

LUNACY

"PILOT"

WRITTEN BY

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(c) 2014

TEASER

BLACK SCREEN

SUPER: "SOMETIME FAR INTO THE FUTURE"

FADE IN

INT. TV STUDIO - NIGHT

A basic interview program with a trustworthy HOST.

Total black in background -- one small round table -- one guest. Tonight -- DOCTOR ELTON SEEKUP, old and distinguished. A man of science and physics.

HOST

Tell us what this means? How can this discovery advance mankind?

ELTON

This discovery will allow man to begin to find answers, instead of looking for them, which is what we have been doing for so long, too long.

HOST

Wormholes? Is that what...what did you call them Doctor Seekup?

ELTON

Yes. Wormholes. I call them hoppers. Much faster, cleaner.

HOST

Hoppers?

ELTON

Some time very soon, people will be able to travel, in a short amount of time, throughout the galaxy, by way of my hoppers.

HOST

Space tourism?

ELTON

I believe space tourism will become
the number one industry in the
world.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

An uncluttered space. Sterile. Sleek. All polished white and
stainless steel.

This is SEEK UP JOURNEYS. The world's leader in economic
space tourism.

A digital display blinks the words: "ANYWHERE IN THE GALAXY
IN 30 DAYS OR LESS."

Two girls, LESSEY and JANA, both mid 20's, eagerly sit -- a
digital tablet in their laps -- tapping on the screen.

Wearing an impeccable suit, a painfully clean cut,
bespectacled man, CALVIN SEEKUP -- hovers nearby.

LESSEY

Is it safe?

CALVIN

Safe?

JANA

Yea, what if something happens?

LESSEY

What if, like if-

CALVIN

Statistically you are more likely
to die outside my office than you
would in space.

JANA

I mean for a years salary, you
shouldn't have to worry.

CALVIN

Well worth it.

Jana hands Calvin tablet.

CALVIN

How exciting! Planet Jurilla!

Lessy finishes her last tap -- hands it over.

JANA
The Cosmopolitan of Breezy Dutch.

LESSEY
Is it nice, Calvin?

Calvin smiles.

CALVIN
The warm solar winds of Breezy
Dutch will wrap you up in a comfort
you have never felt in your life.

Calvin glides to his massive desk -- plops into a chair.

JANA
So how exactly does it work?

LESSEY
How long?

CALVIN
Twenty - three Earth days.

JANA
Is it?...How does it feel?

LESSEY
How do we get there? I heard
something about wormholes?

CALVIN
My grandfather invented space
tourism. This will be an experience
like no other.

Both girls light up. Excited.

CALVIN (cont'd)
Yes. You will travel through one of
the many wormholes that he
discovered.

LESSEY
What does that feel like?

JANA
I'll probably get sick.

Calvin reacts. Amused by the familiar questions.

CALVIN
Actually. Many, especially
beautiful ladies like yourselves-

JANA
You are a sweet, sweet man, Calvin.

CALVIN
Well they have experienced, you
know, unimaginable pleasure.

Jana and Lessey -- eyes widen. They exchange looks of
disbelief.

LESSEY
You mean-

CALVIN
Six or seven times in a day.

JANA
Oh my god!

LESSEY
Shut your mouth, Mr. Seekup.

CALVIN
Now, we can give you something to
sleep the whole way.

The girls -- shake their heads like they are going to fall
off.

END TEASER

ACT ONE

EXT. SPACE

Silent. Vast. Cold.

The song "ADAGIO IN G MINOR" by Albinoni plays.

A battered spaceship. Dirty. Grimy. It races past us -- quiet -- deeper into the remote void of stars and planets.

INT. SPACESHIP FUSELAGE

A beat up junker on the verge of falling apart.

Everything on board has been made or can be fixed with a screwdriver, wrench or hammer.

INT. SPACESHIP CONTROL ROOM

An electric hum echoes. An array of lights blink at us.

"SOLO TOURS SUCK" scribbled on a dirty piece of athletic tape.

INT. SPACESHIP COCKPIT

Small. Humid. Jammed with instruments.

Two high backed chairs -- empty -- slowly swivel from the vibration. Lonely.

A computer screen flickers. The intercom comes to life.

A BEEP.

INT. SPACESHIP STATE ROOM

Cluttered. Worn.

A rumpled and used up MAN sleeps -- sweat beads his face.

A BEEP, followed by a labored digital voice just about out of batteries.

VOICE (O.S.)

Destination. Fifty two minutes.

Destination fift-

A BEEP. STATIC. Another BEEP.

The Man wills his eyes open -- forever exhausted -- pries himself up. He rubs the sleep out.

This is AGENT WINTON GLUMLY, an intense combination of Sonny Crocket and Mad Max.

He rises. His eyes hard and wise -- they look at us. A careful massage of his unshaven face -- about to face complete misery.

INT. SPACESHIP FUSELAGE

Glumly glides past murmuring instruments -- a migraine thunders in his head.

He stands before a screen fixed to the wall -- pushes buttons. Above it -- the familiar red cross.

The same digital voice we heard before -- crackles.

VOICE (O.S.)

Hello Agent Glumly. What are your symptoms today?

GLUMLY

Headache.

An excruciating long delay.

VOICE (O.S.)

Hello Agent Glumly. What are your symptoms today?

Glumly shakes his head.

GLUMLY

Headache! Headache!

He taps the screen. It flickers.

VOICE (O.S.)

Hello Agent Glumly. What are your-

BANG. Glumly pounds the screen.

GLUMLY

Come on you piece of shit!

Bangs again.

VOICE (O.S.)
 Manuel mode. Manual mode.

Glumly taps on the screen -- word "HEADACHE".

A long stare.

The screen goes blank.

GLUMLY
 Oh the hell with it! I'll fix ya
 you son of a bitch!

INT. SPACESHIP ENGINE ROOM

Weed like coils engulf room. Everything shakes like an earthquake.

Glumly storms in -- on a mission -- searching. He eyes a long metal rusted trunk in corner.

VOICE (O.S.)
 Engine three. Malfunction. Engine
 three Malfunction. Engine three
 malfunction.

A BEEP.

GLUMLY
 What else is new. Slowest damn ship
 in the universe. I really don't
 need all my engines, do I!?

To the trunk -- throws the lid open -- full of tools. He rummages.

VOICE (O.S.)
 Engine three. Malfunction. Engine
 three. Malfunction. Engine three.
 Malfunction.

A BEEP.

GLUMLY
 Just once. Just one time I'd like
 to get there in time to actually
 make a difference! To help!

