Note: Fern and Guy are conversing via EVA suit comms unit.

                    FERN
          Okay, almost ther--Whoa, you okay,
          Guy?

                    GUY
               (Queasy)
          Yeah, just...disoriented.

                    FERN
          It's funny how much our inner ears
          need gravity in order for them to
          work, but you get used to it after
          a while.

                    GUY
               (Skeptical; nauseated)
          Uh-huh. Just...get us inside.

                    FERN
          Will do! And, don't worry, once
          we're inside the ship your brain
          will have some good, solid, up-
          down orientation to latch onto.
               (Pause)
          Okay, grab that hold there and
          follow me. The external door is
          about two meters to our right.
          And, whatever you do, _always_ keep
          at least one hand on the ship's
          hull.

                    GUY
          I _know_.

                    FERN
          Never hurts to hear a reminder.
          Floating around out here may seem
          like a fun past-time, but, trust
          me, it's _super_ easy to get all
          turned around and discombobulated
          and before you know it, you've
          drifted too close to the pylon and
          zap! You get fried.

                    GUY
               (Impatient)
          I _know_.

                    FERN
          Cool. Okay. Here's the door. Give
          me a sec...

>   GUY
>   How're you going to open--
>   (Pause)
>   Oh.

>   FERN
>   Voila! Told you it would be easy!

SOUND: SCENE CHANGE TO FLASHBACK. AMBIENT BRIDGE BEEPING TONES

Note: Guy and Fern are conversing in person; their voices sound normal.

>   FERN
>   (Slightly nervous)
>   Um...before we start
>   scheming...should we really be
>   talking about this here?

>   GUY
>   Where else would we talk?

>   FERN
>   What about that broom closet we
>   used yesterday?

>   GUY
>   What? Why?

>   FERN
>   (Harsh whisper)
>   Because maybe we shouldn't let our
>   computer friend overhear this
>   conversation.

>   GUY
>   They're not _really_ a comp--
>   (Sighs)
>   At this point, it doesn't matter.
>   They've seen all of the intel I've
>   gathered, so I'm pretty sure they
>   already know _why_ we're here and
>   what we're going to try and do.
>   Them knowing _how_ we're planning on
>   doing it won't make any
>   difference. It's not like there's
>   much they can do to stop us.

>   FERN
>   (Still nervous)
>   You said your code keeps the brain
>   of this ship from accessing
>   their...body? Is that the right
>   metaphor?

                    GUY
          (Impatient)
Yes.

                    FERN
          (Victorious)
Sweet.
          (Normal)
You're saying that your paralytic
code is gonna hold them this time?

                    GUY
          (Pained)
It's not a para--never mind.
          (Normal)
I've quadruple checked it. They're
locked out of any system that
could pilot this ship or initiate
communication with Helios ones.
They can't move the ship and they
can't call for help.

                    FERN
          (Facetiously dizzy)
Whoa.

                    GUY
          (Slightly concerned)
What?

                    FERN
No, nothing, just got rocked by a
huge surge of deja vu. Didn't this
ship's brain manage to talk to
that fuzz boat chasing us not too
long ago or was that a really
weird fever dream?

                    GUY
Fuzz boat?

                    FERN
          (Sighs)
That police cutter.

                    GUY
Oh. Yeah, I...still don't know how
that happened, _but_ they obviously
damaged themself by doing that. I
think it's safe to say that
anything _more_ complex--like
initiating a comms hail--would
cause them a lot more damage.

                    FERN
So...accepting a hail is like
falling down a flight of stairs
and actually opening a new comms
channel would be like falling off
a skyscraper?

                    GUY
          (Pained)
There's...probably a better
analogy for it, but yeah.

                    FERN
So, you think that they would
throw themselves down a flight of
stairs but draw the line at
hurling themself off a tall
building.

                    GUY
          (Frustrated)
I...*ugh*, I don't know. And can you
please stop using that metaphor?

                    FERN
Hmm, I'd prefer not to. I'm really
digging the imagery.

                    GUY
          (Sighs; Calmer)
What I know is that they damaged
themself in order to execute a
minor violation of my code. Would
they perform a more complicated
violation and risk sustaining even
more damage? I...I don't think so.

                    FERN
That's kind of a big assumption.

                    GUY
          (Deep sigh; defeated)
Look, do you _want_ to talk about
this in the broom closet?

                    FERN
...Not really.
          (Sigh)
Okay, so: what're we doing and
how're we doing it?

                    GUY
We need to find and destroy the
ship that you wouldn't let me blow
up on Alectrona-Delta.

