

EXT. CARNIVAL PLANET -- DAY

The Homer 6000 touches down on a landing pad and the crew begins to file out. Spencer comes out first, jumping up and down.

SPENCER

Yay! Circus! Circus!

As the rest of the crew exits, Spencer looks out into the distance to see an amusement park.

SPENCER (CONT'D)

Hey, this isn't an alien circus!
This is an alien theme park! You
lied to me, Chris! You're a liar!

Spencer runs back into the ship, crying, as Gimli-Top exits.

GIMLI-TOP

Pfft. Crybaby.

EXT. ALIEN THEME PARK -- INSIDE THE MAIN GATE -- MOMENTS
LATER

As the crew enters the park, Malcolm runs a bit ahead of the group, skipping.

MALCOLM

Oh boy! First, I'm gonna go on
something that makes me throw up!
Then, I'm gonna go on something that
causes me extreme spinal damage.
And then, I'm gonna eat junk food
and have a heart attack!

JASON

And I'll do that, too. Because that's
the kind of guy I am!

SENATE

Really? I never thought of you as
that type of guy, Jason. This is a
side of you I've never seen!

JASON

Oh yeah, I've got plenty of sides.
Right side, left side. You name it.

Chris puts his arm around Lucy.

CHRIS

Alright, the park is only open for a
bit longer, so you kids run along.

MALCOLM

What are you two gonna do?

LUCY

Um...things!

CHRIS

Yeah! Scaaaaary thing.

MALCOLM

Oh, in that case...

Malcolm runs off, laughing insanely. A few of the others follow. Chris and Lucy sigh.

LUCY

Finally, a moment alone.

CHRIS

That was the point of coming here, m'love. Come on, let's go get something to eat.

GIMLI-TOP (O.S.)

Not so fast.

Gimli-Top hobbles over to the couple.

GIMLI-TOP (CONT'D)

You kids are too young to be at a theme park unattended.

LUCY

Actually, I'm eighteen.

GIMLI-TOP

Really?

CHRIS

Yeah, why do you think she's the only one on the ship with any sense? Ya know, besides the fact that she'd be incredibly intelligent no matter what her age was.

GIMLI-TOP

Well, intelli-ma-gent or not, Gimli-Top's gonna be keeping an eye on the two of you!

LUCY

Hey Gimli-Top, look at that overflowing trash can! Don't you want to clean it up?

Gimli-Top stares at the trash bin for a minute.

GIMLI-TOP

You've won this round.

He backs toward the can, keeping his eyes on Chris and Lucy.

CHRIS
 Good thinking, m'love. Now, perhaps
 we'll...

Spencer approaches the two.

SPENCER
 Chriiiiiis!

CHRIS
 I thought you were on the ship.

Spencer holds up his finger, which has a scratch on it.

SPENCER
 I got a boo-boo.

Chris sighs.

CHRIS
 Lord. I'll go get the First Aid kit.

He heads to the front of the park.

LUCY
 Don't forget to get your hang stamped!

EXT. ALIEN THEME PARK -- CARNIVAL GAMES -- CONTINUOUS

LA looks around at the games, then steps up to one of the booths.

ALIEN CARNY
 Sorry son, you aren't tall enough.

LA
 I'm too short? What game is it?

Suddenly, a giant furry alien steps up next to LA and gives the carny some money. He then steps over the booth and begins to climb a skyscraper. At the top, he swats down an airplane, and a bell sounds.

ALIEN CARNY
 Congratulations, sir! You win!

The furry thing slides down the building, and the carny hands him a stuffed elephant. The monster hugs it and skips away happily.

ALIEN CARNY (CONT'D)
 (to LA)
 What are you still doing here? Get
 moving!

LA kicks a stone and trudges off. Not too far down the road, he bumps into a fortune telling machine like the one in that *Big* movie. He drops a coin into it.

LA
I wish I were big.

