

ADVENTURE PROBE
PILOT EPISODE
THE SPACE BETWEEN OUR EARS

Written by

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EXT. ALIEN PLANET. DAY.

Captain Craig Taylor, a fit, rugged looking young man sneaks cautiously through a strange new world, blaster gun drawn. Over his com-link earpiece he receives instruction from his first **Lieutenant Jefferson Diverson** the bridge of his ship in orbit.

DIVERSON

Captain Taylor, You've got two tango's coming in from the East. Find cover we'll get you out of there.

Taylor dives and rolls behind a pile of debris.

TAYLOR

Negative, I've got to get her out of there.

DIVERSON

Sir, you've only got three minutes before the secondary field completely decays and your trans orbital responder fails. You'll be...

TAYLOR

Let's keep this channel open for important information, Lieutenant. I'm going in!

DIVERSON

Sir, before you do, the crew wants tell you something.

TAYLOR

Right now? Is it necessary?

DIVERSON

Sir, it's just that... well, we all think your a real hero, sir.

The Captain's expression softens slightly.

TAYLOR

Just doing what needs to be done, Lieutenant. Out!

Taylor, rolls from cover and boldly dispatches the enemy sentries.

CUT TO:

INT. CAPTAIN TAYOR'S OFFICE. DAY.

On the top floor of the **RTFM Adventure Probe** is Captain Taylor's office; a standard, boring, slightly small room with a desk, a computer screen, a couch too small to lay down on and a diploma on the wall from Oakwoods Community College back on Earth. Taylor (who isn't quite as young as he appeared in his dream) is sleeping, face down on his desk. He jerks and twitches as he beats up the bad guys in his dream.

Co First Officer, Lieutenant Diverson and his counterpart; Other **Co First Officer, Lieutenant Elizabeth Reinhold** sit on the small, cramped couch in front of Captain Taylor's desk.

REINHOLD

What's he doing?

DIVERSON

I've seen this before. My dog does this. He's chasing rabbits.

REINHOLD

Just wake him up.

DIVERSON

No way! Not till he catches the thing.

CUT TO:

EXT. ALIEN PLANET. DAY

In his dream, Taylor has made it to the roof of a very evil looking fortress, where five enemy combatants and their leader are holding a beautiful, yet defiant alien woman hostage. (Who, in real life, is **Lieutenant Suckutrix**) She is tied to a chair and the **Alien Leader** interrogates her roughly, but she is strong and refuses to tell them what they want to know.

ALIEN LEADER

You are being foolish. We have ways of securing the information that we need. Ways that you will find most unpleasant.

SUCUTRIX

Worse than that cologne?

The Alien commander back hands her. Taylor jumps up and heroically takes all the bad guys out in increasingly elaborate ways. Ending with the commander, who he ties a chain around and kicks over the edge of the building.

When the chain snaps tight the Alien commander breaks into several pieces that fall into a burning river of molten lava below. Taylor turns and begins to untie the hostage.

SUCUTRIX (CONT'D)

Craig, I knew I could count on you.
How can I ever thank you?

TAYLOR

Let's get you back to the ship.

Taylor sweeps the woman into his arms. She kisses him passionately as the music swells.

CUT TO:

INT. CPT. TAYOR'S OFFICE DAY

Taylor, "Sleep-makes out" with the woman as Diverson and Reinhold watch from the couch.

REINHOLD

Oh, that poor rabbit.

Diverson stands and wakes the Captain who remains a little groggy.

DIVERSON

Captain Taylor, sir? Wakie, wakie!

TAYLOR

Condom! What? Oh, Lieutenant
Diverson? Lieutenant...

REINHOLD

Reinhold!

DIVERSON

Sir, Commander Clusterfuz will be
calling from Earth soon.

TAYLOR

What? Why? What happened?

LT REINHOLD

It's time for our monthly Progress
report, sir.

Oblivious to Reinhold's statement Taylor asks Diverson.

TAYLOR

Is it time for the monthly progress
report?

DIVERSON
Yes, sir. In the teal Bullpen.

TAYLOR
Do you mean the ready room?

DIVERSON
Oh, right. I forgot, sir. In the ready room.

Taylor and Diverson walk out. Reinhold, smoldering from being ignored sits with her arms folded, mocking Taylor.

REINHOLD
Is it time for the monthly progress report?

Taylor comes back into the office and takes a computer tablet off his desk.

TAYLOR
Uncanny, Lieutenant.

Taylor leaves.

REINHOLD
Sir, I... Goddammit!

CUT TO:

INT. TEAL BULLPEN. CONTINUOUS

The department heads all sit around a large conference table they all have place-cards with their name and Department on them: Photo-periodic Department supervisor, **Lt. Buffet** (Looking sickly) Alien and Human Resources **Lt. Rain** (Looking like a hippy), **Lt. Richardson** from Sales Force Deployment (Looking like a salesman) Navigation Department Supervisor **Lieutenant Mezola**. The card in front of him reads Lieutenant Piescorz but is crossed off with a sharpie and the name, "Mezola" is written in. Other departments include: Gravitation and Equilibrium (G&E), Seasonal/ Meteorological Simulation (S&M), Events Planning and recruiting. In the corner of the room is a security camera with the place- card that says, "Security, Lieutenant **Pansy**". At the far end of the table is Captain Taylor, lightly dozing in his seat. Flanking him is Diverson and Reinhold. Behind the huge monitor at the end of the room, Tech support **Sub Lieutenants Bass and Leroy** fall all over each other trying to get the video link up working.

BASS
No it's the red one, Leroy.

LEROY

I see it. It's way down here!

Bass stands and addresses the room.

BASS

You guys can't move these wires around.

Everyone exchanges nervous glances around the room.

RICHARDSON

Bass, why in the world would any of us go back there and move your wires around?

BASS

I don't know. Maybe you have nothing better to do than to make more work for us.

RICHARDSON

Yeah, that's what we do. We have nothing better to do than pull wires out of the back of a monitor.

BASS

For your information these aren't, "wires" Their leads and this isn't a monitor its a Techtra 5000 virtual display and it only costs, like a gillion dollars.

LEROY

Yeah, and if we catch anyone messing around back here we'll tell Scott.

The room suddenly goes quiet. Everyone looks at Richardson.

RICHARDSON

There's no need to tell... to tell him anything. Look, I'm sorry. I was making a joke. Just keep fixing.

