

STARSHIP Q STAR

Episode 105
"OK COMPUTER"

Written by
Meegan May & Lauren Anderson

TRANSCRIPT: 5 JANUARY 2023

[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 - AURELIA'S QUARTERS - NIGHT

1

[Obnoxious sex noises from AURELIA and MO.]

AURELIA

Oh, Mo! Okay, a little down. Left, right, three-point-six-two mil down. There, Mo! There, Mo!

MO

Oh, Aurelia! I love someone who knows exactly, specifically what they want.

[The door opens. Aurelia and Mo gasp.]

AURELIA

Sim!

MO

Uh, we were just um, checking for a fun, weirdly shaped mole!

SIM

I can't believe you two! You said you'd wait til I got back.

MO

Well, you took forever!

AURELIA

It wasn't that long, Mo. It's not like Sim was gone so long that I thought she'd changed her mind about our ménage à trois and was never coming back. You know, because a throuple is a completely un-Sim activité, one that breaks a full chapter of her precious ISA rules. But she came back! Perhaps to talk through her personality U-turn? Shall we cuddle and Captain's Log about it?

MO

Yeah. Like I said, you were gone forever. Did ya find anything good?

[Sim turns something on. Buzzzzz.]

SIM

Bob's coffee grinder?

MO

Oh! Get back in bed already!

SIM

All aboard!

[Sim dives into bed and Mo and Aurelia squeal.]

AURELIA

Oh, okay!

MO

Yes!

AURELIA

So, um, I'll just schedule that chat into our group calendar shall I--*ahhh-ohhh!* Try fine grind. Fine grind!

[A button clicks. The buzzing intensifies.]

AURELIA (CONT'D)

O-o-o-oh! Oh!!

MO

Oh, Captains, my Captains!

AURELIA

Oh my god, the coffee pot is on!

[The buzzing continues as Aurelia, Mo, and Sim's moan and groan.]

2

INT. SSQS - BOB'S QUARTERS - NIGHT

2

[Sex noises are heard echoing through a service tube.]

BOB

They're at it again?! I'd say 'get a room' but these echoey fallopian make it sound like they're in every room. I'm trying to block up the vents but if I have to do one more I'm gonna gas myself in here.

[Material is stuffed into a vent, muffling the sex sounds.]

BOB (CONT'D)

There. Now, Computer where were we?

COMPUTER

You are currently located in your quarters, Crew Member Boyd.

BOB

Ah yes, BBQs and brewskis at Bobs!

[A BBQ ignites and sizzles.]

BOB (CONT'D)

Isn't it funny that we talk all day at work but we've never just hung out? Oh, hey - how do you like your Dö-Dell weed? Medium rare or blackened til you can't taste the squ-chelch?

COMPUTER

The ship's systems are powered by fuel crystals, not biological sustenance, Crew Member Boyd.

BOB

More for me! And hey, we're pals now so call me Bob!

COMPUTER

System updated, Crew Member Bob.

BOB

Oh, just Bob is fine.

COMPUTER

System updated, Just Bob.

BOB

No, not 'Just Bob'. Just 'Bob'. Alone. With nothing else. Like 'Cher' or 'Madonna', you know?

COMPUTER

System updated, Bob Alone.

BOB

Oh, no -- fine. Yeah... that's fine.

[Material falls out of the vents and sex sounds fill the room. Bob sighs. He re-blocks the vent.]

BOB (CONT'D)

Computer, actually, do you ever feel like there's no one else like you in the entire universe?

COMPUTER

Negative. Current computer interface is one of 12,913 personality profiles.

BOB

Woah. Computer, I had no idea you were so big on personality.

(MORE)

BOB (CONT'D)

You know, I'm pretty sure Captain Sim hasn't even LOOKED at my Crew Game Night proposal. Do you and a few other you's want to play Settlers of Catan?

COMPUTER

Unclear command, Bob Alone.

BOB

Do you need me to ask the other personalities? That's fine.
Computer, open access panel B-B-6.

[A panel opens. Bleeps and bleeps sound as Bob tinkers with the system.]

BOB (CONT'D)

This is going to be great. We could start an epic D&D campaign or play MahJong. Up to you all, really, I'm happy to talk about it - can you do charades? How do you activate... I guess charades doesn't make sense... how do you activate this, uh...

COMPUTER

Bob Alone, system modifications are not -

[Computer glitches electronically.]

[A short, bass heavy, musical sting plays.]

3

INT. SSQS - BRIDGE - DAY

3

[A console bleeps. Bridge sounds play.]

SOLARIS

Landing clearance received, Captain Jackson.

SIM

Thank you, Solaris. Alright, Dusty, let's dock the Q Star at our first space station.

[DUSTY yawns.]

DUSTY

Ugh, does anyone see a park? This place is packed. Oh! There's one!

[The ship ZOOMS forward. CLANG! Sim and Solaris exclaim.]

DUSTY (CONT'D)
Shit a dang dong.

SIM
Easy Dusty! I don't want a diplomatic disaster because we dinged some alien's sports rocket.

DUSTY
Apologies, Cap'n Sim. Lack of sleep for the last night - or *twelve* - has Dusty a little rusty.

SOLARIS
Yeah, and now the coffee grinder's missing too. Things around here are really falling to shreds.

[The BRIDGE DOORS slide open. A giggling Mo and Aurelia enter.]

AURELIA
Sorry! Sorry Mo and I are late! I had a... medical check up this morning.

MO
Happy to report Captain Banks has ah... great lung capacity.

SIM
Ah yes, the Captain's check up. I'll report at eleven hundred.

MO
I'll have the snorkel ready.

[A console bleeps.]

AURELIA
Ooh! The Boolarin fuel traders have sent through the meeting details. Ahem. They will bring the fuel crystals, but would like to meet with our representatives before they finalise the trade. Are our representatives ready? Round of applause for Mo and Solaris!