A fortune card comes out of the machine. LA looks at it and sees that the entire thing is written in an alien language.

LA (CONT'D)
Aww, nuts.
(calling out)
Hey, Nolan!

Nolan walks up next to LA.

NOLAN
What can I do for you?

LA
Could you translate this?

NOLAN
Sure thing!

Nolan takes out a Game Boy-esque machine and runs the card through it.

NOLAN (CONT'D)
It says, "I sure can't grant your wish, but thanks for giving me your money, dumbass!"

LA
Dammit!

EXT. ALIEN THEME PARK -- FOOD STAND -- CONTINUOUS

Lucy sits at a table, tapping it with her fingers. Chris comes, carrying a milkshake or something, and sits down across from her.

CHRIS
Let's hurry up and drink this before someone shows up.

LUCY
Agreed.

At lightning speed, Malcolm rushes in and sits down at the table's third seat, right between Chris and Lucy.

MALCOLM
Hey guys!

CHRIS

Malcolm, do you have some kind of radar that tells you when Lucy and I want to be alone?

MALCOLM

Yeah, it must be like a fifth sense or something, huh?

CHRIS

You already have five senses, Malcolm.

MALCOLM

Yeah, isn't that what I said?

Chris points off-screen.

CHRIS

Hey Malcolm, that ride looks like fun, huh?

MALCOLM

Hell yeah!

Malcolm runs off. Chris hands Lucy a straw.

EXT. ALIEN THEME PARK -- RIDE LINE -- CONTINUOUS

Malcolm runs to the front of the line. A blob alien stops him.

BLOB ALIEN

Whoa whoa whoa! You can't get on this ride if you have any bones. You got any bones, Mack?

MALCOLM

Umm, not many.

BLOB ALIEN

Meh, good enough.

Malcolm gets in a pod with a bunch of other blobbish aliens. The pod then fires its passengers straight into the air. The blobs land on the ground, perfectly fine. Malcolm lands face first, his back crunching over his head. A loud cracking sound is heard.

BLOB ALIEN (CONT'D)

You okay, pal?

MALCOLM

My entire body is numb.
(pause)
Again!

EXT. ALIEN THEME PARK -- OUTSIDE THE TUNNEL OF LUV -- LATER

Chris and Lucy, holding hands, approach the entrance to the ride.

CHRIS

Ah, the tunnel of love. Overflowing with mystery and romance. And, more importantly, NOT overflowing with other crew members.

LUCY

Yeah, none of them would be caught dead in a ride like this without a girlfriend.

The entire crew walks up behind the couple.

MALCOLM

Normally, I wouldn't be caught dead on a ride like this without a girlfriend, but since we're on an alien planet, I'll make an exception. Oh, hey Chris and Lucy!

CHRIS

(between gritted teeth)
Hi, Malcolm.

MATT

Well, let's get this over with.

SPENCER

I call shotgun!

JASON

Shotgun!
(pause)
Damn...

LUCY

Listen guys, Chris and I sort of wanted to go on this ride alone. As a couple...

MALCOLM

Uh-huh.

LUCY

...Without the rest of you.

MALCOLM

(after a beat)
I don't follow you.

Chris sighs.

CHRIS

Listen guys, you can ride in the car behind us.

SENATE

Woo-hoo!

CHRIS

Just don't make too much noise or anything.

INT. INSIDE THE TUNNEL OF LUV -- MOMENTS LATER

Chris and Lucy float in a small boat through the elaborately decorated corridor. Chris puts his arm around Lucy, then looks back to see the entire crew floating in the boat behind them, smiling innocently.

CHRIS

That's it! Can't you guys give Lucy and I one intimate minute?

LA

Heh heh, "intimate."

Chris steps out of the boat and, in knee-deep water, trudges out of the ride.

LUCY

Chris, wait!

She follows him.

SENATE

Jeez, somebody's got a touchy spot.

MATT

Well, can you blame him? Look at all of you! You can't give the man...

