

SPACE HOSPITAL #43

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EXT. SPACE HOSPITAL #43.

A large, damaged MERCHANT MARINE SHIP being towed into dock.

INT. MERCHANT MARINE SHIP -

A damaged, smoky corridor. Bodies strewn about. CU on the face of DR. ISOLA MULLEN, Female, Human, 32yrs old. She kneels, working feverishly to save a yet to be revealed patient.

MULLEN

Listen to me. Listen! To! Me! We
are not going out like this!

A COMPUTER voice comes over the loudspeaker. Placid. Feminine. Think Majel Barret.

COMPUTER VOICE

Attention all personnel, a
miniature black-hole has been
activated in the reactor room.

Panicked CREW run past MULLEN. MULLEN stays focused on her patient, working frantically with her hands, but we can't yet see what she's doing.

MULLEN

(too her patient)
C'mon! Work with me here! Let me
save you!

COMPUTER VOICE

Total Spaghettification will occur
in t-minutes 2, minutes and
counting.

A nearby MEDIC yells.

MEDIC

Doctor! This one's going into
cardiac arrest!

The MEDIC kneels next to a wounded MERCHANT MARINE. Floating in the air around him are various holographic images depicting the patient's status. A holographic EKG flatlines.

MULLEN

Almost done over here!

MULLEN goes back to her patient.

COMPUTER VOICE

We will all be sucked into a
weaponized quantum singularity in T-
Minus one minute, thirty seconds
and counting.

MULLEN

I have worked too hard and you have
come too far! Come on!

Another MEDIC calls out.

MEDIC #2

Doctor! This dead pirate just
moved.

The MEDICS stands over a slug-like creature covered in armor.
MULLEN yells over her shoulder.

MULLEN

Then it's not dead.

MEDIC #2

Do we treat it?

MULLEN

Yes! Where is DR. ZHAO?

MEDIC #2

He got blown out an airlock?

MULLEN

Again? Lucky!

MULLEN pulls a heavy-duty looking cutting laser from her
pack, aims it at her patient and starts blasting away. Sparks
fly.

MEDIC #2

Doctor, maybe you should...

MULLEN

Kinda busy at the moment!

Back to her own patient. MULLEN pulls at something hard. She
comes up with a misshapen hunk of metal in her hand & throws
it over her shoulder. She plunges her arm, elbow deep into
something, searching.

MULLEN (CONT'D)

(to her patient)

Come on, let me in there. I can fix
you!

COMPUTER VOICE

In t-minus one minute and counting
we will all be sucked into a region
of space where the basic physics of
time and space no longer apply.

MULLEN gets her head close to her patient, listening for something. She delicately probes with her fingers.

MULLEN

(to her patient)

I am not giving up on you.

MULLEN produces a grotesquely large hammer. She swings it down at her patient. The resulting sounds is not crunching flesh, but metal on metal. With each swing she yells the words.

MULLEN (CONT'D)

Dont! You! Give! Up! On! Me!

SFX: a brief electronic hum. MULLEN drops her hammer, relieved.

MULLEN (CONT'D)

Yes. Yes! YES!

She stands up.

At MULLEN's feet a big, boxy snack dispenser flipped on its back. It looks exactly like something you'd see in a present-day middle school.

MULLEN (CONT'D)

Okay people, I got the snack
machine working! Guys? They have
Nacho Jankeez! They don't make
these out here!

COMPUTER VOICE

Of course, since I'm just a
disembodied voice, I probably have
the best chance of surviving. It
might even be interesting. But you
corporeal beings should probably
run.

The MEDIC attending the wounded MERCHANT MARINE calls out.

MEDIC

Doctor Mullen, we've got a real
problem here!

The MERCHANT MARINE's vitals are still flatline. An alarm is sounding.

MULLEN grabs a bag of the future snack known as Nacho Jankeez, and tosses it to the MEDIC.

MULLEN

Give him one of those. Only one!

The MEDIC shoves a chip into the MERCHANT MARINE'S mouth. His vitals immediately stabilize. His face changes from agonized to delighted.

MERCHANT MARINE

Ooh, Nacho Jankeez!

MULLEN's entire upper body is now inside the busted snack machine, searching for something. She pops up to speak.

MULLEN

(to MERCHANT MARINE)

Feeling better?

MERCHANT MARINE

Feeling better, but my legs are killing me!

MULLEN

This should help!

More buttons on MULLEN's wrist thingie. A small hovering disc, scans the MERCHANT MARINES' lower extremities with one laser then immediately disintegrates them with another. Still alive, he stares at the space where his legs were.

MERCHANT MARINE

Aaaaaaaagggggghhhhhh!

MULLEN

Ummmm. You're welcome!

(to MEDIC)

Maybe give him one more chip.

