

NO MERCY

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FADE IN:

Studio logos appear on screen, as the sound of rain is heard in the background. On the second or third logo, we begin to hear the strumming of a guitar...

1 EXT. RURAL SUBURB - EVENING - 1983

1

The song "Death Don't Have No Mercy" by Rev. Gary Davis has begun to play. As the logos fade, we open in a rural suburb, where rain is pouring.

From a low angle, we see an unknown figure's boots making tracks along the road. The end of what seems to be a cane taps the ground.

The camera pans upwards, where we see the back of this mysterious figure. A wet black hood drapes over their head, which we can't see just yet.

As the song continues to play, the mysterious figure sings along to it, their voice slightly rough.

The figure stops in front of an old house. Sounds of weeping can be heard, as the song abruptly stops for a moment.

2 INT. OLD SUBURBAN HOME - EVENING

2

Then we hear it again as the figure opens the door of the house, noticing the sad expressions of those inside. He walks through the hallway, but no one acknowledges him. It's almost as if he's invisible to them.

His trip stops at a bedroom. He enters and sees several people hunched around two beds. Candlelight casts ominous shadows in the room, and the weeping grows louder.

As we focus on the beds, the camera pans around, revealing our hooded figure's visage for the first time. His face is obscured by a skeletal mask, but we can see his eyes, which reflect a clear sadness and dejection.

He glances upwards, as two ethereal spirits rise from the dead bodies. Our mysterious figure steps forward, his movements methodical and somber.

As he reaches out to touch the souls, he looks around the room, taking in the sad faces and emotional expressions. He then looks to the ground, before guiding the souls upwards with a resigned sigh.

A close up on his face shows weariness etched into his eyes, for the burdens that are carried by the dead are also carried by him.

He turns to the door and walks out of the sad house, as the camera pans out.

3 EXT. RURAL SUBURB - EVENING

3

At the same time, the song ends, and we then pan downwards into the soil. The title card seems to be written centered with the roots of the grass: No Mercy.

Then, as we move further down into the ground, a grand landscape comes into view...

4 EXT. THE LAND OF DEATH - CENTRAL PORTAL ENTRANCE

4

A massive circle of untold magical energy sits in the middle of a busy city square. Surrounding it are vast cities full of skyscrapers, houses, and other buildings.

This is the Land of Death, populated by resurrections of souls that passed in the living world. Our hooded main character, GRIM, lives here as a Collector, retrieving these souls in order to fill his work quota.

A closeup on the portal shows Grim and several of his colleagues exiting after full days of work. Focusing on Grim, we see him taking off his white mask, revealing the face of a gray rabbit underneath. He wipes his face of sweat and nerves, but quickly hides it when he notices his managers approaching.

Grim tries to shuffle away, but a nagging voice stops him in his tracks.

MANAGER
(nagging)
Grim!

Grim grimaces (pun intended). He slowly turns around with an annoyed look.

GRIM
Yes...?

MANAGER
Your quota has been lacking as of late! Several of your assignments had to be sent to other Collectors because you weren't there when you were supposed to be!

Grim rolls his eyes and pulls down his hood with a groan. He

starts walking away as he talks.

GRIM

I really wish you'd stop treating death like a numbers game. I mean, do you actually care about the bereaved or do you only see them as digits on a spreadsheet?

The manager follows him, shaking his head.

MANAGER

We've had this discussion before, Grim...

GRIM

Yes, and I told you I would keep bringing it up until you address it.

The manager sighs.

MANAGER

It's not easy to change rules that have been in place for thousands of years. You try telling Satan to change his ways. I'm sure that'll go over well for you.

The manager notices someone, Grim's older sister, GALIA, exiting the portal next to them and motions for Grim to look.

MANAGER

Just look at Galia over here. She fulfills her duties and asks no questions about how it's done. Why don't you be more like her?

Grim glares and thrusts his scythe into the manager's hands.

GRIM

(Annoyed)

Because I'm not my sister. I'm also not my brother, and I sure as hell ain't my parents!

Grim storms off with a huff. The manager shakes his head and sighs.

MANAGER

That family was almost perfect...

CUT TO:

5 EXT. LAND OF DEATH STREETS

5

We pan through the streets, following Grim as he makes his way along the sidewalk.

6 INT. LAND OF DEATH - SMALL BAR - CONTINUOUS

6

Our sauntering journey takes us to a small bar, where patrons are seen drinking and some pass out at the door as Grim enters. He pays no heed and sits on one of the stools. A bartender turns to take his order.

BARTENDER

What can I get you?

GRIM

The hardest.

The bartender nods and then hands Grim a red glowing drink, the toughest of wines for any deathling to handle. Fortunately, Grim had a high tolerance, but as far as he was concerned, that was a net negative.

He kept drinking nonetheless. The most he experienced was slight fuzziness and the occasional existential dread.

Suddenly, a loud SLAM interrupts his peace. A small brown rabbit wearing a frilly black dress is seen at the door of the bar. She walks over to Grim with a mischievous grin, and throws her hands roughly on his shoulders.

GALIA

Well, well, well! If it isn't the
LOSER of the family!

Grim rolls his eyes and sighs, turning away from her.

GRIM

Galia, I'm not in the mood for
this...

GALIA

Hey, hey, I heard you messed up
your quota, AGAIN! Are you really
so incompetent?

GRIM

(annoyed)

Galia...

GALIA

Maybe you should trade positions!
I'm sure whoever replaces you would
do a much better job!

Fed up with her rude comments, Grim turns around to face Galia with a hard glare.

GRIM
You really are annoying, you know that?

However, his cold words fell on deaf ears, as Galia was currently glancing at her cell phone with an excited glee about her.

GALIA
Oh, this is exciting! I just made a new record for collections! Satan, himself, is asking to talk to me!

GRIM
Woo. I'm so happy for you, dear sister.

Grim's glare grows harder, but Galia doesn't flinch at all. She leans in close, staring at him with a pout.

GALIA
Hey, this is the part where you're supposed to loudly congratulate me and offer me a drink...

GRIM

(no hesitation)
Hard pass.

GALIA
Boo! You're seriously no fun.

Grim rolls his eyes and takes a sip of alcohol.

GRIM
Tch! How is death 'fun'? Life is such a great thing; why should we celebrate the end of it?

GALIA
Dude, I can't believe this! How are you so weak?

GRIM
And what's so weak about appreciating life, exactly? For decades, I've seen the visages of those in death, and it's absolutely devastating! Zealots like you just ignore those sorts of things, and frankly, it pisses me off!

GALIA
 Whatever you say, loser-ears. I'm
 headed off to the pink district.
 Don't follow me!

GRIM
 Like I'd ever go near that place.
 Better bring some back-pain
 ointment and birth pills with you!

GALIA
 Shut up, you weak no-understander!
 I make more money than you ever
 will, anyway! Hmph!

Galia storms out of the bar with a huff.

Grim looks down at the bar counter with a despondent frown. He
 takes a sip of alcohol and sits in silence.

GRIM
 Am I really that weak?

He whispers, and then sighs.

CUT TO:

7 INT. DOWNTOWN - GRIM'S CHEAP BUNGALOW HOME

7

An unmasked Grim sits on the edge of his aging bed, taking a
 few anxiety pills with an uncomfortable expression. After also
 drinking a bit of water, he lays down in the bed with a groan.

GRIM
 Decades of death really drives you
 to mental dysmorphia.

Grim stares up at the ceiling for a while, pondering life and
 the universe.

GRIM
 If only there was a way out...

CRACK! A sudden cracking sound breaks him from his thoughts.

UNKNOWN
 Enjoying your break?

Grim quickly turns around on high alert. He jumps upon seeing a
 black suited/robed individual smiling at him through a clean
 white mask. This is one of many DRUDGES, workers that operate
 in the corporate sectors of the Land of Death.

GRIM
Gah! What is it? I'm very busy, as
you can see!

The Drudge chuckles.

DRUDGE
Right. I'm sure you are. Anyway,
Beelzebub requires your presence.

Grim gives a loud exaggerated groan that fills the room.

GRIM
Aw, just kill me now! Why must I
see them? Please tell them I'm not
in the mood for—

DRUDGE
This is non-negotiable.

GRIM
But—

DRUDGE
This is non-negotiable, Collector.

SNAP! The Dredge snaps his fingers.

8 INT. LAND OF DEATH EASTLAND - DEMONKIND CORPORATE OFFICES

8

Grim finds himself instantly teleported to a royal-looking hallway, right in front of a large set of golden doors. A massive chill runs down his back fur.

GRIM

EEK!

Grim tries to back away, but the Drudge appears behind him and gives him a push, sending him straight into the next room.

GRIM
Woah!

9 INT. LAND OF DEATH - BEELZEBUB'S OFFICE

9

Grim nearly stumbles from the force, steadying himself nervously.

Loud creaking fills the air, the sound of a rolling chair turning around. Grim freezes.

A refined, brown-skinned demon, BEELZEBUB, sits facing him, sipping a cup of tea with a menacing smile. They tilt their

head.

BEELZEBUB

Why, nice of you to join me, Grim.

GRIM

(nervously)

A-ah, Beelzebub! I-it's been a while! If this is about my quota, I assure you it's being taken care of —

BEELZEBUB

Is it now? I understand.

Beelzebub rises from their chair and walks over to Grim with an oppressive aura.

BEELZEBUB

I believe you've said these same words for three decades, am I right? Why don't you try another lie?

