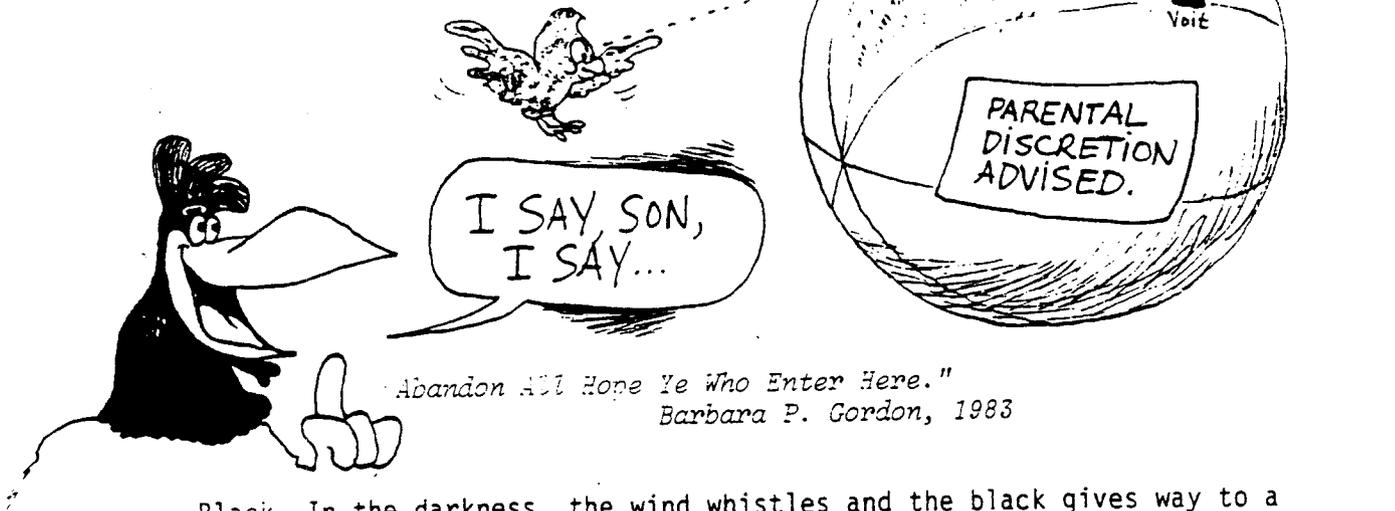


STAR TRIP III

RETURN TO GENESIS II

a script outline by Barf Init & Co.



*"Abandon All Hope Ye Who Enter Here."
Barbara P. Gordon, 1983*

Black. In the darkness, the wind whistles and the black gives way to a blinding sun. It is the sun of the Genesis II planet. The credits rock'n'roll to the really hip score composed by Peter, Paul and Mary. "Jerk, the mighty captain..." We make our transition, as we did once before, to the gooey, gooey, icky, icky surface. As the credits end, we see the photon aerosol cannister-- "Brand X"--containing the remains of Sprok. Now the transition up and back, but as we pull back to the allegedly three-dimensional starfield surrounding the new planet, a discordant and ominous sound as feeling overtakes us. *Screech!* Then--is it an apparition?--No! A giant Dumbulon Chicken-Hawk slowly comes to visibility--its chocolate-coating device is highly sophisticated compared to earlier Dumbulon versions.

On the Dumbulon bridge: The Commander is a handsome, swarthy man with a dignity reminiscent of the 20th century actor, Rodney Dangerfield. Like all Dumbulons, he is physically similar to Vulkans, the Sister-in-Law race. The sharp, pointed-ears...the tilted brows...the incredibly large, twenty-three point two inches long schlong. But unlike the less highly evolved Vulkan civilization, stupid and ignorant of logic, the Dumbulon is of blood and passion, just like on Dallas. His mission is unintelligent. He is captain of a spy ship, deep in enema territory.

"Coating device disengaged--we are visible," the chatter on the bridge begins. "*Chatter, chatter chatter, chatter.*--Chatter on the bridge, sir, chatter on the bridge--Estimate fifteen parsecs into Illiteration territory--confirmed, vessel is floating freely--no forward momentum--they don't know we're here--it wouldn't be a story if they did--approaching the uncharted planet--Scanning--Report, Sub-Commander?--Indeterminate life signs, sir--pre-stage flux chillers, port and starboard--V'ger!" The Romulan Commander is intrigued. "I am intrigued. Landing party stand by. We'll beam down."

On the slushy, mushy, gushy Genesis II planet, the Dumbulons immediately make a miraculous discovery. Their scanners indicate unlimited deposits of raw bagelithium (the 23rd century equivalent of donutium). "Hey man, I wonder why those Starclique goons didn't find this stuff?"

"Hey man, like who cares?"

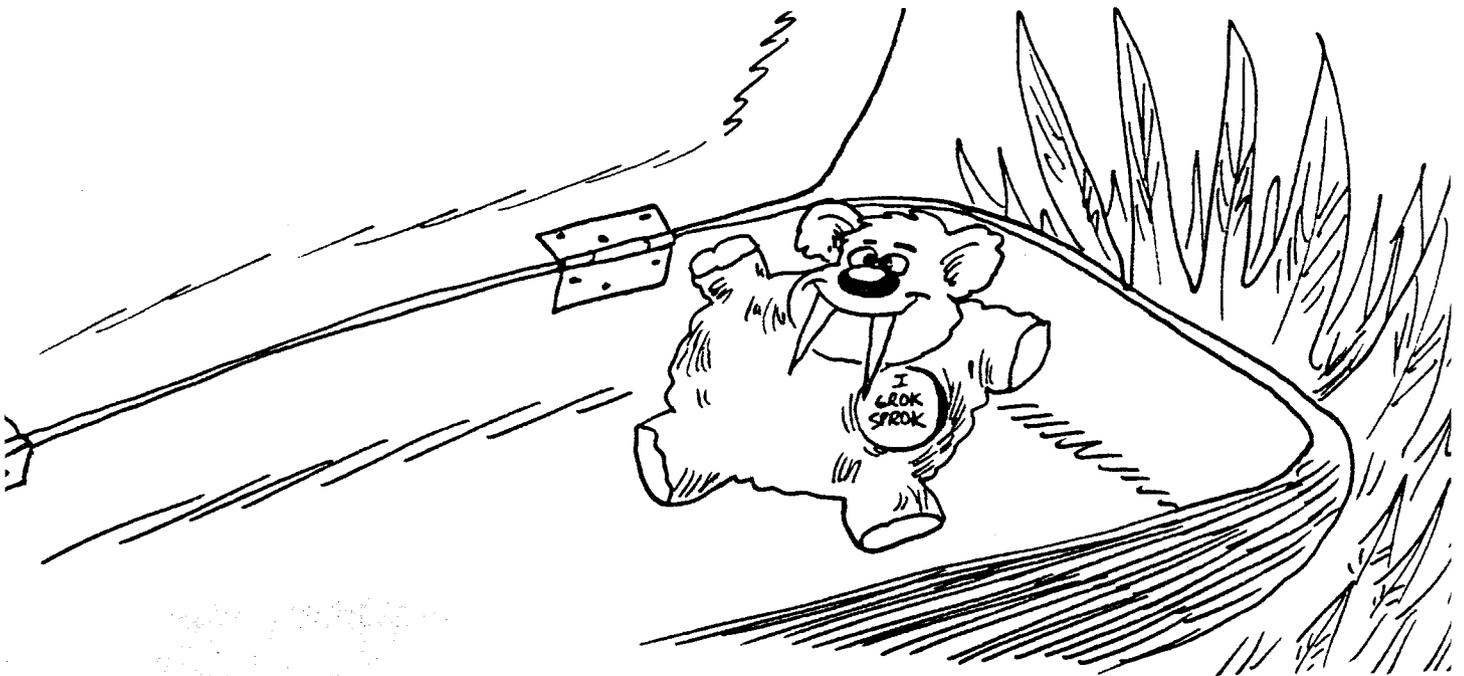
"Yeah, like finders keepers..."

The implications of this discovery are not lost on the Commander. "The implications of this discovery are not lost on me. With this really, really big find, we can power our coating devices and phaeton converters and conquer the universe, or at least this corner of it."

But before he can savor his triumph (after all, everyone knows how delicious bagelithium is!), he is summoned to another part of the forest, where some of his men, guided by light radioactivity readings, have discovered Sprok's sarcophogus. After determining it is safe to approach, the Commander orders it opened. "Since it is safe to approach, open it Sleazious."

