

FINAL LIMIT

MURAD SAĞDIÇ

SETTING: IN SPACE YEAR 2130

CHARACTERS:

CAPTAIN ELIAS VOSS: determined, anxious, sometimes impulsive, leader, self-reliant, stubborn

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DR. ORION KADE: calm, detached, philosophical, often seems unconcerned about the impending danger, embracing the unknown with a sense of acceptance and curiosity

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SCENE 1

(A dimly lit spaceship interior. Flickering lights. The hum of the ship's failing systems echoes through the metal walls. A faint alarm beeps intermittently before fading into silence. Captain Elias Voss is hunched over the control panel, pressing buttons frantically. Dr. Orion Kade sits in the corner, observing him with an eerie calmness.)

ELIAS: Come on... respond!

ORION: **(Smirks)** Who are you even calling, Captain?

ELIAS: **(Frustrated)** We haven't tried everything yet! The navigation might be locked, but communication channels should still be active!

ORION: *(Leaning back)* They're not. And even if they were... who do you think would answer? Earth? Mission Control? *(Pauses)* Face it, Elias. This is our world now.

ELIAS: *(Presses hands against the control panel, voice shaking)* We spent years reaching this point... This could've been humanity's greatest discovery. But now... now we know nothing.

ORION: *(Sighs)* No. I think we know everything we need to. We understand now—we don't belong here.

ELIAS: **(Turns sharply)** What are you saying?

ORION: **(Slowly rises)** We were not invited. And something—or someone—is making sure we feel that.

(A sudden, blinding white light floods the room. A low, resonant hum vibrates through the ship. Elias gasps, stepping back.)

ELIAS: (Whispers) Did you feel that?

ORION: (Closing his eyes) It's here.

ELIAS: (Frantically typing) No connection... Why is this happening? We've come too far for this to be the end.

ORION: (Calmly) Maybe it's not the end. Maybe it's just the beginning of something else.

ELIAS: (Furiously) Don't talk like that! We've worked our entire lives to be here. We can't just give up!

ORION: (Pauses) Who said anything about giving up? I'm just trying to understand, Elias. We don't know what we're dealing with.

ELIAS: (Nods slowly) I know. I know. But if we don't act now, we may never get another chance.

ORION: (Eyes narrowing) To do what? Save ourselves? Or discover the truth?

(A deep rumble shakes the room. The lights flicker again, and a low, malevolent whisper seems to echo through the walls.)

ELIAS: (Whispers) What is that?

ORION: (Stands, walking towards the window) The ship is trying to tell us something. But we're not listening.

ELIAS: (Desperate) I don't care about the ship! I care about us!

ORION: (Turning slowly) That's the problem, Elias. You care too much about yourself. You've always been selfish.

ELIAS: (Stung) Selfish? How dare you—

ORION: (Cutting him off) You're not the only one who's afraid, Elias. We're all afraid. But fear is not the answer.

ELIAS: (Shaking) I just want to survive. I don't want to die here.

ORION: (Calmly) I don't think we're going to die here. I think we're going to change.

(There is a long silence. The hum in the walls intensifies.)

ELIAS: (Whispers) Change...

ORION: (Gently) It's not just the ship that's in flux, Elias. It's us. Everything we know... is being rewritten.

(The light grows brighter, more overwhelming. The ship shakes again, this time more violently.)

ELIAS: (Grabbing Orion's arm) We need to act. Now.

ORION: (Looking into Elias's eyes) And what will you do?

ELIAS: (Determined) Anything. I'll do anything to get out of here.

ORION: (Shakes head) That's the problem, Elias. You don't understand. There's no 'out' anymore.

(The room begins to tremble. The lights flicker more violently, and the humming sound rises to a deafening roar. Elias steps back, realizing the gravity of the situation.)

ELIAS: (Panic in his voice) What... What are you saying?

ORION: (Smiling faintly) We are not going back. We are the next step.

ELIAS: (Wide-eyed) The next... step?

ORION: (Nods) We've been chosen.

(The lights pulse, blinding them for a moment. The ship's systems shut down entirely, leaving them in complete darkness. The final hum echoes in their ears as the screen goes black.)

SCENE 2

(The ship shakes violently. The emergency lights flicker. Elias grips the console, his breathing erratic.)

ELIAS: **(Muttering)** No. No, no, no.

