

**EPIISODE 102**

**INVASION OF THE ANIMAL PEOPLE**

**PLUS SHORTS:**

**DUCK AND COVER**

**PLAN FOR PLEASANT LIVING**

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**FINAL DRAFT**

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## SYNOPSIS

**Prologue** Servo tries to make the SOL ISO-9000 compliant

**Invention Exchange** The Mads invent a better mousetrap to stop the plague of giant, mutated rats; Mike invents a page turner for speed readers

**Segment 2** Servo wears his "Bert the Turtle" Nuclear Survival Suit as the Mike and the 'bots show off their model homes. Only Servo is unscathed by a nuclear attack.

**Segment 3** Mike gets his own turtle suit. Dr. F sends Frank into the air ducts to hunt the rats a la *Alien*

**Segment 4** Crow and Mike debate the absurdity of Doris losing control on the slopes, while they lose control of their lives

**Segment 5** The bots introduce their versions of the film. Servo's edited movie is 10 seconds long. Crow has a snow cone. Dr. Forrester discovers just how big his rat problem really is.

**Stinger** John Carradine, "And now we're groping out into space..."

## PROLOGUE

### SATELLITE OF LOVE INTERIOR

Enter from tunnel sequence.

Doors close and we see that there's a label affixed to it, "Theater Door." Zoom out to normal bridge shot of SOL. SERVO is at stage right, reading a catalog of signs and labels, which is propped in front of him. There are labels posted here and there around the set.

SERVO

Hmm... Ah! A "hazardous materials" label! We could probably use a gross of those... Hmmmm....

MIKE and CROW enter from Stage Left. CROW has a label "Robot, 'Crow'" affixed prominently to his "forehead", where it obscures his eyes. He follows behind MIKE, bumping into him when MIKE stops walking.

MIKE

Tom, there you are! I wanted to talk with you.

SERVO

Oh, hi, Mike.

MIKE looks towards Cambot

MIKE

Ah, hello everyone! I was just about to ask Tom just (raises voice) what the Sam Hill is up with all these signs!

SERVO

Quality, Mike, that's what up! Have you ever stopped to consider the importance of workplace standards? Why, it's a wonder we ever got anything accomplished with our lax ways. So I've embarked on a quality initiative to make us fully ISO-9000 compliant in all of our workplace labeling practices!

MIKE pauses and CROW speaks, facing opposite of SERVO.

CROW  
But, Servo, this is ridiculous!

SERVO  
Uh, Crow, I'm over here...

CROW spins around and faces, again, not quite in SERVO'S direction.

CROW  
Could you at least have put the label somewhere other than my forehead?

SERVO  
Sorry, Crow. You wouldn't want us to miss getting ISO certification just because of one little label, would you?

MIKE  
This isn't about one little label, Servo.

MIKE holds up roll of toilet paper, covered with yellow post-it notes.

You've labeled every tissue square on the toilet paper rolls! It's gone too far!

SERVO  
But how else can we still meet standards?

Movie sign lights flash on table. The label "lights" flips over to read "flashing lights." MIKE looks at light and sighs, addressing CAMERA.

MIKE  
This is going to take a little while to sort out. We'll be right back...

CROW  
(mutters)  
Servo, you need help.

CROW begins walking, as if heading offstage, except he heads toward the back of the set.

SERVO  
Oh, Mike! Could you please not stand  
on the label for the floor?

MIKE steps backward and looks at the floor in puzzlement. CROW hits the back wall and falls down.

CUT TO: COMMERCIAL BUMPER

INVENTION EXCHANGE

SATELLITE OF LOVE INTERIOR

ENTER from commercial.

From Stage Left to Right, CROW, MIKE, and TOM present. The catalog and labels have been removed, except CROW'S.

SERVO

...so I've replaced the labels with microdot identification marks that I can read that won't bother your precious human vision at all, okay?

MIKE

Good, thank you.

CROW

What about me?

SERVO

What about you?

