



'STAR TREK - TIMELINES'

TEASER

EXT. MOON SURFACE

The dust is illuminated by the

EARTH

Bright blue but with grey land masses except for North America, but even there, the west coast is showing signs of grey Borg occupation.

As the frame pulls back, a rut in the dust terminates at a

GOLF BALL

Half buried.

A GLOVED HAND

Picks it up.

SHELLEY

In a full suit, examines it, then slings it toward Earth. It flies out of sight as she watches.

SHELLEY

(muffled)

Now that's an arm.

She turns, shuffling and hopping in the thin gravity toward the

DELTA FLYER

Sitting next to a very blackened, burned out crater.

Through the windshield, Paris in the pilot's seat and Little Tammy jumping up and down with glee behind him.

LITTLE TAMMY

(muffled, in distance)

Yeah! Mommy threw out the first pitch of the war!

PARIS

Our kid's a conservative!

Overhead, six Flyers jet past, turn back and settle on the surface as Shelley hustles back to the Delta.

SHELLEY  
(muffled)  
First chick on the moon!

She snaps a selfie with the Earth in the background.

INT. DELTA FLYER

Paris shakes his head.

PARIS  
Tam, pressurize the airlock for  
your crazy mom.

She dashes back to the airlock and strikes a couple buttons.

LITTLE TAMMY  
Kids at school have moms who go to  
P-T-A meetings, get high and have  
affairs with the pool boy. Mine  
finds golf balls on the moon and  
throws 'em at Earth.

SHELLEY (V.O.)  
(on radio)  
Everybody, let's meet on the Delta  
and get our bearings before we go  
out and kill stuff.

Little Tammy bows her head in agony.

INT. DELTA FLYER

Crowded, the SIX PILOTS, stand with apprehension.

SHELLEY  
Believe it or not, we can fit  
thirty in here.

Lola Fatjo, 28, a mix of everything Asian, skinny as a rail,  
and tattoos of Asian symbols on both hands, looks the place  
over.

LOLA  
How many trips are we gonna make?

SHELLEY  
We'll stop when we get tired or  
there isn't anybody left. Let's go  
around and give me your names.

A tall young man with a trimmed beard comes forward.

PILOT 1

Douglas Riker, Alpha Flyer.

PILOT 2

Lola Fatjo, sir.

SHELLEY

Don't sir me. Politeness only  
pisses me off.

LOLA

(nervous)

Yes sir, uh, sorry sir. A slightly  
used Chimura Flyer!

SHELLEY

Slightly used?

LOLA

It smells funny, like a french  
whore house.

SHELLEY

I'll talk with Ted Bundy about  
that. Next.

PILOT 3

Ellie Uhura, Sigma Flyer.

SHELLEY

Familiar name.

PILOT 4

Isolde Pulaski, Epsilon Flyer.

SHELLEY

Sounds painful.

PILOT 5

Russell Mayweather, Gamma Flyer.

SHELLEY

Don't they make short ugly pilots?

PILOT 6

Rodrigo Yates, THEE Phi Flyer.

SHELLEY

Oh, yeah, now I know, they do. You  
look familiar.

RODRIGO

I'm the shuttle bay traffic  
controller on the Krak.

SHELLEY

Which means I probably see you every day, don't I?

RODRIGO

And I'm probably working my ass off so you don't get much of a lock on me. I'm also the best mechanic we got.

SHELLEY

And you're, kind'a forgettable.

RODRIGO

(discouraged)

Ah, that was nice. Think I'll go over here now.

Shelley smirks.

SHELLEY

Snowflake.

He heads as far away as he can in the small cabin.

SHELLEY (CONT'D)

Okay folks, this is a quickie. You've got a list of names and locations. Do it fast, do it sneaky. Hey mechanic guy, how about a time on those cloak --

RODRIGO

(stops his retreat)

Yates. Next week.

SHELLEY

The Krakatoa is settling the first wave of colonists on the new home world.

LOLA

Have we given up?

SHELLEY

No, we're getting the bugs ironed out, just in case.

RIKER

Sounds like we've given up.

SHELLEY

Never. We're getting people out of harm's way.

ISOLDE

I heard they don't want to leave.

SHELLEY

I don't either. But we gotta do what we gotta do.

MAYWEATHER

My family's still in L-A.

SHELLEY

We're going to get them as soon as we can. These folks we're going after first are, special. Very bright, very talented, and a few are, not, human.

MAYWEATHER

Like the Counselor and Malone?

SHELLEY

Yes. And they probably know the Borg and they will be difficult to find.

UHURA

I've got a leak in a plasma conduit.

SHELLEY

Have the mechanic boy handle it.

RODRIGO

Rodrigo Yates. I'm the traffic control --

SHELLEY

Wish I was sorry. Folks, if you got any question, now is not the time. Dismissed, and be sneaky out there.

They hesitate a bit, MUTTERING among themselves.

SHELLEY (CONT'D)

Go, go, or I'll make you eat some of my daughter's vomit jelly beans in the drawer there.

They break, beaming back to their respective Flyers.

PARIS

Works a console.

PARIS

Now my sweet, what's our first pickup?

SHELLEY

You know Isabella Scammerhorn?

LITTLE TAMMY

Shut up!

PARIS

Tammy!

SHELLEY

She knows.

LITTLE TAMMY

The movie star?

SHELLEY

Her entire family. Gotta go to Silverton Oregon.

LITTLE TAMMY

Her fan page says she's got eleven sisters.

