

I'LL SEE YOU IN THE STARS

Written by

T. KOTWICA

24/04/2025

Atomic Nuclear Hands!

Hot light of the dark star
Cracked turned raw heart

Stephe!

See you soon
crew of the KLM31N

CUT TO:

1 INT. BAR

1

WE OPEN in a sleazy and smoke-filled bar. There are no patrons other than THE ANCHOR. Slightly disheveled, dark green tie on loose with undone top button. He sits in front of the bar with an glass of whisky.

THE ANCHOR (v.o)

It was late, but where else did I have to run? Maybe deep down I knew he'd find me here.

THE ANCHOR gets a cigarette out of his suit jacket pocket and searches for his lighter. THE THREAT walks in, silhouetted behind THE ANCHOR in the dim bar. THE ANCHOR doesn't react.

This damn thing, even my lighters given up--

THE THREAT

Need a light?

THE ANCHOR nods and takes the lighter. THE THREAT sits down next to him.

THE ANCHOR

Much appreciated.

THE THREAT

So...

(beat)

Whats a guy like you doing in a place like this?

THE ANCHOR

Wouldn't you like to know

THE ANCHOR takes a draw of his cigarette and takes the last sip of his whisky. THE THREAT moves closer to THE ANCHOR.

THE THREAT

Maybe I would.

(beat)

It's not every day you see someone so --

THE ANCHOR

(playfully)

So... So what?

THE ANCHOR blows the cigarette smoke into THE THREAT'S face and lifts glass to show that its empty.

Parched? Buy me a drink first, handsome.

THE ANCHOR(v.o)

There he was, right in front me, like I could reach out and touch him. Paying for my drink. Looking at me like he could see into my head.

THE THREAT

You know, I was thinking the exact same thing.

THE THREAT smiles and takes the cigarette from THE ANCHOR, taking a draw.

Question is

(beat)

What're you drinking?

THE ANCHOR (v.o)

I've got to admit, even if he does smell blood, he sure does know how to pick up a guy at the bar.

THE ANCHOR

Something strong

THE THREAT

That kind of night, huh

THE ANCHOR

The same kinda night I meet a mysterious stranger like you.

THE THREAT

Mysterious?

THE THREAT slides THE ANCHOR their drink.

I'm an open book.

THE ANCHOR

I'd say you're a little more than a book.

THE THREAT

Observant. I'm more like

(beat)

a chain.

THE ANCHOR

(smirking)

Anchor joke.

FADE TO:

2 EXT. BAR NIGHT

2

THE ANCHOR and THE THREAT stumble out of the bar into a dimly lit, empty, alleyway. The bars neon sign flickers slightly, reading "Checkpoint One".

THE ANCHOR (v.o)

For an open book, he sure did know how to kiss. Or maybe
I'm a better salesman than I give myself credit.

THE THREAT

So... how about we continue this at mine?

THE ANCHOR

Tell me a secret and I will

THE THREAT

How about

(beat)

THE THREAT reaches down and taps a briefcase.

I read you a story? .

THE ANCHOR

(flirtily)

That'd do nicely.

THE ANCHOR winks at THE THREAT. THE THREAT takes THE ANCHOR'S hand and
kisses it with a laugh.

You have such a...

THE THREAT smiles

charming voice.

CUT TO:

3 INT THE THREAT'S CAR NIGHT

3

THE THREAT'S car is a sleek black 1960's Cadillac. The number-plate
reads "SWOT". The radio is on, playing jazz, but so faint it can hardly
be heard. THE THREAT has an unlit cigarette in his mouth.

THE ANCHOR (v.o)

It was crazy. Even with *his* charm, how could he pull it
off? I was in above my head, in the passenger seat with the
dark star, a car length from a job I couldn't handle.

THE ANCHOR

It can't be done

(beat)

surely.

THE THREAT

(smiling)

I believe we can.

THE ANCHOR

We? Who said there was a we?

THE THREAT

Fine, what do you want to know?

THE ANCHOR

Well any number of things might go wrong --

THE THREAT

We do have some weaknesses

THE THREAT leans down and presses the cigarette lighter.

There's the crew that we'll need, currently we have a few, but we're missing some big names: two graphics controllers, a vision mixer, lighting and floor staff. And then there's the most crucial thing...

(beat)

the choice of host. We need someone dynamic. Someone who can fill as long as needed. Someone who can handle the heat of the moment.

THE THREAT puts his hand on THE ANCHOR'S knee

THE ANCHOR

Shouldn't you have both hands on the steering wheel?

THE THREAT

(smirking)

Fine

THE ANCHOR (v.o)

He was trying to flatter me, warm me up before he sold off my heart to pay for his soul. I needed to cast the fly and reel him right into my net.

THE ANCHOR

With the crew, I know a couple people who might fit the bill, if not, I'll put the word out.

(beat)

When it comes to the host, though, I know... one guy... who might work

THE THREAT

Oh yeah?

THE ANCHOR

There's a reason they call me... "the Anchor" after all.

THE THREAT

I think you'd be perfect.

The cigarette lighter pops and THE THREAT lights his cigarette, taking a drag.

Maybe we'll do a screener when we're back at mine.

