

'STAR TREK - TIMELINES'

TEASER

EXT. MARS DRYDOCK

The ships, still housed in the massive skeletal structure, are covered with furiously busy people, making last minute tweaks on the hulls.

INT. KRAKATOA ENGINEERING - DAY

P.O.V. JIMMY

The doors open to reveal a busy corridor, moves from the lift, nearly being run over by HURRYING CREW MEMBERS who freeze in anticipation, then they move again and continue into the lift. Back down the corridor, slowly moving down the nearly complete corridor encountering many of the crew, some working on panels, all in a rush.

JIMMY (V.O.)

Captain's log, tentative stardate, unknown until we get together and figure one out. For these purposes, this will be day seventeen hundred ninety three at six hundred hours. The origin being established on the day of Captain Bundy's first encounter with the temporal agent.

Still dodging hurrying crew, a panel with the glass leaned on the wall and wires hanging, looking inside.

VOICE (O.S.)

Excuse me, sir.

The view suddenly turns to a red-headed ensign, who looks like a young boy.

JIMMY (O.S.)

Sorry. Carry on.

The Ensign slams a part into the console and the view continues down the hallway.

JIMMY (V.O.)

The day has finally arrived for the launch of Krakatoa and Bundy.

(MORE)

JIMMY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

A bittersweet day in that we wont have much time to glory in the achievement before we take the ships out for battle. We've lost much ground to the Borg, who have nearly taken Earth except for the U-S, thanks to the late president Cochran's sacrifice. While it was too late for Washington, it did wake the nation to the threat at hand. They have fought the Borg bravely, but are rapidly losing ground. Major Dublain's exemplary performance has earned her, yet another field promotion and one that she has declined and offered to trade for an isokinetic cannon and a box of Twinkies and a little help with the battle. We can supply the help, starting today. We're working on getting the replicators to understand the concept of a Twinkie. Doctor McKinney is working on getting the cannon to fire without exploding and another little surprise he's keeping close to the vest.

McKinney stoically wanders past wearing a blue rubber suit, obviously covering some unknown disaster, then dashes off.

JIMMY (V.O.)

We shall give the ships a trial run, check out the systems, then head for Earth. Major Dublain has kept up with the destruction of Cube shipyards, but has been dogged by several spheres in the Borg fleet. The Flyer is damaged and torn by battle, but the intrepid little ship is everything and more than we could have hoped --

Encounters an FEMALE ENSIGN who acknowledges him with an awkward wave-salute.

ENSIGN

Captain Kirk.

JIMMY (V.O.)

Yes.

ENSIGN

(stops, awkward, nervous)
I was wondering if we're still on
schedule.

JIMMY

As far as I know.

ENSIGN

Uh, I'm glad to be here, sir.

JIMMY

Are you a hologram or --

ENSIGN

Hologram, sir.

JIMMY

(checks her over)
Sorry, I can't tell the difference.
Yes, we're moving out at oh seven
hundred.

ENSIGN

(violated look)
Thank you sir.

She moves quickly as Jimmy heads to the door marked

ENGINEERING

It splits open and he is met by several staff.

JIMMY (O.S.)

Good morning folks.

ENGINEER 1

We need another shipment of plasma
or we'll never get off the ground.

JIMMY (O.S.)

We will, trust me.

FEMALE ENGINEER 2 approaches.

ENGINEER 2

Dilithium crystals are barely
serviceable. I'm concerned if we
get into a battle --

JIMMY

We'll find better ones. Try using a portable theta matrix compositor to recrystallize one and give your report to McKinney.

ENGINEER 2

What's a theta matrix whatever you said?

Panning around,

JIMMY

Comes into view, a little haggard.

JIMMY

Ask McKinney. Where is he?

ENGINEER 2

Warp core, sir.

JIMMY

Are you real?

ENGINEER 2

(confused)

If you're wondering if I'm a hologram, I'm not.

JIMMY

Not real?

ENGINEER 2

Yes, I think so, real that is.

JIMMY

Good to know.

DOCTOR MCKINNEY (O.S.)

Jimmy, Captain, sir.

Jimmy turns to see

MCKINNEY

And a FEMALE ENGINEER, 20's, extremely attractive, medium length blonde hair in a pony tail, wearing a tight rubbery suits. The two are carrying a large mechanical object.

DOCTOR MCKINNEY (CONT'D)

Put it down here.

JIMMY

What the hell is that?

They both labor to lower it to the ground as other CREW MEMBERS rush past.

DOCTOR MCKINNEY

(proudly)

Our new cloaking device.

JIMMY

Totally against Starfleet regulations! Why isn't it installed?

DOCTOR MCKINNEY

We just completed it and I don't even know where to install it.

JIMMY

It's not on the schematics?

DOCTOR MCKINNEY

As you said, totally against Starfleet Regs so they don't even include it.

JIMMY

It's good to be a maverick. Find a spot and get it working.

DOCTOR MCKINNEY

It'll be three hours at least.

JIMMY

You got one.

DOCTOR MCKINNEY

You hear him. We got forty five minutes to get this thing operational.

They strain as they raise the bulky device.

JIMMY

You know about the anti grav gurneys.

DOCTOR MCKINNEY

No way!

JIMMY

Check it out.

REDHEAD ENSIGN
We've been carrying this lug --

MCKINNEY
Stow it.

JIMMY
(to McKinney)
You did a fine job programming your
helper here but why are they always
drop dead gorgeous.