Suddenly the monitor sparks to life and the image of a fat sweaty **Commander Clusterfuzz**, the CEO of the PEBKAC Corporation comes on the screen. He is in mid rant.

CLUSTERFUZZ

...By the proposed time or there's going to be shit to pay! Do I make myself clear, Taylor?

Taylor suddenly wakes up from a haze.

TAYLOR
What?

CLUSTERFUZZ
What? What? Captain?

A smaller screen under Culusterfuzz's lowers into place and the image of **Commander Dingelfutz** comes on the screen.

DINGELFUTZ
Answer the Commander, Captain.

TAYLOR
Well, I can't. I didn't hear. Our monitor, er, Techtra 5000...

CLUSTERFUZZ
Holy SHIT Captain!

DINGELFUTZ
Holy shit!

CLUSTERFUZZ
Holy shit!

DINGELFUTZ
Does Commander Clusterfuzz have to repeat everything he just said?

CLUSTERFUZZ
Well do I?

The whole room is silent. Everyone looks at the Captain.

TAYLOR
Well, just the end part.

DINGELFUTZ
He said, just the end part, sir.

CLUSTERFUZZ
Just the end part?

DINGELFUTZ
Yes, sir. The end part.

CLUSTERFUZZ
The Adventure Probe is seriously behind schedule. The board and the stock holders are furious.

(MORE)

CLUSTERFUZZ (CONT'D)

Those photo copiers are NOT going to get to our sales objective and sell themselves. It's your job as captain of our sales ship to... Wait a second!

Clusterfuzz looks down at the smaller monitor.

CLUSTERFUZZ (CONT'D)

Photocopiers that self transport and sell themselves, Make a Note of that Dinglefutz!

DINGELFUTZ

Yes, sir. Great idea sir!

Clusterfuzz returns to scolding Captain Taylor.

CLUSTERFUZZ

Captain Taylor, the responsibility for this diabolic rests squarely on your shoulders. You must reach your first sales objective by the scheduled time or there's going to be shit to pay! Do I make myself clear, Taylor?

TAYLOR

Sir, let me just say this....

The monitors suddenly goes black. Leroy and Bass stand up holding red wires.

BASS

God dammit, Leroy!

Taylor slowly turns to Diverson.

TAYLOR

Lieutenant Diverson, what exactly is our destination?

DIVERSON

That's Navigation's department, sir. Lieutenant Piescorz.

MEZOLLA

He's dead, sir.

TAYLOR

Who's dead?

MEZOLLA
Lieutenant Piescorz. Vaporized.
Thruster wash.

TAYLOR
Oh, I'm sorry to hear that,
Lieutenant..

Taylor squints at his place-card.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)
Mezola.

MEZOLLA
Couldn't be helped. Fortunes of
commerce and all of that.

TAYLOR
Lieutenant Mezola, What is our
destination?

MEZOLA
Epsilon Eridani, sir. It's 10.568
light years away.

RIENHOLD
That's over a 100 trillion
kilometers, sir.

TAYLOR
I see, and when are we supposed to
reach Epsilon er..

DIVERSON
Eridani, sir. We are, "Supposed
to" reach it by Thursday. That's
what the schedule says.

TAYLOR
10.568 Light years by Thursday?

Lieutenant Terry Richardson interrupts.

RICHARDSON
Sir, our sales objective is
actually on Alpha 14. We are
scheduled to start our global sales
campaign the next day, Friday. And
I want you to know that the entire
Sales Department is primed and
ready to go.

TAYLOR
Alpha 14?

RIENHOLD

Alpha 14 is the only planet orbiting Epsilon Eridani. It's an additional 4 light years away.

TAYLOR

So we have an additional day to travel 14.568 Light years?

DIVERSON

Yes sir, it's very exciting.

TAYLOR

Lieutenant, what day is it?

DIVERSON

That's the Photoperiodic's department. Lieutenant Buffett?

BUFFETT

The photo periodic department reports that it is (looks thought his notes) Tuesday.

DIVERSON

And, Lieutenant Mezolla, what is our current velocity?

MEZOLLA

Sixty five, sir.

TAYLOR

Sixty five light years per...

MEZOLLA

Miles, sir. Sixty five miles per hour.

Silence.

TAYLOR

Lieutenant Diverson, does anything about that seem unusual to you?

DIVERSON

What do you mean, sir?

TAYLOR

Let me be a little more specific, Lieutenant.

(MORE)

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

We are required to travel 14.568 light year in a little less than forty eight hours, and yet we are only going sixty five miles per hour? Does anything about that seem unusual to you?

DIVERSON

No sir! Those are our orders.

Silence. Reluctantly, Reinhold speaks up.

REINHOLD

Sir, I feel it will be impossible for us to make it to our destination on time.

TAYLOR

Am I alone in thinking that it will be impossible for us to make it to our destination on time?

Reinhold angers at the snub.

RIENHOLD

Ugh!

Reinhold turns and stomps out of the conference room. Diverson looks at the captain.

DIVERSON

Well, now you're alone.

CUT TO:

INT. PHOTO-PERIODIC ENGINEERING DEPARTMENT. DAY

Down in the Photo-periodic engineering department **Lieutenant Chong** and **Lieutenant Sidney** Make a third, final check on the ship's ambient daylight system.

CHONG

Confirming estimated time based on ambient light available at 11:20:15 on my mark: three, two... Mark.

He pushes a single button on the console and a small green light flashes in front of Sidney.

SIDNEY

Check! Optimal light achieved. Photo-periodic check complete, Lieutenant Chong.

CHONG
Thank you Lieutenant Sidney.

Both roll their chairs back. Chong picks up a gourmet food magazine and Sidney puts his feet up and starts digging on his nose.

CHONG (CONT'D)
11:20 it feels later than that. I'm
Ready for lunch.

SIDNEY
That's what you get for talking
about tacos earlier. You made
yourself hungry.

Sidney examines what he found and rolls it around a little.

CHONG
I know. Maybe we could sneak out a
little early and get in line a
before those guys from engineering
get there.

SIDNEY
Seriously, don't they have their
own commissary over there?

CHONG
Right?

Sidney flicks the sticky wad and it hits a monitor. On the monitor, their supervisor, Lieutenant Buffett rounds the corner.