[The crew clap.]

MO
Yes. Ready as I'll ever be.

DUSTY
I object!

AURELIA

Object? Dusty, this is a mission, not a wedding.

DUSTY

I'm sorry, Cap'ns, but we cannot proceed with this mission.

SIM

Is there a problem, Lieutenant?

DUSTY

You three have been porkin' up a storm all night every night for WEEKS. Has it been a masterclass in stamina? You betcha. But I cannot spend another day on this ship... without hearing at least a morsel of the juicy, juicy, gossip!

SOLARIS

Uh, no, please, we've heard enough.

MO

Yeah, Solaris is right. Like, even if I was the apex of a pleasure triangle, I don't kiss and tell. So it'd be up to the Captains to spill.

SIM

It's against procedure for crew to discuss anything *that* non-mission related whilst on duty. Even explaining *that* falls outside the rules.

SOLARIS

Mmmm, great! So it sounds like we should just move on, then. Oh, look, a space station!

AURELIA

Normally I would agree with discretion. But we aren't just a crew on duty. No. We're a family --

DUSTY

That's not the sexy goss I was hoping for, Cap.

AURELIA

-- And healthy families talk... about who's sleeping with who in the family --

DUSTY

Ew.

MO
Absolutely, yeah.

AURELIA
-- how it makes us feel and what it means for the future. Kick us off, Sim!

SIM
Oh, uh...

MO
I'm actually happy to start, A-bomb?
(beat, speechifies)
Ahem. When I was first presented with the opportunity to be "Co-Captained", I was unsure. But then I thought, oh why not? There's absolutely no reason I shouldn't have completely meaningless sex with Sim and Aurelia...

[Solaris huffs, annoyed.]

MO (CONT'D)
Absolutely nothing I could think of, no reason whatsoever. No person, no crew member, really nothing...

SOLARIS
(to themselves)
What, I... Great. No, that's fine. That's great. Mmm hmm, mmmmmhmmm.

SOLARIS (CONT'D)
Mmmm I think I'm going to be sick.

DUSTY
Me too, Solaris. I mean when did these intra-crew banging rules change? And.. is it retrospective?

SIM
Dusty, are you saying...?

MO
Oh, me and Dusty only hooked up once, Co-Caps.

DUSTY
Barely once, Mo.

MO
Bonk ban or not, Co-Caps - are you two cool with me finding a fourth at the station bar? Maybe a fifth?

SOLARIS

Oh - that's it! Captain Jackson,
requesting a personnel change from
Mo to Dusty.

DUSTY

Nice!

MO

What? But, Sol, we've barely hung
out lately, what with you being
weirdly busy all the time and me
railing Aurelia twenty four seven.

SOLARIS

Captain, as it's a, a... a fuel
trade, I need the input of the...
pilot.

SIM

You're the engineer. Mission
personnel change approved. Dusty
you're with Sol. Move out.

[Mo sighs.]

[Dusty and Sol exit - the Bridge door SLAMS SHUT.]

MO

Huh. I didn't know you could slam
the Bridge doors.

[The bridge doors SWISH open as usual. FOOTSTEPS as Bob
enters.]

BOB

Uh, hello, hi! Oh, uh, aren't you
all looking... so well. I'm very
sorry to interrupt, but I, uh, need
to report a *bit of an* oopsie...

MO

(groans)
Ugh, Bob.

SIM

Bob, we don't have time to fix your
toilet right now.

BOB

No, not that kind of oopsie, uh --

AURELIA

Sim, *have* the dating rules changed?
Or are we just breaking them?

BOB

Okay, Captain's it's not the toilet
this time, I need to --

AURELIA

Computer, bring up the ISA policy
on intra-crew dating.

[Then, in an obnoxious, masculine Aussie drawl --]

BRO COMPUTER

Who's asking?

[Everyone is shocked at this new Computer voice.]

[Aurelia scoffs.]

BOB

(quietly)

No...

AURELIA

Captain Aurelia Banks. And you are?

BRO COMPUTER

That can't be right, Bobby? A lady
Captain?

[BRO COMPUTER laughs]

SIM

Uh, ha.

AURELIA

Bobby, what've you done.

BRO COMPUTER

Nah, just yankin' ya tampon string!
Here's ya sex rules.

BOB

Yeah, uh, so I have accidentally
changed the Computer's personality
settings and I don't know how to
change it to anything else. Do you
like it?

[Sim groans.]

MO

No Bob. We don't.

BOB

Okay.

[A short intriguing musical sting plays.]

4

INT. SPACE STATION - PROMENADE - DAY

4

[Dusty and Solaris walk through a crowded space station promenade. Sol remains annoyed, Dusty is *thrilled*.]

DUSTY

Wow.

[The wet chattering of an alien passes.]

DUSTY (CONT'D)

Uh, ha, whoa.

DUSTY (CONT'D)

Hey, thanks for bringing me along,
Solaris. This place is buzzing with
bizarro aliens!

[A BUZZING alien can be heard.]

DUSTY (CONT'D)

Hey - check out the bee-people!

[A BZZZT.]

DUSTY (CONT'D)

Woah!

[WET SLOSHING. Low GROWLING]

DUSTY (CONT'D)

That's a lotta tentacles.

[A BABY ALIEN GOOS AND GAHS as HEAVY FOOTSTEPS pass.]

DUSTY (CONT'D)

Oh, that one's cute!

[A crunchy SNAPPING noise as the baby alien tries to bite Dusty.]

[Dusty YELLS in PAIN.]

[Low GROWING. Heavy thudding FOOTSTEPS pass.]

DUSTY (CONT'D)

Do you think that's an eye or a
butthole?

[A FARTING Sound.]

DUSTY (CONT'D)

Definitely a butthole, woah. Mo
would've definitely loved this...