"Yes, My Lord Commander, ooooh, my sweet Lord, ooooh, my Lord..."

The tube is empty except for a teddy-sehlat.



Captain's Log, Stardate 8787.8

The U.S.S. Improvise is en route home. We've deposited Doctor Magic Marker and her son, and mine, Flair, back in their lavatory to continue their work on the Genesis II projector, which they feel can also be used to make popcornium. I am concerned over the morals of this ship, particularly those of the ship's doctor, Learned "Stoned" DeCoy, whose expression has become quite cute.

On the bridge, we see Jerk, himself, has problems.

"Any word from Starclique Command, O'Horror, on my mishandling of the Genesis II matter?"

"Still getting a busy signal, Admiral."

"What has the Genesis II projector unleashed on the galaxy? Did the fans like our last movie? Will I get more money for this film? Can I direct the next one?" Jerk mutters to himself, loud enough that Zulu overhears and laughs.

"Above all," Jerk continues, "I've lost the ability to shape the film so that it favors my image as intragalactic super do-gooder."

Zulu turns and sees the admiral is becoming obsessed. "Stop being such a super wimp. Perhaps a couple of vallium and an uncola..."

Jerk agrees.

It is, therefore, somewhat shocking to James T(he) Jerk when the neurotic doors hiss as they allow him to enter his quarters. "We hate being at your service," they snarl.

"Damned programmers," he mutters and then inhales quickly as he finds his trainee first officer, the beautiful, sultry, and nude Slobbick lying on his bed. There is a brief, awkward moment as Jerk steps on her briefs. He is caught off-guard. He tries to regain his composure despite his quite obvious physical response.

"I am sure there's some regulation which applies to this situation."

"It's Regulation 36, Section 24, Paragraph 36."

"Never mind. Who are you? You resemble Slobbick, but you don't have enough cleavage."

"Sure I am--here's my I.D. card." God only knows where she gets it from.

"Why are you here?"



"I want your body...I mean..." Slobbick begins to tremble, blaming her half-Dumbulon side. She didn't know who to turn to; it's not in her script. "What is it?" he says. "I--I've seen...SPROK," she replies. Jerk tries to keep his composure (i.e. restrain from laughing, restrain from schtooping her), as she explains the visitation, and her belief that Sprok lives. But his attempts to screw her are interrupted by Scotchy summoning him to Sickbay. "Hurry," Scotchy says. "And bring a spatula!"

Scotchy's concern is "Stoned" DeCoy, who is laying in the empty Sickbay floor, drunk as a skunk, plastered to the floor (hence the need for the spatula). Jerk arrives and Scotchy leaves. "Hi, guy!"--"Bye, guy!" The conversation between Jerk and Stoned is funny at first--"Remember the time you were so drunk that you and that Betelgeusian actually..."--"Yeah, Stoned. Hah-hah-hah."--until Stoned's passion begins to pour out along with the contents of his stomach. "Stoned, it wasn't your fault; you didn't make him go into the attic and fix the phaeton converter!"

"But what about the waldo I forgot to tell Sprok about?" He pauses. "I believe I killed Sprok! I believe there was more to be done. Maybe I should have shoved him intp the anti-radiation chamber in my lab. Maybe there was more I should have known--like maybe Vulkan can fake death after receiving seemingly lethal doses of radiation? What's more, I am haunted by a memory I can't reach--something that Sprok told me. What was it? E=MC2? Rosebud? Be sure and put the sehlat out?"

Jerk is much more severe with Stoned. Stoned has a job to do, and he damn well better pull himself together--"Stoned, you have a job to do, and you damn well better pull yourself together."--and stop languishing in senseless guilt. Stoned says it's not guilt. "It's not guilt; the script is destroying me." He begs Jerk to take him to Vulkan. He must find out the truth. He must get the hell out of this ridiculous script. Jerk softens. "Lemme think...if I take you to Vulkan, and with Sprok out of the way, I'll have top billing for sure! Why don't you take a taxi tomorrow, Stoned? Even better, I'll do the really magnanimous thing and take you there in the ship myself."

Stoned is alone now. He does try to pull himself together. "Where's my arm?" He splashed water on his face, looks up into the mirror. There he sees Sprok. Whirling with a cry, he faces an empty room. "Holy shit! Now I look like that damn Vulkan!" He looks back in the mirror only to see his mufugly face. "Gotta lay off that Antarean stuff..."



Jerk is on the bridge when an urgent waterpicc comes in. On screen, Star-clique's Admiral Godzilla and his aide, Commander Starfleet, appear and say they want him back. "We want you," they say, pointing at him. Jerk requests permission to make a brief stop at Vulkan to drop the doctor off and pick up some new undies for Slobbick. "Permission denied. I don't want you to go near Vulkan at all. No way! Un-uh." Jerk complies. Transmission out. Then, after a moment of checking his script, he orders Zulu to lay in a course for Vulkan.

On the Genesis II planet, the Dumbulon Commander, Biggus Diccus, is setting up mining operations. He is in communication with his ship, being run by his amazon female sub-commander, Cleavious. Even as the first mining labor begins, a series of weird sounds commence. They are unlike anything we have ever heard.

Submitted for your approval: a group of aliens digging into the heart of a planet for valuable minerals. Little did they realize that digging in the Twilite Zone is like digging for trouble...



Then they stop. The Dumbulon crew, stupid by nature, is spooked by this. Their tough commander gets them back to work. "Get back to work, Bozos."

Improvise is in parking orbit at the planet Vulkan. Repeated attempts to establish communications produce no results. "We're sorry, but the number you have reached has been...temporarily...disconnected."

The Vulkan surface seems deserted, until the attack suddenly comes. Without warning it's: ATTACK OF THE KILLER VULKANS!!!

They are surrounded by a marching band of very hostile Vulkan indians with big noses and big ears, shouting their age.

"Seventeen! Four hundred-twelve point one! Seventy-two point three!"

Jerk turns to Slobbick, demanding to know what's going on. "What's going on?!"

"I don't know! I'm a virgin! This is my first visit to Vulkan!"

The hostiles attack with classic Vulkan fire axes (borrowed all too recently) and things are going very badly when help comes. It is the commanding presence of Prime Rib Sawarek, Sprok's father, and a well-armed group of Vulkan Regulars. The hostiles are seized, but Sawarek is far from hospitable. "This is all your doing," he spits at James T(he) Jerk. "Ptoieeee!"

Later, in his quarters, the atmosphere is quite different. It is composed of oxygen, carbon dioxide, and helium instead of nitrogen due to the ancient Vulkan custom that calls for guests to be greeted by Vulkans speaking like ducks (like in ST:TMP!). The Vulkan cool prevails. "Like, be cool, man. The Genesis device and the death of Sprok have shaken my civilization. The implications of Universal Armageddon, caused by the Illiteration, have proven how fragile the Vulkan minds are...not to mention that Atlanta lost again! Young Vulkans will not accept their fate being in the hands of the intellectually inferior Illiteration. A rebellion has shaken my society, and long dead war-like traits have surfaced." Sawarek, names as Prime Rib for his pace-maker abilities, is hanging on by his eartips. "I'm hanging on by my eartips."



And perhaps he, too, has succumbed to anger. "But why you, too?" asks Jerk. "Because," says Sawarek, "you abandoned my son." Jerk's protests only enrage Sawarek. He accuses Jerk--and DeCoy--of criminal ignorance. "J'accuse! Why was Sprok's body not returned to me?" "Uh, well, uh. There was radiation and. er..." "What makes you think he was 'in death'?" "Uh, the, uh, dissection...er...autopsy--" "How dare you presume, with your primitive science and bad acting technique, to understand Vulkan physiology and the Vulkan ways!" In short, says Sawarek, Sprok might have been in a state of transcendental meditation--a state in which he may still be. "Or," he says, "he might just be wormmeat."

Jerk is overwhelmed by Sawarek. "When was the last time you took a bath? Nevermind. What can I do?" "Find him, and bring him to me," says Sawarek. "And hope that I am still here when you return, rather in Bermuda on tour with Paul Schaefer. If so, just leave a message with Dave's Answering Service for Vulkan on Tour with Bands in Bermuda."

Later, outside Sawarek's quarters, Jerk is ready to be beamed back to the Improvise when DeCoy requests permission to stay behind. "I don't wanna go! You can't make me! There's too much I have to learn, and I want to get out of this script. I am certain that Sprok planted information in my brain, and all I have to do is find it, and I'll be able to get out of this mess!"