SIDNEY
Oh, camera two! Lieutenant
Buffett's coming.

Both Chong and Sidney suck up to the consul and start reciting numbers.

CHONG
Twenty three.

SIDNEY
Twenty three.

CHONG
Six, one, two, nine.

SIDNEY
Six, one, two, nine.

Buffett walks in scowls and goes straight to his office where he closes the door.

CHONG

Seven, nine... Terry's wants to have lunch with us today.

SIDNEY

Is it complain day again?

CHONG

Hang on!

Chong leans over his console again.

CHONG (CONT'D)

Confirming estimated time based on ambient light available at 11:21:15 in my mark: three, two...

He pushes a single button on the console and a small green light lights up in front of Sidney.

SIDNEY

Check! Optimal light achieved. Photo-periodic check complete, Lieutenant Chong.

CHONG

Thank you Lieutenant Sidney.

Both roll their chairs back. Chong puts his feet up and Sidney starts digging on his nose again.

SIDNEY

You don't suppose Lieutenant Buffett would let us go to lunch early?

CHONG

No way. He's still mad at you for bringing in that rock tumbler.

SIDNEY

So, you go ask him.

CHONG

I hate new supervisors. Every time we get a new supervisor we have to rework the whole department. Cooper would let us go early, but he got promoted to G and E.

SIDNEY
So, coin toss?

Sidney tosses the coin.

CHONG
No! Heads.

SIDNEY
Tails.

CHONG
Dammit!

Chong reluctantly stands and goes to Buffett's door. He gives it a gentle knock and walks in. Almost immediately he walks back out.

SIDNEY
What did he say?

CHONG
Nothing?

Chong starts gathering his coat and keys.

SIDNEY
Did he say we could go early?

CHONG
He didn't say we couldn't.

SIDNEY
...After you asked him?

CHONG
I didn't have to ask him. He's
dead.

CUT TO:

EXT. ALIEN AND HUMAN RESOURCES CONTINUOUS.

Outside A and HR is a sign that reads: Alien and Human Resources, Lieutenant April rain Sympath in Charge.

TAYLOR (O.S.)
So this is Human resources. I've
never been in here.

INT. ALIEN AND HUMAN RESOURCES. INT

Captain Taylor sits nervously in a chair across from the desk of Lieutenant April Rain, the head of Alien and Human Resources(A&HR). He studies his surroundings. Rain's office is decorated with posters that promote a spiritually satisfied, organic lifestyle. Incense burns at the foot of a small shrine dedicated to every spiritual belief and deity.

RAIN

Actually, it's, "Alien and Human Resources".

TAYLOR

Oh, right. It's very nice. It smells good. Shoyeido?

RAIN

Thank you, it's important to me that everyone feels comfortable here in A and HR. We should make an appointment for you some time.

TAYLOR

Appointment, oh... No it's not like that. I don't really need to... you know. I'm just informally meeting the crew, individually.

RAIN

Oh, yes I didn't understand. I'm sorry.

Taylor picks up the sign on her desk and reads it. It says, "Lt. April Rain Sympath"

TAYLOR

So, you're a Sympath? That's great. That's perfect for the... Uha, what the exactly is a Sympath anyway?

RAIN

Oh, I forgot. You really don't know that much about the way things are. Well, to put it clinically, I'm from a race of people who have a pronounced anterior, insular cortex. That's the part of the brain that generates sympathy. We call ourselves Sympath's.

TAYLOR

I didn't know that.

RAIN

I'm sorry. I should have told you sooner.

Rain looks through the Captain's file.

RAIN (CONT'D)

So, your file says you were promoted from department head to Captain of the new galactic sales force, Impressive!

TAYLOR

Well, not that impressive. They didn't even have a space ship back then.

RAIN

This must have been a while ago.

TAYLOR

Yep, PEBKAC Corporation threw me a party, gave me a Succubot Sex Android, as a gag gift, and promptly put me into corporate imposed stasis until the ship was ready.

Looking at the file.

RAIN

Wow, six hundred years!

TAYLOR

Six hundred and twelve years, three months, two days, nine hours.

RAIN

That's a long time, even for PEBKAC.

TAYLOR

While I was out, everyone I ever knew died and my Succubot became sentient. She calls herself Susan.

RAIN

You live with a prostitution Android?

TAYLOR

She thinks we're married. But, you know, Susan is the only one I know from my old life. She's the only friend I have left.

RAIN

So, do you consider yourself married?

TAYLOR

No not really. We're like friends without benefits. I mean, she want's to, you know, do it, because of her original programing, but she's six hundred years old. Some things don't work like they should. It's kind of a turn off.

RAIN

That's a terrible thing to say.

TAYLOR

What? I know that, but aren't you supposed to be a little more sympathetic?

RAIN

Oh I have a lot of sympathy, for her!

TAYLOR

So do I. She's my only friend, but ugh!

RAIN

We really should make an appointment for you.

TAYLOR

That's not really necessary. I can probably figure this out on my own. I just need to think.

RAIN

That's a good idea. But you should think somewhere else, okay?

TAYLOR

Really? You're mad at me for telling you how I feel?

RAIN

A little, but mostly, you have to leave because I already have a employee to talk to.

Taylor stands up and finds he's been sitting on the lap of Lieutenant Reinhold who is glowering up at him. She turns to Rain.

REINHOLD

See? This is what I'm talking about!

Reinhold gets up and stomps out.

CUT TO:

INT. COMMISSARY. CONTINUOUS

Chong and Sidney sit at a table behind huge helpings of tacos. Lieutenant Terry Richardson from, Sales Force Deployment sits at the table with them.

RICHARDSON

What's wrong? You guys usually love the tacos?

CHONG

We are, once again, supervisor-less.

RICHARDSON

What? Did Buffett get promoted?

SIDNEY

Dead.

RICHARDSON

Lucky bastard.

SIDNEY

Right?

CHONG

Last time our supervisor died we had to do file all those reports.

RICHARDSON

Of course, now you're going to get some new, young hot-shot who's eager to show off his new position by reorganizing the whole photo-periodic department. Which means more work for you.

SIDNEY

And we'll probably get a pay cut.

CHONG

I don't know why they don't promote one of us.

RICHARDSON

Why should they. You guys do your jobs. They'd never move you away from that.

SIDNEY

It's too bad we can't just choose our own supervisor.

