

# **SPACE TEAM GO!**

**By  
Sawyer Quinn Brown**

## SPACE TEAM GO!

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*This play is dedicated to the cardboard cutout of Captain Picard that's in my living room. Thank you for the decades of support.*

## SPACE TEAM GO!

### SPACE TEAM GO! CHARACTER BREAKDOWN

ACTOR 1 (F) - Space Leader Grizelda Braithwaite

ACTOR 2 (NB) - Space First Officer Keem

ACTOR 3 (Any gender, F for script) - Space Admiral Xiltin, Big Dipper Grunt #1, Robot 2, Big Dipper Head Honcho (G'Havet)

ACTOR 4 (M) - Space Officer Expendable, Big Dipper Grunt #3, Jeff, Animal Mask Person

ACTOR 5 (Any gender, F for script) - Narrison Sudeer, Nicky, Friendly Local, Space Officer Hruuuugh

ACTOR 6 (Any gender, M for script) - Vendol Tintissi, Vinnie, Probe, Robot 1

ACTOR 7 (M) - Minister Plenipotentiary for the Dread Empire of Kratok Paedrel Dopal

ACTOR 8 (Any gender, F for script) - Anonymous Allegorian, Ozbargfaf, Big Dipper Grunt #2, Voice of Ufemami

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## ACT I

### SCENE 1

*Music plays. It has a lot of people saying “Space! (Space!)” in it. Lights up on our heroes, SPACE LEADER GRIZELDA BRAITHWAITE, SPACE FIRST OFFICER KEEM, SPACE OFFICER EXPENDABLE, and THE REST OF THE CAST BUT DRESSED IN SOC UNIFORMS OR ALIEN COSTUMES, in dramatic poses. All SOC characters have bananas in holsters on their belts. In time with the music, they run around and hit various spacey poses. Lights highlight whatever pose is happening at the moment. The music builds to a crescendo and all pose in a flying V with their banana-ray-guns brandished in various directions.*

*As the music trails off, so do the actors, all of them exiting but Space Leader, who carefully aims her banana space gun in a random direction. Actor 8 enters and comes to the front of the stage holding a set of large cards. She flips through them so the audience can read. Card 1: “Space date 735.99\*@5&” Card 2: “Space Officer Compendium Space Training Facility.” Card 3: “The firing range.” Actor 8 exits.*

*Space Leader begins to practice her firing with her banana space gun, going “Pshew!” with every shot. Keem, an alien, who is wearing a headpiece to demonstrate that they are an alien, enters and watches for a moment, afraid to interrupt. Keem is wearing a purple SOC uniform and has a banana in a holster around their waist. They cough politely to get Space Leader’s attention, then when that doesn’t work, they cough louder. Space Leader stops firing and turns, noticing Keem.*

**KEEM.** *(Saluting.)* Ma’am!

**SPACE LEADER.** At ease, Space Officer. Are you waiting for the firing range?

**KEEM.** No, uh, excuse me. I’m Space Officer Keem. I’ve come with—I was told to notify you of your new assignment.

**SPACE LEADER.** A new assignment? Then you know who I am.

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**KEEM.** Space Leader Grizelda Braithwaite. Ma'am. Now that we've met...is it an Earth tradition to shake hands?

**SPACE LEADER.** It is. *(The two extend hands toward each other and wave them about.)* I can see you've been studying your Earth traditions. Have you been in the Space Officer Compendium long?

**KEEM.** Yes, I've been in SOC a few space years. *(Pronounced 'sock')*

**SPACE LEADER.** Now what's this you've got to tell me about a new assignment? Maybe...a new class I'm to teach? I already have my hands full with Space Command 101.

**KEEM.** It's...um...well. You're to be given a new Space Team. I'm to be—your first officer. *(Space Leader is trying not to show her surprise.)*

**SPACE LEADER.** On whose orders?

**KEEM.** Space Admiral Xiltin's, ma'am. You should have received a message about it.

**SPACE LEADER.** I've had my multi-tool on space gun mode...no messages...hold on. *(Space Leader turns her banana to a different position to show it's a communicator. She makes a sound indicating a message has been received.)* I see.

**KEEM.** I have to say, Space Leader, I truly look forward to working with you. I've heard all the stories about you. You're legendary in SOC.

**SPACE LEADER.** *(Looking at her message again.)* I've told them...I'll have to speak with Space Admiral Xiltin... *(To Keem.)* I apologize. You're meant to be my first officer? Please—tell me about yourself.

**KEEM.** Well, I'm from the planet [gibberish noise].

**SPACE LEADER.** Ah! I've heard of that one. I understand that your planet has no gender.

**KEEM.** You understand correctly, ma'am.

**SPACE LEADER.** Fascinating. If I may be so bold...?

**KEEM.** Yes?

**SPACE LEADER.** If your children have no gender, how do you know what colors to dress them in?

**KEEM.** There's only one correct color on my planet, Space Leader. It's gray.

**SPACE LEADER.** Sorry if this is personal, but—if your people have no gender, how do you reproduce?

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**KEEM.** I don't...actually know that, ma'am. On my planet we only find that out when we've reached full maturity, and I'm only 77 space years old.

**SPACE LEADER.** You're in SOC, but you've not yet reached full maturity?

**KEEM.** No...when my species reaches 80 space years of age, we're required to perform the [gibberish noise]. It's tradition that to truly grow up—and to know oneself—we must perform a great act of service for another. Something life-changing.

**SPACE LEADER.** A noble tradition indeed.

**KEEM.** Very kind. Apologies, Space Leader, I'm being lax in my duties: I was told that once I informed you of your new Space Team that you should communicate with Space Admiral Xiltin for further instruction.

**SPACE LEADER.** *(Sarcastically.)* Marvelous. *(Normal voice.)* Let's call her, shall we? *(Speaking into her communicator banana.)* Space Admiral Xiltin. *(To one side of the stage, SPACE ADMIRAL XILTIN appears facing the audience, wearing a large forehead prosthetic, with Actor 6 holding a hula hoop in front of the Admiral, to show that she is on a screen. Space Leader holds her banana communicator out in front of her so she and Keem can both see.)*

**ADMIRAL.** Greetings, Space Leader Braithwaite. Ah, I see you've spoken with Space Officer Keem. Congratulations on your promotion, Keem.

**KEEM.** Thank you, Space Admiral.

**ADMIRAL.** Need to speak with you about— *(Admiral makes a static sound and Actor 6 wiggles the hula hoop.)* —ment. Space Leader, your— *(More static.)* —mission of— *(Static.)* —your 'expertise'— *(Static.)*

**SPACE LEADER.** Hold that thought, Space Admiral Xiltin—you're breaking up.

**ADMIRAL.** *(Static.)* —space rats, I thought we'd— *(Static. Admiral Xiltin twists some imaginary dials on her screen. Space Leader and Keem start wandering around with the communicator banana in front of them, trying to get a good signal.)* You're really not able to—? *(Static.)* thought with the new system that we *(Static.)* must be the *(Static.)* and the tubers. *(Static.)* —this, I'm just going to— *(Static. Admiral Xiltin hits a button and as Actor 6 runs off with the hula hoop, Actor 4 and Actor 5 come running on and form a door between stage left and stage right with their bodies by standing side-by-side in*

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*front of the Admiral. As the Admiral approaches, Actors 4 and 5 step apart.)*

**ACTORS 4 & 5.** *(Being a door.)* Wooooooshhhh! *(Admiral Xiltin steps through the ‘door’ into the cafeteria, which was just in the next room. Once the Admiral is through, Actors 4 and 5 “Woooooshhhh” shut and exit the stage. Space Leader and Keem turn around to see the Admiral, Space Leader lowering her banana. Both stand at attention.)*

**SPACE LEADER & KEEM.** Space Admiral!

**ADMIRAL.** At ease. As I was saying, Space Leader Braithwaite, I’m afraid you’ll have no time to get settled in with your crew. We’re in need of your ‘expertise’ in diplomacy. *(She makes quotation marks in the air.)*

**SPACE LEADER.** My ‘expertise’? *(She mimics the quotation marks.)*

**ADMIRAL.** Don’t play coy, Space Leader, we all know your reputation and what you did on Pholla Y1. This mission requires someone to give an entire planet a kick in the pants. Can I count on you?

