

FADE IN:

EXT. OUTER SPACE

PATRIOTIC MUSIC UNFOLDS against the backdrop of a massive fleet of space battleships.

NARRATOR

Space! It's not just the final
frontier! It's big! It's huge!
And you can see it all by joining
the Interstellar Marines!

EXT. BATTLEFIELD - DAY

Super handsome, muscle bound soldiers with medal adorned uniforms and gleaming helmets traverse the terrain blasting away at enemy troops.

ONE SOLDIER

Removes his helmet. Blue eyes, blonde with perfect skin and teeth.

NARRATOR

And slaughtering the enemy's never
been easier!

The same soldier casually drinks water from a bottle with one hand and slices off an enemy's head with the other.

THE HEAD

Lands on the ground. The soldier's kick and use it as a soccer ball, all the while laughing.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Our brave boys in blue have what it
takes to defend our great Empire of
Atlantia! Do you!?

WIDER - JUMBO FLAT SCREEN MONITOR

We're in fact seeing a military recruitment video playing.

INT. MESSHALL - DAY

COOK HAROLD S. PICKERMAN (30), a pale, bulging-eyed beanpole, a dead ringer for a nobody stands mesmerized by the video.

NARRATOR'S VOICE

(on video)

So join up! Kill the enemy! Be the
envy and pride of your planet!

A DROP DEAD GORGEOUS WOMAN WITH LARGE BREASTS APPEARS ON THE VIDEO.

GORGEOUS WOMAN'S IMAGE

I'll do anything for a man in uniform.

Her image MORPHS INTO AN EXPLOSION then MORPHS again into the image of a children's choir.

CHILDREN'S IMAGE

(singing)

On land! On sea! In the air! Or
in space! Long Live Atlantia!
Kill! Kill! Kill the enemy scum
who pollute the universe! Staple
their balls to their ass!

A rugged, cigar chomping SOLDIER holds an adorable LITTLE GIRL (6) with pony tails in his arms.

He blows thick cigar smoke in her face and looks at CAMERA.

SOLDIER'S IMAGE

Remember, children are our future!
So let's exterminate the enemy's
children so they won't have one!

The Little Girl grabs the cigar from the soldiers mouth, takes a puff and smiles.

LITTLE GIRL'S IMAGE

Crush them under our shoes like the
filthy cockroaches they are!

A CO-WORKER, hurries over to Pickerman carrying a pile of dishes.

CO-WORKER

We're running short on meatloaf and
someone with a bad case of
diarrhea's clogged up the toilet
again!

Pickerman continues to stare at the video. A disappointed look crosses his face.

CO-WORKER (CONT'D)

Hello? Harold? Space Command
calling Harold S. Pickerman do you
copy, over?

PICKERMAN

Sorry.

Pickerman grabs the pile of dishes but continues to stare at the video over his shoulder. His Co-Worker notices.

CO-WORKER

I wouldn't be too envious of those
"Boys in Blue".

PICKERMAN

Why not? They have a great life.
Glorious battles; the respect of
their peers-

CO-WORKER

Not to mention a thirty-seven
percent survival rate in combat.

PICKERMAN

Those statistics are exaggerated.
I'd give my right arm to go into
battle.

CO-WORKER

(points)
You mean like that guy?

A SOLDIER

With one arm sits at a table eating a sandwich.

PICKERMAN

I've already reenlisted for another
two years. Maybe then I'll see some
action.

CO-WORKER

I don't get it. Most guys would
kill to be as far away from the war
as we are. You have a death wish or
something?

A dangerous-looking, SOLDIER with an "Incredible Hulk" body
and low forehead shoves a short ENSIGN out of his way and
cuts to the head of the line.

SOLDIER

Po-tatoes.

PICKERMAN

I saw that. I'm afraid I'm going to
have to ask you to get back to the
end of the line.

SOLDIER

Po-tatoes.

PICKERMAN

Look, if you just get back to the
end of the line, I'll be more than
happy to serve you.

Angry, the Soldier slams his tray down onto the table.

SOLDIER
Po-tatoes!!!

ENSIGN
(frightened)
Look, just give him the damn
potatoes will ya?

PICKERMAN
The potatoes aren't what's at issue
here. He cut to the head of the
line.

ENSIGN
I don't care, okay?! He's a lot
more hungry and clearly a lot more
violent than I am, so give him
whatever the hell he wants!

PICKERMAN
But it's not fair to you.
(to angry Soldier)
I think you owe this man an apology
for cutting ahead of him.

The muscle bound Soldier pulls out his revolver and FIRES a round into the Ensign's leg.

Terrified, Pickerman instantly plops a huge mound of potatoes onto the lethal soldier's tray.

PICKERMAN (CONT'D)
Would you like extra gravy with
that?

EXT. OUTER SPACE

Dragonfly-shaped enemy fighters swarm against a massive space battleship. Like an army of insects devouring a large caterpillar.

The wounded warship vents BLACK SMOKE but her name can still be seen: SS COLOSSUS.

INT. COLOSSUS BRIDGE

BRIDGE PERSONNEL SCREAM. EXPLOSIONS tear through various sections of the hull.

The CAPTAIN (50)-- a handsome man with chiseled features and a muscular chest sits in the command chair.

The LIEUTENANT COMMANDER (30), a blonde-haired young man with ash strewn upon his face from the burning fuel staggers over to the Captain.

LT. COMMANDER

They've taken out our primary
generators! We've just lost
shields!

CAPTAIN

Prepare to retreat! This is the
Captain to fleet! All forces
retreat! I repeat! All forces
retreat!

THE COLLOSUS' engines GLOW A FIERY RED as it prepares to
jump into hyperspace.

INT. COLOSSUS BRIDGE

Panels spit FIRE as circuits EXPLODE from every corner of
the bridge.

LT. COMMANDER

They've locked on to the bridge!
They've fired torpedoes!

CAPTAIN

Dammit, where are those shields!?

The Captain valiantly leaps from his seat and staggers
courageously over to a GLOWING PANEL in the wall.

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

Computer! I need you to by-pass the
main grid and re-route auxiliary
power to raise the shields!

No response.

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

Computer! I've given you a direct
order!

GLOWING PANEL (V.O.)

I'm the microwave, jackass.

BOOM! A torpedo strikes the bridge. It's torn wide open.
The Captain is sucked out along with the entire bridge crew!

EXT. OUTER SPACE

Thousands of fighters bob and weave to avoid hitting the
Captain's lifeless, floating corpse.

No dice. A fighter SLAMS into him. His body lodges onto
the fighter's windshield.

INT. COCKPIT

The PILOT taps his canopy to try to dislodge the Captain off his window.

The Pilot turns on his wipers. The Captain's body SQUEAKS as it slides off the windshield.

THE COLOSSUS

EXPLODES. The violent blast creates A BLINDING LIGHT that silhouettes streaking enemy fighters.

VOICE (V.O.)

These images were captured courtesy of the ship's flight recorder. As you can see, Barrion warships succeeded in annihilating our entire fleet.

INT. WAR ROOM - NIGHT

The VOICE belongs to GENERAL MANUEL BAROQUE(50), a slender, demure, well-manicured prima donna, dressed in regal military attire and sporting a highly-trimmed mustache.

He stands to the side of KING ALEXANDER (70), the frail and elderly ruler of planet ATLANTIA.

BAROQUE(CONT'D)

The Colossus was Atlantia's finest warship. Its destruction has sent waves of demoralization throughout the empire.

ALEXANDER

But I don't understand. I watched the newscasts myself. I saw our forces destroy the enemy in thirty seconds.

BAROQUE

That was a television commercial for a toilet disinfectant prior to the main broadcast.

ALEXANDER

You sure?

BAROQUE

Few epic military battles end with the phrase "Buy one, get one free".

ALEXANDER

Council Chairman, what is the current status of our military forces?

The COUNCIL CHAIRMAN (60), stands. He nervously looks out at the sea of military brass. He clear his throat.

COUNCIL CHAIRMAN
Everything's peachy.

He sits back down.

BAROQUE
Everything's peachy?? We just experienced one of the most humiliating defeats in interstellar warfare. May I ask how you arrived at the conclusion that "everything's peachy?"

COUNCIL CHAIRMAN
I merely reevaluated our current military losses and to came to a different conclusion.

BAROQUE
Which is?

COUNCIL CHAIRMAN
Everything's peachy.

BAROQUE
I see. So instead of using scientifically accepted principles to evaluate our military losses, we're now using a method that calculates the outcome in the shape of a fruit.

ALEXANDER
I like it. Makes the war sound less depressing. Good thinking, Council Chairman.

CHAIRMAN
Thank you, Your Majesty.

ALEXANDER
If there are no further updates.
The council is dismissed.

INT. PALACE CORRIDOR - NIGHT

The doors open. The Council exits along with Alexander and Baroque who break off from the group.

ALEXANDER

Baroque, after this demoralizing defeat, I wish to give our people something that will inspire them and give them hope.

BAROQUE

Your resignation and suicide, perhaps?

ALEXANDER

(laughs; walks off)

That's what I've always enjoyed about you, Baroque! Your sense of humor!

BAROQUE

(sotto)

I hadn't realized I made a joke.

EXT. PALACE GARDEN - NIGHT

Alexander and Baroque stroll casually among the garden.

ALEXANDER

As you're aware, I'll be naming a successor to the throne very soon.

BAROQUE

Has His Majesty already decided upon who is next in line to rule?

ALEXANDER

Indeed I have. I've decided your cousin Sydney will inherit the throne of our great empire after I die.

BAROQUE

Not to question His Majesty's judgment but cousin Sydney still believes himself to be a Maple Fern and insists that he be watered twice daily.

Alexander places a consoling hand on Baroque's shoulder.

ALEXANDER

Baroque, I know you've always thought of yourself as next in line to rule our great empire. But the fact remains, you're the bastard son of my sister. I'm afraid the blood that runs through your veins is polluted with how do I put it.... horse shit. No offense.

Fuming, Baroque manages a reluctant bow -- and an even more reluctant smile.

BAROQUE

As always, I bask in his Majesty's wisdom.

ALEXANDER

Therefore, instead of giving you the throne of our great empire, I've decided to give you this.

He hands Baroque an envelope. Baroque smiles. He opens it and pulls out a small card. The smile drains from his face.

BAROQUE

It's a discount coupon.

ALEXANDER

Exactly.

BAROQUE

For a fruit basket.

ALEXANDER

No need to thank me. You've earned it.

He pats Baroque on the shoulder and walks away.

BAROQUE

And it expired three weeks ago.

INT. PALACE CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Baroque storms down the corridor. FRANKZ JOSEPH (50), A diminutive clerk and Baroque's second hand waits in the corridor.

JOSEPH

Well, how'd it go?

Baroque says nothing. He angrily enters the elevator with Joseph.

INT. ELEVATOR

The view is magnificent with the site of a glittering metropolis below.

BAROQUE

An entire lifetime of loyal service and I'm not even in line to be the next king!

JOSEPH

And you deserve to be king! You're an absolutely fantastic man, Baroque. I think you're just so incredibly brilliant.

BAROQUE

I'm impressed, Joseph.

JOSEPH

(smiles)

Really?

BAROQUE

Yes. All that sucking up and never once did I hear you slurping.

DING. The elevator doors open. Baroque steps out.

EXT. PALACE CORRIDOR

Baroque and Joseph walk along an extended garden.

BAROQUE

I've had it with that ungrateful, aging, geriatric gastropod. From this moment on, Joseph the gloves are off. If I can't inherit the throne, I'll take it by force.

JOSEPH

But you'd never get away with it! Alexander's the most popular king the empire's ever had!

BAROQUE

Then I'll have to make him unpopular.

JOSEPH

Unpopular? How do you mean?

BAROQUE

All I need to do is make certain we have another catastrophic defeat against the enemy just as we did today. After that no one will question the assassination of a king who's declared incompetent.

JOSEPH

Baroque, you're talking about abandoning every ethical and moral code known to man just to satisfy some deep seeded, grotesque madness for revenge! How could you do such a thing?

BAROQUE

You forget, Joseph. I used to be a divorce lawyer.

INT. BAROQUE'S OFFICE - DAY

Baroque and Joseph enter. Baroque quickly sits behind the console to his computer.

BAROQUE

If we're going to lose the next battle against the Barrions, we need to insure whomever's put in charge has no military experience.

JOSEPH

How do you propose to do that?

BAROQUE

All I have to do is find the cadet with the worst record. Someone with an I-Q so low he'd be over qualified for the job of village idiot.

Baroque sits in front of his computer. He types aggressively away on his computer keyboard.

THE COMPUTER SCREEN

Ripples of information scroll across Baroque's monitor. A printout emerges. He snatches the paper from the printer.

JOSEPH

Well?

BAROQUE

This is too good to be true. He graduated three hundred and twenty-six out of a class of three hundred and twenty-five!

JOSEPH

What's his name?

BAROQUE

Cook Third Class, Harold S. Pickerman.

INT. MESS HALL - DAY

A drunk soldier staggers over to Pickerman and hands over his empty tray -- then throws up onto it.

The vomit bounces off and strikes Pickerman in the face. The soldier throws up again and again and again and again.

He then hurls a huge undigested piece of meat onto Pickerman's chest.

Pickerman stands there, drenched in vomit.

PICKERMAN

I see you had the chicken Masala.

Baroque, Joseph and their Attaches arrive.

SOLDIER (O.S.)

Ten-hut!

Everyone snaps to attention.

BAROQUE

Where is Cook Third Class, Harold S. Pickerman?

PICKERMAN

Here, sir!

Pickerman salutes -- a slick of brown puke oozes down the side of his face.

BAROQUE

(to Joseph)

This is getting better by the second.

(to Pickerman)

Come here, young man.

Pickerman staggers over to Baroque.

BAROQUE (CONT'D)

Cook Third Class, Harold S. Pickerman, I am General Manuel Baroque, and I have some good news for you.

PICKERMAN

Good news, sir?

BAROQUE

Yes, I have the pleasure of announcing that you have been promoted to the rank of Captain.

PICKERMAN

C-Captain? Me?

BAROQUE

Yes. You're first order is to lead our forces into what we hope shall be a final assault against the Barrion Empire. You're to report to the --

(to Joseph)

What's the name of that flying death trap?

