

M.A.L.L.

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. DAY - A FOREST

BRACK and EMERY huddle breathlessly for cover against a large fallen tree. Their distressed uniforms are not those worn by the winning side.

For several seconds, their location appears superimposed on the screen: "Logatis 2771 - Thaox System"

The sky is occasionally streaked with a light show of colorful but deadly ENERGY BOLT WEAPONS-FIRE.

BRACK

Did you signal?

EMERY

And ruin our vacation? Of course not.

BRACK

You're a funny motherfucker, aren't you, Emery?

EMERY

I'm here all week, folks. Don't forget to tip your waitress.

In the distance, a WHINING BEAM of tremendous energy ignites a ground-shaking EXPLOSION. Brack and Emery hunker more snugly against the tree.

EMERY (CONT'D)

Of course I signaled. I've been signaling every eight cycles since they got here, asshole. Do we even know how close they are?

Brack taps the controls of a small device. A projected map hovers between them. Brack points to a cluster of angry red dots throbbing near the center of the map.

BRACK

Look at this shit. They're all over the damned compound.

EMERY

Kinda makes you wish some bitch-ass slap-dick remembered to activate the mag field, doesn't it, Brack?

Brack touches a button. The map disappears.

BRACK

Okay, we gonna do this again? Is this what we're gonna do? Zutek battalion's crawling up our ass and this is what we're gonna do?

Words that are struck-through are to be replaced with censorious beeps in post-production.

EMERY

(with building
rage)

No fusion shooters. No back-up. Left in too much of a ~~goddamned~~ hurry to grab rations or even water. I guess we could spend our last minutes ~~fucking~~ like jackrabbits in heat if you weren't such an inbred ~~butt-~~munch. Honestly, I could probably shut my eyes and push past the fugliness of it all. I just don't want to waste my last ~~cum~~ on the itchy ~~eek-~~sucker who forgot to turn on the ~~damned~~ mag field!

Brack stares at Emery.

BRACK

How did you do that?

EMERY

What?

BRACK

That thing. With your mouth. With the sounds instead of the words.

EMERY

Did I do something? What the fuck
are you talking about, diekbreath?

BRACK

See!?! There it is again. The...
uh... the *thing*. Instead of the
words. Didn't you hear it?

Emery cautiously touches lips, then throat.

EMERY

What kind of a horse shit parlor
trick is this?

*Emery's lips make the word "shit," but the audience hears
the word "manure" in Emery's voice.*

Another ENERGY BEAM sets off an EXPLOSION, close enough
this time that a smattering of dirt rains down on Brack and
Emery.

BRACK

Motherfucker, that was close!

*Brack's lips make the word "fucker," but the audience hears
the word "lover" in Brack's voice.*

EMERY

Waitamminute, Brack. Now you're
doing it, too.

BRACK

What?

EMERY

With the voice and the sound or
the words or whatever. I could
have sworn you said
"motherfucker"?

*Emery's lips make the word "fucker," but the audience hears
the word "lover" in Emery's voice.*

An atmospheric mechanical HUM grows gradually louder.

Brack cautiously touches throat, then lips. Brack speaks very, very slowly, exaggerating the enunciation of each syllable.

BRACK

Mo. ther. fuck. er.

Brack's lips make the word "fuck," but the audience hears the word "love" in Brack's voice.

They scan the surrounding forest for a prankster, each looking in different directions. Gradually, they turn to stare at the camera. The HUM of otherworldly engines grows more distinct above them. After a beat, they both look up. A menacing spacecraft hovers.

BRACK

Oh shit.

Brack's lips make the word "shit," but the audience hears the word "heavens" in Brack's voice.

EMERY

Goddamnit.

Emery's lips make the word "goddamnit," but the audience hears the words "golly gee" in Emery's voice.

The ship's bright DEATH RAY reaches toward Brack and Emery, but stops in mid-air. All sound and action freeze.

KAREN

(voice over)

I think that's enough for today,
don't you, dear?

INT. POST-PRODUCTION SUITE

KAREN, a prim woman at the upper limit of her child-bearing years, stands over the shoulder of an EDITOR. The button on her lapel showcases an abbreviation: M.A.L.L. Karen makes a sharp and satisfied checkmark on her clipboard. Later, on her way to a meeting of the Parent-Teacher Association, she will ask to speak to the manager of a local coffee shop.

KAREN

My goodness. These two are are certainly foul-mouthed, aren't they? What on earth would their pastor say?

The Editor - a gently subversive technician who doesn't support Karen's political agenda, but is content to take her money - gestures toward a monitor on which Brack and Emery are frozen in terror.

EDITOR

Well, they're not on earth, are they? Maybe they don't have pastors on that planet.

Karen's pencil proudly taps her M.A.L.L. button.

KAREN

Maybe they don't have Mothers Against Lewd Language, either.

EDITOR

Yeah. Maybe. You really think the alternate takes work better than the bleeping?

KAREN

The alternate takes?

EDITOR

Well, it's not really ADR, is it? The words. When we go back and drop in other words.

KAREN

Certainly, they draw far less attention.

EDITOR

Okay. You're the boss.

KAREN

Well. Since the last election, anyway.

Karen consults her clipboard.

KAREN (CONT'D)

I suppose we have to do that
dreadful bedroom scene tomorrow.

EDITOR

(looking forward to
it)

Yeah. You've kinda been putting it
off.

KAREN

Can you blame me? You can edit
the video, too, right?

EDITOR

If that's what you like. Yes,
ma'am.

KAREN

Such unsavory filth. But children
might accidentally stream these
programs. Can you imagine?

EDITOR

Hard to believe. Thank God... I
mean... uh... thank heaven you're
here.

CUT TO

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