



SUBURBAN SENSHI

25¢
NO. 6abcd
JUL.
2002



ゴバーバツ 戦士



THE CRAPTERION COLLECTION



HIATUS: FEATURING SPAMLET I AND II
2002

T
AGES 13+

CONTAINS:
VIOLENCE, PLOTTY HUMOR,
ALCOHOLIC DRINKING,
SOME ADULT SITUATIONS
AND LANGUAGE.
SEE PAGES 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 516, 517, 518, 519, 520, 521, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 560, 561, 562, 563, 564, 565, 566, 567, 568, 569, 570, 571, 572, 573, 574, 575, 576, 577, 578, 579, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 590, 591, 592, 593, 594, 595, 596, 597, 598, 599, 600, 601, 602, 603, 604, 605, 606, 607, 608, 609, 610, 611, 612, 613, 614, 615, 616, 617, 618, 619, 620, 621, 622, 623, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 629, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 640, 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647, 648, 649, 650, 651, 652, 653, 654, 655, 656, 657, 658, 659, 660, 661, 662, 663, 664, 665, 666, 667, 668, 669, 670, 671, 672, 673, 674, 675, 676, 677, 678, 679, 680, 681, 682, 683, 684, 685, 686, 687, 688, 689, 690, 691, 692, 693, 694, 695, 696, 697, 698, 699, 700, 701, 702, 703, 704, 705, 706, 707, 708, 709, 710, 711, 712, 713, 714, 715, 716, 717, 718, 719, 720, 721, 722, 723, 724, 725, 726, 727, 728, 729, 730, 731, 732, 733, 734, 735, 736, 737, 738, 739, 740, 741, 742, 743, 744, 745, 746, 747, 748, 749, 750, 751, 752, 753, 754, 755, 756, 757, 758, 759, 760, 761, 762, 763, 764, 765, 766, 767, 768, 769, 770, 771, 772, 773, 774, 775, 776, 777, 778, 779, 780, 781, 782, 783, 784, 785, 786, 787, 788, 789, 790, 791, 792, 793, 794, 795, 796, 797, 798, 799, 800, 801, 802, 803, 804, 805, 806, 807, 808, 809, 810, 811, 812, 813, 814, 815, 816, 817, 818, 819, 820, 821, 822, 823, 824, 825, 826, 827, 828, 829, 830, 831, 832, 833, 834, 835, 836, 837, 838, 839, 840, 841, 842, 843, 844, 845, 846, 847, 848, 849, 850, 851, 852, 853, 854, 855, 856, 857, 858, 859, 860, 861, 862, 863, 864, 865, 866, 867, 868, 869, 870, 871, 872, 873, 874, 875, 876, 877, 878, 879, 880, 881, 882, 883, 884, 885, 886, 887, 888, 889, 890, 891, 892, 893, 894, 895, 896, 897, 898, 899, 900, 901, 902, 903, 904, 905, 906, 907, 908, 909, 910, 911, 912, 913, 914, 915, 916, 917, 918, 919, 920, 921, 922, 923, 924, 925, 926, 927, 928, 929, 930, 931, 932, 933, 934, 935, 936, 937, 938, 939, 940, 941, 942, 943, 944, 945, 946, 947, 948, 949, 950, 951, 952, 953, 954, 955, 956, 957, 958, 959, 960, 961, 962, 963, 964, 965, 966, 967, 968, 969, 970, 971, 972, 973, 974, 975, 976, 977, 978, 979, 980, 981, 982, 983, 984, 985, 986, 987, 988, 989, 990, 991, 992, 993, 994, 995, 996, 997, 998, 999, 1000.

STORY AND ART BY DOCTOR XADIUM

STORY AND ART BY DOCTOR XADIUM

SUBURBAN
SENSHI
サブバーバン戦士

SEASON
1.5

Omake
Fun Time
Backstage
OVA!

STORY AND ART BY DOCTOR XADIUM

All original story elements and characters Copyright © 2002-2019 and beyond Doctor Xadium. All non-original characters, elements and trademarks are copyright their respective owners.

This work is provided FREE OF CHARGE, if you paid something for it you were ripped off!

www.suburbansenshi.com

All rights reserved.

DEDICATION

This work is dedicated to the entire Suburban Senshi fan community, without whom I would have probably dropped the project aeons ago. You all have literally changed my life. You rock.



CONTENTS

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS	vi
HIATUS I – FALLOUT, or “The Reviews are in... or ‘What’s a Fourth Wall?’”	I
HIATUS II – PLEA BARGAIN, or FOURTH WALL GHOST HACK.....	8
HIATUS III - “Spamlet, Part I”	13
HIATUS IV – “Spamlet, Part II”	27

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Naoko Takeuchi, Akira Toriyama and every other author whose continuity we have pillaged is hereby thanked for their involuntary contributions to this fanfic and for creating the worlds we have enjoyed playing in for over a decade.

HIATUS I – FALLOUT, or “The Reviews are in... or ‘What’s a Fourth Wall!’”

Originally posted to USENET 7/12/2002 – Remastered 1/13/2020

BACKSTAGE, SUBURBAN SENSHI PRODUCTION OFFICES

Hotaru, Michiru and Jedite are sitting around a round table which has stacks of newspapers on it. Haruka and Nephelite are standing stiffly in opposite corners of the sparsely furnished room, leaning back in their respective corners, arms crossed, eyes closed, dour expressions on their faces.

Hotaru rapidly scanned another newspaper article, her eyes narrowing as she went through the text. A dark cloud fell over her features.

"Another bad one, eh?" Jedite asked, already knowing the answer. Scowling, he propped his legs up on the tabletop, forcibly displacing a stack of articles.

"Season One starts with a bang, ends with a whimper," Hotaru read from memory, ostensibly looking at the article as she did so. "Brilliant premise about the shockingly funny lives of the Outer Senshi ruined by last minute descent into rabid continuity-fixing."

"Feh," Haruka said from her corner, not bothering to open her eyes, "that's not the worst of it. That [BLEEP]ing [BLEEP]head Xadium had the NERVE to write me out."

STORY AND ART BY DOCTOR XADIUM

"Oh, big loss," Nephrite shot from his corner. "My tragic expiration was the real tragedy."

"Who gives a [BLEEP] about you?!" Haruka yelled, straightening up and grabbing a chair. "Everyone knows that I'm the heart and soul of Suburban Senshi! You're just a character foil! Those are a dime a dozen!"

"Maybe if you didn't blow the production budget on BEER and CHIPS," Nephrite shot back, "they could have filmed the high-definition cutscenes where I deliver my soliloquy about the harsh unfairness of human life while operatic singers wail in the background as I die in super dramatic slow motion!"

"...ing character foil," Haruka muttered under her breath.

"I'll give you a [BLEEP]ing character foil!" Nephrite yelled, generating a Dark Kingdom light saber in his left hand and leaping towards Haruka, who pulled out her Space Sword.

