

'STAR TREK - TIMELINES'

TEASER

EXT. DRIVEWAY (TURKEY, TEXAS) - LATE AFTERNOON

A pink mid seventies Pinto pulls into the driveway of a modest little house on a dusty street in a ratty, hot, low income neighborhood.

An overweight and tattooed woman wrenches her way out and waddles to the mailbox, dives in and pulls out several envelopes and heads for the front door, inspecting the mail and tossing the unwanted pieces on the ground.

She rattles the door.

FAT WOMAN

Come on!

She shakes it, kicks it. It flies open. She drops her mail.

FAT WOMAN (CONT'D)

Shit!

She angrily picks up the envelopes, then butts into the

LIVING ROOM

Where she slings the mail on the ratty wood coffee table. The

ENVELOPES

Spread across the table and some fall onto the floor, mostly bills addressed to Daisy Duke, 369 Bell Avenue, Turkey, Texas.

DAISY

Lumps to the kitchen, raids the ice box for a chicken leg and gnaws away as she picks up a pack of cigarettes and checks but it's empty, angrily tossing it at the door.

She plops in a chair, gnawing on the chicken leg, stares down the hallway, wide-eyed to see

JESSICA

Standing, staring.

JESSICA

Are you, Daisy Duke?

JESSICA AND DAISY

Only a room apart now, size each other up.

DAISY

Y'all get the fuck out'ta my house,
bitch.

JESSICA

Are you Daisy Duke? Answer me.

DAISY

Who wants to know?

She slides her hand between the cushions.

JESSICA

I have something for Daisy Duke.

DAISY

Daisy has something for you bill
collectors.

She pulls out a large calibre handgun, aims it and fires.

The bullet bounces off Jessica's shield.

JESSICA

Resistance is --

Another SHOT with the same result.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

Futile.

Daisy backs up.

DAISY

Who are you, bitch!?

JESSICA

I revel in the language variations
that Species Five Six One Eight
indulge in during stressful
situations.

DAISY

Speak Texan.

JESSICA

This is the language my universal
translator is using. Is it
incorrect?

DAISY
Get out, bitch!

JESSICA

Smiles,

JESSICA
My designation is, Jessica.

And advances.

END OF TEASER

ACT I

EXT. DAISY'S HOUSE - DAY

A couple police cars, an ambulance and a fire truck sit in the yard. Two coroners wheel out a covered body followed by a cop, then another, then Daisy, bloody and battered followed by an ambulance driver.

She backs into her pink pinto, flashes an EMT the bird.

DAISY
Leave me alone!

EMT 1
I gotta get that cut taken care of.

DAISY
Did you see what I did to that bitch?! Do you want that too?

EMT 1
You're --

He walks toward the ambulance.

COP 1
(to Daisy)
We're not going to take you to the hospital if you don't want to.

DAISY
You better not! She tried to kill me with those little things poppin' out'ta her wrist!

COP 1
What little things?

DAISY
I can't explain it. Snaky little dudes just shot out at me, so I chopped 'em off, she freaked, came at me... I chopped her tits off.

COP 1
Okay, let's start again. We'll see if we can locate the, little, snaky thingys. Deputy!

A very young skinny kid in uniform pokes his head out of the house.

DEPUTY

Yeah Bo!

BO

You find any snaky thingys yet?

DEPUTY

There's so much weird blood in there I can't see any.

BO

What's weird?

DEPUTY

It's like it's starting to clot. Hard granular stuff, but, the grains are, moving around.

BO

Shit. Maybe it's ants.

DEPUTY

I never seen ants like this before.

BO

Keep looking!

DEPUTY

I'll try.

He pokes back in as

SHELLEY

Points a small device that listens in on their conversation while Aamna takes notes from behind police barriers in the street.

SHELLEY

This is bad.

AAMNA

The nanoprobes clot together for protection, then act like a collective to find some other host to exist inside.

SHELLEY

Zombie nanothingys. Great.

AAMNA

So we're too late?

SHELLEY

No. That bloody chubby chick is our target.

AAMNA

Is that really Daisy Duke?

SHELLEY

I think she ate Daisy Duke.

AAMNA

Who's in the body bag?

SHELLEY

I don't know.

AAMNA

You don't suppose she killed whatever drone that was.

SHELLEY

That's what they get for fuckin' with Texas.

INT. CORONER VAN

The guys load the bagged victim into the back. EMT 1 unzips the bag and checks the face of

JESSICA

Bloody, slashed and dead, but shows signs of healing.

EMT 1

This chick looks like she was a fine looking little piece at one time.

EMT 2

Would you stop that shit. Makes me think you wanna date the corpse.

EMT 1

(feels her face)
She's still warm.

He reaches down into the bag.

EMT 2

(harshed out, low voice)
Ah, shit! You're not grabbin' a feel!

EMT 1

Nothin' left to grab.

EMT 2 walks away disgusted into the path of Bo.

BO

That body made me a little queasy too.

EMT 2

Have you guys found any more body parts?

BO

Missing any?

EMT 2

Pinky finger, right hand.

BO

Shit. Go ask my deputy. He's been finding all sorts of stuff in there.

EMT 2

It looks like enough blood in there for ten people.

