

STUCK

"Pilot"

Written by
Doug O. Perkins

Copyright (c) 2026

dperkins1978@gmail.com
213-952-0382

CREW OF THE GRACE HOPPER

CAPTAIN BRIT FALCON (30s) - Extremely confident mission leader, but also kinda over it.

GRANGER (52) - He's Darwin on the HMS Beagle, here to observe and record. Curious, objective, and dry, all about the science...and the inter-species sex.

NINETY-NINE aka NINES - Androgynous A.I., gathers data and relays it to the crew, can a robot have Asperger's?

SERGEANT MARIA WU (Late 20s) - The ship's muscle, Marine, highly confrontational, all about the mission, makes fun of everyone because nobody can do anything about it.

MILTON (Late 40s) - Milton is the crew's chief engineer, genius, scared of everything, butt of all jokes. Like Michael Collins on Apollo 11, he's never allowed to leave the ship.

THE SHIP:

THE GRACE HOPPER - Named for famed mathematician and first female president (in their dimension) Grace Hopper. The ship is an inter-dimensional discovery ship, tasked to observe, report, and take all useful technology and information back to their home dimension.

COLD OPEN

INT. GRACE HOPPER COCKPIT

Tight on CAPTAIN BRIT FALCON as she confidently pilots the ship. She picks up the intercom.

FALCON

This is your Captain Brit Falcon.
We're about to have yet another Brit
Falcon perfect landing. Brace for
absolutely no impact.

GRANGER, SGT. WU, MILTON, and NINES are strapped into their seats in close proximity to the CAPTAIN. There's no need for the intercom.

GRANGER

Milton, make a note for the logs the
entire crew rolled their eyes.

MILTON is clearly nervous and praying.

MILTON

(very nervous)

Oh Universal Humanity please save me.

SGT. WU

Milton, I swear to the Multiverse if
you shit your suit again I'll turn
your head into a neck.

MILTON

I only did that once. And even if I
did do it again, I designed these
suits to have that done in them.

SGT. WU

Yeah, but nobody does it, because
then you have shit in your suit.

MILTON

Wu! I'm not going to shit my suit!

FALCON

Touchdown in 5, 4, 3, 2, and...

The countdown coincides with Milton quietly shitting his suit.

MILTON

Ahhhhh

FALCON

Just kidding, we touched down two minutes ago, you probably couldn't tell 'cause it was sooo smooth.

GRANGER

Let's see here, we hopped from the desert of Earth 1-8-4-4-7. And now we should be in the middle of the desert of Earth 1-8-4-4-8.

FALCON

Ninety-nine, get us a full dimensional diagnostic.

NINETY-NINE aka NINES, the ship's androgynous AI crew member has its eyes open, but is in sleep mode.

SGT. WU

NINES! Wake up you socketsucker!

Granger unbuckles himself, gets up, and slaps Nines hard like an old TV. Nines startles awake...

NINES

AGHHHH!! Oh goodness, I was having a sleep movie that I was human. It was awful.

GRANGER

Nines, we need a dimensional diagnostic.

NINES

Yes, right away Granger.

Nines gets up, walks into the airlock and heads outside. The crew starts getting out of their seats and getting ready to take on this dimension.

FALCON

This realm is about to get Falcon'd! -- How about that one? Do you guys like that one?

SGT. WU

I hope there's beautiful women in this world and I hope they have boobs on their butts, like that place three dims ago.

FALCON

We lost good crew members in that world.

GRANGER

That butt milk was as delicious as it was deadly.

MILTON

I'd just like to, you know, see this dimension. Will you guys please let me come with you this time?

SGT. WU

You'll get us all killed you piece of wet toast!

MILTON

C'mon! It's our last stop before vacation.

FALCON

Milton, it's not a good idea...

Falcon places a hand on Milton's shoulder, and lovingly tells him...

FALCON (cont'd)

You might shit your suit again okay buddy.

MILTON

I didn't shit my suit!

The airlock door opens. Nines steps into the fuselage. It's covered in graffiti, wearing a ton of plastic beads, and is carrying a giant drink with a crazy straw.

NINES

We are in the middle of the desert, but we are not alone. The temperature is extreme, the air quality is nearing unbreathability, and the inhabitants look human, but fatter, much much fatter. Quite possibly a slightly different, fatter species altogether. And Milton, I received the alert. I'd be more than happy to clean out your suit.

MILTON

It cleans itself!!

SGT. WU
I swear you are the wettest piece of
toast.

The always curious Granger bends down and smells Milton's
ass.

GRANGER
Hmm, nothing. That is good suit
design. I'll give you that.

FALCON
Alright crew, gear up! We have a
dimension to tolerate.

Quick montage of everyone getting ready: Wu loads herself up
with concealed weapons, Falcon changes into an outfit she
believes will blend in, Granger tries out a few pens by
pressing the plungers, Milton stands there looking sad.

They're ready.

CUT TO:

EXT. GRACE HOPPER INTER-DIMENSIONAL PORTAL SHIP

The whole team, sans Milton, files out of the ship. They
look around in frightened awe of their surroundings.

EVERYONE
What the...

MILTON (O.S.)
What's it like you guys??