**SPACE LEADER.** Space Admiral Xiltin, you must be aware of the conditions that led me to teaching at Space Training. I was told I would never be required to command again.

**ADMIRAL.** Well, the truth of the matter is, Space Leader, that we’re low on Space Officers, and you’re wasted in Space Training.

**SPACE LEADER.** *(Getting angry.)* When I transferred here, we had an understanding—

**ADMIRAL.** Yes, you’ve made your protests clear, Space Leader Braithwaite. We can speak more on it later. In any case, before I brief you on your mission details, I ought to introduce you to the third member of your Space Team. Ah, and entirely coincidentally, here he comes now. *(Space Officer Expendable stumbles in as if he’s just tripped over something. He’s wearing a green SOC uniform. He presents himself to Space Leader and waves brightly.)* This is Space Officer Expendable. He’s fresh from Space Training. I trust you’ll show him the ropes. Expendable, this is your first officer Keem, and your Space Leader Braithwaite. *(Expendable ‘shakes hands’ with everyone present.)* Okay, enough, enough. I have the privilege to inform you that your Space Team will be called ‘Space Team Quinceañera.’

**SPACE LEADER.** Acknowledged.



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**EXPENDABLE.** Um, sorry to speak out of turn, but, uh...why ‘Quinceañera’?

**KEEM.** *(Clearing their throat.)* The titles of Space Teams 1 through 1,000 were taken, as well as A through triple-Z. Also, all the Greek letters, and Cyrillic letters, Korean characters, basically all of Earth’s alphabets, and actually all of the letters from my planet’s alphabet as well.

**ADMIRAL.** So many Space Teams and it’s still not enough. We want to spread the Amalgamation of Alien Worlds throughout the entire galaxy, so everyone can be as peaceful and harmonious as we are, as part of the Amalgamation.

**SPACE LEADER.** But not in a colonialist way.

**ADMIRAL.** No, no. *(All laugh, Keem uncomfortably.)* Space Leader Braithwaite, if you’ll come with me, we’ll discuss your mission in more detail, and you can tell me again why you’re so against this.

**SPACE LEADER.** You know why—you can’t just *order* me—

**XILTIN.** I think you’ll find that I can. I *am* a Space Admiral.

**SPACE LEADER.** Xiltin— *(Xiltin cuts her short with a gesture and indicates the others. Space Leader subsides, clearly still incensed.)*

**ADMIRAL.** *(To Keem and Expendable.)* We’ll meet you at Telly Port Port 17 ¼. *(Nodding to Keem and Expendable, Xiltin exits. Space Leader follows her out. Keem and Expendable look at each other.)*

**EXPENDABLE.** *(Waving.)* Hi!

**KEEM.** We should probably get to the ‘port.

**EXPENDABLE.** I’ll race ya!

**KEEM.** No, I— *(Too late. Expendable has ‘taken off running’ or rather, is running in place. Keem joins him. They turn several times in place. As this goes on, Actor 8 enters and places three hula hoops on the ground, then exits. Expendable and Keem ‘arrive’, panting.)*

**EXPENDABLE.** Wow, that was farther than I’d thought. Still, gotta keep in shape! Gotta carry on the Expendable name.

**KEEM.** Family legacy?

**EXPENDABLE.** Yeah, the Expendables go way back in SOC. The latest was Aunt Rita Expendable. Well, when I say “latest” I mean “late.” As in, she died. Last month.

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**KEEM.** I'm so sorry.

**EXPENDABLE.** Don't be. She died a hero. A cave collapsed on her.

**KEEM.** Did she get everyone else out, at least?

**EXPENDABLE.** What? Oh, no, she was in there alone. She had a sonic cannon; I think she was playing with it. Say, you're from the planet [gibberish noise], aren't you?

**KEEM.** Yes.

**EXPENDABLE.** I went there once with my parents on vacation. I almost got killed by a space moth. It was awesome. (*Space Leader enters, looking pissed off. The crew snaps to attention when they see her, and she visibly steels herself and puts on a smile.*)

**SPACE LEADER.** Ahh, my old stomping grounds, Telly Port Port 17 ¼! I hope you're feeling perky, Space Team Quinceañera!

**KEEM.** Yes, ma'am!

**SPACE LEADER.** Excellent! Well, let's calibrate our space multi-tools and then I'll brief you on the mission. (*All take out their bananas.*)

**KEEM.** Communicator. (*All shift their multi-tool bananas to hold them in the same direction. They press a 'button' and make noises to indicate that their communicators are connected.*) Scanner. (*Keem and Space Leader hold their bananas the same way, but Expendable is holding his wrong.*)

**SPACE LEADER.** Whoa! Careful, Space Officer. (*Keem adjusts Expendable's grip.*) That could've resulted in a nasty accident. Don't want to think you're holding your scanner but you're really holding your space gun.

**EXPENDABLE.** Thanks, Space Leader. That would've spelled disaster, for sure. Now I'll know to hold it the right way.

**KEEM.** Right. Scanner. (*They all wave their bananas around as if scanning and make scanning noises with their mouths.*) Space gun. (*All adjust and Keem forces Expendable's hand down.*) Pointed down for safety.

**EXPENDABLE.** Got it. Yup. Safety. My middle name. After my greatgrandfather, Safety Expendable.

**KEEM.** Did he live up to his name?

**EXPENDABLE.** No, he was killed on an alien planet by something that looked like black tar, after flagrantly violating safety regulations. But I promise, Space Leader, I don't take after him!

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**SPACE LEADER.** Thank you for your candidness. Now before we leave, Space Officer Expendable, I notice you're not wearing your Expedition shirt.

**EXPENDABLE.** Oh, uh, they said the new uniforms were supposed to be green, so I—

**SPACE LEADER.** We're going on a potentially dangerous mission. We need you in your Expedition shirt, Space Officer. Now.

**EXPENDABLE.** Yes, ma'am! (*Expendable runs offstage and comes back on tugging a red shirt on over his green uniform top.*)

**SPACE LEADER.** Much better, thank you. Our mission today is simple: a diplomat, the Minister Plenipotentiary Paedrel Dopal, has gone missing. The Dread Empire of Kratok is currently in negotiations to enter the Amalgamation of Alien Worlds and has requested our help to retrieve the missing Minister Plenipotentiary, who is key to the success of this treaty and Kratok's entry into the Amalgamation. What we need to do is locate the diplomat and ensure his safety.