"Fat chance about finding your brain, Stoned; you lost it years ago in a transporter accident. Besides, you're crazy if you want to stay here; you might get killed...on second thought, Stoned, we'll pick you up later. Bye!"

Ship's Log, Stardate 8990.0

Captain James T. Watt of the U.S.S. Sylvania, reporting

The Federation Light-bulb cruiser, Sylvania, is approaching the Genesis II planet. We are on a data gathering and deforestation mission for the Genesis II project. Being the dopes that we are, we are proceeding without any suspicions.



Aboard the Dumbulon Chicken-Hawk, the Sub-Commander, Cleavious, requests instructions from her chief on the planet. "What do I do, duh?" He orders her to engage the coating device and go one step further. "I want you to marry the coating device." She warns him the bagelithium power for coating is limited. Being Dumbulons, they hadn't thought of beaming up any of the bagelithium they had mined. "We're almost outta gas!" He replies, "Then you will have to act quickly."

The battle is short and terrible. The special effects guys basically blow the fuck out of the model they built for this film. The Dumbulon vessel becomes visible (in order to fire and confuse the members of the audience who have never seen "Balance of Terriers") on the screen of the doomed reconnaissance ship. Last minute commands are of no avail. And the Light-bulb cruiser pops in a barrage of Dumbulon phaeton aerosol cannisters. The Sub-Commander notes with some satisfaction that "we blew their fuse" and "there were no survivors, and no American Distress commercial." He laughs. "Hah-hah-hah. Good," says the Commander. "Maintain M.C.I. silence."

Even as the Improvise is docking, the command travelplod approaches. With appropriate ceremony, pomp and circumstance, Admiral Godzilla, the commanding admiral and president of Starclique, is piped aboard. As the crew salutes, he dispenses with formalities. He'll see Jerk in Jerk's quarters, immediately.

"Welcome, Admiral."

"That's OK, Jerk. You can call me Eric."

The Starclique Admiral is pissed. Not only has Jerk mishandled the entire Genesis II affair, but he has disobeyed a direct order. "You fucked up, Bozo."

"Yep, I sure did."



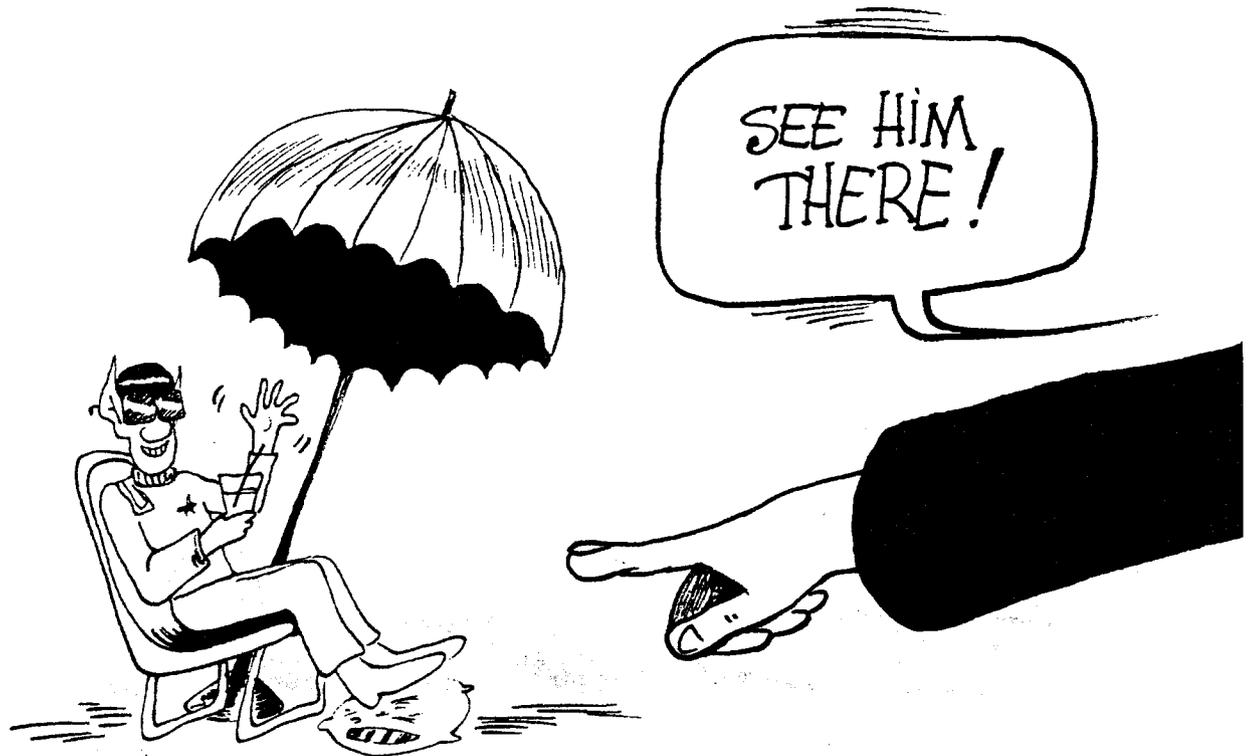
"Any hope of making nice with the Illiteration Council (which is something I'd like to do) has been dashed by your stupid, stupid, stupid behavior."

Jerk admits to his insubordinate actions, but he's baffled by the larger problem. His superior explains that the Vulkans are pissed as hell'cause they don't want the intellectually inferior Illiteration to have a monopoly on the

70mm Panavision, Dolby Sound, and Six Track stereo projectors. The Klingons and Dumbulons are also clamoring for them. They want the real thing, not just some super 8mm Bell and Howell number. And so on, and so on, and so on...

"Whether or not you did the right thing, Jim, is immaterial. It's a concept. And you will be the scapegoat for the Illiteration, Starclique and Paramount as a series of negotiations about the royalties involved begin. The only way to save Kirk's ass is to have some credible explanation of why he disobeyed a direct order from Starclique. "Help me, Captain, help, help, me, Captain." Kirk now levels with him. He tells him how he has come to believe that Sprok could be in a state of mediation for a new contract, and that the most important thing to do is allow him to return to Genesis II immediately.

Jerk is so impassioned at the thought of Sprok that he does not perceive his commander slowly dying of boredom by this tale. And then, the worst thing happens: Jerk sees Sprok in his quarters. "Thank Goddenberry," says Jerk, "Now you'll understand...or at least wake up...See him there!"



Admiral Godzilla does not see Sprok, but he does see a way out. In a kindly way, he relieves James T(he) Jerk of command, and reprimands him to quarters for help (i.e. until the men in the white coats come and take him away!) "You've gone bonkers, kiddo! You're confined to quarters for the rest of the night. And no supper, either!"

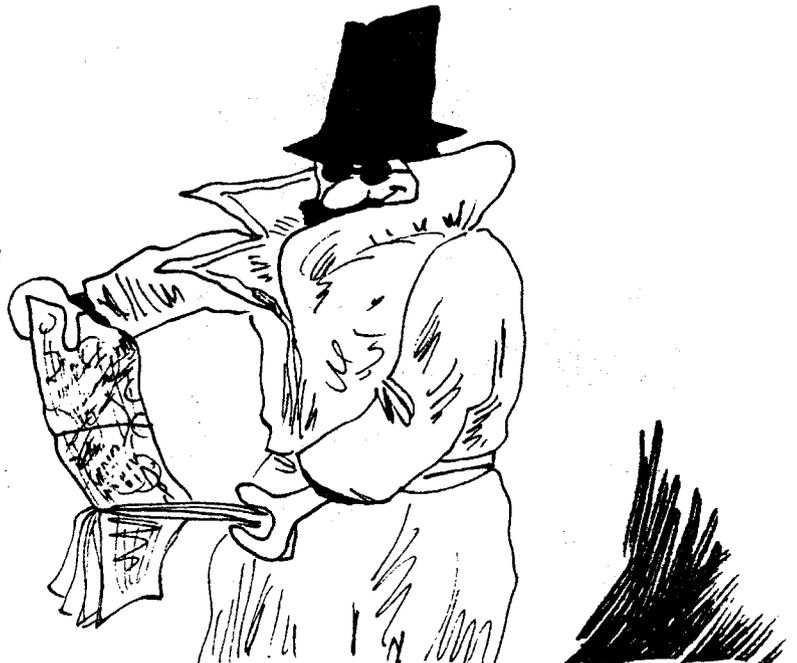
The crew of the *Improvise* will be reassigned to various desk duties at out-of-the-way starbases, such as *Timbuck II*. In his farewell, Jerk bids the *Improvise* family goodbye. "Bye, Mom! Bye, Dad! Bye, Sis! Bye, Bro!" All have been reassigned but none will be returning to *Genesis II*. Jerk keeps his dignity for all of two

seconds before he becomes hysterical and has to be led from the ship in a strait jacket. With the others, something is churning within them all. "Acid In-di-GEST-ion."