Grim's form seemed to shrink under the demon's powerful gaze.

GRIM

S-sorry, boss, I—

BEELZEBUB

Grim, I've given you a few extra chances in the past, and I really don't want to report you to the Big Man. After all, your family has been vital to us for so many years. Unfortunately, it's hard to keep doing so, when you keep making mistakes.

GRIM

I know...

Beelzebub leans in close, their eyes practically burning into Grim's own.

BEELZEBUB

So then you also know not to keep adding failures to your record, correct?

Grim steps back a foot, shaking slightly.

GRIM

Y-yes, sir!

Beelzebub looks like they want to say something else, but

decides against it. They sigh and walk back to their desk with a hand on their forehead.

BEELZEBUB

This is your last chance, Grim. Any more mistakes, and I'll have to tell my brother. You know how he is.

GRIM

Please don't tell Satan...

Beelzebub smiles softly.

BEELZEBUB

I won't, at least not right now. Just do better, and I will let this pass, alright?

Grim nods, internally thankful for Beelzebub's kindness.

GRIM

Yes, sir...

BEELZEBUB

Good. Now off to your break!

Beelzebub snaps their fingers.

10 INT. DOWNTOWN - GRIM'S CHEAP BUNGALOW HOME

10

Grim finds himself back home. He looks frantically at his surroundings and sighs.

GRIM

(muttering)

I hate demons...

He falls onto his bed and wraps the covers around himself, hoping for a peaceful sleep...

CUT TO:

11 EXT. LAND OF DEATH WESTLAND - MARKETPLACES - NIGHT

11

The streets are lined with marketplace stalls and stores. Countless citizens of the Westland are walking around, shopping at these places. There is a lot of noise and action.

Panning down from above, we close up on the back of a mysterious, short, female figure. She seems to glow amongst the dark surroundings of the Westland, but sits in an alleyway, slightly scared by the busy crowds.

Her interest drawn by something from afar, the mysterious figure begins to jog along the streets, attracting several curious eyes in the process. As we follow her, we see that her hair is long and blonde, but we don't see the full face just yet.

Her little jaunt ends at a particular stall, full of exotic fruits not found in the living world. She grabs one of the fruits, which vaguely resembles a mango, and stares at it in awe and wonder. The shopkeep turns to greet her with a smile.

SHOPKEEP

Hello, how can I help- WAAH!

He jumps back in shock, screaming out upon seeing the mysterious figure's face. As townsfolk begin to crowd around, wondering what the fuss is about (improvised chatter), he shakily points at her.

SHOPKEEP

A living girl!

Several loud gasps ring out through the area. We pan around to see this mysterious individual's face for the first time, giving us the realization that she's a 14 year old human, amongst this Deathling world. Her hair is slightly obscuring her eyes, but we can tell what she is.

Whispers fill the air, doused with uncertainty and fear.

PASSERBY 1

Did he say 'living girl'?

PASSERBY 2

Living? In the Land of Death?

PASSERBY 3

Satan's going to have a field day with this one...

PASSERBY 4

Get her away! She creeps me out!

PASSERBY 1

So grotesque! So ugly!

The little girl begins to cower under the harsh words, meekly replacing the strange fruit with a frown.

The crowd seems to grow larger and larger at the stall, Deathlings trying hard to see this mysterious living phenomenon

in the Land of Death.

Just a few blocks behind...

12 EXT. LAND OF DEATH WESTLAND - OUTSIDE GRIM'S HOME

12

We see Grim walking out of his home due to the noise. He looks around while rubbing his forehead in annoyance.

GRIM

Ugh. What's with all the commotion
out here?

A nearby passerby hears his question and answers eagerly.

PASSERBY 5

They say a living girl has been
spotted at the marketplace! She was
living!

Grim tilts his head in confusion and surprise.

GRIM

A living girl...

He glances at the crowd and decides to follow, slightly interested in the marvel. He makes it to the stall fairly quickly, being a smaller-than-average gray rabbit, and his eyes go wide at what he sees.

13 EXT. LAND OF DEATH WESTLAND - MARKETPLACES - NIGHT

13

There, at the fruit stall, was indeed a living little girl. His gaze is drawn by her features, and he can't stop staring at her. But his concentration is rocked by some cruel jeers.

RUDE JEERER

Someone get the enforcers! She
doesn't belong here!

RUDE JEERER 2

She's a livigrant! Get her out!

RUDE JEERER 3

Yeah, remove her before she
pollutes us with her touch!

Grim doesn't understand why, but these comments really piss him off.

GRIM

Hey, don't be so hard on her.
(MORE)

GRIM (CONT'D)
 She probably doesn't know why she's
 here, either.

One of the jeerers turns to him and throws a punch. Grim just barely avoids it.

RUDE JEERER 2
 The hell are you saying? She's
 invading our space! Are you trying
 to defend this livigrant, rabbit?

GRIM
 I'm just offering a suggestion of
 peace instead of ridiculing her.
 Look how uncomfortable she is.

Grim motions to the girl, who was shaking profusely under the hard gazes and mean words being thrown her way. The jeerer doesn't agree, however.

RUDE JEERER 2
 You're sick! Defending this
 defiler!

Grim has had enough. He punches the jeerer square in the jaw, instantly incapacitating him. He runs over to the little girl and grabs her by the hand before she can say anything.

GRIM
 Come with me!

He cries, running past the sneering crowds. Suddenly, a battalion of ENFORCERS appears before them.

ENFORCER 1
 Halt, gray rabbit! You have in your
 possession an irregularity! Hand
 over the little girl, or you'll be
 an enemy of the state!

GRIM
 Sorry, not today!

Grim takes the little girl into his arms, bridal-carry style (she blushes), and runs into a nearby alley, jumping onto a fire escape with haste. The Enforcers chase after them.

ENFORCER 1
 Get him!

A massive chase ensues on the rooftops. Various townsfolk try to help the Enforcers catch Grim, but he dodges all of their

attempts.

During the chase, he turns to the little girl and decides to ask her a question.

GRIM
Little girl, do you have a name?!

The little girl simply tilts her head, smiling innocently at him. His eyes go wide, but he has no time to say anything else, as a purple flaming arrow comes shooting past him.

GRIM
Aw, come on! Arrows?!

More arrows come flying towards them right after he says this, causing the little girl to bury her face in his shoulder in fright.

GRIM
Don't worry, I won't let you get hurt!

Grim narrowly avoids the firefight, even with his clothes getting slightly singed. He shakes his head as the chase continues, more dangerous than ever.

GRIM

(muttering)
Why did I even get myself into this?

He keeps running. The little girl slowly looks up, and her eyes go wide upon seeing something in the distance. She tugs on his shirt urgently.

GRIM
What's wrong? What is it?

The little girl points at the sky, and Grim follows her direction. His own eyes go wide, before he groans loudly.

GRIM
That's just unfair!

He cries, having noticed an Enforcer heading towards them with a glide suit.

Grim is running out of options, and the glider is getting closer. He looks around frantically and then spots a large body of water leading to the sewage system, up ahead. He takes a deep breath and then tries harder to run.

GRIM

Okay, I have a plan, but it's slightly risky. Do you trust me?

The little girl wraps her arms around his neck, nodding while nuzzling his fur. Grim nods in response.

GRIM

Okay. In about... five seconds, I'm going to jump. Hold on tight.

He picks up his speed slightly, breaking out into a sweat. The little girl eyes him worriedly.

GRIM

Five!

He jumps over a gap between buildings.

GRIM

Four!

He dodges an arrow fired his way.

GRIM

Three!

The little girl tightens her grip nervously.

GRIM

Two!

The Enforcers grow closer to them. One of them fires another fire arrow. Grim catches it and throws it up at the glider above, causing him to crash into some of the others.

ENFORCER 1

Shit! Don't let him escape!

Grim then stops in place.

GRIM

One!

The Enforcers behind him stop too, but then Enforcer 1 realizes what's about to happen.

ENFORCER 1

Don't stop! He's about to jump!

Grim turns around, waves, smirks, and then jumps into the water below. As they float in the surprisingly clear water, the little girl clutches his clothes with a scared look, but Grim rubs her head softly.

GRIM
You're safe now. They won't be able
to easily follow us here. Don't be
scared.

The little girl nods and then buries her face in his shirt, her
tears slightly staining it...

CUT TO:

15 **INT. LAND OF DEATH ENFORCER INTELLIGENCE AGENCY - LATE** 15
 NIGHT

A goat wearing a business suit, BULLOCK, slams a pile of
paperwork down on an aging wooden desk.

BULLOCK
What the hell happened while I was
away?

ENFORCER
Sheer hell. That's what happened...

BULLOCK
So I'm really being led to believe
that a failing Collector ran from
Enforcers, to protect a living
girl, and now he's made himself a
fully fledged enemy of the entire
goddamn state?!

ENFORCER
That is unfortunately exactly what
I've been telling you.

BULLOCK
Is this guy stupid, or what?

The door to the office opens, revealing Galia and a few other
Enforcers.

GALIA
Clearly you haven't met my brother.

BULLOCK
Ah, Galia, sorry to call you on
such short notice, but this really
is a mess of insane proportions.

GALIA
And so you want me to catch him?

BULLOCK

You've worked well as a an Enforcer before, and we need someone who can get into the same places he can. I know I'm asking for a lot, but you're the best one for this job.

Galia stares at Bullock with an expression of annoyance, but then smiles in resignation.

GALIA

I understand. Well, to start, where do you think he's heading?

