

Holistic Crusades of Captain Cosmos
By
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FADE IN:

EXT. DEEP SPACE--YEAR 40,000

Briefly gazing out into the vast emptiness of space we TILT AND PAN DOWN to a small OBJECT, which sticks out amongst the void. Silence. As we PUSH IN, The object is clearly a football-field-sized, man-made space ship, call it the *U.S.S. SOLAR PLEXUS*. A FIGURE in a bulky space suit finishes bolting a panel to the exterior of the ship, and attaching the wrench to the suit's tool belt, moves toward an open air lock. We FOLLOW the figure, then reverse into

INT. AIR LOCK

The figure drifts in through the open airlock and presses a bulky hand upon a red plate mounted on a bulkhead. Silently the airlock closes. With increasing loudness, the room pressurizes. A second door opens and an automated, emotionless VOICE clicks on.

VOICE

Warning, now entering artificial gravity field.

(beat)

Please watch your step.

With practiced skill the floating figure maneuvers itself through the airlock and plants its feet upon the gravitized, metal floor.

INT. SHIP HALLWAY

As the entrance to the airlock slides shut, the bulky figure walks over to an open storage locker.

CLOSE UP ON--SPACE SUIT HELMET

As it is removed to reveal TRILLIAN, a keenly attractive woman in her early thirties. After placing the helmet in the locker, she then shakes her head. Stunning brown hair drops to her shoulders. She now removes the rest of her utilitarian space suit and stores it in a jumble in the locker. Out of the suit, Trillian is dressed in a tight navy blue uniform with knee-high shinny black boots. We FOLLOW as she walks to

INT. COCKPIT

Like all star-ships, the cockpit is congested with controls and instruments. A star field can be seen through the windows. As soon as she sits down in the pilot's chair she is greeted by the mechanically enthusiastic, disembodied voice of JIM, the ship's computer.

JIM

Welcome back Trillian. My sensors inform me that you have successfully completed repairs to all damaged radiation shielding.

(beat)

Super Job!

TRILLIAN

Thanks.

One of the many indicator lights begins to flash.

JIM

Someone wishes to contact you on sub-space.

(beat)

Gosh, It must be serious there is an awful lot of encryption.

TRILLIAN

Put it through.

CLOSE UP ON--VIEWER SCREEN that reads,

INCOMING COMMUNICATON TO U.S.S. SOLAR PLEXUS. SENT 3030 FROM ASTROPOL COMMAND. BEGIN TRANSMISSION. Trillian continues to watch the screen with growing interest as the message is replaced by the face of a MAN who is in his late seventies and bald. Call him AUTHORITY GENERAL.

TRILLIAN

Special Agent Beowulf reporting sir.

AUTHORITY GENERAL

Agent Beowulf thank God we could reach you.

(more)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AUTHORITY GENERAL(cont.)

(beat)

What is the situation with the
Rebel Saldorian fighters?

Trillian sits back examining the bulldog face of the
Authority General.

TRILLIAN

After I established contact with
their commander the little bug
bastards started taking pot shots
at me...Sir.

(beat)

I spent the last seven hours
fixing the hull.

The Authority General lets loose a prolonged exhale.

AUTHORITY GENERAL

Well, we expected as much.

(beat)

I'm taking you off your current
assignment.

Trillian almost jumps out of her seat.

TRILLIAN

(loudly)

What!

AUTHORITY GENERAL

Now don't go flying off like that.
Something else has come up and
although I realize that you have
spent the last three months
tracking the Saldorians, I felt
you would better serve ASTROPOL on
this new case.

CLOSE UP ON Trillian's face as her eyebrows knot.

She looks intently at the Authority General. He has her
full attention.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TRILLIAN

But Sir, The Saldorians have
already destroyed sixteen civilian
transports!

(beat)

What makes this new assignment so
damned important?

AUTHORITY GENERAL(o.s.)

What do you know of a man who
calls himself Doctor Malign?

Trillian's face darkens. Breaking eye contact with the
viewing screen, she looks out at the stars.

TRILLIAN

He is an evil genius, who was
kicked out of the Science Guild,
fifteen years ago, after killing
half the other members.

