



Written by
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A bloody carcass.

FEEDING AREA

A dead animal of some kind. The size of a moose. Skinless.

Being dragged across a metal floor.

Leaving a red smear.

A violin swells into the opening bars of "What a Wonderful World" by Louis Armstrong as we see that the carcass is CHAINED to one of those utility GOLF CARTS.

At the wheel is CHARLIE (24). A wiry boy in a navy jumpsuit. Hair sticking up. Lifeless eyes.

How he ended up here is anyone's guess, but what's clear is life has beaten the absolute hell out of him.

He stops the cart and unhooks the carcass. Tosses the chain onto the passenger seat.

Drives over to a control panel on the wall.

Enters a command.

An iron gate closes behind him.

He leans back in the cart.

Notices a CHUNK OF FLESH hanging off the chain. Tugs it free.

Starts eating it.

Behind Charlie, an EIGHTY-FOOT LONG SQUID-LIKE MONSTER slithers into the feeding area. It attacks the carcass with TENTACLES, FANGS and POISONOUS SUCKERS.

Ripping it to shreds like it's a chicken nugget.

As Charlie eats, indifferent to the unspeakable violence behind him, we PULL OUT through a small porthole to reveal --

He's on a **MENACING SHIP** in the middle of deep space.

Dark, soulless and weaponized. The size of a city. Made of rock and iron. If Mordor and the Death Star had a baby, it still wouldn't be as scary as this place.

A massive engine of intergalactic evil.

As the music fades into the ROAR of the TURBINES, we SMASH TO --

ARMORY

Charlie scrubs BLOODY WEAPONS along with a hundred other PRISONERS. Mostly human, some creatures. All in those navy jumpsuits.

CHARLIE (V.O.)
Lately, I feel like things have
been getting worse.

Charlie pulls a SPEAR out of his tray. There's a HEART, a FOOT and an EAR stuck on it. A human shish kebab. He closes his eyes and tries to peel them off. They're not budging.

CHARLIE (V.O.)
I ended up here like everyone else.

EXT. SUBURBS - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Charlie grabs a package from the back of an Amazon van. Scans it. Carries it up a driveway towards a woman on her porch.

CHARLIE (V.O.)
My home world was raided.

A BLAST OF LIGHT comes from the sky and obliterates the house and the woman. Charlie's holding out the package to a smoldering crater in the ground.

BAM! BAM! BAM! Blasts of light take out the houses around Charlie. He drops the package and runs for his van. A blast decimates his van, too.

CHARLIE (V.O.)
In less than an hour, all the
people I loved were either killed
or enslaved.

CHARLIE'S CELL (BACK TO PRESENT)

Charlie's asleep on a metal cot in a 6x8 wrought iron box.

(Since we're not leaving this ship unless noted, you can forget day/night, interior/exterior. Welcome to Charlie's world.)

A SIREN blares him awake. He grabs a SCREW. Scratches a notch on the wall next to him.

CHARLIE (V.O.)
I guess I should be grateful I've
lasted this long.

He pulls himself out of his cot. We see that his room is covered in hundreds of notches. The floor, the walls, the ceiling.

CHARLIE (V.O.)
Others haven't been as fortunate.

He pulls on his jumpsuit. There's a bloody hole blasted right through the stomach. Someone was murdered in this.

BARRACKS

Charlie, wearing the murder jumpsuit, follows a line of prisoners towards a metal bin. It's filled with what looks like oversized saltine crackers.

CHARLIE (V.O.)
I've always had a paralyzing fear of death. It's kinda my super power. When I was a kid, I didn't go on the trampoline because what if my neck snapped? Or my organs slammed into each other?

Charlie gets to the bin. Fearsome, rotting, humanoid creatures stand watch. Faceless with jagged armor. We'll call them ROTGUARDS.

ROTGUARD
One ration each!

CHARLIE (V.O.)
It's made me good at following orders here.

Charlie accidentally grabs two crackers. Looks around. No one noticed. He hungrily considers them. Puts one back.

UPPER DECK

Rows of prisoners stand at attention on what looks like the top deck of an aircraft carrier the size of Manhattan. Protected from the harsh conditions of space by an ENERGY SHIELD.

CHARLIE (V.O.)
...and blending in.

He's right. We don't see Charlie anywhere. Until we PUSH IN. There he is. In the middle of the crowd.

They're facing a TOWERING IRON SCULPTURE -- a hulking, hooded being with a serpentine face.

A monster we haven't met, but we will.

There's a SEAM down the middle of the sculpture and we realize it's a GATE, keeping the prisoners out of somewhere.

A sickly horn CRIES OUT. Everyone suddenly salutes the gate.

EVERYONE
Hail, Morticus!

ARMORY

Charlie finishes cleaning a tray of weapons and carries it to MARGARET (68) at an elevated workstation.

CHARLIE (V.O.)
Margaret's the only one who's been here longer than me.

She takes his tray and loads it onto a conveyer belt. Hands him a new one filled with bloody weapons.

As Charlie carries it back to his station, two rotguards enter and grab Margaret. They pull three of those crackers out of her pockets.

MARGARET
Please... I'm sorry! I was just so hungry.

The rotguards drag her past Charlie's station and out of the armory. He watches sadly.

CHARLIE (V.O.)
I never thought she'd break.

UPPER DECK

Charlie and the prisoners standing at attention. A VOICE booms out as someone gives a speech.

CHARLIE (V.O.)
I just can't shake this feeling that the bad guys are winning.

VOICE (OVER PA)
Make no mistake...we are winning!

BARRACKS

Charlie in line for his ration.

CHARLIE (V.O.)
I even almost thought about escape.

A clanging comes from above him -- someone's crawling through the vents. A rotguard draws his sword. Thrusts it into the ceiling.

The clanging stops.

The rotguard retracts his sword. Blood oozes from the ceiling.

We HOLD on the oozing blood for thirty horrific seconds. Some of it dribbles into the cracker bin. Charlie looks like he's going to throw up.

CHARLIE (V.O.)
Almost.

CHARLIE'S CELL

Charlie scratches another notch on the wall.

CHARLIE (V.O.)
The truth is, none of us are ever getting out of here.

ARMORY

Charlie cleaning weapons.

CHARLIE (V.O.)
I had accepted that this was it.
That the best I could ask for was
to simply survive another day.

Charlie finishes his tray. Carries it up to the elevated workstation.

There's a new worker in Margaret's seat --

EMMA (26). Small with big eyes. She keeps her head down. Takes Charlie's tray, hands him a bloody one. All business.

Charlie carries it back to his station. As he starts cleaning, he spots something written in the blood in the bottom of the tray.

Two words:

Have fun

Charlie looks up at Emma. She pretends not to notice his gaze.

CHARLIE (V.O.)
And then you showed up.

FEEDING AREA

Charlie's back in that golf cart. He writes "sincerely, Charlie" onto a scrap of paper.

CHARLIE
Whatta ya think, Millie?

He peers through the latticed gate at the squid monster, who's picking through the bones of another carcass. We now notice there's a massive chain around her torso. She's a prisoner here just like Charlie.

She bares her fangs at him. SCREECHES.

CHARLIE
Yeah, I can't give her this.

He rips up the letter.

CANNON ROOM

Charlie shovels iridescent rocks into what looks like an 80-foot-long pressure cooker next to HAYNES (36). Haynes is Charlie's best friend. He's also a mucus-covered dolphin creature.

HAYNES
No punctuation?

CHARLIE
Just 'have fun'.

HAYNES
Then she's writing them to everyone.

CHARLIE
You think so?

HAYNES

Hard to be certain with these things but sounds like a rush job. Why do you care so much?

CHARLIE

I don't.

HAYNES

You're not thinking about writing something back.

CHARLIE

'Course not.

They finish loading the pressure cooker and close the hatch. OUT THE PORTHOLE WINDOW: a BEAM OF LIGHT emits, blasting a chunk the size of a continent off a nearby PLANET.

Charlie and Haynes open the hatch on the pressure cooker. Smoke pours out. They start reloading it.

HAYNES

You are!

CHARLIE

I'm not.

HAYNES

C'mon, man. I'm your bestie. I can practically tell everything you're thinking.

CHARLIE

You're a telepath.

HAYNES

That's fair. But even if I wasn't, I'd like to think our connection was such that I could still tell.

Haynes studies Charlie. His blowhole flares.

HAYNES

It goes against the rules! *Your* rules... Travel in the middle of groups, stay away from moving ships, never look at any light sources -- especially the purple ones -- and *no writing messages in blood to other captives.*

CHARLIE

That's not one of the rules.

HAYNES

Well it oughta be. They'll kill you
if they catch you.

CHARLIE

I know.

HAYNES

You've survived two years on a
spaceship run by an undead super
god, and you want to risk it all
passing notes? Charlie --

CHARLIE

I'm not gonna do it.

Haynes' blowhole flattens.

HAYNES

For a second I thought you'd lost
your mind.

They close the hatch on the pressure cooker.

HAYNES

This girl sounds like a loose
cannon. You're better off. Imagine
if you made it two more years!

CHARLIE

Yeah. Imagine that.

BLAM! Another devastating blow to the planet. It implodes,
rocking the ship. Charlie takes in the cosmic destruction out
the window.

ARMORY

Emma at her workstation.

She loads trays of clean weapons onto the conveyer belt.
Rifles, maces, double-headed axes.

Doesn't give any of it a second look.

Tray after tray.

Closely watched by hovering rotguards.

The job.

Then, she suddenly stops.

Stares down at something.

Written in the bottom of one of the trays:

Enjoy

Emma steals a glance across the armory at Charlie cleaning weapons. He pretends not to notice her gaze.

She cracks a smile.

It's the best day he's had at work in years.

WE SPEED THROUGH CHARLIE'S ROUTINE --

CHARLIE'S CELL

Scratching a notch on the wall.

UPPER DECK

Standing in formation outside the gate. Everyone salutes.

EVERYONE
Hail, Morticus!

FEEDING AREA

Pulling in another carcass for Millie.

BARRACKS

Waiting in line for his ration. Ugh. Why is this taking so long? He just wants to get back to

ARMORY

Yes! The armory.

Charlie hustles a tray of bloody swords back to his workstation. Dumps them out. A message in the bottom:

So hungry

Charlie glances up at Emma working at her station.

EMMA'S WORKSTATION

Emma loads trays onto the conveyer belt.

Spots something drawn in the bottom of one:



It's pointing to half a cracker balanced on the cleaned head of an axe.

A piece of Charlie's ration.

Emma looks across the armory at him.

They meet eyes for the first time.

Charlie's kindness taking her off guard.

They stay like that, eyes locked, for what feels like an eternity.

The CHUBBY PRISONER stationed across from Charlie grabs a sword and makes a run for it. A rotguard shoots him dead.

Blood splatters Charlie's face.

Charlie doesn't notice.

CHARLIE'S CELL

Charlie lies on his cot with the blood-splattered face.

Too excited to sleep.

ARMORY

Charlie cleans a spiked helmet with a severed rotguard head still inside. But his focus isn't on the helmet.

It's on Emma.

Stealing glances up at her as she loads trays onto the conveyer belt.

The belt suddenly SEIZES with a horrific SCREECH.

Smoke pours from it.

Two rotguards approach her.

EMMA

I didn't do it! It wasn't my fault.

They inspect the conveyer. It's fried.

One of the rotguards pulls a lever. A metal rail sweeps the clean trays onto a STEEL CART.

ROTGUARD

(to Emma)

Take the cart.

Emma gets up, grabs the sides of the cart.

Pushes.

It barely moves.

Her feet slip on the iron floor and her arms shake. It's far too heavy for one person to move, but no one dares say anything.

No one, except --

CHARLIE (O.S.)

I'll help.

Everyone turns to look at Charlie, stunned.

The first words many of them have ever heard him say.

CHARLIE

(to the rotguards)

It might, ya know, go faster?

The rotguards glare at him.

They huddle for a beat.

Oh shit, he's dead. He's so dead.

Then, one of them motions Charlie forward with his rifle.

