Red Doctor Battle Star Gate—Season 39, Episode 17  
Scene 25, Take 7

“Action!”

At the clack of the clapperboard, the stationary crew jumped back into action. Captain Elizabeth Santos was no longer a paunchy actress with arms bigger around than most women’s thighs, but instead flashed into a valiant and stalwart starship captain—if one troubled and beleaguered by her crew’s nonsense every episode. The roly-poly brunette stuffed into the Ensign’s uniform was no longer just an actress who had succumbed once too often to the craft catering table, but instead the persnickety fan favorite Ensign Hale. And the slender blonde with dark makeup went from a Special Guest, hired for the three-episode Thininnians arc, to the slender, evil doppelganger—Sekxi.

“We’ll never give into your demands, Satanos.”

Her voice rippled with intent, just as her jowls rippled with dialogue. The large woman leaned against the command console, making the prop creak slightly despite its reinforcement from the prop team. Her expression steeled and hardened, the difference between Captain Santos and the actress who portrayed her was night and day, yet the line between them had become blurred to the point of indistinguishable difference. after so many years of her playing the character.

Despite the *vast* differences in the Doctor Santos who had taken command of the ship some fifteen seasons ago and the one currently wedged into the Captain’s Chair.

The other women being recorded on the other end of the set, just out of the cameras’ view of the ship’s command deck, got into character as well. She had been hired specifically because she resembled Captain Santos as she had been introduced. A sort of evil, slender version of the same woman on the other side of dimensions. With her big brown hairdo and the more scandalous, “sexier” cut of the captain’s uniform, she very much looked the part.

“Oh I think you will—if you ever want to see your precious Medical Officer again!”

“Help me, Captain Santos!”

The large woman in Medical Bay Blue, held by restraints in a circular holding cell, was another mainstay for the cast. More than four hundred pounds of British blonde blubber, Doctor Keksi was another one of those characters who had grown steadily outwards during her time on the show. With her heavy double belly sagging low over her thighs (despite the scene calling for “anti-grav”) the unflattering lighting of the “evil” version of their ship meant that every bulge and roll could be clearly outlined. Right down to the heavy inner tube that bulged over her trousers beneath the black and blue smock, and the sort of avalanche of thigh fat that caked over her knees.

“Can we get another run on that line?” the director’s voice called out over the cast, “We’ll take it from the top.”

“Oh for the love of Christ, Bob.”

Kekxi snapped out of character, her frightened and quivering expression souring in revulsion of having to do yet another run through this scene. The lilting and melodious accent that she performed as Dr. Kekxi coarsened and deepened a bit as she reverted to her natural speaking tone.

“We’ve done this take like 15 times—this thing is wicked uncomfortable!”

“Yeah, come on, we’re behind schedule as it is.” Captain Santos crossed her hammy arms over each other and rolled her eyes as the guests to their set stood in uncomfortable silence, “Can’t we let her out of that thing? I think we could all use a lunch break.”

“No! No lunch breaks!” the older man said firmly, his head in his hands as he mourned what he viewed as yet another loss of control in the already somewhat unruly cast, “Once you ladies start lunching, we might as well just call it a day!”

“Ugh.” Ensign Hale crossed her arms

“*Well then.*” Captain Santos’s hands moved to her hammy hips

And he had known that was probably a mistake. A terribly awkward one at that. But they were on a budget—they were already two episodes behind their normal schedule. At this rate, if they didn’t get it this one finished in time, the midseason cliffhanger would end on the episode wrap-up of the last arc, giving *no* incentive for anyone to watch the newest season. The studio was very clear; *more cliffhangers*, *more shocks, more thrills*.

And by God, *someone* was going to have to work with the studio if they all wanted to keep their jobs.

“Just… let’s finish up this scene. Then we can break for lunch.” Bob took his head out of his hands to look sternly at the cast, “Okay?”

“Fine by me.” The Thininian doppelganger, the woman portraying Captain Satanos, said with her hands on her hips, “I’ve got another take in me.”

“I guess if Jennifer’s up for it…”

“Okay, from the top.” Bob sighed woefully, “Right from ‘we’ll never give into your demands, Captain Satanos’.”

Red Doctor Battle Star Gate—Season 39, Episode 17  
Scene 25, Take 8

“Action!”

“Oh I think you will—if you ever want to see your precious Medical Officer again!”

“Help me, Captain Santos!”

“Kekxi!” Ensign Hale rolled over her big belly to lean into the monitor—a camera picking up her hurried reaction as sweat (real, by the way) beaded on her forehead—“Don’t worry. We’re coming for you! I… I won’t let anything happen to you.”

“Now isn’t really the time for this, Ensign!” Doctor Santos’s flabby flesh apron shifted as the stage began to rock with the hydraulics set under the stage, “We can’t afford to lose our heads now—not when a crewmember’s life is depending on us!”

“Oh-ho, but she’s not just a crew member, is she?”

