

"WEATHERMAN"

by

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FIRST DRAFT (ABRIDGED)  
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FADE IN:

**INT. THE 'CAVE' (MEATSPACE)**

Welcome to the twilight of mankind. Just a few thousand humans remain alive, scattered across the earth, taking refuge from unrelenting storms and sub-zero temperatures in subterranean dwellings hidden beneath its ice-locked surface.

Here, in one such 'cave', carved into the foundations of a once great building, is WEATHERMAN. The paintings, maps and charts decorating the cold concrete walls create an immediate sense that here is a haven, not just for a man, but for his very culture; science, the arts, the humanities.

That the decorations are also windows to a happier past, when we once happily imagined ourselves to be the masters of all that we surveyed, reinforces the fact that the cave is also, inescapably, a prison cell.

Weatherman is sitting on the side of his bed, square to the camera. Behind him, on the wall, is a faded astronomical chart.

WEATHERMAN

(as voiceover)

What do dreams...

(beat)

...look like?

VOICE

(synthetic)

They look...

(beat)

...like constellations.

(beat)

Patterns of neurons, lighting up the synapses, brilliant echoes of a sensory life.

(beat)

Like aurora borealis, clouds of light refracted into colour, suspended in the heavens of your imagination.

(double beat)

Dreams are beautiful.

(double beat)

Even bad ones.

WEATHERMAN

I dreamt I was a star.

VOICE

I know.  
(double beat)  
How did it feel?

WEATHERMAN

Like light. Like power.

Weatherman reaches behind his head and removes a small, circular rubber sensor from the base of his skull.

WEATHERMAN (CONT'D)

(lips now moving)  
It felt good.

Weatherman crosses to his wash-basin, watched from the fish-eye POV of his shaving mirror.

WEATHERMAN (CONT'D)

Status.

VOICE

Snowfall, 32 inches. Temperature,  
-48°C. Wind speed, 59mph. Wind  
chill...

WEATHERMAN

(interrupting)  
Eighty?

VOICE

Almost. Seventy-nine.

WEATHERMAN

(spits out)  
Global forecast. Thirty day.

Weatherman looks intently across at an object out of shot.

WEATHERMAN (CONT'D)

Still think it's a blip?

VOICE

No.  
(beat)  
Speaking of which...

WEATHERMAN

(crossing to  
worktop)  
Why is the generator running?

Weatherman take two wires from the back of the kettle, hooking one up to the rear wheel of a makeshift exercise bike, and the other to a wheel in a mouse's cage.

VOICE

John, Paul and Ringo are all down.

(beat)

Plus...

WEATHERMAN

(stops)

Uh huh?

VOICE

Reserve dish is cutting out.

Weatherman goes to speak.

VOICE (CON'T)

No idea.

(beat)

If I were you...

WEATHERMAN

(interrupting)

You are me.

VOICE

(continuing)

I'd circulate the thirty day, all servers. Run some outside context stuff on the dish. And ping Mentos, and ask him to meet me - us - in the Beach.

(beat)

Asap.

WEATHERMAN

So do it.

VOICE

I already did.

(beat)

He'll see you there in ten minutes.

Weatherman starts to pedal. As he gathers speed, he takes a remote control from beside him on the workbench, points it casually in our direction, and presses a button. The screen goes blank.