

# STARSHIP Q STAR

Episode 104  
"BETTER OUT THAN IN"

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[An upbeat synth pop music track plays - it's as if a Star Trek theme has had a baby with Janelle Monáe.]

1

**INT. SSQS - BRIDGE - DAY**

1

[An interstellar WHOOSING. A gear shift and the crew JOLTS out of Faster Than Light flight.]

[Computer BLEEP]

COMPUTER

Faster Than Light travel complete.

DUSTY

That never gets old. Hoo!

[Airplane seatbelt off beep.]

BOB

Hoo! Did anyone else forget to buckle up? Don't worry, it's only a medium to large gash.

SIM

All crew, post FTL report.

AURELIA

Sim, allow me to report: success!  
(speechifies)

You know, this crew has endured a lot. The destruction of Earth. The destruction of Cyantia. The destruction of everyone's period syncing up. But it was all worth it to make it here. To our new home. Planet V!

[Aurelia exclaims with joy]

SIM

I mean we literally just *had* a new home planet, but sure, Aurelia, this random patch of space looks great.

SOLARIS

Well, I can report high levels of excitement in this immediate area, Captain Aurelia.

MO

And there's high level excitement in the immediate area of my pants! There's gotta be aliens around here if this planet's so perfect... Let's be each others wing-people, Solaris!

SOLARIS  
(nervous)  
Ah haha, yes, Mo!

AURELIA  
Yes 99 percent of everyone is V  
excited!  
(beat)  
Computer, Planet V onscreen.

[A BLEEP and the crew Oooooohs and aaaaaahs over the planet.]

AURELIA (CONT'D)  
Wow. It really could be a mini-  
Earth! Bob, go grab some champagne  
from the mess. Let's get day drunk  
and celebrate!  
(beat)  
And keep your comms open - you're  
not going to want to miss my  
speech.

BOB  
Yes ma'am!

[FOOTSTEPS, and the Bridge doors slide open as Bob exits.]

SIM  
Champagne, Aurelia? We should pop  
out the safety protocols before we  
pop corks. As Co-Captain -

AURELIA  
(playful mocking)  
Uhhh. As Co-Captain... my name is  
Sim, and I am Grim all the time.  
(making herself laugh)  
I love rules and being mad. They  
should have called me "Grim"  
instead of Sim.

[The crew laugh.]

SIM  
That's not a real name.

AURELIA  
It is now, Grim!  
Dusty, are we getting V close?

DUSTY  
Yeah not far, Cap. Though the  
planet still looks pretty small--

AURELIA  
-Not far! Take us in, Dusty!  
What is everyone going to do first?  
(MORE)

AURELIA (CONT'D)

I'm going run barefoot through a meadow until I accidentally tread on a snail and gross myself out...

COMPUTER

We have arrived at your Co-ordinates.

AURELIA

Huzzah! Now don't be alarmed Grim, you might be feeling the human emotion known as: "joy".

SIM

Aurelia, the planet-

AURELIA

-Is incredible, I know! Computer, if you will please, sing the song of our new home world.

[Computer bleep.]

COMPUTER

Captain I am only programmed to sing 'Happy Birthday' in the event all but one of the crew dies and requires me to celebrate.

MO

Well that's real comforting.

SIM

Aurelia, the planet is gone.

AURELIA

Ugh. Stupid cheap view screens. Dusty, give it a whack for me.

DUSTY

Sure.

[THUD.]

SIM

Computer, locate Planet V.

[Computer BLEEP.]

COMPUTER

The nano-planet affectionately known as "Planet V" is located approximately 400 meters from the Q Star stern.

MO

It's behind us?

SOLARIS  
It's a *nano-planet*?

AURELIA  
(deep smiley denial)  
Nano...? Uh, Na-NO. No! Clearly  
there's a mistake.

SIM  
Computer, how big is Planet V?

[Computer bleep.]

COMPUTER  
Planet V is 48 centimetres in  
diameter.

[Everyone gasps.]

DUSTY  
(to herself)  
That's small, right?

MO  
Damn, guess the Dicks cocked up.

SIM  
Aurelia. 48 centimetres?

AURELIA  
(nervous laughter)  
Ok. Ok, alright, who spilt kombucha  
in the diagnostic system again?  
Come on! 48 centimetres - that's  
hilarious! Dusty, back us up so we  
can see the planet *properly*.

DUSTY  
Backin' it up, Boss.

[The ship powers in reverse and THWOMP. The ship stalls.]

[Alarms blare.]

COMPUTER  
"Planet V" is located inside the Q  
Star.

AURELIA  
Computer, you are off your game  
today! Should I turn you off and on  
again?

[Beeps as Sim works at her console.]

SIM  
Sensors show that the planet was  
sucked *into* the ship's exhaust!

AURELIA

Very funny, *Grim*, because obviously a planet inside a Starship would cause catastrophic --

[Explosions! Then -- CLANG CLANG. CLANG CLANG. The planet rhythmically slams around the rear of the ship. Alarms blare.]

SOLARIS

Captains, we have damage in multiple stern-side ship systems!

AURELIA

I think...

DUSTY

Damage in propulsion, rear power conduits, orbital manoeuvring...

AURELIA

I think...

MO

Damage to replicators, environmentals down to 80%!

SIM

Aurelia, we need solutions, now!

