

This is a half hour pilot for a sitcom set in the world of Star Trek. Specifically, Kirk's Enterprise during the original series. Each episode takes place in the same time frame as an original trek episode. This pilot occurs during the original episode: "Where No Man Has Gone Before."

TEASER

EXT. SPACE

The starship ENTERPRISE warps into view.

INT. ENTERPRISE - HALLIDAY'S OFFICE

The red alert FLASHES. The alarms sound. BWOOOOP. BWOOOOP.
Over a speaker...

KIRK (O.S.)
All decks on red alert!

RIP, it's wires are pulled out by--

COMMANDER HALLIDAY (60s), HEAD OF HUMAN RESOURCES. An EYEPATCH and a lived-in BEARD adorn his stony face. All signs point to "do not fuck with him."

HALLIDAY
That thing is always going off.
Probably just a nebula.

Before him is his perky secretary, Maggie VERMOUTH and a young BLACK nerd, Simon DILKS. Fidgety with a stillborn mustache-- feel free to fuck with him.

HALLIDAY
Where were we?

VERMOUTH
The new ensign needs a post.

DILKS
I want to make captain, so I'd like to get some combat experience. Like you have.

HALLIDAY
You want to be blind in one eye?

DILKS
For Starfleet? Take both eyes. I'll get bionic ones.

HALLIDAY
You'd trust a robot to see for you?

DILKS
Uh, yeah.

HALLIDAY

Last time I trusted a robot, I lost an eye.

Dilks winces.

HALLIDAY

Computer. File for Dilks.

The computer BUZZES to life.

COMPUTER

Dilks, Simon. Graduated academy last month. Rank: seventy out of seventy-five.

DILKS

I had mono for a semester.

COMPUTER

First cadet to lose the Mobayashi-Karu.

VERMOUTH

The reverse Kobayashi-Maruk? That's a win-win simulation.

COMPUTER

The ensign's loss was historic. Cadets now refer to failure as "pulling a Dilks."

VERMOUTH

(aside)

That's where that comes from.

COMPUTER

Assignment calculated.

DILKS

Oh, the computer chooses the duty?

(beat)

That's how you got stuck in HR, huh?

HALLIDAY

I requested this noble post.

DILKS

(recovering)

Of course, yeah. I mean, I'd love to get posted here. HR is tops.

COMPUTER

Noted. Expendability makes Dilks ideal for away-team security, but given his request, assignment is Human Resources.

Dilks withers.

HALLIDAY

Way to "pull a Dilks," Dilks.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

INT. HR OFFICE

Halliday introduces Dilks to COBB and SHENG.

HALLIDAY

You have a new office mate, Ensign Dilks. This is Sheng. It is the pride of the HR department.

DILKS

It?

HALLIDAY

Sheng had its ability to tell sex and race surgically removed, it judges people only by character. Doesn't even know its own gender.

SHENG

So watch your pronoun use.

HALLIDAY

That's Cobb. He serves no purpose.

Cobb sips on a future slurpee. Waves.

HALLIDAY

Okay we have orders: three of the Captain's assistants are pregnant. We have to make room for these happy accidents by transferring three people off ship. Have the computer make a list of the three least essential crewmen and get it to me before we dock at K3 tomorrow.

Halliday leaves. WHISH-WHISH.

DILKS

Well, computer?

COMPUTER

The third least productive crewmen is Sheng.

SHENG

What?

COMPUTER

Then Mike Cobb.

Cobb nods, that's about right.

COMPUTER
And last and least productive is
Simon Dilks.

DILKS
The entire HR Department?

COMPUTER
In an egalitarian starship, HR is an
organizational artifact of bygone
bureaucracy.

COBB
(re: computer)
She's right.

DILKS
(to Computer)
Give us some tasks to do then.

COMPUTER
No current tasks for HR.

DILKS
So what do you normally do?

SHENG
Sit around and mess with each other.

Sheng fires his phaser at Dilks' chair.

The chair DISINTEGRATES and Dilks FALLS backwards. Sheng and
Cobb CHUCKLE.

Dilks' computer LIGHTS UP.

COMPUTER
Incoming task.

DILKS
I got it.

COMPUTER
Job one-zero-six. Crewman Dilks has
destroyed his chair. Please make a
note on his personnel file.

DILKS
(sighing)
This thing hates me.

COMPUTER
I do not hate you. Statistics hate
you.

The computer displays a PIE CHART showing how Dilks spends
his time.

COMPUTER
Observe your time use.

DILKS' TIME-USE PIE CHART: 100% chair destruction.

DILKS
That wasn't my fault.

DILKS' PIE CHART - 95% chair destruction, 5% whining.

DILKS
I'm not whining.

10% whining.

SHENG
(getting up)
Love to stay, but I gotta get off
that list.

DILKS
How?

SHENG
Make some other crewman more
unproductive than I am.

DILKS
Sabotage?

SHENG
Survival of the fittest. The lion
eats the gimpy gazelles. Right now
we're the gimps, our only chance is
to hobble our fellow gazelles.

DILKS
Or...we become the lion.
(beat)
Show us the charts for the three most
productive people on board.

The computer displays KIRK, SPOCK and McCOY'S PIE CHARTS.

DILKS
We do what they do, we get off the
(MORE)

DILKS (cont'd)

list.

SHENG

Why be the best, when all you have to be is fourth worst?

DILKS

Come on, I'll be Kirk, who wants to be my Spock?

COBB

I can't do that hand thing.

Cobb struggles with the "live long and prosper" sign.

SHENG

How about I be Kirk. Cobb, you can be fat McCoy, and Dilks can be Chekov's combover.

DILKS

Fuck you, Sheng. You do your plan, I'll do mine.

SHENG

Fine, the first one to get himself off the list turns it in with other one's name still on it.

DILKS

Deal.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT. SPACE

The Enterprise orbits the planet, Delta Vega.

INT. HR OFFICE

Dilks reads KIRK'S TIME USE PIE CHART with Cobb.

DILKS

Saving people on a planet: twenty-three percent, saving the ship from advanced beings on a planet: fifteen percent, saving entire planets: twenty percent--

(stops reading)

I'd say I need to get down to that planet.

EXT. SPACE

A planet. The TRANSPORTER BEAM noise.

INT. HR OFFICE

Dilks materializes. His arm and leg INSIDE A SLIDING DOOR.

DILKS

Hmm. This doesn't look like the planet.

Dilks notices his arm and leg situation. SHRIEKS. Whips out his communicator.

DILKS

Cobb! I'm still on the ship.

COBB (O.S.)

I may have made a slight miscalculation.

DILKS

You beamed me into a door.

COBB (O.S.)

I'm not transporter certified!

DILKS

Clearly.

Halliday enters.

HALLIDAY

Dilks?

Dilks startles, and covers his stuck limbs.

HALLIDAY

How's it going?

DILKS

Good... just
 (patting the door)
 Exploring the office. Getting
 to know the ship.

HALLIDAY

She's a beaut.

DILKS

She sure is.

HALLIDAY

You can really feel her right in
 your bones.

DILKS

(conscious of his
 arm in the door)

Yup.

HALLIDAY

Some days it's like you and her are
 fused together.

DILKS

I know it.

HALLIDAY

Where does the ship end and you
 begin?

DILKS

(nervous)

Who knows? Who knows?

HALLIDAY

Well, I'll leave you to it.

He walks through the door. WHISH-WHISH. The opening door
 slams Dilk's stuck arm into the door frame. He WINCES.

Halliday stops, sees Dilks' hand sticking out the other side of the door. He looks at Dilks. Then back to the hand.

Caught. Dilks waves with his stuck hand.

INT. HALLIDAY'S OFFICE - LATER

Halliday chastises Dilks. Chunks of CUT-OUT DOOR still stuck on Dilks' arm and leg.

HALLIDAY
Dilks, suicide is not the answer.

DILKS
No, sir. Wait, what?

HALLIDAY
Pathetic suicide attempt. Beaming yourself into a bulkhead.

DILKS
Sir, I wasn't--

HALLIDAY
Sure, we've all thought about the best way to do it. Should I crawl into a photon torpedo and wait for sweet release? Or jump out an airlock and gaze upon the cosmos before the pressure explodes me from the inside.

DILKS
I haven't had any those thoughts.

HALLIDAY
I know it's hard to be alone. Unwanted by the opposite sex. Here's a tip: wash your pillow with women's shampoo. The scent helps you pretend there's a lady there.

DILKS
This conversation turned really personal.

Halliday hands him some PILLS.

HALLIDAY
Space tranquilizers. They'll dull the crushing regret that defines your very existence.

DILKS

That's a mischaracterization of my life.

HALLIDAY

I'm confining you to the HR office and HR quarters, for your own safety.

INT. HR OFFICE - LATER

Sheng and a young security team ensign: MUNDY.

SHENG

Mundy, right? We have gotten some complaints about you.

