STRANGE GALAXY

"ALAN"

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. BEDROOM—DAY—MORNING

ALAN snores through his alarm. The alarm stops and Alan bolts upright. He looks at the alarm clock and then slumps back under his covers.

INT. SUPER SONIC COMMUTER TRAIN--DAY—LATER THAT MORNING

ALAN is slouched in a tiny seat in a jammed train. Everyone is wearing a jumpsuit of some kind; Alan's is on inside-out. Alan looks out the tiny window next to him at a floating space CLOCK shaped like a white rabbit that looks right back at him.

CLOCK (reads)
You're late. You're late, Alan.
You need the new and improved White
Rabbit alarm system—guaranteed to
get you out of the house over 99%
on time for your very important dates.
Now made with more rabbits!

ALAN
Great. The advertisements are
talking to me now.

The man seated next to Alan squirms.

EXT. EXTREMELY TALL BUILDING—DAY--VERY LATE MORNING

ALAN stumbles inside, not looking up at the building or at the shrieking people running out with their hands over their heads.

As Alan trips over the upward-closing door, a giant space ship blocks the sun and casts a shadow over the entire building.

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INT. BLAND OFFICE BUILDING—DAY—STILL VERY LATE MORNING

ALAN wanders around a building designed very much like the catacombs in Paris except above ground, spread out over 1000 floors and with fewer human skeletons and more desks. He comes to an extremely sloppy desk and takes a seat. He casually switches on his holo-comp and a staticky three dimensional RABBIT pops up.

RABBIT
You have (PAUSE) 78 new messages. First new message—

ALAN
Alright, what's going on?

RABBIT
As a reminder to all staff, the correct procedure for conducting cubicle evacuations from the Bureaucratic Order Head Quarters--

ALAN
Skip!

RABBIT
Second new message—Alan, it's Trina, look why can't you just talk to me? I am so sick of--

ALAN
Skip! Keep skipping until you figure out what's going on here.

An OLDER MAN swaggers up to his desk accompanied by two security guards right out of an intergalactic wrestling tournament for trolls.

OLDER MAN
Morning, Alan. What exactly are you doing at your desk when you should be following the directive that the Bureaucratic Order set forth? I won't allow such lazy behavior on my ship.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

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OLDER MAN (CONT'D)
You'd better shape up or…well. Anyway, get on that ship, it's leaving…um soon.

ALAN
My departmental transfer came through yesterday, so what ship am I supposed to being getting on, Mr. Dehoff?

DEHOFF
The Bureaucratic Order ship of course! What transfer?…I don't well…on the quadruple mister!

Dehoff swaggers off, scanning his head from side to side, looking for more stragglers. Alan watches him go. The two security guards stay.

ALAN
So, a ship?

GUARD 1
Yes-ah.

GUARD 2
Get your stuff and lets go.

ALAN
Do we really need to be in such a rush? We really don't have to leave. I mean I don't even know why I'm going. I'm supposed to start working in the department of permanent vacations tomorrow. And what ship am I supposed to get on? That one outside doesn't look like it's up to code--

The trolls grab Alan's personal effects—a dead bonsai sponge tree and a poster of a candy cane forest and shove them in a box. They thrust the box into Alan's hands and grab Alan and drag him towards the exit.

(CONTINUED)

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CONTINUED:

ALAN (Pointing)
Hey is that a giant pile of sugar balls?

The guards loosen their grip on Alan just long enough for him to slip away and he sprints through the labyrinth of dark and deserted cubicles.

EXT. VERY TALL OFFICE BUILDING—DAY—EVEN LATER MORNING

ALAN jogs out the back hatch of the building but, winded, limps towards a bench. Just as Alan's rear end hits the bench, the guards come up behind them, mouths covered in powdered sugar. The trollish men lift Alan and carry him to the waiting space vessel—a rusty and sagging pile of rag tag parts.

INT. B.O. SHIP—DAY—PRE-NOON

The GUARDS drop ALAN and his items in the main hold of the ship and then stomp out. Alan looks around to see all of his least favorite co-workers staring back at him. REGGIE, a man with way too much chest hair and wearing a jumpsuit at least two sizes too small, speaks up.

REGGIE
Hey Alan. I think there's a meeting coming up.

ALAN
Great, Reggie.

REGGIE
So, uh, why did you need to be, uh escorted here?Don't you like travelin'?

