

'ROID: WELCOME TO THE PLEASURE CUBE

Written/Created by Christopher Howard Wolf

PAGE ONE

Panel One - Ext. Deep Space - Timeless

Strange planets and far-flung stars dot the inky blackness of empty space. This serene setting would seem the cliché opening for any given space opera if not for the SATELLITE floating here. On its side are the characters: "NAR-8r".

SATELLITE: Deep space. This frigid, lonesome starscape is home to a billion and one tales of action, adventure, and intrigue.

Panel Two - Ext. Deep Space - Continuous

We focus in closer on the satellite as it rotates slowly past. It continues to speak.

SATELLITE: Stories from a million alien worlds, at war with a million others, for reasons that are at times unclear... or all-too-familiar.

Panel Three - Ext. Deep Space - Continuous

As the satellite continues to aimlessly rotate in space, we see a LIGHT in the distance, leaving a trail of smoke as if it's approaching the satellite itself.

SATELLITE: This is one such account, an uncanny epic of love... death... betrayal...

Panel Four - Ext. Deep Space - Continuous

Suddenly, 'ROID rockets through the scene head-first, completely OBLITERATING the satellite as he crashes through it, arms shielding his head. 'Roid is a rocky, asteroid-skinned bruiser, and he appears to be wearing a pair of faulty ROCKET BOOTS that are spewing flame and smoke, obviously sending him on a random trajectory.

SATELLITE: -SQUEEEX-

PAGE TWO

Panel One - Int. Interrogation Room, Pleasure Cube - At That Moment

This is a sterile, featureless white room, save for a BLACK VIDEO SCREEN on one wall. There is a CHAIR here, with a beautiful GREEN WOMAN sitting upon it. She looks at the floor, clearly concerned.

VOICE: (off panel) Tell us who you contacted!!

Panel Two - Int. Interrogation Room, Pleasure Cube - Continuous

We now see from behind the Alien Woman as two tall, almost Nordic alien women stand before her. They are FRIKKA and FRAKKA, beguiling twin athletic bruisers with a hint of Viking flair. They seem quite angry with the Green Woman.

GREEN WOMAN: I... I called HOME.

Panel Three - Int. Interrogation Room, Pleasure Cube - Continuous

Frikka holds back Frakka as she moves toward the Green Woman, seething with anger.

FRAKKA: LIAR!! Who did you contact?!

Panel Four - Int. Interrogation Room, Pleasure Cube - Continuous

Suddenly, the twins freeze in place, eyes wide, as the video screen blinks to life, momentarily displaying STATIC.

SFX: (video screen) FSHHHT

Panel Five - Int. Interrogation Room, Pleasure Cube - Continuous

Just as suddenly, Frikka and Frakka are kneeling before the video screen, bowing before it as if it were some sort of holy shrine. The video screen now displays the regal, vaguely Kirbyesque helmet of ALL-MAN, a fully armored "Space God". We can see nothing of All-Man's face beneath the helmet.

FRIKKA: HAIL, All-Man!

FRAKKA: Most MANLY of MONARCHS!

ALL-MAN: Enough! How goes the examination?

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Panel One - Int. Embarrassingly Lavish Garden, Pleasure Cube - At That Moment

This is an embarrassingly lavish garden area within the same structure as the interrogation room. It is almost like a greenhouse, with various well-landscaped FLORA growing free around an ornate, futuristic THRONE. Sitting on the throne and clasping a GOBLET in one hand and a futuristic REMOTE CONTROL in the other is All-Man. A VIDEO SCREEN hovers in front of him.

FRIKKA: (voice from screen) The disloyal wench insists she did not inform anyone as to the privilege of serving within your harem.

ALL-MAN: As one would expect. To throw away the HONOR of being one of The All-Man's brides would be MADNESS.

Panel Two - Int. Embarrassingly Lavish Garden, Pleasure Cube - Continuous

All-Man holds the remote control toward the video screen as Frikka continues to speak.

FRIKKA: (voice from screen) It was our duty to prevent unauthorized communications... shall my sister and I anticipate PITILESS REPRIMAND...?

ALL-MAN: We shall see.

Panel Three - Int. Embarrassingly Lavish Garden, Pleasure Cube - Continuous

We look from All-Man's perspective as his hand presses a button on the remote control and the video screen shifts to an image of two ALIEN BRUTES beating the tar out of each other on some sort of battlefield.

SFX: (remote) KLIK!

VOICE: (from video screen) -The Enillian Eye-Gougers are THRASHING the Vyvelloid Vivisectors in what is sure to be their most stunning victory in the history of the sport!