Glumly pulls out a screwdriver -- slams the lid shut -- darts toward an exposed electric panel box hanging on the wall. He punches buttons.

VOICE (O.S.)
Manuel override. Manuel override.

GLUMLY
Why would I expect you to fix
yourself. It's only your job.
Useless. Useless! I hate this ship!

Glumly struts out -- voice trailing off.

INT. SPACESHIP FUSELAGE

Glumly -- back at the medical screen -- unscrewing the panel
next to a monitor.

VOICE (O.S.)
Manuel override. Manuel override.

A series of QUICK BEEPS.

GLUMLY
Your damn right. This whole ship
needs to be a manual override.

With each turn, his face more determined.

Turn. Turn. Turn.

Pain -- his head throbbing -- eyes water. Almost there. Turn
Glumly, turn.

GLUMLY (cont'd)
Come on you son of a-

POP. DINK. The panel shoots off. Hundreds of aspirin rain
down on the floor.

Glumly falls to his knees. He scoops up a handful -- looks
up to monitor.

GLUMLY (cont'd)
Shouldn't have to be this hard out
here.

INT. SPACESHIP COCKPIT

Glumly stumbles in -- falls into a chair -- blinking his
eyes to focus.

He spins to the console -- snaps a few toggles. Colored
lights flicker. He throws another switch.

VOICE (O.S.)
Please register.

Glumly swivels his chair -- punches more toggles -- clicks switches above.

GLUMLY
Agent Winton Glumly. Homicide
Enforcement Agency. Shield number
one - one - seven - two - oh.

Another long delay.

VOICE (O.S.)
Voice confirmed. Access granted.
Here is your flight plan Agent
Glumly.

A sheet of paper shoots out from a printer below. Glumly rips it off -- studies it.

GLUMLY
Where are the landing coordinates
for Breezy Dutch?

VOICE (O.S.)
Printing map of Breezy Dutch.

Glumly spins -- another console -- punches up a code on the keyboard.

GLUMLY
(to himself)
No dumb ass. I need the landing
plan. I'll do it myself.

VOICE (O.S.)
You have an official response from
request number three nine six.

GLUMLY
Read it.

VOICE (O.S.)
Shall I read it?

GLUMLY
Read it!

VOICE (O.S.)
Recommendation to suspend all space
tourist travel denied. Please
continue your objective. God speed.

GLUMLY

What else is new? How about a request for a new ship!?

VOICE (O.S.)

Would you like your reminders for today Agent Glumly?

GLUMLY

(sarcastic)

Sure.

VOICE (O.S.)

You have two missed video feeds from Heather. You asked me to remind you to call her back. Do you want another reminder?

Glumly stops. His mind drifts. Eyes defocusing.

EXT. PARK - DAY - FLASHBACK

Leafless trees against an overcast sky. Another snow less winter on Earth.

Glumly strolls with HEATHER, a whimsical combination of sexy and cute. She hangs on his arm for dear life.

HEATHER

I hate that you're leaving tomorrow.

GLUMLY

I know.

HEATHER

I know better to ask, but I just have to. I just-

GLUMLY

Heth.

HEATHER

No. Can't you just stay. Stay here. Stay with me.

They halt.

HEATHER (cont'd)

Let me take care of you.

GLUMLY

You knew going into this Heth.

HEATHER

Why? Really. Why do you do it? You said it yourself. You hate everything about it.

GLUMLY

Heth, please.

Glumly walks away.

HEATHER

Winton!

Heather follows.

HEATHER

Let me in! Hey!

Heather catches up.

GLUMLY

Heth, the last thing I want to do is be away from you.

HEATHER

Then why do you leave me? What are you afraid of?

GLUMLY

What are you talking about?

HEATHER

Why won't you let me love you?

GLUMLY

This is what I do! This is what I am! I don't want to do this right now.

HEATHER

Let me love you.

They stop. Again.

HEATHER (cont'd)

I would give my life to you. Let me give my life to you. Forever.

Heather gently touches his face. He looks at her. Simply.

GLUMLY
I do love you.

HEATHER
Marry me.

GLUMLY
What?

HEATHER
I want to marry you. Will you? Will
you say forever?

Heather laughs. A perfect laugh.

HEATHER (cont'd)
Will you marry me Winton Glumly?

Tears accompany laughter as she offers her heart and soul.

There is nothing to read in Glumly's face -- blank.

INT. SPACESHIP COCKPIT

A constant BEEPING drags Glumly back to present time.

His head -- a swirling mess.

He grabs hold of throttle stick. A sea of stars spread out
in front of him.

He hits the appropriate switches.

An enormous vibration rises as the ship hits the atmosphere.
Glumly straps himself into his seat.

He pushes down on the stick -- gentle. Soft alarms buzz in
background.

VOICE (O.S.)
Entering the atmosphere of Jurilla.
Oxygen levels stable

With each passing moment -- more focused -- he is very
skilled at this -- landing.

GLUMLY
Notify docking.

A BEEP.

VOICE (O.S.)
 Docking notified. Bay Adam sixteen.

GLUMLY
 Adam sixteen, copy that.

INT. SPACEPORT - DOCKING BAY A 16 - DAY

Glumly's ship's skinny landing struts unfold.

The ship slams down -- rocks. Steam hisses and billows out.

INT. INTAKE OFFICE - DAY

Round. Empty.

On wall -- strange alien writing we have never seen before.

An ALIEN INTAKE OFFICER. Bizarre. Potbellied. Telescopic eyes -- gently taps a round console in middle of room.

Glumly pushes in -- quick.

He sports a trench coat -- twirls aviator sunglasses in one hand -- carries a metal, rectangular suitcase in other.

He slams the case down -- glances up at the strange writing. He squints -- on go sunglasses.

The writing changes. It is clear that these are translation glasses.

The writing on wall reads: "BREEZY DUTCH".

Below that: "MEMBER OF THE COMMONWEALTH OF SYSTEMS"

INTAKE OFFICER
 Glaber nun saserpop.

Glumly holds up his finger -- reaches into his pocket -- pulls out an earpiece -- pops it in -- another translator.

INTAKE OFFICER
 Docking papers.

Glumly digs through inside pocket of his coat -- yanks out a wad of papers -- throws them down on the console.

GLUMLY
 All this intel and tech and you
 guys still use paper.

The Intake Officer looks up -- notices something -- A colt Anaconda .44 magnum, hanging from Glumly's shoulder holster.

INTAKE OFFICER

A bit uncommon for you types to check in. You usually don't follow rules.

