

STUCK

"Pilot"

Written by
Doug O. Perkins

Copyright (c) 2026

pugderkins@gmail.com
213-952-0382

COLD OPEN

INT. GRACE HOPPER COCKPIT

Tight on CAPTAIN BRITNEY FALCON (Late 30s) the confident pilot and Captain of this ship. She pushes the intercom button.

FALCON

This is your Captain Brit Falcon. I'm bringing this bitch in real smooth like. Brace for absolutely no impact.

The crew are strapped into their seats in close proximity to the Captain, no need for the intercom. EDWIN GRANGER, the ship's dry and lazy anthropologist chimes in.

GRANGER

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

MILTON, the hyper-anxious mission engineer, hates landings.

MILTON

Oh Universal Humanity please save me.

SGT. WU

Milton, I swear to the demiverse if you shit your suit again...

MILTON

To be clear. I designed these suits to be shit in.

SGT. TIANNA WU is the highly-confrontational muscle on this mission.

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...

As Falcon counts down, everyone stares at Milton. Is he shitting?

FALCON (cont'd)
Just kidding, we touched down two minutes ago, but you guys couldn't tell 'cause it was smooth as fuck.

GRANGER
Feels a little warm in here. Tell ya what, why don't we just skip this dim, say it was inhospitable and head on home.

FALCON
Ninety-nine, get your sweet ass out there and 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!

SGT. WU unbuckles herself, 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 diagnostic.

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.

SGT. WU
Damn, it is hot in here.

FALCON
Okay everyone, this is just a brief pit stop. The Ministry is naming a new ship after me, and the Densen Twins are performing at the ceremony. And I am going to get hammered and fuck the Densen Twins.

SGT. WU
(recalling a past dimension)
I really hope the women here have boobs on their butts.

GRANGER

We lost good crew members in that world.

FALCON

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?

Wu gets right in Milton's face.

SGT. WU

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

MILTON

C'mon! It's our last stop. I never get to do anything cool.

FALCON

Milton, how many times do I have to tell you. Your psych eval says you're far too impressionable to interact with extra-dimensional beings.

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

FALCON (cont'd)

Plus, you might shit your suit again okay buddy.

MILTON

I didn't shit my suit!

The airlock door opens. Nines is covered in graffiti, and is carrying a giant drink with a crazy straw. Nines also has a head injury, with what looks to be grease leaking out of its ear. The crew turns to Nines.

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.

(MORE)

NINES (cont'd)
And Milton, I received the alert, I'd
be happy to clean the 15 ounces of
excrement from your suit.

Everyone turns to glare at Milton. Granger bends down to
sniff.

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

FALCON
Alright crew, gear up! We have one
last dimension to tolerate and then
we're back home in the loving embrace
of my husbands and wives.

Quick montage of everyone getting ready: Wu loads herself up
with concealed weapons, Falcon changes into an outfit she
believes will blend in, Granger presses the plungers of a
few different pens, Nines cleans itself off, Milton stands
there looking sad. -- They're ready.

EXT. GRACE HOPPER INTER-DIMENSIONAL PORTAL SHIP

The whole team, sans Milton, files out of the ship. It
appears they are stepping onto the surface of some odd
planet...

EVERYONE
What the...

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

The ship has landed right in front of the Las Vegas Sphere,
which is projecting an extreme close up of a pepperoni
pizza.

EVERYONE
You'd fucking shit yourself!

END OF COLD OPEN

EXT. LAS VEGAS SPHERE

The four crew members are stunned as they take in their surroundings.

A GUY is passed out, a LARGE MAN with no shirt is being chased by a METH'D OUT WOMAN.

GRANGER

(takes a note)

Fascinating. It appears the men AND the women have big ole titties.

Granger makes a note.

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 stares at a BACHELOR PARTY walking right towards them. They're all wearing matching Pepperoni Pizza shirts and are very confident.

FALCON

Look, these people think they're better than me. HA!

GRANGER

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 them?

FALCON

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

GRANGER

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

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

GRANGER (cont'd)

...about anything. Yet their behavior should fill them to capacity with shame. It's like our nineteenth century with somewhat modern tech. Ninety-nine, has the infoport been invented here?

NINES

I do detect a signal, scanning 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, clearly shook.

NINES (cont'd)

Here, 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 a nine on the threat scale.

SGT. WU

What?? A nine?! That can't be right. Giant insect world was a five!

GRANGER

Hell was a seven.