EVERYONE
You'd shit your suit!

The camera reveals the ship has landed right smack in the
middle of Fremont Street, Las Vegas. Passersby aren't phased
one bit.

END OF COLD OPEN

EXT. FREMONT STREET

The four crew members are huddling up as a BACHELOR PARTY
walks towards them. Everyone in the bachelor party is
holding a huge drink and wearing those t-shirts that look
like a slice of pepperoni pizza.

GRANGER

(takes a note)

Fascinating. It appears the men AND the women have breasts.

NINES

I've calculated the levels of varying radionuclides in the air, and it appears our worlds diverged somewhere around one thousand years ago.

FALCON

What are these giant potions everyone is drinking?

GRANGER

It's like there's no rules or laws. Is this Hell? Did we end up in Hell again?

NINES

This isn't Hell Granger. It appears they call this place...Las Vegas.

The BACHELOR chimes in as he passes.

BACHELOR

More like "lost wages" bro.

SGT. WU

Ooh ooh, can I shoot it?

FALCON

Wu. Wait until departure, then you can shoot as many of them as you want.

(new topic)

It's strange, nobody seems to be embarrassed...

The BACHELOR is giving a friend of his a loud raspberry.

FALCON (cont'd)

...about anything. Yet their behavior should fill them to capacity with shame.

GRANGER

It's like our 1800s with somewhat modern tech. Ninety-nine, has the infoport been invented here?

NINES
I do detect a signal. I'm scanning
the network now.

As Nines scans the internet its expression goes from
pleasure, to happiness, to terror.

Noises of moaning, laughing, screaming, fire, destruction...

Nines finishes scanning.

NINES (cont'd)
(disturbed)
They call it the internet. It is
everything...and it is nothing.

SGT. WU
What's the threat scale?

NINES
I have determined this world to be an
8 on the threat scale.

SGT. WU
What?? An 8?! That can't be right.
Giant insect world was a five!

GRANGER
Hell was a nine.

SGT. WU
Yeah, this doesn't seem *that* bad,
does it?

Falcon looks around, multiple PEOPLE are by themselves
taking selfies with their selfie sticks.

FALCON
Nines is right, something is very off
about this place.

SGT. WU
Okay guys you know the deal. Granger,
I got your back while you do your
anthropology bullshit. Captain, you
and Nines round up as much tech as
you can. If Nines is correct and this
world is an 8 we need to limit our
time here to let's say 12 hours, max.
And remember, if anyone questions
you, stick to the backstory.

Nines and Granger pause, knowing Falcon will be upset that Sgt. Wu gave the orders. Falcon tries to save face.

FALCON

Yes, thank you Sergeant. The Sergeant and I discussed this plan earlier, as soon as we landed, it was my plan and she agreed to tell you all about it.

NINES

That is not what happened. I've been monitoring communication this whole time.

GRANGER

Let it go Nines.

NINES

What? They never talked about it.

FALCON

(trying to make it
her own)

Okay, like we discussed earlier. Nines you're with me, we'll gather the tech. Granger, you and Wu try and find out what's what with this crazy place. Everyone take your time, no rush, but we should meet back at the ship in exactly one half day. And remember, if anyone asks you anything, stick to the backstory.

Everyone looks at Wu for confirmation.

SGT. WU

You heard the Captain. Let's go let's go let's go!

The two groups slowly walk out of frame in opposite directions.

MILTON (O.S)

I'll just be here with the ship I engineered that makes this all possible!

CUT TO:

EXT. OLD TOWN LAS VEGAS

Nines is observing the habits of the people.

NINES

It appears if we just slump over,
look at our hands and be completely
unaware of our surroundings we'll
blend right in.

Falcon is doing exactly this already.

FALCON

What'd you say?

NINES

Excellent, just like that Captain.

FALCON

This place smells like a wet mop,
feels like a hair dryer. Clearly they
have not harnessed the weather in
this world. Let's just get a couple
items that'll please the panel and
get back to the ship.

(distracted)

-- Ooh what's this contraption?

Falcon removes a beer helmet from A GUY passed out on the
ground and puts it on herself. She starts drinking.

NINES

I will do a quick scan for any
airborne viruses?

FALCON

Good idea, I've noticed several
people mouth-shitting.

NINES

I detect 1,342 unique pathogens.

Falcon does a spit take.

FALCON

You gotta be mouth-shitting me!

CUT TO:

EXT. LOCALS' CASINO

Granger and Wu walk towards a run down casino. A FLIER GUY
walks with them trying to hand them a flier.

FLIER GUY
Olympic Gardens. No cover before
sunset with the flier.

SGT. WU
Eat wind!

FLIER GUY
Topless guys and girls all in one
place, half-off lap dances.

GRANGER
We better take one of those.

SGT. WU
Give us two. Now eat wind!

They walk into the Casino.

INT. RUN DOWN CASINO

Granger and Wu take in a few of the characters in the casino. There's a 50-YEAR-OLD WOMAN smoking cigarettes and playing the slots next to her oxygen tank. There's an ELDERLY MAN grabbing a slightly less ELDERLY COCKTAIL WAITRESS' ass. There's an OVERWEIGHT PIT BOSS that hasn't smiled since the 90s. And a fake-tanned MALE BARTENDER with very tight skin.

