

PUNK GIRLZ

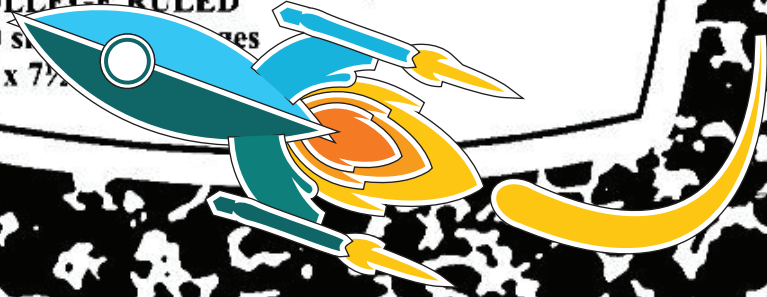
IN SPACE

Series Bible & Pilot Script

COLLEGE RULED

100 sheets

9 3/4 x 7 1/2



PUNK GIRLZ IN SPACE

Series Bible & Pilot Script

By: Steven Prouse

THE PITCH

The Show:

Punk Girlz in Space is as a 3-season series following five punk-as-fuck women and their "big, gay sasquatch" as they steal a luxury rocket and bounce around the system ignoring laws and doing odd jobs to fund their party life. They steal a rocket that belongs to a wealthy planetary governor organizing a fascist overthrow of the System Council - the governing body for all eight planets. With their carefree lives in danger, they transform from rebels without a cause to revolutionaries.

Why am I telling this story?

Punk Girlz in Space is a love letter for me. It's an homage to the powerful women in my life and to those who shaped human history despite being actively erased in every age. It's to Madame C.J. Walker, Mother Jones, and Kathleen Hanna. To Dolly Parton and to Angela Davis. To the Wachowskis and to Audre Lorde. To my mother and to my innumerable friends living without apology in a culture built on devaluing their humanity. These "girls" will embody the spirits of the zine, punk rock, rap, rockabilly, funk, and reggae mixing the West Virginial Coal Wars and the social commentary of The Twilight Zone with the style of silver age science fiction blended with '60s revenge-porn exploitation.

The Characters:

Allie Mae, the de facto leader, hails from the wealthiest, whitest core planet. She's drop-out generation rebellion generally irresponsible with its privilege. Ida, the youngest and smallest of the group, Ida is a nerdy, Latina trans girl. Ethel and Myrtle are the dark-skinned lesbian couple. Ethel is the barrel-shaped mechanic and engineer while her common-law wife, Myrtle, is the bodybuilder, MMA fighter. Ethel's younger sister, Thelma, is the chubby computer genius of the group. Wilbur, the "big, gay sasquatch," hails from Xevioso, a slow-orbit planet serving as the target for a unifying core planet bigotry. Wilbur is small for his people, but big when compared to humans. Wilbur loves dying his brown fur bright colors, maintaining a high body count, and protecting his ladies.

The Pilot:

The girls, stranded on a space station with the population and amenities of New York City when their work van-style ship breaks down, need to find a way to the outer rim of the habitable zone for a gig. To get off the station, Allie Mae searches out the most attractive moron at an upper-class social gathering and seduces him. After he's thoroughly unconscious, she lifts the keys to their new ride, a luxury rocket ship. They escape a security lock down and evade the police until they can disconnect the positioning trackers before making their escape.

The gig they're trying to make: A concert security job for a religious, pop rock group. They're to work the concert and ride the band's tour ship back to the nearest security checkpoint station. Metalists, pirates with the fashion sense of GWAR, frequent the outer rim orbiting beyond the habitable planets.

The boy band selects several underage fans to join them on their return trip. Of course, the Girlz are going to do everything to prevent the creeps from taking advantage.

And, of course, the Metalists take the ship. A little space walk by Ida and Wilbur and the Metalist ship is disabled and the other four turn the tide on the pirates.

Despite their employer's protest, they cut a deal with the Metalists. They repair their ship and send them on their way. They deliver their employers safely to the checkpoint. And they plan their return to their new rocket and the next gig along the way.

They do manage a parting gift for the rapey holy rollers announcing to the worlds exactly who they are.

The moron from the party is Prentice Ragg, the son of Dinclinsin Governor Ragg, the elected representative to the System Council. And Governor Ragg is not happy with his son. The ship was a part of their personal fleet. Those ships had redundancy server backup application. When it was disconnected from their network during the Girlz' escape, it encrypted a copy of everything including some nefarious plans being unfurled. The son is sent to reclaim their property and protecting his ladies.

The First Season:

The Girlz bounce from one job after another doing the best they know how. While working on a mining planet where the company owned the homes and equipment of the forever-indebted residents, they find themselves involved in a unionization effort and the violent reaction of the Ironblaze Minino Consortium. A transporter contract with a large zoo sends them across the habitable zone to one of the farthest habitable planets from the sun to bring an endangered animal into captivity. The Girlz align with the indigenous population against a massive resort development by core planet developers.

They'll visit each of their home planets and deal with the rapid growth of the fundamentalist Fire of Mum religion. They'll have to come to terms with micro frictions within the group as their class history clashes. Allie Mae grew up middle class. Ethel and Thelma grew up in a mining family.

All the while, Prentice Ragg and the Governor's forces, close in on the Girlz. With the assist from some loyal Metalists, they make it to Xevioso. They decrypt the Governor's files learning that the loose network of Fire of Mum evangelicals, Ironblaze Mining Consortium, and military loyalists to Ragg's rising political star has plans for a false Simbi-Xevioson attack on the mining planet Kaifu. The attack would see Ragg's allies seating him in a Council Chair position permanently enacting a theocratic oligarchy during a civil war.

The Girlz make their way to the organized crime run Simbi building allies along the way. They concoct a plan to expose Ragg's plan and stop the attack.

They expose the plan. They fail to stop the attack.

The Second and Third Seasons:

The second season begins with the solar system plunged into war. The fascist forces change strategy after their exposure and the unified System Council wages war against the Confederacy. By the season's midpoint, the Girlz have become war heroes.

They're active in the rebuilding of the council, but neo-liberal minds rule the day. As they rebuild life as it was before, more and more power is handed to the corporatists. The Fire of Mum church gets a pass. Some senior members are prosecuted, but the organization escapes with land and wealth intact with a rising leadership ready to inherit the pulpit. Dissent is "temporarily" prohibited. The system needs to rebuild. It becomes increasingly obvious to the Girlz that society is aligning against them again. By the end of the second season, they're on the run from a new oppressive regime.

Then, the interstellar visitors arrive.

The third season witnesses a misunderstanding and a violent "nationalistic" reaction to these unknown invaders. The ensuing conflict ventures beyond the solar system's habitable zone with the Girlz, rebuilding the Metalists network, becoming pirates. They see through the System Council's propaganda and make friends with the aliens. By series end, the Girlz bring an end to the fighting and usher in a new day of technological exchange promising travel beyond their solar system.

Tone/Mood/Visuals:

Punk Girlz in Space feels like Tank Girl meets Star Trek with a splash of Banksy for taste. The show is meant to be a gender-fluid, women of color dominated, sex positive space epic featuring five punk-as-fuck women and their "big, gay sasquatch" battle theonauts, corporatists, fascists, and heavy metal space pirates for the right to live free.

It should have the polished curves of silver-age science fiction living harmoniously with the grittiness of Mad Max. Counter culture music and aesthetics color the hope for the future from Star Trek with the ideological threat of Star Wars; Babylon 5 with a pulse. And all of this with the forgotten southern tradition of standing against private power.

Themes:

Punk Girls tells stories of anti-colonial liberty and what it truly means to stand for freedom for all. It rejects "traditional" stories supporting systems of social control, explores concepts of family beyond blood, and challenges what an ally truly is. Freedom means an honest exploration of what it is to be human... our failures, our redemptions, and our primal urges no matter gender or sexual preference.

Why Now?:

Now is all we have. History is repeating and the next, great counterculture movement thrives throughout the next generation. They deserve the stories of our revolutionary history. The spirit of independence and revolution is alive around the world throughout every tradition. We have to learn to identify and celebrate those differences, and Punk Girlz in Space will explore those themes.

THEMES

Various themes will be explored over the course of all three seasons, but it should address the intersectional aspect of true liberty and how service to one another is our best path to freedom.

Social Themes:

- The Nature of Fascism / Authoritarianism
- The Dangers of Theocracy
- Corporatism
- Social Responsibility vs. Hyper-Individuality
- The Failures of the Virtue of Selfishness
- Social Justice Intersectionality
- Racism / Sexism / Classism / Colorism
- Patriarchy
- Nationalism
- Citizenship - State / Nation / Species / Life

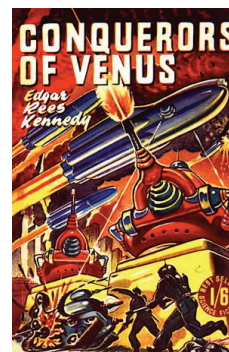
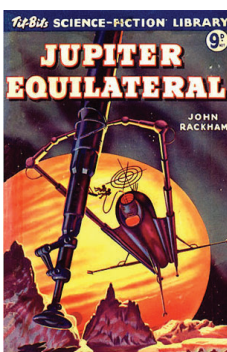
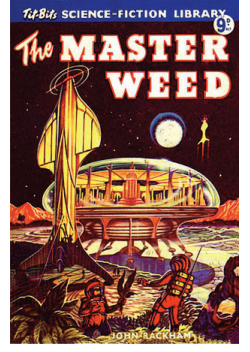
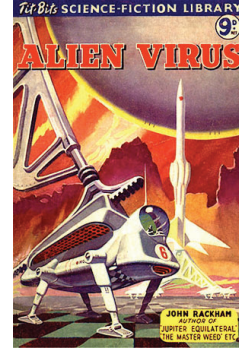
Personal Themes:

- Love and Sex
- Loyalty to Tribe vs Personal Ethos
- Overcoming Privilege
- The Nature of Being and Ally
- Friendship
- Family - Given vs Chosen
- Morality
- Strength Through Compassion

Each of the main 6 will have baggage to unpack and explore. Each episode will be character-driven within the framework of the ultimate story goals.

Justice isn't one-way.

VISUAL INSPIRATION



THE SYSTEM

Punk Girlz is set in a binary-star solar system with a large primary star burning at approximately 7k (yellow-white). It is slightly larger and hotter than Earth's yellow sun and is orbited by a red dwarf star. The stars are known as YELLOW MUM and RED MAN.

There are 8 planets in the system's habitable zone supporting life and 5 uninhabitable planets.

These planets are organized into 2 groups: Co-Orbit Planets (referred to by the xenophobic as the "Core" planets) and Slow Orbit Planets (or "Slobes" by those same xenophobes).

There are 5 Co-Orbit Planets - all approximately the size of Earth or smaller. These 5 are pulled by the Red Dwarf in a synchronous orbit around the larger star.

The 3 slow orbit planets are larger than Earth and are too large to be caught in the Red Dwarf's gravitational tow.

Habitable Planets (closeness to Yellow Mum):

Co-Orbit Planets

- Kaifu (1)
- Clermeil (2)
- Mombu (3)
- Dinclinsin (5)
- Ogun (7)

Slow Orbit Planets

- Simbi (4)
- Xevioso (6)
- Kokou (8)

Unhabitable Planets:

Closest to Yellow Mum

- Bondye
- Bridgitte
- Samedi
- Damballah
- Legba

1 AU (150 million km)

Astral Bodies Not to Scale
Stars @ 4x size
Planets @ 10x size

Habitable Zone

Kokou

Simbi

Yellow Mum

Red Man

Kaifu

Clermeil

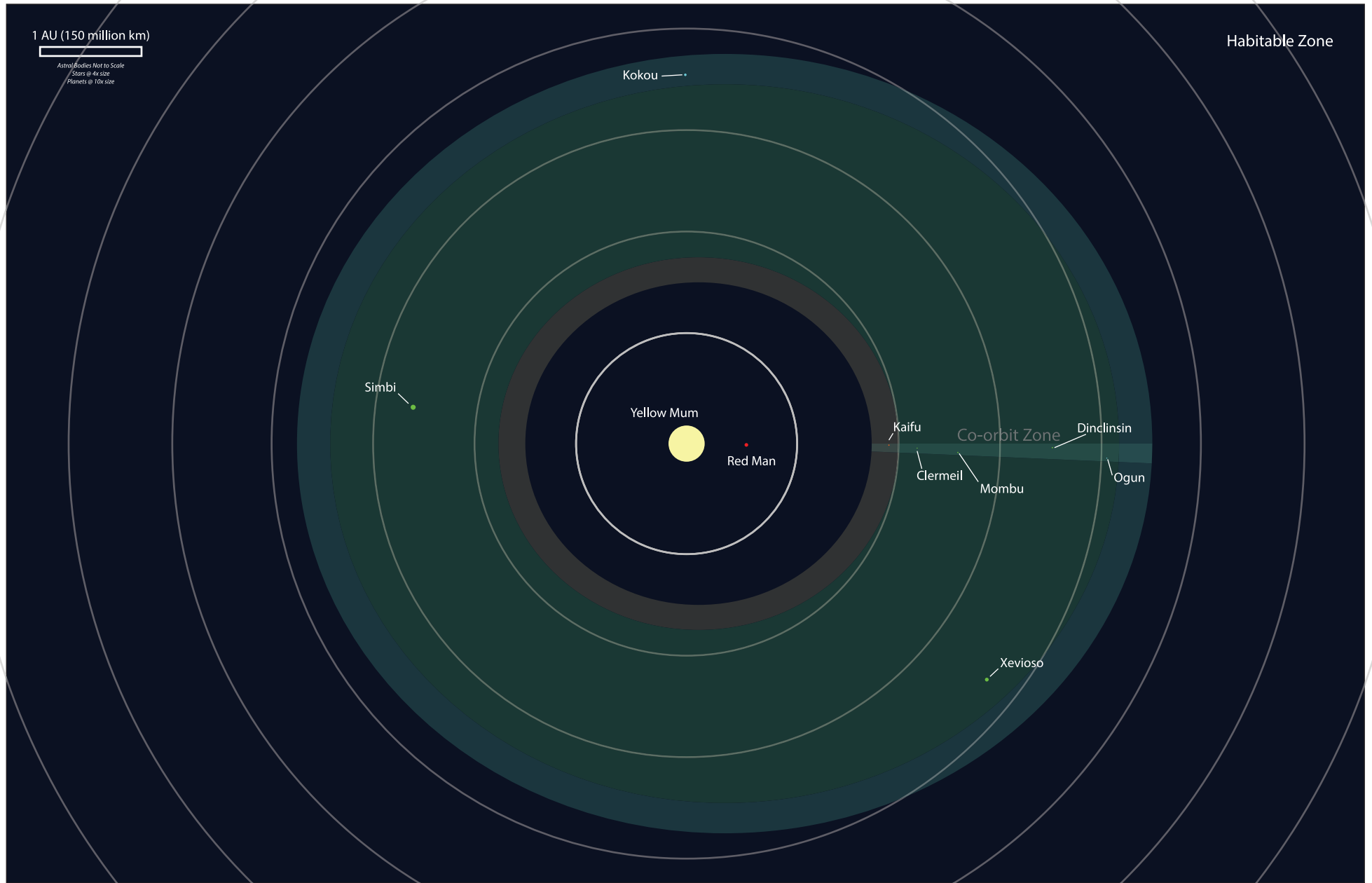
Co-orbit Zone

Mombu

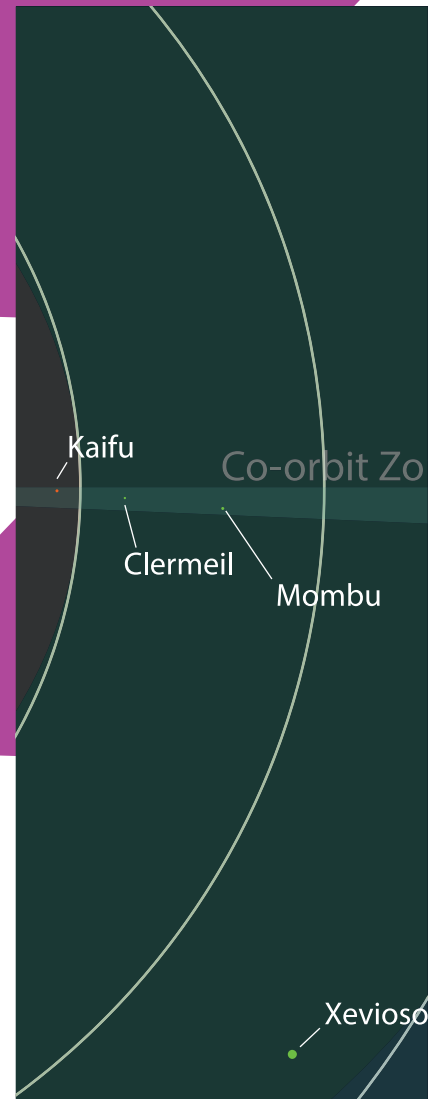
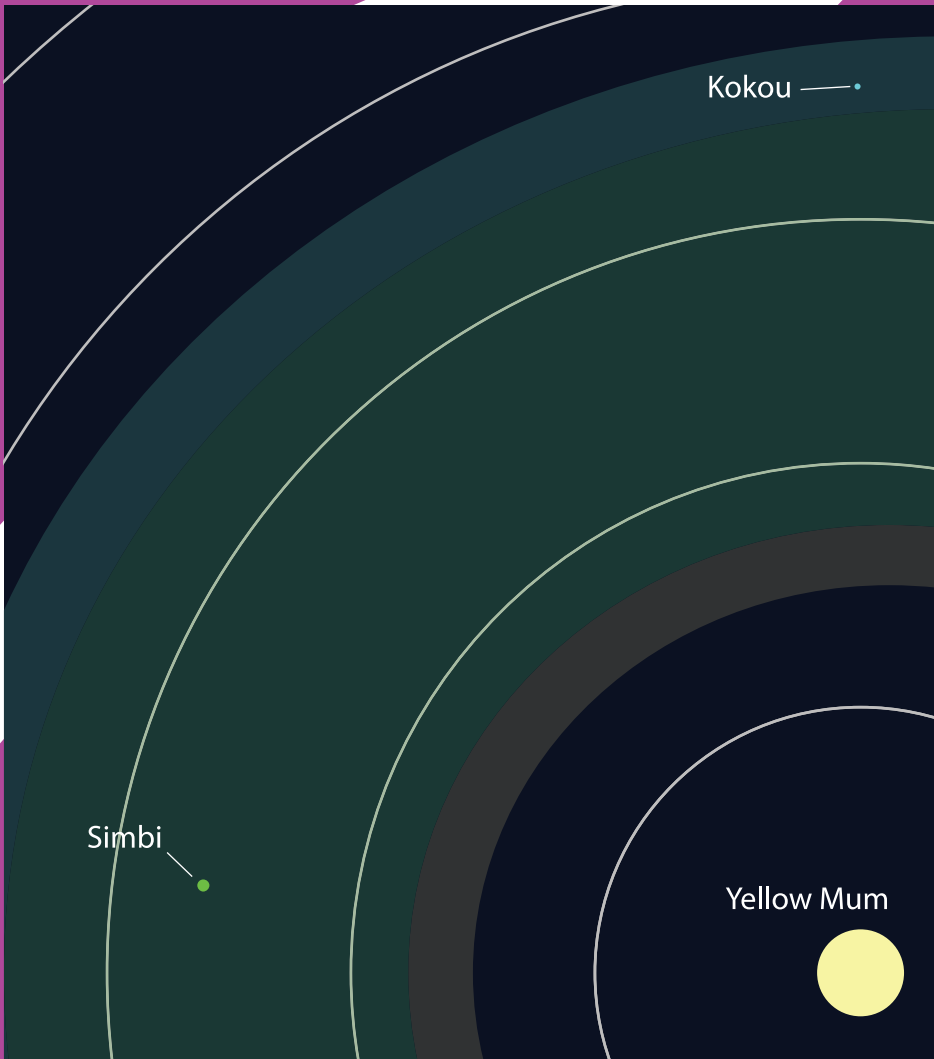
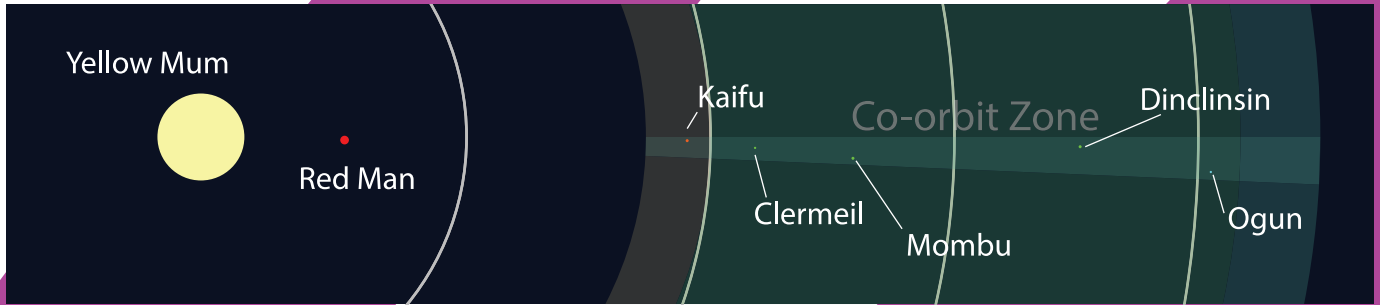
Dinclinsin

Ogun

Xevioso



SYSTEM SECTIONS



THE HABITABLE PLANETS

Core Planet

Slobe Planet

Kaifu

Named after the God of Malevolence, Kaifu is the hottest and smallest habitable planet. It is brutal and dry with water deposits requiring rationing with both its native and its imported population. Kaifu is the most mineral-rich planet and has, as a result, become predominantly dominated by the MINING CONSORTIUM. Planetary government is largely corrupt and in service to the private corporations. The middle class, as it is, lives off planet in orbiting stations primarily to escape the harsh climate. Comparatively, the Kaifu middle class is the poorest among the Core Planets. There is a lot of conflict between the workers and the oppressive corporations on Kaifu.

Clermeil

Named after a Voodoo Loa that causes rivers to flood their banks, Clermeil is probably the closest to Earth in size. Its surface is about 80% water with most of that being ocean. That makes their water purification industries unmatched in the system. Food here is largely water-based (seafood, rice, etc.). Housing, too. Clermeil is the leading developer of water and space craft hulls and plating because most of their bulk housing runs deeper and deeper into their vast oceans (or into orbit). They have learned to adapt to intense pressure. Only the aristocracy can afford to live on the surface with land-based dwellings reserved for the super-wealthy. Because of their abundance, the Fire of Mum has a lot of influence socially and politically here.

Mombu

Named after a Voodoo Loa that stutters and causes heavy rains, Mombu is a densely forested planet. Climate is predominantly hot and humid - think rain forest - with a thick atmosphere. A dense planetary core increases gravity making Mombuans generally stronger than most other Core peoples. Textile production is Mombu's largest contribution with an abundance of plant life. Mombu has a dominant planetary government that protects a large portion of its lands - they are a planetary treasure. Mombu's water supply is generally fresh water sources with no major oceans. No salt also means they import a lot of spices - most of their food is bland.

Simbi

Named after the family of serpents that make up the Loa in Voodoo lore, Simbi is the largest planet in the habitable zone. It's also a no-man's-land with loose laws and looser enforcement. It is known as a haven for criminals and outsiders. No one is sure if Simbi has a native species, but it has become home to peoples from every system planet. Simbi is extremely wealthy and powerful and, as such, the System Council has granted Simbi veto rights for most new laws. This helps keep this planet a wild west. However, Simbi's government is extremely weak. Simbi is mostly guarded by a reclusive gangster named BLISS who lives in a palace orbiting the planet. All sorts of legitimate and sordid commerce keeps Simbi a busy destination. Climate is generally cooler than Earth's, but the biome is diverse.

Core Planet

Slobe Planet

Dinclinsin

Named after a cruel Loa often depicted as a white slaveowner with a temper, Dinclinsin is (or at least was) the most Earth-like of our planets: size, climate, biodiversity, and distribution of wealth. Over industrialization caused a rapid melting of the poles flooding a majority of the land. The poor were driven into water-based dwellings. The intense pollution from the "Oceanic Migration" resulted in catastrophe. An unknown, intelligence species living beneath the seas nearest to the planetary core were nearly wiped out. And, with their society decimated, their cities crumble cracking the floor pressure that pushed sea level even higher.

Now, the Dinclincin economy is largely self-sufficient, but the elite here enjoy the colonial benefits of extracting wealth from other planets through industry. Dinclinsin's atmosphere has strong UV protection limiting the melanin content of its people's skin, so someone from Dinclinsin will be the palest in the system. While the elite live on the surface, the working class lives under the ocean. They're subject to over policing, statistically high prison populations, and "terrorist" attacks by survivors of the indigenous ocean dwellers.

Representing the wealthiest and most powerful planet, the Dinclinsin government is largely aristocratic. Government positions are generational. The "elected" governor is appointed by the political class making this position largely generational. Fire of Mum and Ironblaze leadership largely come from Dinclinsin.

Xevioso

Named after the God of Thunder, Xevioso is the second largest in the habitable zone. The electric charge of Xevioso's atmosphere makes the planet noisy with constant rumbling/humming. The Fire of Mum has little to no sway on this largely industrialized planet. The dominant intelligent species on Xevioso isn't human - unlike the core planets. Basically, they're sasquatches (Xeviosan). Generally 2-3 meters tall, the hairy Xeviosans shun the wearing of clothes (unless visiting a clothed planet or for government functions) and are some of the strongest in the system. Xeviosans are largely communal creating self-contained neighborhoods. They also have a social organization around their tribal history. The percentage of children coming of age and moving away from their hometowns is easily in the single digits.

Ogun

Named after a warrior god and powerful spirit of metal work, Ogun tends to be the darkest and coolest of the Core planets. Being the farthest from the suns of all three core planets, it often finds itself shadowed by another planet. Ogun is rich in heavy metals. It is also one of the least populated planets. Thanks to metal mining and working industries, the air on Ogun has become toxic without breathing equipment. The citizens of Ogun have largely moved off-planet opting space station dwellings. Social rules (and manners) are largely overlooked by these "crude" people.

Core Planet

Slobe Planet

Kokou

Named after a highly feared warrior god, Kokou is an anomaly in the habitable zone. Generally, the smaller planets are in the Co-Orbit zone. They're small enough to be pulled along by the Red Dwarf. The other two Slobe planets are huge. Kokou, however, is the second smallest planet and its slow orbit remains the farthest from the suns. It is cold. Frozen cold. Life here is harsh for most, but for the natives here, it is paradise. Largely low-tech, very few natives live off-planet. Kokou has a begrudging membership on the System Council, but rarely participates. While frozen, it is gorgeous. This makes it a desired vacation spot for the upper class. The natives here are largely victims of "modernization" and "development" from other worlds.

GOVERNANCE

The habitable planets throughout the Solar System operate under a System Council similar to the United Nations where each inhabited planet has representation. There are more than one representative for some planets depending on planetary governance: a single government or a more fragmented governance with nations.

The System Council operates via a sequence of official space stations.

Council Stations:

- The Hub
 - Primary station where most governance takes place
 - Between Dinclinsin and Mombu
 - Massive in size - contains commerce, banking, and travel (The Hub also serves as an INNERPORT)
- Hub 1
 - Secondary meeting station between Kaifu and Clermeil
 - Predominantly commerce, banking, and vacation travel
- Hub 2
 - Secondary meeting station between Dinclinsin & Clermeil
 - Predominantly commerce, banking, and vacation travel

Planetary Stations:

- Station 1 - Kaifu
 - Planetary Governmental Station - Limited public access
- Station 2 - Clermeil
 - Planetary Governmental Station - Light public access
- Station 3 - Mombu
 - Planetary Governmental Station - Public access
- Station 4 - Dinclinsin
 - Planetary Governmental Station - Entertainment hub - public access
- Station 5 - Ogun
 - Planetary Governmental Station - Public access
- Station 6 - Simbi
 - Planetary Governmental Station - Limited public access
- Station 7 - Xevioso
 - Planetary Governmental Station - Limited public access
- Station 8 - Kokou
 - Planetary Governmental Station - No public access

There are other privately owned stations orbiting the planet or scattered throughout the co-orbit zone. There are also small and large settlements beyond the habitable planets set up on moons or in a solar orbit.

SPACE TRAVEL

Speed of Travel:

Standard travel uses RC Drives. These are analogous to our Em Drive concept. RC drive ships tend to travel at speeds of 50,000-100,000 km per second - the higher dollar ones could push faster than this while cheaper (poor) ships stick to around 25-30k km per second. This speed makes the standard trip between Kaifu and Ogun last about 25-30 days.

Bubble Drive is very expensive and tends to be more highly regulated (creating a black market used by pirates and such). Bubble Drive is consistent with Warp 2 velocity - 13 times the speed of light or approximately 3.9-4M km per second. It functions like warp from Star Trek in that it generates a space-time bubble around the vehicle and allows it to move faster than would be physically possible. Legal Bubble Drive travel happens between INNERPORTS.

Innerports are like gargantuan airports with highly regulated ticketing and security requirements.

- Innerport 1
 - a. Within The Hub.

- Innerport 2
 - a. Maintains a synchronous orbit on a perpendicular axis through Yellow Mum from The Hub

- Innerport 3
 - a. Maintains a synchronous orbit on a perpendicular axis through Yellow Mum from The Hub - directly across from Innerport 2

See the table for travel times between planets on the next page.

