Dark Minions

"PILOT"

by

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EXT. OUTER FUCKING SPACE - NIGHT (DUH)

It’s quiet and peaceful -- the curve of KAVNICIA, a luminous pink planet, fills the lower half of the frame.

An enormous and sinister ship breaks into frame, with appropriate SCARY music accompanying it. This is the GCS EIGHT -- the Galactic Conglomerate Spaceport.

INT. GCS -- MINION QUARTERS - MORNING

We’re close on MEL, who’s asleep. There’s a WEIRD BUBBLING SOUND that wakes him. Across the room, on another bunk, is a GIANT ANT, dressed exactly like MEL, but covered with a blanket. This is ANDY.

MEL
Shit! The alarm clock didn’t go off!

ANDY
(something incomprehensible)
Mmmmfrr. En ohn.

MEL
Yeah. Wait, what?

Unlike Mel’s immaculate area, Andy’s side is covered in shit -- band posters, future porn, a schedule of GCS MOVIE NIGHT, etc.

ANDY
Erf. Forr.

MEL
No idea what that means...

Andy removes what we now realize is an enormous HELMET, revealing a pleasantly stoned human face and a cloud of billowing smoke.

ANDY
Mel, you gotta try the ant-head. Mission hot box is go.

MEL
You realize we’re late for work, right?
(RE: ALARM CLOCK) Wait... No wonder it didn’t go off – why is there raisin bread jammed in the alarm clock?!
ANDY
(rising, naked, from his bed -
his gennies are pixilated out)
Because it bears a striking similarity to
the toaster oven.

MEL
Andy! Pants! PANTS!!!
INT. GCS -- MAIN HALL -- MORNING

The Dark Minions, all dressed in regulation black, are sitting for the morning briefing. DREBNOR, 40s, the ruthless admiral of the Galactic Conglomerate, is addressing his team. Flanking is FELDENBAUM, 40s, junior management for life.

    DREBNOR
    ...make no mistake, the harder those filthy rebels try to escape our clutches, the tighter we’ll squeeze... and soon we will crush the so-called League of Freedom, enslave their planet, and maintain our rule over the Galaxy. But only if everyone’s giving 110%. Feldenbaum, that means you. If I ask you to stay late, I don’t want to hear a story.

PAN over the Dark Minions -- when we get to the back of the regiment, there is a noticeable empty space where Mel and Andy are supposed to be.

INT. GCS -- CORRIDOR

Mel and Andy hustle down the hallway, pulling on their uniforms.

    ANDY
    Thursday isn’t random inspection, is it?

    MEL
    There’s no designated day for inspection. They’re random, Andy. Right there in the name. Can you move, please?

    ANDY
    (checking his watch)
    We will be there in 90 seconds. Mom.

INT -- GCS -- MAIN HALL

As before:

    DREBNOR
    Those rebel savages down on Kavnicia can destroy our ships, they can kill our soldiers, they can spray paint dirty things on our transports... (MORE)
DREBNOR (CONT'D)
But they cannot shake our— damn it, why
are you wearing that thing — it’s like
you’re purposely trying to distract me...

DREBNOR WALKS OVER TO A SEATED MINION WITH AN ANT HEAD.
HE GRABS THE HEAD AND YANKS IT UNTIL IT SNAPS OFF. THE
MINION’S BODY SLUMPS OVER.

DREBNOR (CONT’D)
Oh, Jesus Christ, I thought it was a
mask. I just killed an ant guy, didn’t I?
Feldenbaum, was he important?

FELDENBAUM
He ran the Hydrophellium Reactor, sir.

DREBNOR
Shit. (HE POINTS TO ANOTHER MINION) You
there... YOU are now in charge of the
Hydro...thing. DON’T disappoint me.
Alright, where was I?

FELDENBAUM
“They cannot shake our...”

DREBNOR
Got it, got it, right, shut up. They
cannot shake our resolve ...

5A INT -- GCS -- CORRIDOR 5A *

Mel and Andy, full dressed, still hustling.
MEL
Let’s just keep our heads down and go with the flow, ok?

ANDY
What do you want from me? I’m wearing my uniform, I’m barely high, and I haven’t gone AWOL in three weeks.

MEL
Look, man, I don’t want to spend the next week scraping space junk off the side of the ship.

They TURN A CORNER into -

5B
INT -- GCS MAIN HALL-- CONTINUOUS

-and slide into their spots unnoticed.

ANDY
(checking his watch)
83 seconds. Up top!

He raises his hand so Mel will high-five him.

