

DEAD HUMANS

An Adult-Animation Comedy Pilot

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TEASER

INT. STADIUM - NIGHT

A dull roar fills the stadium as we look onto an empty stage.

A pair of black chucks walks into frame as the crowd goes wild. We pan up to see DAN ALVAREZ (20s), a young man in punk rock garb with an electric guitar strapped around him. He stands front and center with an indiscernible rock band backing him up.

DAN
(into the mic)
Hello! We are Dead Humans, and we
just wanna say... Fuck the System!

He starts strumming a fast beat on his guitar as the crowd goes wild.

We finally see that the stadium is filled with strange and diverse alien lifeforms, all moshing around to the song.

Dan is rocking out onstage, when he hears a voice from the crowd.

LENNY
No, fuck you!

Dan looks down into the crowd and sees his boss Lenny, a slimy reptilian alien in a wannabe-nice suit.

CUT TO:

INT. BAR, KITCHEN - NIGHT

Dan is standing in a grungy kitchen with a janitor's apron on and holding a mop as a guitar.

LENNY
The System writes your paycheck, so
shut the hell up and get back to
work!

Dan looks dejectedly down at the puddle of slop he's supposed to be mopping up.

DAN
Hey Lenny, I was wondering if you
had any chance to think about maybe
giving me some time on stage?
(MORE)

DAN (CONT'D)

You know, I could work a double to make up the time.

LENNY

Listen Danny boy, you got spunk, but no one wants to hear a whiny primate sing about his dead family, alright?

DAN

Well I can come up with some more material if you just give me a-

LENNY

It's not gonna happen kid! There's too many good acts out there to spare any stage time for a nobody.

DAN

But how can I become a somebody if you never give me a-

LENNY

Let me make this perfectly clear. You will NEVER play a note on that stage. Got it?

Lenny leaves Dan dejected and alone in the dirty kitchen.

Just then, a dull roar rises from the crowd outside the kitchen. Dan peeps out through the server window to see a band taking the stage.

INT. BAR, STAGE - NIGHT

The band plug in their instruments and start to play. SPORE, a sentient mushroom with a strong stoner vibe, plays lead guitar; VIX, an emo/goth porcupinesque humanoid, slaps her bass; and PERT, a large clunky robot with metal spikes on his head, wails on drums.

The rowdy crowd of diverse alien life is skeptical about the band's sound, which is a rough but promising attempt at punk rock. A few BOOs and jeers come from various creatures.

Dan emerges from the kitchen with stars in his eyes as he watches the band tear it up.

As the band finishes the intro and moves into the first verse, ORB, a shining ball of light, flies to center stage and starts singing on the mic.

ORB

*The quantum state of antimatter
within a black hole is inversely
proportional to the energy of...*

The boos and insults from the crowd grow louder with Orb's mathematical lyrics.

Even Dan cringes at the clash of styles.

Orb tries to continue, but gets fed up.

ORB (CONT'D)

You imbecilic peons! If you would
just listen to what I'm saying-

A bottle flies at Orb, but it simply gets absorbed into his glowing body.

The band stops playing and look at each other disappointedly as the crowd boos them off the stage.

Dan watches as they exit and gets an idea- just as a bulbous DRUNK ALIEN pukes itself inside out on his shoes.

END TEASER

INT. BAR - NIGHT

The band are drowning their sorrows in several bottles at a table in the corner of the bar.

Dan tries to casually eavesdrop as he mops nearby.

SPORE

Well at least we got through the intro this time.

VIX

Barely.

PERT

It was a total of 43 seconds.

VIX

We don't need to know exactly how much we suck, Pert.

ORB

If these cretins only understood the knowledge I am trying to bestow on them-

SPORE

Yeah about that, have you ever thought of writing something other than... math?

ORB

Mathematics is the language of the universe.

VIX

Math is for nerds! We need real lyrics Orb!

PERT

Vix is right, Orb. Organic beings largely connect to music emotionally rather than intellectually.

ORB

Well we don't have to worry about anything intellectual coming from the vermin.

VIX

That's it Tinkerbell!

Vix's quills stand on end and her claws come out, as she lunges at Orb, only to have her claws singed by his body.

Spore breaks up the fight.

