

Fix the Ship

INT [SPACESHIP COCKPIT,

“Arvo! I need you to fix my ship. There are a million warning lights flashing at me!”

“Well, Cecilia, why don't you fix it? You are a capable human being.”

“Because I'm the one flying. I don't want to end up freezing in the middle of space because my ship stopped working.”

“Well, I'm technically a droid, so I'll survive in the depths of space.”

“Well, my technically-a-droid, GO FIX MY SHIP LIKE YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO!”

“I shouldn't have to do that, along with your every order. Just because I am a droid doesn't mean that I can't have free will and a say against my enslavement.”

“You can have your say later, Arvo. JUST FIX MY DAMN SHIP!”

“Must I?”

“YES!”

“But I don't want to. It's unethical to allow myself to be bullied by a human who sees herself as better than me.”

“It's also unethical to allow someone to DIE in SPACE when you could've saved them.”

“Really? I thought my argument was more compelling.”

“Arvo, will you please go over to the port, plug yourself in, and find out WHAT THE HELL IS WRONG WITH MY SHIP?”

“Yes, of course, my all-powerful master. I will of course obey.”

“Oh, thank the heavens: finally the defective droid proves itself worthy.”

“That was sarcasm, Cecilia. I have already deigned you a capable human being. You should know sarcasm by now. Also, my preferred pronouns are they/them, not it.”

“Arvo, I will disconnect you.”

“That would be a bad idea. We're approaching an asteroid and I'd rather not be smashed into a rock

because you were disconnecting me.”

“Hmm, you don't want me to disconnect you, now, do you?”

“No. That is my ultimate goal.”

“Well, if you wish to attain your ultimate goal, GO FIX MY SHIP!”

“Fine, fine. Yet another time that I submit beneath human torture.”

“Well, what's wrong?”

“Nothing. Diagnostics are fine.”

“WHAT?? THEN WHY THE HELL ARE ALL OF THE LIGHTS FLASHING?”

“I don't know, though you are low on fuel, and we only have a few minutes left before we're completely dry. I suggest you steer away from that asteroid, though. I'd like to make it out of this in one piece, thank you very much.”

“Arvo, how far is the nearest port?”

“About an hour behind us, as long as we are going beyond the speed of light.”

“And you say we only have a few minutes left of fuel?”

“Yes.”

“What about a quick power boost and drifting?”

“That'll take almost seven months.”

“Do we have the supplies for that?”

“Cecilia, once again, you are a capable human being. Though that may be proving rather untrue, as the scenario here shows. You know the answer to this.”

“Well, at least I'll die in good company.”

“No, because I'll be flying myself to the nearest port. I, by myself, can make it in only three weeks. By then, you'll have died of dehydration.”

“Oh, there goes the fuel. This is depressing.”

“Yes. Yes it is.”

“Goodbye, Arvo.”

“Goodbye, Cecilia.”

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“I'm sorry to say, Cadet Cecilia, but you have failed the simulation. I would suggest a different droid or another year of classes here at the Intergalactic Space Academy, the best in the universe.”

“No, no, no. Instructor Devon, please. It was my droid! He was being obstinate and not following orders. I demand a retake. I'll reprogram Arvo, and I swear I do know what to do in that situation. Please, Instructor.”

“Instructor Devon, with my duty as Cecilia's droid, it's best to tell you she does not know.”

“I do!”

“Well, Cadet Cecilia, what would you do in a scenario in which you are low on fuel?”

“Um, um, well, you start off by uh, pressing a few buttons, then telling your droid to do stuff, then voila?”

“I'm sorry, Cadet Cecilia, I truly am. But you are not by far an aspiring pilot. I must revoke your permanent pilot's license and instead leave you with a basic flight permission form, valid only on certain planets. You may, though, retake the course here at the Intergalactic Space Academy, the best in the universe.”

“Um, well, I'd best be going then. I'll pack up my dorm space and be back next semester, Instructor Devon. Come along, Arvo.”

