

Entry Eleven - Peter

by

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No Such Thing Productions

INT. Chel's Laboratory, Starship Adamantine - NIGHT

We hear Peter making small, choking, guttural sounds as though something is forcing its way down his throat. He tries to pull himself up from the floor, knocking something from a lab table as he does.

He coughs, gasps as he forces himself into an upright position.

PETER  
... shit.

FADE TO:

INT. Chel's Laboratory, Starship Adamantine - NIGHT

Peter sits on a lab table, his breathing is a little ragged, like there is something heavy sitting on his chest. And when he speaks, it is entirely without fear.

PETER  
I taste blood... and something...  
else. Like... burnt sugar. Something  
badly caramelized. It's in my mouth,  
all over my face...

Chel attacked me. Like she didn't even  
know me. The way she moved... Axel, it  
was like... like nothing I've ever  
seen. She went straight for my throat.  
Lithe, and fluid, and strong. ...  
what's the word? Ophidian. Snake-like.  
Almost beautiful.

I woke up and she was gone. Vanished.  
She might have crawled up into the  
ceiling for all I know... gone back  
down into the caves... could be  
listening from inside of the walls...  
The lab is covered in blood, and  
scattered equipment, and that same  
dark green residue. It's already  
starting to dry, leaving dark stains  
like burn marks over the lab tables  
and floor.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

PETER (CONT'D)

It's not my fault. She came back... broken. Wrong. She lied to me. Tried to, anyway. She was... too quiet. Out of sync. There was nothing of her left. Her smile, her sparkle, her... charm. Just looking at her... I knew she was dead. She was-... unrecognizable. She scared me. Knew I'd lost her from the moment they took her, but then... I saw her come crawling back up the tunnel, and I thought... I wanted-... for a moment... I brought her back here, and now it's on the ship. That is my fault. And I can't see any way out of this, they'll make me-

It shouldn't be like this. I should have gotten her back... I should have seen her... I should have been relieved. When I held her- I should have wrapped my arms around her so tight- smothering- crumpling her, crushing her, pressing her until she dissolved, folded into me, for fear of ever letting her go again. There was so much I was supposed to- It's not my fault. I never got her back. I got this... thing. That... monster. Not Chel. She's dead... She's really... really dead, Axe... And she will haunt me. Hunt me.

She'll want to feed. Not sure why she hasn't already. Maybe human flesh isn't compatible with their systems... maybe she just had other things in mind.

He coughs, hard, and spits.

Shit.

We should have taken a closer look at those murals while we had the chance. Those drawings we found in the caves... a history of the rise and fall of this world. It was there. Etched out clear as day in winding ribbons along cave walls... Trip wires in the dark. The snare's... closing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

PETER (CONT'D)  
Almost shut.

She'll be down there. If I don't stop her. She'll head straight down into the caves, and I don't have a chance in hell against her if she makes it. Entwined in the shadows of those twisting labyrinths. All that power, and grace, moving through the silent dark. And I'll be right behind her. Following. I have to. Even if it means-

Fuck. I can't breathe.

We hear him jump down from the table, and crystal crunches under his feet.

I have to kill it. That... thing inside of her. And I have to admit, I am... disappointed. I don't even know if I can. Kill. This... queen of apex predators. She is a perfect specimen, cunning and deadly... And wearing my best friend's face. And she is... so... beautiful. I-... I wanted so badly-... But it has to die.

This is some kind of a monster, Axe. This game was over before we even knew we were playing. They have been waiting so... patiently for you and I. They were trapped here on this dying world, until us. Now they'll spread. Whole new vistas and galaxies to consume. There wasn't a strategy or a formula that could have saved us- now THAT'S elegant. That's calculation... higher thinking... Beyond anything we'll ever be capable of. A TRUE perfect system. Beautiful. What I'm about to do... this is butchery. Because it's personal.

He starts to cough again. He struggles to catch his breath for a moment...

Sh-shit.

Peter switches his recorder off.

3 SCENE TWO

3

INT. Bridge, Starship Adamantine - NIGHT

Peter turns on his recorder. His footsteps echo down the hallway as he makes his way towards the bridge.

