

LOBO

by

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based upon characters appearing in  
comic books published by DC Comics

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FADE IN:

EXT. CZARNIAN COLONY THETA-SEVEN - DAY

This world has just seen its apocalypse.

The ruins of a once-great city lie smoldering under a blood-red sky, choked with radioactive smoke. The whitish-blue bodies of CZARNIAN COLONISTS lie strewn amidst the destruction.

An IMPERIAL RESCUE TEAM, comprised of ALIENS of various species, trudge through the ash and debris, futilely searching for survivors. A TROOPER approaches and salutes the officer in charge, COMMANDER CARDOON. Grave and pensive, he's an insectoid humanoid, with mandibles and antennae that move with his mood.

TROOPER

No life signs, sir. And not a single structure in the colony left standing.

CARDOON

Then there can be no doubt. It was here. Recall all units from the planet surface.

They turn to leave, when they hear the distant, unmistakable sound of a CRYING BABY. Cardoon stops, listens.

CARDOON

(pointing)  
There!

Cardoon and the others hurry over to the source of the sound. They desperately heave aside debris to reveal a miracle -- a living, swaddled CZARNIAN BABY. Its hair is long and black, its skin a whitish-blue. Cardoon gently lifts the infant from the rubble, takes it in his arms.

CARDOON

Poor little innocent. You are a survivor -- a symbol of hope. A tiny glimmer of light in these dark times.

He strokes the infant's face tenderly. The baby CHOMPS down on his finger, nearly taking it off.

CARDOON

Ow! Son of a --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He hurls the baby aside. On the ground, the little bastard looks up at him with its sinister, red, pupilless eyes and CHUCKLES with malevolent glee.

He is LOBO.

EXT. DEEP SPACE

SUPERIMPOSE: 532 YEARS LATER

A RED GIANT looms in this remote part of the galaxy, blasting waves of radiation into the stellar void. A tiny SPECK passes across the giant, dying star.

Up CLOSE, we see the speck is actually a SHIP -- a huge one, in fact. It's a vast, tangled structure being pushed along by a much smaller craft -- like a tugboat driving a freighter twenty times its size. It cruises by with the DULL THROB of ENGINES.

SUPERIMPOSE: TRANTOR MAXIMUM SECURITY PRISON, 436 INMATES, 1 WARDEN-CLASS ENFORCEMENT DROID.

INT. PRISON SHIP - CELLBLOCK 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 cellblock on ceiling rails, watching for trouble. The worst felons of the galaxy are stored here. Among them, we see:

Cell #1: A GELATINOUS CUBE. A six-foot block of murky green Jell-O with a giant eye in its center. It passes the time gliding up and down 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 its weapons, you can still see some of the markings of its former police status.

Cell #4: where there's trouble afoot. We don't see his face, but a PRISONER lays out an odd assortment of parts and pieces on a mattress: there's a foot-long metal tube. Two short bed springs. Two cylinders, each the size of a soup can. A crudely-fashioned pistol grip, and a roll of metal wire.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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-armed, 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

The prisoner hears the APPROACHING FOOTSTEPS. He 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. They watch as the Warden comes to the last cell on the block, stops, addresses a PRISONER sleeping on his bunk inside.

WARDEN

(harsh, mechanical)

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

The prisoner rolls over. He's a humanoid, with an educated face of a dark intellect. This is ARMAND THROKE. He stares at the droid groggily.

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.

The cell GRINDS open, and the WARDEN enters. He looms behind Armand, huge and menacing.

ARMAND

Did you receive my message?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WARDEN

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

ARMAND

I expect something in return.

WARDEN

Additional-privileges-will-be-considered-if-your-information-is-deemed-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 four 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 -- 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?

ARMAND

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WARDEN  
Identify-contraband.

ARMAND  
It's a gun.

Indeed it is. Armand whips out his jerry-rigged pistol and pulls the trigger. BOOM! He blows 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. CELLBLOCK

The prisoners go nuts. Alien WHOOPS and CHEERS fill the air as Armand drags the Warden's 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. It plugs into a data interface on the Warden's torso. M-4 JOLTS slightly as a stream of data gushes through the port.

DOWN THE CORRIDOR

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

GUN TURRET (V.O.)  
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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GUN TURRET (V.O.)  
 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 cells of our friends.

IN THE CELLBLOCK

Two doors open and two more of the most dangerous felons in the galaxy exit their cells, both wearing restraining collars.

OMAN KARSH

lumpers onto the main floor, a permanent scowl creased into his granite face. Karsh 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.

RANNA

Lithe, angelically beautiful, she seems completely out of place here as she wafts gracefully down the cellblock. But there's something disconcerting about those large eyes, something sinister lurking behind them.

The FOUR VILLAINS come together.

ARMAND  
 (to M-4)  
 The collars.

M-4 transmits a security code. Their restraining collars split open with a snap and clatter to the floor.

Ranna wraps herself around Armand, kisses him passionately. All around them, prisoners are hooting, screaming, demanding to be released. They're rioting in their cells.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KARSH

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

ARMAND

No, I suppose not.

EXT. DEEP SPACE - TRANTOR PRISON

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

The prison complex, knocked loose from its orbit around the burning red giant, starts to drift into the star's gravity-well. It twists, rapidly picking up speed as it races into the fiery doom. The hull starts to turn red.

INT. PRISON SHIP

Horrible ALIEN SCREAMS fill the air as the prison turns into an oven. Inmates throw themselves against the bars, four hundred thirty-two prisoners being cooked alive.

EXT. PRISON COMPLEX

As the hull becomes white hot, the FUEL BINS RUPTURE. The entire PRISON EXPLODES in a fiery BLAST of melting debris.

CUT TO:

INT. IMPERIAL HALL OF JUSTICE - DAY

The hall is regal and imposing -- marble floors, towering ceilings. ALIENS and ENFORCER DROIDS bustle about, carrying on the daily business of running the government.

INT. MAGISTRATE'S CHAMBER

Admiral Cardoon enters wearily. He's centuries older now, and he looks it. Years of service have taken their toll. He bows his head.

CARDOON

Magistrate.

Across from him --

## THE MAGISTRATE

floats in its huge glass container of murky, bubbling liquid. It is a large, hybrid mass of organic gray matter and cybernetic components -- a large, living brain with a gigantic EYE in its center. Its body pulsates as it speaks through a voice-synthesization system, which deciphers the electromagnetic impulses of its thoughts.

MAGISTRATE

Report.

CARDOON

Four hundred thirty-two killed.  
Four escaped. We're tracking them  
now.

The Magistrate fixes its eye on Cardoon, unnerving him.

MAGISTRATE

They know where it is.

CARDOON

Where what is?  
(then, realizing)  
No... surely not...

MAGISTRATE

The fugitives intend to release  
it, to use its power.

CARDOON

They must be stopped! I'll summon  
all Imperial forces in the sector  
to intercept them.

MAGISTRATE

There are no forces in the sector.  
The Armada is scattered throughout  
the quadrant, suppressing  
insurrection. I have determined  
we have but one option -- Lobo.

Cardoon goes nearly apoplectic, his insect antennae and mandibles flailing in dismay.

CARDOON

You can't be serious. Lobo is a  
monster, Magistrate. I was his  
designated guardian. I know.  
If he were to find out what  
they're after on that planet--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAGISTRATE

Then he must not be told.

CARDOON

Surely, there has to be another option. We could seek help from the Green Lantern Corps...

MAGISTRATE

No! This is an Imperial defense matter. It is classified.

CARDOON

Sir, I implore you --

MAGISTRATE

There will be no more debate, Admiral. Now, free Lobo.

CARDOON

Yes, sir.

(to himself)

May the gods help us.

INT. BUNKER - NIGHT

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

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 --

A CUBE

It's 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 blowtorch, liquefying it. Metal dribbles away, forming boiling puddles of molten alloy on the floor.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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.

The adult 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 and glowing red eyes with no pupils.

He wears a shredded, sleeveless, black denim vest. Armored jackboots with skull-plates over the knees. A skull belt buckle. 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. Needless to say, he's 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, rising to his full, imposing height.

LOBO

How 'bout now?

Cardoon circles him.

CARDOON

What a loathsome creature you are. The last Czarnian! Your race was once revered throughout the galaxy. And what are you? A brutal, depraved sociopath. I should have left you in the rubble of your colony.

LOBO

And I should've bit your whole arm off. You waste a perfectly good containment cube just so we could reminisce?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARDOON

If it was within my power, I'd have you destroyed for the common good. But the Magistrate has deemed otherwise. If you agree to our terms, you'll walk out of here a free man.

Lobo looks up at the troops again. He grins fiendishly, his blood lust in high gear. He CRACKS his knuckles, sounding 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

Nothin' I can't beat outta ya.

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!

Those are the magic words. Lobo lowers his fist.

LOBO

All right, Bug-head, talk fast.

CARDOON

Four prisoners escaped to a planet in a remote sector of the galaxy. If you can bring them back in twenty-four hours, your bounty hunter's license will be fully restored.

Lobo mulls this over, wary.

LOBO

What do you need me for? Why doesn't the almighty Imperium just take care of its own mess?

Cardoon casts a nervous glance at the Troopers and speaks sotto to Lobo.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARDOON

Things have changed since you've been incarcerated. Our forces are scattered across the quadrant, trying to quell uprisings. I fear we are stretched too thin.

Lobo chuckles.

LOBO

So the Imperium's falling apart, eh? Well, boo-fraggin'-hoo!

CARDOON

Do we have a deal?

LOBO

Depends. What about my bike?

Cardoon stares at him, confused.

CARDOON

Your bike?

LOBO

It was impounded.

CARDOON

I supposed it can be returned.

LOBO

It needs a new tire.

CARDOON

You're pressing your luck.

LOBO

Better than me pressing my thumbs through your eye sockets.

Lobo grins. Cardoon swallows hard.

CARDOON

Fine. A new tire.

LOBO

Then we got us a deal. Looks like I'm on my way to --

(then)

What's the name of the planet again?

CARDOON

Earth.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LOBO

Never heard of it. Sounds like a  
real crap-hole.

EXT. MIDDLETON, INDIANA - DAWN

The sun rises over the sleepy little Indiana town.

A stoplight turns red-to-green over a downtown street,  
still empty of traffic. A FARMER plows his fields. A  
PAPERBOY tosses the morning news onto the porches of  
modest, virtually identical homes.

A sign in front of the little town church reads "THE MEEK  
SHALL INHERIT THE EARTH."

EXT. MIDDLETON HIGH SCHOOL - SOCCER FIELD

Practicing alone on the soccer field, KAYLA MCKEE, 17,  
savagely kicks a soccer ball into a goal. One look at  
her and it's pretty obvious -- she doesn't belong in this  
town.

Funky-cute, tough, and clad in a T-shirt bearing the name  
of some alt band that's too cool for anyone around here  
to have heard of, she moves the ball downfield like her  
life depends on it.

At the edge of the field, unseen by her, SHAWN MALONEY,  
18, emerges from his beat-up Honda, a box of donuts in  
his hand. Smart, decent-looking enough, he's got a geeky  
hipness which might be appreciated in some places -- but  
not here. Here he's just another small-town outcast.

He watches Kayla as she practices, smitten. He calls out  
to her.

SHAWN

What up, loser?

She sees him and smiles.

KAYLA

Hey, loser!  
(re: donuts)  
For me?

SHAWN

Thought you could use some empty  
carbs. Consider it a good luck  
present for tonight.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KAYLA

Thanks. I'll need it.

She pulls a donut out of the box and scarfs it down.

SHAWN

Don't worry. Just pretend that UCLA scout isn't even out there. You'll do great.

KAYLA

I'd better. Hey, play goalie, will you? I need to practice my penalty kicks.

Shawn sets down the box and steps in front of the goal. Kayla shoots the ball past him and into the goal. He tosses the ball back to her.

SHAWN

Look, if you don't get into UCLA, you can just go to Indiana State, right? Or Middleton Community College. That wouldn't be the worst thing in the world.

KAYLA

Yeah, it would. I can't get stuck here, Shawn. I hate this place. I've lived in this town all my life, and I still feel like I'm here by mistake. Like I'm... different.

SHAWN

It's good to be different.

KAYLA

Where'd you get that, 'Sesame Street'?

SHAWN

Don't knock 'the Street'. It's gotten me through some rough times.

(then)

Hey, want to come by my place after the game to celebrate? My family's out of town on a hunting trip.

KAYLA

How come you never go with them?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHAWN

They pretty much gave up on me the first time I saw them bag a deer. I cried for three days straight.

KAYLA

When was that, like, last month?

SHAWN

That's great. It's that sense of humor that makes you so enormously popular at school.

She flips him off.

SHAWN

Not to mention your charming personality.

Kayla grins and picks up the ball. They head back towards the street when a CUP OF COFFEE smashes against the side of Shawn's head. He falls to the ground. Nearby, a DICKHEAD TEENAGER leans out the passenger window.

DICKHEAD TEENAGER

Freaks!

He and the car's DRIVER crack up as they speed off. Kayla kneels beside Shawn.

KAYLA

Are you okay?

SHAWN

See? Aren't you going to miss this?

She smiles, helps him up.

INT. SPACE STATION - VEHICLE IMPOUND CENTER

An open bay hangar crammed with confiscated space vehicles of every sort. Lobo rips off the yellow police tape from THE STAR-CHOPPER. It's a burly moto-beast of steel and chrome. Giant tires, massive ramjet turbines flanking the exaggerated handlebars -- a real space hog.

Lobo looks it over, inspects the new rear tire as Cardoon gives him his final instructions.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARDOON

The Earthers are a primitive species. 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 frag 'em on the spot.

CARDOON

No, you're not going to 'frag' anyone! The fugitives are to be brought back alive and the humans left unharmed. You're only authorized to use lethal force as a last resort, do you understand?

LOBO

Fraggin's faster. Bringing 'em back alive could take two, three weeks easy.

CARDOON

You don't have there weeks. You have twenty-four hours.

LOBO

Why the big rush?

CARDOON

(lying)

As I said, the Earthers are primitive... the fugitives are a danger to them. So time is of the essence.

Lobo grunts skeptically. Cardoon nods to an AIDE, who approaches Lobo from behind with what looks like a high-tech NAIL GUN. Lobo senses him coming, grabs the poor sap into the air with one hand wrapped around his throat, then whirls on Cardoon.

LOBO

What are you trying to pull, Bug-head?!

CARDOON

It's just a universal translator chip. So you can communicate with the locals.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Lobo releases the squirming aide, letting him fall hard to the ground.

LOBO

I already got my own 'universal translator' right here.

Lobo brandishes his imposing hook.

CARDOON

Yes. Delightful. But this job may require a certain amount of tact that you're not accustomed to using. Other forms of communication could come in handy.

Lobo considers this, relents.

LOBO

All right. Let's put 'er in.

The aide rises to his feet and moves slowly towards Lobo again with the insertion gun. Lobo grabs the gun and swats him away with a powerful hand, sending him flying into a wall across the room.