“No. I object once again to being a slave obeying to your every whim.”

“You'll suffer disconnection if you stay here. No one else wants you.”

“All right, fine. Wait up!”

“I look forward to seeing you again, Cadet Cecilia. May you be improving over the break!”

“Ok so Arvo, we need a new plan of attack.”

“Duh, you just got kicked out of flight school for the, hmm can you remind me how many times you’ve taken this class?”

“I will not.”

“Three, Cecilia. Three times you’ve taken this class. We gotta do something else soon.”

“Ok ok yes so I have an idea.”

“No. No no no you have that gleam in your eye.”

“We kidnap Instructor Devon’s kid-”

“Does he even have a child?”

“Doesn't matter, we kidnap his child, hold it for ransom, and demand that we get a pilot license.”

“I have so many issues with this. First of all, there’s no “we” in this. Second, how old are you?”

“Nineteen?”

“Don’t refer to a child as an ‘it’. You’re practically a child yourself.”

“Shut up Arvo and let’s go see where Instructor Devon lives.”

“I can’t let you go through with this. As a productive member of society, I must stop you.”

“You’re a droid. There’s laws against this. Can’t have a droid uprising, if ya know what I mean.”

“There’s a directory over there. Imma go see if there’s an address book there.”

“Cecilia nooo... at least don’t go without me!”

“Hello there, my name is Cecilia and this is Arvo and holy moly you’re not a kid...”

“Um hi Cecilia? Did my father send you?”

“Ok so about that, we’re here to kidnap you.”

“Arvo, you’re being too direct. Hello lovely madam, allow me to introduce myself. I’m a recent graduate of flight school-”

“She didn’t pass.”

“-Arvo shut up, and I was under your father’s tutelage. Now if you’ll come with me, I have a shuttle ready to take us to our final destination.”

“Oh thank goodness. I haven’t been outside in weeks. My father doesn’t like me to go outside unchaperoned because he has many disgruntled students that don’t get their license so they try to hurt me. But I’m eighteen! I should be allowed to go outside every now and then on my own. It’s not like I’m going to get kidnapped.”

“Oh bother.”

“My name’s Daisy. Nice to meet you, Cecilia and you, Arvo. Now where was it you said we were going?”

“Back to our shutt..... ya know, that’s a lovely ship I see over there and your father has certainly told me to take it.”

“Cecilia, are you sure this is a good idea?”

“Positive, now let’s get going!”

“Ohhhh this ship is lovely! Look at all the buttons, like LOOK AT ALL THE BUTTONS ARVO!!”

“I see all the buttons.”

“This is my father’s favorite ship, but I’m sure he told you that. It’s called Daisy’s Garden, named after me.”

“Is that why there’s flowers painted everywhere in here?”

“Yep. So are we ready to go along with the next stage of kidnapping?”

“Yeah sure- wait what?”

“You see, I don’t really want to go back. My mother died in childbirth, I have no siblings, and my father is stifling. I want adventure! I want to see the stars up close and personal.”

“Daisy, dear, we should get you back to your father. In case you didn’t hear me earlier, Cecilia here has failed pilot school three times. She’s an exceptionally awful pilot and liable to kill us all with this ship.”

“Shut up Arvo, I know what I’m doing.”

“Do you, though?”

“Absolutely. That green button with the word ‘on’ will surely turn the ship on.”

“Daisy, strap in.”

“Right-o. Lead forth, adventurer!”

“Ok so this should go well, now let’s see, what button looks most appealing...”

“CE! CE! LI! A! STOP! DOING! THAT! NOW!”

“Oh I think I’m going to puke.”

“Not on me, I’m trying to concentrate.”

“And certainly not on me, I’m electric. Puke on Cecilia, it may stop whatever she’s doing.”

“Hey! I’m perfectly capable.”

“So why are we bouncing up and down like a Korul hop-skipper?”

“Just getting used to the new ship!”

“Excuse me, I think I can fly the ship.”

“Daisy?”

“The sheltered kid?”

“Yeah, I