

ON THE JOB

by

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FADE IN:

1

EXT. OUTER SPACE

A stunning picturesque tableau of SPACE. Blanketed by A VAST SEA OF STARS shimmering like a billion tiny diamonds in the cosmos. NEBULA PURPLE LIGHTS streak through this masterpiece, adding a serene and very beautiful touch.

FADE-UP MAIN TITLE: **ON THE JOB**

Suddenly -- A TINY STAR, SHINING VERY BRIGHTLY, appears in the far distance and slowly approaches. Growing in size and shape. Moving swiftly towards us now as it grows bigger...

Is it a shooting star? A comet? Well, whatever-it-is, "the star" continues growing much bigger. The outline becoming much more clear --

-- to reveal it's actually A LARGE CARGO SPACECRAFT. With an *I.G.S.C.C.* insignia (*Interstellar Galactic Space Clean-Up Crew*) on the side of its hull. Entering the atmosphere of --

2

EXT. ALIEN PLANETOID JUNKYARD - SPACE - MIDDAY - CONTINUOUS

-- a planetoid junkyard facility. Used by the *I.G.S.C.C.* as a dumping ground that disintegrates, and/or re-purposes, scrap metal junk from all across the galaxy.

PULL BACK with the approaching *I.G.S.C.C.* Cargo Spacecraft, as the NEBULA LIGHTS are also revealed to be nothing more than ODIUS EXHAUST STEAM. BILLOWING FROM VENTS AMONGST PILES and MOUNTAINS UPON MOUNTAINS OF HIGH-TECH JUNK. Far as the eye can see:

Broken spaceships; once-advanced-now-severely-damaged high-tech interstellar computers; alien toilet stalls; as well as other immobile and half-mutilated androids. (Perhaps a few secret fun cameo Easter eggs of a dismantled Robot from "Lost In Space", C-3PO from "Star Wars", and the Walking Tripods from "War of the Worlds" etc., hiding beneath mounds of trash).

It's a very interesting, odd alien dumping ground indeed.

THE CARGO SPACECRAFT

then hovers cautiously above A TOWERING MOUNTAIN OF JUNK. From its underbelly, MECHANICAL CARGO BAY DOORS slide wide open -- and VOMITS out SCRAP METAL that crashes and adds onto the ever increasing pile!

(CONTINUED)

Feeling relieved, the mechanical bay doors HISS tightly shut. And the Cargo Spacecraft banks away. Leaves the planetoid junkyard, climbing its way back into the high reaches of space...

CUT TO:

EXT. A HIGH-TECH WORKSTATION FACILITY - PLANETOID JUNKYARD - MIDDAY

Nestled among mounds of scrapheap. A large satellite dish transmitter/receiver is attached to the roof area. Including TWO BLINKING RED HOVER LIGHT-MARKERS that float on opposite sides of the facility (aka NO FLY ZONE!).

OUTSIDE THE DOORWAY OF THE WORKSTATION,

A SHADOW moves across the dusty ground -- then A PATHETIC, HARD-FACE ROBOTIC SUPERVISOR WITH A BENT ANTENNA (X4-J9) appears. He steps outside and stomps through the junkyard of twisted scrap metal. Its large yellow eyes inspecting the area before him.

With a high-tech notepad in hand, X4-J9 swipes through a check-list, making sure everything in the junkyard checks out all right and in its rightful place. Which proves to be not too difficult.

Then looks up ahead to spot --

A VERY LARGE PIECE OF JUNK.

Actually, it's a huge broken-off piece of a once-splendid spacecraft, such as a side-panel or a cockpit. Now simply a derelict piece of junk.

It's very tall, extremely heavy and sprawled out flat on the dusty ground. Definitely out of place. Blocking a pathway that cuts through the junkyard. In a strange way, almost like roadkill.

X4-J9 walks closer to the Large Piece of Junk. Shakes his head poorly, sorrowfully.

When X4-J9 speaks, it is a series of low, guttural electronic buzzing sounds.

X4-J9
(subtitled)
What a waste... And such
craftsmanship, too...