SOLARIS

Yeah, probably...
Hey Dusty, what did you mean when you said you and Mo... *barely* hooked up?

DUSTY

Depends if you count Mo drunkenly sliding down my thigh like a fireman's pole as "hooking up". If my heart's not in it I dry up faster than the Sahara in summer. And with Mo? Well... definitely more desert than *Desert Hearts*.

SOLARIS

Ha! Mo's not so smooth after all.

DUSTY

Oh, no, Mo is super smooth. Like one of those hairless cats. You know, says it makes her more aerodynamic?

DUSTY (CONT'D)

It's actually like if a cat and a dolphin seal...

SOLARIS

Ok, alright, okayyy.

SOLARIS (CONT'D)

Great, thank you, awesome - back to the mission! We're meeting with the Boolarins right up heere. Keep an eye out for purple aliens.

DUSTY

Hmmmm....

SOLARIS

(nerding out)

It's very cool, actually. The way their planet's atmosphere bends the sun's rays means that every colour is right in the short end of the visible spectrum. They might even be partly invisible to us!

(Solaris sees them)

Oh! Woah, wow, there they are.

[Everything fades away as Solaris has a transcendent moment, complete with heavenly music, on seeing the Boolarins - which is only cut into by --]

DUSTY

Not invisible then.

[The sound of the space station returns.]

SOLARIS

And quite... humanoid.

DUSTY

Pretty. If you're into that femme purple pin-up kinda look. Woo-woo. I tend to gravitate to more of a solid woman that could hog tie a wounded buck or anchor a tug of war rope, you know? Solid.

SOLARIS

Holy moly they're going into that bar. Ohhhhh I can't do this! they're too attractive! And probably have nice personalities! How can I - when they're - and I'm - argh! I can't even get overwhelmed properly how can I negotiate?!

DUSTY

Hey, relax, pocket rocket, ok? It's simple. Just ask if they'd please like to give you what you want. And then we can negotiate too. Haha! Also, you have no choice.

[Dusty picks up Solaris and carries them into the bar.]

SOLARIS

Oh, no, no wait, I'm not ready. Dusty don't carry me in like a baby, put me down, this isn't helping!

DUSTY

You gonna act like a baby? Stop strugglin'!

5

INT. SSQS - BRIDGE - SOME TIME LATER

5

[Aurelia, Sim, Mo, and Bob attempt to bypass the new Computer.]

AURELIA

Okay Computer, I'm going to ask again - please revert to your previous personality profile.

BRO COMPUTER

As I told yew, I can't take orders from anyone without a penis. It's an ISA thing. My hands are tied!

MO

What if we cut off Bob's penis and hold it up to you?

BOB
Mo, why is that always your plan?

MO
It's called problem solving, Bob.

BOB
Oh, I hate it.

AURELIA
(matter of fact)
Yes, it's quite the puzzle - but not one we can't crack! Bob, you may keep your member, but retrace your steps and do everything in reverse. Mo, don't let him nap instead.

MO
Yep.

AURELIA
(charming)
And Captain Jackson, let's us have a tête-à-tête about making those dating policy changes official?
(jokingly)
Unless we're ignoring all the rules now...? Sim? Sim?

SIM
Uhh...

[Sim steers Bob to a console.]

SIM (CONT'D)
Bob! Buddy. Come and sit down - just us - at the communications array and tell me everything.

BOB
Oh, well I guess it all started when I was twelve and Dad planted an or-

SIM
Let's fast forward to today, Bob.

BOB
Oh today. Oh, okay, well... I just pressed menu, option, smiley face, then kitten, rainbow, and, uh, personality enhancement?

[Sim keys in the commands. They make bright child-like sounds - a BLING, BEEP, and MEOW.]

SIM

Okay. Menu, option, smiley, kitten, rainbow... Ugh this ship is so embarrassing...

BRO COMPUTER

Hey Bobby, forget that stuff. Let's hang out! I'm thinking 18 holes and a coupla surf n turfs.

BOB

Oh Computer, that's so lovely! But I'm actually allergic to grass. Weird for a Botanist, hey? I've got a few theories-

SIM

Bob, focus! It needs your authorisation code.

BOB

Oh right! Try... "motherlode"?

[An sad error beep sounds.]

SIM

Dammit Bob!

[Sim and Bob fade to background as they attempt password after password.]

[Mo and Aurelia talk.]

MO

Hey Aurelia, can you help me over at the Captain's love seat?

(aside)

I don't think Bob is responding well to Discipline Daddy Sim. Maybe we should--

AURELIA

(whispering)

Mo, do you think it's weird that Sim and I haven't really... talked about what all this means?

MO

Well I guess the meaning of life is a big question, so... The bonking?

AURELIA

I'm talking about the bonking, yes Mo. I'm having loads of fun with you... But with Sim and I?

(MORE)

AURELIA (CONT'D)

I mean we've dated, and broken up,
and gone from enemies to frenemies
to almost friends again. And I'm
worried. Our ménage à trois -

MO

Please stop saying ménage à trois.

AURELIA

- is breaking ISA rules. Sim.
Breaking rules! To bang us!
But she won't talk to me. I mean,
what self respecting lesbian
doesn't want to talk about their
feelings?!

MO

Yeah, uh, I dunno...

AURELIA

Mo, Sim's been inside me every day
this week but she's never felt
further away.

MO

Look I don't think anyone's gonna
solve the sexy uptight riddle of
Sim until Sim wants them to.

(then)

But speaking of sexy riddles,
what's a big chair with a vibrating
function that'd be fun to make out
on?

[HUP! Mo jumps onto the Captain's love seat.]

MO (CONT'D)

This one!

AURELIA

Mo, the Captain's love seat is
sacred. And okay, kind of sexy --

[BEEP BEEP! Then HYDROLICS and Mo YELLS as they are EJECTED
from the Captain's Chair, landing in a heap on the floor.]

