

Last Hope

By Luke McCain

Copyright (c) 2020 This  
screenplay may not be used or  
reproduced for any purpose  
including educational purposes  
without the expressed written  
permission of the author: Luke  
McCain

luke@purecinema.tv

EXT. SPACE - NIGHT

A spaceship, designated name 'The HOPE Shuttle', floats calmly in the blackness of space.

Lights illuminate from inside.

INT. SPACESHIP - THE HOPE SHUTTLE CONTROL CABIN - NIGHT

Hank, 43, and Patricia, 37, sit together in front of a wall of computers and buttons. They beep and blink sporadically.

They're both dressed head to toe in white NASA space suits.

Hank leans into a microphone and presses a red button on the panel.

HANK

Base Station to Command Control, come in...

He waits.

HANK (CONTINUED)

I repeat, this is Hope Shuttle R-3-7-Zero - calling Command Control Station Houston, do you read?

He waits again.

Nothing.

PATRICIA

What the hell happened down there?

Patricia peers out of the space ship window to -

EARTH. The milky white clouds light up the deep blue oceans as it sits still in the vastness of outer space.

HANK

I don't think we want to know.

PATRICIA

Do you think the virus could have infected the control center?

HANK

I suppose anything is possible.

Hank points to Patricia's computer panel.

HANK (CONTINUED)

Pull up the transmission from yesterday, again.

Patricia types into her keyboard.

PATRCIA

Last transmission - Houston Control Center - June 1, 2021...

She presses enter. A face appears on the small screen above them - This is NASA Mission Control Chief Mitch Collins, 58. He peers directly into a small camera from HOUSTON MISSION CONTROL CENTER. Behind him, dozens empty chairs. He's wearing a face mask and gloves.

The video begins to play.

MITCH

(From the video screen)

Uh, R-37-Zero this is Control Center Houston. Wanted to give you both an update on what's going on down here. The uh, the virus is getting bad. Really bad. The death toll has now reached 4 billion world wide, and - food and resources are going fast. Electricity has been off the past few weeks which is why we haven't been able to connect with you in real time. I'm sending this now via back-up satellite. I hope it reaches you.

The new news is they discovered the virus doesn't die on surfaces for up to a year or so. People are still dying by the tens of thousands each day. I haven't heard from your families, but - communication with almost everyone seems impossible these days.

While normally we'd bring you home - the government has instructed us to keep you in orbit until we can get a better hold on things. I don't know...maybe you two will be humanity's last hope one day if things continue to go south. I'm not really sure what else to say. We'll keep you in our hearts and I'll touch base

tomorrow with more updates. Control  
Center - Signing off.

PATRICIA  
...Humanity's last 'hope'...How  
ironic.

Hank looks at a photo tucked into the corner of his control  
computer monitor - it's his wife and children.

Patricia notices this and unlatches herself from her seat.  
She floats 10 or 15 feet to the back cabin slowly.

HANK  
(To himself)  
God damn, this virus fucked us. Feels  
so lonely up here. So far.

PATRICIA  
Listen - our ship is named HOPE. So if  
there's one thing we're destined to  
keep, it's that.

HANK  
I suppose you're right.

PATRICIA  
You know what makes me feel better  
when the world is ending? Sugar and  
carbs.

Patricia reaches into a box from the back cabin and pulls out  
two Twinkies. She launches one to Hank across the cabin - it  
floats slowly across the spaceship in zero gravity.

Very...slowly...

Hank smiles and reaches out to grab it.

Just before it hits his fingers, we cut to -

INT. NASA CONTROL CENTER - HOUSTON - DAY

1 year earlier.

Boxes run down a conveyer belt. A siren alarm goes off in the  
distance.

Sara, 30, stands along the belt - her face and body hidden  
behind a full hazmat suit as she quickly packs a box full of  
food.

Suddenly she stops. She begins to cough.

COUGH! COUGH.

Harder...then harder. The box of food falls from the conveyor belt and spills onto the floor.

She reaches for her neck and hastily throws the hazmat face shield off.

COUGH! COUGH! COUGH!

A man, Jeremy (40) in a full hazmat suit, runs over to help her. He lies her down onto her back.

COUGH! COUGH!

The man shields her mouth with his gloved hand as spit and saliva violently exit with each cough.

MAN

(Shouting down the conveyer line)  
Get a medic over here!

A team of medics in hazmat suits run over and grab Sara. She's escorted away.

Jeremy stands and wipes his hands on the outside of his hazmat suit. We see the patch on his suit reads "NASA".

He notices the mess of spilled food on the floor.

MAN

Jesus Christ.

He picks up each item of food and places it back into the box: green beans, dried fruits, dehydrated meals, Twinkies.

We see his gloved hand touch the Twinkie wrapper. We zoom in even closer to see the wrapper is punctured and open, exposing the Twinkie to the gloved hand.

He places the Twinkies on the top of the box and seals it shut in a hurry. Big bold text on the box reads: R-37-ZERO HOPE SHUTTLE FOOD REPLENISH.

INT. HOPE SHUTTLE - NIGHT

Hank takes a large bite of his Twinkie.

Patricia and Hank sit at their stations in silence, eating,

watching the beautiful Earth float out their cabin window.

Fade to black.

THE END.