Kirk is alone in his San Francisco apartment. He opens the door simply to verify the presence of two Starlique guards. "Hi." "We're here." "Bye." He settles down with his half-glasses still broken to read, but discards them seeing the shattered lens (and he breaks the other one, too!). As he starts to read Sprok's gift, A Tale of Two Movies, he looks up and sees Sprok.

The reaction is loudly irrational. "Why the hell are you doing this to me?! You must really hate my guts to try to drive me crazy. You've gotten me into one hell of a mess. The least you could do is leave." But nothing works. Sprok sits quietly, under his umbrella with his shades on, sipping a Vulkan Mai-tai, utterly oblivious to Jerk. And -poof!- Sprok is gone, leaving Jerk with growing fears about his sanity. Suddenly, he receives a visitor. "Ding-dong."

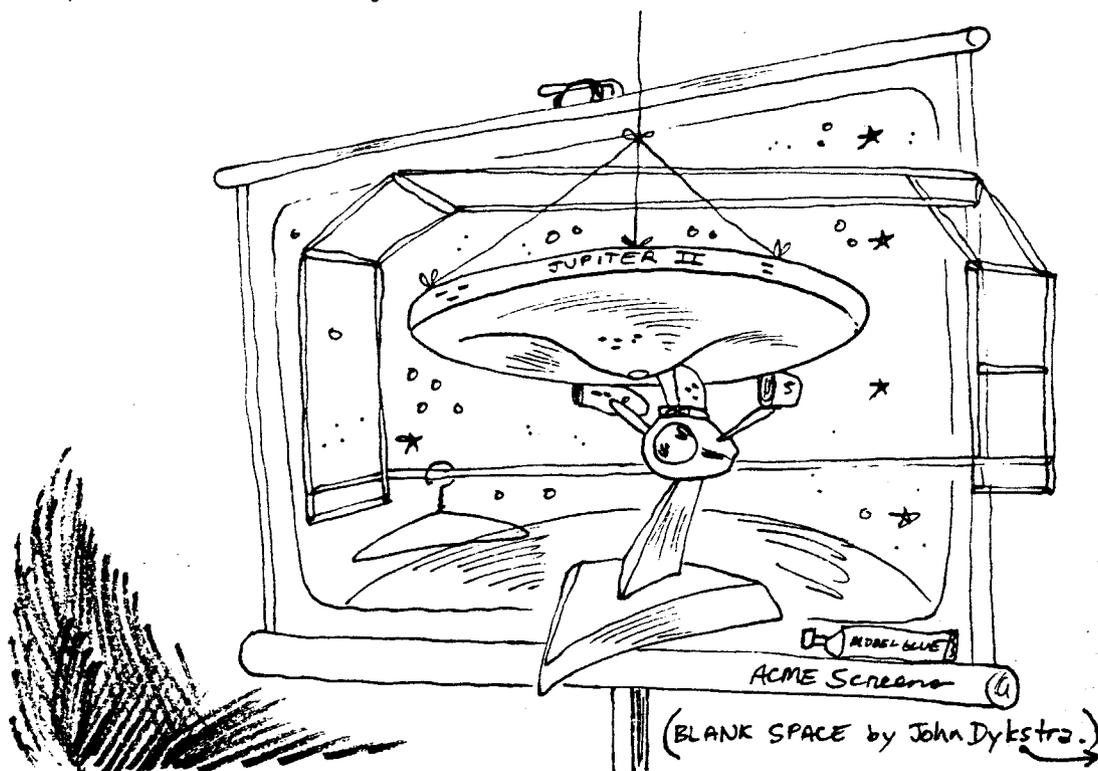
It is Zulu in trenchcoat, hat, dark glasses, and moustache, with special permission to drop in and irritate Jerk. As Jerk confesses "I think I'm really going bonkers," Zulu starts running around the room, checking plants, objects, porn magazines, looking behind pin-ups, even as he casually fills Jerk in on the disposition of his crew. Scotchy has been named Chief Tinkerer on the U.S.S. Accelerator which boasts the newest super-duper sonic-dyper warp engines, capable of warp factor -10 (they go ass-backwards in space). O'Horror has been shunted off to crewmember never-never land with Chapel, DiFalco, Riley, Leslie, Garrovick et al. Zulu, himself, will command the Improvise with Slobbick and Checklist by his side. And so on, and so forth... "For God's sake, Zulu, will you please sit down!" says an exasperated Jerk, so exasperated that he forgot his original line and remembered one from an earlier mission. "Certainly, Sir," Zulu says, checking the last possible place for roaches. Then he turns to Jerk, a burst of energy. "Let's go," he says, "We're busting you out of here! We're going to hijack the Improvise!" When Jerk protests that Zulu and the others are placing themselves in jeopardy, Zulu says, "It doesn't matter." When Jerk says, "What if I am mad?" Zulu assures him: "You're not mad; I have seen him, too. We've all seen him, then again, maybe we're ALL MADDddd!!!" and he makes a funny face at the Admiral.



The guards only present a brief problem. "Have you got clean undies?" Zulu calls to one, and then renders him unconscious with pesticide spray. Jerk is impressed. "I am impressed." He fondles the second guard himself then kicks him in the groin. "Where are we going?" he says, spirits rising. Zulu grins. "To the space shuttle Columbia--it's all we could get on such short notice."

The captain of the Accelerator, Commodore Matt Line, sleeping in his quarters in awakened by Admiral Godzilla who is so upset that he cannot be understood. "☠☠☠☠☠☠!" Commander Starfleet interprets for the unintelligentible. Commodore Line is a typical Starclique ass-hole. "Don't worry, sir. The Accelerator will stop them."

A handful of crew, at best, are ready. And where is Scotchy? someone asks. "He's the key guy to all of this," replies Zulu. "Prepare to cast off. Start the triumphant trumpeting music. Roll the stock-footage!" The Improve clears the space dock. Jerk is concerned about Scotchy. "I am concerned about Scotchy." Zulu assures him. "He's a big boy, Admiral; he can take care of himself." Scotchy materializes in the transporter room and beats a path toward the bridge with a machetē. "Glad te be wit' ye, sair," he says with pride. Jerk points out that they have but a skeleton crew.



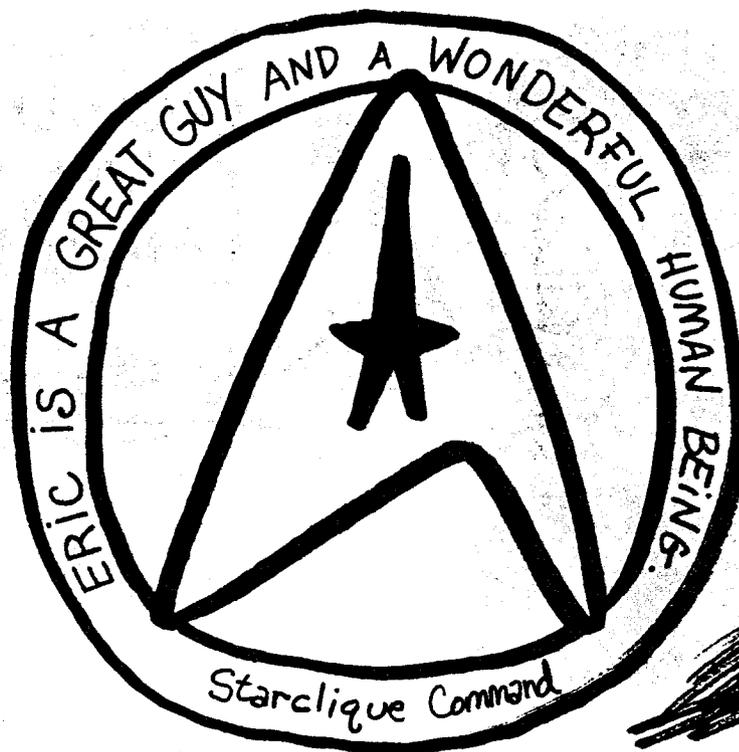
Scotchy grins. That was a wee joke. "I have the ol' girl on automatic--take us--to--Genesis--II setting, sir." Jerk warns his friends that they are committing an act of idiocy. The response is a song. "Long Live Sprok! Long Live Sprok!" (be sure and credit The Who for music in the closing credits). Jerk nods his head in tempo. "Full impulse power," and the Improve moves out of the solar system.

