

red dwarf

season one part 1

The End

Future Echoes

Balance of Power

The End

RED DWARF CORRIDOR.

LISTER: (*singing*) To Gannymede and Titan, yes sir, I've been around...

RIMMER: Lister. **Have you ever been hit over** the head with a welding mallet? No? Stop that and push the trolley.

LISTER: Yes, sir, Rimmer! I'm only **humming!**

RIMMER: Well **don't...** Lister, don't hum and don't make any stupid sounds with your cheeks... Lister, **one more** sound, anything, and you're **on report**, my lad. What job number's this? Right! **That's it!** "Lister, D., Third Technician. Offense: obstructing a superior technician **by** humming, clicking, and **being** quiet." When the Captain **sees** this you're dead.

LISTER: Rimmer, **I'm bored!**

RIMMER: Bored?! This is essential routine maintenance! It's absolutely **vital** for the **well-being** of this crew, this mission, and this ship. "Dispenser 172: chicken soup nozzle **clogged.**" **Pass** me a 14B, Lister. Lister, is this a 14B? Does it look **even remotely** like a 14B? **THIS** is a 14B, Lister. **THIS** is a 14F. Are you blind?!

LISTER: **Who cares?**

RIMMER: I care, Lister! It's my career, Lister. I'm **the one who gets it in the neck** if an officer **comes along**, orders chicken soup, and gets black currant cordial with blancmange and two creams and a sugar.

LISTER: It's stupid **anyway**, all this maintenance **business**. The only reason they don't give this job to the service robots is they've got a better **union** than us.

RIMMER: Lister, that is absolute **nonsense**. Right. What's next? "Botanical gardens: **faulty** power circuit. In corridor 147: sticking door."

LISTER: It's true, you know, **though**, Rimmer. You **rank below** all four of those service robots. **Even the one** that's **gone** absolutely mad.

RIMMER: Well, Lister, **not for long**, matey. Up, up, up! **That's where** I'm going!

LISTER: **Not until** you **pass** your engineer's exam. And you won't do that because you'll just **go in there** and **flunk** again.

RIMMER: Lister, last time I **only** failed **by the narrowest of narrow margins**.

LISTER: **You what?** You walked in there, wrote, "I am a fish," four hundred times, did a funny little dance, and **fainted**.

RIMMER: That's a total lie!

LISTER: No, it's not! Petersen told me.

RIMMER: Lister, if you must know, **what I did was** I wrote a discourse on power circuits which was **simply** too radical, too unconventional, too **mould-breaking for the examiners to accept.**

LISTER: Yeah. You said you **were** a fish.

RIMMER: **Is that** a cigarette you're smoking, Lister?

LISTER: No, it's a chicken.

RIMMER: Right! You're on report. Two times **in as many minutes,** Lister! I don't know.

TODHUNTER: Rimmer, Lister. I'm just going through MacIntyre's artifacts, and I see that you've **filed** 247 complaints... against Lister. That's 123 counts of **insulting** a superior technician, 39 counts of dereliction of duty, 84 counts of general insubordination, and one count of mutiny. Mutiny, Lister?

LISTER: I stood on his toe.

RIMMER: Maliciously, and with intent to wound.

LISTER: It was an accident!

RIMMER: Lister, **I put it to you,** how is it possible to stand on one small toe **by accident?** You didn't stand on my toe at all, you stood on my entire foot, thereby obstructing a superior technician in pursuit of vital duty.

LISTER: But the vital duty was **him going to snap** my guitar **in half!**

RIMMER: Whereupon you leapt from the top bunk onto **the whole of** my right foot.

TODHUNTER: All right, **that's enough.**

RIMMER: **Had there been** a crisis situation, Lister, I **would have had to** perform my duties hopping, clearly **putting the ship at risk,** clearly therefore mutiny.

TODHUNTER: **Finished?**

RIMMER: However, I'm not a vindictive man, so I don't **intend to apply for** the death penalty.

TODHUNTER: **There** are 169 people on this ship. You, Rimmer, are over one man. Why can't you two **get on?**

LISTER: **You see,** I try, sir. I'm not an insubordinate man **by nature.** I **try and respect** Rimmer and everything, but it's not easy, 'cause he's **such a smeghead.**

RIMMER: Did you hear that, sir? Lister, do you have any conception of the penalty **for describing** a superior technician as a smeghead?

TODHUNTER: Oh, Rimmer. You are a smeghead.

RIMMER: You heard that! **With respect,** sir, your career's finished, Todhunter!

DRIVE ROOM.

HOLLISTER: We're all **gathered** here today to pay our last respects to George MacIntyre. George was an excellent officer and **as good of a friend as anyone could ever hope to have**. And he'll **be missed** more deeply and more completely than he could ever know. And now I commend his ashes to the stars he loves so much. Goodbye George, we'll miss you. This is a piece of music he specially requested. Start the tape please, Holly.

LISTER: **There goes** MacIntyre. Goodbye George.

RIMMER: You touch that guitar, Lister, I'll **remove** the E string and garrotte you with it.

LISTER: Can I do anything? **Is it OK** if I breathe? Can I breathe?

RIMMER: Lister, I have an exam tomorrow, which I intend to pass.

LISTER: I know, yeah. **By cheating**.

RIMMER: (holding up his arm covered in writing) This is not cheating! It's merely an aid to memory. Helps me marshal the facts already in my command.

LISTER: **What does? Copying** the entire textbooks onto your body? **Why don't you hand** your body in and let them **mark** that?

RIMMER: Lister, do you think it's easy for **someone** like me to become an officer? Someone who wasn't Academy educated? Someone who didn't have the right nobby background? Someone who didn't have the right parents?

LISTER: You didn't have the right parents? Whose parents did you have?

RIMMER: My parents. **The wrong** parents.

LISTER: I'm just saying, you know, if you can't pass **fair and square, why bother?**

RIMMER: Well, you would, Lister, because you've got no ambition, no **drive**. You're perfectly **content** to be the lowest rank on the ship.

LISTER: I'm not the lowest rank on this ship. What about the laboratory mice? I tell those mice to do something, they've got to jump to it.

RIMMER: Lister, you are **a nothing**.

LISTER: I'm not a nothing! I've got my plan.

RIMMER: **What's that**, the plan to be the **slobbiest** entity in the entire universe?

LISTER: No. My five-year plan. **You see**, I'm going to do **two more** trips. And **I've been saving up** all my **pay--**

RIMMER: **Since when?**

LISTER: Since always. That's why I never buy any soap or deodorant or socks or anything like that, you know. **Anyway,**

I'm going to **buy myself** a little farm on Fiji. And I'm going to **get** a sheep and a cow, and breed horses.

RIMMER: With a sheep and a cow?

LISTER: No, with horses and horses.

RIMMER: On Fiji?

LISTER: Yeah! The prices there are unbelievable.

RIMMER: Yes, because they had a volcanic eruption and now **most of** Fiji's three feet **below sea level!**

LISTER: It's only three feet. They can wade. That's why the animals **are gonna have to** be quite tall.

RIMMER: Nice plan, Lister. Excellent plan! Brilliant plan, Lister! What about the sheep? What are you going to do, buy them water-wings? **Fit them with stilts? Better still**, you could cross-breed them with dolphins and have leaping mutton.

LISTER: You can get a drainage **grant these days**.

RIMMER: **Why bother**, Lister? You could be the first man to produce wet-look knitwear.

LISTER: Look, **this is why** I never **ever** said anything to you, 'cause I knew **you'd** say something like this.

RIMMER: Lister, you've got the brain of a cheese sandwich. "Mornin', Farmer Lister! I'm just **poppin'** down to the shops in my submarine. Can I buy you anything?"

HOLLY: The "Welcome Back George MacIntyre" reception **is about to** begin in the refectory. George says he'd like to invite everybody, especially **those who weren't able to** attend his funeral.

MESS HALL.

PETERSEN: Have you read Rimmer's arm?

CHEN: No, I'm waiting **for it to come out** in paperback!

LISTER: Petersen, have you got a quarter? **I've just been shown this** great new intelligence test. **What you've gotta do is force** the coin onto your forehead. And then **the more times** you can **bang** yourself on the head, the more intelligent you are. You gonna **go for it?** Ready? OK. **Can** you feel it?

PETERSEN: Yep.

LISTER: Go!

