

NEON OCTOPUS OVERLORD

Episode 101

"Destroyer of Planets"

ADAPTED BY
Nickolaus Swedlund

BASED ON THE NOVELS BY
L.A. Johnson

952-500-0827
nswedlund@gmail.com

INT. OVERLORD'S LAIR - DAY

SMASH OPEN ON the tranquil face of Drexyl (30s) human, annoyingly good-looking and asleep.

His sleeping face is dumb, but somehow still hot.

WITHOUT WARNING his stupid tranquil face transforms into a CONTORTED SCREAM --

A MASSIVE NEON-BLUE OCTOPUS TENTACLE wraps around his ankle and WHIPS him up into the air UPSIDE-DOWN.

Hanging from one ankle, Drexyl is terrified and naked.

DREXYL
HEY! HEY! OKAY! I'M AWAKE! I'M AWAKE!
STARS!

From the shadows a six-foot NEON-BLUE OCTOPUS slithers closer to him. From its bulbous head protrude two unblinking yellow eyes.

More tentacles reach out, the suckers seem to pulsate, and drip, they definitely drip some unspecified bodily fluid --

DREXYL
Boundaries! We've talked about this!

NEON OCTOPUS
Yessss, we have.

Her voice carries a certain METALLIC QUALITY that most would find both creepy and somehow alluring.

"She" slides closer, moving effortlessly across the floor.

DREXYL
Stop it... you.

Drexyl holds up his hand -- a futile gesture to stop her advance.

NEON OCTOPUS
Tut tut, Drexyl. How many times have I asked you to call me by my name? It's Ttszoodjdeaaaarr. How hard can that be?

He tries... again.

DREXYL
Tts-sood-jararr...

He gives up --

DREXYL
How about I just call you Soda?

She closes the distance between them. Her tentacles wrapping about his body. He braces for the death.

NEON OCTOPUS
Soooh-daa?

She squeezes one tentacle around his neck, the sucker on the tip caresses his face.

He winces --

A minuscule scream escapes his lips -- *is he crying?*

DREXYL
(barely audible)
Or not...

SODA
Hmmm, yes... I shall consider this name.

She releases him and he drops to the floor.

As she slithers away from him, he gasps for breath -- his body glistens from the tentacle fluid.

DREXYL
(mumbling)
Happy place. Find your happy place.
Beach... Hammock... Ladies...

He glances over across the lavishly decorated space. A royal bedchamber of sorts.

His eyes drift across a bank of computers, an expansive table full of various foods from all over the galaxy and finally to the overly-large and unkempt bed.

He shudders.

An electronic BUZZ draws his attention to the far side of the Neon Octopus' quarters, where she sits in front of an enormous flat-screen television.

Drexyl sighs and sulks over to her, his feet slip on the cool metallic floor. He flops into a small chair beside her.

For what seems like the longest time, they watch a HORRIFICALLY DREADFUL TELEVISION PROGRAM -- some cross between SURVIVOR, FEAR FACTOR, and TOP MODEL -- probably from Earth in the early 2000s.

The TV cuts to commercial --

Drexyl works up the courage to speak --

DREXYL

You know... for somebody who's in charge of the entire galaxy, you do seem to have an awful lot of free time.

Nothing. Just a dreadful silence.

Then, she sputters with a chuckle --

SODA

Drink.

Drexyl understands, and rises to make his captor/lover a beverage.

At the MINI-BAR, and as he prepares a mixed drink --

SODA

I am the most powerful being in the galaxy. I am, in fact, immortal. Did you know that?

Drexyl nods as if he's listening --

As she pontificates, her tentacles tend to various tasks. One scratches her head, two more crack open a shelled-creature and toss it to a third...

SHELLED-CREATURE

(high-pitch)

No! Please! I have childr--

Another tentacle pops the creature into her beak-mouth.

SODA

(chewing)

So why not enjoy my time? For instance, this pitiful galaxy's "leaders" are always inviting me to go to their stupid boring meetings.

She swallows -- her tentacles make air-quotes as she snarks.

SODA
 They try to demand "reports" and
 "input" and "answers," but it's all
 just so tedious.

Drexyl returns with the gaudy beverage not fit for human
 consumption.

SODA
 I don't do the things that other
 beings consider "important" because,
 well, I don't have to.

She takes a victory sip by downing the entire drink.

SODA
 That's the meaning of real power.