U.S.S. Accelerator is picking up speed. On the bridge, her captain spots Improvise. He turns to his security officer, Owen. "Lock on target and pursue." Jerk's reaction is despairing. "We all gonna die!" Scotchy advises Warped 8½. "Why?" "Trust me." "Okay." The Improvise hops into dyna-warped space and the commander of the Accelerator starts laughing, "They're trying to out-run us! The imbeciles! Don't they know we have the newest warped drive? Overtake them!" The pretty colors of the pseudo-spectrum appear then everyone sees stars as the ship's gravity is inversed and they all hit the ceiling with their heads. "Sir, what happened?" asks crewmember Becky. "I don't know," answers Line. "Go ask Owen." "There's nothing a few well placed funny looking monkey wrenchs won't do to a warped drive," brags Scotchy as the Improvise begins warping it's way to Genesis II.

The mining operations on Genesis II have been plagued by a series of minor disasters and bad puns. Scanners have been stolen; crewmen have disappeared; occasionally there is screaming in the night; someone's record collection was stolen; someone starched the Lord Dumbulon Commander's undies; some crewmen have awaked to find their ears pierced. The soldiers have come to believe in this spook-like character, and the Dumbulon Commander has become hard pressed to maintain discipline. In spite of this set of really stupid things, the mining operation has matured into a multi-million credit industry. Suddenly, another scream comes from "out there."

"Oh, fffffuuuuuuuccccckkkkk!!!!!"

The Dumbulon Commander and armed men rush to investigate. They find a hysterical Dumbulon whose girlfriend has sent him a "Dear Johnius" letter. They kick him in the head and on the way back discover another dead guy. "Like he's dead or something," remarks Devious, one the commander's henchmen. "Totally." "Wow." "The neck's been broken." The Commander rolls his minion's body over. "There's no spook here." In the hands of the dead bozo is a Starclique belt buckle. "Like, I didn't know Lincoln Improvises had off-world offices..."



Improvise is getting close to Genesis II when sensors indicate a vessel in the quadrant. The vessel is identified as Vulkan. "It must be; it has pointed engines!" And when no response is received, Jerk calls Red Alert. He's not gonna let another discussion like the last one in Interstat ruin his movie. As they come within smelling distance, a message in Vulkan is translated by Saavik because during her leave of duty, O'Horror has forgotten how to turn on the universal translator computer. "They want our coordinates to the transporter room." Jerk nods, and moments later, DeCoy materialized aboard the Improvise. "Thought you'd gotten rid of me, eh? Getting me out of the script like that, you bastard! Last time I ever walk off camera for more than ten seconds!"

The Improvise approaches, unsuspecting, like the other victim of the Dumbulon ship. They are distracted by two disturbing readings: mineral scans indicate heavy presence of bagelithium on the planet; even stranger, multiple life signs indicating scattered habitation. "What the hell's down there?" wonders Jerk.

On the Genesis II planet, the Dumbulon commander has patrols out, searching for the 'spook' amid odd sounds and rumbles on the planets. The officer next to the command is suddenly jerked into the air by a hidden booby trap among the trees. "Good, I always hated that brown noser..." His communicator buzzes to life. "Illiteration starship approaching!" The Commander orders "coating." The Sub-Commander expresses her deep concern, "This is the last amount of bagelithium availability." "Do it," he barks, "Bow-wow!!"

After a few moments, "I cannot maintain the coating device much longer." "Then like fire zap-guns or something. This is science-fiction, isn't it?"



Improvise is preparing to energize its transporters when the first warning signs occur at Checkup's console. Aboard the Dumbulon Chicken-Hawk, the coating device is becoming irregular. "Weapons lock." The Chicken-Hawk appears on the viewscreen. Phaeton Volleyballs and even the dreaded tennis balls careen back and forth across the battlefield as the Dumbulon target phases in and out of visibility, frustrating the gunner Chekov. "I can't get laid!" When the Dumbulon Chicken-Hawk next appears, it is too late. A mortal volleyball hits the Improvise. Scotchy says there is no repair crew--"we, uh, forgot them!"--no way to continue. Jerk recognizes he is out-acted. Quickly, he barks orders: "Woof-woof! O'Horror, signal surrender--Mister Slobbick, start General Order 3½--Mister Scotch, feed all power and spare donuts to transporter room." When they hesitate, he barks, "Bow, bow, wow! Set egg timers at five minutes."

Moments later, the crew of the U.S.S. Improvise led by James T(he) Jerk materializes on the Genesis II planet. When Slobbick expresses her fear that the battle has been lost, she gets a Jerkian reply. "I never lose. It just looks that way about 90% of the time. And in three minutes, it will be one of those times."

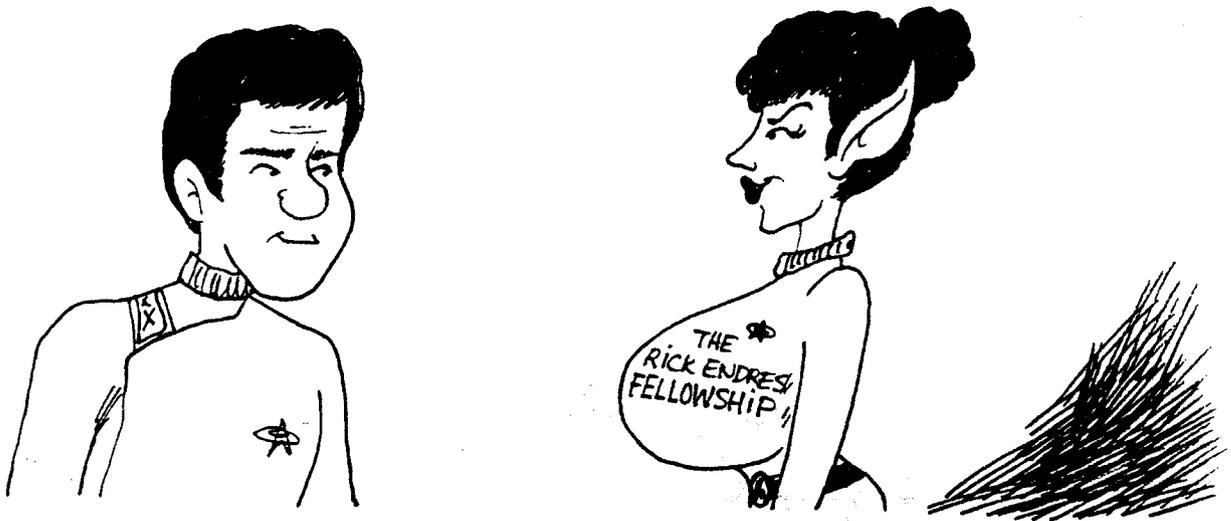
The Sub-Commander requests permission to board the surrendered vessels. Her commander grants the request with pleasure, and adds, "Don't take any prisoners unless they've got cute girls." The Sub-Commander smiles. "I'll send everyone I have, sir. "Like, sounds okay to me..." Aboard the deserted Improvise, a hoard of Dumbulons materialize, poking about with flashlights, searching the bridge and the corridors. Meanwhile, Jerk is counting down. "One minute... thirty seconds...fifteen seconds...what comes after...ten..nine...seven...six... eight..."

At five seconds, by Jerk's count, one of the Dumbulons discovers a blinking console. "What is this?" he wonders (actor same as one who played Melakon in 'Sewing Patterns of Farce'). "Hey, it's a blinking light, so it must be science fiction," says Greasious, a really dumb Dumbulon. As the USS Improvise blows itself to smithereens, the first Dumbulon says, "Oh..." KA-B0000000MMM!!!!!!



On the Genesis II planet, a weary, rugged, ragged, smoke-covered group of survivors from the *Improvise* watch as their mother ship becomes a hot glow in the distant sky. A brief round of applause breaks out for the special effects guys. "Good show!" "I wonder when payday is?" It is a moment of horror and wonder for them. "It's horrible!" "It's wonderful!" At the same time, the Dumbulon Commander wonders "I hope that ninny sub-ordinate didn't really beam all of the... nah!...she couldn't be that stupid." Pause. "Oh, shit." Most of his crew have been tricked into death. He rages at the Sub-Commander, still on her bridge. and stops only when she says, "Illteration survivors appear to have beamed down." The Dumbulon Commander vows his vengeance, even as ominous belchings from the planet reach a new, weird, outrageous level. WACKA-WACKA!! He grumbles, "Damn over-zealous sound effects guys..."