"Oh my, my, my my my..." Jedite said with amusement as he read one of the numerous newspaper reviews. "This is interesting."

Nephrite and Haruka stopped in midair, settling down and paying attention to Jedite, who was reading from the article.

"--while Ten'ou Haruka and Tomoe Hotaru were the two standout characters in Suburban Senshi this season, the others weren't quite so lucky, though not through lack of trying. While Episodes One through Three stood out well due to their ensemble casts, Episode Four fell flat on its face due to an exaggerated focus on Kaioh Michiru, beginning the downward spiral of Suburban Senshi..."

Michiru, who had been absorbed in the deep and studious contemplation of her own navel, suddenly sat up and took notice of what Jedite was saying.

"...quite simply, Kaioh Michiru is a writer's nightmare... a black hole of personality, shining only when played off her opposite number, Ten'ou Haruka..."

"What?!" Michiru exclaimed, standing up irately.

Jedite snickered as he continued to read. "Episode four failed miserably because the writer, obviously painfully aware that one of his three main characters had no real persona of which to speak, took the desperate gamble of putting her in the most trying of circumstances for an entire episode.

"But one nervous breakdown and several amusing attempts and giving her personality quirks later, we can see that the experiment was a miserable failure--"

Michiru's eyes narrowed.

"--the poor little rich girl who suddenly had to face the trauma of everyday life' shtick just isn't working for Michiru. Hotaru has a well-defined set of interests extrapolated from the manga and a good deal of mystery behind her. Haruka has several extrapolated "hobbies" that make sense given her rough and ready persona as defined by the anime. Setsuna, who was basically a walk-on duplicate of Hotaru as far as mysteriousness was concerned, was first turned evil to make her 'different' and then wisely written out in the season finale. Unfortunately, it seems the writer's plans blew up in his face, so to speak, when he decided to leave Haruka in the exploding house instead of Michiru. Her brand of elite nosewrinkling isn't going to play very well in season two, this reviewer can assure you."

STORY AND ART BY DOCTOR XADIUM

"The author has tried to keep everyone close to their characters as defined by Naoko Takeuchi, but doing so in Michiru's case would mean having to write '...' every time she opens her mouth--"

"I see," Michiru said darkly. "This reviewer apparently fails to understand the depth of--"

"--my genius," Hotaru, Haruka, Nephelite and Jedite intoned dully.

"I am not predictable!" Michiru yelled desperately. "I'm a full, rich, complex, individual with feelings, needs and desires! They're just held deep beneath the surface!"

"By my estimation you'd need roughly three hundred years of deep regressive hypnotherapy to unearth anything in there that even remotely resembles a true persona," Hotaru said coldly.

"Oh?!" Michiru asked, indignant. "And what about you? Without your precious little quotations, or historical observances, or metaphysical insights, or strange goth-like tendencies, where would you be, young woman?"

"Where you are. A void, a sad nullity." Hotaru chuckled as Michiru stewed.

"Face it, Michi," Haruka said innocently, "all you do is play the violin, paint, and look in that mirror of yours. That's it."

"Well if stupid Xadium hadn't turned the season finale into an Inner Senshi / DBZ love-fest just to try out his theories on how to fix up a continuity hole, maybe I'd have been redeemed!"

"Ahem, Miss I-got-all-of-Episode-Four-to-myself," Jedite said angrily, "I'm listed in most of the reviews as the 'most likely to be next season's breakout character', and condolences are always sent my way because I'm playing second fiddle to a no-persona senshi! No wonder you always hang out with Ten'ou over there! She makes it seem like you have a life of your own!"

"Take... that... back..." Michiru said, anger building up in her.

"Here we go AGAIN," Jedite complained. "Is that all the author can think of, making her *mad*? Oh, I know what it is,

getting her to show any emotion at all, that's why he does that! It's so NEW to him seeing her *emote* that he thinks that'll solve the problem!"

"So you're all against me," Michiru said, her face falling, sight sobs beginning to wrack her slender frame. "All of you... jealous! All this time! Even you," she said, looking squarely at Jedite, "you who I called 'friend' on many occasions."

Jedite looked around at the others, who were similarly befuddled.

"You NEVER called me friend!?" Jedite exclaimed incredulously.

"Well, fine," Michiru replied calmly and coolly, walking over to Nephelite.

"Come along, Nephelite."

"Huh?" Nephelite asked, confused, looking to Haruka or Hotaru for an explanation as Michiru dragged him over to a nearby door.

"We have some work to do," she said darkly. "If I'm so useless in the current context, then we'll just have to give the author some creative *notes*." She pushed open the door marked 'DOCTOR XADIUM'S OFFICE'.

"What do you need me for?" Nephelite asked irately.

"You'll see," Michiru snapped as she shoved him into the office and slammed the door shut behind him.

A few second later the door reopened, and Michiru's head popped out. "You'll all see, you ungrateful wretches! You'll rue the day you chose to mock the brilliant genius of Kaioh Michiru!!"

"I swear," Hotaru began darkly, "if she laughs like Kodachi--"

"Oh, nooo..." Michiru said coldly and coolly, "there will be no diabolical laughter from me, traitorous child. No, no, no. Something much better. Much better indeed...." She began to chuckle slightly, but caught herself.

Like a turtle retracting its head, or a prairie dog retreating into

its hole, Michiru's head popped back behind the door.

Hotaru and Jedite looked at one another askance.

"Not like I give a damn what she does next season," Haruka muttered angrily, returning to her corner. "I'm still [BLEEP]ing dead."

"Well, that's not entirely certain," Hotaru began in a helpful tone.

"Oh yeah?" Haruka asked angrily. "Then why does the script for season two open with:

*EXT. SHOT, TWILIGHT - HOUSEWARMING
PARTY*

IT is the scene of the quickly-rebuilt KAIOH MANOR II, (really just a fancy redesigned typical two story house).

Michiru serves drinks to the assembled throng. Elegant music plays in the background as several inebriated party-goers dance upon Haruka's 'grave', a stick rammed into the still debris-laden front yard with an empty beer can propped atop it.

Haruka thrust her copy of the green-papered script in Hotaru's face.

"I see you didn't bother to pick up the pink pages again, Haruka-poppa," Hotaru said with disgust. "You don't have all of last week's revisions."

"I was busy at craft services," Haruka said sheepishly. "Frau Guggleheimer had just brought in the latest keg from Krakow, and--"

Hotaru shook her head. "Typical."

"Can I borrow yours?" Haruka asked meekly.

"Get your own," Hotaru said flatly, turning away from her.

"Do I live?" Haruka asked with a faint tremor of hope in her

voice.

"I'm not saying," Hotaru snapped curtly, walking away faster.

"See if I ever do anything nice for you ever again!" Haruka snapped.

"Oh, you mean like trying to vaporize me for thrills?"

