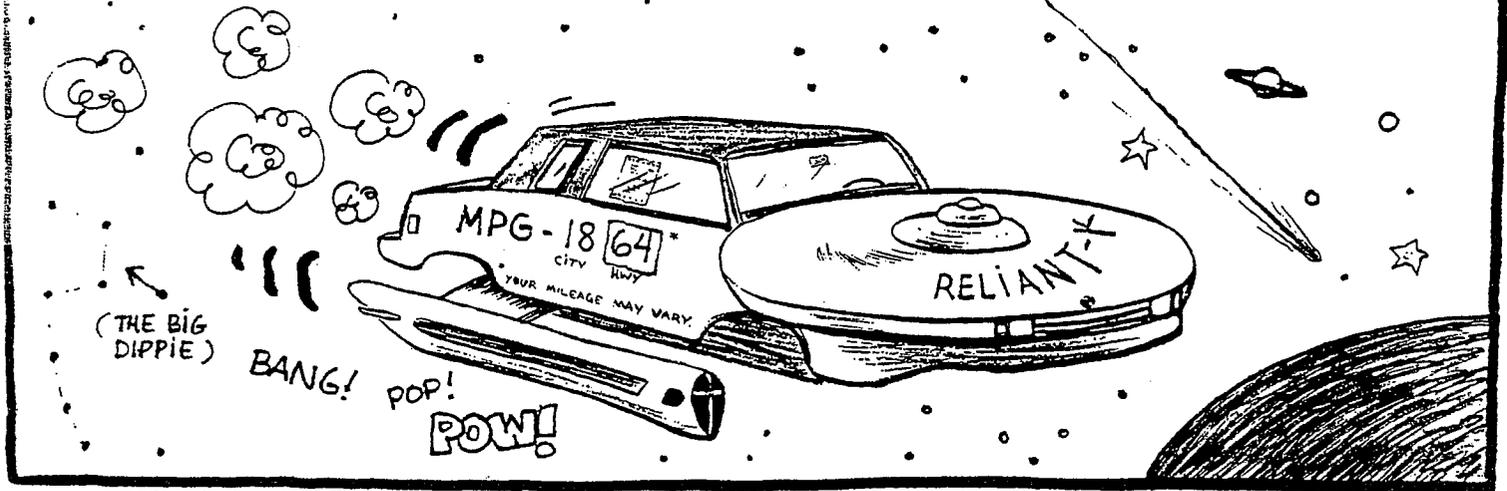


STAR TRIP

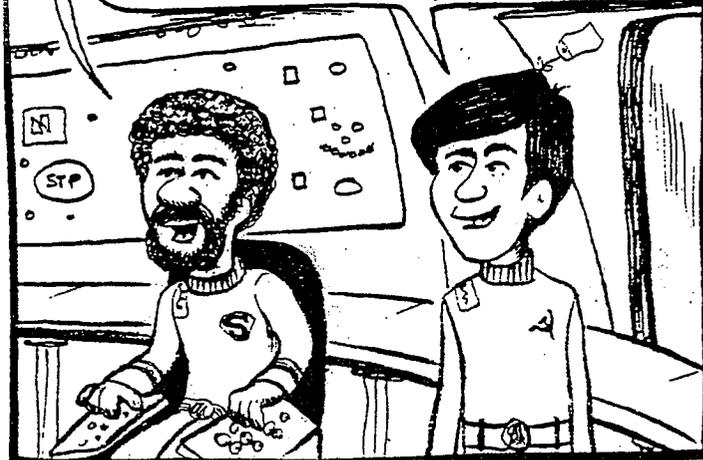
THE WRATH OF DHON



Aboard the RELIANT-K with Capt. Clark Jor-el and First Officer Check-off:

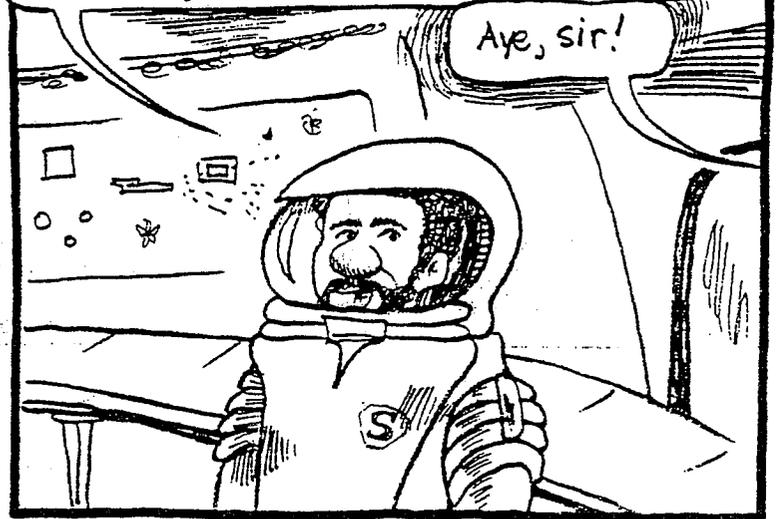
Well, here we are orbiting Planet Seedy-Alfalpa 7...

Yes, sir. That planet is named after a Russian invention, of course.



Yes, but luckily David Gerrold came along and replaced it with Centotriticale. ... Oh, well, let's beam down.

Aye, sir!



On planet Seedy-Alfalpa 7:

well, Mr. Checkoff, this looks like as good a place as any for the Genesis II projector.

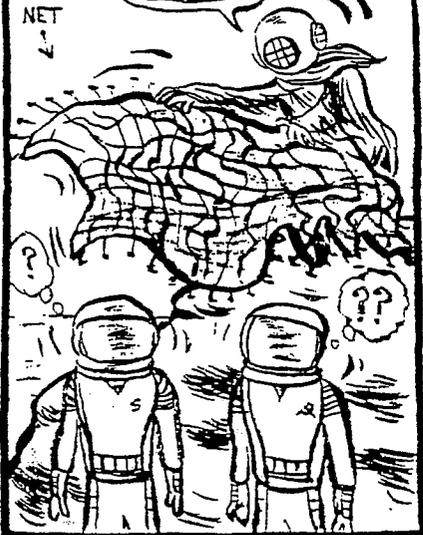
DAH! And it looks like a good place for a STICK-UP, too!



A pregnant pause. Then:

AAA!

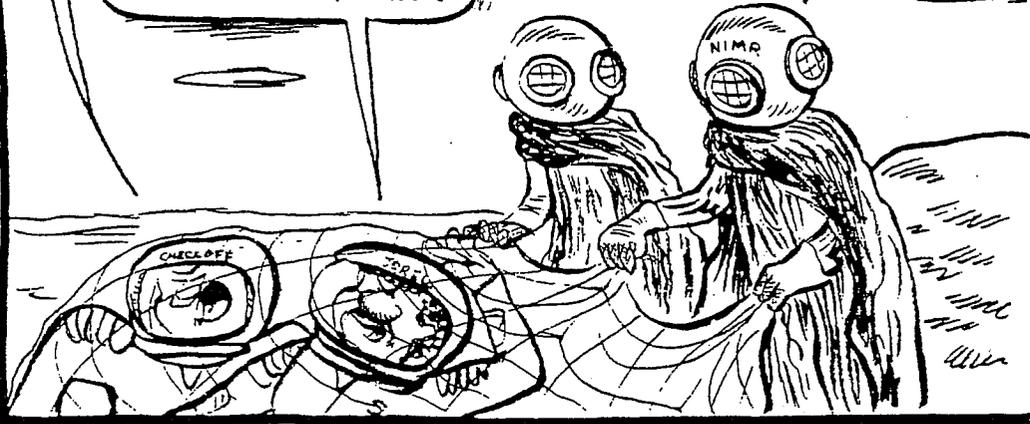
NET



YAAAAAAAAAAAAA!!

I thought this was supposed to be a NON-VIOLENT show!

