

Skpow!

S1E1 - "Skpow!"

by

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COLD OPEN

**EXT. SKPACE - SPIRAL GALAXY**

The SKEWNIVERSE.

Unlike dull, empty space... THE SKEWNIVERSE IS CROWDED.

Zooming into the galaxy, past stars, planets, nebulae-- a technicolor soup of alien ships, laser fights and explosions.

A planet-sized caterpillar chomps on a blue dwarf star. A swarm of triple-tailed manatees overtake a smoldering frigate. Supernovae and white holes abound.

SLOW TO:

**EXT. SKPACE - PLANET AYQUA**

The Bronwyn Cannonade "Charger," a bulky hexagonal skpaceship, lumbers over a pearlescent blue-green planet.

An enormous cannon, mounted on top and twice as long as the ship, pivots and FIRES.

A crackling metal cannonball snaps across skpace and SKPOWS into a rusting rat-shaped skpacecraft, knocking it spinning.

THE SKEWNIVERSE (V.O.)

SKPOW!

(A key feature of the Skewniverse is that certain sound effects in it are NARRATED. Think of this as a role: big, booming, funny.)

**INT. BRONWYN CANNONADE "CHARGER" - BRIDGE**

CAPTAIN PHILOMEIL is a BRONWYN, a centaur-shaped alien with a horsey head. Two arms. Four legs. Front feet are hands.

He's dressed in crisp navy blues, his equine head trimmed with a slicked collar-length mane.

CAPTAIN PHILOMEIL

Fair shot, Jensen. Still a smidge  
eager on your leads. Track and reload.

He stands on a raised round platform under the gigantic transparent dome of the bridge. Bronwyn officers, including LT. JENSEN, work a ring of stations underneath.

Philomeil takes a sip from a cube-shaped cup of tea, one of his front legs holding the hexagonal saucer.

Through the dome, we see the enormous cannon swing over.

CAPTAIN PHILOMEIL

Fire.

**EXT. SKPACE - PLANET AYQUA**

The Cannonade's main cannon FIRES again. Another cannonball SKPOWS into the tumbling ratship, obliterating it.

THE SKEWNIVERSE (V.O.)

SKPOW!

**INT. BRONWYN CANNONADE "CHARGER" - BRIDGE**

Philomeil nods.

CAPTAIN PHILOMEIL

Lovely.

He plucks a discreet comb from his breast pocket and smooths back his mane. The thick pomade releases an audible SPLUB.

Lt. Jensen, fresh-faced and eager, grins in delight.

LT. JENSEN

Fifty kills. That's quota.

CAPTAIN PHILOMEIL

Lieutenant, I believe you are correct.

LT. JENSEN

Permission to howl and cheer enthusiastically, Cap'n?

Philomeil considers, elevates a single arch eyebrow.

CAPTAIN PHILOMEIL

Briefly.

The Bronwyn officers whoop and high-fifteen each other. A huge banner drops from the ceiling: "50!!!!"

Philomeil smiles, raises a hand, quieting the crew.

CAPTAIN PHILOMEIL

Excellent mirth, everyone. Now, let's tidy up after ourselves, shall we?

(MORE)

CAPTAIN PHILOMEIL (CONT'D)  
 Take us to the debris for reclamation.  
 Ah, I see there's cake.

**EXT. SKPACE - PLANET AYQUA**

Blue rays shine from one of the Cannonade's hexagonal sections. Scrap metal and debris are pulled inside the ship through enormous cargo bay doors.

One minor bit of scrap BEEPS quietly as it's drawn in.

**INT. BRONWYN CANNONADE "CHARGER" - BRIDGE**

Lt. Jensen slathers a wedge of cake in bright blue foam. He freezes when he notices a blinking light.

LT. JENSEN  
 Cap'n. Commodore Tilley on the horn.

A hologram of COMMODORE TILLEY, a female Bronwyn officer in even crisper navy reds, appears before Philomeil.

He tosses his cake to an orderly and snaps to a proud salute.

CAPTAIN PHILOMEIL  
 Cannonade "Charger." Captain Junior Grade Philomeil, reporting. Quota complete. We're ready to set sail for Aloha and a bold new direction--

COMMODORE TILLEY  
 Captain, I'm afraid I can't recommend you for promotion to Aloha sector.

CAPTAIN PHILOMEIL  
 You... you can't be serious. Sir, my record is spotless. My uniform is spotless. I sleep in this uniform--  
 (flustered)  
 Not this uniform, obviously. I have a special sleeping--  
 (back on track)  
 Sir, my duty is my life.

COMMODORE TILLEY  
 And that's the problem.

Tilley's hologram puffs her chest and gestures grandly.

COMMODORE TILLEY

You run a tight ship, Philomeil, but you're a stiff. At Aloha we need visionaries. Zesty. Fun at parties. Bigger than the uniform.

CAPTAIN PHILOMEIL

Bigger? Look at me, I'm huge. This thing barely fits. Sir, I'm ready to "Be more than I ever imagined!"

**INT. BRONWYN CANNONADE "CHARGER" - CARGO BAY 4**

Skpacesuited Bronwyn manage the cloud of magnetically suspended junk, including the minor bit of beeping scrap.

CAPTAIN PHILOMEIL (O.S.) (CONT'D)

These backwater Voskum pose no challenge to us. Where's the valor in sweeping up flotsam...?

The minor bit of beeping scrap beeps quicker, faster--

CAPTAIN PHILOMEIL (O.S.)

...or is it "jetsam"?

The beeping STOPS, then the scrap--

THE SKEWNIVERSE (V.O.)

SK-POP!!!

--POPS like a million blinding green flashbulbs.

**INT. BRONWYN CANNONADE "CHARGER" - BRIDGE**

The Tilley hologram disappears as all the lights on the bridge GO OUT. Philomeil's eyes go wide in his silhouette.

CAPTAIN PHILOMEIL

Commodore? Are you there? Jensen!

LT. JENSEN

(fraying)

Power's gone. Controls are dead!

CAPTAIN PHILOMEIL

Steady, Lieutenant. Switch to backups. Put down the cake.

**EXT. SKPACE - PLANET AYQUA**

A second green ratship pings into existence-- rapidly closes on the stricken "Charger"-- opens up with its rapid-fire zappers and-- strafes explosions across the Cannonade hull.

THE SKEWNIVERSE (V.O.)  
Sk-k-k-k-pow-pow-pow-pow!

**INT. BRONWYN CANNONADE "CHARGER" - BRIDGE**

The crew staggers as emergency backup power flickers on.

