

SEQUENCE CANCELLED - Episode 1

written by

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INT. SPACECRAFT - TELEPORT BAY. DARK.

Fade in.

Through thick industrial glass, a vast colony ship sits in the great expanse of space. Lightyears of mass, swirling and dancing in an explosion of colour.

A long way from home.

The deep quiet hum of dormant machinery scores the empty room.

'Teleport Bay' in bold letters sit above two human size trays.

Inspirational posters litter the walls 'Explore the stars together' & 'You are fueling the future!' among others.

A screen flashes: 'Incoming Signal. Source: Colony Ship...Downloading File...25%... 60%...97%...Printing File'.

One of the receiver trays sputters to life.

Along the tray, bones start to form, layer by layer.

Newborn soft rubbery skin sags beneath and then hangs around them.

Moles, dry flakes and other defects etch onto the skin while the sound of the injection starts.

Thick, pulpy 'Organ Soup' pumps through a thick transparent tube.

Limb by limb the skin fills out, inflating.

Sagging eyelids droop in empty sockets before new eyes support them up.

Clothes lay under the body as the edges curl up, joining down the middle, fusing together. A pair of glasses appears bit by bit on the face.

Finger nails once buried deep, puncture through the flesh.

ARTHUR TARP - late 40s, balding and out of shape - lays unconscious. Each breath is painful.

Pause.

Springing to life with a sharp gasp launches him off the tray. His glasses skid across the floor as he lays, sweating and hyperventilating.

The whirring of machines powers down, ARTHUR remains in the fetal position, still, motionless.

His body constricts as he begins to weep.

Beat.

ARTHUR lets out long guttural, pained screams that bounce around the cold metal box - rapidly hitting his head and the floor with a tight fist.

He takes a breath, pushing himself against the tray as his eyes catch the colony ship through the window.

Despite parts of his body remaining unresponsive, he attempts to stand - using the tray for balance.

A sharp pain throws him off. Catching himself by standing on and cracking one of the lenses of his glasses.

Picking them up, he puts them on and looks over to the Teleport Receiver before trying to type with fingers that don't yet co-operate, from an inoperative tongue he grunts out of frustration.

Fighting his way to the other screen, one leg still asleep, it reads: 'Receiver Active - Connection: Strong'.

He smacks it, then looks around the room.

ARTHUR jumps at a sudden noise.

VOICE ON RADIO:

(Scared)

/HARSH STATIC/ Mayday Mayday. Is anyone there? We seek urgent assistance. Our systems are /static/

ARTHUR picks up the microphone and positions himself on the edge of the Teleport Receiver, his back to the window and screen.

ARTHUR TARP

(Takes a deep breath)

...

The words stick in his throat, he tries to force them out through dormant muscles.

ARTHUR TARP (CONT'D)

M-

Bashing the radio against his head, he yells.

ARTHUR TARP (CONT'D)

(Struggling to speak)

May, day, rec...eived.

VOICE ON RADIO

/static/ Hello?! Mayd- /static/

'Connection: Lost' the screen displays behind him.

ARTHUR TARP

Mayday received, we have a  
visual...

His eyes water.

Through the window erupts a burst of light, the colony ship  
tears apart, scattering in every conceivable direction.

ARTHUR TARP (CONT'D)

You're gonna make it home...

(under his breath)

I'm so sorry.

A warm orange glow illuminates the room, he turns to see...

Flame, metal and other debris cascades across the stars.

In an instant, his home, his life's work and his friends...  
gone.

ARTHUR looks on in disbelief.

ARTHUR TARP (CONT'D)

I...

He chokes, trying to refuse himself tears.

ARTHUR TARP (CONT'D)

But you're all...

ARTHUR can refuse no longer.

ARTHUR TARP (CONT'D)

You're all going to be alright... I  
promise you.

He sits alone, cold, just him and the empty static.

Pause.

We stay in this moment.

OPENING TITLES.

INT. SPACECRAFT - TELEPORT BAY. DARK.

ARTHUR sits by the window, eyes transfixed on the distant wreckage.

He tries to compose himself, to look away, but he can't.

His breathing slows.

Without looking, out of his pocket, he pulls a worn picture of an older woman and holds it to his chest.

Beat.

INT. SPACECRAFT - CONTROL ROOM. DARK.