The Intake Officer inputs information from Glumly's paperwork.

GLUMLY

I always follow the rules. Without rules there would be no order and without order, well, you get places like this.

INTAKE OFFICER

H-E-A?

GLUMLY

That's right.

INTAKE OFFICER

Must be here to investigate a kill. Such archaic law's you humans have.

GLUMLY

I could care less what you slabs do to each other. But you kill my kind and I'm coming for you.

INTAKE OFFICER

Do you need any maintenance on your vessel?

GLUMLY

I don't want any slab near my ship. Make sure of it.

Glumly squats down to his case -- clicks it open -- pulls out a large G-P-S watch -- turns it on -- slams case shut.

INTAKE OFFICER

I don't admire human emotion, or curiosity as you call it.

The Intake Officer holds the paper out to him. Glumly rises -- deliberately taking time -- puts on his watch.

A long stare off.

Glumly carefully pulls his gun out of the holster. He examines it -- takes aim on the wall behind the Intake Officer -- checking his sites.

Then --

Glumly snatches back the papers.

GLUMLY

Don't care what your kind thinks.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. HOTEL - LOBBY

Contemporary. Eerie.

Glumly walks with FLOYD, middle aged, hotel manager. They head toward a bank of elevators.

FLOYD

The biobot reported it, during her daily cleaning task.

GLUMLY

How long?

FLOYD

Seven or eight days ago. I've never been involved in anything like this.

They reach elevators. Floyd pushes button. DING.

FLOYD

I did exactly what they told me when I reported it.

INT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUING

GLUMLY

How long you been out here?

FLOYD

A few years now. This your first time here?

GLUMLY

I was here five years back. Outside the Cosmo.

FLOYD

Well Agent, you let me know if I can do anything for you. My biobots are the best in their field. They will do anything. And I mean any, anything for you.

Glumly gives him a polite grin. DING -- doors open.

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - DAY

Spotless marble floor -- mirror shine.

Glumly steps out. Floyd hesitates.

FLOYD

Look, I really don't want to go
down there. Not really my scene,
you know?

GLUMLY

Did you set an emergency
transmitter in there?

FLOYD

No. And no one has come or left
that room since I reported it.
There is a Biobot there. You'll see
her. And hey feel free too, you
know?

GLUMLY

These camera's work?

Glumly points up into corner.

FLOYD

(amused)

No.

Glumly notices Floyd's diamond watch and bracelet as he
pushes a button inside the elevator.

FLOYD (cont'd)

Too expensive. They are just for
show. I notified the bot that you
are coming. Good lu-

The door closes.

Glumly heads toward crime scene -- deliberate. His G-P-S
watch -- beeping quicker with each step.

Glumly arrives at a plain metal door.

A FEMALE BIOBOT, half women -- half robot -- stands lifeless
in front.

The G-P-S watch -- intense beeping now. He pushes the side
of watch -- the beeping stops.

BIOBOT
Would you like me to open the door
Agent Glumly?

He drops his briefcase -- bends down -- opens -- pulls out a round looking device about the size of a coffee lid with a keypad on face.

He sticks it on door -- punches in numbers. It beeps at us -- the familiar digital voice.

VOICE (O.S.)
Starting lock pick.

The device does it's job.

Glumly moves to a different door -- few steps away -- off come the sunglasses -- presses his ear -- nothing.

Back to device on the door -- still working -- Sunglasses pop back on.

Glumly slides his palm across the wall -- rubs fingers together -- smells them.

He looks up at the ceiling -- studies it. A BEEP

VOICE (O.S.) (cont'd)
Lock Pick complete.

A HISS. The door slides opens.

GLUMLY
I like to open my own locked doors.

A faint BEEPING SOUND inside.

BIOBOT
Is there anything else Agent
Glumly?

GLUMLY
No. You are dismissed.

The Biobot complies with order -- slides away -- down hall. Glumly watches her -- then --

jerks out gun -- into the open door.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - LIVING SUITE - CONTINUING

Ransacked. Something bad happened here.

A cracked window -- thin haunting wails seep through.

Glumly -- gun in front -- moves. Cautious.

GLUMLY

Hello?! Homicide Enforcement!
Anybody here?!

Glumly's eyes sweep across room. Hesitation.

He slides to a square looking beeping device in middle of room -- picks it up -- clicks it off.

He continues to study room -- taking his time.

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - CONTINUING

Glumly -- gun in waistband -- storms out -- picks up his briefcase. Eyes scan. DING.

Down hall -- the Biobot enters elevator.

Glumly -- satisfied -- beelines back inside.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - LIVING SUITE - CONTINUING

Glumly -- on one knee -- briefcase open -- out comes a tripod. Fast --

sets it up in the middle of room -- mounts a small camera on top -- flips switches. On.

The camera rotates slowly -- snaps -- clicks -- taking pictures.

Back down to briefcase --

out comes a saucer shaped machine -- he punches a code on side of machine.

A BEEP.

He sets it down.

VOICE (O.S.)

Starting evidence collection.

The machine moves slowly around room -- an automatic vacuum.

Glumly's eyes -- locked -- another closed door. Hesitant.

Creeps to the door -- readies himself.

He knocks.

Nothing.

Glumly slides his hand along -- looking for a way to open it. He pulls his hand back as if he touched something hot.

Ponders. Pulse racing. Then --

He pushes the door -- creaks.

INT. HOTEL BEDROOM - CONTINUING

The door to his worst nightmare has just opened.

Glumly jumps back. Repulsed -- yanks out his gun.

He never gets used to this sight -- no human can. Gathers himself --

Struggles back inside.

Fear and misery churn together in his gut.

On the bed -- A SKINNED FEMALE CORPSE -- limbs pulled out -- carefully placed near her torso. Her head -- nailed to the wall above the bed -- eyes wide open -- Gruesome.

Extensive bloodstains everywhere. They scream at us.

GLUMLY

The Man Butcher. Shit.

Glumly -- vibrating with tension -- knows exactly what he's dealing with. Then --

GLUMLY (cont'd)

You fucking slab.

He moves about the room -- studies it -- purposely not touching a thing -- like a good detective.

His eyes catch something -- on wall -- written in blood -- alien writing.

Sunglasses pop on -- intent stare. A sharp inhale as he reads --

Written on wall: "NEXT DEAD GLUMLY"

His face stiffens. He runs to a window -- opens it. The wind howls -- we can faintly hear "Glumly...Glumly".

He slides down the wall -- sits -- rubs his face -- stares off.

