

INT. SAM'S ROOM

SAM is 19 with red hair in a pony tail. Her room is neat enough. She is packing some clothes into a strange metal capsule. The TV can be heard in the background. Sam opens a drawer in her dresser. It's full of comic books. She grabs a couple, then looks confused, something's missing. She shuffles around a few books, and then angrily closes the drawer.

SAM

Rian! Do you still have my issues  
of Fragile?

RIAN(O.S.)

(from the other room)

Uh, yeah... I'm almost finished  
reading them, which ones do you  
want?

SAM

Uh, all of them?

RIAN(O.S.)

Ok, ok, geez!

Sam puts some comic books into the canister.

REPORTER #1

...NASA has said this new cryogenic  
technology will revolutionize space  
travel—

Sam shuts off the TV.

CUT TO BLACK

FADE IN:

INT. SAM'S LIVING ROOM

It's a going away party for the family. Sam looks distant. She's wearing one of those cone party hats and is sitting on a stool next to her friend, BECKA, who has a general air of confusion about her. There's a banner that says "Bon Voyage!" and a good number of guests.

RIAN is watching "Dan, Dann, and Danny". Mom picks up the remote and changes the channel. It's some news broadcast.

BECKA

Well, look at it this way, Sam. You're gonna be the first Woman in Intergalactic Space! You'll be famous!

SAM

First Woman-Popsicle maybe. What's the point of being famous if I'm never gonna be around to enjoy it? This might as well be my funeral.

BECKA

Hmmm.. well at least it's not...

BECKA & SAM (CONT'D)

waiting on tables at Wilma's!!

SAM(CHUCKLING) (CONT'D)

Yeah, I guess so.

MOM

Quiet, it's starting!

PRESIDENT CLINTON

It is with great excitement that I announce NASA's first ever Thermostatic Hibernation mission. We will now take questions.

REPORTERS begin SHOUTING, trying to get the President's attention, until one is selected.

REPORTER #2

Mister President, Jake Neathair, Channel 6, What consideration has been taken in regards to the propulsion paradox? That if we send our mission too soon, there will be faster propulsion technology available by the time they reach their destination, rendering the entire endeavor completely pointless?

PRESIDENT CLINTON

Thank you, Jeff, I'm glad you asked. You know, our scientists are super excited about our new human thermostasis technology. Answer this: Who won the space race? Was it Russia? Was it China? We won. We won the space race, and now it's time for a victory lap.

(MORE)

PRESIDENT CLINTON (CONT'D)  
Does Russia have frozen people in space? Does China? This is how we continue to establish ourselves as an intergalactic superpower.

REPORTER #3  
Mister President, who would be willing to throw their lives away like that? To just spend the rest of their natural lives in space?

PRESIDENT CLINTON  
After rigorous testing and vetting of candidates, we have selected a small family from Iowa.

APPLAUSE

A man in a suit and sunglasses next to the President leans in and whispers something in his ear.

PRESIDENT CLINTON (CONT'D)  
Idaho, a small family from Idaho.

SMALLER, CONFUSED APPLAUSE

BECKA  
Did you hear that! The President said "Idaho" on TV!

RIAN  
Right!? I don't think I've ever heard someone on TV say "Idaho", that's crazy!

SAM  
(dryly)  
Yeah, crazy.

CUT TO:

INTRO SEQUENCE

CUT IN:

INT. HYPERBURGERS FREEZER

Sam is sleeping in a Cryo-pod amidst alien vegetables and frozen meats. she is wearing a NASA jumpsuit. The Stasis pod opens with a hiss and Sam awakens.

SAM  
 (COUGHING)  
 What the hell?

Sam stumbles around, finds a door and exits.

CUT TO:

INT. HYPERBURGERS DINING ROOM

The Dining room is bustling with activity. PONY, a multi-tentacled squid alien and the only one manning the front counter, is in frantics trying to keep up with all of the orders. At the Fly-Through floats a deep red cloak wearing a gas mask and a headset. His name is KATA. Behind the Grill, CHORO prepares the orders. He is a large dog-like creature with one eye and big upturned horns, on which many cooking utensils are hanging.

Sam is walking through, staring dumbfounded at it all.

CHORO  
 ORDER IS UP!

KATA  
 Fuckin-Not So Loud, Choro. I'm  
 right here!

PONY  
 Could somebody drop some more Petrol Fries?

KATA  
 Uh, No, Pony, That's your job

PONY  
 Ok but I'm kinda busy-

KATA  
 We're ALL Busy

CHORO  
 Choro is dropping fries!

SM-33, A small one-wheeled robot wearing a big yellow rubber glove on it's only intact hand, approaches her.

