

CARGO

EPISODE ONE: "Gelousy"

Written by

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First Draft

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1 EXT. SPACE. [MODEL]

1

A dirty, rusty-brown cargo hauler lumbers through space, leaving a trail of filthy exhaust gases behind. The ship has four sections and the name "*Fat-Cat IV*" is painted on the hull.

2 INT. MID-SECTION, FAT CAT.

2

Inside the *Fat Cat*'s mid-section is a small kitchen and dining area. GIBSON WALLACE sits at the table, browsing text on a digital pad.

Enter CHESTERFIELD BENNETT from the aft section, eating ready-made food from a silver container. He sits opposite Gibson, who tries to ignore his loud, open-mouthed chewing.

Gibson finally breaks.

GIBSON
Chesterfield!

CHESTERFIELD
Mm?

GIBSON
Do you mind?

CHESTERFIELD
No.

GIBSON
I'm trying to concentrate.

CHESTERFIELD
I know, futile isn't it?

GIBSON
Yes! Go and eat that somewhere else.

CHESTERFIELD
Then I can't talk to ya.

GIBSON
I don't care! I've gotta get this done.

CHESTERFIELD
What is it?

GIBSON

Employee feedback. The company wants to know what they could do to make our job harder.

CHESTERFIELD

Harder?

GIBSON

Well, it says "easier" here, but you know what that means. Easier is just corporate speak for 'much more difficult'. It means easier for them, not us.

CHESTERFIELD

Dunno why you're wasting your time.

GIBSON

Because Mr Fowler said we have to. You've got to do one as well.

CHESTERFIELD

Pft, I'm not doing one.

Chesterfield reaches into a toolbox and pulls out a bottle of beer, flicking the cap off with a screwdriver.

CHESTERFIELD (cont'd)

Fowler can go and stick his knob in it.

He swigs from the bottle.

GIBSON

What are you doing??

CHESTERFIELD

I'm having a drink to go with m'dinner.

GIBSON

You can't drink and pilot, you'll get us both in trouble!

CHESTERFIELD

He's never gonna find out, is he? Unless you tell him.

GIBSON

Or if he watches the black box recording!

Gibson gestures toward a security camera in the corner of the room.

CHESTERFIELD
Who do you think he is, Big Brother?

GIBSON
He's on the verge, yes!

Chesterfield pulls out a small laser pistol and shoots the camera.

GIBSON (cont'd)
You know he's gonna dock that from your pay.

CHESTERFIELD
I'll just tell him you did it. It's your word against mine and I think we both know who he's gonna believe.

GIBSON
Me.

CHESTERFIELD
Exactly.

GIBSON
So why would he dock my pay?

CHESTERFIELD
Because you're a passive person, Gibson. He knows if he tries to dock mine I won't stand for it. I'll kick up a fuss, the company will have to send in a mediator and before you know it they've discovered all the dirty dealings he's been involved with over the past twenty years. You, on the other hand, would probably apologize for the inconvenience of him having to recalculate your wages.

GIBSON
I don't know why you have to be like this. It makes my life ten times more difficult. Why can't you just pretend you like this job, like I do?

CHESTERFIELD
Because *that* would not be me.

Chesterfield has finished his meal, he drops the container into a waste disposal unit and exits to the cockpit.

3 EXT. SPACE ABOVE PLANET. [MODEL] 3

The *Fat Cat IV* approaches a dirty grey-brown planet and descends into the atmosphere.

4 INT. COCKPIT, FAT CAT. 4

Chesterfield sits in the pilot's seat, steering the ship. Gibson enters and sits in the co-pilot's seat.

GIBSON
Are we there yet?

CHESTERFIELD
Just on our way down.

GIBSON
Oh god, I hate this bit.

CHESTERFIELD
Why, don't you trust me?

GIBSON
It's not that, I just hate feeling like I'm not in control.

CHESTERFIELD
Do you wanna do it?

GIBSON
I don't know how you fly a star-ship!

CHESTERFIELD
You've been watching me do it long enough. It's about time you started, grab that wheel.

Chesterfield reaches over and starts pressing switches on the dashboard.

GIBSON
What? No! I'm not ready!

CHESTERFIELD
Transferring control to co-pilot station.... now.

Gibson grabs the wheel and grips it tightly, in terror. The ship wobbles slightly.

