

# STARSHIP Q STAR

EPISODE 102  
"FIRST CONTACT-ISH"

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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 - VARIOUS - DAY**

1

[A montage of Captain's logs, separated by beeps indicating the start and end of message]

**AURELIA**

(Somber)

Co-Captains Log, Aurelia Banks.  
Mission Day two. With the  
destruction of Earth and the  
collapse of Mars Station,  
everything and everyone we've ever  
known is gone. The crew of the  
starship remain in a state of  
shock.

[Beeps]

**SIM**

Captains Log, Simone Jackson.  
Mission Day two. Earth destroyed.  
(pause)  
End log.

[Beeps]

**AURELIA**

Dear Log. It's Day 12 and we - the  
last six humans in the universe -  
can only do one thing. Use the  
Faster Than Light drive to scour  
the vast unknown reaches of space  
in search of a new home.

(then, pumped)

How friggin cool is that?! Though a  
few grumpy Gus' are still stuck on  
the whole 'extinction of Earth'.  
I'm trying to be respectful... but  
I've been holding in my excitement  
like holding in a fart at a  
cervical exam and if I don't let it  
out soon, someone's gonna get a  
face full!

[Beeps]

**SIM**

Mission Day 23. Co-Captain Banks  
and I have found an agreeable  
system to split Captaining duties.  
(Beat)  
Categorised food rations. End log.

[Beeps]

**AURELIA**

Aurelia here! What a busy bee I've been, readying the ship for our long range adventure! I got the crew excited with some fun facts about deep space... even if they did cry the whole time. Oh and get this, Log. I haven't seen Sim in a week and today I SWEAR I saw her jump into a cupboard to avoid me. Me! What's that about?!

[Beeps]

**SIM**

Captains log, Mission Day 35. Completed medical evaluation after suffering forehead laceration from uh, faulty storage door.

2

**INT. SSQS - LIFT - DAY**

2

[Beeps]

**AURELIA**

Log, can you believe?! We are now traveling through an *actual* Goldilocks Zone, and approaching the rockstar of an exoplanet Kepler-62f. Our first potential home, and more importantly, our first alien planet to explore! I'm so excited I could shit my --

[PSSSHT! Door slides open. It's Sim.]

**AURELIA (CONT'D)**

Log. End log. Hi, Sim! What are you doing here?

**SIM**

It's the lift, Aurelia. To the bridge? Where I'm assuming you're also headed?

**AURELIA**

Come in, come in!

[Awkward shuffling as Sim enters the lift. The door shuts.]

**SIM**

Computer, bridge.

[The lift engages. An awkward moment.]

**AURELIA**

So... How have you been?

**SIM**

Since Earth was obliterated?  
I've been alright. Busy. You?

**AURELIA**

Yeah, yep! Good. Good. I've been a respectful level of good.

**SIM**

Good.

[Another awkward pause.]

**AURELIA**

Mmmm. Look, Sim, since we're going to be stuck together on this ship longer than anticipated...

**SIM**

'Forever' *is* quite the schedule blow out.

**AURELIA**

I want you to know that I'm over it. Us, I mean. Not Earth. I'm not completely unhinged!

**SIM**

Ok, great--

**AURELIA**

Obviously there are much worse things than having your heart broken right before the realisation of your life's greatest dream and then being stuck hurtling through space with said heart breaker.

**SIM**

Like your planet being destroyed?

**AURELIA**

Exactly! Besides, lesbians have broken up and become best friends since time immemorial, so there's no reason we can't be best Co-Captains instead!

**SIM**

That's... suspiciously mature of you.

**AURELIA**

It's not just about you and me anymore, Sim. We have the crew to think of. Mmm.

**(MORE)**

**AURELIA (CONT'D)**

We need to get on the same page, help our space family get over what's gone, and focus on what's really important: cool new planets!

**SIM**

Precisely.

**AURELIA**

Seriously, Sim, you-- oh, you're agreeing with me.

**SIM**

Potential settlement is a critical time and the crew are... delicate. They need strong leadership. So yes, you and I need to be on the same exact page...  
(excited)  
...of the ISA procedure manual!!!  
Nothing brings a crew together like strict rules.

**AURELIA**

Your rule book? You know 'same page' is a metaphor thing not a literal thing, right?

**SIM**

I duplicated you a hard copy! Here!

[THUD! Sim drops the massive book in Aurelia's hands.]

**AURELIA**

Oh! What is that, 8 kilos? Feels like I'm holding a toddler.

**COMPUTER**

Bridge.

The lift stops and the door slides open. They enter --

3

**INT. SSQS - BRIDGE - DAY**

3

**SIM**

I'm really glad we understand each other, Aurelia.

**AURELIA**

I... yeah, me too! Great.

The bridge vibe is flat, unenthusiastic.

**SIM**

Captains on the Bridge!

**AURELIA**

Morning space explorers! Who's on the bridge and ready for a science high courtesy of Kepler-62f-u-n?!

[A smatter of groans and grunts from the crew.]

**AURELIA (CONT'D)**

That's the spirit!

[Beeps and bleeps from Dusty's pilot's helm.]

**DUSTY**

Pulling into the planet's orbit now, Cap'ns, not that anything matters...

**SIM**

Copy that, Dusty. Now procedure dictates we objectively assess the planet visually for three to six minutes. Computer, planet to view screen.

[Computer's bright tones play]

**AURELIA**

Our first look at a new planet! Do you think it'll look like it's ISA artist impression? Argh I feel like I'm on a blind date. Anyone else got clammy hands?

**COMPUTER**

Kepler-62f onscreen.

[A bright, pulsing bleep as Kepler 62f appears on the ship's viewscreen.]

**AURELIA**

Oh! Wow. What a babe. I last saw this planet as a shadow in a data pile, 990 light years away. And here we are. Isn't science incredible, gang! Doesn't it just cure your depression like a party sized Vitamin D injection?!

**DUSTY**

It's just a big ball in space, Cap.

**SOLARIS**

Terrain looks rocky, hostile even.

**BOB**

I Doubt even a cacti'd grow on that.

**MO**

If there's no cacti there's no space babes. Captain Banks, why are wasting our time here?

**AURELIA**

(horrified)

Mo! Wasting our time?!

[Aurelia continues to make incredulous noises.]

**SIM**

That's enough opinion logged for the day, crew. Let's get back to familiar, emotionless procedure. Where were we...

(flicks through manual)

Ah! Computer, environmental scan.

[The Computer chimes.]

**COMPUTER**

Scan complete. At a balmy 25 degrees celsius, Kepler-62f is comprised of pristine beaches, water-falled cliffs, and protein rich vegetation. It contains six million, three hundred thousand -

**SOLARIS**

What, cacti?

**COMPUTER**

Intelligent life forms. Humanoid.

[Dusty gasps.]

**DUSTY**

Actual Aliens?!

**MO**

Space babes?!

**BOB**

Vegetation??!!

[Aurelia starts to hyperventilate with excitement]

**AURELIA**

It's happening. IT'S HAPPENING!!!  
FIRST CONTACT. THIS IS NOT A DRILL.

**MO**

Yeeees. The dating pool on this ship is way too shallow.

**DUSTY**

Eat my Keplers, Chip! First McCoy to first contact!

**COMPUTER**

The local name of the planet is (*alien speech*) or "Cyantia".

[The crew gasp and murmur with excitement.]

**AURELIA**

Solaris - configure Computer for alien translations, let's say hi. Mo - prepare the crew for a landing party. It's time to meet some new friends. Take us in, Dusty.

**BOB**

And me Captain?

**AURELIA**

Bob! Yes. Oh, Bob... I would just love a glass of sparkling water.

**BOB**

(with enthusiasm)  
Uh - yes, ma'am!

**SIM**

Hold those orders! Let's take a step back before we take any giant leaps.

**AURELIA**

(aside)  
B-But Sim. Aliens! The crew's finally excited. Because aliens!

**SIM**

We agreed to follow the manual, Aurelia. Same page, remember?

**AURELIA**

But that was just a metaphor.

[Dusty clears her throat.]

**DUSTY**

'Scuse us, Co-Caps. Seasoned space veteran I am, me and the fellas did loads of first contact training back in the day. Procedure calls for a welcome party.

**AURELIA**

A landing party. Right. See Sim?



**DUSTY**

No, more of a booze, music, and get-to-know-you type party. Permission to begin preparations, Caps? While you two uh, continue with the strategic planning of course...

**AURELIA**

The ISA trained you for a First Contact piss up? Typical!

**SIM**

Permission granted, Dusty. We're lucky to have someone who respects ISA procedure as much as you.

**DUSTY**

I'll need Mo and Solaris of course.

**BOB**

I can assist here, Captains!

**SIM**

Uh, take Officer Boyd with you. He can... ensure you're hydrated!

**DUSTY**

Ugh, fine. Come on you lot.

[Dusty, Mo, Sol, Bob exit.]

[The Bridge Door opens and closes.]

**SIM**

Okay Aurelia, let's get to the fun stuff. Section 51, subsection 43, Paragraph C... Cataloguing foreign air particles!

[Aurelia groans.]

**AURELIA**

(whining)

No, No, no. Not really. No, come on - nooooo. Come ooon nooooo. No, let's not do that, let's do something else fun. Nooooo.

[Fade out on Aurelia's complaints.]

[A bright pop synth musical transition plays.]

3

**INT. SSQS - MESS HALL - MINUTES LATER**

3

[Mo, Sol, and Bob follow Dusty into the Mess Hall.]

**BOB**

Ah, the mess hall. The beating heart of the ship, where everyone from the Captain to cook can come together... and sit in silence to mourn our collective lost futures on Earth. But today - party!