INT. AUDITORIUM - DAY - FLASHBACK

On a makeshift stage, DIRECTOR BLACKBURN stands at a podium -- delivering a generic speech to a graduating class of new H-E-A agents.

Sitting behind him -- TWO OTHER DIGNITARIES. They're off -- barley listening.

DIRECTOR

You truly are the best of the best.
The finest and bravest that all of
humanity has to offer. I have
always found this job to be a
calling. It's not something that we
do, it's something we that we are.
It's in our blood.

Glumly -- much younger -- fresh -- wearing a ceremonial suit.

He sits, all alone in front row. He is the only one graduating. A lonely sight.

Several rows back a SPECTATOR, a man, sits -- observes ceremony.

DIRECTOR

And so now it is time. Time to go
forth and serve humanity as many
have done before us.
Congratulations. You are now full
fledged Homicide Enforcement
Agents.

The Director shuffles his paper at podium.

Glumly looks around -- unsure.

DIRECTOR (cont'd)

That's it son. It's time to go and
celebrate. Good luck to you.

Glumly rises.

A VOICE
Agent Glumly.

Glumly turns toward voice. It belongs to EXECUTIVE AGENT MORRIS, who shoots out his hand for a shake.

MORRIS
I'm Executive Agent Morris.

GLUMLY
Sir.

They shake.

MORRIS
I'm your boss kid.

GLUMLY
Oh, hello sir. I'm really looking forward to working-

MORRIS
Enjoy your last night. Go celebrate with your family, because you leave tomorrow for-

GLUMLY
I got no family.

MORRIS
No one?

GLUMLY
No sir.

MORRIS
Well, its probably for the best. This job can be brutal on them. And you.

INT. THE KNICK KNACK - NIGHT

Small. Cluttered. Very vintage. A place with things we would recognize but in the future would be considered artifacts.

Glumly -- still dressed in his ceremonial graduation attire, pushes himself in. No one in sight.

GLUMLY
Hello?

A younger Heather glides out from back.

GLUMLY (cont'd)
Oh. Are you closed?

HEATHER
Looks can be deceiving.

GLUMLY
I must have passed by this by a million times. Always wondered what was inside.

HEATHER
Manufactured, fake, rehashed junk mostly.

Glumly -- casual -- browses. Heather eyes Glumly's ceremonial uniform.

HEATHER (cont'd)
Are you in the military or something? Whats H - E - A?

GLUMLY
Homicide Enforcement Agency. You know, up there, in the stars.

Glumly points up.

HEATHER
Ah, A space dick.

She smiles at him. Glumly -- takes it -- not insulated.

HEATHER (cont'd)
I heard it somewhere, probably a movie or something. Glumly is it?

GLUMLY
Yes, Agent Glu... Winton Glumly.

HEATHER
Heather. Just plain ol Heather.

An uncomfortable silence.

HEATHER
So. What's your fancy?

GLUMLY
Oh I don't know. I know I'll be gone for a while and need something, I don't' know, comforting. Music?

HEATHER
How long will you be up there?

GLUMLY
One year on, one month off. Then
repeat for the next thirty years.

HEATHER
Wow.

GLUMLY
When I'm traveling, which is pretty
much all the time, I will be alone.

HEATHER
How much music do you have?

Pretends to think -- playful.

GLUMLY
None, really.

HEATHER
When do you leave?

GLUMLY
Tomorrow.

HEATHER
You don't have much time to build a
music collection do you Agent
Glumly?

GLUMLY
No. I guess not.

HEATHER
Wait here.

Heather walks with purpose to the back room. Glumly's eyes
follow her -- pretends to browse the merchandise.

A moment.

Heather returns -- holding a flash drive.

HEATHER (cont'd)
This is my own personal play list.
I usually sell em, but no charge
for you Agent. For your service.

She hands it to Glumly.

GLUMLY

Please let me pay something.

HEATHER

No, no. I insist. Come back when you get home in a year, I'll have another one for you.

GLUMLY

That's very kind of you. Thank you.

HEATHER

It's mostly archaic on there. End of the twentieth century stuff, last half of the nineteen hundreds.

GLUMLY

Well I'll be sure to give it a listen.

HEATHER

There is over five thousand songs on there. That should keep you going for a while.

GLUMLY

Thanks.

Glumly smiles -- turns -- walks toward the door.

HEATHER

So, I'll see you in a year?

GLUMLY

Yea. I'll be back.

EXT. KNICK KNACK - NIGHT - CONTINUING

Glumly steps out into darkness. Something keeps him there for a moment. Ponders -- then --

rushes back inside.

INT. KNICK KNACK - NIGHT - CONTINUING

Heather tidying up. Glumly barges in.

GLUMLY

Would you like to go and have a cup of coffee with me?

Heather smiles.

INT. HOTEL BEDROOM

Back to Glumly on floor -- slowly coming back from his aching memory.

Something catches Glumly's attention -- under the bed.

He squints at first -- rocks himself to his knees -- crawls toward the darkness.

He strains his eyes - "what the hell is that?"

Glumly reaches into his coat -- pulls out a small flashlight. Clicks -- light.

Wired -- he points it under bed -- A GIRLS FACE -- holy shit it scares us!

Glumly eyes shoot wide. He recoils. He moves back with the light leading -- bracing himself. He lights up under the bed.

The girls eyes -- closed. Dead? Glumly moves closer -- not sure -- then --

The girls eyes pop open. Glumly reacts again, but keeps the light on her. Peering out -- into gloom -- she struggles to talk.

GIRL

Help. Me.

SLAM TO BLACK.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. HOTEL ROOM - LIVING SUITE - LATER

Some time has passed.

The pale, unhealthy and shivering girl sits on a chair -- a blanket draped over her. She looks familiar.

It's Jana. Shaken to core.

Glumly brings her a cup of water. He crouches down next to her.

GLUMLY

How long have you been under there?

JANA

Don't know. Maybe a week or so.

Glumly glances at the emergency location device. Frustration across his face.

GLUMLY

(to himself)

Eleven days.

JANA

I just want to go home.

GLUMLY

So when did you find her like this?
When did you see her last alive?

JANA

I watched her die.

Glumly's eyes snap up to her.

GLUMLY

What?

JANA

I watched that thing tear apart-

Jana buries her head in her hands -- breaks down.

Glumly stares off. Unmoved.

GLUMLY

Did you see what this thing looked
like?

Jana composes herself. She looks up, through Glumly.

INT. HOTEL BEDROOM - FLASHBACK

We are under the bed with Jana -- watching a horror. It
takes everything she has not to scream.