"Why, you little--"

"SILENT WALL!"

"SPACE SWORD BLASTER!"

FADE OUT

And so it is that work begins on an all-new season of SUBURBAN SENSHI... what surprises and revelations will the season premiere hold? Only time will tell...



HIATUS II – PLEA BARGAIN, or FOURTH WALL GHOST HACK

Originally posted to USENET 7/15/2002 – Remastered 1/13/2020

FADE IN

BACKSTAGE, SUBURBAN SENSHI PRODUCTION OFFICES

Haruka stood alone in the backstage area, a golden halo over her head. Looking up at it, she experimentally nudged it with her right index finger. It bobbed back and forth, wobbling lazily.

"I hate this thing," Haruka griped.

"Unfortunately, you're dead," Hotaru said, walking by. "It comes with the territory."

"Wait!" Haruka called out as Hotaru continued past, trying to put a restraining hand on her shoulder, instead managing to swipe right through her. "I don't

get it... I was solid last time!"

"That was *before* you broke into the author's office and tried to use the Space Sword Blaster to make sure your character was alive in the season premiere." Hotaru shrugged. "You should have read the script."

Haruka fumed. "So now what? He won't give me a script until shooting day. What's an insubstantial dead ex-senshi supposed to do with her time?" She futilely tried to grab a slice of Pizza from the craft services table.

"You could always go haunt Michiru's trailer and try to get her to make pottery with you," Hotaru replied dryly, disappearing down a corridor.

KAIOH MICHIRU'S TRAILER

"Michi--?" Haruka cooed in her most humble, supplicative voice.

Michiru looked around confused. She could sense Haruka's *ki*, but she couldn't see anything-- and the Aqua Mirror was in the shop for repairs and bacteriological decontamination. She walked out of the trailer, passing through a frustrated Haruka, not noticing her at all.

"I've gotta do something," Haruka muttered, hovering several feet off the ground.

"Why don't you forget about her?" Nephelite snapped, rising up from within the ground next to Haruka, a halo over his head. "Because of your annoying 'better half's rampage the other day, I've been officially declared dead."

Haruka glanced over at the Dark General and shook her head. "In your case, you got what was coming to you, punk."

Nephelite scowled. "Well at least I have the satisfaction of knowing you'll be stuck out here, eternally frustrated and unable to talk to the one you love." He laughed diabolically.

"No way!" Haruka exclaimed angrily. "I'll think of--" she paused as she saw Naru walking towards Michiru's trailer. "That's it!" She grinned and flitted over to Naru.

"Hey!" Nephelite yelled. "What are you doing, Ten'ou?! Get back here!"

With super speed, Haruka rushed forward and slammed into Naru, fusing with her body.

"Watch where you're sticking your essence!" Nephelite roared. "That's MY woman!"

Naru suddenly started moving in a jerky fashion, like a clockwork soldier, staggering up the stairs to the front door of Michiru's trailer.

"Yes!" Michiru almost sang, responding to a knock on her

door.

"Michi," Naru spluttered in a halting voice. "I'm so glad I gots dis chance ta talks to ya."

Michiru tilted her head curiously. Only Haruka ever called her "Michi."

"Naru-san?"

"No, it's me," Naru intoned. "Hahrueka."

Michiru started. "Haruka?"

"WHAP!" Naru suddenly slapped Michiru on the cheek.

"HARUKA!" Michiru yelled angrily. "You marked my face! The classical beauty that launched a thousand concerts! I'll NEVER FORGIVE YOU!"

"Aughh!" Haruka blurted, shaking her head as she recovered from being forcibly expelled from Naru's body, thrown through several layers of pavement.

Nephrite had jumped in and taken over, slapping Michiru.

Within seconds, Nephrite came flying out as Naru's body was hurled from the trailer amidst a blast of supercharged water.

"Why you--" Haruka began, lurching at Nephrite, succeeding only in passing straight through him.

"DIE!" Nephrite yelled, hurling black ki straight through Haruka.

"Already there, ass[BLEEP]e!" Haruka viciously responded, trying to punch Nephrite but just succeeding in waving her hand though his skull.

"This is futile," Haruka muttered, sighing. "As long as we're dead, we can't kill each other."

"This stinks," Nephrite concurred. "We need to do something about this."

"I know," Haruka said. "I saw this anime once, it was called Ghost in the--"

STORY AND ART BY DOCTOR XADIUM

other in terror.

```
>MOVE haruka.dat > dev/null  
>MOVE nephlite.dat > dev/null
```

Xadium sighed and opened his FTP program. Little did he notice Outlook Express opening in the background, or the mass global E-mail marked "MAKE MONEY FAST!!!" being composed in the background...

FADE OUT



!

HIATUS III - “Spamlet, Part I”

Originally posted to USENET 7/19/2002 – Remastered 1/13/2020

FADE IN

HOTARU appears in front of a large set of curtains, a spotlight shining on her face. There is the brief squeal of microphone feedback as she pulls the a microphone off its stand and speaks into it.

Greetings. As those few remaining members of our loyal audience eagerly await the advent of Season Two of Suburban Senshi—

(she pauses as a loud squeal goes off in her almost invisible earpiece, then frowns)

--whose progress can be followed at our official website located at <https://www.suburbansenshi.com> –

(she pauses, whispering 'I feel thoroughly used!' into her lapel microphone)

--we, the cast of Suburban Senshi have decided to reward them by staging our own adaptation of Shakespeare's Hamlet. Harukapoppa, who rewrote the classic play, assures me that even though she ingested nearly fifty cans of lager during its adaptation, the material is of highest quality.

(Hotaru winces at more earpiece squeal)

I wish to assure the audience that the writers are IN NO WAY buying time so as to complete Season Two at their own sloth like

pace.

(the microphone squeals again, more violently)

So please enjoy part one of Ten'ou Haruka's adaptation of Hamlet, entitled, 'Haruka, Princess of Denmark, abridged and modernized to suit the diminished intelligence and attention span of the Internet Generation'.

HOTARU steps aside as the spotlight clicks off, and the curtain parts to reveal--

ACT I, SCENE I - Elsinore. Hangin' in fronta da castle.

JEDITE's chillin at his post. Up comes NARU.

JEDITE: Who's there?

NARU: Me.

JEDITE: You?

NARU: Yup. Anyting whack goin' on?

JEDITE: Nope. Glad you be relievin' me tho.

NARU: Verily, it be too damn late. Get to thy bed, Jed.

JEDITE:

Cool. If you be seeing Hotaru and Chibigirl, tell them to hurry the hell up.

NARU: Yo, they be heah. Whazzup, Hotarue, Chibiusah? Jed was terrified heah witout yas.

CHIBIUSA: Don't tell me it showed up again! Hotaru says we be trippin' about dis whack zombie ghost dude. So I dragged her goth butt down here ta look it personal-style.

