

CARMENTIS - SCENE 01

Written by

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EXT. BOTTOM OF CLIFF - DAY

Shot 1
FCh Eyes

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MAC WILLIAMS(34) suddenly wakes in fright. His vision focuses: a tiny **trail of a ship** flies high above, tunneled by the claustrophobic edges of his helmet.

Readouts line the interior of his face plate: *Oxygen, Carbon Dioxide, Temperature, Heart Rate, Battery - low, EVE - standby.* Various *status updates* scroll up the viewer.

Panic sets in on the realisation that **he cannot move.** Mac struggles in desperation.

Bruised and bleeding, Mac is entombed within a damaged space suit - rough material layered beneath protective panels and a supportive exoskeleton.

EVE activates. A synthesised female voice speaks from Mac's helmet - accompanied by a visual waveform.

EVE

Mac Williams, you have sustained a fall.

EVE(CONT'D) (CONT'D)

Please remain calm. I am EVE, your Extra Vehicular Emergency system. Your wellbeing is my primary function.

(beat)

Please stand by for emergency medical response - You have sustained numerous lacerations and contusions. Fractures detected to the following vertabrae: tenth thoracic, eleventh thoracic, twelfth thoracic, first lumbar...

MAC

(choking to speak, sotto)

I know... I...

(beat)

I can't...

(beat)

Wait... I...

(beat)

Stop talking!

MAC (CONT'D)

Just shut up for a second.

(beat, confused)

I can't move.

EVE

Affirmative. I have immobilised you.

MAC

What?

(frustrated)

Mobilise the suit.

Mac desperately struggles. His frustration growing.

EVE
 Negative. Any movement may further
 your injuries. With no medical
 assistance your current chance of
 survival is 12% and declining.

On Eve's words, Mac stops. He opens his mouth to speak...

EVE (CONT'D)
 I will attempt contact with your
 registered next of kin - calling
 Williams, Maggie.

MAC
 No, wait.

RIIIING.... A **looping** video of a woman, MAGGIE (32) appears
 on Mac's display: she sits in a park with a drink attempting
 to catch the straw with her mouth. She accidentally pokes
 herself in the face and laughs. Mac's heart sinks.

MAC (CONT'D)
 Hang up.

RIIIING... RIIING...

MAC (CONT'D)
 I'm... stop the call.

EVE
 In an emergency contacting the
 listed next of kin is standard...

MAC
 I can't... stop the fucking call!

CLICK.

MAGGIE
 Hello?

Mac stops dead at the sound of Maggie's voice.

BEAT.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
 Hello?

MAC
 Hang up.

MAGGIE
 Mac? Mac is that...

MAC
 Hang up!

CLICK. The image of Maggie disappears.

EVE

Communication terminated. There is no alternate next of kin listed. Do you wish to register an alternate next of kin?

Mac lies with glassy eyes.

MAC

I need to...
(beat)
I'm overriding you.

EVE

Overriding my protocols is not recommended.

MAC

Good to know. Mobilise the fucking suit.

An electrical THRUM! is heard - the suit drops it's rigidity.

EVE

Suit mobilised.

Mac rolls over - excruciating pain stabs into his back. He SHRIEKS! falling prone.

MAC

Fuck!? Help me!

The suit freezes Mac in position. He gasps for breath.

EVE

The suit has been immobilised for your protection.