                    FERN
You say that like it was a bad
thing.

                    GUY
     (Sigh)
I was able to figure out where
that ship is heading, but that was
the easy part. The hard part is
figuring out how to board a Helios
mechanical transport ship in space
and doing it undetected.

                    FERN
Oh. Is that all? 'Cause it sounds
like you just described my usual
weekend to-do list.

SOUND: SCENE CHANGE TO PRESENT DAY

                    FERN
Okay. We're in. What now?

                    GUY
     (Suspicious)
You did that really easily.

                    FERN
Like I told you, these fancy
Helios mechanical transport ships
have a pretty big blind spot if
you know where to look. Their
proximity sensors are designed to
detect other ships. They're not
really good at identifying single
humans spacewalking right on up to
them.

                    GUY
Because doing something like that
is extremely stupid and dangerous
as hell.

                    FERN
Which is another way of saying
"invigorating and a good,
wholesome source of
entertainment." Okay: what now?

                    GUY
We need to find the engine room.

                    FERN
That's probably gonna be this way.
Oh, and shut the door behind you.
We don't wanna let a draft in.

                    GUY
A draft? We're in space and this
is a mechanical transport ship.
There's literally no difference
between the internal and external
environments.

                    FERN
I know, but still. I find it
really disconcerting to move
around a ship when I know the door
is still open.

                    GUY
     (Sighs)
There. The door is closed. Can we
get moving please?

                    FERN
Sure. Engine room?

                    GUY
Yeah.

                    FERN
Right this way...here. Okay. So,
this is the part where I scupper
the engines so this ship is dead
in the water?

                    GUY
Yeah. And I'll corrupt the
programming for the nuclear fuel
cell influx.

                    FERN
That's the fancy way of saying
that you're gonna make the ship
explode, right?

                    GUY
Right.

                    FERN
               (Giddy)
          Oh boy, this is so much fun it
          should be illegal.

                    GUY
               (Dry)
          Yeah.

SOUND: SCENE CHANGE TO FLASHBACK

                    GUY
               (Super skeptical)
          So...that's your plan for boarding
          the transport ship?

                    FERN
          Yup.
               (Long pause)
          What's wrong with it?

                    GUY
          It's...it's suicidally stupid.

                    FERN
          Nah, I've done it tons of times.
          Just gotta make sure you have a
          good jetpack and a temporary lack
          of any self-preservation instinct.

                    GUY
               (Flat; Skeptical, suspicious)
          You've boarded a mechanical
          transport ship by spacewalk
          before.

                    FERN
          Well, I had a jetpack, too.
               (Pause)
          Oh, and an EVA suit.
               (Pause)
          Which...now that I think about
          it...that probably went without
          saying.

                    GUY
          You're missing my point.

                    FERN
          Is your point that you're nervous
          about this plan because of a
          preconceived notion of how
          dangerous it is?

                    GUY
It's not just a pre-conceived
notion! Objectively, it's a
terrifying and really risky thing
to even think about doing!

                    FERN
Which is why we won't think too
hard about it. I'm sure we'll be
fine. And, anyway, I'm not hearing
an other ideas.

                    GUY
          (Frustrated sigh)
Fine. Spacewalk it is.

                    FERN
Spacewalk _with jetpacks_.

                    GUY
          (Confused)
Wait...if you've boarded
mechanical transport ships in
space before, then why did you try
to board this one back on
Alectrona-Delta _without_ making
sure to bring an EVA suit?

                    FERN
I _know_ mechanical transport ships
aren't safe for people to travel
in, but when they're docked, they
look just like the human-friendly
ships.

                    GUY
What? Bioships look _nothing_ like
mechanical transport ships!

                    FERN
Says the nerd.

                    GUY
          (Frustrated; sighs)
Just...fine. So you know how to
approach and board the ship.

                    FERN
Yup. But, I'll be honest, it's
gonna be a rodeo if we try and
board it while it's moving.
Especially if it's your first time
wrangling a ship during a space
walk. _Especially_ with jetpacks.
          (MORE)

                    FERN (CONT'D)
I can't promise that we'll catch
it on our first try.

                    GUY
That shouldn't be a problem. The
ship will likely be relatively
stationary in the Kuiper Net's
Stasis Field by the time we get to
it.

                    FERN
On purpose?

                    GUY
Yeah. That's the first part of
their plan.

                    FERN
        (Skeptical)
Oooookay. Won't we get stuck in
the Stasis Field, too?

