

CORNELIUS ADAMS

Written by

Jonathan D. Mabee

Jonathan D. Mabee

WGAW Reg# 1983135

www.jonmabee.com
jonmabee@gmail.com
626-261-3025

Cornelius Adams: Season One, Episode: Pilot

TEASER

INT. LARGE FACTORY FLOOR.

The room is brightly lit, and almost every person standing in the sterile environment squints and holds their hand above their eyes to try to see those around them, as they huddle together in fear. Tall, thin, golden-armored guards patrol the room; their alien bodies covered from head-to-toe reflect blinding light into the faces of any who dare glance at the imposing terrors. Tinted face-masks stare down upon them in silent judgement, as an unseen VOICE bureaucratically DRONES:

VOICE

Number 7-9-8-8-7. Your service
guarantees citizenship. Be grateful
for Her mercy. All hail the
Imperium.

A LOUD DING emits from one of the people standing in the middle of the room, and the area immediately around the SOUND dims, giving those in the small circle a brief reprieve from the blinding light. One of the GUARDS makes its way through the crowd toward the attractive WOMAN (TRA'NECE, 20s) - who is dressed in the same beige uniform of those around her - and is staring at the light glowing from the collar around her neck. She looks back up at her FATHER (JA'CATO, 40s) and younger SISTER (TELL'ELLA, 12) standing next to her. Long narrow slits open along her jaw-line, and, letting out PANICKED GASPS of FEAR through large, magenta-tinted air-sacks that suddenly inflate out of them; her eyes convey a sense of both fear and relief - on her now alien-looking face.

Ja'cato and Tell'ella grip her into a frenzied hug, squeezing her tightly, as their own jaw-line air-sacks inflate. The guard reaches them and he slaps a device onto her back while pushing her father and sister to the ground. He then steps aside, as she vanishes from the room.

JA'CATO

Tra'nece, no!

TELL'ELLA

Wait for me!

Plunging into darkness, dozens of TERRIFIED CRIES ring out from across the now pitch black space. The unseen VOICE states in a COOL DISDAIN:

VOICE

The Bibendum has now ended. Long
live the Imperium and the 'Treaty'
of Savinne.

Small pairs of dim orange lights begin to appear throughout the room from the shoulders of the guard's armor, casting long shadows on the faces of the people who now desperately cling together in small, petrified groups. All of them look human, except not - each possess distinctly alien features found on otherwise human-looking beings. The GUARD CAPTAIN steps up to the front of the room, flanked by a dozen of the golden-armored storm-troopers. The mask and helmet recede into his armor, and the angry-looking face of the TOAD-LIKE creature surveys the room.

GUARD CAPTAIN

Males - bin one. (Beat.) Females - bin two. (Beat.) Younglings - bin three. (Grins.) Start with bin three.

He lets out a loud CROAK, and the guards begin to encircle the fearful and cowering people in the room.

Tell-ella looks frantically into her father's eyes, her air-sacks inflating again.

TELL'ELLA

F- father?! Why- why didn't we get called?! He- he said if...

She begins to tremble and he pulls her into a tight embrace. He then looks up at the now mask-less, frog-like guard that teleported his other daughter away from them.

JA'CATO

That bastard Praetor D'Jerdie! He promised. I gave him everything! Everything!

He looks around the room quickly, then pleadingly up at the towering guard.

JA'CATO (CONT'D)

(Under-breath.)

Give us the transponders, and I'll make it worth your while. I'm still a very wealthy man...

The imposing guard remains silent as he rips Tell'ella out of her fathers embrace, and throws her over his shoulder. Ja'cato lunges at him, but the guard pushes him forcefully to the ground; then turns and walks toward BIN THREE - following several other guards who are also holding CRYING children.

TELL'ELLA

Father! (Beat.) Wait! You don't understand!

(MORE)

TELL'ELLA (CONT'D)
We're supposed to go with her! The
Praetor, he- he promised us!

She tries to squirm out of the guard's grip, but he tightens it firmly.

TELL'ELLA (CONT'D)
P- please! We're supposed to go
with my sister! We- we gave him
everything...

They get to the large, clear-walled container labeled with the number THREE, and he swings her around to face him.

GUARD
You're an abomination, Munattoe.

He CROAKS as he effortlessly snaps her neck with his large, golden-plated webbed-hand, and throws her into the tall container.

Tell'ella's now life-less grey-brown eyes stare out of the clear container's wall - her body rocking slightly, as other children are disposed of in the same fashion, and then thrown into the bin on top of her.

Ja'cato lets out a SCREAM of RAGING SORROW and charges the guard - he's immediately shot dead before his second step.

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

EXT. FRONT PORCH - HOUSE - CARBONDALE, IL - LATE-AFTERNOON.

The air is filled with the sound of waking CICADAS as the golden light from the setting sun, warms the wrap-around porch where three brothers (SHANE, 14; NAZIR, 16; JORDAN, 18 - multi-racial) sit in a tight, focused circle, concentrating on the game of *Magic: The Gathering* they're playing. The modest two-story, middle-class home is well kept and neat, and a 'WELCOME HOME, C!' sign hangs between two American flags draped from the roof of the porch.

Nazir throws down his winning card against Shane, and DECLARES victory.

NAZIR

You up, Jordan. Wanna put 5 on it?

JORDAN

You mean on top of the 5 you still owe me from the last game? You could just give me the money, you know. Might be a little less embarrassing.

NAZIR

Man, shut up!

SHANE

Ooohhhh!

LAUGHING, they pick-up their cards and begin to draw. A silhouette appears on the deck between them.

COP 1

What are you boys doing out here?

The brothers don't notice the two white police officers (COP 1, mid-30's & COP 2, late 20's) who've approached them from the street. Cop 1 walks up the steps and onto the porch, while Cop 2 stays in front of the boys at ground level.

COP 2

Whatcha'all doing?

JORDAN

Playing a game, sir.

COP 2

What's this?

He picks up a small black bag next to Nazir, and undoing the drawstring, empties the contents onto the porch.

Several multi-sided die fall from the bag and roll in different directions.

COP 2 (CONT'D)

Now you boys know you can't be out here playing craps. You know that's illegal.

NAZIR

They're for our game, sir.

COP 1

Uh-huh. (Beat.) How 'bout drugs?

NAZIR

We don't have any, sir.

COP 1

You sure? Not what we heard.

JORDAN

Sir, this is our house. There aren't any drugs here. My mother's inside, if you'd like to speak with her.

COP 2

Oh yeah? Does she know you're out here shootin' dice?

The boys CRY OUT in protest.

A taxi pulls up to the curb in front of the house and a MAN (CORNELIUS ADAMS, 30, multi-racial) wearing a tan Chief Petty Officer's uniform exits the car. He grabs his bag from the back seat, then looks at the situation for a moment, before donning his khaki hat and SIGHING. THANKING the driver, he walks toward the unfolding events.

COP 1

OK listen, we're just going to give you a warning this time. But ya'll need to go inside.

NAZIR

Why?

COP 1

Because you're loitering.

SHANE

No we're not! It's our house, and we're not doing anything wrong, sir.

COP 2

We don't care. You can't be out here.

CORNELIUS

What's the problem, officers?

The cops are surprised to see someone in uniform in their small town, but still size Cornelius up, noticing his rank, large rack of ribbons, and several warfare insignia.

COP 2

This doesn't concern you, sir.

CORNELIUS

Well, this is our house, and these are my brothers... So I think it does.

SHANE

Cornelius!

He leaps up and runs towards Cornelius, wrapping his arms around him.

SHANE (CONT'D)

You're home! How was Afghanistan?! Did you get shot at?!

The cops start to look a little uncomfortable, as they look up at the sign and then back down at Cornelius.

CORNELIUS

Yeah- I mean, no! Look, hold up a sec.

He looks back up at the cops.

CORNELIUS (CONT'D)

Is there an issue here, officers? Did my brothers do something? Do I need to get our mother?

COP 1

No. No issue, sir. We- I think we got the wrong house. (Beat.) Welcome home.

He extends his hand out toward Cornelius, who hesitates for a moment before taking and shaking it firmly.

COP 1 (CONT'D)

Thank you for your service, sir.

COP 2

Yeah, thanks, man.

Cop 2 offers his fist for a bump, which Cornelius obliges with a faint smirk.

CORNELIUS

Yeah, sure. (Beat.) You gentlemen have a good evening, then. Be safe out there.

The cops leave and the boys surround Cornelius with SHOUTS of excitement and admiration.

FADE TO:

EXT. BARN - CARBONDALE, IL - NIGHT.

Later that evening.

Loud LAUGHS RING through the late summer's night, as Cornelius's extended family and friends are gathered around several picnic tables outside of a modern barn. Although late into the evening, the area is well lit and the excitement of Cornelius's return makes it feel as if the party has just gotten started. The 'WELCOME HOME' banner is now hung from the open barn doors along side a sign that reads: 'HAPPY BIRTHDAY/CONGRATS, JORDAN!' People are enjoying food and drink while the captivating, and slightly drunk, Cornelius CONTINUES his TALE:

CORNELIUS

... So you know me, right? I'm like, man, I've been in 12 years, ain't nothin' I haven't seen. But it's this poor Butter-Bars' first trip to Thailand. (Beat.) So, you know... he finally looks down. Then at the top of his lungs, yells: "She's got a dick!"

Everyone LAUGHS.

CORNELIUS (CONT'D)

But he's still sitting there, right. I look him dead in the eye and ask him: So, are you angry or jealous that she's still this hot, though? And it takes him a hot second to respond: "I- I don't know. I- I'm pretty drunk..."

(MORE)

CORNELIUS (CONT'D)
 and I think I'm in love." So, I
 slapped a 20 on the table, told him
 it was on me, and went out to have
 a smoke.

One of his Uncle's (UNCLE RANDY, 55) pulls out a pack of
 cigarettes just as he's saying this, and after taking one,
 offers it to Cornelius.

CORNELIUS (CONT'D)
 Nah, I'm good. If I smoke one, I'll
 smoke a hundred, Uncle Randy.

UNCLE RANDY
 So what happened?

CORNELIUS
 I don't know. I went back to the
 ship. I was pretty drunk too.

UNCLE RANDY
 Then why did you tell us that
 story?

CORNELIUS
 'Cause you asked me what's some of
 the freakiest shit I've seen, that
 I don't think is that freaky
 anymore.

Another one of Cornelius's family members (AUNTIE BEE, 40s)
 SPEAKS UP.

AUNTIE BEE
 That shit's pretty freaky,
 Cornelius.

CORNELIUS
Love is pretty freaky, Auntie Bee.

There's an AMUSED MURMUR among the group. Cornelius picks up
 two *Red Stripes* from the cooler, then reaches for some shot
 glasses and a bottle of rum.

CORNELIUS (CONT'D)
 Is my mom still out here?

AUNTIE BEE
 No, she went in an hour ago.

CORNELIUS
 Word! Jordan! Where you at, man?

Cornelius's younger brother pops his hand up.

CORNELIUS (CONT'D)
Come here, dude. We're doing shots.