DOCTOR MCKINNEY
Ah! No.

REDHEAD ENSIGN
(indignant)
I beg your pardon.

DOCTOR MCKINNEY
She's not a hologram.

REDHEAD ENSIGN
(thick Scottish accent)
I'm Lieutenant Scott the chief
engineer of the Bundy, not a
helper.

DOCTOR MCKINNEY
(low, skiddish)
This is the Captain.

JIMMY
I'm sorry. You will never be a
helper again.

DOCTOR MCKINNEY
Kirk and Scotty finally meet.

ENSIGN SCOTT
(to McKinney)
Don't ever call me Scotty again.

Jimmy turns away, walks and hits his badge.

BLONDE ENSIGN (O.S.)
(in background)
I didn't go through four years of
Starfleet training to be called
Scotty or a bloody helper!

JIMMY
Captain Malone. Is it crazy over
there too?

INT. U.S.S. BUNDY BRIDGE

Courtney sits in her chair, one leg slung over the arm, painting her toenails and drinking a cup of coffee, sets it on the arm, takes a chomp off a Pop Tart, then another swig of coffee.

COURTNEY

My plate is full. At least I don't have to worry about what I'm gonna wear. We need plasma, the air conditioning is on the blink...

(sour look at the coffee)

And I really gotta find a replicator that makes good coffee.

JIMMY (V.O.)

Our first mission consists of a few maneuvers with a plasma collecting run so keep your Bussard collectors open wide.

COURTNEY

(gazing off screen)

That reminds me of another mission I need to, anyway, my crew's kicking ass, except for the coffee.

JIMMY (V.O.)

Make it by hand.

COURTNEY

Hand job it is.

JIMMY

You do remember how to do that?

An extremely GOOD LOOKING MALE YEOMAN meets her, hands her another cup.

COURTNEY

(sexy, sultry)

Oh, I may need some practice.

She takes it, looks him over as he walks away and keeps staring, sniffs the coffee and drools over the cup.

COURTNEY (CONT'D)

Much better.

JIMMY

Impatiently awaits a reply but cant restrain himself.

JIMMY
Are you still there?

COURTNEY'S EYES

Remained fixed on the

YEOMAN

As he steps into the lift.

COURTNEY

Sighs and savors another long whiff of her new coffee.

COURTNEY
Mmmmmm. I think I just found my
Starbuck.

JIMMY (V.O.)
Is that code for something?

She nods.

END OF TEASER

ACT I

EXT. MARS DRYDOCK - DAY

The structures have split, exposing the ships for launch.

A LOUD ALARM BEEPS annoyingly, driving whoever is left outside, scurrying for cover.

INT. KRAKATOA BRIDGE

The helmsman, TY BASHIR, 20's, a slender, ruddy-skinned Brit-Arab, works his station. At tactical, LT. CRYSTAL ARCHER, tats down one arm, in dramatic contrast with Lt. CYBILL ARCHER, her identical twin sister at communications who has long hair and a neatly kept appearance. MAX KEPLER, 40's, with an Israeli accent and works the Security station behind Tactical. He is scarred by burns that disfigure his ear and face just enough to make him look like someone you never want to meet in a dark alley. From the

LIFT

darts Midge. She hits the bridge, stops to pridefully inspect the group.

MIDGE

Ladies and gents, Captain's heading this way so anyone who needs to take a squirt before we leave, do it. We've got a hundred and forty one million mile trip today, so don't blame me if we cant find a gas station.

THE CREW MEMBERS

Roll their eyes as she takes her seat at the Con. In the

LIFT

Jimmy stands, nervously twitching.

JIMMY

We need to take a trip to the sun, no, we will be taking a trip to the sun. Better. We're heading for the sun today, so hit the bathroom because I don't think there are any gas stations on the way. That won't work. More forceful now... Our first mission will be to collect drive plasma in the sun's corona, so it's gonna get warm.

He shakes his head in disapproval.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
What would my great, great,
great... however many great
grandson, say?

The lift door opens. He takes a deep breath.

INT. KRAKATOA BRIDGE

Jimmy plunges out, transformed. He takes a confident gaze at Max.

MAX
Captain on the bridge!

They all stand, facing Jimmy, who cracks a tiny wisp of a smile.

JIMMY
At ease. Helmsman, let's make this
happen.

TY
Destination sir.

JIMMY
Plot a course for the Sun.
Engineering!

Jimmy wanders to his chair.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
McKinney, where are you?

INT. ENGINEERING

McKinney squirms out of a console, strikes his badge.

DOCTOR MCKINNEY
Here.

JIMMY (V.O.)
Status of the Bussard Collectors.

DOCTOR MCKINNEY
Our little malfunction has been
resolved and we can start sucking
space jiz as soon as I connect this
panel.

JIMMY

Grimaces. Looks at Cybill who shares the same look.

JIMMY

Remind me to never call him over an open comm again.

He sits.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Open a channel to the Bundy.

CYBILL

(working console)

Yes sir.

JIMMY

Systems.

MIDGE

All go.

JIMMY

Activate anti grav field and release docking clamps. It's time to commence the maiden voyage of the Krakatoa.

EXT. KRAKATOA

The ship rests stately in her dock. The

CLAMPS

Release with a CLACK.

THE KRAKATOA

Lifts away from her moorings and away from the dock, takes a turn.

JIMMY

Grips his chair arms.

