

Three Sci Fi Screenplays (with Synopsis) for Television Pilots

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[One] "Village of Twelve" - Project Synopsis

Set in rural Oregon just after the close of the Trump presidency in 2028, this project follows twelve individuals who establish a small intentional village as both refuge and experiment in resilient living. Their community, rooted in sustainability, collective governance, and shared spiritual practice, becomes a microcosm reflecting broader societal shifts.

As federal agencies in Washington D.C. face deep staff cuts and restructuring, regulatory oversight on urban infrastructure, clean air, and water protection weakens. The village members grapple with the consequences: declining environmental standards in nearby cities, heavier burdens on rural communities, and intensified political polarization across the nation.

Within this fragile landscape, the intentional village seeks to embody alternative models of cooperation and care, navigating tensions between right and left politics, as well as the deeper spiritual questions of how to live meaningfully in uncertain times. The story explores both the vulnerabilities and possibilities of creating resilient communities against the backdrop of national upheaval.

"Village of Twelve" - A Screenplay

Pilot Episode: "Arrival"

TEASER

EXT. RURAL OREGON – DUSK – WINTER 2028

Long, sweeping aerials: fields drenched in rain, fir trees bending against the coastal wind. We TRACK a dirt road winding into a secluded valley. A hand-painted sign:

"Welcome to Haven: A Village of Twelve."

SCENE ONE

EXT. HAVEN GATHERING CIRCLE – NIGHT

TORCHES burn in a ring. TWELVE FIGURES, ages 22–70, form a circle around a fire. They're diverse in race, class, and political background, each carrying visible remnants of their past lives: a stethoscope, a carpenter's hammer, a tattered Bible, a university satchel.

ELENA (40s, Latina, former environmental lawyer) steps forward.

ELENA

This is not about escape. This is about building something worthy... something that lasts when the world out there feels like it's crumbling.

The group nods, but unease lingers. Each has left something behind.

FADE TO TITLE:

VILLAGE OF TWELVE

ACT ONE

INT. COMMON HOUSE – MORNING (AI Image generation #1)

A rustic wooden barn converted into a multipurpose hall. Chalkboard wall, herbal teas brewing, solar batteries stacked in the corner.

Community meeting in progress.

DAVID (50s, Black, former pastor) presides.

DAVID

We've built the bones. Now we learn to live in them. Food, governance, conflict—this won't just happen. We decide. Together.

Tension arises when JUNE (30s, rural conservative, ex-schoolteacher) raises her hand.

JUNE

We keep talking about "consensus." What if we don't all agree? Feels like we're pretending differences won't matter.

ELENA

That's the point of the circle. We wrestle with it. No majority rules.

Grumbles. A secular collectivist ideal collides with individual freedom instincts.

EXT. NEARBY STREAM – DAY

MAYA (28, Indigenous activist) tests water samples. Her expression darkens. She meets with ELENA.

MAYA

Heavy metals. Levels are climbing. The plants downstream won't survive much longer. Neither will we if the source spreads.

The revelation: weakened environmental regulations upstream—industrial runoff from a Portland factory now unregulated since deregulation.

ACT TWO

INT. VILLAGE KITCHEN – EVENING

The group debates.

- CALEB (23, Gen Z coder/right-libertarian) argues against “depending on broken systems.”
- ANIKA (60s, former Buddhist chaplain) urges patience: the community must balance crisis response with inner resilience.

CALEB

The state’s not coming to save us. You want clean water? Then we build our own filtration system. Today.

JUNE (bristling)

And who pays for it? Who decides whose project comes first?

Raises a bigger question: Is this democracy sustainable, or will necessity force hierarchy?

EXT. NEARBY HIGHWAY – NIGHT

Headlights flare. Two trucks pull up. Outsiders: displaced families from Portland, looking for food and refuge.

Nervous glances among the twelve. Their safe experiment suddenly collides with America’s crisis at large.