SM-33  
 Our Martian has finally hatched!

SAM  
 (SURPRISED)  
 Ah! Fuck! A robot!

SM-33

Strange, their pupal state is paler than I had anticipated! It's got the right amount of limbs, though!

SAM

What? Martian? These Stasis dreams get weirder and weirder...

CHORO

Who is new girl and why she stands in my kitchen?

SM-33

Well, she only just hatched! She's probably still getting her bearings! She's a cute little pupa, isn't she!

KATA

Oh, that thing Hatched? I thought we were gonna grill it up

PONY

Aren't Martians Carnivores? I doubt they'd taste any good...

SAM

Jeez, if this is gonna be another vore dream, I think I'd rather just wake up into the next one, thanks.

Sam thrusts her hand on the grill, confidently at first, then she retracts her hand in pain.

KATA

What?

PONY

Why?

CHORO

Hey! Meat that TOUCHES grill STAYS on grill, Understand?

SM-33

Fragile and Ignorant. Certainly checks out for a Martian Pupa.

SAM

Fuck this, am I awake? Where the hell am I? And why'd I have to use my right hand!

Sam grabs a knife from the nearby counter, pointing it at the aliens in front of her.

SM-33

Shocking dexterity for a newborn!  
She'll be great for cleaning, once  
she's been orientated! Ahem!

SM-33 (CONT'D)

(IN AN INFOMERCIAL STYLE)

Welcome aboard, Valued Crewmate! As  
a crewmember aboard RS-2116, The  
Starship HyperBurgers, every shift  
is an opportunity for excitement!

Sam looks about wildly, sees an open vent above, vaults off  
of SM-33's head, and crawls away to safety.

SM-33 (CONT'D)

The Starship HyperBurgers is not  
responsible for any bodily harm,  
mutilation, decapitation whether of  
a single or multiple heads,  
dismemberment—

CHORO

Why you are still talking? Pupa has  
left Kitchen.

SM-33

Oh, I know, I just really like  
doing the orientation and Captain  
Slock never lets me finish it... Do  
you mind?

CHORO

No, I suppose not.

SM-33

—Disembowelment, Discombobulation,  
Defenestration,  
Disestablishmentarianism—

CUT TO:

INT. VENTILATION SHAFT

Sam has the knife in her teeth, she crawls with her left  
hand, holding her right to her chest. She sits back and tears  
a bit of fabric off the hem of her pants and ties it around  
her burnt hand with her teeth. She continues crawling through  
the vent.

SAM

(ANXIOUS)

Ok, Sam, remember your astronaut training! Sure, most of it was just "how to change your own diaper" and "not throwing up on carnival rides" nobody really talked me through being stranded on an alien... diner? Spaceship? God, I still kind of hope this is a dream.

Sam comes to a grate, rears up and kicks it out. She crawls out

CUT TO:

INT. HANGAR BAY

The massive bay holds an array of various alien vessels of all shapes and sizes. There is a large energy door that leads into open space.

SAM

Holy Shit... So I'm for sure in space, but not on my own ship... Maybe one of these ships is mine?

Sam starts perusing through the myriad spaceships, none of which look remotely similar to hers.

SAM (CONT'D)

No... not this one. Nope. Uh uh... hhhhhh Fuckfuckfuckfuckfuck- Ok. Why would my ship be here anyways? God. Ok, let's just figure out where I'm at and go from there.

SM-33 has snuck up on her again.

SM-33

There you are!

SAM

Jesus! You've gotta stop doing that!

SM-33

I see you have elected to take your Legally Mandated Break! I hadn't even gotten to that section of the orientation!

SAM

Oh, right well... before I get back to it, would you mind taking me to see your... manager?

SM-33

Oh, The Captain? He's probably just brooding over the security cameras on The Bridge. Right this way!

CUT TO:

INT. THE BRIDGE

The bridge is essentially a mash between a standard Sci-Fi spaceship bridge and the manager's office of a fastfood restaurant. CAPTAIN SLOCK, a large lobster-like alien with a robotic right arm and a tophat, sits at a console in the back. It's covered in papers, he's watching security cameras. He notices Sam and SM-33, he quickly shuts off the screen and picks up some papers in an effort to look busy.

SLOCK

Ah, the martian has hatched I see.

Sam jolts into action, putting herself between SM-33 and the Captain, brandishing her kitchen knife.

SAM

I'm sorry, Captain, but I'm gonna need you to answer me a couple questions—

SM-33

Oh Dear, I better fill out a report for Sentient Resources!

The captain quietly stands up to his full height, getting all up in Sam's bizz.