With a dramatic sigh, Soda runs a sucker-encrusted tentacle
 across Drexyl's face.

He grits his teeth -- Her tentacles seems to have a mind of
 their own, they caress, squeeze, and fondle Drexyl's body.

SODA
 (distant)
 You know... immortality is a funny
 thing, my love. What nobody tells you
 is that after a few millennia to
 reflect, you realize there are far
 worse things than death.

She ponders the thought, almost unaware of her tentacles
 activity as the limbs search every inch of Drexyl's body,
 much to his discomfort and reluctant arousal.

SODA
 (reciting a list)
 Endless monotony. Finding out your
 favorite restaurant has gone out of
 business. Budget meetings.

Lost in thought. Soda's tentacles have nearly wrapped Drexyl
 up completely. He face is covered by a final slimy portion
 of a sucker-covered neon-blue limb, when...

KKSSKSKTT --

The massive wall-to-wall television screen flickers to
 static and BUZZES.

One of her giant eyes FLICKS toward the screen and her tentacles drop Drexyl to the floor in a pile of faintly blue ooze.

WHAM! Soda flashes out a tentacle at the TV CONTROL PANEL, smashing it hard.

SODA
Remind me to call the stupid cable
company.

WHAM!

SODA
I AM THE SUPREME LEADER OF THE
GALAXY!

WHAM!

SODA
JUST HOW IMPORTANT DO YOU HAVE TO BE
AROUND HERE TO GET A DECENT SIGNAL?!

WHAM!

The screen FLICKERS and a CRYSTAL CLEAR IMAGE returns --
A SINGLE WORD APPEARS ONSCREEN --

"THAARAA"

THEN VANISHES --

The previous commercial flickers back on.

With a flurry of neon-blue tentacles, Soda jumps out of her throne-like chair and backs away from the screen.

DREXYL
What was that?

SODA
What?

DREXYL
That?

SODA
Nothing. You saw nothing.

DREXYL

No, I'm pretty sure I did. I saw a message flash, just before this gawd-awful commercial came back on. Was that from the cable company? I bet it said to restart you cable box, that's what mine always tells me... or it used to.

Without warning, Soda snatches a COFFEE CUP with one of her tentacles and tosses it across the room at the screen.

It shatters against the television --

THE STATIC BUZZES IN AND OUT, INTERMITTENTLY.

Drexyl takes a long and slow step backwards.

Another tentacles scratches the Overlord's bulbous forehead while she paces across the room... clearly disturbed.

Drexyl waits.

SODA

Are you familiar with that word, "Thaaraa?"

He thinks for a moment, and shakes his head.

DREXYL

Nope. Can't say that I--

SODA

It's a message in an ancient language. And it's NOT good news.

A long moment passes --

DREXYL

Is something wrong with the cable?

SODA

No, you stupid, stupid, pretty boy! It has nothing to do with the blasted cable! What it means is I've got to move up the end of the Celestial program. Do you have ANY idea how long it took me to kidnap and train all those Celestials?!

She slithers back to her throne and slumps into it --

DREXYL
 Soooo, what does this mean?

SODA
 It means that I'm running out of time
 to cover my tracks.

Drexyl furrows his brow -- *huh?*

The INTERMITTENT TELEVISION STATIC transitions into a faint
 alarm sound

BEEP! BEEP! BEEP!

INT. OFFICE BUILDING, CUBICLE - DAY

BEEP! BEEP! BEEP! The MIDI-TONE alarm sounds more clearly.

CLOSE ON: A severe angled blade pressed into the flesh of a
 mild-mannered OFFICE CLERK. He's screaming.

Holding the blade is KIRIAN (30s), her dark hair is long but
 pulled back in a utilitarian manner. She's a warrior, or
 probably should be based on her outfit, all the pads,
 buckles, belts and whatnot. Just put "SPACE WARRIOR, WOMAN"
 in the casting notice and we'll be GTG.

She blinks and shakes her head, trying to remember
 something, anything.

She GLANCES at...

The curved sword in her hand --

The screaming guy in the expensive suit --

The BEEPING alarm on her wristwatch --

Back to the guy --

The sword --

The watch --

Finally, she hits SNOOZE on the watch alarm, and returns her
 focus to the guy.

KIRIAN
 WHO ARE YOU?! AND WHAT AM I DOING
 HERE?!

She blinks against the mental panic -- *what AM I doing here? Who is this corporate lackey? Why am I trying to kill him?*

Kirian flips a SWITCH on her sword hilt and the BLADE RETRACTS INTO THE HANDLE.

