

STAR TREK: RENAISSANCE

"God Save the Pigs!"

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TEASER

FADE IN:

INT. ENTERPRISE -- CORRIDOR

An empty corridor. Captain NEIL CROSS and Commander TALORA appear.

CROSS

And their language is untranslatable?

TALORA

Only for a Universal Translator. The words, which form a limited range, have their meanings almost entirely formed by body language. That and other various nuances are beyond your computers.

CROSS

A simple "yes" would have sufficed, Commander.

(beat)

But you can speak their language.

TALORA

Correct. Though it's beyond your computers, it's not beyond me. There was an optional and extensive course in the Academy.

(proudly)

In a class of nine thousand, only nineteen took on Whagosh.

CROSS

Hmph. Convenient, then.

TALORA

Obviously.

CROSS

There's one other thing I don't get, though, Commander...

TALORA

Oh?

CROSS

Why choose Whagosh?

TALORA

Because it was the hardest language known to Romulus.

Cross raises his eyebrows. They turn and enter...

INT. ENTERPRISE -- TRANSPORTER ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

NARV OZRAN is at the controls, LEWIS CARTER stands next to him. He wears one of those camera headsets. He turns to face Cross.

CARTER

Captain Cross! What are your feelings on personally conducting this historic Federation-Whagosh summit, this first contact with a largely unknown alien race?

CROSS

Oh, god.

OZRAN

Would a god be this cruel?

Cross glances at Ozran.

OZRAN (CONT'D)

(shrugs)

I tried to remove him, sir. But he claimed freedom of the press.

CROSS

Not that one again.

CARTER

And what are you feelings on the freedom of the --

CROSS

(interrupting)

Narv?

OZRAN

They're ready to beam onboard sir. There's three of them, and accommodations are being made in the two VIP quarters -- we're told two of them will be together.

CARTER

One moment, sir --

CROSS

Energize.

The transporter whines offscreen.

CARTER

What are your --

This time, Carter isn't interrupted by Cross, but by high pitched SQUEALING.

We pan around to see three forms on the pad, quite shorter than normal humanoids.

In fact, they're not humanoids at all.

They are three woolly-maned with thick white fur, saber teeth and twin tails each. Two of them wear costumes like a cross between a French Emperor and a Clown, tailored to fit their bodies with big frilly collars and sleeves, colored in light purple. The third wears a drab, function designed uniform of grey and has a phaser mount as well as a large phaser strapped to his back.

They continue to SQUEAL at the top of their lungs.

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. ENTERPRISE -- TRANSPORTER ROOM

Same as before. TALORA begins squealing and grunting back at the Whagosh. She squeals, she grunts, she snorts just like a pig at them and then they respond. She squeals and they squeal back.

CARTER
What is she saying?

CROSS
Oink, oink. As nicely as possible,
I hope.

Talora squeals at an ear piercing pitch.

CROSS (CONT'D)
And hopefully not more of that.

OZLAN
What a noble language.

CROSS
What's that, Narv?

OZLAN
It reminds me so much of Gorn.

CARTER
That's a silly language.

OZLAN
What did you say?

CROSS
Ozran.

OZLAN
Sorry, sir.

Finally, Talora turns around.

TALORA
We have received a great honor.

CROSS
Hm?

Talora motions to the first pig, one of the two decked in the clown emperor attire.

TALORA

Here is Boinkfarceous, Son of Duke Waggaroonie of House Kimter, King of All Whagosh, Dutiful Servant of the Great Fattener in the Sky, He of the Greatly Kept Teeth, Smelled to the High Heavens.

OZRAN

(muttered)

I'll say.

Talora then motions to the second with similar attire.

TALORA

Here is Eudoloksia, daughter of King Bobbowobbo of the House Gygpi, Consort and Queen of the King of All Whagosh, Defecator of Good Omens, Mistress of Manure, the Bringer of Fat.

CROSS

Heart warming. And this fellow over here?

Cross nods to the last pig, the one with a phaser on his back.

TALORA

Oh, that's just Pinkeye.

CROSS

Oh. Just a pinkeye, then? That's a relief.

TALORA

Their guard.

CARTER

Fascinating. You learned all that just by... well, squealing to them?

TALORA

(dryly)

No, Mr. Carter, they beamed their thoughts into my head.

CARTER

You mean their squealing was part of transmitting medium for an electrically charged quantum based telepathic transmission which your cranium has been attuned to receive?

TALORA

You've been around Grey for too long.

The Whagosh begin squealing again. Talora grunts and snorts back at them. After a moment she turns around.

CROSS

Well?

TALORA

They heard that they had quarters prepared for them. They would like to be brought to them.

CROSS

By all means.

But before they can move...

CARTER

One moment -- Captain Cross, King, um, Pig, how do you feel about this historic meeting?

Beat. Talora squeals to BOINKFARCEOUS (hereafter called BOINK). Then in unison Cross and Boink grunt.

TALORA

He meant that in other circumstances he'd do something rather unpleasant to you...

(beat)

...and the King was just grunting.

Talora, Boink, EUDODOLOKSIA (hereafter called EUDO) and PINKEYE exit.

CARTER

Captain -

Cross follows suit. Carter stands there for a moment, and then turns around --

OZRAN

Oh no you don't.

CARTER

(undaunted)

Mr. Narv Ozran, how do you feel --

OZRAN

About wringing your throat? Don't mind if I do.

CUT TO:

INT. ENTERPRISE -- CORRIDOR

Talora, Boink, Eudo and Pinkeye are moving down the corridor. N.D.s give them a wide berth.

BOINK

(squealing, subtitled,
to Eudo)

How horridly unbearable this is!
Look my glorious, look! Not a manure
pile in site! And so, so hot!

EUDO

(squealing, subtitled)

Oh, and the smell! That harsh smell --
how on manure could one ever cope?

BOINK

(squealing, subtitled,
to Talora)

Oh, you poor devils! Such living
conditions, so hot, clean, and uncouth
must be so hard so far from home!

TALORA

(squealing, subtitled)

Your rooms have been especially
prepared.

BOINK

(squealing, subtitled)

Of course, of course. I suppose you
have similar arrangements in your
rooms to remind you of the manure
fields of home?

TALORA

(squealing, subtitled)

Not quite.

Eudo snorts and squeals.

EUDO

(squealing subtitled)

Oooh, Wonky, you're right. This
floor is so unbearably clean it is
unbefitting of a Queen of the Whagosh
and Daughter of the House of Gygpi!

BOINK

(squealing, subtitled)

I told you not to do that, dear.

EUDO

(squealing, subtitled)

Do what?

BOINK

(squealing, subtitled)

You are not to call me "Wonky" in
public. It's most undignified.

EUDO

(squealing, subtitled)
Oh, but Wonky -

BOINK

(squealing, subtitled)
No buts, my dearest Mistress of
Manure.

EUDO

(squealing, subtitled)
Oh, but my little Wonky -

BOINK

(squealing, subtitled)
I am King Boinkfarceous, son of Duke
Waggaroonie of the House Kimter, the
representative of the Whagosh, and
must project a show of tremendous
decency and ability becoming of that
rank and any Whagosh states-pig.

They reach a door, by which Talora stops the routine.