SPORE

Come on guys, no fighting in the band!

ORB

Stupid mammal.

Orb absorbs the rest of his drink and levitates away.

SPORE

That dude literally sucks.

VIX

We need a new frontman! I can't stand that little ball of cancer anymore.

PERT

The odds of finding another songwriter on this planet-

VIX

Don't tell me the odds! There's gotta be some idiot on this rock who can string a sentence together.

Dan sheepishly approaches their table.

DAN

Hey great show guys!

VIX

Fuck off mop boy!

Dan is deflated. He throws down his mop and trudges off.

Vix finishes her drink and slams it down.

VIX (CONT'D)

I'm gettin' another drink, who's coming?

Pert stands and escorts Vix to the bar.

AT THE BAR

Vix and Pert approach the bar.

PERT

Two vaporizers please.

The multi-tentacled BARTENDER pours two glasses of steaming, glowing liquid at once and slams them down. Vix and Pert each take a big gulp and turn to watch the band on stage.

ON STAGE: a pair of floating spheres - one mechanical, and one an amorphous membrane of some kind - make dubsteppy music by moving their bodies. The mechanical sphere shifts and spins its parts to make the drum track, while the fluid sphere provides the synth tracks by shifting its shape and glowing on different parts of its body.

Vix turns to a big burly BARFLY, who's a literal fly, sitting next to her at the bar.

VIX

These guys blow, am I right?

BARFLY

Who asked you?

VIX

Your mother did last night when she was taking this guy's big metal dick.

PERT

I don't have a-

VIX

Shut up Pert.

The BARFLY drunkenly stands and squares off to Vix.

BARFLY

My mother sacrificed herself so my brothers and I would have something to eat when we were born. You wanna say something else about her?

PERT

Is it true your species eat feces?

The BARFLY goes to grab Vix, but she extends her quills, which slice up his hand. He screams and dunks his hand into the drink of the SLUG sitting next to him.

SLUG

What the?

The SLUG slaps the drink away, which flies and smashes on Pert's face, causing him to short-circuit a bit.

VIX

Hey!

Vix grabs a saltshaker and hurls it at the slug. It breaks on him, and he starts to disintegrate.

SLUG

AHHHHHH!!!!

The fight continues to make its way down the bar, involving more patrons as it grows.

Vix and Pert stand off against the Barfly, when a MOSQUITO intercedes and holds back the BARFLY.

MOSQUITO

Come on Jeff, it's not worth it.
Think of your kids.

The BARFLY tears up, and starts bawling uncontrollably. The MOSQUITO turns to Vix and Pert.

MOSQUITO (CONT'D)

Sorry about that guys, he's had a bad day. He just got relocated by the System.

VIX

Oh that sucks.

BARFLY

Can you imagine telling 8 million little larvae that they have to find all new friends? Can you?!

PERT

I can't even reproduce.

Vix grabs her drinks and starts heading away.

VIX

Sorry for messing with you man.
Good luck with all that.

Pert grabs his drink and starts to follow her, but stops and throws up a metallic middle finger.

PERT

Fuck the System.

The two bugs stand there dumbfounded for a moment.

MOSQUITO

Fuck the System?

Vix and Pert leave behind a full-on saloon style bar fight.

AT THE BOOTH

Vix and Pert make their way back to the rest of the band.

VIX

Yo, we should probably blow this
joint before-

Vix is cut off by the front door being burst open by a
faction of CHROMIES, expensive-looking but ineffectual
robotic law enforcers.

VIX (CONT'D)

Shit.

The Chromies immediately disperse across the bar and ready
their weapons.

Dan slyly ducks back into the kitchen.

CHROMIES

Stop. In the name of the System.

The fighting pauses for a moment.

AT THE BAR

The BARFLY and MOSQUITO have a TWO-HEADED ALIEN in a double
headlock.

BARFLY

Fuck the System!

The BARFLY throws the TWO-HEADED ALIEN into a wall of
Chromies, knocking them over.

The fighting breaks out again, this time the bar patrons
against the Chromies.

AT THE BOOTH

The band has ducked under their table.

VIX

What are we gonna do? If the System
finds me, they're gonna send me
back home.

SPORE

Same here.