AUNTIE BEE
The hell you are! That boy's just
turned 18, Cornelius!

Cornelius opens the bottle and pours a few shots.

CORNELIUS
And in the eyes of Uncle Sam, that
makes him an adult. If he's old
enough to enlist and die for this
country, he's old enough for a
couple of shots, damnit!

The group MURMURS in agreement with him.

CORNELIUS (CONT'D)
Besides, weren't you the one who
got me piss-drunk the night before
I left for boot camp?

The group OOHHS and LAUGHS, as he beckons his brother over,
handing him a *Red Stripe*.

CORNELIUS (CONT'D)
Here's your chaser - and we're
doing five, so you better nurse
that beer, son.

JORDAN
Five?!

CORNELIUS
One for every birthday I missed
being in the Ghan, brother. (Beat.)
But you better get used to seeing
me again, 'cause I'm pretty sure I
can get you stationed with me at my
next command.

He picks up a shot and hands it to Jordan.

CORNELIUS (CONT'D)
Won't be bad having a Chief in your
corner! 'Specially if you get
busted for under-age drinking!

He winks.

CORNELIUS (CONT'D)

The Navy's getting one helluva
sailor on Monday! Congrats, Jordan!
I can't tell you how proud I am!

Cornelius CLINKS his small glass against his brother's, and they down the shot. The group CHEERS as Jordan's face winces in response to the harsh liquid. He coughs a few times and then grins up at Cornelius.

JORDAN

That's pretty gross.

CORNELIUS

Yup. That's why you drink it fast,
sailor!

He grins, picks up two more shots, and he and Jordan down them. Others around the table begin to pour shots and hand them out. Cornelius's Uncle stands up.

UNCLE RANDY

If I'm honest, I'm jealous of you
both. I wish I could go back to my
own navy days... But, if I'm really
honest, I'm scared for you both,
because the world's a pretty shitty
place right now, you know? (Beat.)
But I can't think of two finer men
to keep us safe. We love you, boys.
(Beat.) To Cornelius and Jordan!

Everyone around the table raises their glass, with a
"CHEERS."

Auntie Bee stands up.

AUNTIE BEE

Well, that's all good and
depressing, so I'm just gonna say
this: You two better stay away from
them lady-boys! You hear me!

The group ERUPTS with LAUGHTER.

CORNELIUS

But I'm tellin' you Auntie Bee...
most beautiful woman I've ever
seen.

AUNTIE

You need to get your eyes checked,
son! Does your momma know about
this?

The group BURSTS into LAUGHTER again, while tossing back more shots.

FADE TO:

INT. BARN - EARLY MORNING.

MOOOO.

A brown cow shakes its head and ears as if to bat away an annoying fly, and in the process, shakes the clapper inside the bell around its neck with a CLOP CLOP CLOP.

Cornelius's eyes snap open. A second later he quickly sits up, then grabs his head in pain as the world spins and a HIGH-PITCHED RING fills the air.

A moment passes, and the world rights itself again.

CORNELIUS

What- in the hell...?

He looks around and finds himself sitting in a cattle pen, inside of the barn. Several cows munch lazily on some hay near-by - one of whom has taken an interest in Cornelius and begins to mosey his way. He scratches at his chin and winks at her.

CORNELIUS (CONT'D)

Well, hello beautiful. I'd ask you how I got here, but I'm pretty sure Uncle Randy thought this would be hilarious.

He tries to stand, but can't get his footing and plants his face squarely into some hay on the floor.

CORNELIUS (CONT'D)

Damn. He's right.

He LAUGHS to himself as he sits up and rubs his hand over his face, and looks up at the brown cow who is now just a foot away from him.

CORNELIUS (CONT'D)

Don't suppose you got any Motrin?

The brown cow looks at him indifferently as it BURPS, throws up in its mouth, then begins to chew the fresh cud - letting out a grotesque sigh of stank right into Cornelius's face.

CORNELIUS (CONT'D)

That's... that's fu-

He throws up.

Wiping his mouth, he backs away from the mess and leans up against the rail of the pen to gather himself. Pulling out his cell phone, he watches the cow begin to eat the puke-strewn hay; and, dry-heaving slightly in response, looks at his phone quickly to keep from throwing up again.

"NO SERVICE" reads on his screen as he tries to make a call.

A sudden KLAXON blasts through the air, and a BOOMING VOICE echoes through the barn, startling both Cornelius and the cows.

VOICE

Trreeettt di di di threshtaught.
 Beveloen de Carnagtion. Trreeettt
 di di di threshtaught. (Beat.)
 Bin-din, lankshe're.

Another loud KLAXON rings through the air as unseen doors can be heard SLAMMING SHUT with a HISS. Without warning, an unseen force pushes Cornelius and the cows to the floor - as if some invisible weight has been dropped upon them from above.

Sprawled flat, Cornelius tries to turn his head with little success, and is just able to see the same effect on the cows - who are struggling against the same invisible force in panicked desperation. There's a loud METALLIC LURCH, and the rails of the pen recede, the walls of the barn drop, and the floor begins to shift into a conveyor belt system. Cornelius and the cows join the hundreds of other animals in the huge factory processing bay into single, moving columns.

Row upon row leading to floor upon floor, each conveyor-belt line contains different farm animals - sheep, pigs, cows, chickens - all being pressed against the floor by some invisible force.

Red lights begin to flash, and a moment later, a cold purple mist is sprayed from robotic arms that protrude from the ceiling, covering everything in the room with a freezing cold layer of wet.

Cornelius shivers from the arctic liquid, but is still unable to move.

He's then hit with a jet-stream blast of scalding hot liquid that rips the purple wash from his skin - as well as his uniform shirt and pants, underwear, and shoes. He lets out a SCREAM of pain, which is quickly lost in the SWELL of DISTRESSED OUTCRIES from every animal in the room;

as the feathers are plucked from chickens, and fur and wool are taken in swathes from everything else.

And just as suddenly as the process had started, it stops.

High walls rise on all sides of the platform, segregating the animals from each other. The weight pushing them down is lifted, and Cornelius and the cows are able to move once again. Naked, though still socked, he gets to his feet and looks around. Stunned and shivering, he leans against the still cud-chewing cow for support - who seems to welcome the incidental comfort his arm provides.

CORNELIUS

What... What in the fuck?

Another BLARING ALARM cuts through the air, and a FRANTIC VOICE calls out over unseen loud speakers:

VOICE

Brechat brechat! Nober Brah'nada
linike! Qua li na ze, Tek, zeeben!
Difango lort ness! Difango lort
ness! Difan-

Something crashes into the side of the building, more ALARMS sound, and all Cornelius can do is whip his head toward the overwhelming SOUNDS that ECHO terrifyingly through the high metal walls, as the ground continues to shake. There's another loud BLAST to his right and he's flung to the ground, the high walls around him CRASH back down into the floor.

He sits up and his jaw drops in shock. Through the blue shimmer of an emergency force-field covering the damaged hull leading into outer-space; Cornelius watches several sleek looking space-craft complete a strafing run against the hull in his direction. Another hard knock rocks the spaceship he can't even begin to comprehend he's on, when his body lifts off the ground.

For a brief moment, he forgets where he is as he experiences zero-gravity for the first time. But he's quickly brought back into the present by the brown cow who is now floating above his head - distressed, but still chewing its cud. He then sees several swirling anxious pigs bumping into each other. Then an adolescent sheep - whose only charcoal-grey fur remaining, surrounds its small and adorable face - its CRIES for help, lost in the sounds of the ensuing SPACE BATTLE.

Cornelius stares in bemused amazement and smiles instinctively at the small lamb's cute face.

Another explosion rocks the room and gravity is quickly restored. The lamb free-falls squarely onto Cornelius's face - knocking him out instantly.

CUT TO BLACK.

INT. SPACESHIP - MEDICAL BAY - NIGHT CYCLE.

A HIGH-PITCHED WHIRL brings Cornelius back into consciousness, and finding himself strapped chest-down to a thin table, frantically tries to move. Immobile from the head down, he begins to panic, and there's a deep, disturbing LAUGH from the shadows.

This prompts Cornelius into another desperate struggle against his restraints, but he stops when he hears the HIGH-PITCHED WHIRL again. His eyes dart around the room from his head's restrained position, and a glint of light draws his attention. A pair of surgical-looking tweezers move purposefully towards his face, and Cornelius's eyes cross as he loses sight of the tool approaching his nose.

It opens and clasps onto a single nose hair, then begins to slowly and deliberately pull it from his nostril.

Cornelius SHOUTS in pain as the hair is finally dislodged from his nose, and there's another deep, disturbingly satisfied LAUGH from the shadows.

The contraption WHIRLS slightly as it moves to his other nostril - again reaching out to clasp onto a single nose hair and pull ever-so slowly.

CORNELIUS

Ow! God damn it! Stop it!

Another LAUGH - almost CROAK-LIKE - from the shadows. The machine WHIRLS as it pulls back, splits into two pairs of tweezers, and then re-enter both nostrils. Grabbing onto single hairs each, they begin to pull again.

CORNELIUS (CONT'D)

Mother fucker!

He tenses his body against the restraints, and this time feels them loosen.

The machine pulls back and WHIRLS as it then doubles again, 4 pairs of small tweezers entering each nostril. They extend their prongs, each grasping onto a single hair, and methodically begin to pull.

His entire nose shifts as the hairs are slowly removed in unison - and as they come loose, Cornelius lets out a SCREAM of RAGE, bursting through the restraints holding him down. Naked, though still socked, he gets to his feet to take on the enemy he knows is coming.

Without a sound, a glistening, webbed hand reaches out to grab him by the throat and lifts him off his feet. Cornelius stares into the broad, razor-gummed, thin-lipped mouth of the creature that could easily swallow him whole.

A whiff of noxious air hits Cornelius in the face, and he turns in disgust. The ALIEN'S VOICE (MARRT, Hylid, an armorless version of the frog-like guards from before) states MOCKINGLY:

MARRT

Spleeechi, enndned k'nneennee.

CORNELIUS

What?! What are you saying? What the fu-

The huge, seven-foot creature lets out another deep CROAK-LIKE LAUGH.

MARRT

Boot'cha. Peeshais voot-voot
rebarrbe, gitact? Vebar
Listal'les, gitact?

CORNELIUS

I don't know what you're saying! Oh
my- God! Stop- stop breathing into
my mouth!

He tries to lean his face away from the alien's, but it grabs the top of his head with its other hand, turning his face back toward its own - and states again in a slow and deliberate CADENCE:

MARRT

Peeshais. Voot-voot. Rebarrbe
Listal'les, gitact?

CORNELIUS

I don't- (Beat.) I'm sorry-

Cornelius convulses as his body reacts to the wretched smell of Marrrt's breath, and he throws up. Marrrt lets Cornelius drop to the floor as he jumps back and dodges the projection. Marrrt raises his hand to strike Cornelius, when another VOICE (CAPTAIN TEK, feline, female) PLAYFULLY calls out:

CAPTAIN TEK
Beeleesh! Remmy tim ren tin, Marrt.

