

Season Three: episode two
The Pit Stop

DOCKING

SAM: It's incredible...

Cal: Archivist Samantha Lyons?

SAM: He's seen a puckmaren before!

CAL: Archivist Samantha Lyons?

SAM: Yes?

CAL: Caution is advised.

DOCK and opening DOOR

Arthur: I'd listen to you're A.I. (Gun sound) I'm always cautious.

SAM: Oh... good... a... what is that? A blaster?

CAL: It appears to be a phas...

ARTHUR: Ray gun! It's a ray gun.

SAM: And... Why is it pointed at us?

ARTHUR: You're Corps.

SAM: We work for the Corporation... sure...

PUCK: Trill.

ARTHUR: You're gonna let that alien go!

SAM: I... I mean I... we're...

CAL: The alien lifeform is not being detained.

PUCK: Trill

CAL: We pose no threat to it...

ARTHUR: You're corps!

SAM: You keep saying that... CAL he keeps saying that. Does that look like a fancy Corps ship? Do we look like employees of the month?!

ARTHUR: Still corps.

SAM: Oh for the... why does everyone point a weapon at me?

CAL: You will not harm Archivist Samantha Lyons.

ARTHUR: Let the alien go and... ow!

CAL: Your weapon appears to be malfunctioning.

ARTHUR: Right, that's enough... OWWWWW!

CAL: Oh no, it has malfunctioned again.

ARTHUR: Stop that this – AHHHHH... (drops ray gun).

CAL: No one threatens Archivist Samantha Lyons.

SAM: Yeah (aside) I didn't know you could do that.

CAL: Nor did I.

PUCK: Trills.

ARTHUR: Corps, you're all the same.

SAM: (picking up ray gun) Actually, I think you'll find that's not true. Some of us don't even know we're evil.

ARTHUR: You... what?!

SAM: I've promised to protect Puck, ok?

ARTHUR: Puck?

SAM: the alien.

PUCK: Trills

ARTHUR: Pro...

SAM: And you are rude.

ARTHUR: I'm sorry?

SAM: Apology accepted.

ARTHUR: No. I didn't apolo...

SAM: Here.

ARTHUR: You're giving the ray gun back?

SAM: I don't like guns, thank you very much... Now, all I wanted to do is refuel and use your post terminal. But now... Now, I think I need a cup of tea.

ARTHUR: Oh. Well, erm... this way.

SAM: Thank you.

PUCK: TRILL

SAM: I'm Sam, this is CAL and PUCK.

CAL: It is an (insert appropriate platitude) to meet you. What is your designation?

ARTHUR: Errr... Arthur. Kitchen's just here.

SAM: Thank you.

ARTHUR: Lapsang Souchang ok?

SAM: Oh, Lovely.

(hot water from tap)

ARTHUR: Milk?

SAM: Please.

ARTHUR: Sugar?

SAM: No thank you.

ARTHUR: (pouring milk in) Here you go.

SAM: Thanks. (sips tea) ahhh. Don't have any tea left on the junk ship.

CAL: It is not a junk ship.

SAM: So you say...

ARTHUR: Erm. Would you like a biscuit?

SAM: You know, for someone who was threatening to blast me, I quite like you.
(munch) Here you go Puck.

PUCK: Trill... (eating)

ARTHUR: Huh... you're hiding it?

SAM: ... yeah... I mean... we...

ARTHUR: Your Corporation would kill it.

SAM: Yeah. They would. We... er... figured that out... (sip) Is that a scraper badge?

ARTHUR: Yep. Long time ago. Before they squeezed me out. Not many independents left.

SAM: I always wanted to come to space. I remember seeing the stars for the first time. All that light... hundreds of years old. Like looking into the past. I just wanted to go to space. Didn't really think about who my employers were. Didn't listen to my friend... I just wanted to...

ARTHUR: What?

SAM: Nothing. What was it like being a scraper?

