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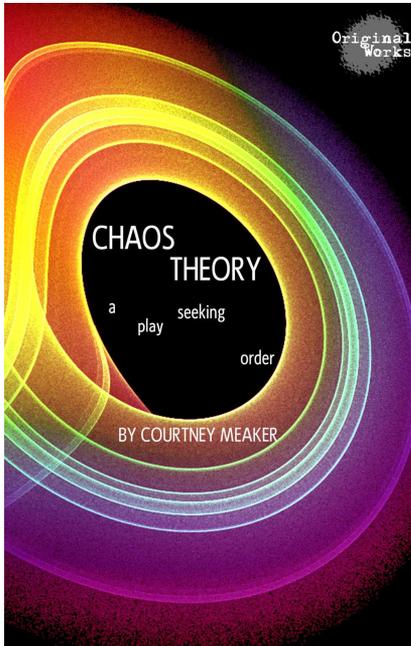
*Entropy*

© Bill Robens

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**Chaos Theory by Courtney Meaker**

**Synopsis:** When her lover disappears Frannie sinks into a pajamas-only depression. Her friends try to distract her with a book about chaos theory little knowing they're headed down a slippery path through enticing alternate realities. Does the Machine they're building actually work, or are they luring each other into collective delusions of wish-fulfillment? And what if these seductive changes bring about the end of the world?

**Cast Size:** Diverse Cast of 4

# **ENTROPY**

**by Bill Robens**

ENTROPY was first produced by Theatre of NOTE in Los Angeles, California on April 24, 2015. It was directed by Christopher William Johnson.

The cast was as follows:

Rusty - Kjai Block  
Anatoly Dobrynin - Brad C. Light  
Alexandra Mikhailovna - Rebecca Light  
Benny Curtis - Travis Moscinski  
Reporter - Christopher Neiman  
Minnie - Lynn Odell  
Neil Bradley - Justin Okin  
Red Jackson - Trevor H. Olsen  
Samantha McKinley - Alina Phelan  
Reporter - Nicole Gabriella Scipione  
Joanna Curtis - Wendi West  
Chuck Merrick - David Wilcox  
Scott Derickson - Nicholas S. Williams

Production designers and crew were as follows:

Producer – John Money  
Stage Manager – Aaron Saldaña  
Scenic Design - Krystyna Loboda  
Lighting Design - Brandon Baruch  
Costume Design - Kimberly Freed  
Sound Design - Corwin Evans  
Prop Design - Richard Werner  
Fight Choreography - Jen Albert  
Puppet Design - Andrew Leman  
Model Spaceship Construction - Fred Manchento  
Magic Consultant - Misty Lee  
Graphic Design - Gene Michael Barrera  
Publicity - David Elzer/DEMAND PR

## CHARACTER LIST

SCOTT DERICKSON - 30s, Commander of the Zeus III, a man of action

SAMANTHA MCKINLEY - 20s, the world's first astronette, defiant, confidant

RED JACKSON - 50s, veteran astronaut, a font of homespun wisdom

CHUCK MERRICK - 40s, the head of NASA's space program, driven, determined

NEIL BRADLEY - 20s, NASA's expert scientist, brainy yet unsophisticated

JOANNA CURTIS - 30s, NASA scientist on the tail end of an unhappy marriage to Benny

BENNY CURTIS - 30s, NASA scientist - a bit more optimistic than Joanna re: marriage

RUSTY - 20s, NASA intern

ANATOLY DOBRYNIN - 50s, Soviet son-of-a-bitch

ALEXANDRA MIKHAILOVNA -20s, sexy Soviet spy, dangerous, but with a good heart

SPUTNIK - 16, Soviet satellite, optimistic, naive

MINNIE - 50s, Red's wife, as homespun as her husband

DEAN, SUSAN, JIM, LISA – reporters

For casting, Anatoly and Alexandra can be doubled up with the reporters. Sputnik can also be doubled up with a reporter or Minnie, or be a puppet or something. Rusty can be either male or female.

## ENTROPY

### ACT I

*(Space, 1973. Three astronauts, SCOTT DERICKSON, 30s, SAMANTHA MCKINLEY, 20s, and COLONEL RED JACKSON, 50s, are seated on their backs in the pre-launch position of the revolutionary Zeus rocket. They are facing the ceiling and attentively working the controls of their capsule as they await the launch. Perhaps the audience can see their faces by virtue of a mirror placed overhead. Or not. Look, I'm not the director, so it's really not my business. I don't know to what degree it's visible here, but the capsule is festooned with potted ferns. They are everywhere. There are the usual spacey accoutrements, but the ferns stand out.*

*Somewhere else on stage is Houston Mission Control. NASA officials are looking at monitors and whatnot in preparation for the launch of the Zeus III and its mission to the moon. They are: CHUCK MERRICK, 40s and deadly serious, NEIL BRADLEY, 20s/30s and a boy genius, and technicians JOANNA CURTIS and BENNY CURTIS, 30s. Joanna and Benny are seated at their controls while Chuck surveys the situation and Neil goes over some charts and whatever it is eggheads do. RUSTY, NASA intern, 20s is hustling about the room.*

*We are approaching the launch sequence. Until the rocket takes off, everything should be either pre-recorded or given the impression that it is going through the kind of tinny speakers you get in headsets or on televised broadcasts of rocket launches. Random sounds of gasses and gears and mechanical spacey stuff starting and stopping are everywhere. Red, who's been to this dance before, has the song, "Sloop John B." in his head. He'll be quietly singing, but the other characters will often talk over him. Dialogue should zip along as all scientific patter must.)*

BENNY: Infusion, alpha delta.

SCOTT: Delta.

SAMANTHA: Houston, do we have a zerta reading?

NEIL: Twenty darpeks, Officer McKinley.

*(Rusty delivers coffee to Chuck.)*

RUSTY: Sugar?

*(Chuck takes it.)*

RED: *(singing softly, "Sloop John B.")* We come on the sloop  
John B. My grandfather and me.

CHUCK: I don't like the oxidation south of 30.

JOANNA: Scott, can you drop 20 points off the fenter?

SCOTT: All you had to do was ask, sweetheart.

*(Scott presses a button. Corresponding noise happens.)*

RED: *(singing)* Around Nassau town we did roam.

*(Rusty drops off coffee to Neil.)*

NEIL: Launch sequence to begin in O thirty.

SCOTT: Roger that.

RUSTY: *(to Neil)* Sugar?

NEIL: Saccharine.

*(Rusty hands him a pink packet.)*

RED: *(singing)* Drinking all night.