The guy takes a few breaths, trying not to hyperventilate --

KARL

I-I'm Karl. You burst in here waving that, that sword. A-And apparently, you're stealing my signed photo of the Star Slug.

He gestures to the picture frame in Kirian's other hand.

She glances down, just now realizing it's there. She examines it closer.

KARL

I bought it at Galaxy Con last month. Cost me a fortune.

KIRIAN

I bet.

Kirian tosses it across the desk -- it breaks.

KIRIAN

Ooh, sorry about that. I haven't been myself lately.

With a wince, Kirian steps back, runs her fingers through her dark hair, revealing a SHAVED SIDE of her head.

Karl takes a closer look at her --

KARL

Hey. Aren't you? You're Kiriell, Wrecker of Worlds, the legendary Celestial, right?

A BURST OF INFORMATION RUSHES BACK INTO HER MIND -- A SERIES OF BARELY VISIBLE IMAGES/MOMENTS:

- Kirian on board a space ship.
- The back of someone's head with a Mohawk.
- A bulbous Neon Blue octopus face.
- A METAL-ALLOY bracelet being snapped onto her wrist.

- A digital image of a young woman with the name ARI and Level Two Intelligence, THREAT: High written under it.

- An electric shock and everything goes black.

BACK IN THE CUBICLE,

Kirian snaps out of her visions --

KIRIAN

Actually, it's Kirian, Destroyer of Planets, but thank you so much for noticing. You've been spending quality time on the dark net, haven't you?

She raises an eyebrow --

He smiles at her, and then realizes the implication of her title. His face goes pale --

KIRIAN

You get that the whole Planet Destroying thing is ironic, right?

KARL

Er, I guess so?

BEEP! BEEP! BEEP! Her watch alarm sounds again.

KIRIAN

Well it is, normally, but in this case your planet is about to be deleted. I'm very sorry, it's not my decision. Apparently I'm just a lackey running around doing as I'm told until I lose my mind and start unconsciously robbing people.

She raises her wrists and shows him the METAL BRACELET.

KIRIAN

I have no choice. I'm a prisoner of the Octopus Overlord.

KARL

The Most Efficient Being in the Galaxy?

KIRIAN

That's the one, yeah.

KARL
W-Why would she delete my planet?

Kirian stands --

KIRIAN
No idea. Good luck, I gotta go,
there's somebody here I still have to
kill.

SCHTICK! Her blade extends in the flash of METALLIC PARTS.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING, CORRIDOR - DAY

A young WOMAN shuffles along the long, overly lit corporate-prison hallway.

This is ARI (20s), a level two intelligence. She's got hair and a body like all other women, and yes she'll probably be played by some attractive starlet. So picture that and let's move on.

She mutters to herself -- a STACK OF PAPERS clutched in her hands.

ARI
(to herself)
It's just not right... I ran the numbers again and again... I need a vacation... I shoulda taken that job on Horath, my skills are just plain wasted here on this... this ridiculous planet.

She rounds a corner and approaches two large DOUBLE-DOORS.

Ari pauses briefly at the doors, takes a deep breath and ENTERS...

INT. BRAKE'S OFFICE - SAME

Ari enters without knocking --

Across the blandly decorated middle-management office and behind his desk is MR. BRAKE. Ari's boss. He's just a corporate stooge, don't worry about what he looks like.

MR. BRAKE
Ah! What is it now, Ari?!

ARI

These numbers. They don't add up the way you said they would. I think--

She shakes the papers --

MR. BRAKE

You're paid to crunch the numbers, not to think.

Air fumes.

ARI

What I think... is that you cut every corner imaginable, and now we are the subject of more than a few and soon to be "several" lawsuits.

MR. BRAKE

Well, that's why we pay the lawyers.

ARI

Then there's the matter of the several million Galactic Credits in the missing funds.

Ari's face freezes -- *I've gone to far...*

A long moment passes between them, then finally Mr. Brake stands up from his desk.

MR. BRAKE

You have no idea what you're talking about.

Ari doubles down --

ARI

On the contrary, I have all the proof right here.

Mr. Brake just glares at Ari --

Then he reaches for his phone and dials.

MR. BRAKE

(to Ari)

You missy, are fired.

(into the phone)

Security? I need you on the thirteenth floor. A very recently FIRED employee just assaulted me. Call the police as well.