JIMMY

Take us out, thrusters only, Mister Bashir.

TY

Sir!

JIMMY
Weapons status.

CRYSTAL
Phasers are at twenty percent. We have forty transphasic torpedoes, fifty photon torpedoes, and isokinetic cannons are off line along with ablative armor but --

JIMMY
Shields?

CRYSTAL
One hundred per cent.

JIMMY
Fireflies?

MAX
(irked)
We have two hundred, taking up space in the shuttle bay. We can't hardly get the shuttles in and out.

JIMMY
I still sense you disapprove.

MAX
They look like kids' toys, sir.

JIMMY
When they save our asses, we'll talk then.

CYBILL
I have the Bundy on the line.

JIMMY
Captain Malone. Are you ready?

INT. BUNDY BRIDGE

Courtney, in her seat, smirks.

COURTNEY
I've been in orbit for five minutes, waiting for you old man.

JIMMY
Cringes.

JIMMY

How did you get --

COURTNEY (V.O.)

I owe it all to coffee and Pop
Tarts, the official abomination of
the Federation.

JIMMY

We'll be there in --

COURTNEY (V.O.)

Heading for the sun.

JIMMY

Wait up.

INT. BUNDY BRIDGE

Courtney plops in the chair.

COURTNEY

Catch up. Gotta go.

JIMMY

Captain, wait for us to --

She punches a button, cutting him off.

COURTNEY

Prepare to go to warp.

Tammy, perched at the Con, hits a couple buttons.

TAMMY

We should wait for Captain Kirk.

COURTNEY

Warp five. Waiting's for losers.
For lack of a better command...
(takes a deep breath)
Engage!

EXT. USS BUNDY - DAY

The ship rights it's heading toward the sun and flashes to
warp.

INT. BUNDY BRIDGE

Tammy stiffens.

TAMMY

There will be a time when warp drive will not be allowed inside the path of Jupiter.

COURTNEY

Speed at full impulse is sixteen million five hundred sixty thousand miles per hour. That would take us, uh...

TAMMY

Eight point five one four four nine hours.

COURTNEY

Sad day. Lieutenant Scott.

MALE VOICE

Aye, Captain.

COURTNEY

You don't sound like my chief.

TARG

A chubby Hispanic fellow, munches on a powdered sugar donut. Sugar smudges spot his uniform shirt and face. He wipes it off his face and onto a clean spot on his trousers.

TARG

I'm Targ the warp core guy. Chief Scott is still on the Krakatoa.

COURTNEY

Well then how's that new warp core?

Pets the console, admires the huge warp core before him, licks his fingers as he pops the rest in his mouth.

TARG

She's purring like a happy tiger.

COURTNEY

Uneasily pats her arm rest.

COURTNEY

A tiger could easily turn around and eat you at any given moment.

TARG (V.O.)

That's exactly why I used the metaphor.

COURTNEY

Tell the tiger we're gonna feed it
in a few minutes. Malone out.

TAMMY

The Lieutenant will beam aboard as
soon as the Krakatoa meets us.

She takes another deep breath.

COURTNEY

(a little uneasy)
Good.

EXT. KRAKATOA

The ship breaks out of the thin atmosphere.

INT. KRAKATOA BRIDGE

Jimmy readies himself for the command.

JIMMY

Ladies and gentlemen, may we all
take a moment to realize the
importance of --

MIDGE

Sorry Captain, but I've got a warp
signature coming from deep space
terminating at, the sun.

JIMMY

I've been working on my speech.

MIDGE

But, warp signature.

JIMMY

Who's?

MIDGE

Ah, wait. I can do this.

She works.

JIMMY

We don't have all --

MIDGE

Vulcan?

JIMMY

Holy crap. That was quick. Let's make this fast. Go to yellow alert, helmsman, as soon as we clear the atmosphere, warp eight and punch it.

EXT. KRAKATOA

The ship blows out of the atmosphere, screams through an impossibly tight turn and zaps toward the sun.

INT. BUNDY BRIDGE

Courtney stares at the screen, nervous.

COURTNEY

How is that universal translator working?

The rest of the crew is captivated by the

SCREEN

COMMUNICATIONS OFFICER (V.O.)

Not yet on line.

Which shows them face to face with a Vulcan vessel.

TAMMY

Faces Courtney.

TAMMY

This is a Vulcan vessel. Let me speak to them.

COURTNEY

You know Vulcan?

TAMMY

My communicator does.

She pulls out her keys and taps her communicator.

TAMMY (CONT'D)

Vulcan vessel, this is the United Federation Starship Bundy. We are on a mission of peace.

No answer.

EXT. SPACE

The Vulcan ship suddenly moves away.

INT. BUNDY BRIDGE

Courtney tenses.

COURTNEY
What did we do?

TAMMY
I don't know.

On the

SCREEN

The Vulcan ship quickly darts into deep space as the Krakatoa drops from warp.

TAMMY (CONT'D)
Captain Kirk, we need to talk!

INT. KRAKATOA BRIDGE

Ready and willing.

JIMMY
We're in trouble already.

INT. JIMMY'S READY ROOM

Courtney is livid as she, Jimmy, and Tammy sit at his desk.

COURTNEY
You scared him away!

JIMMY
We can't take the chance they'll be friendly. Your shields weren't up.

COURTNEY
They didn't shoot at us --

TAMMY
Because, we were trying to make friends.

JIMMY
Starfleet protocols state, first contact always calls for shields to be up. We went through this in Academy training.

