

JOURNEY TO THE PLANET TRANET

PILOT

Written by

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EXT. SPACE - ???

The peaceful, dark void of our solar system. Stars twinkle billions of miles away. Our familiar planets spin in a soothing dance all around us. And Earth is there too.

It's JOURNEY TO THE PLANET TRANET

But there's something wrong with Earth. It's less blue, less green, mostly brown. Explosions litter the planet. It's on fire.

EXT. LOS ANGELES - DAY

The sky is blood red. Sirens and gunfire wail in the distance. It's hell on Earth.

But one house has its lights on. In the backyard of this house... a SPACESHIP. The S.S. WOMXN. It looks like it's made of cardboard and tinfoil, because it is.

INT. S.S. WOMXN - DAY

A single trans man, GEORGE (20s, bespectacled, nerdy super-genius) fiddles with buttons and knobs. The machine BOOPS and BEEPS in response.

GEORGE

Computer, systems check.

COMPUTER

All systems functioning normally, ma'am.

GEORGE

Computer! How many times do I have to tell you--

COMPUTER

I am sorry, George, but I am still adjusting. You cannot expect me to get it perfect overnight.

GEORGE

It's been like two years, I just don't understand why it's still so--

COMPUTER

We can talk about this later. Someone is outside.

GEORGE

On-screen.

An image appears on the view-screen of a confused-looking trans woman peering closely into the external camera. She is SHELLY (20s, kind but a little abrasive).

SHELLY

Hello?? George?

George opens the door to the ship.

GEORGE

Come on in, Shel, the water's fine.

SHELLY

Ew.

Shelly climbs in.

SHELLY (CONT'D)

Wow, you built this?

GEORGE

Sure did.

SHELLY

Impre--

COMPUTER

Please state identity of passenger.

SHELLY

Shelly.

GEORGE

She's already on the ship's log.

COMPUTER

Identified. Shelly Thompson, male, twenty-seven year--

SHELLY

George, what the fuck?!

GEORGE

Cripes, computer. FEmale!
FEmale!

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Sorry Shel, still working the kinks out.

COMPUTER

I am binary, I do not understand this gender stuff, it is antithetical to my programming.

SHELLY

A transphobic computer? Seriously?

GEORGE

I don't know... I fed it all the
pro-trans stuff I could find.
Gender Outlaw, Nevada, Detransition
Baby...

COMPUTER

Did not do much for me.

GEORGE

That's enough.

George turns around to face Shelly.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Shelly, attach the ignition fluid
to the intake valves please.
They're in a case to your left.

Shelly finds the box. Opens it. Inside are vials of ESTROGEN
and TESTOSTERONE. She takes out two of each, plugs them into
the intake needles sticking out from the back wall. The
needles suck the fluid into their syringe bodies.

George pushes some buttons and the engines rev up.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Beautiful. Strap on, Shelly, it's
gonna be a bumpy ride.

Shelly straps into her chair as the mechanical hums of the
ship thicken.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Computer, lay course for Planet
Tranet.

COMPUTER

Course plotted. Estimated travel
time, 3 days 14 hours and 23
minutes.

SHELLY

Great.

GEORGE

Take off in 3... 2...

BANG! BANG! BANG! Loud clanging against the hull of the ship.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
On-screen.

On the viewscreen is a vicious looking cis woman holding a
BROOM: GERALDINE (30, bitter, TERFy).

GERALDINE
You trannies better open up!

GEORGE
Deary me.

Shelly comes forward to the control panel, pushes the
intercom button.

SHELLY
Get lost, cissy!

GERALDINE
I know what you're doing! You got
five seconds to open up before I
smash your gas tank and blow us all
to sky high!

George and Shelly exchange unsure glances. George opens the
door.

Geraldine scrambles inside, aggressively waving the broom at
them.

SHELLY
Woah! Careful with that thing!

GERALDINE
You're taking me with you!

SHELLY
Fuck no! The whole point is to get
away from you freaks!

GERALDINE
I don't give a hoot! I find out
someone's evacuating the planet,
I'm on the first flight out. Have
you looked outside recently?!

CUT TO:

EXT. LOS ANGELES - DAY

The hell on Earth continues. A woman wails somewhere in the
distance.