SAMANTHA: Can we get a reading on the fontimiter,  
Houston?

BENNY: That'll be an 11.6... excuse me, 11.7, Captain McKinley.

*(Samantha clicks stuff.)*

RED: *(singing)* Got into a fight.

CHUCK: I don't like the looks of that ditropic, Bradley.

*(Neil adjusts some knobs.)*

Neil: That is to be expected with such a radically new device.

RED: *(singing the same song)*. Well I feel so broke up, I want to go home.

*(Rusty delivers coffee to Joanna.)*

NEIL: Benny, can we get 20% out of the ventral?

BENNY: Yes, sir.

*(Pushes buttons.)*

JOANNA: Your voice is in fine form this morning, Colonel.

RED: Shoot, I'm surprised you even noticed, darlin'.

SCOTT: Your singing's so pretty, I'm worried my tears will short-circuit the instruments.

*(Laughter.)*

SAMANTHA: Can we get a temperature on hydrogen tank B, Houston?

SCOTT: What are you so worried about, McKinley?

SAMANTHA: Just following procedure, Officer Derickson.

RED: (*sings*) So hoist up the John B. sail.

JOANNA: 44 degrees, Officer McKinley.

SAMANTHA: Roger.

RED: (*singing*) See how the main sail sets.

SCOTT: (*to Samantha*) I know it's your first launch. If you want to talk about anything, I'm here for you.

SAMANTHA: I assure you I won't need your assistance.

SCOTT: And after we get back, if you wanted to get together for drinks or a weekend in Bermuda, that'd be fine too.

SAMANTHA: (*shocked*) Captain Derickson!

(*Laughter*)

CHUCK: The ol' pro swings and misses.

RUSTY: (*to Scott*) Good one, sir.

BENNY: I was rooting for you, Scott!

SCOTT: Are we in space yet, 'cause I just felt a chill!

JOANNA: (*laughs*) Don't let it bother you, Sam. He tries it with all of us girls.

BENNY: He never tried it on you.

JOANNA: Sure he did.

BENNY: No he didn't.

(*Rusty hands hot tea to Benny.*)

BENNY: Thank you.

RED: *(sings)* Call for the captain ashore, let me go home.

SCOTT: Look, Sam-

SAMANTHA: I will not be disrespected, officer Derickson.

SCOTT: Jeez Louise.

NEIL: Initiate launch sequence.

BENNY: Countdown initiated minus 10, 9.

*(Benny will continue to countdown to 0 under everyone else's dialogue. A noticeable increase in whirring, buzzing, steam and general rocket-craft is taking place.)*

NEIL: Oxidation at 48 periceps.

SCOTT: Roger.

JOANNA: Locap the fortense at 22.

SAMANTHA: Locapulating.

RED: *(singing)* I feel so broke up, I wanna go home.

SCOTT: Houston, let's light this candle!

CHUCK: Lighting initiated.

SCOTT: Red, do you mind?

RED: You're the driver.

*(Scott pulls out a rockin' '70s 8-track and sticks it in the Zeus deck. Rocking commences in zero minus...)*

JOANNA: 8% off tank four.

RED: Roger.

NEIL: Launch.

CHUCK: We have lift off!

*(Huge noise of a launching rocket. Everyone is in awe at the majesty. As the tremendous roar of the rockets continue, the crew of the module, Scott, Samantha and Red, are raised into a vertical position facing the audience. As the audience is overwhelmed by the power of a rocket launching into space - and the cool '70s tunes coming out of the Zeus' quadrophonic sound system - the astronauts fight the effects of the extreme g-forces. Samantha, in particular, is holding tight onto her armrest, clenching her body in sheer terror.)*

JOANNA: Diometric pressure at 226.

BENNY: Can we get 40 GSTs out of the fenturculator?

JOANNA: Not without going full contric pac.

BENNY: *(to Chuck)* Sir, we're short 40 DLs in the dio-vent.

CHUCK: *(to Neil)* Damn it, Bradley, you said this newfangled dio-vent could handle the pressure.

NEIL: It is handling it, sir, exactly the way it was designed.

CHUCK: I don't know what you learned about physics at Cal Irvine, but if these pressure readings don't increase in five seconds she won't be able to drop her boosters. And then it's sayonara, Santa Claus.

NEIL: You don't know anything about the Zeus III. She can take the pressure, Mr. Merrick.

CHUCK: She better or it's adios, Mr. Chips.

SCOTT: Preparing to drop secondary booster.

JOANNA: Secondary booster is go.

*(Scott hits button, we hear the booster drop.)*

RED: Yee-haw! Boy howdy, I'm gonna miss this!

SCOTT: Still get a kick out of it, eh, Colonel!

RED: More fun than a starving Kansas City whore!

*(Scott laughs, but Red catches himself.)*

RED: Oh, excuse me, miss. I'm sorry. I'm so used to bein' in a rocket with just us fellas, you know.

SAMANTHA: *(still tense from lift-off)* Don't worry about me.

RED: You see the joke is just that if a whore's starving then the only food she might get would be through a fella's pecker. I suppose I'm not making it any better by explaining it.

SCOTT: Hey, Red, how's that booster looking in your rearview? She look ready to blow?

RED: She's plump as a Georgia peach.

SCOTT: Preparing to dump primary booster.

JOANNA: Roger, prepping booster.

BENNY: I don't like it. We still got 20 DLs to go in the bio-vent, Chuck.

CHUCK: Damn it, Scott, it's too early to drop that booster.

SCOTT: I'm the one flying this tin can. If you don't like it, you get up here.

SAMANTHA: The NASA manual requires a minimum of 75 DLs before-

SCOTT: Do you want to get to the moon, or would you rather land in Arizona with a cactus up your ass?

*(Samantha gasps in shock.)*

CHUCK: This had better work or it's take ten, Kimosabe.

SCOTT: Bombs away!

*(Explosion as booster releases successfully. The chaos and noise of the launch has given way to the floaty peace of deep space.)*

CHUCK: How's she look?

JOANNA: Smooth as a baby's bottom.

CHUCK: You might think you're some kind of hot-shot, Derickson, but I if you violate my direct order one more time-

*(Scott shuts off the communications.)*

SCOTT: Yeah yeah.

*(To Samantha)*

You can take it easy, baby. We're in space.

SAMANTHA: I can take care of myself. And don't call me "baby".

SCOTT: Sorry, sweetheart. I'm just being hospitable. Hey, Red, how's she lookin'?

*(Red looks over some dials and stuff.)*

RED: We got the moon on one side and the earth on the other.

SCOTT: Sounds like space travel to me.