**EXPENDABLE.** That's *it*? Are you sure I need to wear my Expedition shirt?

**SPACE LEADER.** Are you questioning my orders, Space Officer? That's one way to get off on the wrong foot with me.

**EXPENDABLE.** Um, I...

**SPACE LEADER.** I'm just kidding. (*Beat.*) Or am I? (*Beat.*) All right, we're ready to telly! (*Space Leader, Keem, and Expendable all step into the hula hoops and Actors 3, 7, and 8 run onstage and slowly lift the hula hoops up around the Space Team, making a sound effect like a teleporter. Once the teleportation is complete, Actors 3, 7, and 8 run back off the stage with the hula hoops. Space Leader, Keem, and Expendable all look around their new surroundings in wonder.*)

**KEEM.** It's breathtaking!

**SPACE LEADER.** To think they call this the 'Dread' Empire of Kratok! Such beauty!

**EXPENDABLE.** Is anyone else cold?

**SPACE LEADER.** Buck up, Expendable, you're wearing one more shirt than us. Anyway, just enjoy the ice sculptures!

**EXPENDABLE.** Sure. (*Catching sight of one he finds funny.*) Hey, that one looks like a—

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**KEEM.** “Different cultures have different priorities.”

**EXPENDABLE.** Yeah, I guess not everyone’s from Earth, huh. That’s part of why I’m out here with you all! New experiences. And that family legacy.

**SPACE LEADER.** Ah, here come the Kratokians to meet us! (*NARRISON SUDEER, a Kratokian government official wearing a big silly hat, and VENDOL TINTISSI, a Kratokian police officer, have indeed entered. They have large red circles on each cheek, to show that they’re definitely from another planet. Once in front of the Space Team, Sudeer and Tintissi do funny, alien bows out of respect. Space Team imitates them as best as they can.*)

**SUDEER.** Welcome, Space Leader Braithwaite, to our humble and Dread planet. I am Narrison Sudeer, Tertiary President of the Kratok homeworld on which you stand. This is Vendol Tintissi — he’s an officer in our peacekeeping corps.

**TINTISSI.** (*To Sudeer.*) Shall we proceed, Tertiary President?

**SUDEER.** Yes, of course. (*To Space Team.*) As you know, we have...misplaced our Minister Plenipotentiary, Paedrel Dopal. The matter is quite urgent if the Amalgamation entry talks are to continue, and I feel obligated to inform you that the matter is of special urgency to me. To me, Paedrel Dopal is far more than the Minister Plenipotentiary to the Dread Empire of Kratok...he and I are close. He considers me to be a mentor, and I consider him to be...a mentee. (*She’s gotten a little emotional.*) Forgive me. The roles of mentor and mentee are especially valued in Kratokian culture.

**SPACE LEADER.** We’ll do whatever we can to find Minister Dopal.

**TINTISSI.** Minister *Plenipotentiary* Dopal.

**SPACE LEADER.** Yes, that.

**TINTISSI.** We have some holographic security footage we’ve recovered from Dopal’s last known coordinates. If you follow me, I’ll call it up for you.

(*Tintissi leads them about two feet across the stage.*) Here we go. This was in Minister Plenipotentiary Dopal’s office. (*Tintissi takes out a banana, which is a remote control. He presses a button and the other half of the stage lights up. PAEDREL and an ANONYMOUS ALLEGORIAN, who is wearing a fedora, are silently conversing. Paedrel looks like a total dork in a pair of Google Glasses or similar. You get the idea that if he were from Earth, he would be wearing a pocket protector. He’s holding a cup of soda.*)

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**EXPENDABLE.** Was the Minister Pleni—uh. Was *he* drinking on the job? (*Tintissi pauses the playback by pressing a button on the banana/remote control.*)

**SUDEER.** Ahahaha, no. That's our Empire's primary export: Blub. I believe the Amalgamation calls it...a 'soft drink'?

**EXPENDABLE.** Oh, I've heard of that! 'Blub: It's got the real good bubbles!'

**SUDEER.** Precisely. Shall we watch? (*Tintissi presses a button on the remote control again. Paedrel takes a sip of some Blub. Suddenly, BIG DIPPER GRUNT #1 runs in, brandishing a banana that is a space gun. She fires her space gun and the Allegorian goes flying backwards and hits the ground. Paedrel is shocked and holds up his hands in surrender.*)

**SPACE LEADER.** Hold there just a moment. (*Tintissi pauses the recording.*) Who's the person with the Minister Plenipotentiary?

**TINTISSI.** She's an Allegorian. They're our closest allies. I'm not sure how she knew Dopal.

**KEEM.** That was a killing shot, then?

**TINTISSI.** She died, yes. May I continue?

**SPACE LEADER.** No, I'd like to see some of that again. Would you mind rewinding?

**TINTISSI.** Sure. (*Tintissi presses a button on his remote banana, and the Allegorian stands back up in a way that is hopefully the opposite of her flight backwards. Paedrel drops his hands. Big Dipper Grunt #1 backs out of the room. Paedrel spits his mouthful of Blub back into the cup he's holding, and he and the Allegorian resume their silent conversation, but backwards this time.*)

**KEEM.** Do you mind if I record this?

**TINTISSI.** Go ahead. (*Keem takes out their scanner and starts recording. Tintissi presses play and the action unfolds again as we saw it before, including Paedrel taking a big ol' sip of his Blub.*)

**SPACE LEADER.** Pause it right there! (*The Allegorian is about to fall backwards, but through an amazing feat of theatrical strength, has balanced just as she's about to fall.*) Are you familiar with their attacker?

**SUDEER.** No, not at all.

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**TINTISSI.** Well, actually. We think that she has ties to the Big Dipper Syndicate. (*Space Leader walks around the hologram, examining it.*) **SPACE LEADER.** Yes, I see. From this angle you can tell that she's wearing a shirt with the Big Dipper symbol on it.

**KEEM.** That doesn't really seem practical. If I were a member of the largest criminal organization in the galaxy, I wouldn't walk around wearing something that announced that to everyone.

**EXPENDABLE.** Wait, the Big Dipper Syndicate is *criminals*? I thought they made ice cream.

**SPACE LEADER.** Tintissi, could you rewind this one more time? I'd like to see how the attacker got in. (*Tintissi rewinds the footage again. The Allegorian rights herself, Big Dipper Grunt #1 backs out, and Paedrel spits out his Blub again. Tintissi is struggling with the remote, so it rewinds a little bit further and we see what Paedrel's and the Allegorian's conversation looked like. Paedrel seems to be imitating Sudeer's big silly hat. Finally, Tintissi finds the right button, and the action moves forward again. We see Paedrel and the Allegorian laughing about the big silly hat impression, then the action proceeds as previously. Tintissi pauses just as Big Dipper Grunt #1 enters.*) Ha! There. I thought so. She had the key-code. Someone let her in!

**SUDEER.** Or someone hacked our computers. The Big Dipper Syndicate is known for its elite team of computer experts.

**SPACE LEADER.** Is it? I hadn't heard that. I thought they were mostly known for how many space guns they have.

**TINTISSI.** Should I press play again?

**SPACE LEADER.** Please do. (*Tintissi presses play and the Allegorian goes flying backwards again. This time we see the rest of the scene play out: Paedrel suddenly moves to attack Big Dipper Grunt #1, and beats the tar out of her, grabbing her space gun. When the Grunt is knocked out, Paedrel checks on the Allegorian. Finding her dead, he runs out of the room holding the space gun.*)

**TINTISSI.** We tracked him to the telly port port. He tellied away, although we don't know the specific coordinates he tellied to. That's all we have.

