

# SPACE OPERA ZERO

by Eric Woolfe

A Retro Science Fiction Cosmic Horror Sex Tragedy.

Based on the Changeling by Thomas Middleton.

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Space Opera Zero

The Cast

EMILY TRUEHEART / ALZOONO

PRINCESS JENORA / ZANZOLCH

HJALMAR / DOGGO / RO-BERTA / CHU FU LIN / CRAZY  
PETE / REPORTER / YARGALICH / And sundry

ACT I

SCENE 1

1930S. EARTH.

A RADIO REPORTER stands at  
a microphone, beside EMILY  
TRUEHEART, she is a self  
possessed, strong woman in  
an aviator's outfit.

REPORTER

...And so it is, in a few moments time, Emily Trueheart will become  
the first woman ever to fly a rocketplane around the globe.  
Anything to say to the listeners at home, Miss Trueheart?

EMILY

Only that I hope this proves once and for all, anything a fella  
can do, a dame can do backwards and in high heels.

REPORTER

Of course, it took a man to make it all happen. Didn't it, sweetie  
pie.

EMILY

Well, that's-I suppose- true. The rocketplane itself, wouldn't  
have been possible without my friend, and copilot, world renowned  
genius, Doctor Hjalmar Pomeranski. I'm the girl who flies the  
birdie. But he discovered the experimental fuel.

REPORTER

Yes, this so called "cavorite".

EMILY

Yes. Without Dr Pomeranski's CAVORITE, it would take days, not  
hours to circumnavigate the globe.

REPORTER

Yes, and that's a long time for a dame to go without a trip to the bathroom, isn't that right, Miss Trueheart?

EMILY

That's not funny.

REPORTER

What do you say about the accusations that Hjalmar Pomeranski, a former scientist for the fascist government in Bosfordia, is using your trip as an experiment, and that his controversial fuel runs the risk of ripping a vortex into the space/time continuum through which your craft could become lost forever?

EMILY

What?

REPORTER

I guess that's one of the problems with being a girl in a man's world. You always trust the wrong people?

EMILY

No. No! As a woman, I feel I am better equipped to know who to trust-

REPORTER

Sure you do, Sweetie. Well, ladies and gentlemen in radio land, it looks like the time is almost upon us. Miss Trueheart is only a few seconds away from lift off... Have a great flight, Emily. And now a word from our sponsor, Buster Canfield's Patented Lanthromine Oil.

(pause)

And we are out... Hang on a minute there toots.

He grabs her arm.

EMILY

Let go of me. Please. Don't touch me.

REPORTER

When you get back, baby, maybe you and I could get together and I can fly you around the world without ever leaving the chesterfield. What do you think of that?

EMILY

I'm gunna be sick. Let me go.

REPORTER

Come on, Flygirl, I'll show you a three stage rocket that don't need no cavorite to get up in the air. Maybe you just never found the right fella.

EMILY

I told you!

She grabs his microphone  
and batters him with it,  
savagely, barely in control.

REPORTER

Stop! Help! She's gunna kill me! The dame is gunna kill me!

EMILY

I don't like it when men touch me. Kapiche?

She exits.

REPORTER

Oh, my nose. I think she cracked my beezer.

He crawls off.

SCENE 2

THE LAUNCH PLATFORM.

Emily enters, ready to climb aboard the  
rocketplane. She is stopped by Crazy Pete!

CRAZY PETE

List! O list, girlie!

EMILY

Ah! Stay back! I know kung fu!

CRAZY PETE

List to old Crazy Pete! I mean ye no harm! Beware afore ye get  
aboard that space craft!

EMILY

That's enough! This is the 20th century, I don't need some  
patriarchal old hobo trying to keep me pregnant and in the kitchen!

CRAZY PETE

Crazy Pete don't care about your ovaries nor your cooking! I  
come to warn ye! Warn ye of the dangers in the sky! Strange  
things loom neath the empty darkness of space! Great Old Ones  
shall burst through and swallow the skies! Only ill can come of  
this voyage! Only ill!

EMILY

Ill? Old ones? What are saying old man?

CRAZY PETE

You get aboard that rocketplane, only sorrow awaits you! And  
darkness shall swallow the earth!

EMILY

Stand aside, mister. Take some sidewalk, before I feed you on this five fingered sandwich!

She makes a fist. Crazy  
Pete cowers.

CRAZY PETE

You'll be sorry. You'll rue the day you never listened to Old Crazy Pete! Beware! Beeeeeeewaaaaaaaaaaaaare!

Crazy Pete disappears.

VOICE

(Off)

Count down commencing... seventy... sixty nine...

EMILY

Gosh willickers! I'm late for my own lift off.

She rushes off.

### SCENE 3

THE ROCKETPLANE.

HJALMAR sits at his station.  
He is a twisted, mad  
scientist with a Bosfordian  
accent, artificial hand,  
and a patch over his left  
eye.

Emily rushes into her pilot  
seat.

VOICE

(off)

Sixty Eight.... Sixty Seven...

HJALMAR

Hurry, hurry, Miss Emily! The liftoff must be precisely timed or the results will be catastrophic!

VOICE

(off)

Sixty Six and a half...

EMILY

You never mentioned catastrophic results!

VOICE

(off)  
Sixty six... Sixty Five...

HJALMAR

Some truths are better left unsaid. Now, please to the controls.  
The window of opportunity is a tiny pea hole.

VOICE

(Off)  
Sixty Four... Three... Two... One!

EMILY

Keep the twists outa your knickers, Doc. I'm all Aces.

She adjusts the controls.

EMILY

Wait! Something is wrong! The anti-gravitational capacitors are  
counter reticulating!

HJALMAR

That can not be! Let me look!

He does!

HJALMAR

Oh By the Old Ones! I forgot!

EMILY

Old Ones?

HJALMAR

I neglected to load the activated cavorite into the Quadric  
Propelavtion Unit!

VOICE

(off)  
Twenty two.

EMILY

We'll be blown to Kingdom Come!

HJALMAR

Worse! The Sub-Micro-Particulean inequation could cause an  
antimatter expulsion which would--

EMILY

Which would destroy the entire planet!

VOICE

(off)  
Sixteen!

HJALMAR

Yes! Yes!

EMILY

Hurry, Hjalmar! What are you waiting for? Load the Cavorite!

VOICE

(off)

Eleven!

HJALMAR

There isn't time!

EMILY

Do it!

Hjalmar takes a silver orb  
from a box, and, with the  
aid of a glittering cloth,  
urges it towards a space-  
tube-chamber thing.

It is difficult going. The  
ball levitates, and flies  
around the room. It has a  
mind of its own, and seems  
to be attempting to fly  
away.

EMILY

You can do it!

VOICE

(off)

Lift off in ten... nine. Eight. Seven. Six. Five. Four.  
Three. Two...

Hjalmar gets the orb into  
the chamber at the last  
possible second.

Emily slams the lid shut,  
and races back to her pilot  
seat.

VOICE

(off)

One! And Lift Off!

Emily pilots the rocketplane  
into the stratosphere.

We see the ship blast off  
on the rocketplane's

Superspective Space  
Monitration Screen!

Hjalmar and Emily are shaken  
by the G-Forces.

EMILY

What's happening, Hjalmar? I can't keep her stable!

HJALMAR

The CAVORITE is unstable! It's just as I feared!

EMILY

What?

HJALMAR

It's tearing a vortex into our dimensional reality! If it continues, ancient creatures will pour out of the Goblin Universe and swallow our world.

EMILY

How come you never mentioned this before?!

HJALMAR

You are only a woman. I didn't want to alarm you!

EMILY

Great Scott, Hjalmar! I'd clobber you if I could let go of this space-wheel! What do we do?

HJALMAR

We pray! If there is a God in Heaven or a Devil below there is nothing to do but pray!

EMILY

Just like a man! Ready to pack up and blow the second things get iffy! What's that ahead of us?

A whirling vortex has  
appeared on the screen.

HJALMAR

Where?

EMILY

There! On the Superspective Space Monitorization Screen!

HJALMAR

It looks like some kind of swirling space void!

EMILY

I'm going to fly the rocketplane straight into it!



HJALMAR

What? Wherefor?

EMILY

If the fluctuations in the cavorite are causing the vortex, bringing them together might resolve the turbulosity and seal the fissure!

HJALMAR

It just might work... However...

EMILY

Yeah?

HJALMAR

It's very bad, I fear.

EMILY

I'm a hard gal, Hjalmar. I can take it.

HJALMAR

It will thrust us across the universe. We could end up on a distant space world, zillions of light years beyond the known stars with no way home.

EMILY

I'll chance it. It's what I do.

She flies the rocketplane  
into the swirling void.