SHELLEY

Along with their families so we're gonna have to really cram and jam. She's giving them the news so we won't have to start cold with the Star Trek saga.

PARIS

Piece'a cake.

INT. SCAMMERHORN DINING ROOM

NOISY DISENCHANTED PEOPLE flood into the living room in the smallish old house.

ISABELLA (O.S.)

Really! I'm not smoking dope!

**END OF TEASER**

ACT I

INT. SCAMMERHORN DINING ROOM

The father, LEO SCAMMERHORN, 65, a big man at 6'4", once very buff and still shows signs of softer buffness, gives a pragmatic sigh as he inspects ISABELLA, 43, a slender, gorgeous brunette.

Leo's wife, RITA, his sixty four year old wife looks like an only slightly older version of Isabella. She dutifully picks crumbs off Leo and everybody around her.

LEO

Stickers, come clean. It's the fame isn't it. You snapped and believe you're really in Star Trek.

ISABELLA

No, Pops, listen, it's all true. The Borg are here.

KATARINA

So we're all dead or assimilated.

ISABELLA

You don't have a choice.

RITA

Isabella dear, I raised twelve daughters. You we're not normal. You were perfect. No trouble, no P-M-S, and none of the family insanity that reigns on my side. I think I can give you a pass on this without calling the goon squad --

LEO

Call the goon squad anyway. Stickers is possessed by Satan.

Blonde, pretty and 45, Monica shows signs of age and the intelligence of a bag of doorknobs as she ventures into the middle.

MONICA

(dumbish)

I believe her.

Annie, red haired and showing all of her 48 years, fires an annoyed glance at Monica.

ANNIE

You believe the dog can talk.



MONICA

He can.

ISABELLA

After the shit Craig and I have seen, I'm starting to believe the dog can talk.

LEO

Craig?

ISABELLA

My husband, remember my wedding?

LEO

Oh, Colorado, yeah. There's been so many.

ISABELLA

They were all women.

LEO

Oh. I thought your guys were all a little on the femmy side. Well, at least you're back on the right team now.

ISABELLA

Back to Monica.

MONICA

The dog told me we're being attacked by mechanical people.

ISABELLA

Really?

MONICA

Uh, huh.

ISABELLA

Fritz is coming with us. Can he translate?

LEO

Who's Fritz? Another kid?

ISABELLA

The dog.

LEO

Praise God. Hope he's not gay too. Where are we going?

Felicity, 44, perks up in her hippie outfit and long blonde straight hair with a flower ring for a hat.

FELICITY

The Mother ship?

A hesitation.

LEO

That was a hesitation. Stickers, you would have said, no, if Fuzzy came up with a line like that.

RITA

Felicity, dear.

LEO

Felicity dear was wrong!

ISABELLA

I can explain that.

KATARINA

I'm not drinkin' the damn Kool-Aid!

RITA

Language dear.

ISABELLA

Hear me out.

EMILY

(horning in, locking on  
Isabella)

Let ME explain. Since we are the beautiful twins --

RITA

I know, I was there.

EMILY

I have, a, connection that none of you have with Isabella.

LEO

Who?

RITA

(points at Isabella)  
Stickers, that one. After all these years you still cant remember your daughters' names.

LEO

Last time I ever ride a motorcycle  
without a helmet.

RITA

Last time you ever ride a  
motorcycle, period.

EMILY

May I continue, Father?

RITA

Yes Emily dear.

EMILY

I have a connection with Isabella  
that none of you could ever hope  
for... one that goes beyond words  
or human understanding. I can feel  
what she feels and hear, her very  
thoughts.

ISABELLA

Oh, really.

EMILY

At this time, she's having trouble  
interpreting her thoughts, but I  
have heard her with my heart and  
can convey her intentions.

KATARINA

Please, your highness, tell us poor  
fools.

EMILY

I love your sarcasm, anyway.  
Isabella simply is requesting us to  
fly away with her to another planet  
to save us from an invasion.

ISABELLA

(shaking head)

That was actually right.

LEO

God damn Russians isn't it?

KATARINA

Probably Donald Trump's army of  
right-wing zombies.

ANNIE

In some universe, he may actually  
be president now.

CRAIG RIVERS, 55, a burly ballplayer, thinning head of grey hair, comes in through the back door with a golden retriever, FRITZ who dashes to a waiting Monica.

CRAIG

Hey, I'm a right wing zombie.

MONICA

Fritz said they were part human.

ANNIE

A golden retriever can't talk!

MONICA

It's not my fault he only talks to  
me!

There's a small commotion between Annie and Monica, their boyfriends start to get into it and it becomes rather noisy and chaotic in seconds.

ISABELLA

This is out of hand. Everybody!

KATARINA

The only way Donald Trump gets  
elected president is if we're  
secretly invaded by aliens!

ISABELLA

We elected him in twenty sixteen.

MONICA

Now who's the dumb one.

KATARINA

Shut up. I don't care.

ISABELLA

We're past that now.

LEO

(points at Monica, looks  
at Katarina)  
That's enough, you, get her out!

KATARINA

I'm Katarina!

A RINGING CHIME of a metal dinner triangle resounds in the small house, quieting the chatter.

MONICA (V.O.)

Oooo, supper!

RITA

(takes time, looks  
everyone down)

I didn't raise twelve Pavlov's daughters not knowing how to knock down a riot. Now, Isabella, lets say, you're right.

ISABELLA

I am --

RITA

Ah! I did not say, talk. How do you save us from this little invasion?

ISABELLA

Can I talk?