ALAN
I don't want to just be thrown into something I can't control.

REGGIE
Oh. I like travel. I think it suits me. You know I think this is going to be really good for you. You wait and see.

(CONTINUED)

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CONTINUED:

ALAN
Thanks, Reggie.

REGGIE
No problem.

ALAN
Does anyone know who's in charge here?

DEHOFF swaggers into the main hold of the space ship at this exact moment.

DEHOFF
Why Alan…you're finally on board. Good to see, good to see. Now we can finally start the pre-launch final check. Safety is so important to us…

ALAN
What? Nevermind, is there someone I can talk to about an emergency transfer?

DEHOFF
I can only do so much…you'll have to see…let's see…the executive director or something?

Dehoff wanders off. Alan looks around and then, since no one is looking at him, he wanders off too.

INT. BOWELS OF BO SHIP—DAY—CLOSE TO NOON

ALAN creeps through the ship towards the airlock. MURPLE, a neon blue creature with facial tentacles, creeps up behind him.

MURPLE
So where are we going?

Alan jumps and his eyeballs pop out. But he doesn't squeal like a 5-year-old girl. Nope.

(CONTINUED)

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CONTINUED:

ALAN
A little notice next time, Murple!

MURPLE
Sorry, Alan. What are you doing anyway?

ALAN
I'm trying to escape.

MURPLE
Why? Launch is only a few minutes away, and then we'll travel the stars! It's gonna be great.

ALAN
I left my holo-vid on at home.

MURPLE
Oh, didn't you hear? The BO is taking care of selling our assets for us and investing the proceeds in our retirement funds. Isn't that great? We don't have to worry about anything anymore. And we get to spend all our time at work!

ALAN
Yeah, that's great, Murple. But what about ourrelationships outside of work? You know friends and family?

MURPLE
Everyone here was selected because we don't have friends or family. Outside of work that is. We're each other's family.

ALAN
Well, I'd rather do a long distance relationship with you guys.

Alan stalks off. Murple calls after him.

MURPLE
See you at the meeting, Alan.

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INT. BO SHIP BOWELS—DAY—EXACTLY NOON

ALAN runs towards the airlocks, but they're already closing. He shoves his head and chest through and is about to go a little further in his escape attempt, but he is roughly pulled back by PALAFAX, a woman slightly older than Alan who bears a significant resemblance to a panther.

PALAFAX
It's too late. We're both stuck here.

ALAN
No, it can't be. I mean we haven't even taken off yet.

A sonic boom and the find themselves glued to the floor as the ship takes off. After several minutes of scrambling, they make it back to standing positions.

PALAFAX
Yep, we're stuck here.

ALAN
There must be someway to get away from these people.

PALAFAX
Where did you come from? You actually seem kind of sane.

ALAN
Well in the land if the blind the one-eyed man is king, right? I'm Alan.

PALAFAX
Cheesy. I'm Palafox, the technical director of the ship.

ALAN
What did you do wrong to get here, then?

PALAFAX
That's none of your business. The only person onboard who can help you with getting transferred off this

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flying dump is the Executive Director. I can help you get up his office if you want.

ALAN
Thanks. That would be lovely.

The duo walk away from the airlocks and into the belly of the rusty beast.

PALAFAX
I don't know how successful you'll be with that transfer.

ALAN
I just can't be with these people all day every day for who knows how long. Or I can't do that and stay sane. That's why I put my transfer in six months ago. It came through yesterday, but they chased me on to this ship.

PALAFAX
Yeah, I think I saw you with those trolls earlier. So what's going on? Why's the Bureaucratic Order moving into a space ship?

ALAN
I'm assuming it's for public relations repair. No one really likes us, do they?

PALAFAX
Which is why all of you have been put into this piece of stellar junk and won't be getting off any time soon except for brief public appearances every three months. Logical. Oh, look we're here.

Palafox and Alan have arrived at a dingy, rusty door with a gigantic padlock on it.

(CONTINUED)

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PALAFOX (CONT'D)
Welcoming, right? Well this has been nice, but I have to get back to the engines to make sure they don't explode or something.

Alan crouches down and examines the padlock while MURPLE pops up.

MURPLE
Come on Alan, we have to get to the meeting!

Alan jumps forward into the door and bumps his head.

ALAN
Murple! Really, can't you make some noise when you walk? Is that really so much to ask?

