



Running (Out Of Time, Out Of Hope, Out Of Chances)

Beetlejuice (Movies) · Beetlejuice (Cartoon 1989) · Not Rated · 1116 words

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Fandom: Beetlejuice (Movies), Beetlejuice (Cartoon 1989) Rating: Not Rated Category: Gen

Warnings: Creator chose not to add warnings

Characters: Beetlejuice (Beetlejuice), Sandworms (Beetlejuice) - Character, Lydia Deetz

Tags: No Dialogue, Until like two lines near the end, Phobias, Magic, Present Tense, Running, Matter of Life and Death, Poor Life Choices, BJ has a mental block on his powers when around Sandworms, Neitherworld (Beetlejuice), Beetlejuice (Beetlejuice) Needs a Hug, AI-Generated Images

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Betelgeuse has been banished to Sandring, the Moon of Saturn where the Sandworms live. Unable to access his powers and barely holding on, he clings to a diminishing hope that this isn't the end.

An alternate first meeting for Beetlejuice and Lydia, with bits of both the cartoon and movies. May write a sequel. My 129th fanfic! :)

Update: Now includes an image of Beetlejuice made using ChatGPT!

My only real complaint about the new movie is that he doesn't say "it's showtime!" Besides that, it's absolutely amazing, you should definitely watch it if you can.

Beetlejuice's suit came out a little dusty, and I think that's perfect since he's been stuck in a desert. I wanted his nails to be red as a reference to his weird fingertips in the cartoon, but they actually look better black.

Betelgeuse was running. He seemed to be doing that a lot lately, more than he had in millennia. He'd forgotten how much more tiring it was than floating.

Gods, how he missed floating! How he missed the dank goo and everlasting darkness of the Neitherworld. How he missed the safety of his Roadhouse. How he even missed Jaques and Ginger.

Most of all, how he missed his powers. He could still feel his Juice, running through his bloodless veins, but every time he tried to use it...

A flash of purple stripes, a shifting of dunes, a bellowing roar — something would remind him of just where he was and what was there with him. He was powerless, and the Court hadn't even had to do anything to ensure it when they threw him into this ghoulish forsaken place.

How in Hell and Hades was he supposed to escape when his own mind was working against him?

It's almost as if the Court really wanted him Deader Than Dead this time. A Sandworm sentence over a few little pranks, wasn't that a bit much? The mayor could always get a new arm, no harm no foul, really.

Yaaaah! Okay, that one was too close. They're getting braver, moving closer to the rocks. Maybe he could climb up one of these stone towers and... What, exist for a while? Is that really his choice? Eternal boredom or a Sandworm's stomach? Nah-uh, no way is he letting them win like that.

He just has to close his eyes, plug his ears, pretend he's anywhere but here. The Roadhouse, maybe, or the Maul, or... The beach, yeah, that would explain the sand. Okay, he's spent the day at the beach, but he's tired and wants to go home.

So he just has to reach inside and pull at that faint, familiar thread of energy, tell his powers to take him home. He's not anywhere near Saturn, he can hear seaghouls and smell the salty breeze, and he's perfectly safe. His powers will work, he can feel the energy hesitantly filling him, almost there...

ROAR! AWOOOO!

Ah, shit.

So he's running again, just like he's been doing for days on end. He knows it's hopeless, no-one escapes Sandring without one of the Doors, and those don't work for him anymore (the Court made sure of it).

It's hopeless, but he has to try. He's a lot of things, lazy and rude and backstabbing, but he's not a doormat who'll just give in to the Court's ruling. He'll keep going as long as he can, if just to spite all those that think he's already worm food. If just to look for some sort of opportunity, to wait for an impossible chance, to cling desperately onto the hope that he hasn't pulled his last trick.

Yeah, he's many things, and a quitter's usually one of them. But not this time. He's too stubborn, too good at surviving, too cunning to just let himself go down a Sandworm's gullet.

Unfortunately, he may not get that much of a choice, stone on three sides and worms on the fourth. Damn it, he let himself get too distracted, and now he'll pay for it. There's nowhere to go, except up, and he doesn't have his powers.

Okay then, one last try. Up! Float! Rise! Come on, please? Stop freezing up you big coward! This is it, the final curtain, unless he can get just a tiny spark and go. But of course, even now, at the end, his mind just won't let him do it. He's too close to Sand-worms to fly.

It's weird, knowing this is it. He's torn between screaming and trying to stay as quiet as he can so they don't notice him. He wants to fight, to go out kicking and swinging, but he's too paralyzed by fear. He tries to hope that maybe they'll just turn around and spare him, but knows that with each slither closer he has fewer minutes remaining. After all these years and everything he's been through, it's hard to believe—

Beetlejuice? What kind of name is that?

Wait, what? It can't— his name was cursed at his trial, no-one can Summon him.

Maybe it's not pronounced Beetlejuice, though.

No-one in the Neitherworld, anyways. He doesn't know the voice, doesn't know how they know his name, but he doesn't care. Using energy he didn't previously have, he dodges glistening fangs. With a whimper and a shout, he runs. It's hopeless, it's insane, but if he can hold out long enough...

Betelguys, maybe?

Nonono, come on! Just one more time, please!

Beet-leh-geese? No, that's silly.

He can feel the Summoning start to fade, can feel the number resetting from two to zero. Come on, please, he'll never pull pranks again! Okay, that's a lie, but still! One more time, before it resets, before—

Yipe! Sharp teeth catch his leg, swinging upwards to toss him into the air. He's falling towards the open maw of the inner head, and if only he could float, but there's nothing he can do, this is it—

Huh, maybe it really is Beetlejuice.

YES! Never in his afterlife has he been so happy to feel that tug, as if he's tied up with string pulling him towards wherever this new Summoner is. He watches the sands and

the worms in them dissolve a mere second before it would've been too late, replaced with... An attic?

A fairly plain, definitely not Neitherworldian attic, filled with not-at-all magical boxes. An attic that happens to contain a twelve-ish human clutching a flyer that looks way too familiar even though she herself doesn't, and what are the chances he'd end up back at the Maitlands'?

"Uh, hi." He waves from across the room, rising a few feet into the air just because he can, and pulls his rotted teeth into a grin. "Nice to meet ya, kid."

The kid screams, dropping the flyer, and runs down the attic stairs. Without dismissing him. Because she doesn't know she can.

He's in the mortal world for an indefinite amount of time, thanks to an accidental Summoner who doesn't realize she has any power over him whatsoever.

His grin widens as he phases through the roof and out into the town beyond. It's been much too long since he used his powers for a bit of *fun*, after all. And doesn't he deserve a bit of mayhem, after what he's put up with?

Hehehe, it's *showtime*!

— end of "Running (Out Of Time, Out Of Hope, Out Of Chances)" —