AURELIA

*I think I need a frappe.*

SIM

What!

AURELIA

(stunned)

I'm gonna get one, be back.

[FOOTSTEPS. The Bridge door opens and closes as Aurelia exits.]

SOLARIS

Captain Aurelia left the bridge! Is she ok, should I go check on her? I can go check on her. Co-Captain Sim, permission to go check on Captain Aurelia?

SIM

Stand down and sit down, Solaris. Your *other* Captain is still here and all you need. Now. We're going to do what we should have done a long time ago...

(cool guy voice)

ISA data diagnostics.

[A short descending musical sting plays.]

2

**INT. SSQS - BOB'S KITCHEN - DAY**

2

[Cupboards being ransacked. Clanking, rustling; a glass smashing. Aurelia frantically searches Bob's Kitchen in the Mess Hall. The rhythmic clang of the planet can be heard in the distance.]

AURELIA

(muttering)

Frappe, frappe, frappe?

(beat)

What is that?

BOB

So great you're showing a sudden interest in Cafe Le Bob, Captain Aurelia... But don't you want your champagne on the bridge?

AURELIA

Order up! I need a triple shot caramel frappe, stat! Now Bob!

BOB

Sorry no can do. The duplicators are down and we're plum out of dairy--

AURELIA

(digs in cupboard)

Lies! I know you have frappe-gredients here somewhere. Where are they? Ah ha! What's this Bob? Cream of onion soup. Which implies the existence of milk of onion. Where is it Bobby? Where?!

AURELIA (CONT'D)

(muttering as she searches Bob's kitchen)  
Oh! Hmmm.... Come on where are you... Argh. Come on! Come on Aurelia...

BOB

Okay Captain Aurelia, you cannot milk an onion. Believe me I have tried. OK. I did keep my comms open and I know you must be very disappointed about Planet V being smaller than most of my poo-  
(course corrects 'pooops' to 'pot')  
-oot plants. My pot plants. But you're our courageous Captain! You can fix this. And find us a new home. And keep us alive, even without a frappe-

AURELIA (CONT'D)

- BOB! STOP, OKAY? I JUST NEED TO  
MAKE A FRAPPE, A PERFECT FRAPPE  
JUST LIKE I USED TO HAVE AND  
EVERYTHING WILL BE FINE.

(still yelling)

I'M SORRY FOR YELLING!

BOB

It's just, if you drink the  
substance in the jar you're holding  
you'll, uh, be died. Dead. You'd  
die.

AURELIA

Why is it in your kitchen?

BOB

Oh in small amounts it's a great  
substitute for salt!

[A short percussive musical sting plays.]

3

**INT. SSQS - BRIDGE - DAY**

3

[Bridge beeps and bleeps. Planet V's rhythmic thumps seem to  
be getting louder, and more frequent.]

SIM

Solaris, diagnostic update.

SOLARIS

Damage is mostly isolated to the  
rear of the ship. From what I can  
tell Planet V is stuck in our  
exhaust chamber. It's gravitational  
force is pulling it into the ship,  
but the ship's fumes keep building  
up and pushing it back.

DUSTY

It's rolling around in there like a  
lonely bingo ball, Co-Cap.

MO

Home sweet home jammed right up our  
tail pipe.

SIM

Alright we've very colourfully  
identified the problem, let's have  
solutions. Solaris?

SOLARIS

Ready to CORN DOG it up, Co-Cap  
Jackson!



SIM

Excuse me, what.

SOLARIS

Oh! Sorry, it's an acronym. For the problem solving system Aurelia and I developed. It's like got a problem? CORN, DOG! Calculate, be Open to possibilities, Refresh your thinking, and Never stop exploring. And then dawg cos its fun, like CORN *dawg*.

SIM

Uh...

SOLARIS

Like for example, in this instance if I apply CORN its obvious what we should do, right?

MO

I mean... of course, Sol. But I don't think the Captain gets it.

SOLARIS

Calculate the planet's gravitational forces, Open up a plasma chamber and capture it inside, Refresh, uh... yourself, and Never stop studying it! *Dawg!*

SIM

Ah ok, I get it. Denied.

SOLARIS

What.

SIM

Procedure dictates that any threat must be ejected. Dusty, prepare to blast the exhaust and flush it out.

DUSTY

Standing by to fang it, Cap'n!

SOLARIS

(flustered)

But flushing could-- studying it is -- we should really ask Aurelia!

SIM

Computer, open comms to the Mess.

**OVER COMMS --**

[Bob whimpers. Aurelia laughs manically]

AURELIA

More Bob, more! Grab the teat on that onion and *squeeeeeze*.

BOB

I don't think they have teats?

AURELIA

You have teats! What happens if I squeeze yours!

[Bob screams.]

**BACK TO THE BRIDGE --**

SIM

Close comm link. Crew, Captain Aurelia is unfit for duty.

DUSTY

Why are you smiling like that, Co-Cap?

SIM

Computer, enact protocol C9. Captain Banks is hereby relieved of duty pending medical evaluation.

[Computer bleeps affirmative.]

SOLARIS

What! Co-Captain, no!

SIM

There'll be no more Co, Sol. No... more... Co... I'm the Captain now. Me! Just me!

MO

This is a nice, normal reaction to hearing someone is unwell.

SIM

Mo, take Aurelia to the med bay!