CHONG

Yeah, someone who will take all the heat from cooperate and not tell us what to do.

SIDNEY

All we need is a warm body who will leave us alone.

RICHARDSON

Personally, I've had enough of the PEBKAC cooperation.

SIDNEY

So why don't you quit and go next door. Oh, that's right! Next door is the empty sucking void of space.

RICHARDSON

Ha, ha, ha smart guy! I'm going to start my own company. I know a guy who's been selling me the parts to make my own ship. I'll be faster than this tub. I could get to our sales objective first and scoop PEBKAC.

SIDNEY

Parts?

CHONG

Where are you keeping these parts?

RICHARDSON

In the one place on this ship no one ever goes. In the bathroom of the PEBKAC club.

SIDNEY

Terry, everyone goes there. It's the only place to, "go" when you're there.

RICHARDSON

Ah! But not the stall next to the big one on the end.

CHONG

He's got a point, no one ever uses that one.

RICHARDSON

That's right! Now all I need to do is assemble the parts, download all of my sales contacts and I'm on my way!

SIDNEY

Sales contacts? We haven't even made contact with the planet yet?

CHONG

Yeah it's probably still smoldering from the galactic liberation.

RICHARDSON

That doesn't matter. I'm in sales! Hell all I have to do is get the client drunk and laid and it's instant kickback for your's truly.

CHONG

But first you have to build an entire spaceship in a bathroom stall.

RICHARDSON

I didn't say I had all the parts yet!

Terry gets up to leave. In the corner of the room we see a security camera with a place card under it reading, "Pay no attention to this camera". It follows Lieutenant Richardson as he leaves the commissary.

RICHARDSON (CONT'D)

Anyway, if you guys want to throw in with me I could use a number two and three.

SIDNEY

We'll think about it Terry.

RICHARDSON

Lates, yall!

Terry leaves.

CHONG

Hey I just had a thought. If he can build an entire space ship in a toilet, we could probably build a new supervisor.

SIDNEY

W...

CHONG

Hear me out. We could just reprogram one of those old Sucubot Prostitution androids they've got down there in Events Planning.

SIDNEY

Are you kidding? Everyone will recognize her.

CHONG

Oh, yeah. Well, we'll just have to give her a new head. I know a guy who's got one of those TRK combat training android's head. We could use that.

SIDNEY

I suppose. But, if we do we'll have to work fast. The department heads meeting is in the morning.

CHONG

All nighter?

SIDNEY

All nighter!

CUT TO:

INT. PEBKACK CLUB. CONTINUOUS

Lt. Reinhold sits at the bar sipping an exotic drink. She is talking to the ship's navigator Lt. Mezolla.

REINHOLD

So, I never asked. How's the new office, Mezolla?

MEZOLLA

You're in it?

REINHOLD

Your shitting me! The bar? Who puts the ship's navigator in the bar?

MEZOLLA

It used to be down in engineering. The view screen was right next to the main engine's exhaust port. Every time the navigator put in a course adjustment, he was vaporized.

REINHOLD

That's terrible.

MEZOLLA

Not really. It was easy to get promoted into Navigation. The position was always vacant. Anyway, the first thing I did was move my office to here!

Cut wide to show that the entire back wall is a view of space. None of the stars are moving, because they're only going sixty five miles per hour.

MEZOLLA (CONT'D)

It's just temporary. They tell me the new office will be ready in a couple months. In the meantime, this has the best view of where we're going.

The Dennis the bartender walks over.

DENNIS

How are you two doing?

REINHOLD

Bring me another one of these things, Dennis. What'll you have Joel?

MEZOLLA

Nothing for me. I'm working. So,
(back to Reinhold) How are things
with you?

REINHOLD

Aw, jeeze! Don't get me started.

MEZOLLA

Okay, sorry.

REINHOLD

Same old stuff. It's always the
same old stuff. My contract says co-
second in command. Co! Not third.
The Captain doesn't even know I
exist.

MEZOLLA

That's too bad.

REINHOLD

And then the stupid Simpath in A
and A and HR can't do shit. Just
sympathy. What good is that?

MEZOLLA

Right what good is that?

Reinhold leans in close as the alcohol starts to really kick
in.

REINHOLD

You might not know it, not being a
women, but... you're not a woman,
right?

MEZOLLA

Nope. Just the men's room for me.

REINHOLD

Good for you! But, what you might
not know is that it's hard for a
woman to get the respect at the
office. Hell, we don't even get the
same pay as a men's.

MEZOLLA

I've heard that.

REINHOLD

Do you know how many percents more
a man makes than a woman?

MEZOLLA

No.

REINHOLD

Neither do I, but it's a number.

MEZOLLA

Yeah, That's...

REINHOLD

It shouldn't be a number it should be a same number.

Dennis returns with Reinhold's drink.

REINHOLD (CONT'D)

Thanks, Dennis. You're a lifesaver!

He turns to Joel.

DENNIS

What say Mezolla, maybe I can get you a coffee?

MEZOLLA

That sounds good.

DENNIS

Maybe a little something to take the edge off?

Reinhold, after a huge gulp of her drink lets out a massive burp.

REINHOLD

Barrrrrup! Whoa! That one had some hair on it. And my office! Don't get me started on my shitty little office.

Mezola looks back at Dennis and gives him the, "Maybe a little something" sign. He returns to Reinhold.

MEZOLLA

Yeah, I guess it's pretty tough for a woman.

REINHOLD

Not the trampy ones. They shoot up the corporate ladder like that. Voop! While I sit here thinking just doing a good job is good enough.

MEZOLLA

If it's any consolation Liz, I
think you're rocking that
turtleneck and blue jeans.

Reinhold leans in and smiles at Mezolla.

REINHOLD

Stay on course there, navigator.

CUT TO:

INT. TAYLOR'S APARTMENT. EVENING

Taylor returns to his apartment at the end of the day. Susan,
a very sexy woman/android is setting a romantic table.

TAYLOR

Hello, Susan. I'm home.

She kisses him on the cheek and embraces him. She looks deep
into his eyes and speaks in a deep man's voice.

SUSAN

Did you get a chance to talk to the
ship's psychologist about your
intimacy problem darling?

TAYLOR

Yeah, sort of.

SUSAN

Did she tell you it's all in your
head and that you need to show me a
little more attention sexually?