RITA

You can talk, you've proven that. It's, may I talk. Yes, you may.

A WHOOSHING sound and big shadow flashes past the windows, catching Isabella's eye. Then, BARKING.

GABBY

What was that?

ISABELLA

The proof is landing in our back yard... just went past the window. Follow me.

LEO

Who's Pavlov? Another Ruskie boyfriend?

ISABELLA

That's the pool boy.

LEO

Do we have a pool?

ANNIE

Not lately.

Isabella takes the group out the back door and onto the

DECK

Where the Delta Flyer is touching down in the back yard with Fritz the Golden Retriever, greeting them with dancing and BARKING.

MONICA

If the pool boy is my real father,  
does that make him older or younger  
than me?

(sees the ship, excited)

You guys got one of those new  
Swedish saunas!

KATARINA

That's not a sauna you blibbering  
bobblehead.

Without taking her eyes off the ship, Rita taps Kat on the shoulder.

RITA

Don't be mean to your sister, dear.

(to Isabella)

What's that?

ISABELLA

That's our --

THE FLYER

Steams as the door pops open and rises.

ISABELLA (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Ride.

LEO

Gaping, wrinkles his brow.

LEO

Get that thing off my lawn!

ISABELLA

You're lawn? Really?

THE FLYER

Continues to steam as the SOUND OF QUICK FOOTSTEPS are heard and out pops Little Tammy, bounding onto the lawn and puking onto the grass.

LEO (V.O.)

Ah!

LEO

Gets aggravated.

LEO  
See? That's that neighbor kid

SHELLEY

Steps out, waving.

SHELLEY  
That's my kid!

RITA

Smiles and waves.

RITA  
Shelley dear! Isn't this a  
surprise!

LEO  
Cleanup crew!

The dog rushes over and immediately starts lapping up the mess.

FELICITY  
Oh, ick! No Fritz!

LEO  
(smiling at Shelley)  
I know this girl, now get this  
thing off my lawn.

RITA  
Shelley bought our old house, dear.

LEO  
I remember that.

MONICA  
Her? She looks ten years older  
than she used to.

RITA  
She bought the house ten years ago.

ISABELLA  
(starts a quick slow to  
stop)  
She's here to take us to the, shhh-  
ip.

RITA

I'll need to clean the house first,  
after supper.

LEO

I don't think you'll need to.

SHELLEY

Tromps up the step.

SHELLEY

Sorry about the lawn. Jelly beans  
and turbulence, bad combination.

THE DECK

Is now full of people, spilling over onto the lawn.

LEO

Got the pool boy workin' on it.

ISABELLA

We're still a little --

SHELLEY

Not ready? That's what phasers are  
for.

ISABELLA

Before we go there, let me try  
this.

LEO

(looking at the Flyer)  
Okay, did anybody tell me what this  
is yet?

ISABELLA

Monica, tell him.

MONICA

The Delta Flyer, assigned to the U-  
S-S Voyager. With retractable  
impulse thrusters and nacelles, can  
also operate under water. Weapons  
include pulse phased disruptors,  
phasers and photon torpedoes. Multi  
adaptive immersive and unimatrix  
shield systems for protection  
including backup ablative armor  
emitters in case of failure of  
primary defenses.

(MORE)



MONICA (CONT'D)

Maximum warp, six point five, but with modifications, achieved warp ten with some minor complications as a result of the test flight --

GABBY, 42, a well built, highly attractive brunette, hugs her.

KATARINA

Oh, shut the hell up.

GABBY

I love it when she talks like Star Trek.

LEO

Why is she talking like Star Trek?

ISABELLA

(sneaky, ushering)

Because that's where we're going. Everybody, on the bus!

Nobody moves.

Little Tammy bounds up.

LITTLE TAMMY

I'm hungry!

SHELLEY

You just chucked your beans kid!

LITTLE TAMMY

(whiny)

I'm running on empty here.

RITA

We're just about to sit down to dinner.

SHELLEY

(annoyed)

Izzy, you promised.

ISABELLA

It's all good.

SHELLEY

(irritated)

We gotta --

ISABELLA

She makes a great pot-half'a dead  
cow roast.

LITTLE TAMMY

I'm in!

She dives through the crowd and in the house.

SHELLEY

This is not going to, plan,  
(takes a whiff of the air)  
but something really smells good.

She and Isabella pass the bewildered Leo and up the steps to  
the deck.

LEO

(bangs on the Flyer)  
Nobody told me what this thing was?

ISABELLA (O.S.)

Monica just did!

He follows as everyone moves into the house.

LEO

Which one of you is Monica?

PARIS

Pokes his head out of the Delta Flyer's hatch.

PARIS

(searching)  
Where'd everybody go?!

**END OF ACT I**

**ACT II**

EXT. TRAPPIST E PLANET - DAY

A dry-looking, but pleasant place, with a tall mountain range nearby and an ocean on the opposite side. Long dark, black beaches stretch as a boundary to the sea.

The light from the sun is an orange-red, not as bright and the star is six times bigger from the planet. The plants range from red leaves to dark purple, black.

A SMALL SETTLEMENT

With brick houses line the streets. A small mall sits in the center of the hub with sidewalks as streets. A quaint little town without cars, trucks, or noise.

Near the center, a park with the only green grass around and four people, Jimmy, Aamna, McCoy and Tammy stand in a line as

SEVERAL PEOPLE

Are beamed in front of them -- the parents and children of the school, with Courtney.

JIMMY  
(to the crowd)  
Welcome to --

A BLOOD CURDLING ROAR from far off.