ROTGUARD

Move. *Move!*

Charlie fumbles out of his seat and rushes to the cart. He grabs one end of it. Emma on the other. She gives him a grateful look.

They wheel it onto a FREIGHT ELEVATOR.

One of the rotguards pushes a button from the outside. A BUZZER sounds and the elevator doors close.

ELEVATOR

Charlie and Emma alone in the steel box. A small PORTHOLE WINDOW lets them see into the guts of the ship as they descend.

EMMA
Thanks for the help.

CHARLIE
'Course. Don't mention it.

EMMA
(re: elevator)
I think we have about ninety seconds.

CHARLIE
Yeah.

EMMA
We should use it wisely.

CHARLIE
Totally.

Emma eyes the weapons on the cart.

SMASH TO:

MOMENTS LATER

Emma and Charlie are now both clad in breast plates and spiked helmets. They face each other, swords drawn.

EMMA
I am Morticus, Lord of Death! I have conquered the dead, and now I will conquer the living.

CHARLIE
You have a small penis!

EMMA
You know the secret to my rage, now you must perish!

Emma and Charlie clang swords back and forth. It's the clumsiest sword battle in the history of elevator sword battles.

They pause to catch their breath.

EMMA
(re: swords)
I thought these'd be easier to
swing.

CHARLIE
Yeah, they don't seem this heavy
when we're cleaning them.

Clang! Clang! They're back in. The elevator thuds to a stop
and that BUZZER sounds. Emma and Charlie freeze, mid-strike.

HALLWAY

The elevator doors open. Charlie and Emma have ditched the
armor and swords and stand at attention. Messy hair the only
evidence of their fight.

A rotguard eyes them. He pulls the cart out of the elevator.
Jabs a decaying finger at them.

ROTGUARD
(snarls)
Stay.

He pushes a button from the outside. The doors close.

FREIGHT ELEVATOR

The elevator takes Charlie and Emma back up. A sigh of
relief.

CHARLIE
That was close.

EMMA
So close.

CHARLIE
He would've shot us.

EMMA
In the head if we were lucky.

CHARLIE
For a game of dress up.

Emma nods. Then a smile fills her face.

EMMA
Some things are worth dying for.

Not something Charlie's ever considered.

He looks over at Emma's smile and can't help but smile, too.

Emma's attention shifts to the porthole.

EMMA

Holy shit. Look, look...

She grabs his arm and pulls him towards the window.

EMMA

Is that...?

OUT THE WINDOW: A FEARSOME SKYSCRAPER made out of iron, rock and bone. It's situated at the very front of the ship, surrounded by a moat of MOLTEN STEEL and barricaded by that IRON GATE.

CHARLIE

(nods)

His tower.

EMMA

I've never seen past the gate.

CHARLIE

Me neither.

As they ascend, Emma's eyes fall on a narrow CATWALK running along the underside of the ship, past the gate. It flails around in the ship's jet stream.

EMMA

I'd heard rumors there was a way under. No wonder no one's ever made it.

But Charlie's focus isn't on the catwalk. It's on Emma. Her head three inches from his. Her hand on his arm. If ever he could freeze a moment in his life, it would be this one. And then --

THUNK.

The elevator stops. Emma turns to Charlie.

EMMA

I'm Emma. From the Dahiari system.

CHARLIE

Charlie. From Ann Arbor.

EMMA

I don't know where that is.

CHARLIE

Most people don't.

The buzzer goes off.

EMMA

See you tomorrow, Charlie.

The doors open. They're back in the armory.

They wheel the cart back, eyed by the rotguards.

As they lock it into place, Charlie notices something propped up on Emma's work bench, hidden so only she can see it.

That half of cracker he gave her.

She kept it.

PRELAP: Shackles dragging across metal.

UPPER DECK

A HULKING, BARE-CHESTED MAN is being escorted past rows of prisoners by the ROYAL GUARDS -- masked female warriors in all black suits.

Chains run from his ankles to his wrists. His hands are bolted to a STEEL PLATE. Head covered with a METAL HOOD.

We glimpse a string of GLOWING ANCIENT SYMBOLS tattooed across his bare chest.

This is no ordinary captive. This is SODROS (45).

The other prisoners look stunned as he passes. Some weep. We find Charlie and Haynes whispering to each other in the back.

HAYNES

(re: the man)

This is terrible.

CHARLIE

Devastating.

HAYNES

You're not even sad.

CHARLIE

I am. This is my sad face.

HAYNES

That's a smile. You're smiling. The most powerful super in existence was just captured -- our only chance of ever getting out of here -- and you're smiling.

CHARLIE

It's been a good week.

Haynes studies Charlie intently.

HAYNES

Holy smokes you like the 'have fun' girl.

Charlie doesn't say anything.

HAYNES

Why?!

CHARLIE

Why? I don't know why. It just... happened.

HAYNES

Well un-happen it.

CHARLIE

I can't.

HAYNES

Did you even try?

CHARLIE

'Course I did.

HAYNES

You didn't.

He didn't.

CHARLIE

She makes me happy. I can't remember the last time I felt happy. I can't remember the last time I felt *anything*.

HAYNES

I felt something for a gal once. Then she found out I still lived with my grammy and never talked to me again. Remember Lila and Curt?

CHARLIE

Yeah?

HAYNES

Lila liked Curt, he didn't reciprocate, and they were stuck here, forced to see each other every day until the awkwardness killed them.

CHARLIE

They died in a fusion reactor explosion.

HAYNES

It was a mercy kill. And if the reactor hadn't gotten them, the rotguards would've. Point is, feelings stink. And in here, they get you killed. You gotta stop thinking about her, okay?

(a beat)

Okay?

CHARLIE

Fine. Okay.

They turn back to the proceedings in front of them -- a masked woman in a steam-punky armored suit and top hat approaches the hulking man. This is THE ADMIRAL. She stabs him with a syringe. Draws out a GLOWING ORANGE SYRUM.

HAYNES

You're still doing it. You did it again. There's another time. I'm just gonna keep calling it out.

The massive iron gate swings open. The Admiral and the royal guards march the hulking man through.

The gate closes on us.

BLACKNESS.

Beat.

That sickly horn CRIES OUT.

We're in --

ARMORY

Charlie's in the middle of cleaning a rifle when he hears it. He drops it and snaps to attention beside his workstation.

So do the rest of the prisoners.

He shares a look with Emma: *WTF is going on?*

A beat. Then the blast doors slide open.

Ten rotguards enter led by that woman in the steam-punky suit and top hat: The Admiral.

She's the galaxy's happiest henchwoman.

THE ADMIRAL

Good morning, friends! I'm sorry to disturb your work.

The rotguards start ransacking workstations -- searching for something. The Admiral walks behind the line of prisoners, tapping one of her gilded fingers on the benches as she goes.

Tink. Tink. Tink.

THE ADMIRAL

Work brings us so much fulfillment, hmmm? But it seems that one of you has been an itty bitty naughty.

Tink. Tink. Tink.

THE ADMIRAL

And by an itty bit naughty, I mean very naughty. Sad face.

Tink. Tink. Tink.

THE ADMIRAL

One of you has something you're not supposed to.

(faux gasp)

Uh-oh!

Tink. Tink. Tink. She stops directly behind Charlie. He can feel her gaze. Unsettling.

THE ADMIRAL

The good news is we will find it. We always do.

ROTGUARD

Found it.

A rotguard pulls a Rubik-Cube-looking METAL BOX out from inside a ventilation duct. Hands it to The Admiral.

She taps it and it levitates. The squares all separate, revealing a 3D SCHEMATIC OF THE SHIP.

THE ADMIRAL
Whose is this?

The Admiral looks up at the prisoners. No one says anything.

THE ADMIRAL
I said whose is this?

Still nothing.

The Admiral grabs a pistol from one of the rotguards and places it to the temple of a TEENAGE GIRL.

THE ADMIRAL
We'll start with you then, hmm?

The girl bursts into tears. The Admiral goes to pull the trigger when --

EMMA (O.S.)
It's mine.

Everyone turns to look at Emma, shocked.

No one more than Charlie.

No, no, no...

The Admiral approaches Emma. Switches lenses on her monocle. Studies her.

The rotguards start ransacking her workstation.

THE ADMIRAL
Yours? Tell me... what were we
doing stealing a map of our beloved
vessel?

EMMA
Looking for a way out.

ROTGUARD
Ma'am...

The rotguards have found a TOOL KIT filled with parts that look suspiciously like they'd fit a conveyer system. They hand it to The Admiral.

THE ADMIRAL

Yours, too?

Emma nods. This lands on Charlie. *The conveyer belt breaking was no accident.*

THE ADMIRAL

You were trying to leave us?

EMMA

I'd give anything to get off this damn ship.

THE ADMIRAL

That hurts my feelings.
(to the rotguards)
Kill her, please.

The rotguards pull her to her knees.

CHARLIE

No...

No one pays Charlie any attention.

CHARLIE

Emma...

She avoids his gaze.

A rotguard steps forward and draws his sword. Places the blade at her neck. Lines up his swing.

Charlie looks around frantically. Trying to think of something to say, something to do.

When suddenly

The lights all around them flicker.

The temperature drops until we can see the prisoners' breath.

The rotguards and The Admiral all lower to a knee and bow their heads as --

That hulking, hooded being with the serpentine face steps through the blast doors. If you took Voldemort's head and put it on an orc's body, it still wouldn't be as fucking scary as this guy.

Meet cosmic, primal, everlasting evil. The Lord of Death.

MORTICUS.

He carries a six-foot SCEPTER and is flanked by the royal guards. He takes in the scene.

MORTICUS

We're late.

The Admiral stands.

THE ADMIRAL

Apologies, sir. We're handling some personnel issues.

Morticus' gaze lands on Emma on her knees. He approaches her.

Slowly. Deliberately.

Stops in front of her.

She meets his eyes. And she can't look away. Being drawn toward those bottomless sockets. Laboring to breathe.

As if his very presence is suffocating.

Everyone waiting to see what he does next.

Except Emma.

She leaps to her feet, grabs the sword from the rotguard and--

DRIVES IT INTO HIS HEART!

Charlie gasps.

No one can believe it.

Morticus studies the blade. Piercing through his chest. He reaches behind him and feels the tip.

Then WRAPS HIS FINGERS around it.

And PULLS THE SWORD through his body and out the other side.

His wound healing itself.

He tosses the sword to the ground.

Turns back to Emma.

And touches her chest with his scepter.

CHARLIE

NO!!!

Emma's eyes roll back in her head, and she proceeds to DIE THE MOST HORRIFIC DEATH IN CINEMATIC HISTORY. Her veins scream, as if trying to leap from her body. It's like a thousand daggers driven into her from the inside.

She falls to the ground, withering and bucking, her head violently pulled back from the pain until --

Her neck snaps.

And she goes limp.

Charlie rushes to her. Grabs her in his arms. But he's too late.

She's dead.

Charlie looks up at Morticus filled with shock and rage.

Morticus stares back. Emotionless. And then turns and exits.

Leaving Charlie there on his knees.

A rotguard grabs Charlie, but The Admiral shakes her head.

THE ADMIRAL

Leave him. He's no threat.

The Admiral stalks off.

ROTGUARD

Back to work! Move, move!

As the other prisoners pull Charlie to his feet and back to his workstation, he watches two rotguards grab Emma's body and drag her off.

CHARLIE'S CELL

Charlie sits on his metal cot.

Numb.

UPPER DECK

He stands in formation outside the gate. Everyone salutes.

EVERYONE

Hail, Morticus!

Charlie stares blankly ahead. Too sad to move.

FEEDING AREA

He watches Millie tear apart a carcass with extreme violence.
He feels nothing.

BARRACKS

He waits in line for his cracker.

ROTGUARD

One ration each!

He passes the bin without taking one. Not hungry.

ARMORY

Charlie carries a tray of clean weapons up to the elevated workstation.

There's now a poofy, Pikachu-shaped creature in Emma's seat.
It's covered in so much fur you can't see any of its face
except for a large pair of NOSTRILS.

It's kinda freaking adorable.

Until the creature sneezes, covering Charlie in snot.

It takes Charlie's tray.

