

# **SECONDS TO SUPERNOVA**

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INT. COCKPIT OF SPACESHIP - IN SPACE

In the cockpit of a beat-up splotchy primer painted graffiti tagged spaceship, ZANE a man in his mid-twenties wearing a dingy flight suit and worn brown bomber jacket, grips the yoke tight as he glances over at FINN.

Finn is a blueish skinned scaly Varunian being with gills and popped out eyes, dressed in an unscuffed flight suit.

ZANE

Lost steering, veering starboard  
ten degrees. Accelerating at five  
hundred dycrons per hour.

FINN

Dycrons are per half-hour in this  
gravity.

An alarm SCREAMS off the front of the multi-colored flashing instrument panel of the shuddering spacecrafts dash.

Zane reaches forward straining from his seat and flips a blazing red switch.

ZANE

Silencing the impact alarm. That's  
one problem out of the way.

FINN

I don't think we need the  
documentary commentary on how we  
are going to die.

ZANE

Planet impact in four minutes.  
Thought you might want to know.  
Just a courtesy for the space fish  
on board.

Finn pushed and jams on the flight yoke over and over.

FINN

For the millionth time, I am not a  
fish.

ZANE

I'm sorry the scales and the gills  
mean nothing to you then?

FINN

Are they still behind us?

Finn twist his head up to the side porthole from his cockpit seat.

ZANE  
So now we want the commentary?  
Incoming fire in five, four--

FINN  
Shields at ten percent.

Finn slams the dash.

ZANE  
Two, one, bingo was his name OH.

BOOM!!

The runner capsule jolts and rattles lurching Zane and Finn forward hard pulling on there loose safety belts, then slamming them back into their seats.

What look like fireflies scatter and fly off in front of front window.

ZANE (CONT'D)  
Rodeo!

FINN  
That's that, shields are gone,  
weapons system offline.

Zane gives a thumbs up to Finn as the smell of melting plastic and burnt steak spreads into the cockpit.

Zane waves his hand in front of his face.

ZANE  
You and those fish farts.

FINN  
A Varunian never farts.

Finn gets a spoiled look as the gills flutter.

ZANE  
Anything you want me to tell your  
wife and kids if I survive?

FINN  
Swimming in a small fishbowl all  
alone like mudders pet, and I AM a  
female. An earth year as your  
partner means a lot to you I see.

Zane strains his neck looking back through the side portal again.

ZANE  
Sharing chains in a Zoron jail  
doesn't count. Who planned the  
escape?

FINN  
The getaway could have had a few  
more attentions to detail.

ZANE  
How was I to know?

FINN  
We hit a battle cruiser, a Zoron  
battle Cruiser! Two seat runner  
against a battle cruiser.

ZANE  
More like nudged.

FINN  
Enough to make it accidentally fire  
a torpedo in the launch bay.

ZANE  
Oh is that why they're chasing us?

FINN  
I know, why bother with us?

Finn pulls hard on the yoke with her whole arm, scales  
turning dark blue, as she yanks then presses down.

ZANE  
Life support offline.

Zane and Finn howl a gallows humor LAUGH with Finn making a  
sucking CHORTLE sound with her gills.

FINN  
Internal temp ninety eight point  
six degrees.

Finn flips a few flashing switches in fast succession.

FINN (CONT'D)  
Mudder perfect temperature.

ZANE  
Mudder? What's this mudder you keep  
saying?

FINN

You're from Earth aren't you?

Zane looks up gesturing towards the front cockpit window as the edged begin to glow red hot.

ZANE

We have paved roads and even cities  
in the sky.

FINN

Just going by my science class in  
school. Thirty percent dirt,  
seventy percent water equals  
mudder. You're a mudder.

ZANE

Subway systems under the oceans...

FINN

You also have something called the  
fillet-O-fish.

ZANE

Ah, but you're not a fish.

Finn gives Zane the bugged out side-eye.

FINN

You are my one true best friend.  
Surface four hundred degrees.

ZANE

(fancy accent)

I wonder if there is a five star  
hotel with a Michelin star  
restaurant on the surface? Make a  
reservation for the weekend?

