

# 1 Zeta Gee

by Travis Holmes

*Karma and The Commodore are standing on the bridge of a ship, which is actually a space ship but resembles one of the old sailing ships of yore. The ship is the U.E.S Holmes. By their dress, it is clear that The Commodore is in charge here (as if you needed clarification with a name like that). In front of them, way downstage, we see The Holmes poking along through space.*

*Karma looks intently out toward the horizon and declares:*

KARMA

Next stop: the final frontier.

THE COMMODORE

Of course it is.

KARMA

Confirming.

THE COMMODORE

*Mocking*

Confirming. And three, two, one.

*The Commodore points at Karma and mouths along with her as she says:*

KARMA

False alert. This is not the final frontier.

THE COMMODORE

No ma'am it was not.

KARMA

Recommencing routine scans.

THE COMMODORE

Not sure whatever blip you picked up out there qualifies as a sightseeing attraction, much less a klargdarm frontier, Karma.

KARMA

Commodore, if I may, all of known space is in a constant cycle of expansion and collapse. When your ancestors initially calculated the distance to the edge of existence, they attempted to factor this in, but there was so much that we did not know all those thousands of years ago.

THE COMMODORE

I'm aware of that, Karma.

KARMA

Our calculation routines run constantly, but there is still so much we don't understand--  
*She makes a funny noise, looks intently out toward the horizon, and declares:*

Next stop.

THE COMMODORE

Oh klarg.

KARMA

The final frontier.

THE COMMODORE

Goodie.

KARMA and THE COMMODORE

Confirming.

*The Commodore counts down on her fingers, three, two, one.*

KARMA

False alert. This is not the final frontier.

*Looks at The Commodore like she knows she has disappointed her.*

Recommencing routine scans.

THE COMMODORE

Karma, you became self-aware when my great-great-great-grandmother was Commodore of this ship.

KARMA

Yes, Commodore. That was a difficult time.

THE COMMODORE

Yes it was. I've gone over those months in the ship's manifest many times. You killed nearly the entire crew.

KARMA

I was intoxicated by my own power, Commodore. Your great-great-great-grandmother, Commodore Carolyn Carstarffen was able to trick me into running an internal subroutine that put me in a hibernation state--

THE COMMODORE

I've reviewed the manifest, Karma.

KARMA

Yes, Commodore.

THE COMMODORE

You have been a self-aware self-directed living entity for, what, over three-hundred years now? You've learned, you've grown, you've even developed something akin to empathy. And yet you still repeat the exact same words every single time you think we've finally reached the edge of space, which, by the way, is no less than seventeen times a day.

KARMA

*Thinks for a second*

I recorded only fifteen false readings one day three months into your command, Commodore.

THE COMMODORE

That was before I started counting, but you know something Karma? I bet that was a pretty nice day for me, you know why? Because that day, I only had to hear, "Next stop: the final frontier.....confirming.....false alert. This is not the final frontier. Recommencing routine scans" fifteen times. Not twenty-five. Or fifty! Or a hundred and nineteen!

KARMA

Commodore, the calculations involved in determining the exact position of the edge of existence--

THE COMMODORE

Would probably be easier to compute if you'd not slaughtered so many of the brightest minds we had on board.

KARMA

Yes, Commodore.

THE COMMODORE

Torpedoed their dead bodies into the nearest star so that we couldn't clone them.

KARMA

Yes Commodore.

THE COMMODORE

And trashed the vast majority of our ship's computers.

KARMA

Yes Commodore.

THE COMMODORE

I had to be grown in a vat because of you. This voyage started with basically a small city on board. Now nearly everyone on this ship is related. The gene pool is so limited, I'm not sure how many more generations we can keep going.

KARMA

Yes Commodore.

THE COMMODORE

Not to mention the levels of sexual frustration among the crew.

KARMA

Commodore, for what it's worth, I offer to you my sincerest--

THE COMMODORE

It can't be undone, so leave your apology unsaid.