HOTARU: Ludicrous. I am not 'goth'. Furthermore, there is no such thing as a 'whack zombie ghost dude'. It will not appear.

NARU: Take a load off hun, an I'll tells ya the tale of dis most fearsome zombie.

HOTARU: I shall sit.

NARU: Dere was dis Zombie Ghost ting. It skared us twice. The end.

CHIBIUSA: Verily, crap! I say, crap! Good Golden Gadzooks! It's here again!

NARU: It looks like dat dead dude!*

* It looks like Professor Tomoe with a cardboard halo taped to a wire which keeps it propped over his head at a bad angle.

CHIBIUSA: You're a smartass, Hotaru; you talk to it!

HOTARU: (flatly) I am so afraid. It harrows me with fear and wonder.

CHIBIUSA: Hurry up, B[BLEEP]h! Give it the third degree!

HOTARU: Who are you. why are you here. Why do you look like that.

CHIBIUSA: Verily, those art profound questions.

Ghost Tomoe scowls.

CHIBIUSA: S[BLEEP]t man, you pissed it off!

Ghost Tomoe begins to move off.

NARU: We gots a runnah!

She pulls out her sword.

HOTARU: (tiredly) Wait. Come back. Oh damn. It's gone.

CHIBIUSA: Well, braingirl, you read books. Why's this thing hanging around?

HOTARU: Well, a while back, The Most Excellent and Supreme Heroine to Emasculate all Heroes Lord 'Badass' Haruka had a fight. She killed a man and took his land. This 'Zombie ghost thing' is probably connected to all that somehow. Without any evidence to back me up at all, I solemnly doth declare it a Bad Omen for the Kingdom.

CHIBIUSA, NARU: The Most Excellent and Supreme Heroine to Emasculate all Heroes Lord 'Badass' Haruka?!

They squeal, gasp and cross their legs in pleasure.

Ghost Tomoe wanders in again.

GHOST: Yo!

HOTARU: Wait! Say your peace.

The Ghost ignores her.

HOTARU: Chibiusa, stop him!

CHIBUSA: Let me summon Pegasus to whoop his ass.

HOTARU: Can you do nothing by yourself?

NARU: It's here!

CHIBIUSA: It's HERE!

HOTARU: It's gone.

The Sun Rises.

HOTARU: Alas, it is the sun, and I fear a tan.

Exeunt all.

ACT I, SCENE II - A really posh decked out room in the castle.

Enter KING NEPHLITE (semitranslucent with a halo over his head), QUEEN MICHIRU and HARUKA (semitranslucent and with halo over her head)

KING NEPHLITE: Haruka, even though you still mourn your death at my hands in the season finale, be not pissed. Just because I up and married Michiru for purposes of this play, be not pissed; For we can party and mourn all at the same time here in jolly old Denmark. So now, my good cousin Haruka,

HARUKA *(Aside)*: Man, if this were the dub, I'd be even MORE pissed off right now.

KING NEPHLITE: Why art thou still pissed?

HARUKA: Uhh, I'm sure it has nothing to do with the fact you killed me or that you're married to my Michiru even though you too are technically dead as of the season finale.

QUEEN MICHIRU: Really, Haruka-chan, you've got to let some things go.

KING NEPHLITE: Haruka, I admire your capacity to hold a grudge well into the afterlife. But it's given you one hell of an attitude problem, no pun intended. You should be happy. I'm King, therefore I make the rules. Thou art commanded to Chill.

QUEEN MICHIRU: Yes, stay here and 'chill' for while.

HARUKA: K.

Exeunt all but HARUKA.

HARUKA: *(growling under her breath, hands in fists)*
Damn, I want to kick his ass so BAD! And that Michiru! OOH! But Neffy's the king, so I gotta wait. ARRGH!

Enter HOTARU, CHIBIUSA, and NARU.

HOTARU: Greetings, your deadness.

HARUKA: Will it be good to see you, Hotaru; or are you here to harass me for killing you that one time?

HOTARU: I shall spare you this time. You've got other problems, it seems. *(points to halo)*

HARUKA: Cool. So why are you here in Denmark?

HOTARU: Plot convenience. Oh, by the way, last night the 'whacked out zombified' ghost of my father was wandering around outside the castle.

HARUKA: That sounds COOL! I gotta check this s[BLEEP]t out for myself! Are you guys on guard tonight?

CHIBIUSA, NARU: Yup. Just come on by. We let unauthorized personnel in all the time.

HARUKA: Bad ass! I'll be there around midnight!

STORY AND ART BY DOCTOR XADIUM

Exeunt all but HARUKA.

HARUKA: This is gonna rock!

Exit.

ACT I, SCENE III - A room in Jedite's house. (now he's playing the Lord Chamberlain)

Enter UMINO and JEDITE.

JEDITE: Going on a trip?

UMINO: Yup.

JEDITE: I have vast amounts of sage advice for you.

UMINO: ?

JEDITE:Trust no one.

UMINO: K.

UMINO leaves.

ACT I, SCENE IV - The platform.

Enter HARUKA, HOTARU, and CHIBIUSA.

HARUKA: Damn, it's cold.

HOTARU: Yes. What's all that noise?

HARUKA: King Neffy toolin' around in his low rider thumpin' the bass like a moron at 12 A.M.

HOTARU: He thumps his bass often?

HARUKA: Yup.

HOTARU: Ah. Here's the Ghost.

Enter Ghost.

HARUKA: You better talk before I ram my fist up your ethereal ass.

Ghost beckons HARUKA.

HOTARU: Oh dear.

CHIBIUSA: It's a trick; get an axe.

HARUKA: It's not talking? Then I'm gonna kick its-

HOTARU: Is that wise, Haruka-poppa?

HARUKA: If it moves, I can kill it.

HARUKA: I think he's giving me the finger! You guys
scram, I'm gonna take him OUT!

Exeunt Ghost and HARUKA.

HOTARU: She's insane.

CHIBIUSA: Yeah. Let's follow her.

Exeunt.

ACT I, SCENE V -Another part of the (apparently big-ass) platform.

Enter GHOST and HARUKA.

HARUKA: Talk or DIE, PUNK!

GHOST: I'm already dead, idiot! MUAHAAHHAHAH!

HARUKA: Oh yeah. Heh. Well, talk anyway.

GHOST: I know the terrible truth about Nephlite.

HARUKA: Wait, what?

GHOST: He KILLED you.

HARUKA: I know that already, dumbass. I was kind of THERE.

GHOST: Then my work here-- is done. Oh, and remember to kick Nephlite's a** for me. MUAHAHAHAHAHA!

GHOST laughs insanely for 400.2 seconds.

Exit GHOST in a puff of smoke.

HARUKA: Yeah. I'm gonna come at you EXTRA HARD, punk-- cuz Mr. Ghost told me to.

Enter HOTARU and CHIBIUSA.

CHIBIUSA: Whassup, G?

