

MYSTERY FANDOM THEATER 3000

EPISODE #F03

STARCRASH

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FINAL DRAFT

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SYNOPSIS

Prologue Crow invents a Video Toaster. It's single slice only.

Invention Exchange The Mads have a new child's toy, "Sacrificial Barbie." Mike tries to pass off the video toaster as an invention, but Crow has dismantled it to make toast.

Segment 2 Crow stages a production of a space epic. Nelson has issues with casting.

Segment 3 Mike and the bots sing a rendition of "Star Crashin'" in honor of sci-fi cons worldwide.

Segment 4 The bots, sick of the SOL's gray theme, hire an interior decorator. Zarth Arn shows up.

Segment 5 Mike dislikes the new satellite decor. The bots, naturally, love it. Mike stops the flow of time, affecting only Frank.

Stinger Zarth Arn is too damn sexy

SEGMENT 0 - PROLOGUE

0.1 SATELLITE OF LOVE INTERIOR

CAMERA enters from tunnel sequence, pulling out to reveal CROW and part of STAGE RIGHT. CAMERA does not pull out enough to reveal entire desk.

CROW is humming to himself as he works at a computer/toaster combo. A toaster with myriad cables emerging from it is next to him, connected with the computer. A bunch of video tapes are stacked nearby.

CROW
Hmmm-hmmm-hm-hmmm...

MIKE enters from STAGE RIGHT.

MIKE
Hey there, Crow. Whatcha got goin'?

CROW
It's my answer to all these bad movies we've been getting, Mike. Those cheap special effects, those wimpy action shots. I can't take it anymore.

MIKE
(pained expression)
I know what you mean. But what can we do about it?

CROW
Not too worry! Using a concept that came to me in a dream last night, I've invented a way to re-edit the movies and make them more appealing.

MIKE
That's great! How are you going to do it?

CROW

With my very own Video Toaster!
I'm building it using scrap parts
I found in the back storeroom.

MIKE picks up toaster and inspects it.

MIKE

(uncertain)

Are you sure this is what a video
toaster looks like?

CROW

Positive as a red battery
terminal. Sure, I didn't have
much to go on, but the concept
seemed pretty obvious.

MIKE

(shrugs)

How does it work?

CROW

Simple! Just drop a suitably
regrettable film into the single
slice slot. Set the dial anywhere
from Light Romantic Comedy to Film
Noir, press the lever, and within
seconds your grimy old Ishtars are
digitally transformed into
gleaming Citizen Kanes.

MIKE follows CROW'S instructions, selecting a tape from a
pile.

MIKE

O-kay... Here's one, "Invasion
from the Inner Earth".

MIKE places tape in toaster.

MIKE

In it goes... set dial... depress
lever...

MIKE steps over by CROW and both watch the monitor. Orange light glows in toaster for a moment, then smoke billows from toaster.

MIKE and CROW turn to face toaster as smoke erupts. MIKE waves through smoke and tries to look in toaster.

CROW
Hmmm... Must be time to upgrade
the Quicktime plugin...

SERVO enters STAGE RIGHT.

SERVO
Hi everyone! What's up?

Pause. SERVO looks at Video Toaster disaster.

SERVO
(disgusted)
Oh, why do I even ask anymore...

SERVO exits STAGE RIGHT.

COMMERCIAL SIGN light flashes.

CROW continues messing with the computer as MIKE picks at toaster.

MIKE
(looks at camera)
We'll be right back.

CROW
You don't suppose it was the
cheese that ignited, do you?

MIKE looks thoughtful as he hits the button.

CUT TO: COMMERCIAL

SEGMENT 1 - INVENTION EXCHANGE

1.1 SATELLITE OF LOVE INTERIOR

ENTER from commercial.

Lights are low. MIKE, CROW, and SERVO are clustered around the Video Toaster ensemble, watching a program. You can see a flickering blue glow on their faces. Background TV noise is just audible.

MIKE

I gotta hand it to you, Crow.
Your crazy idea actually works.

SERVO

I never thought "Plan 9 from Outer Space" could achieve such cinematic brilliance.

MIKE

Man, those spaceships top anything that's ever come out of ILM!