Night falls on the Genesis II planet. THUD! The exhausted crew of the *Improvise* huddles under a papier-mache rock, confused and defenseless. Sentries are posted, against their own better judgement. Dicorders indicate the presence of many life forms and other scary stuff. The crew has some brief conversations. "What size undies do you wear, Sulu?" "How badly you wanna know?" Jerk and Slob-bick have a rare moment together. "There are always possibilities, Lieutenant, always cards to play." "That's bullshit, Admiral, and you know it!" "Damn, I thought I could get a few more miles out of that line." "The ship is lost, Admiral, Sprok's return is an illusion, and I WANT YOUR BODY!" Jerk grabs her, where no man has grabbed before, and holds her tightly. So tightly, that she can't breathe.



As day breaks on the Genesis II planet, (CRACK!), the ominous belching noises begin anew. Jerk and DeCoy leave the others in order to reconnoiter. "Hey, look what's behind this bush over here!" They discover the bagelithium mine. "This means those Dumbulon bums have unlimited quantities of bagelithium at their disposal!" "Holy mackerel! Every deli in the universe would be subject to the whims of those Vulkan rip-offs!" Suddenly, the Romulan Commander jumps up behind them. "BOO!" As they all faint, he ties them up.

The Improvise crew are bound and waiting in the Dumbulon camp. Jerk is taken away to meet with the Dumbulon Commander. A guard, seeing Slobbick, says, "Don't I know you?" "Not likely." "I'm sure I do...you look just like a girl I knew back on Rom..." "Can it!" DeCoy's eyebrows moves skyward.

The Dumbulon is playing for very big stakes. "Mined bagelithium crystals mean hyper-extended use of our coating device! Our subphaeton converter assembly half-life is greatly extended by the substance! We can range through the galaxy, maintaining invisibility!" But, Jerk refuses to tell him how to manufacture planets with unlimited bagelithium deposits. Jerk waxes philosophic, as the strain of violin music erupts from nowhere. "Once, it was gold. Then, it was spices. Then, it was oil. Why do civilizations destroy themselves over resources which..." The Dumbulon interrupts, "Do not try to bore me to death, my friend, I come from a culture where bullshitting is not a way of life, as it is with you humans. You will tell me what I want to know, or I will just...just..." "Just what?" "Oh, I'll just SCREAM!" "You'll have to do better than that!" "Ok, then I will torture each and every one of you with our exquisite Dumbulon mental techniques, until I get my answer." "That's much better." The commander leaves Jerk to consider this. "Good night, Admiral--don't let the bedbugs bite."

Despite his stupidity, the Dumbulon Commander has made only one moronic error. He has been playing with something in his hand, and mumbling something incomprehensible about "...the damn strawberries..." He reveals the object in his hand to Jerk--it is an Illiteration belt buckle. "Look what I got, Admiral!" "I want it." "You can't have it." "Gimme." "Nyah, Nyah, Nyah!"



Later that night, the prisoners are bound and sleeping fitfully. The Dumbulons, except for one inept sentry, are asleep. Suddenly, a pair of long purple fingernails engulf his shoulders and chin, and break his neck with a resounding SNAP!

Slobbick is talking in her sleep. "Oooh, Admiral. Make me a woman..." She awakes with a start. Before she can cry out, a mysterious voice whispers, "Cheezit, babe." The voice whispers instructions to her in the Vulkan language, "Oogah boogah noogah, shugah." Wide-eyed, she stares and drools, as footsteps

recede merrily off into the woods. Within moments, Slobbick has freed the others, and they all slink off into the woods, despite Jerk's concerted efforts to wake up the Dumbulons by tripping over a sleeping soldier.

Slobbick leads the Improvise group through the forest, over hill, over dale, through the muck and mire of the primeval swamp, onward and upward. She does not answer their questions, since she doesn't know what the heck is going on, either. They reach a cathedral-like clearing, and are momentarily confused by organ music which comes from nowhere. Slobbick drops to all fours, extends her arm, nose in the air. "If we needed a bloodhound, Mister, we would have brought one," Jerk complains. "Jim, look!" In the distance, backlit by a disco strobe-light, amid the terrible belchings of the planet, stands a humanoid. "It looks like Sprok! Could it be....then again, NAH!" "We have to look," Complains DeCoy. "No we don't," says Jerk, who turns to leave. "C'mon." They go to see the strange being.

They approach slowly at first. Then, as their doubts disappear, they begin to hurry toward the figure, breaking into a run. Jerk then stumbles over a rock, and they collapse in a heap, at the feet of the humanoid. They are stunned by an animal-like roar. "Ah, cha-cha-cha. OOGAH BOOGAH!" "Dammit, Jim, the crazy Vulkan's been taking speech lessons!"



It is Sprok, though he is half Vulkan, half beast. He is a being in turmoil, logic versus passion, acting versus directing, money versus more money. This conflict within him seems ongoing, as he begins to argue with himself. "Ignore those guys." "No! Tell them off!" "Nah, I don't feel like it" Jerk calls his name, trying his best to ham it up. "Sprok!" Sprok answers hoarsely, "You. You left me here to die, just so you'd have a better role! Well, I got my revenge--I'm mis-directing this movie! Blunderers," he cries, "Boo, hoo! Murderers! Monsters! I will kill you all! Die, make you suffer! Redjac! REDJAC!"

DeCoy starts laughing. Jerk stops him, and DeCoy shoves him aside with unexpected strength. "Get out of the way, Jim--this is where I get to ham it up for a change. After all, I have the best part in this movie, and I read my script."

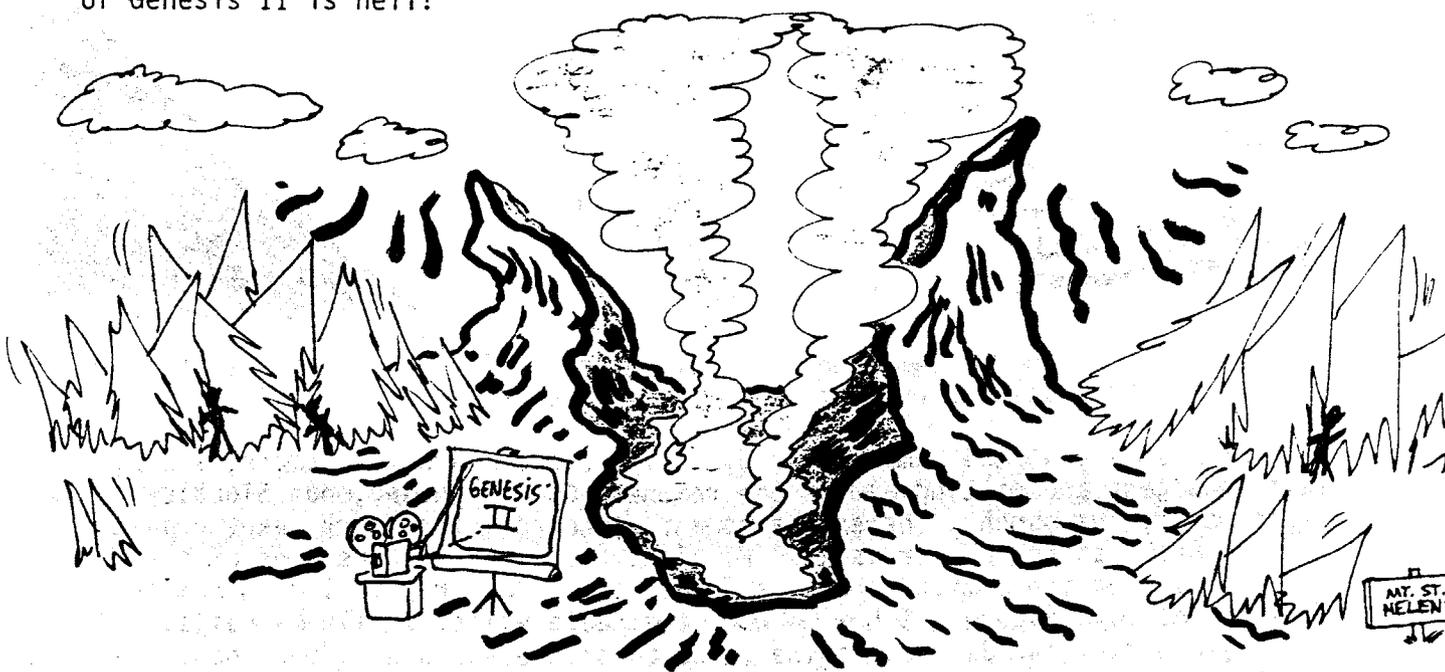
He starts forward, beginning a series of monumental insults to the raging Sprok-beast. "Your mother wears army boots! You green-blooded schmuck, how dare you annoy your friends! I know what lurks under your cool, calm exterior--a lousy actor! And you can't direct worth a flip, either. You ANIMAL..."