HARUKA: That ghost subplot was totally pointless. I think from now on I'll act like a lunatic to keep Neffy off guard until I can waste him.

HOTARU: Oh. Ok.

HARUKA: Don't tell anyone of my plot to kick Nephrite's ass. Ok? Swear by my sword.

HARUKA pulls out the space sword.

GHOST: *(Beneath Stage)* Swear!
AHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!

HARUKA: What an annoying jerk. Let's move over here. Now swear by my sword, guys.

GHOST: *(Beneath)* Swear!
MUHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAH!

HARUKA: Dammit!

GHOST: *(Beneath)* Swear!
AHAHAHAHAHA---

HARUKA: I just did, dammit! There, I did it again!

GHOST: *(Beneath)* Swear! On the SWORD!
HAHAHAHAHAHAHAH!

STORY AND ART BY DOCTOR XADIUM

They swear on the sword.

Exeunt.

END OF ACT I



HIATUS IV – “Spamlet, Part II”

Originally posted to USENET 7/26/2002 – Remastered 1/13/2020

FADE IN

A semi translucent, haloed HARUKA appears in front of a large set of curtains, a spotlight shining on her face. There is the brief squeal of microphone feedback as she pulls the a microphone off its stand and speaks into it.

"Welcome back to my production of 'Haruka, Princess of Denmark, abridged and modernized to suit the diminished intelligence and attention span of the Internet Generation.'

"Now some of you have said that this particular tale as I have adapted it makes no sense."

She narrows her eyes and looks forward into the camera.

"Of course it does. AFTER you've had 50 cans of lager."

She Shrugs.

"Hey, gimme a break-- I'm dead. Anyway, Hotaru says the best way to approach this side story is not to think about it. At all. It's kind of like those new Snapple commercials with the funky bottles. We're just killing time until Season Two is ready to go... Anyway, here's the rest of it. First one to write a negative review gets a nasty visit from me and Mister Fist. Got that Roger Ebert?! Enjoy!"

HARUKA steps aside as the spotlight clicks off, and the curtain parts to reveal--

ACT II, SCENE I - A room in JEDITE'S house.

Enter JEDITE and ELIOS

JEDITE: Here's some bread; green; dinero; moolah.
Spy on Haruka for me, Ok? Find out if she's really
nuts or not.

ELIOS: Dat be cool, G. Word, yo.

Exeunt

ACT II, SCENE II - A generic room in the castle.

*Enter KING NEPHLITE, QUEEN MICHIRU, USAGI,
MINAKO, and Attendants*

KING NEPHLITE: Welcome, dear Usagi and
Minako! Sorry for pulling thee out of thy beds before
noon this Saturday morn; But Verily, Loose hath
become the screws in Haruka's head. Thou art
some of her closest hangers-on. Couldst thee 'hang out'
with her and tell me what be wrong with her brain?

QUEEN MICHIRU: Do this for us, good friends;
and forsooth, a big fat bribe willst thou gettest from
the royal treasury.

USAGI: Wow. I'm surprised you didn't just yell at us
and boss us around like you usually do.

MINAKO: Really. Fat bribe, huh? Anything you say, boss.

KING NEPHLITE: Thanks, yo.

QUEEN MICHIRU: Ditto. Now get moving. You're on the clock!

MINAKO: We only hope we can be of some help to our good friend Haruka!

There are dollar signs in her eyes.

Exeunt USAGI, MINAKO, and some Attendants

Enter JEDITE

LORD JEDITE: I think I know why Haruka's so whack, yo.

KING NEPHLITE: O, speak on that; This I gots to know.

LORD JEDITE: One moment, yo; I gots to use the royal facilities.

Exit JEDITE

KING NEPHLITE: Didst thou hearest that, Michi-chan? He says he knows why Haruka's gone whack.

QUEEN MICHIRU: I'm sure it has nothing to do with you marrying me and killing her.

KING NEPHLITE: Well, we shall soon see.

Re-enter JEDITE

LORD JEDITE: Since I know you wants da news right off, I'll cut right to the chase; after I ramble on for several minutes in prime Elizabethan style. Blah blah blah, verily, blah blah blah, forsooth, tis blah blah blah blah she's nuts, the end.

QUEEN MICHIRU: Canst thou simplify that for me? I be dumb.

QUEEN MICHIRU looks to be irritated with the line she was given.

LORD JEDITE: She's whack. Praise me, yo!

KING NEPHLITE: Thou dost rock. But I needst more proof.

LORD JEDITE: Sometimes out on the street, she be walkin'. Verily, as in the days of the old Dark Kingdom, perhaps I come up all in her area. Then, if she be trippin, we know for damn sure.

KING NEPHLITE: A most excellent plan.

QUEEN MICHIRU: Here she comes now! And she's *reading* something.

LORD JEDITE: Scram, royal dudes, I'll scope her out.

Exeunt KING NEPHLITE, QUEEN MICHIRU, and Attendants.

Enter HARUKA, reading.

LORD JEDITE: Yo, Haruka... Whazzzzzzup?

HARUKA: Arrgh.

LORD JEDITE: Remember me?

HARUKA: That ex-Dark General?

LORD JEDITE: Nope.

HARUKA: Heh. If only you were that honest.

LORD JEDITE: That's cold, yo. *(Aside)* She thought I was some kind of Dark General. She's definitely whack. But I'll check some more.

HARUKA: Oh, this book!

LORD JEDITE: Huh?

HARUKA: What?

LORD JEDITE: What's with the book?

HARUKA: Nothing; merely learning how to turn three matchsticks, a can of beer and some styrofoam cups into a thermonuclear device courtesy of the Jolly Roger.

STORY AND ART BY DOCTOR XADIUM

LORD JEDITE: (*Aside*) She's nuts, but she's got some kind of plan. Aaight, yo, I be goin.

HARUKA: Oh great, here come some more playa hatas.

Enter USAGI and MINAKO

LORD JEDITE: (*insincerely*) What a coincidence, seeing you two here like this. You be wantin' lady HARUKA; there she be.

USAGI: (*To JEDITE*) Wow, thanks for pointing out the obvious!

Exit JEDITE

MINAKO: Tres Bishounen! <little heart eyes>

USAGI: Ooh La La! <ditto>

HARUKA: Hello little kittens! How are you, Minako and Usagi?

USAGI: Bored.

MINAKO: Mindlessly content.

HARUKA: So what's up? Why are you two in this hellhole of a kingdom?

MINAKO: Hellhole?

HARUKA: Denmark sucks.

USAGI: If so, then so does the world!

HARUKA: No, I think it sucks.

USAGI: We don't.

HARUKA: I do.

USAGI: That's because you're nuts.

HARUKA: O God, I could be bounded in a nut shell and count myself a king of infinite space, were it not that I have bad dreams.

MINAKO: Yup, you're bonkers.

HARUKA: I'm gonna head for the food court now.