Lessey -- tied to a chair -- a gag in mouth -- clutching
the arms -- her knuckles white -- eyes dart back and forth
-- complete panic.

A tall and gaunt SKINLESS ALIEN -- resembles a human body
with elongated limbs -- harsh.

It moves -- delicate -- towards Lessey.

It stops -- looks at us -- sticks out its long snake like
tongue.

It moves head about as if smelling something -- with its
tongue.

It moves back to Lessey -- bends over -- its face in her
face -- horror.

SKINLESS

(creepy calm)

Can I get you something?

Lessey -- an intense scream -- muffled -- goes right through
us.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - LIVING SUITE

Jana eyes water up as she finishes story.

Glumly swipes up his briefcase -- pulls out a tablet.

JANA

Please take me home.

GLUMLY

I need you to complete a descriptor
application.

JANA

What?

GLUMLY

It can give me a picture of this slab.

JANA

I just want to get the hell out of here mister.

GLUMLY

I can't take you home.

JANA

What? But please. How-

GLUMLY

I'm not a transport.

JANA

How am I going to get back home, to earth?

GLUMLY

I have nothing to do with that, I'm here to try and find your friends killer.

Glumly holds the tablet out to Jana. She looks at it -- disinterested.

GLUMLY

Look. I have been trying to find this killer for years now. Its killed before, many before. And this thing won't stop, until I catch it.

Jana looks away.

GLUMLY (cont'd)

You have been the first person to actually see it. I need to know what this slab looks like, so I can warn others. Please.

Jana takes it -- drops it on the floor.

JANA

Get me the fuck out of here.

GLUMLY

You know, I'll never understand it.
Whats so fucking great about being
out here? Being in space?

JANA

Please.

GLUMLY

Is Earth not enough for us that we
have to go to places so far away
from where we are supposed to be.

JANA

You're a heartless asshole, you
know that?

GLUMLY

Humans are made to function on
Earth, not out in this cold,
wretched, lonely void of shit.

Jana weeps at the reality of it all.

GLUMLY (cont'd)

Why can't people just enjoy space
the way God intended. Looking up at
the stars, walking the dog.

Glumly looks at Jana -- his eyes with some compassion.

He picks up the tablet -- holds it out to her -- once again.

GLUMLY

I can get you to the liaisons
center. Maybe they can help with
getting you back.

Jana's head rises back up -- hopeful.

INT. HOTEL BEDROOM

Glumly places the skinless arm of corpse inside a large
black body bag. All other pieces -- already inside.

He kneels down to his briefcase -- pulls out a plastic
bottle filled with clear liquid.

He stands back up -- above the body.

Jana shuffles in -- holds the tablet -- observes.

GLUMLY
(to himself)
I know you're out there you
cowardice slab. I'm coming for you.

Glumly pours liquid all over and inside the bag -- saturates it.

GLUMLY (cont'd)
(to himself)
And when I find you, I'm gonna rip
your fucking limbs off the way you
do to them.

The body parts disintegrate -- as if in some kind of acid.

JANA
What is that stuff?

GLUMLY
You may not want to be here for
this.

Jana moves to the body bag -- peers down at mostly ashes now.

JANA
Rest in peace now Lessey.

Glumly pulls a small canister out of his pocket. He kneels down -- scoops up some ash.

He hands it to Jana.

GLUMLY
For the family.

Jana takes it -- stares.

She hands Glumly the tablet -- a facial sketch of the alien killer.

JANA
For you.

Glumly inspects the digital image on the screen.

He stares for a long moment -- finally the killer he has been looking for.

JANA (cont'd)
Do you think you can catch it?

GLUMLY

I have to.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Bizarre. Wicked.

A seedy joint. A mix of ALIENS and HUMANS. Alien Whores, down and out and curious human tourists, all mill about.

Strange life forms in booths -- chatting in many different Alien tongues.

Glumly walks in -- bee lines it to bar. He's been in these places before -- tolerates the environment.

He drops himself on an empty stool.

An Alien places it's hand into a wide metal dish filled with a green liquid on top of bar. The liquid quickly disappears -- clearly being absorbed into the Alien.

THE BARTENDER, a frumpy looking creature -- talks monotone -- gimps to Glumly.

BARTENDER

Drink.

GLUMLY

Ox.

BARTENDER

Consumption or absorption?

GLUMLY

Consumption.

BARTENDER

Gas or liquid?

GLUMLY

Liquid.

A smokey voice finds its way to Glumly's ears.

VOICE (O.S.)

Hey...I know you...hey.

Glumly swings his tired head toward voice.

A grizzled, middle aged man, NICKEL FRITZ, walks toward him with a drink in one hand and a frock coat draped over the other.

NICKEL
Yea, yea. Glumly right?

Glumly squints eyes.

NICKEL
I never forget a face, kid. Nickel
Fritz.

Nickel takes a seat next to him. Glumly hesitates before shaking his outstretched hand.

GLUMLY
How do I know you?

Nickel looks around -- out from pocket -- he whips out a shield.

NICKEL
Used to be on the job kid. Relax.
We met on Mira Thirteen, Lonesome
Frost?

GLUMLY
Everything's a blur to me now.

NICKEL
That's why I got out. Got too damn
foggy. Wasn't always like that you
know.

GLUMLY
You retire?

NICKEL
More like awal. I just never came
back. Stopped answering my calls,
sold the ship. Whoa! What are you
carrying there?

Nickel points to Glumly's colt.

NICKEL (cont'd)
Whats that a fossil?

GLUMLY
Colt. Always fires. Don't trust the
laser, never did.

NICKEL
Worked fine for me. Took six of
them out on one blast. Fuckers.

GLUMLY
How long you been out?

NICKEL
A few years now.

The Bartender brings a drink with steam billowing out from the top, setting it in front of Glumly.

BARTENDER
One dink.

Glumly throws a coin on the bar. The Bartender scoops it up -- mopes away.

GLUMLY
When's the last time you've been back home?

NICKEL
I ain't never going back, kid. Are you kidding? I live like a king out here.

GLUMLY
Is that so.

NICKEL
Trading ships. They pay mucho dinks just for some bullshit security. One hop and I can live anywhere I want for a year, my way.

GLUMLY
I fucking hate it out here.

NICKEL
Kid, you have to walk away from this job. What we do, did. Useless. You think anyone gives a shit out here about people dying? About homicide? The suits don't even give a care. When's the the last time they had a recruiting class?

GLUMLY
Not sure actually.