MO

Yeah righto.

[FOOTSTEPS as Mo exits. The Bridge door opens.]

SIM

Finally, this ship will led by calm logic and strict rules. No more reckless dreams or "spirit of exploration"! Where did that ever get humanity? Now we can get things done, by the book.

(MORE)

SIM (CONT'D)

Our trusty ISA procedure manual has never failed us--

SOLARIS

(under their breath)  
...except when it kinda has.

SIM

(still inspirational)  
Except when it kinda has. But with me leading Sol, everything will finally get under control. We'll no longer have to sit around, confused and scared, listening to rousing speeches that go nowhere while our ship slowly gets destroyed from the inside!

[In the distance, the Planet V smashes through the ship.]

SIM (CONT'D)

Dusty - commence the flush!

DUSTY

Aye-aye, Cap! Blowin' 'er hole!

[WHOOSH! The exhaust flushes.]

4

**INT. SSQS - BOB'S KITCHEN - DAY**

4

[The blasting of blenders.]

BOB

Look at us: Bob and Aurelia. It's like we're running a substitute dairy-caffeine-chocolate frappe focused Boost Juice!

[Aurelia blends, grunts, and whispers to herself.]

AURELIA

(swallowing a sip)  
Argh no! Too much Sprotea pollen!  
but we can fix it, yes! We can fix it. More Vegemite concentrate!

[The kitchen door slides open and Mo's footsteps travel into the kitchen as they enter.]

MO

I heard Aurelia was unfit for duty,  
I just didn't realise HOW unfit.

AURELIA

Haha, it's wrong! It's very wrong.

MO  
Yeah, sounds it.

AURELIA  
I got my hopes up for this one and it's wrong again! But that's okay, it's okay... it's not like I had five other people's tongues to worry about.

MO  
We still talking about frappe's there, champ?

[Aurelia begins to search through Bob's cupboards again. She opens containers and shakes jars.]

BOB  
Of course she is! That's just normal cooking self talk. 'If this cake doesn't rise neither will the crew's morale' or 'if your sauce is lumpy, Christmas is ruined' and everyone will leave... That kind of stuff.

MO  
Good gravy that is bleak.

AURELIA  
Gravy! I'll try gravy!

MO  
(gently)  
Hey Aurelia? Hun? Wanna come with Dr Mo? Have a xanny thickshake and a lay down, hm?

AURELIA  
There are no thickshakes! Only frappes. The perfect frappe. Ah ha! Toothpaste! Natures caramel, yes...

[Aurelia mutters to herself.]

BOB  
Mo, Aurelia doesn't have a fun rash or a clumpy eye problem. Aurelia has a clumpy *feelings* problem. And after my med bay stay I would not say that that's your uh, strength. Aurelia needs home cooking and good vibes. She needs Cafe Le Bob.

[Mo laughs.]

MO

Oh you're serious. Listen. DIY Starbucks isn't going to fix this. I'm a world class doctor, who *also* happens to know plenty about a woman's mind. If anyone can fix Aurelia's brain snap, it's me.

BOB

I'm just saying that your bedside manner is a little... under baked.

MO

Bobby. Baby. Sweetie! Please. Watch and learn.

(flirty, to Aurelia)

Hey, Aurelia. You making frappes? That's cool. Why don't you come lay down in the med bay? Take off your flight suit, do a urine test, hm?

AURELIA

Must make... perfect... frappe..

MO

(over the top)

Hey who made this incredible, perfect looking frappe, yum --

[Mo DRINKS A STRAY FRAPPE.]

AURELIA

Mo!

[Mo swallows, gags.]

MO

Mnm, juicy *and* dry...

AURELIA

Oh! Mo! OH. MO.

BOB

No no no...

MO

See, Bob? She's picking up what I'm putting down.

BOB

No no no Mo, that frappe, that particular frappe had an ingredient from an alien flower I got on the Dö-Dell planet. And we have, quite frankly, no idea what it will do to you...

MO

I'm sure it's fine--

[Mo's guts gurgle and cramp.]

MO (CONT'D)

Oh. Huh. Okay. Huh. Oh no. I think,  
this is... I might die? Alright,  
Med Bay, let's go - now!

AURELIA

No but I've got to make frappe --

[An intense gurgling noise comes out of Mo, upping the urgency.]

MO

No, we're gonna go - and you can  
lick the sugar coating off all my  
ibuprofen, come on!

AURELIA

Fine! But I'm bringing these  
frappes. And these frappes, and  
these -

[Aurelia grabs an arm full of frappes, as Mo drags her out,  
guts gurgling intensely.]

MO

(calling as exits)  
See Bob? - *Ah my guts!* - See who's  
coming to the med bay? - *pinches  
like crabs* - Still got it, Bob! See  
- *jeesus christ.*

[Mo and Aurelia exit.]

BOB

Ok, bye Boosties! Guess I'm stuck  
on cleaning shift... Haha...  
(beat)  
Ok, Computer, play Bad boy Bobby's  
Ballad playlist!

COMPUTER

Emergency protocols engaged. Only  
'Happy Birthday' is available.

BOB

Sounds happy!

COMPUTER

Happy Birthday to you...

[Bob sings horribly along. A large EXPLOSION blasts the mess  
hall. Bob yelps! ... and a MYSTERIOUS GROAN replies.]