Marrt turns toward her with a scowl.

CAPTAIN TEK (CONT'D)
Beguusted, Marrt. Beguusted.

Marrt's hand lowers.

MARRT
Mic'tash! Beo, te'nev tisk meh
grougt neph.

CAPTAIN TEK
Remmy tim ren tin, Marrt. (Beat.)
Bin del tin... rec'tuce?

MARRT
Ayer nego. Troot a'bishet
de'tressa, kitat. Lec'anaughta?

The flight-suited, two-tailed feline creature nods, and the tall, angry looking frog hits a button, creating a stasis field that suspends Cornelius.

Trying to move, he lifts himself a few inches off the deck and into a slow orbit. Bewildered, his body slowly spins, and he gets mere seconds to take in the strange beings - and what they're doing - before they're out of his rotating eyesight.

The intimidating feline Captain strides towards Cornelius and stares at him with her narrow golden eyes, her multi-hued purple hair bristles slightly as she takes him in.

CAPTAIN TEK
Rrrecht'ta... Du bisenney Ert,
Chloe?

There's a BAAHHH from the shadows, as the same adolescent, charcoal-grey, wooly-headed sheep (CHLOE) that knocked Cornelius out previously, walks into the light.

CAPTAIN TEK (CONT'D)
Mu ta'atte neh Conalubet Dahl? Neh
te'esste pre'tate Ert, Chloe?

BAAHHH. The young sheep BELTS in reply.

The Captain shrugs her shoulders and nods to Marrt, who leaves the room. Cornelius tries to speak, but the stasis field has muffled his ability to do so. The sheep walks up to Cornelius, and looks at him inquisitively. She then looks at the Captain and asks:

CHLOE THE SHEEP
Baahh ahh ahh, baahh?

The Captain nods her head and RESPONDS. Cornelius, rotating just beyond sight of the continuing CONVERSATION, is now starting to truly freak out - at least, as much as he can in the stasis field holding him.

A moment later, Marrt returns with a small, spherical device attached to a long shaft in his hand. He reaches into the stasis field and grabs Cornelius by the back of the neck - yanking him around and bending him over.

Cornelius's eyes widen with fear in what's about to happen, but is still unable to move or speak.

CHLOE THE SHEEP (CONT'D)
Bahhhhhh! Bahh ahh ah ahhhh bah!

Marrt's grip slackens, and he lets out a putrid SIGH into Chloe's face, who backs up in disgust. He straightens Cornelius up and turns him back around with a look of disappointment, frowning and MUTTERING through his thin lips:

MARRT
Mic'tash! Du nesta de trank,
'Chloe.'

CAPTAIN TEK
Neh coutartar, Marrt. Jus puuniich,
de occasse, bin din.

Marrt indicates for Cornelius to open his mouth for the device, and Cornelius stares at him in defiance. Marrt then raises his hand threateningly, as if to forcefully shove it down his throat, and Cornelius purses his lips together tightly. The Captain SIGHS.

CAPTAIN TEK (CONT'D)
Reck tasha, bein.

Letting out a CHUCKLE, Marrt moves aside as the Captain walks up to Cornelius and extends her hand into the field, stroking his chest. Marrt raises his hand and signals Cornelius to open his mouth and take the device again - this time with a TONE of "are you sure?" And again Cornelius refuses.

CHLOE THE SHEEP
Baaa baahah aaa, bahhhhhh?

CAPTAIN TEK
Neh te'esk. (Beat.) Nech.

The Captain smiles devilishly as she lowers her hand and grabs Cornelius by his testicles. Cornelius's mouth opens in a silent scream of pain - allowing Marrrt to plunge his fist into the field and deposit the device down his throat.

Withering with pain in slow-motion as the device makes its way into his system, the stasis field slows the process, and both Marrrt and the Captain enjoy the prolonged and sadistic display before them.

To Cornelius's surprise, he begins to understand their CONVERSATION, as each uncontrollable twitch makes his entire body contort into uncomfortably odd angles - which he is forced to remain in for several awkward moments while continuing to rotate in the stasis field.

MARRT

... but I can't?! That's not fair!
(Beat.) I can't believe you wasted
a cyco-bionetic unit on this piece
of meat. What's the point if we
just end up recycling this thing?

CAPTAIN TEK

We're not going to recycle him.
(Beat.) We're going to auction him.

MARRT

What?! Why?

CAPTAIN TEK

Because Chloe here says he's the
real-deal.

MARRT

She's only alive because you've got
a soft spot for kids. Cap-

Tek glares at him. Chloe struts around excitedly from behind her, STATING confidently in an up-beat, typical MID-WESTERN TEENAGER'S voice:

CHLOE THE SHEEP

I'm a lamb, actually, and we're not
very tasty! (Beat.) I'm telling you
the truth! One minute I was eating
with my mom, then there was all
these bright lights and sounds, and
so much paaaain! And then I was
flying, and then this guy saved my
life when I fell! (Beat.) Please
don't hurt him, he saaaved my life!

The Captain entertains her plea and looks back at Cornelius, examining him slowly.

CAPTAIN TEK

But look at him, Marrrt! He's got to be one-of-a-kind. Look at his skin - he'll fetch a fortune. I've never seen one with dark skin before - somebody must really be a pervert. (Beat.) Even if it is only a Conalubet, he's got no metadata imprint... so there's no way to track him.

MARRT

It's just a Conalubet, who cares what color it is. Let's just recycle his bio-nano-tech and eat what's left of him.

CHLOE THE SHEEP

He's human and he saved my life! Pleaaase don't hurt him!

The Captain turns to Marrrt with a decided resolve.

CAPTAIN TEK

We're going to Krutai.

MARRT

The hell we are! You know there's a bounty out on me in that sector!

CAPTAIN TEK

Then don't leave the ship.

MARRT

But it's been a month since our last port-call... Captain, what am I supposed to-

CAPTAIN TEK

Our contract is for you to follow orders, not complain about your own piss-poor choices in life, Marrrt. Now shut up, and tell the Navigator where we're going. Then take Chloe to her quarters and clean her up - and don't eat her. That's an order. We're gonna sell'em as a set - it'll be fucking adorable.

Marrrt SIGHS.

MARRT

Aye, Captain. (Beat.) Come on
Dinner, it's bath time.

CHLOE THE SHEEP

Yay! Bath time! (Beat.) Wait,
you're really not going to eat me,
right?

MARRT

(Begrudgingly.)
No.

CHLOE THE SHEEP

Then: Yay! Bath time! You have no
idea how bad I need a bath right
now!

Chloe jumps into Marrrt's large webbed hands and he slouches
off down the corridor.

CHLOE THE SHEEP (CONT'D)

I've never taken a space bath. Do
you have water in space? How about
grass? I'm hungry. Do you have
trees? Have any apples? What do you
do when it rains? Oh my
goooooodness, does it even rain in
space? I've never even thought
about that before!

Marrrt SIGHS HARD as Chloe continues pelting him with a
BARRAGE of questions. The door closes behind them, and the
Captain turns her attention to a naked and bewildered
Cornelius - still slowly rotating and sporadically twitching
in the stasis field.

She turns a dial and the stasis field opens around
Cornelius's head and chest - he comes to a stop facing her.

CAPTAIN TEK

Can you understand me?

CORNELIUS

Y- yes?

CAPTAIN TEK

Good. Why were you on the
Listal'les's ship? They don't seem
to be the type to have your kind
around.

CORNELIUS

The who? (Beat.) Can I just- um.
Can I just... uh- are we... uh?
What the hell are you?

Surprised, she lets out a hearty LAUGH.

CAPTAIN TEK

When Chloe said- I didn't believe-
but you're an actual human, aren't
you?!

CORNELIUS

Um... yes?

Her face splits into a razor-sharp, toothy grin - her eyes
narrowing into a lustful gaze.

CAPTAIN TEK

The Brae'te Imperium would shit if
they knew you were here. The
Listal'les really are upping their
game. (Beat.) Earth's off-limits
you see, has been for over 125
years. Which means you're worth a
fortune, Contraband, a fortune. And
look at you, I've never seen
such... uniqueness.

CORNELIUS

Worth a-... This- this is a dream,
right? I- can't really be talking
to a six-foot cat in a form-fitting
flight suit, who I find... oddly
attractive. Man, I kinda miss
getting this drunk. (Beat.) OK,
it's been fun, but it's time to
sober up and get the fuck home
before I make any- regrettable
mistakes. No offense, I mean,
you're fine as hell. But-

He tries to move, but the stasis field is still keeping him
suspended like fruit in Jello. The Captain lets out another
round of hearty LAUGHTER and caresses Cornelius's cheek.

CAPTAIN TEK

You are absolutely adorable, you
know that? Back-handed flattery
like that might just get you a trip
to my quarters. (Beat.) But then...
I don't think you quite understand
your situation, pet.

The Captain walks to the wall across from them and hits a button. The blast-shield rises, and beyond it, the infinity of space can be seen through the thick window.

Cornelius stares in disbelief, and the Captain releases the rest of the stasis field, freeing him. He stumbles as he finds his feet and walks toward the window - staring in stupefied awe at the amazing sights before him: stars, galaxies, nebulas, planets - the universe.

He continues to walk right up to the large window, and is entranced by the view. Only when his penis touches the cold glass as he walks into it, does he come back into the present and grasp the actual reality of his current situation.

He looks down and finally, truly, realizes that he's naked, on a spaceship, and thousands of miles from home in the middle of the universe. Dropping his hands to cover himself, he turns to Tek with a look of fear and confusion; then back out the window, then down, then back toward the Captain. He starts shaking with incomprehension.

CAPTAIN TEK (CONT'D)

Ah, and now he's modest. Priceless.

Cornelius stares at her, speechless.

CAPTAIN TEK (CONT'D)

Let's get you clean and clothed, my precious Contraband. It's going to be an exciting couple of days.

FADE TO:

INT. TEK'S SPACESHIP - CORNELIUS'S CABIN - DAY CYCLE.

A few hours later.

An animated Chloe is standing on the bunk-bed across from where Cornelius has lain down after getting to shower and put on clothes. Now wearing a flight-suit slightly too big for him, he relaxes as he half-listens to Chloe continue her OVER-DRAMATIC tale:

CHLOE THE SHEEP

...Sooo-oooh, instead of getting into trouble by going to Earth and grabbing their own, Captain Tek high-jacked the Listal'les and took theirs. (Beat.) And you know what's really messed up?

Cornelius SIGHS.

CORNELIUS

What's that?

CHLOE THE SHEEP

They were going to sell us on the black market as meat. Can you believe that? They eat us out here, Cornelius.

CORNELIUS

You've- seriously never heard of lamb-chops?

Chloe stares at him, dumbfounded and disgusted.

CHLOE THE SHEEP

Wait, what? That's pretty fucked up, maaaaan. We're just kids...

He swings his feet to the ground as he sits up and looks around the room, then scratches his growing beard as he glances through the viewport into space.

