

'STAR TREK - Section 31'

TEASER

INT. DAKOTA FLYER - DAY

LOUD ROCK MUSIC BLARES as LOLA pilots the Flyer.

She cranks the MUSIC LOUDER, jumps to her feet and starts the ugliest dance in history.

She pops a bottle of whiskey from a bag and downs a shot straight from it's container.

LOLA

Computer, create photonic, male,
twenty five years, six foot three
athletic build, dark brown hair,
clean shaven. You know how I like
'em.

The PHOTONIC appears. She scrutinizes him.

LOLA (CONT'D)

Beard, three days growth.

He gets a healthy stubble. She smiles, rubs his furry face.

LOLA (CONT'D)

I'll take it.

She takes a moment, admires and heats up.

LOLA (CONT'D)

Computer, play a slow, romantic
song, then stand back.

As the SLOW SONG comes on, she quickly wraps herself around him. They dance slow and sexy.

LOLA (CONT'D)

I love the future.

An ALARM SOUNDS. Lola, turns annoyed to the front and stops cold as a

WAVE

Of some sort is directly in their path, too large to avoid.

LOLA

LOLA (CONT'D)

This is not good! Shields up, up,
up!

Jumps in the pilot's seat, turns the

SHIP

Around and vainly tries to keep ahead of the impossibly fast
wave.

LOLA

Desperate, tries to go to warp, but fails.

LOLA (CONT'D)

Computer, I can't generate a warp
field!

COMPUTER

Warp drive is off line due to
temporal distortions in the --

LOLA

How can I fix it?

COMPUTER

The approaching temporal
singularity has disabled the
ability to create a warp field.

LOLA

What the hell's a temporal
singularity!?

She watches out the

WINDOW

As the wave approaches.

LOLA (CONT'D)

(frightened)

What's gonna happen to me?

COMPUTER

It will take over eighteen seconds
to explain. I suggest you look up
Schwarzschild coordinates on your
own.

LOLA

Isn't that what you're for?

COMPUTER

Where you're going, there may not
be computers.

LOLA

Miss joy and flowers! How long do
we have?

COMPUTER

Thirteen seconds to impact.

She watches, looks to the photonic.

LOLA

Time for a quickie.

She jumps on the unsuspecting photonic as

COMPUTER

There is not sufficient time to
generate an adequate seminal
response.

THE WAVE

LOLA (V.O.)

I hate the future!

Approaches and inundates the Flyer, causing it to vanish.

END OF TEASER

ACT I

EXT. TRAPPIST E - FURBURGER'S - DAY

SUPER

TWO WEEKS EARLIER

A crowd is forming in front, spilling onto the street which is only occupied by scooters and bikes.

Several PEOPLE look frustrated, anxious.

BARCLAY, 52, a big ex baseball player, not so bright but with a little more common sense than most, walks out, frustrated.

BARCLAY

Hey, dudes, you wanna come in and eat, I still got room but ya can't stand out here getting in the way of my customers!

Nobody seems to listen until

WOMAN'S VOICE (V.O.)

(yelling)

Hey! The man said eat or go home!

BARCLAY

Sounds like Shannon O'Donnell!

The crowd parts, revealing

SHANNON O'DONNELL

Her red hair in a bun, nearing her 50's and very pregnant, clinging to the arm of Henry Janeway, 60's, greying, thin, and pragmatic. They seem to be on a stroll down the sidewalk as they knife their way through the disbursing crowd toward Barclay.

HENRY

My wife has a way of disbursing the maddening crowds using just her lovely voice.

BARCLAY

There wasn't anything lovely about it.

SHANNON

The O'Donnell women have all been able to achieve a pitch only dogs and men can hear and they always seem to have the same reaction.

BARCLAY

(looking to Henry, like a joke)

Get as far away as possible?

She gives him a stare of utter disdain, backing the smart aleck back into the doorway.

SHANNON

Complete obedience.

Henry adjusts his hearing aid.

HENRY

I'm resigned to always being on the side she is and always adjusting my hearing aid.

SHANNON

Twenty fourth century technology and he still wears a hearing aid? I smell something fishy.

HENRY

Sorry my pet. Haven't gotten around to it yet.

BARCLAY

I get that.

HENRY

Eight months pregnant and she still refuses to marry me.

SHANNON

Sorry, haven't gotten around to it yet.

BARCLAY

I'm staying out'ta this.

SHANNON

Why the crowd? You have some kind of sale on strippers?

BARCLAY

They just all formed here. I assumed the pot shop next door was burning down.

They are approached by HERMAN ZIMMERMAN, a spitting image to the EMH on the Krakatoa, with the same impatience and aloofness.

HERMAN

(to Shannon)
Miss O'Donnell.

SHANNON

Herman Zimmerman? They let you out of your lab? Why?

HERMAN

I can come and go as I please.
(annoyed)
Oh, you were joking.

SHANNON

You're getting better at catching that.

HENRY

Don't feel bad, I never get 'em either.

HERMAN

(more annoyed)
We were told to be here by the Planitia Shipyards rumor mill.

SHANNON

I remember that. Almost as dependable as a communicator.

HERMAN

That's why I'm here, wasting my time with you people.

HENRY

Any clue on why?

HERMAN

I shutter to think it might be Borg related. Enterprise left the docks this morning, no fanfare, no ceremony, just took out for deep space.

HENRY

That sounds problematic.

SHANNON

It can be any number of reasons.

VALERI (O.S.)

People, everyone, shut up!

VALERI CHEKOV

Suddenly appears and stands on a box.

VALERI (CONT'D)

I am Valeri Chekov, head of Section 31. It has come to my attention, the possibility our colony has been severed from our timeline. We are experiencing a complete discontinuation of communications with our fleet.

SHANNON

(concern)

The Borg beat us?

The crowd gets panicky.

VALERI

No! Indications are we may have successfully reset the timeline.

HENRY

Buy we're still, here.

VALERI

Nothing is confirmed. We sent the Enterprise to Orion. Our last known communication was with a Starfleet member there. For the last three days, we have been trying to raise any other Starfleet personnel to no avail, but we have heard some subspace traffic completely different what we've been hearing lately. No mention of the Borg, no reference to the events of the last few months at all. Our deep space scans have revealed no gamma radiation, no neutrinos, nothing detected of the anti matter detonation from the explosion that took down the transwarp conduit.