LT. JENSEN  
Voskum Raider on attack vector!

CAPTAIN PHILOMEIL  
Thank you, Lieutenant. We know. Shoot it, please.

Overhead, the giant Bronwyn cannon rotates to follow the ratship arcing around for another attack.

CAPTAIN PHILOMEIL  
Yes, yes... smidge more... and, FIRE!

Philomeil watches the massive cannonball as it crackles toward the ratship, which...

DISAPPEARS and BLINKS FORWARD! The entire crew GASPS.

THE SKEWNIVERSE (V.O.)  
Sk-MISS!

CAPTAIN PHILOMEIL  
Balls!

The ratship skips out of the cannonball's path and flies straight at the "Charger," zappers blazing! Point blank!

THE SKEWNIVERSE (V.O.)  
Sk-k-k-k-k... POW!

The dome explodes, blowing Philomeil and the crew out into skpace. Philomeil's comb spins past us as we--

SMASH TO TITLE:

SKPOW!

END OF COLD OPEN

**ACT ONE****INT. VOSKUM RAIDER - CARGO DUMP**

The Voskum Raider's cargo dump is round and cramped, lit in shadowy greenish light. More a gut than a cargo bay.

Piles of junk, equipment and collectibles are impossible to tell from the walls, floor and ceiling.

Philomeil lies unconscious on rusty plating. He stirs.

PHILOMEIL'S POV: a VOSKUM, a rat-like alien, stares at him.

This is GRAMARAT. Elderly, grey-haired, waist-high to Philomeil, sporting a dirty shawl, spectacles, and a bindle sack full of tools.

CAPTAIN PHILOMEIL

GAAH!

Philomeil leaps to his feet-hands. He puts up his dukes in an old-timey boxing stance, plus an alternating third duke as his front legs hop back and forth.

CAPTAIN PHILOMEIL

I am prepared to defend myself!

GRAMARAT

Tee-hee-heeeee!

Clearly amused, Gramarat exits up a cramped rat-tunnel.

Philomeil looks around, taking in the filth for the first time. He pulls a dog-eared army comic ("Gunner Greenly") from his jacket, rubs it for luck.

He grimly approaches the rat-tunnel, humming the Bronwyn Anthem under his breath for courage:

CAPTAIN PHILOMEIL

"...for order justice freedom, with  
cannons firm, boys! Balls ho!"

**INT. VOSKUM RAIDER - DRIVING ROOM**

The ratship's driving room is similarly bejunked, twisting with pipes and cables. Two enormous portholes, the "eyes" of the ship, face forward into skpace.

MOMARAT, a bigger, sleeker, tank-topped brown Voskum, works jerry-rigged controls while dousing various small fires. Gramarat pops out of a cramped tunnel on the wall.

GRAMARAT

Hee-hee! Crazy plan. Never gonna work.

MOMARAT

Is too gonna. Better than your flakey skitter-drive. We're half-fritzed.

GRAMARAT

Ya, ya, ya...

Gramarat dons a tattered skspacesuit as assorted BANGS and CLUNKS can be heard from the tunnel.

CAPTAIN PHILOMEIL (O.S.)

Oof! Ow! Curse it! This is--

Philomeil tries to push through the narrow opening. He squeezes out his head, arms, one leg, and gets thoroughly stuck. He tugs his jacket to resume dignity.

CAPTAIN PHILOMEIL

Voskum! May I assume you are in command of this vessel?

MOMARAT

It ain't "Voskum," mister. Name's Momarat.

CAPTAIN PHILOMEIL

I am Captain Junior Grade Heronimous Philomeil of the Bronwyn Admiralty. You will release me at once.

MOMARAT

There's the door.

She jerks a thumb at a rickety door with a screen. Next to it, Gramarat seals her skspacesuit helmet, yanks the screen back and slides the door open.

NO AIRLOCK! The air HOWLS, sucked out into empty skspace, fruit rinds and snack wrappers swirling in the tempest.

Philomeil flails, assaulted by garbage in all directions.

Gramarat crawls outside. With jerky yanks, she slams the screen, then the door, shut. The wind mostly dies down.



Momarat pulls a sci-fi horse bridle/ball gag from a cupboard.

MOMARAT

It's like this, Mister Philomeil.

CAPTAIN PHILOMEIL

Captain.

She measures it up to Phil's face, fiddles with the straps.

MOMARAT

Scroungin' ship cores is a lotta work.

CAPTAIN PHILOMEIL

You sound like my father.

MOMARAT

So I'm tryin' something new. Ytano Frigateers in this sector, they got 'spensive tastebuds. Say I knew one in the market for a big juicy Bronwyn?

Philomeil recoils in horror.

CAPTAIN PHILOMEIL

But that's an appalling violation of Declaration Twelve!

Gramarat raps on the outside of the porthole, pointing in at Philomeil. Her voice titters over the radio.

GRAMARAT (O.S.)

Hee-heee! Gonna eatcha!

Philomeil thinks fast.

CAPTAIN PHILOMEIL

Listen... "Momarat." Your "plan" is madness, and entirely unnecessary.

MOMARAT

Yah? Got a better idea?

CAPTAIN PHILOMEIL

Obviously. If cores are all you need, we have dozens in surplus. I propose a gentleman's trade: me for the cores. Allow me to contact my ship and you'll have as many as you like.

GRAMARAT (O.S.)  
Can't trust.

MOMARAT  
Grama's got a point, Mister Philomeil.  
Why should I believe a hoity sixer?

Philomeil, offended, solemnly raises his swearing-in hand.

CAPTAIN PHILOMEIL  
As Captain of the Bronwyn Admiralty,  
Junior Grade, I give you my word.

Momarat considers, shrugs, and hands him a dirty radio on a cord. He fusses with it a moment, then:

CAPTAIN PHILOMEIL  
Ahem... MAYDAY! General Distress! This  
is Captain Philomeil of the Admiralty,  
taken prisoner by the smelliest--

Momarat snatches the radio and raises the ball gag-bridle.

MOMARAT  
Alright piggy. Off to market with ya.

THE SKEWNIVERSE (V.O.)  
SKPOWWW!!!

The ship lurches with a thunderous SKPOW! Momarat crashes to the deck, and squints upward to see...

Gramarat frantically pounding on the outside of the porthole, pointing at...

The Cannonade "Charger," approaching quickly. Smoking and listing badly, it cranks its cannon back for another shot.

Philomeil raises a fist and a leg in triumph.