ARTHUR: (Thinking) Dangerous. But like... flying.

SAM: You've seen a puckmaren before.

ARTHUR: A what?

CAL: The alien lifeform.

ARTHUR: Oh yes. Jumping from one asteroid to another. Wouldn't let us mine one of them. Then the Corporation came. Didn't believe in aliens. Mined what they wanted.

(BEAT)

SAM: Hmm... sounds right... I'd better see if I have any post...

ARTHUR: Down there.

PUCK: (Urgent trilling)

CAL: The alien lifeform believes that a vessel is approaching.

SAM: What?!

(HAIL)

ARTHUR: Just a minute... (checking a monitor) ugh.

SAM: What is it?

ARTHUR: Corps. *The Discoverer*.

SAM: Are they refuelling?

ARTHUR: Nope. They're here for you. Something about... debriefing.

SAM: Oh, crap... we haven't even managed to... to do the plan...

ARTHUR: Plan?

SAM: To go to Earth, and do the stuff...

CAL: Archivist Samantha Lyons, it was not much of a 'plan'.

SAM: I know but it was all we... (frustrated noise)...

ARTHUR: Do you know anyone on earth?

SAM: Someone.

ARTHUR: You could send a message.

SAM: How... they screen messages...

ARTHUR: You can send hardcopy.

CAL: The Corporation is also able to intercede physical objects.

ARTHUR: Don't use their system.

SAM: You have another one?

ARTHUR: Scrapers.

SAM: You said there aren't any left.

ARTHUR: Not many... I said... not many.

(BEAT)

ARTHUR: It'll cost.

SAM: I only have curly wurlies.

ARTHUR: I'll take it.

SAM: (grudging) It is chocolate gold...

PUCK: Trills urgently...

SAM: Can you... take him too?

ARTHUR: Take him?

SAM: Just for now... look after him. He likes curly wurlies too, so... you know... if they're here...

ARTHUR: You're the strangest Corps employee I've ever met.

SAM: Thanks?

CAL: Archivist Samantha Lyons. If you do not respond to *The Discoverer* soon, they will become suspicious.

SAM: Right... back to the ship.

(FAST WALKING)

PUCK: Trills

SAM: You'll be alright Puck. Just... ration the curly wurlies ok?

PUCK: Trills

SAM: And... share them.

PUCK: Trills!

SAM: Here we are...

(Ship door opening)

SAM: Back in a mo!

(BEAT)

ARTHUR: Is it always like this?

CAL: This is an accurate representation of my time with Archivist Samantha Lyons.

ARTHUR: Well then...

(Sam's rushing back)

SAM: (sound of tapes) Take these. There's the address... I think.

Arthur: And these are?

SAM: Recordings. A diary. I... quickest thing I could think of... Can you send them?

CAL: Archivist Samantha Lyons, we must depart.

SAM: Let them know we're coming CAL... (To Arthur) Can you do it?

ARTHUR: I've never liked Corps... so... yeah, I can do it.

SAM: Thanks... here's the curly wurlies.

PUCK: Trills

SAM: Bye Puck. Take care, ok?

(BEAT)

SAM: Thanks Arthur.

ARTHUR: You're welcome?

PUCK: Trills.

(SHIP door closes)

SAM: I guess we'd better dock with *The Discoverer* then...

CAL: Archivist Samantha Lyons.

SAM: Yes CAL?

CAL: You are not... alone.

SAM: I know.

END

STINGER

ARTHUR: Well. That was... interesting.

PUCK: trills

ARTHUR: Wonder what's on these.
(Sfx of tape being inserted and play button)

(PLAY section from Diary season 1)

ARTHUR: Huh. (to Puck) You were hiding in the C.A.L unit?

PUCK: Trills.

ARTHUR: Nice.

PUCK: trills

ARTHUR: Where are you going?

PUCK: Trills

(SFX of Puck leaving the station)

ARTHUR: Well, I never... that alien actually cares about, er... whatshername...