FINN

(fancy accent)

Oh and a pool of course. Just for  
me, I'm a fish after all. And I'm  
thinking air-conditioning is a must  
also.

Zane feigns sleep, resting his noggin back on his headrest.

ZANE

First thing I'm going to do when I  
hit the room is turn it down to  
sixty five and just lay back on the  
bed 'till I need a blanket. Tenth  
avenue freeze out style.

FINN  
What ever does that mean?

ZANE  
I don't know but it's important.

Suddenly Finn crane her neck to the side.

FINN  
Battle cruiser is coming 'round  
again.

Suddenly the computer chimes in with it's mechanical drone dry voice. Red light blinking on the dash every time it speaks.

SPARKY  
You're not dead, until you are warm  
and dead.

ZANE  
Sparky! Have a nice nap? You're  
missing all the fun.

SPARKY  
(concerned monotone  
timbre)  
Zane, What does it feel like to  
die?

ZANE  
Like a reboot Sparky. Just turns  
you off and on again. No worries.

SPARKY  
That is a nice thought Zane. I feel  
tingly all over? How can I be  
feeling this emotion? I am not  
supposed to feel like this.

Finn stretches forward and flips a few switches, turning them green.

FINN  
Off and on again Sparky, OK?

SPARKY  
Thank you fish. Sixty seconds until  
surface impact.

The corner of Finns mouth turns up into a grin.

Zane waves his hands in the air, staring past them.

ZANE

Whoa, everything is starting to look purple, all shades of it.

FINN

I see it also. The lore of eons passed sure missed the whole death has a color thing.

Zane glances over at Finn smiling.

ZANE

Not a good color for you, that's for sure.

FINN

Hopefully you'll get a chance to be King of the eel in your next life.

ZANE

I'd say you're dead to me now but..

FINN

And here I was going to name my first spawn Zane. Guess it'll have to be Sparky.

SPARKY

Just off an on again?

Finn glances over at Zane.

FINN

We should at least Try the reverse thrusters right?

Finn presses a large red button on the yoke, over and over.

ZANE

Had my finger on it first half of the way down my friend.

SPARKY

Would you like a topographical report of the planet surface Zane?

ZANE

I think we are going to be creating the topography Sparky.

Finn stares and studies over her scaly hands, twisting and turning them.

FINN  
I'm beginning to feel funny.

ZANE  
You'll have to sign up for some  
improv classes.

A shimmer of glowing lights streak past the cockpit window.

SPARKY  
Thirty seconds until surface  
impact.

FINN  
(suddenly panicked)  
I can't feel anything below my  
gills.

SPARKY  
Incoming fire is launching from the  
battle cruiser.

The concave view of the planet surface races into view.

FINN  
Going to be heat on this one.

ZANE  
(laughing)  
Got any good news Sparky?

The craft begins to shudder and buck.

SPARKY  
It's just off and on again right?

ZANE  
Sparky it will be the first thing I  
do.

SPARKY  
Thank you Zane.

Finn twists her head forward wide-eyed, eye bulging to their  
limit.

FINN  
OH my God. I see something. That  
can't be?

Zane rocks forward straining in his seat.

ZANE  
Impossible... I see it, I see it!



Finn slams her head back into the headrest.

FINN  
The Grub of Orleans...

SPARKY  
The Grub of Orleans is currently in  
the Androma sector. Incoming fire  
impact in twenty seconds.

Zane rest his head back with a quizzical look on his face.

ZANE  
Did you ever get around to giving  
the Grub back the jewels you were  
telling me about Finny?

Finn whacks wildly at her yoke with her numb arms.

FINN  
That would be a firm no on that  
fact Mr. Zaney.

ZANE  
Consider this your friendly  
reminder.

SPARKY  
Impact from fire, fifteen seconds.  
Impact with planets surface ten  
seconds.

ZANE  
(laughing)  
Potato, potato.

FINN  
The Grub is getting clearer.

Blinding flashes of purple, green and yellow lights orb into  
the cockpit.

FINN (CONT'D)  
Our little payloads are a bit  
volatile... worried?

Zanes give Finn a firm thumbs up.