The main hub of the spacecraft, with thick doors leading off to numerous rooms and a large screen with miscellaneous control apparatus embedded in the walls.

More 'Inspirational and Healthy Lifestyle Posters' litter the room - 'You are what you eat!'.

A faint light flickers on as ARTHUR limps his way to the main desk where he props the picture up between dials.

Deep breath.

ARTHUR flicks around at the controls.

The screen displays 'Oxygen: Renewable', ARTHUR nods and flicks another switch changing the screen to 'Containment Room B draining ship power'.

Puzzled, he turns and approaches the sealed door.

He places his hand on the metal vents and feels the flow of air. A number pad sits next to the door, his fingers hover above the numbers.

Another sharp pain pushes him back, only just finding balance against the wall. He winces, holding his stomach.

Barely standing he makes his way back to the control panel, his arms holding himself up on any surface they find.

ARTHUR types 'FOOD' into the interface. The screen displays 'Loading...15%' then quickly flashing to 'Error: Data Invalid'.

ARTHUR TARP  
(Under his breath)  
Shit.

He messes with more dials and inputs the same word.  
'Loading...08%...Error: Data Invalid'.

ARTHUR TARP (CONT'D)  
ARGH!

His fingers move quickly, typing 'Water'. The screen displays 'Loading...07%...23%...48%...Error: Data Invalid'.

Panic spreads across his face. He pulls open the storage containers next to him, flicking through the contents.

ARTHUR finds two foil pouches - one labelled 'Carbohydrates' and another 'Protein'. He slams them onto the desk.

A faint smile briefly flashes across his face.

He rips 'Protein' open and starts devouring. Swallowing quickly.

Then 'Carbohydrates' and starts sucking out the moist contents. Gorging on it, not leaving any waste.

A moment of peace.

His eyes dart to the picture.

ARTHUR TARP (CONT'D)  
(Softly)  
I'm coming home.

Even he isn't sure if he believes it.

ARTHUR leans back, taking a moment to compose himself until the main light flickers and fails, plunging the room into darkness.

Small ambient emergency LED's illuminate parts of the room as 'Power Supply: Failing' pulsates on the screen.

ARTHUR investigates on the computer, a diagram showing low batteries and faulty Solar Panels displays on screen.

He starts typing, trying to reroute the power.

The screen powers off.

## ARTHUR TARP (CONT'D)

Ah.

He makes it over to the window and holds his head to the glass, looking back out to the Colony wreckage, that has propelled the debris in his direction, his focus shifts to the Solar Panels as they release the odd spark.

ARTHUR quickly looks down, seeing his shoelaces start to rise.

Before he can think ARTHUR starts floating up, as the artificial gravity begins to fail.

His hands flail around trying to grab something, anything.

He spins in mid-air, then hits his head on the ceiling.

With the failing power the artificial gravity pulses back, throwing him down.

He looks over to a door emanating a flickering light.

INT. SPACECRAFT - CORRIDOR. DARK.

The emergency lights slowly pulse as ARTHUR stands in the doorway, spotting a space suit at the end of the corridor.

He hurriedly starts to make his way down before he begins floating again, struggling to maintain control of his direction as his fingers glide across the smooth metal walls.

The suit feels so far away.

All he can hold onto are the handles of storage containers which open behind him, spilling their contents as he makes his way through.

Inch by inch, he progresses down.

ARTHUR floats in front of a sea of tools, mugs, torches, scalpels, med-kits, rope, paper etc.

The Artificial Gravity returns in a short burst, pummeling him to the floor.

ARTHUR only manages to compose himself back up before he's floating again.

Instantly, he reaches out for a small handle.

It touches the tips of his fingers, teasing him.

He only manages to slip his little finger in just as the gravity returns - throwing him down with his finger still caught.

**SNAP!**

ARTHUR lets out a cry of pain, retreating his hand and inspecting the damage.

His dislocated finger droops, only connected by saggy skin.

The loose finger begins floating as he realises - his face drops. He begins to take a step forward but before he can do anything, his feet come off the floor.

The momentum of his step spins him, he can't stop.

Everything is out of reach. He can't get a hold of anything, hitting all the debris behind him as he spins back toward the control room.

His flailing hand knocks a floating scalpel toward his leg.