CANNON ROOM

Charlie and Haynes close the hatch on the pressure cooker.

Out the window, a planet is vaporized.

Charlie glumly starts reloading it, feeling as if the last good thing in the universe is gone.

CHARLIE

I feel like the last good thing in
the universe is gone.

HAYNES

It could be worse. They added more
soundproofing to the dungeons to
help with the screams.

(off Charlie's look)

Yeah, not much of a win, is it?

CHARLIE

I watched her die. I was right there. And what did I do?

HAYNES

Nothing. You didn't do anything. It's what you do best. You stayed alive. And that's the important part.

Charlie considers this -- *is it?*

Just then, a prisoner enters wheeling in a fresh cart of iridescent rocks.

HAYNES

Oh, this'll cheer you up. Skit. Skit... Come meet Charlie.

Charlie looks down at the prisoner... It's that cute, poof of a creature from Emma's workstation. The creature chirps and waddles towards him.

HAYNES

(to Charlie)

You're gonna love Skit. She works in the armory like Emma. Probably has a lot of other similar characteristics.

Skit stares up at Charlie for a beat. Then SNEEZES in his face again.

ARMORY

Charlie cleans inside the barrel of a rifle.

Two TEENAGE PRISONERS whisper next to him as they work. They're totally normal humans. Except they're purple.

TEEN 1

I heard his tears are acid, and he pees poison.

TEEN 2

I heard he made the devil make a deal with *him*.

TEEN 1

I heard if you look into his eyes, you have to live through every unspeakable act he's ever done. Twice.

CHARLIE

Can we talk about something else?

TEEN 1

I heard he ate his dad and made his mom watch.

TEEN 2

I hate my dad, but that's fucked up.

CHARLIE

Any other subjects? The weather? What we think they're gonna do with these rifles? I'll start...

(re: crate)

I think they're gonna shoot innocent people with them, what do you guys think?

They ignore Charlie.

TEEN 1

I heard he was in here yesterday and tortured this woman until she was in so much pain she broke her own neck.

TEEN 2

Damn. And nobody did anything?

TEEN 1

Nothing. They just watched her die.

CHARLIE

Is there anything else to talk about?!

TEEN 1

Want to know the craziest thing, though? I heard he killed a kid in front of his mother, then brought the kid back with his scepter just to kill him in front of her again.

TEEN 2

Oh shit that's dark!

This lands on Charlie.

CHARLIE

Wait...what did you say?

The teens finally look over at Charlie.

CHARLIE
He brought someone back?

TEEN 1
It's just stories, man.

Charlie checks that the rotguards aren't looking, then grabs the teen by the collar.

CHARLIE
Where did you hear that?

The teen looks frightened.

TEEN 1
My cousin told me.

CHARLIE
Exactly *what* did he tell you?

TEEN 1
That Morticus killed a kid with his scepter, then touched him with it again to bring him back.

CHARLIE
How is that possible?

TEEN 1
I don't know! He's the fucking Lord of Death. His scepter's badass.

Off Charlie, taking this in --

CHARLIE'S ROOM

Charlie scratches another notch on the wall.

He studies the hundreds of notches.

Something stirring inside him.

ENGINE ROOM

Rotguards march a group of prisoners down a long hallway. We find Haynes in the middle of the group.

Two HANDS suddenly reach out and PULL HIM INTO --

SERVICE ALLEY

The backside of the hallway. Exposed cables and pipes line the walls.

Charlie lets go of Haynes.

HAYNES
Oh, hey Charlie.
(then, confused)
Charlie? What are we doing back here?

CHARLIE
Shh. C'mon...

Charlie heads down the alley.

HAYNES
But my group's leaving. You know the rules. Never stray from your --

CHARLIE
Shh!!

Haynes reluctantly follows.

HAYNES
I don't feel like you're taking your own rules very seriously.

Haynes steps on something.

HAYNES
Oh look, there's an arm not attached to a body. Maybe that's a sign we should turn around?

Charlie stops. Checks that no one followed them.

Pulls up a STEEL PANEL in the floor. Drops in.

CHARLIE
In here.

Haynes sighs. Follows Charlie into --

A CRAWL SPACE

Charlie pulls the panel over them. In the distance lies a BULKY OBJECT under a TARP. Haynes studies Charlie for a beat.

HAYNES

Charlie...what's under the blanket?

CHARLIE

Why are you asking? You already know.

HAYNES

Because I'd rather be losing my telepathic ability than find out you went and stole--

Charlie pulls the tarp back revealing Emma's body. Neck twisted backwards. Face screwed up in agony.

HAYNES

--a dead body. My god. Where'd you even find her?

CHARLIE

I worked waste processing before the armory.

HAYNES

(appalled)

And you're gonna have intercourse with her?

CHARLIE

No! I'm gonna bring her back. From the dead.

HAYNES

Holy moly. Why have you never told me you can do that?

CHARLIE

I can't.

Haynes studies Charlie, reading his thoughts. His blowhole flares.

HAYNES

No...no way. It's suicide.

CHARLIE

I just have to get Morticus' scepter, tap her with it to wake her up, and return it before he finds out.

HAYNES

Steal the most valuable weapon in the universe from the most feared dark god to ever enter our dimension?

CHARLIE

Well don't say it like that.

HAYNES

Why are you telling me this?

CHARLIE

Cuz I need you to keep an eye on her body. And feed Millie if I die.

Charlie pulls the tarp back up. Starts tucking Emma under a ventilation duct. Haynes shakes his head.

HAYNES

This isn't you, man. You're not a hero. You can't even do a pull up!

CHARLIE

You're right. I'm not a hero. But there's one on this ship.

HAYNES

Sodros?

CHARLIE

He's half God. He can fly. X-ray vision. I'm sure I'm forgetting some other cool stuff. If anyone can get me into Morticus' tower, it's him.

HAYNES

He's also in captivity in a maximum security cell on the other side of the gate!

CHARLIE

There's a way under it. A catwalk along the bottom of the ship.

HAYNES

Which no one's made it across! And even if you do, you'll have to face the Gutosblögen.

CHARLIE

Gutosblogen?

HAYNES

Gutosblewgen. With an 'ew'. It was guarding Sodros along with a dragon, and now there's no dragon. Because it ate it.

This lands on Charlie. Haynes shakes his head.

HAYNES

Of all the stupid ways to try to impress a girl, this is by far the stupidest. You'll get over her, man.

CHARLIE

I don't wanna get over her. I wanna get her back.

An electric guitar screams out!

ARMORY

Charlie's fucking amped as he cleans weapons in SLOW-MO to "Tempo" by Lizzo, all about how slow songs are for skinny hoes.

Only he's not just cleaning them. He's sneaking them into his jumpsuit.

We're in a *SECRET SUIT-UP SEQUENCE*. After years of cleaning weapons, Charlie's finally going to use a few.

He slips a HATCHET into his pockets.

Then a PLASMA PISTOL.

Two DAGGERS.

He pulls an electromagnetic GRENADE out of the tray.

Yes, please.

Pockets that, too.

He's determined. He's confident. He's being watched by a rotguard. *Shit*.

He cowers.

The rotguard moves on.

Whew.

The song continues into --

FEEDING AREA

Charlie's jumpsuit is now bulky with weapons. He watches Millie snack on the bones of another carcass.

Steeling himself for what he's about to do.

CHARLIE
Be good, girl.

And with that, he gets in his utility cart and sputters off as the music TURNS INTO --

PRELAP: That sickly horn.

UPPER DECK

Charlie stands at attention next to Haynes and Skit. He's doing his best to hide the weapons in his jumpsuit.

Everyone salutes.

EVERYONE
Hail, Morticus!

The rotguards march Charlie and the others across the deck. Haynes whispers in his ear.

HAYNES
It's times like these when I wish I had the ability to change minds and not just read them. But, since I don't, all I'm gonna say is...good luck.

CHARLIE
Thanks, Haynes.

Skit chirps.

HAYNES
And Skit says to mess some poop up. Only she didn't use those words.
(to Skit)
You are so vulgar.

Skit chirps happily. They approach a maintenance stairwell.

CHARLIE
This is me.

HAYNES
Charlie...

CHARLIE
Yeah?

HAYNES
If anyone can do this, it's you.

CHARLIE
Thanks.

And with that, Charlie slips into the stairwell. Skit chirps.

HAYNES
I was trying to psych him up. Of course he's gonna die.

STAIRWELL

Charlie descends a seemingly endless iron staircase.

BOTTOM FLOOR HALLWAY

A door creaks open. Charlie cranes his head out from the stairwell. Scans the cold, steel hallway.

Empty.

He enters and rushes along the far wall. Searching for something... Spots it. Up ahead. An IRON DOOR no bigger than a kitchen window.

The service hatch.

He crosses to the hatch.

Opens the control panel.

A BATTALION OF ROTGUARDS suddenly enters the hallway.

Charlie's eyes go wide. He keeps his head down, focused on that control panel.

The rotguards pass, disinterested in Charlie.

Except the last one.

He hangs back. Points his rifle at him.

ROTGUARD
(snarls)
You.

Charlie looks around, feigns innocence.

CHARLIE
Me?

ROTGUARD
Why aren't you with your block?

CHARLIE
(re: hatch)
Wouldn't you believe it... we've
got a loose C-tap connector out
there. I was sent to check it out.

The rotguard eyes Charlie suspiciously.

He keeps his rifle aimed at Charlie's chest. Talks into a
comms device.

ROTGUARD (ON RADIO)
Do we have maintenance in H53?

VOICE (ON RADIO)
Standby.

The longest beat of Charlie's life.

Nothing but the sound of the rotguard's raspy, decayed
breath.

And then --

VOICE (ON RADIO)
That's a negative.

Oh shit.

The rotguard looks up at Charlie. He pulls the trigger on his
rifle just as --

Charlie reaches out and FLIPS A SWITCH on the barrel.

The rifle backfires.

THE ROTGUARD EXPLODES!

Like he got struck by a bolt of lightning.

His smoking remains hit the floor with a thud.

CHARLIE
Hey man...you okay?

Charlie taps him with his boot. He's extremely not okay.

CHARLIE
I'm so sorry, but you gotta check
the barrel lock before you pull the
trigger. I've always said someone
could get hurt that way.

Hurried footsteps.

Charlie looks up to see that battalion of rotguards doubling
back, having heard the explosion.

They spot Charlie hovering over the dead rotguard.

Oh fuck.

They train their rifles on him.

And OPEN FIRE!

Charlie dodges BLASTS as he flips open the control panel.
Presses a button. The hatch slides open next to him.

He rips the control panel off the wall and LEAPS THROUGH just
as --

The hatch slides closed.

SERVICE HATCH

Charlie catches his breath. Pulls himself to his feet. Turns
around and

A HUNDRED MILE PER HOUR WIND HITS HIM IN THE FACE.

Charlie grips the hatch, petrified.

He's standing on a ledge with nothing below him but the black
abyss of space and passing PERSONNEL SHIPS.

Only one way forward --

That impossibly narrow catwalk running along the underside of
the ship. Flailing around in the jet stream.

A tightrope walk through a wind tunnel.

The hatch CLANGS behind him as the rotguards try to pry it
open.

Time to go.

He steels himself.

Steps out onto the catwalk. First with one foot. Then another.

Fights all his instincts.

Lets go of the hatch.

And slips.

Plummeting to certain death. His mission over before it started.

Falling, falling, falling.

WHAM!

He lands on top of one of the personnel ships.

And everything goes --

BLACK.

A long beat.

Silence.

Then --

The sound of a HYDRAULIC LIFT.

WHO THE FUCK KNOWS

Charlie's eyes flicker open.

He's lying face down on the personnel ship.

The sound of that hydraulic lift growing louder and louder.

Right next to him now.

Only it's not next to him.

He cranes his neck. Takes a painful look up.

It's ABOVE HIM.

A GIANT IRON CLAW headed right for him!

He lunges off the ship onto a stack of crates just as --

BOOM!

The claw docks with the top of the ship, nearly crushing him.

Charlie pulls himself up. Checks himself over.

That was close.

And then --

The claw carries the ship off, revealing.

