



Club  
Splendida



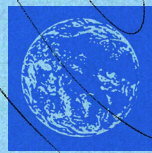


This script is the outcome of a collective venture to write the second season of “Club Splendida”, a science-fictional web series about queerness and collectivity.

The first season premiered in 2019 and is now available in youtube and vimeo. It was written, produced, and directed by Caio Amado Soares, in a network of collaborations.

The screenplay for season two of the series approaches the topic of collectivity not only in its content, but also in its mode of production. This script has been written in a six day collective writing workshop organised by Ernest Ah and Caio Amado Soares, with Mouna Abo Assali, Erfan Aboutalebi, Philipp Fröhlich, Cammack Lindsey, Deniz Şimşek, and Lee Stevens.

s p a c e  
w o r l d



earth

purple nebula of sorrow

system society  
of gods



GIANT GALAXY OF APOLLONIA  
(DIRECTION CAPRICORN):  
BUREAUCRATIC PLANET OF DRAWERS

PLANET OF ETERNAL  
FOGGY SUNSET

THE GLORY HOLE

*giant galaxy of hyperbolism  
(direction leo)*

**buzz tyranntry of 20 nations**

**ACADEMIC MOUNTAINS  
OF DUST**



## SONGLIST

Michelle Gurevich – Kiss in Taksim Square

Mamman Sani – Five Hundred Miles

Yoko Ono – Walking on Thin Ice

Judas Priest – Electric Eye

Aziza Brahim – Lagi

The Blaze – Territory

Black Sabbath – Planet Caravan

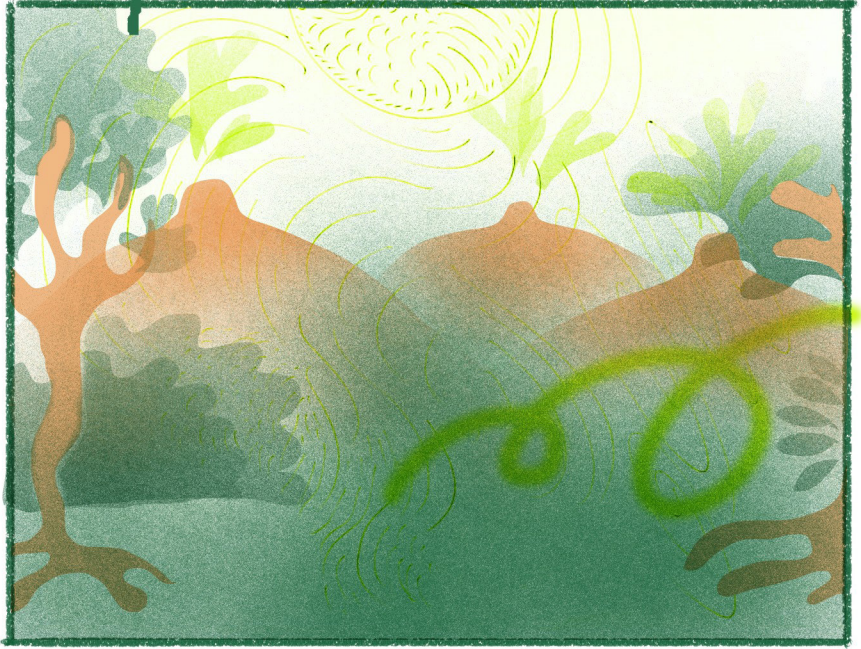
Gil Scott-Heron – Whitey on the Moon

John Waters – Mondo Trasho: Is that a boy or a girl?

Prince – Orgasm

Nina Simone – Pirate Jenny

# Episode 01



The crew is chilling on top of a hill. They are surrounded by a dark brown coloured surface that looks a bit hard and bumpy, but somewhat also soft and feels like something dough textured. Further away the surface changes texture and color into a lighter shade of brown. Everyone is lying around very relaxed, dozing off on something chill and euphoric. Big beautiful plants behind Samuel, a beautiful oriental carpet in the middle, and cushions where they are chilling. We see in the background the rounded tips of mountains that appear to be nipples. There is an aura of colorful flashing lights surrounding them. Suddenly the ground starts shaking. Shirin and Daphne immediately jump to their feet. Ellen's tentacles cling onto the ground. Samuel's and Yaya's reactions are slower.

Gay is petrified.



*Daphne*

**Daphne**

This is bad.

**Yaya**

Here I thought this was part of the trip...

Ellen grabs Gay and pulls them up. They all run to the ship. The tit mountains in the background are breaking apart. Purple dust darkens the sky. White lava is bursting from the nipples and out from the cracks. Samuel manages to get the ship off the ground. Dramatic take-off through splashing fountains of white lava and clouds of dust. In the distance behind them they see the planet breaking apart.

**Samuel**

What the hell... This was not meant to happen for another couple of decades.



*Shirin*

**Shirin**

What do you mean?

**Samuel**

We just saw the result of increased amyl nitrite levels in the atmosphere of the planet of lactating nipples. Heating temperatures, increased circulation, eruptions and flows out of control. The pressure of the milky lava has been growing, with nowhere to go. Predictions have foreseen an explosion, but not so soon and not to this degree. I mean, this planet is gone, right?

I need a drink.



The spaceship sounds an alarm and flashes a bright light.

## **Samuel**

Shit! Now we're also running out of battery.

He sits down. Daphne brings him a drink.  
He drinks it in one go.

## **Daphne**

But we're not far from that gas station we went to last time. I think we can find it by memory, and then we should really also pick up some maps.



*Samuel*

## **Samuel**

You're right. It was just over towards that little nebula here. Maybe we can get there with our remaining charge, if we turn off all the lights and heating right now.

The ship flies towards the nebula.

They land on the gas station planet and step out of the spaceship. A giant parking lot surrounds them, and rolling hills of short, evenly trimmed grass, with some sharp edged rocky mountains in the background. There is no gas station to be seen.



*Yaya*

## **Yaya**

What the fuck is this!

## **Gay**

I'm short sighted but this does not look like the gas station.

## Shirin

They turned it into a golf court?! Daphne! And the parking lot has air conditioning!

## Daphne

But it's the right place. I'm really sure.

## Samuel

It is. We were just here not so long ago. How could this happen so quickly?

## Shirin

Rich people.

## Gay

That is so sad. We used to have so much fun.



## Yaya

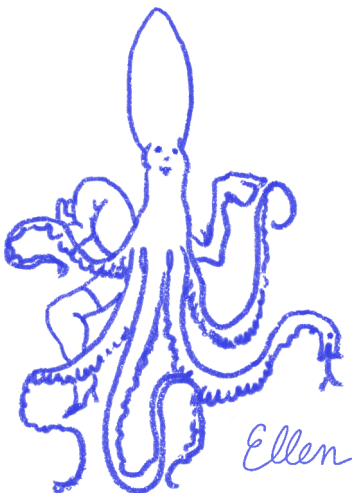
I don't want to stay here any longer. I'd rather go back to bed. Samuel points towards some super flashy posh spaceships, whispers to Shirin.