Average Velocity by Quality of Ship:

Average Velocity		km/s	km/m	km/h	km/day
	Slowest	125	7,500	450,000	11,250,000
	Standard Travel	200	12,000	720,000	18,000,000
	High-End	325	19,500	1,170,000	29,250,000
	RC Drive*	125,000	7,500,000	450,000,000	11,250,000,000

* RC Drive is illegal within Co-Orbit zone unless for government officials and through the Innerports

Days To Cross:

	Avg Distance (km)	Slowest	Standard	Hi-End	RC Drive
Habitable Zone	12,000,000,000	1,066.67	666.67	410.26	1.07
Co-Orbit Zone	405,000,000	36	22.5	13.85	NA*

Duration in Days

Travel Time Between Co-Orbit Planets:

Distance in mk
Durations in Days

Destination	Kaifu			
	Avg. Distance	Slowest	Standard	High-End
Kaifu	NA	NA	NA	NA
Clermeil	37,500,000 km	3.33	2.08	1.28
Mombu	99,000,000 km	8.8	5.5	3.38
Dinclinsin	240,000,000 km	21.33	13.33	8.21
Ogun	315,000,000 km	28.0	17.5	10.77

Destination	Clermeil			
	Avg. Distance	Slowest	Standard	High-End
Kaifu	37,500,000 km	3.33	2.08	1.28
Clermeil	NA	NA	NA	NA
Mombu	60,000,000 km	5.33	3.33	2.05
Dinclinsin	165,000,000 km	14.67	9.17	5.64
Ogun	285,000,000 km	25.33	15.83	9.74

Destination	Mombu			
	Avg. Distance	Slowest	Standard	High-End
Kaifu	99,000,000 km	8.8	5.5	3.38
Clermeil	60,000,000 km	5.33	3.33	2.05
Mombu	NA	NA	NA	NA
Dinclinsin	135,000,000 km	12.0	7.5	4.62
Ogun	225,000,000 km	20.0	12.5	7.69

Destination	Dinclinsin			
	Avg. Distance	Slowest	Standard	High-End
Kaifu	240,000,000 km	21.33	13.33	8.21
Clermeil	165,000,000 km	14.67	9.17	5.64
Mombu	135,000,000 km	12.0	7.5	4.62
Dinclinsin	NA	NA	NA	NA
Ogun	82,500,000 km	7.33	4.58	2.82

Destination	Ogun			
	Avg. Distance	Slowest	Standard	High-End
Kaifu	315,000,000 km	28.0	17.5	10.77
Clermeil	285,000,000 km	25.33	15.83	9.74
Mombu	225,000,000 km	20.0	12.5	7.69
Dinclinsin	82,500,000 km	7.33	4.58	2.82
Ogun	NA	NA	NA	NA

THE SHIP

Make & Model: Sleekline MA6-9

Engine: 5-port Elite3 Drive (It will receive an RC Drive from the Simbi Cartel in Season 1.

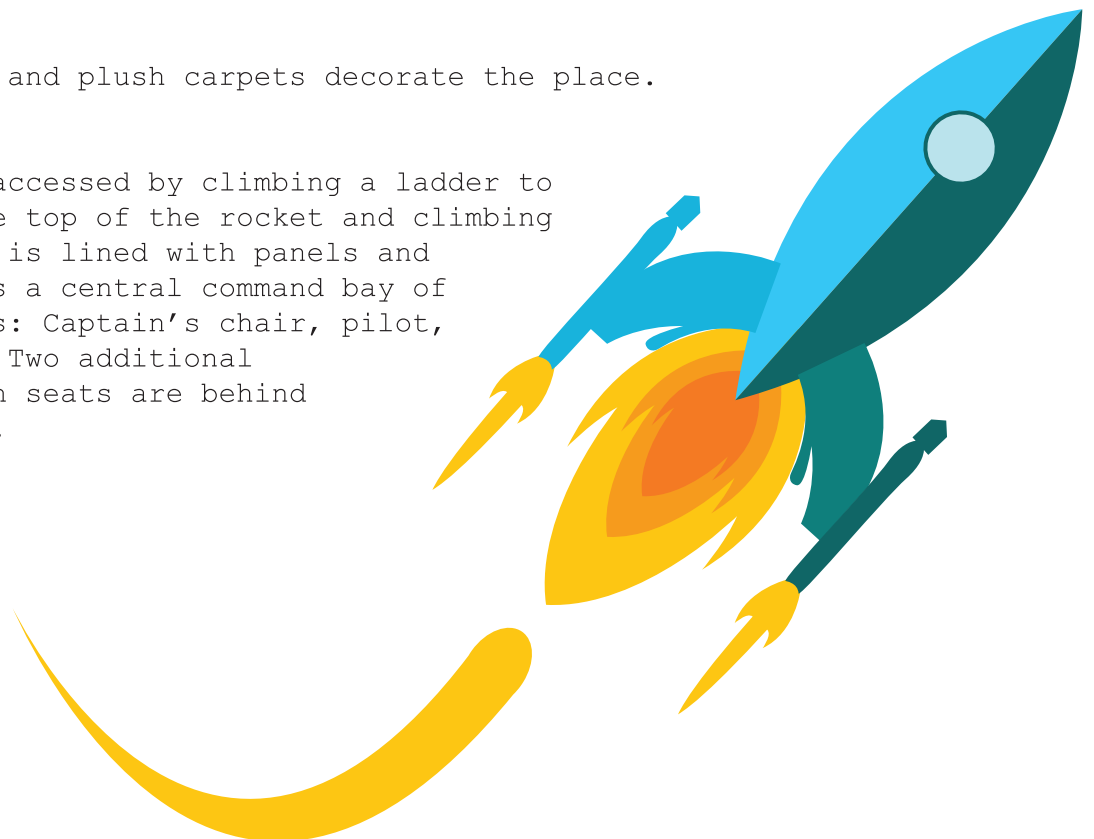
The ship is a metallic blue with the smooth curves of golden-age science-fiction design. It's a luxury vehicle with additional plating due to being part of Governor Ragg's fleet - the paranoid diplomat's life isn't always a safe one.

Cargo is loaded through a hydraulic platform that lowers from the back side of the rocket.

Passengers enter via retractable ramp emerging from an air-tight door in the bottom of the rocket. Upon entry, the "foyer" is a large room that extends the full height of the ship to a hatch at the top. This room becomes the primary hallway off which all passenger rooms branch (six posh bedrooms, gourmet kitchenette, game room, living room, bar, storage. Everything a wealthy family would need for vacation travel.

Silk wallpapers and plush carpets decorate the place.

The cockpit is accessed by climbing a ladder to the hatch at the top of the rocket and climbing in. The cockpit is lined with panels and monitors. It has a central command bay of individual seats: Captain's chair, pilot, co-pilot, coms. Two additional fourperson bench seats are behind the command bay.



THE REACTIONS

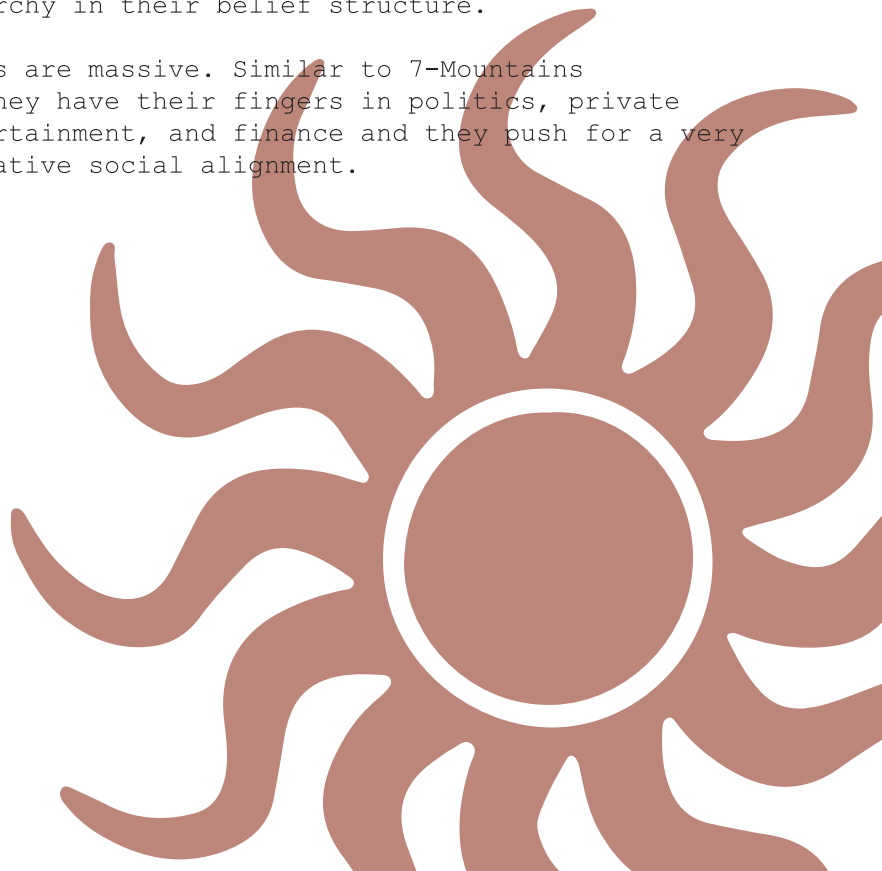
While planetary politics can be complicated, we have a few major groups or alignments that will complicate the Girlz' adventures.

The Church of the Fire of Mum (Theonauts):

The Fire of Mum. Think Christian Evangelicals out to make the system a better place so long as everyone believes the way that they do. Highly authoritarian with Priests held in high regard - the church wants every core planet to recognize Priestly authority as higher than other State Dignitaries. Those planets who entertain this notion (Dinclinsin [home of FoM] and Clermeil being the worst offenders) wind up with higher number of Yellow Mum followers. Their ideology is largely in line with Christian Prosperity Gospel - wealth and power are signs of righteousness and the idea that they are chosen by the Goddess/God. This leads to a massive support of authoritarian class structures where the poor are where they are because they are failed people. Their ideology also supports extreme race divisions with those from the Core Planets being "better" than the Slobes not under Red Man's pull.

The mythology is based on the suns. Yellow Mum is the creation goddess. She rests and bestows life and death and blessings... creator force. Red Man is the guide. As "he" guides the core (chosen) planets, he also guides the chosen people along the path to the Mother. We can see the bedrock of class hierarchy in their belief structure.

Their interests are massive. Similar to 7-Mountains Dominionism, they have their fingers in politics, private industry, entertainment, and finance and they push for a very rigid, conservative social alignment.





Ironblaze Mining Consortium:

Think OPEC only larger. Because the private resource trade is the backbone of the system's economic system, mining of minerals, metals, and other resources has become the most powerful force for corporatist domination. The consortium is composed mostly of large mining and trading corporations. It is so powerful that the System Council subsidizes their activity granting land access where they cannot get it any other way and military protection for their larger facilities and transports.

The Consortium hasn't always been so powerful, however. More than one hundred years ago, the workers had more Council support and were winning rights and unionizing. However, The Consortium leadership "found" the Fire of Mum. Their funding enabled the church to grow large and powerful and the Church's support enabled the Consortium to push back against individual rights.



Metalists (Heavy Metal Space Pirates):

Officially called METALISTS, these pirates live off-the-grid (so to speak). They steal, kidnap, and break every law of commerce to fund their free-wheeling lifestyle. The pirates exist on their ships. Each ship operates independently, but they function almost like a cartel agreeing to work together when necessary and not directly oppose one another. Their aesthetic is generally heavy-metal: think GWAR.

They stick to the area beyond the habitable zone and only venture into society's realm when they're on a raid or mission.



Simbi Cartel:

While Simbi is mostly lawless, it is guarded by a militaristically powerful cartel lead by Bliss. The cartel bows to no power outside of itself but it also isn't about conquest. It could go toe-to-toe with the System Council's military if necessary, but mostly it keeps Simbi safe. The ideology of the cartel is largely do whatever you want so long as you don't hurt anyone... so it has no place for Yellow Mum fundamentalism.

CHARACTERS

The Girlz:

Allie Mae

Age: 23

Flesh: White

Body Type: Thin but muscular

Hair: Pink with Pig tails

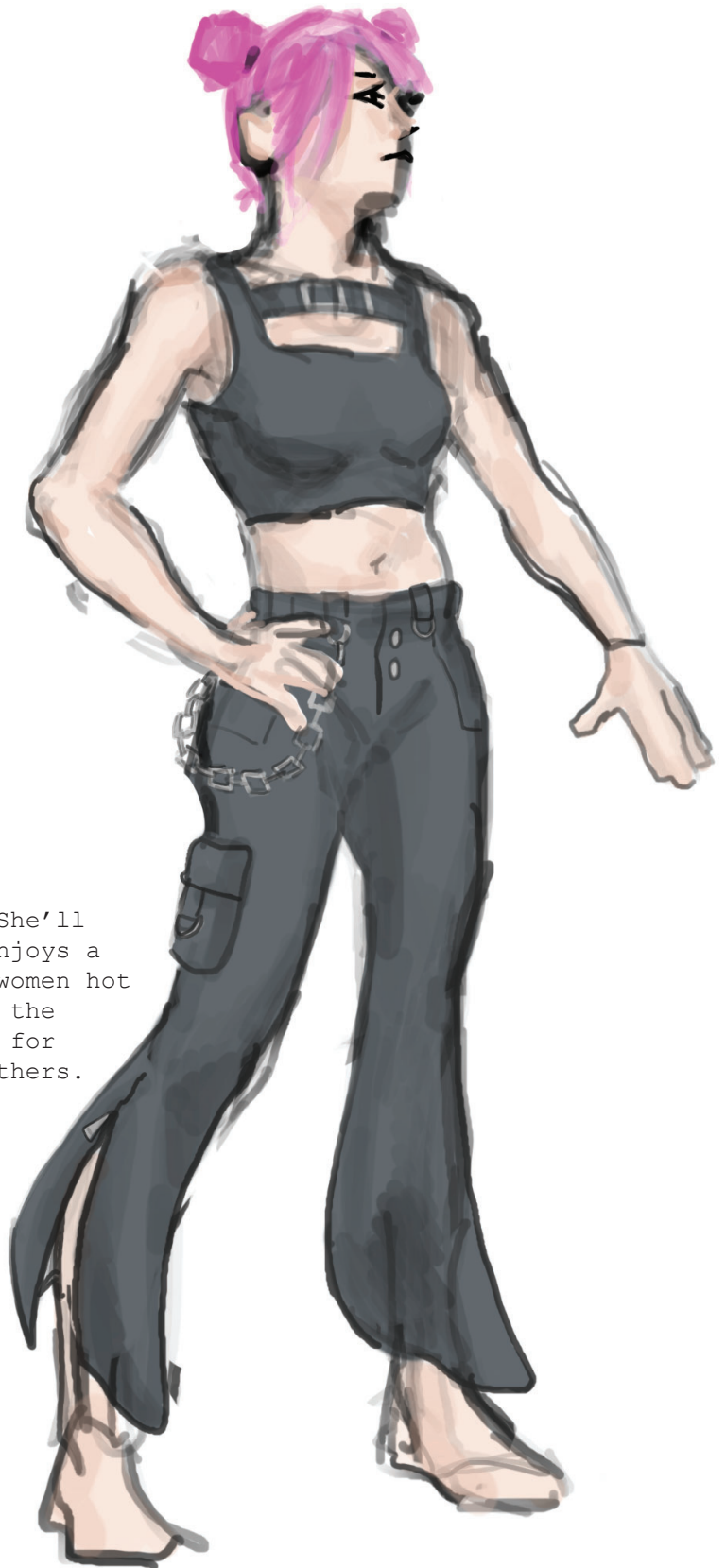
Sexual Orientation: Mostly straight

Drink of Choice: Vodka
- back-to-back shots if possible

Group Position: Leader

Home World: Dinclinsin

General Info: Hard ass with a soft spot. She'll fight in a second and fuck in the next. Enjoys a good brawl and good dick, but also finds women hot and won't turn down a good turn up. She's the strategic thinker of the team. Has an eye for doing the right thing and expects it of others.



