

## over and out

### Cast:

- The Insider (Called Sam, played by Tyler (aka: Assgoblin))
- The Outsider (Called Andrew, played by Rab Greenup, aka Rab Greenup)
- The AI (played by Ian, aka Ian (Ryssan31))

### Crew:

- Directed by Siddharth Singh aka shantaram3013
- Story and writing by Siddharth Singh aka shantaram3013, additional writing by Bence Bognar aka TheComingLawd2
- Music by Nathan Quigley aka nquigley20
- Cinematography by Tyler aka Assgoblin
- Additional voices by Sam aka broment, Coast, ...

Synopsis: It's the end of the world. A man sits alone in a bunker, sending music out to the remnants of humanity, running out of power and oxygen, and finds human connection, one last time, but more's going on here than meets the eye...

## SCRIPT

*[Fade in from black to a shot of a man, sitting with his back to the camera, as jazz music plays. Title card. A HAM radio is visible in front of him, with some cables running to it and a plugged in mic. The power cord of the radio lies to the side, facing the camera, abandoned and not plugged into anything (not too noticeably but just enough so an observant viewer would notice). He is playing the music we are hearing, on a bass, and to the left of the radio sits a screen, displaying what appear to be vital signs, along with air and power statistics.]*

*[The screen suddenly displays a red alert. In the background, the distant hum of a generator fades, and a tired-sounding voice announces that:]*

*[This setup should take about fifteen seconds, give or take.]*

**AI voice:** Critical failure. Generator fuel depleted. Switching to auxiliary power.

*[The man sighs deeply, puts down the bass, and leans forward. He pulls out an old, crumpled piece of paper from a pocket, and looks at it, not making any other motions.]*

**AI voice:** Ventilation systems require generator power to continue oxygen reclamation. Current reserves will last for two days. Additionally, I would like to remind you that carbon monoxide filters are also degraded, which is leading to a harmful buildup.

*[The man does nothing, continuing to look at the picture.]*

**AI voice:** He wouldn't have wanted you to give up like this, Sam.<sup>1</sup>

**Sam:** *[bitterly]* Yeah, well, what do **you** know about that, IAN?

*[Fade to black, text that says: "A few hours later"]*

*[Sam puts on a pair of headphones and pulls a mic towards himself. He then sends out a distress call.]*

**Sam:** Hey, it's me again, here's my daily message to whoever's listening... if you're listening. Send help, oxygen's running out, and I'm going crazy with only this guilt-tripping excuse of an AI to talk to. I hope you liked the bass.

*[No response. He sighs, and begins to flip through frequencies on the radio. Bursts of speech intermixed with static can be heard, as different people all send their voices out into the void.]*

**Voices:**

*/I can't take it anymore, I just ca.../  
/Stay inside your shelters. Radioactive fallout is toxic and eventually fatal, you are advised to NOT LEAVE under any circumstances./  
/\*some muddy-sounding music, a bit distorted\*/  
/If you can hear this message, send rations. The locat.../*

**The Stranger:** */\*static\* playing that bass? That was \*scratchy static\*/*

**Voices:**

*/lots of jumbled, inaudible voices/  
/Anyone out there? Just.../  
/static/*

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<sup>1</sup> Ian plants this seed of an idea in Andrew's head about wasting his life like this.

*/silence/*

*[He slumps back in his chair for a second, then perks up again.]*

**Sam:** Huh?

*[He excitedly leans forward and quickly clicks through the channels. Each voice is intercut by static]*

**Voices:**

*/--not do it--/*

*\*short burst of static\**

*/Do not l-/*

*\*short burst of static\**

*/rations/*

*\*short burst of static\**

**The Stranger:** */...code GCM4X2. It's pretty bad out here, my hazmat suit is wearing down... the situation looks bleak./*

**Sam:** *[Obviously recognizes the voice. Leans into the mic, speaks excitedly and breathlessly, really fast and nearly unintelligible.]*  
Heywasityouthatjustsaidbass?

*[The stranger's voice is really crackly and bad, evidence of a poor signal.]*

**The Stranger:** Uh, what?

**Sam:** Did you just say something about a bass?

**The Stranger:** Yeah. I thought it was pretty good<sup>2</sup>. It's been a while since I've heard any music.

**Sam:** Well, thank you. Been a while since I had someone to play for. Or someone to talk to, really. *[Grim / nervous laugh.]* I'm Sam, by the way.

**The Stranger:** I'm Andrew. And yeah, I can imagine.

**Sam:** What's going on out there? Been a while since the last news broadcast, and there aren't very many newspapers anymore...

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<sup>2</sup> Sam's probably desperate for contact and for appreciation and valuation from other humans. It makes sense that his first contact with his hallucination would contain this.

