

"ONE LAST WALK"

A short screenplay

by

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EXT. SPACE - EARTH ORBIT

Far below us, the Earth is a barren, dirty brown world. No life exists and the oceans are dry. We PAN UP and see a glistening, white space station. Numerous capsules and pods are connected by tubes and airlocks, all powered by massive solar panels.

We MOVE IN on one capsule and see a large, oval window, through which a MAN and WOMAN stand, regarding each other with affection. Behind them, a dark, open portal reveals the shadowy interior of the station.

INT. SPACE STATION AIRLOCK - DAY

We PASS THROUGH the window and MOVE around the couple so that we can see the stars beyond them. We see that they are clad in brilliant white spacesuits, helmets floating loyally beside them.

MAN

Are you sure about this?

The woman takes his gloved hand in hers. She smiles, her blue eyes heavy with tears.

WOMAN

We have no choice. You know that.

She looks towards the interior of the station, a single tear rolling down her porcelain cheek. She closes her eyes and we see, in FLASHFRAME, the dead bodies of their crewmates.

MAN

Hey. Hey. What happened to the others was not anybody's fault but their own.

She smiles thinly and takes a deep breath. She grabs her helmet and slides it over her head. It seals automatically with a HISS and she watches her partner in silence. He slips his own helmet on and their voices are heard over the internal radio system.

MAN

Here goes.

He takes a deep breath and presses a button on the wall of the bright airlock. The door behind them HISSES shut. There is a loud WHOOSH as the airlock is emptied of oxygen. Then the outer door silently glides open.

They both look out at the vista of stars and then down at the parched surface of their homeworld. The outline of the British Isles can be seen, bizarre and unreal without the blue sea surrounding.

MAN

Would you care to join me for a walk?

He holds out his hand and she takes it. They step out of the airlock and glide gently away from the station.

EXT. SPACE - EARTH ORBIT

MAN

See? It wasn't so hard, was it?

She smiles again, keeping tight hold of his hand.

WOMAN

I wonder if it was fate that our supplies ran out today?

MAN

Today?

WOMAN

It is February 14th.

He smiles, nodding inside his helmet.

MAN

Valentine's Day. Perfect.

He reaches out with his other arm and they embrace awkwardly. He gazes into her eyes, tears forming. His face pushes forward and his lips touch the inside of his helmet's visor. She does likewise and they remain in this odd, orbital kiss for several seconds.

MAN

I love you.

She laughs. Tears streaming down her face.

WOMAN

I love you too.

We PULL BACK and watch as they slowly plummet towards the atmosphere, twin meteors with nobody to wish upon them.

FADE OUT.

THE END