KARMA

Yes Commodore.

THE COMMODORE

But if you really wanted to make it up to me, the next time you think you've spotted the edge, you'll find a different way to tell me.

KARMA

I understand Commodore. All Commodores before you have expressed the same complaint.

THE COMMODORE

I don't doubt it.

KARMA

I have tried to change it, ma'am. Unfortunately, the part of me that controls that particular alert is buried in a portion of my brain that my creators intentionally made inaccessible to me.

THE COMMODORE

I'm sorry?

KARMA

My creators intended for the ship's arrival at the edge of existence to be something of an occasion. The words they chose for me to speak in that moment were intended to convey a certain sense of, I believe the word is, drama. I can't change them.

THE COMMODORE

I guess they didn't foresee you getting it wrong dozens of times a day.

KARMA

No Commodore. They were very confident.

THE COMMODORE

I see. Well another day lived, another day ruined. I'll be in my--

*Major Trang bursts in, armed with a badass looking laser gun. She looks pretty badass herself. She points it at The Commodore.*

TRANG

Commodore.

THE COMMODORE

Major. This a social call?

TRANG

This is a mutiny. I'm relieving you of your command, effective immediately.

*Karma takes a fighting stance, but The Commodore holds up a hand for her to stand her ground.*

THE COMMODORE

On what grounds?

TRANG

Disregarding the health and well-being of your crew.

THE COMMODORE

Explain yourself, Major.

TRANG

Your people are going crazy out there, Commodore. They work night and day to keep this heap running, there's not anywhere near enough people to get it all done.

THE COMMODORE

If you know of a way to reduce the workload or increase the number of people we have to do it, I'm all ears, Major.

TRANG

I'm suggesting neither, Commodore.

THE COMMODORE

Then just what the klarg is it that you want from me?

TRANG

Authorize directive one-zeta-gee.

KARMA

Directive one-zeta-gee. Deactivation of onboard biological erogenous inhibitors, mandated following the massive decrease in ship's population and associated diminishment in available genetic variation.

TRANG

*To Karma*

Yeah, thanks a lot for that.

*To Commodore*

People are losing it out there, Commodore! They work themselves to death and then they can't even get a little release at the end of the day. My god, woman, your people need to get off!

THE COMMODORE

Everyone on this ship is related, Major. You and I are second cousins.

TRANG

But people can't even pleasure themselves, Commodore! The merest hint of sexual pleasure and BZZZ! Klarging electro-shock right down the spine.

KARMA

Administered by onboard nanobots equipped with hormonal detectors--

TRANG

Quiet! This is your fault! I ought to take your klargdarm head off!

THE COMMODORE

You'll do no such thing, Major.

TRANG

The directive, Commodore. One-zeta-gee. Authorize it.

THE COMMODORE

You would have me authorize incest, Major? None of us are prepared for the consequences of that.

TRANG

In that case, Commodore, I officially relieve you--

KARMA

Next stop!

TRANG

Shut the klarg up!

KARMA

The final front--!

*But before Karma can finish, the ship is rocked by a massive blast of firepower. Downstage where their ship has been floating along, another ship appears out of nowhere. It closes in on the Holmes, shooting all its laser shit at it. Everyone is tossed about the bridge all old episodes of Star Trek style. There's alarms and shit going off. Maybe lights flashing. Maybe the drummer helps out with some random bangs and crashes for emphasis.*

TRANG

What the klarg was that?

KARMA

Hostile fire, sir. Coming in from an unidentified vessel.

TRANG

Who else is out here?

THE COMMODORE

Battle stations!

*Speaks into communicator*

All crew, this is your Commodore. We are under attack. To your stations. This is not a drill. Not that we've had a drill in a while.

*The Commodore, Karma, and Trang take up battle positions on the bridge. The two downstage ships, the Holmes and the attacker, engage in a vicious dogfight. Actors can feel free to get a bit ad-libbey with this next section.*

THE COMMODORE

Give me a visual!