CROW

Doesn't Tor Johnson just send shivers up your spine now when he enters a scene?

(shudders)

I'm not sleeping well tonight.

Dialogue is heard from the television set.

TELEVISION SET

(off camera)

Visits? That would indicate visitors!

SERVO

Pity it doesn't help the dialogue any.

Desk light flashes.

MIKE

Speaking of bad dialogue, Waldorf and Statler are beckoning...

MIKE hits desk light.

CUT TO: DEEP 13B

1.2 DEEP 13B SET

DR. FORRESTER enters STAGE LEFT, poking his head in first, and singing an oddly-familiar children's tune.

DR. F

It's a beautiful day down in Deep
13, it's a beautiful day to
experiment. Would you be mine?
Could you be mine? Won't you be
my labrat?

Ah, Boobius Nelsoni, taking a TV
break with the kids, eh? How
appropriate. Frank and I have been
dabbling in the television
department as well. It's still
too...

[shudder]

wholesome. Well, we aim to do
something about it!

FRANK enters stage left, holding a big binder labeled
"Market Research". There's a clown on the cover.

FRANK

We've been delving deep into the
world of commercial products, and

[eager]

how to target them at kids.

DR. F

What with today's kiddies staying
inside, parked on their ever
widening butts in front of the
television, we decided to exploit
this bit of captive consumerism by
marketing a new children's toy.

CUT TO: SOL

1.3 SATELLITE OF LOVE INTERIOR

CROW, SERVO, and MIKE are present on set.

MIKE

Exploiting children, how could
you?

SERVO

Who do they think they are, a
clothing manufacturer?

CUT TO: DEEP 13B

1.4 DEEP 13B LABS

DR. F and FRANK are present.

DR. F

(laughing)

To quote my high school gym
teacher, if you can't exploit
children, whom can you exploit?

FRANK

(confused)

We're exploiting everyone on the
satellite.

DR. F

But I weary of them so. Besides,
we can't get any of their money.
Show them the invention, Frank.

FRANK

The children of today live in a dark, scary world. With school bullies, gang shootings, and the collapse of the Pog market, children face a bleak, hopeless daily existence.

DR. F

What better way to inject hope into their puny lives than to introduce them to religion. And what better way to do that than with our new Sacrificial Barbie! Comes complete with robe, ceremonial dagger, and a small book of joyful, ritual chants.

DR. F holds up a Barbie doll, clad in a ceremonial brown robe.

Think of the hours of joy little Suzie will have, embracing some or all of the thousands of cult gods currently in existence, or perhaps she'll create some of her very own!

FRANK

And if that's not enough, we also have the Mt. Pinatubo Pagan Playset.

FRANK produces a large volcano playset. Smoke creeps from its top. DR. F leans over and drops the doll into the volcano. FRANK watches.

DR. F

But the crowning commercial achievement of our invention is the use of special low-temperature plastics in the doll's materials. Not only is it cheaper to manufacture, but... Frank? Show 'em...

FRANK grabs a pair of metal tongs and pulls a half-melted doll out of the playset volcano. DR. F and FRANK grin maniacally for a moment.

FRANK
(mock sorrow)
Can't you hear the children crying?

DR. F
(gleefully)
That's right! Parents will have to continually buy replacement dolls. The real sacrifice is their money. It's brilliant! What do you have that can beat that, Nelson?

CUT TO: SOL

1.5 SATELLITE OF LOVE INTERIOR

MIKE and SERVO are present.

SERVO
(excited five-year-old)
So for Christmas I want Sacrificial Barbie's Malibu Jonestown Hideaway, and her Heaven's Gate Hale-Bopp star teleporter, and her Waco Wonderland Compound, and a pony, and...

MIKE
(excited)
Never mind that, Servo. I've got an invention here that will put those two out of business for good. Show it to them, Crow.

CROW enters STAGE LEFT. He is eating a large piece of toast.

CROW
Show them what?

MIKE
 (eager and excited)
 Show them the Video Toaster!

CROW
 Oh, that. I dismantled it.

MIKE & SERVO
 You what!?!

CROW
 I was hungry, so I dismantled it
 to make some toast. I have needs
 too, you know.