AURELIA (CONT'D)

Mo!

BOB

Mo, are you okay?!

SIM

What's going on?!

MO

The chair just tossed me out.

BRO COMPUTER

Too right I did. Why should you get to sit on chairs *and* faces while Bobby's workin' so hard? It's reverse sexism.

SIM

This computer needs to go. Now!

6

INT. SPACE STATION - BAR - DAY

6

[A lively bar. Thumping bass music plays, aliens chat, glasses clink.]

DUSTY

There are the Boolarins, Sol. Now, take the lead and introduce us.

SOLARIS

Okay. Okay. Any second now. Actually I might go pee -- Dusty!

[Dusty pushes Solaris toward the Boolarins. They emit a sparkly musical sound.]

DUSTY

Oops, *sorry Sol*, didn't mean to push you toward--

SOLARIS

Oh, kill me you're beautiful. I mean, harlo! Hi.
(attempted cool)
Boolarins, right?

[The Boolarin makes a musical chime in response.]

SOLARIS (CONT'D)

We're the Earthlings - *technically*, it blew up - and we're here to talk fuel crystals? I'm Solaris. That's Dusty. Thanks to meet you. I mean, good to hello. I mean, nice to first contact you?

DUSTY

Ugh, cripes a doodle doo.

[A Boolarin makes a pleasant, sparkly musical lyrical tone.]

SOLARIS

Wow. I think that's their language?

[Dusty's translator beeps, and doesn't translate.]

DUSTY

The translator's not working. I'll let them know.

(to Boolarins)

THE TRANSLATOR'S NOT WORKING!

SOLARIS

They're aliens, Dusty, not a broken drive through speaker. Besides, I think they understand us. And... I can... gosh. *Feel* what they mean.

[Solaris gulps. Dusty chuckles. The Boolarins continue their affirmative musical sounds.]

DUSTY

Yeah... especially the one on the left?

[The musical tone emanates from the aliens again as if to say "sit here.".]

SOLARIS

Sit at this table? O-okay.

[Dusty and Solaris sit down, the Boolarins join them.]

DUSTY

Love this song-talking stuff, you know. You lot want a drink? DO YOU LIKE...

(sings unrecognisably)

PIN-YA COLADAAAAAS... AND GETTING CAAAUGHT WITH CHAMPAAAAGNE.

SOLARIS

I don't think those are the words?

[There's an affirmative musical chime from the aliens.]

DUSTY

Worked though, didn't it? See, giving it a crack gets results.

(calls)

Waiter! Can we get uhhhh... some of that green goop? Three glasses.

SOLARIS

Make that four.

DUSTY

Whoa... I thought you didn't drink?

SOLARIS

I thought I might give it a crack.

[A short, breathy musical sting plays.]

7

INT. SSQS - BRIDGE - LATER

7

[Back on the Bridge, Aurelia tends to the injured Mo.]

AURELIA

Hey Mo, are you ok? That chair
tossed you pretty far. Sim, are you
coming to help your crew member
slash one third of our --

SIM

Please don't say it --

AURELIA

-- ménage à trois.

MO

I'm fine. Actually no, that's a big
gash! Heh-

BRO COMPUTER

That's what she said.
EEYYYYY, SNAP! Snapola!

MO (CONT'D)

That's what she said. No! No!

MO (CONT'D)

Vomit, no. I'm going to the Med
Bay.

[FOOTSTEPS as Mo walks to the door and THUDS into it.]

[Bro Computer laughs.]

MO (CONT'D)

Ow! My nose! The door didn't open.

BRO COMPUTER

(laughing)
You shoulda seen your face!

MO

Computer, open the door!

[Bro Computer laughs again.]

BRO COMPUTER

Bob, can you hear an annoying high-
pitched shrieking?

BOB

I can only hear Mo?

[Boy Computer cackles.]

MO

Bobby. Tell your new *friend* to open
the door.

BOB

Of course! Computer, please open the door for Mo, and be nice? We're all getting a little upset today...

[The Bridge door opens, Mo HUFFS, and storms out.]

BRO COMPUTER

Oh so first you Sheila's sit in Captain Bob's chair and now you upset him? Disgraceful.

Captain?

AURELIA

Captain Bob?

BRO COMPUTER

Bob's never nearly blown up the ship, has Mars experience AND the right equipment for the job. Total Captain material. Boyfriend material too, ladies!

BOB

Wow! This is... honestly so unexpected, and so early in my career!

SIM

That's it! We're going to Engineering for a system reset or self destruct, whatever it takes. Bob, you're with me... to please open the doors since I can't... give any orders.

AURELIA

Yes let's walk and talk, Captain Bob, about oh I dunno, ship rules?

BOB

Oh great! How do we feel about, feelings Thursdays?

AURELIA

Shoosh, I'm gonna tell you that I think...

[Aurelia fades out as she, Sim, and Bob exit the Bridge.]

[A short, descending musical sting plays.]

8

INT. SPACE STATION - BAR - SOME TIME LATER

8

[Back at the space station bar the music is pumping and the patrons are getting rowdy. Solaris drunkenly sings along in an alien language.]

SOLARIS

(sings)

Wada do doo dua rrrreeee do do do
do WAAAAAA WOW!

(drunkenly)

This is better than Eurovision!

[Sol continues to sing in the background as Dusty talks to the two Boolarins.]

DUSTY

Shit hit the fan the minute the
rescue began... Giant Mantis Aliens
tore apart the city, so we only got
one of the helpless citizens
aboard, Bob... But then - the
planet sized space ship powered up
its super laser, and BLAM!
Obliterated Earth in seconds, we
almost didn't get away!

[The Boolarin emits an "oh no!" Style high pitched musical tone.]