TALORA

(squealing, subtitled)
Here we are. These quarters were
prepared for you, Monarchs. Pinkeye's
is next door.

Pinkeye jumps and squeals madly, going up and down, up and
down.

PINKEYE

(squealing, subtitled)
Unacceptable! Unacceptable!

TALORA

(squealing, subtitled)
What?

PINKEYE

(squealing, subtitled)
Unacceptable!

TALORA

(squealing, subtitled)
What's unaccept-

PINKEYE

(squealing, subtitled)
Unacceptable!

TALORA

(squealing, subtitled)
Pinkeye, if you'd just tell me I'll
change it!

Pinkeye stops bouncing, but assumes an injured posture. He snorts.

PINKEYE

(squealing, subtitled)

I am the guard of the Monarchs, and ever since King Dungebotron the Founder, guards have slept outside the Houses of their Masters, especially the Kings. It is inconceivable that my right and privilege be rescinded like this!

TALORA

(squealing, subtitled)

You might block space. Would it be okay if you slept on the other side of the door?

Enrage, Pinkeye starts bouncing again.

PINKEYE

(squealing, subtitled)

Unacceptable! Unacceptable!

INT. ENTERPRISE -- VIP QUARTERS

Lieutenants SARAH BOYLE and ANDREW CHAMBERS are present, and up to waist height in manure. It's spread in varying levels throughout the room and in different shapes and content. Additionally cold air wafts through the room. They are wearing oxygen masks and some other protection gear. They stand exhausted. Boyle holds a towel. She extracts herself from the filth.

BOYLE

(panting)

Phew. That was...

CHAMBERS

You're telling me. I sure pity the poor fools who are going to have to clean this up when --

TALORA'S COMM VOICE

Talora to Second VIP Quarters.

Boyle taps her commbadge.

BOYLE

VIP Quarters here.

TALORA'S COMM VOICE

There's been a change of plan. The special environmental conditions are no longer needed.

BOYLE

That's a shame.

TALORA'S COMM VOICE

Please remove, out --

BOYLE

Now wait a minute!

The line's dead. Boyle glares at Chambers.

CHAMBERS

What?

She throws the towel at him.

BOYLE

You've just been promoted to the
cleanup crew, Andrew.
Congratulations.

Boyle takes a low route right towards the door.

CHAMBERS

Wait a moment! Sarah, where are you
going?

BOYLE

(not looking back)
Shower.

She EXITS.

Beat. Chambers looks around at the piles of manure, the
towel in hand.

CHAMBERS

Phooey.

CUT TO:

INT. ENTERPRISE -- CORRIDOR

At the entrance to the first VIP Quarters as before indicated.
TALORA is leaning against the wall. Pinkeye is standing by
the door, performing the virtually impossible - growling a
squeal. The doors open, and BOINK and EUDO stand in the
doorway.

BOINK

(squealing, subtitled)
Are you sure you want to stay out
there?

TALORA

(squealing, subtitled)
Quite.

BOINK

(squealing, subtitled)

Ugh. Quite uncomfortable.

TALORA

(squealing, subtitled)

Then the quarters meet to your satisfaction?

Eudo sighs.

EUDO

(squealing, subtitled)

They will have to do. I will not be the first of my family to suffer such a lack of properly cultivated manure.

BOINK

(squealing, subtitled)

Quite adequate, Tall One.

TALORA

(squealing, subtitled)

Talora.

Boink oink-chortles.

BOINK

(squealing, subtitled)

Ah, yes. Most amusing -- what odd names your people have!

(beat)

Well, Talora, tell your leader that soon we will discuss our matters with him.

Talora opens her mouth to reply, but they've already retreated back into the room and the door closes. Pinkeye's suspicious glare also discourages. Then, suddenly tired, he snorts a yawn, and flops onto the ground, rolling to the side -- filling up the floor.

TALORA

(squealing, subtitled)

Mr. Pinkeye, your position will interfere with the operation of this ship. Could you please move --

Pinkeye suddenly bolts upright, bouncing up and down.

PINKEYE

(squealing, subtitled)

Unacceptable! Unacceptable!

TALORA
(squealing, subtitled)
Alright, alright!

Pinkey snorts threateningly and flops back onto the ground, stretching twisting and turning to see how much space he can fill before bellowing a deep oink-yawn. Then he turns up on his back and begins a wheezing snore. Chagrined, Talora carefully, quietly steps over him and walks off. Suddenly he bursts into a high pitched squeal resembling maniacal laughter, and on this squeal we...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

EXT. SPACE

A Shot of the ENTERPRISE hanging in the depths of space. Nearby is a vessel of a kind never before seen.

CROSS (V.O.)

Captain's Log, Stardate 79514.6.
We've now made contact with the
Whagosh referred to the previous log
entry. Ahem.

(beat)

Well, it's been some time since we
made a First Contact now, ah, until
now. When we did. And it went
smoothly, too, no, ah, blasting or
anything. Um... oh, yeah, and it's
nice to meet new aliens. When they're
nice aliens, that is. And not
blasting. Aw, Computer, erase log.

CUT TO:

INT. ENTERPRISE -- BRIEFING ROOM

Sitting around the table are Cross, Talora, ELRIS LEA, ERIK GREY, GRIL DOJAR, Ambassador Y'LAN and Carter, whose camera now is turned toward his face. Everyone but Grey seems rather tired.

GREY

Furthermore, today one of my new
personnel was willing to let the
engines run at an appalling 90% of
maximum efficiency... can you believe
that? 90%! They actually left out
an entire 10%! Their laxity is
completely appalling! Sometimes
they're actually half a minute late
to work! Can you imagine? A whole
thirty seconds of valuable engineering
time!

(beat)

Uh, is anyone paying attention?

CROSS

What? Oh, yeah, the new Engineering
team is great.

GREY

That isn't what I said at all -

CROSS

I'm sure they're doing a smashing job. Now, onto the Whagosh --

CARTER

Tell me Captain, why the Enterprise is making first contact with the Whagosh?

Cross sighs.

CROSS

Don't you already know that?

CARTER

It's for the viewers, sir.

Carter's camera focuses on Cross.

CROSS

Alright, alright. Two days ago a message was transmitted from Whagosh space requesting a First Contact between our species and the Federation, helpfully translated by our first officer. The Enterprise was the only ship in range --

CARTER

Do you have anything to say to the conspiracy theorists?

CROSS

The who?

CARTER

Some people believe that some force causes the Enterprise to periodically be the only near this or that catastrophe. Possibly an alien influence. What do you say to that?

CROSS

Y'lan, are the Q'tami behind any conspiracies involving making the Enterprise the only ship in range?

Y'LAN

Not that I am aware of, Captain.

CROSS

Well, if you can take his word for it...

(beat)

Ah, where was I? Oh yes, briefing our viewers on the plot.

(MORE)

CROSS (CONT'D)

Since we were the only ship in range and since only we could translate the message and there was a specified time limit which no other ship could meet we came right away. Some preliminary arrangements were made via subspace. And we rendezvoused with the Squattbork, the Whagosh flagship, here at their borders.

CARTER

You said your first officer translated this for you. The Romulan. Is it true that the Romulans made first contact with the Whagosh fifty years ago?

CROSS

Talora, did the Romulans make First Contact with the Whagosh fifty years ago?