BOB

What was *that*?

5

INT. SSQS - BRIDGE - DAY

5

[ALARMS blare and the ship shakes, as Planet V jack hammers through the ship's systems.]

SIM

As Captain, let me be the first to acknowledge that flushing the planet did not go as planned. Computer, report?

[Computer glitches out as they spit out the garbled message.]

COMPUTER

(glitchinh)

The nano-planet, affectionately called "Planet V", is a 48 centimetre happy-happy-happy birthday-- happy-happy-happy birthday.

DUSTY

You curly fried the Computer, Cap.

SIM

Solaris, report?

SOLARIS

Sensors are going haywire! From what I can tell, the exhaust flush sucked the planet completely into the ship. It's now smashing through the fallopian service tubes. If it hits the engine, or breaches the hull, or -- Captain this thing could easily blow us up!

SIM

Relax. Everything is under control. In an escalating crisis the ISA manual is clear. Sol, enact Protocol 89: *raise shields*.

SOLARIS

The... external shields? For... outside threats? Won't that stop the planet from *leaving* the ship?

SIM

Oh. Right.. In that case... uh, let me just check chapter... stand by.

[Sim flicks through the ISA manual.]

SIM (CONT'D)

(to herself)

This page just says "Nuke the moon" with a question mark...?

DUSTY

Hey Cap, if it's the size of a basketball, I could slam dunk it straight out of the airlock!

SOLARIS

Oh! Captain, it's a *planet* - we could throw our shoes into it's orbit and weigh it down with too many moons!

DUSTY

Oooh Cap! Cap! Cap! Cap! Put me in the shuttle, shrink me down, and I'll speed through the vents like ZOOM SWISH - and I'll like take the nano-planet out with a nano-nuke, and I-

SIM

Shooshshooshshooshshoosh!!! I can't focus on the manual. From now on, you will *only* speak to your immediate superior. Communication will now flow efficiently and quietly up the chain. Understood?

SOLARIS

(annoyed)  
Understood, Captain.

DUSTY

Reporting that Solaris understands, Cap.

[The bridge door OPENS and BOB enters.]

BOB

Solo Co-Captain! Sim! There was an explosion in the mess - a LOT of Aurelia's reject frappes were hit. It is an absolute dud bath down there!

DUSTY

Cap', the cook is reporting --

SOLARIS

Hang on, Dust. Bob'd have to rank below me, surely.

DUSTY

True. Report, Specialist?

SOLARIS

Lieutenant, the cook is reporting a frappe-ocolypse.



BOB  
What is happening?

DUSTY  
Cap, reporting that Bob's crying  
over spilt milk.

BOB  
I never said I cried.

DUSTY  
(laughs)  
Yeah, he cried.

BOB  
Ok fine, I cried! It was a big  
explosion! And there was this  
creepy moaning sound...?

SOLARIS  
Lieutenant, sounds like Bob's also  
had an emotional break.

DUSTY  
Cap, crew reports show that  
everyone needs to TOUGHEN UP!

BOB  
Solo Co-Captain? I'd like to report  
that feelings are beautiful.

[Sim groans.]

BOB (CONT'D)  
Oh, Captain! That's a great  
impression of the groan I heard.

[The MYSTERIOUS GROAN again.]

BOB (CONT'D)  
And that! I think it's Planet V.

SOLARIS  
A planet *groaning*? Fascinating...  
CORN DOG theory would suggest--

SIM  
No! No more CORN! No more ideas!  
We're doing things my way now - by  
the book. And the book says...uh

[Sim desperately scans the manual]

SIM (CONT'D)  
That... you three should go locate  
the planet while Computer and I  
find a way to eject it.

SOLARIS  
But the sensors --

SIM  
Take handheld scanners go to the  
mess. Scan for uh, damage!

SOLARIS  
But *everything* is damaged...

SIM  
Fall out!

[A short, pacy, intriguing musical sting plays.]

6

**INT. SSQS - MEDICAL BAY - DAY**

6

[Mo BURPS, groans.]

MO  
Oh, my God...

[Aurelia takes a deep, self absorbed sigh as Mo continues to groan.]

AURELIA  
I'm getting *zero* caffeine kick from  
this chewy vitamin C... ugh and now  
you're out of chewy vitamin C!

MO  
Somethin' is happening in me...

[A god awful rumbling from Mo's guts.]

MO (CONT'D)  
Somethin'... real... weird.

AURELIA  
You know Mo, you could be a little  
bit more sensitive. This is a very  
difficult time for me, and I'm  
really going through something.

MO  
Yeah, ok, Well maybe if my bedside  
manner sucks it's because space  
sucks!

[Aurelia gasps in shock.]

AURELIA  
How dare you!

MO

Well when you're at the academy you're told it's going to be high octane adventure. It's all new places to discover, new medical puzzles to solve, millions of extra terrestrial holes to finger.

AURELIA

Not sure I remember that part of the training, Mo - think that was you in the toilets in between classes.

MO

Planet V was supposed to be my key to V, but then it turns out-

AURELIA

Way to rub it in, Mo! Way to rub it in... *Rub it in.....* Say Mo, do you have any cocoa butter body lotion? Maybe I could extract the cocoa...

MO

No more frappe's Aurelia!

[Mo groans. Aurelia gets annoyed.]