Ida

Age: 20

Flesh: Light brown

Body Type: Thin and soft - shortest of the team

Hair: Redhead

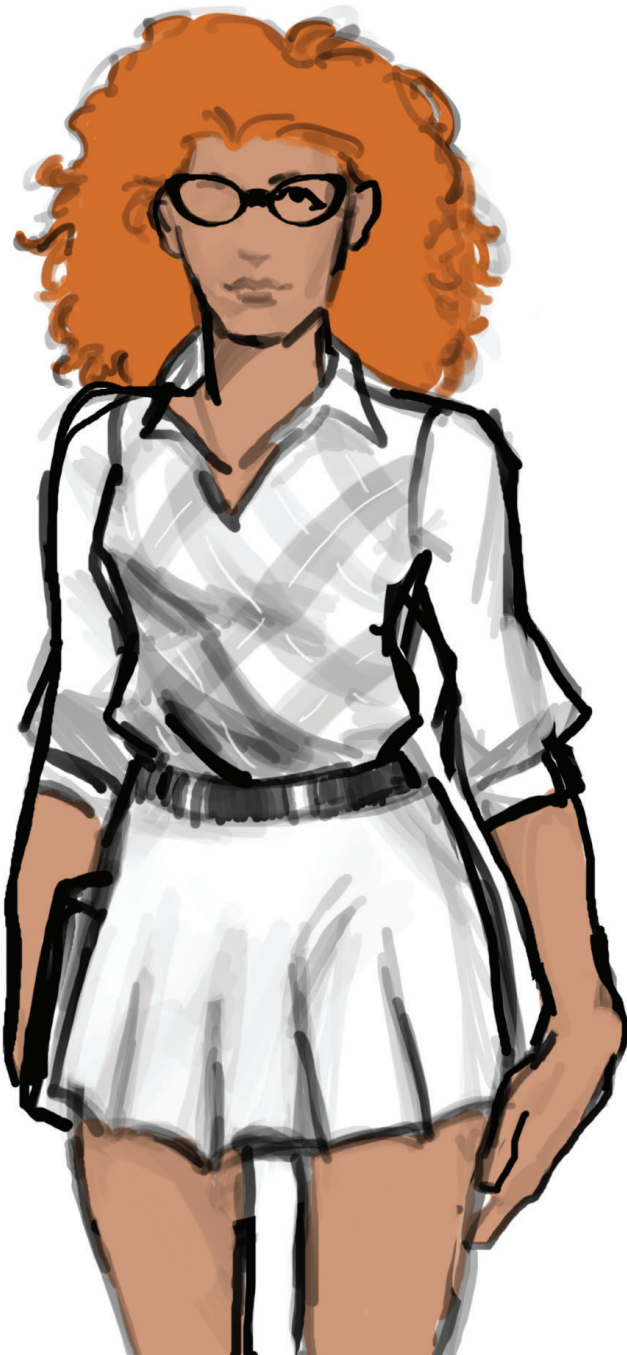
Sexual Orientation: Lesbian trans woman

Drink of Choice: Scotch

Group Position: Brains

Home World: Clermeil

General Info: The smallest and youngest, Ida is also the only girl with a cock. She's nerdy rocking the black-rimmed librarian glasses and loves her argyle and plaid patterns. She's a techno anti-capitalist with anarchist tendencies. Has no love for the system government, but longs for a day when it can be used to depower the corporatists at the heart of the council. Not a good fighter, but she'll throw hands if necessary. Loves her erotica and loves to drink. While she's no virgin, she is the more chaste and timid member of the team preferring to find love over the next bang. She makes costumes and enjoys cosplaying her favorite character, so she'll be instrumental in tailoring clothes for the team so they can pick up cheap, second-hand stuff to wear.



Ethel



Age: 26

Flesh: Dark brown

Body Type: Big boned build - not overweight but thick and powerful

Hair: Short and curly - black

Sexual Orientation: Lesbian
(SO of Myrtle)

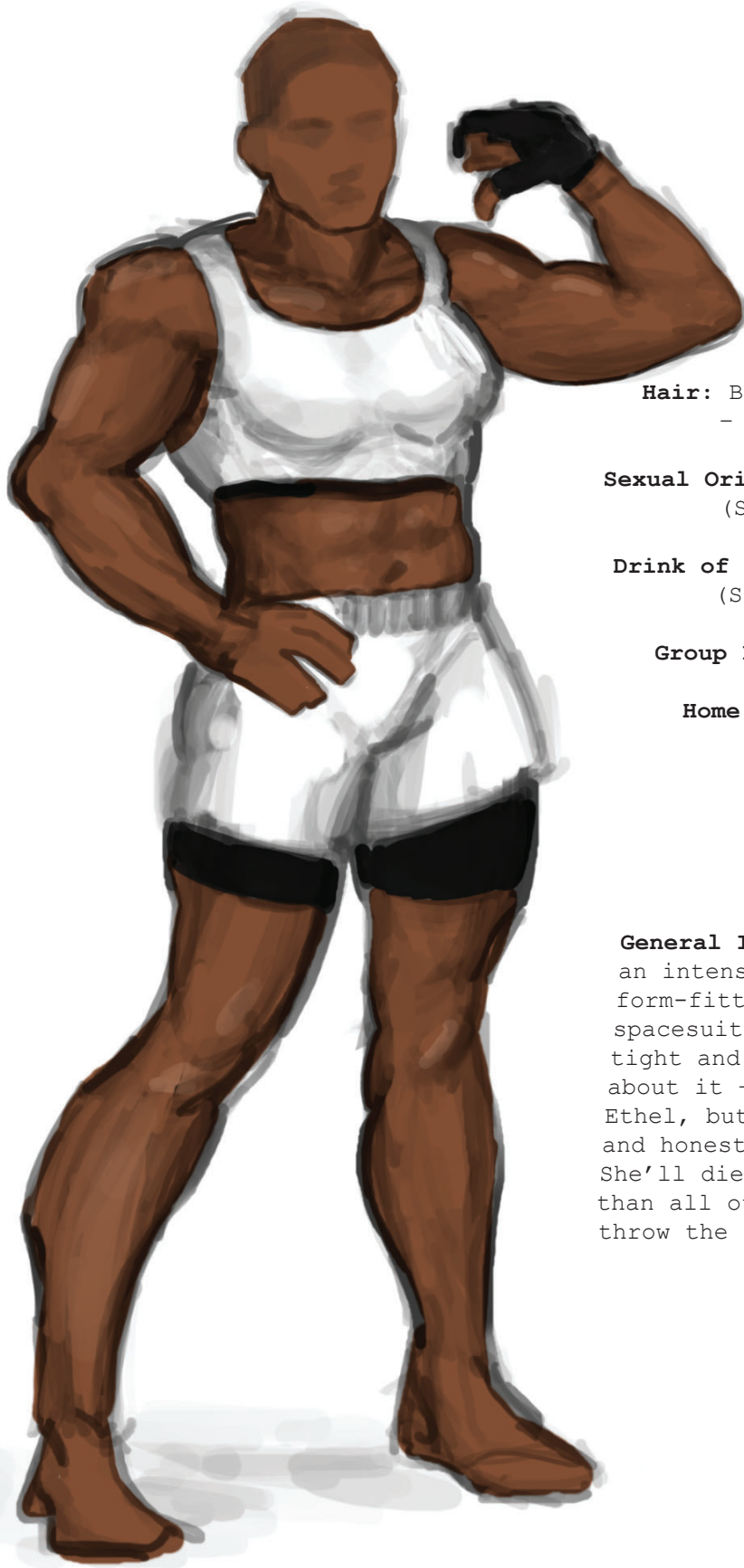
Drink of Choice: Whiskey

Group Position: Mechanic

Home World: Kaifu

General Info: Machines and destruction are her first loves after Myrtle. She knows everything about engines and can figure out most electronics. She's the type who can tear down anything and rebuild it flawlessly while improving its functionality.

Myrtle



Age: 25

Flesh: Medium brown

Body Type: Muscular
- like ripped

Hair: Bald
- razor shaved as often as possible

Sexual Orientation: Mostly lesbian
(SO of Ethel)

Drink of Choice: Sweet Whiskeys
(Southern Comfort level thick)

Group Position: Fighter

Home World: Ogun

General Info: Dresses like she's ready for an intense workout at any second - lots of form-fitting, light clothing under her spacesuit. Sports bras keep her breasts tight and nearly flat. Nympho and hardcore about it - loves a good fuck. Loyal to Ethel, but they have an understanding. Open and honest relationship with these two. She'll die protecting her team - Ethel more than all others - but she'll rarely ever throw the first punch.

Theлма

Age: 19

Flesh: Dark brown - lighter than Ethel

Body Type: A little thick. Big-boned
like her sister, but not as muscular.

Hair: Afropuff styles, maybe some tribal
- the key is natural hair.

Sexual Orientation: Straight
- but virtually celibate

Drink of Choice: Wine
(prefers red and cheap)

Group Position: Hacker/Researcher/Pilot

Home World: Kaifu

General Info: Ethel's younger sister. Not much of a mechanic, but you give her a computer and she can shut down a spaceport with a few keystrokes. Techno-savvy but definitely not a people person. She's awkward and stiff in her communications. She's almost completely celibate, but not from any sort of religious or moral conviction... no living thing has the microchips her vibrator does. Potentially on the autism spectrum - doesn't take social cues very well and will make you uncomfortable with her bluntness.



Wilbur

Age: 32

Flesh: Deep Grey (though his fur is naturally a light brown)

Body Type: 7' tall sasquatch.

Hair: Total body covering fur that he regularly changes the color to depending on his mood. He's a product user.

Sexual Orientation: Homosexual

Drink of Choice: Gin

Group Position: Muscle & Gay Boyfriend

Home World: Xevioso

General Info: Wilbur is a big, gay sasquatch. He loves men as much as any straight woman does. Top/bottom switch. In your face proud. Loves a good cock. But not stereotypical. While he is huge on self-care and cleanliness and enjoys dying his fur, he's butch as hell. His massive muscles are natural to his species.

The girls treat him like their token gay boyfriend, but he does more to safeguard them than they are able to admit. He loves art and the awkward... probably why he loves the girls so much.

He's the only member of the group not originally from the "Core" planets, so his politics tend toward uplifting the oppressed and discriminated against.



Secondary Characters

Prentice Ragg

Age: 31

Flesh: White (think Aryan)

Body Type: Frat-boy ripped

Hair: Professionally Styled

Sexual Orientation: Straight

Drink of Choice: Midori Sour (house vodka is fine)

Group Position: Bitch Stalker and Daddy's boy

Home World: Dinclincin

General Info: Prentice's story begins with a major mistake... and it wasn't having his father's criminal plot stolen by a random piece of disposable ass. It's that this piece of ass happens to be attached to a goddess who ran through him and threw him away. He's smitten. It doesn't hurt that he's being "forced" by his father to track her down. He'll be the tool to track the Girlz, but they'll deal with him. And when they do, they enter a direct conflict with the Governor and his forces.

Governor Frederick Ragg

Age: 57

Flesh: White (Antebellum "gentleman")

Body Type: 50s fit dadbod

Hair: Silver Feathered in Southern Preacher

Sexual Orientation: Straight

Drink of Choice: Bourbon - The \$7k per bottle kind

Group Position: Fascist Overlord

Home World: Dinclinsin

General Info: The Ragg family has represented the great planet of Dinclinsin for generations. Frederick is proud of his heritage and takes his position as planetary leader seriously. But Dinclinsin is the superior planet among the superior "Core" planets. His leadership is needed now more than ever as the System's next generation abandons the traditions of a "righteous" people. His supremacy is divinely ordained, after all. With an abundance of disposable undesirables, the destruction of Kaifu will align the remaining Core Planets against the Slobes. Organized crime and the unclean will be eradicated and their resources secured for proper, holy use.

Bliss

Age: Don't Ask

Flesh: Pitch Black Polished Leather

Body Type: The power of Lizzo on a scale double the size of Gilbert Grape's mom

Hair: Long, white, and bound in leather straps

Sexual Orientation: Existence

Drink of Choice: The toppest of the top shelf imported tequila shots

Group Position: Mob Boss

Home World: ??? Her home station orbits Simbi, but there's no one else like her in the system.

General Info: Bliss is the gigantess dominatrix descendant of Madame C. J. Walker and Carlo Gambino. She runs a clean planet where the permissiveness assumes nothing needs permission, but violations of other's right to exist is met with immediate finality. The Simbi delegation to the System Council are hired by her, and their main function is to ensure the council stays out of Simbi affairs.

Bliss's hands aren't clean. Beyond the usual noble crime family, she supplies more weapons and drugs than anyone else in the system. She's been known to stroll into the highest of high-class gatherings and leave the room in awe of the power she exudes.

She has long watched the Fire of Mum zealots ensuring the council remained weak so they couldn't use it to grab some of her power for themselves. When she learns (from the Girlz) about the false flag attempt to frame her as a power play, she aligns with the Girlz and the Metalists to stop Ragg.

Act One (Season One)

Episodes

1. After Allie Mae bangs Prentice Ragg and steals the keys to his father's luxury rocket, the Girlz loudly escape System Council Station 4 and continue their trip to Ogun on the habitable zone border where they have a security job waiting on them. They work the religious boy band show and board the tour ship to escort the band out of the dangerous neighborhood. While the girls focus on protecting a few underage fangirls from the super-rapey religious pop stars, the ship is boarded by Metalists. Ida and Wilbur take the Metalist ship while Allie Mae, Myrtle, Thelma, and Ethel retake the tour ship from the pirates. They send the Metalists on their way and get the boy band back to safety, but not without a parting gift to the gross little fuckers.

Prentice Ragg, after being belittled by his angry father, begins his pursuit of the thieves who bested him.

2. The concert job was fine and all, but the Girlz need to build up some real funds. Ethel and Thelma, from Kaifu, have connections within Ironblaze there. While Ida continues her work downloading and wiping the stolen ship's drives and erasing its identification, the rest sell six months of their lives to the mining consortium. While working, they get tangled up in an illegal unionization effort that makes the West Virginia Coal Wars look like a childhood game of cops and robbers.

Prentice continues his search for the girls after tracing them to Ogun and the undesirable running the concert venue.

3. While the worker's revolt picks up steam, the Girlz take their money and run to Clermeil to lie low with Ida's family... only the Fire of Mum is growing in popularity on Clermeil. Despite the tension, Ida continues her work decrypting the ship's old files. Ethel and Myrtle don't fair well on the streets, but after they defend Wilbur from a group of Mum worshippers, the Girlz get cross with local authorities. After being charged with treason against the holy authority - something really new - Allie Mae, Ida, and Thelma have to ally with some of Ida's old, loyal friends and execute a prison break. Ida's decryption uncovers written correspondence between Ragg and church elders as well as plenty of maps. She doesn't yet know what to do with them.

Governor Ragg isn't happy about the loss of profits from Kaifu. He views it as a direct, blasphemous attack. He facilitates the joining of forces of Ironblaze and Fire of Mum leadership.

4. With life getting a little too hot in the Core planets, the Girlz hide the ship and take an animal transport job with a large zoo. The zoo recently acquired a pair of endangered animals from a resort developer on Kokou. The Girlz take the Innerport to Kokou where they learn the endangered animals they're to pick up are sacred to the indigenous Kokouans - as is the land on which they were captured... land acquired by this resort developer to create a massive tourist destination owned by the Fire of Mum church as a religious-inspired vacation spot for core planet citizens. The extraction of the indigenous is as violent and lead by mercenaries... as these things always are. The Girlz won't stand for it. After helping the locals arm themselves and destroy the construction site and materials, they lock away a couple of non-sacred animals (the zoo won't hurt them) and bringing them back for the paycheck.

Prentice has his own team of mercenaries... and they're getting closer.