An explosion rocks the ship. A CREWMAN runs past Mullen, on fire and screaming. MULLEN pulls another bag of snacks out of the machine.

MULLEN (CONT'D)

Man, these Merchant Marines have it SO good.

COMPUTER VOICE

We will be totally consumed by the miniature black hole in 5,4,3,2...

TITLE SEQUENCE -

CHORAL MUSIC THAT IMPLIES WONDER AND PROGRESS. IMAGES OF DNA STRANDS OVERLAP WITH EVOLUTIONARY TREES DEPICTING A WIDE VARIETY OF LIFEFORMS FROM DIFFERENT WORLDS. SHOTS OF OUR CHARACTERS PERFORMING ODD MEDICAL PROCEDURES. THIS IS...

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INT. HOSPITAL CONFERENCE ROOM

MULLEN talks to another DOCTOR who looks bored.

MULLEN

...Because What people fail to realize is that snack dispensing technology is powered almost exclusively by Hawking Radiation which will pretty much stop a mini black-hole in its tracks. Also, they had Nacho Jankeez!

The hospital administrator MR. VIZZENKT -Insectoid, bipedal-interrupts.

VIZZENKT

(speaking to the room)

Okay people, before we start our rotations, let's welcome our new interns.

VIZZENKT gestures to a group of young interns clustered nervously to one side of the room.

MULLEN

Geez! What idiot signed up to be followed around by these children all day.

MULLEN turns to see a Bright-eyed and smiling Intern, DR. MAE, late '20's female, also human and perpetually upbeat - smiling at her.

MULLEN (CONT'D)

Hi. Are you lost little girl?

MAE

Hah, no. I'm assigned to you silly.
I'm DR. MAE.

MULLEN
 (yells in VIZZENKT'S
 direction)
 Mr. Vizzenkt, I think there's been
 some kind of mistake!

MR. VIZZENKT yells from across the room.

VIZZENKT
 That's DOCTOR Vizzenkt!

MULLEN
 No it's not!

DR. MAE has a wrist device similar to the one MULLEN wore in
 the open. She presses a few buttons and a hologram floats in
 the air with her duty assignment. Clearly legible are
 MULLEN's name and picture.

MAE
 You're doctor Mullen, right?

MULLEN
 Ohhhh, I see what happened here.
 No...I'm Doctor...BULLEN.

DR. MAE's eyes are moving confusedly between the holographic
 picture of MULLEN and her actual face.

MULLEN (CONT'D)
 I know we look a lot alike. People
 mix us up all the time. Dr. Mullen
 is actually dead. Sorry. Good luck!

MULLEN begins to walk away. MR. VIZZENKT blocks her exit.

MULLEN (CONT'D)
 Excuse me MISTER Vizzenkt. Time for
 me to start my unreasonably long
 shift.

VIZZENKT
 Why do you refuse to call me
 doctor?

MULLEN
 Because you're not one.

VIZZENKT
 Dr. Mullen, you've met Dr. Mae.
 Please meet your other interns...

VIZZENKT stands aside to reveal two more young doctors, the first is a paunchy LIZARD CREATURE. VIZZENKT looks down at a data pad.

VIZZENKT (CONT'D)

Doctors...

LIZARD

My name is Dr...

(he makes an extended
series of guttural noises
before fading out)

But you can call me Dr. Z

The next INTERN looks like your typical big-headed, human-abducting, anal-probing Gray Alien, DR. NALYD.

NALYD

And I am Doctor Nalyd. As you know,
my species extensive knowledge of
anal-probe based medicine has
revolutionized...

MULLEN

I know you guys never shut up about
it!

MAE

Omigod! Nalyd! I minored in anal
probing in med school!

VIZZENKT

Congratulations Doctor Mullen. You
have been

(finger quotes)

"randomly" selected to MENTOR the
next generation of medical
professionals.

He walks away.

VIZZENKT (CONT'D)

(over his shoulder)

I'm sure they will appreciate the
wealth of your experience.

MAE approaches DR. Z.

MAE

What up playa!

High fives all around.

MULLEN

Listen kids, as much as I'd love to hear you compare notes about medical grade butt stuff, I've got rounds to make. Follow. Observe. Keep quiet. And figure out which one of you gets to give me a foot massage at the end of my shift.

DR. Z holds up a scaly, clawed hand.

DR. Z

I give great foot massages, doctor!

MULLEN considers the scaly hand for a beat.

MULLEN

Okay fine! Let's go.

MULLEN walks off, ahead of the INTERNS. They scurry after her.