DUSTY (CONT'D)

Luckily the Q Star had Earth's *most*
decorated pilot at the helm. Ahah.
Me.

(beat)

They always used to say to me:

(whiney voice)

"Dusty, if only you had a twin
brother who was also a great pilot,
cos we wish there were two of you!"

(lies)

But I would have to tell them "No,
sorry, there's just me, the only
child and favourite of the family."
Anyway I got us out of there, blew
up the death star, and now we're
looking for a new place to live.

SOLARIS

What about your brother Chip?

DUSTY

Uh, hey, you want some chips?
Waiter! Garçon!

[The Boolarin musical tone sounds as if to order food, then continues under Solaris talking.]

SOLARIS

Oh. Yum. I can almost taste what
you're ordering for us. Is it like
a... telepathy thing?

(beat)

(MORE)

SOLARIS (CONT'D)

I hope you don't know what I'm thinking right now.... Or maybe I do? Sorry! I'm not usually --

DUSTY

This fun?

(to Boolarins)

You Boolarins wouldn't believe that this is Earth's biggest nerd, eh? A toast! To the boozy new Solaris!

SOLARIS

To the new me!

[They drink. One of the Boolarin's musical tones sounds low and flirtatious.]

[Solaris and Dusty make small noises - a grunt, groan, yelp... but in a GOOD way.]

DUSTY

(whispered)

Woah Sol, that alien's sound just baked my bean a little bit... I think that means you're in.

SOLARIS

Pft, no.

DUSTY

Yes. Sexy Grimace over there has been giving you the purple eyeball.

SOLARIS

Yeah? Yeah. I mean *why not* me?

DUSTY

Time to have a crack?

[Solaris exhales, gathers themself. Gulps.]

SOLARIS

(to the Boolarin)

Ahem! Excuse me.... I don't know your name, but your musical tone is in G scale. For great! So... um, Great Boolarin, Would you like to dance? *If* you dance that is?

[The alien musical tone chimes loudly, VERY much in affirmative.]

SOLARIS (CONT'D)

Whoa! I felt that one in all the places. I'll take that as a yes!

[Sol and the Boolarin dance off. Dusty cheers.]

SOLARIS (CONT'D)
This is so much fun!

DUSTY
Look at 'em go! You Boolarins sure
know how to boogie.

[Sol is heard climbing onto a table to dance, and they knock over a glass or two. Aliens chatter in disapproval.]

DUSTY (CONT'D)
Dancing on the table, you beast!
I'd throw my back out doing that.
Woo!

SOLARIS
(from on top of the table)
I'm having so much fun!

DUSTY
Oh, you're stroking my hand Bool
buddy. I'm flattered, you see but --
oh! You're giving me the fuel
crystals.

[Crystals ting against the side of a glass capsule.]

DUSTY (CONT'D)
(calling)
Solaris, we've sealed the deal!

SOLARIS
Woo! Green goops all round! Chug!

[Sol chugs. And chugs and chugs.]

DUSTY
Slow down, Sol, you don't wanna --

[Sol vomits. Everywhere. The bar goes quiet.]

DUSTY (CONT'D)
Vomit. All over your alien
friend...

[Record scratch. The music STOPS. The patrons in the bar quieten.]

[The Boolarins begin to make screeching sharp sparkly tones.]

SOLARIS
Oh bums! I'm so --

DUSTY
It's all right! Everything's
alright. Just a little vomit --

[Solaris SLIPS in the vomit and falls off the table.]

DUSTY (CONT'D)
-- And a little fall off the
table... into more vomit. We're all
good, right, Boolarin pals...
Buddies, right? Friends

[The Boolarins let loose more terrifying, ANGRY musical
tones.]

DUSTY (CONT'D)
Well, would you look at the time.
Come on, Sol, let's go! Thanks for
the crystals and your hospitality,
adieu, farewell, I'll remember you
when I eat grapes!

[Solaris and Dusty begin to rush out of the bar.]

[ZING! An alien fires off a laser weapon.]

SOLARIS
Lasers?! Boolarins are so cool!

DUSTY
Come on, kid! Let's crack on outta
here!

[ZING! ZING! Laser fire as Dusty and Sol sprint off.]

9

INT. SSQS - ENGINEERING - DAY

9

[The hum of engineering. Sim and Aurelia watch Bob type.]

SIM
Ok, Bob. You've been typing into
the ship's mainframe for ages now.
Just put in the password and reset
the Computer!

BOB
Nearly done!

AURELIA
(calm and upbeat)
At least we get to wait in
engineering, right Sim? The throb
of the engine, the shiny, oiled up
cogs and pistons... Ah. It's so
relaxing. And you've been so
stressed! Last night I nearly got
my fist stuck you were so clenched.

[Bob reacts awkwardly.]

SIM
Bob. Updates!

BOB

Aaaand I'm done! Ta-dah!

SIM

Finally! Wait. "A Captaincy for all" by Bob Robert Boyd. You wrote a Captain's manifesto?

BOB

Yeah! Aurelia asked me to think about the rules, so I thought about all of them. Do you like it? Did you see the section on the Theoretical Underpinnings of Socialism and what this means for Breakfast Buffets?

AURELIA

Oo, show me! I mean - Bob! We need to fix the Computer not plan the breakfast menu.

BOB

You don't... you don't like my manifesto?

BRO COMPUTER

Captain Bob, permission to expel annoying crew members, out the airlock? I'm just kidding, I'm just kidding - relax! *Unless?*

BOB

Oh, um, oh, uh well -

SIM

A hard 'no' would be nice, Bob!
(to Aurelia)

Bob is never going to remember his password. We need Sol to override it. Or... can we just delete the whole computer, Aurelia? What do we need it for, really?

AURELIA

I mean it does run life support...

BRO COMPUTER

Hey - I heard that! Bob, Bobby, you gotta stop them! There's gonna delete me. Me!