BULLOCK

The Enforcers lost track of him near the sewage systems.

GALIA

Ugh. Demon territory...

BULLOCK

What do you think he plans to do with a living girl? She can't really live here for long, can she?

GALIA

He's probably wanting to return her to the World of the Living. With that in mind, his destination is most likely the portal, right?

BULLOCK

No fool would be dumb enough to try that. There's too much security for one person to get through.

ENFORCER

Who's saying he's going to try the portal? What if he wants to find another way out?

BULLOCK

Another way? That's impossible. There's only one way out of the Land of Death. You would be an idiot to think otherwise.

GALIA

An idiot, huh?

Galia chuckles in realization, causing Bullock and the Enforcer to look at her curiously.

CUT TO:

16 INT. LAND OF DEATH WESTLAND - SEWAGE SYSTEM - EARLY
MORNING

16

Grim and the little girl are sitting on a concrete walkway overlooking the sewage water. They are currently trying to squeeze the water out of their clothes, but this doesn't make them dry whatsoever.

Grim turns to the little girl, noticing her wet clothes and shivering shoulders.

GRIM
Hey, are you alright?

The little girl nods, though the way she shakes says otherwise.

GRIM
Those clothes look uncomfortable.
Here, let me help...

Grim goes to help her remove her clothes, but she yelps and holds herself uncomfortably.

GRIM
Ah, sorry, sorry!

He hands her his coat, and then turns around, taking care not to watch as the little girl removes her wet clothes. Once she was finished, he looked her over and decided that it was the best they could do for now.

GRIM
I guess this works...

GRIM
Say, are you mute? I haven't heard
you say anything so far.

The little girl looks to the ground and then nods silently.

GRIM
I see. Well, we better get out of
this place.

Grim took the little girl by the hand and they headed deeper into the sewers. It is quiet. Too quiet. The only thing we can hear is the sound of their wet footsteps.

Slowly, the sound of whispers reaches our ears. Grim pulls the little girl to the side as we begin to make out a conversation.

DEMON 1
Aw man. Can you believe this?

DEMON 2
I know, right? What fool jumps into these sewers? They must have a death wish.

DEMON 1
I swear, if you want to end it all, why not do it somewhere else? I was on a leisurely break!

DEMON 3
One of these days, I'm going to request a transfer to palace detail. We're not paid enough for this shit, honestly.

Grim turned to the little girl and placed a finger up to his mouth. They snuck past the demons, though one demon looked back for a few tense seconds before continuing on his way.

CUT TO:

17 EXT. LAND OF DEATH WESTLAND - BACK ALLEY 17

We see Grim and the little girl emerging from a sewer grate. Grim frowns at what he sees.

GRIM
Enforcers... they're all over the place...

They nod at each other, and then sneak along the streets, taking care not to attract attention. After several minutes of sneaking, they cautiously enter Grim's home.

18 INT. DOWNTOWN - GRIM'S CHEAP BUNGALOW HOME 18

Grim plops onto his bed with a sigh. He removes his mask and rubs his face tiredly.

GRIM
Whew. That was nerve wracking.

The little girl eyes him curiously, tilting her head in confusion.

GRIM
What's wrong?

The little girl smiles and then jumps on him with a laugh.

GRIM
Woah, hey!

Grim notices her jacket riding up and immediately separates. He quickly goes to look through his closet.

GRIM
You need to put some clothes on...
here, wear this.

Grim hands her a few old clothes he has, and the little girl puts them on behind him.

GRIM
That's better.

The little girl hugs him with a giggle. Grim can't stop his smile.

GRIM
You're really so strange.

Grim studies the little girl's face and notices her bright green eyes. A striking color, to say the least.

GRIM (CONT'D)
Your eyes are so green. Like
emeralds. Well, since you don't
seem to have a name, I'm going to
call you Em. How does that sound?

Em smiles, nodding profusely. Whether this was an enthusiastic approval of the name, or a misattributed action, Grim took it as her answer.

GRIM
Alright. Em, it is.

A sound at the door causes them to tense up. Grim pushes Em into the closet and closes the doors before slowly answering.

GRIM
Come in!

GALIA
Grim, was this really necessary?

GRIM
Oh, it's you, Galia. I swear, you
give someone a little kindness and
everyone turns against you.

GALIA
Don't act like this is a simple
situation. We all know what's going
on here.

Galia opened the closet, revealing Em, who shook under her gaze.

GRIM

Em was in danger. What else was I supposed to do?

GALIA

Idiot! You've made yourself a fugitive! The enforcers are on their way right now. I'm here to give you a head start. And to force you to give up. Please, just... come home and stop this, Grim.

GRIM

I appreciate the warning. But it's too late for that. You can use that worried tone all you want, it's not going to work.

GALIA

(sighing)

Alright. Get out of here, Grim. I trust you have a plan?

GRIM

Sort of. I was thinking of heading cross country, over to Goud's place.

GALIA

You don't mean... *that* Goud, right? He won't even give you the time of day.

GRIM

Well, I have to try something, don't I?

GALIA

(facebalming)

You've really screwed yourself over, Grim. I won't interfere right now, but just know that the next time we meet, I'm going to be working.

GRIM

(to Galia)

You don't have to tell me twice.

(to Em)

We're leaving. Let's go before they find us.

Galia watches with a conflicted expression as Grim and Em leave through a backdoor. There seems to be something deeper in that bratty head of hers, but we won't find out about that until later.

CUT TO:

19

EXT. LAND OF DEATH TOWARDS NORTHLAND - FOREST OF LOST SOULS

19

Grim and the little girl sneak through a back part of town, heading into a nearby forest. While this will make it easy for them to escape the enforcers, it also makes it easy to get lost there.

GRIM
(to Em)
They won't be able to find us in here.

Grim glanced around as they walked through the foggy trees. He knew the terrible rumors about this place. Everyone did.

GRIM (CONT'D)
Stay close to me. This place is dangerous, even for deathlings.

Slowly they walked, jumping at small disturbances and sounds. Suddenly, wispy shapes resembling humans, animals, and other living things began to float past them, causing Em to cower behind Grim.

GRIM (CONT'D)
They call this the Forest of Lost Souls. Those who have led improper lives end up here for eternity.

As more and more souls fluttered past them, even Grim was becoming unnerved. He saw the faint outline of the next city ahead and sped up.

GRIM (CONT'D)
Let's get out of this place. I don't like being here.

Em nodded in agreement. However, the fog grew and grew, until they could barely see. Em wandered around, until she realized that Grim was gone.

20

EXT. LAND OF DEATH TOWARDS NORTHLAND - PART OF THE FOREST

20

As spirits floated near her, Em broke out into a fearful sprint, tripping on a tree branch.

Spirits hovered around her strangely, like there was something about her that they sensed. But before anything could happen, Grim ran up, swatting them all away. His rabbit footsteps carried in the fog.

GRIM (CONT'D)
There you are. This place is worse than hell. Let's get on, shall we?

Em nodded, taking his hand as they finally reached the end of that terrible forest. Meanwhile, the spirits watched with curious eyes at their receding forms. Something was drawing them towards Em for reasons unknown.

CUT TO:

21 INT. LAND OF DEATH NORTHLAND - GOUD'S MANSION - FOYER 21

Loud party music plays over various shots of partygoers drinking, talking, dancing, and performing adult acts.

Through all of this, we zoom in on Grim's uncomfortable/unamused face. He's covering Em's eyes with his paws, though she's trying to see anyway.

A brown rabbit walks up carrying two large wine bottles. He's decked in obnoxious gold chains and bling.

GOUD
Grim, my best man! I must say, I wasn't expecting your company tonight?

GRIM
Well, I wasn't expecting to be here, either.

GOUD
So, what will it be, huh? A large bottle of the good stuff? Maybe you're finally going to accept my offer for a hot chick to keep you company?

GRIM
Neither, actually. Not now, not ever.

GOUD
Come on, man! Don't tell me you're still hung up over last time? It was just a prank, a silly joke!

GRIM

You have a sick idea of what constitutes a 'joke', Goud.

GOUD

(to Grim)

You just lack a sense of humor!

Goud notices Em, and his eyes go wide. Despite all the crazy things he had seen in his life, he had never seen this.

GOUD

Oh, and who's this? A little human girl? In the land of the living, no less? Well, shit, Grim, this is crazy stuff you've brought me here.

GRIM

I didn't bring her here to give you as a plaything. She's lost. And I wanted to get her home. So why don't you open up that occult library of yours and provide me with a way out of here?

GOUD

What kind of way?

GRIM

A way out of the Land of Death. Without using the central portal.

GOUD

Ah... That's a hefty request, Grim. I'd love to give you what you so desire. But in exchange, I require some sort of... insurance, let's call it. I am dealing with a *fugitive of the law* after all.

Grim's head falls into his hands. He groans, while Em becomes interested in the not-appropriate things happening nearby.

GRIM

Ugh, why didn't I expect this?

(noticing Em)

And can you get these girls out of here? They're so distracting and I don't want her to see this!

GOUD

(snickering)

Oh man, you're so dotting. Have you taken a daughter, Grim?

GRIM
Don't test me, Goud.

Grim reaches into his pocket and pulls out some gold coins, handing them to Goud.

GOUD
See, that wasn't so hard, was it?

22 INT. LAND OF DEATH NORTHLAND - GOUD'S MANSION - LIBRARY 22

Grim and Em follow Goud into an office library, full of old books on the occult.

GOUD
Now, as for what you require, I actually don't have it.