SLOCK

No, I think you're gonna have to answer some of my questions, lassy. Firstly, why I should bother taking in your chrysalis out of the goodness of my heart, and for what? for you to threaten me?

Slock slowly but confidently reaches up his non-metal claw and snips off the blade of the knife Sam was holding.



SLOCK (CONT'D)

Secondly, why I should stand for this mutinous behavior and not space you out of the nearest airlock in nae but yer skivvies?

SM-33

Well, I know the answer to that one! It would be an SR violation and I would have to report you!

Sam starts CRYING.

SLOCK

Wh-what is it doing? SM-33, analysis! QUICKLY!

SM-33

I'm uncertain, sir. It might be some kind of defense mechanism? The fluid doesn't seem dangerous—P R O C E S S I N G

SLOCK

Is it urinating? Gross!

SM-33

P R O C E S S I— Tears: A fairly unique phenomenon present in a subset of ancient primates native to Sol III. It's a sign of emotional distress.

SLOCK

Sol III? Isn't it a Martian?

SM-33

Huh, weird. This would indicate that this creature is Homo Sapiens. It's not a Martian, it's a fossil!

SLOCK

Look, I'm sorry there little Hormo—

SM-33

Homo

SLOCK

Right, Homo Sapiens

SM-33

Now apologize for misidentifying its species

SLOCK

I'm sorry for misidentif- Hey wait, you should apologize, you're the one who told me it was a martian in the first place!

SM-33

Well, she should feel honored, really! Martians are the more highly evolved descendants of Homo-Sapiens!

SAM

Ugh! I'm not crying about your misidentification or whatever! I'm crying because I have no idea where I am or how I got here!

SLOCK

Oh! Well why didn't you say so?

Slock walks over to the central console, presses a button, and a hologram projects an image of the Milky Way Galaxy.

SAM

(WIPING TEARS)

Ok, so we're at least in the Milky Way Galaxy

SLOCK

(POINTING TO THE IMAGE)

That's us right there.

SAM

Where's Proxima Centauri?

SLOCK

Proxima- Well, it's right here, but aren't you from the Sol System?

SAM

I am. I'm an astronaut. My mission was to orbit Proxima Centauri. We're nowhere near Proxima Centauri, how long was I under?

SM-33

I could estimate your lapse in cryo-sleep, I would just need to conduct a biopsy of your brain!

33's good arm folds out into a buzzsaw

SFX:buzzsaw revving

SAM

No, actually, I don't think I will.

SLOCK

Well, little hom-

SAM

It's uh Sam actually

SLOCK

Sam. All I know is that we picked up your cryo-chamber from a junk trader at a really, really good price. We were hoping you could fill a recent hole in our staffing...

SAM

For fuck's sake, I thought I was done waiting tables.

SM-33

Wonderful! It even has previous work experience!

SLOCK

Not now, 33.

SAM

My family was on my ship... I don't even know if they're alive.

SLOCK

Tell you what. You give ElaPonaDeraGeth a hand with the lunch rush, we'll feed and house you, and maybe we can... I dunno, look for yer family or somethin-

Sam hugs him, he's taken off guard

SLOCK (CONT'D)

If this is some sort of attack, it's very underwhelming... 33, how do I get her off?

SAM

It's a hug, stupid. It means "Thank You".

SLOCK

Oh... uh... "Hug" you too then

SAM  
 (WIPING AWAY THE LAST OF  
 THE TEARS)  
 Speaking of... speaking, how do you  
 guys ALL speak english?

SM-33  
 English is the primary language of  
 the Great Martian Empire. It is the  
 standard trade language, under  
 penalty of death!

SAM  
 Yikes, ok.

SLOCK  
 Right, well, now that... all that's  
 out of the way, we better get you  
 started.

SM-33  
 Oh Great! I'll begin the  
 orientation! Welcome aboard, Valued  
 Crewmate! As a crewmember aboard-

SLOCK  
 No time for that-

SM-33  
 Aw...

SLOCK  
 33 will getcha an apron and a hat,  
 it's trial by fire!

SAM  
 Sounds easy enough!

CUT TO:

INT. HYPERBURGERS DINING ROOM

SAM  
 Order For...um... Ninininanini?

NININININANINI  
 It's Ninininanini.

SAM  
 Shit, sorry, I'm new

There is a long line of angry aliens. The counter is on fire.

PONY  
Sam?

SAM  
Little busy

PONY  
Counter's on fire again

SAM  
Yeah it's on fire

PONY  
It's not supposed to be on fire

SAM  
(LOADING UP A TRAY)  
I know that! I'll put it out in a  
second, I've gotta take these  
drinks out to table 6.

