

REFUEL

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1

BLACK SCREEN

1

Emergency alerts SOUND in the distance and get closer.
Suddenly, an aircraft CRASHES.

FADE IN:

2

INT. SPACESHIP CABIN - NIGHT

2

Emergency alerts BEEP to their death. Smoke from the impact looms in the cabin.

302, 20, a female alien pulls herself up from her seat. She looks strikingly humanoid with the exception of her pale blue skin and full black eyes.

Her brother, 303, 20, sits up, strikingly similar, holding his head. Their names sit, printed on the sides of their neck.

302 surveys the control board. The gas gauge BEEPS a warning: "empty".

302 immediately turns to 303. She furiously gestures with her hands, her facial expressions overly exaggerated. They speak telepathically.

NOTE: The dialogue for 302 and 303, when in their alien form, will be subtitled in English throughout the entire piece.

302

Empty? Did you not fuel the ship
before takeoff across the cosmos to
visit birth unit?

Her brother exaggerates and gestures back.

303

I assumed we already acquired all
necessary fuel!

302 WHACKS 303 in the back of the head. With a sigh, she looks around the cabin, reaches down under her seat.

3 INT. SPACESHIP FLOOR - NIGHT 3

A simple-designed manual with a picture of a spaceship sits partially crumpled on the floor along with various pieces of trash. 302's hand reaches down to feel around and grabs the manual.

4 INT. SPACESHIP - NIGHT 4

302 sits up and flips through the manual. The manual, written in alien gibberish, displays an empty fuel tank.

Next to the tank is an equal sign that leads to a realistic picture of a blue Slushy drink. 302 points to text next to the drink.

302
(reading)
"Slushy: Alternative Fuel for Space
Model 2114x, Available on Planet
Earth."

303
Sluuu-shee? Define.

302 flips to the back of the manual.

302
(reading from manual)
"Slushy; a sugared frozen drink
consumed by Earthlings, usually
during times of warm climate."

303 shrugs, moves to open the door. 302 SCREECHES, leans over, and pulls his arm away.

302 (CONT'D)
Have you forgot your mind? Never go
out without human suits!

303 SIGHS. 303 and 302 set up the watches on their wrists and press a button. There is a flash of bright, blinding light.

END OF SUBTITLES

Smoke rises from the middle of the field. The cornfield RUSTLES and stalks CRACK. 302 and 303 emerge from the field.

303

I dislike the human suits, they are irritating to the skin!

302 messes with her watch. It fits loosely on her wrist. She SIGHS.

302

They are necessity. We could not change appearance and speak their language fluently without them.

303

You yet risk the loss of our true strength and endurance.

302

In order to blend into human society. No contact is allowed between true Ommies and humans.

303

No humans present, 302.

302 eyes her brother for a moment.

302

Following code no matter the situation is of high importance.

303

I'm positive our ancestors made exceptions to the code in specific situations, 302.

302 ignores him. Her watch BEEPS. She smiles, pointing down the road.

302

If you knew how to operate and utilize the device correctly, you would find your human suite also provides adequate directions to fuel material.

302 turns on her heel, walks down the road. 303 GRUMBLES, follows slowly behind. The two disappear in the distance. As they do, a truck slows around the corn field. A shadowed figure examines the smoke.

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