(MORE)

VALERI (CONT'D)

It dissipates fast, but there's no trace of it whatsoever as if it never happened.

BARCLAY

So we won?

VALERI

No confirmation, but I think we did.

HENRY

But at what cost?

VALERI

(searching the crowd)
As soon as I can find --

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Chekov!

He sees his mark.

VALERI

Let him through!

COLIN LEFORGE

A pudgy black kid, barely over 30, urgently knifes his way through the people and up with Valeri.

COLIN (O.S.)

Colonel Chekov!

VALERI

Colin LeForge! He will have more updated explanations and an answer to your question.

COLIN

(pointed, to Valeri)
They're not theories anymore.
We're outsiders in our own timeline.

Valeri is stunned.

EXT. TRAPPIST E - STREETS

The crowd has disbursed some, but still fretting in groups as Valeri, Henry, Shannon, Colin and Herman have segregated themselves in a more quiet area.

HERMAN

How?

COLIN

Basically, we've been severed from the normal linear progression of this universe.

SHANNON

My universal translator is on the blink.

COLIN

Enterprise encountered a Tellurian freighter on their way to Orion this morning. Not the nicest bunch, but it answered some questions and brought us even more disturbing ones. To them, the Borg never existed.

HENRY

Big win then.

COLIN

But the galaxy is very different. After the encounter, Enterprise contacted some of our allies, but they don't know us, nobody does. Since Earth is not in the Tellurian database anymore, they won't stop there on the way to Orion.

SHANNON

So Earth rebels had a trade deal with them?

VALERI

No. It was, mistake. Our representative told them to deliver a shipment to Earth rather than here. She was retarded fool. This member of our trade union, a Vic something, has created more trade contacts than the Ferengi on their best days, but the Tellurians don't recall meeting her at all.

HERMAN

Surely someone picked up the message from our Voyager probes.

COLIN

In this galaxy, as soon as a satellite assumes orbit or we launch a Mars probe, everybody knows. Earth, apparently have never sent a probe any kind, or spacecraft.

SHANNON

It's possible they don't emit enough of a signature to catch anybody's attention --

COLIN

But the Vulcan's knew we were here long before Cochran discovered warp drive and next to the Ferengi's, the Tellurians are the biggest busy bodies in the galaxy because of their natural paranoia.

HENRY

What's the plan from here?

COLIN

It'll be another month before Enterprise gets to Orion --

SHANNON

Two if they keep the speed down, where it's supposed to be.

HENRY

They should stop by Earth on the way back if they've determined that the Borg are no longer in control.

SHANNON

If the Borg are still in control, they would be sitting ducks.

HENRY

We got those cloaking devices.

COLIN

We didn't have time to install or activate many of the non essential functions.

VALERI

Cloaking is not essential?

SHANNON

I would have felt better if we'd
had enough time to break in my
engines.

COLIN

I've seen your engines and they'll
be fine --

SHANNON

If he doesn't push them too hard.

EXT. SPACE

The new Enterprise J is stopped dead, plasma leaking from one nacelle. The frame advances on the bridge window, closer, closer until it is peeping in on the crew, sitting staring out with Peregrine Foster in the captain's chair.

INT. ENTERPRISE BRIDGE

Peregrine is stunned, quietly staring out.

PEREGRINE

Why aren't we moving?

INT. ENTERPRISE ENGINEERING

A haggard and worried young man pops out of an open wall panel. He is DANTE, a Bajoran with the ridges on the bridge of his nose and no ear lobes, characteristic to the Bajorans. He is prim and proper, soft spoken and not easily provoked, like all Bajorans.

DANTE

Captain, I knew you'd be calling
and I have an answer.

PEREGRINE

Patiently waits.

PEREGRINE

I'm glad you have an answer. May I
have it.

INTERCUT:

DANTE

Struggles out, covered in a thick, greenish fluid, wiping his hands with a filthy rag.

DANTE

We have a minor problem with a biomnomic fluid leak, or a bigger problem.

PEREGRINE

Elaborate.

DANTE

Most certainly. Our problem is likened to one of your internal combustion engines that has just, thrown a rod.

PEREGRINE

You sound like a mechanic.

DANTE

I watch your, NASCAR wars, but seldom do I see actual fighting. Much chasing at high land speeds but I do find a guilty pleasure when they finally catch the leader and engage in hand to hand combat.

PEREGRINE

(impatient)

That's not supposed to happen.. Aside from the long story about your T-V habits, since, I'm not a mechanic, you need to explain to me what's, broken.

DANTE

We're, in the pits, for at least two weeks. We overtaxed the engines without a proper breaking in period, just as Shannon O'Donnell predicted so I monitored for the first signs of disaster, caught it before we needed a complete overhaul, but now we will have no spare gel packs for the rest of the trip and we're venting plasma, but that's being taken care of. It could'a been worse.

PEREGRINE

(not quite understanding)

It could always be worse. Get 'em fixed. That's an order.

DANTE

(confused)

Yes. Sir.

PEREGRINE

Mister Hudson, prepare a shuttle.
I'll be finishing the journey that
way.

DANIEL WILDFANG

You doing this alone?

PEREGRINE

Yes. I need some time to think and
reflect on my next move. It's a
better idea to come in as a non
threatening little ship rather than
a full blown fighting machine that
makes everyone nervous.

DAKOTA HUDSON

It will be waiting for you when you
get there.

PEREGRINE

Miss Danmeyer, you have the chair.

He rises as a semi nervous JAYLA DANMEYER 30, floats from her
position toward the chair.

JAYLA

(confused)

What about Commander Sampson? I
thought --

PEREGRINE

I've got him doing a different
project. He will be here to help
if you should you need him, but I'm
confident you'll perform admirably.

JAYLA

(nervously appreciative)

Thank you sir. I won't disappoint.

She sits, stiffly.

PEREGRINE

I only ask that you not, blow a
rod, like I did.

JAYLA

(a wry smile)

I will try to not blow your rod,
no! Blow your --

PEREGRINE

Throw a rod. Sorry, used the wrong
term.

He starts toward the lift.

JAYLA

(sotto, humiliated)

... and kill, everybody.

DANIEL WILDFANG

Not a good idea for you to take a
fifty light year trip in a little
Flyer without a pilot.