The gravity returns. Throwing him to the floor and impaling his leg on the blade.

ARTHUR shrieks.

Inspecting the damage, he looks down, the scalpel deep in his flesh.

His stomach churns.

He tries to hold it down.

It starts fighting its way up.

His stomach empties, vomiting next to the torch and rope.

He grabs the rope and ties himself into one of the handles which keeps him relatively static as the debris floats up and down with the pulsing gravity.

Deep breath.

The blood around the wound starts to float up before raining down with each gravity pulse.

ARTHUR grasps the scalpel handle.

One.

Two.



Three...

Deep breath.

He pulls the blade out of his leg with a screech.

Hyperventilating ARTHUR tries to calm himself down, clenching his eyes shut... and with that, both the lights and artificial gravity completely fail.

Pitch black.

Only the sound of heavy, pained breathing.

*\*Click\**

The torch illuminates a small patch of the wall in front of ARTHUR, he points it toward the med-kit which floats back the way he came. With his injured leg, he heads for it. Floating there, leaving a small stream of blood marking his path.

Grabbing the med-kit, he unzips it - bandages!

Before he can use them, churning metal makes ARTHUR turn.

Above the suit, the air vent fan grinds to a halt.

The panic is all across his face.

He looks down to the med-kit and then forward to the space suit, no time for both.

ARTHUR peers down at his blue finger, grits his teeth and snaps it back into place, his cry of pain echoes through the dark ship.

His breathing getting harder and harder as he applies pressure to his leg.

ARTHUR throws the unused bandages behind him, scrambling to get to the suit, each breath becomes harder, thinner...

Weaker.

Fainter.

EXT. SPACE - AIR LOCK EXTERIOR. DARK.

The dead motionless ship lays dormant in space.

Only illuminated by a far sun.

No lights.

No heat.

No signs of life.

The emergency maintenance hatch stubbornly etches slightly open, as ARTHUR in the full space suit tries to muster the strength to open it.

He goes for a final push, the hatch swings open, recoiling against the side of the ship and ARTHUR rushes out, only just grabbing the ladder in time to not float away.

Phew.

ARTHUR begins to climb the ladder next to the Air Lock, grabbing every few steps and propelling himself up. Utilising floating to conserve energy.

One hand applies pressure to the wounded leg, the other hand on the ladder.

The top isn't far now.

The ridge, just in reach.

As he goes over the top, he's left speechless.

The beautiful melancholy of the Colony ship debris.

So much loss and pain in front of a view of eternity.

ARTHUR TARP  
(Under his breath)  
My God...

Pause.

The hand putting pressure on his leg weakens.

He takes it all in.

Disbelief, sorrow, guilt all cross his face.

How could you look away?

The sparking Solar Panels steal his attention.

EXT. SPACE - SOLAR PANELS. LIGHT.

ARTHUR pulls the golden visor on his helmet down to protect his eyes from the harsh sun.

Carefully, he double checks he's safely tethered to the ship before leaning back and going to unscrew a panel.

He uses his hand to shield himself from a rogue spark. The panel comes loose and floats off into the abyss revealing the Motherboard to be completely fried, darkened and misshapen.

Tangled wires keep it attached to the ship, some cables splayed, others intact. Carefully detaching the damaged motherboard of the step-down transformer, he lets it float off.

ARTHUR TARP  
(Under his breath)  
Only place to get a replacement  
that isn't running life support  
is...

He glances across the exterior of the ship.

The great expanse.

ARTHUR TARP (CONT'D)  
(Sighs)  
The communications transmitter.

There's a good distance between them.

He holds his carabiner tightly as he leans over to the railing needed to get to the transmitter.

His fingers scraping the rail. It's too far.

ARTHUR TARP (CONT'D)  
Great.

Unclipping the carabiner, he grips the thin railing on the ship as his legs float out.

Jumping over to the new railing makes him lose his grip of the carabiner, he can't catch it before it floats off.

One or two screws zip past him, he doesn't notice.

ARTHUR pulls himself into the railing, making calculated strides forward, one hand always firmly on the ship.

Moving at first slowly but gradually picking up the pace, he still struggles using the hand of his broken finger.

Periodically looking up to see the transmitter, he focuses on the railing, petrified he'll let go.

He shakes his injured hand but pushes on.