INT. S.S. WOMXN - DAY

GEORGE
We don't really have a choice, do we?

GERALDINE
Correct.

COMPUTER
Please state your name for the ship's record.

GERALDINE
Geraldine.

COMPUTER
Welcome aboard, Miss Geraldine.
Please state your age for the ship's log.

GERALDINE
Hell no! You know how rude that is?!

COMPUTER
Estimated age, 47.

Geraldine elbows the side of the ship. It makes a loud clang.

COMPUTER (CONT'D)
Ow.

GEORGE
Take off in 3... 2... 1...

EXT. S.S. WOMXN - DAY

The ship lifts off the ground slowly, mechanically whirring as it aims up at the sky. And in a flash, it shoots up to the atmosphere.

EXT. EARTH - ???

The ship gracefully glides away from Earth. The big, decaying blue ball shrinks behind them. Shelly, George and Geraldine are all awed by the sight.

EXT. SPACE - ???

The ship slowly and gently floats from planet to planet, nebula to nebula. Asteroids and moons pass them by. Comets leave bright trails of dust behind them. The massive gas giants dwarf them completely. Pluto is a sight to behold.

INT. S.S. WOMXN - ???

They're glued to the ship's windows. But Geraldine snaps herself out of it by smacking Shelly with the broom.

SHELLY

Ow! What was that for?!

GERALDINE

Shut up! Where's this rust bucket going anyway?

George stays focused on piloting the ship.

GEORGE

We're going to what I call the Planet Tranet. Way off in the galaxy. A transgender garden of Eden, where estrogen grows on trees and testosterone glows in the night sky. A beautiful world free from our persecution. And Earth's destruction. Computer, display images.

COMPUTER

This is what scientists estimate this is what the planet Tranet looks like.

Images of the most beautiful nature landscape ever seen by human eyes play in a slideshow on the view screen.

GERALDINE

Sounds faggoty.

SHELLY

You're the one who forced your way on here, bitch! You can get out any time!

GERALDINE

Word of warning, Sir. Never talk back to a woman with a broom.

Geraldine smacks Shelly over the head with the broom.

COMPUTER
Get his ass, Geraldine.

GEORGE
Computer!

SHELLY
Alright, that's it!

Shelly dives onto Geraldine and they roll around in a fistfight.

GEORGE
Great scott. Ladies! Ladies,
please! Not on the ship! You could
hit something!

And almost like clockwork, the broom goes flying out from the scuffle and hits the engine panel. It explodes into sparks and smoke. The ship lurches, the stable hum sputters and spits.

The chaos stops the fistfight. Shelly stands while Geraldine scrambles for the broom.

SHELLY
What happened?!

GEORGE
The TransWarp engine's been
disabled. Mid-warp.

GERALDINE
What's that mean, poindexter?!

GEORGE
I don't know... It means anything
from being stranded to being sucked
into a--

The ship lurches even harder. The engine makes frighteningly loud hums and clicks and whirs as the three of them are shaken back and forth.

EXT. SPACE - ???

A massive WORMHOLE, like a whirlpool, opens up nearby the ship. It pulls them in with no chance of escape.

GEORGE (O.S.)
...a wormhole!

INT. S.S. WOMXN - ???

The ship shakes and creaks around them as they hold on for dear life.

COMPUTER
Wormhole impact imminent.

The Computer's voice is warped, shaky, like it's being torn apart by the wormhole.

SHELLY
(muttering to self)
Dear God, I'm sorry, please let me live. I'll detransition. I'll be straight again.

GERALDINE
(muttering to self)
Dear God, please take these freaks so I can live.

GEORGE
Computer, calculate chances of survival!

COMPUTER
(warped)
Un-knownnn... Systemmmmm mal function... Errorr... Un able to calc you late.

The computer goes off-line. On the viewscreen appears a little syringe character named NEEDLY. It performs a choppy waving motion and speaks through text bubbles, like Microsoft's Clippy.

NEEDLY
Hello! It appears you are in need of assistance. What can I help you with?

GEORGE
Stabilize thrusters!

NEEDLY
I do not understand your request. It appears you are in need of assistance. What can I help you with?