NOLAN

Young adult.

MATT

...Whatever. You can't give your captain one moment with the girl he loves?

MALCOLM

Obviously not.

Malcolm hold out his hand for a high-five. He looks around and sees that no one wants to return it and slowly puts his hand down.

INT. ABOARD THE HOMER 6000 -- COCKPIT -- LATER

Chris sits in the captain's chair, still in a bad mood. He throws a ball against the wall in frustration. Matt enters from the ship's back.

MATT

Hey Chris. Still pissed off?

CHRIS

You don't know the half of it.

MATT

Try me.

CHRIS

Well, since you're one of my oldest friends, I'll explain it to you.

Matt sits down in the chair next to Chris.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

I dunno, it's just that since we've been in space, Lucy and I have barely had a moment alone. Things started going wrong right from the start...

FLASHBACK:

INT. ABOARD THE HOMER 6000 -- COCKPIT -- NIGHT

The crew begins to head toward their rooms at the back of the ship. Chris and Lucy stay in the cockpit. Lucy moves a little closer to Chris.

LUCY

Ya know, this is actually the first night we've been together. Maybe we ought to do something to remember it.

CHRIS

Way ahead of you, m'love.

The two move in to kiss. A moment before their lips touch, Senate runs in, his hair in flames.

SENATE

Chris, fire!

CHRIS

There's a fire extinguisher right behind you. Deal with it!

Senate grabs the extinguisher and scurries out of the room.

LUCY

Now, where were we?

The two begin to kiss again. This time, Malcolm enters, covers in bite and scratch marks.

MALCOLM

Chris, alligator!

Chris sighs.

CHRIS

I better take care of this. Hold that thought, m'love.

He walks toward Malcolm.

RETURN TO PRESENT:

INT. ABOARD THE HOMER 6000 -- COCKPIT -- CONTINUOUS

CHRIS

If only there was a way Lucy and I could be alone for a couple of hours.

Matt looks around the room shiftily.

MATT

Well, we could...We could kill them.

CHRIS

No. Not yet. It's just, I wish Mr. John had picked a co-captain besides Malcolm. It's not that I don't trust him, it's just...

(pause)

The rest of that sentence isn't really important. The thing is, if I had a dependable co-captain, Lucy and I could go out on dates and such.

MATT

Say no more! I shall be your new co-captain!

CHRIS

I wish it could be that easy, but Mr. John seems dedicated to keeping Malcolm as second-in-command, for whatever the hell his reason is.

MATT

Well, we could kill Mr. John.

CHRIS

Nah, that's okay. I'm sure an answer will come up.

From a crack in the door to the teleporter room, Malcolm watches the two.

INT. ABOARD THE HOMER 6000 -- TELEPORTER ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Malcolm continues to peer through the crack in the door.

MALCOLM

So, Chris doesn't think I'll be able to handle one night in charge of the ship. Well, I'll show him! I'll show them all!

Malcolm begins to laugh evilly. LA teleports into the room and begins to laugh, too. Malcolm notices this and stops.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

Where the hell were you?

LA shrugs.

INT. ABOARD THE HOMER 6000 -- COCKPIT -- THE NEXT NIGHT

Chris and Lucy enter the room from the back, dressed in formal clothing. Malcolm, who was sitting in the captain's chair, jumps up to greet them.

MALCOLM

Ah, you two ready for your big date?

LUCY

Malcolm, this really is a nice gesture and all, but...

CHRIS

You really don't have to do this. Really.

MALCOLM

Actually, I do. I already booked reservations at a fancy alien restaurant and used your money for the deposit.

CHRIS

You did what?

MALCOLM

Nothing. Anyway, the vampire cab's coming to pick you guys up soon.

CHRIS

Malcolm, I'm not saying this to insult you or anything, but I'm a little worried about leaving you in charge.

MALCOLM

Chris, when have I let you down
before?