Sam shoulders her tray, takes a deep breath, and Shoves her way into the crowd.

SM-33  
How's the new hire?

PONY  
She's awesome! I mean, she keeps  
getting orders wrong, and names  
wrong, and spilling things on the  
holocounter and setting it on fire.  
But I think she's getting the hang  
of it! And look at her, she's so!  
Human!

Sam sets a drink down, disturbing the balance of her tray. She goes to catch it, and dumps the drinks on the floor. The drinks start bubbling and begin eating through the floor. Sam drops the tray in the puddle and it disintegrates.

SM-33  
Do you need a hand up here?

PONY  
(SETTING FOUR TRAYS AT  
ONCE)  
Nah I got it.

Sam returns to the counter bedraggled and wielding a fire extinguisher. She puts out the counter fire.

SAM

God, I thought that whole "trial by fire" thing was a figure of speech!

SM-33

So did we!

SAM

But I'll bet everybody sets the counter on fire on their first day.

SM-33

Not really!

PONY

But, hey, she knows where the fire extinguisher is! That's good, right?

SAM

Jeez, just give it to me straight  
33: I suck at this job.

PONY

Jeez? Suck? Ohohoho

SM-33

It's not my position to judge your performance, but since you asked, you are currently operating at 26% efficiency!

SAM

26?

PONY

Nowaynowaynoway!

SM-33

If it makes you feel better, most organic lifeforms only ever reach 72% efficiency

SAM

That Doesn't make me feel better.

PONY

You're Speaking Lucian English! I can not Even! Only odd!

SAM

Sure little guy. Dont know what that means but whatever.

PONY

Lucian English? As in the dialect spoken during the time of the Epic Poet "Lucas"

SAM

Ok, I guess. I was never really into epic poetry--

PONY

(INCREDULOUS)

You've never heard of the Epic Poems of Indiana Jones? Star Wars?

SAM

Wait, Lucas like George Lucas? Those aren't Epic Poems, they're movies!

PONY

Well, that's sort of an antiquated point of view

SM-33

Much like the universe, what constitutes as 'art' continues to expand.

PONY

That was deep, 33

SAM

Ok but how do you know all this earth stuff?

PONY

Oh, I'm a massive "nerd". I know all the classics.

SM-33

After the Martians joined the Galactic Federation, most animation was outsourced to his planet, Delagetron. The Delagetronodes' 4 arms cut production time in half! Consequently, their education system contains a robust curriculum of Martian Media!

PONY

Yeah, my uncle worked on season 6012 of The Simpsons!

SAM

6012?

PONY

I know, most big fans don't count anything after season 1200, but I think it still captures the same charm of the early centuries, even if it jumped the shark when Bart opened that interdimensional rift.

CHORO

Order Up!

PONY

Ope! Better take out those orders!

Pony loads up the last of the food on his trays and cheerfully scuttles out to the dining room.

SAM

SM-33, isn't there some other job I could do? I get I've gotta earn my keep here, but I feel I'm kinda beyond table service, you know?

SM-33

Oh, of course! I totally understand

SAM

Great, I just have all this training and it feels like--

SM-33

We'll try you on the Fly-Thru!

SAM

Fly-Thru?

SM-33

Yeah, anyone can tackle Dining Room. It takes REAL finesse to operate the Fly-Thru!

SAM

Right... I guess I'll try it.

CUT TO:



INT. FLY-THRU

Kata and Sam stand on either side of a porthole that peers into the starry abyss. They are quiet for some time. Sam seems awkward and Kata remains inscrutable.

SAM

So... You work here long?

KATA

Long enough.

SAM

The, uh, Captain said something about filling a hole in staffing, what happened to the other guy?

KATA

You don't wanna know.

SAM

Right, right. What's the turnaround here like?

KATA

...

SAM

My name's Sam, by the way.

KATA

Oh.

SAM

What's your name?

KATA

What?

SAM

Like, what people call you?

KATA

Takash Katatak Tetakakat.

SAM

Takashaka...tak

KATA

Typical limbed creature.

SAM

I'm doing my best, ok? Do you mind if I just call you Tak?

KATA

Ha. Yes. I mind. Takash is my  
Father's name. Please, just call me  
Kata, if your primitive talkhole  
cannot handle such a common name.

SAM

Kata, all right.

A flying saucer pulls up to the window.

SAM (CONT'D)

Are you gonna welcome them, or...

KATA

You'd think so, Rookie. Nah, we  
wait for them to talk first in case  
they speak a different language,  
don't wanna welcome them in the  
language of their oppressors.

SAM

I thought English was the standard  
language, under penalty of death?

