



'STAR TREK - TIMELINES'

TEASER

INT. LARGE NEWSPAPER OFFICE

Across the wall "Rocky Mountain News" is lettered in bold black raised letters.

A DESK

The only one in the office without a computer or electric typewriter. A mess but in an organized way... the center attraction, a 1928 Royal typewriter. A fully written page still in the carriage.

SUPER

1995

A hand rips out the paper and swishes it away. AMOS DUBLAIN, 45, a black, semi pudgy curmudgeon, bowling his way through a series of pathways, waving the paper everywhere, between desks and into an office. He bolts back out, crumpling up the paper and tossing it in the first can he sees.

AMOS

Assbite!

Following is DANMEYER, a young, skinny nerd with horn rimmed glasses.

DANMEYER

Amos, I'm sorry. I should'a told you earlier --

AMOS

Ya didn't. It's fine! I don't care!

DANMEYER

Yes you do.

AMOS

No, I don't. My job is to edit copy as fast as I can and get it on your desk unless, of course, you killed it because it wasn't politically...

DANMEYER

And you always do a fine job --

AMOS

... correct, so you can say, oops,  
we killed that story but not  
because it wasn't politically  
correct.

DANMEYER

Completely accurate, but in defense  
--

AMOS

Missus Colquit killed her husband  
because of a hormone imbalance!  
Her doctor testified to the court  
that very fact.

He arrives at his desk, plucks his coat off the back of the  
chair.

DANMEYER

Then that makes us look like we're  
not sensitive to women's --

AMOS

That's the way I write, the facts.

DANMEYER

And that's something we'll have to  
discuss over lunch.

AMOS

I'll have to take a bottle of Tums  
and fifth of Jack to get through  
it. I've known you since you were  
a geeky teeny bopper just starting  
out here and you never did anything  
like this before.

He makes his way through the sea of desks toward the door  
followed by Danmeyer, clumsily running into chairs and  
knocking pretty much everything to the floor.

DANMEYER

Amos!

AMOS

Danmeyer, take a Midol. Ya just  
don't know how to say it.

DANMEYER

Say what?

AMOS

(stops)

Let's see, how about this? We're going in a different direction and you're not, Amos.

DANMEYER

Well, we could --

He turns and storms quicker, but now it's a hard right.

AMOS

I've been a news dude for thirty years. I came here when I was fifteen and delivered papers and swept up. I was the token black in this sea of white paper, white shirts, and white faces and was proud to get that white paycheck. Now, it's not so white any more but it didn't get better. Now, we're more interested in selling papers and not getting the facts straight or telling all the story and telling the story like a goddam romance novel and I'm sick of it.

Another hard right.

DANMEYER

That's not fair --

AMOS

This paper and pretty much every paper in this P word and C word country of misfit snowflakes, have all turned into Pravda West -- Indoctrination, revisionist historical propaganda, and a few little bits of yellow journalism...

DANMEYER

Ah, that was mean!

Amos alters his course and stops a moment to take a breath.

AMOS

(on the side)

I know, the dreaded Y-J word, chill yourself.

(resumes rant)

(MORE)

AMOS (CONT'D)

mixed in with a fact or two which makes the readers just happy as clams to peruse until somebody comes up with actual facts that completely discredit the story and then we gotta print a retraction but that's okay, the other hundred lies we put out there are digested without so much as a peep so who the fuck cares!? That's what sells papers now and that's the way we roll!

Now he's heading in the opposite direction, takes another hard right.

AMOS (CONT'D)

Yea us!

DANMEYER

Amos.

And ends up back at his desk.

AMOS

(quietly)

You don't have to fire me.

DANMEYER

I wasn't. I was just, going to, give you a different position.

Amos picks up his beloved typewriter.

AMOS

I'm the chief copy editor for local news. I'm supposed to catch the crap and keep it from getting in this rag, but now, I'm pushed out for doing my job!? Look the other way, Dublain. It's a new time now Dublain. Give the readers what the readers want Dublain. Danmeyer, I hope ya find what you're lookin' for in your little utopia where, guess what, no news will happen because,

(switches to calm, low)

it's gonna be, perfect!

Then back into escape mode, without Danmeyer.

DANMEYER

Stands, puzzled.

DANMEYER

Why do you always call me that? My name is Dan, Meyer.

AMOS

Pounds through the office, thoughtful.

AMOS

Oh.

He continues through the door with gusto.

Nearby at desks facing each other,

TED AND RECOP

Look up from their keyboards at the commotion at the door.

RECOP

There's some bad juju there.

TED

I remember that day. Amos didn't tell us he quit til that night after his fifth Boilermaker at Furburger's.

RECOP

He was in Stinkytown?