PETER

She did something to me, Axe. I can't... I can feel every breath I take from the inside, like something is wrapping itself around my chest and squeezing, and there's no room to... to expand. She's wrapped herself around me from the inside. I can feel her spreading, icy and cold... It didn't feel this way the first time. The first time, all she did was smile at me, and I could feel heat like a supernova subsuming the whole of my being, and when she looked at me, her name went firing through every single neuron, imprinting her under my skin. Chel. And now... now she's gone and DONE SOMETHING and I itch, and it's cold, and it hurts to breathe. But I could feel my heartbeat then, too. She's... twisting me. Just like always.

I'm at the bridge, now.

We hear an electronic beeping and then a whoosh as Peter unlocks the door to the bridge. He crosses to a control panel, and we hear him manipulating the system.

I have to put the ship on lockdown -- which means... you won't be receiving any more transmissions back at Aphelion. I can't risk her sending out an SOS, calling you here. I'll record, for... posterity. But this is the end of the line. I have to find her. And if she's still here... If not, I'll head back down into the caves.

The console beeps.

COMPUTER VOICE

Warning: The command you are about to execute requires a Level Five security  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

COMPUTER VOICE (CONT'D)  
clearance. Please state your  
authorization key.

PETER  
Aphelion Authorization D-S-C-N-2-9-3-  
G.

COMPUTER VOICE  
Authorization Confirmed. Thank you,  
Peter. Commencing lockdown in 5, 4, 3,  
2-

We hear the deep, echoing booms of doors across the ship  
slamming shut and locking.

PETER  
This is it.

beat.

PETER (CONT'D)  
(softly) It feels like I'm standing in  
a moment... the one before the end. In  
a game of chess, when your brain just  
goes... quiet. Everything is clearer  
than it has ever been, there's a  
building sort of... excitement,  
crawling under your flesh... There's a  
sharpening, and a focusing, and all  
that is left in the universe is you,  
and the queen, and...

She's on the ship. She's waiting for  
me. And I couldn't disappoint her,  
even if I wanted to. She's... calling  
me, Axe. She was calling to me. Down  
in the caves, while they- Begging for  
me to find her. To save her. To end  
it. She's calling me. Begging for me.  
I can FEEL her twisting me. Calling. I  
never could say no to her.

I have to move quickly. Calculate. If  
she knows I'm coming for her, I'm  
dead. And she'll know soon enough, as  
soon as she tries to leave the ship.  
If she hasn't already... This is the  
only chance I'll get. Computer? How  
many heat signatures on the  
Adamantine?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

COMPUTER VOICE

There are two resident heat signatures  
aboard the Adamantine.

PETER

Where is she?

COMPUTER VOICE

Locating...

Science Officer Chel is in the  
laboratory.

PETER

(finally starting to get angry) No  
she's not. But fair enough. We'll do  
it this way. Because of course we  
will. That's what you want, isn't it?  
(anger twists; sorrow and something  
sinister) That's what you're waiting  
for. For me to do what I should have  
done from the start. For me to find  
you, and tangle you up in my arms. For  
me to wrap my fingers around your  
slender little neck and.... press...  
And... you... will haunt me. (beat.  
calmer.) And. ...if you're very good.  
I might even tell you...

But he can't.

beat.

... she would have been better at  
this. Surviving. This should be Chel.  
Here. Now. Doing this. She would have  
had a plan, she would have figured it  
out, realized something was wrong,  
done something, saved me... if this  
had been her... she would have lived.  
I... don't. Want to get through this.  
I don't.

She would be able to do this. If I  
died... she wouldn't have left me in  
the first place, but if something  
happened to me? She'd fight. She'd...  
kill. For me. I think. Avenge me. She  
could do this. She could do this. I  
could... I will.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

PETER (CONT'D)

(icy) Computer. Close off all  
passageways that don't directly lead  
from the lab to the bridge.

We hear the computer beep in response, and the echoing of  
several distant doors closing.

(quietly) I know you're waiting. I  
don't want you going anywhere without  
me.

He moves to the door, and we hear it slide open. He steps  
into the hall, and then pauses, listens, and smiles.

(vaguely amused) Axel... Do you hear  
that?

It's finally stopped raining.

He laughs, mirthlessly, and moves on to find Chel.

FADE OUT.

END.