

Star Trek Timelines

"Cat Scratch Fever"

written by

Mike Simpson

BAD ROBOT PRODUCTIONS  
1666 Euclid St.  
Santa Monica, CA 90404

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Star Trek Timelines

"Cat Scratch Fever"

CAST

TED BUNDY  
TAMMY MALONE  
MIDGE  
COURTNEY MALONE  
THE LITTLE GIRL  
COMMANDER JACK MALONE  
DR. MCKINNEY

Star Trek Timelines

"Cat Scratch Fever"

SETS

INTERIORS:

ENTERPRISE BRIDGE

COURTNEY'S ROOM

MIDGE'S LIVING ROOM

MIDGE'S KITCHEN

MIDGE'S BATHROOM

EXTERIORS:

RIDEOUT SALVAGE

MIDGE'S HOUSE

'STAR TREK - TIMELINES 2-05 MATCH MAKERS'

TEASER

EXT. WOODSHOP - DAY

AAMNA (V.O.)  
Counselor's log, star date, one,  
two, one, six, six, point, zero,  
nine. Today is the day we play  
match maker.

An OLDER MAN puts the finishing touches on an eight foot tall bookcase, taking meticulous care to wipe dust from the new piece. He pushes an anti grav table next to it and pushes the burly case onto the levitating gurney.

It dips several inches under the weight but rises back to it's original height.

AAMNA (V.O.)  
We have Mister Henry Janeway, the  
Archives curator located, but  
finding Shannon O'Donnell is going  
to be a challenge...

He pushes it through big double doors into a huge

SHUTTLE BAY

And past the Alpha, and Gamma Flyers and around to a lift and in.

INT. FLOOR B2

A sign on the wall reads B-2 as the lift doors open and out pushes the huge bookcase on its way down a long dark hallway. After an inordinately long run, the case arrives in front of a room with a sign "ARCHIVES".

AAMNA (V.O.)  
And getting them to love each other  
is another matter...

As the doors open, they cast a light on his face and he smiles.

OLDER MAN  
Henry Janeway?

HENRY JANEWAY (O.S.)  
Bring it in and follow me.

HENRY

Inspects the bookcase as it moves along.

HENRY JANEWAY (CONT'D)  
You outdid yourself.

OLDER MAN  
I found a new supplier who can get  
hold of some decent oak from  
Russia.

HENRY JANEWAY  
I thought Russia was occupied.

OLDER MAN  
Borg got little use for wood so  
they stay away from the forests  
unless they're mining.

HENRY JANEWAY  
Sounds like a black market deal.

OLDER MAN  
I wouldn't say that too loud.

HENRY JANEWAY  
Got it. Here we are.

The man leads the case to a spot in front of a long row that  
seems to on for miles, which is only one of several.

HENRY JANEWAY (CONT'D)  
Need help?

OLDER MAN  
Got this.

He hits a button on the cart and it angles the bookcase  
downward, moves it to exactly the right spot.

The case is lowered to the floor and is easily pushed upright  
to it's proper position.

HENRY JANEWAY  
Maybe there are a few advantages to  
high tekkie gadgets.

OLDER MAN  
Saved my back on several occasions.  
Will that be all?

HENRY JANEWAY

Until they give me another library of exobiological data from some other species they found in the galaxy, yes for now.

OLDER MAN

A year ago I was making kitchen cabinets for rich women with too much money.

HENRY JANEWAY

I had a bookstore in Portage Creek Indiana, until it got wiped out by Barnes and Noble.

A BEEPING.

OLDER MAN

I'll see myself out.

HENRY JANEWAY

(moving to computer)  
Until next time my friend.

He hits a button.

HENRY JANEWAY (CONT'D)

(looks to screen)  
Janeway.

SCREEN

Aamna smiles diplomatically.

AAMNA

Mister Janeway, I'm Aamna Kirk.

HENRY JANEWAY

What can I do for you?

AAMNA

It's not what you can do for me,  
it's what I can do for you.

THEY PICK UP SHANNON AND HENRY JANEWAY FROM MARS STATION

**END OF TEASER**

ACT I

INT. CORRIDOR

Aamna glides along, meeting CREW MEMBERS who seem to either shy away defensively or warmly greet her.

AAMNA (V.O.)

They still look to me as a threat  
or they project a cordial  
trepidation whenever we meet in the  
corridors. I've tried to put them  
at ease by reassuring them I can't  
read minds but most hang on a  
paranoid view that all non  
Earthlings are out to get them.

She whisks into the

TRANSPORTER ROOM

And flashes a gross uneasiness.

SAL

Hey hot chocolate. What are you a  
feather Indian or a dot Indian?

AAMNA (V.O.)

Dumb ass.

AAMNA

I'm Betazoid.

SAL

What country's that.

AAMNA (V.O.)

Dumber ass.

AAMNA

It's near there.

She waits at the pad.

SAL

(working on console,  
snickers)

I got your, package, in the buffer  
now.

AAMNA (V.O.)

Kill me now.

TRANSPORTER PAD

A figure begins to take form and turns to Henry Janeway, who conveys a grimace of displeasure.

HENRY JANEWAY

Wow. I think I'd rather walk here next time.