(CONTINUED)

THEN: X4-J9's head abruptly SPINS in the opposite direction (backwards instead of forward). His 2nd, unbroken antenna emits an irritated BEEPING CALL toward the Workstation --

SFX: CAR TIRES BURNING AGAINST PAVEMENT

-- where a zippy little MECHANIC DROID (R2-D2-meets-Mars Rover) BLASTS OUT FROM THE WORKSTATION, RACING AT BREAK-NECK SPEED THROUGH THE JUNKYARD. Then BRAAAKES! right next to his master's side, a la obedient little lap dog.

Using his hands (and, clearly, trying to claim some kind of superiority) X4-J9 points at the Large Piece of Junk. Emphatically illustrates the Mechanic Droid's task:

X4-J9
(subtitled)
You. Pick up this awful-looking
hunk of junk to workstation. NOW!

The Mechanic Droid blurts a humble-if-not-semi-insulting reply. Wheels itself over then grabs hold onto the Large Piece of Junk.

However, The Mechanic Droid has a helluva time as he struggles to inch... inch... inch... inch... inch... inch... iiiinnch it all the way back toward the Workstation!

X4-J9 slaps his forehead, becoming quickly impatient -- and shoves the useless Mechanic Droid out of the way! He'll do the job himself.

X4-J9
(subtitled)
Watch. And take note.

After a lot of effort, like a shaky elderly man, X4-J9 weakly yet steadily LIFTS and STRAIGHTENS UP the Large Piece of Junk up on its side. Remember: IT'S VERY TALL AND EXTREMELY HEAVY!

Very delicately, X4-J9 grabs for a better handhold around one section. Trying desperately not to lose his own footing and balance, with SKITTERING ROCKS BENEATH HIS FEET --

-- and then BLA-BOOOOM!!!! The extremely heavy Large Piece of Junk now pins a FLAILING X4-J9 to the ground after falling completely on top of him!!

Helpless and stuck, X4-J9 SCREAMS and POUNDS a BALLED FIST REPEATEDLY against the Large Piece of Junk. Desperately Struggles and wiggles to be free!! But no use come from his efforts!!

(CONTINUED)

The Mechanic Droid simply stands off to the side.

And quietly SNICKERS with glee at the spectacle.

X4-J9 SHOOTS A DEADLY GLARE AT HIM. HIS BALLED FIST COMICALLY STILL POUNDS AWAY REPEATEDLY WITH AN UNSTOPPABLE -- YET CLEARLY UN-PHASED FURY -- AGAINST THE LARGE PIECE OF JUNK!!

X4-J9
(angry; subtitled)
Quit your snickering you @#!%\$&
dang nabbit, and help me up!!!!

FINALLY, the Mechanic Droid simply shrugs: "All right". Inches a little closer. Further sizing up the situation before him.

THE MECHANIC'S P.O.V. -- A thermal infrared image read-out scan of X4-J9'S body. Trapped very helplessly under the Large Piece of Junk. His balled fist still pounds away!

SFX: A MECHANICAL WHIRRING SOUND

The Mechanic Droid suddenly produces A WELDING BLOWTORCH.

Then A SMALL, CIRCULAR BUZZING CHAINSAW.

Then A SURGICAL-TYPE LASER BEAM, which crazily shoots out all across the junkyard, destroying things randomly.

zz-Z-ZAP! ZAP! ZUR-ZAP!

A LASER BOLT almost hits X4-J9 by mere inches, who SCREAMS -- scaring the circuits out of him!

X4-J9
(alarmed; subtitled)
STOP, BUCKET HEAD!! YOU'RE MAKING
IT WORSE!!

The Mechanic Droid then slumps his shoulders: "I give up."

SFX: AN ELECTRICAL, MAGENTIC PULSE CHARGE

Suddenly SMALL ELECTRICAL ENERGY CURRENTS begin flowing like water eddies up-and-down The Mechanic Droid's arms. Rubs his clawed hands together: "This might be tricky."

Then, MAGENTICALLY, The Mechanic Droid ATTACHES HIS CLAWED HANDS onto THE HEAVY LARGE PIECE OF JUNK. Nudges it a few times --

(CONTINUED)

Then, with an ear-splitting SCRUUUUUUUUUUUD, he draaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaags the Large Piece of Junk off a very humiliated, very defeated and very beaten-down X4-J9!

X4-J9 rises to his feet, brushes away caked dirt from his body that quickly form into tiny dust clouds. A lame, pitiful attempt to reclaim back a little dignity.

He watches the Mechanic Droid wheel and drag the Large Piece of Junk away toward the Workstation. BEEPING a sing-song tune.