PEREGRINE

I'm a pilot. I'll be fine. We'll
be back in a or two.

DANIEL WILDFANG

Sounds like you're not going alone
after all.

PEREGRINE

Maybe I'll take, somebody.

Peregrine tentatively dips into the lift.

EXT. SECTION 31 HEADQUARTERS - TRAPPIST E

Positioned between cannabis dispensary and a mountain, it's a
tiny, oval shaped building, under construction, only a single
room.

EXT.

A humble reception desk outside the front door, sits a
SLIGHTLY CHUBBY GIRL behind a desk.

The girl, MYRA CUNNINGHAM, 24, another red head wearing a
pink body suit, short pink skirt and flirty top, also in the
same shade of pink as if it were a uniform, working on a
computer.

CHEKOV (O.S.)

(heavy Russian accent)

Miss Cunningham.

MYRA
Colonel Chekov. What can I do for
you?

CHEKOV (O.S.)
Get in here!

MYRA
(bolting up)
Coming.

He dashes into the doorway of

VALERI CHEKOV'S OFFICE

Breathing heavily. The one room has a very high ceiling with a large chandelier a huge picture of Saturn on the wall and two strange dying trees near the back wall. A couch across from the desk clashes with everything and in the center, hovering two feet above the ground, a full coffee cup.

She obediently bolts into the office, nearly running into the floating cup of coffee, barely dodging collision.

MYRA (CONT'D)
What is that!

CHEKOV
Experiment in anti gravity. We
just haven't figured out a way to
turn it off yet.

He adjusts the position of a six inch tall pot plant on his desk.

MYRA
So creepy.

CHEKOV
Coffee is still hot.

She examines the steam coming off and smirks.

MYRA
So, what can I do?

VALERI CHEKOV

50, skinny and grey and a bit disrespectful of anyone he encounters, gives her a disdainful look. His thick accent is difficult for most to make out.

CHEKOV

Vaat do you think? I need information.

MYRA

I haven't received any communication --

CHEKOV

Not good enough. What about our operative on Enterprise.

MYRA

Miss Rand missed the departure.

CHEKOV

Vaat!?! When were you going to tell me?

MYRA

Maybe after a few --

CHEKOV

Status of our audio surveillance on the ship?

MYRA

It's offline. The ship pulled out too soon for us to install it completely.

CHEKOV

I do not like being blind and deaf!

MYRA

I know what you mean. I lost my glasses once and --

CHEKOV

You do not have to add your own take every time I speak.

MYRA

Got it.

CHEKOV

What is the status of shipbuilding?

MYRA

Proteus, our quantum slipstream is due for completion in six months and Leviathan the war ship, in seven.

CHEKOV

What about our ship?

MYRA

The Takei, the sister ship of the Pandora will be ready for assignment in six weeks.

CHEKOV

I want that ship ready in three.

MYRA

I will relay your request.

CHEKOV

It is not a request.

A BELL DING in the front.

MYRA

(peering out the door)
Who's out there?

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Myra. We're here.

DING, DING, DING, DING

CHEKOV

Make her stop!

She pops

OUTSIDE

To find LAUREN COAKLEY, 24, a tall blonde, plain and awkward. Always had potential for a wild activist but always succumbed to Victoria's strong personality.

MADDISON CONNELLY, 23, very athletic, long straight black hair and completely serious, only speaks in one or two word sentences with great potential for psychopathology. Keeps life close to the vest to protect something, but nobody knows what. Her insanity is always close to the surface, but...

BAILY TIPTON, yet another 23 year old redhead, but an auburn red, and potential for runway model looks. Always a threat to Victoria who sees her looks as competition but Baily sees herself as plain. She never spoke at all until her first sexual encounter with a Vulcan but still only speaks out when there's something to say.

EMMA EZELL, cousin of Gracie Usher. Her looks are similar but she's shorter and a couple years older. Quiet and considerate, but has Gracie's short temper when provoked.

MADDY SCOTT, distant cousin to Miriam Scott, cute and top heavy, a little dumb but she makes up for it with hugs, and

MALI CUNNINGHAM

Myra's sister, small in stature and a bit chunky also, but a lightning rod to be around. She's on fire 24/7 as if her universe were set at double speed but her metabolism is only at half.

MALI
Mister Chekov?

MYRA
Mali, what are you doing here?

MALI
We need to speak with your boss. I am concerned by the number of hours he's been working you and we are here to back you up.

MYRA
I'm fine with the hours.

MALI
(meek assertion)
He is a slave driver and need a good come uppance.

CHEKOV (O.S.)
What is come uppance?

Baily fires into the office followed be the entire group.

MALI
(petrified)
Ah! Baily?

BAILY
(bolting into the doorway)
I am Baily Tipton, chief negotiator for the our group, the Krakatoa Consortium. We are a dedicated to the reassignment of the gender roles in the galaxy to achieve a more equitable existence.

Chekov sits, annoyed.

CHEKOV

Who cares?

BAILY

We are here to negotiate a more fair treatment plan for my sister, Myra.

CHEKOV

I have better things to do than listen to little girls yap. Get out!

MYRA

Colonel, they mean well.

CHEKOV

I do not care what they mean!

MYRA

Yes, I know what --

MADDISON

(to Chekov)

No reason...

CHEKOV

Did tall big bird just say something?

MADDISON

(backs off a little, to Chekov)

... For yelling.

CHEKOV

(calmly)

You are right. I will have you thrown out. I have guards, somewhere.

MYRA

That would be me. The others left on the Enterprise this morning.

BAILY

All we want is less workload for Myra.

MYRA

I really am okay with --

BAILY

Seventy hours per week will
decrease your lifespan.

CHEKOV

If we cannot perform our task, we
wont be around long enough to worry
about life, span.

MYRA

I will get rid of them.

MADDISON

(to Baily, prompting)
Victoria Hall.

BAILY

Oh, yes. The reason we came was to
inquire of the whereabouts of one
Victoria Hall.

CHEKOV

Do I look like a phone book?

BAILY

(starts to cry)
She is missing.

MALI

(pats Baily)
We're losin' her.

CHEKOV

We are missing five starships full
of names? We will add that one.

COAKLEY

(to Myra)
He's a mean man.

CHEKOV

At Section Thirty One, it is our
job to know everything!

MYRA

Information is power.

COAKLEY

About what?