Light flashes on table. MIKE pulls off CROW'S label.

MIKE

Well, it looks like the Mads are calling.

Mike hits light

What's happening, sirs?

CUT TO: DEEP 13B

DR. FORRESTER addresses the CAMERA. FRANK stands beside him.

DR. F

Ah, Mike! Discussing workplace issues with your little ones, eh? What a coincidence... Frank and I were just speaking along similar lines, isn't that right, Frank?

FRANK

Right, Dr. F. You recall, Mike, that we had to leave the upstairs portion of Deep 13 after there was that little hassle with the reactor meltdown. So now we're down in the basem-

DR. F

(interrupting)  
Deep13 Auxiliary Command Center

FRANK

Oh, right! The Auxiliary Command Center... So... Where was I?

DR. F

(annoyed)  
Babbling endlessly. Mike, to make a long story short, some of the radiation from upstairs is leaking into the ductwork and it's causing mutations in the local rodent population.

FRANK

The rats, specifically. (a-la Six Million Dollar Man) They're becoming larger... stronger... faster...

DR F

Exactly! So, logic dictates, we must create a rat trap that is also larger, stronger, and faster!

DR. F pulls out an oversize trap with hydraulic pistons on it and a big bag of potato chips in it as "bait."

DR. F

It's the New High-speed X-2 Rodent Dispatcher! It'll lure in today's modern rodents with the salty tempting taste of potato chips and then \*SNAP\* closed in just a fraction of a second, ending your problem.

FRANK  
Guaranteed for two years or one  
thousand rats, whichever comes  
first.

DR. F looks smugly towards CAMERA as FRANK exits Stage Right

DR F  
And accompanying the High-speed X-2  
Rodent Dispatcher, we have the High-  
speed X-3 human dispatcher!

FRANK wheels over a large, tall box, with even larger pistons  
and evil looking devices attached.

After all, if you invent a better  
mousetrap, the world will beat a  
path to your door. Heh heh.

FRANK  
(to himself)  
Through the radioactive lab?  
Wouldn't that just make more  
mutants?

DR. F  
We recommend using a TV remote  
control and a book of Amway coupons  
for bait, to ensure trapping both  
sexes. What've you got to beat  
that, little spaced-out ones?

FRANK  
(excited)  
Hey, the TV remote! I was wondering  
where that went.

FRANK steps into X-3 trap just as CAMERA cuts to SOL

CUT TO: SOL

MIKE and the bots are present as usual.

SERVO  
(quizzically)  
Rodents Of Unusual Size?

CROW  
(to Servo)  
Nah, I don't think they exist.

MIKE  
Enough, you two. Well, sirs, my invention this week is a handy little tool for those gifted with the talent of speed reading.

CROW  
You showoffs!

MIKE  
Crow!

CROW  
What? I'm just kidding.

SERVO  
This tool will help you with the tiresome task of turning the pages in the book you're reading.

MIKE pulls out a book and the invention. CAMBOT zooms in on invention.

MIKE  
It's called the Page Flipping Finger.

CROW  
Sure! Just because you can read fast doesn't mean you can turn pages quickly. So now there's our invention to help you out!

CAMBOT zooms back out.

MIKE demonstrates the invention on a book in front of him.

SERVO  
And it comes with an optional rotary head of pre-licked thumbs for those of you with alternative page-turning habits.

MIKE  
So how about that?

CUT TO: DEEP 13B

DR. FORRESTER addresses CAMERA, looking annoyed.

DR. F  
How about this, Mike. I'll pretend  
I'm impressed and we'll move on,  
what say? Now then, while I go set  
up my new rat trap, Frank here  
(gestures disgustedly behind him)  
will tell you about today's  
experiment.

DR. F steps aside, revealing FRANK'S predicament. FRANK's arm,  
with remote, is protruding through serrated teeth which have  
closed off the entrance to the trap. His arm is flailing  
about. DR. F looks at FRANK, and walks off Stage Left,  
shaking head. CAMERA zooms in closer to arm.

