

F5: *Close-up of a 3D holographic image, displaying a space station in orbit of a planet. The space station has several external cannons (**BIG** cannons), many docking pylons and many, many flashing lights.*

MINION: Help us destroy the United Federal Forces base in the Lucian system and the funds will be transferred into your account.

MINION: Fail and you die. It says so in the small print.

F6: *Close-up of **MONICA TURNER**'s face, the infamous MD of Destroy The Universe Corporation™. Her hair hangs loose about her face, but now we can see her in more detail and we can **definitely** see the evil grin spread from ear to ear.*

TURNER: Small print is for wimps. I **never** fail...

PAGE TWO (left)

F1 (HPS): *Sunrise over planet ABIDOS and as the beams of light spread forth from the planet's edge, we focus on the UFF space station "MULTICANNON". The station is slanted to one side as it hangs over the planet in perpetual orbit; shuttles inbound and outbound fly to and fro avoiding a plethora of satellites that encircle the planet. "MULTICANNON" is the very same space station that we saw in F5 of the previous page, I'll have you know – and this being the case, you already know what it looks like by now! I'll limit myself to saying that, docked to one of the docking pylons, is the federation ship the **UFF ENDEAVOUR** – a "Death bringer" class ship. "Death bringer" is right, through the centre of the ship runs a giant cannon, with all other parts of the fuselage built directly onto this. Other than the cannon, the Endeavour is roughly based on a space shuttle (sort of morph the lower half into the cannon, so to speak), except that where the wings would be on a shuttle, a more robust, metallic construction protrudes from the main body, on the end of which are mounted the 'phase' engines. The phase engines, for the purpose of visuals, are made up of a squashed cylinder, with a pulsating orb of matter fixed to the end (how you do the 'pulsating' effect is up to you. BTW: fuck the science of these engines – I can't be bothered to explain it – suffice it to say that I know enough to bullshit my way through some technical jargon if required). The Endeavour bears appropriate markings: the ship name, UFF and UPG insignias, etc; also the legend, "The ENDEAVOUR is sponsored by **CellularCosmos™**". In the foreground, in the top left-hand corner of the frame, hangs an orbiting sign displaying the text, "'MULTICANNON' space station, Commanded by Admiral Abraham Gabriel Reynolds (medal of honour and bar)"; "Defending the Lucian system for countless decades."; "And also a really cool night spot!"*

DIALOGUE (MARU): Tonight's the night, Doc.

DIALOGUE (QUARLEY): You've been saying that for the past two nights, Lieutenant Maru.

DIALOGUE (MARU): I know. But they say 'third time lucky' and three nights into shore leave I'm gonna get lucky!

F2: *Now on board "MULTICANNON", inside one of the attractive night spots. Propping up a wooden bar are two of the Endeavour's crew – **LIEUTENANT MICHAEL MARU** (pilot) and **DOCTOR QUARLEY** (chief MO). MARU stands at the bar, dressed in his immaculate uniform (bearing the UFF insignia, the Endeavour's unique insignia and a name badge), checking his hair in a portable mirror; MARU is human, young and champion smug bastard, he grins as he studies his reflection. QUARLEY sits on a stool and clutches a frothing, churning drink – he too wears a uniform, but over it a lab coat. DR. QUARLEY is not human, his species evolved from lizard-like creatures, his dermal layer is composed of scales and his eyes much larger than a humans. On the bar are many empty glasses, mostly stacked up near MARU and a pair of 'cool' sunglasses. Behind the pair stands an android **BARMAN**, one of his hands conveniently replaced by a glass polishing device – he polishes a glass. The barman wears no shirt, just a bow tie, and across his metal chest is an electronic advertising board advertising **HRNG!** beer: "Try **HRNG!** – Strange sound, strange beer."*

BARMAN: Please, do not go out there...

MARU: Why? With a face like this, how can they resist me?

QUARLEY: Oh, they'll try, believe me...

F3: *Similar. MARU dons his shades, QUARLEY raises a restraining hand.*

BARMAN: It's just that if you get into any fights, I'll have to throw you out...

QUARLEY: Yes, Mister Maru, I don't want to have to re-set your nose again!

F4: *MARU places a re-assuring arm around the doctor and does his best 'shit-eating' grin.*

MARU: Trust me, Doc. I'm a professional.

PAGE THREE (right)

F1: *The dance floor:*

Populated by many weird and wonderful species trying to strut their funky stuff, the dance floor is a rather strange montage. Species include: humans (some of whom aren't bad at dancing); cat people (with cat ears and tails. Got that?); Phnallgrr (a strange people, with tentacles instead of hair – they dance rather aggressively); androids (rigid, almost to the point of not moving – where's the logic in dancing?); and any others that you can think of. In the centre of shot are two rather attractive looking females – one human, one feline – wearing not very much at all.

F2: *Extreme close-up of MARU's shades, the two women from **F1** reflected in the glass.*

MARU: Aha! Target locked...

F3: *MARU swaggers across the dance floor, his best grin, smoothing a crease in his uniform, pushing an android out of the way. He stares. He has zeroed in on these women – nothing will stop him.*

F4: *The two women dance, slightly apart from each other. They are excellent dancers and the feline's tail complements her actions. MARU stands behind them, surveying his 'catch', ready to make his move.*

MARU: We'll dance – you'll have a great time – you'll come back to my place. Cool, huh?