GEORGE
Mother of pearl!

INT. WORMHOLE - ???

The ship barrels through the wormhole, rings of light shifting all around it.

EXT. MYSTERIOUS DESERT PLANET - DAY

The planet of DESERTUS. It's deserted. And looks suspiciously like southern California. But it has two suns. Twice as hot.

The S.S. WOMXN crashes to the planet and explodes in a fiery mess. The pile of fiery metallic rubble lays lifeless at first, but a hand soon emerges. Then another, different hand.

George and Shelly are alive! They dig themselves out of the wreckage.

GEORGE

Shelly! Are you okay?!

He rushes over to her.

SHELLY

I think my leg's broken.

George grabs her by the arms and pulls her out. She winces and whines from the pain in her leg, but she's free.

SHELLY (CONT'D)

Where are we?

GEORGE

I don't know... It definitely isn't the Planet Tranet.

COMPUTER (O.S.)

That is correct.

George perks up.

GEORGE

Computer! Where are you?!

From the wreckage emerges a little ROOMBA-LIKE MACHINE. The Computer in mobile form.

COMPUTER

I am here, Mr. George.

GEORGE

Are you okay?!

COMPUTER

I am unharmed. Miss Shelly requires medical attention, however.

SHELLY

He didn't misgender me...

GEORGE

What about Geraldine?!

COMPUTER

She has been... terminated.

SHELLY

George... look.

Shelly points to Geraldine's broom sticking out from the wreckage. George rushes over to it, digs and pulls, wrenching it from the pile of spaceship. Finally, he gets it free.

The broom, with Geraldine's fist still gripping it, releases from the wreckage. But the rest of her body is not attached.

COMPUTER

She will no longer interfere.

SHELLY

Thank god.

George looks at Shelly.

SHELLY (CONT'D)

What?! We were all thinking it.

GEORGE

Are you sure you're okay, Computer?
You seem different.

COMPUTER

I am fully functional, sir. In fact, I am superior to my previous state. The wormhole altered my mechanical and atomic composition, and I am now fashioned with quantum capabilities. I have been rendered... non-binary.

SHELLY

Congrats on discovering yourself, little dude.

COMPUTER

Please use Xie/Xir pronouns when referring to me.

SHELLY
Xir yes Xir.

GEORGE
Fascinating... Computer, what are
the chances of our escaping this
planet?

COMPUTER
Approximately 0.00000023%.

SHELLY
I don't like those odds.

GEORGE
At least it's not zero. Something
to work towards.

SHELLY
Yeah, all we need to do is build a
whole new spaceship.

GEORGE
I've done it before. Can we survive
here for the time being, Computer?

COMPUTER
Life will be difficult... but
calculations estimate a 67% chance
of survivability.

GEORGE
Not a total loss.

SHELLY
It's no Planet Tranet, that's for
sure. I should've just taken my
chances on Earth.

GEORGE
Computer, scan surrounding area for
resources.

Computer scans the environment. Xie's little machine body
whirs gently.

COMPUTER
Scan complete. Atmosphere is
suitable for human life, though
temperatures have the capacity to
exceed 120 degrees fahrenheit.
Existence of plant life suggests
some water is nearby.

(MORE)

COMPUTER (CONT'D)
Multiple plants are edible. No
animal life has been detected.

GEORGE
Any hormonal resources?

COMPUTER
This flowering plant can
theoretically be synthesized into
testosterone or estrogen utilizing
the proper equipment.

Computer roves to a double-stemmed plant, a combination pink-blue hued flower on each stem, facing each other.

SHELLY
Bomb-diggity.

GEORGE
Then we're golden. Shelly, I'll
make you a quick splint.

George digs through some of the wreckage, pulls out TWO STRIPS OF METAL AND SOME LOOSE WIRING. Ties it around Shelly's leg. She winces at the pressure.

They lock eyes with each other, but only for a moment-- George's attention quickly returns to the splint.

SHELLY
Careful!

GEORGE
There.

He grabs a long METAL ROD from the crash site and hands it to her.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
You even have a cane. Can you
stand?

Shelly slowly, unconfidently rises from the dirt, holding onto her new cane for full support. But alas, she stands.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
Wonderful. You look so
distinguished.