5. The Girlz learn that they're being pursued, so they venture out past Ogun where off-the-grid sort of stations let you disappear. When Myrtle and Wilbur learn a barge docked there hosts some high paying, highly illegal fighting events, they sign up. Ethel lands a gig as a mechanic on the barge. Allie Mae, Ida, and Thelma do their own thing on the station and on their ship... but that luxury rocket garners a lot of attention. Metalist attention. They want the ship and the girls on it. When they raid, all hell breaks loose. Allie Mae, Ida, and Thelma run for the ship. The barge owners, being from Simbi, decide to cut and run... They never intended to release any of their best fighters anyway. Myrtle, Ethel, and Wilbur are locked away as the barge escapes the Core Orbit and heads into the deep. The barge has an RC drive and disappears quickly. The rocket, however, doesn't have one. They can't pursue. But... the Metalists are there and they have bigger fish to fry.
6. Fight Barge - Myrtle and Wilbur are expected to fight. Ethel will keep everything on the ship running if she doesn't want her friends killed. The fights continue with pit stop after pit stop filling the stands with wealthy onlookers for every colosseum event. Myrtle and Wilbur are good. Great even. But they take their lumps... and breaks... also. The healthcare on the barge is top of the line. Breaks are healed rapidly. Pain erased. This barge is wealthy. Ethel, in her work. Learn that the barge's flight plan ends at an unregistered station in deep orbit around Xevioso - the closest Slobe planet to the Core. The encryption around the station is military grade. Wibur's heard rumors from back home - some black site no one's supposed to know about, and unless you have clearance, you can't get close enough to see it without destruction. A rebellion is plotted. If any of the fighters/slaves on board found themselves at a black site, there'd be nothing beyond that. The trio's uprising is powerful... but fails. They're on the bridge before they're beaten. Before they can be killed, a Metalist ship drops out of RC space and trains its weapons on the barge. Barge Captain fires warning shots, but the radio crackles to life with contact from the Metalist ship: "Fuck you, cunts!" Allie Mae's voice crackles through the speaker. The Uprising takes the barge but learn of an emergency beacon transmitting. There's incoming. Heavy weaponry. They evacuate everyone from the barge onto the Metalist ship, set the barge to self-destruct, and shift into RC space heading deeper into the slow orbit area away from Xevioso.

Prentice Ragg scans the space station wreckage without getting close enough to see. No life signs, but an RC signature heading toward Xevioso. He pursues.

7. Simbi has always been an odd planet. It is overly anarchistic and hedonistic and has remained free of the growing Yellow-Mum ideologies thanks to a highly armed network of organized crime. What happens on Simbi stays on Simbi. The Girlz aren't thrilled with having to bargain with Bliss, but the Metalist ship can't support everyone from the space station (including the Metalists) and everyone from the Fight Barge. They don't have the fuel to return to the Co-Orbit zone because they're also pulling a certain luxury rocket. They need Bliss to grant passage home on her Innerport Station for those who want to go back and haven for them and anyone who had no where to return to. The Girlz contact Bliss and offer information about the black-site military station. That's not enough. Simbi is the wealthiest and most technologically advanced in the Solar System and Bliss connects the dots on the stolen ship, who it was stolen from, and the terabytes of encrypted data on board. She wants that. Allie asks Ida what's in it, but Ida hasn't combed through it all and she sure as hell doesn't understand it yet. No choice. So long as they can keep their ship, Bliss can take the data. They dock at Bliss's station. She takes care of the people the Girlz saved and takes her data. The Girlz don't have much going for them on Simbi - knowing no one - so Bliss offers them work. On the surface. Ida stays - too interested in the information. Bliss agrees.

The Girlz are added to a crew breaking up unsanctioned imports on one of Simbi's cities (Simbi has highly agricultural and rural outside of its cities and empowers its citizens, but Bliss keeps a tight grip on Core imports to ensure Fire of Mum or Core conspirator influence is properly regulated). They uncover not just propaganda imports, but weapons trading and ideological cell organization. This crew is charged with taking down the network. They trace the funding back to Ironblaze.

Ida helps break the final encryption on the drive. More emails. Targeted maps of Kokou. Space Station blueprints. Another heavily encrypted file: FireBlaze. Ida thinks it's a bunch of bureaucratic nonsense. She'll trash it if Bliss wants. "No, baby. You're looking too closely. None one piece every makes sense. Back up. See the workings." Bliss connects the military dots. Governor Ragg is Chair of the Military Committee. He'd have access to and a lot of control over, system military funds and movements. He'd be the one allocating funds for this. And, with his connection to Dinclinsin elite, he'd know the owners of nearly every interplanetary corporation. His brother-in-law runs one of the military contractors. The weaponry being housed and the hubs for the system's largest private military contractor in that black-site base makes Bliss very nervous.

8. Prentice Ragg steps onto Simbi. Smuggled in, he and his goons are hunting the Girlz. His Allie Mae obsession has grown. He carries clippings and security footage stills of her. They're not leaving Simbi without her and his father's ship.

The Girlz are on Bliss's station going through the data with Ida. The black site houses heavy artillery and personnel. There's no way that could have been built under Bliss's nose... yet there it is in a concentric orbit hiding on the opposite side of Xevioso. There's no reason for that unless the Core bigots are coming for Bliss. "Wait, but this is bigger than that," Ida chimes in. She pulls up the personal emails - the first ones she found - and links Ragg, the Fire of Mum, and the IronBlaze Consortium. She Says there was some discussion about Simbi in some of them. Bliss takes this as proof. She orders her station to high alert. She readies for war. They're interrupted by security. Another illegal touchdown in one of Simbi's largest cities. What else is new? This one's different. Security footage and facial recognition identifies Prentice Ragg. Looks like he's here for y'all. So it's up to you to take care of him. Just leave enough for me to chat with when you're done.

The Girlz bring down and bring in Prentice and his goons.

9. Bliss does what she does best. He pleads. He pours his heart out to Allie Mae. Offers her luxury. Promises her wealth and power - especially after... After what? Your daddy coming for me and mine? Not you, trash. You're just the patsy. Kokou. Shock. Why Kokou? Two-for-one. Take out massive revolt that will influence the other planets, and frame the Slobes for it. Instant dissolution of the council. An easy-to-win war against the Slobes with my dad standing on the new Fire of Mum Empire. But no one's going to believe Simbi would attach a mining planet. But they've fabricated a paper trail linking Bliss to a demand for cheaper and cheaper resources for her weapons manufacturing and the workers' rebellion is affecting that. No one likes the Slobes anyway. They're eager to find a reason to expel you from the council. Bliss is ready to go for the base. The Girlz want in. She says we'll have your ship outfitted within a few hours. Ragg is locked away with his goons.

The Girlz head to the planet to the Machinist Captain. Tries to convince him to join in. He's not overly interested. The Girlz convince him - first the Slobes, then a crackdown on the Core. Then a crackdown out past the rim. He agrees and goes to call for help.

Back on the station, the Girls are reunited with their newly painted, newly armored sleek luxury rocket. Bliss's mechanic had a lot of fun customizing this beast. The Girlz, the Metalist ship, and Bliss's fleet, head for the black site.

Prentice and his goons escape and radio his dad. Schedule gets moved up.

Bliss's armada is met with superior military force. The Girlz kick ass in the fight, but it's not going their way. Then a Xeviosan fleet join and the tides turn. The Black Site turns out to be fully weaponized and they're tearing through the rebellion. Every Metalist ship beyond the rim RCs into the battle. The fight is awesome, but most of the fighting is against the Girlz's allies and the Black site. While everyone was distracted fighting the base's defenses, the military ships regrouped and jump away. They're heading for Kokou.

10. The battle against the station takes its toll, but the Girlz and allies are ultimately successful in destroying it. Bliss's ship is disabled and failing, but Bliss says the rocket got an RC drive. She's going down. The Girlz must stop the attack or hundreds of millions will die. The Girlz take command of the armada and transfers the coordinates from the maps. They're faster than the military and catch up to them as they near the Co-Orbit region. High speed space battle! As they close in on Kokou. No more than a half hour away. Metalist Captain tells the Girlz the military is too strong. Leave us to the losing fight - we'll keep them off you, but you need to get the word out. Thelma says everything is linked. They can transmit the evidence across the system almost instantly. She can make it happen. They see the first blasts erupt on Kokou's surface destroying several housing stations along the way before leaving the fight.

They make it to the nearest Interport and break into the lower systems. They fight their way through station security - setting off alarms and an evacuation. They get to the broadcast hardware. Before they can transmit, Prentice Ragg and goons catch up. They weren't exactly stealthy. He tries to stop them. Brutal fight. The Girlz kick ass. And they broadcast.

Governor Ragg makes a speech in front of the system flag flanked by Fire of Mum flags about the attack on Kokou perpetrated by the warlord Bliss and her Xeviosan allies. The Slow Orbit planets have allied in treason against the system and they must be crushed. Before he can complete his speech, he is arrested.



PUNK GIRLZ IN SPACE

"Been Caught Stealing"

by

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PUNK GIRLZ IN SPACE

"Been Caught Stealing"

TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. STELLAR STATION 4 - SPACE

The gargantuan behemoth orbiting a large, Earth-like planet (Dinclinsin) is a hub for stellar travel. Ships enter and depart from all angles.

The station is one of several hubs for the System Council as well as one of the primary destinations within the habitable zone. Approximately the size of Manhattan, Station 4 never sleeps.

INT. STELLAR STATION 4 BALLROOM - EVENING

High dollar social. Wealthy hob-knob with wealthy. Most of the people in the party are humanoid with at least 5 planets of fashion variation. Most of the humans are lighter skinned and wearing finer clothing.

There are a few Xeviosans at the party. Xeviosans are sasquatches towering more or less a meter over most of the humans. Their hair is finely kempt and they are regally dressed. Upper crust of their species.

Very few lower or middle class people pepper the party. Those who do are generally ignored by the snobs.

One group seems to stand out. Five young women and a Xeviosan. They're casually but confidently clustered at a table near the dance floor not really giving a fuck while waiving over another round of drinks:

ALLIE MAE (early 20s) is a white, thin-yet-muscular woman with freckles. Her face is adorned with piercings complete with an explosion of ear studs lining her earlobes, and shoulder-length, hot-pink-with-dark-roots hair pulled into pigtails.

ETHEL (mid-to-late-20s) is a tall woman with barrel-chested muscle - the kind you get after years of heavy labor - deep brown skin, and short, curly hair. She is clearly romantically linked with Myrtle.

MYRTLE (mid-20s) wears her head shaved bald with medium-brown skin. She sports a chiseled street-fighter's physique with abundant not-well-hidden bruises. She wears her healing knuckles as instead of jewelry.

THELMA (late teens) is barely a meter and a half tall. She adds to her height with massive, at times ornate, natural African-inspired hair. She's a chubby, dark-skinned, in your face tech geek that looks like a younger, out-of-shape version of Ethel.

IDA (young 20s) is a petite lady with light brown skin. Her Adam's Apple protrudes a little too much for her tastes, but her friends never notice. She wears librarian glasses beneath curly red hair and brilliant green fingernails.

WILBUR (early 30s) is a two-and-a-half-meter tall, deep-voiced Xeviosan (sasquatch) with full-body dyed purple hair fading into black roots.

They cackle and converse while scanning the room.

IDA
(frustrated)
Ugh. Find anyone yet? All this
snobbery is screwing with my
allergies.

ETHEL
What about that one?

Allie Mae looks in the direction Ethel nods with her head.

ALLIE MAE
Gross.

MYRTLE
Like you won't do gross.

ALLIE MAE
Myrtle, I may have had my share of
lelike, but that dude is old and
likely flacid. Even worse... sober.
(beat)
I get you've not seen much more
than the inside of Ethel's thighs
in a few years, but you should at
least help me out.

Ethel places her hand flat against her girlfriend's head.

ETHEL

It's okay, baby. You don't need to be anywhere else but between my thighs.

She kisses Myrtle. The rest laugh.

WILBUR

Oh, hon. There's your man.

Wilbur looks to the center of the dance floor where a thick, flamboyant human with a thick beard dances wildly.

THELMA

(impressed)

Nice.

(beat)

You sure he's not for you, Wilbur?

WILBUR

No, hooker. Past the beefcake. I'll get him later.

Looking past the beefcake, we see a chiseled, late-twenties Adonis wearing his complete drunken stupor as a shroud over the extremely expensive diplomatic clothing.

ALLIE MAE

Always the good eye, boo.

(beat)

Time to make Douchy McGee's night.

Allie Mae tosses back her drink and wipes her lips with the back of her hand.

ALLIE MAE (CONT'D)

You guys make sure everything is prepped and we're ready to go when I've got something.

Allie Mae walks away.

WILBUR

I feel sorry for that man. She's gonna hurt his feelings.

THELMA

Welp. I'm gonna get a head start on the unloading before I drink too much to function.

She looks at Ethel and Myrtle who are romantically lost in each other's eyes and lips.

THELMA (CONT'D)

Ida. Wilbur. You two coming?

WILBUR

I'm gonna go meet papa bear over there. I'll catch up later.

Thelma rolls her eyes as Wilbur walks away.

THELMA

Ida?

Ida looks around and huffs.

IDA

Yeah. I guess. Better to be useful than used by these creeps.

Thelma and Ida walk toward the exit leaving Myrtle and Ethel to their lovie time.

CUT TO:

INT. STELLAR STATION 4 PUBLIC PARKING DECK - LATER

The deck is packed with hundreds of thousands of shuttles and ships of various models. Many have dents and dings, bad paint, etc. This is where the lower class parks.

Somewhere in the mix is a pieced-together cargo shuttle the size and shape of a double-decker bus. It is a patchwork of panels showing multiple repairs and colors. Spray-painted in red along the side is "THE BEAST." There are no windows.

The side door is open and there's a blue light inside hinting at monitors lit.

INT. THE BEAST - SAME

Ida sits in the small, two-seater cockpit tapping away at the keyboard controls. Several displays in front of her speed through copy scrolling too quickly to read.

Near the rear of the shuttle, Thelma bounds down the stairs overloaded with two-over-one-shoulder-slung duffel bags and a mid-sized trunk under the other arm. She drops the load by the door with a pile of other bags, boxes, and loose clothes.

THELMA

You know, when I asked for help, it was for this part.

IDA

Sorry. I'm almost done.

THELMA

What're you doing, anyway? I thought the Beast was a gonner.

IDA

He is. Ethel said that last surge fried the thruster elements. Total rebuild was needed.

THELMA

Yeah. She was creaming her panties at the thought of doing that.

IDA

Yeah. Too bad we're broke. No money. No parts.

(beat)

Still, dead thrusters doesn't mean dead computers. Just in case, I'm going through and not just wiping our servers, but wiping all of the custom subroutines I've written for him. All the bypasses and patches over the years are clearly mine and any forensic programmer worth her salt would trace it back.

THELMA

How much longer?

IDA

Just about...

The system beeps interrupting her and the screen full of code instantly shifts to a generic boot screen.

IDA (CONT'D)

Got it! Everything wiped clean.

THELMA

Good.

Thelma slaps a black puck into Ida's hands.

THELMA (CONT'D)

Help me stash these all over.

IDA

What are these?

THELMA
Incendiaries.

Ida gazes at the puck in her hand.

IDA
Rad.

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. BEDROOM - MIDNIGHT

The plastic-walled bedroom is luxurious at only four meters square. It is dark but for the deep yellow runner lights along the wall base giving the room an almost candle-lit glow.

Allie Mae and Prentice, the Adonis from the party, form a mass beneath satin sheets. Prentice snores the snore of the drunken fratboy.

Allie Mae wakes and slips from under his arm and the sheets. Standing nude beside the bed, she silently staggers slightly drunkenly before kneeling and searching the floor for her clothes. Her tall, muscular body is a tapestry of tattoos. Her disheveled hair falls chaotically over her face.

ALLIE MAE
(whispering)
There you are.

She finds her first article of clothing and slides it on before stretching and cracking her every joint, She searches for more clothes dressing piecemeal. Finding her hair ties on the bedside table, she pulls her hair back into pigtails.

Ragg's snoring continues. Allie Mae, disgusted, searches the floor until she finds his pants. In it, she finds his wallet and, in that, his Currency Card.

ALLIE MAE (CONT'D)
Don't mind if I do.