**SOLARIS**

It will be an exciting change of pace. So where do we start, Dusty?

**DUSTY**

Huh?

**SOLARIS**

The first contact party. What do we do "first" to get "partying"?

**DUSTY**

Dunno short stuff, I just wanted to make tracks while mom and mom argue about turning the car around.

(heavy sigh)

I should've taken that job on that billionaire's dick rocket.

**MO**

Ok well lucky for you lot, I'm a total party pro. First up - first beers.

**BOB**

Oh, I can help! I can... grab a case from storage! Not much use for a botanist until we're out there encountering... botany.

**MO**

Yeah, good one Bobby! We'll need beer, chips, and uh - rubber sheeting for the post dancing orgy!

**BOB**

Ah... ok!

[Footsteps as Bob exits.]

**DUSTY**

(muttering to self)

Hm... For someone with nothing to do he sure likes to do stuff...

**MO**

Oh shotgun on the first first "encounter" if ya feel me?

**DUSTY**

(ignoring Mo)  
Yes, he *is* very suspicious...

**SOLARIS**

It's so cool that tonight could be your first extraterrestrial *tumble*, Mo. Tonight will be a first 'first' for all of us! I feel like because, you know, Earth went--  
(makes explosion noise)  
-- I missed out on a lot of firsts. I've never even been to a party like this before.

**MO**

What? Sol! What were you doing when you were 16?

**SOLARIS**

Oh, I dunno, developing a next gen Airborne Multi-angle Spectro-Polarimetric Imager?

**MO**

So NOT playing goon of fortune, having your first time in someone's old treehouse, then passing out in a wheelbarrow?

[The Mess Hall door slides open. Bob's FOOTSTEPS as he returns, then SMASH! He drops a glass beer bottle.]

**BOB**

(arguing with self)  
Oh Bob, you blooming crock pot!  
Beer stink never comes out! Sorry I'll, I'll go get another case.

[Bob heads out again.]

**DUSTY**

Hey. What's your take on Smashy Mcbottles over there? He seems... odd. Up to something even...

**MO**

Yeah of course he's weird, Dust. He's the only cis straight man on a ship full of raging Sally Rides.

**SOLARIS**

Yeah, and he was alone on Mars so long he made imaginary friends with himself.

**DUSTY**

Hmmm ever since Mars I've wondered about Bobby boy over there, ya know...? The secret engine? Hidden in dirt. And what grows in dirt?  
BOTANY.

**SOLARIS**

Botany's actually the field of study, not --

**DUSTY**

It's a conspiracy is what it is! The ISA loves a conspiracy - Roswell, Gaylor, the Moon Landing... The fact that there are so many Australians in the INTERNATIONAL Space Agency?!

**MO**

The moon landing was real, Dusty.

**DUSTY**

Were you there?!

**MO**

No, of course I wasn't.

**DUSTY**

There you go!

**MO**

B-but...that's not... OK, I just really need you to say to my face that you know it's real.

[The Mess Hall door slides open.]

[Bob enters, struggling with a heavy case of beer. He puffs hard and strains with effort.]

**BOB**

This case of beer is a *bit* heavy!  
(Bob heaves)  
Little help?

Dusty rushes over and easily picks up the case. Bob gasps.

**DUSTY**

Give it here. I need to inspect what you've done to it.

**BOB**

You're so strong! That was heavier than a giant sack of seeds, but you lifted it like it was... a very small sack of seeds.

**DUSTY**

And don't you forget it!

**BOB**

I, um, have... A plant thing. Bye!

[The Mess door opens and closes and footsteps as Bob exits.]

**DUSTY**

You see that! He got the heebie-jeebies and cheesed it! Blew out of here like a guilty fart. Clearly I'm getting close.

(beat)

Now, everybody act natural! I'm gonna find out how deep this Bob hole goes...

[Footsteps as Dusty exits. The Mess Hall door opens and closes.]

**SOLARIS**

Should we go after her?

**MO**

I really don't want to know anything about Bob's deep hole.

(gleeful)

Oo that reminds me, let's get that rubber sheeting down!

[A fun synth musical transition plays.]

5

**INT. SSQS - BRIDGE - SOME TIME LATER**

5

**COMPUTER**

Chemical analysis of oceanic water complete. Northern Oceans: salty. Southern Oceans: salty. Eastern Oceans --

**AURELIA**

(bored out of her skull)

Salty. Ahhmazing. Sim, this is insane.

**SIM**

(having the time of her life)

I know! We've made so much progress! Smashed through 12 whole sections and even tackled four appendices. You were right: exploration is fun.

**AURELIA**

This isn't exploration. This is data entry. We don't know a single thing about oh I dunno, the ALIENS?

**SIM**

Are you kidding? We know loads about them. They *don't* live in any of the planet's deep sea trenches. Their air has 1.2 percent less Oxygen but 0.4 percent more Argon than Earth and 2.6 percent--

**AURELIA**

That's it! Computer, scan alien life forms.

