

SILENCE

Written by

Scriptor

SimplyScripts 2025 Challenge

THE FINAL ROUND

GENRE - Action/Thriller (You may combine the two genres)

OPTION A - Must take place on a moving vehicle of some sort AND it must feature a popular-ish song/piece of music!

Or

OPTION B - No dialog, story must be told with visuals alone. And you're only allowed three characters!

Round Three scripts must be three pages or less, and are to be submitted by midnight EST on the 26th.

EXT. HEAVILY DAMAGED DRIFTING SPACESHIP - USS WALLABY

Asteroids of various sizes streak past. A few smash into the ship. Metal shards shear off upon each SILENT impact.

INT. USS WALLABY - BRIDGE

Viewports smashed. The bridge, dark with a few lights flickering snapshotting silhouettes of the floating dead, intermixed with shards of glass and rock debris.

The dead: a few have holes ripped through them. Others are bloated like puffed puffer fish with eyes bulging and mouths puckered. A stream of asteroids smash inside the bridge in SILENT rocky explosions.

A bloated corpse twirls to the back of the bridge resting on the floor next to the dead console.

Two hands from under the console reach out and pushes the corpse away.

CINDY QUILL, 16, screeches in her spacesuit that only the dead could hear as the corpse floats back.

An asteroid zips into the wall next to Cindy. Rock fragments damages her suit but remains unpunctured.

Lt ADIRA HARKIN, 30s, enters and B-lines to a functioning console. She punches in codes. Ship systems that displayed, OFFLINE turn green to online then to malfunctioning.

Adira slams her fist. A device is plugged in and hacks the ships database. A data recorder is plugged in and downloads the data. While waiting, she scans. A larger asteroid field approaches in 10 minutes and 15 seconds. Download complete.

She sets the self-destruct to one second before the asteroid impact. As she leaves, she notices Cindy hiding under a non-function console. Adira pauses, studies Cindy, looks at the exit and back at Cindy.

Cindy watches Adira kneel before her saying something but can't hear her. Adira reaches for Cindy. She recoils. Adira sternly commands something to her but Cindy doesn't respond.

Adira pushes some buttons on her arm. A beam scans Cindy. Cindy sees a heads-up display on Adira's visor. Cindy's credentials displays: **Cadet, a picture and a streaming a list of qualifications plus Cindy's damaged suit malfunctions.**

Adira abruptly pulls her out. Cindy floatingly flails about as Adira pushes her out of the bridge.

INT. USS WALLABY - PITCH BLACK CORRIDOR

Adira pushes the flailing Cindy through the dark corridor. The light from their helmets illuminate the suspended debris and dead.

Cindy, the makeshift plow, is used to push through. Cindy's helmet illuminates her silent WAILS as each bloated bulging eyed corpse puckered for a toothy kiss bounces off of her.

Adira struggles to prevent Cindy from twisting and turning and touching the floor. They make it through.

INT. USS WALLABY - AIRLOCK

The remaining countdown on Adira's forearm: **5:32**. She shows this to Cindy and gestures with her hands that the ship will explode. Cindy shakes her head and lies down sobbing.

On the upper part of the ladder exiting the spaceship, stands an astronaut partially outside the ship while tethered to a safety loop at the base of the ladder. Cindy watches Adira address the person. No response.

Adira yanks on the tether. The astronaut floats down looking like a shark had bitten his upper torso off. Adira drops to her knees mouthing a name. She checks the time: **4:02**. She looks at where Cindy was. Cindy is gone.

Alarmed, Adira scans the darkness. Cindy's helmet glow gives away her hiding spot in a nearby alcove. Pissed, she removes the tether from the deceased and attaches it to Cindy and herself.

EXT. USS WALLABY - TOP SIDE AIRLOCK EXIT

Exiting the USS Wallaby, Adira fails to notice a bus sized asteroid rolling towards her when she is yanked off balance. She looks down the airlock exit.

INT. USS WALLABY - AIRLOCK

A furrowed brow and gritted teeth, Adira violently tugs at the tether. Cindy doesn't budge as she is intertwined with the ladder for dear life.

Cindy looks up. Suddenly, Adira's arms undulate erratically. Her eyes bulge. Blood splooshes out of her mouth. Adira's body, like toothpaste squeezed out, is squeezed into her helmet.

The helmet and visor explode showering Cindy with the paste of Adira. Cindy's visor and head lamp is completely covered.

Blackness.

Silence.

Stillness.

Light streaks through as the visor and head lamp are wiped.

Looking up, her stressed silent apologies go unnoticed in the dark. She hugs the ladder...

Sobbing uncontrollably.

Cindy tugs the tether. A flattened spacesuit is pulled down exposing the exit. She doesn't notice the crushed data recorder float past. Untethering herself, she exits.

EXT. USS WALLABY - TOP SIDE AIRLOCK EXIT

A massive asteroid and it's sibling encroach on the damaged ship. Cindy sees this and looks for options. She spots an astronaut with a jetpack. She leaps to him only to find there is a hole in his head.

Closing her eyes and grimacing, she fumbles for the controls. Hanging on tightly, the jetpack engine engages. They streak away. Fuel runs out. She let's go. They drift speedily apart.

A bright FLASH reflects off their spacesuits.

EXT. SPACE

Sailing alone through the emptiness of space, a shadow falls upon Cindy.

A spaceship slows. A hanger bay opens. CHAD, 40s, zips towards her with his jetpack.

He slows to match Cindy's velocity. Like a waltz, they twirl together. His heads-up display displays Cindy's suit failing.

Cindy's arm reaches out for him.

His arm clasps hers in the silence of empty space.