

THE CITY IN THE SKY | Megan Fleming | game teaser

Five page gameplay teaser for a video game set in the last city left in the world, built above a toxic layer of smog that has overtaken the Earth. When the city is bombed by an outside attacker, a young leader and a team of soldiers must venture to the surface to discover what they left behind.

EXT. SMOG COVERED LANDSCAPE - DAY

A rotted, forgotten forest is barely discernible through layers of thick, sickly brown smog.

It's silent, until some burned brush nearby SHAKES.

Something JUMPS out from behind it. A BUNNY... Or at least, we think it's a bunny. Hard to tell. It's covered in boils, fur barely hanging on in some places. Its eyes are glazed over and brown, pus festering out of its nose and ears. It lets out a SHRILL, RASPY BREATH.

[Gameplay] We are now playing as the ugly Bunny. We can barely see ahead of us, only making out larger trees as the wind blows the smog, occasionally. We realize that we can get the bunny to move and jump over things, and even emit iterations of shrill rasps with one of the buttons, but no more mechanics than that.

We jump around the space, discovering rotted logs, a decaying soda can, a rusty metal shovel. Artifacts from a time long ago.

We jump along further and some gross COCKROACHES pop out from under a log we jumped over. We decide to try to TRAMPLE the cockroaches, likely upset that we can't do much more with the Bunny. One of the cockroaches SPLATS and emits a bright NEON GOO. That's gross, are we made of that stuff too?

We continue hopping around, wondering if this is our life now, an ugly bunny forced to wander a smog filled, desolate land, for the rest of the game. We begin to silently curse to ourselves, and wonder why we bought this game in the first place. Can't this bunny at least fight the cockroaches? That could maybe be fun.

WAIT! Something attracts our attention. A glint of pinkish light ahead, far above the discernible forest layer. We are now pulled to it, moth to a flame. This light is now our BEACON we navigate the bunny towards. The carrot at the end of the stick, so to speak.

We follow the feral Bunny beyond the forest and approach a crumbling brick building. Pass a car rusted entirely to its core.

A gas mask sits to the side of a ROTTING HUMAN CORPSE. We approach and sniff the body. A prompt comes up 'EAT'. We press the prompt, and begin to nibble at a bone, breaking into it with a sickly CRUNCH and licking at the marrow. Once the bunny is done with it's meal, licking its paws rather cutely (despite the human meal it just had) we continue to hop along.

Further along, we see MORE SKELETONS along what was once a city street. This is not a city anymore.

It's a graveyard.

Text slowly appears as we move through the hellscape as the bunny, more text appearing the closer we get to the ghostly beacon.

A toxic smog has overtaken almost one-third of Earth's troposphere. The surface of the Earth has been deemed uninhabitable.

Before the Last Day - the day the Earth's surface became inhospitable - a team of scientists and architects from around the world designed a sustainable city built above the smog layer.

There was only enough time to finish one.

Everything, everyone else was left to die.

[Gameplay continued] At this point, our bunny comes across a metal structure, we look up and it disappears into the smog. That is where our light comes from. We try to climb but we can't reach the next rung. It's so high up. We continue along the base of the massive structure. We see another light, much closer to the ground than the large pinkish light.

The bunny goes towards the light, and realizes it is a flickering light near a large ELEVATOR. The elevator OPENS and out comes a HUMAN wearing a dark suit and thick helmet, seemingly to protect himself from the elements, from the sickly green fog.

We decide to approach him. The man YELPS and SHOOTS a gun at us, unleashing a round of bullets onto us. With one last shrill breath, we die. The man approaches our poor, dead bunny form.

**Note that the player will always die as a a bunny. The man will chase him if player decides to run or not engage the man. So either way, death unfortunately awaits.

MAN

Ugh. I hate ferals.

The Man straightens up and walks away.

And with that, we have arrived at our destination, THE CITY.

Music begins to play, **COMFY IN NAUTICA** by **Panda Bear**, and our camera floats up through the fog and mess of metal as the game credits roll.

