

CORNELIUS ADAMS

Written by

Jonathan D. Mabee

Jonathan D. Mabee  
WGAW Reg # 1940336

Cornelius Adams (Working Title): Season One, Episode: Pilot

TEASER

INT. BARN - NIGHT.

MOOOO.

A brown cow shakes its head and ears as if to bat away an annoying fly, and in the process, shakes the clapper inside the bell around its neck with a CLOP CLOP CLOP.

CORNELIUS ADAMS's (fit, late-30s, multiracial American) eyes snap open. A second later he quickly sits up, then grabs his head in pain as the world spins and a HIGH-PITCHED RING surrounds him.

A moment passes, and the world rights itself again.

CORNELIUS

What- in the hell...?

He looks around and finds himself sitting in a cattle pen, inside of what looks like a barn. Several cows munch lazily on some hay near by - one of whom has taken an interest in Cornelius and begins to mosey his way.

CORNELIUS (CONT'D)

Well, hello beautiful. I'd ask you how I got here, but I'm pretty sure those Marines are deploying tomorrow. Guess that's what I get trying to relive my 'glory-days,' huh?

He tries to stand, but is unable to get his footing and stumbles back to the ground.

CORNELIUS (CONT'D)

Ha! And that's what I get for insisting on a tenth round of shots. Ohh, my head...

The brown cow looks at him indifferently as it BURPS, throws up in its mouth, then begins to chew the fresh cud - letting out a grotesque sigh of stank right into Cornelius's face.

CORNELIUS (CONT'D)

That's... that's fu-

He throws up.

Wiping his mouth, he backs away from the mess and leans up against the rail of the pen to gather himself. Pulling out his cell phone, he sees the cow meander over to where he threw up, and watches it begin to eat the puke-strewn hay. Dry-heaving slightly in response, he looks at his phone quickly to keep from throwing up again.

"NO SERVICE" reads on his screen as he tries to make a call.

A sudden KLAXON blasts through the air, and a booming VOICE echoes through the barn, startling both Cornelius and the cows.

VOICE

Trreeeettt di di di threshentaught.  
Beveloen de Carnagtion. Trreeeettt  
di di di threshentaught. (Beat.)  
Bin-din lankshe're.

Another loud KLAXON rings through the air as unseen doors can be heard SLAMMING SHUT with a HISS. Without warning, an unseen force pushes Cornelius and the cows to the floor - as if some invisible weight has been dropped upon them from above.

Sprawled flat, Cornelius tries to turn his head with little success, and is just able to see the same effect on the cows - who are struggling against the same invisible force in panicked desperation. There's a loud metallic LURCH and the rails of the pen recede, the walls of the barn drop, and the floor begins to shift into a conveyor belt system - that joins the hundreds of other animals in the huge factory processing bay into single, moving columns.

Row upon row leading to floor upon floor, each conveyor-belt line contains different farm animals - sheep, pigs, cows, chickens - all being pressed against the floor by some invisible force.

Red lights begin to flash, and a moment later, a cold purple mist is sprayed from robotic arms that protrude from the ceiling, covering everything in the room with a freezing cold layer of wet.

Cornelius shivers from the arctic liquid, but is still unable to move.

He's then hit with a jet-stream blast of scalding hot liquid that rips the purple wash from his skin - as well as his shirt, pants, underwear, and shoes. He lets out a SCREAM of pain, which is quickly lost in the SWELL of distressed outcries from every animal in the room; as the feathers are plucked from chickens, and fur and wool are taken in swathes from everything else.

And just as suddenly as the process had started, it stops. High walls rise on all sides of the platform segregating the animals from each other, the weight pushing them down is lifted, and Cornelius and the cows are able to move once again. Naked, though still socked, he gets to his feet and looks around. Stunned and shivering, he leans against the still cud-chewing cow for support - who seems to welcome the incidental comfort his arm provides.

CORNELIUS

What... What in the fuck?

Another BLARING ALARM cuts through the air, and a FRANTIC VOICE cries over unseen loud speakers:

VOICE

Brechat brechat! Nober linike, qua  
qua li na ze, zeeben zeeben!  
Difango! Difango! Difan-

Something crashes into the side of the building, more ALARMS sound, and all Cornelius can do is whip his head toward the overwhelming SOUNDS that ECHO terrifyingly through the high metal walls, as the ground continues to shake. There's another loud BLAST to his right and he's flung to the ground, the high walls around him CRASH back down into the floor.