AAMNA

We like to slowly introduce you to the new tech world but the transporter tends to toss you right in the middle of it.

HENRY JANEWAY

I feel like I live on another planet.

AAMNA (V.O.)

It's contagious.

AAMNA

You do.

HENRY JANEWAY

Mars, yes that's right.

He steps off the pad.

AAMNA

I've got a rather strange offer to you and some disturbing news. Which would you like first?

HENRY JANEWAY

You choose. My brain still feels scrambled by your beaming machine.

AAMNA

You'll get used to it.

HENRY JANEWAY

I don't want to get used to that, that thing.

AAMNA

I don't blame you, but I've got a story about you in another timeline that may make you forget that thing.

She shows him out the door.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM

Jimmy, Aamna, Midge, and Henry stand at the windows, looking out.

HENRY JANEWAY  
(inspecting the window)  
You can hardly see the glass.

JIMMY  
There isn't any.

Henry pushes his hand into the opening and gets a fuzzy charge around his fingers, then quickly pulls it back.

HENRY JANEWAY  
What was that.

MIDGE  
(tickled)  
I love it when they stick their fingers in it.

JIMMY  
You did that, too.

MIDGE  
Twice.

AAMNA  
It's a force field.

HENRY JANEWAY  
I just keep the archives safe, not read.

JIMMY  
I need you to help us find somebody.

HENRY JANEWAY  
I'll try but I'm not a private detective, either.

AAMNA  
Have you ever met a woman named Shannon O'Donnell?

HENRY JANEWAY  
(he gets a little fuzzy)  
Shannon? Yes, years ago.

AAMNA

She was trying to get you to sell the bookstore so the Millenium Gate could be --

HENRY JANEWAY

Don't tell me I made a mistake! I know I should have sold out to the Millennium Gate folks, but it's in the past.

AAMNA

I was thinking of a different kind of mistake.

HENRY JANEWAY

(thoughtful)  
I've made lots of other one's too.

AAMNA

Did you ever see her again?

HENRY JANEWAY

What does this have to do with our little meeting here?

JIMMY

Everything.

HENRY JANEWAY

You want to find her?

MIDGE

We want to offer her a job.

HENRY JANEWAY

Oh, well, it's been nearly twenty years, but I remember she said she was heading for Florida to some cousin's house, but she wanted to be an astronaut.

MIDGE

So did she?

HENRY JANEWAY

I kept close eye on the program, maybe to see her name on one of the crews, but never came up.

MIDGE

She should be getting up in years.

JIMMY

So was John Glen, but that didn't stop him the last time.

AAMNA

It's a start.

JIMMY

Midge, you and Henry, take a trip to Canaveral. If she was heading to Florida, maybe she hooked up there. Aamna, take McCoy...

MIDGE

Good luck with that.

JIMMY

He's a NASA freak. He'll be too star struck in Houston to be a problem. And keep it low key. From all our intel, I get the impression nobody trusts us.

MIDGE

We're not gonna start with puns --

JIMMY

Just find her.

HENRY JANEWAY

What significance does this Shannon O'Donnell have?

MIDGE

That information is classified.

AAMNA

But I predict, you'll know everything eventually.

HENRY JANEWAY

Why do I feel like that virgin standing at the edge of a volcano?

EXT. CAPE CANAVERAL - DAWN

Far away from the complex, a sandy shore is disturbed by a wind and four impressions form in the sandy soil.

A WHOOSH, FOOTSTEPS ON METAL and then on sand and suddenly, Henry and Midge appear, trudging along wearing street clothes.

HENRY JANEWAY

How are we supposed to get in there?

MIDGE

We have a contact at the gate.

HENRY JANEWAY

Why am I here if I don't know anything.

MIDGE

I think I can tell you, Shannon was supposed to cross your path around the time just before the Millennium Gate was to be built in your town.

HENRY JANEWAY

But it never was.

MIDGE

Because someone went back to the past and changed the location in order to...

HENRY JANEWAY

To?

MIDGE

I shouldn't go further to keep fr --

HENRY JANEWAY

Come on. It's like I'm supposed to, oh.

He gives a knowing look to Midge.

MIDGE

You've come to the right conclusion.

HENRY JANEWAY

I don't know what to feel.

MIDGE

Don't worry about it, Hun.

HENRY JANEWAY

But we're fifteen years --

MIDGE

Sixteen --

HENRY JANEWAY

Years older. So these Borg creatures are to blame?

MIDGE

We're here to repair the damage to the timeline, and keeping your lineage in tact has great importance.

HENRY JANEWAY

So I'm really Kathryn Janeway's progenitor?

AAMNA

We're not certain. There's an interruption in the documentation so that's why we took a D-N-A --

They look up and wilt to see

SIX ARMED GUARDS

Rifles drawn.

INT. N.A.S.A. JOHNSON SPACE CENTER

A GROUP OF TOURISTS mill around in a lobby as

AAMNA AND MCCOY

Skulk in, looking out of place, McCoy wearing a cowboy hat and both with dated clothing and nerdy.

MCCOY

(looking uneasy)

I thought we were supposed to fit in.

AAMNA

It's not like we're out of our time but I feel like it.

MCCOY

Does everybody really dress like this now?