(beat)

Then he tried to siphon away the
Earth's entire atmosphere...Luckily
ASTROPOL was able to stop him.

AUTHORITY GENERAL

Good.

TRILLIAN

The Doctor pretty much went into
hiding after that.

The Authority General looks off screen recalling the good
old days.

AUTHORITY GENERAL

ASTROPOL was different back then.
We had more agents and a much
bigger budget at our disposal.

(beat)

But right now ASTROPOL has enough
problems on its hands and we can't
spare the agents.

(more)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AUTHORITY GENERAL(cont.)

(beat)

We need the best for this one,
Beowulf. We need you.

TRILLIAN

The old more-bang-for-your-buck
strategy.

The Authority General ignores Trillian's remark. His face becomes grim.

AUTHORITY GENERAL

ASTROPOL has received intelligence
that Dr. Malign is back in
business.

(beat)

Apparently he has devised some new
kind of high-energy death-ray.

Trillian rubs the nape of her neck.

TRILLIAN

(softly)

Planet Killer?

The Authority General nods.

TRILLIAN

What do I do, Sir?

A little more relaxed the Authority General looks down at a
piece of paper we can't see through the viewing screen.

AUTHORITY GENERAL

We think Dr. Malign is operating
from a secret laboratory on Stoll
1218, a dead planet in the Curs
system.

TRILLIAN

Curs? Wow, that's way out there.

(beat)

What's the native population for
that system?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AUTHORITY GENERAL

None.

Trillian coils back into the pilots' chair and shuts up.

AUTHORITY GENERAL(cont.)

Even so, you will penetrate Doctor Malign's defenses, neutralize the situation, and bring him in.

(beat)

Shouldn't be too difficult.

TRILLIAN

What type of defenses has he got?

AUTHORITY GENERAL

Intelligence reports about a class-two energy shield and maybe some anti-spacecraft missiles, but I doubt that.

(beat)

He hasn't got anything that a first year agent couldn't crack.

Trillian straitens and fidgets around with the chair's harness while the Authority General looks on waiting for a response.

TRILLIAN

I'm on my way, Sir.

(beat)

I'll report back when I have Malign.

AUTHORITY GENERAL

(speaking over the noise)

Oh, and Trillian. You may have some company on this one.

(beat)

Three days ago one of our transmissions was intercepted by some...

The Authority General looks down at the unseen piece of paper.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AUTHORITY GENERAL(cont.)
 Some hotshot, a Captain Cosmos.
 (beat)
 Despite our warnings we believe he
 went after Dr. Malign himself.

And at hearing that, Trillian ceases all activity. The cockpit is silent for a moment.

TRILLIAN
 Did you say Captain Cosmos?

AUTHORITY GENERAL
 Yeah, you know him?

TRILLIAN
 (half sure)
 Yes Sir.

AUTHORITY GENERAL
 He any good?

TRILLIAN
 Mostly.

AUTHORITY GENERAL
 Explain.

Returning to the task of strapping in, Trillian clears her throat and looks at her lap.

TRILLIAN
 He's reckless, Sir. I've
 personally saved his live five
 times.

(beat)
 With him involved, I suspect that
 this assignment is going to get a
 lot harder... I don't think he's
 even a real Captain.

The Authority General frowns.

AUTHORITY GENERAL
 Is he unstable?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TRILLIAN

(half sure)

No Sir.

(looking out the window)

I don't believe so.

AUTHORITY GENERAL

Well, let me know how it turns out. Good luck Agent Beowulf, ASTROPOL Command out.

The image of the Authority General flickers out of the screen, it is replaced by the words: "END TRANSMISSION" Trillian puts the final touch on her seat belts, then reaches over to turn off the viewing screen. She knows what to do now. With nimble precision her hand jumps along the dashboard controls, flipping rows of switches and pushing multiple buttons.

TRILLIAN

Jim!

JIM

Hi ya Trillian, how are you?

TRILLIAN

Jim!

(beat)

Fire up the turbo-encabulators and set course to Planet Stoll of the Curs system.

JIM

Ten four. Hey, did you want full space-involution with the encab's?