At the front of the room

HOLLISTER: Folks, today is a day for **both** sadness and joy. Sadness, for **the passing away of** George, and joy, because George is back with us -- albeit as a hologram. Now some of you **may not have travelled** with a hologram before, so I ask you to **treat** him as a normal man, because he is in every respect like George. He has George's personality and George's **knowledge** and **experience**. Of course, he can't lift anything or touch anything, so I ask you to cooperate with

his requests. And please, **take every care not to** walk through him, **not even when you're in a hurry**. Thank you.

MACINTYRE: I want to thank everybody **for giving** me such a **marvellous** funeral. I've just seen the vid. And I want to thank the Captain for his beautiful eulogy. Beautiful. But I still don't understand why he didn't use **the one** I wrote. This **must** seem pretty **spooky** for everyone, but I don't **want you to think of me as** someone who's dead, **more** as someone who's **no longer** a **threat to** your marriages. I think Joe knows what I'm talking about. As you know, Holly's only **capable of** sustaining one hologram. So, my advice to anyone more vital to the mission than me is: if you die, I'll kill you.

TODHUNTER: Please be upstanding for the cutting of the cake. Flight Coordinator George MacIntyre.

HOLLISTER: OK. Just one thing before the disco, Holly tells me that he's sensed a non-human life form aboard.

LISTER: Sir, it's Rimmer!

HOLLISTER: We don't know what **it is**, Lister. So just be careful, OK?

LISTER: I'm **turning you in**, Rimmer.

SLEEPING QUARTERS. RIMMER IS WEARING SHORTS AND EVERY VISIBLE PART OF HIS SKIN IS COVERED WITH NOTES.

RIMMER: Right. They're **bound to** ask the right thigh, which is 10 per cent. They must ask the left thigh, which is 20 per cent. They've got to ask one of the forearms. Which means **I've passed already!** Anything on the left shin's a bonus! Right. CUTIE: Current under tension is ... what's this? Current under tension is equal? Current under tension is expandable? Current under tension is expensive? What does this mean? What does any of it mean? I've covered my body **in** complete and utter and total absolute nonsense **gibberish!** Aaaargh! Just relax, relax, relax, relax-- Er, plus 20 per cent of the ship's course minus the Pythagoras theorem multiplied by two over the X axis minus one equals the total velocity of Red Dwarf, which means I know everything about astro-engineering. Good morning, Lister, **for probably the last time.**

LISTER: **You've got it all down**, have you, Rimmer?

RIMMER: Couple of **blanks** (slapping his buttocks) but I think **we're there.**

LISTER: So you can't remember anything?

RIMMER: Think what you will, Lister.

LISTER: Rimmer, F-I-S-H, **that's how you spell "fish."** Then you just **keel over.** I'm sure **it'll all come flooding back to you.**

RIMMER: **Dry up**, Lister.

The intercom honks.

HOLLY: Will entrants for the engineer's examination now **make their way to** the teaching room.

LISTER: Well, Rimmer, honestly, good luck.

RIMMER: It's all right, Lister. I'm **in complete and total control.** (leaves)

Lister opens the grating and lifts out a large black cat

LISTER: Oh, but you're getting really big now, you know? I hope it's not twins. You've already got all my milk ration. **Never mind**, when the baby cat comes, maybe we can give him water and pretend it's milk. It's only a baby cat, it won't **know**, eh? Do you want to see my picture of Fiji again, Frankie? You're going to **love it** there. Look.

DRIVE ROOM.

LISTER: Hi. Where's the Captain's office?

KOCHANSKI: **Over there, where it says** "Captain's Office." Where **it's always said** "Captain's Office."

LISTER: Do you know what **he wants** to see me **for**?

KOCHANSKI: Yes, I think **you've been promoted** to Admiral.

LISTER: Oh yeah?

KOCHANSKI: Yeah. For your diligence and general devotion to duty.

Lister reports to Captain Hollister.

LISTER: You asked to see me, Captain?

HOLLISTER: Where's the cat?

LISTER: What? **What** cat?

HOLLISTER: Lister, **not only** are you so stupid you bring aboard an unquarantined animal and jeopardise every man and woman on this ship -- not only that -- but you **take** a photograph of yourself with the cat and send it to be processed in the ship's lab. Now, I'm going to ask you again, do you have a cat?

LISTER: No.

HOLLISTER: (holding up a photo) Have you got a cat?

LISTER: Er, yes, **that one.**

HOLLISTER: **Don't** you realise that that thing **could be carrying** anything? Don't you remember what happened on the "Oregon" with the rabbits? Lister, a **loose** animal aboard this ship could get anywhere. It could get into the air ducts. It could get into Holly. You know, a little nibble here and a little nibble there, Lister, and **before you know it** we're flying backwards. **Now**, I want that cat, and I want it now.

LISTER: Sir, just **suppose** I **did** have a cat. Just suppose. What would you do with Frankenstein?

HOLLISTER: I'd send it down to the medical centre, and I'd have it cut up and tests run on it.

LISTER: Would you put it back together when you'd finished?

HOLLISTER: Lister, the cat would be dead.

LISTER: So, with respect, sir, what's in it for the cat?

HOLLISTER: Lister, give me that cat!

LISTER: It's not as easy as that! Me and the cat, we're going to have a baby cat, and we're going to buy a farm on Fiji, and we're going to have a sheep and a cow and three horses, it's my plan, and no one can get in the way of it, not even you, and I do respect you!

HOLLISTER: Lister, do you want to go into stasis for the rest of the trip and forfeit 18 months' wages?

LISTER: No.

HOLLISTER: Do you want to give me that cat?

LISTER: No!

HOLLISTER: Choose.

CORRIDOR.

TODHUNTER: Look, today, no one wants to go through with this.

LISTER: It's okay, I can handle it. Rimmer, are you all right?

RIMMER: I can't really remember. I think I did quite well.

LISTER: Is this going to hurt?

TODHUNTER: Haven't you ever travelled interstellar? Oh, you don't feel a thing. The stasis room creates a static field of time. See, just as X-rays can't pass through lead, time cannot penetrate a stasis field. So, although you exist, you no longer exist in time, and for you time itself does not exist. You see, although you're still a mass, you are no longer an event in space-time, you are a non-event mass with a quantum probability of zero.

LISTER: Oh. Simple as that, eh? OK, I'm ready.

TODHUNTER: See you in 18 months. Holly, activate the stasis field.

HOLLY: OK, Frank.

STASIS BOOTH.

HOLLY: Good morning, Dave. It is now safe for you to emerge from stasis.

LISTER: Haven't I just gone in?

HOLLY: Please proceed to the Drive Room for debriefing.

LISTER: Where is everybody, Hol?

HOLLY: They're dead, Dave. They're all dead. Everybody's dead, Dave.

LISTER: Wait. Are you trying to tell me everybody's dead?

HOLLY: I wish I'd never let him out in the first place.

LISTER: How?

HOLLY: The drive plate was inefficiently repaired. It **blew**, and the entire crew was subjected to a lethal dose of cadmium 2 before I could seal the area.

LISTER: Oh, this is terrible. And why is it so dirty around here, Hol? What is this **stuff**?

HOLLY: That is Catering Officer Olaf Petersen.

LISTER: Aaaah! I've been eating half the crew! And who's that?

HOLLY: That's Second Technician Rimmer.

LISTER: Oh, yeah? I didn't recognise him without his report book. What was Rimmer doing in the Drive Room?

HOLLY: He was explaining to the Captain why he hadn't sealed the drive plate **properly**.

LISTER: So wait on. How long was I in stasis?

HOLLY: Well, I couldn't release you until the radiation reached a safe background level.

LISTER: How long?

HOLLY: Three million years.

LISTER: Three million years?! I've still got that library book. And what about Krissie? What about Krissie Kochanski?

HOLLY: She's dead, Dave. I **don't suppose** it's any **consolation**, but if she **were** still alive, the **age difference** would be insurmountable.

LISTER: She was part of my plan. I never **got round to telling** her, but she **was going to** come with me to Fiji. She was going to wear a white dress and ride the horses and I was going to **take care of** everything else. It was my plan. I planned it.

HOLLY: Well, she **won't be much use to you** on Fiji now. **Not unless** it snows and you need something **to grit the path with**. Sorry. I'm sorry **about** that. **I've been on my own** for three million years, and **I'm just used to saying** what I think. I think **I've gone** a bit **peculiar, to tell you the truth**.

LISTER: So everyone's dead? I'm on my own? There's just me?

HOLLY: Well, **technically speaking**, yes.

LISTER: **What do you mean**, "technically speaking?"

RIMMER: Hello, Lister. **Long time no see**.

LISTER: Rimmer! You're a hologram?!

