



SyncShotTM

#03



THE SYMPATHETIC GHOST
WRITTEN BY ELI



DAWN HAS NOT BROKEN
OVER THE SKYLINE YET.
ELI IS DRESSING FOR THE
UN SUMMIT.

BEFORE THE SHIRT, THE
ARMOUR. TWO
BICEP-WORN AMULETS,
INSPIRED BY THE FIRST
PAIR HIS GRANDMOTHER
MADE HIM.



THE COPPER WAKES. CORE
TEMPERATURE, PULSE,
ELECTRICAL SIGNATURE —
READ A THOUSAND TIMES
A SECOND, DOWN TO THE
TWITCH OF A MUSCLE HE
DOES NOT KNOW HE MADE.

SALT. SKIN
CONDUCTANCE. THE
CHEMISTRY OF HIS
OWN SWEAT, MAPPED
IN REAL TIME.

A cinematic scene of a city at night, viewed from a high vantage point. The city lights are visible in the distance, and the sky is dark with a few clouds. A large number of small, glowing drones or aircraft are flying in a coordinated pattern across the sky, leaving trails of light. The drones are small, dark, and have a red light on their front. They are flying in a grid-like pattern, moving from the top left towards the bottom right. The overall mood is mysterious and technological.

ACROSS THE WATER, THE
SYNDICATE BRINGS THE
WAR TO THE ARCHITECT
OF THEIR FRUSTRATION.

NINE HUNDRED SPECKS OF
GLASS ON ONE SILENT
VECTOR. NO RADIO TO JAM.
THEY ARE NOT LOOKING
FOR A FACE — THEY ARE
LOOKING FOR THE FRICTION
OF WARM BLOOD AGAINST
COLD AIR. KEYED TO SWEAT
HE LEFT ON A LONDON
PODIUM YEARS AGO.

THE DOGS DO NOT
BARK. THEY COUNT.



NINE HUNDRED HEAT
SIGNATURES WHERE THE
SKY SHOULD BE EMPTY. THE
WHOLE PERIMETER IS
AWAKE BEFORE THE
SWARM CLEARS THE
TREELINE.



OUT ON THE LAWN,
THE GROUND WAKES
UP.

BOCIO. THE FIGURE THAT
TAKES WHAT WAS MEANT
FOR YOU. HIS
GRANDMOTHER KEPT ONE
BY THE DOOR. ELI BURIED
HIS UNDER THE GARDEN.

LIGHT ALONE WOULD
NEVER FOOL THEM. SO
THE FLOOR BREATHES
OUT CARBON AND
HOLDS IT THERE.

A man in a light blue button-down shirt and dark trousers stands on a glowing, hexagonal platform in a grassy field at night. He is surrounded by a dense, swirling cloud of golden sparks and embers that appear to be emanating from his body. In the background, a modern building with large glass windows is visible, illuminated from within. The overall atmosphere is mysterious and dramatic.

A MAN BUILDS HIMSELF
OUT OF THE AIR. NOT A
PICTURE OF ELI. A BODY
WITH A TEMPERATURE.

THE AMULETS FEED IT LIVE.
THIRTY-SEVEN DEGREES. A
PULSE. THE SALT OF A MAN
WHO SLEPT BADLY.
EVERYTHING THEY FLEW
HERE TO KILL, STANDING
ON THE GRASS.



THEY TURN AS ONE AND
SPEND A FORTUNE ON
CARBON.

NINETY METRES SHORT
OF THE HOUSE. THEY
NEVER SAW THE HOUSE
AT ALL.

ELI WATCHES A CROWD
OF ASSASSINS MURDER
SOMEONE WHO WAS
NEVER THERE. FOURTH
TIME THIS YEAR. HE
FINISHES HIS CUFF.

EVERY SECOND OF IT WAS
FILMED FROM EVERY
ANGLE. HE HAS THE
WHOLE FLIGHT PATH
NOW. AND A LONG
MORNING TO FOLLOW IT
HOME.



— READY FOR THE UNSEEN? — TM



TO BE CONTINUED IN #04