



**A Situation Comedy in Space**

**SERIES 6<sup>1/2</sup> : Episode 0**

**'Into the Gloop'**

**BY**

**ROB GRANT**

**Director: Ed Bye**  
**Producer: Paul Jackson**

**(RUNNING TIME: Zero Hours)**

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## CAST

LISTER	Raphael Clarkson
RIMMER	Harmony Hewlett
KRYTEN	Ellie Griffiths
CAT	Nikola Skalova
YOUNG RIMMER	Loïc Baucherel

# RED DWARF

## 1. OPENING TITLES

### 2. MODEL SHOT. STARBUG IN SPACE

*Zoom in on Starbug, battered and blasted, barely maintaining hull integrity.*

#### CAPTION

The action takes place at the end of episode 6, season 6, *Out of Time*. Senselessly attacked by their future selves, the crew are dead at their posts ...

### 3. INT. STARBUG COCKPIT

*Smoking, fizzing. The odd console fire. **LISTER**, **KRYTEN** and **CAT** are face down and lifeless at their stations.*

***RIMMER** – in his hard light form – is standing by the hatch, horrified by the devastation ...  
A console beside him explodes, snapping him into action.  
He grabs a bazookoid and heads off into ...*

### 4. INT. STARBUG BOWELS

*Lots of smoke and little fires. Red flashing emergency lights and awooga siren. **RIMMER** staggers along, rocked by exploding panels and falling debris.  
He spots what he's looking for – the Anywhen time machine. If he can destroy that, none of this nightmare will have happened.  
He raises the bazookoid.  
There is a metallic creaking above.  
**RIMMER** looks up. A huge girder crashes down on him, literally squashing him, concertina-style, like he's Wile E. Coyote.  
He staggers clear, like a flattened cartoon, and lurches on, stretching back to his normal shape with each step.*

[THIS TOOK ME 30 SECONDS TO TYPE. IT WILL COST ED AT LEAST THREE PRODUCTION DAYS, PLANNING, SHOOTING AND EDITING.]

*He picks up the bazookoid again, as he fires, he loses his footing.*

*Rather than destroying the machine, he has winged it. A smoking unit falls from it and hits the deck.*

*Suddenly, everything goes a bit wibbly.*

*A wave pulses from the machine and multiple iterations of **RIMMER** suddenly emanate from him simultaneously. Bewildered, he looks along the row of **RIMMERS**, each looking less and less similar to him.*

[ANOTHER THREE DAYS FOR ED, EASY]

*The image balloons. There is a reverse suction noise and the **RIMMERS** all resolve into one.*

*A completely unrecognisable **RIMMER**. Who is now a female. He/she doesn't notice.*

*The corridor is no longer damaged – no smoke, no alarms.*

***RIMMER** turns and races back towards ...*

## **5. INT. STARBUG COCKPIT**

*No sign of any damage.*

*The crew, still face down, are beginning to stir.*

***RIMMER** sprints in.*

**RIMMER**

Lister! Cat! Is everyone OK?

***CAT** – who is also now, obviously, a female – straightens up and checks her attire.*

**CAT**

Lapels slightly squiffoo, scuff on left winklepicker, hair needs a little tweaking. Aside from that, yes, everyone's OK. Apart from the others.

RIMMER

Lister?

CAT

Wait a minute!

*CAT is riffling around in the trouser department.*

CAT

(EYES WIDEN) Sweet Holy Mother! I lost my nuggs! (WIDER STILL) And where's old Mr Stretchy?!

KRYTEN

(RISING) Indeed Mr slash Ms Cat. We all appear to have switched gender.

RIMMER

What? (LOOKS DOWN AT HERSELF) All of us?

*We hear a very large, manly belch from **LISTER**'s direction.*

KRYTEN

Ah! Apparently Mr Lister has been spared.

LISTER

(SNAPPING INTO ACTION) Where? What's going on? Did we win?

RIMMER

If you mean "Did we defeat the enemy?", then yes. If you mean "Did we survive?", that's less of a yes.

LISTER

We *died*? What d'you mean?

KRYTEN

I have a theory, but we'll need to check the Anywhen time device.

The **CREW** filter out after **KRYTEN**.

