

CHEYENNE INTRO

written by  
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for  
Human Code

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NOTE: This script is not in correct screenplay format; this is a rough approximation I use when composing drafts, prior to importing into Final Draft for clean-up.

FADE IN:

ABSOLUTE BLACK.

The SOUNDS of crowds, sirens, screaming, CHAOS.

Then NOTHING.

DEMETER (V.O.)  
In the year 2074, the world ended.

EXT. FIELD - DAY - CLOSE ANGLE - BUTTERFLY

sitting on a flower, slowly flapping its delicate wings. As it takes off, the camera TRACKS UP to reveal a green field and the storybook village that sits in the valley below.

DEMETER (V.O.)  
To preserve their world and their peoples, the nations of Earth came together to create the great arcships that would be sent to the stars. To find another Earth. Another home.

EXT. VILLAGE - DAY

The verdant interior of the arcship CHEYENNE, looking out across the curve of the ground, and the odd, curving sky. Men and women work the fields in the foreground. The village sits serenely in the mid-ground: at its center is the Ascension Hall, a squat tower of some unknown matte white substance that stands above the surrounding wooden

buildings. In the distance are a glistening lake and a range of fog-enshrouded mountains. The very definition of idyllic.

DEMETER (V.O.)

The first of these great ships was the *Cheyenne*: it was enormous, nearly the size of a continent, and inside of itself it carried a miniature Earth.

EXT. ASCENSION HALL - DAY

The Ascension Hall stands in the middle of an open square. Around it are numerous stalls, shops, and other buildings constructed of wood and stone, a vague suggestion of old English villages. But the Ascension Hall stands apart from the other buildings, its white walls giving the subtle impression of glowing from within. People flow in, out, and around the Hall, the center of their community.

DEMETER (V.O.)

Over one million men, women, and children, together with animals and habitats from around the globe, were transplanted aboard the ship and carried to safety.

CLOSE SHOT - DEMETER

A silvery metallic sphere that floats suspended in mid-air, featureless except for a single electronic eye that gazes placidly into the camera. The eye shines a dim green. DEMETER. A faint HUMMING can be heard from some hidden machinery.

DEMETER (V.O.)

I was set to watch over and protect them, a top-of-the-line Guardian Sentient Intelligence. I failed.

The entire screen FLARES WHITE for a moment, highlights glancing off the surface of the sphere, and the SCREEN SHAKES. From off-screen can be heard SHOUTS and WARNING KLAXONS. The camera PUSHES IN on the unblinking electronic eye, the sounds FADING into the distance.

DEMETER (V.O.)

(continuing)

There was a malfunction. I lost control of the ship. And along with it, most of my memory.

INT. CHEYENNE CONTROL ROOM - DAY

A large, open, very modern, very hi-tech control room that resembles nothing so much as the bridge of an aircraft carrier. The room is dark, quiet, and empty. It has been deserted for a long time. Tall windows at the front of the room look out on deep, velvet black space and a dusting of intensely white stars. Demeter floats in the center of the room, a small, football-sized silver metal sphere held suspended in mid-air by some invisible force projected from devices attached to the floor and ceiling.

DEMETER (V.O.)

We have drifted now for over a thousand years. Alone. And I can only watch...

EXT. VILLAGE - DAY

Children are crouched around a butterfly that has temporarily alighted on the ground. One of them is a happy-looking 12 year-old girl named JUDITH. She touches the butterfly, watching with a wide smile as it flies away.

DEMETER (V.O.)

...watch as generation after generation has passed, watch as Earth has become a forbidden myth and I have been forgotten...

INT. CAVE - DAY

Outside the cave mouth are rolling green hills. Judith peeks around the corner and peers into the cave, her face awash with curiosity.

DEMETER (V.O.)

...as they have forgotten the ship that has become their whole world.

INT. CAVE DOOR - DAY

Judith moves cautiously towards a heavy metal door. It is quite unlike anything else that she has ever seen, and definitely does not belong in a cave outside of her village. Inscribed in the door above her head is a drawing of an open hand. The rest of the door is covered in odd symbols and lettering.

DEMETER (V.O.)

I have time. Nothing but time.

INSERT - CLOSE ON PALMPRINT

As Judith's hand moves into frame and covers the palmprint drawn on the door.

DEMETER (V.O.)

(continuing)

And I have hope, because I have been programmed to hope.

BACK TO SCENE.

The door hisses open, quietly and cleanly even after a thousand years. The wind from the pressure difference ruffles Judith's hair. She begins to walk through the open door.

DEMETER (V.O.)

(continuing)

So I wait and I hope that someday, one of them will remember...

INT. CHEYENNE CONTROL ROOM

LONG SHOT of the control room. Judith is carefully working her way ACROSS THE FLOOR towards the windows at the far end of the room. DEMETER is TURNING to follow her movements.

DEMETER (V.O.)

...that they will help me remember...

EXT. CHEYENNE CONTROL ROOM - DAY - REVERSE ANGLE

Looking into the control room from outer space. Judith presses her hands against the glass, looking up and around in awe. As the camera PULLS BACK, more faces join her from the shadows. Other children. All looking at the world outside. The camera continues to PULL BACK and PULL BACK further still until the window is a tiny diamond flash against the hull of an enormous ship, the faded letters CHEYENNE written across its hull. The camera keeps PULLING BACK until at last we see the huge ship, floating in the black of space.

DEMETER (V.O.)

...and that we will all find a home, somewhere, out here, among the stars.

FADE TO BLACK.