

The Black Hole

by

Clark Gillian

Clark Gillian Van Herrewege
ISBN 9789465201672
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info@clarkgillian.be

SCENE 1

INT. HUGE WAREHOUSE - DAY

Inside of a very large and bare warehouse a huge round stage sits in the center of the space. From above, the stage resembles like a huge round clock.

The stage has an all-white floor and there appear to be rooms, outfitted with all-white furniture. Before we can get a sense of what is exactly on the stage, people are flooding into the warehouse.

They take their seats in the circular stand seats set up just like in sports events, but with all-black seats that almost blend into the shadows. The stands surround the stage in a circle, divided into four parts.

From these four entrances into the circle, people are taking their seats, dressed in grey and black, again, almost shadow-like. They don't say a word.

Now it is clear the stage has two stories, with see-through screens that signify walls. The second floor has a bedroom some bedside furniture, a terrace.

As everyone is seated for several minutes in total silence apart from the shuffling of feet and scraping of throats, a little cough here and there.

The MUSIC starts.

A few people in the audience are briefly startled.

Now CHRISTINE, dressed in all white, aged about 28-38, descends via the stairs to the ground floor and WALKS CALMLY into the kitchen.

She is followed by a CAMERA CREW, carrying their large cameras on their shoulders, faces obscured by the equipment.

Christine appears not to see them as she enters the kitchen. That, or she's completely ignoring them.

The camera crew keep following every move, each of them capturing her actions from a different angle.

Calmly, languidly even, Christine starts making a cup of tea.

Then, her cellphone RINGS. She looks around for her phone. It rings a couple more times.

She FINDS it, right there on the counter in full sight. She SIGHS BEFORE picking it up, then sighs again AFTER she sees who it is.

MOTHER
Christine, Christine are you
there?

CHRISTINE
Yes, I'm here.

MOTHER
Oh, good. Good. How are you
darling?

CHRISTINE
I'm making tea.

MOTHER
Tea? Oh, yes, tea, that's very
good, dear. Christine, listen,
remember when zibouzakala
imsmoufantrirken usmenskipalsnika
okotsikuntsiprom zhugulam pitak
pitakka Fermipons, Tchilal?

CHRISTINE
Hmmm hmmm.

MOTHER
Well, Yomsna Frikashapilmun
upyanstitrok Kukupinsta Okhok
Frulbinsquam eukutsok
friritenxizwam.

Suddenly, Christine's EYES CATCH something to her left
and she stiffens completely as a jolt of ELECTRIFYING
SOUND bursts through the room, STARTLING the audience
again.

Christine stands frozen in place.

MOTHER
Christine, Christine, are you
there?

A BLACK HOLE has appeared in the kitchen to Christine's
left, right in between the garbage bin and the
refrigerator.

Christine SUDDENLY RELAXES as she averts her gaze from the hole.

MOTHER
Christine!

CHRISTINE
Mama, it's happening again.

MOTHER
What is?

CHRISTINE
The black hole is here again.

MOTHER
Oh, I see.

Christine takes a sip of her tea.

MOTHER
Is the tea any good, dear?

CHRISTINE
It's good. I put in some honey.
You know how I like to make my
tea.

MOTHER
I know, darling, but make sure the
tea has cooled down before adding
the honey. It loses all its
medicinal properties if you add
the honey to boiling hot water.
You probably didn't wait, did you.
You know zikanspiralmistranspi
umlelekitup piyam piyor
kokktrilsnak. Yumpidum
ekretiksniterm fropilsnayanvik
pokit.

As she is listening, Christine STARES into the black hole. The longer she stares, the LOUDER the electrifying sound becomes. Then she averts her eyes again.

The sound STOPS.

MOTHER

You were looking into the black hole again, weren't you.

CHRISTINE

I can't help it, if it's here, I can't help myself.

MOTHER

That's the difficult part, isn't it. You are the only one who can. Christine takes another sip of her tea.

CHRISTINE

I don't know if that's true. I always appreciate help and support.

MOTHER

I know, my love. But we can only help and support a choice. We can hardly make a choice for you, now can we. Anyways, we don't need to go over this again. I've got a supiklala pinstapronstik Zhulala kikikenspi oframala kutuku freumsminak.

CHRISTINE

Take care, mama.

MOTHER

Take care, dear.

BEAT.

Christine STARES at the black hole again. The sound the black hole makes is now barely audible, but very present.

MOTHER

Christine?

Christine sighs. The sound intensifies.

CHRISTINE
Yes, mama?

MOTHER
Christine, I'm not a bad mother,
am I?

CHRISTINE
No, mama, you're not a bad mother.

BEAT.

Christine can hear her mother breathing slightly, not yet hanging up the phone.

Christine abruptly hangs up and BANGS THE PHONE on the counter. Another sigh. Then, as the camera crew circle around her like vultures, Christine starts to PREPARE A SALAD.

Once the salad is done, she sets it on the counter, right next to the black hole, which hadn't moved. She can't help but STARE AT IT again, triggering the sound that now throbs throughout the warehouse.

BEAT.

She moves closer to the black hole. CLOSER and CLOSER until she is standing FACE TO FACE with it.

The sound again, louder, but somehow not menacing anymore.

Then, she STICKS HER HEAD IN.

Now the lighting around the stage moves sideways around the circular stage, moving the shadows in a circular motion as if many minutes have passed.