*(Scott pulls out some cigarettes and offers one to Samantha.)*

SCOTT: Smoke?

SAMANTHA: What? No.

SCOTT: Suit yourself.

*(He prepares to light.)*

SAMANTHA: You can't smoke in a space module.

SCOTT: Who says? The space police? Besides, I can't exactly step outside, now, can I?

SAMANTHA: This is an extra-oxygenated environment.  
You'll kill us all.

*(Scott and Red laugh.)*

SCOTT: You believe that hokum?

SAMANTHA: I insist you put that lighter away immediately.

*(He lights the cigarette. Samantha panics, but nothing happens.)*

SCOTT: Look, sweetie, I've been to space nine times and to the moon six times. I'm the 2nd man to ever hit a golf ball on the moon and the first to throw a touchdown pass, so I think I can handle myself around a cigarette.

SAMANTHA: You are the most uncouth, unprofessional, chauvinistic-

SCOTT: If you're trying to flatter me, it's working.

SAMANTHA: *(enraged)* Ooh!

RED: *(laughs)* You two are goin' at it like coyotes at a buffet table!

*(Lights out on the space module as we turn our attention over to Houston. Reporters are gathered as Neil and Chuck prepare for the press conference. The reporters are JIM, DEAN, SUSAN, and LISA.)*

CHUCK: Remember, the key to dealing with the press is to give them as little information as possible.

NEIL: Yes, sir.

CHUCK: Just follow me.

*(Chuck engages the press. Neil stands beside him.)*

CHUCK: Ladies and gentlemen of the press, as you just witnessed, the Zeus III rocket achieved lift-off and its crew is on schedule for their rendezvous with the moon. That just about covers it.

*(He tries to leave, but the press shouts him down.)*

JIM: What is the reason for this mission? All you've said so far is that it's top secret.

CHUCK: And it's going to stay that way.

*(Press shouts that they are upset and "c'mon" and stuff like that.)*

CHUCK: I don't like it anymore than you, but that's just the way it's going to stay for the time being. I'm sorry.

DEAN: Chuck, can you tell us about the rocket itself? What is this new technology we've been hearing about?

CHUCK: Our chief engineer, Neil Bradley is best qualified to answer that one. Neil?

NEIL: Yes. If I may. The rocket is a traditional thrust-powered rocket much like its predecessors the Saturn and the Mercury, but the capsule itself utilizes what we are calling "green" power.

*(The press laughs.)*

DEAN: "Green" power? What kind of hippie nonsense is this?

NEIL: The Zeus III is the first fully self-sustaining capsule in history. It has its own power source which acts in concert with the living patterns and cycles of the crew itself. This will enable interplanetary travel at a fraction of the cost and risk of what was once anticipated. It will change forever man's relationship with the cosmos.

LISA: But how does it work?

NEIL: Let me explain. The power source-

*(Chuck cuts him off.)*

CHUCK: Is top-secret, fellas. We'll just leave it at that.

*(Press shouts and raising of hands and pens. Chuck points to a lady.)*

SUSAN: Susan Fuller, Elle Magazine. Tell us about Samantha McKinley. As the world's first "Astronette", our readers want to know what it's like being a girl in space? Does she cook for the rest of the crew? Any recipes she can share?

LISA: Cosmo wants to know if she has any tips for mind-blowing sex.

*(The rest of the press is very excited about this last question. Chuck waves them off.)*

CHUCK: That's enough. No more questions.

SUSAN: That's it?

DEAN: We need more information.

JIM: C'mon, Chuck. At least answer that sex one.

CHUCK: All right, settle down. I can give you more, but you all have to promise that it is off the record.

*(Press looks around and there seems to be a consensus that they can do that.)*

CHUCK: You promise?

*(The press generally shrug as if to say "I promise".)*

CHUCK: Okay.

*(Chuck sets himself.)*

CHUCK: Two weeks ago our spy satellites detected the Russian 1950's satellite, Sputnik, landing on the Moon, sprouting legs and walking around.

*(Gasps of shock and terror from the press.)*

CHUCK: Sometimes frantically. It would run around in circles, and occasionally hop up and down and do what appears to be a little dance.

DEAN: What kind of dance?

SUSAN: Would you call it a Russian dance?

CHUCK: It is too early to speculate! I will not get into any what-ifs based on such little information. However, we suspect that it has achieved self-awareness and is doing some sort of happy dance because we believe it is excited to be a happy little robot on the moon.

JIM: Self-aware?

SUSAN: Sounds awfully dangerous.

CHUCK: Again, I'm not going to speculate as to what may or may not be going on in the mind of a newly self-aware, dancing space gizmo. However, there is reason to believe that once the jubilation and the dancing wears off, the inevitable loneliness that accompanies self-awareness - the "ennui" if you will - will take effect, at which point we hope to offer him companionship and perhaps turn Sputnik against his Russian creators.

*(Press shouts at him.)*

LISA: Companionship?

JIM: What do you have in mind, Chuck?

CHUCK: Look, I'm not going to be pinned in by pure speculation at this point. There is simply not enough information to properly guess what kind of reaction the U.S. should have right now to a purely hypothetical once-dancing, now melancholy robot. That being said: there is a possibility that we can introduce Sputnik to a girl robot.

DEAN: What do you mean "girl robot"?

CHUCK: A girl robot. You know, like Sputnik, but with a little bow or something. A comely girl robot. And if we can make a proper introduction, there is a chance we could woo Sputnik to the side of democracy.

*(Press wants to ask more questions, but Chuck cuts them off.)*

CHUCK: No more questions. *(to Neil)* Now that's how you handle the press.

*(Rusty enters.)*

RUSTY: Mr. Merrick, sir?

CHUCK: Yes, Rusty, what is it?

RUSTY: Mr. Curtis needs to see you right away.

*(Back at the control room, Joanna is working on her computer. Benny is on the phone.)*

BENNY: Yes, sir. He should be here any second, Mr. President, can you hold? Okay, I'll just put you on hold.

*(He nervously begins the process of putting The President on hold.)*

BENNY: This shouldn't take long. I'll just put you on hold here. Don't go anywhere. Uh bye.

*(He sets the phone down.)*

BENNY: Shoot, I hung up!

*(He picks up the phone real quick and taps the receiver.)*

BENNY: Hello? Mr. President?

*(He hangs up.)*

BENNY: Crud.

JOANNA: You have to hit the hold button before you put the receiver down.

BENNY: *(irritated)* I know how to use the phone.

JOANNA: Then prove it.

*(Benny takes a moment to calm down.)*

BENNY: It's not you, it's me.