BO

I don't get it unless our chubby butcher had guests she's not telling us about.

EMT 2

This whole thing's giving me the creeps.

BO

It's startin' to sound like a horror movie. Go and find your finger. I'll talk a little more to our Miss Daisy.

EMT 2

You're a glutton for punishment.

The EMT walks toward

DAISY

dripping with blood in the front yard making no attempt to wipe it off.

EMT 2 (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Say, can I look at that --

EMT 2

Is stunned as he looks at the

CUT

On her head which is mostly healed.

THE EMT

Lowers the swab in his hand.

EMT 2 (CONT'D)
Oh. Guess that cut wasn't as bad
as I thought.

DAISY

Now seems polite and completely different.

DAISY
You're correct. I must clean
myself.

She walks away.

EMT 2
(shakes his head)
I thought --

Bo comes up along side.

BO
(looking toward the
barrier)
You know them?

They watch

AAMNA AND SHELLEY

Standing in the dark, taking notes and pointing the device
with several other gawkers.

THE EMT

Shoos them.

EMT 2
There's nothing to see here!

THE CROWD

Doesn't move. Then

BO

bristles up.

BO

There's nothing to see here!

THE CROWD

Moves off, disgruntled, leaving Shelley and Aamna, barging through the tape, advancing on the men.

SHELLEY

Who's bagged?

EMT 2

A burglar who messed with the wrong person.

SHELLEY

Is the fat ass Daisy Duke?

BO

Not really any of your business so move on, please.

SHELLEY

What freaked you out?

BO

What are you, reporters?

EMT 2

This crazy ass --

BO

Don't say anything. This is a crime scene.

AAMNA

I'm a psychologist. I can help with that.

EMT 2

(horny)

I'm sure ya can.

BO

Get out or you'll sit in a cell tonight!

They continue about his business.

SHELLEY

Hey, did you see anything, unusual
in there?

EMT 2

You cops?

BO

Ed, hush.
(to Shelley)
Are you law enforcement?

ED

Didn't I just say that?

SHELLEY

Are you?

ED

The whole thing reeks of weird.
The blood doesn't even smell right
and there's some green stuff in it.

BO

Ed! Ladies, last chance!.

SHELLEY

Like, no smell?

EMT 1 (O.S.)

Dude! We gotta get our passenger
on ice!

ED

Yeah. I gotta go. Why don't you
two have it out and we'll clean up
the mess, as usual.

BO

Ed, we gotta talk! And you girls,
stay there.

He continues on.

SHELLEY

Go, then stay. Make up your
mind... He called us girls. Ain't
that cute.

AAMNA

Is that lack of smell, something?

SHELLEY

Usually a bloody scene has a sickening, metallic smell to it, unless it's Borg blood.

AAMNA

No smell and I've got a keen olfactory sense and I still feel a little nauseous.

SHELLEY

Light weight.

She notices the ambulance take off as they load a now compliant Daisy into the other ambulance and close the doors.

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

Shit.

AAMNA

Why did that lady just get in the van when --

SHELLEY

Looks to the

HOUSE

The door open and lights on.

SHELLEY

She left her door open.

THE AMBULANCE

takes off, with lights and SIREN.

AAMNA

This is an oh, oh moment, isn't it?

SHELLEY

We gotta get to the bat mobile.

Shelley dashes off, leaving Aamna, confused.

AAMNA

What is that?

She finally discovers Shelley's retreat and follows.

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

I hope you remember where we parked.

END OF ACT I

ACT II

INT. SHUTTLE BAY

The doors roll up and three Flyers flow in and to their respective bays as

JIMMY

Rolls in, heads for the main console where

HANNA SCAMMERHORN

A skinny, 43 year old who looks 23, works away. The outdoorsy type with strawberry blonde hair in a long braid and freckles on her nose, doesn't seem to notice Jimmy reflecting an air of dedication that shows in her command of the traffic.

HANNA

(to incoming ship)

Don't come in so quick and crazy this time! We're not gonna fix these things again.

JIMMY

Hanna.

HANNA

(not looking up)

Sir.

THE FLYER

Enters the dock, slow and easy with a big smear of something on the starboard side.

HANNA (CONT'D)

(noticing the goo)

Gross. What is that?

JIMMY

How are you settling in?

HANNA

(distracted by the goo)

I really didn't expect to be placed in a position so quickly.

JIMMY

You seem to be taking to the job.

HANNA

If they learn to take it easy
coming in here.

(into long mic)

Stick it in bay six and you've got
some goo on your starboard nacelle.

JIMMY

I would place a --

HANNA

(into mic)

I need a level ten placed around
bay 6, security?

MAX (V.O.)

(over speaker)

Here.

HANNA

I need a couple security personnel
and a science officer here to check
some exterior goo on a Flyer.

MAX (V.O.)

Got it.

HANNA

(finally looks at Jimmy)

You were saying, Captain?

Then she grabs a kit and heads for bay six.

JIMMY

(kind of following)

Carry on.

HANNA

Excuse me but I'm a botanist by
trade and this is too much for me
to just stand by and watch.

JIMMY

(stops in his tracks)

Understood.

She dashes to bay six as Lola emerges from the Chimura in bay
five, and heads toward Jimmy.