**SPACE LEADER.** Do you have a guess as to where he might have gone?

**TINTISSI.** Well, I'm not sure, but...possibly Allegoria. They *are* our closest

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allies, and we know that Minister Plenipotentiary Dopal had a good rapport with them. Our peacekeeping corps don't have authority there, but the Allegorians might listen to SOC representatives. They also want to join the Amalgamation—or, I believe at least one faction does.

**SPACE LEADER.** *(To Space Team.)* Allegoria seems a good place to start our search. Agreed?

**KEEM.** Yes, ma'am.

**SUDEER.** Before you go, Space Leader Braithwaite, I feel it important to tell you that Dopal's political views...may be considered somewhat...radical.

**SPACE LEADER.** I had thought he supported entry into the Amalgamation.

**SUDEER.** Yes.

**SPACE LEADER.** Ah.

**SUDEER.** He's gained quite a following, but considering how revolutionary some of his ideas are—

**TINTISSI.** How necessary.

**SUDEER.** Pardon, Tintissi?

**TINTISSI.** I agree with him. *(A beat.)* Excuse me. I spoke out of turn.

**SUDEER.** As I said, the Minister Plenipotentiary has gained a number of followers, but there's no telling what someone with such reformist ideas could get into.

**KEEM.** Pardon me, ma'am, but I had thought he was your protege?

**SUDEER.** He's a smart kid. He'll come around.

**SPACE LEADER.** *(Slightly disbelieving.)* Uh-huh. *(Pause.)* Thank you for all your help, Tintissi. Sudeer. *(She attempts one of the bows that the Kratokians did before.)*

**SUDEER.** Good try. *(The Kratokians bow back, correctly. They exit.)*

**KEEM.** *(To Space Leader.)* Do you think the Minister Plenipotentiary for the Dread Empire of Kratok could be mixed up with the Big Dipper Syndicate, as Sudeer implied?

**EXPENDABLE.** Yeah, and what would the Big Dipper Syndicate want with the Minister Plen—Pleni—

**SPACE LEADER.** *(Annoyed.)* He's a space prince, we're just calling him a space prince. If I have to say 'Minister Plenipotentiary' again I'm going to shoot that interestingly-shaped ice sculpture over there. But that's a good

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question, Space Officer Expendable. What *would* the Big Dipper Syndicate want with a space prince from Kratok?

**KEEM.** Could he be involved in a crime?

**SPACE LEADER.** That's for us to find out. (*Tintissi enters again, holding the fedora that the Allegorian was wearing in the footage.*)

**TINTISSI.** I almost forgot, Space Leader Braithwaite. The Allegorian seen with Minister Plenipotentiary Dopal was wearing this. I understand that these hats have tremendous cultural significance on Allegoria.

**SPACE LEADER.** (*Accepting the hat.*) Thank you, Tintissi. (*She passes the hat to Expendable.*)

**TINTISSI.** I wish you the best in your endeavors. Please bring the Minister Plenipotentiary home to us. He just might be the best hope for Kratok's future. (*He exits.*)

**KEEM.** What do you think he meant about the Minist— (*At a look from Space Leader.*) the Space Prince being the best hope for Kratok?

**SPACE LEADER.** Something to investigate, certainly. On to Allegoria! (*She taps a few buttons on an invisible control pad. Actors 3, 7, and 8 come running out with hula hoops. Space Team steps into them, and Actors 3, 7, and 8 make the teleportation noises again as they lift the hula hoops up. Space Team is now on Allegoria. Lights change. Our hula-hoopers exit. Actor 6 enters with a set of cards and shows them to the audience. Card 1: "Planet Allegoria." Card 2: "A few seconds later." Card 3: "You literally just saw it happen." Actor 6 exits.*)

**KEEM.** (*Looking about.*) Oh, Flarf, it's a wreck! What happened here?! (*Two Allegorians, NICKY and VINNIE, who are wearing trilbys and carrying space gun bananas, creep onstage. They spot Expendable holding the fedora.*)

**NICKY.** (*In a New York accent, pointing.*) They're allied with the Fedoras! It's a SOC invasion force! (*Nicky and Vinnie aim their space guns at the Space Team.*)

**VINNIE.** (*In a New York accent.*) No sudden movements! Who are you and why are you here?

**EXPENDABLE.** What's going on?! Please don't shoot us! (*He waves the hat frantically.*)



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**SPACE LEADER.** (*Stepping forward with her hands up.*) Please. I'm Space Leader Grizelda Braithwaite. We mean you no harm. We're investigating the disappearance of a diplomatic official from Kratok.

**VINNIE.** Why is he holdin' a (*Disgusted.*) *fedora*?

**SPACE LEADER.** It belonged to an Allegorian who was on the Kratok homeworld. Please, let us explain. (*Nicky pushes Vinnie's space gun down.*)

**NICKY.** I think they're tellin' the truth, Vinnie. You know the Amalgamation can't interfere with other planets. And it's only the Fedoras who want to join, so they *really* can't mess with us.

**SPACE LEADER.** (*To the Allegorians.*) What issue do you take with fedoras?

**VINNIE.** The Fedoras are our enemies. (*Sniffs.*) Anyone who knows anything about Allegoria knows that.

**SPACE LEADER.** Pretend we don't know anything about Allegoria. (*Aside to Keem.*) Do we know anything about Allegoria?

**KEEM.** (*Looking at their scanner.*) Ah. I see. The Fedoras are locked in a thousand-space-year war with the Trilbys.

**EXPENDABLE.** Isn't a trilby a kind of fedora?

**NICKY.** (*To Expendable.*) They're totally different! Any mook can see that.

**VINNIE.** Yeah. Ya mook.

**SPACE LEADER.** (*To the Allegorians.*) So why is it that you're at war?

**NICKY.** What, we're supposed to have a reason now? They're Fedoras; we're Trilbys. We fight. End of story.

**KEEM.** But your poor planet! It's been destroyed!

**NICKY.** Those are the casualties of war. And why should we bother rebuilding, if it's just going to get knocked down again by those Fedora goons? They don't value Allegorian culture at all. Not like the Trilbys.

**KEEM.** So the Trilbys avoid hitting cultural landmarks with their weapons?

**NICKY.** You think there are cultural landmarks left by now?! We're not like you wiseguys in the Amalgamation. We ain't so lucky to get that 'peace.'

**VINNIE.** 'Peace.' Huh. Wiseguys.

**EXPENDABLE.** (*To Space Leader.*) Are we wiseguys, Space Leader?

**SPACE LEADER.** Not everyone likes the Amalgamation, Expendable. Possibly the Fedoras wish to join—but the Trilbys don't seem to be interested.

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**NICKY.** Uh-huh. Now. Why are you here?

**EXPENDABLE.** We're looking for the Space Prince—

**SPACE LEADER.** We are looking for the Minister Plenipotentiary for the Dread Empire of Kratok.

**VINNIE.** Oh, Paedrel? Yeah, he was just here.

**KEEM.** You know him?

**VINNIE.** Yeah, he's a pretty nice kid, for a Kratokian. Keeps his attitudes neutral, at least on our planet—he's got friends in the Trilbys and the Fedoras.