RIMMER: Yes. **That's because** I'm dead. Dead as a can of spam. And it's all **thanks to you**.

LISTER: Me? What did I do?

RIMMER: If you **hadn't kept** that stupid cat, Lister, and **hadn't been sent** to stasis, I **would have had** some help when I **was mending** the drive plate, and I wouldn't be dead.

LISTER: What does it feel like?

RIMMER: Death? It's like being on holiday with a group of Germans.

LISTER: No, I mean being a hologram.

RIMMER: Do you mind? Being a hologram is fine, Lister. I still have the same drives, the same feelings, the same emotions, but I can't touch anything. **Never again will I be able to brush** a rose against my cheek, **cradle** a laughing child, or **interfere with** a woman sexually.

LISTER: Rimmer, you never **used to** do any of **those things anyway!**

RIMMER: But I **would have done one day**, murderer!

LISTER: Hey, hey! I didn't do anything! **It was you who** didn't **fix** the drive plates properly.

RIMMER: Is this me here?

LISTER: Yeah. Come on, Rimmer, **look on the bright side.**

RIMMER: The bright side? What bright side? I'm dead, I'm composed entirely of light, and I'm alone in space with a man who'd lose **a battle of wits** with a stuffed iguana. Where's the bright side?

LISTER: What's an iguana? Look, you're not dead, are ya? I mean, you're dead! But you're not dead dead, because you're still here, aren't you?

RIMMER: Lister, I'm not really here! I'm not really me! **Don't** you see? I'm a computer simulation of me. That's me, there, that pile of albino mouse droppings.

LISTER: Come on. Lots of people **have died**. Lots of people have died and then **gone on** and **done** really, really well. You're a hologram. **So what?**

RIMMER: I **suppose** you're right, Lister. I've got to **pull myself together**. But you've got to help me. You've got to be my hands and my touch.

LISTER: I know **the sort of things** you like to touch. **No way**, Rimmer. **Forget it.**

RIMMER: Are you smoking, Lister? In the Drive Room?

LISTER: Yeah. I stopped **for quite a while**, but I'm back on them now.

RIMMER: You're on report, squire. I can't **write it down**. I'll remember it.

LISTER: Rimmer, look, I know it's wrong **of** me to speak ill of the dead **and all that**, but you're still a smeghead.

RIMMER: I **beg your pardon?**

LISTER: I said, you're still a smeghead.

RIMMER: Lister, do you have any conception of the penalty for describing a deceased superior technician as a smeghead?

ANOTHER CORRIDOR.

CAT: How am I looking? Looking nice. No, **wait a minute.** I'm looking better than nice. I'm looking dangerous. Hey, what's that? Oh, it's my shadow. Hey, **even** my shadow's looking nice! I'm looking nice, my shadow's looking nice -- **what a team!** We are unbelievable! OK, team, this way. No, this way.

RIMMER: Lister, just **hold your horses.** Listen to me-

CAT: Uh oh. **Better make myself look** big! Hee hee! **Fearsome.** I was fearsome!

LISTER: Aaahhh! Holly, what was that?

HOLLY: During the radioactive crisis, Dave, your cat and her kittens were safely sealed in the hold. And **they've been breeding** there for three million years, and have evolved into the life form you just saw in the corridor.

LISTER: I don't **get it.**

HOLLY: Well, you know how mankind **evolved** from apes?

LISTER: Yeah, I know that.

HOLLY: He evolved from cats. His ancestors were cats. He's descended from cats. He is a cat.

RIMMER: **Stand back,** Lister.

SLEEPING QUARTERS.

LISTER: **Here you go,** Cat.

CAT: Ah, Krispies!

LISTER: Holly says you **like these.**

CAT: You monkeys eat **off** the floor? Ain't you got no style or **sophistication?** You people are unbelievable.

LISTER: But where are all the other little kitties? Are they **gone?** Are they dead? Have they left you?

RIMMER: **Who cares? I want it off the ship!**

LISTER: No! He's coming home with us, aren't you, Cat?

RIMMER: Home? And where exactly **is home supposed to be?**

LISTER: Earth.

RIMMER: Earth? **What makes you think there'll** be any Earth, Lister? And **even if there is,** look what **it's done** to a **household pet in** three million years. Can you imagine what humankind has evolved into? **To** them, you'll be the equivalent of the slime that **first** crawled out of the oceans.

LISTER: I could **smarten myself up** a bit.

RIMMER: Naah. You're a dinosaur. You're **extinct.** You've got nothing.

LISTER: Hey! I've still got my plan. And I've still got a cat. Ok, it's not Frankenstein, but it's still a cat.

CAT: Did you say Frankenstein?

LISTER: Yeah. She was your great great great great great great grandmother or something.

CAT: The Holy Mother? The Virgin Birth? No one believes that **stuff!**

LISTER: No, it was a big black tom on Titan.

CAT: Frankenstein, yeah! I remember that stuff from kitty school. The Holy Mother, saved by Cloister the Stupid, who was frozen in time, and who **gave up** his life **so that we might live.**

LISTER: No! No, it's not Cloister, it's me, it's Lister! It's Lister **the...** stupid?!

CAT: Who shall return to lead us to Fushal, the Promised Land.

LISTER: No, it's not Fushal, it's Fiji! And **I will!** I'll lead you there. **That's where** we're going. Holly, plot a course for Fiji. **Look out,** Earth -- the slime's coming home!

Future Echoes

VIEW OF SPACE.

HOLLY: This is an SOS distress call from the mining ship Red Dwarf. The crew are dead, **killed by** a radiation leak. The only survivors were Dave Lister, who was in suspended animation during the **disaster**, and his pregnant cat, who was safely sealed in the hold. Revived three million years **later**, Lister's only companions are a life form who evolved from his cat, and Arnold Rimmer, a hologram simulation of one of the dead crew. I am Holly, the ship's computer, with an IQ of 6000. The same IQ as 6000 **PE teachers**.

RED DWARF CORRIDOR.

DISPENSING MACHINE: Yeth? Can I help you?

LISTER: You've **got a lisp**.

DISPENSING MACHINE: Yeth, I know. The lithp malfunction **hath been reported** to the Thkutterth. Thorry for the **inconvenienthe**.

LISTER: Can you give me a bacon sandwich with French mustard and black coffee?

The dispenser hums and produces a pair of gumboots.

LISTER: Your vocabulary unit's not **working either**.

DISPENSING MACHINE: Yeth, I know. Thith altho hath been reported to the Thkutterth. Thorry for the inconvenienthe.

LISTER: Can you just **try and** give me a black coffee?

DISPENSING MACHINE: I'll thertainly try.

LISTER: That's a bucket.

DISPENSING MACHINE: Thorry.

RIMMER: Morning, Lister! **How's life** in hippie heaven, you pregnant baboon-bellied space cookie? What's the plan for the day **then?** **Slobbing** in the morning, followed by slobbing in the afternoon, then a bit of a **snooze** before the main evening's slob? God, you're a **disgrace to the species**.

LISTER: Good morning, Rimmer.

MESS HALL.

RIMMER: Clock stop! 6:47, **not a bad little time for** the mile. Pity I **was only doing** the 300 metres. Still, I had that conversation with Lister, **knock four minutes off** for that, and I **stopped to have a rest so I wouldn't** look too **shagged** out when I went **past** him, **knock that off**, and I've

broken the world record! **Well done**, Rimsey, you're **fitter** than you thought! Holly, give me a clean uniform.

HOLLY: 9:47 AM, Arnold.

RIMMER: No, a clean uniform, you idiot.

HOLLY: Look, I'm rather busy **at the moment**.

RIMMER: Now! And **give me a crew cut**, Holly. I'm beginning to look like **one of those Hell's Angels**.

HOLLY: Arnold. We're going to **hit** lightspeed in 24 hours. I **have to navigate** a ship **the size** of a city through speeds never before encountered in the human sphere of experience. I'm not a combination of the speaking clock, Moss Bros, and Tweezy Wheezy.

RIMMER: Holly, a hologram I **may be**, but I'm still the **highest ranking** technician aboard this ship. When I say do something, you do it. Understand? You stupid jumped-up Filofax?

HOLLY: I'm a what?

RIMMER: You heard. Just **get on with it**. Very short.

HOLLY: OK, Arnold.

Rimmer suddenly has a spectacularly ridiculous beehive hairdo.

RIMMER: Have you done it, Hol? A crewcut? And it's very short?

HOLLY: Yes, Arnold.

