VO

FAR OFF IN THE DISTANT SKIES OF WORLDS UNKNOWN THERE FLIES A SHIP CALLED THE KURGAN. ABOARD, SOME OF THE TOUGHEST SONS OF GUNS FOR HIRE THIS WILD UNIVERSE WILL EVER KNOW. THEY ARE THE MISERY LOVES COMPANY.

(theme!)

VO

The past is certainly catching up with the Misery Loves Company. After landing on a crow-folk planet in search of Cobb Gnarly's missing maiden, this company was attacked by the immeasurable murder of werecrows, then attacked by their former friend and now king of the gladiator planet Fork, then by the Space police for lying and also blowing up a moon, then by the now angry blood beast they freed from an asteroid. There's no putting it gently, folks. Things are looking grim.

AHAB

We're boned.

BERNIE

There's a way out of this.

(SFX: Chaos, terror)

CLYDE

Please tell us the way out of this.

BERNIE

dadgum all we gotta do is escape. It's that easy. ding dong done.

AHAB

Your turn to talk has concluded once more. Kurgan, what's the chances of getting us out of this.

KURGAN

From your current position I can do nothing but pray.

CLYDE

You can pray?

KURGAN

I believe your current situation is more urgent than the philosophical hurdle a computer praying to a deity presents, but if you insist we can start a dialogue.

BERNIE

No dialogue.

AHAB

Exactly, shutup Bernie. What do we need to do?

KURGAN

The mission is to find and retrieve Vanessa Crowelton. I have been scanning the planet for her lifesigns constantly but I have not yet located her. Alive, or dead.

AHAB

We have to get out of this rubble--

(SFX: Blast, debris)

AHAB

Before it all comes down on us.

CROW-GUY

Psst.

AHAB

Bernie we concluded your session.

CROW-GUY

I'm not Bernie I'm a crow-man. Caw.

AHAB

Oh, what?

CROW-GUY

Down here!

VO

Below their feet, a crow-folk's head stuck out of a hole in the ground.

CROW-GUY

Lift up this Crow-Hole cover and follow me.

AHAB

I get it. Like a man-hole cover, but for crows.

CLYDE

Solid.

BERNIE

Amazing.

VO

Ahab, Bernie and Clyde followed the Crow-Guy down the crow-hole into the sewers of whatever city this once was.

BERNIE

I didn't know Crow-Folk had cities, much less cool underground sewers. Ya'll get a bad wrap.

CROW-GUY

The prejudice of the galaxy against the Crow-Folk is a long-standing mire that all my people must wallow in. Much like, at this moment you are wading through eons of crow-shit.

KURGAN

I'm losing contact with y----(static, fade out)

AHAB

Kurgan?

CROW-GUY

This area is impenetrable by almost all communication methods, even quantum.

BERNIE

Sounds serious.

CROW-GUY

It's our hang-zone.

BERNIE

I want a hang zone.

AHAB

What's your name, friendo?

CROW GUY/CHRISTOPHER ECCROWSTON

Christopher Eccrowston.

BERNIE

How come ya'll always puttin' crow in your name.

CROW GUY

How come ya'll always abducting us and eating us for holidays.

BERNIE

Great question! I have no real response to it, so I'm going to ignore it completely, ethically and otherwise.

CROW GUY

I respect your openness towards new ideas, rock man.

BERNIE

Thank you. I abhor a new way to think.

AHAB

Can you help us with something?

CROW GUY

Besides saving you from cosmic horror, gladiators, space cops, and falling rocks despite your burly friend here's innate and outwardly expressed crowphobia?

AHAB

Yes.

CROW GUY

Sure.

AHAB

Do you know if a crow named Vanessa Crowelton is down here?

CROW GUY

Not personally, but if she's alive, she's down here. Everyone alive on this planet is down here.

CLYDE

Werecrows really did a number on you didn't they.

CROW GUY

Their numbers blocked out the suns. All lost some, some lost all. Caw.

BERNIE

Gonna be a sad Crow-Feastmas this year, that's for sure.

CROW GUY

I don't care for you.

AHAB

Yeah well, get in line.

CLYDE

He has a way with birds.

BERNIE

I get it, like a way with words but with crows.

AHAB

Solid.

BERNIE

ImPECKable.

CLYDE

I get it, like impeccable but with peck like as in what birds do.

AHAB

Tremendous.

CLYDE

Applaudable.

AHAB

That joke stuck to me like vel-CROW

CROW GUY

Please.

CLYDE

You will be CAW-nvicted of war crimes for that one.

BERNIE

Who's up for drinks later? I'd like a CAWsmopolitian.

