

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 Dyaltov
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!

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 baron.

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.

From Russia With Mixed Feelings 5.

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.

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.

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!

From Russia With Mixed Feelings 11.

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.