

PLANET PUFFS

EPISODE 7

PLANET PUFFS AND PRIVATE FLUFF

By

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**TITLE OVER BLACK: THAT FEATHER DUSTER WILL NEVER CLEAN AGAIN!**

INT. MCDRIDDY'S HOLIDAY HOUSE - DAY

ELIZABETH walks past Mully's room and hears hard-rock music playing. Elizabeth frowns, slowly turns towards the door and opens it. Mully screams from inside the room.

MULLY (O.S.)

Get out!

Elizabeth shrieks and abruptly closes the door, wincing.

ELIZABETH

Sorry! I'm sorry sweetie!

Elizabeth takes a deep breath and stares at the door. She pauses thoughtfully. GEORGE walks up to Elizabeth and frowns.

GEORGE

What's wrong?

Elizabeth glances at the door then back at George.

ELIZABETH

Mully was, uh... busy? With herself?

George smiles awkwardly, cocking his head to the side in confusion. Elizabeth sighs deeply.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

With a feather duster.

George gasps, his eyes widening.

GEORGE

Oh my goodness gracious... Egg!

Elizabeth's eyes well up with tears. She looks up at George and he pulls Elizabeth into a hug.

ELIZABETH

I'm scared. I want to be able to walk into my daughters room without fearing that she will be busy... with anything.

Elizabeth sniffs and George awkwardly looks around, still holding Elizabeth closely.

GEORGE

Honey, they're growing up, it's very natural.  
You have to knock on her door and give her  
space at her age.

Elizabeth cries out.

ELIZABETH

*WE'RE ON ANOTHER PLANET, HOW MUCH SPACE DOES  
SHE NEED?*

Elizabeth sobs. She breaks down in George's arms. She sniffles  
then calms down.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

(softly)

I miss her.

George chuckles and shakes his head.

GEORGE

Stop your nonsense, she's right here.

George briefly motions his head towards Mully's room.

ELIZABETH

(crying)

It is not the same as it was five years ago.

George comforts Elizabeth, stroking her back.

GEORGE

Don't worry, it's alright, you'll get through  
this.

Elizabeth pulls back, her tears stain her face. George  
attempts to smile, but it comes out as a grimace.

ELIZABETH

I really hope you're right. It's just hard to  
imagine the children growing up and leaving us.

George pulls Elizabeth back into a hug, stroking her hair.

GEORGE

Shhh... It's alright.

Suddenly MULLY opens the door. George and Elizabeth abruptly  
pull away from each other. Elizabeth quickly wipes away her  
tears and greets Mully with a smile. Mully's face is a bright  
red. Mully glances at Elizabeth.

MULLY

Knock next time. Please.

Mully shuffles away, avoiding eye contact with George. George watches Mully leave and frowns.

ELIZABETH

How can you not see she's slowly leaving us?  
Like, she literally physically just left us.

George slowly turns towards Elizabeth.

GEORGE

You're seeing things--

ELIZABETH

What do you mean seeing things? Did I *not* just see Mully walk away?

GEORGE

Oh, I thought you meant *metaphorically*.

Elizabeth squints in annoyance at George. George shrugs.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

She's probably just grumpy, give her some space and she will snap right back to normal.

Elizabeth sniffs, nodding sadly.

**TITLE OVER BLACK: GROUND CONTROL TO PRIVATE FLUFF**

INT. SURVEILLANCE TOWER - DAY

BOB and BROB, and their new friend CINNAMON wait anxiously in the surveillance tower. Bob is in Brob's lap, and Cinnamon is draped sensually over the tangled wires and equipment on the desk.

Bob wails melodramatically.

BOB

Oh god, what have we done?

BROB

We haven't done anything Bob, Cinnamon's the one who pushed the launch button. It's all her fault.

BOB

Good point. Cinnamon, you're officially blacklisted from our conversation.

Cinnamon raises an eyebrow and turns away from the pair.

BROB

Don't you have something to say for yourself  
Cinnamon?

Cinnamon makes no motion to respond.

Bob harrumphs and leaps off of Brob's lap. He shuffles over to Cinnamon and pokes her lightly.

BOB

Cinnamon?

