EXT. DANK LABORATORIES, RINGS OF SATURN

The I.B.B. HEFFER flies into screen and approaches DANK LABORATORIES.

ACE (V.O.)

Commander's Log: Spacedate forty nine-eight-three-dash-semicolon-forward slash-six. We've reached Dank Laboratories. Although peaceful in appearance, who knows what darkness may lie ahead. We'll be on light-medium-red alert.

CUT TO: INT IBB HEFFER. ACE, ABBY, RUNT, AND MR FISH ARE ALL AT THEIR STATIONS ON THE BRIDGE. ACE SITS IN THE CAPTAIN'S CHAIR, FACING THE SCREEN.

ACE

Mr. Fish, hail Dank Laboratories.

The screen goes fuzzy then SLEAZEL WEASEL appears, next to a large control panel.

SLEAZEL WEASEL

Yeah, what do you want?

ACE

This is Commander Little of the I.B.B. Heffer.

SLEAZEL WEASEL

Hey there! I'm Sleazel Weasel. I'm the proprietor of this fine establishment. We've got the most gaseous combustibles this side of Calisto.

ACE

We've tracked a transmission sent by the nefarious Foxy Loxy to this quadrant. We wish to dock immediately. Sleazel looks nervously for a second then puts his hand to his ear.

SLEAZEL WEASEL

What was that? pshssspphhsshhh Uh, sorry, didn't catch that. Pshpshh uh, Having a problem with the pshshhshss...

His finger slowly rises to hit one of the buttons on the console as he speaks. He hits the button and the screen goes black.

ACE

Hmm. He's hiding something. I can feel it.

Alarms sound and warning lights flash in the bridge. Mr. Fish whips around in his chair.

MR. FISH

Hmm?

CUT TO: EXT DANK LABORATORIES.

A squadron of ships take off and head towards the I.B.B. Heffer. They attack

CUT TO: INT. I.B.B. HEFFER'S BRIDGE.

The ship is rocked and everyone but Ace is thrown around. He's is still thinking

RUNT

Oh!

ABBY

Aaaah!

MR. FISH

Sir, we're under attack!

ACE

Right. This Sleazel thing will have to wait. Crew to your battle stations! Abby, take evasive action. Are you ready to knock 'em dead? Abby turns, flipping her hair.

ABBY

Ready as ever, Ace.