**SPACE LEADER.** Do you know if he's still on-planet?

**NICKY.** Naw, he went to see a friend of his on a moon in the next solar system. Lady named Ozbargfaf.

**EXPENDABLE.** (*Entirely genuine.*) Gesundheit.

**NICKY.** The thing is, though, right when Paedrel was programming the telly, the mechanism got hacked.

**KEEM.** Hacked? By whom?

**VINNIE.** We thought it might have been those finks the Fedoras, but the hack had the greasy fingerprints of the Big Dipper Syndicate all over it. Paedrel wound up taking one of our space shuttles. You can borrow one, too, I guess. (*He gestures to an imaginary shuttle.*)

**SPACE LEADER.** That's very kind of you.

**NICKY.** Ha! That's Trilbys for ya—we're kind. Well, good luck, I hope you find your guy. C'mon, Vinnie. (*Vinnie and Nicky exit.*)

**EXPENDABLE.** I'm confused. Did we find out what the war between the Fedoras and Trilbys is about?

**KEEM.** I think their war is about having a war. Sometimes things have been part of a culture for so long that they seem intrinsic. Like the Allegorians' war, or like the yearly panty raids of Flindok 3 by the Barkikians.

**EXPENDABLE.** But if the Allegorians are fighting over nothing, couldn't we try to help them make peace? Isn't that part of our job in the Amalgamation?

**KEEM.** Allegoria isn't a part of the Amalgamation.

**SPACE LEADER.** In any case, Space Officer Expendable, it would go against the Principal Ordinance of SOC: 'Don't mess around in other people's business.' (*Beat.*) So. A shuttle. I thought we'd moved beyond this technology.

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**KEEM.** Feels a little bit like we've time-traveled to the dark ages before the telly.

**SPACE LEADER.** *(Laughing.)* Don't be ridiculous, Keem. Time travel isn't real.

**KEEM.** Do you know how to drive a shuttle, Space Leader?

**EXPENDABLE.** I think I can help, Space Leader. I took a crash course in shuttle flight as an elective in Space Training.

**SPACE LEADER.** *(Gesturing.)* By all means. *(They all pile in to the imaginary shuttle, and Expendable steps to the controls. All imitate being in a shuttle taking off and 'fly' off the stage. Actor 3 comes on with more cards. Card 1: "A nearby moon." Card 2: "No, we don't know its name." Card 3: "Why would we need to know its name?" Actor 3 exits. The Space Team comes 'flying' in and, screaming, 'crash' the shuttle. They stumble out of the shuttle and go rolling across the stage. Sound of an explosion, which is all the actors offstage going "KABOOM," "Psshhhh," "Kapow," etc.)*

**KEEM.** *(To Expendable, standing up.)* A crash course? A crash course?!

**EXPENDABLE.** I...I don't know how that happened. I'm sorry.

**SPACE LEADER.** Never mind, Expendable, it couldn't be helped.

**KEEM.** Couldn't it, though.

**SPACE LEADER.** *(Looking around.)* Ahh, I love a lush jungle. The purple leaves, the sopping wet ground, the wildlife—oh no! Look out, Expendable! *(Actor 5 has re-entered holding a banana that is a giant space mosquito. She 'flies' it towards Expendable. Expendable panics and tries to escape it, but the space mosquito 'lands' on his neck and wiggles about a bit.)*

**EXPENDABLE.** Ahh! Ahh! Get it off! Is it sucking my blood?! ARGH, it's sucking my blood!

**SPACE LEADER.** Hold very still, Space Officer. *(Expendable is flailing. Keem finally grabs him and holds him still. Space Leader takes aim with her space gun/banana and fires at the space mosquito, which falls to the ground, dead. Expendable stomps on it and banana gets everywhere. Actor 5 is shocked and exasperated, but no one acknowledges her. She exits quickly and comes back with some paper towels to clean up the banana as the conversation continues around her. Once finished cleaning, she exits.)*

**EXPENDABLE.** *(As he stomps.)* Take that, you nasty space bug! *(He sways*

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*a little in place.)* Whoa, my head feels funny. *(Space Leader steadies him.)*

**KEEM.** *(Scanning Expendable with their scanner banana.)* It looks like he's been infected with some sort of space toxin. Potentially deadly.

**SPACE LEADER.** Why don't we have a space doctor on hand?!

**KEEM.** I'm sure I don't know, Space Leader. It would certainly make sense to have one.

**SPACE LEADER.** *(To Expendable.)* Hang on, Space Officer, we'll get you to a telly port port.

**EXPENDABLE.** No, Space Leader, I'm good, I promise, I'm just a little woozy. *(He tries to stand on his own, swoons again, then straightens out.)*

I..am a dedicated SOC officer. I even have my Expedition shirt on. *(Beat.)* Let's go find the space prince.

**SPACE LEADER.** Brave man. We'll press on. Maybe this 'Ozbargfaf' can render medical assistance. *(Keem waves their scanner around and makes scanning noises.)*

**KEEM.** There's only one other sentient life-form on this planet, and...it's this way. *(The Space Team exits. Actor 5 comes out with another card: "5 space minutes later..." The Space Team enters from a different location. Expendable is clutching his neck and whimpering softly.)*

**KEEM.** *(Still waving the scanner.)* Here, Space Leader.

**SPACE LEADER.** Yes, this looks like a dwelling, but I don't see anyone. *(Actors 3 and 5 come onstage and are a door.)* I don't see a doorbell. *(Space Leader knocks on the 'door.' The Actor being knocked on reacts appropriately. OZBARGFAF enters. She is an alien, an Amnesium. She probably wears a robe of some kind. Actors 3 and 5 part before her, 'Wooooshhh!' Once Ozbargfaf steps through, they 'Wooooshhh!' shut and exit.)*

**OZBARGFAF.** Greetings. Have we met before?

**SPACE LEADER.** Are you Ozbargfaf?

**OZBARGFAF.** I'm almost certain that's me.

**KEEM.** *(Reading off their scanner.)* She is a member of the Amnesium race, ma'am. They value...forgetfulness?

**OZBARGFAF.** To exist is to forget. Amnesiums have practiced the art of forgetting for over a thousand years now...probably. *(Expendable, still dizzy,*

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*leans forward and rests his head on Keem.)* Does something afflict you? Are you in need of aid?

**SPACE LEADER.** Do you have anything to assist with toxic space bug bites?

**OZBARGFAF.** Maybe? *(Space Leader looks to Expendable. Expendable waves away her concern. Space Leader nods.)*

**SPACE LEADER.** *(To Ozbargfaf.)* I'm Space Leader Grizelda Braithwaite of Space Team Quinceañera. We're looking for Paedrel Dopal. Have you seen him?