MURPLE
Well, actually…

ALAN
Nevermind, let's just go.

Alan and Murple head off to the meeting. As they go, a tiny, abnormally round head pokes its way out of the rusty door, but hides again when Alan looks back.

INT. BO SHIP CONFERENCE ROOM—DAY

A large, dark and generally brown room is filled with a hundred or so jumpsuited desk jockeys all patiently sitting facing a platform with a podium on it. Behind the podium is a 50 ft holographic display. ALAN and MURPLE slip into the room just as DEHOFF moseys onto the platform. The holo-vid projector starts displaying soothing images. Dehoff reads his speech from a prompter.

DEHOFF
Welcome aboard! Welcome all of you loyal members of the Bureaucratic Order!

(CONTINUED)

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The crowd applauds moderately.

DEHOFF (Cont.)
As all of you should know, we are embarking on a truly noble mission across the galaxy, spreading peace and wellbeing wherever we shall go. We are the messengers of light, the bringers of order, the deliverers of prosperity.

The crowd applauds again.

DEHOFF (Cont.)
It has long been my dream to travel the stars with a faithful crew of bureaucrats. As a young boy I—

We don't get to hear what Dehoff did as a young boy, since we're following ALAN as he slips out the back, leaving Murple to stare listlessly up at the 50 foot holographic images.

INT. BO SHIP BOWELS—DAY

ALAN tries to find his way back to the executive director's office. He bounces down the hallway after hallway like Bugs Bunny trying to avoid Elmer Fud. Just as he is tripping over an upward closing door, PALAFOX emerges from a door labeled E _GIN_ RO__. Alan falls on his face.

ALAN
Oh, uh, hi.

PALAFAX
So, doors are hard for you, huh?

ALAN
Yeah, guess so. Hey, could you help me get back to the Executive Director's office?

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PALAFAX
Sure, I could stand to get out of here for a while.

Behind Palafax something explodes and a jet of neon green smoke comes out of the door.

PALAFAX
Let’s go.

Palafax grabs Alan’s arm and spins him in the right direction. She glides off with Alan at her heels.

FADE OUT

END ACT ONE

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ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. BOWELS OF BO SHIP—DAY—EARLY AFTERNOON

PALAFAX and ALAN are walking through the rusty corridors of the ship.

PALAFAX
You know, if you really do get transferred, I'll be on my own with these people…

Palafax and Alan pass an open door. On the inside are Alan's co-workers crushed together in a MOB with all of their hands/tentacles in the air. They are shouting.

MOB
Work. Gurble. Work. Gurble. Gurble.

The mob turns to Alan and Palafax. Alan grabs Palafax and pulls her away.

ALAN
Yeah, sorry about that. But can't you transfer, too?

PALAFAX
Nope.

ALAN
Why—

DEHOFF drops down from the ceiling and lands right in front of Alan.

DEHOFF
Alan. Why aren't you at the orientation? How are you going to be a productive member of my crew if you aren't oriented? Now…umm…excuse us…?

(CONTINUED)

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CONTINUED:

PALAFAX
Technical Director Palafax. And gladly.

Palafax bounds away from Alan with Dehoff.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM—DAY—A LITTLE LATER

DEHOFF drags ALAN by the collar of his jumpsuit into the room. Dehoff waltzes away. Alan stand awkwardly at the entrance while his COWORKERS pause from their mob activity to stare at him.

ALAN
Umm…Hi, it's great to see all of you, but I really have to go—

The MOB comes for Alan.

MOB
Gurgle? Gurgle. Work. Gurgle.

ALAN
Yeah, I think I'll just…

Alan turns for the door, but it's too late. He is surrounded and absorbed by the mob.

INT. BO SHIP BOWELS—DAY—4 HRS LATER

PALAFAX is leaning against the rusty wall outside the conference room door. BUREAUCRATS stream out of the door. ALAN stumbles out a few moments after everyone else. His inside-out jumpsuit now has several tears in it.

PALAFAX
Wow. Look at you.

ALAN
Just take me to the Executive Director's office.

PALAFAX
Did they beat you up?

(CONTINUED)

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ALAN
Drop it.

PALAFAX
Is that why you need a transfer—

ALAN
They didn't beat me up, ok?

PALAFAX
So how come you look rougher around the edges?

