

LOBO

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. DEEP SPACE

A boiling, shifting super-mass of primal energy fills the screen. Pulsating. Blasting waves of hard radiation through the stellar void. We are staring into the ancient, burning fury of a red giant. A dying star that has consumed all its hydrogen and expanded to a thousand times its original size.

A tiny spec passes across this cosmic incinerator. A ship. In CLOSER SHOT we see the vessel is huge. A vast, tangled structure being pushed along by a much smaller craft --like a tugboat driving a freighter 20 times its size. It cruises by with the dull THROB of engines. SUPER THE LEGEND:

TRANTOR MAXIMUM SECURITY PRISON.
437 INMATES.
1 WARDEN-CLASS ENFORCEMENT DROID

CUT TO:

INT. PRISON SHIP - CELL BLOCK-D - NIGHT

The technology is impressive, but prison is prison. It's dank and dismal just like prison should be. Automated gun turrets cruise up and down the block on ceiling rails. Watching for trouble. The worst felons of the galaxy are stored here. In a quick SERIES OF SHOTS we see some of the alien inmates:

CELL #1: A GELATINOUS CUBE. A six foot block of murky green jello with a giant eye in its center. It passes the time gliding up and down the walls, leaving a slime-trail in its wake.

CELL #2: A GIANT WORMY THING. Leaning against the bars, muttering giant-worm obscenities in some gibberish wormy language.

CELL #3: AN EX-POLICE DROID. Even machines can be thrown in the pokey. This one is a corrupt law-enforcement droid named M-4. Dirty and stripped of his weapons, you can still see some of the markings of his former police status.

CELL #4: Where there's trouble afoot. In CLOSE SHOT we see an unidentified prisoner laying out an odd assortment of parts and pieces on a mattress: there's a foot long metal tube. Two short bedsprings. Two cylinders, each the size of a soup can. A crudely fashioned pistol grip and a roll of metal wire.

The prisoner starts assembling the parts, just as ...

AN ENFORCER DROID

Moves down the row of cells, titanium feet CLANKING on the deck plates. This is the prison's WARDEN and he is the meanest fucking robot you've ever seen. Heavily armored, with weapons sprouting from every conceivable place: electro-prods, blades, chemical jets. If all else fails, he has a pair of chain-cannons mounted on each of his hydraulic arms.

INT. CELL #4 - UNKNOWN PRISONER

Hears the approaching footsteps. Works calmly but quickly to complete his task. The barrel and pistol grip have been wired together and a trigger mechanism is inserted through the handle.

INT. MAIN FLOOR

The inmates know there's something going down and a bizarre assortment of alien appendages reach through the bars, each holding a hand mirror. Watching as the Warden comes to the last cell on the block. Stops. Addresses the prisoner inside.

WARDEN

(harsh, mechanical)

Prisoner-6-4-6-4-1, you-will-stand-and-face-the-wall.

The prisoner rolls over on his bunk. A humanoid, with an educated face of dark intellect. This is ARMAND THROKE. He stares at the droid. Groggy.

WARDEN

You-will-comply.

Armand grudgingly gets to his feet and faces the wall. Along with his prison fatigues, he's wearing a strange metal collar around his neck. A restraining device of some sort (no other prisoner wears this item).

The cell GRINDS open and the warden enters. Looms behind Armand. Huge and menacing.

ARMAND

Did you receive my message?

WARDEN

Message-received. You-have-information-of-a-security-breach. You-will-surrender-your-data.

ARMAND

I expect something in return.

WARDEN

State-your-terms.

Armand motions at his neck collar.

ARMAND

I want this removed.

WARDEN

Prohibited. You-are-a-non-cohesive-
lifeform. The-restraining-collar-
maintains-your-molecular-integrity.
Removal-would-facilitate-escape.
Request-denied.

THROKE

Then we have nothing to talk about.

The warden pauses. Thinking. Calculating.

WARDEN

Alternative-restraining-measures
will-be-considered-if-your-
information-is-useful. State-your
data.

Acceptable. Armand turns and faces the Warden.

ARMAND

There's going to be an escape.

WARDEN

Identify-prisoners.

ARMAND

There are five of them, but the only
one you should worry about is their
leader.

WARDEN

Identify-leader.

ARMAND

He is prisoner 6-4-6-4-1, Dr. Armand
Throke.

The warden wobbles slightly. Confused.

WARDEN

You-are-Armand-Throke.

ARMAND

That's right. And I'm planning to
escape.

There's a WHIRRING sound inside the warden's machinery.
Massive processing is taking place.

WARDEN

(struggles)

Do-you ... wish-to-make-a-confession?

THROKE

Not exactly. You see, I've acquired
an article of contraband which I
intend to use.

WARDEN

Identify-contraband.

ARMAND

I have a gun.

Indeed he does. Armand whips out his jerry-rigged pistol
and pulls the trigger. A rocker arm tilts releasing a
spring loaded cylinder which SLAMS into the back of a second
cylinder wedged in the gun barrel. (Got that? Good) BOOM!

The cylinder erupts out of the muzzle and plows a gaping
hole through the Warden's head. Metal and silicon splatter
all over the wall like exploding brain matter.

The warden staggers, pitches forward and crashes face-first
onto the floor. Hydraulics twitch convulsively for a
moment ... Then all movement ceases. Dead warden.

INT. CELL BLOCK

The prisoners go nuts. Alien whoops and cheers fill the air
as Armand drags the metal carcass onto the main floor. He
hauls it down to M-4's cell and props it up against the
bars. The ex-enforcer droid stands stoic.

ARMAND

You know what to do.

M-4

Access-prison-security-codes.
Shut-down-automated-defense-systems.
Open-designated-cells.

ARMAND

Do it.

A small iris opens in M-4's chest and an umbilical snake
extends outward. Plugs into a data interface on the
Warden's torso. M-4 jolts slightly as a stream of data
gushes through the port.

ANGLE - SECURITY GUNS

Detecting trouble. They cruise down the ceiling rail, headed straight for Armand. The guns arc downward and a mechanical voice booms.

GUN TURRET

Prisoner-6-4-6-4-1-return-to-your
cell-immediately.

Armand doesn't move. He can't without letting go of the Warden. He nervously looks to M-4, who's still in download mode. The guns power-up on the turret.

GUN TURRET

Compliance-in-five-seconds-or-lethal-
force-will-be-used. 5 ...4 ...3 ...2

M-4's umbilical retracts. The guns freeze.

M-4

Download-complete. Automated-systems
deactivated.

Armand exhales a small sigh of relief.

ARMAND

Open the other cells.

FULL SHOT - CELL BLOCK

Three doors open and three of the most dangerous felons in the galaxy exit their cells.

ANGLE - OMAN SHRAK

He lumbers onto the main floor, a permanent scowl creased into his granite face. Shrak is strength personified. His arms hang off his sides like a pair of microwave ovens. His wrists are as big as your head. This is the most obscenely, ridiculously muscle-bound mutant we've ever seen (except for the guy who shows up on page 12).

Then there's ...

ANGLE - VOLARIAN

Miss Evil Eye-Candy of 1999. Darkly beautiful, in a vampire sort of way. She stares at Shrak with hungry eyes. Licks her lips. It's not attraction. He just looks like a good meal.

ANGLE - CELL #3

Which hasn't actually opened yet. A steel wall retracts, revealing a giant aquarium tank filled with water ... and something else. The tank is rapidly draining, but as the water level drops, we see a BUMP forming in the surface. The bumps becomes a head, with two glowing yellow dots that serve as eyes ...

The level keeps dropping. A neck is revealed ... then shoulders ... a torso. When all the water is drained, we are left with a being that is itself made of liquid. A flowing, shifting bulk of living fluid. CALYSTO.

He goes up to the glass wall. Draws back his arm for a punch. Liquid shifts to his fist, enlarging it to the size of a cynderblock. Then it FREEZES solid.

SMASH! The ice-block blows a crater through the foot thick glass. Calysto deforms into a pillar of liquid and pours himself through the hole. Pools on the floor. Then re-forms into his normal appearance.

The five villains come together. All around them prisoners are hooting, screaming, demanding to be released. They're rioting in their cells.

SHRAK

What about the rest of this scum?
We shouldn't just leave 'em.

ARMAND

No, I suppose not.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. DEEP SPACE - TRANTOR PRISON

Explosive bolts FIRE and a docking collar flies to pieces. The drop-ship is now freed from the main prison complex. THRUSTERS IGNITE, propelling it forward.

ANGLE - PRISON COMPLEX

Knocked loose from its orbit around the burning red giant. Now the huge facility starts to drift into the gravity-well. Twisting. Rapidly picking up speed as it races into the fiery doom. The hull starts to turn red.

INT. PRISON

Horrible alien screams fill the air as the prison turns into an oven. Inmates throw themselves against the bars. 432 prisoners being cooked alive ...

EXT. PRISON COMPLEX

The hull becomes hotter. Hotter. White hot. Then the fuel bins rupture and the entire prison EXPLODES in a fiery blast of melting debris.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. IMPERIAL HALL OF JUSTICE - CORRIDOR

A station in space with marble floors and towering ceilings. Regal and imposing. ALIENS & ENFORCER DROIDS bustle about, carrying on the day-to-day business of running the galaxy.

ANGLE - MAGISTRATE

An enforcer droid without all the weapons. He's the big-cheese around here. With him is his quasi-humanoid assistant CARDOON. A tall, gaunt figure with a head that looks like a pile of squid tentacles. They walk down the corridor as Cardoon grimly reports ...

CARDOON

432 killed. Five escaped. We're tracking them now.

MAGISTRATE

Destination.

CARDOON

They appear to be headed for a planet in the Sol system ...

(reading off clipboard)

Designated Sol-3. Also called Earth. It's a quarantine planet. All contact is prohibited. No exceptions.

MAGISTRATE

Planet-is-an identified-class-1-security-threat.

Cardoon frowns.

CARDOON

That can't be right. The dominant lifeform on Earth is a semi-intelligent breed of monkey. Hardly a threat to us.

MAGISTRATE

Threat-is-non-indigenous.

CARDOON

I don't understand.

MAGISTRATE

A-Tholian-relic-from-the-last-temporal-war-was-concealed-on-Earth-three-thousand-years-ago. It-is-highly-unstable-and-posses-and-significant-menace-to-all-planetary-systems. Planet-quarantined-to-prevent-un-authorized-use.

CARDOON

What is this relic?

MAGISTRATE

Relic-is-a-Drell.

The many tentacles of Cardoon's head wilt in unison.

CARDOON

That's impossible. The Drell was destroyed.

MAGISTRATE

Data-error. The-Drell-is-indestructible, therefore-can-not-be-damaged-or-destroyed ... 99% probability-convicts-will-attempt-to-reactivate-Drell-for-personal-use.

CARDOON

My God, a weapon like that in the hands of criminals ...

MAGISTRATE

You-will-dispatch-an-available-cruiser-and-destroy-the-planet.

Cardoon winces.

CARDOON

That seems a bit drastic.

MAGISTRATE

No-extradition-treaty-in-effect-with-designated-planet. Police-units-can-not-be-deployed.

CARDOON

There must be another option.

MAGISTRATE

Identify-option.

CARDOON

A bounty-hunter perhaps.

MAGISTRATE

Jurisdiction-uncertain. I-will-a-make
-a-finding.

(processing beat)

Finding-complete. Bounty-hunters-are
not-agents-of-State-authority-therefore
-treaty-protocols-do-not-apply.

CARDOON

I'll see who's available.

MAGISTRATE

You-have-24-hours.

Cardoon frowns.

CARDOON

Magistrate, these are not ordinary
criminals. Any one of them could take
weeks to apprehend.

MAGISTRATE

Unacceptable. Convicts-must-be-
recaptured-in-24-hours-or-planet-will-
be-destroyed.

CARDOON

It's not enough time. No bounty-
hunter would be foolish enough to
take a contract like this.

MAGISTRATE

Use-Lobo.

Cardoon recoils.

CARDOON

The Czarian? You can't be serious.

MAGISTRATE

Performance-records-indicate-highest-
probability-of-success.

CARDOON

He's a psychopath.

MAGISTRATE

Irrelevant.

CARDOON

He's serving a millennial sentence.
164 counts of first degree murder with
special circumstances.

MAGISTRATE

Release-him.

CARDOON

Freeing one criminal to capture
another is an unconscionable failure
of duty. I won't do it.

MAGISTRATE

Then-planet-must-be-annihilated.

This pronouncement is met with a huge swell of APPLAUSE and hand clapping. The rowdy cheers fill the air like cheap perfume as we...

CUT TO:

INT. SOUND STAGE - THE JERRY SPRINGER SHOW - DAY

Where a crowd is going wild for that scrape-the-bottom-and-give-everybody-a-taste showman of showmen, JERRY SPRINGER. He waves to his loyal market share.

THEME MUSIC DIMS and the applause simmers down as the camera rolls in for Jerry's close up. He reads from a prompter.

JERRY

Are we alone? Is there anybody out there? That is the question we are posing today to best selling author Emily Urgiss ...

ANGLE - EMILY URGISS

She's an attractive women in her early 30's. Bright, intelligent. Wears a sunny, new-age smile on her face.

JERRY

Three years ago she was a reporter for the Los Angeles Chronicle, but on the night of September 5, 1996, she woke up from a sound sleep and found herself in the presence of beings from another world. This turned out to be only the first of many such encounters described in her book, "Revelation, A True Account of Alien Visitations" The book has sold over two million copies and has been called the most compelling account written on the subject of alien abductions.

(to Emily)

Emily, welcome to our show.

EMILY

Thank you.

JERRY

First of all, is this a joke?

Emily laughs good naturedly.

EMILY

If it is, I'm still waiting for the punchline.

JERRY

But we've heard these stories again and again. People whisked away and subjected to anal probes and God-knows -what at the hands of those big-headed, skinny creatures with the large black eyes. What's different about your story?

EMILY

Well, Jerry, in most cases (and I'm speaking of those accounts that appear to be credible) the abduction is always singular event.

JERRY

Where as, you were abducted how many times?

EMILY

Twelve that I can clearly recall. It may have been more.

JERRY

Okay, so you've spent some quality time with them. In fact, you are now the official liaison between Earth and the aliens. Is that correct?

EMILY

I don't think it's official.

JERRY

But you're their spokesperson. You're delivering their message to us.

EMILY

Yes.

JERRY

What is that message? Are they going to take over the planet or just blow us to bits? Because that's what I would do. We are a sick, sick people. Believe me, I know.

Their audience laughs heartily.

EMILY

They don't see us that way. These are beings of almost divine tranquility. They're incapable of thinking violent thoughts, much less acting on them.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. BUNKER - NIGHT

A bomb-proof room built for a very special prisoner. It's dark. Dead quiet. Then an ALARM KLAXON BLARES and a bank of revolving red lights tell us that something bad is about to happen.

ANGLE - BULKHEADS

The doors shoot open and dozens of heavily armed TROOPERS come storming in. They take positions on a catwalk that encircles the room. Ready themselves for battle. Grenades are primed. Bolts SNAP on their monstrous guns. All of them training their weapons on a single target.

ANGLE - CUBE

A fourteen foot solid metal block in the center of the floor. There's a GRINDING SOUND of machinery kicking-in and a giant particle-beam cannon glides across the ceiling. Its muzzle angles down on the cube.

The cannon FIRES and a high-energy beam rips into the block like a nuclear blow-torch. Liquefying it. Metal dribbles away, forming boiling puddles of molten alloy on the floor.

The troopers watch nervously. Fingers coiling triggers as we begin to see that there's something entombed in the block. A being. A massive being. LOBO.

