

Major Faultline/Leopard Woman #33
Digging Up The Past
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INT. THE BRIDGE OF THE STARSHIP "JEFFERSON"

The transmission is once again weak and is subject to constant interference. Major Faultline addresses the camera, still in his future Faultline outfit.

[Note: If possible this will be shot in 3D]

MAJOR FAULTLINE

This is Admiral Faultline to Ronin Force. This might be our last chance so listen carefully. As I speak Lieut. Bojangles is transmitting a set of coordinates to the Ronin Force mainframe.

Geographic co-ordinates scroll across the screen.

MAJOR FAULTLINE (CONT'D)

If anybody receives this message you've got to bury a bottle of alcohol at those exact coordinates. If this works, by my calculations, I should be drunk within the hour and then it's time vortex here I come. Now this part is important: It has to be good quality alcohol. Preferably 12 year old scotch. Glenlivet if you can manage it. I'm not sure if anything else will work so it's better that we don't take that chance.

Faultline speaks into his chair's communcator.

MAJOR FAULTLINE (CONT'D)

Mr. Jellypants, are you standing by in the transporter room?

A monkey responds over the communicator.

MAJOR FAULTLINE (CONT'D)

BoBo? What happened to Mr. Jellypants?
(monkey answers)

Well I'm sorry but you sound a lot like him.

(monkey answers)

Look there's no time for hurt feelings.

Is the transporter ready or not?

(monkey answers)

All right then. I'm on my way.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAJOR FAULTLINE (CONT'D)

(to camera) *
God speed Ronin Force. And with any *
luck, I'll see you soon. *
(to chair) *
Engage. *

The Major teleports away. Short beat. The Major teleports back. *
The Major is disheveled and covered in dirt and mud. *

MAJOR FAULTLINE (CONT'D)

Oh for fuck's sake, can someone leave a *
shovel at those coordinates while they're *
at it? But don't bury it! Hide the *
shovel in the bushes or something, near *
the scotch. I guess I should have asked *
for one the first time but I didn't count *
on digging all by myself. I guess I *
didn't realize that digging around in the *
dirt was far to undignified for a crew of *
monkeys that lives in their own filth. *
So again, please, could someone bury a *
bottle of booze AND a shovel but don't *
bury the shovel? Thank you. I *
appreciate it. *
(to chair communicator) *

BoBo, is the transporter standing by?

A monkey responds over the communicator.

MAJOR FAULTLINE (CONT'D)

Mr. Twinkletoes? Well I'm sorry but last *
time I called down there it was BoBo. *
(monkey answers) *
Yes I know that Twinkletoes. *
(monkey answers) *
Well I'm sorry but you all sound the same *
to me All right!?

(monkey answers) *
Like a bunch of fucking monkeys... what do *
you think you sound like? *
(upset monkey answers) *

All right, all right, I'm sorry. *
(monkey answers) *

Yes you can take a ration from the M&M *
dispenser. Now is the transporter ready *
or not? *
(monkey answers) *

Thank you Mr. Twinkletoes. *
(to camera) *

Once again, God speed Ronin Force. And *
with any luck, I'll see you all soon. *

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

As he starts to dematerialize.

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MAJOR FAULTLINE (CONT'D)
I can't believe that I actually used to
fantasize about hanging out with monkeys
all day.

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Beat. A SHOVEL teleports into the chair. Monkey laughter.

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MAJOR FAULTLINE (CONT'D)
(over communicator)
Oh, real mature!

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END

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