ALL-MAN: Good... goooood...

Panel Four - Ext. Deep Space - At That Moment

We now see 'Roid once again as he careens through nothingness, awkwardly moving his limbs in ways that denote he's trying to gain balance... which will never come.

Panel Five - Ext. Deep Space - Continuous

'Roid suddenly looks forward, the direction he's heading in. There is an "Aw Crap" look on his face, as if he's about to be in a lot of pain.

Panel Six - Ext. Pleasure Cube - Continuous

We now look from behind 'Roid. He is careening straight toward a cube-shaped space station with All-Man's FACE depicted on each side! 'Roid helplessly speeds toward the object.

PAGE FOUR

Panel One - Int. Garage, Pleasure Cube - Seconds Later

This is an expansive garage in keeping with the style of the rooms we've seen so far. There are lines of EXPENSIVE-LOOKING SMALL SPACECRAFTS here, displayed as a wealthy collector would display his cars. 'Roid is currently ROCKETING through the room, a large HOLE in the wall where he came in. He's shielding his head with his arms as the rocket boots continue to belch fire and smoke.

SFX: (crash through wall) SKA-TOOM!

SFX: (rocket boots) FFSHHHH

Panel Two - Int. Garage, Pleasure Cube - Continuous

'Roid is now face-down on the floor, his head buried in the wall as his rocket boots continue to propel themselves, moving his legs in awkward directions.

SFX: (rocket boots) FPP-FPP-FPP

'ROID: Gripe.

Panel Three - Int. Grand Bedroom, Pleasure Cube - At That Moment

This room within the structure resembles military barracks, with beds lined up against the lengthy walls... but each bed is a lavish, comfortable one with heart-shaped pillows and assorted "romantic" décor. A few ALIEN WOMEN are here, along with Frikka and Frakka, who are escorting the Green Woman along. Frikka and Frakka are looking upward in surprise.

SFX: (klaxon) WOOT! WOOT! WOOT!

ROBOTIC VOICE: (from ceiling) Intruder in Port Seven.
Intruder in Port Seven.

FRAKKA: I knew it!!

Panel Four - Int. Grand Bedroom, Pleasure Cube - Continuous

Frikka and Frakka are now RUNNING off, leaving the Green Woman behind. Frakka turns slightly, pointing back at the Green Woman, who is just confused.

FRAKKA: You'll PAY for this, traitor!

PAGE FIVE

Panel One - Int. Garage, Pleasure Cube - Moments Later

We see a DOOR here that has quickly slid open. Frikka and Frakka shove through the doorway, almost getting stuck as they race in, looking for a fight. They are each holding a BATTLE STAFF.

FRIKKA: What business have you aboard the PLEASURE CUBE?

FRAKKA: Come forward and die, trespasser!

Panel Two - Int. Garage, Pleasure Cube - Continuous

We now see 'Roid as he steps out from behind a space craft. He seems casual as he holds the smoking, disabled rocket boots in one hand. His arms are especially rocky due to his crash into the structure.

'ROID: The name's 'Roid - and TRUST me, I didn't intend to crash whatever "pleasure" party ya' got cooking.

Panel Three - Int. Garage, Pleasure Cube - Continuous

'Roid gestures to the hole he left in the wall, which is now plugged with the contorted wreckage of a very expensive space craft. Frikka and Frakka look at the mangled mess with shock.

'ROID: See, I bought these fancy BOOTS from a less-than-reputable seller, and the TEST RUN turned into an involuntary 32-HOUR voyage. Sorry about the damage.

FRIKKA: *GASP* You... you plugged it with the STARLARK?

Panel Three - Int. Garage, Pleasure Cube - Continuous

Frakka suddenly charges 'Roid, wielding her battle staff threateningly.

'ROID: It's just by chance that I-

FRAKKA: LIAR!

'ROID: There's something ya' oughta know, lady...

Panel Four - Int. Garage, Pleasure Cube - Continuous

Frakka brings the staff down, across 'Roid's face. He seems knocked for a bit of a loop, but is still on his feet.

SFX: (staff vs. face) KRAKK

'ROID: D'Oof!

Panel Five - Int. Garage, Pleasure Cube - Continuous

We see a close shot of 'Roid's face. The area of his face that was struck is now rockier, rigid, and more armor-like. He gives an almost sinister grin, but more in the way that he knows things are about to go his way.

'ROID: The harder ya' hit, the harder I get.

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Panel One - Int. Embarrassingly Lavish Garden - Moments Later

We rejoin All-Man as he sits on his throne amid the splendor of his garden. He is holding the remote control toward the video screen once more, and seems irate.