LOLA

Any headway on the investigation?

Her ship cloaks behind her.

JIMMY

No. We're going to activate the holo emitter as soon as the away team gets back with it.

LOLA

Should I continue with my assigned pickups?

JIMMY

I want you to go to Turkey Texas and assist Commander Dublain first.

LOLA

Where?

JIMMY

(annoyed)
Turkey, Texas.

She looks at him with complete, hell, the English language doesn't even have a word for it.

LOLA

So many choices I can't make one.

JIMMY

I don't think they have any Turkeys there.

LOLA

Even better.

JIMMY

We'll move on then. One of our ancestors was apparently attacked by a Borg.

LOLA

Apparently?

JIMMY

She seems to have taken care of herself quite nicely.

LOLA

Sign her up?

JIMMY

After that, you'll be taking a hop into Kansas and snatching the direct ancestor of Annika Hansen.

LOLA

Who?

JIMMY

Seven, of, nine.

She cocks her head.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

You're not a Trek fan.

LOLA

Never was.

JIMMY

I've sent the dossier to your ship.

LOLA

What city in Kansas?

JIMMY

Uh, Bird City.

LOLA

Seems to be a theme here.

JIMMY

I didn't make up these names. I sent you a list of stops to get done by tomorrow so you probably need to get going.

LOLA

Yes, sir.

JIMMY

If it's any consolation, McCoy was born in, Sugartit Kentucky. He doesn't like anybody to know that.

LOLA

(slyly smiling)

I will, make a note. Thank you, sir --

JIMMY

And I did not tell you.

LOLA

You did not, sir.

She turns, back to her ship, shaking her head.

JIMMY

(to Lola)

Oh, how's that cloaking device working.

She turns back and

THUMP

She's knocked back a little, holding her head, turns to see nothing there.

LOLA

Working fine, sir!

She feels for the ship and THUMP.

LOLA (CONT'D)

Really fine.

The door on her ship opens and out pops Hanna.

HANNA

Sorry but I had to test the cloak.

LOLA

You're new.

HANNA

Hanna Scammerhorn.

LOLA

(dubious)

Oh, Rodrigo's replacement.

HANNA

Yes Commander. Anything else?

LOLA

I'll be departing shortly.

HANNA

Have a good, trip.

Lola departs, leaving Hanna hanging.

JIMMY

Watches as the Chimura decloaks, raises off the deck and moves off while the other pilots consult with VARIOUS CREW MEMBERS.

HANNA (CONT'D)

Sir?

JIMMY

What was that goo you were looking at?

HANNA

Just a lubricant from the repair process. The cold of space congealed it made it look exciting.

JIMMY

Well, maybe you'll get your hands on some exciting goo someday. I'll let them know in the Xenobotany lab you're interested in joining them.

HANNA

I didn't know we had that! What is that?

JIMMY

Strange plants.

HANNA

Thank you sir!

She notices something bad.

HANNA (CONT'D)

(into mic)

Look out for the --

CRASH

She flinches.

JIMMY

turns away.

HANNA (V.O.)

Somebody needs to decloak that damn ship!

INT. CHIMURA FLYER

Lola navigates a low flight along the dark side of the moon flying over

COURTNEY AND HAYDEN

Looking up at the Chimura flying overhead.

HAYDEN

Takes a high hop and nearly falls over when he lands.

HAYDEN

This is so freaking cool!

COURTNEY

Told ya.

HAYDEN

(hops)

I feel like weigh ten pounds.

COURTNEY

You do, here, and don't tear that suit up or you'll freeze and explode.

HAYDEN

This is twenty fourth century tech. I can't tear it.

COURTNEY

(bends over, reaching for the ground)

Ha! There.

HER HAND

Plunges into an indentation in the dust and pulls out an emitter.

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

Got it! Time to play!

COURTNEY

Lays on her back and makes a dust angel while Hayden attempts to break a jumping record.

LOLA

Heads around the moon and runs face to face with a

CUBE

Heading straight at her.

LOLA

Alarmed, hits a button and the

LOLA
Computer, how far is the cube?

SHIP

Cloaks.

LOLA

Hits another button.

COMPUTER
Seventy thousand kilometers.

LOLA
Krakatoa, we have company.

INT. KRAKATOA BRIDGE

Crystal raises an eyebrow.

CRYSTAL
I see it.

MIDGE
Lola, do not engage. Try to avoid
it and continue on.

LOLA (V.O.)
Hope this thing works.

MIDGE
Me too. Captain.

JIMMY

Walks briskly out of the shuttle bay.

JIMMY
I'm on my way!

CORRIDOR

As Jimmy hustles along, Aamna joins him from an intersection.

AAMNA
Jimmy, I need to ask you a favor.

JIMMY
Right, we got a little thing --

AAMNA
I've noticed a lot of depression
among the refugees.

JIMMY

They lost their houses and cars.

AAMNA

That's another discussion.

JIMMY

Not going back to get 'em.

AAMNA

They also left family members behind.

JIMMY

We need to add whoever those people are to the third wave of extractions.

AAMNA

I was wondering if you could address their questions in a town hall type meeting?

JIMMY

Sure. I can do that.

AAMNA

In an hour?

JIMMY

Oh, ah, right after I take care of this, little situation.