He hangs up.

ARI
ASSAULTED?! ARE YOU KIDDING ME?!

She BORES her eyes into Mr. Brake --

Just then a finger taps Ari on the shoulder. She doesn't turn around. Instead she raises her hand --

ARI
I'm a little busy! You'll just have to wait your turn!

Ari tries to maintain her composure, by taking controlled breaths, but she doesn't want to break eye-contact with her stupid boss either. It's a pickle to be sure.

ANOTHER TAP on her shoulder finally makes Ari spin around.

ARI
Omigod, I said hang on!

Standing before Ari is an athletic woman with long dark hair and a sick-ass looking SciFi sword.

In a word... Kirian.

ARI
(to herself)
Security sure is fast, sheesh.
(to Kirian)
Look... you were here when he said I assaulted him. You tapped me on the shoulder, remember? You're a witness that he's a LYING PIG. Arrest him, not me.

Ari searches Kirian's face for any sign of recognition...

Kirian just looks confused, or disinterested --

KIRIAN
I don't care--

ARI
These papers! I've got proof that THIS MAN is a criminal!

Kirian doesn't flinch --

MR. BRAKE
Ha! Enjoy prison!

Something doesn't feel right about this situation to Ari.
She glances at...

Mr. Brake.

The Sword-Girl aka Kirian.

Back to Mr. Brake.

And back to Kirian, who NOW IS POINTING A GUN AT ARI'S HEAD.

Ari drops the papers and raises her hands --

Ari JUST NOW notices what Kirian is wearing... jeans and a tactical-top that is covered with a hoodie of some sort.

ARI

Hey... if you're security. then
where's your uniform?

Kirian steps forward and AIMS HER GUN at Mr. Brake, then back at Ari as if she's trying to decide which path to take in life -- it's that big of a decision... like a plot dependent turning point or something.

Finally Kirian, aims at Mr. Brake and FIRES!

BLAM!

He slumps in his desk and forward onto his desk.

Ari GASPS --

ARI

Who are you?!

KIRIAN

I'm not security, Ari.

ARI

Oh yeah?! I figured that one out. How
do you know my name?

KIRIAN

I know your name, where you live,
what you like to eat, I know
everything I need to know about you
because I studied you in order to
kill you.

SCHTICK! Kirian's sword retracts and she puts it away.

KIRIAN

It's my job. Look, I have an evil boss too. I'll fill you in sometime. Anyway, I've changed my mind about killing you, but it's a limited time offer.

ARI

If you're not security, then why did you just kill Mr. Brake?

KIRIAN

What do you care? He's an asshole. And besides, he's fine.

Kirian raises her gun --

KIRIAN

Experimental sleep-ray tech. Very fun. It's slays at parties.

ARI

Parties? What-what are you talking about?

KIRIAN

Well this planet is pretty uptight, so probably not at THESE parties, but other parties on "fun planets" it slays, trust me.

Ari blinks, unable to form words --

KIRIAN

Ari, we have to go. This planet is about to be deleted.

ARI

Deleted?

KIRIAN

Look, I know this is a lot, like A LOT to take in right now, but I'm Kirian, Destroyer of Planets and your planet is about to be deleted. Like, soon.

Ari can't even --

KIRIAN

I was sent to kill you, remember? But according to your profile, you're a level two intelligence, and I need your help. So... you need to come with me?

Ari's brow furrows --

ARI

I'm sorry, did you say level two intelligence?

KIRIAN

Yup.

Ari glances at the drooling stupid face of stupid Mr. Brake.

KIRIAN

Oooh, he didn't tell you, did he? I bet that saved a lot of salary money by lying to you about your test scores. Harsh. I could shoot him with my real gun?

ARI

What?! No.. I.

KIRIAN

Come on!

Kirian turns and moves toward the doors --

Ari freezes, blinking. Trying to make sense of this all.

ARI

(to herself)

I'm dreaming... Am I dreaming?... she's crazy... this is a crazy person... deleted planet?

DOWN THE CORRIDOR Kirian yells back --

KIRIAN

You're really making this more difficult than it needs to be, Ari. We really have to hurry!

Outside the office windows, STORM CLOUDS gather and DEBRIS whips past the building as the wind picks up -- something is happening.

Something ominous... and not good. Like very, very bad.

Ari takes a breath and glances at...

Kirian down the hallway --

The scattered papers on the floor --

Mr. Brake slumped on his desk --

Then back at Kirian --

DING! The elevator doors open --

Ari turns, and runs to Kirian.