F5: *The two women exchange looks, extremely annoyed at MARU's very presence.*

FELINE: **Grrrrr...**

F6: *MARU is punched in the face at the same time by both women, square on the nose, flattening it to his face. Blood flies through the air as the impact forces MARU rearwards. Ouch!*

MARU: **NOT AGAIIIIUGH!!!**

PAGE FOUR (left)

F1: *Close-up of a partially in shadow, female hand pressing down on a light switch.*

F2: *The lights flash on to reveal a desk in our immediate foreground. A very messy desk, cluttered by many electronic pads; two computers; a name block with "TRUDY WALTERS, PA to Admiral Reynolds" written on it; an in tray piled sky-high; an out tray with one piece of paper in it; and several model space craft. Approaching the desk is **TRUDY WALTERS**, a young girl in a 'power' business suit (big shoulder pads – 80's reject), her hair tightly yanked back into a pony tail, and she clutching copious lap tops and pocket computers. **TRUDY** is very stressed – she is over worked, under paid and has two kids to feed. In the background can be seen a door with the legend "Admiral A. G. Reynolds".*

F3: *TRUDY dumps all of her electronic equipment on the desk, dislodging several pads and knocking over the pile in the in tray. TRUDY has that wide-eyed look about her that suggests she's close to tears, seeing the pile of paper topple almost pushes her over the edge.*

TRUDY: **Augh!** Don't cry – call therapist, don't cry – call therapist!

F4: *TRUDY drops into her chair and hits the on button on one of the computers.*

COMPUTER: You have mail! Two... messages for the office of... A... G... Reynolds.

COMPUTER: Read now?

TRUDY: Therapist first, mail later.

F5: *TRUDY bites down on her fist, wider eyed now than before, blood vessel pulsating around her temple.*

COMPUTER: Negative... Priority mail... Must read now...

TRUDY: *GRnnnnnnnnnn!*

PAGE FIVE (right)

F1: *A computer monitor shaped frame, viewing – you've guessed it – a computer screen! On the monitor is a video stream with the caption "MESSAGE 1: PLAY" and a play symbol visible in the top right-hand corner. The video stream itself is running through a windows media player style application on full screen mode. We can see a lethargic looking teenager sitting in a call centre, talking at us whilst clutching a big burger in one hand and a big shake in the other – the shake cup bears the "McDogburger" logo. The teenager has ruffled hair and terrible acne, he is wearing a scraggy T-Shirt sporting the text, "ALIENS ATE MY CAT".*

TEENAGER: Welcome to the United Planetary Governments human message service. I'm afraid this is bad news, a cataclysm will shortly occur in your area.

TEENAGER: UFF sensor thingies detected a huge asteroid, filled with anti-matter, heading for your local star – Lucian.

F2: *Similar. Horrible amounts of grease drip from the teenager's burger.*

TEENAGER: The asteroid is escorted by starships belonging to the Grey empire.

TEENAGER: Admiral Reynolds must despatch a ship to intercept immediately, or your star might explode a bit.

TEENAGER: I am a lethargic teenager. Over and out.

F3: *TRUDY stands at her desk and swipes several pads to one side, revealing an intercom system. Deprivation of therapy has been too much for her and she bursts into tears.*

TRUDY: *Waaah!...* This is horrible!

TRUDY: Must buzz Admiral Reynolds! *Waaah!*

F4: *Now inside the office of the ‘great’ commander ABE’ GABE’ REYNOLDS. Three-quarters view of a big, black desk positioned just in front of the rear wall of the room. The desk bears the emblem of the United Federal Forces, is quite technical, housing several computers; an automatic bar; a mini ‘desk clean’ hover; and three holographic plants. More model spacecraft, like the ones on TRUDY’s desk, are also casually lying around. REYNOLDS himself leans back in his giant, leather, executive chair; fast asleep, a big grin on his face. He is a grey-haired man in his late forties, in quite good shape for his age and has a kindly face, almost smacking of naivety. Sitting next to REYNOLDS on stools, leaning on the man’s chest, are two ‘companion droids’ – basically androids that can be bought as artificial ‘friends’ (or sometimes for more nefarious purposes). Both droids have price tags around their necks (some sort of ridiculously large amount of money) and one wears a T-shirt with the text, “buy me at all good robot stores”. Behind REYNOLDS, fixed to the rear wall, is a giant blow up of the photograph showing him receiving his medal of honour from the president of the UPG – the text “Me and my medal” is clearly visible. A tiny intercom device on the desk is vibrating wildly, dancing all over the place as it does so.*

S/FX (intercom): **BZZZZZZZZ**

TRUDY (from intercom) Admiral Reynolds, cataclysm alert! **ADMIRAL REYNOLDS!!!**

REYNOLDS: ‘Z...’

F5: *Close-up of the entrance to Reynolds’ office, the door still closed. Small vibrations caused by knocking are apparent.*

S/FX: **Knock Knock**

TRUDY: (from behind door) Admiral! Are you in there? I’m coming in!

PAGE SIX (left)

F1: *ADMIRAL REYNOLDS begins to stir, his eyes open in a squint and he yawns.*

REYNOLDS: Hunh? Yes... I *promise* I’ll get a real job in the morning, Maud...

F2: *The entrance to his office slides open to reveal TRUDY in a blind panic, she hops on one leg, clenches her fists, cringes, sweats and cries. Now that is panic.*

TRUDY: Admiral Reynolds, it’s Trudy. Please wake up!

TRUDY: **WAKE UP!!!**

F3: *REYNOLDS has jerked upwards and, realising the full impact of his situation, is shoving both the droids under his desk as quickly as possible.*

REYNOLDS: Wha..? **DAUGH!** TRUDY!

F4: *With the androids carefully (or not) hidden, perhaps an arm or a leg sticking up above the desk surface, REYNOLDS leans forward to look at TRUDY, who runs towards him. REYNOLDS is trying to appear calm but failing, he grins, clasps his hands together and turns red with embarrassment.*

REYNOLDS: Ahh, Trudy, do come in.

REYNOLDS: You didn’t see anything, did you?