DREBNOR
EXCELLENT!

All eyes are on Andy, who looks like he just volunteered for something.

DREBNOR (CONT’D)
A volunteer for the reconnaissance mission down to the battlefield on Kavnicia. Will anyone join him?

Andy looks helplessly at Mel.

MEL
Shit.

Mel raises his hand.

MAIN TITLES

A SCRAWL over the space-scape tells us:

IN 2166, THE GALACTIC CONGLOMERATE CHOKED THE FREEDOM OF HUMANITY AND IMPOSED CONTROL OVER THE ENTIRE KNOWN UNIVERSE.
MEANWHILE ON EARTH, TWO REGULAR GUYS, MEL AND ANDY, LOST THEIR JOBS AND HAD TO TAKE TEMP WORK ABOARD THE GALACTIC CONGLOMERATE SPACEPORT, EVEN THOUGH THEY REALLY DIDN’T LIKE THE GC’S POLITICS AND HATED THE WORK ENVIRONMENT, BUT YOU KNOW WHAT? MEL HAS ALIMONY AND ANDY DOESN’T HAVE A COLLEGE DEGREE, SO MAYBE GO EASY WITH THE JUDGEMENT, OKAY?

FOR THE TIME BEING, MEL AND ANDY ARE...

DARK MINIONS

INT. GCS - HALLWAY

Andy and Mel wander the labyrinthine corridors of the space port.

MEL
I don’t get it... (referring to a slip of paper) this says report to room 0856-B, but these rooms go straight from 0856-A to 0856-C. This is so frustrating... You just HAD to get noticed.

ANDY
Don’t worry, we’ll bang this out and be back up here in time for movie night.

MEL
My job sucks enough when my life ISN’T threatened, now I’m getting sent down to do recon in enemy territory? They told me this was going to be mostly data entry.

ANDY
Yeah, they told me light clerical, and I didn’t know what that meant, so I was all like “sure...” Either way, look, you’re bummed about the divorce. You’re lonely. Sad. You feel like you’ve lost direction.

Pause. Mel stares at Andy.

MEL
Yes?

ANDY
That’s it.

MEL
I really thought there was a ‘but’ coming.
A bunch of minions, march by. The middle one, MINION #2 is a thin, alien-humanoid, so tall his head never comes into frame. Mel waves them down.

MEL
Excuse me, do you guys know where we can find 0856-B?

MINION #1
Well, this is 0856-A, so it’s probably next door.

MEL
We tried that. That’s 0856-C.

MINION #2
No, no, the B’s are all in B sector. You’re in the wrong sector.

MEL
Really? Then why is there a C in A sector?

MINION #1
Yeah, I’ve always wondered that myself.

MINION #3
Because it’s not by sector, it’s by quadrant. So you can have a C room in A sector as long as it’s in the right quadrant.

ANDY
Then how do we get to B? I mean C? Wait... what?

MINION #3
Just go down to delta level nine. You can’t miss it, it’s between bio lab one and supply bay five... or six... one of those...

Blank looks from Mel and Andy.

MINION #3 (CONT’D)
Across from the new FroYo stand.

ANDY
Got it.
Mel and Andy are being briefed by an ADMINISTRATOR.

ADMINISTRATOR
...as you know, the Galactic Conglomerate just suffered a costly and humiliating defeat down on planet Kavnicia. Your mission is to salvage what you can from the wreckage of our fighter ships. Un-detonated munitions, spare ammo. Snack packs. In the event of capture you will swallow these tablets.

Using a long, medical tongs, the administrator hands each of them a nasty looking PILL.

ANDY
Sweet. What are they?

ADMINISTRATOR
...um. Vitamins.

ANDY
Can we eat them on an empty stomach?

ADMINISTRATOR
(chuckling softly to himself)
Yeah, sure. Head down to supplies.

A large, gilled, CLERK, with catfish-like whiskers, takes their paperwork, heads to an armored vault and enters a security code. The vault slowly opens to reveal...

A trove of futuristic plasma guns, high powered lasers, and other alien looking artifacts.

The clerk comes back to the counter and hands the guys a couple of...

MEL
Clip boards?

CLERK
All you need for a recon mission.

ANDY
Can we have something cool? How ‘bout a couple of those lasers?
Clerk
Work order don’t say nothin’ ‘bout no laser. Sign here... and here... and here...

Off their utter disappointment...

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EXT. PLANET KAVNICIA - LATER

Wreckage from the failed invasion is strewn about. Mel and Andy materialize from thin air.

MEL
You okay?

Andy, hunched over, looks like he may vomit.

