

EXT. DEEP SPACE

Planets and stars in background.

Into our view drifts a small cargo ship.

INT. SHIP - COMMAND CENTER - ARTIFICIAL DAY

Alone, stationed at a console, is RIPPINGTON, a dashing space captain in tight futuristic spacesuit. He punches thoughtfully at buttons, which BEEP. On the other side of the command center, which is no larger than a normal-sized bedroom, is a table made of futuristic, plastic-like material.

TATYANA, a striking Russian cosmonaut, enters, evidently in a tizzy.

TATYANA

(accented)

Commander Ripington, I must speak to you at once!

RIPPINGTON

Hold your horses, Space Corporal Smerdyanov. I'm setting the ship's coordinates for the next three years. You wouldn't want to wake from the deep freeze and find out our trajectory was off a couple degrees, would you?

TATYANA

No, Commander Ripington.

Ripington finishes his button-punching.

RIPPINGTON

Now, what's so important?

TATYANA

There's been a breach, Commander! Something's torn a hole in the airlock—

RIPPINGTON

Why didn't you say so? Tell me you haven't opened the airlock.

TATYANA

I haven't—

RIPPINGTON

Well thank God for that.

TATYANA

But Colonel Chin has.

RIPPINGTON

God, no! Have you secured the perimeter?

TATYANA

Yes, Commander, and armed the ship's defenses.

RIPPINGTON

Good girl.

TATYANA

Commander!

RIPPINGTON

What?

TATYANA

Please, Commander Rippington, address me using my rank and proper name. You know Space Protocol 47 as well as I do.

RIPPINGTON

Damnit, Tatyana, this is no time for following every ticky-tack rule in the book! Our hull has been compromised! There could be aliens on board, for Christ's sake!

TATYANA

Commander! You know Space Protocol 91 as well: "Mention of Earth deities and religious figures is prohibited." These protocols must be obeyed. For the sake of morale.

Rippington moves toward Tatyana.

RIPPINGTON

What will you do, report me? Can't you forgive a little stress, Space Corporal? Don't you ever want to relieve stress? Or is it just men who feel the need for release, from time to time?

Tatyana backs up slightly.

TATYANA

I assure you, Commander, I feel stress just as much as you do.

Ripplington catches up to her; Tatyana is backed up against a console.

TATYANA (CONT'D)

And I feel the need for release too.

RIPPINGTON

Sometimes, Space Corporal, breaking the Space Protocols can be better for morale than observing them diligently.

With that, Ripplington leans in to kiss Tatyana. She is at first taken aback, but then begins to respond: first tenderly, then with animal passion: she clearly does have a lot of pent-up stress.

So does Ripplington: he runs his hands up and down Tatyana's space suit. After several moments of this, he unzips her space suit.

TATYANA

Commander! What about the potential alien breach?

RIPPINGTON

We can let Colonel Chin handle that for the time being, can't we?

TATYANA

I suppose that's only fair . . . Since he opened the airlock.

RIPPINGTON

That's right. Now let me open your airlock.

TATYANA

Oh, Commander.

From here they go at it wordlessly, in the usual style, using Ripplington's chair and the table to do their work.

Camera angles will be determined by director and cameramen; pacing, in-the-moment dialogue can be worked out by actors.

When Ripplington gets fully undressed, he takes care to leave his space holster, with its laser gun, close by--probably beside Tatyana on the table.

When they are going at it missionary-style (whichever point in the scene this occurs), from off-screen there appears an ALIEN, dressed in a foreign-looking space suit with a great, insect-like head. The alien makes some NOISE which we can imagine is its language but which is of course utterly unintelligible to us.

Tatyana SCREAMS.

What we, and Rippington, notice is that the alien has a space blaster of some kind.

Without missing a beat or pulling out of Tatyana, Rippington grabs his laser and zaps the alien, who dies slowly and in some agony. (If we have the special effects, perhaps it could dematerialize?)

TATYANA

Is it safe, Commander?

Rippington casts a look around the command center.

RIPPINGTON

I don't see any others, Space Corporal.

TATYANA

Then keep it up, Commander Rippington. F*** my p****! [or something similar]

They get back to their business and conclude without further interruption.