Too focused on his hand, ARTHUR misses the larger chunks of debris flying past him.

He has a moment to catch his breath, pushing down on the wound in his leg.

Deep breath, ARTHUR continues, his hand and leg in agony.

Not much further now.

With his back turned to the sun and focusing on a safe journey, he jumps when a small shard of metal embeds itself into the ship right next to him.

ARTHUR TARP (CONT'D)

Shit!

Before he has a chance to turn, his attention is caught when he sees the shadow of a hand coming from behind him.

His head is thrust forward, smacking the ship, as the blue dismembered arm bounces off.

Bringing his hand up, he inspects the glass helmet to check the damage. Luckily, it is unscathed.

Gripping on tightly, another shard flies right past him.

He positions his body to be slightly shielded by the ship, allowing himself a chance to look up.

A sea of corpses, limbs and other body parts float along, people he used to know... love.

Some bodies burnt and damaged, some cut up, few perfectly preserved.

ARTHUR looks on, in awe, fright, and guilt.

After a moment, he turns away, out of shame.

No strength to look them in the eyes.

He holds tight as the graveyard travels by.

Pause.

More debris zips past but ARTHUR's mind is elsewhere.

Beat.

On the railing, his firm grip weakens.

His hand barely touching the metal.

What is keeping ARTHUR from joining them?

Can he do it?

Can he let go?

To join his people. Is it where he belongs?

He sees a gold necklace with a jewel float past, he becomes transfixed.

Completely letting go.

ARTHUR floats.

Staying static, in place.

His hand hovering by the railing.

Mesmerised by the necklace, he thinks of its owner, how he didn't say goodbye.

About to reach out and grab it, a frozen body, in an eternal state of screaming collides with it.

Losing it to the abyss.

Out of instinct ARTHUR grabs the railing tightly, his body desperately fighting to survive.

Looking to the communications transmitter, he's nearly there.

EXT. SPACESHIP - RADIO TRANSMITTER. DARK.

ARTHUR pushes on and makes it to the transmitter which is shielded by the ship from the debris, he's holding on for his life with one arm and beginning to unscrew the panel with the other

The Step-Down Transformer is perfectly intact.

ARTHUR TARP  
(Out of breath)  
Thank god.

He uses his tools to safely loosen it, as he pulls it out the panels smacks his wounded leg.

ARTHUR winces and sees blood floating up around his face in his suit.

While trying to move it away, he accidentally inhales some of it.

Choking, he starts to lose his grip on the railing.

Coughing it up splatters the blood over most of his visor.

ARTHUR TARP (CONT'D)  
(Barely catching his  
breath)  
Fucking hell.

Through touch, he clips the panel to his waist and tries to see the return journey.

POV. Splattered blood, Solar Panels distantly in view, debris scattered, still flying.

He takes a moment to compose himself as more blood floats into his helmet.

ARTHUR starts making his way back, focusing just on his hands with debris going past.

One hand in front of the other.

He passes dents in the metal, the wounds of the ship. Some panels almost coming loose, others ripped in half.

One hand in front of the other.

ARTHUR tries blowing some of the blood in his helmet out of the way. Through a small gap he notices:

Another shadow headed for him, he goes to turn but the debris hits the ship and ricochets, catching his leg, flipping him as another rough shard of metal hits the railing, snapping it and tearing some of it from the ship.

ARTHUR TARP (CONT'D)  
Fuck!

The momentum flings ARTHUR round.

Losing the grip on one of his hands, only his broken fingers keep him attached.

The bones start crunching with the pull.

He cries out in pain.

More blood still filling his helmet.

Only three fingers remain on the railing... and slipping.

Looking up, he sees it headed straight for him. A mass of metal debris and corpses from the colony ship.

Deep breath.

He musters the strength to bring the other hand back up onto the railing.

Debris still zipping past.

Until...

Nothing.

He looks up and just sees the pit of eternity.

Empty Space.

Relief.

After safely repositioning himself, ARTHUR tries to check the step-down transformer but he can't make it out through the bloodied visor.

His helmet now offering more blood than oxygen, an impulsive thought crosses ARTHUR's mind.

He winces.

Starting to suck in the blood around him.

Red blood pooling in his mouth.

His lips seal.

This is it.

**Gulp.**

ARTHUR swallows his blood.