NICKEL
They ain't kid. No one wants this job. You said it yourself you hate it out here.

GLUMLY

Yea well I still believe that
someone has to help these people.
Justice.

NICKEL

Don't be so naive. Justice? No one
gives a fuck about justice. What's
the point?

Glumly pulls out tablet -- shows digital sketch.

GLUMLY

This. This is why I am out here.
This fucking slab!

NICKEL

What is that ugly scummers story?

GLUMLY

Man Butcher.

NICKEL

Man butcher? The Man butcher?

Nickels eyes shoot wide.

GLUMLY

Yea.

NICKEL

Wher'd you get that?

GLUMLY

Found a survivor.

NICKEL

No one survives that mother. Where?
Here? Did he hit here?

GLUMLY

Yea. One of the tourist hotels.

NICKEL

No shit. I've read some the case
files on it. Nasty shit. What's the
number up to?

GLUMLY

Five hundred seventy seven.

NICKEL

Shit. Last I heard it was three hundred something.

GLUMLY

I've been chasing it for the last four years. It's all I think about.

Glumly drifts.

NICKEL

You gonna have to get lucky kid to catch that slab. Not with those garbage cans they call spaceships.

Glumly puts the tablet away.

GLUMLY

Got a face now. Maybe I can warn them.

NICKEL

Warn them and call it a day on this gig. I'm telling you the good life is out here. I can get you on the those ships. You'll make a fortune. You can retire like a king.

Glumly rubs his face -- ponders.

GLUMLY

Shit. I got to catch this thing first. I still have more to do. I don't know if I have it in me to walk away.

NICKEL

You have it in you. If you ever change your mind kid. Look me up. The trading ship War Hammer.

Nickel rises. They shake hands.

NICKEL (cont'd)

Get out before it's too late.

Nickel strolls away. Glumly -- left to his thoughts. Drifts. Again.

INT. GLUMLY'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Glumly and Heather hold each other on a huge bed dominating a cramped room.

Rain streaks the window.

HEATHER

What's it like? Out there in space?

GLUMLY

Cold. Lonely. Quiet.

HEATHER

That's precisely what it's like when you aren't here with me.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Back to Glumly gathering his things. He's had enough of this place.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

More like a lounge. A very pleasant -- peaceful environment except for --

An unfathomable combination of GRUNTS, WAILS and SQUEAKS coming from the stalls.

Glumly enters -- heads for sink -- drops his case

He turns on the faucet -- pushes in the drain stopper.

He cups water in his hands -- splashes on face -- blinks eyes -- turns around to --

THE MAN BUTCHER.

Uglier in person -- standing before him.

Glumly reels into the wall -- nearly knocks himself out -- fumbles for his gun -- Holds it out in front.

The Butcher slides toward him.

GLUMLY

What the hell are you you?

MAN BUTCHER

Glumly.

Glumly squeezes off two. BANG! BANG!

The Butcher's body twitches, halts for a beat.

MAN BUTCHER (cont'd)

You humans try so hard.

The Man Butcher lunges at him -- grabs him by throat -- drives him up the wall.

Glumly attempts to raise his gun, but just doesn't have the strength.

Glumly lets out a choking gasp -- his feet dangle.

MAN BUTCHER

Glumly. Glumly. I can smell your fear, your uncertain purpose of duty. You know me?

Glumly's eyes pop - slight shake of his head. The Man Butcher -- displaying massive strength.

MAN BUTCHER

I am the king of the universe, you know me? You know any kings? Speaker of all languages? Even your primitive hack.

The Man Butcher tilts its head.

MAN BUTCHER (cont'd)

The weak, the worthless must be perished, skinned to expose their ugliness, they serve no purpose.

Glumly -- fading fast -- gurgling to get something out.

GLUMLY

Yo....u....sl....ab.

MAN BUTCHER

I like you Glumly. I will keep you, my pet. I will save you to last.

The Man Butcher raises a hand to Glumly's dying face.

A long finger -- a sharp nail -- slides across his forehead -- cutting it -- blood streaks.

MAN BUTCHER (cont'd)
You will never be able to catch me.
Your kind is simply too weak. Such
small intelligence. I don't even
exist in the way you see me. I'm a
shadow of the soul, a ghost of
ghosts.

With that Glumly falls -- unconscious.

The Man Butcher bends down -- strokes Glumly's face --
gentle -- caring.

MAN BUTCHER (cont'd)
Be well, my beloved creation.

The Man butcher stands -- looks at us -- head tilt -- tongue
out -- he can see us -- it lunges into us -- disappears into
a --

A WHITE BLINDING LIGHT

FADE TO BLACK.

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

The sink overflows with water -- The floor soaked.

Glumly stirs -- dried blood on face -- coming back to life -- groggy as hell -- confused.

EXT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Glumly struggles out the door -- halts -- trying to remember something.

INT. SPACESHIP STATEROOM - LATER

Homey and messy.

Glumly -- in front of a mirror.

He finishes his awful attempt at a stitch job on his forehead. He winces more at the sight of it than anything else.

GLUMLY

It'll have to do, Glumly.

A BEEP.

VOICE (O.S.)

Emergency transmission. Emergency transmission. Emergency transm-

Static and a BEEP.

GLUMLY

Where?

VOICE (O.S.)

Emergency transmission. Emergency transmission. Emergency tr-

GLUMLY

Where! Location dumb ass!

VOICE (O.S.)

Locating dumb ass.

GLUMLY
Where is the location of the
emergency transmission!?

VOICE (O.S.)
Processing location.

INT. SPACESHIP COCKPIT

Glumly slouched in his chair -- his body flowing with the
swivel -- hand stroking face.

VOICE (O.S.)
Location confirmed. Shall I set
coordinates?

GLUMLY
Yes. Where is the location.

VOICE (O.S.)
Stand by.

GLUMLY
Call headquarters.

VOICE (O.S.)
Hello Agent Glumly. How can I help
you? Coordinates set. Seventeen
hours E-T-A.

GLUMLY
Call headquarters.

VOICE (O.S.)
Location confirmed. Six. Four.
Seven. Five. Five. Shall I set a
flight plan?

GLUMLY
What planet?

VOICE (O.S.)
Planet Arid.

GLUMLY
How many hops?

VOICE (O.S.)
Stand by. Two hops, Agent Glum-

A BEEP.

GLUMLY
Call head quarters.

VOICE (O.S.)
Who would you like me to call?

Static.

GLUMLY
Head! Quarters!

VOICE (O.S.)
Calling head quarters.

A BEEP.

We wait with Glumly.