**COMPUTER**

Scanning.

[A throbbing beep as Computer's system scans the planet.]

**SIM**

Hey! You just skipped at least nine sections of the manual!

**AURELIA**

I skipped nine sections of the manual? Whoopsie daisy! Guess I just suck at foreplay and want to get straight to business. Oh wait, that was *you* -

**SIM**

Staring into each other's eyes and naming nebulas is not foreplay.

**AURELIA**

Well thank you Sim. Now I'm turned on.

**COMPUTER**

Scan of alien life complete. Cyantia hosts two dominant humanoid species: the Plorae and the Sulvo. The planet's population can only be detected in two cities. A vast wall separating them. Technological advancement is akin to 1970s Earth.

**AURELIA**

Wow. Advanced like the 70s. What does that mean? Do they have pet rocks and flares? Oh, we could get a 70's video game for the ship! We could get Pong! Pong, Sim!

**SIM**

Let's not forget the 70s also meant nukes and cold wars. Why are these aliens separated by a wall? This could be dangerous. We need --

**AURELIA**

Sim, please, please no more scans!

**SIM**

Computer, conduct deep analysis of Florae and Sulvo societies.

[A throbbing beep as Computer's system attempts the scan.]

**AURELIA**

This is rule stickler madness. They have a wall, so what! Maybe avoiding each other in the streets and jumping into cupboards caused too many 'forehead lacerations'?

**SIM**

I told you that was a faulty door!

[Computer beeps.]

**COMPUTER**

Societal deep scan unavailable.  
Please close distance to target.

**AURELIA**

Ha! What a great idea, Computer. We *should* go in and see for ourselves. Ready the shuttle!

[A tone plays as Computer readies the shuttle.]

[Sim flicks through the manual, holds it up to Aurelia.]

**SIM**

Section 91, subparagraph E. "Do not approach warring parties unless absolutely necessary". Don't forget, Aurelia. Same page.

[Aurelia groans. Sim pages through the manual.]

**SIM (CONT'D)**

Hm, let me see. Oh, here we go.  
Section 37. Spy beacon.

[Sim presses buttons on her console and tones play.]

**AURELIA**

Spy beacon? Show me that.

[Aurelia grabs the book while Sim continues to press buttons.]

**AURELIA** (CONT'D)

Why does a spy beacon need a radiated core and... *four* bricks of C4? This seems kind of --

[A bright tone]

**COMPUTER**

Spy Beacon activating. Shuttle bay doors opening for launch.

**AURELIA**

What? No! You didn't ask me! Stop!

[Aurelia GASPS, then mashes buttons on her console.]

**SIM**

Protocol says I don't have to.

**AURELIA**

Close shuttle bay doors! Close close! Computer!

**COMPUTER**

Doors closing. Spy beacon launched.

[Alarmed tones sound.]

**COMPUTER** (CONT'D)

Warning: shuttle bay doors have jammed due to manual interference. Ship integrity compromised.

**SIM**

What the heck, Aurelia?!

**AURELIA**

Solaris can fix it! Wait. Sim - why is the beacon is headed right at the Plorae city?

**SIM**

Ur, it's a spy beacon? To spy with? They won't detect it, because it's--

[BEEP BEEP BEEP!]

**COMPUTER**

Alert. The planet inhabitants are firing on the beacon.

**SIM**

What? No... page 52 says, uh...



**COMPUTER**

Correction. Planet inhabitants are firing on the beacon AND each other.

**SIM**

Uhhhh...

[Sim continues to flick through the manual.]

**AURELIA**

If you turn to page 53, it will Sim - you fuckhead.

6

**INT. SSQS - CORRIDOR - DAY**

6

[Noir detective music plays and continues throughout the scene.]

[Dusty creeps down a corridor.]

**DUSTY**

Flight Lieutenant's log.

[Bob is heard just ahead of Dusty, he mutters.]

**DUSTY (CONT'D)**

(Noir style voice)

I'm creepin' my way down Corridor 5, hot on the heels of Botanist Bob Boyd... That's a lot of B's for a man without much of a sting. He might have buzzed the others with his bumbling demeanour, but I ain't no sap... I knew he was trouble when he walked in. He's brewing something in his honey pot and I'm gonna get the lowdown before --

[Dusty hides. Bob works at a lighting panel.]

**DUSTY (CONT'D)**

He's stopped... Tampering with a lighting panel... Perhaps planting a bug? Buzz buzz, little B.

[An electrical ZAP! Bob yelps, then sighs exasperated.]

**DUSTY (CONT'D)**

Oh. He really did buzz himself. Self electrocution - a "shocking" diversion.

[A spanner TINGS as Bob drops it. Bob curses.]

**DUSTY** (CONT'D)  
(normal voice)  
Now he's picking up a spanner. And dropping it.

[TING. Bob drops the spanner again.]

