

DEATH OF A STAR

Written by

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INT. BUNKER - NIGHT

A Black screen. Dead quiet. Nothing except breathing ~always the sound of breathing.

Now shuffling feet ~afraid they'll kick something in the dark.

They do.

CHE
Shit. That hurt.

The shuffling continues, A chair moves as weight's applied.

A whirring sound builds, light grows.

CHE (CONT'D)
Fuck this better work!

Building light.

A figure sitting crouched over on a chair her arm in perpetual motion. Her breath visible in the cold.

Che bundled up against the cold. Nose reddened, hair tatty, grinds away on a small hand turned generator, its light barely illuminating her face.

The light fades and builds as Che tires or her anxiety grows.

CHE (CONT'D)
This is my Time Capsule, a video log; Star date, nah.
(chuckles)
A record as the sun fades for the very last time. It's now just about perpetual night. It's not that the Sun doesn't rise or the Earth revolve around the it, It still does. Thank Christ.

Fading light as she stops grinding.

CHE (CONT'D)
But the Sun is at the end of its life and the question's been answered; Supernova or Not? I guess not. Global warming's not an issue, It's fucken cold. It's cold enough to freeze the Balls off a brass Monkey.

Footsteps outside.

Che freezes; silent!

A Night prowler tracks her scent.

Screen goes Black.

Rapid, panicked, hyperventilating.

The sound of the predator tasting the air, sniffing bearing in on the source of the scent.

Che's heartbeat growing louder, faster!

The Predator growls, a deep, powerful, life extinguishing growl.

Che's breathing stops, the heartbeat slows.

Blackscreen!

Che's Heartbeat returns to normal

The sound of gravel moving, as the Predator moves on.

A sigh of relief

CHE (CONT'D)

(whispered)

The Predators of the night now rule 24/7 and if I could make it to somewhere warm, the inside of a volcano

(chuckles)(building)

Maybe I'd survive a little while longer. But no sunlight, no photosynthesis, no O2. No fucken point!

Che's mood drops, the generator slows, the light fades a little.

CHE (CONT'D)

So what was the point?

Anger rising, Che's winding faster, the light builds.

CHE (CONT'D)

What was the point! You can't take it with you. There's no coming back from this. There's no one to carry on your legacy. In fact there's no fucking one At All!

Realization -- Che's mood crashes and the light crashes with it.

Pitch Black.

CHE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 So Why? Why the Fuck am I
 bothering....

The whir starts, the light builds.

CHE (CONT'D)
 To record this, no ones coming.
 There will be no one left. No one
 to start again. No one to learn
 from our....

Che corrects herself, her anger growing, the light glowing brighter.

CHE (CONT'D)
 Your mistakes. So again I ask why?
 Why the need for the perpetual
 cycle of poverty? Why the
 enslavement to Debt? Why the need
 to have the people capitulate to
 your will. Bomb them into
 submission if their thinking
 faltered or differed from your own.
 How was this making the World a
 better place? How long was the plan
 to take -- to even out the playing
 field? How many generations were
 you to sacrifice for your One World
 vision.

Che's mood crescendo'd now plummets taking the light.

Pitch Black.

Then builds again, with its familiar whir. Che's breath in the cold air.

CHE (CONT'D)
 (solemnly) there's no
 hope.

She gently crosses herself.

Realizing what she's done, anger builds.

CHE (CONT'D)

Catch'em young. Catch'em for life.
 What are you selling now in your
 Cathedrals, Synagogues and Mosques?
 Where's the hope for humanity.
 Where's your after life, your
 reincarnation. Where's **GOD!** Explain
 this. Explain his grand design now.
 What we are all sinners? Needed to
 be vanquished so he can start
 again? **Where?** Alpha Centaury!
 Fucken Mars?

Che's emotion drains, the light follows.

The light building.

CHE (CONT'D)

You probably would wouldn't you?
 Sell Mars to your followers.
 Charlatans, fraudster, Conmen. Your
 original grand design, just high-
 jacked by a greater Machiavelli;
 Corporate Greed returning baubles --
 All that glitters, is not Gold!

Che exhausted by her rant ~light fades.

CHE (CONT'D)

A life wasted. Cut short, but
 that's not the regret. Buying into
 a dream that wasn't worth chasing.
 Voluntarily slaving away for a
 Master I empowered. For a lifestyle
 I desired. Now regretting not
 taking charge of my own destiny, my
 own thoughts, my own education. My
 own life!

The light fades to black for the last time and the sound of
 breathing evolves into gasping as she fights to control her
 grief ~a losing battle.

A low pitched, soulful mourn emanates deep from within her,
 it carries on, on her last breath.

FADE OUT.