FRANK  
Thanks, Dr. F. Well, Mike, we've got  
a real tempting bit of bait for you  
called "Invasion of the Animal  
People." It stars John Carradine,  
who was edited into the movie after  
it was filmed, and Robert Burton,  
who wishes he were edited out. But  
first, a pair of tasty little  
shorts. Bon appetit!

FRANK activates movie with remote.

CUT TO: SOL

MIKE and the BOTS are present. MIKE is giving CROW a massage  
with his Page Flipping Finger, which is on. CROW is enjoying  
the massage immensely.

CROW  
(in background)  
Oh, Mike... left, left! oh, yeah,  
that's the spot... you're a miracle  
worker... ooohhh....

SERVO

Boy, Mike, that's much better than  
that Fukuwoko 9000 you ordered.

Movie sign goes off.

MIKE

Uh-oh, we've got Movie Sign!

All exit. Begin door sequence.

CUT TO: THEATER

**SEGMENT 2**

**SATELLITE OF LOVE INTERIOR**

**ENTER from tunnel sequence**

**MIKE and CROW are on-stage, chatting.**

CROW

I don't know where he is, Mike. He said something about getting "properly prepared" before he would do anything else.

MIKE

I wonder what that means...

SERVO enters from right. He is wearing a turtle suit.

MIKE

Ah, there you are, SERVO.

Pause.

Umm... what's with the turtle suit?

SERVO

If you must know, I'm taking today's little lesson to heart. I'm not going to be caught off guard in a nuclear attack!

MIKE

Look, Tom, you must be aware that there's more to surviving a nuclear blast than donning a turtle suit.

CROW

Yeah, Servo. Turtles aren't going to survive any more than the rest of us. That shell is nothing more than a portable E-Z bake oven when the heat wave hits.

SERVO

Laugh while you can, monkey boy.  
When the balloon goes up and the  
missiles impact, I will survive.  
Survive to continue my lineage.  
Survive to...

CROW

Survive to snowshoe with Milquetoast  
the Cockroach in Los Angeles when  
Nuclear Winter hits.

MIKE

Guys, guys! Let's give it a rest,  
ok? Now, if you both remembered the  
assignment, I wanted each of us to  
create our version of a pleasant  
home as inspired by the short. Let  
me go first to get things rolling.

MIKE goes first. He picks up his home from behind the desk.  
His is a drab model, sporting a large home entertainment  
system with THX. CAMERA zooms in on house.

MIKE

I really like contemporary home  
design, such as this modern ranch  
split level. But I've always felt  
that a home should have a really  
good stereo, so I've incorporated a  
stereo system throughout the  
interior. I've installed a THX  
using digital Dolby 5.1, or DTS,  
with a Carver 1000A power amp,  
including a Nakomichi XR-436  
transport with Carver magnaflux  
monoblocks. Plus, I've got a  
Realistic player for all my old 8-  
tracks.

SERVO

Do the Bee-Gee's really deserve that  
much stereo power?

MIKE

Well, yes. Crow, let's take a look  
at yours.

MIKE picks up home from behind desk again. CROW'S home is the SOL, upended in front of an attractive setting. A small lake and several trees are present. CAMERA zooms in on house.

CROW

I wanted a home that offered all that can be found in those attractive country homes of today. The fresh country air, wide open spaces, and a view of the lake. True, I have a view of the lake now, but the lake is 150 miles below me.

MIKE

Crow, that's nothing more than the Satellite of Love, buried up to deck 32. I wanted you to create the home of your dreams.

CROW

My housing database is rather small, Mike. After all, this is the only home I've ever known.

MIKE

(disappointed)

Well, let's see if Servo managed to keep to the assignment.

MIKE pulls up SERVO's home. CAMERA zooms in on SERVO's house. SERVO'S dream home is simply a flat desert landscape with a circular hatch in the center leading to an underground bunker. It is surrounded by barbed wire. MIKE and CROW hide smiles as SERVO launches into his design.

