

# **The Curse of the Abyss**

by

Adrien Buensod

[adrienbuensod@hotmail.com](mailto:adrienbuensod@hotmail.com)

INT. THE DICTATOR'S HEADQUARTERS ON LUK'CHA - DAY

The AMBASSADOR enters the room with EVE behind her. The DICTATOR stands and walks around his desk.

DICTATOR

(elated and exaggerated)

The Ambassador returns, bringing us success and glory! And now you have saved a priceless shipment. You have made me-

AMBASSADOR

(interrupting,  
ceremoniously)

Your Dictatorship. My duty is to you, and through you to our soil.

She kneels, putting her hand flat on the ground.

DICTATOR

Ah yes...

(beat)

Rise as you are, until you return to dust.

She stands up.

AMBASSADOR

Until I return to dust. Thank you, Father. I wish to introduce you to the Governor of Badla'av Honh. He has been most helpful to our cause and I trust you'll understand that his presence here is necessary.

EVE

Your excellency.

The DICTATOR stares at EVE, a human. Hatred fills his eyes.

DICTATOR

Why do you walk alongside one of them?

AMBASSADOR

I trust him.

DICTATOR

You trust them?

AMBASSADOR

Only him. Without him, we wouldn't have found the shakri and it would have been lost for everyone.

EVE

Save for those pirates.

Pause.

DICTATOR

  You may remain, but I will not hear  
  you speak. As a friend of- Your  
  presence here is merely tolerated.

EVE nods and the DICTATOR sits on his chair.

  DICTATOR (CONT'D)

  Now, Daughter, you have done your  
  nation a great service and I thank  
  you for your courage. Though... I  
  hope bravery does not cloud your  
  trust. Or your memory.

In the back, EVE sits down nonchalantly, smiling. His gaze remains fixed on the scene. The DICTATOR contains himself.

  AMBASSADOR

  Father... Something is happening in  
  this galaxy and we need all the  
  help we can get. I'm trying. I  
  really am.

  DICTATOR

  I know... This attack on our soil  
  only proves that we are a prime  
  target. Have the shakri delivered  
  at the shipyard: our fleet  
  desperately needs that fuel.

  AMBASSADOR

  Father, shakri is much more than  
  fuel.

The DICTATOR's expression darkens. He thinks for a second.

  DICTATOR

  No.

  AMBASSADOR

  You must allow us to keep the  
  shipment. Please.

  DICTATOR

  Why?

She turns, exchanging a look with EVE before looking at her father straight in the eyes.

  AMBASSADOR

  We are working on a way to  
  eradicate Matter. A device that  
  would vaporise it, but we  
  desperately need shakri. The  
  Governor's engineers may have found  
  a way to channel its-

DICTATOR  
                  (faking a smile)

Ah...

                  AMBASSADOR  
No planet can compete with our  
reserves. I assure you that with  
this shipment alone we could-

                  DICTATOR  
And I say no. Does this protect our  
people?

                  AMBASSADOR  
It will.

                  DICTATOR  
Will it protect us from other  
pirates? From mercenaries? From  
federations who would stop at  
nothing to bleed our planet dry one  
more time? I am certain your  
governor is already contemplating  
that idea.

                  AMBASSADOR  
We are trying to stop Matter from  
destroying us all!

                  DICTATOR  
And when your project fails what  
will you say to the ashes of your  
people?

                  AMBASSADOR  
I will not let my people die!

                  DICTATOR  
Then do not steal what is  
rightfully theirs!

                  AMBASSADOR  
                  (yelling)  
I have claimed it!

Silence.

                  AMBASSADOR (CONT'D)  
By the laws that you and I obey, I  
have claimed for myself a shipment  
lost beyond our borders. I followed  
the ritual and I had a Witness. By  
law, it is rightfully mine.

EVE leans in, his smile widens. THE DICTATOR remains quiet.

                  AMBASSADOR (CONT'D)  
It's already on its way to our  
fleet...

DICTATOR

Your fleet?

                  AMBASSADOR

Father...?

                  DICTATOR

No. You would use our own laws  
against us. I should do the same.

                  AMBASSADOR

Arrest me if you must. I acted  
because I have a duty.

                  DICTATOR

You do.

Beat.

                  DICTATOR (CONT'D)

Go back to your fleet. Don't come  
home again.

                  AMBASSADOR

I am sorry, Father...

                  DICTATOR

Ambassador, you are dismissed.

He pauses.

                  DICTATOR (CONT'D)

The soils of Luk'Cha made you.

The AMBASSADOR kneels, putting her palm on the floor again.

                  AMBASSADOR

And to these soils I-

Her father raises his hand to interrupt her. She bends her  
head, stands up before turning. A tear flows on her cheek.

                  AMBASSADOR (CONT'D)

And to these soils I will return.

She exits. EVE stands and steps forward, eyeing the DICTATOR  
who has remained immobile.

                  EVE

I must thank you for indulging my  
curiosity. There's a uniqueness to  
your people... Until our next  
meeting.

He salutes and turns to leave, but stops.

EVE (CONT'D)

I do hope you will consider collaborating with us. Your daughter is very attached to your "soils" but... Remember she can control Matter and she's become very good at it.

As he turns to leave, his smile widens. The DICTATOR remains sat, alone.