MIKE
 (though clenched teeth)
 But we could have used it to
 improve the bad movies they send
 us!

CROW
 Oh, riiight. That's why I built
 it...

SERVO
 You can build another one, can't
 you?

CROW
 Doubtful. It's the Taylor
 Coleridge effect. When a stroke of
 genius strikes you in a dream,
 you've only got one shot at
 finishing it.

MIKE
 (gesturing, flabbergasted)
 I... can't you...

SERVO
 (hushed tones)
 Quick, just improvise something!

MIKE looks around frantically, then shrugs, giving up

CROW

Geez, Mike. The Mads could at least tape a pillow to a shovel.

CUT TO: DEEP 13B

1.6 DEEP 13B LABS

FRANK and DR. F are standing in front of a complicated-looking chart labeled "Sales Projection". FRANK is busy adding extra height to the chart.

DR. F

If you can't think on your feet, Nelson, how do you expect to survive the theater? Hmmm? Especially with this week's experiment. It's called "Starcrash", a feeble attempt to cash in on the Star Wars craze of the late seventies.

FRANK steps forward.

FRANK

And it stars David Hasselhoff!

DR. F

That's right, but don't expect to see a bunch of scantily clad bimbos running around on a beach.

FRANK

Actually, there are a few of those.

DR. F

(sternly)

That may be so, but you won't enjoy it! Send them the movie.

FRANK hits button.

CUT TO: SOL

1.7 SATELLITE OF LOVE INTERIOR

MIKE, CROW, and SERVO are on set. MIKE is trying desperately to name off good inventions.

MIKE
Spin-art cheese grater?

CROW & SERVO
(shaking heads)
No.

MIKE
Daktari piñata?

CROW & SERVO
(shaking heads)
No.

MIKE
Spray-on Miss Cleo repellent?

CROW & SERVO
No, welllllllll.... no.

MOVIE SIGN light flashes.

MIKE
Oh, no, we've got movie sign!

MIKE, SERVO, CROW exit. Enter tunnel sequence.

SEGMENT 2

2.1 SATELLITE OF LOVE INTERIOR

ENTER from commercial.

CROW, dressed in a beret/director's ensemble (with monocle), is CENTER STAGE, holding his chicken puppet and a megaphone. SERVO is present, STAGE RIGHT, in a white shirt and black vest. GYPSY is STAGE LEFT, with Yoda ears.

CROW

Ok, places everyone! We need to get things rolling, we don't have all day.

SERVO

Mr. Director, what's my motivation? Am I the plucky, self centered star pilot, or just the aimless drifter with a price on his head?

CROW

(wistfully)

You want to get paid.

SERVO

Ahhhhhhh. I see.

GYPSY

Working you are. Paid you will be. Mmyes.

MIKE

(off camera)

Crow!

CROW

(Hollywood fake friendly)

Mi-ike!

MIKE enters STAGE RIGHT, slightly out of breath from his rage. He is dressed in a far-too-revealing outfit. MIKE pauses and glares at CROW, who doesn't seem to notice that anything is wrong.

MIKE

(to CROW)

Would you care to explain why I'm cast as Princess Leia??

CROW

Mikey baby, you're perfect for the part. Great. Spot on. You'll be magnifique!

MIKE

Crow, I can't play Princess Leia. Besides, she never dressed like this!

SERVO

Sure she did! In "Return of the Jedi" when she was chained to the giant slug.

MIKE turns his death glare momentarily to SERVO.

MIKE

But couldn't you use Gypsy in the female role?

CROW

Nope. You have much better legs.

MIKE

(admires his legs)

Well I suppose I... wait a minute.

SERVO

Besides, Gypsy is already Skywalker and Yoda. Such a diva can't be burdened with three roles.

GYPSY

I must let go my feelings...

MIKE

I could play Chewbacca. I've still got that ape suit from last year's Christmas party.

CROW

Sorry. My chicken puppet has that role. Brilliant. Brilliant!

MIKE

What?

SERVO

You should have seen the screen test!

GYPSY

Going places that chicken puppet is.

MIKE

Okay, that's it. I'm putting a stop to this whole thing.

GYPSY & SERVO
(Grumble)

CROW

Mike, sunshine, sugar lumps, you can't stop the train now. I've already hired extras!