He sits up and his jaw drops in shock. Through the blue shimmer of an emergency force-field covering the damaged hull leading into outer-space; Cornelius watches several sleek looking space-craft complete a strafing run against the hull in his direction. Another hard knock rocks the spaceship he can't even begin to comprehend he's on, and his body lifts off the ground.

For a brief moment, he forgets where he is as he experiences zero-gravity for the first time. But he's quickly brought back into the present by the brown cow who is now floating above his head - distressed, but still chewing its cud. He then sees several swirling anxious pigs bumping into each other. Then an adolescent sheep - whose only charcoal-grey fur remaining, surrounds its small and adorable face - its cries for help, lost in the sounds of BATTLE.

Cornelius stares in bemused amazement and smiles instinctively at the small lamb's cute face.

Another explosion rocks the room and gravity is quickly restored. The lamb free-falls squarely onto Cornelius's face - knocking him out instantly.

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

INT. SPACESHIP - MEDICAL BAY - NIGHT CYCLE.

A HIGH-PITCHED WHIRL brings Cornelius back into consciousness, and finding himself strapped chest-down to a thin table, frantically tries to move. Immobile from the head down, he begins to panic, and there's a DEEP, DISTURBING LAUGH from the shadows.

This prompts Cornelius into another desperate struggle against his restraints, but stops when he hears the HIGH-PITCHED WHIRL again. His eyes darting around the room from his head's restrained position, a glint of light draws his attention. A set of surgical-looking tweezers move purposefully towards his face. Cornelius's eyes cross as he loses sight of the tool approaching his chin.

It opens and clasps onto a single beard hair, then begins to slowly and deliberately pull it from his chin.

Cornelius SHOUTS in pain as the hair is finally dislodged from his face, and there's another deep, disturbing LAUGH from the shadows.

The contraption WHIRLS as it moves to Cornelius's left jaw - again it reaches out and clasps onto a single beard hair and pulls slowly.

CORNELIUS

Ow! God damn it! Stop it!

Another DEEP, DISTURBING LAUGH - almost CROAK-LIKE - from the shadows. The machine moves to his right jaw and repeats the process.

CORNELIUS (CONT'D)

Mother fucker!

He tenses his body against the restraints, and this time, feels them loosen.

Again the machine WHIRLS as it moves to his upper lip. It extends its prongs, grasps onto a single mustache hair, and methodically begins to pull.

His upper lip lifts as the hair is pulled, and audibly SLAPS back against his gums as it's removed. Cornelius lets out a SCREAM of RAGE and bursts through the restraints holding him down. Naked, though still socked, he gets to his feet to take on the enemy he knows is coming.

Without a sound, a glistening webbed hand reaches out to grab him by the throat and lifts him off his feet. Cornelius stares into the broad, razor-gummed, thin-lipped mouth of the creature that could easily swallow him whole.

A whiff of bad air hits Cornelius in the face, and he turns in disgust. The ALIEN'S VOICE (MARRT, frog-like, muscular, dangerous) states MOCKINGLY:

MARRT

Spleeechi enndned knneeennee.

CORNELIUS

What?! What are you saying? What the fu-

The huge, seven-foot creature lets out another deep CROAK-LIKE LAUGH.

MARRT

Boot'cha. Peeshais voot-voot  
rebarrbe, gitact? Vebar  
Listal'les, gitact?

CORNELIUS

I don't know what you're saying! Oh  
my- God! Stop- stop breathing into  
my mouth!

He tries to lean his face away from the alien's, but it grabs the top of his head with its other hand, turning his face back toward its own - and states again in a slow and deliberate CADENCE:

MARRT

Peeshais. Voot-voot. Rebarrbe.  
Listal'les, gitact?

CORNELIUS

I don't- (Beat.) I'm sorry-

Cornelius convulses as his body reacts to the wretched smell of Marrt's breath, and he throws up. Marrt lets Cornelius drop as he jumps back and dodges the projection. Marrt raises a clenched webbed fist to strike Cornelius, when another VOICE (CAPTAIN TEK, feline, female, even-tempered tactician) calls out:

CAPTAIN TEK

Beeleesh! Remmy tim ren tin.  
Beguuusted.