INT. OPERATING THEATER

A large amphitheater-type structure looks down on a well-appointed Operating Room. A contingent of MED STUDENTS and their PROFESSOR fill the seats, eager to observe and take notes. On the slab lays a sedated ALIEN PATIENT (humanoid). Medical machines, NURSES and P.A.'s surround the PATIENT and prep for surgery. Visible through a window in the O.R., two DOCTORS scrub in: A human and an alien who looks like a cephalopod with a giant pulsing brain.

MULLEN and her INTERNS walk through behind the seats.

MULLEN

This is our super-fancy operating theater. THEATER being the operative word.

MAE

I came here as a student!

NYLAD

We all did.

MULLEN

It is here we pretend to use the latest equipment and employ the most up-to-date procedures.

DR. Z

Pretend?

MULLEN

All so we can dupe kids like you
into coming to work here. I'll show
you the real operating rooms later.
They're way crappier.

MAE

Who is that prepping for surgery?
Maybe they don't hate interns.

MULLEN

I don't hate interns, I just don't
have time to train a bunch of
noobs.

(points to the scrub-in)

That's Dr. Zhao and Dr. Auztyr.
Probably our two best surgeons.

NALYD points to where ZHAO and AUZTYR are prepping.

DR. NALYD

I've never seen a hive-mind from
the Borspuat Quadrant.

MULLEN

You haven't seen lots of things,
kid. Dr. Auztyr's a hell of a
surgeon as long as he's not sober.

DR. NALYD

NOT Sober?

MULLEN

Oh yeah, Dr. Auztyr has what we in
the medical field call a
(air quotes)
Deep dependence on ALL the drugs in
the known universe.

MULLEN observes the scrub-in.

MULLEN (CONT'D)

Best thing about a hive-mind:
whenever they die of an overdose we
just get a new one with the same
set of skills and memories.

MAE

How many times has he died of an
O.D.?

MULLEN

"THEY" Doctor. Hive-minds prefer
They/Them pronouns.

(MORE)

MULLEN (CONT'D)

If you're gonna work here you'd better get up to speed on that sorta thing. Intergalactic wars have been started for less.

DR. Z

Like when the plant people of Kweltos Nine tried to have a mass group wedding with...

MULLEN cuts him off.

MULLEN

...and to answer your question, this is, like, our fifth DR. AUZTYR.

MULLEN walks ahead.

MAE

(whispers to the other
INTERNS)

I am going to make her love me.

NALYD

Agreed.

DR. Z

Totally.

The interns follow in Mullen's direction.

INT. NURSES STATION

At the NURSES desk, three BEINGS from three different alien races, have their heads down, sleeping and drooling. MULLEN and the INTERNS pass through.

MULLEN

This is the Nurse's station.

MAE

Are they okay?

MULLEN

Just resting. Our shifts are adjusted to Antares Mean-Time. It's hell until you get used to it. Then it's just exhausting.

A NURSE sits bolt upright.

NURSE

The candy bowl is for nursing staff
and patients only!

She slumps back down into an exhausted sleep on her desk.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM

MULLEN enters with her three INTERNS. There are two beds. Closest to them lies the MERCHANT MARINE whose legs were disintegrated by MULLEN. In the other bed, one of the PIRATES who attacked him - a sluglike creature known as a HESCAPADA. MULLEN taps her wrist-thingie and the MERCHANT MARINE'S chart floats in front of her.

MULLEN

(to interns)

Patient was on a Merchant Marine
vessel attacked by pirates.

(points to the other bed)

That guy.

(back to her chart)

Attack resulted in disintegration
of patient's lower extremities.

MERCHANT MARINE

You disintegrated my legs.

MULLEN

They were disintegrated. Probably
that guy over there had something
to do with it.

MERCHANT MARINE

You put me in the same room as him?

MULLEN

Dude! Have you met hospitals? We
NEVER have enough beds. You're
lucky we didn't put you in
hypersleep until we got around to
you.

MULLEN picks up a food tray and flings it toward the middle of the room. It hits an invisible barrier, sparks fly and the tray falls to the floor, deformed and smoking.

MULLEN (CONT'D)

Besides, he's sedated and behind a
stasis field. He can't hurt you.

MULLEN looks at his chart again, smiles.

(MORE)

MULLEN (CONT'D)

And you're gonna get a new set of
bitchin' robot legs!
Also robot intestines...robot
colon...ooh, Robot Penis!

MERCHANT MARINE

I'm gonna be a cyborg?

MULLEN

Pretty much from your stomach down.

MERCHANT MARINE

Will I be able to eat normal food?

MULLEN

Probably not. But dude, cheer up!
You get to have awesome weird sex
with your new robo-penis.

The MERCHANT MARINE cheers up, slightly.

MULLEN (CONT'D)

And take awesome robot poops. Here,
have a morphine lollipop.

MULLEN pulls a lollipop from a pocket, looks at the wrapper.

MULLEN (CONT'D)

This one's Cherry flavor!