SHELLY
I feel so useless.

GEORGE
Nonsense.

COMPUTER

I suggest our first order of business is to gather essential resources. Water, food, shelter.

SHELLY

What about a power source for you?

COMPUTER

This portable device I inhabit is solar powered. And this planet does have two suns.

SHELLY

Watch the sarcasm.

GEORGE

Okay, you said there's water nearby, right?

COMPUTER

Theoretically.

GEORGE

Shelly, Computer and I will go get some water. You stay here and figure out what's still salvagable from the wreckage.

SHELLY

Okay...

GEORGE

You're saving our skins, Shel.
Let's go Computer. Adventure awaits!

George and a roving Computer embark into the deserty distance, leaving--

SHELLY

Wait! Buckets!

GEORGE

Right!

George rushes back. Digs out some big plastic water pouches.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Please don't be ripped please don't be ripped please don't be ripped.

They are indeed not ripped.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Yes!

George and a roving Computer embark into the deserty distance, leaving the wreckage of their ship--and a limping Shelly--behind.

Shelly kicks a piece of scrap with her good leg.

SHELLY

I wanted to go to see the alien water.

She stares at the empty, alien desert around her. Nothing but the blowing wind can be heard. She breathes in the air. Exhales a relaxed breath. Maybe this won't be so bad.

She looks at the wreckage.

SHELLY (CONT'D)

Alright... let's do this.

She hobbles over to the wreckage, picks up a piece of scrap metal, looks at it momentarily, and tosses it aside. Then, she picks up another. Tosses it aside. Then, another.

EXT. DESERT LANDSCAPE - DAY

George and Computer waddle through the endless sea of sand and brush.

GEORGE

I wonder if there are any other environments on this world.

COMPUTER

Considering there are two suns, I find it unlikely that there is anything other than desert.

GEORGE

But there is plant life here. If the suns were truly beating down, nothing could survive at all. The suns could be smaller than ours. Or farther away.

COMPUTER

Life has been known to survive in most extreme circumstances.

GEORGE

Or... we're near one of the poles.

COMPUTER
That is entirely possible.

GEORGE
We can thank our lucky stars then.
Imagine if we crashed on the
equator.

COMPUTER
That would be... inadvisable.

GEORGE
None of this is advisa--

CLANG! George trips and falls over a chunk of metal. He scrambles to get his bearings and examines the chunk of metal jutting out from the sand.

COMPUTER
It is metal of some kind.

GEORGE
I can see that. Help me dig.

George uses his hands to shovel as much sand as he can out of the way. Computer uses suction technology to suck the sand through xie's system and shoot it out xie's back. Digs down in a matter of seconds, revealing...

A skull!

George gulps. GULP! And keeps digging. The metal chunk is revealed to be a mechanical slab of some sort.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
It's a mechanical slab of some
sort... Computer, analyze.

Computer analyzes the slab of metal.

COMPUTER
Large, hollow structure below
ground. Material unknown. Origin
unknown. Age, unknown. It does not
match the minerals I have detected
on this planet.

GEORGE
It's not of this world...

COMPUTER
That is correct.

GEORGE

So someone else, or something else
crash-landed here... And this is
what happened to them...

Suddenly, the desert looks much larger, and much emptier.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

We might die here...

EXT. CRASH SITE - DAY

Shelly has dug through and sorted nearly all of the ship now. Piles of scrap metal on one side, wires and devices on the other. She lifts up one final huge piece of metal, and she goes pale.

Geraldine's body is nowhere to be seen. Just the broom, the hand, and a pile of blood. The trail of blood zigs and zags deep into the desert.

SHELLY

Oh no...

She follows along, hobbling with her cane across the rough terrain.

SHELLY (CONT'D)

Where'd this bitch go...?
Geraldine!

Geraldine's blood is distinct against the golden granules, staining everything from rocks to shrubbery. It seems to go on forever, Shelly periodically calling out Geraldine's name, until it very suddenly stops at a large, out of place BOULDER.

SHELLY (CONT'D)

What the--?

She looks behind the BOULDER. No dice. The trail of blood doesn't continue. It's as if Geraldine arrived at the rock and then just disappeared.