Instantly coughing some up, retching.

After a moment, he doubles down. Swallowing the blood until only the smear remains on the glass.

A pained final gulp and shriek out in pain. So difficult to keep it down.

Clenching his eyes shut, he forces himself to picture the necklace and the person who wore it. Only glimpses of them, the necklace around their neck, they're unidentifiable.

It gives ARTHUR the strength he needs to fight on.

EXT. SPACESHIP - SOLAR PANELS. LIGHT.

He makes his way back to the Solar Panels, seeing that only one of them took the brunt of the damage with the others relatively intact.

ARTHUR pulls the panel round, unclipping it, seeing only slight damage in the corner.

ARTHUR TARP  
(Under breath)  
Please... Please work.

Slotting it into place, it lights up as he solders it in. Relief relaxes his face as he painfully yells with joy before he starts choking again.

INT. SPACECRAFT - CONTROL ROOM. LIGHT.

ARTHUR sits in his boiler suit, looking worse for wear, pale, sweating - almost drunk with delirium.

Intermittently reacting as it stings, he cleans the wound deep in his leg. The picture propped up on the desk looks on.

ARTHUR TARP  
Some of them looked peaceful.  
Others scared.

He starts to wrap the bandage uncomfortably tight, punishing himself.

ARTHUR TARP (CONT'D)  
Seven years I kept them warm, fed.  
Yet, it'll be written off as a  
failure. Because of one moment.  
Like how they're frozen, they  
looked like that for an instant and  
now it's how they'll remain. How  
can one moment define it *all*? One  
little decision?

The blood seeps through the bandage.

ARTHUR TARP (CONT'D)  
Cos the clock keeps going round.  
All this time where they weren't  
**that**. That mistake. Wounds heal,  
why can't that? Why can't we be  
sorry and be done with it?



After a quiet moment to himself, his gurgling stomach pulls his attention away. Taking a deep breath, he limps to the main screen, still flickering to come on.

He holds his pained stomach.

His bandaged fingers type 'FOOD'.

The screen flickers before shutting off.

ARTHUR retreats to a wall for balance. Barely able to remain standing, he slides down to the floor.

After trying to fight it, he passes out.

INT. SPACECRAFT - CONTROL ROOM. LIGHT.

'Connection to Antenna lost. Please Reconfigure.' flashes on the screen, jolting ARTHUR awake. He looks ill, discoloured.

POV. Everything blurry, ARTHUR can't find his focus.

Taking a moment to come to, he grabs his stomach again as it churns.

He struggles to stand, lurching towards storage containers, his hands are slow but with one goal - food. The screen keeps flashing the same message.

ARTHUR TARP  
I know... I know.

He dismisses it and tries searching on the computer.

'Error: Data Invalid' displays on the screen.

ARTHUR TARP (CONT'D)  
(Barely conscious)  
No... No. There has to be...  
Something.

ARTHUR opens containers. Nothing.

INT. SPACECRAFT - CORRIDOR. LIGHT.

The space suit lays abandoned while he scavenges through the mess on the floor. Still Nothing.

INT. SPACECRAFT - TELEPORT BAY. LIGHT.

Checking storage containers. Only tools. No food.

INT. SPACECRAFT - CONTROL ROOM. LIGHT.

ARTHUR tries the keypad of the locked room.

ARTHUR TARP  
3, 2, 9, 6?

It flashes red.

ARTHUR TARP (CONT'D)  
1, 3, 4, 8?

It flashes red again, he goes to slam the wall but in his state just rests his hand against it.

Using his tools, he lacks the strength to pull open the side panel, only angling it open, exposing some wires and computer components.

ARTHUR plugs a keyboard into the circuitry, trying to input data.

Each time the keypad flashes red.

He goes to kick the door.

The paint doesn't even chip.

INT. SPACECRAFT - TELEPORT BAY. LIGHT.

ARTHUR looks out of the window at the expanse of space.

INT. SPACECRAFT - CONTROL ROOM. LIGHT.

He paces back and forth, struggling on his injured leg. Gradually, getting frailer.

ARTHUR looks out of the window to the distant offline communication transmitter. His eyes walk along the journey he'd have to take back out there. He exhales a long painful sigh.

EXT. SPACESHIP. DARK.