CHESTERFIELD (cont'd)
There ya go, see? Not hard is it?
Just follow that beacon.

A voice crackles through the ship's radio.

GROUND CONTROL [RADIO]
This is Nova Prime ground control, to
incoming vessel. Please identify
yourself.

CHESTERFIELD
Bin men.

GROUND CONTROL [RADIO]
Roger that, bin men. You're cleared
to land on service pad forty-nine.

CHESTERFIELD
We've got a delivery to make while
we're here. Some kind of gel for the
workshop.

GROUND CONTROL [RADIO]
Understood. When you get off the pad,
just follow the yellow-bricked
corridors.

5 EXT. LANDING PAD FORTY-NINE, NOVA PRIME. NIGHT. [MODEL] 5

The *Fat Cat IV* comes in to land over the pad. It slows to a stop and gradually starts descending. Suddenly the gearbox sputters and the engine cuts off. The ship drops like a stone onto the pad, landing awkwardly askew.

FADE TO:

6 INT. CORRIDOR, NOVA PRIME STAR PORT. 6

Chesterfield moves along the corridor carrying a digital pad. He also pushes a hovering trolley that has four sealed polymer barrels on it. The barrels are labeled 'Dupli-Gel'.

Arriving at a door marked 'Workshop', he presses the doorbell. After a moment a grubby STOREMAN opens the door.

STOREMAN
Yes?

CHESTERFIELD
Got a delivery for ya. Need a
signature.

STOREMAN
Wot'siss?

Chesterfield looks at his pad.

CHESTERFIELD
Er... "*amorphous gelatinous
replicant*".

STOREMAN
Oh, Dupli-Gel. We were waiting for
this.

CHESTERFIELD
Well, it's finally here!

STOREMAN
Yeah. We don't need it anymore.

CHESTERFIELD
What?

STOREMAN
Took too long so we got it off the
black market.

CHESTERFIELD
But that's where we got it!

STOREMAN
Pft. Not my problem.

CHESTERFIELD
What am I supposed to do with five-
hundred gallons of Dupli-Gel?

STOREMAN
Go and stick your knob in it.

The storeman abruptly shuts the door. Chesterfield beratedly
turns the trolley and heads back the way he came.

FADE TO:

7 EXT. SPACE, CRAP-TRANS DEPOT. [MODEL] 7

The *Fat Cat IV* flies towards a partially wrecked space-station. The station is illuminated by a neon "Crap-Trans" logo.

8 INT. HANGAR, CRAP-TRANS DEPOT. [MODEL] 8

The *Fat Cat IV* flies into the hangar, misses the landing pad and crashes straight into the wall. It then reverses until it is in the correct position to land.

It unexpectedly jerks forward again and hits the wall once more. Then it reverses right back out of the hangar.

Finally, it flies in moving forward and downward at the same time, belly-flopping onto the pad.

9 INT. OFFICE/WAREHOUSE, CRAP-TRANS DEPOT. 9

The site of an ancient battle, this once grand space station has been re-purposed to act as a regional delivery depot.

The main room is a large warehouse with a small office on the upper floor. It looks just as disheveled from the inside as it does from outside, with greasy charred walls, loose wires and flickering control panels. At the back of the room there is a running conveyor belt leading to the hangar.

MISTER FOWLER sits in the office, working on a laptop. A shrew of a man, he wears a worn black suit and tie with a dirty-white shirt. The telephone rings, he answers it.

FOWLER

Commonwealth Refuse And Pollutant
Transit Authority? ... Yes, that's
right; Crap-trans. ... I see! What
kind of special requirements? ...
Mhmm ... Really? ... Oh yes, we can
do it! But it is dangerous work. Very
dangerous. I trust that you'll be
offering sufficient compensation? My
employees *will* be putting their lives
on the line for you. ... Oh, wow!
They're not worth *that* much! I
wouldn't want you to think I'm
selfish, after all! Let's call it
three-fifty and you recommend me to
all your friends?

Gibson and Chesterfield enter the warehouse.

CHESTERFIELD
(calling out)
Fowler? We're back.

FOWLER
Could you hold please? I have to go
and chew out my inferiors.

He puts the phone on hold and heads out into the warehouse.

FOWLER (cont'd)
Where've you been? You were supposed
to be back here five days ago!