AAMNA

I see it occasionally, but not to this degree.

They scan the

LOBBY

And see the other tourists dressed like millennials in business attire, and no cowboy hats.

MCCOY (O.S.)  
Where's the cowboy hats?

AAMNA

Scans, reports.

AAMNA  
It's the twenty first century.

MCCOY  
You obviously haven't been here before.

AAMNA  
Texas has never been on my vacation list.

MCCOY  
Ya need to get out more darlin'.

AAMNA  
I came nine light years to get here. I'm fine.

MCCOY  
I forgot you're the definitive illegal alien.

AAMNA  
Thanks for making me feel welcome.

MCCOY  
Come on. I was just yankin' your leg.

AAMNA  
(slyly)  
I knew that. I read minds.

MCCOY  
(serious)  
You're kidding. That's unconstitutional isn't it?

AAMNA  
(smug)  
I'm an illegal alien. I don't care.

She walks on and joins the

TOUR GROUP

as

MCCOY

stops dead.

MCCOY

Aw, that just ain't fair.

INT. SATURN 5 ROCKET EXHIBIT

The tour group with Aamna at the first behind the TOUR LEADER, a bored looking coed with thick glasses and a bad complexion, arrives at the exhibit and sticks close.

MCCOY

Never thought I'd ever look at this and think of it as a barbarian built death trap.

AAMNA

It didn't matter to the early astronauts as long as they got there in one piece.

MCCOY

(inspects)

Hell, this thing's just a little shorter than a nacelle and probably weighs ten times as much.

AAMNA

We've got to plan our attack.

MCCOY

Don't say attack so loud. These people are a little sensitive about some words like...

(louder)

Snowflake.

He gets some stares from the wimpier members of the group.

TOUR LEADER

Can I answer a question?

AAMNA

(kicks McCoy)

No, we're fine. My friend here is in awe of the size of this.

MCCOY

No I'm not.

She kicks him again.

MCCOY (CONT'D)

Ow! I thought you were supposed to be --

AAMNA

They're probably pretty protective about giving out employees names --

McCoy plods toward the tour leader.

MCCOY

I got this.

He adjusts his hair and turns on the charm.

MCCOY (CONT'D)

Excuse me.

TOUR LEADER

Yes?

MCCOY

(hold out his hand)

I'm Horacio McCoy.

TOUR LEADER

(points at her badge)

Tiffany.

MCCOY

Say, I don't suppose you can help me at all.

TIFFANY

(a little too smiley)

I can't divulge any top secrets but give me a chance.

MCCOY

(closes in)

My friend and I have a colleague working for NASA but we've lost touch the last couple years.

TIFFANY

Do you know their name or department?

Aamna horns in to McCoy's chagrin.

AAMNA

She's an aerospace engineer, the last time we spoke, I think.

Tiffany looks a little suspicious.

MCCOY

She's more my colleague than hers.

TIFFANY

We have many locations around the country, but if we ask Ned really nice, I think he'll give us an answer.

MCCOY

Now we're getting to the right man.

TIFFANY

(a little standoffish)  
Come to me after the tour and I'll help you find your friend.

AAMNA

(to McCoy)  
I can't believe you turned on the charm to a child.

MCCOY

She's not a child, that much.

AAMNA

The pornographic feelings I was getting from you two gave me the chills.

MCCOY

I had her going? Really?

AAMNA

It was like a volcanic eruption.

MCCOY

Sweet. I need you to be my wingman sometime.

AAMNA

No, not ever, not in the lifetime.

MCCOY

(charming)  
Unless I turn on the charm and give you a little --

She kicks him. He stops cold and shuts down.

AAMNA

I've got you scheduled for ten on Monday. We'll talk about this defense mechanism you practice with women.

MCCOY

Can we go home now?

AAMNA

Stick it out old man. You might learn something here.

MCCOY

Got my doubts.

AAMNA

I'll admit, you did get her into a helpful state of mind.

MCCOY

Apparently it only works on humans.

AAMNA

I'm as, human, as you are.

MCCOY

My leg hurts and I'm not in a helpful state of mind right now.

AAMNA

What's the matter? Not used to a woman who plays hard to get?

His countenance soars. He advances on her.

MCCOY

I could get used to it.

AAMNA

See what I did? In one sentence, you went from being close minded to my boy toy.

She seductively walks away toward the group while McCoy just stands with a dopey expression.

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

Charm works both ways Mister McCoy.

MCCOY

Not fair!

**END OF ACT I**

ACT II

INT. COMPUTER SCREEN - DAY

The screen heading is "NED enter the full name later"

MCCOY (O.S.)  
This is the man?

TIFFANY

nods as she types.

TIFFANY  
The perfect boyfriend... smart and  
does whatever you want.

AAMNA (O.S.)  
Every girl's dream.

MCCOY (O.S.)  
The name is Shannon O'Donnell.

AAMNA (O.S.)  
O apostrophe capital D-O-N-N-E-L-L.

Tiff types.

TIFFANY  
There.

She keys in with a strong punch.

MCCOY  
That's it?

TIFFANY  
You don't work much with computers,  
do you?

AAMNA  
Old dudes sometimes don't.