CORNELIUS

Well, you're in luck, Chloe. I don't really like lamb - little too chewy for me, you know?

Chloe's mouth drops.

CORNELIUS (CONT'D)

But why am I here? I get them wanting farm animals - you guys are delicious. But why me? And why do they keep calling me a 'Conalubet?'

CHLOE THE SHEEP

Well, Marrrt said that since real humans are illegal, they used to make copies of them called Conalubet Dahls to... to do things with.

CORNELIUS

What things? Why are we illegal?

CHLOE THE SHEEP

He didn't say.

CORNELIUS

Well, what do they do with them?

Her face falls in a bit of embarrassment.

CHLOE THE SHEEP
Things...

CORNELIUS
Like what?

CHLOE THE SHEEP
Well, mostly...

CORNELIUS
Yeah?

CHLOE THE SHEEP
Well, uh... You know, like, Spring-
Time things...

CORNELIUS
Spring-Time thing-...? Oh. Oh, no.
Fuck that. We're getting out of
here before any of that kind of
shit goes down. They're not gonna
sell me to some perv-

CHLOE THE SHEEP
But how do we get back home,
Cornelius? Do we even know where we
are?

CORNELIUS
I- No. I guess we don't.

He stares out of the room's viewport again feeling lost, and
leans back against the wall.

CORNELIUS (CONT'D)
I guess it's just you and me then,
huh?

Chloe jumps down off her bunk and onto Cornelius's. She rests
her woolly head on his chest and kneels down next to him.
Cornelius begins to gently stroke her bare back as they both
enjoy a moment of peace - their eyes begin to slowly close
for some much needed sleep.

BUZZ.

The door opens and two Hyloid GUARDS (GUARD ONE, frog-like;
GUARD TWO, toad-like) enter the room.

GUARD ONE
To your feet. Captain's invited you
to lunch.

Cornelius groggily gets to his feet, and Chloe jumps down to follow.

GUARD TWO

Leave the kid. Captain said this is just for the grown-ups.

CHLOE THE SHEEP

Yeah, you know I'm like 17 in human years, right? I'm going!

Guard Two throws a small bale of hay onto the ground in front of Chloe, stopping her in her tracks.

GUARD TWO

Eat. Stay. Live.

They motion Cornelius forward, and leave the room.

CHLOE THE SHEEP

You guys better not hurt him! You be-ee-ee-ee-tter not! I'm gonna mess you up reaal baaaaaa-!

The door closes.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. TEK'S SPACESHIP - CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS - DAY CYCLE.

The door opens and Cornelius enters the Captain's quarters. The room looks like a den: comfy chairs, day-beds, and pillows surround a large table at the center of the space. Captain Tek is already seated with some of her crew eating, and signals Cornelius to take the seat next to her.

CAPTAIN TEK

Ah, there he is! Come in, come in! Let us get to know one another - I need details to brag about for the auction.

He hesitates for a moment, but steps forward when he sees Marrt and his crew pointing weapons at him. Walking toward the table, Cornelius sees several other species of aliens - all female - sitting around the room, all staring neutrally back at him. Several of the mammalian-looking women sniff the air as he approaches, their large, reflective eyes narrowing as they take him in. A SOFT PURR emanates from a large GECKO-LOOKING WOMAN, who strokes her broad tail as he walks closer. Tek let's out a playful TSK TSK, and she gives him a sharp and toothy smile.

Tek pulls out the chair and beckons him to sit, which he does.

CAPTAIN TEK (CONT'D)
 You know, I don't believe we've
 been properly introduced. I'm
 Captain Gilliard Tek of the
Brah'Nada.

CORNELIUS
 Uh, hi. I'm-

CAPTAIN TEK
 Absolutely beautiful, pet.

She reaches out and pulls the chair towards her to get a closer look at Cornelius - who winces slightly when she takes a deep sniff from his neck.

CAPTAIN TEK (CONT'D)
 Mmm... you smell... Intoxicating,
 but at the same time- repugnant - I
 think is the word I'm looking for.
 I think I'm beginning to see the
 appeal...

The crew MURMUR with CAT-CALLS. Tek places her booted-foot on the lip of Cornelius's chair between his legs, and pushes him back toward the table as she slouches comfortably into her chair - SIGHING.

CAPTAIN TEK (CONT'D)
 Nobody name it. I don't want any of
 you getting attached.

Another MURMUR of CAT-CALLS and LAUGHTER from the crew. Cornelius looks nervously around.

CORNELIUS
 Can I- uh... Wh- why am I here?

CAPTAIN TEK
 I don't know if that really matters
 anymore, love. You just are.

Cornelius lets that sink in for a moment.

CORNELIUS
 Am I your prisoner?

CAPTAIN TEK
 Only if you wish to be treated as
 one.

CORNELIUS

But you said you were going to sell me, like a slave...

CAPTAIN TEK

Auction! And into a life of luxury, you silly thing. (Scoffs.) Let's begin at the beginning, before we talk about what's to come. (Beat.) Why were you with the Listal'les?

CORNELIUS

I- I don't know who that is. Look, last thing I remember was getting my little brother drunk - then waking up on a spaceship full of farm animals getting tortured - me along with them! I don't know how I got there, and I don't know how I got here. (Beat.) Can you please just tell me what's going on?

CAPTAIN TEK

Sure. It's pay-day.

The crew all LAUGH again.

CORNELIUS

P-please, Captain. I- I don't understand- this doesn't make any sense!

CAPTAIN TEK

All I can tell you is that sometimes things just don't make sense, pet. Fate's a fickle lover.

Cornelius's face falls and his eyes drift. Tek cheerily changes the subject.

CAPTAIN TEK (CONT'D)

But let's talk about you! What did you do on Earth?

CORNELIUS

What? Oh. Uh, I'm in the navy.

CAPTAIN TEK

Does Earth finally have interstellar travel again? The Imperium's not going to like that.

CORNELIUS

Have what?

CAPTAIN TEK

The ability to leave your solar system...?

CORNELIUS

N-no? I'm just- just in the regular navy. You know, out to sea... What do you mean again?

CAPTAIN TEK

Oh. Well, that's a shame. Never mind. What did you do 'out to sea'?

CORNELIUS

I'm an Operations Specialist.

CAPTAIN TEK

A warrior?

CORNELIUS

Uh... no? More like, uh, radars and stuff.

The gecko-looking woman SPEAKS up:

GECKO WOMAN

Sexiest Navigator I've ever seen.

The group lets out another bout of TEASING LAUGHTER.

CORNELIUS

Sure... Something like that. Look, can you just let me go?

CAPTAIN TEK

And where would you go?

CORNELIUS

Back to Earth.

The room breaks into LAUGHTER again.

CAPTAIN TEK

Oh my sweet, sweet, pet... I'm afraid there's a few things you need to know. The first is that you're never going back to Earth again.

CORNELIUS

But I... (Long Beat.) Please, I've got people who need me back home.

The crew lets out a SYMPATHETIC AWW - then PITILESS LAUGHTER rings throughout the room. Tek holds up a hand silencing them.

CAPTAIN TEK

No. Even if you were able to sway me outta early retirement, the Brae'te Imperium has all but sealed your sector shut. The Listal'les are dumb enough to smuggle shit off your world, but- who takes big risks, when you've got bigger guns?!

The crew lets out a CHEER and POUND the table in agreement.

CORNELIUS

Then take me back!

CAPTAIN TEK

No. My mind's made up. I'm gonna retire.

She leans back in her chair and puts her hands behind her head.

CORNELIUS

Captain, please!

CAPTAIN TEK

And give up the chance of finally buying my own planet?

The crew CHEERS and POUNDS the table again. She smiles widely.

CAPTAIN TEK (CONT'D)

But where are my manners? I should know the name of my retirement package, shouldn't I?

He stares at her in disbelief, and at a loss of words. He remains silent, not really knowing how to respond. She glares threateningly at him.

CORNELIUS

Cor- Cornelius Adams.

There's a collective GASP, and Tek leaps from her chair, back-handing Cornelius to the ground. Two guards rush toward him and shove their weapons into his rib cage - keeping him pinned.

CAPTAIN TEK

You would dare?! You would dare say this, to me, in my own quarters? If you weren't about to make me rich-! Explain yourself!

CORNELIUS

What?! All I said was my name - Cornelius-

Another collective GASP. One of the guards spits on him.

CAPTAIN TEK

You say it again?! Your worth keeps you alive, human; but your ignorance will not keep you comfortable. Now, tell me your name!

CORNELIUS

Cornelius is my name!

Another HISS from around the room.

CAPTAIN TEK

Ugh, take him to the brig! Disgusting filth. (Beat.) Send a message probe to Krutai to set-up the auction, and make sure it back-channels to Creator Obre. (Beat.) We're gonna turn some heads with this little foul-mouthed beauty, sisters!

The crew again POUNDS the table with a CHEER at the Captain's declaration, as Cornelius is dragged out of the room by the guards.

END OF ACT ONE.

ACT TWO

INT. DOCKING BAY CORRIDOR - LOWER DECKS - ORBITING STAR-BASE -
PLANET SAVINNE - NIGHT CYCLE.

SESSI OBRE (ancient, yet spryly young; Humanoid) impatiently pushes past the air-lock doors as they slowly open on either side of his broad shoulders. With a slight WHEEZE, he lights the *Lucky Strike* resting between his lips with a *Zippo* and takes a long drag.

Blowing out a relieved smoky SIGH of satisfaction, he walks purposefully down the air-lock passage-way - decontamination vents immediately whisking the smoke away as they walk. His crew of three (LIBRITOR, female; OPIFEX, male; GUBERNATOR, male) armed KURUMBO (4ft, dark-skinned, armadillo-like creatures) walk in a tight, military formation behind him. Speaking through the exhale, in a RASPY SMOKERS voice:

SESSI OBRE

Ah, now this is more like it. No
pomp, no fuss - just a quick exit
and an even quicker cigarette.

He takes another long drag from the cigarette, nearly burning through all of it, as he reaches into his robes for another - placing it between his lips and lighting it with the one he just finished. He pulls out a silky, rust-colored cloth and extinguishes the still cherried-butt into it. It's instantly absorbed and vanishes as he puts the cloth back into his pocket, looking satisfied.

LIBRITOR

We appreciate you not smoking in
the ship, Creator- but-

SESSI OBRE

Call me Captain. And don't be
ridiculous - you aren't immortal -
these things would eventually kill
you, directly smoked or not.

She smiles at him with an appreciative humor, and bows slightly.

LIBRITOR

As you say, Captain.

He stops at the air-lock door leading into the cargo bay and looks around the employee-less room, as he takes another long drag from his cigarette. He extinguishes it in the same fashion as before, then french-exhales:

SESSI OBRE
I can't believe there isn't a
single guard.

LIBRITOR
Just as we were told.

SESSI OBRE
Well... complacency kills. Or at
least in this case, takes things
without asking.

LIBRITOR
But how can you steal something you
created, Creator?