DeCoy walks directly at the raging Sprok, who is snarling and lashing out at them. He grabs DeCoy, and begins to crush the life out of him, as DeCoy raises his arm and injects Sprok with a hypo. "You scumbinoid! I read the Concordance, and brought along something guaranteed to upset your stomach for good!"

Sprok falls away, into a heavy breathing & panting coma, as the others rush up. "He seems to be enjoying it!" Meanwhile, the terrible belching and earthquakes begin again, and the earth starts to tremble.

The Dumbulons are awaking in their camp, with cries and terror. "Oy, vey!" "I want my momma!" Their commander, amid the chaos, finally notices that the prisoners are gone. "I need some volunteers to go find the Illiteration prisoners." Silence. "OK, then--everyone who does not go with me gets to stay here forever." The Dumbulons are stupid, but they can take a hint. They head off in search of the Improvise crew.

All over the planet, trees are falling. The earth is opening. The rerun of Genesis II is hell!

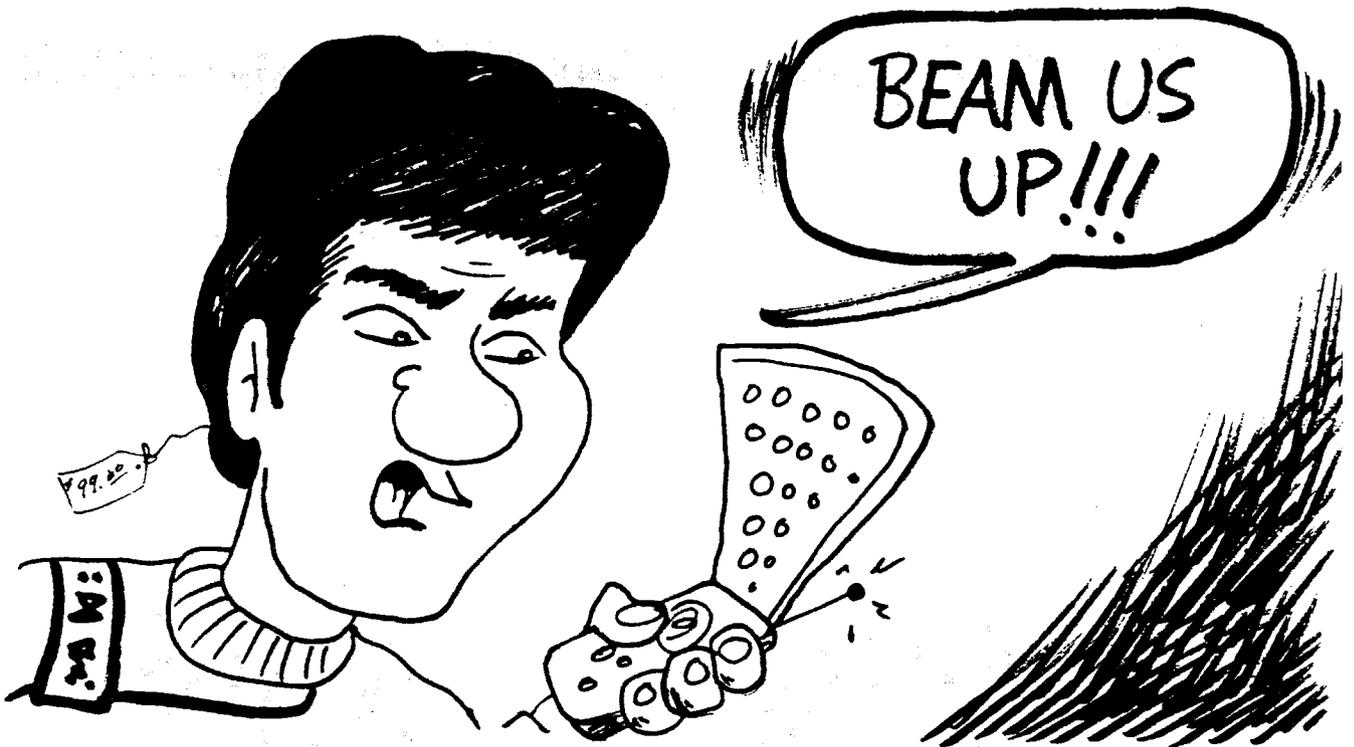


Amid all this, the Dumbulon commander, phaser drawn, relentlessly pursues his quarry as we hear music from T.J. Hooker. His companions are dropping like flies, hit by crashing trees.

Slobbick can hear the Dumbulon sub-commander on her communicator--she patches into their conversation. "Admiral, listen." "Never mind that, Lieutenant. Look, that Dumbulon bum is stealing my Hooker schtick!"

On Slobbick's communicator, the sub-commander cries, "Shall I beam you up, or do you want to die like scum?" Jerk grabs the communicator. "Yes, beam us up. Puh-leese!!" There is a pause. "Who the hell is this?" "Is this a multiple choice question?" Jerk asks.

Meanwhile, the commander arrives in the clearing, and spots Jerk. "You bum!" he cries. Jerk screams into the communicator, "Beam us up, damn you, or I'll have you for lunch!" As the Dumbulon raises his phaser, the Improve crew call out in unison, "BYE, GUY!" and dematerialize.

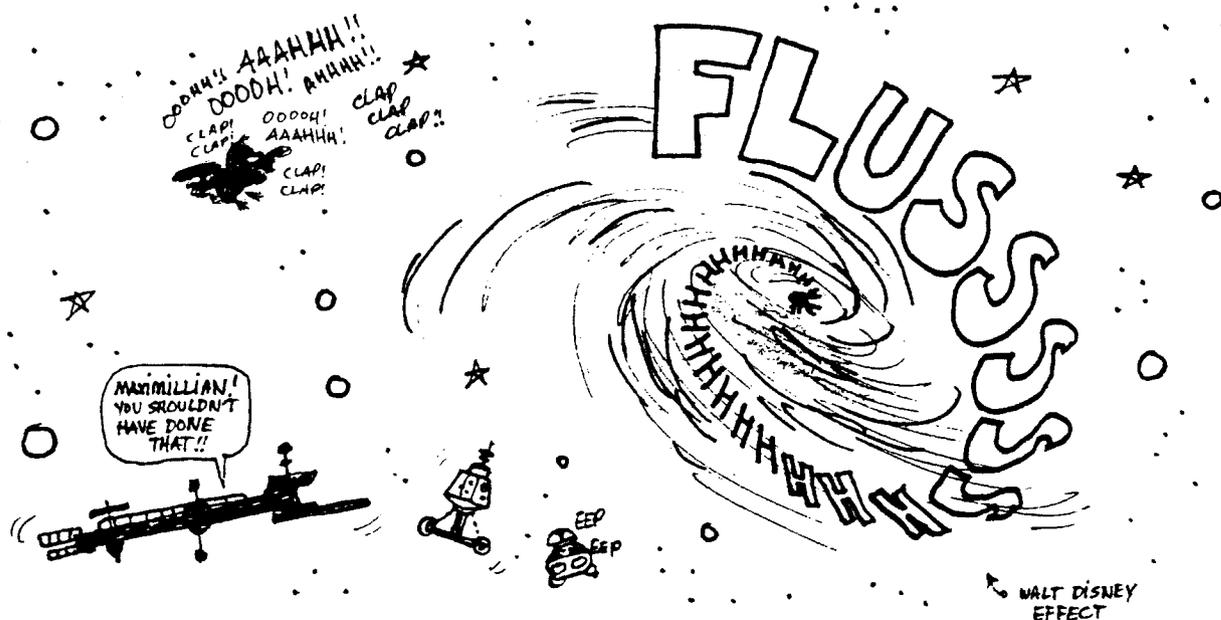


They appear in the Dumbulon transporter room. The ship seems deserted. "Hey, like they picked a weird time to go on vacation, didn't they?"