CHEKOV

Everything!

MADDIE

That's, not, possible?

CHEKOV

Everything is possible! But right now, we know nothing!

COAKLEY

We can help you with that.

CHEKOV

You are little girls with no help!

BAILY

(choking off a sob)

Clearly, we are on our own.

CHEKOV

Clearly? I knew it all along and you did not? Again you fail!

BAILY

(boldly)

Then, we need a ship.

He thinks, thoughtfully nods.

CHEKOV

Get out!

They hesitate, then pile out.

MALI

Bad man!

She scoots out, leaving the irate Russian and Myra.

BAILY (O.S.)

Just a little ship!

He stares at her, she fires off an unsteady but angst filled one of her own.

MYRA

You can suck my dick.

She storms out.

CHEKOV

Uppity hermaphrodites.

He sits down and pounds his laptop.

END OF ACT I

ACT II

EXT. ORION MARKETPLACE

Across a large lake from a thriving city, many shoppers of mixed species, the large percentage sport a green complexion or grey, mill around vendors booths with a spindly, two story, L shaped structure in the middle packed with shops without walls, looking as if it were going crumble under the weight.

On a landing pad at the edge of the area, the Dakota Flyer touches down, opens the doors and Victoria steps out, then Hayden carrying three suitcases and dragging a trunk, followed by LOLA FATJO, 35, a skinny, paranoid Asian woman with a pilot's license, not that it matters.

LOLA

I'll pick you up tomorrow at sixteen hundred, sharp.

VICTORIA

And I meet Gracie here when?

LOLA

Couple hours. I told you that.

VICTORIA

I went through a horrible trauma and can't remember anything.

LOLA

Ya saw a bunch of dead guys. Big deal.

VICTORIA

For me it was, if I could remember it.

HAYDEN

She was freaked, then she turned into Donald Trump, then she freaked again.

LOLA

At least you're away from the action.

VICTORIA

This is my kind'a war here. I'm trading the gore for maxxed out credit cards and word to word combat.

LOLA
(dismissive)
Right. I'm out'ta here.

She ducks back in as the doors close.

VICTORIA

Timidly turns toward town, marching forward followed by Hayden, barely negotiating the suitcases.

HAYDEN
(visibly stressed)
You could take one of these.

VICTORIA
Not while marching to battle. You are the prospector's mule, the sherpa's yak, the beast of burden that carries the spoils of war and the tools of, war, onto the field of battle, conserving the energy of the fearless warrior, me, so I can use the full measure of my ability to wage conflict against the forces of greed, entitlement, and tyrannical pricing. We are the last line between the customer, and THE MAN. We shall never say die, never concede victory, never pass a potty without using it!

She steers into a porta-potty but

ALIEN (O.S.)
Kacha nac tu dak suzz batch!!

immediately pops out, humiliated.

HAYDEN
That was somebody's house.

VICTORIA
That was somebody's house! Where was I?

HAYDEN
We're you blogging or talking to me.

VICTORIA
Both.

HAYDEN

You didn't hit record then.

VICTORIA

Aw, Fuzz! I was blogging gold.
Remember what I said and write it
down.

HAYDEN

I can't remem --

She hits her combadge as Hayden sails past.

VICTORIA

Shoppers blog, stardate, one zero
five nine nine point uh...

She checks her watch, frustrated.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)

What ever three thirty in the
afternoon is. I just touched down
on Orion. Obviously, I'm not cut
out for the blood and guts of war
so they couldn't wait to get rid of
me. Not the last time I've been
booted from a party. But it was
the first time I was kicked out for
something other than excessive
beauty, and tasteful nudity, but
still, I feel a bit hurt.

HAYDEN (O.S.)

Nudity?

VICTORIA

Shh plebe. I'm doing my blog.

She catches up with a confused Hayden, who is confronted by
several green women, all dressed in provocative slave girl
costumes, herded by a large green bald dude with an attitude.

Victoria tries to wedge her way in, slashing between the
hungry slave girls and the hungry Hayden, but she finally
manages to drag him away.

VICTORIA (V.O.)

The people here all look like they
ate Gracie's cooking but at this
point, I'd be glad to eat one of my
bestie's fart burgers.

Hayden is completely mesmerized by the girls who follow,
flirty to Hayden's sick wave of defeat.

VICTORIA
(to Hayden)
Keep moving horn dog.

GREEN BALD DUDE
(from behind, following)
One of these girls can give your
son all the companionship and
inspiration he needs for a
lifetime.

VICTORIA
Son?

HAYDEN
Mom, can I have one? Please oh
please oh --

Victoria with the angst of bitter insult, grabs him by the back of the shirt and drags bag cart and all away.

VICTORIA
Don't touch! I already have
headache from those trollips.

HAYDEN
Do they have, tails?

They come up short of a gazebo where a FERENGI VENDOR specializing in large coin purses. She peruses the his wares from afar as she pushes the boy away.

VICTORIA
(to Hayden)
Now run along and find me an Orange Julius and keep away from anything green so mommy can work.

Hayden stumbles off with his wagon of bags as Victoria nears the gazebo where a leering Ferengi sizes her up.

FERENGI VENDOR
Come closer, Hoo-mon female.

He assesses her closely, hungrily.

VICTORIA
My name is Victoria.

FERENGI VENDOR
Where are you from?

VICTORIA
Pascagoula.

FERENGI VENDOR

Never heard of it. Is it in the Alpha or Beta Quadrant?

VICTORIA

No matter. It's probably not there anymore anyway. Borg got it.

FERENGI VENDOR

I'm glad those skritz haven't gotten to our corner of the galaxy yet. You can't negotiate with people who care little for latinum. Barbarian frinx!

VICTORIA

I got my boys working on it.

FERENGI VENDOR

I live far from here, toward galaxy center a hundred and fifty light years. Ferenginar.

VICTORIA

(bored)

I can't remember ever asking.

His hungry eyes begin to give Victoria a subtle cringe as she pulls back from his advances. He presents a large, brightly colored coin purse.

FERENGI VENDOR

Here. Look at the quality of these strip purses. Double stitching for over packing.

VICTORIA

Purses for strippers?

FERENGI VENDOR

For your latinum strips.