ORION: **(Calmly, watching him)** It's happening, isn't it?

ELIAS: **(Snapping)** Shut up.

(Suddenly, the ship morphs, dissolving into a memory—a bright, sterile simulation room. Elias, younger, stands in a pilot suit, surrounded by military commanders and a digital screen flashing "MISSION FAILURE.")

GENERAL PRICE: **(Coldly)** Do you know why you failed, Captain Voss?

YOUNG ELIAS: **(Fuming)** The system glitched. The AI didn't respond to my manual override.

GENERAL PRICE: **(Shakes head)** No. You failed because you refused to accept the loss. You kept fighting for control long after it was gone.

YOUNG ELIAS: **(Gritting teeth)** That's my job, sir. To keep fighting.

GENERAL PRICE: **(Leaning in)** No, Captain. Your job is to know when to stop.

(The flashback fractures—back to the ship. Elias gasps, shaken.)

ORION: **(Smirking)** Let me guess. You kept fighting when you shouldn't have?

ELIAS: **(Darkly)** I don't stop. Ever.

ORION: **(Softly)** That's why you're afraid. Because you know, this time... you can't win.

(Silence. The ship groans, reality warping slightly.)

SCENE 3

(stands at the viewport, his reflection staring back at him. The ship shimmers, pulling him into a memory. A burning space station. Young Orion (age 9) sits in an escape pod, watching his family trapped behind thick glass. His mother speaks over the radio.)

MOTHER: Orion... sweetie, you have to listen to me.

YOUNG ORION: **(Pounding on glass)** Open the door! We can all fit!

MOTHER: **(Tearful)** It's locked. There's no time.

YOUNG ORION: **(Desperate)** Then break it! I—I'll—

MOTHER: **(Softly)** Sometimes... we don't get to escape.

YOUNG ORION: **(Crying)** Please—

MOTHER: **(Firmly)** Live, Orion. Live, even if we don't.

(The emergency override triggers. The pod ejects, sending Orion spiraling into space as his family vanishes into fire. The last thing he sees: his mother's hand on the glass, unmoving.)

(The flashback ends. Orion exhales shakily. Elias is watching him.)

ELIAS: **(Flatly)** That's why you think survival doesn't matter.

ORION: **(Soft smile)** I learned early that sometimes, you don't get to be the one who makes it out.

ELIAS: **(Harsh)** That's a coward's excuse.

ORION: **(Darkly)** No. That's the truth. You just can't stand it.

(Silence. The ship shudders, something watching them.)

SCENE 4

(The navigation system reboots. A warning flashes: COORDINATES LOCKED. NO OVERRIDE.)

ELIAS: (Frantic) It's setting a course! It's locking us in!

ORION: (Calm) We were never supposed to return.

ELIAS: (Turns, furious) You knew, didn't you?!

ORION: **(Shrugs)** I suspected.

ELIAS: **(Voice rising)** And you said nothing?!

ORION: **(Firm)** What would you have done, Elias? Run? Bargain? Shoot in the dark until it shoots back?

ELIAS: **(Shaking)** We were sent to explore, not to—

ORION: **(Interrupting)** Not to accept. That's what you really can't stand.

ELIAS: **(Angry)** You don't just accept death! You fight!

ORION: **(Coldly)** Like your father did?

(A deep silence. Elias goes rigid.)

ELIAS: **(Quietly)** What did you just say?

ORION: **(Measured)** Your father died trying to outmaneuver something he never understood. Just like you're doing now.

ELIAS: **(Growls)** Shut up.

ORION: **(Smirks)** He didn't stop either, did he? Just like you.

(Elias lunges at Orion, slamming him into the metal wall.)

ELIAS: **(Snarling)** You don't get to talk about him.

ORION: **(Breathless)** Why? Because he promised he'd come back?

(Elias' grip tightens. His hands are shaking. He wants to hit Orion, but something stops him.)

ORION: **(Softly)** You know I'm right.

(Elias lets go, stepping back, breathing hard. The ship rumbles, as if responding to the tension.)

SCENE 5

(The ship groans under the pressure of an unseen force. The hum of the unknown entity grows deafening, almost as if it's... waiting.)

ELIAS: **(Frantically typing commands)** There has to be a way to override this!

ORION: **(Calmly)** There isn't.