TAYLOR

She's not a psychologist, she's
just someone who is very good at
listening.

They walk over and sit on the couch where a glass of wine is
waiting.

SUSAN

Will she be able to help?

TAYLOR

Probably not, but I think I know
something that might help.

SUSAN
Hypnosis? Maybe that would do the
trick.

TAYLOR
No not hypnosis.

SUSAN
Drugs? Psychotherapy?

TAYLOR
No...

Taylor gulps down the whole glass of wine. He holds it up for
a refill. Susan fills the glass as he talks.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)
An operation.

SUSAN
That seems a little strong. It's
just a little mental hurdle that
you need to get over. You don't
need an operation.

TAYLOR
Not me. You.

Susan stops pouring.

SUSAN
What?

TAYLOR
It's a simple operation your voice
modulatory has obviously shorted
out. It just needs to be rebooted.

SUSAN
Okay, let me get this straight.
You're not attracted to me so I
have to have an operation?

TAYLOR
It's a simple procedure. Really
it's no problem.

SUSAN
I'm not the one with the problem.

TAYLOR
Oh come on, I'm human. You're a...

SUSAN
I'M A WHAT?

TAYLOR
You're a...

CUT TO:

INT. SHIPS HALLWAY. NIGHT

Taylor stumbles out the door holding a blanket and a pillow. He turns to plead with Susan but the door slides shut. He looks both ways then back at the door. Eventually he wanders down the hall.

CUT TO:

EXT. PHOTO-PERODIC DEPARTMENT. MORNING

In the hall outside the Photo-periodic department Lieutenant Richardson carries a bag of donuts and a tray of coffees. He opens the door by waving his foot in front of the sensor. The door slides open and he enters.

CUT TO:

INT. PHOTO-PERODIC DEPARTMENT. CONTINUOUS

Chong and Sidney sit at the workbench which is covered with tools, wire and coffee cups. Both are shaggy from putting in an entire night on their project. They both sport tired, self satisfied grins.

RICHARDSON
Okay, what's gotten into you two?
What have you been doing?

CHONG
We've been busy.

RICHARDSON
Yes, obviously. Hey are you guys coming to my party tonight? Happy hour at the PEBKAC Club. Margarita are half off and... What are you grinning about?

SIDNEY
We've been up all night.

RICHARDSON

Obviously! Look at you! Neither of you are in any shape to go to the department heads meeting. Who's going to tell the Captain you're supervisor's dead?

SIDNEY

Our new supervisor.

RICHARDSON

Your what?

CHONG

Lieutenant Suckutrix, it's time to go to the meeting.

The supervisor's office door slides open and, Suckutrix steps out. She has the perfect body and the sexy fashion scene of a prostitution android. She also has the shaved head of a battle hardened female fighting android, but still hot. (She is the same alien that was in the Captain's dream.)

Terry, not knowing she is actually an android, springs into action.

RICHARDSON

You must be new here. My name is Lieutenant Terry Richardson, at your service. Where are you off to, sweet thing?

Suckutrix scans Richardson and his stats appear on her visual read out screen: **Richardson, Terry, Sales Department Deployment, Pay Grade G6, Threat Assessment: Harmless Jerk. Official PEBKAC evaluation classified pending further review.**

SUCKUTRIX

I'm on my way to the department heads meeting, Lieutenant Richardson.

RICHARDSON

I know the way. Let me walk with you.

They both leave.

CHONG

We did it! The perfect push over supervisor.

SIDNEY

We are officially in charge!

CHONG

Shall we start operation, "Happy hour now"

SIDNEY

After you my good sir!

They both sit at their consoles and start to type happily.

CUT TO:

EXT. HALLWAY. CONTINUOUS

Terry walks with Candy to the meeting.

RICHARDSON

You seem vaguely familiar to me, you know from the neck down. Have we met before?

SUCKUTRIX

I've never trained you for combat.

RICHARDSON

Yeah, good one. Say, you to hot to be in Photo-periodic. Did anyone ever tell you that? You're hot enough to be in management. You should be climbing the corporate ladder.

SUCKUTRIX

How would one go about climbing the cooperate ladder?

RICHARDSON

Oh, it's easy. You ride your crew, take credit for their successes, blame them for your mistakes, kiss the bosses ass and burn anyone coming up behind you.

As he talks we see Suckutrix's visual read out screen records and analyzes this new information. It reads: **Overwork subordinates, take Credit from subordinates, shift blame back to subordinates, sexually manipulate superiors, eliminate competition.**

RICHARDSON (CONT'D)

Take me for example. I'm confident, self assured and I dress for success. I'm a winner.

(MORE)

RICHARDSON (CONT'D)

If fact, I'm the winningest winner that's ever won. Speaking of winners, how'z about popping by the PEBKACK Club later? It's my birthday and my candles aren't going to blow them selves out.

The words: **Dress for success** Blink on Suckutrix's readout screen. As Terry talks her screen reads: **Break off communication.**

Suckutrix pushes Terry against the bulkhead, pulls out a huge hunting knife and holds it to his throat. Terry freezes in his tracks.

CANDY

Negative. I could do better than a grade 6 Sales Department Deployment Supervisor.

She lowers her knife, turns and goes into the ladies room. Terry regroups.

RICHARDSON

Yikes! Hard to get happy after that one.

CUT TO:

INT. LADIES ROOM. CONTINUOUS

Inside the ladies room Suckutrix looks at herself in the mirror. Her readout analyses a, "rate of success" percentage against each article of her prostitution android clothing. Everything she is wearing is in the low teens and even a negative six when she gets to her thigh high leather boots. Behind her another woman comes out of a stall and walks over to the sink. As she washes her hands Candy analyses her clothes and finds that they score in the nineties. Candy turns and gives the woman an evil stare.

CANDY

Say, nice outfit.

CUT TO:

INT. TEAL BULLPEN. CONTINUOUS

The department heads sit around the table and a very tired looking Captain Taylor sits at the head with his pillow and blanket. As Suckutrix enters all heads turn. She is wearing the outfit of the woman in the bathroom.

A hush falls over the room, as she analyzes everyone at the table and registers their pay grade. She stops on the captain. The word Captain blinks on her read out. Then the words, "target acquired".

SUCKUTRIX

Good morning, Captain Taylor. I'm Lieutenant Suckutrix. I'm the new head of the Photo-Periodic Department.