A THOUSAND ROTGUARDS.

An entire fleet of Morticus' army in formation in full battle gear. Standing with their backs to him.

Charlie's in a vast --

HANGAR BAY

Only a matter of time until they see him.

Shit, shit, shit, shit!

He looks for an exit. It's all the way across the hangar. Not an option.

He spots a HATCH in the floor next to him. Like a manhole cover.

Runs to it. Pulls open the cover. Crawls into --

A CLEAR PIPE

The size of a narrow culvert. Too small for John Cena, plenty of room for Charlie.

He cranes his neck. Sees that the pipe runs underneath the hangar floor.

Directly under the rotguards.

A way out.

But he's gotta be quiet.

He starts pulling himself through the pipe on his back.

Nothing between his face and an army of undead soldiers but an inch of plexiglass.

Staring up at their mangled toes and decaying feet.

A STRING OF DROOL drips from one of the rotguards onto the floor above Charlie.

He keeps moving.

Praying none of them look down.

Doing what Charlie does best.

Going unnoticed.

Suddenly, that sickly horn cries out.

SLAM! SLAM! SLAM!

The rotguards begin to march in formation onto hundreds of personnel ships.

VOICE (O.S.)
Fuel the ships!

Charlie sniffs. Smelling something.

Something sour.

Then movement. Behind him. He looks back.

A wall of BLUE LIQUID speeds towards him.

He's in a gas line!

He scrambles forward. Doesn't stand a chance.

WOOSH!

The gas hits him, slamming his head into the bottom of the pipe.

Spinning him around as it sweeps him forward.

Chaotic. Disorientating.

Charlie flails, searching for air. Finding none.

Nothing but blue liquid everywhere. All around us.
Suffocating.

And then a HAND.

Up ahead.

Reaching down into the line.

A hallucination?

He strains. Reaches for it as he's swept past --

CATCHES it.

The hand pull him out of a HATCH and onto an iron floor with a splash. He's in --

A SERVICE BAY

Underneath one of the ships.

He coughs out rocket fuel. Gasps for air.

Eyes and lungs burning. Vision blurry.

He makes out a figure standing above him. A MAN WITH GLASSES.

GLASSES

C'mon!

Glasses pulls Charlie to his feet. Helps him down a set of service stairs.

Down...down...

Down.

They get to the bottom of the stairs. Glasses SCANS a BADGE. Pushes Charlie through a door into a --

BASEMENT ROOM

He slams the door closed.

Charlie collapses on the ground. Throws up.

A towel hits the floor next to Charlie. He grabs it. Wipes his face.

GLASSES

You shouldn't drink that stuff.

Charlie blinks his eyes. Vision coming back.

There's a king-size bed in here. And a TV, a bathroom, a full kitchen. Besides the iron walls, it looks like a luxury apartment.

Charlie's eyes land on the man in glasses. Meticulously-groomed with a shaved head.

You know how Oscar Isaac has that intense look like he knows your deepest secret, but it's cool he won't tell anyone? That's this guy. This is IGNACIO (42).

IGNACIO

Hungry?

He tosses Charlie an APPLE.

Charlie studies it. Crisp. Textured. Perfectly ripe. None of that mealy red delicious bullshit. This is a goddamn apple. He takes a bite. Chews. Slowly. Savoring every sensation.

CHARLIE

This is the best apple I've ever had. Or maybe it's the worst. It's hard to remember.

(then)

Who are you?

Ignacio studies him.

IGNACIO

You're bleeding.

Charlie touches his head. He is in fact bleeding.

IGNACIO

I have bandages. Sit...

Ignacio motions to a chair. Charlie sits, clinging to that apple like it might run off.

Ignacio rummages through a cabinet.

IGNACIO

I was unloading comms equipment when I saw you come in on that transport. Interesting way to travel.

CHARLIE

I was trying to get past the gate.

IGNACIO

Well you did it.

CHARLIE

We're in the front of the ship?

IGNACIO

Still hell, but the view's better.

Ignacio hands Charlie a bandage. He pushes a button on a remote. Classical music plays.

CHARLIE
How'd you get all this stuff?

IGNACIO
I was a smuggler on Ilderus. I've been getting what I want my entire life.

Charlie drinks in the soft sounds of a piano.

CHARLIE
A month ago, this would've been everything I ever wanted.

IGNACIO
And now?

CHARLIE
I've gotta get to Morticus' tower.

IGNACIO
Why?

CHARLIE
I'm trying to bring this girl I work with back from the dead.

IGNACIO
All the women in the world couldn't lure me over there.

CHARLIE
Cuz you're into guys?

IGNACIO
No.

CHARLIE
Oh.

Ignacio puts a TOOL KIT on a cart. He starts pulling out tools.

IGNACIO
You must really like her.

CHARLIE
We had a sword fight and wrote each other notes in blood. I know that last part sounds weird but for some reason with her it wasn't.

Ignacio shakes his head.

IGNACIO

Love, kindness, morality. None of that matters anymore.

(re: the apple)

That is the only thing that matters.

CHARLIE

You must not believe that, or you wouldn't have helped me.

IGNACIO

What makes you think I was helping you?

Ignacio pulls a CLEAVER out of the kit and sets it on the cart. It's covered in blood.

Charlie looks at the rest of the tools. They're all covered in blood.

CHARLIE

What the--

IGNACIO

Shh. Just enjoy the music.

Ignacio presses a button on the side of Charlie's chair. Restraints pop out, wrapping around his ankles and wrists.

CHARLIE

What are you doing?!

Charlie looks at the floor. There's a blood stain surrounding his chair. *How did he miss that?*

CHARLIE

You're gonna kill me?!

IGNACIO

I'm gonna sell you. A pound at a time. It's incredible what the guards will trade for flesh they're allowed to eat.

Charlie bucks and kicks, trying to get free.

IGNACIO

I recommend starting with the thigh, unless you have sensitivity in that area?

Charlie continues to thrash against the restraints.

IGNACIO

Thigh it is.

Ignacio crouches down. Rolls up Charlie's pant leg. Lifts the cleaver to Charlie's leg.

CHARLIE

WAIT! Just... just... give me a second.

Click!

Ignacio looks up to see that Charlie's maneuvered himself so his pocket is next to his restrained hand. He's managed to fish the grenade out and press the detonator!

Ignacio looks at Charlie like he's lost his fucking mind.

The grenade falls to the floor. Ignacio DIVES for cover as --

THE ROOM EXPLODES!

Sending Ignacio and Charlie flying.

A high-pitched whine fills our ears.

We hear nothing but that whine as we find Charlie pulling himself free of the splintered chair.

Jumpsuit tattered. Bleeding.

Charlie wills himself forward. Stumbles past Ignacio on the floor. Makes it into a service elevator.

Hits the down button. The doors shut.

TUNNEL SYSTEM

Charlie staggers off the elevator, still hearing nothing but that whine. It's dark and damp down here. The bowels of the ship.

Across from Charlie, a bloody Ignacio bursts out of a stairwell.

Levels a HIGH-TECH CROSSBOW at him. Fires. Misses. Blows a hole in the rock wall behind Charlie.

BOOM!!!

Sound is back. Definitely back.

Charlie takes off running. Ignacio ten paces behind.

IGNACIO
C'mon, man...

Another blast. Rock EXPLODES around Charlie.

IGNACIO
If I don't kill you, the guards
will.

Charlie spots a door up ahead. Throws it open. Realizes too late that it's a stairwell. Tumbles end over end.

Lands hard on his back. Remarkably still conscious. Wishes he wasn't.

He's in a brightly-lit, barren

WAREHOUSE

Like an empty Wal-Mart, except for a STEEL BOX the size of a telephone booth in the center of the room.

Charlie strains to pull himself up when the crossbow finds his forehead. Ignacio stares down at him.

IGNACIO
They find the head the most
delicious. Don't make me spoil
yours.
(then)
On your feet.

Charlie complies. Ignacio reaches into Charlie's pockets. Pulls out the rest of his weapons. Throws them aside.

IGNACIO
Walk.

Ignacio jabs the crossbow in Charlie's back. They head up the stairs to the door.

Ignacio tugs on it. Locked.

IGNACIO
Let's go... move.

They head back down the stairs. As Ignacio looks for another exit, a LOUD CLICKING sound comes from behind them.

Click. Click. Click.

They turn to see a lumpy boulder on the far side of the warehouse.

Ignacio squints to try to make it out.

The boulder suddenly STANDS UP. It's two tons of pure hellish nightmare -- the armored body of a stegosaurus with the head of a worm and pincers for feet. Its face is just a giant mouth lined with fangs.

It clicks its jaw menacingly.

Click. Click. Click.

One look and Charlie knows it can only be one thing.

CHARLIE
(with dread)
The Gutosblögen.

The creature suddenly ROARS. Ear-splitting. Pissed off.

It charges at them.

Ignacio kneels in front of Charlie and aims the crossbow at the monster.

Takes his time.

He fires.

A direct hit to the chest. It doesn't slow down, but there's still time.

Ignacio takes aim again. Waits for the perfect shot.

Fires.

Strikes it in the head. A kill shot...for any normal creature. But this isn't a normal creature.

It's ten feet away now...

Five...

Ignacio fires frantically.

It leaps at him, and bites him in half like a stalk of celery.

His legs fall to the ground next to Charlie with a wet thud.

FUCK!!!

The Gutosblögen starts eating what's left of Ignacio.

Charlie's not sticking around to watch.

He runs.

Into the warehouse. Looking for a door, a hatch, a window...any exit.

There are none.

Charlie spots that steel telephone booth. *His only chance.*

He sprints for it.

Leaps. Scrambles on top of it.

Hunkers low.

He watches as the creature swallows the last of Ignacio, then starts roaming the warehouse.

Searching for him.

Clicking its jaw.

Click. Click. Click.

VOICE

It's gonna find you.

Charlie jumps.

CHARLIE

Hello?

VOICE

Yeah?

Charlie looks down at the steel telephone booth he's on. The voice is coming from inside it.

CHARLIE

Who's there?

No response.

CHARLIE

Sodros...?

VOICE

Yeah.

CHARLIE

Wait. Really? I'm talking to Sodros? *The* Sodros? I saw them bring you in.

VOICE

Who are you?

CHARLIE

Charlie.

VOICE

What's your rank?

CHARLIE

Rank?

VOICE

Lieutenant? Major? Colonel?

CHARLIE

No.

VOICE

You're a specialist?

CHARLIE

No, I'm not in the coalition army. I came here because I need your help.

VOICE

Whatever. Just get me the hell outta here. Do you have a weapon?

Charlie looks over at Ignacio's crossbow.

CHARLIE

There's one across the room.

VOICE

Grab it and shoot the lock off this box.

Charlie eyes the monster circling behind him.

Click. Click. Click.

CHARLIE

And what about the murder worm?

VOICE

I'll kill it.

A beat as Charlie considers this --

CHARLIE

How do I know you're Sodros?

VOICE

You said you saw them bring me in.

CHARLIE

I know! But I want to make sure I'm not getting catfished here. How many fingers am I holding up?

VOICE

What?

CHARLIE

You have X-ray vision, right? How many fingers am I holding up?

VOICE

Four.

Charlie looks at his hand. He's holding up two.

VOICE

Is that wrong? Shit. This thing has some special metal. I can't see out of it.

CHARLIE

Oh that's convenient.

VOICE

You're just gonna have to trust me.

CHARLIE

I'm really having trouble doing that today!

The clicking has suddenly stopped. Replaced by a low growl.

Charlie peers back. The Gutosblögen's spotted him.

Oh shit.

It roars! And takes off at a full sprint. Like a Mack truck with fangs. Headed right for Charlie.

No time to think.

Charlie leaps off the booth.

And runs like hell.

Scoops up the crossbow. Spins around. But it's already there.

It lunges for Charlie.

And swallows him whole.

The Gutosblögen skids to a stop.

Charlie is gone.

Silence.

VOICE

Hello?

The monster walks over to the bloody stain left by Ignacio.
Licks the floor.

VOICE

Charlie...?

It circles like a cat, then plops down on the ground to digest.