**OZBARGFAF.** I'm...unsure. I apologize, Space Leader. Forgetfulness comes before all.

**SPACE LEADER.** *(To Ozbargfaf.)* Can we do anything to help jog your memory?

**OZBARGFAF.** When the rare occasion arrives that I *must* remember, I consult with my personal database. My computer console is inside, I think, if you'll follow me. *(Lights dip down. The actors reorganize themselves in the blackout. Actor 6 comes onstage in the dark and holds up a hula hoop—this is the screen of the computer. Lights come back up. Expendable still leans on Keem. Ozbargfaf is typing on the computer.)*

**OZBARGFAF.** *(Continued.)* You said his name was...?

**SPACE LEADER.** Paedrel Dopal.

**EXPENDABLE.** Space Prince.

**KEEM.** Minister Plenipotentiary for the Dread Empire of Kratok. *(Ozbargfaf gives Keem a blank look, then turns back to her computer.)*

**OZBARGFAF.** Yes, here, I have some footage of him speaking to the Kratokian Assembly. Perhaps this will remind me of his identity.

*(Ozbargfaf presses a few buttons and Paedrel runs onstage to stand behind the hula hoop. He is frozen until Ozbargfaf presses the right button. When he unfreezes, Paedrel is mid-speech.)*

**PAEDREL.** And that, Assembly of Kratok, is why it is of utmost importance that we press forward in our negotiations with the Amalgamation of Alien Worlds. Climate change is real, and it is coming to us. I know you've been fed misinformation by others—I've heard the same things. But no matter what they try to tell you, you have to know, our critical reserves are about to run

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dangerously low. And more than that—our process to produce our principal export, Blub, is beginning to run short of supplies as well. To put it bluntly, if we can't sell Blub, then we can't afford to feed the populace. That's why we need the help of the Amalgamation. But more than that, isn't it time we opened the borders of our Dread Empire at last? So much of our culture is kept secret from the rest of the galaxy, and why? We have a way of life rich in tradition, and we could share that! And learn about other cultures while we're at it! Also, I maybe shouldn't mention this, but they do give out really cool badges to their diplomats. On top of all this, the Amalgamation will discourage any illegal trade of our resources—

**SPACE LEADER.** *(To Ozbargfaf.)* Pause right there, please. *(Ozbargfaf pauses the recording.)*

**KEEM.** Could Dopal have known something about dealings someone was having with the Big Dipper Syndicate?

**SPACE LEADER.** Precisely my thought, Keem. *(To Ozbargfaf.)* Do you remember when you last saw Paedrel Dopal, now?

**OZBARGFAF.** To my great shame, I do recall him. He visits me occasionally to share a bottle of Blub. When last he was here, I had sat him in my sitting room, and I had gone to the kitchen to retrieve...something. The memory, it is slipping from me—

**SPACE LEADER.** Please, hang onto it! This information is of the utmost importance to us.

**OZBARGFAF.** *(After struggling to remember.)* As I was in the kitchen, I heard what seemed like a scuffle. There was shouting and the sound of punches being thrown. There was also the sound of...yes, space gunfire. Ah. I see. Now I know where the laser marks on my sitting room walls came from.

**SPACE LEADER.** You said there was shouting. Did you catch any of the words?

**OZBARGFAF.** Though it pains me to do so, I remember. The one doing the shouting said, 'Something something grab him something space station something something The Black Hole.'

**KEEM.** There's a bar on a space station near here called 'The Black Hole.' They say it's where sobriety goes to slip into an endless sucking vacuum.

**SPACE LEADER.** I've heard of that bar. It's rumored to be a bit...seedy.

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**EXPENDABLE.** *(Briefly lifting his head.)* I like seeds. Especially in muesli.  
*(He drops his head again.)*

**SPACE LEADER.** Ozbargfaf, thank you for your hospitality and your assistance. We must be going now. Oh. Except that we crashed the space shuttle.

**OZBARGFAF.** I think I might have a telly port port outside. I'd have to check, though.

**SPACE LEADER.** Thank you.*(Ozbargfaf exits, leading the way, and the Space Team follows. Lights dip again, and they come back up with the actors rearranged once again and there are three hula hoops on the floor. Paedrel and Actor 6 are no longer onstage.)*

**OZBARGFAF.** The controls are here. I'll operate them for you, but I will have to check the manual to see how it's done, since I have, of course, forgotten. That is, if I have a manual. Excuse me. *(Ozbargfaf exits, and as soon as she's out Expendable collapses to the ground, crying out.)*

**EXPENDABLE.** Argh! *(He clutches his neck where the space mosquito bit him.)*

**SPACE LEADER.** Expendable! Keem, scan him! *(Keem scans Expendable.)*

**KEEM.** The toxin has reached his heart, ma'am! What do we do?!

**EXPENDABLE.** I'm sorry, Space Leader. I tried to fight it. *(Space Leader kneels by Expendable, taking his hand.)*

**SPACE LEADER.** Save your strength, Expendable.

**EXPENDABLE.** I see a bright light.

**KEEM.** That's the sun.

**EXPENDABLE.** Oh yeah. Ack! *(He clutches his heart.)* It looks like this is the end. I'm so sorry I crashed the shuttle.

**KEEM.** *(Still scanning.)* Wait. Space Leader. The toxin is dissipating.

**SPACE LEADER.** How, Keem?

**KEEM.** I...I don't know. I *really* wish we had a space doctor.

**SPACE LEADER.** How do you feel, Expendable?

**EXPENDABLE.** Kind of...fizzy? *(He belches.)* Oh, now much better. I think I can stand. *(Space Leader helps Expendable to his feet.)* **KEEM.** The toxin is...just gone!

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**SPACE LEADER.** I'm glad you're all right, Space Officer Expendable.

**EXPENDABLE.** Flarf, me too! It reminds me of the time my father was bitten by a venomous snake-like creature on the planet Quappin.

**KEEM.** He recovered?

**EXPENDABLE.** No, he died.

**SPACE LEADER.** I'm so sorry.

**EXPENDABLE.** He was doing his duty to SOC. That's what matters.

*(Ozbargfaf re-enters.)*

**OZBARGFAF.** I have examined the instructions for the telly, but we must hurry to use it before the procedures slip my mind. *(Ozbargfaf operates the imaginary controls, looking somewhat lost. The Space Team steps into the hula hoops Actors 3, 6, and 7 come running on and begin lifting the hula hoops. Ozbargfaf is fighting with the invisible controls of the telly, but something's gone wrong! The lights flicker, and the hula hoops stop halfway through their ascent. The Space Team grabs hold of them, and everyone but the Space Team spins offstage. The Space Team stumbles around in their hula hoops.)*

**KEEM.** Space Leader, what's happening?!

**SPACE LEADER.** Something's gone wrong with the telly! Everyone hang on!

**EXPENDABLE.** Yes, ma'am! *(Actors 3, 6, and 7 come running back on holding tinsel on sticks. Space Leader spots them.)*

**SPACE LEADER.** Oh no! It's an ion storm!

**KEEM & EXPENDABLE.** Oh no! *(Actors 3, 6, and 7 wave their tinsel sticks all around the Space Team, who wiggle about in their hula hoops as if experiencing turbulence. Tinsel people make turbulence noises, whatever those are. Suddenly, Expendable begins to spin away slowly in his hula hoop.)*

**SPACE LEADER.** Expendable, no! *(Keem reaches out to catch Expendable, but he's too far away already. He reaches back, frantic. Their hands brush, and then Expendable spins all the way off the stage. Keem and Space Leader cry out in shock. Blackout. Lights come back up. Tinsel buddies are gone and Keem, Space Leader, and Expendable are all standing safely in their hula hoops.)*

**SPACE LEADER.** Expendable! You're all right!



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**EXPENDABLE.** Yeah, I don't know what happened! I got lost in the ion storm, I thought I was a goner for sure, and then poof!, I was here! I guess I'd better scan around, now that we're here. *(Expendable steps out of the telly hula hoop and pulls out his banana multi-tool. He is holding it incorrectly.)*

**KEEM.** No, no, you're holding it wrong!

**EXPENDABLE.** Scanning, annnnd— *(Expendable accidentally shoots himself in the gut with his space gun. He makes a sound effect and reacts as if he's been shot. He drops the gun and looks up at the Space Leader. Faintly.)* Space Leader...? *(He collapses to the floor. Space Leader and Keem run to Expendable. Space Leader takes his hand again.)*

**SPACE LEADER.** Hold on, Expendable! Oh, *why* don't we have a space doctor?!

**KEEM.** It's a serious oversight, I agree.

**EXPENDABLE.** Can we focus on me dying?

**SPACE LEADER.** You'll be all right, Expendable. We'll fix you right up. *(She looks around, calls out.)* Hello?! Are there any space doctors on this station?!

