

MCCOY, CHAPEL, CAROL

mysterious energy readings coming from Klingon territory: high-energy gamma rays, unexplained in origin. It boils down to this: we believe the Klingons may be testing a new weapon.

SPOCK: The signal could very well be natural.

CAROL: True, but at any rate, Starfleet wants you to investigate. We can't afford another border conflict with the Klingons. Jim, Admiral Barnett's ordering the Enterprise to the edge of the Neutral Zone to scout it out. We need you to find out whether there is hostile intent toward the Federation.

KIRK: *(seductively)* Well, Carol, you know I'm always up for a bit of adventure.

CAROL: *(SHE sighs, unamused.)* Did you even listen to anything I said?

KIRK: Yeah, yeah. Neutral Zone, shoot some bad guys, save the day... get the girl... *(HE winks at CAROL.)*

*(CAROL rolls her eyes.)*

CAROL: Maybe. But only if you promise to get back safe.

*(SPOCK walks over and stands next to KIRK, placing a hand on his shoulder.)*

SPOCK: Don't worry Dr. Marcus. I will be sure to take good care of him.

*(KIRK glares at SPOCK, who smiles subtly. CAROL looks at the pair before giving a curt nod and turning toward the door. As soon as her back is turned, SPOCK and KIRK turn to each other. KIRK gives SPOCK a peevish look; SPOCK returns with his best "innocent" deadpan.)*

CAROL: I'll be monitoring your frequency. *(SHE exits the Bridge.)*

KIRK: Sulu, plot a course for the outposts along the Neutral Zone.

*(NURSE CHAPEL steps up to MCCOY holding a PADD, a tablet computer used in Star Trek.)*

CHAPEL: Here's the report on the baseline bioscans for the crew, Doctor.

MCCOY: *(smiling)* Why, thank you, Nurse Chapel.

CHAPEL: *(hanging around)* So... how about the Captain and Dr. Marcus? *(chuckles)*

MCCOY: Yes, it's quite a situation Jim's got himself into.

SPOCK: Sensor arrays online, Captain. All ship systems functioning within operational parameters.

CHAPEL: *(to MCCOY)* Poor Captain Kirk. *(a bit pointedly)* If only Carol would admit how she really feels.

SULU: Course laid in, Captain.

MCCOY: *(to CHAPEL)* Well... *(awkwardly)* sometimes it's difficult to admit your feelings for someone. Especially if it's... I don't know, a coworker, say. I think Dr. Marcus is just taking a healthy amount of time.

CHAPEL: Well, perhaps. But sometimes, just admitting how you feel about... someone... can be a good idea too.

MCCOY: Sometimes one person is nervous as to how the other will respond.

CHAPEL: Maybe that person should take that risk.

MCCOY: *(HE pauses, at a loss for words at first.)* Hm.

SCOTTY: T' engine's all warmed oop. We got full woorp capability!

CHAPEL: *(to MCCOY)* Well, I guess I'll go recalibrate the tricorders or something.

MCCOY: *(awkwardly)* Okay, sounds good. I'll see you later...

KIRK: Alright gang, strap in!

UHURA: *(over intercom)* The Captain has turned on the "fasten seat belt" sign.

KIRK: Outpost, here we come!

*(Lights out.)*

### SCENE 3

*Lights come up on the observatory on Andorian Science Outpost 37. The room looks as a scientific work environment often does: organized chaos. There are papers, star charts, and instruments scattered about on various tables; computer screens showing stars, spectrometry, and telemetry adorn the walls; a large chalkboard, covered with indecipherable mathematical hieroglyphics, is up stage right. On the back wall, below the word "Outpost", is an enormous number "37". A telescope points out a slit in the wall at stage left.*

*(An alarm sounds. A young Andorian male – TAKYA's lab assistant, SHRELAN – sits at a monitor left center, frantically working on the panel as the warning lights continue to flash. HE*