

KAÍVEN

noumena ashitaka hundimägi-mei

Draft - December 29, 2025

PAGE 1 - The End

EXT. SPACE CLOSE TO BLACKHOLE

PANEL 1 (WIDE, ESTABLISHING)

Exterior. The ship hangs like a wounded insect in the dark. Plates peeled back. Scars of plasma burns. One engine dead, another coughing blue.

Ahead: a **gargantuan black hole**, not just darkness but a presence an eye without eyelids. The accretion disk smears light into a bright, violent halo. Distant debris arcs inward like prayer beads being pulled from a snapped string.

CAPTION: We have run so long that even the stars feel tired of watching us.

CAPTION: The ship is ruined, its bones cracked, its skin torn, and there is no kindly harbor in the void.

PANEL 2 (INTERIOR, WIDE)

Bridge. The crew of six. Exhaustion is everywhere: slumped shoulders, trembling hands, bruises under eyes, dried blood at someone's hairline. Consoles flicker with dying light. A warning klaxon is either silent now or too constant to notice.

Only the protagonist is upright, facing forward, hands on the console like he's holding the world in place.

CAPTION: They trusted me. That is the sharpest thing in the room.

CAPTION: Not the alarms. Not the heat bleeding from the vents. Not even the black mouth waiting outside.

PANEL 3 (CLOSE-UP: DAMAGE / DETAILS)

A cracked screen shows: **HULL INTEGRITY: 12%**. A manual patch welded over a breach. A leaking cable sparking. A tiny photo or token taped beside a gauge, something human and stubborn.

CAPTION: How many times can a man make the same choice and still call it bravery?

*CAPTION: How many times can he lead others into fire and name it **the only way**?*

PANEL 4 (CLOSE-UP: CREW FACES, ONE BY ONE)

Quick cuts:

- One crew member asleep upright, jaw clenched like resisting a nightmare.
- Another quietly crying without sound.
- Someone's hand hovering over an eject lever, then falling away.
- Someone's staring at the black hole on the forward display as if looking at an old god.

CAPTION: I wanted a simpler life once. I remember that version of me like a half-forgotten song.

CAPTION: A house. A door that locks. Mornings that mean bread and not battle.

CAPTION: But I stepped onto this road, again, and again, and each time I told myself it was the last.

PANEL 5 (INTERIOR, LOW ANGLE ON PROTAGONIST / FORWARD WINDOW)

The forward window dominates. The black hole swells larger now, a slow certainty. Light bends wrong. The ship is being *drawn*, not by engines, but by fate wearing physics as a mask. The protagonist's face is lit by the warped glow-half saint, half criminal.

CAPTION: Why do I keep doing this?

CAPTION: Why does it feel... not like living... but like repeating?

CAPTION: As if some unseen hand has set the pieces upon the board before I ever touch them.

CAPTION: As if the world has grooves worn into it, and my feet find them no matter how I fight.

PANEL 6 (FULL-BLEED, COSMIC / SURREAL)

The ship tiny against the black hole's majesty. The accretion disk looks like a burning crown. The stars behind smear into thin lines, as though reality itself is being combed toward the dark. In the chaos, there is a strange calm like a theater right before the curtain falls.

CAPTION: I tell myself I am choosing.

CAPTION: I tell myself there is meaning in the struggle, and honor in the scars.

CAPTION: But some nights, like this one, I swear I can hear the machinery behind the sky.

CAPTION: A faint clicking. A silent counting.

CAPTION: And the cruelest thought of all is this:

CAPTION: If this ends the way it always ends... then what, in the name of all the lights that ever were, was I meant to learn?