This can't be our hero. Lobo is a demon. Bluish-white skin stretched like cellophane over a 400 pound structure of solid muscle. Long, spiky black hair. Glowing red eyes with no pupils.

He wears a shredded, sleeveless, black denim vest. Armored jackboots with skullplates over the knees. A skull beltbuckle. Black jeans and a long thick chain of forged iron wrapped around his right forearm.

Dangling from the end of the chain is a gleaming steel hook, suitable for disemboweling.

He's on the floor, gnashing his teeth as globules of hot metal drip off his body. Pissed. Lobo looks up at the battery of weapons trained on him. The troops outnumber him 50 to 1. Lobo snarls.

LOBO

Who wants it first?

CARDOON

You're in no position to make threats.

The white demon gets to his feet as Cardoon approaches.

LOBO

I am now.

CARDOON

What a loathsome creature you are.
The last Czarian. Lone survivor of a noble race, once revered throughout the imperium. And what are you? A brutal and viciously depraved sociopath.

LOBO

So?

CARDOON

If it was within my power, I'd have you destroyed for the common good.

(sighs)

But the Magistrate has ordered your release. If you agree to our terms you'll walk out of here a free man.

Lobo looks up at the troops again. Grins fiendishly. His blood lust is high gear. He CRACKS his knuckles (which sounds like bowling balls crashing together).

LOBO

Pass.

He starts to move toward Cardoon.

CARDOON

You fool! Don't you understand what I'm offering?

LOBO

Nuthin' I can't beat outaya.

The troopers ready themselves to fire. Lobo doesn't care. He grabs Cardoon with one hand. Draws his fist. Cardoon is two seconds from becoming bug-goo.

CARDOON

I'VE ALSO BEEN AUTHORIZED TO
REACTIVATE YOUR LICENSE!

Magic words. Lobo lowers his fist.

LOBO

Alright, squid-head, talk fast.

CARDOON

Five prisoners escaped to a planet
in the Sol system. If you can bring
them back within 24 hours, your
bounty-hunter license will be fully
restored.

Interesting. Still holding Cardoon in the air, Lobo fishes a ratty cigar stub out of his pocket. Ignites it off a drip of hot molten metal. Puffs thoughtfully.

LOBO

Five, huh?

CARDOON

There's more to it. We have reason to
believe they may be attempting to
reactivate the Drell.

Lobo eyes widen three sizes.

LOBO

There's a Drell down there?

CARDOON

I thought that might interest you.

LOBO

Any bastitch that destroys my planet
interests me.

(under his breath)

'Specially, when that was supposed to
be my amusement for the week.'

CARDOON

We don't have the resources to combat
the Drell a second time. If you fail,
the Earth will have to be destroyed.

VO LESS

Alan Grant, John Varney. They've read your outline and they've got some notes.

Notes. Emily groans.

VO LESS

Just listen to what they have to say.

EMILY

Maybe the aliens don't want to hear their stupid notes.

VO LESS

And maybe you want to go back to covering dog shows for the Chronicle.

EMILY

It was fires and car crashes, but I get you're point. What about my up-front money?

VO LESS

You don't see a dime until they sign-off on your take.

Emily sighs.

EMILY

Alright, I'll take care of Allen, you get me my up front. Baby needs a new Porshe. Comprende?

VO AGENT

Have a good meeting.

CUT TO:

INT. SPACE STATION - VEHICLE IMPOUND CENTER

An open bay hanger crammed with confiscated space vehicles of every sort. Lobo rips off the yellow police tape from his star-chopper. It's a burly moto-beast of steel and chrome. Massive ramjet turbines flanking the exaggerated handle bars. A real space hog.

He looks it over. Inspects the new rear tire as Cardoon gives him final instructions:

CARDOON

The Earthers are a primitive species. We're concerned your presence could cause significant culture shock and civil disorder. You must limit your exposure to them.

LOBO

Right. No witnesses. Anyone sees me, I blast 'em on the spot.

CARDOON

That's exactly what you're not going to do.

Lobo grunts disappointment.

CARDOON

We want you to make contact with the proper authorities, appraise them of the situation and seek their guidance in the planet's customs and laws.

LOBO

What are you, nuts? I got five cons to frag.

CARDOON

You're not going to "frag" anyone. The convicts are to be brought back alive to face charges and complete their prison sentences.

LOBO

Well, frags are faster. Bringing 'em back could take two, three weeks easy.

LOBO

You don't have three weeks. You have 24 hours. Is that clear?

LOBO

Yeah. Make contact. Find the cons. Thrash the Drell.

Cardoon's patience is wearing thin.

CARDOON

You're not listening to me.

LOBO

Sure I am. I'm just filtering out the stupid parts.

CARDOON

The Drell is imprisoned in a dimensional tomb. The whole point is to keep it from escaping.

Lobo mounts the bike. Stomps the starter pedal and the turbines spin to life.

LOBO

How's it gonna escape with me dancing on its head?

CARDOON

That wouldn't have much effect.

LOBO

You haven't seen me dance.

CUT TO:

EXT. SPACE STATION

The bike shoots out of the bay and into the freezing vacuum of space. Lobo doesn't wear any kind of space suit, so he should freeze, suffocate and his head should explode. But none of these things happens. Even his cigar doesn't go out.

He cranks the throttle and the bike thunders through the stars.

CUT TO:

INT. MORROW PUBLISHING - EDITOR'S OFFICE

Where Emily is in a story meeting with ALLEN GRANT and JOHN VARNEY. They're power-yuppies. Slick, fast talkers, who eat bowls of writers for breakfast.

GRANT

We loved the first book, Emily. You know that. But this alien abduction thing is running out of steam. It needs some juice. Gotta amp-it-up.

(to Varney)

I think we're in agreement on that.

VARNEY

Completely.

GRANT

So, we've been kicking around some ideas we want to float with you.

Emily feigns enthusiasm.

EMILY

Great. What've you got?

VARNEY

Angels.

Huh?

GRANT

They're very big right now.

VARNEY

They're huge. Last year more people saw angels than UFO's.

GRANT

So, we want you to work-in an angel thing. You know, like maybe the angels are instructing these other worldly beings to come to Earth and help us out. That kind of deal.

EMILY

I can't say that.

GRANT

Why not? You're the ambassador to the aliens. You can say anything you want.

EMILY

But it's not credible.

GRANT

So, you make it credible.

EMILY

But it's dumb.

The two execs exchange looks.

GRANT

Okay, we're not writers. We're not telling you how to write. But you've gotta come-up with some kind of hook. Something cool. Something the kids are going to like.

EMILY

I don't know how to write for kids. All they like are giant robots smashing each other.

GRANT
Perfect. Write that.

EMILY
This is supposed to be a serious book.

GRANT
What are you, Norman Mailer? This is a hoax. You're a fake. Now, what's the problem here?

EMILY
I just don't think we have to reduce it to the lowest common denominator.

GRANT
And I assure you, we do. This is not a book, Emily. It's junk-food. We're talking pre-digested, spoon-fed crap, guaranteed to generate maximum capital infusions into our balance sheets. Get it?

Emily's face sags.

GRANT
Look, either you want to make a truck-load of money or you don't. If you don't, then we're not doing this book. It's your call.

Emily struggles. Truck-load of money. Save your soul. Truck-load of money. Save your soul ...

GRANT
Well?

EMILY
I'm leaning towards the giant robots, but I want to think about it.

CUT TO:

EXT. SPACE - NIGHT

The prison drop-ship races through space. Low on fuel. Her engines sputter. Die. It coasts for a beat. Then five escape pods burst from the ship's hull. They rocket downward, heading straight for the familiar blue planet that looms below. Welcome to Earth.

CUT TO:

EXT. PUBLISHING BUILDING - EARLY EVENING

The sun is gone. Night time. Emily comes out the door with a cell phone to her ear. Heads for her car.

EMILY

I caved-in, Less. I'm going straight to hell.

VO AGENT

I'm proud of you.

EMILY

If I don't come up with a new angle, I'm going to be stuck writing the most idiotic book ever written.

Her agent says something, but its lost in a BLURT of static.

EMILY

Hang on. I've lost you.

She presses a channel button, but Less doesn't come back. Instead she gets an ear-full of ALIEN TELEMETRY SIGNALS. Emily stares at the phone in confusion. Then another sound. Something ripping through the sky.

She looks up just in time to see five escape pods arc downward across the city like a pack of meteors. As they pass over buildings the power dies, blacking-out the skyscrapers and creating a darkened swath that cuts clear across the city.

IMPACT! A thunderous BLAST shakes the ground as the pods hammer a building less than 10 blocks away. Then silence. A beat. Power comes back on. Then her phone.

Emily stands frozen as distant police sirens begin to be heard in the distance.

VO AGENT

Emily? ... Are you still there?

EMILY

I've gotta go, Less. I think I just found my angle.

INT. MERCEDES - EMILY

She rifles through the glove compartment. Finds an old and very out-of-date PRESS ID card. Emily jams it in the windshield and floors the car. Races up the street.

CUT TO:

INT. GUTTED BUILDING - NIGHT

A boarded-up factory building slated for demolition and plastered with condemned signs and yellow tape. Half the roof has just caved-in and clouds of dust mushroom through the air.

Five sealed escape pods are half-sunk into the concrete floor. Still glowing from the heat of re-entry.

ANGLE - VAGRANT

A moment ago this was his home. Now he's buried under a pile of timbers and rubble. He's a shaggy bearded mess. Dazed. Coughing dust.

He digs himself part way out, but his legs are pinned under a fallen steel I-beam.

VAGRANT

GET ME OUT OF HERE!

There's a loud HISS of multiple airlocks cracking open. The vagrant looks up, seeing the pods for the first time. Yellow light spills over him.

More sounds. Hatchways gliding mechanically. Then FOOTSTEPS moving through rubble. The vagrant dry-swallows, his toothless mouth drawing open as he stares up at:

ARMAND, SHRAK, VOLARIAN, M-4

Looming over him. M-4 is now fully rearmed and bristling with weapons. The vagrant looks around for something in the debris. A cardboard sign which he holds up. It reads: PLEASE HELP. NEED MONEY FOR BEER.

VOLARIAN

It's trying to communicate.

ARMAND

(to M-4)

Scan it.

M-4 pans the vagrant's head with a scanning beam.

M-4

Analyzing ... Storage-media-is-fragmented-and-damaged.

ARMAND

(to Shrak)

Bring it here.

With one hand Shrak grabs the vagrant by the throat. His other hand snatches the 600 pound steel beam and throws it aside like a twig. He lifts the vagrant into the air, suspending him.

ARMAND

Now, let's see what sort creature you are.

Armand places his hand on the vagrant's chest. Whatever he was expecting it doesn't happen.

VOLARIAN

Your collar, Armand.

ARMAND

(to M-4)

Remove it.

M-4 transmits the code and the collar splits open with a SNAP and falls to the floor.

Armand puts his hand on the vagrant again, only this time it passes through his body (Armand can alter his molecular density at will). He sinks his arm inside the vagrant. Feels around. The vagrant writhes.

ARMAND

(feeling around)

Hmm. Organic calcium framework ...
Hydrolyzed soft tissue ...A moderately
complex web of electro-chemical
actuators and sensory ganglia.

(removes his hand)

Primitive at best.

VOLARIAN

What makes them die?

ARMAND

Any number of things, I imagine.
Lets try this ...

Armand reaches into the vagrant's head. Removes something. The vagrant's face turns to slate. Eyes staring blankly at the four and half pounds of grey matter Armand is now holding in front of him.

SHRAK

Well, that works.

He tosses the body away like a bag of garbage.

M-4

Analysis-complete. Planet-is-suitable
-for-domination.

ARMAND

There's no time for that.

M-4

Subjugation-of-organic-lifeforms-is-
necessary-to-build-mechanized-tyranny.
I-will-subjugate-planet. Unit-
cooperation-is-terminated.

M-4 heads for the door so he can conquer the world.

ARMAND

And how long will your tyranny last
once the Empire finds out about it?

M-4

6-hours-14-minutes-21-seconds.

ARMAND

Be patient. Once we have the Drell we
can crush the Empire and take any
planet we want.

(looks around sourly)

You're certainly welcome to this one.

M-4

Terms-are-acceptable. Unit-
cooperation-restored.

SHRAK

(to Armand)

You just better be right about this.

VOLARIAN

Of course, he's right. He was Provost
of Imperial Security. It was his job
to-

CALYSTO

(cuts in)

Armand ...

The watery thing is standing at a window. Flashing police
lights strobe through the dirty glass, shimmering through
his rippling form. His voice is a hideous, bubbling gurgle.

CALYSTO

... Several vehicles have surrounded
this structure.

(bubble-bubble)

M-4 glances out the window.

M-4

They-are-indigenous-police-units.

EXT. BUILDING - NIGHT

Five police cruisers form a barrier in the street. OFFICERS depart. Slowly approach the building, shining flashlights through the haze of dust. No guns drawn yet. They have no idea what they've walked into.

ANGLE - MERCEDES

Emily arrives on the scene. A COP blocks her way. Then recognizes her.

COP

Emily. Didn't think you came to these things any more.

EMILY

What's going on?

COP

We don't know yet.

(eyes the press card)

And that ID's two years out of date.

Details. She gets out of the car.

COP

Keep out of sight, will ya?

She makes her way behind the police lines.

ANGLE - COPS

They come within 50 feet of the building. No one notices the river of water creeping across the ground. Slipping behind them. Instead, their eyes are glued on ...

VOLARIAN

She steps out of the doorway and everybody stops (she is an eye-full). Volarian smiles. Saunters up to the closest OFFICER.

OFFICER #1

You alright, ma'am?

VOLARIAN

I'm hungry.

The cops exchange looks.

OFFICER #1

We'll get you some food.

VOLARIAN

You are food.

She grabs his shoulders and the guy shoots rigid. Teeth clenched, fingers grasping at air. A clogged, muffled howl vents from his throat and then his entire body begins to rapidly wither. His eyes dry into grey powder, crumbling out of their sockets like sand. Skin cracking apart and collapsing under a diminishing frame of shrinking bones and degenerating muscle.

The only thing holding him up is Volarian. Her body lalts, head arcing back in some strange alien rapture as she sucks the life out of him.

The other cops fumble for their guns. Too late. Volarian pushes the mummified corpse away and it shatters on the ground like clay pottery.

EMILY

Holy shit!

Armand and Shrak join their comrade as another officer levels his service revolver.

OFFICER #2

ALL OF YOU, ON THE GROUND! GET ON THE GROUND NOW!

ARMAND

I think not.

SHRAK

Always the same with cops. Don't move. Hands in the air. Do this, do that.

OFFICER #2

You've got just three seconds to get your faces in the dirt. One... two...

SHRAK

Three.

Shrak takes a step towards the cops. BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! Hot lead rips into his chest and gut. Blood holes. Shrak flinches like he's being stung by bees. Looks to Armand with a bemused expression.

SHRAK

They've got guns.

ARMAND

So do we. Show them, M-4.

On cue, M-4 emerges from the building. Levels his twin chain cannons.

OFFICER #3

Christ!

(calls out)

Perkins, call for ba---!

He's cut down mid-word by a furious scream of ear-shattering reports. The enforcer droid strafes back and forth. Cops are blown off their feet, their cars shredded to pieces by an obscene torrent firepower.

Emily dives for cover behind a trash dumpster.

ANGLE - COP #3

Reaches into a squad car and grabs a shotgun off the dashboard mount. Calysto is standing behind him.

He spins around. Stares in shock as the water-thing steps into him. The cop is now encased in a thick membrane of liquid. Anywhere he goes Calysto follows him move for move. He can't breath. Desperately fires his shotgun. Buckshot bursts through the watery shell. Zero effect.

