

A spaceship is 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 auxillary 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 mooooood
lighting. My grandma always loved
mooooood lighting

2

EXT. WOODS - CRASH SITE - NIGHT - "CRASH"

2

Fiery crash, sounds, 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 (hiccup) 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 his 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.

3

EXT. - CLEARING - NIGHT - "WE'LL BE BACK!"

3

The ship lifts off. It 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.

4

EXT - ROAD - NIGHT

4

The bottle lands beneath a road sign that reads "Don't Mess
with Texas." The ship is hovering.

ZORP

What'd we drop?

BLURG

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

He beams up the bottle. A hatch seals.

BLURG (CONT'D)

There, good to go.

GLIB

(Peeking out window,
raising fresh beer in a
toast.)

We'll be baaaaaaaack.

The ship zooms into the sky.