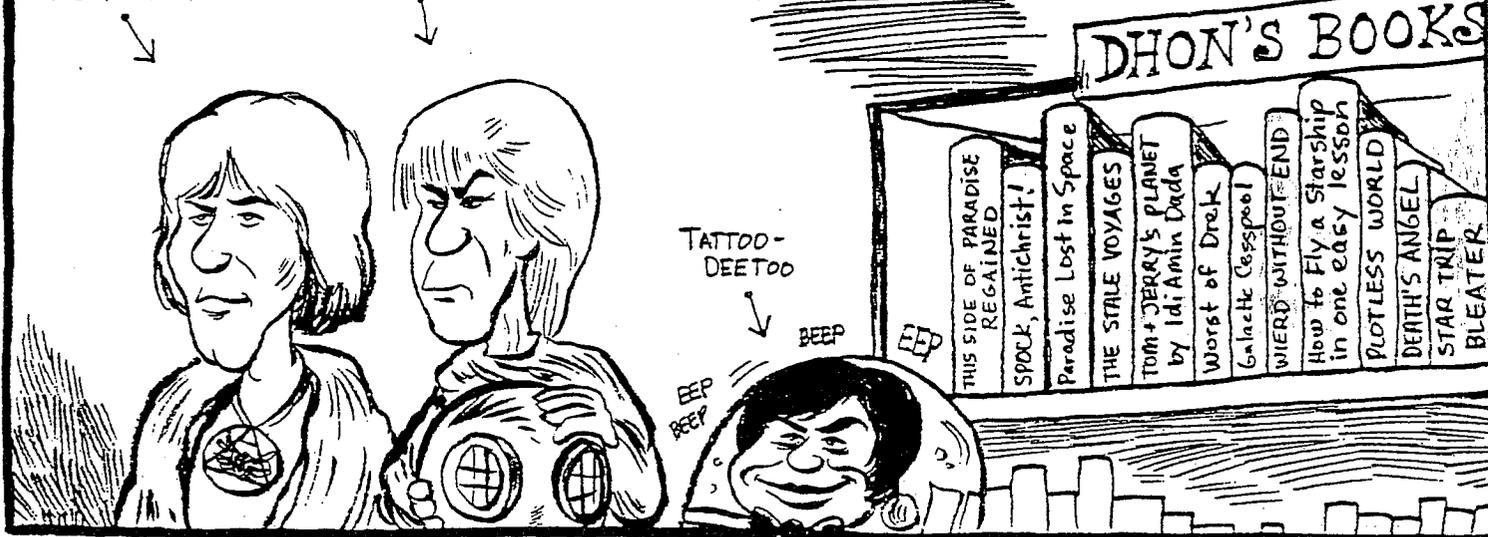
Yeah, but we're just thinking AHEAD... to the network ratings sweeps...



Jor-el and Checkoff are taken to Dhon's lair:

THE PHOENIX

DHON



DHON!!

CHHAYESSSSS... ECKS-CELLENT!! YOU RECOGNIZE ME, BUT JUST WHO THE HELL ARE YOU??

I thought this was a NON-STUPID show...



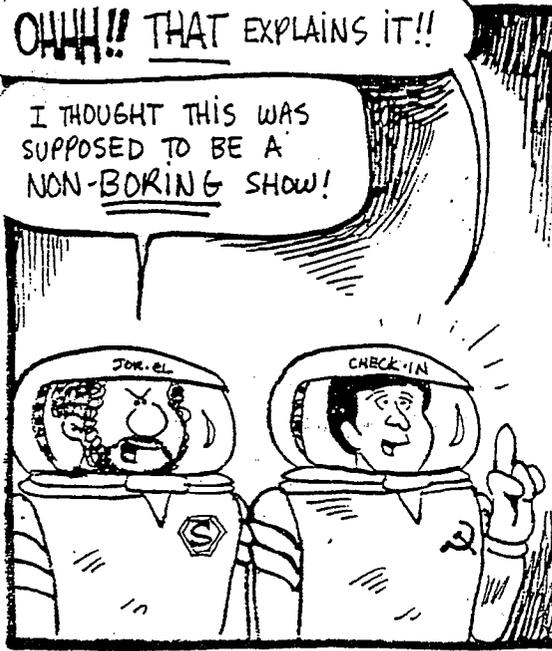
AREN'T YOU SUPPOSED TO BE ON SEEDY-ALFALFA TWO??

NO. I WAS ON SEEDY-ALFALFA FOUR, BUT THE SCRIPTWRITER RENAMED IT SEEDY-ALFALFA THREE. NOW, THE STUDIO REFERS TO IT AS SEEDY ALFALFA ONE!

BUT... WE WERE S'POSED TO GO TO SEEDY-ALFALFA 5 AND THESE ISN'T SEEDY-ALFALFA 12!!

EEP! EEP! CHIRP! WHO'S ON FIRST, BOSSSS???

NEVERMIND, TATTOO... OF COURSE NOT, THIS HAPPENS TO BE SEEDY-ALFALFA NINE!



OWH!! THAT EXPLAINS IT!!

I THOUGHT THIS WAS SUPPOSED TO BE A NON-BORING SHOW!