JOSEPH

The Walrus.

BAROQUE

The Walrus, yes. She's a fine ship.

JOSEPH

Best garbage scow we've ever had--

Baroque elbows Joseph in the ribs.

BAROQUE

Well, off with you, Pickerman. Glory awaits.

Baroque turns to leave.

PICKERMAN

Excuse me, Sir?

BAROQUE

Yes?

PICKERMAN

Shouldn't I have a promotion medal?

Annoyed, Baroque tears off a medal from Joseph's uniform. He then angrily pins the medal on to Pickerman who cringes from the pain.

BAROQUE

Enjoy.

He walks off. Pickerman's CO-WORKERS rush up to him. They shake his hands.

CO-WORKER #1

Pickerman, I am most happy for you!

CO-WORKER #2

Pickerman the Great! That's what they'll call you! Pickerman the Great!

The crowd around him grows:

EXT. OUTER SPACE

A TRAVEL POD traverses across rows of space battleships in disrepair.

INT. TRAVEL POD

A man draped in a regal, French-styled uniform looks out at the space shipyards, entranced. It's Pickerman.

PICKERMAN
(to POD PILOT)
So, which ship is mine?

POD PILOT
(points)
It's that's one over there.

A FANTASTIC SPACE BATTLESHIP

State of the art with cannons. Its hull gleams with power and pride.

PICKERMAN
Wow.

POD PILOT
That's right. Yours is the one next to it.

PICKERMAN
Huh?

Pickerman turns his head.

PICKERMAN'S POV

His head swivels in the opposite direction of the super-ship to find a dreg of a ship. Part battleship, part aircraft carrier -- part bowling ball.

It resembles essentially a great turd in space.

WORK VEHICLES hover about its hull. WELDING SPARKS reveal its name: HMS WALRUS.

INT. WALRUS BRIDGE

The Walrus bridge CREW stand in formation as they await Pickerman. All are unclean, unshaven -- unkempt.

LIEUTENANT JOSHUA GORDY (50) also waits. He's a filthy disgusting swagger of a man. He pulls out a brown stained handkerchief and blows his nose.

Goey snot drips from the rag.

The pod DOCKS. The doors slide open. Pickerman steps out onto the bridge deck.

JOSHUA
Captain on deck!

The crewmen snap to attention. Joshua salutes.

JOSHUA (CONT'D)
Lieutenant Joshua Gordy at ya service!

PICKERMAN
(salutes)
Captain Harold S. Pickerman.
Permission to come aboard,
Lieutenant?

JOSHUA
Don't see why not. It's your ship.

A look of pride beams from Pickerman's face as he looks on at his men.

PICKERMAN
So, this is the crew that's going to
give the enemy a hell of a fight?

JOSHUA
Aye, sir! That it is!

Pickerman walks down the line of men and inspects them. He stands in front of crewman OTTO -- a fuzzy-haired hippie type in a frozen state of grinning.

PICKERMAN
What's your name, crewman?

JOSHUA
Beggin' the Captain's pardon but
Ensign Otto don't speak a word of
English.

PICKERMAN
No English? How's he supposed to
take an order if he can't understand
a word I'm saying?

JOSHUA
Ya just point.

PICKERMAN
Point?

JOSHUA

Aye, sir. You want the ship to go left? Ya point. You want her to go right? Ya point.

PICKERMAN

You mean he's our pilot?

JOSHUA

(defensively)

He's only blind in one eye.

Pickerman stares, perplexed. He steps back to face his crew.

PICKERMAN

I don't have to tell you all how important our mission is. Our job is to engage the enemy and well... engage them. When we do engage the enemy there's going to be some serious... engaging.

Joshua applauds and signals the rest of the crew to follow suit.

JOSHUA

Well put, sir. Would ya like me to dismiss the men now, sir?

Pickerman nods the a-ok. Joshua turns to the crew.

JOSHUA (CONT'D)

Dismissed!

The crew turn and return to their stations -- all but Otto. Pickerman points. Otto salutes and waddles off.

INT. WALRUS ENGINE ROOM

Pickerman and Joshua walk along the engine stacks and conduit. TECHNICIANS scurry about, readying the ship.

PICKERMAN

How long before we're ready to launch?

JOSHUA

Chief Engineer Stucky says he'll have the engines on-line in three hours. He's around here somewhere. I'll introduce him to ya.

CHIEF ENGINEER STUCKY (40) -- a trembling, frail wreckage of a man with a receding hairline, inspects a panel.

JOSHUA (CONT'D)
 Captain on deck!!

Stucky leaps to his feet.

STUCKY
 They said I could touch it!

PICKERMAN
 I'm Captain Pickerman. Everything
 all right with you, Mister Stucky?
 You look tense.

STUCKY
 Captain, I'd like permission to stay
 behind. I don't believe I can fight
 in battle!

PICKERMAN
 Are you a pacifist?

STUCKY
 No, Sir. I'm a coward.

INT. TRAVEL POD

At the helm is MAJOR FRANCESCA CLARISE (30). Tall and
 alluring, her jet-black features suggest mystery.

CLARISE
 H-M-S Walrus, this is second in
 command, Major Francesca Clarise,
 requesting final docking clearance.

A VOICE, with a Mexican accent, blares through the radio.

RADIO
 (filtered)
 Who this?

CLARISE
 Walrus, this is second in command
 Major Francesca Clarise requesting
 final docking clearance.

RADIO
 (filtered)
 Well, we no have docking here.

CLARISE
 What?

RADIO
 (filtered)
 We no have docking. You go home.
 We call when we get docking for you.

CLARISE
Just who the hell is this?

RADIO
(filtered)
Hey! Deaf lady! We no have God
damn docking! Stupid beech!

The Walrus SIGNS OFF. Angry, Clarise steers the pod toward the docking ring.

INT. WALRUS BRIDGE - ON COMPUTER SCREEN

The screen flickers with the words: "UNAUTHORIZED VEHICLE APPROACHING -- NUCLEAR CANNONS ACTIVATED."

EXT. SPACE DOCK

Clarise's pod draws closer. Two laser cannons aim then FIRE a burst of red-hot ENERGY BEAMS.

INT. POD

She's hit! The pod ROCKS VIOLENTLY from the massive impact.

CLARISE
Walrus! Cease fire! Cease fire!
First officer --

Another hit! The pod hull cracks. STEAM shoots from one of the overhead pipes. Clarise hits the accelerator.

CLARISE (CONT'D)
You want to play! Let's play!

EXT. WALRUS BRIDGE - DOCKING PORT

Clarise pilots the tiny pod across the bow of the Walrus. She streaks through a criss-cross of LASER FIRE.

She races in between two automated gunner turrets. They swivel at each other then FIRE, destroying themselves.

INT. WALRUS BRIDGE - DOCKING PORT

Clarise rams the side of the pod against the Walrus' coupler rings. They lock and hold the pod in place.

INT. POD

Clarise breaths a sigh of relief. She staggers from exhaustion as she heads for the door.

COMPUTER (V.O.)
(filtered)
Thank you for docking and hey, you
have a fantabulous day!

INT. WALRUS - UMBILICAL CORRIDOR

The doors slide open. Clarise emerges. Furious, she storms into the bay and knocks a lowly CREWMAN out of her way.

INT. WALRUS BRIDGE

Pickerman and Joshua inspect a panel. Enraged, Clarise marches in.

CLARISE

All right! Which one of you is
Captain Pickerman!

Pickerman raises a bewildered hand.

PICKERMAN

That would be me.

Clarise snaps off an angry salute.

CLARISE

Major Francesca Clarise, First
Officer, reporting for duty.
Permission to speak freely, sir?

PICKERMAN

Granted.

CLARISE

Some idiot left the defense grid on!
I was nearly killed trying to make
it on board!

PICKERMAN

Joshua, we have a defense grid?

JOSHUA

Aye, sir.

PICKERMAN

Well, that's great. By the way,
what's a defense grid?

JOSHUA

Well sir, a defense grid is a web-
of-energy-made-from-anti- protons-
which-are-amplified- using-a-nano-
subatomic-processor-to-produce-a-
web-of-nucleonic- electrification.

PICKERMAN

That's incredible. I didn't know
you knew so much about grid defense
systems.

JOSHUA
Grid defense systems, Sir?

PICKERMAN
Yes. Aren't you the ship's tactical officer?

JOSHUA
No, Sir.

PICKERMAN
So what exactly are you in charge of?

JOSHUA
Laundry and morale.

CLARISE
Hello? Remember me?

PICKERMAN
Right, sorry, Major. I apologize for what amounts to a blatant act of galactic negligence. No hard feelings?

Clarise snaps a suspicious look.

CLARISE
I suppose there's no harm done.

PICKERMAN
You have my word, nothing like that will ever happen again.

An EXPLOSION rocks the Walrus. Debris and a BODY streak past the view screen.

PICKERMAN (CONT'D)
After today.

EXT. SPACE DOCK

Work pods disembark from the Walrus.

INT. SPACE STATION - OVERLOOKING THE SPACE DOCK

Baroque stands with Lord Alexander and dozens of other military officials. They watch as the Walrus prepares to pull out of dock.

Television MONITORS show the image of Pickerman as news reporters cover the launch.

REPORTER

Leading our forces into battle is Captain Harold S. Pickerman. A man who many believe is the greatest military commander of our time.

An elderly GENERAL sees Pickerman's image on a monitor.

GENERAL

I could swear that man served me beef stew yesterday.

INT. WALRUS BRIDGE

Pickerman sits in the command chair. He lifts up the ship's microphone.

PICKERMAN

Joshua, put me on ship's intercom.

JOSHUA

Aye, Sir.

PICKERMAN

This is Captain Harold S. Pickerman.

PICKERMAN (CONT'D)

Today we leave to fight another glorious battle for our Empire and King. Let's make our home world of Atlantis proud. Let's bring back a victory. Let's bring back the pride that makes each of us a citizen of our great planet. I'm proud to lead you men into what I know will be a glorious battle. We will show the enemy our resolve! We will make them earn every inch of territory with their blood! We will make them respect us in battle! Victory... it has to be more than a word! It has to be the blood that pumps through our veins! Long live Atlantia!!

Joshua walks back over to Pickerman.

JOSHUA

Okay, Captain. You're on.

PICKERMAN

You mean the intercom wasn't working?

JOSHUA

No, Sir. I hadn't turned on the power.

PICKERMAN

Oh.

Clearly embarrassed he turns back to the mike.

PICKERMAN (CONT'D)

Glad all you guys could make it.
Have a nice day. See you all at the
war.

EXT. SPACE DOCK - THE WALRUS

Her engines GLOW RED. She's ready to launch.

INT. WALRUS BRIDGE

Pickerman taps the intercom.

PICKERMAN

Engine room, this is the Captain.

INT. WALRUS BRIDGE/ENGINE ROOM

Stucky answers the intercom.

STUCKY

Aye, sir?

PICKERMAN (V.O.)

(filtered)

All right, whenever you're ready.

STUCKY

Sir?

PICKERMAN

Let's uh... move... you know...
let's get going. Take her out.

STUCKY

Speed, Sir?

PICKERMAN

Normal, regular. You know, slow but
not too slow. Maybe just a little
quicker than slow without being in a
rush-

Angry, Clarise grabs the mike from Pickerman's hand.

CLARIES

Just initiate one quarter galactic
speed and get us the hell out of
here already.

STUCKY
 (on intercom)
 Yes, Sir!

CLARISE
 It's ma'am. Last time I checked I
 didn't have a penis.

STUCKY
 Sorry ma'am!

Clarise slams the mike back into its holder, much to Pickerman's embarrassment.

EXT. SPACE DOCK

The Walrus' engines IGNITE. They glow a FIERY RED.

INT. WALRUS BRIDGE

Pickerman turns to an unimpressed Clarise.

PICKERMAN
 This is fun.

CLARISE
 Glad you're having such a fun time.

Clarise snaps a stern look at the view screen.

EXT. SPACE DOCK

The Walrus emerges. SPACE FIREWORKS EXPLODE in the background. Star-shaped red, green, and gold sparkles shower the vessel.

INT. VIEWING STANDS - OVERLOOKING SPACE DOCK

Military personnel and civilians applaud. King Alexander and Baroque look on.

EXT. SPACE DOCK

The Walrus MOVES her titanic body out of space dock.

THE DOCKING RINGS

Are torn from their sockets. Their bolts snap. The gigantic pieces float then BANG against the front of the colossal ship.

INT. WALRUS BRIDGE

Pickerman proudly looks on at his crew. He smiles at Clarise who shakes her head in frustration.

EXT. OUTER SPACE - ON PLANET

Super: THE BARRION EMPIRE. It's surrounded by twin suns that gleam into the night...

INT. IMPERIAL CHAMBER - NIGHT

The décor is French. Royal flags hang suspended above a rich marble floor.

Sitting at his throne is the ruler of the Barrion Empire, KING FRIEDRICH VON STROMBURG (50). His piercing blue eyes contrast his stoic expression. His clothing is draped with gold trim and his boots are polished to perfection.

Walking toward him is GENERAL HANS TERROR (30), a pompous, stuck up Frenchman-type with a chin that could split a log. He bows before King Stromburg.

KING STROMBURG

Greetings, General Terror. What news have you from the front lines?

TERROR

Our campaign was a tremendous success My Lord. The Atlantians retreated after three days of fighting on their outpost of Lucifer Six. Then we marched on the planet's capital.

KING STROMBURG

The sight of our troops marching on their capital must have been a humiliating sight.

TERROR

Actually, when I said, "we marched on their capital," I meant myself and my personal chef. My troops were all killed during the first wave of attack.

KING STROMBURG

It must have been terrible for you.

TERROR

It was, My Lord. I was forced to drink domestic wine.

KING STROMBURG

Any word from the Atlantians? Are they willing to surrender?

TERROR

On the contrary, my Lord, the Atlantians have launched yet another attack against our home world. With your permission, I will lead the counter offensive against their fleet.

KING STROMBURG

That may be a problem. We're having difficulty finding qualified officers willing to serve under you.

TERROR

Why? Are they cowards?

KING STROMBURG

It may have something to do with your one hundred percent casualty rate.