A painful silence except for the ringing BEEPS. "Are they even there anymore? Anyone?"

The wait -- excruciating.

Finally -- static -- a crackling voice.

Glumly leans in -- his face brightens -- hope?

HEADQUARTERS (O.S.)
Agent Glumly?

GLUMLY
Yes, yes.

HEADQUARTERS (O.S.)
Still have your hands on the wheel?

GLUMLY
Yes, I still have my hands on the wheel. Did you get my sketch transmission?

HEADQUARTERS (O.S.)
We will look into it.

GLUMLY
But did it arrive?

HEADQUARTERS (O.S.)
Hello?

Static.

GLUMLY
Did my report arrive? I have a
sketch. I think it-

HEADQUARTERS (O.S.)
We will look for it, Agent.

Glumly leans back -- helpless.

HEADQUARTERS (O.S.) (cont'd)
What can we help you with Agent
Glumly?

GLUMLY
You need to get the warning out to
other tourists.

HEADQUARTERS (O.S.)
Please put that in a request
report. We'll look into it.

Static. A hiss.

HEADQUARTERS (O.S.) (cont'd)
Any other requests?

GLUMLY
Any plans for a new recruiting
class sir?

Silence. Then --

HEADQUARTERS (O.S.)
Not yet. You were the last. You are
truly the last of a kind.

Glumly -- complete defeat -- sick.

HEADQUARTERS (O.S.) (cont'd)
(heavy static)
Keep up the good work.

The transmission goes dead. Despair -- then

GLUMLY
Call Heather.

VOICE (O.S.)
Do you have a request?

GLUMLY
(to himself)
Tell her I love her.

VOICE (O.S.)
I love her.

GLUMLY
No. Call Heather.

VOICE (O.S.)
What can I help you with today
Agent Glumly?

GLUMLY
Call...What can you do? I mean what
the hell can you really do well out
here. You screw everything up! What
can you do? Help Me!

VOICE (O.S.)
What can I help you with?

Calming himself.

GLUMLY
What can you do?

VOICE (O.S.)
What do you need?

GLUMLY
I need to talk to Heather.

VOICE (O.S.)
Would you like to make a call?

GLUMLY
Yes.

VOICE (O.S.)
Who would you like to call?

GLUMLY
Heather.

VOICE (O.S.)
Calling Heather.

A BEEP.

Then --

MAN BUTCHER (O.S.)
Hello Glumly.

Glumly pops up -- whirls around -- yanks out his gun.
Standing before him -- The Man Butcher. Then --

Gone -- vanished completely. Glumly reacts. "Where the hell is this thing?"

Glumly panting.

A BEEP.

VOICE (O.S.)
Engine three malfunction. Engine
three malfunction.

Another BEEP.

VOICE (O.S.) (cont'd)
Would you like me to start
diagnostics?

GLUMLY
Start Diagnostics.

VOICE (O.S.)
Engine three malfunction. Engine-

GLUMLY
Start Diagnostics!

VOICE (O.S.)
Error. Error.

Glumly holsters his gun and plops down in front of the console. He punches buttons on the key board.

GLUMLY
Put me in Manuel mode.

VOICE (O.S.)
Need authorization number.

GLUMLY
One. One. Seven. Two. Oh.

VOICE (O.S.)
Authorized. Call failed. Would like
me to try again?

GLUMLY
No.

Glumly leans back. Ponders.

EXT. PLANET ARID - DAY

A deserted wasteland. Glumly's ship screams by -- the turbulence whips up sand. Strange lizard like animals scampers away.

EXT. GLUMLY'S SPACESHIP - DAY

Glumly strolls down the boarding ramp -- case in hand. Waiting for him -- a fat, no neck, bullfrog of an alien, GOVERNOR, the sheriff.

He sits in a sand rover -- open buggy with over sized tires.

Glumly shoves in his ear piece. He reacts to the dense atmosphere.

GOVERNOR

Don't bother. I know your simple language. Hop in, Agent.

EXT. SAND ROVER - DAY

Governor navigates the jumpy ride down a sandy trail. The engine thunders. Glumly observes the scare, hot environment.

GOVERNOR

I keep the order in these parts. Handled it for you. Told them at intake to tell you.

Glumly notices the emergency transmitter on the dashboard.

GLUMLY

Yea, well when my kind gets killed, I'm coming.

GOVERNOR

Not necessary Agent. Like I said, I take care of the order.

GLUMLY

I need that transmitter.

Governor swipes it up, examines it.

GOVERNOR

I know it supposed to stay with them. Figured it would be easier to find me with it.

GLUMLY
I can find my way around.

He hands it to Glumly.

GOVERNOR
That's yours, I gather.

GLUMLY
How long have you had it?

GOVERNOR
Since it was set off. I handled the situation.

GLUMLY
Situation?

GOVERNOR
Gambling contest took a turn to the nasty side. Your human was accused of cheating. A member of the Arid species, goes by the call, Saliva.

GLUMLY
Arid. Know em. Acid spit?

GOVERNOR
Precisely. Took six right in the face. Nasty.

GLUMLY
Tourist?

GOVERNOR
No.

GLUMLY
Family?

GOVERNOR
Women.

GLUMLY
Take me to her.

EXT. VILLAGE - DAY

Domed mud houses spread about, some decayed. Glumly speaks with ANNA, middle aged, rawboned -- grieving.

Governor stands back.

ANNA

He was a good man, Agent Glumly. He brought us here to start a new life, a simpler one.

GLUMLY

Living here is simple?

ANNA

Back on earth, we were poor. Here we could build a better life, away from the...

Anna pushes her face into her hands and weeps.

ANNA (cont'd)

I don't know what to do with the body.

GLUMLY

I can help with that. Are you planning on going back?

Anna shakes her head.

ANNA

No. Home is here now. That's what Larry always said to me.

GLUMLY

You should go back. Where's the body?

Anna points -- behind the hut.

GOVERNOR

Like I said, Agent. I handle the order. I banished Saliva.

GLUMLY

You kill my kind, your coming with me. Dead or Alive. No questions, Governor.

Glumly and Governor follows Anna behind the hut. Glumly stops Governor.

GLUMLY (cont'd)

Get that slab back here.

GOVERNOR

He's banished, I tell you.

GLUMLY

Then take me to him. Wait here.
This is between the family and me.

Glumly arrives at a wrapped corpse laying atop of a wheelbarrow.

He drops his case.

GLUMLY (cont'd)

Wait over there, ma'am. I... You
don't need to see this.