TED

On Earth.

RECOP

(standing)

Oh, yeah. We gotta follow the old geezer.

Ted heads for the door.

TED

I know where he's going.

RECOP

If this is gonna be a long trip, I need to find an exotic pharmaceutical distributor on the way.

TED

Why not.

**END OF TEASER**

ACT I

EXT. SPACE

JIMMY (V.O.)  
Captain's log, stardate (date TBA).  
We have arrived at the new temporal  
rift. It seems to be exactly as  
before but we have no way of  
knowing if it's directly connected  
to the right time and place.

Krakatoa approaches the rift.

INT. KRAKATOA BRIDGE

JIMMY (V.O.)  
I was expecting them to come  
through the rift while we were on  
the way, but apparently not.

Midge plunges away on the console.

MIDGE  
I don't see any trace of anything  
going in or coming out.

JIMMY  
Why would it just open up?

TAMMY  
Any answer would be mere  
speculation --

JIMMY  
Just wondering. Lets activate that  
graviton matrix to keep this thing  
open this time.

MIDGE  
Starting it now.

A jolt.

JIMMY  
That cant be good.

MIDGE  
We're being pulled in.

JIMMY  
Come about at get us some distance!



TAMMY

We are in a gravitational field  
much like a black hole.

MIDGE

That really sounds bad, Hun!

TAMMY

It is.

MAX

Gravimetric shear is increasing.

JIMMY

Shields up, go to red alert!

EXT SPACE

Krakatoa nears the rift.

INT. KRAKATOA BRIDGE

Midge stresses.

MIDGE

Is this cuz'a what I did?

TAMMY

No. It's all this, rift.

MIDGE

So now what?!

TAMMY

I have a theory.

JIMMY

Better hurry.

TAMMY

This is no ordinary temporal rift.  
I believe we have nothing to worry  
about.

MAX

Tell that to the hull. We have  
buckling on decks twenty two  
through thirty.

JIMMY

Evacuate those decks and get a  
containment field there.

MAX

On it!

The rumbling and movement worsens.

MCCOY

We can rig up a containment field to stabilize the hull and keep it from twisting in the wind.

JIMMY

Do it. Doctor! Get ready for patients and frayed nerves down there.

THE DOCTOR

And Aamna are already getting patients in Sickbay.

THE DOCTOR

I have Aamna here ready and waiting.

JIMMY

Nods in approval.

JIMMY

Keep us straight and true Mister Bashir. We're going in whether we want to or not!

EXT. SPACE

Krakatoa enters the rift and...

INT. LOOKOUT HOUSE

Young Ted sits in the chair, Mossy straddling him, locked in a long gaze.

TED

Ya know, I was thinking.

MOSSY

Don't. It'll blow the moment.

TED

We can still pull this off if we do it at Hoover Dam or we could take over some nuclear reactor in France.

MOSSY

(wilts)

Told ya you'd blow the moment.

She starts to get off.

TED

No, hear me out. If we --

MOSSY

It's over. We had a good idea and made it work for a few seconds. I'm kind'a good with that.

TED

You got me --

Something catches his eye, he freezes as he focuses out the WINDOW

At the massive Krakatoa, barely clearing the roof and moving slowly overhead, casting a shadow over the entire hillside and valley below.

TED

Still focused, smiles.

MOSSY

Star Trek doesn't exist, I know that much.

TED

Don't be so sure.

INT. KRAKATOA BRIDGE

Everyone on the bridge is flattened on the deck, struggling to get up.

JIMMY

What was that?

TAMMY

(checking the screen)

I've got another theory.

SCREEN

Blowing through clouds, a mountain top with a lookout and a high valley below.

JIMMY

Where are we?

TAMMY

(checking)

By my calculations, we are on Earth  
in the late twentieth century.

MIDGE

Where?

TAMMY

Colorado. I know this place.

MIDGE

I've got two life signs originating  
from that lookout tower and a whole  
lot of electromagnetic radiation  
being generated. It's Ted Bundy  
and that Mossy chick.

TAMMY

This is nineteen ninety five, the  
day Mossy is killed in the  
explosion.

MIDGE

We gotta get 'em out.

JIMMY

We don't know the context of the  
situation. Our interference could  
do more harm than good.

MIDGE

If we can keep 'em from --

JIMMY

We can't tamper with the timeline.

MIDGE

(nudges her head toward  
Tammy)

It's already been tampered with if  
you haven't noticed.

TAMMY

If that is a reference to my  
appearance, I have always acted  
like a Vulcan no matter what  
timeline we are in.

MIDGE

But ya didn't look --

TAMMY

I concur with the captain. Let her die.

MIDGE

Huh?