FLASHBACK—INT. CONFERENCE ROOM—DAY

ALAN steps into the door as it begins to close upwardly. The door is too fast for Alan and he gets stuck. His co-workers try to get him out but his jumpsuit is stuck and tears in the process.

END FLASHBACK

ALAN
There was an accident. No beatings.

PALAFAX
Okay, fine. Come on.

The two start the trek.

ALAN
Palafax, don't you need to be watching the engines?

PALAFAX
So I make a few comments about your appearance and suddenly you don't want me around anymore?

ALAN
No, it's just that…umm, those engines don't seem that sturdy and they probably need constant repair. I really appreciate all your help, really.

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PALAFAX
Well, don't worry, I have someone watching them.

INT. BO SHIP ENGINE ROOM—DAY

MURPLE is standing in the middle of the room alone, sweaty, and covered in neon yellow dust. He is holding a sack. A pipe bursts and black steam spews out. He rushes over and grabs a greasy sock from the sack and stuffs it into the hole.

MURPLE
Ok, Murple, just keep it together. The whole ship is counting on you. Shut up, Zurcon! Just shut up!

INT. BO SHIP BOWELS—DAY

ALAN and PALAFAX are sneaking towards the exec director's office.

PALAFAX
We're almost there. Maybe another ten minutes.

ALAN
It didn't take this long last time.

Palafax rolls her eyes.

PALAFAX
Well last time you didn't run in the only wrong direction to hide from your boss.

FLASHBACK—INT. BO SHIP BOWELS-DAY

ALAN and PALAFAX come to a seven-way intersection. Alan turns to go one way but stops dead when he sees DEHOFF excavating his nose. Before Dehoff notices him, Alan shrieks and runs in the opposite direction.

PALAFAX
Alan, wait.

(CONTINUED)

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ALAN
We can't wait. We have to get away before he comes after us.

The duo are well past the intersection when Alan sees an open doorway. He pushes Palafax through and pushes the button for the door to close. They are in a dark and even rustier corridor than before.

PALAFAX
I think you just blocked the shortest route to the executive director's office.

ALAN
No, I'm sure we can get this door to open again.

Alan presses the button again. Nothing happens. He jams the button down. Nothing. He presses the button in Morse code. Nothing. He kicks the door and then body slams it. Nothing. Palafax rolls her eyes.

END FLASHBACK

ALAN
If you had a boss like Dehoff, you'd run in the opposite direction too.

PALAFAX
Yeah, he's pretty rough on jumpsuits.

ALAN
And how was I supposed to know that we'd get lost?

The duo turn a corner and find a short, chubby orange man—RAYGON. Raygon is crouched over, looking at a gaping hole in the rusty wall.

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ALAN
Hi, Raygon. Whatcha lookin' at?

RAYGON
This hole is intense. I feel like it's sucking me in.

ALAN
If you see a light in there, I think that means you've gone too far.

RAYGON
Huh? Oh.

Raygon scrambles up and faces Alan and Palafax.

RAYGON (Continued)
Hi Alan! Sorry about your suit there, but we were all really worried that you'd get your skin caught in—

ALAN
Yeah, it's ok. Hey, this is the ship's Technical Director, Palafax. Palafax, this is Raygon.

PALAFAX
Hi.

RAYGON
Hey, does that mean you're in charge of the engines and stuff? 'Cause this ship really needs a lot of work. Do you have like a whole crew of your own? How many engines are there? Why is this place covered in rust? Is it true that—

ALAN
Raygon, take a breather. I think your face is turning blue…umm…yeah.

(CONTINUED)

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PALAFAX
Well it's been great meeting you, but I have to show Alan where the executive director's office is.

RAYGON
Oh…Hey, can I come? I'd really like a tour of this place. Dehoff said we'd get one but no one knows when.

PALAFAX
You know, I'm sure that would be great, but—

ALAN
Definitely. Come on, let's go.

PALAFAX
Fine, let's go.

The three make their way down the corridor. As they walk on, there's a mysterious dripping

ALAN
Sounds like dripping, but from where?

The trio keep going. Alan slips and lands on his rear end. His jumpsuit rips even more. Palafax and Raygon stop to help Alan, but then they slip and fall as well. Everyone is on the rusty floor.

RAYGON
Hey, is it me, or did we all just slip and fall for no reason?

PALAFAX
I think we slipped on—

The dripping crescendos. Palafax looks around.
.

PALAFAX
Yep, we slipped on the carbonium mucus.

