

MOYROID MEOW

"The End of Abby"

Written by

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SCENE 1 - INT. CH'KLIK'S CHAMBER - NIGHT

A vast room at the top of the Moyroid headquarters. The walls are lined with screens showing surveillance feeds of the city below. Everything is clean, organized, alien – a sharp contrast to the destruction Abby left behind her on the way up.

Abby stands in the doorway. Phase 3. Torn clothes, bloodied gun-bat in hand. She's breathing hard. Scratches and alien blood across her arms and jacket.

In the center of the room, CH'KLIK stands with her back to Abby. Her wide trapezoid face is reflected in the screens. She's watching the feeds calmly. Her limbs shift subtly – the beetle-like stretching that signals her control.

A small CAGE sits near Ch'Klik's feet. Inside it – GUFFIN. The cat paws at the bars quietly.

Abby sees Guffin. Her grip tightens on the gun.

ABBY

Give her back.

Ch'Klik doesn't turn around.

CH'KLIK

You made it.

A long beat. Ch'Klik tilts her head slightly, still watching the screens.

CH'KLIK (CONT'D)

I wasn't sure you would. Most humans wouldn't have.

Abby takes a step forward. Her movement is confident but exhausted – four years of not caring, followed by days of caring too much.

ABBY

I don't care. Give me my cat.

SCENE 2 - INT. CH'KLIK'S CHAMBER - CONTINUOUS

Ch'Klik finally turns. Her full height is visible now – she towers over Abby. The face points stretch outward slightly. A fighting posture, but restrained. Almost curious.

CH'KLIK

Thirty-seven.

Abby stops.

CH'KLIK (CONT'D)

That's how many of us you killed
to get here. For her.

She gestures toward Guffin with one elongated limb.

CH'KLIK (CONT'D)

Some of them had families. Jobs.
Lives they built here – alongside
yours.

Abby's jaw tightens. She doesn't respond. She knows.

CH'KLIK (CONT'D)

They were your neighbors, Abby.

ABBY

They took my cat.

CH'KLIK

We took a lot of things.

Beat.

CH'KLIK (CONT'D)

And you didn't care until it was
personal.

SCENE 3 - INT. CH'KLIK'S CHAMBER - CONTINUOUS

Abby LUNGES – swinging the gun-bat hard toward Ch'Klik.

It doesn't connect.

Ch'Klik moves impossibly fast. One limb catches the barrel mid-swing. Another pins Abby's shoulder. A third locks her wrist. Abby is lifted slightly off the ground and SLAMMED against the wall – not hard enough to break anything, but

hard enough to end the conversation about who's stronger.

The gun-bat clatters to the floor.

Abby struggles. It's useless. Ch'Klik holds her there with almost no effort. Her face is inches from Abby's.

CH'KLIK

You killed thirty-seven for a
cat, Abby.

She leans closer.

CH'KLIK (CONT'D)

I killed thirty-seven thousand
and took over to build a better
world.

Her grip doesn't tighten. If anything, it softens.

CH'KLIK (CONT'D)

Oh, Abby. You're just like me.

Abby's eyes go wide. Not from pain. From the comparison.

CLOSE ON ABBY'S FACE – she wants to argue, but she can't.
Not right now. Not pinned to a wall by someone who just
did the math for her.

SCENE 4 - INT. CH'KLIK'S CHAMBER - CONTINUOUS

Ch'Klik holds the pin for a long moment. Studying Abby.
Reading her.

Then something shifts.

Ch'Klik's face tilts. The points on her trapezoid face
retract slightly – the fighting posture fading. She looks
at Abby's eyes. Really looks.

There's no ideology there. No revolution. No movement.
Just a tired, beaten-up woman who wants her cat back.

Ch'Klik releases Abby. She drops to the floor.

CH'KLIK

You don't even know, do you?
Abby coughs. Pulls herself up against the wall.

ABBY

Know what?

Ch'Klik stares at her for a long beat. Then she turns to the screens. On them – fires. Crowds. Humans tearing down Moyroid signage. Graffiti over Pepze billboards. The revolution Abby started without knowing.

Ch'Klik watches it all crumble in real time. Her empire. Her "better world." All of it unraveling because one person wanted a cat back.

CH'KLIK

...Nothing.

She walks to the cage. Opens it. Guffin steps out cautiously.

Ch'Klik picks up the cat – gently, carefully – and holds her out toward Abby.

CH'KLIK (CONT'D)

Take her.

Abby doesn't move at first. She's bracing for a trick. A trap. Something.

CH'KLIK (CONT'D)

Take your cat and go home, Abby.

Abby reaches out. Takes Guffin. Holds her tight against her chest. Guffin nuzzles into her immediately – the first warm thing Abby's felt in days.

ABBY

...Why?

Ch'Klik turns back to the screens. The fires are spreading.

CH'KLIK

Because none of it matters
anymore.

She doesn't elaborate. Abby watches her for a moment – this massive, powerful creature, standing in her tower,

watching everything she built fall apart. Not fighting it. Not scheming. Just... done.

Abby picks up her gun-bat with her free hand. Holds Guffin with the other. Backs toward the door.

Ch'Klik doesn't watch her leave.

SCENE 5 - EXT. MOYROID HEADQUARTERS - ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Abby pushes through the front entrance. The night air hits her. She's holding Guffin against her chest. The gun-bat hangs loose at her side.

The street is different than when she went in.

WIDE SHOT – the city is alive in a way Abby hasn't seen in four years. Not the quiet, branded, Moyroid-approved version. This is messy. Human.

GRAFFITI covers a Mowtin Deu billboard – human words sprayed over alien branding. Something defiant. Something angry.

A group of PEOPLE run past Abby carrying supplies. They don't notice her. They're organized. They have a purpose.

In the distance – SMOKE. SHOUTING. The sound of something large falling over. A Moyroid structure maybe. Or a sign.

Abby stands still in the middle of all of it. Guffin purrs against her chest.

CLOSE ON ABBY – her face. Numb. Disconnected. She's looking at what's happening around her but she's not part of it. She did this. All of this. And she has no idea how to feel about it.

She looks down at Guffin. Then back up at the chaos.

ABBY'S POV – she sees a younger version of herself in the crowd. Not literally – but the people running past her

have the same energy she had four years ago, before the takeover, before she stopped caring. They're awake now. She woke them up.

But she didn't mean to.

She just wanted her cat.

Abby starts walking. Slow. Numb. Guffin tucked close. The gun-bat dragging slightly behind her, scraping the pavement.

The revolution continues around her. She walks through it like a ghost.

SCENE 6 - EXT. CITY STREETS - CONTINUOUS

Abby walks through blocks of chaos. We see the world she built and the world she broke layered on top of each other:

A MarekKlen chip ad half-torn from a wall, human posters underneath.

A Pepze vending machine tipped over, soda pooling in the street.

A Level 1 Moyroid on the ground, not dead – just sitting there, confused. It looks at Abby as she passes. She looks back. Neither does anything.

Guffin meows softly.

Abby keeps walking.

SCENE 7 - EXT. ABBY'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Abby reaches her building. The broken-in door from when she left. The damage still there. Nothing fixed.

She stops outside. Looks up at her window.

HOLD on Abby from behind – small figure, holding a cat, gun hanging at her side. The building looms above her. Behind her, the city burns with something that might be hope or might be destruction. From here, it's hard to tell the difference.

She walks inside.

SMASH TO BLACK.

SCENE 8 - BLACK SCREEN

Silence.

Then – Guffin purring. Soft. Close.

FADE OUT.

THE END