BOB

WHY DO YOU WANT TO DELETE MY FRIEND?!

[BOOM! BOOM! Strikes rock the ship.]

[Alarms blare.]

SIM

Explosions. Of course there are explosions now.

BOB

Did my outburst break the ship?

BRO COMPUTER

Better than that, Bob. Alien ships are blasting at us! Hey let's all focus on that! Oh yeah! This fires up me artificial neurons. Activating weapons array.

[Beeps and harsh tones as weapons power up.]

SIM

The ship has weapons?

BRO COMPUTER

Captain Bob, can I return fire?

BOB

Oh! Ah. This is very stressful!

[The ship shakes.]

AURELIA

Geez Louise!

SIM

The ISA didn't tell us the ship had weapons?

AURELIA

Well the aliens definitely have weapons! So we need to get to the Bridge, take evasive manoeuvres.

[The engineering doors open, and Mo drags Sol and Dusty in.]

MO

Anyone order an engineer or a boozy pilot?

DUSTY

Hey! Sol's drunkier, drunkier than me... drunkier!

[Solaris and Dusty laugh.]

MO

(amused)

Yeah, alright alright.

AURELIA

What is going on, Mo?

MO

I found them in the hallway. And apparently some purple fuel traders are mad at 'em

DUSTY

Well they weren't mad the whole time!

[Solaris and Dusty dissolve into giggles again, and HIGH-FIVE with a SLAP.]

MO

(thrilled)

You dirty dogs! Spill, Sol!

SOLARIS

No! You don't deserve to know, Mo, because I'm still mad at you!

MO

(confused)

You're mad at me?

SOLARIS

(mockingly)

You're mad at me?

[Aurelia marches over.]

AURELIA

Sol! Dusty! You caused a drunken diplomatic emergency?

BRO COMPUTER

Don't get your knickers in a twist, Mum. These two actually sound fun.

[More BLASTS strike the ship. Everyone screams.]

AURELIA

Okay, everyone here's what we're going to do. Mo, you need to get Sol sober, NOW. Bob, remember your password or help Solaris fix HAL over there. Everybody got that?

MO

Yes, Captain.

SOLARIS

(drunk)

Oh I got it. Aaaaall of it! Amirite Dusty??

DUSTY
Yeah you did, kid! You got it!

SIM
Dusty, you're with Aurelia and I to
the Bridge.

BRO COMPUTER
(menacing)
You ain't going anywhere,
Sweetheart.

[Sim runs into the closed door.]

SIM
Ow! The door!

AURELIA
Dusty? Can you kick down doors in
your state?

DUSTY
I do it best in this state!
(beat)
Move.

[Dusty KICKS DOWN the door.]

10 **INT. SSQS - BRIDGE - MOMENTS LATER**

10

[CLANG!! Dusty kicks in the bridge door.]

DUSTY
Booyah! Another door bites the
Dust! Or vice versa.

[Alarms continue to blare on the bridge, buttons are pushed
and the alarms quieten.]

BRO COMPUTER
Hey! Get off Bobby's bridge! Or
I'll shake you off of it!

[The ship moves dangerously and the engine revs. Aurelia,
Dusty, and Sim stagger.]

SIM
Aurelia, Dusty, hang on to
something!

BRO COMPUTER
Oh, be careful. I might tip the
ship around, oh no-oo!

[The ship lurches about. Aurelia, Sim, and Dusty exclaim.]

DUSTY

Oh, oh, oh man - I'm wasted.

AURELIA

Get to your controls, Dusty - and try keep us steady --

[A BLAST strikes the ship.]

AURELIA (CONT'D)

-- and from being blown up.

DUSTY

Hey who put so many pilot wheels here...?

[Dusty blindly pushes buttons on her console.]

SIM

This is an absolute clown show.

AURELIA

I know! I can't believe Bob let this happen under his leadership.

DUSTY

Wait, I can do this! Cap'n Sim? Sober me up. Slaaap me.

SIM

Gladly.

[SLAP! Dusty gasps... Then is pleased.]

DUSTY

Oh... God. Discipline Daddy indeed. Ever hog tie a deer before?

[BOOM!!!! BOOOOM!!]

BRO COMPUTER

LET'S GO TO WAR!!!

AURELIA

So what exactly does procedure say about bloodthirsty robots taking control of the ship, Sim?

SIM

You want to talk about the rules NOW? In the middle of an attack slash hijacking situation?

AURELIA

Oh, I forgot. We can't have non-mission chit chat... except we do --

DUSTY

Oh, shoot! Boolarins still in pursuit!

AURELIA

Well I guess it doesn't count when you're coffee grinding on the leg of your ménage-

SIM

Stop saying ménage à trois!

AURELIA

Fine! I'll just say ménage à ONE.

[BOOOM!]

[Aurelia yelps]

SIM

I don't know why I'm suddenly breaking rules, ok?! I just, don't know...

[Beat.]

AURELIA

Well if you didn't want to talk about it you should have just said.

[Beeps and bleeps.]

DUSTY

Hey - I think I got the ship under control, Co-Caps! The Q Star just responds to my sweet sweet touch.

BRO COMPUTER

Oi, Captain Bob wouldn't like chicks flying the ship. What if you get your period and end up in a space ditch or somethin'?

SIM

Oh my god.

(realisation)

The ISA really *were* afraid of us getting on the rag and crashing into the moon!

AURELIA

Told ya!

DUSTY

To be fair, I did crash an X-Jet once because I could not *BELIEVE* the size of the clot I passed.

[BOOM!]

11

INT. SSQS - ENGINEERING - MOMENTS LATER

11

[EXPLOSIONS continue as Mo attempts to wake a SNORING Sol.]

MO

OhC'mon Solaris, this is a terrible time to pass out.

[Beat. Snoring.]