RIMMER: As my father always said, "Shiny clean boots and a **spanking** short haircut and you can **cope with** anything." He said that just before that rather unfortunate suicide **business**. Hmm.

SLEEPING QUARTERS. THE CAT IS EATING, AND LOOKING AT LISTER'S SLIDE COLLECTION ON A WALL MONITOR.

LISTER: Ah! **Now, that one's** me with Jim Bexley Speed. He played **with** the London Jets zero-gravity football team. He was roof attack. As you **can** see, he was really, really, really, really, really **thrilled to meet** me.

CAT: Who's that guy?

LISTER: That's my grandmother. She **brought me up**. She was a great old lady. I **got expelled** from school once 'cause she **nutted** the headmaster when I **came bottom** in French.

CAT: Wow, that's nice!

LISTER: That's just the Jupiter rise. Everyone **takes** that.

CAT: Who is THAT?

LISTER: That's my dad. That's the only picture I've got of him.

CAT: He's your father? **No wonder** you're so ugly.

LISTER: No, no, that's his dog, Hannah.

CAT: Dog? What's a dog?

LISTER: It's just a pet. Listen, you go and **get your stuff** and **let me pack** mine, OK? Will you do that for me?

CAT: This dog. He **better not be around here any place**, 'cause if he is, I **may have to chase** him.

LISTER: Oh yeah? Do you know how big **they are**? They're about 18 foot long, and they've got teeth as big as your leg.

CAT: Yeah? Well, I may have to chase him **anyway**.

Rimmer walks in sporting his new hairdo.

LISTER: Rimmer, what **have you done to** your hair?

RIMMER: Holly did it.

LISTER: Why?

RIMMER: Because I ordered him **to**.

LISTER: It looks **ridiculous**.

RIMMER: It **may** look ridiculous to you, Lister, but I like it **like this**. It **makes me feel** like a man.

LISTER: Yeah, and you'll probably get **one, looking like that**.

RIMMER: **There's nothing wrong with** short hair, Lister. It gives a man a **sense of dignity**, a sense of discipline.

LISTER: Rimmer, **have you seen** it?

RIMMER: I don't need to see it. I didn't **get this haircut** to look **good**. This is a haircut **designed** for action, not poncing around in. It **may be** a bit **severe**, a bit too green beret, but you are how you look, and I look (finally seeing himself in the mirror) like a complete and total tit! Holly!

HOLLY: This is a recording. I'm afraid Holly is busy at the moment. If you'd like to leave a message after the bleep, he'll **get back to you**. Bleep.

RIMMER: Holly, this is Rimmer. Remember me? Rimmer. Arnold Rimmer. The poor goit you **made look** like Helen Shapiro. I'll see you toast on the fires of hell **for** this.

TOASTER: Did someone say **they wanted** toast?

RIMMER: Shut up. What are you doing?

LISTER: I'm going into stasis. I though Holly told you.

RIMMER: Stasis? **What for**?

LISTER: Well, Holly **said to** go into it while we **went** through lightspeed, and then I thought, **what the hell? Why not stay** in till we **get back** to Earth?

RIMMER: Earth? But that's three million years **away**! You can't **leave me alone** for three million years, I'll go peculiar. Holly, look, I'm sorry, I didn't **mean to be rude**. Can I please **have** my own hair back? Pretty please with sugar on?

HOLLY: I'll think about it, Arnold.

DRIVE ROOM.

LISTER: Holly's **supposed to have told** you. I thought you **didn't mind**.

RIMMER: Mind? Why should I mind? Three hundred thousand millennia alone while you're in suspended animation. I'll **be fine**. I'll do that crossword book, that should **kill** a couple of centuries.

LISTER: Holly'll switch you off until we come back out.

RIMMER: **Even better**. Switch me on, switch me off, **like** I'm some battery powered sex aid.

LISTER: Oh, come on, Rimmer, **don't give me this**.

RIMMER: Don't give you **what?** I'm dead, Lister, or haven't you noticed?

LISTER: I know you're dead, Rimmer. Don't **whinge on about** it!

RIMMER: **Sorry to be a bore**.

LISTER: **I mean**, you're everything you were when you were alive. Same personality. Same everything.

RIMMER: **Apart from** the minuscule detail that I'm a stiffie.

LISTER: Look, Rimmer, death isn't the handicap it **used to be in the old days**. It doesn't **screw your career up like it used to**.

RIMMER: **That's what they say**, Lister. But if you had two people **coming** for a job, and one of them was dead, **which one** would you **pick?**

LISTER: **It depends** which is better **qualified**.

RIMMER: **When was the last time** you saw a dead newsreader?

LISTER: Channel 27 have a hologram **reading** the news.

RIMMER: Oh, groovy, funky Channel 27. Big smegging deal. You livvies hate us deadies.

LISTER: Rimmer, if I'm gonna go back to Earth I'm gonna have to go into stasis. It's gonna **take** 4000 years just to turn around. **You can't** do a three point turn when you're **this** close to lightspeed, you know.

RIMMER: Oh really? And where did you read that, the Ladybird Book of Astro-Navigation?

LISTER: **It happens to be true**.

RIMMER: I know it's true, modo. I **have taken** the astro-navigation exam -- nine times. Ten, if you count **the time** I had my spasm.

LISTER: Rimmer, you'll **only** be **turned off** until we get back to Earth.

RIMMER: Where you won't need me, so I won't **get switched back on**.

LISTER: They **might be able to** cure you. They've probably **made great advances** and that while **we've been** away.

RIMMER: Oh, yes, **I expect** they cured death **the instant** we left Earth. I expect doctors' surgeries are **packed with** the dead. "Hello, Mrs Johnson, take one of these three times a day, you'll soon **be living** again. Carol, next corpse please."

LISTER: Well, **they might!**

RIMMER: Yes, Lister, they might, if the Earth hasn't blown up.

LISTER: Or the ants haven't taken over.

RIMMER: Well, you'll be in your element if insects are in control. You'll probably get a decent job at last. You'll probably run for government. You'll probably even make it as a male model... Git.

SLEEPING QUARTERS.

LISTER: *(singing)* To Ganymede and Titan, yes sir, I've been around, but there ain't no place in the whole of space like that good old toddlin' town.

TOASTER: You can't sing, you know.

LISTER: And you can, can you?

TOASTER: Oh. Just because I'm a toaster, I'm tone deaf?

LISTER: Well, go on then.

TOASTER: Welcome to the Starlight Ballroom, hey, *(starts singing)* Fly me to the moon and let me--

Lister walks over to the toaster and bashes it on the top.

SLEEPING QUARTERS.

LISTER: What was that?!

HOLLY: Erm, er, 11:14 ship time, Dave.

LISTER: No, Holly, what was that flash?

HOLLY: We've broken the light barrier 22 hours early.

LISTER: Oh. Is everyone all right?

HOLLY: I can't do it. I can't cope. We're going at the speed of light. My bottle's gone.

LISTER: Holly! Is everyone all right?

HOLLY: No! I'm not! I thought I could navigate at lightspeed, but I just can't wrap my head round it. Gordon Bennett! That was a close one!

LISTER: Holly, what's the problem? You're supposed to have an IQ of 6000, aren't you?

HOLLY: Look, we're travelling faster than the speed of light. That means, by the time we see something, we've already passed through it. Even with an IQ of 6000, it's still brown trousers time.

LISTER: Can I help?

HOLLY: No, it's all right. I'm getting the hang of it now. Left a bit, straighten her up. I better go.

LISTER: Rimmer! Rimmer!

RIMMER: What? What is it?

LISTER: Did you see anything really weird in that mirror?

RIMMER: Yes, you, you ugly goit.

LISTER: No, it was... really odd.

RIMMER: What was?

LISTER: Oh, nothing. Forget it. **Doesn't matter.**

RIMMER: What doesn't matter?

LISTER: Nothing! Forget it! It doesn't matter!

RIMMER: Lister, **have you been at** that marijuana gin again?

LISTER: I said forget it, it doesn't matter.

RIMMER: **Fine!** Well, **if you have** any more problems with nothing and things that **don't matter**, just scream out my name hysterically and I'll **come pelting down** the corridor. All right?

SLEEPING CORRIDOR.

CAT: Yeah, my clothes look good.

LISTER: What are you doing?

CAT: I'm doing what you said do.

LISTER: I said, "Take a few **essential basics** you **couldn't bear to leave behind.**"

CAT: Right! **These** are all I'm taking. Just these, and the other ten racks. Travel light, move fast!