TALORA

Yes.

CROSS

There you have it.

CARTER

I see. Then why hasn't the Federation made First Contact until now?

CROSS

One moment, please, I'll have to call the Federation President --

CARTER

In your opinion?

CROSS

Well, Mr. Carter, this is a rather remote area of space. Few people ever come here.

CARTER

So you're boldly going where no one has gone before?

CROSS

No, I'm politely going where the Romulans have gone before.

CARTER

Aha, hah, hah.

CROSS

Is there anything else the viewers want?

CARTER

Well, actually -

CROSS

Nothing? Brilliant!

CARTER

You see --

CROSS

We'll get on with the briefing.
Talora?

TALORA

First Contact with the Whagosh by the Romulans was conducted by the then-Commander Voran, who was charting unknown space. Most of the encounter took place over subspace via which we learned each other's languages, or with Ambassador Dinkywadblarg, which included an extensive exchange of knowledge.

ELRIS

There's some things I don't understand...

TALORA

Yes?

ELRIS

In xenobiology I was taught that species could not develop technology without some sort of hand-like contraption to build it. You know, opposable thumbs. But the Whagosh clearly have nothing more than hooves -- how did they ever even reach the stone age?

TALORA

You think in too straightforward terms. The Whagosh don't have opposable thumbs -- they have opposable tails. These tails have much greater dexterity of touch than our hands as they were required to work without eyes.

ELRIS

And you've been giving them all sorts of names. I thought that their language was made out of, well, squealing.

TALORA

The names are approximate transliterations of the nuances sounds of Whagosh language, to create words to be pronounceable for those not versed in Whagosh. Anything else?

ELRIS

No, thank you.

TALORA

Very well.

(beat)

We also learned during our exchange that the Whagosh have an outlook quite unlike most humanoid races. Their culture clashes on several points and correct procedure is imperative.

GREY

What kinds of procedure?

TALORA

(uncomfortable)

The Ambassador challenged Voran to a belching contest, for example. To belch loudly is considered highly virtuous and noble. "The Belcher Heard In All The Lands" is one of the titles of a Whagosh King.

DOJAR

Who won the belching contest?

TALORA

In the interests of maintaining good relations, Voran gave Sir Dinkywadblarg that privilege. It was an attempt to make up for the Ambassador's accident at the EPS Conduit.

GREY

EPS Conduit? How did he get to one of those -- they're in restricted areas, aren't they?

TALORA

Whagosh believe in communality and have no concept of a restricted or private area. They were given a moderately privileged access.

DOJAR

Will we have to do the same?

TALORA

To respect their beliefs.

DOJAR

I don't like the sound of that. Captain, we can't let these, ah, Whagosh run amuck on the ship!

CROSS

I agree, Dojar. I absolutely cannot.

DOJAR

Phew.

CROSS

They will walk amuck. Or more likely in the muck, given their breed.

ELRIS

About that...

Cross raises his hand.

CROSS

I know, I know. The Whagosh bear a striking resemblance to the Klingon targ, the Romulan hnooth, the Cardassian erieya, the Vulcan borplat, the amphibious Arcturian duck, and, yes, the pig of Earth.

(beat)

But we can't judge a species by their appearance. IDIC and all that. No doubt to some other species we seem disgusting, foul, sickening to look at and almost unbearably pathetic.

Y'LAN

You have no idea.

QUINLAN

What about the smell?

CROSS

We've braved worse things.

QUINLAN

Such as?

CROSS

Well, there was that time with the Faction... nah... or with the Hegemony... nah... or the Trill... nah... that mysterious April thing... nah... um, that big break-up and things... aha! The Pakleds.

All but Carter GROAN in unison.

GREY

Never bring that up again.

TALORA

This is a good case for the cause of memory erasure.

Y'LAN

I'm offended. Surely the Q'tami attacks were more grueling.

CARTER

No, they just get higher ratings.

Everyone turns around.

CARTER (CONT'D)

Ratings. Of "Carter Investigates." My show.

(beat)

I did a special --

CROSS

Shut up.

ELRIS

Captain?

CROSS

Yes, Doctor?

ELRIS

The Whagosh called for a Federation First Contact specifically, whom they've never had direct contact with. And within a short time frame. And transporting onboard their two rulers, while previously they had sent a mere Ambassador to the Romulans. Why?

CARTER

I wish I'd thought of that question.

CROSS

I said shut up.

ELRIS

Captain?

CROSS

I don't know, Doctor. But I have a feeling that it will reveal itself in time...

CARTER

Can I quote you on that?

CROSS

No. And that doesn't mean you can anyway.

CARTER

Can I quote you on not being allowed to quote you?

CUT TO:

INT. ENTERPRISE -- FIRST VIP QUARTERS

Very similar to the one seen earlier, with the same kind of accommodation for its Whagosh inhabitants -- in this case, BOINK and EUDO, BOINK is by the replicator, his rear facing it. Within the replicator materializes something that looks like muddy water in two cups. Boink turns around to face it, snorts, then turns his back against to it once more. His tails entwine around the handles and he walks over the manure towards Eudo, who is by a low rise table coming out of the manure.

BOINK

(squealing, subtitled)

How ungainly a hold! Clearly made for those odd contraptions those aliens have at the end of their frontal tails -- what are they called again, dearest?

EUDO

(squealing, subtitled)

Hands.

BOINK

(squealing, subtitled)

Oh yes of course, hands. What a novel idea!

Boink walks up to Eudo, turns his rear to her and places both cups on the table, and then turns around to face her.

BOINK (CONT'D)

(squealing, subtitled)

It's amazing with things like those they made even the simplest tools. And look at these cups! How is one meant to put his snout in it? Oh dear, oh dear...

(beat)

And I bet their replicators can't do justice to slog.

EUDO

(squealing, subtitled)

Yes, in all affairs they are such a barbaric people. Much like the Romulans.

BOINK

(squealing, subtitled)

No, these Humans are even worse. So uncouth in attire and even more perverted in ideas. And they look so hideous.

He sighs a pig sigh.

BOINK (CONT'D)

(squealing, subtitled)

Still, they have what we need, and to get it we must show them a good piece of culture.

EUDO

(squealing, subtitled)

But Wonky -

BOINK

(squealing, subtitled)

No buts, my ever-smelt dearest. The Monarchical Appreciation Ceremony must go forward. It is the only way we can justly ask --

EUDO

(squealing, subtitled)

I won't go.

Boink squeals high-pitched, and prances about in rage. He dashes from one pile to the next.

BOINK

(squealing, subtitled)

You what?_ Dare you not piss on our sacred rituals!

EUDO
(squealing, subtitled)
Wonky...

BOINK
(squealing, subtitled)
Don't think that will work on me. I
am King of the Whagosh. I set a
positive example or I'll be on the
front pages of "The Sty."

EUDO
(squealing, subtitled)
They wouldn't have to know.

BOINK
(squealing, subtitled)
Then they'd make it up! We must
maintain our dignity, and not cause
another royal scandal!

EUDO
(squealing, subtitled)
Oh, but Wonky...

Boink prances down to face Eudo.

BOINK
(squealing, subtitled)
No, Eudodoloksia the Weighty. No
exception can be made. This King
Dungbobotron the Founder decreed.
It is the Way. Without it we would
not have the land of slog and muck.