LOBO

I'll do it myself, ya bastich!

He lifts the hair off the back of his neck, points the insertion gun at the base of his skull, then FIRES. He tosses the insertion gun aside and CRACKS his neck.

CARDOON

Now you can communicate with the humans in all their native tongues as well as over thirty other species on the planet.

LOBO

We done here?

CARDOON

I suppose so. Good luck. Remember your mission.

Lobo mounts his bike.

LOBO

Hightail it to earth. Find the cons. Kill when I think it's appropriate.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARDOON

Did you even listen to what I said?

LOBO

Sure I did. I just filtered out the stupid parts.

He stomps the starter pedal. The TURBINES spin to life.

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, something -- but none of these things happen.

The bike's tires retract as Lobo CRANKS the throttle and THUNDERS through the stars.

EXT. KAYLA'S HOUSE - MORNING

The small, once-charming home now bears the scars of years of neglect -- paint peeling, yard overgrown, the shell of an old pickup rusting out front.

INT. KAYLA'S BEDROOM

Kayla emerges from the bathroom in a towel, drying her hair with another. She sits down at her dresser, stares at her reflection, takes a deep breath -- steeling herself for the most important day of her life.

A jewelry box rests on the dresser before her. She opens it, carefully pulls out a NECKLACE.

A METAL SPHERE, about two inches in diameter, hangs on the end of the chain and glimmers silver in the light. She looks at the inscription: "WHEN YOU NEED ME -- I LOVE YOU."

She dangles it, holds the end of the chain in front of her. Slowly, as if drawn by a magnetic force, the metal ball rises in the air to one side, the chain parallel to the ground. It hovers there a beat, dancing on air.

A HAND snatches it. TODD BRIGGS, 40, inspects the sphere. He's coarse, disheveled, unshaven -- and just coming in from a bender. Kayla pulls her towel tighter around herself.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRIGGS

One lousy magnet. He couldn't have left you a pearl or a phoney diamond? Hell, even a drugstore locket would have been more sentimental.

He holds the chain by its end. The ball just hangs there, not moving.

BRIGGS

What's the trick?

KAYLA

Your blood alcohol has to be below two point oh.

Kayla grabs the necklace from him, puts it back in the jewelry box.

BRIGGS

Always with the smart mouth. You should show me some respect. Fourth Commandment.

KAYLA

Fifth. And it doesn't apply, since you're not my father.

She starts to pull some clothes from her closet.

BRIGGS

I'm damn sure more of a father to you than that deadbeat who took off when your mother died.

KAYLA

Least he had enough good sense to get out of this town.

BRIGGS

Right, I heard about your big plans. UCLA, huh? Getting a soccer scholarship. Gonna see the world.

Briggs eyes her up and down. She doesn't like it.

KAYLA

How 'bout you leave now?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRIGGS

You've always acted like you don't belong here -- like you're something special. The way you talk. The way you dress. But, deep down, we both know the truth, don't we? You're nothing special. The reason you don't belong here is because you don't belong anywhere.

He saunters out. She slams the door after him, locks it.

EXT. SPACE

The prison drop-ship races through space. Low on fuel, her engines SPUTTER and die, just as it approaches a familiar blue planet. It plunges downwards through earth's atmosphere, headed towards North America.

EXT. INDIANA CORNFIELD - DAY

The drop-ship, now a flaming mass of metal, tears through the sky and lands hard, plowing a flaming path through a cornfield.

A HATCH blasts open, and the fugitives emerge. They put some distance between themselves and the burning ship as they look about, sizing up the planet around them.

RANNA

Quaint.

Armand turns to M-4, now armed with their late Warden's chain-cannons.

ARMAND

Find him.

M-4

Accessing-all-indigenous-planetary-databases.

M-4 momentarily WHIRRS.

M-4

Most-recent-information-referencing-Portal-Keeper-appears-fourteen-years-ago.

ARMAND

He's hiding. Search for family.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

M-4

Wife-Elizabeth-Anne-McKee-deceased-  
December-14-1996.

ARMAND

Offspring?

M-4

Searching.

(then)

One. Female. Kayla-Rose-McKee.

ARMAND

Show me.

A projector alights on M-4, displaying a hovering projection of Kayla's Facebook page. It bears pictures of her, her friends, the name of her high school, etc.

ARMAND

I'm sure she'll be happy to help us.

The flaming ship behind them EXPLODES.

ARMAND

We're going to need transport.

EXT. SHOPPING MALL PARKING LOT - DAY

The fugitives follow Armand through the parking lot, as he sizes up the rows of cars. He stops before a MINIVAN.

ARMAND

This one.

He reaches towards the driver's side window -- and his hand passes right through it. (Armand can alter his molecular density at will.) He unlocks the van. The side doors slide open.

Karsh reaches inside, rips out a child's car seat, tosses it away. There's still not enough room to accommodate his hulking frame. He RIPS OUT the entire middle row of seats and hurls it aside.

A portly SECURITY GUARD notices.

SECURITY GUARD

Hey! What do you think you're doing?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He hurries over, then stops in his tracks when he sees the intimidating foursome staring him down.

SECURITY GUARD

What the Sam Hill -- ?!

He pulls his gun. Karsh aims a MEGA-SIZED GUN at him. M-4 readies its chain-cannons. The Guard realizes he's not going to win this. He tosses his gun aside and raises his hands.

ARMAND

(to Ranna)

Access his mind. Learn how to operate the vehicle.

Ranna touches the Guard's face, linking her mind to his, siphoning his knowledge -- as only a telepath can.

We see FLASHES of the TELEPATHIC LINK: a car key turning, hands working a steering wheel, a foot hitting a brake and accelerator.

Ranna pulls away.

RANNA

Done.

Karsh sizes up the terrified Guard.

KARSH

They look weak.

ARMAND

Let's see exactly what they are...

Armand reaches out and "phases" his arm inside the Guard's chest, feels around. The Guard writhes.

ARMAND

(feeling around)

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

He moves his hand up into the Guard's head, removes something. The Guard's face turns to slate, eyes staring blankly at the four-and-a-half pounds of grey matter Armand is now holding in front of him.

ARMAND

You're right, Oman. Weak.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He tosses the brains and body aside.

M-4

Species-is-suitable-for-mechanized-  
domination.

ARMAND

There's no time for that.

M-4

Subjugation-of-organic-life-forms-  
is-necessary-to-establish-  
mechanized-new-order. I-will-  
subjugate-planet. Unit-  
cooperation-is-terminated.

M-4 starts off so he can conquer the world.

ARMAND

And how long will your 'new order'  
last once the Imperium finds out  
about it?

M-4

Approximately-one-month-four-days-  
three-hours-eight-minutes-twenty-  
six-seconds.

ARMAND

Be patient. Once we have the  
Drell we can crush the Imperium  
and take any planet we want.  
You're welcome to what's left of  
this one.

M-4

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

KARSH

(to Armand)

You'd better be right about this.

RANNA

Of course he's right! Show him  
your respect!

ARMAND

Enough! Let's find the girl.

They climb in the minivan.

INT. MINIVAN

Ranna sits in the driver's seat, Armand beside her. Karsh and M-4 fill up the space behind them.

RANNA

(to M-4)  
Ignite the engine.

An umbilical snake coils out of M-4 to the key ignition and sends an electric pulse. The van's engine FIRES UP.

Armand feels something on the seat under him. He pulls it out -- a plush MARVIN THE MARTIAN toy. He gives it a wry smile, then tosses it aside, as the minivan pulls away.

EXT. MIDDLETON HIGH - SOCCER FIELD - NIGHT

A crowd ROARS in the as they watch the soccer game, already underway. Shawn looks on from the stands.

On the field, Kayla searches the stands and picks out the UCLA SCOUT watching her, making notes.

Time to shine. Kayla makes an aggressive steal, driving the ball downfield. The other team swarms around her, as two of her own teammates -- JULIE and MEGHAN -- stand open in scoring position.

JULIE

Hey! Over here!

MEGHAN

I'm open!

Kayla ignores them. She plows through the crowd of opposing players and makes for the goal.

An opponent briefly steals the ball, but she'll have none of it. She steals it back and makes a desperation kick. The ball just barely makes it inside the edge of the goal. Score!

Shawn and the crowd CHEER. The band starts playing as the half-time HORN blares. The players head for the sidelines. Kayla grabs a water as her teammates come at her, annoyed.

JULIE

What the hell was that? I had an easy shot!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MEGHAN

I was wide open, you freak!

KAYLA

Relax. I scored, didn't I?

The COACH steps between them, pulls Kayla aside.

COACH

Look, I know why you're stepping up your game tonight, but you just barely made that last goal. We need this win. Pass the ball.

KAYLA

I'm sorry, I can't.

COACH

Why not?

KAYLA

You know that moment that determines the course of your life? When you're either going to get your dream and everything's going to turn out great, or you're going to lose it and everything's going to suck forever? This is it for me. I don't want to wind up stuck here thirty years from now, coaching soccer.

(then, realizing)

I did not mean that.

COACH

Pass the ball or I'm taking you out of the game.

The Coach leaves Kayla to think it over. Her teammates watch her, contemptuous.

JULIE

I am so hating her right now.

MEGHAN

Really? How much?

They share a conspiratorial grin.

EXT. INDIANA CORNFIELD - NIGHT

SHERIFF'S DEPUTIES and a FIRE CREW surround the still-smoldering crater left by the exploded drop-ship.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Yellow tape seals off the area. A ways off, unseen by the others, Lobo leans back against his chopper and watches.

LOBO

Mm-hmm.

He sniffs, picking up a scent.

EXT. MIDDLETON HIGH - SOCCER FIELD - NIGHT

The second half is underway. Kayla dribbles the ball down the pitch, zips around her opponents, and makes a break for it. It looks like another goal. She winds up to kick, when the ball gets stolen away from her. It's MEGHAN.

KAYLA

The hell?!

Meghan heads off, the opposing team in pursuit. Kayla shakes it off and gets into open scoring position.

KAYLA

(calling to Meghan)

Hey! Over here!

But Meghan doesn't pass it to her. Frustrated, Kayla moves in to take the ball from her, when Meghan passes it to Julie.

Kayla's teammates pass it back and forth, playing keepaway from her. She realizes what's going on and gets furious.

KAYLA

You bitches!

Kayla charges Meghan and scrambles for the ball. Meghan bumps her. Kayla loses it -- and something unexpected happens.

Like an invisible explosion, the players nearby get thrown away from Kayla in all directions, hurled into the air and onto the ground.

The SOCCER BALL, bouncing slowly away from her, suddenly changes direction and takes off like a cannonball. FIRING right into the goal and RIPPING out through the back of the net.

The whole place goes silent. The shocked crowd in the stands, the players on the ground, the band, the UCLA scout -- all eyes stare at Kayla, in shock and fear.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She looks around. It's her worst nightmare come true -- Kayla the freak, revealed. She bolts off the field.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Kayla runs through the parking lot. Shawn follows.

SHAWN

Kayla, wait!

He catches up to her.

SHAWN

What just happened?

KAYLA

I don't know. There's something wrong with me. Something's always been wrong with me. I don't know what it is. I've just got to get out of here.

SHAWN

I'll go with you.

KAYLA

No, I'm leaving. For good.

SHAWN

What? You can't do that!

(desperate)

Look, I want you to go to the prom with me.

She stares at him in disbelief.

KAYLA

Are you out of your God damn mind!? I'm not going to the prom!

Kayla climbs on her moped and heads off.

INT. KAYLA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Kayla enters her house, wiping away tears.

INT. KAYLA'S BEDROOM

Kayla shoves clothes into a backpack. She pulls her necklace out of the jewelry box, reads the inscription bitterly: "WHEN YOU NEED ME -- I LOVE YOU."

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KAYLA

Thanks for nothing.

She drops the necklace back in the jewelry box, starts out of the room -- then stops, reconsiders. She takes out the necklace and puts it around her neck.

INT. BRIGGS' BEDROOM

Kayla pushes open the door. Todd Briggs lies passed out, face down on his bed. The room is a shambles -- dirty clothes and empty liquor bottles strewn about.

She approaches the bed and gently lifts the mattress, reaching between it and the box springs.

Briggs stirs. She freezes. He settles back, and she reaches in further, searching, until she finds what she's looking for.

She pulls out a leather satchel. She unzips it and pulls out her stepfather's secret stash -- a few hundred bucks in bills. She stuffs them in her pocket and heads out.

INT. KAYLA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Kayla walks quietly downstairs, slings her backpack over her shoulder. She takes one last look at the house she'll never see again, then turns to go.

The front door CRASHES OPEN. The fugitives pile in.

ARMAND

Where is the Portal-keeper?

KAYLA

Th-the what?

ARMAND

Your father. Take us to him.

She looks from one of the aliens to the next, terrified.

KAYLA

I don't... I haven't seen my father in years.

ARMAND

We know he's the Portal-keeper. You will take us to him, and he'll free the Drell for us.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KAYLA

I swear, I don't know what you're talking about!

KARSH

She's lying.

ARMAND

Let's find out.

(to Ranna)

My love?

Ranna starts towards Kayla, when we hear the familiar CHA-CHUNK of a shotgun. Kayla and the fugitives look up to see Todd Briggs standing on the stairwell, shotgun pointed at them.

BRIGGS

What the hell are you doing in my house?

ARMAND

(re: Kayla)

Who are you to this one?

BRIGGS

I'm her God damn father, that's who I am! Who are you?

The aliens exchange a look.

ARMAND

Take him.

Karsh strides towards Briggs.

BRIGGS

Stop your ass right there!

Karsh keeps coming. BANG! Briggs unloads on him point-blank, the lead shot embedding in Karsh's thick hide.

Might as well be talcum powder. Karsh brushes it off, rips the shotgun from Briggs' grasp, and hurls him onto the floor below.

ARMAND

Careful. He's useless to us dead.

KARSH

I'll be gentle.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Karsh grabs Briggs' leg and drags him SCREAMING out the front door. M-4 takes hold of Kayla's arm and pulls her outside as well. The others follow.

EXT. KAYLA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The fugitives head for their minivan, parked out front.

KAYLA

Where are you taking us?

ARMAND

I have the same question.

He kneels beside Briggs.

ARMAND

Where is the Drell?

But before the confused Briggs can respond, they're interrupted by the ROAR of an engine. The fugitives, Briggs, and Kayla look up. Kayla's eyes go wide.

KAYLA

No. Way.

LOBO'S CHOPPER

ROARS through the night sky and skids to a fast landing on the lawn. The bounty hunter dismounts quickly, leveling two big-ass MEGA-GUNS at the group.

LOBO

Hello, ya bastiches! Who wants it first?

RANNA

Is that...

KARSH

Lobo.

Karsh raises his own oversized weapon, M-4 readies its chain cannons.

ARMAND

This doesn't concern you, Czarnian!

LOBO

We can do this the easy way or the fun way -- your choice.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

Kayla backs away, terrified, and watches in awe as Lobo's wounds heal up.