                    GUY
No. We'll moor our ship just
outside the Stasis Field and then
approach by spacewalk. The Stasis
Field shouldn't affect tech as
simple or small as a propulsion
pack.

                    FERN
What about _two_ jet packs?

                    GUY
        (Exasperated)
It won't affect _any_ number of
propulsion packs.

                    FERN
The Stasis Field only affects
complicated things like space
ships. Got it.
        (Pause)
But what about the _next_ line of
defense? Anything that makes it
through the Stasis Field gets
vaporized to atoms and I'm
positive that _that_ field doesn't
care how simple or small you are.

                    GUY
          Believe me, I know all about the
          Electrostatic Field, but that
          shouldn't be a problem: we won't
          be getting that close.

                    FERN
          Wait, wait, wait. Back up. I know
          Helios goons are dumb as space
          waste, but this plan makes even
          less sense than I'd expect from
          rock brains like them. You're
          telling me that they're
          intentionally sending a mechanical
          transport ship _into the Kuiper Net_
          Stasis Field on purpose? What for?

                    GUY
               (Silence)

                    FERN
          Guy? What do you know that I
          don't?

SOUND: SCENE CHANGE TO PRESENT DAY

                    FERN
          Ha! Done. Okay. This ship is now
          officially dead in the water.

                    GUY
          Give me one more minute
          and...okay. I'm done, too. We have
          thirty minutes to destroy my tech
          and get back to our ship before
          this one explodes.

                    FERN
          Doesn't that seem like overkill?

                    GUY
          What?

                    FERN
          We're already gonna make the ship
          blow up. Why do we need to destroy
          your thing too?

                    GUY
               (Serious)
          Because I need to see it destroyed
          with my own eyes.

                    FERN
          Y'know, *that's* a sentiment I can
          get behind. Okay, so: where would
          they put your tech?

                    GUY
          Come on, I think I saw the
          interface alcove during the
          spacewalk over. It should
          be....aha. It should be in here.

                    FERN
          What is it with you and broom
          closets?

                    GUY
          This isn't a broom closet. This
          room was specially designed to
          facilitate assimilation between my
          tech and a Kuiper Net Pylon.

                    FERN
          I dunno...looks like a broom
          closet to me. An empty broom
          closet.

                    GUY
             (Distracted)
          No, it's gotta be here
          somewhere...

                    FERN
          How big is this thing we're
          looking for?

                    GUY
          About the size of a standard
          bioship camshaft pulley.

                    FERN
          Ooookay. I'm guessing that's
          really, really tiny?

                    GUY
             (Getting frustrated)
          No, it's really not.

                    FERN
          So there's nowhere here it would
          be hidden then. This room is
          empty, Guy. Whatever you built, I
          don't think it's here.

MUSIC: SCENE CHANGE BACK TO PAST

                    FERN
So you're saying, what, that the
Helios' grand plan is to
intentionally maroon their ship
with your fancy tech inside the
Kuiper Net Stasis Field?

                    GUY
That's the first part of their
plan, yeah. And it won't be
marooned; it'll be moving very,
very slowly through it.
     (Pause)
What do you know about the Kuiper
Net.

                    FERN
No, no. I'm not doing this. Why
don't *you* tell *me* what *you* think
you know about it.

                    GUY
What I *think* I know about it?
     (Scoffs)
You think you know more about the
Kuiper Net than me?

                    FERN
Maybe. Prove me wrong.

                    GUY
I've spent *years* studying it.

                    FERN
Oh god. How boring.

                    GUY
     (Doggedly continuing on)
The Kuiper Net is one of--if not
the--most advance pieces of
defensive tech ever made. It
surrounds the entire Heliosphere
and protects us from outside
threats. Because of how important
it is, the Kuiper Net's schematics
and programming are...*beyond*
classified. Fewer than a dozen
people know *anything* about how it
was developed or how it operates
and Helios has put a *lot* of effort
into keeping it that way. My job
with the HIA was to find a way to
hijack it, or--failing that--
dismantle it.
     (MORE)

                    GUY (CONT'D)
Me and my team were a sort of
"counter-threat" division whose
objective was to find any weakness
in the Kuiper Net before those
weakness could be discovered and
exploited by outside, hostile
parties.

                    FERN
Let me guess: you were told that
those "hostile parties" are folks
in the Oort Cloud and that they're
actively trying to destroy the
Kuiper Net so that they can invade
the Heliosphere and overthrow all
trace of law and order and
violently destroy our morally
upright and civilized way of life.

