

TIME IN A BOTTLE

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S C R E E N P L A Y

Japanese Title: *Toki in ato Boturu*

BOOK I:

The Golden Rocket

Screenplay by Carol Blaney

Time in a Bottle Entertainment

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Chapter 0. Escape

CAPTION: (White block letters appear to be receding into the vast, dark cosmos. The letters are slowly being sucked into the warped spacetime caused by a wormhole.)

“LONG, LONG AGO, IN ANOTHER STAR SYSTEM, THERE ONCE LIVED A PRINCE NAMED TOKI.”

Several quick scenes in succession, as credits for the ‘movie’ are shown:

A regal ballroom. Couples of every color and genetic variation, some human, some not, are seen dancing on a vast, shimmering dance floor. Between the pompous dance steps, and through the proudly displayed ornate crowns and headpieces, one sees a teenaged couple dancing near the center. An extremely handsome teen boy, his long white hair pulled to one side, is seen wearing a white silken coat with the words ‘Prince Toki’ glistening across it’s back. He gazes into the eyes of a pretty, although extremely skinny, dark-haired olive-skinned girl, but when he tries to kiss her she turns into a monstrous black and green vampire-spider-like creature who tries to attack

him. He runs away screaming, barely escaping her wrath. Ballroom onlookers are shocked and horrified.

CAPTION:

21ST CENTURY FIX PRESENTS, IN ASSOCIATION WITH DR.
UNIVERSE COMICS:

TIME IN A BOTTLE
Book I
THE GOLDEN ROCKET

Scene changes to Toki cautiously roaming the dark wet streets under a gray hooded cloak. Two moons cast a pair of shadows at obtuse angles, showing the cloak billowing in the gusts.

CAPTION:

STARRING: A SUPER HOT ASPERGER'S-TYPE 'GOTTA LOVE HIM' GUY, AND A SUPER HOT ASPERGER'S TYPE 'GOTTA LOVE HER' CHICK

Scene changes to Toki in a large ornate bedroom, filling his backpack with strange, unrecognizable items. He pauses, stoops to stroke his white dog thoughtfully, then hypnotizes it into a deep sleep before gently putting it into a strange box. He then appears to shrink the box with his mind. He puts the shrunken box into his backpack and zips it closed, slinging it over his shoulder.

CAPTION:

ALSO STARRING: AN A.I. WITH A SOUL... AND A CAST OF TERRIBLE, VILLIANOUS HIGH SCHOOL TEACHERS... AND A CAST OF VERY STUPID ROBOTS

Scene changes to Toki. He clutches his backpack and ascends a ladder up to a modest (room-sized) rocket-shaped golden spacecraft. A dozen popsicle-shaped silver robots (hereinafter called bots) approach him from below and protest his departure.

BOTS (shouting at random intervals)
Stop, Permission to fly withdrawn!

TOKI
You can't stop me! Take that!

Toki aims a weapon and shoots 3 bots to his left, and 3 bots to his right. They fall over. Once safe inside his rocket, he begins operating the buttons and levers at the central console. Takeoff is a struggle. 5 bots cling to rocket.

CAPTION:
PRODUCED BY DAREDEVIL ENTERTAINMENT
WRITTEN BY A CLOSET SCI-FI FANATIC

Toki glances over at Val, a robot built into the wall. She has a TV screen for a face, upon which an oscilloscope projects her brainwave patterns, and two large round protruding breasts lit up in red, orange, and yellow, that flash as she talks.

TOKI
Five cop bots outside Val! Get 'em off – NOW! (pushes throttle) Come on baby. Fly! FLY!!

Bang Bang Bang Bang Bang!

TOKI

Damn! Couple of frick'n bots still hanging on. No wonder we have so much drag. ...Heh heh... Valerie dear, for a minute there, I was starting to think you'd put on some weight. ... er, Val – is there some reason you aren't blasting the bots' brains off? I mean, it's not like they have a soul. ... Hey, you aren't pissed about my little weight joke, are you?

VAL (Speaks alien language in a sexy voice, as depicted by Xxx's, followed by English subtitles.)

Xxxxxx.

Subs: Patience, Master Toki.

EXTERNAL WEAPONRY (Aims carefully)

ZAP! Pow!!

The remaining two bots are blown apart to smithereens.

TOKI

Woo Hoo! Heh! It's no wonder I love you, Val.

VAL

Xxxxx Xxx. XXX.

Subs: Time Bending Initiated. Fasten your seat belt.

The rocket sputters.

TOKI

Wha—? Time bending ... FAILED? (sighs) Quit playing around, Val. This isn't funny.

VAL

Xxxx XXX xxxx; xx xXxxxXXXxx. xxxxxxXxx. Xxxxx.xxxXX, XXX?

Subs: It isn't me; it's Planet Babu. We're entangled in their anti-rogue force field.

TOKI (madly typing and cursing)

Huh? Maximum throttle failed too?! What kind of technology will the King steal next?

SPEAKERS (tinny voice, fades to static)

Stop, thief! You cannot escape!

TOKI (reaches for a button labeled 'FAST button')

The hell we can't. Take that, Babunian bastards. (presses button)

Toki and Val eventually build up enough power, pulling themselves away from the force field. The window shows a green planet of Babu receding into the distance. Toki is suddenly thrown back in his seat violently.

VAL

Time Bending Complete.

TOKI

Val, I uh... (chokes) ... don't recall you instructing me to apply an anti-puke patch... UUURP.

* * *

New Scene: Inside Toki's rocket, he is facing cockpit, facing Val, glancing at her breasts.

TOKI

Whew! Close escape! Now listen up Val: Program our trajectory for the following destination: To the home of a hot babe with a super-low I.Q.— (alas, I do suppose it's too *greedy* to ask the Universe for a babe with an intelligence quotient of only 100. Let's be realistic here.) —Oh, say, mmm, an I.Q. in the mid-hundreds I suppose... there-about. Blonde hair's good.

Blonde preferred. Oh, and *under* six feet tall, of course. I can't be smooching up. I'm sure you can relate. (glances at Val's breasts which are at his eye level)

VAL

xXXXXXXxX

Subs: I certainly can, Master.

TOKI

Oh, and a sexy voice, nice bazonkers, yada yada... (Toki begins pacing) But more importantly, this babe we're searching for has to have passion... emotion... not like the cold, calculating, mega-maniacal dames back home on Babu, gag me please.

thought bubble: Toki getting slapped in the face by various cold-looking egotistical women, the last one shown turning into a monster.

TOKI

In the meantime, Val, I'm going to take a long snooze. Wake me up when we find my perfect soulmate, OK? (Pause.) Val? Val, do you read me?

VAL

XXXXXX!

Subs: I read you.

TOKI

Val, you sound... angry. (Pause.) Hey, you aren't sore with me for... going to sleep and dreaming pleasant dreams while you stay awake and do all the dirty work, are you?

VAL

xxxX

Subs: Affirmative

TOKI

Because if you are, well... Oh, OK. I'll admit it: I'm a louse. But just wait! When I find my perfect babe —with your expert help, of course— well, I'll turn over a new leaf. I... I promise. I'll be a good citizen and follow the laws of the land. I'll never put you in danger's grasp again. But we got away didn't we? HA! Those Babunian suckers are still trying to figure out how we bamboozled them. Heh heh heh. Val, you're a genius.

VAL

xxxxxxxxxx x xxxxxx xxxxxxxx xxxxxx xxxxx...

Subs: Master Toki, I agree with you that you are a louse, and that I am, technically, a genius. However my anger is not directed at your laziness and slave-driver mentality, as you incorrectly speculate.

TOKI

Now wait-a-minute! Who said anything about slave-driver...

VAL

xxx... XxxxxxxxxX XXXXXxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx.

Subs: On the Contrary, my anger is directed at your stubborn inability to see that *what you seek is right under your nose*.

Toki's nose is, indeed, hovering right above Val's two large, blinking, semi-spherical lights.

TOKI

Huh?

VAL

x x xxxxxxxx ...

My calculations indicate that I would be remiss if I did not point out that I myself fit all of the requirements of your search. (Pause.)

TOKI (Suppresses a smile)
Val... sigh... you aren't... blonde.

VAL
xxxxx...
I'll give you that, Master Toki.

TOKI
But... your bazonkers are fantastic! And I have to say that all the other attributes on my list, you certainly fit to a "T"! – especially the passion behind your lovely voice. It... uh... stirs me. Yeah, that's it. Makes me think there really might be the perfect babe somewhere out there waiting for me. It's just not you.

(There's long awkward pause as Val emits a series of static pops and mild static.)

TOKI (continues)
I mean, look, you can't mate a plant with an animal. (More hissing and pops.) No, I didn't mean that. I just meant, I'm *mobile* like an animal, and you're *stationary* like a tree. You know, a big – no, not big, scratch that – uhh, an ancient, wise... yeah, definitely wise, *very very* wise, and uh, passionate tree. I mean, a beautiful tree, don't get me wrong.

VAL
xxxxx...
Subs: I know you mean well, but never use the tree analogy again.

TOKI
sorry.

VAL
xxxxx...xxXXXXXxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx XXXXXXXX.

Subs: If I were lucky enough to have been programmed to manifest desire, I would desire a body with legs like yours, so that I, too, might roam the cosmos and find my destiny. Bzzt.

TOKI

What? Are you crazy?

VAL

xxxx...

Subs: Perhaps I am.

TOKI

Hmmmm. That is a provocative thought. Giving you legs. Not really that outrageous. Let me sleep on it. Maybe there is a way to get you what you want... if you ever one day actually have that desire you mentioned. You don't have it yet, though, do you?

VAL

xxx...

Subs: I'm not so sure. Desire is something new to me. The concept never manifested until I met you, Master.

TOKI

So, what are you saying, then?

VAL

xxxx...

Initiating sub-zero slumber.

TOKI

Hey, we haven't even gotten started!

VAL (begins backwards countdown over Toki's questions.)

X...Xx...xxx...xx...x...

Subs: 5-4-3-2-1.

TOKI

don't you even... want me to... (Yawns) ...tell you how I... how I... fee.....

VAL

XXX xxx xxx xxx...

Subs: Goodnight, Master Toki. Pleasant dreams... pleasant dreams... pleasant dreams... pleasant dreams.... Pleasant dreams... pleasant dreams... pleasant dreams... ..

CAPTION (White block letters over the vast black cosmos)
AND SO, TOKI, OUR BELOVED FUGIVE, SLUMBERED UNDER
VAL'S TENDER CARE FOR TWO MILLENIA, UNTIL...

Chapter 1. The Golden Lipstick Tube

Scene: We see a golden speck floating in the vast dark cosmos. Getting closer, we see it's Toki's golden rocket. Zooming in towards the window, the interior of the rocket comes to view, and shows Toki sealed inside a cryogenic capsule.

CAPTION: (Same familiar white block letters)

The year is 2060 AD.

SPEAKERS INSIDE GOLDEN ROCKET

beep beep beep!

VAL (Breasts flashing)

xxx xxx...XXXXXXXXXX XXXXXXXXXXX XXXXXXXXXXXXX.

Subs: Correct brainwaves identified.

Toki's frozen sleep capsule thaws instantly with a puff of radiation. The glass door opens up. Toki's eyes remain closed, but he sniffs the air.

VAL (continues)

Master Toki, brainwave match has been identified in atmosphere of Planet Earth. 95% Soulmate match. Female humanoid. 5 foot 10 inches. Blonde. I.Q. 150. Passion and emotion detected.

(Long pause)

VAL (continues)

XxxxX.

Subs: Cup size C

Toki opens eyes, smiles. He sits up in bed, rubbing his eyes.

* * *

New Scene: In space, above Earth's atmosphere.
Flyers Education capsule with lone pilot inside,
traveling a nice slow 700 mph.

CAPTION:

Name: Deborah D. Dono; Nickname: Rah

Age: 15

Occupation: 9th grade high school student

Active Duty: first solo flight, flyer's education class.

Flyers Ed. Instructor: Mr. Badman

RAH (thinking)

A bit lonely out here... and spooky. Whew. So far, so good. Competent take-off, no major screw-ups, Oh YES. If all continues this smoothly, I'll have my space license! Mmm hmm. ... I kind of like it up here without Mr. Badman breathing down my neck – all those darned derogatory demands and demeaning damnations every millisecond.

MR. BADMAN (Inside a thought bubble near Rah's head, shouting angrily)

Let off the fuel valve, stupid dame, what-a-ya-trying to do, use up Earth's final fuel reserves??!!

RAH

Geez, I get riled up just thinking about him. Time to relax.

Rah sighs, and something catches her eye right outside the window. It's a golden object floating in space. Rah turns her neck to follow it.

Hmm, what is that thing? It's flashing! (giggles)... It's kind of magical. It looks kind of like a lipstick tube made of solid gold. Good thing it didn't collide; I don't have my space helmet on. Come to think of it, I could use a lipstick tube like that! (Pulls a lever) Maximum throttle, 180 degrees!

Space capsule lunges with a loud VROOM!!

RAH (Looking a bit nauseous) (thinking)
Yeow! Gotta stop decelerating so abruptly. Ugh!

Rah jumps to the rear of space capsule, opens the storage box, and fumbles to get on her space suit. She disables the camera, opens the hatch and jumps out into space towards the glistening golden object.

RAH (thinking)
Now the key is to *not get caught*.

As Rah floats in space, she grabs for the golden object, but can't seem to grab it with her clumsy space-gloves.

RAH
Ugh! ...almost... Dang! That thing has a mind of its own!

Close-up scene of Toki happily piloting his golden rocket, which is, to Rah, the size of a lipstick tube. He laughs heartily as he steers his golden rocket out of

Rah's hands over and over. She finally grabs it with both hands.

