



Matthew Frederick Davis Hemming's SPACE ATTACK!
(Animation / English / 3 min.)

Original Dialogue

ANNOUNCER

Last time on: Space Attack!
Our heroes had plunged their sturdy vessel into the murky depths of a deadly space nebula.

CAPTAIN

My God, man! We seem to have plunged into the murky depths of some kind of a deadly space nebula.

ANNOUNCER

And now, this week's edifying episode of: Space Attack!

CAPTAIN

My God, man! We seem to have plunged into the murky depths of some kind of a deadly space nebula.

LIEUTENANT

Looks like trouble.

CAPTAIN

You can say that again, Lieutenant.

LIEUTENANT

There's just got to be a way, Captain.

CAPTAIN

A what to what?

LIEUTENANT

It's all up to us now.

CAPTAIN

I don't follow you.

LIEUTENANT

Yes, but for how long?

CAPTAIN

Are you even listening to me?

CAT

Meow.

CAPTAIN

What is it, Mr. Snookerpuss?

My God, man! It's the Sauceroids of Saucerplex-Nine!

Helm: initiate evasive manoeuvres!

Are they still with us?

Damn you, Sauceroids, damn you.

Helm: more evasive manoeuvres!

My God, man! They're still gaining on us.

LIEUTENANT

We may never know, Captain. We may never know.

CAPTAIN

What?

CAT

Meow.

CAPTAIN

You're right, Mr. Snookerpuss. They appear to be firing some sort of deadly energy weapons at us.

My God, man! They ARE firing some sort of deadly energy weapons at us.

Evasive manoeuvres!

ANNOUNCER

Is this the end? Will our intrepid heroes cast off their mortal coils at the hands of the godless Sauceroids of Saucerplex-Nine and their deadly energy weapons? Find out: next time.

And now: for an exciting sneak preview of the next scintillating installment of: Space Attack!

CAPTAIN

My God, man! They ARE firing some sort of deadly energy weapons at us.

LIEUTENANT

It's pay-back time.

CAPTAIN

No, Lieutenant. I think this is a question best answered by diplomacy.

Put me on speakers.

This is Captain StarKing of the Interplanetary Star Vessel **BIG THROBBING ROCKET**. We come in peace. I appeal to you, in the name of America: call off your attack of deadly lens flares against this vessel.

I await your reply.

CAT

Meow?

CAPTAIN

Damn it, Mr Snookerpuss! Let's give them just a little bit more time.

LIEUTENANT

It's just a flesh wound.

CAPTAIN

That's the spirit, man.

H'mm. Lieutenant: prepare to release a cloud of sub-atomic particles. That just might give us the edge we need against those deadly lens flares. And it's a risk I'm willing to take.

LIEUTENANT

You can take away my clothes, but you can't take away my dignity.

CAPTAIN

What?

ANNOUNCER

Can our stalwart champions overcome this deadly crisis?

CAT

Meow.

ANNOUNCER

Find out in the next explosive, fiery and mournful episode of: Space Attack!

Fin.