AURELIA

You're a frappe fascist! And I'll have you know that -

MO

I'll have you know I was voted best and fairest at the Dinah Shore orgy three years running! I'm very emotionally [high pitched squeal] sensitive [low honking sound]. Oh hoo, Iiiii think that alien flower juice might've [gags] made me....

[Mo struggles and makes weird noises as the gurgling in her guts comes to a terrifying crescendo. Then both Mo and her guts instantly calm.]

MO (CONT'D)

(blissed out calm)

Tell me, Aurelia, how do your - frappe - feelings make you - feel?

AURELIA

Really? For real?

MO

Yeah... Yeah... *for real...*

AURELIA

Well I've been *feeling* like I'm trying to make the perfect frappe, so perfect that it satisfies the tongues of an entire crew of people. But not every tongue wants to taste a frappe, Mo! You know? And is it even possible to have everyone happily lapping at the same frappe? Maybe I shouldn't feel such an obligation to try and serve as -

MO

(eerily relaxed)  
Serving is good, Aurelia. Offering, giving, feeding others frappes made with fresh flower juice...

AURELIA

Flower? Mo, are you feeling ok?

MO

I feel good, Aurelia. *Really* good. Really, really good.

AURELIA

Okay, hands down.

MO

You should feel really, really good too. Drink up, bottoms up!

[Ice shakes in the full plastic frappe cup as Mo shoves it in Aurelia's face.]

AURELIA

No! Get that flower juice frappe out of my face! I'm not gonna drink it!

[The strange creaking and cracking noise of crystals growing out of Mo's Zen face. Aurelia gasps as Mo laughs.]

AURELIA (CONT'D)

Holy crystallis! Mo, *crystals* are growing out of your face! Hey, this seems like one of those medical mystery puzzles you're so keen on! Right Mo? Mo? MO?!

MO

*How does frappe make you feel, Aurelia?*

AURELIA

I do feel a little frightened, thank you for asking.

7

INT. SSQS - BOB'S KITCHEN - DAY

7

[Beeps and bleeps as Solaris, Bob and Dusty scan the kitchen.]

DUSTY

Damn Bob, the explosion really wrecked your kitchen.

BOB

Actually most of this was Aurelia. The explosion happened in the fallopian service tube over there.

[They walk over.]

DUSTY

Oo that's a big hole. Anything could be in that fallopian. Rats. Mould. Mini planet that could shoot your head off. Who wants to look in first? Bob?

[The handheld scanners continue to beep.]

BOB

Oh. I would... but dark spaces... are when the memories come. How about you, Sol?

SOLARIS

(fuming)

Sorry I can't. Captain Sim's *book* didn't tell me to. I could look in there and 'get an idea' that makes me 'not follow orders'.

DUSTY

Okay geez, I'll look--

SOLARIS

Argh no, I was ordered to look for the planet, lemme go in.

[Solaris sighs and sticks their head inside and scans the tube.]

SOLARIS (CONT'D)

Looks like Planet V pin balled through here and -

(muffled in pipe)

-smashed everything including the coolant pipe-

(out of pipe)

-which caused the explosion. If that makes sense?

BOB  
(confused.)  
On an emotional level, yes.

SOLARIS  
Okay so applying CORN we would --  
Nooooo! Captain Jackson ordered no  
more thinking. So Dusty - you can  
scan the fallopian and find out  
where the planet went.

DUSTY  
I know where it is. Jammed up  
Captain Grim's...

[Dusty disappears into the tube. She continues to talk  
despite being incomprehensible.]

BOB  
You alright there, Sol?

SOLARIS  
Fine.

BOB  
You're just kind of vibrating with  
this murder-look in your eyes--

SOLARIS  
Sim won't let me have ideas! Or  
listen to your moan theory! They'd  
rather work on the bridge with a  
dumb book and a broken computer  
than with us! Excuse my language...  
but this whole thing is really...  
(scared to say it but  
commits)  
Silly! We need Aurelia back.

BOB  
We need Aurelia back? Or you *need*  
Aurelia...  
(suggestively)  
baaack.

SOLARIS  
What? No. Huh?! Shoosh your mouth  
right now! Dusty might hear you.

BOB  
Dusty's head is too buried in  
fallopian to hear me say that  
FARTS ARE DUSTY'S FAVOURITE MEAL!  
IF I SERVED UP A FART IN CAFE LE  
BOB-

SOLARIS  
OK, so she can't hear *us*, but-

BOB

Solaris, have you ever heard the saying "In case of emergency, break glass?"

SOLARIS

I don't know that that's a saying so much as actual emergency protocol.

BOB

- my point is, we're in an emergency, and I think it's time for you to break your glass with Aurelia.

SOLARIS

Are you suggesting I should... glass... Aurelia?

BOB

WHAT? GOD NO! NO Where on earth did you get that idea? Just tell her you have a crush on her. OH MY GOD!

SOLARIS

Ok, ok!

BOB

Glass her? My god Solaris. Awful. Grotesque!

SOLARIS

Okay! Sorry!

BOB

Oh my God, the images in my mind!

[Bob moans... and the ship rumbles with a LARGE GROAN.]

SOLARIS

Okay, okay...

[Dusty pulls their head out of the tube.]

DUSTY

I got a direction on the planet: it's somewhere in the tube.