ONCE INSIDE THE ELEVATOR,

KIRIAN
Took you long enough.

Ari's eyes go wide with fear and uncertainty as the doors shut in front of her.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING, LOBBY - DAY

DING! The elevator doors open and out steps Kirian and Ari. The lobby is packed with business people streaming out of the building.

Ari struggles to keep up with Kirian as they head outside.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING, OUTSIDE - SAME

Papers, pizza boxes, articles of clothing and other various forms of airborne debris fly past as Ari joins Kirian on the curb.

The sky is filled with DARK CLOUDS. The WIND HOWLS.

Ari glances at her arm as the hairs stand up on end, as the static electrical charge builds around them.

PANICKED PEOPLE run around in all directions. It's chaos.

Kirian takes off running --

Ari is after her --

EXT. STREETS - SAME

ARI
WHAT'S GOING ON?!

Suddenly a TREMOR ROLLS BENEATH HER FEET, the pavement RIPPLES AND SPLITS.

ARI
KIRIAN!

Kirian stops and turns --

KIRIAN
WHAT?!

Her expression is pure anger --

KIRIAN
WE HAVE TO GET OUT OF HERE! THERE NO
TIME! KEEP UP!

Kirian is off again, and Ari follows...

ANOTHER TREMOR knocks Ari off her feet --

As she stands up --

ARI
WHAT'S GOING ON?! I'VE BEEN HERE FOR
TWO YEARS AND WE'VE NEVER ONCE HAD A
QUAKE. THERE ALMOST NO TECTONIC PLATE
INSTABILITY ON THIS PLANET!

KIRIAN
Okay nerd!

Then, in the corner of her eye, Ari sees movement. She turns and blinks -- she can't believe her eyes.

Then a EAR-SHATTERINGLY LOUD METALLIC SOUND ROARS THROUGH THE AIR.

WALKING DOWN THE STREET IS A MASSIVE HUMANOID FIGURE WITH A FOX-HEAD.

WITHOUT BREAKING ITS GAIT, THE FOX-HEADED THING BLASTS A ENERGY BEAM FROM ITS EYES AND ARI'S OFFICE BUILDING EXPLODES IN METAL AND GLASS.

Ari freezes --

KIRIAN (O.S.)

ARI!

Ari can't even... again.

KIRIAN

ARI!

ARI

WHAT'S GOING ON?!

KIRIAN

DE-LET-ED! REMEMBER?! WE HAVE TO
RUN... NOW!

Ari blinks again.

ARI

(to herself)

Deleted? DELETED!

Kirian motions for her to follow. Ari does.

EXT. STREETS - SAME

Kirian and Ari make their way through the CROWD OF PEOPLE,
who are ALL RUNNING THE OPPOSITE WAY.

ARI

I THINK WE'RE GOING THE WRONG WAY!

KIRIAN

TRUST ME! WE'RE GOING THE RIGHT WAY.

ANOTHER BUILDING BEHIND THEM EXPLODES IN GLASS AND METAL
FRAGMENTS.

KIRIAN

THEY'RE NOT GOING ANYWHERE! I'LL
EXPLAIN LATER! COME ON!

DING! Ari's WEARABLE TECH COMMUNICATOR chimes alive. Ari
checks the message as she follows Kirian.

ARI

THEY CLOSED ALL THE PORTALS OFF
PLANET! HOW DID YOU KNOW? WHAT'S
GOING TO HAPPEN TO EVERYONE?

KIRIAN
CLOSING THE PORTALS IS STANDARD
PLANETARY EMERGENCY PROCEDURE, AND
RIGHT NOW MY WORRY ISN'T THEM, IT'S
US AND GETTING TO MY PORTAL.

ARI
YOU HAVE YOUR OWN PORTAL?!

Another massive ROAR and EXPLOSION, to close for comfort.

KIRIAN
SHUT UP AND RUN!

Kirian takes off sprinting. Ari struggles to keep up.

EXT. EDGE OF THE CITY - MOMENTS LATER

Kirian and Ari weave through some scraggly trees, the
BURNING CITY BEHIND THEM.

ANOTHER METALLIC ROAR PIERCES THE AIR -- ANOTHER EXPLOSION.

Without warning Kirian stops -- Ari just about runs right
into her, she skids to a halt.

ARI
Why are we stopping?