                    GUY
That's what I was told.
     (Pause; suspicious)
Wait. What do _you_ know about this?

                    FERN
Uh-uh. Keep going. This is
fascinating.

                    GUY
Fine. So, my team and I worked
from scratch to find all of the
exploitable loop holes in the Net.
And...we did. We were able to
write an algorithm that would
outwit the program used to trap
ships in the Stasis Field _and_
develop a strategy to keep a ship
from being disintegrated by the
Electrostatic Field once it got
through that. Actually, those two
parts weren't too hard--

                    FERN
     (Laughs slightly)
--Yeah, sounds like a piece of
cake--

                    GUY
--the hard part was designing a
device armed with an algorithm
that could integrate with a single
pylon that would cause the _entire_
Kuiper Net Matrix to collapse.
     (MORE)

                    GUY (CONT'D)
We knew that the pylons were
networked with each other, but
that there were also safeguards
that would keep a virus in one
pylon from spreading to the
others. However, after a _lot_ of
research and, well, less _legal_
research...I was able to write a
program that, theoretically, could
dismantle the entire thing.

                    FERN
          (Utterly serious)
Wait, let me get this straight:
you found a way to get through the
Stasis Field, _not_ get zapped by
the Electrostatic Field, and
completely take down the Kuiper
Net Matrix?

                    GUY
Yeah. But, it was all purely
theoretical. We weren't allowed to
actually test our theory, of
course.

                    FERN
          (Sarcastic)
Oh, that's a relief. All you did
was share this "theoretical
discovery" with the Helios
Intelligence scumbags.
          (Serious)
 Do you have any idea what this
means?

                    GUY
          (Angry)
I _thought_ that we had identified
an exploitable weakness   to our
defenses and that Helios could use
this discovery to develop a
safeguard that would keep someone
else from making the same
discovery and using that
information against us. I had no
idea that--
          (Sudden pause; suspicious)
Wait. Do _you_ know what this means?

                    FERN
              (Still horrified)
        You...you've given the Helios
        Military free access to the Oort.

MUSIC: SCENE CHANGE BACK TO PRESENT

                    FERN
        So, you're _positive_ that that
        super high-tech thing you made
        can't be anywhere else on this
        ship?

                    GUY
              (Getting frantic)
        It wouldn't make any sense for it
        to _be_ anywhere else. This is the
        only room it would work in!

                    FERN
        Maybe we're on the wrong ship? I
        make that mistake all the time.

                    GUY
        What? This is the only ship here!

                    FERN
        That doesn't usually stop me.

                    GUY
        Don't be ridiculous, of _course_
        this is the right....
              (Sudden realization)
        Oh goddammit.

                    FERN
        What?

                    GUY
        Maybe this _is_ the wrong ship.

                    FERN
        Oh, so it's not dumb when _you_ say
        it. Got it. Good to know.

                    GUY
        No, I mean, this _was_ the right
        ship _initially_, but...
              (Sudden realization; anxious)
        ...they probably moved my tech to
        a different ship after they
        discovered the bombs I placed on
        this one.
              (MORE)

                    GUY (CONT'D)
               (Harshly)
I should have _realized_ that the
H.I.A. would have a contingency
plan if they suspected their op
was compromised.

                    FERN
So, your tech isn't here?

                    GUY
No.

                    FERN
Then where is it?

                    GUY
I...I don't know. It could be at
any of the other pylons by now.

                    FERN
But...there are _hundreds_ of them.

                    GUY
               (Distant, trying to think)
Yeah.
               (Pause; confident)
We need to get back to the ship.

                    FERN
Which ship?

                    GUY
Our ship.

                    FERN
You sure we'll get back on the
right one?

                    GUY
Oh my god, will you _please_ be
serious for _once_.

                    FERN
I am. And, seriously, you're going
to have to be the one to lead us
back because I'd probably get us
back to the wrong one.

                    GUY
               (Gritting his teeth)
It's. The. Only. Other. Ship.
Here.

                    FERN
Uhhh, yeah...not any more.

                    GUY
          (Confused)
What?

                    FERN
Look out the window.

                    GUY
          (Faint)
Oh...my god.

                    FERN
Yup. That looks like a Hellos
fleet coming in fast. Hell, maybe
even _two_ fleets.
          (Pause)
I think I've figured out why they
would send this empty ship out
here.

                    GUY
          (Still faint)
This...this was a trap. And I
walked right into it.

                    FERN
Hey, stop giving yourself all the
credit. _I_ helped.

                    GUY
          (Very softly)
Goddammit.

