

LONELIEST MAN ON EARTH

written by

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

JOHN DEWEY, 40's, bald, lonely eyes glued to his computer screen as he navigates an ONLINE DATING SITE.

His profile inbox reads: "No new messages". He sighs, opens a new browser. In Google search, he types: *Is anyone out there?*

A FLICKER. He blinks, leans closer. The monitor begins to RIPPLE, sending shivers down the search bar, washing out his query into the coded depths of the digital netherworld.

John stares, slack-jawed, fingers hovered over the keys as LETTERS APPEAR... a response... Yes.

The faintest WHIR. John puts his ear to the screen. Realizes the noise is coming from outside. The ROAR of an engine.

SPOTLIGHTS flood his apartment - KRRSHHH! - every window erupts - SWAT TEAM with guns drawn, orders shouted, John clutching his ears, helicopter wings THROBBING--

INT. HELICOPTER - NIGHT

The skyline a neon smear in the passenger-side window. John's terrified expression lit up as he screams for answers over the howling wind and receives none.

EXT. LANDING SITE - NIGHT

HAZMAT WORKERS drag John from the helicopter, his pleas drowned out by the THRUB-THRUB-THRUB of rotor wings.

Debris scatter, smoke sifts from signal flares lining the path to a enormous OBSIDIAN STRUCTURE. John's eyes dart for help, he sees a display MONITOR: *Is anyone out there? Yes.*

He's shoved roughly forwards. Hazmat Workers sprint for safety as the alien structure suddenly IRISES OPEN--

A LIFEFORM appears. Eight feet of vitreous skin bathed in a halogen glow. Its eyes white-hot orbs, focused solely on John. The Being glides towards him, ignores all onlookers.

John's bathed in warmth. A calm descends over him. He steps forward. Slowly raises his hand, WAVES hello. The creature extends a limb, contrails of light ripple off as it WAVES.

John smiles.

FADE OUT.