The Final Level
FADE IN:

INT. OOLONG RESEARCH FACILITY - DAY

Red Lights blink, dimly illuminating a cavernous room.

AYREON, 35, dressed in Norse leather armor, plasma gun in hand, runs up to a closed lift door, out of breath, and bleeding from several deep wounds in his back.

He turns, takes a firing position on one knee.

AYREON
Get down...quick!

He fires two blue plasma bolts.

Two squishy thwacks followed by an inhuman shriek ring out.

OLZON, 40, also in Norse leather armor, plasma gun in hand, arrives on the scene, panting and winded.

OLZON
You saved me...again, old friend.
Next time, let it be me that saves you.

Ayreon stands, looking intently towards where the shots were fired. He shakes his head.

AYREON
That Myygen was bigger than the last...

OLZON
Aye...I fear we'll encounter still bigger.

INTERCOM (V.O.)
Power at twenty-five percent.
Facility lock down in five minutes.

They both turn to the lift door, where an upwards facing arrow pulses bright white. Above it, the word "OOLONG" in strange text.

Ayreon raises his left arm, speaks into his smartwatch.

AYREON
Elsa, will this lift take us out?

ELSA (V.O.)
(female robotic voice)
Affirmative.
AYREON
Do we have enough time to get to the surface before lock down?

ELSA (V.O.)
Affirmative.

OLZON
Let's go.

Olzon reaches for the button.
Ayreon grabs his hand.

AYREON
Wait.

He raises his left arm again to his mouth.

AYREON (CONT'D)
Elsa, how many Myygen are left?

ELSA (V.O.)
Please restate question to yes no format.

AYREON
What are our chances of survival?

ELSA (V.O.)
Please restate question to yes no format.

AYREON
Fuck!

Olzon raises his arm, speaks into his smart watch.

OLZON
Elsa, can we kill the remaining Myygen?

ELSA (V.O.)
Yes.

Olzon slaps Ayreon's back, pats him several times, looks deep into his eyes.

OLZON
C'mon...we can do this. But we have to go now. Our boys are counting on us to make it out.

Ayreon nods, checks his gun, which shows the number eight in red.
AYREON
I've got eight shots left. You?

Olzon checks his gun.

OLZON
Nine. Make each shot count.

INTERCOM (V.O.)
Power at twenty percent. Facility lock down in four minutes.

Olzon taps the arrow on the wall.

The lift door opens, revealing a twenty by twenty foot square room with no ceiling.

They both carefully enter, eyes and guns trained above them.

INT. LIFT - CONTINUOUS

The blackness above them seems to go on forever. Every twenty feet up, blinking red lights illuminate dark rock walls.

AYREON
They'll come from above. Look for the flash of their eyes.

Olzon nods, taps the white blinking arrow, the door closes.

The lift ascends, slowly at first, then quickly picks up speed.

Both warriors stand against opposite walls, guns trained on the blackness above them.

The lift passes the first set of blinking red lights, continues up.

There's a flash of a spherical set of golden eyes, some forty feet above them, approaching rapidly.

AYREON (CONT'D)
To your left...closing quickly.

Olzon lets loose a blue flash from his gun.

It explodes on contact with something clinging to the rock wall.

OLZON
Incoming!
A MYYGEN, three feet in circumference, lands in between them. It's arachnid in appearance, with a twitching, dripping, sharp, whip-like tail.

Both men watch it closely, guns trained.

The tail stops twitching, and it lies still.

     AYREON
     That's one.

The blackness continues above them, broken up only by the blinking red lights.

Ayreon raises his wrist to his mouth.

     AYREON (CONT'D)
     Elsa, are we nearing the surface?

     ELSA (V.O.)
     No.

A flash of golden eyes, followed by another on the opposite wall above them, draws their attention.

     OLZON
     At nine and three O'clock. I've got nine.

They both fire into the gloom. Two slushy thwacks ring out.

A smaller Myygen drops into the middle of the lift, lies motionless.

     AYREON
     Where's the other one?

     OLZON
     Look out!

A moist, sticky web shoots into the lift, hits Ayreon in the shoulder.

Olzon searches above him, fires another blue blast, making contact with the Myygen above Ayreon.

It drops from the wall, heads straight for Ayreon.

Olzon rushes over, grabs him, and pulls him aside, as the five foot round Myygen splats right where he stood.

     INTERCOM (V.O.)
     Power at fifteen percent. Facility lock down in three minutes.
Olzon pulls the webbing away from Ayreon, revealing deep red welts.