Grim glares.

GRIM
(furious)
You what?

GOUD
Don't worry, I know some people that do. They're... old acquaintances of mine.

Goud scribbles a name and address on a piece of paper, handing it to Grim.

GOUD (CONT'D)
They'll tell you all about secret exits and entryways. I wouldn't know about that advanced stuff.

GRIM
So I just paid you to tell me that others could have helped me instead?

GOUD
Well, when you put it that way...

23 INT. LAND OF DEATH NORTHLAND - GOUD'S MANSION - FOYER 23

Grim takes Em by the hand and storms out of the mansion with a huff.

GRIM
(yelling angrily)
Just so you know, I'm never coming
here again!

GOUD
(yelling back)
Sure, but didn't you also say that
last time?

Grim shook his head and walked away, Em following close behind.
Once they were gone, Goud opened a magical communication.

GOUD
Hello, is this the Enforcer Agency?
I have some information about your
suspect, if you'll pay me
handsomely.

He grinned, watching as Grim and Em disappeared into the city
below.

24 **EXT. LAND OF DEATH NORTHLAND - CITY STREETS**

24

Grim and Em stand at the entrance to Northland. Seeing a few
passerby, Grim quickly fastens his mask to Em's face.

GRIM
Keep this on. We don't want anyone
getting suspicious.

Em nods. They cautiously walk through the quiet city streets,
hoping no-one will spot them.

A nearby food stall catches Em's eyes, and Grim is reminded of
the night he met her. He walks over and buys two fruits,
handing one of them to her with a smile.

GRIM
Are you hungry? Let's eat these
together.

Em nods with a smile and bites into her fruit, squinting at the
sour taste. Grim chuckles and eats the fruit without issue.

GRIM (CONT'D)
According to this, we need to find
a place called *Time Wasted*.

They walked along the streets, ignoring the eyes of curious
passerby and whispers about Em's presence. Eventually, they
found their destination, and ironically, it was an old bar and
nightclub.

GRIM
Time Wasted, huh? Pretty clever
 name, I guess.

They head inside to meet their mysterious source of help.

25 **INT. LAND OF DEATH NORTHLAND - TIME WASTED BAR &
 NIGHTCLUB**

25

As Grim and Em entered, a gruff-looking bartender glanced at them. His rough exterior caused Em to cower, but Grim held her close.

BARTENDER
 Do you want something?

GRIM
 Uh... my friend Goud sent me.

Grim hands him the paper, which he studies for a few seconds before nodding. He motioned to a door near the back.

BARTENDER
 Head back there. But be warned,
 what happens in there, stays in
 there.

GRIM
 Thanks?

Grim and Em walked towards the ominous door.

26 **INT. LAND OF DEATH NORTHLAND - TIME WASTED BAR -
 BACKROOM**

26

Entering the room, various voices reached Grim and Em's ears.

SANTA MUERTE
 (sighing)
 So I asked her, "When's the last
 time you've seen a human who's
 embraced death without fear?" But
 then she said "All humans are the
 same. Death hasn't really changed
 for them." Isn't that the stupidest
 thing you've ever heard?

HADES
 Indeed. It seems death has lost all
 of the respect it once carried.

ANUBIS
 Death has been reduced to numbers,
 quotas.
 (MORE)

ANUBIS (CONT'D)

Satan has made everything part of his *grand statistics*. I've seen humans who've made smarter decisions than he has.

SANTA MUERTE

Tch. If I had a dollar for every wrong decision that moron has made, I would be able to afford ten times the amount of mansions he owns!

HADES

You're lucky you still have a fan base, Muerte. Our existence has become totally obsolete. And that's not even mentioning the others.

ANUBIS

I've heard they've lost their godly protections. It's only a matter of time before Satan rejects us.

SANTA MUERTE

Indeed. Truthfully I would have had more to prevent such a fate, if it wasn't for... him.

HADES

Ugh...the self proclaimed 'Savior of Man'? How many people has he killed just to fill his exclusive club?

SANTA MUERTE & ANUBIS

(shaking their heads)

Too many to count.

At that moment, the group realized Grim and Em were there. They froze upon seeing them, and Grim's face was wide at everything he had just heard a few seconds ago.

ANUBIS

What is this? Who dares enter without warning?

HADES

Is that... a human girl? Here in the Land of Death?

Grim nodded.

GRIM

I was sent by my friend Goud. He said you could help me.

The three gods grimaced.

SANTA MUERTE

Goud, you say? The one who performs unwanted pranks and swindles you for money without a second thought?

GRIM

Glad to know we agree on his annoyances.

HADES

What is it you wish for us to do, young rabbit?

Grim placed Em in front of him, causing her to tense up.

GRIM

As you can see, Em is a living girl. I'm trying to get her home, but enforcers are all over the Westlands. I can't use the portal.

SANTA MUERTE

So you want to find a secret way out of the Land of Death?

GRIM

If that's possible.

The three gods thought for a moment and then shook their heads.

HADES

There are some paths that shouldn't be exposed freely. The Land of Death must be kept sacred, and that includes its secrets.

GRIM

There's really no other way?

The three gods held their tongues. Meanwhile, Em locked eyes with Anubis, becoming fascinated with his animal head. Drifting away from Grim, she approached him.

GRIM

Em, what are you doing? Don't wander off.

The little girl then suddenly rubbed her hands along Anubis' head, causing everyone to tense up.

GRIM (CONT'D)

Em!

SANTA MUERTE
Oh, she's done it now.

ANUBIS
Little girl! Do you know who you
are in the presence of?!

Em tilts her head with a confused and amused smile. Then she
rubs Anubis' head again.

ANUBIS (CONT'D)
(relaxing & purring)
Cease this.. cease... hm...

Everyone was now staring at Anubis, who seemed to have calmed
down and relaxed under her touch.

ANUBIS (CONT'D)
There is something about this
one... I suppose I could offer a
bit of help.

SANTA MUERTE
(chuckling)
My goodness.

HADES
(in awe)
This is impossible.

Grim nearly laughed, but he kept it to himself. Who knows what
would happen if he didn't.

GRIM
What help would you offer, Great
Anubis?

ANUBIS
Great? Yes, I suppose I am great.
As for your request... there is a
witch who knows the ways of the
universe. She might be able to open
unknown paths.

SANTA MUERTE
Exposing it all, are we?

HADES
I guess our secrecy was for
nothing.

Grim watched as Em continued to play with Anubis' head. It was
a very amusing sight.

GRIM
 (focusing)
 This witch... where is she? And who
 is she?

Santa Muerte conjures up another piece of paper with
 information on it. She hands it to Grim.

SANTA MUERTE
 Her name is Alweda. This paper will
 lead you to her.

Bam! Bam! Loud knocks at the door caused them to turn with
 concern.

HADES
 What could that be?

ANUBIS
 Sounds like trouble.

GRIM
 Must be the enforcers. How did they
 find us?

SANTA MUERTE
 Could it have something to do with
 your friend Goud?

Grim groaned and slapped his forehead.

GRIM
 Of course he would do that. Dammit!

As Grim and Em tried to break away, the door was kicked open,
 and enforcers filled in with weapons. A fight breaks out in the
 room, but the gods are unable to use powerful magic. However,
 they are able to perform distractions.

Grim tries to use the confusion to slip away with Em, but an
 enforcer notices them, firing his weapon. Grim shields Em from
 the attack and is hit, scarring his face slightly.

While bleeding out, he barely manages to help Em escape the
 bar/nightclub in the shuffle.

27 **EXT. LAND OF DEATH NORTHLAND - BRIDGE SEWERS**

27

Grim weakly takes Em to hide in a large sewer system underneath
 a nearby bridge. He rubs his wound and winces in pain.

Em frowns and pulls off her backpack, looking inside it for
 something. She produces a first aid kit and uses it to treat
 his wound.

Hearing him still wincing, despite the treatment, Em speaks for the very first time.

EM
(softly spoken)
Hurt?

Grim's eyes widen at the sound of her voice. It takes a few seconds for him to get over his awe.

GRIM
Just a little bit.

Em frowns, simply rubbing the wound gently with her fingers.

EM
(apologetic)
Sorry.

GRIM
Don't be. I'm just glad you weren't hurt.

Em looked to the ground and then raised her arm, revealing a wound of her own.

GRIM (CONT'D)
Wait, you were hit? Why didn't you tell me?

EM
Worry... too much...

Grim shook his head, taking her arm worriedly.

GRIM
You should still tell me, Em. I want to worry for you. Let me be worried.

He took her first aid kit and treated her in return. It was quiet, and they only exchanged a few words, but it was a nice moment nonetheless.

GRIM (CONT'D)
That should be good. Now, let's rest here for tonight. We'll head out to find the witch in the morning.

EM
(softly spoken)
Okay.

Em smiled, resting tiredly against his furry form. She nuzzled him, causing him to freeze. She fell asleep rather quickly, but

Grim took longer. In the end, we see them sleeping together as the night continues...

FADE OUT TO:

28 **INT. LAND OF DEATH EASTLAND - THE PALACE RESIDUUM -**
OFFICE

28

We follow a clean-suited demon secretary as he enters a stylish office. He's carrying a small stack of documents on his right and a bottle of wine on his left.

Pan over to a large demonic figure, SATAN, looking out a wide, expansive set of windows. His very presence seems to coat the room in a dark energy.

The secretary gulps and walks over, pouring wine into an empty glass that Satan is holding. Satan takes a long sip without giving the secretary a single glance.

