

# Dark Star

written by

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FADE IN:

INT. THE HOUSE OF JOHN HOLLOW, DINING ROOM - DAY

A harsh wind rattles the pages of newspapers that lay scattered across the dining room of one JOHN HOLLOW... For the windows are ajar and the curtains are open.

Like a winter hurricane riding across a beach, newspapers scatter like sand and pile together in the far corners of the room -  
This home has seen far better days.

As you may have guessed, JOHN HOLLOW, the proud owner, sits here in this room. He's sitting at a chair beside the dining room table, which is located just next to the open windows. And outside the windows, the clouds are grey.

The room also lies in tatters. Besides the scattered newspapers, there seems to be old wooden toy figureens dating back to at least the 1950's; They lay on the polished marble floor. By the looks of things, they appear to be models of giant spiders.  
As for the newspapers themselves, they seem to be alluding to a disastrous global event.  
One newspaper reads, 'Black hole spotted by Saturn's moon, Europa! Is this the end?'

Another reads, 'The Rapture arrives... From space!'  
And now over to John:

You see, John Hollow, quite fittingly, sure as hell seems to look hollow as well!  
When you gaze at his face and his hands, all you can see is what looks like porcelain!  
A porcelain face with human eyes and a human mouth.  
A creepy looking representation of a person, seemingly not human, but very much a solid rendition of modern art!

As for the rest of him... Like a shop mannequin wearing a pinstripe suit.

When you put the two together, what you get is something akin to an exhibition from the modern art museum.  
The only exception being the fact that John here is very much alive!

His eyes roll a little to the left and to the right as he looks off to the right, somewhere in the opposite direction to the window.  
We start to move in close towards him ever so slowly, all the while hearing the wind from outside rustling against what sounds like leaves.

We freeze as we arrive at the close distance of a portrait photo. Suddenly, John then turns his head and looks right at us...

Then, he outstretches his hand and seems to grab hold of a camera... Except we are the camera!  
And the frame shakes as he grabs hold.

John then stands up straight and we rise with him.

He turns it/us away from his face and points towards the window beside him.

Outside, we can see a harsh wind that is indeed blowing against autumn trees, causing the leaves to rustle. There looks to be a expansive field outside John's house with the odd tree dotted here and there.

John walks around the table and approaches the window from the corner. He pulls back the curtain further so he can get a good view while dodging the table. He just leaves the camera to rest for a few moments...

Then he turns away and walks out of the living room.

INT. THE HOUSE OF JOHN HOLLOW, HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

In traditional walking-while-holding, shaky-cam fashion, John walks through the hallway and towards the front door.

We see his hand outstretch once again as he twists the door handle.

EXT. THE HOUSE OF JOHN HOLLOW, THE AUTUMN FIELDS - CONTINUOUS

A gust rushes through him as he emerges onto the narrow, broken pavement of his front lawn. There's a faint rumble of thunder in the air.

John walks at the pace of a man, though his hollow shell groans with every step he takes.

In the distance, a few clicks north in the field, perched beneath an autumn tree, is ANOTHER HOLLOW MAN. He is sat next to a raging fire - whose embers scatter yet do not extinguish in spite of the hurricane that pounds against it.

The hollow man gazes into the flames as they illuminate the faint cracks in his complexion - his porcelain face too fragile for Earth's elements.

John approaches and the hollow man turns his head. His expression is empty of course... Nothing, it seems, can bring life to this barren place.

John stops beside the fire and sits down opposite him. He gazes at the man for a second, then looks down into the flames.

The two sit motionless with the horizon looming in frame and the harsh light of the fire in situ.

On the horizon - a brooding great line that divides barren lands from stormy skies - is what looks like a GIANT SPIDER...

It slowly creeps its way along the great line with each leg delicately and cautiously pressing against the grass - As if the spider felt unsafe to tread along this path.

The two hollow men turn in unison towards the beast...

EXT. THE SPIDER'S PATH - CONTINUOUS

From where the spider makes its mark, we see giant legs obstruct the view of the two hollow men within the distance.

The path seems too narrow for the creature but it wades along, nonetheless.

Suddenly, a burst of lighting strikes a distant place... Five seconds later and... THUNDER roars and rocks the land, creating the sensation of an earthquake. The spider trembles as the ground shakes, unsteady on its legs... After the rumble has moved away, the spider resumes its slow and monotonous walk down the narrow path.

EXT. AUTUMN FIELDS - CONTINUOUS

The two hollow men turn their heads in unison back towards the fire.

And above their heads, positioned beyond the lightning-struck sky, is the open shell - as hollow as the two men below - of a black hole.

It watches the planet like a dark eye; its tears glowing orange and forming both an outline that circles it and a straight line that cuts through it... What we see is nothing short of a DARK STAR - The mastermind behind this tide of empty, hollow madness.

...

The curtain closes on this space, dimming the lights more than previously at present and causing the scene to darken to complete blackness - As if the black hole had finally consumed us all.

There's a final rumble of thunder from somewhere above. A final reminder of this dying world.

FADE OUT