VICTORIA

(fake interest)

Oh, yes, latinum. We don't deal much in latinum, but we can convert to gold --

FERENGI VENDOR

Gold is worthless, except, since latinum is a liquid in it's natural state, the only use gold is to us is as a binding medium. Don't you know that?

VICTORIA

(innocent)

I'm just a little old female, hoo-
man.

He responds by caressing her cheek with a strip, showing it to her.

FERENGI VENDOR

Latinum lasts longer, than lust.
Rules of Acquisition number two
hundred twenty nine.

She backs off in disgust.

VICTORIA

(more confident)

Never allow doubt to tarnish your
lust, for latinum. Two sixty
three.

The Ferengi is now becoming, aroused and fires back as if it were a contest.

FERENGI VENDOR

Nature decays, but latinum lasts
forever.

VICTORIA

(flirty)

Home is where the heart is, but the
stars are made of latinum.

She advances to him, caresses his lobe.

FERENGI VENDOR

(takes a sudden sigh, then
melts)

What are you --

VICTORIA

(very flirty)

Good customers are as rare as
latinum. Treasure them. And me.

He's completely mesmerized as she rubs his lobes.

FERENGI VENDOR

You, ah, you have a good command of
the rules of acquisition --

(pleasured)

ah, and oo-mox.

VICTORIA
(she pats his head)
I learned from the best.

She separates flirty, leaving him in want.

FERENGI VENDOR
(desperate, evil)
I can pay you well as a Dabo girl.
You can make me --

VICTORIA
Don't know what that is but it
sounds dirty.

FERENGI VENDOR
(taken aback)
It's a game --

VICTORIA
Can't remember asking that either.
I'm just a little ole business girl
assembling a trading network.

FERENGI VENDOR
(hardens a bit)
I never have enough, contacts, but
I don't trade with, females. I
only sell to them.

VICTORIA
So you ARE different from other
Ferengies.

FERENGI VENDOR
I try to set myself apart --

VICTORIA
You follow old, bigotry infested
tradition over latinum. There may
be, hope, for you.

FERENGI VENDOR
(defensive)
I did not say anything of the sort!

VICTORIA
You trade with me, you make,
wealth. But I'm, female, and not
smart enough to out negotiate, you,
a natural born trader.

FERENGI VENDOR
(egotistic but skeptical)
I can't disagree.

VICTORIA
What do you have to be afraid of
then, a Hoo-mon female?

FERENGI VENDOR
(indignant)
I am not afraid of --

VICTORIA
First, I'm looking for, the finest
cloth, unusual, something you don't
see every day. Something that
catches your eye, something to
create an atmosphere of, dare we
say, lust?

FERENGI VENDOR
That would be Kell'Ka, lower level,
first unit on the left, right
there. A yellowish fellow with
several nostrils.
(judgy, dismissive)
Hideous. He's gone for a couple
Orion weeks, something about his
offspring being born or other.
Waste of time.

He points to the

RICKETY STRUCTURE

Nearby.

FERENGI VENDOR (O.S.) (CONT'D)
He better hurry and get back, it's
gonna fall apart any second.

VICTORIA

Latches onto a plan, nears the Ferengi, tentatively.

VICTORIA
(taking his hand)
You and I will be speaking soon.

FERENGI VENDOR
I'll be on the other side of the
planet doing some business, but
I'll be back about the same time
Kell'Ka arrives.

VICTORIA
I'll miss you.

FERENGI VENDOR
(weird involuntary
chuckle)
Uh, yes, I'll never forget about,
you. Think about my offer.

Victoria nods with a sexy wink that makes him bite his lower lip.

FERENGI VENDOR (CONT'D)
Tell Kell'Ka, Ko-tex sent you.

She shuts her eyes to containment laughter.

KO-TEX
(entitled)
I charge a finder's fee for
directing business his way.

VICTORIA
(still suffering)
He'll know who sent me.

She nearly cracks, then abruptly draws the back of his hand to her chest.

KO-TEX
(fidgety, nervous)
Ah. I can teach you Dabo. I can
teach you, anything. You're more
than just a hooman female, to me.

VICTORIA
Later, when you get back. Can I
count on you to show me, around?

KO-TEX
(as if he just struck a
latinum mine)
I, I, uh, as you wish --

She releases him and goes about her business,

VICTORIA
Cool.

... slinking away, leaving the Ferengi on the verge of convulsions.

END OF ACT II

ACT III

EXT. ORION MOUNTAINS

Beaming down, a team of four led by Adrian Sampson, search for a bit, finding a cave.

ADRIAN SAMPSON

Is this it?

TRICORDER GIRL

(looking at tricorder)

I see a power source and two human life forms.

ADRIAN SAMPSON

(entering cave)

Let's explore.

TRICORDER GIRL

(tentative)

I don't do well in, caves.

ADRIAN SAMPSON

A bit claustrophobic?

TRICORDER GIRL

No, it's what lives in caves that upsets me.

ADRIAN SAMPSON

Well, your lucky day, it's a lava tube and it looks reasonably young and nothing much lives in a lava tube since, lava comes out.

TRICORDER GIRL

So, we could be engulfed by molten rock with no where to go --

ADRIAN SAMPSON

Looks that way.

She thinks a bit.

TRICORDER GIRL

Better than coming across one those bats the size of, you.

ADRIAN SAMPSON

See? Now come -- bats?

TRICORDER GIRL
Wildfang told me the wingspan was
six and a half feet.

ADRIAN SAMPSON
(tentative)
It's a good way to face your fears.
Now get in here. I'm not doing
this alone, with giant bats.

He ducks into the cave.

TRICORDER GIRL
(nervous)
Oh, crumb.

She cautiously sneaks in, leaving the other two who seem to
falter.

TRICORDER GIRL (O.S.) (CONT'D)
You too! Move!

They jump and follow them in.

INT. CAVE

Sampson and Tricorder girl lead the other two down a clean,
dark cave. They light some electro flares that lights it up
well.

TRICORDER GIRL
How wide are these walls?

ADRIAN SAMPSON
Wide enough for your giant bats.

TRICORDER GIRL
I was afraid of that.

ADRIAN SAMPSON
Don't be afraid. Are the others
back there still with us?

TRICORDER GIRL
(takes a look back)
There's still two.

ADRIAN SAMPSON
Let me know if the number changes.

TRICORDER GIRL
Not funny.

ADRIAN SAMPSON
Wasn't meant to be.