(CONTINUED)

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ALAN
But I thought only the really old ships had that problem—oh.

PALAFAX
And it’s toxic, so don’t eat it.

It’s too late, Raygon has already licked his hands. He freezes.

RAYGON
Am I going to die?

PALAFAX
Probably not, but don’t put anymore of it in your mouth.

RAYGON
Oh. What if I have to? Like if it’s on my hands and I have to put my hands in my mouth because a great zim-hirned spider comes and bites them and I have to suck out the poison before it gets into my vascular system?

PALAFAX
Why would you have to do that?

RAYGON
I don’t know. But if I do will I die?

PALAFAX
Yes.

RAYGON
Oh.

Palafax eases herself up, and braces herself against the wall.

PALAFAX
Come on, let’s get going. I have to get back to the engine room pretty soon.

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INT. ENGINE ROOM—DAY—AT THAT VERY MOMENT

MURPLE is drenched in purple sweat. His sack is empty—all of the socks are stuffed into cracks. Just to taunt him, a jet of green sludge shoots across the room and onto his face. He blindly shoves the sack into the leak.

MURPLE
Oh, cruel fate, why me? Why me?

INT. BOWELS OF BO SHIP—DAY—A FEW MOMENTS LATER

PALAFAX, ALAN, and RAYGON are wandering along. Alan is limping and trying to keep his bunny underpants from showing through his torn jumpsuit.

RAYGON
Gosh, I'm hungry.

PALAFAX
I'm kind of hungry too, actually. I think the mess hall is around here somewhere.

ALAN
Hey, we need to stay on target here. Executive Director's office.

PALAFAX
Yeah, yeah, but if we all miss dinner, we won't be able to eat again until morning. So you're just going to have to wait.

Palafax feels around a rusty crevice for a beaten up lever. A door pops open to a sparkling kitchen. Raygon and Palafax rush in with Alan bringing up the rear.

RAYGON
Food!

ALAN
Wow, this place looks…clean.

(CONTINUED)

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PALAFAX
Yeah, this is the upper management kitchen. You and Raygon aren't actually supposed to be here…you could even get fired for being here…So there's a plan B for you.

Palafax and Raygon start to gobble out of tubs filled with green and brown goo. Alan is picking at his smaller tub of blue. Raygon only gets half of his food into his mouth, the rest going on his jumpsuit, face, the floor, and the ceiling. Palafax and Alan finish.

ALAN
Are we ready?

PALAFAX
Yeah, we should go.

RAYGON
You guys go, I'll catch up later. Mmm later.

PALAFAX
Ok. Come on, Alan.

Palafax and Alan leave the kitchen

INT. BOWELS OF BO SHIP

ALAN and PALAFAX walk 15 feet and find themselves in a medium-sized room, dark and rusty like the rest of the bowels but with one wall entirely transparent. The view is of sparkling stars and the Bureaucratic Planet.

ALAN
This is unexpected.

PALAFAX
Yeah, I think when this ship was first built there were more of these kinds of rooms, but the windows got covered up with metal to cut down on insulation costs or something.

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CONTINUED:

ALAN
That is expected.

PALAFAX
Yeah, the view is pretty spectacular though, isn't it?

ALAN
Let's see, dreamy tone, sentimentality. You love space, don't you?

PALAFAX
Everyone has to like something…or someone. I like traveling from planet to planet and seeing the stars without smoggy atmospheres getting in the way.

ALAN
But why this ship? I mean this is pretty close to what I would imagine hell to be.

PALAFAX
Well, let's get you to the Executive Director's office. I think we're almost there now.

They snap out of the hypnosis induced by the observation deck. Palafax speeds off down the corridor. Alan trails behind. The duo go down corridor after corridor. Up suction tubes and down gravity shoots. They arrive back at the Executive Director's door.

PALAFAX
Well, we're here. Good luck. I have to get back to the engines. I think the guy I got to baby sit them will be ready to change into an unsoiled jumpsuit by now.

Palafax turns around and leaves Alan.

ALAN
Bye.

(CONTINUED)

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CONTINUED:

Alan turns to the door and presses the button to open it. It opens. Alan looks up and down the corridor and enters.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT TWO

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ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR'S OFFICE—DAY—EVENING

ALAN is blankly standing in the room, alone. He sits in a rusty metal folding chair in front of a large desk. Alan stands up and paces around the room. He ends up behind the desk. Alan looks up at the door and then plunges into the contents of the desk, shuffling through drawers and cabinets. Finally he finds the list of staff and employees for the ship.