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
Jurassic Planet.

FEMALE PARENT 1  
What was that?!

JIMMY  
Some of the indigenous species of, reptiles that inhabit this planet.

MALE PARENT 2  
That sounded like a, big lizard.

JIMMY  
You'rrrrre right, but we've erected a force field around the settlement for your protection.

MCCOY  
(low to Aamna)  
Until there's a power outage.

Aamna shudders.

JIMMY

You will stay here until it's safe to return to Earth. We'll be bringing others to join you --

MALE PARENT 1

And do what?

JIMMY

Go about your daily lives, as best you can.

FEMALE PARENT 3

Just not on Earth.

MALE PARENT 2

It's hot here.

FEMALE PARENT 4

And the plants are strange colors.

FEMALE PARENT 3

Everything is strange colors.

MALE PARENT 2

And it's hot.

JIMMY

We can adjust climate aspects if it becomes too uncomfortable.

MCCOY

I'm feeling mighty good about this whole thing! There a bar open in this dive?

AAMNA

Don't be a pig.

MCCOY

I was just trying to help make everybody feel relaxed in these trying times.

MALE PARENT 2

I could use a baa --

FEMALE PARENT 2

No you couldn't.

MALE PARENT 2

(bows head)  
No I couldn't.

FEMALE PARENT 1

Where's our house?

FEMALE PARENT 1 (CONT'D)

Preferably close, to the center.

Another ROAR.

FEMALE PARENT 2

That was, really close.

JIMMY

You can choose any one your want.  
No assigned spots.

TAMMY

(low)  
Big mistake.

JIMMY

Not here.

TAMMY

Fights will arise.

JIMMY

No they wont.

AAMNA

They might.

JIMMY

Who's side are you on?

AAMNA

(to group)  
If there is any problem, the  
captain will be more than willing  
to mediate your conflicts.

JIMMY

And the counselor will be more than  
willing to, uh, talk, with you  
whenever you want.

AAMNA

(disappointed)  
That's my job.

TAMMY

We have our first conflict here, I see.

MALE PARENT 2

Does it ever get cool here?

JIMMY

It will cool down, somewhat, in winter, but we haven't seen the different weather patterns of the area, so I'm not going to make any promises.

FEMALE PARENT 4

It smells funny here.

JIMMY

We'll get on it.

MALE PARENT 1

Is this sunrise or sunset and when?

JIMMY

Uh, never.

MALE PARENT 4

Say huh?

JIMMY

The planet doesn't rotate.

FEMALE PARENT 4

It really smells bad.

MCCOY

That would be the dino shit pile on the edge of town.

JIMMY

On a different matter, we have not named this planet, or town.

FEMALE PARENT 1

Can we do that?

JIMMY

I was going to suggest it, yes.

MALE KID 1

Stinkytown!

The kids laugh.

JIMMY

(to McCoy)

We're gonna need to get on that.

MCCOY

(annoyed)

Why are you lookin' at me? I'll get some holograms going on that right away.

JIMMY

Thank you Lieutenant. We should probably issue shovels to the residents.

MCCOY

More like backhoes.

Another ROAR unsettles the four officers.

INT. MARS STATION

Shelley and Isabella lead the Scammerhorn clan along, dodging leering residents as they pass.

They meet Ty Bashir unsuspecting and captivated by the attractive ladies heading his way.

SHELLEY

I thought you were on the Krak.

BASHIR

Since all the pilots are on missions, I had to stay to test the new craft.

SHELLEY

These girls are off limits to pilots. You know how it is.

BASHIR

(low, sotto, sarcastic)

I'm aware that we're all sex crazed maniacs.

She keeps on the path as Bashir gawks at the passing scenery, smiling frequently, then he locks on to a particular one and changes direction.

SHELLEY (O.S.)

Keep it that way.

BASHIR  
(meets eyes with Gabby)  
Don't I know you from somewhere?

GABBY  
Me?

BASHIR  
I've seen you, yes, that astronomy  
girl on the Nak --

GABBY  
(smiling)  
Yes, I am --

Looks both ways, defensively as the rest move on.

GABBY (CONT'D)  
The Naked Astronomer.

BASHIR  
You are! I'm so pleased to meet  
you.

GABBY  
I love a fan. Canadians usually  
aren't outgoing enough to say hi.

BASHIR  
I love the way you teach. I cant  
seem to see enough of you.

GABBY  
There's not much else of me you  
haven't seen already.

BASHIR  
(flustered)  
No, I mean, your teaching! That's  
what, what do you, oh, silly me!  
No, I don't mean, I mean, you're  
very, uh, lovely --

GABBY  
Reset.

BASHIR  
Yes, reset. Thanks to you, every  
teenage boy and some women, know  
what a C-M-E is, it's dangers, and  
how to prepare for one. And for  
that, I commend you. How did you  
come up with the idea?



GABBY

In high school, I could mesmerize the boys with a shimmy and tell them about the Einstein-Rosen-Padulski Paradox and they'd retain everything I said.

BASHIR

That's where they were shooting photons at a wall trying to prove light can alter the photon's path and ended up proving subatomic particles can be in two places at once.

GABBY

You saw that one.

BASHIR

(amazed)

Wow! You are good!

GABBY

Before that, I started a blog until the Naked News picked me up and now, astronomy and quantum physics are finally sexy.

BASHIR

(mesmerized)

You know, I've got an idea.

GABBY

Sexy Borg class?

