

WHAT'S DONE IN AREA 51  
Episode 6:  
"From Russia with Mixed Feelings"

Written by

Sara Wagner

Created by:  
Tom Folske, Jordan Indehar, and Sara Wagner

INT. BADGERS OFFICE- DAY

The room is very dim, lit only by a small desk lamp. Badger sits at his desk, feet propped up, sleeping. Hogan busts into the room wearing a blond wig and a pink zebra print catsuit. He slams a file onto Badgers desk, startling him awake.

HOGAN

Wakey wakey sleeping beauty!

BADGER

Can we just, like, tone it down to a level five?

Hogan flips on the overhead florescent lights, making Badger cringe.

HOGAN

Nope! You, my friend, are going to Russia, and the Kremlin waits for no one!

BADGER

Why the hell would I go to Russia?

Badger picks up the file from his desk, starts flipping through it.

HOGAN

Because your little girlfriend Sextraterrestriella is over there selling our secrets to Putin and his cronies.

Badger sighs, puts the folder back on his desk and rubs his eyes.

BADGER

Of course she is. What could she possibly want from Russia?

HOGAN

Well, part of your job is to figure that one out. That's irrelevant right now though, what matters is you gettin' your tooshie into gear and packing your things. You and your partner are leaving in twenty minutes from the tarmac.

BADGER

You're not coming with me?

From Russia With Mixed Feelings 2.

HOGAN

Oh no. I sort of steer clear of  
Russia ever since the whole Dyalto  
Pass thing.

BADGER

What?

HOGAN

Oh yeah it was this whole big thing  
back in '59. I got a little fussy  
and killed some hikers. So what?  
Anyway, they made it into this  
whole big spectacle.

BADGER

Dude, how old ARE you?

HOGAN

Well, that's neither here nor  
there. Now, hurry it up.

Hogan turns to leave, beginning to walk out the door.

BADGER

Wait! Who's my partner?

Hogan ignores the question, closing the door behind himself  
as he goes.

EXT. TARMAC- DAY

Badger arrives at the tarmac outside of Area 51. A jet has  
been fueled and is waiting for him, stairway extended. He  
climbs the stairs, disappearing into the jet.

INT. JET-DAY

Badger enters the jet, finding Dr. P waiting for him. She is  
already strapped into her seat, reading.

DR. P

It's about time.

BADGER

How long have you been waiting?

DR. P

Forty five minutes!

From Russia With Mixed Feelings 3.

BADGER

Hogan just left my office twenty minutes ago, there's no way it's been that long.

Hogan enters the cabin from the cockpit, now wearing a much more practical ranchers outfit.

HOGAN

Ah, there you are Badger.

BADGER

Did you...change your outfit?

HOGAN

Obviously.

DR. P

Get on with it. What's the mission?

BADGER

He didn't tell you?

There is a silence in the cabin, all eyes fall to Hogan. He puts his hands up and makes a motion like a magician revealing his final act, hands fanned out in front of his face.

HOGAN (WHISPERS)

Drama!

DR. P

For Christs Sake.

HOGAN

Okay okay fine I'll tell you.  
Badgers alien girlfriend is selling secrets to Russia and y'all are gonna go find her. Got it?

Dr. P turns to Badger, eyebrows raised.

DR. P

The one you knocked up? Seriously?

BADGER

No, unfortunately this is a different one.

HOGAN

A level nine intergalactic felon, in fact. The very one he let escape after bangin' her brains out.

From Russia With Mixed Feelings 4.

BADGER

Thanks for that, buddy.

HOGAN

Anytime, sweetheart. Now, I'm off.  
Call me if you need anything. The  
pilots have been briefed and I  
stocked the bar with enough gin to  
make sure you can't feel your face  
'til you get to Moscow. Ciao!

Hogan leaves the plane and the stairway retracts behind him,  
sealing the door automatically. Badger makes a drink, then  
takes his seat across from Dr. P.

DR. P

I wonder how many millions of  
dollars the US tax payers would  
save if we didn't have to go around  
cleaning up your messes.

BADGER

Hey! That's not- well- okay, yeah I  
guess technically that is fair but  
it's still not cool to point it  
out.