    AYREON
    It burns...damn, it burns.

    OLZON
    Be strong, man. We can do this.

A small Myygen plops into the lift, unseen. It lashes out with its tail, catching Ayreon around his ankles.

Ayreon goes down, his gun flying out of his hand.

Olzon spins, fires a blast into the creature's head, killing it instantly.

Ayreon's ankles smoke where the tail was wrapped. He struggles to stand, gets to his knees.

    OLZON (CONT'D)
    Ayre! You've got to get up.

Ayreon blinks several times, struggles to speak.

    AYREON
    The venom...it's inside me. My legs...they're numb.

Olzon runs over, grabs Ayreon's gun on the floor, hands it back to him.

    OLZON
    Then shoot from your back, damnit! Don't you give up on me!

Ayreon lies on his back, grimacing in pain, gun pointed up.

He squeezes off two shots.

A huge Myygen drops from its roost on the wall, falls straight down, missing the lift completely.

Olzon watches wide eyed.

    OLZON (CONT'D)
    I didn't see it.

    AYREON
    I'm still here, brother. I'm with you.

Two sets of golden flashes light up the blackness above and behind Olzon.
Two Myygen jump from their perch.

Ayreon fires four quick shots.

The Myygen are blown back into the wall and down. As they near the top of the lift wall, they collide. One's tail is cut clean off on the top of the lift wall, sending a spray of gooey venom onto Ayreon.

He SCREAMS out!

His face instantly sizzles and melts away.

Olzon watches, horrified.

OLZON
No!!!!  God...no...

Ayreon lies still, as his upper half liquefies into the floor.

INTERCOM (V.O.)
Power at ten percent. Facility lock down in two minutes.

Olzon returns his gaze above him, where the blackness seems to give way to a metallic ceiling, some two hundred feet above him.

He raises his left arm to his mouth.

OLZON
Elsa, am I near the top?

ELSA
Affirmative.

OLZON
Are there anymore Myygen?

ELSA
Yes.

Olzon checks his gun...five more shots.

He scans the darkness above him, as the lift passes another set of blinking red lights...nothing...no flashes, no movement.

INTERCOM (V.O.)
Lift approaching surface. Prepare to disembark.

The lift slows, comes to a creaky stop.

Above him, a silver metal ceiling is void of movement.
Olzon furrows his brows, looks left, right, back, and forth. Nothing still. No movement, no sound.

He faces the door, finger poised to hit the open button...but he hesitates.

Behind him, two huge, black, clawed appendages snake up over the lift wall. They're followed by a heinous looking head, with gaping, dripping mouth, and an abdomen, some ten feet around.

The Myygen pulls itself on top of the wall, ready to pounce.

Olzon taps the button.

The lift doors open, exposing a sandy surface and red-tinged, thick, murky air.

A soft, almost inaudible clicking behind him, alerts his senses.

In a single, incredibly quick move, he jumps to his side, rolls to a firing position.

The Myygen misses him by mere inches, as it flies through the open lift door.

Olzon sends two blue blasts into its abdomen. Its smooth, sleek chitin burns and boils.

A web shoots out, splats against the wall, just above Olzon's head.

OLZON
Motherfucker!

INTERCOM (V.O.)
Power at five percent. Facility lock down in one minute. Please exit lift.

The Myygen turns, slime dripping from its unholy maw.

Olzon takes aim, sends his final 3 blasts of blue plasma into the beast's head.

It SHRIEKS, drops to the ground, lies still. Smoke drifts up into the alien atmosphere.

Olzon stares wide eyed, unmoving, gun still trained on the dead Myygen.
OLZON
You like that, bitch? That's for Ayreon...and all my other brothers that were wasted here on these killing grounds.

He drops his gun, walks towards the open doors.

As he steps outside, a web hits him in the back of the head. He's pulled back into the lift, kicking and screaming wildly.

A fifteen foot Myygen plops down into the lift, mouth open, awaiting its catch.

The silver ceiling opens above, revealing a frosty glass-like surface.

FEMALE OOLONG (O.S.)
(raspy hiss)
Too bad...I liked thissss one. He almost made it out.

MALE OOLONG (O.S.)
Yessss, but he didn't. The Nords...they don't sssseem to have the sssskills to ssssurvive.
(beat)
Make ssssure the last ssssurvivor's son issss in the next group.

INTERCOM (V.O.)
All research facility staff...clear course of all bodies.
(beat)
Reset facility power to one hundred percent.
(beat)
Release new batch of Myygen, and prepare the next fifty players for start time in three hours.

FADE OUT