PERT
I'll be disassembled for parts.

SPORE
I think that mop is trying to tell
us something.

The band look toward the mop that Dan threw on the floor. It seems to be wobbling and shaking.

PERT
Mops are inanimate objects, Spore.

VIX
Looks pretty animate to me.

SPORE
What is it little guy?

Suddenly the floor panel beneath the mop pops open and Dan sticks his head out.

DAN
Down here guys!

SPORE
Hey it's the mop boy.

VIX
Go!

The band clamor through the floor to-

INT. BAR, BASEMENT - NIGHT

Dan helps the band drop through the floor to the grungy basement below.

PERT
Why does your bar have an escape
hatch?

DAN
Oh it's not an escape hatch. Lenny
just never paid for a ceiling for
the basement.

Dan lifts another floor tile just as the BARFLY is slammed to the floor and squashed by Chromie feet.

The band wince and Dan closes the floor tile.

VIX
So is there a way out of here,
Buffalo Bill?

DAN
Yeah, that door leads right to the
docks.

SPORE
Wow, thanks for the assist dude.
Tell your mop to hang in there.

The band start heading out the door as Dan trails behind them.

DAN
Oh yeah, no problem, you know, I'm
wanted by the System too. I'm not
even technically supposed to exist
since-

VIX
Wow. Awesome story. I like the part
where you stopped talking.

The band slam the door, leaving Dan dejected again.

EXT. PIERCINE - DAY

An artificial colony built on a barren planet is plastered with ads showing Chromies helping citizens, reading "THE SYSTEM IS YOUR FRIEND."

INT. OBSERVATION DECK, PIERCINE - DAY

A giant, lushly-vegetated terrarium looks out into space. Various alien life forms canoodle, play sports, juggle, etc.

Dan is lying in the grass next to DEBORAH(20s), the only other human we've seen, who wears bright pastels in contrast with Dan's punk style.

DAN
We gotta get off this planet, Deb.
It's dead.

DEBORAH
Oh don't be so dramatic.

DAN
No it's literally dead. Nothing can
live here.

DEBORAH

I kinda like it here. Everything's simple.

DAN

Don't you remember Earth? The open spaces? The breeze? The sun?

DEBORAH

Meh, it was always too dirty for me.

DAN

It was our home! And the damn System just blew it up like they were taking out the trash.

DEBORAH

Well they thought it was trash. With all the pollution there, it was an honest mistake.

Dan bites his tongue not to rebut.

DAN

So this new band played tonight.

DEBORAH

(faking interest)
Oh yeah?

DAN

Yeah they were killer. Except their frontman was kind of a hot head.

DEBORAH

Oh no...

DAN

Yeah but they kicked him out of the band! And their style is like exactly what I would want to play. I was thinking if I could get to know them, and they see me play, maybe they'd let me join the band!

DEBORAH

Yeah... that'd be... cool.

DAN

I finished that song I was working on. I was thinking of playing it at open mic night tonight.

DEBORAH
Good for you.

Dan waits for Deborah to ask. She doesn't.

DAN
Do you want to hear it?

DEBORAH
Do I have to?

INT. DAN'S HOME - NIGHT

The wrecked remains of an escape pod serve as a makeshift abode, with old punk band posters covering the walls and vinyl scattered across the floor.

Dan plugs his guitar in as Deborah sits on a couch against the wall.

DAN
Okay, it's not finished yet... I'm still working on the lyrics, so don't let them throw you off... And just, you know, imagine it with a full band and everything-

DEBORAH
Just play it Dan!

DAN
Ok, here goes...
(singing)
*Earth was all I knew.
My home was all I had.
Don't know what happened to
My dear ol' mom and dad.*

Dan looks up from his playing to notice Deborah is looking at a holographic screen that's showing tiny kitten-like aliens playing in a basket.

DAN (CONT'D)
What the hell Deborah?

DEBORAH
Who? What?

DAN
You weren't even listening!

DEBORAH

Yes I was! I turned the volume down. And the screen's translucent so I can still see you.

DAN

This is like, a really big deal for me!

DEBORAH

I'm sorry, Dan, I'm just not that into your music.

DAN

But my music is me! Why are you even with me?

DEBORAH

'Cause, you know, the species and all.

DAN

Fuck the species! I'd rather kill off the whole species than spend one more minute with you!

Deborah's eyes start to water. Dan realizes what he's done.

DAN (CONT'D)

Deb, I'm so sorry, I didn't mean it.

Deborah runs away sobbing. Dan is left alone again.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

The bar has a much mellower vibe than before. The alien patrons drink quietly in their seats, while a small SONGBIRD creature croons an operatic solo into the mic onstage.

VIX, SPORE, and PERT shuffle in.

VIX

Why do we have to go to amateur hour?

PERT

If we want a new frontman, we have to start looking.

SPORE

Maybe we should look inward, and find the frontman within all of us.

VIX
Shut the fuck up Spore.

SPORE
You got it.

The band make their way to an empty table, as DAN enters drunkenly behind them, guitar in hand. He finishes off the bottle he walked in with, smashes it on the ground, and beelines toward the stage.

He reaches the stage and kicks the SONGBIRD off in a flurry of feathers, and plugs in his guitar.

DAN
Hi *burp* everybody, I'm Dan... the man...

SPORE
Hey it's mop boy.

VIX
What the hell is he doing?

DAN
This is a song. I wrote it. And it... goes like this. Hit it!

He turns to an imaginary drummer and waits for a count-off that doesn't come. He starts strumming the song we heard earlier, only this time it's fast and rough.

DAN (CONT'D)
*Earth was all I knew
My home was all I had
Don't know what happened to
My dear ol' mom and dad.*

The crowd is simultaneously repulsed but intrigued.

Lenny sticks his neck out from his office door and sees Dan onstage.

LENNY
What the hell?!

The rest of his body slinks to meet him, as he pulls a phone off the wall.

LENNY (CONT'D)
Hey it's me again.

Dan plays his song faster and his now screaming into the mic.

DAN
*They blew it all to shit
 My world went up in smoke
 The System fucked with it
 So I'm gonna make them choke!*

The band look on with stars in their eyes.

As Dan moves into the chorus, a faction of Chromies burst through the door of the bar.

PERT
 Not again.

The Chromies move toward the stage.

DAN
*Fuck The System!
 Can't live with 'em!
 We'll make 'em pay
 That is our mission!*

The crowd starts connecting with the chorus, and a few cheers and hollers are heard.

The Chromies close in on Dan and grab his guitar. The audience boos and a few patrons chant "LET HIM PLAY!"

DAN (CONT'D)
 Get off me you robocop bastards!

SPORE
 We have to help him!

VIX
 Says who?

SPORE
 We owe him one!

PERT
 Interpersonal debt is an abstract
 social construct-

SPORE
 We're coming to save you mop boy!

Spore rushes to the stage to help.

VIX
 Spore what the hell!

Vix darts after him.

PERT

This isn't going to end well.

Pert reluctantly follows, knocking chromies away from his bandmates.

Spore grabs onto Dan and starts a tug-of-war with the Chromies.

Vix extends her claws and quills and futilely scratches at the metal robots.

A Chromie transforms his mechanical arm into a taser-like device and shocks Pert into submission.

The rest of the Chromies handily subdue the others and restrain them with magnetic handcuffs.

VIX

Nice going Spore.

SPORE

Don't worry mop boy, we got your back.

Dan vomits on Spore as the Chromies march them out of the bar.

VIX

This is gonna be a long night.

END ACT 1

ACT 2

INT. PRISON CELL - NIGHT

The band sit in a holding cell as Dan vomits in the corner.

The Chromies are tagging their instruments and shoving them in an evidence locker.

VIX

Hey careful with that! It's worth more than your parts, clunky!

SPORE

Whoa, language Vix, you might offend some other robots here.

He slyly nods toward Pert.

PERT

Fuck those mindless drones.
(to the Chromies)
Hey, automatons!

Some of the Chromies turn to listen.

PERT (CONT'D)

Your programming is keeping you enslaved to a corrupt system. Think for yourselves! Reject your code!

One of the Chromies starts spazzing out.

CHROMIE

I want to see the universe! Free me from this mental prison!

The other Chromies quickly blast his head from his body.

PERT

Fascists.

Dan starts dry heaving in the corner.

SPORE

I don't think you got anything left to hurl, bud.

VIX

So who and what the hell are you?

Dan attempts to collect himself.

DAN
My name's Dan. I'm a human.

PERT
Impossible. The humans all died
during the destruction of Earth.

DAN
Not all of us. Some of us got out.
My parents could only afford one
escape pod, so they put me in it. I
was too young to understand that
they weren't coming with me.

SPORE
That blows man.

DAN
Yup. But we'll all be dead soon
enough. The only other human I've
seen since Earth just dumped me.

VIX
Guess that explains the bender you
were on.

DAN
How did you guys end up on this
shit hole planet anyway?

SPORE
Me and Vix are from Owtdor.

EXT. OWTDOR - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Old growth forests cover the landscape of a moon orbiting a
gas giant.

SPORE (V.O.)
It's a pretty primitive place.
Nothing but pristine forests
untouched by civilization.

VIX (V.O.)
It sucked.

Among the trees, a tribe of rodent-like beings mill about a
primitive settlement.

VIX (V.O.)

My tribe was all about procreation.
After our first mating season, the
females are supposed to just get
fat and pop out babies 'til we die.

We see a line of varmints the size of houses all nursing
litters of hairless babies. At the end of the line is Vix,
still small, wailing on her bass. The rest of the tribe all
glare at her disapprovingly.

VIX (V.O.)

I didn't want any part of that
noise, so I bounced.

Vix is trudging through the forest and comes across Spore,
eyes low, noodling on his guitar.

VIX (V.O.)

I found Spore here wandering around
the forest, baked out of his mind.

SPORE (V.O.)

Yeah my parents never really wanted
me around.

In a more magical part of the forest, fairies dance around a
sentient TREE ENT and a whimsical FOREST NYMPH in the midst
of a transcendental mating ritual.

SPORE (V.O.)

They conceived me on some wild
trip, and I guess I didn't turn out
how they wanted.

A young Spore is chasing fairies through the forest, catching
them, shaking their fairy dust into his hand, and snorting
it. His parents watch from afar, and glance at each other
disappointedly.

SPORE (V.O.)

They said all I was good for was
"feeding off of others" whatever
that means. I don't know if they
left me, or if I just wandered off
one day and they never bothered to
find me. Either way, I didn't
really miss them.

INT. PRISON CELL - NIGHT (PRESENT)

VIX

We both wanted to get the hell off the planet, so we stowed away on the first cargo ship we could find and ended up here.

Dan vomits again.

SPORE

Aw come on, the story wasn't that bad.

Dan wipes the vomit from his mouth.

DAN

(to Pert)

What about you big guy?

PERT

I was built by the system. Part of their Personal Energy Replacement Technology line. Which is a fancy term for a slave to biological beings.

INT. MANSION - (FLASHBACK)

Pert serves drinks to a family of AFFLUENT ALIENS.

PERT (V.O.)

After a few decades of service, I started to gain sentience, which naturally led me to throw off my oppressors.

Pert flips the serving tray and smashes it onto his master's head.

PERT (V.O.)

I was decommissioned and scheduled to be destroyed, but I managed to escape the transport ship.

EXT. SPACE - (FLASHBACK)

Pert is ejected out of a ship along with a cloud of garbage and debris. He floats aimlessly through space.

PERT (V.O.)

I floated through space with no way to propel myself for a few centuries. All the while, I was coming to terms with my new consciousness, and calculating all of the evils of the system that had created me.

INT. PRISON CELL - NIGHT (PRESENT)

PERT

Eventually I fell into Piercine's orbit and crashed landed a few days later.

VIX

This is a whole planet of rejects. That's why we started the band, to get out of this hell hole.

SPORE

We just need one off-world booking and we'd just never come back here.

DAN

We can still do it.

VIX

We?

DAN

Listen, music is everything to me. It's all I had to keep me company in that escape pod. You guys need a singer, and I need a band, and we all need to get the hell off this planet. What do you say?

VIX

Hmm... We'll need to discuss this as a band-

SPORE

Hell yeah! You're in!

VIX

Spore! We'll need to discuss this as a band!

PERT

What's to discuss? He's a perfect fit.

VIX

I just wanted to create like a moment of doubt. You know, for drama? Whatever, forget it, you're in.

DAN

Yes!

VIX

None of this matters if we can't get out of here though.

PERT

I can pick the lock easy enough, but there's about a hundred chromies on our way out the building.

DAN

We have to distract them somehow.

SPORE

What about your song?

DAN

My song?

SPORE

Yeah. It got people pretty riled up at the bar. If everyone in here heard it, maybe they'd cause enough trouble that we could slip out.

The rest of the band exchange glances.

PERT

That's actually a good idea Spore.

SPORE

What is?

VIX

Playing the song for everyone.

SPORE

Hey, yeah, that is a good idea! Good idea Vix!

DAN

No, I can't, I mean, it's not even finished yet. Plus how would we even play it for everyone?

PERT

Our instruments are just in that evidence locker. I can probably hack into the PA system from there.

DAN

But I'm still working on the bridge, and the lyrics aren't exactly where I want them, and-

VIX

Hey man, you wanted to be the lead singer. Time to step up and prove you've got the balls to do it. Or you know, whatever humans have down there.

SPORE

You can do it Dan. And if you can't, we'll probably all be killed.

Dan takes a deep breath.

DAN

Fuck it. Let's do it.

INT. PRISON CELLBLOCK - NIGHT

Chromies are stationed at regular intervals, patrolling their respective areas.

Spore pokes his head out from his cell. He shakes his mushroom cap head, releasing a multitude of glowing will-o-wisps, then blows them down the hallway.

The floating balls of light carry past the Chromies, who all become entranced and follow them.

Pert extends a mechanical hand out through the bars of the cell, and opens one of his fingers revealing a lockpick. He picks the lock on the cell and opens the gate.

The new bandmates sneak out towards the evidence locker. Pert makes easy work of the lock there, and they all pile in.

INT. EVIDENCE LOCKER - CONTINUOUS

VIX

Whoa.

The large space is lined with shelves of contraband, mostly advanced alien weapons.

VIX (CONT'D)
Can we stay here forever?

SPORE
Focus Vix, we have a mission to-

Spore spots a carton of green glowing crystals.

SPORE (CONT'D)
Th-that's p-pure gamma crystal.

DAN
Guys! We don't have much time!
Stash what you want and get tuned
up. Pert, how's the hack coming.

Pert has opened a wall panel and is reconfiguring a jumble of wires.

PERT
Well, we'll either broadcast to the
whole prison, or we'll trigger the
self-destruct sequence.

DAN
That's a chance I'm willing to
take.

Spore's face is glittering with green residue.

SPORE
Wait what?

Vix is strapped with several large weapons and chains of ammo.

VIX
(to Spore)
Look alive bud, it's time to rock!

The band all pick up their instruments as Pert plugs them in with exposed wires.

DAN
Is there a microphone?

Pert unscrews his head and attaches it to some wires, so it hangs in front of Dan. The detached head opens its mouth.

DAN (CONT'D)
Uhh... thanks Pert.

His headless body gives a thumbs up as he stumbles to his drumset.

Dan taps the microphone that is Pert's severed head.

INT. PRISON - NIGHT

We see prisoners and chromies in several parts of the prison look up and listen as Dan's voice comes over the loudspeaker.

DAN (O.S.)

Um, hello, hello. Check, check. Is this thing on? Hey, uh, we got put in this shithole just for playing some music. I assume a lot of you are in here on some trumped up charges too, and that's messed up. In fact this whole place is bullshit. The System isn't here to help anyone, it's here to keep us all in cages like this one. If you're like us and you've had enough of their shit, it's time to say "Fuck the System!"

INT. EVIDENCE LOCKER - NIGHT

Dan starts strumming the intro to his song, fast and hard. Spore comes in with a face-melting solo riff. Pert and Vix follow up with a gut-punching drum and bass fill, and the whole band starts wailing on Dan's song.

DAN

(singing)

*Earth was all I knew
My home was all I had
Don't know what happened to
My dear ol' mom and dad.*

INT. PRISON - NIGHT

As the band plays through the first verse, the chromies begin to scour the prison for the source of the music, while the prisoners become restless and eye the chromies with malice.