SESSI OBRE
I didn't create the Umbra, I found
them... and I shouldn't have. And
our offspring have now put the
entire universe in peril because,
of this fool's errand. The double-
edged sword of discovery, I'm
afraid. Now, for the fifth time
today, please, call me, Captain.

He waves his hand at the door, and a loud HISS fills the
passage-way as it opens. They enter the semi-dark room.

CUT TO:

INT. SPECIMEN CARGO BAY - LOWER DECKS - ORBITING STAR-BASE -
PLANET SAVINNE - NIGHT CYCLE (CONTINUOUS).

Dozens of cages of various sizes line the darkened room in
rows - each filled with exotic looking 'lower-level' species
of aliens, who react in various ways as they pass - some
friendly, some ferocious.

His stomach GURGLES loudly.

SESSI OBRE
Let's find the Umbra quickly, shall
we? My apologies for missing
breakfast this morn... Hmm?

Something catches his eye in the corner of the room. The
familiar figure of a silhouette rests in a container against
the back wall. He quickly changes direction and heads toward
it - the Kurumbo following in precise adjustment.

SESSI OBRE (CONT'D)
 Almost as if to remind me of why I
 am here...

LIBRITOR
 Captain?

She moves ahead of him to clear a few heavy crates that block his apparent objective; but he beats her too it with surprising effortlessness, and tosses them aside like paper. She looks at him with a bit of irritation.

SESSI OBRE
 I'm sorry. I keep forgetting I'm,
 'retired.'

He looks fondly upon four life-less human (two male, two female) bodies floating in stasis chambers - their eerie thousand-yard stare presenting a haunted look of horror upon their Geisha-white faces.

SESSI OBRE (CONT'D)
 Beh! I never did like the color.

He looks back at Libritor.

SESSI OBRE (CONT'D)
 Do you remember when we first met?

LIBRITOR
 Of course, Crea- Captain. It was
 our most honored day.

SESSI OBRE
 To fulfill the desires of the
 flesh, and end the madness born of
 the holocaust. (Beat.) That is the
 answer to your question. It made me
 very rich, but- well, never really
 solved the issue.

LIBRITOR
 Forgive me, Captain, but I- do not
 understand?

SESSI OBRE
 The Munattoes, of course...

His face falls a bit.

SESSI OBRE (CONT'D)
 They were condemned, and made
 illegal life-forms as part of the
 treaty to end the War.

(MORE)

SESSI OBRE (CONT'D)

But the love for humanity would not be quelled, and the Imperium killed millions in their quest to 'sanitize' terrestrial contact with Earth.

He stares longingly at the lifeless husks.

SESSI OBRE (CONT'D)

The Conalubet Dahls were the first of my creations I felt truly answered a quagmire facing the universe. But, it wasn't the body we desired... it was the soul.
(Beat.) Now they're but relics of a failed attempt to fix the universe - though, I suppose I am as well, eh?
Ha! (Beat.) You know, I think I'd like to take these with-

Libritor lets out a GASP of DISGUST, and Sessi quickly turns to see what's caused her reaction.

Across the room, three large containers sit filled to the brim with lifeless bodies. One tank filled with men, the second filled with women, and the third tank... with babies and children.

Some of the bodies look almost human; if not for peculiar eyes, or webbed appendages, or other small variants of noticeable distinction. Sessi catches his reflection next to a young girl (Tell'Ella), whose grey-brown eyes are nearly the same color as his own. Her soul-less blank stare creates a chill in the air around him, he lingers on her for a few moments before pulling his gaze away in disgust.

LIBRITOR

Munattoes? But- why?

She walks towards the tank with Gubernator - who scans the containers. He silently hands her his display pad, and after inspecting it:

LIBRITOR (CONT'D)

None bare registration markings.
They must have failed the Mitma Lottery and were sent here.

He looks back into the containers and Sessi's face falls as if seeing the death of his own children before him. His voice becomes STRAINED as his eyes redden.

SESSI OBRE

But... not like this...

He trembles as he closes his eyes and looks away from the carnage - the sadness on his face betraying the true age of his spry and youthful vigor.

SESSI OBRE (CONT'D)
And the Umbra, is it-?

Glancing at her male counter-parts for confirmation as she sniffs the air along side them:

LIBRITOR
No, Captain. It must be planet-side. (Beat.) What- what are your orders?

He brings his hand to his chest in a sweeping motion, as if grabbing something in front of him, and then motions towards his space-ship (the *ROSEBUD*) docked outside the air-lock. Every living creature and its cage disappear from the room.

SESSI OBRE
Leave me.

LIBRITOR
Captain, please- we will help-

SESSI OBRE
I said leave!

The word ECHOES POWERFULLY around them, and they also vanish from the room. He points his hand at the space-ship and flicks his wrist - hurtling the ship away from the dock and into open space.

Sessi begins to glow, as CRACKLING blue-white bolts of energy jump between different points of his body; while other bolts branch out and tag everything else within the room. His eyes sparkle with a mad energy as his voice DROPS into DISTORTED OCTAVES while staring at the massive loss of innocent life, dumped unceremoniously into the tanks before him.

SESSI OBRE (CONT'D)
Not like- this!

The pent up energy held within his tiny flesh-frame begins to boil and stretch the craggy and wrinkled skin of mortal form - growing it into thrice its size.

SESSI OBRE (CONT'D)
Not like THIS!

He launches his arms into the air and moves his hands about like a symphony conductor.

The crackling blue-white bolts of energy dance around him, filling the room with lightening as the bolts are worked up into large coils that wrap around each limp and lifeless body.

With each wave, thrust, and flick of his hands, the power of each coil is brought to a flash-point, and several bodies within the tanks vanish. Continuing in a rhythm only he can hear, he empties all three containers within moments.

The effort drains him, and he staggers forward to the now-empty tanks - his glow and size slowly receding. He leans against the thick clear wall, and slides down into a sit at the base of the container.

Tears still streaming down his face, he reaches into his robes, pulls out a *Lucky Strike*, and lights it with his *Zippo* - taking a long, cigarette-finishing drag.

Pocketing the lighter, he french-exhales, and stares at the cherried-butt in his now small and bony fingers for a long, contemplating moment.

He flicks it into the air, and the room incinerates around him.

SMASH TO:

INT. MAIN ENTRANCE - SAVINNE CORPORATE HEADQUARTERS - PLANET SAVINNE - DAY.

Sessi bursts through the doors of the Savinne Corporate Office Headquarters, his Kurumbo crew back in tow. Storming down the large hall - small discharges of blue-white static still emanating from his body - a young FEMALE ALIEN wearing a green corporate uniform rushes toward him.

FEMALE ALIEN

C-... C-C-C-Creator! We- you're early, sir. The ceremo-

SESSI OBRE

Where's Kranata?!

FEMALE ALIEN

I- Who, sir?

SESSI OBRE

(Snappish)

You know damned well who, girl! My Offspring!

He passes her, and she spins around on her heel to catch up to- then quickly passes him- to open a door before he gets to it. She shakes in her shoes as he storms past her again - and just as she's about to let out her long held breath - he suddenly stops and turns on her.

The woman uncomfortably GASPS to hold back her exhale once again, and Sessi can't help but let out a little LAUGH as he sees her on the verge of passing out. Some of the energy begins to recede around him.

SESSI OBRE (CONT'D)
Please breathe, my dear. You're
turning violet.

Still nervous, but relieved, she lets out her breath and smiles sheepishly at Sessi; who returns her smile in a grandfatherly fashion. Her stomach suddenly GURGLES loudly, and her face reddens in embarrassment.

Reaching into his robes, he pulls out the silky rust-colored handkerchief.

SESSI OBRE (CONT'D)
Hold up your hand.

FEMALE ALIEN
S- sir?

SESSI OBRE
Your hand, please.

She cautiously lifts her right hand, and Sessi places the shiny cloth on top of it.

SESSI OBRE (CONT'D)
If you could eat anything right
now, what-? Oh!

He lifts the cloth, and in her hand sits a delicate and delectable looking lavender pastry, covered with tropical berries.

SESSI OBRE (CONT'D)
What is that?!

She's shocked.

FEMALE ALIEN
A... A- trekatarry- tart... How?

SESSI OBRE
It looks delightful!

He places the silky cloth over his large and craggy hands and creates four identical pastries, then lowers it to the Kurumbo, who each take one, bowing. His blue-white glow fades completely as he looks at the pastry in delight.

Still stunned, the Female Alien smiles slightly as Sessi gives her a knowing wink.

SESSI OBRE (CONT'D)
Magic. (Beat.) Now, Please.

They all enjoy a moment of scrumptious pleasure.

With a bit of cream on his lip, Sessi realizes he has nothing to wipe his mouth with, and shrugging, wipes it with the sleeve of his robes. He then wipes the chin of the Female Alien, who again stares at him in shock.

SESSI OBRE (CONT'D)
Excuse my intrusion, but I can't very well let you stand here with cream on your chin, now can I?
(Beat.) Thank you for breakfast, it was an absolute treat! Now, good morning! How are you? How long have you been with us, my dear?

FEMALE ALIEN
Th-thank- I- G- good morning, Creator? I- f-five months?

SESSI OBRE
And how has your experience been so far?

FEMALE ALIEN
I- it- uh- It's been good, Creator.

SESSI OBRE
Truly?

FEMALE ALIEN
Y- yes.

LIBRITOR
She lies.

The woman looks shocked, scared, and about to faint.

FEMALE ALIEN
Y- you're not supposed to talk, Kurumbo! (Beat.) No! It's- it's been wonderful! Truly, Creator!

LIBRITOR

Another.

FEMALE ALIEN

No! Stop- Don't say that, you're not supposed to speak- Creator Obre, please believe me, it's been amazing! It's just...

SESSI OBRE

What is it, my dear?

She's petrified, but knows she can be honest as he quietly looks upon her with grandfatherly concern.

FEMALE ALIEN

I- I don't know how- how to describe it, Creator. There just- just seems- I mean, since the Creators left - to be a chill in the air. Like...

She blushes in embarrassment.

FEMALE ALIEN (CONT'D)

But it's just a silly feeling, I'm sure there's noth-

Libritor raises her snout and sniffs the air.

LIBRITOR

She speaks the truth.

His eyes narrow.

SESSI OBRE

Damn them.

Libritor moves closer to Sessi and WHISPERS something up to him. He looks intrigued and smiles at the young alien woman.

SESSI OBRE (CONT'D)

Thank you again for breakfast, those were truly delicious.

He leans in and WHISPERS in her ear.

SESSI OBRE (CONT'D)

You must leave here, girl. Now! Passing or not, they will find out what you are, no matter how small a trace.

He takes a step back.

SESSI OBRE (CONT'D)
 Now, back to work, my dear! We
 can't very well pay you to stand
 here at eat all day!

Sessi takes a few steps away from the young woman - who now
 looks even more confused - and begins to HUFF himself into
 the TANTRUM he originally had entering the building -
 beginning to storm down the hall once again.

There's a soft CHIME from Libritor's communication earpiece
 and she stops for a moment to listen.

LIBRITOR
 Captain- a message from Gilliard
 Tek...

