

ONE HOUR ONE LIFE LAUNCH TRAILER

by

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BIRD'S EYE VIEW

We peer down into a hand-drawn rendition of a home office.
Cut-away walls. Invisible roof.

White drywall supports a few paintings and bookshelves above a blond hardwood floor. A cluttered computer desk sits in front of a window, looking out into the wooded wilderness beyond. A closed DOOR occupies the middle of the south wall.

Time is passing quickly. A CLOCK hangs on the wall, and the hands are spinning wildly. The minute hand is a barely-visible blur. A CALENDAR hangs on the wall nearby, and it mysteriously flips to the next month every five seconds.

A CARTOON MAN putters around the office. He is tall and gangly, slightly balding, and wears a t-shirt and shorts.

The man turns toward the camera and waves one of his spindly, pen-line arms in greeting.

MAN

Hello there!

The cartoon man points to himself.

MAN

I'm Jason Rohrer.

(hesitates)

Well, at least this is what I look
like inside my new game One Hour
One Life.

JASON gestures to the office around him.

JASON

Yep, this is it! We're live inside
the game right now.

(rubs chin pensively)

Well, actually, this is what my
modern home office looks like.
Civilization inside the game hasn't
gotten quite this advanced yet.
Maybe someday, though.

Jason's hairline suddenly recedes more and he sprouts a bushy mustache with an audible POP.

JASON

Oh man, I just got older again! A
whole year passes every minute, and
we live an entire lifetime, from
birth to old age, in just one hour.
We'd better get on with this tour
before my time runs out.

Jason grabs an olive drab BOONIE HAT from a hook and puts it on his head. He opens the office DOOR in the south wall and heads east into the surrounding wilderness.

JASON

Everything you see here exists on a persistent server. It starts out full of untouched wilderness, and it's up to us, the players, to rebuild civilization from scratch together.

Jason continues walking to the east through a grove of trees.

FOOTSTEPS can be heard off camera to the east. Jason hides himself behind a bush and peers out into a clearing.

JASON

(whispering)

Shhh. There she is now!

A WOMAN, clad in primitive furs, walks out into the clearing.

JASON

(low voice)

That's Eve, the first player to join the server. And the second player should be joining right about now--

A screaming BABY pops into existence, naked, bald, and pink, next to EVE.

JASON

Yep, that's player two, Eve's first baby.

Eve picks up the baby. The baby's tiny eyes open as it stops crying. Eve carries the baby off-screen.

JASON

When you join the server as a baby, you're truly helpless.

Jason now walks north into the forest, and a crying, naked baby runs past him and disappears among the trees. Jason enters another clearing where several fur-clad adults care for and feed babies and children of various ages.

JASON

You depend on care from your parents to survive. If they help
(MORE)

JASON (cont'd)
you into adulthood, you may have
babies of your own someday.

Jason leaves the second clearing and continues walking east through a swamp.

JASON
And your babies will be other
players who are depending on you
for their survival. You're just
one small link in a very long
chain.

Jason walks into a PRIMITIVE CAMP. Several fur-clad men, women, and children of various ages work together. Chopping wood into kindling. Skinning a rabbit. A fire burns in the center of the camp.

JASON
What you accomplish in your brief
lifetime will depend on the
situation that you're born into.

As Jason leaves the camp, he finds a discarded WOODEN SHAFT and a SHARP STONE. He attaches them together to make a STONE HATCHET. He gives the hatchet a swing, feeling its heft.

JASON
At first, your contribution might
be pretty basic.

Jason walk east and through a grassy meadow, carrying the hatchet with him.

JASON
But future generations can build on
the foundation that you help to
create.

Jason continues walking east and a lashed wooden hut comes into view. Neatly-planted rows of carrots and wheat spread to each side of the front door, with a path down the middle. An adobe oven burns inside the hut, with a fur-clad elderly man tending it. Two fur-clad children open the front door and run out.

Jason continues walking to the east, into an adobe village, and a roaring forge comes into view, with several steel tools scattered around it. Domesticated sheep graze in a fenced pasture.

JASON

Hopefully, you'll have a chance to leave your own small mark on the world before you die, and maybe create something that helps your children and grandchildren.

A man and a woman, now clad in woven wool clothing, use steel axes to chop down several trees. They load the wood into a wheeled hand cart.

JASON

But really, all of this is just the beginning.

Jason now walks north where he crosses a PAVED ROAD. Suddenly a gleaming red SPORTS CAR roars by with a smiling DRIVER inside. The driver honks as Jason scurries to safety.

JASON

As players continue climbing up through the tech tree, I'll be staying one step ahead of them by adding new stuff to the game every week.

Jason heads east down the paved road, which leads him under a raised MAG-LEV LINE, and a sleek, aerodynamic TRANSPORT CAPSULE floats by. The passenger wears a black, wrap-around visor.

JASON

So I hope you'll join me as this crazy game unfolds. I may even spawn as your baby at some point, and it will be up to you to take care of me.

PIANO MUSIC swells as Jason follows the mag-lev line north to the gates of a FUTURISTIC CITY with Jetson-esque towers on the corners of the walls.

JASON

As we rebuild civilization together, who knows where we'll end up?

A hovering bronze ROBOT stationed near the gate approaches Jason with an ION WEAPON raised. With an audible CRACK, the tip of the weapon emits a purple spark, and Jason collapses into a pile of HUMAN BONES.

CUT TO:

GAME OVER SCREEN

YOU DIED

AGE: 40

KILLED BY: ATOMIC POWERED ROBOT

[GET REBORN?]

Piano music continues.

CUT TO:

TITLE CARD

ONE HOUR

ONE LIFE

TITLE CARD

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CUT TO:

BIRD'S EYE VIEW

Piano music fades as we see the robot still hovering near Jason's bones. It tilts its head down mechanically as if to address the bone pile.

ROBOT

I am the Atomic Powered Robot.
Please give my best wishes to
everybody.

The robot hovers north through the city gates and out of view.

We linger quietly on the now-deserted gates of the futuristic city and the pile of human bones.