CROW GUY

...we're here

VO

Despite the companies' extended pun medley, Christopher eccrowston brought the boys to the crow-folks' isolated underground hang zone.

CLYDE

The caw-ruption of the crow people will not stand.

CROW GUY

Don't ever talk to me again. I wish you had died up there. I wish we all had died up there.

BERNIE

You mean, you'll caw us, don't caw you.

AHAB

Thanks anyway!

VO

The Company was in a large underground garden of some type. It seemed to be an adopted structure. There were trees the likes of which neither Ahab Bernie or Clyde had ever seen before. Ahab stopped a crow-person pecking around one.

AHAB

How long have crows lived here?

CROW-PECK

Since we chased off the fly people.

BERNIE

Interesting. So you don't have the moral high ground whatsoever to be angry at us for eating your people constantly.

CROW-PECK

What?

AHAB

Hey is there someone named Vanessa Crowelton here?

CROW-PECK

Ooh. Yeah. She's here. She ain't going anywhere.

AHAB

What do you mean?

CROW-PECK

She's uh, what would you call it. Patient zero?

AHAB

The infector.

CROW-PECK

Yeeeeah. We got her in stasis. She's the only thing that could cure the outbreak, we think. Top crow minds agree.

AHAB

Can we see her?

CROW-PECK

Sure! Follow me.

VO

The company followed the crow to an even more secure facility within the delicate beauty that was the Crows' hang-zone.

CROW-PECK

Here she is. Patient zero.

VO

The trio approached a crow-woman with beautifully maintained feathers and eyes as dark as the eyes of crows, which is to say, a medium to heavy brown. She was interred in a small glass coffin with just a hint of ice covering the thick glass.

AHAB

Interesting. So she started all this?

CROW-PECK

We're fairly certain, caw.

AHAB

How long can she survive in this?

CROW-PECK

Indefinitely. We have very secure and--

(SFX: Whack)

BERNIE

Alright, now how we gettin' this out of here.

AHAB

Can you carry it?

BERNIE

Mmmmm... (grunts) Yeah, turns out I can. Can't do no shootin' though. We's gonna have to move fast to avoid the terror that awaits us outside.

AHAB

Let me focus on that. You do what you do best. Carry heavy things.

BERNIE

I do other things. You all love my 'sketti.

CLYDE

Yes Bernie. We love your spaghetti.

BERNIE

Can't have Spaghetti Sunday without Spaghetti. That's what I always say doggone it.

AHAB

Yeah well. True. C'mon. Let's try not to be too Caw-nspicuous.

CLYDE

Sometimes, you guys are cawlright.

BERNIE

Be caw-reful not to agitate the crows any further than we already have.

AHAB

Noted. Honestly, this was easier than I ever expected given the state of things. Cobb hopefully will believe us that she was already diseased. Clyde, can you look like that guy Bernie may or may not just have killed.

BERNIE

He's just unconscious! But really, really, really unconscious.

CLYDE

That's called a coma.

BERNIE

I know what a coma is....

(Silence, a beat)

BERNIE

It's---

CLYDE

Don't make a comma joke. You don't know how those work either.

BERNIE

I'm gonna put you in this coffin too boy.

CLYDE

Try it.

AHAB

Quiet. Can you?

CLYDE

CAN I? Why don't I ALWAYS look li--

AHAB

Okay, thank you. C'mon.

VO

Clyde morphed into a shape vaguely similar to that of the fallen Crow. Nothing, however, could hide the shape of their rocky, chubby friend Bernie carrying a cryo-tube.

CLYDE

Sorry everyone, just a quick move, nothing to see here. Caw. Caw caw caw.

SOME CROW

Say, what is that crow doing with the only cure for bein' a werecrow

ANOTHER CROW

Do you crows think these johnny randos have our best interests at heart?

SOME CROW

I don't know my good pal, What should we do?

ANOTHER CROW

No ideas in my head my good pal.

SOME CROW

Caw, caw caw.

ANOTHER CROW

CAW AGAIN.

VO

While the surviving crow-folk debated the best course of action to take with the smuggling of their medicinal miracle, Ahab Bernie and Clyde made their way back to the surface. It was a tight fit through the tunnels for Bernie, but no one seemed to care that he was struggling.

AHAB

Kurgan? Kurgan are you there?

KURGAN

I am, I thought I'd lost you.

AHAB

What's it looking like up there? We got presents.

KURGAN

Not great (SFX: Explosion). If you want off this planet, you better hurry.

AHAB

We're on our way up now.

VO

They've got Vanessa Crowelton, but will the company get off the planet? With an intergalactic war brewing outside, what will become of the Misery Loves Company? Find out next time in episode 15: \_\_\_\_\_\_ OR \_\_\_\_\_