MCCOY  
I work plenty, geez.

TIFFANY  
(jumps)  
There we go. The NASA Enterprise  
Directory.

SCREEN

showing Shannon's information.

TIFFANY

Perks a little, whispers.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)

Technically, I'm not supposed to be in here, but you don't look like terrorists and I'm quitting cuz my boss is getting a little fresh if you know what I mean and there's rumor going around that there's something going on, up there.

MCCOY

(whispers)

What's, going on, up there?

AAMNA

(whispers, awkward)

Yeah.

TIFFANY

Apparently, there's more up there than the government is willing to admit to.

MCCOY

Like some star wars defense stuff?

TIFFANY

More like Star Trek. And they took over Russia.

MCCOY

What! You gotta be half out'ta your Texan noodle!

AAMNA

You don't say?

TIFFANY

(to Aamna)

He's kind'a flighty.

AAMNA

Stress management issues.

TIFFANY

I heard they got a big ship and they're makin' bunches of those little green balls like was off the coasts, those U-F-O thingys?

AAMNA

I heard about those.

TIFFANY

All blew up, poof! I'm thinkin'  
they couldn't --

She notices the screen.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)

Why there we are! Shannon works at  
the cape. Would ya like to give  
her a call?

MCCOY

Might be good.

AAMNA

(hands her the phone)  
Just punch in the numbers.

TIFFANY

(punches numbers)  
Ya know, I'd kind'a like it if it  
was true, the Star Trek ship, of  
course, it's probably not really  
that kind'a ship, but it would be  
so cool. This world's gettin' a  
little weird and tense with the  
Russians doggin' us and all --

MCCOY

Texans sure can run on, can't they?

AAMNA

Mister McCoy,  
(takes her phone back)  
I believe we got what we needed,  
now thank the nice lady.

MCCOY

I was just engaging in conversation  
with --

AAMNA

Her chest? That's all you've been  
talking to for the last five  
minutes.

TIFFANY

It's okay. When ya have these, ya  
get used to it.

MCCOY

I'm not looking, oh, yeah, I am.  
Uh, thank you for your time.

They start to move away, but McCoy falters.

AAMNA

What now?

MCCOY

She's gonna quit, anyway.

AAMNA

You're not thinking of --

He smiles.

Aamna shakes her head.

EXT. JOHNSON SPACE CENTER - OUTSIDE FENCE - DAY

McCoy and Aamna blast into a vacant field, reluctantly followed by Tiffany.

TIFFANY

I hope you're not thinkin' a rapin'  
and killin' me out here.

AAMNA

This is where we're parked.

TIFFANY

(slowing more)

I don't see no car out here.

MCCOY

We don't have a car.

AAMNA

You can run away screaming and  
crying at any time.

TIFFANY

I'm really not feelin' good about  
this.

AAMNA

That's a good feeling.

MCCOY

This was a mistake.

AAMNA

I'm sure it's gonna be fine.

MCCOY

Naw, I forgot where we parked.

AAMNA

Huh?

They stop in the field as Tiffany starts to back up.

TIFFANY

I think I really gotta get back now.

MCCOY

Sorry, we're just trying figure something out.

AAMNA

He lost the --

TIFFANY

I think I changed my mind.

AAMNA

Go if you need to.

TIFFANY

Turns to flee, takes a few steps and with a BLAM, is knocked back on her rear.

TIFFANY

(holding her forehead)  
Fuck!

AAMNA

Points.

AAMNA

She found it!

MCCOY

(brushing past)  
Told ya she was a valuable asset.

INT. DELTA FLYER

Shelley pilots as Aamna tends to the unconscious Tiffany. McCoy works on a back console.

SHELLEY

I saw you guys wander past but it was funny watching the little girl ready to call the cops so I just let it play out.

TIFFANY (O.S.)

I'm not little.

MCCOY

She's back.

AAMNA

She was fine until we got into the field.

MCCOY

Hope she doesn't croak.

AAMNA

Little head bump, Doc can fix her.

Tiffany holds her forehead.

TIFFANY

Am I dead?

AAMNA

You ran into our, vehicle, and knocked yourself out.

TIFFANY

(alarmed)

Where am I?

AAMNA

Earth.

SHELLEY

Not for long.

TIFFANY

(alarmed)

What is this? What is this place?

AAMNA

Our, vessel.

SHELLEY

Ship.

TIFFANY

No shit!

She scans the area, then looks out the

FRONT

Where the ocean sails past, coming up on the coast of Florida.

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

Is that --

AAMNA (O.S.)

Florida.

TIFFANY

Spaces out.

TIFFANY

How long was I out?

AAMNA

Couple of minutes.

TIFFANY

(losing it)

But that's, that's Florida!

SHELLEY

We could go faster. Say, I still can't raise Midge.

MCCOY

We're gonna have to consider the worst.

AAMNA

What, they're all dead?

TIFFANY

Who's dead?

MCCOY

I was aiming for, they ate at one'a them Cuban lunch wagons and now their pukin' their guts out but I guess the dead part could happen too.

TIFFANY

Maybe they tried kidnapping some poor unsuspecting girl but they got caught.

MCCOY

You wanted to come with us.

TIFFANY

I didn't want to get abducted by aliens.