Cinnamon rolls over, unimpressed.

CINNAMON

You just blacklisted me from your conversation  
remember? I can lie here quietly all day you  
know...

BOB

Brob, help?

BROB

Fine, fine, you're un-blacklisted. It's creepy  
when you don't speak. Like when we found you in  
the supply cupboard.

BOB

Yeah, *major* creepy.

Cinnamon shrugs and stands. She fetches herself a box of Planet Puffs Cereal. She rips it open and tears into it like a bag of popcorn.

CINNAMON

Excuse me, if you two had read your work  
manuals, I wouldn't have been trapped in that  
supply cupboard in the first place!

BROB

Wait, you're in the work manual?

CINNAMON

Of course! One sexual frustration relief unit  
is assigned to every surveillance mission.  
It's, like, on the second page!

BROB

Oh god. This is our fifth surveillance mission,  
Bob...

Bob and Brob share worried glances.

BROB (CONT'D)

You mean... There was a sexy lady trapped in the tower every single time? I thought all that scratching and banging was just the raccoons!

BOB

Shh, Brob, it's okay. They're in a better place now, probably.

Bob looks over at the supply cupboard nervously.

BOB (CONT'D)

Besides, who has ever read a manual for anything? Losers, that's who.

Cinnamon purses her lips, upset with Bob.

CINNAMON

(irritatedly)

Ahem, and law students, like me.

BROB

Wait. You're *not* a scientist?

CINNAMON

(gesturing to her skimpy outfit)

Sweetie, as your friend Bob over here already established, real scientists don't wear miniskirts under their lab coats.

Their argument is interrupted by a beeping from the slide-out monitor.

MONITOR CONTROL VOICE

Attention, Unit 4296 has reached its cruising altitude on route to destination: Planet Puffs. Arrival time scheduled in T minus 20 minutes.

On the screen a small metal cylinder flies through space. The cylinder has a single porthole window. A robot, PRIVATE FLUFF, sits inside. Private Fluff hums a little tune to itself which sounds like electronic elevator music.

Bob, Brob and Cinnamon all stare at the robot they have unleashed onto Planet Puffs. They wait with bated breath for disaster.

The robot's light flickers and it spins its head around as if keeping itself amused on the long journey.

CINNAMON

You two are going to blow up the entirety of Planet Puffs messing with that stupid robot, and I'm going to jail for causing it all.

Cinnamon gestures to her outfit.

CINNAMON (CONT'D)

Not to mention, for the fact that I'm a stripper for a cereal company.

Cinnamon paces, wringing her hands.

CINNAMON (CONT'D)

I should have just stayed locked in that cupboard eating rats, I'm sure they taste better than whatever I'll get in the slammer.

Bob and Brob, infected by Cinnamon's nervousness, stand up and flit nervously around their messy workstations.

Bob scribbles meaningless nonsense on a scrap piece of paper.

BROB

What's a slammer?

CINNAMON

The J-Hotel, The clink, the one-stop-don't-drop-the-soap-shop.

Brob looks at Cinnamon blankly.

CINNAMON (CONT'D)

The time-out corner for bad people!

BOB

She's talking about Jail, Brob.

BROB

(whispering to Bob)

Then why didn't she just call it that in the first place?

Bob looks up from his scribbling and bad math, and turns to face Cinnamon. He crosses his arms sternly.

BOB

You're not helping us, Cinnamon! Come figure out the probability of this robot opening a wormhole to swallow the universe, please.

Bob takes out a pack of markers and red yarn and prepares a whiteboard. Brob holds the whiteboard on his back so that Bob can lean on him.

BROB

What he means to say is that you're the worst assistant ever and that it would make our lives so much easier if you were a regular scientist and not a fake, sexy scientist.

CINNAMON

*Law student, Bob, law student.*

Brob stares at her, offended.

BROB

Um, I'm *Brob*, but okay.

Cinnamon rolls her eyes and sits down behind the McDriddy surveillance station.

The monitor flashes intensely and then displays an error message, indicating overheating.

CINNAMON

So encouraging. I'll go reboot that, and you two just keep your eyes on the robot.