BASHIR

We are on the same phase-variant frequency. Let's talk to the captain. This could help ease the task of training the people about the Borg invasion.

GABBY

Sex sells and I'm sellin' my piece of astronomy to anyone who'd like to get down on it.

Bashir just looks as if he's trying to avoid a braingasm.

BASHIR

Well put.

INT. JIMMY'S READY ROOM - KRAKATOA - DAY

McKinney, hyper as usual, maps out a strategy to Jimmy on a PADD at the desk.

DOCTOR MCKINNEY

We'll erect the emitters along a ten mile perimeter powered by a field generator housed in a Faraday cage to protect it from C-M-E's. It should keep out anything running, swimming, crawling, or flying, and nobody gets eaten and it allows the people free access to a much larger area of the land mass.

JIMMY

We'll need to increase that soon.

DOCTOR MCKINNEY

Wow. We're really doing this aren't we?

JIMMY

Get on it. You'll stay and see it through while we go back for the next load.

DOCTOR MCKINNEY

Yes sir. I still can't believe we're in another star system on another planet!

JIMMY

You were on Mars for five years.

DOCTOR MCKINNEY

But another star system! I was this close to dying on a Klingon ship in the air vents and now, I'm in another star system, colonizing a new planet that doesn't even have a name yet!

JIMMY

I love the passion, but you gotta calm or you're gonna blow a plasma coil.

DOCTOR MCKINNEY

Yes, thank you sir. Get on the perimeter fence! Not, on, the fence --

JIMMY

Carry on. Go away!

McKinney bolts out

DOCTOR MCKINNEY (O.S.)

Yes!

as Midge steps around, nearly being run over by the bolting cannon ball of McKinney.

MIDGE

(to McKinney)

Hun, you gotta come back to Earth.

(to Jimmy)

Or not. What are we gonna name this new town?

JIMMY

The colonists will come up with something appropriate, I assume.

MIDGE

I don't know. Stinkytown's gettin' a big following. It is pretty ripe here.

JIMMY

McCoy is coming up with a battle plan to compost the Dino dung and I've got a botanist, a Doctor Hanna Scammerhorn to sort out the edible plant life and figure out what kind of food can be raised.

MIDGE

I hate gardening. We've got another ripple. Our community may not be alone down there after all.

JIMMY

Our little Zootopia of Jurassic Parkinsein may have neighbors?

MIDGE

Nice try but keep your day job.

JIMMY

Too much?

MIDGE

Too long and I'm pretty sure it's a copyright violation.

JIMMY

I really want to win this contest.

MIDGE

You are a competitive dude, but we probably should leave it to the colonists? Aamna did set it up to improve THEIR moral.

JIMMY

We discovered the planet, so we get to name it, don't we?

MIDGE

Not by my findings. I got readings about a thousand miles to the north of several hundred humanoid life signs.

JIMMY

Really? Why didn't they show up on the preliminaries?

MIDGE

It's intermittent. Their numbers fluctuate from zero to a couple hundred.

JIMMY

So what, they're cave dwellers?

MIDGE

Or an underground society. They don't stray far, and I doubt if our people would ever find their way to the town of Bedrock, anyway.

He wanders to the replicator.

JIMMY

You're entering the contest.

MIDGE

I loved the Flinstones.

JIMMY

Would you like something?

MIDGE

Whatever you're having.

JIMMY

(to replicator)  
Scotch, clean.

MIDGE

That's my man.

JIMMY

Why would they live underground on an M class planet?

MIDGE

They know something about that environment we don't?

He snatches the glasses and presents one to her.

JIMMY

Maybe it has to do with our little reptile friends.

MIDGE

Oh, about them. They do not come near the humanoids' habitat area.

JIMMY

Sounds like we need to make that area a no colonist zone.

MIDGE

I'll have a team set up warning beacons. We don't want to violate the prime directive, but we can chop up dinosaurs.

JIMMY

Give them plenty of buffer and have them get me information on the what period our reptile friends are from. It'll give us a better impression on what kind of animals to prepare for.

MIDGE

Anything else?

Jimmy downs his drink in one motion.

JIMMY

Yeah. You want to go out sometime?

MIDGE

And do what?

JIMMY

Just, a, never mind.

MIDGE

We always eat breakfast together.

JIMMY

That's business. I was talking about, a date.

Midge downs hers in the same way.

MIDGE

I'm not sure it would be a good idea.

JIMMY

(thoughtfully)

If that's how you --

MIDGE

I'd have to say, I miss not having somebody to be close, with, but --

JIMMY

I don't know why I just blurted that out.

MIDGE

You don't know anybody else. Neither do I, really. It's funny. Five years ago, my clothes would have been laying on the floor as soon as you asked me out like a ninth grader asking out his teacher. It was so cute.

JIMMY

And I would be helping you do that clothes thing, until you said it was cute.

MIDGE

So why do you think we waited this long?

JIMMY

The most basic of needs seem to be disrupted while adjusting to change. And the cute ninth grader thing may have --

MIDGE

Okay, it was, sweet then.

JIMMY

Worse.

MIDGE

When would that have ever stopped  
you before?

JIMMY

Almost, never.

Their eyes meet suggestively as Midge cracks a little smirk.

**END OF ACT II**

**ACT III**

INT. TEN FORWARD

Jimmy sits at a table, drags a cup of coffee and stares out the window at the stars. The

UNDINE AMBASSADOR

Wanders in and spots Kirk.

UNDINE AMBASSADOR  
Captain. I was curious by your  
name designations.