F5: *TRUDY stands in front of REYNOLDS, her arms flailing about wildly, her hair coming loose from the tight ponytail. If she ever had her cool, she has definitely lost it now and cringes as she attempts to tell all. REYNOLDS casually leans in front of the head of an android who now peers over the desk, trying to ignore the fact that it's there. He smiles sweetly as TRUDY goes mad in front of him.*

TRUDY: Asteroid! Greys! Anti-matter! Sun! **BANG!!!**

TRUDY: **DOOOOOOOOOO SOMETHING!!! Waaaaaaaah!**

F6: *TRUDY grips REYNOLDS by the lapels and shakes him back and forth; the android looks up and raises an eyebrow.*

TRUDY: There's an asteroid filled with antimatter coming to blow up Luciansendashiptostopit!!!

REYNOLDS: Okay, okay – get me Captain Jameson. Just don't tell anyone what you saw.

REYNOLDS: And in future, remember to start *every day* with therapy.

PAGE SEVEN (right)

F1 (FPS): *And now, finally, on board our ship: the bridge of the **UFF ENDEAVOUR** as she hangs motionless, docked to the upper pylon of "MULTICANNON". The bridge is roughly crescent shaped and, like the bridge of a sea faring ship, has more length than depth to it. Our 'camera' is situated at the front, centre of the bridge (where the large, main viewport and com screen, which hangs from the ceiling above the viewport, will be in later panels). Immediately in front of us are two pilots seats, set about a metre apart from each other (and for reference in later panels, they would be about two metres away from the main viewport). The seats themselves are of robust, metallic design (think the front two pilots seats in Red Dwarf) and are mounted on hydraulic mechanisms that, in the event of excess g-force, can move to compensate and make sure the pilots still remain upright (if pilots get chucked around, they can't fly straight, if they can't fly straight they keep getting chucked around – catch 22 or what?!). In the right-hand pilots chair, as we look at them now, is **ENSIGN ELLIE KENNEDY**. **KENNEDY** is **MARU**'s co-pilot and, seeing as he's not on the bridge, is flying the ship. **KENNEDY** is young and brash; her uniform is always a mess, jacket undone, shirt creased and untucked; her short hair is also a mess, although she claims this is a 'style'; but that notwithstanding, she is quite pretty. The area between the two chairs has been filled with two slanted control consoles, one angled towards each pilots seat. Mounted the other side of each chair are TFT-style touch-screen displays, raised from the ground on metal tripods. A placard has been attached to the two central consoles, the text "**FLIGHTCOM ENTERPRISES – YOU WON'T CRASH OR YOUR MONEY BACK**" is prominently engraved. The actual flying of the ship is far less technical than you might think, **KENNEDY** clutches a bog-standard flight column that disappears through the floor in a mass of cables and wires beneath her feet. The column itself is covered in buttons and switches, possibly for some really kick-ass weaponry – you'll have to wait and see; **MARU**'s flight column hangs idle. Standing 'through' **MARU**'s seat is **HOMI** (which stands for **HOLOGRAPHIC OFFICER / MANIPULATION INTERFACE**) – at the point where **HOMI**'s legs pass through **MARU**'s chair, there is a spot of pixelisation. **HOMI** is in a little bit of trouble and she's not too shy to vent her annoyance at **KENNEDY**, who is not really interested and stares at her TFT screen. The right half of **HOMI**'s face is completely pixelated so that none of her features are distinguishable, this does not please her at all and she registers this disdain with the left half of her face. **HOMI** is the **UFF**'s holographic help program, she is much more fun to talk to than a speaking computer – trust me! She wears a T-Shirt with the text, "Holographic **HANDS OFF** interface" written on it, the "**HANDS OFF**" appropriately positioned (you **know** what I mean) and trousers bearing the text, "**ONLINE HELP**". Behind the two pilots seats is the captain's chair – a very elaborate place to park your behind indeed. Upholstered in thick, cushioned leather, it would be quite easy to go to sleep in (and perhaps some captains do); many screens and consoles are fixed to the arm, so the captain never has to get up to see what's going on; and mounted on one side is a jug of coffee and a few snacks. In addition to this, some text is sewn into the lining, "**THE BIGGEST CHAIR ON THE SHIP**" and "Visit www.hugebloodychair.com". Behind the captain's chair, on a raised platform, are four more computer workstations, with three rather strange staff sitting at them – the stations are labelled from left to right, 'tactical'; 'security'; 'captain's secretary'; and 'on-line gaming'. The security console is empty; a really geeky looking ensign sits at the on-line gaming console, rapidly moving his mouse around; the captain's secretary (**NINA EVERGREEN**) is doing her nails; and at the tactical console sits **CHIEF OF OPERATIONS TERREC SMITH**. **SMITH** is half grey and half human, which in physical terms means that he has the eyes of a grey and a rather large, egg-shaped head. However, he has a human nose, eyebrows and a goatee; a human body, but only*

*three fingers on each hand; and no ears (perhaps get a bit of an idea by looking at Fred Christ in Transmet). His head and body are not really of equal proportion, the head appearing too large for his weedy physique. On the front of the raised platform is a sign informing us to, “PLEASE KEEP THE BRIDGE TIDY” and a litter bin (with litter laying beneath it, but not in it). To the left hand side of the raised platform area is a hatch marked, “Lift to all decks”, and to the right hand side a second hatch marked, “Office of **Captain David Jameson, Commanding**”.*

That is the bridge (and what a fucking huge panel description that was!), you may want to draw this panel in landscape to fit all the detail in – it’s up to you mate.

*Oh, and another thing: The walls of the bridge are littered with various useless computer displays, the odd corporate advert and the odd vending or fruit machine. Also a few holographic projectors, for projecting **HOMI**.*

If you can’t fit all of this in, call me and we’ll discuss what to leave out – you may be able to show more detail in later panels; the character descriptions will still be useful and I have a great joke in mind for the on-line gaming console. If you’re really having trouble getting all the detail in, maybe you could show it in a standard five frame page, each frame focusing on the next level of detail – there’s enough dialogue to cover that sort of layout – you’re the artist, mate, it’s up to you.

I believe that’s all. I’m off to lie down now. My fingers are sore.