CAPTAIN PHILOMEIL  
Ha! Good shot, Jensen! Or whoever! You  
got the old girl fighting again!

MOMARAT  
Not for long.

Momarat slams a steer-stick, stomps on a taped-up throttle.

**EXT. SKPACE - PLANET AYQUA**

The engines RUMBLE as the ratship accelerates towards the stricken Cannonade. Gramarat clings to the hull.

**INT. VOSKUM RAIDER - DRIVING ROOM**

Philomeil struggles to extract himself from the tunnel.

CAPTAIN PHILOMEIL

No! I will not sit wedged idly by as you commit another cowardly attack on my ship!

With Herculean effort he turns, twists, and clatters out of the hole, spilling painfully onto some pipes.

He launches himself at Momarat, knocks her back, grabs the steer-stick and wrenches it to the side.

MOMARAT

Get yer flappers off our steer-stick!

Momarat lunges, darts nimbly through Philomeil's legs and sinks her jaws into his arm. It's a chaotic ratfight!

CAPTAIN PHILOMEIL

Oh, you rotter!

Through the portholes the Cannonade grows bigger and bigger and BIGGER...

MOMARAT

Stuck-up, fancy-pantsy, lying lie-faced liebaby liar--

CAPTAIN PHILOMEIL

Promises made to Voskum carry no weight, madam, and furthermore--

**EXT. SKPACE - PLANET AYQUA**

The ratship collides with the much larger Cannonade--

THE SKEWNIVERSE (V.O.)

Skkkkkkkkk...

-- grinds across its hull, wedging itself under the cannon, tilting the cannon's ass-end down into the Cannonade --

THE SKEWNIVERSE (V.O.)

POWWWW!

-- the cannon FIRES, sending the two ships flying apart --

-- the ratship tumbles off, sparking and belching smoke,  
towards the pearly blue planet AYQUA.

**EXT. PLANET AYQUA - DESERT ISLAND BEACH - DAY**

An inside-out crab emerges from a growth of upside-down palm trees. Hears something.

THE SKEWNIVERSE (V.O.)

SkeeeeeEEEEEE--

It pops an eyestalk up, sees the ratship tumbling out of the sun, and scuttles for cover. A huge shadow grows over it.

The ratship SLAMS into the beach, obliterating the crab...

THE SKEWNIVERSE (V.O.)

POW!

...AND obliterating the torso of the ratship. The ratship's head SNAPS OFF--

-- bounces like a football down the beach --

-- finally slams into a tree, flinging Philomeil, Momarat and spacesuited Gramarat onto the blue-green sand.

They stagger to their feet, still wobbly. Philomeil's mane is a sandy shambles. He angrily retucks his uniform.

CAPTAIN PHILOMEIL

I trust you're proud of yourself, you duplicitous, greedy, lawless--

MOMARAT

Stop with the sweet talk, mister. Ya ain't my type. Plus, ya smell.

Philomeil claps a foot-hand to his heart, aghast.

CAPTAIN PHILOMEIL

I? I? Let me assure you, madam, the Brownyn are famously, delightfully scented. If anyone smells, if anyone stinks, if anyone present is emanating a putrid, rank, odoriferous...

A deep RUMBLE is heard. Everybody looks around.

CAPTAIN PHILOMEIL  
...stench, it is--

A MONSTER erupts from the sand!

The monster is a GIANT NOSE. It takes a huge SNIFF. Turns on its three stumpy legs to face Philomeil.

The nose's nostrils flare open, huge and razor-jawed.

GIANT NOSE  
FOOOOOOOOOOD!

Philomeil instinctively pops up three dukes.

CAPTAIN PHILOMEIL  
I am prepared to defend--

The nose INHALES with hurricane force, sucking Philomeil off his feet and into the left nostril.

The nose CHOMPS! And trots away, chewing and CRUNCHING.

INSIDE THE NOSE'S NOSTRIL

Teeth gnash and grind. Philomeil is mangled and tossed.

CAPTAIN PHILOMEIL  
Ag! Ug! Unacceptable!

MOMARAT (O.S.)  
BACK OFF!

A pipe thrusts into the nostril, levers it open. Momarat clambers in after it, tugging at Philomeil's limp form.

MOMARAT  
He's our score, ya honkin' brutius!

She twists, shoves her ass inward...

CAPTAIN PHILOMEIL  
No-- stop-- what are you--

...and FARTS UP THE NOSE'S NOSE in a burst of green gas.

OUTSIDE THE NOSE'S NOSTRIL--

The nose wretches, coughs, hacks, and--

GIANT NOSE  
SK-CHUAAAAH!

--sneezes them onto the sand, gooey, green and limp. Momarat lies on top of a splayed Philomeil.

Momarat gazes helplessly as the nose steps forward, blots out the sky, flares its nostrils wide to inhale them both, and...

Writhes and shakes, ARCING WITH ELECTRICITY! The nose collapses in a smoking heap, REVEALING:

Gramarat jamming it in the butt with a handful of live cables from her skpacesuit.

GRAMARAT  
Got 'em!

Momarat slides off Philomeil, who has been thoroughly mangled. He shakes a feeble fist at Momarat, wheezing...

CAPTAIN PHILOMEIL  
How like... a rotten...

He passes out.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO**EXT. DESERT ISLAND BEACH - NIGHT**

A campfire burns on the moonlit beach. Momarat pokes it with a stick. Gramarat roasts a chunk of nose next to a sick-looking Philomeil, who shivers under a ratty blanket.

CAPTAIN PHILOMEIL

I trust you realize your foolish act of heroism cuts no mustard. As it happens I'm done for.

MOMARAT

Uh-uh, mister. You ain't dyin' on us. Live meat's worth extra.

Gramarat fingers a piece of nose into Philomeil's mouth.

GRAMARAT

Keep up strength.

CAPTAIN PHILOMEIL

Uk! Ptew! Madam your nails are appalling.

He slumps back and stares into the night sky. A small dot arcs overhead in the heavens.

PHILOMEIL'S POV: Hard zoom to the dot, revealing it's the "Charger," inoperative but intact, orbiting the planet.

CAPTAIN PHILOMEIL (CONT'D)

There she is. My home. My heart. So close I could touch it, if not for you miserable creatures.

MOMARAT

Never woulda happened if you'da been straight about tradin' them cores.

CAPTAIN PHILOMEIL

If you desire cores so badly may I suggest you get a job.

GRAMARAT

Job? Job he says. Oh, I had job.

Gramarat tightens her kerchief.