SATAN
(expectant)
Well?

DEMON SECRETARY
The Westland enforcers have tracked
the collector Grim to a city in
Northland.

SATAN
(rubbing his chin)
Northland? It seems he's getting
further and further away from demon
jurisdiction. What of the efforts
of our own trackers?

DEMON SECRETARY
We've consistently lost his trail.
It seems the methods of collectors
are proving a difficult obstacle.

Satan suddenly turns around, revealing his full form. An expression of anger and disbelief is clear in his face, and the secretary falters at the terrible gaze.

SATAN
(rising anger)
The *methods of collectors*? You mean
to say that a mere deathling, an
insignificant rabbit from the
Westland, is causing trouble to our
forces?

DEMON SECRETARY
(nervously)
In a way... yes sir.

SATAN
(sarcastic)
Fascinating. You seem to relish in
your own failure, secretary.

Satan grabs the secretary by the collar, holding him a few feet off the ground, causing him to flail. His face is pure menace incarnate.

SATAN (CONT'D)
Tell me, in cases such as these,
what should you be doing?

DEMON SECRETARY
(stuttering)
In... increasing our... efforts...
sir...

SATAN
Yes, exactly.

He drops the secretary to the floor, who cowers away as fast as he can.

SATAN (CONT'D)
Now, instead of reveling in your
incompetence, I would like you to
carry out new orders.

SATAN (CONT'D)
First, gather more Trackers. We
cannot afford to fall behind.

SATAN (CONT'D)
Second, enlist some Strikers. I am
making this a high priority case.

The secretary nods and jots down the orders. Then he pauses and looks up at Satan in confusion.

DEMON SECRETARY
(confused)
You want to hire Strikers? Aren't
they against the law, sir?

SATAN
(glaring)
Some laws exist to be overridden. I
trust you agree, unless... you'd
like to be erased along with him?

DEMON SECRETARY

(quickly)

Of course I agree, your eminence.
We shall fetch the girl as soon as
we can.

Satan grinned and took another sip of his wine. He turned back to the window with a satisfied expression.

SATAN

(smiling menacingly)

Excellent. Take care of this matter
in a timely fashion, secretary. I
don't want those enforcers getting
their noses in matters they won't
understand.

Closeup on Satan's face before we cut away.

CUT TO:

29

EXT. LAND OF DEATH OUTSIDE NORTHLAND - HILL OUTLOOK

29

Cut to closeup on a pair of binoculars looking out at the distance. The binoculars lower to reveal Galia, her brow furrowed in consternation.

Another figure, Bullock, walks up next to her. He crosses his arms.

GALIA

(to Bullock)

Any news?

(to herself)

I'm about tired of this...

BULLOCK

The demons have tightened their
efforts.

GALIA

Damn, we're falling behind.

BULLOCK

That's not all. They've sent the
Strikers.

GALIA

(incredulous)

You're joking.

BULLOCK

(sighing)

I wish I could say that I was.

GALIA
 (worriedly to herself)
 Oh, Grim...
 (turning to Bullock)
 Bullock, this shit is getting
 serious. I'm not sure how to feel
 about it.

BULLOCK
 (nodding in agreement)
 Well, you've heard about the
 anomaly, haven't you?

Galia frowns, and we see a shadow passing over her face.

GALIA
 Sometimes I marvel at the
 callousness of the living.

BULLOCK
 (chuckling)
 Are we any different?

GALIA
 (nodding in resignation)
 Touché.

Galia turns back to face the horizon, her expression unreadable to the naked eye.

CUT TO:

30 EXT. LAND OF DEATH NORTHLAND - BRIDGE SEWERS - MIDNIGHT 30

We see Em waking up in the middle of the night, unable to sleep. She grabs her backpack and looks through it.

Em pulls out a folded up letter. She reads it to herself, but we don't see what it says. We just see her solemn face.

Cut to her hunched back, as quiet tears fall from her eyes, just barely seen in the darkness. She glances at Grim and walks over to him, laying her body against his fur to mask her tears.

At last, she finally falls asleep...

FADE TO:

31 EXT. LAND OF DEATH NORTHLAND - BRIDGE SEWERS - MORNING 31

Grim wakes to the sound of water dripping. Em wakes beside him.

GRIM
(smiling)
Morning.

They gather their belongings in preparation for their departure.

Grim goes to place the first aid kit back into Em's bag, but he pauses upon finding a piece of paper inside. A closeup reveals a faded photo of two adult humans.

GRIM
Is this yours, Em?

Em's eyes widen and she nods silently. Grim hands her the photo and she takes it with a frown.

EM
My parents... miss them...

Grim's face drops. He's now more determined to get her back home.

GRIM
I see. Then that's all the more reason to keep going. We'll find your home, Em. I promise you.

EM
Home?

GRIM
Yes, home. Where you're safest.

Em paused and then smiled. Her expression seems forced, but Grim doesn't notice. He takes her hand.

GRIM (CONT'D)
Now, we should probably get out of these dirty sewers.

After making sure the coast was clear, Grim and Em climb up the bridge ladder with haste. Immediately, it becomes obvious to them that enforcers and demons are all over the city.

Various shots show the enforcers and demons questioning city residents for information.

GRIM (CONT'D)
Enforcers and demons? We're going to have to make a run for it, Em.

Em nods nervously.

32

EXT. LAND OF DEATH NORTHLAND - CITY STREETS - MORNING

32

They quickly climb the ladder and try to run through the city's backroads, but soon they are spotted.

ENFORCER
(yelling)
You there! Stop!

Grim and Em avoid the efforts of the enforcers, however, they are unable to evade the demons, who surround them with very little difficulty.

DEMON GENERAL
This is as far as you go.

GRIM
I don't recall making an enemy of demons. This is uncalled for harassment.

STRIKER
You have an anomaly in your possession. This is far from harassment.

GRIM
Surely we can talk about this?

DEMON GENERAL
You forfeited conversation when you resisted prior apprehension.

Tension is thick in the air as the demons and strikers draw their weapons. Em cowers under the force of their hostility.

GRIM
(smirking bitterly)
I guess I'm everyone's enemy now.

STRIKER
(raising his weapon)
Stand down, Collector. This is your final warning before erasure.

GRIM
There's no need to go that far. And isn't erasure against the law in some way?

As Grim speaks, we cut to behind him, showing us that he's readying his staff behind his back.

STRIKER
(firm, unyielding)
Stand down. Now!

GRIM
(sighing)
Unfortunately, I won't.

Grim pulls out his staff, gripping it tightly.

GRIM
(grinning)
Time to fight?

The Strikers charge without hesitation. Grim fends them off as best he can, his staff whirling in arcs of light and energy. But against the sheer force of the demons, he begins to falter. As Grim is cornered, ready to face his end, a shadowy figure emerges and strikes down the demons with effortless precision.

GALIA
In trouble again?

GRIM
(groaning)
Oh great... Does this make me
indebted to you?

GALIA
(serious, stepping closer)
This isn't the time for jokes,
Grim. Things have gotten far more
serious than I anticipated. The
demons are starting to involve
themselves.

GRIM
I can see that.

GALIA
(slight worry)
I don't want to see you throw your
life away for nothing. Just hand
the girl to me, and I'll try to
secure you a lighter sentence.

GRIM
Can't do that. I'm not backing down
from this. And Em is not just
nothing. She's a living person who
simply misses her parents.

GALIA
She's an anomaly, Grim! She's not
supposed to be here!

GRIM
Exactly. That's why I have to get
her home.

GALIA
(pleading)
Listen, there's something about her
you just don't understand—

GRIM
Is this fun for you? Talking down
to your brother at every
opportunity, mocking every decision
he makes?

Grim steps closer, his voice rising in anger.

GRIM (CONT'D)
I understand. You'll never see me
as an individual. All you see is a
little brother you can feel
superior towards!

GALIA
Grim, this isn't the time for—

GRIM
(interrupting, shouting)
Shut up! It's you who doesn't
understand! You don't get a thing
about me! You never try to listen
to what I'm saying!

Grim grabs Em's hand, determination blazing in his eyes. Galia
takes his other hand, her face filled with desperation.

GALIA
(desperately)
Grim, don't do this!

GRIM
(firm)
I'm already doing it.

Grim yanks his hand from her grip and breaks into a run, Em
following close behind. Galia watches, a mix of frustration and
worry on her face.

GALIA
(muttering)
At this rate... You're going to get
yourself killed...

CUT TO:

33 EXT. LAND OF DEATH - LA MUERTE - NIGHT**33**

Grim and Em are walking through the busy streets of La Muerte, the city where the *Day of the Dead* is celebrated and honored.

As the city is always drenched in night, the people here never seem to sleep. It's always busy, as Grim and Em have discovered.

Walking along the crowded roads, Grim turns to nearby stand.

GRIM

Excuse me.

STAND-OWNER

Yes?

GRIM

We're looking for someone called Alweda. Do you know where she is?

STAND-OWNER

Well of course I do! It's impossible to miss her.

(pointing to a large building
in the city center)

Go there and she'll see you. That is, if you have the right credentials.

Grim nods. Him and Em walk over to the large building, which was decorated with lights and ornaments.

34 INT. LAND OF DEATH - LA MUERTE - ALWEDA'S MAGIC SHOP**34**

They head inside, finding an adult woman seated at a reception desk.

RECEPTIONIST

Do you have an appointment?

GRIM

No, um... we were sent by Anubis and the others... they gave us this address.

