

Dark Minions

**"PILOT"**

by

John Ross Bowie & Kevin Sussman

Revisions Draft (Pink) - 01.09.2013  
Revisions Draft (Blue) - 01.06.2013  
Production Draft (White) - 10.20.2012

1 EXT. OUTER FUCKING SPACE - NIGHT (DUH) 1

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.

2 INT. GCS -- MINION QUARTERS - MORNING 2

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)

Mmmmmfr. 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!!!

3 INT. GCS -- MAIN HALL -- MORNING 3

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.

4 INT. GCS -- CORRIDOR 4

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.

5 INT -- GCS -- MAIN HALL 5

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

5B \*

-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

6 INT. GCS - HALLWAY

6

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.

ANDY

Hm? No.

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.



7 INT. GCS - BRIEFING ROOM 0856-A 7

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. Undetonated 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.

8 INT. GCS - SUPPLY DESK 8

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...

9 EXT. PLANET KAVNICIA - LATER 9

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.

10 INT. GCS - BOARD ROOM 10

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.

11 EXT. PLANET KAVNICIA

11

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 canteloupe. 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

12 INT. FREEDOM FIGHTERS BUNKER - DAY

12

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 abodé.

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.

13 INT. REBEL EATING QUARTERS- CONTINUOUS

13

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...

14 INT. GCS - TELEPORTATION DOCK 14

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

\*

ACT 3

\*

18 INT. GCS -- COMMISSARY - NIGHT

18

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.

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  
fine - 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.

20 INT. GCS -- BRIDGE 20

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.

21 INT. GCS -- BROADCAST FACILITY 21

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.

22 INT. GCS -- BREAK ROOM

22

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:

23 INT. GCS -- BROADCAST FACILITY

23

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.

24 INT. BRIDGE - DAY

24

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.

25 INT. GCS -- BROADCAST CENTER

25

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 --

26 INT. DJ WORMHOLE'S QUARTERS -- 26

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?

27 INT. GCS -- BROADCAST CENTER -- NIGHT 27

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.

28 INT. BRIDGE - DAY 28

Drebnor rubs his hands together like a true supervillian.

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 ...

29 INT. GCS -- BROADCAST FACILITY 29

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 --

30 EXT. GCS SPACEPORT 30

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.

31 INT. REBEL EATING QUARTERS - DAY 31

Lance is reading Howard Zinn -- he looks up, not sure where the death metal is coming from.

32 INT. FREEDOM FIGHTERS BUNKER - DAY 32

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

33 INT. GCS -- BROADCAST FACILITY 33

MEL

What the -

34 INT. BRIDGE 34

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?

FELDENBAUM

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.

35 INT. FREEDOM FIGHTERS BUNKER - DAY - LATER 35

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.

36 INT. FREEDOM FIGHTERS HANGAR - MOMENTS LATER 36

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...

37 INT. GCS - HALLWAY 37

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.

38 INT. GCS -- MINION QUARTERS - CONTINUOUS 38

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