AAMNA

I'm insulted by that --

MCCOY

I'm not a damn alien like her!

AAMNA

That helped.

MCCOY

But you wanted to come with us!

SHELLEY

You guys snatch this chick? Way to go!

TIFFANY

How would you feel if strangers lured you into a vacant field --

SHELLEY

(elated)

And loaded you in their invisible space ship. I see it! Or I don't see it! Who cares! They should make a movie about this.

AAMNA

You're not helping.

SHELLEY

Kristen Bell's playin' me.

TIFFANY

(spiraling)

Space, ship?

AAMNA

You're spiraling. Take a deep breath.

MCCOY

Now ya did it.

SHELLEY

She's a quick one.

TIFFANY

(to McCoy)

How do I know you're not an alien?

MCCOY

I'm from Kentucky, now keep me  
out'ta this discussion.

AAMNA

(gently to Tiffany)

We are in a kind, of, ship, with,  
space, travel, capabilities.

SHELLEY

And the smoothness continues. Oh,  
by the way, Aamna's the only alien  
here.

AAMNA

Didn't you hear me before? That  
word is micro aggressive.

MCCOY

Oh for Christ sake!

TIFFANY

Oh, boy. I was just doggin' you  
about the alien stuff.

She stands, panicked.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)

Really. I'm totally on board.

AAMNA

You need to sit in case we hit  
turbulence.

SHELLEY

Inertial dampeners are activated.  
She can stand on her hands for all  
I care.

MCCOY

We could run into a brick wall and  
not knock our coffee over.

AAMNA

(fascinated)

We don't have that.

SHELLEY

When we contact Betazed, maybe we'll give 'em that tech as a welcome gift.

TIFFANY

Hey, what are you gonna do with me?!

AAMNA

You can leave anytime you want.

MCCOY

I thought we had a thing here.

TIFFANY

You're aliens!

AAMNA

There goes the "A" word again -- I give up.

MCCOY

I'm from Tennessee.

TIFFANY

What planet is that?!

AAMNA

She's truly confused.

MCCOY

(to Tiffany)

She's sensitive, to, feelings.

AAMNA

I'm an extraterrestrial immigrant, okay?!

MCCOY

I don't see your little green guy card.

SHELLEY

I hate to interrupt your little Xenophobic conversation but we're coming up on the center. I'm gonna set it down in the parking lot by the library, so you don't lose me this time.

MCCOY

Isn't someone gonna hit us.

SHELLEY

Looks like a slow day at the shop.  
We'll be less conspicuous.

MCCOY

We're invisible. How conspicuous  
could we be?

TIFFANY

Ahhhh! But I can see --

She goes to the ground, crying.

SHELLEY

And there she goes!

AAMNA

(to McCoy)

I was trying to avoid this.

MCCOY

What'd I say?

TIFFANY (O.S.)

(crying)

We're invisible?!

He gets an annoyed face and shrugs.

**END OF ACT II**

ACT III

EXT. NASA LIBRARY BUILDING - GARAGES - DAY

A COUPLE MECHANIC LOOKING FELLOWS work away on a partially disassembled shuttle. ROCK MUSIC blares away as our group curiously noses around.

MCCOY  
Hey, anybody here?!

The mechanics pay no attention as McCoy finds one and pursues the man on the wing.

MCCOY (CONT'D)  
(straining to see)  
Hey, wing guy!

The Wing Guy continues to bob his head to the music.

MCCOY (CONT'D)  
Crap!

He looks on the ground for something to throw, but nothing.

MCCOY (CONT'D)  
No rocks, nuts, nothing. I could  
eat off this floor.

He looks back up.

MCCOY (CONT'D)  
Just not right. Good workshop has  
dirty floors.

TIFFANY  
I got this.

SHELLEY  
She's gonna get us arrested.

TIFFANY

finds a spot in the middle of the shop, drops her pen, and slowly bends over to pick it up. The music stops.

WORKER ONE (O.S.)  
What are you people doing in here?!

SHELLEY  
Here come the handcuffs and cavity  
searches so I'm heading back.

She tries a stealth retreat, but McCoy grabs on.

MCCOY

Don't you dare run off.

She relents.

SHELLEY

Shit.

TIFFANY

I'm Tiffany from Johnson Center.

WING GUY

She's the one looking for Shannon.

WORKER ONE

You just called twenty minutes ago.

TIFFANY

I took a shuttle.

SHELLEY

Abductee with a sense of humor. I like her.

MCCOY

They're gonna think we really are --

SHELLEY

(fidgity)

I guess we'll skip the anal probe but the cuffs and cavity searches are still in play. Can I go now?

She slithers away as McCoy looks at the vacated space and falters.

WORKER TWO

Chubby and breathing heavily, his boots hit the cement and wipes his hands as he approaches.

WING GUY

How'd you folks get through?

TIFFANY

(holding up her badge)

This.

MCCOY

(low)

I know we should'a made some badges.

AAMNA

He can be a stick in the mud  
sometimes.

MCCOY

I'm Horatio McCoy and I'd just like  
to say --

WING GUY

Where's your badge?

MCCOY

Oh, we are --

TIFFANY

You guys lost your badges?! Ugh!