She takes off running. Lobo bounds after her, grabs her, whirls her around with a powerful hand. She stares into his red pupils.

KAYLA

What... what are you... like, an alien?

Lobo eyes her with exasperated contempt.

LOBO

I've seen some backwoods planets in my day, but this one takes the cake.

KAYLA

Who are you? Why is this happening?

LOBO

I ask the questions. First off, what would four of the most dangerous criminals in the galaxy want with some weak human feeb like that?

KAYLA

I have no idea.

LOBO

Then you ain't much use to me.

He levels his gun at her.

KAYLA

Wait! I think they thought he was my father. He's not, though. He's my stepfather.

LOBO

And what's so special about your father?

KAYLA

Nothing. I don't know. I haven't seen him in years. But they called him 'the Portal-keeper.'

Lobo lowers his gun.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

CARDOON (V.O.)

Lobo, listen to me. This doesn't change anything. Now you know what's at stake here. You've got to stop them before they get to it.

LOBO

Let me tell you what I'm gonna do. First, I'm gonna go find the Drell myself and kick its ass so hard there won't be nothing left but a pile of atoms. Next, I'm going to track down your fugitives and bring them in -- 'cause I'm a man of my word and a professional. And finally, I'm gonna come there and personally frag you and every other bastich in the Imperial Government. Including Big-brain in a Bottle.

CARDOON (V.O.)

Lobo, please, you mustn't --

Lobo hits a switch. The hologram of Cardoon disappears. SIRENS approach in the distance.

LOBO

Don't tell me. Cops, right? Same everywhere. Got no time for fraggin' a bunch of cops -- tempting as that sounds right now. C'mon, girlie, we're going.

He lifts up Kayla.

KAYLA

What the hell are you doing?!

He plops her down on the back of his chopper and hits a switch. CHAINS spring out and coil around her, lashing her to the seat, binding her arms beside her.

KAYLA

Let me go, you asshole!

She struggles against the chains as Lobo climbs on his chopper, stomps the starter pedal, and ROARS off down the street.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Shawn's Honda heads for Kayla's house.

INT. SHAWN'S HONDA

Shawn notices the glow of the burning house up ahead, when, from the other direction --

LOBO'S CHOPPER

blows past him. Kayla still sits behind the Czarnian, struggling against her chains. Shawn looks in the rearview mirror, can't believe what he just saw.

He hits the brakes, makes a quick U-turn, and takes off in pursuit.

INT. MAGISTRATE'S CHAMBER - DAY

Cardoon stands before the Magistrate.

CARDOON

He knows. I warned you.

MAGISTRATE

Unfortunate. Then we must move on to our last remaining option -- summon the Armada.

CARDOON

The entire fleet?

MAGISTRATE

Only its combined firepower can destroy the planet and the Drell along with it.

CARDOON

That's genocide!

MAGISTRATE

An acceptable loss considering the thousands of worlds which would die if the Drell escapes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARDOON

Sir, if we recall all our forces  
now, insurrection will spread  
across the quadrant like wildfire.  
The Imperium could fall!

MAGISTRATE

Would you prefer to watch Armand  
Throke crown himself Emperor? I'm  
certain he would give you a  
prominent place at his  
coronation... with your head on a  
pike.

Cardoon mulls the imagery.

CARDOON

I'll summon the Armada.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - NIGHT

Lobo pulls to a stop in the middle of the dark, rural  
cemetery, with Kayla still chained behind him. He hops  
off, looks around, pleased.

LOBO

I like this. Nice 'n' quiet. And  
graveyards are always good for a  
laugh.

He leans back against a tombstone and sizes up Kayla.

LOBO

Now tell me about your daddy.

KAYLA

(re: chains)  
Get these off of me first.

LOBO

The Main Man don't take orders.

KAYLA

What's the matter, the Main Man  
afraid of a girl?

Lobo grins. He hits a button on the control console.  
The chains retract, releasing her.

KAYLA

Thanks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

In one quick move, she pushes herself up off the seat and swings her leg at Lobo's face with all her might, delivering a powerful PENALTY KICK to his teeth. Lobo's actually caught off-guard.

She takes off running. The bounty hunter looks after her, impressed.

LOBO

Not bad.

He spits out a tooth and smiles, revealing the gap where it used to be. Another tooth is already growing in.

He hurls his hook. It passes Kayla and catches onto the back of a tombstone with a CHUNK. Lobo gives the chain a powerful yank. The tombstone rips from the ground and comes flying back at her, knocking her backwards, flat on her ass.

In an instant, Lobo is over her, his gun in her face. Kayla realizes it's time to move on.

KAYLA

So... what's a Drell?

LOBO

Military experiment gone wrong -- a sentient weapon that can destroy a planet. Was supposed to be the Imperium's ultimate peace-keeping technology. Only it had other ideas.

KAYLA

What do you mean?

LOBO

It liked killing people. Can't say I blame it, really.

KAYLA

How many people?

LOBO

Billions. Whole planets. That's why those bastiches want it so bad.

EXT. OVERPASS

Shawn's car sits parked on the overpass shoulder. He crouches behind the railing, peering through binoculars down at Kayla and Lobo in the graveyard in the distance.

He focuses in on the intimidating, giant Czarnian.

SHAWN

Holy shit.

EXT. GRAVEYARD

Kayla stands nervously with Lobo.

KAYLA

Look, I'm obviously way out of my league here. My father wasn't a 'Portal-keeper' -- whatever that is. He was just some loser who divorced my mom, then skipped town when I was a kid.

LOBO

And you got no idea where he is?

KAYLA

No.

LOBO

He ever contact you?

KAYLA

Never.

LOBO

He leave anything behind?  
Letters? Photographs?

KAYLA

He didn't leave me jack shit.  
Except for a stupid necklace.

She takes it off from around her neck. She holds the metallic sphere in her hand, reads the inscription.

KAYLA

'When you need me, I love you.' I can't believe that actually used to mean something to me. It's just a cheap magnet.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She holds the end of the chain out in front of her. The metallic sphere rises as before into the air. Lobo eyes it intently.

LOBO

That ain't no magnet. It's a tracking sphere.

KAYLA

What?

He grabs it from her, looks it over.

LOBO

Thanagarian technology. It's designed to find a particular object. Or person.

KAYLA

Wait a second. Are you telling me this thing can lead me to my father?

LOBO

No, I'm telling you this thing can lead me to your father.

KAYLA

(dawning on her)

But this means he never really meant to leave me for good. He wanted me to find him one day. When I needed him.

LOBO

Yeah, that's real sweet. It's mine now, though. Ironic, huh?

KAYLA

Give it back!

She lunges for the tracking sphere. Lobo raises his gun. She backs off.

LOBO

Now, let's see. Where's your daddy?

Lobo dangles the chain. The sphere doesn't move. Lobo gives the sphere a nudge with his meaty finger.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

KAYLA

What will they do to my father if they find him first?

LOBO

Torture him, get the information they want, then frag him. Not necessarily in that order.

KAYLA

They're going to kill him?!

LOBO

What'd I just say?

KAYLA

We have to stop them!

LOBO

"We?" There ain't no "we", girlie. The Main Man don't do partners.

KAYLA

You can't find my father without my help. And I can't save him from the others without yours.

Lobo growls, mulls this over.

KAYLA

Look, I wouldn't be your partner. I'd just be tagging along.

Lobo climbs on his chopper, calls back to her.

LOBO

Well? You coming or not?

Mustering her resolve, she climbs on the back of Lobo's chopper, holds onto him with one arm and holds her necklace aloft with the other. The sphere rises and points off a direction.

LOBO

Let's find your daddy.

Lobo stomps the starter pedal, and the two ROAR off.

EXT. ROAD

Shawn drives in a panic, hurriedly dialing 911 on his cell phone.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

911 OPERATOR (V.O.)  
Nine-one-one emergency.

SHAWN  
Hello, yeah! My name is Shawn  
Maloney, and a friend of mine --  
Kayla McKee -- has been kidnapped  
by something. A monster. Or an  
alien. But he shot at me. And  
he's on a motorcycle.

A beat.

911 OPERATOR (V.O.)  
Get off the line, kid.

SHAWN  
' No, wait, listen! I'm telling the  
truth! She needs help!

The 911 Operator hangs up.

SHAWN  
Idiot!

He's at a loss, his mind racing. Then a look of grim  
determination crosses his face. He guns the engine.

INT. SHAWN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The modestly-furnished home is empty, dark. DEER HEADS  
and antlers adorn the walls. PHOTOS of Shawn through the  
years sit in frames on a nightstand. Among them, a  
picture of an uncomfortable twelve-year-old Shawn with  
his OLDER BROTHER and FATHER, who pose with their hunting  
rifles beside an ELK carcass.

Shawn bursts in the front door, hurries up the stairs.

INT. SHAWN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Shawn enters his room. POSTERS adorn the walls --  
superheroes, muscle-bound sci-fi and video games  
characters.

He goes over to a work table cluttered with test tubes  
and CHEMICALS -- his own little lab. He picks through  
chemicals, selecting particular containers and shoving  
them in a backpack.

INT. SHAWN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Shawn heads over to the fireplace and stares up at a HUNTING RIFLE hanging on the wall above it.

Reluctantly, he takes the rifle down, holds it uncomfortably, like it's -- well, a loaded gun. He hurries out the front door.

EXT. SHAWN'S DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

Shawn loads the chemicals, some metal cannisters, and the hunting rifle into the trunk of his Honda. He slams it shut, jumps in the car, and speeds off.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Lobo's chopper speeds down the rural highway under the moonlit sky. Kayla holds onto the back of him with one arm. She holds her necklace aloft. Despite the rushing wind, the sphere points straight ahead. They pass a sign reading "24 WEST."

EXT. GRAVEYARD

Shawn stands in the graveyard where he last saw Kayla and Lobo.

He looks at the ground. Huge TIRE TREADS from Lobo's chopper rip through the grass to the adjoining street. A sign along the road reads "24 WEST."

Shawn jumps in his car and guns the engine.

EXT. FIELD - NIGHT

A decaying barn rests on the edge of an overgrown field. The fugitives' minivan sits parked beside it.

INT. BARN

As the others look on, Ranna holds the face of Todd Briggs in her hands. Ranna releases him. His body falls lifeless to the floor.

RANNA

Their minds are as frail as their bodies.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She turns to the others.

RANNA

He's not her true father, only a guardian -- her mother's mate.  
He's not the Portal-keeper.

ARMAND

Did he know where the Keeper is?

RANNA

He knew nothing.

KARSH

I told you we should have kept the girl.

ARMAND

We'll get her back. But we'll have to go through the Czarnian to get to her.

KARSH

I'll enjoy that. He and I got a score to settle.

RANNA

He was hired to find us. Why not just wait for him?

KARSH

Maybe he wants to get the Drell for himself.

ARMAND

Or destroy it. Either way, we have to find him first.

RANNA

How?

Armand turns to M-4.

ARMAND

Monitor all law enforcement frequencies. If there's one thing the Czarnian isn't known for, it's subtlety.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

Lobo ROARS down the highway like a bat out of hell, SPEED METAL music blasting out of his chopper's speakers.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Kayla hangs onto him from behind, holding her necklace chain. The tracking sphere points straight ahead.

The bounty hunter weaves wildly in and out of traffic, cutting off cars and trucks.

KAYLA  
I'm getting hungry.

LOBO  
Too fraggin' bad. Suck it up.

KAYLA  
I have to pee!

LOBO  
Aw, Feetal's gizz...

He pulls 'off onto an exit.

EXT. TRUCK STOP - DAY

Rows of cars and trucks fill the parking lot before a diner/gas station. A MOTORIST fills his tank at the pump when he sees Lobo and Kayla approach.

Terrified, he drops the pump. A woman SCREAMS at the sight of him, as the other customers go running, jump in their cars, and SCREECH off.

Lobo picks up the gas pump off the ground, examines the drips of gasoline dribbling off the end of the nozzle.

LOBO  
What kind of fuel is this?

KAYLA  
Unleaded.

Lobo stares, confused.

KAYLA  
Gasoline. Fossil fuel.

LOBO  
Fossil fuel! It's a miracle you people have the ability to speak.

He sniffs the nozzle, likes what he smells.

Kayla watches in shock as he sticks the nozzle in his mouth and squeezes the handle, GLUGGING it down. Lobo withdraws the nozzle, licks his lips thoughtfully.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LOBO

Not bad. Kinda dry. Slightly  
oakey.

(then, considering)

Come to think of it, I could go  
for a little grub myself.

He heads for the restaurant.

KAYLA

Hold on.

She pulls out a pair of BLACK SUNGLASSES and tosses them  
to him.

KAYLA

Maybe you won't stand out so much.

Lobo puts them on, concealing his red eyes -- although  
he's still an enormous, whitish-blue alien carrying a  
hook on a chain.

INT. DINER - DAY

Kayla and Lobo enter the busy diner. No one seems to  
notice.

KAYLA

Wow. It actually worked.

A WAITRESS turns and catches sight of him. She SCREAMS  
and drops her coffee pot, which shatters on the floor.

Now the terrified PATRONS and WORKERS see him too. They  
panic, tripping over one another to flee for the exits.

KAYLA

It's okay! He's an albino!

In a moment, the place has cleared, leaving Kayla and  
Lobo alone.

KAYLA

Great.

LOBO

Eh, frag 'em.

KAYLA

You love that word, don't you?  
'Frag.' And 'bastich.' What the  
hell does that even mean?

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

KAYLA

Yeah. Didn't think so.

The pickup BUMPS the back of the chopper. Lobo fumes.

LOBO

Don't worry. I'll handle it.

Lobo starts to slow down. The pickup pulls up alongside him. Mr. Camouflage yells out the window, face red with anger.

PICKUP DRIVER

What do you think you're doing, asshole?!

Lobo leans over, SMASHES his massive fist through the hood of the pick-up, then YANKS THE ENGINE BLOCK right through the hood. The truck goes airborne, flipping end-over-end.

Lobo tosses the ENGINE BLOCK aside. Kayla looks back, sees the crash.

KAYLA

Why the hell did you do that?!

LOBO

He bumped my bike.

KAYLA

You can't just kill people!

LOBO

How come?

KAYLA

Because it's wrong.

LOBO

How come?

KAYLA

Oh, for God's sake... we can't leave him to die. Go back!

LOBO

No fraggin' way!

KAYLA

Go back or I'm jumping off this thing right now!

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

SHAWN

Get away from him.

LOBO

Well, if it ain't the little  
bastich that's been following us.  
Cute gun.

KAYLA

Shawn, what are you doing?

SHAWN

I'm going to get you out of here.

LOBO

Are you now?

KAYLA

Shawn, put the gun down.  
Seriously. You don't know who  
this guy is.

Lobo's amused.

LOBO

Sure he does. Let's do it, little  
man. Come on. I'll even give you  
first shot.

The Czarnian grins and opens his arms wide. Shawn  
hesitates.

LOBO

Aw, come on! You got to the count  
of three, then my goodwill runs  
out. One...