JOANNA: I know it's you.

BENNY: This whole mission. Something about that last launch just made me so indescribably sad.

JOANNA: It went smoothly.

BENNY: It always does, but I just don't get that thrill anymore. Remember when we first started? Those first test launches?

JOANNA: I do.

BENNY: All the scientists were German then.

JOANNA: *(laughs)* They were so cute.

BENNY: They were adorable. Just adorable little Germans.

JOANNA: Ex-Nazis.

BENNY: Yeah, but their accents were hilarious. Remember uh... *(bad German accent)* Vat eez zis? Zis is a hot dog? Vat eez unt hot dog?

JOANNA: And they could never remember Kathryn's name, so they just called her "Die Frau vit unt ample bosom."

*(They laugh. Slight pause.)*

BENNY: You sure you want a divorce?

JOANNA: I'm sure.

*(Chuck enters.)*

CHUCK: What's happened?

BENNY: The President called. He's very upset that operation "Woo Sputnik" has become public knowledge.

CHUCK: How'd that happen? Who leaked it?

BENNY: You did, sir. You came out and said it at the press conference five minutes ago.

CHUCK: Damned press! They promised it was off the record!

BENNY: That was a televised press conference, sir.

*(Chuck realizes.)*

CHUCK: What? Oh, that's right! They're always televised now. I keep forgetting.

*(Chuck picks up the phone.)*

CHUCK: Get me the President right away.

*(pause)*

I said get me the President.

*(pause)*

Listen, buddy, I don't have time to chit-chat. This is a phone call of supreme national importance, and if you don't get me-

*(pause)*

Oh, this is the President. Hey, Dick. I was just about to call you. What a funny coincidence.

*(pause)*

Yeah, that was a mistake. All these damn cameras everywhere, you know.

*(pause)*

Well, the Soviets would have found out eventually, am I right?

*(laughs)*

Sounds good. All right. Talk to you later.

*(He hangs up.)*

Nice guy.

*(To Benny and Joanna)*

Prepare for operation “Woo Sputnik”.

*(Back in the module, Samantha and Scott are playing chess while Red goes over some figures. Since we're in zero gravity, many of the pieces are floating just above the board. Samantha moves a piece.)*

SCOTT: I never figured you for King's Gambit.

SAMANTHA: I didn't think you'd accept.

*(Scott considers his next move.)*

RED: Hey, buddy, you got a pen I can borrow?

SCOTT: Comin' your way!

*(Scott takes a pen and lightly flings it to Red. It floats slowly towards him until it gets close enough for Red to pick it out of the air.)*

SAMANTHA: What you did back there - dropping the boosters at 50 DLs. How'd you know they were ready?

SCOTT: A rocket's a lot like a woman: you know her well enough, and you can sense what she needs and when she needs it. She never has to say a thing. You just know.

*(Slight pause as Scott moves a piece.)*

SCOTT: And... I designed the boosters to the Zeus III.

*(Scott cracks a knowing smile. They all laugh. Even Samantha is charmed.)*

RED: Aw, heck, you even had me fooled. Listen to you, “A rocket’s a lot like a woman”.

*(Samantha moves her knight.)*

SAMANTHA: Knight to D4.

*(She removes a bishop.)*

SCOTT: Woah, wait a second. That’s D5.

SAMANTHA: No, it isn’t.

SCOTT: The bishop was on D5. It just floated over to D4.

*(Scott tries to grab his bishop, but bumps the board so everything starts to float away.)*

SCOTT: Dang it!

*(Scott and Samantha try to put the pieces back, but they’re flying all over.)*

SAMANTHA: Don’t touch the board.

SCOTT: This knight goes here.

SAMANTHA: These three pawns are still on row 2.

SCOTT: *(referring to one of the pawns)* That one’s dead. I captured that one.

SAMANTHA: Which one?

SCOTT: It doesn’t matter which one. They’re pawns.

SAMANTHA: Which position?

SCOTT: Um... shoot.

*(Scott's queen starts floating away.)*

SCOTT: My queen!

*(While Scott and Samantha try to secure their pieces, the chess board floats away off stage. Samantha pulls out a pad of paper and begins writing.)*

SCOTT: That answers that.

SAMANTHA: *(to herself while writing)* Chess does not work in zero gravity.

RED: Y'all have Boggle? I love that game.

*(Chuck comes in over the radio. That side of the stage will light up.)*

CHUCK: Zeus III, come in.

SCOTT: Roger, Chuck.

CHUCK: We have a change of plans. Prepare the ship for its primary function, stat.

RED: Aye, cap'n.

SCOTT: On it.

SAMANTHA: Primary function? I don't understand.

SCOTT: Sam, listen...

SAMANTHA: We've been executing the mission's primary function for several hours.

CHUCK: Officer McKinley, operation "Run the Table" is only one of a few tasks assigned to the Zeus III.

SAMANTHA: Why haven't I heard about this?

SCOTT: Yeah, see-

RED: (*surprised*) Oh my goodness.

SAMANTHA: All I've heard is we're on a top-secret mission from the Parker Brothers corporation to test the feasibility of parlor games in space.

JOANNA: How'd it go?

SAMANTHA: "Sorry" and Chess don't work, and "Yahtzee!" nearly short-circuited the air conditioner. Chuck, what is this new secret mission, and why wasn't I informed of it until now?

RED: (*to Chuck*) You mean to tell me you all been keepin' this li'l lady in the dark?

SAMANTHA: Damn it, Merrick! What is NASA trying to hide?

SCOTT: (*to Samantha*) It was my call, McKinley!

SAMANTHA: (*shocked*) Your call?

SCOTT: You're a rookie, and a girl. And I didn't want you blabbing about it to all your jealous girlfriends at the hair salon.

SAMANTHA: And what is so important you had to keep one of your crew members in the dark?

SCOTT: We're kidnapping Sputnik.

SAMANTHA: Sputnik? Isn't it orbiting the earth somewhere?

CHUCK: Operation "Woo Sputnik" is designed to capture a newly sentient Soviet robot in an effort to flip him to the side of freedom.

RED: We're gonna shack Sputnik up with a girlfriend.

NEIL: We've designed a robot meant to provide companionship to Sputnik. It's currently in a hangar at Edwards Air Force Base.

JOANNA: Her name is Dolly.

*(Benny looks incredulously at Joanna.)*

JOANNA: *(to Benny)* I met her. She's nice.

CHUCK: Samantha, this might be tough to hear, but Scott's first concern is the safety of his crew.

SAMANTHA: I understand all right. Commander Derickson can't trust a girl to keep a secret.

