



'STAR TREK - TIMELINES'

TEASER

INT. BEDROOM - ALTERNATIVE TIMELINE SEVENTIES LIKE - MORNING

A CLOCK RADIO

A seventies clock radio, reading 8:59 flipping to 9:00  
BLARING "TIME IN A BOTTLE" very loudly.

A hand knocks the box off the night stand, shutting off the  
noise.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

Hmmm?

JIMMY KIRK

Rises from the covers in groggy shock.

JIMMY

No, no.

He sits up.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

What the hell?

His eyes widen, then drops his head in despair.

JIMMY

I'm sorry.

FEMALE VOICE

Holy shit, I'm naked.

Jimmy drops further into self loathing.

JIMMY

Whoever you are, I can't convey how  
awkward this is.

GRACIE USHER

Only seventeen, pops her head out of the covers, looking  
Jimmy up and down.

GRACIE

Hmmmm. Old, but I could think of  
worse guys to wake up with.

JIMMY

JIMMY  
Gracie, Usher?

GRACIE  
At least you know my name.

JIMMY  
You look, younger than usual.

GRACIE  
Thank you?

JIMMY  
We're on Earth?

GRACIE  
(a quick choke)  
Okay, was that a joke, right. I  
hope that was a joke.

JIMMY  
Sure --

GRACIE  
Do not tell me I gave away my  
virtue to a Comicon crazy.

JIMMY  
I'm sure your virtue is still  
intact. Joke. I know where we, no  
I don't. Where are we?

Gracie timidly sneaks a peek under the sheet, grossed out.

GRACIE  
Nope! Murder scene.

JIMMY  
Where?

Wraps a blanket around her defensively.

GRACIE  
You really want to know?

JIMMY  
Oh, no. One conversation at a  
time.

GRACIE  
What did you do to me last night?

JIMMY  
(covering himself with  
blanket)  
I don't know, I wasn't there.

GRACIE  
That's not the right thing to say  
to a girl you've been having your  
way with.

JIMMY  
I didn't have my way with you.

GRACIE  
Well, somebody did. A girl knows  
when, well, you know.

JIMMY  
(lays back on bed)  
This is not good!

GRACIE  
(lays back, mad)  
A worse thing to say to a girl when  
you've --

JIMMY  
I don't know what we did. I can't  
remember.

GRACIE  
Look under the sheets, then ask me.

He looks, grossed out.

JIMMY  
Oh, that's not good either.

GRACIE  
Did you rufie me?

JIMMY  
Did you rufie me?!

GRACIE  
We're not getting anywhere like  
this.

JIMMY  
Now can we establish our location?  
Is this first discussion complete?

GRACIE  
I'm scared to think about it.

JIMMY

What's the last thing you remember?

GRACIE

Going to a party. That's where we are.

JIMMY

Where?

GRACIE

I must have passed out. We're in L-A.

JIMMY

Good. Where specifically.

GRACIE

My photographer's house in the Hollywood hills. This is so embarrassing.

JIMMY

Now that's not the right thing to say to a guy after you took advantage of his, state.

GRACIE

Sorry. I'm sure you were more than adequate.

JIMMY

(disappointed)  
That's a relief.

GRACIE

What's your last memory? Popping a rufie in my drink?

JIMMY

I didn't rufie you or anyone else.

GRACIE

Answer my question.

JIMMY

I was, on my, ship. With you, or someone like you.

GRACIE

You're a sailor?

JIMMY

In a way. We were on a landing party.

GRACIE

You just said you were on a ship. You're not one of those guys from Deadliest Catch are ya?

He sits up, looks for his clothing.

JIMMY

I was on a ship. The mission is, classified.

GRACIE

It sounds like you were on some kind of mission to attack our party.

JIMMY

(throws shirt on)  
Sorry, that's all I got.

He finds his pants.

GRACIE

Where are you going?

JIMMY

I need to get back to my...

He stops.

GRACIE

You're in the wrong city?

JIMMY

Might as well be on the wrong planet.

GRACIE

(confused)  
I'm not used to waking up with an old guy... I'm not used to waking up with any guy.

JIMMY

(looks at her)  
I'm sorry if I --

GRACIE

Do you always start apologizing when you wake up with a girl?

JIMMY

Our situation is, compromising. I am a, captain, and if my crew would come to the knowledge of, this, here, I would be forced to resign my position, and, I was in the middle of an important negotiation.

She sits on the other side, gathers clothes.

GRACIE

I was dreaming something weird just before the alarm went off.

JIMMY

What did you dream about?

GRACIE

I need a shower.

She races into the bathroom.

JIMMY

Your dream. It's important.

GRACIE (O.S.)

I was on a space ship with a friend of mine.

Jimmy perks up, looks back into the bathroom.

GRACIE

Turning on the water, looks back at him.

GRACIE (CONT'D)

You're looking.

JIMMY

What ship?

GRACIE

You're still looking.

He suddenly jerks back around.

JIMMY

Sorry.

GRACIE

Stop apologizing. We're here.

JIMMY

What ship?

GRACIE

I was with my friend Victoria, only we were, older. I think we were on Voyager. Now I'm a ComiCon.

JIMMY

What was your mission?

GRACIE

It was a dream.

She slips her bra on as Jimmy buttons his shirt, making his way to a window.

JIMMY

Here's another weird question.

He looks out, grimaces.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

What year is this?

GRACIE

Winces, smiles.

GRACIE

Now your scaring me.

JIMMY

(still looking)  
Just humor me.

GRACIE (O.S.)

(steps into shower)  
Twenty sixteen.

JIMMY

You're not going to like what I have to tell you.

GRACIE

Grabs soap, lathers up.

GRACIE

You're really an alien?

JIMMY

Painfully gazes out the window, viewing the

STREET

JIMMY (O.S.)  
You're not in twenty sixteen  
anymore.

Where cars are parked, all of which are seventies models and before.

People are wearing bell bottoms, clothes in mad colors with mutton chops and long hair, seventies style dress.

**END OF TEASER**

ACT I

EXT. L.A. STREET - DAY

Jimmy and Grace walk down an alley like street in the hills with houses on both sides, searching.

Gracie sees a

COUPLE

Wearing bell bottoms and bright colored ugly tops.

GRACIE (O.S.)  
Oh, totes gross! What are they wearing?!

JIMMY

And Gracie study them.

JIMMY  
That's what people used to wear in the seventies.

GRACIE  
Some kind of retro thing going?

JIMMY  
Let's go down the hill and hit some shops.

GRACIE  
Taking me shopping?

They come to a rolled up newspaper, barely on a lawn. Gracie scoops it up as they walk past.

GRACIE (CONT'D)  
Time to read.

JIMMY  
That's somebody's paper.

GRACIE  
(unrolls it)  
Duh. Just looking at the date.

PAPER

Shows May 26, 2024.

GRACIE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
This is a joke, right?

GRACIE

folds the paper like a pro and tosses it on the

JIMMY (O.S.)  
Everybody's in the wrong time.

FRONT PORCH

Squarely in the center.

JIMMY

Looks impressed.

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
Not bad.

GRACIE  
My first job. Gotta admit, there were a couple houses in Pascagoula with broken windows in my early days.

JIMMY  
That home?

GRACIE  
My dad and I run a salvage yard.

JIMMY  
Mom?

GRACIE  
Katrina killed her when I was five.

JIMMY  
Tough break.

GRACIE  
I went a little crazy and the counselor said I had Asperger's so now I've got an excuse to tear the place up.

JIMMY  
This is going to be hard for you to understand.

GRACIE  
Too late. It already is. We're dead and we've gone to the bad place, right?

JIMMY

No. We're alive and we've gone to the bad place.

GRACIE

Don't even joke about that!

JIMMY

Sorry. We're alive and we're in the Hollywood Hills, what may be in a different time, line.

GRACIE

I'm just a high school girl on my first trip away from home to do a stupid modeling assignment I don't even want to do.

JIMMY

Sounds like an adventure.

GRACIE

I lost my virginity but I can't remember it, then I time travelled to the dark ages, but not really because you say its in the future, and now, I'm in some bad place called --

They come to a

STREET SIGN

BRONSON AVE

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

Bronson Avenue. This is not an adventure.

JIMMY AND GRACIE

Stop, gaze at the sign, then Gracie stomps down the street, Jimmy pursuing.

JIMMY

It's a lot to take in. Here's a little more. You're dream, is, your reality.

GRACIE

(a bit frantic)

I'm a senior in high school, I was the homecoming queen, my friends are scary and I'm gonna be a lawyer. That's my reality!

JIMMY

That's a weird answer.

GRACIE

And what you just said, isn't?

JIMMY

You were not dreaming. You and Victoria live on a starship. This is, I'm assuming, part of your past.

GRACIE

I'm supposed to get dogged by bad boyfriends, homework, and the very rare zit attack, not time travel and you.

JIMMY

If they had M-R-I's in this time, you would see implants in your brain.

GRACIE

Now I've got a C cup brain? That would explain my headache.

JIMMY

Because of those implants, you are being manipulated into jumping timelines and time travel, by, some, outside actor.

GRACIE

We are in Southern California. There are bad actors everywhere.

She stops cold.

GRACIE (CONT'D)

(sarcastic)

Why is this starting to make totes sense? I wanna go back to bed and start over.

JIMMY

It'll just end up the same.

GRACIE

(shaky)

Not the right thing to say to a girl on the spectrum.

JIMMY

Uh, you're pretty?

GRACIE

Really?!

Turns and stomps off in a huff.

JIMMY

(following)

I don't have experience with teenage girls.

GRACIE

I want my virginity back!

JIMMY

I don't have it.

GRACIE

This is statutory grape ya know!

JIMMY

What?

GRACIE

(very fast, panicky)

It's a combination of grope and rape. I can't say that ugly word so I dressed it up a little.

JIMMY

But, really, I wouldn't --

GRACIE

Too late. You did.

A Pinto drives by, smoking heavily from the exhaust.

GRACIE (CONT'D)

(watches in disgust)

We gotta get out'ta your seventies!

JIMMY

I couldn't agree more, but we don't have a time machine and besides, it's twenty twenty four.

GRACIE

We didn't get here with a time machine. And, how did you get here with me if I'm the one with the brain plants.

JIMMY

I passed through a temporal microrift. I don't understand it either. It's just been happening to me for the last year.

GRACIE

I think somebody screwed the pooch on this one and took a blind shot that epic failed.

JIMMY

Huh?

GRACIE

Why are we here?

JIMMY

Trying to figure that out. This place, why this place?

GRACIE

It's not familiar to me. I don't even know where Hollywood Hills is. The driver just brought us here.

JIMMY

Hollywood. I spent nearly six years here one day.

GRACIE

McCoy's right, space sucks.

JIMMY

You remember him?

GRACIE

From my dream.

JIMMY

(walking again)  
Let's get to a Radio Shack.

GRACIE

A who?

JIMMY

I need a few components to create a communicator to the future, which would be the present.

GRACIE

Geez, I never thought I'd ever hear that come from anybody in real life. Did I mention I hate sci-fi too?

JIMMY

Noted. I can connect with your implants to get out a subspace message --

GRACIE

They're real and why would you say that ya perv.

JIMMY

We're still talking about your --

GRACIE

(calms a bit)

Just fuckin' with ya. Do they have Subway here?

JIMMY

Not until this timeline passes the level of nineteen seventy eight.

GRACIE

This is the dark ages!

JIMMY

I'm still trying to figure out who's house we were in.

GRACIE

I said, my photographer was having a party and they live in the Hollywood Hills, on Bronson. Last name Fletcher first name La Verne.

JIMMY

Another dream?

GRACIE

Mail. I saw a light bill on a desk.

JIMMY

We'll go back there later.

GRACIE

Do they have restaurants in this time at all?

JIMMY

Yes. I remember one particular place.

A bus passes, stops to pick up TWO PASSENGERS.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Come on.

He hurries to the bus, followed by a reluctant Gracie.

INT. BUS

The two enter, facing an older, fat bus driver.

JIMMY

(to driver)

How much?

DRIVER

Where you from?

JIMMY

(reaching into pocket)

Far away. Tourists.

DRIVER

Seventy five.

JIMMY

Pretty steep.

GRACIE

Probably seventy five cents.

JIMMY

(discouraged)

Uh, I don't.

GRACIE

Get in. I got this.

She plugs the meter.

GRACIE (CONT'D)

(to driver)

He rufied me, stole my virginity and now I have to pay for the bus ride.

DRIVER

I hear ya. Life's pretty sketchy sometimes.

GRACIE

Tell me about it.

She moves on behind Jimmy.

JIMMY

You really need to get past that.

GRACIE

You are not prepared for time travel.

JIMMY

I'm a starship captain, not H-G Wells.

They sit behind a skiddish TWEAKER who can't take his eyes off Gracie. She immediately notices his fixation.

GRACIE

That's a great pop reference for old people.

(to Tweaker, indignant)

What are you lookin' at Tweak?!

He turns away.

JIMMY

Don't get us in trouble.

GRACIE

I'm not the one in trouble. You're the kidnapper grapist.

JIMMY

Let it go and quieter.

SEVERAL PEOPLE turn their heads in acknowledgement.

GRACIE

Looks out the window.

GRACIE

(singing low)

Let it go, let it go --

The Tweaker starts to turn around.

GRACIE (CONT'D)  
Tweak! I got a hammer back here  
with your name on it.

He abruptly turns back.

GRACIE (CONT'D)  
(singing)  
The cold doesn't matter to me  
anyway.

JIMMY  
It's gotta be eighty five out  
there.

GRACIE  
Frozen was an important movie in my  
life. Chick with attitude.

JIMMY  
No Disney crap.

GRACIE  
(to Jimmy)  
Got it. Where are we going?

JIMMY  
Radio Shack, then the best place to  
eat in L-A.

GRACIE  
How far's Hollywood from L-A?

JIMMY  
It's all L-A. We're heading for  
Roscoe Boulevard in the Valley.

GRACIE  
What's the Valley?

JIMMY  
Can't explain it.

EXT. STREET

The bus rumbles down the road in the smog choked valley.

GRACIE (V.O.)  
Tweaker! This is your last  
warning! You wanna see 'em so bad,  
here they are.

JIMMY (V.O.)  
No!

**END OF ACT I**

**ACT II**

EXT. TOMMY'S RESTAURANT

Gracie and Jimmy plow into the bright yellow wrapped burgers.

GRACIE

Does anybody understand English here?

JIMMY

Part of the charm of Tommy's of the seventies. They know, burger, and, coke. What more do you need?

He unwraps half the burger and digs in.

GRACIE

Hey. You graped me, god knows how many times last night, and now, I had to pay for lunch.

JIMMY

It's a good burger.

Gracie's burger loses chili out the back.

GRACIE

I didn't order a chili burger.

JIMMY

They just do it here, it's free.

GRACIE

So, is that your body or did you take over some poor clown's?

JIMMY

You change topics fast. That's what's different this time. Before, it was my body just taking the place of me in the other timeline, but now we seem to be just time travelling in our own, but you're dreaming your adult reality in your teenage body so I'm thinking the implants have something to do with that.

GRACIE

In the seventies.

JIMMY

There's got'ta be a reason we're here.

GRACIE

I like puzzles. This is a puzzle.

JIMMY

Expert level.

GRACIE

Now you're just trying to turn me on.

JIMMY

(awkward)

Not, really.

Gracie has chili everywhere.

GRACIE

It's working, but this burger isn't.

JIMMY

You got'ta wrap the back with the wrapper to keep everything in.

She does a quick rewrap.

GRACIE

I get it now.

JIMMY

We gotta get some money.

She searches her change on the table.

GRACIE

How much do you think a coin dealer would pay for a penny from twenty twenty?

EXT. GILLIO AND ASSOCIATES - DAY

Jimmy and Gracie burst out of the brick front shop, dashing down the street as a police car pulls up to the store behind them.

They dodge around a corner.

GRACIE

I can't make it in prison!

JIMMY

We're not going to get that far.

They are headed for a dead end, but dart left down an alley as SIRENS are heard.

GRACIE

They're gonna gun us down like  
Bonnie and Clyde!

They look for an out until Ted darts toward an open doorway in a newer small apartment building.

JIMMY

This way!

They spill through the opening into a hallway with apartment doors on both sides. They hurry through, come to a door at the end.

They blow through it into a

SCUZZY SKINNY ALLEY

Only a few feet wide. They scurry to another door and into the back of a

STRIP JOINT

Up a ratty hallway.

GRACIE

This place smells like a strip  
joint.

JIMMY

How do you know what a strip joint  
smells like?

GRACIE

(stops, eyes widen.)  
Ted Bunny.

Jimmy stops, turns back.

JIMMY

He took you to a strip joint?

GRACIE

(points)  
Ted Bunny, is here.

JIMMY

Wheels around to see

YOUNG TED BUNDY

21, a slender, long-haired kid, zipping up his pants as he exits the men's room and toward the front.

GRACIE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Only young and almost cute.

He stops a moment, turns.

TED  
Did you just call me, Bunny?

GRACIE AND JIMMY

Bewildered, advance.

GRACIE  
I saw you in a dream last night.

TED  
(arrogant)  
Was I good?

TED AND GRACIE

Come nose to nose

GRACIE  
You were old and bald.

TED  
(disappointed)  
You a stripper here?

JIMMY

Horns in.

JIMMY  
She's not a stripper.

GRACIE  
I was once.

JIMMY  
You were?

GRACIE  
In my dream.

JIMMY

It wasn't a dream.

TED

I need to go. You guys have some issues and I gotta work.

He turns.

TED (CONT'D)

Tammy, you got people back here.

JIMMY

This is getting better.

They follow Ted into the

MAIN BAR

Tacky, dank, and dark with a stripper stage and pole.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Ted's natural habitat.

GRACIE

Ted.

TED

You're not old enough to be in here even with your dad.

GRACIE

He's not my dad. My dad's back in Pascagoula. He owns a surplus --

TED

Daddy issues, sweet. You gotta go.

GRACIE

(hands him a penny)

Take a look at the date on this penny.

TED

(standoffish)

No.

TAMMY (O.S.)

Ted, what's going on?

TED

Underage girl and her oldyfriend came through the back.

TAMMY

Pops up behind the bar, emotionless and isn't much younger than her future self.

TAMMY

Are you a stripper?

GRACIE

Why does everybody keep asking me that?

TAMMY

Because you're an attractive young woman in a strip joint. So are you?

GRACIE

Maybe.

JIMMY

No she's not a stripper.

TAMMY

You her boyfriend?

JIMMY

No.

GRACIE

Hell no.

JIMMY

(hurt, to Gracie)  
I'm not that bad.

GRACIE

(to Tammy)  
You were in my dream too.

JIMMY

Not a dream.

TAMMY

Fascinating. Tell ya what. Show us what ya got.

JIMMY

She's not a stripper.

TAMMY

Ted, run her through her paces, and don't drool or touch.

TED (O.S.)

Aw!

GRACIE

(heading for the stage)  
At least we're not gonna end up in  
prison.

JIMMY

You don't have to --

GRACIE (O.S.)

Don't say it!

JIMMY

Right.  
(turns to Tammy)  
Tammy Malone.

TAMMY

Yes. Are you going to serve me?

She stares at him expectantly.

**END OF ACT II**

**ACT III**

INT. STRIP BAR - DAY

Jimmy, with a wry smile, stares back at Tammy.

JIMMY  
(awkward)  
Serve you, how?

TAMMY  
No perv. Are you going to serve me  
with papers?

JIMMY  
We're here for a different reason.

TAMMY  
To get, whoever she is to you, a  
job? You're not her pimp, are you?

JIMMY  
I'd go broke. I was hoping you  
could tell me something.

TAMMY  
(puzzled)  
Specify your needs.

Ted comes along side.

TED  
She does have a way with words.

He looks through a box with several cassette tapes.

JIMMY  
I'm gonna take a crack at guessing  
your real age.

TED  
Be careful.

GRACIE (O.S.)  
Can't strip without music!

TED  
Coming up. Got any requests?

GRACIE (O.S.)  
Surprise me.

Ted finds a tape and darts away.

TAMMY

Are you sure you can, guess my age?

JIMMY

A lot of factors to consider. You were four years old when you first arrived.

TAMMY

Maybe? My parents brought me to L-A when I was around four.

JIMMY

Not L-A, Earth.

TAMMY

How did you know that?

JIMMY

But your first four years were spent in a place that had a nineteen month year. By our standards, that would be seventy six months... so in Earth years, you were six years four months. You spent some time here as a child and your parents took you back to your original home after their work here was done.

STRIPPER MUSIC blares in the background.

TAMMY

You are quite, entertaining.

JIMMY

You came back when you were much older, but not here. A place called, Carbon Creek, Pennsylvania. At around, the time Sputnik was launched.

TAMMY

Who are you?

JIMMY

I had to study this so bear with me. I am, the ninth forefather, of James T Kirk.

TAMMY

A television character. Great. Ted, dump your girl. Daddy's a nut case.

TED  
She's got talent.

TAMMY  
Do I have to call the cops?

JIMMY  
Maybe I went about this wrong. You crashed in a little mining town. You lost one of your crew on impact and you and the other two were marooned for three months there.

TAMMY  
(silently stunned)  
I don't know how to reply to that type of statement.

JIMMY  
We're not here to mess with your lives, just trying to unravel a mystery.

TAMMY  
I can neither affirm or disprove your story.

JIMMY  
I'll bet it tied your panties into a knot when Mr. Spock showed up on a T-V show.

TAMMY  
I can neither affirm --

JIMMY  
And your superiors must have lost it when you told them --

TAMMY  
Or disprove your story.

A RUKUS, the sound of tables and chairs being over turned.

TED (O.S.)  
Ah!

They dart their attention to

GRACIE

In her underwear, pinning Ted's shoulders to the floor with her knees, twisting his nose.

TED (CONT'D)

(nasal)  
Uh, help?

GRACIE

Perv can'a shit!

JIMMY

Don't kill him. We need him.

TAMMY

What did the perv try to make you do?

GRACIE

I can't say it, I'm a lady!

TED

I just asked to see her --

TAMMY

Don't say it you horrible depraved degenerate.

TED

I'm auditioning her as a stripper!  
I gotta know what her boobs look like.

GRACIE

They're perfect and not fake.

TED

How could they be fake? Please let go of my nose.

She reluctantly gives his nose a hard twist as she releases it and removes herself from his shoulders.

TED (CONT'D)

You don't have to get off. Are there really fake boobs out there?

GRACIE

(to Jimmy)  
I'm starting to remember stuff.

TED

Get your clothes on, psycho.

TAMMY

That's something Ted's never said in his life. I like you.

JIMMY

Will you help us?

TAMMY

I don't know how I could. You seem to be mired in an equation with too many variables.

Ted walks past, holding his bleeding nose.

JIMMY

Gracie thinks her past experience is a dream.

TAMMY

She seems to be closer to acknowledging them as fact.

JIMMY

Which will do away with one of my variables.

SIRENS are heard.

TAMMY

What makes me think those are for you?

JIMMY

(pulls out penny)  
Because of this.

He drops it on the bar.

Tammy looks it over, picks it up.

TAMMY

Good one.

JIMMY

Complements of the Denver mint.

She looks up, studiously.

TAMMY

We do not believe in time travel.

JIMMY

It's about, time, you did.

TAMMY

And you tried to pawn this off on the place down the street. Pretty dumb.

JIMMY

I was five years old in seventy five. My first baseball memory was the Carlton Fisk home run in the world series.

TED (O.S.)

Now he's gonna tell us they won!

JIMMY

They lost. Twenty nine years later, they won.

TED

Noses into the discussion with bloody napkins poking out both nostrils.

TED

Who'll they play?

JIMMY

Reds in seven.

TED

Shit. They suck.

GRACIE (O.S.)

Do strippers really get totally naked?

TED

I keep telling you, yes! Keep her away from me.

JIMMY

Gracie, don't kill the perv.

TAMMY

Go ahead.

Tammy pulls out the napkins and kisses Ted.

JIMMY

We are definitely not in the right timeline.

TAMMY

(to Ted)

Now, go get cleaned up.

TED

Turns for the back.

TED

Takin' one for the team is totally worth it. Grace, can you start tonight?

GRACIE

I'm not getting naked!

TED

Fair enough. You'll drive 'em nuts in your skivies anyway. Wear somethin' slinky and skimpy.

He disappears down the narrow hallway.

JIMMY

You don't have to --

He stops suddenly.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

I keep forgetting.

TAMMY

Said what?

JIMMY

Most overused movie line in the future.

GRACIE

Buttoning her shirt, sits next to Jimmy.

GRACIE

I'm employed.

JIMMY

I wish I could say we didn't need the cash that bad.

TAMMY

How long are you here for?

JIMMY

I never know. This is the first time... Grace travels too, but she's in her body six years ago. I've only been from one parallel universe to another in the same time, but everything here is forty years behind my time.

GRACIE

Do you know how crazy that sounds?

TAMMY

We need to speak in theoretical scenarios from now on. That way, we just sound like writers collaborating on a screenplay.

JIMMY

Good idea.

GRACIE

Are we still running from the cops?

TAMMY

I will hide you.

GRACIE

I remember my senior trip to New York and the strip joint, which hasn't happened yet, in my timeline, or this, timeline, either.

JIMMY

Slowly it'll all come back, hopefully.

GRACIE

Some day I'd like to finish my dance of the seven veils.

TAMMY

Excellent choice. Do it tonight.

GRACIE

Primo. Gotta go get makeup, hair's a mess, and a thong.

TAMMY

Thong? What's that?

GRACIE

Panties with no ass?

TAMMY

A G-string.

GRACIE

Yeah, whatever.

TAMMY

She possesses an odd vocabulary.

JIMMY

Welcome to the early twenty first  
century.

TAMMY

Theoretically.

**END OF ACT III**

**ACT IV**

INT. DEFIANT SICKBAY - DAY

The tiny room, not much larger than a normal sized bedroom, is darkened.

Gracie lies on the only bed with Victoria holding her hand, The Doctor applies a cortical stimulator to her forehead as Shelley walks in.

SHELLEY

Doc, what's the verdict?

THE DOCTOR

By her eye movements and synaptic function, I would say she were wide awake. As for her condition, she's fine but her brain is somewhere else completely.

VICTORIA

She was like this when she had those weird dreams about dinosaurs.

THE DOCTOR

Which were prophetic since the barrier was only moments from going offline when our maintenance staff arrived.

SHELLEY

Is she predicting the future again?

THE DOCTOR

Her Borg implants may be to blame. I'm going to make it a priority to have them removed before she is rocketed off to some other timeline during a more vital project.

VICTORIA

This was a vital project. We were ready to embark on a shopping mission to Orion as soon as this little tussle was resolved.

THE DOCTOR

She's shopping somewhere else today.

EXT. FREDERICK'S OF HOLLYWOOD - DAY

Grace drags an unwilling Jimmy into the store. He covers his eyes on the way in.

INT. FREDERICK'S OF HOLLYWOOD

Still with his eyes covered, Gracie departs and head for the G-strings, picks up a catalog as she moves and...

GRACIE

Frederick's strips prices bare.  
Here.

hands it to the nervous Jimmy who has now lowered his blindfold hand and takes a catalog.

JIMMY

Why?

GRACIE

Find me a hot seven veils costume.  
I gotta make an impression tonight.

JIMMY

You don't have, no, another way to  
say it, you can't.

Gracie leers at him.

GRACIE

What did you say?

JIMMY

You can't because, I'm the captain.

GRACIE

(flipping the bird)  
Captain my captain?

JIMMY

That hasn't happened yet.

GRACIE

More memories. Find me something  
that will create a forest fire in  
that place so we can pay back  
Tammy.

JIMMY

I am uncomfortable in this, shop.

GRACIE  
(rummaging through a panty  
bin)  
Haven't you ever been in one of  
these places?

JIMMY  
No.

GRACIE  
Wow, mister Army vet starship  
captain.

She pulls out a pair, checks the price.

GRACIE (CONT'D)  
These are cheap.

JIMMY  
Good. Get some and lets go.

GRACIE  
She gave me ten and I thought a  
pair but I forgot it's basically,  
the seventies.

JIMMY  
Remember, six per cent sales tax.

GRACIE  
That's all? I love the seventies,  
ish.

A dizzy blonde girl, 20, slinks up.

SHOP GIRL  
Can I help you?

GRACIE  
(hold up a pair)  
Do you have these in a small?

SHOP GIRL  
Whatever you see there is all we  
got.

GRACIE  
I can get enough to last awhile.

JIMMY  
We might not be here long.

GRACIE  
Who cares. It's a sale.

SHOP GIRL

This your sugar daddy.

GRACIE

No. He's an ex Army Ranger with a license to kill and he's mine, so hands off.

She heads for a dressing room with a couple pairs.

SHOP GIRL

Just wondering. You can't just try those on.

GRACIE

Gonna buy these. I'm not wearing any since he ravaged me like I was live stock last night and totally destroyed mine.

SHOP GIRL

Sounds like a keeper.

GRACIE

Maybe a little.

She disappears into the dressing room leaving

JIMMY AND THE SHOP GIRL

Alone. He's totally humiliated, holding the catalog and a pair of crotchless underwear by the thinnest of threads.

She looks him over, smiles as he flips the panties back into the bin.

She smiles even broader, unleashes two buttons on her blouse.

SHOP GIRL

You see anything you like?

JIMMY

There's a lot of, feathers here.

SHOP GIRL

(checking him out)

You look like you work out a lot.

JIMMY

(awkward)

My job requires me, to, uh, stay in shape.

SHOP GIRL  
(reaches for a biceps  
caress)  
I'm impressed by your --

Suddenly her head jerks back, thanks to

GRACIE

Who stuffs a handful of underwear in the shop girl's hand and sends her sailing toward the cash register.

GRACIE  
Ring 'em up, Cookie.

She heads for the racks.

JIMMY  
Where you goin now.

GRACIE  
I wonder if they have cargo G-strings.

JIMMY  
I wouldn't even --

GRACIE  
I need a pair to hold seven veils with enough string to hold lots of bills.

JIMMY  
You could add some, maybe a pair of shoes with straps up your calf so can just hold out your foot so they can stuff bills --

GRACIE  
Gladiator sandals! Brilliant!  
That's why you're the captain with a foot fetish.

JIMMY  
(resigned)  
Captain Pimp.

INT. STRIP CLUB - NIGHT

A crowded bar, BLARING MUSIC, and Jimmy, the only guy not looking at the stage.

Tammy strolls up behind the bar.

TAMMY  
Another club soda?

JIMMY  
I need a mind eraser.

TAMMY  
Never heard of it.

JIMMY  
Now ya know why they call it that.

TAMMY  
You are not enjoying your lady  
being up there?

JIMMY  
I can't. I'm her, well, we work  
together.

TAMMY  
Let's say, theoretically, you know  
me in the future.

JIMMY  
You want to know how it will turn  
out?

TAMMY  
I would be theoretically illogical  
if I were not, curious.

JIMMY  
I can't. If we eventually exist in  
this timeline, I can't risk  
polluting it any more than it  
already has.

TAMMY  
It's damaged, in your time?

JIMMY  
Yes. We are trying to repair it.

TAMMY  
The perpetrators of this,  
theoretical time crime, would I  
know them?

JIMMY  
No. They are residents of the  
Delta Quadrant and as far I know,  
your people haven't made it there  
yet, but they have made it here.

TAMMY  
That is, unsettling.

JIMMY  
There is one thing I can tell you.

TAMMY  
(she perks a little as she  
looks to the door)  
Ah, Leonard.

LEONARD (O.S.)  
You never leave here, do you?

TAMMY  
Always waiting for you to come in.

LEONARD, a tall, slender man in his 40's, well dressed and an unmistakably familiar, low, perfectly trained voice, goes belly up to the bar next to Jimmy.

LEONARD  
Tammy dear, I'll have what he's  
having.

TAMMY  
The usual then.

She sprays some soda into a glass with a twist of lime.

JIMMY  
That's a familiar voice.

TAMMY  
If you are who you say, should be.

Leonard stretches a hand out to Jimmy.

LEONARD  
(friendly, smiling)  
Leonard Nimoy.

JIMMY  
(shakes his hand, awkward)  
Jimmy, uh, Usher.

LEONARD  
Good to meet you. You know Tammy  
here?

JIMMY  
We have spent some time getting to  
know each other.

LEONARD

She's my muse. I used to be on a show called --

JIMMY

Star Trek, yeah. I'm a little star struck.

LEONARD

No need to be. I'm really human.

TAMMY

He was a good pupil.

LEONARD

My Vulcan muse taught me everything.

JIMMY

You've known each other for awhile.

LEONARD

(watching the stage)  
Eleven years and she hasn't aged a day.

TAMMY

You are flattering me, and Vulcans cannot be flattered.

LEONARD

(smiling at Gracie)  
That girl up there is a knock out. She new?

TAMMY

She's a prodigy of this fellow.

LEONARD

She your girlfriend?

JIMMY

No. Well, she is --

TAMMY

She's his, niece. They both seem to share the same last name.

LEONARD

My agent would love to get his hands on her. She's got all the tools.

TAMMY

Acting? Too much competition and she's a little skinny, don't you think?

LEONARD

I can't take my eyes off her. Good thing I'm happily married.

TAMMY

Good thing.

LEONARD

Say, we are, this is just the preliminary talks, but the studio is thinking about making a Star Trek movie and I may need you to keep me in line.

TAMMY

I would be pleased.

LEONARD

(watching stage)

Big bucks in movie work. I'd like to see her in pointy ears.

He finishes his drink.

JIMMY

My niece will be happy to hear that.

LEONARD

Gotta get back to the little woman. I had to get you on board as soon as I heard.

TAMMY

Ready to beam up.

LEONARD

Good to meet you Jim.

He nods as he desperately avoids viewing the stage.

JIMMY

It's been, fun.

LEONARD

(looks to stage)

Wow.

He stuffs some bills in the tip jar and makes his way out.

TAMMY

My theoretical future self would appreciate it if you would not impart that information to anyone, human.

JIMMY

So awkward. As I was saying, I got to shake Mister Spock's hand.

TAMMY

Keep it tight. Don't lose it.

JIMMY

(settles down)

You are going to make the most difficult decision of your life that will be vital to all of us. His name will be Malil, and it will cement relations with our people.

TAMMY

That sounds as if you are trying to make sure I do it.

JIMMY

Just needed to show you that your future will not be boring, but an adventure.

TAMMY

Thank you.

GRACIE (O.S.)

I need whiskey!

She wears a white bathrobe, reaches in her shoe straps and pulls out a hundred and stares at it.

JIMMY

She will have a Shirley Temple.

GRACIE

Boring

TAMMY

Boring.

She creates the drink.

TAMMY (CONT'D)

I am more concerned about, him.

TED

Drinks at ringside, watches a bit, then sketches in a notebook.

TAMMY (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
He's probably drawing nasty pictures.

TAMMY

Concerned.

TAMMY (CONT'D)  
What will come of him. I try to keep him in line, but I'm concerned he will not live to see forty.

JIMMY  
Long story, but he'll be around a lot longer than you think.

GRACIE  
(slaps down the hundred on the bar)  
That funny lookin' dude you guys were talkin' to, stuck this in my shoe strap.

**END OF ACT IV**

ACT V

INT. STRIP CLUB

Jimmy inspects a hundred dollar bill as Gracie and Tammy look on.

JIMMY  
(looks at Gracie, handing  
her the bill)  
You're rich. Even has the right  
date.

GRACIE  
(to Tammy)  
That guy really looked familiar.

JIMMY  
Friend of Tammy's.

GRACIE  
We can spend a week at Motel Six  
for this.

JIMMY  
If you got two thousand in there,  
you can buy a new Pinto.

GRACIE  
What's a Pinto, oh, a horse? So  
cool!

TAMMY  
I'm intrigued about what you said  
earlier, about my decision vital to  
all mankind.

GRACIE  
Oh, marrying Malil? Do it he's a  
pointy eared stud.

JIMMY  
Grace! No.

GRACIE  
He is. And he's the boss.

JIMMY  
How'd you hear about that?

GRACIE

Old Tammy told me after Midge's funeral and said she was gratified to see me again after such a long time. Didn't know what she meant at the time, but now I do.

JIMMY

(to Tammy)  
That was a dream.

GRACIE

You told me --

JIMMY

We gotta be more careful.

GRACIE

Oh, and said I was right about being a stud, and she's got a bun in the oven.

TAMMY

I probably shouldn't be hearing this theoretical conversation.

JIMMY

You're right and this conversation should never have existed.

GRACIE

Too late. Just use that little pen thing to erase her memory.

JIMMY

That was Men in Black.

GRACIE

They got advance technology that takes away her pointed ears and they didn't think to do that?

TAMMY

You know?

GRACIE

I haven't seen you much since --

JIMMY

Apparently no one is listening to me.

GRACIE

These guys dragged me out'ta law school and gave my friend and I a job establishing a trade route and we're in the process of creating a union of planets and it all started with you.

JIMMY

That's some dream.

GRACIE

You said --

JIMMY

Wait. I'm starting to --

GRACIE

Weird feeling? I got a --

INT. DEFIANT SICKBAY

Gracie opens her eyes.

GRACIE

Strange feeling in my --

She darts her eyes around, spooked.

GRACIE (CONT'D)

Oh boy.

VICTORIA (O.S.)

She's back!

INT. JIMMY'S READY ROOM - ORIGINAL TIMELINE

Jimmy jumps a bit, gets his bearings, looks out the window where fire and brimstone flows past.

JIMMY

Oh, boy.

A THUNDER AND shaking sends him to his feet and through the door to

THE BRIDGE

Where all hell is breaking loose.

MCCOY

Don't even think about it! Get back in there.

JIMMY

No, it's me.

McCoy, looks him over, smiles.

MCCOY

Jim, is that you?

JIMMY

I just said it was.

MCCOY

Not in this reality!

(mad)

Took your sweet time getting back,  
didn't ya.

JIMMY

I really didn't --

MCCOY

One minute you're here the next go  
on vacation to some beach somewhere  
with topless chicks dancin' in the  
sand.

JIMMY

(wanders toward Max in the  
chair)

No beach no fun.

MAX

Captain, are you back?

JIMMY

(to Max)

Yes. Status.

MAX

We got the perfect storm. We can't  
get over two hundred feet off the  
ground, all our power is being used  
to fence out an invisible creature  
off our stern and, unless you have  
usable intel for us, there is an  
unknown situation inside that  
mountain between, them.

JIMMY

How did we, or, they, get back  
here?

MAX

I was hoping you could answer that.

JIMMY

So it wasn't a me replacement this time?

MAX

I thought you were still over there.

JIMMY

I was just talking to McCoy a second ago, where is he?

MAX

He's here too.

MCCOY

I don't know how I got here either.

JIMMY

Over there.

MAX

You guys are sneaky.

JIMMY

Looks to Security where Crystal reacclimates herself.

CRYSTAL

How did you guys let Jessica go?

MAX

Oh, yeah, forgot. To avoid commander Archer's question, deck seventeen, is now Borg territory.

CRYSTAL

Doesn't answer my question.

MAX

Jessica's been playing possum.

JIMMY

Ah, remember what I --

MAX

She doesn't go anywhere she doesn't want to.

JIMMY

(shrugs)

I need to go back.

MCCOY

You're crazy.

JIMMY

Yeah, a little. Use your holograms to overrun the drones and get my ship back to normal.

MCCOY

She got to you, didn't she?

JIMMY

No, I was a, little interested, but I'm good now.

MCCOY

Those women over there eat their men for dessert, literally.

JIMMY

I'll bring them flowers and Gaviscon.

MCCOY

Jim, this is serious. Ya can't laugh this off this time.

JIMMY

I've got to get in the way of that conversation or we'll all be dead anyway.

(touches combadge)

Scotty, Miss Scott, how close can you get me to that fortress?

MIRIAM SCOTT

And Stan work the console in the transporter room.

MIRIAM SCOTT

I think I can get you all the way to the cave entrance. Any closer and I'm afraid you'll be walkin' Admiral Archer's prized beagle.

JIMMY

Nods.

JIMMY

It'll have to do. Beam me from here Miss Scott.

MCCOY  
You're really gonna do this.

JIMMY  
Yes.

MCCOY  
(reluctant)  
Need any help?

JIMMY  
(smiles)  
Thought you'd never ask. Miss  
Scott, McCoy will be coming with  
me.

MCCOY  
(sudden bacpeddal)  
I didn't mean...

MIRIAM

Flusters.

MIRIAM SCOTT  
Bloody ballux! Just can't make  
things easy!

THE BOYS

Get ready.

JIMMY  
The comms are still open.

MIRIAM SCOTT (V.O.)  
Ballux!

MCCOY  
I was thinkin' more on the lines of  
some muscle, like Crystal here.

CRYSTAL  
(deadpan)  
Didn't think you noticed, been  
workin' out.

JIMMY  
Max needs his tactical specialist.  
Max, you're the captain.

MAX

Takes the chair.

MAX

Aye.

MCCOY

Is flummuxed,

MCCOY

What the hell are we gonna do when  
we get there?

JIMMY

We'll just have to, wing it.  
(into combadge)  
Miss Scott, energize.

MCCOY

I wanna change my --

They beam away.

**END SHOW**