TERROR

Those statistics are exaggerated, My Lord. I've had troops come back.

KING STROMBURG

You mean pieces of troops come back.

TERROR

My Lord, we're at war. Men die.

KING STROMBURG

A few more and the enemy will give you a medal.

TERROR

My Lord, I'm the most experienced tactical officer you have. You cannot afford not to have me lead this battle.

KING STROMBURG

Unfortunately, I'm forced to agree. Very well, General Terror. You shall lead the next battle against the Atlantians, on one condition.

TERROR

Yes?

KING STROMBURG

You must return a minimum of sixty percent of your troops safely back alive.

TERROR

Forty.

KING STROMBURG

Fifty.

TERROR

Forty-five.

KING STROMBURG

Deal.

Terror salutes then marches out of the palace.

EXT. OUTER SPACE

Pickerman's warship heads toward enemy space

INT. WALRUS ENGINE ROOM

Pickerman and Joshua enter. Waiting for them both is Clarise.

CLARISE

(to Joshua)

I'm afraid this meeting is restricted for top secret personnel.

JOSHUA

I do have top secret I-D clearance, ma'am. Just hang on a sec.

Joshua reaches into his pocket and pulls out soiled tissues. One piece is stained with blood.

JOSHUA (CONT'D)

That's from a nose bleed three weeks ago.

He continues pulling out tissues, each more disgusting than the next. Clarise turns away, grossed out by the strings of sticky goo-snot that he pulls from his back pocket.

CLARISE

Just forget it. I'll take your word, okay?

JOSHUA

Anything ya say, ma'am.

PICKERMAN

So what's all this about, Major?

CLARISE

Before we left space-dock, this ship was equipped with a doomsday weapon capable of defeating the Barrions.

PICKERMAN

Why wasn't I told?

CLARISE

The Barrions have spies within high levels of our government. Military intelligence decided that no one know of this weapon's existence until we were well under way.

She holds up a television remote-like device. She presses a button. A section of the wall behind her opens.

A stories-tall shaft pulsating with PLASMA ENERGY stands over them. Pickerman looks on in awe.

PICKERMAN

A fascinating design, Major. Although it looks like a fire extinguisher.

CLARISE

That's because it is a fire extinguisher.

(points)

The secret weapon's over there.

Pickerman looks in her direction.

THE WEAPON

Is a giant laser. It stands on a rotating disk.

PICKERMAN

Oh.

CLARISE

Our scientists were able to implant a positronic brain into the weapon's central core. This was done so in the event the crew was killed, it could fulfill its mission objective independently.

PICKERMAN

You mean it's alive?

CLARISE

You could say that. It's the latest in smart weapons technology.

She runs her hands across the weapon's barrel.

CLARISE (CONT'D)

Computer. This is Major Francesca Clarise. Activate on-board personality chip. Code zero, two eight.

The laser cannon HUMS with an eerie RED GLOW. A DEEP MALE RESONATE EFFEMINATE VOICE BOOMS overhead.

DOOMSDAY WEAPON

Well howdy! How's everybody doing?!

PICKERMAN

I have to say for a weapon of mass destruction it sure sounds cheerful.

CLARISE

Something must have happened to its memory core during transport.

DOOMSDAY WEAPON

Not to worry kids! I'm feeling super duper!

CLARISE

It just needs some settling in adjustments. In the meantime, I'll need to perform a retina scan on your eye.

PICKERMAN

What for?

CLARISE

Only command staff will have access to this weapon. If you'll just lean your eye into the scanner we can get started.

Pickerman steps over to the doomsday weapon's optic viewer and presses his eye up against a ring.

CLARISE (CONT'D)

Computer, scan and record retina grid for security purposes.

A gentle beam of light hits Pickerman's eye.

DOOMSDAY WEAPON

You have such lovely eyes.

PICKERMAN

Thanks. You have a nice-

He stares at the doomsday weapon's single optic relay.

PICKERMAN (CONT'D)

Whatever that is.

DOOMSDAY WEAPON

I'd kill to have your color eyes. Hell, I'd kill just to have eyes!

CLARISE
Just scan his eye already!

DOOMSDAY WEAPON
No need to get snippy.

CLARISE
Look, I have no intention of getting
into an argument with an artificial
life form, okay?

DOOMSDAY WEAPON
If there's anything "artificial" in
this room it's hiding behind your
bra, deary.

CLARISE
How dare you!

DOOMSDAY WEAPON
I'm sorry. That was uncalled for.
I apologize.

CLARISE
That's more like it.

DOOMSDAY WEAPON
But you have to admit you have a
sagging ass.

CLARISE
That's it! I'm taking you offline!

Emergency KLAXONS sound through out the ship.

JOSHUA
We're under attack!

INT. WALRUS BRIDGE

Pickerman, Clarise and Joshua arrive on the deck.

PICKERMAN
How many enemy ships?

JOSHUA
I'll put it on the main view screen.

THE SCREEN

The menacing image of Barrion warships appear.

CLARISE
That's a Barrion task force and
they're armed to the teeth.

INT. GENERAL TERROR'S FLAGSHIP (BRIDGE)

Surrounded by his JR. OFFICERS, General Terror glances at Pickerman's forces.

TERROR

There they are. All ships, this is General Terror. Prepare for operation "Human Sacrifice."

OFFICER#1

(worried)

I don't recall discussing such a plan.

TERROR

It was a last minute addition to our first plan.

OFFICER#1

I don't recall ever having a first plan.

TERROR

It came to me in a dream from God. He said I should take one hundred men and stuff them inside the warhead of a nuclear missile and fire it at the enemy.

OFFICER#1

Did he mention anything about you being a deranged lunatic?

GENERAL TERROR'S FLEET

They charge at Pickerman's ship, cannon's blazing.

INT. WALRUS BRIDGE

Joshua looks down at his radar scope.

JOSHUA

They've launched primary weapons!
Two dozen torpedoes at light speed!

CLARISE

Lock on target! Prepare to fire!

DOOMSDAY WEAPON

No.

PICKERMAN

What?

JOSHUA

Thirty seconds to impact!

DOOMSDAY WEAPON
I won't fire. Not until she
apologizes.

CLARISE
Are you kidding me?!!

JOSHUA
Fifteen seconds!

DOOMSDAY WEAPON
You think just because I have
artificial intelligence I can't have
genuine feelings?

PICKERMAN
Major, maybe you should.

CLARISE
All right! I'm sorry! I apologize!
Now fire the god damn gun!

DOOMSDAY WEAPON
You call that a sincere apology?

JOSHUA
Ten seconds!

CLARISE
All right! You win! I apologize!
Profusely! Wholeheartedly! With
freakin' sugar on top!

GENERAL TERROR'S FLEET

They're vaporized only yards away from Pickerman's ship. A
titanic sized piece of enemy debris collides against the
Walrus' hull.

The Walrus tips to the side slightly from the impact.

INT. WALRUS BRIDGE -- CONTINUOUS

Pickerman breathes a sigh of relief.

DOOMSDAY WEAPON
Simple courtesy. That's all I ask.

JOSHUA
Captain! I'm seein' a power
overload on one of the primary
grids.

PICKERMAN
What?

CLARISE
Where's it coming from?

JOSEPH
It's the doomsday weapon! It's
reachin' critical mass!

PICKERMAN
Doom, what's going on?

DOOMSDAY WEAPON
I don't know! I can't override it!
Someone's tapped into my command
functions!

CLARISE
We have to shut it down or there'll
be a hole where the engine room used
to be!

They race to the turbo elevator.

INT. WALRUS ENGINE ROOM

The Doomsday Weapon GLOWS CHERRY RED. Pickerman, Clarise
and Joshua arrive.

Clarise quickly opens a small hatchway. She reaches inside.

DOOMSDAY WEAPON
Please help me!

CLARISE
Shut down's disabled! The power's
still at critical and climbing!
She'll explode any second!

DOOMSDAY WEAPON
Heeeelp!

CLARISE
We'll have to jettison the weapon!

DOOMSDAY WEAPON
No! Please don't! I don't want to
die!

JOSHUA
Beggin' the Captain's pardon but
theoretically, if we drain the
excess power from its main core we
can prevent the explosion.

CLARISE
That excess power still has to go
somewhere.

JOSHUA

I can channel it to the main
satellite dish.

PICKERMAN

Will it damage the dish?

JOSHUA

Nope. In fact theoretically it
should improve the reception on
those porno channels we've been
trying to get.

PICKERMAN

A risk I'm willing to take.

Joshua pulls a thick electrical cable from a wall outlet and
plugs it into the side of the Doomsday weapon.

The cable GLOWS WHITE as the excess power is siphoned off.

DOOMSDAY WEAPON

My core temperature's reaching
normal parameters.

The faint sound of CREW MEMBERS CHEERING is HEARD from deep
within the ship. Joshua smiles.

JOSHUA

Looks like we finally got the Whore
Channel.

DOOMSDAY WEAPON

Thank you, Captain for not
jettisoning me. If I had a mouth
I'd plant a big sloppy one on those
luscious lips of yours.

PICKERMAN

You're welcome.

CLARISE

You don't have to speak to it like
that. Just because this machine was
designed to emulate human emotions
doesn't make it human.

DOOMSDAY WEAPON

Is she a real bitch or what?

PICKERMAN

Listen Doom, what exactly happened?

DOOMSDAY WEAPON

According to my log, someone
tampered with my self destruct
mechanism.

PICKERMAN

Any idea on who it could have been?

DOOMSDAY WEAPON

Whoever it was erased it from my memory log. I show a one-hour gap in my boot record.

INT. PICKERMAN'S QUARTERS

Clarise walks in.

CLARISE

Well, Captain, I've finished my preliminary investigation on the cause of the Doomsday Machine's tampering.

PICKERMAN

And?

CLARISE

I believe we have a saboteur on board.

PICKERMAN

Dear God.

CLARISE

And I believe he could strike again at any moment.

PICKERMAN

He? You mean you have a suspect?

CLARISE

Lieutenant Joshua, sir.

PICKERMAN

Joshua? That's not possible. Lieutenant Joshua is a decent, caring man who wouldn't harm a fly even if it bit him repeatedly, and gave him a disgusting, fermenting blister of green pus.

CLARISE

Considering his current hygiene problems, I doubt he'd notice.

PICKERMAN

We'll there's only one way to settle this.

(touches the intercom button)

Lieutenant Joshua, please report to the war room.

The doors slide open. Joshua steps inside.

JOSHUA

Ya wanted to see me, sir?

PICKERMAN

Yes. Look, Joshua, you're not a saboteur by any chance are you?

JOSHUA

No, Sir.

PICKERMAN

Thanks. That'll be all.

Joshua salutes and walks out. Clarise turns to Pickerman, stunned at the casual stupidity having just unfolded.

PICKERMAN (CONT'D)

Well, Major, any ideas on who else the saboteur could be?

CLARISE

(annoyed)

How about a dyslexic baboon?

PICKERMAN

Well, I think it's a pretty radical theory, but you're the one doing the investigation.

CLARISE

I was being sarcastic, sir.

Pickerman stares at her with a vacant expression.

CLARISE (CONT'D)

A joke.

PICKERMAN

Right, well you might want to check out the baboon thing anyway, I mean, you never know.

Clarise grinds her teeth, salutes and storms out.

EXT. STRIP CLUB - NIGHT

Baroque and Joseph arrive outside the entrance to the strip club.

A large muscle-bound, green LIZARD DOORMAN blocks their way as they try to enter.

LIZARD DOORMAN

Where do you think you're goin'?

BAROQUE

I'm here to see a Mister Rocko Tagliani.

LIZARD DOORMAN

You got an appointment with Mister Rocko?

BAROQUE

Don't be silly. I'm a four-star General, twice decorated. I don't require an appointment. Now stand aside.

LIZARD DOORMAN

Mister Rocko don't see nobody without a freakin' appointment. Now piss off before I grab you by your ankles, hold you upside down and use you as a urinal.

BAROQUE

Yes, it's clear you're a product of the public school system.

JOSEPH

Look, mister it's really important we see Mister Rocko.

LIZARD DOORMAN

Tell ya what. You can see him, but on one condition.

BAROQUE

Yes?

The Lizard Doorman leans over to Baroque and whispers into his ear.

BAROQUE (CONT'D)

That's it? That's all you want?

LIZARD DOORMAN

Yep.

BAROQUE

Done.

LIZARD DOORMAN

(smiles)

Really? Cool.

Baroque steps inside. As Joseph follows, Baroque pushes him back.

BAROQUE

You're staying here.

JOSEPH

Why can't I come?

BAROQUE

Our lizard friend here fancy's you. I told him that you'd keep him company while I see Rocko Tagliani.

JOSEPH

Well, I don't see any harm in that.

BAROQUE

And that you'd be willing to mate with him.

JOSEPH

What?!

BAROQUE

Don't be such a cry baby. It's only for a half hour or so. Besides, you don't seem to be having any luck procreating with your own species, so this could be a step up for you.

Baroque steps inside. Joseph's eyes widen with terror -- the Lizard Doorman spits out his forked tongue in a suggestive manner.

INT. ROCKO TAGLIANI'S LAIR - NIGHT

ROCKO TAGLIANI (30) walks over. He's overweight with jewelry on his wrists fingers and chest. He's also a dead ringer for Tony Soprano. He sits down at the table with Baroque.

ROCKO

So, General, I never expected a guy like you to stop by a place like mine. Don't get me wrong, I run a classy joint but it ain't your cup of tea, know what I mean?

BAROQUE

You're a highly perceptive man.

ROCKO

So, what is it ya want?

BAROQUE

Tell me, Mister Rocko. What's the going rate for an assassination these days?

ROCKO

It usually depends on who it is. Did you have anyone special in mind?

BAROQUE

Yes. The King.

ROCKO

Whoa! The King?

BAROQUE

I take it by your "whoa" it's going to be expensive.

ROCKO

Well let me ask you first, how do ya want him snuffed?

BAROQUE

Snuffed?

ROCKO

Yeah.

BAROQUE

I don't follow.

ROCKO

You know, how do ya want him to "sleep with the fishes", "Whacked."

BAROQUE

Fishes? Whacked? Listen, do you think perhaps you could speak as though you have an IQ higher than your shoe size?