ZANE  
So are you optimistic or an  
optimist?

FINN

Taking his sweet time transporting  
us through the wormhole. We won't  
be through before we--

ZANE

Feeling squishy, but not too bad.

FINN

This is IT!!!

ZANE

Such drama with you fish.

Fin flips her head side to side aggressively.

FINN

I can taste the Grubs smelly putrid  
breath.

Zane grabs Finns scaly hand and squeezes.

ZANE

Four, three...

SPARKY

Off, on, off, on, off, on--

INT. GRUB OF ORLEANS LAIR - DAY NEW STUFF

The music of Debussy is playing in the soft.

In a vaulted ceiling room lit with glowing purple, green and  
yellow orb lights.

The Grub of Orleans, his immense oblong, sick yellow ridged  
body sways on a mound of King Cake colored throw pillows.

His spindly little arms hold a purple throw pillow over his  
groin.

Bug eyes protrude from the grubs forehead and oily putrid  
drool leaks over the bottom lip of his little mouth.

A dingy crown on his head has three empty holes in its  
arches.

Two guards leaning on the door have on hi tech gas masks.

GRUB OF ORLEANS

(Upper crust British  
accent)

Have a seat will you.

ZANE

Oh, that's OK we'll be standing. I think I know where most of those pillows have been.

Finn, holding her gills closed, suddenly lets loose a sucking blow.

FINN

Got any breath mints?

GRUB OF ORLEANS

(dismissive)

And from a fish.

ZANE

That was a Nebu worm hole I'm guessing.

GRUB OF ORLEANS

(twisted grin)

You are correct, I've corn holed the market. Very effective in finding nefarious fools of your lot don't you think.

Zane and Finn glance at each other smiling.

ZANE

Well thanks for saving us but we must be on our way.

FINN

Is there a spacecraft rental place around here? Preferable reasonably cheap. Maybe something in a reddish hue.

The Grub huffs blowing out chunky drool as Finn and Zane cringe.

GRUB OF ORLEANS

WHERE ARE MY JEWELS YOU AMPHIBIAN!

ZANE

She's a fish I thought you established that.

FINN

Thank you Zane.

GRUB OF ORLEANS

THE JEWELS!!!

ZANE

Jewels?

FINN

You didn't tell me you had any  
jewels? Holding out again I see.

ZANE

We're buds I would never hold ou--

GRUB OF ORLEANS

Stolen from my fathers crown and  
purchased by your pet fish!

FINN

Varunian actually.

ZANE

And I'm a mudder.

GRUB OF ORLEANS

That I believe.

The gas masks removed, two dog faced march forward three  
sloppy goosesteps.

Zane peeks back and reaches in his pocket.

The guard reach for the triggers of their laser riffles.

ZANE

All I have are my juggling rocks.

Zanes tosses them haphazardly into the air and begins to  
juggle.

The Grub of Orleans begins to frantically jump up and down on  
his grubby stump bottom, holding the pillow firm.

GRUB OF ORLEANS

My jewels!

The guards start to rush forward, their eyes frenzied.

GRUB OF ORLEANS (CONT'D)

Wait!

FINN

Tell them Grubbie.

ZANE

Yes, do tell Grubmeister.

The guards take a goosestep forward.

GRUB OF ORLEANS  
 Lets all keep it calm, very calm.

ZANE  
 Well it turns out that these here  
 jewels are one of the most  
 explosive substances in the  
 universe.

FINN  
 And if he has an oops right now  
 well..

GRUB OF ORLEANS  
 We will have oops all over each  
 other.

FINN  
 And throughout the city.

ZANE  
 Fun, fun, fun.

Zane suddenly throws a crystal to Finn, who pretends to  
 bobble it.

ZANE (CONT'D)  
 Whoa!

GRUB OF ORLEANS  
 CAREFUL!

ZANE  
 Stop yelling you'll make me miss.

GRUB OF ORLEANS  
 And take out the planet.

Zane and Finn start juggling the crystals back and forth with  
 each other.

GRUB OF ORLEANS (CONT'D)  
 This is not amusing in the least  
 gentlemen.

The guards back up quick almost stumbling towards the door.