AAMNA

Sorry, again.

TIFFANY

Newbies. I can send them back to  
security and --

WORKER ONE

As long as they stay here, we're  
good. I'll have Shannon come down  
here.

He turns in time to see

SHANNON O'DONNELL

Red hair slender as a rail, 50's, but looks much younger with only minimal wrinkles around the eyes, rumbles to the bottom of the stairs, arms full of drawings. She pushes against the wall to keep everything in check, cardboard tubes tucked under each arm and glasses askew, barely hanging on her face.

She stops, defensive. Being somewhat unsocialized and focused on work, her interaction with people is very awkward as she makes a little eye contact but darts them away.

SHANNON

What?

WORKER ONE

These are the people who called.

SHANNON

From Johnson?

WORKER ONE

Yup.

SHANNON

Seems like ten minutes ago.  
Sometimes I get busy and lose time.

TIFFANY

Oh, me too. I'm always losing time  
and can't ever find it --

SHANNON

(awkward)  
Where does the time go?

MCCOY

We were wondering if we could go  
somewhere and talk.

SHANNON

(struggling with the load)  
I'm really busy. We're retiring --  
decommissioning, the old girl.

She looks fondly at the big shuttle.

SHANNON (CONT'D)

I'm a little sentimental. She's  
just a big aging bird and progress  
dictates we move on, and eliminate  
the old and deploy the new --

AAMNA

We are with a privately owned  
company that specializes in space  
flight.

SHANNON

SpaceEx?

AAMNA

(uneasy)  
Maybe.

MCCOY

We think this is something that's  
right up your --

AAMNA

Don't make this sound dirty.

MCCOY

Can't help it.

AAMNA

(to Shannon)

We have a proposition we know  
you'll be very interested in.

SHANNON

Actually, I've got to go to  
security and meet some people  
interested in me too.

She finds a flat surface and plops nuisance load on top of  
parts tools, other drawings, and part of the load hits the  
floor.

SHANNON (CONT'D)

Ah! Damn!

She stoops to pick it up along with McCoy.

MCCOY

(jumping in the pick up)  
I'll get this.

AAMNA

If you'll just give us a couple  
minutes of your time, I'm certain  
we can make you an offer --

MCCOY

Did you say someone else was  
interested in you?

SHANNON

I probably shouldn't reveal too  
much.

AAMNA

And they're at security?

SHANNON

More like in lock up. They were  
caught in a highly sensitive area.

MCCOY

And they're asking for you?

SHANNON

Who would think I'd suddenly be so  
popular.

TIFFANY

You don't know the half of it.

MCCOY

Why don't we give you a lift over there. I have a feeling we can answer all your questions on the way.

SHANNON

(hesitant)

If this doesn't take too long.

AAMNA

It wont.

EXT. PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Aamna, McCoy, Shannon and Tiffany get way out by the fence.

SHANNON

Did you forget where your car was?

AAMNA

This is going to be difficult --

TIFFANY

Shannon, you're going to see something that's gonna blow your mind, or not see something.

AAMNA

Don't panic.

Which makes Shannon start to back off in panic.

SHANNON

What is this?

MCCOY

Go ahead Shel. Open up.

Out of nowhere, the

SHUTTLE DOOR

Opens. Shelley stands in the doorway. The interior is seen, but the exterior is still invisible.

SHELLEY

Welcome to the Delta Flyer.

SHANNON

Goes white as a sheet. Aamna grabs her.

AAMNA

Lets get her in before she wakes  
up.

INT. DELTA FLYER

Shelley pilots, Shannon is still foggy.

MCCOY

I think she's brain dead.

AAMNA

Sometimes things can be so  
unbelievable that the mind has to  
take a short pause in order to  
process the data.

MCCOY

Like I said, she's brain dead.

SHANNON

Are you extraterrestrials?

AAMNA

We're just like you.

TIFFANY

So says our token extraterrestrial.

AAMNA

Now I don't mind being called that.

MCCOY

What we would like to do is get our  
people out of the pokey.

SHANNON

What planet are you from?

MCCOY

Kentucky.

TIFFANY

(soothing to Shannon)  
I wondered the same thing! I've  
been abducted too.

MCCOY

We're not abducting anybody!

AAMNA

We need our people back but first,  
you get the whole story.

SHANNON

While we're flying around in an,  
invisible space ship?

TIFFANY

See? She gets it.

SHANNON

How did you make it...

Shannon scans around, wide eyed and nervous.

**END OF ACT III**

ACT IV

INT. SECURITY

Shannon and Aamna, wearing Tiffany's badge, enter. Shannon looks around like a little kid in a candy store.

SHANNON

I've never been in here before.

AAMNA

How long have you worked here?

SHANNON

Eighteen years this May. No, wait. I was here my first day to do my paperwork and get my badge.

TIFFANY

Lets hit the desk and beat feet.

SHANNON

Got ya, dog.

TIFFANY

(annoyed)  
Right.

They streak for the

RECEPTIONIST

Who resembles a hairless gorilla.

RECEPTIONIST

What can I do ya out of?

AAMNA

My friend is here to see, uh, somebody.

Taps Shannon.