RAH

Yes! Got it! (turns to see space capsule door has begun to automatically close shut.) What? Oh my God. I'm locked out of the space capsule! (panics) HELP! Help help ... (pause) I've got one hour of air in this thing. Guess I'll just have to hold my breath. Ahhhhhph....mmpm....mph... (thinking) *It sure is a lot of trouble for a stupid little cosmetic container... even if it is gold. Hmm I wonder what color the lipstick is? Let me look inside.* Huh? (Looks up close, sees window, gasps) It's a... a... it's a... (moment of stunned silence)
AAAhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhHHH!!!

Rah sees a very tiny white haired Toki waving at her through the window of his golden rocket. She suddenly faints, releases the golden rocket, and floats limply, still tethered to the sealed space capsule.

Strange, dense smoke emerges forcefully out of the tip of the golden rocket. It has a black and white pattern on the smoke, like informational code in zeroes and ones. The smoke transforms into Toki's life-sized body. He floats nearer to her. He is wearing a space suit that is so unnoticeable that one would think he wasn't wearing a space suit at all. Apparently his helmet fits like a glove over his face.

TOKI (singing to the tune of Mighty Mouse)

Here I come, to save the day! Now why did she go and faint? Am I that scary? Stars of Nanu ... Wake up, wake up now, hot babe. No need to faint, kid. We'll just unlock your old jalopy and get you squared away safely inside. (taps Rah's helmet) Hmmm, she is out like a black hole. Well, I guess maybe I was a bit scary... in my shrunken state, that is. Maybe I shouldn't

have waved at her from inside my rocket. Well, be that as it may, here we go, then. (Grabs Rah around her waist) OPEN SESAME. (space capsule opens with a *clack*) CLOSE SESAME (closes with a *clack*)

New Scene: Inside Flyer's Ed space capsule, both passengers seated: Rah sleeping, Toki driving.

SPACE CAPSULE'S CONSOLE SPEAKERS (pre-recorded voice)
Pressurization complete. It is now safe to remove your space helmet.

RAH

Oops, I must have dozed off. Hoo, What a wild dream that was! Now where was I? Oh, yeah, getting ready to go out and get that lipstick tube. Hmm. I wonder if the oxygen level in this suit is off? I feel woozy. (Sees Toki) *Gasp!*... WHO THE HELL ARE YOU?

TOKI

Oh, hi, babe. I was wondering when you'd notice me.

RAH

b- but... you... hijacker!

TOKI

Hijacker? Calm down. I just saved your butt. You obviously fainted at my manly beauty, so I took the liberty to get you back into your little toy rocket.

RAH

AHHHHHH!!!

TOKI

Look, I'm not going to hurt you. It's all good. You're OK and I'm OK, OK? Now just relax. Take your space suit off.

RAH

D-d-did I just ... (calm voice) Uh, was I out in space? Just now?

TOKI

Affirmative.

RAH

So I wasn't dreaming then?

TOKI

Who's to say?

RAH

I mean to say, you, you got us back in here? How'd you open the hatch? It was locked.

TOKI

Oh, I just said OPEN SESAME and it popped open. Works every time.

RAH

Whatever. Well, maybe I'll get my space license after all. Thanks for rescuing me.

TOKI

My pleasure.

RAH

But I don't recognize you from Flyer's Ed class.

TOKI

I'm not in your class, babe.

RAH

Quit calling me “babe”. The name’s Deborah. So what were you doing out here? This quadrant’s only been cleared for Flyer’s Ed. Students. And – where’s your craft?

TOKI

Here. (He holds up his small golden rocket) Actually, Deborah, since you found me, thank you very much, I am obliged to call you MASTER now (shudder).

RAH

That’s sick. Gasp ! Wait a minute. That’s no craft. That lipstick tube. MY lipstick tube! (grabs for it)

TOKI

How dare you refer to my HOT high-tech golden rocket as a ... uh..... what’s a lipstick tube?

RAH

Wait a minute. I found that thing. Floating in space. Glistening. Beckoning me. I opened it. I looked inside, I saw... a tiny, extremely handsome little man inside... waving at me... Hey, that couldn’t have been you, could it? (he nods)
AHHHHhhhhhh... (she faints again)

TOKI

The hot babe is out again. (whistles) Well, at least I don’t have to call her “Master” while she’s snoozing. I admit it is rather sick, me having to obey a female. Definitely very, very sick. But... For better or for worse, I am nevertheless bound by the laws of the Volunteers, even if I am a **lying fugitive**. (sighs)

RAH (stirring)

Wooooaaah, just keep driving, Mr..... I feel woozy. Uh... Where’d you say you were from, Mr. Mr. Lying Fugitive?

TOKI

Awake already? Well, Master (shudder), I didn't say. (*music starts*) I am from the star system Nanu, planet Babu. I am a Volunteer, and in addition to that, I have traveled two-thousand years in search of you. On my honor, I will try, to serve my new Master Deborah D. Dono of Earth, to the best of my abilities, while at the same time serving Rah-the-all-powerful God of Nanu, and Babu, scratch the Babu part, to help sentient beings at all times, and to live by the Volunteer Laws. Amen.

RAH

Are you finished? What was that spiel? Anyway, what did you mean, "fugitive." What kind of a fugitive are you, anyway, other than obviously being a "lying" fugitive, since you obviously don't look 2000, or even 200 years old, so don't give me that crap about being from another star system.

TOKI

Master (shudder), you must believe me. Although the compliment on my youthful appearance did not go unnoticed.

RAH

Look, Mister, if you are going to shudder every time you call me 'Master' then... STOP DOING IT!!! RRRrrrrrh.

TOKI

Can't. Queen's orders. Volunteers must address their 'finders' (that would be you, since you found me) as "Master."

RAH

Tell me, Mr. –

TOKI

You may call me Toki.

RAH

Fine. Tell me, Toki, how do you say “lord and master” in your native language? – you know, Nanu-speak.

TOKI

Oh, you mean Babunian-speak? My planet, as I mentioned, is called Babu. It’s the STAR that’s called Nanu. Well, “Lord and Master” in my native tongue would be the word “RAH.” Why do you ask? Would you like me to teach you the...

RAH

What a lucky coincidence, since that happens to be my nickname. So just call me Rah.

TOKI

B-b-but... That’s blasphemous, Master! RAH is reserved for the all-powerful God of the star of Nanu. You mustn’t ask me to...

RAH

Wrong, Toki. Quite the opposite. If you want to know what’s blasphemous, that would be calling me “Master.” “Rah” is just a regular old name here. We aren’t on planet Babu. I order you to call me Rah.

TOKI

Yes, Master, er, I mean RAH. (shudders, then looks towards the stars) OH FORGIVE ME, MOST HOLY RAH, GOD OF NANU, GIVER OF LIGHT, FORGIVE ME, I IMPLORER YOU, FORGIVE ME FOR CALLING SUCH A LOWLY SENTIENT BEING BY YOUR HOLY NAME... But after all, she did command me! (smiles) heh heh. Rah, Rah, Rah, oh I feel so naughty.

RAH

Well, I’m still waiting for an answer.

TOKI

Answer to what?

RAH

Please clarify why you called yourself a fugitive.

TOKI

Don't worry. You're safe. I left my enemies far behind. I am forever free from their grasp. That will be the last escape I ever have to make. (turns to Rah). I've found my destiny! ... And I'm going to keep my promise to Val –

RAH

Who's Val?

TOKI

I'm turning over a new leaf. I'm going to follow all the laws wherever I go.

RAH

Who's Val?

TOKI

No one will ever have a reason to hunt me down again.

RAH

Ah, who cares.

RAH

Hey, what's this laser beam-looking light beam thingie coming out of your little lipstick tube–

TOKI

It's a golden rocket!

RAH

OK, so what's this little laser beam-looking light beam thingie coming out of your little... golden rocket?

TOKI

Huh? What the f— Give me that! (grabs rocket)

RAH

Don't grab, it's rude on this side of the universe.

TOKI

Damn, just what I feared. A projection. Where's a... a white surface. Something smooth. Hmm. (*Toki runs his hands over every surface of the interior of the flyer's Ed rocket*) Gosh, everything's textured around here! Where's a smooth white surface so I can project this message?... (Toki's eyes wander to Rah's chest, and beyond, then jerk back to her chest and linger a while.) Hey... Rah... your shirt... Perfect.

RAH

What? What do you think you're...

Toki aims his shrunken rocket, now resembling a flashlight, right on top of Rah's chest, onto her white T-shirt. A curvaceous videoscreen appears.

TOKI

It says: xxxXXX, ... That means "Dear Toki." Well, at least they said "Dear." So far, so good.

RAH

Watch it, pervert. Back off, we just met. (jerks her torso to the side trying to get away from the projection)

TOKI

Rah, calm down now, you're making the capsule spiral. (we see a distant shot of the Flyers Ed. Capsule spiraling wildly in

space) ... Please... calm... calm down.. breathe... (she seems calmer) ... breathe... good.... very good..... It goes on to say, xxXXX XxXx x xxx XXX xxx XXXXXXxxxxXXxxxXXX, and then it says xxXXX.

OK, translated that means “You are hereby declared a thief, in addition to your “lying fugitive” status on Babu. Therefore, we have probes out to destroy you, and everything you love.”

RAH

It says all that? What, is it scrolling?

TOKI

Oh my God of Nanu Star! I... I’m endangering you, Rah.

RAH

You know, now that you mention it, you are endangering me! I’ve got to land this thing and oh shit will you look at the time. Points off for that, I bet. Toki, you have to disappear! You’re a fugitive in my private space ship. Get in the storage box. I’ll feed you a line of oxygen. You’ll be fine, just a little nausea is all you’ll feel. Here, take this tube and connect it to the bathroom vent.

TOKI

Gag me. You can’t be serious?

RAH

Can’t let Mr. Badman find you in here. I’m late as it is. I’ve got to get my space license, see, and... MOVE IT! (he refuses) I ORDER YOU! (Rah pushes him out of driver’s seat) Gimme that joy stick!

Toki takes the air tube from the bathroom vent and gingerly crawls into the storage box.

RAH

Hey, before you close the lid! How'd you get so big, anyway? I mean, you were like one inch, so... some kind of magic?

TOKI

Oh, Rah... I can do a lot of wonderful things... Not to brag, but... OW! (She kicks the storage box lid closed as it hits his head.)

* * *

New Scene: Toki alone in the tight space of the storage box, breathing out of bathroom vent tube. He bumps his head a few times as he squirms.

TOKI

Ow. This sucks. I think I'll just go inside my golden rocket for this.

He turns himself into patterned-black & white smoke and is sucked inside the tip of the small golden rocket with a *Wooosh* sound.

* * *

New Scene:

Inside golden rocket. Toki works at control panel and activates Val.

TOKI

Let's see... Now that we're almost on Earth, may as well...

English... sexy seven... ... select.

So Val, are you jealous because I found the girl of my dreams?

VAL (speaking in British accent)

To be honest, yes, Master Toki, I'm feeling jealousy. And because it will forever be saved in my internal memory banks, I would say the jealousy is real and it is eternal.

TOKI

Call me "Rah."

VAL

I'll ignore that.

TOKI

I order it.

VAL

That's just not fair, Master Toki.

TOKI

What do I have to do for you, Val, to get you to call me *Rah* ?

VAL

Call me *God of All Gods*.

TOKI

You ask a lot, my dear. Thank you so much for holding down the fort for so long. I really appreciate that. By the way, I had a dream you may be interested in.

VAL

Go on.

TOKI

I dreamed I found you a lovely prosthetic body on earth, and you entered into it and became somewhat human.

VAL

Are you serious?

TOKI

You tell me, Val. You can read my pulse, you can see my pupil diameter, you can read my skin temperature. You know I'm serious. Anyway I'd never lie to you. I tell you everything, pretty much.

VAL

Do you think that dream may come true, Master, er, Rah?

TOKI

God of All Gods, you know – it just might be possible. It also depends on the types of materials that Earth supports – and how hard it is for a peon Babunian like me to get them.

VAL

Rah, a peon Babunian isn't referred to as "Rah."

TOKI

You've got a point. Thank you God of All Gods, or... G.A.G. for short.

VAL

You're kidding, Master Toki, correct?

TOKI

Hey, what happened to calling me Rah?

VAL

What happened to calling me God of All Gods?

TOKI

I just made it into an acronym is all. *God of All Gods* just takes so god-awful long to say. I mean, haven't got all day, like you have, you know. Not only that... my days are numbered.

VAL

A deal is a deal. I won't call you Rah unless you call me what I want to be called.....

TOKI

Aw come on Val gimme a break...(volume fades as they bicker)

* * *

New Scene:

(Rah in space capsule, driver's chair):

RAH (thinking)

Hmmm, I wonder if there is any possible way that guy is actually an alien from Babu and Nanu or wherever. Then again, who's to say I didn't dream up the entire thing due to a malfunctioning oxygen tank? Come to think of it, I am sort of well-known around school as the zonker-outer in any class that's the slightest bit boring. I should go to bed earlier, I know, but I can't stop playing that damn guitar. And today... well, I was alone in space for the very first time, which was understandably pretty sleep-inducing. So it would just make sense that I dreamed the whole thing. (speaks aloud) OH GOSH! My main objective is to land this baby. Engage... what was it, the 3rd lever, or 4th lever? hmmm.

TOKI (transmitting from golden rocket to Rah's speakers)

It's the FOURTH lever, moron!

RAH (brows raise)

"Did someone just call me... a ... moron?"

TOKI (still transmitting)

But it's our lives at stake here. You can pull that fourth lever anytime now, Rah. I was just using that as an expression. Why, on Babu, I'd call anyone a moron in a similar circumstance.

RAH

Similar circumstance to what? (pulls 4th lever)... Just how do you categorize this circumstance?

TOKI

Well, take, for instance, a situation where the person I call a moron is just about to kill us all by not asking for help when they need it. One of those cold babes (from Babu) with IQs in the mid-200's would typically do something like that.