EUDO
(squealing, subtitled)
But I'm old... and I'm pregnant.

Boink jumps up and down.

BOINK
(squealing, subtitled)
No exception! No exception!

Eudo grunts softly.

EUDO
(squealing, subtitled)
Then I will.

He stops. He goes over and nuzzles her snout.

BOINK
(squealing, subtitled)
Oh Eudodoloksia...

EUDO
 (squealing, subtitled)
 Oh Boinkfarceous...

BOINK
 (squealing, subtitled)
 I knew you'd agree.

EUDO
 (squealing, subtitled)
 But no extremes. We do the Ceremony
 but we need not go to the levels of
 King Decadawadabonbon.

BOINK
 (squealing, subtitled)
 No, no extremes, only a moderate
 Ceremony. We should make the plans
 now, let's see if we can get this
 Computer of theirs to call up a map --
 hopefully we don't need their frontal
 tail contraptions...

PINKEYE'S VOICE (O.S.)
 (squealing, subtitled)
 How dare you!

BOINK
 (squealing, subtitled)
 Oh dear...

CUT TO:

INT. ENTERPRISE -- BRIEFING ROOM

Same as before.

CALE'S COMM VOICE
 Uhhh, C-captain, help!

Loud squealing can be heard in the background.

CROSS
 Captain here. What's that noise?

CALE'S COMM VOICE
 I didn't mean to sir, honest, it was
 an accident --

CROSS
 Slow down there. Didn't mean what?

CALE'S COMM VOICE
 Sir, really, I'm sorry, I didn't -

CROSS
 Sorry for what, Cale?

CALE'S COMM VOICE

Oh. Right, you see sir I, uh, stepped on him -- uh, one of the Whagosh, sir --

CROSS

You what?

CALE(V.O.)

Uh, You see I didn't see him --

CROSS

Never mind. Help is on it's way, Lieutenant. Cross out.

The link is severed.

CROSS (CONT'D)

Talora?

She sighs.

TALORA

Understood.

CROSS

Dojar?

Dojar begins to quiver.

DOJAR

(fidgety)

Um, n-no, Captain, absolutely not. You see, in my youth I was attacked by a targ and have never got over my fear of those kinds of creature...

(beat)

Actually that wasn't me, that was a Klingon called Dorx.

CROSS

Get going, Dojar.

DOJAR

Yes, sir.

Talora and Dojar exit. Beat.

CROSS

Well, is there anything else?

Carter opens his mouth --

CROSS (CONT'D)

No? Then you're dismissed.

Grey, Elris, Y'lan, Cross and reluctantly Carter file out of the room.

CUT TO:

INT. ENTERPRISE -- CORRIDOR

PINKEYE is jumping up and down, squealing something at the top of his voice (probably "Unacceptable") while a baffled Cale stands by. Pinkeye pauses for a breath --

CALE

I am so sorry, how can I ever --

He squeals louder. Talora and Dojar arrive, Dojar holding a phaser.

CALE (CONT'D)

(to Talora)

Omigod, I am so, so sorry, it's just a total mistake I really didn't mean to do it I'm so sorry --

TALORA

(stern)

Brian.

CALE

But he was just lying there I wasn't looking that why how could I know if I did --

TALORA

I know, I know. Dojar, stand alert. This could be messy.

DOJAR

(examining Pinkeye)

I can see that.

Talora turns to speak to Pinkeye.

CALE

Could you tell him I'm so, so sorry? I really didn't --

TALORA

Lieutenant.

Cale clams up. Talora squeals over and to Pinkeye. Finally, stopping bouncing but maintaining a now hurt posture Pinkeye squeals back. Suddenly the door of the room opens and BOINK and EUDO appear to squeal loudly at Talora. Dojar groans.

DOJAR

And I thought all the minds in the universe were bad...

BOINK and EUDO seem anxious. They squeal something to Pinkeye. Pinkeye squeals back, equally antsy.

CALE

Look, I'm sorry, really, I didn't mean it!

He's being universally ignored. Talora squeals at them in confusion.

DOJAR

Talora?

BOINK squeals once at Talora and then he, Eudo and Pinkeye bolt past them. Dojar lunges for one but he misses and falls. Talora squeals after them, but they're gone.

Slowly, Dojar extracts himself from the floor.

DOJAR (CONT'D)

Sonofavole...

Beat.

CALE

I am so sorry, I didn't intend this, really, I'm sorry I let them get away and got them all mad --

TALORA

(annoyed)
Right.

CALE

But I'm really -

TALORA

Apology accepted, got it?

CALE

Okay. And I'm sorry for annoying you --

TALORA

You'll be a lot sorrier if you don't keep quiet.

CALE

I am a lot sorrier.

TALORA

(sighs)
Just take the hint.

CALE

Okay. Sorry. Whoops, I'm sorry, I didn't mean to say I'm...

Talora is staring daggers at him.

CALE (CONT'D)
(mumbled, barely
audible)
Sorry.

TALORA
I heard that.

DOJAR
Uh, Talora?

TALORA
Don't you start, Dojar.

DOJAR
Apologizing? I'd never apologize
for anything. Uh, that didn't come
out right...

TALORA
You have anything relevant to say,
Lieutenant?

DOJAR
Where are the pigs -- Uh, I mean,
Ambassadors -- erm, I mean
Monarchs...?

TALORA
Uh... off someplace, I guess.

DOJAR
Oh. We'll have to go after them,
won't we?

TALORA
Seems so.

DOJAR
I see.

Beat.

DOJAR (CONT'D)
We'd want to do that soon.

TALORA
Mmm-hmm. Don't want them to get too
far. We want swift, decisive action.

DOJAR
I agree. Racing after them when
they leave our sights. Staying
doggedly on their trail, never letting
up.

TALORA

Oh, definitely. We should do that sort of thing.

DOJAR

Yeah. Good thing I thought of that.

TALORA

Absolutely. That sorts that problem.

DOJAR

Most certainly.

Beat.

CALE

Uh... I know it's all my fault, but...

TALORA

Yes, Cale?

CALE

Why did they go?

TALORA

I'm not sure. The King said something like "For Thy Services."

CALE

But that doesn't make any sense -- you did tell them I am sorry, right?

Talora rolls her eyes.

TALORA

You're sorry? Never would have guessed.

DOJAR

It's very thoughtful of them. I haven't had to run about the ship like a madman for a year now. Just like the good old days.

CROSS'S COMM VOICE

Bridge to Talora. Everything settled down there?

Talora clears her throat.

TALORA

Uh... more or less, but a bit more on the less part...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. ENTERPRISE -- ENGINEERING

Lower deck. BOYLE is working a station. GREY enters.

GREY
Ah, Lieutenant. Done already?

BOYLE
Uh... yeah.

Grey looks around.

GREY
Where's Chambers?

From above a door opens, which we can only hear. Some scuffling and SQUEALING heard. Squirt is heard, a SCREAM is heard. Grey walks to the edge and looks up.

GREY (CONT'D)
Fao! What the h --

A shower of yellow liquid coming from two arcs hits Grey in the face pouring over him.

Grey stumbles to the other side, coughing up the liquid and trying to clear his eyes. Understandably cautious, Boyle peers up at the higher deck where it came from.

GREY (CONT'D)
Jesus! What was that?

BOYLE
(wincing)
Uh... you don't want to know.

Grey struggles to his feet, brushing his hands through his hair to get it out of there as well.

GREY
What?

Another shower comes down, aimed for the QIC. Grey stands next to Boyle and looks up --

GREY (CONT'D)
Holy sh --

CROSS'S COMM VOICE
This is the Bridge to Engineering.
Be cautious. The Whagosh have gone
on the loose and may have gone towards
your sector.

Grey hits his badge.

GREY

They're already here, sir.

CROSS'S COMM VOICE

Do not restrict them or take hostile action.

GREY

Sir, they're pissing on the Quantum Induction Core!

CROSS'S COMM VOICE

Pardon?

GREY

I'm quite serious. Sir.

CROSS'S COMM VOICE

Okay. I'll be sending Security down there on the double.

GREY

Send some clean up teams with them, as many as you can spare.

CROSS'S COMM VOICE

Ri --

SQUEALS from above, and the attack on the QIC ceases.

FAO (O.S.)

(from above)

What -- hey!

The pigs dash for the door on the Upper Level. It parts and they EXIT.

GREY

They've gone, sir.

CROSS'S COMM VOICE

Understood. Cross out.

GREY

That damn fool. He's going to get us all...

Beat, as Grey fumbles for the right word.

GREY (CONT'D)

... Wet.

Grey heads for the door on the lower level.

GREY (CONT'D)

(over shoulder)

Take over, Boyle. I'm going to get a new uniform, and after that I'll eat as much pork products as possible.

BOYLE

Sir?

GREY

(over shoulder)

Didn't think you'd understand.

Grey EXITS. Boyle looks around at the now filthy Engineering...

CUT TO:

INT. ENTERPRISE -- REC LOUNGE

CHAMBERS, exhausted and in a fresh suit -- off-duty gear -- enters. HAL spots him as he sits down by the counter.

HAL

Chambers! What'll it be?

CHAMBERS

(tiredly)

The strongest you got.

HAL

You sure?

CHAMBERS

Believe me, I'm sure.

Hal ducks under the counter and then comes back out.

HAL

Behold the Antican Salaggah Wine.
One drop, instant coma.

Chambers groans.

CHAMBERS

Not that strong, Hal.

HAL

Oh. How about Romulan Tel-Sheyah?
It takes two drops.

CHAMBERS

Okay, okay. Just gimme a beer.

HAL

Beer. Got it.

Hal ducks under the counter, comes up, hands Chambers a beer.

QUINLAN (O.S.)

Hal!

Hal goes over to Quinlan, who is further down the counter.

HAL

Another orange juice, Ms. Quinlan?

QUINLAN

I'm getting a little sick of that.
Do you have anything else?

Hal begins to go under the counter.

QUINLAN (CONT'D)

Non-alcoholic.

HAL

Uh, of course.

He goes under the counter.

QUINLAN

(calling down to him)
Not addictive, either.

HAL (O.S.)

(disappointed)
Oh.

Hal comes back up and places a glass on the counter with a yellow drink in it.

HAL (CONT'D)

Zaranite poison.

QUINLAN

Poison? Why Hal, I didn't know you cared.

HAL

(proud)
Oh yes, it's instantly fatal...
(beat)
Ah, that is, to Zaranites.

QUINLAN

And what about us old *Homo sapiens*?

HAL

I'm sorry -- Homo who?

QUINLAN

Humans, Hal.

HAL

Perfectly harmless. And quite tasty.

QUINLAN

Al-

The doors burst open, BOINK, EUDO and PINKEYE hurl themselves into the room, squealing like mad. Everything goes into uproar as many of the Lounge's denizens REACT.

The pigs run through the Lounge, knocking things over... and the doors part again to admit TALORA and DOJAR, in hot pursuit.

Quinlan groans.

QUINLAN (CONT'D)

Mind that drink, Hal.

BOINK and EUDO dash under another table that they uproot, PINKEYE runs across plush chairs that the occupants quickly vacate.

TALORA

(to the crowds)

I don't mean to alarm, but --

DOJAR

Run like mad!

The crowds REACT the way only crowds can -- PANICKING EN MASSE. Most of them barrel out the door when they can.

TALORA

Smooth, Dojar.

DOJAR

Appreciated, sir.

Talora and Dojar begin to race for BOINK and EUDO. They stop under a table --

QUINLAN

(to both, joining them)

You two really have things under control.

DOJAR

We'll get through it. We did with the Q'tami.

TALORA

Dojar?

DOJAR

Yeah?

TALORA

These aren't Q'tami.

DOJAR

But how can we be sure?

BOINK and EUDO kick up even more furniture, not content with leaving anything standing, and now begin to piss on it.

Chambers sees this, glances back to his beer, looks back. He then dashes for the door -- but leaping through the sky Pinkeye tackles him, landing flat on him and stunning him to crumple onto the floor. And he gets a good face-full of defecation. Pinkeye jumps off. The soiled Chambers looks into the air for a moment.

CHAMBERS

Double phooey.

TALORA

(re: Chambers)

Would the Q'tami do that? No, wait, don't answer that.

Talora comes out from under the table, and cautiously walks forward to BOINK and EUDO. She begins squealing at them.

TALORA (CONT'D)

(squealing, subtitled)

What are you doing?

The pigs do not let up in the general destruction of the Rec Lounge.

EUDO

(squealing, subtitled)

You did hear what Wo-- what the King said, didn't you?

The pigs continue to trash things. BOINK pisses on a computer console, effectively sabotaging it. At the counter, Hal GROANS.

HAL

If only my insurance covered alien ransacking and defilement...

QUINLAN

You going to help us, Hal?

HAL

What? Uh, n-no, no by no means. I uh, um, am just going to stay right here. Uh, guarding your drink, that is. Yeah.

TALORA
(squealing, subtitled)
What?

EUDO
(squealing, subtitled)
What what?

TALORA
(squealing, subtitled)
What did the King say?

EUDO
(squealing, subtitled)
For Thy Services.

TALORA
(squealing, subtitled)
But what does that mean?

Eudo shrieks, bounces over to Boink who is doing something highly questionable to the staircase.

EUDO
(squealing, subtitled)
Did you hear that, Boinkfarceous?
She doesn't know the ceremonial line
of the Monarchical Appreciation
Ceremony!

BOINK
(squealing, subtitled)
Oh how barbaric!

EUDO
(squealing, subtitled)
Perhaps she shouldn't be appreciated!

Together they bounce onto a another table, hurling it to the ground.

BOINK
(squealing, subtitled)
No, we must still show proper
courtesy.

TALORA
(squealing, subtitled)
Appreci--

Boink bounces over, landing on Talora and knocking her over, and then pisses on her. Dojar dives for him but he deftly runs RIGHT UNDER Dojar -- so Dojar is hurled into the "Playing God" machine.

Talora stands up and tries to wipe some of the piss off herself as Quinlan walks over.

QUINLAN

What did you grunt to get that --
"I'm a lamppost"?

Talora grunts discontentedly.