ANDY
Yeah. Yup. Just need a sec.

MEL
Wow. You teleport worse than anybody I’ve ever met.

ANDY
I used to get sick in the back seat of cars. Getting my atoms shot across space is a perfect storm for esophageal reflux.

MEL
You gonna hurl?

ANDY
Wait. Can’t talk... (THEN) Okay I’m good.

He stands up. And hurls. On Mel’s shoes.

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INT. GCS - BOARD ROOM

A dozen executive level minions are seated around a grand conference table. Some humanoid, some alien. Feldenbaum, a tired, middle-management type, addresses Drebnor.

FELDENBAUM
It was a pretty unsatisfying quarter -- that loss on Kavnicia REALLY hurt us on the books -- if we don’t step up our devastation and our enslavement numbers, The Galactic Overlord is going to, erm, “restructure our human resources.”
DREBNOR
What does that mean?

FELDENBAUM
Business jargon. Most of us will get sucked through the airlock. Some will be fed to that weird alien down on F sector.

DREBNOR
The one that looks like an octopus with fangs?

FELDENBAUM
Yeah.

DREBNOR
We don’t want that. OK. Good to know. Next on the agenda?

FELDENBAUM
Well sir, our plans to utilize the new super weapon...

DREBNOR
Good! Yes. Is the Planet Buster fully operational or what?

FELDENBAUM
The device is ready, sir, but we’ve hit a bit of a snag. It seems... well, sir, it seems we can no longer refer to it as a “Planet Buster.”

DREBNOR
Why not? I like that. I came up with that.

FELDENBAUM
Turns out there’s a company in the outer rim that has a device called a Moon Buster.

DREBNOR
Well, that’s not the same thing.

FELDENBAUM
Apparently legal thinks it’s close enough.

DREBNOR
So what are we supposed to do, destroy an entire planet with a generic, unnamed super weapon? It’s an embarrassment.
FELDENBAUM
Well... how about “World Whacker?”

DREBNOR
(unimpressed)
Mm-hm.

FELDENBAUM
“Planet Begone?”

DREBNOR
I don’t love it.

FELDENBAUM
“End of Days Helper.”

DREBNOR
Eh. Too cutesy. Are we destroying a civilization or throwing a birthday party?

FELDENBAUM
Well sir, the plan was to destroy a civilization on your birthday.

DREBNOR
Didn’t we do that last year?

FELDENBAUM
No, last year we launched a puppy into the sun. Per your instructions.

DREBNOR
Right, right. Okay, lemme think – everyone shut up for a second. We’ll call it... the... uh... Apocolytron... no... the Devastronator – nah, that’s a mouthful... oh, here it is... shh... shush... here we go...

Everyone is on the edge of their seats. Finally...

DREBNOR (CONT’D)
No. Nothing. Damn. DAMN IT! Okay, how ‘bout this - rev up the device with no name - aim it right at planet Kav-dick-and-balls and blow it into a thousand tiny bits... maybe that’ll get our creative juices flowing. Whadaya think?

FELDENBAUM
Ingenious as usual, sir. Uh, sir, we did just dispatch a reconnaissance team, should we wait for them to return?
DREBNOR
Eh. They knew the risks. Send the families a gift card. Now, then. Next item. There is only one copier for detention level four. And kicking it will not make it work better.

EXT. PLANET KAVNICIA

Andy is holding up a piece of debris, scavenged from the battlefield.

ANDY
Hey, look at this thing.

MEL
Looks like one of ours. Better log it and fill out the appropriate forms.

ANDY
Sounds like a lot of work. I have a better idea.

He punts it like a football.

ANDY (CONT’D)
Two points! ... Wanna smoke a bowl?

MEL
Are you out of your mind?! We’re on official GCS business.

ANDY
It’s good shit. From planet Kathoobatine.

MEL
No thanks. Last time I smoked that stuff I slept with a lizard creature.

ANDY
How was that?

MEL
The sex was great. The alimony is killing me.

Suddenly a camouflage-clad Freedom Fighter jumps out from behind some junk. She’s got a laser gun pointed right at our guys... she’s CARLY... and she’s beautiful.

CARLY
One move and I’ll turn you both into stains!
Andy chucks his stash.

**ANDY**
Nothing - what - it’s prescription!

Mel is pretty smitten by Carly, who is not about to drop the laser gun anytime soon.

**CARLY**
You guys are with the GC?

**MEL**
GC! Us?! Like we would ever work for those evil, uh, guys. No, no... We... we’re just... rummaging. We’re antiques dealers!