SESSI OBRE
 Not now.

LIBRITOR
 She says she's holding an auction,
 on station Krutai.

SESSI OBRE
 We don't have the time-

LIBRITOR
 But, Creator... she says she has a
 human from Earth.

Sessi stops in his tracks.

SESSI OBRE
 Dead, or alive?

LIBRITOR
 Alive.

He whips himself around to face her, almost losing his
 balance in shock.

SESSI OBRE
 But how- how is that possible?

LIBRITOR
 The message has ended.

SESSI OBRE
 Who else received it?

LIBRITOR
 It was only Theta encrypted, so...

SESSI OBRE

That woman does know how to get my attention. (Sighs.) I suppose blowing up a space station will suffice in getting the 'children's' attention for now. And they can't move the Umbra before the ceremony because I might find out they have it... Back to the *Rosebud*, then. Let's see if the good Captain is after her own planet again.

CUT TO:

INT. TEK'S SPACESHIP - BRIG - NIGHT CYCLE.

Cornelius is passed out on a cot in a brig cell, and seems to be finally getting the rest he's needed.

A long, thin, glistening, purple and black tongue reaches out from the next cell and makes its way between the big- and second toe of his right foot. It hesitates, then begins to slowly move back and forth, working up a slight froth.

It stops suddenly, as the foot jerks. Cornelius shifts slightly, and the moist tongue slackens to keep between his toes as he moves.

After a long moment of stillness, it begins to wiggle its way into- then out of- the crevasse between each of his toes - a softly shuddered EROGENOUS BREATH is released, as the owner of the extremity savors the experience.

It begins to make its way down his foot, wrapping around it and then retracting a bit - another long SHUDDERED BREATH following down the tongue. It does this several times before it hits the fuzzy head of Chloe the Sheep - who wakes instantly and jumps to her feet.

CHLOE THE SHEEP

I said no, mom!

She looks around, and sees the thin purple and black glistening thing wrapped around Cornelius's foot.

CHLOE THE SHEEP (CONT'D)

Snaaaaake!

She kicks hard down upon it with her hoof, striking both the tongue and Cornelius's foot - who sits up in shock with the sudden jolt of pain - the tongue quickly receding.

CORNELIUS

What the fuck, Chloe?!

He smacks the sheep in the rear, sending her off the bed and CRASHING into the bars of the cell.

Letting out an indignant BAAAAHHH, she jumps to her feet and leaps back onto the bed; ramming her hind-legs into Cornelius's back - shoving him onto the ground and CRASHING into the bars.

CHLOE THE SHEEP

Nuh uh-hh-hh, mutha fuckaaa - that's not how this works! I don't save your life and get smacked. You pull that shit again, and I'll fuu-uuking end you.

Cornelius stares at her in shock.

CORNELIUS

Where-? Where did you learn how to talk like that?!

She jumps off the bed.

CHLOE THE SHEEP

(Under her breath,
mockingly)

'Where did you learn to talk like that?' Ignorant-ass humans.

She jumps up on the other cot and lays down staring at Cornelius with daggers.

A new VOICE (BREETA, Hylid, female) joins the conversation.

BREETA

Hello, I'm Breeta.

Both Cornelius and Chloe jump to their feet to face this new, unknown threat. Breeta steps into the light, she's a smaller version of the frog-like guards he's encountered all day.

CORNELIUS

(Huffs.) Great, another god damn *Battle Toad*.

CHLOE THE SHEEP

Hi, I'm Chloe!

BREETA

Hello Chloe, it's nice to meet you.

CHLOE THE SHEEP
Why are you in here, Breeta?

CORNELIUS
Ugh. Who cares! I wanna know how we get out.

CHLOE THE SHEEP
That's Cornelius. He's OK, once you get past his bullshit.

Breeta winces and looks shocked at Chloe.

BREETA
Chloe, that's incredibly offensive! Why would you call your Conalubet that?

CHLOE THE SHEEP
Bah haaa haaa ahh! She thinks you're my sex doll! But maybe you should be, punk! Bahhhh haa haa haah aahh!

CORNELIUS
Shut it, Chloe. (Beat.) Will you please explain why the hell my name is so god damn offensive?

BREETA
Your name?

CORNELIUS
Yeah.

BREETA
You really don't know?

CORNELIUS
No, damn it!

BREETA
So... you're not a Dahl? You- you really are from Earth?

CORNELIUS
Yeah, and I'd like to get back there!

BREETA
You can't. The Brae'te Imperium sealed off your quadrant more than 125 years ago.

CORNELIUS

But why is Earth off limits? I don't understand what the hell's going on! Why can't I just go home? Even if I told anyone about this, who the fuck is going to believe me?!

BREETA

It's not about you, though. It's about the Imperium's control.

CORNELIUS

What does that even mean?

BREETA

Would you like me to show you?

Cornelius stares at her.

CORNELIUS

Wh- How?

BREETA

I can telepathically link with you. (Beat.) I, uh, I might have done it a little already.

CORNELIUS

What?! How? I didn't feel anything.

Breeta licks her thin frog-ish lips, and shifts slightly.

CHLOE THE SHEEP

Ewwwww. That wasn't a snaaake! That was your tongue! That's disgusting!

CORNELIUS

What?!

CHLOE THE SHEEP

Something woke me up and I saw this thing all wrapped up around your foot - that's why I kicked you, jaaaaack-ass!

CORNELIUS

You were licking my feet?! What the hell, lady?!

Breeta shrinks down onto her cot, and looks both embarrassed and ashamed. She lets out a long SIGH.

BREETA

I'm sorry. I had no right to do that to you. It's just- well... you're the first living things I've seen in three months.

CHLOE THE SHEEP

Three months?! What- what did you do?

BREETA

I lied.

CHLOE THE SHEEP

About what?

BREETA

That doesn't really matter. It's who I lied to.

CORNELIUS

Tek?

She nods her head.

BREETA

I was part of her crew. Now I'm just a warning to the others.

CORNELIUS

What happened?

BREETA

Like I said, it doesn't matter. (Beat.) Would you like me to show you?

CORNELIUS

How?

BREETA

If I link with you.

CORNELIUS

Will it hurt?

BREETA

No.

CORNELIUS

Will it do anything weird to me, like fry my brain?

BREETA

No.

CORNELIUS

And what do you get out of it?

BREETA

The chance to finally connect to another living being.

He mulls it over.

CORNELIUS

OK. Chloe, I need you to have my back: this shit turns south, and you hit her with all you got.

He rubs his back.

CORNELIUS (CONT'D)

Respect. (Beat.) That work for both of you?

Chloe bucks up to the challenge. Breeta nods in agreement.

CORNELIUS (CONT'D)

What do we do?

She motions him toward her.

BREETA

If you sit here, I can put my hands through the bars.

He does so, and Breeta extends her webbed-hands out, hovering them over Cornelius's temples - they shake slightly in anticipation.

BREETA (CONT'D)

I have your permission?

Cornelius nods, and she hastily places her hands on his head.

SMASH TO:

FLASHBACK MONTAGE.

The scene unfolds ON-SCREEN as Breeta BEGINS her TALE:

BREETA (O.S.)

The universe is filled with life and purpose, but lacks... Ikigai.

CORNELIUS (O.S.)

Wait a minute. I know that word.
Isn't it Japanese?

BREETA (O.S.)

Yes. In fact, they were the first
of your species to make contact
over 500 years ago. And it was this
simple concept of self-fulfillment
that almost destroyed our galaxy.
(Beat.) There are trillions of
species in this system, but only
one has the gift of true creative
imagination...

CORNELIUS (O.S.)

Humans...?

BREETA (O.S.)

Unlike anyone else, humanity has
the ability to devote itself
entirely to self-fulfillment - be
it pleasure, pain, devotion, or
even sacrifice; humanity will do
anything to achieve fulfillment.
They create entire eras of art,
war, and society around nothing
more than a shared ideology.

CORNELIUS (O.S.)

I've- I've never thought about it
like that...

BREETA (O.S.)

What you lacked in technology, you
made up for in culture, and so an
interstellar trade negotiation was
enacted: our technology for your
culture. And for 200 years, the
galaxy prospered... Then came the
rebellions.

The SCENE shifts to a DARKER TONE, and Breeta CONTINUES:

BREETA (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Dozens of planets took your
cultures to the extreme, and some
of the more radical fringes became
mainstream. Entire systems were
demanding to leave the Doanesta
Empire out of religious or
political beliefs that clashed with
the Empire.

(MORE)

BREETA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 Civil war broke out throughout the galaxy, chaos ensued. Your solar system was made neutral, but almost every other region suffered mass casualties. It became a war of 'us' against 'them.' The 'pure' against the 'tainted'... After 20 years, famine took hold, and billions more died of starvation - the galaxy came to a grinding halt.

The SCENE shifts again, and THREE MIDDLE-AGED MEN (Sessi Obre, VERTO PLANTANT, & DEXMUL MENSIO) are pleading with a delegation from the various warring factions.

BREETA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 The Creators came from a distant galaxy, and promised us salvation through trade with their Corporation, but only if we stopped killing ourselves. With life on the cusp of extinction, the Treaty of Savinne was signed, and with it, the creation of the Brae'te Imperium - the ruling council of the galaxy.

CORNELIUS (O.S.)
 Did it work?

BREETA (O.S.)
 Kind of. With the help of the Creators, the Imperium wiped all trace and memory of us from your system. But after 200 years of integration, many people fell in love and became joined. Some of these joining's were genetically devastating, and caused... a lot of damage. The Imperium declared that anyone with even a hint of mixed DNA, would be either colonized or euthanized. (Beat.) Guess which one's cheaper...

CUT TO:

INT. TEK'S SPACESHIP - BRIG - NIGHT CYCLE.

Cornelius's spastic eyes roll back down into their normal position, as he shakes his head and blinks hard while coming out of the trance. It takes him a moment to find his eye sight.

He rolls to his knees, and turns back around to face Breeta, leaning his back up against one of the cots. It takes him a second to realize that her nose is bleeding.

CORNELIUS

Are you OK?

BREETA

I- I think so.

She wipes her nose, and looks at the dark purple blood, swaying a bit. She sits back and leans against her cot, pulling her arms and legs into herself, and shakes slightly as she rocks back and forth.

BREETA (CONT'D)

It's just... You were...

She shudders.

BREETA (CONT'D)

So- alien.

CHLOE THE SHEEP

Have you ever linked with a human before?

BREETA

No.

CHLOE THE SHEEP

Well there you go! Humans are the woooooorst! At first they're all like: 'Aww, look at the cute little baby sheep.' Then, they're like: 'Gimme that wool, baby!' And they just shave it off! They don't give a daaaaaaamn how cold it gets!

Breeta smiles a bit at Chloe's attempt to cheer her up, but after a moment REPLIES:

BREETA

My- my great- great-grandmother was human...

Cornelius and Chloe's mouths drop.

CORNELIUS

What?! How is that even possible?

BREETA

Before the war, my-

They lose their balance and fall to the ground, as the ship drops speed and turns suddenly.