## Samuel

I guess as there is no gas station any more, we could do with some free energy?

## Shirin

Watch me do it!



Samuel looks out while Shirin inserts a thick cable into a socket on the posh spaceship and makes it flow into the crew's spaceship's plug. The plug



starts vibrating and emitting purple light. Meanwhile, Ellen overhears a voice behind them. She spots a middle aged woman with short hair and lots of wrinkles, speaking with two identical looking old very pale men in golf outfits. She wears a leather jacket and boots, looks tough.

### The two men

We need that Shrimp out of the game asap.

**Lesbian Terrorist**

Got it.

### The two men

Here is your first rate. The rest of the reward is yours when the last Shrimp is gone.

**Lesbian Terrorist**

Won't take long. See ya!

The men hand the Lesbian Terrorist a little parcel, then step onto a

small square vehicle and roll away. The Lesbian Terrorist enters her scraggly looking spaceship. Ellen sneaks back to the group and tries to gather them.

### **ELLEN**

Hurry, let's get going! We need to follow this ship here, something dodgy is happening.

Shirin and Samuel come running with the cable. They all rush into the ship and take off, following the Lesbian Terrorist inconspicuously. As the planet under them becomes smaller, they realise that it is divided by a big river. One side is steel grey mountains, sharp and edgy, punctuated by artificial patches of very green hills. These are the golf courts they just left behind. On the other side of the river there are flaccid mossy rocks glowing in swampy shades of green into the night sky. They are wobbling in the wind, swirling, trembling, like jello. The Lesbian Terrorist seems to be heading this way.

Here and there are small settlements.

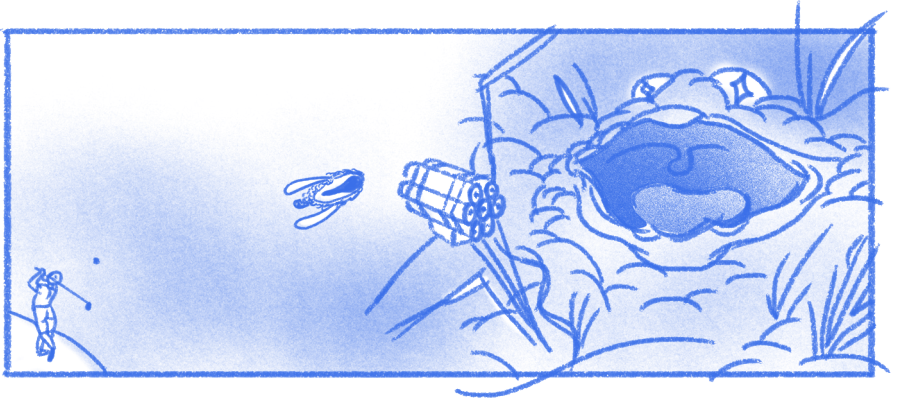
They finally land in a swampy valley. Everything is covered in moss. Pine coloured moss, chartreuse coloured moss, lime coloured moss, shamrock coloured moss, pickle coloured moss. Everything is much bigger than the spaceship. It seems this part of the planet has a different ratio. There is slime oozing out of the flaccid mossy rocks. Suddenly out of the swamp, what seemed to be an old island raises out of the water. Two yellow eyes big as moons blink. A toad-like gigantic head opens its toothless mouth and rolls out a violet tongue with red specks, like a carpet on the swamp's surface. A neon sign dangles from the uvula. A blinking arrow points towards the esophagus.

The Lesbian Terrorist hops out of her ship and turns towards theirs, she yells.

### **Lesbian Terrorist**

Come on out, you been following me. I'm not stupid. Let's go get something to drink, you bunch of assholes.

# Episode 02



Inside the Stomach of the Gala Toad Bar, a bingo hall from the seventies turned into a function hall. There is a stage with a questionable band on it, chandeliers, psychedelic carpets, bistro tables with some local patrons and a bar. Behind the bar is a barkeeper, who appears to be a human-sized shrimp in a tuxedo. He fetches seven drinks for the group and lines them up on a sticky bartop.

## *Shrimp*

I serve only one drink: Shrimp Cocktail! What leads a beautiful face like yours to these festivities?

## **Shirin** (fixing her hair)

Perhaps it was when I saw you through the pink tinted heart shaped windows that I knew I wanted to come inside.

The Shrimp turns to Yaya.

*Shrimp*

Why such a glum face? Turn that frown upside down.

**Yaya** (whispering to Shirin)

They are serving up their own kind!

Shirin is enchanted by the Shrimp and ignores Yaya. The Lesbian Terrorist comes up next to her.

**Lesbian Terrorist**

You're wondering what's going on with your friend eh? You know the shrimps are an endangered species now.

**Yaya**

No wonder...

**Lesbian Terrorist**

This one is trying to seduce just about anyone, spreading his eggs all over the show. The cocktails are full of some strange stuff. Helps him attract new mates, no matter what species. He's the last grown shrimp left. Day and night manipulating guests into having sex with him.

**Yaya**

And then he makes us eat his babies?

The Lesbian Terrorist laughs.

**Lesbian Terrorist**

It's a well known delicacy, the Gala Toad shrimp cocktail. People from all over the galaxy travel here to drink this wonderful concoction. You should try it some time.

Yaya sees the rest of the crew relaxed and cheerful, all enjoying the Shrimp's shallow seductions. The Shrimp has started singing

a sleazy song to Shirin. From behind, Yaya hears clanking sounds and swearing. She turns around and sees an 80s style Service Robot fixing a slot machine. It looks sexy and has a big bulge.

 *(service robot)*

Goddamn slot machine. I hate you. Piece of crap.

The Robot hectically flashes purple and yellow lights, as it opens the back of the slot machine, continuing to swear. It pulls out a handful of baby shrimps and puts them in a bucket. It mutters to itself.

 *(service robot)*

That damned shrimp. Lays his eggs into the slot machine coz it's warm. Ideal for his babies. Always clogged, the stupid machine.

The Shrimp appears next to the Service Robot and grabs the bucket.  
He hisses at the Robot.

*Shrimp*

Faster! What did I hire you for?

 *(service robot)*

To help replenish the shrimp population and prevent the gentrification of Doomblob 3000, yada yada.

*Shrimp*

Back to work!

The Service Robot just flashes its lights. The Shrimp goes back to the bar and makes more shrimp cocktails for the crew. The Lesbian Terrorist looks the Robot up and down with apparent interest.

**Lesbian Terrorist**

I like the style of your hinges...