GRANGER
Oh woow. Gambling was outlawed in
our world generations ago. But, if my
memory serves me I believe they call
places like this...kassinoes.

SGT. WU
I can see why we outlawed them.
Everyone here is on the verge of
suicide.

GRANGER
C'mon, this guy looks pretty wise.

They start walking towards LIEN (55), a Vietnamese blackjack dealer at an empty table. He stares into nowhere with his mouth wide open.

GRANGER (cont'd)
You look like a man with a brain in
the can. Maybe that's not a saying
here.

LIEN
Cash, chips, player card?

GRANGER
May we ask you some questions?

LIEN
Blackjack?

GRANGER
Why does this city exist here in the
middle of the desert?

LIEN
To take money.
(beat)
Cash, chips, player card? You play
you play.

The PIT BOSS menacingly stares at them

A depressed woman named BARB (45, think Octavia Spencer)
taps Lien on the shoulder to relieve him. Lien does the
standard dealer clap out and walks away. The questions and
answers come rapid fire.

BARB
Cash, chips, player card?

GRANGER
Can we ask you some questions?

BARB
What do you wanna know?

GRANGER
What year is it?

BARB
Twenty-twenty-six.

GRANGER
Who is Chancellor?

BARB
Huh?

GRANGER
How would you describe your form of
government?

BARB
Racist.

GRANGER
How many people live on the planet?

BARB
7 something billion. Any blackjack questions?

SGT. WU
What's a lap dance?

BARB
When a naked man or woman dances on your lap.

SGT. WU
Amazing.

GRANGER
HmMMM.

BARB
Where are you two from anyway?

SGT. WU
(quietly to Granger)
Remember the backstory.

GRANGER
We are from...mountains.

BARB
Okay. I can see that.

GRANGER
Well, we should probably get going to lap dances. Is Olympic Gardens nearby?

BARB
Umm yeah. It's 3 streets over, on Wyoming and Las Vegas Boulevard.

GRANGER
You are quite knowledgeable and kind? Can we call upon you for further information?

BARB
Ummm sure.

BARB hands Granger a business card from her breast pocket.

BARB (cont'd)

The first number is for my knitting salon, and the second number is my cell. You know, you mountains people are okay.

GRANGER

Thank you. Good luck with your game. Hope you win a lot of money.

BARB

Enjoy your lap dances.

Both Granger and Wu mimic the clap out Lien did as if it's a standard goodbye in this world.

CUT TO:

EXT. APPLE STORE

Falcon and Nines are standing at the entrance of an Apple Store.

NINES

This place is reminiscent of our prime dimension.

CAPT FALCON

Not that guy though, he looks... amphibious.

A sweaty employee named CHRIS, with a bright green mohawk and several piercings waits to greet new patrons. Falcon and Nines walk in.

INT. APPLE STORE

Chris sees Falcon and is taken aback. He welcomes them.

CHRIS

Whoa, hello to you two, dig your whole get up. Welcome to the Apple Store. My name is Chris, but I would love it if you call me Vortex.

FALCON

Hello Chris.

NINES

Yes, we will call you Chris.

CHRIS

Umm, anything in particular you're looking for today? Because I am your guy, I will assist you through your whole experience.

FALCON

Do you have a terminal disease?

CHRIS

No, why do you ask?

FALCON

Oh, it's just your translucent skin.

NINES

We would like to see the best technology you have.

FALCON

Yes, thank you Nines.

CHRIS

Say no more. Right this way.

They walk over to the newest touchscreen tablet.

CHRIS (cont'd)

Now this is something. The newest iPad Pro with quad chip technology, a state of the art graphics card, liquid retina display...

FALCON

Liquid retina display? What is that?

CHRIS

Umm, I don't know to be honest. It's good, I know that.

FALCON

Yeah whatever, can I have it. Do I just grab it or what?

CHRIS

No, I'll get you a brand new one from the back. Is there anything else you're looking for?

FALCON

Yeah, more. We want lots more.

CHRIS
Our new lineup of phones just came out. This is the iPhone 20. It also has a liquid retina display with 256 or 512 gig memory.

FALCON
What's a phone?

CHRIS
Huh? Oh ha ha, good one.

Nines and Falcon stare at Chris until he answers.

CHRIS (cont'd)
You know a cell phone? To make calls? To text people?

NINES
I believe he's talking about a coustie.

FALCON
Ahh, an acoustigraph, but it's enormous.

CHRIS
Some people do call them phablets, because it's sort of in between a phone and a tablet.

FALCON
Who are these people who say this? Do they inhabit this realm?

CHRIS
I mean, not me, I don't say it, it's lame.

Nines grabs Chris by the face, checking every orifice.

CHRIS (cont'd)
What are you doing? Why are your hands so hot?

NINES
It doesn't have a coustie implant anywhere.

Falcon pulls a tiny device from her ear.

FALCON
 Check out this "phone". It was
 invented 150 years ago, and when you
 want to make a call you just think
 about the person you want to call.
 Much much better than this monolith.

CHRIS
 So you're not interested?