Getting to her feet, Breeta looks petrified.

BREETA (CONT'D)
We're here.

CUT TO:

END OF ACT II

ACT III

EXT. OUTER RIM NEBULA.

On the outer-most reaches of the galaxy, beyond the patrols of the Brae'te Imperium and greed of the Savinne Corporation, space becomes pitch with the infrequency of stars. Inside one of the most difficult nebulas to find and enter, there lies a brightly lit beacon that welcomes all who dare travel to this most distant and dangerous place - space station Krutai.

The *Brah'Nada* makes its way through the middle of the dark, multi-hued nebula, that's back-lit by the distant star-light of a red supergiant; and towards a circular space station that sits at an awkward axis. A large rectangular docking bay full of ships is connected to the top of the north end, while at the bottom, an equally long rectangular module rotates at a slow and even pace - creating the gravitational field inside the station.

CUT TO:

INT. HANGER BAY - SPACE STATION KRUTAI - DAY CYCLE.

The first thing Cornelius experiences as he walks through the air-lock doors is the smell. And as he tries to move away from some giant turnip looking things that have been shoved in his face by a three-headed alien SHOUTING at him, he ends up planting it squarely into his Hylid guard's armpit. Who, in return, flexes his muscles: bouncing Cornelius backwards and onto the ground.

He lets out a GRUNT of PAIN - his hands are cuffed behind him and there's nothing he can do but wait for the two towering Hylids (Guard One & Guard Two) to finish their deep CROAK-like GUFFAW.

Guard Two starts to reach down to pick Cornelius up, when the other stops him and points at something. The Hylid stands back up, gleefully watching whatever it is that's approaching Cornelius.

Several glistening, moist, multi-tentacled aliens walk over Cornelius, leaving a path of slime in their wake and covering him in it. The two Hylid guards LAUGH again.

Spitting slime and debris from his mouth, Cornelius stares up at the huge, toad-like creatures.

CORNELIUS

You guys are assholes.

GUARD TWO
Born and bred.

GUARD ONE
You'll get a shower before the
auction, pretty-boy, relax.

Captain Tek walks out of the air-lock followed by a tall hooded figure, whose face and body are completely covered. Tek is cradling Chloe on her left forearm, and gently petting her woolly head with her right hand - Chloe's eyes half-closed in enjoyment of the affection.

CAPTAIN TEK
OK boys, you've had your fun.
Pick'em up.

She turns to the cloaked figure.

CAPTAIN TEK (CONT'D)
Did you get everything you needed?

The figure silently nods.

CAPTAIN TEK (CONT'D)
Then let's get this retirement
party started, shall we?!

Cornelius is back on his feet and finally gets a good look at the space station for the first time. He's awestruck by the diverse species of ALIENS that surround him as they all walk down the entry-port corridor. He's caught by surprise when he sees DOZENS of ALIENS that LOOK ALMOST HUMAN - some have spikes for hair, or webbed hands, or scales, or other small variations that are alien, yet human at the same time.

Tek walks beside him.

CORNELIUS
Am I allowed to ask you a question?

CAPTAIN TEK
Anything, pet.

CORNELIUS
Are those... Munattoes?

CAPTAIN TEK
Yup. Hell, one of them could even
be your distant cousin.

CORNELIUS
My what?

CAPTAIN TEK

That's why you're so valuable, see?
No one's seen a real human in over
a hundred years - just the
generational by-products of some
ancient inter-species... erotica.

She winks at him, and runs her tails across his face. He
pulls his head away.

CORNELIUS

Stop it. (Beat.) I don't
understand, how do they have human
DNA? How is that even possible?

CAPTAIN TEK

Well, it's pretty simple, really.
When two - or sometimes more -
people like each other, they get
naked and do this thing, called-

CORNELIUS

Yeah, OK. I get that part. It's how
they were even able to do it in the
first place? I mean, there's no
record of any of this on Earth!

CAPTAIN TEK

Sure there is. Besides, I'd call
that a bonus. Munattoes are
ruthlessly hunted down and killed
by the Imperium. The ones you see
here sell their skills or
themselves, in the hopes of being
smuggled onto one of the sanctioned
refugee planets.

CORNELIUS

How- how many are left?

CAPTAIN TEK

Millions... maybe even a billion if
you factor in the ones who can pass
as completely non-human.

Cornelius thinks about that in silence as he's escorted
through the dense crowd and into the station's main
promenade.

CUT TO:

INT. MAIN PROMENADE - SPACE STATION KRUTAI (CONTINUOUS).

Entering through a large passageway, he begins to see vendors selling impressive looking weaponry; medical, biological, and cybernetic components; exotic looking 'pets,' and more strange and unusual things than he'd care to try to identify. After walking a few yards, he begins to notice that many of the aliens walking past him do double-takes- or outright gawk at him- as they pass.

One of them (ALIEN, short, buff, rich-looking) turns around.

ALIEN

I'll give you two luxury
Balle'stata cruisers for that Dahl!

Captain Tek pushes past her guards to confront the annoyance.

CAPTAIN TEK

That's not nearly enough, lover.
And you know the rules about
bidding in public!

She pushes him away and turns to her guards, as others in the crowd begin to take an interest in Cornelius as well.

CAPTAIN TEK (CONT'D)

Let's get him into Corvee's Bay and
out of the limelight, boys. I think
we've accomplished our goal here.

The guards nod and pick Cornelius up off the ground and move swiftly into a dark alley - a SWELL of MURMURED INTEREST begins to RISE from the promenade behind them.

CUT TO:

INT. DARK ALLEY - SPACE STATION KRUTAI - DAY CYCLE
(CONTINUOUS).

They come to a large rusty door in the alley, and Guard Two knocks on it.

Heavy FOOTSTEPS can be heard approaching the door, and a view-port opens. A pair of big round emerald eyes look at them as a VOICE BOOMS through the door:

VOICE

Who's it?

Captain Tek steps forward between the two guards.

CAPTAIN TEK

Me.

The eyes look down at Tek and widen.

There's a loud BANG as the door is unlocked and opens. The voice SPEAKS again:

VOICE

Low roll, high roll?

It takes all of Cornelius not to yell in disgust at the monstrosity that owns the VOICE he's just heard. Nineteen rows of large emerald eyes blink in a SQUISHY UNISON, as the 57 of them stare intensely at Cornelius. The small watery mouth and nose are barely recognizable on the odd-shaped head, sitting on top of what looks like a really buff monkey's body.

CAPTAIN TEK

High rollers, but of course.

She rubs her hand along his eyeless chin.

ALIEN

You know where to go.

PURRING as they pass, he picks up a communicator and speaks into it, then closes the door behind them.

CUT TO:

INT. GRAND LOBBY - CORVEE'S BAY - DAY CYCLE (CONTINUOUS).

They enter the lush, green and pink lobby of a huge mansion - much to Cornelius' surprise, given what he saw just outside. Before them are two grand staircases, one leading up on the right, and one leading down on the left. They walk a few feet into the grand lobby when a fussy and pompous, bespectacled alien (RO'AGO, tall and snooty) quickly approaches them.

RO'AGO

Tek, darling, how are you my dear?!
What have you brought me to-

He walks right up to Cornelius, and then holds his two noses.

RO'AGO (CONT'D)

My gods, this Conalubet smells of death incarnate.

He looks at Tek with a disapproving glare.

RO'AGO (CONT'D)

Why is this thing so dirty? What
did you do to it? Why is it so...
brown?!

Cornelius opens his mouth to PROTEST his comment, but is thumped into silence by one of the guards, as Tek INTERJECTS:

CAPTAIN TEK

You just wait until I clean him up,
Ro'ago. Him and his little pet
here.

She motions to Chloe cradled in her arm, whom she is still petting affectionately.

CAPTAIN TEK (CONT'D)

50 credits say I get to retire
today.

RO'AGO

A thousand says you won't, though.
(Beat.) What is it?

Tek motions to the robed figure who lowers her hood, revealing a semi-distraught looking Breeta.

BREETA

100 percent human from Earth.
Highly educated, battle-tested, and
in prime physical condition. Here
is my complete report on the
merchandise.

She hands Ro'ago a data pad, and he skims over it.

RO'AGO

Oooohhh, most impressive, Gilliard.
Most impressive, indeed. I wish you
would have given me a heads up, I
would have-

Chloe snaps out of the hypnotic lull Tek's cuddling had induced, and stares at Breeta. She tries to move, but Tek holds her down forcefully.

CHLOE THE SHEEP

Breeta, how coooould you?!

Breeta hands Tek another data pad; which she takes, looks over, and then presses her thumb against to sign. She then hands it back to Breeta.

CORNELIUS

What- what are you doing?

CAPTAIN TEK

And so ends our contract, my love.
Are you sure you don't want to stay
aboard? You're great in a fight,
Bree-

BREETA

No. But thank you, Captain. I just
want to go back to my family...
It's- it's been 3 years.

Tek gives Breeta a long hug, before she lets her go - wiping
her eyes a bit.

CAPTAIN TEK

The *Tra'cent* is docked in bay 7.

Breeta turns and leaves, giving Cornelius and Chloe an
apologetic look as she walks out of the door.

RO'AGO

As touching as that was, and as
intriguing as this is: if you don't
clean it first, it isn't getting on
my stage!

Tek reaches into a pocket, and throws a large coin to Ro'ago -
who catches it deftly.

RO'AGO (CONT'D)

Bruni?

Tek nods. Ro'ago WHISTLES over his shoulder.

RO'AGO (CONT'D)

Bruni! Here sweets!

One of the large columns in the room's main entrance bends at
the mid-section, then slouches forward. A 10 foot worm-
looking creature (BRUNI) slithers towards the feet of Ro'ago -
who is COOING softly. It stops and Ro'ago reaches down to
scratch its head, the worm PURRS in reply, and then yawns
with its huge mouth.

It looks at Cornelius and drools a bit.

RO'AGO (CONT'D)

You want it to keep its clothes?

CAPTAIN TEK

No, take everything. I think he'll
fetch a higher price if they can
see what they're getting.

She reaches over and gives Cornelius a hard SMACK on the
butt. He turns on her with outrage-

RO'AGO

Uppa-yetti, Bruni!

The large worm creature suddenly spits a strand of silk onto
the ceiling from its butt, and then yanks itself onto the
ceiling with it - its huge open mouth salivating onto
Cornelius's head and face, as it dangles precariously above
him.

CORNELIUS

What the fu-?

RO'AGO

Yum-yum-yetti, Bruni!

The creature detaches itself from the ceiling and swallows
Cornelius whole, its mouth hitting the floor and completely
covering him.

Muffled YELLS of FEAR can be heard through Bruni's thick
skin, as it bulges in different places from Cornelius trying
to kick and push his way out from inside.

CORNELIUS (O.S.)

Ahh! Let me outta here! What the
fuck! Nooo! Wh-what is it doing?!
Where are my clothes?! Don't eat me
mother fucker!

CHLOE THE SHEEP

No! Cornelius! Let him go-ohohoh!