Cinnamon tinkers with the computer's power supply, and Bob and Brob remain in their uncomfortable looking whiteboard-holding situation. Bob frantically draws a mindmap.

Cinnamon emerges from behind the computer. The overheating warning disappears.

Brob and Bob proudly hold the whiteboard up for her to see. It is a brainstorming diagram titled "Ways in which the robot might end the world as we know it/get us fired."

BOB

So, we figured, if the robot is going to end the world, we might as well try and work out how, so we can stay two steps ahead of it.

CINNAMON

I see, and what have you theorized so far?

BOB

Well, we think that it might do one of three things. Firstly, it might be a self-destruct robot which will trigger an atomic bomb when it lands, which in turn will launch an atomic bomb on Earth aimed at the control tower, are you following?



CINNAMON

That's, uh, really detailed, Brob, what makes you think that?

Bob scoffs. Brob does as well.

BOB

I'm Bob. Now, Cinnamon. *Let me finish.*

Bob uncaps his marker and draws an atomic mushroom cloud and the number "1" on the board.

BOB (CONT'D)

The second theory is that the robot is here to replace us. I theorize that it is going to take our jobs by giving the Planet Puffs Cereal Corporation a slave which will perform surveillance for them for zero pay.

Cinnamon raises her eyebrows.

BOB (CONT'D)

It will also be watching us, and will give the company reason to fire us all, probably.

CINNAMON

Okay, now that one *really* doesn't make sense.

Bob doesn't hear her, he is preoccupied with writing down the number "2" on the mindmap. He draws a picture of a dollar bill and then crosses it out with a flourish.

BOB (CONT'D)

Now the third theory belongs to Brob. I have decided to include it because I respect his intellectual capacity.

CINNAMON

(under her breath)

That makes one of us.

BOB

Take it away, Brob.

Bob hands Brob the marker.

BROB

Thank you, Bob. So, my third theory might sound crazy at first, but if you keep listening you'll understand why it is the only theory that *really* makes sense.

Bob nods solemnly. Eyes closed.

BROB (CONT'D)

So the robot is filled with tiny aliens which operate like a hive mind, you see?

Cinnamon rests her head on her arm. With a blank face, she indicates with her hand for Brob to continue.

INT. MCDRIDDY'S HOLIDAY HOUSE - DAY

PRIMUS stares out the window intensely. George walks up to Primus, glances at him then out the window. George frowns.

GEORGE

Hey buddy. What are you doing?

Primus shrugs and pushes his face against the window. George tilts his head, baffled by Primus's behaviour.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Are you sure you don't know what you're doing?

Primus abruptly looks up at George, George blinks in surprise.

PRIMUS

Dad... What's a date?

George smiles, his face softening.

GEORGE

Well, it's a small dried fruit, usually brown.  
(he gestures with his fingers)  
About yay-big.

Primus frowns. He squints his eyes at George.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Oh! You mean like a *date*, date.

George blinks rapidly, glances out the window and back at Primus. George runs his hand through his hair nervously.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

I guess when you really like someone and you want to show them a good time. You just go out, go anywhere and do anything, as long as you are with them.

Primus nods, grins, and runs out the door.

PRIMUS (O.S)

Thanks dad!

George watches on in confusion. He glances out the window. He sees Primus run up to the neighbours house and excitedly knock on their door.

EXT. FOTACHOIPEALAI HOUSE - DAY

ELIHU opens the door, she sees Primus and smiles sweetly. Primus smiles back.

ELIHU

Hey there, little one.

Primus glances inside the house and looks up at Elihu hopefully.

PRIMUS

Hi Elihu, is Petunia home?

ELIHU

Oh yes, I'll get her for you.

Elihu smiles sweetly and disappears into the house. Primus waits patiently outside, nervously tapping his fingers on his leg. PETUNIA appears and rushes to the door happily.

PETUNIA

Primus!

Primus's eyes widen. He glances at his feet and back towards Petunia. Primus licks his lips and takes a deep breath. Petunia smiles at him, patiently waiting. Primus abruptly looks into Petunia's eyes.

PRIMUS

Date? Now? Please.

Petunia's smile briefly fades as she frowns in confusion.