MIKE

What extras?

R2D2 enters STAGE LEFT

R2D2

Beeps and clicks

CROW

Yeah, take ten for lunch. And R2, babe, grab a masseuse while you're out. Lookin' a little stiff, bud.

R2D2

Beeps and clicks

R2D2 exists STAGE LEFT

MIKE

Never thought I'd look forward to
a Movie Sign...

MOVIE SIGN light flashes.

SERVO

(exiting)

Makeup!

MIKE, CROW, SERVO exit stage.

CUT TO: TUNNEL SEQUENCE

SEGMENT 3

3.1 SATELLITE OF LOVE INTERIOR

ENTER from tunnel sequence.

MIKE, CROW, SERVO are milling about the set, which is dressed up like a sci-fi convention. Comic books and nerd garb abound. CROW is wearing a TOS-style Star Trek uniform with large Vulcan ears strapped to his head. SERVO is dressed in Doctor Who garb with a scaled down long-ass scarf. MIKE has a Rimmer-style "H" on his forehead.

CROW and SERVO are at a merchandise table arguing over a shirt on the table. MIKE is behind them rummaging through a pile of CDs on the table. There is a boom box on the table.

CROW

Two hundred and fifty dollars for a crew uniform shirt from episode 217? You've got to be joking.

SERVO

(condescending ubergeek)

For your information, this is not a mere crew shirt, this was the shirt worn by Captain Spingle himself...

CROW, SERVO, and MIKE turn to face camera for ritual worship followed by a highly significant silly noise.

CROW, SERVO AND MIKE

All hail Captain Spingle. Nwooop!

CROW and SERVO turn back to face each other as if nothing happened.

SERVO

...during the quasar inversion scene. It is priced fairly, mortal.

CROW

What do you take me for? This stitching pattern was not used until episode 218, and the shirt therefore has a lesser value.

SERVO

This was from the alternate, Scandinavian version of 217. Do not accuse me of abusing the interstellar ethical code.

CROW and SERVO are scowling at each other (as far as bots can, at least). MIKE holds up a CD from the pile.

MIKE

Hey! I haven't seen this song collection for years! Sure brings back memories.

CROW and SERVO forget about their tiff.

CROW

Everyone at Klingon camp used to gather round the old campfire and sing that over roasting targh ka-bobs.

MIKE

Come on then, let's pop it in!

MIKE puts CD in the boom box and hits play.

SERVO

I normally sing with a proper filk circle, but I suppose you will do in a pinch.

Begin music.

ALL

- Star Crashin' across the universe
- Stealing stuff from George Lucas, ex'cept they don't rehearse
- Star Crashin' across the universe
- Y' may have seen bad sci-fi but we promise this is worse

MAGIC VOICE

(v.o.)

Murray Leinster, report

CROW

- There're red dots on the starboard bow, starboard bow, starboard bow
- There're red dots on the starboard bow, they're trying to get in

MAGIC VOICE

(V.O.)

First Officer, Akton

MIKE

- It's the seventies Stella, but not as we know it, not as we know it, not as we know it
- It's the seventies Stella, but not as we know it, see my oscilloscope!

CROW

- There're red dots on the starboard bow, starboard bow, starboard bow
- There're red dots on the starboard bow, they're trying to get in

ALL

- Star Crashin' across the universe
- Stealing stuff from George Lucas, ex'cept they don't rehearse
- Star Crashin' across the universe
- Y' may have seen bad sci-fi but we promise this is worse

MAGIC VOICE

(V.O.)

Police Officer, Robot Elle

SERVO

- I'm feeling pretty nervous Stella, nervous Stella, nervous Stella

- I'm feeling pretty nervous Stella,
throw me my lasso!

MIKE

- It's the seventies Stella, but not
as we know it, not as we know it,
not as we know it
- It's the seventies Stella, but not
as we know it, see my
oscilloscope!

CROW

- There're red dots on the starboard
bow, starboard bow, starboard bow
- There're red dots on the starboard
bow, they're trying to get in!

MAGIC VOICE

(V.O.)

Starship captain, Stella Star

GYPSY enters, wearing a skimpy outfit.

