

IT'S REALLY AMAZING YOU'VE GOTTEN THIS FAR.

WITH WORDS SCIENTIFIC,
I'LL BE QUITE PROLIFIC.

AND EVERY DAY
WE WILL FIND LOVE TOGETHER
BIRDS OF A DIFFERENT FEATHER,
WE'LL FLY THROUGH LIFE THE VULCAN WAY.

IF I'M RIGHT IN MY SURMISE
AND TAKYA LOVES ME LIKEWISE,
WE'LL PROVE A PARAGON OF PAIRS,
COMPATIBLE BEYOND COMPARE,
NEXT TO NONE.

IT'S GONNA BE SO GREAT.
WE'LL MEET IN THE LAB FOR OUR FIRST DATE.

WE'LL PEER-REVIEW PAPERS
AND OTHER SUCH CAPERS,
EXCHANGE A MONOGRAPH OR TWO.
WE'LL TEST EACH OTHER'S HIGH IQ
JUST FOR FUN.

IT'S ALL ARRANGED AND PLANNED.
I'LL SHOW HER MY CAT SCAN AND SHE'LL UNDERSTAND.

IT'S ALL QUITE ROMANTIC,
SO CALL IT PEDANTIC
AND SOMEWHAT PASSÉ,
BUT WE'LL START OUR NEXT CHAPTER.
LOGICALLY EVER AFTER,
WE'LL LIVE AND LOVE THE VULCAN WAY.

KIRK,
SULU,
CHEKOV

(The REDSHIRT CHORUS collects the bowler hats and canes and exits.)

KIRK: Well, that's the dumbest thing I have ever heard. Let's *not* do that. But luckily for you, you've come to the right man!

SPOCK: Have I?

KIRK: Yeah! Come on, who's the coolest guy you all know?

CHEKOV: Tsar Pyotr Alexeyevich the Great.

KIRK: No.

SULU: Liberty Hyde Bailey.

KIRK: Who?

SULU: The father of horticulture.

KIRK: No.

CHEKOV: The great dramatist, Anton Pavlovich Chekhov.

KIRK: No.

SULU: Master fencer Camillo Agrippa, who, in 1553, simplified Marozzo's eleven-

KIRK: All of those guys are dead. I mean someone living... *(leading THEM)* on board this ship...

(SULU and CHEKOV nod, thinking.)

SULU: Oh! Scotty!

CHEKOV: Yeah, Scotty!

KIRK: What? Scotty? No... me!

CHEKOV: Oh.

SULU: Oh.

KIRK: Really? You think Scotty is cooler than me?

(CHEKOV and SULU stumble for a response but are unable to provide anything convincing.)

CHEKOV: Yeah.

SULU: Yeah. Sorry.

CHEKOV: It's probably the accent...

SULU: Yeah...

KIRK: Wow. Wow... I mean me. *(to SPOCK)* I can give you all the relationship advice you need. That's what you came for, right?

SPOCK: No.

KIRK: Go ahead, ask me anything!

SPOCK: *(thinks for a second)* Why is Carol so upset with you?

KIRK: Shut up, *Spock!* I meant about you.

SPOCK: Oh. Well, I suppose it would be nice to feel mutual romantic interest with Professor Takya.

KIRK: You want to get her to like you? That's the easiest of all! What is the one thing all women love?

SULU: Botany!

CHEKOV: Ballet!

SULU: *The Three Musketeers!*

CHEKOV: The proletariat!

KIRK: What is wrong with you?! No. Women love *confidence*. You just gotta walk in there like you own the place.

SPOCK: Confidence...

KIRK: Confidence is the most important thing.

SPOCK: I thought the most important thing was being yourself...

KIRK: Nope. Confidence. You gotta know what you want and not be afraid to get it! But don't make it easy, oh no – you gotta know that you deserve the best and act like it!

SPOCK: Arrogance is a rather difficult state of mind for a Vulcan to access.

KIRK: Arrogance? No, no... it's just *confidence*.

(CHEKOV and SULU exchange a quiet scoff.)

SPOCK: Alright...

KIRK: Don't worry. I'll teach you everything I know. And then the next time you're working alone with Takya... BAM!

SPOCK: Bam?

KIRK: BAM!!

CHEKOV: BAM!

SULU: BAM!

(THEY wait for SPOCK.)