A tired Trillian rubs her eyes. Leaving her eyes closed, she relaxes in the pilots' chair.

TRILLIAN

Yes Jim; push 'em as far as they'll go.

JIM

Okay, you got it!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The cock pit fills with a high pitched whine as we go to

EXT. SPACE SHIP-REAR VIEW

The four large boosters of the *U.S.S. Solar Plexus* glow with an increasing fury of raw power. In one final orgasm of energy we see the ship distort slightly and vanish with a flash of light.

INT. COCKPIT

CLOSE UP ON-TRILLIAN'S PROFILE

Interesting patterns of light move up her up her body and across her face in sync with the light patterns characteristic of hyperspace coming in through the cockpit windows.

TRILLIAN

(to Jim)

We're probably already too late.

DISOLVE TO:

INT. LABORATORY-DAY

DOCTOR MALIGN, lean, late forties, mustache, stands dramatically in the midst of his cluttered laboratory. His arms are upraised with his fingers curled into nasty little hooks. His head is kept thrown back as mischievous, evil laughter echoes throughout the laboratory. Malign is dressed in a weird purple and red costume complete with a cape, spiked shoulders, and a tall collar; like something right out of the old *Flash Gordon* serials. With unexpected swiftness, Dr. Malign reels forward in a spastic coughing fit. We see he is wearing a chrome, open-face helmet that has a small coil antenna on top. As soon as his stomach retching coughing passes, Malign steadies himself and massages his larynx in between his thumb and forefinger. The time for laughing is over; now is the time for action. The Doctor's face twists into a practiced, wild-eyed grimace.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DR. MALIGN

(loudly)

With my new positronic death-ray
I'll...I'll begin my destined reign
of terror!

(beat)

I'll clobber all who oppose me!
(giggles like a school girl)
This is really great!

Dr. Malign's raving is interrupted by a confident VOICE from behind.

VOICE(o.s.)

"Not if I have anything to say
about it, Doctor Malign."

DR. MALIGN

Eh?

We FOLLOW as Dr. Malign whips around toward the speaker who is CAPTAIN COSMOS. The captain, dark super-man-style hair, early thirties, is dressed in a navy-blue uniform similar in style to Trillian's, only there is a big white patch with two big black letter C's crudely sewn over the middle of his chest. Dr. Malign is clearly stunned by his appearance.

DR. MALIGN

(loudly)

Captain Cosmos! But how did you
escape?

Captain Cosmos sucks in his stomach and assumes his theatrical space hero stance; feet apart at shoulder distance, chest out, and fists pressed into his hips. This is one of his favorite parts--telling the villain how he used his extreme cleverness to liberate himself.

CAPTAIN COSMOS

A simple matter of gravitational
forces, Doctor Malign!

(beat)

You shouldn't have left that
(more)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CAPTAIN COSMOS(cont.)
 canister of mumuflux so close to
 my cell!

DR. MALIGN
 No matter, I'll just have to have
 you killed now then!
 (very loudly)
 Edmond! Destroy the Captain!

While Dr. Malign shouts that last part, he leaps to a nearby corroded control panel and pulls a squeaky lever. Both men turn and we FOLLOW to watch as a huge, discolored metal door thunders open to reveal an impenetrable black void. Malign turns his head to face the captain.

DR. MALIGN
 (Sneering)
 You're really in for it now.

Captain Cosmos takes his ready-for-action stance. He glances back and fourth between the open door and Dr. Malign, who is excitedly playing with his mustache. A sound similar to a giant walking with dumpsters strapped to his feet approaches from the darkness. There is a brief moment of silence that ends as we

CUT TO:

CLOSE UP ON TWO LARGE CHROME FISTS

as they explode out of the wall just a few feet to the right of the open door. And with the sudden loss of support, a huge section of wall collapses into messy heaps of rubble. The captain's eyes narrow as he addresses the dark lumbering MASS standing behind the ruined wall.

CAPTAIN COSMOS
 (softly)
 Hello Edmond.

Dr. Malign takes a step toward the gaping hole.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DR. MALIGN
 (rasping through dust)
 Damn you, Edmond!
 (beat)
 Doors, Edmond! Don't you remember
 me teaching you about doors?
 (coughs)
 Jesus!