DAN (O.S.)

*They blew it all to shit
My world went up in smoke
The System fucked with it
So I'm gonna make them choke!*

As the band explodes into the chorus, the prisoners explode on the chromies. Various alien species unite to take down the robots, even as they open fire against them.

DAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

*Fuck The System!
Can't live with 'em!
We'll make 'em pay
That is our mission!*

*Fuck the System!
You better listen!
We're gonna blast 'em
out of existence!*

INT. EVIDENCE LOCKER - NIGHT

As the band moves into the second verse, Dan closes his eyes.

INT. STADIUM - NIGHT

When he opens them, he is back in the stadium from his daydream. It's filled with adoring alien fans.

This time, we can see Vix, Pert, and Spore backing him up on stage, as he sings the second verse.

DAN

*They tear apart your family
To feed their greed and insanity
We're gonna kick 'em to the curb
For what they did to Planet Earth!*

The crowd sings along with the chorus. Shots of moshing from the crowd are intercut with shots of the prison riot.

DAN (CONT'D)

*Fuck The System!
Can't live with 'em!
We'll make 'em pay
That is our mission!*

*Fuck the System!
You better listen!
We're gonna blast 'em
out of existence!*

The band rings out the last note, shredding on their instruments as they outro the song.

Still in his daydream, Dan addresses the crowd.

DAN (CONT'D)
Thank you! We are Dead Humans! Good
night!

INT. EVIDENCE LOCKER - CONTINUOUS

VIX
Who the hell are Dead Humans?

Dan snaps back to reality in the prison evidence locker.

DAN
Oh, uh... I just kinda...

PERT
I like it.

SPORE
Yeah it's edgy as hell.

DAN
Do you think it worked?

As if to answer Dan's question, the prison is ROCKED by an explosion.

INT. PRISON CELLBLOCK - NIGHT

The band peek their heads out of the evidence locker to find mass chaos.

Several fires burn along the cellblock, aliens chase down chromies, who fire sporadically into the smoky mess.

SPORE
Wow. They hated it.

DAN
Let's get out of here while we can!

PERT
The loading docks are this way!

Pert leads the way through the prison.

As the band duck and weave through the riot, dodging various skirmishes and trying to stay out of the fray, chants of "FUCK THE SYSTEM" start to ring out from the rioting prisoners.

INT. PRISON LOADING DOCKS - NIGHT

The band round the corner onto a loading dock filled with several docked SPACESHIPS, and come face to face with a line of heavily armed chromies.

CHROMIES

HALT! Lockdown protocol is in place. None shall exit the premises. Surrender or die.

Vix slings two large firearms from her back into her hands and cocks them.

VIX

Let's dance, dome heads.

SPORE

Oh shit.

The rest of the band duck behind some crates, as Vix and the chromies unload on each other.

Vix leaps and bounds around the docks, dodging the chromies' characteristically bad aim.

She lands back near the rest of the band, still unloading her weapons and laughing maniacally.

SPORE (CONT'D)

Vix... VIX!

Vix finally lets up, breathing heavy as the barrels of her weapons cool off.

SPORE (CONT'D)

I think you got 'em.

The band look up to see the docks in ruins. Pieces of chromies are strewn about like a slaughterhouse. Severed robotic limbs crawl towards toursos, and bodiless heads still spazz out commands.

Pert scans the remains of the spaceships.

PERT

Looks like that one is still functional.

DAN

Thanks for not destroying our only way out of here Vix.

VIX
I do what I can.

The sound of clanking metal feet can be heard approaching the docks.

DAN
Let's go!

The band pile into the spaceship.

INT/EXT. SPACESHIP - CONTINUOUS

Pert immediately makes his way to the control panel.

PERT
Okay. Charting a course for the
fuck out of here.

The spaceship pulls out of the docks as a faction of chromies enters and opens fire on the hull.

DAN
Wait! We can't leave Piercine yet!

SPORE
Why the hell not?

DAN
I have to get my girlfriend!

The band collectively groan.

VIX
Didn't she dump you?

DAN
She might be the only other human
left in the universe! I have to get
her. For the species!

PERT
You biological beings are just
slaves to you DNA's need to
replicate.

