



WE ARE





SEA LEVELS ARE RISING.



TEMPERATURES EXTREME.



OUR WATERS ARE TOXIC.



STORMS MORE SEVERE.



A photograph of an industrial facility with two tall smokestacks emitting thick, dark smoke that fills the sky. The scene is captured in a sepia or brownish tone, giving it a somber and historical feel. The smokestacks are silhouetted against the lighter, hazy sky. The smoke plumes are large and billowing, dominating the upper two-thirds of the frame. In the foreground, the dark silhouette of industrial structures, including pipes and walkways, is visible. The bottom right corner shows the tops of some bare trees.

IN A TOXIC WORLD...





Tropics Inc. is doing its part.



FROM CLEANER EMISSIONS



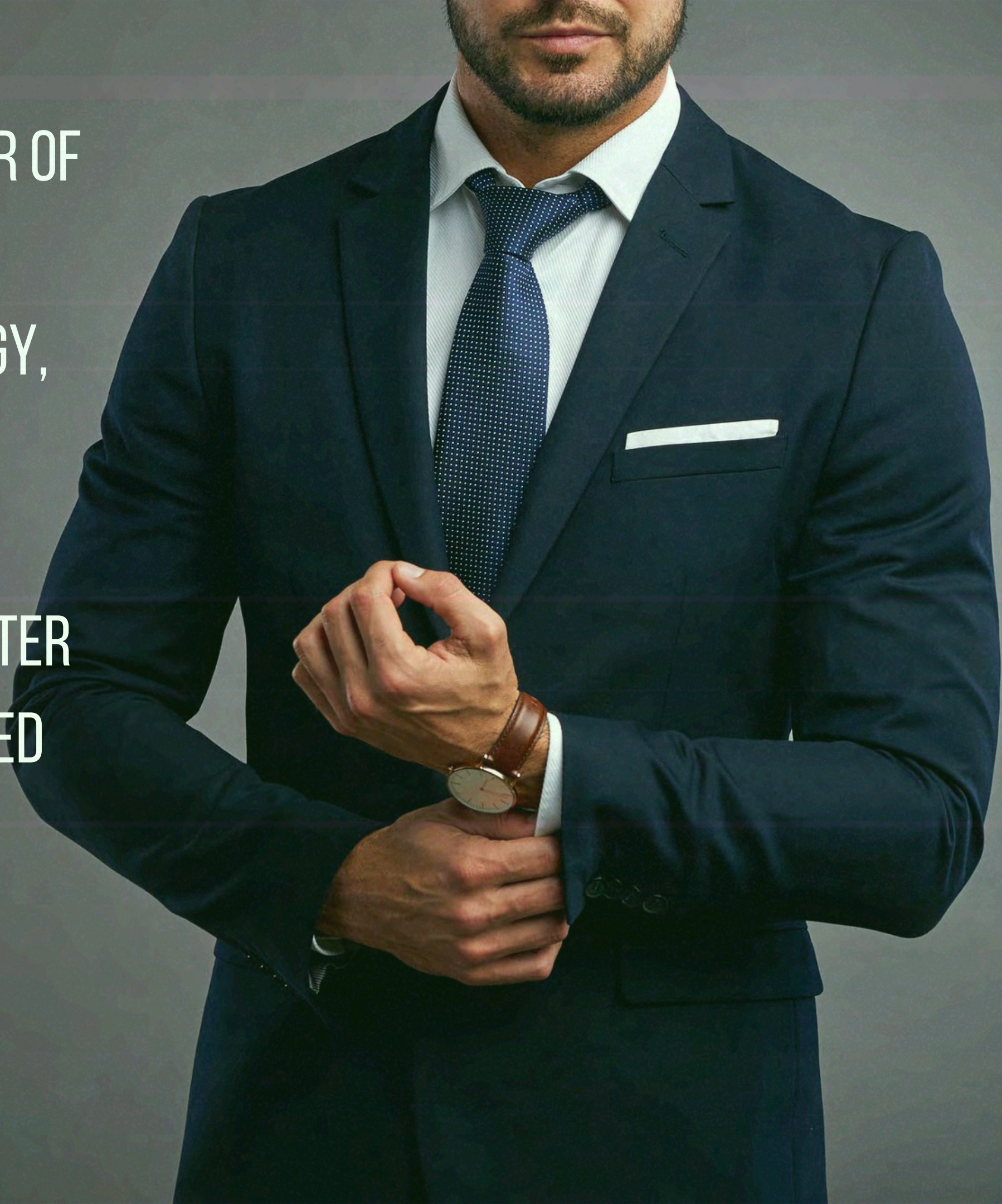


TO VERTICAL FARMING.