GRAMARAT

Mister Bronny. Ever seen a planet get slurped?

**INT. VOSKUM FACTORY - DAY [FLASHBACK]**

A YOUNGER GRAMARAT pulls a pin from her kerchief and tools it around inside a metal orb brimming with wires.

GRAMARAT (V.O.)

Old Vosk City. Twenny wheels ago. Had job fixing ship bits. Good life. Was gaussing Loobee jammer when it hit.

Gramarat looks up as her world shakes.

OFF GRAMARAT'S GAZE, we zoom up through the building, up through the quaking RAT CITY, all the way up to reveal...

**EXT. LUMINOUS YELLOW PLANET - SKPACE [FLASHBACK]**

The shimmering image of the OLD VOSKUM HOMEWORLD is eclipsed by a planet-sized ball of water. It fizzes and glubs, makes wobbly contact with the planet and steadily envelopes it.

GRAMARAT (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Biggy waterblob. Biggy as planet. Nobody know what it come from. All we can do is run...

ZOOM TO:

OLD VOSK CITY -- as it crumbles and floods. The water rises ten meters a second. Ships flee in all directions.

ABOVE THE CITY two skittering ratcars collide in mid-air. A tiny Voskum child (BABY MOMARAT) is hurled from the wreckage.

She falls down, down, until... two hands SNATCH her!

The hands belong to GRAMARAT. She clings to a swaying communications tower full of desperate Voskum.

GRAMARAT (V.O.)

But soon, nowhere left to run...

Gramarat swaddles the child in her kerchief, snaps off a chunk of antenna and ties it like a hobo's bindle.

Bindle in hand, she bounds up the tower like a mad ape. From the tip, she LEAPS-- landing on--



A RATSHIP as it pulls to a speedy vertical ascent.

Gramarat clings to the ratship, watching as a mile-high wall of water swallows the tower, the city, her people.

GRAMARAT (V.O.)

And that was it for job.

The flooded planet dissolves to:

**EXT. DESERT ISLAND BEACH - NIGHT**

BACK TO THE PRESENT. A tear wells in Philomeil's eye.

CAPTAIN PHILOMEIL

(to himself)

That... would make a proper anthem...

(reels it back)

Tragic, but nothing to do with me.

GRAMARAT

In time, find new Voskball. Half a wheel ago, new waterblob. Double biggy waterblob, collision course. Seen it early. But soon planet get slurped.

CAPTAIN PHILOMEIL

So get another. There's trillions.

Momarat hurls her poking stick into the fire and stands up.

MOMARAT

Mister, we got a skazillion Voskum and like eight ships. There's no time. But Gramarat here, she built a machine. With enough cores to power it--

GRAMARAT

Spin waterblob to itsy bits!

CAPTAIN PHILOMEIL

Still no excuse for banditry. There are proper forms and proper channels and proper-- ACH!

Momarat grabs Phil by the scruff and pulls him close.

MOMARAT

Look, we're not arguing about this. You go in the pot, we get the cores, our planet gets saved.

CAPTAIN PHILOMEIL  
 HA! Nobody's going anywhere. Who's  
 coming to rescue you?

He puts his thumb and pinky up to his face like a fake phone.

CAPTAIN PHILOMEIL (CONT'D)  
 "Hello, PanSkewniversal Transport? I'd  
 like to schedule a pickup. What's  
 that? You don't exist? Very good, I'll  
 inform my captors immediately." Sorry,  
 it seems there's no prospect of  
 escape. She says the rescue situation  
 is utterly, completely, hopelessly...

He trails off, hearing something. Looks up. Is it, faintly--

--"I Was Made For Lovin' You" (or some similarly rockin'  
 ditty special-made for Skpow)?

CAPTAIN PHILOMEIL (CONT'D)  
 ...hopeless?

It is. It gets louder.

THE SKEWNIVERSE (V.O.)  
 (singing)  
 I WUZ MADE FOR SKLOVIN YOU BAYBEE

**INT. FROGSHIP - COCKPIT - NIGHT**

Way louder in here, the expansively gorgeous cockpit of the  
 Froeg Percolator Frogship "My Trip."

THE SKEWNIVERSE (V.O.)  
 (singing)  
 YOU WERE MADE FOR SKLOVIN ME

F.M. JONEZ is a FROEG, a lanky frog-like alien. He rocks his  
 head to the music, sporting his slick 70's attire and huge  
 orange bouffant like a champ.

F.M. JONEZ / THE SKEWNIVERSE (V.O.)  
 (singing)  
 AND I CAN'T GET SKENOUGH OF YOU BAYBEE

Beside him hovers a vertical ring (ZIZ), studded with  
 vertical protrusions, globs of color floating in the center.

F.M. JONEZ / THE SKEWNIVERSE (V.O.)  
 (singing)  
 CAN YOU GET SKENOUGH OF ME

F.M. shifts in his fuzzy plush driver's seat, smoothly urges one of the immaculate pearl-handled grips forward.

**EXT. FROGSHIP - NIGHT**

Coming in over the moonlit ocean, F.M.'s Frogship --a house-sized shiny red ball with cool yellow fins and a curved funnel sticking out the front-- dips towards the island.

**EXT. DESERT ISLAND BEACH - NIGHT**

The music gets louder and louder. Philomeil and the Voskum gape, dumbfounded, as the Frogship pulls up above them--

--skids a couple flashy backward donuts in the air--

--and drops smoothly to settle in the sand a few meters from the campfires.

The Voskum leap up and strike defensive poses, claws up.

The music fades as a hatch opens. F.M. and Ziz emerge, F.M. brandishing a dangerous-looking bulbous device.

F.M. JONEZ  
 Skpow, everybody!

He sticks the back end of the bulb in his mouth, takes a long suck and exhales a cloud of bubbles.

F.M. JONEZ  
 Vosk and Bronny, huh? You all huxley now? That's a trip.

He flashes a big disarming froggy smile and bloodshot eyes.

F.M. JONEZ (CONT'D)  
 Name's F.M. Jonez. Saw your fire. Thought you might be... well, you ain't Froegs, that's for sure.

Gramarat and Momarat relax their fightin' stance as F.M. swaggers over to the campfire. Philomeil glares at F.M.

CAPTAIN PHILOMEIL  
 Jonez.

MOMARAT  
You know this guy?

CAPTAIN PHILOMEIL  
Bronwyn Most Wanted, number four-  
forty-one. Distribution of Nefarious  
Ingestibles.