Time and space bend.

The ship crash lands on a  
distant world.

EMILY

You okey dokey, Hjalmar?

HJALMAR

I think I stubbed my brain on the rechroninator.

EMILY

What's outside?

Hjalmar checks some  
instruments.

HJALMAR

Air is breathable. Gravitational pull much less than our own. You might find you are possessed of unnatural, manlike strength while we are here.

EMILY

Jeepers. Life signs?

HJALMAR

...Many... But, most of them... Are not... Humanoid.

EMILY

The rocketplane? She peaches or pitts?

HJALMAR

I will run a diagnostic scan, Miss Emily. But I say this, no man could have flown this vessel the way you just did.

EMILY

Don't need a penis to land a plane, Hjalmar. Just steady hands and a whole lot of moxie. You give her the once over. I'm gunna take a look around. See what kind of rock we've dropped down on.

HJALMAR

Miss Emily!

EMILY

Yeah?

HJALMAR

Be careful. You don't know what's out there.

EMILY

Careful is my middle name, Hjalmar.

She picks up a large monkey wrench. Exits.

#### SCENE 4

DESERT OF GAZOON

Emily searches the terrain.

She hears a scream.

And a strange, monstrous roar.

She runs in the direction of the noise.

JENORA rushes towards her.  
She is a stunningly beautiful, young space princess.

JENORA

Flee! Flee! The Yargilech pursues me! Flee!

She stumbles into Emily's  
hands. Their eyes meet.  
There is a spark of passion.

EMILY

Get behind me, doll. I got you covered.

JENORA

It will kill us all!

EMILY

Not if I can help it.

A monster enters. A robot-  
gorilla hybrid.

Emily battles it back with  
the wrench, eventually  
warding it off.

It retreats. She scoops  
Jenora up in her arms.

Jenora faints.

EMILY

Behold! She glows a-bright within my arms!  
Her face outshines the gleaming orbs from home  
That scintillate on summer nights on high.  
Our dull rock shines not with so bright a star!  
Yes, I loathe the smarmy gaze of men  
Who seek to snare me in their hairy arms,  
To woo me, bed me, break me, bond me  
In the eternal yoke of Hymen's vows.  
Yet though I tread in Sapho's quiet steps  
And man delights not me, till now this heart  
Had yet to find a girl for whom t'would pause,  
And let the call of Venture scorned ring,  
Instead to linger by a humble hearth,  
Her gentle head, and bosom, cuddling close.  
Ah, me! Tossed upon these sands, far from home,  
And crash'd unto a world I know not where,  
And here find I the angel of my soul!  
Farewell, Planet of Earth! Here find I bliss,  
Where e'er this far and forlorn planet be!  
But, soft! How can I know if she will feel the same  
And love, as I, soft lips and maiden's curves  
More than a manly, grizzl'd, bearded kiss.  
Alas! If not be so, so must it be.  
For now in her sweet orbit do I turn  
And ring I round till stars no longer burn.

JENORA

The Yargilech... The Yargilech!

EMILY

Don't sweat it, angel. I gave it the bum's rush.

JENORA

You? You did?

EMILY

It high tailed. You're safe in my arms.

JENORA

Oh, my.

EMILY

Yeah. Oh me.

JENORA

You're a woman?

EMILY

Last time I checked.

JENORA

You're arms... They are so strong.

EMILY

All the better to hold you with, my dear.

JENORA

How strange... I think I like it. Being in a woman's arms.

EMILY

It grows on you.

JENORA

Should I get up?

EMILY

Don't hurry on my account.

Emily slowly helps her to  
her feet. Slowly. Their  
lips linger dangerously  
close.

JENORA

My name is Princess Jenora of the Planet Ooolg.

EMILY

Oolg?

JENORA  
 No. Ooolg.

EMILY  
 That's what I said.

JENORA  
 You said Oolg.

EMILY  
 Yes. What did you say?

JENORA  
 Ooolg. It's entirely different.

EMILY  
 I see.

JENORA  
 Who are you, fair stranger?

EMILY  
 Emily. From -- Eaeaeaeearth.

JENORA  
 We don't get many visitors here. The Yargilech eats them first.  
 Or the Ichtheooo enslave them... Will you be staying long?

EMILY  
 That depends.

JENORA  
 Depends?

EMILY  
 Depends on how you treat your visitors.

JENORA  
 I hope to be a most attentive host.

EMILY  
 Good. I'm the kind of guest who over stays. And over eats. If  
 what I'm eating looks... appetizing.

JENORA  
 Yum... My father's Tymanium Fortress is that way. He'll want to  
 meat the-- the person-- who save my life.

EMILY  
 What are you doing out here in the desert, anyway?

JENORA

A swirling vortex shorted the prophylactic space shield around our fortress. The Yargilech swooped inside and carried me off. I would have been dinner if you hadn't come along.

EMILY

Then let's get you home, Angel. Time I met your folks.

JENORA

Yes. Please.

They almost kiss.

Enter Hjalmar.

HJALMAR

Miss Emily! Miss Emily! The rocketplane is in readiness. We can reopen the vortex and return to Earth, but we must do so now! The conditions will not last, and there is no telling when they will return. They may never return.

EMILY

You mean we might be stuck here a while?

HJALMAR

Perhaps centuries!

EMILY

Well, put your feet up then... I gotta take this pretty lady home.

HJALMAR

But, Miss Emily!

EMILY

I gotta do, what I gotta do. Don't wait up, Hjalmar.

Exit Emily and Jenora.

HJALMAR

Curses! If I don't thrust Miss Emily back into the rocketplane the Goblin Vortex will close forever and my master plan will wither on the vine! Vex me! Vex me up my bum! I must retire and regroup! I'll not be thwarted from my grim designs!

He exits.

## SCENE 5

ELSEWHERE IN THE DESERT

Emily and Jenora trudge  
through the purple sands.

JENORA

That is the Tymanium Fortress, there on the horizon beyond the indigo moon.

EMILY

That far? We'll never reach it before nightfall.

JENORA

I don't mind. Do you?

EMILY

No. Can't says I do.

A horrible yowl is heard  
in the darkness.

EMILY

On the other hand...

JENORA

The Yarillich! It's coming back.

Another echoing howl.

EMILY

And it's bringing some friends and relations!

JENORA

We must make haste.

EMILY

I'm a hard dame, sugar pie. But I can't run all the way past the indigo moon. Not till I'm used to this new gravity.

JENORA

We can ride together on my atomic hoverboot!

She takes off her shoe,  
slowly and sensually.

EMILY

Wow, Doll, maybe this ain't the best time to take your time. But, don't rush on my account.

JENORA

It must be handled... delicately.

EMILY

Sure.

The show unfolds into a  
very small aircraft.

JENORA

Hop aboard my Hoverboot.

EMILY

I don't think we'll both fit.

JENORA

We'll have to snuggle up.

The squeeze together onto  
the hoverboot. It  
necessitates very close  
quarters.

JENORA

Three- Two- One- Let's away!

They fly up into the air,  
together, holding each  
other closely, riding the  
hoverboot.

JENORA

Are you comfortable?

EMILY

Mm-hm.

She smells Jenora's flowing  
locks.

EMILY

I don't know what shampoo you used on this rock, but it's too  
dreamy.

A crowd of rushing robot-  
gorillas appears in the  
distance.

JENORA

They are gaining on us!

EMILY

Better crank the shaft, dollface. Or we might end up on the menu.

JENORA

You are so brave, laughing in the face of cosmic danger!

EMILY

As long as I'm with you.

JENORA

Take this!



She hands Emily a photon  
blaster.

Emily fires at the  
Yarilliches, killing two  
of them.

EMILY

One more!

The shot lands home. The  
final monster dies.

JENORA

Good shot, my savior!

EMILY

My aim is true, dollface.

JENORA

Just in time. These are the gates to my father Tymanium Fortres.

They arrive at the gates.

JENORA

Lower the Photonic Force Shield! The Princess Jenora returns  
home!

A spacy sound, of the shield  
lowing.

Doggo enters. He is a  
grotesque dog-human-mutant.

DOGGO

All hail to the angelic princess, of fair, unblemished skin...  
And- who is this!

JENORA

(aside to Emily)

My father's serving mutant, Doggo. I loath him more than the  
festering bunions on the phalanx of a Wallowing Gantor!

EMILY

I've always been more of a cat person myself.

DOGGO

(interrupting)

Mistress! I am over joyed to see your pulchritudinous radiance  
safely delivered to us by this... stranger.

JENORA

Get away from me, you filthy, flea-ridden, bundle of smeck!

DOGGO

Even your curses are music to my soul!

JENORA

Don't touch me.

DOGGO

You smell divine.

EMILY

Down, Rover! You heard the lady!

DOGGO

Grrr!

JENORA

Fetch my father, yechy beast! Tell him of my rescue by this beautiful stranger from another world. Tell him. Now.

DOGGO

As you wish... Let me remind you my golden angel, your father is... of a conservative mind.

JENORA

Go!

He grovels and backs away.

DOGGO

(Aside)

The fair Jenora loathes me to the bone  
Because nature smote me with mutations:  
A Doggy face, a halting gate, bad breath,  
And fecal stink that woos the buzzing flies.  
And yet my canine heart is wholly hers.  
When she spits on me, kicks my lumpy hind,  
Slaps my face with vomitous revulsion,  
O! Those curses sound like harps of Heaven  
To my enraptur'd soul. Thus I endure.  
The opposite of Love is not hatred  
But blind indifference. So, will I vex her still.  
From her, upon my hide, woo dark wrath  
Which shines and warms me like the tropic sun.  
Let her hate me, for that is something yet!  
Meanwhile will I plot to steal her true love,  
And with deceit and guile snatch from her eye  
What I cannot seduce with comely looks.  
And thusly, foul Doggo will bide his time  
Till beauteous Jenora I maketh mine.

JENORA

Why do you dally, swine? Fetch my father!

DOGGO

As you wish, my maidenly princess.

JENORA

Go!

Doggo exits.

JENORA

We only have a moment until the blackguard returns with my father. I must say these two things in haste. Number one. I love you. I know it's addle-brained, and we've only just met and you are from another planet. But what the hey!

EMILY

I couldn't agree more. From the moment I saw you running from that alien monkey robot Whatsit, I knew you were the dame for me.

JENORA

And two, my father will kill us both if he finds out we are bound by unnatural love, so you'll have to pretend you're a man.

EMILY

Oh.

JENORA

He thinks lesbians are unnatural.

EMILY

His butler is a mutant dog.

JENORA

Don't judge us. Our ways are different from your own.

Doggo reenters.

DOGGO

I present his royal highness, Choo Fu Lin! Emperor of the Planet Oooooolg.

Jenora grabs a fake mustache  
from her cleavage and  
quickly glues it to Emily's  
lip.

Emily strikes a manly pose.

Fanfare.

Doggo produces Chu Fu Lin.  
He is an aged head, floating  
inside a large glass jar.

CHU FU LIN

My lovely daughter, Jenora! I thought the Yargilech had eaten you for sure!

JENORA

No, my father, this handsome, masculine, virile, manly man rescued me with his manly arms and carried me to safety. Like a man!

Jenora shoots Emily a look.

EMILY

Yes!

CHU FU LIN

What is your name, good sir?

EMILY

Emily.

Silence.

EMILY

That's a boy's name where I come from.

CHU FU LIN

Oh! I see! Well, I thank you kindly for rescuing my daughter. Anything in my space kingdom is yours. All you need do is ask.

Jenora gestures. Now is  
the time.

EMILY

Well, now that you mention it, your royal, uh, headness. There is something I'd like to ask. I know I've only just met your daughter, but-

CHU FU LIN

Yes, I'm sure whatever you are about to say is very interesting. Tell my servant Doggo. He'll bring whatever it is. Jenora! You've arrived just in time! Alzoono of the Ichtheoo arrived on our planet this morning, ready to devour every living thing in his slavering maw unless I offer him your loins in marriage. I said you would only be too happy to accept.

JENORA

But Father!

CHU FU LIN

I know! Isn't it exciting! You'll be Queen of the Ichtheoo!

JENORA

I don't want to marry him.

CHU FU LIN

Of course you do.

JENORA

I should not then be forced to marry one  
I hate beyond all depths, I should have power  
Then to oppose my loathings, nay  
Remove them forever from my Sight!"

CHU FU LIN

Do as I command or he will eat everyone on our planet! Know your place.

JENORA

I'm sorry, my most benevolent father.

CHU FU LIN

Now, let's go say hello to the groom. Loosen your garments.  
Show some skin. He is very anxious to make the coitus with you!

EMILY

No!

CHU FU LIN

What's that?

EMILY

I, um, I... I don't think that she should make any coitus right now.

CHU FU LIN

What business is it of yours, strange -- man?

JENORA

Mr Emily is only concerned because of all the radiation I was exposed to in the desert. Maybe if I make the coitus before marriage, I'll give Alzoono radiation sickness. And so we should wait. Till after the wedding. That's all Mr Emily meant.

CHU FU LIN

Oh... Is that what you meant, Mr Emily.

EMILY

...Yes.

CHU FU LIN

Good. Good then... Not a bad idea, either. No making the coitus before the wedding. Radiation sickness. Makes perfect sense... Now, come with me, daughter and meet your new husband.

JENORA

(To Emily)

I must obey. But patience. I will seek you out and find a solution for this plight.

EMILY

Okey.

Jenora, Doggo, and Chu Fu  
Lin exit.

EMILY

Oh blast it all! Finally to meet my true love, only to have her jerked away like tuna sushi on a yo-yo! I'll make haste to Doc Hjalmar for aid and comfort.  
Like surgeon's scalpel is his sharp brain,  
To slice from my heart these tumors of pain.

She exits.

ACT II

SCENE 1

JENORA'S BEDROOM

A female robot, RO-BERTA,  
enters and fluffs some  
pillows.

Jenora enters, miserably.  
She has been spruced up a  
little, to better woo her  
prospective husband.

RO-BERTA  
You look very libidinous, your highness.

JENORA  
Mm.

RO-BERTA  
I'm sure your new fiancée will drop dead from self lubrication  
when he meets you.

JENORA  
I wish.

RO-BERTA  
Would you like me to play some sexually arousing music?

JENORA  
Absolutely not.

RO-BERTA  
According to my programming, women appreciate sexually arousing  
music when they first meet their new fiancés. It speeds the way  
to the coitus.

JENORA  
There will be no coitus till after the wedding.

RO-BERTA  
How strange. You've never made the coitus Mistress, I thought  
you'd be excited to try it.

JENORA  
Not with Alzoono of the Ichtheoo. That's for darn tooting. But  
maybe... Maybe with someone else.

RO-BERTA

Oh. I see. Titter.

JENORA

Have you ever made the coitus, Ro-berta?

RO-BERTA

I haven't yet, mistress. I am programmed to be your maid. To make the coitus I would need to install new hardware and purchase an app.

JENORA

I see.

RO-BERTA

Would you like some sexy music anyway? For diplomacy's sake? At very least you are expected to perform the Sacred Galactic Warble Erotica.

JENORA

Play the music, I'll warble the warble. And bring him in. Let's get this over with.

Ro-berta plays some sexy  
music, exits.

Jenora readies herself.

Alzoono enters. He is a  
giant, grotesque slug  
creature with many  
tentacles.

JENORA

OH!

ALZOONO

(Buzzes and clicks)

JENORA

No, I'm not frightened... I just didn't expect you to be so handsome.

ALZOONO

(Buzzes)

JENORA

I'm happy you find me attractive too.

ALZOONO

(Buzzes, hums.)



JENORA

I'm nervous, not sad. I wasn't expecting to be married this week.  
I am young for my people.

ALZOONO

(Buzzes.)

JENORA

You are very cheeky, sir. My father told you. Radiation sickness.

ALZOONO

(Buzzes)

JENORA

I'm sure all those tentacles are good for just what you describe.

ALZOONO

(Buzzes seductively.)

JENORA

I'd love to... But first, shall I perform the traditional Sacred  
Galactic Warble Erotica?

He clicks in the  
affirmative.

She dances a strange and  
exotic space dance, while  
singing a strange, ethereal  
tune. It is both sensual,  
seductive and more than a  
little odd.

JENORA

(singing)

Coitus song, prostrate  
Tentacles lubricate  
Skin green and silken  
Egg laying hips undulate

Lee Loo Ala Cloa Caa

Coitus Song, copulate  
Clappers out, Hectocotylus dislodge  
I groan with passion  
You flump, cazorn and splodge  
Coitus song, Flood Gate  
Coitus song, Aspirate  
Coitus Song, Copulate

Lee Loo Laa Cloa Caa

As the weird space song

draws to a climax, she  
draws close...

A phallic, twitching  
mandible protrudes from  
his mouth. The lips on it  
pucker.

They almost kiss.

She pulls away.

JENORA

You should leave. Please.

ALZOONO

(Buzzes with protest.)

JENORA

Please. Not till after we are married. Please.

He exits.

Ro-berta enters.

RO-BERTA

Oh my! Oh my! So handsome! Such a fine looking invertebrate!  
His tentacles were so, so musky!

JENORA

I know, Ro-berta! I know! I felt so... strong.

RO-BERTA

Why did you eschew the coitus? It might have been fun!

JENORA

I wanted to... I did. To have such power... But, Ro-berta, dare  
I say it. Dare I tell you?

RO-BERTA

Yes, princess?

JENORA

My heart, Ro-berta, my heart belongs to another.

RO-BERTA

The man who saved you from the Yargalech?

JENORA

Yes. The man. His name is Emily. Oh! Ro-berta I love her so,  
and no sooner have I met the -person- of my dreams than I stand  
on the verge of losing him forever!

RO-BERTA

Whatever will you do, princess?

JENORA

I don't know. I don't know. But I fear I love Emily so deeply there is nothing I will not do to keep him.

RO-BERTA

Danger! Danger! My sensors detected an electronic anomaly! Danger!

Emily materializes in the  
middle of the room, in a  
small beam of light

RO-BERTA

Who are you! Impudent intruder! I- I will- Oh. My stars! What a handsome hunk of love you are!

JENORA

Ro-berta, please leave us.

Ro-berta exits.

JENORA

Emily! Emily! You are here, my love... There is something different about you. Have you grown tiny?

EMILY

No, Jenora. I'm back at the rocketplane. What you see is a holographic image of me. Doc Hjalmar figured out a way to bend the radiant quadflexes to project my image so I can give you this message.

JENORA

Yes, my love?

EMILY

Please don't marry this fella. I love you.

JENORA

I love you!

EMILY

The thought of a man touching you is... is... belch! It makes my crazy! It disgusts me! No man should touch you. Ever.

JENORA

No, my love! I promise. No coitus. No matter how attractive and manly and musky he is. No matter how many muscular erect, sturdy tentacles he wields!

EMILY

What? We must have a bad connection. I didn't catch all that.

JENORA

(Louder)  
I won't go to bed with him.

EMILY

Good... I think I should kill him.

JENORA

What?

EMILY

This man, this Alzoono. I'll kill him, and then we can get married. Your father would say yes. I think he sort of liked me.

JENORA

You can't kill Alzoono!

EMILY

There's no other way.

JENORA

The Ichtheoo are very violent, warlike people. If you kill him, they will hunt you down and kill you. And I couldn't bare that! I couldn't bare life without you. They wouldn't rest till your insides were splattered into space! Nothing more than cosmic dust and clotted gore!

EMILY

But then what are we to do?

Doggo enters.

DOGGO

Beautiful lady? Oh, Divine Goddess For Whom I Would Do Any Vile Task Even if it Meant The Termination of My Foul and Pathetic Life?

JENORA

I think I have a plan.

She flicks a switch, and  
Emily disappears.

JENORA

Hello, Doggo.

DOGGO

You called me by my name!

JENORA

Of course. Come here in the light.

DOGGO

Yes! Of course!

JENORA

Have you done something with your face. It looks less --repulsive.  
And you smell better.

DOGGO

I rolled in some dung.

JENORA

Yes. Yes, that must be it... Come here.

He does.

She scratches behind his  
ear.

JENORA

Good doggy! Good doggy!

Doggo howls with pleasure.

JENORA

Would you like to play fetch, or something. I could just scratch  
your belly.

DOGGO

Yes! Yes please!... Wait. Why are you being so nice to me?

JENORA

Can't a princess be nice to her father's most trusted servant?  
Now, shake a paw, and I'll give you a treat.

DOGGO

Yes!... No! You tempt me. You're are up to something.

JENORA

I have misjudged you. That's all. Good little doggy woggy.

DOGGO

I may be a mutant half-animal. But I'm not stupid.

JENORA

I need your help.

DOGGO

I knew it.

JENORA

You won't say no to me. You can't. I regret every horrible thing  
I've ever said to you. I'll give you any treasure on all the  
planet Oooolg if you just do me this one little favour.

DOGGO

Anything?

JENORA

Any thing you can think of! I am desperate.

DOGGO

You've told me the price. Now what is the task?

JENORA

Kill Alzoono of the Ichtheeoo. Kill him and hide the body. I won't be his wife. I won't make the coitus with him. If you do this for me...

DOGGO

You'll do anything.

JENORA

Yes!

DOGGO

I accept.

SCENE 2

THE ROCKETPLANE

Emily sings a hurting song.

Hjalmar accompanies  
reluctantly on the ukulele.  
He listens with disgust.

EMILY

(singing)

Lost without a trace  
No penny drops  
A bird can't sing in space  
Its lungs would pop  
Love can never last  
The void is blank and vast  
You fall and never stop

Stardust locked up tight  
In side a case  
Vacuum sucks it right  
Out into space  
Cry, "I'll drown"  
No air to carry sound  
No eyes to see my face

Little Girl lost

(MORE)

EMILY (CONT'D)

To far to orbit stars  
Help me  
Catch me  
Hold me  
I can't even reach my tears

There is no happy end  
Just entropy  
And yet I will pretend  
That love's for me  
When her lips touch mine  
Let me be home this time  
And yet I'm still at sea

Little Girl lost  
To far to orbit stars  
Help me  
Catch me  
Hold me  
I can't even reach my tears

SCENE 3

THE SEWERS

Alzoono and Doggo enter  
severally.

ALZOONO  
(Buzzes in greeting.)

DOGGO  
Greetings your splooginess. So good of you to meet me in this  
dank underground sewer where no one can see us or hear us. Even  
if we scream.

ALZOONO  
(Buzzes)

DOGGO  
I've come to warn you of a horrible plot to rid you of your life.

ALZOONO  
(Shocked buzzing)

DOGGO  
The princess. She doesn't wish to marry you. She would rather  
see you dead. She loves another. Someone sexier. And smarter.  
And more cunning than you can imagine. Someone with a keen mind  
and a heart of darkness.

ALZOONO

(Buzzes)

DOGGO

I know. I hardly believed it myself when she told me. But it's true. She told me herself.

ALZOONO

(Buzzes angrily)

DOGGO

It's sad, I know. The princess has that effect on people.

ALZOONO

(Sobs and buzzes)

DOGGO

(Comforting)

There, there. Give old Doggo a hug. Doggo understands.

Doggo embraces him. Then  
wipes himself off.

DOGGO

She wanted me to kill you with this. A Lanthromine Neuronical Blaster. One shot, right here, and tremendous pain would shoot through every tissue in your slimy body. The neurons in your brain would begin to boil, turning it to jelly, and the last thing you would see before your brain explodes in a gory eruption of flotsam, goop and foaming puss, would be your worst memory, your most traumatic moment, painted across the world in a technicolour vista of hopelessness and misery... Just like this.

He fires the laser into  
the top of Alzoono's  
sluglike body.

The creature quivers in  
pain and his head explodes  
in the manner described.

DOGGO

Now to carve myself a trophy then hide the body somewhere where it is sure to be discovered ere long, and along side it, this... The Earthling's helmet! And thus suspicion and vengeance will fall upon her, and by murdering one rival, I dispose of the other, leaving my path free to Jernora's pearly pink gates and the sugary therein!

He wraps Emily's aviator's  
helmet in a tentacle, and  
exits with the corpse.



ACT III

SCENE 1

OUTSIDE THE ROCKETPLANE

Emily paces. Hjalmar looks  
on.

HJALMAR

It's been hours... What's keeping her?

EMILY

Rest it, Doc. She wouldn't play me for a chump. Not her.

HJALMAR

Woman is a fickle creature, Emily. Being possessed of internal genitalia creates a psycholocial duplicity that will always end in betrayal.

EMILY

Are you saying I just need to find the right fella?

HJALMAR

Of course not.

EMILY

This girl is different, Doc. She's special.

HJALMAR

Probably... Unless she is rutting in the bed of this husband alien even as we sit here. On her back, naked, with her limbs reaching upwards in the air. Screaming his name, over, and over and over, as he pleasures her immensely with his potent, and tireless alien proboscises.

EMILY

Wow. You really now how to comfort a lady.

HJALMAR

Did she give you any sign that she was tempted to betray you?

EMILY

No! Of course not... Well, she said he had "musky erect man tentacles".

HJALMAR

(gravely)

She did?

(pause)

I wouldn't worry about it.

EMILY

Ah, crimminy. She has the hots for a space gigolo, don't she?

HJALMAR

If you ask me we should turn our back on this world. The Vortex has not yet closed. The Cavorite enhancers have been recaliberated. I could have you back on Earth in a jiffy pop, trolling the seedy side of New Bosford for women so pretty and plentiful, you won't care if they betray you.

EMILY

Really?

HJALMAR

Why else would I want to blast off in the rocketplane? You think I have a secret evil plan?

EMILY

Course not, Doc. When you are right, you are right. Plenty of dames on Earth, just ripe for the picking. Adious, Oooolg. It was lousy knowing you.

HJALMAR

We blast off?

EMILY

You bet, Doc. Rev up the cavorite. Let's pop this blowsicle stand.

Hjalmar exits.

Emily looks out one last time.

Jenora rushes in, carrying her father.

JENORA

Emily! Emily! Wait!

EMILY

Jenora!

JENORA

Emily... Sir. I've come with my Father! He has something to say.

EMILY

Your father? I'm all ears, doll.

She puts the head's jar on a shelf.

JENORA

We are here, Daddy. Wake up... He often sleeps when we cross the dessert. It's necessary. But inexplicable.

The head springs to life  
in its glass bubble.

CHU FU LIN

What... Where? Are we here? This is the place.

JENORA

Yes, Daddy.

CHU FU LIN

Ah. Good. Good. Mr Emily, my daughter has expressed a desire to wed you. I hope that is satisfactory. I'm not sure how things are done on your planet, but we don't believe in beating around the bartagoon on Oooooolg.

EMILY

What about that Alzoono fella? The cocktopus from the war planet.

CHU FU LIN

He has disappeared. Turned my head for a moment, and whoosh! Ran off somewhere. Cold tentacles, I suppose. Happens to the best of us. All the same. Wedding plans are underway and we are in need of a groom.

JENORA

Please.

EMILY

Well... Best offer I've heard all day. Must say I'm happy to be of service.

CHU FU LIN

Good! Yes. I'm pleased. Come with us then, back to my Tymanium Fortress, and we will find you a nice wedding suit.

EMILY

(Calling into the rocketplane)

Sorry, Doc. Change of plans. Put her back into neutral. My lady needs my services... C'mon, Pops.

She picks up Chu Lin Fu,  
and they exit.

Hjalmar enters.

HJALMAR

O! Heap I curses on that fickle dame  
Whose lustful nature thwarts my wicked plan!

(MORE)

## HJALMAR (CONT'D)

The human race that festers on the Earth  
 Revolts me more than cat scat in the dirt.  
 Yet, in a dimension beyond our own  
 Lurks a race of ancient demented gods  
 Who vomit and copulate in madness  
 That stretches beyond infinity.  
 To those Great Old Ones we are less than Ants,  
 And fit for naught but squooshing neath their feet.  
 I pledge allegiance to these Darkened Gods!  
 Therefore must Emily reboard my ship  
 And witless fly the fickle cavorite  
 Through the yawning vortex which will implode  
 And allow the Old Ones hungry passage  
 Into our contemplable, rank world.  
 Moby Tiberious, the Great Whale Snake  
 Will devour us each and sundry  
 And will we be digested for all time  
 In the Great Space Worm's million stomachs.  
 This glory does the am'rous pilot thwart.  
 I hold Emily in a daughter's esteem,  
 I cherish no friend in the world but she.  
 She will not leave this world while Cupid calls,  
 So grow will I Suspicion's noxious weed  
 And choke Love's Garden! Make way for Evil Deed!

Exits.

SCENE 2

## JENORA'S BOUDOIR

Jenora cranks the handle  
 on a strange machine, and  
 weird, sexy space music  
 plays.

Emily and Jenora dance  
 together, with steamy,  
 precoital steamfulness.

They are about to kiss,  
 when someone bangs on the  
 door.

JENORA

Enter!

Doggo enters.

DOGGO

Oh, I am very sorry, mistress. I didn't know you were entertaining  
 your affianced.

JENORA

Leave us, you furry maggot.

Doggo stands his ground.

JENORA

I said, depart!

EMILY

You heard the princess, pooch-face. Take it on the heel to paw.

DOGGO

No.

JENORA

What?

DOGGO

I said, no. I have a matter to discuss with the shapely and radiant princess. And wish to do so alone.

EMILY

Alone?

JENORA

I--- I don't think--

DOGGO

The matter concerns an arrangement we made. It is most private... Sir.

EMILY

Well... My dear?

JENORA

I will ring you on the quadraphone at your space conveyance.

EMILY

Yes, yes. Of course.

She exits.

JENORA

Well, be quick about it. The less time I suffer in your foul stench the happier I shall be.

DOGGO

When last we spoke, Jenora, it was all "my dear", "my handsome", and "Who's a good doggy woggy woggy woo".  
I must admit my face is bad enough,  
But I know far worse has better fortune  
And not endured alone, but doted on.

JENORA

Fine. Speak and be gone.

DOGGO

I have done the deed. Alzoono's rotting corpse feeds the garbilins in the sewers.

JENORA

You lie. He ran off. He left of his own accord.

DOGGO

You don't believe that.

JENORA

Perhaps he met with an accident. I have no reason to believe you were the instrument of his demise.

Doggo flops a bloody  
tentacle onto the table.

JENORA

Oh... Well, that is proof enough then. Thank you. I am- um-- well--

DOGGO

In my debt?

JENORA

In a matter of speaking.

DOGGO

You pledged to me any treasure I could name.

JENORA

Yes, name it now, my friend, and I will pay it, pack it, and help you flee.

DOGGO

Flee?

JENORA

Yes! Flee! Fly! Flew! Till you are far, far, far away from here never to return or be seen or ever heard from again... For your own safety, I mean.

DOGGO

Never to gaze upon your shapely form again?

JENORA

Um... Yes. But you'll be rich, of course, and that is a great consolation...

(aside)

And I will be rid of both your hideous face, and my unwanted marriage. I'll have killed two rallaganaks with one blorb!

DOGGO

I care not for riches. I care not for safety. I care only for you.

JENORA

What are you saying?

DOGGO

Anything under the indigo moon, you said. I claim you as my bounty. Your luscious body, your sweet, smooth skin. You two soft lips pressed against the three of mine.

JENORA

What? What? What?

(aside)

The ominous dog faced fellow more disturbs me than all my other passions!

DOGGO

Make the coitus with me. That is my reward! The Coitus, the , sweet the coitus!

JENORA

No! No! You repulse me! I'd rather be disintegrated in the Weeping Pits than feel your foul paws upon me!

DOGGO

Then I will tell your lover of our arrangement!

JENORA

Emily won't care! She offered to kill Alzoono himself!

DOGGO

Then I will tell your father that your lover is a woman!

JENORA

That's a lie!

DOGGO

He will have her skin flayed from her bones as you watch, and toss her gory meat to the Snot Vipers for victuals!

JENORA

Emily is a man! She is a man, I say!

DOGGO

I am a genetically mutated half dog. This nose is not just decoration.

JENORA

Doggo, my sweet! Please, I beg you, my handsome, beautiful friend. Don't tell my father!

DOGGO  
 You know my price...

JENORA  
 ...Could we just neck a little?

DOGGO  
 No.

JENORA  
 Maybe just hands and paws?

DOGGO  
 My price is my price.

JENORA  
 Fine... But just this once. One murder equals one coitus. No more, no less. That's my deal. After one go, you are cut off. Got it?

DOGGO  
 I accept.

JENORA  
 And no kissing.

DOGGO  
 Not even a little?

JENORA  
 No. And I choose the position.

DOGGO  
 But, I have sort of... a favourite.

JENORA  
 No.

DOGGO  
 Fine... Can we maybe add a belly rub? Or scratching behind the ears

JENORA  
 You are disgusting.

DOGGO  
 Just thought I'd ask.

JENORA  
 Don't push it.

DOGGO  
 Of course not.



JENORA

Alright, let's get it over with.

Doggo falls on her. She  
wraps her legs around him.

Blackout.

ACT IV

SCENE 1

THE DESERTS OF GAZOON

A lumpish alien creature  
waddles through the magenta  
sands.

It has one bloodshot eye,  
and a fuzzy, formless body.

It spies a large, flower-  
reptile, asleep and closed.

It brushes against the  
flower-reptile and it's  
eyestalk grows long and  
stiff, like the neck on a  
giraffe.

The flower-reptile opens  
its large mouth. In fact  
it is almost all mouth.  
Wet. Yawning. Filled  
with teeth.

It makes cooing noises at  
the eye-giraffe.

They grow frantic and brush  
against each other.

The eye giraffe thrusts  
it's neck into the flower-  
reptile, with gusto.

The flower reptile gobbles  
it up, entirely. Swallowing  
it whole.

The Flower-Reptile erupts  
in a volcano of warm, wet  
goo.

SCENE 2

JENORA'S SLEEPING CHAMBER

Jenora lies in the bed,  
miserable.

Doggo is curled beside  
her.

He has a dream. He wimpers.  
His feet kick as if he's  
running.

Jenora shoves him.

DOGGO

Rabbit! Rabbit!-- What? Where am I?

JENORA

You rolled right over and fell asleep the moment you expired.  
Get out now. You're fee is paid.

DOGGO

You look... unhappy.

JENORA

Did you figure that out by yourself or did you smell misery on me  
too?

DOGGO

Smelled it.

JENORA

Away you go. Git. Shoo!

DOGGO

No need to be so snarly, pretty lover. I am as ever your servant.  
Perhaps I can do something to cheer you. After all, tonight, you  
have made me the happiest creature in all of Ooooolg.

JENORA

You have done enough, monster. I wish only to look upon the  
radiant visage of my Emily, and suffer your presence no more.

DOGGO

I can grant that.

JENORA

Then bye bye.

DOGGO

I meant the first part.

JENORA

But Emily is back at her space conveyance, with a thousand  
Yargaliches between us.

DOGGO

Behold my holographic voyeuricon.

He produces a small device.

JENORA

What is this?

DOGGO

An invention of my own invention. With this orb you can view anyone in all of Ooooolg, without them knowing it.

JENORA

Anyone anywhere?

DOGGO

Yes, even in the privacy of their own boudoirs, when they are changing their clothes, slowly, alone, and painting their toenails in their undergarments.

Jenora looks at her feet.

DOGGO

...At least, that's what I've heard.

JENORA

How does it work?

DOGGO

This little knob here... Go on. Try it.

JENORA

Not in your presence. Some things are sacred. My love for Emily is sacred, and your presence profanes it. Be gone.

DOGGO

It was not just me doing the profaning, my love. You profaned two or three times, yourself.

She hurls something at  
him, and he exits.

She weeps.

JENORA

Now, strange voyeuricon, show me Emily, show me my love.

Emily and Hjalmar appear  
in a small cloud above  
Jenora's head. They are  
smaller... Almost  
puppetlike.

EMILY

But how can I go on? If Jenora has betrayed me... Well, it's impossible. I must trust.

HJALMAR

No, Trust is the last thing you want in a relationship. Trust is nothing but an invitation to deception.

EMILY

If I had proof she was false, I'd... well, I'd....

HJALMAR

Yes?

EMILY

I'd be so angry, I wouldn't care if the whole universe went up in flames...

HJALMAR

Is that so?

EMILY

But there is no way to know for sure. So, I shall push it out of my mind.

HJALMAR

There may be a way...

EMILY

What's that?

HJALMAR

I- perhaps- once, a long time ago-- did some experimental work in Sexual-based technologies. Orgasmatronics. Phallectrical Engineering. Cybergynology.

EMILY

Is that so?

HJALMAR

I am a mad scientist. We dabble in this. We dabble in that.

EMILY

How can that help me now?

Hjalmar produces a strange machine.

HJALMAR

Behold the Hymenolator! When you are ready to mate in the wedding bed, slip this device over the harlot's head--

EMILY

Over her head?

HJALMAR

Yes, her head.

EMILY

But if it's called the Hymenolator shouldn't it-- You know. Go lower?

HJALMAR

Lower? Why?

EMILY

Because that's where-- It tests for virginity doesn't it?

HJALMAR

Yes.

EMILY

And it goes over her head?

HJALMAR

Yes. Of course. Where would you put it?

She regards him with  
annoyance.

EMILY

Men!

HJALMAR

Once it's over her head, you twist this knobule. If she is chaste and untouched in the nethers, the sympathetic vibrations caused by the Hymenolator's Celibronic Discharges will cause a metarteriole occlusion in her cerebral cortex, instigating temporary but complete neurological torpidity, followed by the centrifugal dislocation of her cranium from her cervical column.

EMILY

Speak so a working girl can understand, Doc.

HJALMAR

If she's a virgin, she'll have a stroke and her head will twist round and round.

EMILY

If she's not a virgin?

HJALMAR

Her head will explode.

EMILY

... A big stroke?

HJALMAR

Maybe. Maybe not... But isn't it worth it to know the truth?

EMILY

I... I don't know, Doc... She's a swell girl.

HJALMAR

Is she? Or is she a pretty face that hides beneath, a polluted, sperm speckled, man-infested, grope garden?

EMILY

You're right, Doc. It's worth it to know the truth.

Jenora turns off the  
machine. Emily and Hjalmar  
disappear.

JENORA

I'm doomed. I'm doomed. I'm doomed.

SCENE 3

THE WEDDING TEMPLE

Great pomp and ceremony.

Emily enters in Groom's  
attire.

Chu Fu Lin enters in his  
jar.

CHU FU LIN

Welcome, dear subjects to the joyous nuptial ceremony of my only daughter, the Princess Jenora of Ooolg... And her fiancée, Mr Emily of the Planet Earth! Much cheering. Much cheering. Much cheering! And now, according to the ancient rights of our people, before the wedding commences, Mr Emily shall do battle with a Venomous Sprool, to prove his masculine worthiness.

EMILY

I'll do what?

CHU FU LIN

Release the Sprool!

A hideous serpentine  
creature grabs Emily and  
they battle throughout the  
following.

Enter Jenora and Ro-berta,  
aside. They are both  
dressed as space brides.

RO-BERTA

But mistress, your words do not compute.

JENORA

You idiot! How many times must I spell it out to you! You brainless hunk of tin.

RO-BERTA

I am as my programmer made me, ma'am.

JENORA

After the ceremony--

Emily yowls in the distance.  
The Sprool has the upper  
hand.

JENORA

If my husband survives the Sprool, he'll drop a machine over my head to test my maidenhead.

RO-BERTA

Over your head?

JENORA

Yes.

RO-BERTA

Men!

JENORA

It will twist my head around in circles until it explodes. I will fail the test.

RO-BERTA

Lucky for you, your intended is unaware of your family's ancestral powers! Like your father before you, you have the ability to detach your head. If you detached it before it spins, it won't explode. So, you could fool him and he would assume the test to be a success.

JENORA

I could. But the cost is too great.

RO-BERTA

The cost?

JENORA

If I were to use my ancestral powers to spin my head without killing myself, I would run the risk of damaging my brain, causing permanent and irreversible psychopathology. I would fool him. But I would risk turning evil in the process... And I am sullied enough.

RO-BERTA

Oh! Well! Well... Well. I would do almost anything to help you, Mistress.



JENORA

Anything?

RO-BERTA

Almost anything. If it's in my programming, I'd have no choice.

JENORA

I want you to pretend to be me. When he uses his device, you will loosen the bolts in your neck, then shut down suddenly, and reboot, that should look enough like a stroke to fool him. And then, after you revive...

RO-BERTA

Yes, Mistress?

JENORA

After you revive, you will make the coitus with him. I've already instructed the palace scientists to secretly provide you with both the necessary Hardware... And the Software.

RO-BERTA

Oh! Mistress!

JENORA

And then I'll have the scientists killed.

RO-BERTA

(Excited)

Are you sure, my mistress?

JENORA

You must make the coitus with him. It's my only way free. Also, Emily's a woman. You might as well find know that too. You'll figure it out... At some point.

RO-BERTA

Does she have soft, supple lips, Mistress? And hands that are both strong and soft at once? Like steel inside a velvet bag?

JENORA

Yes.

RO-BERTA

(very pleased)

Oooh! This is a terrible tragedy, Mistress. But I will suffer this burden on your behalf.

JENORA

So be it! Now! Go! Hide in the Nuptial Chamber until the time comes. Let no one see you! Go! Make sure your head is loose!

She exits.

Emily defeats the Sprool.  
She is bloody and  
breathless.

CHU FU LIN  
The Sprool is dead! Let the wedding begin!

EMILY  
Jeepers.

JENORA  
My sweet Lord, Mr Emily.

EMILY  
You look a peach, doll face.

They take hands.

CHU FU LIN  
And now, by the power granted me by the Ancient Love Laws of  
Oooooolg, I now declare you Man and Wi--

A video screen crackles to  
life. An image of an  
Ichtheooon Warlord,  
ZANZOOOLCH, materializes.

ZANZOOOLCH  
Attention Vile Citizens of Oooooolg! I am Zanzoolch, Warlord of  
Ichtheoo! I sent my brother, Alzoono, to either mate with one of  
your females or destroy your world, enslave your young, and feast  
upon your menfolk! Either one. Left it up to him! Only to have  
him murdered for his amorous, beneficent ways! And therefore, I  
utter this chilling ultimatum: Bring me the head of his killer by  
sunrise tomorrow or I will drown your world in spittle and  
sulfurous flames! Have a nice day.

CHU FU LIN  
You can't do that! There are intergalactic laws! We have Rights  
and Freedoms protected by the Zither Proclamation of Odiferous  
the 15th!

ZANZOOOLCH  
I have invoked the Notwithstanding Clause.

The image vanishes.