WE ARRRE GOING TO TAKE YOURRRR SHIP, YOU FOOOOLS!!



OH, NO! MOTHER RUSSIA IS DOOMED, NOT TO MENTION THE REST OF THE GALAXY!!

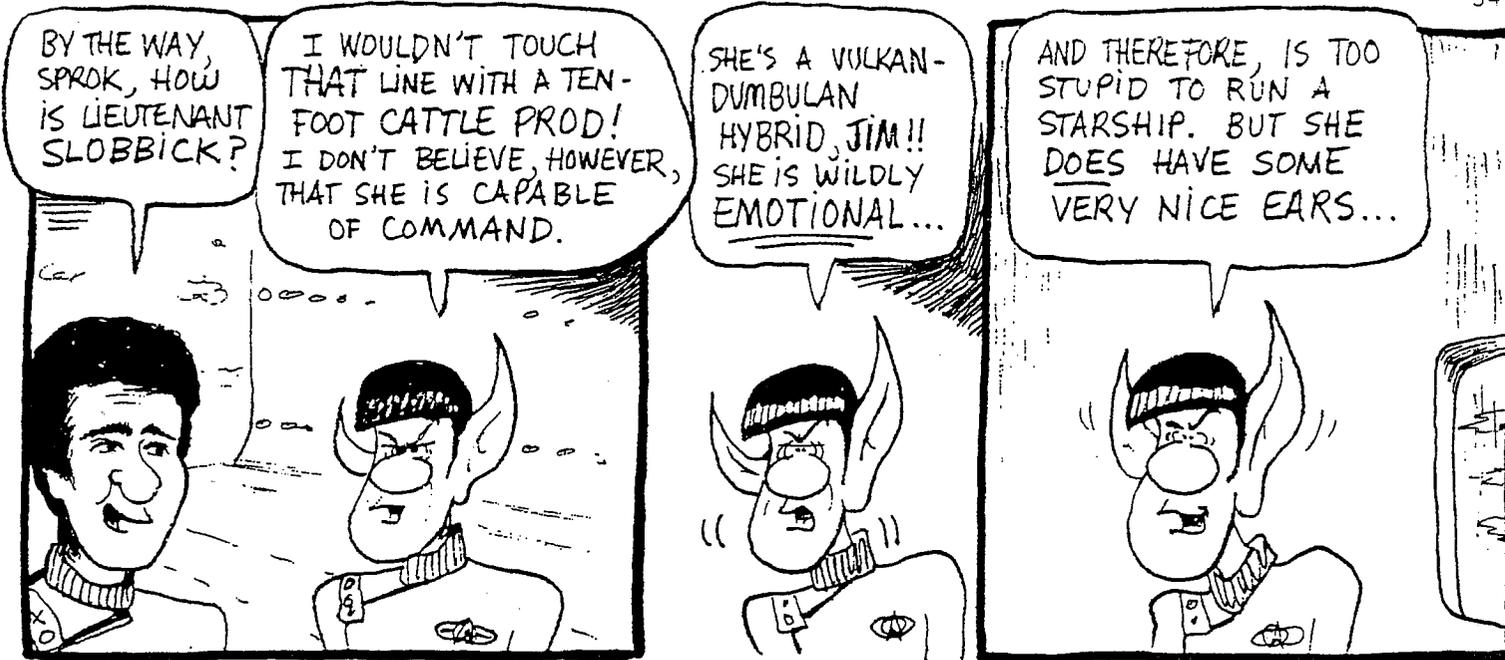
I THOUGHT THIS WAS NOT A NON-SEQUITUR SHOW....

MEANWHILE, BACK AT THE MATTE PAINTING OF SAN FRANCISCO:



Gee, Mr. Sprok, doesn't it feel weird to be the only two LIVE HUMANS in this scene ???

Speak for your SELF, Admiral Jerk...



BY THE WAY, SPROK, HOW IS LIEUTENANT SLOBBICK?

I WOULDN'T TOUCH THAT LINE WITH A TEN-FOOT CATTLE PROD! I DON'T BELIEVE, HOWEVER, THAT SHE IS CAPABLE OF COMMAND.

SHE'S A VULKAN-DUMBULAN HYBRID, JIM!! SHE IS WILDLY EMOTIONAL...

AND THEREFORE, IS TOO STUPID TO RUN A STARSHIP. BUT SHE DOES HAVE SOME VERY NICE EARS...