He nudges Andy.

**ANDY**
Just rummaging. We like to rummage.

**MEL**
We found these uniforms on some of the scum that invaded this sovereign planet. And they happened to fit. Perfectly.

**CARLY**
I don’t believe you.

**MEL**
Look, if we were bad guys, wouldn’t we have weapons?

**ANDY**
Exactly. No lasers. No plasma guns. All we got are these crap clipboards.

**CARLY**
(letting down her guard)
They usually send a recon mission down, especially after a defeat.

**ANDY**
Well, they wouldn’t find anything. Wreckage. Couple dead bodies.

He gestures blandly at a corpse nearby. Carly goes over -- gun still trained at our heroes. And she kicks the corpse in the head. We can’t see it, but it sounds like a foot going through a cantaloupe. Mel and Andy react accordingly.
CARLY
That’s what I’d like to do to all of the
pawns of the GC.

MEL
Heh. Yeah, us too.

END OF ACT.
ACT TWO

INT. FREEDOM FIGHTERS BUNKER - DAY

A ramshackle underground lair -- stark contrast from the Pristine GC station -- people are smoking, and it looks like it smells pretty bad. Not a lot is getting done.

Carly leads Mel and Andy in -- she’s no longer holding them at laserpoint.

CARLY
This is our base of operations. That’s our communications center, through there is our eating quarters, bathroom’s outside wherever you feel like it. From here we can plot our overthrow of the Galactic Conglomerate, which we CAN’T DO IF PEOPLE ARE JUST DICKING AROUND.

A couple people get up and look busy -- filing, milling about, etc.

MEL
Wow, you run a tight ship.

CARLY
It’s so easy to get complacent. I used to work for the GC. Kept my head down, went with the flow, did what they told me. I even landed a promotion -- to supervise a new slave planet.

MEL
That’s awful.

ANDY
Horrible. What’s the pay like on that?

MEL SLAPS ANDY.

CARLY
They were a peaceful people, a loving people, a loyal people. They were the Dog People of (SHE BARKS THE NAME). I met with their leader in secret, and I looked into his eyes... those sad, sad eyes... And I quit the GC right then and never looked back.

MEL
Nice!
CARLY
What about you guys? What are you doing to restore freedom to the galaxy?

MEL
Uh. I mean, you know... I’ve got the antiques business and everything.

CARLY
Right, the antiques bus-zzzzzz.

SHE FEIGNS FALLING ASLEEP.

MEL
Don’t get me wrong, of course I’ve considered joining the rebellion, but, you know, the holidays are right around the corner, this is our busiest time...

SHE FEIGNS WAKING UP.

CARLY
Zzzzzzz--Huh? ... Lame.

LANCE (O.S.)
Carly!

Meet LANCE SUPERNOVA, the head of the Rebellion. Clean cut, good looking, pretty infuriating.

LANCE (CONT’D)
Who have you brought to headquarters?

CARLY
They’re antiques dealers from the R15 system. This is Mel, and this is ... Octavius.

Andy bows deeply.

LANCE
Carly, can I talk to you? In private?

Lance and she step away. Mel turns to Andy.

MEL
Octavius?

ANDY
One, I’m not giving my real name, you sucker. Two, these guys are rebels, let’s get teleported out of here before we’re busted for treason.
MEL
Hang tight.

ANDY
Hang ti-? No. You’re all for playing it safe until a foxy rebel chick shows up, and then you’re the big thrill-seeker. Tell you what, next time we’re on Kathoobatine, I’ll get you a hooker with 5 vaginas, but this, right here, is going to get us fed to that Octomonster in the basement ...

MEL
Shh.

Lance and Carly come back.

LANCE
Gentlemen, Carly assures me you’re safe, and we welcome you to our humble abødé.

Mel and Andy react to the mispronunciation.

LANCE (CONT’D)
I’m Lance Supernova. Break bread with us, won’t you?

He leads them into a makeshift, steampunk-y elevator, and takes them below the surface of the earth.

INT. REBEL EATING QUARTERS- CONTINUOUS

It looks like a commune. There’s a long table on the floor. All four take a seat, as Lance brings a BASKET OF BREAD and a JUG OF WINE.

Lance talks to Andy -- Mel talks to Carly.

LANCE
We are a simple, humble group, bound only by our allegiance to freedom, and our goal of one unified galaxy.

ANDY
Yeah. Mel and I don’t follow politics much, gets in the way of hoc-...