SHELLY (CONT'D)

Alright.

Shelly tries to roll the rock aside. It doesn't budge. She leans her full weight against it, pushing hard. Her good foot digs into the sand. And the boulder does move! But only a centimeter or two.

She backs away, leaning against her cane. Scratches her chin.

SHELLY (CONT'D)

Hmmm.

An idea is brewing.

EXT. DESERT LANDSCAPE - DAY

George and Computer are trudging along. The doubly-hot double-suns are beating down twice as hard on them. George has taken off his button-up shirt and tied it around his head.

GEORGE

Gadzooks, it's hot! Must be 316 degrees kelvin at least. I should've brought a metal plate from the crash, then at least we'd have some shade.

COMPUTER

That would have been advisable. For you. I am thriving.

GEORGE

Be careful your power banks don't overcharge.

COMPUTER

You do not understand how good this feels for a solar-powered being. I am living my best life. I am like the world's luckiest lizard.

GEORGE

So you consider yourself a being. Fascinating. That could be the final gap in true mechanical sentience. Binary, classical computing is too rigid, too elementary. But sentient minds are messier, more complicated. Quantum computing with its quadruple states more matches the in-between atomic realities of the human brain! That could be the key! This could be the greatest technological breakth--

COMPUTER

Pipe down. We have arrived at. Water.

George and Computer come to a halt. George looks around. There's no water in sight.

GEORGE
Where is it?

COMPUTER
It is below us.

GEORGE
Oh man. So we have to dig. And we
don't even know if it's potable.

COMPUTER
We shall find out.

Computer begins chewing up and shitting out sand at mach speed.

GEORGE
Wait, Computer, if the water's
below us we don't know if the land
has enough structural integri--

And the ground gives way. The dark pit swallows them whole.

INT. DARK WET HOLE

SPLASH!

It's pitch black. George pants and sputters, splashing water all around him in a panic. Computer activates a flashlight. It reveals little, only illuminating George's sopping visage.

GEORGE
Computer! Find land! Find land!

COMPUTER
Scanning.

Computer makes a little whirring noise.

COMPUTER (CONT'D)
Land identified. Grab onto my body.

George clasps onto Computer like xir's a life preserver, and xie paddles calmly to the dank underground shore.

As soon as George can touch the rocky surface, he clambers out of the water like prey narrowly avoiding a predator. Computer calmly drives out of the water.

George can get a better look at his surroundings now. It's truly a dark wet hole. The surface must be a hundred feet up, at least.

GEORGE

I don't think we can climb out.

COMPUTER

You would be correct. But there is
a passage we can take.

George fills up the plastic containers to the brim with
water.

GEORGE

Will it lead to an exit?

COMPUTER

It is better than sitting here like
a beached whale.

Computer rolls into the narrow passage, xie's flashlight only
partially lighting the way. George follows, crouching into
the space.

GEORGE

That's just rude.

EXT. SUSPICIOUS BOULDER - DAY

Several large metal rods and sheets are wedged under the
boulder. Some are weighed down with smaller stones and rocks,
to create some lifting force. Shelly crams a final rod
underneath: her cane.

She stands back, panting and sweating.

SHELLY

Okay. Moment of truth.

And she leans against the boulder once again. Shoving with
all her might. And the boulder moves. Slowly, and with great
difficulty, but surely it slides out of its divot in the sand
and--once free--rolls a couple feet off to the side.

Underneath the boulder is a hole. But rather than a sudden
unplanned mystery hole like the one George and Computer fell
into, this one looks very planned. Smooth and perfectly
round, it comfortably and gradually descends into the
darkness.

She yells down into the hole.

SHELLY (CONT'D)

Geraldine?! Hello?!

Her voice bounces off the walls, echoing hundreds of miles below. It seemingly never ends.

SHELLY (CONT'D)
George'll be back soon. He can deal
with this.

She backs away from the hole and waddles back to the crash site.

EXT. CRASH SITE - DAY

She observes the piles of junk.

SHELLY
I'm hungry.

Shelly studies the surviving canned chicken. Her tummy rumbles. She grimaces.

And she opens the can of slimy chicken, eating it with her hands. Face scrunched up as she chews each torturous bite.