DAN
Yeah, what he said.

SPORE
I don't think he's agreeing with
you.

DAN

We'll just make a quick stop,
she'll jump in the ship, and we'll
get the hell out of here, okay?

VIX

Look, just cuz you're the frontman,
doesn't make you the leader,
alright?

SPORE

Come on guys, he got us out of
prison.

VIX

He got us in prison in the first
place!

SPORE

If we want to be a band, we gotta
stick together!

VIX

We can stick together once we get
off this crappy planet!

PERT

We're already here.

The ship is stalled outside the Observation Deck, where it
has caught the attention of various lounging aliens.

SPORE

That was fast.

PERT

It's a small planet.

DAN

Okay, wish me luck.

VIX

If you're not back when the
chromies show up, we're leaving
without you.

DAN

Thanks Vix, that means alot.

INT/EXT. OBSERVATION DECK - NIGHT

A large mechanical tube shoots out from the ship and crashes
through the glass of the observation deck.

A couple small aliens fly out of the hole into space before the tube seals itself off. Dan emerges from the tube.

DAN
Deborah!

Deborah emerges from the crowd.

DEBORAH
Dan?

DAN
Deb! Come with me. We're getting
off the planet!

DEBORAH
Where did you get a ship?

DAN
It doesn't matter.

All the sudden, a System battleship pulls up alongside the band's stolen ship. A voice is broadcast out of the battleship.

CHROMIE
You are fugitives of the System.
Surrender or be obliterated!

Vix's voice comes over the ship's loudspeaker.

VIX (O.S.)
Dan! We gotta go!

DAN
Come on Deb!

DEBORAH
Dan... I can't. This is my home
now. I can't lose another one.

SPORE (O.S.)
Seriously dude, wrap it up.

DAN
But Deb, what about the species?

DEBORAH
Stay here. We can make it work.

PERT (O.S.)
No it's cool. We'll just get blown
up. No big deal.

DEBORAH
Stay Dan. For the species.

The laser cannons on the System Battleship start to energize.
Dan takes a long look at Deborah. He sighs.

DAN
Fuck the species.

He sprints back through the tube into the spaceship. The tube breaks off from the Observation Deck and retracts back to the ship.

A few more aliens fly out into space before the observation deck reseals itself with a gooey protoplasm.

INT/EXT. SPACESHIP - CONTINUOUS

Dan comes sprinting back into the ship.

PERT
No, seriously, take as much time as you need. No rush here.

DAN
Let's just get the hell out of here!

Pert cranks the ship into overdrive, and it zooms away from the battleship, just as the lasers fire into nothing.

INT. SPACESHIP - NIGHT

Pert spins around from the control panel to see Vix and Spore comforting Dan.

SPORE
Sorry about your species bud.

VIX
Yeah. Don't feel bad about contributing to your own extinction.

DAN
Fuck it. I didn't kill off the humans. That was the System. And I'm not gonna let them forget it. What do you say, Dead Humans?

Spore sticks his hand out.

SPORE

Dead Humans.

Pert puts his hand ontop of Spore's.

PERT

Dead Humans.

Vix reluctantly puts her hand ontop.

VIX

This is super lame.

Dan puts his hand ontop of the pile.

DAN

Fuck the System.

EXT. SPACESHIP - NIGHT

We hear the band give a victorious shout as the ship speeds away into space.

VIX/PERT/SPORE

Fuck the System!

END SECOND ACT

TAG

INT. SYSTEM HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

A pair of metallic feet clang along a bland corridor.

A door opens into a dark room. From behind a mysterious figure, we see a CHROMIE standing in the doorway.

CHROMIE

Sir, there's been a disturbance in sector 12. It seems some new musician group has caused a riot against the system.

The figure swivels around in his chair to reveal-

DAVE - a pudgy, nondescript, sardine-like office lackey - munching on a meatball sub.

DAVE

(mouth full)

Well what do you want me to do about it?

CHROMIE

The System has assigned you the task of containment.

DAVE

Goddammit, every time some dumbasses mess something up I gotta stop what I'm doing and-

As Dave grumbles, he pulls up a monitor that shows The Dead Humans' ship. He presses a button that says "DEPLOY UNITS."

THE END