JIMMY  
Let me guess. It's Shelley, isn't  
it?

UNDINE AMBASSADOR  
She has started calling me, Skippy.

JIMMY  
Ah.

UNDINE AMBASSADOR  
My universal translator doesn't  
seem to have a definition at all --

JIMMY  
Yes, it's a, rather, archaic term  
of, affection.

UNDINE AMBASSADOR  
So she is not, attempting to, mate  
with me?

JIMMY  
No, but I would ask her, first.

UNDINE AMBASSADOR  
You seem to be knowledgeable about  
human females.

JIMMY  
I've known a few.

He sits.

UNDINE AMBASSADOR  
In this form, I am actually  
attracted to some of them and  
curious about your mating --



JIMMY

Take one out.

UNDINE AMBASSADOR

I wouldn't want to kill one.

JIMMY

No, on a date.

UNDINE AMBASSADOR

You're language has many confusing aspects.

JIMMY

Are we still talking about women?

UNDINE AMBASSADOR

They make me somewhat, nervous.

JIMMY

I'm sure there would be a female who would, never mind.

UNDINE AMBASSADOR

One in particular creates strange stirrings in me.

JIMMY

Okay, I'm really getting --

UNDINE AMBASSADOR

Her designation is, Aamna. Her shape is very --

JIMMY

All right. Is there anybody else you might like to, associate with?

UNDINE AMBASSADOR

I believe her, name, is Midge? Another amazingly shaped --

MIDGE

Strolls in, a little mussed, spots Jimmy.

MIDGE

Captain.

JIMMY

Relieved, stands.

JIMMY

Speaking of human females, have you met the Undine Ambassador?

MIDGE

Yes, several times.

The Ambassador, uneasily stands.

UNDINE AMBASSADOR

Lieutenant Commander Bartlett.

Midge stiffens and remains standing, making it rude for the men to sit.

JIMMY

We were just speaking of human mating rituals.

He takes her hand and tries to pull her down to a chair.

UNDINE AMBASSADOR

I was about to tell the captain that we have five different genders, but only three have the ability to bear young.

Jimmy gives her a tug, but she resists.

MIDGE

That's fascinating --

JIMMY

Wouldn't you like to sit?

She shakes her head with a sour expression.

UNDINE AMBASSADOR

I was wondering if you would --

MIDGE

Oh, Captain. I just about forgot.

She advances on Jimmy and plants a passionate kiss, pulls back.

EVERYONE

In the room freeze and stare, including

IZZY

Who drops his towel.

MIDGE (CONT'D)

I owed you that for that highly gratifying mating ritual.

(to the Ambassador)

Since human gestation lasts nine months, I would like to extend an invitation to you for mating after I give birth.

The Undine is somewhat uneasy and confused.

UNDINE AMBASSADOR

I would consider it a privilege to mate with you at that time.

MIDGE

(stifled)

Uh, that would be good.

JIMMY

I'll make it a point to contact you.

The Undine makes a gentlemanly gesture and leaves.

MIDGE

You'll make it a point?

JIMMY

I didn't realize you got around so much.

MIDGE

(looks around room)

They do, now.

(narrows her eyes)

Fix it.

Jimmy nods.

THE CROWD

Still quietly watches as Izzy picks up his towel.

EXT. EARTH ORBIT

Another cube has joined the previous one.

JESSICA

Watches from her chamber, the

DELTA FLYER

Heading into the atmosphere.

**END OF ACT III**

ACT IV

EXT. PLANET SURFACE

The light is orange and what plants there are give off a red to black hue, as predominant as the green coloration on Earth.

McCoy and Tiffany sit atop a rocky hill. He watches through binoculars while Tiffany does her own surveillance in the other direction at

CONSTRUCTION

Of the perimeter. Several people working on erecting a tower a mile or so away.

TIFFANY

Looks bored, lowers her glasses.

TIFFANY

I got the munchies.

MCCOY

There's a kit in my pack. It's some thoroughly yummy M-R-E concoction of beef, noodles, and chicken biproducts.

She raises her glasses then perks up.

TIFFANY

(tenses)

I bet they taste like chicken.

MCCOY

What?

TIFFANY

This is incredible. Take a look over here. They're beautiful!

McCoy points his glasses there to see

HERD OF DINOSAURS

Running madly over a hill like a flock of birds in flight a mile or so away from the work crew.

MCCOY (O.S.)

Wow. It's just like that scene in Jurassic.

TIFFANY (O.S.)

All that chicken on the move. We gotta start a K-F-C here.

MCCOY AND TIFFANY

Both look distracted.

MCCOY

Now ya got me hungry.

They lower their glasses.

TIFFANY

I'm thinking picnic.

A ROAR from the distance.

MCCOY

Sounds like somebody's thinking the same thing.

TIFFANY

Ya think? Our people in danger down there?

MCCOY

They're a mile away. I doubt it.

She raises her glasses and looks.

TIFFANY

I gotta see this.

MCCOY

(picking up his pack)  
I'll cook up some lunch.

TIFFANY

I don't see -- oh shit.

MCCOY

I haven't started cookin' yet.

TIFFANY

Oh shit.

MCCOY

(raises his head)  
For a NASA employee, you really have a limited vocabulary sometimes.

TIFFANY

I think we're already gonna have to update the new perimeter.

MCCOY

(looks at her)

Do I need to be concerned?

TIFFANY

Everybody needs to be concerned.

McCoy raises his glasses.

MCCOY

Oh shit. That's a big futher muckin' monkey.