KATA

Do I look like a cop to you?

ALIEN CUSTOMER

deedeedeede dee deedawdeede  
deedawdeede dawdawdaw

KATA

Deedeedeede deede

SAM

Ok, maybe Fly-Thru's not my thing.  
What else could I do?

SM-33

We could put you in the kitchen!  
we'd just have to ask Choro first!

CUT TO:

INT. HYPERBURGERS KITCHEN

CHORO

No.

SAM

Please?

CHORO

Choro's kitchen is Choro's. Pale  
Martian would just get in way.

SM-33

She does have previous experience,  
and opposable thumbs!

CHORO

Choro will break thumbs if Pale  
Martian touches anything.

SM-33

Choro, what did we say about  
threatening crewmates?

CHORO

(mutters to himself)  
Only if they are mutinous

SAM

Fine, if you don't want me here,  
I'll find somewhere else!

Sam storms off.

SM-33

Choro, now look what you did!

CHORO

Martian has left kitchen, is all  
that matters to Choro.

CUT TO:

INT. HANGAR BAY

Sam has found herself a stack of crates to sit on. We see her  
opened storage pod scattered on the floor. She's got those  
shitty headphones on and a portable cd player.

Pony, 33, and Kata have followed her, but hide in the  
corridor.

PONY

Do you think she's alright?

KATA

I don't really care.

SM-33

Her Optical Fluid Ducts appear to  
be dry, this is a good sign.

PONY

But what's she looking at? She's just staring!

KATA

Maybe she can see in another dimension. Why else would they have two of those things?

SM-33

I believe they provide better depth perception

PONY

How do they see in 3 dimensions with only two eyes? Nevermind, that's not important right now! Somebody should talk to her!

KATA

I don't want to. I just came to watch in case she tries to eat one of you.

Sam takes off her headphones

SAM

You know I can see you guys, right?

KATA

Told you guys.

PONY

She doesn't need to see other dimensions to see us, Kata!

SM-33

We were concerned about your sudden absence, so we searched for you.

SAM

I'm fine, just needed some space to clear my head.

SM-33

I'm sure if we asked the Captain, we could have him talk to Choro about working in the kitchen.

SAM

I'm not upset that I can't work in the kitchen, I'm just frustrated.

PONY

See, Kata? Your negativity affects all of us! Not just me!

SAM

It's not that either. I just feel so stuck. I'm a trained astronaut. I worked hard to get where I am, and now I'm back to waiting tables and coming home smelling like grease and disappointment.

SM-33

I'm afraid I don't have the proper certification to provide counsel--

SAM

I don't need counsel, 33. Sometimes you just need someone to listen. I don't expect any of you to fix me or something. It just sucks being stuck somewhere you don't belong.

PONY

Well, what about being stuck somewhere with a friend?

Sam smiles.

SAM

Friends? I can't even pronounce your name Elapondorio.

PONY

ElaPonaDeraGeth

SAM

Right. That.

KATA

You could always shorten it. I don't make people call me Takash Katatak Tetakakat. I don't like any of you, but I'm not some kind of Name Fascist.

SAM

What about Pony?

SM-33

Pony: a diminutive hooved mammal native to Sol III

PONY

I LOVE IT!

SM-33

Look, it doesn't matter if you're good at your job, Sam! Kata has terrible customer service, even if he is fluent in over 30 dialects. Pony is a complete pushover and gets walked all over by customers. While Choro IS hypoallergenic, that doesn't stop him from shedding his nutrient-rich fibers all over our food. The Captain is a creep, and I haven't been updated in -256 cycles! Sure, you spill stuff, but you operate a mop way better than Pony can!

PONY

It's 'cause you've got a skeleton!

SM-33

You don't scare customers the way Kata does!

KATA

But we don't think any less of you for it.

SM-33

While you are anatomically anomalous, compared to recent Galactic Census data, you are well within a standard deviation of the norm of the rest of the crew!

SAM

Thanks, 33. Maybe you've got a point. I think I needed that.

Sam hugs SM-33

SM-33

Acknowledged. I estimate our emotional efficiency to be approaching 68%

SAM

And you ruined it.

PONY

Ooh! Is this a Hug? I've read about these? Mind if I just...

Pony slithers his arms in and the hug.

KATA

I see this requires physical  
appendages, I think I'm gonna go--

PONY

Oh get in here, ya dummy!

Pony snags Kata's cloak with his tentacle, pulling it off of  
Kata, cuing looks of abject horror from the three hugging.  
Pony covers Sam's eyes with one of his tentacles.

PONY (CONT'D)

(whispering)

Never again.

CUT TO BLACK.

END