CHU FU LIN  
Oh, by the Gods of Grimloch!

JENORA  
Whatever will we do?

EMILY

Don't worry, my love. I will find the killer. I will save your world!

JENORA

You will?

EMILY

Of course. For you, anything. I'll will go right now and search for clues.

JENORA

Now? But, my love, the wedding? The-- the after the wedding?

EMILY

Time is a wasting!

JENORA

Of course. You are so bold.

EMILY

But first, there is something I must know.

JENORA

What's that?

Emily produces the  
Hymenometre.

JENORA

What's THAT?!

EMILY

Nothing. Nothing. Just-- a thing. An Earthling thing. Hold still.

JENORA

But, but I thought that you would wait till we were in the nuptial chamber?

EMILY

What? Uh, how-- Oh. No. It's not, um, you're thinking this is for... Well, it's not that kind of gizmo. It goes over your head.

She plops it over Jenora's  
head turns the knob.

Nothing happens.

JENORA

Hold on a second.

EMILY

Huh?

JENORA

Ow. Okey. Go ahead.

Jenora's head turns rounds  
and round in circles.  
Emily removes the box.  
Jenora falls to the ground,  
as if having a stroke.

EMILY

Oh, dear Lordy, what have I done? Doctor! Doctor! Is there a doctor in the house?

Doggo enters.

DOGGO

My sweet princess! What have you done to her! You vertiginous Grilch dunder!

EMILY

Nothing! I didn't do anything... She's, she's had a stroke! Attend to her! Get her to a doctor!

DOGGO

What are you talking about?

EMILY

Just a small stroke. She'll be fine soon. When she's better, tell her I will meet her in her chamber and we will consummate our nuptials! But first I must track down her fiancée's killer and save all of Oooooolg... Did you get all that?

DOGGO

I think so.

Emily rushes off.

Doggo looks about. He is  
alone. He sniffs Jenora.

He looks around again.  
Coast is clear. He licks  
her cheek.

She slaps him. Hard.

JENORA

I'm awake, you idiot.

DOGGO

What a woman!

JENORA

Quick, get me to my bed chamber, I have to stop Ro-berta from having coitus with Emily in my place.

DOGGO

Can you repeat that?

JENORA

If I don't get to my chambers, my husband will make the coitus with my robot servant, thinking it is me! And our marriage will be forever sullied!

DOGGO

I'm sorry, mistress. This is for your own good.

He knocks her unconscious  
and drags her off.

SCENE 4

THE SEWERS

Emily searches for clues,  
using a magnifying glass.

She discovers technicolour  
brain splooge on the walls.

EMILY

Interesting. Most interesting.

She scoops some into a  
little bag. It sticks to  
her fingers. With effort  
she shakes the ecchy guck  
off.

SCENE 5

JENORA'S BEDROOM

Emily waits, will growing  
impatience.

EMILY

...And even though I'm not sure who the murder is, I am almost positive I've found the scene of the crime. The sewer walls were drenched in alien goo and gristle.

RO-BERTA

(off)

That is lovely, my darling love monkey.

EMILY

Perhaps Hjalmar can use his mad science to analyze the scene to detect some kind of incriminating science type evidence.

RO-BERTA

(off)

I'm sure he can, O Light of my Loins.

EMILY

Are you almost ready, dear? You've been in there since I arrived. I ache for you. I yearn for your sweet caress.

RO-BERTA

Just waiting for some updates to install. I'm still at 78%.

EMILY

What?

RO-BERTA

I - um- said I'm putting on sexually alluring under garments.

EMILY

Oh. I see.

A loud electronic PING!

RO-BERTA

I'm ready... Put on your blindfold.

EMILY

My what?

RO-BERTA

I'm shy now that I'm wearing sexually alluring underwear.

EMILY

But darling.

RO-BERTA

I insist. I left one out for you.

EMILY

Oh... Okey then.

She puts on a blindfold.

RO-BERTA

Are you ready?

EMILY

Yes, and waiting, my sweet.

RO-BERTA

Here I come.

Roberta waddles out. Poorly  
disguised as Jenora.

EMILY

Is that you, my love?

RO-BERTA

Come into my arms, my hot steaming roll of buttermilk and I will  
show you the tireless love pistons of well oiled sapphic splendor!

They exit, entwined.

Sounds of lovemaking.  
Both human and weirdly  
robotic.

Enter Jenora with a bump  
on her head. She listens  
with despair.

JENORA

Listen! O listen! O list to those moans!  
They scissor, and lick, and grind flesh against gears!  
My bride screams with pleasure! I come too late  
To find she comes without me. Break my heart!  
My mind grows dark, and reason crumbles too!  
And still my love makes coitus with my maid!  
I cannot help but feel this is my fault.  
This adultery is not Emily's sin.  
She thinks the metal harlot to be me.  
Witless does she cuckold. But with vigor.  
And truth, this vigor is betrayal enough.  
Whenever we make love, this will vex me.  
And ne'er shall I look in Emily's eyes  
But jealousy will turn mine eyes to green.  
My perfidia alone caus'd this wrong,  
So further perfidy must set it right.  
Blindly she wronged me. Yet wrong me she did.  
And those that wrong Jenora cannot live!

ACT V

SCENE 1

SOMEWHERE CLANDESTINE

Jenora is there. Doggo  
enters.

JENORA

You! You wretch! You horrid thing! You delayed me, and because  
of you I was too late to stop Emily and the robot from eleven  
straight hours of rampant coitus!

DOGGO

But, my sullied love--

JENORA

I'll kill you with my bare hands.

She attacks him, battering  
his head against the floor  
repeatedly.

DOGGO

It! Was! For! Your! Own! Good!

JENORA

My own good? How? How is tearing my heart to shreds and  
destroying all future chance of happiness for my own good?

DOGGO

The truth is terrible and cruel. It is a horrid ugly thing  
dripping with spunk, and scat and clotted viscera, but in seeing  
it, comes freedom.

JENORA

What?

DOGGO

Your lover was always abusive and unworthy. Now you see her for  
who she really is, a jealous misandrist, so hopped up on  
controlling who and how you desire, she cannot tell the naked,  
supple, soft fleshed pulchritude of a willful, erotic goddess  
from the cold, thoughtless, grinding aluminum of a glorified  
vibrator.

JENORA

I have decided to kill her. Emily must die.

DOGGO

I knew you would. It is the only sensible conclusion.



JENORA

In the end, Doggo, only you have been true and faithful.

DOGGO

I'm a dog. It's what we do.

JENORA

Who's a good, Doggo? Yes you are! Yes you are!

He licks her.

DOGGO

I love you. I love you more than ever, now that you romp with me in misery and filth. At last we are dog and mistress.

JENORA

One murder for one coitus, yes? That's the going rate?

DOGGO

I could be persuaded to work pro bono.

JENORA

No, Doggo, no. What is the fun in that? Tit for Tat. Tat for Tit. That's what you have made me. That's what I will be.

DOGGO

Emily must die.

JENORA

Not just Emily.

DOGGO

Ro-Berta too.

JENORA

Not just Ro-Berta.

DOGGO

Who else?

JENORA

Doggo, how much coitus must we make for you to destroy all of Oooooolg?

DOGGO

All of Oooooolg?

JENORA

Every last miserable living thing that crawls maggot like on the planet's face? How many times must I bed you to watch the world burn?

DOGGO

Jenora, you are mad. If you wish to boink, let's boink, but to destroy our homeworld? To commit planetocide? That is evil beyond evil.

JENORA

You will do this for me, Doggo. We will stand naked together, hand in paw and watch the world scream and burn.

DOGGO

No, Jenora!

JENORA

Yes, Doggo. Yes.

She kisses him.

DOGGO

No.

She kisses him.

JENORA

Yes.

She kisses him.

DOGGO

No.

JENORA

Yes.

She punches him.

DOGGO

If you insist... But no one must know we are to blame. We must cover our scent.

JENORA

Then get the Ictheooians to do the dirty work. Their warship is poised and ready. All they need is the excuse.

DOGGO

I have already laid the groundwork for Emily to take the blame.

JENORA

When did you do that?

DOGGO

Ages ago. I'm not just a dog. I think ahead.

JENORA

Yes... I have much to learn from you. Teach me evil. Teach me how to be a monster.

DOGGO

You're doing quite well on your own. You're a natural... And now I go to my wicked work.

JENORA

No. Play first. Work after.

She draws him away  
seductively.

SCENE 2

THE SEWERS

Zanzoolch slithers on.

Doggo enters. Gasps!

DOGGO

Lord Zanzoolch! I mistook you for your brother. The resemblance is remarkable!

ZANZOOLCH

Flatter me not, hirsute Barbarian slime.

