

# **KAÍVEN**

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*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?*