Then, Christine TAKES HER HEAD OUT of the black hole again. She looks at the salad on the counter.

It is half-eaten.

BEAT.

Her computer PINGS aggressively in the other room. With a sudden look of despair, Christine RUNS into the desk space of the stage and unlocks her desktop. As a madman, she starts typing and rummaging through documents all over her desk.

CHRISTINE
Who made this mess?! I can't find
the... the...

She picks up the stacks of documents and THROWS them
aside. Then she keeps TYPING AND TYPING, while a constant
pinging sound seems to LASH at her like a whip.

Meanwhile, the LIGHTING on the stage MOVES again,
indicating another few hours have passed.

A call takes over her screen. It's her middle-aged boss,
Claire.

Christine quickly arranges her hair and her shirt and
clicks accept.

CHRISTINE
Hi Claire.

CLAIRE
Hello Christine, are you OK? I had
expected these documents three
hours ago? Did you not see my e-
mail? It's all in there.

CHRISTINE
I did see your e-mail. I just...

CLAIRE
I can't be pinging you every
little single thing I outlined in
the wiki.

CHRISTINE
No, no, no. You don't have to,
Claire. It's just -

CLAIRE
That would be me, doing double the
work, Christine! That's making me
take twice as long for something
that, you know, can be
communicated just the single time.

Time-efficiency, really need to start focussing on that. Training wheels are off!

CHRISTINE

It's not that I didn't get your outline, Claire, it's that it takes a lot longer to process those documents than you had outlined, considering the meetings I need to attend too, it's actually taking away from the time I have to actually do the work.

CLAIRE

I see, Christine. First of all you need to be in those meetings how else can we know you are actually doing the work.

CHRISTINE

But it's taking away time from doing the actual work.

CLAIRE

Christine, please! Giving the impression that we are working on it, having our faces in that meeting with them, is vastly more important than the... whatever it is you are doing with those documents.

CHRISTINE

I mean, yeah, but, won't the work speak for itself once it's done? Can't they tell once it's over and done how much time went into it to get it to there?

CLAIRE

For goodness sake, Christine, what are you going on about? No! First you must *convince* them that you are working and only then you start working. Do you really think they can tell by the end result how much time and work it took?

These guys think everything is pretty much done at the beginning of the project, else they wouldn't have signed the contract to begin with.

CHRISTINE

I...

CLAIRE

So how much more time do you need than I've outlined?

CHRISTINE

I've actually already sent a reply to your e-mail it's all in there, all the new estimates.

CLAIRE

Christine, I can't be checking all my e-mails all day long, now can I? I'm running from meeting to meeting as it is. By the way you look pale, have you even eaten?

Christine GLANCES at the mysteriously half-eaten salad in the kitchen next to the black hole.

CHRISTINE

Yes. Of course. Thanks for... worrying about me.

CLAIRE

I do nothing but worry, it's my job. We need you to be good so our project is on track to meet targets, OK? Ok, need to run.

CHRISTINE

Bye-

Another series of pings LASH into Christine, but there's something different about the sound this time. What is it she's hearing?

She ignores it and starts TYPING FURIOUSLY again. The light again moving the shadows on the stage as if another few hours pass.

But the sound of pings is still different, and it is starting to disturb her immensely. She STICKS HER HAIR BEHIND HER EARS to listen more intensely.

There's another ping sound. Her EYES WIDEN. It's from an app. A dating app. She jumps up from her desk chair and RUNS into the kitchen.

Her phone isn't there.

CHRISTINE
I left it here!

She starts FRANTICALLY looking for her phone all over the apartment as the camera crew follow her every move. It takes a lot of effort for each of them to get a different and interesting angle without getting in her way.

Then Christine CATCHES sight of it. In the living room, placed very neatly in the centre of the coffee table, lies her phone, screen BLINKING on and off with new notifications coming in constantly.

BEAT.

She GRABS the phone, RUNS into the desk space, TURNS OFF the computer and the lights, RUNS UP the stairs into her bedroom on the second floor, TAKES OFF all her clothes, SPRAYS some deodorant, THROWS on a new outfit, RUNS BACK downstairs and THROWS OPEN the front door, and STEPS OUT onto a circular treadmill that circles the stage resembling a sidewalk.

Christine dials a number OVER AND OVER.

CHRISTINE
Pick up! Come on! Pick up!

She RUNS on the circular treadmill, making circles around the stage, as stage extras dressed as pedestrians appear. Se MANOEUVRES around them with great difficulty.

CHRISTINE
Come on! Pick up!

She ELBOWS a few pedestrians by ACCIDENT.

PEDESTRIAN
Hey, watch where you're going.

CHRISTINE
Sorry!

Without her realising, the date had answered the call, meanwhile.

DATE

Yeah, you better be. I've been waiting and waiting. I've been sending you messages all evening. What happened?

CHRISTINE

I'm sorry I've been busy at work.

DATE

You know I could've gone on a date with someone else tonight too but I chose to do it with you because I feel like we had a good connection via chat but I feel like that was the wrong decision if you can't make it to one real life date. I think maybe you're even catfishing me. It is possible!

CHRISTINE

No, not at all!

DATE

You know I can see when you see the messages, right? No. It's over. You know how humiliating it is sitting by yourself for so long in a bar, like that. I... Bye, Christine.

CHRISTINE

No, that's not possible.

DATE

I said bye Christine.

CHRISTINE

No, wait!

The date hung up.

CHRISTINE