ALAN
Let's just see who didn't get their transfer…I'm not on here!

Alan looks up and there's MURPLE standing there, looking at him. Alan jumps.

ALAN
Murple, come on! Every time?

MURPLE
Sorry. Anyway, I came up here to stop you from doing this.

ALAN
Doing what?

MURPLE
Going through this office and getting kicked off the ship!

ALAN
You're right! I could get kicked off the ship for this. This is gre—

Murple flies over the desk, tentacles free to tackle Alan. They both go down. The air is filled with paper and blue slime. The door downwardly creeks open. The EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR, a short, plump man with frizzy grey hair in a black velour jumpsuit, tiptoes in. Murple sees this and hides under the desk. Alan gets up.

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CONTINUED:

ALAN
Oh, hi. Um, I'm here to see you about getting out of, um, here. You see I have the roll sheet here…

Alan looks at his hand, but the sheet is ripped and stained blue.

ALAN (Cont'd)
Umm, well I had the roll sheet here, and I'm not on it. Which makes sense since I was transferred to an entirely different government department yesterday.

EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR
Well, lets take a look at the master roll sheet on the computer, shall we? Computer, is this true, is this young man not supposed to be here?

COMPUTER
That is highly unlikely, sir. All persons on the master list are present and accounted for and no more. If there was even one extra person, the life support systems would detect him…or maybe her?

E.D.
So, you see, you are in the right place. The computer says so.

ALAN
Actually, sir, the computer just said that the numbers matched. It didn't actually check my name or ID against the list of people who are supposed to on board.

(CONTINUED)

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E.D.
Will you have me believe that not only is the computer, a machine built to understand the most complicated logic, faulty in its analysis of this problem, but that a bureaucrat assigned to this assignment kidnapped you at positron-blaster point and forced you onboard this ship in his stead, all the while threatening to dig up your poor dead mother's corpse?

ALAN
I didn't--

E.D.
Ridiculous! Out! Out!

E.D. is shooing Alan out of his office. Alan ignores the tiny man's gestures.

ALAN
Hold on. Hold on right there. I'm not supposed to be here. My name is Alan—

E.D.
I'm sure it is, now get out of here. I'm very busy.

ALAN
This is my life! Aren't you at least going to see if my name shows up on the roll? Computer, display a list of the roll for this ship…please.

A long list of names appears in the air to the side of E.D. and Alan.

ALAN (Cont'd)
See! See! I'm not on here. There are no Alans on here.

(CONTINUED)

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CONTINUED:

E.D.
And yet, here you are.

ALAN
What—

:

E.D.
Well, my boy or girl, you heard what the computer said. Everyone on board is supposed to be here. You are here, therefore you are supposed to be here. Now leave before I am forced to call security.

Alan, deflated, sulks out of the office. Meanwhile, Murple crawls further under the desk.

INT. BO SHIP BUNK 577

ALAN trips over the door and into the tiny room. The room is jammed with two bunks and a block of junky machinery in the middle. Lazing on one bunk is MORGAN, a golden man with a nicely rounded potbelly, lying in a sunbathing posture.

MORGAN
Whew, what happened to you, buddy?

ALAN
Bad day.

MORGAN
What? This is great. Finally we don’t have to deal with the other, incompetent branches of the government. You’re on board with the best of the best, guy.

ALAN
You don’t think that maybe we’re being targeted as obnoxious jerks and isolated because no one else can stand to be around us?

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CONTINUED:

MORGAN
That's ridiculous. I didn't know you were so paranoid, buddy. This is just the beginning. You'll see, soon we'll be running the whole entire galaxy. You know those rumors of rebels on the out planets? We're going there first. We'll really get those dumps under control and then pretty soon we'll be in charge of the whole thing. We'll be like kings. It's the good life for us, Alan my boy.

ALAN
Sounds great, Morgan. But I'm going to need to be well rested for that so, umm, good night.

MORGAN
Good idea, buddy. I'm just going to finish sanding my bunions.

Morgan sticks his feet in the big block of rusty metal parts. A loud, high-pitched buzz rattles the bunk walls. Alan turns over on his bunk, pressing his pillow around his head.

ALAN
I have to get off this ship.

FADE OUT

END ACT THREE

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