutes.

He reads the time 8:37pm

ACE

A redeye never hurt anyone.

AI COMPANION

Recommend vehicle: motorcycle. Four-wheel traversal: 37% slower. Projected delay reduces deposit security chances.

ACE

Sync map to contacts.

AI COMPANION

Uploading map now.

He picks up a case from the table. He stands and looks out a window at the barren desert landscape. He opens the case and puts the contacts in.

ACE

Its going to be a long ride.

He puts in the contacts. Taps the side of his head.

Two glowing white X's flash across his eyes.

We see the exterior of the house and the vast wasteland.

We hear the roar of a motorcycle engine.

CUT TO:

EXT. DUNES - NIGHT

The motorcycle roars through the desert. Headlight carving light across dunes. Time passes.

Somewhere out there – Nomad watches. He hears the engine from afar. Spots the rider. Silent. Waiting.

Hours later

Ace pulls off to the side of a cracked road. The time reads 1:30am.

He dismounts. Removes his rifle. Drops his bag.

He leaves the keys in the ignition.

He lays close to the hot bike. The temperature is low. His breathing slows.

FADE OUT.

EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Ace sleeps slumped beside his motorcycle. Helmet beside him. Rifle nearby. Wind hissing low.

Footsteps crunch in the sand. A shadow approaches. Closer. Silent. It's Nomad.

Revolver in hand – battered, futuristic, humming faintly. He steps in front of sleeping Ace. Raises the gun.

THE BARREL, HOVERING INCHES ABOVE ACE'S HEAD.

A still moment.

NOMAD (QUIETLY, TO HIMSELF)
Not worth the bullet.

He crouches, Calm and Controlled.

He spots the keys in the ignition. He takes them without making a sound.

And walks into the night.

EXT. DESERT SHRINE - PRE DAWN

Nomad walks through the dunes for a while. The sun is just beginning to rise. He tosses the keys up and down.

Suddenly he reaches a abandoned looking structure. In the sand, half buried is a variety of strange vintage space age objects weathered by time.

While walking the premise, he find a sign that reads 'Leave things for the aliens'

NOMAD (LAUGHING)

Hmmm.

CUT TO NOMAD WALKING AWAY. FOCUS PULLS FROM HIM TO THE SIGN.

The keys are hanging off the sign.

CUT TO:

EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY - DAWN

Ace's eyes open.

He blinks. Sits up slowly. Looks around. Nothing but silence and sand.

Then he sees them: Footprints in the dirt. Leading right up to where he slept. Franticly he looks for all his stuff. He turns to look at his ignition.

His keys are gone

ACE

Shit.

EXT. DUNES - MORNING

Sometime later, we see ace riding.

AI COMPANION

Mineral deposit, 500 feet ahead.
Proceed on foot.

Ace dismounts his bike, grabs his rifle and begins to walk.

He comes to a large crossing of streams.

AI COMPANION (CONT'D)

You have reached the deposit.

Ace crouches down and takes off his backpack. Just as he reaches inside of it he sees a shadow. He frantically reaches for his gun.

NOMAD

Don't.

With the gun against Ace's head, he sweep kicks nomads feet from under him. Nomad falls to the ground.

Ace grabs his gun he leaps out of the way, rolls, and turns to Point his gun at nomad.

Just then nomad gets up, and raises his gun at ace.

Its a standoff.

ACE

Walk away.

NOMAD

You first.

Nomad throws ace the keys to the bike.

ACE

Ah.

NOMAD

I got here first.

ACE

I had trouble finding my keys.

NOMAD

You're a heavy sleeper. Let's split the deposit.

ACE

No thanks. I think I'd rather shoot for it than...

Suddenly behind them, a large industrial drone lands.

VITACORP DRONE

VitaCorp drone number 24461. Stand down. This mineral is now property of VitaCorp. Failure to stand down will result in lethal action.

Ace and Nomad look at each other with a look of confusion.

NOMAD

That doesn't seem fair.

ACE
You expect us to both just walk
away?

VITACORP DRONE
Failure to stand down will result
in lethal action. This is your
final warning.

ACE (TO NOMAD)
A fuck it lets split it.

Ace turns and Aims his gun at the Drone. Nomad does the same.

NOMAD
Not bad kid.

ACE(SHOUTING TO DRONE)
Actually, I think were going to
stay right here.

NOMAD
Here we go.

VITACORP DRONE
Proceeding with lethal force.

ACE (TO NOMAD)

Ill take the right.

NOMAD
Ill take the left.

WIDE SHOT DOLLY IN OF ACE AND NOMAD CHARGING AT THE ROBOT.
FULL LANDSCAPE

They begin to charge at the drone.

The drone begins to charge at them.

Techno music fades in.

They raise their weapons, hearing the powering up of high
tech.

They fire.

CUT TO BLACK.