CHUCK: Don't be hysterical.

SCOTT: No, she's right. I don't think women can keep secrets. Why do you think there aren't any woman spies?

SAMANTHA: There are thousands of woman-

CHUCK: No one knew anything about operation "Woo Sputnik" until I described it at length on national television, so what's done is done. Now you get out there and capture that spybot so we can pound him into a fine mulch and sprinkle him over the pacific. Out.

*(Lights go out on Houston.)*

SAMANTHA: How dare you!

SCOTT: Cool your jets, baby. You gotta understand, I don't trust anyone who doesn't know how to parallel park.

SAMANTHA: How do you know I can't... alright, I can't parallel park, but I have the same right to know the details of my mission as anyone who can.

SCOTT: Look here, toots. There's only one commander on this mission and it's me. I'm the head honcho, A-number-one, and there's not a woman alive who's ever gonna tell Scott Derickson what to do. I don't even know how you got on this ship. Women shouldn't be allowed on a spacecraft, their hips throw off the instruments.

SAMANTHA: Of all the patronizing, sexist-

SCOTT: What are you going to do now, storm away in disgust? We're in a module.

SAMANTHA: Harumph!

*(She decisively turns away, facing Red.)*

SAMANTHA: Why are men so impossible?

RED: Well, li'l lady, that there is a generalization, but a valid question nonetheless. I'm afraid I don't rightly know the answer, but I can posit a theory. This is the 1970s and for the first time in western history the female is attempting an equal footing with that of the male. That doesn't bother me none and I'm retiring after this mission anyway, but that might make some fellers feel insecure, so they lash out.

SAMANTHA: But how am I threatening anyone if I'm just doing my job?

RED: Take wage disparity. I'm getting paid \$75,000 a year to be an astronaut. What's your salary?

SAMANTHA: \$6.50 an hour, and I don't even get my own parking space.

RED: If you were to be treated fairly, not only would your pay have to increase, but my pay would be called into question. If I were a selfish man, I would resent having to justify my relatively exorbitant salary. But that's not what makes the Commander such a bastard. It's a bit more complicated with him.

SAMANTHA: What is it?

RED: Scott there is what we call the product of a broken home. His father abandoned his mother when he was two. Absent a positive male role-model, he never learned how to treat women with respect.

SAMANTHA: Surely, his mother had a positive influence.

RED: In some ways, yes, but not in regards to women.

SCOTT: You know I can hear everything you're saying.

RED: (*ignores him*) His mother doted on young Scotty. Working two jobs as a fry cook and shoe shine girl - and suffering from low self-esteem due to her breakup - Madeline put all of her hopes and dreams into the bright-eyed Scott, filling him with an overwhelming confidence that has driven him ever since. She spoiled him so much it became impossible for him to truly love or respect other women, as they shall ever fall short of the idyllic image of his mother that's been imprinted on his mind since birth.

SAMANTHA: Oh that poor man.

(*Blackout on the module and lights up on Houston. Benny, Joanna and Neil are at their stations. Soviet ambassador ANATOLY DOBRYNIN and his aide de camp, the sexy ALEXANDRA MIKHAILOVNA enter. Rusty moves to stop them.*)

ANATOLY: This mission is a violation of Russian sovereignty and must be cancelled at once!

RUSTY: You can't come in here!

ANATOLY: The Soviet people require satisfaction.

RUSTY: Who are you?

ALEXANDRA: You will yield to Ambassador Dobrynin, boy.

*(Benny doesn't turn around, but is shocked to hear Alexandra's voice. Chuck enters.)*

CHUCK: What's going on here?

RUSTY: Sir, this guy was-

ANATOLY: *(interrupting)* Watering beets in my garden when I hear on the news that the Americans are poised to destroy our Sputnik.

CHUCK: So what if we are?

ANATOLY: That satellite is Soviet property!

CHUCK: No it's not!

ANATOLY: Yes it is!

CHUCK: Please. That thing's been floating around forever.

ANATOLY: We built it! It's got the Russian name and everything.

CHUCK: I'll make a deal. We get Sputnik. And you can keep all those dogs and monkeys you sent out there and never brought back.

ANATOLY: This is an insult.

CHUCK: Gee, I'm sorry. I've been in a bad mood. You know how stressful it is when you're sending people to the Moon - oh wait, you wouldn't. You've never been to the Moon!

ALEXANDRA: You go too far!

ANATOLY: Alexandra, I can handle myself.

ALEXANDRA: Apologies, Ambassador.

ANATOLY: What the space man here fails to recognize is I have the authority to launch a missile strike if Soviet honor is under attack.

CHUCK: Bombs away, ambassador jerk-off. See if I care.

*(Rusty approaches a little panicked.)*

RUSTY: Mr. Merrick, are you sure-

ALEXANDRA: And just moments ago your boy here threatened the Ambassador.

RUSTY: I didn't.

ALEXANDRA: Attacked him like a common gangster.

RUSTY: That's ridiculous.

ANATOLY: The disrespect continues. This unfortunate confrontation has forced me to alert our submarines off the coast of Florida to launch their nuclear warheads at this facility should the situation deteriorate.

CHUCK: How dare you attack this man! He's done nothing to you and you just want to overrun him like he's Poland.

ANATOLY: Lies. However, this cold war has made me thirsty. I desire a Royal Crown Soda.

*(Anatoly looks ominously at Rusty.)*

ANATOLY: I will destroy the Eastern Seaboard if you don't get me an RC Cola.

CHUCK: Don't do it, Rusty.

RUSTY: I wouldn't know where to find an RC Cola.

CHUCK: We're tired of you commie bastards pushing us around! Whether it's here or Vietnam, or Woodstock, somewhere we've got to take a stand.

ANATOLY: Comrade Mikhailovna, prepare to alert The Kremlin.

*(Alexandra pulls out some kind of spacey 1970s communicator.)*

ANATOLY: Young man, ask yourself what's most preferable? Spending an hour searching the city of Houston for a Royal Crown Soda? Or dedicating the rest of your life to weighing the pitfalls and benefits of allying yourself with different bands of mutants in a post-apocalyptic hell-scape.

CHUCK: Don't listen to him, Rusty. No one would blame you if you started World War III.

RUSTY: Jesus, I'll look for your frickin' soda. God!

*(Rusty runs off. Chuck and Anatoly head to Chuck's office.)*

CHUCK: Looks like you've won this round, Dobrynin.

ANATOLY: Heh heh heh.

*(They exit. Alexandra waits. She and Benny look at each other.)*

BENNY: Hi, Peggy.