A beat.

It opens its mouth to let some gas out.

Instead --

A BLAST rips the monster's head off.

It flies across the room, hitting the steel telephone booth.

CHARLIE EMERGES FROM ITS CARCASS.

Covered in yellow mucus and holding that crossbow.

Gasping for breath and shaking.

VOICE

Charlie? Charlie...?

Charlie stumbles over to the telephone booth. Trains the crossbow on the electromagnetic padlock.

Fires.

The lock flies off.

That hulking bare-chested man emerges from the telephone booth. The ancient symbols on his chest glowing.

We get our first look at his face. Square jaw. Cocksure. Guy Ritchie's wet dream.

He studies the yellow goopy mess that is Charlie.

SODROS
The hell happened to you?

CHARLIE
(pants)
It... ate.... me.

Charlie waits for Sodros to react.

He doesn't.

Instead, he points his palm at the far wall, BLASTS a hole in it with a SURGE OF ORANGE LIGHT and walks out.

CHARLIE
Hey!

Charlie scrambles after him.

ELEVATOR

Sodros presses the "up" button. Charlie barges on just before the doors close. The elevator takes them up.

CHARLIE
Look, man, I know I'm just a nobody to you, but I got eaten by a mutant space bug back there to bust you out, so now you're gonna help me, okay? There's this girl...

SODROS
Sorry, I don't do love.

CHARLIE
No, I need to bring her back from the dead.

SODROS
Can't do that either, kid.

CHARLIE
I need you to help me steal Morticus' scepter!

The elevator doors open revealing two rotguards. Sodros disintegrates both with quick blasts from his hands. Blam. Blam. He exits.

Charlie rushes after him onto --

A WATCHTOWER

Sodros casually kills rotguards as he walks. Blam. Blam. Charlie stays glued to his side.

SODROS
I'm headed to kill that snake right now.

CHARLIE
Seriously? Oh my god, that's amazing.

Blam. Blam. Blam.

CHARLIE
I'll just tag along with you if that's cool? You won't even notice I'm here. Promise.

A rotguard leaps out at Sodros from behind. Sodros kills him without even looking. Blam.

CHARLIE
Can I ask how you're gonna do it? Kill Morticus, I mean. Since he's already technically dead and everything?

Blam. Blam. More rotguards fall.

CHARLIE
Is there like a magical energy stone? An ancient weapon? Some kind of sacrificial power punch that nearly drains you of your life source but proves that the light is stronger than the darkness?

SODROS
No.

CHARLIE
So what's the plan?

SODROS
I can harness the power of a star. I don't need a plan.

Sodros stops at the edge of the watchtower.

They're now looking out at --

That FEARSOME SKYSCRAPER surrounded by the moat of molten steel.

Morticus' tower.

Sodros motions down to a LANDING PLATFORM next to the tower where a CRUISER SHIP sits. The shape of an eagle ray. Made of VOLCANIC ROCK. Like it was forged in the fiery furnaces of hell.

SODROS
(re: ship)
He's here.

CHARLIE
That thing flies?

SODROS
Made out of magmatite. Completely untraceable.

On Charlie, learning something big.

SODROS
What about you? Can you fly?

CHARLIE
Can I fly? Like without a ship? No, I can't fly. Why would you --

Sodros grabs Charlie under the arms and throws him.

Like a shot put.

Charlie SCREAMS as he flies over the molten iron moat.

Heading straight for the roof of Morticus' tower. He reaches his hands out for it.

Misses.

Hits the side of the tower instead. Starts sliding down.

Frantically clawing for something... anything...

Finally snags a ROCK LEDGE with one hand. Jerks to a stop.

Dangling over the molten liquid below.

Certain death.

Chest heaving. Max heart rate. Charlie's hand starts to slip.
About to fall when --

He lunges upwards. Grabbing the ledge with both hands.

Adrenaline taking over.

Somehow finds the strength to do what he couldn't in every
gym class ever...

Pulls.

With every muscle in his body.

Slowly raising himself onto --

THE ROCK LEDGE

Collapses against the wall.

Sweaty and gasping for breath.

Sodros floats down next to him like a shirtless Mary Poppins.

CHARLIE

What the hell?! You can't just
throw people like that!

SODROS

You said you can't fly. And I don't
do passengers.

Sodros blasts a hole in the side of the tower. Walks through.
Charlie scrambles after him.

MORTICUS' THRONE ROOM

Charlie and Sodros enter the vast throne room. It's cold and
empty, no doubt a design choice to match Morticus' soul.

The towering THRONE at the far end of the room sits vacant.

SODROS

They must be running a raid. He's
probably at the command deck.

But Charlie's not listening. He approaches the throne.

And there it is.

Holstered next to one of the arms of the throne. Left seemingly with no more care than an umbrella perched against a doorway.

The scepter.

CHARLIE

It's here...

SODROS

So it is.

CHARLIE

Why would he leave it?

SODROS

Gee, I don't know, kid. I could find a guard downstairs for you to ask. Or are you just gonna grab the damn thing?

Charlie grabs the scepter.

The moment his hand touches it something bizarre happens --

TIME ITSELF FREEZES.

We push into Charlie's eyes as they dilate and we get quick flashes of --

--An ARMY OF ROTGUARDS slaughtering a village.

AND THEN

--THREE-HEADED ICE MONSTERS spewing BLUE ACID from their mouths as they cross an ARCTIC HELLSCAPE.

AND THEN

--EMMA. Screaming in pain and withering on the ground.

TIME RESUMES AS --

A seismic explosion RIPPLES through the throne room and out across the ship, blanketing everything in darkness.

Like a momentary power outage.

Charlie stares at the scepter, freaked the fuck out.

SODROS

Well that's interesting.

CHARLIE
What's interesting? Why did you say
it like that?

Sodros peers out the windows.

SODROS
We're about to have some company.

CHARLIE
Company?!

SODROS
The scepter's rumored to be
protected by a curse. If anyone
tries to steal it, it calls
unspeakable evils forth to kill the
thief.

CHARLIE
*WHAT?! DON'T YOU THINK YOU
SHOULD'VE TOLD ME THAT BEFORE I
TOUCHED IT?!*

SODROS
It was just a rumor.

Charlie looks out the windows and sees something horrific --

An ARMY OF EVIL forming and heading for the tower.

ROTKUARDS, MUTANT WOLF-LIKE SPIDERS, and, towering over them
all, a HORNED OGRE breathing FIRE.

So much for going unnoticed.

CHARLIE
Fuck, fuck, FUCK!

SODROS
Would you relax.

CHARLIE
*Relax?! There's an entire army
coming to kill me! With a fire-
breathing ogre! I didn't even know
they had regular ogres!*

SODROS
I'm not gonna let anything bad
happen to you.

Just then, a surge of orange light hits Sodros in the back.

And he explodes.

Like a water balloon poked with a needle, covering Charlie in guts.

CHARLIE
(horror)
FUCK!!!!!!

A SUPER SOLDIER marches towards Charlie. His iron suit jagged and corroded like he just came from a battle in hell.

The Boba-Fett-looking mother fucker reloads his particle launcher with a canister of GLOWING ORANGE LIQUID (the stuff we saw them extract from Sodros). Aims at Charlie.

No time to mourn the death of a divine being.

Charlie runs.

The super soldier FIRES! *BLAM!* The blast takes out a steel beam. He advances, continuing to fire, as rotguards pour into the throne room behind him.

Charlie dodges blasts and debris. Finds a spiral staircase. Sprints up it to --

THE ROOF

The size of a helicopter pad. Charlie runs to the edge. Looks down.

It's a 300-foot drop.

Mutant spiders spitting webs as they climb the side of the tower towards him.

Charlie spins around to see --

That super soldier moving in on him, flanked by the rotguards.

He backpedals to the edge of the roof when --

A WEB wraps around his ankle --

CHARLIE
Shit.

-- and Charlie gets YANKED off the roof.

He plummets down... down... down...

A rag doll in the wind.

When *WHAM!*

The web *CATCHES*.

UPPER DECK

Charlie's now dangling upside down, four feet above the deck. Prey caught in a predator's trap.

A rotguard *CHARGES* at Charlie with a *SPEAR*. About to skewer him. Out of nowhere --

A *BLAST OF RED ENERGY* buzzes the rotguard, stopping him in his tracks.

Charlie looks over at the scepter in his hand. It's *GLOWING*.

Something big washing over Charlie...

Realizing *he* did that.

Realizing the power he now holds.

Charlie and the rotguard share a look. The rotguard's face says it all: *uh-oh*.

Charlie sends another *BLAST* hurtling out of the scepter, *RIPPING THE ROTGUARD IN HALF*.

Charlie blasts the web around his ankle, cutting himself free.

Lands on his feet. A *SHOT* grazes his shoulder. Looks up to see --

Twenty rotguards racing towards him. Firing at him with their plasma rifles.

AND CHARLIE FINDS HIMSELF IN THE FIRST FIGHT OF HIS LIFE.

(Except for that time in fifth grade when he got punched in the face by Cody Clattenburg and started crying in front of the whole school. Fuck you, Cody Clattenburg. Asshole.)

Charlie pulls the *HOOD* off a nearby *UTILITY CART*.

Uses it as a shield.

Returns fire with the scepter.

All kill shots.

After years of taking shit from these guys, Charlie's finally giving some back. And it feels good.

He proceeds to LEVEL the rotguards. When he's finished, there's a pile of bodies sprawled out around him.

No time to catch his breath though as --

BOOM!!! BOOM!!!

Charlie spins around to see that horned ogre bounding towards him, spitting flames. Charlie trains the scepter on the ogre.

Hits him with a blast of energy. The ogre stumbles backwards.

Roars.

Just pissed him off.

Spits a FIREBALL at Charlie, setting a comms tower on fire.

CHARLIE

Oh fuck.

Charlie runs for his life. Jumps into --

THE UTILITY CART

And hits the gas.

He races across the upper deck of the ship.

The ogre charges after him, spitting fireballs.

The mutant spiders get in on the action, HISSING and SHOOTING their webs as they chase after Charlie.

BLAM! One of the ogre's fireballs hits the back of Charlie's cart.

The cart catches on fire!

Charlie coughs through the smoke. Sees that he's headed straight for that TOWERING IRON GATE.

Sealed shut.

He spots the scepter on the seat next to him. It's a crazy idea. But his only option.

He points the scepter at the gate and accelerates straight for it. The ogre closing in on his bumper.

Charlie braces for impact.

But it never comes.

The cart goes straight through the wall like some crazy Platform 9¾ shit and pops out --

ON THE OTHER SIDE

Charlie can't hit the brakes fast enough. The cart slams into a power generator and flips over, tossing him onto the deck.

Behind Charlie --

BOOM! An ogre-shaped DENT appears in the gate.

Whew.

Charlie stumbles to his feet, grabs the scepter and runs off, leaving the burning cart.

He has somewhere to be.

MORTICUS' THRONE ROOM

Morticus gazes out the windows at the carnage Charlie caused -
- fires, dead rotguards, the ogre stomping around.

He's flanked by The Admiral, the royal guards and that Boba Fett super soldier.

MORTICUS

Who is he?

THE ADMIRAL

He's no one, sir. Unskilled labor.
Weapons sanitation.

Morticus turns to The Admiral and stares at her with those cold, bottomless eyes. Says nothing. Doesn't have to.

THE ADMIRAL

We'll find him.

The Admiral heads off, and we DISSOLVE TO --

ENGINE ROOM

A squad of rotguards rush down that seemingly endless hallway. There's a frenetic energy like we've never seen.

Charlie's mugshot is plastered on data pads on every wall.
We find a PAIR OF EYES peering out from --

A VENT

It's Charlie. Bloody and burnt. His jumpsuit tattered and stained with rocket fuel.

He's seen better days.

But that's the furthest thing from his mind right now.

He waits for the rotguards to cross. Spots his opening.

Sprints across the walkway to the --

SERVICE ALLEY

He hustles down the narrow corridor. Passes the severed arm.

Pulls up the steel panel in the floor.

Drops down into --

THE CRAWL SPACE

His face falls.

