

GALAXXON - PEACE OF THE PLANETS?

Written by

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FADE IN

INT. ZEEBO'S BEDROOM - MORNING

A teenagers bedroom, messy and cluttered. Walls adorned with posters of planets and models of rockets and spaceships. There's a shape in the bed, it's ZEEBO, 18, a nice kid and a typical teenager snoring, under the sheet.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

This is the story of a boy called Zeebo, who lived in a galaxy, far, far away and tells how he went from this:

The front page of a newspaper has smiling man in track pants, and it reads "ZEEBO, OUR NATIONAL HERO."

NARRATOR (V.O.)

To this:

An image of the same man now frowning on the front page of a newspaper with headlines "ZEEBO, OUR NATIONAL DISGRACE."

NARRATOR

Sit down, grab that box of popcorn, a drink and let me tell you about it. It starts a long, long time ago on a tiny little blue planet most of you have never heard of called Earth.

INT. PLANET EARTH NASA CONTROL CENTER 1977 - DAY

GENERAL BRICK, mid 20's, built like a tank with a crew cut enters a room where PROFESSOR M, OLD SCIENTIST, and JUNIOR SCIENTIST are in an animated discussion next to a blackboard full of physics equations. They have the physical appearance of the Three Stooges.

GENERAL BRICK

Gentlemen, NASA has given the green light for the CETI program to search for extraterrestrial life, and I'll be in charge of it.

PROFESSOR M

So we still launch next year?

GENERAL BRICK

No! We launch tomorrow. What else do we need to do?

PROFESSOR M

Tomorrow? But we're not ready. If the CETI lands on a planet, how will they know it came from Earth?

OLD SCIENTIST

Remember Hansel and Gretel? We could leave a trail of bread?

JUNIOR SCIENTIST

But that was a failure! The bread got eaten by a duck, didn't it?

OLD SCIENTIST

I bet the duck didn't think the bread trail was a failure!

JUNIOR SCIENTIST

That's why we can't use bread.

OLD SCIENTIST

Are you saying that there are ducks in space?

JUNIOR SCIENTIST

Could be? In space, no-one can hear you quack.

General Brick stares in disbelief. His right-hand starts to crush a pencil as his face turns red. Professor M notices.

PROFESSOR M

Maybe we should use pebbles instead?

JUNIOR SCIENTIST

That would make the CETI too heavy to take off?

OLD SCIENTIST

Why don't we vote on whether we use bread or stones? Hands up all those who want to use bread.

The Old and Junior Scientist vote for taking bread instead of stones. The pencil in General Bricks' hand splinters to tiny pieces. His face is now crimson red.

PROFESSOR M

How about we also put in a recorded greeting, a star chart or some art like this diagram of Leonardo Da Vinci's Vitruvian man?

General Brick stares at the Da Vinci Vitruvian Man, a poster of a man who has four arms and four legs. He gnashes his teeth. A vein on his forehead looks like it's going to pop.

GENERAL BRICK

Just get it done you babbling  
idiots! We launch tomorrow, or  
you're all sacked. GOT IT!

They all nod as General Brick throws his broken pencil to the ground and storms out.

INT. GALAXXON HOME - 40 YEARS LATER - DAY

On TV, GALAXXON NEWSCASTER 1, who looks like a blue bowl of Gelatine with arms and legs and a Ron Burgundy type mustache.

GALAXXON NEWSCASTER 1

In a fierce battle today on the  
planet Heberon, there have been  
heavy casualties for both Galaxxon  
and Heberon forces.

Footage shows heavy cannon fire similar to World War One. All the soldiers look like blue Gelatine with helmets. Blue splodges hit the screen as a shell explodes amongst them.

GALAXXON NEWSCASTER 1 (CONT'D)

Ironically, the one hundred year  
war actually started one hundred  
and twelve years ago today.  
Initially most thought that the war  
would be over and our troops would  
be home before Y-mas.

A sepia image shows the keen blue Gelatine army waving goodbye with white handkerchiefs from train windows as they head for the front-line.

GALAXXON NEWSCASTER 1 (CONT'D)

The Heberon Commander Grootus has  
sent a video message.

GENERAL GROOTUS

(French accent)  
Surrender Galaxxon, or we'll--

GALAXXON NEWSCASTER 1

General Fightun has immediately  
called for more reinforcements.

GENERAL FIGHTUN looks like a blue Gelatine version of Uncle Sam pointing his finger saying - "I WANT YOU."

Zeebo, 18, who also appears to be like a blue bowl of Gelatine is in an armchair watching TV with his best buddy, the morbidly obese BLOBBY, 18, dumb as a door but much friendlier, he's in a beanbag eating junk food.

ZEEBO

Let's go outside. Turn it off will ya Blobby?

Blobby clicks the remote, and the TV turns off.

BLOBBY

Do you think they'll call us up to fight?

ZEEBO

I hope not. I don't want to be cannon fodder.

Zeebo grabs a magnifying glass, and like a slug, he slimes towards the door while Blobby scarfs down a donut and a can of Infinity Cola. Blobby tries to get out of the beanbag.

ZEEBO (CONT'D)

You're comfort eating a lot lately.

Blobby continues to struggle to get out of his beanbag.

BLOBBY

Believe me; I'm not eating for comfort.

Zeebo stops to stare at a wall chart titled EVOLUTION. It shows beings that are similar to humans, but over time they've evolved into the gelatinous blobs they now are.

This could have something to do with their diet of highly processed foods, automation and lack of exercise.

EXT. GALAXXON GARDEN - CONTINUOUS

Galaxxon is somewhat similar to Earth. Zeebo's garden has a green lawn and a variety of unusual plants. The plants appear to spit at each other, throw pollen bombs and a strangler vine is throttling a fig tree that's fighting back.

ZEEBO

Ever wish you could fly away from here? Away from all the war, and gloom and doom?

BLOBBY

Sure. But where?

ZEEBO

I dunno. I just thought somewhere out there. There must be a planet at peace. A place where the nations are united.

BLOBBY

United Nations? You must be dreaming.

ZEEBO

Yeah, stupid I know.

Zeebo peers intently at an insect that resembles an ant. He turns his back on the insect to talk to Blobby.

ZEEBO (CONT'D)

Why can't Galaxxon and Heberon just be friends and get along like insects do?

Zeebo stares out into space.

An insect resembling a praying mantis quickly decapitates and eats the insect that Zeebo had just been studying.

A more gruesome insect then shoots a spray at the mantis and devours it.

That insect is then pulverized and gulped down quickly by a bigger insect like a spider on steroids.

Blobby is fascinated by the life and death insect battles, but Zeebo is oblivious to all of this. Zeebo turns back to see a different insect in place of the original.

ZEEBO (CONT'D)

Hey, where did you come from little fella? You look like you couldn't hurt a fly.

A POSTAL WORKER with a huge sack of mail on an automated trolley arrives.

POSTAL WORKER (O.S.)

Telegram for Zeebo Splutnik.

Zeebo's attention is taken away from the insect, and he heads for the door. A fly flies past the insect, and it is savagely beaten and swallowed by the spider. Blobby intently watches, but yet again Zeebo misses the action.

ZEEBO

I'm Zeebo. What is it?

POSTAL WORKER

Been delivering them all day. Hi  
Bobby. I've got one for you too.

BLOBBY

Ooh... maybe it's a special invite  
to the new Crusty Cream donut shop?

Excitedly Zeebo and Bobby tear open the mail. But their  
faces turn to looks of disappointment.

ZEEBO

Oh...I've been drafted.

BLOBBY

Me too!

ZEEBO

This can't be right!

POSTAL WORKER

Cheer up, Boys. Can't be all bad.  
I handed a draft notice to your  
neighbor, Toby McGillacutty, last  
year. You never hear him complain.  
Heard from him lately?

ZEEBO

Tomorrow will be the one-year  
anniversary of his death.

POSTAL WORKER

Really? He lasted longer than  
most. So long boys, it's been nice  
knowing you.

EXT. GALAXXON RECRUITMENT OFFICE - DAY - LATER

Nearly everything on Galaxxon is automated. There are long  
conveyor belts instead of footpaths. Cars drive and park  
themselves. There's no need for anyone to ever do anything  
more physical than push a button.

The boys, with their heads down, as if they've just been  
given a death sentence, slide to a sign that points to Army  
Recruitment Center.

They get on a travelator and pass a shop selling the latest  
technological devices, instead of an Apple logo, it has a  
PEAR logo.

Recruitment posters adorn the outside of the building as  
Zeebo and Bobby enter the office via the automated door.

INT. GALAXXON RECRUITMENT OFFICE - LATER

Inside is JETT, a pink Gelatine dressed in army fatigues. She's young, vital; part marketer and part Cruella De Ville.

JETT

Hi boys, I'm JETT FIGHTER. You  
come here to sign up?

Zeebo and Blobby are momentarily distracted by posters of General Fightun on the walls that say "FIGHT FOR ME, OR YOU'LL DIE FOR ME."

ZEEBO

I think my friend Blobby and I  
received some telegrams by mistake.

Zeebo hands Jett his telegram, and she checks it out.

JETT

You must be the two new recruits  
I've heard so little about.

Jett eyeballs Blobby.

JETT (CONT'D)

Hmm...looks like we've eaten a few  
too many donuts, doesn't it, Tubby?

Blobby nods eagerly. Jett checks out Zeebo. She likes what she sees.

ZEEBO

There must be some mistake. We  
just turned eighteen last month.

Jett consults her list.

JETT

Oh yes, there has been a terrible  
mistake.

ZEEBO

There has?

Blobby and Zeebo are excited that they are going to get to stay home instead of being drafted.

JETT

Yes, these draft notices should  
have been sent out to you weeks  
ago. We'll have to rush you both  
to the front tomorrow.

ZEEBO

But we don't want to go to war. Is there any way we can get out of it?

JETT

Hmm...there are a few successful methods.

ZEEBO

Great, what are they?

JETT

Number one is you could run away. But that will only work if we can't find you, which is highly unlikely. Once we find you, we'd shoot you for desertion.

Blobby and Zeebo's eyes widen in shock.

ZEEBO

We might give that one a miss. What else is there?

JETT

Number two is that you ask to be arrested for being a yellow spineless coward.

BLOBBY

Even if we're blue spineless cowards?

ZEEBO

Will that work?

JETT

It will if you'd like spending the next ninety-nine years in solitary confinement surviving on bread and water, having to break rocks with your bare Gelatine hands.

BLOBBY

Bread and water, how inhumane! Now if it had been donuts and soda, I'd sign up right now.

JETT

Then after your ninety-nine years are served, we release you.

ZEEBO

Back home into the community.

JETT

Back into the front line. There's nothing that scares the Heberons more than facing a Galaxxon who hasn't eaten a decent meal for ninety-nine years.

ZEEBO

Any other options?

JETT

Why of course. The last option is the most favored one by reluctant recruits.

ZEEBO

Great. What's that?

JETT

You kill yourself.

ZEEBO

Kill ourselves?

JETT

Yes, guaranteed not to end up in the army. I've never heard a complaint from anyone who has successfully accomplished it.

ZEEBO

Oh.

JETT

Any more questions?

The boys shake their heads no.

JETT (CONT'D)

See you recruits at the command center tomorrow at 0600 hours. Let's see if one of you can last as long as that McGillacutty kid did.

Jett checks out their physiques again.

JETT (CONT'D)

Though, I doubt it.

EXT. RECRUITMENT OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

The boys slime out of the recruiting office with the worries of the world on their shoulders.

ZEEBO

We've got to find some way out of this.

The sky darkens, and there's a high-pitched whistling sound. Behind them, Jett opens the door and looks up to the heavens. She dials a number on her phone.

ZEEBO (CONT'D)

It's a bomb! Take cover!

Zeebo and Blobby dive to the ground. An object falls from the sky, and at the last moment a parachute opens up, and it safely plops to the ground with minimal impact.

Zeebo and Blobby stand up, intrigued by the object that has landed in the city park opposite the recruiting office.

BLOBBY

What is it?

ZEEBO

It looks like it's from out of this world.

BLOBBY

Out of this world. You gotta be kidding me. Maybe we're on Candid Camera or Punked?

ZEEBO

Look at the strange markings on it. It says "Voyager CETI mission. Greetings from planet Earth."

BLOBBY

Earth? What a stupid name for a planet! Now I know we're on Candid Camera.

Blobby walks around looking in all directions and shouts out.

BLOBBY (CONT'D)

Come on out guys! I know it's a prank.

Blobby looks in bushes to try and find the hidden cameras.

ZEEBO

Look, there's a door. Help me open it up.

IF YOU'D LIKE TO READ THE ENTIRE SCRIPT EMAIL ME AT:  
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