SOLARIS

Bob, you're right. I'm gonna break the glass and just go for it. I'm gonna do that *thing* you suggested... and I'm gonna get CORNY with that planet. *Dawg*.

[A short percussive musical sting plays.]

8

INT. SSQS - BRIDGE - DAY

8

[Beeping of the Bridge.]

[In the Captain's love seat, Sim flicks through the manual.]

SIM

Okay, ISA manual, it's just you and me now... Whatever page I land on will tell me what to do when a celestial body is canon balling through the ship.

(lands on a random page)

"Chapter 91: Strategic Moustaches"...?

(groans, chucks manual aside)

This wouldn't so hard if the crew could just follow procedure.

(pause)

Computer, am I wrong? Am I an asshole? No, its the crew... Right?

[A distorted Computer tone plays.]

COMPUTER

Playing 10,023 instances of words 'asshole' and 'Sim' in crew logs -

SIM

What? Computer, no. That's private.

[The Computer plays snippets of the crew logs:]

BOB (V.O.)

(sniffing)

- then Sim said I had to bake it all sugar free. She's a monster!

[Sim sighs.]

MO (V.O.)

I think Co-cap Sim wants to finger the ISA manual... sexually, if that wasn't clear.

SIM

Ugh, Mo.

DUSTY

Mmmm I could really go for some dim sims right now...

[Sim groans.]

SOLARIS (V.O.)

Co-Captain Sim is... not... Aurelia!



SIM

Not being Aurelia isn't exactly a bad thing -

SOLARIS (V.O.)

...and I mean that in a bad way!

SIM

OK. STOP, Computer!

AURELIA (V.O.)

And I guess what I really think of Sim is...

SIM

I-I mean, this is morally so wrong and I object but if you're going to play them all, play them all, Computer...

AURELIA (V.O.)

She's just not the right Captain for this crew...

SIM

(crestfallen)

Oh.

AURELIA (V.O.)

... not yet. If Sim could just trust the crew the way she trusts her rules, she'd be incredible. Just like her abs in that flight suit, amiright? DAAAAAMN! --

SIM

Computer, end crew logs!

[Computer BEEPS.]

[Silence. Bridge sounds. Sim sighs.]

SIM (CONT'D)

That was... a lot of information. Computer... have I royally screwed this up?

COMPUTER

(glitching)

Alert - Happy birthday - denied.

SIM

Yeah, that's what I thought.

[A deep rumble and a series of BANGS sound in the ship.]

SIM (CONT'D)

Okay. Okay. Right. Tiny planet about to tear apart the ship. The computer is a glorified mix tape. Aurelia thinks my abs are great. I mean, Aurelia thinks I'm incredible. I mean, Aurelia needs me to fix this. The crew might hate me but... Sim to Solaris, what's your location.

[An error tone, static plays.]

SIM (CONT'D)

No comms. Okay... this is so embarrassing but CORN dawg...

[A corny bass heavy musical sting plays.]

9

**INT. SSQS - MEDICAL BAY - DAY**

9

[The rhythmic beeps of medical machines.]

[Aurelia works. Mo remains possessed and has been restrained.]

MO

Untie me Aurelia. We can enjoy-

AURELIA

-Frappe, yeah cool, Mo. So because you have a face full of crystals, I scanned your brain.

MO

We feel good, really good, Aurelia.

AURELIA

Yeah, yeah you do! Probably because your brain is full of space parasites that secrete euphoria. Parasites that seem to want to spread to me too. I mean it's no biggie...

(beat)

We only need to invent a cure for space parasites before they kill you - you, our only doctor. The only one who can work out how to get the parasites out of your brain... but unfortunately your brain is too full of parasites to work that out! Ha ha!

MO

That's good though...

AURELIA

I should be good at everything  
*immediately*, I hate not knowing  
what to do!

MO

You know what I hate? Pleasure.  
Pleasure that comes from anything  
but frappes.

AURELIA

No, except for sex, right? Heh.

MO

Yuck. No. No sex, Aurelia. Only  
frappe.

AURELIA

What. No. Mo! I know you're in  
there. You don't hate sex, you love  
sex!

MO

Sex?

AURELIA

That's it Mo! You love sex, you  
love...

AURELIA (CONT'D)

(awkward)  
Putting your hands on...  
boooobies.  
And chests without boooobies.

MO

No. Flower...

AURELIA (CONT'D)

And Mo you love bums! Put my bum  
against another bum!

[Mo gives a sound of recognition.]

AURELIA (CONT'D)

And oh my gosh the sex is helping  
you break free! Bums and boobs -

MO

Okay --- PUS! ---

AURELIA

Puss? Yeah...

MO

No! Pus! Pus! PUS SUCKER!

AURELIA

Pus sucker? This?

MO

Yes.

AURELIA

Oh Mo! Yes! This one? I get it!

MO

(zen again)

No, put it back...

AURELIA

I can reprogram this pus  
sucker to suck out the  
crystals from your face. Mo,  
great idea!

MO (CONT'D)

*No, crystals should stay...*

AURELIA (CONT'D)

I'll need a sample, hold still!

[Aurelia struggles with Mo.]

AURELIA (CONT'D)

No, stop struggling - *seeexy bums!*  
*Bum bum bum* - Got it! Here we go!

[Aurelia powers up the Pus sucker and sucks out the crystals.  
Mo screams.]