The passage suddenly narrows.

TRICORDER GIRL
This is good news.

ADRIAN SAMPSON
Bats can squeeze through smaller
places.

TRICORDER GIRL
Bad to know.

The ceiling lowers and narrows so they must get on their
hands and knees.

TRICORDER GIRL (CONT'D)
Now I'm feeling claustrophobic.

ADRIAN SAMPSON
Didn't I read in your file you were
a spelunker?

TRICORDER GIRL
Scuba spelunking, not on the
surface.

ADRIAN SAMPSON
Seems more dangerous.

TRICORDER GIRL
No giant bats. I prefer that.

ADRIAN SAMPSON
I think we're safe from giant bats.
Now it's regular bats and giant
spiders we have to deal with.

He starts in, crawling on hands and knees, smiling slyly.

TRICORDER GIRL
(looks back)
The number changed.

Adrian crawls back out, stands and faces the back.

A GREEN GUY

Stands behind and between the two in the back.

GREEN GUY
What are you doing here?

ADRIAN SAMPSON

I'm Adrian Sampson of the U-S-S Enterprise. We're here investigating a power source we scanned that might be --

GREEN GUY

(disappointed)

Yeah, yeah. Associated with a temporal dampener. They thought they were deep enough but I told 'em, no. That much power can be scanned, gotta go deeper, but they thought they, knew everything, at least that's what I could glean from trying to understand those strange accents --

ADRIAN SAMPSON

Accents?

GREEN GUY

Earth accents. You'll find out. Keep going and it'll expand into a huge cavern. That's where they are. I gotta go get 'em lunch. Those two eat like Nausican bats. Are you delivering the parts?

ADRIAN SAMPSON

Parts?

GREEN GUY

Oh man. I thought you were the Amazon folks.

ADRIAN SAMPSON

No, I said we were investigating --

GREEN GUY

Oh, yeah. Forgot dude. They introduced me to this stuff called, marijuana they grew on Earth. Wow. My mind is blown here! Gotta go get munchies. Just don't surprise 'em. They're a little, paranoid and high strung and not crazy about surprises, get my drift?

ADRIAN SAMPSON

Got it, dude.

GREEN GUY

Geez, hope I'm not busted for this.

ADRIAN SAMPSON

You'll be fine. We're friendly
dudes lookin' for other, friendly
dudes.

GREEN GUY

Cool.

He turns and dashes off into the dark.

TRICORDER GIRL

Gay, but cool.

ADRIAN SAMPSON

Come on, Tricorder Girl.

TRICORDER GIRL

You don't even know my name which
is okay considering my dad can't
even remember my name --

Adrian crawls through, followed by the aggressive Tricorder
girl.

ADRIAN SAMPSON

I've been trying to remember. I
didn't have time to know everything
about everybody.

TRICORDER GIRL

I'm Monica Scammerhorn, I went
through the Academy in two years
and aspire to be a Science officer.
I'm the baby of twelve girls and
still came out of it without any
serious mental defects.

ADRIAN SAMPSON

Oh, a famous Scammerhorn.

MONICA

I transferred from the Krakatoa and
came over with the Hall girl who
does the trade stuff.

ADRIAN SAMPSON

That's why I don't know you.

MONICA

You do now. And you're Commander
Adrian Sampson.

ADRIAN SAMPSON

I know.

MONICA

You're only run in with the law was when you were fifteen and you walked out with a pair of shoes without paying.

ADRIAN SAMPSON

We were playing basketball and I blew out my sneakers, I was in a hurry, and it was during that period when you had to have two pieces of I-D to write a check.

MONICA

You had a checking account at fifteen?

ADRIAN SAMPSON

I was working on a farm.

MONICA

And you were stealing tennis shoes from K-Mart.

ADRIAN SAMPSON

I didn't have two pieces of I-D, did not control my anger with the little snotty moron, so I stomped out of the store.

MONICA

And you got nailed by the fuzz.

ADRIAN SAMPSON

As soon as I realized I hadn't paid, I turned around and there were two detectives.

MONICA

Married twice.

ADRIAN SAMPSON

Both cheated. Bad choice in women.

MONICA

I have eleven sisters and ten would be bad choices.

ADRIAN SAMPSON

So never date a Scammerhorn?

MONICA

Only Isabella, but she's taken.

ADRIAN SAMPSON
She's the actress?

MONICA
Used to be, now she's, well, who
knows?

ADRIAN SAMPSON
We'll find her. As soon as we pry
whoever it is in here, out.

MONICA
Maybe they don't wanna be pried
out.

ADRIAN SAMPSON
Hold it.

MONICA
It's hard to hold anything on my
hands and knees, maybe pee -- Ooo.
Now I gotta pee.

ADRIAN SAMPSON
No. I hear something.

MONICA
(listening)
I hear nothing I wanna hear.

ADRIAN SAMPSON
It's faint. Sounds like, growling.

MONICA
(smirking)
It's my stomach. Gotta pee and
hungry. I'm not at the end of the
line so I don't have anything to
worry about.

ADRIAN SAMPSON
See, that's what eleven sisters
does to you. No, it sounds --

He continues, Monica following.

ADRIAN SAMPSON (CONT'D)
We're close to the cavern.

MONICA
It's tough to turn around in here.

ADRIAN SAMPSON
Thinking about turning around?

MONICA

Always have a plan.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

Ah!

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

Gaun yersel'!

They stop cold.

MONICA

I hope it's bats.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

Yes! Keep on!

ADRIAN SAMPSON

Please be bats.

He works up the nerve and burst into a

LARGE CAVERN

Where a large machine resides in the center, tall and imposing with several pieces of electronic equipment surrounding it.

At the back is a recreation area where TERRANCE MCKINNEY and MIRIAM SCOTT are bench pressing weights.

THE GROUP

Emerges from the skinny cave to watch as

MCKINNEY

Skinny, not muscular at all sits on the bench, breathing heavily and visibly spent, takes a moment then stands in triumph.

DOCTOR MCKINNEY

Hundred and ten? I did that?

MIRIAM SCOTT

(thick Scottish accent)

Yer kickin' arse!

He struts to a console and starts plugging in data as Miriam slips on another sixty pounds on the bar and presses it effortlessly.

MONICA (O.S.)

Should we say something?

ADRIAN

Keeps a low profile as he strolls up to the machine followed by the rest.

ADRIAN SAMPSON
(to the couple)
Are we interrupting?

TERRANCE AND MIRIAM

Suddenly dart their eyes to the

GROUP

Who tense up.

MIRIAM SCOTT (O.S.)
Sit the food on the console.

TERRANCE

Becomes a bit defensive.

DOCTOR MCKINNEY
You guys are wearing uniforms.

ADRIAN SAMPSON
Adrian Sampson, First officer, U-S-S Enterprise.

Miriam comes close to Adrian, drools, shakes his hand and holds it tight. They keep their eyes on each other for...

MIRIAM SCOTT
Lieutenant Miriam Scott, chief Engineer, U-S-S Krakatoa.

DOCTOR MCKINNEY
Doctor Terrance McKinney, former chief engineer, U-S-S Voyager.

MIRIAM SCOTT
When we left, yer ship was only half built.

A long pause...

ADRIAN SAMPSON
It's barely that now.

DOCTOR MCKINNEY
It didn't work, did it?

MIRIAM SCOTT

Maybe it would have existed without
the reset.

DOCTOR MCKINNEY

Not a chance. There wouldn't be a
reason for the starships to exist
therefore the briefcase never
existed and since the asteroids
never existed the Enterprise D does
not exist and is not in the
Aleutian trench.

Still, they're eyes are locked, causing Monica and McKinney
to stare jealously at their connection as Miriam draws an
uncharacteristic smile, fiddles with her hair.

DOCTOR MCKINNEY (CONT'D)

(stares at her)

You're not even listening, are you?

END OF ACT III

ACT IV

INT. ORION CAVE

The group inspect the equipment.

DOCTOR MCKINNEY
So you didn't go through the reset?

Miriam relaxes, then angers.

MIRIAM SCOTT
What took ya so long?!

ADRIAN SAMPSON
We didn't know you were here.

DOCTOR MCKINNEY
We've been sending transmissions
for nearly two weeks.

ADRIAN SAMPSON
We didn't get anything.

MONICA
Here's the detes. You're
antennae's totes trashed. Looks
like the wind kicked it's ass.

MIRIAM SCOTT
(to McKinney)
Get it up ye feckin' flute! I told
ya not ta stick it on this side of
this bloody rock.

DOCTOR MCKINNEY
I didn't know the wind could blow
like that and I didn't understand
anything you said!

MIRIAM SCOTT
Dobber!

She storms to a console, works.

ADRIAN SAMPSON
We're here now.

MIRIAM SCOTT
We could'a been out'ta here a week
ago.

Sampson follows her.

DOCTOR MCKINNEY
Have you seen Bundy or Kirk?

ADRIAN SAMPSON
They were reset.

She storms to another console. Sampson follows.

MIRIAM SCOTT
See, the machine worked, but not on
him.

DOCTOR MCKINNEY
We were replaced by holograms on
the Krakatoa three weeks ago.

MIRIAM SCOTT
Against our will!

DOCTOR MCKINNEY
You were being an absolute shrew
about it.

MIRIAM SCOTT
Shut ye geggie. We gote kidnapped,
lad!

DOCTOR MCKINNEY
Whatever.

She works the other console.

MIRIAM SCOTT
An don't ya be a wee clipe. We
don't know if we can trust these
folks.

DOCTOR MCKINNEY
I do.

MIRIAM SCOTT
For all we know they could be the
updated Borg ye scrote.

She storms to another and sits at it, Sampson follows.

DOCTOR MCKINNEY
See she keeps firing Scottish slang
at me and it just goes to waste.

ADRIAN SAMPSON
Is this the temporal dampener?

MIRIAM SCOTT

That's exactly what it is.

DOCTOR MCKINNEY

Three weeks ago, Bundy took us off our ship, stuck us here with all the parts and had us put it together and get it working before the big standoff, whatever that was. Until you guys showed up, we thought we failed.

She jumps up, heading for another console, Sampson remains, frustrated.

MIRIAM SCOTT

We thought everything failed.

DOCTOR MCKINNEY

Bundy gave us instructions.

MIRIAM SCOTT

We would'a went out but Bundy told us to hold tight and wait fer ye.

ADRIAN SAMPSON

(to McKinney)

You've been stuck in this cave with her for three weeks?

MIRIAM SCOTT

I barely slept. Not good for one's complexion or temperament.

DOCTOR MCKINNEY

She still hasn't recovered.

MONICA

We can fix that.

ADRIAN SAMPSON

You need to come back with us.

Working on the console, she has now nearly completed the circle and migrates to the last one.

MIRIAM SCOTT

That's what Bundy told us you'd say.

DOCTOR MCKINNEY

In those exact words.

ADRIAN SAMPSON

He and I had lunch at Furburger's
three weeks ago on Trappist.

DOCTOR MCKINNEY

Oh, man.

MIRIAM SCOTT

(looks up)
It didn't work after all.

DOCTOR MCKINNEY

It must have reset. We did the
calculations.

Approaches McKinney as Adrian catches up.

MIRIAM SCOTT

I know, I was there, Rocket.

ADRIAN SAMPSON

Okay, hold it. As far as we know,
yes. The timeline was reset, but --

MIRIAM SCOTT

Then how does he know us if we
never met?

DOCTOR MCKINNEY

Good question.

ADRIAN SAMPSON

Section thirty one was working on
their own dampener and happened to
be testing it when the temporal
rift swept by.

MONICA

All of Trappist avoided the reset.

ADRIAN SAMPSON

Just like all of Orion now.

DOCTOR MCKINNEY

(shocked)
Oh man.

MIRIAM SCOTT

(bitch slaps him)
I told ye, walloper!

DOCTOR MCKINNEY

The whole planet?

MIRIAM SCOTT

Too much power! We wanted just
this room to be buffered.

She hits a button, shutting down the entire room.

ADRIAN SAMPSON

Apparently section thirty one made
the same mistake.

MIRIAM SCOTT

They're probably a bunch of
heidbangers up there now. Two
planets not in this timeline! Wha'
have ya done!

DOCTOR MCKINNEY

But at least, it's not just us.

MIRIAM SCOTT

(to Peregrine)
At least ye got a ship.

ADRIAN SAMPSON

It's broken right now, but by the
time we get there it should be
nearly fixed.