FALCON
 Oh, I'm definitely not interested,
 but we'll take it.

NINES
 We'd like to acquire one of
 everything?

CHRIS
 Are you serious?

Again Falcon and Nines are stone faced. Eventually...

FALCON
 Yes Chris. We're serious.

CHRIS
 ALRIGHT!!

CUT TO:

INT. APPLE STORE - REGISTER

Chris is ringing up everything.

CHRIS
 Okay, your total comes to forty-eight
 thousand, three-hundred and fifty-
 five dollars.

FALCON
 Nines. It's one of those money
 worlds.

CHRIS
 Just insert your card or use your
 phone--I mean coustie right here.

Nines bends over and places its head on the card reader.
 Chris is waiting with bated breath. Finally, the chime of
 acceptance.

CHRIS (cont'd)

Oh my god, I got the record. In your face Ron you fucking dick!! Thank you so much guys, this is the best day of my life. Hey, look, I don't know what your deal is, or if you even live here, but I'd love to see you again.

FALCON

Awww, so sweet. But as you can see, I'm promised to several others.

Falcon gestures to her choker with five gems in it, the same as a wedding ring in her dimension. Falcon walks away and then turns back to Chris.

FALCON (cont'd)

(sincerely)

But you know what Chris, you're not as fat as everyone else.

CHRIS

Thanks?

CUT TO:

EXT. LAS VEGAS BLVD. - DAY

Nines and Falcon are outside with all their Apple Store bags, they're trying to figure out what to do next.

FALCON

Sweet Universe I need lip jelly, did you bring any lip jelly?

NINES

I have no need for lip jelly.

Nines notices a couple wave down and get into a cab.

FALCON

There's a cascade of back sweat flooding into my ass. Maybe I can use some of it.

NINES

It appears you can get into one of these yellow ships.

Nines walks in front of a cab. It slams on its brakes.

INT. CAB

The Cabbie, RAMIRO welcomes them. JAMES TAYLOR is playing inside the cab.

RAMIRO
Whoa, startled me there.
(re: bags)
That's quite a haul, want to put any
of that in the trunk?

Nines and Falcon hold onto the bags in the backseat.

NINES
Is this the correct sitting way?

RAMIRO
Huh?

FALCON
Can you take us to a place?

RAMIRO
That's the job.

FALCON
We would like to go to any place with
a crowd.

RAMIRO
You're gonna have to be more
specific.

NINES
Take us to a place where people
convene.

RAMIRO
Ah, convention center. You got it.

Falcon notices the song playing, It's James Taylor's
"Something in the Way She Moves."

FALCON
OH MY GOD! Is this Jay-Tay?

RAMIRO
Huh? You mean James Taylor?

FALCON
Nines, they have Jay-Tay here!
(MORE)

FALCON (cont'd)
Do you know what the odds are of this
place having its very own James
Taylor?

NINES
Yes, I know exactly the odds.

FALCON
Miniscule. And I thought this place
was full of fat idiots. Turn. it. up.

RAMIRO
Absolutely!

Falcon begins singing along.

FALCON
"It isn't what she's got to say / but
how she thinks and where she's been /
to me, the words are nice the way
they sound, / I like to hear them
best that way..."

RAMIRO
I think he's coming to the Orleans in
a few days, I got a guy if you want
to go.

FALCON
Sadly I won't be here. Is he the
Minister of Music here too?

RAMIRO
Huh?

FALCON
Is he in the Chancellor's cabinet?

RAMIRO
Huh? Where're you from?

NINES
We are from mountains.

Off Ramiro's puzzled look...

EXT. GRACE HOPPER INTER-DIMENSIONAL PORTAL SHIP

The ship is sitting in its landing position. The hatch
hisses open. Milton pokes his head out and looks around.

MILTON
Whooooooooa. Hoooooly ghost.

Milton clumsily climbs out of the ship and plants both feet on terra firma. He stands tall and confident. Finally, he's getting his moment of exploration. Milton presses a button, an alarm on the ship chirps and then the whole ship turns invisible.

A non-threatening TOURIST approaches Milton.

TOURIST
Excuse me, do you know if Binion's is that way or that way?

MILTON
Aaaaaaggggh!

Milton is terrified. He backs up and falls to the ground before gathering himself and speed walking away. The tourist is baffled.

CUT TO:

EXT. OLYMPIC GARDENS - DAY

Establishing shot of the strip club. Granger and Wu walk inside.

INT. OLYMPIC GARDENS - DOWNSTAIRS

Granger and Wu hand the DOORMAN their fliers.

DOORMAN
Girls downstairs, guys upstairs.
Gotta buy two drinks an hour.

GRANGER
Is this where the lap dances are?

DOORMAN
What? Yes.

Wu and the Doorman exchange a suspicious look.

They turn the corner and are taken aback by what they see.

SGT. WU
Whoooooooooaa.

GRANGER
It seems as if this is a very very
well-run brothel.

SGT. WU
Brothel?

GRANGER
A brothel is a place where you trade
currency for tongue hugs and a-jays.

SGT. WU
You truthin' me right now?

GRANGER
I'm truthin' ya alright.

SGT. WU immediately takes action. She walks up to a PATRON
holding a wad of cash.