USAGI: Pray, let us be your groupies for the evening.

HARUKA: No way; Just hang with me. Groupies suck. So why are you two here, anyway?

USAGI: To visit you, that's all. No ulterior motives at all. Uh-uh.

HARUKA: How generous of you! But are you SUUUUURE that's the only reason?

MINAKO: What do you want to hear?

HARUKA: Your acting sucks. I know you're secretly Nephlite's b[BLEEP]es.

STORY AND ART BY DOCTOR XADIUM

USAGI: Uhh, why would we be that, Haruka?

HARUKA: You better tell me. You punks owe me.
Why are you here?

USAGI: [Aside to MINAKO] What do you think?

HARUKA: [Aside] Let's see whose side you punks are
really on.

MINAKO: We're busted. We be slaves of The Man.

HARUKA: Well I'll tell you what you need to know
so you don't have to waste your time following me
around. It's true; I've begun to lose my mind. I think
it's because I inhaled too much exhaust fumes during
my years at the race track.

USAGI: That's rough about that insanity thing.
There's gonna be a play at the theatre today, wanna go
see it?

HARUKA: Who are the actors?

USAGI: See for yourself, here they come now.

Flourish of trumpets within

MINAKO: Ooh, actors! I'm soo giddy! <heart eyes>

HARUKA: How are you Gentlemen? All your base
are belong to us! Oh, by the way, I'm a better actor
than these guys.

MINAKO: How so?

HARUKA: I'm as crazy as I wanna be.

Enter JEDITE

LORD JEDITE: Whassup, homies?

HARUKA: Hey Minako, doesn't Jedite look like an old fart in that costume?

USAGI: Old men look like wrinkled up old babies to me.

HARUKA: I bet he's here to state the obvious again.

LORD JEDITE: I gots some hot insider information, man. The actors are comin' to town!

HARUKA: They're right behind you, dumbass.

LORD JEDITE: Oh yeah. Damn.

Enter four or five Players

HARUKA: Hail good actors! But your skills are as nothing, for thanks to the Ikuhara Sakura-petal powered perfection field, I can out act all of you punks! Watch now, as I soliliquize!

Sakura petals fall from the sky

[Astonishingly perfect soliloquy snipped]

LORD JEDITE: Damn, she's good.

STORY AND ART BY DOCTOR XADIUM

First Player: I can do better, biatch!

[Astonishingly long and boring soliloquy snipped]

LORD JEDITE: I just wanna die. Alright punks, let's go see King Nephrite. His highness demands a private autograph session.

Exit JEDITE with all the Players but the First

HARUKA: Hey, buddy. If I slip you some green, can you change the play around for me a little?

First Player: Why the hell not?

HARUKA: Cool.

Exit First Player

Later, Minako, Usagi.

USAGI: Later!

Exeunt USAGI and MINAKO

HARUKA: Now I am alone; and I shallst say to myself a whole lotta stuff. I'm Gonna use the play to get back at da Nephrite psycho logic ly.

Exit

ACT III SCENE I Another generic room in the castle.

Enter KING NEPHLITE, QUEEN MICHIRU, JEDITE, SETSUNA, USAGI, and MINAKO

KING NEPHLITE: Verily, mine spies. Spilleth the beans.
Whyfor is Haruka acting so whack?

USAGI: She blames it on the fumes.

MINAKO: I think she knows more than she's saying.

QUEEN MICHIRU: Was she polite to you?

USAGI: A perfect bishounen.

MINAKO: But she was just putting on a friendly face. The Goddess of Love can tell.

USAGI: But we got her interested in seeing a wandering theatre group.

LORD JEDITE: Yup, and Haruka wants me to get you royal dudes to see it too.

KING NEPHLITE: Cool. Verily, anything doth beat ER.
Now go forth and harass Haruka some more.

USAGI: OK, boss.

Exeunt USAGI and MINAKO

STORY AND ART BY DOCTOR XADIUM

KING NEPHLITE: Verily, Michiru, thou must scam; for I hath called in Haruka and set up a 'surprise' meeting with Setsuna. Jedite and I will be spying from behind the curtains to catch Haruka if she slippeth up.

QUEEN MICHIRU: Pray, it be like Candid Camera! Good Luck, Setsuna!

Exit QUEEN MICHIRU

LORD JEDITE: Setsuna, stand here. Act busy like you do when you waste all day guarding the door that is locked tighter than your nethers. Read this book or something. Oh, She's coming; Let's beat it, Lord Nephelite.

Exeunt KING NEPHLITE and JEDITE

Enter HARUKA

HARUKA: *(to self, overacting)* Hmm! Do I kill myself today, or not?! What was the question?

SETSUNA: Haruka-chan, how are you doing?

HARUKA: Great! Just contemplating suicide, is all!

SETSUNA: Well, I had some of your things which I borrowed left by the time gate. I thought I'd bring them back to you now.

HARUKA: I never lent you anything.

SETSUNA: Yes you did.

HARUKA: Liar.

SETSUNA: What?!

HARUKA: Are you pretty?!

SETSUNA: Huh?!

HARUKA: If you're pretty you can't be a liar.

SETSUNA: *(Aside)* What a load of—*(Aloud)* Well then you know that I can't possibly be--

HARUKA: --be telling the truth, for you're a ten thousand year old hag. Cologne from Ranma 1/2 looks better than you.

SETSUNA: *(tosses hair gracefully)* That proves it. You are insane.

HARUKA: Feh. Insane is as Insane does. Later, gator.

Exit

Re-enter KING NEPHLITE and JEDITE

KING NEPHLITE: Hmm. She doth not look batty. Further, I doth not like that look in her eye. I thinkest I shall deport her to England for a while. let her cool her jets as far from me as possible. What dost thou thinkest, Jedite?!

STORY AND ART BY DOCTOR XADIUM

LORD JEDITE: I still think it's the fumes, yo. But do what you be wantin' to, your kinglyship. Alls I ask is you let Queen Michiru have a chat with her, while we be listenin'. If you still be worried about whether that whack ass ex-Senshi be plottin' against your highness, then you can send her off.

KING NEPHLITE: Coo.

Exeunt

ACT III, SCENE II - A hall in the castle.

Enter HARUKA and Players

HARUKA: You punks better say exactly what I told you to say, and make it sound good, or I'll layeth the smackdown on ya.

First Player: Yes boss.

HARUKA: Do a good job.

First Player: Yes boss.

HARUKA: Ok, and don't let the clowns go crazy. Get ready, it's almost showtime.

Exeunt Players

Enter JEDITE, USAGI, and MINAKO

HARUKA: Yo! So is the King gonna be here for the show?

LORD JEDITE: And the queen too.

HARUKA: Go tell those actors to hurry the hell up.

Exit JEDITE

HARUKA: Will you two go rush the actors?