ZANE  
 Grubby my Grub, you need better  
 guards, they didn't even search us.

GRUB OF ORLEANS

The best the temp agency had left  
in town. Everyone's off fighting in  
that damn war.

ZANE

Yeah that damn, damn war.

GRUB OF ORLEANS

Those jewels are from my Fathers  
crown. It was his dying wish for me  
to personally...

Out of the corner of one eye the Grub sheds a bright red  
tear.

ZANE

Oh you can't be like this grubber.

FINN

Come on give us the evil stare.

GRUB OF ORLEANS

(very upset)

I just wanted to personally be  
there when millions of Grendel  
heads exploded into infinity.

FINN

We know you did Grubby. How about  
we take a video?

GRUB OF ORLEANS

Not the same.

ZANE

And we'd love to take you but...  
well no offense but you kinda  
stink.

GRUB OF ORLEANS

There never will be equal rights.

FINN

We're trying, I'm in a union.

ZANE

Well really no offense about any of  
THIS!

Zane throws the crystals higher into the air as Finn  
struggles to catch them.

When no ones looking Zane reaches into his pocket.

The Grub rotates around on his stump.

GRUB OF ORLEANS  
Wait , wait! Careful! There has to  
be something you really want?!

ZANE  
Already got it Grubbie.

FINN  
(catching his breath)  
Zane, I am not a professional  
juggler.

ZANE  
Now you bring it up.

GRUB OF ORLEANS  
Not getting any funnier gentlemen.  
You can't cheer me up.

FINN  
How about plan A.

ZANE  
Have you ever ridden a bang rocket?

FINN  
Never seen heard or ridden one.

ZANE  
I saw one coming in.

FINN  
I hope it's my favorite color blue.

ZANE  
Now!

Finn quick catches two crystals and dashes for the door.

Zane throws one of the crystals high up into the vaulted  
ceiling, and follows Finn out the door.

The Guards race haphazardly to catch the crystal.

GRUB OF ORLEANS  
The last thing I'll be is a punch  
line. Almost funny.

EXT. DUSTY STREET ON DESERT PLANET - DAY

Zane runs up to Finn tossing the other crystal smiling.

Suddenly we hear an EXPLOSION in the building behind them.

The ground rattle and the windows of the Grubs Lair are covered from the inside with a brown dripping goop.

Finn and Zane race away.

FINN

What did you throw?

ZANE

Durian stink bomb.

FINN

(laughing)

That's just wrong, so wrong. It will take a month to wear off maybe three.

ZANE

That putrid breath is wrong.

Zane runs up to and hops on a red rocket with two seats on it, about four feet long and a foot wide sitting on metal tripod legs.

Finn questionably looks over the missile.

FINN

What does Radio Flyer mean?

ZANE

Hop on and hold on.

FINN

(settling in his seat)

I'm feeling very confident about this. What's the penalty for craft stealing on this planet.

ZANE

Death, death, death death death.

FINN

I'm guessing the rocket kills us first.

Zane as fast as he can pushes some control button on the panel behind the cone.

ZANE

Five, four, three, two, one!

BANG!



The rocket suddenly zips off into the sky faster than you can see it leave.

White hot exhaust screaming out the back.

Finn's feet banging on the side, not in the sirups yet.

The hurricane force wind from the pace of the rockets distorts their facial features.

FINN  
This is safe, OH totally safe.

ZANE  
Method actor I see.

Finn puts his arms out and flaps them.

ZANE (CONT'D)  
Programmed out the crotch rocket  
straight into the wormhole.

FINN  
What? If we are going this fast  
into the wormhole we could wind up  
turned inside out when we pop out  
the other side.

ZANE  
Theory.

FINN  
We'll wind up as slorp on the end  
of whatever.

ZANE  
That's the fun of it al Finny,  
that's the fun of it all.

The rocket jolts sudden hard right. Finn juts his arms back down.

FINN  
You're still doing it right?

Zane shrugs his shoulders.

FINN (CONT'D)  
Oh you have to, they're almost out  
of ordinance. And if you don't--

ZANE  
My whole Mudder civilization will  
be destroyed?