**DUSTY** (CONT'D)  
And picking it up again dropped it.  
And picking it up, great job.

[TING TING. Bob drops the spanner AGAIN.]

**DUSTY** (CONT'D)  
And it's slipped out of his sweaty hands. Butterfinger Bob! Get it together, man.

[The spanner pathetically TINGS on the ground. Bob groans.]

**DUSTY** (CONT'D)  
(Noir voice)  
What's this? The lug's got a mop and bucket... what heinous crime are you cleaning up?

[Bob sashes a bucket of water, SLIPS, water goes everywhere.]

**BOB**  
(like a swear)  
*Cherry blossom tea cake!*

**DUSTY**  
(laughs)  
He's spilled his whole bucket.  
(Noir voice)  
Is this a message, Bobby? You'll never *spill*? Of all the corridors, in all the spaceships, he's wandered into... Wait. Where'd he go?

[The Noir music stops.]

**DUSTY** (CONT'D)  
Dammit!

6

**INT. SSQS - SHUTTLE BAY - LATER**

6

[Depressurising of air. Mo and Solaris fit their space suits and put their helmets on.]

[Mo and Solaris talk through their space suits comms.]

**MO**

Hey Solaris, how do I look? Can you even see my ass in this space suit?

**SOLARIS**

Good, Mo, yup. How do I look?

**MO**

Like you're shitting your space suit. You okay, mate?

**SOLARIS**

(not okay)

Yeah! Yep! This will be easy. We just need to walk around the open shuttle bay door without falling out into space, and fix said door at the internal safety panel. Easy. Okay, Mo. This way.

[Their high heeled space suit shoes clip clop awkwardly as they move.]

**MO**

Ugh, who put high heels on a space suit?! I feel like Bambi in a high tech Oodie.

**SOLARIS**

Go slow and hold the railings.

**MO**

Hey look! If I lean forward and trit trot on my toes I go way faster. Woo!

[Mo's space suit high heels clip clop faster as she breaks into a run.]

**SOLARIS**

Mo! Watch the cavernous opening to open space! Mo! Mo!

[Mo grabs the wall.]

**MO**

Made it! Woah, what a cracking view. It's it incredible, Sol?

**SOLARIS**

No thanks Mo! I'm gonna keep my eyes on this panel.

[Sol keys commands into the panel and bright tones sound, followed by ERROR sounds.]

**MO**

Dang. The Captains really borked this door. They're lucky they have your big brain to work this ship.

**SOLARIS**

Oh, Aurelia helps! The first day we tried the Faster Than Light drive. was so funny. Aurelia came in and was like "I'm so Marie Curie-ous to see how this engine works!"

(wistfully)

Then we spent hours together, pulling it apart, and -- Mo!

[Mo's high heels clop as she walks toward the jammed door.]

**SOLARIS (CONT'D)**

Be careful so close to the edge!

**MO**

Hello Cyantians! Sol you reckon an alien scientist is looking at me through their alien telescope? I should probably get my tits out.

**SOLARIS**

Hey, uh, how about you come over here and uh, hand me that screwdriver?

**MO**

Alright but I'm not really a manual labour kinda gal - gotta protect the bangers... For.. surgeryyyy oh!

[Mo stumbles in the spacesuit, falls.]

**SOLARIS**

MO!

**MO**

Damn it! I'm gonna break my ankles in these things.

**SOLARIS**

Mo! You nearly- Hoooo. You could've just floated off into space until your oxygen ran out and you slowly suffocated.

**MO**

OK only nearly.

[Positive tones sound from the door panel.]

**SOLARIS**

I've fixed the door. Stand clear,  
I'm closing up this death trap.

**MO**

Hold up, hold up! What if I like  
slingshotted my way up the side of  
the ship first? Like imagine the  
Captain's faces if I just slammed  
into the side of the viewscreen.  
Hehe. Or I *could* just jump into the  
Cyantia's orbit and the aliens'd  
have to rescue me. That's be a good  
in for tonight, eh? Besides I've  
never space dived before, and I've  
just -

**SOLARIS**

Mo, no! You need a tether.

**MO**

Actually I think I need a run up -

[Mo steps back and gets ready to start running.]

**SOLARIS**

Mo. No. Mo! wait!

**MO**

What?

**SOLARIS**

I... Um... I'm a virgin and need  
your advice, here, on the ship!

**MO**

Oh my god.

[Mo approaches Solaris.]

**MO (CONT'D)**

This is SO EXCITING!!!

[A short, sharp percussive musical transition plays.]

8

**INT. SSQS - BRIDGE - DAY**

8

[Back on the bridge, tensions are high and alarms BLAST.]

**COMPUTER**

The city wall has collapsed.

**SIM**

Which has brought unity...?

**COMPUTER**

Which has brought urban warfare.

**SIM**

That's not great.

**COMPUTER**

Urban warfare has expanded to air and sea.

**SIM**

That's really not great! We should disengage with Cyantia.

**AURELIA**

No. We can't just hide when things get complicated. We should land, show them they're not alone in the universe. A third party can also be an excellent mediator during conflict. When two -

**SIM**

We don't need couples therapy! They! They don't need it. A chat isn't going to make them forget World War Kepler. The manual-

**AURELIA**

-sent them a spy bomb. Now it's my turn to send a bomb. A love bomb. Computer, draft a message encouraging peaceful negotiations. Let everyone down there know that we are watching, waiting, are here to listen and learn with an open heart. Send.

[Computer's error tone.]

**COMPUTER**

Unable to comply. Contacting an unknown species requires approval from both Co-Captains.

**SIM**

Well, well, well, foiled by the rules. And if you think I'm going to *send the message* --

[Positive computer TONE]

**COMPUTER**

Dual authorisation received. Sending the message.

**SIM**

What? No!

**AURELIA**

Thanks for being on the same page,  
Sim.

[A new ALARM BLARES!]

**AURELIA (CONT'D)**

That's a new alarm! Is it... a good  
alarm?

**SIM**

I'm reading multiple nuclear style  
missiles becoming active across the  
planet. Computer, what's happening?

[Computer Bleep]

**COMPUTER**

Each side appears to believe  
they've received a message from a  
higher power, giving them the  
divine right to attack the other.

[Computer beep.]

**AURELIA**

Religion, huh? What are you gonna  
do.

Sim groans.

9

**INT. SSQS - BOB'S QUARTERS - SOME TIME LATER**

9

Dusty heaves open the door to Bob's Quarters.

**DUSTY**

Head of Security McCoy's report,  
supplemental. I have infiltrated  
infiltrator Bob's quarters.  
Evidence of his evil plan is  
everywhere... murdered chocolate  
bars, murderously dirty laundry. My  
god man! The stress sweat on that  
undershirt...

[Dusty GAGS, and knocks over a pile of trash.]

**DUSTY (CONT'D)**

Hm... The target appears to have  
been looting broken light fixtures,  
star charts, and... some of the  
ship's food staples? And what is  
this...

[Dusty sniffs.]

**DUSTY** (CONT'D)

POISON PROBABLY! Hooooeee. When you're right, you're right McCoy.

[BANG. THUD. Something moves in a cupboard. Dusty GASPS, hushes.]

**DUSTY** (CONT'D)

It appears the rogue agent is disguising himself as a storage cupboard. Now is my chance...

[Dusty loudly "creeps" to the cupboard, creaks open the door.]

[Bob squeals.]

**BOB**

Ah! Dusty!

**DUSTY**

This is no cupboard! It's some kind of poison food lab -

**BOB**

Don't look at me!

**DUSTY**

I'll look you in the eye, Bob and say what you are - A SPY!

[Bob gasps, shocked.]

**BOB**

I *am*?

[A fast paced instrigue musical sting plays.]

9

**INT/EXT. SSQS - SHUTTLE BAY - DAY**

9

[A MECHANICAL THUNK is heard as the door struggles to close.]

**SOLARIS**

No! The door won't close!

**MO**

Sol, you're a *virgin*, the door can wait. There's so much ahead of you. There's so much HEAD ahead of you! Let's go to the Med Bay. I have some... *instruments* we can -

**SOLARIS**

The shuttle bay door really can't stay open to space.



**MO**

What's your type? I'm kinda picking up on a vibe...

**SOLARIS**

Oh. Really?

**MO**

Yeah, when you told that story about Aurelia and the FTL drive...

**SOLARIS**

That obvious, huh? I've just never met anyone who just... gets my brain? And... wow.

**MO**

Totally. I had a relationship with a Pro 2 Air-Pulse for a while.

**SOLARIS**

W-What are you talking about?

**MO**

You and the ship? Or is it *specifically* the engine you have the horn for?

**SOLARIS**

Mo, no... But thanks for being cool if I was uh, into the ship?

**MO**

I'm not here to yuck any yums! Hey I'm guessing Bob's off the table?

[Solaris laughs.]

**SOLARIS**

That was mean.

**MO**

Ordinarily I would be the obvious choice-

**SOLARIS**

Oh, uh-

**MO**

Buut I gave up breaking in baby gays years ago... it sets up unrealistic expectations.

(beat)

Now there's Dusty... but I went there week two, and still have a dicky hip from mounting those muscular thighs... so maybe work on your deadlifts first.

**SOLARIS**

Maybe just forget --

**MO**

Who do you fancy more, Aurelia or Sim?

[Nervous laughter from Solaris. Almost dolphin like.]

**SOLARIS**

(faking deep thought)

I don't know... How would you even decide between-

**MO**

Sim is hot, fit, someone you would want to like, step on you? Not usually my tote bag, but Sim could get it. And Aurelia has that sexy librarian thing going on. Who doesn't love that?

**SOLARIS**

(answers too quickly, nervous)

No one. Everyone. It's, yeah. So Aurelia? Wait. No. I could never. This is silly. I wouldn't even know where to begin.

**MO**

Just go for it, see what happens.

[Mo starts to back up, her high heeled space suit clip clopping fast.]

**SOLARIS**

Oh no, I have to research first. Then do graphs, hypotheses --

[Mo huffs.]

**MO**

Uh huh, I'm just going to... Woah!

[Mo jumps out the shuttle door into space.]

**SOLARIS**

MO! You're - you're -

**MO**

Floating off into space, yeah!

**SOLARIS**

Without a - a -

**MO**

A tether! A tether yeah.

**SOLARIS**

I'll get the Captains! Or Dusty?  
Computer, help!

**MO**

Or just tether up and jump out,  
Sol? I could slowly suffocate,  
remember?

**SOLARIS**

Oh, uh, I- Okay! Tether attached!  
I'm coming, Mo!

[Solaris CLIPS ON a tether, runs and JUMPS towards Mo.]

**SOLARIS (CONT'D)**

Reach for me, Mo! Almost there...

[Solaris GRABS a hold of Mo.]

[They both pant with relief.]

**SOLARIS (CONT'D)**

Gotcha! Hooo. Woah. I can't believe  
I just... We could have *died*.

[Mo laughs.]

**MO**

(pleased)  
Yeah. Heh. But we didn't.

**SOLARIS**

Wow. It's quite a view...

**MO**

Yeah.

**SOLARIS**

And Mo?

**MO**

Yeah mate?

**SOLARIS**

I appreciate the lesson about not  
hesitating... but next time could  
we not endanger our lives?

[Mo laughs.]

**MO**

No. No.

11

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

11

[A lamp switches on, the creak of its arm as Dusty shines it at Bob, who sits at a table.]

**BOB**

Ah! Dusty, you seem to have accidentally shone my very bright lamp into my eyes. I can't see your cheery face!

**DUSTY**

Tell me what you know, Bobby! Why all the lies?

**BOB**

Is-Is this about the smell on the bridge yesterday? Because I swear, that wasn't me!

**DUSTY**

Oh. I actually duplicated a three bean burrito... and woohoo! But hey! No more changing the subject, Bobby. I know about the broken lights, the mopping, the poison food!

**BOB**

(breaks down)  
You're right!

**DUSTY**

(surprised)  
I am?

**BOB**

It is poison! I can never get Black Forest cake right. See? I just baked this. It's still not rich enough!

[Bob pulls out a cake from his fridge.]

**DUSTY**

Cake? Thassa, mmhmm, ho it smells... I should try. To test...to test the poison.

[Dusty stuffs her face.]

**BOB**

I'm no good at cherries. Or anything. I can't fix the electrical stuff, or carry the heavy beer, or mop up Mo's medical waste bin - how do you dispose of tampons???

**(MORE)**

**BOB (CONT'D)**

Dusty, how do you dispose of tampons? I'm useless, just like the guys on Mars used to say.... Anyway. I gave up trying to make myself useful and I stress baked a terrible cake. Because Everyone's been so nice, and I just wanted to find my place on -- did you just eat that whole cake?

**DUSTY**

Let's not worry about who did and didn't eat the whole cake, and let me just say this to you now: A space ship, like an army, runs on its stomach. And the way to a person's heart is *through* their stomach. So if you want to influence hearts and minds... cake.

**BOB**

I think I get what you're saying. Gosh, thanks Dusty.

**DUSTY**

Less talky more stress cakey bakey. Would it help if I threatened you?

**BOB**

Oh, I have three more in the fridge! It's been a stressful week.

[BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP!!!! An ALARM blares throughout the ship.]

**COMPUTER**

All crew report to the Bridge. Immediately.

**DUSTY**

Fark.

**BOB**

Am I crew?

**DUSTY**

Just come on!  
(beat)  
Bring the cake!

[Dusty licks her fingers.]

12

**INT. SSQS - BRIDGE - MINUTES LATER**

12

[Alarms blare loudly as Aurelia and Sim work at their consoles.]

**SIM**

We should have stayed away!

**AURELIA**

We should have went down and talked to them!

**SIM**

We should have followed ALL the rules like we agreed!

**AURELIA**

The rules YOU cherry-picked! You wanna be on the same page, I'll pick the page. Gimme that book!

[Aurelia snatches the manual.]

**SIM**

Hey! Don't bend the corners!

[Aurelia flicks through the pages and reads.]

**AURELIA**

"Chicken and three beef meal to be consumed prior to shift", "Women must wear flight suit mini skirts", "New species may be kept as crew pets". You missed these gems, Sim. Should I mini skirt up or put a leash on an alien?

[Aurelia snaps the book shut.]

**SIM**

Just send them another message from the divine book of Aurelia! Give me the manual!

**AURELIA**

Never!

[They wrestle over the book and RIIIIIIIP!!!]

**SIM**

YOU RIPPED IT IN HALF! Come here!

[Sim and Aurelia wrestle pathetically. The Bridge door opens and the rest of the crew enter.]

**SOLARIS**

Ohmigod they're wrestling!

**DUSTY**

Fists high, keep it clean!

**MO**

Nah - below the belt!

**BOB**

Captains, would you like some cake?

**AURELIA**

(Wrestling Sim)

Sim doesn't eat cake! She only eats meaty meat meals and rules! So eat up!

[Pages rip. Aurelia stuffs paper into Sim's mouth and Sim gags].

**SIM**

(wrestling Aurelia)

Gah! You made me eat my favourite section: Safety First! You reckless, selfish --

[Aurelia gasps.]

**SOLARIS**

Should we do something? We can't let them carry on like this can we?

[Sim and Aurelia pathetically slap at each other.]

**MO**

I guess I could get between them.

[A small scream.]

**SOLARIS**

To split them up?

**MO**

Sure, that too.

**BOB**

Don't worry team, I got this.

[Bob approaches Sim and Aurelia and speaks loudly at them.]

**BOB (CONT'D)**

Good news, Captains! After some soul searching and terrifying interrogation - I've found my calling. The ship's cook! Have some Classic Victoria Sponge cake, and forget your troubles.

**SIM**

Bob, get that cake out of my-

[Clang! Everyone gasps as Sim knocks the plate carrying the cake. Whoooosh. The cake flies through the air, spinning.]

**DUSTY**

The cake!

**MO**

Knocked it flying. Great arm Sim!

**BOB**

Noo! That's too much air, even for a sponge!

[The cake SPLATS! Then BOOM! A huge energy wave hits the ship.]

**MO**

Woah, that cake rocked the ship!

**DUSTY**

Maybe the sponge was a bit dense after all, Bob.

**SOLARIS**

I don't think the cake had that big an impact.

**BOB**

Alright everyone, I get it, the cake needs work!

**COMPUTER**

Captains, the planet formally known as Cyantia has experienced a cataclysm. Unable to reach an agreement, Nuclear weapons were deployed. The planet has exploded.

[Everyone exhales in shock. Moments pass in silence.]

**DUSTY**

What a waste. Senseless, violent...

**AURELIA**

Yes, Dusty. It is very tragic about the planet.

**DUSTY**

(did not mean the planet)  
Yeah, Uh. About the planet. I was definitely talking about the planet and definitely not... the cake.

[A resolved slower reprise of the theme plays as a short musical sting.]

13

**INT. SSQS - BRIDGE - SOME TIME LATER**

13

[Beeps of the Bridge play on consoles]

[Scraping of forks on the floor, cake being eaten.]



**SIM**

Pretty good sponge in the end.

**AURELIA**

Mmmm so fluffy. Even splatted over the floor.

[Aurelia clears her throat.]

**AURELIA (CONT'D)**

Hey Sim? I'm sorry that I ripped your book in half. And I'm sorry tearing the pages into tiny pieces. And I'm sorry for trying to make you eat the pages.

**SIM**

I'm sorry for being a rule freak. And starting a war on an alien planet. That stopped you meeting aliens and getting Pong for the ship.

**AURELIA**

Both would have been really cool.  
(long pause)

Who knew it wasn't easy job sharing with your ex?

**SIM**

I... might have been avoiding you.

**AURELIA**

(mock surprise)  
Wha? No!

**SIM**

Shush. The mission was supposed to end. We were supposed to go back to Earth and never see each other again. But now... you're one sixth of the entire human population and we're stuck in space together forever.

**AURELIA**

Classic queer breakup.

**SIM**

We need to find a way to work together. We have something more important between us now.

**AURELIA**

The floor cake.

**SIM**

The crew.

**AURELIA**

These crew, obviously. I hope the crew are ok?

**SIM**

Well the crew has been through a lot. But they'll be fine. When we get the crew a new home.

[Sim and Aurelia eat the sponge.]

**SIM (CONT'D)**

Oi, no need to hog the cream!

**AURELIA**

Mrmh I thought we were compromising!

**SIM**

Mmmhmmm -

**AURELIA**

Ay, so you're gonna take all the jam now just because I got a bit of cream you take all the jam. Talk about warfare, gimme that fork.

**SIM**

(laughs)  
Oi! Hey-

**AURELIA**

This is ridiculous.  
(calls)  
Bob we need more cake. Bob?!

[Things trail off into the hum of space as Aurelia and Sim continue to squabble over floor cake.]

**END OF EPISODE.**

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

**NARRATOR**

Starship Q Star was written and created by Meegan May and Lauren Anderson. For credits, transcripts, and where to follow - head to [starshipqstar.com](http://starshipqstar.com).