Grim hands her the paper and she takes it, studying the words written. Then she grins.

RECEPTIONIST

I see, I see. Follow me this way.

35 INT. LAND OF DEATH - LA MUERTE - ALWEDA'S SHOP - TEA ROOM

35

The receptionist leads them into a secluded backroom filled with potions and old spellbooks.

They sit at a small table, with the receptionist sitting across from them.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)
So, what do you require my services for?

GRIM
(tilting his head)
Your services? We came here to meet someone named Alweda...

RECEPTIONIST
(giggling)
And your request is granted. I am Alweda.

Em reacted in awe, while Grim gave her an unimpressed look.

GRIM
Do you do this with everyone who comes in?

ALWEDA
Maybe. But never-mind that. What brings you here?

GRIM
Well, it's a long story. See, I want to help this girl, Em. But there's something about her...

Grim motions for Em to remove the mask. She follows his order and Alweda gasps.

ALWEDA
A living girl? My goodness. This is serious, indeed.

GRIM
Yes, which is why I want to get her home. Unfortunately, enforcers are guarding the portal, so I need another way out.

ALWEDA
(muttering to herself)
The secret paths of the dead...

Alweda walks over to a bookshelf and flips through several ornate books.

ALWEDA (CONT'D)
How, exactly, did you convince those grumbling gods to give my location?

GRIM
(sheepishly)
It was Em's doing, actually.

ALWEDA
(amused)
Was it really? Who did you coerce?

EM
(smiling)
Anubis!

Alweda chuckles, walking back to the table with a book in hand.

ALWEDA
As I expected. That Egyptian furball has always been a big softy.

Alweda flips through the book to a specific page and turns it to show them.

ALWEDA (CONT'D)
This spell will open a secret gate out of the Land of Death.

GRIM
Where does it lead?

ALWEDA
I have no idea. These gates are often unstable and lead to unexpected places. But it will get you out.

Grim glances at Em, who looks up at him. He sighs and nods hesitantly.

GRIM
Alright. This is better than nothing. Let's see it.

They all stand, as Alweda casts the spell with a mystical incantation. The room is sent into disarray in the face of the power.

ALWEDA
Insert incantation here.

A small portal opens in front of them, its form ominous compared to simplicity of the central portal. Grim and Em study it cautiously.

GRIM
This'll work, right?

ALWEDA
(grinning)
Only one way to find out.

Alweda pushes Grim and Em through the portal, causing them to cry out in surprise.

ALWEDA (CONT'D)
(crying out)
Good luck out there!

The two disappear, and the portal dissipates. Leaving Alweda alone in the room.

CUT TO:

36 EXT. LAND OF FATE - AWFULLY BRIGHT SKIES

36

Grim and Sarah (Em) stand in an ethereal, foggy expanse. The air shimmers with golden light, and faint whispers echo around them.

GRIM
(looking around)
This isn't the land of the living.

PA
(voice echoing, calm and ancient)
Indeed, this is the Land of Fate, little rabbit.

Grim spins around, startled. A luminous, almost spirit-like figure emerges from the mist, radiating a soft, otherworldly glow.

GRIM
(suspicious)
Who are you?

PA
(gently)
You may call me Pa. We faeries were expecting you, Grim.

GRIM
(frowning)
How do you know my name?

Grim rises to his feet, helping Sarah up as well. He holds his staff defensively.

PA
(serene)
We know many things here, such as the fact that you are wanting to return little Sarah to her home in the Land of the Living.

GRIM
(surprised)
Sarah? Is that her real name?

PA
(nods)
Yes, that is the name given to her by the humans. Isn't that right, Sarah?

Em, or Sarah as she is now known, hesitates before nodding slowly.

SARAH
(softly)
My name is... Sarah. But... I like Em, too.

GRIM
(uncertain)
So then... why do you know all of this?

PA
(matter-of-fact)
Because it is our prerogative. We are the ones who read and write fate as it occurs to us.

37 INT. LAND OF FATE - AN AWFULLY BRIGHT PALACE

37

Grim, Sarah, and Pa walk through the halls of a white palace. The brightness of everything was almost overwhelming to Grim and Sarah. Their conversation continues from before.

GRIM
(skeptical)
So... was everything that has occurred so far destined to happen? Are we just walking a set path?

PA
 (smiling faintly)
 Fate isn't so black and white. It is only a framework—or more precisely, a muddy image of what may happen, or may not happen, depending on the choices of the subject.

GRIM
 (earnest)
 If you know everything, then... Do you know where Sarah's home is? Can you open a portal to lead us there?

PA
 (nods slowly)
 Yes. But I must warn you of the danger you are facing.

GRIM
 (misunderstanding their words)
 I'm aware, and it won't be a problem. The enforcers and demons can try all they want—I won't surrender to them.

Pa's expression darkens slightly. They turn to Sarah, their voice soft but probing.

PA
 Sarah, are you sure this is the path you wish to take?

Sarah hesitates. An indiscernible look flickers across her face before she nods firmly.

SARAH
 (quietly)
 Yes.

PA
 (nods)
 I see. Then we shall help you in your pursuit. Please, follow me.

38 **INT. LAND OF FATE - AN AWFULLY BRIGHT PALACE - FOUNTAIN ROOM**

38

Pa glides gracefully across the room, leading them to a large chamber. At its center is a magnificent fountain, its water shimmering with ethereal light. Grim and Sarah sit to rest while Pa steps into an adjacent garden.

39 INT. LAND OF FATE - AN AWFULLY BRIGHT PALACE - GARDEN 39

Pa plucks a delicate sakura petal from a tree and, with deft movements, writes on it using glowing, magical ink. They return to the fountain chamber, holding the enchanted petal.

40 INT. LAND OF FATE - AN AWFULLY BRIGHT PALACE - FOUNTAIN ROOM 40

Pa drops the petal into the fountain. The water glows brilliantly, shifting into a radiant shade of gold.

PA
This portal will take you where you wish to go. Exercise the utmost caution.

GRIM
(standing, resolute)
Thank you.

Grim takes Sarah's hand and looks at her, his expression softening.

GRIM
Ready?

SARAH
(nods)
Ready.

Hand in hand, they step into the glowing water. The golden light envelops them, and they vanish through the portal.

CUT TO:

41 INT. LAND OF DEATH EASTLAND - THE PALACE RESIDUUM - OFFICE 41

We see Satan sitting at his ornate desk. His secretary's lifeless head rests on the desk, blood slowly pooling and dripping onto the polished floor.

The door creaks open. A NERVOUS SOLDIER, clad in dark armor and visibly trembling, steps in and hesitates before speaking.

NERVOUS SOLDIER
Grim has just reached the Land of the Living, sir.

SATAN leans back in his throne-like chair, tapping his long, clawed fingers on the desk. A slow, cold smile spreads across his face.

SATAN
(smirking)
A shame. He would have been such a
great collector had he not made
himself the biggest pain in our
side.

He tilts his head slightly, feigning thought.

SATAN
Oh, wait. Never mind. He was pretty
crummy even then, wasn't he?

The soldier shifts uncomfortably. Satan's smile grows wider.

SATAN
I seem to dislike him the more I
learn about his insignificant life.

NERVOUS SOLDIER
(uncertain)
What should we do, sir?

Satan leans forward, resting his elbows on the desk. He laces
his clawed fingers together, his crimson eyes glinting with
malicious amusement.

SATAN
Let him discover the truth about
his little pet.

He picks up a pen and idly doodles on a piece of parchment, as
if bored by the conversation.

SATAN
Then we can apprehend him and end
this fruitless goose chase.

He chuckles, a low, guttural sound that reverberates through
the room.

SATAN
Or rabbit chase, I should say.

The soldier nods stiffly and backs out of the room, the heavy
door closing behind him with a menacing thud. Satan gazes at
the lifeless head on his desk, a faint smirk tugging at the
corner of his mouth.

CUT TO:

42 **EXT. LAND OF THE LIVING - A SMALL TOWN IN PENNSYLVANIA - DAY** 42

Grim and Sarah found themselves standing outside a small town. The skies are bright and things are looking up.

GRIM
(smirking)
I never thought I'd be glad to see
sunlight.

He turns to Sarah, his tone softening.

GRIM
Well, Sarah. You're home.

Sarah looks out at the town, her expression unreadable. Her lips move, but her voice is barely audible.

SARAH
Home...

Her tone carries an undercurrent of sadness. Grim doesn't seem to catch it. Instead, he gestures toward the town with a sense of purpose.

GRIM
Now, let's get you reunited with
your parents.

Sarah remains silent, her gaze fixed on the town. Grim starts walking, assuming she's following. Her quiet demeanor isn't unusual—it's been her way throughout their journey. She hesitates for a moment, then trails after him without a word.

43 **EXT. LAND OF THE LIVING - OUTSIDE SARAH'S HOME** 43

Grim and Sarah walk through a vast, quiet field. The wind rustles the tall grass, and an old, weathered townhouse looms in the distance. The camera pans up to reveal its decayed facade, windows shuttered and roof sagging.

GRIM
(looking around uneasily)
It's so quiet out here... Is this
really where you live?

Sarah nods, a distant look on her face. Grim glances at her, noticing her somber expression.

GRIM
(concerned)
What's wrong?

Sarah doesn't answer. She keeps walking toward the house. Grim

hesitates but follows her as she steps up to the creaking porch and pushes the door open.