PETUNIA

What're you going on about?

Primus bravely puffs out his chest.

PRIMUS

Would you like to go out on a date with me?

Petunia grins.

PETUNIA

Oh, I'm free right now. Where do you want to go?

Primus falters, unsure of what to say. He glances around, trying to find words. He nods to himself and then to Petunia.

PRIMUS

To the mall.

Petunia smiles and turns around.

PETUNIA

(yelling)

Mom! I'm going to the mall with Primus.

Petunia pauses, listening.

ELIHU (O.S.)

Okay, be back before three, and be safe!

Petunia squeals happily, she hurriedly takes Primus's hand.

PETUNIA

Okay, let's go.

Primus stares at their hands. He blushes.

PRIMUS

O-Okay.

INT. MCDRIDDY'S HOLIDAY HOUSE - DAY

George races around the house, grabbing his phone, a hat and a jacket.

GEORGE

No! No! No!

George bolts across the room.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Not my little boy!

George leaps over the couch and dashes towards the front door. Elizabeth, sitting on the couch reading, jumps in surprise. She lowers her book.

ELIZABETH

Where are you going in such a hurry?

George swings open the door.

GEORGE

Can't talk. On a mission. No time to explain.

George bolts out of the house. Elizabeth blinks. She glances behind her and back at the door.

EIZABETH

He's gone mental.

She tuts and continues reading.

INT. MALL - DAY

Petunia and Primus are walking through the mall, glancing at the surrounding stores in wonder.

PETUNIA

So, what're we going to do? Just walk around?

Primus frowns for a moment. He smiles and gently points at Petunia.

PRIMUS

A-anything you want.

Petunia smiles widely.

PETUNIA

Okay. Hmm...

She looks around.

A few meters behind them, George, wearing a jacket and hat to disguise himself, watches Petunia and Primus intently. Petunia takes Primus's hands. George's eyes widen and Primus blushes. George shakes his head and stares forward with determination.

GEORGE

You won't take my son away from me.

George looks around frantically and sees a PASSERBY with a drink. George impulsively snatches the drink. The Passerby binks, shocked.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

I'll buy you a new one, just... don't move.

The Passerby shakes his head confused. George suddenly throws the drink at Petunia and bolts out of sight. Petunia shrieks as the drink soaks her clothes. Primus stares in shock then quickly turns towards the Passerby. Primus huffs.

PRIMUS

(voice high-pitched)

That wasn't very nice!

The Passerby's mouth falls open. He looks at George, confused and angry. George smiles awkwardly at him.

GEORGE

Thanks for being a good sport, sorry about that drink.

INT. SURVEILLANCE TOWER - LATER

Cinnamon is asleep on the desk. Brob has made a mess on the back wall with red string, drawing pins, and photographs. The whiteboard is crammed with meaningless equations and phrases. The writing has spilled over onto the walls.

Brob moves the strings around emphatically and creates a gigantic and incomprehensible web. He turns to Bob with a rabid look in his eyes.

BROB

And so, as you can so *clearly* see, the big spoon corporations are behind this all. That's why the aliens will hide in convenience packs of cereal milk! And, um, I've forgotten what the robot has to do with it, but you get my point?

Bob nods at him supportively.

Bob pins the web to the whiteboard which promptly falls off the wall.

Cinnamon wakes up with a start. She looks up at the mess of a wall and then at the monitor screen with clear panic in her eyes.

CINNAMON

How long was I out for? What the hell are you doing to the wall? Why is nobody watching the robot?

Brob glares at Cinnamon, wounded.

BROB

Did you hear *any* of my theory?

CINNAMON

Brob, focus. How much time do we have?

The monitor beeps rapidly.

MONITOR CONTROL VOICE

T minus five minutes until touchdown. Landing gear engaged.

On screen, the robot engages its landing gear and lets out its approach sequence parachute. The parachute is made out of patched-together cereal boxes.

BOB

Are those... Cereal boxes?

CINNAMON

Brob, you might want to clear out some space on that whiteboard and write down disaster scenario number four.

Cinnamon searches frantically for a spare marker.