HI. I'M GEOFF PESOS, CEO AND FOUNDER OF  
TROPICS INC. I'M PROUD TO BE YOUR  
NUMBER ONE PROVIDER OF TECHNOLOGY,  
ENTERTAINMENT, AND SUSTENANCE.

WHILE WE FIGHT TOGETHER FOR A BETTER  
TOMORROW, WE CAN'T IGNORE THE NEED  
FOR A MORE COMFORTABLE TODAY.

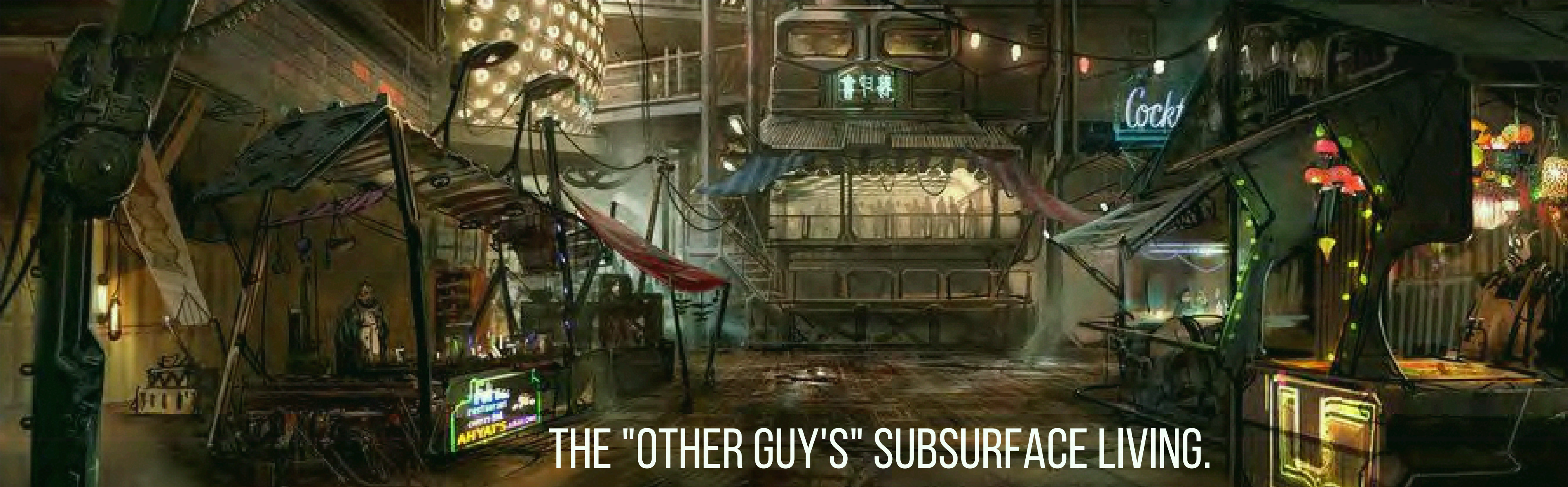




LIFE IN THE CLIMATE-REGULATED  
HIGH RISE CITY IS A SAFE, AND  
COMFORTABLE ALTERNATIVE TO—



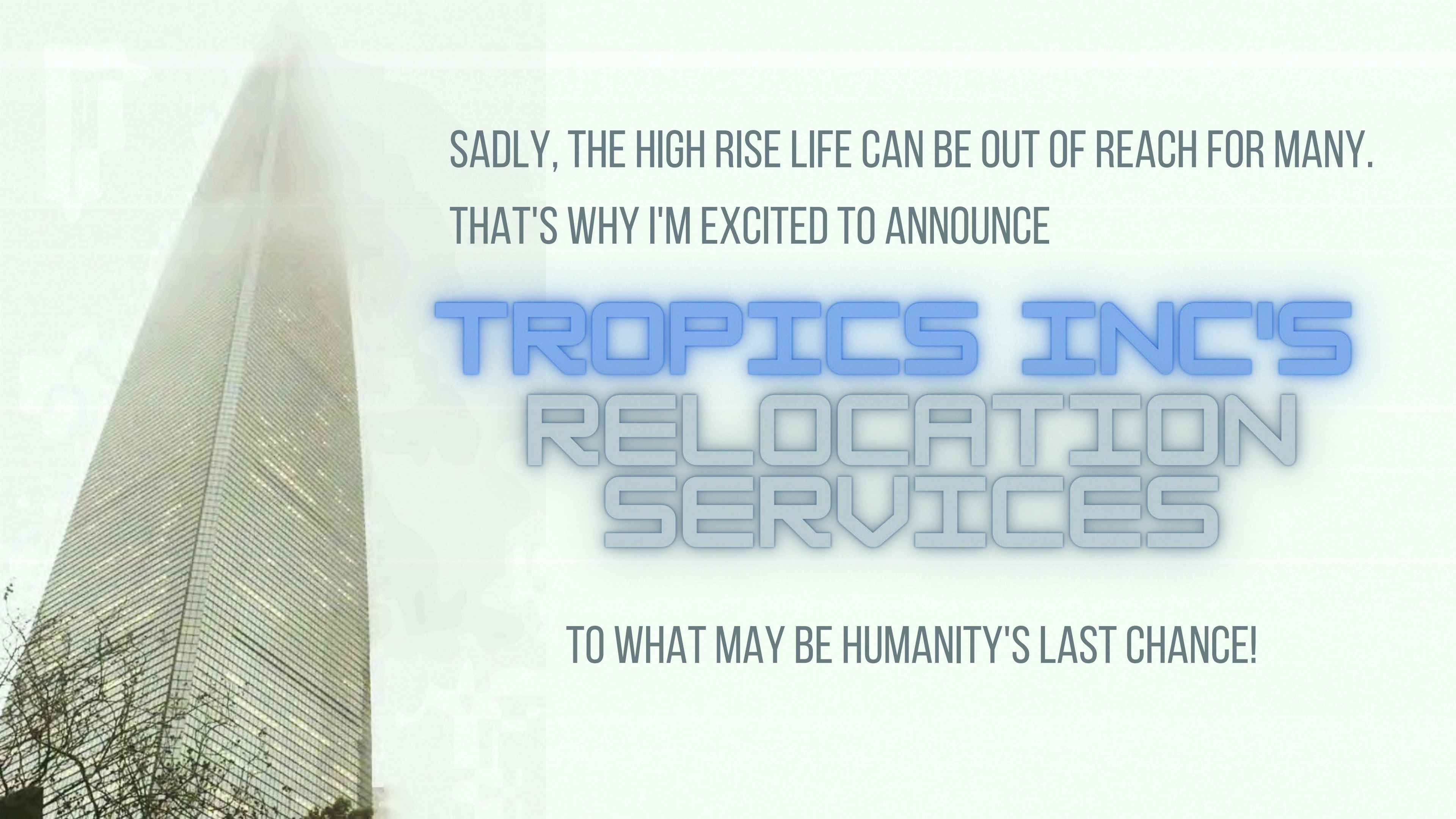




THE "OTHER GUY'S" SUBSURFACE LIVING.







SADLY, THE HIGH RISE LIFE CAN BE OUT OF REACH FOR MANY.  
THAT'S WHY I'M EXCITED TO ANNOUNCE

**TROPICS INC'S**  
RELOCATION  
SERVICES

TO WHAT MAY BE HUMANITY'S LAST CHANCE!



KEPLER1649C, OR "E2," SITS IN THE HABITABLE  
ZONE OF ITS OWN SOLAR SYSTEM JUST THREE-  
HUNDRED LIGHTYEARS FROM OUR EARTH.

TROPICS INC. HAS THE TECHNOLOGY TO  
EMIGRATE TO THIS,  
THE FINAL, FINAL FRONTIER.



EARTH



KEPLER-1649c



A woman with long brown hair, wearing a black t-shirt and a black skirt, is walking away from the camera through a vast field of green grass and small yellow wildflowers. She is carrying a large tan backpack. In the background, there are rolling hills and a range of mountains, some with snow-capped peaks, under a blue sky with scattered white clouds. The overall scene is bright and scenic.

*So join us on E2!  
Where there's plenty of room*

*to breathe!*



THIS IS  
VAL

YOUR PROTAGONIST



ROAD  
CLOSED





# VAL

Val has had a few run-ins with authorities for hacking, modding, and distributing "Pre-Merger" Entertainment (before Tropics Inc. procured all media rights).

Her parents Emigrated to E2 at the height of the food and housing shortage, and she hopes to follow— but one more strike on her record could result in a lifetime ban from Tropics' Travel.

How will she save enough Credits to afford such a move?



# AVANI

Unlike her good friend, Val, Avani is content with Subsurface life. She and her crew can often be found in the Underground Market, playing a multiplayer combat game in VR (when they're not tagging up Tropics Inc's ad vid-screens).

One of Val's most loyal customers, but even more loyal friend, she's not afraid to get her hands dirty to help Val in her quest to reunite with her parents.