44 INT. LAND OF THE LIVING - SARAH'S HOME - FOYER 44

The interior is dimly lit, cluttered, and eerily still. Dust motes dance in the sunlight streaming through broken blinds.

GRIM
(taking in the mess)
Are your parents not home yet? This
place looks... abandoned. You
should probably say something to
them.

Sarah doesn't respond, her footsteps echoing as she heads for the staircase.

GRIM
(raising his voice slightly)
Sarah?

She continues upward, her movements deliberate yet unsettling. Grim follows, the floorboards creaking under his weight.

45 INT. LAND OF THE LIVING - SARAH'S HOME - HALLWAY 45

Grim stops at the top of the stairs, watching Sarah stare at various framed photographs on the wall. Then he followed as she continued walking, eventually pausing outside a door. She stands motionless, her hand hovering over the doorknob.

GRIM
(softly)
Hey... where are you going?

Sarah finally pushes the door open. Grim steps closer, peering past her into the room.

46 INT. LAND OF THE LIVING - SARAH'S HOME - BEDROOM 46

Despite its purple wallpaper, the room is cold and stark, as if frozen in time. A faint beam of light filters through tattered curtains, illuminating the bed in the center. Sarah moves toward it with slow, deliberate steps.

GRIM
(uneasy)
Is this... your bedroom?

Sarah doesn't answer. She stands by the bed, staring at it as though it holds a terrible secret.

Grim swallows hard and steps closer. Tentatively, he pulls back the blanket, revealing a lifeless figure beneath the covers—Sarah, pale and still.

GRIM
(breathless, stumbling back)
Sarah... what the...? How can you—?

He looks up at her, his face pale with shock.

GRIM
(voice trembling)
This... this isn't real. It can't
be. Sarah... you're not...

Tears streak down Sarah's face as she watches him, her lips barely moving.

SARAH
(whispering)
Sorry.

GRIM
No! No, you're not dead! You're
standing right here, talking to me!

Sarah shakes her head, her voice breaking.

SARAH
Parents... gone. They left me. No one
cared... no one stayed. I... I gave up.

Grim shakes his head, clearly in denial of the situation. He grabs Sarah by the shoulders, looking her firmly in the eyes.

GRIM
(desperately)
No, Sarah. You didn't give up.
You're here, with me. You're—

SARAH
(interrupting)
What you see... isn't me. It's
what's left.

Sarah turns her back to him, staring out the window as though gazing into a void.

Grim's legs almost buckle beneath him. The room spins as he struggles to process everything he's just heard. Sarah, the lovely little girl he was trying to help, the one who seemingly missed her parents... was **dead**.

He clutches the bedpost for support and then barely stumbles out of the room.

47

**EXT. LAND OF THE LIVING - SARAH'S HOME - FRONT PORCH
STEPS**

47

Grim sat outside the old house on the porch steps with a frown. Small tears fell from his eyes as he considered everything. Was it all true?

The door creaks open behind him. Grim doesn't turn, but he hears soft footsteps approaching. Sarah walks out, her presence calm and gentle. She sits beside him and wraps her arms around him in a tender embrace.

SARAH
(softly)
I'm sorry for making you cry... But
I'm happy now... because you're
here with me.

Grim wipes his eyes with the back of his hand, his voice shaky.

GRIM
You're not... sad?

SARAH
(smiling faintly)
I won't be... if you... make me
happy.

GRIM
(his tone softening)
Am I... allowed to?

SARAH
(nodding)
No one cared before... but you
did... so I like you.

Grim chuckles softly, the weight on his chest easing just a bit.

GRIM
That's... good to know.

They fall into a peaceful silence, the only sound being the whisper of the breeze brushing through the trees. The moment feels suspended in time as they sit side by side.

GRIM
(after a beat, quietly)
You know... now that we're here..
it feels like a heavy weight's
finally been lifted.

SARAH
(her voice calm)
Yeah...

Grim reaches out, his paw brushing against her hand. Hesitating only for a moment, he interlocks his rabbit paw with her human hand. Their fingers—so different yet fitting perfectly—link together.

They close their eyes, sitting in serene unity for a long, quiet moment.

Suddenly, the soft rustle of grass nearby makes Grim's ears twitch.

VOICE
(offscreen, stern)
Grim.

Grim opens his eyes to see his sister, Galia, standing at the edge of the porch, arms crossed, her expression sharp but tinged with worry.

GRIM
(blinking, startled)
Huh? Oh... Galia. I guess you found us.

GALIA
(flatly)
Did you learn the truth?

GRIM
(nods, matter-of-fact)
Naturally. But we've figured out how to handle it.

Galia steps closer, her frown deepening.

GALIA
Grim, let this go. You got your answer. You brought her home. Now surrender before something worse happens to you.

GRIM
(defiantly)
Like what? You and I both know they're going to kill me whether I surrender or not. So, no. Me and Sarah? We'll keep running. They'll have to give up before we do.

Galia sighs, pinching the bridge of her nose in frustration. She turns away, muttering under her breath.

GALIA
(faced away, quietly)
I guess there's nothing more I can
say to you, Grim. I hoped you'd
come to your senses. But I
should've known better.

Grim stands, his expression softening as he looks at her back.

GRIM
(awkwardly, with a small
smile)
Galia... thanks. For everything. I
don't usually say stuff like this,
but... I guess I should.

For a moment, there's silence. Then, Galia makes a small smile.

GALIA
(smiling faintly)
You really are stupid, Grim.

Grim chuckles, the tension easing slightly.

GRIM
(grinning)
Yeah... I know.

GALIA
(hesitantly)
Then you also know what's about to
happen next.

Grim nods, standing up with Sarah following close behind.

GRIM
I suppose you've brought the
Enforcers *and* the demons, right?

GALIA
(resigned)
It wasn't what I wanted, Grim.

GRIM
Yeah, yeah, you can forget the
mushy sincerity, now. Call them up.

Galia frowns, sighs, and then draws a magic character in the
air with her staff. A large portal appears in front of the
house, revealing a huge amount of Enforcers and demons.

GALIA
Grim...

Galia sighs, looking between him and Sarah.

GALIA (CONT'D)
Don't do anything stupid.

GRIM
(grinning)
I think you forget who I am.

Grim and Sarah walk out to greet the large group of soldiers with open arms.

48 **EXT. LAND OF THE LIVING - FIELD OUTSIDE SARAH'S HOME**

48

The soldiers tense up as the two approach without any hint of hesitation or worry.

BULLOCK
Well, if it isn't the fugitive himself. And this must be his little accomplice.

GRIM
And if it isn't the head of the incompetent enforcement division who couldn't even track down a single brown rabbit.

BULLOCK
Full of jokes, are we? Well, that's going to change fast. You see, we're done with you, Grim. Satan himself is overseeing your punishment.

GRIM
What did you say?

BULLOCK
Oh, we're out of jokes now, huh? I hope you come to realize just much of an idiot you are. And believe me, Satan has not been happy lately.

GRIM
Ah...

SARAH
Satan? Trouble?

GRIM
Yes. The worst kind of trouble.

Galia watches from afar as Grim and Sarah are led through the portal with soldiers on all sides. She frowns and hesitantly follows behind them with a hint of regret.

**49 INT. LAND OF DEATH EASTLAND - THE PALACE RESIDUUM -
PLAYROOM**

49

Grim awakes to find himself in a quiet room. He's tied to a chair and can't move at all.

GRIM
(muttering to himself)
Damn.

A pair of piercing red eyes appear behind Grim, their very presence causing him to tense up, though he couldn't see them.

VOICE
(smooth)
You have quite the reputation,
collector.

GRIM
(grimacing)
Ugh, Satan...

Satan's form seemed to bend like water, appearing in front of Grim with terrifying agility.

SATAN
Where do you get off, I wonder? Do
you perhaps have an interest in
humans?

GRIM
Maybe I'm just a kind rabbit?

SATAN
(chuckling)
Ha. You're certainly an annoying
one. I so desperately want to wrap
my hands around your neck and
squeeze the life out of those
infuriating eyes of yours...

Satan grabbed Grim by the throat, his grip loose but terrible. Then he realizes him with an awful chuckle.

SATAN (CONT'D)
But that would be no fun.

Satan broke the chains holding Grim and walked towards the door.

SATAN (CONT'D)
Why don't we have a talk, you and
I?

Begrudgingly, Grim follows Satan into the hallway.

50 **INT. LAND OF DEATH EASTLAND - THE PALACE RESIDUUM -
 HALLWAY**

50

The hallway seemed painfully endless as Grim walked behind Satan's towering form. Reaching the door to the office, Satan and Grim were greeted by a group of Strikers.

 STRIKER
 (bowing)
 Your eminence.

Grim peeked around and saw Sarah amongst the Strikers. His eyes go wide in shock.

 GRIM
 Sarah?

He tries to reach for her, but Satan holds him back with little effort.

 GRIM (CONT'D)
 Sarah!

 SARAH
 (looking up)
 Grim...

Satan grins upon seeing their closeness.

 SATAN
 I see you've gotten our unwanted
 guest under control. Take her to
 the ground floor, just as we
 discussed.

 STRIKER
 (to Satan)
 Yes, sir.
 (to Sarah)
 Get a move on!

 GRIM
 Wait...

Grim watches in vain as Sarah is led away, unable to do anything. Satan pulls him into the office and slams the door.

51 **INT. LAND OF DEATH EASTLAND - THE PALACE RESIDUUM -** 51
 BEDROOM

We follow Sarah as she's led into a fake bedroom. The Strikers offer her no sincerity, throwing her to the floor without a single word.