LATER, IN JERK'S KHAN-DOMINIUM:



JIM, I WANT YOU TO GO BACK WITH ME AND INSPECT THE NEWLY IMPROVED IMPROVISE.

MARTINI

VISIT to a WEIRD PLANET

VARIETY

KHAN-NAC

WALL ST. JOURNAL



WE'RE GOING ON A HIGHLY IMPORTANT POTTY-TRAINING MISSION.



GEEZ, SPROK... I HAVEN'T HAD A COMMAND IN NO LESS THAN THREE YEARS! I CAN'T GO ALONG...



AND I DON'T HAVE ANY TIME BECAUSE OF ALL MY DUTIES, AND I NEED TIME TO PLAY TENNIS...

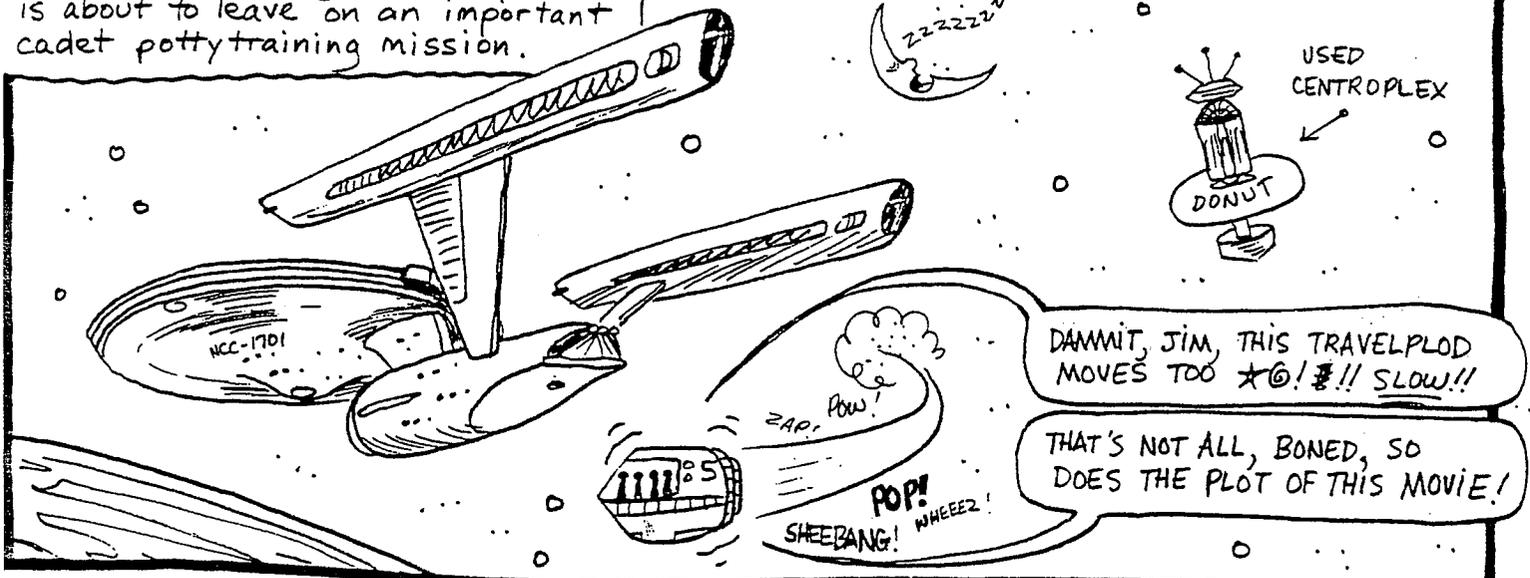
WELL, IF YOU DON'T WANT TO GO...