ELIAS: **(Snapping)** Don't give me that fatalistic bullshit, Orion! You just want to believe we have no choice!

ORION: **(Evenly)** And you just want to believe we do.

(The navigation screen glitches—flashes of something incomprehensible appear for a split second: shapes that are almost words, a structure that is almost meaning. The ship is being spoken to.)

ELIAS: **(Backing away)** What... What is it saying?

ORION: **(Watching the screen, fascinated)** I think it's asking a question.

ELIAS: **(Scoffs)** A question?!

ORION: **(Quietly)** "Do you surrender?"

(Silence. ELIAS stares at the screen, then at Orion.)

ELIAS: **(Firmly)** No. We don't.

ORION: **(Sighs)** There it is. The great Elias Voss. The man who never stops fighting, even when he's already lost.

ELIAS: **(Coldly)** And you? The great Orion Vale. The man who gives up before he even tries.

(Tension thickens. The entity's hum shifts in tone, reacting to them.)

ORION: **(Softly)** I learned young that survival is a privilege, not a right.

ELIAS: **(Glaring)** And I learned that survival is a choice.

(Elias grips the manual override, a final desperate attempt to wrestle control. Suddenly—FLASHBACK.)

SCENE 6

(A battered spaceship—one much like the one they are in now. A distress beacon flashing red. Young Elias (age 12) sits frozen in front of a communication screen, his father's voice crackling through the static.)

FATHER: **(Breathing heavily)** Listen to me, son. They told me to abort. They told me it was over.

YOUNG ELIAS: **(Crying)** Then stop! Just come home!

FATHER: **(Smiles weakly)** You know I can't do that.

YOUNG ELIAS: **(Screaming)** WHY?!

FATHER: **(Quietly)** Because I have to try.

(The signal cuts out. Static. The last transmission of Captain Voss.)

(The flashback fractures. Back in the present—Elias grips the override, trembling.)

ELIAS: **(Whispering)** I have to try.

ORION: **(Softly)** And that's what will kill you.

SCENE 7

(A space station engulfed in fire. Young Orion is pressed against the escape pod window, screaming.)

MOTHER: **(Over the radio)** Orion, honey, listen to me.

YOUNG ORION: **(Crying)** No! Open the door!

MOTHER: **(Softly)** Sometimes... you don't get to be the one who wins.

YOUNG ORION: **(Pounding the glass)** I won't leave you!

MOTHER: **(Tears in her voice)** I know. That's why I have to leave you first.

(The ejection sequence activates. The pod fires into space, ripping Orion away from the station. He watches his mother disappear. The silence is absolute.)

(Flashback shatters. Back in the present—Orion exhales, shaking.)

ORION: *(Softly)* I know when to let go.

SCENE 8

(The ship's systems lock. The screen displays a simple prompt: ACCEPT? Y / N. The entity is waiting.)

ELIAS: **(Looking at Orion)** We don't have to do this.

ORION: **(Nods)** No. You don't have to.

(Beat. Elias' hands shake over the controls. He looks at the flashing cursor. He can press N. He can fight. Just like his father.)

ORION: **(Softly)** You're not your father, Elias.

(Elias' breath catches. His father's last words echo in his head: "Because I have to try." But for the first time, doubt creeps in. Maybe trying isn't always the answer.)

(The ship trembles—time is running out.)

ELIAS: (Whispers) I can't.

ORION: (Nods) Then let me.

(Orion presses Y. Silence. The ship stops trembling. The hum fades. The universe seems to inhale. Then—everything goes white.)

SCENE 9

(ELIAS wakes up in pure nothingness. No ship. No Orion. Just silence.)

ELIAS: (Whispers) Orion?

(No answer. Then—a voice. Not words, but something deeper. Understanding.)

ENTITY: You do not need to fight anymore.

(Elias swallows hard. The weight of an entire lifetime lifts from his shoulders.)

ELIAS: (Softly) ...I know.

SCENE 10

(The scene shifts. We are no longer aboard the ship. Instead, we are in Mission Control on Earth. A dimly lit command center—dusty screens, old terminals, a place abandoned long ago. A single technician, DR. REYES, sits alone, drinking cold coffee. The place is quiet. The Orion-Elias Expedition has been officially declared lost. Years have passed since their last transmission. Then—a sudden alert. A faint, crackling signal appears on one of the old screens. Dr. Reyes sits up, nearly dropping her cup.)