The lumbering mass stops and stands motionless.

DR. MALIGN(cont.)
 Well? Don't just stand there like
 a big dumb air-conditioner!

Doctor Malign points at Captain Cosmos like a
 hunting dog.

DR. MALIGN(cont.)
 Kill the pansy!

CLOSE UP ON-THE CAPTAIN'S FINGERS

as they snake around the grip of his patented ray gun that
 rests snug within his standard-issue, leather Space Legion
 holster belt. From this view we change FOCUS and watch as
 EDMOND, chrome, eleven and a half-foot tall, sumo-wrestler
 type robot, steps through the wall and out of the shadows.
 Stenciled across the robot's heavily armored chrome chest
 are the words: DROID-O-DEATH.

With a swift, fluid stroke, Captain Cosmos extracts his
 weapon like a pro. We PULL BACK as He levels the gun
 directly at Edmond's "O" and fingers the trigger. Nothing
 happens. There are a few sputtering noises from the
 barrel, but no discharge. The captain's face remains
 expressionless; as if it were carved from granite. The
 robot pauses in mild confusion, then continues its slow
 advance. A garbage-disposal-like sound radiates from
 Edmond's letterbox mouth. He is probably laughing.

CAPTAIN COSMOS
 (to himself)
 Darn it.
 (more)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CAPTAIN COSMOS(cont.)
 First my sidekick gets himself
 vaporized, and now my gun's
 busted. Good night!

Edmond violently grips the captain's neck in his right hand, and grips around the upper thigh with his left. Captain Cosmos is lifted like a sack of potatoes over the under proportioned head of the chrome menace. The captain is thrown with great accuracy into a structure of pipes and electrical wires.

DR. MALIGN
 (shouting over noise)
 Easy damn it! You think I'm made
 of money?

The robot emits another garbage-disposal noise. Dr. Malign Scowls.

DR. MALIGN(cont.)
 You're such an asshole!
 (noticing a stunned Captain)
 Edmond! Hurry up and kill this
 guy!

Captain Cosmos drifts in and out of consciousness. Edmond slowly approaches as the Captain lay flat on his back tangled in a mess of leaky hoses, broken pipes, and yanked-out cables.

Doctor Malign's back is facing us as he happily watches the slow demise of Captain Cosmos in the background. Malign is startled by the impersonal, icy VOICE of Trillian.

TRILLIAN(o.s.)
 Call off your droid, Malign, or
 I'll turn your head into a puff of
 carbon monoxide.

DR. MALIGN
 (turning)
 What the fu...

As the Doctor jumps around we TURN with him to see the dark
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CONTINUED:

silhouette of a fit woman standing just behind the gapping wall-hole. She holds something at hip level. As Trillian steps into the light we see her gripping a sleek *Barbarella* type assault rifle--aimed at Dr. Malign.

DR. MALIGN(cont.)
(loudly)
Trillian!

TRILLIAN
(softly)
Special Agent Beowulf, to you.
(beat)
Call off your droid.

Trillian's rifle shifts alertly back and fourth between Malign and Edmond. With dumpster fury, Edmond lunges at the dazed Captain, and fortunately for the Captain, Trillian's reflexes are keen. A blinding light penetrates Edmond's back causing his chest to burst outward. Molten metal and slag shoot in all directions, it disappears, and leaves a big, ugly hole in the robot's torso. Edmond stands literally dead on his feet. The robots lifeless body teeters over the smitten captain. Trillian sees what is about to happen.

TRILLIAN
(shouting)
Willis! Get out of the way!

CAPTAIN COSMOS
(looking up)
Yiesh!

The captain's drowsy eyes focus on the unstable robot corpse. He manages to get to his feet and stumble out of the way as Edmond topples to the floor with a deafening crash.

CAPTAIN COSMOS(cont.)
Thanks, Trillian.

TRILLIAN
(smiling)
No problem, Willis.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Trillian sees the Captain grimace.

TRILLIAN(cont.)

Oh, sorry.

(beat)

I mean, Captain Cosmos.