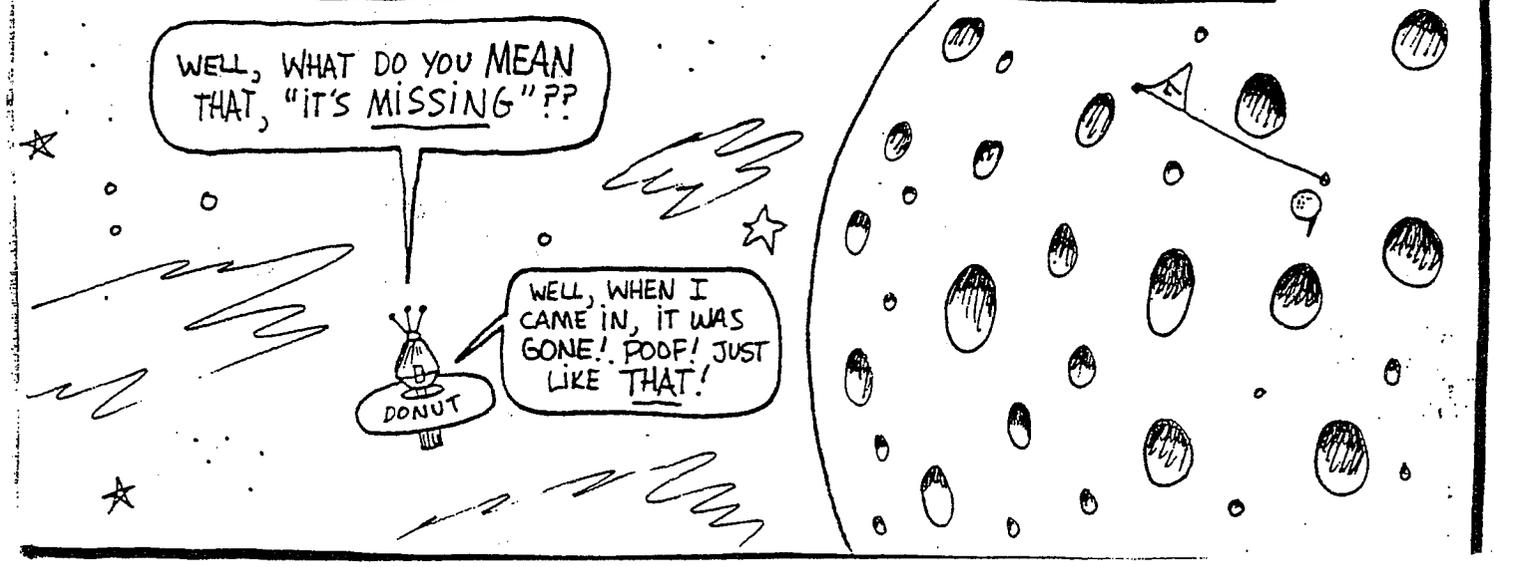
YOU'VE JUST CONVINCED ME!!! C'mon, let's go!!

GET YOUR MOUNTIE HAT, TOO.

CAPTAIN'S LOG STARDATE 3112.4 9112.4
Lt. Slobbick reporting. The *Improvise*
is about to leave on an important
cadet pottytraining mission.



MEANWHILE, HIGH ABOVE RIDICULOUS 7 IN ANOTHER SPACE DONUT,
WE JOIN MAGIC MARKER, HER SON FLAIR and A TEAM OF SCIENTISTS ...





BUT, HOW COULD IT SIMPLY JUST DISAPPEAR?

MIRRORS?

TRICK PHOTOGRAPHY?

WORM HOLE?

WELL, I, UH... LEFT THE BACK DOOR OPEN...

BLOND LAB TECHNICIAN

WE INVENTED THE MOST DEVASTATING, DESTRUCTIVE, TERRIFYING, SUPERLATIVE, REDUNDANT AND EXPENSIVE WEAPON KNOWN TO HUMANS AND... YOU LEFT THE BACK DOOR... OPEN???

