

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)

Actually, this is my modern home  
office. Civilization in the rest  
of 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

Did you see that? 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

(MORE)

JASON (cont'd)  
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  
I think she's coming!

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

JASON  
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  
you into adulthood, you may get a  
chance to 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 a busy 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.

PIANO MUSIC swells as Jason walks north to 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.

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 YEARS

CAUSE: KILLED BY ATOMIC POWERED ROBOT

[QUIT] [GET REBORN]

Piano music continues.

CUT TO:

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.