They stare at

A GREAT GORILLA

A hundred feet tall drops one of the dinosaurs in it's mouth like a jelly bean.

TIFFANY

It's King Kong.

MCCOY

Hell a damn T-rex is only twenty feet tall.

TIFFANY

This has gotta be a hundred.

MCCOY

I'm wondering...

MCCOY

Turns to Tiffany.

MCCOY (CONT'D)

Is all the science fiction we ever saw, actually fiction any more?

TIFFANY

Creature from the Black Lagoon's next.

She lowers her glasses. Starts to walk.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)

Gotta get closer.

MCCOY

Are you out'ta your Texan mind!?

TIFFANY (O.S.)

It's a Nebraska mind!

He follows, stops, runs back and picks up a phaser rifle, then looks at it, then at the Gorilla, drops it and picks up the MRE packet and a bag of chips and follows quickly.

MCCOY

I wanna eat lunch, not be lunch!

INT. KRAKATOA BRIDGE

Jimmy sits in the chair.

CYBILL

Captain, there's a call from the surface.

JIMMY

Again? On speaker.

CYBILL

He has video, too.

JIMMY

Really. On screen.

SCREEN

McCoy's face, too close and huge.

MCCOY

Jim, we got a problem.

JIMMY

Native uprising?

MCCOY

Words do not accurately describe this. I will show you.

The picture wheels around to show the giant gorilla snatching another dinosaur as the rest scatter desperately away.

JIMMY

The natives don't like the new King Kong movie?

MCCOY

It's not a movie.



The screen shows Tiffany taking her own video a hundred yards up another hill.

MCCOY (CONT'D)  
Tiff's not a movie star.

JIMMY  
How about --

The screen shows the workers running for their lives as the Gorilla makes a half-hearted move toward the tower.

MCCOY (V.O.)  
Do we have orders, sir?

JIMMY  
Don't let Christiane Amanpour down there get eaten.

MCCOY (V.O.)  
For a girl who was scared shitless on the shuttle ride, I gotta say the girl's got spunk.

JIMMY  
When's that barrier going to be functional?

McCoy turns the camera back to himself.

MCCOY  
It is now, but there's still a few holes.

JIMMY  
We wont tell our colonists about Bonzo there, but keep an eye on it. If he breaks through, we'll have to evacuate the group.

MCCOY  
If I see that bastard break through, I'll evacuate in my --

JIMMY  
And with that mental picture, I bid you farewell.

JIMMY

Hits a button.

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
Transporter room.

SAM

Eating a salami sandwich, hits a button.

SAM  
Yeah, Captain.

JIMMY (V.O.)  
Can you get a lock on a creature  
and beam it to another part of the  
planet?

SAM  
Already my brain tells me something  
stinks. How big is this thing?

JIMMY (V.O.)  
A hundred feet tall, maybe

SAM  
I knew it! What is it, one'a those  
dino things I heard about? We need  
to take one back with us and let  
the Borg deal with it.

JIMMY (V.O.)  
No, it's, a gorilla.

Sam takes a look at the console and goes white.

SAM  
(stunned, silent)  
Science fiction takes another hit  
today.

JIMMY (V.O.)  
What's the outlook?

SAM  
Yeah, yeah. I can probably get  
something done. Gimme a couple  
hours.

He checks his screen.

JIMMY (V.O.)  
Preferably ten minutes. We got  
people down there.

SAM  
(watching the panel)  
That's a big one!

JIMMY

Nods

JIMMY

How long?

SAM (V.O.)

Tell those folks to get away from there. I'm gonna have to take everything alive within a quarter mile of the monkey since I don't have to time to specify my objective.

JIMMY

Roger that.

SAM (V.O.)

Could ya tell this dude to hold still?

JIMMY

We can only ask.

Hits a button.

MIDGE

How many of those things do ya think are down there?

JIMMY

They do tend to run in packs, or families.

MIDGE

I got a bad feeling.

JIMMY

(hits button)  
McCoy.

MCCOY AND TIFFANY

Are now running.

MCCOY

Got some running to do!

JIMMY

Little problem down there?

MCCOY

Our little friend has a problem  
with us being here!

TIFFANY

I don't know why my flash went off.

MCCOY

Apparently this guy has astute  
hearing, great eyesight, and his  
olfactory abilities make us all  
smell like bacon!

JIMMY

I'm assuming the barrier didn't  
work well?

MCCOY

Didn't work at all! By the way,  
could you do something? He runs a  
lot faster than we do.

JIMMY

Nods.

JIMMY

I'm on it. Crystal, give me a  
short burst near the creature but  
don't blow away McCoy.

CRYSTAL

A shot across the bow it is.

EXT. KRAKATOA

Fires a short phaser burst that lands close to the

GORILLA

Who flinches angrily and continues the pursuit.

JIMMY

Shrugs.

JIMMY

Our people are in danger. You're  
gonna have to take him out.

CRYSTAL

Mourns, hits buttons.

CRYSTAL  
Sorry Harambe.

EXT. KRAKATOA

The ship fires another round as the advancing

GORILLA

Bearing down McCoy and Tiffany running up a hill, starts to take a swipe at them with a giant hand, but it fizzles away as the phaser cuts into the ground.

THE PAIR

Are knocked off their feet by the blast. McCoy turns back like it was the last thing he'll ever see and takes a relieved moment, huffing and puffing.

MCCOY  
I guess you learned a lesson, huh?

TIFFANY  
Yeah.  
(looks angrily at her  
phone)  
Keep my batteries charged. I ran  
out on my third picture!