The ship floats through the abyss.

INT. SPACECRAFT - TELEPORT BAY. LIGHT.

ARTHUR sits on the receiver, cleaning out the inside of his space suit helmet, putting in clean cloths and pulling them out covered in blood.

He looks over to the picture through the doorway.

Stopping for a moment, he clenches his churning stomach and lets out a cry of pain. Dropping the space suit, he lays down on the receiver tray.

Hold.

ARTHUR TARP  
Someone. That's all I need.

His brain starts to kick into gear, his hand caresses the headrest of the receiver tray.

ARTHUR TARP (CONT'D)  
Someone.

He gets an idea.

ARTHUR staggers to his tools.

The screen reads 'No Signal' behind him as he starts unscrewing the side of the teleport tray and tinkering with the electric inside.

He starts to unplug a separate system to the mainframe of the Teleport Receiver.

INT. SPACECRAFT - CORRIDOR. LIGHT.

ARTHUR grabs different tools and computer components.

INT. SPACECRAFT - CONTROL ROOM. LIGHT.

The picture watches on as he takes different materials, resources, and tools between the rooms.

INT. SPACECRAFT - TELEPORT BAY. LIGHT.

Sparks zip past him as ARTHUR unsolders different components from the motherboard. He limps up to the screen and bypasses the Operating System, entering the BIOS settings.

ARTHUR TARP  
 (Under his breath)  
 What if I...?

After playing with some settings, the whole room powers down into darkness.

ARTHUR TARP (CONT'D)  
 Shit.

INT. SPACECRAFT - TELEPORT BAY. LIGHT.

Time has passed. ARTHUR is more gaunt as he sweats his body away. He navigates through a few more settings before he begins recoding the software.

It beeps at him.

ARTHUR TARP  
 (Under his breath)  
 Sorry.

The screen displays 'Remove Fail-safe?' ARTHUR clicks 'CONFIRM'. Almost falling on the floor, he ejects an SSD.

ARTHUR presses enter on the computer, a progress bar thinks about it, until displaying a number of documents named variations of '<2146.235667./£%.917>' with most showing '-0kb' next to it.

ARTHUR TARP (CONT'D)  
 Empty...?

He messes around with the code in the document '<4892.943276.4961./:\$.739\_corrupt> - 10,000TB'.

ARTHUR slams enter on it again.

He waits for the progress bar.

'Document confirmed: Printing in Progress'.

With his remaining energy ARTHUR celebrates, semi-jumping with joy, bracing for his injured leg.

One of the receiver trays sputters to life as it begins to work.

INT. SPACECRAFT - CONTROL ROOM. LIGHT.

ARTHUR celebrates around the room before stopping to catch his breath.

He nearly loses his balance as his stomach twists again.

Worse than before.

Hold on the pain.

ARTHUR screams from his gut, clenching his stomach.

After composing himself, he slowly limps over, leaning on the wall for support.

INT. SPACECRAFT - TELEPORT BAY. LIGHT.

We stay on ARTHUR's reaction as he walks in through the door.

Surprise? Bemusement? Shock?

He stumbles back.

ARTHUR tries to speak but is at a loss for words.

On top of the teleport tray sits a rough copy of ARTHUR TARP, not quite as perfect as before.

His glasses off kilter - the metal puncturing his skin.

Finger nails sticking out of his neck.

Teeth fused to the back of his hands.

His pale eyes rolled back.

Hair growing from his agape mouth.

ARTHUR looks down at it, shocked.

The COPY lays with his boiler suit open, stitched into his arms. His white vest exposed.

ARTHUR stares.

Beat.

Gradually, from underneath, blood seeps on small spots of the vest before it soaks through all the fabric.

Alarmed, ARTHUR jolts forward and slowly pulls his hand over the vest.

It peels back, slimy - moist.

ARTHUR looks away and heaves.

The COPY lays with blood, guts, limbs, flesh, and muscles exposed.

ARTHUR's gaze gets pulled back in.

Horror.

Disgust.

Remorse, crosses his face.

It's won over by the desperation of one emotion.

**Hunger.**

His shaking hand hovers above the raw flesh.

ARTHUR's fingers clasp shut, taking a large handful.

It hovers in front of his face.

Shaking.

He fills his mouth.

His eyes close as he begins to chew.

