

SCRIPT TITLE

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. JOHN'S APARTMENT - DAY

A picture of a yacht on the ocean seen through half a glass of water.

A muscular JOHN STONE, (30's), topless, does one fingered press ups while channel surfing in a clean minimalist apartment:

A TV news introduction shows a Flat Earth Logo similar to the UN one;

Wildlife doc: "The Arctic Tern undertakes the long migration from the Antarctic shelf to the North Pole to spend the warm summer days on the islands around Mount Meru;

Old B&W film title: "80 Days Around The Flat World";

Music Video: I'm Too Sexy by Right Said Fred.

[Opening titles]

John settles with the music and does jumping burpee exercises.

EXT. PORT - DAY

Shipping containers being unloaded by crane in a busy port. PLANE SAILING LOGISTICS written on a Flat Earth logo, is emblazoned on all of the containers.

A line of trucks, showing the same logo, drive the containers from the docks.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL ESTATE - DAY

One of the trucks thunders through rows of old warehouses.

It pulls into a warehouse and reverses sharply into a loading bay as SEVERAL MEN with bulging muscles and bellies, mill around a food truck, eating and smoking.

A SUITED WOMAN exits a car and shares smiles with the men, a few of their eyes on her swaying behind as she enters the warehouse.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

One of the men opens the seal on the truck's back door with big bolt cutters then opens the doors, revealing a full load of boxes of pasta.

A fork lift creates a platform on wooden pallets at the back of the truck.

Two of the men climb the platform and handball the boxes onto a wooden pallet at break neck speed. A FORK LIFT DRIVER takes the full pallet, one of the men replaces it with a new one and they continue hand-balling.

ROBBIE, large and unkempt, looks at his watch as another truck backs into an adjacent bay. He makes a call on his phone.

INT. JOHN'S APARTMENT - DAY

A phone vibrates on a coffee table. John drains a coffee mug and picks up a spliff, next to a picture of a younger John cuddling a woman on a sailboat at sea.

He lights the spliff and answers the phone, heading for the door.

JOHN

On my way.

John leaves and we see a wall calendar near the door. Written in the 19th box in big red capitals is: WEDDING ANNIVERSARY.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Robbie sits on a platform of pallets at the back of his open truck full of boxes, finishing off an exquisite matchstick replica of Notre Dame cathedral. John arrives, climbs up, prompting Robbie to stand.

John offers a spliff, which Robbie takes and lugs on.

A FORKLIFT DRIVER takes the pallet with the Notre Dame replica and moves it to the floor, beside some other equally outstanding famous building replicas made out of matchsticks.

The two men relentlessly unload the boxes from the truck onto a pallet. The forklift driver takes the loaded pallet, Robbie immediately replacing it with an empty one and they continue stacking boxes onto the next pallet.

The two men, topless and sweating, finish unloading the final boxes.

They drink large bottles of water then make their way to a full truck in the adjacent bay, climb up and begin unloading it.

The two, flushed, sweating and exhausted, finish unloading the second truck. They climb down the platform of pallets and slowly walk outside.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

They arrive at a food truck named KATHY'S TASTY BUNS. Next to the truck is VINCE (40), muscles and beer-belly, wearing a yellow leotard in a downward dog yoga position. TWO LARGE AGEING MEN in vibrant spandex practice alongside Vince.

Through a tripod camera we see Vince and the two men, on yoga mats with bushes and trees behind, a natural environment at odds with the grimy warehouse fore court they are in. It's a live stream.

[Opening titles and I'm Too Sexy song ends]

VINCE (SQUEAKY MANC ACCENT)

That's it, keep your core muscles tight and push your butt up. Hold it, hold it, yeah, stick that butt up to the sky!

Vince farts loudly as Robbie and John arrive at the food truck.

ROBBIE

Morning Kathy, sausage, egg, onion jumbo please.

JOHN

Make that two.

KATHY

Morning Robbie, morning John (beat), two sausages coming right up.

KATHY, a buxom brunette, prepares the food.

VINCE

And to finish today, lie down, that's it, flat like the Earth and breathe naturally. Breathe in all that fresh air.

Vince cops a lung full of truck diesel smoke, stifles a coughing fit.

VINCE (CONT'D)

That's it, get all that life-giving Yin energy, deep into your lungs.
(MORE)

VINCE (CONT'D)

Pause and hold. And breathe out all the decaying Yang energy. That's it, let it flow out of you on its natural cycle returning to the ether.

Vince sits up, seated lotus pose and places his palms together.

VINCE (CONT'D)

Namaste. Please click, like and subscribe or lick a dyke form my tribe it really helps our algorithm. Have a great day and see you all tomorrow!

Vince and the two aging men stiffly get out of their lotus poses and hobble over to the food van. Kathy hands John his jumbo sausage roll, holding on to it until he looks at her. She bites her lip suggestively before releasing the sausage.

KATHY (TO JOHN)

Anytime you wanna share that jumbo sausage, you call me.

JOHN

Thanks, but my wife wouldn't be best pleased.

John flashes his wedding band. Kathy leans over, squeezing her ample bosom close to John's face.

KATHY

You want to finger me you naughty man?

Vince begins coughing up all the fumes he's inhaled.

VINCE (BASS LONDON ACCENT)

Now now Kath, we all know John is as faithful as they come.

ROBBIE

Yes Kathy, he and Monica are soul mates.

JOHN

I can't deny it Kathy, Monica is my world and I'd die without her.

Kathy looks at the three men in disgust.

KATHY
 Pathetic! Where's all the real men
 gone?

Robbie and John walk away toward their cars.

ROBBIE
 Pint time ?

JOHN
 How could you forget it's wedding
 anniversary day!

ROBBIE
 Oh of course, D'uh, I'm so
 forgetful.

Robbie gives the thumbs up as John gets in his car and drives
 away.

INT. JOHN'S APARTMENT - DAY

John sits at his laptop, video call open. John looks at his
 watch: 17:30. He opens a folder on his laptop.

John scrolls through the folder, files named with dates. He
 clicks

on the most recent date.

On the laptop we see a video call between John and MARINA,
 studious and bubbly. She wears a half-zipped winter coat with
 an APOD GLOBE EARTH logo with nothing on underneath. Her
 attention is drawn away off-screen throughout the call.

MARINA
 Hello.

JOHN
 Hello darling.

Marina fixes her dishevelled hair and nervously covers a
 hickey with the jacket hood.

MARINA
 Sorry I'm late, got held up in a
 meeting.

JOHN
 No worries, you'll be back home
 soon, just in time for our
 anniversary.

Marina shrieks, her arms placed down off screen like she is receiving head, which she is.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Marina? You OK?

Marina moves out of screen and slaps something.

MARINA (O.S.)
Stop!

Marina returns to the screen.

MARINA (CONT'D)
Sorry, just a pest problem here.
The connection is awful.

JOHN
It's amazing that you can even make
a video call from Antarctica.

MARINA
Yeah, guess so.

A distracted but smiling Marina appears to be pushing hands away from her off screen.

JOHN
I miss you.

MARINA
Eh? Yeah, yeah, I miss you too.
Look I gotta prep for the final
experiment, we're leaving soon.

JOHN
No worries. I'll call you on
Saturday.

MARINA
OK thanks.

JOHN
Take care, love you.

MARINA
You too.

EXT. MARINA PUB CAR PARK, THE SHIP SAILED INN - NIGHT

John exits his parked car. He walks toward the entrance and is stopped by TWO GUARDS in APOD JACKETS, same as Marina's.

GUARD ONE

Mr. Stone?

John nods. Guard two tazes John and the guards walk John away, holding him up under the shoulder.

INT. CAR - (CONT'D)

John is bundled into the back seat of a large car, the two guards taking a seat either side of him. There is a tinted window between the front and back seats. They slap John in the face and he stirs into consciousness.

The tinted window turns into a screen, the face of DERRICK UBUY, handsome and astute, fills the screen.

DERRICK

John Stone, glad you could join me.

JOHN

APOD always gives the warmest welcomes.

DERRICK

Yes, keep working on being funny. I have some rather bad news. There was a storm three days ago while a weather experiment was underway. Two of our researchers are missing, including our irreplaceable, shining light, Captain Christopher Cowley. And Mrs. Stone.

John is stunned.

JOHN

But I spoke with her three hours ago.

DERRICK

Three hours three days, it's all semantics. The point is they are both missing.

JOHN

Really?

DERRICK

Do you think I would lie about something as important as this?

Derrick can't hide a manic grin.

JOHN

OK. Where exactly did she go missing?

DERRICK

One moment. Let me screen share.

A contract is shared on screen, with one section underlined in red.

DERRICK (CONT'D)

I can't tell you, Soz. It's classified information, which your wife agreed to in her contract, as you can see underlined here in Section 33(i).

JOHN

Never let a good rule get in the way of being human. What's her odds of survival?

DERRICK

After three days... (punches buttons on a kids 80's calculator) zero point zero zero five percent.

John hunches over trying to take in the tragic news.

JOHN

How can you tell me this over a bloody video?

After a pause, the tinted window slowly lowers, revealing Derrick in the front seat. He turns sheepishly.

DERRICK

Sorry. Look, we are all reeling at this news. Captain Cowley has led operations at the base for twenty years. . We went to university together and he is a personal friend. A great man, a force of nature...

Derrick is lost in thoughts of Cowley.

JOHN

And my wife?

Derrick jumps back to reality.

DERRICK
Oh yes, of course, Martina is
irreplaceable too!

JOHN
Marina!

Derek glances out of the window at the pretty lights of the
Marina.

DERRICK
Yes, it's nice.

Derek gestures to the guards. Guard one punches John,
knocking him out cold.

INT. MARINA PUB, THE SHIP SAILED INN - (CONT'D)

Feeling his temple, John walks past SEVERAL PATRONS dining at
tables by large windows that show the pretty lit up boats in
the marina. John joins Robbie at a table with four empty pint
glasses.

Behind John, EMILY, tall bespectacled blonde donned in East
German Spy outfit, takes a seat nearby and hides behind a
newspaper.

ROBBIE
Alright mate.

JOHN
Marina's missing...

Robbie looks outside, bemused.

ROBBIE
Err, it's still there mate.

JOHN
Marina, my wife, is missing. In a
storm.

ROBBIE
Oh mate, I'm sorry.

JOHN
I have to get to Antarctica soon as
possible.

ROBBIE

Not being funny mate, even if you could get there, by the time you do her chances of survival are slim to none.

JOHN

I don't think I'm being told the full truth. There was something odd about her the last time we spoke. She was making weird gestures, like she was trying to tell me something that she couldn't say out loud.

ROBBIE

Like what?

JOHN

I don't know, she didn't say.

ROBBIE

No, what was the weird gesture?

John mimics Marina's "getting head" gesture with facial elation. Robbie nods naively.

ROBBIE (CONT'D)

What could it mean?

JOHN

I think she discovered something down there that a secret cabal wants to keep secret.

ROBBIE

Like what?

JOHN

Well, let's just say she had some pretty "out-there" ideas.

ROBBIE

Ooh, like a conspiracy! Yeah I've seen a video about Alien bases in Antarctica by Judge Not Fred on Twinkle. Sounds like you could be onto something!

JOHN

Question is, how do I get there?

Robbie, confused, gives a pregnant pause.

ROBBIE
By boat?

JOHN
But no one is allowed to visit
there independently. APOD have an
international army keeping Joe
Public out.

ROBBIE
Oh, that sucks.

JOHN
Right now all that matters is I
find a way there.

ROBBIE
Mmmm...

John and Robbie think momentarily.

ROBBIE (CONT'D)
Eureka!

Robbie stands suddenly.

JOHN
What?

ROBBIE
D'uh! Outside!

Robbie shows John the spliff hidden in his hand.

ROBBIE (CONT'D)
You need brains to work out a plan
and this will open up the river of
creativity. Come on.

Robbie walks out, John, with no better idea, rolls his eyes
and follows.

EXT. MARINA PUB, THE SHIP SAILED INN - (CONT'D)

[Dub version of Bank Robber by The Clash plays]

They lie on the waterside, legs hanging over, looking at the
sky, stoned with ideas flowing.

ROBBIE
So you hide on the Aussie bound
container with the drugs on.
(MORE)

ROBBIE (CONT'D)

Once in Oz, take a little parcel of
said drugs, sell it, use the money
to buy a small boat, paint the boat
with anti-radar paint, to avoid
detection from APOD patrol ships,
sail to Antarctica and save your
true love.

John turns and looks at Robbie for a long serious moment,
then plants his hands on Robbie's ears and kisses him on the
forehead.

JOHN

Genius.

EXT. ROAD NEAR DOCKS - NIGHT

Emily stands beside a jacked-up car, wheel off, spare wheel
at the ready.

As John approaches, Emily bends over, slender thigh with
suspender belt showing, and pretends to be having great
difficulty changing the tire. She looks up at John with
pleading eyes. John nods acknowledgement as he approaches.

EMILY

Can ze help a... damzel in
diztress.

John pauses.

JOHN

Sorry, I'm in a rush.

Annoyed, Emily gets up and runs after John.

EMILY

Wait!

John keeps walking, as though he has seen all this before.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Herr. Stone!

John rolls his eyes, stops and turns to face Emily, who,
possessed by animal attraction, makes carnal noises and
movements.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Grrr!

John stares nonchalantly at the performance for a long moment, then turns to leave bringing Emily back to her mission.

EMILY (TO HERSELF) (CONT'D)
Oh, dieser Mann!

EMILY (CONT'D)
Herr. Stone! Your life is in serious danger, now zat your wife is missing.

JOHN
And you've been sent by APOD to convince me that I should stay here and await further news.

John turns and walks on while Emily fumbles to refute the suggestion.

JOHN (CONT'D)
You APOD folk are all the same. Weird.

As John disappears in the distance, Emily makes a call.

ROCHESTER (V.O.)
Mien Lieblich, do you have him?

EMILY
Nein Farter, I fail you!

Emily is tearful.

ROCHESTER
Keine sorge, you can never fail me.

Emily is immediately elated.

EMILY
Oh you are ze best Farter in the vole vide world!

EXT. DOCK YARD - NIGHT

John checks a reference number on a piece of paper D33E00V66IL, with the container in front of him. Correct. He opens the door, slips inside and closes it behind him.

The container is lifted and placed on a truck.

The truck drives away.

INSERT: ONE WEEK LATER

EXT. DOCK YARD - DAY

(New Sensation by INXS plays)

Container D33E00V66IL is lifted by crane from a pile and placed on a truck. The door creaks open and a bearded, blinded by the light, John exits cautiously.

John reaches a road and stops. He looks up at a road sign.

(New Sensation screeches to a stop)

Canvey Island 2; London 25. He hangs his head.

EXT. BOAT YARD - DAY

John walks past several dry docked boats. A HUSBAND, GEORGIE, Kiwi with a stutter and nervous laugh, sands a hull while his narcissistic WIFE, SUE, films him. He spots John.

GEORGIE

John?

John nods trying to swerve conversation. Georgie jumps up and runs over, cutting John off.

GEORGIE (CONT'D)

Hello mate, l-l-l-l-l-long t-t--
time yeah!

JOHN

Georgie.

Sue, films as she catches with the two.

