

Entry Thirteen - Peter

by

Jordan Cobb

No Such Thing Productions

SCENE ONE

INT. Bridge, Starship Adamantine - DAWN

Peter stands at the helm. His breathing is ragged. He is covered in blood. As he speaks, we may occasionally hear the uneasy creaking and cracking like ice or glass, as a series of crystals slowly pushes up and across his skin, engulfing him.

PETER

We thought it was a plague. An infection. Some sort of... contaminant in the atmosphere. The murals in the tunnels gave us every indication of the abstract. The divine. We were wrong. And now... We're dead. There's no point in transmitting anymore... the distance... the signal delays... the time. But I can't turn it off, and... Still. By the time you unlock this log... the ship will have crashed, and we'll be dead.

Static.

We never should have come. We didn't find your gold. Or your treasure. No scraps of unclaimed world for you to mold into an even bigger fortune. (he coughs and lets out a groan, shifting in his discomfort) Shit. My skin is crawling. My bones ache. There's nothing left here, Axe. It's all empty. Just ash, and bone, and fragments of a dead world. And them. They are... everywhere, Axe. All those... eyes... in the stars. On the ship. I can feel them moving.

Static.

I can still see it. In the viewscreen. We're out of orbit, the course is locked into the smashed remnants of the helm's computer. No changing it now. But the planet is still in our sights, even as we accelerate further and further away. It just hangs there, clear as a scream in the darkness, the only thing visible for... lightyears.

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PETER (CONT'D)

She would just... stand here. On the bridge. And stare out, into the nothing. Frozen. Transfixed. You could see all those ragged, swirling dust clouds, the dying fires of the supernova, the cold shifting waves of dark matter reflected in her eyes... even when there was nothing out there to see.

And when she saw you-

Jesus. Fifty-two hours ago...

This... miserable ball of ice, and dust, and craters. Suspended like a little purple dot between Sirius and Remus... caught in the shifting, swaying current of their locked orbits. All those convulsing, twisting shades of violet and lilac congealed into a little ball between those stars... and I thought... Well. Doesn't matter.

Still.

I have to admit. You are... the second most beautiful thing I've ever seen.

And I won't miss you.

Static.

I remember the approach. The Adamantine shaking and bouncing us around. I felt so sick I thought I was going to die. I HATE space travel. I knew, I always KNEW I was going to die on one of these ships-... I just never thought it would be like this... But I sat there, trying to land, waiting to die... And she took my hand. And I was... so sure... everything was going to be okay...

Static.

We should have gone back. The second things started to go sideways. I told her... But she was... different.

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(MORE)

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PETER (CONT'D)

Already changing. From the moment we went into the caves. I lost her. I let her out of my sight and they-... something... happened to her. And I figured it out too late. By the time I realized-... She wasn't even Chel by the end of it. She was... gone. Something... worse. Something broke... Completely delusional... Insane.

It wasn't her fault. It was that... thing. Something... living, just under the skin. It crawled up inside her and... I don't know. But she just... she went down into those caves, and she wasn't the same. They did something to her, Axe. Changed her. Killed her. Sent something back in her place.

And I killed it.

Was that a whisper? Something might have moved, the faintest echo of a hiss coming from... the hall? Inside the walls? Or did he just imagine it?

At least... I thought I did.

Static.

We hear Peter coughing and retching. He lets out a pained sound that is almost inhuman.

Static.

They were waiting for us. We should have known from the beginning. Shouldn't have gone into the caves. Don't go into the caves. Don't go into the caves. Chel, please, don't-

Static.

Can you hear me? ...Go on. Say something. Play your music too loud. Do something stupid, like... I don't know, paint cherries on the sleeves of your exo-suit and risk contaminating any new ecosystems we encounter. Give me a lecture on all the reasons why you won't cut your hair, even IF you

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PETER (CONT'D)  
can barely fit it all under a helmet,  
and you risk not getting a proper  
vacuum seal. Smile. Laugh. Say...  
something. Anything. Don't leave me  
out here on my own... Chel?

Something responds. We hear a sort of dripping and slithering  
from somewhere behind him. A rasping, burbling cry.

PETER (CONT'D)  
Shit... Shit, shit-

Static.

She's just lying there. She won't  
answer. I don't-... No one is...  
answering. It's dark, and it's quiet  
and it's been-... I don't know how  
long. But I can't-... It's dark. It's  
cold. I'm... alone. And it hurts...  
everything... hurts. And the stars are  
laughing at me. I can feel them. Their  
hard, distant eyes, hundreds of  
thousands of them, more than you could  
ever imagine, waiting on me. It's a  
sick fucking joke. And it's so.  
FUCKING. QUIET.

Please, Chel just-... say something.  
Somebody... Please... answer me.

Static.

(mumbling) I killed it. I killed it.  
It's dead. It's gone. But I can hear  
it moving... Jesus, there's so much  
blood...

Static.

(coughing and retching) I can't do  
this. I can't do this. Axe...  
please... It hurts. Everything-

Static.

I have a nightmare in my mind, under  
my skin... The world is coming apart.  
Everything is... decay, before my  
eyes. Flesh slipping from bones, and  
bones slipping to nothing, falling to

(MORE)

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PETER (CONT'D)

dark, swirling grey silt, pulling  
apart like kinetic sand... I can feel  
it... She's coming apart... My skin is  
coming apart... There's something  
underneath...

Static.

FOR FUCKS SAKE, PLEASE, SOMEBODY  
ANSWER ME!

Static.

(sobbing) ... I'm sorry. I'm sorry.  
I'm sorry. I'm... sorry...

Static.

Peter stares at Chel, lying on the floor.

He coughs, and looks down at his arms. The crystal has fused  
them to the console. It is nearly impossible to breathe.

(calmer, eerily so) There are 231  
lightyears between me and you. Every  
second brings us.... One step closer.  
To home. A whole new horizon of  
stars.... A thousand worlds to see  
along the way. I can feel them all,  
moving in our blood. But... not for  
very much longer. It won't be long  
now. Not... long at all. If the  
Adamantine ever makes it back home...  
you'll find a ship full of ghosts.

This is... our final captain's log. I  
won't be seeing you again, Axe. But we  
promise, you'll be seeing us.

... We're coming home.

FADE OUT.

END.