CINNAMON (CONT'D)

The robot crashes into Planet Puffs like an asteroid and kills a bunch of innocent civilians because its parachute is made out of pieces of grade-H cardboard!

Brob's face goes white. He turns to the monitor in alarm. Cinnamon gives up her search for a marker.

BROB

Oh no, we've got five minutes until the world ends. Quick, everyone, say something you need to say before it's all over!

The three look at one another solemnly.

CINNAMON

I *HATE* Planet Puffs cereal, it tastes like somebody lightly wafted a piece of candy floss over a cornfield.

The control monitor beeps.

MONITOR CONTROL VOICE

Dissidence detected.

CINNAMON

Shut up, stupid robot.

BROB

Okay, I'll go.

Brob turns to Bob and takes his hands gently.

BROB

You're my best friend, Bob. I love you, bro.

BOB

Damn, I was just going to say that I shoplifted a comic book once.

Bob smiles at Brob and pulls him into a hug.

BOB (CONT'D)

I love you too, bro.

The monitor beeps ferociously. Private Fluff is mere meters from the planet surface, going at an unimaginable speed.

The three hold hands and close their eyes, awaiting the end.

Private Fluff's metal cylinder engages a pair of booster rockets and stabilizes. The landing is as smooth as a whisper.

The trio clench their teeth, waiting for something disastrous to happen. They pause. Brob cautiously opens one eye.

BROB

Did we die?

INT. MCDRIDDY'S HOLIDAY HOUSE - DAY

Elizabeth nervously knocks on Mully's door.

MULLY (O.S.)

It's safe.

Elizabeth swallows nervously and enters Mully's room. Mully greets Elizabeth with a raised eyebrow.

ELIZABETH

About what happened earlier--

Mully very quickly raises her hand, motioning Elizabeth to stop talking.

MULLY

Can we please not talk about it.

Elizabeth gives an awkward chuckle.

ELIZABETH

Oh no, it's not about what you were doing--



Mully's eyes widen and her face turns bright red.

MULLY

Please, mum, stop.

Elizabeth's expression falls. She glances around the room and grimaces. Elizabeth quickly turns back to Mully.

ELIZABETH

Yes, umm... the knocking on your door and giving you space, thing. Can we talk about that?

Mully frowns, confused.

MULLY

There isn't much to talk about, I'm getting older. I need my privacy, and space.

Elizabeth sits gingerly down on Mully's bed, facing her.

ELIZABETH

I know that, b-but why this sudden?

MULLY

Mum, change is always sudden.

Elizabeth shakes her head, looking at Mully pleadingly.

ELIZABETH

Shouldn't you ease into maturity, not wake up with maturity?

Mully shrugs and smiles awkwardly.

MULLY

How should I know?

Elizabeth sighs deeply and reaches out to hold Mully's hand.

ELIZABETH

Perhaps you're growing up faster than I can handle. I-I miss the times I had with you, when you were younger.

Elizabeth nods at her words. Mully gently squeezes Elizabeth's hand, her eyes knowing and kind.

MULLY

But, I *am* growing up mum. It's a natural thing. Don't stress about it.

Elizabeth looks at Mully adoringly.

ELIZABETH

Am I really stressing too much?

Mully laughs. She gestures with her fingers.

MULLY

A little bit. I know I'm your first child, and  
*favourite* of course, but it'll be okay.

Mully suddenly eyes Elizabeth seriously, her face straight and blank.

MULLY (CONT'D)

At least I hope I'm your first child.

Elizabeth motions towards her ribs and thighs.

ELIZABETH

Trust me, I have the stretch-marks to prove it.

Mully smiles sweetly.

MULLY

I think I know what'll help make you feel a  
little better.

Elizabeth looks up at Mully hopefully.

Elizabeth

Yes?

MULLY

You already *have* a younger daughter in this  
house to spend time with. You keep reminiscing  
about time missed out on me, but you still have  
time with Ripley.

Elizabeth's eyes widen as a smile appears on her face.

Elizabeth

That really does sound like a good idea.

Mully motions towards the door.

MULLY

Then go. Please.

Elizabeth excitedly jumps up from the bed and hurries out the  
room, closing the door gently behind her. Mully smirks.