Yaya turns away exasperated. Shirin has disappeared behind the bar, Daphne, Samuel and Gay are giggling at something and busy with another round of cocktails. Ellen comes over to Yaya.

### **ELLEN**

So apparently this planet is called Doomblob 3000 and some corporation is planning to build a huge fake coral reef here on the swamp. It's meant to be a holiday destination for the inhabitants of the golf courts over in the sharp-edged mountains where we just were. Horrible people. They are trying to get rid of this bar, cos it's in the way. The shrimp is their last obstacle. I think our friend here is part of that plan.

Ellen nods towards the Lesbian Terrorist, who is engaged in deep flirtation with the Service Robot, winks at Yaya and moves closer to the Terrorist's backpack, slips their hand inside and pulls out the small parcel given to the Lesbian Terrorist by the two golfing men.

### **ELLEN**

Anti-baby-pills. For the sake of class struggle, I think we better confiscate these. Our friend here can change sides and liberate the robot from the shrimp's exploitation instead.

Yaya shakes her head.

### **Yaya**

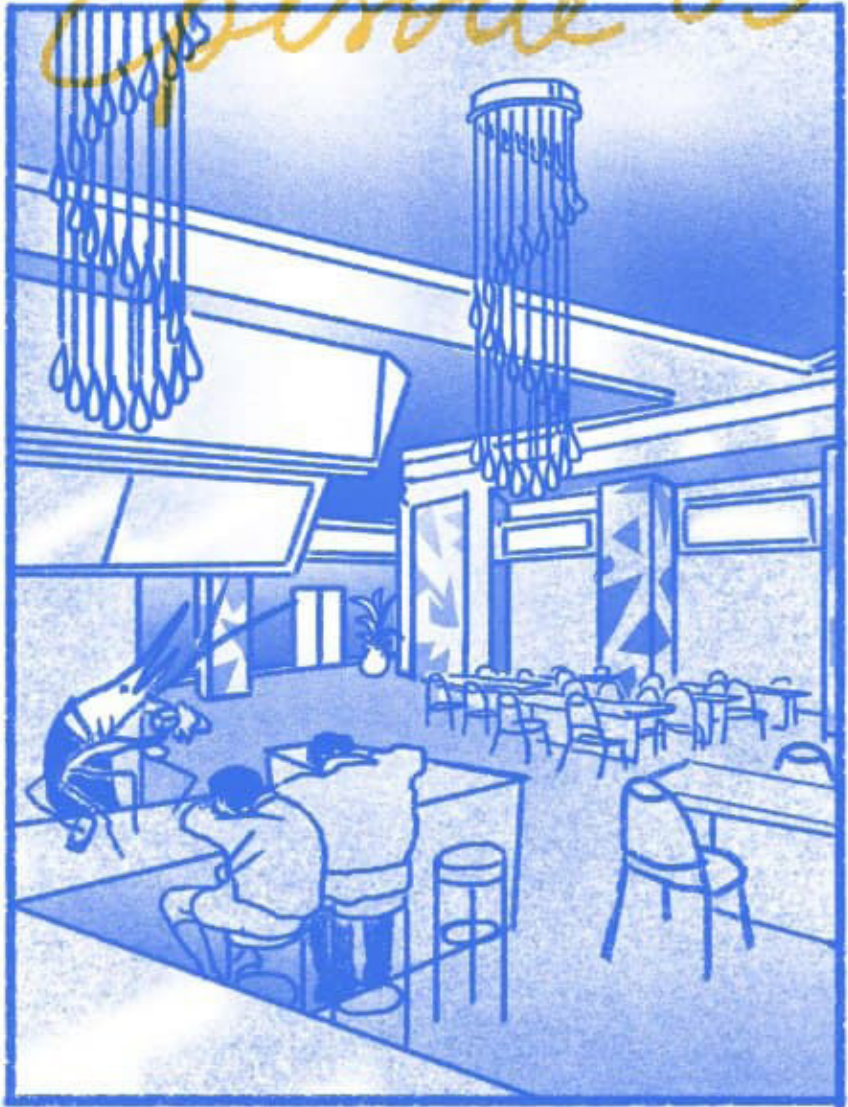
We better slip these pills to the others for breakfast, imagine the cuntpit full of baby shrimp-Shirin hybrids! They really don't have anything else to drink here? Damn...

### **ELLEN**

We could have a drink at the spaceship, in case you're interested. We got the whole place to ourselves...



# Episode 03



The next morning at the Gala Toad. The Shrimp is washing glasses, Shirin and Gay are sleeping on the floor behind the bar, Samuel and Daphne dozed off with their heads on the bar top.

Daphne is the first to wake up, sitting at the table. She seems occupied by her own thoughts.

*Shrimp*

Shrimp cocktail?

Ellen and Yaya come storming in.

**Daphne**

Where did you just come from?

**Yaya**

None of your business.

**ELLEN**

We came to get you out of here.

The Shrimp is already making cocktails. Samuel and Gay are slowly waking up.

**Yaya**

Come on everybody, time for some scrambled eggs.

*Shrimp*

That's not funny.

Yaya rolls her eyes at him. Ellen picks up Shirin, who is still asleep and snoring, and shoos the others out of the bar. They are all very hungover and nauseous.

*Shrimp*

Before you leave... Did you see my robot?

**ELLEN**

Sorry, I don't think your robot's coming back to you.

## **Yaya**

Try treat your workers better in the future, they might not run off with the first lesbian terrorist that crosses their way.

Gay waves goodbye to the Shrimp. They all head to the spaceship.

A big breakfast is waiting for them in the kitchen.

## **Daphne**

You actually made scrambled eggs.

Shirin wakes up to the smell of coffee.

## **Shirin**

Where am I?

*Gay*

I feel so bad...

## **Samuel**

I can't believe these last 24 hours... Everything's just too much! First the Lactating Nipple planet...

*Gay*

Then the gas station is lost to investors.

## **ELLEN**

The Shrimp bar is threatened by developers.

**Yaya**

But the Shrimp also exploited the robot and sold its own babies.

## **Samuel**

Everything's so complicated!

**Shirin**

I miss the Shrimp...

**ELLEN**

Our mysterious terrorist friend sold out to the developers.

**Yaya**

But she ran off with the robot. That's something!

**Daphne**

My navigation technique is still not working and we couldn't even get maps.

**Gay**

We're lost...

**Daphne**

Who can we even trust any more? I mean, can we even trust ourselves? Either we get high all the time or we are scrambling to patch up problems and running from unexpected emergencies. We're losing track of our mission! Are we even still looking for Club Splendida? We've been trying for so long and it's just as out of reach as when we started. I don't know whether even to believe it anymore... Maybe this whole Club Splendida thing is just a bad idea. Maybe it doesn't exist. I mean look at all this shit...

Samuel's eyes go wide. He has a flashback to Earth. He is in a bar, sipping a beer. Next to him is a table with four posh looking business people.