SGT. WU
Excuse me, where do you get the
currency?

The PATRON points to an ATM.

INT. OLYMPIC GARDENS - ATM

Granger and Wu huddle around the ATM. Wu hacks into the
machine by pounding away on her wrist computer.

SGT. WU
How much should we get?

GRANGER
I'm not sure what the economy is like
here, but just to be safe we should
probably take out 30,000.

Sgt. Wu types it in, then the screen prompts them about the
service charge.

INSERT ATM SCREEN: "To continue you must agree to the 8.50
service charge."

SGT. WU
Eight dollars and fifty cents!! Just
to take out 30,000? That's
outrageous. We're not paying that!

GRANGER

Wu, I can't stress how important this research is.

SGT. WU

Eight fifty?!?! This dimension is ridiculous.

Wu presses some more buttons and the ATM spits out 30,000. She hands Granger half the stack. They give each other a knowing nod and head in separate directions.

CUT TO:

Wu points to a stripper named DALLAS, and gestures for her to come over. Dallas walks over, and Wu hands her a 100 dollar bill. Dallas pushes WU back into a chair and starts a lap dance.

SGT. WU (cont'd)

Hey! Do not push me!

DALLAS

You can put your hands wherever you want.

SGT. WU

Pushing is fine.

Wu hands her another hundred.

CUT TO:

INT. OLYMPIC GARDENS - MAIN STAGE

Granger sits down at the foot of a round stage where CRYSTAL is performing. He takes out his notepad and starts taking notes. He waves a 100 dollar bill, the Dancer comes over and places the 100 in Granger's mouth. She then expertly grabs the 100 by rubbing her boobs in Granger's face for a long period of time until the 100 dollar bill is secured in her bikini top. Granger clinically licks the tip of his pen and makes a note.

CUT TO:

INT. OLYMPIC GARDENS

Wu now has 3 FEMALE DANCERS dancing for her. She has a look of pure ecstasy.

SGT. WU

I would like to congratulate all three of you on your spectacular jumms.

INT. OLYMPIC GARDENS

Granger is getting a lap dance from CRYSTAL, and asking some questions.

GRANGER

So prostitution is illegal, but this is legal?

CRYSTAL

Yes. Prostitution is illegal.

Crystal awkwardly winks.

GRANGER

Are you in danger??

CRYSTAL

What? No? I'm just saying prostitution is illegal within the city limits, wink wink.

GRANGER

Aah, I see. Are there other places like this around here?

As she answers, Granger hurriedly writes down the info.

CRYSTAL

Oh yeah sure. There's Silver Reign, Spearmint Rhino, Deja Vu, Playboy Club, Crazy Horse, Sapphire's, Little Darlings, Cheetahs. So so many.

GRANGER

Please name them all for me.

CRYSTAL

Velour Ox, the Canteen, Marble Lion, Sally's, the Winchester Gentleman's Club...

CUT TO:

INT. OLYMPIC GARDENS

Wu, still surrounded by dancers takes a drink out of a giant glass, she is crying tears of joy.

EXT. LAS VEGAS CONVENTION CENTER - DAY

As the cab pulls up, Falcon and Ramiro are belting out the lyrics to "You've Got a Friend."

FALCON/RAMIRO

"And nothing, whoa nothing is going right? Close your eyes and think of me, and soon I will be there, to brighten up even your darkest night. You just call out my name, and you know wherever I am, I'll come running to see you again. Winter Spring Summer or Fall, all you've got to do is call, and I'll be there.

RAMIRO

Here you go, the convention center. Twenty-eight-eighty.

Falcon and Nines huddle.

NINES

It appears we forgot our money holders. I believe this device is worth twenty-eight-eighty?

Nines hands one of the Apple products to Ramiro.

RAMIRO

Umm, okay. Is it stolen?

FALCON

Not technically, no.

RAMIRO

How long will you be? I can stick around if you need a ride later. I'll even look after your stuff.

NINES

Captain, I would like to remind you this world is an eight.

FALCON

We'll be fine Ramiro. It's been a true pleasure. Long live Jay-Tay.

Falcon makes a J and a T out of her hands, a common sign in her world. Ramiro looks a little bummed...

INT. LAS VEGAS CONVENTION CENTER

Falcon and Nines walk into the convention center under a sign reading "International Pizza Expo".

They're approached by a guy running a nearby booth, JOE, thick New York accent.

JOE
Hey, what's with you two? Where's
your pizza pride?

Joe slaps a pizza slice sticker onto Nines' chest.

JOE (cont'd)
Whoa, someone works out. Okay, come
with me.

Joe leads them to his booth advertising "Joe's New York Dough Shipped to You."

JOE (cont'd)
Pepperoni? Cheese? Margherita?

FALCON
Are we listing foods? Grapes,
crickets, glimph.

JOE
Why don't you try the New York
classic? One slice pepperoni.

Joe hands Falcon a slice.

FALCON
This is food?

JOE
No my friend. This is pizza.

Falcon hesitantly takes a very weird bite of pizza. Her brain immediately starts firing dopamine and neurons that've never been fired before. Pure ecstasy.

FALCON
Holy ghost.

Falcon sits on the ground and takes several more bites.