THE ANCHOR

What else is there that I should know?

THE THREAT

Plenty of sliver linings too.

THE THREAT takes a drag of his cigarette.

I do have something up my sleeve

(beat)

Or someone, who might be able to help us.

THE ANCHOR

And who might that be? Let me see your picks, I want to see who I'll be working with...

THE THREAT

In the suitcase. Don't look too hard, there's hidden information in there.

THE ANCHOR

I'll squint

(beat)

promise.

CUT TO:

4 EXT. BONNET OF CAR NIGHT

4

THE THREAT and THE ANCHOR lay on the bonnet of the car, THE ANCHOR is looking up towards the night sky, THE THREAT is looking at THE ANCHOR. THE THREAT has one arm around THE ANCHOR and the other at his head.

THE ANCHOR

(with wonder)

You where right

(beat)

there are so many stars.

THE THREAT

If anyone knows, I do

THE THREAT lifts THE ANCHOR'S hand and mimes closing it around the brightest star.

I've held them all.

THE ANCHOR

Pretty good detour.

THE THREAT

Sure is.

THE THREAT turns to look at the stars.

THE ANCHOR

I like the idea.

(beat)

I think we can do it.

THE THREAT

With your help we can.

THE ANCHOR

Even without we have strengths. There's the GFX system built, the clock built, the studio more accessible than ever, as far as we know there's no big technical issues that would take us down, all is running smoothly and we're on schedule too.

THE THREAT

Even had time for this little detour.

THE ANCHOR

Its good to take a moment to see the stars, isn't it

THE THREAT

Only thing is--

THE ANCHOR

--is platform integration. But come on, that'll be done in a day.

THE THREAT

I'll get my guy on it. And what about threats, technical problems, scheduling issues, a bad host, running out of time--

THE ANCHOR

Those are all things solved by good project management, and proper preparation... I think we can do it.

THE THREAT looks back at THE ANCHOR, and laughs

THE THREAT

(smiling)

"Project management"? Bit character inaccurate don't you think...

THE ANCHOR

(playfully)

I know your game

(beat)

Maybe I just happened to see something in your briefcase...

THE THREAT

(playfully)

Come on... what was it?

THE THREAT props himself up on his arm to look at THE ANCHOR.

You know how I feel about hidden information.

THE ANCHOR reveals a piece of paper in his hand. THE ANCHOR props himself up so he's face to face with THE THREAT. Their lips are close to touching for a moment, but then move away.

THE ANCHOR
(flirtily)

Lets get back to yours. We've got a story to finish.

Piece of paper flutters to the ground. It reads: "INT. BAR"

CUT TO:

5 EXT THE THREAT'S HOUSE NIGHT

5

THE THREAT'S house is large and solidly built, built onto a cliff with a hill leading up to it on a small road through a pine forest, with a garage bellow the house set into the hill. The lower floor has flagstone walls giving way into tastefully painted tongue-in-grove walls for the upper floor. The car drives up and pulls in.

THE ANCHOR
Nice house.

THE THREAT
I may be the end, but I still like to live well.
(beat)
Wait till you see the bar
(beat)
or the bedroom.

THE ANCHOR (v.o)
If I didn't play my cards right, the only thing I'd be seeing was the wrong end of a narrative arc. It's a dog eat dog world out there. He was the dog.
(beat)
And he was eating his own tail, like an ouroboros.
(beat)
I was just a flea on his back.

FADE TO:

6 INT HOUSE BAR

6

THE ANCHOR

Maybe I will.

THE THREAT

(flirtily)

Follow me then.

THE THREAT takes THE ANCHOR under his arm, leading him towards a staircase in the corner of the room that leads to the second floor.

Lets get comfortable.

The door to the bedroom is at the top of the stairs, the door is solid and varnished wood. Fixed to it is a large brass omega symbol. THE ANCHOR hesitates.

THE ANCHOR

You know this isn't how stories end.

THE THREAT frowns for a second, but seems to recover.

THE THREAT

Right you are. Our story is just beginning.

THE THREAT continues to move THE ANCHOR towards the stairs but THE ANCHOR resists.

THE ANCHOR

I said I'll do it. But I'll make my own way there.

THE THREAT

(panicked)

No no no. Think! You're my Anchor! Star of the show!

THE THREAT takes THE ANCHOR under his arm again, facing them both towards the door, he waves his hand in front of them as if drawing out an imaginary horizon.

Your the Anchor! Talented salesman--

THE THREAT begins to cough.

THE ANCHOR

Talented salesman. Maybe.

THE THREAT continues to cough violently, a drop of blood runs down his chin.

Not such a talented bartender.

THE ANCHOR shakes his sleeve and a small empty vial drops out, smashing on the floor. THE THREAT falls to his knees.

THE THREAT

(raspily)

I'll--

(beat)

see you--

(beat)

at the End

THE ANCHOR

(smiling)

If you can catch me.

THE THREAT smiles through bloody teeth as THE ANCHOR turns and sprints across the room towards the balcony. The door swing open slightly in the night breeze, the view out of the door is pitch black apart from the stars, giving the impression there is nothing out there but sky.

THE ANCHOR reaches the edge of the balcony and jumps.

CUT TO BLACK.