LISTER: You can't take all of this. **There's no room.**

CAT: OK, then I'll leave ... this! (*pulls out a small red handkerchief*) I'll just **have to do without** it.

LISTER: You can take two suits and **that's it.**

CAT: Two suits? Then **I'm staying!**

LISTER: You can't stay. **By the time** I come out, you'll be dead.

CAT: Two suits is dead! If I **cut off** my leg and leave it behind, can I take three?

DRIVE ROOM.

LISTER: We're going into stasis **in** ten minutes. **I'll meet you** in the sleeping quarters. Rimmer, look, **I've been thinking** -- you know, **about going** into stasis and everything.

RIMMER: How did I do what?

LISTER: **What do you mean,** "How did I do what?"

RIMMER: Lister, don't be a gimboid.

LISTER: I'm not **being** a gimboid!

RIMMER: **I've just been** in the library, thinking. And I've decided--

RIMMER: Shut up! As I was saying before I was so **rudely** interrupted, I've decided, when you go into stasis, I want to **stay behind**. I want to **be left on**.

LISTER: What, on your own for the rest of your life?

RIMMER: What things? I said **WHAT?**

LISTER: What's going on?

RIMMER: You're space crazy!

LISTER: I'm space crazy?! You're **the one who's** space crazy!

RIMMER: Well, it probably is *deja vu*. It sounds like it.

Rimmer shakes his head and leaves the Drive Room. A second Rimmer enters through the far door.

LISTER: Aaahhh! Rimmer! **I've just seen you walk** out of that door. How did you do that?

RIMMER: How did I do what?

LISTER: You **just this second** walked out of that door.

RIMMER: Lister, don't be a gimboid.

LISTER: I swear, on my grandmother's life, as you walked out of that door, you **came in this one!**

RIMMER: I've just been in the library, thinking. And I've decided... (same as before)

SLEEPING QUARTERS. CAT IS FISHING IN THE GOLDFISH TANK WITH A TEA STRAINER.

CAT: I'm going to eat you little fishies, I'm going to eat-- Ah, oh, I was just **making sure** your fish **were** OK. I **wasn't going to** eat them!

RIMMER: He just walked **past** us.

LISTER: It **must be something to do with** lightspeed.

RIMMER: Holly, what's going on?

LISTER: It's lightspeed, **I bet you**.

RIMMER: Is your name Holly? What is going on?

HOLLY: Look, I'm a tenth-generation AI hologrammic computer. I'm not your mum. What do you want this time? **A hand with** your homework? Or **would you like me to sew** little name tags in your PE kit?

RIMMER: Holly, **watch my lips**. What... is... hap... pening?

LISTER: With the mirror and the Cat and everything.

HOLLY: Oh, that. **You're seeing** future echoes. **Didn't** I explain this **to** you?

RIMMER: What are future echoes?

HOLLY: How simple do you want this?

RIMMER: Ah, **so** Lister **can** understand it.

HOLLY: Oh dear.

RIMMER: It's difficult, I know.

HOLLY: Well, we're travelling faster than LS, right?

LISTER: What's LS?

TOASTER: Lightspeed.

LISTER: Smartarse.

HOLLY: Consequently, you're **catching up with** things you're **about to do** before you've **actually done** them.

RIMMER: Ah. So we're seeing bits of the future?

LISTER: See, I told you it **was** lightspeed. You **should have asked** me.

RIMMER: **Can** they see us?

TOASTER: Of course not. Use your loaf.

LISTER: So, wait, **are you saying** that the Cat is going to break his tooth **sometime** in the future?

HOLLY: Yes. **I didn't think** you **wanted** it **this** simple.

CAT: Hey, ain't nobody gonna break my tooth!

RIMMER: How long is this going to **last**?

HOLLY: Until the reverse thrust **takes effect** and we **drop below** lightspeed.

RIMMER: What's that photograph?

LISTER: That's me and Frankenstein, isn't it?

RIMMER: No, **the one** with the babies.

It shows Lister grinning madly and holding two babies.

LISTER: Babies! **I've never seen** it **before**.

RIMMER: Ah. Holly, **is this what you call** a future echo?

TOASTER: Yes, of course **it is**. Bozo.

LISTER: Two babies! How do I **get** two babies?

CORRIDOR. TWO SKUTTERS ARE COMING DOWN A CORRIDOR, ONE OF THEM HOLDING A PIECE OF PAPER.

LISTER: What's this, guys? "Don't go into stasis. Please don't leave us with Rimmer." I'm sorry, guys, I've got to. We need you. **I mean**, there's nothing for me here. I want to go back to Earth! Oh, don't do that. **I mean, I don't care what it's like, it's got to** be better than this. I don't care if the dolphins have **taken over** and all the people are in the human-being-itarium, you know? I just want to **find out!**

Suddenly there's the sound of an explosion.

LISTER: What was that?

RIMMER: **Brace yourself for a bit of a shock**, Lister, but I just **saw you die**. I **did** warn you to brace yourself.

LISTER: You didn't give me **much of a chance**.

RIMMER: I gave you **ample** bracing time!

LISTER: No **you didn't**. You didn't even **pause**.

RIMMER: Well, I'm sorry! I've just had a rather nasty experience. I **have just seen someone I know die** in the

most **hideous**, hideous way! You were **fiddling around with** the navi--

LISTER: I don't want to **know!** I don't want to know!

RIMMER: You don't want to know how you die?

LISTER: No! Was it quick?

RIMMER: Well, I wouldn't say it was super fast. **Not if** you count the thrashing around and the agonised squealing.

LISTER: You're really **loving** this, aren't you?

RIMMER: **What a horrible thing to say!**

LISTER: It was **definitely** me?

RIMMER: Oh yes.

LISTER: I don't want to know. How old did I look?

RIMMER: How old are you now?

LISTER: Twenty-five. How old did I look.

RIMMER: Mmmm ... **mid twenties.**

LISTER: Smeg! I'm not ready! I'm not smegging ready!

RIMMER: You **did** seem surprised.

LISTER: Ah! Did you **actually** see me face?

RIMMER: You **were wearing** a hat, but it was definitely you.

LISTER: Well **there you go**, I won't wear the hat. Then it can't happen, can it? I can live without a hat.

RIMMER: Lister, it **has happened**. You can't change it, any more than you can change what you had for breakfast yesterday.

LISTER: Hey, it **hasn't** happened, has it? It has "will have going to have happened" happened, but it hasn't actually "happened" happened yet, **actually**.

RIMMER: Poppycock! It will be happened; it shall be going to be happening; it will be was an event that could will have been taken place in the future. **Simple as that. Your bucket's been kicked**, baby.

LISTER: **Sez you.**

RIMMER: Sez me and Albert Einstein, thank you very much. Albo and I **happen to agree on this one. It's called** the Theory of Relativity.

LISTER: All right, OK. The Cat broke his tooth in a future echo, right? **Now** if I can **stop him breaking** it...

RIMMER: **Can't be done.**

LISTER: ...then I can **stop me from dying!** Now, how would the Cat break his tooth? He'd **be eating** something. Eating something hard. My robot goldfish! Holly, where's the Cat?

HOLLY: He's just going into your sleeping quarters, Dave.

LISTER: Oh, smegging hell!

SLEEPING QUARTERS.

CAT: Yeah, yeah, yeah! I'm back! Feeling good! How am I looking? Good! You know, **I wish I was** someone else. Then I could kiss me. I think I'll investigate... *(goes over to the fish tank)* ...these! Mm-mm, I just ate. But one little fishy? Yeah, yeah! I'm gonna eat you little fishy! Yeah! I got you! I'm gonna--

LISTER: I got the fish! I'm not gonna die! I'm not gonna die!

CAT: Hey, you crazy monkey! You creased my suit! My tooth. My tooth, my tooth! I think I lost my tooth!

RIMMER: Lister! **Allow me to be the first to offer** my commiserations.

LISTER: You're really, really loving this, aren't you?

RIMMER: Come on! "Death isn't the handicap **it used to be** in the old days. It doesn't screw your career up the way it used to."

LISTER: You're right. **There's** always some good in every situation.

RIMMER: Absolutely, Lister! And in this case, you're **about to do the largest splits** you'll ever do in your life.

LISTER: I get blown up then?

RIMMER: Bits of you do.

LISTER: It's not **fair**. There's **loads of things I've never done**. Like I've never had a prawn vindaloo. And I've never read... a book. And I wanted to have a family. And I wanted to have loads of practice in the things that you've got to do **to get** a family.