SHANNON

Oh, uh, yes. I'm Shannon O'Donnell. We're here to see your prisoners. They were asking for me.

RECEPTIONIST

Hold it.

The girls freeze in fear. He gets on the phone.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)  
Shannon O'Donnell is here.

He hangs up.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)  
I'll take you back. Everybody's  
out to lunch so it's just me and  
another dude back there.

He opens the gate as the girls file past, dwarfed by the  
burly receptionist.

AAMNA  
(looks him over)  
You are a big one.

RECEPTIONIST  
Usually I'm running the campus, but  
I had a little run in with a --

SHANNON  
I must make this fast. We're  
retiring the Enterprise tomorrow  
and I need to get logistics to run  
it out to the new hanger.

RECEPTIONIST  
(he softens)  
That soon?

SHANNON  
Yeah. The day was inevitable.

RECEPTIONIST  
Gonna miss the old girl.

SHANNON  
I was telling my friend here,  
Enterprise has been like a family  
member.

RECEPTIONIST  
(to Aamna)  
I feel like I'm in mourning.

AAMNA  
I can feel your pain.

SHANNON  
We'll take good care of her. I'm --

RECEPTIONIST  
(stern)  
Wait!

He muscles over to Aamna and grabs her badge.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)  
This isn't you!

He grabs her, pulls out his cuffs.

SHELLEY (V.O.)  
Don't touch her!

He wheels her around for cuffing and stops cold.

RECEPTIONIST  
Who's that?

He pulls his gun, but can't find the source.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)  
Whoever you are, come out, now!

SHELLEY  
He thinks he can negotiate with  
me!?

AAMNA  
Uh, I wouldn't think so.

RECEPTIONIST  
(nervous)  
Come out now!

SHELLEY  
You don't have a large vocabulary,  
do you?

RECEPTIONIST  
This is a military base! You are  
in violation --

SHELLEY  
Shut up, son. I'm in your head.

RECEPTIONIST  
No, you people hear that?

MCCOY  
Hear what?

AAMNA  
Are you okay?

RECEPTIONIST

Yes! I'm good! Real good!

AAMNA

I believe he's having a psychotic episode.

RECEPTIONIST

(shaking)

I don't have, whatever that is!  
Everybody, down on the floor!

SHELLEY (V.O.)

Now, we can do this the easy way,  
or the way you get your ass kicked.

RECEPTIONIST

I've got the gun.

SHELLEY

Ugh! Can't say I didn't try. Say,  
receptionist dude get ready for a  
surprise.

The receptionist grabs Aamna again.

RECEPTIONIST

This is insane. Come with me!

SHELLEY

No, you're coming with me!

The Receptionist and Aamna beam away.

TIFFANY

They disappeared!

MCCOY

We gotta hurry.

SHANNON

Who are you people?

TIFFANY

I'm a captive.

MCCOY

You're not a captive. We're -

Shannon flees outside.

TIFFANY

This way. All we have to worry  
about the last dude.

A GUARD appears in the hallway ahead of them.

MCCOY

Oh shit!

He grabs her and ducks into a room of cubicles.

TIFFANY

(loud whisper)

Is anybody in here?

No heads raise.

MCCOY

Lets find one that doesn't smell  
like tuna.

They duck in as a door bolts open.

GUARD

(professional recon)

NASA security! Show yourselves!

Tiffany shakes.

MCCOY

You okay?

TIFFANY

I've never done anything wrong in  
my life. I'm so fired.

MCCOY

Wish I could say that.

THE GUARD

Infiltrates and cautiously searches, one cube, then another,  
then another until he comes to

MCCOY'S CUBE

Makes a sudden move, but it's empty.

INT. HALLWAY

The two beam in, Tiffany is upset.

TIFFANY

What just --

MCCOY

Come on.

SHELLEY (V.O.)

Hurry up!

MCCOY

Which way?

TIFFANY

(timidly pointing)

Three doors down and down the stairs.

They hustle to the door, blow in and

INT. DOWNSTAIRS

They fire out at the base.

TIFFANY

(points at the nearest door)

There.

McCoy tries the knob but it's locked.

He looks through door's window to see

MIDGE AND JANEWAY

Sitting bored.

HENRY JANEWAY

So this woman and I were supposed to get married and have kids.

MIDGE

Thought it was a good plan.

HENRY JANEWAY

We're old. Even if we did like each other, our kid days are over. How do you know my son isn't the key?

MIDGE

Our database says you and Shannon are --

KNOCK KNOCK.

They alert to

MCCOY'S FACE

In the tiny window.

MCCOY  
(muffled, through door)  
Stand back. I got'ta blow the  
lock.

MCCOY

Aims his phaser and fires, blowing the door off it's hinges and setting the door and frame on fire. Everybody recoils from he impact as shards of burning material fly everywhere.

INT. HOLDING CELL

McCoy knocks away the flaming parts of the door jam and finds

MIDGE AND JANEWAY

Angry behind a turned over table.

She rises up seething

MIDGE  
What was hell was that?!

MCCOY  
I'm a science officer, not a --  
I never used one'a these damn  
things to blast a door before!

HENRY JANEWAY  
(checking his backside)  
I think I'm on fire.

MIDGE  
We're gonna get tossed in Gitmo for  
this.