GYPSY

- We love to wear skimpy outfits,
skimpy outfits, skimpy outfits
- We love to wear skimpy outfits,
but where does my blaster go?

SERVO

- I'm feeling pretty nervous Stella,
nervous Stella, nervous Stella
- I'm feeling pretty nervous Stella,
remember the Alamo!

MIKE

- It's the seventies Stella, but not
as we know it, not as we know it,
not as we know it
- It's the seventies Stella, but not
as we know it, check out my puffy
hair!

CROW

- There're red dots on the starboard bow, starboard bow, starboard bow
- There're red dots on the starboard bow, they taste like cinnamon!

ALL

- Star Crashin' across the universe
- Stealing stuff from George Lucas, ex'cept they don't rehearse
- Star Crashin' across the universe
- Now we have commercial sign this is the final verse

For the last few lines, the COMMERCIAL SIGN light flashes and Mike presses C.S. button. Last line sung over commercial bumper.

CUT TO: COMMERCIAL

SEGMENT 4

4.1 SATELLITE OF LOVE

ENTER from commercial

MIKE and SERVO are on set.

SERVO

So Mike, I've finally figured out what's wrong!

MIKE

You mean with the movie?

SERVO

No silly, I mean with our lowly, pathetic lives.

MIKE

(suddenly not too interested)
Oh, that.

SERVO

Yeah, it makes perfect sense when you think about it. The whole satellite suffers from...

CROW peers just slightly into shot, in front of desk, and provides a Jarring Chord.

CROW

Dum dum duuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuum!

CROW exits shot quickly.

SERVO

(dramatically)
... bad feng shui.

MIKE

Bad feng shui?

CROW appears for another Jarring Chord, this one much quicker.

CROW
Dum dum duum!

Exit CROW. MIKE and SERVO both glance in CROW's direction for a moment, then go back to their conversation.

SERVO
Exactly.
(pauses, then quickly tries to spit out...)
Bad feng shui.
(before CROW gets a chance to...)

CROW enters for the most dramatic and drawn out Jarring Chord of all.

CROW
Duuuum duuuuum duuuuuuuuuuuuuuu-
uuuuuuuuuuuuuuuum!

Exit CROW. MIKE and SERVO try very hard to ignore CROW's interjections.

MIKE
Boy, you hear about that sort of thing, but you never figure that your own life can be affected so visibly by... that stuff.

CROW enters before he realizes his phrase was not said.

CROW
Duu.... oh.

CROW slips out incredibly fast, hoping nobody will have noticed him.

MIKE
Surely there's something, some small thing we can do to remove this scourge of our existence.

SERVO
Not to worry. I saw this problem coming and found the foremost interior decorator in our quadrant of the galaxy.

ZARTH ARN
(off, ultra poofy)
Coooooeeeeee!

SERVO
Here he is now.

ZARTH ARN enters on STAGE LEFT. For the whole time he is there, he is measuring everything meticulously, generally surveying the room. At some point he starts measuring MIKE'S head, the distance between MIKE and SERVO, etc.

ZARTH ARN
Hiiii! I'm sooo glad you invited me over. I'm always so eager to visit someone's home.

MIKE
Aren't you...?

ZARTH ARN
(looking about)
Oh, my, oh, my. This will never do. You would have been better off decorating with baby toys!

MIKE
You are! You're Zarth Arn! The Leader of the League of the Dark Worlds! And... you're an interior decorator?

SERVO
Who else would I call, Mike?
Zarth has a vested interest in making things look proper.

ZARTH ARN
(laughs)
Too, true, little mortal. When I take over the galaxy, I want everything to be juuust so.

MIKE
But... aren't you too evil to be decorating?

ZARTH ARN

Oh, why do folks always insist on labeling people? You don't label people, you label colors.

(indicates SOL background)

And what do you call this one, fungus gray?

CROW enters in front of desk, STAGE RIGHT.

CROW

Duum duum.... arrrrgh!

CROW exits.

MIKE

So what got you started on interior decorating anyway?

ZARTH ARN

Well, after all those years on dank old stinky spaceships, I just realized how badly my services were needed. Makes a tasty little side business.

SERVO

Can you show us any paint samples?

ZARTH ARN

Sure! These are all the rage this season...