RIMMER: Holly, I'd like to send an internal memo. Black border. Begins, "To Dave Lister, Condolences on your passing away." What's that poem? "Now, weary traveller, rest your head, for just like me, you're utterly dead."

HOLLY: Emergency. Emergency. **There's** an emergency going on.

LISTER: What is it, Hol?

HOLLY: There's an emergency, Dave. The navicomp's overheating, and I need your help in the drive room.

LISTER: Come in number 169, **your time is up**. OK, what was I wearing?

RIMMER: Ahhh ... that jacket, and that red T-shirt.

LISTER: You said yourself, I can't stop it. **Let's get it over with**.

RIMMER: *(pointing at the pipe)* Ah, Lister, **what's that for?**

LISTER: I'm going out **like** I came in -- screaming and kicking.

RIMMER: You can't **whack death on the head!**

LISTER: If he comes near me I'm gonna **rip his nipples off!**

DRIVE ROOM.

HOLLY: I'm afraid it can't **cope with** the influx of data at lightspeed, Dave, could you **hook it up to** the drive computer **for me?**

LISTER: I did it! I'm not gonna die!

RIMMER: I don't know why you're so **chirpy.**

LISTER: I'm not gonna die! I'm not gonna die!

RIMMER: But for how long? It'll probably happen tomorrow or Thursday.

LISTER: Maybe it's not going to happen **at all!**

RIMMER: It was you! I saw you. I'm sure it was you.

Suddenly they both notice that Lister's bunk is occupied. It's an old man, an aged version of Lister.

OLD LISTER: Hello, Dave. This is me. **I mean,** you. I mean, I am you. This is you age 171, Dave. I know you're there, because when I was your age, I **saw me at my age telling** you **what I'm about to** tell you. You've got to tell you when you **get to be** me.

RIMMER: Thank heavens you've still **got all your marbles,** Lister.

OLD LISTER: I've got to tell you about Bexley.

RIMMER: Who's Bexley?

LISTER: I **was always going to call** my second son Bexley, **after** Jim Bexley Speed.

RIMMER: Your second son? **What were you going to** call your first son?

LISTER: Jim. After Jim Bexley Speed.

OLD LISTER: It **wasn't you Rimmer saw** in the drive room, it was Bexley.

LISTER: Rimmer, you **saw my son die!**

RIMMER: **Never mind** this tot, what about me, old man? What happens to me? Do I become an officer?

LISTER: Rimmer, I'm going to have two sons! Isn't it fantastic?

RIMMER: But one of them dies.

LISTER: **Yeah, well,** everyone dies. You're born, and you die. The bit in the middle's called life, and that's **still to come!**

OLD LISTER: **Go and get** your camera. You haven't got much time. Get your camera and run to the medical unit. Run!

RIMMER: What about me? What happens to me?

LISTER: He **can't** hear us, Rimmer. He's from the future.

RIMMER: But if I ask you now, you can remember it, and when you get to be him, you can tell me.

CORRIDOR OUTSIDE THE MEDICAL UNIT.

LISTER: What's happening, Hol? **Are we going to** see my funeral or something?

HOLLY: Look, **the faster** we go, **the more** into the future the future echoes **are**. And now, **since** we've just started to slow down, the future echoes are nearer to the present. Clear?

LISTER: No.

HOLLY: Tough.

RIMMER: **Wait a minute.** I don't understand how **you're supposed to** get two sons without a woman on this ship.

LISTER: **Neither do I.** But it's going to be **a laugh finding out.**

Balance of Power

VIEW OF SPACE.

HOLLY: This is an SOS distress call from the mining ship Red Dwarf. In the 3 million years **we've been** away, **it is my fond hope that** mankind has abolished war, cured all disease, and **gotten rid of** those little western saloon doors **you get** in **trendy** clothes shops.

DRIVE ROOM. LISTER IS CHECKING THINGS OFF ON A CLIPBOARD AS RIMMER LISTS THEM.

RIMMER: 140,000 rehydratable chickens. 72 tons of reconstituted sausage pate.

LISTER: Check.

RIMMER: 4,691 irradiated haggis.

LISTER: Oh, Rimmer, it's Saturday night. **I've had enough.** I want to boogie on down! **We've been doing** this **for** four hours! Let's **have a break!**

RIMMER: 4,691 irradiated hag-g-gis.

LISTER: Rimmer, **will you stop saying** 4,981 irradiated haggis and speak **to** me! Rimmer, I want to go for a drink! I want to **have some fun!**

RIMMER: This is fun! Are you mad?

LISTER: You read something **out.** I say check. Where's the fun?

RIMMER: All right. We'll **put you in command** for a few seconds. What's the plan, sir? Come on, lickety split.

LISTER: Go back to Earth.

RIMMER: And **in the meantime?**

LISTER: I don't know, **generally slob around, have a few laughs.**

RIMMER: Excellent plan, Lister! Brilliant plan! **There was me thinking** you **hadn't thought** about it, when clearly **you have.** Right, I'll just stand over here and laugh **slobbily, shall I?**

LISTER: Rimmer, I'm going for a drink. Gimme my cigarettes.

RIMMER: I only owe you four and three quarters.

LISTER: You owe me five!

RIMMER: It's one cigarette for **each** day you **obey** me.

LISTER: Well, **there you go.** Five days, five cigarettes.

RIMMER: But I'm **penalising** you a quarter of a cigarette **for saying** "check" in a **variety of silly voices while doing** the homogenised puddings.

LISTER: Well, I'm taking five.

RIMMER: You take five, Lister, I'll eject the rest of the ship's stock into space.

LISTER: So they're somewhere near an airlock?

RIMMER: You'll never find them, Lister. I was always a master **at hide and seek** as a child. It's not a gift **you** lose.

LISTER: OK, quark brain.

RIMMER: **Even it out.** Take out the **flaky** bits.

LISTER: Oh, I really, really hate you, Rimmer.

RIMMER: **Have a lovely, lovely time,** Lister. Give my regards to the air.

SLEEPING QUARTERS.

LISTER: Holly, why Rimmer's hologram? Why did you have to bring Rimmer's hologram back? He was the most unpopular man on board this ship. **I mean,** he **even** had to organise his own surprise birthday parties.

HOLLY: And who **should I have brought back, then?**

LISTER: Anyone. Chen. Petersen. **I mean,** Hermann Goering **would have been more of a laugh** than Rimmer. I mean, OK, he was a **drug-crazed** transvestite, but at least we **could have gone dancing!**

HOLLY: I brought Rimmer back because he's the best person to **keep you sane.**

LISTER: Oh, **crap!**

LISTER: What about Kristine Kochanski? You **could have brought** Kristine back.

HOLLY: **In your entire life,** your shared conversations with her **totalled** 173 words.

LISTER: **So?**

HOLLY: **In terms of** wordage, you **actually** had a better relationship with your rubber plant.

LISTER: I know, but Rimmer?!

HOLLY: He's the person you knew best. **Over** 14 million words in all.

LISTER: Holly, 7 million of those were **me telling** him to smeg off, and the other 7 million were **him putting** me on report **for telling** him to smeg off.

HOLLY: Jean Paul Sartre said hell was **being** locked forever in a room with your friends.

LISTER: Holly, all his mates were French.

A PARTY IN THE PAST. A SIGN ON THE WALL READS "NOSTALGIA NIGHT 1990s."

PETERSEN: I've been to Titan, I've been to Juno, I can **name** eight things that go in jars that you know! Pickles!

LISTER: Brains! **My uncle's** brain's in a jar. It's really sad.

CHEN: Why is it sad?

LISTER: He's not dead yet.

PETERSEN: Right, everybody's punished. Finish your drinks.

RIMMER: Excuse me, please. Could you please excuse me? Some of us have more important things **to do** than wiggle our posteriors. Could you move please? Thank you.

LISTER WATCHES KOCHANSKI SIT DOWN WITH HER FRIEND.

CHEN: That woman's **out of your league**. She's just too **classy** for you.

LISTER: Who is?

CHEN: Kochanski.

LISTER: I've got no big thing about Kochanski.

CHEN: **Stick to** your usual type. Women with little wispy beards who wear three overcoats and carry little bags full of string.

SELBY: What, Officer Kristine Kochanski?

LISTER: Selby, **have you ever eaten** a coconut whole?

SELBY: Ah, you've got no chance **with** her. You're just too ugly.

LISTER: Listen, hadron head, I've got no big thing about Kristine Kochanski!

CHEN: I have.

SELBY: So have I.

RIMMER: Lister, where's my revision timetable?

CHEN: Sir, it's Saturday night!