The slender blonde Thinninian doppelganger, Sekxi, said in a voice that was equal parts genuinely chilling *and* a bad imitation of Dr. Kekxi’s natural British accent. She had been known for playing hench women and evil ladies on other low-budget shows such as this one—Bob was pleased as could be with her performance here, and even the more jaded actors would agree that she had a future ahead of her as a heel.

“Ensign Hale, what is she talking about?”

“I… I…”

“Camera Six, on Carol.”

The view shifts to the round woman pressed hard into the navigator’s chair. Officially, the character was simply made to be an ensign that would help Cpt. Santos occasionally—really, she was a bit character. But once the actress who *used* to be the Navigator character quit the show over “costuming concerns” (a really nice way of saying that they were going to start making her pay for alterations out of her own pocket) her role was cut, and Ensign Hale was suddenly made into a navigating genius who could handle the *Velocity’s* highly customized engines and control panels.

However, what had really taken her character out of simply being a new character shoehorned into the cast and earned her the affection of the viewers at home were her flirtations with Dr. Kekxi—something that the studio pushed as a progressive on-screen romance, much to the acclaim of watchers.

The teasers were planning on playing with exposing this secret to Captain Santos and the rest of the crew, but the script called for—

Boom! Special effects!

A spark shot off of the control panel prop, showing that the Thinninian missiles had hit their mark. In her recoil, Ensign Hale squished off to the left, creasing and rolling uncomfortably in her uniform as a pale sliver of stomach bulged out from the odd angle. In another show, they might have had to do another take of this scene, but working around exposed gut flesh would have proven a logistical nightmare on a show like Red Doctor Star Battlegate.

“Camera Four, show me Roberta.”

The film cut to Captain Santos’s reaction of the sparking navigation panel—a similar recoil, but due to her size much more restrained. It was difficult for her to act physically these days, since the script seemed to refused to acknowledge her actress’s weight gain over the years. How could they have expected her to play a badass space cowboy when she was getting older and fatter every season? Captain Santos’s time in the Captain’s Chair had become something of a necessity, given the logistics of keeping her clothed. On the one hand it gave the other crew members time to shine story-wise, but it had become something of a meme in the fandom that she was staying out of conflicts to stay onboard and pig out with Dr. Kekxi…

“Soon, Captain Santos, I will have the entry I need to invade your indulgent universe—and it will all be thanks to the *ample* positive matter found within your precious—”

“Hey hey hey now!” Dr. Kekxi’s actress broke character once again, “What’s with that ample crack, then?”

“What?” the guest actress turned around, returning to her normal good nature, “I-It’s in the script, Bridget…”

“I’ll bet it is.” She sniffed, wriggling in her (actual, functional, and very uncomfortable) restraints, “I thought we agreed that weight jokes were *off-limits* when it came to my character! I just had a baby, you know!”

“Yeah, like two years ago…”

“Say it to my face then, Roberta!”

There was an uncomfortable silence between everyone on set as the two actresses sort of glared at one another while the remaining cast and crew shuffled awkwardly at another infight. The two of them were good friends, but rising weights and disputes about what foods could and should be served at the crafts service table had just…

Well, it was honestly probably more accurate to say that they both were especially volatile when they were hungry and leave it at that.

“Ladies, please can we just *focus*?” Bob’s head was back in his hands as he continued on an ongoing quest to rub his scalp bald from stress, “Now we’re *almost* done with this episode and I don’t need you two sniping at one another because you’re hangry.”

“What does that even ­*mean*, Bob?”

“It’s like a combination of hungry and angr—”

“I *know* what it means, Carol!”

The large, huffy blonde woman wriggled in her restraints while the slightly brunette one writhed in her too-tight captain’s chair. Captain Santos’s actress (and of course, the show’s dedicated fanbase) had been adverse to changing out the prop after so many years, but with her wide hips and flaring thighs, it was becoming a hassle for her to work around this decrepit, blocky thing…

“Alright, let’s take it from ‘Soon, Captain Santos’.”

Red Doctor Battle Star Gate—Season 39, Episode 17  
Scene 25, Take 9

“Soon, Captain Santos, I and my fellow Thininnians will have the entry we require to enter your indulgent universe—” Captain Satanos’s actor slipped back into character expertly, “And it will be thanks to the positive matter found in your *precious* Doctor.”

The thin woman threw her head back in a rip-roaring laugh that would have made Rita Repulsa proud. Bob and the higher ups were already discussing bringing her on full-time, perhaps as a character on the network’s other shows. One not so *hazardous* to their actors’ waistlines. It had been a running joke for a while now that RDBSG was where careers and diets went to die, and it would have been a shame to see such young talent go to wais—er, waste.

“She’s good, Bob.” A producer leaned in, “Maybe we could… you know… do a prequel series for Santos? She’s really a dead ringer for Roberta, before the weight gain.”

“Put a pin in that.” Bob pointed, “We’ll pitch it if this season does well.”

Back on the set, the monitor cut off and the façade of ship was thrown into darkness. Captain Satanos and the Thininnians’ attack on the barrier between realities was underway, and the actors could only just sort of stumble around looking confused as the practical effects gave way to where they’d edit in the shaky camera.