AAMNA

(smiles)

My brother has all the answers.

She disappears down a corridor as they hit an intersection.

JIMMY

I'm really gonna need more --

He notices nobody there.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

What's a town hall situation?

EXT. MOON

The Borg cube orbits, bordering on the dark side.

INT. KRAKATOA BRIDGE

Jimmy leans forward in his chair.

JIMMY

McKinney, I need that cloak.

INT. JEFFREY'S TUBE

McKinney furiously replaces gel packs.

DOCTOR MCKINNEY

This cloaking tech wasn't designed
for a ship this big --

JIMMY

Cringes.

END OF ACT II

ACT III

INT. KRAKATOA BRIDGE

Jimmy cringes.

JIMMY

We may have to scuff your ship up a bit if you can't get it working.

MCKINNEY

Smiles.

DOCTOR MCKINNEY

You didn't let me finish, Captain. The cloak wasn't designed for a ship this big until I came along.

He spikes a tool onto the grate, then hustles toward the entrance.

JIMMY

Does that mean --

DOCTOR MCKINNEY

Would ya like me to activate this little beauty?

JIMMY

Calmly smiles.

JIMMY

I believe I do. Flip the switch.

EXT. MOON

The Borg ship enters the dark side and is nearly in visual contact with the Krakatoa. It speeds around in the dark, but nothing is there. It gains speed, makes another rotation but nothing.

INT. KRAKATOA BRIDGE

Jimmy watches the

SCREEN

Showing a close shot beneath the cube, travelling at the same speed.

JIMMY

Flinches.

JIMMY

Sam, did we get our people?

SAM

Captain, it was difficult.

SAM

Watches and pushes forth with another one of his dirty
CHUCKLES.

SAM (CONT'D)

But we're missing something.

HAYDEN

Takes off his helmet and is appalled to see next to him

COURTNEY

Completely naked, covering up, angry.

COURTNEY

Don't look!

HAYDEN

Don't worry!
(turns away in pain)
Ack!

COURTNEY

I'm talking to that little pervert!

SAM

Don't blame me. You were jumping
around down there when I was trying
to lock on you.

COURTNEY

I need my suit!

HAYDEN

Please suit!

SAM

We're gonna have to wait till the
next orbit.

COURTNEY

Then I need a robe, now.

HAYDEN
Please robe!

SAM
I don't have --

HAYDEN
I'll get you one! Geez.

He ventures away, suit and all, into the corridor.

SAM

Continues to stare with a huge smile.

SAM
Mad'dam, you are a picture of --

COURTNEY

Flushes.

COURTNEY
One more word.

SAM
I'm speechless.

COURTNEY
You're gonna be a eunuch if you
don't turn around.

He throws his hands up in surrender and turns around.

SAM
(can't stop smiling)
Do not harm me naked lady.

COURTNEY
Computer, disable transporter room
one documentation function, Bundy,
alpha, zero two.

COMPUTER
Documentation function disabled.

SAM
(laments)
Damn!

COURTNEY
No pictures perv.

EXT. DARK ROAD

The ambulances are ditched, completely torn to shreds as if they'd rolled and exploded.

The Delta Flyer sets down along side, the door opens and the ladies hurriedly run to each vehicle.

SHELLEY
(into communicator)
Hey Lola.

LOLA (V.O.)
Yeah.

SHELLEY
(into communicator)
Go ahead to your next stop. We're too late here.

LOLA (V.O.)
Roger that.

AAMNA
Maybe we can save someone --

She arrives at the drivers side of the ambulance and cringes, then looks away.

AAMNA (CONT'D)
No good!

SHELLEY

Takes a look in the cab and rolls her eyes.

SHELLEY
Mine's meat too.

She hurries to the back and finds the doors are torn off the hinges.

SHELLEY (CONT'D)
No meat in the back!

Cringes a bit

SHELLEY (CONT'D)
Except for that. I can't tell if that belongs to the driver or other guy.

AAMNA

hurries to the back of her vehicle, then defensively turns away and heads for the Coroner's van

AAMNA

I don't even want to know what's back there.

where Shelley meets her.

SHELLEY

So now we've got two very destructive Borg --

Lights are seen coming up the road behind her, then the sound of SIRENS.

AAMNA

Too late.

SHELLEY

Gotta go, unless you want to explain how the boys were mysteriously converted to worm food. Come!

She hustles, pulling Aamna along toward the shuttle.

AAMNA

We've got to have a talk about your attitude toward death at your next appointment.

SHELLEY

I don't have an appointment.

AAMNA

You do now.

They run up the ramp, duck in, and the door closes while the lights in the background quickly near.

INT. DELTA FLYER

The girls perch in their seats.

JIMMY (V.O.)

Delta Flyer.

SHELLEY

Yes Captain.

JIMMY

You need to head for Denver.

SHELLEY

It's getting late.

JIMMY

There's a house full of dead people
and one is an ancestor of a D-S
nine crew member.

AAMNA

We need help.

JIMMY

The visitors were described as two
women, one slender, dark hair and
the other pretty hefty with an
ocular implant.

SHELLEY

They get around fast!

JIMMY

In his quarters, laments.

JIMMY

The scene was ugly.