Back to business, Trillian scans the room. She is annoyed to discover that Dr. Malign has vanished.

TRILLIAN

Blast!

(looks around)

Captain, Malign's makin' a run for it!

As Trillian looks back at the captain, we TURN to see him on all fours, poking through the rubble piles.

TRILLIAN(cont.)

(flustered)

Hey, What are you doing?

CAPTAIN COSMOS

Yeah, just a second.

(beat)

I dropped my patented ray-gun.

(beat)

I'm looking for it.

Trillian slings her assault rifle on her shoulder. She then draws a smaller pistol from a low-hung holster on her thigh, and poses in an alert stance.

TRILLIAN

Why? It never works.

(beat)

In all the time I've known you, I've only seen it make stupid sputtering noises.

Seeing that the captain is not going to abandon his search anytime soon, Trillian anxiously paces the room. She scouts for Dr. Malign's escape route.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CAPTAIN COSMOS
 (loudly)
 Found it!

TRILLIAN
 (sarcastic)
 Swell.
 (beat)
 The good Doctor went this way.

Trillian (a.k.a. Special Agent Beowulf) and Captain Cosmos exit the room down a dimly lit corridor.

DISOLVE TO:

INT. ESCAPE ROOM-DAY

Dr. Malign stands in a dreary little room. Stenciled in big black letters across the wall are the words EMERGENCY ESCAPE ROOM. He stands over a large machine making adjustments to what looks a lot like an oversized, stainless steel toilet. As the contraption is brought to life, the room is saturated in an unnerving hum. Dr. Malign climbs into the metal bowl, changes his mind and jumps out. He walks over to the opposite wall where he presses a combination of buttons on a small black keypad. Pausing in thought, Malign removes a pen and small scrap of paper from his pocket. He writes a short message then attaches the paper to a black display. Giddy with excitement, Malign climbs back into the bowl.

DR. MALIGN
 (to himself)
 I shall escape using my
 creation...the chron-o-john!
 (throwing a switch)
 Time shall be my vehicle to
 spatial victory!

The rooms only door bursts open.

CAPTAIN COSMOS
 Not if I have anything to say
 about...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ZAP! Captain Cosmos and Trillian shield their eyes as a blinding flash consumes the room.

CAPTAIN COSMOS(cont.)

Whoa!

The heroes stand in the doorway looking stupidly at where Dr. Malign had been not but two seconds ago. The captain rushes fourth to inspect the now silent machine.

CAPTAIN COSMOS(cont.)

Holy hyperbole!

(to Trillian)

He's gone! Escaped through his.

(beat)

Chron-o-john?

TRILLIAN(o.s.)

(Icy)

We have to get the hell out of here.

CAPTAIN COSMOS

(looking up)

Huh?

We CUT TO Trillian who is pointing to a computer display. It is a timer, and the numbers are rapidly decreasing in value. She pulls down Malign's note.

CLOSE UP ON—"SAYONARA LUMP-SUCKERS!" NOTE

TRILLIAN(o.s.)

I figure this place is going to be nuked.

INT. U.S.S. AUDACITY-DAY

The hatch to the airlock hisses open. A flustered Captain Cosmos leaps through, and landing in a heroic trot, we FOLLOW him through the ship to

INT. AUDACITY'S COCKPIT-DAY

Captain Cosmos plants himself into the pilots' chair.

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CONTINUED:

CAPTAIN COSMOS

(loudly)

Max! Get us out of here!

MAX, the ship's computer, answers the captain, His disembodied voice is reminiscent of an underpaid, but oddly blissful radio announcer.

MAX

Hi there, Captain!

(beat)

Estimated time till departure...19 seconds.

Captain Cosmos digs for the straps of the pilots' chair, buckles in, then runs his hand over the many rows of switches, hesitantly flipping some.

MAX(cont.)

(beat)

Were you victorious in your confrontation with Dr. Malign?

CAPTAIN COSMOS

More-r-less.

Captain Cosmos looks over at the vacant copilots' chair.

CAPTAIN COSMOS(cont.)

Bo is dead.

A muffled moaning sound arises from somewhere deep within the bowels of the ship. With mild fibrillation we see through the cockpit window, the ship rise from the ground.