THAT'S EASY FOR YOU TO SAY. DON'T BLAME ME, TOOTS, YOUR SON FLAIR HANDED THE SUCKER OVER

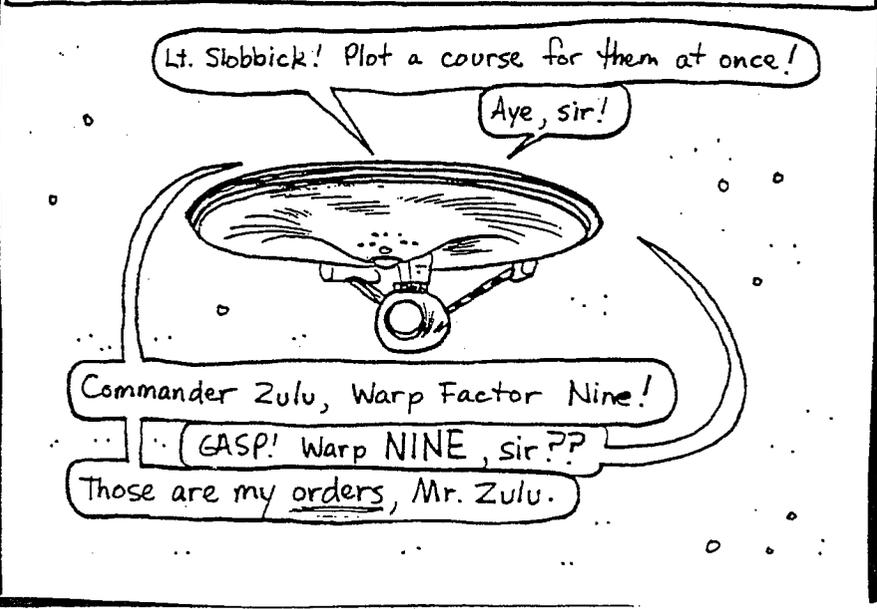
LOCK, STOCK AND BARREL!!

ALL FOR SOME CAR KEYS AND SOME CHEAP CORINTHIAN LEATHER GOODS!!



This is a PRIORITY ONE Distress Signal... HELP!! A villainous man named DHON has stolen our Genesis II projector, has taken our locks, stock and barrels and, besides that, he let the *G!M!! stainless steel RATS outta their cages!

IN A DIFFERENT CORNER OF THE UNIVERSE:



Lt. Stobbeck! Plot a course for them at once!

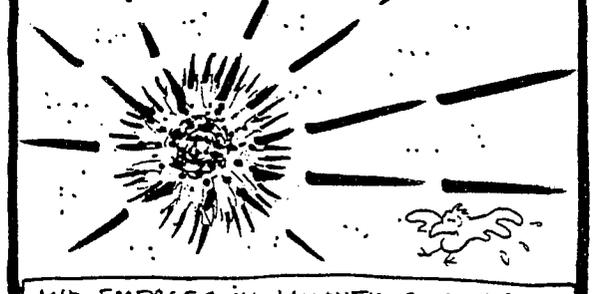
Aye, sir!

Commander Zulu, Warp Factor Nine!

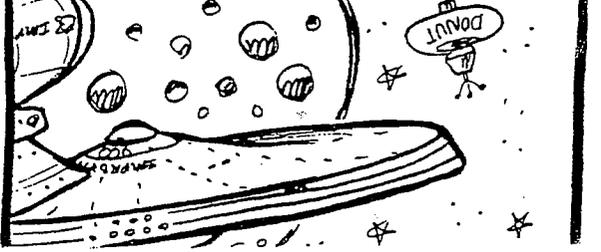
GASP! Warp NINE, sir??

Those are my orders, Mr. Zulu.

THE IMPROVISE THEN ENTERS DYNASPACE...



AND EMERGES IN ANOTHER CORNER...



ON THE BRIDGE:



WHY WASTE OUR TIME WITH A PUNY SPACE STATION??

LET'S GO PICK ON THOSE DUMBULON BUMS!!

WATCH IT! YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT MY RELATIVES!



MR. ZULU, AHEAD FULL TO THE STATION.

HEY! I'M NOBODY'S FOOL!!!



JERK, DeCOY and 3 SECURITY GUARDS BEAM OVER. MAGIC MARKER IS WAITING FOR THEM.

BASS-O-MATTE



HI!



FLAIR PEN



Uh... sorry... my mistake...

JOHNNY SLASH



JIM, HE'S REALLY **YOUR** MISTAKE, YOU KNOW...



HECK, JIM, IT WAS BOUND TO CATCH UP WITH YOU SOONER OR LATER...

?!?