He watches the

SCREEN

Where a visibly disturbed Shelley fights off a vomitous
explosion.

SHELLEY

Here too.

JIMMY

There's another complication. We
have two more ancestors near there.
You need to get there before they
suffer the same fate.

SHELLEY

We're heading there now.

JIMMY

One of them is Hanna Scammerhorn's
sister. I've got the Alpha Flyer
on route to assist. You'll
coordinate with Riker.

SHELLEY
I'll get there first.

The screen goes blank.

Jimmy continues to fret, then hits his combadge.

JIMMY
McKinney.

DOCTOR MCKINNEY (V.O.)
Sir?

JIMMY
Can we transport to Denver?

MCKINNEY

In his candystripe nightshirt, raises out of his bed.

DOCTOR MCKINNEY
Not in the city but I can get a
team within a mile of the
Scammerhorn location. Even though
it's Boulder, it's on the outer
edge --

JIMMY

Nods approvingly.

JIMMY
Get on it. Max!

MAX

Mans the console.

MAX
Captain.

JIMMY

Ponders.

JIMMY
Since we're cloaked, let's try for
Earth.

MAX (V.O.)
Sir?

JIMMY

We need to assemble two security teams. Have McCoy meet me in transporter room one with one team and I want you to head up another team and beam to the east side of Boulder. Commander Dublain will pick you up there. Take two security with you.

MAX (V.O.)

Roger that captain.

JIMMY

You may run across Jessica. We may not remember her, but now we know her. Get a photograph from Midge.

Jimmy rises and heads out, but caught by Kellin.

KELLIN

I should go.

JIMMY

Good idea. But you're with me for now.

She joins him in the lift. The doors close.

THE CLOAKED KRAKATOA

Moves away from the cube and heads for Earth.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

GLEN SHANAHAN, 55, a wimpy marshmallow of a man, sits on his couch, fretting over his phone.

GLEN

(texting)

Come on Ems. Answer.

He finishes, waits, then frets more.

GLEN (CONT'D)

Come on! Sorry love. Didn't mean to let that out.

He texts further, then a NOISE on the porch alerts him.

GLEN (CONT'D)

Emily! Is that you?

He gets up and rushes to the door, opens it where

JESSICA

Stands, smiles.

JESSICA

Does Emily Scammer-horn live here?

GLEN

(skeptical)

Yes, but she's been gone for awhile. I'm waiting for her to return my texts but she's not --

JESSICA

I am a colleague of hers.

GLEN

I didn't know she had any colleagues, unless you're a shopping colleague.

JESSICA

I am. You do not know when she will arrive?

GLEN

As I said, she's been gone --

JESSICA

I assume, you are her, husband.

Glenn looks at her with a bit of suspicion as Daisy silently glides up behind him.

He looks at her

SHOES

Stained with blood spatters.

GLEN

Looks at her, now cynical.

GLEN

What is this about?

JESSICA

It will not matter to you.

GLEN

I get it.

He bolts up the stairs as Daisy lunges with a butcher knife leading the way. She falls into Jessica as they try to give chase.

GLEN

Hits the top of the stairs and scampers into the

MASTER BEDROOM

And toward a closet with a keypad and sturdy looking metal door.

He opens it as the borg girls enter the room.

JESSICA
(dominant)
Resistance is futile.

GLEN
On the contrary, I have the world's
most paranoid wife.

He ducks into the room, slams the door and a BIG LOCK SOUND is heard.

INT. PANIC ROOM

Glen clicks on a huge monitor with feeds in every room. He goes to a keypad near the door, dials and it RINGS.

VOICE (V.O.)
Nine one one emergency.

GLEN
This is Glen Shanahan and I have
two women in my house who decided
to rob me. Address is fourteen
eleven, Portland Place.

VOICE
Are you injured?

GLEN
No.

VOICE
Where are they now?

GLEN
Outside my panic room door. I'm
monitoring them from the room.

VOICE

I have a unit on the way.

GLEN

Thank you. That was quick.

VOICE

Would you like me to keep on the line?

GLEN

(he alerts to the monitor)

Uh, wait.

He looks closer at the

MONITOR

Where Jessica seems to push unseen buttons on her forearm. Then fizzes away.

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

Shit! She disappeared!

VOICE (V.O.)

Sir?

GLEN

Wide eyed and nervous.

GLEN

I said she --

A RATTLE behind him. He turns to see

JESSICA

In a very bad mood.

JESSICA

(same voice)

I'm sorry. You are not relevant.

END OF ACT III

ACT IV

EXT. GLEN'S HOUSE

A city police car with the lights flashing.

SHELLEY AND AAMNA

Watch from a distance outside, discouraged.

AAMNA

Didn't we do this before?

SHELLEY

Too fucking slow.

She hustles toward the house as Aamna reluctantly follows.

INT. GLEN'S HOUSE

Shelley carefully noses through the open front door.

It's silent.

SHELLEY

Hello?

Nothing.

AAMNA (O.S.)

Anybody alive?

SHELLEY

Don't know.

She takes a couple steps in with Aamna on her tail.

SHELLEY (CONT'D)

Bad shit always happens upstairs.

AAMNA

So lets start down here.

SHELLEY

How about up, come on.