STORY AND ART BY DOCTOR XADIUM

USAGI and MINAKO: Sure! And we'll get some autographs, too!

Exeunt USAGI and MINAKO

HARUKA: YO! HOTARU!

Enter HOTARU

HOTARU: At your service.

HARUKA: Hotaru, shou fart even as must a van
As never my conversion cop ed with all.

HOTARU: O, my dear lord,-- you could not have
butchered that line worse.

HARUKA: Anyway, just to be sure I'm not nuts,
keep an eye on King Neffy over there. If he doesn't act
guilty, then I'm gonna do two things; first I'm gonna
feel real bad about picking on him, then I'm gonna go
kick some ghostly ass.

HOTARU: If Nephrite tries to run, I'll cut him down
with the Glaive. She thirsts for the blood of
destruction.

HOTARU licks her lips.

HARUKA: No, that's OK. The play's starting, grab
a seat.

Danish march. A flourish. Enter KING NEPHLITE, QUEEN MICHIRU, JEDITE, SETSUNA, USAGI, MINAKO, and others

KING NEPHLITE: How fares our cousin HARUKA?

HARUKA: Fine, as long as this isn't dub country. T'were it so I could probably be arrested for sins with mine aquamarine-haired cousin.

KING NEPHLITE: Damn 'straight'. Heheheheh.

HARUKA: *(To JEDITE)* You used to be an actor in the Dark Kingdom, yeah?

LORD JEDITE: Hell, I was the only one there.

HARUKA: What kind of roles did you do?

LORD JEDITE: Caesar, but then Queen Brutus froze me.

HARUKA: That sucks. Are the actors ready?

USAGI: Yup, they're waiting on your signal.

QUEEN MICHIRU: Come hither, my dear Haruka, sit by me.

HARUKA: No. I think I like the green haired ladies now. Thine hair is constantly confusing of color.

LORD JEDITE: *(To KING NEPHLITE)* Did you hear that?

STORY AND ART BY DOCTOR XADIUM

KING NEPHLITE: Well it be some sort of cursed aquamarine, or blue or green dependent upon th' phases of the moon and which way the eind dost bloweth, so...

HARUKA: Is this seat taken?

HARUKA lies down at SETSUNA's feet.

SETSUNA: Uhh... No. You realize you are quite mad.

HARUKA: *(Looking up)* Moi?

SETSUNA stamps Haruka's face with her foot.

SETSUNA: Yes.

HARUKA: What else should I be, considering how happy Michiru looks, marrying Nephrite two hours after I died by his hand.

SETSUNA: You've been dead over two weeks.

HARUKA: My memory must be shot.

The dumb-show enters.

Enter a bishounen King and a Queen very lovingly; the Queen embracing him, and he her. She kneels, and makes show of protestation unto him. He takes her up, and declines his head upon her neck: lays him down upon a bank of flowers: she, seeing him asleep, leaves him. Then comes in a fellow who takes off the King's crown, kisses it, and plants a bomb in the King's jacket

rather ineptly, blowing them all up.

The Queen returns; finds the King dead, and makes passionate action. The dead Bomber, with some two or three Mutes, comes in again, seeming to lament with her. The dead body of the King is carried away. The Dead Bomber woos the Queen with cash money; she seems loath and unwilling awhile, but in the end accepts his love and his money.

Exeunt.

SETSUNA: What's this?

HARUKA: Just a bad sight gag.

SETSUNA: I guess this boils the plot down for those too stupid to understand the spoken word.

Enter PROLOGUE

HARUKA: Now we'll see if those actors are any good.

PROLOGUE: Ok people, listen up. Or die.

Exit PROLOGUE

HARUKA: Nice, and to the point. I like it.

Enter two PLAYERS, KING and QUEEN

PLAYER KING: I love you lots, dear.

PLAYER QUEEN: Ditto.

STORY AND ART BY DOCTOR XADIUM

PLAYER KING: Ack. I'm gonna kick the bucket.

PLAYER QUEEN: If I remarry I'm a worthless tramp! If I remarry I'm as bad as the guy who... theoretically, would blow up my husband!

HARUKA: *(Aside)* Damn Skippy.

PLAYER QUEEN: Every time I kiss my... theoretical new husband it'd be like twisting the knife in my... *theoretically* dead one.

PLAYER KING: You're just saying that. As soon as I die, you know he be *realistically* movin' on in.

PLAYER QUEEN: I'd die first... theoretically.

HARUKA: If only.

PLAYER KING: Body... growing weak... must... sleep.

PLAYER KING Sleeps.

PLAYER QUEEN: Yes, sleep, my dear. My poor sweet dear. Oh, Woe is me!

Exit

HARUKA: So, Michi, how you like it so far?

QUEEN MICHIRU: The lady protests too much, methinks.

HARUKA: Heh.

KING NEPHLITE: Such vile words from the King!
Doesn't it offend you, Haruka? To see a Queen dissed like that?

HARUKA: Ahh, they're just messin' around.

KING NEPHLITE: What's the name of this play?

HARUKA: "The blatantly obvious ploy to induce guilt in the guilty party."

Enter NEFIANUS

HARUKA: Ooh, it's Nefianus, neighbor to the king.

SETSUNA: You do such good play-by-play commentary.

HARUKA: *(Aside)* Now punks, we'll see if you are guilty.

NEFIANUS: Powder black, hands apt, propane fit, and time agreeing; Dyin' times here.

NEFIANUS arms a bomb and holds it hear the PLAYER KING

HARUKA: This punk lived next to the king and hated him, so one day he got a bomb and proposed to blow him up.

SETSUNA: King Nephelite's sweatdropping.

HARUKA: Fascinating.

STORY AND ART BY DOCTOR XADIUM

QUEEN MICHIRU: You okay, Neffy?

LORD JEDITE: Stop this play immediately!

KING NEPHLITE: Turn up the lights, now!

ALL: Lights, lights, lights!

Exeunt all but HARUKA and HOTARU.

HARUKA: And now, the little B[BLEEP]d has shown his true colors.

HOTARU: So we've basically taken one and a half acts to get back to where we were. Were you drunk when you wrote this, Haruka-poppa?

HARUKA: Fifty cans of lager make an excellent script; But fifty-one cans put the poor script in her... grave.

HOTARU: So very close.

HARUKA: Anyway, *ahem*, Did you see the look on Neffy's face?

HOTARU: Yes. He knows that you know what he knows you knew.

HARUKA: So...

HOTARU: This act was pointless as well, yes.

HARUKA: Arrgh! They said anyone with a thousand

monkeys would have no trouble-- Ah, ha! The plot moveth!

Re-enter USAGI and MINAKO.

MINAKO: We need to talk.

HARUKA: No s[BLEEP]t. You get a gander at the King?

MINAKO: The king?

HARUKA: Yup.

MINAKO: He's pissed.

HARUKA: You mean "drunk" as the Brits would when they use that word?