SUE

You're watching the Sail On you
Crazy Diamond Channel, "please
like, subscribe, join the tribe".
Looks like we have a guest in the
yard today.

She turns the camera onto John.

SUE (CONT'D)

And what is your name sir?

John raises his hand in a stop gesture. Sue is perplexed.

GEORGIE

D-d-d-darling, n-n-n-not everyone
on this p-p-p-plane is k-k-k-keen
to be in the the the spotlight.

SUE

But why? Everyone wants to be
famous. Or at least loved.

John stares at Sue and gives Georgie a "for real?" look.

GEORGIE

Err, c-c-c-c-clearly not e-e-e-
veryone.

Sue lowers her camera, perplexed. John turns and continues
walking. Georgie follows him.

GEORGIE (CONT'D)

So h-h-h-how you been? W-w-w-w-what
brings you back here?

JOHN

Mind your nose.

GEORGIE

Oh g-g-g-g-go on, d-d-d-don't be a
spoil sport! P-p-p-please.

Georgie shines his best doe-eyed puppy expression. John
smirks slightly.

JOHN

It's a secret mission.

GEORGIE

Ooh! S-s-secret mission! W-w-w-what
is it?

JOHN

Well... I can't tell you. It's a
secret.

Georgie stops walking, deflated. John heads off toward the
small building, not turning back.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Before you sail you wanna get your
keel checked out. Looks like you
have a cavity, could be deadly.

Sue catches up with Georgie, his eyes star struck on John.

SUE

Who does he think he is?

GEORGIE

Th-th-th-that man there is the the the the one and only, the K-k-k-king of the high s-s-seas! Mister. John. Stone!

SUE

Bit of a misery guts ain't he?

INT. BOAT YARD OFFICE - DAY

Dusty office. Homely old desk, a yellowing globe beside a book entitled: FAT EARTH - FAQ's on a metal shelf. LEE, (50) big twitch, in pirate outfit, stands before a Mercator Wall Map adds a pin in Buenos Aires, to join other pins.

Lee turns to the sound of the door opening. He is surprised as John enters and speaks with a heavy pirate accent. **{Lee is like the Taro farmer in the Hawaiian episode of Gordon Ramsey's Disney+ series}**

LEE

Ahoy, me old salt!

Lee goes to hug, but John extends his hand.

LEE (CONT'D)

Alright me ole hearty, thought you were dead. How fare ye?

John nods ok while walking to and looking at the wall map.

LEE (CONT'D)

Plotting the next leg of my treasure hunt.

John nods.

LEE (CONT'D)

Been out on the high seas recently?

John turns and faces Lee.

JOHN

I ain't been on deck since, since, well... you know when.

Lee sees the fear in John's eyes.

LEE

Oh wow, it's been that long. That really spooked ya, hey?

John grinds his jaw.

JOHN

Listen, I... I gotta get back on *dick* (kiwi accent for deck).

Lee holds John's stare.

LEE

OK, Me old shipmate, you need to feel the *dick* again, I get it. How about a nice gentle trip down to Canvey Island?

JOHN

Alright. Th.. Th.. Th.. Thatched cottage.

[John cannot say thanks, even when he wants to.]

EXT. MARINA - DAY

Lee and John approach an old wooden sailboat amongst a row of boats and yachts. Lee walks on board, however, John freezes. Over-dramatically. His face looks like he sees a ghost. Lee, the old salt, taps John's chakras unfreezing him.

LEE (WHISPERING)

Easy now, ship mate. You've had a hard fall. We're just gonna slip onto here, nice and gentle like.

John slowly takes a step on board, then steps back on the quay side. He grabs a handrail, white knuckles, and stands shaking involuntarily.

Lee hides his concerned look from John.

LEE (CONT'D)

OK, you're alright. You took your first step. All in good time.

Sue and Georgie watch from a distance.

SUE

King of the High Seas? More like white knuckle virgin!

INT. BOAT YARD OFFICE - DAY

Lee, pulling on a fat cigar, and a recovering John sit in the office.

LEE

Why the sudden need to get back on *dick*?

JOHN

Marina went missing in a storm.

LEE

Where?

JOHN

Halley's Station. Antarctica.

LEE

APOD territory. Tough place to reach, let alone find one of their missing persons.

JOHN

I think she thinks she's discovered something that she thinks APOD doesn't want to be discovered and I think they're holding her.

LEE

You mean she's found proof the Earth is Fat and now APOD are trying to silence her?

JOHN

No, I mean I think she thinks she has and is likely being held in a padded cell because they think she is crazy.

LEE

Still a non-believer I see.

JOHN

This ain't the time to debate Fat versus Flat. Right now I need to get to Antarctica and find my wife before she's killed or really does go mad.

LEE

It's pretty much impossible to reach there.

Lee goes through the "Agent Smith" entering his body, pulls out a MAIL ORDER BRIDES BROCHURE and goes into advertisement mode.

LEE (CONT'D)

Stressed out recently? Need the loving touch of a good woman? You need: MAIL ORDER BRIDE. Wanna lay down some roots and start a family? MAIL ORDER BRIDE. Want a super model to feed you fruits in sexy lingerie? MAIL ORDER BRIDE. Want an upgrade on your stale wife? MAIL ORDER BRIDE.

Lee hands the brochure to John.

LEE (CONT'D)

Some lovely future wives here for you.

JOHN

What on earth are you talking about? I'm going to Antarctica.

LEE

Why bother with all that hassle when you could have a lovely little lady by your side right here right now?

John tosses the brochure back at Lee and stands to leave.

JOHN

I thought you could help. My mistake.

Lee goes through the Agent Smith leaving his body moment as John heads to and opens the door.

LEE

Leaving already. Thought you needed help?

John stops, exhales and turns.

JOHN

I don't need a new wife.

LEE

Who said you did?

Lee is genuinely unaware.

JOHN

Look, I'm desperate and you're the only one I know who knows every independent ship out there.

LEE

I was. But I been out of that loop for years now. Lost touch with all those sailors.

John looks crestfallen.

LEE (CONT'D)

Sorry me old salt.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE ROAD - DAY

John wanders down a country road in a torrential downpour.

A dishevelled John takes cover under a Fruit Stall, ROGER'S JUICY PLUMS on the roadside. ROCHESTER, disguised as an old man with a Huck Finn drawl, rocks on a chair playing Gambling Man by Lonnie Donegan on the wash board. He stops and eyeballs John wildly.

ROCHESTER

Having a rough day?

JOHN

Could be better.

ROCHESTER

That's too bad. What's eating at you?

JOHN

There's somewhere I need to go to find someone, however, it doesn't look likely to happen soon and every moment brings me closer to losing that someone.

ROCHESTER

Mmmm! Do you believe?

John turns and looks at the old man.

JOHN

Believe in what?

ROCHESTER

No! Do. You. Believe?

JOHN
I prefer to know.

ROCHESTER
Do you KNOW what you cannot SEE?

JOHN
Yeah, the back of my head.

Rochester feels the back of his head, this fact has never dawned on him before.

ROCHESTER
Well, yeah, that's true. But do you know what else you can't see? Mmm? Mmm? I'll tell you. The raw and naked wind. You don't see the wind but you sure nuff feel its affect. Someone come along, call it wind and got y'all thinking you know it's wind, however, you only believe that you know while thinking that you know what you know. See you gotta know what you believe and believe what you know. You know?

JOHN
Eh?

Rochester kisses his teeth long and hard and picks up his washboard.

ROCHESTER
If the forecast is right, a rare tornado is a coming. May need to find a boat to see yourself through it.

John eyes Rochester suspiciously.

JOHN
You wouldn't happen to know any boats that have a spare berth?

ROCHESTER
'fraid not friend. Help yourself to a couple of those fat round apples, they're good for your health and will take your mind off your troubles.

John places two apples into his bag and continues walking as Rochester resumes playing Gambling Man.

Once he is gone, Rochester makes a call.

ROCHESTER (V.O.) GERMAN ACCENT
(CONT'D)

I want a final seaman for a voyage
to Antarctica. I hear you know a
very experienced man. Goes by ze
name, John Stone. (Beat) Let him
know zwere to meet me.

INT. JOHN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

John sits at a desk looking through old photos of him and
Marina on his computer. He stops at one photo of the two of
them on a sailboat, smiling arm in arm.

JOHN

Why couldn't you just let it go?

John eats one of Rochester's apples.

INT. JOHN'S APARTMENT - DAY

John is slumped over the desk sleeping. His phone rings and
he wakes up, groggy, and answers it.

JOHN

Hello?

LEE (V.O.)

Me old salt, good news. I reached
out to a couple of old sea dogs and
one is putting a crew together for
an independent mission to the
Antarctic. He wants to meet you.

JOHN

Th...th.. Thinking of you.

EXT. ROCHESTER'S ESTATE ENTRANCE - DAY

John's car pulls up to large estate gates. A loudspeaker
talks to him.

MO JAFAKAN VOICE (V.O.)

State your name.

JOHN

John Stone.

The gates open slowly and John starts driving forward before the gates start closing again. He slams the brakes and reverses.

MO JAFAKAN VOICE (V.O.)
Me bad, me bad! You look too funny
on my screen. Me let you in now.

The gates open again and John drives forward, then hits the brakes as they begin to shut again.

MO JAFAKAN VOICE (V.O.)
(Howling laughing) Me bad, me bad!
Come, come, please.

John drives in super cautiously.

EXT. ROCHESTER'S MANSION - DAY (CONT'D)

John walks up to the doors gaping at the magnificent mansion. He whistles, impressed.

He approaches the door, which opens automatically, and enters cautiously, expecting it to shut on him.

INT. RECEPTION HALL, ROCHESTER'S ESTATE - DAY (CONT'D)

Traditional estate reception hall, Arabesque 1 by Debussy plays. FOUR PEOPLE are engaged in activities.

CYRIL [AKA LEE], black male with white face make up, pins string to different points on a giant globe earth.

HOPE [AKA KATHY], meditates kneeling in a three-walled black room.

MOON [AKA EMILY] and MO [AKA ROBBIE], London-Arabic Male with Jafakan accent, sit laughing, Mo smokes a spliff.

MO
You must be John, welcome, welcome.

John heads over to Mo, who stands and greets him with a unique, awkward handshake ending in a body-slam. John enjoys the nonconformity. Mo checks his pockets.

MO (CONT'D)
You got a light?

John hands Mo a light.

MO (CONT'D)

Thanks.

Mo lights the spliff, takes a pull and passes to John, while pocketing the lighter. John accepts.

MO (CONT'D)

Yes that's it man, we're all friends here. I'm Mo, this is Moon, surf champion goddess.

John and Moon wave casually at each other.

MO (CONT'D)

Cyril is the man obsessed with the giant ball, and the lady lost in the black room is Hope.

Cyril doesn't look up and Hope gives a cut eye death stare on hearing her name. John waves awkwardly.

JOHN

So who's the main man? (Blank from Mo) The big cheese? The top dog? (Still blank) The Captain?

MO

Oh right, yeah man, he soon come y'nah.

ROCHESTER (V.O.)

Dear friend, Welcome to my humble abode.

John turns to the voice. ROCHESTER, dressed like Liberace on steroids, cigarette holder in hand, glides down the main staircase as if levitating. He has big 80's hair and even bigger jewels.

He hands a boxed gift to John.

ROCHESTER

A little gift as my personal thanks for coming today John Stone.

JOHN

Er, th.. th... that's very kind of you, Mr?

He stands holding the gift box.

ROCHESTER

Rochester Horatio Saxa-Coburg Gotha, but call me Rochester.

(MORE)

ROCHESTER (CONT'D)

Please open your gift. There's no need to be shy, unless you're the submissive type.

Rochester winks and pouts. John, bewildered, opens the box, revealing an expensive nautical watch. He's suspicious.

JOHN

That's mint. What do you want?

Rochester laughs loudly, an all-embracing laugh.

ROCHESTER

No, no, no, no, no! You don't give a gift to receive, John. Think of this unique gift, hand made by the oldest watch-making family in the world, as a small thanks from me for all that you will do.

John shrugs OK.

ROCHESTER (CONT'D)

Good, good. Now let me take a good look at you.

Rochester stands beside John, puts his arm around his shoulders and squeezes parts of his body like he's a piece of meat that Rochester is considering buying at the butchers. Throughout the scene John is slapping Rochester's hands away.

ROCHESTER (CONT'D)

Well, well, I like what I feel! A fine specimen of a man! Well could be a man, or a woman, or any type of human you choose to name yourself, if you take my meaning. Let's say a person, if that's alright with everyone present? (Those present nod their consent) Alrighty then. Yes sir! I see a person on a mission with eyes that are ready for action! A person without a lust for life is like a lion that don't eat meat. A murderer without a victim. A Grandmaster Chess champion who, on seeing the pieces on a chess board, picks up the knight and says "Giddy up horsey!"

Rochester has maneuvered behind John and jumps on his back as he says Giddy up horsey.

John instinctively drops Rochester with a shoulder throw and pins him with knee to chest, calmly looking him in the eye.

JOHN
When do we sail?

ROCHESTER
Ooooh you are a beast, Grrrrr!

John stands and gives Rochester a helping hand up, who immediately puts his hand on John's shoulder.

ROCHESTER (CONT'D)
I like a man who's in touch with his savage self.

John stares at Rochester like he's crazy and he can't win. He pulls on the spliff but it's out. He fishes in his pockets for his lighter. Can't find it. He passes the spliff to Mo, who lights it with a different lighter on the table, which he then pockets.

Mo blows smoke rings at Moon who fingers them playfully.

ROCHESTER (CONT'D)
OK friends, let's go see the beast that will take us into uncharted territory.

INT. BOAT YARD, ROCHESTER'S ESTATE - DAY

The six crew members stand inside a state of the art boat yard, high tech machines with flashing lights line the walls. In the middle is a wet dock containing a high tech sail boat with FAT LADY emblazoned on its side over a globe earth.

JOHN
She's a beauty.

John is transfixed by the boat.

ROCHESTER
And a beast.

Rochester takes John's hand and places it on the hull. John's fear of all things sailing is written all over his face.

ROCHESTER (CONT'D)
Don't be scared, touch her. Feel her slick power vibrate through your fingers. (Whispers) Specially designed so all who sail her experiences multiple orgasms.

John calms a little and is aroused by the vibration.

ROCHESTER (CONT'D)

Bet you and your wife would have enjoyed this sexy little beast back in your sailing days.

John jerks his hand away, shocked at the mention of his wife.

JOHN

How do you know about my wife?

ROCHESTER

Oh don't worry, I know all about you. Do you think I would invite anybody into my inner circle without checking out their credentials. I know standing before me is the legendary sailor John Stone, who desperately seeks to find his dearly beloved wife.

John takes a step back from the boat.

JOHN

That's the reason I need to go on this voyage. What about you?

ROCHESTER

Well, surely you know the answer to that?

JOHN

Nope.

ROCHESTER

I, we, are going to Antarctica to prove, once and for all, that the Earth is Fat.

John rolls his eyes.

JOHN (UNDER HIS BREATH)

Great, I'm with the crazies.

ROCHESTER

Speak up friend.

JOHN

Great, I'm glad we're not lazy.