# THIS IS GLASS



**The GLASS, or Global Link ASSist, is the ultra popular\* SmartTech made by Tropics Inc. It's your computer, MP3 player, headphones, GPS device, digital camera, cellular phone, and video game console, all in one highly fashionable device.**

**\*Necessary for survival on this caustic planet**

Tropics GLASS may not be suited for everyone. Call your doctor if you or your loved ones experience confusion, increased agitation or similar behavioral alterations, or changes in your hearing and/or vision.

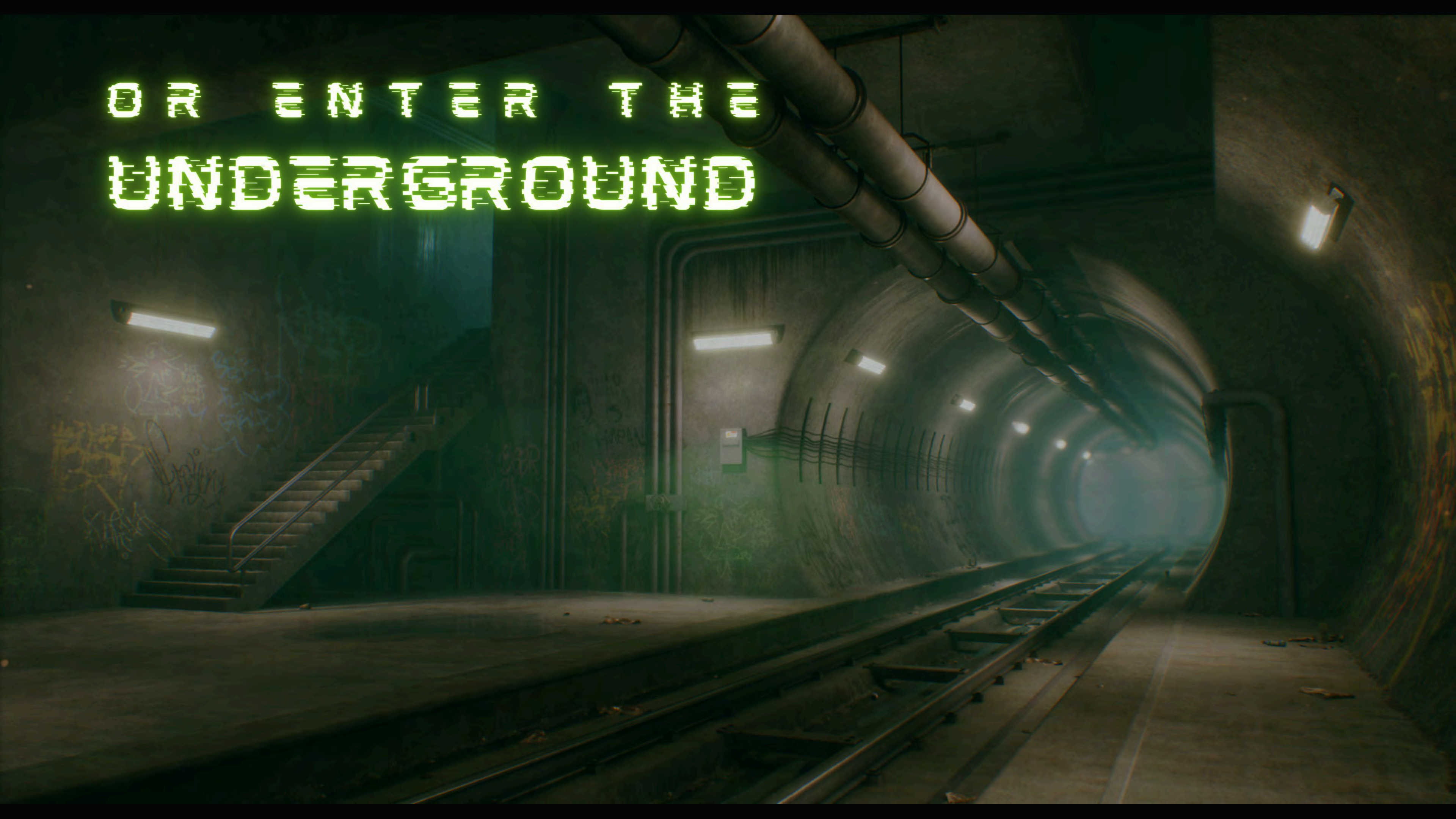


# TAKE YOUR CHANCES ON THE HARSH SURFACE TO COMMUTE AND PROTEST





OR ENTER THE  
UNDERGROUND





*to the crowded "cement city"*





# AND THE SUBSURFACE HOUSING UNITS







**Just beware of**

crime, roach & rat infestation, toxic mold,  
CO2 poisoning, dirty cops, and the dreaded

**VR-SICKNESS**







# LOGLINE

In a capitalist dystopia ravaged by Climate Change, a tech-billionaire manipulates the world into classist complacency through Augmented Reality-censored SmartGlasses, until one vengeful hacker sets out to destroy his empire from the inside.



