

Before Jack can react, the gray suit man is on his feet, ripping his clothes from his body. Underneath, he reveals himself to be none other than Dirk Defiant! Dirk poses briefly in his flashy space suit, then looks for his sidekick.

DIRK

Now, have you seen my monkey?

Jack looks confused.

JACK

Wow... Who are you?

DIRK

Greetings lesser being, I am Dirk Defiant, greatest hero the galaxy has ever known. I've incurred some minor cosmetic damage to my ship, the Golden Goose--

Jack looks over Dirk's shoulder. The wrecked spacecraft looks like a multi-car pileup wrapped in tinfoil.

DIRK (CONT'D)

-- and lost another sidekick. Man! Now I'm gonna lose my deposit! Oh wait. Whew. Never mind. There he is.

Nate chitters and walks over to Dirk. He is wearing a bright red organ grinder monkey suit and begins a primate rendition of 'I'm a little teapot' complete with accompanying gestures. Before he can complete the song Dirk pounds him on the head.

DIRK (CONT'D)

Stop that! That's all I need is for you to spill hot tea everywhere.

Nate looks stunned for a moment, then snaps out of it, pulling off the little suit.

DIRK (CONT'D)

Go check the ship.

Nate scampers away toward the ship.

DIRK (CONT'D)

As I was saying, We need a new intergalactic space cruiser, perhaps you can direct me to your nearest space port or rocket rental location. Make it snap, son. I need to get out of here before the worst thing possible happens.

JACK

You die?

DIRK

No! I become... an Accountant.

JACK

Uh... Well sorry, we don't have any  
space ports 'round here.

Dirk is confounded. He looks back in the direction of the ship. Jack follows his gaze and can see a polished silver shape through the trees.

DIRK

Nate! A word.

The monkey returns and Dirk confers with his sidekick. Jack watches the exchange, enthralled.

DIRK (CONT'D)

Well, can you get it up and running  
again?

Nate shrugs.

DIRK (CONT'D)

So what do you need?

Nate scribbles a list on his chalkboard.

DIRK (CONT'D)

Let's see. Stretchy pants, yes.  
Super-power hair gel, extra hold,  
of course. Refills on our British  
accents, Right-o. What?! Well I can  
tell you right now we don't need four  
hundred pounds of bananas.

Nate chatters and gestures.

DIRK (CONT'D) Banana

bread? Fine, but I'm limiting you  
to three hundred fifty. Ok. But  
Where are we going to find the  
rest of this stuff? Metal engine  
components?

Dirks eyes fall on the tractor.