ROCHESTER

No sir, we are not. This crew is a collection of the finest minds in the world, ready to undertake the most daring mission ever undertaken.

John looks at the wacky crew.

JOHN

So when do we leave?

ROCHESTER

Well there's a small issue to fix on her first. Mo, will you be so kind as to explain to John exactly what she needs to make her come alive and reach her full blooming beauty.

Rochester caresses the hull again while Mo hands a spliff to John.

MO

Her plasma rocket booster doesn't spark. Me try every calibration but no good, nah mean.

JOHN

Rocket booster? You going up into the ether or Antarctica?

ROCHESTER

Let's not get bogged down in the details right now. This is the job at hand and, I believe, only the illustrious Mr. Stone can fulfill it.

JOHN

I know engines but I've never worked with plasma before.

Rochester puts his arms around John and walks him round to face the fascinating engine.

ROCHESTER

Mr. Stone, are you the man for the job? The lion to catch the gazelle? The cold-blooded murderer to strangle your victim and look into the white of their eyes as the life drains out of them.

John gives Rochester a WTF look.

ROCHESTER (CONT'D)

You are THE ONE... John... our only hope!

Rochester, Mo, Hope, Moon and Cyril look at John, hanging on his next words.

John puts the spliff in his mouth, fishes in his pockets, realises Mo took his lighter.

JOHN

Well, if we're gonna get sailing, I'm gonna need one thing.

ROCHESTER

Name it and it is yours!

JOHN

A lighter please, Mo.

As Mo hands John the lighter, all cheer and make odd dance movements. Moon pulls a cross-eyed, fish lips face; Cyril walks like an Egyptian; Hope flaps her arms like a sparrow; Rochester rubs his belly laughing his world-encompassing laugh.

INT. BOAT YARD, ROCHESTER'S ESTATE - DAY

Mo and John stand around a large work bench, the engine is in multiple pieces and they refer to design sheets on the table as they share a giant spliff. Dub Side of the Moon is playing.

JOHN

This looks like the skeleton of the RD-180.

MO

Man knows his stuff. The most powerful engine ever created. We only need 5 mega newtons of the 10 mega newtons of thrust the RD-180 is capable of, however, the engine has to work at temps as low as -80C and in near-freezing water.

JOHN

Have you tried removing the film of oil on the wrist pins?

MO

Yeah and have used fresh 15W50 oil
but it doesn't flow fast enough
below -30F to operate the plasma
booster.

John looks at dry ice coming out of hard plastic storage case
and pulls on the giant spliff. He breathes smoke like a
dragon and grins.

JOHN

Let's experiment with combinations
of different oils.

MO

Man, mi try every oil combination
already.

JOHN

Every oil?

John blows smoke into Mo's face, who isn't impressed, but
then catches his drift.

MO

Ah yes man, me not think of that.

JOHN

The herb never fails.

Mo goes to a shelf of large oil jars and picks up one of many
with a huge cannabis leaf label. He pauses, unsure.

MO

Me not know man, gotta keep enough
for me daily massage.

JOHN

Unless you have a massage submerged
in oil, you'll have enough to last
you for at least... the next year.

MO

Mi got dry skin y'nah, not like you
whiteys.

John laughs.

JOHN

Come on, we only need a little for
the test.

(Later)

A system of pipes, oils, the engine and plasma booster are set up on the work bench. Mo and John make minor adjustments to the system in the smoke-filled room.

MO
OK, me ready.

JOHN
Almost there too. Where is it?

John looks around the desk for something.

MO
Wha'cha missing?

JOHN
The spliff. I left it in the ashtray.

Mo cracks up laughing.

MO
It's behind your ear man.

John feels the spliff, puts it in his mouth, goes to his pocket. No lighter.

JOHN
You got a light?

MO
Nah man.

JOHN
I gave you a light earlier.

Mo checks, pulls out John's lighter and passes it.

MO
Man, me bad.

JOHN
No worries, the lighter game is a universal phenomenon.

John lights up and puts the lighter in his pocket.

JOHN (CONT'D)
OK, let's start this baby up.

Mo presses a giant red button and the system creaks and cranks into a spluttering motion. Oil from the cannabis jar flows into the engine, which kicks into action. The plasma booster starts up blue plasma lighting up its chamber.

MO

Yes man!

Mo and John do their unique physical greeting ending in a body slam.

JOHN

Time to start this voyage.

The lights go out. Pitch black.

JOHN (V.O.)

Mo? Mo, you there?

Silence. Soft lights reveal red candles and white drapes everywhere, FIVE PEOPLE, in black monk style hoods standing in prayer in a semi circle, O Fortuna (Carmina Burana) playing.

In Da Club by 50 Cent drops into the mix and the Hoodies perform an amazing dance. John watches mesmerised. After a while, one of them makes a mistake. The lead Hoodie, stops.

LEAD HOODIE (HOPE)

No, no, no! Stop, stop the music!

(Music keeps playing) "Silly!"

Stop. The. Music. Now!

SILLY, the Fat Lady's invisible AI assistant, stops the music and five hoodies are removed to reveal Hope, Rochester, Mo, Moon, Cyril. Hope admonishes Rochester's error.

HOPE

How many times do I have to tell
you, right, right, left, down,
twist, twirl, pirouet, left, down,
turn, spin, twist, right, left,
pause.

Rochester looks increasingly confused trying to follow Hope's movements then notices John watching them and heads over to him.

ROCHESTER

Bet you were expecting a ritual
sacrifice and to be offered blood
from an ancient chalice? (Beat) No?
Oh, anyway, just doing a little
community-building activity. Keeps
the cobwebs away too.

JOHN

You look like pros.

ROCHESTER

Oh no, just a bit of fun. Come
let's have a drink to our
adventure.

The crew gather around a cocktail bar.

Moon hands out clear drinks in glasses. John is handed an ancient chalice filled with a blood red liquid. He eyes it and the other drinks.

ROCHESTER (CONT'D)

Friends, raise your glasses. To the
good health of all of you and may
many wonderful adventures rise up
to greet you.

All attempt to recite the long toast, mumbling at different speeds and inserting their own words where they can't remember the toast.

ROCHESTER (CONT'D)

To adventure!

ALL

To adventure!

They all drink, except John who keeps looking at his glass in comparison to the others. They close in around him, egged on by Rochester.

ROCHESTER

Drink friend drink.

John feels the pressure, hesitating.

ALL (SINGING)

Drink. Drink. Drink to adventure.

John pauses.

JOHN

Stop! I can't take musicals! (Beat)
If I don't drink what will happen?

ROCHESTER

If you refuse to toast you will
return to your home and live out
your reality. If you join the
toast, you will open Pandora's box
and experience all it contains.

John slowly draws the glass to his mouth.

ROCHESTER (CONT'D)

John, I'm only offering you the truth.

John makes his choice.

JOHN

Catch me when I fall. To adventure!

John downs the drink. They stand watching him, expectantly. After a few seconds, their faces become blurry and John is caught by Mo and Moon as he collapses.

EXT. FAT LADY, ENGLISH CHANNEL - DAY

The Fat Lady sails, the Cornish coast in the distance.

INT. JOHN'S CABIN, FAT LADY - NIGHT

John wakes up on a bed with frilly pink covers. He gets up, in his underpants, scans the cabin: A desk with a jug of water, spliff in ashtray, a globe Earth and his laptop on it. His clothes hang on a rail beside a shelf of books.

He feels the motion of the boat and holds on to book shelf in abject fear.

To take his mind off the sea motion, he browses the books, [add a couple of funny Fat Book titles] He picks up, FAT EARTH - A WELL-ROUNDED HISTORY, sits on the floor and begins to read.

FROM THE DAWN OF HISTORY, HUMANS FROM ALL CULTURES BELIEVED THE EARTH TO BE ROUND. THEN, AROUND THE 16TH CENTURY UNDERCOVER SATANISTS KNOWN AS JESUITS BEGAN PROMOTING THE "FLAT EARTH" THEORY, WITH FAMOUS JESUIT, COPERNICUS, CLAIMING THE EARTH WAS FLAT IN HIS "BOOK OF NON-NOTIONS", RELEASED SHORTLY BEFORE HIS DEATH.

Intrigued, John opens the laptop and searches "Fat Earth" online. He clicks on the video "200 proofs the Earth is a Spinning Globe" by WILL DA GRASS.

WILL DA GRASS (V.O.)

1. The horizon always appears perfectly curved 360 degrees around the observer regardless of altitude. All amateur, balloon rocket, plane and drone footage show a completely curved horizon over 20 plus miles high.

(MORE)

WILL DA GRASS (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Only NAZA and other government space agencies show flatness with their fake cgi photos and videos.

2. The horizon always falls from the eye level of the observer as altitude is gained so you always have to look down to see it. If earth were in fact flat no matter how large, as you ascended the horizon would rise too and the observer would have to look straight ahead to see the horizon no matter how high he went.

3. The natural physics of water is to find and maintain its curve. If earth were a flat motionless plane then oceans and large bodies of water demonstrating curvature would not exist here. But since Earth is in fact a sphere this fundamental physical property of water finding and remaining curved is consistent with experience and common sense.

John looks at the water in the jug, flat. He looks at a beach sunset photo on his laptop showing the flat horizon. He runs a tennis ball under a tap then watches the water drip off.

John smokes, contemplating what he has seen.

EXT. APOD HQ, LAS PALMAS - NIGHT

An imposing building with a sign saying ACCEPT PEACE OR DIE over a Fat Earth logo.

INT. APOD HQ, LAS PALMAS - (CONT'D)

DERRICK UBUY, slim white male, balances on a medicine ball while expertly eating natto with only one chopstick. A LOIN-CLOTHED MAN performs a sound bath session, with candles and soft rainbow lights illuminating the stylish decor.

On the wall a detailed Flat Earth World Map; Books fill shelves and a large snow globe, showing the cycles of the moon and sun on a flat earth, sits on a table.

A soft pulsating beep is heard, drawing Derrick's attention.

DERRICK

Dyslexa?

DYSLEXA (V.O.)

Sir, your scheduled call with the Leaders will commence in 2 minutes.

DERRICK

Set up the call.

A computer screen projects onto a descending glass screen in front of a desk as Derrick dismounts from the medicine ball. PERSONAL ASSISTANT(PA), sexy female, appears to hand a towel to Derrick and take his natto and chopstick as he sits behind the desk.

Derrick sips a glass of cucumber and lemon water as the screen connects to a video call. FOUR MEN connect to the call, with tag names: ORIENTAL LEADER, EUROPEAN LEADER, AMERICAN LEADER, AFRICAN LEADER.

The Oriental leader face is sideways on a table being squashed by the patented leather boot heel of a dominatrix.

The European leader is tied up with metal sexual torture tools appearing on screen before heading south.

The American Leader wears a baby cap, mittens and bib and sucks on a bottle.

The African Leader is dressed in Spandex with a "Who's your Daddy now?" tattoo on his forehead.

DERRICK (CONT'D)

Welcome most esteemed Evil Leaders.
Shall we commence with news of our evil progress?

AMERICAN LEADER

I passed a law allowing us to steal bank accounts of every citizen for any reason I wish to use.

All five laugh and make primal sounds of approval.

DERRICK

Dearest American Leader, that is heart-chilling evil. I am always in awe of your excellent evil.

American Leader basks in the praise.

ORIENTAL LEADER

I appwaud our American Comwade on achieving the gweat evil... that we achieved rast year. Wecentri, we successfuwy activated the chips in the "baccines" (all laugh manically) in 20% of the prebs as per phase 2 of Operation Moron. Samuel Smith's new single sold 10 million copies across the Asian continent last week.

Derrick shudders at the mention of Samuel Smith while the others sound their approval.

DERRICK

Most esteemed Oriental Leader, I am humbled in the presence of your most wise evil.

EURO LEADER

As per phase 2 of Operation Moron, our plebians are now so confused they believe they are neither male or female. (All laugh manically) We have also successfully programmed them to attack any individual that questions the flatness of the Earth or indeed any of our plans.

Derrick claps like a duracell bunny.

ALL

Bravo, bravo.

AFRICA LEADER

We have digitalized the currencies of 80% of our nations, as per PHASE FOUR of Operation Moron (Pause for benefit of the other leaders). And just for the thrill of watching our plebians suffer, we made the paper currencies worthless, wiping out life savings of over 100 million plebians.

All laugh manically.

DERRICK

You make my psychopathic tentacles tingle with excitement, my most dreaded Evil Leaders.

AFRICA LEADER

Tell us Prime Servant Ubuy, what news of the Fattie Rebel Forces?

DERRICK

Our APOD patrols have detected no rogue ships in the Southern Oceans for over 2 years and no significant operational cells on dry land.

The Leaders nod approvingly.

DERRICK (CONT'D)

However, we have learned of a new voyage being planned. We will crush them when they arrive here for fresh supplies.

EURO LEADER

Who are these Fat terrorists?

DERRICK

Just a few of the usual irrelevant Fatties. Moon Wave, Mohammad Jesus Goldberg, Cyril Whiteface, Hope Springs and a newbie, John Stone. They are led by Rochester Saxa-Coburg Gotha.

All Four Leaders gasp.

AMERICAN LEADER

John Stone? Dear Satan, save us from this force of nature!

EURO LEADER

I thought we killed him when he was IN antarctica?

ASIAN LEADER

No, I thought we were keeping him in eternal solitary.

DERRICK

Do not worry about this John Stone. All is going according to plan and I am personally taking charge of the attack.

AMERICAN LEADER

Do not underestimate John Stone...
or your last breath will be
watching me eating your still
beating heart at the Grove's
Midsummer Festival.

Derrick shudders.

DERRICK

I will not fail you.

INT. JOHN'S CABIN, FAT LADY - DAY

John does squats in his underpants, rippling muscles. There's a knock on the door.

JOHN

Come in.

Moon enters as John stands and wipes off sweat with a towel. On seeing John, Moon purrs and grips John's bicep. John moves away, dressing quickly.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Are you alright?

Moon cools herself with a hand fan.

MOON

Err yes, just a little hot. How are you settling in?

JOHN

Fine.

MOON

Rochester has high hopes for you.
He is sure that you are The One.

John stares at Moon.

JOHN

What is The One?

MOON

Not what but who. Time will tell.
(Beat). I worry for you John, this
voyage is fraught with danger.

JOHN

I have no choice, I have to find my
wife.

MOON

She is a lucky woman to have such a handsome devoted husband.

JOHN

No I'm the lucky one. She's a special lady.

MOON

And you're special too, well according to my Farter, I mean according to Rochester.

The boat lunges and a traumatised John curls up in foetal position. Moon puts a gentle hand on his shoulder.

MOON (CONT'D)

John, what's the matter?

John grips his stomach as Moon strokes his neck.

JOHN

It's, it's been a long time since I sailed.

MOON

You'll be OK. We all know of your heroics on reaching Antarctica with your wife. That talent is inside you and you can't lose it. I believe in you.

JOHN

Th... th... that's kind of you.

They share a moment. Moon breaks it.

MOON

Please come and join the crew when you're ready.

Moon gets up to leave.

JOHN

Moon. (She turns) Can we keep what happened here between us?

MOON

Nothing happened here.

Moon smiles and leaves.

INT. THE FAT LADY, CONTROL DECK - (CONT'D)

The sea shanty "Johnny, I Hardly Knew Ya" plays. John walks onto a spacious deck. Around a large table Hope sits reading, Cyril draws navigation charts, Moon makes origami and Mo sits building a spliff.

As John sees the rolling ocean waves through a porthole, he grabs a handrail, breathes deeply then moves gingerly toward the table.

MO

Jah! He has risen. Welcome on board. There's coffee in the pot and a spliff in the pipeline.

John sits and pours a coffee, hands shaking. Moon looks up and smiles at John.

CYRIL

We're on our way. It won't be long until we soaring across the Ice Shelf!

JOHN

Good, the sooner the better. In the unlikely event we breakthrough APOD's defences, what do you hope to find there?

CYRIL

Come on Jonathon, dear boy, don't be coy. Use your noggin.

JOHN

You believe you will discover that the Earth is Fat?

CYRIL

Belief is for Flatheads! No no, we are going to prove the Earth is Fat.

JOHN

What makes you so sure?

Hope puts her book down.

HOPE

What makes you so sure it's flat?

JOHN

Err, well because it is. Photos, videos. Science.

HOPE

Photos and videos are not necessarily real. Look out the window, what do you see?

John looks out the window and retches swallowing vomit. The waves rise and fall. He makes a wave gesture, too sick to speak.

HOPE (CONT'D)

True. But on a calm day what do you see?

John gestures a flat plane with his hand.

HOPE (CONT'D)

A flat horizon?

John nods.

HOPE (CONT'D)

A lie you've been taught to believe that you think you know is true. The truth is the Fat Earth is so big you can't see it's curve from the ground.

JOHN

Yet all the photos from planes and rockets show a flat horizon.

HOPE

Again, lies you have been taught. They use lenses to make the curve look flat, like a dish. Hence, the term, dish-eye lenses.

John gets agitated as the conversation continues.

JOHN

I've seen the flat horizon from planes with my own eyes!

HOPE

Oh yes, the old lie, "the horizon rises to meet eye level, whether at ground level, on a hill or in an airplane therefore it is flat". Again, the Earth is so big an airplane doesn't rise high enough to see its Fatness.

JOHN

You're bonkers.

John hunches over in his seat, sweating and breathing heavy. What he's hearing is too much to take. Mo gives Hope a reprimanding look and steps in.

MO

Don't worry about it, here.

Mo hands John a spliff, gratefully accepted.

MO (CONT'D)

Easy now. There's plenty of time for questions and real science.

John takes a super long inhale, holds it, breathes out. Then he looks at the four of them, their faces distorted and he realises he's trapped on this boat at sea with them. He begins to hyper-ventilate.

JOHN

No, this is insane, you're all insane. Get me outta here!

MOON

He's going into weed-induced shock denial.

HOPE

The Fat threshold is too much for him.

MOON

John, it's me, Moon. It's alright, please sit and relax.

Moon kneels in front of John patting him down in inappropriate places, trying to calm him.

MO

Ras clart Hope! Be more careful when sharing fat facts.

HOPE

If you can't stand the heat..

MOON

John, it's OK, just breath normally. Breath normally.

John's breathing speeds up.

MO

Y'see Hope, he's gonna go into full fat shock now.

HOPE

If he's "The One" that Rochester has been waiting for all these years, then this tiny amount of Fat truth shouldn't even be an issue.

John's lips are turning blue and he's shaking.

MOON

John, please, you gotta relax.

ROCHESTER (V.O.)

It's OK, let him faint. He needs time to adjust to his new reality.

Rochester, in a diamond studded sailor suit, pours a coffee and while sipping it, places his other hand on John's forehead. John immediately relaxes and falls asleep.

HOPE

See Mo, he ain't "The One".

MO

Yeah, well, neither are you!

Moon, Mo and Cyril look deflated while Rochester looks concerned.

INT. APOD HQ, LAS PALMAS - DAY

Derrick, in martial arts uniform, finishes practising wing chun by hauling a HUGE OPPONENT over his shoulder and pinning him to the floor before the opponent taps out. The two men rise and bow to each other and the opponent leaves.

Derrick removes his uniform, revealing sequin hot pants, and lies down on a massage table. PA, in a white clinical vest top and hot pants, oils up Derrick's body and begins massaging his back.

DERRICK

Oh yes, right there, that's the knot.

PA works the knot in John's shoulder.

PA

That is a tight knot Master. You bear the weight of the world on your shoulders.

DERRICK

Mmm, yes, I do. Oh that's good.

PA

It's an honour to serve you.

DERRICK

Yes of course. What do you know of the Fat Earth Theory?

PA tenses then tries to recites from memory.

PA

Fat Earth is an aquariated, no, an antiquated and scientifically disputed, no dis-proven belief that the World is a sphere.

DERRICK

Yes I know the programmed line too recite, however, what do you think? What have you researched yourself?

PA

My own research?

DERRICK

Yes, your own line of questioning using your own mind?

PA

Well...

DERRICK

Don't be afraid. I'm not judging you. This is an open conversation.

PA

Well I did look at a few videos many years ago.

DERRICK

And what did you learn?

PA

Well I thought the idea of gravity made some sense.

Derrick cannot hide his irritation.

DERRICK

The theory of gravity makes some sense? More sense than the scientifically proven explanation of density and buoyancy?

PA backtracks.

PA

Well no, I mean at that time it made sense, but now, no, not at all, nowhere near as much sense as density and buoyancy.

Derrick tries to calm himself.

DERRICK

Does gravity explain how an orange floats in water, but a peeled orange sinks? Or why the force of gravity happens to a brick thrown in the air but magically fails to happen to a helium balloon rising in the air?

PA doesn't know what to do or say.

DERRICK (CONT'D)

We know and can prove that water always finds its level, look at the water I pour into this glass.

Derrick pours water from a jug, the water finds it level.

DERRICK (CONT'D)

You see, proof with your own eyes. How does one prove the nonsense that billions of tonnes of water are held to the surface of a ball by "a theory" however a helium balloon can opt out of that theory with no exertion?

PA

Yes, that is confusing.

DERRICK

The theory of gravity is confusing. The provable demonstrable fact of density and buoyancy is clear and enlightening.

PA

Yes master. I try not to think too much about such matters.

DERRICK

Yes, best you focus on the massage.

The PA starts crying as she massages Derrick.

DERRICK (CONT'D)
Stop it! What is it?

PA
Sorry, it's just your compassion is
so deep that I'm overwhelmed.

DERRICK
OK, well that's understandable.

PA
Would Master like a happy ending?

Derrick turns on to his back in seeming readiness for a happy ending, but holds up his wrist watch and taps a red button named THE VACCINATOR. A red mark appears on PA's temple and she collapses to the floor.

DERRICK
A massage is spiritual moment that
cannot be experienced if one
succumbs to the carnal pleasures it
sometimes arouses. (Beat) Dyslexa,
I need a NEW PA.

DYSLEXA (V.O.)
Understood Master. New PA deep thaw
commencing.

EXT. FAT LADY DECK - DAY

The sun shines on the FAT LADY as she cuts through the rolling ocean waves. Rochester, in pink speedos, lies on a recliner, sipping a cocktail. Cyril, in Cambridge boater hat and suit, plays bartender. John, seasick, joins them.

ROCHESTER
You look... better? Still
acclimatizing?

John pukes into a bucket.

JOHN
I guess so.

ROCHESTER
Been a while since you sailed?

JOHN
Yes.

ROCHESTER

Have a drink? (Off his look) May as well as indulge these quiet moments while we have them.

Cyril hands John a cocktail.

CYRIL (ANTIQUATED ENGLISH ACCENT)

Jonathon, would you mind if I ask you some rather personal but pertinent questions?

John nods OK.

CYRIL (CONT'D)

As I understand it, you voyaged to the Antarctic with your wife.

JOHN

Yes.

CYRIL

And you mounted the ice shelf?

JOHN

Yes.

CYRIL

How far did you get?

JOHN

A few hundred miles.

CYRIL

And how were you caught?

FLASHBACK

INT. TENT, ANTARCTICA - NIGHT

John and Monica, wrapped in sleeping bags holding steaming mugs of cocoa. The walls flap and winds howl.

JOHN (V.O.)

Well it was during a fierce storm. We had made camp just in time and were sheltering in our tent. Monica was a great singer and she sung a soothing hymn.

Monica screeches a rendition of Kum Ba Ya.

JOHN (V.O.)

Just then we heard a roaring noise outside. It was hard to tell what it was, the storm was deafening. Monica stopped singing. I said I'll go and check, however Monica, being my Captain, refused and went to look herself.

Monica touches up her lipstick, sprays perfume.

MONICA

Wait here.

She unzips the tent and rushes out into the dark storm.

JOHN (V.O.)

I waited and waited. After a third cup of delicious hot cocoa, I began to get worried as Monica had not returned so I garnered the courage to step outside to check on my beautiful captain.

John stands outside the tent in the snowstorm.

FLASHBACK ENDS

EXT. FAT LADY DECK - (CONT'D)

ROCHESTER

My Lord, that's horrific. You must have been worried sick.

CYRIL

Where on earth did your wife run off to?

ROCHESTER

God damn Cyril, show some sensitivity! He's sharing his deepest pain!

JOHN

No it's OK, it's been a long time and it's good to speak of this.

FLASHBACK

EXT. TENT, ANTARCTICA - NIGHT

John, crying, drinking a hot cup of cocoa.

FLASHBACK ENDS

EXT. FAT LADY DECK - (CONT'D)

JOHN

I desperately tried to think where
she could be.

John pulls a sextant necklace from under his shirt.

JOHN (CONT'D)

I gave a replica of this to Monica
on our wedding day. One for me, one
for her.

CYRIL

So how was she rediscovered?

EXT. TENT, ANTARCTICA - DAY

JOHN (V.O.)

Well I woke one morning and the
storm had passed. Suddenly I heard
a loudspeaker.

An APOD snowmobile is outside the tent, TWO GUARDS aim rifles
at the tent.

APOD GUARD

You are on restricted territory.
Exit the tent with your hands above
your head.

The tent opens and John leaves, hands above his head. He is
knocked out with an unnecessary punch from one of the guards.

JOHN (V.O.)

I woke up in a padded cell. I
thought I would remain there, being
tortured, for the rest of my days.

John groaning in padded jacket, eyelids prized open, ball in
mouth, forced to watch a density and buoyancy cartoon showing
a brick being dropped to a floor and a helium balloon being
released and rising to the ceiling.

CARTOON NARRATOR (V.O.)

What makes the brick falls?
Density. The provable law that
states an object that is heavier
than it's surrounding environment
will fall. What makes the helium
balloon rise? Buoyancy. The
provable law that states an object
that is lighter than its
surrounding environment will rise.

JOHN (V.O.)

But one day, my captain returned
and saved me.

A dishevelled Monica, depressed and heartbroken, walks into
John's cell with the two APOD guards, and nods when the
guards point at John, before turning for the exit,
uninterested, as they untie him.

JOHN (V.O.)

She came through for me and we were
sent back to our regular lives with
a stern warning to never return.

Rochester sips his cocktail through a straw.

ROCHESTER

What did I tell you Cyril? He is
The One!

SILLY (V.O.)

We will dock in one hour.

ROCHESTER

OK crew, time to prepare.

INT. FAT LADY, DECK - DAY

Moon, Mo and Cyril prepare backpacks and dress in grey
cloaks. Rochester and John sit around the table.

ROCHESTER

Aye aye me hearties! We'll soon be
docking at Las Palmas De Gran
Canaria to collect the last of our
stocks. It's gonna be a quick in
and a quick out, like one of those
times when your partner is washing
dishes and their rigorous scrubbing
gets you all heated up to the point
where you both just gotta have it.

Hope enters and drops several semi automatic guns on the table.

HOPE

All of you grab a gun and conceal it. We're sure to end up in a gun fight here.

Moon chooses two semi-automatic rifles, checks one is loaded and prepped, handing it to John, while she checks her weapon.

MOON

Hope is a tad melodramatic and, ironically, a nihilist.

JOHN

But why the guns? Who are you gonna have a gun fight with?

MOON

Zis port also serves as APOD's main operational base and zey are ze last people we want knowing our business. Zis is a small precaution against potential attacks.

JOHN

I've never used or wanted to use one of these. I'll live without it.

John puts his gun back down on the table.

EXT. LAS PALMAS PORT - DAY

Tension building music plays throughout. Dressed in grey hooded robes, Rochester, Moon, Mo, Hope, Cyril and John, walk through a bustling multicultural port.

SNAKE CHARMERS and MERCHANTS vociferously sell rugs, foods, wedgewood crockery, guns, VR headsets, bonsai trees in a square surrounded by picturesque Spanish colonial buildings.

DOZENS of burly APOD UNIFORMED GUARDS bully and terrorize everyone in their path, rocket launchers, automatic weapons and cartridge belts causally draped over their torsos Rambo style.

The CREW feel the eyes of the guards on them.

HOPE

If there's one thing I hate more than anything on this ball it's those damn Apod fascist commies.

With four guards ahead, Rochester takes a left and leads the crew down a small alley. The guards follow quickly.

EXT. ALLEY, LAS PALMAS - (CONT'D)

TWO MORE GUARDS stand at the entrance to a bar. Rochester halts suddenly causing a domino effect as the single file crew bump into the person in front. The four guards close in.

ROCHESTER
Damn these APOD guards.

CYRIL
I got this.

Hope takes the lead, walking purposefully toward the two guards, the others follow.

Cyril walks straight up to the guards, removing his hood.

GUARD ONE
What is your business here?

CYRIL
We are just passing through. You have no need to know.

He throws her hand, Jedi style. The guards start laughing.

CYRIL (CONT'D)
Death awaits us all.

Cyril pulls the blue ice face. The guards move aside, leaving the entrance clear.

GUARD ONE
We have no need to know.

Cyril enters the bar, the crew hurrying in behind him.

INT. BAR - (CONT'D)

An assortment of SHIFTY FOLKS talk in hushed tones in small groups. A SUPER THIN WOMAN serves behind the bar, A MUSICIAN plays space jazz keyboard in the corner.

Rochester removes his hood and seeks out someone. He sees a plump middle-aged black male, WILL DA GRASS, sitting in a booth knitting and heads toward him. The crew follow.

Approaching the table, Will looks up, puts down his knitting, and greets Rochester with the Fat Earth gesture.

WILL
May the Fat be with you.

ROCHESTER
May the Fat be with you.

Each crew member except John, repeat the greeting and gesture before sitting. They speak in hushed tones.

ROCHESTER (CONT'D)
I believe you know every one of my crew except this fine specimen of a man. (Indicates John) This is John Stone. John, this is the greatest Fat Earth teacher, Will Da Grass.

Will places his hand on John's heart, or is it his nipple? He's feeling out his soul.

WILL
Yes, yes, a fine specimen indeed.

John removes Will's hand and places it on the table, giving Mo a WTF look. Mo hands him the spliff that he's smoking.

JOHN
I've watched some of your videos.

WILL
Good man, a great resource of learning the truth, even if I say so myself! So how long have you been a (makes the Fat Earth gesture) Fat Earther?

John is uncomfortable, all eyes on him.

JOHN
I'm not sure.

WILL
Over 5 years, less than a year?

JOHN
No, I'm not sure I'm a Fat Earther.

Will and the rest religiously make the Fat Earth Gesture on hearing it. Hope can't repress her angry nihilism.

HOPE
Let's ditch this flat-headed moron's body here and leave him to APOD. It's where he belongs.

Rochester makes calming gestures.

WILL

Please sister, John gives an honest answer. How else do you expect an ignorant brainwashed baboon to react? It takes time and a discerning mind to free oneself from the indoctrination we have all received since birth. The dish shaped earth in every classroom, the "Water always find its level" mantra, the dish-eye lens photos from space, a ceaseless assault of lies programming to imprison our naturally open minds.

The crew listen glowingly to the fountain of wisdom from Will's mouth.

WILL (CONT'D)

As soon as one speaks out to share the Fat Earth (all except John make gesture) that your eyes see, the programming is so deep that most folks just jump on you, ridiculing you for even thinking such "nonsense".

ROCHESTER

I've missed your pearls of wisdom.

WILL

And I've missed your parties! Mo, get your lips around this special mix my lab came up with.

Will passes Mo a bag of purple weed.

MO

Man always delivers, y'nah.

ROCHESTER

Folks, tonight we're gonna party... all night long!

Rochester, Mo, Will, Moon and Cyril sing and dance to the space jazz, while John stares. Hope checks outside the windows. Six APOD guards stare menacingly back at her.

HOPE

Our pursuers are waiting.

The crew stop dancing and sit down keeping a low profile.

HOPE (CONT'D)

I'd say we're one dance too late.

INT. APOD HQ, LAS PALMAS - NIGHT

Derrick sits silhouetted against a neon backlit window in an unlit room. A phone rings.

DERRICK

Dyslexa, answer call. (Beat) What news?

NEW PA (V.O.)

They have docked and we have their location surrounded.

DERRICK

Wait until I arrive to detain them.

Derrick stands, wearing a karate uniform. He ties a Japanese fight bandana around his forehead.

EXT. ALLEY, LAS PALMAS - NIGHT

The crew sit sheepishly in the booth.

ROCHESTER

Hope, check to see if the guards have left yet.

Hope looks out the window. THIRTY APOD GUARDS stand outside.

HOPE

There's more than ever out there. We're doomed.

CYRIL

No. This is where we fight.

Cyril stands and practices Wing Chun moves. Rochester, then Will, then Moon joins him. Mo comically mimics them. John looks at Hope for some sanity.

JOHN

If we're doomed let's go down fighting.

John stands, holds his hand out in invitation to Hope. Hope stands and pulls her gun out. John puts his hand on the shaft.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Let's do this old skool style.

EXT. BAR - CONTINUOUS

The crew leave the bar and an MMA FIGHT ensues. APOD Guards trade MMA moves, evenly matched with the Crew.

Derrick arrives on a TUK-TUK pulled by a JAPANESE WOMAN in traditional clothing. He jumps off and begins stretching.

MORE GUARDS enter the fight and each crew member is under serious pressure. Derrick joins the fight, dropping Cyril before engaging with Will. They fight furiously.

WILL DA GRASS
Plane old Derrrrrick, I'm surprised to see you. Not hiding behind your guards tonight?

Will throws a flurry of kicks and punches, Derrick blocking all easily.

DERRICK
Will Da Fat Ass, I'm surprised you haven't fallen off your ball yet.

Will connects with a chop to Derrick's neck, stunning him. Will makes the Fat Earth gesture in celebration. Derrick recovers and sweeps Will's legs from under him.

DERRICK (CONT'D)
That was a plane sweep and this is the death drop.

Derrick jumps and spins and is about to drop his elbow on Will's head, however, the hooded Hope does a double-handed push and Derrick is thrown to floor, recovering with a roll. He and Hope throw punches furiously at each other.

Hope's hood flies off after Derrick connects a punch to her solar plexus. Derrick goes for the follow up but stops when he and Hope connect eyes. Will whacks Derrick and he drops to the floor.

The Guards back the crew into a corner. They are fighting for their lives. Derrick only has eyes for Hope. He returns to the fight knocks out a guard who is fighting her leaving an escape route for her and the crew. Cyril sees the opening.

CYRIL (TO CREW)
Hearty crew, this way!

Cyril leads the crew out of the melee. Hope pauses momentarily to lock eyes with Derrick as she passes. Heart swelling music plays, Korean drama style, as they lock eyes in slo-mo. The guards give chase.

EXT. LAS PALMAS PORT - (CONT'D)

Cyril and Hope lead the crew, and Will, through the still bustling market, APOD guards hot on their tail.

EXT. FAT LADY - (CONT'D)

The crew rush on board and prepare to leave fast. Hope, attracted by an inner calling, turns to see Derrick sitting in the tuk-tuk, closing toward the boat.

HOPE

Who are you?

Mo and the others hoist sails, etc as the ship leaves the dock.

The tuk-tuk arrives and Derrick coolly jumps off watching the Fat Lady leave. His eyes are hypnotised on Hope's silhouette looking back at him.

DERRICK

Who are you?

EXT. LAS PALMAS PORT - NIGHT

A luxury yacht, PLANE JANE over a Flat Earth Logo, emblazoned on its hull, docks beside Derrick, who jumps on board.

EXT. FAT LADY, OCEAN - (CONT'D)

The Fat Lady speeds on the ocean. Moon, Mo and Hope handle the ropes.

EXT. PLANE JANE, OCEAN - (CONT'D)

Plane Jane speeds on the ocean. In the distance is the Fat Lady.

INT. FAT LADY - (CONT'D)

Cyril is at the wheel with Rochester, Will and John beside him in the cockpit looking at the radar as the Green Dot that is Plane Jane gets closer.

ROCHESTER

They're gaining. Engage the booster rockets.

Cyril presses a large red button and all are thrown backwards as the boat launches forward.

INT. PLANE JANE - (CONT'D)

The deck is super high tech and clean, like the Starship Enterprise. Derrick looks at the radar as the Green Dot that is the Fat Lady moves further away.

DERRICK

New PA, launch the super booster.

NEW PA, young male, appears from a cupboard, walks across the deck and presses the SUPER BOOSTER button which is within arms reach of Derrick. The radar screen shows the Fat Lady coming closer to the centre of the screen.

EXT. OCEAN

Plane Jane gets close to the Fat Lady.

INT. FAT LADY, DECK

Cyril holds the wheel as Rochester, Will and John watch as Plane Jane closes in on the radar.

WILL DA GRASS

We need more speed!

CYRIL

There is nothing more she can give!

The four men look out the window and see Plane Jane alongside them dwarfing the Fat Lady.

JOHN

We can't outrun that.

Rochester calmly walks outside.

EXT. FAT LADY, OCEAN

Moon, Mo and Hope are moving the sails desperately to get more speed, however, Plane Jane remains glued beside them. Hope looks over at Plane Jane and clocks eyes on Derrick through his window.

ROCHESTER

Moon, do you think you can do your special surf move?

Moon stops pulling the rope and looks at Rochester.

MOON

It's worth a try.

Moon grabs her surfboard and ties a rope to it. Rochester stands close to her at the front of the ship.

ROCHESTER

Be careful meine liebe Tochter.

MOON

I will mein lieber Vater.

Moon jumps into the water with her surfboard and begins surfing the waves. Miraculously she is faster than the boats and she pulls the Fat Lady clear of Plane Jane. Mo and Rochester cheer and Hope manages a wry smile.

INT. PLANE JANE, OCEAN

Derrick watches through the window as the Fat Lady moves into the distance. His eyes are locked on Hope. New PA is at the controls.

NEW PA

Master, I have our missile locked on target. Shall we remove these Fatties from the plane of the Earth?

Annoyed to have his concentration broken, Derrick taps his smart watch. The vaccinator button appears on screen, however, Derrick deep breathes and calms himself.

DERRICK

No, I do not think that will be necessary.

Derrick turns back to watch the Fat Lady disappear into the distance.

DYSLEXA (V.O.)
Incoming call from The Leaders.

Derrick turns to a screen. The Four leaders are on the video call.

AMERICAN LEADER
Prime Servant, what news of the renegades?

DERRICK
There was an incident and they escaped our Guards. However, we are pursuing them and once they reach the APOD ring they will have nowhere left to go.

EURO LEADER
Well you better catch them. You know the price if you fail.

DERRICK
Yes I know, I know.

AFRICA LEADER
Don't worry Derrick, I do not mind if you fail.

Derrick looks suspicious.

DERRICK
Really? Why's that?

AFRICA LEADER
Well, you're a healthy strong man. I imagine your freshly beating heart will be quite the delicacy at the Grove's Midsummer Festival.

The leaders laugh manically while Derrick laughs nervously.

AMERICAN LEADER
Yo Derrick, you gotta promise me your fear-dilated eyeballs.
(Giggles)

DERRICK
I'm not planning on failing.

ORIENTAL LEADER
Of course, of course, however our American Reader is pranning, just in case you fail, so you must promise him.

DERRICK

Ok, I promise.

EURO LEADER

Promise what?

DERRICK

I promise you my eyes IF I am sacrificed at the Grove's Midsummer Festival.

ORIENTAL LEADER

Good, now promise me your tortured fear-shrunken balls.

DERRICK

Jesus! OK, I promise you my balls IF I am sacrificed.

ORIENTAL LEADER

How about you two? Anything you especially want to order?

Africa and Euro leader um and ah.

AFRICA LEADER

I'll share the brain.

ORIENTAL LEADER

Thank you, very generous of you.

AFRICA LEADER

Though only if we can eat it while you are still alive.

DERRICK

Yeah yeah, I promise, etc.

EURO LEADER

Any chance of your liver and kidneys.

DERRICK

Be my guest. Anything else?

AMERICAN LEADER

Wait wait! My bad Red Shield. Totally forgot to mention the rumour.

Euro Leader groans in upset.

DERRICK

What rumour?

AMERICAN LEADER

Rumour says you let them escape
back at the port.

DERRICK

What? No, never! I'm trying to
catch them!

AMERICAN LEADER

Well that may be true....still You
know the price for a rumour against
you. Which do you choose?

Derrick resigns himself to his fate.

DERRICK

Kidney.

AFRICA LEADER

Sorry Red Shield, just the liver
for you, but you can share the
brain too.

Derrick pulls up his shirt as next PA appears with a medieval
tray of rusty knives, a dirty old cloth and a bottle of rum.
Derrick takes the rum, splashes some around his kidney and
necks a large amount.

DERRICK

Go on then.

Derrick places the dirty cloth between his teeth and grimaces
in pain as blood splatters across his face.

New PA shows the Leaders Derrick's kidney. Derrick holds his
side, recovering.

EURO LEADER

Looks good to me. Everyone
satisfied?

The leaders nod in agreement.

EURO LEADER (CONT'D)

Remember the Midsummer Festival at
the Grove awaits you, should you
fail us.

Euro Leader ends the call. Derrick is sweating. New PA is
blubbering.

NEW PA

So sorry Master, you know I had no choice. I hope it wasn't too painful.

Derrick smiles through his pain.

DERRICK

It's OK, you did well.

New PA relaxes with relief.

NEW PA

Oh thank you master, you are so merciful. Truly, the most merci

Derrick presses the Vaccinator button on his watch, New PA slumps to the floor.

DERRICK

Dyslexa, I need ANOTHER PA.

DYSLEXA (V.O.)

Thawing process commencing.

EXT. PLANE JANE, DECK - (CONT'D)

Derrick shows impressive physicality balancing yoga poses as the ship cuts through the large Southern waves. NEW PA, motherly, holds onto a rail as waves crash on him, causing him to lose balance.

The new PA reaches Derrick, trying to catch his attention without looking at him.

NEW PA

Sir. Sir!

Derrick is put off and loses his balance. He raises his finger instinctively to zap her, but relents.

DERRICK

Update me your wretched excuse for a human.

NEW PA

We will not catch the Fat Lady before they enter the Tropic of Capricorn. The APOD Antarctic Defence Force are maneuvering into position and will be ready to intercept by noon tomorrow.

DERRICK
Tell me when they are in position.

NEW PA
Yes sir.

The new PA hangs around sheepishly. Derrick can't hide his annoyance.

DERRICK
What?

NEW PA
I just want to say it is an honour
and a lifelong dream to be working
with you sir.

DERRICK
Yes you are most fortunate. Now get
out of my sight.

He wafts her away.

INT. FAT LADY DECK - NIGHT

All crew sit around the main table. Hope is opposite Will, who sits beside Rochester, a large Fat Earth map of the Southern Ocean between them. Model APOD ships & containers are used like generals discussing war fronts.

ROCHESTER
Ladies, Gentlemen, the path ahead.

Moon exhales LOUDLY at the gender bias.

ROCHESTER (CONT'D)
Excuse me. My fellow humans, we
will shortly arrive at the most
crucial moment of our expedition
thus far. The APOD ships are the
finest in the world and, using
radar, they create a "ring of
death" for anyone daring to venture
south of the tropic of Capricorn.

Rochester moves in on John in his sexually, touchy-feely creepy way.

ROCHESTER (CONT'D)
The smouldering fire of unexploded
passion that is Mr. John Stone.
(MORE)

ROCHESTER (CONT'D)

As the only person here to have travelled to the Antarctic, how best do we bypass these APOD ships? (Strokes the APOD model ships) These formidable enemy, sexually attractive in a metallic way, stands in our way, flaunting their phallic missiles at us. How did you escape them John?

John moves out of the Rochester's reach.

JOHN

We were lucky.

Rochester closes in and massages John's shoulders.

ROCHESTER

How so?

JOHN

Well, err, we got close to a super container during a storm. We struggled to escape its suction and by the time we did escape it, the storm had subsided and we were clear of the APOD ships, well on our way to the Antarctic coast. Though I don't recommend it. We were super lucky to escape.

ROCHESTER

It does sound like the sort of dangerous manoeuver that only John Stone could pull off.

CYRIL

Sounds like a suicide mission to me. Right up your street Hope?

Hope smiles.

ROCHESTER

Any better suggestions?

WILL

Outrun them!

HOPE

That would be certain death. Their missiles have a range of 1000 miles. We would be sitting dogs.

EMILY

Sitting ducks.

MO

Where?

WILL

Nothing is certain. They could miss and we could outrun them. You must believe!

HOPE

Oh, I do believe. I believe we will be blasted into dust if we try to outrun them.

ROCHESTER

Well, what do you propose as an alternative?

HOPE

Follow a flat earth trajectory. (Beat). They will expect us to use a Fat Earth trajectory and will focus their ships in that area.

Rochester weighs up the suggestion.

ROCHESTER

Interesting idea.

WILL

For the love of Fat! We can't follow the Flatheads, we're Fatties!!

Rochester sways again to the annoyance of Hope.

ROCHESTER

Mmm, Cyril, map man, what do you think is best?

Cyril is wearing a croupier outfit with green head shade.

CYRIL

Our anti-radar paint will help to deflect our position somewhat, however, we cannot solely rely on this.

Cyril arranges the model APOD ships in a ring and moves the Fat Lady model up and then down diagonally toward Antarctica, passing next to three APOD models.

CYRIL (CONT'D)

This is the positions that Silly says the APOD ships will be in as we approach the tropic, following the Fat Earth trajectory. Silly says, if we catch a good wind we could expect to be 150 miles clear by the time we are detected and the nearest APOD ship (points to the model APOD ship with his casino chip scraper) is in range to fire. It is a high risk strategy.

ROCHESTER

And if we follow the Flat Earth trajectory?

Cyril rearranges the model boats. The Fat Lady moves in a direct line to the Antarctic passing far from three APOD models.

CYRIL

Silly says, we would be at least 700 miles clear of the nearest APOD ship at point of detection.

No one can deny the Flat Earth trajectory is the safer route.

HOPE

So do we follow the direct and safer line or do we "believe" and hope for the best?

Hope smiles smugly at Will.

WILL

Rochester, are you seriously going to consider such Flathead nonsense?

HOPE

It is only a route to follow, it doesn't mean we have suddenly become Flatheads!

WILL

Are you truly a Fattie?

This is the low blow that stuns everyone, even Hope.

WILL (CONT'D)

Well surely as Fatties we can't take THEIR route.

(MORE)

WILL (CONT'D)

Even if it seems the best measure temporarily, it muddies the waters of our consciousness.

HOPE

Who invited you on this trip anyway?

ROCHESTER

Now now, Hope. Will is our treasured guest and a fountain of Fat wisdom.

Will returns the smug smile to Hope.

ROCHESTER (CONT'D)

However, as much as it kills me to follow anything Flat, I do believe we will increase our chances of passing the APOD ships by following a flat earth trajectory.

Hope pulls a face at Will, who returns his own ridiculous face.

ROCHESTER (CONT'D)

And, once we get past them, we will be able to reach the ice shelf and prove once and for all, the Fatness of the Earth, which is what we are ALL here to prove. Cyril, plot the course and let's use this short free time to the best of our use.

HOPE

Plan our ascent on to the ice shelf and check our sails are all in good order for the battering the Southern Ocean offers?

ROCHESTER

Ugh, No! Let's party!

INT. FAT LADY, DECK - NIGHT

{Sly and the family stone plays} The crew party, drinks in hand. Will, Rochester, Moon and Cyril make a train. John and Mo smoke in a separate chill out area. Hope taps her finger, out of time, reading a book.

The song ends and Will stands swaying with Cyril, sexual touches throughout. Rochester and Hope sit close by while Moon watches John from afar.

WILL DA GRASS

I tell ya boy, you saved our assess
from an APOD prodding!

CYRIL

Why thank you Mr. Da Grass, I just
did my best to help the crew.

WILL DA GRASS

Call me Will as in Big Willy. (He
gropes Cyril's crotch). You were
amazing, like I's said, saved my
ass from a hammering.

CYRIL

I couldn't let the World's finest
fattie be captured by those APOD
scum! I just did what had to be
done.

WILL DA GRASS

Yes, you did. Saved me from that
nasty planer Derrick Ubuy!

Will shudders mentioning his name. Hope hears the name and
takes interest.

CYRIL

Oh I know, nasty man! I was about
to take him down in the fight...
but the mission of the crew is more
important.

ROCHESTER

For all his many misgivings,
Derrick Ubuy is an world class
Mixed Martial Artist. You did well
to find the escape route.

CYRIL

Like I said, ensuring the mission
was more important than achieving a
personal victory over Chief Nasty
Fattie.

HOPE

You couldn't take him down if you
tried, even in your dreams.

Cyril, Rochester and Will look at Hope in surprise.

HOPE (CONT'D)

What? It's true. Anyone could see the uneven match up in the fight and know who would win.

WILL DA GRASS

Woooo! Someone has crush on Nasty Fattie.

Hope goes bright red.

HOPE

No I don't! I'm just stating facts!

WILL DA GRASS

"Love is in the air"

Cyril, Rochester and Will start laughing then dancing to their a capella version. Hope flips them the finger and returns to her book "Don't Kid Yourself, We're All Doomed".

The chill out area is filled with Rasta paraphernalia. John and Mo sway in their seats to heavy dub as they pass a chillum between them.

MO

Yeah man, this is the life.

Mo passes the chillum to John, who unexpectedly refuses while rubbing his sextant necklace like a comfort blanket.

MO (CONT'D)

What's up man?

JOHN

I just got a lot on my mind.

MO

Yeah seen, seen. Memories of your last voyage to these ends?

JOHN

Yeah, it's all coming back to me and it didn't end well.

MO

Man, y'nah worry, you da only man to reach Antarctica independently in over 70 years. And this time round you got me as back up.

JOHN

You know how we got to Antarctica?

MO JAFAKAN VOICE

Yeah man, stuck to the giant shipping container and gave APOD's ships the slip in the storm. Genius move! You're a hero round here.

John can't take it no more.

JOHN

No! (Beat) We didn't stick close to that super container. We were hit by it in the storm.

MO

For real.

JOHN

I was knocked unconscious. When I regained consciousness we were within sight of the Ice Shelf. I don't know how we escaped the APOD ships or the storm.

Mo looks long and hard at John who breaks down.

JOHN (CONT'D)

I'm a charlatan.

Mo puts his hand on John's shoulder.

MO

Hey, country boy, what are you sad about? Everyday you make the sun come out! So what if you had a lucky break. Doesn't change the fact you reached Antarctica.

John looks up, manages a half smile from Mo's positive look.

JOHN

I guess you're right.

MO

Yeah man, I know I am. Now live up.

Mo hands the chillum and this time John takes it and has a big pull before coughing hard.

MO (CONT'D)

That's the way!

Moon joins the two in the chill out area.

MO (CONT'D)

Moon, come, come join the party.

Moon smiles at Mo and then John, who holds out the chillum.

MOON

Ooh, I haven't smoked since I was a teenager and never one of those.

MO

What! You've been missing out all this time!

Moon is still unsure.

MO (CONT'D)

No sweat. Plenty drinks too.

Mo gets up and dances to the bar.

MO (CONT'D)

What's your poison?

MOON

Vodka.

MO

Straight, on the rocks or me got soda water?

MOON

Rocks please.

MO

Coming right up.

Moon takes the chillum.

MOON

OK let's live.

Moon takes a hit on the chillum and coughs. John laughs and decides to enjoy himself, gets up dancing.

MO

Yes friends! Now we gonna live up!

Mo hands a drink to Moon.

MO (CONT'D)

Smooth your throat with this Sis.
To a fat future!

ALL
A fat future!

The three chink glasses and howl in excitement. They join the rest of the crew who are dancing wildly, except Hope. Rochester and Will try to grind everyone as they sing together.

ALL (CONT'D)
Apples are fat, Apes are fat.
Bubbles are fat, grapes are fat.
Balloons are fat, balls are fat.
Nuts are fat, butts are fat. The
Earth is fat, fat, fat. The Earth
is fat, fat, fat.

As the crew continue their partying to the song, Moon takes John by the hand and leads him away.

INT. PLANE JANE, DECK - NIGHT

Derrick holds a one arm hand stand, whilst looking a picture of Hope on the website ANNIHILISTS DISUNITED.

DERRICK
You are the purest ball
Rolling on the plane.
My heart beats for you
Like a bullet train.
I want to kiss your lips.
I don't wanna explain.
If the Earth was a diamond
Destroying my brain
I'd accept it willingly
For you I remain.

Derrick jumps into a standing position.

DERRICK (CONT'D)
Dyslexa, notify the APOD Defence
Force of the Fat Lady's current
location and estimated time of
arrival and follow her from a
distance.

DYSLEXA (V.O.)
It is done. Master, The Fat Lady
has entered a Cat 9 storm. We will
ride the outskirts, however
conditions will still be a little
uncomfortable.

DERRICK
No, follow the Fat Lady.

DYSLEXA (V.O.)
Understood.

DERRICK
Good. One more thing Dyslexa...

DYSLEXA (V.O.)
Yes Master?

DERRICK
Mmm... Can you find contact details
for the lady who rides aboard the
Fat Lady? Her name is... Hope

DYSLEXA (V.O.)
Yes Master.

Electronic brain whirring sounds.

DYSLEXA (V.O.)
Her digits are in your in-box.

Derrick blushes, embarrassed.

EXT. FAT LADY, STORMY OCEAN - DAY

Huge waves, ferocious winds and torrential rains, toss and
batter the Fat Lady over the Southern Ocean.

INT. FAT LADY, CABIN - (CONT'D)

Moon and John kiss passionately, drunkenly taking off each
other's clothes. Moon kisses John's chest, his face turns
serious.

JOHN
Moon, there's something I want to
share.

Moon continues kissing John's body.

MOON
Me too.

JOHN
No, before that. It's about my wife
and what happened toward the end.

Moon continues down to his stomach.

MOON

Talk as long as you want or can.

JOHN

Well, it'd be better if

John's stops talking and gives into desire.

INT. FAT LADY DECK - (CONT'D)

The boat lurches suddenly, however, in their high spirits Will, Rochester, Cyril and Mo only cheer with the movement. Hope looks up from her book. After a second and third lurch, Hope turns off the music.

HOPE

Silly, update on conditions please?

SILLY (V.O.)

We have entered a gigantic storm.
70 knots and increasing.

The boat lurches again, the crew are turned horizontal.

ROCHESTER

OK, crew, party's over. You all
know what to do.

MONTAGE

Fat Earth song continues, THE CREW (Minus John and Moon), drenched and battered by the storm, hang on to the rails for their lives. They pull sails down and up, swing the boom from side to side. Rochester screams at the sky dramatically.

John and Moon make love in ridiculous positions as the boat sways side to side, nearly horizontal.

As Plane Jane's deck rolls, Derrick finishes an amazing embroidered portrait of Hope, while Sound Bath Man hopelessly tries to play and hold on to his flying bells. Another PA is whacked by three bells as Plane Jane almost tips over.

Rochester waves semaphore flags; Cyril expends all energy to hold Mo, who we reveal, lighting a two foot spliff; Will steadies Cyril by the hips, totally unnecessary; Hope opens her beeping phone, reads Derrick's sonnet and smiles, lovestruck.

John and Moon continue making love in ridiculous positions.

Another PA holds onto a rail, horizontal while Derrick practices wing chun, his balance unaffected.

Cyril sees a super container directly ahead. He grabs the spinning wheel and manages to avoid it at the last moment.

Sailing alongside the container, the winds and waves instantly calm. The crew collapse with exhaustion. Fat Earth song finishes.

EXT. FAT LADY, OCEAN - DAY

Fat Lady sails on the calm ocean.

EXT. PLANE JANE - DAY

Plane Jane sails on the calm ocean.

EXT. SOUTHERN OCEAN - DAY

The Fat Lady sails at speed over the rolling ocean. In the far distance the APOD Warship, CLOAK AND DAGGER, moves into position.

EXT. FAT LADY DECK - (CONT'D)

A PIGEON sits on a rail. Mo approaches placing a plate of birdseed next to the pigeon, who eats.

MO

Hello my feathered friend, you've travelled a long way huh. You eat up and rest.

Mo unties a ridiculously large sack of weed from the pigeon's leg, then ties a roll of money onto the pigeon.

MO (CONT'D)

You take your time, have a siesta.

The pigeon gives Mo a hard stare.

MO (CONT'D)

Oh, my bad.

Mo pulls on his spliff and blows into the pigeon's face. The pigeon returns to eating, happier. Mo watches the pigeon.

LOUDSPEAKER (V.O.)

This is Precious Jewels, captain of the Cloak and Dagger, lead ship of APOD's Antarctic Defence Force. You are in unauthorized waters. Turn back now. If you do not you are very, very naughty and we will spank you with our long shiny batons.

Mo stares in shock at the pigeon then laughs.

MO

Whoa. Precious, huh? I'm Mo. So, you can do telepathy... and impressions. Cool y'nah. Guess that's how you homies find your way home.

INT. FAT LADY DECK - (CONT'D)

Moon and John cuddle at the table. Love struck Hope stares at a picture of Derrick on her phone. Will, Cyril, Rochester listen to the loudspeaker and look to each other.

PRECIOUS JEWELS (V.O.)

Remember, you are not permitted in these waters without a permit and we will show no mercy if we catch you. Our spanking is of the highest level. We train daily and delight in delivering pain to those naughty, rebellious Fatties who will not follow the Flat rules.

Will, Cyril and Rochester burst out laughing at the order.

ROCHESTER

I'm tempted to give us up just to get the spanking!

Will, in jockey silks and helmet, picks up a jockey's whip and starts spanking Rochester who roars with laughter.

WILL

Bend over you naughty, naughty man!

ROCHESTER

Whip me whip me! (He neighs)

INT. CLOAK AND DAGGER, DECK

PRECIOUS JEWELS, straight male wearing tight-fitting navy style one-piece, stands by the wheel pouting at NAVY WOMAN, dress/make up like Addicted to Love video, who sits stroking a phallic, flesh coloured joystick.

PRECIOUS JEWELS

Ooh.

NAVY WOMAN

Order me to grip the joystick and pull down hard.

PRECIOUS JEWELS

Ooh yes, yes, grab that joystick,
Yes, yes, squeeze it, pull on it,
flick it, chew it.

Navy Woman does as commanded.

EXT. CLOAK AND DAGGER AND FAT LADY, OCEAN

The Cloak and Dagger, with ACCEPT PEACE OR DIE LOGO, towers over the Fat Lady. A huge arcade game claw extends from the warship. Moving erratically, it clamps the Fat Lady in its mechanical grip.

EXT. FAT LADY, OCEAN

Mo, completely unaware of the claw, waves goodbye to the pigeon and returns with the bag of weed.

INT. FAT LADY, DECK

Mo, unaware of the crew looking on in abject horror at the claw lifting them out of the water, saunters over to John.

MO

John, fresh delivery of Durban Gold
from my guy. Wait till this hits
you.

Mo packs the chillum, goes to hand it to John, who is sitting cheek to cheek with Moon faces frozen in shock.

MO (CONT'D)

What's up?

John and Moon don't respond. Mo looks at Will sobbing, Rochester staring into space, Hope, love struck, staring at her phone and Cyril hitting the desk in frustration.

MO (CONT'D)
Cyril? What's going on?

CYRIL
APOD has taken command of the Fat Lady. Game over.

Cyril, Will, Rochester and Hope sink to their knees like footballers who have just lost the world cup final.

MO
What you mean, no Antarctica?

CYRIL
No Antarctica and a lifetime of Flat torture to come.

WILL DA GRASS
I told you we shouldn't follow the Flatheads!

CYRIL
Yes you did.

Cyril, Will and Rochester look rueful.

INT. PLANE JANE, DECK

Derrick's sonnet is written in a text message to HOPE. We reveal Derrick, love struck, sitting with finger on the send button, will he or will he not.

DERRICK
She loves me, she loves me not.
I'll send it I'll send it not.

Derricks sniggers like a love-struck school boy.

DYSLEXA (V.O.)
Master, the APOD Warship the Cloak and Dagger has captured the Fat Lady.

Derrick, in shock, accidently hits the send button, the sonnet is sent to Hope.

DERRICK
No!

DYSLEXA (V.O.)
Yes. I received notification 18
seconds ago.

Derrick focuses.