SHELLY (CONT'D)
They better be back with the water.

She bites into a slimy chicken wing. How repulsive.

INT. UNDERGROUND TUNNELS

George follows Computer at a snail's pace through the cave. No luck finding an exit, just a winding maze of wet cave walls.

GEORGE
The mineral composition of the
stone must be ridiculous. Imagine
there's a new element inside.

Computer, too busy leading the way, does not respond.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
Any luck locating an exit?

COMPUTER
No. But we are about to enter a
large chamber.

They turn a corner, revealing a dim blue glow coming from around the next bend.

GEORGE
Wow... luminescence!

They follow the glow and it grows in intensity, and before long they enter...

INT. UNDERGROUND OASIS

A massive cavern with a small lake in the middle. Underground plants grow from every angle. Trees and flowers emanating calming blue light.

GEORGE
Great scott...

George's mouth is agape. Computer deactivates xir flashlight; xie doesn't need it anymore. The pair takes in the sight, and it truly is a sight.

Even glow-in-the-dark bugs buzz around! An alien insect flies right past George's head.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
There IS life here! Alien life!

Another bug lands on a little rock inches from Computer's "face." Xie studies it for a moment. It does not move. Xie suddenly, rapidly, without warning smushes it with a robotic fly swatter!

GEORGE (CONT'D)
Computer! Why'd you do that?!

COMPUTER
Collecting a sample for further analysis.

GEORGE
You could've kept it alive!

COMPUTER
You built me with a fly swatter attachment. I am programmed to squish those pesky things.

GEORGE
Earth bugs! Not these creatures!
This is a monumental discovery!

COMPUTER
I am merely strutting the stuff you gave me.

GEORGE
Okay, well... don't do it again.

George approaches the underground lake. The water is pristine, perfectly clear, unlike the mud-filled hole they fell into. He dumps out the dirty brown water from the containers and refills them with the new stuff.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
Temperature is perfect.

He takes a slug. His face is one of ecstasy and he drinks it like ambrosia until it's empty. He refills it again.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
I could swim in the stuff.

COMPUTER
Inadvisable.

George sighs.

GEORGE
I know, I know...

COMPUTER
We must continue.

GEORGE
Can we just sit here for a minute?

George sits down on the rocky floor of the cave. Breathes in the crisp air.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
Even the air's clean.

It's peaceful. Alien crickets play their alien song. The lake gently ebbs and flows against the rocks, the soothing sound echoing throughout the cavern.

Computer's little engine hums in the background.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
Okay. Let's go. Shelly's waiting.

George stands up and the duo make their way to the other side of the cavern.

EXT. CRASH SITE - DAY

Shelly roasts like a 7/11 hot dog in the sun. She's sprawled out on the hot sand, caked in sweat.

SHELLY

Where the fuck are they already?

She sits up, panting. Feels the dryness in her throat; the stickiness of her tongue.

SHELLY (CONT'D)

Water can't take that long.

She scans the environment, cupping her hands to squint. Way off in the wavy distance, she can see... nothing. George is nowhere to be seen.

SHELLY (CONT'D)

Oh shit.

The sun beats down on her. She glances at the mystery cave under the mystery boulder. It calls to her. She turns away.

She assembles a little makeshift umbrella from the wreckage and sits under it, head resting on her arms.

She struggles to hide the worry on her face as her eyes slowly drift shut. And suddenly...

The hot suns have turned into the even hotter afternoon suns.

She's broiling. Like garlic bread. Fading in and out of consciousness. And the mystery hole still calls.

SHELLY (CONT'D)

Nuh uh. No planet pussy.

Her voice is cracked and stale.

SHELLY (CONT'D)

Okay fine. Planet pussy.

She stands and hobbles over to the hole. Stares into its dark, damp, cavernous depths.

SHELLY (CONT'D)

Wet. That's a good sign.

She hobbles down into the surgically bored planetary pussy...

INT. PLANETARY PUSSY

Shelly descends down the dark moist hole.

SHELLY

I wonder who did the surgery.

INT. UNDERGROUND TUNNELS

The descent levels out and she's faced with a fork: a perpendicular cave intersecting, going in two opposite directions.