Everyone stares dumbly at the new officer. Taylor looks up and is thunderstruck by her beauty. We see that this is the same woman in his dream the day before.

SUCKUTRIX (CONT'D)

Are you ready for me, Captain?

Taylor can only stare and gasp at the vision in the doorway as she pulls the door shut behind her.

CUT TO:

EXT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE TEAL BULLPEN. CONTINUOUS

The door to the Bullpen latches just before Reinhold can grab the handle. Reinhold is wearing a slightly prettier outfit than usual (and has even tried to put a flower in her hair). By the time she grabs the handle to the bullpen, she finds the door is locked. As she tugs she becomes more and more frustrated. The flower falls from her hair. Behind her a security camera follows her movements.

CUT TO:

EXT. PEBKAC HEADQUARTERS BUILDING ON EARTH. DAY

PEBKAC headquarters on earth is an imposing structure that seems to have soaked the life out of the area around it. A small patch of well kept green surrounds the building but the rest of the neighborhood is destroyed, abandon and dry. We hear Commander Dingelfutz address Commander Clusterfuzz.

DINGELFUTZ

Sir, the Daily Covert Crew Activity Assessment (D double C double A) is in from the Adventure probe and we've picked up on a security breach.

CUT TO:

INT. CLUSTERFUZZ'S OFFICE. CONTINUOUS.

Clusterfuzz sits behind a huge desk in front of a wall of certificates and pictures featuring him shaking hands with other fat, white guys. He has a single monitor on his desk and next to his chair is a huge lever which obviously controls the trap door in the floor in front of his desk. Dingelfutz stands on a small red carpet in front of the desk. As he talks Clusterfuzz peridotitic rests his hand on the lever. When he does this, Dingelfutz looks down nervously.

CLUSTERFUZZ

What is the problem Dingelfutz?

DINGELFUTZ

Sir, one of our sales team deployment supervisors is planning to start his own company.

Dingelfutz clicks a remote and a picture of Terry Richardson appears on his screen.

DINGELFUTZ (CONT'D)

He has also made contact with two lower level managers in the Photo-Periodic Department.

Dingelfutz clicks again and pictures of Lieutenants Chong and Sidney appear on the screen.

DINGELFUTZ (CONT'D)

Lieutenants Chong and Sidney.

Clusterfuzz clicks his keyboard and the images of Richardson, Chong and Sidney disappear. A live feed comes up featuring a scary tough looking security chief in an immaculate suit and dark glasses, **Lt. Pansie**.

PANSIE

Sir?!

CLUSTERFUZZ

Lieutenant Pansie, I got your report about the, security breach on your ship. I want you to take care of it.

PANSIE

Sir!

The screen cuts off.

CUT TO:

INT ELEVATOR MORNING

Captain Taylor, still holding his blanket and pillow, studies the buttons on the elevator and finally selects the bridge button, but just before the doors close Lieutenant Reinhold enters. Before she can say anything, a hand grabs her collar and pulls her out of the elevator. The Captain stares dumbly as Lieutenant Suckutrix slides into the elevator. She speaks to him in a sexy voice.

SUCKUTRIX

Captain.

TAYLOR

Ah, Lieutenant Suckutrix I was just thinking about.. Uha how is your... are your... Hi! Going up?

SUCKUTRIX

Actually, I was thinking about going... down.

Taylor flinches and all the feathers shoot out of his pillow.

TAYLOR

Ah. Ha ha yes, good one Lieutenant. That's very... Uha.

SUCKUTRIX

Listen, Captain, I was going to head down to the PEBKAC Club later. I wonder if you would like to join me?

As Taylor talks, Suckutrix's read out shows his pulse rate, blood pressure and eye dilation readings. Everything is going up.

TAYLOR

Oh, I couldn't. You see I'm...

ELIZABETH

Married?

The Captain hesitates. Her readout reads: **Captain Taylor, domestic relationship: questionable, seduction success projection: 98%, Target locked.** The words, "Target locked" Blink in red.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

That's what I thought.

She moves in on Taylor pinning him in the corner of the elevator. She moves her lips close to his then throws her leg over his shoulder. She whispers:

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)
 I'll be in the men's bathroom at 6.
 The big stall on the end. I'll show
 you what they mean by happy hour.

Just then the elevator dings. And the doors slide open.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)
 Time to get off. See you tonight,
 Craig.

She slides out of the elevator leaving him a shaking wreck, in a pile of feathers.

CUT TO:

INT PHOTO-PERIODIC CONTINUOUS

Chong, now wearing a Hawaiian short and a messed up party hat sits at a monitor with a girl from event planning sitting in his lap.

CHONG
 Holy moly, Sidney! Did you see
 this?

Next to him another young lady from event planning dumps the last of a bottle of vodka into a beer bong. Sidney stands up into view with the other end in his mouth. He wearing a T-shirt that has the word slut across his chest. He takes the tube out of his mouth.

SIDNEY
 What?

CHONG
 Check out Suckatrix's display read
 out. Dude, our new supervisor is on
 fire!

Sidney looks at the monitor.

SIDNEY
 Yipes! She's going to get busy with
 the captain in the men's room.
 Stall five at six! What have we
 created?

CHONG

I think some of that prostitution programming may still be rattling around in there somewhere.

SIDNEY

Play the whole thing again.

CUT TO:

INT BRIDGE CONTINUOUS

The bridge is a large room with a single table in the middle and work stations around the edges. There is no view screen or windows of any kind. There is no indication that they are in space at all. It looks a lot like an ordinary open office where no one has any real privacy or dignity. It is completely empty except for Lieutenant Diverson who lounges in a desk chair playing his autoharp.

Taylor enters and looks around.

TAYLOR

Lieutenant Diverson, where is everyone?

DIVERSON

PEBKAC Club, sir. It's happy hour. Margarita are half off.

TAYLOR

But, it's ten thirty in the morning!

DIVERSON

No, sir it's five oh six. The Photo periodic department shifted the hours in the day.

TAYLOR

They did what?

DIVERSON

They figured that if they take fifty two minutes off every hour between 9am and 5pm, and applied them to the hours between 5 and 1 am we could all get to those Margarita sooner and stay with them longer.

Diverson returns to his autoharp. The elevator doors open and Reinhold steps out.