EXT. PLANET STOLL-SURFACE-DAY

WORMS EYE view of Malign's cathedral-like, laboratory as two large star-ships, *U.S.S. Audacity* and *U.S.S. Solar Plexus*, rise in vertical takeoff. Malign's laboratory gratuitously erupts; leaving a giant crater. Both ships' bellies are pelted with debris. With the ignition of their main boosters, they scream OUT OF FRAME in opposite directions.

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CONTINUED:

INT. AUDACITY'S COCKPIT-SPACE

Under increasing acceleration.

MAX
 (softly)
 Zowie, what a drag.
 (beat)
 What happened?

The captain sits silent for a moment staring blankly out at the whisking vapor clouds.

CAPTAIN COSMOS
 (exhaling)
 Do you ever wonder why we are
 always fighting? And why It never
 stops.
 (beat)
 It's like the universe is just one
 rotten assembly line.

MAX
 Huh?

CAPTAIN COSMOS
 You know, like for model T's only
 instead of getting funny-little
 cars you get...evil.
 (beat)
 Villains. One right after the
 other.

MAX
 (beat)
 Say, how would you like to listen
 to some nice, lounge music?

The *Audacity* slips out of the outer reaches of the planet's exosphere.

MAX(cont.)
 Gravity field, now on.

Captain Cosmos blinks and kind of snaps out of his trance.
 The captain clears his throat.

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CONTINUED:

CAPTAIN COSMOS

Sorry, to answer your first question.

(beat)

Bo set off one of Malign's anti-trespasser defenses, and was vaporized.

(beat)

The doctor's droid-o-death captured me. Luckily, I found a way to break out of my cell.

MAX

Out foxed 'em, eh?

Captain Cosmos straitens in his seat pushing his chest out slightly. He smiles looking into Max's electronic red eye.

CAPTAIN COSMOS

Yup, and just when I was about to put a stop to Malign's evil scheme...

(beat)

He went and called his dumb robot again.

The captain pauses to massage a throbbing rib.

CAPTAIN COSMOS(cont.)

It threw me across the room Right smack into a, uh, I don't know what it was.

MAX

Harsh!

CAPTAIN COSMOS

(Louder)

Yeah, anyhow I'm layin' there, about to get my second wind, when Trillian, you remember the ASTROPOL agent?

(more)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CAPTAIN COSMOS(cont.)

Jumps out of nowhere and says: 'if you hurt Captain Cosmos, I'll shoot you.'

MAX

Gosh, Really?

CAPTAIN COSMOS

(loudly)

Yeah! But Edmond, err, the droid-o-death, keeps coming at me.

(beat)

So she gives it to him--right through the chest!

MAX

Splendid!

Captain Cosmos attempts to stand, but is pulled down by his seat belt.

CAPTAIN COSMOS

So then Dr. Malign makes a break for it.

(beat)

We chase him into this room where he escapes down this time thingy.

(unbuckling)

Finally, we see that he is trying to kill us with a self-destruct apparatus. So we get the heck out of the place.

MAX

Man, what a jerk.

CAPTAIN COSMOS

Tell me about it! I was stuck in that cell for a day and a half, and I never got any food or water.

Captain Cosmos rises from his seat.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CAPTAIN COSMOS

I'm going to go get something to eat.

The captain exits the cockpit and heads for the galley. Max's voice follows.

MAX

So, what happened to Trillian?

CAPTAIN COSMOS

Oh, she's fine. She left in her own ship.

(beat)

I think she got another flashy ASTROPOL mission or something.

INT. AUDACITY'S GALLEY

The captain enters the ship's Spartan, gunmetal gray galley. He pulls what looks like a TV dinner from a slot in the wall, and sits down at the head of a stainless steel table, in an uncomfortable-looking, metal swivel chair. A container of transparent fluid surfaces out of an orifice on the table. Captain Cosmos sits studying the container intently. With a sigh his eyes drop to his lap. Max observes the captain's behavior via an electronic red eye mounted on a box in the center of the table.

MAX

Why so glum, friend?

(beat)

I thought you were keen on imitation crab meat and synthetic milk.