SGT. WU

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

Falcon looks around, TEN PEOPLE are by themselves taking selfies with their selfie sticks while ANOTHER GUY takes a shit in the street.

FALCON

I don't know. Something is very off about this place.

Sgt. Wu observes two UNIFORMED POLICE OFFICERS slapping around a SUSPECT already in handcuffs.

OFFICER ONE
Quit resisting!

Officer Two punches the Suspect in the face. Wu loves it.

SGT. WU
I think I'm going to like this place. -- Okay crew 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. Nines, what's our timetable?

NINES
Eight hours maximum.

SGT. WU
And remember, if anyone questions you, stick to the backstory.

FALCON
Yes, thank you Sergeant Wu. 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 and whatnot. Granger, you and Wu try and find out what's what with this crazy place. Everyone take your time, no rush, but according to my calculations we should meet back at the ship in eight hours.

(MORE)

FALCON (cont'd)
And remember, if anyone asks you
anything, stick to the backstory that
Nines created for this world.

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 all this
possible!

EXT. LAS VEGAS STRIP - MINUTES LATER

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 those high and
mighty panel dipshits 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!

EXT. CASINO

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

FLIER GUY
Velvet Ox. No cover before sunset
with the flier.

SGT. WU
Eat wind!

FLIER GUY
Topless girls and giant gents 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 wooow. I believe this is a gambling hall. Gambling disappeared in our world when we moved away from a currency system.

SGT. WU

Everyone in here is on the verge of suicide. Just looking at them makes me suicidal.

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.

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?

The Pit Boss stares at them while picking up a phone. Sgt. Wu stares back.

GRANGER
How would you describe your form of government?

BARB
A bunch of rich racists.

GRANGER
How many people live on the planet?

BARB
8.1 billion. Any blackjack questions?

SGT. WU
What's a lap dance?

BARB
When a man or woman grinds their ass into your lap for the length of one to two songs.

Amazing.	SGT. WU	GRANGER
		(excitedly takes down a note)

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 Velvet Ox 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 alright.

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. Sgt. Wu keeps intense eye
contact with the Pit Boss as she exits.

EXT. VAN CORP - CHEVY CHASE, MD

Establishing shot of a nefarious corporate building.

INT. VAN CORP

A young go-getter named CHASE (25) hurries through the
office with a printout. He walks into a cubicle and hands
the printout to ANDY, the next rung on the ladder.

CHASE

Two Code green anomalies, one code orange anomaly all within a 2-mile radius in Las Vegas this afternoon.

ANDY

Who else knows about this?

CHASE

Nobody. You told me to come straight to you if I ever found something.

ANDY

You did the right thing.

Andy takes the printout and walks to THERESA'S office. He knocks on the open door.

THERESA

Come in.

ANDY

Two Code green anomalies, one code orange anomaly all within a 2-mile radius in Las Vegas this afternoon.

THERESA

Who else knows about this?

ANDY

Nobody ma'am.

Chase overhears in the background, sulks away.

THERESA

You did the right thing. Gimme that.

Theresa grabs the printout and walks out the door. Andy now sulks away. Theresa walks to an...

INT. ELEVATOR

Theresa presses the button for the top floor.

INT. SAN CORP PENTHOUSE OFFICE

The elevator doors open. Theresa steps out and sees the head honcho, IVAR VAN NIEKERK (EE-VAR) entrenched at his work station with four monitors. He's mouthing to himself as he types.

IVAR
(unknown accent)
"That is why it should be illegal for
women to own horses." Send.
(to Theresa)
What is it?

THERESA
Two Code green anomalies, one code
orange anomaly all within a 2-mile
radius in Las Vegas this afternoon.

Theresa hands him the printout. He looks at it, then looks
at her.

IVAR
You don't own a horse do you?

THERESA
No sir.

IVAR
Good. Who else knows about this?

THERESA
Nobody sir. You told me to come
straight to you should I ever find
anything.

IVAR
You did the right thing. Hey, can you
take a quick picture of me sleeping
on the floor?

He hands Theresa his phone, pulls a tasseled nightcap out of
a drawer and lays on the ground.

IVAR (cont'd)
Okay, go ahead.

She snaps some pics.

THERESA
Okay. Got a few for ya.

IVAR
And I looked asleep?

THERESA
Yes sir, your eyes were closed.

IVAR
Great. Gonna post these. We need to
normalize sleeping at the office ya
know?

THERESA
I don't know about that.