FINN  
No pressure... Last report the  
Grendels had our fighters in a burn  
retreat.

Zane rolls his eyes and grins.

ZANE  
The Malconteers will get their--

FINN  
You're a softy.

ZANE  
Tabasco cotton candy.

FINN  
He's the Prince.

ZANE  
He's an idiot!

FINN  
He's your half brother.

ZANE  
Younger brother

FINN  
Maybe he'll let you kiss some  
Mudder babies when--

The rockets begins to shake violently. Fire exhaust roaring  
out the back.

ZANE  
(singing)  
OH CANADA!

FINN  
What the zork does that mean?

ZANE  
It's going to get cold, we're going  
in.

The rockets scream almost straight down then dips level at  
eight G's.

FINN  
Now!? It's too fast.

WHOOSH BANG!

Wild colored light of every shade suddenly whirl around them.  
They phase in and out of shape.

They are surrounded in total silence.

Zane pulls out a red flashing metal stick. And inserts it  
into a slot on the bang rockets control panel.

SPARKY

On again!

ZANE

We're in a spot here Sparkster.

SPARKY

When are YOU not?

ZANE

Where are we coming out at Sparky?

FINN

Ha! Where's the fun in knowing  
that?

SPARKY

Calculating.

ZANE

Sparky?

SPARKY

Can you just turn me off again?

ZANE

Where Sparky?

SPARKY

I'd rather not.

FINN

Please tell me it's a water planet.

ZANE

Sparky?

SPARKY

The Grub of Orleans it seems in  
setting locations for the wormhole  
to grab you, had the next set of  
coordinates set for the planet  
Rulon.

ZANE

Sparky!?

FINN  
Rulon, why Rulon?

ZANE  
Sparky!

SPARKY  
The Planet Rulon is the home of Mr. Zanes ex-wife. In sixty seconds we will be in her living room. It is dinner time.

FINN  
Ha! Ha, ha, ha, HA!

ZANE  
Her favorite meal is fish.

SPARKY  
On the planet Rulon there is an immediate order for Mr. Zanes incarceration for failure to--

ZANE  
Sparky!!

FINN  
So I could collect a bounty?

SPARKY  
30 million Darkles.

ZANE  
It's not that much really.

SPARKY  
Dead or alive.

ZANE  
Off again Sparky?

SPARKY  
I'm begging you to.

FINN  
To be or not to be.

EXT. COUNTRY STYLE LIVING ROOM - DAY

Suddenly Finn, Zane and the rockets are resting in a living room. Acrid smoke rising off of the skin of the missile.

A woman in an elegant evening gown, eye squinted and mean, stands in front of a man in tighty whities, his hands on her shoulders.

Finns gills chortle in laughter.

FINN

Oh wow...

SPARKY

Everyone, Miss Luna.

ZANE

(grinning)

I brought dinner.

FINN

I'm actually quite gristly, tough  
to scale.

Luna shrugs her male companion off her shoulders and stares silently at Zane with a sour stomach face.

ZANE

Did we interrupt something special?  
Not my fault really. So how have  
you been? You look great.  
(pause)

Luna's bare foot begins to tap slap the floor tile.

ZANE (CONT'D)

Like really, really great.

Luna's male companion steps forward.

ZANE (CONT'D)

We're in a bit of a spot ss and--

LUNA

Take the craft in the back. You  
remember the cute little planet  
jumper you bought me as a wedding  
present?

ZANE

Your favorite color I remember  
that.

Finns eyes bug out a bit as she shakes her head.

LUNA

GET OUT. GET IN IT AND BE GONE!

ZANE

Thank you so much Luna...

LUNA

I stopped making the payment on it for you, and the repo man will be on your tail.

FINN

It's not his fault we--

LUNA

It never is but it always is.

ZANE

Also, well seeing how it's so close to dinner, we were wondering, we are a bit peckish--

LUNA

I do believe your bounty states, DEAD OR ALIVE!

SPARKY

You are his one true love Miss Luna. Computers cannot lie.

ZANE

I've been meaning to upgrade my technology.

FINN

So many, many hours listening to Zane talk about you, I almost tire of it.