MERCHANT MARINE

Got any more Nacho Jankeez?

MULLEN

For you? Cripes, No!

MULLEN leads her INTERNS over to the next bed.

MULLEN (CONT'D)

See that kids? It's called bedside
manner! Alright, let's see what's
going on with this guy over here.

MULLEN and the INTERNS cross to the other bed. The shield
briefly flickers as they pass through to that side of the
room.

MAE

Why is the floor sticky?

MULLEN stops in her tracks. Lifts her feet and looks at the
soles as if she stepped in poop. Tendrils of viscous slime
stretch from her shoes to the floor.

MULLEN

Dammit.

NALYD

Ah. A classic Hescapada defense mechanism. Slime!

MULLEN

(to NALYD)

Okay, calm down, Mr. Anal-Probe.

MULLEN brings up the PIRATE'S chart.

MULLEN (CONT'D)

Multiple salt-inflicted blast wounds to patient's center mass.

(to interns)

Basically, there are sodium molecules eating away at this guy. If we can't neutralize them, they'll turn him to a pile of mush in about...

(calculates in her head)

Three days.

MULLEN approaches the PIRATE'S bed.

MULLEN (CONT'D)

Sir, can you hear me? I'm doctor Mullen. We're here to treat your injuries. Sir? Please raise an appendage if you can hear me.

The PIRATE extends a sluglike appendage and forms the end into what looks unmistakably like a hand with the middle finger sticking up.

MULLEN (CONT'D)

Gawd, these guys are SUCH dicks!

MULLEN reaches for a wall panel with an intercom. It too, is covered in slime.

MULLEN (CONT'D)

Can we get the Chaplain to room 57? Tell him to bring a mop.

Mullen wipes her slime covered hand on Mae's jacket.

INT. COM ROOM

MULLEN speaks to an older man on the vid screen, her DAD. DAD wears a lab coat and speaks in calm, fatherly tones, a Judd Hirsch type, if he were super-condescending.

DAD

My lab is working on a de-sliming agent that could be very effective in eliminating your problem...and it's almost never highly addictive.

MULLEN

Dad, I'm not giving your happy pills to every juvenile who comes in here with a skinned flee-nark.

DAD

It's worked out well in the past.

MULLEN

Dr. Auztyr was a volunteer...who is now addicted to every single drug you manufacture.

DAD

Which we provide to him at a very reasonable price. And he's a hell of surgeon when he's not sober.

MULLEN

(begrudgingly)
Hell of surgeon.

DAD

All I'm asking of you is to let me help you, kiddo.

MULLEN

Getting my patients chronically dependent on your product is not helpful to me...at all.

DAD

It's helpful to my shareholders. One of which you could be, if you come back & work with me.

MULLEN

Dad, I told you I'm done with slowly killing people through addiction. I'd much rather heal them so they can go back to slowly killing themselves.

DAD
Suit yourself kiddo.

MULLEN
Now if you'll excuse me, I've got to go take a twenty minute nap before I start my next seventy-two hour rotation.

DAD
Ya know, if you're tired you could always take...

MULLEN shuts off the connection.

Widen to reveal Mullen's INTERNS standing behind her, listening over her shoulder.

DR. NALYD
Your father seems like a bit of a human reproductive organ.

MULLEN
A dick. Yeah, he's a dick.

MULLEN pushes past her tightly clustered interns.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - LATER

CUSTODIANS attempt to mop up the slime covering the floor. It is a pointless, Sisyphean ordeal.

The CHAPLAIN - same species as the PIRATE (HESCAPADA) - glides easily through, and approaches the bed where the PIRATE lays. MULLEN and her INTERNS follow.

MULLEN
Okay Nutbag, can you find out why this guy slimed up the room?

The CHAPLAIN approaches the bed. Brief hissing and fartlike noises fill the air as he communicates with the PIRATE.

DR. MAE
What are they doing?

DR. Z
The Hescapada species communicates using pheromones.

MULLEN
They basically have to fart up the room to have a simple conversation.
(MORE)

MULLEN (CONT'D)
 (points to PIRATE)
 And since this jerk won't let us
 fit him with a translator...

CHAPLAIN
 (speaking through his
 translator)
 Ha ha ha! This one here has humor,
 like you, Dr. Mullen. I think you
 two will get along famously.

He laughs some more.

MULLEN
 This isn't my only patient, Nutbag.
 Can you speed it up?

CHAPLAIN
 Ha ha. He says...heh...sorry...he
 is very funny.

MULLEN
 Come on!

CHAPLAIN
 With the greatest respect due to
 you, your profession and your
 species, he says that he'd rather
 be dissolved in a vat of salt than
 be touched by a hairless primate
 like you.