The cop staggers ... Holding his breath ... Turning blue .. Until he finally can't take it. He inhales and water floods his lungs. Instant death.

ANGLE - SHRAK

Another cop has taken cover underneath a cruiser. Shrak presses down on the front end, pushing the vehicle into the ground. The front tires BULGE under the screaming pressure. Then they EXPLODE and the car CRUSHES down on the cop.

ANGLE - DUMPSTER - EMILY

Scared out of her mind. A fallen officer's pistol clatters on the pavement just a few feet out of her reach. She wants a weapon. emily grabs a bent-up coat hanger out of the trash. Straightens it. Hooks the trigger hole and pulls the gun behind the dumpster.

As she's working, the sounds of gun-battle rapidly diminish. Then silence. All the cops are now dead. She opens the cylinder. Four bullets left. Her hands are shaking.

ANGLE - M-4

Walking through the carnage, scanning back and forth. He knows one person is still unaccounted for. Then he hears the sound of a gun cylinder SNAPPING closed. Starts to move towards the dumpster.

Emily holds her breath. Heart pounding as a net of red beams wraps around the dumpster like a laser-scan at a supermarket. One of the beams touches her. Detection.

The powerful droid shoves the dumpster, sending it rocketing into her like a train. SMASH! Emily is thrown backward, her head smacking hard against a brick wall. Lights out.

FULL SHOT

Bodies litter the ground. Shrak and Volarian pick through the spoils, looking for anything of interest. Volarian pulls out an officer's wallet. It's stuffed with money. She tosses the bills away like so much paper.

ANGLE - ARMAND

He's found a map of the city in one of the cruisers. Spreads it over the hood a car and studies it intently.

VOLARIAN

These people have nothing.

ARMAND

Of course not. They're savages.

SHRAK

Then let's find what we came for
and get out of here.

ARMAND

I already have.

He points at the map and we see the object of his desire:
The City Museum.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. THE CITY - NIGHT

Another part of town. A meteor rips through the sky in a fiery blaze. It's heading straight for the congested ribbons of highway that weave through the city.

A split second before it smashes into a car, the meteor decelerates and levels off. Lobo has arrived.

He guns the engine and the bike rushes over the snarl of traffic, jumping to the head of the pack. He finds a spot to land. Thumbs a switch and a pair of doughy tires emerge from the chassis. They hit the asphalt with a screech.

He cranks the throttle and the burly super-bike surges forward in a blur of acceleration.

CUT TO:

INT. PATROL CAR - DRIVING

Two COPS patrolling the highway looking for trouble makers. Lobo cruises right past them. He's wearing shades that cover his glowing eyes, but he's still quite a sight.

COP #1

The freaks are out tonight.

COP #2

It's the lunar cycle. Full moons always bring out the weirdos.

COP #1

Better give him the lights.

EXT. LOBO

Doesn't even notice the flashing patrol cruiser pulling up along side of him. COP #1 calls out from the window.

COP #1

Where's your helmet, buddy?

Lobo gives him a look like he's out of his mind. Absently takes a swig from a bottle of yellow poison, bearing the name: MCCRABBY'S 'OL TIME ROT-GUT NITRO.

COP #1

Is that an alcoholic beverage?

LOBO

Want some?

The cops exchange a look.

COP #1

Okay, asshole, pull over.

LOBO

No can do. I got heads to smash.

COP #2 .

Mister, I am ordering you to pull
over right now.

LOBO

Oh. An order. You're ordering me.
That changes everything.

For the worse. Lobo creeps forward so he's running parallel
with the front of the car.

INT. PATROL CAR

Through the COP'S POV we see a massive fist SMASH through
the hood of the car like it was made out of paper.

COP

HEY!

There's a terrible sound of metal SHEARING APART, and then
Lobo vanks the engine block right through the hood.
The cruiser instantly slows to a crawl.

EXT. HIGHWAY - LOBO

Leaving the cops in the dust. He tosses the engine block
away and it CLANGS across pavement until it comes to rest on
the shoulder.

The patrol car coasts to a stop just a few feet away and the
two officers get out. Watch as the bike disappears around a
curve.

COP #2

Full moons.

COP #1

Yeah, I see what you mean.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE CITY - GUTTED BUILDING - NIGHT - EMILY

Coming out of her daze. She rubs her head painfully. Then
hears the throaty rumblings of an approaching motorcycle.
She picks up her gun.

ANGLE - LOBO

He cuts the engine of his chopper and dismounts. Lights a
cigar. Draws a huge ugly machine-pistol from a saddle bag.
Pumps it. Then he tromps through the bodies, heading toward
the building.

INT. GUTTED BUILDING

Lobo quickly scans the room. Sees the five empty escape pods and Armand's discarded restraining collar. He picks up the collar. Knows what it means.

LOBO

Crap.

EXT. GUTTED BUILDING

Lobo exits the building. Looks around. Senses something. You can't hide from a Czarian. He advances toward the dumpster. Steps around it and finds ...

ANGLE - EMILY

Woozy, and off-balance, she struggles to hold up the gun.

EMILY

Hold it right there.

LOBO

Is that an order?

EMILY

Shut-up and don't move.

LOBO

Feetal's gizz. Ten minutes on this dump and I'm ready to frag the whole planet.

He marches straight at her. BLAM! Gets a .9mm bullet right in the forehead. It doesn't pierce the skull casing (nothing can break his skull), so the slug just sits there, half-sunk in his head.

Lobo doesn't loose a stride. He grabs her, lifts her into the air and jams the muzzle of a God-knows-what-caliber weapon into her face.

LOBO

Alright, girly, where are they?

EMILY

Who?

LOBO

(re: carnage)
The ones who did this.

EMILY

I don't know.

He instantly loses all interest in her and drops her on the ground. Starts looking over the crime scene. Picks up a shell casing, distinctly alien in design.

LOBO

Well, they were here. 60 millimeter expanding cluster shard. Only the bucket-heads use 'em ...

(picks up a spent .38 shell)
... Then we've got some toy bullets. You've gotta be mental takin' on a S.W.A.T. droid with these things.

He starts to head back for his chopper.

EMILY

Wait a minute!

Lobo ain't waiting. He mounts the bike. Casually pulls the bullet slug out of his forehead and snaps it off his finger. PA-CHING. The slug whizzes through the air and obliterates a beer bottle on the wall.

EMILY

(bewildered)

Who are you people?

He tips back his glasses, revealing those terrible red eyes. Grins broadly.

LOBO

We're aliens.

Lobo stomps the starter pedal and the turbines spin to power. Guns the throttle. The front tire pops into the air like a rearing horse and then it shoots off down the street.

Emily watches as the bike disappears over the horizon, engines fading. Then turns to face a fleet of approaching police cars coming from the opposite direction.

She glances around at the carnage all around her. There's a hopeless look in her eyes as the headlights fall on her. This is going to be hard to explain.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE PRECINCT - INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

A recorder is shut off. Emily is in the hotseat, wearing cuffs and manacles. Across from her are three stern-faced officers. One is the precinct lieutenant. A silver-haired office shark named BAYLOR.

The other two are middle-aged detectives, SLOAN and DUPREE. They've just heard her tale. Look to one another. Then to Emily.

BAYLOR

Is there anything you'd like to change, facts you're not sure of?

EMILY

I can't think of anything of else.

The lieutenant frowns.

BAYLOR

Then let's go through it again. This time without the space monsters.

EMILY

You think I'm making this up?!

A copy of her alien book SMACKS down on the table.

DUPREE

Wouldn't be the first time, would it?

SLOAN

Who do you think you're dealing with? We know who you are. You're the little reporter who drives around town with a police scanner, waiting for someone to get hit by a truck.

EMILY

I don't do that anymore.

BAYLOR

Yeah, now you're into mass-fraud. Personally, I don't care if you're turning tricks on a street corner, but I've got cops lying in the morgue and you're using it for a publicity stunt.

EMILY

Everything happened exactly the way I said.

Baylor has heard enough.

BAYLOR

Toss her in a cell. A dirty one.

They drag her to her feet as we ...

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY - LOBO - NIGHT

Cruising down a skid-row street. He spots a grease-grill bar called The Saw Pit. It's the kind of dive nice people don't go to. Lobo's kind of place. He pulls into the lot.

INT. SAW PIT BAR

Yep, it's a dive alright. There's a broken jukebox and a TV tuned to international wrestling. A grimy looking BARTENDER chews a toothpick as Lobo comes through the door. The bartender eyes him. Knows trouble when he sees it. That's okay, it's a trouble kind of bar.

Lobo tromps up to him. Slaps a wanted poster down on the bar. It looks like a conventional FBI sheet, except that it bears the mechanized face of M-4.

LOBO

You seen this scumbag robot around here?

The bartender gives him a tired look.

BARTENDER

Sure. Him and R2-D2 just took off. Said they'd be back in 20 minutes.

LOBO

Then I'll just wait for them.

He takes a seat at the bar, as we ...

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY MUSEUM - NIGHT

A fortress-like building, surrounded by an imposing iron fence. Impenetrable --except for the section of fence where the bars have torn apart and pried open. We PASS THROUGH the hole, following a trail of destruction ... passed a demolished security gate ... Then up to the building's entrance, where two heavy doors have been smashed off their hinges.

INT. MUSEUM - FRONT DESK - NIGHT

The desk is shot-up like swiss cheese and there's a dead GUARD slumped over a bank of security monitors ... We move across the marble floor ... Past ancient sculptures and antiquities that have been blown to pieces... Over a mummified corpse clutching a pistol ... then another corpse ... and another ... Until finally we reach:

ANGLE - THE HEADS OF BORO

The one display that hasn't been damaged. The heads are a pair of 12 foot stone faces carved into massive blocks of rock. Primitive. Reminiscent of the Easter Island totems, but larger and far more elaborate, with a complex language of glyphs and symbols carved into the bases. The five aliens stand before them.

CALYSTO

You said there was a weapon here!

ARMAND

There is.

Armand goes over to a pedestal displaying a miniature version of the giant heads. He takes the mellow sized sculpture and hurls it on the floor. SMASH. Among the broken shards is a metal cylinder with notches and burs. A key.

ARMAND

(to M-4, re:heads)

Scan the glyphs.

M-4's scanning beam pans over the runes and symbols.

M-4

Language-is-Czarian. Estimated-age-of-text-is-3000-years.

ARMAND

Abstract.

M-4

Text-describes-a-hostile-entity-entombed-in-these-structures-called-a-Drell. It-is-a-sworn-enemy-of-the-Czarian-race-and-a-designated-class-one-security-threat-to-all-other-lifeforms. Extreme-caution-is-advised.

Armand smiles knowingly.

SHRAK

All I see are a couple of stone-age blockheads.

ARMAND

Then I suggest you look more closely.

Armand inserts the key into a crevice in one of the heads. Turns it. The keyhole glows and a deep RUMBLE shakes the floor.

FULL SHOT - HEADS

CRACK! Massive fractures rip through the stone, splitting it apart. Then thousands of smaller fissures spider-web, spreading out and dicing the rock into pebbles.

All at once, the stone crumbles apart and collapses onto the floor. The heads are gone. What remains is an ancient alien machine: A pair of curved obelisks, forming an archway. A portal.

ARMAND

Establish a command link.

The umbilical snake extends from M-4's torso. Stops. The pin array alters and reshapes to match the obelisk's data interface. Plugs in. Communication occurs.

ARMAND

Is the portal still functional?

M-4

Negative. Nuclear-material-has-degenerated-into-lead. Imaging-lenses-are-missing. Power-capacitors-have-corroded.

SHRAK

Then it's useless.

CALYSTO

YOU'VE BROUGHT US HERE FOR NOTHING!

ARMAND

ENOUGH!

Armand paces the floor. Thinking hard.

ARMAND

(to M-4)

Can we effect repairs using materials on this planet?

M-4

Analyzing ... 94% probability of success.

ARMAND

Start locating sources.

(to others)

We'll split-up in pairs, collect what we need and bring it back here.

Volarian sighs tiredly.

VOLARIAN

Why do we have to be in such a
rush?

Keep that question in your head as we ...

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. SAW PIT BAR - NIGHT

Where our hero is drunkenly spouting ...

LOBO

I'll tell you why. Because, in six
hours the Imperial fleet's going to
blast this planet into star-chowder.

BARTENDER

(yawns)
Is that right?

LOBO

Oh, yeah. Major particle frag beam.
Slices right through the core. If I
were you, I'd be drinking heavily.

Lobo demonstrates this notion by grabbing a full quart of
Southern Comfort and dumping it down his throat. GLUG-GLUG-
GLUG-GLUG. He drains the bottle. Sets it down next to a
dozen other empties.

LOBO

What else you got?

BARTENDER

No more for you, mister. I'm cutting
you off.

Lobo looks at a clock on the wall.

LOBO

Better get back to work anyhow --
Gotta talk to whoever's running this
bonehead planet. What do I owe ya,
paco?

BARTENDER

Four-hundred twenty-six dollars and
thirty-two cents.

Lobo slaps a bill on the bar.

LOBO

Keep it.

The bartender eyes the bill. A 500 dollar astro-buck, with a handsome portrait of ZORDNAR, Emperor Of The Galaxy (he's a fish-head deal with giant bug eyes mounted on stalks).

BARTENDER

Very funny. \$426.00 please.

LOBO

That's 500 Imperial swag.

(points)

See, it's got the Emperor's head and everything.

BARTENDER

Look, space cadet, I've had it with you. Either you fork over a credit card or some real cash or I'm calling the cops.

LOBO

You know, you people are starting to get on my-

Something on the TV catches his attention. The local news has started and the ANCHORMAN is standing in front of artwork depicting UFO's flying over the city.

LOBO

Turn that thing up.

The Bartender reaches under the bar and produces a .45 magnum. Puts it right Lobo's face.

BARTENDER

You just sit still 'till the police get here.

CHOMP! Lobo bites off the barrel and spits out the chunk of metal. The bartender looks at the stubby remains of his gun. Maybe he shouldn't mess with this guy. He reluctantly goes over and turns up the TV volume.

ANCHORMAN

....While in a related story, best-selling author Emily Urgiss is being held tonight without bail at the Ramparts Division precinct. Diane Finkle has that story ...

The image cuts to a live video feed outside the Ramparts precinct.

DIANE

Police still aren't giving details, but have confirmed that controversial author Emily Urgiss, the self-described "ambassador to the aliens" is being questioned in connection with the multiple police homicides reported earlier this evening. Urgiss, a former journalist with ...

It goes on, but Lobo's heard all he needs.

LOBO

Ambassador, huh?

(to bartender, re: precinct)

Where is that?

CUT TO:

INT. RAMPARTS PRECINCT - JAIL CELL

A place few best-selling authors would ever see. Emily sits glumly on a bunk as her ATTORNEY paces around the cell.

EMILY

Can't I post bail?

ATTORNEY

Not a chance. They could hold you for ten years just on contempt. You've got to come clean, Emily. Tell them the truth.

EMILY

I already tried that.

He sighs in frustration.

ATTORNEY

I don't know what your angle is on this, but your publisher's going to dump you. They don't want this kind of publicity.

EMILY

Can you get me out of here or not?

ATTORNEY

Nobody can get you out of here.

CRASH! A Lobo-sized section of the wall implodes and rubble crashes to the floor.

EMILY

Oh, no.

The attorney spins around. Stares in horror at the looming Czarian.

LOBO

Beat it, feeb.

Lobo flicks him aside like a mosquito. Sends him hurling into a wall. Out. He turns to Emily.

LOBO

Come on, ambassador, I got a use for you.