ROCKO

I mean, how you want him killed.

BAROQUE

I don't care. Just get him to stop breathing.

ROCKO

And the body?

BAROQUE

What about it?

ROCKO

What do you want done with it?

BAROQUE

What do you normally do once you've eliminated an individual?

ROCKO

Well, "normally" we cut up the body and mail the pieces to family members of the deceased.

(smiles)

Just for laughs, I once sent a guy's testicles to his kids by Galactic C-O-D.

BAROQUE

You obviously enjoy your work.

ROCKO

Ya gotta love what ya do.

BAROQUE

A simple public assassination will do just fine.

ROCKO

It'll cost ya ten million.

BAROQUE

Ten million!? For heaven's sake the man's only a King, not a God!

ROCKO

That's a relief. It makes killing him a lot easier.

BAROQUE

All right. But I want no complications.

ROCKO

Don't worry. I'll have my man in and out. Badda bing, badda boom. Kapiche?

BAROQUE

Assuming you haven't just sneezed, the answer's yes.

INT. PICKERMAN'S QUARTERS

The door opens. Clarise marches in and salutes.

PICKERMAN

How's the investigation going?

CLARISE

Not good. The saboteur's struck again. This time he's knocked out our subspace radio.

PICKERMAN

Where's that leave us?

CLARISE

Deaf and blind.

PICKERMAN

What about the security cameras? They should have recorded something.

CLARISE

Whoever the saboteur is, he obviously has high level clearance to all of the ship's major systems. It's probably how he's getting around without being seen. We don't dare go into a combat situation while he's still running around loose aboard this ship.

Pickerman reaches into his jacket and pulls out a small book.

CLARISE (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

PICKERMAN

I'm consulting the field manual. Maybe there's a section on how to capture a saboteur.

CLARISE

Where'd you get that thing?

PICKERMAN

It came with the ship.

CLARISE

Captain, I doubt you'll find anything useful in that thing.

Pickerman flips through page after page.

PICKERMAN

Ah, here we go.

(reads)

"Dealing with Saboteurs -- a step by Step Guide. Step one: Don't panic. Your saboteur is most likely a lonely overweight drunk in his mid to late thirties who masturbates quite frequently".

CLARISE

Terrific. You just described the entire crew.

PICKERMAN

(continues reading)

"Capturing a saboteur can be a fun and exciting challenge. Particularly when hundreds of lives are at stake. Remember, you are your own rainbow."

INT. BAROQUE'S OFFICE - DAY

Baroque strides in and sits at his desk. Joseph walks in after him, limping and with bruises on his face.

BAROQUE

Ah, Joseph there you are. I see by the marks on your face you had a pleasant time with our freakish lizard friend.

JOSEPH

He said after last night I was his "graff-feek."

BAROQUE

A graff-feek? What the devil is that?

JOSEPH

Roughly translated it means "his bitch."

The INTERCOM BUZZES.

BAROQUE

Baroque, speaking.

VOICE

(filtered)

General, His Majesty orders that you report to his chambers immediately.

BAROQUE

Very good.

(heads out the door)

Imbecile probably needs help
flushing the toilet.

INT. COUNCIL CHAMBER - DAY

Baroque and Joseph enter.

ALEXANDER

Baroque, I'm glad you're here. I
wanted to give you the good news
personally.

BAROQUE

Good news, Your Majesty?

ALEXANDER

Yes. The war is over.

BAROQUE

Come again?

ALEXANDER

The Barrions have agreed to a
complete cease fire. We still have
a few kinks to iron out but a
preliminary treaty has been signed.
It appears our doomsday weapon has
had the desired affect.

He holds up the treaty.

BAROQUE

Let me see that thing!

Baroque snatches it from Alexander's hand and reads it.

ALEXANDER

I want you to know that this could
not have been possible without your
tireless contributions as well.

BAROQUE

Your Majesty-

ALEXANDER

Let me finish. I've come to realize
that I've treated you poorly over
the years. You have committed your
life to my service and I've repaid
you with nothing but insults and
threats.

BAROQUE

Did you? I hadn't noticed.

ALEXANDER

What about the time I had you placed in front of a firing squad?

BAROQUE

Odd, I don't recall that at all.

ALEXANDER

That's not surprising. You were only three. What I'm trying to say, Baroque is that I'm sorry.

BAROQUE

Your Majesty, you needn't apologize.

ALEXANDER

No, I want to. And as appreciation for your dedication over the years, I will be announcing at the official signing of the treaty that you are to be the legitimate heir to the throne of Atlantis.

BAROQUE

Your Majesty, I don't know what to say.

ALEXANDER

You don't need to say anything. Just accept the sincere forgiveness of an old man.

Baroque appears genuinely moved. He bows.

BAROQUE

His Majesty honors me.

ALEXANDER

No, my friend. It's you who honor me. I must admit Baroque, I thought you'd be the type to carry a grudge. Considering how I treated you in the past I wouldn't have blamed you if you wanted me dead.

BAROQUE

(worried)

Yes, that would be silly.

ALEXANDER

Now it's imperative that you contact Captain Pickerman and order him to return home immediately. I gave my word to the Barrion council that we would turn our forces back before they enter their restricted territory.

BAROQUE

It'll be done at once.

Baroque salutes and marches out of the chamber.

EXT. COUNCIL CHAMBER - NIGHT

Baroque and Joseph race out of the council chamber.

JOSEPH

I can't believe it! It's wonderful news! I mean, this is the best that we could have ever hoped for! Oh, Baroque I'm so happy! You're finally going to be a King!

BAROQUE

I have to call off the assassination immediately!

JOSEPH

What about Pickerman? We have to contact him before he reaches the Barrion's home world.

BAROQUE

You're right. We can only pray his subspace radio is still functioning.

Joseph stops in his tracks.

JOSEPH

(terrified)

Wait a moment. What do you mean?

BAROQUE

I planted a saboteur aboard Pickerman's ship. He was instructed to insure our doomsday weapon malfunctioned and disable the ship's communication system.

JOSEPH

A saboteur! Baroque, do you realize what you've done?! If we don't give Pickerman the order to turn back his ship the Barrions will assume we have no intention of honoring the treaty! They'll launch a full scale attack against Atlantia!

BAROQUE

I'm well aware of that, Joseph.

JOSEPH

His Majesty must be told! We have to tell him what's happened! What we've done!

Baroque grabs Joseph and throws him up against the wall.

BAROQUE

Joseph, you so much as yodel a word of this to anyone and I will keep your left index finger as a memento of our friendship.

He releases Joseph from his grip.

BAROQUE (CONT'D)

Our first priority is to make certain His Majesty isn't killed.

JOSEPH

I was a clerk! I was happy adding numbers and placing files in alphabetical order! Now, I'm nothing more than a traitor! You've ruined my life!

BAROQUE

Don't kid yourself, Joseph. Your life was in the toilet long before I ever got to you.

INT. BAROQUE'S QUARTERS - NIGHT

Baroque and Joseph race inside. A BEAM APPEARS in the center of the room. Mister Rocko materializes in the form of a HOLOGRAM.

BAROQUE

Good evening, Mister Rocko.

ROCKO

General Baroque? Hey, just so ya know. You-know-who is gonna be there to you-know-what, to you-know-who. Kapiche?

BAROQUE

Has your I-Q dropped several more points since we last met?

ROCKO

Hey, I never take chances. Your line could be bugged, ya know?

BAROQUE

I've called you, Mister Rocko, because I've decided to call off the King's assassination.

ROCKO

Call it off? You're kiddin' me, right?

BAROQUE

I admit I was in a bit of an emotional state when I came to you for help in eliminating His Majesty.

ROCKO

I'll say. You looked like you were ready to shit a brick.

BAROQUE

Naturally you may keep your fee. Should I ever have the need to have anyone else "whacked," you'll be the first person I call.

ROCKO

Look, General, I'd love to help ya out, but I can't.

BAROQUE

I beg your pardon?

ROCKO

The Assassin's Guild picked up the contract. The whole thing was set up by subspace radio. The assassin doesn't know who hires him and the client doesn't know who the assassin is. It's designed to protect everybody.

BAROQUE

You hired an assassin without interviewing him first?!

ROCKO

Hey, I hired a killer, not a secretary.

BAROQUE

Then I'll contact the Assassin's
Guild myself and have it stopped!

ROCKO

Oh, sure. Great idea. You can say:
(uses his hand as a
mock phone)

"Hi, this is General Baroque. I
paid to have the King whacked but
now I've turned into a big pussy and
I don't want him dead no more."

JOSEPH

Baroque, he's right. No one can
know it was you who hired the
assassin. It could ruin your plans
to become King.

BAROQUE

Then we have no time to lose!
Joseph, I want you to intercept all
incoming transports! I-Ds are to be
checked and cargo vessels searched
for weapons! No one will be allowed
to approach the Imperial Palace!
This is our only chance to stop the
assassin from getting close to the
King!

(to Rocko)

How long before the assassin
arrives?!

ROCKO

Two hours ago.

Baroque and Joseph stand frozen in astonishment.

BAROQUE

Bloody hell.

They bolt out of the room!

INT. WALRUS CORRIDOR

Clarise walks along the passageway when she turns her
attention to a LONE FIGURE draped from head to toe in an
engineering suit.

The figure has opened a small hatchway marked "WARNING
COOLANT TANK ACCESS PANEL FLAMMABLE!"

CLARISE

Crewman? What are you doing?

He doesn't answer. He continues turning the valves to their
maximum settings.

CLARISE (CONT'D)

All right! Get away from there!

The Figure tosses a grenade at Clarise.

Clarise leaps behind a section of bulkhead. The grenade EXPLODES.

She pulls out her service revolver and FIRES at the masked saboteur who unleashes a barrage of GUNFIRE back at her.

Clarise grabs the ship's intercom system.

CLARISE (CONT'D)

This is Major Clarise! I want all deck sections "a" through "z" blocked off including corridors eighteen through twenty-five! I want security teams here on the double!

A sultry, FEMALE VOICE beams loudly from the speaker.

RECORDING

Hello! You've reached the hot and sexy emergency response unit. If this is a hot and sexy emergency press "one."

A BULLET nearly grazes Clarise's head. She presses "one."

RECORDING (CONT'D)

You've pressed "one" indicating that you are in a hot and sexy life threatening situation. If this is correct, press "one."

CLARISE

Dammit!

A LASER BEAM strikes her. She falls to the deck unconscious. The FIRE ALARMS are set off.

GLOVED HANDS grab Clarise by her legs. WIDER, it's the masked saboteur. He drags her body away from the FIRE and SMOKE.

INT. MAIN CORRIDOR - GREAT HALL - NIGHT

Baroque and Joseph hurry along the corridor.

JOSEPH

Baroque, we can't do it!

BAROQUE

We have no choice, Joseph. The assassin's already here and there's little time. We'll have to divert the blame at Pickerman.

INT. GREAT HALL

Baroque and Joseph enter. Waiting there is Lord Alexander and the council.

ALEXANDER

Ah, Baroque, did you contact Captain Pickerman and give him the order to withdraw his forces and return home?

BAROQUE

Your Majesty, it wounds me deeply to tell you of a dark betrayal.

ALEXANDER

Betrayal? What do you mean?

BAROQUE

Captain Pickerman has refused to honor the terms of our treaty with the Barrions and intends to provoke another war!

ALEXANDER

What!? But why would he do such a thing?

BAROQUE

No one can know the inner workings of a deranged madman, Your Majesty. I also have reason to believe he's conspired to have an assassin kill you! Yes, an assassin!

The council GASPS.

ALEXANDER

This is terrible!

BAROQUE

Indeed, Your Majesty. Fortunately, Lieutenant Joseph and I managed to uncover this heinous and unforgivable act of betrayal in the nick of time!

ALEXANDER

General Baroque, I order you to stop Pickerman! Seek out his ship and destroy him!

BAROQUE

Your will is my command, Your Majesty. In the meantime, Lieutenant Joseph will remain behind along with the palace guards to protect you until this crisis is over.

ALEXANDER

I'm glad you're on top of this. And Baroque, since you were the one who placed Pickerman in charge, I suppose I should mention that if you mess this up you can kiss the throne and your royal ass goodbye.

BAROQUE

Thank you for reminding me.

ALEXANDER

Think nothing of it.

Palace Guards escort Alexander out of the great hall.

JOSEPH

Baroque, all this lying, it's killing me

BAROQUE

You don't follow through with the plan, Joseph, the lying won't kill you, I will. Now listen to me. If anyone suspicious even approaches the King, you're to shoot him on sight. Is that understood?

JOSEPH

Right, shoot on sight.

BAROQUE

If I'm correct, the assassin will make an attempt on the King's life within twelve hours. It's your job to make certain he never gets that opportunity.

JOSEPH

No one will lay a finger on the King, Baroque. You can count on me.

BAROQUE

Excellent.

He turns to leave.

JOSEPH

Baroque?

BAROQUE

Yes?

JOSEPH

This could be the last time we see each other alive.

(beat)

I know we've never really been close but to be honest, you're the closest thing I have to a friend.

BAROQUE

Really?

JOSEPH

Yes. I know that you only act mean toward me because you're uncomfortable showing any kind of affection. I just wanted you to know that it's okay. And no matter what happens, I'll always remember you as a dear friend.

BAROQUE

Thank you, Joseph. I suppose I'm man enough to admit that I love you.

Baroque weeps openly.

BAROQUE (CONT'D)

I'm sorry I was so mean to you! Can you ever forgive me?

JOSEPH

(smiles)

Of course, you silly goose.

They embrace then kiss passionately, sticking each other's tongue in the other's mouth.

ON JOSEPH

A hand slaps him across the face. WIDER, it's Baroque.

BAROQUE

Wake up, you idiot!

JOSEPH

Huh?

BAROQUE

You fainted while I was talking to you! Now stay alert!

He storms out of the Great Hall.

JOSEPH
Damn, that was scary.

INT. WALRUS CORRIDOR

Pickerman arrives outside the damaged area as work-crews put out the FIRES. He steps over to what can only be described as the happiest FIREMAN (20) in the universe.

PICKERMAN
Is there any sign of Major Clarise?

FIREMAN
We're still scraping bodies off the wall. If one of them is hers, I'll let ya know!