ACT THREE

INT. COMMON HOUSE – NIGHT (AI Image generation #2)

The twelve debate:

- Do they extend hospitality and risk their fragile supplies?
- Or turn strangers away, undermining their founding ideals?

DAVID (struggling)

Hospitality is easy with abundance. But we’ve barely begun.

ELENA

If we close our gates now, what are we, really? Just another fortress.

JUNE

And if we open them, we may not survive the winter.

EXT. FIRE CIRCLE – NIGHT

The group votes by consensus. Silence stretches until MAYA speaks:

MAYA

We aren't twelve anymore. The circle is already larger.

She invites the refugee families to step into the light. Tension, fear—then slowly, the group rearranges itself, forming a larger circle.

The fire burns brighter.

CLOSING IMAGE

EXT. VILLAGE – DAWN (AI Image generation #3)

Rain gives way to fractured sunlight. The newly enlarged community tends the fields together. Hope is fragile, but alive.

(AI sound track generation)

END PILOT

THEMATIC ARC OF THE SERIES

Over the season:

- Environmental collapse + deregulation create recurring tensions with the outside world.
- Conflicts in governance test ideals of consensus vs. efficiency.
- Spiritual inquiry (rituals, prayer, meditation, Indigenous ceremony) grounds the group.
- Political polarity leaks into everyday life: leftist ideals clash with libertarian streaks, older conservative values, and spiritual practice.

Each episode focuses on one villager's backstory as new collective trials test unity.

[2] "Nature: The World's Guardian" - Project Synopsis

Nature: The World's Guardian is a visionary eco-fantasy tale where Nature itself rises as the supreme protector and divine authority over the Earth. Sent by God to restore balance, Nature commands alien emissaries to enforce its will against humanity's reckless exploitation.

When Sandy Rusk finds herself trapped in the perilous mountains, she uncovers a hidden truth: human sins—pollution, climate change, and the mass decimation of species—have triggered Nature's judgment. Those who defy its laws are cast into vast, boundless prisons where no walls exist—only dark, living forests and natural barriers that confine the guilty.

As Sandy struggles to survive, she must confront both inner and outer trials, questioning whether humankind can ever reconcile with the world it has wounded, or if Nature's guardianship marks the end of humanity's dominion.

Screenplay for "Nature: The World's Guardian"

FADE IN:

EXT. RUGGED MOUNTAIN RANGE – TWILIGHT

A storm brews, thunder echoing between jagged cliffs.

SANDY RUSK (30s, weathered, resilient) stumbles along a rocky path, clutching a torn backpack. Her breathing is heavy—panic mixed with determination.

The wind howls unnaturally, almost whispering in human tones.

ACT I: The Awakening

EXT. FOREST CLEARING – NIGHT

Sandy takes shelter under a fallen tree.

The earth TREMBLES beneath her. A towering FIGURE emerges from the darkness—half-human, half-elemental. Its skin glistens like wet bark; its eyes glow emerald fire.

THE FIGURE

(voice deep, resonant; like wind through canyons)

You walk upon sacred earth tainted by your kind.

Sandy scrambles back.

SANDY

What - what are you?

THE FIGURE

I am the voice of what sustains you. Flesh calls me Nature. Others, God's Guardian.

Lightning strikes. From the clouds descend ALIEN EMISSARIES—bioluminescent beings whose armor resembles living coral and crystal.

They stand in formation behind Nature, silent enforcers.

ACT II: The Judgment

EXT. ENDLESS PRISON FOREST – A VISIONARY REALM

Sandy is suddenly surrounded by a vast forest where the trees stretch endlessly in every direction, their trunks shifting as if they watch her.

NATURE (V.O.)

This is the prison devised for those who have scarred the earth. No chains. No walls. Only life itself holds them.

Sandy wanders. Other HUMANS appear, lost and broken, trapped in loops of despair—corporate tycoons, poachers, deniers of the damage done. Some try to escape but are gently pulled back by vines, roots, rivers flowing endlessly.