AURELIA (CONT'D)

Oh gross! Urrgggh, that's one's  
stuck, hang on, got it!

[Aurelia and Mo both grunt and groan as the crystals continue  
being sucked from Mo's head and face. They land on the floor  
with a TINK TINK TINK!]

AURELIA (CONT'D)

Mo! I sucked crystal parasites out  
of your head like a galactic Dr  
Pimple Popper! That was so gross!  
But also kinda cool...

[Mo pants, recovering. Then shivers.]

MO

Ah geez I feel like I just had a  
full body gravel colonic. Hey  
thanks for flirting me back to  
consciousness.

AURELIA

You are so welcome. Looks like I'm  
the ship's flirt master now...  
boobs and bums.

MO

Pft. If I was really flirting with  
you, you'd know.

AURELIA  
(laughs)  
Ha, yeah sure.

MO  
(sexy)  
No. Aurelia. You'd know.

AURELIA  
(descending into  
horniness)  
Oh... uh haha... Wha... Mo, what's  
that look... Put that look away

MO  
(suggestively)  
What is it..?

AURELIA  
I've never seen you do that look  
before... You... h...you've got  
beautiful lips. Eyes and lips?  
Oh... my...

MO  
Wanna see what I can do with 'em?

AURELIA  
Um, what can you do with them?  
(beat)  
Oh, wow, how are you doing that? Oh-  
oh wow! My...Mo!

Aurelia giggles hornily.

AURELIA (CONT'D)  
Okay, okay!

10

**INT. SSQS - CORRIDOR - DAY**

10

[We hear radar style beeps of Solaris' handheld scanner.]

[Footsteps as Solaris marches down the corridor, Dusty and Bob behind them.]

SOLARIS  
Check me out! I went against a  
direct order and worked out how to  
track the planet! I feel so  
amazing! And so anxious! But mostly  
amazing!

[Dusty slurps a frappe.]

DUSTY  
These frappes are pretty good,  
Bobby.

BOB

Thanks! And only one sent Mo to the med bay screaming in pain!

DUSTY

What?

[Solaris' scanner beeps frantically.]

SOLARIS

The planet is around this corner!  
Suck on that Sim -

[Solaris rounds the corner and SLAMS into Sim.]

SIM

ARGH SIM!

[Solaris screams.]

SIM (CONT'D)

Hello, Solaris.

SOLARIS

Captain! Hello... When I said 'suck' I meant -

SIM

Solaris, breathe. You're right. I should 'suck on that'. I should have listened to you.

SOLARIS

Oh. Thank you? I - is this a trap?

DUSTY

Definitely, Cap's face is all weird and stuff.

SIM

No, I'm apologising and extremely uncomfortable so please accept it and allow me to change the subject. What are you doing?

SOLARIS

Having illegal ideas. Please don't throw me in the brig!

(awkward laugh)

Ahem. I mean, I calibrated the handheld scanners to isolate the planet's gravitational pull. It's nearby, in this fallopian. But we don't know how to get rid of it.

SIM

That's something that I might be able to help with. I may have had a CORNy idea.

SOLARIS

Awww, did you?

SIM

I cross referenced the crew movement data with the planet's sightings and found a curious pattern. The planet's movements are *not* random. It appears that it's attracted to something. Or someone.

BOB

Huh? Why are you looking at me? Is there something in my teeth? Is it, oh, is it a booger? Ugh, I'm always getting booders in my teeth.

SOLARIS

It's attracted to Bob? How? *Why?*

SIM

I don't know.

DUSTY

That dump truck ass, obviously.

BOB

Well that's great. My first real space admirer and it's a deadly planet?

[Bob moans. The Planet moans back.]

SIM / SOL

It's his moans!

BOB

WHAT!

[Bob groans loudly. The planet MOANS again.]

DUSTY

Great! Bob get into the fallopians, lead the killer planet to the back door, eject it into space, and we can get back to drinking frappes.

BOB

Don't be crazy, Dusty, that's *obviously* not the plan.

SOLARIS

That. actually isn't a bad idea.

BOB  
What! Co-Captain pleas?

SIM  
The crew's right, Bob.

SOLARIS  
It's attracted to you, Bob. You're the only one who can do it. Sorry. But we'll be out here supporting you the whole time!

BOB  
Well, I guess --

DUSTY  
In ya go, bud!

[Dusty 'helps' Bob climb in the tube. He crawls forward.]

BOB  
(inside the tube)  
Ohhh, I'M INSTANTLY STUCK!

[The planet's groans get louder and louder.]

SIM  
The planet is coming this way.  
Towards Bob!

DUSTY  
(slurps frappe)  
Oh no.

SOLARIS  
Captain, as the smallest --

SIM  
Denied, Sol. Protocol dictates that I go in.

SOLARIS  
Captain, let me adjust your scanner so we can communicate.

SIM  
Thanks. Now if you'll excuse me, I need to unplug a man from a hole.

[Sim hoists herself into the tube.]

11 **INT. SSQS - FALLOPIANS - CONTINUOUS**

11

[Bob moans and groans in the tube as the planet moans back.]

[Sim crawls through the tube.]



SIM

Okay Bob, I'm right behind you. How are you stuck?

BOB

(mournful)

I don't know, it's all so dark in here!