ALEXANDRA: Is Alexandra now. It's been a long time.

BENNY: I haven't seen you since the State Department sent you to Russia in the exchange. Who'd we get for you?

ALEXANDRA: I was traded for idiot who stole weather balloon and crashed into the Kremlin.

BENNY: I thought we'd get another spy in return.

ALEXANDRA: It wasn't my proudest moment.

BENNY: You look different. More Russian.

ALEXANDRA: I was spy, Benny. It's best to act as little Russian as possible if you're going to be good Russian spy. American spies should act really Russian. See how that works?

*(Lights out here and up on Chuck's office where he and Anatoly are having a grand time.)*

CHUCK: "Nuclear holocaust", you old dog!

*(They laugh.)*

ANATOLY: I stick with what works.

CHUCK: Classic.

*(Chuck opens a desk drawer to pull out a bottle of vodka.)*

CHUCK: Care for some vodka.

ANATOLY: What? You think we Russians drink only vodka? What is wrong with good ol' American whiskey, eh?

*(Chuck looks confused.)*

CHUCK: Whiskey then?

ANATOLY: No, I'll just have a vodka.

*(Chuck pours two shots of vodka. And lifts his glass.)*

CHUCK: To cooperation between our great nations!

ANATOLY: Na zdorovje!

*(Chuck and Anatoly go through a poorly executed Russian toast where they interlock arms and drink while looking at each other. This might take a while.)*

CHUCK: Why do you have your panties in a bunch over Sputnik?

ANATOLY: Sputnik has become an embarrassment to our government. The Soviet system relies on the people being generally hopeless and resigned to the futility and corruption that is the Soviet state, and to see this little robot dancing around the moon like a fool will give our people false hope, and that could lead to the whole rotten structure coming crashing down around us, and that would be a disaster! Though it would be easier to get porn.

CHUCK: Just what are you suggesting?

*(Anatoly looks at Chuck knowingly.)*

ANATOLY: An opportunity to right a wrong.

CHUCK: If you're looking to destroy Sputnik, you've come to the right place.

*(Anatoly laughs.)*

ANATOLY: I knew I could count on you, my friend. You are an angry, bitter man.

CHUCK: For five long years I've waited to destroy that beeping son of a bitch.

ANATOLY: What about this story, that you're going to capture it and bring it to the states?

CHUCK: That's just nice talk for the kiddies. We'll improvise some little snafu and "accidentally" tear it to pieces. You folks can act like you're mad at us, but no valuable information will exchange hands. Easy breezy.

ANATOLY: Your astronauts, they will be cooperative, yes?

CHUCK: They think their mission is to capture Sputnik, but we'll change the orders at the last second. We do that all the time to people in space. They're used to it.

ANATOLY: Perfect! Then I would like to make an offer to you on behalf of Premiere Brezhnev. We have positioned between the earth and the moon a top-secret laser satellite.

CHUCK: A laser satellite? What does it do?

*(Slight pause as Anatoly ignores him.)*

ANATOLY: I have the code to operate the laser. When you have located the Sputnik and can give us the exact coordinates, I will target our troublesome friend. Robot destroyed, international incident averted.

CHUCK: Say, that's a good idea. You know if you just gave me the code, I could fire that laser myself and we could skip the middle-man.

ANATOLY: That would make things much easier. I'm sure it's in here somewhere.

*(He opens his suitcase and starts to look, then stops himself.)*

ANATOLY: Wait a minute. I can't give you a secret Russian code! That would be treason!

CHUCK: OK, you got me!

ANATOLY: You almost had me, you imperialist dog.

CHUCK: Worth a shot though, right?

*(They laugh. They stand to leave.)*

CHUCK: I think we can handle it on our end, but if I need an extra little laser blast, I'll give you a shout.

*(Lights up on control room.)*

BENNY: You broke my heart, Peggy.

ALEXANDRA: I was doing job! I never meant to hurt you.

JOANNA: Excuse me. Sorry, um... who is this person?

BENNY: Oh, Joanna this is Peggy - sorry - Alexandra. We used to work together.

JOANNA: Hi.

ALEXANDRA: *(to Benny)* Is this your current babushka?

BENNY: She's my wife.

ALEXANDRA: You could do so much better.

JOANNA: We're separated.

*(pause, realizes she's been insulted)*

Hey!

*(Chuck and Anatoly enter.)*

ANATOLY: I have heard enough of your imperialist lies. Come, Alexandra!

CHUCK: Great economy you got there. Let me know how your latest toilet paper shortage works out.

ANATOLY: Call me when you've secured Hanoi.

*(Anatoly and Alexandra exit.)*

BENNY: How'd the meeting go?

CHUCK: Just another day fighting the red menace.

*(An exhausted Rusty enters with a six-pack of RC Cola. Chuck takes one and cracks it open.)*

CHUCK: Mr. Bradley, are all systems go to switch over?

NEIL: Yes, sir.

CHUCK: All right, boys and girls, let's make history. Prepare for Operation Astro Fern.

*(Lights out here and up on the module. Samantha, Red and Scott are studiously flipping yo-yos up and down.)*

SCOTT: How long we gotta keep doing this?

SAMANTHA: Until the results are conclusive.

*(Waits a beat.)*

SAMANTHA: And... good. You may discard your instruments.

*(Samantha writes in her journal and speaks to herself.)*

SAMANTHA: Mission success. Yo-yos work in zero gravity.

*(Lights come up on Houston. Chuck comes in over the horn. As the orders fly around, people will be switching and pressing buttons.)*

CHUCK: Gentlemen, and lady. Prepare for Operation Astro Fern.

SCOTT: Preparing to prepare, big guy. Red, you want to double-check that bio-vent?

RED: I got that bio-vent purring like a kitten.

CHUCK: Let's power down the convent-pack, shall we?

JOANNA: Powering down.

BENNY: Drop the rackfin to 20 DBs, Officer McKinley.

SAMANTHA: Roger.

JOANNA: Defire the aqua-pulse, Red. I don't want you burning up out there.

RED: Shoot, you read my mind, darlin'.

SCOTT: What's the reading on the rear stabilizers?

BENNY: That'll be 75, wait 90 TCs.

SCOTT: Are we sure we can fire off a duckshot with all that hydrogen riding our ass?

BENNY: I'll see if I can work a little magic with the ventral staves and relieve some of that pressure.

CHUCK: *(to Neil)* This had better work, Bradley. If we don't get those rear stabilizers down to 50 before the convent switch, it'll be bar the door, Captain Kidd.

NEIL: The Zeus can handle the pressure, Mr. McKinley.