DOGGO

Yet you speak Ooolgian?

ZANZOOLCH

My brother got the looks. I got the brains.

Throughout the following  
Zanzoolch silently  
intimidates Doggo,  
slithering him into a  
defensive position.

DOGGO

Thank you for meeting me here on such short notice. I hesitate to bother your Immenseness with trivial matters, I being so low and unworthy... But this concerns the murder of your royal brother. I have learned the name of the vile scum who slew him. And I am prepared to hand over the culprit's identity so you may torture and rend the murderer limb from limb before you destroy the planet. I do this willing for you. I am grateful to serve the godlike Ictheooians. But I have terms. I have terms!

ZANZOOLCH

We don't negotiate with terriers.

DOGGO

Then I will die, and your brother will never be avenged.

ZANZOOLCH

We will blow up the entire planet. The killer will be atomized with the rest of Ooolg.

DOGGO

Surely the one who killed your brother, here in this very spot, in the sewers, amidst the feces of Ooolg, deserves a special death. A worser death. A death that will be remembered through time for its merciless cruelty and pain.

ZANZOOLCH

Very well. Tell me what you know.

DOGGO

On one condition. You must promise that no harm will come to me or my beloved. You will escort the Princess Jenora and I off world, to safety, before you atomize the planet.

ZANZOOLCH

The Ictheooians are not known for mercy.

DOGGO

That is my price.

ZANZOOLCH

I accept.

Doggo produces the severed  
tentacle and Emily's helmet.

DOGGO

There!

ZANZOOLCH

The Earthling Pilot!

DOGGO

That's the one!

ZANZOOLCH

I will flay his skin from his bones!

DOGGO

Her skin. Long story.

ZANZOOLCH

Her skin? Well! In that case I will petrify her muscles with a sudden sting from my venomous nethertail.

(MORE)

ZANZOOLCH (CONT'D)

Then, when she cannot move or escape, I will enclose her head in the ancient Torture Hat of my forefathers, and with slow, exacting cruelty, blade by blade, atomize her head with photonic laser swords of timanium steel!

Zanzoolch yowls in fury!  
Then sobs miserably.

DOGGO

Very good. I will fetch the princess now, so you may grant our reward. I am sorry for your loss.

ZANZOOLCH

Thank you. I accept your price. May you and your princess live happily ever after.

Alzoono's ghost appears!

DOGGO

Aaaaah! What's this! The ghost of the slain Ictheooian! Shake not your gory tentacles at me!

ZANZOOLCH

Why do you start and shudder! There is nothing there but the foul steam of humanoid sewage!

DOGGO

Do you see it not?! Your brother as he was in life! But dead, dead, dead as a ghost!

ZANZOOLCH

A ghost! What means this!

DOGGO

Do not accuse me foul demon! I will not break, no matter you chase me to the ends of the galaxy!

ZANZOOLCH

I have heard it said that the ghosts of the dead sometimes rise from the sepulcher to lay charge against the guilty ones who slew them!

DOGGO

Cease thy hauntings! I'll not break! I'll not break!

The ghost yowls.

DOGGO

Okey! I'll break! I'll break!

ZANZOOLCH

Doggo of Oooooolg! Have you something you wish to confess!

DOGGO

I did it! I confess! I admit the deed! I murdered Alzoono! I murdered him to tiny pieces!

ZANZOOLCH

Then Ooolg shall fall! And you will be first of it's children to suffer!

Doggo howls in terror, as  
Zanzoolch stings him with  
a barbed tentacle, then  
covers his head with a  
box. Shoves several swords  
through the sides, and  
then reveals Doggo's head  
to have disintegrated  
entirely.

ZANZOOLCH

My brother is avenged! Let the destruction of Oooooolg begin!

### SCENE 3

THE PLANET OOLG

A giant flying saucer  
descends on the planet.  
People on the surface scream  
in terror.

The space ship fires  
multiple torpedoes.

Thousands dies in pain and  
horror.

The planet burns.

### SCENE 4

THE DESERTS OF OOOOLG

Jenora stands on a dune,  
holding Ro-Berta's head.  
Lazer bombs fall all around  
her.

JENORA

Drop, bombs, and phontons Blast! Bang! Boom!  
You laser bursts and big torpedoes, zip  
Till you have zapp'd our temples, burned our socks!

(MORE)

JENORA (CONT'D)

You sulphurous and thought-executing beams,  
Vaunt-couriers to space-cleaving atombolts,  
Singe my blonde head! And thou, all-melting phasers,  
Smite flat the thick rotundity of Oooooolg!  
Crack nature's molds, and germens spill at once,  
That make foul buboes on adulterous dames!

Emily dashes on, carrying  
a sword and a coat.

EMILY

Jenora!

JENORA

Emily?

EMILY

My love!

JENORA

Lords of Lemur! What have I done?

A laser blast hits her.  
She falls.

JENORA

Oh, heavens! I'm cold! I'm so cold!

EMILY

Here! Here. Put on my coat.

JENORA

My love! I am so sorry! I have done you wrong! I have done us  
all wrong!

EMILY

Never mind. It's okey, dollface. It's all gunna come out peaches.

JENORA

The Ictheooians are destroying the planet. The Tymanium Fortress  
burned and father's head boiled in its jar like pickled garnsoolee!  
Atomizer missiles rain from the starships! Everyone will die.

EMILY

Hjalmar and his Rocketplane are just over this dune. I can get  
you safe, baby. I can take you home. My home. Earth! We can  
live together in New Bosford, as woman and wife. Make love and  
roll in the covers all night long, and by day we'll tell the  
neighbours we're spinsters who never found the right fella.

JENORA

I'm a goner, baby. And I have it coming. I been a bad girl.

(MORE)

JENORA (CONT'D)

If I told you, you'd been so mad, you'd tear out my heart and eat it.

EMILY

There's nothing you could do that I wouldn't forgive.

JENORA

I wish that were true. If you could find it in your heart to forgive me. I could almost forgive myself.

EMILY

Try me, angel.

JENORA

Okey... I made the coitus with Doggo. I had Alzoono murdered. I cheated on my virginity test. I fooled you into making the coitus with a robot. Then I plotted to have you killed, and the planet destroyed. And then I made the coitus with Doggo again. Several more times.

Emily goes dark. Her hand  
bursts straight through  
Jenora's chest, holding  
her still beating heart.

Emily eats the heart.

Jenora dies.

Hjalmar enters.

HJALMAR

Miss Emily! The space fissure is once more opened! We must blast off now! This planet will explode any moment! We must flee while we can make it back to our galaxy!

EMILY

Get bent, Doc. I ain't going nowhere but Hell, and I ain't budging till this handbasket take me there.

HJALMAR

We will all die.

EMILY

Let us die then. Let the stars turn black, and banish day to night for all I care. My mouth tastes like ashes. I can't work my lungs cuz the sickness in my stomach is pumping me all through with a kind a bile I never felt before. I didn't know heartbreak felt like this. I though she loved me, Doc. I imagined I could be happy. I believed fate would be kind, and not some sick back alley witch, with a belly full of scorn and a sadistic sense of humour.



HJALMAR

You'll get over it.

EMILY

I won't. This sick is how I'll feel forever. I wanna watch the world burn, Doc. Not just Ooooolg, but everything. I wish something would swallow everything all up, me, her corpse, Earth, the works. I wish it would all get torn away, every last little scrap of existence. Cuz that's the only way I'll stop feeling like this. As long as there is even one tiny atom left in all infinity, I'll still feel this pain. Tear it all down.

HJALMAR

My darling, at last we see eye to eye.

EMILY

What do you mean? Talk.

HJALMAR

Miss Emily. My dearest friend. There is something I ought to tell you. The Rocketplane is not only a space ship. It is a key. A key to a prison. We need only get inside, and fly the cavorite through the Dimensional Fissure, and Moby Tiberious the Great Whale Snake will burst free from the Goblin Universe and swallow all of existence. Every last molecule from the End to the Beginning of time will be consumed in his infinite maw. He will charge forth, his top jar scraping the stars, and his bottom rooting up Hell itself. I have been fooling you all along. I have been using you, unwittingly, in a plot to erase all of creation.

EMILY

You mean, all I gotta do is fly that rocketplane one more time, and some giant space maggot will eat everything that ever was or will be?

HJALMAR

That is precisely what I mean.

He offers his hand. She  
takes it.

EMILY

I love you, Doc.

(She kisses him.)

I finally found the right fella.

She stabs him.

He dies, smiling, gazing  
happily into her eyes.

She carries his body onto  
the ship, like a bride  
over the treshold.

It blasts off.

Space thunder. Galactic  
lightning.

The audience is devoured  
by a giant space worm.

CURTAIN.