LANCE
Lead, follow, or get out of the way, friends. We can’t stand idly by while the GC sucks the lifeblood out of our souls. (MORE)
LANCE (CONT'D)
You guys ever hear of an Earthling named Chairman Mao?

ANDY
Er... I might have been absent that day. I was absent a lot.

LANCE
Well, let me tell you a little about him.

CHYRON: ONE HOUR LATER

LANCE (CONT'D)
And after Zheng Wentian ceded Power, Mao became the 1st Chairman of the communist party. Which takes us to 1934.

ANGLE ON:
Mel and Carly.

MEL
...Don’t get me wrong, I totally believe in the cause, I’m just all thumbs with a firearm.

CARLY
Really? I grew up with ‘em. I used to practice on starfrogs.

MEL
There used to be a place on Pluto that served starfrogs. Place was called...

CARLY / MEL
The Angry Dwarf!

CARLY
I loved that place. God, Pluto was awesome. It’s so gentrified now.

MEL
Totally.

Back to Lance and Andy.

LANCE
Man, I am going on and on.

ANDY
(tuning him out)
No, please, keep going ...
LANCE
Wanna smoke up?

Andy brightens.

ANDY
Uh, yeah, I might have some Kathoobatine left.

LANCE
(producing a bag with an eerie NEON GREEN GLOW)
Kathoobatine? No, no ... this stuff is Hyperspace Hydroponic. Buckle up.

CHYRON: LATER. JUST ... LATER. WHAT IS TIME, ANYWAY?

There’s a cloud of smoke hovering over Lance and Andy, and Lance is still talking Andy’s ear off.

LANCE (CONT’D)
The Galactic Conglomerate doesn’t want you smoking xenofoliage because xenofoliage promotes peace, and peace doesn’t sell. Not like war, man. Not like War.

ANDY
(looking at his hands)
Wow. My cuticles are huge. How big are your cuticles?

LANCE
(checking)
Normal, I guess. What was I saying?

ANDY
Mao. 1934. I’m totally listening.

Mel and Carly, a little drunk. And a lot flirty.

CARLY
You did not!

MEL
I did. I went to high school on Jupiter. One of the moons, if you’re gonna nitpick.

CARLY
I am. I’m nitpicking. Europa?

MEL
Yeah! How’d you know?
CARLY
I heard an accent. Did you know a guy named Dustin?

MEL
Dustin ... Dustin Himalia?

CARLY
Yeah.

MEL
Zero gravity lacrosse player?

CARLY
Uh-huh.

MEL
Parents bought him a star cruiser for his 16th birthday, and he called it the ‘bitchgetter?’

CARLY
(embarrassed)
He was my first kiss.

MEL
Ew.

CARLY
(laughing)
I know.

MEL
I mean, really, Carly. Ew.

CARLY
Look, I was 14.

MEL
You saw the inside of the bitchgetter?

CARLY
Yeah. It was mostly purple.

MEL
(finishing his drink)
That does it, I’m leaving.

CARLY
NO! Don’t go!

She was kidding, but there was definitely a moment.
MEL
You want me to stay?

CARLY
Yes, please.

MEL
Okay. We’ll stay.

And with that, there is a BRIGHT FLASH OF LIGHT, and both Mel and Andy vanish into thin air. Carly is shocked – Lance doesn’t notice – he’s pouring more wine.

LANCE
There are roughly 12 ways Mao deviates from Marx, and I will explain all of them right now...

INT. GCS - TELEPORTATION DOCK

ZAP! Mel and Andy are back. Andy throws up.

MEL
What are we doing back here?

The SUPPLY CLERK from earlier appears.

CLERK
Drebnor’s blowin’ up that planet tonight. I ain’t losin’ no more clipboards.

He grabs their clipboards and exits.

MEL
Blowing up Kavnicia? Andy, that means...

ANDY
I know, I know... We’ll be up all night with the noise.

Mel just stares at him.

ANDY (CONT’D)
Oh, and the people we just met will die. That also sucks.

Off Mel’s reaction...

BLACKOUT

END OF ACT
INT. GCS -- COMMISSARY - NIGHT

Andy and Mel are in line for food.

MEL
I keep thinking about Carly. I wish there were some way to warn her.

ANDY
Aw, dude, look, in a few days we’ll be on the other side of the galaxy. Don’t do this to yourself.

A CARELESS MINION throws a cup in the trash.

CARELESS MINION
Oh, should I have recycled that?