NINES

Is this drugs? Captain you aren't allowed to have drugs. Is this drugs?

JOE

Pizza is not drugs. Pizza is sex.

FALCON

It's like you collected all the flavor from every meal I've ever eaten and put it into this one incredible...

JOE

Pizza. I get that a lot. Now the sauce is my sauce, not for sale, but the dough can be yours. We ship it frozen, you leave it out overnight, bing bang boom, it's ready to go in the morning.

Falcon finishes the pizza, after a beat it hits her.

FALCON

Oh no oh no oh no. Where is the restroom?

JOE

I get that a lot too. Straight back.

FALCON

Nines. Assist!

Nines bends down and picks up Falcon with ease, whisking her off to the restroom.

FALCON (cont'd)

Hurry. I think he poisoned me.

CUT TO:

INT. CONVENTION CENTER BATHROOM

Nines is playing with the automatic soap dispenser.

NINES

Hmm, very advanced.

Nines rips the soap dispenser off the wall and studies it. Falcon shouts from a bathroom stall.

FALCON

What the sweet fuck?? These toilets aren't even heated. And I'm just supposed to use this paper?

NINES

Would you like me to clean you up?

FALCON

Ugh, quit being a pervert.

NINES

I am programmed not to care about such things.

FALCON

I thought you were intelligent.

The toilet flushes. Falcon comes out of the stall, disgusted. She goes to wash her hands. Nines holds the soap dispenser above Falcon's hands.

FALCON (cont'd)

Thank you. I can't take much more of this place. One second, I'm consumed with the most intense pleasure, then the next second I'm wiping away my self-esteem one square at a time.

NINES

There's compelling tech still to be gathered.

FALCON

Whatever this dimension has is completely useless, trust me.

Nines inadvertently triggers the paper towel dispenser behind it.

FALCON (cont'd)

Ooooh, that's neat. It just spits them out like that? Grab that for sure.

Nines rips the dispenser off the wall...

EXT. CONVENTION CENTER

Nines and Falcon walk outside with all their bags. Falcon is holding the paper towel dispenser. Ramiro is eagerly waiting outside his cab.

RAMIRO

Hey guys! Over here. I waited anyway.
Need a lift? No charge.

He opens the door. Nines and Falcon get right in.

FALCON

Thanks Ramiro, so far you're the only
person I've met that isn't a piece of
hot lettuce.

RAMIRO

Any requests?

FALCON

Don't Let Me Be Lonely Tonight.

RAMIRO

A classic.

Ramiro hustles in and the cab drives away.

CUT TO:

EXT. LAS VEGAS STRIP MALL - DAY

Milton is staring up at a strip mall sign.

The sign advertises a Psychic, Vape Shop, Pawn Shop, Payday
Loans, Tanning, Surgery, Nails, Guns, Knives, Tattoo, etc.

Milton makes a decision.

CUT TO:

INT. VAPE SHOP

The bell above the door rings. Milton walks into the shop,
thick with vape fog. It looks like an opium den. Everyone
inside stares at him. These are the toughest looking people
he's ever seen, but in reality it's a group of the LAMEST
PEOPLE Las Vegas has to offer, including the shop's
proprietor ROCCO. Milton takes a large gulp and approaches
the counter.

ROCCO

Welcome to Las Vapor. We got the new
BlurTech Vape Tanks in.

MILTON

Vape tanks?

ROCCO
Yeah man, anyone who's anyone has a
tank?

Rocco gestures to his loser friends who are all taking rips off their tanks. Rocco grabs a large vape tank and wipes off the mouthpiece.

ROCCO (cont'd)
Cucumber melon alright?

MILTON
Ummm yes?

Rocco hands Milton the vape. Milton looks around, taking in each discerning face as he contemplates his next move.

ROCCO
Just press the button, inhale, and R-
E-L-A-X baby. That's relax spelled
out.

Milton takes a long deep inhale off the tank. He coughs out a huge cloud of vapor and continues coughing.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. VAPE SHOP - MINUTES LATER

Milton is in a lounge chair, catching his breath. He's seated alongside TIM, LIZ, ALICIA and MIKE. They're all vaping and being lame yet lovable. Rocco hands him a hot towel.

MILTON
I am so sorry about that, I haven't
mouth-shit like that in several days.

ROCCO
No worries man, a lot of people puke
after their first tank rip.

TIM
I know I did.

LIZ
Me too.

ALICIA
Guilty.

MIKE

I still puke.

ROCCO

So Milton, are you a local or... ?

MILTON

(stilted)

I am from here! Yes. I mean not here here, not this place, but it is a place. Just doing some light exploring. Venturing out.

TIM

Well a lot of folks will tell you to hit the strip. Gambling, shows, buffets blah blah blah. But the real jewel of Las Vegas is its suburbs. We're talking Henderson, Spring Valley, Boulder City, Summerlin...

LIZ

Ooh ooh, did you see they put in a new roundabout in Summerlin.

ALICIA

Oh yeah, you gotta check out downtown Summerlin. They got the last Macaroni Grill, a bookstore, umm...

TIM

Jersey Mike's.

ALICIA

Yep, Jersey Mike's.