TAMMY

The Vulcans are not an aggressive culture.

JIMMY

They, do not know, our intentions.

TAMMY

We opened communications.

COURTNEY

We told them our intentions.

TAMMY

They scanned us --

COURTNEY

And they didn't shoot at us.

TAMMY

You previously stated that.

COURTNEY

Emphasizing! Geez.

JIMMY

I want to make it perfectly clear... who possesses the experience pertaining to military tactics here?

THE GIRLS

(resigned)
You do.

JIMMY

Did they have their shields up and weapons charged?

THE GIRLS

(resigned)
They did.

JIMMY

One itchy trigger finger and you could have had a photon torpedo in your laps or a phaser shot through the warp core with nothing to prevent it.

TAMMY

I see your point, but in defense of the captain's position, the encounter caught her off guard.

COURTNEY

Why do I feel a knife in my --

JIMMY

We're done here.

TAMMY

I would like to pursue the Vulcan ship to --

JIMMY

We have a mission. First we save the Earth, then you guys can go make friends with your pants pulled up.

TAMMY

The Vulcans would make a good ally.

JIMMY

In a less confrontive meeting.

COURTNEY

How about the dilithium crystal issue?

JIMMY

Ours are holding up.

TAMMY

Synthesized D-C's are disappointing at best. As soon as the plasma levels are at maximum, it will be a matter of maintaining our ability to manufacture the energy.

COURTNEY

That's why we need to catch the Vulcans and get their take on our situations.

TAMMY

They can provide adequate locations for our search.

JIMMY

For now, lets stick to the mission, evaluate the condition of the planet and formulate a plan of attack with what we have now.

TAMMY

I'm the admiral.

JIMMY
Not on my ship.

COURTNEY
(standoffish)
That's tellin' her.

Tammy grits her teeth, indignantly.

TAMMY
Will that be all?

JIMMY
(reluctantly)
Yes?

She turns and marches out. Courtney takes a breath.

COURTNEY
You might want to check your junk
to see if it's still there.

She follows in a more casual manner.

Jimmy stands, silent, then makes a couple hip wiggles and takes a sigh of relief.

END OF ACT I

ACT II

EXT. DELTA FLYER

It hovers in orbit.

SHELLEY
Are they still there?

LITTLE TAMMY
Like big round dogs.

TEDDY
We can take 'em.

SHELLEY
I'd rather not take on three
spheres and bring more on us.

TEDDY
How many do they have now?

SHELLEY
Forty, give or take forty.

TEDDY
At least they're busy with the
resistance.

SHELLEY
They can be here whenever they want
to, now that they've pretty much
wiped out everything but the U-S.

LITTLE TAMMY
Two more Borg balls are coming.

SHELLEY
(maneuvers)
Better than the dice. We're making
a hasty exit before they get brave.

TEDDY
Let me take a few out while we're
here.

SHELLEY
No! We're getting help in a bit
and I don't want to put you guys in
any more risk than is necessary.

TEDDY
That's why we're here is to take
these bastards out!

SHELLEY

Watch your language and don't ask
me again!

TEDDY

Chicken.

She stews as she pounds the column.

EXT. DELTA FLYER

Makes a course adjustment and flies off as the

FIVE SPHERES

Follow at a safe distance.

LITTLE TAMMY

Scrutinizes the console.

LITTLE TAMMY

They're still out there, matching
our speed.

SHELLEY

Shh. I'm thinking.

TEDDY

Could'a just gave 'em a bloody nose
but no, you --

SHELLEY

(loses it)

You don't get to talk about bloody
noses!

THE KIDS

Sink down in their seats.

SHELLEY

Notices her console and lights up.

SHELLEY (CONT'D)

Hello cavalry. Time to bug out.

EXT. DELTA FLYER

Comes around, a cube drops from warp and hits the Flyer with
a phaser blast just as it goes to warp.

INT. JIMMY'S READY ROOM

Jimmy, Courtney, McKinney, and Scott are around the table.

JIMMY

We'll use the Triplehorn formation. You'll take the southern hemisphere, I'll take the north and the Flyer scans the equatorial area between us. We'll take periodic sweeps to determine any emissions from warp core initiations, weapons fire, transporter actions... Any questions?

COURTNEY

What are the rules of engagement?

JIMMY

This is orbital surveillance only. Our scanners have been upgraded to recognize Borg signatures and hopefully, calibrated to see through their dampening fields. We'll work on upgrading the Flyer's scanners so we can do a much faster sweep of the planet than before --

Tammy walks in with a cup of coffee.

TAMMY

The Doctor and Mister McKinney are teaming up to eavesdrop on Borg transmissions using the neuro transceiver they excised from the drone we procured.

COURTNEY

Why haven't these psycho dumbots started just transporting into Kansas in hoards?

JIMMY

I don't know. Maybe their transporter technology hasn't reached adequate levels yet. Remember, we are a couple hundred years ahead of them. They don't even know what a hologram is.

THE DOCTOR

I can safely say, he's right.

TAMMY

I have a better theory.

JIMMY

Why did I ever think you didn't?

TAMMY

I'm not certain how to --

CYBILL (V.O.)

Captain. We have a transmission from the Flyer... It's a distress call.

They all tense.

JIMMY

Let's hear it!

SHELLEY (V.O.)

Teddy!

JIMMY

Shelley! What's wrong!

SHELLEY (V.O.)