ZARTH ARN pulls out a deck of color cards. They're all white.

ZARTH ARN

We've got imperial white, off white, eggshell, candlelight, bleached black, blond graphite...

MIKE

They all look the same to me.

SERVO

Puh-lease Mike, you're embarrassing me!

CROW peers slightly into shot, waiting for feng shui to be said.

ZARTH ARN

Not to worry, that's why I'm the specialist. Just leave everything to me.

SERVO

So is there any hope for this place?

CROW slips back out of shot.

ZARTH ARN

There's always hope! My goodness, all this place needs is way better feng shui!

CROW enters.

CROW

(with feeling)

Dum dum duuuuum! Thank you thank you thank you!

CROW exits.

ZARTH ARN

I've got a lot of work to do here, but we'll make this place fabulous yet!

SERVO

Cool! Can we watch?

MOVIE SIGN light flashes.

MIKE

No, we've got feng shui sign!

CROW

Duum duum duuuuuuuuuuuuuuum!

ZARTH ARN

(V.O.)

Right, then! I'll have this
finished when you get back!

CUT TO: TUNNEL SEQUENCE

SEGMENT 5

5.1 SATELLITE OF LOVE

ENTER from tunnel sequence. MIKE, CROW, and SERVO enter. The set is dressed a simply horrible scheme of color and conflicting artistic styles.

MIKE

Damn. He is evil.

SERVO

What do you mean?

MIKE

Just look around! It's like a Martha Stewart nightmare!

CROW

Gosh Mike, it feels pretty homey to me.

SERVO

I love how Zarth Arn juxtaposes earth tones with bolder imagery. It really reveals the intrinsic metaphor of society's inner conflicts, while still seeking harmony therein.

CROW

The man's a genius.

MIKE

You'd get better visual harmony if you bombed an Ikea.

CROW

(looks at the light cozy)
Hey, nice light cozy!

MIKE notices the light cozy for the first time and removes it in disgust.

MIKE

Next time we're getting a non-evil interior decorator.

SERVO

Jeez Mike, I hope you don't throw this big a fit over what Zarth Arn did to your bedroom.

MIKE

(tries not to think about this)
On that cheerful note, perhaps we should read a letter. Our letter this week is from Ken Frauwirth, at the Abramson Cancer Research Institute at the University of Pennsylvania.

CROW

Wow. They're researching how to make cancer!

MIKE

I don't think so, Crow. Ken writes:

CUT TO: STILLSTORE LETTER

5.2 STILLSTORE LETTER

MIKE

(v.o.)

"I got the tapes last week, and have watched them both. You guys did an awesome job!

But man was Invasion of the Animal People painful (and I only watched it once - I don't know how you guys survived). I was surprised it took you so long to wonder aloud what the sam-hill was going on.

Thanks again, and keep up the good work!"

CUT TO: SOL

5.3 SATELLITE OF LOVE INTERIOR

MIKE, CROW, and SERVO are present.

SERVO

We may have survived "Invasion of the Animal People", and even, through some quirk of fate, "Starcrash", but how can we possibly continue to survive these bad movies?

CROW

(sobbing)

Tom's right, Mike. There's nothing we can do. We're doomed.

MIKE

(chuckling)

You know something my little bots, you don't get to be ruler of the satellite without having a few powers at your command.

(strikes pose)

Satellite of Love... halt the flow of time!

CUT TO: DEEP 13B

5.4 DEEP 13B LABS

FRANK is on set. There is some green light on him. He is frozen in place. He remains still for several seconds as DR. FORRESTER enters, wearing a robe, carrying a cup of coffee and a newspaper. He spots FRANK and strolls over.

DR. F

What are you doing now, Frank?

FRANK

(through side of mouth)

They stopped the flow of time!

DR. F looks at the camera, then at FRANK. He swipes at FRANK with the paper

DR. F
Just hit the button.

DR. F exits. FRANK looks at the button, glances around, then quickly touches the button and returns to his frozen position as screen blacks out.

EXIT to fade out. Run credits and theme music

THE END

STINGER

1:25:08 Zarth Arn strikes a pose when he hears the city is attacking, hoping to stop its approach with his chest.