She takes steps up the stairs.

AAMNA

You always find ways to die. I
prefer to find ways to survive.
I'll take the kitchen.

SHELLEY

Suit yourself. You picking up any feelings?

AAMNA

Only of great fear and loathing.

They pull out their phasers, Aamna to the kitchen and Shelley ventures up to

THE UPPER STORY

creeps along, following the narrow hall to the lit room at the end.

She straightens out her phaser aim as she enters the

BEDROOM

Where her eyes immediately dart to the

PANIC ROOM DOOR

Blown off the hinges and bent.

SHELLEY

Clears the room and assumes an icky expression as she peers into the

PANIC ROOM

Where Glen is pinned to the wall, upside down, his throat slashed.

Blood runs down the wall, onto the

FLOOR

And into a large pool.

SHELLEY

Sneers.

SHELLEY

Ah Glen, god dammit.

She turns around and GASPS.

AAMNA

Gives a little scream and jumps back in terror.

THE GIRLS

Hypervenilate for a moment.

SHELLEY (CONT'D)

Gonna have to kill ya next time ya do that.

AAMNA

It was too quiet up here.

SHELLEY

You find the cop's corpse yet?

AAMNA

You would have heard screaming if I had.

SHELLEY

Check the panic room.

AAMNA

I'll pass. Is it --

SHELLEY

No. It's a dude but not the cop. Go ahead, take a look.

AAMNA

I'll pass. No Daisy, no Emily. We seem to be missing something.

SHELLEY

All sorts of somethings. Her husband, Glen is in there. You really need to take a look.

AAMNA

I'll pass. No, something is missing.

SHELLEY

You should really look --

Three car door slams and flashing lights move across the walls of the bedroom.

They run to the window and see

THE POLICE CAR

Heading down the driveway.

THE GIRLS

Watch, discouraged.

AAMNA

Maybe it is Emily I'm trying to remember.

SHELLEY

We gotta find that chick before she ends up like that poor Glen in the panic potty. There's a toilet in there. Did ya see that?

AAMNA

(heading for the hallway)
I'm a Betazoid. I can tell when I'm being baited.

INT. HALLWAY

Shelley trails behind Aamna.

SHELLEY

Are you picking up any ghosts here or other messed up brain eaters?

AAMNA

It doesn't work like that, well, it does, but no. No ghosts, no Borg. Still that feeling of, almost, joy.

SHELLEY

Knowing Emily, I think it's Glen, finally free of her.

They start down the stairs.

AAMNA

Nobody's that bad.

RIKER

And the landing party fire through the door, phasers drawn.

SHELLEY

Hold it! Too late kids. Dead one upstairs but no Emily Scammerhorn. They took off fast in a cop car.

RIKER

That probably means they know where they're going.

SHELLEY

Let's pile in my rig.

They head out to the

FRONT YARD

Where Shelley taps her badge.

SHELLEY (CONT'D)

Delta Flyer, decloak.

THE SHIP

Decloaks in the driveway.

THE GROUP

Heads for the ship and begins to embark.

SHELLEY (CONT'D)

Did you notice how they swerved
around this spot when they were
heading out?

AAMNA

They must have seen it or sensed
it.

SHELLEY

Pile in. We gotta go save a widow.

The group files in as Shelley dials her phone.

SHELLEY (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Emily, call me back and don't trust
any fat chicks. They're gonna try
to kill you! We're coming to get
ya.

She dashes into the Flyer.

EXT. CHURCH - NIGHT

Emily walks up the path to the steps, up the steps and into
the

CHURCH FOYER

Where she checks her phone, but the battery is dead and she's
startled by PASTOR JIM, 62, grey and chubby in overalls and a
checkered shirt.

EMILY

(to Pastor Jim)

I've never seen you not wear a tie.

PASTOR JIM

(gravelly voice)

This is casual bible study
Wednesday. Are any of your sisters
coming tonight?

EMILY

(uneasy, moving away)

No. They went to Mars. I need a
cup of coffee before we start, cuz
I know how you like to start on
time.

PASTOR JIM

Yes, I, uh...

He searches for words but can't seem to locate any as she
moves into the sanctuary.

As he ponders her exit, entering behind him is Jessica and
Daisy.

He turns as he hears the DOOR TAP SHUT.

PASTOR JIM (CONT'D)

(friendly)

Well, I love visitors.

JESSICA

My friend and I decided to drop by
and audit your lecture on your
mythical Earth based beliefs.

PASTOR JIM

Good start.

DAISY

I attended one of these gatherings
once but they did not serve
alcoholic beverages so I left.

PASTOR JIM

We have coffee and tea.

JESSICA

What is coff -- Oh, now I remember.
I was posing as a bar tender and
served the substance to a highly
intoxicated male.

PASTOR JIM

Let's go get drunk on the word
then. Follow me, please.

He leads them into the

SANCTUARY

Newly redecorated with several folks perched in the front two
rows of pews.

EMILY

Who chats up men sitting on either side of her, fawning over
her words as she removes her coat, revealing a low cut, tight
pink sweater, causing several

LADIES

To roll their eyes.

THE TWO MEN

Are suddenly, physically dragged to the sides and

JESSICA AND DAISY

Sit down beside her.