MCCOY  
That's the thanks we get for  
bailing you out'ta the big house?

INT. HALLWAY

They emerge from the burning rubble.

MIDGE  
How are we gonna find this  
McConnell woman now?

TIFFANY  
(still marveling at the  
blast)  
That was so perf!

MIDGE  
Who are you hun?

TIFFANY  
You an alien too?

MIDGE  
Who is this? Where's Aamna?

MCCOY  
There was a complication.

TIFFANY  
I'm the hostage.

MCCOY  
You're not a hostage!

TIFFANY  
T-B-H, they're sucky kidnappers.

HENRY JANEWAY  
Who's kidnapped?

McCoy heads down the hallway.

MCCOY  
We gotta get out of here, now! Do  
you still have your communicators?

MIDGE  
They took 'em.

MCCOY  
Shit.

He taps his communicator.

MCCOY (CONT'D)  
Dublain, did you notice Shannon  
running around out there?

SHELLEY

Has a distraught Shannon and the receptionist in the Flyer as  
Aamna attempts to calm them in the background.

SHELLEY  
I got the cargo and you've got lots  
of visitors.

THE GROUP

Emerges from the hallway into the main foyer in time to meet

SEVERAL GUARDS

With guns drawn.

MIDGE

We are the worst goddam matchmakers  
in history.

MCCOY

Can you maybe --

SHELLEY

Looks bored and annoyed.

SHELLEY

I'm on it.

She hits a couple buttons and

THE GROUP

Beams into the Flyer.

SHELLEY (CONT'D)

I've turned into a friggin' short  
bus, driver. Everybody, find a  
seat or I leave ya!

RECEPTIONIST

This looks like the Delta Flyer.

SHELLEY

My friend, you just became my new  
tactical officer.

RECEPTIONIST

Sweet. Your voice sounds familiar.

SHELLEY

I get that a lot. What's your name  
kid?

RECEPTIONIST

Alfred Sisko ma'am.

EXT. PARKING LOT

A LOW ENGINE SOUND, a blustery wind blows, but the top of the  
fence jerks, buckles, then the section of fence lifts off the  
ground along with the next, then the next and the next on  
both sides before it rips away from the gates on either side  
and flies off into the heavens.

SHELLEY (V.O.)  
Oops, nearly hit that fence.

THE TWO MECHANICS

Stand, bewildered, at the giant garage door, wiping their hands, watching the fence fly away.

**END OF ACT IV**

ACT V

INT. SHUTTLE BAY

The Flyer, dragging the fence to the bay is watched by an annoyed

RODRIGO YATES

The traffic controller, a young Hispanic with thick glasses and a neck collar. He shakes his head.

RODRIGO

You brought another souvenir Shel.

SHELLEY (V.O.)

Thanks so much for telling me.

RODRIGO

Just sayin'.

The shuttle sets down and everyone jumps out, haggard and tired.

Alfred hits the floor.

ALFRED

I'm in heaven! I'm scared to death and totally stoked at the same time.

SHELLEY

Don't get too excited. You're mine.

ALFRED

Don't I have to be Starfleet?

SHELLEY

I was a trainer and Starfleet is pretty informal so I'll run you through everything you need to know about shooting the shit out of aliens. Would you mind living in a Jeffrey's Tube until I can get the Captain to see it my way?

ALFRED

Holy shit! They even have Jeffrey's Tubes?!

SHELLEY

You are so mine.

MCCOY

Where's the little couple?

MIDGE

I saw 'em takin' a tour.

AAMNA

(proud)

And I was getting some pretty warm connection between them.

MCCOY

So that makes you a kind of a voyeur of the mind.

AAMNA

No. I'm observing and constructing an optimal environment for romance.

TIFFANY

T-B-H, it sounds like you're a pimp.

McCoy can't hold in a chuckle as everyone disburses.

MCCOY

Tiffany, let me take you to lunch and give you the pleasure of seeing the most dramatic view you'll ever see.

SHELLEY

Clothes stay on.

TIFFANY

I'm your hostage.

AAMNA

That didn't sound like Stockholm syndrome did it.

Tiffany takes his arm.

SHANNON (O.S.)

That's the most absurd thing I've ever heard!

She plunges out of the Flyer as everyone turns to see

JANEWAY

Stumble out and head in the opposite direction.

HENRY JANEWAY  
You are stubborn!

SHANNON  
And you are obstinate!

HENRY JANEWAY  
(turns away then back)  
I'm just telling you what's in the  
Bible!

SHANNON  
Then your God is a damn misogynist!

HENRY JANEWAY  
Don't accuse -- Ah!

He turns back and storms through the group as

SHANNON

Slows and hastily finds the first door she can go through.  
It opens too slowly and she raps on it before it can respond  
and she blows through.

MCCOY

Takes a smug look at a concerned Aamna while passing for the  
door.

MCCOY  
Glad that warm feeling you had  
wasn't a hot one.

They leave Aamna and she gets gentle, sympathetic pats on the  
shoulder from Shelley,

SHELLEY (O.S.)  
Who didn't see that one coming?

as the room empties.

AAMNA  
(discouraged, following)  
I hate match making.

**END SHOW**