Back from the flashback, at the spaceship.

**Yaya**

Samuel, what is going on?

**Samuel**

Sorry, something just came back to me. When we were still on Earth, I was at a bar and overheard some people on the next table. They were talking about Club Splendida too.

They were working on a plan to find it and turn it into a huge business park with a spa area, a shopping mall, fitness studios, yoga retreats, the usual... They want to take it over and invest there. They were talking big numbers!

Everyone talks on top of each other.

**Daphne**

Why didn't you tell us?

Do you know who these people are? Have you kept track of

how their plans are going?

Do we even have a chance against them? Now it's all for

Hey, it's not Samuel's fault. I mean everything good is getting commodified and sold off these days. No need to act so surprised.

**Gay (starting to cry)**

This is hopeless, we should have stayed on Earth, at least we would still be with our friends.

**SHIRIN**  
I have to vomit.

She leaves the room.

**Samuel**

Fuck this. It's not like I'm some investor myself.

**ELLEN**

Don't take it on. Have some breakfast, it's all getting cold.

No one is able to comfort Gay, except Ellen. Yaya and Daphne sit around, looking at their cold, scrambled eggs, uncomfortable. Samuel leaves as well.

A big flash breaks through the silence and fills the room: a satellite drone orbiting around the spaceship is taking pictures. They turn around and through the window they see a gigantic, luxurious cruise spaceship, RMS Zirconic.

## **Yaya**

Now what is this?

**Daphne**

Did they just take photos of us?

**ELLEN**

Shit. Samuel!

The team moves to the cuntpit, Ellen calls Samuel through the spaceship speaker.

**ELLEN (through the speaker)**

Samuel! We need you in the cuntpit.

Samuel comes in, still annoyed but also confused, quickly understanding the drastic situation. He enables the intercom device, and a hologram image pops up. We see the interior of the tourist spaceship, as they see the interior of the cuntpit. It looks just like any other start up office.

Throughout the encounter, the intercom transmits dialogue snippets from other tourists in the background throughout the encounter, in a radio-like interference.

“I’ve been to Cassiopeia, Eagle, India...”, “I loved my time at Rhea, so I intend to visit all of Saturn’s moons within the next lunisolar calendar”, “You should try to find authentic people’s accommodations, that’s the only way of sparing these places of mischaracterisation”. “I always bring a mosquito-net wherever I go, just in case! I despise insects.”, “Have you heard of this traveller who got strangled in his own camera-strap?”, “What?! How awful...” “Well, if anybody knows how to strike a bargain on souvenirs, that will be me!”, “Never go to Io, the political situation is just too real, besides, the beds are uncomfortable, the toilets are strange, and the food tastes funky.”, “The methane lakes on Titan are out of this world, the best skin treatment I ever had”. “I like to be friends with everyone, everywhere I go, on my own terms!”, “I don’t think Lam-

pians realise the value of their furniture”, “On the other hand, I find the technology in Doomblob quite rudimentary, bit uncomfortable really.” “I’m glad you can find beer just about everywhere in the universe.”

T ✱ U ✱ F ✱ I ✱ S ✱ T ✱

Hi, hope you’re doing great.

T ✱ U ✱ F ✱ I ✱ S ✱ T ✱

We’re a collective of energetic space travellers called The Family and we organize lots of trips, photoshoots, and events to get to know all the cultures of the galaxy. You seem to be an interesting atypical crew. We would like to mix our DNA with yours.



T ✱ U ✱ F ✱ I ✱ S ✱ T ✱

We would love to chat about it with you.

T ✱ U ✱ F ✱ I ✱ S ✱ T ✱

Let’s have visionary talks.



T ✱ U ✱ F ✱ I ✱ S ✱ T ✱

Let’s improve our awareness.

Samuel, Yaya, Ellen, Gay and Daphne look at each other in confusion. Shirin is still vomiting in the bathroom. Ellen takes over and speaks for the group.



**ELLEN**

Ehm, thanks for the offer but we politely decline. We don’t just mix our “DNA” with random strangers.

## **Yaya** (looking sideways to Gay)

Well... some of us do I guess?

✂️🌟🌟🌟🌟🌟✂️

Do you make any craft objects? Is there artists on this ship?  
Or artisans? We love artisans.

**Gay**

I like making macramé... and Samuel writes poems,  
right Samuel?

**ELLEN**

We are neither looking to trade nor to be eternalised in your  
photo albums. Please leave us alone.

**Daphne**

I agree. Nobody invited your obscene offers.

✂️🌟🌟🌟🌟🌟✂️

O.K.! We wish you and your organisation all the best and  
we are always open to visits or exchanges in the future if  
some of you change your minds. We will be floating next  
door for a few days.





Time for a plenum. Gay is missing.

**Daphne**

Where is Gay?

**Shirin**

They say they are busy, they can't join right now.  
What's going on that justifies this spontaneous call,  
it better be good!

## **Yaya**

It's shitty that Gay isn't here.

Yaya is wearing an ugly oversized expensive looking watch and nervously pushing around on its buttons.

## **Shirin**

What do you mean it's shitty? We have to be real about people's lives and situations. We have a policy to go ahead when someone has limited capacity.

## **Daphne**

Shitty because this is about Gay. Shirin you made a big scene about Yaya being late to plenum last week, am I witnessing double standards?

## **ELLEN**

People, we don't have time for this. What's going on? Daphne puts a piece of paper on the table. Everybody takes a moment to read. Ellen starts shapeshifting rapidly through a variety of shapes, something that happens when they are upset.

## **Shirin (reads aloud)**

"Everything for everybody..." Wow, it's a contract between Gay and the Pagando Group. For a photoshoot! with a big honorary on it. But this is good?!

## **Yaya**

This is called "selling out". And Gay's been ordering things off of Crammazon lately.

## **ELLEN**

Pagando is the mother corporation that also owns the RMS Zirconic.

## **Shirin**

This seems like a great opportunity for Gay, don't be so judgmental. You're not able to empathise with a position that is different than yours. Daphne, how did you find this contract?

Daphne pretends not to be listening. Instead, she looks into her tablet, tapping on the screen.

## **Shirin**

Did you go through Gay's stuff? That's fucked up.

## **Yaya** (rolls her eyes)

Stop distracting. "Everything for everybody", right?

## **Samuel**

I also think it's weird. At least Gay could have asked about it. And it looks like the photoshoot is meant to happen at the engine room.

## **ELLEN**

That's a serious security threat. Gay knows about our no photo policy. If the engine room gets compromised in a huge campaign, that makes us particularly vulnerable.

## **Yaya**

Right.

## **Samuel**

It would be nice to talk with Gay first.

## **Yaya**

But how, when Gay doesn't come to plenum?

