

15. INT: THE ENDEAVOUR, THE READY-ROOM.

[**BILL** IS SAT AT ONE END OF THE ROOM WITH HIS FACE IN HIS HANDS. **KEN** IS STOOD NEARBY. THE TABLE'S VOLUMETRIC DISPLAY IS SHOWING THE LOCAL GROUP OF GALAXIES.]

Ken:

You want me to go through it again?

Bill:

It's not that I don't understand, Ken. Because I do. Honestly. It's more...it's more that I just...don't fucking believe it.

Ken:

Okay. Here we go again. This is the Milky Way galaxy.
(HE GESTURES AT THE DISPLAY)
Down here, on this arm of the spiral, is where we started.
Now, this is where we have ended up.

[HE TRACES A LONG LINE WITH HIS FINGER, OUT OF THE MILKY WAY, PAST THE MAGELLANIC CLOUDS, INTO THE NEXT NEIGHBOURING GALAXY: THE ANDROMEDA SPIRAL.]

Ken:

The Andromeda Galaxy.

[**BILL'S** FACE IS LIKE ASHES.]

Ken:

To give you some idea of just how impossibly far we have travelled, at maximum speed it will take us somewhere in the region of a million years before we arrive back at spacedock. In other words...that's one hell of a trip around the block.

[**BILL** BURIES HIS HANDS IN HIS FACE.]

Bill:

It's my fault.

Ken:

Beg pardon?

[**BILL** LOOKS UP.]

Bill:

I said, it's my fault. All of this. Remember, earlier, when I hit the drive plating? This is me. This is all me. Jesus, this is typical. Typical. I knew something like this would happen. I fucking knew it. King Shit Midas strikes again!

[HE KICKS THE TABLE THEN BURIES HIS HEAD IN HIS HANDS ONCE MORE.]

Ken:

For God's sake, Bill, pull yourself together!

[**BILL** LOOKS UP, SURPRISED AT **KEN'S** SUDDEN ANGER.]

Ken:

I mean, fucking hell, you're meant to be the Captain! The crew of this ship is relying on you to get us through this. They need you, Bill. They need you to be strong.

[**KEN** SLAMS A FIST ON THE TABLE. A VASE SHAKES AND HE MOVES TO STEADY IT.]

Bill:

But I'm not strong.

Ken:

Well I'm sorry, Bill, but you're gonna have to be. No one else can do it for you.

Bill:

But...

Ken:

Ah...

[**BILL** LOOKS UP HIM WITH PUPPY-DOG EYES BUT **KEN** IS UMOVED. **BILL** RELENTS, STANDING.]

Bill:

I assume everyone on-board is aware of the situation.

Ken:

Yes. We tried to keep it under wraps but, well, word travels fast on a ship this small. Especially when you've got a mouthy teenage girl for a communications officer. Decks fourteen-through-nineteen have sealed themselves off, along with a large supply of alcohol and synthetic drugs. They've told us they'll come out when we get back home.

Bill:

Oh Christ.

Ken:

Half of Engineering have sealed themselves in Docking Bay Seven. For some reason they've decided to re enact the Salem Witch trials, replete with ducking. Meanwhile the Friends of the Federation Crochet Circle have been placed in the brig after they were caught attempting to steal a shuttlecraft.

Bill:

What on Earth for?

Ken:

It's the Friends of the Federation Crochet Circle, Bill. They're all ex-offenders, remember? Once a criminal, always a criminal, as my nan says.

Bill:

That's your nan, Ken. She's still getting used to black people. But what about redemption, hmm? What about the power of the human spirit?

[**KEN'S** COMMUNICATOR BURSTS INTO LIFE WITH THE VOICE OF **BARRY**.]

Barry: (VO)
Lieutenant Barry to Commander Collins.

Ken:
Go ahead, Lieutenant.

Barry: (VO)
Yeah, I've just caught a few of them Friends of the Federation crochet-bastards vandalising the Captain's quarters. Should I stick 'em in the brig with the rest?

Bill:
My quarters? My fucking quarters? Lieutenant Barry, this is the Captain speaking.

Barry: (VO)
Go ahead, Captain.

Bill:
Yes, regarding these crocheting ex-offenders you've just caught...