DERRICK
Call the Cloak and Dagger.

Ringtone calls.

PRECIOUS JEWELS (V.O.)
This is Captain Precious Jewels.

DERRICK
Captain, this is Derrick Ubuy, head
of APOD.

PRECIOUS JEWELS (V.O.)
Admiral Ubuy, an honour to talk
with you sir. How may I help?

DERRICK
I understand you have captured the
Fat Lady?

PRECIOUS JEWELS (V.O.)
Yes sir. She is in the claw as we
speak. Do you wish to commence
crushing?

DERRICK
No! No, you must wait for me to
arrive. I wish to oversee this
moment.

PRECIOUS JEWELS (V.O.)
(Curses under his breath) Of course
Sir. If you insist that we
shouldn't kill these terrorist scum
bags... then we will await your
arrival.

DERRICK
I insist. That's an order.
Rendezvous in...

Derrick checks the computer's time of arrival.

DERRICK (CONT'D)
3 hours 24 minutes.

PRECIOUS JEWELS (V.O.)
Understood sir.

Derrick hangs up the call.

INT. FAT LADY, DECK

The crew sit around morose and devoid of hope. Will stands and pours himself a large drink.

PRECIOUS JEWELS (V.O.)
 This is your new Captain, reminding
 you that you will soon be beaten
 and tortured for the rest of your
 miserable Fat lives. Enjoy your
 last pain free moments Fatties.

Will drains his glass, buoying himself.

WILL
 OK, there's nothing to worry about
 right? You obviously planned for
 this eventuality?

He looks at Rochester who shrugs sheepishly.

WILL (CONT'D)
 Oh for the love of Fatness! You
 brought me on this ship to be
 forever known in the annals of
 history as the man who proved the
 Fatness of the Earth! I can't be
 disappeared and tortured for the
 rest of my life!

Rochester downs a glass of whiskey.

ROCHESTER
 I need to think.

The mood is serious for the first time. The crew await Rochester's answer for an age. Finally he comes to life.

ROCHESTER (CONT'D)
 Cyril. Set up the chess board. The
 answer is in the chessboard.

The deflated crew are sucked of confidence except Mo who plays with a kaleidoscope. Rochester sits down at the chess board.

ROCHESTER (CONT'D)
 Will, let's share these final
 moments exercising our minds and
 spirits.

Will shrugs and sits opposite Rochester and they start playing. Cyril gets excited.

CYRIL

John, on your voyage, what position were you when you made a break for the Ice Shelf?

Hope, Moon and Cyril await his answer. Rochester and Will are listening.

JOHN

I don't remember exactly.

CYRIL

Come now, try to remember any details dear fellow, our lives depend on it.

All see John sweating and nervous.

HOPE

What is the issue? Whenever we ask for information on your trip you are so vague.

With all eyes eager on him, John is shrinking. Moon approaches and rests her hand on his forearm.

MOON

It's OK, just try and remember any little detail. How was the weather when you left the super container?

John sweats profusely, however, Cyril and Hope are now standing over John and Moon making it feel like an interrogation.

JOHN

Storm, it was a savage storm.

MOON

Good, was it day or night?

JOHN

Day. No it was night. I don't know, it was dark, from the storm.

MOON

Good good, tell us where you were on the ship?

JOHN

I was manning the wheel while
Monica dropped the main sail.

All listen intently, even Rochester. Mo is still engrossed in
the kaleidoscope.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Our boat was almost overturned with
every wave. Monica managed to get
the main sail down then headed
toward the head sail. It was
jammed. She asked me to help but I
froze. Her scream woke me from my
fear and I locked the wheel and
struggled to move toward the head
sail.

Everyone, even Mo, are now standing in John's personal space,
totally engrossed.

JOHN (CONT'D)

As I moved forward a huge wave
smashed against the boat. The
tension must have snapped the main
sail rope because the boom slammed
into my chest and I fell and
smacked my head on a railing.

Rochester strokes John's head in the area John marked as the
point of contact.

CYRIL

Go on.

JOHN

That's it. When I came to it was
clear skies, the super container
and APOD ships were nowhere in
sight and the Ice Shelf was in the
distance.

Silence.

CYRIL

So you mean to say you have no idea
how you escaped the APOD ships?

JOHN

As I said I was lucky.

The crew take a step back from John in revulsion then get
angry.

CYRIL

That was lucky for you then,
however not so lucky for us now.
You were our last hope.

HOPE

I told you he ain't The One.

Moon is crestfallen.

MOON

Why didn't you tell us this before?

The crew, tooled up with baseball bats, crow bars, hammers,
crowd around John.

MOON (CONT'D)

Did you think it better to wait
until we are complete danger?

JOHN

I don't know, I didn't want to let
you down.

ALL

Boo!

Moon turns her heartbroken face from John.

JOHN

Moon!

MOON (BURSTING)

Fat Denier Liar!

Moon turns away in tears. John desperately tries to find a
solution.

JOHN

No, no, surely the Flat Earthers
are also truth seekers and
scientists like you? They also want
proof of what lies beyond the Ice
Shelf.

Rotten veg are thrown by all at John.

ALL

Fraud! Charlatan! Swindler! Judas!
Bad Comedian!

With the crew's anger exhausted, John is covered with rotten
veg. The crew reconvene away from John and he retreats to his
cabin.

HOPE (TO ROCHESTER)
 You said he would take us to the
 promised land!

Hope storms off, upset for the first time.

MOON
 Hope is gone.

All eyes turn to Rochester for direction.

CYRIL
 Captain, what can we do?

Rochester takes in their stares for a moment, then returns to
 the chess board.

ROCHESTER
 Will, your turn I believe.

The crew are broken.

INT. FAT LADY, CABIN - (CONT'D)

John lies on his bunk, foetal position, holding the sextant.
 He sobs uncontrollably, tears spraying in all directions from
 his eyes as he hears the words of the crew replaying.

ALL (V.O.)
 Fraud! Charlatan! Swindler! Judas!
 Bad Comedian!

John rubs the sextant like a lucky charm.

JOHN
 Seek the truth, seek the truth,
 seek the truth.

INT. CLOAK AND DAGGER, DECK

Precious Jewels, stands gripping the wheel intensely. Navy
 Woman stands beside him, stroking his biceps, her lips right
 beside his ear.

NAVY WOMAN
 My captain, you have such hard
 muscles. You're a real solid man.

Precious grips the wheel even tighter, murmuring contentedly.

NAVY WOMAN (CONT'D)

I'm sure a strong independent man like you would not allow another man to stop him having fun.

PRECIOUS JEWELS

Hmmm, no, no.

NAVY WOMAN

We could have our fun then tell the Admiral the Fatties were accidently crushed.

PRECIOUS JEWELS

Oooh yes, yes, I like that.

NAVY WOMAN

Let's play with them, make them taste fear, then crush their Fat skulls.

Precious laughs manically.

INT. FAT LADY DECK - (CONT'D)

Rochester and Will play chess, now wearing outlandish costumes and sitting on balance balls.

The Cloak & Dagger's loudspeaker blares out a warning.

PRECIOUS JEWELS (V.O.)

Fatties, if you renounce your stupid belief in Fat Earth, we will reduce the level of your torture, I Pwomiss. Otherwise, we will, we will crush you!

The crew hear hysterical contained laughter through the loudspeaker.

PRECIOUS JEWELS (V.O.)

Seriously, we pwomiss you safe passage... to a torture chamber of our choice! Guantanamo 3.0.

Unrestrained maniacal laughter is now heard through the loudspeaker.

PRECIOUS JEWELS

You have exactly 5 minutes 10 seconds to denounce Fat Earth or be crushed in the Claw. Commence the Final Countdown!

The intro to the Final Countdown by Europe blares over the loudspeaker. Cyril, Hope. Will and Moon run around and cluck like headless chickens. Rochester remains at the chess board. Mo rolls a final giant spliff.

INT. FAT LADY, CABIN - (CONT'D)

John also runs around like a headless chicken. He catches himself and slaps himself.

JOHN
 Seek the truth, John Stone, for
 once in your god-damned cowardly
 life!

He slaps his face again, grunts, gees himself then rubs his sextant once more, for luck, and leaves the cabin.

INT. FAT LADY DECK - (CONT'D)

John joins the deck, as the crew continue to go insane< For kicks, Mo mimics the crew's craziness. Rochester remains on the balance ball, observing the chess board. John desperately shouts above the clucking and screams.

JOHN
 Isn't anyone going to respond to
 the ultimatum?

The clucking and screams continue unabated. John is charged by the madness and rushes over to Rochester and shakes him violently.

JOHN (CONT'D)
 Rochester! Earth to Rochester! Is
 anybody in? We have less than five
 minutes to save our lives!

John slaps Rochester's cheeks, hits him with frying pans, baseball bats, iron anvils in an attempt to bring him to reality. Rochester is unfazed, eyes focused solely on the chess board.

John halts the useless pursuit and, resigned to his fate, sits on Will's vacant balance ball opposite Rochester, who continues examining the board. Rochester moves his knight.

ROCHESTER
 Tell me John, when did you first
 believe in a Fat Earth?

JOHN

You realise we will be crushed in a few minutes if we do not respond?

ROCHESTER

What are you afraid of John?

JOHN

Err, let me see... Yep, being crushed by the giant claw!

ROCHESTER

Strange. Why do you need the threat of death to bring you to life?

JOHN

This isn't the time for philosophical questions!

ROCHESTER

I disagree. At the crucial moment the wise will rejoice while fools will retreat!

Moon hears this and quietens down, her attention drawn to them. John is fuming but stumped.

ROCHESTER (CONT'D)

So when was the first time you believed in a Fat Earth?

The return of the Cloak and Dagger's loudspeaker silences the remaining clucking crew members and returns them to reality.

PRECIOUS JEWELS (V.O.)

You have 3 minutes Fatties! If you do not renounce we will also torture your children in new as yet undiscovered ways that will make the great torture instruments of the middle ages look like cute soft toys for toddlers.

The crew look at each other and breathe a collective sigh of relief.

HOPE

Nope, none of us have any kids.

PRECIOUS JEWELS (V.O.)

If by chance you don't have any children, we will torture your cute, beloved pets!

The crew look at each other again, shake their heads and breathe another sigh of relief.

HOPE

Safe again, no pets here.

PRECIOUS JEWELS (V.O.)

And if, by the tiniest chance, you have no pets either we will torture your cuddly toys and burn all the posters and merchandise of your favourite idols!

ALL (EXCEPT ROCHESTER)

NO!!!

ROCHESTER

John Stone, you are wise not a fool. When did you first believe in a Fat Earth?

John squirms as The Final Countdown continues to blare through the loudspeaker. All eyes are on him again. He's desperate.

JOHN

In truth it was since I joined this crew.

Rochester tuts loudly.

ROCHESTER

Mr. Stone, if we cannot be honest with each other then we may as well all die now, rather than exist in the continuous death that is a false unity.

John's face is a picture of hidden guilt.

The rest of the crew stand around John and Rochester, holding hands in a ritualistic circle.

HOPE

John, why did YOU go to Antarctica with your wife?

MOON

Are YOU being completely honest with us John?

CYRIL

Do you prefer top, bottom or side by side in a 69er John?

PRECIOUS JEWELS (V.O)

If you do not surrender in 2 minutes and 30 seconds we will cut off your writing hands, fry them together with some garam masala, cumin, ginger, garlic and three whole scotch bonnets and feed them to you, forcing you to eat every last morsel of your own spicy hands! (Cue maniacal laughter)

Rochester holds John's desperate stare.

ROCHESTER

Final chance John. When did you first believe?

JOHN

Alright! My father told me about the Fat Earth when I was a child. I was fascinated by the idea, however, after sharing with school friends I was ridiculed and known as Mad John. Once my father was committed to a sanitarium I had two choices. End up in the loony bin with him or forget about the Fat Earth!

John hangs his head in shame. Rochester gently lifts his head up as the crew lay hands on him. Mo, Moon, Hope, Will, Cyril and Rochester look at John with renewed belief.

PRECIOUS JEWELS (V.O.)

If you do not surrender in 2 minutes.

ROCHESTER

Silly. Loudspeaker.

SILLY (V.O.)

Activated.

ALL

SHUT UP!

PRECIOUS JEWELS (V.O.)

Alrighty then! No need to be so tetchy!

They continue.

ROCHESTER

Good John, Good. You break out of the lie that is shame. Continue.

JOHN

As time went by, I forgot all about the Fat Earth. You know, life felt good, not questioning everything. I could enjoy shopping at the mall, watching sports, great Sci-Fi films, hanging out with friends.

All nod in understanding.

PRECIOUS JEWELS (V.O.)

1 minute 30 seconds Fatties!

ROCHESTER

What changed?

JOHN

She entered my world. Monica was a force of nature. With her I began to open up again. To remember. Monica was my shield, my anchor against adversity. I no longer feared the opinions of others. (Beat). On our wedding night.

MO

Brudda, yah no need to share such tings.

Cyril, Will and Hope look upset.

JOHN

No, no, I must.

The three sit forward with renewed expectation.

JOHN (CONT'D)

That night we didn't sleep a wink. No sir, not a wink!

All crew bite their lips in lustful anticipation.

JOHN (CONT'D)

As I shared with Monica my belief that the world is Fat.

Cyril, and all, groan in disappointment.

JOHN (CONT'D)
 I knew I could share my deepest
 hopes and fears without ridicule. I
 was born again.

Rochester smiles.

JOHN (CONT'D)
 So we saved up and planned and then
 voyaged to the Ice Shelf to prove
 the Fatness of the Earth.

PRECIOUS JEWELS (V.O.)
 OK that's it, we are engaging the
 claw crush, prepare to die.

EXT. OCEAN - (CONT'D)

The giant claw, arcade game replica, begins tightening over
 the Fat Lady.

INT. FAT LADY, DECK

The crew hug each other, tears in most eyes as they face
 their final moments together.

MO
 Whoa, that is an awesome claw!

Moon squeezes John's hand.

MOON
 Shame it's gonna end our journey
 just as we were getting started.

Through the window the claw squeezes the Fat Lady.

PRECIOUS JEWELS (V.O.)
 Look, the Fat Lady is about to
 sing!

The crew instinctively hold hands, powerless against the claw
 of fate, expressions of anguish and unknown horrors to come.

Someone farts. Loudly. And it stinks.

MO
 Awww, loud and proud.

ROCHESTER

My dearest crew, it has been an honour and a pleasure to sail with you. I am eternally sorry that it appears we will not be able to achieve the goal of our voyage.

EXT. CLOAK AND DAGGER - (CONT'D)

Plane Jane reaches the Cloak and Dagger. Derrick climbs the rope and boards.

INT. CLOAK AND DAGGER - (CONT'D)

Precious Jewels salutes Derrick, signals to Navy Woman and she halts the claw.

PRECIOUS JEWELS

Admiral, perfectly in time to witness the end of the Fatties. How do you wish to proceed?

INT. FAT LADY, DECK

The crew still hugging, look around wondering why the crush has halted.

DERRICK (V.O.)

Hello Fat Ones. Rochester, Cyril, Moon, Mo, Will Fat Ass, John. And Hope.

Hope's name is said with tenderness and she lights up hearing Derrick's voice.