INT. MALL - DAY

George is frantically looking around the mall. Glancing in the stores and the restaurants. He jogs around the corner.

Just as George turns the corner Primus and Petunia are staring up at him. George gasps and Primus frowns, scrunching his nose up in anger.

PRIMUS

Dad!

George blinks and quickly gives a fake smile.

GEORGE

Oh, hey bud.

PRIMUS

(angrily)

What are you doing here?

George motions vaguely around him.

GEORGE

Uh... shopping.

Primus stomps his foot angrily.

PRIMUS

You're spying on us!

GEORGE

N-No I wasn't!

Primus frowns deeply, folding his arms. George winces and peeks at Primus, still staring angrily at George.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Okay, okay, maybe I was.

INT. MCDRIDDY'S HOLIDAY HOUSE - AFTERNOON

George opens the front door. Primus chases after George, stomping his feet.

PRIMUS

Dad, that was so uncool of you!

George shakes his head, raising his hands defensively.

GEORGE

I wanted to make sure that you were okay.

Primus throws his hands in the air in frustration.

PRIMUS

We were at the *mall*, we were *fine*. You *know* those security guards are good at their jobs, they carried you out of there once!

GEORGE

You went out on a date with a girl, by yourself, without any help or pointers from your ol' dad.

Primus frowns.

PRIMUS

What?

George briefly sighs and kneels down, looking into Primus's eyes lovingly.

GEORGE

That was meant to be a bonding moment for us and you did it by yourself. It was the one thing I could do with you, as my son.

RIPLEY (O.S.)

No! Let me go!

George and Primus jump with surprise. RIPLEY runs into the room dressed in a pink fluffy dress with her hair tied into pigtails.

ELIZABETH (O.S)

But sweetie, you look so pretty.

George stands up and Ripley runs and hides behind him. George glances at Ripley surprised.

Ripley

Dad! Save me!

Elizabeth walks into the room holding hair clips.

GEORGE

*Whoa*, what did I miss?

Elizabeth smiles at George.

ELIZABETH

I'm playing dress up with Ripley.

GEORGE

Ripley doesn't play dress up.

Primus points accusingly at George.

PRIMUS

Mum! Dad was spying on me and Petunia on our date!

George whips around motioning for Primus to be quiet. Elizabeth gasps and George whips back around raising his hands defensively.

ELIZABETH

George!

GEORGE

Hey, don't look at me, why are you dressing up Ripley anyway?

Elizabeth trails off awkwardly.

ELIZABETH

No reason...

RIPLEY

Can't you dress up Mully instead?

George gasps with surprise and shock. George points at Elizabeth and laughs. Elizabeth sighs.

GEORGE

You're forcing Ripley to fill the moments you missed with Mully!

Ripley glances up at Elizabeth and George.

RIPLEY

What?

Elizabeth motions Ripley to be quiet.

ELIZABETH

Shhh, sweetie. Don't listen to him, he's losing his mind.

Elizabeth turns back to George, pointing accusingly at him.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

You were stalking our son on his first date.

Ripley stares at Primus and mouths the word "first", with an unbelieving face. Primus's face goes white. He hurriedly points at George accusingly.

PRIMUS

Yeah!

George glances at Primus and Elizabeth nervously. George turns and points at Elizabeth.

GEORGE

You're the one clinging to the moments you missed with Mully! That's two children, I only embarrassed one!

Elizabeth gasps, offended.

ELIZABETH

You're acting like a hypocrite. Stalking Primus to satisfy your need to guide him into manhood.

Primus glances at Ripley, confused, and back up at Elizabeth.

PRIMUS

What does that mean?

Mully strolls into the room, she stares at Elizabeth and George. She laughs. Elizabeth, George, Ripley and Primus pause and all slowly turn towards Mully.

Elizabeth

Why are you laughing?

Mully laughs again, covering her mouth.

MULLY

You should see yourselves. Clinging to your children in hopes of never missing a moment.

George and Elizabeth share confused glances.

GEORGE

And, what does *that* mean, young lady?