CHUCK: Well, she better, or else it's hickory dickory dock for the entire space program.

BENNY: I got you to 60. How's she lookin'?

SCOTT: Better.

NEIL: We're almost there. Officer, McKinley, prepare the ferns.

SAMANTHA: Roger.

*(Samantha takes a little water pitcher and waters the ferns.)*

NEIL: McKinley, did you remember the Easy-Grow?

SAMANTHA: No, I forgot.

*(Red reaches below his seat.)*

RED: Gotcha covered, sweetheart.

*(He takes a packet and rips the top open with his teeth.)*

SAMANTHA: Thanks, Red.

RED: Don't worry 'bout a thing.

*(He hands her the packet.)*

RED: Me and the Misses got the sweetest little garden back home. I suppose I better get used to watering plants since that's all I'll be doin' once this mission is over.

NEIL: Activate sun lamp.

SAMANTHA: Activating.

*(She switches on a sun lamp aimed at the ferns.)*

SCOTT: Let's pull the switch, Houston.

CHUCK: You ready?

SCOTT: We've got the rear stabilizers stabilized, the rackfin under 12 DBs, the aqua-pulse is asleep, Red's riding the bio-vent like a '57 Chevy and we got a load of ferns up here that look healthier than the crew. Any more "ready" and we can start building subdivisions in the Sea of Tranquility. So let's get this rolling, shall we, before we all have to retire and they put us on cereal boxes.

JOANNA: All systems go, sir.

BENNY: All go.

SCOTT: McKinley, assume launch stations.

*(Samantha struggles with water pitcher. As she pours, the water only floats in droplets above the plants. Might I recommend a bubble machine to simulate water in zero g? Just a thought.)*

SAMANTHA: I'm having trouble getting any water onto the ferns.

SCOTT: Get up here, McKinley and buckle up before that cute butt of yours gets blasted into Betelgeuse.

SAMANTHA: Why did we think a water pitcher could work in zero gravity?

CHUCK: Worry about it later.

SCOTT: Return to your station on the double, or the next fern you water will be on Pluto.

SAMANTHA: What?

SCOTT: *(frustrated with himself)* That didn't make any sense. Just get back in your... your... space seat.

*(She hurries up and gets in her seat.)*

NEIL: Now as we make the switch over, you may feel a jolt.  
But whatever happens, don't be alarmed.

SCOTT: Let's light this candle.

CHUCK: Mr. Bradley, you do the honors.

*(Neil will do the countdown nice and slow to allow for maximum building of tension.)*

NEIL: Yes, sir. Switch to fern power in ten, nine, eight, seven, six, five, four, three, two, one. Fern power go!

*(Joanna and Benny press some switches. Everyone waits a beat. Then the lights in the module go out accompanied by a "winding down" sound.)*

SCOTT: Now should we be alarmed?

NEIL: And go!

JOANNA: That's not going to do anything.

SAMANTHA: I'm not getting any readings, Scott.

RED: This board's deader'n a possum stuck in a combine.

SCOTT: What's going on down there?

CHUCK: Damn it, Bradley! You told me this system was ready for the prime time!

NEIL: *(to the crew)* Did you water the ferns?

SCOTT: Yes.

NEIL: What about the wires leading from the ferns to the board? Are you sure they're plugged in?

*(The astronauts gamely look and pull on some wires. They reply in the affirmative.)*

SCOTT, SAMANTHA, RED: *(over each other)* They're plugged in/Oh sure/Lookin' good.

NEIL: Um... maybe jiggle them?

CHUCK: What the hell are you doing? What kind of hair-brained electrical system do we have up there?

NEIL: The latest in fern power.

CHUCK: What in great Caesar's tin-type is fern power?

NEIL: The power of ferns.

CHUCK: We need to get this system up and running yesterday, you hear me? So you need to explain to us and the crew how this works so we can come up with some solutions immediately or it's "check please, Dr. Watson".

NEIL: Ok, well, it's pretty complicated.

SCOTT: We're astronauts. We can take it.

RED: I have a PhD in mathematics.

NEIL: Fern power operates under the principles of photosynthesis. The sun lamp provides light to the ferns which can be stored.

SCOTT: Okay.

NEIL: Then the synthesis of water and carbon dioxide with the solar energy creates carbohydrate molecules which power the ferns, releasing oxygen as a waste product. So you see, photosynthesis is responsible for all of the life on earth.

SCOTT: And how does that power the ship?

NEIL: Photosynthesis.

SAMANTHA: We know how plants work, but how does that provide electricity to the module?

NEIL: The sun, or in this case a heat lamp, synthesizes with the-

CHUCK: How did you intend to power a space module with ferns?

NEIL: The power of photosynthesis.

CHUCK: I swear, by God, I've never killed a man but-

RED: Just hold onto your britches there, colonel, maybe there's something we're missing. So the photosynthesis powers the plant.

NEIL: That's right.

RED: And that in turn powers the module?

NEIL: Correct.

RED: How?

NEIL: Photosynthesis.

*(Slight pause. Then Chuck jumps at Neil and tries to choke him to death. Benny and Joanna try to break it up.)*

CHUCK: I'm gonna synthesize your head from your neck, you little twerp!

NEIL: Sir, no!

CHUCK: I'll show you a waste product!

SCOTT: What's going on down there?

BENNY: Don't do it, Chuck. He's not worth it!

JOANNA: It's what he wants you to do!

*(Benny looks at Joanna "What the hell?")*

NEIL: There's an auxiliary power supply.

CHUCK: *(still choking him)* Are you seeing molecules yet?

NEIL: Please. Give me a chance. I have an idea.

*(Chuck lets go.)*

NEIL: The Zeus has an auxiliary power supply. It just needs to be activated.

*(Neil gets up and everyone resumes their position.)*

SCOTT: We're running out of oxygen, so what say we get some assistance up here, chop chop.

NEIL: Commander, the Zeus is outfitted with an auxiliary power supply in case of such an emergency.

SAMANTHA: Thank goodness.

RED: Now we're talkin'.

NEIL: The activation switch is on the outside of the capsule.

SCOTT: Of course, it is.

NEIL: I'll walk you through it.

SCOTT: We got six thousand buttons on this console and you couldn't make one of them the auxiliary power button?

RED: I got it.

*(Red puts on his space suit.)*

SAMANTHA: Red, don't.

RED: Shoot, don't worry about me none. I do this stuff all the time.

SCOTT: I'll take care of this, Red.

RED: The heck you will. You're the commander, so you sit back down on your caboose and command like you're supposed to.