SIM

Can you move at all?

BOB

Just leave me Captain, I belong to the fallopians now.

SIM

Please Bob, we need to move.

BOB

No, I can't dooo iiiit...

[Bob moans. The tube rumbles. We can hear the planet approaching, the scanner beeps intensifying. It's GROANS intensify.]

SOLARIS (VIA SCANNER)

The planet's gaining speed!  
Captain, how well do you know the ship?

SIM

If you're asking me if I have studied the ship's layout to the point I could Prison Break style tattoo myself with it the answer is-

SOLARIS (VIA SCANNER)

- good! Lead it to the nearest waste hatch! So long as we avoid the FTL, it could really work.

SIM

You and Dusty prep the waste disposal hatch in the Med Bay, it's the closest one. And I guess I'll insult Bob so his groans lead Planet V there.

BOB

I *really* do not like this plan.

SIM

Bob, you... idiot,

[Bob sobs.]

SIM (CONT'D)  
- sorry - next time, check if  
you're stuck or your belt loop just  
caught on a piece of metal and can  
be easily torn off...

[Sim rips Bob's pants free.]

SIM (CONT'D)  
Alright you're free, let's move!

BOB  
Oh they were my favourite... and  
only pants!

[They hustle through the tube, Sim dealing out insults.]

SIM  
Take a left!

BOB  
(groaning)  
Okay.

SIM  
You are the human manifestation of  
the phrase 'woe-is-me' - sorry,  
turn right here! - you got left on  
Mars because your presence is an  
emotional black hole! Again, I am  
so sorry, Bob.

[Bob cries.]

[Bob's moans like the revving of a sad old car. The planet  
groans back, hurtling toward them.]

COMPUTER  
(glitching)  
Structural integrity at 69 percent.

BOB  
(crying)  
... nice.

SIM  
Hurry Bob! Thanks to your  
absolutely humiliating lack of  
physical ability, the planet is  
about to catch up and answer the  
question of what happens to a human  
being if a planet flies up their--

[Bob moans hard as they scramble through the tubes, the ship  
convulses around them, alarms sound.]

COMPUTER  
(glitching)  
Structural integrity at 35 percent.

BOB  
This tube is collapsing!

[Metal buckles and then, CRASH! Bob and Sim FALL into -- ]

12

**INT. SSQS - MEDICAL BAY - CONTINUOUS**

12

[THUD! An awkward sound of bodies on something hard.]

SOLARIS  
Captain! Bob! You made it to the  
Med Bay.

SIM  
Solaris - the planet is coming!

[Loud BANGS approach.]

[The planet drops into the med bay with a comical groan.]

SIM (CONT'D)  
Dusty, quick! Open the waste  
disposal hatch!

DUSTY  
Aye Cap'n! Hatch open!

SOLARIS  
Here we go! Close the hatch in V,  
2, 1.

[A WHOOSH and hum as the planet enters the hatch, and the  
door seals. Planet V groans.]

DUSTY  
Got it!

SOLARIS  
Hit eject!

DUSTY  
Hold on everyone!

[Dusty hits the eject button, the planet SUCKS out into  
space.]

DUSTY (CONT'D)  
The planet's out - V did it!

SOLARIS  
Our plan worked!

SIM

And I allowed it to happen!

BOB

And I was there too!

[Everyone's cheers taper off... then - we hear some moans and groans.]

SIM

Bob, its okay, you can stop moaning now, I didn't mean what I said.

BOB

Oh, no no that, isn't me... I mean yes, I am crying - but that's just because I'm reflecting on all the good times Planet V and I had together!

SOLARIS

Wh-what is that?

[The groans from Mo's office intensify.]

BOB

See, I told you - it's not me!

DUSTY

Sounds like, a giraffe and a hippo.

BOB

I don't sound like that.

SOLARIS

Captain, there's horrible sounds coming from Mo's office!

BOB

Oh, god.

SIM

They could be in trouble. Come on, two to a side lets open this door!

[We hear them all rush to attention, large grunts as they pull the doors open. Aurelia and Mo are groaning loudly.]

SIM (CONT'D)

HEAVE! We're coming Aurelia!

AURELIA

- COMING!

[The doors are pried open. Aurelia and Mo gasp, the groans stop.]

AURELIA (CONT'D)

Grim- I mean, Sim! Everyone! I-  
This.

SOLARIS

Aurelia?

AURELIA

Is not what it looks like-

MO

Oh it definitely is.

AURELIA

Shh, not helping.

BOB

Oh, Sol. Mo's broken your glass..

DUSTY

Oh your glasses are broken? Hey  
buddy, I'll describe it for you:  
you know that scene in Predator vs  
Alien? Imagine that but if they  
were trying to make a family. Like  
that small head with the long  
tongue thing shoots out and wraps  
around... woah, I haven't seen that  
before.

SIM

Aurelia, I uh...

BOB

I sure hope this doesn't cause any  
problems...

(beat)

Why is everyone looking at me? I am  
talking about the hole in my pants  
from getting stuck, not them having  
sex.

### **END OF EPISODE**

[Upbeat synth music plays - the extended Starship Q Theme by  
Jack Lewis.]

### **NARRATOR**

Starship Q Star was created by  
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This episode was written by Lena  
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where to follow - head to  
[starshipqstar.com](http://starshipqstar.com).