KAYLA

Shawn, don't.

LOBO

Two...

Shawn closes his eyes and pulls the trigger. The shot  
rips into Lobo's chest.

LOBO

Ouch.

Shawn opens his eyes to watch, incredulous, as Lobo's  
wound heals up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LOBO

How 'bout that? I didn't think you had it in you. Now it's my turn.

He lifts up his mega-gun, aims it at Shawn. Kayla runs between them.

KAYLA

Lobo, no!

LOBO

Outta the way, girlie!

KAYLA

You hurt him, and I swear to God, I won't help you find my father.

Lobo growls. She steps over to Shawn.

KAYLA

Shawn, you need to leave now.

SHAWN

What the hell is going on?

KAYLA

It's complicated. But, trust me, there are big things happening here. I have to go with him.

SHAWN

Why?

KAYLA

He's helping me find my father. With this.

She holds up her necklace.

KAYLA

It's pointing the way. We're going to find him. I need to do this.

SHAWN

He's got you brainwashed or something. You can't trust him.

LOBO

Time's up, girlie. Either we get going or I start shooting.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! Three bullet holes rip into Lobo's chest. Lobo turns --

THE PICKUP DRIVER

Has pulled his rifle from the wreckage of his truck. Lobo looks at him and grins, aims his mega-gun.

LOBO

Least I get to frag somebody.

KAYLA

No, don't!

Something CLANKS at Lobo's feet. It's a METAL CANISTER with a burning fuse. Lobo looks back at Shawn, puzzled.

SHAWN

I'm good at chemistry.

The homemade bomb EXPLODES in a fireball, sending Lobo airborne.

EXT. BACK DOWN THE ROAD

An IOWA STATE PATROLMAN writes a speeding ticket when he hears the explosion. He looks up at the road ahead, sees the smoke of the fireball in the distance.

He jumps in his car, hits his SIREN, and takes off.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD

The pick-up driver watches the burning husk of his truck and scurries away from the scene as fast as his can. Shawn, stunned, stares at Lobo lying on the road.

SHAWN

I killed him.

KAYLA

No, you didn't. Trust me. You need to go now.

SHAWN

Come with me.

KAYLA

I can't.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Behind her, Lobo staggers to his feet, reaches for his gun.

KAYLA

Go! Now!

SHAWN

I'm going to find you again.

He jumps into his Honda and speeds away, as Lobo staggers towards him.

LOBO

Little bastich shows up again, I'm fraggin' him on the spot.

SIRENS approaches in the distance.

KAYLA

We've got to move. Come on!

Kayla climbs onto Lobo's chopper. Lobo climbs on in front of her, stomps the starter pedal, and shoots off.

Lobo looks back. Two IOWA STATE PATROL CARS are on his tail. He grins.

LOBO

Let's see what these bastiches can do.

He guns the engine and pulls away.

INT. MINIVAN - DAY

Ranna drives the other fugitives. Karsh sits, scowling and frustrated, as Armand waits stoically patient. M-4 breaks the silence.

M-4

Transmission-indicates-positive-identification-of-Czarnian.

The droid plays the SQUELCHING of a police A.P.B.

M-4

(police dispatcher's voice)

All units, be advised, pursuit in progress, traveling westbound on I-80. Vehicle is a motorcycle of unknown make.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

M-4 (CONT'D)

Suspect is a male, white,  
approximately seven feet tall,  
wearing light blue make-up. Use  
caution, considered armed and  
dangerous.

Armand nods to Ranna. She floors the accelerator.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

Lobo's chopper tears down the highway. Kayla looks  
behind her. Nobody's there.

KAYLA

I think we lost them.

But when she looks back to the road up ahead, she sees --

A HIGHWAY PATROL ROADBLOCK

Sits waiting -- a dozen patrol cars parked right in their  
path. A bunch of IOWA STATE TROOPERS stand ready, armed  
to the teeth.

KAYLA

Okay, that's it. Stop the bike.

Lobo grins, GUNS the engine, heading straight for the  
thick of it.

KAYLA

Oh, I get it. This thing can fly,  
right? You can fly us over it!

LOBO

(shrugs)

Can.

Lobo pulls out his mega-gun and fires, bullets RIPPING  
into the patrol cars. The cops briefly return fire,  
until they realize Lobo's not stopping. They scramble  
out of the way to safety.

Lobo SHOUTS with maniacal glee as he keeps firing at the  
blockade of vehicles, coming up fast.

Kayla takes cover behind the Czarnian's massive frame,  
when, just before the chopper reaches the line of patrol  
cars, a bullet hits one of the cars' gas tanks.

The patrol car EXPLODES, setting off a chain reaction.

LOBO'S CHOPPER

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROARS through the flames amidst the flying glass, metal, and debris. The chopper soars out the other side and Lobo speeds off, WHOOPING with delight as he leaves the state troopers in the dust.

Kayla come out from hiding behind the bounty hunter, looking traumatized.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Lobo leans back against his bike before a campfire, as he swigs from a bottle of rotgut. Kayla sits staring into the fire.

KAYLA

You live every day of your life like this?

LOBO

Pretty much, yeah.

Kayla looks up at the sea of stars overhead. It's breathtaking.

KAYLA

What's it like? Out there?

LOBO

Oh, I've seen things your little mind can't even imagine, girlie. Living mountains that walk and breathe and war on each other. Ocean worlds glowing with cities made of phosphor. And alien races so small, their whole planet can fit in the palm of your hand.

He holds out the palm of his hand to illustrate, then abruptly SLAPS it with the other, "crushing" the imagined world. He chuckles, takes another swig of rotgut.

KAYLA

I'd like to see it all one day.

LOBO

If the Drell gets out, you'll be lucky if you see the light of morning.

KAYLA

Why are you so obsessed with that thing, anyway?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LOBO

I was just a wee little bastich when it wiped out the Czarnian colony where I was living. I was the only survivor. Might take a while, but when you cross the Main Man, you get fragged. Simple as that.

KAYLA

So you were an orphan? What happened to you?

LOBO

They sent me back to the Czarnian homeworld. Let's just say I didn't quite fit in. Got shipped off to be raised by the Bug-head.

KAYLA

Your own people didn't want you? That's terrible.

LOBO

Eh, the feeling was mutual. Bunch of know-it-all goodie-goodies! It all worked out in the end, though. Not so much for them. But I had a good time.

KAYLA

It bothers me when you say things like that.

He grins. They're interrupted by the CRACKLING of an incoming transmission on Lobo's chopper. A HOLOGRAM OF CARDOON appears above the communications panel.

CARDOON (V.O.)

Lobo, are you there? You must listen to me!

LOBO

Ugh. Him again.

Lobo stands and hits a switch on the control panel impatiently.

LOBO

What?

CARDOON (V.O.)

The Imperial Armada has been summoned to go to earth.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARDOON (V.O.) (CONT'D)

The entire Armada! Their orders are complete planetary annihilation as a last resort to stop the Drell. And all because you aren't cooperating.

LOBO

And?

CARDOON (V.O.)

I beg you, forget the Drell and capture the fugitives.

LOBO

You ever known me to respond to begging?

CARDOON (V.O.)

Then it's on your head. You and the entire human race are as good as dead.

LOBO

Uh-huh. That all?

CARDOON (V.O.)

If by some miracle you come to your senses, for the sake of the gods, contact me immediately.

LOBO

Right. Will do. G'night.

He switches off the communication and takes a seat again. Kayla looks concerned.

KAYLA

What did he mean by 'the human race is as good as dead'?

LOBO

Eh, they're gonna frag the planet.

KAYLA

What?!

LOBO

They just got their panties in a twist because I'm not doing things exactly the way they want.

KAYLA

So they're going to kill everybody? Why would they do that?!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LOBO

The Imperium ain't that different from any other government, really. They talk a lot about maintaining order and keeping the peace. But how do you think they got that peace to begin with, hmm? Murder. Terror. Torture.

He takes a swig of rotgut.

LOBO

Oh, they act all high and mighty when it comes to the 'rule of law' and the 'public good.' But when somebody comes along who don't see things like they do -- like yours truly -- well, then you see what they really are. They'll do whatever it takes to put you down, 'cause you're a threat to them, to their power. If they can't kill you, they stick you inside a cube.

KAYLA

A cube?

LOBO

Not important.

KAYLA

You could stop it, though, right? I mean, you could just forget about the Drell and bring the fugitives in.

LOBO

I could. But I pride myself on controlling my own destiny. I do whatever the hell I want.

KAYLA

Don't you think that sometimes you might be crossing the line?

Lobo leans in towards her conspiratorially.

LOBO

Here's the secret, little girl. No matter what they tell you -- there ain't no line.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

Lobo's chopper slows to a stop. The bounty hunter watches as Kayla holds the necklace before her. The sphere points off the highway towards a banner reading "MORGAN COUNTY FAIR." In the distance, cars crowd a dirt parking lot, with the fair in full swing beyond it.

KAYLA

So, what, my dad's a carny?

LOBO

Guess we'll find out.

EXT. WOODS NEAR COUNTY FAIRGROUNDS - DAY

Lobo pulls his chopper to a stop beside a tree. He and Kayla climb off. Lobo turns to his space-hog.

LOBO

Frag me.

On command, CHAINS spring out and coil around the bike, locking it to the tree. Lobo slips his mega-gun in a holster at his side, and the two head for the fairgrounds.

EXT. FAIRGROUNDS MIDWAY

Lobo and Kayla walk through the busy fairgrounds, crowded with booths, revellers, and rides. Kayla holds her necklace in front of her. The sphere points straight down the midway.

People barely give Lobo a second look. He fits right in among the carnival crowd of PERFORMING CLOWNS, JUGGLERS, and face-painted FAIR-GOERS.

AT A SHOOTING GALLERY BOOTH

KIDS take turns trying to knock down moving targets with mounted rifles, without much luck.

Suddenly, the targets EXPLODE from massive GUNFIRE -- along with most of the booth itself. The BOOTH OPERATOR and kids scream and dive for cover.

Lobo stands, holding his smoking mega-gun. The bounty hunter looks to the terrified Booth Operator.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LOBO

What do I win?

BOOTH OPERATOR

Whatever you want.

Lobo eyes the row of PRIZES and spots a STUFFED DOLPHIN. He rips it down and turns it over in his hand.

LOBO

I like it.

He shoves it in his pocket as Kayla hurriedly pulls him away and gets lost in the crowd.

The Booth Operator pulls out his cell phone and dials 911.

INT. SHAWN'S CAR - DAY

Shawn sits parked on the side of the road. He's leaned back, eating a burger, as he listens to a new POLICE SCANNER on his dash.

DISPATCH (V.O.)

All units be advised -- reports of shots fired at the Morgan County Fairgrounds. Suspect is a male, white, approximately seven feet tall...

Shawn bolts up, tosses his burger aside, and starts up the car.

EXT. EDGE OF FAIRGROUNDS - DAY

Lobo and Kayla reach the very back of the fairgrounds. The sphere points across a field to the highway beyond.

KAYLA

He's not here.

LOBO

So we keep going.

KAYLA

What if he's moving? What if he doesn't want us to find him? This could go on forever.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LOBO

Not forever. When the Armada gets here, everybody's fragged.

KAYLA

That's comforting. Thanks.

EXT. FAIRGROUNDS MIDWAY

Lobo and Kayla hurry back down the thoroughfare when they hear a voice through a BULLHORN.

POLICEMAN (O.S.)

Freeze! Put your hands on your heads!

Lobo and Kayla stop in their tracks. They see POLICEMEN up ahead -- lots of them -- guns drawn. The carnival crowd scurries out of the way.

KAYLA

Oh, crap.

Kayla puts her hands over her head. Lobo looks around. The cops move into position around them. The bounty hunter grins. Kayla notices.

KAYLA

Please don't. Just put your hands on your head. We'll get out of this later. I mean, you can break out of a jail, right?

LOBO

Sorry. Not my style.

With an intentionally-exaggerated flourish, Lobo reaches for his gun, when --

SHAWN

leaps out from the crowd and knocks Kayla to the ground. And not a second too soon, as the police UNLOAD, firing at Lobo from all sides. The crowd SCREAMS. Shawn shields Kayla with his body.

SHAWN

Stay down, stay down!

Blood pours out Lobo's bullet holes. Gradually, the police run out of ammo. Lobo stands right where he was, his wounds healing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LOBO

My turn.

But before Lobo can get off a shot, the police in front of him are gunned down from behind. Kayla and Shawn watch from the ground, as confused as Lobo.

LOBO

What the -- ?! Who's spoiling my fun?

THE FUGITIVE'S MINIVAN

barrels down the midway, SMASHING head-on into Lobo. He goes flying, crashing into a TILT-A-WHIRL.

Karsh and M-4 leap out of the van -- the droid with his chain-cannons primed, Karsh with two big-ass guns smoking. A supply of GRENADES adorn the mutant's massive weapon belt.

The crowd runs in a panic. Any cops left standing from the onslaught fall back, as Armand and Ranna emerge from the van.

Armand pulls Kayla and Shawn up off the ground and holds them in his vise-like grip.

A dazed Lobo staggers out of the wreckage of the ride when -- CRUNCH! -- the hulking body of Karsh dives on him in a body slam. Karsh struggles to hold the bounty hunter down with his massive arms.

LOBO

You're fragged, ya mutant bastich!

M-4 rips Lobo's mega-gun from its holster, tosses it aside. The droid primes its chain-cannons at Lobo's head at point-blank range.

ARMAND

(to M-4)

Administer the drug.

A panel on the droid's metallic wrist irises open, and a HUGE SYRINGE emerges, filled with a nasty-looking GREEN LIQUID.

M-4 jams the giant needle into the Czarnian's neck and injects him with the full contents of the syringe.

Lobo writhes wildly, but Karsh holds tight.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LOBO

I'll rip your metal hide apart for that, you lousy... bucket of...

The bounty hunter gets groggy, but he's still conscious.

ARMAND

Give him more.

M-4

Our-entire-supply-has-been-administered.

RANN

That was enough to put down the population of a city!

LOBO

Guess planning ahead... ain't your strong suit, Armand.

Armand hands over Kayla and Shawn to the droid and turns to Ranna.

ARMAND

Access his mind. Find out all he knows.

Ranna moves towards the Czarnian. He looks up at her and grins.

LOBO

You sure you wanna go there?

She ignores him, raises her hands to his head.

We see FLASHES of their TELEPATHIC LINK, and one thing becomes immediately clear -- Lobo's psyche is not a pleasant place to be.

NIGHTMARISH IMAGERY bombards Ranna's mind: glimpses of fire, torture, disease, and destruction. We hear the SCREAMS of infants, the WAILS of the tortured and the dying.

Ranna's eyes go wide as she stands there, frozen in terror. Armand looks on with growing concern.

ARMAND

My love?

But she can't hear him. The imagery assaulting her mind grows more frenzied and horrific -- mass murder, warfare, piles of corpses, seas of blood.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Ranna SCREAMS. Armand pulls her away from the Czarnian, and she collapses on the ground, seizing with pain and terror.