JIMMY

I wouldn't have put it quite that way.

MCCOY

Oh, let me show the elephant in the room. Do ya think they saw us?

TAMMY

He does have a point.

EXT. LOOKOUT HOUSE

Ted and Mossy look through the window at

KRAKATOA

Hovering over the valley, still with the nacelles over the roof of the lookout house.

TED

Slides Mossy off his lap.

TED

We're either screwed or --

MOSSY

Double screwed.

TED

Looks like a Star Trek ship.

MOSSY

Ya wanna stick around to find out?

TED

Part of me does, most of me doesn't.

They scramble out and down the

STAIRS

Ted leading the way down one flight, then the second.

MOSSY

Ted, don't forget that bad --

CRACK!

He caves through the step, with a blood curdling...

TED

Ah!

Mossy stumbles over him, pushing them both forward with another, more sickening CRACK.

Ted SCREAMS OUT in pain as Mossy falls through the antique railing but catches a step with one hand, dangling off with a hundred foot drop to rocks below.

MOSSY

Ted!

Ted writhes in pain, his leg bent over in the wrong direction.

TED

Moss!

He grabs her wrist.

MOSSY

Struggles, catches sight of

TED'S LEG

Caved through the step, dangling loosely and badly broken.

MOSSY (O.S.)

That's gotta hurt!

MOSSY

Hangs from the step, Ted still debilitated with pain barely keeps his grasp.

MOSSY (CONT'D)

Let me go!

TED

(barely able to speak)  
Are you kidding? It's still a  
hundred feet down.

MOSSY

Ted, you're gonna go down with me.

TED

Then make it so! We're in this  
together!

MOSSY

Not this time.

She releases her grip, her wrist slips out of his hand.

TED

Mossy!

He desperately reaches, winces in pain.

**END OF ACT I**

**ACT II**

EXT. LOOKOUT STAIRS

Ted lunges for Mossy as she lets go.

TED

Mossy!

He laments as he fizzes away.

INT. TRANSPORTER ROOM

Sal works the controls.

SAL

Damn it to hell!

JIMMY

What?

SAL

I've got him but, but I couldn't --  
get her.

He desperately works the panel.

TAMMY

Try rescanning her image --

SAL

Too late. I can't find her life  
sign anywhere.

Tammy shakes off an emotion.

JIMMY

Shit, let's get Ted here.

SAL

(hits some buttons)  
Here he comes.

Sal taps a couple spots on his panel.

TED

Fizzes into the transporter, leg still badly broken reaching  
for nothing.

TED

(in pain)

Ah!



Tammy and Jimmy jump to Ted's side.

JIMMY

Doctor, I need a medical team in transporter one.

THE DOCTOR (V.O.)

I'm on my way.

TED

Where is she?!

TAMMY

We can't tell you.

TED

(inspects Tammy)

Who, or, do not tell me you're a Vulcan.

TAMMY

Very well, I will not.

TED

Where's my wife? I couldn't hold --

JIMMY

We're working on that.

TED

She fell --

He SHRIEKS, grabs his leg, writhing in pain.

TAMMY

Watches intently as he struggles.

TAMMY

You will thank me later.

She reaches to his shoulder and give him the Vulcan pinch, knocking him out.

JIMMY

Did ya kill him?

TAMMY

He's unconscious. It was logical to keep him from suffering and give us time to coordinate a plan.

THE DOCTOR

Fizzes in.

THE DOCTOR

Please state the nature of the medical emergency.

TAMMY

You are late.

THE DOCTOR

I was in the middle of a surgery.

He rushes to Ted.

TAMMY

I applied a little --

THE DOCTOR

What did you do, kill him?

TAMMY

(annoyed)  
Anesthesia.

THE DOCTOR

Thanks but no thanks. He's going to wake up thinking he's had a stroke. That pinch of yours is very traumatizing to the brachial plexus you so love to manipulate. He won't be able to use that arm or shoulder for two days.

TAMMY

I was not aware humans were that frail.

TWO ORDERLIES

Enter with a hover gurney.

THE DOCTOR

(to orderlies, stares at Tammy)

He's unconscious, but not without help. Set up the surgical suite for a knee reconstruction and dermal regeneration.

They work on Ted.

TAMMY

I cannot apply it more gently.

THE DOCTOR

Are all Vulcans born knowing how to do that?

TAMMY

(annoyed)

I assume that was a rhetorical question.

JIMMY

Can you fix him?

THE DOCTOR

It'll be much better than the barbaric actions they performed on him the first time.

JIMMY

Good. Keep me informed.

They turn to leave.

TAMMY

I will express my apologies when he awakens.

The Doctor shakes his head.