(desperate)

He's hurt really bad! We need help!

Jimmy rises and darts out onto the

BRIDGE

Followed by the rest, who take their stations.

JIMMY

Where are you?!

SHELLEY

Right here!

CRYSTAL

Flyer's dropping out'ta warp!

SCREEN

Flashes of explosions in the rear as the Flyer drops from warp, burnt and tumbling, venting plasma in every direction.

TAMMY

Muscles Midge from her chair, watches her monitor, visibly disturbed.

TAMMY
(concerned)
I've got, two, life signs.

JIMMY
Mister McKinney, can you beam them
straight to sick bay?

MCKINNEY (V.O.)
In process!

CRYSTAL
I see, three, four, now five
spheres dropping out of warp.

TAMMY
Weapons are charged!

COURTNEY
I'm going to my ship!
(taps her badge)
Bundy, three to beam to the bridge
and go to red alert!

Tammy, Courtney and Scott beam away.

JIMMY
Shields up! Battle stations!

The bridge goes darker with a red glow.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
Doc, we have two wounded coming
your way!

THE DOCTOR'S FACE

Is grim as the sound of a MEDICAL TRICORDER is heard with the
CRYING OF TWO FEMALES.

THE DOCTOR
I have three.

JIMMY

Torn, looks to the

SCREEN

As five spheres drop from warp.

JIMMY
Shields.

MAX

At maximum.

JIMMY

Transphasic torpedoes.

MAX

Ready.

JIMMY

Bundy!

COURTNEY

Grits her teeth.

COURTNEY

Say the word.

JIMMY

JIMMY

On my mark.

EXT. SPACE

The two ships are surrounded by the Borg spheres, emitting tractor beams on the Krakatoa and Bundy.

KRAKATOA BRIDGE

Jimmy is jarred.

BORG VOICE (V.O.)

(scary booming resonance)

We are Borg. Lower your shields and surrender your ships. We will add your biological and technological distinctiveness to our own. Your culture will adapt to service our mission to attain perfection. Resistance is futile.

MAX

I never wanted to hear that in person!

MIDGE

What'd they do, assimilate Darth Vader?

CYBILL

I can't shut them out.

JIMMY

You wont be able to, Lieutenant.
What did they hit us with?

MAX

They've got us in a tractor beam.

JIMMY

That's because we don't have
ablative armor yet.

DOCTOR MCKINNEY (V.O.)

I'm moving as fast as I can.

JIMMY

Captain Malone!

COURTNEY

As she is jolted, with a wry grimace...

COURTNEY

Really? You little bugs are
playing the tractor beam card?

JIMMY (V.O.)

How's your armor holding?

COURTNEY

No probs, Captain. Can we light
'em up now?

JIMMY

Gets a vengeful smirk.

JIMMY

Lieutenant Sizemore, you heard her,
light 'em up!

THE SHIPS

Release a barrage of torpedoes at the spheres that are
harmlessly absorbed by their shields.

JIMMY

Looks away.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Mister McKinney, I'm gonna trade
you for an organ grinder's monkey
if you --

MCKINNEY

Dashes into the

TORPEDO ROOM

Snatches a tool

DOCTOR MCKINNEY
I'm working on it!

And opens one up in a flash.

DOCTOR MCKINNEY (CONT'D)
These are a new breed of torpedo.
I think I may have neglected to
adjust the phase --

JIMMY

DOCTOR MCKINNEY (V.O.)
Oh, oh.

JIMMY
I need information Mister McK --

DOCTOR MCKINNEY (V.O.)
The dissonant feedback is not being
generated.

Rolls his eyes.

JIMMY
Now in English.

DOCTOR MCKINNEY (V.O.)
Sir, you need to know, these
torpedoes have been sabotaged!

Jimmy looks away in disgust.

END OF ACT II

ACT III

INT. TORPEDO BAY

McKinney pops another torpedo open.

DOCTOR MCKINNEY
I'm checking another one.

JIMMY

Is agitated, then a JOLT.

JIMMY
We don't have time for this! Don't
bother explaining the fine details
just get --

MCKINNEY

scans with a tricorder.

DOCTOR MCKINNEY
We're not getting through because
the our torpedoes all have the same
phase state configuration. The
connection that generates the
dissonant feedback has been
severed, and the only way that
could happen is to physically
disconnect the emitter after it's
been assembled, which means someone
had to do it intentionally and
they've done it with every torpedo
I've come across.

JIMMY

Flinches and raises his hands in surrender.

JIMMY
Thank you for the explanation
anyway. How long?

DOCTOR MCKINNEY (V.O.)
I'll have one in a minute!

JIMMY
Bundy, did you hear that?

COURTNEY

Standing by her chair.

COURTNEY
I've got my guys on it.

JIMMY (V.O.)
Get this tractor beam off me.

COURTNEY
Working on it.
(to Crystal)
We need to mess with these dudes.
Hit 'em with a spread of photon
torpedoes --

TAMMY (O.S.)
Might I interject?

COURTNEY
Aw, ugh.

TAMMY
Turns.

TAMMY
Twenty years ago Captain Bundy with
assistance from the holographic
manifestation of his deceased wife,
engaged in a procedure called the
Belizian Blowtorch which seemed to
be exceedingly effective against a
Borg cube.

JIMMY
Sparks.

JIMMY
That was part of our Kobayashi Maru
defense.

COURTNEY (V.O.)
We still got our asses kicked.