MUNDY

I swear I didn't know thirty-seven Centauri years was only sixteen earth years.

SHENG

No, no. I'm afraid you were exposed to Delorean rays. I'm sure you remember studying their side effects at the academy.

MUNDY

Uh yeah, it's, uh...

SHENG

Time warps. Let me show you some security footage.

Sheng's Pad: Mundy walks around at double speed.

Sheng's finger stealthily on the FAST FORWARD BUTTON.

SHENG

Time seems normal to you, but to us you're moving twice as fast.

MUNDY

I didn't even realize.

SHENG

As you know, it'll wear off in about a day. But until then it is imperative you move at half speed to appear normal.

MUNDY
I'll do my best.

Mundy slow-mo gets up. Walks off in slow-mo.

On Sheng's computer pad: MUNDY'S PRODUCTIVITY METER drops.
Sheng gives Mundy a thumbs up.

INT. CREW QUARTERS

Cobb and Dilks. Cobb has decorated the room with movie posters and fantasy memorabilia.

DILKS
How can I be like Kirk if I'm
trapped in these quarters?

COBB
It's not so bad. This is where the
magic happens.

Cobb whips out a deck of cards.

COBB
Magic, the Gathering. You play?

DILKS
I don't know what that is.

COBB
It makes 3-D chess look like 2-D
chess.

DILKS
I'll pass.

COBB
Wanna watch a Star Wars movie?
I have all ten trilogies.

DILKS
(pure unadulterated
disgust)
Ugh, I hate Star Wars.

COBB
The even trilogies do suck, but the
odd ones are amazing.

DILKS
You really like old stuff.

COBB

I'm kinda an early twenty-first century geek.

DILKS

What's so great about that century?

COBB

For starters: Fast and Furious 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12--

DILKS

I should focus on--

Dilks brings up KIRK'S PIE CHART. He points to the pieces labeled: 15% Alien combat, 13% Alien relations.

COBB

You're out of luck. There's no hostile or sexy races on board.

DILKS

You sure?

COBB

I have all the personnel files memorized. If there was a Klingon or an Orion woman I'd know it.

DILKS

(getting excited)

Would you? Throw a uniform on a Klingon and he'd look just like us.

COBB

I guess.

DILKS

It's not like they have ridged foreheads or anything. And why wouldn't the empire have a spy on board? Can you work up an algorithm to list the possible Klingons?

COBB

(reluctant)

I don't know.

DILKS

You owe me. You beamed me into a door.

(MORE)

DILKS (cont'd)
(re: the chunk of
door on his arm and
leg)

Its like my bones have papercuts,
Cobb. You did this.

Cobb throws up his hands, acquiescing.

INT. HR OFFICE - LATER

AARON PERSON (30s/black) sits before Dilks. Cobb glances at his computer pad.

COBB
This is the first one: Aaron
Person.

DILKS
Trying a little hard with your
name, don't you think?

AARON
What do you mean?

DILKS
C'mon, Aaron Person? A. Person? Why
not just go with John Human? Or
Shlomo Sapien?

AARON
What are you talking about?

DILKS
Let me tell you a story. The
Klingon empire sends a young Klingon,
incognito, to the Starfleet Academy.
He graduates, gets posted to the
Enterprise. Sound familiar, spy?

AARON
Me? Klingon? I'm from Palo Alto.

DILKS
The story isn't over. A strapping
ensign discovers the spy. Kirk is so
impressed, he promotes the ensign to
first officer. At first, Spock is
super pissed, but his logical brain
can't find any fault with the
promotion.

AARON
I don't even look like a Klingon.

Dilks brings up a photo of a Klingon on the computer.

DILKS
(re: photo)
Shave those wispy eyebrows down and
slap on a uniform, who could tell the
difference? Not me.

AARON
Yes, you have definitely proved you
can't tell the difference between
Klingons and humans.

DILKS
So why does Cobb's Klingon finder
say you are a Klingon?

AARON
It's broken.

DILKS
Well it says you are and you are so
I think it's working fine.

WHOOSH! Doors open. Another young black male,
LARRY, enters.

COBB
This is the other one. Larry Green.

LARRY
What's up?
(noticing Aaron)
Hey, Aaron.

DILKS
Ah, the comrades know each other.

AARON
There's only four-hundred thirty-
three people on board. I know Cobb,
too. We played Settlers last week.

LARRY
What's going on?

AARON
He thinks we're Klingons.