CHESTERFIELD
We stopped to get a take-away.

FOWLER
That's coming out of *your* wages,
Gibson!

GIBSON
Fair enough, yep!

Fowler turns away, Gibson glares at Chesterfield.

CHESTERFIELD
You know you could spend a little on
our equipment. Give the ship an
overhaul. Then it wouldn't take us so
long to get everywhere.

FOWLER
Overhauls cost money, moron! If we're
going to spend money, we need to be
making money! And, to that end, I've
got a job for you. What do you know
about the War on Drugs?

CHESTERFIELD
That the Commonwealth has declared
war. On drugs.

FOWLER
Precisely. There've been heavy
casualties on both sides. We've been
contracted on a mission of mercy to
deliver urgently needed medical
supplies to prisoners of war.

GIBSON
Prisoners of war?

FOWLER

You'll have to deliver the supplies directly to the prisoners, the guards can't be trusted. I'm told that if you were to fly in from the south on a low trajectory, you'd be in the perfect position to air-drop the medicine.

CHESTERFIELD

And I suppose the guards will be expecting us?

FOWLER

I've made all the arrangements. As far as the guards know you're just there to empty the septic tanks.

The barrels of Dupli-Gel come through the conveyor flaps into the warehouse. Chesterfield stops the conveyor and pulls a trolley over.

FOWLER (cont'd)

What's this doing back here?!

CHESTERFIELD

Nova Prime didn't want it.

FOWLER

We can't have it sitting around here, taking up space! Get rid of it!

CHESTERFIELD

What, incinerate it?

FOWLER

Sell it, you incompetent! And you'd better get more than we paid for it!

Fowler heads back upstairs into the office.

GIBSON

What exactly is "Dupli-Gel"?

CHESTERFIELD

No idea.

Chesterfield takes an instruction manual from a pouch on one of the barrels.

CHESTERFIELD (cont'd)

"Dupli-Gel is an amorphous gelatinous replicant that will change your work life forever. Through a simple process of subatomic quantum discombobulation, Dupli-Gel can imitate anything! Just add electricity."

GIBSON

So we can make spare tools and extra equipment?

CHESTERFIELD

"Dupli-Gel can imitate anything."

GIBSON

What, even people?

CHESTERFIELD

"Warning! Do not allow Dupli-Gel to come into contact with organic matter. To do so is a violation of the Trinity Commonwealth *Doppelganger* Act, forty-five ninety-nine."

GIBSON

It's a bit out of date then.

CHESTERFIELD

Well, why fix what isn't broken? The original *Doppelganger* Act covered everything. Even clone-related sexual offenses.

GIBSON

Sexual?! Huh. What kind of loser would make a clone of themselves just to have sex with?

Chesterfield looks at Gibson.

GIBSON (cont'd)

No way! Never! Not in a million years! Never! No Way!

CHESTERFIELD

Never?

GIBSON

Never! Why? Would you??

Chesterfield ignores him and activates the conveyor belt, then heads for the exit. Gibson follows him out.

GIBSON (cont'd)
Chesterfield? Would you?
Chesterfield?!

10 EXT. SPACE. [MODEL] 10

Establishing shot. The *Fat Cat IV* cruises through space.

11 INT. COCKPIT, FAT CAT. 11

Chesterfield is piloting while Gibson sits reading the Dupli-Gel instruction manual. He puts it down and thinks for a moment.

GIBSON
I mean... if you did have sex with a clone of yourself... would that be masturbation, or incest? Because technically you are a member of your own family.

CHESTERFIELD
This is the rendezvous point.

GIBSON
I don't see them, where are they?

CHESTERFIELD
Patience. You should never rush a drug dealer.

GIBSON
A drug dealer? Oh, I get it! Because they're medical supplies!

The dashboard bleeps.

CUT TO:

12 EXT. SPACE. [MODEL] 12

A Smuggler's ship decloaks ahead of the *Fat Cat*.

BACK TO:

13 INT. COCKPIT, FAT CAT.

13

CHESTERFIELD
There's a ship disrobing ahead of us.

GIBSON
Disrobing?

CHESTERFIELD
I didn't wanna say 'decloaking'.

The dashboard bleeps again.

GIBSON
They're phoning us. Should I pick up?