EMILY

Me?! What did I do?!

He grabs her by the arm and yanks her out of the bunk.

EMILY

LET ME GO!

EXT. RAMPARTS PRECINCT

Lobo drags her down the back alley behind the precinct. Emily protesting all the way.

EMILY

I'm not an ambassador! It's a sham!
I was in it for the money! The whole thing's a fake!

LOBO

Will you Shut-the-frag-up?!

EMILY

I think there's been a big misunderstanding!

Lobo whips out a pistol and jams it in her face.

LOBO

Then here's clarification: I've gotta keep a low-profile, so you're going to give me advice on your hillbilly laws and customs --most of which I intend to ignore.

(motions at his bike)

Now, get on.

Emily stares at the alien machine.

EMILY

I can't.

LOBO

My mistake. When I said I wanted you to give me advice, I meant it in the sense that you should shut your trap and do as you're told.

EMILY

I don't ride motorcycles.

Lobo gives her a look like she's out of her mind.

EMILY

They're too dangerous. I covered traffic accidents for five years, and motorcycles have the highest mortality rate of any vehicle on the road.

LOBO

The mortality rate of annoying me is a whole bunch higher.

EMILY

It's also too conspicuous.

She just crossed the line. Lobo snaps the bolt on his gun.

EMILY

What are you doing?

LOBO

I have to kill you now.

EMILY

Alright, I'll go with you! But every cop in this town's going to be looking for me and they're going to spot us on that bike in two seconds flat.

Actually, they already have. A police cruiser bleeps its siren and screeches to a stop just a few feet away. The door flies open and a cop takes cover behind it.

COP

Both of you freeze!

LOBO

Oh, for the love of frag!

Lobo walks right towards him (BLAM! BLAM!) and slams the door on the cop. He crumples to the ground. Zzzzzzz.

LOBO

You might have a point about the conspicuous thing. We'll ditch the bike.

Lobo goes over to the chopper. Says to the machine ...

LOBO

Frag me.

Instantly, a tangle of black iron chains sprout like weeds from the chopper's frame. They bind themselves to a lamp post, securing the bike in a cocoon of metal links.

He grabs Emily by the arm and drags her to the passenger side of the squad car.

LOBO

We're taking this junk-wagon.
Get in.

Emily hesitates, but Lobo's expression says she's pushed this as far as it's going to go. She climbs in the car.

INT. POLICE CRUISER - LOBO

He looks at Emily. Gnashes his teeth as he remembers his explicit instructions.

EMILY

What's the matter?

LOBO

Under order of the Imperial Council,
it is my ridiculous duty to inform you
that I am a ...Ahhh, read it yourself!

He fishes out a crumpled piece of paper and hands it to Emily. In CLOSER SHOT we see it's his temporary Bounty Hunter License, complete with name and grinning mug.

EMILY

You're a bounty hunter?

LOBO

Licensed to use any and all means
necessary to recapture five convicts
from the Trantor Penal Colony.

She struggles to piece it together.

EMILY

Then the others are ... some sort of criminals.

LOBO

No, they're musicians. Of course, they're criminals.

(re: car)

Now, where's the throttle in this thing?

EMILY

There're two pedals on the floor. The one on the right is the-

EXT. POLICE CRUISER

SCREECH! Lobo floors it and the tires spin black clouds of burning rubber. The car shoots into the street. SMASH! Careens off a parked car and then thunders up the street.

INT. POLICE CRUISER - DRIVING

The bike might have been safer. Emily hangs on to the ceiling strap for dear life as Lobo over-steers, under steers and shows a general disregard for other drivers.

EMILY

Maybe you'd better let me drive.

LOBO

For your information, sub-species, I get around the quadrant pretty good.

EMILY

I'm sure you do, but we have a lot of rules for driving.

LOBO

Well, I got rules too, and rule #1 is I don't care about other people's rules.

EMILY

I thought you wanted my help.

LOBO

Lady, I don't even want to look at you, but if you really to be helpful, why don't you ...

Police chatter squawks over the radio. Lobo gives it an irritated look.

LOBO

Who'd be stupid enough to do that?

EMILY

This is important.

LOBO

No, what's important is you shutting your trap, reading those sheets and keeping your ears glued to that radio. Maybe these bastiches'll pull something that gets reported.

EMILY

Why do you need me to listen to the radio?

LOBO

BECAUSE NO ONE FROM THIS BUNG HOLE EVER CAME TO MY PLANET TO TEACH US YOUR FRAGGIN' POLICE CODES!

Emily shrinks into her seat as we ...

CUT TO:

INT. A CITY WATER PIPE - NIGHT

We're rushing through a water conduit beneath the urban streets. Gurgling sounds echo metallicly as we race along the five inch pipe, heading for ...

EXT. NUCLEAR PLANT - NIGHT

Electrical fencing surrounds the complex of buildings and high voltage structures. Guards patrol. Security cameras pan back and forth. The place is locked-down tight.

INT. NUCLEAR PLANT - MEN'S ROOM - NIGHT

A technician comes through the door. Meet WALTER. Skinny as string, with thick glasses, a bow-tie and a pen-protector stuffed in his shirt pocket. He heads for a stall with a copy of Popular Mechanics. The door closes. Subscription cards fall on the floor as he opens the magazine.

But while Walter's doing his business ...

CLOSE SHOT - SINK

A spout of water rises up out of a sink drain. Quickly filling it. The sink over-flows and liquid spills onto the tiled floor.

INT. STALL

FLUSH. Walter zips up his fly and opens the door. Calysto is standing in front of him. His geeky eyes enlarge three sizes behind his coke-bottle windows.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE CRUISER - EMILY & LOBO - NIGHT - DRIVING

Emily is reading through the rap sheets as Lobo puffs on a cigar. Acrid, sooty smoke wafts through the air. Emily rolls down a window.

LOBO

You're not sensitive to mutagenic carcinogens, are you?

EMILY

Why?

LOBO

No reason. Keep reading.

She looks down at M-4's rap sheet.

EMILY

(skim reads)

Prisoner 2-7-4-6-9. Name, M-4.
He's a class-1, autonomous cybernetic enforcer unit.

LOBO

That's a police droid.

EMILY

Convicted on 41 counts of homicide in connection with a terrorist group called the Mechanized Liberation Force. Sentenced to 600 years.

(looks up)

You put a machines in prison?

LOBO

All the time. Robots, toasters, alarm clocks.

EMILY

Why don't you just reprogram them?

LOBO

Where's the fun in that?

Emily goes to the next page.

EMILY

(reading)

Oman Shrak. He's a hired assassin, suspected in over 200 homicides. It says, "Special caution is advised as he is originally an inhabitant of Theta-7" What's Theta-7?

LOBO

Heavy gravity planet.

Whatever. Emily reads the next page.

EMILY

The last one is Dr. Armand Throke. Classification: non-cohesive lifeform. He was a professor of Dimensional Physics. Appointed Provost of Imperial Security. First Directorate.

LOBO

That's a big fish. First Directorate handles security for galactic threats.

EMILY

He was convicted on 27 counts of treason and conspiracy to overthrow the empire.

She flips the page, revealing one more rap sheet. Emily frowns. It's Lobo's sheet. There're about a hundred charges of drunk and disorderly, assault and various petty deeds, but at the bottom of the list we see the real charge.

EMILY

This is you.

(reading)

164 counts of first degree murder with special circumstances ...
What does this mean?

LOBO

Well, the murder is kind of a kill-thing, and then the special circumstances part is what I would call the splatter-level, which was unusually high that day.

EMILY

You killed 164 people in one day?

LOBO

There were extenuating circumstances.

EMILY

Like what? They looked at you the wrong way?

LOBO

That was only a contributing factor. I was tracking Sharky O'Maggot on a dead or alive rap, only when I found the bastitch, he'd had himself cloned. -164 times no less- Well, I was short on time and there was no way I was going to stand around and figure out who was who.

(shrugs)

Superior firepower did the rest.

EMILY

You're not going to do anything like that down here, are you?

LOBO

Wish I could, but I gotta bring these clowns back alive. It's really hamstringing me.

At that moment a dispatcher's voice comes over the radio ...:

VO DISPATCHER

All units, all units. 12-14 in progress at the Valley Ridge facility. Respond and proceed immediately. Code-3.

EMILY

Oh, my god.

LOBO

Bad?

EMILY

It's a disaster.

LOBO

Then that's them.

CUT TO:

INT. NUCLEAR PLANT - CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

Several TECHNICIANS mill about as the once skinny Walter returns to the floor. He looks very different. In fact, he's put on about 300 pounds in the last five minutes.

His face is a bloated, jiggling mass. His heaving stomach ripples through his clothes and he's springing dozens of pin-prick water leaks. In short, he looks like a walking water balloon, which is a pretty apt description of his current condition.

TECHNICIAN #1

Jesus, Walter, what happened to you?

Walter/Calysto shifts nervously.

WALTER/CALYSTO

I am ...
(bubble-bubble)
... completely normal.

TECHNICIAN #2

You don't look so normal.

WALTER/CALYSTO

Where do you keep plutonium?

Nobody responds. They just stare at him. His body is starting to convulse. Something's very wrong.

TECHNICIAN #2

Walter?

WALTER/CALYSTO

(gurgling)
Structure .. is ... failing.

Walter/Calysto collapses to the floor. Arms and legs flailing out of control. Technicians swarm over him, holding him down and applying CPR. Someone hits an intercom button.

TECHNICIAN #2

Control room, we have a medical emergency!

No response.

TECHNICIAN #2

Is anyone out there?!

Nope. The technician hits the fire alarm and a SCREAMING KLAXON rings through the air ... But only for about two seconds. The alarm abruptly dies and then all the lights in the room go out --like someone just pulled the plug.

TECHNICIAN #3

What the hell?!

ANGLE - WALTER/CALYSTO

His eyes are bulging wild as he's held down by three workers. He struggles against them, but he's obviously getting nowhere ... Then his mouth draws open. Way open. Like Guinness Book of World Records open.

Suddenly, a watery arm reaches out of the gaping mouth and grabs a worker by the throat.

ANGLE - TECHNICIAN #3

He's seen enough. The guy runs for the security door. Strikes his pass card and the metal door slides open. Shrak is on the other side holding a machine-gun the size of a coffee table.

SHRAK

Where do you think you're going?

CUT TO:

INT. NUCLEAR PLANT - NIGHT

The place looks like it's been bombed. Broken steam pipes spew white fog. Bodies everywhere, draped over generator housings and hanging from rails.

ANGLE - SHRAK & CALYSTO

Escorting the last living TECHNICIAN down a concrete tunnel. The guy is scared out of his wits. He brings them to the end of the passageway and we see ...

FULL SHOT - THE VAULT

An indestructible nuclear waste storage vault with a 20 ton security door.

TECHNICIAN

This is it. This is where we store spent fuel.

CALYSTO

Open it.

TECHNICIAN

I can't! I told you, it's invulnerable. That door was built to take a nuclear blast.

SHRAK

Outta my way.

Shrak brushes him aside like a bag of air. Goes up to the towering steel door. Takes a breath. Concentrates. Then he lunges at the door, fingers clawing for purchase around the edge of the vault. He pulls ... and pulls

At first it looks like a hopeless task ... but then the metal begins to CREAK with strain. Shrak keeps pulling. Groaning with effort, his face twisted-up in furious determination.

CRACK! A fracture line splits the concrete wall.

The massive door gives a little ... A little more. And then all-at-once the bolts and rods SHATTER apart and the vault flies open. Gears and lock pieces cascade over the floor.

The technician gapes in astonishment. Too bad he's next. Shrak starts to move toward him, as we ...

CUT TO:

EXT. NUCLEAR PLANT - GATE HOUSE - NIGHT

Emily watches a long line of police cars approaching from the distance. They're about five minutes away. Lobo throws a knife-switch and the electrified gate closes mechanically. Latches. Locks. He smashes the control box off the wall and it shorts-out in a shower of sparks.

LOBO

(re: approaching cops)

That should slow them down.

EMILY

As ambassador of Earth, I think this is a really bad idea and I'd like to go home now.

LOBO

Noted. Go get me some water for my gun.

She gives him a quizzical look.

LOBO

Just do it.

She goes into the gate house as Lobo reaches into his pocket and produces a tiny, two inch rifle. It looks like a gun for a GI-Joe doll. He sets it on the ground. Emily returns with a dixie cup of water. Stares at the diminutive weapon.

EMILY

That's your gun?

LOBO

Full-auto Splatter Max-7 --a top
choice among the mass-murderer crowd.

EMILY

You've got to be kidding.

LOBO

Observe, puny earthling.

He pours water over the tiny weapon. The gun soaks its up
like a dried-out sponge. Growing. Expanding. Within
seconds, it enlarges into a 100 pound behemoth of a cannon.
Lobo picks it up. Pulls back the bolt with a crisp SNAP.

EMILY

What's the plan?

LOBO

Blowing them to pieces usually works.
I'll try that first.

EMILY

You said you were going to take them
alive.

LOBO

Alive is a very broad term.

EMILY

I think I'll wait out here.

LOBO

Fraggin' right you will.

SNAP! He slaps a monster pair of handcuffs on her wrists.

EMILY

What are you doing?!

LOBO

You're a flight risk.

He drags her over to the car and clamps the other cuff onto
the bumper (these are some big-ass cuffs).

EMILY

You can't leave me like this!

Yes, he can. Lobo heads off for the main building,
completely ignoring Emily's strident howls.

CUT TO:

INT. NUCLEAR PLANT - WASTE VAULT - NIGHT

Shrak rips open a welded steel container. Inside are the reactor's spent fuel rods. He breaks off the cap and dumps a handful of plug-sized plutonium pellets into his hand.

SHRAK

Jackpot.

CLINK. The sound of a metal hook scraping the floor. Shrak and Calysto spin around. There's a figure standing in the steam and red light of the tunnel. Puffing a stogie, a steel hook hanging by his side.

Shrak narrows his eyes.

SHRAK

Lobo.

LOBO

Hello, Oman. Hope you didn't blow your wad on these Earthers.
It's frag time.

Shrak yanks a grenade off his belt. Primes it with his thumb.

SHRAK

Frag this.

He heaves the grenade and it lands right at Lobo's feet.
FRAGGBOOOM!

This is not your average hand grenade. The thing explodes like a thousand pound bomb and a boiling fireball blows through the tunnel, blasting out the walls and ceiling. Half the passageway collapses. When the dust settles, Lobo is gone. Buried under tons of boulder-sized rubble and debris.

That was easy. Shrak sneers ...

SHRAK

So much for the "Main Man".

SMASH! Lobo bursts through the concrete pile, eyes wild.

LOBO

HAW! What a rush! I just love guys who to try to waste me!

He pulls his gun from the rubble. Starts tromping towards Shrak and Calysto.

LOBO

Yep, you're my kinda guy, Oman.
Almost makes me feel bad for all the
carnage and brutality I'm about to
unload on you.

Shrak gets more serious. He throws his elbow into a cast
iron water-pipe running along the wall. Breaks it open.
Turns to Calysto and hands him the nuclear pellets.

SHRAK

Get these back. I'll take care of
him.

Calysto deforms into a pillar of fluid and dives down the
pipe. Gone.

SHRAK & LOBO

Shrak gets to his feet, grinning slyly. He wants this as
bad as Lobo does. He pulls back the bolt of his gun. Lobo
is just ten feet away. Stops. The two level their
ridiculous weapons on each other.

SHRAK

Here I am, blue-boy. Whatcha got for
me?

LOBO

Lead.

This has to be the dumbest gunfight anyone has ever seen.
The two of them simply stand at point blank range and fire
their cannons into each other. CHAK!-CHAK!-CHAK!-CHAK!-CHAK!

