

SPOCK, MCCOY, SCOTTY

BOLDLY GO!

MCCOY: Right, as always. A standard dose of-

CHAPEL: 20 cc's, I know.

MCCOY: *(offhand)* What would I do without you?

SCOTTY: *(to KIRK, in a heavy, nearly unintelligible Scottish brogue)* 'Tis a pity t' lads a'spacedock we' nae able t' finish t' warp reactor oopgrades. I'll 'ave ter make t' repairs me'self!

KIRK: *(pause)* Yeah, fine. How long until we have our full warp capacity?

SCOTTY: Considerin' tha' we're currently max'd oot'a' Warp Six, an' in oorda t' oopgrade d' warp coils widout fryin' d' power cooplins, I'll 'ave t' reroot d' E.P.S. conduits, which should take a cupla 'oors.

(KIRK perplexedly looks to SPOCK for help. SPOCK steps forward, gently cutting SCOTTY off.)

SPOCK: Mr. Scott will require approximately two hours to complete the upgrades.

SCOTTY: Aye, I'll 'ave 'er shipshape in a coopla 'oors!

KIRK: Yeah, fine. *(to SULU)* Mr. Sulu, you and Chekov take the helm to Warp Six. Keep on course toward the Neutral Zone.

SULU: *(in unison with CHEKOV, saluting, overly cheerful)* Yes, Captain.

CHEKOV: *(in unison with SULU, saluting, overly cheerful)* Yes, Captain.

(SULU and CHEKOV exit.)

KIRK: Spock, are you sure there's nothing else to do? If we run up against the Klingons, we'll need all the power we can muster.

SPOCK: I believe you may be extrapolating further than your present information allows, Captain. It is possible that the radiation phenomenon consists merely of an unexpected rise in pulsar activity.

(KIRK nods understandingly and takes a step closer to SPOCK. KIRK opens his mouth to talk.)

MCCOY: *(interrupts)* With Klingons you can never be too careful. This smells suspicious.

(KIRK nods in agreement and takes a slow pace to MCCOY. KIRK seems about speak.)

SPOCK: *(interrupting, speaking pointedly to MCCOY)* Or perhaps *(HE subtly grabs KIRK by the arm, slowly pulling HIM to his side.)* the radiation is coming from a *naturally occurring* supernova: a white dwarf emitting a thermonuclear burst-

MCCOY: *(cutting SPOCK off)* I'm a doctor, not a cosmologist. *(HE grabs KIRK's other arm and begins to pull the captive Captain to his side. MCCOY continues speaking with increasing frustration to SPOCK.)* It's more likely that the Klingons are testing some pretty lethal new technology, just hoping we won't notice-

SPOCK: *(right on the tail of MCCOY, increasingly frustrated)* We should approach this logically. *(SPOCK begins to pull KIRK closer again, taking a step forward as HE does so. MCCOY sarcastically laughs and attempts to interrupt throughout SPOCK's line.)* The Enterprise is charged with a mission of exploration and discovery. As a doctor, you should welcome this opportunity for scholarly inquiry. We cannot let our *emotions* guide our decisions.

MCCOY: *(raising his voice, pointedly)* No, we can't can we? Because you clearly don't have any! *(HE pulls KIRK center and takes a step forward. MCCOY and SPOCK continue to step closer and closer together until THEY are now nose to nose in front of KIRK. SPOCK attempts to interrupt throughout MCCOY's line.)* Are you out of your Vulcan mind?! I'm a doctor, not a soulless machine. I'm concerned about the safety and well-being of this crew. About the dangers we will face when – not if, when – we run up against the Klingons! And there'll be plenty of hazards to tackle before we can even *get* to that! If you can feel anything in that half-human heart-

(KIRK wrestles his arms out of their grips.)

SPOCK: *(on top of MCCOY's final sentence)* If you are attempting to elicit an emotional response by referring to my-

MCCOY: You wanna boldly go, punk?!

(KIRK steps forward between the two, pushing THEM apart.)

KIRK: Alright, alright! Enough you two!!

MCCOY: Hey, you can't-

KIRK: Nope.

SPOCK: One-

KIRK: Uh-uh.

MCCOY: That-

KIRK: Zip.

SPOCK: With-

KIRK: Mm-mm.