KIRIAN
Oh, now you're in a hurry?

Kirian crouches down, searching for something --

KIRIAN
Where is it?

Another ROAR, EARTHQUAKE AND EXPLOSION! Both women are
knocked to the ground --

Ari crawls after Kirian.

ARI
What are we looking for?

KIRIAN
My portal.

ARI
What does it look like?

KIRIAN

Like a shimmer of light. You have to look exactly at the right angle, or you can't see it. Otherwise it would just get stolen.

ARI

Aren't personal portals illegal?

KIRIAN

Yup. Ah, there it is.

Ari sees it. A BLUE-GREY DISTORTION in the air next to a small tree.

ARI

You had something to do with all this didn't you?

ANOTHER ROAR RIPS THROUGH THE AIR. THE GROUND TREMBLES. A DISTANT EXPLOSION ERUPTS.

KIRIAN

Yes, of course, I did. Can't we argue about this on the other side? There a lot less death and destruction over there.

ARI

No.

Ari sits down in the mud.

ARI

Tell me the truth.

KIRIAN

And then you'll come through the portal?

ARI

Then I'll come through the portal.

Kirian sighs...

KIRIAN

Fine. I knew about it, but it's not my fault, okay?

ARI

How did you know?

KIRIAN

I knew because I submitted the paperwork. And trust me, if we don't go now, we're going to have much bigger problems than giant fox guys.

A MASSIVE SHADOW FALLS ACROSS THE GROUND --

Ari looks up. It's one of the FOX MONSTERS. The BEAST or MACHINE or whatever stops. And looks down at Ari and Kirian.

It's eyes lite up with a blue-energy blast --

The ENERGY BEAM grows brighter and brighter.

At the last possible moment, a hand grabs Ari's arm and pulls her forward --

Into darkness.

SMASH TO BLACK:

OVER BLACK

Ari screams in the pure, pitch blackness. A void unlike anything physically understandable yet somehow film-able for a half-hour comedy series.

INT. SPACESHIP - DAY

On the other side the portal, Kirian and Ari land on the cold metallic floor of a space ship.

ARI STILL SCREAMS!

ARI
AAAAHHHHHHHHHHH!!!

She realizes she's through the portal and stops screaming.

KIRIAN
Fleek! Fire in the hole!

ARI
Fire in the what?

Kirian turns to Ari --

KIRIAN

Fire in the hole means the planet is about to blow up and we need to warp out of here, like now! Fleek!

In the ship's pilot seat is a tall, slender dude with blue lipstick and a blonde Mohawk. Like a punk-rock hacker from the 90s.

MOHAWK DUDE

Switching to manual. Navigation on screen.

ARI

Whose he?

Kirian opens her mouth to speak, but they SHIP IS ROCKED BY AN EXPLOSION.

ARI

Planet on screen!

ON SCREEN: What was once Ari's planet is now a BALL OF FIRE, VARIOUS AND NUMEROUS EXPLOSIONS ERUPT FROM THE PLANET'S SURFACE.

Ari screams!

ARI

AAAAAAHHHHHH!

Mohawk Dude screams too --

MOHAWK DUDE

NAVIGATION ON SCREEN!

The screen flicks back to the Navigation Overlay.

ANOTHER EXPLOSION ROCKS THE SHIP --

Then...

Ari notices her hair floating, actually EVERYTHING IS FLOATING. The ship's gravity simulator gave way.

Ari, Kirian and the Mohawk Dude all float inside the BRIDGE OF THE SHIP and then --

CRASH! Ari smashes into the floor --

THUD! Then she hits the ceiling --

CRASH! Again onto the floor --

Ari winces from a sharp pain in her face.

ARI
What happened?

Kirian brushes herself off --

KIRIAN
Your planet blew up, and we warped
away just in time. You're welcome.

MOHAWK DUDE
We? Excuse me, I warped us out of
there, thank you very much. So,
Kirian, who's this, another target?

KIRIAN
Yes.

Mohawk Dude UNSTRAPS from his pilot seat and approaches Ari.

FLEEK
You're getting soft, Kirian. Hello,
I'm Fleek.

ARI
Nice to meet you.

Ari winces again and can't focus her eyes.

KIRIAN
It's just ship lag, it happens when
we warp. You'll get used to it.

ARI
Another target, eh? So, did Kirian
destroy your planet too?

FLEEK
Yes. And thank the stars, the place
was a huuuuge bore.