JIMMY
But not as badly. Make
preparations. Doctor, how are
they?

THE DOCTOR (V.O.)
(sadly)
Could you come here at your first
possible convenience?

JIMMY
Soon as I can.

BORG VOICE (V.O.)
We will wait for your reply no
longer. You will be assimilated.

JIMMY
Borg ship, we will consider --

A JOLT.

EXT. SPACE

The Krakatoa is slowly drawn toward the sphere.

INT. KRAKATOA BRIDGE

Jimmy shrugs.

JIMMY
Not big on negotiation.

MIDGE
I believe I heard that in our Borg
class.

JIMMY
Good class --

A JOLT.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
Mister McKinney!

MCKINNEY

Punches a few buttons on a console in Engineering.

DOCTOR MCKINNEY
Ready!

Then dashes back to the torpedo room.

JIMMY
Malone aim for the origin of the
tractor beam and ours will join up.

BUNDY BRIDGE

Courtney leans forward

COURTNEY

Fire!

JIMMY

Clinches his fist.

JIMMY

Fire!

EXT. SPACE

The two ships fire a beam that meets in the middle and tears a swath through the sphere, sawing it nearly in half. The tractor beams shut down as the two ships move to the sphere with the Delta Flyer.

The other ships start a barrage of phaser fire on the starships.

INT. KRAKATOA BRIDGE

Jimmy tenses.

JIMMY

Mister McKinney!

DOCTOR MCKINNEY (V.O.)

I got a lot on my plate down here!

INT. TORPEDO ROOM

McKinney pushes a torpedo in the tube.

DOCTOR MCKINNEY

There. I got one in the tube!

He hustles to another torpedo.

DOCTOR MCKINNEY (CONT'D)

(sotto)

Like I've got six hands and can be in two places at once. Wait! I can. Computer, I need a holographic me!

His identical double materializes.

DOCTOR MCKINNEY (CONT'D)

What are ya standing there for?!
Open a torpedo and get plugging!

The double hustles to a torpedo.

JIMMY

Pounds his fist on his arm rest.

JIMMY

Fire!

EXT. SPACE

The Krakatoa fires a torpedo drills into the sphere and shatters is into a million pieces.

The Flyer is sent tumbling away.

A sphere attempts to retrieve the Flyer but another torpedo leaves the Bundy and sends it into flaming eternity.

The other two spheres quickly go to warp.

INT. KRAKATOA BRIDGE

Jimmy leans back into his seat.

JIMMY

Good work. Mister Kepler, get on our sabotage situation. McKinney, run diagnostics on all your systems down there. I don't want any more surprises.

DOCTOR MCKINNEY (V.O.)

Aye, sir!

He pops up.

JIMMY

Sickbay, I'm on my way. Midge, you got the Con.

She rises and jumps into the captain's chair.

MIDGE

Gladly. Helmsman, hold position. Keep your eyes out for the other thirty seven spheres, and the Vulcans. We'll try not to scare them away next time.

JIMMY

takes a trepidacious breath as he enters the lift, doors close. The

VULCAN SHIP

sits at a safe distance near the sun, watching the Krakatoa.

INT. SICKBAY

The doors open, Jimmy respectfully shuffles in to see

TAMMY

Holding a devastated Shelly who strokes her blackened and bloody son on the table.

Little Tammy, several cuts and smudges staining her clothes and hair, stands on the other side of the table, expressionless and empty as she catatonically stares at the body.

The Doctor removes a cortical stimulator from Teddy's head, sullen and slow, he carries it like crystal.

JIMMY

Doc.

THE DOCTOR

(increasingly upset)

Children. It's times like this I wish my program was taken back to when I was first activated. Emotional detachment, just business. Lose one and move to the next. I am a hologram! This is not how I am supposed to feel!

JIMMY

I don't know what to say either.

THE DOCTOR

(calms a bit)

You're the captain. You'll know. I need to tend to their injuries.

He moves off, leaving Jimmy alone with his thoughts.

INT. TORPEDO ROOM

A casket draped with the Stars and Stripes is surrounded by crew in full dress uniforms.

Jimmy moves to the head of the casket, as the group focuses.

JIMMY

There is a list of requirements for being a child in this world...

(MORE)

JIMMY (CONT'D)

First, a child should play as fast and hard as humanly possible... second, they should break things as fast as humanly possible... third, learn as much and fast as humanly possible... fourth, they should scare their parents to death as much and fast as humanly possible... fifth, they should eat as much as a dinosaur... sixth, they should find dirt as fast as humanly possible and lastly, they should make themselves and everyone around them laugh as much as humanly possible. What isn't included here, and never should be, is a child should never have to pay the ultimate sacrifice for their planet... but, these are different times. Teddy had the expertise adults could not master sufficiently to perform the task. He was the best at what he did. The human race deserves no less. Let the record show...

He moves to Shelley, extends his hand to her's and places three pips in it.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Ensign Tiberius, Theodore Dublain, shall hereby be posthumously promoted to the rank of first Lieutenant.

He is handed three envelopes and a long flat box. He faces her.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

As an active Major in the United States Marine Corps,
 (hands her an envelope)
 it is my duty to inform you that your son, Tiberius Theodore Dublain has been inducted as a private in the Corps.
 (hand her envelope)
 In this envelope, is the paperwork, promoting your son to the rank of first Lieutenant. This is a formality for what is to come in this envelope.
 (hands her the last envelope)
 (MORE)

JIMMY (CONT'D)

In this is a personal letter from the President of the United States and the accompanying documentation for this.