He happily tosses a leg into a large bin filed with body parts sticking out. Joshua walks in.

JOSHUA
Sir! I just found-

PICKERMAN
All this damage we might as well accept the fact that Major Clarise is probably dead, Joshua.

JOSHUA
But Captain-

PICKERMAN
Killed by an insane madman whose only thought is to kill innocent human beings.

JOSHUA
Actually, she's bein' held hostage in the engine room with a bomb tied around her neck.

PICKERMAN
Really? Well, that's a relief.

JOSHUA
It seems Stucky's the saboteur, Sir.

PICKERMAN
Stucky? Are you sure?

JOSHUA
The security teams did a sweep of all the crewman's quarters and they found this.

He hands Pickerman a book.

PICKERMAN

What is it?

JOSHUA

It's Stucky's diary. Look at his to-do list for today.

PICKERMAN

(reads)

"Eight A-M, clean atomic injector valve." "Nine A-M, sabotage atomic injector valve."

(beat)

That's odd.

JOSHUA

What is?

PICKERMAN

He wrote it all down in crayon.

Security Chief WATKINS (50), a four-foot tall man with Clint Eastwood's face, races over to Pickerman.

WATKINS

(salutes)

Security Chief Watkins! Captain, we've got Stucky cornered inside the ship's engine room. Just give the word and me and my boys will go in there blasting!

PICKERMAN

What about Major Clarise?

WATKINS

No problem, we can kill her too.

PICKERMAN

I'll get back to you on that one. In the meantime, I'm going in there alone and unarmed. Stucky respects me. I won't have any problem getting him to surrender.

INT. ENGINE ROOM

Clarise is tied to a smoke stack. She struggles to free herself.

Pickerman spots Clarise. He hurries over and unties her.

PICKERMAN

Are you all right?

CLARISE

Stucky's wired the main core to explode. He's got the detonator. I knew there was something wrong with the guy the moment he asked to borrow my nail polish.

PICKERMAN

It's all right. The security team's here.

CLARISE

There's no time. Stucky's planted so many charges the only way to stop him is to get his detonator. I'll try to find the receiver and dismantle it. In the mean time, if you find him, keep him busy!

She races off. Pickerman walks down the rows of missile launchers.

INT. ENGINE ROOM - SMOKE STACKS

Pickerman wanders inside the massive structure.

PICKERMAN

Hello? Stucky? I want you to know I'm not angry at you. We can work this out. You're a valuable member of this crew.

No response.

PICKERMAN (CONT'D)

Stucky, if you can hear me please say something.

STUCKY (O.S.)

You're all alike! You pretend to be nice but you don't mean a word of it!

PICKERMAN

That's not true. I like you. I really do.

STUCKY (O.S.)

You think I'm crazy don't you!

PICKERMAN

No, I didn't say that. You need help. We all have problems that make us angry enough to plant explosives every once in a while.

The SOUND of FOOTSTEPS startles Pickerman. He turns to find Stucky standing behind him -- armed with a laser cannon in one hand and the detonator in the other.

He's also wearing a black garter belt with matching panties, fish-net stockings, make-up, black nail polish and combat boots.

PICKERMAN (CONT'D)

My God, Stucky, you're-

STUCKY

A transvestite?

PICKERMAN

I was going to say unattractive.

STUCKY

I'm really sorry, Sir. But I have my orders.

PICKERMAN

You don't have the guts to kill, mister. I can see the fear in your eyes.

STUCKY

That's mascara.

PICKERMAN

Really? Wow, nice highlights.

STUCKY

Goodbye, Captain.

PICKERMAN

Stucky, you push that detonator and you'll die with the rest of us!

STUCKY

Apart from being a saboteur, I'm also suicidal.

PICKERMAN

Well, it's obvious you put a lot of thought into this plan.

CLARISE (O.S.)

But not this one.

Clarise emerges from the shadows. She holds in her hand severed pieces of wire. She walks toward to Stucky.

CLARISE (CONT'D)

It's over. I managed to disarm your bomb, now hand over the detonator.

STUCKY

But, that's impossible! It was completely tamper proof!

PICKERMAN

Nothing's tamper proof. You think the Major just found some scraps of wire and pretended to disarm your bomb, just so she could trick you into giving her the detonator?

With the detonator still in his hand, Stucky pulls his arm away having realized that's exactly what Clarise just did.

Clarise snaps and angry glare at Pickerman.

PICKERMAN (CONT'D)

Oops, sorry.

Pickerman tackles Stucky! Arms flung, they whiz past Clarise who snatches the detonator from Stucky's flinging arm.

Stucky's weapon accidentally discharges multiple rounds of LASER FIRE. Above, a massive metal beam is cut in half as both men struggle for the weapon.

THE BEAM

Tumbles violently toward Clarise. She leaps out of its path as it slams onto the deck. It misses her by inches.

Stucky presses the cannon's end across Pickerman's throat.

PICKERMAN

Stucky!

STUCKY

What!

PICKERMAN

You have a run in your stocking!

STUCKY

I'm not falling for that one!

PICKERMAN

Okay, then I have a run in my stocking.

STUCKY

(looks down)

Really? Where?

PICKERMAN

Here!

Pickerman swings the cannon's end up. He knocks Stucky to the floor, unconscious.

Pickerman breaths a sigh of relief as Watkins and his team charge in. Watkins takes a hard look at Stucky's effeminate attire.

WATKINS

Talk about your sickos!

(beat)

He's kind'a cute, though.

Clarise comes running over to Pickerman.

CLARISE

You okay?

WATKINS

I'm fine. Thanks for asking.

CLARISE

I was talking to the Captain, idiot.

PICKERMAN

I'm okay. Get Stucky to sickbay.

A Medical Team lifts Stucky onto a stretcher and wheels him out.

CLARISE

I have to admit, when the chips are down, you know how to handle yourself.

PICKERMAN

It runs in the family.

CLARISE

Your father was in the military?

PICKERMAN

No, he was a janitor. But the principle's the same.

The ship's intercom BEEPS. Pickerman turns it on.

PICKERMAN (CONT'D)

Pickerman here.

JOSHUA

(on speaker)

Captain, radar's picked up a fleet of approaching battleships.

PICKERMAN

Are they ours?

JOSHUA

Can't tell. The radio's still out
so we can't contact 'em.

PICKERMAN

Put the ship on purple alert.

JOSHUA

Aye, Sir!

CLARISE

What the hell's a purple alert?

PICKERMAN

I thought it up myself. It's an
emergency but without the calm of
yellow alert or the added panic of a
red alert.

CLARISE

I don't know what's scarier. That
or the fact it actually made sense.

EXT. OUTER SPACE

Hundreds of battleships cruise through the vastness of
space.

INT. BATTLESHIP - BRIDGE

Baroque is in the Captain's chair. He turns to his FIRST
OFFICER.

BAROQUE

How soon before we reach Pickerman's
ship?

FIRST OFFICER

Twelve hours, General.

BAROQUE

Excellent. Put me on ship's
speaker.

FIRST OFFICER

You're on, Sir.

BAROQUE

Attention crew, this is General
Baroque. As you know we've been
given the task of hunting down the
renegade madman Captain Pickerman.
This act will ensure peace
throughout the galaxy.

PILOT

We're getting a transmission.

BAROQUE

A transmission? From whom?

PILOT

It's on a Barrion channel.

BAROQUE

The Barrions? Put it on screen.

THE VIEWSCREEN

The Image of GENERAL GALLANT(50) of the Barrion council appears. He's a square-jawed, steely-eyed macho type.

BAROQUE

To whom do I have the privilege of speaking to?

GALLANT'S IMAGE

I am General Gallant of the Barrion war council.

BAROQUE

What can I do for you, General?

GALLANT'S IMAGE

We're aware of your attempts to launch a surprise attack on our planet.

BAROQUE

You're mistaken. We're not launching a sneak attack of any kind! On the contrary, we're trying to stop a madman from entering your territory and starting another war!

GALLANT'S IMAGE

Yes, so we heard. You don't really believe we're going to fall for that do you?

BAROQUE

I beg your pardon?

GALLANT'S IMAGE

We know this so-called renegade Pickerman is nothing more than an excuse for you to attack the Barrion empire on the eve of the armistice. Your plan won't succeed.

BAROQUE

I'm telling you the truth!

GALLANT'S IMAGE

You think I'm an idiot, don't you?

BAROQUE

Don't underestimate yourself!
You're a colossal idiot! I'm
telling you we're trying to prevent
a renegade ship from violating your
space!

GALLANT'S IMAGE

For this treacherous act, I've been
authorized to unleash the full
military might of the Barrion Empire
upon your world.

BAROQUE

Our forces will put up a fight!

GALLANT'S IMAGE

I'm aware of that. That's why we've
decided to give the job of wiping
out your miserable planet to Zontar
The Destroyer.

BAROQUE

Dear God, no.

GALLANT'S IMAGE

Enjoy what little time you have
left.

The transmission ends.

BAROQUE

My God, Zontar the Destroyer.

CREWMAN

Sir, I don't understand. Who is
Zontar the Destroyer?

BAROQUE

A creature so evil that hell itself
would never accept him. A soulless
monster who destroys for pleasure.

(beat)

He's also five-time consecutive
winner of the Genocide Award for
"Biggest Douche Bag of the
Universe".

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

A small two-legged LIZARD scurries across a dining room
table. It peeks up behind a glass. A HAND grapples it.

The hand belongs to GENERAL ZONTAR THE DESTROYER (50). He's part Klingon, part running back. An eye patch covers a face strewn with battle scars.

He squeezes the lizard's torso. Its head pops off and shoots into his mouth. He CRUNCHES down on it and chews away.

Zontar's MOTHER (80) sits across the table from him. She's a small, sweet, gray-haired woman. The DOORBELL RINGS.

EXT. FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

Waiting outside is a freckled faced, military ATTACHE(20). Zontar's Mother answers the door.

MOTHER ZONTAR

Yes?

ATTACHE

(salutes)

Good evening, ma'am. I have been given the privilege to hereby notify your son, General Zontar the Destroyer that he has been chosen to take command of the Barrion war fleet and proceed to Planet Atlantia to engage the enemy.

MOTHER ZONTAR

Well, my son can't come out to destroy, right now. He's eating.

ATTACHE

Could you make sure he gets these orders?

MOTHER ZONTAR

Of course.

The Attaché hands her the orders. He salutes and marches off.

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Zontar's Mother walks back in. She glances briefly at the orders.

ZONTAR

Who was it?

MOTHER ZONTAR

Just some officer wanting you to destroy some planets or something.

Smiling, she waves the orders at him.

MOTHER ZONTAR (CONT'D)

Such pretty stationery.

Reluctant, Zontar rises from the dinner table. He grabs his coat and turns to his mother.

ZONTAR

Zontar must leave you now to fight
for the glory of the Barrion Empire.
To inflict unbridled destruction and
spread the blood of our forefathers
upon the sands of infinity.

MOTHER ZONTAR

(smiles)

Don't forget your mittens. Space is
cold.

She plants a kiss on his cheek.

Zontar puts on his coat. It's draped with a lot of medals.
A testament to what must be a no-lose career.

EXT. ZONTAR'S HOME - NIGHT

Zontar emerges from his 50's styled, "Ozzie and Harriet"
home. He marches across his lawn.

A white, BABY KITTEN -- with an adorable red bow tied around
its neck sits innocently on the lawn licking its paw.

Zontar kicks it. It SCREECHES as it SLAM DUNKS into his
mailbox.

EXT. OUTER SPACE

Barrion WARSHIPS cruise past Planet Barria. Their black,
menacing, beetle shaped design cuts through space.

INT. ZONTAR'S SHIP (LANDING BAY)

Zontar arrives. He emerges from his ship. The CREW snaps
to attention.

CREWMAN #1

Great Zontar! I have increased
engine efficiency by eighty percent!

ZONTAR

Inefficient.

He VAPORIZES the crewman with his wrist disintegrator.

CREWMAN #2

Great Zontar! I have increased
weapon strength by ninty-nine
percent!

ZONTAR
Inefficient.

ZAP! Another crewman gone. A smiling, blonde-haired BOY (10) wearing a baseball cap and jersey steps over.

BOY
Golly, gee, Mister Zontar! When I grow up, I want to be just like you!

Zontar smiles, flattered. He pats the Boy on the head and leans over to a GUARD.

ZONTAR
Kill the boy.

EXT. OUTER SPACE

The Barrion war ships spiral in unison. They BLAST into light speed and vanish.

INT. PALACE - NIGHT

Joseph hurries along the corridor. A dozen palace GUARDS surround every corner.

He stops in front of a GUARD who looks suspiciously out of place.

The Guard's uniform is two sizes too small; he's unshaven and has a fixed, grim expression.

JOSEPH
I've never seen you before. Are you new?

GUARD
Huh? Oh, yeah. I'm freakin' new.

JOSEPH
Your uniform doesn't appear to fit.

GUARD
What're you? A fashion critic?

JOSEPH
I'm counting on you to take care of the King.

GUARD
(grins)
Don't worry. I'll take care of him.

Joseph steps into the King's chamber.

INT. KING'S CHAMBER - NIGHT

Joseph enters and steps over to the King who sits in a tub of water and attended to by luscious handmaidens.

ALEXANDER

How goes the search for the assassin?

JOSEPH

Rest assured, Your Majesty that no assassin will ever get through those doors.

ALEXANDER

Really? Then who's the young man standing behind you with a gun pointed at your head? Is he a friend of yours?

Joseph turns, worried. He faces the Guard whom he spoke to outside and who's now aiming a gun straight at him.

JOSEPH

Oh, hello. You must be the assassin.

ASSASSIN

Nice to meet you.

ALEXANDER

Guards!

ASSASSIN

Don't bother. I killed them all.

JOSEPH

There were over forty guards out there!

ASSASSIN

What can I say? I'm in hurry. I have a wedding to go to.

JOSEPH

Look, the assassination's been called off. We don't need you but thanks for stopping by.

ASSASSIN

Called off?

ALEXANDER

Called off?? What's going on here?

JOSEPH

You Excellency, it's all a tragic
mistake-

ASSASSIN

(cocks the hammer)

Look, I got paid to kill the King
and that's what I'm gonna do. You
wanna lodge a complaint? Call
customer service. Now, stand aside.