Sadly, X4-J9 SHAKES HIS HEAD and GROANS at the sight of the Mechanic Droid.

X4-J9
(subtitled)
I need a new job.

And X4-J9 slowly follows behind the Mechanic Droid's trail, who continues BEEPING a sing-song tune. Completely unaware of X4-J9's humiliation.

Suddenly -- X4-J9 loses his balance after he steps on A SMALL PILE OF RUSTED NUTS AND BOLTS BENEATH HIS TINY ROBOTIC FEET. Then accidentally SLIPS, CRASHES (FACE-PLANTS) BACK ONTO THE DUSTY GROUND. Moans very painfully....

Away from X4-J9, WE FOLLOW A SINGLE RUSTED BOLT AS IT SLOOOOOWLY ROLLS GINGERLY AWAY FROM X4-J9 -- IN COLLISION TOWARD THE TALLEST MOUNTAIN OF TRASH!

IT EVER-SO-SMOOTHLY AND EVER-SO-BARELY TOUCHES A PIECE OF MACHINERY WEDGED IN THE PILE.....

SUDDENLY, A LOW RUMBLE. IT BUILDS RATHER QUICKLY. AND LIKE AN ENORMOUS RAGING WATERFALL, A THUNDEROUS AVALANCHE OF TRASH/JUNK RUSHES STRAIGHT DOWN AT X4-J9....

As X4-J9 rises to stand-up again, he turns around and looks up -- HIS HORRIFIED EYES BUG-OUT IN SURPRISE AND ALARM.

THEN THE TREMENDOUS WAVE OF TRASH COMPLETELY DEVOURS HIM!! LEAVING X4-J9 BURIED AND TRAPPED.... RIGHT UNDERNEATH THE ENORMOUS MOUNTAIN OF JUNK!!!

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGH-TECH WORKSTATION FACILITY - MOMENTS LATER - CONTINUOUS

After the Avalanche and cloud of dust has settled.

(CONTINUED)

The Mechanic Droid then sticks his head outside the doorway. Where did X4-J9 go...?

Perplexed, he rolls through the junkyard, retracing his steps and searching/scanning the entire area...

THEN: The sounds of MUFFLED, ELECTRONIC SCREAMS.

Hmmmmmpf... Hmmmmmmpf.

The Mechanic Droid's sensory perk up. Searches the junkyard. Then hears the strange, low muffled sounds again. Just like electronic screams... Hmmmmmmpf. Hmmmmmmpf. HMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMPF.

Then, the Mechanic Droid wheels closer towards --

THE ENORMOUS MOUNTAIN OF JUNK.

Confused. Curious. The Mechanic Droid doesn't remember this being here... And the source of the muffled screams appear to come from underneath? What the hell...?

THE MECHANIC'S P.O.V. -- Another thermal infrared image read-out scan through the junkpile... However, we find the outline of X4-J9 -- literally flat as a pancake -- trapped underneath the mountain!!

The muffled, electronic screams from X4-J9 continue:

HMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMPF. HMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMPF.

Resigned, The Mechanic Droid slumps his shoulders. Then simply shrugs: "Oh well..." And begins to patiently work at the task at hand.

PULL BACK AWAY FROM THE MECHANIC DROID, into a panoramic view, as the robot becomes a tiny speck in the junkyard. Removing, sorting through all sorts of scrap metal from the entire mountain... Piece by piece by piece... BEEPING his workmen, sing-song tune all the while... Taking his precious, sweet time.

By this rate, X4-J9 will undoubtedly be stuck for a week!

Suddenly, AN I.G.S.C.C. CARGO SPACECRAFT appears in the sky from space -- flying fast towards the direction of X4-J9's mountain. Have they come to the rescue?

Nope. The Spacecraft simply OPENS ITS UNDERBELLY and VOMITS OUT ANOTHER LOAD OF SCRAP METAL on top of the towering mountain of junk! Then banks away, climbing back high into space...

(CONTINUED)

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7.

THEN AN ARMADA OF EVEN MORE I.G.S.C.C. CARGO SPACECRAFTS appear in the sky! Flying directly towards the mountains of trash -- bulls-eying a spot at X4-J9's mountain!

The pathetic, suffering MOANS of X4-J9 are now barely audible... Defeated. Yet again.

IRIS OUT.

- THE END -