MIKE

It's almost like being in an airport, the only bummer is you don't have to go through security.

TIM

Oh man, I love security. That is a bummer.

MIKE

It's still nice though. Lots of good 'straunts.

ROCCO

Yeah, Summerlin is fire.

MILTON

Yes. Fire.

Milton takes a rip off his tank. It's the first time in years people are being nice to him.

INT. OLYMPIC GARDENS - UPSTAIRS

Wu and Granger are now upstairs, where it's all MALE STRIPPERS. They're surrounded by guys thrusting and grinding all over them.

GRANGER

(to Wu)

This place is by far the most interesting world I've ever seen. At first, I thought it was going to be all fats and sads, but look at these fellows!

WU

I know, and there's no way this place is an 8. That socketsucker's all messed up.

A hot guy, BRANDON brings Granger and Wu some more drinks.

GRANGER

My guess would be we're in some sort of declining culture -- Thank you Brandon -- where true innovation that benefits the greater good gets squandered in favor of corporate profits. Humans are still in the service industry here, I don't think they even have service-bots.

(To Brandon)

Are you sure you're not a robot??

BRANDON

Would a robot have this?

Brandon pulls his briefs down to show Wu and Granger his dick.

GRANGER

A sex robot would yeah.

WU

Okay, one by one, all you guys are going to line up so I can do a robot check.

(MORE)

WU (cont'd)
 I want to see those big ol' fat non-robot hogs real real close to my face.

A group of guys line up in front of Wu. They all reveal their fat hogs. Off Wu's elated expression...

CUT TO:

INT. RAMIRO'S TAXI

Ramiro is taking them far outside the city. He looks a little nervous.

RAMIRO
 Shouldn't be too much further.

FALCON
 What other popular singers do you listen to?

RAMIRO
 I got Elvis. You like Elvis?

FALCON
 Never heard of him, is he good?

RAMIRO
 Is he good? He's the king of rock and roll!

NINES
 I believe we are heading the wrong direction.

RAMIRO
 Nah, this is a shortcut. We're almost there.

NINES
 My calculations said it would take 12 minutes. It's been 45 minutes. That is not a shorter cut.

RAMIRO
 Guys, look I am so sorry. You seem very nice, but you really shouldn't walk around with all that merchandise...

The cab comes to a stop next to a parked vehicle with tinted windows. Ramiro turns around.

RAMIRO (cont'd)
 (reluctantly)
 I'm sorry, but we're robbing you now.

FALCON
 Whoa, are you serious? But you like James Taylor.

RAMIRO
 I know, but I just can't make ends meet anymore. And this is going to bring in 15-K easy.

NINES
 Should I eliminate him?

Nines cocks its forearm like a shotgun and points a finger gun at Ramiro. This looks innocent enough until the tip of Nines' finger opens up.

RAMIRO
 Whoa whoa whoa. What the hell is this?

FALCON
 Stand down Nines. We don't need any trouble, we're almost out of this damned dim.

EXT. DESOLATE LAS VEGAS ROAD

Two rough characters, SLEEPER and CHAZZ, dressed almost identically get out of their car, guns in hand. They open the cab doors, and motion for Falcon and Nines to exit.

SLEEPER
 Out of the car, c'mon!

Falcon and Nines get out.

FALCON
 Ooh matching outfits, how festive. Are you two married?

SLEEPER
 Whadjoo say? Screw you lady. Best if you keep your mouth shut.

NINES
 You sure you don't want me to eliminate them?

CHAZZ
What'd you say?

FALCON
Trust me, these two are not a threat.
I mean look at them, they have
adorable drawings all over their
necks.

Sleeper inspects all the merchandise.

SLEEPER
Damn, Gina! Look at all this. Brand
new too. This shit ain't even
registered yet. We won't have to cut
in the tech guy.

RAMIRO
I get a clean third then. Don't fuck
me on this.

SLEEPER
Yeah yeah yeah.

RAMIRO
I want the slips, you hear me?

SLEEPER
I gotchoo don't worry.

FALCON
So, do you three do lots of
robberies?

Sleeper finishes loading everything into the other car.

SLEEPER
I got it all, let's roll.

FALCON
Whoa whoa whoa, I have one small
request...

CUT TO:

EXT. DESOLATE LAS VEGAS ROAD

Nines is carrying Falcon in the distance, heat waves coming off the asphalt. Falcon is clutching the paper towel dispenser. Brownish grease drips from Nines' nose.

FALCON

Oh my god, your nose. That can't be good.

Falcon wipes away some grease with her finger and uses it as lip balm.

NINES

I am shuttering all non-essential functions. I am programmed to return to the rendezvous.

Falcon sees a party bus heading towards them and tries to wave it down. The bus eventually stops and the door hisses open. It's the pizza-shirt bachelor party from earlier. The bachelor comes to the door.

BACHELOR

Oh what you doing girl? You look like a tasty slice of deez nuts, whaddya say party with this party baby?

FALCON

Ugh, fine.

CUT TO:

INT. PARTY BUS

Falcon and Nines enter the bus. The bachelor party is drinking beer and eating pizza. The driver bites into a slice.

FALCON

You can't pilot a ship on that stuff.