DILKS

So what's your plan, guys? Unleash a virus that makes us run around shirtless? Maybe switch bodies with Kirk? Or pit us against each other in gladiatorial combat?

AARON

Now you're just making stuff up.

DILKS

Cobb, put 'em in the brig.

COBB

You mean the closet?

DILKS

The brig formerly known as a closet.

Cobb hustles them into a closet.

EXT. SPACE

Interstitial SHOTS of the Enterprise in space.

DILKS (O.S.)

Future captain's log. Stardate: thirteen twelve point ten. All is going according to plan. Klingons down, Dilks up.

SHENG (O.S.)

Future head of H.R.'s log.

INT. HR OFFICE

CLOSE ON Sheng talking into a recorder

SHENG

All is going better than planned. It is Dilks that will be transferred, not me.

CLOSE ON Dilks also with a recorder

BACK TO--

DILKS

The office won't be the same without Sheng.

SHENG

I wonder how long it will take to get the stink of Dilks' failure out of the furniture.

POP WIDE to REVEAL Sheng and Dilks are side by side.

DILKS

Let the record show that if anyone smells failure--

(sniffs Sheng)

--it's them, not me. In fact, I have the sweet taste of victory in my mouth.

SHENG

Let the record also show if Dilks tastes victory, it's probably because he's sucking my sex organ--

Cobb breaks in between them.

COBB

Maybe you guys shouldn't do log entries at the same time.

WISH-WISH. Vermouth enters.

VERMOUTH

Commander wants the computer's transfer list now.

Sheng and Dilks look at each other.

SHENG

Fine with me. I'm confident about who's on it.

DILKS

As am I.

VERMOUTH

Good.

Vermouth picks up a computer pad.

VERMOUTH

By the way, what's the deal with the guys in the closet?

Dilks opens up the closet. An unconscious Larry and Aaron.

DILKS

These guys? Just some Klingons I captured and subdued with space tranquilizer.

VERMOUTH

How do you know they're Klingons?

DILKS

Cobb made a Klingon finder.

COBB

Wasn't hard. Klingons look just like us except with darker skin and wispy eyebrows.

VERMOUTH

So basically your "Klingon finder" finds black guys.

DILKS

Please. If it was that simple, I'd be a Klingon.

VERMOUTH

Just make sure they're gone by next shift.

Vermouth exits, list in hand.

Cobb pulls Dilks aside.

COBB

Uh, Dilks, your name actually was on the readout. I thought it was because the computer was addressing the list to you.

DILKS

Let me see.

THE READ-OUT: SIMON DILKS, AARON PERSON, LARRY GREEN.

DILKS

So the finder either works and I'm a Klingon or it doesn't I just committed the first hate crime in the 23rd Century.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. COBB'S QUARTERS

Dilks and Cobb sit together on the bottom bunk, looking out at the stars.

DILKS

When I'm court martialed, I'll miss space.

COBB

I never saw what the big deal was.

DILKS

(taken aback)

That's the final frontier you're talking about.

COBB

(re: space)

Look at it. Nothingness.

DILKS

It's full of strange new worlds. New life and new civilizations.

COBB

That are mostly hostile.

DILKS

That's why we have to be bold. If it were easy, someone would have come here before.

COBB

But who knows what could be out there?

DILKS

That's the whole point! I want to know. It's all I ever wanted.

The two share a moment. The galaxy set before them.

DILKS

I was going to be captain one day. Not anymore. All because I kidnapped and drugged a few crewman.

Sheng storms in.

SHENG
 (exasperated)
 You win, Dilks! My name is on the
 transfer list.

DILKS
 I thought your plan worked?

SHENG
 I didn't account for the fact that a
 normal person at half speed is still
 more productive than me.

DILKS
 And I'm not on the list?

SHENG
 The other two names are Aaron Person
 and Larry Green.

COBB
 The black guys?

SHENG
 I underestimated you, Dilks. Locking
 them up to lower their productivity
 to zero. Brilliant.

DILKS
 Except that I'm sure Green and
 Person will tell Kirk what we did and
 then we'll wish we were just getting
 transferred.

SHENG
 So we're all screwed?

DILKS
 Looks like it.

A silent beat.

COBB
 There is one thing we could do. I had
 this idea from twenty first century
 popular culture and was saving it for
 an emergency.

He pulls out a CASE marked "EMERGENCY."

DILKS
 What is it?

COBB
We blame everything on evil versions
of ourselves from a parallel
universe.

DILKS
That is...the greatest idea. Ever.

Cobb flips open the case. It's filled with twirly MOUSTACHES
and GOATEES.