She searches.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)  
Where'd Bernie go?

MCCOY  
You named him!?

TIFFANY  
They didn't kill him!

MCCOY  
I think they beamed him, somewhere.

TIFFANY  
They can do that?

MCCOY  
Apparently so.

TIFFANY  
Who's they?

MCCOY  
Our best friends.

SAL

Raises his short little arms in the air.

SAL

Got'cha!

THE GORILLA

Sits in a large lake with a strange look on his face.

TIFFANY

scrambles up the hill.

TIFFANY

Gimme your phone.

MCCOY

When we're in another star system,  
it's not a phone any more.

TIFFANY

Stick up a cell tower, and it's  
home again, now gimme.

He relents his phone and she takes off down the hill.

MCCOY

Where the hell?

TIFFANY (O.S.)

Dino shots!

There is no night as the planet does not rotate and its sun  
is 8 times larger than ours, and is always orange-red.  
Trappist is an M class dwarf star.

**END OF ACT IV**

ACT V

SHELLEY

Wish I was sorry. Anyway, first order is to get your own families, you got one trip, make it fast. If they give you too much trouble, remember, it's family, a phaser usually does the trick except for the pregnant ones. A box of brownies works miracles. We don't have time to convince people Star Trek is real and the Borg are comin' to get 'em. Zap, snatch, or brownie up and face the music later. Got it?

A general MUTTER of affirmatives is heard.

SHELLEY (CONT'D)

Second trip, I've sent you each a city and list of names of psychotherapists. Same rules, zap. Third trip you're hitting military training facilities. These are gonna be a pain. Zap, kidnap, make sure you disarm before you drag off the victim and keep them knocked out until you get to the facility. When they find out they just woke up on Mars, the shrinks will come in handy.

RIKER

I don't feel good about this.

SHELLEY

It's just temporary and hitting them with a phaser is easier on us than using a stun gun.

ISOLDE

But, you said it, we're kidnapping.

SHELLEY

We've got two cubes orbiting the Earth and we're expecting more soon. We gotta sneak around everywhere we go and get to these people before the Borg do. Now pick a copilot and get out!

(looks to Rodrigo,  
confused)

(MORE)

SHELLEY (CONT'D)

Mister, uh, mechanic guy, do we  
have cloaking devices on --

They break.

RODRIGO (O.S.)

No! Next week.

SHELLEY

Then we're gonna have to be extra  
sneaky and fast! Hey, whoever you  
are, while you're at it, pull a few  
dozen fireflies for a diversion.

RODRIGO (O.S.)

Yates, and it's already done!

The pilots pull unsuspecting people toward the shuttles.

EXT. KRAKATOA

The shuttle bay door open and out blasts the Flyers all  
headed for

EARTH

And their assigned positions.

SHELLEY

Heads for the Delta, touches her combadge.

SHELLEY

Captain, we're ready to rumble.

JIMMY (V.O.)

I'm on my way.

JIMMY AND MCCOY

Move along in a corridor at a rapid pace.

MCCOY

Who are we going after? The  
President, cabinet, somebody  
famous?

JIMMY

A little girl.

MCCOY

What?



JIMMY

She's special.

MCCOY

She gonna invent something? Flying cars? Flying carpets?

JIMMY

She's gonna be my daughter-in-law, and the direct ancestor of James T.

Jimmy continues on as McCoy stops cold and looks nauseated.

MCCOY

Don't ya have to have a kid first?

JIMMY

Got two in their twenties. Guess I'm not done yet.

MCCOY

So she's gonna marry your kid who isn't even born -- God I hate the damn Borgopolypse!

He drags along his way.

INT. SHUTTLE BAY

The guys shoot through the doors.

SHELLEY

(on the shuttle steps)  
Come on boys, we're burnin' daylight!

JIMMY

Why can't we just beam --

SHELLEY

Borg still have a dampening field up. Not gonna happen.

JIMMY

How about --

SHELLEY

I get my cloaking device next week.

She turns into the Flyer, followed by the boys.

MCCOY

Nothin's ever easy around here, is it?

INT. DELTA FLYER

She assumes the pilot's seat.

SHELLEY

I found a secluded spot to set down  
and arranged a ride to meet you and  
haul your carcasses to Venice.

MCCOY

And I set up our ride back to the  
extraction point.

JIMMY

We stroll in, feed the  
administrator a line and they hand  
over the girl.

SHELLEY

You got your line memorized?

JIMMY

Nope. Gonna wing it, make  
adjustments on the fly --

MCCOY

Improvisation. That's our  
specialty.

SHELLEY

Why do anything differently now?

MCCOY

We're light in the loafers --

JIMMY

Light on our feet, that's enough of  
the cliché humor. Then I politely  
and calmly walk out...

SHELLEY

With the girl.

JIMMY

That too, and find McCoy with our  
driver waiting calmly and  
patiently.

SHELLEY

Yeah, that's gonna happen.

MCCOY

We take a leisurely ride back to  
the extraction point --

JIMMY

And then it's back to the Krakatoa.

MCCOY

What could go wrong?

SHELLEY

(she fires up the engines  
and pilots)

As long as the little girl doesn't  
have a sippy cup full of tequila,  
everything is gonna go just as  
planned!

JIMMY

Who does stuff like that?

EXT. KRAKATOA

MCCOY (V.O.)

She was just being sarcastic.

JIMMY (V.O.)

Sure she was.

The Flyer plows out and heads for Earth.

**END SHOW**