Sliding the card into her pocket, she continues. Searches his shirt: nothing. Finds undies and, with a slight wretch, tosses them aside. Then the dinner jacket: her eyes light as she pulls a CONTROLLER FOB with softly glowing buttons from a pocket.

ALLIE MAE (CONT'D)
Hel ja!

She holds out the fob and presses a button. The CLICK of something unlocking pulls her attention to a family portrait with Prentice giving his cheesiest broad-chinned smile next to an older man (obviously father) and a woman who looks too young to be his mother and too different to be a sibling.

Allie Mae swings the portrait open exposing a thin cabinet with 24 numbered fobs. The light blue one in slot five catches her attention. Swiping it, she leaves the safe fob in its place before pushing the painting back into place and hearing the mag-lock seal. She slides the blue fob into HER pocket and slips silently of the bedroom.

INT. APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Moving through the living area, Allie Mae looks through the thick plexiglass windows at the glowing planet below and the two moons cresting over its horizon. Ship traffic outside is heavy. From her position, we can tell that she's near the top of the station.

The snoring ass in the bedroom chokes on his own spit and she freezes in the silence. When he begins again, she continues through out the main door and into the...

INT. CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

The much brighter corridor is decorated in brilliant red and purple carpets, fabrics, and furniture representing the Dinclinsin government and wealth.

She winces and covers her eyes until she adjusts to the light.

An older couple passes guffawing and hurrying along their way mumbling and cutting eyes at the trashy girl in the wrong area. Allie Mae presses one of the studs in her ear.

ALLIE MAE

You guys awake?

It only takes a second before a voice responds.

ETHEL

(over com)

Bumbo! Of course we here, hooker.
You get all them cobwebs knocked
out yo' batty hole?

ALLIE MAE

Can't really plug a leak with a
toothpick.

ETHEL

(over com)

Teef, you ain't got no leak, you're
sporting a thousand-year flood.

ALLIE MAE

Yeah, yeah.

(beat)

Grab the stuff. Bay five. Deck two.

ETHEL

(over com)

Fancy. See you in a few.

The com disconnects and Allie Mae notices a distinguished ELDERLY MAN standing by the lift doors glaring. Without missing a beat, she reaches past him and presses the button before closing one of her nostrils with a finger and blowing a booger onto the wall near him. He backs away disgusted and angry. The lift opens and Allie Mae hops on. The man declines to join her.

ALLIE MAE

(speaking to lift)

Diplomat parking.

The doors close behind her.

CUT TO:

INT. DIPLOMAT PARKING DECK 2 - SECONDS LATER

The lift doors open and a huge, well-lit parking area filled with luxury space ships awaits beyond. Allie Mae scans the deck before locking on a shimmering BLUE ROCKET standing on four large fins reminiscent of 1950's sci-fi.

Thelma stands with her back to Allie Mae as she approaches. When Allie Mae gets closer, she notices a stream of water arcing from the Thelma's crotch to the ship in space 4, down the side, and to the increasing puddle of piss next to the ship in bay four.

ALLIE MAE

What the hell, Thelma?

Thelma turns with a sly grin and funnel device extending from the crotch of her pants.

THELMA

When ya gotta go...

(beat)

Speaking of... what's with the phallic ship?

She motions toward the rocket.

ALLIE MAE
Grabbed a key. Blue.

A nearby WHOOSH makes them both turn toward another set of lifts. IDA, ETHEL, and MYRTLE tear out of the lift pushing carts piled a little too high with the trunks and duffel bags and boxes and instruments and loose clothing Thelma piled earlier. They seem almost out of control and cackling as if they're half drunk themselves.

WILBUR
(falsetto singing)
Lay-deeees!

WILBUR'S voice comes from behind followed immediately by a loud, deck shaking THUD. They all turn to look at him as he straightens to tower over them.

WILBUR (CONT'D)
We're about a bit of larceny here.
Maybe quiet your blowholes a bit?
(to Allie Mae)
And how was last night's conquest?

ALLIE MAE
Unremarkable.

MYRTLE
So... we doing this or what?

ALLIE MAE
Yes, ma'am.

Allie Mae produces the fob and presses two buttons. The first lowers a platform on hydraulics near the lower back of the ship. The second causes a door halfway up the front of the ship to slide up and a ramp to extend to the ground.

ALLIE MAE (CONT'D)
Wilbur, Ethel, Myrtle... get the gear stored. Ida and Thelma; you're with me.

IDA
(saluting sarcastically)
Aye, aye, captain.

ALLIE MAE
Think you can pilot this thing?

THELMA
This thing is straight up cutting-edge, but, yeah, I got this.

Wilbur starts throws trunks and gear onto the platform.

INT. ROCKET - CONTINUOUS

Through the door, the three women stand in a three-meter wide by four-meter deep room running vertically up through the rocket to a hatch in the ceiling. Beside them, a ladder climbs from the door to that hatch. The opposite wall is covered by plush beige wall-to-wall carpet with intricate mono-chromatic patterns. The other two walls are covered in a beige, purple, and burgundy silk wallpaper and arrayed with horizontal doors on each side. When in space, this is the main corridor with rooms behind each door. Beyond the doors are plush rooms, a gourmet kitchenette, and several other rooms: game room/living room/bar/storage.

IDA
(unhappily)
Wonderful.

Ida huffs and climbs quickly followed by Thelma and Allie Mae.

INT. COCKPIT - CONTINUOUS

The cockpit has seats facing vertically so they have to climb into them and lie back. The cockpit is lined with panels and monitors. The cockpit is a command bay of individual seats: Captain's chair, pilot, co-pilot, coms. Two additional four-seater bench seats are behind the command bay.

The women climb in: Thelma to Pilot. Ida to Coms. Allie Mae to the Captain's seat. She fights a drunken lurch swallowing her own vomit.

Allie Mae slides the BLUE FOB into the ignition slot in her chair and the cockpit comes to life. Thelma begins pre-flight checks. Ida taps her way into the ship's computer.

Thelma looks to a light that turns off on her control panel.

THELMA
We're loaded.

ALLIE MAE
Did you guys get everything?

IDA
Most of it, I guess.

ALLIE MAE
Anything left behind will be fried.

Loud ALARM sounds outside.

ALLIE MAE (CONT'D)
Verdomp! That didn't take long.

Allie Mae presses the com stud on her ear.

ALLIE MAE (CONT'D)
Get your asses up here and strap
in! It's going to be a quick exit!

Thelma frantically flips switches bringing the Rockets engines to life.

Myrtle emerges through the door into the cockpit.

MYRTLE
There goes our clean getaway.

ALLIE MAE
Everyone in?

Ethel emerges through the door into the cockpit.

ETHEL
We're in! Close up.

Allie Mae slams a button over her head and the ramp retracts and the door closes.

ETHEL (CONT'D)
Quiet always bored me anyway. Bust
in. Take shit. Kick dicks.

Wilbur emerges through the door into the cockpit.

WILBUR
Always looking for a fight. Secure
space ports aren't really the best
places to start kak.

ALLIE MAE
How's it coming, Thelma?

Thelma has her command panel opened and is rummaging through the wires and circuits inside.

She jerks out a chip board.

THELMA
Got it!

She tosses it to the side, and closes the panel.

THELMA (CONT'D)
They won't be tracking us.

ALLIE MAE
Good! Let's get out of here.

Allie Mae looks back at Ethel.

ALLIE MAE (CONT'D)
Ethel?

Ethel pulls a com box from her pocket and presses a button.

ETHEL
Solid.

EXT. STELLAR STATION 4 - SAME

The hydraulic pad on which the rocket stands lifts and angles the ship through the open (shielded) bay door.

INT. COCKPIT - SAME

Thelma works the touch panel and maneuvers the rocket off the pad and into space.

ALLIE MAE
Nothing erratic. They haven't swarmed the deck. I'm thinking he doesn't know what I took. Probably can't figure out where his safe fob is.

THELMA
Not my first grand larceny, Allie Mae.

Thelma maneuvers the rocket into traffic and away from the station.

WILBUR
Oh...
(beat)
Big man knows a'ight.

A monitor shows the dock. Prentice, flanked by station police, rushes into the bay. His screamed curses are unheard, but he tries to encourage the police to shoot. They're arguing how stupid and useless hand blasters would be when used against the rocket's energy shield.

ETHEL
Take *that*, bitch boy!

Ida listens through the Coms headset.

IDA
(terrified)
Go, go, go, go!
(beat)
They're launching shuttle cruisers.

EXT. STELLAR STATION 4 - SAME

Three police cruisers armed with energy cannons round the station in front of the rocket.

INT. COCKPIT - SAME

Ida repeats what she is hearing through the headset.

IDA
They're being told to dock and
secure. Guess they really like this
boat.

THELMA
Dock this!

Thelma motions against the control panel.

EXT. STELLAR STATION 4 - SAME

The rocket races toward the cruisers before breaking off and looping scattering the cruisers. Before they can regroup, the Rocket turns it's tip away from the station, the planet, and its moons and the engines light immediately blasting the rocket out of range.

INT. COCKPIT - SAME

Everyone seems tense and unstable.

ALLIE MAE
Are we max speed?

THELMA
Burying the needle.

IDA
 (with a chuckle)
 You're good to back it off a bit.
 Half of station security is
 scrambling to put out a slag cargo
 tub completely engulfing a section
 of public parking in flames.

Ethel smiles and holds up the Com Box.

ETHEL
 (almost sad)
 Bye bye, baby!

IDA
 The cops were in shuttles. No way
 they'll catch up.

MYRTLE
 We're clear then!

THELMA
 Looks like it.
 (beat)
 Where to?

ALLIE MAE
 Ogun. How long?

THELMA
 You nabbed a Roho SX. We top out
 around three-twenty-five kilos per
 sec. Max out the engines, we could
 get there in under three days.

Allie Mae exhales easing the tension in the cockpit.

ALLIE MAE
 Stay around two-hundred. We have
 plenty of time before we need to
 meet up with Jolie and we don't
 need the extra attention.

Allie Mae stands up and stretches.

ALLIE MAE (CONT'D)
 If you guys don't mind, I'm going
 to pick a cabin and vomit.
 (beat)
 A lot.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

EXT. ORBIT OF OGUN - SPACE

Ogun is about 1/4 the size of Dinclinsin. Imagine the equatorial average climate is similar to New England or London. The ice at the poles and would be larger and thicker, the winters more harsh, and the summers mild. So, as the mixed light of the large yellow and the red dwarf suns sparkle across the icy planet as the IRONBLAZE CONSORTIUM STELLAR STADIUM rises over the horizon in a low orbit.

EXT. CLOSER ON STELLAR STADIUM - CONTINUOUS

IRONBLAZE CONSORTIUM STELLAR STADIUM is a corporate-sponsored, large venue for professional sports and popular concerts.

The MARQUEE reads SWEET BOYS - LIVE IN CONCERT TONIGHT!

The Blue Rocket with the anarchy symbol on the hull rounds the large concert hall and docks.

INT. STELLAR STADIUM - CONTINUOUS

The AIRLOCK swishes open and Allie Mae steps out first followed by the angry crew. They've all had a change of clothes and are dressed to work.

MYRTLE

Die duiwel sal jou haal, Allie Mae.
What *is* this gig you landed?

ALLIE MAE

Security. I told you already.

MYRTLE

Security, you said. This is some
bullshit!

ALLIE MAE

A gig's a gig, Myrtle. We've pulled
security for Jolie plenty of times.

Myrtle grabs Allie Mae's arm and spins her around stopping her fast walk through the hallway.

MYRTLE

(incredulously)

We torched the Beast for a gig
working security for a Red-Mum boy
band?!

ALLIE MAE

Don't forget, that cargo clunker of
yours couldn't get from Mombu to
Dinclinsin without breaking down...
twice! That thing has left us
stranded too many times.

(beat)

How many jobs have we missed
because we couldn't get there? We
were lucky to get that tow and to
find that rich domcop. If we missed
another gig, Jolie probably
wouldn't hire us again!

JOLIE

(off screen)

You're probably right about that.

Jolie, a lanky man in his late thirties dressed for event
work, walks quickly down the corridor wearing a huge smile
holding his arms out wide.

JOLIE (CONT'D)

Allie Mae!

He gives her a deep, friendly hug.

JOLIE (CONT'D)

Been too long, gorgeous.

She kisses his cheek.

ALLIE MAE

You live out here on the ass end of
the system. Takes a while to get
out this far.

JOLIE

What're you talking about? That
ship you pulled up in can get
around.

(beat)

Yours?

ALLIE MAE

Borrowed.

JOLIE
 (with a wink)
 Understood.

He makes the zip and lock motion across his lips and tosses away the "key" before turning to Myrtle.

JOLIE (CONT'D)
 And Myrtle, you spectacular specimen. You don't care for the job?

He puts his hand on her shoulder. Myrtle grunts and turns away. Ethel steps up.

ETHEL
 (happy greeting)
 Jolie!

Ethel and Jolie lock hands and pull each other close into a tough, friendly hug.

ETHEL (CONT'D)
 (slightly joking)
 You better keep your hands off my girl.

Jolie raises hands in surrender.

JOLIE
 I'd never cross you, woman. You know this.

MYRTLE
 (calming)
 I'm sorry, Jolie. Definitely appreciate you bringing us on. But those Red-Mum creeps...

ETHEL
 They're getting way more aggressive on the inner co-orbit planets. It's hard to even get home without being confronted by those fundie foks.

THELMA
 Doesn't help their music sucks yeti balls.

WILBUR
 Bitch, you better watch whose balls you talk trash about.

JOLIE

Wilbur, we all know you have the most amazing balls.

WILBUR

Baby, you haven't experienced them, yet.

JOLIE

Something tells me you'd destroy me.

WILBUR

Damn right I would.

JOLIE

But, you, beautiful lady...

Jolie steps to Ida, puts a bent finger under her chin, and angles her face to kiss her cheek.

JOLIE (CONT'D)

...you are a work of art. I can't believe you're still hanging with these lunatics.

Ida blushes.

THELMA

Are we really working security for a pop concert?

Jolie sighs, turns away from Ida, and begins walking back the way he came. The Girlz follow.

JOLIE

Yeah. Look. The Sweet Boys are fokken terrible. Snobby little holier-than-thou imps play-acting like grown ass men. The contract riders these bastards have... ridiculous.

(beat)

Still, they're going to be one of the largest events we're going to have this rotation. And your pay is good because of it.

ALLIE MAE

Yeah, man. Can't thank you enough for thinking of us.

JOLIE

Honestly, my standard security vendor is moving out of the area and wanted way more than I could pay.

THELMA

Why?

JOLIE

We've had some Metalist raids over the last few months and System Security doesn't really care much about poor, little Ogun. Not a wealthy enough tax base to put in the resources.

(beat)

Metalists really haven't hit anything major and they mostly stay beyond the habitable rim, but the Sweet Boys are crazy rich. Like most of those religious swindlers. I'm worried they'll be too good to pass up.

They reach a door labeled LOCKERS.

JOLIE (CONT'D)

Anyway. Desperate times and such. I'm glad you guys made it. If you hadn't, I don't know what we'd have done.

Jolie opens the door.

JOLIE (CONT'D)

You girls get uniformed up. Plenty of sizes to choose from.

The girls begin to file in. Jolie stops Wilbur.

JOLIE (CONT'D)

Not you, Wilbur.

ALLIE MAE

(aggravated)

What? Why? You said all six of us...

JOLIE

Look. Wilbur has a gig, but I mentioned their riders. You know the Church of the Fire of Mum crap.

(MORE)

JOLIE (CONT'D)

They're co-orbit supremacists. They won't let a Xeviosan near them.