“Ensign Hale, get our communications back online!”

“I’m trying, Captain Santos!” the portly redhead writhed with real distress as the props wobbled a bit too much for her liking, “But their attack… it’s jammed our satellite relay!”

Bob counted off on his fingers how long the dramatic pause was supposed to last, going from five to one in Mississippi intervals so as to allow for the dramatic musical cue to be added in post. The cameras lingered on the quivering fat faces of their starlets, as well as the slender Sekxi looking especially devious as she awaited the arrival of her full crew.

“You know what you need to do.” Captain Santos said with a deathly seriousness.

“B-But you said—”

“I know what I said.” The actress interjected excellently, cutting her costar off in the middle of a clunky callback to earlier in the season, “But if we can get to the other side before they get to ours, then maybe—just maybe—we’ll be able to turn the tide on this.”

“Camera 6, back on Carol.”

Ensign Hale looked distraught at the revelation that she would have to use their malfunctioning warp drive in such a way as to threaten the stability of space time. Captain Santos had warned her (all the way back in episode 3 of the introductory arc of this season) not to use it unless the situations were dire. But was the life of the woman that she loved hanging in the balance “dire” enough to jeopardize the quintillions of life forms in the known universe?

“Get the product placement.”

Leaning back into her chair (with a downright *sinister* sounding creak that would certainly have to be edited out in post) Ensign Hale grabbed at the futuristic can of Coca-Cola that had served as a sort of quirk for her character to help her focus (the ice cold taste of America’s favorite soda brand, existing well into the 28th century for some reason) and hopefully give her the insight to—

“Oh fuck!”

Ensign Hale’s actress suddenly recoiled backwards as her gut literally ripped through the costume. The sound of spandex tearing and fabric succumbing to the sheer size of her stomach pierced the silent stage as she looked down in utter shock, her eyes *almost* as big as her stomach as they widened in a mixture of terror, confusion, and embarrassment at yet *another* wardrobe malfunction.

“God ***fucking*** dammit!”

Ensign Hale’s actress stood up in a wobbly, sloshy fuss as she rocketed out of the chair and off the set in a heavy, hefty huff. Her chubby cheeks were stop light red as she grabbed at the coat that a stagehand had expertly held out for her as soon as they had seen the first stitch pop. Her fat cheeks fought for space in what remained of the bottom half of the suit as the rip slowly began to spread in a diagonal pattern along her chunky shape like a popped tube of biscuits.

“Carol, come on—”

“No, Bob, I’m sick of how fucking *cheap* the network is.” Carol struggled to zip up the coat as she waddled towards the stage doors, “When I signed on to do this show, I thought that I’d be working with *professionals*. But Wardrobe isn’t given enough money, and you know what? Neither am I.”

“Carol we are right in the *middle* of the last shot of the scene, I’m *sure* that we can—”

“I’m sure you can call the network and get this figured out too, Bob.” The huffy redhead turned around in a vicious, jiggly tantrum, “In the meantime, I’ll be in my ***fucking*** trailer!”

The door slammed behind her, and the cast collectively exhaled at yet another setback in what should have been an episode that wrapped three days ago. Captain Santos stopped sucking in, letting her two-piece uniform stretch over an extra couple of ample inches of honey-colored belly blubber while Doctor Kekxi’s actress began to wriggle and slosh more insistently.

“Can I get out of this thing now?” she huffed in her natural accent, “I’m starting to chafe.”

“You’re *always* chafing, Bridget.” Bob pinched the bridge of his nose, “You and everyone else in this damn cast always has *something* to complain about…”

“Well don’t bite my head off about it!” The big blonde wobbled unsteadily as the clamps around her fat little wrists and cankles were undone, “Count your blessings that it’s not *me* walking out! It’s in my contract that I don’t have to do stunts like this, and the only reason that I did it this time is—”

“Bridget, honey, if it were *you* walking out, I don’t think I’d have any trouble catching up to you.”

The beluga blonde gasped, hurt by the director’s insensitive comments. Incensed, she stormed off in a similar fashion to her onscreen love interest, her nose held high and a little extra huff in her step as she stomped off towards her own trailer. Or perhaps the craft service table that was located on the lot… there was really no way of knowing yet.

“Excellent job, Bob.” Captain Santos sighed, “Really, brilliant work.”

“Don’t you start now too.” He pointed at the corpulent captain as she reclined in an aging and aching prop, “Let me just… ugh, I’ll get the network on the phone. See what I can do about getting more budget for costuming…”

“Sounds good to me. God knows that Captain Santos could use a new uniform.” She laid her hands flat on the burgeoning brown belly that bulged from underneath her top, “You’re just lucky that I’ve gotten really good at sucking it in these past few years.”

“Uh huh.” Bob groaned, “Sure. Lucky. That’s why I’m lucky.”

“Don’t get testy with me, now.” Captain Santos raised her eyebrows and strained to reach for her own can of Coca Cola, “I might walk out too, you know.”

“As if you can even get out of that chair without a stagehand…”