ALL-MAN: Frikka? Frakka? Curse you alluring, inept doppelgangers! Where is my nightly FEAST?

Panel Two - Int. Embarrassingly Lavish Garden - Continuous

A DOOR in the distance slides open as All-Man looks toward it.

ALL-MAN: Finally! Bring forth the banquet!

Panel Three - Int. Embarrassingly Lavish Garden - Continuous

'Roid steps through the door, carrying Frikka and Frakka backward on each shoulder as if toting children. 'Roid looks a bit beat-up, his rocky skin even craggier and more jagged in places.

'ROID: Kitchen's closed, ya' wormhole.

FRIKKA: Apologies, m'lord!

FRAKKA: He subdued us most forcefully.

FRIKKA: Heavens, yes!

Panel Four - Int. Embarrassingly Lavish Garden - Continuous

All-Man is now standing as he throws aside the remote control and his goblet. He is striking a dramatic, cliché "demi-god" pose as ENERGY crackles around him.

ALL-MAN: Who DARES to deny the unquenchable appetites of The ALL-MAN?!

Panel Five - Int. Embarrassingly Lavish Garden - Continuous

No longer holding the twins, 'Roid approaches All-Man with all the self-assuredness of a prize fighter stepping into the ring. All-Man does not shrink from this threat.

'ROID: Your creepy little ENFORCERS told me everything. How you got yourself a regular GRAB BAG of sweet little ladies whose only mistake was answering a PERSONAL AD.

Panel Six - Int. Embarrassingly Lavish Garden - Continuous

This is a close shot of All-Man's face/helmet as his eyes glow with rage.

ALL-MAN: The advertisement clearly stated "Wealthy male with old-fashioned ideals seeks long-term commitment."

PAGE SEVEN

Panel One - Int. Embarrassingly Lavish Garden - Continuous

All-Man raises his fists in the air. As he does, energy crackles around them as if he's charging up some sort of power.

ALL-MAN: Why is the All-Man explaining himself to a PEON such as YOU?! I grow tired of this nuisance!

Panel Two - Int. Embarrassingly Lavish Garden - Continuous

All-Man is now essentially glowing with power as arcs of electricity crackle across his entire body, his fists lit up with an obscene amount of power.

ALL-MAN: I, the living embodiment of ALL MALE ENERGIES, shall not be cuckolded!

Panel Three - Int. Embarrassingly Lavish Garden - Continuous

This is a shot of 'Roid's face as he strokes his chin in thought. He arches a brow.

'ROID: "Male energies", eh? That could work.

Panel Four - Int. Embarrassingly Lavish Garden - Continuous

We watch as 'Roid repeatedly, in fast motion, stomps his foot against the ground, HARD.

SFX: (foot hitting ground quickly) KLANG KLANG KLANG KLANG

Panel Five - Int. Embarrassingly Lavish Garden - Continuous

We see 'Roid from the side as he reels back with the foot he was just stomping, as if he's about to kick a field goal. His foot is grotesquely huge and rocky, as if covered with layers of protective stone.

Panel Six - Int. Embarrassingly Lavish Garden - Continuous

'Roid brings the foot home... right into All-Man's CROTCH. All-Man, still glowing with immense energy, reacts as anyone would to being pummeled in such a sensitive area.

SFX: (foot on crotch) WHAAANG

ALL-MAN: OOOO!!

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Panel One - Int. Embarrassingly Lavish Garden - Continuous

All-Man EXPLODES in a burst of energy, almost like an atom bomb! 'Roid is enveloped in the blast as he's sent flying backward!

SFX: (a demi-god exploding because he was kicked in the balls) SKR-TOOOOOOM!

Panel Two - Int. Embarrassingly Lavish Garden - Later

We see FLOWER PETALS falling slowly through the air. This is essentially a timeless panel, not necessarily depicting the aftermath of the explosion.

Panel Three - Int. Embarrassingly Lavish Garden - Continuous

We now see a small section of a BOULDER as a few ALIEN WOMEN caress it lovingly. Flower petals are still falling.

ALIEN WOMAN #1: Now THAT'S a man.

ALIEN WOMAN #2: So strong... so brave...

Panel Four - Int. Embarrassingly Lavish Garden - Continuous

We pull back to see the Boulder is vaguely shaped like 'Roid, shielding himself from All-Man's blast! He's now a huge, immobile slab of rock, almost like a huge stone statue that someone's only started carving, barely exposing a human shape. It's clear he can't move as various Alien Woman cluster around him as others prance around, throwing flower petals in the air.

'ROID: Gripe.

CAPTION: End!