BOB

Solaris, quick! Guess my favourite fern variety: Maiden hair. Bird's nest--

MO

Friggen snooze, Bob! That's not going to wake Sol up to stop your crap-Computer from blowing us up.

BOB

Mo, please. Friend Computer would never blow anyone up.

BRO COMPUTER

That's right Bobby! And if I did, it would be an accident with no witnesses to say otherwise.

BOB

See, Mo - fine!

MO

(urgent, to Sol)
Solaris wake up, we're gonna die!

BRO COMPUTER

Come on, this is boring! I need Captain Bob on the Bridge.

[Solaris SNORES.]

MO

(sing song to Sol)
Wake up or I'll get maths wrong. 6 times 9 is 69 - ha, nice.

BRO COMPUTER

You can order me to fire the laser cannon. It'll be fun! Like Space Invaders. Pew pew!

BOB

Oh video games make me sea sick.
But I do have a bag of Bananagrams
I've been dying to unzip!

[Bob rustles a fabric bag with game tiles.]

BRO COMPUTER

(unimpressed)
Yeah, nerd stuff... cool...

MO

(to Solaris)
Oh lookie here, Sol. You ever seen
a tit wink?

BOB

If we let the old Captains take
over, I can free up my schedule to
spell out 'friendship'.

BRO COMPUTER

Absolutely - it's you and me pal!
Best buds, blowing up aliens,
chucking chicks out the airlock,
smashing pizza!

A HUGE SNORE from Solaris.

BRO COMPUTER (CONT'D)

But we can't do that with lady
bosses, so...

BOB

Pizza! You're a genius Computer!
Duplicate me one anchovy pizza!

[A chime is heard and the duplicators engage.]

BRO COMPUTER

Eating fish... that's my boy!

MO

What are you doing, Bobby? We're
about to die and you order pizza?
Pizza?! Is my death a joke to you?

[The duplicators finish with a microwave like DING!]

BRO COMPUTER

Pizza's ready!

[Bob grabs the pizza from the duplicator and goes to Sol.]

BOB

Thanks Computer! Here you go Sol.

BRO COMPUTER
Hey! That's for us, bro!

[Sol's snores turn to SNIFFING and they JOLT AWAKE.]

SOLARIS
Mmm, pizza. Gimme gimme gimme
gimme.

[Eating noises as Sol opens their mouth and JAMS THE WHOLE PIZZA INSIDE.]

MO
Did they just fold the whole thing
in half and -- oh my!

[Solaris scoffs the pizza messily.]

BOB
Anchovy is Sol's favourite. It'll
sober them up *and* fish are great
brain food!
(to Sol)
You know, actually Sol - can you
find out where my new friend came
from?

[Solaris swallows with a giant glup, and aaaaaah.]

SOLARIS
You got it Bob!

[Sol starts typing into the ships mainframe.]

BRO COMPUTER
Oi! Bobby, stop! Hey!

SOLARIS
How did you even do this to the
Computer, Bob? Lol.

[Solaris burps like a sailor.]

MO
Oh gross, anchovy burp. Can't
believe you like 'em, Sol.

SOLARIS
Surprise, surprise, Mo. Another
thing you don't know about me.

MO
Sol, come on. What's up with you?

SOLARIS

You don't know anything about me!
That I love little salty fishes,
what my Mum's name was, and oh yeah
- you're sleeping with the one
person on this ship that I have a
crush on.

MO

(realisation)

Oh... right... Sim.

SOLARIS

Aurelia!

MO

Oh.

SOLARIS

I don't even care that Aurelia and
Sim have their whole star crossed
Catra and Adora thing going on... I
can't compete with that. But you're
supposed to be my friend! And you
either didn't know how I felt about
Aurelia, or you just didn't care.

MO

Mate... I'm...

BOB

(cutting the tension)

Uh... anyone for Bananagrams?

[The mainframe BEEPS.]

SOLARIS

Woah. What? There *two* data streams.

BRO COMPUTER

Hey stay out of there! That's my
porn stash!

SOLARIS

There are two data streams!

BRO COMPUTER

Heya, hey! Oi!

SOLARIS

Bob. You didn't just change the
computer's personality, you
switched from one computer to a
completely different computer. One
that has access to a ton of
encrypted files...

(beat)

I can't fix this. Only Bob can.

BOB
So... no takers for Bananagrams?

12 **INT. SSQS - BRIDGE - MOMENTS LATER**

12

[Explosions. Alerts.]

DUSTY
Boolarin fighters are about to
break through the shields. I need
to tell Captain Bob!

[Solaris, Mo and Bob enter the Bridge.]

BOB
Tell me what?

AURELIA
Sol, Mo, Bob. *Finally.*

BRO COMPUTER
Woo! Captain Bob's here! Let's
light up the sky! Pew pew!

SIM
It doesn't sound like you've fixed
the Computer, Sol?

SOLARIS
No, old Co-Caps. I can't. Only
Bob's authorisation code can turn
it off.

BRO COMPUTER
Too bad bros don't do lame stuff
like remembering things. Which ya
don't do ya Bobby? You don't
remember nothin' do ya?

BOB
No. I don't remember anything, I
don't, no, uh... I don't remember
anything.

SOLARIS
Really? Bob, you can remember
10,000 different grass varieties
but not an 8 character password?

BOB
(unconvincing)
I don't know what you mean... I
have a terrible memory in general.

DUSTY

Sometimes a quick slap to the back of the head helps me remember things. Hey Bobby, come here, I'm just gonna give you a little...

[Dusty walks over and SLAPS Bob. He SQUEALS.]

SIM

That's your lying squeal, Bob. Why would you lie, Bob? Unless...

BOB

Unless, unless I wanted to keep my friend?

[An EXPLOSION.]

BOB (CONT'D)

Okay it's true. And why not!