MIRIAM SCOTT

So, ye busted Enterprise already?!

ADRIAN SAMPSON

Not for long.

MIRIAM SCOTT

I saw the spec sheet. She must be
a hottie.

ADRIAN SAMPSON

It's a fine ship. Just wish we had
more time to break it in.

MIRIAM SCOTT

And ye broke it instead.

ADRIAN SAMPSON

Ya said that already. We may have
pushed it a little, hard.

DOCTOR MCKINNEY

Seals?

MIRIAM SCOTT

What'd ye do to ta her Captain Pure
Barry?

DOCTOR MCKINNEY

I'll bet there's plasma leaks all
over.

ADRIAN SAMPSON

Threw a rod, but I didn't do it --
yeah, there's green stuff comin'
out'ta every orifice.

MIRIAM SCOTT

Threw what?

ADRIAN SAMPSON

That's how my engineer explains it.

MIRIAM SCOTT

Dam ta hell! Little boys in charge
of big toys. Let's git the'fer yer
grease monkeys make it worse.

She grabs a tool bag and crawls into the little cave.

ADRIAN SAMPSON

I guess we're getting out'ta here.

DOCTOR MCKINNEY

If we know what's good for us.

ADRIAN SAMPSON

Saddle up.

MIRIAM SCOTT (O.S.)

Aye wee man! She's a gallus lass
she is, boot deh git me involved
wit dis total bouach unless ye want
it tidied!

ADRIAN SAMPSON

What did she --

DOCTOR MCKINNEY

She's really wound up so don't even
try.

Monica slips into the cave.

MONICA (O.S.)

I like her.

EXT. ENTERPRISE

Still dead in space, leaking green plasma in new places as a Flyer passes by on its way to the shuttle bay.

INT. FLYER

Victoria views the state of the ship.

VICTORIA

Did we get attacked again?

PEREGRINE

No, we did that ourselves.

VICTORIA

I'm tired of seeing green. Now I gotta pee.

She departs as the

FLYER

dives through the green fog, still being emitted by the ship's nacelles.

PEREGRINE

Is taking an annoyed posture.

PEREGRINE

My people are capable of repairing the situation.

HAYDEN

There ya go, looks like blown seals, probably you didn't decrease the pressure in time. New seals need to get used to the plasma and the pressure differences otherwise they get brittle and --

PEREGRINE

Okay already.

HAYDEN

Probably not your fault entirely.

PEREGRINE

It's always the captain's fault.

HAYDEN

You need an engineer.

PEREGRINE

Dante's more of a mechanic than engineer. I couldn't get the one I wanted cuz he was more than likely on Risa during the reset --

HAYDEN

Miriam Scott was the best. I gave her my specs for an improved quantum flux regulator and she had the prototype to me in a couple days. Just a perspicacious brat with a theory, at least that's what I'm told she said.

PEREGRINE

Lieutenant Scott was reset and this is what I had to work with, but you can apply for the job.

HAYDEN

Not my dream. I'm more of a theoretical engineer.

PEREGRINE

Inventor.

HAYDEN

It has a more technical ring to it.

A small jerk.

PEREGRINE

(raises his hands)

I hate it when the computer takes over.

HAYDEN

Auto entry. The A-I latches on and you're home free.

PEREGRINE

I don't want it going nuts and steering us into the side of the ship.

HAYDEN

What could possibly go -- wait, that. You wrecked it for me.

THE FLYER

Pops out of the fog, takes a turn between the nacelles, heading for the shuttle bay, then jets toward the shuttle bay as the doors slowly open, looking as if they wont open in time.

HAYDEN (V.O.)

Ahh!

INT. FLYER

Peregrine and Hayden utter a collective sigh as Victoria pops her head in then out.

PEREGRINE

No death, no scratched paint.

VICTORIA (O.S.)

I knew it all along.

INT. SHUTTLE BAY

The door pops open and Victoria jumps out.

VICTORIA

Hayden, don't forget my haul.

Hayden pops out then turns back in.

HAYDEN (O.S.)

Right.

Peregrine steps out.

PEREGRINE

And that dilithium crystal.

HAYDEN (O.S.)

Got it!

VICTORIA

It's good to have an assistant.

HAYDEN (O.S.)

Slave.

PEREGRINE

We wont call you that, though.

DANTE

Storms into the shuttle bay.

DANTE

Captain, we got a problem.

PEREGRINE

What's up?

DANTE

The plasma leak's gotten much worse.

VICTORIA

We saw!

DANTE

Plasma is venting into forty percent of the ship and can't seem to stop it. Seals are still rupturing on the interior and now it's affecting every deck.

PEREGRINE

Casualties?

DANTE

Don't know exactly. The Doc's got his hands full and we're running out of room to hide from it. Worst of all, we're losing ground. We can't keep up with the seals bursting in the lines.

HAYDEN

You're not going to be able to keep the ship warm --

DANTE

Or functioning.

PEREGRINE

(thinking)

It's the Titanic all over again.

HICKS

We need to get folks into the pods.

DANTE

We can't leave 'em there forever. We need to send out a distress call.

PEREGRINE

To who?

HAYDEN

We've got a lot of future tech on board.

PEREGRINE

I'm aware, we'll risk polluting this new timeline.

DANTE

There's gotta be something we can do.

PEREGRINE

How far out is Commander Sampson?

DANTE

Another day or so.

PEREGRINE

Is astrometrics still unaffected?

DANTE

So far, but it doesn't have long.

PEREGRINE

Hayden, if your up to it, run down there and find the nearest M class planet

HAYDEN

I'm on it.

He takes off.

PEREGRINE

Take a suit.

VICTORIA

I don't want to find my senior assistant's skeletal remains attached to one of those consoles.

HAYDEN

I'm touched you gave me a promotion.

VICTORIA

I prefer it not to be a posthumous promotion since then I'd have to find some other poor sucker to carry my stuff.

HAYDEN

No longer touched.

He grabs a suit and runs off.

PEREGRINE

(to Dante)

Get everybody into the escape pods.
We need to abandon ship.

The groups watches depressed as

EXT. ENTERPRISE

Bleeds plasma.

END OF ACT IV

ACT V

PAGES 40-47 OR END WITHOUT EPILOG

END OF ACT V

ACT VI

PAGES 48-END SHORT EPILOG

END SHOW