**Shirin**

I think you're being unfair. We should all support Gay. I wish I could be in a photoshoot. You're all just jealous.

**Yaya**

It's counterrevolutionary.

**Shirin**

Poor people doing photoshoots is part of cosmic liberation!

**Yaya**

Shirin what is wrong with you?

There's a big commotion downstairs. Everybody stops to hear what the noise is about. Voices and also bumping of objects against metal.

**Daphne**

This seems to be coming from the engine room!

**Samuel**

What the fuck..

**ELLEN**

I think we have to act quickly now. Daphne, Yaya, you come with me. Samuel, you stay here with Shirin.

**Shirin**

Ellen, for once, stop telling me what to do! You're not my boss!

**ELLEN**

Yaya, you make a distraction. Daphne, I will take care of

the cameras, if you could seize the make-up and accessories,  
that would be great.

The team rushes to the transport pole in the middle of the room, and pushes down to the engine room. On the way, Ellen shapeshifts into a cute little dog with a big smile. Yaya grabs a tray of cocktails from the kitchen.

In the room they find a tech team with cameras, a makeup team, three fashion designers, Gay in a fancy not fancy costume that is a mix of accessories and pimp up of their work overall. Ellen cheerfully runs around the room and jumps up at all the advertising people, wagging their tail. The people all love them. Yaya is offering cocktails, which they happily start sipping. Meanwhile, Daphne sends a destructive frequency through the room that destroys everybody's cellphones. Gay is striking poses. Shirin and Samuel appear.

### **Shirin**

Gay, they are trying to destroy the cameras!

### **Samuel**

Goddamn, Shirin, stop it.

Daphne quickly takes out all the memory cards from the cameras and feeds them to Ellen, who shreds them into pieces. Ellen then pushes over all the cameras and pees on them. Daphne grabs the makeup bags and runs out of the room. A big fight breaks out and the scene falls into chaos. Daphne and Yaya manage to kick out the photo crew, assisted by a growling Ellen. Gay is crying again. Out of Samuel's bag falls a handful of magic chickpeas. They roll all over the floor. Everyone pauses in a moment of silence.

### **ELLEN**

I think we need a mediation.



# Episode 05

The atmosphere in the spaceship is charged with tension and negativity. Urgently needing a mediator, Shirin buys a second hand CAAPIE mediation robot on b-bay, not knowing that CAAPIE was manufactured and programmed by Pagando.

After each had an individual session with the robot alone, the group mediation starts. The android mediator is giving the introduction, telling everyone what to do.

## CAAPIE

I will help you to find yourselves, stand your ground, and establish healthy and profitable working relationships. For this it is imperative that everyone's positions are clarified and categorised.

Tjatja, walk in a circle over here. You want to change, it makes no sense to me. Manuel, stand on one leg, magic chickpeas deserve punishment. Guy, you can sit here, make yourself comfortable, poor thing. Sharon, lie down, you need to relax. Elon, in the corner, face the wall, you have been a bad bad one. Darwin, I am not sure about you, just stand there.

## Daphne

What the fuck, my name is Daphne.

## CAAPIE

No swearing! Now that I have constructed this safe space for you, we can begin. Why do you need CAAPIE?

Samuel stares and shrugs his shoulders, with no idea why he would need mediation. Everyone is confused, but they let the robot roll, and accept the orders.

### **Gay**

I am disheartened to find that people I considered friends tried to sabotage my success.

### **ELLEN**

Gay, you put the spaceship and our whole quest at risk in our backs!

### **Daphne**

If you can't see that we're in trouble... I thought we decide everything in plenum, it was a big shock for me to find your contract with Pagando for this silly photoshoot.

### **Samuel**

Exactly! This is why I also don't understand why is Shirin siding with Gay.

### **Shirin**

I still would like to know how you got a hold of Gay's contract, Daphne.

### **Gay**

You all would have done the same, had you been in my position! You're just jealous.

### **Yaya**

Then it's good we weren't in the same position, or the whole team would have sold out. Gay i think you're infected with individualism.



**Shirin**

And now you're pulling out your doctor language to show us how superior you are.

**Daphne**

If this continues like this, we will never reach Club Splendida.

**Shirin**

I wanted to go to Club Splendida to become a famous superstar. It seems like there is no support for me in this crew, so I am not sure if we still share this journey.

**Yaya**

Who said there's superstars on Club Splendida?

**Shirin**

You always know everything better, don't you Yaya? You have become so righteous lately. Are you overcompensating that you still get supported by your parents or how come you care so much?

**Samuel**

They still support you?!

**Gay**

I totally think you could be a superstar.

**SHIRIN**

Thanks, Gay. I think you deserved the photoshoot.

**Gay**

Thanks, Shirin.

## CAAPIE

Guy, Sharon, I really liked your outlooks on the situation and I think we could all learn a lot from you. If you were the role models here, I believe in no time you could land successfully in Club Spellbinder!

## Samuel

I thought we were friends. We are sharing our resources, we came on this mission together, we used to trust each other. I don't understand what happened.

## ELLEN

But Samuel, you were hiding magic chickpeas, too. Are you aware how dangerous that is for the whole crew?

## Daphne

Ellen, you have become too bossy lately. Nobody even invited you to come with us in the first place.

## Shirin

It's because Ellen sleeps with everyone, so they think they can tell us what to do. I've struggled hard, I didn't get a real chance at university. People talk about equal opportunities for everybody, but all I got was to end up as a quartermaster in this dumpster ship, with no prospects of learning another position.

## CAAPIE

We don't need to hear about your past ShaRRROOOON! You've worked so much, you have so much success, can you not see that! How special you are! And you don't need to dwell on things that are no longer happening!

## Shirin

Been trying to talk about rotation since the beginning, but you all prefer to keep your skills to yourselves. This is shit.

If I preferred to be a doctor?! Hell yeah I would. But I want even more to be a famous and beautiful mega star, and no one will stop me from pursuing that path, as long as I still have a hair of energy in this ill-treated body.

Everything ascends into chaos, with everyone talking on top of each other, the problem has become worse than it was in the beginning! CAAPIE starts emitting smoke. As everyone is getting more upset, they all fall silent for a while.

### **Samuel** (in a smoother tone)

Gay, what I don't understand, is how did this photoshoot even come about?

**Gay**

Mind your own business.

### **Samuel**

I wasn't trying to accuse, I thought maybe you would like to share. I don't even know people at Pagando, how come you suddenly were working with them?

**Gay**

One of the tourists left me their contact! At least someone suddenly saw me and cared about me!

### **Shirin**

Gay, what?! What about our friendship?! Did you not see that?!

Shirin is the first to cry.

### **Daphne**

It's as if a blinding individualist infection has spreaded. I

also struggle to reach out, even more than usual, and I feel more and more isolated.