Philomeil coughs one of his smaller lungs out onto the sand.

F.M. JONEZ  
Your Bronny's looking a tad howard,  
there, ladies.

MOMARAT  
He's fine.

CAPTAIN PHILOMEIL  
Just let me die in peace.

MOMARAT  
Yer not dying, ya big baby. Critically  
injured, absolute worst.

F.M. JONEZ  
That's no way to skparty. Ziz, come  
take a le guin at this guy.

Ziz floats closer, extensions lengthening and contracting.

F.M. JONEZ  
This here's Ziz. Ziz, tell the nice  
skpeople what you require.

ZIZ  
I require information! Would you like  
to complete a short survey?

F.M. JONEZ  
Ziz can patch him up, if you don't  
mind a little ellison.

MOMARAT  
How much ellison?

CAPTAIN PHILOMEIL  
Don't you dare.

Momarar looks to Gramarat.

GRAMARAT  
I ain't carrying him.

MOMARAT  
(to Ziz)  
Do it.

ZIZ  
I require 17 liters of blood plasma!

MOMARAT  
Wait, what--

Ziz spears a dozen protrusions into Momarat!

MOMARAT  
OH SHE MAMA NO LIKEY WHOAAAA

More protrusions lance into Gramarat, F.M. and Philomeil.

F.M. JONEZ  
No worries it's allll good--

Held fast, the blood donors and recipient twitch and grimace as the protrusions gulp and slurp.

Philomeil jerks and twists as the protrusions lift him, unbreaking his shattered bones--

CAPTAIN PHILOMEIL  
OH THAT IS JUST THE LIMIT GLAKK--

-- scooping the lung from the sand and jamming it back down his throat.

The protrusions finish their grisly work and retract with a--

THE SKEWNIVERSE (V.O.)  
Skpop!

-- dumping Philomeil, Voskum and F.M. to the sand.

GRAMARAT  
Hee-heeee! That's new! Do it again!

ZIZ  
Thank you for your response!

They all stagger to their feet. Philomeil pats himself suspiciously, fingering the many new holes in his uniform.

CAPTAIN PHILOMEIL  
What have you done?

MOMARAT  
That's two ya owe me, mister.

F.M. JONEZ  
We all gibson? Good as new?

CAPTAIN PHILOMEIL  
F.M. Jonez, in the name of the Bronwyn  
Admiralty, I order you to return me to  
my ship at once.

MOMARAT  
Nuh-uh, I order you to take us to  
Voskball. It's an emergency.

F.M. JONEZ  
Order this, otter that. Niven, you  
guys are an uptight twosome.

CAPTAIN PHILOMEIL/MOMARAT  
(together)  
TWSOME?

Momarat takes a big step away from Philomeil, who brushes the  
remnants of that thought from his shoulders.

F.M. JONEZ  
And more alike than you care to admit.  
Looks like another episode of "F.M.  
Jonez gets here just in time."

F.M. winks and finger-guns at Ziz.

Floodlights and music blast from the Frogship. A dozen sexy  
holographic Froegs flicker on and gyrate vigorously.

A huge projection appears above the Frogship, a t-shirt  
design: F.M. Jonez double-fisting bulbs, words underneath:

SKPARTY ANIMAL!

F.M. sashays his tremendous self to his signature throbbing  
bassline as sexy male and female holo Froegs drape arms  
around him and pull him into the party.

F.M. JONEZ  
Unh! Unh! Unh! Oh yeah--

CUT TO:

**EXT. DESERT ISLAND BEACH - NIGHT (LATER)**

Philomeil and Momarat, arms folded, stew at the edge of the dance floor as Gramarat and F.M. cut rugs amid the holofrogs.

CAPTAIN PHILOMEIL

Ridiculous.

MOMARAT

Try sharing a skpaceship with her.

He takes an unhappy pull on one of F.M.'s bubble-bulbs and exhales. Reaches to steady himself, finds nothing, stumbles.

CAPTAIN PHILOMEIL

This is the worst day of my life. I don't even drink.

MOMARAT

You do now. Ya got Voskum blood in ya, mister.

CAPTAIN PHILOMEIL

I don't have to listen to this profane vulgarity. And, indeed, will not.

He stomps unsteadily off into the shadows under the trees as a sweaty F.M. staggers from the dance floor over to Momarat.

F.M. JONEZ

He ain't a bad guy. He just got orwelled. Raised in a lousy system. He don't see it, yet, cuz he dumb.

MOMARAT

We almost done here? Ya gonna give us a lift or not?

F.M. JONEZ

You ever been lonely? Like, cosmically?

Momarat rolls her eyes. F.M. takes a thick pull on his bulb.

F.M. JONEZ (CONT'D)

A skparty's a beautiful thing.

An apple-sized tear drips from one of his froggy eyes.

F.M. JONEZ (CONT'D)  
Nothing sadder than a skparty foul.

**EXT. DESERT ISLAND BEACH - TREES - NIGHT**

The party murmurs in the distance. Philomeil stumble-paces in the shadow of a tree, pounding bulb and talking to himself.

CAPTAIN PHILOMEIL  
Shut up, Dad! You'd never understand what they took from me. My flawless record, skpowed to oblivion. My favorite uniform, totalled...

He falls flat into a puddle.

CAPTAIN PHILOMEIL  
And my hair...?

He bursts into sudden tears, clawing at his hair. The army comic flops out of his jacket. He picks the comic out of the puddle and stops crying, bravely thumbing away his tears.

CAPTAIN PHILOMEIL  
Chin up, Captain. What would Gunner Greenly do? "Whatever it takes to save the day."

A burst of laughter from the party catches his attention. His eyes widen, then narrow. He's got an idea.

**EXT. DESERT ISLAND BEACH - NIGHT**

Gramarat titters as Ziz does party tricks. Momarat frowns as F.M. fills a bulb from a tap on the Frogship.

F.M. JONEZ  
Thing is, Moma, you might be talking to the last Froeg in the skewniverse.

MOMARAT  
Look, no offense, but I ain't interested in yer life story.

F.M. presses a bulb into her reluctant claws.

F.M. JONEZ  
This was my home. Weren't always this wet. More beach, less ocean, y'know. Had a nice little operation. Ziz, she was one of my disciples. Strange girl.  
(MORE)



F.M. JONEZ (CONT'D)  
 Don't super know her pratchett, to be  
 honest. But everything changed when  
 the Bronwyn waterball hit.

Momarat triple-takes and squeezes her bulb so hard it bursts.