Dojar struggles upright as Pinkeye, who had been coloring the wall, dashes back the route he came. The Cardassian pursues. Boink and Eudo dash up the counter continuing to smash things. Talora jumps up onto the counter to follow them.

TALORA

(over her shoulder)
Quinlan!

QUINLAN

I don't get pissed anymore, remember?

Dojar dives and grabs Pinkeye who squeals and struggles. Dojar remains firm.

DOJAR

I have you now my --

Pinkeye squirts into Dojar's eye, forcing Dojar to release him, and belts away, jumping madly as he does so. Pinkeye then bolts towards Quinlan.

Quinlan ducks under a table, shielding herself, and Pinkeye dashes right over, whirls around back towards the door and EXITS.

Boink and Eudo move too fast for Talora, smashing through the counter and bouncing like mad. Hal, prudently, ducks under. Boink knocks over the glass of Zaranite poison, emptying its contents, and in a final leap belts off the counter and scurries out the room. He leaves in the opposite direction to Pinkeye. Eudo follows, reaches the glass, pauses, delicately brings it upright with her front hooves and pisses into it until it's full, and then darts after Boink.

Talora, exhausted, rolls off the counter with a crumple. Then she gets up, quite groggy. Quinlan goes toward the counter.

TALORA

Where's Pinkeye?

DOJAR

(motioning towards
the door)
He went that way.

TALORA

Follow him.

DOJAR

Sir -

TALORA

That's an order.

DOJAR

But what if I do get him, sir? I can't speak Whagosh.

TALORA

Then don't try.

Dojar sighs and goes. Talora goes off in the direction of Boink and Eudo. Quinlan looks over the counter.

QUINLAN

It's alright Hal. It's over.

HAL (O.S.)

(from under)

It is?

Hal, cautiously, peers over the counter and then straightens up to full height.

HAL (CONT'D)

Oh, it is. Good.

Hal looks around at the damage.

HAL (CONT'D)

I haven't had a bar look this bad since Ferenginar.

Quinlan walks up to the glass of yellow liquid, picks up a stool and puts it upright. She sits on it.

QUINLAN

(nodding to the glass)

I'll need this. Better be good, Hal.

She takes it and puts it to her lips.

HAL

Er, Quinlan, about that --

She gulps the piss down hole. Hal instinctively cringes and steps back.

QUINLAN

Mmmm.

HAL

Mmm?

QUINLAN

Hal, this stuff is delicious. Best stuff I've had in years. God that was just incredible... thanks.

(beat)

You were about to say something?

HAL

Ah yes, in, ah, view of the extenuating circumstances it's on the house.

He glances toward the door. The cogwheels turning in his head are almost visible.

HAL (CONT'D)

If you'll excuse me...

He exits in the direction Talora and Dojar went.

CHAMBERS (O.S.)

Golly, have I one heck of a headache...

We now reveal Chambers is clumsily getting upright, his face still coated in the liquid.

CHAMBERS (CONT'D)

This just ain't my day.

QUINLAN

Yes.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

INT. ENTERPRISE -- CORRIDOR

Dojar has his head toward the ground, sniffing. He stands.

DOJAR

That smells absolutely awful. It can only be two things: A Whagosh trail, or I need a bath.

TAYLOR

Sir!

Lieutenant TAYLOR and LESMI show up, both armed with phaser rifles.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

We heard you were pursuing one of the Whagosh.

DOJAR

Indeed, Mr. Taylor.

Taylor primes his phaser.

TAYLOR

Lock and load. Ready to kick some, sir.

Dojar rolls his eyes.

DOJAR

Spent too much time with the holonovels, have we, Mr. Taylor?

TAYLOR

Sir?

DOJAR

Nevermind.
(motioning to the phaser)
Like your new toy?

TAYLOR

(beams)
Yes, sir. The Mark...
(beat, confused)
Toy, sir?

DOJAR

Right.

Dojar points behind him.

DOJAR (CONT'D)

He should be that way.

LESMI

Why don't we just use our sensors to locate them?

DOJAR

The biosigns of the Whagosh are partially masked by an alloy in those suits of theirs. We can confirm there's a life-sign, but not much more than that.

LESMI

Then why not just go after all pig-like life-signs?

DOJAR

Because this ship has a notable Tellarite population.

(beat)

Follow me!

Dojar, Lesmi and Taylor race down the corridor for a moment in classic "Star Trek" racing-down-the-corridor-ness, as farcical military pomp music plays over them. They then reach an intersection.

TAYLOR

Which way?

Dojar begins to sniff the air, pacing around.

DOJAR

(cryptically)

He covers his tracks well.

TAYLOR

Sir?

He stoops to sniff at a lower end of the wall.

DOJAR

(whispering)

Yes... yes... I can feel it... he's close...

TAYLOR

Are you okay? Sir?

Dojar stands upright.

DOJAR

We'll split up. Taylor, Lesmi, you two take the right passage. I'll go left.

TAYLOR

Yes, sir.

Taylor and Lesmi run dramatically down the right passage as Dojar runs dramatically down left.

He races down the corridor, sniffing as he goes -- left, right, left, right -- right --

INT. ENTERPRISE -- JEFFERIES TUBE ENTRANCE -- CONTINUOUS

Dojar stands outside at the tube entrance, sniffing up to and then around it.

DOJAR

Damn...

CROSS'S COMM VOICE

Bridge to Dojar. Talora's given us her update -- how are you doing against Pinkeye?

Dojar taps his commbadge.

DOJAR

Pinkeye has disappeared into a Jefferies Tube, sir.

CROSS'S COMM VOICE

Follow him.

DOJAR

I can't sir. You see, I'm claustrophobic ever since that one time on Tzenketh -- actually no wait that wasn't me, that was --

CROSS'S COMM VOICE

Dojar!

DOJAR

Yes, sir.

Sighing, he ducks in.

CUT TO:

INT. ENTERPRISE -- CORRIDOR

This time, TALORA is the one running down the corridor, hot on the trail. Just ahead of her she can see BOINK and EUDO who are now at a horse-like gallop. Well, it's something between that and a bounce.

TALORA

(squealing, subtitled)

Wait! Wait!

The Whagosh run up to a turbolift that automatically opens, which they bounce through. They SQUEAL and its doors CLOSE before Talora can get through them.

She hits her commbadge.

TALORA (CONT'D)

Talora to Bridge.

CROSS'S COMM VOICE

Bridge here.

TALORA

Captain, the Whagosh have entered a turbolift and I have been unable to pursue. They might --

VOICEOVER SQUEALS interrupt her.

CROSS'S COMM VOICE

Hear that, Talora?

TALORA

I'll be on my way. Talora out.

She severs the link.

HAL (O.S.)

Talora! Talora!

HAL races up to Talora.

HAL (CONT'D)

How are you doing in your search for our guests?

TALORA

They're on the Bridge.

HAL

Ah -- headed that way?

TALORA

Obviously.

HAL

Good.

TALORA

You're not coming.

HAL

Of course I am. You can't order me around like that -- I'm a civilian!

TALORA

Even our resident civilians have to obey a few rules.

HAL

I'm entitled access to the Bridge.

TALORA

This is a delicate situation.

HAL

As delicate as my lounge.

TALORA

You're not looking for reparations, are you?

HAL

No, but I'm entitled to request an audience with any visiting dignitary for a business proposal, and I'm damn well doing so here.