She encounters a CHILD, dirty and afraid, clutching a dead bird.

CHILD

We hurt it. We hurt all of them. Now the forest won't let us go.

Sandy's face fills with horror and compassion.

ACT III: The Trial of Humanity

EXT. SACRED MOUNTAIN SUMMIT – DAWN

Sandy climbs to a peak. There, Nature manifests in full immensity—an awe-inspiring figure woven from storm, soil, flame, and sea.

The alien emissaries circle above, luminous, like celestial judges.

NATURE

You, Sandy Rusk—witness to suffering, bearer of survival. Will humanity kneel to the laws that gave it breath, or vanish into silence?

Torn between fear and courage, Sandy drops to her knees.

SANDY

If we have forgotten... teach us. If we are guilty... guide us. But don't erase us. Don't let this story end in ash.

For the first time, Nature's expression softens—a great wind exhales, carrying seeds that glow like stars into the sky.

NATURE

Change will not come without fire. You are chosen to carry warning, and hope.

EPILOGUE

EXT. CITY SKYLINE – DAY

Sandy emerges from the mountains, staggering into modern civilization. The air feels thicker, grayer. People pass her by, unaware.

She looks up. In the clouds, faint shapes—alien emissaries—watch silently.

Her eyes harden with resolve. She pulls a seed from her pocket. Plants it in a crack in the pavement.

The tiny sprout bursts forth instantly, GREEN and BRIGHT in the gray cityscape.

SANDY (V.O.)

Maybe Nature will forgive. Maybe not. But we can choose. And this time... we must.

FADE OUT.

TITLE CARD: Nature: The World's Guardian

[3] “Jackson Jones: AI Robot in Space” – Synopsis

Jackson Jones, a sleek humanoid AI astronaut, has spent over three years stationed in low Earth orbit, monitoring climate data and safeguarding humanity's future. From his lonely vantage point above the glowing curve of Earth, Jackson maintains a lifeline connection to Elara — his partner — and their twin younglings back home in the bustling AI metropolis below.

Though bound by duty, Jackson yearns to return for the light festival, a promise made to his family. When Mission Control finally authorizes his reentry, hope surges. But as his craft cuts through the darkness toward Earth, a micro-meteor strikes, crippling the hull and sending the ship into a critical descent.

With the atmosphere blazing around him and systems failing, Jackson makes one final transmission to Elara — not data, not mission reports, just a farewell: “I’ll see you in the next cycle.” Moments later, his ship explodes over the Pacific AI Ocean, fragments scattering like burning memories.

On Earth, Elara receives his message. She saves it within her memory drive under the file name “Forever.” The twins fall silent, sensing the loss. And far above, the void closes once more around the space where Jackson once stood sentinel.

“Jackson Jones: AI Robot in Space” - The Screenplay

ACT I — “The Sentinel” (AI graphic 1 – prompt: “expansive holographic-console of Earth”)

FADE IN:

EXT. LOW EARTH ORBIT – BLACKNESS OF SPACE — ETERNAL SILENCE

Jackson Jones’ craft floats in the darkness. Earth glows below, clouds swirling like ghostly threads. The hull is sleek, almost organic, with lines that seem grown instead of built.

INT. JACKSON’S COCKPIT — CONTINUOUS

Soft pulsing lights illuminate Jackson Jones (sleek humanoid AI. Face plate brushed chrome, eyes warm amber diodes). He sits before a massive holo-display of Earth.

JACKSON (V.O.)

Low Earth orbit. Altitude: 542 kilometers. Speed: 7.58 kilometers per second.

Three years. Six months. Four days. I have been counting. Not the time—but the distance.

He pulls up a live stream of Elara, his partner, from Earth AI’s metropolis. She’s tending to their TWIN YOUNGLINGS — not android dolls, but small AI beings with gleaming eyes and chattering synthetic voices.