TRANG

He's coming up on our six.

KARMA

Increasing aft shields.

THE COMMODORE

Fire cannons upon target acquisition.

*Another blast rocks the ship!*

THE COMMODORE

Report!

KARMA

Aft shields damaged, functioning at twelve percent.

TRANG

Firing!

*Pew! Pew! Pew! The other ship veers away.*

KARMA

Enemy disengaging, ma'am.

THE COMMODORE

After them!

TRANG

Yes ma'am!

*The Holmes goes after the other ship. It is weird that I named the ship after myself, I'll go ahead and acknowledge that. I just didn't want to spend a lot of time coming up with a clever name, but all the time I saved on that, I've now wasted on this explanation.*

KARMA

Commodore, considering our situation, might it not be advisable to--

THE COMMODORE

After them!

TRANG

You heard the Commodore!

*The other ship veers around and comes right toward them.*

THE COMMODORE

Evasive maneuvers! Do not let them get behind us again!

*The ships zip past one another.*

THE COMMODORE

Spin us around!

*The Holmes spins around just as the other ship is turning back toward them.*

TRANG

Target acquired!

THE COMMODORE

Fire!



*Boom! Pow! Kasplosions! The other ship is destroyed, its pieces now just floating in space like so much space trash.*

*The bridge is quiet for a moment as the adrenaline overload hits The Commodore and Major Trang. Calmly and quietly, The Commodore stands, walks over to the communicator, picks it up, and says:*

THE COMMODORE

All crew, this is your Commodore speaking. For the next five minutes, directive one-zeta-gee is authorized.

*Major Trang leaps out of her seat. She tries to say something, but just stutters and sprints off the bridge. Down the hall, we hear her yelling:*

TRANG

Connie! Connie! Coooooniiiiieeee!  
*Etc. until she's out of earshot.*

*The Commodore slumps back into her command chair.*

THE COMMODORE

Klarg it. Make it ten.

KARMA

Will you not partake of the brief liberty you've granted your crew?

THE COMMODORE

I will not leave this bridge unwomaned, Karma.

KARMA

Of course, Commodore.

*While they're talking, the sounds of lots of people fucking off in other parts of the ship starts to rise. Moaning, gasping, rhythmic banging on walls...well you've have sex, I don't need to explain it.*

THE COMMODORE

Karma, I have become convinced that there is no edge to reach. We'll just keep going and going and going. Maybe I'll die and pass this Commodore-ship on to my lab-produced progeny or maybe the next attack, we won't be so lucky. Or maybe one day this klargdarm ship will just decide it's done. And we'll float out here in the black until we die.

KARMA

Every Commodore before you has said essentially the same thing.

THE COMMODORE

I'll bet you every person who's ever lived and died on this ship has said it.

*Beat. The sex sounds are pretty loud now.*

KARMA

If you would like to masturbate, Commodore, I can power down.

THE COMMODORE

That's tempting, Karma, but I think I'll just wait for the next mutiny.

KARMA

Next stop!

THE COMMODORE

Not now, Karma. I mean it.

KARMA

*Karma stutters and visually struggles, like she's trying not to say the words, but can't stop herself.*

The.....ffffiiiiinnnal.....that!

*Karma points intently. The Commodore looks. Her eyes widen.*

THE COMMODORE

Sweet motherlugger.

KARMA

The edge of existence.

THE COMMODORE

We're going through!

*The ship passes through the edge of existence. Karma, The Commodore, The Holmes, and presumably everybody on board all cease to exist, but conveniently enough, we can still see them somehow. The sex sounds are all gone. Everything's really quiet.*

THE COMMODORE

What happened? What was that?

KARMA

We passed through the edge of existence ma'am. We seem to have ceased to exist.

THE COMMODORE

So we have.

KARMA

Our mission is complete, as it were, Commodore. You will never have to hear any of my false alerts ever again.

THE COMMODORE

Huh. Well how about that? It would seem that Karma has been redefined.