TAYLOR

So, you're up here all alone?

Lieutenant Reinhold makes a "What-the-fuck" gesture, turns and gets back on the elevator.

DIVERSON

Just me and Lucile, here.

TAYLOR

Lieutenant, would you contact whoever is in charge of the Photo periodic department, and tell them to put the hours back the way they were.

DIVERSON

Yes sir.

He heads for the door.

TAYLOR

And tell them that I am very disappointed.

DIVERSON

Right away, sir.

Taylor leaves the bridge. A second later he comes back in.

TAYLOR

So, did you say it was 5:06?

CUT TO:

INT PHOTO PERIODIC DEPARTMENT CONTINUOUS.

Chong and Sidney and the ladies from event planning are playing strip Margarita-pong. A pissed off looking Suckutrix enters carrying a huge assault rifle. She lights up the room with the gun and everyone hits the floor. When the clip is empty she loads in a new one and puts the rifle on her hip.

SUCKUTRIX

Chong and Sidney! Did you two screw with the time?!

Chong and Sidney peer out from cover. Chong looks at Sidney.

CHONG

Had to use the TRK combat training
android's head, didn't you?

CUT TO:

INT PEBKAC CLUB HAPPY HOUR

Lt. Richardson sits at a table full of drunks. He brags about his plot to start his own ship.

RICHARDSON

That's right! Now all I need to do
is assemble the ship, download all
of my sales contacts and I'm on my
way!

Over at the bar Lieutenant Mezolla is pretty drunk.

MEZOLLA

Dennis! Two jäger-bobs my good man.

DENNIS

How about a little coffee Joel. You
have a job to do.

MEZOLLA

Oh, see you're right. It's my job
to steer this shop, all right. And
I'll do it. And I'll do it when
it's time.

DENNIS

When it's time? Isn't the time to
steer all the time?

MEZOLLA

Nope! It's space, man! Yawannaknow
why? There's nothing to run into.
The nearest asteroid is five light
years away, and it's way the shit
over there.

He waves his arm over his shoulder.

DENNIS

What about correcting our course?

MEZOLLA

Oh, we're on course! We've been on
course for five months. And we'll
still be on course for the next
fifteen months.

Mezolla leans in close to Dennis and whispers to him.

MEZOLLA (CONT'D)

I'm going to let you in on a little secret; There's nothing to make us go off course because there's nothing out there. No weather, no wind, no one going really slow in the passing lane. Nothing.

Mezolla leans back and tries to drink from an empty glass.

MEZOLLA (CONT'D)

Not even an electronical pot hole!
My next course adjustment is .00002
Degrees X by XZ in fifteen months
and four days and three hours and
twelve minutes and fifteen seconds
and two jägerboobs.

DENNIS

Two jägerbombs it is!

Reinhold sits next to Mezolla.

MEZOLLA

Oh, look at you. He did it again,
didn't he?

REINHOLD

I don't want to talk about it.

Dennis pours the shots.

MEZOLLA

Yeah, what are you gonna do?

REINHOLD

I'll tell you what I should do;
what I should have done a long time
ago. I'm going to get noticed!

MEZOLLA

Atta girl! Gonna try a little
harder? Gonna deliver some sterling
results? Gonna do whatever it is
you're supposed to do, better?

REINHOLD

Hell no! I'm gonna tart my self up,
just like that new tramp in Photo-
periodic!

JOEL

No, you don't have to do that! Be proud of who you are. You are a strong, efficient woman. You don't need anyone's validation. I'll bet a lot more people notice you just fine, just the way you are, turtles necks and all.

REINHOLD

Really? That's the nicest thing...

Mezolla passes out onto the bar before she can finish.

REINHOLD (CONT'D)

...Anyone's ever said to me while passing out. But you're wrong.

Reinhold stands and slams both jägerbombs. She stomps off to the ladies room. Mezolla sits back up and talks to Dennis.

JOEL

I didn't really pass out. I just didn't know what to say next.

DENNIS

Well, you made your point, but I don't think it stuck.

The Captain walks up to the bar.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

Captain, welcome to the PEBKAC Club. To what do we owe this honor.

TAYLOR

I was just coming down to, uha.

He looks around the room for an excuse. He looks at Mezolla who is obviously sloshed.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

Lieutenant Mezolla, are you okay?

MEZOLLA

Oh, I'm fine! Just navigating away. Look, what's the deal with Reinhold? Do you do you even know who she is?

TAYLOR

Of course I do. She's my first second officer.

MEZOLLA

Have you ever told her that you appreciate her?

TAYLOR

I shouldn't have to. She's a strong, efficient woman. She doesn't need anyone's validation.

MEZOLLA

No, probably not. Technically I don't need to even be here for another fifteen months and four days and three hours and twelve minutes and fifteen seconds and two jägerbums, but I am. And why?

TAYLOR

Because it's your job?

MEZOLLA

No, because it's my job.
...Exactly. What was my point?

CUT TO:

OUTSIDE THE CLUB CONTINUOUS.

Ching and Sidney study the door to the men's room.

SIDNEY

It's the only solution. Lieutenant Suckutrix is the worst supervisor we've ever had.

CHONG

I've never actually killed anyone before.

SIDNEY

She's not a someone, she's a something, remember? You screwed her head on. Now, come on she'll be in number five stall at six. We've got to get it rigged.

CHONG

Okay you reprogram the relay in the stall and we can trigger the implosion from the storage closet across the hall.

SIDNEY
How about you reprogram the relay?

CHONG
Wait, me? This was your idea! No way!

SIDNEY
Coin toss?

Sidney tosses the coin.

CHONG
No! Heads.

SIDNEY
Tails.

CHONG
Dammit!

CUT TO:

INT. PEBKAC CLUB. CONTINUOUS

Terry is completely slosed and gets up to pee.

RICHARDSON
Okay, ladies. Don't feel like I'm ignoring you or anything but sometimes I have to use this for other things. If I never return...

He doesn't have a joke for the end of that set up. He looks a little confused then shakes it off and walks out. Over at the bathrooms Chong sneaks out of the men's room holding a tool bag. Terry sees him just as he's about to go it.

RICHARDSON (CONT'D)
Hey Chong!

But Chong doesn't hear him. He covers his face just before he passes his boss Lieutenant Suckutrix in the hall. Suckutrix walks up to the men's room which is blocked by Terry.