SERVO

You two may have designed your own dream homes with the intent of comfort, but mine is designed for survival! The stainless steel, radiation-shielded hatch leads down 60 feet to my lead-lined concrete bunker. There, with my air recirculation system, a 20-year stockpile of food and water, and a healthy supply of underwear, I'm all

decked out to withstand the upcoming nuclear war!

MIKE

That really wasn't what I had in mind when I assigned this little project.

CROW

Oh, Mike. You're being too hard on him.

SERVO

Well, thanks Crow. I know that...

CROW

(interrupting)

If he wants to make a home with Splinter, who are we to judge?

MIKE

(mocking)

Run! It's Ninja Bert and his vicious no-warning Civil Defense Attack!

CROW

(laughs)

Haw haw! He's gonna wave us along with his flashlight and tell us to pull newspaper over our heads!

As CROW speaks, an air-raid siren wails. SERVO quickly ducks and covers as CROW and MIKE panic. A white flash blanks out the screen for a moment. When it returns, CROW and MIKE'S homes are on fire. MIKE'S clothes are torn to shreds and burned, with CROW'S shadow burned on his jumpsuit. CROW is badly melted and scorched.

A whistle is heard off-stage, and a CIVIL DEFENSE worker enters Stage Right. MIKE stares at him in shock.

CIVIL DEFENSE

(blows whistle)

All clear! All clear!

SERVO emerges unscathed from under the table. His home model is intact.

SERVO  
Whew! That was a close one!

CIVIL DEFENSE  
(smiling)  
It sure was! Good thing you knew to Duck and Cover, Tommy!

SERVO  
With Bert as my guide, how could I not?

CIVIL DEFENSE  
Say... nice outfit! (looks distastefully at CROW and MIKE) What say we leave these two and go grab a Orange Smoothie?

SERVO  
Oooh!

SERVO and CIVIL DEFENSE exit Stage Right.

SERVO  
Didn't I see you in the background of that picnic scene?

CIVIL DEFENSE  
You noticed? I'm touched!

MIKE and CROW watch the entire episode in disbelief. COMMERCIAL SIGN lights up, and catches fire.

CROW  
Well, he certainly tortoise a lesson today. Heh.

MIKE looks at CROW, then strangles and shakes him until parts fall off.

CUT TO: COMMERCIAL BUMPER

SEGMENT 3

DEEP 13B INTERIOR

ENTER from commercial.

DR. F and FRANK are on screen. FRANK has a head-mounted camera on, camo makeup, and military fatigues of sorts. DR. F is checking FRANK over.

DR. F

Ok, Frank. You've got your camera power on, gear is ready. You're all set to go after that rat!

FRANK

But...

DR. F

Not to worry about a thing, Frank. I'll be tracking you on this XJ-7 monitor on the techtronic panel.

FRANK

But...

DR. F

...and if you have any trouble, just use that cel phone I gave to you to dial 911.

FRANK

But...

DR. F

(impatiently)  
What is it, Frank?

FRANK

But what do I use as a weapon?

Dr. F

Oh, umm... here. Have the, uh, X-93 sub-miniature rodent ignition system.

DR F hands FRANK a bar-b-que/fireplace Bic lighter. FRANK tests lighter. A little flame comes up.

FRANK  
All right! Prepare to meet your  
maker, Mickey!

FRANK disappears into the air duct. DR. F approaches panel and begins tapping keys. A beeping noise is heard (tracking system from *ALIEN/ALIENS*). He uses his mike like Lt. Uhura.

Dr. F  
Ok, Frank. I'm tracking you now.

CUT TO: FRANK-CAM

CAMERA angle from FRANK's head shows interior of duct as FRANK crawls along. His lighter is just visible. CAMERA image is intermittently staticky and snowy.

FRANK  
No sign of him yet, Dr. F. I want  
you to close all the hatches behind  
me.