CHESTERFIELD
Duh!

A SMUGGLER's face appears on a screen.

GIBSON
Hi. I'm Gibson.

SMUGGLER
Crap-trans?

CHESTERFIELD
Nah, he just looks that way.

GIBSON
We're here for the medical supplies.

SMUGGLER
Dropping cargo. Make sure you get these to our friends quickly, I bet they're bouncing off the walls by now.

GIBSON
My god! Is that how the Commonwealth treats prisoners of war?! Tsk, shameful.

14 EXT. SPACE. [MODEL]

14

The *Fat Cat IV* continues onward.

15 EXT. SPACE. [MODEL]

15

The smuggler's ship flies away. Suddenly, a cartel ship decloaks and opens fire on the smugglers. The smugglers ship is destroyed.

CUT TO:

16 INT. CARTEL SHIP.

16

On board the cartel ship are three mercenaries. Their leader VEX is an imposing bald man with a scar across his face and a cyborg eyepiece. His two lieutenants man the controls.

LIEUTENANT ONE

Scanning the debris field.

VEX

Do they have what we're looking for?

LIEUTENANT ONE

Negative. We're too late. It must already be on the other ship.

VEX

Bring us about. Shields up. Red alert. Battle stations. Engines at full. Charge laser cannons. Engage the cloaking device. Prepare the doomsday weapon.

Lieutenant Two cringes more and more, the longer Vex spouts his orders. Vex notices.

VEX (cont'd)

Something the matter?

LIEUTENANT TWO

It's just getting a bit cliché in here, is all.

VEX

Really? Is that so? Perhaps you think you could do a better job?

LIEUTENANT TWO

Me? Oh no, I wouldn't like to-

VEX

Take the captain's chair lieutenant, that's an order!

LIEUTENANT TWO
Right you are, sir.

Lieutenant Two and Vex swap places.

VEX
Right. Shields up, sir. Course laid
in, sir. Your orders, captain?

LIEUTENANT TWO
Engage.

It pains him to say it.

17 EXT. SPACE. [MODEL] 17

The cartel ship swerves into a u-turn, with a screech like
the sound of a wheel-spin, and flies back the way it came.

FADE TO:

18 EXT. SPACE ABOVE PRISON PLANET. [MODEL] 18

The *Fat Cat* IV approaches a blue and white planet. A
Commonwealth Patrol Ship blocks their path.

19 INT. COCKPIT, FAT CAT. 19

Gibson and Chesterfield are in the cockpit.

GIBSON
There's a ship in front of us.

CHESTERFIELD
I know.

GIBSON
What if they wanna search us?

CHESTERFIELD
Relax, it's all in the scan-proof
cubby-holes. They'll never find it.

GIBSON
You're sure?

CHESTERFIELD
Positive. Just keep your cool.

A voice comes through the radio, Gibson flinches.

PATROL SHIP [RADIO]
 Attention unidentified vessel. This
 is the Commonwealth Patrol Ship
 'Executioner'. Please get beneath us
 and prepare for forced entry.

CHESTERFIELD
 It's alright, there's no need for
 that. We'll open the door for you.

PATROL SHIP [RADIO]
 Actually, we'd prefer it if you'd let
 us blast our way in. We'll pay for
 the docking hatch! It gets ever so
 boring out here you see. Been months
 since we've seen any action! It's no
 wonder the guards planet-side have
 resorted to bouncing prisoners off
 the walls.

Gibson is in full-blown silent panic mode.

CHESTERFIELD
 Acknowledged, Executioner. Moving to
 position now.

20 EXT. SPACE. [MODEL]

20

The Patrol Ship moves over the *Fat Cat* and extends a docking
 tunnel to an exterior hatch.

FADE TO:

21 INT. MID-SECTION, FAT CAT.

21

Gibson and Chesterfield wait anxiously. There is an
 explosion inside the airlock. Moments later, flight officer
 ROBERT LAZARO steps up to the airlock window and knocks on
 the glass, politely.

Chesterfield opens the airlock door for him. At the last
 moment, Gibson notices one of the secret cubby-holes isn't
 closed properly.

LAZARO
 Ah, good afternoon! Sorry to impose,
 but you know how it is. Standard
 procedure requires that I perform a
 full internal scan of your vessel.

He produces a small scanner and turns it on. The scan is instantly complete.