Barry: (VO)
Yes sir.

Bill:
Right. Flush them out the airlock.

Ken:
Bill!

Barry: (VO)
I'm sorry, sir. I don't think that's actually legal.

Bill:
Legal? Legal? Those bastards were trying to break into my quarters!

Barry: (VO)
I understand that, sir. But as FWOAR Officers do we not have a duty to uphold the laws and customs of our more enlightened culture in the face of barbarism, brutality and ignorance? Do we not have a responsibility to rise above base emotions such as revenge and hate, and hold ourselves to higher standards, never sinking to the level of others?

Bill:
We're a two-and-a-half million light years from home, Lieutenant. I want you to do whatever you feel comfortable with.

Barry: (VO)
Aye, sir.
(SHOUTING)
Right, you dirty fucking scumbags, come here...

[SOUND OF SCREAMS.

THE COMMUNICATOR CHIRPS OUT.]

Bill:

I don't believe this. We've been stranded for what, half an hour? An hour? Already we've let ourselves forget the very principles that we signed up for. The lofty ideals which once felt so right. The FWOAR charter.

[**KEN** JUST LOOKS AT HIM.]

Bill:

Oh, God. I suppose I'd better go out there.

[THE COMMUNICATOR BEEPS INTO LIFE ONCE MORE.]

Eris: (VO)

Lieutenant Rogers to the Captain.

Bill:

Ah. Go ahead, Lieutenant. What can I do for you?

[**BILL** RAISES A DIRTY EYEBROW AT **KEN** AND SMILES.]

Eris: (VO)

Captain, I think you should come down to Engineering. We've found something you might want to take a look at.

[**BILL** looks at **KEN**.]

CUT TO:

16. INT: ENDEAVOUR, CORRIDOR.

[**BILL** AND **KEN** WALK TOWARDS ENGINEERING. AROUND THEM IS BEDLAM: OFFICERS LYING PASSED OUT ON THE FLOOR, POOLS OF VOMIT AND PISS, OTHER OFFICERS RUNNING AROUND SCREAMING. SMOKE AND THE OCCASSIONAL EXPLOSION.]

Bill:

Christ alive, it's like the last days of America.

[OUT OF NOWHERE A BANANA SKIN COLLIDES WITH **BILL'S** HEAD. HE LOOKS AROUND FOR THE CULPRIT. HE SPIES HIM, AN ENSIGN PREPARING TO THROW ANOTHER.]

Bill:

You dare throw that, Ensign, and I'll have you court martialled. Your career will be over. Do you understand me?

[THE ENSIGN THROWS IT ANYWAY, THEN RUNS AWAY WHOOPING AND SCREAMING.]

Ken:

Come on, Bill.

[THEY ROUND A CORNER AND ENTER ENGINEERING.]

CUT TO:

17. INT: THE ENDEAVOUR, THE ENGINE ROOM

[BILL, KEN AND ERIS ARE SAT AROUND A WORKBENCH.

THE VOLUMETRIC DISPLAY IS PROJECTING AN IMAGE OF A SMALL METAL DEVICE.

JIMMY IS SAT BESIDE THE BENCH, OCCASSIONALLY DRINKING AND OCCASSIONALLY SOBBING/SPLITTING/SWEARING UNDER HIS BREATH.]

Bill:
Sabotage!

Jimmy:
It wasn't me, Captain!

Bill:
What? No, I know, Jimmy. I'm not blaming you.

Eris:
I don't think we should jump to any conclusions, Captain.

Bill:
Jumping to conclusions? A foreign device is found attached to our engines, our engines which have just shunted us into the next galaxy, and you think I'm jumping to conclusions? Tell me, Lieutenant, if this isn't sabotage then what is it? A going away present from the Admiral?

Eris:
It's design and composition do suggest FWOAR technology, however...

Jimmy:
It wasn't me, Captain, I swear!

Bill:
Yes, we know, Jimmy, you already said that.

[HE LEANS IN CLOSE TO ERIS AND WHISPERS.]

Bill:
(WHISPER) Is it his fault?

[ERIS SHRUGS HER SHOULDERS.]

Ken:
So what exactly does the device do?