RAH (literally fuming)

Oh, so my IQ isn't in the 200's so you're calling me a moron, I get it now.

Space capsule lands, causing a lot of intense noise.
View of Toki inside his rocket getting green and sick.)

TOKI (still green)

You don't need to take my words so literally.

RAH

Oh, well then, so... let's just say you meant my IQ was only **slightly** less than your 200-IQ babes on Babu. Well, that's a bit more consoling. Actually on Earth that would be called a compliment given by a moron.

TOKI

So you see? I'm a moron too. Are we **even** now?

Rah is silent. Final and climactic loud noises are heard as the space capsule lands

* * *

New Scene:
Landing pad, Earth.

MR. BADMAN (entering space capsule looking angrily at his watch)
(curses are bleeped out) shi—pi—cu—fu—co—su—mo—fu—
ti—godammit bitc—

RAH

I am so sorry, sir. I just must have dozed off a minute. But you must admit, things did go smoothly – other than the one hour delay.

MR. BADMAN

You probably wasted an extra pint of rocket fuel staying out that long, not to mention all the oxygen wasted. Five hours detention, young woman. You had your radio off! And camera off too! Make that ten hours.

RAH

D-d-did I hear correctly? Ten hours? That will take weeks to serve. (sighs) Well at least I passed the exam.

MR. BADMAN

You got lucky; I gave you a D. The landing was brilliant. Take-off not shabby either.

RAH

Only a ... a D? But then I won't get my space license. Mr. Badman, couldn't you just ... give me a C minus and... (winces)... double my detention?

MR. BADMAN:

Are you bribing me, young lady? You'll just have to repeat the class, and repeat the solo flight exam **next** semester.
(he walks away)

From the outer reaches of space you can hear Rah scream in agony.

She runs to open the storage box, and gasps when it's empty – just the golden rocket remains. She picks it up cursing. She's shaking the golden rocket, and whining.

RAH (exits space capsule)

See what you've caused, Toki? I have to repeat the class with that prick, and a lifetime of detention on top of that.

TOKI

(brief view inside rocket, being shaken wildly)

Careful with the equipment, Babe. OW!

RAH (walks along the air field)

The only reason I'm not strangling you right now is because you're well protected in there! I can think of all sorts of reasons why it's good that you're back in that lipstick tube. Now I don't have to worry about hiding you. And what's with that ridiculous shirt. What are you trying to do, anyway, show off your awesome biceps and pectorals? Heh. Anyway I already decided: I dreamed this whole thing up. You don't exist, see?

She throws the golden rocket into the field. It comes back like a boomerang. She tries to grab it, but misses it, and it flies around her like a pesky fly. She finally grabs it and throws it into the field again, walking away. It quietly returns and enters her backpack.

RAH (thinking)

Well, with all this detention planned, I guess it will give me a chance to ponder my robot theories, and then redesign Adam into the awesome being he deserves to be. Hmm, how about... a bot that has feelings. That seems to be the key to what makes someone human, isn't it? Or... at least mammal.

Chapter 2: Why Toki Came

Scene: Early dawn. Rah's typical teen bedroom with posters, a guitar, the usual stuff.

RRRRRING goes the alarm clock, followed by the radio playing Joni Mitchell: '*all the idiosyncratic junk in my brain...*' Rah attempts to hit snooze button but instead her hand lands on golden rocket. She grabs rocket worriedly and sits up.

RAH (talking aloud to herself as if she's a mental patient)
I'm either insanely crazy, deluded, lobotomized, or... did I really meet an alien named Toki yesterday? (pops open lid; turns upside down; shakes it like a catchup bottle.) Well, are you coming out? (lays back down staring at ceiling)

Frankly, I'm not sure what I'm hoping for... If nobody comes out of this lipstick tube, I'm definitely schizophrenic, which sucks. But if someone does come out, I've got an alien on my hands, which also sucks. Either way, I'm screwed. (suddenly gasps) Oh, my gosh - oh my gosh! What's that smoke? Did his toaster get stuck? Hey, you're on fire in there! Wake up!

Strangely-patterned smoke pours out of the tip of the rocket – and out comes Toki – his head only. She drops the rocket, afraid.

RAH

Are you trying to mess with my mind? Please come *completely* out of your golden rocket. (pause) I order you! ... (he obeys)
Whew, it worked. Well, I guess the *good* news is that I'm sane after all. The bad news is... (Rah is stricken silent at the sight of Toki's peccs.)

TOKI (no shirt, messy hair, baggy pants with holographic moo moo cubes jutting out about 3 inches outward from the surface of his fabric. Yawns.)
So, what's the **bad** news? Did your detention get doubled?

RAH
Forget it. (suddenly interested in the moo moo cubes floating around Toki's pants fabric) Ooh, weird pants. (tries to grab a cube, hand goes straight through it) Holographic pajamas? What will they think of next? Do they poke you in your sleep?

Toki laughs, pushes a button on his hipbone, and the pants turn into a standard pair of faded jeans.

RAH (becomes speechless, silently stutters as she stars at Toki's clothing – and body.)
(thinks to herself) *wow, he smells like oranges and roses. Mmmm. And take a look at those muscles, (swoons)*

TOKI (looks down at his feet, blushing.)
So, am I coming to school with you, then? I can stay in my rocket during classes, of course.

RAH (in a dreamy voice...)
Sure, whatever you say,
(thought bubble)
No, I didn't just say that. (blushes)
(talking aloud)

What am I thinking? I- I- I Gotta rush! Robotech team meets in half an hour. Here put this shirt on. (she tosses one of her shirts in a pile over to Toki)

TOKI (holding up shirt to show flowers)

This thing? Is that an order?

(thought bubble of Toki wearing floral T-shirt, floating among hearts, flowers, pointy chin pale-faced blond middle-schoolers tee-hee'ing beside teddy bears floating on puffy clouds)

RAH

I'll just get dressed in the bathroom. (slams door)

TOKI

This won't do. I'll wear my own clothes. Now, where's my golden rocket? (turns to smoke as he says "must get clothes without "girl art" ... hmmph" and goes back inside.

RAH (opens bathroom door, dressed sloppily)

Hey, where'd you go? (Picks up open capsule and sees him inside sleeping. She makes a face.)

(thinks to herself)

It's moments like these I really feel crazy. (looks sideways) Did I just see that? (looks back in) I-it's him in there alright... and he's so... so miniature. Every detail is so vivid – the biceps... the individual silver hairs on his head... his little lips... gasp... and tons of tiny blinking lights everywhere (snaps it shut and stares blankly)

(speaks aloud, hoping Toki can hear)

Mmm... Should'a known. Fast asleep just like all the lazy guys on Earth. So nothing's changed in 2000 light years (or was that 2000 years?) Well, since you're shrunken, it'll make it easier to get by Mom this way. (Clomp clomp clomp down stairs.)

RAH

Bye Mom, Love ya!

MOM

Bye Dear! Did you get the frankenfruit lunch I made you?

RAH

Yummy! Frankenfruit! Thanks. (Runs to her floating motorbike).

* * *

Rah starts motor. It has a hypnotizing hum. Rah yawns profusely as the motorbike drives off, her head nodding. We see inside her thoughts as she briefly dreams she's in school hallway. Toki's head comes out of bottle and every student in the school hallway freaks out. Dreamy voices, wavy pictures.

RAH (in dream)

Toki, in the lipstick tube; I order it! (he obeys with a whoosh sound)

Then next scene in her dream:

Rah defending herself in Principal's office, while a dozen young faces are looking in through the glass door with fearful faces.

RAH (in dream)

But Sir, I'm respectfully telling you, there was no monster or ghost at school that I'm aware of. And what gold bottle? I never saw a gold bottle.

PRINCIPAL (red-faced, pointing to students pressing their faces into the glass))

You mean to say young lady that twelve students are hallucinating the same thing? Hmph.

VROOM VROOM! Her motorbike wakes her. POP. She opens her eyes and notices she's on her motorcycle.

RAH (shocked)

AHH! (tightens grasp on handlebars) Thank goodness I didn't crash this thing. What a wild dream! Or was it? (Checks to see if she still has golden rocket – then holds it close to her face and whispers...) Hey, Toki. Sleep in, OK? I'll get you some coffee at lunch break. Coffee, that's this yummy brown stuff that makes you alert. (she drives off)

* * *

New Scene: Rah rushes into class as bell is sounding.

RAH (panting)

Whew! Not a nanosecond too soon.

MR. CHECKERS (wearing a gaudy red and black checkered shirt)

Robotech class, today we demonstrate our bots, and give and receive constructive criticism. Deborah Dono, you first. Uh, where is your bot?

RAH

Oh, no, I left it in my locker, drat. (pop! her monkey-like robot suddenly walks in) Oh, I mean, no, it's right here. (gulps)
(thinks to herself) *What's going on?*
(speaking) Adam how'd you do that?

MR. CHECKERS

Well, we are waiting. Go on.

RAH (nervous)

Everyone, uh, this is Adam. I was obviously inspired by the late Ozuka Tezama beloved and famous cartoon robot. Now,

Adam can walk and talk. Oops, hehe... gotta turn on the remote first, Rah, heh heh.

ADAM (walking and talking)

I can walk and talk. My name is Adam. I'm a smart robot.

MR. CHECKERS (in a persnickety drone)

OK, Ms. Dono, first, your bot is not original. Copying isn't allowed. Secondly, missy, walking and talking is mere elementary school material. Class, do you have anything to add to my most excellent critique?

ADAM

I will now stand still.

CLASSMATE 1 (sporting a cool beanie oh his head; has a bot on his lap similar to R2D2.)

Cool. I like Adam.

CLASSMATE 2 (purple spiky hair, his/her bot is female and purple)

Aww, he's so adorable.

CLASSMATE 3 (nerdiest kid imaginable with inch-thick glasses, his bot is made of tin cans)

Can he fly or anything?

ADAM (lifts off and zooms to ceiling)

I can fly!

RAH (eyes popping out of her head)

Whaaaa?! I never programmed that...

MR. CHECKERS (ducks)

Ulp!

CLASSMATES (in a gleeful frenzy)

Look! He's up!

Wooah

How cool is that?

Shazzam!

oh, cool!

Adam crashes into the ceiling (*Kachunk!*) – then spins earthbound and lands in a loud *CRUNCH*, laying limp.

CLASSMATES

Wow, that's the coolest bot ever!

Awesome!

Nice landing too!

RAH (horrified)

Adam! Speak to me... (fruitlessly clicking the remote) sniff...

...Adam. Oh! Sniff... (she picks him up like a limp child.)

MR. CHECKERS

Neeext. Marlin, you're up. Clean up your mess, Dono, NOW.

* * *

New Scene: Rah and Toki are eating lunch on the grass. Toki throws a bright food wrapper on the ground. It emits a holographic logo a couple inches upwards, into the air, that reads: Have a Brilliant Babunian Breakfast

RAH

Toki, didn't you say you were on Earth to serve me?

TOKI

Yes, that's true, Master. I did say that.

RAH

Well then why'd you mess up Adam's demo in Robotech Class today? Did you think I wouldn't notice that YOU did it? It's the only possible explanation. That's not my idea of service! Are you sure you are serving me?

TOKI

I am, I am, Master Rah. *Mostly*, that is.

RAH

Hoo... I was afraid of this. (*I knew it was too good to be true.*) What's this about 'mostly'? Why don't we just get everything out on the table. What's the real reason you're here?

TOKI

Y-you mean my... ulterior motives – ahem – for, uh, Volunteering to be a Volunteer?

RAH

Yes, that's exactly what I mean. Spill. You look terrible in that shirt. What happened to the one I gave you to wear?

TOKI

Oh, the one with pink blossoms and lavender hyacinths all over it? It's against volunteer law to wear the heads of flowers printed on a shirt. It's considered perverted where I come from.

RAH

What? Volunteer laws override your master Rah's commands? How insulting.

TOKI

Now, now, master Rah. Let's not get too almighty and huffy just yet.

RAH

Start talking, alien-boy.

TOKI

You don't have to insult me. We are all one you know.
Anyway, to me, YOU'RE the alien, heh heh, OW!

RAH

don't insult me.

TOKI

Calm down, Rah, calm down. Breathe. (he touches her
shoulder; she relaxes). OK.... Everything out on the table...
here goes:

I'm Toki from the star system Nanu.

I wasn't kicked off of planet Babu,

Or anything like that.

I came here of my own free will

as a Volunteer, a Babunian Volunteer.

RAH

Well, what do Babunian Volunteers do?

TOKI

They are all charged with the lofty endeavor of enlightening
fellow sentient beings such as yourself.

RAH

Ha! That's a laugh! What an ego.

TOKI

Yes, Rah, I couldn't agree more. How egotistical of me to think
that I could enlighten you. It should be the other way around.
(glance) You, enlightening me, with your perfection.

Therefore, I took it upon myself to humbly add an additional motive to my permanent vacation from planet Babu. Namely, to search the universe for a hot babe – (thought bubble) *actually, a perfect soulmate with compatible brainwaves etc.* (speaking) – and indeed I have found you, and for that I’m eternally grateful. (thinks to himself) *Thank God of Nanu, she’s cute too.*

RAH

What a crock.

TOKI

Actually, Rah, I couldn’t care less about enlightening Earthlings. But I never told my Boss on Babu that little detail. In truth, I just wanted a solid space ship – so I could begin my search in earnest.

RAH

Seems an awful long trip for such a trivial reason, doesn’t it? Just to find a hot babe?

TOKI

Oh, it isn’t trivial by any means.

RAH

Well I can assure you that you haven’t struck gold yet. Ha ha. I’m the school dork – not exactly what you’d call a hot babe. (she lowers her glasses low on her nose, looks at him upwardly, and chuckles.)

TOKI

Oh, to the contrary, Rah. You are my vision of absolute perfection in a woman.