Emily uneasily takes a look at both, sizing up her
competition and greets them with a fake-cordial smile.

JESSICA

You are Emily Scammerhorn.

EMILY

I don't believe we've met.

JESSICA

I knew your husband, Glen.

EMILY

Did he do something, inappropriate
with his binoculars again?

DAISY

You need to come with us.

EMILY

I'm not bailing him out again. He
can spend the night in the --

JESSICA

He cannot be, bailed.

DAISY

He's at home.

EMILY

So what's the problem?

JESSICA

We will tell you on the way.

They rise and lift her to her feet.

EMILY

Hey.

JESSICA

Resistance is --

EMILY

I'm calling him.

DAISY

Not necessary.

JESSICA

Your phone is dead.

EMILY

How did you --

They guide her to the aisle and down.

PASTOR JIM

(at the doors)

Leaving?

EMILY

Pastor Jim, I think I'm being --

JESSICA

Her husband has sent for her.
There is urgent business there.

PASTOR JIM

Her husband sent for her?

Emily tries to break away.

EMILY

(struggling)

He's trained better than that!

PASTOR JIM

Do we have a problem here?

JESSICA
(goes cold)
Yes, we do.

SHELLEY (O.S.)
I hope we aren't too late.

Riker and Shelley come toward them from the door.

END OF ACT IV

ACT V

EMILY

Shelley.

SHELLEY

Dear Emily!

She gives the obligatory fake kiss on both cheeks.

EMILY

I'm really in --

SHELLEY

I know. It's been so long. Bobo and I were just talking about the last time we saw you and thought a night at the church would be just the thing we needed.

RIKER

(annoyed)

Bobo is ready for anything.

He pulls a phaser in a non threatening manner.

PASTOR JIM

Is that one of those Star Trek guns?

RIKER

Yes. We're movie memorabilia collectors and picked this up at that big auction house in New York.

SHELLEY

Glen is such a big Trekkie we thought we'd let him take a look.

EMILY

He's at home.

JESSICA

Are we going to have to create more collateral damage than is necessary? These creatures might make a fascinating addition to our collective.

SHELLEY

Then why don't we take this outside and continue our conversation.

PASTOR JIM

We really need to get our bible study going.

RIKER

I have a feeling it's, not.

EMILY

(resists)

I really don't --

SHELLEY

We have everything in control.

DAISY

Don't be so sure.

Pastor Jim sees something distressing and starts ushering the group out the doors.

PASTOR JIM

If by some chance you folks would like to come back, we're here on Sunday, too.

RIKER

We're kind'a from out of town.

SHELLEY

I'm not.

RIKER

You're not?

SHELLEY

No, dear. We live across the street, remember?

The group flows into the foyer.

EMILY

I really need a cup of coffee.

JESSICA

You are interfering.

SHELLEY

We're just checking with our friend.

DAISY

You need to leave, now.

Pastor Jim takes a stern breath.

PASTOR JIM

I don't know what's going on here,
but you all need to leave. All.

RIKER

I'm sorry for the inconvenience.

EMILY

I like the inconvenience. As a
matter of fact, we should
inconvenience them some more.

SHELLEY

We got this.

She subtly points the phaser at Jessica.

RIKER

Come along folks. Glen's waiting
for us.

SHELLEY

I'll bet he's exploding with
anticipation.

Jessica stops short.

JESSICA

I am not leaving...
(turns to Pastor Jim)
Without conveying my apologies --

SHELLEY

(raises the phaser)
I think he gets the gist.

PASTOR JIM

Something is going on here that
makes me wanna hide, but I really
don't know what it is.

SHELLEY

You do not know how lucky you are,
not knowing.

JESSICA

I seem to be, done here.

DAISY

(watching Jessica, nods)
Very, lucky.

She turns and cautiously walks out, followed by a more reluctant Emily escorted, or dragged by Riker, then Jessica, then Shelley.

EXT. CHURCH DOORS

The group files out.

Aamna is behind the door, phaser ready, watching the people.

AAMNA
(reading)
There is much ambivalence here.

RIKER
To say the least.

JESSICA
So, is it time?

SHELLEY
(emerging)
We take you back to the ship --

JESSICA
So you are, this new Starfleet?
What a treasure.

RIKER
I've gotta say, the borg are much
better looking than they used to
be.

DAISY
Thank you future dead man.

RIKER
(sneers)
Not talking to you.

DAISY
You are not capable of defeating
us.

JESSICA
No matter how many phasers you
have, we will prevail and you will
serve us --

SHELLEY
Save the boring monologue. We can
make this easy, but I prefer to
make it hard.

JESSICA

You believe you are in control?
Think again. Remember our
collective? Maybe a small
demonstration of our resolve will
do.

She looks to the

HOUSE

Across the street.

A phaser blast, and...

BOOM! It becomes a ball of fire and brimstone, sending the

GROUP

Scattering for protection as

JESSICA AND DAISY

Stand stoically. Jessica spots

EMILY

Running back toward the church doors and gives chase. When
Emily gets to the doors, they're locked.

She rattles the door in desperation as Jessica slows to a
confident trot.

SHELLEY (O.S.)

Stop!

Jessica turns toward

SHELLEY

Who holds a phaser on her.