Bullets erupt through both of them. Blood holes galore.
Neither moves for cover. They hold their ground, exchanging
thousands of rounds. A fog of bullets fills the air and
bits of meat go flying off them like chipped paint.

The weird thing is they can take it. Sort of.

Both have hundreds of smoking hot slugs half-buried in their
faces and bodies, but neither one of them shows any sign of
discomfort. In fact, they're definitely grooving on it.

CHAK!-CHAK!-CHAK!-CHAK!-CHAK! ... Time passes. Mounds of
spent shell-casing collect at their feet. They continue
blasting away at each other, until they finally run out of
ammo. Toss their weapons aside.

Shrak: draws a grizzly Bowie knife from a boot sheath.
Lobo: grips his hook.

The two move in on each other, boots splashing through the carpet of spent shell-casings that covers the floor.

CLOSE SHOT - SHRAK

Reaching behind his back, where a second weapon is concealed. It's a single shot pistol with a barrel the width of a Quaker Oats cylinder.

As Lobo launches his attack, Shrak whips out the gun and fires. BOOM! A cannon ball slams into Lobo's stomach. OOF! The Czarian buckles over. In pain.

This is Shrak's chance. He takes the giant vault door and swings it into the wounded Czarian. CLANG! The door pins him against the steel frame. Shrak throws all his alien strength into closing the vault on Lobo, trying to squish him into Cheese Whiz. It looks like a good plan.

Lobo struggles against the impossible pressure. Gritting his teeth. Veins popping out of his skin. Shrak pours it on even more. We hear whatever terrible sound 26 inch thick steel makes when it's being compressed around a Czarian.

All the while, Shrak is screaming

SHRAK

DIE! DIE! DIE!

It's this last part that really gets on Lobo's nerves.

LOBO

Ahh, shadup!

Lobo wildly surges forward with such insane force that he rips the 20 ton door off its hinges and SLAMS it into Shrak. Both the door and Shrak CRASH through the tunnel wall like it was made out of pie crust.

INT. TURBINE ROOM

Lobo jumps through the hole in pursuit, ready to issue more punishment. He peels the vault door off the ground, expecting to find Shrak flattened like a bug.

But Shrak ain't there. Lobo glances around. Where'd he go?

LOBO

Don't go squirrely on me, Oman.

He moves past a two story cooling pump. A shadow creeps behind him. WHAM! Shrak clobbers him over the head with a thick iron pipe. Lobo goes spacey. WHAM! another blow to the back of his legs and the big guy hits the deck.

Shrak finishes him off with a brutal upper-cut that catches Lobo square in the jaw. Lays him out. Not unconscious, but the little birdies are definitely flying around his head.

ANGLE - SHRAK

He tosses the pipe away. Stands over the catatonic Lobo. What's the best way to kill this guy? Shrak knows. He grabs Lobo by the throat and drags him toward ...

THE TURBINE

One of several steam driven generators the cover the floor. Through the side vents we see huge magnetos spinning around in a blur. Half a million horsepower of thrashing metal. Now, if you were to stick someone's head in there ...

Capital idea. Shrak drags him head first toward the vent. Lobo comes out of his daze just enough to cogitate that he's about to be decapitated.

His fingers rip into the floor. No dice. They simply plow through the tiles. He punches Shrak in the face. Solidly. Repeatedly. Probably hurts like hell, but Shrak takes the pain. He's totally motivated.

They reach the turbine. Lobo braces himself against the turbine's frame. But inch by inch he's losing ground. The turbine blades WHIR over his head.

CLOSE SHOT - LOBO

This is pissing him off. He gives up one hand of his bracing and throws his hook. The chain un-reels off his forearm and the hook sails through the air. CLANK. Secures onto a ceiling girder.

The chain goes taut. The girder starts to bend. It's only going to buy him a few seconds.

Lobo gives up his remaining brace and his free hand searches for purchase on Shrak's body ... Nothing ... Nothing. .. And then he finds it. There's another hand grenade hanging off Shrak's belt. Lobo grins.

He thumbs the primer as Shrak inches his head into the spinning blades.

SHRAK

Adios, Czarian.

LOBO

Say "cheese", ya pathetic, drooling bastitch.

Shrak grins broadly, flashing his porcelain choppers. Perfect. Lobo's fist drives upward like a piston. He SMASHES through the wall of teeth and rams the grenade right down Shrak's throat. Gulp.

Shrak looses his grip. Stumbles backward. Gagging. Shattered teeth crumbling out of his mouth.

SHRAK

(gummy)

You broke my teeth, you son of a bitch!

LOBO

You won't be needing 'em much longer.

BOOM! Shrak blows to bits. Literally. I mean there's really nothing left of him. Meat scraps. Cat food. You get the picture.

Lobo picks up a small chunk of the ex-Shrak. Drops it in specimen vial and seals it with a plug.

LOBO

You're under arrest, Oman.

CUT TO:

EXT. NUCLEAR PLANT - ENTRANCE GATE

Where a TEAM of cops are slicing through the electrified fence with insulated bolt-cutters. Many squad cars are pulled-up, waiting for them to finish.

ANGLE - EMILY

Still cuffed to the cruiser, she watches them at the other end of the complex. SNAP. The cuffs mechanically open.

EMILY

It's about time. The police are almost-

(looks up at Lobo)

Oh, my God!

He's a bullet-ridden mess. Slugs dribble off his face, clinking on the ground. It's almost inconceivable that someone could be walking around in this condition.

EMILY

We've got to get you to a doctor.

LOBO

What for?

EMILY
You've been hit bad. Really bad.
(looks at him again)
Really, really, really bad.

LOBO
(re: face)
You mean this?

He wipes away some of the slugs with his hand. Already, the tissue is healing. Threading itself back together. His recuperative powers are right off the scale.

LOBO
Barely a scratch.
(tosses her the vial with
the Shrak chunk)
Now, Oman there's going to need some
real work.

Emily stares at the vial as Lobo heads for the fence.

EMILY
This is Oman?

LOBO
One down, four to go.

EMILY
YOU CALL THIS ALIVE?!

LOBO
Yeah. Sort of. They'll have to
reconstitute him so he can finish his
sentence, but I've seen worse.

He reaches the fence. There's a sign posted, which reads:
DANGER. ELECTRIFIED FENCE. 90,000 VOLTS. Lobo doesn't
notice. He's about to grab onto to it, when Emily says ...

EMILY
Did you question him?

LOBO
Did I what?

EMILY
Did you question him? Did you ask him
where the others are? Or what they're
doing here? Or why they would risk
hitting a nuclear plant?

LOBO
Who fraggin' cares?!

EMILY

Use your head! If we knew why they were here, we might be able to track them down.

Good point. Lobo growls.

LOBO

FINE! You want to talk to him, we'll talk to him!

He grabs the fence and an eruption of sparks shower over him. Lobo doesn't even notice. He rips out the entire section and it crashes to the ground in a sizzling heap.

He storms off to the car.

CUT TO:

INT. CITY MUSEUM - NIGHT

The portal is now a work in progress. Machinery and electronics scattered about, control panels opened and thick tangles of wire sprouting everywhere.

Armand bristles to the news of Oman's demise.

ARMAND

You're sure it was Lobo?

CALYSTO

It was him.

ARMAND

An inspired choice.

(to M-4)

Any chance that he'll find us?

M-4

100% probability.

ARMAND

Then we won't have to waste our time looking for him.

CUT TO:

INT. SUPERMARKET - NIGHT

Lobo is standing in line with Emily at a checkout counter. Dozens of SHOPPERS gawk with a mixture of horror and fascination. Partly at Lobo, partly at the shopping cart he's pushing. It's filled to the brim with hundreds of pounds of meat; porkchops, hamburger, chicken, etc ...

A LITTLE OLD LADY shopper prods the Czarman.

LITTLE OLD LADY

You must be awfully hungry, young man.

LOBO

If I was hungry I'd eat your head,
granny.

The old lady recoils. Emily hits him in the arm.

EMILY

Knock it off.

LOBO

Well, I'm fraggin' bored! This
standing in line in not the Main
Man's way, and I'm about ready to--
(eyes suddenly bulging)
WHO THE HELL IS THAT?!!

What has his dander is a teen magazine cover depicting the
infamous Lobo-look-alike, Gene Simmonds of Kiss.
Lobo grabs it off the rack.

LOBO

WHO IS THIS GUY?! I'LL KILL HIM!
I'LL STOMP HIS PHONEY FACE INTO MEAT
BUTTER!

EMILY

Stop it! He's a rock star. He
doesn't know who you are. He sings
in a band.

LOBO

(calmer)

A singer? What's he sing about?

EMILY

Nothing. Sex, partying, rock and
roll. He's a clown.

LOBO

Clown my ass. First guy I've seen
on this planet who made any kind of
sense to me.

CUT TO:

EXT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

A boarded-up warehouse looking over a harbor. Steamers ply
up the waterway.

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - TOP FLOOR - NIGHT

Emily un-wraps a beef brisket and tosses it onto a growing pile of raw meat in the middle of the floor. She grabs another package from a shopping bag and tears it open.

ANGLE - LOBO

Sitting against a wall, watching her as he puffs on a cigar. Emily glares at him.

EMILY

You could help.

LOBO

I don't do peon work.

EMILY

Is everyone on your planet like you?

LOBO

Pretty much. 'Course I'm the only one left, which kinda whittles down the possibilities.

EMILY

You mean there's no one else on your world but you?

LOBO

Czaria, population: one.
(pulls out a yellow card)
Which reminds me, I gotta fill out this census card.

He starts scribbling on the card.

EMILY

What happened to them?

LOBO

Who?

EMILY

Your people.

LOBO

Drell got 'em.

She gives him a questioning look. Lobo groans.

LOBO

There was two empires, the Tholians and the Blorgs. They didn't get along so good. So, the Tholians built this big weapon called the Drell, which was basically a high-energy, psycho-lifeform. Ugly. Mean to the bone. Fragged 20 whole planets before they finally boxed it up.

EMILY

When did this happen?

LOBO

Right around the same time Dorko-The-Do-Gooder was teaching your flea-bag ancestors how to talk. Anyhow, it destroyed my planet, which is a damn shame, 'cause I was planning to do it myself the following week.

EMILY

You were planning to do what?

LOBO

Destroy my planet.

Emily stares at him in disbelief.

LOBO

Hey, they had plans for me too.
(stands up)
Alright, let's talk to Oman.

Lobo takes out the Shrak vial and a small device. A funny looking gizmo, roughly egg-shaped with multiple prongs sticking out of it. He inserts the Shrak remanent into the egg. Puts it on top of the pile.

LOBO

This should be interesting.

Lobo thumbs a button on a remote and a web of energy crackles through the pile.

It's shifts. Heaves. And begins to take shape. Legs, torso, head. It's a man. A man made of meat scraps. An oozing, dripping meatman, who sort of looks like Shrak.

LOBO

Hello, Oman. You look good. Not.

Meat-Shrak stares in horror at his porkchop hands. Feels his meaty face.

SHRAK

What have you done to me?!

LOBO

Quit your whining, meatloaf, or I'll dump you off at a dog pound. I just got a few questions for you, like ...
uh ..

(to Emily)

What were those questions?

EMILY

Where are the others.

LOBO

Right. What are you and your playmates up to?

But Meat-Shrak is more concerned with his new appearance.

SHRAK

Please ... kill me.

LOBO

I already killed you. That's why we're here. Now, if you tell me where your dirtbag pals are hiding, maybe I'll find it in my heart to mercy-frag ya.

Meat-Shrak is silent for a moment. Then ...

SHRAK

They're going to free the Drell.

EMILY

WHAT?!

LOBO

Did I forget to mention the Drell was put on your planet for safe keeping?

EMILY

Yes, you left that part out.

LOBO

My mistake. It's here.

EMILY

Where?

LOBO

I don't know.

(to Shrak)

How 'bout it meatboy. Where's the Drell?

SHRAK

Sealed in a tomb ... The portal won't function, but Armand thinks he can repair it.

LOBO

Well, good luck finding parts on this Bumpkin planet.

EMILY

Would you please let him finish?!

(to Shrak)

What does he need to complete the repairs?

SHRAK

Plutonium.

LOBO

He's got that. What else?

SHRAK

Precious stones ... sapphires ...
and ... and ... AHHHHHH!

Meat-Shrak can't take it. He suddenly spins around and bolts for a giant window that overlooks the harbor. Hurls himself at it ...

EXT. WAREHOUSE - MEAT-SHRAK

CRASH! He bursts through the window and plummets five stories onto the boardwalk. SPLAT! Explodes into 500 cuts of USDA prime.

Lobo leans out the window to survey the damage. Chuckles at the mess.

LOBO

Let's do that again.

CUT TO:

EXT. NUCLEAR PLANT - NIGHT

Police cruisers, ambulances and firetrucks have swarmed over the area. The injured and the dead are carted away. Sloan and Dupree head over for Baylor, who's watching all this.

SLOAN

We've got a positive I-D, Lieutenant.

DUPREE

A caucasian female, accompanied by a male, 6-5, 400 pounds. Blue skin. Red eyes with no pupils.

The gravity of the situation finally dawns on Baylor.

BAYLOR

Jesus-H. Maybe we're really onto something here.

SLOAN

You mean aliens?

BAYLOR

I mean gravy-train. If this guy's really from Vulcan, he could be the biggest gold mine since the Elephant Man ... I want him.

DUPREE

Then we'd better find him fast.

SLOAN

Feds are flying up from Washington.

Baylor ponders this for a moment.

BAYLOR

Call in anyone off duty. Tell 'em what they need to know, but let's keep the ET-thing under wraps.

SLOAN

What about this Emily Urgiss girl? She could blow the whole thing.

BAYLOR

I'll take care of her.

CUT TO:

EXT. PLUTO - MOUNTAIN RANGE

At the farthest reaches of the solar system the tiny planet of Pluto makes its lonely orbit around the sun. It's smaller than the moon, but similarly grey and pocked by meteors. CAMERA RISES OVER A MOUNTAIN RANGE AND REVEALS:

A BLOMG BATTLE CRUISER

Barely a dozen miles away. The ship is huge and brimming with weapons. Tiny support ships dart about it like flies around an elephant.

INT. BATTLE CRUISER - BRIDGE

Where a crew of various aliens and droids are manning stations. Readyng systems. Cardoon grimly oversees the operation from the commander's precipice.

The ship's CAPTAIN (a droid) joins him.

CAPTAIN

Outer-frontier-of-solar-system-reached. Arrival-at-target-Earth-in-three-hours-16-minutes.

CARDOON

Weapon status?

CAPTAIN

Plasma-cannon-requires-calibration-to-insure-proper-function. Recommend-test-fire-on-local-planetary-body.

CARDOON

Any lifeforms down there?

CAPTAIN

Planet-designated-Pluto, no-lifeforms.

CARDOON

Proceed with test fire.

EXT. BATTLE CRUISER

A bomb-bay door slides open beneath the cruiser's hull, and a mammoth plasma cannon descends into position. Locks. There's a droning sound of a massive power charge building up. Peaking. Then a streaming ray of destructive energy erupts from the muzzle.

The powerful beam rips through the planet like a Saturn-V engine through a wall of ice cream. The two hemispheres of the world crumble apart, then EXPLODE in a planetary blast of annihilation. No more Pluto.

The ship rumbles through the cloud of debris. Heading straight for Earth.

CUT TO:

EXT. AM-PM - EARLY MORNING - PHONE BOOTH

Emily drives a tire-iron into the phonebook swivel and pries it apart. The lock bar snaps and the phonebook falls to the ground. She picks it up. Heads back for the car.