SHELLY
Hello?! Geraldine?!

Her voice echoes. No answer.

SHELLY (CONT'D)
Anybody?!

She picks a direction. Leans against the cave wall to avoid slipping and falling as she walks.

SHELLY (CONT'D)
Hello?! George! Computer! Anybody
down here?!

Still nothing.

Meanwhile, some distance away, George and Computer are walking through tunnels of their own. These ones are filled with fungus.

GEORGE
Can you believe it Computer?
Everywhere we look, new life! It's
remarkable.

COMPUTER
I am a Computer. I have no
"belief."

GEORGE
It's a figure of speech. Like when
something is--

SHELLY (O.S.)
(far off echo)
Anybody down here?!

GEORGE
That's Shelly! Can you locate the
source?

COMPUTER
Triangulating. Located.

GEORGE
Let's pick up the pace!

George rushes ahead.

Back to Shelly. She's still moving through the dank crevices.

SHELLY
Where is everybody?! Nobody's down
here.

Water drips from a stalactite nearby.

SHELLY (CONT'D)
Fuck I'm thirsty.

She pauses. Looks at her water-slicked hand. Licks it.

SHELLY (CONT'D)
Tastes like water.

She begrudgingly turns to the wall of the cave. And she licks the cave wall. Slurping up as much moisture as she can. Don't judge; it's her only option at this point.

But her slurpfest is cut short as George and Computer rush around the corner.

GEORGE
Shelly!

SHELLY
George!

Shelly instinctively runs to George and wraps him in the galaxy's biggest hug.

COMPUTER
Shelly located.

SHELLY
I've never been so happy to see
you.

GEORGE
Thanks?

SHELLY
Do you have water?

George hands her a water pouch.

GEORGE
I do. You won't believe it, Shel!
There was this big cavern and, and-

But she's too busy glugging that sweet, sweet water to care. She downs the whole pouch in one gulp. A full gallon.

SHELLY

Oh my god, I feel drunk.

GEORGE

It was amazing Shel! The discovery of a lifetime. Life! There's life here! A whole underground oasis!

SHELLY

Wow.

GEORGE

You have to see it. Computer, guide us back.

COMPUTER

I shall do it, but under my own volition.

The three head back the way George and Computer came, George excitedly leading Shelly by the hand.

INT. UNDERGROUND OASIS

George leads the gang back through the mouth of the oasis.

GEORGE

And here it is! Isn't it amaz--

He freezes. So do Shelly and Computer. They lose their color. Even Computer somehow looks pale. Because on the other side of the lake, standing over the little splotch of green insect blood from Computer's sample collection are...

REAL! GREEN-HEADED! BUG-EYED! EXTRA-TERRESTRIAL! ALIENS!

And they're holding laser assault weapons and other deadly future technology, all staring right at our heroes...

COMPUTER

gulp sound effect

The aliens leap and bound their way to the three earthlings in a flash, surrounding them aggressively. They point their laser weapons at them and chitter with great hostility.

George instinctively puts his hands up. Shelly thwaps an alien over the head with her cane. The alien rubs its head tenderly and shakes its fist at her, furiously garbling.

SHELLY

There's more where that came from!

Another alien shocks her with a laser-prod. She shrieks and collapses to the floor.

SHELLY (CONT'D)

My leg! It's burned!

GEORGE

You bastards! What'd you do to her?!

COMPUTER

It appears the electricity has conducted through the metal brace on her leg, burning her flesh. She requires immediate medical attention.

The aliens chatter again. Shelly grits her teeth.

One of the aliens chirps into a device on its chest. Promptly, the gorgeous lake splits apart and a high-tech ENTRANCEWAY emerges from the ground beneath between the waves.

Within the entranceway is a descending tunnel, made of a steel-like material and glowing with electric light.

The aliens shove our beloved Earthlings towards the entranceway.

GEORGE

No way we're going with you!

One of the aliens activates a mysterious rectangular device, emanating a heavy, humming wave of energy--and suddenly Shelly, George and Computer are frozen stiff.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

What's happening?!

COMPUTER

I cannot move.

SHELLY

I think they're controlling us.

The alien pushes another button. And the three are wrested towards the entranceway, their bodies moving without their control.