We rotate to reveal what he's looking at --

The blanket Emma was wrapped in now sits in a heap in front of him.

Her body's gone.

As this lands on Charlie, he hears movement behind him, spins around and draws the scepter on the assailant.

It's Haynes holding a plasma pistol.

HAYNES
Hey-ya, Charlie.

CHARLIE
Jesus, Haynes, I almost killed you.

HAYNES
(re: scepter)
Holy moly... you actually did it.

CHARLIE
Where is she?

HAYNES
Who?

CHARLIE
Emma!

HAYNES
Oh, dunno.

CHARLIE
What?!

HAYNES
I'm joking. A little missing corpse
humor to lighten the mood. C'mon...

Haynes leads Charlie off.

UPPER DECK

A PERSONNEL MOVER hovers across the deck filled with
rotguards -- like a sinister version of the Disneyland tram.

We pan up to find Haynes and Charlie lying on their stomachs
on the roof. They whisper to each other.

HAYNES
The guards nearly found her. Got
her out in the nick of time,
actually. It was all quite
frightening.

CHARLIE
I owe you.

HAYNES
To be honest, I was secretly hoping
they'd catch you and kill you so I
wouldn't have to get wrapped up in
all this. But hey, you're still
alive. That's great.

CHARLIE
You shoulda seen me back there,
Haynes. It was crazy. It was like I
became someone else.

HAYNES
You body morphed?

CHARLIE

No... I mean I *felt* like someone else. Freeing Sodros, outrunning mutant spiders, doing a pull up!

HAYNES

You did a pull up?

CHARLIE

You believe that?

HAYNES

(looks up)

This is us...

Haynes lets go of the tram as it makes a corner, and slides off the roof. Charlie follows suit. They land in a --

TRASH DUMP

Haynes picks himself up. Charlie follows him.

HAYNES

Almost there.

Haynes leads Charlie through a back door into --

A DESERTED HANGAR

Empty but for a body lying in the center of the floor.

CHARLIE

Emma...

Charlie runs up. Falls to his knees in front of her. A happy sight for him, even in her pale, contorted condition.

He takes in their surroundings.

CHARLIE

What is this place?

HAYNES

Some old hangar. They don't use it anymore because it's kinda a piece of shit.

CHARLIE

Is that right?

HAYNES

Yeah. Figured it's the safest place to bring her back.

CHARLIE

Thank you.

HAYNES

Anything for my best friend.

Charlie studies Haynes for a beat.

Then --

Leaps up with the scepter and sends a blast of energy at Haynes.

Haynes dodges the blast, soars into the air, and lands on the other side of Charlie, drawing the pistol on him.

Haynes and Charlie keep their weapons trained on each other. Haynes smiles.

HAYNES

What gave it away?

CHARLIE

Haynes doesn't curse. His grandma would fine him a credit for it. So I thought, if you're Haynes, you would tell me you are. And you didn't.

Haynes starts to morph -- his slick skin becoming steam-punky gears and armor. His snout giving way to a masked face under a top hat.

Before you know it, *The Admiral* is standing in front of us. Pistol aimed at Charlie.

THE ADMIRAL

I have many gifts but telepathy is unfortunately not one of them.

The Admiral waves a hand. All the doors and windows around them slam closed and lock.

THE ADMIRAL

I just *had* to meet the member of my beloved workforce who thought he could wield that. You must be quite fearless.

CHARLIE

No, I'm scared of a lot of things.
Death. Needles. Most of the rides
at Six Flags. Space prisons, which
has been unfortunate.

(re: Emma)

Never seeing her again.

As they circle each other, we notice Charlie lower the back
of the scepter. *It brushes against Emma's leg.*

THE ADMIRAL

Ah. Well, you'll get to spend so
much time together when you're both
hanging in the barracks.

CHARLIE

As inviting as that sounds, it's
not really something I want to do
right now. *Right now. Now!*

Charlie's words not meant for The Admiral.

He ducks just as a LEG kicks the pistol out of her hands. An
errant shot buzzes past Charlie.

The pistol flies into the air and --

A hand catches it.

Emma.

The Admiral looks at Charlie, stunned.

He woke her up.

Emma fires three quick shots, but The Admiral tumbles out of
the way.

Charlie frantically sends blasts at The Admiral from the
scepter. All his shots miss wildly.

Emma looks at Charlie.

CHARLIE

What? You missed, too.

EMMA

Yours is way bigger than mine!

The Admiral FLIES towards them. Charlie and Emma train their
weapons upwards.

And it's on.

They unleash hell on her together. What they lack in skill, they make up for in chemistry. No words said. No words needed.

Somehow knowing what the other's thinking.

It's the most romantic set piece of two people trying to kill an evil space wizard that's ever been made.

Emma hits The Admiral in the back. But as The Admiral tumbles forward, she MORPHS into a winged beast with blades for talons.

A GRIFFIN FROM HELL.

It flies straight at them.

Charlie sends a blast careening past the creature, knocking it off balance. It falls to the floor and

IT MORPHS --

This time into SODROS. He hurtles blasts of light at them with his hands. Charlie and Emma dive out of the way as the wall behind them EXPLODES.

They return fire. Emma lands another shot and

HE MORPHS --

Now into MORTICUS. An imposter, but just as terrifying as the real thing. He charges them. They fire. Miss.

He throws Emma into the far wall, grabs Charlie by the neck.

Hoists him off the ground.

Charlie fights to breathe. Manages to send a blast hurtling out of the scepter into the ceiling.

A chunk of rock falls. Lands on Morticus. Knocks him to the ground and --

HE MORPHS --

Now he's EMMA! The two Emmas both draw pistols on each other. Charlie waves the scepter back and forth between the two of them, confused.

CHARLIE

Emma?

REAL EMMA/FAKE EMMA

Charlie?

CHARLIE

Shit...

REAL EMMA?

Charlie, I beat you in a sword battle in the elevator, remember?

CHARLIE

Wait, you think you beat me?

REAL EMMA?

I mean, it was pretty clear.

CHARLIE

I was parrying until you wore yourself out! It's a strategy.

REAL EMMA?

A bad one. Look, the point is...it's me!

FAKE EMMA?

She's lying. *It's me.* She's tapped into my memories. Don't listen to her, Charlie!

Charlie moves the scepter back and forth, trying to decide.

CHARLIE

You both are very convincing.

REAL EMMA?

She's the imposter!

FAKE EMMA?

That's exactly what an imposter would say.

REAL EMMA?

Are you gonna seriously stand there and --

Charlie blasts one of the Emmas with the scepter.

SHE EXPLODES.

A beat as Charlie and Emma stare in shock at the bloody remains. They slowly start to morph into The Admiral.

EMMA

How'd you know?

CHARLIE

Pfft. You kidding? It was obvious.

EMMA

It went off on its own, didn't it?

CHARLIE

Total accident. You'd think there'd be some kind of safety on this thing.

Emma takes in her surroundings. Processing it all for the first time --

EMMA

What the hell happened to me?

CHARLIE

I think you died.

EMMA

And you brought me back?

CHARLIE

(shrugs)

The magical scepter did a lot of the work.

Emma studies Charlie for a beat. Then drops the gun. Rushes to him.

And they kiss!

Earth-shattering. Heart-stopping.

And, in that instant, Charlie wishes he could relive the entire day and all its suffering just to get to this moment again.

They stay in that embrace. She beams at Charlie.

EMMA

(smiles)

I hate you.

CHARLIE

What?

EMMA

(suddenly not a smile)

I said *I hate you!*

SMASH TO:

REALITY

Emma is throwing chunks of broken rock at Charlie.

EMMA
I HATE YOU!

One hits Charlie in the chest.

CHARLIE
Ow!

EMMA
Why would you do that? Why would
you bring me back?

CHARLIE
I thought you'd be happy? I saved
you!

EMMA
I didn't want anyone to save me!
That was the whole point! I'd lost
everything so I had nothing to
lose. No one left to miss me!

CHARLIE
I missed you.

This lands on Emma. A beat. Then she continues hurling rocks.

EMMA
UGH!

CHARLIE
Emma--

EMMA
You're so selfish!

CHARLIE
Hang on--

EMMA
Now we're *both* gonna die!

CHARLIE
Wait-- Ow-- Emma-- Please--
(then)
I can get us out of here!

Emma stops.

EMMA

What are you talking about?

CHARLIE

The ship. I know a way off the ship.

EMMA

(shakes her head)

I looked everywhere on the map. There's nothing.

CHARLIE

It's not on the map.

Someone pounds on the hangar doors.

ROTGUARD (O.S.)

OPEN UP!!

CHARLIE

We gotta go. There's a ton of people trying to kill us right now.

Charlie pulls open a GRATE in the floor. Looks to Emma. Off Emma, considering this --

Suddenly, the doors burst open!

Rotguards swarm the hangar. They sweep the place with their plasma rifles.

Charlie and Emma are gone.

We see the grate in the floor close.

THE TUNNEL SYSTEM

Charlie clutches the scepter, leading Emma through those damp and dark tunnels.

CHARLIE

What was it like? Being dead?

EMMA

Oh, it was great. If you like being trapped in a frozen wasteland fighting unspeakable evils.

CHARLIE

Wait, what?

EMMA

When he touched me with the scepter, it took me to some other dimension. It was hell.

CHARLIE

Sounds like it.

EMMA

No, I think it was actually hell.
(then)
You gonna tell me where we're going or am I supposed to--

The tunnel suddenly

EXPLODES!

Charlie and Emma go crashing into the far wall.

Charlie looks around, disorientated.

Smoke and debris everywhere.

Finds the scepter in the rubble. Yanks it free.

Aims it at --

An adorable poof of a creature.

Skit.

Skit pulls out another electromagnetic grenade. Goes to throw it when --

Haynes bounds up behind her and snatches it.

HAYNES

Skit! It's them.

Haynes slings a plasma rifle over his shoulder and helps Charlie and Emma up.

HAYNES

Sorry about that. Skit's got this thing for grenades, but we're still working on when to throw them.

(Skit reaches for another)

Not now!

CHARLIE

What are you doing here?

HAYNES

Looking for you, man! Your photo's everywhere. Even the showers, which is kinda weird. I didn't want to come, but Skit insisted we find you. Sniffed you right out, ya believe that?

Emma stares at her giant nose.

EMMA

Truly shocking.

HAYNES

(to Emma)

I'm Haynes. We met before but you were dead so you probably don't remember.

EMMA

Definitely don't.

HAYNES

Charlie talks about you all the time. And thinks about you several times a minute.

CHARLIE

He has no way of knowing that.

EMMA

Aren't Delfinis telepaths?

CHARLIE

It's an imprecise ability.

HAYNES

Now, I took the liberty of catching myself up on the plan while we were standing here, and can I just say trying to steal Morticus' ship is a terrible idea.

This lands on Emma.

EMMA

That's the plan?!

CHARLIE

It's built out of magmatite. It's the only way past the scanners.

EMMA

Yeah but they'll kill us before we even get near it.

CHARLIE

Unless we have a distraction.

Haynes studies Charlie. His blowhole flares.

HAYNES

Millie?!

EMMA

Who's Millie?

THE DESERTED HANGAR

Morticus surveys the remains of The Admiral. He picks up her top hat. Turns to his royal guards and that super soldier.

MORTICUS

Where is he?

SUPER SOLDIER

We're searching the ship, sir. With your scepter, he's proving difficult to --

Morticus PUNCHES the soldier into the wall, his face crushed in like a dented soda can. Dead.

Morticus stomps off followed by his royal guards.

TUNNEL ENTRANCE

A forty-foot STEEL BLAST DOOR sealed shut like a bank vault.

We PUSH IN on a nearby --

GUARD POST

Three rotguards monitor the tunnel entrance from behind the glass. A knock comes on the door.

ROTGUARD

(growls)

Identify.

Another knock.

ROTGUARD
Identify!

Another knock.

The rotguards all share uncertain glances. They draw their rifles. Open the door to find --

A MUSCULAR ROTGUARD.

ROTGUARD
Three-nine-six-two, why'd you leave
your post?