SAMANTHA: Be careful.

RED: Just another story I can tell my grandkids when we're gathered 'round the fire at Christmas. I'm just sayin' 'cause you know, it's my last mission and everything. Hold onto your seats.

*(Red opens the hatch. There is a tremendous gust of wind as the vacuum of space does its thing. Samantha and Scott hold tight to prevent from being sucked into oblivion. Red leaps through the hatch and shuts it behind him.)*

RED: Geronimo!

*(Red is now in space, holding onto the side of the module.)*

NEIL: Red, you there?

RED: Just hangin' on for dear life. Where's that switch I've heard so much about?

*(Neil is studying a blueprint of the module. Red will generally follow Neil's instructions.)*

NEIL: You're going to work yourself along the right side of the capsule door.

RED: Uh huh.

NEIL: You're going to look for the decal that says "U.S.A.".

*(Red looks over the side of the module which is emblazoned with several "U.S.A."s.)*

RED: Son, I see about 50 of those, so you're going to have to do better than that.

NEIL: Uh... okay, you see the diovent transponder?

RED: Yup.

NEIL: You'll need to get past that and grab onto the handhold.

*(The hand-hold is just a little out of Red's reach.)*

RED: I can't seem to reach it.

SCOTT: You can do it, buddy.

SAMANTHA: Take your time.

*(There is great drama as he leaps and is barely able to catch it.)*

RED: Got it!

*(Shared sigh of relief.)*

CHUCK: Good work, astronaut.

*(Minor, but alarming beeping takes place in Houston.)*

JOANNA: Sir, we have reports of a solar gust heading in the direction of the module.

SCOTT: Damn it!

SAMANTHA: Solar gust?

SCOTT: It's an astronaut's greatest fear. A solar gust can rip the panels off a module in seconds. We got to get that power back.

RED: How long do we have?

JOANNA: I'm sorry, double-checking the figures, it's not as bad as it sounds. It could be hours before it reaches your coordinates and by then you'll be long gone.

RED: Whew!

SCOTT: You had me going.

CHUCK: Okay, back to work. Neil?

NEIL: Yes, to the right of the hand-hold you're going to see three hatches. The third hatch is the auxiliary power interface.

RED: I see it, but I don't know how I'm going to get there.

NEIL: Sorry, there's no hold or anything, so you're just going to have to keep a grip on that hand-hold while you reach out to operate the auxiliary interface.

*(Red physically works out how he's going to do this.)*

SCOTT: Did you know if we put the auxiliary power button by the regular power button we wouldn't have to go through all this?

*(With one hand on the hand-hold, Red lunges his body and grabs onto the hatch with his other hand.)*

RED: I have a grip on the auxiliary interface.

JOANNA: Uh oh. *(to Benny)* You seeing what I'm seeing?

BENNY: Yup. That solar gust just bounded off a space blob.  
It's accelerated by a factor of five.

SAMANTHA: Red, you gotta get out of there.

CHUCK: Get it in gear, Mister!

RED: You don't have to tell me twice. I got my hand on the door. Now what, Houston?

NEIL: You should be able to feel a keypad there.

SAMANTHA: Seriously?

RED: What in tarnation is a keypad doing on the outside of a space module?

JOANNA: You got maybe five minutes, Red.

*(Neil pulls out a book labelled "secret codes".)*

NEIL: I'm going to read the code to you. Are you ready?

RED: Ready.

*(Neil thumbs through it, looking for the right code.)*

JOANNA: Four minutes.

SCOTT: Come on!

NEIL: I'm looking! If we enter the wrong code, it could do irreparable damage to the Zeus.

*(Neil looks a little more, then examines the cover.)*

NEIL: Dang. Wrong book.

*(He pulls out a book labelled "More Secret Codes" and shuffles a couple pages.)*

NEIL: Here it is.

*(Red struggles to press the buttons while Neil reads the code.)*

NEIL: The code is 9... 4... 2... 9... 9... 6... 2... 1... 8... wait a minute. Did I say 29692 or 29962?

RED: Let's see... uh 2... 9...

SAMANTHA: I heard 9, 4, 2, 9.

SCOTT: You're confusing the first 9 with the second and third 9s.

SAMANTHA: There were three 9s?

BENNY: I got 9, 4, 2. I don't know where the 6 came from.

JOANNA: He said 9, 9, 6, 2.

CHUCK: 9, 9, 6, 2? That doesn't sound right.

*(Everyone talks over themselves coming up with their own number combinations.)*

JOANNA: Three minutes.

RED: Could everyone just stop talking for a minute? I lost track. I'm pretty sure it was 29962.

NEIL: That's definitely wrong. Clear it out. Hit the pound key a few times.

RED: Consarn it!

*(Red does so. Red resumes punching keys in conjunction with Neil.)*

NEIL: Let's start over. 9... 4... 2... 9... 6... 9... 2... 1... 8... 8... \*

*(On the last button, the hatch swings open.)*

RED: I'm in!

*(Everyone cheers.)*

JOANNA: Two minutes.

NEIL: Good. Now reach in around the door, and you should be able to feel the battery pack.

*(Red puts his hand in and feels around.)*

RED: I can feel it.

NEIL: Okay, now gently remove the battery.

*(Very slowly Red removes the battery from its compartment. Only when it's fully visible does Red realize it's a potato.)*

RED: This can't be right.

CHUCK: What's wrong, Red?

RED: Some joker put a potato in our auxiliary power supply.

SCOTT: A what?

RED: A potato.

NEIL: Good. Now you should be able to feel two wires, one red and one black.

CHUCK: What do you mean, “good”?

NEIL: Potatoes are a natural source of energy. You see, potatoes are a mixture of starch, water and salt. Salt mixed in water contains ions, that is, electrically charged atoms which can be drawn from the potato with oppositely charged metals.

CHUCK: And what exactly powers the space module?

NEIL: The potato’s ions.

CHUCK: How?

NEIL: By putting oppositely charged metals-

*(Chuck interrupts Neil by leaping at him and grabbing his neck, throwing him to the ground.)*

CHUCK: I’ll positively charge your face, you bastard!

*(Benny moves to break them up.)*

JOANNA: You got two minutes, Red.

SCOTT: Get outta there!

RED: Forget this bunk. *(To Earth)* You love potatoes so much, you can have it.

*(Red hurls the potato at Earth and struggles to return to the door. Chuck stands and picks up Neil by the lapels.)*

JOANNA: Red just threw a potato at the Earth.

BENNY: Track it just in case.

CHUCK: Benny, get this idiot out of here.

NEIL: Wait. I can help.