WILL

It's Will Da Grass!!

DERRICK (V.O.)

Did you really think you could disobey me and seek the truth without me? My sweet Hope, my love for you is eternal but you must perish with the Fatties now.

INT. CLOAK AND DAGGER, DECK

Derrick, is torn between duty and his heart. He gives the signal for proceed. Navy Woman yanks the joystick.

Precious stands behind a teary eyed Derrick, both looking out as the claw resumes squeezing the Fat Lady.

PRECIOUS JEWELS
Isn't it a joy to behold, Admiral?

Derrick snaps.

DERRICK
Stop the claw!

PRECIOUS JEWELS
I'm confused. You mean we will stop the claw after we have crushed them or stop the claw now and let's have fun torturing them slowly and painfully?

Derrick turns, his face like thunder.

DERRICK
No! Remove the claw! Now!

Precious, flustered and confused, turns to NAVY WOMAN, gripping the joystick.

PRECIOUS JEWELS
Remove the claw.

NAVY WOMAN
But I'm so close to climax!

PRECIOUS JEWELS
There will be no climax! That's an order.

EXT. PLANE JANE, OCEAN

The Claw loosens its grip on the Fat Lady.

INT. CLOAK AND DAGGER, DECK

PRECIOUS JEWELS
What are your next orders, Admiral?

Derrick points a gun at Precious.

DERRICK
You two, over to the post.

The two stand by the post and Derrick ties them up.

PRECIOUS JEWELS
You won't get away with this!

Derrick pours a bottle of Coke over the dashboard, creating sparks and mini explosions.

DERRICK
The truth is a stronger desire than
fearing death.

Derrick leaves a smiting Precious.

INT. FAT LADY DECK - (CONT'D)

The crew, still hugging, watch in astonishment as the claw loosens it's grip from the Fat Lady.

ROCHESTER
Silly, quickly, full speed ahead to
the Ice Shelf!

SILLY (V.O.)
Confirmed.

INT. CLOAK AND DAGGER - (CONT'D)

Precious watches the Fat Lady sailing away. He tries but fails to reach his trouser pocket.

PRECIOUS JEWELS
Can you reach the phone in my
pocket?

NAVY WOMAN
I'm happy to try.

She fondles him for a moment, before pulling the phone out.

PRECIOUS JEWELS
Voice Recognition Activate.

The phone unlocks.

PRECIOUS JEWELS (CONT'D)
Call the Big Cheese.

The phone rings. It is answered.

PRECIOUS JEWELS (CONT'D)
Daft Vaper. Admiral Ubuy is letting
them reach the Ice Shelf.

We hear heavy breathing down the line, then a coughing fit.

DAFT VAPER (V.O.)
 Bloody truth seekers! Always switch
 allegiance! Launch the missiles and
 obliterate them.

PRECIOUS JEWELS
 Emperor, that's a negative. Our
 launch capability has been
 nullified by Admiral Ubuy.

DAFT VAPER (V.O.)
 Knucklehead! I shall eat your heart
 for dinner.

INT. PLANE JANE, DECK

Derrick straps himself into a seat.

DERRICK
 Dyslexa, full steam ahead to the
 Ice Shelf.

DYSLEXA (V.O.)
 Confirmed.

Another PA walks to the gold SUPER INJECTOR button and presses. She is blown backwards as the ship launches forward.

EXT. SOUTHERN OCEAN - DAY

The Fat Lady powers through the ocean. In the distance Plane Jane follows.

EXT. SOUTHERN OCEAN - DAY

Plane Jane pursues the Fat Lady. Ahead is the first sighting on the Ice Shelf.

INT. DA EVIL SHIP - DAY

European, African, American and Chinese Leaders crowd around a laptop. They connect a video call to DAFT VAPER, his screen a neural network of lights that pulse as he speaks.

DAFT VAPER
 Cornerstones, you fail me.

AMERICAN LEADER

Your most Omnipresent Evil, we were all taken in by the Prime Servant's excellent lies.

DAFT VAPER

Yes I will punish you later. When will you kill them all?

CHINESE LEADER

Twee hours and twee minutes.

Daft Vaper breathes heavier than usual. Chinese Leader starts feeling tightness around his balls until he collapses and dies.

DAFT VAPER

And which one of you is going to kill them?

African, European and American Leaders play rock scissors paper. American fist pumps as he is first out. African and European Leaders keep getting a draw.

EUROPEAN LEADER

One moment.

European wins with rock.

DAFT VAPER

Hurry up!

AFRICAN LEADER

I will kill them.

DAFT VAPER

Make it so.

American and European Leaders celebrate then feel their collars choking them, collapse and die.

EXT. ICE SHELF - DAY

The Fat Lady is anchored by the 100 metre high Ice Shelf.

EXT. PLANE JANE, OCEAN

Plane Jane powers through the ocean. The Ice Shelf and Fat Lady are visible in the distance.

INT. FAT LADY, DECK

All the crew stare through the window in marvel at their accomplishment thus far.

ROCHESTER

We are here guys. Mo, you know what to do.

MO

Me do?

ROCHESTER

The engine!

Mo still looks confused.

ROCHESTER (CONT'D)

Start the special engine!

MO

Of course! me so forgetful y'nah.

Mo rushes over to a panel of buttons and begins strapping himself in the seat beside it.

MO (CONT'D)

Yeah man, strap yourselves in. We go in T minus 10 seconds.

The crew jump into their seats and strap themselves in.

MO (CONT'D)

3, 2, 1.

He presses a button. Lurching, stuttering mechanical noises precede a thrust that sinks the crew into their seats, the G force pulls the skin back on their faces.

INT. PLANE JANE, OCEAN

Derrick watches the Fat Lady launch from the ocean and catapult up onto the Ice Shelf. Another PA is making a 10 storey tower from a deck of cards.

He raises the "thruster" lever past the levels "plane sailing", "giddy up horsey", "We got this Supersonic" to "Truth Seeker".

Derrick is slammed into his seat while Another PA falls backward, her tower of cards falling spectacularly.

An old red dial phone beside Derrick's captain's chair, lights up. Annoyed, Derrick first ignores it, then answers.

A video call opens on the projector screen. We see the Evil Leaders AND DAFT VAPER, who smokes a cigarette through the tracheotomy hole in his neck.

DAFT VAPER

Prime Servant, what are you doing?

Derrick tries to act normal, impossible given the G force on his face.

DERRICK

Just tracking the Fat Lady, Emperor Vaper. We are currently

DAFT VAPER

Silence you truth seeking weasel! I know where you are! You plan to discover the proof of what lies beyond Antarctica before the Fatties do! Neither you or the Fatties will succeed! Your last moment in this life will be to watch me eat your beating heart at the Grove's Midsummer Festival.

The Leader who was promised the heart whimpers like a lost puppy.

DERRICK

It's all yours! I need to know what lies beyond!!!

Derrick ends the call.

EXT. ICE SHELF - DAY

The Fat Lady lands on the Ice Shelf and with giant skis protruding from its hull, it glides on the snow.

Plane Jane catapults from the ocean and lands on the Ice Shelf and with giant skis protruding from its hull, it glides on the snow in pursuit, a few hundred metres behind the Fat Lady.

The two vehicles race on the ice shelf, Plane Jane gets closer until it pulls alongside.

Huge mega speakers come out of Plane Jane and are directed toward the Fat Lady.

DERRICK (V.O.)
Testing, 1, 2. Fatties do you hear
me? Listen to my favourite song.

The speaker blares out "I know a song the will get on your nerves, get on your nerves, get on your nerves. I know a sound the will get on your nerves, and it goes like this eeeeeek!

INT. FAT LADY DECK - (CONT'D)

The loudness of the speaker and vibration of the eeeeeek smashes the windows. The crew wince then writhe in pain except Mo, who nods his head enjoying the tune. Emergency noise-cancelling headphones drop from the ceiling above the crew's heads and they quickly put them on.

Cyril presses the MOFO BEATS button on the panel in front of him. He shouts at Rochester but Plane Jane's speakers are too powerful. Rochester gestures he doesn't understand.

Cyril pulls out semaphore flags and signals that the Fat Lady's speakers are ready to rock. Rochester presses a button on his panel and a GUITAR LEGEND rises up from an opening in the floor, who plays a wailing solo.

INT. PLANE JANE, DECK/FAT LADY DECK - (CONT'D)

Plane Jane's windows shatter as the sound of the wailing solo. Derrick hold his ears, crawls to a box and put on headphones. Another PA does the same.

Derrick turns the lever up from "Truth Seeker" to "Hurt the Truth Seeker" and speaks into a giant microphone.

IN THE PLANE JANE ENGINE ROOM, STEAM COMES OFF THE ENGINE AND IT VIBRATES UNNATURALLY.

DERRICK (LOUDSPEAKER)
Rochester!!! It is time for you to
hear the truth.

Rochester grabs his huge gold mic.

ROCHESTER
No Derrick!!! It is time for you to
hear the truth! Will, blast him
with some fat facts!

He turns the volume lever from "Wailing Guitar Legend" to "Flatten the flat head"

THE FAT LADY ENGINE VIBRATES DANGEROUSLY, STEAM POURING FROM IT.

Will, dressed as a weight-lifter, chalks his hands, before taking the mic.

WILL

Derrick, the Earth is Fat, let go of the 500 year old lie that has been programmed into you since birth and accept the progress of science.

DERRICK

Nonsense! Science must be observable, demonstrable and repeatable to be called science. None of your Fat Earth theories can be observed, demonstrated or repeated like Science requires, merely made up ideas and lies. Give me proof! How do the planes fly upside down in Australia? How do cars and people drive and walk upside down? How does Sydney Opera House and the waters in the bay remain upside down?

A non-committed John, observes the crew cheer on Will; Moon makes surfing moves, Cyril makes wing chun moves, Rochester, wearing a red Team Will T-shirt, sponges Will's face and cold presses the swelling above his eye. Will spits out bloodied water into a spit bucket.

Mo and Hope do a cheerleaders dance.

WILL

You want proof? You can't handle the proof! (Beat) The proof is... gravity! Yes gravity!

DERRICK

The imaginary force that is so powerful that it holds millions of tonnes of water on the surface of a ball spinning at 1000 miles an hour but, at the same time, can't stop a helium balloon rise from the surface.

WILL

If we weren't denied access to space by the Accept Peace Of Die Cabal that you lead, we would send back photos of people upside down! And you know the air that we call the atmosphere moves with the spinning Earth, hence helium balloons can rise through the air.

John, looking confused, watches the crew celebrate like Will has scored a knockdown.

Derrick yawns, sips on his tequila sunrise cocktail and nibbles a plate of finger foods.

DERRICK

The imaginary, unprovable, pseudo-science idea that you call gravity is what science calls Density and Buoyancy. Density: An object that is heavier than its surrounding environment will fall, like an apple falling through the air or a stone thrown into a lake and falling to the bottom. Buoyancy: An object that is lighter than it's surrounding environment will rise, like a helium balloon in the air, an apple thrown down into a lake, et cetera.

WILL

Your antiquated ideas cannot explain how the oceans stick to the Fat Earth, you need new science.

DERRICK

(Screams) You moron!

IN PLANE JANE'S ENGINE ROOM, STEAM COMES OFF THE ENGINE AND IT RATTLES DANGEROUSLY.

DERRICK (CONT'D)

Telling a whopping lie called gravity without being able to give one demonstration in reality is not science. It's an idea, a theory and will remain one until you demonstrate it, this is science you bloody moron! Do you have any idea how stupid, stupid, stupid you are?

WILL

Oh I see you Derrick, I see you!
Resort to name calling when you
can't win the argument!

Derrick moves the volume lever up from "Hurt the truth-seeker" to "Knock the truth seeker out"

DERRICK

No one can win an argument with an
imbecile who doesn't observe
reality.

Will clucks like a chicken, joined by the rest of the crew, except John, who tugs on a giant spliff and moves to the window away from Plane Jane and looks out at the Ice Shelf.

WILL

Chick, chick, chick chicken!

EXT. ICE SHELF - (CONT'D)

With two loud bangs and plumes of smoke, the Fat Lady and Plane Jane grind to a sudden halt. All except John continue unaware/uninterested in this development.

Cyril starts an 8 inch tape machine. Evil binaural vibrations begin cracking the frames of both boats.

WILL

Suck on this ball of noise
Flathead!

Derrick starts his own 2.5 Inch tape machine and equally evil binaural vibrations. The headphones of all begin to crack.

DERRICK

Flatten your inflated ego you Fat
Moron!

Everyone, minus John, holds their ears in writhing pain, blood begins dripping out of their ears.

They all roll on the floor their faces turning red like they don't have enough oxygen. Rochester mouths "I Love You" to Will but we can't hear anything except the nauseous drone of the two competing binaural beats.

All begin shaking on the floor, blood coming out of their ears.

A roaring screaming "STOP" is heard and we reveal it emanating from a Hulk-stanced John, releasing his primal scream.

The speakers all shatter, stopping the evil binaural beats. Everyone is in total awe of the power now emanating from John.

He calmly lights his spliff, rolls up his collar and walks out onto the ice.

The crew follow him and Derrick climbs out and joins them too.

John walks with purpose, as if seeking a deep, unknown truth. Moon, Mo, Cyril, Will, Hope, Rochester try to keep up.

Derrick and Another PA join them on the Ice.

ROCHESTER

John! Wait!

John continues walking. Rochester runs as best he can to catch up with him.

JOHN

Why? So I can watch you all kill each other?

ROCHESTER

Good point. Please wait.

Rochester reaches John, who stops.

ROCHESTER (CONT'D)

I'm sorry.

Derrick is next to catch up and place his hand on Rochester's shoulder.

DERRICK

I'm sorry Rochester.

Will arrives next, hand on Derrick's shoulder.

WILL

I'm sorry Derrick.

Hope arrives next, hand on Will's shoulder.

HOPE

I'm sorry Will.

Mo arrives, hand on Hope's shoulder.

MO

Sorry Hope, I ate your last bar of
90% cacao.

Cyril arrives, hand on Mo's shoulder.

CYRIL

I'm sorry Mo.

Mo gives Cyril a "why" look, then nods.

MO

Oh, it's just one of those moments.

Moon arrives and puts her hand on John's shoulder.

MOON

I'm sorry I doubted you John.

John looks at those in front of him, his expression the image
of textbook sincerity and moral deliverance.

JOHN

Friends, the truth is the highest
and most noble cause for all
discerning human beings.

They listen on spellbound.

JOHN (CONT'D)

And we must always remember this
one simple fact.

They hang on his next words. He's now searching his mind for
something profound.

JOHN (CONT'D)

And that is...

ALL

Go on go on!

JOHN

If we... want... to... find the
truth... and... live a... noble
life...

ALL

Yes, yes!

JOHN

We should work together and not try
and kill each other.

MO

Word.

JOHN

So no matter where this ice shelf
leads, let's lower our arrogance a
little and find out together.

They all hug each other, Moon kisses John. A new dawn awaits
them.

EXT. ICE SHELF - DAY

The crew walk in a line over the Ice Shelf. A UFO appears
over them, a loudspeaker on its exterior.

DAFT VAPER (V.O.)

That's far enough!

FADE TO BLACK.