

Orbit the Space Cat in:  
“Hybrat Hysteria”  
by  
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Page 1

Panel 1:

*Orbit’s ship, the Dingle Bell blasts through space. The title card, “Orbit the Space Cat in Hybrat Hysteria” is in this panel.*

Panel 2:

*Inside the ship we see a space rat with one of those tasseled sombreros dancing around the cabin.*

**Narration:** On route to the Cai’leen system, on business that’s none of yours, our hero picks up Julio, a *chicano* with one overriding passion in life...

**Julio:** SALSA!!

Panel 3:

*Julio comes into the cockpit where Orbit is at the controls.*

**Julio:** Hey Orbit, what choo up to?

**Orbit:** Just planning world domination...you know, usual Sunday stuff.

Panel 4:

**Julio:** Sweeeeet! When you are in power, I will be your secretary of Salsa Dancing.

**Orbit:** Sure. You can be director of national Salsa.

Panel 5:

**Julio:** The whole nation will move to the beat of my Salsa. Or DIE.

**Orbit:** Yes...we will give you an hour on television every Sunday.

Panel 6:

**Julio:** I will be Julio the Terrible, minister of Salsa. And then I will become power hungry and overthrow you and make everyone dance the Salsa from morning till night.

Page 2

Panel 1:

**Julio:** There will be dancing in the streets... or executions, their choice.

**Orbit:** Of course I will have installed an explosive near your heart so if Julio attempts to overthrow me, Julio dies.

Panel 2:

**Julio:** You cannot stop the beating of Julio's heart. It beats for Salsa alone!!

**Orbit:** I won't stop it from beating, I'll stop it from *existing*.

Panel 3:

**Julio:** I draw my power from the mystical source of Salsa... nothing can stop me!!

**Orbit:** Ok, you win.

Panel 4:

**Julio:** Hey Orbit, thanks for giving me a ride, man. I don't know how I would've gotten to Henrietta's house with my wings in the shop. I owe you one, buddy.

**Orbit:** It's cool, Julio. I know you're good for it.

Panel 5:

*Suddenly, a phone rings.*

**SFX:** BEE-DEE-DEE-DEEP-DEEP-DIDDLE-DEE! BEE-DEE-DEE-DEEP-DEEP-DIDDLE-DEE!

*They both pat their pockets.*

**Julio:** Oh, that's me.

Panel 6:

*Close up on Julio. He's talking into an earpiece phone, horrified.*

**Julio:** Henrietta? What's wrong? Sanjiv? The *caballeros*? *Madre de dios*!

Page 3:

Panel 1:

**Orbit:** What is it, Julio?

**Julio:** It's the mad scientist, Justin Sanjiv!

Panel 2:

**Orbit:** Sanjiv.

**Julio:** Oh, you've heard of him?

**Orbit:** We've met.

Panel 3:

**Julio:** He's rounding up all the rats on my planet and subjecting them to some horrible experiment! I didn't catch any more, we got cut off!

**Orbit:** *Que barbaridad*, bro.

Panel 4:

**Julio:** You've got to help us Orbit! You've got to. My people are helpless against a monster like Sanjiv!

**Orbit:** You're joking, right?

**Julio:** Please, Orbit! You're the only chance we've got!

Panel 5:

**Orbit:** You want me to go and help a bunch of rats escape mutilation by a mad scientist?

Panel 6:

**Julio:** Uh, yeah, is that okay? I mean, I know you're a mercenary, and only work when well-paid, but...

**Orbit:** I prefer the term Soldier for Tuna. But hey, it's all right. I know you're good for it.

*Julio sweats.*

**Julio:** Heh heh. Right.

Panel 7:

*External shot. The Dingle Bell blasts away towards the planet.*

**Orbit:** The irony of this situation isn't lost on me though.

**Julio:** See, I don't like ironing. That's why I wear mostly rayon.

**Orbit:** Never mind.

Page 4

Panel 1:

*A snowy environment. Orbit and Julio sneak up to an imposing compound.*

**Narration:** And so, on Cai'leen VII...

**Orbit:** What are Mexican rats doing living in a climate like this?

**Julio:** The rent is good.

**Orbit:** I see.

Panel 2:

*They climb in through an upper window. A voice comes from off-screen.*

**Sanjiv:** I knew I should've checked those windows.

Panel 3:

*Revealing Sanjiv. He steps out of the shadows along with a small army of little coke-can sized robots. Orbit and Julio are framed in the foreground.*

**Sanjiv:** ... they let in all the bad elements.

**Orbit:** Sanjiv.

**Sanjiv:** Orbit. What are you doing here?

Panel 4:

**Orbit:** I was on my way to Cai'leen IV, the kitty litter planet.

**Sajiv:** What for?

**Orbit:** None of your business.

Panel 5:

*A little robot rolls up to Julio and beeps piteously*

**Henrietta:** beep?

**Julio:** Henrietta? What have you done to her?

Panel 6:

*Sanjiv holds up a little remote transceiver.*

**Sanjiv:** Do you like it? I call it a Hybrat. The brain of a rat transplanted into a robot body. I control them with this! Now I have a whole army of little rat-bots to do my bidding!

Panel 7:

**Orbit:** You fiend! What on earth for?!

**Sanjiv:** I dunno. It has to be good for something. And it's pretty cool, right?

**Orbit:** I think it's sick.

Panel 8:

**Sanjiv:** Why don't you say that to my face, butt-licker?

**Orbit:** I just did, you moron.

**Sanjiv:** Right. Hybrots attack!

Page 5

Panel 1:

*The robots swarm at Orbit and Julio. They take cover behind an overturned lab table, and Orbit blasts away with his ray gun.*

**SFX:** ZAP! ZAP! ZAP! ZAP!

**SFX:** ZIT! ZARK! BASH! KABLOOIE!

**Julio:** Orbit, try not to hit my friends! They're not in control of their actions!

**Orbit:** You say this like I have a choice!

Panel 2:

*Close up on Orbit firing.*

**SFX:** ZAP! ZAP! ZAP! ZAP!

**SFX:** ZIT! ZARK! BASH! KABLOOIE! Beeeep!

Panel 3:

**Sanjiv:** Unless I'm mistaken, you're almost out of ammo, Orbit!

**Orbit:** How do you know that? You can't have been counting the shots?

Panel 4:

**Sanjiv:** I hear your low battery tone.

**Orbit:** Oh.

Panel 5:

**Sanjiv:** Wanna come out and settle this man to ...er, feline?

**Orbit:** Don't call me feline, monkey meat!

**Sanjiv:** Come on then!

Panel 6:

*They tussle.*

**SFX:** Arrgh! Rrrow! Fft! Stupid animal!

Panel 7:

*The Hybrats gouge and nip at Orbit*

**Orbit:** Auugh! Hey, what gives?!

**Julio:** Don't attack Orbit, amigos! He's on our side!

Panel 8:

**Sanjiv:** Ha ha! Don't you get it? When they do my bidding, I signal the pleasure center of their brains! How can you possibly reason them out of that?

Page 6

Panel 1:

**Julio:** I'll invoke an old Latin law that runs deeper than anything your loco logic circuits can dish out! Rhythm knows no reason! SALSA!!

Panel 2:

*He dances, and the robots follow suit. The spell is broken!*

**Julio:** That's it! Dancing gives you more pleasure than his artificial brain tickle. Okay, amigos, let's take the Salsa to the scientist! Arriba!

Panel 3:

*The Hybrats pile on Sanjiv.*

**Sanjiv:** Oof ZAT ow! Oh no! AAAAAaaaaarrHHH!

Panel 4:

*Orbit, now unmolested, gets up and stands next to Julio, watching the carnage.*

**Orbit:** Whew! That was different.

**Julio:** Looks like we really showed him, huh, Orbit?

**Orbit:** Yeah. Whatever. Wow, I'm hungry.

Panel 5:

*Orbit picks up Julio and eats him.*

**Julio:** What the?! Hey!!

Panel 6:

*Blank panel*

**SFX:** GULP!

Panel 7:

*All the Hybrats suddenly turn and stare in shock at Orbit.*

**Orbit:** Okay, you KNOW that had to happen. One, you never upstage the hero. And two, I was right... he WAS good for it. Lunch, that is! Ha ha ha! Ha ha... you're not laughing.

Panel 8:

*The Dingle Bell blasts away from Cai'leen VII, pursued by dozens of the tenacious little robots.*

**Narration:** Ha Ha Ha! Ahem. So... tune in next week for another hair-raising adventure of ORBIT, THE SPACE CAT!

**THE END**