EXT. DENVER STREET

A ratty old car lumbers through downtown, double parks in mid block and Recop blows out, approaching a SEEDY CHARACTER, on the sidewalk, loitering outside a bar.

They talk a moment and the guy goes to his rattier car, pulls out a metal briefcase. They exchange it for a bill, and Recop takes a step away, only to come about and resume a conversation with the man.

TED (O.S.)

(drumming fingers on steering wheel)

Come on, hippie dude.

He exchanges another bill for a small bag, then heads back to the double parked Ted, all smiles and sniffing the bag.

Recop opens the car door and pops in, HORNS HONKING.

TED (CONT'D)

What is that?

RECOP

(unusually coherent)

This is to keep your world in tact.

(holds up bag)

This is to keep me in tact.

Ted shakes his head and the

RATTY CAR

Drives off, belching exhaust.

INT. RATTY CAR - DAY

Ted struggles.

TED

If we get caught with that, we're dead.

RECOP

If the fuzz checks your driver's license and sees it expires in twenty eighteen, we're lab experiments, man.

TED

Sometimes you can be strangely coherent.

Recop pulls out papers and starts to roll a fatty.

RECOP

That's what this is for.

TED

You're doing that here?

RECOP

Coherence and I do not go well together.

TED

I have that trouble with redheads. Where to?

RECOP

(lighting fatty)

Step two, Amos's house.

TED

He's not there.

RECOP

That's why we're goin' there now.

Ted nods and drives as Recop takes a drag.

EXT. AMOS'S HOUSE - DAY

The ratty car smokes up the long driveway and stops near the back door.

INT. RATTY CAR

Recop takes a drag and holds up the briefcase.

RECOP

(blows smoke)

Now, repeat after me, open the hell up.

Coughing, swishing smoke.

TED

What?

RECOP

Just humor me, man.

TED

Open the hell up!

RECOP

Done.

He taps the case and blows out.

RECOP

Dashes to the back door and drops off the case, scurries back and pops in.

INT. RATTY CAR

He slams the door and takes another drag.

RECOP

(holding in smoke)

Go, before they come home.

TED

Shelley's in school and Tammy's got play practice. We got --

He looks toward the main road and sees a yellow Honda Civic pulling up the driveway.

TED (CONT'D)  
Ourselves into a mess.

RECOP  
(blows smoke)  
Is that --

TED  
Shelley.

RECOP  
(chuckles)  
I'm so high right now, I know we're  
screwed but I'm good with it.

TED  
I must be high too because, I don't  
care either.

#### THE YELLOW CAR

Pulls in behind the ratty mess and a black haired girl with  
Goth makeup and wearing all black, piles out and approaches.

SHELLEY  
What are you doing here?

Recop gets out.

RECOP  
We're lost.

SHELLEY  
You don't look lost.

RECOP  
Really. I'm totally lost.

SHELLEY  
You look totally high.

RECOP  
You got me there. I can't even  
remember what year this is.

SHELLEY  
That's really high. You got any  
left.

He pulls out the joint from his shirt pocket.

RECOP  
Party time.

SHELLEY

Light it up and tell me really, why  
you're here.

TED

Gets impatient, opens his door.

TED

Hurry it up out there.

SHELLEY

Gets a familiar smile.

SHELLEY

Mister Bundy, is that you?

RECOP

Naw, his name, is, ah, Perkins.  
He's my designated driver.

TED

(approaches)  
Ma'am.

SHELLEY

He sounds just like a guy I'm  
crushing on.

RECOP

Young love. Gotta love it.

SHELLEY

He's old, but I think he's the one.

TED

(to Recop)  
That's Shelley Dublain.

RECOP

(confused)  
The commander?

TED

Same.

RECOP

(more confused)  
Dude.

SHELLEY

You look like you could be his dad.

She fixes on Ted.

TED

No, ma'am.

RECOP

We are here to deliver the package  
by the back door.

Shelley still scrutinizes Ted.

TED

A little project your father's  
working on.

SHELLEY

Oh, well, I'll see he gets it.

Shelley still focuses on Ted.

SHELLEY (CONT'D)

Are you sure you're not related to  
Ted, Bundy?

TED

Nope.

SHELLEY

It it wasn't for his burn scars and  
limp, oh and hair, I'd swear it was  
you.

Ted turns and heads for the car.

TED

Nope. Gotta run.

SHELLEY

You guys work at the paper?

RECOP

Yeah. We're right in there with  
your dad in, that, big room we,  
work.

SHELLEY

Newsroom.

RECOP

Naw, that's not it.

SHELLEY

You asked before... it's nineteen  
ninety four.



Recop stops suddenly, thinks.