CAPTION: THE UFF ENDEAVOUR, CAPTAIN DAVID JAMESON COMMANDING.

CAPTION: DOCKED TO PYLON 3, “MULTICANNON” STATION.

CAPTION: DECK ONE: BRIDGE.

HOMI: ...so now half my face is pixelised and engineering won’t do anything about it.

HOMI: Look, I’m made of light – I can’t touch anything – will you **please** kick that holo-projector for me?!

KENNEDY: **Goddammit!** HOMI, stop whining and tell me why the hell can’t I get satellite TV on this thing?!

PAGE EIGHT (left)

F1: *The door of Captain Jameson’s office is sliding open and, although still partially in shadow at the moment, we can see the enigmatic, brave, etc, commander of the Endeavour – **CAPTAIN DAVID JAMESON** – emerging from his administrative centre. **JAMESON** is in his mid 30’s, but is a fit man (no Shatner stomach syndrome here – and no Patrick Stewart head syndrome either!). He has a short haircut, approaching marine style, but not that short; a square jaw; and looks like a commander who sees action. In fact he does see action, **JAMESON**’s first officer is **HOMI**, so he has to go down to the planets and chase the aliens, etc – his appearance reflects this.*

JAMESON: Pipe down out here!

JAMESON: Admiral Reynolds has just told me that someone’s trying to blow up the sun – it’s up to us to stop them.

F2: ***JAMESON** has walked forward, leaving the confines of his office. He stands heroically on the bridge and points towards **NINA**.*

JAMESON: Nina, inform the crew that all shore leave is cancelled. I want lieutenants Maru and Barrington on the bridge immediately.

NINA: Yes sir!

F3: *JAMESON walks towards one of the walls and delivers a kick to a holo-projector, which sparks and beeps.*

JAMESON: HOMI, that should sort your problem out.

JAMESON: Ensign Kennedy, I want you to plot a course to the coordinates I've transferred to your computer.

F4: *Reaction shot of KENNEDY and HOMI. KENNEDY whacks her TFT monitor in frustration, whilst HOMI is touching the now clearly visible right half of her face with glee. Oh, and in this panel we'll finally be able to see the huge (from wall to ceiling and running the entire length of the front part of the bridge) front viewport, through which can be seen the relevant parts of "MULTICANNON" and some space (what we can see depends how you drew the ship docked to the station). The (idle) coms screen hangs from the ceiling above, angled downwards, towards the Captain's chair (which is not visible in this frame B.T.W.).*

KENNEDY: Sir, this should be Maru's shift! He's late again! I wanna watch TV...

HOMI: Oh, thank-you Captain! My holographic features are whole once more!

F5: *JAMESON flops down in his chair, reaching for a bag of crisps that hangs from the side with the other snacks.*

JAMESON: Yes, well, there's a reason why I sit in this chair, people...

F6: *JAMESON looks down and opens his bag of crisps.*

PAGE NINE (right)

F1: *A Plexiglas, cylindrical tube runs up the outer hull of the Endeavour and through it, at great speed, travels a cylindrical lift. This is the UFF's answer to inter-deck travel – the idea being that the ships are so huge, the crew might as well have something to look at as they travel from deck to deck. The lift itself is also made of Plexiglas, but has a metal base and roof, each housing some rocket boosters – this is how it manages to travel so fast: dangerous, but speedy. Five figures are visible inside the lift, but not in any great detail.*

DIALOGUE (NINA): Will lieutenants Maru and Barrington report to the bridge *immediately*.

F2: *In the reasonably confined, cylindrical lift stand MICHAEL MARU and LIEUTENANT GEENA BARRINGTON. Barrington fulfils the role of security chief quite well, she is an android and therefore impervious to a great many things; MARU on the other hand isn't, and his nose is in plaster due to the altercation we witnessed earlier. BARRINGTON is about 5' 9", has shoulder-length, blonde hair (in the original Jennifer Anniston style) and always carries a sidearm. She is naive about a great many things and usually doesn't show much emotion. As a result, she either stares blankly, or looks in awe at pretty ordinary stuff – now, for instance, she stares awestruck at MARU's nose. Behind the two lieutenants, fighting for space, stand MATT WATTENEGGER and his crew. WATTENEGGER is an android 'genius' film maker and he is connected by wires to his two 'crew', who are also androids. What they are lacking in cameras and mikes, WATTENEGGER's mates make up for in custom limbs – one has a camera for a head, the other a boom-mike for an arm. WATTENEGGER himself is a game show host, big shot director, and arrogant screen writer all rolled into one – he has the game show host style grin, a T-Shirt with "I'm the king of the universe" printed on it and thinks he knows what he's on about. With surfer style blonde hair and a leather jacket to top it off, he looks just like what he is – a self obsessed egomaniac that some idiot has put on television. Through the rear glass, we can see the stars and the picturesque planet. Several satellites collide, some exploding.*

BARRINGTON: Lieutenant Maru, have you been asking females to your quarters again?

MARU: Hey! I know you're an android Geena, but that's no excuse for insensitivity.

F3: *MARU leans in close to BARRINGTON and holds his hand up to his mouth, trying to stop the guys in the back hearing what he's saying.*

MARU: Look, don't mention that in front of these guys – they've got a camera – you're ruining my chance to look good!

BARRINGTON: Pardon me, Mister Maru, but I do not think that...

MARU **SHHHHH!!!**

F4: *BARRINGTON pokes MARU in the nose, he cringes with pain.*

MARU: **OUCH!**

BARRINGTON: Definitely broken – my hypothesis is correct?

F5: *Back to long shot. MARU nurses his nose with one hand and tries to twat BARRINGTON around the head with the other, she casually avoids him. In the background, WATTENNEGER and crew exchange quizzical looks.*

MARU: Alright, lieutenant Barrington, you win. Some girls did hit me.