He falls down dead, revealing Charlie, Emma, Haynes and Skit.

Emma and Haynes fire quick shots with rifles, killing two of the rotguards.

Charlie charges the third with the scepter.

ROTGUARD
I surrender! I --

Charlie can't stop. Plunges the scepter into the rotguard's chest. He seizes and falls to the floor. Dead.

HAYNES
You just kill that guy?

CHARLIE
It was an accident!

HAYNES
He was surrendering, man.

CHARLIE
I'll fix it.

Charlie taps the rotguard with the scepter. The rotguard twitches awake. Looks up at Charlie, terrified.

ROTGUARD
Please don't send me back there.
It's horrible. *PLEASE!!!*

CHARLIE
It's okay. You're fine. I'm not
gonna--

Charlie accidentally taps him with the scepter. The rotguard falls back to the floor. Dead.

HAYNES
Did you do it again?

CHARLIE
It's SO freaking sensitive.

Charlie taps the rotguard with the scepter. Nothing happens.
Taps him again. Nothing.

CHARLIE
It's not working.

EMMA
Looks like you only get one return
ticket with that thing.

HAYNES
And since you've already used
yours...

Haynes nudges the scepter away from Emma.

HAYNES
(to Charlie)
...you might want to watch where
you point it.

Skit sniffs the body of the rotguard. She chirps.

HAYNES
No, Skit, it's not funny. He's
stuck there forever.
(more chirps)
It didn't sound that bad?!

Charlie crosses to the control panel. Pulls a lever.

Out the windows: the STEEL DOOR swings open. A piercing
SCREECH! echoes out from deep inside the tunnel.

EMMA
Remind me, how do we know this
Millie?

HAYNES
Charlie's the only one who
volunteered to feed her.

As this hits Emma, Charlie climbs out of the guard post and
into the --

TUNNEL

He presses a button on the wall.

A gate clangs open O.S. Then, the sound of a RATTLING CHAIN growing louder... louder...

Haynes, Skit and Emma watch from behind Charlie as --

A TENTACLE slithers into view. Then, that eighty-foot squid monster pulls itself out of the darkness.

Towering over Charlie. Somehow bigger with no gate separating them.

Millie bares her fangs at him and SCREECHES!

EMMA

Charlie...

Charlie lifts his arm above his head.

Millie wraps a tentacle around Charlie's arm, working her suckers all the way up to his shoulder. Just when it looks like she's about to rip his arm out of its socket, she releases.

And bows the crown of her head.

Charlie starts scratching her mantle.

CHARLIE

Thatta girl...yeah. You know it's me.

Emma can't believe her eyes. *Moved by Charlie's kindness towards the beast.*

He smiles up at Millie.

CHARLIE

Things are about to get a little crazy. I just wanted to say thanks for the company.

He holds up the scepter. Sends a blast at Millie's chain. It snaps. She looks at the chain, then back to Charlie.

CHARLIE

Go on...get outta here.

And with that, she slithers out of the tunnel and past the guard post.

Charlie joins the group.

EMMA

You're a goddamn mutant squid
whisperer.

CHARLIE

She needed someone to feed her.

EMMA

That's kinda your thing, huh?

They share a long look, then --

HAYNES

Time to move.

CHARLIE

Yeah.

Haynes hands Charlie a pistol. Eyes him sincerely.

HAYNES

You get to really know people
hearing all their thoughts.
Whatever happens, I want you to
know...I'm glad I got to know you,
Charlie.

CHARLIE

Me, too.

Charlie pockets the pistol. They follow Millie.

GUARD TURRET

A rotguard watches the gate from his post. A minivan-sized
EYEBALL slowly rises up in front of him. Then a pair of
FANGS. Millie stares at the guard.

ROTGUARD

BREACH!!!

The guard fires at Millie! A HELL STORM OF GUNFIRE rings out
from across the gate, peppering her.

She does not appreciate this.

She SCREECHES!

A tentacle grabs the guard, popping him like a water balloon.

Another tentacle RIPS THE TURRET OFF THE GATE. It smashes down onto the --

UPPER DECK

Prisoners flee! Alarms blare! Rotguards move in, firing up at Millie.

We FIND --

Charlie, Emma, Haynes and Skit in the middle of the chaos. Dodging gunfire and debris as they run for that fresh opening in the gate.

Charlie gives a glance back at Millie. More than holding her own against the rotguards.

HAYNES

C'mon!

Haynes pulls Charlie forward. They slip through.

Unnoticed.

LANDING PLATFORM

Morticus' rock ship sits on its perch high above the deck, surrounded by rotguards.

They watch Millie wreaking havoc off in the distance.

A FREIGHT ELEVATOR suddenly WHIRS to life next to them and starts to ascend.

They raise their rifles and approach the elevator. Train them on the doors.

A tense beat.

The doors open revealing --

Skit.

THE ROTGUARDS OPEN FIRE ON THE LITTLE CREATURE.

Giving her everything they've got. Only, their shots bounce right off her poofy fur, like hitting a steel plate.

When the smoke clears, she's still standing there.

She chirps happily.

Pulls out two grenades and tosses them at the guards.

The platform EXPLODES, sending the guards flying!

Charlie, Emma and Haynes drop down next to Skit from the roof of the elevator.

EMMA

(blown away)

You are a bizarre little creature.

HAYNES

Freaky, huh? She blew herself up with a grenade earlier today. Not a scratch.

More rotguards move in on them.

Our group pushes forward out of the elevator.

Charlie launches blasts from the scepter. Emma and Haynes fire with their plasma rifles and Skit throws grenades.

Missing tons. Landing enough.

Pure will power.

Carving a path of destruction as they push forward.

Making it to the open ramp of Morticus' ship when --

ROAR!!!

Charlie looks out at the deck below. His friend the OGRE is making a beeline for them. And the WOLF SPIDERS. And at the head of the group, flanked by his ROYAL GUARDS...

MORTICUS.

Coming fast.

Shit.

Charlie calls up the ramp to Haynes and Skit.

CHARLIE

We'll hold 'em off.

(re: ship)

Get it ready.

HAYNES

Yeah, no prob. I'm sure it works just like most ships. That are made out of rocks.

Haynes and Skit head into the ship.

Charlie and Emma turn to face the approaching army --

The spiders scale the pillars around them. Morticus and his guards skip the elevator, soaring right up to the elevated platform. Feet not breaking stride.

The royal guards draw their fully-automatic particle guns.

Aim at Charlie and Emma.

And a HELL STORM of gunfire erupts on them!

Morticus watching expressionless.

Charlie and Emma return fire just as --

The mutant spiders ATTACK from the sides!

One slams Charlie to the ground.

It's on top of him. Hissing and spitting webs and mucus. As it tries to sink its fangs into Charlie's head, we POP TO --

ROCK SHIP COCKPIT

Haynes and Skit in the cockpit. It looks just like the cockpit of a 747 if everything were made of rock and there were --

HAYNES

No buttons? How do you start a ship
with no buttons?

Haynes starts feeling around his seat when --

Two HORNS rise up on the other side of the windshield.

The ogre glares in at them.

Skit chirps.

HAYNES

I see him!

Skit chirps again.

HAYNES

No, we're not gonna ask him how to
start the ship!

BAM!

The ogre punches the windshield, sending Haynes and Skit flying across the cockpit.

He winds up for another devastating blow when --

SNAG!

His fist stops midair. Caught be a *tentacle*.

Millie.

Grabbing the ogre from behind.

The ogre turns, spits fire at Millie! She dodges it. Grabs his other fist with a tentacle.

Haynes and Skit pull themselves up.

Skit watches the two monsters do battle. She chirps, excited.

HAYNES

Your money's on the ogre? Whose side are you on?! Keep looking for buttons!

As Haynes and Skit scour the cockpit --

LANDING PLATFORM

Back with Charlie being mauled by that spider.

He manages to turn the scepter on the spider. FIRES! Blasting it off of him.

He leaps to his feet when another spider RAMS into him like a pickup truck.

TOSSING HIM INTO A COMMS TOWER.

Charlie's skull hits rock. He tries to get up, but his head is swimming.

He looks around, dazed --

Sees Emma surrounded by spiders, firing her rifle as fast as she can.

And then a pair of SPIKED BOOTS heading his way.

They stop in front of him.

A royal guard.

Charlie points the scepter towards her, but she GRABS it, too.

Pushes it back towards Charlie.

A contest of strength.

No contest at all for her.

Like arm wrestling a baby.

Charlie shaking. Muscles giving out.

The scepter now pointing directly at him.

And she DRIVES IT INTO HIS CHEST!

Charlie's eyes roll back in his head. His veins scream in pain.

He withers and bucks.

And goes limp.

Dead.

The guard stares down at Charlie, emotionless. Pries the scepter from his dead hands. Pulls herself to her feet.

And explodes!

Revealing:

EMMA

Plasma rifle drawn behind her. Pissed off.

She slings the rifle over her shoulder. Snatches up the scepter with one hand. Jabs it into Charlie's side.

His eyes flicker open. Face covered in sweat.

CHARLIE'S POV:

A blurry Emma stares down at us. Sound muted like we're underwater. She's saying something. No, *yelling* something.

EMMA

...charlie! COME ON! CHARLIE! CHARLIE! GET UP!!!

Emma pulls Charlie to his feet. Looks up --

The guards and spiders move in on them.

And stop.

All in a line.

And then --

Morticus steps through the line.

Stalking towards Charlie and Emma.

Emma aims the scepter at him. But Morticus raises his hand and --

The scepter flies out of her grasp and into his palm.

Oh fuck.

EMMA

Run!

Emma and Charlie double back towards the comms tower as Morticus sends blasts of RED LIGHT hurtling at them.

Smashing into the tower.

Emma throws open a door in the base and they disappear.

Morticus signals the royal guard. They move in on the rock ship.

He follows Charlie and Emma into the tower.

ROCK SHIP COCKPIT

Haynes peers out the open ramp at the approaching guards.

HAYNES

Oh boy...

He turns to Skit.

HAYNES

Please tell me you have some grenades left.

Skit pulls out a bunch from her fur. Holds them up proudly.

HAYNES

You have pockets in there? Like fur pockets?

Skit chirps happily. Starts to dig around in her fur.

HAYNES

Show me them later! Throw the
grenades!

Skit presses the detonator on one and lets it tumble down the ramp. It EXPLODES in front of the guards. Haynes fires down at them with his rifle.

Off Haynes and Skit trying to stand their ground --

COMMS TOWER

Charlie and Emma descend a spiral staircase.

Into darkness.

Impossible to see three steps ahead, let alone where they're headed.

Down... down... down...

The light from above disappearing. Emma tugging at Charlie. His head still swimming.

EMMA

C'mon!

CHARLIE

How long was I gone?

EMMA

A few seconds.

CHARLIE

I was in a forest... being hunted
by something. It was so cold.

EMMA

Try spending a week there.

They reach the bottom of the stairs.

Land on something soft.

Soil.

WTF?!

No time to process it, though, as the GROUND EXPLODES around them!

Morticus sends blasts of RED LIGHT down at them from up on the staircase.

Charlie and Emma sprint into the darkness.

Impossible to see where they're headed.

They run into a boulder.

Move past it.

Hit another boulder.

Manage to stay on their feet. Running towards a flicker of light ahead.

A TORCH on the wall of this room.

They can now see the boulders they've been bumping into, only they're not boulders.

They're headstones. Thousands of them.

This is no room. This is some kind of vast, fucked up --

GRAVEYARD

Right here in the basement of the ship.

Blasts of red light hiss past them. *One clips Charlie in the arm!*

He shrieks. Keeps his legs moving...

EMMA

This way!

Emma pulls him down a row of graves. A few freshly dug. They dive into --

A GRAVE

And hunker low. Emma spots Charlie's arm...bloody and scorched. He can't bring himself to look.

CHARLIE

How bad is it?

EMMA

It's really fucked.

CHARLIE

You could've just said it's fucked.
You didn't need the really.

Charlie grimaces through the pain.

EMMA

We're gonna have to fight him.

CHARLIE

Yeah.

An impossible thought.