Dr. F  
(voice is heard over the radio)  
Frank, we don't have any hatches in  
there.

FRANK  
Oh, right. Never mind, then.

CUT TO: Deep 13b

In background, RAT wanders behind DR. F and enters air duct behind DR F., who is operating techtronic panel.

Dr. F  
Frank, your transmission is showing  
a lot of breakup.

FRANK  
(radio)  
You're probably getting some  
interference from the structure.

Dr.F  
I'll see if I can improve the signal  
from here.

DR. F taps away on keyboard. A second beeping noise (a la  
*Alien/Aliens* motion tracker) is now heard.

Dr. F  
Wait a minute... I think I've got  
it, Frank. It's somewhere around  
the third junction.

FRANK  
(radio)  
Roger that.

DR. F  
I've definitely got a signal. It's  
right in your area!

FRANK  
(radio)  
I don't see anything. Umm... Are  
you sure you've got it? I want to  
get the heck out of here.

The second beeping noise speeds up

DR. F  
(excited)  
It's moving, Frank! It's moving  
right towards you!

FRANK  
(radio)  
From where?

Dr. F  
(excited)  
It's coming up behind you!

CUT TO: FRANK-CAM

FRANK'S CAMERA is looking about wildly

FRANK  
(panicky)  
I can't find him, Dr. F! I can't...

FRANK turns around, rat lunges at CAMERA and screams, a la  
*ALIEN*

CUT TO: Deep 13b

DR. F is at air duct, pushing back on air duct panel as obviously someone is trying to come back through. An orange glow is visible, and a short flame is coming out of the grate. CAMERA zooms slowly in on DR. F.

DR F  
You can handle him, Frank! It's  
just a little mouse!

FRANK  
(incoherent sobs and cries for mommy)

DR. F  
(looks the CAMERA)  
What are you staring at? Back into  
the theater with you!

CUT TO: SOL

CROW and SERVO are at table. CAMERA is tight on the two of them.

CROW  
(shaking head)  
Oh, man, could things get any  
weirder around here...

CAMERA pans back to reveal full table. MIKE enters STAGE RIGHT wearing a turtle shell.

MIKE  
Hey guys, what do you think? I'm on  
the nuclear survival bandwagon too!

SERVO  
(falls over laughing)

CROW  
(disgusted)  
God, Mike, don't you know the Cold  
War's over?

MIKE  
But...

Movie sign lights flash

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

MIKE AND CROW runs from set. CAMERA zooms to tunnel sequence.

CUT TO: THEATER

SEGMENT 4

SATELLITE OF LOVE INTERIOR.

ENTER from tunnel sequence.

CROW and MIKE behind the desk, talking. Mike holds a bottle of beer/water. CROW is holding his chicken puppet.

CROW

Geez, I can't believe the attitude this film has towards women!

MIKE

Too true. Ricky Riccardo treated Lucy better than this. And what about her skiing? She's supposed to be an expert skier, an Olympian, and she skis DIRECTLY into the first tree she sees!

CROW

(sarcastic)

Yeah, that's Olympic form! Did she suddenly just forget how to ski?

MIKE

(takes a drink) It's ludicrous! She wouldn't just forget something like that. It'd be like one of us forgetting some basic skill. (takes a drink)

CROW

That's exactly why it's so untenable. It's like I suddenly forgot how to use my chicken puppet, here. (it falls off his hand, though Mike doesn't notice). Huh, lookit that.

MIKE

Yeah. People just don't suddenly fail at basic tasks. (takes a drink and misses his face; he looks puzzled at the bottle but doesn't say anything as CROW continues)

CROW

She does so much skiing that  
forgetting how to do it would be  
like Servo forgetting how to hover  
or something...

SERVO flies backwards past camera, in front of the desk,  
screaming, from Stage Right to Stage Left. MIKE and CROW  
follow him with their look, as he goes offscreen, arches  
unseen overhead, and impacts the floor to their Stage Right,  
in a tremendous crash. They wince. Commercial sign flashes.