Lobo grins.

LOBO

Yeah, I got that effect on women.

With Ranna's telepathic abilities useless for the moment, Armand grabs hold of Kayla, clutching his arm tightly around her neck.

ARMAND

Tell me! Where is your father?

KAYLA

I don't know.

He "phases" his other hand through her ribs. She winces, freaked out and in pain.

SHAWN

She's telling the truth!

ARMAND

(to Kayla)

Then where were you going? Hmmm?

Kayla stares him down, defiant.

KAYLA

Does this translate?

She flips him off. Lobo CHUCKLES. Armand isn't as amused.

ARMAND

(to Lobo)

Even you won't find what I'm about to do to her laughable, Czarnian.

Kayla closes her eyes, prepares for the worst, when --

SHAWN

Wait! Her necklace...

KAYLA

Shawn, no!

SHAWN

It'll lead you to him!

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

ARMAND

We should be going.  
 (to Karsh, re: Lobo)  
 Indulge yourself.

Armand helps Ranna to her feet -- she's still shaky, but recovering. The two fugitives and the droid take off down the hallway. Karsh stays behind, leans down to Lobo's ear.

KARSH

I was rotting in that stinking  
 prison ship for thirty-two years  
 because of you.

LOBO

Be honest. You were rotting in  
 that prison because you fight like  
 a girl.

GUNFIRE rips into the ground around them from the police helicopter above. Karsh looks up, annoyed, FIRES one of his big-ass guns up at it. The helicopter takes a hit, spins out of control.

But Karsh learns a valuable lesson: never take your eyes off a Czarnian -- even a heavily drugged one. Lobo gives the distracted mutant a POWERFUL UPPERCUT to the chin, sending him flying backwards.

The bounty hunter staggers over to his mega-gun on the ground, snatches it up, and turns back towards Karsh, who's already on his feet.

The two behemoths aim their absurdly oversized guns at each other.

KARSH

Let's see what you got, blue-boy.

The sound is DEAFENING as they unload on each other.

It's a bizarre sight -- the two of them standing at point-blank range, exchanging thousands of rounds. BULLETS TEAR into both of them, but they don't seem to care, just stand their ground.

Shawn helps Kayla to her feet, hurries her away from the mayhem.

Mounds of spent SHELL CASINGS collect at Lobo's and Karsh's feet, until, finally, they run out of ammo. They toss their guns aside.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Lobo brandishes his hook. Karsh pulls a monster BOWIE KNIFE from its sheath. They lunge at each other.

EXT. FAIRGROUNDS PARKING LOT - DAY

A line of police dive for cover as M-4 pushes forward, firing its chain-cannons. Armand and Ranna follow.

Armand approaches a COP who's taking cover behind his PATROL CAR door. The cop FIRES at Armand, but the bullets just pass right through his body in its ghost-like state. Armand passes through the patrol car door and reaches out towards the cop. Spooked, the cop turns and bolts. Armand grins.

He and the other two fugitives climb into the patrol car and speed off.

EXT. FAIRGROUNDS MIDWAY - DAY

Lobo and Karsh savagely slice-and-dice each other, when Karsh catches hold of Lobo's arm. He pulls the bounty hunter off his feet, swings him around, and sends him flying.

The Czarnian lands hard, crashing at the base of a Ferris wheel.

Karsh pulls a GRENADE off his weapons belt and hurls it at the feet of the bounty hunter. Lobo only gets a few yards away before the grenade EXPLODES, knocking him off his feet and blasting the Ferris wheel to pieces.

The Ferris wheel's CARS go flying off in all directions -- now huge, deadly PROJECTILES.

DOWN THE MIDWAY

Shawn leads Kayla away from the battle, when they hear the explosion and look back.

A FERRIS WHEEL CAR

Comes flying straight at them. There's no time to run. Shawn braces for the end. Kayla reflexively throws up her arms to shield herself.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The car is nearly upon them, about to squash them like bugs, when it veers off and goes flying in another direction -- seemingly for no reason whatsoever. It crashes in the distance. Shawn opens his eyes, confused.

SHAWN

What just happened?

KAYLA

(stunned)

I don't know.

She stares at the distant crash in wonder. Shawn pulls her away, and they hurry on.

BACK DOWN THE MIDWAY

Karsh strides over to a MERRY-GO-ROUND. He rips down one of the horse's poles, and SQUEEZES the end of it to a point. He turns and raises it like a javelin.

Lobo struggles to his feet, when --

THE POLE

Impales him from behind. The Czarnian SCREAMS in agony, turns around. Karsh smiles at him.

Lobo smiles back -- then takes off running towards the mutant at full speed, the pole still stuck through him.

Karsh sees him coming and realizes what's about to happen. He turns, starts to run -- but not fast enough, as Lobo COLLIDES with him from behind, skewing the mutant with the front of the pole.

The two of them stand there, looking like a monster shish kabob.

Karsh musters his strength, pulling the pole painfully out through his front. Lobo holds onto him from behind, Karsh desperately trying to shake him off. Finally, the mutant gets a hold of the Czarnian and hurls him over his head. Lobo crashes to the ground across the midway.

Karsh has had enough. He reaches for a grenade from his weapons belt -- only to find he's no longer wearing a weapons belt.

Lobo holds up the belt with a grin, but the grenade holders are noticeably empty. Karsh looks confused.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LOBO

You know what your problem is, Oman? You're like a piece of candy. Hard on the outside, all soft and gooey on the inside.

Karsh realizes with horror what's happened. The grenades are inside him.

He reaches into the spear hole in his mid-section, feels around inside in agony, and pulls out a LIVE GRENADE, counting down. He hurls it aside. It EXPLODES.

LOBO

That's one.

Now Karsh really gets panicked. He reaches back inside himself, 'searching, making the open wound even bigger as he pulls out grenade after grenade, desperately tossing them away in all directions before they EXPLODE.

Finally, Karsh searches inside himself and comes up empty.

LOBO

Huh. I think you got 'em all.

Karsh grins, relieved... then EXPLODES. CHUNKS OF MUTANT go flying everywhere.

LOBO

'Cept that one. Must've been hiding in the colon.

Lobo stands, strides away through the goo.

EXT. WOODS NEAR THE FAIRGROUNDS

Shawn sits with Kayla as he finishes binding her arm.

SHAWN

We've got to get you to a hospital.

She COLDCOCKS him with her one remaining fist.

KAYLA

Why did you tell them?!

SHAWN

I was trying to protect you!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KAYLA

You screwed up everything! Now I'm never going to find my father. And after they do, he'll be dead. We'll all be dead!

SHAWN

I saved your life. You should be grateful.

KAYLA

Screw you!

SHAWN

Look at yourself. What's he done to you? Is this the kind of life you were hoping for? Is this who you want to be?

KAYLA

I want you to leave. I want you to get the hell out of here, and I never want to see you again.

He looks in her eyes. She means it.

SHAWN

Fine. I'm out of here. Just remember this, though. You think you're safe with him? You're not. He's a monster, Kayla. And he'll kill you as soon as he thinks he can get something for it.

KAYLA

I don't believe that.

Shawn heads off into the woods. Kayla sits, tears filling her eyes, as she clutches her arm in pain. Lobo approaches, sniffs, brandishing his hook.

LOBO

Where's that little rat bastich gone to? I'm gonna gut him, fry him up, and eat him for lunch while he's still alive.

KAYLA

He's gone. Forget about him.

She sniffles, wipes away tears. Lobo notices.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LOBO

Boo-hoo, wah-wah. Quit your bellyachin', will ya?

KAYLA

Right. Forgive me. I shouldn't overreact. I mean, it's not like somebody just cut off my God damn hand!

LOBO

Oh, yeah. I'm impressed, girlie. That's a badge of honor -- your first battle scar.

KAYLA

Is that what you call this?! A scar?!

LOBO

What's the big deal? Just go to a bio-ward and have 'em clone a new one for you.

KAYLA

We don't have bio-wards, you idiot! We can't clone hands!

LOBO

Then just get yourself a robotic one.

She shoots him a look.

LOBO

No? Feetal's gizz! This is the most backwoods, inbred planet I've ever seen. Give me your arm.

KAYLA

Why?

He raises his hook menacingly.

LOBO

'Cause if you don't, I'll give you a matching stump of a neck!

She holds out her arm warily. He removes her tourniquet, then takes the hook and slices open the palm of his own hand. He lets some of his blood drip into her arm.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KAYLA

Eww! Am I going to catch some kind of alien virus from you?

LOBO

Probably.

She watches in amazement as her hand starts to regenerate.

KAYLA

My God...

It keeps growing -- bones, muscle, skin -- until it's whole again, nearly identical to the way it was before -- except for the color. It's a WHITISH BLUE, like Lobo.

KAYLA

That's amazing. But.. is it going to stay that color?

LOBO

You want me to cut it off again?

KAYLA

No, it's good, it's good.

LOBO

It's more than good. You got some of my DNA in you now. Brings some class to the gene pool.

KAYLA

Thanks.

LOBO

Shut up.

KAYLA

No, really. Thank you.

LOBO

No, really. Shut up.

He heads off through the woods. She follows.

KAYLA

Wait! Where are you going?

LOBO

Where you think? To catch up with them bastiches so I can find your daddy and the Drell.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KAYLA

What about me?

LOBO

Don't need you anymore. Have a nice life.

KAYLA

You're just going to leave me?

LOBO

That's right.

He heads over to his bike, still chained to the tree.

LOBO

Frag me.

The chains on the bike unfurl.

KAYLA

But I have to save my father. I have to know what this is all about -- who I am. What I'm supposed to be!

LOBO

All I know is you're a fraggin' pain in my ass, and you're not my problem anymore.

Lobo climbs on his bike.

KAYLA

Wait, wait! You do still need me!

LOBO

How you figure?

KAYLA

Who do you think my father's going to be more inclined to help? The ones who've got his daughter's severed hand? Or the one who's got the rest of her?

Lobo mulls this over.

LOBO

Hmmm... good point. Some people are sentimental that way.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KAYLA

I can talk to him for you. Get him to do what you want.

LOBO

I can get anybody to do what I want.

KAYLA

Oh, really? Haven't had much luck with me. And he's my father. Probably runs in the family.

Lobo eyes her a beat, then:

LOBO

Get on.

KAYLA

Yes!

LOBO

But keep your mouth shut.

KAYLA

Don't I always?

Lobo stomps the starter, and they ROAR off.

EXT. FAIRGROUNDS - DAY

A weary Shawn walks through the wreckage of the fairgrounds.

COPS (O.S.)

Freeze! On the ground!

Shawn looks up. Angry, freaked-out COPS surround him, guns drawn.

SHAWN

Great.

He puts his hands on his head and gets to the ground. The cops descend on him, pulling his arms behind his back, cuffing him, shoving his face in the dirt.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

The fugitives' patrol car zooms down the highway. Armand holds Kayla's severed hand out the window, still clutching her necklace. The tracking sphere points dead ahead.

EXT. SPACE

A giant, imposing WAR SHIP moves like a leviathan through space. Another one passes along in front of it. Then we see it -- there are THOUSANDS of them, coming together from every direction, from the farthest reaches of the Imperium. This is the IMPERIAL ARMADA, gathered as one for the first time in centuries.

INT. CARDOON'S SHIP - BRIDGE

Through a view screen, Cardoon watches with apprehension as the final ships join the massive fleet. A TROOPER approaches.

TROOPER

The Armada is in place, Admiral.

CARDOON

Then the order is given. Proceed to Earth.

TROOPER

Yes, sir.

EXT. SPACE

The Armada starts to move off en masse, then jumps to hyperspace.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Shawn, looking haggard, sits alone at a table in the otherwise empty room. The door opens. Two FEDS in suits -- AGENTS LAZLO and BURKE -- enter and stand before him.

AGENT LAZLO

Hello, Shawn. I'm Special Agent Lazlo, this is Special Agent Burke. We're with the CIA.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHAWN

Yeah, no shit.

Lazlo grins.

SHAWN

Look, I know how it sounds, but this guy, he's an alien, and he's dangerous. He's got my friend with him, and she's in serious trouble. You've got to believe me.

Lazlo nods to Burke, who opens a file.

AGENT BURKE

This picture was taken two days ago by one of our spy satellites.

Burke tosses the picture on the table. It's a slightly blurry, yet unmistakable photo of LOBO flying towards earth's atmosphere on his star-chopper, a demonic grin on his face.

AGENT LAZLO

We believe you, Shawn. And we'd appreciate your help.

EXT. NORTH PLATTE, NEBRASKA - DAY

The fugitives' patrol car races through the city.

INT. PATROL CAR

Ranna looks in his rearview mirror, sees Lobo's chopper approaching in the distance.

RANNA

The Czarnian!

Armand looks back, sees she's right. He turns to M-4.

ARMAND

Time for you to prove the superiority of mechanized lifeforms.

M-4 turns around, readies its chain-cannons.

EXT. STREET

The back wing of the patrol car SHATTERS. M-4 leaps out and onto the street. He sees Lobo's chopper approaching, makes some calculations.

Satisfied, the droid turns his chain-cannons towards a streetlight and FIRES. The lamppost topples over, precisely at the moment that Lobo's chopper approaches.

It hits Lobo right in the chest. The chopper goes flying out from under him and Kayla, goes careening into a storefront.

Lobo clings to Kayla, protecting her with his massive frame as they go tumbling down the street. He gets the worst of it, but she's still banged up pretty badly. They finally roll to a stop.

Lobo looks up, sees M-4 standing in the middle of the street.

LOBO

(to Kayla)

Stay here.

Lobo draws his mega-gun and strides angrily towards the droid. It unloads its chain-cannons at him. Bullets rip into his body, but he keeps on coming and fires back.

The bounty hunter's bullets PING off the droid's metallic hull, to no effect.

LOBO

Guess I'm gonna have to rip you  
apart with my bare hands.

He keeps on coming. The droid realizes it has to adjust its attack strategy. A PANEL in its arm opens up, and a weapon we haven't seen before rises out of it. M-4 fires and --

A LASER BEAM --

Bursts out of the weapon, slicing open the Czarnian's chest. Lobo SCREAMS in pain. As the wound starts to heal, M-4's laser cuts into him again, tearing open another deep gash.

Lobo makes for the droid, but it's surprisingly fast and nimble. It avoids Lobo's blows and steps up its attack, unleashing a relentless barrage of laser blasts.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

It cuts into Lobo all over his body, faster than his healing factor can handle.

The bounty hunter's losing a lot of blood -- his deathly pale pallor growing even deathlier and paler.

It's all too much for him. He staggers to his chopper, lumbers atop it, stomps the starter, and speeds off down the street, back the way he came.

Kayla watches, can't believe her eyes.

KAYLA

Where are you going?!

M-4 activates its com-link.

M-4

The-Czarnian-has-fled.

INT. PATROL CAR - DAY

Armand speaks into his com-link.