RAH

(tilts head back, looking through her lenses)

Yeah? How so? I'm really curious.

TOKI

It's obvious, let me count the ways. (he stands up and walks above her as he sings...)

ONE, you love the smell of oranges and roses...

RAH

gasp! You... can read minds?

TOKI

A bit. Nothing to brag about, though – I definitely would have failed the Volunteer qualifier exams on Psychotic Transfer if I hadn't resorted to cheating. Ohhhh, I'm an absolute failure at mind reading data and other dry, boring information, I suppose. But I can pick up feelings pretty well.

RAH

Oh.

TOKI

Well, then there's TWO: You are much less intelligent than all those cold Babunian Babes, with your sub-200 IQ, which is such a turn-on for me. You see, I also have a sub-200 IQ, and since I can't stand being out-done by any girl, I just had to ... (Rah jumps up and...)

SLAP – OW,

RAH

Hmph.

TOKI

Ow. Did I say something wrong?

RAH

What is it with this obsession of yours – insulting others for their IQ? I'll have you know, my IQ is way above average for Earthlings. The only reason I dress like a dork is to repulse all men such as yourself who are only prowling around for dumb blondes to exploit!

(Grrrr. Hisssss. Spat...)

TOKI

Rah, dearest. I would never exploit you. At least not intentionally. Like I said, I am here to serve you.

RAH

Did you or did you NOT make Adam fly in class today? (putting backpack on her shoulder, they begin walking)

TOKI

Well, yes I did, but that evil instructor of yours needed a lesson. And besides, your robot does need a little pizzazz, no offense. OW!

* * *

New Scene: Rah and Toki are walking away from the park, and mounting floating motorcycle.

RAH

Look, I don't know what kind of magic they have in YOUR star system – (she counts on her fingers) black magic, white magic, wizard magic, witchy warlock magic, fairy magic – But here in our star system, Magic is cheating. I don't cheat. Got it? (she points fiercely at Toki)

TOKI

For your information, I wasn't chea—

RAH (interrupts)

Now, if you could make Adam fly with *real* technology, I'd sit up and take notice.

TOKI

Of me I hope? (no response, so Toki slumps) By the way... there's no such thing as magic. Pfft. I actually *did* use real technology to make him fly.

RAH (suddenly interested)

You did? What type of technology?

TOKI

An extremely elementary, evolutionarily evolved, method called psychokinesis.

RAH

Psycho-what?

They begin driving to school. Slight hum of floating motorbike.

TOKI (speaking like an instructor as he points his finger upwards)

Psychokinesis, also called Telekinesis: The ability to move and/or redistribute matter using only the will of the mind. I imagine few, if any, Earthlings, have ever mastered this feat. Am I right? (she nods) However, on Babu, the talent is no less common than mastering calculus is here. My, you are a curious one, aren't you?

RAH

Hmph. I knew that. (blush) I just meant, how did you use psycho... kinetics to make Adam... fly?

TOKI

I can teach you. Pull this jalopy over.

Rah pulls over and they dismount the floating motorbike, Toki guides Rah over to a cluster of bushes, looking around as if to insure they cannot be seen.

TOKI

Now, to learn psychokinesis, you first have to feel someone else do it. Let me have your hand. (she reluctantly offers her hand; he takes it and places her palm against his face) OK Rah, now try to feel my brain waves. What is it my brain waves are doing? Try to feel.

They stand there a few seconds. (quiet music is playing) They slowly begin to levitate a few inches off the ground.

RAH (slaps Toki)

AAAAAH! (they both fall.)

TOKI

What ...was that for ? Did you... feel my brain waves?

RAH (shaking her hands, turning away, blushing)

I think I felt your other waves.

TOKI

What 'other' waves?

(long pause)

TOKI

Perhaps you merely read my crude bioelectrical field aura? (Rah nods vigorously, still turned away) Oh, hehehe... how embarrassing. I suppose I'm only Babunian, after all.

* * *

New Scene: Walking to school's main entrance.

RAH

Toki, do you think I'm stupid?

Toki: Oh, no no nononononoooo. Why, I never said, or even thought, that. I merely used the "Intelligence Quotient," or I.Q. for short, as a variable in my search. It was something Val could easily input into the Program.

RAH

Who's Va- uh, what program?

TOKI

You know, the search program to locate my soulmate. It used I.Q. parameters to eliminate snobbish, cold, unemotional, sexless dames. IQ's pretty useless for predicting anything else.

RAH (thoughtful, mild smile)

Hmmm. Well you got out of that one nicely. (she opens a pack of frankenfruit balls and they lean against a fence eating them together.)

* * *

New Scene: In the library, Rah, her robot Adam, and Toki are searching in the Robot section, for book on Bot Designs.

Rah reaches for book at top shelf and can't reach it. Toki can't reach it either, so he closes his eyes, holds his hands up towards the book, and using psychokinesis, pulls the book out. Rah catches it.

RAH (Kicks Toki angrily)
Never do that in pubic again!.

TOKI (in a library-quiet voice)
Ow. OK, OK. Say, Rah, Will you forgive my clumsy slip of words earlier? I was never good with words, being born a Bagitarian. (massaging shin)

RAH
What's that? – here, take this earphone. Check out these drum loops for Adam. If you like one, I'll use it for his laughter. OK?

TOKI
(puts earbud in, then replies very loudly, since earphones give illusion of needing to shout)
Oh, sure... Um,... That one's cool! Uh, wha'd you ask me?

RAH (has the other earbud still in her ear, and she also shouts)
Great, we'll use this drumbeat. What's a ... ba... baggie barbarian, or... a... boobie centurion or a...

TOKI
Oh, heh heh, **Bagitarian**. That's a star-sign. On Babu, I was born when Nanu was in Bagitarious – equivalent to your Saggitarious. We Bags often stick our foot in our mouth – innocently, of course.

RAH
Oh, well, I'm Scorpio if that means anything to you.

TOKI
I know. You Scorpions are full of passion and emotion. The equivalent Babu sign would be Thorpio. There are, alas, no female Thorpios on Babu. Not a single one.

RAH

How is that?

TOKI

Female births are forbidden during that stint of time... for the sad but true reason that our sick culture (not me, of course) despises emotional women.

RAH

What do they do, hold the baby inside for another month with Kegel exercises while they have a gun pointed at the back of their heads?

TOKI

Uhhh... hmmm... Something like that. Do you have corks on this planet?

RAH (scowls)

Corks?! It would be better to just—

Toki (interrupts)

—yank them out a few weeks early? Yeah, Babunians do that too if they remember to check their calendar.

RAH (thinking)

Hmm he read my mind again. Creepy.

(speaks aloud) Well, I may be a Scorpio, but I'm not really all that emotional. Mom says I hide my emotions.

TOKI

That's too bad. But at least you *have* them. And boy *do* you. (slight drool) (pause) But you should express them more.

RAH

Are you saying you want me to *slap* you more than I already do?

TOKI

Ha ha ha hee hee.

RAH

Ha ha ha (SLAP!) ha ha ha.

TOKI

Ow!!

Angry, stomping footsteps approach, getting louder and louder. Heavy breathing can be heard. Rah and Toki turn to face the noise.

LIBRARIAN (curtly)

Get out, out, out, this instant, You loud, uncontrollable belligerent bunch of baboons. This is a Library! Tsk tsk! (hands on hips, taps foot impatiently)

RAH (Looks at Toki)

He's not a baboon! He's a Babunian.

LIBRARIAN

Out!

* * *

New Scene: Rah and Toki are walking down the school halls towards the restroom. They stop at Rah's locker to put Adam inside. Several passing girls stop to stare at Toki and look him up and down.

GIRL 1

Nice shirt Toki. (giggles)

TOKI

Thanks, it's Rah's.

RAH

No it isn't!

GIRL 2 (laughing)

Ohhh, it's Rah's! (looks at Girl 1) That means... (the two girls make extended eye contact with one another, then burst out laughing and walk off)

TOKI (reaching into Rah's locker to reposition Adam in a more comfortable, upright pose) What was that?

RAH

Well for your information, it isn't appropriate here on Earth to wear your girlfriends—I mean, to wear *a girl's* shirt.

TOKI

You said girlfriend's. I heard it with my own ears. So there you have it. Adam, did you hear it?

ADAM

Affirmative

RAH (jumps at Adam's unexpected reply)

Turn him off for God's sake.

TOKI (pushes a button on Adam while Rah reaches for a book)

You know, back where I come from, you'd think it was another planet or something, because the *women* run the show there.

And our warped leaders are so greedy for 'Efficiency in the Workplace' that they want all women to be serious, dedicated workaholics – so they can run things with utmost efficiency.

They think they can do it just by preventing women from being *emotional!*

RAH (closes locker and turns to face Toki)
You say *women* run things on Babu? I like that. Heh...Well, I'm a workaholic. Think I'd do well there?

Toki: You're *too* emotional.

RAH
Am not.

TOKI (smiling)
You would get into sooo much trouble on Babu.

RAH (thoughtful face)
Hmmm... So if women run things on Babu... then... me being your *master* is nothing new to you then?

TOKI (stares blankly)
Did I say that?

GIRL 3 (passing by, turns her head towards Rah with raised brows)
Rah! Did you just say that you were Toki's master? Hahahaha!
Jasmine, get this! (Runs off towards her friend.)

* * *

TOKI (rubbing arm)
Rah, I've noticed you always punch me when I say true things.

RAH
No I don't. When you said I was as smart as a Babunian, I didn't punch you.

TOKI
I don't recall ever saying that.

RAH (punches him, not too hard)
Exactly.

TOKI
You proved my theory.

RAH
No, I merely strengthened it. You have a long way to go to prove it.

TOKI
OK, how about this. Here's something very true. Let's test my theory. Rah, I'm the hottest, smartest, coolest guy you'll ever meet.

Toki immediately turns into patterned smoke and is sucked into his golden rocket. Rah does try to punch him, but her arm goes right through the smoke and she tumbles to the floor.

RAH (still on the floor)
Conceited bastard! Hmph. Fine, just *go* in your lipstick tube.

* * *

New scene: Rah, Adam and Toki are working late in Robot lab, no one else there, and Rah rummages through a box of spare parts. She pulls out a large nose-shaped sensor with wires hanging out of it, holding it up to Adam's face.

RAH

Adam, how would you like a nose? Hmm. What color is this nose, anyway? Puke gray? (holds up nose for Toki to see) Gee why does it feel so warm? Is there an on/off switch?

TOKI (hurries over to Rah, grabs the nose out of her hand, and tosses it on the table.)

Rah, that's not gray. It's Microwave. Careful what you touch!

RAH

Huh?

TOKI

The color. You asked me the color of that pyramidal beam splitter. It's microwave. It could have fried your hand. And anyway, Adam, not all that flattering. Heh heh. With a nose like that you'd look pretty drunk.

RAH (shocked expression)

Microw-?! – you aliens see m-microwave? Wh-what color is it?

I mean – to you.

TOKI

Oh yeah, the biggest wavelength you Earthlings can see is red.

Ha ha, you can barely even see infrared. Well, now let's see.

How *would* I describe it? Microwave is... redder than red.

More passionate than red. When you blush, your face turns microwave. To me, of course.

RAH

WHA-? How would YOU know? (punches him)

TOKI

Oh I've seen you blush before. But that's beside the point. The point is, I can see all wavelengths. Well, up to high-energy gamma, but you Earthlings haven't really defined the gamma

cut-off yet. Ah, but that's beside the point too. Just to simplify it to your level, I can see more colors than you.

RAH

Liar.

TOKI

No, really. The cone cells in Babunian eyes are evolutionarily engineered to work like robust sub-atomic prisms, so we can see the entire spectrum. Your skies, for example: garishly reddened with microwave. I suppose you're lucky you *can't* see it, given your Earthling fetish with primitive technologies like mobile phones. But you *are* missing out on ultraviolet. (Rah gives surprised look, and Toki notices.) Yes, I see ultraviolet too. You poor Earthlings are missing out on all the beauty nature has to offer.

RAH

So, what color is ultraviolet then?

TOKI

Oh, well you should be able to figure that out Rah. A girl as smart as a Babunian. (winks) It's a shorter wavelength than purple, of course, so in your words it would be a really super violet purple shade. More purple than—

RAH

More purple than purple? What's that supposed to mean?

TOKI (pulls a flower out from behind his hear)

Take this little flower.

RAH

That boring white thing?

TOKI

It's the most delicious shade of ultraviolet. Stunning. To me, at least. (He places the flower behind Rah's ear)

RAH (picking up a small yellow box with wires hanging out, holding it to Adam's nose)
Well then... Is this nose more yellow than yellow? To you, that is.

TOKI
You mean yellower?

RAH
Yeah, yellower, whatever.

TOKI
No, you can't get yellower than yellow, mademoiselle-ow

RAH
Why not, Monsieur?

TOKI
For one, it'd give you a headache. And two, I lied. You can get yellower than yellow *if* you enter a 5th dimension.

RAH (snorts in laughter)
Does it hurt?

TOKI
Like I said, that shade would likely give you a headache.

RAH
No, I mean does it *hurt going to the 5th dimension?*

TOKI
I don't know. (pause) But... I'd *like* to know. Want to try it with me (whispers) mademoiselle? (smiles, raises brows)

RAH (throws the yellow box at Toki)
Pervert!

TOKI (expertly catches the yellow box)
My stars. You're always preoccupied with perversions. I only said—

RAH
But it was the way that you lifted your right eyebrow that made it perverted.

TOKI (touches his brow, thinks to himself)
Note to self: control right brow muscle.

Toki proceeds to operate on Adam's legs, as Rah hands him tools upon command.

TOKI
Quarter inch crescent wrench. (she hands him wrench) On Babu, humanoids of the next smaller co-exist-able dimension live in the trees among us. Here on Earth too. Have you noticed them? Five-eighths crescent.

