

Space Predator

A ChatFlix Productions Screenplay

FADE IN

INT. STARSHIP "LYRA" - BRIDGE - DEEP SPACE

A sleek, sterile bridge. Red lights flicker. A faint beep echoes. The vastness of space looms through the viewport.

COMMANDER RAE KIM (38, Korean, no-nonsense, battle-hardened, gay) stands over a control panel, glaring at the readings.

Beside her, DR. SANDRA MOREAU (45, Black, composed, pragmatic, scientist, also gay) adjusts her glasses, scanning a holographic projection of a strange wormlike alien organism, pulsating in eerie slow motion.

ENSIGN NOVA REYES (26, Latina, nervous, eager to please, gay, obviously) fidgets at her console.

MECHANIC ZOË HENDERSON (30, White, trans, grease-stained overalls) leans against a bulkhead, arms crossed.

LIEUTENANT YUKI TANAKA (32, Japanese, non-binary, logical, but secretly terrified) stands at the radar station, watching a faint motion blip near the ship.

A tense silence. Then—

YUKI

It's moving.

The others snap to attention. Rae steps forward.

RAE

Confirm that.

Yuki taps a few keys. The blip shudders, then disappears.

YUKI

Gone. But it was there. I swear.

Dr. Moreau exhales sharply.

SANDRA

That thing... it shouldn't be capable of movement at this stage.

ZOË

No offense, Doc, but maybe your research is wrong.

Sandra narrows her eyes but says nothing.

RAE

We're locking the lab down. No one touches the specimen until we know exactly what we're dealing with.

A beat. The tension thickens. Then—

A deep, wet THUD echoes from the ship's underbelly.

NOVA

What the hell was that?

A second THUD. Heavier. Closer.

SANDRA

It's inside. We're unprotected.

INT. STARSHIP "LYRA" - CORRIDOR - MINUTES LATER

Dim overhead lights flicker. The corridor is eerily silent except for the low hum of life support systems.

Nova grips a pulse rifle too tightly. Zoë walks ahead, a wrench in hand. Rae brings up the rear, gun drawn.

NOVA

If it was in the lab, how'd it come out?

ZOË

Maybe it never needed to "come out."

She gestures to the vents overhead. The implication sends a chill through them.

A sudden SCRATCHING sound behind them. They spin—

Nothing.

Then—

A SHADOW MOVES.

Fast. Too fast. A flash of translucent, sinewy mass disappears into the darkness.

NOVA

Did you see that?

A BEAT of silence. Then—

BAM!

Something SLAMS into Nova from above. She SCREAMS as a long, bone-white appendage—slick, veined, patches of wiry hair, and unnaturally flexible—PULLS HER INTO THE VENT.

The others barely react before BLOOD RAINS DOWN.

Zoë backs away, trembling, wrench raised in defence.

ZOË

Fuck this.

Sandra watches the dripping ceiling vent, breath shallow.

RAE

We have to move.

Zoë shakes her head, her breaths coming ragged.

ZOË

No. No way. That thing—

SANDRA

It's hunting. It's in its nature.

A wet, guttural CLICKING noise echoes down the corridor.

The thing is close.

RAE

Run.

They BOLT.

INT. STARSHIP "LYRA" - ENGINE ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The door slams shut, locking them inside.

Zoë panting, grips a metal pipe like a weapon.

Sandra scans a terminal, searching for ship-wide surveillance.

SANDRA

We need to flush it out of the vents. If we reroute—

BAM! BAM!

DENTS FORM ON THE DOOR.

Zoë SCREAMS, backing away.

SANDRA (CONT'D)
Pressure lock-NOW!

Rae SLAMS the control panel-

The door SEALS, cutting off the creature.

Silence. Only their ragged breathing.

Then-

A DRIP.

They look up.

From the ceiling vent, viscous white fluid leaks down.

Zoë whimpers.

Then-

THE VENT BURSTS OPEN.

The thing lunges down, coils around Zoë like a snake.

She SCREAMS as it YANKS HER UPWARD, her body vanishing into the dark.

Blood SPATTERS the floor.

Sandra and Rae stand frozen. Then-

A THUD.

Zoë's severed arm drops to the ground.

Rae and Sandra lock eyes.

INT. STARSHIP "LYRA" - BRIDGE - FINAL SHOWDOWN

Rae and Sandra barricade the door.

SANDRA
We have to vent the ship.

RAE
That'll kill us too.

Sandra thinks fast, her gaze darting to the escape pod controls.

SANDRA
One of us stays. The other ejects.

Rae's jaw tightens.

Then—

A LOUD SCREECH from outside. The thing is near.

Sandra nods to herself, stepping toward the controls.

RAE

Sandra—

But Sandra shoves Rae backward, slamming the emergency override.

The airlocks disengage.

A deafening ROAR of escaping air—Sandra grabs hold of the console as the vacuum PULLS everything toward the gaping void.

Through the chaos—

SANDRA

(totally empowered)

Get away from her, you BASTARD!

THE CREATURE APPEARS—a grotesque, phallic nightmare, skin translucent, veins pulsing, liquid oozing from its head.

Sandra lets go— She and the creature are sucked into space.

Rae, clutching onto the pod lever, pulls herself inside, slamming the eject button just as the ship is torn apart.

EXT. DEEP SPACE - ESCAPE POD

Rae, bloodied, breathless, watches through the viewport as the Lyra drifts into darkness.

She is alone.

Then—

A SHADOW MOVES in the pod.

Rae freezes.

A faint, wet clicking sound echoes behind her.

Her eyes widen.

FADE OUT.