Talora sighs.

TALORA

All right, but stay behind me and do as I say.

HAL

I --

TALORA

You'll need an interpreter.

The doors to the turbolift open. Silent, Talora and Hal enter.

TALORA (CONT'D)

Bridge.

CARTER (O.S.)

Wait!

TALORA

Close doors.

The doors SLAM SHUT as CARTER reaches them.

CARTER

Typical.

CUT TO:

INT. ENTERPRISE -- BRIDGE

Cross is keeping his distance from BOINK and EUDO, who are questionably near his chair. The supernumeraries WHEDON, GUNTRAM and JACKSON man CONN, Tactical and Ops respectively. The turbolift door opens and TALORA and HAL enter.

TALORA

Captain.

CROSS

Commander.

TALORA

I see you're unscathed.

CROSS

Not quite.

Cross motions to his shirt, and we can now see part of the black bit is stained. Boink and Eudo begin to piss on the Captain's Chair. Cross groans.

CROSS (CONT'D)

Talora, do something!

TALORA

They believe they're rendering you some sort of service, sir.

CROSS

Yeah. Nothing like the stench of urine in the morning shift to brighten up my day.

HAL

If I may --

TALORA

Not now.

Boink and Eudo, finished soiling the chair, squeal at Cross, bouncing, grunting, oink-ing, and waving their tails. Finally they finish.

CROSS

What did they just say?

TALORA

They said that this was the intended end for their appreciation ceremony. Apparently what they were doing was acknowledging the distinguished among us and appreciating them by marking

(MORE)

TALORA (CONT'D)
 them with excrement. The King wishes
 to know if you would prefer the
 ceremony to continue.

CROSS
 No, thank you.

Talora squeals and oinks at the pigs. Boink squeals something
 at her. Her eyebrows raise.

CROSS (CONT'D)
 What?

TALORA
 Apparently this ceremony was held
 also as a precursor to asking us for
 something -- all Whagosh Monarchs
 must do this before they can.

CROSS
 What happens if they want the salt
 passed?
 (beat)
 Alright, alright. What's it they're
 asking for?

Talora squeals at the pigs. Boink begins to squeal back --

The Jefferies Tube hatch is BLOWN open. In its place is
 PINKEYE, a devilish snarl creeping around his snout. From
 behind him his twin tails hit at the phaser he's got strapped
 to his back and it powers up. He squeals loudly at Boink
 and Eudo. They respond, bouncing up and down and
 somersaulting about, screeching at the top of their lungs.

TALORA
 Oh, damn.

CROSS
 Talora?

TALORA
 Pinkeye's turned traitor.

CROSS
 What?

TALORA
 He's threatening us, telling us not
 to move. His target seems to be
 Queen Eudodoloksia.

CROSS
 (to Tactical)
 Guntram, get security teams here up
 on the double.

BOINK

(squealing, subtitled)

But why, Pinkeye? We always treated you so very well...

PINKEYE

(squealing, subtitled)

Because you're heartless piss-less autocratic rulers who dealt so monstrously with innocents!

BOINK

(squealing, subtitled)

I don't understand. The "death by snowballing" punishment was abolished by King Renallertaliagerbab. We have never snowballed a fellow Whagosh --

PINKEYE

(squealing, subtitled)

Oh, not them at all! I'm talking about our whiskered, gilled brothers, the Aquatic Rats! Thousands upon thousands of them every year are killed for food!

BOINK

(squealing, subtitled)

Oh, dear. You're a member of Brownpeace, aren't you?

PINKEYE

(squealing, subtitled)

And proud! No longer shall the Aquatic Rats live in servitude at the table of the Whagosh, henceforth they and all the animals, from the Flying Poka-Dotted Bunny to the Fluffy Iguana henceforth shall be brothers, henceforth both pissed on and pissers. Animal cruelty is such an abominably fair-smelling practice and we shall punish it! No more will they be kept contemptuously as pets eating the mere leaves we throw at them, or used for your cruel experiments, no,

A PHASER BLASTS Pinkeye from behind, cutting his monologue short. He slumps out of the tube hatch. Behind him crouches Dojar, just inside the tube.

DOJAR

Some people just don't shut up, do they?

Dojar drops out of the tube and straightens up.

TALORA

How did you know he was a traitor?

DOJAR

Traitor?

(noticing Boink and
Eudo)

Ah, I see you've got your quarry.

TALORA

More or less.

The turbolift doors open and TAYLOR and LESMI enter. Taylor barges out, phaser at the ready.

TAYLOR

Alright, where's the action? Come on now, give it to me!

DOJAR

(dryly)

Thankfully, you're a little late.

TAYLOR

Darn.

Suddenly Eudo wheezes and collapses onto the ground. Boink SQUEALS to Talora.

CROSS

Well?

TALORA

The Queen is pregnant.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

INT. ENTERPRISE -- SICKBAY

ELRIS and TORAN NOA are tending to EUDO, who is on a biobed, convulsing. TALORA stands by.

ELRIS

The hell if I know! My xenobiology course covered insectoids, avians, octoids, gaseous entities, R4 lifeforms, gigantic bacteria, beams of light, superhumanoids, but not goddamn farm animals!

TORAN

She means she doesn't know.

Eudo SQUEALS in pain.

TALORA

(squealing, subtitled)
Steady, steady. It's going to be all right.

EUDO

(squealing, subtitled)
It's happening!

TALORA

(to Elris)
She's giving birth.

ELRIS

So soon?

EUDO

(squealing, subtitled)
Is the catch net ready?

TALORA

(squealing, subtitled)
Eudodoloksia, what's a catch net?

EUDO

(squealing, subtitled)
You mean you don't know? Then how by the Great Manure Pile do you catch your offspring?

TALORA

(squealing, subtitled)
We usually stand by ourselves.

EUDO

(squealing, subtitled)
Are you piss-less or something? How
would you survive the impact?

TALORA

(squealing, subtitled)
Impact?

EUDO

(squealing, subtitled)
Oink! He's going to shoot out now!

TALORA

(loud)
Stand back!

ELRIS

Why!

TALORA

She's giving birth -- it's not pretty,
stand back!

ELRIS, TALORA, TORAN, and all N.D. staffers race for cover. EUDO writhes and squeals on the biobed. She rears up and a PIGLET SHOOTS out of like a cannon.

It flies right across the room and hits smack dab into -

CROSS, who has just entered. He staggers back under the force of the impact. He recovers slightly, wiping the birthing fluids from his face, finding a piglet on his arm -- which promptly begins squealing at inhuman levels. He cradles it gingerly.

Cautiously, ELRIS peeps from over a biobed and is stunned into momentary silence.

CROSS

(over the piglet)
I came to see how the baby was coming
along. Not to play catch.

ELRIS

I'm so sorry, sir --

CROSS

No, it's alright. It's been a while
since I held a baby...

Trickling sounds come from the now quiet piglet as TALORA, TORAN et al get up.

CROSS (CONT'D)
 (looking away)
 ...and it's been a while since one
 did that to me, too.

CARTER enters, looking around, camera in hand.

CARTER
 How is Her Highness coming along? I
 want to capture that magic moment.