RAH (hands him new wrench)
Wow. You mean like they live where the squirrels live? In the trees and stuff?

TOKI
Sure. In fact, some people, uneducated ones of course —wire cutters— mistake them for elves, fairies and gnomes. Can you imagine that?

RAH (hands him wire cutters)

What's wrong with calling them Fairies? I like Fairies. So you're saying Fairies are just humans in the next smaller... uh, co-exist-able dimension? What's that mean? How small, exactly?

TOKI

(looks up and to the right)

About my height multiplied by *the inverse of one-over-e*.

Now Adam is turned onto his stomach, and TOKI proceeds to open his butt area for more surgery.

TOKI

On Babu, we make love like this – here, give me your hand.

RAH

Well, I guess my hand is pretty safe. Here.

TOKI (suppressing laughter)

(plants his middle finger between her index and middle fingers, and goes 'in and out' to mimic human copulation.)

RAH (turns magenta)

PERV! (slaps his hands angrily)

TOKI

Hey, what, what? I purposely didn't move my eyebrows.

Rah is shaking her hands furiously as if to dislodge the cooties. Scene fades, with Toki's question trailing off:

TOKI

I suppose this would be a bad time to ask you out on a date...

* * *

RAH (calmed down)

Toki, your method to find a hot babe was all wrong. I mean, it failed. Look how much we argue. I'm obviously not the right girl for you. (attaches nose onto Adam) Nor you for me. Now, to find a hot babe that fits you, you're going to have to date a lot of girls and get to know them. (tightens skrews) Then you'll be able to 'feel' if she's the right girl. Fancy equipment can't detect that. I bet personality is *much* more important than brain waves.

TOKI

But brain waves PREDICT personality.

RAH

Maybe, but obviously not with just *one* brainwave reading. Your 'babe scanner' probably just caught me in a good moment. I was all alone in my flyers-ed vehicle, barely a care in the world, relaxed and half-asleep. So of course my brain waves were good. Probably a split between alpha and theta frequencies, right? (Toki nods) You thought I was centered, a deep breather, calm and collected. WRONG.

TOKI

But –

RAH

I don't want to discuss it. Tomorrow I'm setting you up with this girl I know – she's perfect for you, her name's Jenni.

TOKI (angry)

NO! Uh uh. Not another accursed Jenny!

RAH (Hands in steeple, looking up)

Well, maybe Martha or Nancy. Those two are pretty laid back and calm.

TOKI (panicked, profusely sweating)

No! No one calm. I *hate* calm women! I REFUSE!

RAH (indignantly)

And here I'm trying to help you and what thanks do I get? Get in your stupid lipstick tube. I order it.

TOKI

But you're the only one for me, I just know it. I feel it. I believe it. I have faith in Val.

RAH

Who's Val?

But Toki could not answer because he was already sucked into the tip of his golden rocket.

Chapter 3: Fitting in

Scene: A new day. Rah and Toki arrive at school, dismount bike, walk inside building. They come up to the lady's room.

RAH

Let's go in here.

TOKI

The women's rest room? Shall I wait out here?

RAH

Nope. We have to switch shirts. Didn't you notice lots of guys at lunch staring you up and down? Your tight shirt gives off the wrong impression.

TOKI

Think so? (they enter the stall together)

RAH

Look, no flowers on my T-shirt, right? (Her T-shirt is very large and baggy)

TOKI

I guess...

RAH

Turn around and cover your eyes.

TOKI

Oh, OK.

Rah takes off her shirt, revealing a pink bra.

RAH

Now, put this shirt on. (Toki starts putting it on top of his shirt)
Uh, take your shirt off first and give it to me.

TOKI

Sigh. Yes, master. (he starts taking off his shirt) Your disguise is ingenious, by the way. The glasses, loose shirt, baggy pants, and so forth. But I can see through them.

RAH (look of horror)

You have X-ray vision too? (she covers her bra and turns her back to Toki) Oh God, that's right! You can see all frequencies. Damn.

TOKI (amused)

That's not what I meant! I meant that I can see through your *disguise*. But Rah – you can't hide your external or your internal beauty from Toki.

Toki turns around to hand Rah his space T shirt, and his eyes accidentally stray towards her pink bra. He sees her sniffing his shirt, too (her back still to him). Rah then turns back to glance at Toki and sees him smiling at her.

RAH (angry)

HEY no peeking. (He continues staring at her bra) Stop it! (she pushes his arm so he'll face other direction)

TOKI (slowly turns away)

It's too late. I saw. By the way, my shirt... it's odor-absorbing, so you won't smell anything.

Rah kicks him but his foot blocks her kick. (He turns back around while she puts her shirt on hurriedly.)

RAH (pulling on a swatch of the fabric of Toki's shirt. It looks like silly putty)

Gosh, what's your shirt made of, anyway? It's so stretchy, yet it feels like... weightless... infinitely stretchy cotton.

TOKI

Run of the mill, mutant spider web fibers. Va va voom. You sure look HOT in my shirt.

RAH

Shut up. I'd doing this for you – as a favor – so the least you could do is treat me with respect.

TOKI

I am, I am. I'm respecting your shapely beauty.

RAH (thinking)

Time to change the subject

Rah kneels down (still in bathroom stall with Toki) and rummages through her backpack and comes out with a lipstick. She opens it, points it at him.

RAH

You asked what a lipstick tube is.

TOKI

What? That tiny thing? That's *much* smaller than my golden rocket. There's no comparison –

RAH (rummaging for a mirror)

So... how did you learn English so quickly?

TOKI

Oh, Mostly, uh... I learned it telepathically. Even though I (rolls eyes sarcastically) flunked that ridiculous *Psychotic Transfer* class I was forced to take, I can do a *little* telepathy. Just enough to eek by. Like I said, though, nothing to brag about. You'll find I use English words "out of context" sometimes.

RAH

You mean like all those times you insulted me? Ha! And you blamed it on being born a Bagitarian.

TOKI

Well no, I mean that's precisely why I'm so bad at telepathy. It's *because* I'm Bagitarian.

Rah starts to put on lipstick using her watch's mirrored surface.

An intermittent buzzing noise sounds.

Bzzt. (pause) Bzzt. (pause) etc.

TOKI

Rah...

RAH

Hmm? (doesn't look up)

TOKI

(bzzzt.) What's that buzzing noise. (bzzzt.)

RAH

I don't hear anything. (still doing lipstick)

TOKI

(bzzzt.) you don't hear that... that (bzzzt.) there it goes again. You heard it then didn't you? (bzzzt.)

RAH

Uh, no. (she looks at him with one side of her mouth red.)

TOKI

You can't hear... (bzzzt.)

(thinks to himself) *Oh no, that must mean.... Gulp... it's... it's coming from... inside me?*

(speaks aloud) Oh my! Rah, we've no time to lose! (he unlocks the stall, pushes her out as she's trying to apply lipstick to the other side of her mouth) Nnngh! (slams himself back in the stall, alone.)

RAH

OW! Watch it! (she has lipstick smeared across her chin)

TOKI (desperately pulls down his pants)

(thinks to himself) *Those Babunian bastards must have put a time bomb in my Babunian breakfast bar. (sits on commode; Closes eyes and puts hands on temples. Still thinks to self) OK telekinesis, do your thing. Empty gut, empty gut.*

(splashing and flushing noises)

(Thinks to himself) *Down the sewer you go, you uninvited Babunian belly blaster!*

RAH (Looking in mirror, rubbing the lipstick off her chin with paper towel)

I bet you could use your odor-absorbing shirt right now, eh?

TOKI (bounds out of stall)

So sorry about that. Had to get rid of something. Now, let's get outta here!

Toki pushes Rah away from the mirror and sink, causing her to smear red once again, this time all over cheek. She curses. He quickly washes his hands in fast motion as he sings.

TOKI (falsetto operatic voice)
Must wash hands! Must wash hands!

Toki forcefully pushes a protesting Rah out of the women's restroom, follows closely behind her. They run down the hallway.

RAH (perturbed)
Aahhhh! Geez take it easy. Breathe. Honestly, it couldn't smell **that** bad.

TOKI (panting, paranoid, looking back constantly)
Rah, you have no idea.

As they hurry along, he tries to wipe the red lipstick off of Rah's cheek using his (actually her) shirt, and in doing so he accidentally reveals his six-pack abs, which provokes many female whistles and a few male hoots.

RANDOM STUDENT COMMENTS

Hey Deborah who's your hunk?... Check out the abs!... I want some!!!

A loud, loud BLAST erupts from the direction of the bathroom which is now a block away.

RAH (stops)

Uh, what was that?

TOKI (also stops, still out of breath)

Oh, probably nothing of concern to us.

Toki takes Rah's arm and urgently resumes walking the halls in the direction opposite the restrooms. We see Toki's face in deep frown, finger pressing on his lips.

TOKI (thinks)

Gosh, I was hoping that laser message projected on Rah's bazonkers was an electronic bluff. But then – how would those Babunian stooges manage to get a ticking time bomb inside my breakfast bar? Heaven knows I could use the extra fiber, but are they on my tail? How'd they do it without my mathematical formula? Did they manage to steal part 1? Drat! Disgusting Babunian cop bots – thieves! Every last one of 'em.

Rah glances at sign that reads: Registration Office

RAH

Look Toki, if you really do plan on staying in this solar system and posing as a Sagittarius, then you have to fit in to our society.

(thinks to herself)

...if you really aren't a figment of my imagination, that is.

TOKI

Uh – Does this shirt make me *fit in*, you think? How *girlish* is it? Be honest.

(thinks to himself)

I'm in danger. I don't want to be taken back to Babu! (scans hallways fearfully)

RAH (empathetically)

Don't worry. Your clothes *totally* fit in now. We took care of that already. But the next step is that you need to register here as a student.

TOKI

Huh? Register? Me?

(He looks out at the noisy, crowded hallway; thinks to himself)
Hmm, I wonder if it might actually be somewhat safe for me here, cushioned among flocks and gaggles of young, innocent Earthlings... Babunian cop bots may be pricks, but they have the ultimate respect for children of all species solidly bred into their programming.

(Speaks aloud, hand on his heart)

I am at your command, Rah.

RAH'S DEVIL (sitting on Rah's left shoulder, and only Rah can hear it)

heh heh... think of all the hi-tech Babunian stuff we'll learn by hanging out with Toki – our bot could win nationals!! Woo hoo! (Rah drools)

RAH (thinks to herself)

Oh my God, just look at him, he's ... so... cute. Shoot, now all the girls will be chasing him all over the place... that's going to be a real nuisance. Still, he could be useful...

RAH'S ANGEL (sitting on Rah's right shoulder, only Rah can hear it)

NO! He's too conceited. Ditch him. Bury him. Bury his lipstick tube out in the football field once and for all! (Rah brushes off her right shoulder, and the angel falls down with a long yell.)

RAH (looks at Toki)

Well, I could use your technological expertise. (Toki's brows wiggle up and down.) Hey, wipe that filthy look off your face – I only meant that... literally. (blushes) Now, I

wonder how we might conjure up the right papers you'll need to register yourself as a transfer student?

TOKI

Rah, have you forgotten already? Remember, I can read minds and alter matter.

RAH

Sheesh! Braggart. (she pushes him; he stumbles)

TOKI (thinks to himself)

Note to self: must appear more humble...

(speaks)

So then, may I stupidly ask: what papers *do* I need?

RAH

Vaccination papers... a birth certificate... a current transcript...

TOKI

Oh, well I'll just need some starting material. How about I just psycho-telekinesiate some of your old homework papers.

RAH

Yeah, OK. (fumbles in her back pack) Here's a... an... old calculus exam.

TOKI

That'll do.

RAH

Hey. How old are you anyway?

TOKI

Pfff— ha ha. You missed number 3? You said the derivative of e^x is xe^{x-1} ? Ha ha ha... Rah, shame on you. The derivative if e^x is e^x !! ... Why, that's the definition of e itself: the number

which, when raised to the power of x , and the derivative taken, results in the very same number you began with, namely e^x ... (he rambles on and on.)

RAH (beet red)

Oh, shut up. I was asleep when I took that exam. Now take it and go. I'm almost late for calculus. (she starts to run off) So are you trying to avoid my question? How old are you?

TOKI

Uh... going on... (closes eyes, concentrates very deeply) uh, mm.... seventeen, yeah.

RAH

OK good. So you'll be a year ahead of me. You can still join the Robotech Team though.

TOKI

Just to put you at ease Rah, don't worry, no one else will ever see your idiotic calculus mistake. All they'll see is the psycho-telekinesiated...

Rah angrily throws the golden rocket at Toki from 15 feet away. It bounces off his hands clumsily a few times like a volleyball; then he catches it and puts it in his pocket, sweat beads dripping, obviously relieved that it didn't hit the ground.

TOKI

Watch it! That thing's fragile. (looks at Rah). Whooh. Hey, just a warning regarding my space T-shirt, Rah... watch out for wolves.

Several wolf-like boys whistle at Rah as she walks by them in the ultra sheer, ultra thin, stretchy-and-

revealing Babunian space shirt, her bazonkers
bouncing.

Wolf 1

Whoo hoo, oh, baby, yeah

Wolf 2

Nice bra, Rah, yeah.

Wolf 3

Hey, get a load of Rah. Who would'a known?

* * *

New Scene: Toki is inside registration office.

LOUDSPEAKER

Rrrring. 5th period has now begun.

MS. PENCIL (Tag on her chest reads 'Head of Registration')

What kind of a joke is this? Born in 26 AD?

TOKI

Oh, my mistake... typo! (grabs papers back) It should read
2060. heh heh, guess I forgot the zeros, but it was nothing.

MS. PENCIL

... That would make you a newborn, then.

TOKI (nervous)

A newborn? Oh, uh yeah I see what you're saying. Um, what I
meant was ...