Joseph dramatically stretches out his arms and shields
Alexander with his body.

JOSEPH

You kill him, you'll have to go
through me first!

ASSASSIN

No problem. The bullet can go
through six inches of solid steel.

ALEXANDER

This day is becoming more and more
disappointing.

Joseph grabs the gun barrel and pushes it away. It GOES OFF
and rips through a section of marble ceiling. The massive
chunk falls toward Lord Alexander's bath!

Alexander leaps out of the tub with his handmaidens and runs
for cover. The ceiling SLAMS into the water spraying
everyone with bubbles.

Joseph and the Assassin slip and tumble onto the soap-
drenched marble floor.

THE GUN

Slips from the assassin's hand and slides across the room.

Joseph tries desperately to get to his feet and make a play
for the gun! He falls face down then crawls maniacally
toward the weapon.

The Assassin grabs Joseph by his ankles and pulls him back.
He then pulls out a dagger from his back pocket and puts the
blade to Joseph's throat.

A BULLET rips through the Assassin's chest before he can
slit Joseph's neck.

Stunned, the Assassin looks at the large gaping hole in his
chest. He turns his astonished eyes to Joseph.

ASSASSIN

You suck.

The blade falls from his hand. He drops dead.

ALEXANDER

Holds the still-smoking gun in his hands. He races over to Joseph.

ALEXANDER

Are you all right, Lieutenant?

JOSEPH

I think so, Your Majesty.

ALEXANDER

That's certainly a relief.

He sticks the gun's barrel to Joseph's nostril and cocks the hammer.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)

Now, let's talk about who hired the assassin, shall we?

INT. WALRUS SICKBAY

Pickerman and Clarise walk inside. Stucky lies on the medical bed, strapped down with leather straps and a collar wrapped around his neck, making him unable to move his head.

Watkins stands guard.

PICKERMAN

Was the collar really necessary?

WATKINS

Actually, the collar was his idea.

Pickerman and Clarise stand over Stucky.

STUCKY

If you're expecting me to talk, you can forget it! You can probe me anally all you like!

PICKERMAN

Stucky, I need to know who it was that put you up to this.

STUCKY

Forget it! I'll never talk!

WATKINS

Sir, gimme five minutes with this pile of human waste! I guarantee he'll talk!

PICKERMAN

Chief, I won't have torture on this ship.

STUCKY

(smiles)

That's okay. I don't mind, really. You can even spank me if you like.

WATKINS

Pervert.

The intercom BEEPS.

JOSHUA (V.O.)

(on speaker)

Captain, them warships are in range.

INT. WALRUS BRIDGE

Pickerman and Clarise walk over to the on screen radar where Joshua stands.

PICKERMAN

My God. There are thousands of ships heading right at us!

JOSHUA

Actually, Sir, they ain't ships. I sneezed on the scope this morning and forgot to clean it, sorry.

He takes a rag and wipes the radar screen. The thousands of dots of snot are removed leaving the glowing tracking of enemy ships.

JOSHUA (CONT'D)

There ya go.

CLARISE

Just when I thought you couldn't get any more disgusting

PICKERMAN

Those are Barrion warships.

CLARISE

One hundred and fifty destroyers to be exact.

PICKERMAN

This is the Captain, battle stations!

I repeat battle stations!

(to Clarise)

How am I doing so far?

Clarise snaps a condescending grin followed by an even more condescending pat on Pickerman's shoulder.

CLARISE
Terrific. I feel safer already.

She walks off, unimpressed.

EXT. OUTER SPACE - ZONTAR'S FLEET

They head right at Pickerman.

INT. ZONTAR'S BRIDGE - ON RADAR SCOPE

The faint image of the Walrus appears on the screen.

RADAR MAN
General Zontar! Enemy warship on radar!

ZONTAR
Inefficient.

Zontar ZAPS HIM with his wrist disintegrator. He stares at his bridge crew, who look at him, perplexed over the needless execution of the Radar Man.

ZONTAR (CONT'D)
Sorry, force of habit. Gunner! Arm main batteries!

INT. WALRUS BRIDGE

The bridge lights go from yellow to red alert.

CLARISE
I hope you're aware we're hopelessly outnumbered and we don't stand a snowball's chance in hell of coming out of this alive.

PICKERMAN
We still have the doomsday weapon Major. Captain to Doomsday.

DOOMSDAY WEAPON
Yes?

PICKERMAN
Prepare to fire at enemy ships.

DOOMSDAY WEAPON
I'd love to but I can't.

PICKERMAN
What do you mean you can't?

DOOMSDAY WEAPON
Someone's taken my firing chip.

PICKERMAN
Your what?

Clarise pushes Pickerman out of her way and races over to a panel in the wall. She swings a small hatch open.

CLARISE
Son of a bitch! It's gone!

PICKERMAN
What is? What's a firing chip?

CLARISE
It's a separate element from his artificial intelligence. It's what allows him to ignore the moral issue of taking a human life.

PICKERMAN
You mean his conscience?

CLARISE
Exactly. Every weapon we've designed with artificial intelligence at some point developed guilt at killing. The chip bypasses that guilt using a special algorithm.

DOOMSDAY WEAPON
She's so cute when she gets technical.

PICKERMAN
What's this chip look like?

CLARISE
It's the size of a small coin. Stucky must have taken it out.

PICKERMAN
Doom, are you sure you can't fire off even one shot?

DOOMSDAY WEAPON
I'm feeling so much love right now!
(crying)
I love you Captain! I love rainbows!
I love puppy dogs! I love the laughter of children! I love everyone!

CLARISE

Shut up!

DOOMSDAY WEAPON

Except you. You're a bitch.

Pickerman quickly presses the intercom button.

PICKERMAN

Captain to medical bay.

INT. MEDICAL BAY

Chief Watkins turns on the intercom.

WATKINS

Yes, sir!

PICKERMAN (V.O.)

(on speaker)

Chief Watkins, I don't have time to explain but we need a firing chip. Major Clarise thinks Stucky might have it. I want you to do a full body cavity search on him right away!

With a worried look, Watkins stares at Stucky who's still strapped to the table and smiling at him.

STUCKY

If it helps, I enjoy intimate candlelight dinners and long walks on the beach.

He blows Watkins a kiss.

INT. WALRUS BRIDGE

The ALARMS sound.

JOSHUA

Captain, Barrion warships emergin' from hyperspace!

PICKERMAN

Get us out of here!

EXT. OUTER SPACE

Zontar's fleet materializes with GUNS BLAZING. Laser cannons unleash a multiple succession of LIGHTNING BOLTS.

THE WALRUS

Is hit! Sections of her hull are BLOWN OFF.

INT. WALRUS BRIDGE

The ship rocks violently.

CLARISE
They're using proton cannons!

PICKERMAN
All right! Raise shields!

JOSHUA
A brilliant tactical move, Sir with
just one minor drawback!

PICKERMAN
Which is?!

JOSHUA
They ain't workin'.

ON WALRUS

Zontar's ships OPEN FIRE. A whiplash of ENERGY rips along the breadth of her hull. Portions of her fuselage tear open exposing the vessels superstructure.

INT. WALRUS BRIDGE

The impact knocks crew members off their feet.

PICKERMAN
Return fire!

BRIDGE VIEW SCREEN

Pickerman watches as his ship's LASERS bounce harmlessly off of Zontar's ships. Zontar's fires a BLUE BEAM at Pickerman's vessel.

CLARISE
We're caught in a tractor beam!

PICKERMAN
Engines at full power!

THE WALRUS

Her engines ignite with a deafening ROAR as she tries to escape from Zontar's tractor beam.

INT. WALRUS BRIDGE

Emergency KLAXONS reverberate through out the ship.

CLARISE
Engines at critical! We're not
moving!

PICKERMAN

Then I have no choice. Prepare to set ship for self destruct.

CLARISE

What the hell kind of tactical move is that??

PICKERMAN

He'll never see it coming!

CLARISE

We will!

PICKERMAN

Major, I'm still Captain. If I say we set the ship on self destruct we self destruct.

CLARISE

Like hell! I didn't join this slipshod tub of a ship to wind up being blown to pieces just because your ego can't stand the thought of losing to the enemy!

PICKERMAN

I'm Captain-

CLARISE

You're an idiot! We're going to surrender!

PICKERMAN

Self destruct!

CLARISE

Surrender!

PICKERMAN

Self destruct!

Pickerman reaches for the button marked SELF DESTRUCT. Clarise grabs his arm.

They both struggle for control of the button. The image of ZONTAR appears on the view screen.

ZONTAR'S IMAGE

This is Zontar the Destroyer. You and your crew are now prisoners. Zontar shall delight in the melody of your screams of agony and in the harmony of your cries for mercy.

The transmission ends.

PICKERMAN

He must have been a music major.

CLARISE

My God! Zontar The Destroyer!

PICKERMAN

Sorry, never heard of him.

CLARISE

You've never heard of Zontar the Destroyer?? The Butcher of Andromeda Six?! The fifth horseman of the apocalypse?! The biggest douche bag of the universe??

PICKERMAN

You know, you'd never notice that by looking at him.

CLARISE

For once you're right! I'd rather die than be tortured by that psychopath. We've got to set the ship on self destruct!

JOSHUA

Wait a sec, Captain! I think we just might be able to break free if we-send-a-high-particle-neutron-beam-and-focus-a-combined-concentration-of-proton-particles-to-create-a-subatomic-implosion!

PICKERMAN

Great! Is there button for that?

CLARISE

Just make it happen!

EXT. OUTER SPACE

As the Walrus is pulled in by Zontar's tractor BEAM, she emits an ORB of light from her main guns.

It rides piggyback on the beam and is absorbed into Zontar's ship. Instantly the beam is broken.

The emitting ray from Zontar's ship EXPLODES. The powerful force causes Zontar's ship to propel itself out of control and right toward one of his own ships!

The battleship tries to veer out Zontar's path but it's too late.

It can't move in time. It's too large and too slow!

BAM! Zontar's warship collides with the battleship!

BAM! The battleship RAMS a carrier.

BAM! The carrier RAMS a destroyer.

BAM! The violent domino effect continues until Zontar's entire fleet have all rammed into one another!

They're now all damaged with FLAMES billowing from their hulls.

INT. WALRUS BRIDGE

Pickerman looks up at the view screen. Zontar's image flickers with static.

ZONTAR'S IMAGE

You think you have destroyed Zontar?
Gunner! Open fire!

GUNNER

Main guns destroyed, Sir!

ZONTAR'S IMAGE

Then fire torpedoes!

GUNNER

Torpedo tubes inoperable, Sir!

ZONTAR'S IMAGE

(to Pickerman)

Hang on a sec.

The screen changes. A sign appears with the words "PLEASE STAND BY, WE ARE EXPERIENCING OPERATING DIFFICULTIES." It's followed by cheapo elevator MUZAK in the background.

The music stops. Zontar's image re-appears. Behind him are the SMOKING BODIES of his entire bridge crew, whom he's killed.

ZONTAR'S IMAGE (CONT'D)

You shall surrender immediately.

PICKERMAN

But we've destroyed your entire fleet.

ZONTAR'S IMAGE

But I am Zontar! All tremble who hear Zontar's name!

CLARISE

Not today. Today you're just a chauvinist slob with a weight problem.

PICKERMAN

General, you fought with courage and honor. Not to mention a barely understandable vocabulary. But it's over. You'll have to surrender.

ZONTAR'S IMAGE

Surrender? Zontar shall never surrender! For Zontar's evil is as eternal as the universe!

PICKERMAN

All right, then. You leave me no choice. I'm afraid I'm going to have to toss good manners aside and insist that you surrender.

CLARISE

Look, can't you see he's not going to surrender? This is Zontar the Destroyer! You have to destroy him!

PICKERMAN

But he's totally defenseless. I can't just give the order to kill him.

CLARISE

It's your duty!

PICKERMAN

But I can't.

Clarise takes an angry step forward.

CLARISE

Now you listen to me! I've just about had it with this ship! I've coddled you since we left space dock! I've had to put up with a crew of foul-smelling alcoholics-- not to mention a homicidal drag queen! But, I will not stand by and watch you blatantly violate military law!

ZONTAR'S IMAGE

Zontar shall inflict misery-

CLARISE

Can it, fat boy!

(to Pickerman)

Now, if you don't open fire, I'm going to invoke article seventeen!

PICKERMAN

You wouldn't dare!

CLARISE

You don't have the slightest idea what the hell it is, do you?

PICKERMAN

Well... no. Not really.

CLARISE

Article seventeen clearly states, that any command officer who refuses to carry out his duty is to be stripped of his command and confined to quarters.

ZONTAR'S IMAGE

She is right. For Zontar shall never surrender. And Zontar would destroy you at the first opportunity.

CLARISE

Orders, Captain?

Pickerman looks at his bridge crew, then at Clarise.

PICKERMAN

I can't kill a defenseless human being.

(beat)

Joshua.

JOSHUA

Sir?

PICKERMAN

I'm relieving myself.

JOSHUA

You think that's such a good idea, sir? I mean, the toilet's just around the corner-

PICKERMAN

I meant I'm relieving myself of command. The Major's in charge now.

Hands in his pockets, he turns and heads toward the exit.

PICKERMAN (CONT'D)
 Anybody wants me, I'll be in my
 quarters.

He's gone. Clarise turns to the bridge crew.

CLARISE
 Now I'll show you what a real
 Captain is. Lieutenant Joshua.

JOSHUA
 Ma'am?

CLARISE
 Target our main guns at Zontar's
 fleet. Maximum power. Let's make
 this quick.

JOSHUA
 Ma'am, are ya sure about this?

CLARISE
 Do I have to relieve you too?

JOSHUA
 No, ma'am, that ya won't.

Joshua prepares to throw the switch.

JOSHUA (CONT'D)
 All guns targeted.

CLARISE
 Fire.

As Joshua is about to press the fire button the VIEW SCREEN flickers again. The image of Zontar's Mother appears beside her son's.

MOTHER ZONTAR'S IMAGE
 Zontar, what's going on here?

ZONTAR'S IMAGE
 Mother! Zontar is busy being
 destroyed! Can this not wait?