RICHARDSON (CONT'D)
Hey, it's you, knifie Mac Stabzilla. I'll be right out and when I do we'll celebrate my birthday. I'll let you cut the cake.

Terry goes in, Suckutrix steps away and lingers around the corner waiting for Terry to come out.

CUT TO:

INT. MENS ROOM. CONTINUOUS.

Terry walks past the urinals and points to them as he rejects them.

RICHARDSON

Nope. Not you. And not you. And certainly not you shorty! We're going up town.

Terry walks into the stall next to the big one on the end, closes the door and studies all the spaceship parts he has stashed in there.

CUT TO:

INT. STORAGE CLOSET. CONTINUOUS.

Chong returns to the closet. Sidney had opened a wall panel and is rerouting some of the wires.

CHONG

Hurry up. I just passer her in the hall. She's on her way to stall five right now.

SIDNEY

Almost there.

CUT TO:

EXT. ALCOVE LADIES ROOM. CONTINUOUS.

Reinhold surveys the vending machine in the alcove of the ladies room. The machine has everything a woman needs for a bar night. Hair brushes, make up, vitamin B12 shots, Barf bags, Condoms, RU486. She stops on the "Ladies night" Special pack which includes: one black mini dress, a string of pearls and a pair of, "Fuck me Pumps". She puts her card in the machine, removes the package and heads into the ladies room to change.

CUT TO:

EXT. MENS ROOM. CONTINUOUS.

Captain Taylor walks up to the door of the men's room and hesitates. He closes his eyes and pushes the door open.

CUT TO:

INT. MENS ROOM. CONTINUOUS.

The Captain walks over to, and knocks on the door to stall #5. He reasons with an empty stall that he thinks is Suckatrix. Terry hears the whole thing.

TAYLOR

Don't say anything in there I have something to say and I'm just going to say it. Look, I know what you're trying to do. And I know why you're doing it. But, I think we both know it's wrong. Sure we can probably think up a million excuses why it's okay to do the wrong thing. It's because of the this job, this company. It has a way of dehumanizing us, of making us believe that we're not important. But, I think we are.

As The Captain talks we see Terry in the next stall with all of his spaceship parts. As he listens, he regrets what he was going to do. We see Diverson Trying to pick up chicks by showing them his Auto harp. In the storage room, Chong and Sidney wiring the override. In A and HR, we see Lieutenant Rain snuff out the candles in her office as she files her case files, she looks at the captains file, and reads it again. In Android repair, Susan lays down on a table and opens her mouth as sterile lab technicians prepare her for surgery. A fully tarted up Lieutenant Reinhold gets ready to walk out of the ladies room and into the club. She pauses, having second thoughts. Lieutenant Joel calls for another drink. This time it's a cup of coffee.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

It might seem like no one really knows or cares about your contributions and sacrifices. We might not get the validation that we need, but we have to keep on trying. We have to do the right thing, wether anyone seems to notice or not. Which is why I'm going to walk away from this large bathroom stall and go home to my...

Suddenly Terry jumps out of the stall and cries out to the Captain.

RICHARDSON

You're right I will try to be a better employee!

At that moment several things happen at once: Reinhold kicks the door to the ladies room jumps out into the bar and yells:

REINHOLD

Who's ready for Reinhold?!

From the closet, Sidney throws a switch and the men's room starts to sparks and shake. A crack opens in the bulkhead around all the stalls and starts to pull away from the ship. Terry stumbles back into his stall and Captain Taylor is pulled out of the room by Suckutrix. The entire Men's room tears away and falls out into space leaving a huge hole in the side of the bar. Everyone in the bar panics and runs right past Reinhold (Taking no notice of her) for the exit. The last one out, Diverson, scoops up Reinhold in his arms and hits the emergency button next to the door which seals the bulk head behind them.

In the hall everyone regroups. Everyone is safe, except for Terry who was sucked out into space. Reinhold sits in Diverson's lap looking hot in her little dress and windblown hair. She locks eyes with Diverson and they stare lovingly at each other.

Suckutrix sets the Captain down.

SUCKUTRIX

I heard what you said in there, and I'm going to refocus my objective. I want you to know that I am going to, henceforth devote myself to our corporate objective.

TAYLOR

That's admirable Lieutenant.

SUCKUTRIX

Yes, starting Monday I'm going to reorganize the whole department, from top to bottom.

Inside the closet Chong and Sidney look up as the door opens. Standing in the door is Lieutenant Pansy. They both point to each other.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

INT. SECURITY INTERROGATION ROOM. LATER

Sidney and Chong are sitting at a table in an interrogation room with a two-way mirror. Behind them Lieutenant Pansy stands with his arms crossed, not moving. A view screen lowers and Commander Clusterfuzz comes on. A smaller screen lowers and Commander Dinglefutz comes on.

CLUSTERFUZZ

We know what you did.

CHONG

I... I mean he.

SIDNEY

It was him he was the one who....

CLUSTERFUZZ

We've known bout Terry Richardson for some time now. It was very admirable the way you two took it upon yourselves to rid the PEBKAC Corporation of a trader.

SIDNEY

Wha?

CLUSTERFUZZ

And to show our appreciation to both of you, I am personally promoting... your supervisor.

The screen goes blank. Leaving Chong and Sidney with dumb looks on their faces.

CUT TO:

INT. CAPTAIN TAYOR'S APARTMENT. NIGHT

Taylor returns home, a beaten man.

TAYLOR

Hello, Susan. I'm home.

Susan rounds the corner she is wearing a sexy night gown. She poses in the door way.

SUSAN
Guess what I did today?

She now has a sexy woman's voice. Taylor brightens instantly.

TAYLOR
Your modulator! You had it fixed!

SUSAN
Yes. The operation was a success.
They had to stretch out my mandible
to get the old modulator out and
some of the sensory wires around my
mouth frayed a little. But this new
voice modulator should last for
another six hundred years.

TAYLOR
That's great! Hey, we're going to
have some fun tonight get over
here.

He takes her in his arms he feels her jaw.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)
I hope they didn't hurt you when
they...

He stops suddenly when he discovers that the sensory wires
have given her a five O' Clock shadow. He gets a horrified
look on his face. The mood is gone.

SUSAN
Now what?

Taylor can't speak.

FADE TO BLACK.

END