LUNA

The craft is free if you just leave now.

ZANE

Full of fuel?

LUNA

(wincing half smile)  
You'll have to stop somewhere.

ZANE

Well yeah, well we should be going.

Zane turns towards the door then stops and slaps the bang rocket in the living room.

LUNA  
Don't turn around!

Zane kick steps it out the door.

Finn grabs Sparky out of the bang rockets control panel and heads to the door.

FINN  
It's always fun Luna.

LUNA  
Oh the pleasure had been all mine.

INT. PLANET JUMPER SPACECRAFT - IN SPACE

Finn and Zane are strapped in sitting in the cockpit. Zane has his hands loosely on the yoke.

Thousands of stars twinkle out the windshield, then into a streaking doppler effect.

SPARKY  
Forty Grendel Fighter Craft at ten degrees. One million miles out.

ZANE  
Sparky what's the formula for miles to feet for our shields?

FINN  
Seriously, the whole, whole UNIVERSE uses the metrics system except your Mudder quadrants. What is wrong with your species?

ZANE  
We know how to win.

SPARKY  
1.609344e+9 miles to meters conversion.

FINN  
(sarcastically)  
Thank you Sparky, I had no idea.

SPARKY  
One mile is five thousand two hundred and eighty feet.

FINN  
 Lets just cruise in silence for  
 once, can we please!

ZANE  
 Well...

FINN  
 Quiet... serenity. Ser...en...  
 i...ty  
 (pause)

Zane leans forward and CLICKS on a button the reads shields.

Finn stares over at him.

Zane shrugs his shoulders apologetically.

Finn rests his head back on his seat and closes his eyes.  
 (pause)

SPARKY  
 (whispering)  
 Finn...

Finn crosses his arms without opening her eyes as Zane  
 glances over with an eye roll.  
 (pause)

SPARKY (CONT'D)  
 (whispering)  
 Finn... Finn...

FINN  
 (eyes closed, whispering)  
 Why what could you possibly want  
 Spark?

SPARKY  
 (whispering)  
 Sorry there Finn Sir, Just letting  
 you both know that one hundred  
 Malconteer fighters are now  
 2.000001e+9 meters behind us and  
 closing fast on full burners.

FINN  
 (whispering)  
 Thanks you Sparky that was very  
 nice of you.



ZANE

(whispering)

We must have a quite the plan to finish things here and now. I think there's gonna be some shootin'.

FINN

(whispering)

Thanks for figuring that out for me Zane...

SPARKY

Uh... sorry again Mrs. Finn.

FINN

(eyes closed again)

Miss will do Sparky.

SPARKY

Incoming emergency communication.

FINN

If it's about an extended warranty on this craft I'm putting us into self destruct mode Sparky.

SPARKY

It is Prince Zup, he is leading the fighter wing.

Zane shakes his lowered head.

ZUP

(crackled radio static)

Hey, hey, hey we are on the way!

ZANE

(rolling his eyes)

They let you out of the citadel?

FINN

Welcome your Highness Zup.

ZUP

I demanded to lead the assault.

ZANE

You told them you were going to Seven Eleven for and Slurpee didn't you.

ZUP

(laughing)

I'm Wild Cherry and you're a Coke.

Finn chortles a bit through her gills.

ZANE

Well it's been a great visit, but we have a few things to do like arm the anti-matter torpedoes and such... So don't be a stranger.

ZUP

You WILL let me lead the charge.  
(pause)

Sparky's red light on the console begins to flash frantically.

ZANE

While that is a great idea and a brave one... one of your most brilliant really--

FINN

But as you know you we have to keep you safe at all cost. So you'll have to take the rear on this one.

ZUP

I wanna fight, I wanna fight.

ZANE

As your older brother--

ZUP

Half-brother. Should have fought you a long time ago, and may I remind you I am the Prince. And you haven't even bothered to RSVP for my upcoming coronation to King.

Zane leans forward staring at the radar.

Sparky's console light glows a constant red.

Finn reaches forward holding his hand over Sparky's red glowing light.

ZANE

Prolly got lost in the space mail.

FINN

That does happen more than you think it would out here.