Chris begins to open his mouth.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

Don't answer that.

LUCY

Chris, we did want to do this. How
much can go wrong in a few hours?
Let's just go and have a good time.

MALCOLM

Ya see, even your girlfriend agrees,
and she hates me.

LUCY

Malcolm, I don't hate you.

MALCOLM

Oh. In that case, if you hear some
rumors and people say I started them,
don't listen.

CHRIS

Well, this was something I've wanted
to do for years now. Alright Malcolm,
take good care of the ship.

A door bell rings.

MALCOLM

Well, there's the cab! You two have
fun.

Chris and Lucy exit the ship through the exterior door.

LUCY

So long!

CHRIS

See ya, Malcolm.

MALCOLM

Later, you crazy kids!

The door shuts, and Jason enters from the back.

JASON

Joyride?

MALCOLM

Hell yeah.

EXT. THE DEPTHS OF SPACE -- MOMENTS LATER

The Homer flies at maximum speed through the emptiness of the galaxy, occasionally hitting an asteroid, planet, etc. Jason and Malcolm's screams of glee can be heard from the ship.

MALCOLM (O.S.)

Ten points if you can hit that comet!

Jason crashes the ship into the upcoming ice ball.

JASON (O.S.)

Alright!

As the ship continues to zoom through space, it passes Mr. Authentic's helmet-ship.

INT. MR AUTHENTIC'S SHIP -- THE BRIDGE -- CONTINUOUS

Mr. Authentic and a Ninjaball (let's make him Jim from the last episode) sit at the ship's helm, playing cards. Mr. Authentic lays his cards down.

MR. AUTHENTIC

Ah-ha! My hand beats your's! Take it off.

Jim groans, and takes off the top half of his ninja outfit.

JIM

Must we play strip poker, sir?

MR. AUTHENTIC

When you're captain, Number 28, you can play whatever card game you want that involves taking your clothes off.

The Homer 6000 zooms by the windshield. Jim jumps up on the dashboard.

JIM

That's the Homer! Revenge shall be mine!

MR. AUTHENTIC

Get all the revenge you want, just let me have the brainwashing device!

The watch as the ship spins around frantically.

JIM

Actually, I'm tired just looking at it zoom around like that.

MR. AUTHENTIC

Me too. I'm too lazy to try and overtake that speeding vessel. We'll do it tomorrow.

They go back to their card game.

INT. ABOARD THE HOMER 6000 -- COCKPIT -- CONTINUOUS

Jason and Malcolm continue on their mad rampage.

JASON

This is more fun than pushing old people around!

Suddenly, a giant green blob hits the windshield of the ship. Jason and Malcolm scream, then bring the ship to a screeching halt.

MALCOLM

What'd we hit?

Matt enters the room.

MATT

Everything okay in here? Why were going so fast, then suddenly stop?

Malcolm frantically tries to cover up the goo on the windshield.

MALCOLM

Everything's fine! No need to call Chris or anything!

MATT

Okay. Whatever you say, co-captain.

Matt exits.

MALCOLM

Jason, I think he knows something's amiss.

JASON

No, really?

MALCOLM

We better try to clean that crap off before anyone notices.

JASON

Let me guess. "We" means "me," doesn't it?

MALCOLM

Indeed.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE HOMER 6000 -- CONTINUOUS

Jason, with one of those oxygen-backpacks on, steps out of the ship with a can of Windex and a window washer. He also has a tow cable tied to him, just to keep a slight bit of realism going on here. He floats over to the glob, sprays it, and tries to wipe it off. Nothing happens. Malcolm, from inside the ship, looks up at Jason.

MALCOLM

Well?

JASON

No good! It won't come off.

As Jason speaks, a little bit of the goo gathers itself, magically grows a top hat, and becomes SLIME, the lovable gangster.

SLIME

Of course it won't come off, ya dumb bastard. That's my slime trail. It'll only come off with the right mix of substances.

