

INT. SPACE SHUTTLE / MISSION CONTROL - DAY

MAJOR CURTIS and MISSION CONTROL, two middle-aged people, sit on opposite sides of the stage facing the audience.

MAJOR CURTIS  
Copy that, Mission Control:  
adjusting the Space Station's  
trajectory by 30 degrees.

MISSION CONTROL  
Well done, Major Curtis. What's  
Captain Block's status?

MAJOR CURTIS  
Right as rain, Mission Control.

MISSION CONTROL  
Fantastic. I'm sure you're both  
having some incredible sex.

Major Curtis pauses for a moment.

MAJOR CURTIS  
Come in, Mission Control, there's a  
spotty connection. I must not have  
heard that last transmission  
correctly.

MISSION CONTROL  
(louder)  
Apologies, Major Curtis. Repeat:  
I'm sure you and Captain Block are  
having some incredible sex.

Major Curtis pauses once more.

MAJOR CURTIS  
Mission Control, my relationship  
with Captain Block is strictly  
professional.

MISSION CONTROL  
We don't doubt it, Major Curtis,  
but we also understand the pure  
beauty of space-travel. The thrill  
of zero-gravity. So much time alone  
in confined quarters. Space is  
sexy, and no one blames you for  
having intercourse with Captain  
Block.

MAJOR CURTIS  
Mission Control, I insist: Captain Block and I have a platonic, professional relationship with no sexual element.

MISSION CONTROL  
Hold that thought, Major, we've got an update for you.

ENGINEER, another middle-aged person, enters and leans over Mission Control's shoulder.

ENGINEER  
Good afternoon, Major Curtis, this is Head Engineer Landry. We'll be sending a new sleeping apparatus on the next shuttle.

MAJOR CURTIS  
Fantastic. These ones will be a little comfier?

ENGINEER  
Well, we've reinforced them so they can withstand the hard pounding you and Captain Block give each other three to five times a day.

MAJOR CURTIS  
Ms. Landry, that isn't necessary.

ENGINEER  
I know - you two probably like to be real gentle with each other as you watch the dawn break over the arctic sea, but trust me: When a volcanic plume rises into the stratosphere, you'll need those reinforcements to stop yourselves from slamming straight through the hull.

MAJOR CURTIS  
Nope. I am sure that is not the case. Listen, if Captain Block were here -

CAPTAIN BLOCK, a middle-aged man, enters.

CAPTAIN BLOCK  
Well, well, well! Is that Houston?

MAJOR CURTIS

Thank goodness you're here, Captain Block - we're having a slight misunderstanding.

CAPTAIN BLOCK

I see. How are things down on earth, Mission Control?

MISSION CONTROL

Very well, Captain Block. What about you?

CAPTAIN BLOCK

I'll tell you what, I've been horned up since the moment we hit escape velocity. Can't wait to have sex with Major Curtis here.

MAJOR CURTIS

Captain, what?!

CAPTAIN BLOCK

Your consent pending, of course. You know, go out and take a look at the moon above South America. I dare you to behold that perfect instance of God's Glory and not feel a hankering for the carnal human connection.

MAJOR CURTIS

Enough! I would like to remind everyone I am happily married.

MISSION CONTROL

That reminds me, your wife actually sent along a message. Playing now.

MRS. CURTIS (V.O.)

Hi, honey, the kids and I really miss you down here on earth. We think about what you're doing every day: looking down at us, doing your research, sexing up your Captain, or even just reading a book.

MAJOR CURTIS

Rachel, no!

MRS. CURTIS (V.O.)

(choked up)

The NASA people have told me how sexy space is, so I understand you

MRS. CURTIS (V.O.)  
can't stop yourself from having  
repeated, unprotected sex outside  
of wedlock. It's not your fault.  
Please promise me one thing though:  
don't imagine me while you do it -  
that's a lie. When you engage in  
the sex, I want you to imagine  
Saturn. Giant and graceful, with  
rings just like ours. I love you so  
much, babe. Goodbye.

Captain Block slaps an extremely frustrated Major Curtis on the shoulder.

CAPTAIN BLOCK  
What a wonderful woman.

MISSION CONTROL  
That was beautiful.

MAJOR CURTIS  
I disagree. Is there any other  
business, Mission Control?

MISSION CONTROL  
No, sir.

MAJOR CURTIS  
Thank god. Over-and-out.

Major Curtis hits a button. Mission Control's side of the stage goes dark.

MAJOR CURTIS  
How little they think of me.

CAPTAIN BLOCK  
It's infuriating.

MAJOR CURTIS  
Truly. Anywho, take your pants off,  
I want to do it while we're still  
over the Pacific.

Blackout.