

ONE WAY TICKET
S1E1: CRASH BANG WALLOP

Written by

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FADE IN:

Wide shot of alien planet landscape, quick zoom in to the **STRUDEL (ATP77)** wedged between a couple of boulders. Steam is hissing from a vent and the craft is making a sound which resembles indigestion. **BORIS** and **RONNIE** are kitted out in space suits surveying the craft from the outside, floating along with them is **MAGS** the ships AI quantum computer in the form of a floating television with a face on it [mags' face talking].

Boris

Again, you surprise me Ronnie, I knew you was possibly the worst pilot in the galaxy, but now I know that you are even worse than that

Mags

I don't see how that is possible to be worse than the worst in existence, that doesn't compute, even in quantum terms it's just silly basically

Ronnie

Don't worry mags, Boris is in a class of his own when it comes to galactic class moaning, he can take any good time and turn it into a bag of fish heads

Boris

My granny used to make delicious fish head stew back home in Russia, a delicacy I will probably never taste again because of flying skills of Americas number one monkey who cannot reverse park a bicycle let alone navigate earths most advanced interstellar craft

Ronnie

Actually, I was born in the congo, America is my adopted home, and if staying lost in space means I never have to eat fish head pie, then I'll take my chances roaming the infinite until we dematerialise.

Mags

Looking at Strudels plasma dischargers from the outside has given me an idea chaps!

Ronnie

Does it involve eating fish heads Mags?

Mags

No... but I do believe I may have found a way off of this planet, and we need to find a way off as it seems as if the core of this rock is one million times hotter than the hottest star in the known universe

Boris

That is impossible chipshop, the surface of the planet would be impossible to stand on, plus my feet are cold

Ronnie

Your feet are always cold, which reminds me NO MORE sharing my bed and duvet because of your recurring nightmare that Putin is your daddy

Boris

It's not only Putin problem I also get lonely in bunk, don't tell me you don't enjoy spooning me as much as I do making spoons with you... and you snore like giant frog

Ronnie

OMG we spoon? No wonder I've been waking up soaked in sweat

Mags

Your feet are cold because the surface of this planet is a mile thick crust of Titanium which insulates it from the heat, well it does until the heat builds up to the pressure of 20 atmospheres and releases out of those volcanic vents

Ronnie

Then what happens?

Boris

Then we all have warm feet

Mags

Then we are incinerated instantly, vaporised, flambéed, fricasseed, grilled to a charcoal finish, barbequed in an instant, or...

[mags is Interrupted]

Ronnie

Ok Mags we get it, if we stay here, we are toast-literally!

Boris

I hate toast... how long before volcano has a number 2?

Mags

According to my last calculation about 3 minutes and 12 second's time

Ronnie

Perfect! Just enough time to season ourselves before the barbeque

Boris

What can we do Chipshop? Is there any way we can get the strudel dislodged and launched before we all become hair gel?

Mags

Well I have been trying to tell you that we could...

[Ronnie interrupts mags]

Ronnie

HOLD ON, So all this time we've been standing here yapping away you knew we had minutes left but you thought you would just not tell us?

Mags

Well, you did reprogramme my social compliance protocol to never interrupt you ever again even if you were on fire and I knew where the hidden extinguisher was

Boris

This is true Ronnie, I remember it well you was very angry at chipshop for continuously advising you on chess game, because you keep losing to chess master [me] and going crazy

Ronnie

OK but I didn't mean it literally did !!!!!

[mags replay' audio of Ronnie setting new commends for mags]

Ronnie audio

And even if I am on fire burning to death and you know where the extinguisher is I would still rather die than here you interrupting me again LITERALLY...
ENTER

Boris

Not the greatest idea you ever had, but Americans are always full of great ideas that are actually terrible, like ten gallon hats

Ronnie

OK OK OK can we all just be quiet, Mags I take back what I said please revert to programming pre new orders from me AND TELL US WHAT TO DO TO GET OFF THIS PRESSURE COOKER TIME BOMB!

Mags

Its simple really, we just need to get back on board, reverse flux the external plasma shields with all power directed to the underside, once the heat wave hits the shield it should react in a nuclear explosion type thingy and catapult us at approximately MACH 92 into orbit and away from danger.

Boris and Ronnie look at each other and start running back on board, mags floats after them.

Ronnie

Mags activate shields, erm reverse the flux capacitor and ermm...

Mags

It's all done... hold tight!

Volcanoes explode with energetic heat waves all around the strudel, the earth starts shaking suddenly the ships plasma shield activates and a blue light surrounds the craft

Ronnie

I hope you know what you're doing Maggy, or this is the shortest, hottest ride in history

Mags

Please have faith chaps, I am the greatest computer ever devised by a human

Ronnie

That's what worries me

The rumble gets louder and the temperature reading is off the scale!

Boris

Mags just one thing, if we suddenly jump to MACH 92 without outside of our cryo chambers wont our cellular structure be stretched by the space time continuum to fit the phasing?

Mags

Well... no plans perfect is it!

WHOOOSSHHHHHHHH the heat wave hits the strudel and its propelled like a bat out of hell off the planet, shot of craft shooting up away from planet

All 3 members

Aghhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh

Shot of a steaming strudel flying away from planet, still on the strudel we here the crew chatting

Ronnie

Well that's about as close a shave as you'll get this side of the known universe, unless there's a good Turkish Barbers behind that next star system

Boris

Tell me mags, have you calculated how long the effects of that unprepared MACH 92 leap will last?

Back inside cockpit, Boris and Ronnie have been stretched out long and thin

Mags

No longer than 3 months, maybe 6

Boris

3 months, that seems reasonable, at least I can reach the snack dispenser now without leaving chair

Boris

Snack dispenser two hotdogs please, no dog, plenty ketchup

The snack machine opens and Boris uses his now long arm to grab the two hotdogs, he passes one to Ronnie, they both swallow them at same time... the hotdogs get stuck in their throats sideways

Ronnie

Maybe we should stick to soup for a while

Ship vanishes into distance.

FADE TO END CREDITS