CAPTAIN COSMOS

(looking up)

Oh, it's not the food.

(beat)

It's Bo. He was the best sidekick I ever had, and now well...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAX

Hmmn, I believe I understand perfectly.

(beat)

May I suggest a replacement?

The captain brightens.

CAPTAIN COSMOS

Sure.

MAX

Standard issue Janitronics
Custodial Robot 8774.

CAPTAIN COSMOS

Floyd?

Captain Cosmos stares at the blank, metal wall for a while.

CAPTAIN COSMOS(cont.)

Floyd, eh?

(looking to max's eye)

You know that's so crazily simple
it could just work.

(beat)

And he'd be real easy to fix too.

CUT TO:

FLOYD, a slender robot, staning nervously before the captain. Faded denim overalls drape Floyd's tall skeleton figure. Floyd holds a salute while his illuminated eyes are locked upon the opposite wall.

FLOYD

Ship's robot Floyd reporting sir.

(beat)

Max said you wanted to see me,
sir?

In full spirits, and forgetting his meal, the captain gleams a wolfish grin.

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CONTINUED:

CAPTAIN COSMOS

Floyd, how would like to be my
sidekick?

Floyd's saluting arm drops down loosely to his side. His upside-down bucket head shifts to face the seated captain. Captain Cosmos stands and animates his monologue with arm gestures.

Quick CLOSE UP on Max watching silently.

CAPTAIN COSMOS(cont.)

Think about it! You would
experience unparalleled adventures
throughout space and time!

(beat)

Stand at my side righting wrongs!
Defending the weak...making a
difference in the universe! And
dig this...

(with gusto)

To boldly go where angels fear to
tread!

Captain Cosmos walks over and throws a muscular arm roughly around Floyd, who cringes a tad under the brotherly embrace. The captain ignores a sharp pain from his ribs as Floyd's bony metal elbow is pressed into his side.

CAPTAIN COSMOS(cont.)

(Through clenched teeth)

What say you, friend?

FLOYD

(timidly)

Uh, okay. I mean, will it hurt?

Releasing Floyd, the captain lets loose a classic carefree space hero chuckle. Floyd looks around while toying with one of his overall buckles.

FLOYD

Where's Bo?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Captain Cosmos shuts up, and his face darkens. He sits back down in his seat and stares at his meal. Floyd stands awkwardly in the middle of the room looking at his captain with confusion.

CLOSE UP ON--MAX'S RED EYE

We see the reflection of Floyd slowly back out of the room. Max's eye pivots until the captain's reflection appears.

MAX

Captain, where are we going?

CAPTAIN COSMOS

(looking up)

What's that?

MAX

What course captain?

(beat)

Where would you like us to go?

CAPTAIN COSMOS

Wherever the trumpets of glory
summon us Max, listen for the
trumpets...

The captain's speech drifts off into unintelligible utterances as he starts to poke at his meal. Lounge music begins to play in the background.

FADE TO:

EXT. GRASSY PLAIN-930 A.D.-DAY

A filthy elderly MAN is pulling a crude wooden cart over an extremely rutted path. He is dressed in period clothes and a mangy beard hangs from his chin. One of the cart's wooden wheels jams into a deep rut, which halts all movement. The old man strains against the harness for a bit then gives up. The old man straitens, removes his cap and wipes the sweat off his brow. As he is about to walk over to the malfunctioning wheel, something catches his attention. A small WHIRLWIND forms in the path ahead.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Increasing in strength every second, the whirlwind begins to randomly emit bolts of electricity. And with a blinding light and mind numbing sound (maybe hoakie classic *Star Trek* transporter noises), the whirlwind transforms into a silhouette of a MAN. The old man is thrown to his back from the shockwave. As the old man lifts his shaking head, we MOVE to see Dr. Malign standing in a menacing pose in the middle of the road. The doctors beady, little eyes are fixed upon the old man, who scurries under his dilapidated cart.

DR. MALIGN

(sneering)

Ha! Miserable little man, nobody escapes me! The great and all-powerful Doctor Malign!

The doctor radiates blood-chilling laughter as he steps toward the quivering old man. Momentarily stumbling on a rut, Malign regains balance, and straitens his helmet.

