

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.