JASON

Woah, a talking pile of goo!

SLIME

That's right. My name's Slime. I'm slime. Now, are you gonna let me in, or am I gonna have to get all Quentin Tarrentino on your ass?

Jason stares blankly at Slime for a moment in disbelief.

INT. ABOARD THE HOMER 6000 -- COCKPIT -- MOMENTS LATER

Malcolm and Jason sit in the captain and co-captain's chair, looking at slime, stationed on a flimsy folding chair. There's a moment of awkward silence.

MALCOLM

So....

SLIME

I didn't kill nobody! I swear it!

MALCOLM

...Oookay. I was just gonna ask what you were doing floating around in the middle of space.

SLIME

A sad tale, indeed.

MALCOLM

Jason, break out the violin.

Jason goes over to a closet and pulls out a violin. As Slime talks, he begins to play it.

SLIME

I used to be a member of a certain organization that I'm not too proud to admitting to...

MALCOLM

PBS?

SLIME

No! I was a part of the Intergalactic Mafia, dumbass.

MALCOLM

Oh. Oh, that's much worse.

SLIME

Anyway, I was one of the mob's main hitmen, which is to say I enjoyed hittin' people. But one day, I was hittin' this four-armed, purple alien when I decided enough was enough.

JASON

You were tired of hurting people?

SLIME

No, my doctor said I should take it easy on the hitting because it was hurting my nonexistent spine. So, I go in to see the Slimefather to resign, and let's just say he didn't take too kindly to the idea.

MALCOLM

What did he do?

SLIME

Well first, he took a crap on my head...

Malcolm and Jason suppress giggles.

SLIME (CONT'D)

Shaddup! Then, he kidnapped my wife and two kids, and he's gonna kill them if I don't rejoin the mob!

MALCOLM

Why don't you just rejoin?

SLIME

I can't. The Slimefather's got a whole mess of men on the Mafia's homeworld waiting to shoot me on sight.

MALCOLM

So you can't see your family until you rejoin the mob, but you can't rejoin the mob because people will kill you if you try?

JASON

Man, organized crime is stupid.

SLIME

Well, I can't get my wife and kids back, but maybe you two pink things can help me.

MALCOLM

Why should we?

SLIME

It appears I left a pretty nasty stain on your windshield over there. If you help me out, I'll tell you how to remove it.

MALCOLM

Hm. Well, Chris will be pretty upset when he sees that stain. I can see his reaction now...

Chris appears in a thought bubble above Malcolm's head.

CHRIS THOUGHT-THINGY

WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAT!??

As Thought-Chris says this, his head gets bigger and bigger, then explodes. And AUNT JEMIMA-esque woman walks over to Chris' fallen body.

JEMIMA WOMAN

I'm ashamed! ASHAMED!

The thought bubble pops.

MALCOLM

Mmmmyep.

JASON

Well, I've always wanted to see another planet's version of the mafia.

MALCOLM

And I've always wanted to not get my
head bitten off by our captain!
We'll do it!

SLIME

Hey, you two organ sacks might not
be as bad as I first made you out to
be.

MALCOLM

Maybe we should bring Solomon along.
He gets a kick out of stuff like
this.

JASON

(calling to the back
of the ship)

Hey Solomon, you want to go help an
alien slime get his family back from
the Intergalactic Mafia or something?

SOLOMON (O.S.)

Can I have a few hours to think about
it?

JASON

You've got five seconds.

SOLOMON (O.S.)

Okay!

Solomon runs out, wearing a gangster-like suit.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)

All set!

MALCOLM

Okay, I'll call a cab.

SLIME

There's no need for that!

Slime opens his mouth to huge proportions and swallows
Malcolm, Jason, and Solomon. Jason and Malcolm make noises
of disgust, while Solomon seems quite pleased with it. Slime
opens the door leading to the exterior of the ship and
squeezes out.