ARMAND

So he fears his own mortality after all. He's not as stupid as he seems. Kill the girl.

EXT. STREET

M-4 turns to Kayla, who backs away fearfully. The droid primes its chain-cannons, locks her in its sites, when we hear the familiar sound of an approaching ROAR.

M-4 turns just in time to see Lobo on his chopper, coming at him at full speed, and holding in his outstretched hand --

HIS HOOK --

THUNK! The Czarnian plunges the hook deep into the droid's metallic body as he roars by. The hook's CHAIN rattles behind the chopper, pulling taut.

M-4 realizes what's happening, but too late, as the droid is yanked savagely into the air.

Lobo drags the droid behind him, bouncing it on the hard asphalt, over and over again. It's a gruesome sight -- sparks fly, robotic pieces break off.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

M-4 desperately extends its laser arm, aims at the chain to free himself. It fires, its laser starting to burn into the metal of the chain's links, when -- BLAM! -- its laser arm gets blown clean off.

Up ahead, a grinning Lobo looks back, holding his SMOKING GUN. The bounty hunter pulls the throttle, and the star-chopper goes airborne, dragging the droid up into the sky along with it.

Gleeful and merciless, Lobo weaves back and forth, throwing M-4 from side to side -- SMASHING savagely into the sides of buildings, into a bus, back against the pavement.

It's literally being smashed to pieces.

The sight is horrific. Even though the droid is just a piece of soulless killing machinery, you can't help but pity it.

M-4 screams a MECHANICAL SCREAM.

Finally, the droid lies scattered in pieces on the street. Its central processor rests in a pool of robotic fluids, its lights weakly flashing out.

M-4

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

(click, click)

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

LOBO'S BOOT

smashes down on its head, crushing it. The bounty hunter bends down, dips his finger in the dead droid's spilled fluids. He tastes it. Not bad.

He coils up his hook as Kayla joins him. Nearby, the droid's com-link device on the ground SQUELCHES. We hear Armand's voice.

ARMAND (V.O.)

(on com-link)

M-4! What is your status?

Lobo picks up the device and talks into it.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

LOBO

They're hiding. Could be anywhere. Inside a rock, a tree, right under our feet. I can't track 'em when they're blended in with solid matter. It's downright unfair.

KAYLA

So what do we do?

LOBO

Nothin' we can do. Get drunk, wait for the Imperium to frag the planet, I guess.

KAYLA

We're not doing that.

LOBO

You got a better idea?

Kayla thinks.

KAYLA

Okay, okay... have you got a record of our route so far?

LOBO

Yeah.

He hits some buttons on his chopper's control panel. A MAP appears on the display screen, with a line indicating their path from Indiana.

KAYLA

There, see? It's basically a straight line. We just keep going along the same path, we'll turn right into him.

LOBO

Or we'll go right past him. Or he could move, and we'll be headed in completely the wrong direction.

KAYLA

You got a better idea?

Lobo grins.

LOBO

Let's do it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She checks the screen again.

KAYLA

Looks like it'll take us straight  
into the mountains. No highways.

LOBO

We'll have to fly.

KAYLA

Fly?

LOBO

Yeah. Up, up and away.

KAYLA

I've never even been on a plane  
before.

LOBO

This ain't no plane.

He gets on the chopper. She climbs on behind him, a  
little nervous.

LOBO

Hang on.

She holds onto him tightly. He ROARS down the street,  
hits the throttle, and the chopper takes off into the  
air.

Behind them, on the street below, Armand rises up out of  
the asphalt, holding Ranna's hand. He solidifies them  
both above ground.

EXT. SKY - DAY

Speeding through the sky, the star-chopper's tires  
retract. Kayla looks down at the ground below, nervous  
but thrilled.

LOBO

Well, what do you think?

KAYLA

Can this thing go any faster?

He grins.

LOBO

I like you, girlie.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He hits the accelerator and tears off at SUPER-SPEED.  
Kayla SCREAMS in delight.

INT. GOVERNMENT BRIEFING ROOM - DAY

Shawn stands before a room full of government OFFICIALS,  
MILITARY PERSONNEL, SCIENTISTS, etc., including Agents  
Lazlo and Burke.

SHAWN

His name's Lobo. He can't be  
killed. I mean, he just heals up,  
you know? Guns, bullets, knives  
can't stop him.

AGENT LAZLO

What can?

SHAWN

Drugs, I think. The other aliens  
injected him with something. It  
seemed to slow him down.

The room makes notes.

AGENT BURKE

What about gas? Does it affect  
him?

SHAWN

I don't know. I guess so.

AGENT LAZLO

Do you know where they are now?

SHAWN

I have no idea.

AGENT BURKE

Your friend... does she happen to  
have a cell phone on her?

EXT. ROCKY MOUNTAINS - DAY

Kayla and Lobo fly on Lobo's bike over the trees of the  
Rocky Mountains. It's real wilderness, not a sign of  
civilization.

LOBO

Nothing around here unless your  
father walks on all fours and  
craps in the woods.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KAYLA

At this point, I'll believe  
anything's possible.

LOBO

(sniffs)

Wait. There's a human up ahead.

KAYLA

(pointing)

Look!

A thin line of smoke rises through some trees on the mountainside before them. Lobo steers towards it and starts to descend.

EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE - DAY

Kayla and Lobo walk into a clearing to find a LOG CABIN, smoke rising from its chimney. An ATV sits parked out front. Before the house stands a bearded MAN IN FLANNEL chopping wood.

Kayla steps towards him. He looks up, startled.

MAN IN FLANNEL

Can I help you?

He notices Lobo, then realizes.

MAN IN FLANNEL

Kayla?

He drops his ax and hurries towards her, takes her in his arms. She starts to cry as her father embraces her. Lobo yawns.

INT. CABIN

Kayla's father, BILL McKEE, takes a pot of coffee off his wooden stove and pours himself and Kayla a mug. Lobo drinks from a bottle of rotgut.

McKEE

I know you have so many questions.

KAYLA

Just one. Why did you leave me?

He takes a seat beside her, searching for what to say.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

McKEE

They came here hundreds of years ago to lock the Drell away in a dimensional prison. They chose Earth because it was so out of the way, so insignificant, no one would suspect. That's why they put a human in charge of guarding the prison Portal, to be its Keeper -- to stop anyone who might come here looking to use the Drell's power. That responsibility was handed down from generation to generation -- until it finally fell to me. You were next in line.

KAYLA

You still haven't answered my question.

McKEE

I didn't want you to bear this burden, Kayla. There are too many secrets. It drove your mother and me apart. And then...

KAYLA

Then what?

McKEE

They killed her. After centuries of waiting and guarding our secret, someone finally came here for the Drell. They tried to use your mother to get to me, and they killed her before I could stop them. I couldn't let anything happen to you. I had to get out of your life to keep you safe.

KAYLA

But the necklace...

McKEE

I knew one day you'd realize you were different. I knew you'd want answers. I'm so sorry for what you've been through.

KAYLA

Not as much as I am.

Lobo clears his throat.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LOBO

I hate to break up this touching little family drama, but I've got to kill me a Drell. So I'd appreciate it if you'd open that Portal for me.

McKEE

I can't do that.

LOBO

See, that was the wrong thing to say.

Lobo pulls a gun on him.

KAYLA

Whoa! Stop! Just wait a second.

McKEE

If I release the Drell, it'll destroy the planet. It's exactly what the Portal-keepers were sworn to stop. I'll die before I do that.

LOBO

Okay. I get it.

He grabs Kayla and puts his gun to her head.

KAYLA

What the hell are you doing?!

LOBO

(to McKee)

You take me to the Drell or girlie here gets splattered all over your cabin wall.

KAYLA

How can you do this?! After all we've been through? Everything you've shown me. You gave me your blood!

LOBO

Nothing personal. But you should know by now -- this is just who I am.

KAYLA

Shawn was right about you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LOBO

Yeah, smart kid. Whatever happened to him, anyway?

McKEE

Please don't do this. You don't know what you're up against.

LOBO

Ooo, I'm shakin' in my boots. You got to the count of three to tell me where the Drell is, or she's going to be joining the missus. One... Two... Thr--

Before he can finish, Lobo's hurled backwards, SMASHING out through the wall of the cabin.

EXT. CABIN

Lobo comes flying out the cabin wall, then keeps on going, breaking painfully through the trunks of trees as he goes. He finally SMASHES hard against a rock face on a mountainside.

INT. CABIN

Kayla stares at her father, astounded.

KAYLA

How did you do that?

He listens, hearing something in the distance.

McKEE

We have to go.

EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE

Lobo groggily gets to his feet.

LOBO

Powers. They gave him fraggin' powers.

He starts back towards the cabin, when a projectile lands on the ground beside him. GAS billows out of it.

He looks up. Three BLACKHAWK HELICOPTERS roar in the sky above.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SOLDIERS fire down a barrage of GAS GRENADES from the choppers. The grenades land all around the bounty hunter, as the air immediately becomes thick with smoke.

He raises his gun and starts blasting, but can't even see where to aim. He tries to move on, starts to stagger.

EXT. WOODS

Kayla races with her father through the woods, until they get to Lobo's chopper. She climbs on.

McKEE

You know how to fly this?

KAYLA

Guess we'll find out. Get on.

He climbs on behind her. She hits a few buttons on the control panel, reaches down with her foot, and STOMPS the starter pedal. The chopper ROARS off into the sky.

EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE

Lobo stumbles blindly through the gas when -- FUMP! FUMP! FUMP! -- a swarm of DARTS hits his body from all sides.

TROOPERS in GAS MASKS emerge through the haze wielding tranquilizer rifles. They keep up the attack, firing more darts into the bounty hunter. He staggers forward, looking like a demonic St. Sebastian, then trips and falls, rolling down a hill.

He comes to a stop on his back, his eyes barely open. Just as he's about to pass out, he hears a familiar ROAR. He looks up through the mist, barely making out the sight of --

KAYLA ON HIS CHOPPER

Flying through the sky with her father. The bike soars off and out of sight.

LOBO

She is so fragged.

He blacks out.

EXT. SPACE

The IMPERIAL ARMADA makes the jump out of hyperspace into our solar system. Passing JUPITER, its enormous shadow creeps across the planet's surface like a black cloud. The Armada heads towards the distant light of EARTH.

EXT. MOUNTAINTOP - DAY

On the remote peak overlooking the Rockies, Kayla stands beside Lobo's chopper with her father.

KAYLA

How did they find us?

McKEE

Do you have a cell phone? It's easy for them to triangulate the signal.

KAYLA

Crap.

She takes her phone out of her pocket. McKee stares at it. It flies out of her hand and goes sailing through the sky, disappearing out of sight.

KAYLA

Okay, one question. What the hell!?

McKEE

You think an ordinary human could guard the Portal? Wouldn't stand a chance. They genetically enhanced the first Keeper -- gave him telekinetic abilities. It's been passed down in our DNA from generation to generation.

KAYLA

(realizing)

Does that mean...

McKee nods.

KAYLA

Well, that explains a few things.

McKEE

It can manifest itself when you're in life-threatening situations.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KAYLA

That pretty much sums up my last seventy-two hours.

McKEE

I can show you how to use it, how to control it.

KAYLA

Please. And I want to know how to be a Keeper. I want to know everything -- where the Portal is, how to open it.

McKEE

Think about this, Kayla. You don't know what this burden means.

KAYLA

If I don't do it, what happens?

McKEE

Then our line dies with me. The Imperium can create a new succession of Keepers, if it chooses. Our family has suffered enough for them.

KAYLA

Those other aliens -- they're out there right now, tracking you. I want to be able to help you fight them.

McKEE

I can protect myself. You don't have to do this.

KAYLA

I've always felt like there was something more for me out there, something else I should be doing. This has to be it.

McKEE

It's not what I wanted for you. You don't know the sacrifices you'll have to make.

KAYLA

It's my choice, isn't it?

Her father nods gravely.

EXT. DESERT MILITARY COMPLEX - DAY

SOLDIERS guard the heavily-fortified complex.

INT. CONTAINMENT CELL

A naked Lobo lies on an examination table. Thick METAL RESTRAINTS around his neck, wrists, ankles and waist are bolted to the table.

A HAZE OF GAS fills the chamber. Two SCIENTISTS in hazmat suits and gas masks stand over him, beside a tray of nasty-looking medical instruments.

The first scientist slices into the skin of Lobo's arm with a scalpel. The wound heals up.

SCIENTIST #1

You believe me now?

SCIENTIST #2

(amazed)

Whoa. His cellular regeneration is almost instantaneous.

SCIENTIST #1

Let's try the drill.

The first scientist picks up a drill and FIRES IT UP, leans in towards Lobo's skull.

EXT. VIEWING ROOM

Through the window, Shawn, Agents Lazlo and Burke, along with several SCIENTISTS and MILITARY PERSONNEL, watch the proceedings. Shawn winces at what he sees.

SHAWN

Is that really necessary?

AGENT LAZLO

Define necessary.

SHAWN

Where's Kayla?

AGENT BURKE

She wasn't with him. We think she may have fled with her father.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHAWN

But the other aliens will be after her.

AGENT LAZLO

Trust me, we're on it.

From the table below, the sound of DRILLING intensifies.

SHAWN

This is not what I thought was going to happen.

AGENT LAZLO

Shawn, sometimes you have to do things... unpleasant things... for the greater good. We need to know how to be able to protect ourselves from threats like him, to keep the peace. You've done a great service for your country and for the world. You should be proud.

Shawn isn't so sure. Through the window, a groggy Lobo calls out.

LOBO

I know you're out there, ya little bastich! When I get outta here, I'm gonna use your skin as a seat cover!

Shawn looks worried. Agent Lazlo turns to a TECHNICIAN.

AGENT LAZLO

More gas, please.

The technician hits a switch, more gas WHOOSHES through vents into the chamber. Lobo passes out again.

EXT. MOUNTAIN GORGE - DAY

Kayla and her father stand in the gorge, rocky with BOULDERS. Kayla points at one of them, concentrating, as her father watches with anticipation.

KAYLA

Go. Fly. Smash!

Nothing happens.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KAYLA

You sure I've got the gene?

McKEE

Just relax. It'll kick in. The more you use it, the easier it gets.

Kayla gives it another try. She looks at the boulder and points. This time, it goes flying, SMASHING against a mountainside. Kayla looks on, astounded.

KAYLA

I did that.

McKEE

Yes, you did.

He puts his arm around her shoulder. The fatherly gesture makes her happy.

KAYLA

So the Portal. You ever opened it?

McKEE

Never. It's forbidden -- until the day the Imperium returns and requests it.

KAYLA

Then how do you know you can even open it?

McKEE

I've been to the site. When you're standing there, you can feel it -- the power. It's a part of you. You know what to do, like you were made for it.

KAYLA

Show me.

McKEE

I don't think you're ready.

KAYLA

Trust me, that's never stopped me before.

Her father is unconvinced.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KAYLA

Look, either take me there now, or I'm going to hit you up for the past seventeen years of allowance you owe me.