A SECURITY HORN blows, everyone but the Careless Minion gets on the ground, hands above their heads, prison-yard style. MINION #1 and MINION #2 from earlier appear and place a scary looking SHACKLE-HELMET-THINGY over his head. As they lead him away:

MINION #1
Listen, punk, we might be enslaving the universe, but we RECYCLE on this ship. It’s just common sense.

They lead him away. Everyone gets up. Business as usual.

MEL
I feel like if I could just get back in touch with her somehow, she can escape before they destroy the planet. And who knows, maybe we can ... grab coffee ...

ANDY
I don’t know man, I’ve never had a long distance relationship that’s worked. My limit is three light years between me and the girl.

Mel checks to see no one’s in earshot.
MEL
Andy, you’ve gotta help me break into the communications network and set up a video conference with her before we’re out of range. You’re better at that technical crap than I am.

ANDY
Are you nuts?! Okay, first of all, it’s not like calling the pizza guy - those networks are monitored 24-7. And second, she may be adorable, but technically she is rebel scum. Maybe you didn’t get the memo, but commiserating with the enemy is grounds for execution.

MEL
Yeah, I got that memo.

ANDY
Oh. (THEN) Did you get the one about turning the thermostat down when you leave your quarters?

MEL
Yeah. It was the same memo.

ANDY
We gotta start doing that. Turns out - also punishable by death.

MEL
Look Andy, I understand if you don’t want to help me. It’s risky, I know. But I’ve spent my whole life playing it safe. And you know what? I’m tired of living in fear. So if that means breaking the rules to find just a little happiness, I welcome the possibility of death. Okay, ‘welcome’ is a little strong, but damn it, Andy, I intend to get back in touch with that adorable little traitor one way or the other!

ANDY
Ah, fuck... Come on, I know someone who might be able to help.

INT. GCS -- BROADCAST FACILITY

Andy and Mel wait outside D.J. WORMHOLE’S sound booth as he makes an on-air announcement. He is half-Pekingese, same mustache and everything.
D.J. WORMHOLE
...alright, that was some early Zeppelin for you folks over in System Seven...This is D.J. Wormhole and you’re listening to GCS radio, where the galaxy tunes-in for classic rock. Or else.

D.J. Wormhole takes off his headset and waves the guys in.

D.J. WORMHOLE (CONT’D)
Hey Andy, that Kathoobatine weed you gifted me was intense. I wound up sleeping with a giant insect.

ANDY
How was it?

D.J. WORMHOLE
The sex was great, but I woke up in a cocoon. What brings you guys to the cave?

ANDY
I was hoping you could do me a favor.

D.J. WORMHOLE
I owe you one, man. Name it, I’ll make it happen.

ANDY
We need to broadcast to a restricted area.

D.J. WORMHOLE
Not a chance. Great seeing you, though. Lemme know if you need any Plutonian Reds, I gotta case of the stuff. They make me drowsy.

MEL
Please, Mr. Wormhole, it’s an emergency. The life of someone very dear to me is at stake.

D.J. WORMHOLE
Yeah, that’s touching and everything, but the penalty for broadcasting to a restricted area...

MEL
I know, I know, it’s death.
D.J. WORMHOLE
Is it death? No shit? Used to be just a fines - I have the memo here somewhere...

ANDY
Let’s cut to the chase here, dude. What’s it gonna cost us for you to look the other way for a few minutes?

D.J. WORMHOLE
Well, seeing as you’re a friend... Let’s say five hundred million credits.

ANDY
Five hundred million? That’s more than I make in a month!

D.J. WORMHOLE
You can’t put a price on love, my man.

MEL
I can do 400 million.

D.J. WORMHOLE
Sold.

INT. GCS -- BRIDGE

Drebnor sits in his CAPTAIN’S CHAIR -- on the screen before him, Kavnicia, peaceful. Doomed.

DREBNOR
What’s our time?

FELDENBAUM
T-minus 3 minutes until total annihilation.

DREBNOR
Splendid. Enter the launch codes. And someone get me a sandwich.

INT. GCS -- BROADCAST FACILITY

Andy and Mel are alone in the booth. Wires and hardware are strewn about as Andy tries to reroute the signal.

ANDY
Okay, I’m almost there... just need to divert extra power from somewhere...
MEL
Wow. How’d you learn all this?

ANDY
Correspondence course, bro. Advanced circuitry. You build a working robot over six months and they let you keep it when you graduate.

MEL
Wait, you have a droid? Where is it?

ANDY
Kind of a long story... basically, it became self aware and opened up a pizzeria in Newport Beach.

MEL
Bummer.

ANDY
Not at all. I hear he’s doing quite well. (THEN) Awright, here goes...

