

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)

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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- crumbling 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.

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.