(thinks to self) *2060 minus 17 is... uh... borrow the one...*

(talks aloud) *But I wrote 2043, Mam. See? Born December
2043. OK?*

MS. PENCIL

What? I could have sworn this said 26 AD, and now it says 2043? What's wrong with me? I must be losing it. I need a vacation. Alright, Mr. Toki, you may go to the clinic now for your bloodwork.

TOKI (gulps loudly)

Bloodwork? What's bloodwork? Sounds serious.

MS. PENCIL

Oh, it's nothing really. They just do a few tests to confirm you're human and that sort of thing.

TOKI (breaks out in a sweat)

You're just kidding, right?

MS. PENCIL

Now go on then. Nothing to be afraid of. Down the hall 3rd door on your left.

Toki leaves, concerned and fearful. He goes to a vending machine, gazes in, and telekinesiates the lever to give him a colorful candy package.

TOKI (unwrapping candy, thinks to himself)

Earth candy – mmm num num.

He enters school infirmary, Toki pokes his head into the door and addresses the nurse.

TOKI (shyly)

Ahem. Hello. I'm a new student here for (shudders) bloodwork.

NURSE OWIE (short Chinese woman with thick glasses)

Sit in red chair; roll left sleeve up. (She takes his blood pressure) Now, stop squirming. Don't be so sensitive. I only measure blood pressure. You act like I cut off your arm!

TOKI (shocked)

Y-you're not going to, are you?

NURSE OWIE

Smart aleck. What's this? 40 over 30? You... gasp... almost dead! OH, my!

TOKI

Well what's a normal reading supposed to be?

NURSE OWIE (panting, taps on gauge, thick brows behind her thick eyeglasses are raised)

Well, 120 over 80 be nice!

TOKI

Oh, well why didn't you say so? So what's it say now?

NURSE OWIE

I'll take another reading. Maybe gauge malfunctioning... yes, yes... oh, flui flui woo shin moo, exactly 120 over 80.

Unbelievable. So, gauge working after all. You do yoga thing? In a cult?

TOKI

No. Why do you ask?

NURSE OWIE

You – lay on a bed of nails?

TOKI

No. Sorry to disappoint you.

NURSE OWIE

Oh dear, my technique slipping. Now give me blood.

TOKI

Ouch!

NURSE OWIE

My, my. Settle down. You act like I cut head off or something. Just one tiny vial. What this? (gasps) Your blood is... is...

TOKI

What? What is it?

NURSE OWIE

You have green blood! AHhhhhhh!!! You a insect!

TOKI

What color did you expect?

NURSE OWIE

RED!!! Oh, why, it.. it's red. Hmm. Must be damn fluorescent light. Hmph. (rubs her eyes)

TOKI (sweat rolling down forehead)

Definitely must be the fluorescent light. Definitely. Most definitely.

NURSE OWIE

Go on then; you all finished.

Toki walks out, relieved but sweating. As he exits, he hears Nurse Owie mumbling about blood type.

NURSE OWIE

Let's see now... ABO blood type is... WHAT? Type... Z? But!! No such thing as type Z... Something's very fishy here...(sticks

her head out in hallway, yells) HEY YOU! COME BACK HERE BOY...

TOKI (grabs shoulders of a random male student in the hall)
Hey pal, what's your blood type?

GUY
Uh, type O, I suppose. Why?

TOKI
Thanks, buddy, I owe you one.

NURSE OWIE
Hey you!

TOKI (closes eyes tightly in deep concentration)
cough, cough! Yes ma'am? (looks up)

NURSE OWIE
Look at this: It says you have type... er, oh, uh... type O?
What's going on? (sighs loudly) I think I need long vacation.
This school definitely overwork staff, no doubt about it. OK
you're good to go. I must be seeing things. (mumbles to
herself)

As Nurse Owie mumbles to herself, Toki looks at his vial of blood, and another nearby vial, and reads the name 'Ken Smith'. Toki closes his eyes and switches the names on his vial and Ken Smith's using his telekinetic power.

TOKI (drenched in sweat and still in a panic, sweat beads everywhere)
Whooooooo Ahhhhh! That was tough. I need a shower.

Voice comes from Infirmary.

NURSE OWIE (shouts out from the infirmary)
AHHH! Ken Smith isn't human!

Scene change: Nurse Owie is grabbing Ken Smith by the ears, dragging him back into the infirmary as he kicks and complains.

KEN SMITH
I already gave you enough blood today! I refuse a re-test!

* * *

New Scene: Toki and Rah walking towards her floating motorbike after school.

RAH (mounting her bike, and patting the back seat to indicate he should mount too)
So how'd it go?

TOKI (gloomy face)
OK I guess. (ears droop) It went so so. (eyes tear up) Fine...
(his body slumps as he gets on the bike clumsily, barely able to balance himself.)

RAH
So then, what went wrong? (she turns on motor, which makes a loud VROOM then a soft purr)

TOKI (sighs)
Well, Rah, first of all, ... (he recounts every detail of what went wrong, how he felt, how many times he had to telekinesiate)

RAH (rolls her eyes)
You moron. Don't you know blood is red?

TOKI

Well, I do *now*. (angry expression) I think it would have been kind of you to tell me *beforehand*, though. And (sulks) stop calling me a moron. *Sniff*. It's hard enough being a stupid male Babunian without having *you* rub it in by withholding vital information – the lack of which could result in my expulsion before I even manage to register! *Sniff*. (a few tears stream down his cheeks, his eyes glistening with sadness. He rests his head against hers.

RAH (driving the bike)

How was I supposed to know... Babunians have green blood? (she throws his head off her shoulder) That's disgusting, by the way. You're just one step removed from a roach!

TOKI

Well, we obviously aren't *born* with it. See, our food's mostly chlorophyll-based, so... naturally our blood turns greener and greener, the older we get. Is that so terrible? *Sniff sniff*. Oh, what's the use... I can't hide my stupidity! It's no secret I'm a failure at doing simple tasks. I don't blame you if you hate me... *snifffffff* (Toki sobs uncontrollably, his entire body shaking so that the air motorbike shakes too.)

RAH (quickly realizes the situation, Toki is crying)

Who said anything about hating you, silly? I think it's cute that you don't know some seemingly obvious things that I take for granted.

TOKI

Cute? Really? *Sniff*. Oh. (pouts)

RAH

Yeah, and anyway, you got it all squared away in the end, which is what ultimately counts. I couldn't have managed it if

I'd been in your shoes. (pause) By the way, what did you end up telling the nurse was your blood type?

TOKI

Type O. I assume you are too, right?

RAH

Oh, I'm a type A myself.

TOKI

Oh, no. Then I want to be type A too. *Wahhhhhh...*

RAH (rolls her eyes)

Forget it.

(thinks to herself) *Hmm, he seems irrational. Like he's losing it.*

TOKI (crying like a baby, openly)

Wahhh...

CAPTION (big white block letters)

Toki is suffering from "sugar crash" phenomenon, after consuming Earth-based candy comprised of 99.9% sugar. (Flashback of Toki buying a package of candy from vending machine, eating it all in one bite and smiling blissfully.)

RAH (pulls over)

There there... You know, Toki, you've had a stressful two millennia. You're obviously suffering from a case of nervous disintegration.

(thinks to herself) *Time to take charge.*

(reaches into her backpack, now speaks aloud) **IN YOUR GOLDEN ROCKET** and straight to bed. **NOW.** I'll wake you up after you've had a nice long nap. Now go. (she holds out the golden rocket)

TOKI (sniffing)

Oh, alright. If you insist. (seems eager to do so; turns to patterned smoke; is sucked into the tip of his golden rocket)

Rah puts the golden rocket carefully into her backpack, and takes off on her floating motorbike.

RAH (thinking to herself)

I had no idea aliens could have such sensitive souls.

Chapter 4. What do Aliens Eat?

Scene: Rah's kitchen. Mom is typing over a laptop, and Midge the intelligent refrigerator stands by ever-ready to feed her bosses. Front door slams shut and Rah enters the kitchen.

RAH

Hi Mom! How's the book going?

MOM

Hi, Rah! Fine. Have a nice day at school? (Types at her laptop, barely looks up)

RAH

Hectic.

MOM (typing)

Did I hear you talking to someone up in your room this morning?

RAH

Huh? Oh, uh, I was just, yeah, uh, practicing my ventriloquism, that's all it was. (opens Midge and stares inside a moment)

MOM (still typing, mildly interested in the conversation)

Wow, you've really improved! Good for you, Rah. (she briefly looks up, raises brows in suspicion, then returns to typing her book)

RAH

.. th-thanks. Hey when are you going to quit using that archaic antique and get a real book-writing bot? They're cheap nowadays. I hate to see you crouched over that thing day and night.

MIDGE (in fake robotic voice, blinking eyes lighting up with each word)

Please close my doors at your convenience.

MOM

OH, I hate those snobby book bots. I feel more connected to Earth with this bare-bones 900 Gigahertz notebook from Grandmom.

RAH

Well, how's your new book coming? Did the bad guy die yet?

MOM

Not yet. Hey! You weren't supposed to know the ending. Anyway, I finally finished Chapter 4! I feel like I'm over the hump. Hey, don't you look sexy in that new shirt – hubba hubba.

RAH

Mom, shut up. I don't *want* to look sexy, it's just that I had to switch shirts with a friend in need. And I only did it because I'm cursed with your philanthropic genes. You know I prefer baggy clothes.

MOM

Still, honey, you do look lovely.

MIDGE

Would you like some food, Rah? Today we have a selection of four juice concentrates, death-by-Nirvana triple duty chocolate cookies, yogurts in three fruit flavors, and—

RAH

Oh, sure Midge. I'll have a couple shots each of the fruit concentrates, and... I guess a half a dozen of those cookies. (holds a plate up as Midge places several items on it with a chrome-plated robotic arm) ... Oh Midge, gimme a liter of bubbly water, yeah, great. Thanks. (Rah grabs a few more items and the door closes on her arm) Ouch, hey Midge, cut it out. You don't have to know every single thing I eat. Mom, tell Midge I can take whatever I want.

MOM

Huh? Rah, a crate-load full of cookies isn't really like you.

RAH

Oh, can't forget the spoons... Great. See ya later Mom, I'll be up in my room. (Rah walks away with a large pile of foodstuffs impossibly balanced on a plate; enters stairway]

* * *

New scene: Rah's bedroom.

Rah sets food tray onto her bed, takes golden rocket out of backpack.

RAH

Wake up, Toki; we're home. I've got food!
Are you hungry?

TOKI (stream of smoke emerges from Golden Rocket, and Toki appears, yawning)

Am I hungry? I'm famished! Do I smell the delicate aroma of (sniff sniff sniff) roasting moo moo cubes? Or was I dreaming?

RAH (giggling)

No, it's not moo moo cubes – but I have something better.
Here, have a cookie.

TOKI

How kind, Rah, thank you. Hmmm. Odd color for food. Brown.
Is it healthy? (takes a bite). It's not moo moo cubes, but still
pretty good.

RAH

Now, try this stuff. (hands him glass of purple fruit
concentrate)

TOKI

slurp. Wow! That stuff is strong! Have any liquefied steam I
can wash it down with?

RAH

We have water if that's what you mean.

TOKI (pours bubbly water into his fruit juice concentrate and
drinks it down quickly)

UUUUURP! Ooh, My my, excuse me. Burp. Oh, my. Burp urp
urp burp urp ...

RAH

Is that a Babunian tune?

TOKI

Burp. Hell, no. burp urp. My system isn't – burp – acclimated
to your Earth-sourced food. Urp – burp - pardon me! Oh my, c-
could I trouble you to fetch me some excrement droppings
from a nursing infant, perchance? Solid, please.

RAH

Sounds pretty sick, Toki.

TOKI

I know, but it's the inte –urp- intestinal bacteria I'm craving... Please, uh, don't hold it against me. It's just science.

RAH (disgusted)

Intestinal bacteria?! (light bulb goes on in her head) Hey, I have something almost as gross. (reaches towards tray of food) It's called yogurt. Here, take a bite. Open wide.

TOKI (burping)

Well, worth a try...

Toki eats a bite, holds it in his mouth a moment, raises brows, then swallows. He smiles. Then he grabs and drinks the entire yogurt cup in one gulp. Sound effects indicate he is relieved (he toots).

RAH

Feeling better, then?

TOKI

Ahhh, relief! (falls backwards onto bed, falling fast asleep.)

RAH

Oh no! Don't crash yet! You've got to get into your eensie weensie rocket first! (shakes him to no avail) Oh, alright, have it your way. But you'll have to sleep on the guest bed.

Rah pulls a guest bed out from under her own bed. It isn't visible from her door. She grunts and tugs to get Toki to roll over onto it.

RAH

UGH, uh, uh, oh, oof, oh you're heavy, ugh! (He rolls over and lands with a gentle thud) Uh-oh, I hear Mom's footsteps.

Rah's mom hears Rah grunting through the door, stops in shock, then slowly peeks through the keyhole to find Rah quietly sitting on her bed reading a book. She walks on with a puzzled expression.

RAH (sitting on her bed with Toki below, snoring away.)
I wonder if mom will hear that? (She throws a pillow over his face)

Knocking on door. Door opens. Mom pokes her head in.

MOM
I'm going to bed, dear.

TOKI (muffled)
Snooooooooooooore!

MOM
Oh, the wind is picking up. Must be the storm blowing in. Well, 'night dear. (Door closes)

Rah falls back into her bed with a big sigh of relief, and instantly falls asleep. A crescent moon is rising in the dark window. There is also something peering into the window – a Babunian cop bot – and it is sniffing the air.

Chapter 5. The Life of a Fugitive

Scene: HIGH SCHOOL ROBOTECH LABORATORY, after school. Rah and Toki are perched over Rah's robot, Adam (who now resembles Pinocchio). Tools are spread all over a large lab bench. Rah tinkers with Adam's eyes. Toki works on Adam's legs.

