

SPACE DICK

By

Mark Rupprecht

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BLACK SCREEN

SUPERIMPOSE: "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 -- 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?

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 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 laps -- tapping on 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 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.

LESSEY
You mean-

CALVIN
Six or seven times in a day.

JANA
Oh my god!

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

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

EXT. SPACE

Silent. Vast. Cold.

The song "ADAGIO IN G MINOR" by Albinoni will play from here
on out -- through the rest of the story -- our soundtrack.

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 rumped 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 -- rubs the sleep out.

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

He rises -- 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 head.

GLUMLY
Headache! Headache!

He taps screen. It flickers.

VOICE (O.S.)
Hello Agent Glumly. What are your-

BANG. Glumly pounds screen.

GLUMLY
Come on you piece of shit!

Bangs again.

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

Glumly taps screen -- word "HEADACHE".

A long stare.

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 -- 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 trunk -- throws lid open -- full of tools. 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 lid shut -- darts
toward an exposed electric panel box hanging on wall --
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!

Struts out -- voice trailing off.

INT. SPACESHIP FUSELAGE

Glumly -- back at medical screen -- unscrewing panel next to
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 floor.

Glumly falls down to knees -- 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 chair -- blinking eyes to focus.

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

VOICE (O.S.)
Please register.

Glumly swivels 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

Heath.

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 Heath.

HEATHER

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

GLUMLY

Heath, please.

Glumly walks away.

HEATHER

Winton!

Heather follows.

HEATHER

Let me in! Hey!

Heather catches up.

GLUMLY

Heath, 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 appropriate switches.

An enormous vibration rises as the ship hits atmosphere.
Glumly straps himself into 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 case down -- glances up at strange writing -- 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 finger -- reaches in 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 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 watch.

A long stare off. Then--

GLUMLY

Don't care what your kind thinks.

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 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.

INT. HOTEL ROOM DOOR - CONTINUING

Plain. Metal. Glumly arrives.

A FEMALE BIOBOT, half women -- half robot -- stands lifeless
at door.

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

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

He drops 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 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 -- 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 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 door -- creaks.

INT. HOTEL BEDROOM - CONTINUING

The door to his worst nightmare has just opened.

Glumly jumps back. Repulsed -- yanks out 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 --

runs to a window -- opens it. 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?

Pretend 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 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 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 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 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 are 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.

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 -- looks familiar.

It's Jana. Shaken to core.

Glumly brings her a cup of water -- 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. Frustrated.

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 hands -- breaks down.

Glumly stares off. Unmoved.

GLUMLY

Did you see what this thing looked
like?

Jana composes herself -- 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 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 gets briefcase -- pulls out 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 to earth?

GLUMLY

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

Glumly holds 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 --
picks up 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 looks 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 briefcase -- pulls out a plastic bottle
filled with clear liquid -- back up -- above body.

Jana shuffles in -- holds tablet -- observes.

GLUMLY

(to himself)

I know you're out there you
cowardice slab. I'm coming for you.

Glumly pours liquid all over -- inside bag -- saturated.

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 -- looks down -- 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 -- hands it to Jana.

GLUMLY
For the family.

Jana takes it -- stares. She hands Glumly tablet -- a facial
sketch of the alien killer.

JANA
For you.

Glumly inspects the digital image on 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 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 pointing 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 drink with steam billowing out from
top, setting it in front of Glumly.

BARTENDER
One dink.

Glumly throws a coin on 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

Really.

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 a few stalls.

Glumly enters -- heads for sink --drops case

He turns on faucet -- pushes in 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 -- no use.

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

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 head. Man Butcher -- displaying massive strength.

MAN BUTCHER

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

The Man Butcher tilts head.

MAN BUTCHER (cont'd)

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

Glumly -- fading fast -- just 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 -- FLASH

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

The sink overflows with water -- floor soaked.

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

EXT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

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

INT. SPACESHIP COCKPIT

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

GLUMLY

Call headquarters.

VOICE (O.S.)
Hello Agent Glumly. How can I help
you?

GLUMLY
Call headquarters.

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

GLUMLY
Head! Quarters!

VOICE (O.S.)
Calling head quarters.

A BEEP.

We wait with Glumly. A painfull silence except for the
ringing beeps. Are they even there anymore?

The wait -- excruciating.

Finally -- static -- a crackling voice.

Glumly leans in -- face brightens -- hope?

HEADQUARTERS
Agent Glumly?

GLUMLY
Yes, yes.

HEADQUARTERS
Still have your hands on the wheel?

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

HEADQUARTERS
We will look into it.

GLUMLY
But did it arrive?

HEADQUARTERS
Hello?

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

HEADQUARTERS

We will look for it, Agent.

Glumly leans back -- helpless.

HEADQUARTERS (cont'd)

What can we help you with Agent
Glumly?

GLUMLY

You need to get the warning out to
other tourists.

HEADQUARTERS

Please put that in a request
report. We'll look into it.

Static. A hiss.

HEADQUARTERS (cont'd)

Any other requests?

GLUMLY

Any plans for a new recruiting
class sir?

Silence. Then --

HEADQUARTERS

No. You were the last. Talking
about disbanding the program
altogether. You are truly the last
of a kind.

Glumly -- complete defeat -- sick.

HEADQUARTERS (cont'd)

(heavy static)

Keep up the good work.

The transmission goes dead. Despair.

Glumly looks down on the console - eyes flash drive --
sticks 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 -- then

GLUMLY
Call Heather.

VOICE (O.S.)
Calling Heather.

EXT. SPACE

The ship moves away from us -- toward a dim star -- Earth.

HEATHER (O.S.)
Hello?

GLUMLY (O.S.)
Heath? Heather?

HEATHER (O.S.)
Winton? Is that you?

GLUMLY (O.S.)
I'm coming home. I'm coming home to
you...forever.

The song rises up -- filling us with a bit of hope.

THE END

FADE OUT