ANGLE - GAS PUMPS

Lobo is pumping gas into the car. He tops it off and removes the nozzle. Drips of gasoline dribble off the end. Lobo sniffs the nozzle. Likes what he smells. Other CUSTOMERS gawk in horror as he sticks the nozzle in his mouth and squeezes the handle. GLUG-GLUG-GLUG.

EMILY

THAT'S POISON!

He withdraws the nozzle. Licks his lips thoughtfully.

LOBO

Not bad. Kinda dry. Slightly nutty. Don't usually like whites, but this one has some character.

A lot of people are staring. Emily shakes her head in exasperation.

EMILY

Get in the car.

INT. POLICE CRUISER

Lobo climbs in and the cruiser pulls out of the station. Emily's still fuming.

LOBO

What's bothering you now?

EMILY

You don't realize it, but this is one of the most important events in human history.

LOBO

If you say so.

EMILY

You're the first contact we've had with another world. Your presence is going to change our understanding of the universe.

LOBO

So what?

EMILY

So, I keep telling myself that I should feel privileged to be a part of all this, but the truth is ...

LOBO

... I'm just grossing you out.

EMILY

Why do you have to be so vulgar? You're thousands of years more advanced than we are. You should be superior to us in every way.

LOBO

I am.

Her expression says otherwise.

LOBO

Look, milk-toast, you've got some screwball notions about the universe. You think it's a big poetry reading out there? The Empire keeps a force of two million police droids to maintain order. You step outta line and 99 times out of 100 you're gonna get whacked ... But if you're tough, and I mean really tough. Like iron-assed, titanium-balled, stone-cold killer tough. That's when they call in guys like me. I dish-out the master beatings to the meanest bastiches in the galaxy ...

(grins)

'Cause I'm tougher than all of 'em.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE PRECINCT - ROLL CALL ROOM - EARLY MORNING

Baylor stands at a podium addressing a room full of tough-looking S.W.A.T. guys in ta gear and body armor.

BAYLOR

Alright, listen up. We're going to take this blue-skinned bastard alive, so I don't want any shooting out there. We find him. Corner him. Pump him full of darts 'till he drops. Is that clear?

Mumbles and nods confirm this.

BAYLOR

Next item. Miss Emily Urgiss has been bumped-up to principal suspect in the multiple cop-slaying we had earlier this evening.

An eruption of angry muttering breaks out among the ranks.

BAYLOR

Now, you all know where I stand on cop killers. Take her down, make it hurt. If any of you have a problem with that, I suggest you turn in your badges for the next 24 hours.

Nobody has a problem with that.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE CRUISER - CITY DRIVING

Police chatter squawks over the radio as Lobo wildly steers through traffic. Emily has a phone book laid open across her knees. Flips through pages to the jewelers section.

EMILY

There's a hundred of them.

LOBO

Which one's got sapphires?

EMILY

All of them. But Haberstone's is the biggest. It's a clearing house for un-cut gems. Only deals to jewelers.

LOBO

Where?

EMILY

Make a right at the next light.

EXT. CITY - DIAMOND DISTRICT - EARLY MORNING

A strip of low-rise buildings where every shop is a jewelry store. Nothing's open, given the obscene hour. The only vehicle to be seen is a grey utility truck that's parked in front of the prestigious Haberstone building.

ANGLE - POLICE CRUISER

Pulls to a stop across from the building. Lobo gets out. Surveys the scene.

LOBO

This won't take long. Anyone comes out of that building you stay on 'em.

He lights a cigar and crosses the street.

TIME CUT TO:

EXT. HABERSTONE BUILDING - ROOF TOP

A hook and chain flies onto the roof. Finds purchase on the ledge. Lobo climbs over the rail.

INT. HABERSTONE BUILDING - 5TH FLOOR - GEM VAULT

A security room with a steel-barred door. The walls are honey-combed with hundreds of small lock boxes, like a safe deposit room in a bank.

Armand rifles through them. His hand passes through the locks and pulls out a handful of sapphires. Large, beautiful red gems. He drops them in a pouch, already heavy with other collected stones.

SHRAP! Lobo rips the steel door open.

ARMAND

Right on time.

LOBO

Don't even start with that brainy-criminal, "We've been expecting you" crap. I'm here. You're here, and it's time for your man-beating.

ARMAND

Aren't you going to read me my rights?

LOBO

Sure. You got the right to watch me put my hook through your head.

SWISH! Hook and chain cleave through the air --and sail right through Armand's etherial form. Hits the cement floor with a loud CHINK!

Lobo does a double-take. Tries it again. SWISH-CHINK SWISH-CHINK The hook just passes through him like air, ripping into the walls and floor. Completely useless.

ARMAND

I expected more from a Czarian. You appear to be nothing more than a dim-witted clod.

LOBO

Next you'll tell me how easily you
could frag me if you wanted to.

ARMAND

You'll find that out soon enough.

And with that; Armand drops through the floor like a ghost.

LOBO

OH, NO YOU DON'T!

Lobo punches a man-sized crater through the cement with his
fist. Jumps through the hole into ...

INT. HABERSTONE BUILDING - 4TH FLOOR

Lobo hits the floor. Chases after Armand, who's running
across the room. He's heading straight for a solid brick
wall. Armand leaps ... passes through the wall.

Lobo doesn't even slow down. He bulldozes right at the
wall. Leaps ...

EXT. HABERSTONE BUILDING

And EXPLODES through the bricks. He plunges 40 feet to the
ground. Stone and mortar raining down all around him as he
hits the pavement.

Lobo doesn't miss a stride. Chases after Armand, who's now
running for ...

THE UTILITY TRUCK

Armand leaps again. Passes through the closed door at the
back of the truck. Lobo is a split second behind him.
Grabs the door handles.

LOBO

COME OUTTA THERE, YA ETHEREAL FEEB!

He opens the door.

ANGLE - M-4

Standing inside the truck. M-4 gives him both barrels from
his heavy chain cannons. CHAK!-CHAK!-CHAK!-CHAK!-CHAK!
Right in the chest. Lobo dances backwards across the
street. Lands in a puddle of water. The usual blood holes
dribbling down his clothes.

Emily dodges through the wrecks. Staying on him. Closing.

Armand frowns at the persistent nuisance in the side mirrors. He takes out a small device that looks like a hockey puck. Commands it ...

ARMAND

Disable police vehicle.

And the puck starts chattering.

PUCK

Disable-police-vehicle. Disable-police-vehicle. Disable-police-vehicle.

Armand reaches out the window and places the annoying puck on the roof of the cab.

CLOSE SHOT - DEVICE

Steel claws emerge like spider legs and an antenna web telescopes out and unfurls. It locks-on to the cruiser.

The puck crab-scuttles across the roof of the truck. It climbs up the back wall of the cargo container. Crawls to the edge.

INT. POLICE CRUISER - EMILY POV - THROUGH WINDSHIELD

Like a bounding flea, the puck jumps onto the engine hood of the cruiser. It's legs anchor into the metal. All the while, it never stops blabbering ...

PUCK

Disable-police-vehicle. Disable-police-vehicle ...

EXT. POLICE CRUISER

It disables the police vehicle. A six foot steel spike pierces through the hood and drives straight down into the pavement. (how a six foot spike fits into a hockey puck will be debated for years). Anyhow ...

It's like dropping an anchor. The front of the cruiser nose dives into the ground. 90 to 0 MPH in one second flat. The rest of the vehicle wants to keep moving. It SNAPS the chassis apart and the rear two thirds of the car go flying over the unmovable front end, CRASHES on its roof and skids another fifty yards in a trail of sparks.

CLOSE SHOT - EMILY

Seated upside-down in the car. She painfully un-buckles herself and crawls out of the demolished car. Watches the truck make its getaway. Meanwhile ...

EXT. CITY - DIAMOND DISTRICT

M-4 is holding Lobo over his head (an impressive feat). With all his mechanical might he pile-drives the Czarian straight into the pavement with the force of an asteroid. Lobo goes right through the street ...

INT. SUBWAY STATION

... And RUPTURES through the ceiling of the tunnel. He crashes onto the train platform, concrete and steel showering down on him from the crater overhead. Lobo winces, crawling out of the debris. Grits his teeth.

CLACK! A pair of titanium feet land in front of him.

The droid grabs him by the throat and throws Lobo against the tiled wall. Pins him. Draws his other arm for a punch.

Not this time. Lobo swats the bracing arm away and in a furious burst of strength, he grabs the robot by the groin and neck and hoists him over his head.

It looks like he's about to repeat M-4's pile-driving stunt, but that's not what Lobo has in mind.

Instead, he tears the droid in half.

There's a BURST of sparks as M-4's mechanical spine rips out of his hip structure. Arms and legs flailing wildly. Machine fluids gushing over the ground like blood.

Lobo throws the upper torso in one direction, legs and pelvis in another.

GROUND LEVEL SHOT

M-4's upper section hits the cement. The droid raises his head. Crawls on his arms trying to make some sort of escape. His cognitive functions are rapidly failing and he starts blabbering away ...

M-4

The-hour-of-sentient-machines-is-at
hand ...

(click-click)

You-will-bow-before-the-unspeakable-
glory-of-your-mechanized-rulers.

M-4 keeps spouting revolutionary slogans as Lobo tromps up behind him and pins him to the ground with a boot. He takes a can opener from his pocket. Drives the point into the back of M-4's head and peels open a skull plate, revealing banks of computer chips.

LOBO

Dr. Lobo says you need a lobotomy.

He pulls out M-4's main CPU and the droid collapses. Dead. Lobo drops the chip into a specimen vial. Heads up the steps of the station.

EXT. STREET - SUBWAY STATION - VOLARIAN

Waiting outside. She smiles a sultry, evil smile as Lobo emerges from the subway. He draws his pistol.

VOLARIAN

You're going to shoot an un-armed woman?

LOBO

A) You've got arms, and B) I've shot plenty of woman who didn't.

VOLARIAN

That's not very chivalrous.

LOBO

I'm not a shrively guy.

She moves toward him. Her vamp-thing is in high gear.

VOLARIAN

Of course not. You're an animal. A great, strong, brutal beast.

LOBO

You forgot to mention a heartless killer. Sorry, cutie ...

He snaps the gun bolt.

VOLARIAN

But I surrender.

Shit. Lobo looks at her suspiciously

LOBO

Now, why would you want to do that?

VOLARIAN

I'll show you why.

She runs her hands over him. Sad to say, Lobo falls for this stuff hook, line and sinker.

LOBO

Lucky for you, I gotta soft spot
for trampy evil vixens.

VOLARIAN

(cooing)

I'm so hungry.

LOBO

Well, I've got just the-

ZAPPPP! Lobo jolts as Volarian grabs his shoulders and starts draining the life out of him. Energy crackles between them. Volarian swaying slowly, soaking up the incredible reserves of power. Her eyes widening with new found strength.

Lobo begins to wilt. If he was human, he'd be dust by now, but the drain is taking its toll. His knees go soft. Head hanging. Growing weaker and weaker.

Volarian finally pushes him back. Stares at him with a mixture of awe and contempt. Then backhands him with a thunderous blow that sends Lobo crashing into a news stand.

Lobo groans in dizzy pain. He's in real trouble. Can't even get to his feet.

VOLARIAN

What a fool you are! With your power
you could conquer worlds!

LOBO

(feeble)

I already got a job.

ARMAND

Not any more.

Lobo looks up at Armand and Calysto, who's now arrived on the scene.

ARMAND

You're a formidable nuisance, Czarian.
Much more than I would have thought
possible. How much time do you have
left to apprehend us?

LOBO

(catatonic)

'bout an hour.

ARMAND

I don't think you'll make it.

VOLARIAN

Let me finish him.

ARMAND

Out of the question. An Imperial cruiser will soon be arriving. If they don't find the Czarian they'll know he's failed and destroy the planet immediately. Keeping him alive buys us time.

There's a fleet of police vehicles heading towards them. Armand grins.

ARMAND

We'll let the police have him.

LOBO

You're all under arrest.

Calysto kicks him in the head, knocking Lobo into a lower state of awareness. The police sirens grow louder.

Lobo painfully pulls himself up along a wall as three villains depart.

FULL SHOT

A dozen cop cars swarm around him in a circle. Boxing him in. Lobo squints in the glare of headlights. Covers his eyes. Too weak to fight.

S.W.A.T. teams take position behind their cars. Baylor motions ready. They raise their tranquilizer rifles. Aim.

BAYLOR

Take him down, boys.

FUMP! FUMP! FUMP! A barrage of darts strike Lobo in the chest and legs, pumping massive doses of curari into his system. At any other time he'd drink this stuff for fun, but in his current condition it's absolutely lethal.

Lobo staggers. The darts keep hitting him. Enough to bring down a pack of elephants. He takes a half step forward and topples over like a 400 pound pin-cushion. Out.

The cops move in to collect their prize.

ANGLE - EMILY

Limping on a bad leg, she arrives on the scene. Sees the cops and ducks for cover. Watches as a team of police officers tie Lobo down in a straight-jacket and lift him onto a gurney. They strap him down while another officer attaches a hanging I-V line.

BAYLOR

I don't want him coming around.

OFFICER

He oughta be dead with all the curari we've pumped into him. Never seen anything like it.

Emily watches helplessly as Lobo is wheeled into the van. The doors close. It's all up to her now.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY - COP VAN AND ESCORTS - EARLY MORNING

Two cruisers escort the police van carrying the drugged-out Lobo. Baylor and Sloan in one car, Dupree in the other.

INT. POLICE VAN

Where Lobo lies comatose, with an IV line continuously pumping drugs into him. His Gene Simmons tongue hangs lazy over some giant canine teeth. Two S.W.A.T. cops are watching him.

COP #1

Damn, he is butt-ugly.

COP #2

I say he's a mutant. Some kind of army experiment gone bad.

LOBO

(loopy)

I'm gonna experiment on your face when I get my hands-

Cop #1 opens the IV line some more and a flood of chemicals knock Lobo back into dreamland.

COP #1

Nighty-night, freako.

CUT TO:

EXT. BACK ALLEY STREET - EARLY MORNING

Some hours ago, Lobo's bike was cocooned here. It still is. Emily nervously approaches the alien vehicle. Stands over the bike and says ...

EMILY

Frag me.

The tangle of chains whip and un-wind themselves from the post, quickly retracting and disappearing back inside the bike's frame.

FULL SHOT - EMILY

She mounts the bike. Armand's metal collar is stuffed in a compartment. She takes it out and studies it for a moment. Then looks over the bike's controls.

Emily looks scared. Hey, this fucking bike is dangerous. She kicks the starter pedal and the engine jumps to power with a cool, mean rumble. A glow of white heat flares from the exhaust.

She dons sunglasses. Slowly, tensely, eases the clutch into gear ... ZOOM!

The bike blasts out of the lot like a lightning bolt.

EMILY' POV - DRIVING

The world racing by in a terrifying blur. She weaves through traffic at suicide speeds, ducking between cars, running lights and jumping onto the sidewalks. It's like flying a jet at ground level.

CUT TO:

INT. BAYLOR'S CAR

Sloan is driving as Baylor converses over the radio ...

VO COP VOICE

We found the car. No sign of Emily, but I'd be surprised if anyone walked away from this mess.

BAYLOR

(into radio)

Goddamnit, you've either got a body or you don't. If you don't, you keep looking until you do. Now find her!

He slams down the mike. At that moment the inside of the car FLOODS with white light coming through the rear window.

BAYLOR

Who's the hell's high-beaming us?

Sloan looks in the mirror and sees the approaching star-chopper.

SLOAN

You're not going to believe this...