MIKE

Huh. Weird. Well, we have  
commercial sign.

MIKE hits the button as CROW falls down behind desk. Cut to  
commercial.

CUT TO: COMMERCIAL BUMPER

SEGMENT 5

SATELLITE OF LOVE INTERIOR

ENTER from tunnel sequence.

CAMERA zooms back from tunnel sequence to reveal MIKE, TOM, and CROW at desk. CROW is eating a blue snow cone. CAMERA ANGLE is front.

SERVO

Ok, Mike. Clarify this for me. Was this a movie, or did we just watch someone's Aspen vacation film? It was drab, pointless, and nothing happened besides a lot of skiing and flying.

MIKE

Perhaps, Servo, but in this case, I'm going to argue for another point of view.

CROW

You think someone slapped a title and credits onto a stock footage reel?

MIKE

I think it shows, don't you? Remove the stock footage, and what do you have left? John Carradine.

ALL

(shudders)

SERVO

You don't need to worry about that, Mike. Crow and I have edited the movie according to our personal visions to its core, movie-related elements. Hit it, Cambot!

SERVO's movie plays full-screen. It consists of the UFO landing, a plane flying, a monster rampaging through town, and the UFO leaving. It's about 10 seconds long. MIKE looks befuddled.

MIKE  
Spend a lot of time on it?

SERVO  
Nah. I spliced it together on the way in from the theater.

MIKE  
(shrugs)  
Crow, what'd you come up with?

CROW  
Hmm?

MIKE  
Your version of the movie?

CROW  
Oh, right. It's uh... it's right here.

CROW presents snow cone.

MIKE  
A snow cone?

CROW  
Not just a snow cone, a blueberry snow cone.

SERVO  
Ah, that explains everything!

MIKE  
No it doesn't! What does a blueberry snow cone have to do with anything?

CROW  
I couldn't very well have made a blueberry airplane, Mike.

Pause.

MIKE

Let's take a look at a letter for  
this week, shall we?

MIKE picks up letter from desk.

MIKE

Ok, this is from Joe Blevins in  
Michigan. He writes:

MIKE holds up letter. Cut to Still Store of letter.

"More! More!! MORE!!!!

Wow! The premiere episode of MFT3K  
was great! I got the tape in the  
mail yesterday, and I'm already on  
my third viewing... ..The movie  
itself was truly painful and bizarre  
as only Mexican cinema can be. I  
wonder if there's a director's cut  
out there somewhere with extra  
footage of the skunk laughing. That  
seemed to be the director's mantra:  
when in doubt, cut to the laughing  
skunk. And the director was in  
doubt much of the time,  
unfortunately."

CAMERA returns to cover set

SERVO

Thanks, Joe, but please keep in mind  
that watching *Little Red Riding Hood*  
three times in one day exceeds the  
recommended daily dosage.

CROW

And the recommended dosage would be  
zero, correct?

MIKE

Right, but if we're there, you can  
up that to one a day. So how about  
it, Dr. Doorknob?

CUT TO: Deep 13b

**Deep 13b Interior**

**DR. F is standing by techtronic panel. CAMERA angle is high.**

DR. F  
Don't even think about gloating,  
Nelson. You may have survived John  
Carradine, but we've got even worse  
for you waiting in the wings.

RAT wanders up on other side of panel, unseen by DR. F. The  
RAT is wearing and buttoning up FRANK's black shirt.

DR. F  
Until next time, boobies. Frank,  
hit the button.

RAT looks over at DR. F. DR. F, a horrified expression on his  
face, looks over at RAT. RAT hits button on panel. Screen  
blacks out.

After blackout, hear line from DR. F.

DR. F  
(whimpery)  
Mother...

CUT TO: CAMERA FADE AND CREDITS

## **STINGER**

John Carradine saying, "And now we're groping out into space..."