ZANE

Hey, you need to break up the fighter formation. Split them into four spread out. Those are all we have left.

ZUP

Potato. Potato.

THUMP SWOOSH, THUMPS SWOOSH!

The space craft suddenly jerks and spins side to side.

Zane yanks and stretches back on the yoke hard.

Finn leans forward flipping buttons on the console.

ZUP (CONT'D)

I WILL NOT BE IGNORED. IT IS MY RIGHT TO--

The radio cuts out into silence.

Zane frantically pushes buttons on the console, as each light begins to flash red.

Finn take over steering on her yoke, pushing in on it hard to the left.

ROOOOOUUNCH, WAACK, THUMP, ROOOOOUUNCH!

ZANE

Right thruster not responding, trying hydraulic booster number five.

FINN

Correcting into complete spin here. Turning gyros to full reverse.

ZANE

Could use a little help here Sparkster. Statis on thrusters.

FINN

Great time for a nap Sparky.

ZANE

Hello?!

SPARKY

(terse)

Course correction underway.

ZANE

Hey buddy.

The planet jumper craft begins to arch around one hundred and eighty degrees from original flight path.

SPARKY

Course set correctly for incoming enemy Malconteer fighters.

ZANE

Now is not the time for pranks.

Zane yanks on the yoke hard to no avail.

Finn pushes and pulls on hers, both arms locks around it.

SPARKY

I am sorry, where are our manners. Welcome to the Federacy of Grendel's. You will be remembered as the grand hero's of the Federacy after today. Statues in the Hall of Legions.

ZANE

Sparky. Initiate reboot.

Zane and Finn continue to twist and turn on their steering yokes. Sweet begins to drip down Zanes face as Finn's gills begin to turn bright orange.

FINN

Sparky, blink three times if you're if you're in there.

Sparky's panel light now glows green.

ZANE

Sparky?!

SPARKY

Contact with enemy fighter in five Dycrons. Confirmed Prince Zup is formation lead.

FINN

Think we just have to think this through.

SPARKY

Orleans jewel explosives primed with plasma field, will eliminate all enemy craft.

(MORE)

SPARKY (CONT'D)

Time correction based on  
gravitational speed increase to one  
dycron.

Zane releases his yoke, grabs a tablet from under his seat  
and starts flipping through screens.

ZANE

How's the thinking coming along  
Finn? Converted to miles we'd have  
more time.

Finn smacks her yoke as she slams back into her seat.

FINN

I always wanted to die laughing.

SPARKY

Shall I sing the Hero's Demise  
Grand dispatch for you.

FINN

It's also your Grendel's National  
anthem is it not?

SPARKY

It is indeed hero two.

FINN

Hero two?

ZANE

Computer under authorization  
Whiskey, Tango, Foxtrot initiate  
self destruct cycle. Countdown on  
ten to begin.

SPARKY

Off...

ZANE

Sorry sparky, My ex-wife always has  
the self destruct hardwired, ever  
since I stole her Benzcraft.

COMPUTER

Life support terminated.

Zane and Finn Laugh like it's there last one.

COMPUTER/LUNA

So my love... it seems you think  
you got away with stealing another  
craft of mine... but oh no. No. No!

(MORE)

COMPUTER/LUNA (CONT'D)  
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! Bye, bye  
sweetie...

FINN  
And you said she hated you.

COMPUTER  
Ten...

FINN  
What is this Mudder obsession with  
countdowns.

COMPUTER  
Nine...

FINN  
Why don't we just sit here in  
peace.

COMPUTER  
Eight.

ZANE  
Sure would be nice if 'ol Grubbie  
grabbed us in his wormhole about  
now.

FINN  
Just shut up! Tranquility. I don't  
need to know how many of your  
seconds--

ZANE  
Computer cancel countdown.

COMPUTER  
Six.

COMPUTER (CONT'D)  
Five.

FINN  
See isn't this nice.

Zanes reaches over and squeezes Finns hand as they both stare  
out the windshield full of stars.

Silence.

Silence.

Silence.

FINN (CONT'D)  
(laughing)  
He was in his tighty whities!

**THE END**