**KEEM.** I'd wondered what a human spleen looked like.

**EXPENDABLE.** I'm glad to have served you...Space Leader. *(He dies.)*

**SPACE LEADER.** *(Hushed.)* Thank you for your service, Space Officer. *(To Keem, heartbroken)* Such senseless tragedy. A recruit right out of Space Training. You know...I never learned his first name.

**KEEM.** I wish we could have done something, Space Leader.

**SPACE LEADER.** As do I, Keem. But I think he'd be proud to know that he at least died doing his duty to SOC.

**KEEM.** I hate to behave so callously, but we're actually in a very dangerous area right now. We should probably...be on the lookout.

**SPACE LEADER.** I'm loath to admit it, Keem, but you're right. We'll need to telly Expendable's body back to Headquarters. *(With trepidation, the pair approach the body and start to move it to the hula hoops. When they put it down, though, it's spread across several hula hoops. They realize they have to stand it up. Cue a long, goofy sequence of them trying and failing to stand the body up on its own in a telly hula hoop. A FRIENDLY LOCAL enters and sees what they are trying to do. After a moment, she steps in.)*

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**FRIENDLY LOCAL.** Excuse me. *(Keem and Space Leader both startle.)* I can't help noticing that you're having a little trouble. Would you like some assistance?

**SPACE LEADER.** That would be much appreciated, Ms...?

**FRIENDLY LOCAL.** Oh, me? I'm just a Friendly Local. I can operate the telly controls for you.

**KEEM.** Don't you want to know why we're tellying a dead body?

**FRIENDLY LOCAL.** *(Shrugging.)* None of my business. Just like it's none of my business why two SOC officers are on a space station like this one. *(She steps to the side and programs the telly controls. Keem and Space Leader hold Expendable's corpse upright, and carefully lift the hula hoop up with their feet until Expendable's corpse can grab it. Friendly Local presses a button and Expendable's corpse lurches off the stage holding the hula hoop as someone makes telly sound effects.)*

**SPACE LEADER.** We can't thank you enough, really. You haven't happened to see a Kratokian diplomat hereabouts, have you?

**FRIENDLY LOCAL.** Nnnnno, nope, can't say that I have.

**SPACE LEADER.** Well, do you happen to know where the bar The Black Hole is?

**FRIENDLY LOCAL.** Where sobriety goes to slip into an endless sucking vacuum?

**KEEM.** Yes, that one!

**FRIENDLY LOCAL.** Down that corridor, take two lefts, then a right, then crawl through maintenance tube 73 and you'll be right outside it.

**SPACE LEADER.** Many thanks. You really are a Friendly Local!

*(Friendly Local bows, and Space Leader and Keem exit in the direction Friendly Local pointed. Once they're gone, Friendly Local pulls out a communicator banana and speaks into it.)*

**FRIENDLY LOCAL.** Listen, boss. We've got a problem. Some SOC jerks poking their heads in where they don't belong. *(She listens to the communicator.)* Yeah. I'll send something to distract them. *(She listens.)* Got it. *(As Friendly Local puts the communicator away, she opens her jacket, revealing an enormous Big Dipper Syndicate sigil that was hidden inside. Bad guy music plays. She exits. Actor 3 enters carrying cards. Card 1: "Outside*

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*The Black Hole.*” Card 2: “*The bar, not a real one, duh.*” Card 3: “*Half-  
aspace-hour and several wrong turns later.*” Actor 3 exits. Space Leader and  
Keem enter crawling.)

**KEEM.** Space Leader, I think we can probably stand now that we’re out of  
the maintenance tube.

**SPACE LEADER.** I believe you are correct, Keem. (*Both stand, brush off  
their pants.*) This must be the bar. It certainly looks...seedy.

**KEEM.** I’m inclined to agree, ma’am.

**SPACE LEADER.** Shall we? (*Just as they start to step towards the bar, a  
PROBE enters, played by Actor 6. The actor is dressed in an orb-shaped foam  
costume that covers most of his body, but not his head. The Probe walks  
nonchalantly up to our heroes, and stops right in front of them.*) Keem,  
scanner.

**KEEM.** (*Scanning.*) Mechanical in nature...I believe it is a probe, ma’am.

**SPACE LEADER.** A probe? On a space station? Hardly an unexplored  
region of space.

**KEEM.** Maybe it has business here.

**SPACE LEADER.** Why has it come to us? (*The Probe extends an arm  
through a hole in its foam sphere—it holds a banana out towards Keem.*)

**KEEM.** (*Scanning the banana.*) It seems to be a message, ma’am. Maybe it’s  
telling us what it wants. Should I take it?

**SPACE LEADER.** Only if it’s safe. (*Keem accepts the banana and examines  
it. Eventually, they peel it to read the message inside.*)

**KEEM.** The probe is telling us it has a message for us of some urgency. (*The  
Probe extends another banana from the hole in the sphere. Keem takes it and  
peels this one as well.*) It says it’ll tell us what the message is in exchange for  
a price. (*The Probe offers another banana. Keem is starting to struggle with  
all the bananas in their arms. They take the banana and peel it.*) **KEEM.**

(*Continued.*) Oh. It’s...I believe the human term is ‘hitting me’? **SPACE  
LEADER.** Let me see. (*She reads the message over Keem’s shoulder.*) No,  
uh. The phrase is ‘hitting on you’, Keem.