Ivar never listens.

IVAR
I knew you'd agree. Pack my bags,
we're going to Vegas.

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
We need to be forceful with these
flappy fucks. Assert our dominance

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 Vortex, but I have
to wear this name tag that says my
name is Chris.

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 entire experience.

FALCON

Do you have a terminal disease?

CHRIS

No, why do you ask?

FALCON

It's your translucent skin along with your pungent odor.

NINES

Excuse me Chris, are you amphibious?

CHRIS

I guess, technically yeah.

FALCON

Take us to your best technology. And Chris, don't try anything.

CHRIS

Okay...right this way.

They walk over to the newest touchscreen tablet. Another employee, ANNA, spots this strange duo from across the store. She keeps an eye on them.

CHRIS (cont'd)

Now this is incredible. The newest Macbook Pro with the new M5 technology, a state of the art graphics card, liquid retina display...

FALCON

Liquid retina display? We don't have that. What is that?

CHRIS

Umm, it uses liquid in the...ummm... retina to... I don't know. It's good, I know that. Extra clear and shit.

FALCON

Yeah well hand it over then. Sorry that was rude. I mean give it. Give it to me right now.

CHRIS

I'll get you a brand new one from the back. Is there anything else you're looking for?

FALCON

Yeah, more technology please.

CHRIS

Our new lineup of phones just came out. This is the iPhone 16 Pro Max. It also has a liquid retina display and starts at 512 gigs of memory.

FALCON

What's an iPhone?

CHRIS

Huh? Oh ha ha, good one.

Nines and Falcon stare at Chris until he answers.

CHRIS (cont'd)

You know a smart 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. The Manager ANNA is concerned, keeps an eye on Falcon and Nines.

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 "phablet". It was
invented 150 years ago, and when you
want to make a call you just think
about the person. 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
Chris. Before you succumb to your
illness please.

CHRIS
ALRIGHT!!

INT. APPLE STORE - REGISTER

The register is piled high with merchandise. Chris is finalizing everything. Several ASSOCIATES have gathered to witness this historic transaction.

ANNA is on the phone, she can't be heard, but her actions are conspiratorial.

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 or tap your card or use your 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!!

RON is in the back of the store sweeping, wondering why he's taking a stray.

CHRIS (cont'd)

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, I'm sorry, as you can see, I'm promised to several others.

Falcon gestures to her choker with five gems in it. Falcon walks away and then turns back to Chris.

FALCON (cont'd)

(sincerely)

But you know what Chris, you're gross in a different way than the other people here, and I like that.

CHRIS

Thanks.

As they walk out, Anna finishes up her phone call.

EXT. LAS VEGAS BLVD. - DAY

As soon as Nines and Falcon exit with all their bags, a yellow cab cuts in front of several other cars and pulls up to the curb. The driver, RAMIRO shouts at them from the cab.

RAMIRO
HEY! You two look like you could use
a ride. Got your hands full.

Nines looks up the block and sees someone else getting into
a cab.

NINES
I believe you can just get in these
yellow ships.

FALCON
Fine by me.

Nines and Falcon awkwardly navigate their way into the
backseat, holding onto all the bags.

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
Holy fucking shit! Is this Jay-Tay?

RAMIRO
Huh? You mean James Taylor?

FALCON

Nines, they have Jay-Tay here!
Do you know what the odds are of this
place having its very own James
Taylor?

NINES

Yes, I know the exact odds.

FALCON

Miniscule. And I thought this place
was full of fat idiots. Wait, your
James Taylor isn't fat is he?

RAMIRO

Oh no, he's always been rail thin.

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. He's changed into something to blend in better.

MILTON
Whooooooooa. Hoooooly toast.

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 thing turns invisible.

A very NON-THREATENING TOURIST approaches Milton.

TOURIST
Excuse me, do you know if the
Venetian is that way or that way?

MILTON
Aaaaaaggggh!

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

EXT. VELVET OX - DAY

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

INT. VELVET OX - 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.

SGT. WU
I don't want one from you though. Got
it?

Wu and the Doorman exchange a suspicious look.

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

SGT. WU (cont'd)
Whooooooooooa.

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

SGT. WU
Brothel?

GRANGER
A brothel is a place from the old
times 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. VELVET OX - 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 of their
whatevers.

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

INSERT ATM SCREEN: "To continue you must agree to the 14.50 service charge."

SGT. WU
Fourteen and fifty!! 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
Fourteen 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. The Doorman keeps an eye on them.