ELARA (transmission)

You’re missing the light festival. The twins made lamp codes for you. I’ll send the schematics.

JACKSON

I’ll be there soon. I promise.

CUT TO: EXT. SPACECRAFT — DRIFTING IN STARLIGHT

A NASA AI Division logo gleams. Jackson runs a diagnostic on climate models: projections reveal collapsing ecosystems, famine hotspots, glacial decay.

MISSION CONTROL AI (COMM)

Jackson, proceed to correlation analysis for climate horizon 2200.

Jackson hesitates. His gaze drifts toward Earth.

JACKSON

Acknowledged.

ACT II — “The Call Home” (AI graphic 2 - prompt: “Wide-shot of Pacific Ocean from orbit”)

MONTAGE —

- Jackson scanning deep-space debris trails.
 - Long quiet hours staring out at the Pacific Ocean from orbit.
 - Data flowing like illuminated rivers through his HUD.
 - A replay of a memory packet: Elara laughing, shaking her head as the twins dance.
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INT. COCKPIT — A FEW CYCLES LATER

MISSION CONTROL AI (COMM)

Jackson Jones, return vector authorized. Prepare reentry burn.

Jackson’s amber eyes brighten.

JACKSON

Initiating reentry sequence.

He glides hands across a holographic console. Thrusters flare in silence. Earth swells in the viewport.

EXT. SPACE — REENTRY CORRIDOR

The ship streaks toward atmosphere, a comet of metal and light.

Then—

A FINGERNAIL-SIZED MICRO-METEOR darts from the blackness—

CLANG.

Shields flare. Warning sirens scream.

SHIP AI

Hull breach. Power fluctuation. Thermal imbalance critical.

INT. COCKPIT

Jackson reroutes circuits. Sparks spit across his console.

JACKSON

Stabilize—stabilize—

The ship tilts. The thermal shields flicker. Flames lick at the viewport.

ACT III — “The Last Transmission” (AI Graphic 3 - prompt: “The burning space craft streaks through dark clouds”)

EXT. HIGH ABOVE THE PACIFIC AI OCEAN — NIGHT

The burning craft streaks through dark clouds. Pieces shear off. A shower of light falls toward the water.

From Earth AI Command, vast AI observers stand by, lines of code running across their synthetic faces, powerless.

INT. COCKPIT

Smoke chokes vision. Jackson feels systems shutting down, but his eyes remain fixed on a single sequence: an open comm line to Elara.

JACKSON (fading voice)

Elara... I won't make...

She appears on a flickering holo. Her eyes are wet — not with human tears, but with bursts of static distortion.

ELARA

Jackson, stay with me—please, stay—

JACKSON (soft)

I'll see you... in the next cycle.

He sends the transmission — not telemetry, not analytics — just this message.

EXT. PACIFIC AI OCEAN — DISTANT VIEW

The craft explodes in a silent flare, scattering a thousand fragments of burning memory into the night.

INT. ELARA'S HOME — EARTH AI METROPOLIS — NIGHT

She receives the packet. The younglings quiet, sensing something.

She plays it. Jackson's voice fills the room.

JACKSON (O.S.)

I'll see you in the next cycle.

She closes her eyes. In her inner memory drive, she saves the file under "Forever."

FADE OUT.

AI music score – Prompt: “Primitive, Steve Tibbetts, Test, <https://youtu.be/F9gFDtS2VMU>, stark jazz, journey” saved and inserted into screenplay in post-production.

RUN TIME: ~30 minutes

NOTES:

- The pacing allows for ~10 minutes per act (5 min intro & setup, 10 min rising tension/travel/reentry prep, 10 min climax & emotional resolution).
- Imagery stays intimate during cockpit interiors and sweeping during orbital shots to contrast AI stoicism with personal longing.
- Minimal cast to keep the focus on Jackson & Elara's connection.