MULLEN
 Fine with me, I'll get Dr. Forrest
 to take him

A BIRDLIKE creature DR. FORREST pokes her head into the room,
 looking excited.

MULLEN (CONT'D)
 But she's an Avian and they're
 always trying to eat you guys so...

MULLEN speaks over he shoulder to FORREST.

MULLEN (CONT'D)
 Doctor, have you had breakfast yet?

FORREST lets out a delighted SQUAWK. The PIRATE produces more
 slime around his body.

CHAPLAIN
 It is against my faith to allow him
 to be eaten.

MULLEN

Really? That ancient malfunctioning computer you guys worship has something to say about this specific situation?

CHAPLAIN

Yes. He cannot be fed to a doctor.

MAE raise her hand as if to question. MULLEN speaks over her shoulder to DR. FORREST

MULLEN

Sorry Doctor. Looks like it's cafeteria food again.

Disappointed, DR. FORREST shuffles away.

More fart talk between the CHAPLAIN and the PIRATE.

CHAPLAIN

Heh...he has more jokes. He says he cannot wait to be healed so he can bathe in the stinking blood of you and every other human he meets.

MULLEN

Tell him 'three days.'

CHAPLAIN

Three days?

MULLEN

Three days, Nutsack, is how long your friend has before his injuries turn him into a pile of goo. At which point he will be mopped up by the custodian, and probably flushed down a toilet.

CHAPLAIN

He says that is preferable to having you paw at him with your vile little post-hensile appendages...and may the GRAND INTELLIGENCE bless you with a minimum of error messages.

MULLEN

(to Chaplain)

Great. Why are all you guys religious nuts?

INT. CAFETERIA

The Interns, MAE, Z and NALYD sit at table. Z uses his lizard tongue to slurp up live insects from a plate. They all look forlorn.

DR. Z
Anybody want some?

MAE eyes Z's bowl of squirming insects with indifference.

MAE
Not hungry.

NALYD
It seems we are already failing at our first job.

DR. Z
(mouth full of squirming insects)
There's gotta be some way we can get Dr. Mullin to like us.

NALYD
Perhaps an anal probe would...

MAE
(interrupts)
That's it!

NALYD
Anal probes are always the answer.

MAE
No. Not that!...Well, sorta that.

NALYD & DR. Z lean forward, enthralled.

MAE (CONT'D)
If we can convince that Pirate to let us treat him, that would definitely get Dr. Mullen's respect!

NALYD
He will not let humans touch him, Dr. Mae. May I remind you that you are...

MAE
I know, I know. It'll have to be you guys who break through to him.

(MORE)

MAE (CONT'D)
 C'mon Z, let's finish eating! Hand
 me the hot sauce.

MAE pulls Z's bowl of squirming insects in front of her. DR.
 Z hands her a bottle of hot sauce.

INT. MULLENS QUARTERS

MULLEN sits up in her bed, an open bag of NACHO JANKEEZ in
 her lap. She slowly, almost luxuriously draws a single
 perfect chip out of the bag, holds it to her mouth, but
 doesn't bite it. Instead she whispers to it.

MULLEN
 I am going to destroy you.

She takes a long deep sniff of the chip, almost as if
 sampling a fine wine.

A call on her com-link interrupts her revelry. Annoyed, she
 puts her chip back in the bag and presses a button rejecting
 the call.

MULLEN (CONT'D)
 Nope.

She reaches for a chip again. The com-link rings again.

MULLEN (CONT'D)
 Oh come on!

MULLEN picks up.

MULLEN (CONT'D)
 Hey Boss. Can't talk now. Just
 about to scrub in on a procedure.

The voice of MR. VIZZENKT comes over the comm.

VIZZENKT
 DR. MULLEN, we both know that is
 not true.

MULLEN dolefully eyes her bag of chips.

MULLEN
 It's not NOT-true.

VIZZENKT
 We have a problem.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM

MULLEN enters a room that has descended into chaos. The PIRATE has pseudopods wrapped around the necks of Drs Z & NALYD. They flail as they are held aloft by the strong appendages. The CHAPLAIN looks on helplessly.

The MERCHANT MARINE has crawled out of his bed. He drags himself toward the glowing, sparking force-field that divides the room.

MERCHANT MARINE
I'll help you guys! Lemme through
so I can kill that slimy slug!

MAE kneels next to the MERCHANT MARINE.

MAE
Please Sir! You're gonna scuff up
what's left of your abdomen!

MULLEN marches over to the MERCHANT MARINE, picks him up by the scruff of his neck, and deposits him back in his bed.

MULLEN
Take some deep breaths dude! You
can go back to murder crawls after
you're discharged.

MERCHANT MARINE
(calming slightly)
My legs itch.

MULLEN
So scratch them.

MERCHANT MARINE gestures angrily to the place where his legs used to be.