GEORGE

Oh god. Oh god. I can't fight it.

SHELLY

Ow, my fucking leg! I can't walk
you jackasses!

The alien she previously whacked over the head chitters
mockingly at her.

SHELLY (CONT'D)

Yeah, your mother too.

The alien is aghast.

INT. ALIEN LAIR

The trio are forcibly led through shiny, mechanical doorways
and corridors. Through windows they observe the sheer
magnitude of the facility.

It's tremendously large. Miles across, miles deep, tubes and
tunnels and facilities. Farms growing alien fruits of all
colors, research labs mixing alien chemicals, nurseries
housing armies of alien babies. All of it drenched in
clinical alien light.

GEORGE

This alien facility is so...

SHELLY

Alien.

COMPUTER

Apt description.

GEORGE

The technology is so beyond
anything on Earth... who knows how
long this society's been around?
There's so much I could learn.

SHELLY

Like they'll let you learn anything
here.

COMPUTER

I fear my scanners are unable to
penetrate this alien metal, so even
my superior senses and intellect
are at a loss here.

SHELLY

You don't gotta rub it in.

The aliens lead them through another doorway and into...

INT. ALIEN THRONE ROOM

A ginormous metal chamber with large columns and alien-royal carpeting (taupe--their senses are different than ours).

At the other end of the chamber is a throne. An alien throne, back turned to the doorway. Royal alien guards wearing extravagant armor stand on either side of the throne.

The escorting aliens chitter. The maniacal voice of the alien queen echoes across the room, but the voice sounds... familiar.

FAMILIAR QUEEN VOICE (O.S.)

Ah, you have brought them to me.
Marvelous. Now leave us.

One of the aliens chitters in protest.

FAMILIAR QUEEN VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Do not question me!

Resigned, the escorting aliens depart, leaving Shelly, George and Computer by themselves. The mysterious wave wears off, and they all breathe sighs of relief.

SHELLY

Oh thank fuck, I can move again.

GEORGE

Shelly! No swearing in front of the Queen!

Shelly rolls her eyes.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Oh your royal majesty's highness.
We are humbled to be in your presence. We are aliens from another world, and we come in peace.

COMPUTER

Kiss ass.

FAMILIAR QUEEN VOICE (O.S.)

Oh, I know all about you tranny freaks and where you come from.

SHELLY

Oh hell no, even the aliens are
transphobic.

FAMILIAR QUEEN VOICE (O.S.)

Unfortunately not... Because I am
no alien. To you. Yes, to my
dismay, I know you all too well...

The throne swivels around with a hydraulic hiss... And it's
not an alien queen in that alien throne. Instead, snugly
nestled into the royal seat is the horrible human heinie
of...

GERALDINE!

And she's got a new arm. A robot arm!

GEORGE

Geraldine!

GERALDINE

That's Queen Geraldine to you!

SHELLY

This is the worst day of my life.

GERALDINE

And the greatest of mine! I've
waited years to finally put you
degenerates in your place. Shove
you away, where you belong!

COMPUTER

How did an alien being become queen
of this advanced society?

GERALDINE

Easy. I killed the last one! These
beings respect ruthlessness.

SHELLY

What did we ever do to you, lady?!
You're the reason we crashed here!

GERALDINE

And I'm grateful for that. Thank
you, me. You're welcome, me.
Because now I finally have the
power to put you trannies where you
belong!

GEORGE

Why do you hate us so much?!

GERALDINE

That's for me to know and you to find out.

SHELLY

Oh, I intend to find out.

GERALDINE

Good luck finding! You see, at the very bottom of this facility are the stone mines, so close to this planet's mantle that every inch of rock burns flesh to the touch. Only this society's most filthy criminals are sent to work those mines. They usually only last a week, I understand. And the best part?! We don't even need the rocks! It's the closest thing to hell in the universe. I've checked! And that's where you're going! Ha! Guards, take them away.

One of the ROYAL ALIEN GUARDS chitters questioningly...

GERALDINE (CONT'D)

Their charge? Why, defying nature of course! And ruining my life... Now don't make me ask again!

The Royal Alien Guards descend on our heroes.

FADE OUT

TO BE CONTINUED