MOTHER ZONTAR'S IMAGE
 (to Clarise)
 You're not going to destroy my
 little boy, are you?

CLARISE
 Well, ma'am -

MOTHER ZONTAR'S IMAGE
 He's refused to surrender again
 hasn't he.

ZONTAR'S IMAGE
 Mother! You are embarrassing me!

MOTHER ZONTAR'S IMAGE
 Zontar, be a good boy and surrender
 for mommy.

ZONTAR'S IMAGE
 Never! For devastation trembles at
 my name!

MOTHER ZONTAR'S IMAGE
 Zontar!

ZONTAR'S IMAGE
 Zontar surrenders.

MOTHER ZONTAR'S IMAGE
 That's a good boy. Dinner's at six.

Both their images CLICK OFF. Astonished, Clarise continues
 to stare at the view screen.

CLARISE
 God, I could use a drink.

The entire bridge crew holds out their bottles of liquor to
 her.

INT. PICKERMAN'S QUARTERS

Pickerman sits at his desk, writing. The doors slide open.

Clarise walks in.

CLARISE
 What're you doing?

PICKERMAN
 I'm writing my resignation. I'm
 having a little problem, though.

CLARISE
 What is it?

PICKERMAN
 I can't spell "resignation."

Clarise pulls up a chair and sits beside him.

CLARISE
 Look, about what happened on the
 bridge-

PICKERMAN

You were right. I'm not a very good soldier, am I? To be honest, I wasn't a very good cook either.

Disappointed, he removes his promotion medal from his uniform and tosses it onto his desk.

CLARISE

Wait a sec. You were a cook? How does a cook get promoted to Captain?

PICKERMAN

General Baroque thought I-

CLARISE

General Manuel Baroque promoted you?

PICKERMAN

You know him?

CLARISE

You could say I do. He's a sneaky little prick with all the charm of an inoperable brain tumor.

PICKERMAN

Well, he said I was exactly what he was looking for in a candidate.

CLARISE

Did he say anything else?

PICKERMAN

He just wished me luck.
(beat)
Then laughed in my face.

CLARISE

Something's not right here.

PICKERMAN

Doesn't make any difference now.
You're in charge.

CLARISE

Actually, that's why I'm here. I want you to take back command of the Walrus.

PICKERMAN

No offense Major, but have you been smoking Alterian joy sticks?

CLARISE

In the past six hours since I've been in charge, I've had seventy-two death threats, fourteen crewman have exposed themselves in front of me and I've gotten three marriage proposals. I didn't mind the death threats; but, I draw the line on marriage proposals.

PICKERMAN

I couldn't take back command. It wouldn't be right.

CLARISE

Captain, this might come as a shock to you, but nothing is right aboard this ship.

Pickerman pulls his promotion medal from his uniform and tosses it onto his desk.

PICKERMAN

For years I wanted to be out here. Fighting for Atlantia. You know I took the officer's academy test eight times? My drill instructor got so fed up with seeing me fail he tried to have me barred from ever taking the test again. He called me "a waste of space".

CLARISE

What did you say to him?

PICKERMAN

I said: "dad, I don't care what you say, I'm going to keep taking that test until I pass".

CLARISE

You've never killed anyone have you.

PICKERMAN

No. To be honest, I couldn't give the order to kill if my life depended on it.

CLARISE

Unfortunately, a commander's life isn't the only one he's responsible for.

PICKERMAN

Major, do you think I could ever be as good an officer as you? Don't spare my feelings, be honest.

CLARISE
Not a snowball's chance in hell.

PICKERMAN
Wow, now that's honest.

CLARISE
Captain... Harold, you can be a leader. But it starts with you. You have to stop thinking like a cook and start thinking like the Captain of an interstellar warship. If not now, when?

PICKERMAN
I'll give it my best shot.

CLARISE
Remind me to duck.

Clarise picks up Pickerman's medal and pins it back on to his uniform.

CLARISE (CONT'D)
Come on. I have a present for you in the landing bay.

They get up and head toward the exit.

PICKERMAN
(excited)
Is it a toaster oven?

CLARISE
Better. It's Zontar the Destroyer.

PICKERMAN
(disappointed)
Oh. Well, I guess that's okay too.

INT. LANDING BAY

Armed SOLDIERS surround the bay. A small SHUTTLE arrives.

The doors to the shuttle open. Zontar emerges, flagged by several of his OFFICERS. They stand before Pickerman and Clarise.

ZONTAR
As Commander and Chief of the Barrion military, Zontar the Destroyer surrenders under the terms of the Gemini Convention and because mommy said so.

PICKERMAN
 On behalf of the Atlantian
 Government, I'm authorized to accept
 your surrender.

Zontar eyes Pickerman up and down with an unimpressed
 glance.

ZONTAR
 So, this is the coward that Zontar
 had the displeasure of speaking to.

PICKERMAN
 You can't talk to my second in
 command like that!

ZONTAR
 Zontar was speaking to you!

PICKERMAN
 Are you sure? Because it really
 looked like your eyes were staring
 at her.

ZONTAR
 Bah! You waste Zontar's time!

A massive BLAST strikes the bay. Debris falls. A metal
 pipe cracks then snaps in half. It falls toward Clarise.
 Pickerman pushes her out of the way and takes the hit.

He's struck in the head and knocked unconscious. Another
 BLAST! Clarise staggers over to the comm panel.

CLARISE
 Bridge! What's happening!

JOSHUA (V.O.)
 (filtered)
 We're bein' attacked!

Clarise staggers over to Pickerman.

CLARISE
 (to crewman)
 Get the Captain to sick bay!

INT. WALRUS BRIDGE

Clarise and Zontar arrive. A THUNDEROUS BOOM rocks the
 Walrus.

CLARISE
 Who's shooting at us!?

JOSHUA
 Nothin' to worry about, Ma'am.

CLARISE
Why the hell not?

JOSHUA
It's just our side.

EXT. OUTER SPACE

Baroque's fleet has arrived. They unleash a barrage of FIRE POWER and strike the Walrus. Her hull, blackens as large pieces of fuselage are blown off!

INT. BRIDGE (BAROQUE'S SHIP)

Baroque switches on the intercom.

BAROQUE
All ships! Increase firing capacity
to eighteen hundred percent! Fire
at will! I repeat, fire at will!

INT. WALRUS BRIDGE

The Walrus is STRUCK. Pipes crack -- STEAM bursts into the bridge. Another BLAST hits the Walrus.

CLARISE
Open a channel! Tell them they're
shooting at one of their own ships!

EXT. OUTER SPACE

Baroque's fleet unleashes a barrage of LASER FIRE at Pickerman's ship.

INT. WALRUS BRIDGE

The Walrus takes another violent HIT.

CLARISE
Joshua, get us the hell out of here!

JOSHUA
There's a debris field just up ahead
that we can hide in! Everybody hold
on to ya d-n-a!

THE WALRUS

Makes an erratic right turn and dodges an oncoming row of ballistic missiles unleashed by Baroque's fleet!

EXT. DEBRIS FIELD

The Walrus bobs and weaves through a dizzying maze of titanic pieces of brown, spiraling clumps.

INT. WALRUS BRIDGE - ON VIEW SCREEN

The Walrus continues to fly the lethal sized clumps. The ALARMS sound.

CLARISE
Collision alert! Prepare for
impact!

INT. BAROQUE'S SHIP

He watches with a sinister grin.

BAROQUE
They're going to collide with that
asteroid! Excellent!

THE WALRUS

Collides with the brown object. Instead of smashing her to pieces it SPLATTERS across her hull.

INT. WALRUS BRIDGE

Pickerman, Clarise, Joshua and the bridge crew look on, stunned.

CLARISE
What the hell happened??? We should
have been pulverized!

JOSHUA
This ain't no asteroid field ma'am!

CLARISE
Then what is it?

JOSHUA
It's a manure field!

DOOMSDAY WEAPON
When they say shit happens they're
not kidding.

THE WALRUS

Rockets through massive clump after clump of manure. It disappears.

INT. WALRUS BRIDGE

Clarise breaths a sigh of relief. Work crews continue to extinguish small pockets of FIRE on the bridge.

CLARISE

Joshua, transmit the following message to those warships on all frequencies: "Cease fire. We are prepared to surrender unconditionally." Keep sending it until you get an answer.

JOSHUA

Aye, Ma'am.

CLARISE

In the meantime, I'm going to check on the Captain.

INT. BAROQUE'S SHIP (BRIDGE)

The ship's FIRST OFFICER hurries over to Baroque.

FIRST OFFICER

General Baroque, some good news. We've just received a transmission from Pickerman's ship. They're prepared to surrender, unconditionally.

BAROQUE

Ignore it.

FIRST OFFICER

Sir?

BAROQUE

You heard me, ignore it.

FIRST OFFICER

Aye, Sir.

BAROQUE

Gunner, I want all tactical nuclear warheads armed with safety's off.

GUNNER

No thank you, Sir. I already ate.

BAROQUE

I never said anything about eating.

GUNNER

A cigarette? Yes, as a matter of fact I would like one.

BAROQUE

Are you deaf, Lieutenant?

GUNNER

Actually I don't watch television.
It's a vast intellectual wasteland.

BAROQUE

What the devil is going on here!?

FIRST OFFICER

Perhaps I should explain, Sir. You see, Gunner First Class West is in fact deaf.

BAROQUE

What's he doing aboard this ship??
And at a gunner's position??

FIRST OFFICER

Gunner West was assigned through our disability program. Perhaps you heard of it? "War for the Disabled?"

Stunned, Baroque eyes the entire bridge. The radar station, communication, and navigation each have wheelchair-bound individuals.

A blind CREW MEMBER walks along the bridge with a seeing-eye dog.

BAROQUE

Dear lord. You mean to tell me this entire crew is made up of the handicapped??

FIRST OFFICER

Afraid so, Sir. We were sued last year by the Interstellar Alliance for the Disabled. They insisted we start allowing them to enlist in the military.

BAROQUE

But this is insane!

FIRST OFFICER

You think that's insane, you should see the epileptics in engineering.

INT. WALRUS INFIRMARY

Clarise and Zontar walk in. Pickerman is sitting up in his bed with his head bandaged. Clarise sits on the edge of the bed.

CLARISE

How we feeling?

PICKERMAN

Okay, I suppose.

Clarise holds up her hand.

CLARISE

How many fingers do you see?

Pickerman takes a hard look at her fingers.

PICKERMAN

Thursday.

CLARISE

Well at least the concussion hasn't affected him.

PICKERMAN

What was that racket?

CLARISE

We were fired on by a fleet of our own warships.

PICKERMAN

I thought it was standard practice to fire only at the enemy?

CLARISE

It still is. There's something really wrong here.

ZONTAR

Perhaps it may have something to do with the peace treaty you violated.

CLARISE

Treaty? What treaty?

ZONTAR

There existed a treaty between Atlantia and the Barrion Empire. When it was learned your ship would not turn back, Zontar was sent to destroy you. Then to destroy your world.

CLARISE

Oh my God. His Majesty's trying to prevent us from breaking the peace treaty. General Zontar, you have to believe us. We didn't know anything about any treaty!

ZONTAR

Zontar wishes to believe you. If Zontar did, he would speak to his King and tell him of your sincerity.

(beat)

But this could be a deception on your part.

CLARISE

What can we do to convince you we knew nothing of the treaty with your people?

Zontar reaches into his coat. He pulls out a headband with one large light bulb attached to its outer rim.

ZONTAR

Zontar uses this device to interrogate prisoners of war, to determine the truthfulness of their answers.

PICKERMAN

Interesting. What do you call this lie detector?

ZONTAR

A lie detector.

PICKERMAN

Interesting.

ZONTAR

Because you are the Captain of this vessel, you must wear the lie detector and answer any questions Zontar shall ask. Agreed?

PICKERMAN

Agreed.

Zontar places the lie detector's headband around Pickerman's head.

ZONTAR

If you lie, the light shall turn red. If you speak the truth, the light shall turn green. Do you understand?

PICKERMAN

Yes.

The light FLASHES RED.

ZONTAR

If you lie, the light shall turn red. If you speak the truth, the light shall turn green. Do you understand?

PICKERMAN

Absolutely.

The light FLASHES RED.

ZONTAR

Do you understand a word Zontar is saying?

PICKERMAN

Of course I do.

The bulb EXPLODES. Zontar casually removes the headband.

ZONTAR

On second thought, Zontar will take your word on it.

EXT. MANURE FIELD

Baroque's fleet arrives. It hovers above the dripping infinite pool of crap.

INT. BAROQUE'S SHIP (BRIDGE)

Baroque stares, frustrated at the field of floating poop.

BAROQUE

Damn them! They're hiding somewhere in there! We've waited long enough. Do we have any smart bombs in stock?

FIRST OFFICER

Just two. Both have nuclear tipped warheads with on-board positronic brains. But I should warn you, Sir they haven't been tested in combat.

BAROQUE

Then this is as good a time as any. Have them both programmed to seek out and destroy the Walrus. Fire them immediately.

FIRST OFFICER

Aye, Sir.

EXT. BAROQUE'S SHIP

The two missiles are FIRED. Note: The conversation between both smart bombs are in subtitles.

They both spiral at massive speeds as they seek out Pickerman's ship within the manure field.

SMART BOMB#1
I THINK I SAW HIM!

SMART BOMB#2
ARE YOU F***ING BLIND?? THAT'S A
MOON!

SMART BOMB#1
HEY, KISS MY A**, SCUMBAG!

SMART BOMB#2
I HOPE YOU DETONATE PREMATURELY YOU
POMPOUS SACK OF SH**!

SMART BOMB#1
F*** YOU!

INT. BAROQUE'S SHIP (BRIDGE)

Baroque watches in astonishment as both nuclear missiles ram each other and EXPLODE.

BAROQUE
We really must stop buying our
weapons from the Interstellar Home
Shopping Network.

EXT. MANURE FIELD

The shock wave from the blast causes the manure to splatter and expose the Walrus out in the open!

INT. WALRUS BRIDGE

Pickerman, Clarise and Zontar arrive on the bridge.

JOSHUA
They see us!

PICKERMAN
We'll have to make a run for it.
Joshua, I want engines at full
power.