INT. A FANCY ALIEN RESTAURANT -- CONTINUOUS

Chris and Lucy sit at a table almost at the center of the
room, surrounded by tables of other alien couples.

LUCY

Oh Chris, this is so romantic.

CHRIS

Any evening we shared alone would be romantic, m'love.

LUCY

I mean, the food might be a little on the disgusting side, but the atmosphere's great, we don't have to worry about the crew...

Chris and Lucy stare at each other across the table for a moment, then kiss. As their lips touch, fireworks go off outside the restaurant's windows. The pull away suddenly.

CHRIS

What the hell was that?

An alien waiter approaches their table.

ALIEN WAITER

Oh, I probably should have warned you about that. See, there are special sensors in this restaurant that go off whenever a couple makes contact in any way. When that happens, we just have to celebrate with an array of color and life.

CHRIS

Okay. Cool, I guess.

The waiter walks away. Chris takes out a cell phone.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Well, with the mood officially interrupted, now would be as good a time as any to see if Malcolm's doing alright.

He punches in some numbers.

EXT. PLANET COPPOLONIA -- A BACK ALLEY -- CONTINUOUS

Slime floats down into the scuzzy alleyway and spits up the three space geeks. They're covered in goo.

SOLOMON

That's the only way to travel!

They begin to wipe themselves off, and Malcolm hears his phone ringing. He answers it, and Chris appears through the picture phone.

CHRIS

Hey Malcolm. Just checking in.

MALCOLM
Chris! Guess where I am!

CHRIS
On the ship, I hope.

MALCOLM
(a beat)
Yeah, that's right. On the ship...

CHRIS
What the hell are you covered in?

SLIME
Tell him it's none of his goddamned
business!

CHRIS
Who was that?

MALCOLM
Oh, that was just Jason. He swallowed
some helium. And got drunk.

JASON
Hey!

MALCOLM
Anyway, everything's fine here.
Nothing to report. Just enjoy the
rest of your evening, buddy. Oh,
and if I'm not back when you two get
home, assume I'm dead. Jason and
Solomon, too. Thanks, bye!

Malcolm hangs up, and sighs.

INT. A FANCY ALIEN RESTAURANT -- CONTINUOUS

Chris puts the phone away.

LUCY
So, everything okay?

CHRIS
Well, Malcolm's covered in something
sticky, there was a strange voice in
the background, and I don't think
he's on the ship.

Lucy shudders.

LUCY
I really didn't need to know that.

CHRIS

Exactly. Anyway, I don't think many of the crew members were with him, so the ship's probably still in good hands.

LUCY

Okay, but when we get back, let's not ask Malcolm about what he was doing.

CHRIS

Agreed.

EXT. PLANET COPPOLONIA -- A BACK ALLEY -- CONTINUOUS

Malcolm, Solomon, and Jason get the last of the slime off of them.

SLIME

Anyway, this is Planet Coppolonia: the sleaziest planet in the galaxy! My family's being held prisoner in a warehouse around here somewhere, but since I probably shouldn't even be in plain sight around here...

A random bullet fires and ricochets off the pavement. Slime fearfully crawls into a trashcan.

SLIME (CONT'D)

You guys are your own! Bye!

Solomon begins to exit the alleyway.

SOLOMON

(in a New York accent)
You heard the boss. Let's vamoose.

JASON

Stop acting like a gangster, Solomon.

SOLOMON

You got a problem, punk?

Jason sighs.

JASON

Let's get this over with.

INT. ABOARD THE HOMER 6000 -- HALLWAY -- CONTINUOUS

Matt walks up to the door to the cockpit.

MATT

Malcolm, Jason?

(MORE)

MATT (CONT'D)
 You guys okay in here? You've been
 quiet. Too quiet...

Matt waits for a moment.

MATT (CONT'D)
 That's it! I'm coming in!

Matt presses the button to open the door. Nothing happens.