CUT TO:

INT. VELVET OX - LATER

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
Hey! Do not push me!

DALLAS
You can put your hands wherever you
want.

SGT. WU
Pushing is fine.

Wu hands her another hundred.

INT. VELVET OX - LATER

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.

INT. OLYMPIC GARDENS - LATER

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. VELVET OX

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

Ah ha, I see you've mastered the
wink. 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

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

INT. VELVET OX - LATER

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

CUT TO:

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 sure. Tell you what, why don't you leave all your stuff in here and I'll stick around, drive you wherever you need to go.

FALCON

We can trust him, he's a Jay-Tay guy.

NINES

Captain, I would like to remind you this world is a nine on the threat scale.

FALCON
Fine. Ramiro, I fear this is where
our story ends. 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 is bummed, he blew it.

INT. LAS VEGAS CONVENTION CENTER

Falcon and Nines walk into the convention center under a
sign reading "International Pizza Expo." Nines easily
carrying all the Apple bags.

They're immediately 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, harmfulgleiden.

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 toast.

Falcon's knees give out, she 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...pizza.

JOE
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 water closet?

JOE
I get that a lot too. Straight back.

FALCON
Nines. Assist!

Nines picks up Falcon with ease and whisks 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. It takes a big lick of soap from its palm.

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 hell?? These toilets
aren't even heated. And I'm just
supposed to use this flimsy cloth?

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? I'm taking that.

Falcon 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 hot
piece of fuckin' lettuce.

RAMIRO
Any requests?

FALCON
Don't Let Me Be Lonely Tonight.

RAMIRO
A classic.

Ramiro hustles in and the cab drives away.

EXT. 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.

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 that I'm from. 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 ever 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 have been 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 a nine. 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 individual 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 the goods.

GRANGER
A sex robot would yes.

WU

Okay, one by one, all you guys are going to line up so I can do a robot check. 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 as she hands them a hundred dollar bill. Off Wu's elated expression...

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 stupid 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. They're thrown against the cab.

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

Anna and I get a clean half 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 - LATER

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

FALCON

My lips, so so dry. Oh my god, your nose.

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.

A party bus is in the distance behind Falcon and Nines. The bus pulls up alongside, the door hisses open. It's the pizza-shirt bachelor party from earlier. The extremely drunk bachelor comes to the door.

BACHELOR

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

FALCON

Ugh, yes. Fine.

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 slaps the pizza out of the driver's hand.

FALCON

You can't pilot a ship on that stuff. 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 you know
like... boobs?

FALCON
Holy Mary, what is it with boobs?
Boobs boobs 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, about humanity,
and about myself.

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

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

WU
How much time until we gotta be back
at the ship?

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 seven 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.

CUT TO:

EXT. LAS VEGAS SPHERE

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

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.

EXT. LAS VEGAS SPHERE - 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 Velvet Ox 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?

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

A little something I learned here. 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...
(MORE)

FALCON (cont'd)

(beat)

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

GRANGER

What now Captain?

FALCON

We need a place to lay low, regroup, recharge Nines, and then we're going to find my ship and we're gonna go home and I'm gonna fuck the Densen Twins.

EXT. NELLIS AIR FORCE BASE - HANGAR

Ivar walks towards the hangar opening. He's typing as he walks. Theresa is behind, struggling with a ton of bags.

IVAR

"Trust me, if Gregory gets elected, white people will never be allowed to eat at restaurants again."

Ivar and Theresa walk up to GENERAL MCINTYRE and his THREE LACKEYS. They're standing next to something concealed by a giant covering.

IVAR (cont'd)

Hey Big Mac. This is it?

MCINTYRE

Yes sir. This is it. There's only one problem.

McIntyre nods to a LACKEY who whips the covering off to reveal the ship is still invisible.

IVAR

Thanks a lot Mister David Copper-FELD.

(to Theresa)

He's an illusionist. Elite reference.

MCINTYRE

No illusion sir. This is the ship. It's equipped with some sort of cloaking shield.

Ivar's eyes go wide, he smiles like the Grinch.

IVAR
Oh my god, I am going to be so
fucking rich.

Theresa sighs quietly, defeated.

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, what is that smell.

Everyone looks back at Milton.

MILTON
(as he exhales a vape
cloud)
Cucumber melon.

SGT. WU
Yeah, and shit.

MILTON
A little bit of shit yeah.

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

THE END