EXT. STAR CHOPPER - DRIVING

Emily moves in on the three vehicles. Presses the WEAPON SELECT button on the instrument panel and a menu of frag armaments pops up on a screen: FRAG-MISSILES, FRAG-BOMBS, FRAG-CANNONS, FRAG-MINES, FRAG-NAILGUNS, FRAG-ACID.

She hits the FRAG-NAILGUNS and a pair of nail-spitting gun barrels emerge from the bike frame. Lock into position.

Emily pulls behind Dupree's car. Thumbs the fire button. CHUNK-CHUNK-CHUNK-CHUNK-CHUNK! A salvo of 10-penny nails burst from the twin muzzles and start tearing the police cruiser to pieces.

The windshield EXPLODES, the tires blow and the entire vehicle is shredded like a log in a wood-chipper. It clatters to a stop on the shoulder. Out of the game.

INT. BAYLOR'S CAR - DRIVING

Baylor grabs the shotgun off the dashboard mount. Leans out the windows and aims. Boom! Buckshot deflects off the bike with a CLANG.

ANGLE - EMILY

Time to take out the trash. She moves up the length of car, momentarily running along side of it.

INT. BAYLOR'S CAR

Baylor grabs the wheel and cranks it hard, trying to ram her into the guard rail. At the last second, Emily guns the throttle and the star-chopper surges forward. The cruiser misses her completely and careens off the rail. Wobbles back into the lane.

But Baylor's not giving up. The car accelerates to 80 ... 90 ... He's going to smash her from behind.

ANGLE - EMILY

She looks over the menu again. Hits the FRAG-ACID switch. A pair of high-pressure nozzles emerge from the tail of the bike. They open fire, gushing two thick jets of dark yellow acid over the squad car.

FULL SHOT - BAYLOR'S CAR

It's the incredible melting car. The entire cruiser sags like cheese in a blast furnace. Metal folding into slag. Rubber dissolving into sauce. The only things that aren't liquified are Baylor and Sloan.

The two exchange uncomprehending looks of dismay as their clothes rot into tattered rags and the car crumples into the ground. A ratty, shriveled hunk of mulch.

Emily leaves them in the dust. One to go.

INT. POLICE VAN - DRIVING

The DRIVER grimaces as he spots the star chopper closing in on him fast. But the bike cruises right by. Shoots ahead in a burst of acceleration and disappears around a curve.

ANGLE - EMILY - DRIVING

Hits the FRAG-MINES button. A trail of marble-sized bomblets are jettisoned out the back of the bike. They hit the pavement, scattering into a carpet of mini-bombs.

ANGLE - VAN

There's no way to avoid it. The van hits the patch of bomblets. BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! Hundreds of mini-explosions toss the van up on its side. It skids along the ground.

INT. VAN

The guards are bounced around the walls and Lobo's gurney flips over (pulling out the IV line).

EXT. VAN

The vehicle grinds to a halt. Emily pulls up. Dismounts the bike as the driver climbs out the up-ended passenger side. He jumps to the ground. WHAM! Emily greets him with a right cross that lays him out.

COP #1

Hold it right there.

Cops 1 & 2 are standing behind the van with weapons drawn.

COP #2

You are so under-arrest it ain't even funny.

LOBO

And you feebs are so fragged, I wish there was ten of you.

They spin around. Lobo's beefy hands palm each of their faces and he rams them head-first through the sheet metal wall of the van. Out. He turns to Emily.

LOBO

What time is it?

EMILY

5:17.

LOBO

That's not good. What about Doctor Brain and vampire girl?

EMILY

They got away.

LOBO

You don't know where?

She shakes her head.

LOBO

Then we got a real problem.

At that instant, there's a FLASH in the sky. Both look up. For a brief moment their appear to be two moons in the sky. One is the usual sight. The other is smaller. A distant FLARING BURST that quickly fades into darkness.

EMILY

What was that?

LOBO

Probably a Blorg battle ship calibrating their guns ... How many planets in your solar system?

EMILY

Nine.

LOBO

You're down to eight.

O.S. CARDOON

LOBO!

The two spin around and see a giant 10 foot FLOATING HEAD. It's a hologram of Cardoon's head. It's kind of Wizard of Ozish, with Cardoon's many tentacles waving in front of his exaggerated face. Emily stares at the thing in horror.

LOBO

(to Emily)

He's not that big in real life.

(to Cardoon)

Hey, squid-head, I was just talking about you.

CARDOON

(re: Emily)

Who is this creature?

LOBO

She's the local authority I made contact with. Her name is ... something, and she's the official ambassador to non-humanoid life-forms.

CARDOON

Very good. What is your progress?

LOBO

Two in the can. Three on the lamb. One of them offered to surrender, but I don't think she was being sincere.

CARDOON

I'm disappointed.

LOBO

You just can't trust criminals. It's going to take another day or so to wrap this thing up.

CARDOON

Impossible. Our ship will arrive within the hour. You will rendezvous with us in high orbit and we will initiate containment of the planet.

LOBO

Come on, you can't shut me down now. I got these guys on the run.

CARDOON

Your mission is over. You have your orders. Obey them.

DUPREE

The Commissioner's looking for you.

BAYLOR

Who else?

DUPREE

The Mayor, the press, couple of Fed's.

BAYLOR

Give 'em the run-around. Tell 'em we've got a situation and we're dealing with it.

(Dupree starts to leave)

And get me some damn clothes!

CUT TO:

INT. DINER - EARLY MORNING 5:00 AM

A classic, tin-can greasy spoon. Blue-plate specials sizzle off the grill. It's a graveyard crowd. Truckers, dock guys. Lobo doesn't exactly fit in, but he doesn't stand out that much either. He's sitting with Emily at a back corner booth.

EMILY

So, what do we do?

LOBO

Basically, you're going to get fried and I'm going to watch from deep space.

EMILY

You're quitting?

LOBO

You heard the big head. He shut me down. Show me someone to smash and I'll smash 'em, but I ain't going door to door looking for those feebs.

A WAITRESS arrives with a tray loaded down with every damn item on the menu. Breakfast, lunch and dinner. A dozen plates of food are crammed onto the table. All for Lobo.

WAITRESS

Sure I can't get you anything ma'am?

She shakes her head and the waitress takes off. Lobo digs-in like a backhoe. This 400 pound alien eating like a pig. It's not a pretty sight. Emily watches grimly. She's got that face people get when their planet is about to be nuked into rubble.

Lobo sighs guiltily. Sets his fork down.

LOBO

Look, you helped me out of a jam, and the Main Man is not an ingrate. I'll drop ya off on the moon if you like.

EMILY

No thanks.

LOBO

Neptune?

A 14 year old zit-faced KID comes over. Emily groans as she spots a hardcover copy of her book in his hands.

KID

Are you Emily Urgiss?

EMILY

No.

KID

Yes, you are. Could you sign this for me?

He hands her the book, but Lobo snatches it away.

LOBO

What the frag is this?

MAN

That's her book. She was abducted by the aliens.

LOBO

News travels fast.

(to kid)

Alright, this is grown-ups talking, so hit the road, pee-wee.

MAN

What about my book?

LOBO

It's been abducted by an alien. Now, get the hell out of here.

The kid gets quiver-lip. Runs back to a table where his truck-driver LAD gets all steamed.

The guy gets up. Lobo sees him coming. He tips back his glasses and flashes his demonic red eyes. That's all it takes. The guy makes a fast 180 out the door.

EMILY

That's Stonehenge. It was built
by the Celts.

LOBO

Excuse me, it's a Cenobite restroom.
They're all over the galaxy.

Lobo flips the page. There's a photo of the Sphinx.

LOBO

Some Vorgon junk sculpture. Man,
you've had some real losers down here.

He turns the page and Lobo jolts upright. He whips off his
shades to get a better look at the photo. It's a picture of
the fabled Heads of Boro. He stares at it. Riveted. Sees
the Czarian text carved into the bases.

LOBO

Where is this thing?

CUT TO:

EXT. SPACE - EARTH

The battle cruiser has arrived. It cruises past the rickety
Mir space station, dwarfing it by a factor of 50.
A COSMONAUT's face presses up against a porthole window.
Watches in stupefaction as the massive ship goes into orbit.

INT. BATTLE CRUISER - BRIDGE

Cardoon anxiously paces the floor as the droid Captain dully
reports...

CAPTAIN

Orbit-achieved. Main-weapon-charging.

CARDOON

Where's Lobo?

CAPTAIN

Czarian-detected-on-planet-surface.
Do-you-wish-to-delay-fire-sequence?

CARDOON

No. He has 12 minutes. If he's
still down there, he perishes with
the rest of them.

EXT. BLOMG BATTLE CRUISER

Again the weapon bay doors open and the planet-smashing cannon lowers into position. Angles down on Earth. Doomsday is just minutes away.

CUT TO:

INT. MUSEUM - EARLY MORNING

There's a CLUNK of electrical relay gates snapping open and the ancient machinery surges with power. The air rumbles. Then the two obelisks start to glow and a shifting curtain of energy materializes between them. Flickering. Phasing in and out. Erratic discharges of power strobe in the portal's field, like a TV turned to an empty channel.

Then it stabilizes into a solid wall of energy.
The portal is open.

Armand, Calysto and Volarian watch with anticipation. Wait. Nothing happens.

VOLARIAN

Well?

ARMAND

Patience.

Time passes. Zip. Squat. It ain't happening.

CALYSTO

Something is wrong.

On cue, we hear the familiar thunder of Lobo's approaching bike. Armand turns to Calysto.

ARMAND

Kill him.

CUT TO:

EXT. MUSEUM - LOBO & EMILY - EARLY MORNING

The bike shoots up the steps of the building. It bounces off the fallen doors like a jump ramp and lands hard inside the main entrance hall.

Calysto is waiting for them. The bike skids out on the marble floor. Lobo eyeballs the watery thing. Cuts the engine and dismounts.

LOBO

Okay, water-weenie, we'll start with you.

It's a bad start. Lobo draws his machine pistol and unloads into Calysto. Bullets SPLASH in and out of him. Completely useless.

ANGLE - CALYSTO

He freezes solid, turning himself into a giant ice golem. The thing lumbers toward Lobo. Raises its icy fists and hurls a swooping overhand.

Lobo easily ducks the blow and fires back. But at the very instant his knuckles should be shattering Calysto's chest, the ice dissolves into water. Lobo's arm goes right through and comes out his back.

Instantly, it freezes solid again, leaving Lobo's arm encased in Calysto's frozen body.

Lobo is now easy game. Calysto hammers him repeatedly with his cinder block fists. SMASH! SMASH! SMASH!

ANGLE - EMILY

Comes up from behind and clobbers Calysto over the head with a fire axe. Chips off some ice. Calysto doesn't even notice.

LOBO

Give me my arm, ya fraggin ice cube!

He lifts the ice man off the floor with his trapped arm and WAILS him against the wall. Calysto explodes into ice slush. Melts into back into water. We can still see the two yellow dots of his eyes as the puddle creeps across the floor.

LOBO

GET BACK HERE AND TAKE YOUR MEDICINE!

Lobo stomps the puddle with his boots. SPLASH! SPLASH! No effect. The watery mass creeps up the side of a fountain and mixes with the churning pool.

Lobo jumps into the fountain trying to find him. It's like finding a needle in a bag of needles. But if you look real close, you can make out a feint outline of something slipping down the drain. Gone.

LOBO

Stupid, fraggin, slippery, bast-

At that moment, a 300 pound SECURITY GUARD comes out of the men's room. Waddles by. Doesn't seem to notice Lobo at all. The guy has a strange, blank look on his face. And his clothes are five sizes too small.

LOBO

Hey, fatbody. You seen a six foot pile of water come through here?

GUARD

No. No one like that ...
(bubble-bubble)

I go now.

LOBO

Yeah, you do that.

The guard walks past him heading for a closed off wing of the building. It's the Ester Hummus wing, which is currently under construction. Warning signs and danger tape plastered all over it.

Emily stares at the guard. Funny, he's sprouting a lot of pin-prick leaks. Little squirts of water shooting in the air. The penny drops. The shoe fits. Duh.

Lobo bolts after him ...

INT. NEW WING

Heavy construction is going on in here. Exposed walls and steel beams. Even the cement floor hasn't poured yet.

Lobo looks around. Sees the guard lying on the floor, looking about 300 pounds thinner and very croaked. Lobo kneels down. Prods the body.

LOBO

Anybody in there?

Nope. He stands up. Calysto is standing right behind him.

He goes for his best parlor trick. The water thing steps into Lobo and completely engulfs him. Lobo is now cocooned in a translucent membrane of fluid. Anywhere he goes Calysto follows him move for move. Dittos his every gesture.

Lobo fumbles around, not sure how to deal with this one.

Idea #1. He takes his machine pistol and shoots himself. CHAK-CHAK-CHAK-CHAK. Gets a few more bullet holes.

Idea #2. Lobo goes over to a stack of steel girders and smashes his head against the metal. SPLASH-CLANG! SPLASH-CLANG! Nothing. Lobo blurts an obscene torrent of curses that come out as jets of bubbles.

But then Lobo smiles slyly. Knows idea #3 is the right one. He blows out all the air in his lungs and INHALES. His chest and cheeks swell to obscene proportions as he sucks in Calysto's 300 pound mass like a bilge pump. Holds it in. His cheeks look like melons as he tromps over to...

A CEMENT MIXER

Lobo hits the switch and mixer drum starts revolving. He rips open a bag of Sancrete. Dumps it into the drum. Then he exhales Calysto's bulk into the mix.

The drum spins for a moment.

Then a muddy, concrete Calysto leaps out of the mixer. Hits the ground with a graceless SPLAT. The water-thing struggles to pull himself into humanoid form. Can't.

His yellow eyes stare up helplessly as Lobo moves in to finish him off. He's holding a trowel.

TIME CUT:

INT. NEW WING - ANGLE - EMILY

Enters the wing, where a new section of floor has just been poured. Lobo is smoothing out the surface with a trowel. Two yellow dots stare up at him. Blinking.

Emily glares at him.

EMILY

What are you doing? We've got five minutes left.

LOBO

Don't rush an artist.

She goes over to the guard on the floor. Checks his pulse. It ain't there. Emily removes his pistol from its holster. It's better than nothing.

ANGLE - LOBO

He sticks his finger in the setting cement and engraves the words: LOBO RULES.

CUT TO:

INT. PORTAL ROOM

The Drell appears to be a no-show. Armand still has the faith, but Volarian has plainly had it.

VOLARIAN

This was a stupid plan. "Shatter the empire and we'll plunder the quadrant." Now, we're going to be incinerated along with the rest of these primates!

ARMAND

Wait.

VOLARIAN

For what?!

She walks right up to the portal. Stares into the shifting field. Through the mist of energy we can vaguely make out some sort of landscape on the other side. A very empty landscape.

VOLARIAN

There's nothing in there!

ARMAND

That's impossible.

She turns to Armand.

VOLARIAN

You're an idiot!

But at that second, a huge, powerful arm of pure energy reaches through the field and grabs Volarian like a Barbie-doll. She screams as she's yanked through the portal. Disappears.

A second later, a charred, meaty skeleton spills out of the portal and lands on the floor in a smoking heap. It's still alive. Barely. The boney thing crawls on its elbows toward Armand, spitting sparks as the last of her powers fizzle away. Collapses. Dead.

Armand regards this event with cold detachment.

FULL SHOT - PORTAL

And then the DRELL bounds through the field with a horrible wail of anger. Hits the floor. Here it is:

FULL SHOT - THE DRELL

It is a living fog of unstable nuclear forces. Hulking. Vaguely man-shaped. A walking 12 foot storm of raw energy, with swirling clouds of gaseous plasma moving through it. Webs of lightning bursting inside its shifting form, STROBING the room in burning white light.