Falcon slaps the pizza out of the driver's hand.

FALCON (cont'd)

Nines do something.

NINES

I am programmed to return to the rendezvous.

The entire bachelor party is ogling Falcon.

BACHELOR

Boys, huddle up.

They huddle in the back of the bus, coming up with a plan. It takes them a while. They finally send a SPOKESMAN to negotiate with Falcon.

SPOKESMAN

(clears throat)

Me and the boys have been talking.
And we were thinking maybe... boobs?

FALCON

Holy Mary, what is it with boobs in every damn dimension?

NINES

I am programmed to return to the rendezvous.

FALCON

YEAH I KNOW!!!

EXT. OLYMPIC GARDENS

Wu and Granger are walking away from the strip club. There's a group of grateful male and female dancers behind them waving goodbye. Both Wu and Granger turn back and do one last blackjack clapout as their goodbye.

WU

Did you get what you needed?

GRANGER

Oh yeah.

(wistful)

I learned a great deal in there,
about this dimension, and about
myself.

WU

Did you see some of those hogs? They
were massive!

GRANGER

So big. Mine got rather big for a
while too.

WU

How much time until the rendezvous?

GRANGER

I don't know, we were probably in
there for what an hour? 90 minutes?

Wu checks her watch.

WU
Oh shit, we were in there ten hours.

GRANGER
Dang. Something happens to time, when you're having fun.

WU
Whoa. That's deep.

Granger turns around for one last look at the dancers.

EXT. OLD TOWN VEGAS

Granger and Wu arrive at the ship's location, but the ship's not there.

WU
Wu for Milton.

No answer.

WU (cont'd)
Dammit Milton, turn off the ship's cloaking device NOW!... Milton!

Wu feels around in the air for the invisible ship, but it's not there.

GRANGER
Perhaps he had to relocate. It's probably safest if we go back to lap dances and wait there.

WU
Wu for Falcon, Wu for Falcon.

The Party Bus pulls up and the door opens. Falcon and Nines step out. Falcon is tucking in her shirt.

FALCON
(re: the bus)
Oh hey guys. Apparently I'd be hotter if I smiled more.

WU
Where's Milton?

FALCON
He's in the ship.

WU
The ship's not here.

FALCON
It's probably just cloaked. Nines,
locate the ship.

NINES
I am programmed to return to the
rendezvous.

CUT TO:

EXT. OLD TOWN VEGAS - MOMENTS LATER

All four crew members are standing around. They've come to the conclusion that Milton has fucked them.

FALCON
That creamy little penis. I'm going
to kill him.

SGT. WU
No, I get to kill him.

GRANGER
Captain, I know there are more
pressing issues, but you really gotta
see this place.

NINES
I am programmed to return to the
rendezvous.

Behind them Milton approaches, he takes a long blissful toke off his vape tank before noticing everyone standing around.

MILTON
Hey guys, how's it going? Where's the
ship?

SGT. WU
Where's the ship? Where's the
ship?!?! Where is the ship you shit-
gargling suit-shitter.

FALCON
Milton, did you move the ship?

MILTON
No no no, it's right here.

Milton presses the key fob, but nothing happens. It's starting to sink in with Milton the ship is missing.

MILTON (cont'd)

Umm, I cloaked it and then stepped out for a quick tank rip.

FALCON

Did you leave the ship unmanned directly contradicting your Captain's orders?

MILTON

Look, you never let me out of the ship. And I just wanted to see one world. One world! And the people here are way better and way nicer than any of you, any of you...DARN TURKEYS.

FALCON

What did you call me? Huh? Sergeant, take him into custody.

Sgt. Wu approaches Milton.

WU

Quit resisting.

MILTON

What?

Wu repeatedly punches Milton in the face.

WU

I said, quit resisting.

She continues to punch Milton as Falcon turns to Nines.

FALCON

Nines can you locate the ship?

NINES

I have shuttered all non-essential functions.

FALCON

Well that's just great...

(beat)

We're stuck. We. Are. Stuck. In this hotter-than-hell, armed-robbing, mouth-shitting, threat-level-eight, armpit of a dimension.

GRANGER
What now Captain?

FALCON
We need a place to lay low, regroup,
and then we're going to find my ship
and go home.

CUT TO:

INT. 2004 BUICK REGAL

All five crew members are CRAMMED into BARB's Buick Regal. Milton's face is bloody and bruised. It is quiet and awkward for a very long beat.

GRANGER
Thanks Barb, this is a lovely ship.

FALCON
How long have you been a pilot?

BARB
Huh? Look I have one air mattress, a
couch, but some of you gonna be on
the floor. You'd be better off
getting a hotel.

GRANGER
We're happy to pay you. Do you take
brothel dollars?

BARB
Whadjoo you say to me?

Granger shows Barb a wad of 100 dollar bills.

BARB (cont'd)
As a matter of fact I do take brothel
dollars. Where'd you get all that?

WU
From one of the machines.

BARB
Damn, I never win shit in this town.
(new topic)
Man, y'all are ripe.

Everyone looks back at Milton.

MILTON
It cleans itself!!

The show ends the way it began, the crew crammed together in a tiny ship, heading into the unknown.