MOMARAT  
 Bronwyn WHATball?

**EXT. DESERT ISLAND BEACH - BEHIND FROGSHIP - NIGHT**

The side of the Frogship facing the ocean is dim, shadowed  
 from the partying. Moonlight glitters on the water.

Philomeil's ears emerge from the water, followed by the rest  
 of him. Garbed only in his underwear, he sloshes ashore as  
 quietly as he can and tiptoes up to the Frogship.

He was right: there's a hatch on this side, with a keypad.

He taps -- DEET DEET DEET -- on the keypad. It BUZZES.

He cracks his knuckles, tries again. DEET-DEET-DEET-DEET,  
 fingers flying over the keypad.

The keypad BLEEPs. The hatch slides open.

Philomeil grins in the moonlight.

CAPTAIN PHILOMEIL  
 (softly)  
 Skpow.

A banana-shaped coconut BOUNCES OFF Philomeil's head. He  
 turns and sees Momarat in the moonlight hucking another one.

MOMARAT  
 You! You did it to us!

CAPTAIN PHILOMEIL  
 What are you blithering about?

MOMARAT  
 The floodballs! Aloha ring a bell? Yer  
 stupid tea cup megamall condo project?

CAPTAIN PHILOMEIL  
 Our watershed achievement, you mean?  
 Our great civilizing work, our grand  
 monument to our unwavering standards?

(MORE)

CAPTAIN PHILOMEIL (CONT'D)

Yes, I have heard of it.

MOMARAT

The WASTE from it is killin' everybody  
for sixty parsecs!

Philomeil rears up on his hind legs in a furious huff,  
crossing his upper arms AND his front legs.

CAPTAIN PHILOMEIL

That is a lie! Aloha waste products  
are perfectly harmless and properly  
disposed of!

Momarat whips out a compass-like gadget that pops up a  
hologram of waterblobs enveloping planets.

MOMARAT

Does this look proper to you?

Philomeil stares in horror at the hologram as planet after  
planet gets slurped. He gulps. Plops back down to his normal  
stance. Looks away in sudden shame.

CAPTAIN PHILOMEIL

I didn't know.

They stand in the silence for a beat.

MOMARAT

So what are you gonna do about it?

CAPTAIN PHILOMEIL

Oh, that's easy.

He dives into the open Frogship hatch.

MOMARAT

Son of a--!

**INT. FROGSHIP AIRLOCK - NIGHT**

The Frogship airlock is slick and spacious, which Philomeil  
completely ignores as he leaps to the inner door controls--

--too late, as Momarat piles into him, slamming him into the  
control panel, which BREEPS--

**EXT. DESERT ISLAND BEACH - NIGHT**

As F.M., Gramarat, Ziz, the other Voskum and the Froeg holograms dance, the Frogship abruptly LEAPS FROM THE SAND, tumbling over the sea, taking music and holograms with it.

The campfires flicker in the sudden silence. F.M. drops his bulb.

F.M. JONEZ  
Bummer. Skparty foul.

**EXT. FROGSHIP - NIGHT**

The Frogship spirals out over the moonlit ocean like a cluelessly thrown football. The holographic party rages on.

**INT./EXT. FROGSHIP AIRLOCK - NIGHT**

Centrifugal force flings Philomeil out of the hatch. He barely clings on to the ship with one leg-hand.

Momarat maintains a deathgrip on the interior control panel, fighting against the spinning force pulling her outward.

CAPTAIN PHILOMEIL  
You fool woman, you've killed us both!

MOMARAT  
Yer blamin' me? This is the third ship  
ya wrecked today!

Momarat loses her grip and is flung out.

Instinctively Philomeil reaches and snags her arm. Now they're face to face, dangling perilously from the hatch.

MOMARAT  
Why'd ya catch me?

He stares in disbelief at his grip on her arm.

CAPTAIN PHILOMEIL  
I don't know!

MOMARAT  
Then I'll tell ya! It's because ya  
feel guilty!

CAPTAIN PHILOMEIL  
I do not! You want to sell me as meat!

MOMARAT

Okay I do feel a little bad about that. That was wrong. Are ya gonna drop me cuz of it?

CAPTAIN PHILOMEIL

No!

MOMARAT

Well then make up your mind! Lemme go or admit I'm skpeople!

He looks everywhere but at her eyes. Until he does.

CAPTAIN PHILOMEIL

Fine! You're skpeople!

MOMARAT

Breakthrough! And what are you gonna do about it?

CAPTAIN PHILOMEIL

Get me back to my ship and I'll get you the cores.

MOMARAT

No "gentleman's trade?" A real one this time?

CAPTAIN PHILOMEIL

Ugh! Yes!

MOMARAT

That's mighty generous. I accept.

CAPTAIN PHILOMEIL

But right now you need to climb up me and hit the stabilizer!

MOMARAT

Well, if yer gonna ask nicely...

Momarat clambers up over him, more intimate than either of them would like.

MOMARAT

What's a stabilizer?

CAPTAIN PHILOMEIL

The magenta one!

She spins her ass and smacks her tail on a big magenta button.

**EXT. FROGSHIP - NIGHT**

The Frogship's erratic spin tapers off.

**INT. FROGSHIP AIRLOCK - NIGHT**

Philomeil and Momarat clamber back into the airlock, panting.

MOMARAT

Now what, mister Junior Captain grade?

ZIZ (O.S.)

I require information!

They turn and see Ziz keeping pace outside the hatch, extensions fully extending and contracting.

ZIZ

Would you like to complete a short survey? Or...

Ziz glows RED and lurches in towards them, extensions twirling...

ZIZ

Would you like to complete an expanded survey?

END OF ACT TWO

**ACT THREE****EXT. DESERT ISLAND BEACH - DAY**

The Frogship's back on the beach. Dawn oozes over the horizon, long shadows finding Philomeil back in his uniform, seated by the water, Ziz floating beside him.

CAPTAIN PHILOMEIL

...he yanked the plug and I never saw how it ended. And ever since, there's been this unbridgeable gap between my father and me.

F.M. wanders up to them, yawning.

ZIZ

Thank you for your response! Question two: In ascending order--

F.M. JONEZ

All right, Ziz, that's plenty. Let's finish up.

ZIZ

Thank you for your response!

The Voskum drop the last of the junk they'd recovered from the wreck into the Frogship's cargo hold.

MOMARAT

We ready or what?

**EXT. SKPACE - PLANET AYQUA**

The island falls rapidly behind the curve of the planet as the Frogship boosts into orbit.