LAZARO (cont'd)
All clear! Sorry to have bothered you. Are you alright, young man? You look as if you're on the verge of a panic attack.

Gibson looks terrified, staring at the open cubby-hole. Lazaro follows his gaze and notices it.

LAZARO (cont'd)
I say, what's this... some sort of hidden compartment?

He leans down and reaches for it.

GIBSON
No!

LAZARO
Why not? Something to hide?

GIBSON
(trying to sound casual)
No.

Lazaro opens the cubby-hole, it is empty. He eyes Gibson and Chesterfield suspiciously.

LAZARO
There's nothing in it.

GIBSON
Of course there's nothing in it! There's nothing in any of the other ones either!

LAZARO
Other ones?

Lazaro turns away from them and pulls out his radio.

LAZARO (cont'd)
Lazaro to Executioner. I'm going to need a scanning team on the-

He is suddenly struck from behind by a large wrench. Gibson drops the wrench, and stares in horror at Lazaro's unconscious body.

GIBSON
What did I do that for?!

CHESTERFIELD
I don't know!! What did you do that
for?!

GIBSON
I don't know! I panicked!

A voice comes out of Lazaro's radio.

PATROL SHIP [RADIO]
Sorry Bob, I missed that. We were all
rocking out to death metal. Can you
repeat, over?

GIBSON
What are we gonna do?!

Chesterfield kneels down and checks Lazaro's body.

CHESTERFIELD
He's still breathing. Get me the
medi-kit.

GIBSON
We can't send him back there, he'll
tell them what happened!

CHESTERFIELD
Well we can't keep him here!

GIBSON
We need time to think about this.

PATROL SHIP [RADIO]
Bob, do you read me? Over.

CHESTERFIELD
We don't have time!

GIBSON
We'll make time. We'll fix him up,
inject him with anesthetic and put
him in one of the cryo-pods.

CHESTERFIELD
You're an idiot, you know that? What
about the ship?

GIBSON

We just have to get rid of them somehow.

CHESTERFIELD

They're not gonna leave without him!

GIBSON

Unless they think they've already got him.

CHESTERFIELD

I don't like the sound of that.

22 INT. MID-SECTION, FAT CAT.

22

A few minutes later. Lazaro's body has been moved out of the room. Chesterfield is reading the Dupli-gel instruction manual. Gibson is smearing some of the blue gel on a sheet of lead on the floor.

CHESTERFIELD

This is never gonna work. This is insane.

GIBSON

Just shut up and tell me if I've used enough gel?

CHESTERFIELD

If you use any more he's gonna look like a water balloon.

GIBSON

Perfect. How long can it hold the form?

CHESTERFIELD

"Dupli-Gel is photosensitive. For short term duplicates lasting up to one hour or less, animate in a dark environment. For longer lasting duplicates with a lifespan of twelve hours maximum, animate under a desk lamp."

GIBSON

We haven't got a desk lamp. Will a torch do?

Gibson holds up a small flashlight.

CHESTERFIELD

I suppose it'll have to. Have you got the D.N.A.?

Gibson drops a ball of Lazaro's hair onto the gel. Chesterfield produces a handful of small pills from his pocket.

CHESTERFIELD (cont'd)

Now for the magic ingredient.

GIBSON

The what?

CHESTERFIELD

Amnesia pills. It's no good if he remembers searching the ship, is it?

GIBSON

Why do you even have those?

CHESTERFIELD

I put them in Fowler's tea when he's angry.

Chesterfield leans down and puts two pills onto the gel.

CHESTERFIELD (cont'd)

Five minutes. Ten minutes. That should be enough.

GIBSON

Are we ready?

CHESTERFIELD

"Just add electricity".

Gibson grabs a loose wire from an open power relay and jabs it into the gel. The gel sparks and glows, the lights in the ship begin to flicker as arcs of lightning shoot around the room. The gel begins to form into a humanoid shape on the floor.

GIBSON

It's alive! Alive! Ahahaha!

There is a large spark from the power relay and the lights go out, then come back on a moment later. A perfect clone of Lazaro now lays on the floor. He opens his eyes.

LAZARO CLONE

Ah, good afternoon!

The clone springs to his feet.