The room itself feels cold, fabricated for the sake of luring a prisoner into a false sense of security.

Sarah sits on the edge of the bed. She then curls close to herself and lays down, small tears falling from her eyes.

SARAH
(whispering sadly)
Grim...

As we zoom out from Sarah, we then cut to:

52 **INT. LAND OF DEATH EASTLAND - THE PALACE RESIDUUM -** 52
 OFFICE

Grim finds himself sitting on the other side of Satan's desk.

Satan walks over to a nearby closet and pulls out a bottle of wine. He pours two glasses, offering one to Grim.

SATAN
Have one.

Grim reluctantly takes the glass and downs the entire thing, as Satan sits down across from him.

SATAN (CONT'D)
Grim, Grim... I assume you know
what comes next?

GRIM
I'm not sure. Maybe you'll send me
home to sleep in a warm bed?

SATAN
Not likely. For everything you've
done—which has been quite a lot—an
adequate punishment is certainly
required.

GRIM
(sarcastic)
Gee, I didn't expect you to be so
generous, Satan. A punishment
instead of instant death? I'm in
awe of your mercy.

SATAN
(growing angry)
Should I kill you then? It would
be... a mere shortcut for me.

GRIM
No, I don't think you want to kill
me. I believe you and I both would
prefer the punishment. Isn't that
right?

SATAN
(slightly irritated)
I'm impressed with your gall. But
will it last? Maybe you'll beg for
death when you learn of your
ultimate sentence.

GRIM
Tch. Bring it on, old man. Nothing
you do will dissuade me.

HARD CUT TO:

53 **EXT. LAND OF DEATH EASTLAND - ARENA OF THE PALACE**
RESIDUUM

53

Grim stands slack-jawed, staring at the colossal arena before
him. Thousands of demons roar in excitement. Satan, grinning
smugly, stands beside him.

GRIM
Isn't this... a bit much?

SATAN
(mocking)
Oh, Grim. You poor, pathetic fool.
Did you think I wouldn't punish you
for all the trouble you've caused?

GRIM
(uneasy)
Um...

Satan raises his arms to address the frenzied crowd.

SATAN
Welcome all to a very special
execution—sorry, I meant to say
“event”!

GRIM
(muttering)
Sure you did...

SATAN
 (booming)
 Today, you will witness a harsh-
 perhaps fair, depending on your
 perspective—punishment. For the
 crimes of evading arrest on two
 fronts, harboring an anomaly, and,
 of course, evading arrest while
 harboring an anomaly, this
 collector, Grim, will make the
 ultimate sacrifice!

A platform rises from the center of the arena, revealing SARAH,
 bound in shimmering metal chains to a stone pillar.

GRIM
 (alarmed)
 Sarah!

Two Strikers, heavily armored, approach. One hands Satan an
 ancient, glowing staff etched with runes.

SATAN
 (with malevolent glee)
 With this staff, the collector Grim
 must erase this anomaly from
 existence. If he refuses... his
 soul will be erased instead.

GRIM
 (stepping forward, furious)
 No! You can't make me do that!

SATAN
 (grinning wickedly)
 I just did. Now make your choice!

Satan tosses the staff. Grim catches it, hesitating as it
 pulses with power. His expression twists with conflict as he
 slowly approaches Sarah. Satan leans in, whispering in his ear.

SATAN
 It would be so easy, wouldn't it,
 Grim?

He places a hand on the staff.

SATAN
 All you have to do is sacrifice her
 life for your own. Maybe, just
 maybe, I'll forfeit the charges and
 let you live free again. So go
 ahead... make the little lamb serve
 her purpose.

Grim locks eyes with Sarah. Her gaze is pleading, yet calm.

SARAH
(softly)
Grim...

Grim's hands tremble as he grips the staff. After a long pause, he lets it fall to the ground with a loud clang.

GRIM
(firmly)
I... I won't do it.

SATAN
(sighing, disappointed)
As I suspected.

Turning to the Strikers, he waves his hand.

SATAN
Kill them both.

A chaotic fight erupts. Grim defends himself valiantly, but he's outnumbered. Just as he's about to falter, GALIA, his sister, appears, cutting through the demons with precision.

GRIM
(catching his breath)
Galia!

GALIA
(urging him)
Go to her!

Grim nods, sprinting toward Sarah. He pulls at the chains, but they hold firm.

SATAN
(approaching, smirking)
You're too weak, collector.

He kicks Grim hard in the stomach, sending him sprawling.

GRIM
(struggling to his feet)
She's innocent... I won't let you
erase someone who's done nothing
wrong.

SATAN
(booming)
Not only a weakling, but a fool as
well. If only you were half the
collector your family was.

He raises an ERASIAL SCYTHE high, aiming for Sarah. Grim throws

himself in front of the blow, blocking it. The impact causes a brilliant explosion of light.

GALIA
(screaming)
Grim!

Distracted by the battle, Galia can't reach her brother in time. Grim's body begins to petrify, turning to stone. His eyes lose their spark.

SARAH
(softly, in horror)
No...

She collapses in tears as everything fades to white.

54 EXT. WHITE VOID - BETWEEN TIME

54

A soft, ethereal voice echoes.

PA (V.O.)
Grim... Grim... your time has ended
far too quickly...

Grim appears, confused, in the white void.

GRIM
Pa... what is this?

PA (O.S.)
Time is frozen. We have performed a
great transgression for your sake,
Grim. And for Sarah, who has become
dear to us.

GRIM
(anguished)
But that's it! What else can I do?

VOICE (O.S.)
You can go back and change all of
this.

Grim turns to see ANUBIS, HADES, and SANTA MUERTE standing behind him.

GRIM
How? How can I?

ANUBIS
We will bend time, sending you back
ten years.

GRIM
 (hopeful)
 Then I'll find her... and save her.

Anubis hands Grim a NECKLACE WITH A CAT-SHAPED CRYSTAL glowing faintly.

ANUBIS
 This crystal contains a single spell. Guard it well.

GRIM
 (steadfast)
 I will.

The gods smile as everything fades to white.

55 **EXT. LAND OF DEATH - PORTAL ENTRANCE - 3 YEARS IN THE PAST**

55

Grim walks alongside his fellow collectors, their dark cloaks billowing in the eerie wind. Ever since being sent back in time, he has been waiting for the right moment to search for Sarah. He's been doing better as a collector, having gained some confidence after being with Sarah.

The crowd of collectors casts him curious glances, his recent change in demeanor rather strange. Galia strides up beside him, her head tilted in confusion.

GALIA
 Grim, what's been up with you recently? You've gotten... serious.

GRIM
 I've realized the importance of being a collector. And... there's someone I have to save.

GALIA
 "Someone you have to save"? What are you talking about?

GRIM
 It's nothing.
 (pauses, softens his tone)
 Good luck out there, Galia.

GALIA
 (shyly, concealing a smile)
 Ugh. Why are you being so nice all of a sudden?

GRIM
No reason.

Without another word, Grim steps forward and enters the swirling black portal. Galia watches him, her face frozen in complete disbelief.

56 **EXT. LAND OF THE LIVING - SARAH'S OLD HOUSE - FRONT DOORWAY** 56

Grim walks into a familiar empty house, his breath caught in his throat. He hears the faint sound of crying in the distance and cautiously approaches.

57 **EXT. LAND OF THE LIVING - SARAH'S OLD HOUSE - BEDROOM** 57

Entering the bedroom, he sees a recognizable purple wallpaper. Sarah's cold, still form lay on the bed like it was once before, but this time Sarah's true spirit floated above it.

Grim walks over to her.

GRIM
(softly)
Sarah, can you hear me?

SARAH
(uncertain)
Who are you?

GRIM
(smiling)
We've met before.

He pulls her soul into a hug. The necklace glows, and Sarah's soul solidifies into a white rabbit. Tears stream down her face as she looks at Grim.

SARAH
Grim! But... how... you...

GRIM
(placing the necklace on her)
I remembered you. And now, I've saved you.

SARAH
(tearfully)
Thank you... thank you, Grim...

GRIM
(softly)
No, thank you, Sarah... for giving
me light.

They embrace as the room fills with soft, golden light.

FADE TO:

58 EXT. THE LAND OF DEATH - CENTRAL PORTAL ENTRANCE

58

We see a black title card, upon which a few letters appear:
Five years later. Fade in to see collectors walking along the
morning streets.

We weave through the crowd and closeup on two distinctive
figures, the brown rabbit Grim, and the white rabbit Sarah.
They're holding hands and scythes, and their presence draws
curious eyes.

Another figure walks up to them from behind with a smirk.

GALIA
(smirking)
Heading out?

GRIM
(shrugging)
That's how it is.

SARAH
(curiously, to Galia)
Going to work?

GALIA
Yep. And I see you two haven't
separated even once.

Grim and Sarah glance at each other, smiling.

GRIM
(smug)
Again, that's how it is.

Galia shakes her head in both amusement and resignation. She
walks ahead of them to the portal.

GALIA
(shouting playfully)
You two better hurry up! Or else
you'll fall behind!

GRIM
(shouting back)
As if!

Grim glances down at Sarah, who nuzzles against him.

GRIM (CONT'D)
(whispering)
Ready to go?

SARAH
(nodding)
Ready.

Grim and Sarah walk to the portal, glance at each other one last time, and head inside. We linger on the portal's surface for a few final seconds.

CUT TO BLACK.