

PST COMPLIANCE SERVICES displays on screen and slowly fades into the Opening Scene

OPENING SCENE 1: "I Got a Leak!"

SPACESHIP NIGHT – CALMLY HOVERING OVER WOODS BEHIND A TEXAS CONVENIENCE STORE

(Suddenly Buzzers, Beeps, alarms and sirens, flashing lights. The ship lurches with engine noise.)

ZORP (uptight, panicking):

What's that?! Ah, Class-3 destabilization alert!

BLURG (cool-headed, calculating):

Fuel containment breach. I'm rerouting auxiliary reserves now, balancing fuel ballast.

GLIB (goofy, beer in hand):

chug I GOT A LEAK! I GOT A LEAK! *holds up dripping beer can*

ZORP:

That's your drink! Check the fuel status panel!

GLIB (beer in hand):

(hiccup) So do it. Panel got a leak too.

BLURG:

checking screen We lost half the core plasma! We're going down!

GLIB: *(points to a big flashing red light)* I thought that was just moood lighting. My grandma always loved moood lighting.

WOODS – NIGHT – CRASH

(Fiery crash, sound. Debris. One of them reaches out a portal and snipes out a flame with his fingertips. They sit by campfire. GLIB grabs a fresh case of beer.)

ZORP:

You had ONE job, Glib. Monitor the fuel, that's all, monitor the fuel.

GLIB:

(Hiccup) Hey, you know my grandma created leak detection systems for humans, right? They just chose not to use it until (hiccups) recently! She gave them cathodic protection too, you know, to protect their underground gas tanks from rusting? Wouldn't use that neither so they (hiccup) got a bunch of (hic) leaks (hic) in their fuel systems. (hiccups)

BLURG:

(shaking head) We crash next to a gas station. How ironic.

ZORP:

Fix the ship! Now!

(As day breaks they begin repairs while GLIB tries to roast a beer can over the fire.)

CLOSING SCENE 2: "We'll Be Back"

CLEARING – NIGHT – SHIP LIFTING OFF

(Ship powers up. Blue lights hum. Ready for takeoff.)

ZORP:

Stabilizers up. Fuel panel clear. All functions normal.

BLURG:

Trajectory clear. Propulsion engaged.

GLIB:

stands up suddenly I GOT A LEAK! I GOT A LEAK!

(ZORP and BLURG freeze in panic.)

ZORP:

exasperated Not again! Really, again?

GLIB:

Nods toward a tree, beer in hand Yes! Yes! Be right back!

(He shuffles off behind a tree. Splattering noise. The other two sit down, defeated.)

BLURG:

At least he didn't touch anything....yet.

*(Moments later, the ship lifts off successfully... but a **glass beer bottle** drops from a hatch.)*

ROAD – NIGHT

(Bottle lands beneath a road sign that reads: "Don't Mess with Texas.")

SHIP – HOVERING

ZORP:

What'd we drop?

BLURG:

Guess. I'm working on it, no trace left behind.

(Beams up the bottle. A hatch seals.) There, good to go.

GLIB (peeking out window, raising fresh beer in a toast):
We'll be baaack.

(The ship zips into the sky.)