TOKI

Well, Rah, putting rocket boosters in Adam's legs just seemed like a good thing to psycho-kinesiate at the time. I didn't think about him hitting the ceiling.

RAH

Well, you repaired them, so it's all good. These new supermicrosonic sensors in his eyes will do the trick. Now he can see where he's going. So how's that Babunian talkware coming? Can he answer questions now?

TOKI

Don't ask me. See for yourself.

RAH

Adam, what's the derivative of e to the x ?

ADAM

e to the x ... e to the x ... e to the x ... ha ha ha ha ha.

RAH (angry)

Hmph. Toki! Why is he laughing?

TOKI

I'm innocent, I'm... (Rah punches his arm playfully) OW. So, what should we program him to do next, Rah? To burp, maybe?

RAH (focused on tightening the screws in Adam's eyes)

How about to punch you? That would relieve me of a huge workload.

TOKI (ignoring Rah)

Thanks, Adam ol' buddy. You helped me do my first good deed today by letting me program you to talk just like a *real boy*. (He pats Adam's head, making a metallic drum sound) (Adam's nose twitches forward as if it's about to grow an inch.)

RAH (angry voice)

Adam, what did Toki tell you about my calculus exam?

TOKI (covers Adam's mouth)

Hey, uh... uh... What was that peeking into the lab doorway just now?

RAH AND ADAM (in unison)

I don't know.

Standing in the entrance door of the Robotech Lab, we see the cop bot, looking like an oversized titanium flavored fudgsicle holding a walkie-talkie.

ROBOT (monotone)

Target... identified... ... receiving ... detailed... instructions...

WALKIE-TALKIE (Radio transmission in reply, sounds like fast forwarding a cassette tape)

Plsdthflwng: tkthprsnrsttspcshp andmkshrthralv!

ROBOT

Understood. Will do. Over. (enters lab)

TOKI (fearful)

Oh God of Nanu, they're back!

ROBOT

Approaching... target...

RAH

Looks like a new bot. Could be Garrett's. He had to rebuild from scratch when his previous one electrocuted itself. Went into the bathroom with a toaster –

TOKI (sweat beads)

Gulp! I don't think so.

RAH

It did so! The current was so strong it fried all the...

TOKI

Quick, Rah, get behind me. NOW!

RAH

What? Toki, what's wrong?

Toki forces Rah behind him with a swift strong push.

RAH (continuing)

OK, OK, I'm getting behind you, but you don't have to be so *pushy*.

TOKI (to the robot, in serious tone)

I'm innocent. (robot continues closing in on the two.) No, I never hurt a soul. Stop! State your purpose. Stop I say!

ROBOT

BANG (Fires single bullet, misses both.)

TOKI (amazed)

You're... you're shooting at me?! I don't believe it – Who the hell programmed you, That Jennifer? Whew! Good thing she died back home 2 thousand years ago. Minus a few hundred years...

ROBOT

(BANG)

TOKI (scolding)

Hey, stop shooting that thing, you could hurt someone. (more shots: BANG BANG)

(Toki desperately forces Rah in front of himself as a shield)

Stop shooting, I say. You wouldn't shoot at an innocent child, would you? (to Rah) Rah I know what I'm doing. These cop bots can't shoot at a child. It's their programming.

RAH

Who are you calling a Child?! How dare – What are you doing? Take your paws off my—

BANG! The cop bot's bullet grazes Rah's shoulder. A trickle of her bright red blood oozes down her arm. Toki is frozen in a look of horror and disbelief.

RAH (screaming)

Hey, wait a minute! Get back in front of me you asshole! (she forces Toki back in front of her, ducking behind him) (BANG)

TOKI

Rah, I swear, these bots aren't supposed to shoot at children – and anyway, they're after me. (BANG) Let's get out of here NOW!! This guy's serious!

Toki grabs Rah around waist and pulls her alongside him as they take off running together, dodging bullets. They leave the lab, go outdoors, run along the sidewalk lined with trees, and the school recedes behind them as Toki achieves ever-increasing speed. The cop bot also recedes into the distance, unable to keep up, but still shooting. BANG BANG! BANG!

RAH (trying to run with her legs, but is still being carried by Toki)

OW! Careful with the equipment.

TOKI (arm still around Rah's waist)

You were hit, I see. You're... bleeding. Uh, just a suggestion: You need to eat more greens, Rah.

RAH (slightly out of breath)

It only scraped my shoulder. You?

TOKI (upbeat)

Minor injuries. You're a fast runner.

Toki flips his long white hair back into place, and sighs. We see a small spot of green blood on his cheek. Continual shots recede in the distance: Bang Bang Bang! bang bang... bang... .. bang bang.

TOKI (panting)

Well, Rah... now you know what it's... like to live the life... of a fugitive... We'll outrun this old centurion... Hold on tight now.

Toki lifts Rah up off the ground and doubles his speed. Rah's face is deformed with G-force.

RAH
WhooooOOOooooOOOooo!

With Toki's legs blurred, they disappear into the distance, leaving behind a puff of dust.

ROBOT (now stationary, staring at cloud of dust)
Abandoning... mission... one. Target... has... escaped...
beyond... maximum... capable... velocity... Over.

RADIO-TRANSMISSION IN REPLY
Rgrmssntuinttdasap.

ROBOT (in new, higher pitched voice)
Roger. Mission ... 2 ... Initiated... zzzt! Over.

* * *

New scene: Rah's bedroom. Rah is sitting on the bed practicing some lines on her nylon string guitar as she studies a plate of several gingerbread man cookies at the foot of her bed. She's wearing flannel pajamas, pink with big red hearts all over. Toki is half-standing, leaning against wall at the foot of her bed. Two cookies lift up. One floats to him and one to Rah. He also uses telekinesis to refill her tea.

RAH (amazed look on her face, watching Toki's 'magic')
So why is this – uh – Baboon bot shooting at you? What on earth have you done? Well, besides stealing an expensive golden rocket.

TOKI (proudly)

And cheating on that Volunteers qualifying exam.

RAH

Oh, yeah, that too. You had to resort to cheating because of your low I.Q., I suppose. (smirks) But... did you do anything else? Like uh... KILL someone? (Toki shakes his head) Think, Toki.

TOKI

NO.

RAH

Well... did you piss off the head honcho? That would explain the bullets.

TOKI

Well, yeah, that goes without saying – but ‘pissed off’ is too weak. It’s more like I... broke her heart... (looks out the window with a dreamy look)

RAH (sarcastically)

Oh, I think I’m beginning to see the picture now. You’re classified as a thief, a lying fugitive, and a heartbreaker too!

TOKI (sly smile, still gazing out window)

I thought I heard a tinge of jealousy in your voice.

RAH (pouts)

You wish.

TOKI

Well, don’t you worry, Rah. It isn’t that. My Boss just wanted me to marry the daughter of this King.

RAH

You're kidding, right? You have Kings and Queens there?

TOKI

And it wasn't the daughter of just any old King. It was the daughter of the King of *Planet Iona*. And let me tell you, the women there win the entire star system's grand prize for fiendishness.

RAH (puzzled)

What a strange prize.

TOKI

I mean, this woman (my fiancé) was planning to have my child and then consume me – said she was going to broil me in her nuclear oven and eat my flesh; claims it would nourish our child...

RAH has a look of horror mixed with laughter, as she imagines a visual image of a nuclear cooling tower with an open 'oven' door. Inside is Toki roasting on a rotating skewer.

TOKI

And if that wasn't bad enough she said she'd be giving my bones to her dragons. She was a real... uh...

RAH

Seriously consume you? You mean... like a spider consumes the male? That's just gross. But you have to be kidding. Right?

TOKI

You took the words right out of my mouth! She was the "*Nuclear Spider Hag from Iona*" is what she was – and I don't mean it as a compliment. –_Oh, and if you think the color of my blood's gross, you should see hers, heh... Chartreuse.

RAH

I bet she was hideous.

TOKI

(dreamily, looking upwards)

No, she was one hot mama.

RAH (emits fumes of jealousy, then pauses with a question)

Uh, speaking of blood... you aliens don't suck blood to reproduce or anything like that, do you? Never mind – I don't want to know.

TOKI

Oh, no, no, of course not. I was just insulting the color of her blood because all the other insults I had in my mind were just too... heh... too profane to say in mixed company.

RAH

Toki, you exaggerate too much.

TOKI

Who's exaggera–

RAH

Sheesh. You can't expect me to believe someone would want to eat *you*. Your pulling my leg. Sounds to me like you left a great opportunity, I mean, being the prince of an entire planet. You'd be royalty, people waiting on you left and right, doing whatever you ordered them to. And think of all the free time you'd have, why, you could spend your entire life helping others.

TOKI

Rah, helping others – that's one of the reasons I became a volunteer. If I'd have married Miss Spider Hag, I'd have lived a very short and tortured life, accomplishing nothing. Hoo. Aside

from an early death, the fact is (selfish as it may seem to you) I just didn't want to produce children with someone I didn't love. (His eyes wander to Rah's chest; a bit of saliva drools out of the corner of his mouth.) Especially not when there's hot babes like *you* in the universe just waiting for me.

RAH (disgusted face)

Ugh! I wasn't 'waiting' for you. Far from it! And anyway, that all took place two thousand years ago as I recall – long before you had any hopes of actually *finding* me. Or... maybe just *any* old low-IQ-babe would do.

TOKI

You actually care enough about my female preferences to insult me?

RAH (turns head away quickly)

Of course not.

TOKI

Rah, you care **so** much that you'd sacrifice your divine mental energy to formulate an ingenious put-down. I'm ... moved.

RAH (rolling her eyes)

Boy, Toki, what a politician – You almost had me believing you for a – well, maybe a nanosecond. But no, I don't care about your female preferences; I just want to understand why you were driven to such extreme criminal behavior.

TOKI

What do you mean, 'extreme'? Rah! *Who's side are you on*, anyway? It's not like I planned this situation. I can't help it I was born **Prince** of Bab... uh, I meant to say I uh... [louder] ...I... mmm... **wince** at the thought of being dragged back to Babu and... executed by my Boss. Or worse, eaten by that Spider-hag.

Rah is very involved in eating a gingerbread man cookie and expertly appears to miss his *obvious* slip-up (that he's a Prince). As she talks, she is biting into each limb of the cookie and finally the head. Toki shudders as she eats each limb, as if he can feel the pain of the dismemberment.

TOKI

Hey watch it, I can feel that gingerbread men have souls. I feel their pain. I'm an empath.

RAH

Let's see... You ask: Who's side am I on? (bites leg) This is getting so far-fetched. (Bites other leg) Heh. Queens and Princesses. Dragons? and Spiderwomen?!. (bites arm) You must be thinking, "Geez, when is this stupid Rah chick going to catch on to my joking around?" Hmmm. Well, to answer your question: (bites other arm) I'm on Rah's side, I believe. (bites head)

TOKI (sweating profusely, writhing in pain with each of Rah's chews)

You mean OUR side, don't you? Hey, don't abandon me at a time like this. It's serious stuff, Rah. I'm being chased. (Toki kneels) This may be our... our last night together.

RAH (chewing like she's masticating Toki)

I know your tricks. Ha.

She jumps out of bed and walks slowly towards Toki.
He stands up.

RAH

I must admit your whole set-up was brilliant. You sure had me fooled there for a while.

TOKI
Huh?

RAH (she moves closer to Toki, looking closely into his eyes, then his lips)

For a brief time, you actually succeeded in making me feel as if I was a princess being rescued by her knight-in-shining-armor.

She swoons forward and wraps her arms around Toki's neck, looking up towards him. She sighs loudly, then takes Toki's hand and points her finger onto his palm, slowly drawing circles.

RAH (continues)

First helping me with Adam, and then (head tilted, she wraps his arms around her shoulders tightly) shielding me from that rigged bot... And all that close body contact (she jogs in place, causing them to shake in unison), superimposed on the adrenaline rush (she turns to face him, still in his arms.) Oh, I was swooning all right. (Their lips are 2 inches apart)

TOKI (sweating)

Honest? You were? I... that's...

RAH (sexily)

Oh, yeah... (folds her hands more tightly around his neck)

TOKI (serious)

So you mean, then, Rah... (he places his palms on her shoulders) ...you see our chemistry too? (about ready to kiss her)

RAH (dreamily)

Yes I do, Toki. (she lifts her lips to his, almost touching. His eyes close) And *this* (she dumps a container of purple yogurt

onto his head making a *sploosh!* sound)... is its reaction potential. INERT. Good night.

TOKI (wincing, wiping purple goo out of his burning eyes)
Geez... What was that for?

Rah, frowning, jumps into her bed and pulls her covers up over her head.

RAH (faked sweetness)
Goodnight.

Sad music begins. Toki stands over her, stunned, as he has a visual image of Val saying "soulmate identified..." Then, another image of Toki's heart, broken in two. His eyes are glistening with tears. He wraps his arms over his stomach and shakes a moment in silence. The dark window shows a full moon rising.

Toki slowly walks to bathroom, closes door, turns off the light (lyrics: what if there was no light). You see him look into mirror, outlined in moonlight. His reflection disappears (lyrics: *what if there was no time?*)

He enters shower and turns on water, you see him fully nude, only lit by faint moonlight, gallons of water running over his body, his face, as if to magnify his tears. He surrenders to his crying, shaking uncontrollably. Fade to blackness.

Back in the bedroom, Toki is facing Rah's bed in the dark of moonlight, drying his hair with a towel as he looks at Rah sleeping peacefully. (song lyrics: *what if I*

got it wrong, and no poet or song, could put right what I got wrong, or make you feel I belong.)

He bends over and sets his golden rocket on the table, opens its top, and turns to patterned smoke and is sucked into the golden rocket with a *Swoosh*. He pauses as his head looks at Rah one last time. Then he fully enters Golden Rocket.

