

SOLITUDE

by

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BLACK.

THE SOUND OF LEAVES CRUNCHING UNDERFOOT.

FADE IN.

EXT. WOODLAND - DAY

Serene, quiet, peaceful.

A man, JOHN (32) unshaven and scruffy, traipses through the fallen leaves. His faded band T-shirt and dirtied, ripped jeans, stand out amongst the greenery.

Over his shoulder, he carries a beaten-up, bright pink, children's rucksack.

The silence is broken by the sound of his phone's custom ring tone - a loud obnoxious WAIL of guitar.

He digs into his jeans pocket and removes his phone.

The image of a smiling, dark-haired woman, her arms wrapped around two preschool girls, flashes up; underneath is the name SUZ.

He leaves it to ring for a moment before he swipes a finger across the screen, hanging up.

(Beat)

The phone begins to WAIL again.

This time he does not hesitate in hanging up.

BZZT! Seconds after he hangs up a message appears on the screen.

SUZ (TEXT)

Oi! Where are U?!?! He looks up
from his phone - skyward.

Above the tree canopy he can see the looming presence of a large oncoming ASTEROID - A planet killer.

He watches it for a moment as it slowly creeps closer to its final destination.

BZZT!

SUZ (TEXT)

John?! Call me please!

BZZT!

SUZ (TEXT)
I'm taking the kids to mums - it's
best if we're together.

John removes the bag from his shoulder, unzipping it, he
rummages around inside.

Within are several packets of SLEEPING PILLS, PAIN KILLERS
and a large bottle of cheap WHISKEY.

He takes a deep swig from the bottle, places it back in the
bag and looks to his phone.

JOHN (TEXT)
Okay.

SUZ (TEXT)
John, please! Where are U??

JOHN (TEXT)
Nearly there now.

SUZ (TEXT)
Where? Ur mums?! John lowers his
phone and looks around.

The low background sound of running water can be heard.

EXT. STREAM - LATER

Cutting through the wood a peaceful, small stream flows.

At the side of the stream, a red eyed John is sat, head
tilted to one side, snot and tears running down his face.

The contents of his rucksack spread out in front of him - the
pill packets and bottle now all empty.

He looks at his phone - 20 missed calls, all from Suz.

Slow and deliberately with one finger he types a message into
his phone.

JOHN (TEXT)
I'll see you soon... xJx

FADE OUT.

THE END