**CAPTAIN STOBULUS**: Yes, well.. I have the conn… (clears throat)… LAUNCH STARLIGHT!

**CMDR LANGER**: (shocked) Sir? I’m not sure…

**CAPT**: Did you not hear me? I said LAUNCH STARLIGHT!

**ENSIGN CROCETTI**: uh, so….. I uh,... hmm.”

**SENATOR AUTTENBERG**: Captain, what is the meaning of this

**LANGER**: Sir, are you certain?

**CROCETTI**: Sir, I don’t… we can’t move, we’re still tethered to the dock.

**CAPT**: (sighs) menu 4, emergency over-ride, subsystem 3 – emergency dry dock sever. Select that.

**CROCETTI**: I … uh…. Done.

**A shuddering his heard throughout the ship as docking clamps and hoses explosively sever from the exterior of the vessel**

**AUTTENBERG**: Captain, the is inexcusable, the only reason you’re in charge here is because-

**CAPT**: Nav, take us out 25 meters per second

**CROCETTI**: aye aye

**Elsewhere in the hangar bay, a box teeters off the top of a massive stack of supplies Yarab is moving across the floor. as emergency rations scatter across the deck, he looks up to the deck officer “Are we moving?” he asks.**

**LANGER**: Captain, this is highly irregular. We are still taking on supplies

**The image of a man in a room filled with radar screens appears on the bridge.**

**LEO FLIGHT CONTROLLER**: *Starlight*, this is flight control, is there something wrong? Why are you moving?

**CAPT**: Comm, please remove that

**ENSIGN MILLS**: Y… yes sir.. (the image disappears)

**The angry looking, squished-face of an Asian man appears to another side, shouting something so horrible that the universal translator chooses not to provide a translation.**

**CAPT**: MY goodness, what a rude man. Get rid of him (the image disappears and the sound is cut off) who is that anyway?

**CROCETTI**: That’s CPO Wen, sir. Our loadmaster. He’s on EVA supervising the supply progress.

**CAPT**: Well, we’ll have to find a new loadmaster I suppose. If anyone here wishes to apply for the position, please leave a note on my door.

**The ship clears the mooring, leaving a trail of unloaded supplies and confusion in its wake.**

**CROCETTI**: (excitedly) we’ve cleared dock sir!

**CAPT**: Good, set course, altitude 23 degrees azimuth 14. Speed 500 meters per second

**CROCETTI**: Aye aye sir! (the ship repositions itself and the engines fire up)

**AUTTENBERG**: Captain, I demand you stop this at once. If not, I will see to it that you are hanged for treas-

Another man’s face swims into existence above the bridge.

**LIEUTENANT ANDERSEN**: Bridge, we’re detecting a massive energy spike straight ahead. Tachyon readings are off the chart!

**A yellow roiling yellow energy field springs into existence filling the entire main screen viewing screen**.

**CAPT**: BRACE FOR IMPACT! OR WHATEVER! WWAAAHOOOOOOOOO!!!!!