WILBUR

That's some bullshit, Jolie, and you know it.

JOLIE

I know. Trust me. I do. These guys are trash. But I have you working the stage hand team. Same pay, so don't worry. But the event crew are my guys and they won't give you shit. Plus, no lame ass security coveralls.

Jolie steps just inside the locker room keeping the door open.

JOLIE (CONT'D)

Get suited up and head to airlock forty-two. Fourth level west. You're going to be shuttled out to Stellar Station Five where you'll board their tour yacht and bring them in. Then you suffer through the free show, escort them back out to Five, and shuttle back here.

Jolie turns to leave with Wilbur, pauses, and turns back.

JOLIE (CONT'D)

And, Ida.

IDA

Yea?

JOLIE

Keep your distance from these assholes and their people. These Fire of Mum loons don't like very many people, but...

IDA

I know. I've dealt with this crap before.

MYRTLE

Rest assured, Jolie. They try to start anything and they'll need protection from their security detail.

Jolie nods and escorts Wilbur away.

WILBUR
(calling back)
Later, bitches!

CUT TO:

EXT. STELLAR STATION 5 - LATER

A small shuttle (about the size of a cargo van) approaches the space station. Docked there is a massive luxury tour ship about two football fields long and four stories tall.

The five women, dressed in matching uniforms that they took the time to personalize (Myrtle has torn off her sleeves exposing her massive arms, etc.), look out toward the extravagant monstrosity.

THELMA
Compensating much?

ETHEL
Yeah. Something tells me the next few hours are going to be a blast.

Ida steps up holding out her hand. A small pile of foam bits fill her upturned palm.

IDA
Earplugs anyone?

They all take their share.

Horrid purity pop music fades in and builds until we...

FADE TO:

INT. STELLAR STADIUM - LATER

The concert is raging. Pure boy band cotton candy crap with purity and evangelical messaging have the massive crowd of hormonal teenagers cheering and swooning.

Wilbur can be seen working in the stage crew.

The girls are placed strategically around the stage. Apart from batting back a few too-eager fans trying to rush the stage, the show is free of drama.

CUT TO:

INT. STELLAR STADIUM - LATER

Backstage. Just after the show.

The Sweet Boys (Shoko, David, and Jim) burst through the doors completely thrilled with themselves. They look exactly like we'd expect. They're overwhelmingly posh - from a planet of white, male privilege.

DAVID
(elated)
Hear that?

He motions to the roaring cheers still vibrating the stadium as they make their way through the backstage are toward the airlock and their tour ship. They're flanked by the girls - Allie Mae and Thelma are closest with Ethel and Myrtle behind and Ida bringing up the rear.

DAVID (CONT'D)
That is the sound of us killing it,
gents!

JIM
Red Man moved through *us* tonight!
Am I right?

Jim throws up a hand and his corny-ass buddies high five him.

Allie Mae closes her eyes and shakes her head.

SHOKO
When you're right, you're right,
brother.
(beat)
Now we celebrate!

As they reach the large dock to their ship, Ethel and Myrtle rush ahead and push back the throngs of fans waiting for them there. Ida, Allie Mae, and Thelma turn to hold back the ones coming up from behind.

The boys stop and turn to wave at their fans.

DAVID
Thank you! All of you! We love you
so much!
(beat)
May the Mum bless and keep you!

Shoko blows a kiss and the throngs of young girls (with a few boys peppered in) squeal.

Jim motions to Allie Mae. When she approaches, he leans in to speak in her ear.

JIM
Hey, Angie.

ALLIE MAE
Allie Mae.

Jim points at randoms in the crowd as he speaks.

JIM
Ok. Anyway. Look, I need you to pull her, her, her, her, and her out. Maybe two or three more. Bring them onto the ship.

ALLIE MAE
I am really not comfortable with...

JIM
Look...
(thinking)
Amanda Lee or whatever. Look, I don't care for what you're thinking, but we spend time in small group worship after all of our shows with some of the fans.
(beat)
So, do what I say and your sexy ass actually gets to keep your job.

Jim turns to follow Shoko and David as they board the ship waiving their goodbyes before turning back and grabbing Allie Mae's arm.

JIM (CONT'D)
Oh... and make sure your little tag-a-long freak over there
(nodding toward Ida)
Stays out of sight. I don't want our service disrupted by *that*.

Allie Mae pulls her arm away from the grotesque little imp a few years her junior. He joins his bandmates on the ship and Allie Mae sighs and turns toward her dirty work.

CUT TO:

INT. TOUR SHIP SWEET BOYS MEETING ROOM - LATER

The room is huge and posh. Buffet snacks. Drink machines dispense a broad non-alcoholic variety. Sofas. Game tables.

Religious iconography. Promotional Sweet Boys posters/flags. Everything late-teens rockstar douchebags would desire.

The boys are lounging. Freshly clean and out of their "innocent" costuming and trying to look edgy and sexy when Thelma opens the door allowing the 5 CHOSEN GIRLS to enter. They're giddy. The girls look annoyed/disgusted/angry.

CHOSEN GIRL 1

Oh wow!

Shoko stands welcomingly. The other two follow.

SHOKO

Mum bless and keep, ladies!
Welcome.

The Chosen Girls respond far too excited to be in unison (or fully understood)

CHOSEN GIRLS

May the Mum bless and keep you,
too.

Jim steps forward and wraps his arm around the shoulders of one of the girls.

JIM

Come in. Come in. We wanted to
continue our worship in a more
intimate setting.

The arm-wrap girl's eyes are huge. She trembles with excitement.

DAVID

Is everyone good with a trip to
Five?

CHOSEN GIRL 5

(only slightly
crestfallen)

I don't think my boyfriend...

DAVID

(interrupting)

Nonsense. He wouldn't rob you of
your time with Yellow Mum. We'll
make sure you get back in no time.

CHOSEN GIRL 5

(hesitant)

Um...

David ushers her toward the drinks.

DAVID

Great!

JIM

(to Allie Mae)

We're good here. You all can step outside.

ALLIE MAE

We're security, not concierge.
Gotta stay with you guys.

JIM

(turning his back on her)

Have it your way.

Jim ushers two of the Chosen Girls toward a sofa.

INT. TOUR SHIP CARGO BAY - SAME

The stage crew, including Wilbur, work to load all of the equipment from the show. Wilbur and a few others are smoking a joint. Ida sits on a crate in the hold weeping softly.

Wilbur notices and approaches.

WILBUR

Hey, beautiful. Why are you down here?

Ida sucks her sniffles away and wipes away her tears.

IDA

Sorry. I can't play with the douchebags, so I get to be hidden away.

Ida grimaces and hops to her feet.

IDA (CONT'D)

Ugh!

(angry)

I should be used to this vullis by now.

Wilbur wraps an arm around Ida's shoulder.

WILBUR

Girl, screw those nasty little trolls. I'll hide out in here and ride back to Five with you.

He holds up the smoldering joint.

WILBUR (CONT'D)
We'll get fokkin' high and break
their shit along the way.

Ida smiles, leans into Wilbur's side, and takes the joint.

IDA
Saamstem.

She takes a deep drag.

CUT TO:

EXT. SPACE - LATER

The tour ship cuts through the blackness of space leaving Ogun and the Stadium behind.

There aren't any ships in the area, but there is a large block of metal in the distance.

INT. TOUR SHIP SWEET BOYS MEETING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The Sweet Boys and the Chosen Girls laugh and flirt and drink. Allie Mae, Thelma, Myrtle, and Ethel cluster away from them near the drink fountains.

MYRTLE
(so the boys can't here)
You know this is some straight up
vullis. Anyone else getting a rapey
vibe?

ETHEL
Yeah, these little naaiers are
gross. Ain't no worship service
here unless you count these boys
trying to get these baby girls to
kneel.

Allie Mae sips on a reddish-orange drink and speaks.

ALLIE MAE
We knew they were creeps. Now, we
get to eat their food and keep
these girls safe until we hit Five
and get them back to the stadium.

JIM
 (off screen)
 You ladies enjoying yourselves?

The four turn to see that Jim has walked up and is getting two drinks.

ALLIE MAE
 You guys have a crazy posh ship.
 Very nice.

Thelma pops an hors d'oeuvre in her mouth.

THELMA
 Food's great, too.

JIM
 (dick)
 Obviously.
 (beat)
 You know it's kind of weird; you four huddled over here. You're welcome to join us. If not, you can explore the ship. There's plenty to do. We have a huge pool on level one.

The girls share a glance.

ALLIE MAE
 We're supposed to stick with you.
 The job and all. Just pretend we're not here.

Jim pulls something from his back pocket and palms it not letting anyone see. Then he grabs up the two drinks and pulls them to his chest to hold with one hand (the one without the thing in it).

JIM
 Suit yourself.

He slyly places the filled hand over one of the drinks and walks back toward the ship. A pill hits the drink and dissolves instantly.

MYRTLE
 You see that?

Allie Mae puts her drink down and begins walking toward Jim.

ALLIE MAE
 I did.

She catches up to him and grabs his arm before he can hand the drugged drink to one of the girls.

ALLIE MAE (CONT'D)

No, sir.

JIM

(turning incredulously)
Excuse me?

ALLIE MAE

Your little worship session doesn't need whatever you put in this little girl's drink.

JIM

Exactly what are you accusing me of?

David and Shoko stand.

ALLIE MAE

I'm not accusing you of shit.

She slaps the drink out of Joe's hand.

ALLIE MAE (CONT'D)

But no one is drinking that.

David and Shoko group behind Jim. Ethel, Myrtle, and Thelma stand behind Allie Mae prepping for a brawl.

DAVID

You ladies are messing up right now.

MYRTLE

(cracking her knuckles)
Doesn't look that way from here.

Jim looks to the girls, all of whom are larger than him, and decides against trying to brawl.

JIM

You know what, to Kuzimu with this. You're all fired. Get out.

MYRTLE

Even better. Now I can make sure you don't make it to any shows for a while.

She steps forward and grabs Jim's shirt with one hand pulling the other back ready to break his jaw.

The SOUND of metal on metal leads to the ship jerking and jostling knocking a few of the standing people off their feet.

DAVID
What was *that*?

The lighting shifts turning off the standard lighting and replacing it with dim emergency lights and flashing red.

ALLIE MAE
Shit.

Allie Mae runs to a window and looks out.

EXT. SPACE - CONTINUOUS

The large block from before is a massive industrial-looking ship about two-thirds the size of the tour craft and it has extended gripper docking arms latching onto the tour ship like an octopus.

ALLIE MAE
Metalists.

THELMA
Balaa. We're boned.

FADE OUT.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

EXT. SPACE - LATER

The Metalist ship has securely latched onto the Sweet Boys tour ship and is moving through space with its prize.

INT. TOUR SHIP HALLWAY - SAME

Sparks fly as the hull is cut open from the outside.

When the hunk of hull drops to the floor, a gang of eight METALISTS enter. Think GVAR - their armor is thick, heavy, and built of scraps.

The Metalist Captain, SIGSTEIN, is commanding in presence and stature as he pushes past his men and into the corridor. He sports an ear piece with mic that he uses to keep in touch with his own bridge.

SIGSTEIN

Outta the way!

He pulls out a tablet about the size of a cellphone with schematics of the Sweet Boys' ship displayed.

SIGSTEIN (CONT'D)

Bridge is ten meters down here and to the right. We take the bridge, then find the prize.

(into his com)

Ivar, stay the course. Get what you can out of the engines. We need to clear this system.

IVAR

(over the com)

Givin' her all she has, Captain.

Sigstein motions to his men.

SIGSTEIN

C'mon. We're wasting our halflife.

CUT TO:

INT. TOUR SHIP SWEET BOYS MEETING ROOM - SAME

Everyone is gathered around the windows peering out.

DAVID

What is that?

JIM

Some crazy fans maybe? What do you think they want?

ALLIE MAE

I didn't see you hit your head, so I'm assuming you were born simple.

JIM

Hey!

ALLIE MAE

(continuing uninterrupted)
Those are Metalists.

SHOKO

The pirates?

DAVID

(bordering panic)
What do they want?

THELMA

They're pirates. What do you think they want?

(not waiting for an answer)

Ignoring the extravagant wealth associated with your garganu-tour ship, the three of you are worth, what, a couple million creds each in ransom?

Jim pushes back from the window and runs for the coms panel on the wall. He presses a button and speaks frantically.

JIM

Captain! Get us out of here, now!

CAPTAIN

(over com)
Sir, we have zero helm response. We're trying to regain control, but we're currently only going wherever they are taking us.

JIM

I don't think you understand,
Captain. You regain control of this
ship and get us out of here. Do
your job!

CAPTAIN

Listen here, you little sh-

A BOOM rocks the speaker and we hear mad screams as the
Metalists race into the bridge. We hear the crew frantically
fighting, but it is short-lived until the speaker goes quiet.

JIM

Captain?
(demanding)
Captain!

David sits on the sofa pulling his knees to his chest.

DAVID

(mumbling)
Oh no oh no oh no oh no oh no oh no
oh no oh no oh no oh no

The Chosen Girls huddle on another sofa terrified.

Allie Mae presses the com stud in her ear.

ALLIE MAE

Ida? You there?

IDA

(Over the earpiece)
I'm here. You seeing this? What's
the play?

ALLIE MAE

Where are you?

JIM

Wait. Who are you talking to?

He walks angrily toward Allie Mae.

CUT TO:

INT. TOUR SHIP CARGO BAY - SAME

Ida and Wilbur look through small portholes at one of the
Machinist Ship's grip arms nearby.

IDA
We're in the cargo hold.

ALLIE MAE
(over com)
We?

IDA
Yeah. Wilbur kinda stowed away.

INT. TOUR SHIP SWEET BOYS MEETING ROOM - SAME

Jim reaches toward Allie Mae trying to grab her arm.

JIM
I *said* who are you...

Before he can get to her, Myrtle steps up and lands a solid punch crumpling him to the floor.

MYRTLE
Damn, that felt wonderful.

Shoko takes a step toward Myrtle.

SHOKO
Hey!

He thinks better of it.

MYRTLE
Sit down, pretty boy.

Shoko sits immediately.

ALLIE MAE
(pressing the stud com)
Metalists took the bridge. They're most likely coming here next. No bigger prize on the ship. I doubt we have more than a couple minutes.
(beat)
Can you two get onto their ship?

IDA
(over com)
Think so. Why?

ALLIE MAE
Metalist ships never have a big crew. Too much opportunity for mutiny.

(MORE)

ALLIE MAE (CONT'D)

Plus, makes for more ships and everyone thinks there's an army. I'd put money on most of the crew came over to show force. Probably only a small bridge crew towing us.

ETHEL

(looking out the window)
We ain't going fast either. You see this? Those ships all have illegal RC Drives and they should be getting this ship out of the system as fast as possible. Something has to be wrong.

(beat)

I think they have a busted drive.

ALLIE MAE

Even better!

(to Ida)

No one knows you're here except us. Get over there. Take their bridge. We'll hold the rest here.

IDA

(over com)

You got it.

The com clicks off and Allie Mae looks around.

ALLIE MAE

We need to try to secure this room. These guys want ransom. That means they want you three.

She motions toward Shoko and David.

ALLIE MAE (CONT'D)

They won't leave until they get you.

(beat)

Ethel.

ETHEL

On it.

Ethel and Myrtle go to the sofa where David is cowering.

ETHEL (CONT'D)

Get up.

SIGSTEIN

(off camera)

No need to stand on my account.

They all turn to see the Metalists, led by Sigstein, shoving the five beaten and battered BRIDGE CREW into the room.