CROSS
 You're a little late, though for
 once you might have been useful --
 if not in the way you think. Here,
 hold this magic moment for a moment.

Cross hands to Carter the piglet. The piglet squeals, now
 more softly. Cross goes toward TALORA who is SQUEALING back
 and forth with the Queen.

CROSS (CONT'D)
 How is she?

TALORA
 She's fine. But she'll need about
 an hour or two to recover and won't
 be able to hold the baby till then.

CROSS
 I'm sure Carter can hold him that
 long...

Trickling.

CROSS (CONT'D)
 ...whether he likes to or not.

CARTER (O.S.)
 Uh, Captain --

CROSS
 (not looking)
 That's another magic moment for you,
 Carter.

The door opens again and Cross turns to face the newcomers.
 They're HAL, BOINK and Y'LAN. BOINK rushes towards CARTER
 and oinks softly at the piglet. Talora smiles.

CROSS (CONT'D)
 Hm?

TALORA
 He's decided to name the baby
 Theopompus.

CROSS

Sweet.

HAL and Y'LAN walk through the room.

HAL

You're sure you couldn't get a discount?

Y'LAN

No, not more than you bargained for.

CROSS

What's this?

HAL

(beaming)

I've been able to get sole patenting rights in the Federation on Whagosh urine.

CROSS

Excuse me?

HAL

Our metabolisms are so different, Captain, that Whagosh urine serves as a rather tasty drink. This market is for me the biggest non-alcoholic beverage since Melkotsian Tea!

CROSS

Right. Doesn't sound too appealing.

HAL

Well, of course we will be branding it on an equally accurate but less distasteful name: Whagosh cocktail. Admittedly their tails have little to do with the process --

CROSS

Alright, alright. I get the picture.

TALORA

But how did you negotiate all this out with Boinkfarceous? I wasn't there -- can you speak Whagosh all of a sudden?

Y'LAN

I can. A simple language and easy to learn like your humanoid languages, but more dignified.

CROSS

Dignified?

To serve his point, Cross grunts and then oinks. Talora blushes.

Y'LAN

I had no mother.

Cross REACTS as Boink comes over. He squeals a little to Eudo, lovingly, and then he takes Y'LAN to one side.

BOINK

(squealing, subtitled)

Are you sure you don't wish to stay with us?

Y'LAN

(squealing, subtitled)

It is not my place to choose, King Boinkfarceous. But you are an admirable race, far superior to the ones I currently am with. Which is also why I must stay. They need my guidance far more than you.

Boink oink-sighs.

BOINK

(squealing, subtitled)

I understand.

Y'LAN

(squealing, subtitled)

I shall not forget your civility.

Boink turns back to Talora and squeals at her.

TALORA

(to Cross)

He's ready to tell us what's his request.

Cross nods. Boink squeals again towards Talora, grunting, oinking, coughing, and many other sounds.

TALORA (CONT'D)

They require a certain produce of the Federation, sir. They need it to power their ships. Their planet once had much of but that supply has been mostly exhausted.

CROSS

And what would this produce be?

TALORA

Tobacco, sir.

CROSS
Tobacco? They run their --

TALORA
That's what he told me, sir.

Cross grunts.

CROSS
I see. How much?

TALORA
Much.

CROSS
And how soon?

TALORA
Soon.

CROSS
Well, since for some unfathomable reason starship captains are also on-the-spot Ambassadors, I'll sort this one out. What are they offering in return?

TALORA
I thought the Federation was a money-less society.

CROSS
Except on Fridays.

TALORA
It's a Monday.

CROSS
It's a Monday except on Fridays!
Now what will they offer?

Talora squeals back and forth with Boink.

TALORA
Yellow liquid.

CROSS
I've had enough of that for one day...

TALORA
It's called latinum.

CROSS
On second thought, no I haven't.
It's a deal.

Cross sticks out his hand. Boink, recognizing the gesture, turns around and Cross shakes one of the Whagosh's tails.

CARTER (O.S.)

Captain?

Cross looks at him.

CROSS

Alright, alright. I'm not that cruel.
Well I am, but...

CARTER (O.S.)

Sir?

CROSS

Yes, Carter, put the little wonder
on the biobed ah, over there.

(to Elris)

Doctor, I take it you'll want some
clean up crews before that yellow
puddle floods the ship.

ELRIS

That's a reasonable assumption, sir.

CUT TO:

INT. ENTERPRISE -- TRANSPORTER ROOM

PINKEYE is brought in by DOJAR, wearing a collar and no longer his back-strapped phaser, grumbling and mumbling discontentedly and wringing about as one swine can. BOINK and EUDO enter, the piglet THEOPOMPUS strapped onto EUDO's back.

CROSS, TALORA and GREY follow.

GREY

(to Cross)

Ozran's busy down in the Cargo Bay.
Hal has him transporting up that new
drink by the crate-load. I promised
to keep his post warm.

Grey walks over to the transporter console as all four Whagosh step onto the transporter pad. Pinkeye tries to jump up and down but gets zapped by his collar. So he resorts to stamping his feet.

PINKEYE

(squealing, subtitled)

Unacceptable! Unacceptable!

BOINK

(squealing, subtitled)

You will be treated any way I please.
You betrayed a piss oath and
threatened both my wife and the Heir
to the Haystack.

PINEKEYE

(squealing, subtitled)

You may have got me, Boink, but
Brownpeace will be back. The more
of us you lock up in your gulag-sties
where everything is clean and we are
tortured by the fair aroma of flowers,
more will stumble and grunt to our
banner!

BOINK

(squealing, subtitled,
to Eudo)

Dearest, I believe our next guard
should be a mute.

PINKEYE

(squealing, subtitled)

Why I -

GREY

The Squattbork's signaled that it's
ready.

TALORA

(squealing, subtitled)

Ready?

BOINK

(squealing, subtitled)

We are, Tall One.

TALORA

(squealing, subtitled)

Talora.

BOINK

(squealing, subtitled)

Whatever.

Talora glances to Cross.

CROSS

Energize.

The four disappear in a transporter beam. All remaining
heave a collective sigh.

Cross, Dojar and Talora then exit.

INT. ENTERPRISE -- CORRIDOR -- CONTINUOUS

CROSS and DOJAR go one way while TALORA goes the other.

GREY (O.S.)

Talora!

Grey reaches Talora, and they walk.

TALORA

Yes?

GREY

I was just wondering why you didn't use the Universal Translator.

TALORA

Because Whagosh was incompatible. Weren't you at the briefings?

GREY

I mean the other one.

TALORA

Other... one?

GREY

Yes. When my team heard that we were going to contact the Whagosh and of the incompatibility of their language to our own we looked into the possibility of even a preliminary translator. We, we had to push the latest UT edition quite a bit, but we achieved in making it do Whagosh. We installed it into the Computer's databank so it could respond to commands in that language. All I had to do then was request your permission to install it for audio translation.

Beat. Talora doesn't respond as they walk.

GREY (CONT'D)

You did know about this, didn't you? I left the report on your desk.

Talora stops by a door.

TALORA

(emotionless)

These are my quarters. Excuse me.

Talora enters the room and the doors close behind her.

Grey looks at the door befuddled for a moment and then walks down the corridor -- when he hears a series of violent smashing sounds...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FIVE

THE END