MARU: **BUT IT WAS THEIR LOSS!!!**

PAGE TEN (left)

F1: *Back on the bridge (yay!). Viewed from over JAMESON's shoulder as he stands to look towards the opening lift doors. MARU and BARRINGTON have already exited and head towards their respective positions (MARU towards the right-hand pilots seat; BARRINGTON towards the security console on the raised platform), both lieutenants make haste as JAMESON yells at them. WATTENNEGER and his crew still remain in the lift, a little shocked at all this 'banter' or 'lack of professionalism'.*

JAMESON: Mister Maru! Mister Barrington! Get to your positions this instant!

BARRINGTON: My apologies sir...

MARU: Yeah, yeah...

F2: *WATTENNEGER and his mates exit the lift, WATTENNEGER holding his arms aloft as if to abate some imaginary applause. The camera headed guy begins looking around as if filming, the boom-mike guy extends his arm to pick up on any sound (and there's lots of it).*

WATTENNEGER: Hi! I'm Matt Watteneger: android documentary maker, game show host, and general film auteur!

VOICE (OOF): And asshole...

F3: *Close-up of WATTENNEGER, turning to look towards the pilots seats, register extreme annoyance.*

WATTENNEGER: Who said that?!

F4: *Shot looking directly at the main viewport, from just behind the pilots seats. Both MARU (who is finally at his station) and KENNEDY lean around to look at us, pointing at each other.*

KENNEDY: Ah, he did it!

MARU: **She did it!!!**

F5: *WATTENEGGER approaches JAMESON, his hand held out for the captain to shake, but JAMESON's not interested in any pleasantries with this man who's just barged on to his bridge. The camera and boom-mike ogle JAMESON from behind.*

WATTENNEGER: I've come to make a sterling piece of cinema verité – an interactive docu-soap set on **your ship!**

WATTENNEGER: Ain't ya just thrilled?

PAGE ELEVEN (right)

F1: *The camera and boom-mike crouch beside JAMESON like some primeval monkeys, studying their prey; WATTENEGGER grins and gives JAMESON the thumbs up. JAMESON is not happy, to say he is scowling would not even begin to describe it.*

WATTENNEGER: Hey, come on! I'll make ya look good. I've even got approval from Admiral Reynolds.

JAMESON: Get in the way.... and I'll *kill* you...

F2: *WATTENNEGER goes to sit in JAMESON's chair.*

JAMESON (OOF) **AND DON'T SIT IN MY CHAIR!!!**

F3: *The Endeavour disengages from the upper docking pylon of "MULTICANNON" and drops away slightly, propelled downward by miniature, compressed-air thrusters. Now, for the first time, we see the rear of the Endeavour: mounted just above the back part of the giant cannon are two solid rocket fuel boosters (for sub-light travel), bursting into life as the ship begins to move out. Radio chatter fills the airwaves, presented in dialogue boxes – each dialogue box containing an SD version of the character speaking (see "Run From The Future" for ref.). The SD characters emote wildly depending on, well, the character's emotions.*

DIALOGUE (JAMESON): Okay, Mister Maru, move out nice and easy. Everyone's coffee is gonna stay *in* their cup.

DIALOGUE (TRUDY): Hey! Wait up! "MULTICANNON" control hasn't given you clearance yet...

DIALOGUE (TRUDY): Air-traffic control is another one of my many jobs... (yay!)

F4: *Three-quarters perspective. The Endeavour's solid fuel boosters light up, propelling her forward and away from the station.*

DIALOGUE (KENNEDY): Screw you, control! We're saving your ass from cataclysm city!

DIALOGUE (MARU): Hey, Kennedy, it's **THAT** button! You're fouling up the suspension/node circuitry!

S/FX: **GRNCH GRNCH**

F5: *Frontal shot of the Endeavour as she flies away from “MULTICANNON”, a few shuttles slam on emergency thrusters to avoid her; one shuttle doesn’t make it and bounces off the hull.*

S/FX: **CRUNCH**

DIALOGUE (JAMESON): **AUGH! HOT COFFEE IN MY LAP! I’U have you MARUUUUUU!!!**

PILOT (from crashing shuttle): Down I go...

PAGE TWELVE (left)

F1 (HPS): *Marauding Greys speed their way towards federation space and here, a huge flying saucer (yes, all those UFO freaks were right!) is tethered to a giant asteroid (which bears the D.T.U. corp. logo – “the cataclysm that cares.”), towing it along at light speed. Rather than being entirely composed of metal plates, the Greys’ vessels are composed of organic material interspersed with mechanical parts and electronic equipment. The saucer does not have the air of technical style that the UFF ships do, it is big, dark and covered in flashing lights. Apart from the equipment grafted to the surface, the hull of the Greys’ vessel is more like an epidermal layer – skin and tentacles are clearly visible. Due to this sort of slimy, slurpiness, we are not really sure where the engines or shuttle bays are – they could squelch out of anywhere.*

VOICE (from ship): **EURGH!** I’ve trodden in something dis-gusting!

VOICE (from ship): Yeah, that’s the trouble with these bio-organic ships.

CAPTION: As the Grey vessel “**AAKKKKVRRT**” speeds it’s way through the cosmos, escorting the valuable asteroid provided by D.T.U. corp.—

CAPTION: —those on-board are blissfully unaware that the UFF have dispatched the **Endeavour** to intercept.

F2: *Close-up of the head of a young Grey (**UNDER-TECHNICIAN FRINGET**), fresh out of science academy – big eyes, smooth skin, etc; wearing nothing but a lab coat (perhaps we can see the top of it in this frame – I include the detail just in case). He nibbles the finger of an old and crusty grey.*

FRINGET: As I.... nibble... your finger, may some of your.... **divine** genetic material.... find it’s way into my.... inferior body...