Dr. P rolls her eyes.

DR. P

Just shut up and wake me when we  
get to Moscow.

EXT. RUNAWAY- NIGHT

The jet lands on a scantily lit runway, in a dark forest.  
Badger and Dr. P leave the jet, a jeep pulls up beside them.

BADGER

This...this isn't Moscow? Right? I  
mean Russia can't be this barren.

DR. P

No, idiot, this is a private runway  
thirty miles outside of Moscow. You  
honestly thought they'd let two  
American agents just land on a  
public runway? Oh hey guys! Don't  
mind us! Just coming to arrest the  
intergalactic space whore my  
colleague accidentally released who  
is now selling you our secrets!  
Yeah, that would go over real well.

There is a long, lingering silence between them.

BADGER

Well, that's an overreaction if  
I've ever heard one.

Dr. P stares daggers at Badger, then marches over to the jeep. Silently, she gets inside. Badger follows.

INT. BADGER AND DR. P'S HOTEL ROOM- NIGHT

Badger and Dr. P enter a dark hotel room, flip on the lights. A single full-sized bed sits in the middle of the room, which is dingy and run-down. The television is old and boxy, complete with a built-in VCR.

DR. P

You've got to be joking.

Badger starts to laugh.

BADGER

Millions of dollars of US tax  
dollars, huh, P?

DR. P

I'm going to kill that bastard.

BADGER

Aw go easy on Hogan, he probably  
thought it would be less suspicious  
if we shared a room, and a bed.  
We're just a good 'ol honey-moonin'  
couple-a love birds.

Dr. P drops her bags on the floor and closes the door. Badger kicks off his shoes and jumps onto the bed, relaxing.

EXT. RESTAURANT PATIO- DAY

Dr. P and Badger are eating breakfast on a sunny patio, dressed like an average couple. Badger reads a paper, Dr. P a magazine.

BADGER

I'm just saying, it can't be, like,  
impossible to get jam in Russia.  
There's no reason for these damn  
commies to serve me toast without  
it.

Dr. P rolls her eyes, her phone RINGS. She picks it up.

From Russia With Mixed Feelings 6.

DR. P

Yeah? Okay. Send it through.

Dr. P hangs up the phone, gets up from her seat.

BADGER

Where are you going?

DR. P

Hogan got a hit on  
Sextraterrestriella's position. We  
gotta go.

BADGER

But I'm still waiting for my jam!

Dr. P throws some money on the table, then begins to walk away.

DR. P

I'm sure you'll survive.

Badger grabs his toast and takes a huge gulp of his orange juice, then scurries after Dr. P.

EXT. UPSCALE HOTEL- DAY

Badger and Dr. P walk up to the hotel, go inside.

INT. UPSCALE HOTEL FOYER- DAY

Badger and Dr. P walk through the foyer, nonchalantly approach the elevator, Bagder pushes the button.

BADGER

Why do the criminals always get the  
nice hotels and the good guys get  
shafted?

DR. P

Because the good guys are usually  
on a government salary.

BADGER

Touché.

The elevator arrives, they both get in.

INT. UPSCALE HOTEL HALLWAY- DAY

A very fancy hotel hallway, Badger and Dr. P walk passed the rooms, looking at numbers as they do. Dr. P stops in front of door 666.

BADGER  
You're joking.

DR. P  
This is the room Hogan gave me, I swear.

BADGER  
Alright. How we doin' this?  
Surprise bust-the-door-in style or pretend to be room service style?

DR. P  
Do you and Hogan actually do that?

BADGER  
How else are we supposed to get in?

Dr. P takes a plastic key card out of her back pocket and holds it up to Badger.

DR. P  
Maybe if you paid attention to the equipment demonstrations available to you, you'd know a little more about the tools available to you.

Dr. P takes the key card, slides it into the lock, and the light turns green. She turns the door knob slowly.

INT. UPSCALE HOTEL ROOM- DAY

Badger and Dr. P enter the room, which is lit with sunlight pouring in through the floor to ceiling windows lining the suit. A California king sized bed sits in the middle of the room, unmade and messy. The bathroom door is cracked open, a RUNNING SHOWER can be heard.