LAZARO CLONE (cont'd)
 Sorry to impose, but you know how it
 is. Standard procedure requires that
 I perform a full internal scan of
 your vessel.

He produces a small scanner and turns it on. The scan is
 instantly complete.

LAZARO CLONE (cont'd)
 All clear! Sorry to have bothered
 you. If you'll excuse me, I'll be on
 my way.

The Lazaro clone goes into the airlock and returns to his
 ship. Gibson and Chesterfield breathe a sigh of relief.

23 EXT. SPACE ABOVE PRISON PLANET. [MODEL] 23

The *Fat Cat* descends into the atmosphere of the prison
 planet.

24 INT. COCKPIT, FAT CAT. 24

Chesterfield pilots the ship, Gibson enters and sits.

GIBSON
 Are we there yet?

CHESTERFIELD
 We're above the ocean. Thought I'd
 bring in us wide, give us a bit more
 thinking time. How's our passenger?

GIBSON
 Sedated in an empty waste disposal
 pod.

CHESTERFIELD
 Why'd you get him out of cryo sleep?

GIBSON
 To check his identi-card. I know
 where his quarters are and we have
 the card to get us through the door.
 All we have to do is get there before
 the clone does, dump him in his bunk,
 shower him in booze and make our
 escape before anyone notices.

CHESTERFIELD

After dropping several tonnes of illegal drugs to a population of convicts on the largest prison planet this side of Alex Jones. Piece of cake.

GIBSON

Illegal drugs?

25 EXT. SKY ABOVE THE OCEAN, PRISON PLANET. DAY. [MODEL] 25

The *Fat Cat* flies above the ocean.

CUT TO:

26 INT. CARTEL SHIP. 26

Vex is back in the captain's chair. He watches the *Fat Cat* through the front window.

VEX

Disengage the cloaking device.

Lieutenant Two is pained by the cliché.

LIEUTENANT TWO

Cloaking device disengaged...

BACK TO:

27 EXT. SKY ABOVE THE OCEAN, PRISON PLANET. DAY. [MODEL] 27

The Cartel ship decloaks in pursuit of the *Fat Cat*.

CUT TO:

28 INT. COCKPIT, FAT CAT 28

The dashboard bleeps.

CHESTERFIELD

There's a ship getting naked behind us!

CUT TO:

29 INT. CARTEL SHIP.

29

VEX
Open hailing frequencies.

BACK TO:

30 INT. COCKPIT, FAT CAT

30

Another bleep.

GIBSON
They're giving us a bell.

CHESTERFIELD
Answer it!

Gibson presses a switch and Vex's face appears on a screen.

GIBSON
Hello?

VEX
You have something I want.

GIBSON
Is it, by any chance, illegal drugs?

VEX
There is an island three miles to the west. You will land your craft there and prepare to hand over the merchandise.

CHESTERFIELD
We should just give it to him, we've got enough to deal with.

GIBSON
Forget it! I'm not having Mr Fowler dock my pay *again*. We're not giving you anything!

VEX
Then you will be destroyed. Fire!

CUT TO:

31 EXT. SKY ABOVE THE OCEAN, PRISON PLANET. DAY. [MODEL]. 31

The cartel ship opens fire as the *Fat Cat* attempts to dodge the laser blasts.

32 INT. CARTEL SHIP. 32

Lieutenant Two is watching Gibson on the communication screen.

GIBSON

Dodge the laser-y things! Make it go faster! Put up that deflecting thingamawotsit!

LIEUTENANT TWO

He's a natural!

33 INT. COCKPIT, FAT CAT. 33

There is a small explosion in the cockpit. The communicator screen shuts off.

GIBSON

Something just went bang! We need the ship to tell us what's wrong with it! Some kind of list, or report about systems that have been broken.

CHESTERFIELD

You mean a damage report?

GIBSON

A what? Never mind, there's no time! The thing that they're doing, we need to do it back to them!

CHESTERFIELD

You mean return fire?

GIBSON

Yes!

CHESTERFIELD

We don't have laser cannons.

GIBSON

What have we got?!

CHESTERFIELD

Cannons.

GIBSON

Well make the cannons point at them
and then keep pointing at them so if
they move around we'll still hit
them!

CHESTERFIELD

You mean lock weapons on target?

GIBSON

YES!