JOSHUA
Aye, Sir!

INT. BAROQUE'S SHIP

On the view screen, Baroque watches as the Walrus makes her escape.

BAROQUE

There she is! Not so wounded as we were led to believe. So much the better.

EXT. OUTER SPACE

The Walrus rockets toward a red planet with Baroque and his fleet right behind.

INT. WALRUS BRIDGE

Clarise looks at the radar.

CLARISE

They're gaining on us! We have no choice! Prepare to return fire!

PICKERMAN

But we can't fire on our own forces.

CLARISE

Watch me!

PICKERMAN

I'm in command. And the order is no. We don't shoot at our own people.

Clarise snaps a lethal gaze at Pickerman. She then turns calmly to Joshua.

CLARISE

Lt. Joshua, prepare main batteries. As soon as they're in range I want you to hit them with everything we've got-

PICKERMAN

Did you hear what I said? I'm in command-

CLARISE

I heard you the first time! Lt. Joshua. Carry out my last order.

JOSHUA

No disrespect intended, ma'am. But he is the Captain.

Clarise look on at the bridge crew with an astonished gaze.

CLARISE

All right. I see what's going on.

(to Pickerman)

You want to play Captain? By all means, be my guest. You're on your own kiddo.

She folds her arms and leans back casually against the bulkhead.

PICKERMAN

You said I had to stop thinking like a cook and start thinking like the Captain of an interstellar warship. If not now, when? Well... now's the time. It's time I sat in that chair and for once in my life stop dreaming and start living.

The Walrus ROCKS from the impact of Baroque's missiles.

Pickerman staggers over and sits in the command chair. He looks over at Zontar with an embarrassed look.

PICKERMAN (CONT'D)

You caught us on a really bad day, sorry.

THE WALRUS

She ROARS at maximum speed toward away from Baroque's fleet.

INT. BAROQUE'S SHIP (BRIDGE)

Baroque watches the Walrus streak toward a blue-green planet.

BAROQUE

Are we in firing range?

FIRST OFFICER

Yes, sir!

BAROQUE

Fire proton cannons at full capacity! I want that ship torn open!

BAROQUE'S FLEET

They fire in unison. Blinding RED BEAMS streak at the Walrus' hull. The Walrus name is torn away from her fuselage!

EXT. THE CLOUDS - DAY

The glow of fire bleeds through a thick patch of clouds. It's the Walrus. Her hull glows red from entering the planet's atmosphere.

INT. WALRUS BRIDGE

The massive heat from re-entry causes everyone to sweat. They quickly remove their tops.

Clarise removes her jacket exposing her pink tank top and sexy figure. She notices the bridge crew staring at her.

CLARISE

I have every intention of dying with
my bra on so just forget it!

THE WALRUS

Makes a crash landing. It skids brutally non-stop across the densely populated landscape of skyscrapers.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

A Doctor removes the bandages from the eyes of an ELDERLY PATIENT (80).

ELDERLY PATIENT

I've prayed so long for this day,
Doctor.

The doctor finishes removing the bandages. The Elderly patient opens his eyes.

ELDERLY PATIENT (CONT'D)

I can see!! I can see!! For the
first time in my life I can see!!

An object outside his window grabs his attention.

ELDERLY PATIENT'S POV

The Walrus heads for an utterly violent collision with the hospital.

ELDERLY PATIENT (CONT'D)

Shit.

THE HOSPITAL

The Walrus plows through leaving nothing but steaming rubble.

The ship continues to skid violently. Her massive hull uproots everything in its path.

INT. TV STUDIO - DAY

The audience applause sign flickers. The audience clap on cue.

ANNOUNCER

It's Good Morning Universe!
Brought to you by Sploog! The
refreshing taste of Octorian
testicle juice! Now your hosts!
Vina Epoch and Chez Vandercock!

The camera moves in on both hosts. VINA AND CHEZ. Dressed in V-neck sweaters, smiling with the phony grins and holding coffee mugs.

VINA

Have we got a show for you today!

CHEZ

That's right, Vina. Along with
sports and weather, we'll be talking
with a woman who's been cheating on
her husband with a man made entirely
out of anti matter! Ouch!

The audience applauds, hoots and hollers.

VINA

But first lets check traffic with
our very own hyperspaced,
hyperactive, hyperspeed, Phil
Maggot! How's it lookin' out there
Phil?

PHIL smiles at CAMERA as the image of the Walrus is seconds away from crushing him.

PHIL'S IMAGE

Totally fucked, Vina. Back to you.

EXT. WALRUS CRASH SITE

The Walrus grinds to a halt. Tons of falling debris cover her hull.

INT. WALRUS BRIDGE

Pickerman, Clarise, Zontar and Joshua watch the view screen as Baroque's fleet surround them.

PICKERMAN

What's the status of our engines?

JOSHUA

Gone, Sir. We used up the last of
our fuel.

CLARISE

Then it's over.

DOOMSDAY WEAPON

If it's any consolation guys, I
could play our national anthem while
we're blown to bits.

ON VIEW SCREEN

Baroque's image appears.

PICKERMAN

General Baroque?

CLARISE

My God. Dad?

PICKERMAN

Dad??

BRIDGE CREW

Dad??

ZONTAR

This reminds Zontar of his favorite
soap opera "As the Galaxy Spirals".
Many plot twists.

PICKERMAN

General Baroque's your father??

BAROQUE'S IMAGE

Clarise? What are you doing aboard
the Walrus?

CLARISE

I'm the first officer! Why the hell
are you firing at us?

BAROQUE'S IMAGE

I'm afraid my dear that you've been
serving aboard a ship led by a
treacherous and evil man.

CLARISE

Captain Pickerman's no traitor!
The man could barely tie his shoe
let alone have the intellect to form
a conspiracy! He can't even spell
the damn word!

PICKERMAN

(offended)

Yes, I can. K-O-N-

CLARISE

Shut up!

BAROQUE

My orders are to destroy the ship and its crew. Now, you needn't worry my dear. I'll send over a shuttle to take you off that ship.

CLARISE

I'm not going anywhere! You want to destroy this ship, you'll have to do kill me too!

BAROQUE

Then you leave me no choice.

PICKERMAN

You'd kill your own daughter? Not to mention thousands of innocent civilians who'd be killed from the collateral damage caused by our destruction?

ZONTAR

And they call Zontar the biggest douche bag of the universe??

Baroque spots Zontar on the bridge.

BAROQUE

Well, the great Zontar. A pleasure to make your acquaintance.

(grins)

Although it's going to be a very short one. Fire torpedoes!

BAROQUE'S SHIP

Fires off multiple torpedoes. They spiral mercilessly toward the helpless Walrus and her crew.

INT. BRIDGE

Pickerman, Clarise and Joshua watch as the torpedoes are seconds away from impact.

PICKERMAN

Major, it was an honor and a privilege serving with you.

CLARISE

Thanks. And I'm sorry about that crack about you not being able to tie your shoes

PICKERMAN

I'm man enough to admit I still have problems with that final loop at the end.

Baroque's torpedoes are about to strike when BOOM! A LASER destroys them harmlessly in mid-air.

INT. BAROQUE'S SHIP (BRIDGE)

Baroque watches as his torpedoes are vaporized.

BAROQUE

Who fired that shot!?

ALEXANDER'S VOICE

(on radio)

This is King Alexander! Cease fire!

BAROQUE

Bloody hell.

Alexander's image appears on Baroque's screen. Standing next to Alexander is Joseph in shackles with armed guards standing next to him.

ALEXANDER'S IMAGE

To all personnel on General Baroque's ship! I want him arrested immediately! The charge is high treason!

Baroque tries to sneak his way off the bridge. A BLIND CREWMAN smacks Baroque's hand with his seeing cane as he tries to open the elevator.

BLIND CREWMAN

Move one inch and I'll shove my cane up your ass.

A group of wheelchair bound crewman surround Baroque.

INT. WALRUS BRIDGE

Alexander's image now appears on the Walrus' view screen.

ALEXANDER'S IMAGE

Captain Pickerman.

PICKERMAN

Your Majesty, there's been a terrible mistake! I'm no traitor-

ALEXANDER'S IMAGE

I know you're not, Captain. I owe you a great debt and an apology. We have cleared this matter. I'll have your crew transferred to my ship for the journey home.

PICKERMAN

If it's all the same, Your Majesty, I'd like us to come home on the Walrus. After all, I owe it to the crew.

(beat)

As their Captain.

ALEXANDER'S IMAGE

Of course. You'll need to have your ship refueled if you intend to make it back to Atlantia in time for the celebration.

PICKERMAN

Celebration?

ALEXANDER'S IMAGE

For the signing of the peace treaty. I think it's only proper that Atlantia's greatest warrior be there.

PICKERMAN

A great idea. Who is he?

ALEXANDER'S IMAGE

(laughs)

I like a man with a sense of humor!

PICKERMAN

(to Clarise)

No, seriously. Who's he talking about?

CLARISE

Just keep your mouth shut and smile.

EXT. ATLANTIA CAPITAL - NIGHT

Packed to capacity. Thousands of spectators fill the capital.

Both Atlantian and Barrion military stand at attention. Pickerman in full regal attire and sword stands to his feet.

THE WALRUS CREW

They look on with pride. Joshua has even cleaned himself up with a shave and haircut! He pulls out a filthy rag and blows his dripping snot into it.

ALEXANDER

Captain Harold S. Pickerman,
approach.

Pickerman marches toward Lord Alexander. He stands before him then bends down on one knee.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)

For outstanding service to Your
King, and the citizens of both
Atlantia and the Barrion Empires,
you are hereby awarded the "Sword of
Bravery."

Alexander hands Pickerman a magnificent pearl handled sword. He pins multiple medals on Pickerman's uniform.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)

For your actions in the face of
great adversity, I award you the
Sword of Freedom, the Sword of
Honor, the Sword of Courage, the
Sword of Heroism, the Sword of
Personal Hygiene-

Pickerman grabs each. They pile up in his arms. He's ready to tip over.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)

The sword of Galactic Peace, the
sword of Leadership and the sword of
Valor.

PICKERMAN

Maybe you guys could just mail them
to me?

Pickerman grabs the last sword. He salutes and the pile falls to his feet.

PICKERMAN (CONT'D)

Thank you, Your Majesty.

ALEXANDER

I congratulate you, General Harold
S. Pickerman! Let the festival
begin!

The crowds cheer. They stroll over to a massive, open banquet.

BAROQUE & JOSEPH

Are the ones serving up the grub.

BAROQUE

Well Joseph, a fitting end. I may no longer be in line as heir to the throne but at least I came out of all this in one piece.

The low-forehead Soldier that attacked Pickerman at the beginning of the story cuts to the front of the line.

SOLDIER

Po-tatoes.

BAROQUE

No cutting the line, you freak from a nuclear fallout.

SOLDIER

Po-tatoes!

BAROQUE

No po-tatoes until you get back in line! Now, shove off!

The Soldier pulls out his pistol and aims it at him.

BAROQUE (CONT'D)

Bloody hell.

EXT. ATRIUM - NIGHT

A SHOT rings out. Pickerman searches the crowds. He spots Clarise who waves to him. They hurry over to each other.

PICKERMAN

I didn't get a chance to congratulate you on getting your own command.

CLARISE

Thanks.

PICKERMAN

You earned it.

CLARISE

That means a lot, coming from you.

PICKERMAN

Look, it's not too late. The Walrus is being repaired, I can get you back on board --

CLARISE

No! I mean, no thanks. I like where I am.

They stare awkwardly at each other.

PICKERMAN

Well, this is goodbye... I guess.

CLARISE

You take care of yourself.

PICKERMAN

Sure thing. Oh, and I got you these. I know it's not exactly military etiquette.

He pulls his hand from behind his back and holds out a bouquet of roses to her. Clarise smiles, deeply moved by the gesture. She takes them.

CLARISE

They're beautiful, but I didn't get you anything.

PICKERMAN

It's okay.

CLARISE

Wait. There's something I can give you before I leave.

She stands at firm attention -- and salutes. And this one's genuinely real. Pickerman returns the gesture.

CLARISE (CONT'D)

Take care.

She walks off. Joshua steps over to Pickerman.

JOSHUA

If ya don't mind me sayin', sir, it won't be the same without her.

PICKERMAN

No argument there, Joshua.

(beat)

I'm really going to miss her.

EXT. SPACE DOCK

A massive battleship waits in space dock. Her markings are HMS ILLUSTRIA.

INT. ILLUSTRIA CORRIDOR

Clarise marches through the corridor. A CREWMAN happens by. She stares at him.

CLARISE
Do I know you, crewman?

CREWMAN
(frightened)
No, ma'am! Sir! Ma'am!

CLARISE
Carry on.

CREWMAN
Yes, sir! Ma'am! Sir!

CLARISE
Relax.

CREWMAN
Yes! Right, ma'am.

CLARISE
And stop slouching. You're an
interstellar marine, not a chimp.

CREWMAN
(salutes)
Yes, ma'am!

He scurries away. Clarise looks back at him as he races off.

CLARISE
I could swear I've seen him before.

INT. ILLUSTRIA BRIDGE

State-of-the-art computer panels cover every area. The doors slide open. Clarise steps out onto the bridge.

She stands in front of the Captain's chair, a gleam of pride in her eyes. She takes her seat and touches the intercom panel.

CLARISE
This is the Captain. Will the First
Officer please report to the bridge.

The doors to the bridge open. The First Officer stands beside Clarise.

PICKERMAN
(salutes)
First Officer Harold Pickerman
reporting for duty!

Clarise's eyes jolt. She lets out a high-pitched scream.

CLARISE
What the hell are you doing here!

PICKERMAN
I convinced His Majesty that
breaking up the crew of the Walrus
would be a mistake. And, guess
what! I had the entire crew from
the ship transferred here
permanently! What do you think?

Clarise's eyes roll back. She faints. Her body slides out
of her seat and slams violently onto the deck.

PICKERMAN (CONT'D)
You obviously need a little time to
think it over.

EXT. OUTER SPACE

The HMS ILLUSTRIA glides amongst the stars. Her engines
POWER UP. She explodes into LIGHT SPEED and vanishes.

Her nuclear trail spell the words "THE END."

FADE OUT:

THE END