RECOP

Oh, man, we're a year too early.

SHELLEY

It's ninety five! Who are you,  
really?

Recop's eyes begin to dart nervously, he tenses.

RECOP

Can't do this!

He breaks into a dead run and jumps in the car.

INT. RATTY CAR

Recop slams the door.

RECOP

Drive, we been made!

TED

What did you do!?

RECOP

Blew our cover, go!

Ted slams it into gear and the

RATTY CAR

Tears down the long driveway as

Shelley

watches intently.

SHELLEY

This is not over.

**END OF ACT II**

**ACT III**

INT. JIMMY'S READY ROOM

He works on his computer. The BELL BEEPS.

JIMMY

Come.

The doors open, Shelley strolls in.

SHELLEY

Captain.

JIMMY

How are you now?

SHELLEY

Doing well. Family's good, blah, blah. I've got something but it's probably too late to relay.

JIMMY

About what?

SHELLEY

I got a message from Ted.

JIMMY

How did he contact you?

SHELLEY

Back in ninety five, he gave me a letter and told me I'd know when to give it to you.

JIMMY

And it's probably destroyed.

SHELLEY

I read it. Do ya think I could hold on to something like that?

JIMMY

I applaud your snooty attitude.

SHELLEY

It was weird at the time and I blew it off, but now it makes sense. Recop and I are good in ninety five, don't get sucked in.

JIMMY

The last part's late but it's good to know they're okay. Why didn't you come earlier?

SHELLEY

I just remembered it out'ta the blue.

JIMMY

They must be repairing the timeline.

SHELLEY

And we're coming behind 'em destroying it again.

JIMMY

It appears so.

SHELLEY

Do we have to get rid of good looking Ted?

JIMMY

You can't have him. He's got his own life.

SHELLEY

Then gimme the Flyer back.

JIMMY

You gotta stop breaking your little ships. We can't keep up.

SHELLEY

I'm a hard worker.

JIMMY

When you were convalescing, we moved Mars Station and the shipyard and found something you might be interested in.

He hits a few buttons on his terminal and turns to screen toward her, showing a picture of the

U.S.S. DEFIANT

a small starship NX-74205 with a nasty attitude.

SHELLY

Drools.

SHELLEY  
Constitution class.  
(put off)  
Ah, but then I'd have to have a  
crew.

JIMMY  
Only forty.

SHELLEY  
Twenty. How long?

JIMMY  
We can build six of these in the  
time it takes for a full size --

SHELLEY  
How long?

JIMMY  
When we assemble the shipyards,  
it'll be only a month.

SHELLEY  
Two weeks, until then, gimme a  
Flyer.

JIMMY  
All I'll have is the Defiant.

SHELLEY  
(annoyed)  
I'll think about it, until then,  
I'm taking the Gamma Flyer.

She turns blows through the door as

JIMMY

Fades back into his computer work.

JIMMY  
Dismissed.

INT. HABENERO'S RESTAURANT - NIGHT (TEN YEARS LATER)

An extreme close up of a full margarita. The camera follows  
as a hand scoops it up and places is on a tray with several  
others.

The tray rises and seems to fly across a restaurant and it's  
deposited on a table. A man's burn scarred hand picks it up  
raising it in the air.

BRUCE (O.S.)

For the tenth and last time, we raise our glasses in salute to a fallen member of this family of actors ... some good years, some not so good, as you see standing before you. I can't remember lines any more, but I do give a good toast. Here's to you Mossy, we miss you, we love you, and that incredible rack we used to all stare at and pretend not to.

A POLITE laugh from the girls, a BIGGER LAUGH from the boys while still on the glass, as it advances to a man's lips. We see only the lips, nose, eyes, and glass as he closes his eyes and takes a long drink, emptying it except for the ice. When the eyes open, they're moist, a tear runs down the cheek. It's

DANMEYER

Finishing the glass and sitting next to Amos.

TAMMY MALONE

Long curly dark hair flowing over her shoulders and skinny as a rail, but attractive, holds a Long Island Iced Tea and a sad look, tips her drink.

TAMMY

This is for Ted, too.

BRUCE

I didn't like lookin' at Ted.

TAMMY

Still...

She sits with Danmeyer, who takes her hand as if they were a couple.

SHELLEY DUBLAIN, a pretty blonde barely 20, chats to an older man in his fifties, grabs her Shirley Temple and raises it hurriedly as if she were late for the toast, which she was.

AMOS DUBLAIN, still with brandy glass raised, cracks a pained smile as if he were waiting for more of a toast, takes a sip.

BRUCE

Old, skinny, and wrinkled, spreads his arms like a Shakespearian actor ready to bow.