**KEEM.** I’m not...quite sure how to handle this, Space Leader. After all, I’m  
only 77. (*Another banana from the Probe. Keem peels and reads the banana.  
To the Probe.*) I’m sure you have many admirable qualities, I just—I’ve never

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courted outside my own race before, and I—oh— (*Another banana. Reads the new banana.*) Yes, that is an impressive speed of calculations, I'm sure I couldn't calculate data anywhere near that fast, but—oh, oh no— (*Another banana. Some are starting to slip from Keem's grasp. They read the new banana.*) We would love to hear the message you have for us, thank you. I... (*Keem is holding too many peeled bananas. They look around for assistance, but Space Leader has gone over to examine the other side of the Probe. Actor 3 comes hustling out with a bag, helps Keem load the bananas into the bag, then exits.*)

**SPACE LEADER.** (*Teasing.*) I'll remind you that you're on duty, Space Officer. (*Keem turns back to the Probe.*)

**KEEM.** Listen. I don't mean to be rude, but we're on an important mission. We don't have time to— (*All of a sudden, BIG DIPPER GRUNT #2 comes running out, holding a banana space gun!*)

**BDG #2.** Hold it right there, you SOC goobers! Put your space guns down, slowly. (*Space Leader and Keem have raised their hands. Keem looks to Space Leader for assurance.*)

**SPACE LEADER.** Best to do what she says, Keem. (*Space Leader and Keem slowly lower their space multi-tools to the ground. Big Dipper Grunt #2 collects them.*)

**BDG #2.** (*To Probe.*) Good job keeping them occupied, Probey. (*The Probe bends its knees twice as if nodding, makes a 'Call me' signal at Keem with its hand, and then drifts off the stage.*)

**SPACE LEADER.** (*To Keem.*) I'm starting to think that 'Friendly Local' was not actually very friendly.

**KEEM.** An Unfriendly Local?

**SPACE LEADER.** Precisely.

**BDG #2.** All right, neither of you move. You're coming with me. (*She starts to walk off the stage, but the Space Team doesn't move.*) Aw, crap, I keep doing this. *Both of you move, you're coming with me.* (*She indicates for Space Team to walk off the stage, and she follows them out. Blackout.*)

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### SCENE 2

*Lights up and there's a large pane of glass or clear plastic upright onstage at center, perpendicular to the audience. ACTOR 5 comes on with cards. Card 1: "Several space minutes later." Card 2: "Some kind of holding cell, probably." Card 3: "Big Dipper Syndicate something, we're guessing." ACTOR 5 exits. Space Leader and Keem come in with their hands still up, followed by Big Dipper Grunt #2, still holding the space gun on them. With a gesture, she indicates that Space Leader and Keem should get into the two cells, locking the invisible doors behind them with a "Wooosh!" sound effect that she makes herself.)*

**BDG #2.** 'Bye, SOC losers! I'll let my *associate* take care of you. *(She exits with vaguely maniacal laughter.)*

**KEEM.** *(To Space Leader.)* This is an awfully adhesive situation we're in, Space Leader!

**SPACE LEADER.** A sticky situation indeed.

**KEEM.** What should we do? They've taken our communicators!

**SPACE LEADER.** I minored in Tech Finagling in Space Training. I might be able to hack the door controls.

**KEEM.** Great thinking, ma'am!

**SPACE LEADER.** Yes, well. That's why I'm the Space Leader. *(Space Leader starts to work on the door controls.)*

**KEEM.** I can't stop thinking about Space Officer Expendable. There must have been something we could've done. It's hard to feel so...

**SPACE LEADER.** ...Helpless? Yes. *(Pause.)* You know, Keem, you never asked me why I was pulled from Space Training to head a Space Team. I'd been on teaching duty for three space years.

**KEEM.** I...I wasn't sure if it was any of my business, Space Leader. Though I will admit my curiosity.

**SPACE LEADER.** *(Taking a break from her rewiring.)* Have you heard of the Space Station Zeta-Seventy-One?

**KEEM.** I don't know if I recall, I—no, I do remember. Not the one that was involved in the Kikilin disaster?

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**SPACE LEADER.** The very same. It happened...three space years ago. You might recall, Space Station Zeta-Seventy-One belonged to the Amalgamation, but the Kikilin planet it was orbiting was home to a people who had chosen not to join the Amalgamation. My sister was a xeno-sociologist...she was on the Kikilin homeworld doing a study. She'd been so excited for the opportunity; I remember her first space call telling me about her trip—anyway. As you know, something went wrong with the Space Station's orbit, and the call came in for all nearby Space Teams to assist with evacuation of the Space Station. My Space Team was close, on shore leave on Earth, but as we prepared to telly, a message came in on my communicator—it was my sister. She'd heard about the disaster and knew that when the Space Station collided with the Kikilin homeworld, it would mean death for most of the native population.

**KEEM.** Oh no...

**SPACE LEADER.** Yes. She was right in the path of the soon-to-be-crashed Station. Admiral Xiltin was at the telly port port with us—I caught her attention. I asked her to let me telly to the Kikilin planet's surface, to retrieve my sister and her team. *(She pauses.)*

**KEEM.** She said no.

**SPACE LEADER.** She said no. I demanded an explanation—I was told that since the Kikilin race wasn't in the Amalgamation, we couldn't interfere. I protested, argued, and finally begged them to please, let me save my sister. The orders were clear: rescue the people on the Space Station. So I threatened to leave SOC.

**KEEM.** You...?

**SPACE LEADER.** Yes. I gave them an ultimatum: rescue my sister's team, or lose me as a Space Officer. *(Pause.)* You can guess what they chose.

**KEEM.** I...I'm so sorry, Space Leader.

**SPACE LEADER.** The worst part of it is that once the collision had occurred, the remaining Kikilins joined the Amalgamation. But not before... *(She's choked up.)*

**KEEM.** I can see why you lost faith in SOC. But you must have known the Amalgamation's Principal Ordinance when you enlisted.

## SPACE TEAM GO!

**SPACE LEADER.** I...yes, I did. But I...perhaps I didn't realize the implications.

**KEEM.** Do you still believe in the Amalgamation?

**SPACE LEADER.** *(After a brief pause.)* I don't know. *(She returns to working on the door controls.)*

**KEEM.** I think you must, Space Leader. I don't think you would have kept teaching at Space Training if deep down you didn't feel strongly about the Amalgamation's charter, and about SOC's mission. There's a saying on planet [gibberish noise]: [A long series of gibberish noises.] It means— *(BIG DIPPER GRUNT #3 enters holding a banana remote control. Spotting him, Space Leader scoots back from the door controls.)*

**BDG #3.** Hahaha! SOC. *(He presses a button on his remote control, still chuckling, and exits. As soon as he's gone, Keem starts coughing and choking, clutching at their neck and falling to their knees.)*

**SPACE LEADER.** Keem! What is it, what's wrong?!

**KEEM.** *(Still choking.)* Don't know...feeling weak. *(Frantic, Space Leader goes back to working on the door controls, miming prying a panel open and digging through the wires inside.)* Space Leader...

**SPACE LEADER.** Just hang on! I can do this!

**KEEM.** *(Faintly.)* Please...please look at me. *(Space Leader turns. Keem presses their hand on the glass/plastic separating the two of them. After a moment, Space Leader drops to her knees and matches Keem's hand on the other side of the glass/plastic.)* I have been...and always shall be...your Space Officer. *(They collapse with their back to the glass/plastic.)*

**SPACE LEADER.** *(Turning out to the audience, and a la Kirk in Wrath of Khan.)* Keeeeeeeeeeem! *(She collapses, head in hands. After a beat, Big Dipper Grunt #3 re-enters, still chuckling.)*

**BDG #3.** *(To himself.)* Whoops! Forgot to turn the sleepy gas on in both cells. Ha-ha! *(He presses another button on his remote control and Space Leader chokes briefly and collapses in an awkward position. Big Dipper Grunt #3 exits, whistling. Dramatic music plays. Actor 7 comes out with cards. Card 1: "Oh no!" Card 2: "Will Space Team Quinceañera escape from the Big Dipper Syndicate?!" Card 3: "Find out in fifteen (15) space minutes!"* Blackout. *More dramatic music. End of Act 1)*

SPACE TEAM GO!

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