DR. REYES: (Muttering) What the hell?

(She types rapidly. The distorted transmission clears—a garbled voice, breaking through layers of interference. The words are barely recognizable at first, but then—clear, steady, deliberate.)

ELIAS (V.O.): We were wrong about the void.

(Dr. Reyes' breath catches. The room fills with static, as if something immense is just beyond the transmission.)

ELIAS (V.O.): It isn't empty. It never was.

(The screen glitches—a flash of coordinates, shifting symbols, something not quite human but not quite alien either. A new kind of language.)

(Then—a second voice. Calm. Familiar. It's Orion.)

ORION (V.O.): Don't look for us. We are not lost.

(A long pause. Dr. Reyes, wide-eyed, shakes her head.)

DR. REYES: (Whispers) No way...

(The signal intensifies, filling the room with an almost musical hum—something between a whisper and a pulse. Then—one final phrase appears on the screen, written in a language never seen before. Dr. Reyes stares at it, her hands trembling. The audience never sees what it says. Only her reaction—pure, wordless awe. Then—the signal ends. The screen goes black. The final transmission echoes into infinity.)

[FADE TO BLACK.]

SCENE 11

*(A white void, stretching into infinity. Elias and Orion stand in the nothingness, their bodies flickering, unstable—half-human, half-energy. They are caught between existence and something else. **The entity—the presence—surrounds them, but it does not attack. It does not control. It simply waits.**)*

ORION: (Looking around, in awe) I feel... light. But heavy. Expanding. Contracting. Both at once.

ELIAS: (Breathing hard, trying to stay grounded) It's pulling at us. But it's not forcing anything. It's... inviting.

(A deep hum vibrates through the void. It is not sound, but it is felt. A message without words.)

ENTITY: *Do you wish to remain? Or do you wish to know?*

(Silence. The weight of the question hangs heavy. Elias and Orion exchange glances.)

ELIAS: (Steeling himself) I want to understand.

ORION: (Softly) I don't know if we can handle understanding.

(The entity shifts—not visibly, but in a way that can be felt. The void trembles.)

SCENE 12

(Flashes of memories break through the void—Elias and Orion's lives, their past pains, their lost loved ones. Elias sees his father's final moments—his desperate need to fight. Orion sees his mother's last words—her acceptance of inevitability.)

ELIAS: (Whispers) This is who we are.

ORION: (Shaking his head) No. This is who we were.

(A beat. Elias clenches his fists, looking at Orion, struggling.)

ELIAS: (Voice breaking) What if we lose ourselves?

ORION: (Quietly) What if we've already lost?

(ELIAS looks down, breathing heavily. The void around them pulses. The entity is waiting for an answer. Elias lifts his head—his eyes filled with pain, but also something else. Understanding. Acceptance. The emotions don't vanish—but they no longer control him.)

ELIAS: (Softly) We become.

(Orion studies him for a long moment, then nods. They turn toward the presence. The void pulses, recognizing their decision. The moment they accept, their forms shift—their bodies dissolve into light, into code, into something beyond physical existence. They are no longer human. They are something else. Something more.)

SCENE 12

(Earth. Mission Control. Dr. Reyes sits in the dimly lit room, her fingers hovering over an ancient keyboard. The world has moved on—Elias and Orion's mission was considered a failure years ago.)

(Then—the terminal flickers to life. A transmission comes through, weak but steady. Dr. Reyes sits up, her pulse quickening.)

DR. REYES: (Muttering) No... that's impossible.

(She types frantically, decoding the signal. The words appear, line by line, on her screen: "We are beyond flesh. Beyond time. We are not lost. We are not dead. We are the bridge. The first. The beginning of something new." Dr. Reyes stares at the screen, her breath shallow.)

DR. REYES: (Softly) My god...

(The transmission shifts. A sequence of symbols—not human language, but something close—flashes across the screen.)

(Then, the final words appear: "When you are ready, follow." Dr. Reyes slowly stands, staring at the screen, realization dawning on her face. The camera pulls back—Mission Control is no longer abandoned. The world is watching. Scientists, engineers, leaders—all drawn to the impossible message from the void. A long pause. Then—the screen goes dark. The last transmission is complete. The stars outside twinkle. Somewhere, out in the vast unknown, Elias and Orion are waiting.)

[FADE TO BLACK.]