**Andrew:** Seriously, how long's it been since you were outside?

**Sam:** I've been inside for, ah, around about two years. So basically ever since the bombs fell.<sup>3</sup>

**Andrew:** Jesus Christ [*or other exclamation*], that long? How are you still sane, what with no one to talk to?

**Sam:** [*bitter laugh*] Who said I was?<sup>4</sup>

**IAN:** I resent the implication, Samuel.

**Andrew:** Fair enough.

*[There's a bit of a silence.]*

**Andrew:** Anyway, to be honest, there's not much going on out here... on account of there not being much left. It's not pretty - people are trying to pick up the pieces and rebuild, but in a lawless world, some find it easier to take by force than to work alongside others honestly. And to top it off, the air's poisonous, water's contaminated, and the animals have begun to mutate - they're not friendly, and they're not easy to kill.

**Sam:** So what's **your** part in all this? What brings **you** out here?

**Andrew:** Well, I came out of a bunker a few months ago, when the thing finally broke down. Something with the power supply<sup>5</sup>. Obviously, they don't make those parts anymore, so I've been knocking about on the outside ever since. It was the only option left, or, believe me, I wouldn't be here.

**Sam:** It's not hard to believe, honestly.

**Andrew:** Well, I'm going to be frank, Sam.

**Sam:** I thought you liked to be called Andrew, but okay.

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<sup>3</sup> Establishing the nuclear nature of the apocalypse.

<sup>4</sup> Foreshadowing the big reveal.

<sup>5</sup> Establishing spotty power supplies on these units. Also this is the only shelter failure Sam knows about so it makes sense that Andrew, sharing the limits of Sam's knowledge, also suffered the same.

**Andrew:** Ha. Funny. Judging by the fact that your radio signal isn't absolute shit, you're in a bunker. And you're the only one in there. I was wondering if I could.. move in with you? We only just met, but these are extenuating circumstances.

**Sam:** I wish you could, but my generator just failed, and I have two days of reserve oxygen left. That makes one day, if you move in. I don't know about you, but I am **strongly** inclined against halving the time I have left.

**Andrew:** Oh. Well, shit. I don't suppose you intend to just curl up and die, so I have to ask, what are your plans?

**Sam:** I've been considering that, actually. I lost my brother, trying to get here, he was all I had.. And it was my fault. He died saving me from a band of raiders. There's not really much to live for anymore. Out there or in here, I'm going to die, eventually.

**Andrew:** Well I guess his sacrifice was in vain, then. He died to save you, and you're just giving up?<sup>6</sup> I don't know much about him, but I don't think he'd have wanted you to. *[Rab, feel free to say this however it feels most organic and mean/provocative to you.]*

**Sam (to IAN, off-mic, sarcastic):** Look, IAN, another supporter of yours.

**IAN:** Sam, I can't hear what he's saying.

**Sam:** Ah, right. Headphones.

**Sam (back to Andrew, angrily):** What the hell do you know about it? We just met. I'll thank you not to pass judgment on me.

**Andrew:** Okay, okay, man. Calm down. I'm leaving anyway, it's getting dark out here. Good luck with whatever it is you're going to do.

*[static]*

*[Sam rips off his headphones in anger and slams them on the desk.]*

**Sam (to IAN):** Can you believe the nerve on that guy?

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<sup>6</sup> Andrew is a manifestation of the nagging guilt Sam feels over the doubt IAN planted earlier, over wasting the life his brother sacrificed himself to afford him.

IAN: You know he's right, Sam.<sup>7</sup>

Sam: *[sulky]* Maybe, but I wasn't about to admit that to him! And he shouldn't have said anything about it anyway, it was personal.

IAN: Be that as it may, Sam, you have to leave. This shelter isn't fit for human habitation anymore, unless you can find a way to salvage parts for the generator. I don't know what it's like to be alive, but in my opinion, uncertain life outside beats certain death in here.

*[Sam lets out a frustrated sigh, and goes over to the corner of the room. He sits on the floor with his back to the wall and his legs stretched out in front of him. He pulls out the picture and begins to look at it again.]*

*[The screen fades to black, and when it comes back, Sam is packing up his stuff and gearing up to go outside. There's a subtle Dutch tilt. He looks back at the bunker with one wistful sigh, turns to face camera, and kicks aside the power cord of the ham radio which has been lying unplugged all this time. He walks towards the camera and moves behind it.]*

*[The camera zooms in on the status monitor and the Dutch tilt intensifies, with the radio sitting next to it. The monitor is displaying a prompt that says "Carbon monoxide levels dangerously high. May lead to impaired brain function, paranoia, anxiety, and **hallucinations**." The sound of a heavy mechanism moving plays (i.e. the door opening), drowned out by a steadily loudening, high-pitched hum, that culminates as the camera stops zooming, the screen cuts to black, and the credits roll to some more Jazz music.]*

THE END.

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<sup>7</sup> Ian knows what Andrew said even though he just admitted he couldn't hear Andrew because they're both hallucinations and manifestations of Sam's subconscious. Ian is the embodiment of Sam's better judgment, his common sense / his will to live.