LISTER: Come on, no one works Saturday night!

RIMMER: You don't work any night. You don't work any day!

LISTER: Skive hard, play hard! That's our motto!

RIMMER: Look, I've got my engineering re-sit on Monday. I don't know anything. Where's my revision timetable?

LISTER: Wait, is this **the thing** in all different colours, with all the **subjects divided into** study periods and rest periods and self testing time?

RIMMER: It **took** me seven weeks **to** make it. I've got to **cram** my whole revision into one night.

LISTER: **Hang on**, is this the thing **with the note on it** in red **which said**, "**Vital**. Valuable. **Urgent**. Do not touch on pain of death?"

RIMMER: Yes!

LISTER: I threw it away.

RIMMER: Ha ha ha ha. Tee hee. Where is it?

LISTER: No, I didn't. I **pinned it up** on the wall.

RIMMER: What? Why?

LISTER: To **dry it out**.

RIMMER: What do you mean, dry it out?

LISTER: Well, I spilled a cold vindaloo on it. Don't worry, it's a little bit red, but you can read most of it, especially if you scrape the lumps off.

RIMMER: You spoiled my -- no, I haven't got time. I'm taking learning drugs and all I'm memorising is this conversation.

CORRIDORS.

RIMMER: You're going to put these cigarettes back, aren't you?

CAT: Are you crazy? This is my all time best lucky find I ever found in the whole of today.

RIMMER: No no no no no. You are going to put these cigarettes back quickly before he comes.

CAT: These are mine!

RIMMER: They're not yours -- put them back.

CAT: See this hand? It is mine. See these things? They are mine.

RIMMER: I'll give you a fish. Two fish.

CAT: For all these shiny things?

RIMMER: I'll show you how to get all the fish you'll ever need.

CAT: Five fish?

RIMMER: Mmm.

CAT: Five fish? I'll be rich!

RIMMER: You certainly will! Yes, come on!

SLEEPING QUARTERS. LISTER IS STRUMMING ON HIS GUITAR AND SINGING SOMETHING BEST LEFT UNDESCRIBED.

RIMMER: Lister, what on Titan is this din?

LISTER: It's Rastabilly-Ska.

RIMMER: (noticing the CD cover) Is this it? It's got a health warning on it, you know. It's bad for you.

LISTER: It's a classic.

RIMMER: "Danger. Government Health Warning. This music can make you irritable and irrational and has been linked to disorders of the nervous system and bowels."

LISTER: Rimmer, no one takes any notice of that stuff.

RIMMER: Lister, if you want to dice with death, fine, but don't poison my sound waves. Why don't you listen to something really classical, like Mozart, Mendelssohn, or Motorhead? I think I've gone video-blind. Is that painting yours? It's rubbish!

LISTER: It's a mirror.

RIMMER: I need some sleep.

LISTER: Rimmer, do you remember Kristine Kochanski?

RIMMER: Navigation officer? Yes, I remember her. **Snooty** cow. She used to **look down on** me. She used to **call** me "Rimmer."

LISTER: Everybody called you "Rimmer."

RIMMER: Well, **it's the way she said it, though**. Rimmer. **To rhyme with "scum."** God, she **had a chip on her shoulder**, Lister.

LISTER: Oh yeah? Well, I want to go on a date with her.

RIMMER: **Tough**. She's dead.

LISTER: For just one night! For just four hours. And spend an evening with her hologram. Look, I know **you're worried** I won't **turn you back on...** But I promise, I swear, if you tell me where you've hidden the hologram disks... Oh, you're **not even** prepared to **discuss** it.

RIMMER: We are discussing it, Lister. What's this, if it's not a discussion? A diesel locomotive?

LISTER: Rimmer, I promise, I swear I'll turn you back on!

RIMMER: Is that it, Lister? Is that the entire proposal?

LISTER: Yes. Think about it seriously, don't just **dismiss** it.

RIMMER: All right, all right, I'll think about it.

LISTER: You're just going to **say no!**

RIMMER: Don't interrupt! I'm thinking about it.

LISTER: But you're just going to say no!

RIMMER: Not necessarily. I'm mulling it over. Yyyyyyyyye... no.

LISTER: Look, **what is it**, man? **Don't** you trust me?

RIMMER: Black card, Lister. I'm holding up a black card. Conversation **over**.

LISTER: **I've always been crazy about** her. I **never did** anything **about** it.

RIMMER: Oh, Lister, you've forgotten the colour code. White. The white card is to continue the discussion, but this is a black card situation. Discussion over.

LISTER: Listen, I was talking about something else!

RIMMER: White card. Go on.

LISTER: Right, **for a start**, I want to stop all this black card and white card smeg, it's **driving me crazy**.

RIMMER: Black card!

LISTER: Oh, for four hours! I want to spend an evening with her hologram! What's so wrong **with** that?

RIMMER: You don't know when to stop, do you, Lister? I'm your **superior!**

LISTER: Technician was the lowest rank on this ship. The man who changed the bog rolls was higher than us!

RIMMER: Yes, well he's not here now, Lister, and we are, and there's still a **pecking order**, and I'm pecking you, baby!

LISTER: OK, Rimmer. OK.

RIMMER: Is that a threat, Lister?

LISTER: Yeah.

RIMMER: **Actually**, "OK," Lister, is not a threat, **technically speaking**.

LISTER: It is when you **mean it to mean what I mean it to mean**, and I mean it to mean, OK, Rimmer, O-K!

RIMMER: No, Lister, "OK" is never a threat, **no matter** how many A's you put on the end.

LISTER: I'm going to pass the exams and become an officer.

RIMMER: Oh, come on, **wise up**, Lister!

LISTER: You'll have to salute me, Rimmer! You'll have to call me "sir!" You'll have to give me Kochanski! And my cigarettes!

RIMMER: And **on** that day, Lister, Satan **will be skating** to work.

SLEEPING QUARTERS. RIMMER WAKES UP AND LEAPS OUT OF BED.

RIMMER: Lister! **Rise and shine**, el slobbo! Come on, **I've been awake** for hours, Lister! Up, up, up!

He finally notices that Lister's bunk is empty and looks at the clock.

RIMMER: Quarter to two? I didn't **set** my motivator! I **was supposed to** be up at seven! Why didn't he wake me? He knows I'm a **heavy sleeper**. **Have I got to** remind him to do everything **for** me? He's so **irresponsible**. Holly, give me a cold shower, will you, please? Not **that** cold! Hotter! Hotter! Aaahhh! Not that hot! Just forget it. Can you give me a clean uniform? **Perhaps** you can manage that? Thank you, Holly. Where's Lister? Er, Holly, where's my arm? This isn't my arm. Whose arm is this?

HOLLY: I'm sorry, Arnold. Your physical data disk has become corrupted.

RIMMER: Don't **give** me excuses, give me my arm back.

HOLLY: I'll have to **refresh** the graphics from a **backup**.

RIMMER: It's got tattoos. "Candy," "Denmark forever." Is this Petersen's arm, Holly? I've got the arm of a Danish moron.

HOLLY: **If you'll just bear with** me for a few minutes, Arn.

RIMMER: It's not **good enough**, Holly. It's traumatic **enough being** dead. And whose ears are **these**, Holly? They're like two giant radar dishes **stuck** higgledy-piggledy **to the side of** my head. **I mean**, just look at them! Look at them! Whose were these ears, Holly? **An African elephant's?**

HOLLY: **They're** your ears, Arnold.

RIMMER: Er, it **must have been the way** I slept. I haven't got time for this. Where's Lister?

HOLLY: That information is security protected.

RIMMER: What's he doing? Holly? As senior rank aboard this ship, I order you to tell me where **he is**.

HOLLY: I've told you. I can't.

RIMMER: Holly, that's an order! You stupid ugly goit.

HOLLY: Ugly? I'll have you know I chose this face **out of** the billions **available** because it **happened to be** the face of the greatest and most prolific lover who ever lived.

RIMMER: Really? Well he **must have operated in the dark a lot**. And when **are you going to** give me my own arm back? I refuse to walk **around** all day with Petersen's arm. You know what he **was like**. God only knows where this **arm's been**.

The arm suddenly slaps him in the face.

RIMMER: Ahh! What's he doing?

HOLLY: Beats me, Arnie. **Seems to have a mind of its own**.

RIMMER: Tell him to **stop it!**

CAT: What is this? Cabaret? **Entertainment** while you eat? Hey, **can you place bets?** My bet is on THIS arm!

RIMMER: Holly, you're absolutely **gorgeous** and **handsome** and **delicious**, please tell him to stop it.