F3: *Wider angle shot, revealing that the owner of the nibbled hand is **OVER PROFESSOR TULMUC**; he snatches it out of **FRINGET**’s mouth and looks down at the under-technician with contempt. **TULMUC** is sitting at the head of a table constructed out of intertwined tentacles – the table is very long, although we only focus on the head of it in this panel, and is designed for formal occasions (a quite ornate arrangement of slimy tentacles – the odd swirling pattern, tentacle formed into a knob, etc). **TULMUC** sits on a hovering, cushioned chair that brings him level with the table, on which he rests his feet. As **TULMUC**’s hand is being snatched away, **FRINGET** is submissively bowing his head. Behind **TULMUC**, moulded into the organic wall, is a large screen, displaying an analysis of the D.T.U. asteroid. Standing in front of the screen is a security guard with a gun even bigger than he is – the gun is bio-mechanical and a tongue hangs out of the barrel, licking it’s master like an over-zealous dog. On the table are a couple of keyboards and screens, which seem biologically joined to the tentacles; near **TULMUC** is a bumper, special pack of “**ALAKAZAM™ Headache Pills** – make your headache disappear, but not your head (in 90% of cases)” (although the full blurb may not be visible in this panel, we will shortly be having a closer look at these wondrous pain killers – so don’t worry, be happy!). Next to **TULMUC**, the other side of the table to **FRINGET**, stands **UNDER-DOCTOR NICKARIUS**. He wears a torn, mucky lab coat and grins like an idiot – **NICKARIUS** is the Grey version of Dr. Nick – hence the name (Hi everybody!).*

TULMUC: That’s enough nibbling, Fringet! Why did you want to see me?!

FRINGET: Sir, according to our sensors, the UFF have sent the Endeavour to intercept us.

CAPTION: **DAMMIT!!!** They **ARE** aware!

PAGE THIRTEEN (right):

F1: *Close-up of the open box of ALAKAZAM™ pills resting on the table, TULMUC tentatively removes one. We can now see the blurb and logo in full detail.*

TULMUC: **Aha!** I anticipated the Endeavour—

TULMUC: —After all the alcohol those fools have been swilling on shore leave, they ordered a bumper supply of headache tablets.

F2: *TULMUC passes the pill to NICKARIUS, who is producing a glass of water from the pocket of his lab coat. In the background, the security guard is beating his gun with a stick, trying to abate the incessant licking – he is covered in slobber.*

TULMUC: But I had our agents intercept this supply and replace the tablets with Under-Doctor Nickarius' *special* pills – demonstrate!

NICKARIUS: Hi!

GUN: Yelp! Yelp!

F3: *NICKARIUS drops the pill into the glass of water.*

NICKARIUS: You see, this may look like an ordinary pill, but it's really a dehydrated, armour plated, alien killing machine – just add water!

F4: *Shards of glass fly in every direction as the glass explodes in NICKARIUS' hand, forced apart by a rapidly expanding ball of flesh – a mixture of partially formed limbs, teeth, claws, more teeth and more claws. FRINGET and the security guard have moved around to hold on to their master's arms, hoping for some sort of protection – although the level of protection this old bastard could provide is perhaps somewhat overrated. NICKARIUS is being knocked out of shot by this ball of blubber and those still in shot stare at it with horror; the security guard's gun messes itself.*

NICKARIUS: They rehydrate very *quiiiiiiiiiii*ckly!

TULMUC: Erm... that's enough demonstrating, thank-you Nickarius.

F5: *Extremely high-angle shot – about ten to fourteen feet up – from the rear corner of the room, looking down on TULMUC, FRINGET and the security guard. NICKARIUS is trying to haul himself up by use of the table, he, however, is the only one not staring aloft (at 'us') with the standard "shit-I'm-about-to-die" expression.*

TULMUC: ***IT'S F*****G HUGE!!!***

FRINGET: ***IT'S GOING TO KILL US!!!***

NICKARIUS: He no kill you – he only kill humans.

F6: *A huge alien head, covered with thick organic armour, many, many spikes and the odd tentacle leans in from the upper side of the panel. The alien's mouth – which is so full of teeth, it's a little like two beds of nails positioned on top of each other – is clamped over NICKARIUS' lower body and is trying to yank him out of shot. NICKARIUS holds onto the table leg for grim death and cringes.*

NICKARIUS: **AUGH!**

NICKARIUS: Well, back to the drawing board...

PAGE FOURTEEN (left):

F1: *Mildly tilted frame (meaning an angled 'shot' rather than an angled panel – all the panels are like that on this page, as if they're being 'filmed' in true docu-soap style), a mid-shot of the workstation of TERREC SMITH. We are looking at SMITH from the side as he sits on his standard office swivel chair and leans on his keyboard, which beeps incessantly. Coming in from the side of the panel is the arm of the boom-mike guy (the one with the **microphone**, in case you're being dense tonight) and at the top of the panel can be seen the anchorman-style speech of MATT WATTENEGGER (including little SD face). The workstations on the raised platform area of the bridge are like basic office computers (monitor, mouse, keyboard and tower unit under the desk) and the desk area is constructed out of wood that is only painted on the side facing outwards – under the desk the wood is ragged, with many splinters; the whole area is filled with rubbish and the odd bottle of alcohol. In the background BARRINGTON types furiously – so furiously that she dislodges a couple of keys that fly in our direction, one bouncing off SMITH's head. SMITH tries to look suave for the camera, but is not pulling it off – he looks more like a cheesy game show host who's just shut his fingers in a mouse trap.*

S/FX: (from keyboard) **beep beep beep beep**

WATTENEGGER (OOF): Hi, I'm Matt Watteneger! I wonder if you could tell the folks back home what your name is and what exactly you do?

SMITH: Hi Matt! Well, I'm Terrec Smith – Chief of Operations aboard this crate. In broad terms that means I raise the shields and yell *technical jargon*TM at the Captain.