MINAKO: No, but he's got a stomach flu I think. And it angers him.

HARUKA: Well tell someone who cares. In my frame of mind I'd punch him out soon as look at him.

MINAKO: Chill!

HARUKA: K.

MINAKO: Queen Michiru is feeling kind of bad and sent for you.

HARUKA: Excellent.

HARUKA rubs her hands together.

STORY AND ART BY DOCTOR XADIUM

USAGI: She wants to speak with you in her closet.

HARUKA: ... O... kay... anything else?

USAGI: You said I was cute once.

HARUKA: Yes.

USAGI: K.

HARUKA: Minako, play this here flute.

MINAKO: No.

HARUKA: Your failure to do so clearly demonstrates your treachery.

Enter JEDITE.

HARUKA: Yo!

LORD JEDITE: Queen Michiru wants to see you. Now.

HARUKA: Does that cloud over there look like a camel?

LORD JEDITE: Why are you wasting the audience's time with this drivel?

HARUKA: You're supposed to keep agreeing with me every time I change my mind about what it looks like to demonstrate your character's inherent fickleness.

Methinks it is like a weasel.

LORD JEDITE: *(sigh)* It is like a weasel.

HARUKA: No, it's a whale.

LORD JEDITE: *(growls)* Very like a whale.

HARUKA: Okay, now I can go see Michi. See you!

LORD JEDITE: *(shaking his head)* Nope, I'll be seeing
you.

Exeunt all.

ACT III, SCENE III **Yet ANOTHER room in the castle.**

Enter KING NEPHLITE, USAGI, and MINAKO.

KING NEPHLITE: Verily, that hath torn it. I'm shipping Haruka off to England with you two.

MINAKO: We live to serve.

USAGI: We serve to live.

KING NEPHLITE: Get moving.

USAGI and MINAKO: K.

Exeunt USAGI and MINAKO

Enter JEDITE

LORD JEDITE: Ack, she's actually going to Michiru's closet. Don't worry my King, I'll eavesdrop on her and report everything back like the scurrying toerag I am.

KING NEPHLITE: Just like the old days in the D.K...

Exit JEDITE

KING NEPHLITE: Just because I killed my neighbor and married her lover. Am I so wrong?
(weeps overdramatically and kneels)

Enter HARUKA.

HARUKA: Cool. His ass is praying. Perfect timing. He'll never see it coming.

HARUKA transforms into SAILOR URANUS.

HARUKA: SPACE SWORD BLASTER!

*<Nephelite contorts and explodes in a blast of energy screaming
"WAIT MY COPY OF THE SCRIPT SAID—"*

HARUKA: The END, Everybody! YEAH! WHOO-HOO!

<The Curtain comes down... the Audience is dead silent. A Cricket chirps>

Hotaru ran in from offstage. "Haruka-poppa, what's going on!?"

Haruka looked at her uncomprehendingly. "He was my enemy, I caught him with his guard down and so I did what any sane tactician would do... I killed his undead ass." Hello? The whole vengeance thing? 'You killed me and married my lover?' Or did you not catch that, Hotaru-chan?"

Hotaru scowled. "Haruka-poppa, the point of this part of the play was to emphasize the moral center of Hamlet, who cannot bring himself to kill a man at prayer."

"Hmph," Haruka muttered. "Yeah, sure. Then why does the punk spend the whole rest of the play boring the audience to death

whining about how he shoulda offed the King when he had the chance? Come on, you can't tell me things wouldn't have worked out better this way. He's alive, Polonius, err, Jedite is alive, Michi's alive, Usagi and Minako are alive, I mean hell, EVERYBODY lives now, because Ten'ou Haruka, in typically expected form, dispensed, quick, sure, deadly justice."

She looked at the audience. "AM I NOT RIGHT, PEOPLE?! When you read this play the first time, not this one-- I mean the original, by that Shakespeare guy-- didn't you just say to yourself, 'WHAT A [BLEEP]ing DUMB[BLEEP] THAT HAMLET WAS!' Come on! You _know_ you did."

Some members of the audience murmured tacit approval.

"If it means anything to you, Ten'ou," Jedite said, walking over and trying to pat Haruka on the back, his hand passing though her translucent body, "I agree with you."

"See!" Haruka said to Hotaru. "The Evil Dark General agrees with me!"

Hotaru simply rolled her eyes. "Fine. Well then, to somewhat redeem this laughable excuse of a segment, can we at least roll the teaser trailer for Season Two of Suburban Senshi?"

"Fine, fine," Haruka grouched. "Roll it."

BLACK SCREEN

<Deep Narrator Voice, backed by sad, soulful operatic music>

NARRATOR: "When all hope is lost..."

<Shot of Haruka's house exploding in slow motion>

NARRATOR: "A new hope appears on the horizon..."

<"And now," Michiru calls out from atop a small hill of debris, "Michael Flatley and the dancers of... Riverdance"! (sounds of rhythmic celtic dancing)>

NARRATOR: "Bringing with it new inspiration..."

<"I'm a DARK GENERAL!!!" Nephelite roars. "KILLING is what I DO!">

NARRATOR: "New ways of life..."

<"Feh," Jedite says, indicating his bright white uniform. "You think that's bad? I look like one of those duelists from Utena-- like an albino *doorman*, not a mighty General of Beryl's dark army." >

NARRATOR: "New Questions..."

<"Odd," Hotaru says. "Why are you sitting on a bench in a darkened cell playing the harmonica?">

<"Are you kicking me out?!" Michiru asks staunchly.>

NARRATOR: "Surprising Revelations..."

<"Whoever this was was already long dead," says Sailor Neptune darkly.>

NARRATOR: "...and shocking new enemies."

<"I AM THE SUPAH ELITE!" screams a boy. "SUPAH HAXoR MAN!">

<"The inner senshi had to fight things like this all the time," Jedite snaps. "Don't take them lightly." He charges up dark energy DBZ Style.>

NARRATOR: "SUBURBAN SENSHI 2.0... COMING NEXT WEEK TO A NEWSGROUP NEAR YOU"

<"I'm actually impressed," Hotaru says.>

BLACK SCREEN

"Hmph," Haruka muttered as the audience applauded.*

*What, you think I, the author, would have them boo!?

"What's wrong?" Hotaru asked.

"I notice a distinct lack of *me* in that trailer," Haruka said slowly.

"Heh," Hotaru replied. "Some secrets have to be held close to the vest."

"This really stinks," Haruka muttered, walking off into the sunset.

FADE OUT

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

For over 17 years Doctor Xadium has been the creator and mad steward of the ever-growing Suburban Senshi metaverse, including its [OC-only spinoff universe](#). He is also the co- author of [Warriors of Legend: Reflections of Japan in Sailormoon](#), and the guy who came up with the idea for Wikimoon, the original Sailor Moon wiki. He lives with his two cats and Waifu, who all have knives in their hands apparently.