**Samuel**

Maybe if you put your tablet away sometimes you could feel more connected with us again? I would like that.

**CAAPIE**

And how might the problem be fixed from your point of view?

**Samuel**

If everyone brings the problems to the plenum, and doesn't keep secrets from each other, I think we could begin to fix things.

Samuel leaves his position and tries to comfort Daphne.

**CAAPIE**

Schtop Manuel. Why have you left your designated location! We must all remain in our positions to make sure that the safe space is regulated!!!

But Samuel ignores and starts to massage Daphne. As the others see them massaging each other they realise how lonely they have become. Shirin goes to massage Gay, Ellen goes to massage Yaya. They all leave their designated positions, coming together crying, holding and massaging each other, in a big microbial hodge podge of body fluids and healing love liquid, a big knot with arms, legs and heads poking out. An orb of color appears around them.

CAAPIE starts beeping wildly.

CAAPIE

I CANNOT FIX YOU! THERE IS TOO MUCH LOVE

HERE I MUST EXPLODE! 



CAAPIE, the android mediator, explodes. Yaya frees her arm from the ugly superwatch and throws it in the fire.

A loud knock on the door disrupts the newly found harmony. Shirin jumps up and activates the intercom device, while also trying to wipe the smudged make-up off her face. A hologram image pops up of a group of people in suits. Daphne's eyes widen, Yaya takes her hand.

**Daphne (whispers)**

The Ministry...



# Episode 06

Daphne is having a quiet panic attack. Yaya tries to calm her down. Shirin and Samuel get up. Gay gets up, Ellen gets up. Yaya pulls Daphne up, they stand together, still surrounded by a colorful glow, facing the holograms.

## **THE MINISTRY**

We have noticed suspicious crypto-activity from this ship. You broke out of the prison of the Bureaucratic Planet of Drawers. As prisoners you were destined. Prisoners you will become. Yet, the generous ministry comes to you today with an offer. We can spare your freedom under one condition. Identify the one called Ellen.

A murmur goes through the crew. They each stare at the ministry people in shock. Nobody moves. Until Ellen's face hardens. Ellen steps forward, and at the same time as Ellen, Samuel steps forward.

## **ELLEN + Samuel**

I'm Ellen.

Ellen is trying to keep a cold face, but they are very moved, and also worried. Quickly, Shirin steps forward.

## **Shirin**

I'm Ellen.

Gay steps forward, and shortly after them Yaya and Daphne also step forward.

**Gay**

I'm Ellen.

**Yaya + Daphne**

I'm Ellen.

**THE WHOLE CREW**

I'm Ellen!

The colorful glow around them gets very strong and is accompanied by a harmonic hum.

They look at each other in confidence, as if each knows what to do, what will happen next. They play time and face the hologram.

**THE MINISTRY**

We don't have time for games. We'll give you one more chance, and...

Suddenly something hits the Ministry's ship with a heavy impact and bright glow. The hologram glitches, while we see the men in suits completely taken aback. The crew themselves is surprised as well – this didn't come from their ship. The hologram vanishes in loss of communication, the Ministry's ship is hit again, and we see a third, pirate-like ship crossing quickly in front of the main window. It has the size of a small bird in comparison with the Ministry's ship, while at the same time it feels much quicker and more agile, like a fly. As the pirate ship keeps firing at the Ministry, Samuel sits down at the wheel.

**Shirin**

Gay, lock the gates, everyone, hold on and fasten your seat-belts! Samuel, get us out of here, fast!



**Samuel**

I don't know who this ship is from, but we have to join this dance and collaborate.

**ELLEN**

I'll send a pair of eyes to the back window and log into the machine room to prevent overheat. Gay, get Yaya to help you set up and aim the super-squirter.

Next shot shows space and the three spaceships in it, performing a dangerous dance and striking light beams and fluids at each other, in a scene which resembles and refers to classic Star Wars-like sequences, but is also a mock of such nonsense. A sequence of shots that don't really make so much sense geographically and leave the viewer disoriented. The Pirate Ship makes communication with the crew's spaceship, a couple of pirates pop up on hologram of the intercom device. In the background of their hologram are chaotic piles of luxury food, clothes, jewellery and gadgets.

**PIRATES**

We managed to hit their navigation unit right when they were busy talking with you guys! We'll have a chance to flee now, and we should use it. It's not worth it to stay and try to make more damage. In the end they will be stronger. Run!

**Samuel**

Thanks so much, people.

**Yaya**

You just saved our asses...

Samuel hits the overdrive and they disappear into the depths of outer space. In the background, the pirate ship can be seen firing a few more rounds at the ministry.

## Daphne

Why were they looking for you, Ellen?

### **ELLEN**

I guess this is not so secret for you, but I'm a transformer. Almost my entire life I dedicated to make myself a shape-shifter. In my previous life I was a wealthy lady on earth, a big fortune coming from a past failed marriage. I had many dinner parties, but I was often bored. I started developing these less-than-human ideals and I started being able to control the micro-organisms revolting and transforming on my skin, the tiny spiders that live in my pores. I saw to take my evolution into my own hands. I became obsessed with bio-engineering myself. First I was a tree, then an insect, then a fish, then a bacteria in an oxygenless dark cave, which began my thirst for outer space.

## *Gay*

Ellen, that sounds so risky!

### **ELLEN**

But it is also a big advantage, as my body is able to bypass most security systems, and I can function as a dangerous weapon. The Ministry is interested in acquiring the knowledge and skill I have, but they know it is pointless to kindly ask, so they put me in the list of most wanted under the grounds that I am a public threat.

## Daphne

We will not let this happen to you.

The team gives hands and we see the spaceship disappearing in space, surrounded by colorful swirls of light.



# Episode 07

Yaya and Shirin make coffee for everyone.

## **Yaya**

So good that the Pirate Ship gave us maps for this area of the universe we're in.

## **Shirin**

One step closer to Beverly Hills!

They come into the cuntpit. Samuel steers the wheel, while Ellen, Daphne and Gay all look into the new maps transferred by the Pirate Ship. Now Daphne has a ground on which she can re-develop her navigation clues.

## Daphne

If the coordinates the Pirate Ship gave us are right, according to these maps, we went around a circle and are now close to Doomblob again.

## Yaya

Don't tell me you wanna revisit the Shrimp. I was so nervous Shirin would start laying eggs any minute, every time she went to puke these last days. It's too dangerous with The Ministry on our backs anyway to go back.

A flash and a siren interrupts them. On the intercom, a half-horse half-cat character in a traffic inspector suit appears as a hologram. He wears overly tight 70s jeans and has beautiful big horse teeth on the upper jaw, but the lower jaw is a cat jaw, so he can't smile.

## D.D. DOWNER

Inspection! I need to inspect your spaceship. It certainly looks suspicious from the outside and you were going three times the allowed speed. What are you doing in these whereabouts?