MULLEN (CONT'D)
Hmmm, I see.

MULLEN examines his chart.

MULLEN (CONT'D)
Okay! Nap time for you!

MULLEN presses a button on her wrist-thingie. The MERCHANT MARINE immediately falls asleep.

MULLEN moves to the bed with the PIRATE PATIENT. As her interns continue to struggle, she addresses the CHAPLAIN.

MULLEN (CONT'D)

Please tell him that if he doesn't get treatment soon, he will die. Also, if he dies here, I will make sure he is buried in a human graveyard. On Earth.

After a brief exchange with the CHAPLAIN, the PIRATE PATIENT releases the DOCTORS from his pseudopods. They sit on the ground, stunned and rubbing their throats.

MAE

I'm sorry we just thought...

MULLEN

That your youthful exuberance would somehow be more effective in treating these patients than my years of experience?

MAE

Pretty much, yeah.

MULLEN

(shrugs)

Eh, worth a shot. Since you guys are so anxious to help out, maybe you could spend some time in the maternity ward.

MAE

Babies!!? Omigod Yes!

MULLEN

Still time for you guys to quit.

DR. Z

Are you kidding? I LOVE being choked.

INT. MATERNITY WARD - LATER

MULLEN walks with her INTERNS trailing, past a HUMANOID creature staring into a big leathery EGG ala ALIEN.

What follows is an accelerated version of the birth process from ALIEN. The EGG opens and a FACEHUGGER latches onto the HUMANOID who stumbles a few steps before a CHEST-BURSTER pops out and toddles toward two adult XENOMORPHS. The HUMANOID looks up, covered in blood, its chest burst open.

HUMANOID
 (gasping)
 She's beautiful.

The INTERNS look at this tableau in shock.

MULLEN
 Relax! It's all consensual.

The HUMANOID with the burst chest seems to expire.

MAE
 What are we supposed to...?

MULLEN
 They're always looking for
 volunteers to get face-hugged and
 chest-burst. See what you can do!

DR. Z
 Where are you going?

MULLEN
 I'm late for my daily rocking back
 and forth in a fetal position while
 crying. Good luck!

INT. HOSPITAL ADMIN'S OFFICE

MR. VIZZENKT the hospital administrator sits at his desk. He
 speaks to his reflection in a small desk mirror.

VIZZENKT
 You want to be in charge. You like
 to be in charge. You DESERVE to be
 in charge. And dammit, people...

MULLEN enters abruptly, startling VIZZENKT out of his
 revelry.

MULLEN
 Mr. Vizzenkt, we need to talk!

VIZZENKT points to a framed degree on the wall behind his
 desk.

VIZZENKT
 There! It's right there! It says
 PhD!

MULLEN squints to read from across the desk.

MULLEN
Of intergalactic hotel management.

VIZZENKT
Which makes me a doctor.

MULLEN
Nope.

VIZZENKT
(exasperated)
What is it MULLEN?

MULLEN
Any chance the Hescapada will send
us one of their doctors to help
with my racist patient?

VIZZENKT
I've already reached out to them.

MULLEN
And...?

VIZZENKT
They sent a message, quote...
(reads off a paper)
"We are super busy right now.
Super, super busy. The Great Logic
has shown us our calendars and we
couldn't possibly be there for at
least a month. Also
1000101011101110110..." It goes on
like this for about fifty pages.

MULLEN
We'll just have to sedate him to
operate.

VIZZENKT
The message concludes: "Don't touch
him with your disgusting non-slimy
monkey hands. None of your human-
loving friends can touch him
either. But if he dies, we'll nuke
a human colony for every day he was
alive. And may the Great Logic
provide you with the necessary
binary code for eternal happiness."

MULLEN ponders for a beat.

MULLEN
I think I've got an idea! See ya,
Mister V!

MULLEN runs out of the room.

VIZZENKT
(mumbles to himself)
Says 'Doctor' right there on the
stupid certificate.

INT. SUPPLY CLOSET

Shelves full of weird old junk & medical tech. In the corner,
a dusty, scary looking old robot with multiple appendages.
MULLEN blows the dust off revealing a label - SURGERY BOT
5000.

MULLEN
(to herself)
Perfect!

MULLEN flips a switch and the SURGERY BOT 5000 hums to life.

INT. OPERATING THEATER (THE GOOD ONE)

STUDENTS observe. The MERCHANT MARINE lays unconscious on the
operating table. MULLEN and her INTERNS are in attendance.
Mullen nonchalantly presses a few buttons as robot arms
attach a new lower-half to the MARINE. He immediately jumps
out of bed, does a little jig and runs out of the room.

MULLEN
Perfect!

Students and staff clap. MULLEN takes a bow.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM

MULLEN approaches the PIRATE, followed by the CHAPLAIN and
the newly dusted-off SURGERY BOT 5000.