CUT TO:

34 EXT. SKY ABOVE THE OCEAN, PRISON PLANET. DAY. [MODEL]. 34

A hatch opens in the back of the *Fat Cat* and a gunpowder-age
cannon fires a few shots in the general direction of the
cartel ship. They all miss.

BACK TO:

35 INT. COCKPIT, FAT CAT / MID-SECTION, FAT CAT. 35

CHESTERFIELD

They're not even dodging and the
shots are just going right past them.

GIBSON

You mean "negative impact"!?

CHESTERFIELD

I've got an idea. Grab the wheel.

GIBSON

What, now?

CHESTERFIELD

Yes, now!

Chesterfield switches the controls to Gibson's station and
heads into the mid-section.

CHESTERFIELD (cont'd)

Go back the way we came and head for
the island.

GIBSON

What are you doing?!

Chesterfield opens one of the cubby-holes and pulls out a box of drugs. He pulls a packet of white powder from the box, then pries the lids from the barrels of Dupli-gel and starts pouring the powder into the barrels.

CUT TO:

36 EXT. SKY ABOVE THE OCEAN, PRISON PLANET. DAY. [MODEL]. 36

The *Fat Cat* flies over the island and a hatch opens on the underside. Chesterfield pushes four unmarked crates out of the hatch, which parachute gently to the ground.

The Cartel ship ceases its pursuit of the *Fat Cat* and moves in to land on the island. The *Fat Cat* flies away into the distance.

BACK TO:

37 INT. COCKPIT, FAT CAT. 37

Chesterfield returns to the cockpit. Vex's face reappears on the communicator screen.

VEX

You've made a smart decision. Don't make me regret not killing you.

The screen cuts off. Gibson is already on the telephone.

GIBSON

Hello, is that the Patrol Ship Executioner? Hello, yes! I'd like to report a crime please.

FADE TO:

38 EXT. PRISON PLANET. NIGHT. [MODEL] 38

The *Fat Cat* flies over a smoke signal and Chesterfield drops four more crates that parachute to the ground.

FADE TO:

39 EXT. LANDING PAD, PRISON PLANET. NIGHT. [MODEL] 39

The *Fat Cat* belly-flops onto the landing pad.

40 INT. MID-SECTION, FAT CAT.

40

Gibson is gathering his tools and checking his uniform in a mirror.

Chesterfield enters from the aft-section pushing a hovering trolley. On the trolley is a six-foot, rectangular waste-disposal pod.

GIBSON

Is he still out?

Chesterfield opens the pod to reveal Lazaro, unconscious.

CHESTERFIELD

Yep. He's gonna have one hell of a headache when he wakes up.

GIBSON

Don't worry, I've got it covered.

Gibson drops two bottles of whiskey into the pod. Chesterfield closes the lid.

GIBSON (cont'd)

Which one of us is doing the septic tanks?

CHESTERFIELD

We'll both do it, we're in this together.

GIBSON

Right. All set?

CHESTERFIELD

Let's go and clean shit up.

The exit through the airlock.

41 INT. CORRIDOR, PRISON PLANET STAR PORT.

41

Gibson and Chesterfield push Lazaro's pod along the corridor, smiling at guards as they pass, trying to look inconspicuous. They reach a large elevator at the end of the corridor and enter it, along with several armed guards.

Suddenly, Lazaro's clone enters the corridor.

LAZARO CLONE

Hold the lift!

He dashes into the elevator just before the doors close.

42 INT. ELEVATOR, PRISON PLANET STAR PORT. 42

Gibson and Chesterfield stand in the center of the elevator, surrounded by armed guards. Lazaro's Clone recognizes them.

LAZARO CLONE

Ah, it's you two! Thought I might bump into you again. How was your journey to the surface?

GIBSON & CHESTERFIELD

Mm, yeah! Good! Yeah! Great! Yeah! Not bad!

LAZARO CLONE

Good! I suppose it was you two that reported those smugglers on the island, eh? And a good job too, we caught those bastards red-handed.

CUT TO:

43 INT. WASTE-DISPOSAL POD. 43

The real Lazaro begins to wake up. Realizing he is trapped, he starts banging on the inside of the pod.

LAZARO

Hello? Can anyone hear me? I'm trapped! Help! I'm trapped in here!