GETTING EVIL MONTAGE

- Sheng applies a fake moustache and beard.
- Dilks dons a shiny military sash.
- Sheng applies dark eyeliner.
- Dilks affixes a diabolical monocle.
- Cobb tears open his shirt. Hello, bare midriff.

END MONTAGE

INT. HALLIDAY'S OFFICE

Sheng, Cobb, and Dilks huddle up.

SHENG
Remember the plan. Act belligerent
and insult these crewmen we called
in. After they get agitated, we
dismiss them.

DILKS
And ditch the costumes and claim we
just got back and were stuck in a
parallel universe.

SHENG
And aren't responsible for anything
the evil versions of us did for the
past day.

DILKS
Gentleman, I believe it's high time
we cause a scene.

They enter--

THE HR OFFICE

There are some redshirts gathered there.

DILKS

You are wondering why we called you
in to the HR office?

REDSHIRT #1

Yeah, what's up?

DILKS

Uhh... It's because you are jerks.

SHENG

The ethnic group to which you belong
has negative aspects.

The redshirts look to each other. Confused.

DILKS

Real jerks.

SHENG

You have attributes of the opposite
gender. Attributes that are normal
with one gender but unflattering when
applied to the opposite one.

DILKS

Yup, and you're just not nice people.

The redshirts are just confused, not pissed.

COBB

The personnel history of similar
crewmen suggests you will all die
prematurely. Most likely in a painful
fashion on away team duty.

DILKS

Dude... went too real with it.

SHENG

Yeah. Come on.

CRACK. The Redshirts punch Cobb.

A brawl ensues.

The redshirts are beating their asses.

DILKS
Security!

COBB
Help.

DILKS
Where's security?

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY

The security ensign, MUNDY from earlier, slow-mo runs down the passage.

He slo mo dives for the open door. Too late. It WHISHES shut.

BACK TO:

INT. HR OFFICE

The crewmen continue to PUMMEL Dilks and Cobb. Off their screams.

FADE TO:

INT. COBB AND DILKS' QUARTERS - LATER

A bloodied Dilks, sheng and Cobb sit around.

DILKS
Look at these cuts. We can't become our good versions now.

COBB
Why?

DILKS
Think. How can our good versions have the exact same injuries as the bad versions?

COBB
Maybe wounds cross over to the parallel universe.

DILKS
How?

COBB
I don't know, cosmic rays?

DILKS
Come on!

WHISH-WHISH. In comes Halliday.

HALLIDAY
Jesus, what happened?

COBB
Bar fight.

HALLIDAY
I remember my last bar brawl--
fought a guy over who would win in a
fight: me or him.

COBB
And?

HALLIDAY
I won the fight, but lost the
argument.
(beat)
When you feel up to it, I need you to
cancel the transfer orders.

DILKS
Cancel them? Why?

HALLIDAY
No need to make room. Three crewman
died on the planet. Cosmic rays drove
Lieutenant Mitchell insane and he
killed Helmsman Kelso and Doctor
Dana. Then Kirk ended Mitchell with a
boulder to the brain.

DILKS
So no one needs to be transferred?

HALLIDAY
Nope.

DILKS
And what if someone accidentally
kidnapped other crewman?

HALLIDAY
If someone did that, the cosmic
(MORE)

HALLIDAY (cont'd)
rays probably made them do it.

Dilks and Cobb share a grin.

INT. COBB'S QUARTERS - LATER

Dilks lays on the bottom bunk. Cobb on the top. Bedtime.

COBB
Dilks, do you think you'll really
be a captain someday?

DILKS
Someday.

COBB
Could I be your first officer?

DILKS
Sure.

Cobb turns over. Looks out a porthole.

EXT. SPACE - ENTERPRISE - SAME TIME

Dilks and Cobb peer through two portholes.

We PULL BACK and BACK. Further and further into the cosmos.

When the Enterprise is a mere speck, we--

FADE TO BLACK.

TAG

INT. HR OFFICE

ANGLE ON: Dilks and Cobb taking notes at a table.

COBB
So you two would like to file a
complaint about--

REVEAL Aaron Person and Larry Green across the table. The
would-be Klingons.

AARON
Ensigns Dilks and Cobb.

DILKS
Can we process their complaint,
Cobb? I mean, this is Human Resources
not Klingon Resources.

He and Cobb bust up. Aaron and Larry are not amused.

DILKS
Kidding. Little joke. We have fun
here in HR.

END OF SHOW