(he shows the box)

It is my privilege and honor to act as proxy for the president in these proceedings, in presenting your son,

(opens the box)

With the congressional medal of honor, for courage and valor above the call of duty and for his role in the initial conflict of what has now been called, the Borg War.

She takes the box, emotionless. He formally salutes her, turns to face TWO MARINES folding the flag. One hands it to him. He formally turns to Shelley and humbly hands it to her in a ritualistic manner.

She stares at it a moment, then at him, takes it without emotion.

SHELLEY

And this is supposed to make it all better?

Tammy, standing beside her, touches her shoulder.

TAMMY

Not now.

SHELLEY

(shaking)

What better time? A fucking medal?

She turns, meets Tammy's eyes with a savage glare and hurries out of the room.

JIMMY

Don't know what to do now.

TAMMY

Boys never know.

(to Courtney)

Captain Dublain, go comfort her.

COURTNEY

But I --

TAMMY

Go.

COURTNEY
(confused)
Going.

She shoves out the door, snaring a depressed Little Tammy on the way out.

TAMMY
Identify the best comforter and
dispatch.

JIMMY
Good plan.

Jimmy turns back and nods.

The ship's whistle BLOWS THE APPROPRIATE TONES and all stand at attention as the casket is conveyed toward the door. The

CASKET

Is jettisoned into space from the Krakatoa as the Bundy hovers nearby.

END OF ACT III

ACT IV

EXT. SPACE

The Krakatoa and Bundy orbit above the U-S.

SUPER

SIX MONTHS LATER

JIMMY (V.O.)

Captain's log zero eight one nine one six point one three. We've been contacted by an old acquaintance, a guy in my unit who far surpassed me in rank in the last few years, Colonel David Kim, who had some distressing news concerning the political upheavals going on down on the surface.

JIMMY

Watches the screen in his ready room.

DAVID (V.O.)

We're gettin' our asses kicked down here man.

JIMMY

What's going on?

DAVID

We tried an offensive move on D-C and a hail of all I can describe them as are death rays.

JIMMY

Those are phasers. Are you still under siege?

DAVID

They've stopped, for now. Where are they coming from?!

JIMMY

Up here. We ran off a couple ships. Why weren't we consulted?

DAVID

They still think you guys are responsible for this whole thing. There's an entire bunch of crazies called the Deniers.

(MORE)

DAVID (CONT'D)

They believe the right wing war mongers made up the Borg story to give themselves the opportunity to wipe out the wimpy lefties.

JIMMY

Suggestions?

DAVID

Bring your ships down here so everybody can get a good long look. Hell, I'm not entirely convinced the ships exist unless I see it for myself.

JIMMY

The size of the ships with make people freak.

DAVID

How big could they be?

EXT. SPACE

The Krakatoa orbits Earth.

THE SAUCER

Sports two tiny figures dot the surface at the center of the "K" of Krakatoa.

TWO MEN IN SPACESUITS

Look to the front of the saucer, then turn toward the back.

DAVID (V.O.)

Holy Krakatoa.

JIMMY (V.O.)

My thoughts exactly.

CYBILL (V.O.)

Captain. You need to see this.

JIMMY (V.O.)

Can't I see it from here?

CYBILL (V.O.)

We've received a transmission from Mars Station. One of our probes just touched down.

JIMMY (V.O.)

We didn't have any probes out.

CYBILL (V.O.)

The guy at the station says it's an old one from the Enterprise.

JIMMY (V.O.)

I'm on my way.

David looks the place over.

DAVID (V.O.)

How do ya park this thing?

INT. MARS STATION

Sakthi Doss, a diminutive Indian teenager, throws on his white lab coat and approaches the long, metallic

PROBE

which looks more like a missile, only with a glass nose section.

SAKTHI

Captain, I am a little concerned.

INT. JIMMY'S READY ROOM

Jimmy puzzles at his

SCREEN

Which shows Sakthi, peering through the glass nose of the probe.

SAKTHI

I am not sure what I am seeing, but it looks like two tiny seats with some kind of a control panel.

JIMMY

Becomes alarmed.

JIMMY

You need to place a level ten force field around --

SCREEN

Sakthi is covered by two shadows, catching his eye in front of him

SAKTHI

Oops. Too late.

The screen fuzzes out.

JIMMY

Attempts to repair the problem.

JIMMY

Sak!

He hits his badge.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

McKinney!

DOCTOR MCKINNEY (V.O.)

What now?

JIMMY

What's the status of the Flyer?

INT.

McKinney pulls out a charred panel and drops it to the ground.

MCKINNEY

I've got warp drive, maybe a little impulse, and sealed the hull breaches, but nothing else.

JIMMY (V.O.)

It'll have to do.

McKinney looks frustrated.

MCKINNEY

Do for what?

JIMMY

stately in his chair.

JIMMY

Sorry about this but I need to send you to Mars.

CRYSTAL

Captain.

JIMMY

Yes.

CRYSTAL

We have movement from the Borg
shipyards.

JIMMY

(heads for the)
On screen. McKinney, take Courtney
and go.

He stares intently at the

SCREEN

Where masses of spheres are streaming from three sites in
Siberia, heading for the U.S.

DOCTOR MCKINNEY

Shouldn't we wait for --

JIMMY

No. Find her and beam her straight
to the Flyer. It'll be a short
trip.