MULLY

It *means*, stop suffocating us. Let us grow up without all the hovering! You don't have to be watching our every move to be good parents.

Elizabeth and George blink in surprise. They look down at Ripley and Primus lovingly.

GEORGE

Mully has a point, Liz.

Elizabeth shakes her head.

ELIZABETH

No, she doesn't.

Elizabeth turns towards Mully, holding up the hair clips.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

Do you want to play dress up with me?

Mully makes a face.

MULLY

Uh, no thank you, you can continue with Ripley.

Mully turns and walks away. Ripley looks up at Elizabeth in horror.

RIPLEY

Mully!

MULLY (O.S.)

It is either me or you Ripley. Good luck.

INT. SURVEILLANCE TOWER - AFTERNOON

Cinnamon, Bob and Brob sit behind the monitors watching Private Fluff's metal cylinder which is lying sideways inside a crater. The robot struggles to move but cannot. It powers down. The trio pass around the single coffee mug.

BOB

I can't believe it was the only scenario we didn't consider.

BROB

That the company only had the budget for one coffee mug?

CINNAMON

No, Brob. The only scenario you dimwits didn't consider is that the robot does practically nothing because of a huge design flaw.

(under her breath)

Typical, cheap Planet Puffs design.

The three sigh simultaneously.

CINNAMON (CONT'D)

I'm hoping the near-death experience has made you two a *little* more introspective.

Cinnamon turns to face Bob and Brob with stern eyes.

CINNAMON (CONT'D)

You know what you're doing here is a *huge* invasion of privacy. Have you ever considered switching off the cameras?

BOB

Of course we have, but a job is a job. You know that better than anyone, Cinnamon.

Cinnamon pauses, then presses the off-switch on the control panel.

BROB

Cinnamon!

Bob places a reassuring hand on Brob's arm.

BOB

No, she's right Brob.

Brob looks down, his face fills with regret.

BROB

Goodnight Planet Puffs.

The monitor screen fades to black.

CINNAMON (O.S.)

Goodnight McDriddys.

**TITLE OVER BLACK: THAT'S A BIG COIN!**

EXT. THE DUNES - AFTERNOON

ELDRIDTH and ZORG walk, hunched over, through the dunes. Zorg has a large metal detector that he struggles to keep off the ground. Suddenly, the metal detector beeps.

ELDRIDTH

What small trinket is it this time?

Zorg shakes his head and concentrates on the machine.

ZORG

I don't know yet, maybe another coin.



The beeping gets louder and louder.

ELDRIDTH

It sounds bigger than that.

Zorg blinks excitedly as the beeping continues to get louder.

ZORG

It sounds *huge*.

Zorg and Eldridth pick up their pace. Zorg glances up and sees a crater on the side of a dune. Zorg abruptly stops and Eldridth walks straight into Zorg causing both of them to tumble. The metal detector breaks.

ELDRIDTH

Why did you stop, you bumbling *idiot*?

Zorg quickly stands up and points to the crater.

ZORG

I think that's it.

Eldridth glances at the crater. She looks down and picks up the broken metal detector.

ELDRIDTH

What about the metal detector?

ZORG

Forget about that thing. I could buy *ten* metal detectors with whatever big score we just found.

Zorg bolts towards the crater. Eldridth gasps, drops the metal detector and rushes after Zorg.

EXT. THE DUNES - CRATER - AFTERNOON

They reach the crater and see a cylindrical metal object. Zorg smiles widely and slides down the side of the hole.

ZORG

We're going to be rich!

Eldridth pauses and frowns at the metal object.

ELDRIDTH

What *is* it?

Zorg runs his hands over it. He kisses it. Eldridth rolls her eyes.

ZORG

Something big, something metal and something from space. This will be worth a *fortune*.

Eldridth slowly makes her way down the crater and joins Zorg.

ELDRIDTH

Is there something inside?

ZORG

Shut it with the questions. I'm trying to figure that myself.

Zorg kicks the cylinder. Suddenly a piece of the metal object pops open, revealing Private Fluff, stranded on his side. Zorg picks up the adorable little robot. Private Fluff beeps to life and raises its arms up and down.

PRIVATE FLUFF

I'm here to save!