The team freezes in the surprise and uncertainty whether D.D. Downer is aware of them being chased by the Ministry.

## D.D. DOWNER

What's gotten into you, you don't speak? I'm D.D. Downer, traffic inspector. I need to be allowed into your spaceship for inspection.

## Shirin (overcoming her initial freeze, taking initiative)

Oh yes, Mr. Inspector, please come in! Where are our man-  
ners?

Samuel presses a lever and the hologram becomes D.D. Downer's real body. When entering the ship for technical inspection, inspector Downer takes it so incredibly slow, that one might think he is

looking for friends rather than technical defects.

### **D.D. DOWNER**

Oh, you all looked so frozen for a second, I started getting insecure! Life has not been easy for me, traffic inspector D.D. Downer, coming from a cat-dominated planet like the Planet of Eternal Foggy Sunsets. Now our society has collapsed – the planet lays abandoned, desolate, without a living soul! But I have received a pay check upfront until the end of the year and I'm just the type of cat-horse who will keep patrolling the orbits of Foggy Sunset until the clock strikes midnight on December 31st.

The whole team is in disbelief.

### **D.D. DOWNER**

We could start by inspecting the kitchen! Do you have tea?

### **Shirin**

Oh yes Inspector Downer, we have such quality sorts of tea. Let me accompany you to our kitchen. Gay, Yaya, will you join?

As Shirin, D.D. Downer, Gay and Yaya leave, Daphne, Ellen and Samuel look at each other, startled.

### **Daphne**

What should we do?! We can't stand here stopped with a Ministry spaceship on our backs!?

In the kitchen, D.D. Downer drifts away in meditation, looking out of the window. Gay stands close to the inspector. Shirin is aside, preparing the tea with Yaya.

### **Shirin (quietly, to Yaya)**

Yaya, do you have those pills at hand?

**Yaya**

Yes, be subtle.

At the window, D.D. Downer stares outside meditatively.

**D.D. DOWNER**

You know, I had a small career in porn but I ended up choosing a more stable path by learning how to be a traffic inspector.

**Gay (awkwardly)**

Oh, you did?!

**Shirin (interrupting and loud)**

The tea is ready! And we have some cookies too! Here's our best chair for you Mr. inspector.

**D.D. DOWNER (sitting down)**

Oh, such kindness.

Yaya, Shirin, Gay sit around the inspector attentively.

There is a moment of silence.

**Shirin**

Do you need anything else, Inspector? Let us know how to accommodate. How do you like the cookies?

**D.D. DOWNER (whispering, tears rolling down his cheeks)**

Oh the cookies are splendid! On lonely nights in the patrol ship, I like to bake sweet and sticky cakes.

**Shirin**

Oh indeed? What flavours do you like to bake?

**D.D. DOWNER (suddenly changes)**

I wish I could love, but I can't. I'll have to fine you. You were overspeed. And that's possibly not all, as I still have to see your rooms. After this tea we should start with the engine.....

**Shirin**

It must be difficult, always to be on patrol, and having to fine people.

**D.D. DOWNER (sighs)**

Yes it's a difficult life. Especially out here, near the boundaries of where Crammazon delivers to. A lot of hoodlums, tricksters and criminal queers are in this area. It means more work for me, but so often I see them escape to the outside. I have never gone there. Where Crammazon doesn't deliver, is absolute lawlessness. Who knows what an abyss of immorality is waiting there. I heard of settlements named Mortville. They have a bad reputation. Not even the ministry would go there. It's the end of the developed universe.

Shirin and Yaya exchange quick glances. Gay starts coughing.

**D.D. DOWNER**

Oh this tea is lovely... I wish someone would read me a poem...

D.D. Downer falls asleep flat on the table. Yaya speaks over the intercom.

**Yaya**

Ellen, the job is done. We need your help.

Ellen appears as a wheeled stretcher, and Shirin and Gay put the snoring body of D.D. Downer on her.

## **ELLEN**

He's not as heavy as I thought. I'll be right back.

Ellen brings the body of the inspector to his spaceship through the hologram interface and makes her way back as a space fly.

## **Gay**

Are we all thinking the same thing?

## **Shirin**

I'm afraid of going out of the Crammazon delivery zone.  
I don't want to live as a hermit.

## **Daphne**

We don't have much choice but to go away. We're being chased and persecuted.

## **Gay**

Lawless queers at the end of the universe doesn't sound so bad to me.

## **Yaya**

It'll have to do at least for now. Ok, Shirin?

Shirin shrugs.

## **Samuel**

I'm totally ready to speed some more...

## **ELLEN**

I will make hot chocolate for everybody.

The crew takes off with a sad but hopeful feeling, and the spaceship disappears in space.



# Episode 08

The spaceship approaches a string of big warning signs: „We do not deliver beyond this point. Cramazon“ „Beware. You are leaving the safety of the Connected World (TM).“ „Space travel beyond this point is at your own risk“, images of all sorts of different species’ skulls, etc. The light changes, it goes darker, as if flying into a nebula.

**Samuel**

I think this is it. We are out of the comfort zone.

**Daphne**

Puh... What a relief.

I wonder what there is in store for us out here...

## **Shirin**

Looks nothing like Beverly Hills.

Gay hugs Shirin. After a while, there is a lonely street sign pointing to the left: “The Repair Shack, 13 space time units.”

Samuel talks over the loudspeakers from the cuntpit.

## **Samuel**

Look! There’s a repair shack over here. Should we go?

## **Gay**

Sounds good. Maybe we can find some parts for the broken vending machine.

## **Shirin**

I’m for it too.

Ellen, a little dog again lying on the fluffy fungus rug, barks. Daphne goes to join Samuel in the cuntpit.

## **Daphne**

I could also use some things for my navigation computer. I think with some help maybe I can upgrade it and fix the glitches it got in the Gloryhole.

## **Samuel**

Alright, sounds like we all agree.

He turns off towards the Shack. They land on a clearing in a light forest. It’s getting dark. All around there is different little shacks spread out. A group of people is having a fire. They wave hello.

## **PEASANT 1**

Welcome strangers! Do you want a beer?