MCKINNEY

Picks himself off the floor and up to a transporter console.

DOCTOR MCKINNEY

Aye.

JIMMY (V.O.)

If she gives you any trouble, tell
her she can hologram it into a
pirate ship if she wants.

DOCTOR MCKINNEY

(sotto)
Not a good idea.

JIMMY

Quickly moves to the vacant Tactical console.

JIMMY

Bundy.

TAMMY

Are we having a day?

JIMMY

You take command of the ship. We
have Borg on the move.

TAMMY

Watches her own screen.

TAMMY

I see. What are they doing?

JIMMY

I think they're heading to U-S cities.

TAMMY

The offensive has begun.

JIMMY

Where are they all coming from?

TAMMY

I count fifty nine.

JIMMY

We need to wage this battle out here.

TAMMY

Where's Courtney?

JIMMY

I sent her to Mars.

TAMMY

I like your style, mister.

JIMMY

Let's fight some Borg. Red alert!

CORRIDOR

People scramble.

JIMMY (V.O.)

All hands to battle stations.

TAMMY

Now I know why they're hugging the deck.

JIMMY

We wont fire at 'em with our people in the way.

TAMMY

They're going to become Borg,
anyway. Maybe it would be more
merciful to --

JIMMY

We're not here to execute our own.
We're here to save them. We will
come up with an answer.

TAMMY

Better be quick.

They turn to the

SCREEN

showing sixty Borg spheres streaking across the oceans toward
North America.

JIMMY

We're gonna meet 'em face to face.

TAMMY

Might I add, by my calculations,
phaser fire could add one degree to
global mean temperature, not to
mention the detonations of
torpedoes and exploding borg
spheres --

JIMMY

Now you're hitting me with the Al
Gore scam, now?

TAMMY

I could hit you with the hockey
stick.

JIMMY

Noted. Everyone, prepare to enter
the atmosphere, locked and loaded.

EXT. SPACE

The burned and battered Delta Flyer drops from warp, swooshes
past on a route for Mars and finally

MARS STATION

Where it lands at a concourse leading to the main structure.
In the docks are two more ships in their early stages, but no
one is working, or present.

COURTNEY (V.O.)
Where is everybody?

INT. DELTA FLYER

They look out the window at the deserted station.

DOCTOR MCKINNEY
I don't like it.

COURTNEY
Computer, activate environmental
containment.

Over the

DELTA FLYER

A fuzzy containment field connects it with the door of the
concourse.

The ship's door opens and the two travellers cautiously step
out, awkwardly wielding phaser rifles.

DOCTOR MCKINNEY
I don't even know how to shoot one
of these things.

COURTNEY
I think you just pull the trigger.

DOCTOR MCKINNEY
Why didn't the Captain send
commandos with us?

COURTNEY
We are the commandos.

DOCTOR MCKINNEY
We wear many hats here.

COURTNEY
I hate hats as much as I hate bras.

They enter the door into a

LONG HALLWAY

Lights are low. They sneak along at a slow pace.

DOCTOR MCKINNEY
Is everybody having a Christmas
party?

COURTNEY

They don't have Christmas parties
in HoloMetropolis. They just
deactivate.

DOCTOR MCKINNEY

Now I feel like a comic book
character.

COURTNEY

(looks him over)
I like the way they drew your ass.
Sweet.

DOCTOR MCKINNEY

It's true. Chicks can think about
sex in the face of certain death.

COURTNEY

You'll die before I do.

She stops suddenly.

DOCTOR MCKINNEY

(taken aback)
What makes you convinced of that?

COURTNEY

(fixed on something)
I see something.

DOCTOR MCKINNEY

Have you got something planned
you're not telling me?

COURTNEY

Shh. Listen.

LOW MUFFLED VOICE of a man, not understandable.

DOCTOR MCKINNEY

I don't hear --

A LAUGH from a crowd.

COURTNEY

Maybe it is a Christmas party.

DOCTOR MCKINNEY

Or a victory party.

They give each other a stare of gloom.

DOCTOR MCKINNEY (CONT'D)
We need help.

COURTNEY
We need to investigate.

DOCTOR MCKINNEY
You do that.

He starts to sneak away, but she grabs him by the collar.

COURTNEY
I outrank you, soldier.

DOCTOR MCKINNEY
I'm not a --

Another LAUGH as they approach a door with a window.

COURTNEY
Shh.

DOCTOR MCKINNEY
We're gonna die.

COURTNEY
You're the one with the red shirt.

DOCTOR MCKINNEY
(laments over his shirt)
Aw, crap! I'm screwed.

COURTNEY
I'm seriously rethinking this
relationship.

DOCTOR MCKINNEY
Do your rethinking on a big meat
hook while they're cutting you up
and barbecuing your lady parts to a
delightful golden brown.

COURTNEY
(peeks through the window)
Now you're just turning, me, on.

DOCTOR MCKINNEY
What?

Another LAUGH.

COURTNEY
(she takes a gasp)
Dad?

DOCTOR MCKINNEY
What do you see?

COURTNEY
(shaken)
I told ya.

INT. WORKSHOP

A large crowd is congregated around two obscured people.
Then the crowd moves a bit revealing

Ted Bundy and Mossy.

COURTNEY (V.O.)
(emotional)
It's my dad.

She peers through the

DOOR WINDOW

As McKinney bobs up in the other window.

END SHOW