[ERIS TAPS SOME BUTTONS ON THE WORKBENCH AND THE HOLOGRAMMATIC IMAGE OF THE DEVICE ROTATES, SHOWING ANNOTATIONS.]

Eris:
As near as I can tell it's some kind of...energy-efficiency booster. It is very roughly put together but the components are state-of-the-art.

Ken:

Yes, but how has it thrown us into the next galaxy? That's not efficient, that's...insane.

Jimmy:

It trebles the efficiency of the Gravity Drive, true. It was meant for long trips outside of the territories. It makes a little bit of fuel go a hell of a long way. However, with a few little tweaks...

[**JIMMY** REACHES ONTO THE WORKBENCH AND TAKES THE DEVICE.

THE HOLOGRAM BLIPS OFF. HE HOLDS THE DEVICE ALOFT.]

Jimmy:

...This baby not only trebles the efficiency of the Gravity Drive...it can quintuple the speed.

[EVERYONE IS LOOKING AT **JIMMY**. HE LOOKS PROUD FOR A SECOND, THEN SUDDENLY SAD.]

Jimmy:

Ah, but it never worked. Jesus, we had so much trouble with the prototype. Ships ripped in half, ships hitting stars, Christ, one time we tested it and it turned the crew into, like, evil versions of themselves. They all had beards. Even the girls.

[BEAT.]

Bill:

Jimmy. I thought you said this wasn't your fault?

Jimmy:

It's not!

Bill:

But you just said "we". You said "we had trouble with the prototype".

Jimmy:

Aye, I designed the thing. I built it. But that was twenty years ago. I never thought I'd see it again! Christ, I was the one who recommended the project be scrapped!

[BEAT AS EVERYONE DIGESTS THIS NEW INFORMATION. **ERIS** BENDS DOWN AND GENTLY TAKES **JIMMY'S** HAND.]

Eris:

Chief Moss...Jimmy. Tell me...is there any way we can use this device to get us home?

Jimmy:

Well, that's the thing. In theory...yes.

[**BILL** SUDDENLY PUMPS HIS FIST.]

Bill:

Yes! Oh yes! Yeah, fucking yeah!

[HE REALISES EVERYONE IS LOOKING AT HIM.]

Bill:

I mean, excellent. Carry on.

Jimmy:

However. This is where one of our main problems comes in.

Bill:

(WHISPER) Shit.

Jimmy:

The device boosts our speed, yeah? But in doing so it burns all of our fuel.

Ken:

The lot?

Jimmy:

Aye. The whole lot. We're as empty as old Jerry's head.

[**JIMMY** NOTICES **JERRY**, OFF-CAMERA, GIVING HIM A HAND SIGNAL.
JIMMY RETURNS THE GESTURE.]

Jimmy:

Yeah, fuck you Jerry! Thick bastard.

Bill:

Right. Right. It's okay. So all we need to do is find a source of fuel and then we can go home? Yes?

Jimmy:

Oh, aye. Anything heavy'll do, you know, super-dense. A neutron star, a white dwarf, fucking Jerry's ma.

[**JIMMY** NOTICES **JERRY** OFF-CAMERA AGAIN.]

Jimmy

Yeah, she's a fucking fat cow and you know it!

Bill:

Right. Easy-peasy. Lieutenant, I want you back on the bridge. Fire up the scanners, find us some fuel and Bob's your uncle! And probably your aunt.

Ken:

Um, Bill. It's a fine plan and everything and I don't want you to think I'm just criticising, but, um, how do you propose we move the ship? You know, seeing as we don't have any fuel.

[**BILL** SIGHS.]

Bill:

Lieutenant?

Eris:

We cannot move at light speed, this is true. However, we have enough residual heavy matter left in the engines to propel us at sub-light speeds...almost indefinitely.

Ken:

When you say 'almost indefinitely' exactly how long is that?

Eris:

Well, let us just say that when it runs out the problem of getting home will no longer be ours. It will be our great-great-grandchildren's.

Ken:

That's somewhat optimistic.

[**BILL** BREAKS AWAY FROM THE GROUP. HE TAPS HIS COMMUNICATOR.]

Bill

Crew of the starship Endeavour. This is your Captain speaking...

CUT TO: