

STAR TREK - TIMELINES
S01E01-PILOT

Written by

Mike Simpson

MALE VOICE (V.O.)
Don't we have transphasic tech?

ENGINEERING (V.O.)
Yes, but it'll take a bunch'a work
to get it converted!

MALE VOICE (V.O.)
We don't have time. Load up what
we got.

ENGINEERING (V.O.)
Captain! I don't have any
guarantee the blast wont blow us
all to --

MALE VOICE (V.O.)
We're out of options! Everybody
who's not a hologram, abandon ship.
Get to the escape pods!

Moving through the chaos, emerging out of the smoggy fire and
brimstone,

A BORG CUBE

fires phasers at a tiny ship, the Delta Flyer, as it whizzes
by, returning fire, taking hits nearly every shot.

INT. DELTA FLYER

A young blonde woman, SHELLEY DUBLAIN, brushes her long
dishwater blonde hair out of her eyes, struggles with the
controls as RUMBLE after RUMBLE of phaser fire jolt her
around.

SHELLEY
Our shields are nearly exhausted!

EXT. SPACE BATTLE

The ship eludes some shots and retreats.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)
Shelley, get back here! I can give
you protection right up to --

THE COMMUNICATIONS OFFICER

A semi unattractive dark-haired woman, glares at the screen in disbelief.

SCREEN

Typical Communications LCAR.

FEMALE COMMUNICATIONS VOICE (V.O.)
We're still being hailed. It's --

Flashing across the field, the designation "U.S.S. ENTERPRISE".

TACTICAL (V.O.)
Phasers are down the eight per cent
and port shields are buckling!

MALE VOICE (V.O.)
Keep firing and use life support to
reenforce those shields if you have
to!

The ship fires it's own reply striking the cube several times to no avail as plasma vents out of both nacelles as the sizzling scars of war dot the hull.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)
Don't let 'em catch us with that
tractor beam or we're cooked.

The cube activates a tractor beam that stops the ship in it's tracks as Voyager keeps firing.

INT. VOYAGER BRIDGE

YOUNG TED BUNDY, trim and slightly balding, leans forward in the captain's chair, displays a poker face of emotionless stone.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
We're cooked.

TED
(grimaces)
Would you stop being a realist and
learn how to fantasize a little!

A young slender woman at the con, YOUNG TAMMY MALONE, with long curly hair, furiously works her console.

TAMMY

We're hanging by a thread here and I have yet to achieve my dream of having a daughter and raising her to hate and abhor you.

TED

While I admire your misguided parental aspirations, I gotta blow some Borg into the next universe so this really isn't the best --

A JOLT stops him short.

TED (CONT'D)

Shit! Later!

Tammy, angered by the answer, slashes at the long black curls covering her eyes, and slings them over her shoulders in a mass of uneven tangles.

TAMMY

(turns to Ted)

Ted, we can't!

TED

Tammy, we got no choice!

TAMMY

Ted, our friends are in that cube!

TED

(losing momentum)

Tammy, they're assimilated! The good of the many outweigh the --

TAMMY

(she angrily turns forward)

Don't blow that back in my face!

Another UNIFORMED CREW MEMBER rises and mans Tactical.

TACTICAL

Sir. What are my orders?

TED

Lock onto the origin of the tractor beam and use the deflector dish to send a tachyon pulse up it's ass on my command!

TAMMY

Don't do this!

COMMUNICATIONS

Sir. We're being hailed by the --

TED

It's not like these guys to just knock.

COMMUNICATIONS

It's not the Borg!

EXT. ENTERPRISE

COMMUNICATIONS (V.O.)

It's Enterprise.

Drops out of warp, opens a barrage of phaser fire and torpedoes on the cube doing little damage but draws the wrath of the cube. It wedges it's way between the cube and Voyager, breaking the tractor beam.

VOYAGER SCREEN

Beautiful greenish blonde and shapely, MOSSY, 20's, uniformed and leaning back in a captain's chair, smugly smiles.

MOSSY

Got a little problem?

COMMUNICATIONS (O.S.)

Who are you?

TAMMY

disgruntled, turns to the communications officer.

TAMMY

That's the Captain's friggin...

VOYAGER SCREEN

Mossy smiles smugly, leaned back in the chair.

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

(sighs)

... dead wife.

Mossy leans forward.

MOSSY

Miss me?

END OF TEASER

Act I

INT. VOYAGER BRIDGE - SCREEN

Mossy patiently awaits a reply as her craft is JOLTED by phaser fire soliciting an annoyed eye roll.

TED

Searches the ceiling.

TED

Glad to see you've finally decided to return my ship.

MOSSY

Let's discuss who's ship it is later? Right now, we've got this and two other cubes bearing down on us along with a Klingon bird.

TAMMY

It's not very often a man's dead wife comes back as a hologram with a starship.

TED

I'm a little skeptical toward psychopathic holograms who look like --

MOSSY

Just coming to the rescue. I could leave if you like.

TED

What did you do in Vegas!?

MOSSY

Are we gonna get into this now?! We're in the middle of something. I did what I needed to do!

TED

Thirty thousand people --

MOSSY

Thirty thousand drones!

BORG VOICE (V.O.)

Your uniqueness will be added to...

TED

(falls back in seat)
Geez, that fast?

Her ship is rocked.

MOSSY
They would have taken over...

MOSSY (CONT'D) TAMMY
The Earth! That bitch murdered those --

MOSSY
So testy and judgemental.

BORG VOICE (V.O.) TED
... to our collective consciousness. You did help get her husband assimilated.

MOSSY
It's complicated. I wasn't in my right mind.

TAMMY
You're a friggin' hologram! You don't have one! It's a neuronet!

MOSSY
Semantics!

TAMMY
Get lost!

MOSSY
Sorry, I'm still trying to get used to not being carbon based any more, so excuse me for dying.

BORG VOICE (V.O.)
Drop your shields and prepare to be boarded.

TED
Shut 'em up!

COMMUNICATIONS
I've blocked the transmission!

TED
Moss, if you're not the solution, you're kind'a the problem so if you got any suggestions --

MOSSY
(confidently)
I got some interesting ones.

BORG VOICE (V.O.)
Resistance is futile.

COMMUNICATIONS
Sorry Sir. They unblocked my
block!

MOSSY
Remember when I was that
persistent?

TED
Now's not the time for reminiscing.
Can you do something?

MOSSY
(gritty)
Ugh. We'll make 'em pay.

TED
That's the attitude I'm looking
for.

Another JOLT to both ships.

MOSSY
Now they're locked on to us.

TACTICAL
Shields are off line!

MOSSY
Let's play Belizian Blowtorch.

TAMMY
What?

TED
Why did you name it... we're a
little short on phasers.

MOSSY
What do ya say?

TED
I don't know --

MOSSY
Do you trust me?

TED
No!
(to Tammy)
(MORE)

TED (CONT'D)

Belizian Blowtorch was a trick we used to play in a video game.

MOSSY

What alternative is there? It works in real life too. Trust me.

TED

(shrugs)

We really need to come up with a more appropriate name for it... yeah, let's go for it. Engineering, aim the deflector in unison with Enterprise's phaser stream and direct a continuous focused phaser beam into the confluence on my command.

TACTICAL

Yes, sir, it'll take me a minute!

TED

It always does so cut it in half.

MOSSY

Ted, I need you to download your computer into mine, just in case you don't make it.

TED

(defensive)

I knew there was some --

MOSSY

No, no. Your ship has the tech for transphasic torpedoes and ablative armor. Enterprise is no longer a hologram and ready for a butt kicking refit.

TED

No longer a --

MOSSY

Yeah. We've replaced our holographic ship with the real thing.

TED

We're still photons and force fields.

MOSSY

We don't have time for this, Ted.

TED
(hits buttons)
Fine. I'll do it.

MOSSY
Jordi, prepare to receive the tech
and implement it as soon as
possible.

TED
(punches a few buttons)
I'm sending you the data now.

MOSSY
Why didn't you use the tech on
these guys?

TED
Didn't know I had it till it was
too late.

MOSSY
You really need to watch more T-V.

TAMMY
I keep telling him that.

TED
Stop ganging up on me.
(to Communications)
Hail the cube.

COMMUNICATIONS
You told me to --

TED
New plan. Need to buy some time.
Dial 'em up ensign.

TAMMY
What's that gonna solve?

TED
I little diversional diplomacy --
Borg cube!

No answer.

TED (CONT'D)
Okay, I'll talk. We have a weapon
that will destroy you and we will
use it if you don't release the
tractor beam. Get lost or I start
singing.

(MORE)

TED (CONT'D)

Maybe a little John Denver then I can do a mean Katy Perry, maybe a toss in a little wardrobe malfunction and some psychological nudity. What would ya like, toasters?

TAMMY

Battlestar Galactica is not in the training materials for Starfleet.

TED

I'm a fracking fan, so kill me.

TAMMY

If you start singing --

TED

Just kidding.
(to Engineering)
Ready yet?

ENGINEERING (V.O.)

Just about.

TED

Borg ship. A one and a two and a --

A JOLT.

TED (CONT'D)

Ooo. Tough crowd! Resistance is futile, you bastards!

MOSSY (O.S.)

That's telling 'em!

TAMMY

Don't piss 'em off any more!

TED

I'm running out of smack talk.
(to Engineering)
Come on kids, are we there yet?

ENGINEERING (V.O.)

We're good!

TED

(to Borg)
I need to put you bastards on hold.
(to Engineering)
Activate plan R!

MOSSY

You still name all your little plans. How cute.

TED

That's why you married me.

MOSSY

Wrong.

TAMMY

Seriously, now!?

TED

We all know it was really my well-endowed --

MOSSY

Wrong again.

TAMMY

Did you make sure plan R ends with something other than us being assimilated or dead?

Ted's eyes wander, shrugs.

MOSSY

Ready yet?

TED

Tactical, let's go!
(to Engineering)
B'Elanna, I need that beam!

B'ELANNA (V.O.)

I'll give you what I got!

ENTERPRISE

TED (V.O.)

That's what she said! Let's take 'em out!

MOSSY (V.O.)

Fire!

Fires a phaser stream with no effect.

VOYAGER BRIDGE

Ted hesitates as Tammy casts a accusative stare.

TAMMY

Ted?!

TED

(shuts his eyes)

Fire phasers!

EXT. SPACE

Voyager fires phasers, joining with Enterprise's stream half way between the ships and the cube, then as one concentrated beam, cuts through the shields, then into the center of the cube like a blow torch, burning it's way through the structure.

The beam ceases from Voyager, leaving the cube torn nearly in half, but still returning fire.

INT. VOYAGER BRIDGE

Tactical officer perks up.

TACTICAL

We're drained!

TED

(discouraged)

Sorry Fritz, that's all we got!

INT. ENTERPRISE BRIDGE

Mossy jumps and turns to Tactical.

MOSSY

We sent a message. The cubes gonna have to drop it's shields in a second. When it does, tap into it's computer and download as much tech as you can.

TACTICAL

Yes sir.

MOSSY

(turns back)

They would have adapted, anyway.

INT. VOYAGER BRIDGE

Tactical officer taps his console.

TACTICAL
Their shields are down!

TED
(perks back up, sneers)
It's worked! Beam the torpedo into
the Central Plexus.

INT. BORG CENTRAL PLEXUS

A large, metal dominated and cold room with Borg drones
clunking back and forth. The torpedo materializes in the
middle of the room, drawing the attention of the cyborgs.
They're attention is drawn to a

TIMER

Counting down from five seconds, four, three, two, one

CUBE

Two other cubes and a Klingon Bird of Prey drop from warp,
joining the fray, firing phasers at Voyager and Enterprise.

TED

Looks shocked at the

SCREEN

As one cube tends to the damaged cube.

TED

Sits upright, tenses.

TED (CONT'D)
Come on, blow!

TAMMY
That's what he said. It's not
working.

TED
We got company and they're pissed!

MOSSY

(to Ted, urgently)

No! We're not done with -- that wasn't a chroniton you sent over, was it?

TED

What if it was?

MOSSY

We gotta go kids!

TED

It should'a went off by now.

MOSSY

It's cant have a timer because linear time is destabilized.

TED

Aw shit.

TAMMY

I hate this!

MOSSY

Give it an unstable approximate minute, you'll hate this worse.

DAMAGED BORG CUBE

is suddenly abandoned by the other cubes.

The torpedo detonates before they get far.

Several more detonations tear the cube apart.

VOYAGER BRIDGE

Tammy laments.

TAMMY

Sorry Amos.

TACTICAL

Shields are down to three per cent!

TED

This is gonna hurt!

SCREEN

A much larger explosion ruptures the cube into a million flaming chunks of tritanium as the other cubes flee to avoid the shockwave.

TED (CONT'D)
Oops. Did not see that coming.

TAMMY
What was that second blast!?

MOSSY (V.O.)
A time loop detonation.

TED
Tammy, we gotta get out'ta here
before that concussion wave hits!

TAMMY
I'm way ahead of you.

She bangs on the console.

VOYAGER

Makes a turn and moves away quickly as the two cubes recover and pursue.

SCREEN

Mossy stresses.

MOSSY
We gotta go to warp, now!

On the

VOYAGER BRIDGE

Ted looks dubious.

TED
Where do we meet?

MOSSY
Anywhere else but here.

TAMMY
I'm never gonna forgive you for
this.

TED
(contrite)
Don't blame ya.

ENTERPRISE

Falters, turns and moves back to a position between the cube and Voyager as the Klingon bird opens fire.

TED

Notices on the screen.

MOSSY (V.O.)
Teddy, go to warp!

TED
What's wrong?

MOSSY
The Borg must have something that disrupts our warp field! You've gotta get out of here!

TED
We can beam you --

MOSSY
This ship is my mobile emitter. You can't.

TED
We'll stay --

MOSSY
No, you'll be destroyed.

TED
I don't want to lose you again!

MOSSY
You're not that lucky! You got'ta stay ahead of the wave!

TAMMY
(nearly shedding a tear)
That's it! You heard the holobitch, we're out'ta here!

She shoves the touch sensors forward.

TED
No Tammy, not yet!

EXT. VOYAGER

Revs and FLASHES AWAY, while

ENTERPRISE

Continues to trade blows with the Klingon as the leading shockwave overtakes them in a

A BLINDING FLASH OF LIGHT

and resulting whirling plasma cloud engulfs the area, then all disappear as the larger shockwave strikes.

The two remaining cubes are torn apart.

VOYAGER

Tumbles from warp, only a short distance from where it started.

INT. BRIDGE

Everyone is driven to the deck.

TED
What was that?!

TAMMY
Warp field was compromised.

SCANNER OFFICER
Captain, I've got some kind of singularity... but it disappeared.

TED
Is that what broke our warp field?

TAMMY
(back in seat)
Definite possibility.

SCANNER OFFICER
(checks scanners, stunned)
Sir, Enterprise and the Klingon ship are, gone!

TED

Debris?

SCANNER OFFICER

Not a trace. It's like they just
disappeared too.

TAMMY

(her eyes glaze)
Prepare for impact!

EXT. SPACE

Voyager is overtaken by a massive concussion wave, sending it
reeling, tearing off large pieces of hull and shattering a
nacelle creating some destabilization of the hulls
holographic integrity while being carried along, tumbling
and shedding pieces along the way.

END ACT I

ACT II

INT. VOYAGER BRIDGE

Chaos reigns, everyone rolls on the deck as fire and pieces of ship are tossed through the air.

The lift doors open and Shelley staggers out.

SHELLEY

Now I know what it's like for the
dice in a Yatzee cup!

TED

Damage!

ENGINEERING (V.O.)

Warp engines are off line and we --

They look to the

SCREEN

Where a shattered nacelle tumbles away.

TAMMY

Scoffs.

TAMMY

Lose a nacelle?

COMPUTER (V.O.)

Warning! Holographic emitter
failure in thirty two seconds.

SHELLEY

(reading a console)

We've lost forty per cent of our
holo imagers.

TAMMY

At this rate we'll be floating in
space without a ship and that
bigger shockwave is nearly on top
of us!

TED

That sounds bad. Good thing we built a solid Delta Flyer. We're out'ta here.

SHELLEY

I was just there and I'm driving!

TAMMY

(searching madly)
Gotta find my car keys!

SHELLEY

On the floor!

TED

No time! Transporter room, two to beam to the Delta Flyer and prepare to launch! Energize!

TAMMY

No you shiiiiii...

She reaches for keys on the floor, but her hand dissolves just inches away from her target.

EXT. VOYAGER SHUTTLE BAY DOORS

They fly open and the Delta Flyer bursts out, moving away quickly.

INT. DELTA FLYER

Shelley works the helm, Tammy sits at the station next to her as Ted mans another console.

TED

Get us out'ta here!

TAMMY

Far away.

SHELLEY

I'm trying.

TED

Really, get us out'ta here, please?

TAMMY

Not helping.

SHELLEY

I can't get a warp field established.

TAMMY

(furiously working console)

If I'm not mistaken, some Borg vessels are equipped with a warp field disrupter. I'm trying to compensate.

TED

Then I'm cheerleading. Go, go --

SHELLEY

No no.

TAMMY

Shut up Ted.

EXT. SPACE

The shockwave barrels toward the Flyer as if it were standing still, then

ALL (V.O.)

Ahhhhh!!!

Closer, closer... then

Flashes to warp seconds before Voyager debris catches up and bursts into a massive fog of photons as the shockwave annihilates the frame.

TAMMY

Through a window, sits in her seat, looking out, depressed, stressed and alone.

TAMMY

I'm gonna need a ride home.

EXT. SHIP DECK - DAY - TWENTY YEARS LATER

TAMMY (V.O.)

I'm never doin' this again.

A dense fog surrounds an older Tammy, same hair only much grayer, with the same glassy-eyed look, staring at the ocean.

SUPER

APRIL 2017

She stares a moment, dips her head in despair then raises up, pulls keys from her pocket and gazes at a picture on the fob of a

YOUNG BLONDE

COURTNEY DUBLAIN, 20, wearing too much makeup and a nose piercing.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)
Ma'am?

TAMMY

ignores the voice.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
We'll do everything we can to find her.

A FEMALE CREWMEMBER shuffles up to her and patiently awaits a response.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
(thoughtfully)
I knew Courtney.

TAMMY
So you think she's, gone, too.

FEMALE CREWMEMBER
(comes along side, looking out)
I'm Charlotte. I saw what you saw, but I don't know how she could possibly have --

TAMMY
She did. Otherwise, I wouldn't be here.

CHARLOTTE
The only way she survived is if she had this whole thing planned.

TAMMY
Deep sea exploration is inherently dangerous.
(MORE)

TAMMY (CONT'D)

My daughter is perfectly aware of it, but she couldn't possibly have seen this coming, so if you'll forgive my dismissive attitude, Sherlock, your people have done little more than run around barking like ratty little dogs in a stampeding herd of buffalo so please, counsel yourself while I hang on to what little hope I have.

CHARLOTTE

I know you're grieving right now --

TAMMY

Why grieve? She's alive and warm and dry. My job is to find a way to get her home.

Tammy looks back to the picture as it morphs into

COURTNEY MALONE

Wearing only a long Joe Montana jersey that covers her very short, shorts. She sits, whimpering in a dark corner, shivering, fearful and anxious. Her breathing is labored as steam comes from her mouth and nostrils. She GROANS when she moves.

Her hands shake as she pulls out her

PHONE

In time to watch it die.

COURTNEY

Lets out a CRY as she drops the phone and curls into the fetal position.

A LITTLE BLONDE GIRL stands over her, inquisitive and concerned, then painfully braces as a dark fog engulfs them both.

The fog lightens, brightens, then becomes white and even brighter, obliterating all detail, and morphs into

EXT. POLAR ICE CAP - CONCURRENT - DAY

Miles of desolate ice whiz past heading for a massive ice crater, two miles across.

Inside is an encampment with several military vehicles and helicopters, surrounding a white geodesic dome big enough to house a Little League ballpark.

SUPER

"SOMEWHERE NEAR THE NORTH POLE"

Another white chopper touches down as a high-ranking OFFICER in dress blues with no jacket, jumps out and heads for the entrance of the dome.

INT. DOME

Small, modular lab buildings encircle a hole in the ice. Several SCIENTISTS in white lab coats dart in and out of the offices along with SOLDIERS of various branches guard each door.

One uniformed GUARD and a tall, suited man, JIMMY KIRK, 47, are stationed next to a ten-foot hole in the ice. The uniformed man sneaks a quick glance at what could be waiting down there.

VOICE (O.S.)

(sternly)

Gentlemen, as I said before, the contents of that area are not for your eyes.

COMMANDER JACK MALONE, 50's, greying and stern, sizes up the men.

COMMANDER MALONE

I thought I could trust you two.

GUARD 1

Sorry sir.

JIMMY

What's the big deal?

COMMANDER MALONE

(peers into the hole)

Not much to see, anyway.

JIMMY
What's so secret down there?

COMMANDER MALONE
(to Jimmy)
It wouldn't be a secret if I told
you, Mister Kirk.

Jimmy, involuntarily, strains to peer down into hole.

Malone backs into the hole and down.

JIMMY
Yes, sir.
(to Guard 1)
What he doesn't know is my security
clearance is so high, it's
classified.

GUARD 1
(skeptical)
Yeah, right.

COMMANDER MALONE (O.S.)
Mister Kirk, what are you waiting
for?

JIMMY
Yes, sir.
(to soldier)
Ha, I play, you stay.

He follows Malone down as the soldier flips him the bird.

INT. LARGE ROOM

Malone descends into a room with several pieces of highly sophisticated equipment, each with an uncomfortable looking seat.

A MAN IN A HAZ-MAT SUIT, carrying his hood, watches him, while several other UNIFORMED SOLDIERS and WHITE SMOCKED SCIENTISTS evaluate the equipment.

DOCTOR MCKINNEY, a white-smocked, wild-haired younger man with a caffeine aided passion for his work, hurries to the Commander, then waits like a socially clumsy, impatient puppy.

COMMANDER MALONE
(talking up to Jimmy)
How's our project?

Jimmy hits the bottom.

JIMMY

Dr. McKinney's a little more versed
on the --

DOCTOR MCKINNEY

(excited and informal)

We haven't yet begun to sort out
what we've got here, but my money's
on this being some extra-
terrestrial lab or perhaps it's
even a ship cuz, I've found --

COMMANDER MALONE

Calm down and let's take a look.

JIMMY

He's a little twitchy about this --

DOCTOR MCKINNEY

I was just --

CAPTAIN MALONE

(to McKinney)

What makes you nerdy geeks think
this thing's from outer space?

McKinney motions them to a console.

DOCTOR MCKINNEY

Here, this has to be some kind of
extraterrestrial control --

COMMANDER MALONE

Until we know for certain, this
structure is not to be referred to
as extraterrestrial or alien --

DOCTOR MCKINNEY

But, you've got admit, these glyphs
on the console and throughout the
structure are not from any earth
language we've ever encountered.

COMMANDER MALONE

We haven't seen every earth
language yet.

DOCTOR MCKINNEY

Yes, we have. These aliens --

COMMANDER MALONE

This civilization.

DOCTOR MCKINNEY

Whatever. We've gotten nowhere in deciphering what this stuff says yet, but I'm convinced --

COMMANDER MALONE

I need more. What does this equipment do? Have you done a thorough run through of the structure?

DOCTOR MCKINNEY

Not yet, but we'll get to --

COMMANDER MALONE

Get to it.

DOCTOR MCKINNEY

(taken aback for a moment)

This structure goes several levels down. It'll take time to --

CAPTAIN MALONE

We need results or we'll bring in another team who will. Understand son?

DOCTOR MCKINNEY

(pointing at the glyphs)

Perfectly, but here, I know I've seen these characters before.

CAPTAIN MALONE

Where?

DOCTOR MCKINNEY

(hesitant)

I think, promise you don't, like, shoot us.

CAPTAIN MALONE

Already considered it.

DOCTOR MCKINNEY

Fair enough. You're gonna freak if you're a big sci-fi fan but I think it's --

CAPTAIN MALONE

Why do I want to grab my sidearm?

DOCTOR MCKINNEY

Klingon.

COMMANDER MALONE

(rubs his eyes in
frustration)

Well, that's just great. I come
all the way up here for this?!

DOCTOR MCKINNEY

Or, I've got a couple theories
about --

Malone turns to another console, brushes it with three finger
tips and turns back, in an aggressive manner.

CAPTAIN MALONE

When my daughter was a kid, she was
always late with her homework. She
would tell me she had a plan to
juggle homework and her scuba
diving fixation, but her plans
always failed. Theories are the
same to me as dumb plans. They
always fail to produce the results
I want. We're running out of time.
I need you to produce results and
facts! I've seen enough.

He turns to the ladder and ascends.

DR. MCKINNEY

a little shaken, looks to a main console next to an unusually
large seat in the center of the room.

JIMMY

(to McKinney)

Google translate actually has a
pretty good Klingon translator.

McKinney sits, downtrodden, fiddles with a few things, taps
his fingers on the black, glass surface, then spreads his
palm out on it.

DOCTOR MCKINNEY

Why didn't I think of that?

Just as Jimmy disappears up the hole, lighting in the room
glows red, flashes several times. This alarms the others.

SOLDIER 4

What did you do?

DOCTOR MCKINNEY

I must have triggered some -- I don't know.

SOLDIER 4

Undo it.

DOCTOR MCKINNEY

Looks like the facts may have just woke up.

McKinney shrugs, examines the room as alarm distorts his face.

KLINGON BRIDGE

Where all the control panels slowly come to life.

INT. DARKENED ROOM

Starkly decorated. Three tall, metallic cases with curved glass doors stand upright against the wall.

EXTREME CLOSE UP

of one case shows a sudden fogging of the glass.

The glass door opens, revealing the side of a humanoid head, bumpy ridges and dark skinned.

A HISSING.

The closed eye twitches, partially surrounded by a metallic piece attached to the head with three tiny lights that begin blinking. The eye opens with a sudden BANG, shaking the being, causing the humanoid to take a deep breath. TWO MORE BANGS are heard before the head moves forward and out of the frame.

END ACT II

ACT III

EXT. ICE CAMP - DAY

The wind blows across the desolate landscape.

INT. TENT

Malone emerges from the hole, motions to the emerging Kirk.

COMMANDER MALONE
You're with me.

JIMMY
(puzzled)
I thought I was --

COMMANDER MALONE
I got better things for you to do.
Come!

Jimmy follows him out to the

EXT. CAMP

A helicopter stands ready, rotors whirling.

Jimmy trails a step or so behind Malone.

COMMANDER MALONE
What are you doing?

JIMMY
The inside of that structure looks
somewhat --

COMMANDER MALONE
We can't talk about it.

JIMMY
So you're just a Coast Guard
commander? Not a captain?

COMMANDER MALONE
We can't talk about it.

JIMMY
What does this have to do with the
Coast Guard?

They jump in the chopper

INT. CHOPPER

The pilot waits for the men to settle in.

Malone displays a menacing stare at Jimmy.

COMMANDER MALONE

(to Pilot)

We're going to drop off Mister Kirk
in Barrow and then you and I are
heading for a new destination.

PILOT

Sir, I wasn't informed of --

COMMANDER MALONE

You're informed now. We're in a
hurry, move.

The pilot shrugs

PILOT

Yes, sir.

and the

HELICOPTER

Lifts off, moves toward the sun in the south.

As they fly on, Jimmy's phone rings.

JIMMY

(into phone)

Yeah...

(to Malone)

It's your science dude. He says
red lights are flashing.

COMMANDER MALONE

(knowingly, pause)

Tell him not to call me again
unless they either figured out why
or little green men are giving them
manicures.

THE ENCAMPMENT

Shakes violently. Vehicles are jostled and knocked off their wheels as the dome comes down. The ice rises and cracks up.

Everything is consumed by the churning mixture as it melts around the destruction, steams, then boils.

INT. CHOPPER

Jimmy checks his messages as Malone opens his briefcase and fiddles with something in it.

COMMANDER MALONE

So you went down there before today, did you?

JIMMY

(hesitant)

Maybe for a minute. I was looking for a bathroom.

COMMANDER MALONE

There were bathrooms up top.

JIMMY

They were full. Must'a been bad fish.

COMMANDER MALONE

That's just great. Don't you ever follow orders?

JIMMY

You're with the Coast Guard, Commander Malone, or so you say. What changed?

COMMANDER MALONE

So why the Coast Guard?

JIMMY

Yeah.

COMMANDER MALONE

Classified.

JIMMY

Be that way.

COMMANDER MALONE

Let me just say, you're really the reason I came all the way up to this god-forsaken ice cube. Now I got'ta put you to a test you're not gonna like.

JIMMY

Hold a gun to my head? Push me out of the chopper to see if I can find my way back home?

COMMANDER MALONE

Don't give me any ideas.

JIMMY

Before you do, I had a question about your --

COMMANDER MALONE

So what did you think about our little discovery back there?

JIMMY

(resistant)
It looked, familiar.

COMMANDER MALONE

My superiors say it's an old movie set.

JIMMY

I find that hard to believe.

COMMANDER MALONE

Some sick bastard's idea of a practical joke.

JIMMY

Ultra bullshit.

COMMANDER MALONE

My thoughts exactly.

JIMMY

So that's all you couldn't talk about...

Malone pulls out of his briefcase, a disruptor with Klingon characters on it.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

(unsteadied by the sight)
... or that?

Malone waits for a better response for a moment.

COMMANDER MALONE
(deliberately)
Oops, you weren't supposed to see
this.

JIMMY
See what?

COMMANDER MALONE
You know what this is.

JIMMY
A movie prop?

Malone points it at the pilot.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
I wouldn't do that.

Malone nods, puts the weapon back in the briefcase.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
Looks like something, dangerous.

COMMANDER MALONE
My orders were to leave you there.

JIMMY
I'm not judging.

COMMANDER MALONE
Could never follow orders, either.
You just confirmed I was right.
You need to do something for me.

JIMMY
What is it?

COMMANDER MALONE
Die.

JIMMY
I had to ask.

COMMANDER MALONE
As far as anyone is concerned,
you're dead. When we land in
Barrow, get lost.

JIMMY
In Barrow?

COMMANDER MALONE

You're going to be declared dead,
so keep out of sight. Since you
don't have any family --

JIMMY

Ex wife, couple kids in their
twenties, all would like to see me
dead anyway --

COMMANDER MALONE

Good. Then you can be dead for
awhile. The rest is classified.

JIMMY

By who?

COMMANDER MALONE

That's need to know.

JIMMY

And you can't tell me why.

COMMANDER MALONE

You're to stay in Barrow until I
contact you. Don't make friends,
don't call out, and don't say a
word to anyone else on this planet.
Understood?

JIMMY

I'm dead. How could I?

COMMANDER MALONE

Good.

(he reaches into his
wallet and hands him a
credit card)

Here. This should get you what you
need until I can get you back to
the states.

JIMMY

What do I do in Barrow until my
resurrection?

COMMANDER MALONE

Read a book, take up knitting,
study the damn polar bears, I don't
care, just stay out of sight, now
tell me, what's this thing in my
briefcase?

JIMMY

I'll tell you if you tell me what
you're up to.

COMMANDER MALONE

If I told you everything I know,
you'd shoot me for telling you.

Both men lean back reluctantly in their seats.

JIMMY

Coast Guard's really changed.

Jimmy gazes out the window as the

CHOPPER

COMMANDER MALONE (V.O.)

It's a changed world, now.

Heads for the sun while,

A MASSIVE SHADOW

Similar to a giant, mechanical goose, is cast on the broken
ice of the camp site.

Bodies fall to the ground, spattering blood onto the white
surface as the shadow slowly moves forward.

END ACT III

ACT IV

EXT. FURBURGER'S BAR

A ratty strip joint with distasteful signage. One

SIGN

notes "THE WORLD'S TASTIEST BURGER'S AND BREASTS".

INT. FURBURGER'S BAR

A WELL-ENDOWED WOMAN uses the stripper pole to her advantage, peeling off a glove and tossing it toward the sparse crowd and over a

GROUP OF MEN

Sitting ringside. The MIDDLE GUY makes an unsuccessful, drunken try to snag it as it flies over, whiffs on it and falls into the BLONDE MAN next to him, spilling his drink.

A DRINK

Sits on a table, the long glove draped over it and a clear tablet, splashed with liquid. A hand picks up the glove and brings it up to the face of

TED BUNDY

is a balding, solemn-faced man, 50ish, with a scar on his right temple. He looks up toward the stage, nods to the woman with a wry smile, politely folds it and lays it at an empty end of the small table, just on the other side of the strange looking tablet. The

SCREEN

All clear plastic, shows a hand-drawn illustration for the placement of holographic emitters around a subject.

TED

picks something out of his full highball glass, flicks it away and empties it in a single swig.

TED
(to a passing waitress)
I need three more just like this.

The skimpily clad

WAITRESS

in only pasties and a thong, with neon purple hair, shrugs.

TED

spends a painfully long pause, trying to focus on her chest, raises the glass as if to attempt a "cheers click", but she backs up, he misses so it loses in translation so he wilts back.

TED (CONT'D)
(pointing the glass at her breasts)
Or one like this and two like those, but no more. I've got a six drink minimum and a two "C" cup maximum... cutting back.

She looks as if she'd been hit in the face and heads for the bar.

TED (CONT'D)
(to the waitress)
...or the other way around. I was distracted by your lack of a name tag. Where do you --

He raises one hand as if to catch himself, then diverts his attention back to the tablet.

His cell RINGS. He flounders, feeling pockets for the noise and pulls it out.

TED (CONT'D)
(into phone)
Ted Bundy is busy. Please leave a message at the beep... You sound familiar. We didn't sleep tog --
(sobers up)
You're kidding.

INT. KLINGON SHIP

A SCIENTIST stiffly moves down a dark, dank corridor. He sports the same optical implant as the Klingon behind him in the corridor. They pass, not acknowledging each other.

The scientist stops, watches the Klingon, still no expression, then turns and proceeds away.

The assimilated scientist passes a

VENT

Where a spectacled pair of eyes watch, intently, somewhat shaky.

EXT. MOSSY'S COFFEE BAR - DAY

The typical stylish clientele, enjoying their morning coffee break on the veranda with several waitresses dressed in medieval, serving wench costumes.

TED

sporting a flannel shirt and jeans, closes the door to his old ratty Willy's jeep, approaches the shop and looks over at Starbuck's next door, shakes his head when he sees another

STARBUCK'S

On the opposite side of the Mossy's parking lot.

Ted's clothes stand out like a snake in a chicken coop, as he adjusts his junk and heads for the impeccably dressed people on the veranda. He hesitates as he spies the back of a

WOMAN

seated near the door. His attention is quickly whisked away by the sight of a

TEENY-BOPPER WAITRESS

Bouncing along in her serving wench uniform, pulling up on the low neckline to keep her ample bosom from escaping. She gives him a glare as he indiscreetly sightsees while she stops to clean a table, leaning over, showing a little too much cleavage for the man to bear.

SERVING WENCH

Can I help you, sir?

He looks a little higher to find her eyes boring through his brain.

TED

Two big beautiful bouncy --

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Ted!

He agonizes as he does a quick scan of the area, then back to the Barista's cleavage.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Stop looking at the boobs you perv!

TED

(winces, to serving wench)
Black coffee, hot, just in case you
have that here, and I'll be over,
wherever the scarey voice came
from.

THE AGGRAVATED WOMAN

Tammy, her long, greying hair looks a little mussed from stress, sits with her back to Ted as he approaches.

TAMMY

(not looking)
I hate to come between you and your
ogling, but I need a favor.

TED

(sits)
Miss Malone, good morning to you
too.

TAMMY

Missus Malone, now.

TED

That's right. I think I was there.

TAMMY

He's still got a memory so all his
brain cells can't be dead, yet.

TED

I'm puzzled... who took who's name?

TAMMY

Nobody. It was convenient our names happen to be the same so we both kept our own.

TED

See, it's been fifteen years --

TAMMY

Twenty --

TED

Years and we just pick up a conversation like it was the next century.

TAMMY

It nearly is the next century.

TED

Where does the time go?

TAMMY

I still need a favor.

TED

(to the building)
I need some coffee, here!

TAMMY

You gotta go in and get it.

TED

(to Tammy)
Not my job. What's with all the cleavage, not that I'm complaining. I realize now, I've been going to the wrong coffee shops.

TAMMY

Medieval Days. Didn't you notice anything else here besides the boobs?

Ted looks around at

PEOPLE

in various forms of medieval garb.

TED

Raises his eyebrows and mouths a "wow".

TED

I notice name tags and the bouncy things under the name tags... pretty much it.

TAMMY

Your adolescent obsession with breasts is only rivaled by your addiction to rude coital liaisons with underage females.

TED

Nobody believes me when I say boobs are a gateway drug for jailbait lays. Damn you cleavage!

TAMMY

You're despicable.

TED

At least you don't have to worry about horny dudes looking at --

He catches himself but too late.

TAMMY

reels, takes a disappointed glance at her under endowment, then composes.

TAMMY

Sexual attraction has very little reward to offer in the long run.

TED

As long as I don't have to start paying for it, I'm fine with it.

TAMMY

You will, pay...

He snatches her cup and takes a long swig.

TAMMY (CONT'D)

... for that!

TED

Kind'a weak.

TAMMY

You didn't answer my question.

TED

Which one?

TAMMY

Did you notice the name of the coffee shop?

TED

(looks)

Still Mossy's?