Everything slows.

Every bite, excruciating.

It chews to mulch.

His body at first refusing to swallow - rejecting itself.

ARTHUR's whole body contorts as he tries to build the strength.

It goes down.

His hands return for more, never still, always after more.  
The squelching drowns out as the string score fills our ears.

ARTHUR's expression still fails to catch up with him, relief at a warm meal is all that is on his mind.

Blood smears across his face as chunks of meat fall out.

His mouth unable to keep up with his hands.

ARTHUR eats, gorges for uncomfortably long.

The primal hunger never satisfied.

He grabs another handful which pushes the fabric to one side and reveals an off-rhythm, struggling to beat, heart.

The music drowns out.

**Pained breathing can be heard.**

ARTHUR looks over in shock.

Only now does his expression catch up with him as he spits out the raw meat and drops the contents of his hands.

The COPY's pale eyes come to as he looks at ARTHUR and then down to himself.

His lungs inflate before it's expelled in a guttural, painful scream.

ARTHUR steps back.

His eyes locked on the COPY.

Hold.

After using all the air in them, the lungs rapidly re-inflate.

Pushing through a constant cycle of pain.

INT. SPACECRAFT - CONTROL ROOM. LIGHT.

ARTHUR stumbles in, still hearing the now echoed screams.

He begins retching, like a dog, nothing comes... at first.

Emptying his stomach on the floor, it never seems to stop.

Using the wall to support himself as his legs fail.

ARTHUR retreats back to the corner, covering his ears - sobbing.

ARTHUR still hears it, so lets out a deep guttural yell to drown out the sound.

EXT. SPACESHIP. DARK.

The screams fade out to the emptiness of space.

INT. SPACECRAFT - CONTROL ROOM. DARK.

ARTHUR is curled by the window, vacant, time has passed.

Looking up he notices... the silence.

He is alone again.

Hold.

ARTHUR TARP

I wanted something to hit me, out there. Throw me back... Take the choice away... But my arm just swung round and held tight. Didn't even feel like it was me doing it. Like something else took over. Why fight it?

Pause.

He slowly stands, struggling to his feet. Looking down, his leg is seeping blood again.

ARTHUR walks over and looks into the TELEPORT BAY through the window in the door. Torturing himself.

ARTHUR TARP (CONT'D)

It would be too easy to walk in, that's all I'd need to do. Walk in. My mouth would do the rest.

His hand hovers over the button to open the door.

ARTHUR TARP (CONT'D)

And then it's all fine. It's all fixed. Your little boy can come home.

He moves his hand away from the button and lays it against the door.

ARTHUR TARP (CONT'D)

If only.

His eyes struggle to move on as he stumbles away.

ARTHUR TARP (CONT'D)

My times up, I'm not just mourning them. Mourning myself. They just all beat me to it.

(Yelling)

I'll get there! You'll have your time with me soon!

(MORE)



ARTHUR TARP (CONT'D)  
(Quiet)  
But I'm not there yet.

CU. The spinning air vent fans.

ARTHUR's nose twitches.

ARTHUR TARP (CONT'D)  
Oh God.

He turns and gags... retching again.

INT. SPACECRAFT - TELEPORT BAY. LIGHT.

ARTHUR enters with a cloth covering his mouth and nose. Two large containers fill his hands as he hesitantly steps closer to the COPY.

His eyes both seemingly transfixed and simultaneously never looking at him.

After a moment to compose himself, ARTHUR starts to fill the COPY into one of the containers.

Some runs off the side whereas most slops inside. His ribs need to be snapped to fit.

With one container full, he clips the lid shut and looks back at the COPY whose eyes are rolled back and mouth wide.

ARTHUR has an idea, his face shows that he hates it.

He readjusts his own smashed pair of glasses as he leans in and tries to take the ones from the COPY. At first there is a little give and it comes forward before his whole head moves - the metal is fused to the bone.

ARTHUR looks away as he picks up the other container and with that sees the COPY's picture of the woman.

Some of the image printed on their skin like a tattoo, only a small part of the paper is exposed.

ARTHUR sobs.

INT. SPACECRAFT - CORRIDOR. LIGHT.

ARTHUR, with tears in his eyes, sits by the airlock behind the two containers.

Just looking at them.