Andy touches two wires together... Nothing happens.

MEL
Andy, can you do this or not? We’re running out of time!

ANDY
Can you calm down, please? (THEN) Oh. Duh! I forgot to link it to this purple thingy... like so.

INT. GCS -- BREAK ROOM

Just as Feldenbaum is getting a sandwich from the vending machine, the LIGHTS FLICKER out. When they come back on, the SANDWICH is STUCK in its little vending machine slot.

FELDENBAUM
Oh, man.

BACK TO:

INT. GCS -- BROADCAST FACILITY

MEL
What’s the deal? I thought you were a master of advanced circuitry?!
ANDY
Get off my back, okay?! It was a certificate course, we didn’t cover espionage!

MEL
Okay, I’m sorry. Focus.

ANDY
Thank you.

MEL
...just an entire civilization at stake.

ANDY
Would you shut the hell up?! Freaking me out isn’t gonna hurry this up, it’s gonna make me want to get drunk and take a nap.

Suddenly, the display screen in front of them lights up -- with the face of Lance Supernova.

ANDY (CONT’D)
Oh snap! We’re in!

MEL
Andy, you’re a genius!

ANDY
(CALMLY)
Told you, dude.

LANCE
Hey -- it’s the antique guys!

MEL
Hi, Lance. Sorry we had to teleport off like that. We had a malfunction with the ... thing up here on our ... antique ship.

LANCE
Well, we were sorry to see you go. Carly’s out foraging. Can I take a message?

MEL
Uh, sure. The message is... we intercepted a transmission, and... your planet is about to be completely de--

LANCE
Hold on... need a pen.
INT. BRIDGE - DAY

Drebnor holds court -- a bottle of champagne at the ready.

DREBNOR
Like a lot of you, I was just a little kid with a dream. I wanted to go places, meet people, destroy civilizations. And I stand before you LIVING PROOF that if you want something bad enough, and can raise enough capital to hijack a political campaign and form a space junta, anything is possible.

Polite applause from all.

DREBNOR (CONT’D)
(tearing up a little)
Now. Let’s...
(joking about his tears)
Whew. Something in my eye.

Everyone chuckles. Feldenbaum looks genuinely moved.

DREBNOR (CONT’D)
Heh. Whaddaya say we blow up this wretched hive of losers and send little chunks of it to other planets as a warning?!

Everyone good-naturedly cheers.

INT. GCS -- BROADCAST CENTER

ON THE MONITOR: Lance is scribbling down the message.

LANCE
"...doomed." Got it. Well, I’ve been saying that for months. Until we break the chains of oppression... Oh, wait, she’s here. Carly! Vidphone!

To Mel’s delight, Carly shows up on screen.

CARLY
Hey, man -- what was that about?

MEL
Carly - thank God! Listen --
He’s milling around his quarters in his underwear, going through his vintage CDs, blowing dust off the ancient relics.

D.J. WORMHOLE
Hank Jr, Hank Sr., Hendrix ... HellStench
... where did I leave HellStench?

Mel is in an intense video conference with Carly.

CARLY
...me neither! I’ve never felt like this before!

MEL
And I don’t want to get scared off by my emotions. Look. I’m divorced. I’ve got a kid on Jupiter that hates me but I’m paying child support. That’s why I’m ... you know, dealing antiques. And the long distance thing is gonna be tough -

CARLY
But we’re worth it.

Mel smiles. It’s a nice moment. Suddenly, the picture flickers out.

MEL
Hey, Andy, what happened?!

Andy rushes in.

ANDY
I know, I know, I need to divert power from the main drive...

Andy starts tinkering with wires and stuff.

Drebnor rubs his hands together like a true supervillain.

DREBNOR
This should work, right?
Feldenbaum

Provided no one has diverted power from the main drive, yeah, this oughta be great.

Drebnor majestically points a finger at Kavnicia.

DREBNOR
Feldenbaum! LAUNCH!

Feldenbaum pulls a lever. There’s a lot of static in the air ... the lights dim ...

INT. GCS -- BROADCAST FACILITY

Andy, still futzing with equipment, turns a dial WAY UP. Circuits SPARK as they’re THRUST into overdrive.

CLOSE ON: the video screen. Carly reappears.

MEL
That’s better! Hi.

CARLY
Hi. (THEN) Okay, well... I’d better go start the evacuation.

MEL
Yes. Please. Escape, escape. We’ll talk later.