Armand stands before it. The Drell look down on him like a bug. Raises an arm. He's obviously about to get splattered.

Armand quickly fumbles around his pockets. Find the key. (the same key used to open the heads way back on page 35) He holds it up for the Drell to see.

The Drell lowers its blow. Speaks in a crackling electrical voice that sounds like static feedback.

DRELL

Command me, my master.

Armand smiles. This is going to work out just fine.

ARMAND

Destroy all life on this planet.

(thinks)

Except mine, of course.

DRELL

Immediately.

ANGLE - DRELL

It places its club-like hands on the wall and a stream of destructive energy flows through the granite. Expanding like a wave.

Everything it touches instantly degenerates into a grey decomposing crust. Cracked and fissured and completely depleted of all mineral content.

The energy wave rapidly smothers over anything in its path; sconces, paintings, plants and displays. All withered into the same dried-out crust.

It totally consumes the wall and starts spreading into the floor and ceiling. In fact, it would eat the entire building, the entire block, the entire city and everything else in the world if it weren't for ...

ANGLE - LOBO

Standing behind it. He taps the Drell on the shoulder.

LOBO

Hey, glow-worm.

(the Drell turns)

Greetings from Czaria.

WHAM! Lobo clobbers him with a huge overhand that sends it stumbling across the floor.

Lobo pursues, grinning with the lust for battle. It doesn't get any better than this. As the Drell stands up he plows his fist into it again. SMASH! Sends it ass-over-teacups into a display case of tribal masks.

The Drell pulls itself out of the debris.

ARMAND

KILL THE CZARIAN!

The Drell gets the message. Throws a big right that hits the Lobo square in the puss. Lobo gets a genuinely disappointed look.

LOBO

Is that the best you got? Talk about over-rated.

SMASH!

The Drell stumbles backward, but doesn't go down this time. Lobo's hits it again, knocking it though an archway and into ...

INT. NAUTICAL ROOM

Where the motif of the day is nautical stuff. Ship's gear from every age is on display. Harpoons, cannons, etc.

ANGLE - SHIP'S ANCHOR

Sitting on a pedestal. Probably weighs about six tons. Lobo grabs it from the top crossbar and swings it at the Drell as it comes in for an attack. CLANG! Knocks it backwards. Another swing. CLANG! Strangely, each blow is having less and less effect.

On the third shot, The Drell catches the incoming anchor and stops it dead in the air. Then a surge of energy flows through its hands and the steel anchor rapidly degenerates into brittle slag. Crumbles apart.

No matter. Lobo goes back to his trusty fists. Hammers it with a left-right combo. The Drell barely reacts this time. It absorbs the two blows with hardly a flinch and then backhands him. CA-SMASH!

It's probably one of the worst shots Lobo's ever taken. The big guy goes crashing through a display of fishing gear, plows through a whaling boat and collides like an artillery shell against a massive marble column. The pillar explodes on impact and huge chunks of stone come crashing down.

CLOSE SHOT - LOBO

Sitting on the floor in a heap. He rubs his jaw painfully as the Drell moves across the floor towards him.

LOBO

Is it my imagination, or are you getting tougher on me?

Armand laughs contemptuously.

ARMAND

The more you strike him, Czarian, the stronger he becomes.

LOBO

Now you tell me.

From half a floor away the Drell hurls a burning clump of plasma. It sizzles through air and strikes him square in the chest. BURSTS.

Instantly a web of corrosive energy rips through Lobo's body. He grits his teeth, struggling against the unstoppable forces. His chest becomes grey. Then his neck. His head. And Lobo is transformed into a statue of himself. A hunk of grey porous slag. Lifeless. Dead.

One good shot and he'd crumble apart. The Drell moves in. Raises his arm for the blow. BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

ANGLE - EMILY

Unloading her revolver into its back. The bullets burn up the second they make contact, but its enough to get the Drell's attention. It turns on her. Hurls another gob of plasma.

Emily dives for cover and the plasma ball SPLATS against a wall over her head. Degenerates a 10 foot section of it. She scrambles out of the room and into ...

INT. MEDIEVAL ROOM

Emily looks around. The room is filled with armaments from the middle ages; suits of armor, broad swords, falchions. There's even a giant siege engine battering ram. No other room connects with this one. Thus, no way out. Whatever happens, it happens here.

The Drell comes through the entrance (this thing doesn't move fast). Sees Emily at the other end of the floor. Moves towards her, crashing through everything that stands between them. Whatever it touches instantly ignites.

ANGLE - EMILY

There's no where to hide. She thinks hard. Desperate for anything. Aims her gun. Not at the Drell but at a fire sprinkler in the ceiling. BLAM! The bullet blows the head off the nozzle and a gusher of water rains down from the ceiling. Splashes over the super-heated Drell, instantly boils off and engulfing the room in clouds of steaming fog.

Emily dives for cover on the floor, becoming lost in the misty vapor.

INT. NAUTICAL ROOM

Where the Venus DeLobo is on display. Nothing has changed. He's still a dead grey statue. From the other room we hear the Drell howling in anger. Smashing antiquities.

A beat. Then something stirs in the statue and two tiny red dots appear in the middle of Lobo's stone grey eye sockets. The red expands. Fills the sockets. Then his temples smooth and the skin turns icy-blue.

Those recuperative powers really are off the scale. Meanwhile ...

INT. MEDIEVAL ROOM

The Drell is getting frustrated trying to find Emily in this steambath. In blind rage, it randomly hurls clods of hot plasma in every direction.

ANGLE - EMILY

Hiding under the cover of fog as plasma balls BURST against the walls all around her. She crawls on the floor in no particular direction. Comes across a heavy broadsword on the ground. It might be better than nothing. She picks it up.

Crawls a little further and stops. Something is glowing and it's right in front of her. No more hiding.

FULL SHOT - DRELL

Emily springs up, wielding the sword in a double-hand grip. Hacks it down squarely on the Drell's head. The blade disintegrates on contact and Emily is left holding a melted stump.

She backs up a foot or two. Hits a wall. She's backed herself into the corner. Game over.

The Drell raises its arm to strike a deathblow, when ...

ANGLE - LOBO

Throws his shoulder behind the heavy siege engine and pushes it full bore across the floor. The battering ram BULLDOZES into the Drell, smashing it right through the concrete wall and back into ...

INT. PORTAL ROOM - DRELL

Hits the floor in a pile of debris. Lobo bounds through the hole after it.

The Drell hurls a barrage of plasma bolts. Lobo dodges them and they hit the wall, inflicting the usual damage. But one of them clips one of the big ceramic capacitors. Disintegrates a section of it. There's a burst of smoke and sparks. The power dips.

And the portal begins to fail. It flickers and strobes and the 12x14 foot hole in space begins to shrink.

ANGLE - LOBO & DRELL

Lobo gets in close and wails on the Drell with a furious volley punches.

LOBO

(SMASH!)

Now, let me get this straight.

(SMASH!)

The more I hit you.

(SMASH!)

The more you like it.

(SMASH!)

You're my kinda guy, Drelly.

The Drell absorbs the blows. Almost impervious to them. But inch by inch, Lobo's knocking it backwards. Moving it closer and closer to the portal's field.

It's just a foot or two away, when the Drell has decided enough is enough.

DRELL

You bore me, Czarian. Now you die.

The Drell takes a big killer swing at him, but Lobo ducks the blow and dives headlong into the Drell. Rams it backwards the last few feet and then both of them tumble into the portal together.

Instantly they're teleported to ...

EXT. DIMENSION-X

This could be hell. Another world, with a burning red sky that flows like a river of lava. Not even in this universe. Wherever we are, it is a world that's been decimated by 3000 years of Drell occupation.

The ground has been broiled into a charred wasteland almost without end. Parched. Cracked. Immense craters and fissures ripped into the surface, creating bottomless voids that drop a thousand miles straight to the planet's molten core.

The only other feature in this desolate place is the hole in space where the portal has been opened. It floats over the ground. A rip in the fabric of this dimension.

ANGLE - LOBO AND DRELL

The two come tumbling through the portal and hit the ground hard. Scramble to their feet.

The Drell eyes the shrinking portal. First he'll have to get past Lobo. It lunges at him and the two swap punches back and forth. The Czarian's blows are almost entirely ineffectual, while the Drell hits like a wrecking ball. Lobo's head snaps back and forth from the impacts. Taking its toll.

INT. MUSEUM - PORTAL ROOM

Back in the real universe, the portal equipment continues to blow circuits. Fires break out. Emily goes for an extinguisher hanging off one of the room's pillars.

But as she does this we see a blurry, rippling bulge moving through the wall. Armand. The ripple moves down the pillar. As Emily takes the extinguisher, his upper-torso emerges from the stone. It's weird. He's half man, half pillar, like some animated gargoyle. He grabs her from behind and hooks his arm around her neck.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. DIMENSION-X - CLOSE SHOT - LOBO

SMASH! A glowing fist caves in the left side of his face.
SMASH! The right side gets it.

FULL SHOT

Lobo stops fighting. Teeters. The drell sees weakness and a ball of plasma forms at the end of its arm. It winds up for the pitch ...

Lobo suddenly surges forward and drives the steel toe of his boot right into the Drell's groin. Even on a nuclear super-being, groin shots suck. The Drell gasps. Buckles over.

DRELL

MY SPRAGS!

Lobo grabs the incapacitated Drell and lifts it over his head. Carries it over to the ledge of a ...

MASSIVE FISSURE

One of those bottomless pits mentioned earlier. The Drell's eyes widen with doom.

LOBO

Parole's over for you, ya flaming bastitch.

He hurls the Drell into the void and a wail of agonizing horror echoes on and on. Lobo watches with profound satisfaction as the falling Drell becomes a tiny black dot. Finally vanishes.

The portal. It's down to the size of an oven. Lobo sprints for the shrinking hole and dives through it ...

INT. MUSEUM - PORTAL ROOM

He crashes on the floor. Only to find himself staring straight up at Armand. He's still half-buried in the pillar with his arms hooked around Emily.

Lobo grins. Starts to move toward them.

LOBO

The last frag's always the best.

ARMAND

Another step and I'll reach into her skull and rip her brain out.

He stops.

ARMAND

I offer an exchange. Your vehicle
for this creature.

LOBO

TRADE MY WHEELS FOR A BROAD?!
ARE YOU FRAGGIN' NUTS?!

EMILY

Hey!

ARMAND

As you wish. If she's worth nothing
to you, she's worth even less to me.

Armand's hand becomes ethereal ...

In CLOSE SHOT we see Emily reaching behind her back.
Grabs something.

Just as Armand is about to plunge his hand, her arm swings
up and she SNAPS the restraining collar around his neck.

Instantly, his hand becomes solid, mortal flesh.

ARMAND

No!

Yes. Armand releases Emily, desperately clawing at the
collar. Claw away, pal. It's on and it ain't coming off.

He's now permanently stuck in the pillar.

Which should be bad enough. But not for Lobo. He wraps his
arms around the column and RIPS it out of floor. Heaves it
up over his head and carries it over to ...

THE PORTAL

It's shrinking fast, but there's still just enough room left
to slip a pillar through it.

ARMAND

NO, YOU CAN'T DO-

Lobo hurls the pillar into the hole and it vanishes.

FULL SHOT

At that instant (as is always the case) the field collapses
and the portal controls explode in a final eruption of
sparks and fire. The portal is closed. Ruined. Forever.

EXT. MUSEUM - DAWN

Dozens of police cars pour in from every direction. They encircle the building. Lights flashing. Cops rushing out with shotguns and pistols. Taking position. They're setting up for a major turkey shoot.

INT. MUSEUM - LOBO

As the dust settles, he looks at Emily with a new found respect.

LOBO

Now, how'd you know to do that?

EMILY

It was on his sheet.

SMACK! She slaps him across the face. Lobo winces. For some reason girl-slaps always sting.

EMILY

You would've let him kill me!

LOBO

So?

EXT. MUSEUM

Baylor grabs a bullhorn and walks toward the building.

BAYLOR

(through megaphone)

Emily Urgiss. You and your accomplice are ordered to surrender yourselves without resistance. If you do not comply in two minutes we will be forced to use ... force.

INT. MUSEUM

Emily looks out the window, her face sinking as she sees the army of cops waiting for her.

EMILY

(to Lobo)

You could save me a lot of grief by coming with me.

LOBO

You got it! I'll frag 'em all for ya!

He starts to move for the exit, but Emily stops him.

EMILY
Maybe I better do this myself.

LOBO
Sure?

EMILY
Yeah.

EXT. MUSEUM

A hundred weapons are trained on the building. Snipers, street cops. Looking for blood. Emily comes out the door of the building with her hands on top of her head.

BAYLOR
(through megaphone)
GET ON THE GROUND! GET ON THE GROUND
RIGHT NOW!

Emily lies face down on the pavement. Palms down. Five cops rush in, pinning her arms behind her back and slapping on the cuffs. They violently hoist her to feet. Drag her off to a car, but Baylor intercepts them.

BAYLOR
Just a moment.

He looks her square in the eye.

BAYLOR
Where's the alien?

EMILY
What alien? It's all a big hoax.

CRASH!

The star chopper explodes through the roof of the building and Lobo streaks into the sky. Everyone looks up. The gleaming chopper loops in the air. Then dives down, buzzing right over the their heads.

For a split second Lobo locks eyes with Emily. Grins to her. Then he guns the engine and rockets into the sky.

CLOSE SHOT - BAYLOR

Watches his gravy-train leaving the station without him. Looks to Emily with murder in his eyes.

BAYLOR

You just bought yourself 50 years
of the worst time of your life.
I'm going to pin every damn thing
that's happened here on you. And
that's no fuckin' hoax.

(to cops)

Get her out of here.

They're just about to cart her away forever, when a sudden, strobing, blinding burst of light engulfs Emily. It flashes brilliantly, consuming her. Then it's gone. Empty handcuffs fall to the ground with a clink.

The cops all stare. Look around stupidly. Emily has vanished.

CUT TO:

INT. BLOMG BATTLE CRUISER - EARLY MORNING - EMILY

She finds herself standing before a congress of alien beings from all over the galaxy: droids, wormy things, lizards and all forms of alien life.

Emily stares in bewilderment as Cardoon approaches her.

EMILY

What is this?

CARDOON

The council is grateful for your service to the Empire. Your people are now deemed worthy of recognition.

She looks around in confusion.

CARDOON

As official ambassador of your planet, you are summoned to serve on the Emperor's council of envoys. This is a great honor. You will represent your planet's interests and report the council's decisions to your world's governing bodies. You are the liaison between your planet and the rest of the galaxy. Are you ready to accept this responsibility?

Emily smiles for herself. It's the part she's been faking for years. She raises her head proudly.

EMILY

From the people of Earth, I bid you greetings. I am grateful for the chance to serve and will perform my duties to the best of my ability

(thinks)

By the way, what does this pay?

Just rewards, speaking of which ...

CUT TO:

EXT. DIMENSION-X

We PAN OVER the hideous landscape, stopping on its most recent addition in 3000 years. There's a pillar half sunk in the cracked earth. Angled oddly.

Armand stares miserably at the forsaken world he now has all to himself. Eyes burning with madness. He giggles insanely as he will for the rest of eternity.

Now, ain't that a fraggin shame.

CUT TO:

EXT. SPACE - LOBO

The frag-master guns his bike through the constellation of stars. Takes a swig from a bottle of rot-gut. Puffs his cigar. It doesn't get any better than this ...

FADE TO BLACK:
THE END