JESSICA

So what are you waiting for?

SHELLEY

That was my house, bitch! Who are
you?

JESSICA

You won't remember me, even if I
told you.

RIKER

Not unless we see you in a transmission, Jessica.

JESSICA

(shakes her head)

You saw my error, my conversation with my sister. I allowed myself the luxury of vulnerability for the slightest moment and now, all those people. A shame.

SHELLEY

I didn't see anything.

JESSICA

Doesn't matter now.

AAMNA

Three doors.

RIKER

Huh?

AAMNA

Three doors slammed when they left the house.

Max shuttles in next to Shelley.

MAX

I'm lost.

AAMNA

The third door. There's one missing.

SHELLEY

Shit!

BANG! BANG! BANG!

Two persons of the away team immediately go down and Max is sent reeling. Everyone else scurries for cover as several more SHOTS ring out returned by wild phaser fire.

EMILY

Stands by the door with her hands over her head, SCREAMING.

SHELLEY

Takes cover behind a large oak tree in front. She breathes heavily, shaken to the hilt as she watches the flames of her house, reflecting on her face.

RIKER (O.S.)
Who's still with me?!

SHELLEY
Here!

AAMNA (O.S.)
Here.

Shelley looks up to

AAMNA

Hugging the tree, straddled on a branch fifteen feet up.

SHELLEY (O.S.)
What the hell?!

AAMNA
We are a peaceful people, but
little known to the outside galaxy,
we have a weapon. Adrenalin causes
our finger nails to turn to claws
as strong as a feline.

She shows her fingers on one hand, twice the size and clawed.

SHELLEY

Cringes.

SHELLEY
Our little secret. Riker!

RIKER (O.S.)
I don't see anybody but -- shit.

Shelley looks toward the church and closes her eyes as

TWO BODIES

With mortal head wounds lay bloody on the lawn.

The SCREAMING turns to SOBBING as the doors fly open and

PASTOR JIM

Steps out only to be mugged by Emily who nearly squeezes him to unconsciousness.

SHELLEY

Jumps out from behind the tree.

SHELLEY

Where's Max?!

RIKER

Max!

MAX

Staggers from the dark, bleeding from a wound to his side.

MAX

I couldn't follow, I...

He goes to his knees, gasping and dazed.

Shelley and Riker come to his aid as

PASTOR JIM

Dials his phone with Emily still clinging and sobbing, becomes completely mesmerized by

AAMNA

Clawing her way down the big oak.

Pastor Jim gapes.

PASTOR JIM

Do I need to ask about that cat woman in the tree --

RIKER

You didn't see anything.

Shelley waives off the Pastor.

SHELLEY

Don't waste your time! We can take him to the ship along with your parasite there.

PASTOR JIM

What ship? We're fifty miles inland.

SHELLEY
Computer, decloak.

The Delta Flyer materializes as they help the wounded Max toward the ship.

SHELLEY (CONT'D)
That ship. We'll be back for you after we deal with this.

PASTOR JIM
Why?

SHELLEY
Somebody's out to get Emily. I'm leaving a detail to guard you guys but we gotta take care of this.

PASTOR JIM
Not asking who.

SHELLEY
Not asking why you're not asking who.

PASTOR JIM
What's going on here?

SHELLEY
We're on a mission, from God, sorta.

PASTOR JIM
Try again.

SHELLEY
Would you believe, Earth has been invaded by the Borg and Emily is the ancestor of one of the Star Trek crew and they want her dead so that crew member never exists.

PASTOR JIM
See, the truth will set you free, and who's the crew member?

SHELLEY

My house exploded, I got two dead crew members out front and Emily's dead husband is suspended upside down in their panic potty and I gotta track down that Jessica chick and her girlfriend and kill 'em both and this time make it stick. Really gotta, fly, big guy.

PASTOR JIM

Sounds like a busy night and way too much imagination.

Emily releases her hold.

EMILY

(to Shelley)
Are you sure?

SHELLEY

Uh, forgot you were here.

EMILY

So I'm a, widow?

SHELLEY

'fraid so. I'd ask if I can do anything, but I don't want to.

EMILY

(thoughtfully)
Hmmm. I look good in black.

PASTOR JIM

On that sour note, I've got bible study people that need to pray, for you.

He disappears through the doors followed by Emily, into the

FOYER

but she wanders back into the sanctuary as Aamna comes alongside Shelley.

AAMNA

(to Shelley)
Now I know why he was so happy.

SHELLEY

Let's go find our Borg bitches.

PASTOR JIM (O.S.)

Language!

SHELLEY

(flinches)

Sorry Pastor Jim!

She slithers toward the door.

AAMNA

I'll stay with Emily in case she
breaks out of her denial.

SHELLEY

That's not denial. That's Emily.

AAMNA

I'll stay anyway.

SHELLEY

She'll have you helping her choose
the bra that makes her boobs look
perkiest in her new black dress.

AAMNA

She's not that --

SHELLEY

Just watch. Have Riker take you
two to the ship after she picks out
her funeral outfit. And may God
have mercy on your souls.

Aamna heads toward

EMILY

Who is freshening her makeup.

AAMNA

Assumes a disappointed scowl.

END SHOW