KIRIAN
It's not what you think. That was a
COMPLETELY different situation.

FLEEK
Yeah. My dad paid Kirian to save me,
but I paid her more to tell him I was
dead.

ARI

That does sound different. I just can't believe it's all gone.

KIRIAN

I didn't get the feeling that you were going to miss that company, or that boss of yours.

(to Fleek)

Oh man, he was a real piece of work. I mean, it's not like anyone appreciated her. I wouldn't think a human with her specifications would be stuck in a place like that.

ARI

Okay, well yes, they were pretty much jerks, but that doesn't excuse blowing up the entire planet! What about all those billions of lives?

KIRIAN

Happens all the time, unfortunately. It's the purpose of the Celestials. We do our jobs obtaining intelligence and files, commit an occasional assassination, and then she blows up the planet.

ARI

She?

KIRIAN

The Overseer herself. The Neon Octopus Overlord.

Ari blinks again --

ARI

Hold on. You're telling me that the most Efficient Being in the Galaxy, the Octopus Overlord herself, is behind all of this. Why?

KIRIAN

No idea. That's what I'm trying to tell you. I'm waaaay down the food chain here. I don't get explanations. I get orders.

ARI
 Okay, okay. Don't think I'm
 ungrateful, but one more question...
 why did you save my life?

Kirian settles down into a nearby seat and sighs heavily --

ARI
 Hang on, two more questions. What's
 the deal with those giant fox monster
 things? Where'd they come from?

KIRIAN
 I saved you because I need your help,
 and they're called TPHWs or
 Temporarily Physical Holographic
 Weapons. They can take any form, it
 doesn't have to be foxes. Rumor is
 that the Overseer herself can make
 the TPHWs work.

ARI
 No way. That sorta tech is not
 possible.

KIRIAN
 Fine. It's not possible. But I know
 you saw them yourself. Deal with it
 however you like.

Ari thinks --

ARI
 Aaaaaand now here we are... on your
 fancy space ship with your...

KIRIAN
 Ex.

FLEEK
 You don't have to say it like that.

KIRIAN
 I didn't say it like anything.

ARI
 So why exactly, do you need my help?

Kirian glances out the ship's window at the passing stars.

KIRIAN

I think I'm losing it. I keep
blacking out. And stealing things. I
swear it's not on purpose.

A long moment passes --

FLEEK

I'm telling you, it's that
hypnotherapist. You really should see
switch to mine. Mine doesn't use mind
control. He also doesn't encourage
petty theft.

SCHTICK! Kirian's blade extends in a flash --

She glares at Fleek and then shows him and Ari her wrists,
and the METAL BRACELETS AROUND EACH ONE.

KIRIAN

I have no choice in the matter, do I?
And as I keep pointing out, they are
mandatory "brainwashing sessions",
not therapy.

FLEEK

I know that, I do. And I'm sorry.
It's just that maaaybe if you saw my
Oracle, he could offset some of what
that nut-case is doing to you.

(to Ari)

She wasn't always this jumpy.

Ari stands up and paces around --

ARI

So, let me get this straight. Those
bracelets are some sort of restraint?
And you're forced into brainwashing
sessions?

KIRIAN

Company policy.

ARI

What company?! Because THAT doesn't
sound right, like at all!

(to Fleek)

And you see an Oracle too?! Where did
you find yours?

FLEEK

On television. His infomercials run around the clock.

ARI

So you're seeing an Oracle from television, and you're calling her brainwashing hypnotherapist a nut-case?!

A moment passes between them all --

FLEEK

(to Kirian)

She's quite judgy.

Ari tries to speak, but nothing comes out. She's entirely speechless, just can't even... at all.

BEEP! BEEP! BEEP!

FLEEK

Finally! It's my Oracle.

Ari, Kirian and Fleek turn toward the main screen. Fleek answers the call.

ON SCREEN appears a tall, dark-haired, and bearded being sitting on a gaudy throne.

FLEEK

Greetings Oracle! I was just telling Kirian here that she should switch to you instead of the awful being she's seeing now.

ORACLE

Just so you're aware. My rates have gone up since last time. And of course you should switch to me, uh, Kirian. I assume Kirian is one of these... girls.

KIRIAN

I'm Kirian. Destroyer of Planets.

ORACLE

Good for you. I'm sure I can do a much better job than that other guy. You gotta be careful with brainwashing, it's a nasty business.

KIRIAN
You're telling me.