CARLY
And Mel... I don’t want to freak you out, and I’m never the first person to say this, but I --

EXT. GCS SPACEPORT

For a moment, the GCS spaceport floats silently above Kavnicia. Then, the giant, unnamed super weapon lights up and... blares DEATH METAL at the planet. Only a super weapon could be so obnoxiously loud.

INT. REBEL EATING QUARTERS - DAY

Lance is reading Howard Zinn -- he looks up, not sure where the death metal is coming from.
INT. FREEDOM FIGHTERS BUNKER - DAY

Carly is at her flickering computer screen, covering her ears at the sound. After a moment, she actually enjoys it. The screen goes black.

INT. GCS -- BROADCAST FACILITY

MEL

What the -

INT. BRIDGE

FELDENBAUM

Oy.

Drebnor stands in the same position -- finger pointed at Kavnicia.

DREBNOR

(corner of his mouth)

Planet’s still there. Planet’s still there.

FELDENBAUM

Something is diverting the power.

DREBNOR

Can we fix it?

FELDENBAU

I dunno.

DREBNOR

Goddamit. Why does this always happen to me? It’s not enough I get my ass handed to me in battle, I need to have my new toy messed with? WHOSE FAULT IS THIS?

FELDENBAUM

It’s clearly Bill’s fault.

BILL, a heretofore unseen minion, swings around in his chair.

BILL

Dude! How is this my fault? I’m in Payroll!

Drebnor pulls out a blaster and vaporizes Bill.
DREBNOR
All right. You know what? We'll be back, but we're moving right now before this turns into a total public relations disaster. Feldenbaum, warp thrusters at six.

INT. FREEDOM FIGHTERS BUNKER - DAY - LATER

Carly is behind the vidphone, sorting through wires. There's a spark, and the vidphone sputters to life. She keys a couple things into the keyboard.

ON THE SCREEN:
CALL ORIGIN: GALACTIC CONGLOMERATE SPACEPORT

Carly gasps.

INT. FREEDOM FIGHTERS HANGAR - MOMENTS LATER

Carly walks determinedly through the Hangar, a concerned Lance at her heels.

CARLY
They're either working for the GCS, which is impossible, or they're being held hostage and their message was a cry for help... We're going after them. Lance, I need the keys to the pursuit shuttle.

LANCE
Negative, Carly. Look, it's fine that we're 'just friends' but that doesn't mean I have to facilitate you putting the whole rebellion into jeopardy while you go off on an intergalactic fart lark. I am still the leader of this group and you are being dangerously insubordinate.

CARLY
Five. Four. Three...

LANCE
I'm riding shotgun.

CARLY
FINE. God...
INT. GCS - HALLWAY

Mel and Andy walk back to their quarters.

MEL
I really think she was gonna say she loved me.

ANDY
Maybe.

MEL
Man. I feel like I’m BACK, you know?

ANDY
Sure this isn’t a rebound?

MEL
Rebound? We’ve been up here for -- what, eight months?

ANDY
Ten.

MEL
Ten? Jesus. This was supposed to be, like, a six month gig.

ANDY
You’re telling me. I told my band I’d be back before the new year.

INT. GCS -- MINION QUARTERS -- CONTINUOUS

MEL
You have a band? That’s so cool.

ANDY
Yeah, man. My life used to be exciting. What’s the movie tonight?

MEL
Mommy Dearest.

ANDY
It’ll do.

MEL
It’s the remake with Kristen Stewart.

ANDY
Oof. I’m gonna need the Ant head.
Mel clicks on the display. An older, cold cream slathered, Kristen Stewart fills the screen.

**KRISTEN STEWART**
You used wire hangers? Okay, whatever.

The screen switches to an **ANNOUNCER** behind a desk.

**ANNOUNCER**
We interrupt this program for a special announcement: traitors have been trying to overthrow the space station. They will be found and dealt with accordingly. Employees are reminded that spying, espionage, or any breach of the corporate non-disclosure agreement is punishable by death. Also, someone has been clogging the toilets near the fission reactor. Please remember that placing anything other than toilet tissue in the sixth floor bathrooms is also a violation punishable by death. We now return you to Mommie Dearest.

Mel clicks off the display.

**MEL**
Oh my God, Andy...

**ANDY**
Okay, in my defense, dude, I was only flushing toilet paper... just a lot of it.

**MEL**
No, Andy, we’re the traitors! They’ll be hunting us down every day and if they catch us they’ll torture us and kill us!

**ANDY**
Oh. Right. Yeah. This sucks. (BEAT)
Still, beats workin’ at The Gap.

There’s a flash of LIGHT -- and the GCS vanishes into hyperspace.

**END OF SHOW**