KATHLEEN LANGTREE, a blonde woman in her fifties, on her last legs of attractive, fake laughs politely and raises her martini with three olives.

KATHLEEN  
(low to Tammy)  
Does he have to say that every  
year?

Tammy ignores her.

Bruce, the tall fiery old codger, leers at her.

BRUCE  
Yes, Kathleen, I do have to say  
that every year, as long as it  
still gets a laugh.

They all politely laugh.

KATHLEEN  
You need a new speech writer.

BRUCE  
(diplomatic)  
You may be the director, but I  
support this group and own this  
restaurant and I get to say  
anything I want.

KATHLEEN  
(raising her glass to him)  
Touche, Colonel Bell.

She takes a premature drink.

BRUCE  
Now, where was I?

SHELLEY  
Toasting Mossy.

BRUCE  
(quicker)  
Yes, Mossy. We thank you for your  
contribution to our lives, for your  
talents, and your holographic  
thespians, something that saved  
many premature grey hairs on  
Kathleen's head.

KATHLEEN  
Amen!

She empties her glass.

BRUCE  
Mossy Bogenschutz...

They jerk their glasses back in the air, some empty.

BRUCE (CONT'D)  
You are sorely missed and if you're looking down on us tonight, we are not drunk, just messed up and it's Ted's fault who got you killed.

TAMMY

Perturbed, takes command.

TAMMY  
Bruce, we don't know that.

BRUCE  
The evidence was clear. He pushed the equipment past it's capacity for a silly experiment and it got them both burned to cinders.

TAMMY  
He was the smartest man I ever knew and he'd never put Mossy in any danger. He was a risk taker, but not with Mossy's life at stake.

BRUCE  
We go through this every year.

TAMMY  
I can't listen to it any more.

She gets up.

DANMEYER  
Sweetie, sit back down.

TAMMY  
No. I'm done here.

She grabs her coat and stalks out, past a table with two men.

RECOP AND TED

Turn their heads to avoid Tammy's departure. As she leaves, with Danmeyer in hot pursuit, they turn back to view the results. Recop lifts a napkin on the table with something under it.

TED

That's not the way that night happened.

RECOP

(checking small machine  
under the napkin  
That's what my incursion detector  
says too.

TED

So I was killed.

RECOP

Says here, you were never found.

TED

I gotta set 'em straight. And that  
Danmeyer dude is doing Tammy?

She stands up.

RECOP

No, dude! Old Ted can't just waltz  
up to a group of his old friends  
and who think he's dead and claim  
to be a time travelling hologram.

TED

Now that you say it that way, it  
sounds a little crazy.

RECOP

Welcome to the world of Recop, man.

He sits down.

TED

What now?

RECOP

We don't know the particulars.  
Just the big stuff. My machine  
extrapolated the results of the  
incursion for the next ten years.  
It was really quick. It usually  
takes a good --

TED

What did you get?

RECOP

Nothing past July fourteenth  
nineteen ninety five.



TED

That was when the, meteorite --

RECOP

It hit and hit hard. It swamped the entire country of Hawaii --

TED

State.

RECOP

Not an exact science. Then the five hundred foot wave washed a hundred miles inland on the west coast of the state of America.

TED

That's a country.

RECOP

It launched every volcano in the Pacific Rim --

TED

I get it. The world comes to an end.

RECOP

Apocalypse man. Don't you see? You saved the world.

TED

I had help.

RECOP

But you were the key. Without your alcoholic binges and chick humpin', the world ends!

TED

The Borg win and Tammy sleeps with Danmeyer.

RECOP

And the world ends.

TED

That too. We gotta go back and save my dumb ass.

RECOP

Wouldn't try it. This timeline is progressing whether we're here or not.

(MORE)

RECOP (CONT'D)

By being here, we've set everything in motion to progress to it's ultimate end.

TED

Danmeyer blowin' a load in my sweet little Tammy.

RECOP

(brings fist to hand)  
Meteorite, earth, BAM!

TED

Suggestions.

RECOP

You're the guy with the plans. I'm just here to tell you if they'll work or not.

TED

No pressure. We can't go back, why?

RECOP

As I said, we might not have time enough in that timeline before the meteorite hits in this timeline. We gotta make something happen in this timeline and fix the results later, in this timeline.

TED

I'm gonna start freakin' out.

He plucks out a Zig-zag paper from his pocket, and places a dot near one edge, holds it up, flat.

RECOP

This is time.

TED

Looks like weedie wrapper.

RECOP

This dot is us.

TED

You are high.

RECOP

(folds dot to middle)  
This is us, going back in time.

TED

Folding space like creating a worm hole. Why didn't you say so.

RECOP

Like space, ya cant just keep goin' back and forth, otherwise...