F2: *Zoom in on SMITH's face, his expression now looks even more strained as he tries to hold it. A bead of sweat rolls down his forehead.*

WATTENEGGER (OOF): You're not quite human, are you?

SMITH: No – I'm half Grey, half human. I was grown in a test tube by a scientist who's totally mad – that's why I have this goatee!

F3: *BARRINGTON's terminal: our 'camera' positioned on the raised platform area, focusing on BARRINGTON from behind (but close enough in so that we can't see any of the bridge beyond her monitor). BARRINGTON has not looked around from her screen, she has her head down and continues to type furiously. On the VDU can be seen an MS word-type program with one sentence visible on the page.*

BARRINGTON: I am Lt. Geena Barrington, chief of security.

WATTENEGGER (OOF): You're an android too, aren't you? Seeing as we have so much in common, maybe you'd like to go out after the show?

BARRINGTON: Many have tried to ask me out, all have failed...

F4: *Now centre shot on NINA's terminal, which is actually switched off. The shot is wide enough to see that NINA has turned her swivel chair parallel with the counter, lowered it a bit and is sitting back, legs crossed, doing her lipstick. Although NINA wears her uniform top and jacket, she's swapped the regulation trousers for a mini-skirt and high-heeled, knee high boots.*

WATTENNEGER: >ahem< Moving swiftly on... Who're you?

NINA: Hi, I'm Nina Evergreen, the Captain's secretary. And if you see David Jameson, tell him he's, like, a **complete** letdown—

NINA: —All the other Captains take their secretaries away for dirty weekends, but not him!
It's, like, **so** not fair!

F5: *The on-line gaming console, again viewed from the rear. The guy manning this station is incredibly twitchy and sweats copiously. He is fixated on his screen as if it was the whole world and moves his mouse around at several thousand miles per hour (well, **fast** anyway). We are at a high enough angle to see what's on the on-line gaming guy's screen – a game that looks suspiciously like DoD on Caen2, the text “[TFS]DarkPenfold[*Col*] captured the axis command zone for the allies” is (at least partially – after all, it's only an in-joke) visible. In case you hadn't guessed, the on-line gamer is **DARK PENFOLD** (a-hoi-hoi, David!)*

WATTENEGGER: **Again**, moving swiftly on...

PENFOLD: I'm in charge of on-line gaming! I've been on this server for 72 hours and I'm 5,256,528 kills for 2 deaths!!!

PENFOLD: **I RULE!!!** (with an iron fist)

PAGE FIFTEEN (right)

F1: *Viewed from behind the two pilots seats, looking through the main viewport and out into space – the stars appear as lines in our sky (poetic, aren't I? No.) – the Endeavour is travelling at phase variance +65% and therefore is moving faster than light (NARF!). For the purpose of technical bollocks, phase variance is measured as a percentage – anything above zero will cause the ship to move and the closer to 100% we get, the faster we go (100% would probably be speeding, though). In the centre of the shooting stars can be seen a small mass of God knows what – Maru seems to know what it is however, he leans out from the side of his seat and turns to face us – he has something terribly important to report.*

MARU: Captain! You see that tiny, indistinguishable mass of something in the far, far distance. Well, my instruments are telling me it's that asteroid we're supposed to stop.

MARU: Are we ready yet? Well, are we?

F2: *Reverse angle shot, now facing the Captain's chair. JAMESON sits in his chair, a purposeful scowl on his face – the man is concentrating and we can almost see the cogs whirring into motion. In JAMESON's lap lie the remains of six bags of crisps, along with the packaging (it's just as well he gets a lot of exercise or we could be in for some serious Shatner-belly problems); ignoring these, he produces what looks like a mobile phone (but more futuristic) from his inside jacket pocket. Next to JAMESON at a curious angle hovers HOMI in mid-air, suddenly alarmed by this news she begins to start upwards, her holographic feet passing 'through' JAMESON's head.*

HOMI: Captain! We may have found the aster—

JAMESON: Yes, HOMI – I heard! Will you get your feet outta my head?!!!

JAMESON: Mr. Maru, adjust phase variance to zero – prepare for sub-light speed.

F3: *Close-up of the handset JAMESON pulled out of his pocket in the last panel – low and behold, it is a mobile phone! The phone is of very thin design and the entire front face comprises a touch-screen display incorporating a numeric keypad, upon which JAMESON now types. The **CellularCosmos™** operator logo, signal and battery displays are also visible. On the top of the phone is an aerial with a little, smiley face pinned to the top and a tag informing us, “Radiation is good for you” stuck to the middle.*

JAMESON: I'll just call engineering, tell them to get the **BIG** cannon ready...

S/FX: **Beep bup beep bop**

F4: *JAMESON holds the phone up to his ear. HOMI – who is now hovering upside down, her legs bent at the knees – is beside JAMESON, trying to listen in from the other side of the earpiece.*

MESSAGE (from phone): Hi, this is engineering. I'm sorry, we can't come to the phone right now, but if you'd like to leave your name and number after the tone, we'll call ya right back (promise)... **beep**

HOMI: ?

F5: *JAMESON suddenly and violently brings his fist down upon the side of his chair, making the array of screens judder; with his other hand, he is almost crushing the mobile phone. HOMI, who is quite shocked at JAMESON's outburst, has been blasted away by the force with which he has reacted – she tumbles helplessly through the air, an expression of wide-eyed astonishment on her face.*

JAMESON: What's the point of having these things if you **NEVER TURN THEM ON?!!!**

HOMI: >gakk<

PAGE SIXTEEN (left):

