

HITORI

Written by

16,644,000

FADE IN:

INT. STUDIO APARTMENT - DAY/NIGHT

MONTAGE: HITORI (30s), plain clothes, clean-cut. He paces around his apartment, writes on loose paper, tries his best to pass the time. Curiosity and fascination in his movements.

HITORI (V.O.)

Colonel Hitori, NASA Astronaut Group 33. Day 2 in my apartment. I can't leave the front door and I still don't know how I got here. The Day and Night cycle is the only movement outside of my window. My electronics don't work. I should have a 5 o'clock shadow by now, but nothing has grown. No hunger, no food in the kitchen. Will continue to monitor the situation. I hope I don't run out of paper or ink.
(giggle) Signing-off.

HITORI (V.O.)

NASA Astronaut Colonel Hitori, Day 67. I'm no longer certain this is a training simulation. The pens and paper are infinite. I attempted scarification on my arm, however I felt no pain and no scars formed. I crave stimulation. My only sense is the slow passage of time. (beat) I feel like a prisoner. Let me out?

HITORI (V.O.)

Day 100, there was a beep in the distance. I couldn't tell where it came from. Freedom may be imminent.

HITORI (V.O.)

Day 200, there was a beep today! Every one-hundred days. Savor day 300's beep, it may be the last.

HITORI (V.O.)

Day 366, I thought one year would be the end. I fear this is Hell.

Montage continues with Hitori looking more concerned.

HITORI (V.O.)

Day 516. My suicide attempts are pointless. I don't need air, I don't bleed. Didn't I live a virtuous life. Why me?

HITORI (V.O.)

Day 894. I believe our 19 year mission to the Kuiper Belt failed just outside of Earth's atmosphere. I can't remember anything after my cryogenic chamber filled with LN2. The crew is dead. I am dead.

HITORI (V.O.)

Day 1048. Existence.

...He acts more and more sporadic. *Unhinged.*

HITORI (V.O.)

1690. Day and Night are the inhales and exhales of the cosmos.

HITORI (V.O.)

1991. Impersonal cosmic force clubs his creation into a pulp of unfeeling. Punishment is somehow deserving. Nothing but gratitude.

HITORI (V.O.)

2400. God has sent me two beeps on this day. Bless his sacredness.

HITORI (V.O.)

Colonel Group 4800 Hitori. Moments of lucidity help understanding. Two beeps every 2400 days. One beep every 100 days. Beeps of the cryo-sleep chamber. It beeped once every hour and twice every 24 hours. I am in sleep. Math means I'll suffer my mind for another 16 million days. Just need to hold it together.

HITORI (V.O.)

61,636. He protects his child. 16 million. Let go. 16 million. 16 million. Incubate. Icarus. Incise.

He rocks back and forth. Talking and laughing in silence.

HITORI (V.O.)

14- 3? Yes. He chose me. I hear his message. Look through their organs come 16 million. Consume them. Last 16. Behind their faces. Crew-mates. Remove eyes. 16. Under their skin. 16. I'll find 16 there. Slow cuts. 16 million. Slaughter. Them. All.

END