He folds the paper several times til it's a mess.

TED

I don't think it's much use now.

RECOP

My very point. It takes space time a little time to flatten back out again or you'll never be able to use it as a rolling paper.

TED

You've lost me again.

RECOP

Captain Ted, how we gonna save Earth?

TED

I got something.

EXT. AMOS'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A rattly old Dodge Dart with one headlight out, rumbles up the long driveway and plants in the driveway.

The door creaks open and Amos, slowly, creaks out and heads for the back door where he sees the

BRIEFCASE

Waiting for him under the porch light.

AMOS

Climbs the steps, stares down the case and picks it up, notices the lack of latches and the even more evident lack of a separation between the top and bottom.

TED (O.S.)

Amos.

Amos stops cold, looks around.

AMOS

Who's there?

TED (O.S.)  
That briefcase has some special  
information you'll need.

Amos turns around.

AMOS  
Where are you?

TED (O.S.)  
In the dark. Don't bother looking  
for me.

AMOS  
I don't have any money on me but I  
can --

TED (O.S.)  
No, you dope. I'm not a friggin'  
robber.

AMOS  
Ted?

TED (O.S.)  
Shit.

AMOS  
Are you a ghost? I don't believe  
in ghosts.

TED

Steps out of the shadows.

TED  
Oh, I'm worse than a ghost, I'm a  
hologram.

**END OF ACT III**

**ACT IV**

EXT. SPACE-DAY

Jupiter and several moons against the vast, starry universe. Suddenly, a large asteroid barrels into the frame, coming ever so near the planet and collides into one of the larger moons with a colossal explosion.

The moon and asteroid are disintegrated, casting off large pieces toward the planet, disappearing into the greenish gas clouds of the atmosphere.

Several other pieces are blasted away, into the void of space.

Two larger pieces are driven along the orbit of Jupiter, take a curious curve along the contour of the giant planet and are catapulted toward the sun, the glare, dominating the frame.

The scene fades into...

INT. DUBLAIN KITCHEN-DAY

Amos and Ted sit at the kitchen table of the hundred year old house. It doesn't look updated much, if at all. A fifties era kitchen table with a typewriter as old as the house, sits in the center of the large, antique room.

Amos strolls to the coffee maker and tries to pour the empty pot into a gigantic mug.

AMOS

(looking disdainfully)

Coffeeless existence. Today, is a good day to die.

He struggles to search for the tools of coffee making, giving up.

AMOS (CONT'D)

Not worth it.

TED

I know it's tough to handle, but it's all I can tell you.

AMOS

You've just handed a newspaperman the greatest story of the twentieth century, if it's true and he still had a job.

TED

It is and more. The meteor hits on July fourteenth.

AMOS

If I believe you, that doesn't give us much time.

TED

The first time, you let this briefcase sit for a month and we still got the job done, barely.

AMOS

And you'll head up this, mission?

TED

I don't think so. I'm missing, or dead.

AMOS

But you're here.

TED

I'm not, your Ted.

Amos wanders to the kitchen window, washes out an dirty cup.

AMOS

That's right, you're time traveller Ted who was killed on Jupiter, doing away with the Borg queen and was resurrected as a hologram to captain the holographic Enterprise in saving the world from an asteroid directed at Earth by the Borg.

TED

Not me. You and Tammy, this time.

AMOS

(depressed)

I wish. She and Danmeyer have been making wedding plans. Haven't seen her in two months.

TED

She was suppose to marry --

He stops short, looks away.

AMOS

You?

TED  
No way. You.

AMOS  
(stares out the window)  
Is that your pet hippie peeing on  
my garage?

TED  
Aw, man. Sorry about that.

AMOS  
How did a guy like that ever get  
you to go along with this whole  
plan?

TED  
He put up a convincing argument,  
knew what he was talking about and  
made sense.

AMOS  
How many pot heads make any sense?

Ted thinks a moment as Amos sits back down in anticipation.

TED  
Enough of this. When's the  
wedding?

AMOS  
When do ya think?

TED  
(amazed)  
July...

Amos nods, counts down.

TED (CONT'D)  
What is it about July fourteenth?

AMOS  
Doesn't seem like a coincidence,  
does it?

Ted stops, his eyes widen.

TED  
(angers)  
That fucking filthy little hippie  
bastard.

AMOS

Now you've convinced me you're Ted Bundy.

TED

(to the case)  
Open the hell up!

The case pops open with a SHOOOOOSH.

It's empty.

AMOS

That's a little anti climactic.

TED

(deliberate, concerned)  
Oh no, this is just the beginning.  
That Recop dude I've been skipping  
time with, is a --

RECOP (O.S.)