EMMA

Kinda makes scraping organs off of cold steel not seem so bad.

Charlie looks over at Emma. Something on his mind. Something he's been wanting to ask for awhile.

Knows now might be his last chance.

CHARLIE

Why'd you keep it?

EMMA

What?

CHARLIE

The cracker. I saw it at your workstation. Why didn't you eat it?

EMMA

There was a little blood on it. On one of the corners.

Charlie nods.

EMMA

That, and it was the only reminder I had that there was still some good out there.

She and Charlie stare at each other. Sparks. Connection. It's all happening right here in a fucking grave.

Neither one of them wanting to look away.

And then --

A red blast WHIZZES past overhead!

Morticus firing his scepter into the dark. Searching for them.

Charlie watches the blast fly and fly and fly...through the seemingly endless graveyard.

And then it smashes into rock. Illuminating the back wall.

And something else...

An opening in the ceiling.

Some kind of *GARBAGE CHUTE*.

Charlie seeing something big.

A way out.

CHARLIE

C'mon!

Charlie grabs Emma's hand, pulls her out of the grave.

The two sprint into the darkness.

Keeping their heads low.

Morticus spots them.

Holds his scepter out in front of him.

Causing the soil to vibrate and churn around Charlie and Emma.

A *DECOMPOSED HAND* springs out of the ground next to them. And *ANOTHER*. And *ANOTHER*.

All around them, sprouting up like demonic tulips as they run past.

Decomposed men, women and children pull themselves out of the dirt.

Charlie and Emma skid to a stop.

Hundreds of them up ahead.

Behind them, too.

They're surrounded.

Charlie spots a *DECOMPOSED ELDERLY WOMAN* in their ranks. Her face almost completely rotted off.

Yet Charlie recognizes her.

CHARLIE

Margaret?

At least it was.

EMMA

I always wondered how he got so many recruits.

Morticus waves his scepter at the freshly-minted rotguards.

MORTICUS

(snarls)
Stop them.

The dead run.

Straight at Charlie and Emma.

Emma pulls her rifle off her shoulder. Charlie digs that pistol out of his pocket just as --

WHAM!

The dead SLAM into them!

Clawing at them with decaying hands. Snapping their jaws.

Suffocating.

Charlie and Emma blast apart their assailants, one after another.

Fighting for a small pocket of air.

But they keep coming.

One of the dead BARRELS into Emma, knocking her to the ground. He wraps his hands around her throat, when BLAM!

Charlie blasts him.

Pulls Emma to her feet.

They're BACK-TO-BACK, shooting as fast as they can and we CUT TO --

LANDING PLATFORM

Things aren't any better out here.

The ogre's gotten the upper hand on Millie, pummeling her as she gasps for breath.

The royal guards move up the ramp of the rock ship, firing with their particle guns.

ROCK SHIP COCKPIT

Skit deflects their shots with her fur. Haynes hunkers behind her, returning fire. Skit chirps, concerned.

HAYNES

I *am* shooting! They have better guns.

One of the guards leaps over Skit, tackles Haynes.

She's on top of him.

Pulls a dagger!

He grabs her arms as she tries to push the blade towards his face.

But his focus isn't on the blade. It's on the guard.

Reading her mind.

His blowhole flares.

HAYNES

(struggling)

Skit...the windshield. *The windshield!*

Skit goes to the windshield.

HAYNES

Touch it!

Skit touches it.

BRRRRRUUUMM!

The ship powers up with a throaty growl.

The windshield turns into a CONTROL PANEL.

HAYNES

Get us outta here!

Skit chirps.

Finds the accelerator on the control panel. Hits it.

The rock ship TAKES OFF!

Sending the guard flying off Haynes! She and the other guards tumble down the ramp and fall to the landing platform below.

HAYNES
Ha-ha! Good goin', Skit!

Skit chirps happily. Haynes pulls himself up into the co-pilot seat.

HAYNES
I do *not* recommend reading the mind
of a dark being. Very scary.

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

Gunfire hits the sides of the ship as the royal guards unload on them.

Haynes spots WEAPON CONTROLS in front of him.

HAYNES
Take us around!

Skit steers the ship back as --

Haynes unleashes fury with the rock ship's cannons!

Shooting the ogre off Millie!

Sending the royal guards and spiders fleeing!

Blasting a hole in the deck!

Hundreds of surprised PRISONERS in a LAUNDRY FACILITY stare up at Haynes and Skit through the fresh hole.

Skit chirps, excited.

HAYNES
No, we are *not* picking them up!

Skit chirps, insistent.

HAYNES
You're not the captain, you're just
sitting in the captain's --

Too late. Skit's already taking them down.

Haynes groans.

He heads down the ramp. Waves at the prisoners.

HAYNES
Hurry! Hurry, hurry!

As the prisoners run for the ship and begin filing in, Haynes scans the landing platform --

HAYNES

C'mon Charlie...where are you guys?

And we CUT BACK TO --

THE GRAVEYARD

Charlie and Emma drowning in a sea of rotting flesh.

Gunfire their only light.

Each pull of the trigger giving them glimpses of the grotesque and tortured faces around them.

And then something else...

That garbage chute.

Forty feet away.

Charlie eyes it.

CHARLIE

Follow me!

Charlie marches ahead. Emma reverses, keeping her back against his.

Pushing forward.

Stepping and shooting in tandem.

Perfectly synchronized.

And then there it is. Hanging over their heads.

The chute.

CHARLIE

Go, go! I'll cover you.

As Charlie holds off the dead, Emma opens the hatch on the chute.

Three CORPSES tumble to the soil.

This is a chute for bodies, not garbage.

Emma grabs the steel sides. Pulls herself up.

A tight squeeze.

She gets stuck. Kicks her legs.

EMMA
(struggling)
Charlie!

Charlie shoots with his good arm. Grabs Emma's legs with his bad. This is gonna hurt.

He PUSHES!

Grits through the pain.

Gets her up! She scrambles into the chute.

Just as the dead all FREEZE.

They step back, clearing a path for Morticus.

He's right there.

Walking towards Charlie.

FUCK.

Fuckity, fuck, fuck.

Charlie looks up at Emma. She holds a hand down for him.

EMMA
C'mon!

But there's no way he'll make it.

CHARLIE
Go.

EMMA
Charlie!

CHARLIE
Go. Get to the ship.

He smiles up at her. Emma realizes what he's about to do.

EMMA
No... Don't do this.

CHARLIE
It's okay. Really. It is.

And, for the first time maybe in his entire life, it does feel okay.

EMMA

Charlie...

Emma sobs as Charlie closes the hatch and LATCHES it. She pounds on the hatch.

EMMA (O.S.)

CHARLIE!

Charlie turns back to Morticus.

Trains his pistol on him. Opens fire. Hitting Morticus with shot after shot.

They do nothing. Absorbed right into his chest.

Morticus BLASTS Charlie with the scepter, sending him CRASHING into the far wall.

Charlie tries to get up when --

Morticus hits him with a STREAM OF RED LIGHT.

Pouring forth from the scepter like acid, burning Charlie on the inside.

Charlie screams!

It's the most pain he's ever felt.

Morticus watches him THRASH on the ground. Like an ant under a magnifying glass.

He finally retracts his scepter. The light dissipates. Charlie lays there, barely breathing.

MORTICUS

(snarls)

Stay down.

But Charlie doesn't.

He somehow musters the strength.

Pulls himself to his feet.

Hobbles forward. Towards Morticus. Towards death.

He looks up into those bottomless sockets.

The kid from Ann Arbor meeting the gaze of the Lord of Death head on.

Unafraid.

CHARLIE
You can take my life. But you will
not run it anymore.

Charlie tosses his pistol at Morticus' feet.

CHARLIE
Find someone else to clean your
fucking weapons.

Morticus glares at Charlie, enraged.

He raises his scepter into the air and THRUSTS IT INTO CHARLIE'S CHEST.

BLACK.

A long, quiet beat.

Then --

The gentle howl of wind.

FADE UP ON:

SNOW

Undisturbed. Glistening in the sunlight. Serene.

A BARE FOOT steps into frame, leaving a BLOODY FOOTPRINT.

A MAN crossing an arctic landscape that looks like Alaska if it were ravaged by wild fires.

He's draped in animal skins. Dragging a CARCASS behind him by its STINGER.

An INSECT the size of a Mini Cooper.

It has hooves like a horse, pinchers like a scorpion. A MAKESHIFT SPEAR pierced through one of its compound eyes.

And we MATCH CUT to -

CLEARING

That EYE roasting over a fire.

A gaunt hand reaches for it. Pries it off the spear.

Brings it to a mouth.

It's Charlie, but not the Charlie we last saw.

He's frostbitten and battle worn -- scars, burns, missing a piece of his ear.

Despite being malnourished, he's pure muscle.

A warrior.

He sits by the fire, savoring the cooked flesh.

The spoils of a successful hunt.

He suddenly SPRINGS to his feet, snatching up the spear. Looks around...

Hearing something we don't.

Senses attuned to this forest.

He gazes through the trees.

Movement.

There.

In the distance.

A giant lizard-shaped COCKROACH speeding his way. Flying across the snow on its spiny feet.

Charlie readies his spear when --

THUNK!

An ARROW fashioned from a bone pierces its exoskeleton and rips through its heart.

It slides to a stop at Charlie's feet.

Dead.

Charlie spins around.

Something in the distance. No, someone. Trudging through the snow towards him.

She slings her makeshift bow over her shoulder.

Battle worn and also covered in animal skins.

She stops in front of Charlie.

EMMA

You're a hard guy to find.

Charlie stares at Emma -- the happiest and saddest moment of his life at the same time.

CHARLIE

You didn't...you didn't make it?

EMMA

I did.

CUT TO:

UPPER DECK - FLASHBACK

Haynes on the gate of the rock ship, helping load the last of the prisoners from the laundry room.

He spots Emma at the end of the line.

HAYNES

Emma! Thank goodness. Where's Charlie?

Emma says nothing. Doesn't need to. One look and Haynes knows. Sadness washing over him.

BLAM! A blast of red light SLAMS into the rock ship.

Haynes looks over and spots Morticus approaching with his guards. Haynes holds out a hand for her.

HAYNES

C'mon...we gotta go.

But Emma doesn't take it.

She just looks up at him.

Haynes stares back. Reading her mind.

HAYNES

You sure about this?

Emma nods.

HAYNES

Tell him I'll miss him, will ya?

Haynes heads up the ramp.

HAYNES

Skit, let's go, let's go!

Skit chirps. Hits the throttle.

Emma watches the ship of escapees take to the sky with Millie riding on the roof. It passes through the shield.

Emma keeps her eyes on that happy sight as Morticus approaches behind her and raises his scepter.

BACK TO:

CLEARING

Charlie shakes his head.

CHARLIE

No...you could've gotten away. You were supposed to just leave me.

EMMA

Now you know how it feels. Sucks balls doesn't it?

CHARLIE

You're stuck here. Forever.

EMMA

Yeah.

CHARLIE

With me.

EMMA

That's kinda the point.

This lands on Charlie.

Emma rushes towards him. He grabs her, wraps her in an embrace.

They kiss.

For real this time.

And it's even better than Charlie imagined.

Emma pulls away --

EMMA

(re: cockroach)

You're welcome by the way.

CHARLIE
What are you talking about? I
totally had him.

EMMA
You were toast.

CHARLIE
I was letting him get close. Make
him think he was gonna get me. It's
a strategy.

EMMA
You have the worst strategy.

A horrific SCREECH comes from somewhere close by!

Emma draws her bow. Charlie grabs his spear.

Emma tosses Charlie a small SACK.

CHARLIE
What's this?

EMMA
Half a liver.

CHARLIE
Thanks.

EMMA
Now we're even.

They share a smile, then charge through the forest.

We PULL WAY UP through the trees to reveal that they're
headed towards --

One of those THREE-HEADED ICE MONSTERS.

The body of a dragon. The size of a mountain.

It screeches! Spewing blue acid from each of its mouths.

Two little dots race towards the beast. Boy and girl, facing
down evil. Together.

BLACK.

A beat.

Titles: **Dying For You**

END