DR. MALIGN(cont.)

I, destroyer of the blathering Science Guild!

(steps forward)

I, merciless conqueror of worlds!

(another step forward)

I, fornicator and great escapee of alimony!

The Doctor squats before the sheltered old man. Malign clears his throat.

DR. MALIGN

Now...

(beat)

Tell me, peasant, do you speak English?

OLD MAN

(softly)

Y-Yes sir.

DR. MALIGN

What year is it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The old man remains silent.

DR. MALIGN

(shouting)

Answer my question damn you, or
I'll have you thrown into a
gravity well!

OLD MAN

It...It is the year of our lord,
(beat)
Nine hundred and thirty.

The doctor stands in a little happy dance. He throws his arms to the sky drunk on himself.

DR. MALIGN

(to the sky)

It works!

Malign laughs up a storm. Reaching under the cart, the doctor drags out the old man, and pulls him to his face.

DR. MALIGN(cont.)

(to old man)

Do you realize what this means!

(beat)

My chron-O-john works! Now I can
start anew!

(beat)

With the supplies I've hidden on
this world, I should be running
this place within four years!

And then...

(beat)

the universe 'n' everything!

(looking away)

You smell like a turd.

Doctor Malign drops the old man to the ground. Malign looks around, and at a brisk pace, trots off awkwardly down the road.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DR. MALIGN(cont.)
 (Shouting to himself)
 No one can stop me now! No one..

The old man gets to his feet and watches as the doctor jogs down the road—fading from sight.

OLD MAN
 (to himself)
 Bog-faced wanker.

The old man pats himself off and goes back to work upon his cart as we go to

INT. SOLAR PLEXUS'S COCKPIT

CLOSE UP ON bulldog face of Authority General on a video screen.

AUTHORITY GENERAL
 Report!

TRILLIAN(o.s.)
 Captain Cosmos and I stopped Doctor Malign. Unfortunately, he destroyed his laboratory before we could track where he escaped to.

AUTHORITY GENERAL
 What did he use?

TRILLIAN
 Some sort of omni-space/time teleporter.
 (beat)
 The doctor is quite ingenious, sir.

AUTHORITY GENERAL
 Like fun he is. Rats!

We hear the Authority General slam his fists down on his desk as he looks away. Suddenly his eyes open wide and he looks back at Trillian.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AUTHORITY GENERAL(cont.)

Unless...Of course! I have it!

(beat)

I don't think we have to worry
about Dr. Malign anymore.

TRILLIAN

We won't sir?

Not paying full attention Trillian looks at the controls
and makes some minor adjustments.

AUTHORITY GENERAL

I don't think so, you see if he
went back it time, and nothing has
changed now, then Dr. Malign must
not have been successful in his
plot to rule the universe.

(beat)

He must have either been killed
during the time travel or someone
went back in time from the future
and stopped him.

TRILLIAN

(half sure)

I see sir.

(beat)

Shall I return to my previous
assignment with the rouge
Saldorians?

The Authority General doesn't hear Trillian's question. He
pauses to blow his nose on a handkerchief.

AUTHORITY GENERAL

(to himself)

Yeah, I'll still talk with the
brains down in space-time
continuum theory, but I think I'm
right on this one.

(to Trillian)

Even so, good work Agent Beowulf.
ASTROPOL is proud of you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TRILLIAN(o.s.)

Thank you sir.

EXT. DEEP SPACE

Silence. The bow of the *U.S.S. Audacity* fills the FRAME, we can see Captain Cosmos looking out the cockpit windows off into infinity. Behind the captain the cockpit door opens. Floyd walks through, and with some hesitation, perches himself in the copilots chair.

We PULL BACK and watch as the ship passes, and the stern gets smaller slowly off in the distance.

AUTHORITY GENERAL(v.o.)

Oh and Trillian. Whatever happened to that, what's his name, Captain Cosmos?

TRILLIAN(v.o.)

Who knows.

Midnight Train to Moscow plays in the background. The captain's ship continues on course as the rocket boosters blend perfectly into the stars.

FINAL FADE OUT.