MATT (CONT'D)
 You locked me out! You bastards!
 (pause)
 Fine, but when you decide to unlock
 that door, you're in big trouble!

He begins to back away, pointing at the door menacingly.

INT. A WAREHOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Malcolm, Jason, and Solomon enter the warehouse.

JASON
 Well, this must be the place.

In the center of the room, a slime wearing a dress and two
 little slimes sit, tied up. The space geeks walk over to
 them.

MALCOLM
 Ha, this easy! It's simply a matter
 of strolling into the center of this
 room and untying them.

The slimes begin to shake their heads fearfully. As the
 space geeks get closer to the center, a small army of slimes,
 all holding machine guns, pop out from behind the crates. A
 bigger, more wrinkly slime, obviously THE SLIMEFATHER, makes
 a majestic entrance.

SOLOMON
 Holy crap! It's the Slimefather!

JASON
 Well duh!

The Slimefather mutters incoherently.

MALCOLM
 What?

SLIME HENCHMAN
 He says for us to shoot you kids!

JASON
 Aww crap.

SOLOMON
Is this the end of Solomon?

The space geeks cringe in fear. There's a pause.

JASON
Well, aren't you gonna kill us?

SLIME HENCHMAN
We're trying! Our gelatinous bodies
are too soft to pull the triggers!

MALCOLM
Ha! Just as I suspected!

JASON
You didn't really suspect that, did
you?

MALCOLM
Didn't really suspect what?

SOLOMON
Hurry!

The space geeks run over to the slime family and grab them.
They run out of the warehouse, closing the door behind them.
The Slimefather mutters something else.

SLIME HENCHMAN
Oh, blow it out your gooey ass, ya
wrinkly bastard!

EXT. PLANET COPPOLONIA -- A BACK ALLEY -- MOMENTS LATER

As the three run into the alleyway with the former hostages,
Slime comes out of the trash can.

SLIME
Marla? Kids?

MARLA
Slime!

SLIME KIDS
Daddy!

They run over and do some sort of weird, slimey hug thing.

MALCOLM AND JASON
Eeewww...

SLIME
Hey kids, I can't tell you how happy
I am to see my family safe and sound.
Let me give you a ride home.

JASON

No, that's okay. We'll just call a cab.

SLIME

Alright then. I'll send you my gratitude in the mail a little later, then.

SOLOMON

Will it be candy?

SLIME

Yeah, sort of. Anyway, I'll see you kids around, considering I'm putting myself in mortal danger by standing here.

MALCOLM

Wait! Before you leave, what's the secret of getting your slime trail off the windshield?

SLIME

Acid! Nothing but simple, old battery acid!

Slime and his family begin to float up into space.

MALCOLM

Goodbye, Slime!

SOLOMON

We'll always remember you!

JASON

Yeah, no matter how hard we try to forget!

The space geeks wave at the quickly departing mobster.

INT. ABOARD THE HOMER 6000 -- COCKPIT -- LATER

Jason, Malcolm, and Solomon sit on the couch, slumped over.

MALCOLM

Woo! What a day!

JASON

Now it's time for some good ole' fashioned sitting around.

SOLOMON

Indubitably.

Chris and Lucy enter the room.

CHRIS
Evening, gentlemen.

MALCOLM
Hey. How was your date?

LUCY
Quite nice, actually. Thanks for
keeping an eye on the place, Malcolm.

MALCOLM
Hey, that's what I'm here for.

Matt enters the room.

MATT
Ah-ha! There you are! What's up?
Why wouldn't you let me in?

MALCOLM
Relax, dude. We were just sitting
here.

CHRIS
Actually Malcolm, what was up with
all that slimey stuff when I called?

MALCOLM
Um...a failed Jell-O experiment?

SOLOMON
Yes. And nothing else...

Solomon begins to laugh evilly. The laugh rises, until he
notices everyone is looking at him. He clears his throat.

FADE OUT:

IT'S LIKE...THE END.