Sigstein looks around the room. He stops when his eyes hit Jim on the floor.

SIGSTEIN (CONT'D)
What happened to him?

MYRTLE
Couldn't handle his liquor.

SIGSTEIN
(sarcastically)
Uh-huh.

Sigstein steps further into the room.

SIGSTEIN (CONT'D)
Move them over there.

He motions toward the back corner behind the banquet counters. Three Metalists push the bridge crew forward. Two more herd David, Shoko, and the Chosen Girls back that way. The two closest to Sigstein move toward Allie Mae, Ethel, and Myrtle in the center of the room.

One gets hit in the face by a stream of yellow water.

PISSYFACE
Wh-what?

Some goes in his mouth.

PISSYFACE (CONT'D)
(spitting)
Piss?!

He turns to see Thelma using her funnel, angled up, to deliver a hot stream of urine to his face. Pissyface lunges angrily only to catch Thelma's powerful hands. Good god the beating.

Allie Mae, Ethel, and Myrtle use the madness and are on the two Metalists without hesitation beating the hell out of them.

SIGSTEIN
(Yelling)
Hold!

They look toward Sigstein to see him with his arm around Thelma's neck.

Pissyface drops limp to the floor at Myrtle's feet. Allie Mae and Thelma release the other one from a headlock.

SIGSTEIN (CONT'D)

You know, living out here on the rim makes for plenty of dry days and nights for us. Kinda lonely. I was thinking all you ladies could've helped out with that. But the little ones would be plenty. I'm sure this ship has an airlock or two if you four do any shit like that again. Now...

Sigstein shoves Thelma toward Ethel and motions toward the others in the back corner.

SIGSTEIN (CONT'D)

...drag your kisasa back there with the rest of them!

CUT TO:

EXT. SPACE - SAME

Ida and Wilbur are in '50s style space suits with fishbowl helmets. This is the standard space wear for this universe, so colors and patterns aren't beyond the design.

They grab cables running up the grip arms and propel themselves, meters at a time, up the arm until they reach the Metalist ship.

They use their mag-lock boots and lock onto the ship and make their way over to an airlock and get inside.

CUT TO:

INT. METALIST SHIP AIRLOCK - CONTINUOUS

They remove their helmets and abandon them in the airlock.

WILBUR

They'll know the airlock was used. Here's hoping Allie Mae was right about the crew size.

They exit the airlock into...

INT. METALIST SHIP CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

...the minimalist, industrial hallways within the ship.

Ida pulls a small cellphone sized tablet from her suit and plugs into a computer bank. She inspects the readout then looks to her right.

IDA

That way.

They walk quickly down the corridor on high alert for any movement.

Ivar's slightly nervous voice crackles over a shitty intercom system. Ida and Wilbur stop their forward motion

IVAR

Whoever you are, you just boarded the wrong ship. Attention, all crew. Intruders near airlock seventeen in starboard deck thirteen. Kill them good.

(beat)

You can save yourselves a lot of pain if you just go back to the airlock and throw yourselves out.

The intercom crackles out.

IDA

That sounds bad.

WILBUR

Dollface, I've had a man post-coitally proclaim his hetero-ness. I know a liar when I hear one. That bitch is scared.

IDA

Then let's get to the bridge before he calls for backup.

She motions toward a door. She hits a button next to it and it slides open. They step in.

She presses a button labeled "B" in a bank of buttons next to the door. The lift door slides shut.

CUT TO:

INT. TOUR SHIP SWEET BOYS MEETING ROOM - LATER

Sigstein sits on a sofa thinking. His seven men (Pissyface is back on his feet) watch their hostages (including Jim, who is also conscious again).

ALLIE MAE
 (from across the room)
 You look like you're thinking
 pretty hard, there. Having trouble
 with that?

PISSYFACE
 Shut your mouth, jou doos.

ALLIE MAE
 Gaan kak 'n aap.

Pissyface raises his fist to backhand Allie Mae.

SIGSTEIN
 (standing)
 Oy!

Pissyface stops.

Sigstein strolls toward the hostages.

SIGSTEIN (CONT'D)
 I was wondering what I was to do
 with all of you. Those three--

He motions toward the Sweet Boys.

SIGSTEIN (CONT'D)
 --are the only ones worth anything.

ALLIE MAE
 Things not going according to plan,
 Sigstein? It is Sigstein, right?

SIGSTEIN
 Not exactly to plan, no. And now I
 got a bunch of extra lungs on my
 boat. A bunch of lungs don't really
 seem worth the hassle.
 (beat)
 If I'm being honest.

ALLIE MAE
 The honesty is appreciated.
 (beat)
 Here's a thought. Why don't you
 just let the rest of us go.

DAVID
(standing panicked)
Wait... what?!

One of the Metalists shoves him back down and wags his finger at David.

SIGSTEIN
Aren't you the security? Protect to the death and all that?

ALLIE MAE
These assholes? Nah. Security gig we're doing on the side. We beat your guys' asses because we thought a bunch of Metalists would be coming in all rapey.

Sigstein chuckles.

SIGSTEIN
What do you know about us?

ALLIE MAE
Pirates. Thieves. Loads of kidnapping and murder. Bombings. You name it, you've done it. Scum of the system and all that.

SIGSTEIN
Sounds about right.
(beat)
Still, just because we're bad guys doesn't mean we're *that* bad. Not about hurting people for fun. We just need the bucks for those assholes.

ALLIE MAE
And the rest of us aren't worth much at all. So, again, why not let us go?

David yells from his seated position.

DAVID
If you let them take us, the whole system will be after you. And you definitely won't get your pay, gutter trash!

A Metalist steps toward him threateningly and David cowers.

ALLIE MAE

(to David)

I'm picking up what you're putting down.

(to Sigstein)

But these people don't deserve this.

She points at the crew.

ALLIE MAE (CONT'D)

They're just trying to make ends meet, and *they're* not hurting others to do it.

SIGSTEIN

Can't cut you loose. Our ship is having... issues.

ETHEL

Knew it!

SIGSTEIN

RC Drive blew when we connected systems. We can't get away. Means neither can you.

ALLIE MAE

Cut us loose. We'll give you time to get past the rim. You get your ransom. We get these people home.

SIGSTEIN

Do you think I'm stupid, girl?

Allie Mae's face betrays her response to the otherwise rhetorical question.

Sigstein looks toward the Tour Ship Captain.

SIGSTEIN (CONT'D)

Does this boat have an RC?

CAPTAIN

(stammering)

N-no. RC Drives are illegal within the Co-Orbit z-zone.

Sigstein shrugs his shoulder.

SIGSTEIN

Figured. Was worth the ask.

(to Allie Mae)

See.

(MORE)

SIGSTEIN (CONT'D)

We ain't getting out of here fast,
and I sure as hell don't trust you
enough to move slow.

Allie Mae's face changes to a sly smile. She's confident and
no longer buying time.

ALLIE MAE

We aren't going beyond the rim with
you, Siggy.

SIGSTEIN

I don't remember offering that as
an option, little lady.

ALLIE MAE

You didn't. But I'm pretty sure
Ivar may have something to say
about that.

Ivar's name is a dagger stabbing into Sigstein's brain.

SIGSTEIN

What did you say?

ALLIE MAE

I guess I should have said
something badass like, "No, you're
the one without options. Especially
now that Ivar has a Xeviosan
standing on his neck."

Sigstein immediately punches the talk button on his headset.

SIGSTEIN

Ivar! Ivar, respond now!

Nothing.

Sigstein's rage overtakes him and he rushes at Allie Mae. She
shifts to one side and uses his inertia to drive his face
into the floor.

Without hesitation, Ethel, Myrtle, and Thelma surprise five
of the remaining Metalists taking them down. The crew and
Chosen Girls jump to their feet and help disarm the last
three.

Allie Mae taps her stud com.

ALLIE MAE

Good work, you two. Full stop.

As the ships come to a mutual stop, Allie Mae turns to Sigstein.

ALLIE MAE (CONT'D)
Your ship is now ours. Time to
negotiate new terms of our capture.

SIGSTEIN
Agreed.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

EXT. SPACE

The ships have separated and are suspended in the black of space next to one another.

CUT TO:

INT. METALIST SHIP ENGINE ROOM

Ethel uses some sort of torque wrench finalizing some sort of plug calibration. The engine wall sparks to life with neon pathways as it hums to life.

ETHEL
(to the machine)
That's it. Moan for me.

She presses her comm piece.

ETHEL (CONT'D)
(into comm)
Their RC Drive is back. They should
get another decade out of this
baby.

INT. TOUR SHIP BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

Ida works with the Bridge Crew to realign their computers. Myrtle and Allie Mae stand next to the Captain.

The Chosen Girls are on the bridge in the back chatting with Wilbur. The Sweet Boys aren't around.

Thelma and Ethel enter through the blasted open bridge doors. Ethel nods at Allie Mae.

ALLIE MAE
(to Coms position)
Get Sigstein.
(beat)
Captain. You good now?

Sigstein is a voice over the computers.

SIGSTEIN

We are. Thank you.

(beat)

We owe you a debt. We remember our debts.

ALLIE MAE

We got you, Captain. Maybe one day we'll get to collect.

The Sweet Boys burst onto the Bridge with Jim in the lead.

JIM

(Screaming at Allie Mae)

This is outrageous! Aiding and abetting an attempted kidnapping! I'll see you and your sicko crew locked away for the rest of your...

He got too close. With a lightening strike, Allie Mae has his crotch in her vice-grip hand.

ALLIE MAE

(to Sigstein)

No worries. We'll count your loss of the ransom as a debt paid. We couldn't possibly go through all of this and not get our paychecks.

(beat)

Mooi loop, Sigstein.

SIGSTEIN

(heartily)

Mooi loop, Allie Mae!

As they watch through the windows, the Metalist ship blasts away.

Allie Mae turns her attention to Jim and the other two Sweet Boys. She doesn't let go of Jim's crotch yet.

ALLIE MAE

Now for you. Do you see this?

She points to the com stud in her ear.

ALLIE MAE (CONT'D)

Com stud. Basic communications tech. We all have them.

(beat)

And see this?

She points to one of the loops in her eyebrow.

ALLIE MAE (CONT'D)
 Three terabyte audio-video
 recorder. Records *everything* I see
 and hear.

Realization hits Jim's face. Allie Mae takes this as her cue to release his genitals. She wipes her hand on her pants leg as if she touched garbage.

ALLIE MAE (CONT'D)
 If one cent is missing when we
 collect our pay from Jolie or if
 any cop ever shows up knocking on
 our door asking about anything that
 happened out here, the entire
 system learns about how their
 favorite little prude bitch-band
 likes to kidnap, drug, and bang
 underage girls.
 (beat)
 Am I understood?

Jim stands slack-jawed. Shoko pulls him back and answers.

SHOKO
 Completely.
 (beat)
 Come on, Jim. Let's rest until we
 get back to Five.

Shoko leads Jim off the bridge. David hesitates, eyes the girls, then walks out defeated.

Ethel leans in to Allie Mae.

ETHEL
 I had no clue your ring was a
 camera.

ALLIE MAE
 It's not. But my sex tapes would be
 so much more amazing if it was.

CUT TO:

EXT. STELLAR STATION 5 - LATER

The tour ship slowly moves away from the dock. Thousands of fans cheer from the station's various observation decks.

INT. STELLAR STATION 5 - CONTINUOUS

Wilbur and the Girlz stand far away from the crowd watching the tour ship depart. Allie Mae wears a frozen grimace of disgust. Thelma steps up beside her.

THELMA

(toward the ship)

Eet kak en vrek, assholes.

(to Allie Mae)

I hate they get to get out of all of this as popular as ever.

ALLIE MAE

Yeah. I'd have loved to have had one more chance to choke the life out of them.

Wilbur and Ida giggle. The others look at them.

ETHEL

What did you two do?

Ida shrugs. As the ship moves far enough away from the station, she pulls her cell-phone sized tablet out and presses a few commands on the screen.

EXT. STELLAR STATION 5 - CONTINUOUS

The fins along the back of the ship sparkle and smoke throwing off some flares. Then, on cue, a huge flag unfurls behind the ship. It reads:

HOLY RAPISTS

INT. STELLAR STATION 5 - CONTINUOUS

The Punk Girlz double over in laughter before composing themselves again.

WILBUR

Okay, bitches. What now?

ALLIE MAE

Take the shuttle back to Jolie's
Collect our pay. Then we take our
new rocket to Kaifu.

WILBUR

Kaifu?! Why that rock?

ETHEL

Our next gig. Old family friend
wants a little help in the
logistics bays.

ALLIE MAE

Plus, getting far away from the rim
until the Metalists cool down isn't
the worst decision we could make
right now.

FADE TO:

EXT. SKYSCRAPER - DINCLINSIN

The huge glass tower stands tallest among the forest of giant
buildings making up Dinclinsin's largest city.

INT. SKYSCRAPER PENTHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

A temple of opulence, the Penthouse hints at the obscene
wealth of the owners.

Prentice Ragg sits in front of an empty desk. He's a child
terrified.

The large double doors behind him burst open and the older
man from the portrait in his space station apartment safe
storms in followed by two ASSISTANTS. This is GOVERNOR RAGG,
wealthiest man on Dinclinsin and the planet's political
leader.

GOVERNOR RAGG

Rocket stolen. Millions in damage
to a governmental space station. My
son panicking like a damned moron
for the entire solar system to see.

Governor Ragg storms his way across the huge room to behind
Prentice and grabs a handful of his hair jerking his head
back.

PRENTICE

Ah!

GOVERNOR RAGG

Who were they?

PRENTICE

I- I don't know. She was just some
random from the party. I- I
thought...

Governor Ragg shoves Prentice's head forward releasing his hair.

GOVERNOR RAGG

Getting your dick wet with some random trash, I understand. But this was idiotic.

(to Assistant)

What's our exposure?

Governor Ragg rounds the desk and looks out the floor-to-ceiling windows at the city beyond.

ASSISTANT 1

Sir, your entire fleet are networked to your private servers to give you access to every file you may need at all times.

He angrily turns toward the three others in the room.

GOVERNOR RAGG

I know that. What do they have?

ASSISTANT 2

Th-there's no way of knowing, Governor. The thieves were quick to take down the transponder and disconnect. We can't trace them and they can no longer access your servers.

GOVERNOR RAGG

But?

ASSISTANT 1

But... Redundancy protocols have your server drives cloned to all of your active ships every six hours. If they want information, they have it.

Governor Ragg picks up a glass paperweight from his desk and pitches it against the nearest wall shattering it.

GOVERNOR RAGG

Then we better hope they don't stumble across those files.

He glares at his son who instantly cowers.

GOVERNOR RAGG (CONT'D)
Seems you have a ship to find.

CUT TO:

EXT. SPACE

The blue rocket races through the emptiness of space toward the large yellow sun and the smaller red dwarf at the center of the solar system.

INT. ROCKET BRIDGE - SAME

Ida and Allie Mae are on the bridge.

Ida taps out some controls on the touch panel before leaning back and propping her feet up releasing a massive belch.

Allie Mae stands from the captain's chair, walks over to Ida and puts a hand on her shoulder. Ida nudges a silent goodnight and Allie Mae leaves.

Wilbur, fur re-dyed to a fluorescent green, enters as Allie Mae exits. He's carrying a huge bucket of popcorn.

He drops down onto one of the bench seats and Ida hops up and joins him.

IDA
I'm glad all that is over.

WILBUR
Same.
(beat)
Still... they may have been massive pieces of theonaut trash, but that big one coulda gotten it.

He cuts eyes to Ida and they both burst out laughing.

FADE OUT.

END OF SHOW