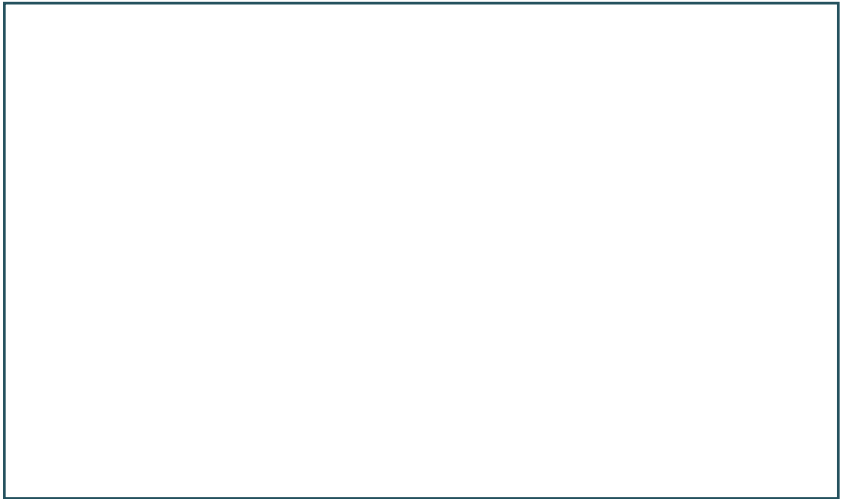
**PEASANT 2**  
Or some cake?

**PEASANT 3**  
A couple chickpeas?

They notice patches of chickpea plants all around. In the back they see a big blinking sign: “The Repair Shack”. Samuel is already chatting with the people at the fire.

**Samuel**

We wanted to go to the Repair Shack first. But we will be back for drinks, and I could do with a few chickpeas as well. You guys just grow them here freely? That’s amazing.



They go to the Shack. An ageless nerd named Caio is there fixing some old VHS players. There is cables and parts everywhere, all is ordered by colors and sizes. Daphne and Yaya are already browsing.

**CAIO**  
Ah hello. What brings you here at the crack of dusk?

**Gay**

We saw your sign.

**Shirin**

We thought maybe you can help us.

**Gay**

Could you have a device that can help us locate  
Club Splendida.

**CAIO (laughs)**

Locate? Where to start... Come sit down with me. Have  
some beers.

They sit down in front of the shack.

**CAIO**

This might come as a shock but... Club Splendida is not a  
place that you can just go to. That's a rumour designed to  
keep developers distracted. They will never find Club Splen-  
dida. By definition it cannot be privatised, nor sold. We  
think of it here as a kind of frequency. That's the closest  
we came to describing it. Club Splendida. Radio Ragazza,  
Phoenix Radio, Schlaraffenland, Atlantis, Fairy FM, kooky  
Broadcasting, Radia, it has many names.

**Shirin**

Beverly Hills?

The team starts laughing.

**Daphne**

So what kind of device do we need to receive it?

CAIO

You don't need a device... You need each other.

They all look at each other. They notice the hum, and faint vibrating colors surrounding them.

### **Samuel**

You are saying it's already here. I mean, we are already there. We have found it. Not just today, already a while ago?

Daphne shakes her head in disbelief. Shirin is confused.

### **Yaya**

But there is so much effort to find the frequency! I feel we found it for a moment or two. But how to stay in it?

### **Samuel**

That is the work we have to put into every time our individual frequencies don't match, maybe?

### **Gay**

But this place here, with the Repair Shack, and those friendly people by the fire, and the chickpeas and forests and huts. It is a place. And I feel like we found somewhere.

### **ELLEN**

So many new microbiomes to explore!

### **Yaya**

Can we stay here, is it possible?

### **CAIO**

You can. But it's not as romantic as it seems. Out here where Crammazon does not deliver, resources are

scarce. We only get the leftovers. We have droughts, then polar winds, and all kinds of unwanted radiation, it's difficult to know. Then it's too hot, then it's too cold. The soil is bad, we are working to recover it, and you will find this problem on all the planets out here to varying degrees. Everything "useful" was squeezed out of them, and then they were abandoned. Not everyone is able to adapt. Some end up here who have lost all hope. Some can't be with others without creating a lot of hurt.

Some peasants have come over from the fire to see what is going on here at the Shack.

**PEASANT 4**

Are you telling your stories again?

**PEASANT 5**

No need to scare the newbies.

Turning to the crew.

**PEASANT 5**

It's not so bad here, you know.

**CAIO**

I didn't say it was bad! Just that it's nothing to be glorified either.

**PEASANT 4**

We do what we can.

**Daphne**

I'm not being followed here by anybody, that's already amazing. I haven't felt this relaxed since I left the space academy, and that's many years ago.

**PEASANT 2**

Some people need different things in life. If you need autonomy, you'll be fine here. And you seemed interested in our quality of chickpeas.

**Samuel**

Sounds good.

**Yaya**

I also want!

**PEASANT 3**

We made some soup over by the fire, you should join.

**Gay**

I like fire.

**ELLEN**

I like fire too.

They start heading to the bonfire, exchanging stories, and every now and then a cloud of colors starts glowing. Shirin stays behind. She is not happy. She still thinks about the Shrimp. Her dreams of a big career in Beverly Hills seem more out of reach than ever before.

**Shirin (to herself)**

How did I end up here?!

the end







# character descriptions

**SAMUEL**: the Captain

grew up with a space pilot single dad, followed in his footsteps, has a passion for the arts, a real softie, very charming, usually needs a moment to process

**DAPHNE**: the Navigator

top student, trained at the brazilian space agency, tends to get in conflict with authorities, high stress levels with regular tinnitus, secretive, addictive leanings towards technological tools

**SHIRIN**: the Quartermaster

perfectionist, justice-maker, likes to be in charge, dreams of glamour, when the conversation turns towards children, she will grab her makeup bag

**GAY**: the Engineer

orphan with childhood secrets, hyper-patient and hard-working, threw away a career at the german space agency to spend time with friends, great listener, always remembers people's birthdays

**YAYA**: the Doctor

was expected by her rich parents to become an artist, rebelled and became a doctor, eats very often junk foods, has high ideals, but earthbound desires that come in the way

**ELLEN**: the Stowaway

has the gift of perfect camouflaging, seemingly ageless, dedicated their life to study, searching for a just society, sometimes thinks they know better than everybody else





*Club  
Splendida* season 2

written by  
Mouna Abo Assali, Erfan Aboutalebi, Ernest Ah, Caio  
Amado Soares, Philipp Fröhlich, Cammack Lindsey,  
Deniz Şimşek, Lee Stevens

edited by  
Ernest Ah, Caio Amado Soares

graphic design and illustration  
Bilge Emir, Tess Meyer

printing  
AK knol / printeretto (AK print 4 life)  
part of the project “Carrier Bags of Friction” at Raumer-  
weiterungshalle

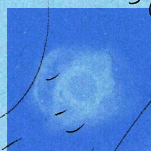
organised by  
Ernest Ah, Caio Amado Soares, T Blank, Diana Paiva

\*PS LOGO?\*

the publishing shack, 2021  
[raumerweiterungshalle.net](http://raumerweiterungshalle.net)

Gefördert von der Beauftragten der Bundesregierung für  
Kultur und Medien

magic chickpea gardens  
of kirolonia



**lactating nipple**

**planet red  
banana plus**

giant capitalist  
evangelical space  
station

desert of  
righteousness



DOORBLOB 3000