                    FERN
          (Serious)
Okay. We have a problem. Hell, we
have a pretty _big_ problem. But, in
my experience, a big problem can
usually be solved by a bunch of
small solutions. We just need to
break it down. So: what's our
first step?

                    GUY
          (Still faint)
Uh...we...
          (More confident)
We need to get back to our ship.
But...our _ship_ is surrounded.

                    FERN
Not yet. The majority of the fleet
is still far enough away that we
might be able to outmaneuver them.
But we'll worry about _that_ after
we've accomplished our first
solution. Like I said: a big
problem is best solved by one
simple solution at a time.

                    GUY
That seems...unrealistic.

                    FERN
Hasn't failed me yet. Okay, let's
get back to the door we came in
from.

                    GUY
I still think you're over-
simplifying this: how are we going
to make it from here to our ship
without being seen?

                    FERN
It doesn't matter if we're seen:
we have the element of surprise on
our side. I don't think a single
Helios goon out there would expect
us to get from Ship A to Ship B
with jetpacks. If they don't
expect it, they won't be lookin'
for it. After all, haven't you
heard, spacewalking from one ship
to another is "extremely stupid
and dangerous as hell."

                    GUY
    (Grudgingly)
I guess it would be hard for their
sensors to pick up something as
tiny as two humans anyway.

                    FERN
See, there ya go!

                    GUY
But, once we do get back to our
ship, how're we going to run away?
I need to recalibrate the
identification code and _you_ can't
fly. And I don't think the
sentient being will help us escape
this time.

FERN
You're doing it again.

GUY
What?

FERN
You're breaking my rule: one
problem at a time.

GUY
(Frustrated breath)
Fine. Okay, here's the door.

FERN
Nice and closed like we left it.
Okay, let's get this opened, find
our ship, and get the hell out of
here.
(Pause)
This ship is still primed to
explode, right?

GUY
Yeah.

FERN
Wonderful.
(Groan of effort)
Okay, let's get out of this pre-
explosion ship and back to home
sweet homicidal ship.

GUY
Uh...

FERN
Guy? I don't mean to rush you, but
we're standing in a ship that's a
literal time bomb.

GUY
Our ship is...uh...

FERN
See? It's not so easy telling
ships apart, is it?

GUY
(Snaps; Impatient)
No, that's not it.

FERN
Okay, then lead the way.

                    GUY
          I _can't_.

                    FERN
          Because?

                    GUY
          Because..._our_ ship is gone.

MUSIC: SCENE CHANGE TO PAST

SOUND: SOUND OF RUSTLING THROUGH METAL AND CLOTH

                    FERN
          This is a super well-stocked ship.
          I'm surprised there are EVA suits
          and jetpacks on board. I wonder
          why a stupid computer-being with
          no hands would need these?

                    GUY
          This ship was designed to be a
          bioship. The better question is:
          who were they planning on
          transporting and why would _they_
          need all of this equipment.

                    FERN
          Hmmm...nah, I like my question
          better.
               (Pause)
          Whoa, hang on a moment. That's not
          how that goes--nevermind, just let
          me do it. Jetpacks are kinda
          tricky to put on.

SOUND: CLOTH RUSTLING

                    GUY
               (Grumbling)
          I can't believe you talked me into
          this.

                    FERN
          Really? I don't think it's hard to
          believe: you're a smart guy who
          realized that there were no other
          options and soon you'll be a smart
          guy who _also_ knows just how fun
          jet-packing in space is. Trust me:
          future-you is gonna love present-
          you.
               (Pause)
          Okay. You're good to go.

                    THE INNOMINATE
               (Glitching in)
          Don't forget to secure your
          helmet. I'm sure you wouldn't want
          to discover what would happen to
          your unprotected pre-corpses in
          the vacuum of space.
               (Starts laughing)

                    FERN
          Really? That joke is so old it saw
          the Big Bang first hand.

                    THE INNOMINATE
          Ah, but you don't know the
          punchline.

                    FERN
          I do. Things _explode_.

                    GUY
          Implode.

                    FERN
          Not a word.

                    THE INNOMINATE
               (Laughter)

                    FERN
          Really? That little trick you
          pulled with the police cutter must
          have fried your humor circuit.

                    THE INNOMINATE
          Oh, trust me, _that_ circuit is
          completely intact. I just find it
          uproariously hilarious that one of
          the smartest people in the
          Heliosphere doesn't know what
          happens to carbon-based life in a
          vacuum.

                    FERN
          See, Guy? Told you "implode" isn't
          a thing.