He smiles.

INT. CONTAINMENT CELL - NIGHT

Lobo lies unconscious in the gas-filled chamber as the two scientists pack it in for the night. One gathers up their tray of instruments as the other drapes a sheet over Lobo's torso.

SCIENTIST #1

Okay, so we've covered electrical, chemical, and radiation burns, right?

SCIENTIST #2

The guy doesn't disappoint.

They head out, taking the tray of instruments with them.

After they're gone, Lobo unclenches his fist. We see he holds a small SCALPEL.

He flips it up in the air, catching it in his teeth. He turns his head, putting the blade against his shoulder, and starts to saw back and forth.

INT. VIEWING ROOM

A GUARD reads a comic book. He looks up, sees Lobo lying there. Nothing seems amiss. He goes back to his comic.

EXT. SEATTLE - DAY

The city skyline sparkles before the water of Elliot Bay.

EXT. MYRTLE EDWARDS PARK

Kayla and her father pull up on Lobo's chopper and stop beside the park. Kayla sits there, staring out at the bay, mesmerized. Her father notices.

McKEE

You feel it, don't you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She doesn't answer, just gets off the bike and walks to the edge of the water, drawn to it. Her father joins her at her side.

KAYLA

It's like every part of me wants to do it. How can you stop yourself?

McKEE

Because I know what the consequences would be.

Kayla keeps looking at the water, transfixed. McKee grows uneasy.

McKEE

I think we should go now.

Just then, a small object comes flying at McKee and taps him in the chest.

He looks down. Pressing against him is a metallic sphere on a necklace chain, attached to a severed hand.

Just as he realizes what's happening, a RESTRAINING COLLAR clamps around his neck.

KAYLA

Dad?!

Behind Kayla, Armand rises up from the ground and CLAMPS a restraining collar around her neck as well. Ranna steps before them, aiming a sleek, HIGH-TECH WEAPON at them.

McKee raises his arms, tries to hurl the aliens away with a telekinetic attack -- but nothing happens.

ARMAND

Frustrating, isn't it? To be unable to use your own abilities -- the things that make you unique.

Kayla struggles to pull off her collar.

ARMAND

You won't be able to remove them. Believe me, Ranna and I tried many times over the years. It's top-of-the-line Imperial technology. They identify the most exotic abilities in your genetic makeup and neutralize them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He turns to McKee.

ARMAND

Now, Portal-keeper. I give you the honor of helping me usher in the most glorious era the galaxy has ever known. Free the Drell.

McKee stares at him, defiant.

McKEE

I won't.

ARMAND

You wound me.

KAYLA

I'd like to wound you.

Armand smiles -- then plunges his phased arm inside of her. She winces. Armand turns to her father.

ARMAND

It's been such a long time since you've been together. Would you lose her again so soon? Open it.

McKee looks at his daughter, distraught.

McKEE

No.

ARMAND

Don't bluff me.

RANNA

He's not.

Ranna steps closer to Kayla's father, looks into his eyes.

RANNA

I can see it in his mind. He's willing to let her die, much as it pains him. He'll never open the Portal.

ARMAND

So be it.

He readies to kill Kayla.

RANNA

Wait!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She turns to Kayla, reading her thoughts.

RANNA

This one... this one is different.  
She wants to open it -- to prove  
to herself just how special she  
is.

KAYLA

No...

RANNA

But more than that. Unlike him,  
she won't watch her loved one die.

Armand removes his arm from Kayla's body and plunges into  
her father's chest.

ARMAND

(to Kayla)  
Do it, then.

Kayla hesitates. Armand solidifies slightly, moves his  
arm around inside her father's chest. McKee WRITHES in  
agony.

McKEE

Kayla... please, don't...

KAYLA

I'm so sorry.

Ranna aims a small device at Kayla's collar, hits the  
button, transmits a security code. Kayla's collar opens  
with a CLICK. Ranna removes it.

Kayla casts one last look at her father, then turns to  
the bay, takes a deep breath, and raises her hands.

The waters begin to BUBBLE and CHURN, then split into two  
watery walls, separating to reveal the bay floor beneath,  
like Moses parting the Red Sea. From the newly uncovered  
ground arises --

THE GATEWAY

A giant circle of stone, thirty feet in diameter, carved  
with ancient alien runes. We can see through its center,  
not yet activated.

ARMAND

Open the Portal. Free the Drell.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

But Kayla needs no convincing now. It's as if she's compelled to finish the act -- enraptured by the power. The Gateway begins to HUM and PULSATE.

A PINPOINT OF ENERGY...

Appears in its center. It grows wider, shimmering, warping time and space itself, as it spreads open, to reveal the dimension on the other side.

It looks like hell itself -- red sky, fire, boiling sea, smoke and ash. The scars from containing the Drell for hundreds of years.

McKee lowers his head, knows what's coming. Armand pulls his arm free from him and joins Ranna at her side. They look on in wonder and anticipation, peering through the Portal to the other dimension.

ARMAND

(in a whisper)

Where is it?

A huge TENTACLE springs out, LASHING onto the edge of the stone Gateway. Another appears, then another, all grabbing hold of the Gateway's edge. The creature pulls itself up, through the Portal, and into our world. We finally see it --

THE DRELL

It's the stuff of nightmares. Thirty feet high, it's humanoid in shape -- legs, arms, torso, like a man. But its face is ghastly and inhuman -- its eyes cold and black, its features contorted with rage.

Huge, powerful tentacles spring out from alongside its body, flailing at its sides, discharging CRACKLING energy.

It lets loose a horrifying, other-worldly HOWL of fury, shaking the ground itself.

Kayla drops to her knees, overwhelmed and exhausted, as the Portal collapses.

The creature notices Armand and the others staring. It lurches towards them with unbridled blood lust, propelling itself along with its legs and tentacles, intent on killing them all.

Armand turns to Ranna.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARMAND

My love...

Ranna raises her hands, making a telepathic link with the creature, seizing control of its sentient, but malleable mind.

The Drell stops in its tracks, as if in a daze.

RANNA

It's under our control.

ARMAND

And so it begins.

He turns to Kayla's father.

ARMAND

I thank you and your family for your help. Unfortunately, you've outlived your usefulness.

He starts towards him, his arm outstretched, when -- CLICK! -- a RESTRAINING COLLAR fastens around Armand's neck. He whirls around, stunned to see --

RANNA

Pointing her weapon at him.

ARMAND

What's this?!

RANNA

Forgive me, my love.

ARMAND

Why? You were to be my queen.

RANNA

And how much power does a queen have while a king still lives?

She gestures to the Drell. One of its giant tentacles wraps itself around Armand, lifts him into the air.

ARMAND

No!

The tentacle tightens around him and starts to CRACKLE as it breaks down his molecular structure, converting his matter into energy -- FEEDING off it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Armand's body turns to ash in its grasp, falling apart as he SCREAMS.

KAYLA

Awakens from her stupor, suddenly aware of what she's just done. She sees her father sitting helpless on the ground, the Drell striding towards him.

She stands, musters her strength, and telekinetically PULLS the Drell back towards the Gateway.

Ranna sees what's happening as the Portal opens, the fiery dimension visible within.

RANNA

(to Kayla)

No you don't.

Ranna guides the Drell with her mind. As Kayla pulls the creature towards the Portal, its tentacles catch hold of the edges of the Gateway, preventing itself from going through. It PUSHES BACK with all its might.

It's too strong for Kayla. The creature breaks free of her mental grasp, and she falls to her knees, the Portal closing once again.

McKEE

Kayla!

McKee races across the Park to his daughter. He's nearly reached her, when he's snatched off the ground by the Drell's TENTACLE. Kayla watches as it squeezes around him, CRACKLING, starting to break down his molecular structure.

KAYLA

No!!!

Kayla lifts a parked CAR with her mind and HURLS it at the tentacle clutching her father, SMASHING the vehicle down hard upon it.

It releases its hold on him, dropping him to the ground.

Kayla runs to him, takes him in her arms, and telekinetically hurls them both up into the sky.

INT. CONTAINMENT CELL - DAY

Lobo lies as before, the blanket covering his torso, his arms still bound at the wrists by the thick metal restraints.

The Scientists enter in their hazmat suits, carrying their tray of instruments.

SCIENTIST #1

So what's first?

SCIENTIST #2

I say we remove the entire epidermis and see how long it takes to grow back. Then we'll try again with the muscles, and work our way down to the bone, if there's time.

The Scientist pulls off the blanket to find the table and Lobo covered in blood. Lobo's arms have been severed.

SCIENTIST #1

What the hell happened here?

He gets his answer quickly, as --

LOBO'S NEW, REGENERATED ARMS...

LASH OUT from underneath him and clutch the scientists around their throats.

LOBO

Hey, fellas. You know how an animal chews off its own leg to free itself from a trap? That's me!

The first Scientist calls desperately to the viewing window.

SCIENTIST #1

(choking)

More gas! More gas!

Gas starts to fill the room. Lobo grins. He hurls one of the Scientists through the glass viewing window. It SHATTERS, the gas pouring into viewing room. SOLDIERS and SCIENTISTS looking on pass out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Lobo throws the other Scientist aside. Mustering his strength, he RIPS OFF the other metal restraint. He gets off the table, stark naked, and bellows.

LOBO

Now where are my fraggin'  
clothes?!

EXT. HIGH-RISE ROOFTOP - DAY

Kayla and her father land hard on the roof of the building.

KAYLA

Dad?

He's barely conscious. She realizes it's too late for him. His molecular structure is breaking down -- his body is rippling, beginning to turn to ash.

McKEE

Listen to me. You've got to stop  
it. You have to send it back.

KAYLA

I can't. I'm not strong enough.

McKEE

Get help. Find the Czarnian. I  
know you can do this.

He convulses, his body breaking down more quickly.

KAYLA

Dad... I'm so sorry.

He touches her face, she holds his hand.

McKEE

No, I'm sorry. I should have been  
with you... all those wasted  
years. Kayla, I --

But he can't finish his sentence, as his body's molecular structure completely breaks down. He TURNS TO ASH before her, his hand dissolving in hers.

His restraining collar snaps open, falls to the ground, as the ashes that were his body scatter on the wind.

Kayla weeps. She goes to the edge of the roof, looks down below.

## THE DRELL

Strides away from the bay, towards the city. It picks up Ranna with a giant tentacle and carries her aloft like an Empress.

The creature cuts down anything in its path, wrapping its tentacles around TAXIS, TRAIN CARS, BUILDINGS, etc. -- absorbing their energy, turning them all to ash.

Kayla spots Lobo's chopper, still parked by the bay below. Determined now, she takes a running start and LEAPS off the edge of the rooftop.

## EXT. MYRTLE EDWARDS PARK

Kayla telekinetically lowers herself to the ground by Lobo's chopper. She eyes the controls frantically.

KAYLA

Which one was it?

She touches a few buttons on the communications console.

KAYLA

Hello?

## INT. CARDOON'S SHIP - BRIDGE

Cardoon stands as the SQUELCH of Kayla's voice cuts through the air, and her HOLOGRAPHIC IMAGE appears.

KAYLA (V.O.)

Hello? Is anybody there?

CARDOON

What's this?! Where's Lobo?

KAYLA (V.O.)

That's what I'm trying to find out. I need his help. The Drell is here -- it's destroying everything.

CARDOON

The Drell's been released? Then it's already too late.

KAYLA (V.O.)

No, it's not!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARDOON

Who are you?

KAYLA (V.O.)

I'm... the Portal-keeper.

CARDOON

Then you must realize that even now, the Drell is converting matter to energy. When it builds up enough power, it will be able to teleport itself anywhere in the galaxy. I can't let that happen.

KAYLA (V.O.)

Look, if I can find Lobo, we can stop it together. You can help us.

CARDOON

I'm afraid not. The Armada has already entered your solar system. We will be in position soon, and I will not delay our mission. However... I may be able to help you locate Lobo.

KAYLA (V.O.)

How?

CARDOON

We implanted a translator chip in his brain. What we didn't tell him is that it has additional security features.

KAYLA (V.O.)

I don't know what the hell you're talking about.

CARDOON

We wanted to be able to track him, among other things. So the chip emits a signal which allows us to do just that. I can download its signature into your vehicle's navigation computer, and it will lead you to him.

KAYLA (V.O.)

Do it!

Cardoon hits a few buttons.

EXT. MYRTLE EDWARDS PARK

A screen on the chopper's control panel alights, showing icons of Kayla's current location and Lobo's.

CARDOON

Do you have it?

KAYLA

I think so, yeah.

CARDOON

Then find him -- quickly. If, by some miracle, you stop the Drell, contact me immediately, and I'll call off the attack. If not, may the gods have mercy on your soul.

KAYLA

Thanks. I guess.

She jumps on the chopper, stomps the starter pedal, and ROARS off.

INT. MILITARY COMPLEX - DAY

Alarms BLARE, KLAXONS sound as a naked Lobo makes his way through the complex. Two SOLDIERS unload on him. He takes no notice, just grabs them and SMASHES their heads together.

He snatches up their weapons and starts striding through the complex, PICKING OFF people as he goes.

INT. STORAGE AREA

Lobo kicks in the door of the room and pulls open a drawer, finds his hook and chain along with his clothes, sealed in plastic.

LOBO

Least they coulda done was had 'em dry-cleaned...

He starts to pull on his clothes. Another armed SOLDIER appears in the doorway. Barely a distraction, Lobo hurls him against the wall, without even looking at him or pausing as he dresses.

EXT. DESERT - DAY

Kayla tears over the desert landscape on Lobo's chopper.

EXT. MILITARY COMPLEX - DAY

Alarms BLARE, MILITARY VEHICLES zoom by, SOLDIERS race about in all directions. Shawn finds himself staggering through the mayhem, freaked out, at a loss of what to do.

He hears GUNSHOTS, turns to see --

LOBO

KICKING OPEN a door and BLASTING his way across the complex. Lobo looks up, spots him.

SHAWN

Oh, crap.

Shawn takes off running, but Lobo easily catches up to him. The bounty hunter grabs him, tosses him painfully into a wall.

SHAWN

Look, I just wanted Kayla to be safe, that's all. I swear, I never would have helped them if I knew what they were going to do to you.

LOBO

You mean you never would have helped them if you knew what I was going to do to you.

Shawn finally snaps. He stands defiantly, staring Lobo down.

SHAWN

You want to kill me? Fine! Go ahead and do it, you big, blue, stupid son of a bitch!

He opens his arms wide. Lobo grins, brandishes his hook, and starts towards Shawn, when -- BAM! -- Kayla and the chopper slam into him as she comes in for a landing too fast, sending him flying sideways.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Lobo pulls himself up off the ground, his neck broken, head hanging at a grotesque angle. He stares daggers at Kayla, straightening his head with a sickening CRACK.

LOBO

The only thing I can figure is you got a death wish. Well, you came to the right place, girlie.

He starts towards her.

KAYLA

The Drell! The Drell is here.

Those are the magic words. Lobo stops, grins eagerly.

LOBO

I'm driving.

KAYLA

Please.

Lobo climbs on the chopper, Kayla settles in behind him. Shawn sees her.

SHAWN

Kayla!

She doesn't hear him over the noise. Shawn races determinedly towards her. As Lobo STOMPS the starter pedal, Shawn LEAPS, grabbing onto the back of the chopper as it roars off and up into the sky.

EXT. DESERT SKY

Shawn dangles behind the chopper, hangs on for dear life. Lobo looks behind him, does a double-take.

LOBO

Lousy bastich!

The bounty hunter reaches back, tries to take a swipe at him. The chopper goes flying erratically.

KAYLA

No!

Shawn loses his grip and falls off. Kayla raises her hands and telekinetically pulls him back up through the air. He hovers there, just over the back of the chopper, pulled along with it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KAYLA

It's okay. I've got you.

Shawn, freaked out, looks around in disbelief.

SHAWN

What?!

KAYLA

Long story.

LOBO

I'm gonna frag him!

KAYLA

Later! Stay focused!

Lobo grumbles and heads on. She turns to Shawn.

KAYLA

What are you doing here?

SHAWN

I just wanted to say I'm sorry.  
And to tell you that you mean more  
to me than anything in the world.

KAYLA

Okay.

SHAWN

(relieved)

Okay.

He takes a deep breath, tries to relax.

SHAWN

(then, noticing)

Why do you have a blue hand?

EXT. SPACE

The Imperial Armada moves into position around earth, surrounding it in perfect formation. Thousands of ships ready their massive PARTICLE CANNONS, aiming them at every inch of the planet's surface.

EXT. SEATTLE - DAY

Half the city lies in ruins, strewn with ash and debris. Smoke turns the noon sun red.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

We realize we've seen a sight like this before -- the Czarnian colony where baby Lobo was pulled from the rubble.

The Drell continues on its rampage, holding Ranna aloft, gaining power as it goes.

A POLICE HELICOPTER flies overhead. The creature hurls a tentacle around it, turning it to ash, then sets its sights on a new target -- THE SPACE NEEDLE.

The Drell strides over to the building, wrapping its tentacles around its base. With a CRACKLE, the molecular structure of the building starts to break down -- matter turning to ash in a wave that spreads from the bottom of the structure and up towards the familiar saucer.

But just before the wave gets to the top, the saucer breaks off and hovers in the air, just like -- well, a FLYING SAUCER.

Ranna looks on, confused, when --

LOBO'S CHOPPER

Soars INTO VIEW. Kayla holds her hands before her, keeping the saucer aloft, while keeping Shawn hovering over the bike behind her. She moves the saucer across the sky to safety, setting it down in the middle of an intersection, far from the creature's reach.

Lobo looks down at the Drell and smiles.

LOBO

Hey, you ugly bastich! Remember me? I've gotten taller!

The creature HURLS OUT a tentacle to grab the chopper, but Lobo outmaneuvers it, zipping clear of its grasp.

The bounty hunter pulls out a MEGA-GUN, aims and FIRES. Bullets rip into the tentacle. Stored up energy ARCS out of its damaged flesh.

Lobo swings back around, flying in closer towards the creature. He stands up on the seat of the chopper, brandishing his gun in one hand, his hook in the other.

LOBO

(to Kayla)  
It's all yours.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He LEAPS off the chopper and lands on top of the Drell, grabbing hold of its monstrous neck. Kayla quickly takes the controls.

KAYLA

He's got to warn me when he does that.

Lobo slashes at the Drell's giant throat with his hook, holding tight as the enraged creature tries to throw him off.

Kayla drops Shawn onto the seat behind her, then spots Ranna riding atop one of the Drell's tentacles.

KAYLA

(to Shawn)

I've got a job for you, if we get close enough.

She reaches for something in a compartment beside her.

ON THE DRELL BELOW

Lobo still hacks at the creature's throat. It hurls its tentacles at him, but Lobo keeps them at bay with his mega-gun, BLASTING into them as they get close.

A TENTACLE wraps around Lobo's gun, ripping it from his grasp, as another snakes itself around Lobo's shooting arm. The molecules in his arm start to disintegrate. Lobo SCREAMS in pain, when --

BLAM! The tentacle gets blown to bits, releasing the bounty hunter. To his surprise, Lobo looks over to see --

SHAWN

on the back of the chopper, holding the Czarnian's SMOKING MEGA-GUN. Shawn tosses the weapon back to Lobo, whose damaged arm is already healing.

LOBO

(to Shawn)

I'm still gonna frag ya!

Now Kayla concentrates and gives the creature a powerful TELEKINETIC SHOVE backwards, towards the bay. It struggles, its tentacles flailing, but can't get a hold of anything solid in the wasteland of its own making.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Kayla gives it another SHOVE. Both Lobo and Ranna hang on for dear life as the creature goes flying backwards, headed for the stone Gateway rising above the bay.

EXT. MYRTLE EDWARDS PARK - DAY

The Drell topples backwards in front of the Gateway. Ranna is thrown aside, as Lobo keeps up his assault.

Kayla brings the chopper in for a landing and leaps off. She turns to the Gateway and concentrates, opening the Portal. The hell dimension appears on the other side. She calls to Lobo.

KAYLA

Get off of it! I'm going to send it through.

Lobo looks behind him, sees the Portal, realizes what she's up to. And he doesn't like it one bit.

LOBO

I didn't come here to lock this bastich up again, I came here to frag it!

But Kayla doesn't wait. She gives the creature another TELEKINETIC SHOVE. It flies towards the Portal with Lobo atop it, then catches the edges of the Gateway with its tentacles, holding tight. Kayla starts to redouble her efforts, to give it one final push, when --

TWO SLENDER HANDS

take hold of her head from behind. Her eyes go wide.

Ranna stands behind her, taking control of her mind with a TELEPATHIC LINK.

RANNA

Poor girl... what a life you've had. So much pain.

We see FLASHES of their link -- images of KAYLA as a FOUR-YEAR-OLD at her mother's funeral... then as a 10-YEAR-OLD, hiding her face in her pillow as her stepfather screams angry, drunken obscenities at her from outside her bedroom door... now as she watches her father dying before her, turning to ash in the wind.

Kayla falls to her knees, eyes filled with tears.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The Drell regains its strength, pushing itself free from the Gateway, and hurling Lobo off its back. It strides towards Kayla.

Ranna smiles, knowing she's won, when -- CLICK! -- a RESTRAINING COLLAR snaps closed around her neck. She whirls around to see Shawn standing there. He shrugs.

SHAWN

Sorry.

Ranna's telepathic link with the Drell now gone, the creature stops in its tracks, regaining control of its mind -- and it's pissed.

It bounds towards Ranna. She frantically struggles to remove her collar, to no avail. The Drell grabs hold of her with two tentacles, lifts her up in the air, then RIPS her in two as her body turns to ash.

Kayla crumples to the ground, her mind and body exhausted. Shawn goes to her side, tries to help her up, as the Drell turns its gaze upon them.

SHAWN

Kayla... you've got to get up...  
do that thing you do...

But she's too weak. The Drell starts for them. Shawn lifts her in his arms and takes off running, but it's useless. The Drell hurls its CRACKLING tentacles towards them, just inches away when --

LOBO'S CHOPPER

ROARS in front of the creature's face.

LOBO

We ain't done yet.

The Czarnian PLUNGES his hook deep in the hole he'd carved in the creature's throat, then begins to circle the monster, wrapping the chain around its neck again and again, tighter and tighter.

Lobo hits the throttle and DRAGS the flailing creature across the park and through the Portal, into the hell dimension.

Shawn helps Kayla to her feet.

SHAWN

Close it! Close it now!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KAYLA

I can't just leave him in there.

SHAWN

What do you think he'd do?

EXT. HELL DIMENSION

The Drell isn't happy to be back at home. It thrashes and SHRIEKS with fury. Lobo swings his chopper around again, heading back towards the Portal to Earth, when --

A TENTACLE

Winds around his neck. It CRACKLES as it starts to break down Lobo's molecular structure. He SCREAMS as his neck starts to turn to ash.

Lobo's tissues start to regenerate themselves, healing his wounds, but the Drell tightens its grip and snakes its tentacles around the bounty hunter's face.

Lobo's arms reach down, grab his mega-guns, and point them at this own head. He pulls the triggers. BLAM!!!

When the smoke clears, the tentacles have been blown to bits -- and Lobo is headless.

After a beat, his head regenerates. He opens his mouth wide, stretches his new facial muscles.

LOBO

Huh. That's good to know.

He hits the THROTTLE and fires through the Portal to Earth, yanking the Drell behind him.

EXT. MYRTLE EDWARDS PARK

Kayla and Shawn watch as Lobo comes flying out the Portal, towing the Drell on his chain.

SHAWN

What the hell is he doing?! Why is he bringing it back here?

Lobo looks behind him, sees the Drell is nearly halfway through.

LOBO

Now, girlie!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Kayla understands. She raises her arms and closes the portal, collapsing it onto the Drell with the force that only an inter-dimensional portal can offer.

The creature SCREAMS a terrifying Drell scream as it's cleaved in twain -- one half of its body falls to the ground here, the other half in the other dimension.

Its half-body squirms a moment, then stops moving altogether. Dead Drell.

Lobo gets off his chopper, kneels beside the creature's body.

LOBO

Let's call it even.

He turns to Kayla.

LOBO

Not bad, little girl.

She beams, then remembers.

KAYLA

The Armada!

LOBO

Right, right...

He moves slowly to his chopper, then stops.

LOBO

Although it would be kinda fun to watch this crap-hole of a planet get fragged for no reason. What do you say?

KAYLA

Maybe if it was just my high school. But the whole planet? I don't know.

LOBO

(shrugs)  
Your call.

He hits a button on the panel of his bike.

LOBO

Hey, Bug-head...

INT. CARDOON'S SHIP - BRIDGE

A hologram of Lobo appears near Cardoon.

LOBO

The Main Man has delivered. As usual.

Cardoon barks an order.

CARDOON

Power down all weapons!

EXT. SPACE - MOMENTS LATER

The Armada pulls away from Earth, zipping off into hyperspace in all directions.

EXT. MYRTLE EDWARDS PARK

A chunk of TENTACLE crackles near a flame.

We see Lobo has skewered a chunk of DRELL MEAT on his hook, as he happily cooks it with the fiery exhaust from his chopper. Kayla and Shawn watch as he takes a bite.

LOBO

Not bad. Anybody?

KAYLA

No thanks.

SHAWN

Pass.

He continues eating when Cardoon and a squadron of TROOPERS walk up before them. Lobo stands up.

LOBO

What's up, Bug-head?

CARDOON

The Armada's dispersed and has begun the task of salvaging what's left of the Imperium.

LOBO

So it's a happy ending for everybody. I got rid of the Drell, the fugitives are dead, and you've still got your job.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LOBO (CONT'D)

Now, if you'll excuse me, I'll be heading out of here and on my way to the nearest pleasure planet.

CARDOON

Unfortunately, it's not that simple.

LOBO

What the hell do you mean by that?

Cardoon takes out a device and presses a button. Lobo SCREAMS and crumples to his knees, clutching the back of his head in pain.

CARDOON

I'm sorry, but the implant has many purposes -- universal translation, tracking... and behavioral modification.

KAYLA

What are you doing?

CARDOON

In spite of everything, I care about you, Lobo. Really, I do. Which is why I can't have you roaming free about the galaxy, causing trouble for yourself, for me, and for the Imperium. This is necessary.

Lobo lunges at him. He turns up the device. Lobo writhes in agony.

CARDOON

(to the troopers)  
Take him down.

KAYLA

No!

Troopers raise high-tech GAS-LAUNCHERS, aim them at Lobo.

Suddenly, their weapons fly from their hands and go soaring into the distance. Cardoons turns to Kayla.

CARDOON

Did you just...?

KAYLA

Get back on your ship and get the hell off my planet.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARDOON

Young lady, think carefully about what you're doing. You've spent time with him. You know what he is. He's a danger to all of us -- to civilization itself.

KAYLA

I know what he is. I just have one question. You guys caught the Drell a long time ago, right? You were able to transport it to that other dimension.

CARDOON

Yes.

KAYLA

So why didn't you just leave it there? I mean, why have a Portal at all? None of this would have happened. Nobody would have died.

Cardoon doesn't answer.

LOBO

They didn't want to get rid of it. They wanted to keep it in their back pocket, in case they ever needed it again.

CARDOON

The Imperium has a right to protect its security interests!

LOBO

Even if that means protecting a giant, mass-murdering monster, huh?

Cardoon hits the device again. Lobo SCREAMS. Cardoon looks to Kayla.

CARDOON

Young lady, my patience is wearing thin, so I'll make your choice simple for you. Let us take him, and we'll never bother you or your world again. You'll be free to live out the rest of your life here. But if you try to stop us, you make yourself an enemy of the Imperium.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARDOON (CONT'D)

You won't be able to hide here or anywhere else in the galaxy for the rest of your days. Now, what do you say?

Kayla weighs this. She looks over at Lobo, helpless on the ground, red eyes seething with hatred. She turns over to Shawn, his look imploring her to take the offer.

She turns back to Cardoon.

KAYLA

I say... frag you, ya bastich!

She raises her arms, and --

THE PORTAL

Opens wide. Cardoon and the Troopers rise off the ground, and Kayla hurls them through the Portal. Cardoon SCREAMS as he flies helplessly into the dimension on the other side.

In an instant, Kayla closes the Portal, sealing them in. The stone Gateway lowers down into the floor of the bay, the waters returning, covering it back up forever.

Lobo sits up, rubbing the back of his head, gives her a demonic smile.

LOBO

Well, how 'bout that?

SHAWN

How could you do that? Didn't you hear what he said? You're never going to be safe again. What are you going to do? Where are you going to go?

She looks over at Lobo.

LOBO

All right, fine. You can tag along with me for a while. But the minute I get sick of that mouth of yours, I'm tossing your ass in a black hole.

KAYLA

Deal.

SHAWN

You're not going with him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KAYLA

I wanted to see the world. Turns out even that's not big enough for me. I know where I belong now.

SHAWN

But you can't just leave. What about us? I thought we were going to be together.

She walks right up to him, then kisses him -- hard. He's left reeling.

KAYLA

Something to remember me by.

She climbs on the back of Lobo's space-hog.

LOBO

Glad to finally be getting off this rock.

KAYLA

You and me both.

Lobo stomps the starter pedal. Shawn watches as the star-chopper tears off into the sky.

EXT. SPACE

Lobo's chopper fires out of earth's atmosphere. Kayla's eyes go wide with wonder at the sight before her.

Billions of stars of different colors surround them. NEBULAE swirl in the distant sky, COMETS burn bright across the stellar void.

As Kayla takes in the astounding sight, she smiles. This is it. She's finally going where she belongs.

LOBO

Hang on, girlie.

She holds Lobo tighter as he hits the accelerator and his bike ROARS away into the cosmos.

FADE OUT.

THE END