Glumly opens his case and yanks out a small plastic ball with various colored blinking lights.

He removes the sheet and reveals a horrific --

LARRY. Or whats left of Larry's face. Burnt to the bones from acid -- disintegrated.

Glumly holds the ball -- it hovers and snaps pictures -- a camera. He inspects the body -- emotions bubble inside.

He plops down, throws the ball back into the case and removes a plastic squirt bottle. Back to the body -- He saturates Larry's rotting corpse.

It steams -- the skin disappearing. The bones, now exposed -- turn to ash. The process takes seconds.

Glumly throws the bottle back in and swipes up a metal canister. He scoops up some ash.

He turns and gently hands it to Anna. Her trembling hand takes it, she nods in appreciation.

GLUMLY (cont'd)

Your husbands killer will be dealt
with in accordance to the
Commonwealth laws of humans.

ANNA

Thank you Agent Glumly. Just kill
it. It deserves death.

Glumly bolts away -- focused, determined -- meets up with Governor.

GLUMLY

Let's go. Take me to this slab.

GOVERNOR

I handle the order here Ag-

Glumly grabs and yanks Governor forward -- his eyes tighten.

GLUMLY

Listen to me you damn slab. You
kill a human life you pay my way!
Not yours! Your in the
commonwealth, yes?

GOVERNOR

Of course we are.

GLUMLY

Then you damn well know, being in
charge of order, that I have the
jurisdiction over human's. Ones
dead! I don't care about your
order!

Glumly pushes Governor back and takes off like a shot to the
rover.

GLUMLY (cont'd)

Lets go, slab!

EXT. DESERT - NIGHT

From the rover -- Glumly and Governor stare off -- watching
something.

In the distance, a putrid CREATURE squats in front of a few
rocks that glow white -- warming it's body.

GOVERNOR

What will happen to Saliva?

GLUMLY

Judged and sentenced at Floating
Rock. Don't really know much more
than that. I just have to get it
there.

GOVERNOR

What if he doesn't want to go with
you?

GLUMLY

I'll kill it and dump the slab on
the courts doorstep.

EXT. SALIVA'S CAMP SITE - NIGHT

A small lizard skin tent stands at attention.

SALIVA, short, slimy skinned alien, chews madly on a rodent.

GLUMLY (O.S.)

Hey slab.

Saliva pops up, spins and recoils -- moves around the glow of the rocks, on the defensive.

Facing him -- Glumly, his gun out in front. An intense look across his face.

Governor steps from behind Glumly -- calm.

GOVERNOR

Now Saliva. Just go easy old chapper. He's not here to destroy you.

A hissing sound echos from Saliva's mouth -- vicious.

GOVERNOR (cont'd)

You destroyed a life too, you know? He has to take you in, that's it. Commonwealth law.

Saliva eyes Glumly. It's body vibrates -- more and more intense with each passing second.

GOVERNOR (cont'd)

Easy, old Chapper. Easy.

GLUMLY

Your way. Your call. Your coming with me, dead or alive.

Saliva's mouth twitches violently.

GOVERNOR

Don't do it!

Glumly -- his mind racing -- cocks his gun -- aims.

GLUMLY

I'll kill him Governor, if he makes another mo-.

With that --

Saliva spits an acid ball toward Glumly, skinning his cheek. Glumly stumbles back.

GLUMLY (cont'd)
Son of a bitch!

Governor lunges at Saliva and wrestles him to the ground, landing on the hot rocks. Saliva rips out an ear piecing scream.

Glumly rubs his bloody, burning cheek -- vigorously.

GLUMLY (cont'd)
You fucking slab! I'll kill you!

GOVERNOR
I have him, I have him, please
Glumly, don't!

Governor -- pleading -- his hand covering Saliva's mouth.

Glumly scrambles forward and shoves the barrel of his gun into the head of Saliva.

Saliva's eyes bulge -- you can see fear in this creature, it doesn't want to die.

Glumly's upper lip quivers -- rage. Then--

GLUMLY
Your... coming with... me...slab.

INT. SPACESHIP HOLDING CELL - LATER

Saliva stands behind a clear glassed wall. His mouth sealed with a plastic wrap.

Glumly stands -- his cheek bandaged -- observing for a beat.

GLUMLY
Nighty night, slab.

Glumly punches several buttons on the wall. WHOOSH. Steam swirls around Saliva -- rising -- billowing.

INT. SPACESHIP COCKPIT

Glumly absently types on the keyboard.

GLUMLY
Call Floating Rock.

VOICE (O.S.)
Hello Agent Glumly.

GLUMLY
Call Floating Rock. Please.

VOICE (O.S.)
Who would you like me to-

A BEEP.

Hissing static.

VOICE (O.S.) (cont'd)
Incoming video feed. Incoming video
feed.

GLUMLY
Where.

VOICE (O.S.)
Earth. Unknown calle- Heather.
Incoming-

A BEEP.

GLUMLY
Confirm?

VOICE (O.S.)
What can I do for you Agent Glumly?

GLUMLY
Confirm the video feed.

A long delay filled with the sound of hissing static. Then--

On a video monitor in front of him -- Heather -- waiting to
connect.

VOICE (O.S.)
Attempting to connect.

GLUMLY
Heth? Heth? Can you hear me?
Heather? Hey!

Heather squinting -- talking but we can't hear her.

VOICE (O.S.)
Buffering connection.

GLUMLY
Come on connect, dammit!

VOICE (O.S.)
What can I do for you Agent Glu-

GLUMLY
Connect us you piece of shit!

VOICE (O.S.)
You would like a piece of shit?
Please confirm?

A BEEP.

Heather desperately trying to connect on her end. We can see her mouthing "I LOVE YOU GLUMLY."

VOICE (O.S.) (cont'd)
Buffering con-

The video screen fills with static - Heather -- gone.

Glumly -- a swirl of emotions -- punches some buttons -- nothing.

A BEEP. Two quick BEEPS. Static.

GLUMLY
God! No, no! Heather! Heth?! Hello?
Heather! Come back, come back!

VOICE (O.S.)
Connection lost. Connection lost.
Connection lost. Connection lost.

Glumly's body deflates -- deeper into his chair.

Glumly looks down on the console. He eyes a flash drive -- shoves it in the computer.

On the screen: "ALL MY LOVE, HEATHER". A song list pops up.

Glumly scrolls them -- lands on "UNCHAINED MELODY" by U2 -- he clicks -- it plays.

He leans back -- listens -- remembers -- eyes closed -- dreams.

FADE TO BLACK

TO BE CONTINUED...