She wrestles out of Tek's arms, and when she hits the floor,
gives Tek a hard hind-leg kick to the shins. Tek CRIES OUT in
pain and falls. Chloe quickly bounds over and does the same
to the two guards - who immediately drop to the ground with
their own YELLS of pain - before they even know what's
happening.

GUARD ONE

She broke my leg!

Chloe rounds-about, and charges in a beeline toward Ro'ago -
who's face drops in fright.

RO'AGO

No! No, please little beast! Don't!
Belly-dash, Bruni! Belly-dash!

Bruni shoots a web to the ceiling again, and with a SICKENING SUCTION sound, the giant worm POPS itself off of Cornelius and back onto the ceiling. Leaving Cornelius naked, clean, and freshly shaved - with a haircut to boot.

Chloe lets out a defiant BATTLE-CRY as she rams Ro'ago in the knees - flipping him over and onto the ground.

RO'AGO (CONT'D)

No, please little beast! I mean you
no harm!

She STOMPS her feet in CHALLENGE.

CHLOE THE SHEEP

Get up, muuuthaaa fuckers! I wish
you would!

CORNELIUS

Chloe... holy shit.

Captain Tek gets to her knees and draws her gun, sighting down the barrel.

CAPTAIN TEK

To the butcher's market, after all.
Pity - I had such high hopes,
Chloe.

CORNELIUS

Chloe, watch out!

She pulls the trigger and Cornelius dives at Chloe, pushing her out of the way. Catching the round in his thigh, he lets out a SCREAM of PAIN.

CAPTAIN TEK

Well, that was pointless.

She re-aims her gun at Chloe again, when there's a loud VOICE from across the room.

SESSI OBRE

I'll take them! Whatever you want,
it's yours. I want them. Both of
them - alive.

Tek lowers her gun and turns toward Sessi smiling devilishly.

CAPTAIN TEK
I knew you'd come.

Sessi observes the situation at-hand, then looks disappointedly at Tek.

SESSI OBRE
And now I am here. Shall we go
somewhere more... private-? (Snaps
Fingers)

SNAP TO:

INT. GALLEY - THE *ROSEBUD*.

The seven of them - Sessi, Tek, Cornelius, Chloe, and the three Kurumbo find themselves suddenly standing in the *Rosebud's* galley (dining area). Appearing in the room without warning to the current occupants, several CRIES of SURPRISE escape the cages holding the 'lower-level' aliens from the Savinne space station, that line the far wall. Cornelius and Chloe jump into a defensive posture toward the PRIMAL CRIES, but instead of facing a new threat, they find that Cornelius is now clothed in nice attire, and Chloe is standing on a tall crate next to him, her wool fully restored. He checks his thigh, and he's surprised to see that his leg has been completely healed.

The ship is sleek and modern, yet seems to be older than a lot of the technology Cornelius has seen up to this point. Sessi waves a hand at the cages and they go SILENT.

SESSI OBRE
Can I offer you a drink?!

Sessi reaches out and enthusiastically grabs Cornelius's right hand and shakes it vigorously. As he shakes it, Sessi reaches into his robes and pulls out his rust-colored cloth with his other hand; and before he can pull it all the way out of his pocket, a short, brown bottle of ice-cold *Red Stripe* appears. He hands it to Cornelius, who hesitantly takes it, looking incredibly confused. Sessi creates another one and brings it up to his nose to smell it.

SESSI OBRE (CONT'D)
Ah, beer! How wonderful!

He takes several large gulps, then happily BURPS - letting out a satisfied AAHHHH. Cornelius looks around bewildered and then stares in shock at the beer in his hand.

SESSI OBRE (CONT'D)
Well, don't let it get warm, my
good man! Please, drink.

He takes a tiny, hesitant sip, still staring at Sessi.

SESSI OBRE (CONT'D)
My name is Sessi Obre, and I can't
tell you how absolutely thrilled I
am to meet you! It's been so long
since I've talked to a hu-

Captain Tek CLEARS her throat LOUDLY.

CAPTAIN TEK
I know you want to play with your
new toy; but we haven't discussed
my payment, Creator.

He turns to her and grins.

SESSI OBRE
You finally have your planet, my
dear. Though, I hope you don't
retire completely. You've always
been able to find the best.

Sessi looks over Cornelius and Chloe, and smiles broadly.

SESSI OBRE (CONT'D)
Until next time, Captain Tek.

He waves his hand and she disappears. He addresses the
Kurumbo:

SESSI OBRE (CONT'D)
Please get the ship ready to depart
immediately.

LIBRITOR
Heading, Captain?

SESSI OBRE
Back to Savinne, please.

Cornelius looks at the beer in his hand, then back to Sessi,
and then toward the Kurumbo - who are rolling themselves up
into armored balls and quickly entering tubes that take them
to various parts of the ship.

CORNELIUS
What's- How did-? My leg-? Who are
you? What are those things?
(MORE)

CORNELIUS (CONT'D)

And what- what are you... going to do with us?

SESSI OBRE

All very good questions, I can assure you. But, can we start first by you telling me your name?

Cornelius looks hesitant for a moment, then:

CORNELIUS

Cornelius Adams.

Sessi doesn't flinch.

SESSI OBRE

It's a pleasure to meet you, Cornelius Adams of Earth!

CORNELIUS

Are- aren't you offended by that?

SESSI OBRE

Why would I be?

CORNELIUS

But- everyone else out here-

SESSI OBRE

I'm too old to care about everyone else. (Beat.) And what's your name, my dear?

CHLOE THE SHEEP

Chloe! It's nice to meet you Sessi! But, uh... how did we get in here?

SESSI OBRE

I think the best way I can describe it to you is: magic.

He reaches down and gently pets her head, and as he does, his pack of *Lucky Strikes* fall from his pocket and onto the floor. Cornelius is a little taken aback to see them.

CORNELIUS

Are those... *Lucky Strikes*?

Sessi picks them up as he stands.

SESSI OBRE

They are! Do you know them?

CORNELIUS

Yeah. I- I- uh, used to smoke them.

SESSI OBRE

Did you?!

He snaps his fingers.

SNAP TO:

EXT. THE *ROSEBUD'S* TOP HULL - MID-FLIGHT - SPACE.

Cornelius finds himself sitting on a park bench next to Sessi, who is offering him a cigarette from an open pack of *Lucky Strikes*. As he takes one, he recoils in fear to see that he, Sessi, and Chloe share a 15-foot radius of green grass on top of the *Rosebud*, in open space. His eyes widen as he watches planets, stars, and galaxies pass quickly by them.

CORNELIUS

Oh my God!

SESSI OBRE

Don't worry, we're safe. (Beat.)
See?

He lights his cigarette with his *Zippo*, inhales, then blows the smoke forcefully into the air. 10 feet above them, the smoke hits an invisible wall, and rebounds back towards them, leaving a faint gray glow in the force-field surrounding them. A small vent opens in the top, and the remaining smoke is whisked out into space, clearing out the environment.

Cornelius looks over at Chloe, and is surprised to see her happily grazing on a tall patch of grass next to the park bench. Sessi uses his cloth to put out the cigarette, lights another, and then hands the *Zippo* to Cornelius.

He takes it, and placing his two fingers on top of the lid to the lighter, deftly SNAPS the *Zippo* open, lights the wick with a smooth roll of his thumb across the flint-wheel, confidently lights his cigarette, and WHIPS the lighter closed - extinguishing the fire with a sharp, METALLIC, CLACK.

Sessi stares at him in awe. Cornelius exhales and notices, while handing the *Zippo* back to Sessi.

CORNELIUS

Sorry... old habits die hard, I
guess.

Sessi grins at him like a school-boy.

SESSI OBRE

Can you teach me how to do that?!
Please!? I'll give you anything!
That- that was amazing!

CORNELIUS

Uh- what?

SESSI OBRE

What you did, with the *Zippo*... I
mean! How- how did you even find
out you could do that?!

CORNELIUS

It- it's an old trick I learned in
the navy. It's not really that
hard. (Beat.) Dude. We're sitting
on a park bench, zipping through
space - look, there goes another
planet. And that shit blew your
mind? (Beat.) Who- who are you,
man?

Sessi smiles widely at Cornelius, and extends his hand.

SESSI OBRE

Hmm. Perhaps we should try this
again. My name is Sessi Obre, and I
believe I need your help.

Cornelius takes his hand and shakes it.

CORNELIUS

Cornelius Adams. It's good to meet
you. (Beat.) To do what?

They let go of each other's hand, and take drags of their
respective cigarettes - sizing each other up a bit.

SESSI OBRE

First, to steal an ancient and
powerful creature, that, if killed
by my Offspring; could very well
start the unraveling of all
existing matter in the known
universe.

Chloe stops eating and swings her head around, her mouth full
of fresh grass:

CHLOE THE SHEEP

Whoa! What?! No-ooo thanks! You can just take us home, if that's alright. I'm done playing in space, now, thank you.

SESSI OBRE

I'm afraid I can't. Even I have trouble making it past the Imperium's defenses.

CORNELIUS

OK. But why are you asking me to help you? You don't know anything about me.

SESSI OBRE

Oh, but I do.

CORNELIUS

How?

SESSI OBRE

Because of what you and Chloe did for each other on Krutai. You've known each other for what, two days, perhaps? Yet you both risked your lives for each other, without hesitation. Why?

Chloe struts over to Cornelius, and bucks herself up.

CHLOE THE SHEEP

'Cause he's my Ride or Die-eee!

Cornelius let's out an AMUSED SNORT, then reaches down to affectionately scratch her behind the ears.

CORNELIUS

Damn right. (Beat.) I- I guess it's because we're in this crazy shit together.

SESSI OBRE

Precisely. Just like you, I, and the rest of the universe! (Beat.) But, I won't make you join me. There's no point in this venture if you're going to keep trying to run away. (Small beat.) Come with me to steal the Umbra, and bring it back to my home-world.

(MORE)

SESSI OBRE (CONT'D)

If what I have to offer you isn't enough to make you want to stay and help me- I'll... take you home. Even if it kills me.

CORNELIUS

Why- why would you do that? If it's that hard to get to Earth, why would you risk your life to take me there? What's in it for you?
(Beat.) Besides, I- I don't think I'd be much help to you...

He looks out into the vastness of space surrounding them, and takes a long, contemplating drag from his cigarette. Blowing the smoke out, he REPLIES in a DEFEATED TONE:

CORNELIUS (CONT'D)

Not out here, anyway. I'm nothing compared to what you all can do. I'm... just a human.

He SIGHS loudly at the realization. Sessi smiles even more broadly.

SESSI OBRE

On the contrary, my good man...

He pulls out his shiny, rust-colored cloth and creates two ice-cold *Red Stripes*, handing one to Cornelius - who's now a bit more trusting as he takes it.

SESSI OBRE (CONT'D)

It is your humanity that's going to help me save the universe, and everyone in it. (Beat.) Cheers!

He CLINKS his bottle against Cornelius', and gives him a knowing wink.

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF PILOT.