HOLLY: All right. Just give me a couple of seconds.

RIMMER: Ah, look at that. I've **outwitted** him. He's **given up**. Look, he's given up. OOOOOO!!!

HOLLY: There. Done it. Just in time.

CAT: Hey! That was good! You **should have finished on a song**, it **would have been** perfect.

RIMMER: I hate everything.

CORRIDOR.

RIMMER: Where is Lister, the little worm? Lister? I know you're here, Lister. You're always here Sunday afternoons. What are you two doing here?! Skutters don't **have time off!** You really **must** think I'm stupid. I'll **deal with** you two later.

Lister is watching a training video, making notes, and drinking beer.

RIMMER: You're **serious about** this, Lister, aren't you?

LISTER: Go away. I'm busy.

RIMMER: You seriously believe a piece of fungus like you **has got the stuff to** become an officer? You've got the brains of diarrhea and the breeding of a maggot. I mean, what are you writing on, Lister? **The inside of** a chocolate wrapper?! I mean, come on, where's your **loose** leaf files? Where's your pencil? Where's your protractor and your hole reinforcers?

LISTER: Rimmer, I'm going to pass this exam **by knowing things**.

RIMMER: OK, what's a porous circuit?

LISTER: Don't know.

RIMMER: How **do you** calculate acceleration?

LISTER: Don't know.

RIMMER: Oh, this is sad! What's Boyle's Fourth Law?

LISTER: Don't eat greasy food?

RIMMER: These are basic engineering precepts, Lister! How do you expect to pass the engineering exam?

LISTER: I don't. I expect to pass the chef's exam.

RIMMER: Chef? You want to become a chef?

LISTER: Not really. I just want to become your superior.

RIMMER: But a chef? A white hatted ponce? That's not a real officer!

LISTER: It outranks you, smeg-for-brains!

RIMMER: And Lister, what's this? Learning drugs? They're illegal, matey! I'm afraid you're in very serious, grave, deep trouble, Lister. Where did you get them? I want names. I want places. I want dates.

LISTER: Arnold Rimmer. His locker. This morning.

RIMMER: Why am I worried? You'll never stick at it. You'll never pass.

LISTER: Say, "You'll never pass, Mr. Lister, sir!" Practice, Rimmer, makes perfect.

SLEEPING QUARTERS.

RIMMER: Question four. Underline that. "What does the red spectrum tell us about quasars?"

CAT: Ooohhhh! I'm going to die! I've been fished to death!

RIMMER: My answer: In answering the question, "What does the red spectrum tell us about quasars?" -- write bigger - - there are various words that need to be defined. What is a spectrum, what is a red one, why is it red, and why is it so frequently linked with quasars? What the hell is a quasar? Just put a neat cross through it and we'll do the next one, OK? And I think that confidently and concisely answers the question, "What does the red spectrum tell us about quasars?" Lister! Did you make that?

LISTER: Yeah. It's not that good, it was supposed to be roast beef. Do you want some, Cat? It's got some real cream and fudge in it.

CAT: Gaaahhh. I think I'm going to have to go and do something secret.

RIMMER: Well, Lister. You're doing all right, then?

LISTER: Not bad. Not bad at all.

RIMMER: Listen, Lister. All this tension between us is stupid. There's just no need for it. I mean, you're tense, and I'm tense, and there's just absolutely no need for it.

LISTER: I'm not tense.

RIMMER: Of course you're tense, you rectum-faced pygmy! I'm sorry. I mean, there's no need for you to be slogging your guts out.

LISTER: I'm enjoying it.

RIMMER: Shut up! Doing an exam, and **doing so well**. There's absolutely no need for it, Lister. You can **have** the cigarettes, they're in pipeline 22.

LISTER: I know.

RIMMER: Good. The Cat betrayed me. **I don't mind**. I'm **delighted**. **What I'm saying**, Lister, is there's no need for us to **be at loggerheads**. I mean we're **mates**. We're **pals**.

LISTER: Since when?

RIMMER: Oh, come on, Lister! Laugh, **chuckle**, **guffaw**, **giggle**! That's Rimsy and Listy!

LISTER: When?

RIMMER: **Millions of times**! How about **the time** your safety harness **snapped** and you fell into the cargo bay? We laughed then, didn't we?

LISTER: I broke my spine **in** three places.

RIMMER: Yes, but it was **hilarious**! We laughed like drains!

LISTER: YOU laughed. I **spent** six weeks in traction.

RIMMER: Yes, **that's right**, that's right! And you spent the rest of the summer **walking around** like a croquet hoop! Oh, I laughed so **hard** I nearly **puke**d, I really did.

LISTER: What are you saying **to** me, Rimmer?

RIMMER: I'm just saying, Lister, that with **times as good as those**, **there's no point in letting** something small and silly like this **come between** a friendship that we've **nurtured** like a small flower, petal by petal, and **watched blossom** and bloom into something **rare** and **special**.

LISTER: OK, give me Kochanski.

RIMMER: Smeg off! Dishwasher-breath! You won't **turn me back on**!

LISTER: What, Rimsy-Wimsy-Mimsy, my bestest ever pal?

RIMMER: All right, Lister, I order you **not to take** those exams!

LISTER: Black card, Rimmer.

RIMMER: YOU are **black-carding** ME?

LISTER: That's only the beginning, Rimmer. When I pass the exams and become an officer, you'll be on latrines. You'll have the three o'clock watch every morning. I know you'll obey me, because you, I mean you, respect all that officer smeg.

RIMMER: If **you mean** I respect my superiors **no matter** who they are, and I **obey orders blindly** and **unquestioningly** ... yes! Yes I do!

LISTER: That's exactly **what I mean**. **Anyway**, got to **get some sleep**.

RIMMER: You always become the thing you hate **the most**. Look at you, Lister. **Obnoxious**, **ruthless**, **single-minded**, **insensitive**. You're more like me **than I am**.

LISTER: Rimmer, you've forgotten the colour code. This is a black card situation, end of conversation.

RED DWARF IN SPACE.

HOLLY: Chef Part I examination. Please proceed to the teaching room.

RIMMER: You're not ready for it, you know. Look at you. You **should be doing last-second revision**.

LISTER: I am. I'm revising buns.

RIMMER: I mean, it's **obscene!** **Missing** the entire first minute of the exam!

LISTER: OK, **here we go**.

RIMMER: No. You can't do this **to** me, Lister.

LISTER: Give me Kochanski.

RIMMER: No.

Lister walks straight through Rimmer on his way out of the room.

RIMMER: **That was a lousy thing to do** to a hologram. Have you no respect for the dead?

TEACHING ROOM.

KOCHANSKI: Hello, Dave. Dave, why didn't you just tell me how you **felt about** me when I was still **alive?**

LISTER: 'Cause I'm a **dope**. And I'm a **bum**, and I'm stupid, and I'm an idiot, and I'm **hopeless**, and I'm **useless**.

KOCHANSKI: I'm sorry, but I just don't like you.

LISTER: Oh, hey. I'm really **embarrassed** now. I don't know what to say.

KOCHANSKI: I suppose it's **sort of pointless you doing** the exam now.

LISTER: Well, yeah. It's sort of pointless **me breathing** in and out, if you want to know the truth.

KOCHANSKI: I could never love anyone like you, so you **might as well** pack up your pots and pans and **off you go**. I need a man who's **going places!** Up, up, up the ziggurat, lickety-split.

LISTER: So, it didn't mean anything **to** you, **then?**

KOCHANSKI: **What didn't?**

LISTER: You know, when we made love on the snooker table behind the bins.

KOCHANSKI: You never told me that.

LISTER: I **thought** you **might have noticed**.

KOCHANSKI: Oh yes! Yes! I remember now!

LISTER: We've never made love. Go away, Rimmer.

ARNOLD KOCHANSKI: Look, look, I'm a bit **out of sorts at the moment**. I'm **having** a woman's period.

LISTER: A woman's period?! Women don't speak **like that!** **Give me a break!** I don't know how **you've done** it, Rimmer, but that is not Kochanski.

ARNOLD KOCHANSKI: It's Kochanski's body. It's Kochanski's voice. I mean, **what's the difference?** Come on!

LISTER: The difference is that you're in there! Ugh!

ARNOLD KOCHANSKI: Well, you can't **blame me for trying.** (looking down the front of his shirt) I've seen something **you haven't**, squire. OK, Holly, **swap** disks. Er, Holly, this is not my breast. I want my own nipple back, Holly... **There's no rush.**