Marrt's hand lowers.

MARRT

Mic'tash! Beo, te'nev tisk meh  
grought neph.

CAPTAIN TEK

Remmy tim ren tin, Marrt. (Beat.)  
Bin del tin, rec'tuce?

MARRT

Ayer. Troot a'bishet de'tressa.  
Lec'anaughta?

The feline nods and the tall, angry looking frog hits a button creating a stasis field that suspends Cornelius. Trying to move, he lifts himself a few inches off the deck and into a slow orbit. Bewildered, his body slowly spins, and he gets mere seconds to take in the strange beings - and what they're doing - before they're out of his rotating eyesight.

The intimidating feline Captain strides towards Cornelius and stares at him with her narrow golden eyes, her multi-hued purple hair bristles slightly as she takes him in.

CAPTAIN TEK

Recht'ta, du bisenney, Chloe?

There's a BAAHHH from the shadows, as the same adolescent, charcoal-grey, head-only woolled sheep (CHLOE) that knocked Cornelius out previously, walks into the light.

CAPTAIN TEK (CONT'D)

Mu ta'atte neh Conalubet Dahl? Neh  
te'esste pre'tate, Chloe?

BAAHHH. The young sheep belts in reply.

The Captain shrugs her shoulders, and nods to Marrt, who leaves the room. Cornelius tries to speak, but the stasis field has muffled his ability to. The sheep walks up to Cornelius, and looks at him inquisitively. She then looks at the Captain and asks:

CHLOE THE SHEEP

Baahh ahh ahh, baahh?

The Captain nods her head and RESPONDS. Cornelius, rotating just beyond sight of the continuing CONVERSATION, is now starting to truly freak out - at least, as much as he can in the stasis field holding him perfectly still.

A moment later, Marrt returns with a small, spherical device attached to a long shaft in his hand. He reaches into the stasis field and grabs Cornelius by the arm - yanking him around and pushing his back down - bending him over.

Cornelius's eyes widen with fear in what's about to happen, but is still unable to move or speak.

CHLOE THE SHEEP (CONT'D)  
Bahhhhhh! Bahh ah ah ahhhh bah!

Marrrt's grip slackens, and he lets out a putrid SIGH into Chloe's face, who backs up in disgust. He straightens Cornelius up and turns him back around with a look of disappointment, frowning and MUTTERING through his thin lips.

MARRT  
Mic'tash! Du nesta de trank,  
'Chloe.'

CAPTAIN TEK  
Neh coutartar, Marrrt. Jus puuniich,  
de occass'sa.

Marrrt indicates for Cornelius to open his mouth for the device, and Cornelius stares at him in defiance. Marrrt then raises his hand threateningly, as if to forcefully shove it down his throat, and Cornelius purses his lips together tightly. The Captain SIGHS.

CAPTAIN TEK (CONT'D)  
Reck tasha, bein.

Letting out a CHUCKLE, Marrrt moves aside as the Captain walks up to Cornelius and extends her hand into the field, stroking his chest. Marrrt raises his hand and signals Cornelius to open his mouth and take the device again - this time with a TONE of "are you sure?" And again Cornelius refuses.

SHEEP  
Baaa baahah aaa, bahhhhhh.

CAPTAIN TEK  
Neh te'esk. (Beat.) Nech.

The Captain smiles devilishly as she lowers her hand and grabs Cornelius by his testicles - who's mouth opens in a silent scream of pain - allowing Marrrt to plunge his fist into the field and deposit the device down his throat. They both step back and watch the device do its work.

Withering with pain in slow-motion as the device makes its way into his system, the stasis field slows the process, and both Marrrt and the Captain enjoy the prolonged and sadistic display before them.



To Cornelius's surprise, he begins to understand their CONVERSATION, as each uncontrollable twitch makes his entire body contort into uncomfortably odd angels - which he is forced to remain in for several awkward moments while continuing to rotate in the stasis field.

MARRT

... but I can't?! That's not fair!  
(Beat.) I can't believe you wasted  
a cycobionetic unit on this piece  
of meat. What's the point, if we  
just end up recycling this thing?