Borg?

RECOP

Leans on the door jam.

RECOP (CONT'D)

You figured it out earlier than I  
anticipated.

AMOS

You peed on my garage, get out.

RECOP

(to Amos)  
We have no quarrel with you. In  
time, you will serve us and be  
perfectly content to do so.

TED

They always had a way with words.

RECOP

You have been a thorn in our side  
for a very long time.

TED

And you're just a pain in my ass.

AMOS

This is a Borg?



TED

You asked for cold hard facts.

RECOP

(raises a phaser at Ted)

This cannot damage you, but it will destroy your holoemitter.

TED

And then I'll just fizz away.

He pulls a communicator from his pocket, tosses it to Recop and pulls off his holoemitter and disappears.

RECOP

Catches the communicator and immediately fizzes away.

AMOS

Walks to the cupboard, pulls out a bottle of Jack and pours it down the sink.

INT. TRANSPORTER ROOM

Recop transports onto the pad. The Doctor is standing behind him, pumps a hypospray into his neck as a FOUR PERSON SECURITY TEAM headed by Crystal and Max.

Recop crumbles.

RECOP

You are all dead.

MAX

Take him to the brig, level ten force field and keep four on him at all times.

THE DOCTOR

That was my own little concoction to jam his neural transceiver and his microchip interplexing beacon backup. They didn't know I knew about that little trick.

CRYSTAL

He's gonna be bragging about this shit forever. I'm gonna make sure the hippie doesn't come back and kill my guys.

She departs behind the guards.

THE DOCTOR

I was simply pointing out the work  
I put into --

MAX

Okay, fine. Tell me all about it  
on the way.

He leaves followed by the doctor.

THE DOCTOR

I had to also include a tandem dose  
of --

The door closes.

INT. JIMMY'S READY ROOM

Ted is in mid lecture to Jimmy.

TED

That chroniton torpedo we detonated  
to blow the asteroid gave Recop the  
time stamp he needed to home in on  
and he simply reversed engineered  
his whole plan to keep us from  
blowing it up in the past.

JIMMY

So now what?

TED

I still don't know what happened to  
me. I had McKinney engineer a  
temporal inhibitor into my emitter  
before we made our escape, so I was  
able to stay immune to any temporal  
changes in the timeline.

JIMMY

Our poor Recop wasn't so fortunate.  
He got separated from his machine  
when we beamed him up and the  
doctors cocktail made sure he  
wasn't going to connect with his  
database, so he's back to thinking  
he was never assimilated.

TED

Poor guy.

JIMMY

The doctor likes his projects.  
He'll him and haw over it and come  
up with an answer. Oh, and Recop  
has told us how to use the machine  
to get us back through the portal.

CYBILL

Captain.

JIMMY

Yes dear.

CYBILL

We're being haled.

JIMMY

By who?

CYBILL

Is there a Federation vessel called  
the Krakatoa I don't know about?

JIMMY

Ah, home is calling.

INT. TEN FORWARD

The room is full of patrons, taking in the cuisine as Izzy  
drifts by carrying two plates of what looks like spaghetti  
and peas.

TED (O.S.)

I don't know how we got it all  
fixed, but the tangles in time came  
out and I'm not missing any more  
and Moss is back to being dead the  
first time.

Izzy stops at the table where Ted and Midge sit. Midge is  
excited to see the food, Ted sneers.

IZZY

You will love this.

TED

That means I hate it already.

IZZY

(sits both plates down)  
But you wont.

He hands forks to a skeptical Ted and pleased Midge.

TED

Because I want a hamburger.

IZZY

Not after you try this.

MIDGE

Go on Ted. What's not to like?

TED

There's no meat here.

IZZY

(pours an oil on)

A little olive oil on top with  
bring out the richness --

TED

This isn't foreign food like  
Bulgarian or Chinese dog chips.  
This is alien, from another planet.

IZZY

From another quadrant.

MIDGE

Delta.

He picks a little up, wraps it on his fork and sticks it in.

MIDGE (CONT'D)

(chewing)

Mmmmmmm.

IZZY

It's Alfarian Hair Pasta with  
Palliantyne peas, the sweetest in  
the galaxy.

TED

(mouth full, stops  
chewing)

Hair?

Izzy shrugs.

MIDGE

The Alfar are known for --

TED

Hair?

IZZY

It's like a sheep. Very High in protein.

TED

And hair?

IZZY

It's tender and a delicacy in --

TED

I'd rather eat the Alfar.

Izzy turns.

IZZY

I'll get you a burger!

He storms off.

TED

I've had worse hair.

He forks in another bite.

MIDGE

You did that on purpose.

TED

Maybe.

**END SHOW**