

We Were Human

By: Nicole Robb

Alone in the last working satellite tower, one man has only
minutes to decide humankind's final words.

Act III

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INT - SATELLITE CONTROL ROOM - SOUTH PACIFIC

JOHN, stoic and pensive, sits alone behind a long desk of various satellite controls. Head down, he frantically writes on a piece of paper. In front of him, a digital clock counts down-- six minutes remaining.

FRANCES, roughly John's age, approaches from behind and places a hand on his shoulder. John continues writing but touches her hand with his free one. Their wedding rings match.

FRANCES
A distress call?

John pauses, looks up, and shakes his head.

JOHN
NASA tried that already. Before
America went down.

FRANCES
Then what are you doing?

Frances sits beside him. They continue holding hands.

JOHN
That map on the news showed we'd
pretty much be the last place to
go, and no-one else is
broadcasting. I feel like we should
send some final words- something
might be listening.

FRANCES
You always think with your heart. I
love that about you.

Frances nods towards the controls in front of them. The countdown shows three minutes. He pushes the BROADCAST button, hesitates, acknowledging the importance of what he's about to do, and then pushes it again.

EXT - OUTER SPACE

A single satellite floats in space. It beeps, and John's voice crackles as he speaks mankind's final words.

JOHN (V.O.)
To anyone listening to this, these
are the final words of our kind.

Flashbacks of people from around the world during their final moments. (*Consider using the final shots from other scripts*). John's eulogy continues over and/or between clips.

JOHN (V.O.)

Something incredible happened today. Something that could only be felt. Seven billion of us, all realizing together, that it doesn't matter how much money we have, or what we look like. It doesn't matter which politicians we support, or who we're attracted to. It doesn't even matter which God we pray to. What matters is that, for the first time in our history, if only for a few minutes, we were united- not as a country or a nation, not as a single religion or a single class, but as a species. A species that was humbled by a force much greater than us. This force, whatever it is- God, science, chaos, karma or coincidence- it unified us. It showed us what it truly means to be equal. We're a species that evolved over thousands of years. We developed opinions, beliefs, thoughts and dreams. We differed. We tested each other, sometimes even hated and fought each other. But in the end, we finally understood what truly mattered.

Remember us for that. Not for the wars we fought. Not for the dark pages in our history of slavery, selfishness and arrogance. Remember what we became in our final hour. Remember our diversity, our wonder, and our evolution. Remember us as a species that saw beauty in sunsets, that found peace somewhere in the sound of crashing waves. This is who we were. This is what we became. We felt. We laughed. We cried. We showed strength and courage. We valued kindness, faith, curiosity, exploration, science, and the belief that we could become something better each day.

CUT TO:

INT - SATELLITE CONTROL ROOM - SOUTH PACIFIC

John and Frances hold each other in silence. The countdown clock reaches zero. The lights flicker. John's monologue continues.

JOHN (V.O.)
We loved, with both passion and
compassion, and because of that, we
didn't just exist, we truly lived.

The lights finally go out. Blackness.

JOHN (V.O.)
We were human.

The satellite beeps.