**INT. FROGSHIP - COCKPIT**

The Frogship cockpit is a swank bachelor pad, now littered with piles of Voskum junk.

Philomeil and Momarat lurk on either side of F.M. who basks in the glorious pilot chair.

Behind them, Gramarat digs into a sparking, dripping chunk of machinery, using one of Ziz's arms as a screwdriver.

F.M. JONEZ

Bringin' skpeople together. It's what I do best. Gettin' this guy back to his old life, saving a world over here...

MOMARAT

Drop us off at the nearest Voskum ship with them cores and we'll be outta your hair in no time.

F.M. JONEZ

Hey, no asimov. I dig the company.

CAPTAIN PHILOMEIL

If it's all the same, I'll be happy never seeing any of you ever again. Ever. No offense.

**EXT. SKSPACE - PLANET AYQUA**

The Frogship comes up underneath the slowly tumbling Cannonade "Charger," drifts to a stop.

**INT. FROGSHIP - COCKPIT**

Momarat hands Philomeil the radio box.

MOMARAT

Take it away, starshine.

CAPTAIN PHILOMEIL

Cannonade "Charger," come in. This is your captain speaking.

Pause. Then scratchy static, then:

LT. JENSEN (O.S.)

...Cap'n? Is that really you?

CAPTAIN PHILOMEIL

Jensen! Good show. You see now why I insist on hourly decompression drills?

**INT. BRONWYN CANNONADE "CHARGER" - BRIDGE**

Jensen and other skspacesuited Bronwyn crewmen repair the shattered dome amid floating fragments of party cake.

LT. JENSEN  
 Yessir. Saved my life, sir. Sir, where  
 have you been? Is that a Froeg ship?  
 We thought you'd--

CAPTAIN PHILOMEIL (O.S.)  
 My report will be required reading,  
 Jensen, in good time. First, I need  
 you to pull the spare cores from  
 storage and prepare them for transfer.

LT. JENSEN  
 Cap'n?

**EXT. SKPACE - PLANET AYQUA**

Lt. Jensen and another skspacesuited Bronwyn jetpack towards  
 the Frogship with an enormous pallet groaning with dozens of  
 dark crystal ship cores lashed together.

From the Frogship, Philomeil and Momarat, skspacesuited, drift  
 towards the pallet. Philomeil's suit is filthy, dug out of  
 the Voskum junk.

F.M. JONEZ (O.S.)  
 How's it going out there? You folks  
 skparty?

Thudding FROG ROCK starts playing over the radio.

**EXT. PALLET OF CORES**

The two pairs of skspacewalkers meet. Momarat hooks a cable  
 from the Frogship to the pallet, which is easily half the  
 size of the Frogship.

RADIO CONVERSATION:

LT. JENSEN  
 Cap'n, I can't help noticing that's a  
 Voskum?

CAPTAIN PHILOMEIL  
 Lieutenant?

LT. JENSEN  
 Yes, Cap'n?

CAPTAIN PHILOMEIL  
 Shut up.



## THE SKEWNIVERSE (V.O.)

SKPOW!

A massive cannonball SLAMS into the Frogship, blasting one of its fins to smithereens.

The impact sends the still-tethered pallet and the Frogship spinning like a cheerleader's baton.

Jensen and the other crewman are flung away as Momarat and Philomeil cling to the cores.

High above, the Heavy Cannonade "Avenging", three times the size of the "Charger," sweeps across Philomeil's view.

CAPTAIN PHILOMEIL

CEASE BALLS!

**INT. BRONWYN CANNONADE "AVENGING" - BRIDGE**

Commodore Tilly on the "Avenging" is taken aback.

COMMODORE TILLEY

This is a restricted frequency. Who is this? Identify yourself at once!

**EXT. PALLET OF CORES**

Philomeil and Momarat barely hold on.

CAPTAIN PHILOMEIL

You are currently firing on Captain Heronimus Philomeil, Junior Grade, and I am very tired of clinging to rapidly rotating objects!

COMMODORE TILLEY (O.S.)

Impossible. Philomeil was lost in battle.

CAPTAIN PHILOMEIL

It turns out there's a funny story about that and JONEZ WOULD YOU KINDLY TURN OFF THAT BLOODY MUSIC?

**INT. FROGSHIP - COCKPIT**

F.M. grimaces and fights with the controls.

F.M. JONEZ

It's busted!

**INT. BRONWYN CANNONADE "AVENGING" - BRIDGE**

Commodore Tilley views a holographic tactical schematic of the situation with distaste.

COMMODORE TILLEY

Philomeil, our sensors show you in proximity to a Voskum female.

MOMARAT (O.S.)

That's Momarat, ya sixty bungus!

**EXT. PALLET OF CORES**

Philomeil and Momarat still cling desperately to the cores.

CAPTAIN PHILOMEIL

Commodore, I grant that the spectacle of myself clad in reeking garbage while clinging to our surplus cores in the company of an avowed enemy in clear violation of regulations might create doubt regarding my character. However, I have a entirely rational explanation.

COMMODORE TILLEY (O.S.)

Oh? Proceed.

CAPTAIN PHILOMEIL

I... oh, right now? I thought perhaps a shower, a cube of tea...?

**INT. BRONWYN CANNONADE "AVENGING" - BRIDGE**

Commodore Tilley smirks.

COMMODORE TILLEY

Finally a sense of humor, eh, Philomeil? I'm impressed. Dying in the line of the duty was the most interesting thing about you, but coming back? That's zesty. Aloha material. Now let go of the cores so we can blast these aliens and discuss your future.

**EXT. PALLET OF CORES**

Phil considers. It would be so easy to just let go. He considers the damaged Frogship. Locks eyes with Momarat.

CAPTAIN PHILOMEIL  
 Sorry, sir. I can't do that.

Momarat smiles.

CAPTAIN PHILOMEIL  
 I know it sounds absurd, but I've seen a side of our foe I'd never imagined. They seek cores to protect their dying world. We have many and helping them does no harm to us. Their calamity is of our making, Commodore. The truth is, we owe them. And, regardless of their motives, they... they have valor. This one risked her life to save mine.

MOMARAT  
 Twice!

COMMODORE TILLEY (O.S.)  
 I see. Very well.

**INT. BRONWYN CANNONADE "AVENGING" - BRIDGE**

Commodore Tilley reads from her display.

COMMODORE TILLEY  
 Captain Heronimous Philomeil, the automated court-martial finds you guilty in the first order of consorting with alienkind. You are stripped of rank, command and ship, and hereby sentenced to death...