They arrive on the Dumbulon bridge. The sub-commander is alone, acting self indulgent and pouting alot. She reaches for her phaser, but Slobbick beats her to the punch. There is a moment of horror, then Jerk takes credit for the whole thing, as per usual. He kicks the smoldering remains of the Dumbulon out of the command chair, and sits down. "All right, I'm in command again. You guys figure out how to work the radio whilst I file my nails." The radio works, and Jerk calls the Dumbulon on the surface. "Yoo, hoo. Hey, you Dumbulon bum, listen up. The planet you're on was created in six minutes, which means it's gonna explode in six minutes as well." "Admiral, I fail to see why..." "Shut up, Slobbick, it's in the script. As I was saying, it's gonna blow up real good. You want out, or what?"

"Don't be a fool," says the Dumbulon, "I'll get a great death scene out of this!" This upsets Jerk. "I don't want you to have a death scene. Sprok got one, now every Vulkanoid in earshot wants one. When do I get one?" All over the bridge, eyes light up. "On second thought, I retract that question..."

Jerk whirls toward Scotchie. "Can you get us out of here, this guy is boring me." Scotchie manages to get the ship moving, after pounding on the console for a few minutes. The Chicken-Hawk sputters to life, and grinds away from the Genesis II planet in reverse. The planet, amidst a massive noise reminiscent of a giant toilet flushing, implodes itself into a black hole. A chorus of "oohs" and "ahs" erupts on the bridge, along with scattered applause.



DeCoy cares for the Sprok-beast in the Dumbulon sickbay, as the ship heads toward Earth. On the bridge, there is a light banter about the peculiarities of the strange ship. "Gee, what is this vibrating projection from this con.... oh. Hmmm." "Hey, has anyone found the toilet, yet?" As all is going well, Jerk decides to go to sickbay. "Mr. Zulu, take command!" "Finally! Something useful to do!" "Mr. Slobbick," Jerk continues, "will you come with me?" "I'll follow you to the end of the universe, Admiral. Higher than the highest mountain..." "Oh, get in the damn elevator, will you?" As soon as the doors close, they begin to neck.

Jerk stops the elevator. "Mr. Slobbick, there's something I'd like to say to you." "Self-incrimination has never been one of your problems, Admiral." Jerk is inarticulate, drooling on himself. Slobbick wipes his shirt, saying, "There were no rules on the planet." "But they're back now, Slobbick. You'll have to control your, er, glands." "But you've always bent the rules." "Bent them into pretzels is more like it, Lieutenant. Let me tell you about the time that I...." Frantically, Slobbick presses the emergency eject button.

In sickbay, Sprok is conscious. DeCoy wastes no time insulting him, and he responds by spitting and throwing anything he can get his hands on at the good doctor. Jerk enters, and interrupts the fracas. He sneers at Sprok. "You just had to come back, didn't you? You couldn't stay dead and leave us to make a movie in peace! What a putz!" Uhura interrupts. "An Illiteration starship is in this quadrant, Admiral. It's the Accelerator, sir. They are threatening to throw

rocks and be nasty to us, sir. What do we do?"

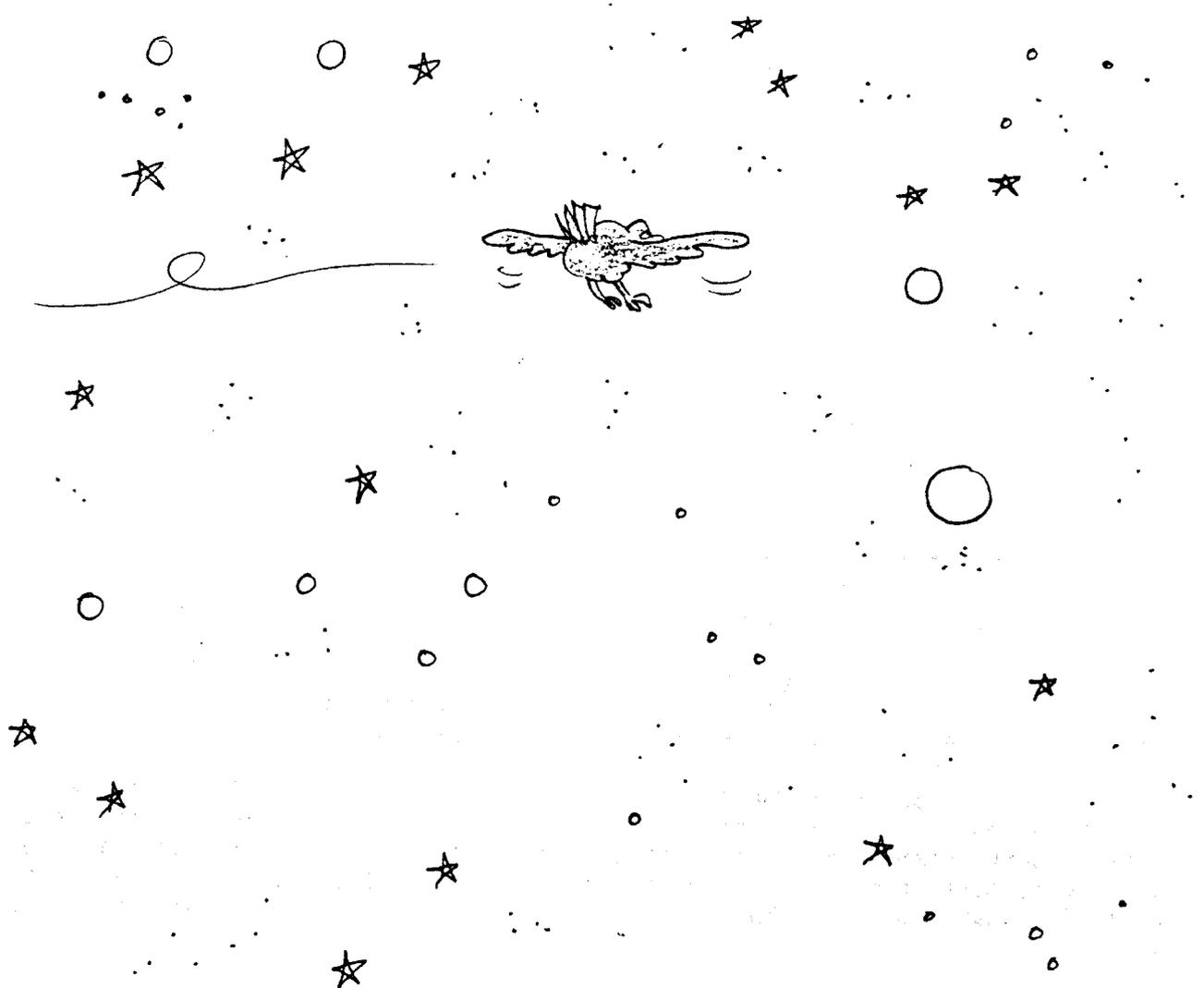
"Just do the logical thing, Uhura. Ignore them and hope they go away."

Jerk and Sprok are left alone to reconcile their differences. "They'll make you pay a price for this fiasco, Jim. You'll get five years or fifty-thousand parsecs, whichever comes first." "I know. I plan to plead nolo contendere. Then I'll throw myself on the floor, have a tantrum, and kiss their feet. I'll have those paper-pushers eating out of my hand. With any luck, they'll bust me to Captain, and send me out to get myself and half the crew killed again."

"In a new Improvise?" queries Sprok. "Not likely. Probably the U.S.S. Garbage Scow, which they just brought out of mothballs."

There is a pause. Sprok says, "Jim?" "Yes, Sprok?" "You should have left me on the planet."

The Dumbulon Chicken-Hawk heads for home.



STAR TRIP III

RETURN TO GENESIS II

Mr. Randall Landers
"STARDATE PRESS"

Dear Randy:

Thank you for the recent flurry of excellent story ideas and for your concern about our welfare checks. We're incredibly lucky to have survived the PublicRelations Tonight interview with minimal damage to our principal rumors. If I were to take it personally, I would say that Goddenberry had assessed the situation decided I had suffered enough at the hands of Bertha Bitch, and should at last be given a break to finish my work in Bermuda.

I could not help but be pleased at the number of stupid comments directed my way about the last issue. I know the fans expect nothing of me, and I have never expected the fans to be patient and judge the work when is done, only before.

My best to you and all your readers.

Fondlely,

Barf Init

BI:lge