ORACLE
And what's with the other one? Are we
going to make this session a
threesome?

Fleek raises an eyebrow --

ARI
No. We are not.

Kirian just scowls.

The Oracle turns his head to something off-screen --

ORACLE
(Cockney-esk accent)
Oi! Don't touch that! That's mine!
How many times to I have to explain
this to you?!

Ari tilts her head, the Oracle's previous accent has
vanished.

ORACLE
Apologies. So what is the question
before us today, Fleek?

FLEEK
I've been wrestling with some
personal and professional questions.

Fleek gives Ari and Kirian some side-eye -- *privacy please?*

The women stands firm.

FLEEK
It's the fractals. I feel like
they're telling me it's time. The
things that you and I have been
discussing for the last year or so
are there for the taking.

ORACLE
You'll have to be more specific...
for the machine.

FLEEK
Um, the music stuff. You know...
fame, fortune, rock-n-roll, all of
it. Is it my time?

The Oracle presses a button on a small MACHINE next to him. It has one button and one exit slot.

The machine whirs and buzzes for a moment, before spitting out a pair of dice.

The Oracle picks up the dice. He smiles at them and then back at Fleek.

FLEEK

So? What do you have to say? Should I proceed?

ORACLE

Sure. Why not. Okay, that about does it for this session, we'll catch up soon.

CLICK. The screen goes back to the star view.

FLEEK

Yes.

Fleek gives a little fist pump --

ARI

Are you serious?!

KIRIAN

See? I have a real problem.

JUST THEN, ANOTHER RINGTONE CHIMES OFF ON THE CONSOLE --

ARI

What in the stars?

Without warning Fleek TACKLES Ari off her seat and pulls her under the console. His face is pure terror. He presses his finger to his lips.

ARI

(whisper)

Okay, okay, I get it.

WE STAY UNDER WITH ARI AND FLEEK as a other-worldly voice broadcasts over the speakers in a ALIEN TONGUE.

Ari watches as Kirian, seated in the chair, faces the console UNABLE TO LOOK AWAY.

Kirian convulses time and again, as the SOOTHING VOICE CONTINUES.

The tone of the ALIEN VOICE is so relaxing, so monotonous that Ari can feel her eyelids getting heavy.

Kirian convulses again, and slumps into the seat --

CLICK.

The screen turns off.

Fleek glances around, nervous.

Ari and Fleek chance a peek over the console. The screen is indeed blank. Just the star field from before.

ARI

Okay. What in the stars was that?

FLEEK

That's what I've been saying. He's the guy, or whatever, that's been making Kirian steal, except she doesn't remember any of it afterwards. You can never let him see you. NEVER make eye contact, or he'll have you too.

ARI

How do you know that?

FLEEK

I was in the galley when this new hypnotherapist came in a few months ago. I could only hear him, and I'm pretty sure that's why I'm okay. You have to understand, Kirian's first hypnotherapist was a mostly harmless dude; just rah-rah Celestial type stuff. But this new guy shows up and things get serious real fast.

ARI

Hang on. Celestial? Actual Celestial? As in secret government conspiracy stuff? That's just a myth. Like purple spotted wormholes or Space Seahorses.

KIRIAN

Hey, I've seen both of those things.

BUZZ! BUZZ! BUZZ!

The console goes off again.

Fleek flinches --

Ari backs away --

ARI

NO! Don't you dare tackle me again!
How do you two every get anything
done with all these interruptions?!

FLEEK

I'm a musician. I work odd hours. And
trust me, this is NOT a typical day.

Kirian answers the call.

A beautiful and shirtless man appears onscreen. It's Drexyl.

DREXYL

Kirian, listen...

SODA (O.S.)

(distant)

Drexyl, be a dear and bring me the
soap.

DREXYL

(shouting)

In a minute!

(whisper)

Look, she's in the shower. I don't
have much time. She's terminating the
Celestial program. I don't know
exactly when, yet. But when she does,
she's going to delete all the
Celestials. You have to get out of
there, Kirian.

KIRIAN

How in stars am I supposed to do
that?

She holds up her bound wrists --

SODA (O.S.)

(distant)

Drexyl?! What's the hold up with the
soap.

He shudders --

DREXYL

I have to go.

The call ends. The stars appear again.

Ari, Kirian and Fleek stand in silence on the ship's bridge for a long while.

ARI

I feel like I got here at a bad time.

SMASH TO BLACK:

THE END.