She circles a finger at one of her lieutenants.

COMMODORE TILLEY  
 In addition, due to the severity and perversity of your offense, your crew are forfeit. "Better to burn the orchard than suffer a rot to spread."

**EXT. PALLET OF CORES**

Philomeil's eyes widen in horror as the "Avenging"'s cannon pivots and FIRES.

CAPTAIN PHILOMEIL  
 No!

THE SKEWNIVERSE (V.O.)  
SKPOWWWWW!!!!!!

The cannonball strikes the heart of the "Charger," SHATTERING the ship into exploding fragments.

Reflected in his helmet, Philomeil's old world disintegrates.

His expression shifts from horror to a look of hardened determination.

CAPTAIN PHILOMEIL  
Jonez. Pivot one-half radian starboard  
and accelerate... now!

WIDE ON THE FROGSHIP

as it HITS ITS ENGINES, flinging them towards the "Avenging."

BACK TO THE PALLET

MOMARAT  
We got a plan here?

CAPTAIN PHILOMEIL  
Heavy cruiser Cannonades have a weak  
spot. Jonez, target the secondary  
trunnion and when I say fire you fire.

F.M. JONEZ (O.S.)  
OK, but--

CAPTAIN PHILOMEIL  
Fire!

WIDE ON THE FROGSHIP

as it shoots a stream of BUBBLES at the "Avenging." They spatter harmlessly against its hull.

F.M. JONEZ (O.S.)  
Underwater, though, those are really  
something.

THE SKEWNIVERSE (V.O.)  
SKPOW!!

The "Avenging" blasts the Frogship's other fin off.

BACK TO THE PALLET

COMMODORE TILLEY (O.S.)  
You're pathetic, Philomeil.

CAPTAIN PHILOMEIL  
Hold that thought, Commodore.  
(to Momarat)  
Any ideas?

She's already attaching an auto-zipliner to the cable.

MOMARAT  
Ever play tetherball?

CAPTAIN PHILOMEIL  
YES!

The zipliner zooms them up and into the Frogship airlock.

**INT. FROGSHIP - COCKPIT**

Gramarat connects the dripping, sparking skitter-drive device to Ziz with ratty jumper cables.

MOMARAT (O.S.)  
Gram, how's the skitter-drive?

GRAMARAT  
Ready!

**INT. FROGSHIP - AIRLOCK**

Philomeil gauges the scene from the hatch.

CAPTAIN PHILOMEIL  
Quarter-radian to port. A smidge more thrust. Can you handle it, Jonez?

F.M. JONEZ (O.S.)  
Lucky for you, you got a once in a lifetime pilot on your hands.

They rocket toward the "Avenging," straight at its cannon.

**INT. BRONWYN CANNONADE "AVENGING" - BRIDGE**

Alarms blare! Commodore Tilley looks around bewildered.

COMMODORE TILLEY  
Philomeil, take your punishment like a good Bronwyn.

CAPTAIN PHILOMEIL (O.S.)  
That's just it, Commodore. We're not  
the good guys. We never were.

**EXT. SKPACE - PLANET AYQUA**

The cable CATCHES on the "Avenging"'s cannon, Frogship and  
the pallet TWISTING around it like two demented tetherballs.

**INT. FROGSHIP - COCKPIT**

Philomeil and Momarat burst onto the bridge.

CAPTAIN PHILOMEIL/MOMARAT  
HIT IT!

Gramarat pounds a big red button on the skitter-drive.

**EXT. SKPACE - PLANET AYQUA**

The Frogship BLINKS FORWARD and reappears twenty ship-lengths  
away --

-- TIGHTENING the cable to IMPOSSIBLE TENSION, which snaps --

-- RIPPING the "Avenging"'s cannon clean off!

The cannon spins off into skpace and FIRES --

-- hits the pallet of cores, which explode like nukes.

THE SKEWNIVERSE (V.O.)  
SKPOWWWWWwwwwwoooooo!!

-- the shuddering "Avenging" hurls towards the planet, as the  
Frogship is catapulted away into deep skpace.

COMMODORE TILLEY (O.S.)  
So help me Philomeil you'll pay for  
this if it's the last thing I doooo...

END OF ACT THREE

**TAG****EXT. SKPACE - WORMHOLE**

The Frogship spirals through a colorful 2001-esque wormhole, its broken fins taped on and rattling.

CAPTAIN PHILOMEIL (V.O.)  
 Captain's... no. Personal log.  
 Heronimous Philomeil, Bronwyn...  
 outlaw, recording. My future came to  
 an end today, as did my faith in the  
 Admiralty and all I've ever known...

**INT. FROGSHIP - COCKPIT**

F.M. blows bubble rings and eyes a holographic map as Momarat paces. Gramarat prods at buttons, Ziz swats her hand away.

CAPTAIN PHILOMEIL (V.O.)  
 All I have left is my word, which I  
 have given to strange, confusing  
 people...

**INT. FROGSHIP - GALLEY**

Philomeil sits at a diner-style booth, holding a dictaphone.

CAPTAIN PHILOMEIL  
 I am bonded to them in a desperate  
 mission to right a terrible wrong...

A door slides open as Momarat enters.

MOMARAT  
 Phaybian Trading Post dead ahead. No  
 Bronny activity on scanners.

Philomeil tries to hide the dictaphone.

MOMARAT  
 Recordin' yer memoirs, Cap'n? Mention  
 me yet?

CAPTAIN PHILOMEIL  
 I'm no captain. Not anymore.

MOMARAT  
 Coulda fooled me, Cap'n.

She sits beside him.

MOMARAT

Look... you did good out there. And we got more scrapes comin' before this is over. We're gonna need every one of them pricey navy school moves.

CAPTAIN PHILOMEIL

Ah! Then I suggest we set course for--

She fake-punches at him. Despite himself, he flinches.

MOMARAT

You wish! I'm still boss of this operation. Come on, tuck your shirt in, we're almost--

The ship lurches! The engines groan and sputter!

OUTSIDE: a swarm of SHUGGS, skpace mushrooms with button eyes and eerily huge smiles, envelops the ship. Tendrils of mold and fungus spread exponentially, rotting the metal.

INSIDE: green mold and fungus erupt from the floor and walls, rapidly engulfing our heroes!

CAPTAIN PHILOMEIL

(disappearing beneath fungus)

Oh, that's just lovely--

THE SKEWNIVERSE (V.O.)

SKPOW!

END OF TAG

END OF SHOW