# COMPS





# BRIEF SYNOPSIS

Climate change has ravaged this Earth, its surfaces baked and sand-blasted. People have had to move underground to survive, while the elites live it up 3,000 feet above it all in Tropics Inc.'s climate controlled High Rise Cities—

But don't worry, Subsurface Dwellers, because Tropics Inc. is now offering the only way to travel to E2, the new, better Earth, just 300 light-years away. You can emigrate today, to the final-Final Frontier! (Some restrictions may apply.)

Subsurface dweller, VAL VAHAGN, 20s, hasn't heard from her parents since they emigrated to E2 months ago, at the height of the food & housing shortage.

A programmer, Val sells pirated entertainment and codes mods for Tropics Inc.'s ultra popular tech device, the Global Link Assist, or GLASS (fashionable glasses that serve as smartphones, and are necessary to survive on this caustic planet), trying to save up for an Emigration Pass to reunite with her family.

When a buy goes bad, Val is arrested in a sting set up by Tropics Inc.'s CEO, GEOFF PESOS, and he cuts her a deal; Go to prison and be forever ineligible for emigration, or give up her GLASS system override codes, and he'll write her an E-Pass today.

Val takes the pass, and is soon sat in a Tropics Emigration Booth, waiting to be gassed with Tropics Inc.'s patented REM-REST before being blasted into qubits, shot through space, and reassembled on E2— Except something goes terribly wrong, and she finds herself coming to on a Tropics Inc.(tm) PILE OF DEATH.

The Tropics Inc. Headquarters is LOCKED DOWN with the news of a dangerous intruder. Val's skills are put to the test as she brute-forces and social-engineers her way around the massive building, right under Tropic's militarized police snouts! She gathers evidence and allies, uncovering the horrible truth;

Geoff Pesos' distant colonized planet, E2, is an AI-generated LIE! They've backed up the GLASS data from each person "teleported" to E2, creating avatar renderings to push their genocidal agenda, executing the "qualified" emigrators like cattle. All of this is happening at the hands of people blinded by the censorship filters through the GLASS they wear.

Trapped in the enemy's building, with "the Man" watching through the GLASS on every face, Val must dismantle the system from within, all while hallucinating from the dreaded AR-Sickness.



# A CANDIDATE FOR ANIMATION?

I know what you're thinking; This is a film for adults, a borderline horror script, with meat hooks and mass murder. **Is there an audience for adult animation?**

The international market for animated films has expanded, with a 20% increase in cross-cultural collaborations, showcasing animation's global appeal and cultural exchange.

(Yahoo Finance)

Animated series targeted toward adult audiences have seen a 50% increase in streaming viewership, highlighting the growing demand for mature and thought-provoking storytelling.

(MarketSplash)

"Animation has now moved into adult acceptance rather than just being 'for kids' primarily because of the quality of the screenplays being developed and written."

— Michael Cowan, Stealth Media Group

As a huge Philip K Dick fan, there is a precedence, with 2006's *A Scanner Darkly*— And *WE ARE GLASS* is a very Dickian story, inspired in part by his early novella, [The Unteleported Man](#). I think it'd be incredibly fitting, an honor even, to link these stories, visually, in the same Universe.

Then, of course, there's **the ability to portray the incredible and mundane, in a fluid, cohesive style.**

Sure, a third of this thriller takes place in a building— But the climate ravaged dystopia, the fanciful tech, the madness of Pig-people, these are things easier drawn than captured.

A couple big stars in mo-cap on a soundstage, a little animation studio, and a big marketing budget is a recipe for success.





# ABOUT THE WRITER



ALYSSA JEFFERSON

The product of a pair of CA police/detectives, the uglier side of society has been in my peripherals for as long as I can remember.

As a child, while my mom cleaned her service weapon at the coffee table in front of the morning news, I would sneak into her case files. I pored over gruesome crime scene photos, and her investigation notes played out as horror films in my mind. It was thrilling, and traumatizing, like a retina burn to the psyche, but— Eventually, it was routine.

It was drilled into my head early on that good always defeats evil, but watching helplessly as “the job” corrupted my parents, I quickly picked up on the blurred line between “good” and “evil.” That line is my obsession— Now, I write to understand the monsters;

I dissect them, I become them, I fall in love with them,  
and I destroy them, *one story at a time.*