TAMMY

You think they would have changed it by now.

TED

She lives on in the hammering hearts of caffeine addicts everywhere.

TAMMY

And the first question was --

TED

You said, "I need a favor", which is not a question, but to answer your non question, yes, I will sleep with you to compensate for the inadequacy of that sailor you married, Durwood? But, only if we sleep safe with a large breasted serving wench between us.

TAMMY

Why do I feel sick? Oh, that's right, it's not me, it's you. You'll never get into these pants.

TED

You can toss the pants. That's what the blonde is for. Except for that one night we --

TAMMY

Didn't, ever! That was a dr --

She BUZZES and snatches her phone from her purse on the table.

TED

Oh. Now I remember waking up. Boy was that a mess.

TAMMY

(checking phone)

In that drunken, hooker infested masturbatory stupor you've been in, do you have any memory of Courtney?

TED

The delightful little girl who was conceived in a petri dish by combining your ovum with that sailor's swimmers. Vaguely.

TAMMY

Jack is a Coast Guard Commander.

TED

Darwin wasn't even a captain?

TAMMY

Jack had other commitments.

TED

And I'm sure he was a great father.

TAMMY

That's beside the point. You remember my daughter but not my husband.

TED

He's a guy. I don't remember guys so much -- so does this mean you're not a virgin any more?

TAMMY

(bolts to her feet)

This was a bad idea!

As Ted rises to meet her, she brushes past him with a grumble, as she looks for bars on her phone.

TAMMY (CONT'D)

Damn, where are the bars?

TED

I got those staked out.

TAMMY

On my phone!

TED

What's with Courtney? Didn't practice safe petri dishing? She do a sailor, too?

He picks up her coffee, but as he brings it to his lips, she snatches the cup away and sits back down.

TAMMY

Don't be an idiot. She's an oceanographer.

TED

Oh, that's right.

TAMMY

I never told you about that.

TED

(reluctantly)
We kind'a used to keep in touch.

TAMMY

(increasing alarm)
You guys talked without me --
(her eyes get huge)
No, no, no you didn't! Tell me you didn't --

TED

She didn't want to upset you, so we carried on a semi, ongoing clandestine thing... for several years. There, it's out.

TAMMY

No! You did not do my daughter?!

TED

No, no. Nothing like that. I was mentoring her.

TAMMY

That's the wrong word for it!

TED

I didn't bang your, geez!

Tammy turns her back on him, composes.

TED (CONT'D)

That thought even makes me ill.
Why?

TAMMY

(stifling the anger, turns
back)

So you haven't been --

TED

I'm her really fun Uncle Ted who knows a lot about science so she called me whenever she had some goofy theory in her head and I would tell her she was brilliant and totally off her rocker.

TAMMY

I feel so much better my daughter associates with a known sex offender.

TED

That chick at Denny's told me she was twenty two. I even checked her fake I-D.

TAMMY

That little whore was sixteen.

TED

She looked at least, seventeen and a half.

TAMMY

Her fake driver's license only had two legible digits on it. I think it was her I-Q.

TED

You, can be very mean, sometimes.

TAMMY

I can't believe you two carried on a relationship behind my back!

TED

Damn, back to that, again. She was deflowered long before --

TAMMY

Don't ever go there!

TED

Calm the P-M-S down. I didn't really get into it at first, but she had some plausible theories about building that sub and she was persistent and I can't fight persistence. We haven't spoken in ages so I'm assuming she got wise and went off to some other more inspiring adventures.

TAMMY

(stands)

That's the problem! She went off on one of those inspiring adventures and ended up at the bottom of the ocean!

She shoves him with both hands.

Ted looks stunned.

TAMMY (CONT'D)

(coldly)

And she's still there, thanks to you.

Tammy glares at him with a shaky, uncharacteristic lack of confidence as Ted begins to speak, but reels it back, awkwardly.

TAMMY (CONT'D)

And you're gonna find her!

Ted reels back, takes a long drink of her coffee.

END ACT IV

ACT V

EXT. OLYOKMINSK SIBERIA

The small town surrounded by tree-lined hills.
Run-down cars putt down it's streets.

A HOUSE

Meager and aged, with flaking paint, bakes in the hot sun.

An old car pulls in the driveway. An OLDER MAN with a limp, struggles out. He's dressed too well to live here, but he shoves his keys into the lock and opens the door.

He takes a step in, turns and closes the door.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

He locks the door, walks to the kitchen, sets his briefcase on a chair. He's startled, like he hears something, but sloughs it off, limps to a counter, whisks a large bottle of Vodka and pours a glass. He grimaces as he takes it all down. His face look grumbly and discontented as he turns around to see

A GLASSY-EYED SCIENTIST

In a bloody white smock, stands close, face to face.

THE TWO MEN

Stand for a moment, staring at each other without emotion. The old man methodically grips the

VODKA BOTTLE

With a shaking hand.

THE TWO

Move little as the Scientist sizes the old man up and WHACK, the bottle shatters against the scientist's head.

The smocked intruder hardly gives with the punch and only raises an intrigued eyebrow. In spite of several shards of glass lodged in his face, there is little damage.

The old man rolls his eyes in frustration.

OLD MAN

Blyad'.

Calmly, the scientist raises his hand toward the old man.

The old man raises the jagged remains of the bottle for a second swing but...

Two long tubules slash out of the scientist's wrist and penetrate the old man's neck before he can make his move.

He struggles for a moment and leans back against the counter.

At his

FEET

The bottle neck bounces on the floor.

END OF SHOW