F1 (HPS): *Engineering. Right in the bowels of the ship (no jokes). We are NOT talking the clean-cut, flashing lights-a-plenty, Perspex covered computer consoles, wires all hidden, if-I-were-any-more-pretentious-I'd-be-an-Apple-Mac kind of engine room seen in Star Trek. Oh no. The room is vast, and at the rear can be seen a towering, cylindrical structure running from floor to ceiling, emblazoned with many radiation symbols and a sign saying, “If you are interested in propagating your species, stay away from this reactor.”. This is the main fusion reactor responsible for powering the ship's weapons, electrical turbines, and sub light engines. It also powers the coolant system for the anti-matter reactor – a spherical construction mounted on the front of the fusion reactor, about 5 meters from the ground. The anti-matter reactor is always super-cooled and is covered with ice and is dripping water; huge plumes of steam rise from the rear where the coolant has come into contact with the boiling hot fusion reactor. The rest of the engine room is full of dirt and grime, it is always being worked in and the grease and oil from moving parts, combined with the fumes from the reactor and odd coolant leaks have taken their toll – it must be the cleaner's week off or something. The room is roughly cuboid shaped, wires hang from the ceiling and consoles litter the walls; not your usual type of console, the screens are re-enforced and the pads big and metallic – they look like they're supposed to stand up to the rigours of a building site. Along the centre of the floor runs the cylindrical pipe that feeds power to the BIG cannon, a hole has been cut into it and hazard tape is mounted around the hole on sticks. People in boiler suits work frantically all over the place, trying to stop varying leaks and subdue several fires, but it's not going according to plan – one engineer has a nasty looking liquid blasting him clean across the engine room, others have some appendage or other on fire. It's sort of like the disasters that happen in Q's lab every time Bond visits him, but applied to an engineering setting – get it?*

*In the immediate foreground is the person in charge, and possibly responsible for all this, **CHIEF ENGINEER LT. CMDR. TIDDLES**. As the name may possibly hint at, she is one of those cat people like MARU had his eye on earlier, she is quite slim, wears a boiler suit over her uniform (with a special hole cut in it for her tail) and has quite emotive cats ears sticking through her black and white tabby hair. TIDDLES is standing at her 'chief engineer's console' – a marginally more presentable computer, near the entrance to engineering – with her head in her hands, obviously in some pain. She clutches a packet of ALAKAZAM™ headache tablets and surveys the label; near her, on the console, is a bottle of water. Can you see where I'm going with this?*

*In the background is a giant, almost light-house sized bulb, labelled, “**MOTHER OF ALL ALARMS**” and a sign saying, “When this alarm sounds, don't be here.” A female crewman is also running towards TIDDLES.*

CAPTION: **DECK THIRTY: MAIN ENGINEERING**

CREWMAN: Commander Tiddles, sir!

TIDDLES: “Makes your headache disappear, but not your head”? This headache’s so bad, I don’t care *what* it does to me.

F2: *TIDDLES has turned around to face the crewman who was running towards her in the previous panel, she now stands behind her and salutes rigidly. TIDDLES has a major hangover, several men with several hammers are at work in her head – to say she looks a bit green would not be an overstatement. As for the crewman, she is a short blonde girl, wide eyed and is practically crying as she salutes, she has a sign around her delivering the info: “Psychiatrists warning: LOW SELF ESTEEM – BE NICE!”. This is CREWMAN DAVIES, in charge of plasma conduit maintenance (whatever the hell that is...).*

DAVIES: Sir! We’ve just had a voicemail from the bridge, Captain Jameson wants the **BIG** cannon ready... He called me names, sir, he made me cry...

TIDDLES: Look, I’m not really interested. I had a bottle or two of *Whipped Cream Whiskey™* and a couple-a catnip chasers last night. I’m feeling a *teensy* bit delicate.

F3: *DAVIES throws her arms around TIDDLES, embracing her in an act of desperation; she’s crying her eyes out. TIDDLES glares at DAVIES, holding her right paw above her head – the claws are extended and poised to maul if necessary. In the background an array of computers explode.*

DAVIES: I told them I wasn’t good enough to deliver that message, now I’ve made you ill. I’m just so rubbish.... *Waaaaaah!*

TIDDLES: Get off me or I **will** maul you.

F4: *Static frame of DAVIES hugging TIDDLES, much the same as the previous one except DAVIES now stares up at TIDDLES with wide, tear-filled eyes (make DAVIES the **definition** of honking big manga eyes). TIDDLES looks heavenward.*

TIDDLES: >sigh<

PAGE SEVENTEEN (right):

F1: *TIDDLES prises DAVIES off of her.*

TIDDLES: Alright Davies, you’re not rubbish – you’re good. You’re even a worthwhile human being and various other psychobabble.

DAVIES: You mean it sir ?

TIDDLES: **YES!**

F2: *Wider angle shot, now showing the engineer’s console. TIDDLES is dropping a tablet into the bottle of water that’s on top of it. In the background DAVIES is now grinning from ear-to-ear.*

TIDDLES: Look, I’ll just take a painkiller and then I’ll fix the cannon.

DAVIES: I love you sir!

F3: *Small frame. Centre on the bottle, it begins to rattle and the water has turned murky.*

F4: *Another small frame. The bottle has exploded, torn apart by an expanding ball of flesh – you know the drill, a mixture of teeth, claws, teeth, claws, teeth, claws... Did I mention teeth and claws? Well, they're in there! Lots of them! I'll stop now...*

S/FX: ***SPLUUUUURCH***

F5: *Shot from behind TIDDLES and DAVIES as they stand in front of the feet of a giant alien killing machine of the Doctor Nickarius variety. The alien's feet and legs fill the entire background; it's tough, leathery skin covered with giant tusks, claws and poison sacks. Mmmmm deadly.... TIDDLES and DAVIES crane their necks back to look aloft (somewhere way off the top of this frame) at the alien's head – if we could see their faces this would really be a Kodak moment (if you like pictures of people shitting themselves, that is).*

TIDDLES: Erm... Side effects?!

F6: *Similar, except TIDDLES gawps at the head of the huge alien killing machine, which has bent down from above in order to swallow CREWMAN DAVIES.*

TIDDLES: Ahh, that's better...

PAGE EIGHTEEN (left):

F1: *a*