                    GUY
               (Confused)
          What?

                    THE INNOMINATE
          Should I ever get my fondest
          desire granted and see you both
          ejected from my ship, your
          unprotected bodies would neither
          implode _nor_ explode when subjected
          to the vacuum of space. It's
          simple physics.
               (Sweetly)
          But: you would asphyxiate.

                    FERN
          Pretty sure that's not a word,
          either.

                    GUY
          Oh...I guess...that makes sense.

                    THE INNOMINATE
               (Facetious long-suffering)
          I'd say you're an embarrassment to
          the Helios education system, but
          I've seen how low their standards
          are.

                    GUY
          I'm not a physicist, remember?

                    THE INNOMINATE
          That's hardly a decent excuse.
          Now, farewell on your spacewalk. I
          so look forward to watching the
          two of you flounder around out
          there.

                    FERN
          Whatever. Hey, Guy, can we do that
          thing where we take away their
          talking privileges?

                    GUY
               (Sighs)
          Honestly? Probably not. It didn't
          work the first time. Now, come on:
          let's get going before that ship
          makes it through the Stasis Field.

MUSIC: SCENE CHANGE TO PRESENT

                    GUY
               (Horrified)
          Our ship is gone.

                    FERN
               (Flat)
          What.

                    GUY
          It's...it's not out there anymore.

                    FERN
               (Snaps)
          I know what "gone" means! The
          computer took back control?!? I
          thought they couldn't do that!

                    GUY
          They can't!

                    FERN
          And yet!

                    GUY
          Look, I'm sorry I'm not an expert
          in digital sentient beings!

                    FERN
          But you told me that you were
          relatively certain that--
               (Calm)
          No, you know what, never mind. We
          don't have time for this. We need
          a _new_ series of simple solutions
          for our new problem.

                    GUY
          We're stuck on a crippled ship
          that has been rigged to explode in
          less than half an hour that, even
          if it weren't crippled, is stuck
          in a Stasis field _and_ isn't spec'd
          for manned space flight. And let's
          not forget that there's an entire
          Helios naval fleet coming in fast!

                    FERN
          Okay, joke's on you: nut-shelling
          the problem like that is the first
          step in solving it. Now, I'm gonna
          need you to start on the second
          step.

                    GUY
               (Slightly panicking)
          Oh my god, why can't you take
          anything seriously?

                    FERN
          (Snapping)
I'm trying. But you need to take
the second step!

                    GUY
          (Slightly more panicking)
Which is?

                    FERN
Keep your panicking on the _inside_.
I'm trying to concentrate.

                    GUY
That's _not_ helpful!

                    FERN
I promise you, it is.
          (To herself)
Okay...what are our
resources...what do we have at our
disposal...

                    GUY
          (Soft realization)
Oh my god.

                    FERN
On the _inside_, Guy!

                    GUY
No...I think I have a solution.
Come on!

                    FERN
          (Relieved)
Oh thank god. And I _love_ that
"solution" was singular. You're
really catching on to the "Fern
Finch Method of Problem-Solving."

                    GUY
          (Ignoring her)
Okay. We're here. I'm going to
terminate the program that'll make
the ship explode. I need you to
fix the engine.

                    FERN
Why? What's wrong with it?

                    GUY
          (Long pause; as if to a
           child)
You disabled it.

                    FERN
No, I disabled the magnet thingy
that makes the engine part go. The
engine itself is fine.

                    GUY
...What?

                    FERN
Yeah, I can't really simplify it
any more than that.

                    GUY
Okay. Well, fix that, then. This
is the only ship available to us.
We need to make it seaworthy.

                    FERN
That was your plan? Use _this_ ship
to escape?

                    GUY
Yes.

                    FERN
Huh. Well, I guess it's not the
worst plan ever.

                    GUY
Good. Let me know when you're
done.

                    FERN
Uh, yeah, about that. What do you
know about magnets and engines and
how they work together to make a
ship go?

                    GUY
        (Suspicious)
Why?

                    FERN
Because the only thing I know
about them is how to make sure
they'll never, ever work again
and, not to brag, but I'm _really_
good at that.

                    GUY
        (Deadpan)
You can't fix it.

                    FERN
Nope.

                    GUY
You....you've got to be kidding
me.

                    FERN
Nope again. So, I have a question,
but you gotta promise not to get
all irritated and huffy when I ask
it.

                    GUY
         (Irritated and huffy)
What.

                    FERN
You wouldn't happen to have a Plan
C, would you?