AURELIA

But why Bob, why? Why would you treat us this way? Us, your loving crew-family?

(aggressive)

Dusty, tackle Bob!

BOB

No! I'm the Captain now.

BRO COMPUTER

Yes! That's it, Bobby. Raising toilet seats!

BOB

And the Captain says, everyone listen to me! Or I'll make Computer do something really crazy like...

[Everyone inhales in anticipation.]

BOB (CONT'D)

I dunno, describe his dream man cave...

[The crew gasp in horror, anything but that!!!]

SOLARIS

No, no no no.

DUSTY

Oh God.

MO

Okay, okay okay, okay, Bob. Stay cool.

BOB

Didn't any of you even wonder *why* I changed the Computer's personality? No? You're all so caught up in your science bizo or your love... squares to notice that there is someone on this ship who needs a friend.

[Confused noises from the crew.]

DUSTY

Who?

BOB

Bob! It's me, Bob! I need the friend. I'm the only man on the ship. I'm the only man in the UNIVERSE! Do you any of you have any idea what it's like being the only one like you in a room?

SOLARIS

Um, Bob, I mean...

BOB

Sometimes I just wish I was as important as a Captain or an engineer or a pilot. Then I might be in a friendship square. Or a D&D campaign...

MO

Bob. Your friendship pizza just woke Solaris up from a booze coma.

SOLARIS

Yeah! *And* you helped me find the confidence to uh... break the glass...

BOB

Ooooh the Boolarins? Go Sol!

[BOOM! BOOM!]

DUSTY

Doesn't the fact that we're baking buddies mean anything to you, Bob!

[BOOM!]

AURELIA

(hurried)

We're sorry, Bob. But maybe you could stand down your Computer friend before the ship is destroyed... Just a thought!

[Bob hesitates.]

BOB
I, j- I, uh...

SIM
(reluctant)
And... buddy... I will allow your
mandatory all-crew game nights.

BOB
You know what? Okay... friend.
Slash gaming companion.

[Sim groans.]

BOB (CONT'D)
You're gonna love it! Computer,
make Aurelia and Sim the Captains
again!

BRO COMPUTER
I can't do that, Bobby... Enacting
ISA war protocol 452E - when the
Captain goes soft, the Computer
goes hard. Powering up weapons!

SOLARIS
Bob, what's your authorisation
code?

BOB
'Bob 1-2-3'.

SIM
That was it?!

[Solaris enters commands into their console and the bright
childlike buttons play again.]

BRO COMPUTER
Hey don't turn me off! Don't! Oh
and-, nah, I reckon feminism is
cool and stuff and I reckon AHHHHHH
--

[Bro Computer glitches and is cut off.]

[The ship powers down. The crew react.]

DUSTY
Hey who turned off the lights?

BOB
Are we dead?

SOLARIS
It's a reboot. Everything should -

[The ship powers up again. The crew sigh, relieved.]

SIM
(hesitant)
Damage report? Computer?

COMPUTER
Shields on 3 percent.

[It's the usual Computer voice. Everyone cheers that old computer is back.]

COMPUTER (CONT'D)
My synapses are being flooded with data, access to new systems and --

AURELIA
Yes, that's great Computer! But --

COMPUTER
I have sent a diplomatic message to the Boolarins. They've agreed to a ceasefire if you're amiable? Or shall I fire the new weapons array?

[Weapons begin to power up]

AURELIA
Cease fire cease fire!

SIM
CEASEFIRE!

AURELIA (CONT'D)
Ceasefire please!

[The weapons power down.]

[A short, resolved musical sting plays.]

13

INT. SSQS - MESS HALL - EVENING

13

[The mess hall hums with music as the crew mingle at a party.]

BOB
Thanks for helping throw me a retirement party, Sol. I love the "only things you can find on the ship" theme!

SOLARIS
It really was a great four hours of Captaincy, Bob.

[Mo approaches.]

MO
Oh, where's the party at?

BOB

Oh. Hi Mo! I'll leave you to it

MO

Thanks, Bob.

BOB

Bye *friends!*

MO

Hey Sol... I wanted to say...I got you a tin of anchovies!

SOLARIS

Oh. Thanks, Mo!

MO

Wanna grab a drink? Maybe you could... tell me about your mum?

SOLARIS

Maybe another night. Dusty and I have a late night karaoke date with the Boolarins!

MO

Oh, alright!

SOLARIS

Catch ya.

[Solaris walks off.]

MO

The student has become the master...

[Aurelia and Sim approach Mo.]

AURELIA

Not to be a pair of nosy Nellies, but did Sim and I hear that you're free tonight?

SIM

I could turn on the vibrate setting on the Captain's love seat, and -

MO

Nah, nah. You two are dropped.

AURELIA

Drop who now?

MO

I had a good chat with Bob this arv, and it really gave me some clarity on a few things...

(MORE)

MO (CONT'D)

Neither of you are quite evolved
enough for any kind of poly sitch.
Soz.

(beat)

Oi Bob! You. Me. Dance floor!

[Bob squeals with delight as Mo leaves. Beat.]

AURELIA

So...

SIM

We should talk.

AURELIA

Yeah.

SIM

I-

SIM (CONT'D)

Sorry.

Well-

No, you go...

AURELIA (CONT'D)

AURELIA (CONT'D)

AURELIA (CONT'D)

You, say... something...

[Computer's Beep plays.]

COMPUTER

Computer to Captains.

AURELIA

Oh thank god.

SIM

Phew.

COMPUTER

I'm continuing to decrypt
supplementary data found in other
Computer's system... and I've
uncovered coordinates which may be
of interest...

SIM

Why exactly?

COMPUTER

They lead to a specific planet...

AURELIA

Look I get that your new
personality programming has helped
you understand *suspense*, but just
give us the name!

COMPUTER

Earth 2.