We weave through ruined skyscrapers and metal foundation constructed around them, finally breaking the smog bank. The sun blinds us.

And then, we see it.

Just on the horizon --

THE CITY

The likes of which we've never seen before. The skies' warm dusk colors reflect off of millions of solar panels which cover every inch of the city's surface. From here, it looks like a city shaped supernova upon gleaming pillars.

The pink glow the player/bunny saw was light pollution from this massive city.

A woman's voice, aged and cracked, speaks to us as we get closer:

ELDERLY WOMAN'S VOICE (V.O.)

There was a time when humanity
looked above for salvation.

We move through immense wind turbines, spinning lazily in the soft wind. Past giant trees that have somehow clawed their way above the smog.

Large, clear umbrella-like structures hover over the skyscrapers and cast a shadow on the city - filtering out the harsh sunlight.

ELDERLY WOMAN'S VOICE (V.O.)

First to Gods. Then to Space.

The city is built entirely upon many huge interconnected platforms. The outer ring of it is composed of farms, gardens and greenhouses.

On several of these farm platforms, giant trucks plow a cornfield. Their machinery is also covered in solar panels. The city seems to run on solar and wind power entirely.

Aqueducts wind around the platform. Workers pick apples from an orchard. Nearby, chickens walk lazily on the farm soil, acting as natural tillers as Gardeners plant various herbs.

ELDERLY WOMAN'S VOICE (V.O.)

We thought when our world ended, we would transcend.

Closer to the inner city we go, to residential platforms. Below each of these platforms are huge fans, gently blowing the smog away. They emit a low HUM.

We draw closer still. High rises loom above everything else, perfect and uniform circles. Suspension bridges, water levees and ramps connect the high rises together.

It all looks like an intricate, Lovecraftian spider's web.

The voice continues:

ELDERLY WOMAN'S VOICE (V.O.)

To Heaven, or to the far reaches of the Universe. But that didn't work. There were no old Gods, no new planets to save us.

A giant platform that looks to be solely dedicated to a public marketplace is bursting with activity. Vendors and consumers haggle prices of various goods. There is no meat being sold at the market, just eggs, fruit, veggies, beans, various rices, textiles. Nothing unnecessary. No extravagant purse designers or leather-smiths, nor art.

ELDERLY WOMAN'S VOICE (V.O.)

We were our own demise. But we were also our own salvation. And in this new Redemption Age, we promised ourselves we would be different.

We rise past, to the innermost part of the city. Here, the platforms are taller, their skyscrapers loom more complexly designed and more intimidating than the residential high rises.

ELDERLY WOMAN'S VOICE (V.O.)

We would rise out of this scorched Earth we destroyed. As our own GODS.

On this declaration, we quickly ascend to the tallest skyscraper.

ELDERLY WOMAN'S VOICE (V.O.)
But, I've come to realize... Gods
have no business here.

We draw closer to a balcony at the top floor.

An ELDERLY WOMAN, in her 90s at least, judging by the frailty, with wispy grey hair and deep grey eyes, steps out onto the balcony. The wind ripples her nightgown, her white hair whips around her face. She breathes deeply and walks forward.

Her bare toes march along the pavement solemnly.

We hear voices, SHOUTING. Behind her, in her bedroom, we see the vibrations from loud BANGING on her door.

She continues, slowly, to the ledge, not reacting to the shouts. She lifts herself, precariously onto the ledge. She stands. Frail. Shaking.

She stares into the immense smog below.

The BANGING and SHOUTS intensify.

She inhales... A sense of peace. Of clarity. Of catharsis.

And with the exhale, she steps off the ledge.

A moment of silence, then, a large EXPLOSION across the way, on another platform. A large tower COLLAPSES into the smog in a daunting billowing, GREEN AND ORANGE INFERNO.

It's beautiful, terrifying.

Low sirens begin to RING OUT, a somber score for the burning tower.

We descend once again into the smog...

Our title emerges from its depths:

T H E C I T Y I N T H E S K Y

here we go.