CAPTAIN TEK

We're not going to recycle him.  
(Beat.) We're going to auction him.

MARRT

What?! Why?

CAPTAIN TEK

Because Chloe here says he's the  
real deal.

MARRT

Only to stay off my plate! (Beat.)  
She's only alive because you've got  
a soft spot for kids. Captain, it-

Tek glares at him. Chloe struts around excitedly from behind her, STATING confidently in an up-beat, typical MID-WESTERN TEENAGER VOICE:

CHLOE THE SHEEP

I'm a lamb, actually, and we're not  
very tasty! (Beat.) I'm telling you  
the truth! One minute I was eating  
with my mom, then there was all  
these bright lights and sounds, and  
so much paaaain! And then I was  
flying, and then this guy saved my  
life when I fell! (Beat.) Please  
don't hurt him, he saaaved my life!

The Captain entertains her plea and looks back at Cornelius, examining him slowly.

CAPTAIN TEK

But look at him, Marrrt! He's got to  
be one-of-a-kind. Look at his skin -  
he'll fetch a fortune. I've never  
seen one with dark skin before -  
somebody must really be a pervert.

(MORE)

CAPTAIN TEK (CONT'D)

(Beat.) Even if it is only a Conalubet, he's got no metadata imprint. It'll be a clean and quick transaction.

MARRT

Don't be absurd. It's just a Conalubet, who cares what color it is. Let's recycle his bio-nano-tech and eat what's left of him.

CHLOE THE SHEEP

He's human and he saved my life!  
Pleaaaaase don't hurt him!

The Captain turns to Marrt with a decided resolve.

CAPTAIN TEK

We're going to Krutai.

MARRT

The hell we are! You know my crew's got a bounty in that sector.

CAPTAIN TEK

Then don't leave the ship.

MARRT

But it's been a month since our last port call... Captain, what am I supposed to tell-

CAPTAIN TEK

I don't pay you to complain, Marrt. I pay you to kill. Now shut up, and tell the Navigator where we're going. Then take Chloe to her quarters and clean her up - and don't eat her. That's an order. We're gonna sell'em as a set - it'll be fucking adorable.

Marrt SIGHS.

MARRT

Yes, Captain. (Beat.) Come on  
Dinner, it's bath time.

CHLOE THE SHEEP

Yay! Bath time! (Beat.) Wait,  
you're really not going to eat me,  
right?

MARRT  
(Begrudgingly.)  
No.

CHLOE THE SHEEP  
Then: Yay! Bath time! You have no  
idea how bad I need a bath right  
now!

Chloe jumps into Marrrt's large webbed hands and he slouches  
off down the corridor.

CHLOE THE SHEEP (CONT'D)  
I've never taken a space bath. Do  
you have water in space? How about  
grass? I'm hungry. Do you have  
trees? Have any apples? What do you  
do when it rains? Oh my  
gooooooooodness, does it even rain in  
space? I've never even thought  
about that before!

Marrrt SIGHS HARD as Chloe continues pelting him with a  
BARRAGE of QUESTIONS. The door closes behind them, and the  
Captain turns her attention to a naked and bewildered  
Cornelius - still slowly rotating and sporadically twitching  
in the stasis field.

She turns a dial and the stasis field opens around  
Cornelius's head and chest - he comes to a stop facing her.

CAPTAIN TEK  
Can you understand me?

CORNELIUS  
Y- yes?

CAPTAIN TEK  
Good. Why were you on the  
Listal'les's ship? They don't seem  
to be the type to have your kind  
around.

CORNELIUS  
The who? (Beat.) Can I just- um.  
Can I just... uh- are we... are we  
really in s-space?

Surprised, she lets out a hearty LAUGH.

CAPTAIN TEK  
When Chloe said- I didn't believe-  
but you're an actual human, aren't  
you?

(MORE)

## CAPTAIN TEK (CONT'D)

The Brae'te Imperium would shit if they knew you were here. The Listal'les really are upping their game. (Beat.) Earth's off-limits you see, has been for over 300 years. Which means you're worth a fortune, Contraband, a fortune. And look at you, I've never seen such... uniqueness.