Zorg jumps with fright and hides behind Eldridth. Eldridth rolls her eyes.

ELDRIDTH

(sarcastically)

Boo, a big scary robot.

Zorg coughs awkwardly and stands up straight. Private Fluff trundles forward, falling on its face. Eldridth smiles and picks Private Fluff up.

ELDRIDTH

It's so cute.

PRIVATE FLUFF

I'm here to save!

Eldridth squeezes Private Fluff and looks up at Zorg pleadingly.

ELDRIDTH

Please can we keep it?

Zorg shakes his head aggressively and waves his hands at Eldridth.

ZORG

Absolutely not, it could be a killing machine, sent by aliens to spy on us, or here to blow up the entire planet. Maybe it's full of tiny hive-mind aliens!

Eldridth frowns at Zorg. She turns back towards Private Fluff smiling widely. She looks at his name badge.

ELDRIDTH

Private Fluff. You are incredibly adorable.

Zorg rolls his eyes.

ZORG

(sarcastically)

And now you've named it, great.

PRIVATE FLUFF

I'm here to save!

INT. FAIREACHASES'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

Eldridth and Zorg sit on the couch as Private Fluff zooms around the room, yelling.

PRIVATE FLUFF

I'm here to save! I'm here to save! I'm here to save!

Eldridth nervously bites her lip.

ELDRIDTH

I think it's in distress. What should we do?

Zorg rolls his eyes, watching Private Fluff.

ZORG

At this point I want to break it.

Eldridth smiles at Private Fluff adoringly.

ELDRIDTH

No, I want to keep it.

Zorg nods, weighing up the option.

ZORG

There *could* be something valuable inside.

Eldridth scoffs, turning and scowling at Zorg.

ELDRIDTH

You always want to break or take away all the things that bring me joy.

Zorg laughs. He plays with a paperclip.

ZORG

How can a scrap of metal bring you joy?

He pauses for a moment, almost self aware but not quite.

Eldridth stares at Private Fluff. She smiles.

ELDRIDTH

You don't understand.

Zorg sighs and stands up, slowly moving towards Private Fluff.

ZORG

And I never will. We need the money.

Eldridth gasps and stands up against Zorg, defiant.

ELDRIDTH

Don't you dare!

ZORG

This is the right decision.

Zorg lunges towards Private Fluff. Eldridth screams as Private Fluff zooms away from Zorg.

ELDRIDTH

No! Zorg!

Zorg leaps towards Private Fluff again, missing it and falling on the floor. He grunts and tries again, he misses again. Zorg huffs and grabs a vase. Zorg corners Private Fluff.

ELDRIDTH (CONT'D)

No Zorg, please don't!

Zorg slams the vase down onto Private Fluff's head. Private Fluff's screen suddenly becomes bright white as it starts to shake. Zorg jumps back and Eldridth cowers behind him.

PRIVATE FLUFF

Private Fluff. Mission, retrieve McDriddy family. Location, Planet Puffs. Original Destination, Planet Earth.

Zorg, frightened, throws the vase at Private Fluff. Private Fluff's screen turns black and suddenly its blue eyes return.

PRIVATE FLUFF (CONT'D)

I'm here to save!

Eldridth and Zorg stare at Private Fluff. Eldridth blinks, she smiles and turns towards Zorg.

ELDRIDTH

Do you know what this means?

Zorg blinks. He shrugs. Eldridth's eyes well up with joyous tears. She flings her arms over Zorg's shoulder.

ELDRIDTH (CONT'D)

We have proof. Finally we have proof and no one will think we're crazy anymore.

Eldridth kisses him and he pulls back, shocked.

ZORG

Um, we haven't made love in years. Are you sure?

Eldridth smiles at him seductively.

ELDRIDTH

You bet I am. Come here my sexy paperclip.

Zorg's face turns a bright red and Eldridth pulls Zorg to the floor. She growls at him, seductively.

INT. SURVEILLANCE TOWER - NIGHT

Bob and Brob shamefully take apart and throw away their string map. Cinnamon, annoyed, rubs out the white board. The screens are blank and the surveillance equipment is turned off.

FADE TO BLACK