BACK TO:

44 INT. ELEVATOR, PRISON PLANET STAR PORT. 44

Lazaro's banging and shouting is extremely muffled outside the pod, barely audible. Gibson and Chesterfield hear it, some of the guards start looking around.

LAZARO CLONE

I say. What on earth is that noise? Like some sort of knocking sound, can you hear it?

CHESTERFIELD

It's the, er... metal expanding. From the warmth of all the crap inside it. I'll put the coolant system on.

Chesterfield presses a few buttons on the pod.

CUT TO:

45 INT. WASTE-DISPOSAL POD. 45

A small canister marked 'anesthetic' has been jury-rigged into the coolant system. It sprays into the pod. Lazaro falls asleep again.

BACK TO:

46 INT. ELEVATOR, PRISON PLANET STAR PORT. 46

CHESTERFIELD

There you go.

LAZARO CLONE

Impressive! You boys really know your stuff, eh?

CHESTERFIELD

We get by.

LAZARO CLONE

I don't doubt it! How would you like to join me in my quarters for a glass of Sherry?

GIBSON

Sherry? With an officer?

LAZARO CLONE

Of course! It's a common courtesy when discussing a subordinate's promotion prospects. I think your talents are wasted in waste disposal. We need people like you out there, on the front line. Maybe one day you'll even get a command of your own, eh?

Gibson is both excited and in turmoil. Chesterfield silently gives him a look that says 'no'. The elevator pings and the doors open.

LAZARO CLONE (cont'd)

Come along, this way!

Lazaro exits, Gibson and Chesterfield follow him.

47 INT. LAZARO'S QUARTERS, PRISON PLANET.

47

The door opens and Lazaro's clone enters. His quarters are cramped, but luxurious.

LAZARO CLONE

Here we are. Make yourselves comfortable.

Gibson and Chesterfield follow him in, bringing the waste pod with them. Lazaro's clone gets some glasses and a bottle of sherry from a mini-bar. He notices the waste disposal pod.

LAZARO CLONE (cont'd)

You, er... could have left that outside you know.

GIBSON

It's safer with us, sir. Wouldn't want someone stealing it while our backs were turned.

LAZARO CLONE

Who would want to steal a pod full of urine and feces?

GIBSON

Gardeners, sir. It makes very good fertilizer.

CHESTERFIELD

Just let it go.

GIBSON

But he wants to promote us! We won't have to work for Fowler anymore!

CHESTERFIELD

I don't know how long you think we can pull this off. This is pointless and you know it. The gel's gonna revert soon anyway.

GIBSON

We could... shine a torch on him, make him last longer?

CHESTERFIELD

Tell him.

GIBSON

I'm not telling him, you tell him!

CHESTERFIELD
It was *your* idea. You're telling him.

LAZARO CLONE
Telling me what?

GIBSON
Well... you see... the thing is...

The Lazaro clone suddenly melts into a puddle of Dupli-Gel.

GIBSON (cont'd)
Phew, thank god for that! Come on,
help me get him into bed.

They open the pod and tip the original Lazaro into his bed,
feed him some amnesia pills, then pour whiskey all over him.

FADE TO:

48 EXT. SPACE ABOVE PRISON PLANET. [MODEL] 48

The *Fat Cat* rises from the planet and heads off into space.

49 EXT. SPACE, CRAP-TRANS DEPOT. [MODEL] 49

The *Fat Cat* returns to the Depot's hangar.

FADE TO:

50 INT. GIBSON'S QUARTERS, CRAP-TRANS DEPOT. 50

Gibson sits at his dining table, the lights are dimmed. His hands crossed in front of his mouth, he stares downward in silent contemplation.

He glances up, to a jar of Dupli-Gel that sits on his kitchen sideboard, then looks back down in shame.

He sits in thought for a few moments, as if trying to resist temptation. Finally, he huffs and stands up.

CUT TO:

51 INT. CHESTERFIELD'S QUARTERS, CRAP-TRANS DEPOT. 51

Chesterfield lays in bed, reading a magazine. His doorbell bleeps.

CHESTERFIELD

Yes?

The door opens, it is Gibson. He looks mildly traumatized.

GIBSON

Can I borrow some of your amnesia
pills?

CHESTERFIELD

No.

GIBSON

Why not?

CHESTERFIELD

You won't remember to bring them
back.

END - ROLL
CREDITS