After a moment, he stands next to them and seals himself inside the airlock.

He types on the keyboard as the screen displays 'Decompress Airlock?'

He takes a moment.

Can he?

He hits enter.

Red lights start flashing as an alarm blares.

COMPUTER  
Air Lock Evacuation Imminent.  
Decompression in: 10, 9, 8,

ARTHUR closes his eyes and outstretches his arms.

COMPUTER (CONT'D)  
7, 6, 5, 4...

His hand hovers above, before slamming the large red button next to him.

A moment of silence.

COMPUTER (CONT'D)  
Sequence Cancelled.

A sigh of relief.

ARTHUR takes a deep breath, tears streaming down his face.

ARTHUR TARP  
FUUUUCK! WHY FIGHT IT?!

He falls to the floor.

ARTHUR TARP (CONT'D)  
(Softly)  
Why fight it?

Pause.

ARTHUR TARP (CONT'D)  
No... No, No. Not like this. It  
**should** be that easy, I should've  
been able to walk into that room  
and feast.

ARTHUR stands up and exits the airlock, back into the ship.

After getting out, he seals it behind him and re-initiates the launch procedure.

COMPUTER  
Air Lock Evacuation Imminent.  
Decompression in: 10, 9, 8,

INT. SPACECRAFT - CONTROL ROOM. LIGHT.

ARTHUR walks through, determined.

COMPUTER  
(Echoed)  
7, 6, 5, 4, 3,

INT. SPACECRAFT - TELEPORT BAY. LIGHT.

Right away he's straight at the keyboard, fixing the code.

COMPUTER  
(Echoed)  
2, 1.

The distant sound of the Air Lock emptying cuts through the air in the ship.

ARTHUR doesn't react.

He continues typing.

The screen displays 'Reroute Power?'

ARTHUR confirms it and continues coding.

Finally, he takes a step back.

ARTHUR presses enter.

EXT. SPACESHIP. DARK.

The Ship sits in front of eternity.

INT. SPACECRAFT - CONTROL ROOM. LIGHT.

He sits, cleaning out the rest of the space suit, the scalpel lays next to him.

ARTHUR TARP  
Never thought I'd say this, but I  
miss your cooking.  
(MORE)

ARTHUR TARP (CONT'D)

(chuckles)

Even if it was burnt half the time and inedible the rest. It made me feel at home, in a strange way. At least it wasn't...

He looks over to the door.

ARTHUR TARP (CONT'D)

Mum? Heard the news? I'm not you're only son! Ha! Surprise!

He takes a moment, digesting what he just said.

ARTHUR TARP (CONT'D)

I know you said you always wanted me to have a sibling and well... I used to hate that, the idea of sharing you. You were the hardest thing to leave behind. I loathed you for so, so long for staying... Why didn't you come with me?

A moment of silence, as if waiting for a response.

ARTHUR TARP (CONT'D)

He should be ready now.

ARTHUR stands, clenching his painful stomach, taking the scalpel with him. As ARTHUR walks past the locked door for 'Containment Room B'.

Hesitantly, he approaches the Teleport Bay.

Looking through the window on the door, he smiles.

INT. SPACECRAFT - TELEPORT BAY. LIGHT.

ARTHUR walks in and looks down at a perfect copy of himself.

ART - late 40s, impeccable glasses, clean Boiler suit and tidy hair - lays unconscious.

Each breath is clear. Perfect.

ARTHUR extends his arm out, the blade inches from ART's stomach.

ARTHUR's eyes begin to water.

Can he do it?

ART's eyes are closed, innocent, his breathing steady.

Hatred runs across ARTHUR's face, he moves the blade up to ART's clean shaven neck.

The blade tickles the pulsating vein with each heartbeat.

ARTHUR moves it closer, the blade touches ART's skin - not yet puncturing.

ARTHUR's stomach groans.

He wants to.

With his other hand, ARTHUR pulls the picture of his MOTHER out of ART's pocket and falls to tears.

Pulling it back and dropping the blade - it rattles on the floor.

ARTHUR holds the picture tightly to his chest before dropping it and laying down next to ART.

By grabbing ART's sleeves, he wraps his unconscious arms around himself and sobs.

Pause.

ARTHUR TARP  
(Through the tears)  
Please... Help me.

Hold.

FADE TO BLACK.