Space Beavers Scene 3 - SHAMANISTIKOV/FOXSPARKL

NARRATOR

A flashback from the words of Dr. Shamanistikov echo through Scarlett's ears as she stares, horrified into oblivion:

SHAMANISTIKOV

Universes? You actually believe that rubbish? There are no universes! Nothing is separate! The void consumes all! None of what we do here matters, don't you see?! Every moment is infinite. We're just grasping at threads, just grasping...and weaving them together until they are inevitably swallowed by the Void...

SCARLETT

He's gone...I'm gone.

NARRATOR

She has the eerie feeling that the void is seeping into her as she looks uneasily at that nothingness which edges out into the tunnel of the wormhole. She sees the nothingness spill into the somethingness of a reality with which she feels only vaguely familiar. Whatever-it-is refracts and reflects, even in such a negligent substance as the vacuum of space. It is not so much what she sees, but rather what she feels, like the chill of a primeval fear. Everything is happening in slow motion. Every direction she looks, she sees different wild possibilities, unraveling like fractals before her.

The longer she stares into any one direction, the more of herself she loses. As she is about to be completely overcome by the numb euphoria of absolute nothingness, a huge flamboyantly sparkling misty rock of crystals interrupts her gaze. Scarlett's small craft is heading on a collision course with a comet.

FOXCOMP

Warning: Impact in 20 seconds.

NARRATOR

The surface of the comet is shrouded in a sparkly mist, which reflects a mesmerizing plethora of brilliantly shimmering colours. Here and there, giant crystals protrude from the potentially exciting mysteries of the surface.

Scarlett's eyes begin to widen just the slightest as she gasps in a breath. Then her memory catches up to her and her eyes fall. She sighs.

SCARLETT

Just let gravity work.

FOXCOMP

Negative, activating automatic emergency landing.

NARRATOR

Last-ditch jets ignite as the ship careens into the dazzling fog, sending out billows of particulates. The mist clears for a moment before the ship crashes into the jagged surface of the comet. It pummels through bits of the landscape as it comes to a stop. The twinkling mist rushes back into the clearing, like warriors of excitement filling a vacuum of dullness.

Scarlett drags herself from the broken ship. Her helmet is cracked and her wild hair is escaping. She gags and coughs before realizing she can breathe...just barely. As she takes in the sparkly fumes, her head begins to spin, and she falls to her knees. Fractals grow like crystals out of the recesses of the sparkling mist, crowding her sight as she struggles to steady herself. Her vision is overtaken by the appearance of the void again, unfurling into her mind. This time, though, it seems to her that the void is coming from within, and not from outer space.

She stares up, suddenly, at a source of bright light: a silhouette stands before her. The fractals growing from the mist appear to be collecting together to form a humanoid shape. On second glance, the figure isn’t standing, but floating. Its legs and arms are still funneling into place, like reverse tornadoes.

SCARLETT

What...who are you?

SPARKLES

(laughing)

You poor lost soul. Can't you see?

NARRATOR

Scarlett remembers Tim for just a moment before losing herself to smile in amusement.