

GAME NIGHT ON T-27

(Simply Scripts One Week Challenge January 2016)

Written by

Anonymous

FADE IN:

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
For two scientists isolated at  
remote research station, Game Night  
takes on a whole new meaning.

EXT. FROZEN PLANET IN DEEP SPACE - ETERNAL NIGHT

Cluster of small buildings, lights shine from the windows. A  
snow storm rages, wind HOWLS. Official designation T-27

INT. RESEARCH STATION T-27 - DAY

No frills, minimal, cluttered interior.

Dirty clothes lay on the floor, radio, laboratory equipment,  
two unmade bunk beds.

Two people in faded jump suits stare at a corn flakes box on  
the table.

JACK, male, 20s, picks up the box, looks inside and shakes  
it.

JACK  
Well, this is it -- an empty box of  
corn flakes.

SARAH, female, tired and thin, raises her slender arm and  
makes a circle in the air with her hand.

SARAH  
(with a mock gaiety)  
Piss on ice and let the good times  
roll.

Jack tries to smile.

JACK  
18 months ago, I was sure you'd be  
the first to crack.  
(small beat)  
You sure fooled me.

Jack picks up the box, studies it.

JACK  
I was wrong -- you're as tough as  
an old catcher's mitt...

Sarah forces a thin smile.

SARAH  
You big pussy -- You're still the  
best man on THIS rock...

Jack grins.

JACK  
I'm the ONLY man on this rock.  
(small beat)  
Tell me again why we came here.

Sarah sits down at the table.

SARAH  
You remember -- We volunteered.

Still holding the cereal box, Jack chuckles without looking at Sarah.

JACK  
And how's that working out?

Sarah drops her eyes. Jack puts the cereal box on the table.

SARAH  
Not so good.

A microphone on the desk CRACKLES.

VOICE ON MICROPHONE (V.O.)  
Calling T-27 -- This is Base -- Do  
you read me?

Jack and Sarah get up quickly, rush to the microphone. Sarah picks the microphone up and responds.

SARAH  
This is T-27. We read you.  
(small beat)  
Forget the lipstick I ordered --  
Where's the groceries?

Microphone HISSES.

VOICE ON MICROPHONE (V.O.)  
We lost all contact with your re-  
supply a week ago...

Transmission breaks up and stops. Static. Microphone  
CRACKLES.

VOICE ON MICROPHONE (V.O.)  
We can only assume the worst and  
have launched a second re-supply  
ship...

Jack and Sarah look at each other in disbelief.

VOICE ON MICROPHONE (V.O.)  
They should reach you in about 45  
days...

Sarah keys the microphone.

SARAH  
UNACCEPTABLE. We ran out of food  
weeks ago.  
(small beat)  
Do you copy?

More static.

VOICE ON MICROPHONE (V.O.)  
45 days is the best we can do,  
over.

Sarah bites her lip, Jack curses.

INT. RESEARCH STATION T-27 - DAY

Sarah steps away from desk. Jack picks up the microphone.

JACK  
45 days?

Static.

VOICE ON MICROPHONE (V.O.)  
Sorry, that's the best we can do.  
Hope you can hang on. Base signing  
off.

INT. RESEARCH STATION T-27 - DAY

Jack and Sarah look at each other.

JACK  
Sarah, we're not going to make it --  
are we.

Pause

SARAH  
Maybe not both of us.

Jack looks stunned.

JACK  
What are you suggesting? We eat ice  
and snow for 45 days?

Pause.

SARAH  
No. We eat the only food source  
available.

Jack has a eureka moment.

JACK  
OH, HELL NO...

SARAH  
Both of us can't make it, but maybe  
one of us can.

INT. RESEARCH STATION T-27 - DAY

Jack and Sarah walk to the table, sit down.

Jack looks at Sarah.

JACK  
How would we decide?

Pause.

SARAH  
We cut for high card.

Jack nods YES.

INT. RESEARCH STATION T-27 - DAY

Sarah picks up a deck of cards on the table.

JACK  
(snaps)  
Give me the cards.

Sarah gives Jack the cards. He shuffles, puts them on the  
table. Sarah taps the top of the deck with her index finger.

SARAH  
 (softly)  
 You go first.

Jack hesitates, cuts the cards. He turns his card over -- the NINE OF HEARTS.

Sarah takes a long look at Jack, cuts. She turns her card over and reveals the QUEEN OF SPADES.

INT. RESEARCH STATION T-27 - DAY

Sarah dressed in a bloody apron cooks something on a small two burner stove.

Microphone on desk CRACKLES.

VOICE ON MICROPHONE (V.O.)  
 T-27. Come on, how 'bout it?  
 (small beat)  
 This is re-supply ship Pop Eye --  
 We're busted all the hell, but  
 we're gonna make it -- ETA six  
 hours.

Sarah stops cooking, wipes her hands on her bloody apron, walks to the desk, picks up the microphone.

She keys the microphone.

SARAH  
 This is T-27 -- Say what? Repeat...

Crackle.

VOICE ON MICROPHONE  
 T-27. This is re-supply ship Pop  
 Eye. ETA six hours.  
 (small beat)  
 Meteor shower kicked the shit outta  
 us-- took out our engines, radio  
 and blew holes in our hull -- We've  
 been dead in the water for over a  
 week.  
 (small beat)  
 Made repairs with spit, wire and  
 bubble gum. We're now on our way --  
 Repeat, ETA six hours -- HOPE  
 YOU'RE HUNGRY.

Pause.

Sarah keys the microphone, tears well in her eyes.

SARAH

We copy Pop Eye, T-27 out.

A very distraught Sarah puts the microphone on the desk.

SARAH

OH JACK, WHAT HAVE I DONE?

She opens a drawer, takes out a pistol, puts the muzzle to her head, pulls the trigger. She falls to the floor dead.

FADE OUT.