

The Rig Opening Cutscene

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BARRENS - DAY

The words '2337. Somewhere in Midwest America...' appears on screen.

A rough boot kicks a small stone across the screen. The man attached to the boot, TOBIAS GRAYSON (male, 6'2, 48, unruly dark hair, makeshift gaiter covering the bottom half of his face) trudges down a path lined with debris and the occasional bone.

Tobias pauses as a body (male, 28, veins black, sludge leaking from the nose) comes into view. It's not old, but not fresh either.

He pauses for a moment and looks around the area. A few other bodies are spread out. They look like they've been there for a while. And likely already picked clean.

The landscape is barren. The sun is masked behind a mixture of dust and smoke.

He reluctantly crouches down to inspect the body. About two feet away from the body is a GUN. Tobias picks it up and checks the magazine; it's empty. He sighs in disappointment. He slips it into his bag anyway.

Tobias rummages through the body's pockets. Annoyed at how ill prepared the poor fool was. His eyes narrow for a moment before lighting up. In the body's breast pocket is a crinkled, yet intact, CIGARETTE PACK.

Tobias pulls down his face gaiter, revealing an equally unkempt beard. He opens the pack to find only one cigarette left. He scowls.

He stands with the cigarette in between his fingers. He reaches into his pocket and pulls out an old MATCH. He lifts his boot and strikes the match along its sole. It lights.

Tobias tilts his head back and places the cigarette between his lips and lights it. He takes a slow, deep inhale. His eyes shut for a moment as he relishes the first drag.

The wind picks up and almost extinguishes the cigarette. Tobias scowls and blows out smoke.

TOBIAS GRAYSON

Fuck.

His scowl deepens as his radio crackles to life.

ALECK
(slightly distorted)
Tobias? You there?

Tobias blatantly ignores his radio. He instead takes another drag from his cigarette.

ALECK (CONT'D)
(bit more distorted)
Dammit, Tobias, pick up! I know you
can hear me.

Tobias exhales, the smoke from the cigarette quickly getting blown away by the wind. He pulls his radio from his waistband and answers.

TOBIAS GRAYSON
What the hell do you want, Aleck?

ALECK
(distortion lessens)
'Bout time you answered. Started to
think you died on me.

TOBIAS GRAYSON
You wish. Now talk.

Tobias takes another drag from his cigarette as Aleck's voice comes through again.

ALECK
You reach the spot yet?

Tobias lets the question linger as he slowly exhales.

TOBIAS GRAYSON
(after a beat)
Not yet.

ALECK
(once again distorted)
Well get your lazy ass moving! I
don't pay you to loiter.

Tobias is reluctant to drop the cigarette but does. He crushes it beneath his boot.

TOBIAS GRAYSON
Last I checked I'm doing this as a
favor. You aren't paying me,
period.

He shoves his radio back into his waistband before he pulls his face gaiter back up.

ALECK

Yeah, yeah. Just get moving. And
stick to the path. Clock's ticking.

Tobias shakes off the dust that settled on him during his
smoke break. And begins to walk again.

END.