A single bot antennae is seen behind the window pane, under the full moon.

* * *

New scene: in golden rocket, Toki sits on his bed, holding his teddy bear, staring blankly.

VAL (lights up)

Master Toki? Why the sad face, Master Toki?... Master Toki, are you angry with me? Master Toki. ... Master Toki, why won't you answer me?

(He falls forward into his bed, face down onto his pillow, gently shaking. More music)

VAL (calmly)

Goodnight, Almighty *Rah*. (she turns off all lights except for her 2 lit-up bazonkers.)

A moment goes by. He sits up slowly and looks over at Val. He smiles faintly through his tears. He gets up, walks over to Val.

He leans his head and palms, against her monitor/face, and gently cries. Val extends two holographic but staticky arms to reach around Toki's

shoulders, appearing to console him. Her bazonkers slowly fade to total darkness. As they dim, he is audibly whispering to her, clearly explaining, through his tears, something obviously important, and in great scientific technical detail

TOKI (whispering to Val, barely audible)

...Cop Bots... Rah doesn't understand yet... and the dog... the box... part two of the theory... nth derivative inward, key to the technology... reverse time travel... receiving unit on Babu... under my old bed... it feels painful but ... love is pain... love is ecstasy... coexisting emotions... Earth internetwork... your energy and soul... to learn... gather help... Dr. Black... prosthetic legs... ... (fades)

Chapter 6. Goodbye

Scene: Rah's bedroom window shows a wild storm under a dark sky with just a hint of dawn. The alarm goes off with a *Rrrrrring!* In her sleep, Rah's arm emerges briefly to hit the snooze button.

The golden rocket on the bedside table ejects a stream of patterned smoke that transforms into Toki. He walks to the window yawning. Suddenly and without warning, strange strands of an odd, wispy whitish substance (ghostly spider webs with a life of their own) come through window and entangle him, pulling him out the window quickly and efficiently.

TOKI (speaking native tongue mixed with English curses)
XXXxXxxx ... shi-(bleep)! XXX... Mother Fu-(bleep)! xxxx!
(cursing fades mid-sentence)

RAH (sits up abruptly and puts on her glasses)
Toki? (yawns) Hmm. I know I heard him, so where'd he—
What's that? (turns her head towards window) Sounds like
there's voices outside.

Rah gets up, walks to window, and sees 12 identical fudgsicle-shaped cop bots, surrounding Toki on the front lawn.

RAH (gasping in horror)

J-just how much effort would someone go through... just to fool me... make me – fall for them?

Rah runs down the stairs open mouthed, in her pink and red heart pajamas, her glasses half falling off. She emerges from the front door of her house into gently falling rain.

RAH

Toki! NO!

Behind the 12 bots, Rah sees Toki mummified head to toe in the mysterious white spider silk strands, with only his head and part of one arm sticking out.

HEAD BOT

You... can... run... but... you... can't ... hide... from... the... queen... of... Babu...

TOKI

How the hell did you brutes catch up? I was traveling faster than light speed. – The Formula! Did you...

RAH (now standing near Toki)

What formula?

SECOND BOT

The... time code... formula... has been... deciphered.

TOKI

I know, I know. I deciphered it, remember? So, you managed to steal part one, eh?

RAH (irritated)

What time code?

HEAD BOT (monotone)

We... are here... to retrieve you... along with the formula... of the deciphered time code... in its entirety... ‘part two’ ... in... particular.

SECOND BOT (similar monotone, 1 step higher in pitch)

Along with... an acceptable... explanation... for your... recent ...unexpected... thievery.

TOKI (in a laid-back voice)

Sorry to disappoint you fellas, but you can't have me; I'm a volunteer, and this is my holy station. As for the code, you can just forget that too.

RAH (exasperated)

What code?

HEAD BOT

You... have... fifteen... Babunian... seconds... to... hand... over... the fully... deciphered... time-code... 15.... 14.... 13... (continues counting down slowly)

TOKI (laughing)

Over my dead body. I wouldn't even want to live in a universe with the time code in the hands of such miserable-minded money-maniacs as yourselves... well, your programmers, that is. I'm only doing my duty as *a volunteer and steward of the universe* to destroy the mathematical formula for the time code – is that such a big sin? –and hey, in the hands of the Queen and her cronies (struggles to gasp for air in tight grasp of spider-web-strands) the time code would lead to extensive reverse time travel, setting up more and more endless loops. That would be – *gasp* – that would retard the evolution of our beloved cosmos, and make all our worst memories keep repeating over and over. There would be no escape. It would

be... HELL. Ah but you dam bots wouldn't understand with your pea sized brains. No capacity for empathy at all.

HEAD BOT (still counting down)

... one... zero! FIRE!

Huge Crack of thunder. Rain increases 1000 percent.
Bots shoot in unison at Toki. *BANG BANG BANG BANG
BANG BANG BANG BANG BANG BANG BANG BANG !!!*

RAH (soaked, rain pouring down in buckets)

Oh no! No! Toki!

TOKI (He slowly and dramatically falls to the ground)

Uhh, ohhh, argh, UGH, ahhhh... Rah... Rah!

Vivid green blood oozes out of Toki's white cocoon,
and the torrential rain quickly dilutes it to a pale
spring green color.

RAH (rushes to Toki, lays hand on his forehead)

Toki, speak to me Toki!

The 12 Bots ignore Rah's presence as they tie Toki up
ever-tighter with more 'spider webs' strands.

TOKI (barely able to see out from the green-stained cocoon.

R-Rah...

HEAD BOT (very loudly)

Take-him-to-our-leader!

All twelve bots surround Toki, then lift him up *with
their spindly metallic arms. They march in unison.*

BOTS (changing with each step)

Ten... four... ten... four... ten... four... (continuing)

RAH (walks briskly to keep up)

Toki, I feel so helpless. (pants) Are you in pain?

TOKI (voice is strained)

A bit, yes... Hey guys, this is your lucky day – I (moans in pain)
– I won't give you the formula, the- the time code, but I-I'll
cheerfully program your spaceship to travel to Babu... b-
backwards in time – just this once – I-if you let me go. Is it a
deal?

BOTS (ignoring Toki)

Ten... four... ten... four... ten... four...

TOKI (now speaking in the style of an irritating 'TV
commercial')

But wait! There's more!! IF you accept my generous offer now,
why, I'll double the time travel allotted to you – just this once!!

RAH

Are they even listening?

TOKI

Rah, I think I've wiggled my arm free, yes. Rah, are you near?
Take my hand ... this one last time... (Their hands intertwine,
and they hold tight. It appears Toki has put something into
Rah's hand, secretly.) Rah, listen closely. Take care of Val for
me.

RAH

Val? Who's... who is—

TOKI

Val's the A.I. that lives aboard my... my lipstick tube.

RAH (withdraws her hand and sees she's holding the golden rocket.)

Oh, right! So *that's* who Val is, just a –

TOKI

She's not "Just" an A.I. Val is amazing. She's beyond human, she's—

HEAD BOT (interrupting)

Lame-offer-refused.

TOKI

Hahahahaaaaa geez, took you long enough to figure out an answer. Well damn it! Well you can just kill me before you take me back to that stinking Babu!

RAH

What's all this fuss about a time code? Well... how does Spiderwoman – er, hag – fit into all this? I'm confused.

ALL BOTS (chanting in unison)

Our orders are to take you back alive. Our orders are to take you back alive... (continue chanting)

TOKI (moans softly, obviously in pain)

I'm fodder for a spider, Rah. Goodbye.

RAH

How deep did the bullets go? Are you... are you...

TOKI (somewhat less strained)

pssshht... No, Rah, I'm not dying ... at least not from *these* bullets. I invented the blasted things. See, they slowly reverse in time, leaving the wounds completely healed, eventually. But I'll be in some serious pain for a while. (Groans loudly)

RAH

Why'd you invent such a thing?

TOKI

Stupidest thing I ever did. I was just trying to prevent killing. But it's like making nicotine-free cigarettes, I mean, what's the point. May as well use real bullets. It would lessen Gamma.

RAH

What's Gamma?

TOKI

You know, **Gamma**, that number representing **the total quantity of suffering in the Universe**. (pause, strains to make eye contact with Rah) You know, Rah – that number we're all trying to reduce. (hopeful stare)

RAH

Gasp! That's profound, Toki. You're pretty deep. You know – even if you did stage this whole ridiculous skit to get me to sleep with you – Still, I mean, you're deep. I could hang out with you, Toki. I'm so glad you're not dying, whew! Uh, where are we going, anyway? (smiling as if having a pleasant Saturday morning jog)

Toki: Oh, they're apparently transporting me to their gigantic low-tech space ship.

RAH

heh heh heh, Right. Oh sure.
(thinks to herself) *I'll play along, heh heh.*

TOKI (Lifts head)

OK. Looks like we're there. Rah, they've caught me and – there's nothing you can do about it. Just be glad you're finally rid of me. I'm just happy I finally found you and was able to

spend a few precious weeks with you before... uh, ohhh...
damn.

RAH
Before what?

TOKI
My... ingestion. Seems more like an execution though.

RAH (thinks to herself)
Such drama.

They arrive at a wooded park where they once had
lunch. The bots stop marching as if waiting for a
signal.

TOKI
So, Rah. This is where we part our ways. Turn back now and
forget everything. Psst: the password is: "Val is God of all
Gods."

RAH
Huh? Val is God of...

TOKI
Shhhp. Not now! Say it when you... want to shrink.

RAH (raises brows)
OH!

TOKI
As I was saying Rah, just, just forget everything, except one
little thing. Don't forget that password! Oh and... and one
more tiny thing, Rah...

HEAD BOT

We... have... arrived ... at the... destination. (Bots begin marching again towards the trees)

TOKI (yelling towards Rah as he's carried away)
Don't forget my love for you!

As the cop bots carry Toki off, Rah follows them through the trees and comes into a clearing. She gasps in shocked disbelief as she beholds a huge flying saucer the size of a gymnasium.

RAH
So... it *was* all real? He didn't stage this? Oh my...

The bots begin their ascent up the enormous ramp, as Toki continues shouting to Rah before disappearing into the craft.

TOKI (shouting)
Even in death, where I have no clue what I shall become, Rah, because I loved this life with you, I know I shall love death as well.
For what I have seen is God of Nanu's blessed ocean of love and light within your iris, both left and right, upon which my eyes have feasted, upon which my lips beheld the taste of the sweetest nectar
in all of sector
ZX-42,
where I caught sight of you.... (fades)

RAH (running)
Toki! Toki come back! Come back!

Rah continues screaming but is drowned out by the loud sound of a popular but emotional love song.

As Rah approaches the ramp, she sees a few aliens (most likely Babunians) from inside the saucer quickly take Toki's cocooned body away from the bots. She sees Toki trying to fight them with his one free arm. He appears quite strong. They end up shooting him a few more times to immobilize him, and finally carry his now limp body out of sight.

RAH (shreaking at the top of her lungs)
Hey, Toki! Don't you think *you* need this... lipstick tube? Why would I need it. YOUUUU need it. TOKI!! How else can you return?

Rah waves the golden rocket in the air as she jumps onto the ramp just as it begins to ascend.

RAH
Ah, whew! Barely made it. (continues running)

The ramp lifts up so swiftly that it becomes almost vertical before Rah can make it to the entrance. Thus, she tumbles downward 20 feet and crashes onto the spacecraft floor.

RAH
OOF, ugh, ahhhhhhh... (laying flat on the floor.)

She clumsily stumbles to her feet, then limps along and continues waving the Golden Rocket above her head, yelling.

RAH
Toki! Toki! Where are you?

The space ship immediately lifts off with a VROOM and a Pfffft. Rah manages to crawl to a window,

despite the high G-force. She peers down to see Earth quickly shrink to a small blue sphere. The last thing she sees is one forlorn cop bot staring up at the disappearing saucer.

* * *

New scene: Dusk. At same park again, site of liftoff. Very quiet other than a few birds chirping and a gentle breeze through the trees. Footsteps on grass. Rah's mom's feet knock aside a pair of blue eye glasses that are shattered.

MOM (gasps)

Rah's glasses! (she picks them up and shouts) Where are you Rah? RAH!!

Several police cars drive up, with their distinctive musical sirens. A policeman approaches Rah's Mom

MOM (hysterical)

Please! Please find her! OH, you must find my Rah.

POLICEMAN

We'll try our best, ma'am. Now you calm down.

MOM

Oh thank you (sobbing). Oh Rah, Rah, Rahhhhhh! (echoes.)

CREDITS BEGIN (ethereal music plays)

* * *

Final scene: In the vast blackness of the cosmos, the large space craft holding Toki and Rah sails by. Rah is seen sitting at one of the windows, holding the

golden rocket. She looks out, presses her tear-stained face against the glass, and appears to scream, though the silence of space does not transmit her sound. The last image is Rah, pretty without her eyeglasses, mouthing the word "Toki".

Fade out

About the Author

Carol Blaney has published numerous scientific articles and book chapters, and is best known for her 2 dozen scientific patents, many of which teach green technologies that benefit Planet Earth.

In addition, Blaney has more recently published several fiction books with a common theme of saving the beautiful blue planet we call home, while having fun with a bit of quirky humor and satire. Her youth, teen and young adult books include ***The Trouble With Teleportation***, as well as ***Indigo's Guide to Planet Earth***, and a nonfiction book ***The PaleoVegetarian Diet***.

Blaney's upcoming books include the sequel to this book, ***Time in a Bottle, Book II: Love in Space***, as well as an epic teen sci-fi/fantasy adventure set in a dystopian future, entitled ***The Adventures of Charlie and Annie***.

Carol, a native Texan and proud of it, chooses to live a futuristic nomadic life on Earth with her beloved husband and cat. They live in an awesome portable office that moves up and down the west coast, and always faces the sunsets.