LISTER

Rimmer? Are you trying to peek at your own cleavage?

RIMMER

I don't know how women get anything done. I really don't ...

**6. INT.**

**STARBUG BOWELS**

*KRYTEN is examining the Anywhen time device.  
The others look on.*

KRYTEN

Ah, yes. I believe this is the problem ...

*KRYTEN stoops and picks up the unit RIMMER blasted off.*

KRYTEN

Mr Rimmer, ma'am ... I believe when you attempted to destroy the machine, your shot failed to *completely* hit the target.

LISTER

He *missed*?

RIMMER

The ship was on the brink of falling apart, everyone I knew was dead, and a girder such as New York builders might once have taken lunch on crashed on my head and flattened me to the size and shape of a manhole with boots on. Forgive me if I wasn't Deadeye Dick.

LISTER

To us, Rimmer, you'll always be Deadeye Dick.

CAT

So what did he shoot?

KRYTEN

I'm afraid he destroyed the unreality field inhibitor.

LISTER

(To **RIMMER**) Man, how many times have I told you not to destroy the unreality field inhibitor? Whatever you do, do *not* to destroy the unreality field inhibitor. How many times?

RIMMER

(EYES FLIT LEFT AND RIGHT) ... None?

CAT

He's right. What's an unreality fieldy ma-thing?

KRYTEN

This device was protected by an unreality field, making it virtually impossible to find. However, once in the vicinity of the device, the field cut out, creating a bubble of safe space, where the normal laws of physics apply.

LISTER

And when Calamity Jane shot it off ...

KRYTEN

... he destroyed the failsafe, and unleashed countless unrealities simultaneously. We are trapped in one such unreality.

LISTER

So ... how do we get back?

KRYTEN

Get back to where, sir? In the actual reality we escaped, we're all dead.

CAT

So there's no going back? We're stuck with this?  
(APPRAISES HERSELF AND BRIGHTENS) I can make this work.

LISTER

So, this is as handsome as I'm ever going to be?

KRYTEN

Let's hope so, sir. I'm beginning to worry this reality is unstable.

LISTER

Why?

KRYTEN

Well, one of my biggest clues was that the Anywhen device has now turned into a machine dispensing lightly used Japanese gym knickers.

LISTER

(FIDDLING IN POCKETS) Anyone got a yen?

KRYTEN

... and the second clue was that Mr Rimmer now appears to be nine years old.

*They turn. RIMMER is, indeed, a boy.*

YOUNG RIMMER

Don't be preposterous! I ... Why is my voice so juvenile?

CAT

This is all your fault, little goalpost head.

YOUNG RIMMER

Oh, here we go. Blame Rimmer. Nothing I ever do is good enough for you lot, is it?

LISTER

Rimmer – you literally destroyed reality.

YOUNG RIMMER

(PAUSE) That *is* a hard one to play down.

LISTER

OK. So we're in an unstable reality. We can handle it. We're the boys ... and girls from the Dwarf!



KRYTEN

Admirable bravado, Mr Lister, sir. However, that's not even the bad news.

LISTER

There's worse?

KRYTEN

Much worse, I'm afraid.

LISTER

We're stuck with the right memories in the wrong bodies, in a reality where there are basically no rules, and nobody has any Japanese currency for the panty machine. How could things get worse?

KRYTEN

Here ...

*KRYTEN crosses to a monitor displaying the local star systems, and points at a single star.*

KRYTEN

This binary system ...

YOUNG RIMMER

Pardon me, bucket head, but a binary system requires two stars.

KRYTEN

Precisely.

YOUNG RIMMER

Well, I may be barely out of nappies, but I'm pretty sure I can count to two, and that, you rubber johnny bonce, is one. Uno. And ... whatever the German for one is.

CAT

Woah. Let's rewind here: go back to the part where somebody explains to me (LOUDER) why I have no nuggs?

LISTER

What are you saying, Krytes?

KRYTEN

This star ... it just ... went out.

LISTER

What? Went nova?

KRYTEN

No. It simply ... turned off.

LISTER

Like a light bulb.

KRYTEN

It's the fifth such star to vanish in the last three minutes.

YOUNG RIMMER

OK. It sounds to me like we're in a spot of trouble. Now, I may currently have to my name but one single pubic hair, nonetheless, I am still the senior rank on this vessel and I hereby commandeer the escape pod ...

CAT

Wow. I thought he was annoying when he was a grown-up.

*CAT thumps the knicker machine. It becomes the Anywhen drive again.  
Pop! And **RIMMER** returns as before.*

KRYTEN

Emergency Passive/Aggressive mode. Thumping the machine is possibly not a *magnificent* idea, Ms Cat, ma'am. Literally anything could happen.

RIMMER

All right, stars are disappearing randomly. Is that bad?

KRYTEN

I'm afraid what it means is: we are trapped in a derelict timeline.

RIMMER

(BEAT) Is *that* bad?

KRYTEN

This is, essentially, a fossilised universe.

RIMMER

(BEAT) Is *that* bad?

KRYTEN

It is entering the final stage of entropy. All matter will inevitably transform into ... grey gloop.

RIMMER

(BEAT) Is *that* bad?

LISTER

*Everything* turns into grey gloop?

KRYTEN

Everything.

CAT

(BEAT) Is *that* what happened to my nug-nugs?

LISTER

This is where it ends? My whole life has been leading to the moment where everything and everyone turns into grey gloop?

CAT

(BEAT) Is there a choice of gloop colour? Something a little more purple?

KRYTEN

I'm afraid not.

CAT

OK. I can work with grey.

RIMMER

Right. Well. Another triumphant result for the intrepid Space Corps adventurers, Idiot Branch. I want you to know something, Listy, me old buckaroo: since I met you, my life has been unremittingly miserable. A relentless parade of frustrations, insults, insubordination, practical jokes – some of which occasionally almost killed me – the sex life of a comatose eunuch, let's not forget actually dying, and now, grey gloop. And it's all thanks to you, my friend. You're the hero of my life story. You are the wind beneath my wings. A wind that's fierce, foul and redolent of stale vindaloo.

LISTER

Oh, bring on the glooping! I now can't wait.

*Suddenly, the monitor goes blank.*

KRYTEN

Not long now, sirs and ma'ams. I suggest you make your peace.

*KRYTEN starts unscrewing her arm.*

LISTER

What are you doing, Kryten?

KRYTEN

I'm storing myself away in my original packaging, sir.

RIMMER

*Why?*

KRYTEN

(SHRUGS) It's a mechanoid thing.

*The lights flicker. There is a terrible melty grindy sound from the hull. We hear the sound of gloop splurging their way.*

LISTER

All right. So this is it. But it's only it for us. Somewhere out there, there's another us, in a better reality, surfing the star waves, hungry for adventure. Sure, they're not exactly us, but they're almost the same.

CAT

No way are they as cool.

LISTER

No way as cool, no way as good. But they've got almost our memories, and they'll find, fun, adventure, and maybe even love. It's not the end for the Red Dwarf posse. Not even nearly the end.

RIMMER

I'd be considerably more moved by that lovely oration if your legs hadn't started turning into grey gloop.

*LISTER looks down. It's true.*

LISTER

Well, I never liked dancin'. Bye dudes. It's been unreal.

*The gloop has reached LISTER's neck*

LISTER

And by the way, Arnold. You've always been a smeghead.

*Pop! And LISTER's gloop.*

RIMMER

Just had to, didn't he?

*KRYTEN is now glooped up to the neck.*

KRYTEN

I'm afraid, ma'ams, high tea will probably be late ...

*Pop! And KRYTEN's gloop.*

*RIMMER and CAT look at each other, waiting for the other to go first.*

*CAT looks down. She's glooping.*

CAT

Well, clearly the gloop don't care about style.

*Pop! And CAT's gloop. RIMMER is alone. She looks around.*

RIMMER

Yes! (PUNCHES THE AIR) I am the last thing alive in this universe! I win!

*As the gloop creeps up her ...*

RIMMER

Rejoice, I conquerrrrrrrr ...

## **7. MODEL SHOT. STARBUG IN GLOOP**

*Gloop starts to consume the vessel as RIMMER'S voice echoes away as gloop consumes the screen.*

### **CLOSING CREDITS**

An amalgam of classic shots from the first six seasons, the cast all turn to gloop in each one.

[SUCK ON THAT, MR BYE]