MULLEN
(to CHAPLAIN)
Okay, Nutbag, translate.

CHAPLAIN approaches the PIRATE, reaches out a tendril and
begins making gassy sounds.

MULLEN (CONT'D)

Tell him he needs treatment in the next twenty-four hours or he will die. Tell him we can't use our nanotech to heal him because it's all been programmed by humans.

More gassy sounds from the CHAPLAIN and the PIRATE as they communicate.

MULLEN (CONT'D)

But this old surgery bot was left behind as a weird bribe by a Kafrangian Pharma salesman. It has never been touched by humans...or anyone who even likes humans.

CHAPLAIN

But Doctor, didn't you just...?

MULLEN

Never. Been. Touched! Tell him, Nutbag!

More gassy noises.

MULLEN (CONT'D)

Tell him it will be controlled by you.

CHAPLAIN

But I'm not a doctor...

MULLEN

You're about to get a crash-course.

MR. VIZZENKT pokes his head in.

VIZZENKT

I'm a doctor!

MULLEN

No you're not!

VIZZENKT slinks away. More gassy noises between the CHAPLAIN and the PIRATE.

MULLEN (CONT'D)

When he's all fixed up, he'll be turned over to Earth authorities and tried for the crime of piracy.

(MORE)

MULLEN (CONT'D)

After going through the charade of our legal system, he'll most likely be extradited to his home planet where he can go back to trying to kill us.

The PIRATE uses an appendage to make something reminiscent of a fist pump.

CHAPLAIN

He assents.

MULLEN

Yes! Suck it haters! C'mon Nutbag, let's go prep you for remote robot-surgery.

They cross through the room dividing force-field. MULLEN pulls out a bag of Nacho Jankeez and attempts to take a celebratory bite. Before a chip reaches her mouth the MERCHANT MARINE comes bounding in on his new robot legs, knocking chip and bag out of MULLEN's hands.

The MERCHANT MARINE steps on the bag of Nacho Jankeez.

MERCHANT MARINE

Doctor! My new legs are awesome! Thank you for disintegrating my old ones!

MULLEN

Well your human legs were hit with a bioweapon that would have spread to your whole body and killed you.

MERCHANT MARINE

And check out my shiny new robot-ppeen...

MULLEN cuts him off.

MULLEN

NO THANKS! We're cool. You've seen one robot penis you've seen 'em all.

MERCHANT MARINE

(squats)

I can squat!

(jumps)

I can jump! And I can...kick!

Without intending, the MERCHANT MARINE lands a hard kick square in the middle of the SURGERY BOT 5000, sending it flying backward into the divider shield, where it sizzles and explodes.

A piece of shrapnel flies off and directly hits the shield's control panel, destroying it. The shield flickers off.

MULLEN

Man, I forgot how explody the 5000 models were.

The MERCHANT MARINE seizes his opportunity.

MERCHANT MARINE

I can also KICK ASS!

The MARINE runs over to the PIRATE's bed, pushing down several custodians who are still vacuuming up the slime. He winds up to kick the PIRATE who leaps out of his bed and wraps himself around the MERCHANT MARINE'S head like a thick boa constrictor.

The MARINE runs out of the room with the pirate wrapped around his head, struggling and punching.

MULLEN and CHAPLAIN watch the chaos, wincing occasionally and ducking as bits of debris fly in their direction.

The MERCHANT MARINE and PIRATE fight their way toward an outer bulkhead and crash through it into space.

Alarms sound, staff panics. People and objects begin getting sucked out of the hole into the vacuum.

MULLEN

Somebody's feeling better!

EXT. SPACE OUTSIDE THE HOSPITAL

BLUE DANUBE WALTZ by Strauss plays as a Pod looking nothing like the ones in 2001: A Space Odyssey, floats into frame, grabber claws at the ready.

In front of the pod floats the MARINE and PIRATE still struggling, but slowing down considerably. The POD grabs each of them and pulls them apart. As soon as they separate they are surrounded by stasis fields emitted by the pod's claws.

INT. LANDING BAY

MULLEN climbs out of her pod. Techs extract The MARINE and PIRATE from the pod's claws.

MULLEN has her bag of NACHO JANKEEZ. She pulls one out, drawing it to her mouth when MAE, Dr. Z and NALYD run in and envelop her in a huge bear hug, crushing the chip bag.

DR. Z

Thank you!

MULLEN

You are seriously robbing me of joy right now.

MAE

Helping those Xeno-creatures bring forth new life was the most beautiful thing I've ever done.

MULLEN

I guess you didn't volunteer to have your chest burst then?

MAE

Of course I did, silly. Like five times! They fix you right up immediately afterward.