BADGER  
Uhh, I'll check out the shower. You go ahead and check the room.

DR. P  
No! You don't get to play peeping Tom. We're going in together and we're going to take her back to the base, WITH her clothes on.



BADGER

She's dangerous P, I don't want you getting hurt.

Dr. P's demeanor softens for just a moment.

DR. P

Really?

BADGER

I mean, yeah. Once you see that bangin' body there's no way your self esteem won't take a hit. I'm just looking out for your best interest.

Dr. P pushes passed him, throwing open the bathroom door.

INT. BATHROOM- DAY

Dr. P and Badger burst into the bathroom, weapons drawn. Sextraterrestriella, startled, SHOUTS an alien cuss word, reaches an arm out from behind the curtain and grabs a towel.

BADGER

Don't move! It's over now, you've had your fun. Drop the towel and draw back the curtain!

SEXTRATERRESTRIELLA

Well, which is it? Don't move or draw back the curtain?

DR. P

Put the towel on then draw back the curtain.

BADGER

Party pooper.

Sextraterrestriella turns off the shower, pulls the towel behind the shower curtain, then after a moment draws it back.

SEXTRATERRESTRIELLA

I have to admit, I thought I'd be out of Russia before you caught up with me.

DR. P

Out of the bathroom, now! Badger, you take the back, I'll take the front.

From Russia With Mixed Feelings 9.

BADGER

If you want me to take this seriously you're going to have to avoid saying things like that.

DR. P

Badger!

INT. UPSCALE HOTEL ROOM DAY

Dr. P backs out of the bathroom, followed by Sextraterrestriella, then Badger. In a barely visible movement, Sextraterrestriella grabs Dr. P and Badger by their necks, and slams them against the wall. Dr. P's weapon goes off, shooting the ceiling, Dr. P lays limp and unconscious.

Badger gets up, limping, and shoots at Sextraterrestriella, who runs towards the door, the shot grazing her arm. Alien blood spurts out. He pulls the trigger again, the gun jams. Sextraterrestriella pauses at the doorway, laughs.

SEXTRATERRESTRIELLA

You really thought that would stop me? Do you have any idea what it took for your little friends at Area 51 to capture me in the first place? Better luck next time, Badge.

She blows him a kiss, and runs out the door. Badger leans against the wall, slides down to Dr. P. He shakes her awake.

DR. P

Where- where is she?

Dr. P gets up in a hurry, looking wildly around the room.

BADGER

Gone with the wind, my lady.

DR. P

Why didn't you go after her?

BADGER

And leave you here, vulnerable and unconscious? Plus, you know, I think my ankle may be a bit broken.

DR. P

Great.

BADGER

Search the room, see what you can find.

Dr. P begins to rummage through drawers, throwing random clothing items around as she does.

DR. P

All that's here is a tasteless wardrobe-

She pauses, pulls a VHS out of a drawer.

DR. P

And apparently a tape.

INT. BADGER AND DR. P'S HOTEL ROOM- NIGHT

Badger sits on the bed with his foot in a cast, VHS in hand. Dr. P is on the phone.

DR. P

Alright, sounds good.

Dr. P puts the phone down on the nightstand, sits next to Badger on the bed.

DR. P

Our jet is on it's way. Best we can do is just wait it out and rest here until then.

BADGER

Wanna pop in the tape? Maybe it'll help us figure out why she was here.

DR. P

Might as well.

Dr. P takes the tape, pops it into the old tv. She presses play. We cannot see the screen, but Dr. P and Badger can.

BADGER

Is that...Trump?

DR. P

Yup.

BADGER

Is this? Oh my god! It is! It's the golden shower tape!

Dr. P quickly turns the tape off, turning bright red. Badger laughs hysterically.

BADGER

I guess I know what she wanted so badly from Russia.

DR. P

I don't understand.

BADGER

You don't think the US would do anything to keep that from going public? Like, possibly pardon an intergalactic felon and grant political asylum?

DR. P

No way, we would never.

BADGER

Where do you think Hogan came from?

DR. P

Jesus christ.

Badger continues to laugh, near the point of tears.

DR. P

I hate you.

FADE OUT.