

Space Odyssey!  
Episode 1

written by

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EXT. GALAXY

A lone spaceship zooms past, travelling at light-speed into a vast unending field of stars.

CYRIL (O.S.)  
\*clears throat\* This is log number  
two-hundred and sixty three.

INT. SPACESHIP

CYRIL (youngish, humanoid) sits in the cockpit, narrating into a holographic screen recording in front of him as he idly plays with a paddle ball. Stars and space debris fly by outside the window.

A large dashboard of confusing switches, buttons, screens and joysticks lays in front of him, looking not unlike a convoluted ancient arcade machine. The ship would look sleek and elegantly minimalistic if not for the clutter of knick-knacks and the absolute mess that comes from the habits of a teenage boy living alone and unsupervised.

CYRIL  
It has been about... 82 cycles  
since I set off from planet Salva  
Mor and left home forever. I've  
been on my own since then. But! I'm  
proud to say I've kept the ship in  
tip-top shape! Everything's running  
as it should, battery crystal's  
still good last time I checked, and  
there's not a single dent on the  
hull! So I think I'm doing good, if  
I do say so myself.

CYRIL goes to put his feet up on the dashboard in a display of faux bravado. His heel knocks into a joystick, and the head pops off and clatters to the floor. He curses and bends down out of frame to grab it, then bumps his head on the way up. He returns back in frame of the hologram screen, rubbing the back of his head.

CYRIL (CONT'D)  
Got it! So as I was saying...

CYRIL struggles to screw the ball back on, tongue sticking out. It stays for a bit, but pops off again to the floor.

CYRIL (CONT'D)  
It's fine. Didn't need that anyway.  
As I was saying, everything's fine,  
to whoever's listening out there.

He hesitates a bit, unsure.

CYRIL (CONT'D)

If anyone's out there seeing this,  
no need to worry about lil ol' me.  
I'm doing fine. Captaining this  
ship is a breeze.

BIXBY

Uhh, I thought we agreed that I was  
the captain of the ship.

BIXBY (six-legged ferret, CYRIL's best friend) leans against  
the doorframe, snacking on blueberries loudly. CYRIL snaps  
off the hologram recording, irritated.

CYRIL

Bibobee, end voice log.

BIBOBEE (agender half-sentient navigation system) on the  
dashboard sings a few robotic beeps and the screen fades out.

CYRIL (CONT'D)

Bixby, I don't think I need to  
remind you that this is my ship.  
Literally. I got it for my birthday  
from my great-aunt Hilda.

BIXBY

Yeah, I know. But between the two  
of us, I'm the better pilot.

CYRIL

You failed your pilot's license  
test three times!

BIXBY

Psshh, semantics. Here, let me show  
you how it's done.

BIXBY jumps onto CYRIL's head; they can't reach the dashboard  
controls by themselves at their height.

CYRIL

Ack- get off of me, you stinking  
weasel!

CYRIL and BIXBY tumble to the floor, wrestling good-  
naturedly. They're a tangle of limbs as they shout and grin  
at each other, until BIXBY somehow manages to wrap their body  
around CYRIL's torso like a boa constrictor.

BIXBY

This is a coup d'état! I'm the  
captain now! Say it! Say it!

CYRIL

Okay, okay! O captain, my captain!

CYRIL dissolves in a peal of laughter as BIXBY lands on top of his chest triumphantly. A big CLUNK interrupts their play as a large piece of debris hits the hull of the ship. CYRIL sits up abruptly to look out the window. The ship is headed toward a jumble of loose debris and meteors.

BIBOBEE

Meteor shower incoming! Please hold  
as I find the nearest detour...

The screen on BIBOBEE's face goes blank. An alarm sounds inside the spaceship, and the lights begin to flash.

CYRIL

Oh, no, no no! We need to get out  
of here! Activate manual control!

BIXBY flicks a switch on the side, and a steering wheel folds out from the dashboard. CYRIL's brow furrows in concentration as he expertly maneuvers the ship through flying debris, until he reaches for the joystick to find it broken.

BIXBY

Bibobee!! Get us outta here!!

BIBOBEE

Please hold as I find the nearest  
detour...

CYRIL in a panic mashes buttons across the dashboard. Small clunks rain against the hull of the ship. BIXBY checks the window to see a massive meteor looming ominously outside.

BIXBY

Oh. That can't be good.

They pick a blueberry from the floor and munch on it.

EXT. GALAXY

The meteor crashes into the spaceship, sending it spinning.

CYRIL/BIXBY (O.S.)

Aaaaaaaahhh!!!!!!

Rear end smoking, the ship veers off course until it crashes onto a far away planet, creating a small boom.

CUT TO : TITLE SEQUENCE

EXT. PLANET PELIOS CRASH SITE

CYRIL slumps defeatedly on a broken piece of his spaceship, head held in his hands, and BIXBY is curled around his neck like a noodly furry ferret scarf.

They're in the center of a large crater, the remains of the wrecked ship letting out pitiful plumes of smoke behind them. The desolate image contrasts the lush field of flowers around them, the only blemish in a seemingly utopian landscape.

BIXBY stretches their body outwards and turns their head to face CYRIL.

BIXBY

After some deep consideration, I've concluded that perhaps the ship is better off in your hands. I now cede my position to you. So, what's our plan, sir captain?

CYRIL

The battery crystal is completely rotten through, the right delta wing is gone and something's burning and we're stranded! I have no idea where we are!

BIBOBEE

Scanning surrounding area...

BIXBY

Bibobee!! You're alive!

From the wreckage, a single screen lights up in a flurry of red, blue, and green. BIBOBEE is online despite the crash. BIXBY rushes to brush the debris off of BIBOBEE and wraps it in a big hug, smile spread wide across their face. A single blueberry falls from the sky and plunks onto BIXBY's head.

BIBOBEE

Scan complete. Planet Pelios of Quadrant XP3B9: the planet's core is a conscious plant entity.

(MORE)