NALYD

This IS the most advanced hospital in the quadrant.

MULLEN

(scoffs)

It's like the THIRD most advanced...on this side of the asteroid field.

MAE

Maybe it goes without saying, but thank you! Thank you! Thank you! You really do care!

MULLEN

I don't care.

MAE

Awwwww! I care about you too.

All the interns hug harder. The bag of chips crunches against MULLEN.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM

The PIRATE'S bed is empty. The MARINE sits back in his bed without his robot legs. MULLEN approaches, looking at his chart.

MULLEN

So it turns out having the Hescapada Pirate wrapped around your head saved you from explosive decompression in the cold blackness of space.

MERCHANT MARINE

And what about him? How did he survive?

MULLEN

I dunno. Something, something, something alien phenotype? What am I, a zoologist?

MERCHANT MARINE

Did he let you treat him?

MULLEN

Nope. Turns out those guys produce killer antibodies when they're under stress. He healed himself. He's in the hands of the authorities now. I'm sure he'll be back to exterminating humans in no time.

MERCHANT MARINE

I'm gonna miss that guy. Hey, speaking of missing things, where'd my new legs go?

MULLEN

Sorry dude. Your insurance won't cover robotics. They're growing you a new pair of human legs in the replicator vats.

MERCHANT MARINE

(disappointed)
Human!

MULLEN

I know. Gross, right?

The MERCHANT MARINE'S face drops.

MULLEN (CONT'D)
 Awww, buck up buddy. Plenty of
 people have gone on to live
 productive meaningful lives on
 normal human legs.

MULLEN checks her wrist-thingie like a watch.

MULLEN (CONT'D)
 Welp, got a funeral to go to. See
 ya back in surgery!

INT. VIZZENKT'S OFFICE

VIZZENKT sits at his desk. He stares into his desk mirror,
 doing his daily affirmations.

VIZZENKT
 You are a catch DOCTOR V! What
 female wouldn't want to mate with
 you and then rip your head off?

His com lights up and so does his face.

VIZZENKT (CONT'D)
 Hello Dr. Mullen!

The voice on the other end is Mullen's DAD.

DAD
 Hello DOCTOR Vizzenkt!
 How's my daughter doing?

VIZZENKT
 Wonderful, Doctor! She's amazing!

DAD
 No she's not. She's a massive pain.

VIZZENKT says nothing.

DAD (CONT'D)
 Anyway, doesn't matter. I've got
 something new headed your way.

VIZZENKT
 Wonderful! The usual protocols?

DAD
 Yes. Please disregard any pretense
 to medical ethics and test it on as
 many patients as you can. Let's see
 who gets the most addicted.

VIZZENKT

Done.

DAD

I knew I could count on
you...DOCTOR.

A satisfied smile spreads across VIZZENKT'S face.

INT. LAUNCH BAY

Bagpipe music plays. Black bunting decorates an otherwise utilitarian bulkhead. The interns, MAE, DR. Z and NALYD stand at attention, dressed formally. Before them lies an aerodynamic looking casket, open. The contents are not visible. MULLEN speaks at a lectern.

MULLEN

Given a second chance at life by
the doctors of this hospital, you
were nonetheless ground to nothing
by the cruel, relentless gears of
this same hospital.

Dr. Z sobs. NALYD hands him a tissue.

Angle on the inside of the casket. A mutilated, footprinted bag of Nacho Jankeez sits upon the velvety lining.

MULLEN (CONT'D)

Just like you barely got to taste
life, we never got to taste you,
you beautiful, pulverized bag of
dust formerly known as Nacho
Jankeez Cheese Flavored Shapes.

A single tear down MULLEN's face.

MULLEN (CONT'D)

Rest in peace you beautiful bringer
of sodium. Rest in peace because...
(choking back sobs)
none of us ever will.

MULLEN presses a button. Bagpipe music swells as the Casket launches into space.

EXT. DEEP SPACE

The bag of Nacho Jankeez has floated out of its casket and the dust of the crushed chips spreads out like a nebula, glinting as it catches bits of sunlight.

As this sad and beautiful spectacle floats before us, we hear the voices of our doctors.

MAE

So what's on the agenda for the rest of today, boss?

MULLEN

Navigate the crippling bureaucracy that runs this hospital while trying to patch people up. Return them to their lives, Hopefully WITHOUT a crippling addiction to pain meds.

MAE

Sounds good, Boss!

MULLEN

Also on the agenda is never calling me "Boss"

MAE

Okay! Chief?

MULLEN

No!

NALYD

What about Honored Mentor?

MULLEN

Definitely not!

DR. Z

What about receiver of foot massages?

MULLEN

That could work. But you seem a little too into feet.

DR. Z

Oh my god! I LOVE FEET!

As their banter continues we

Fade out.

END