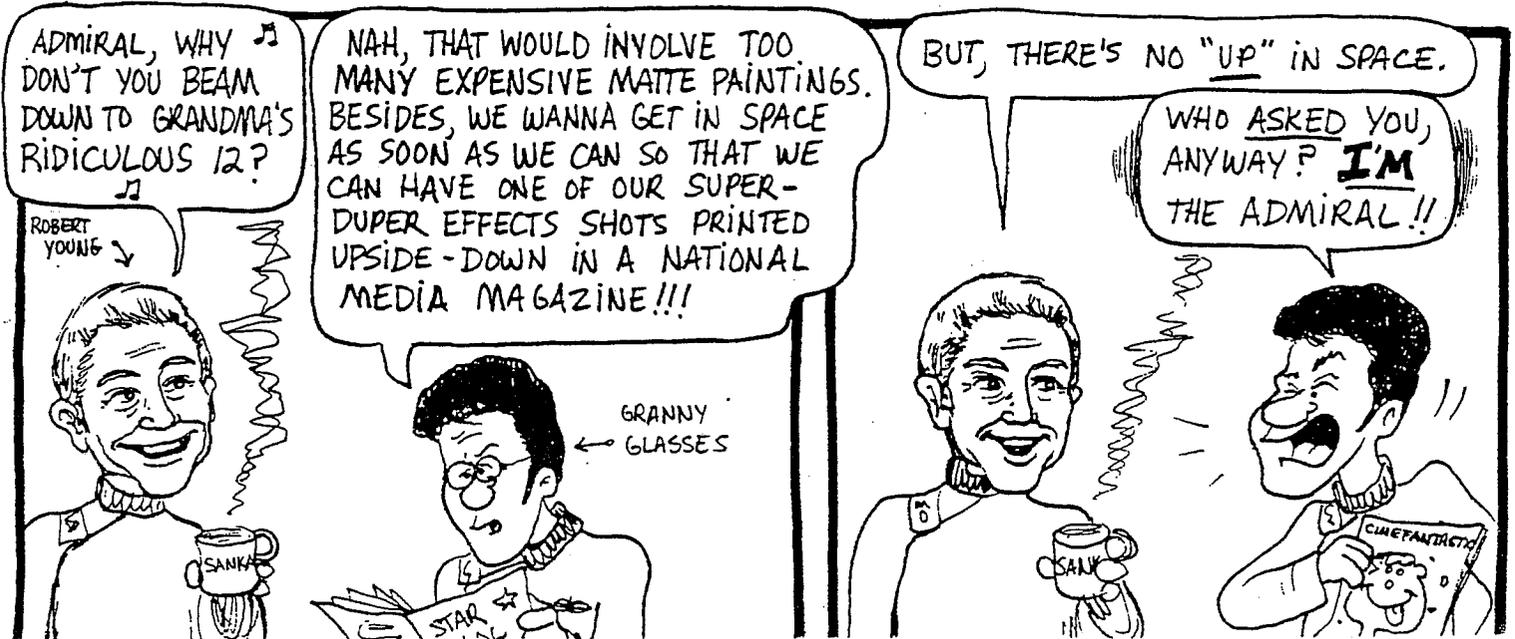


SQUEAK SQUEAK

?



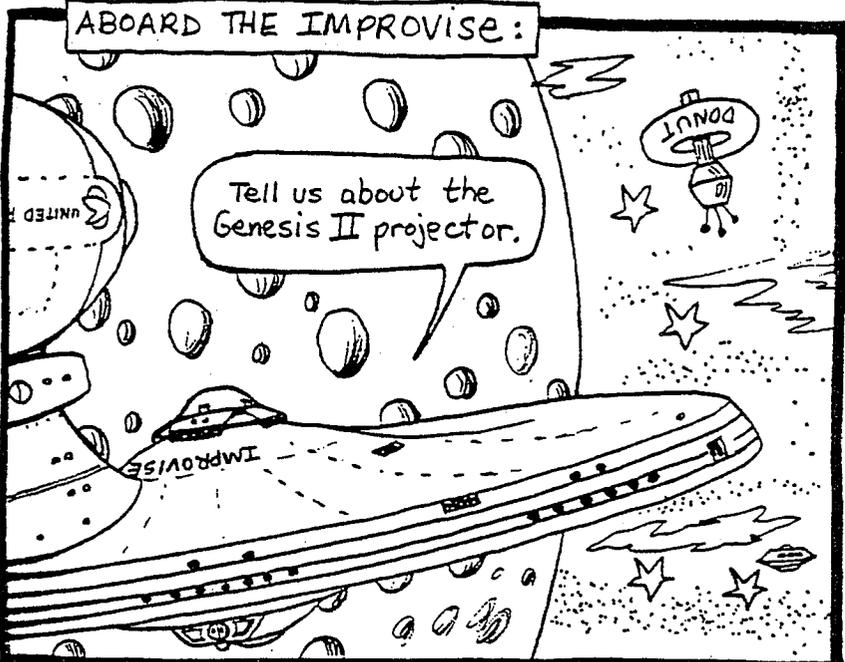
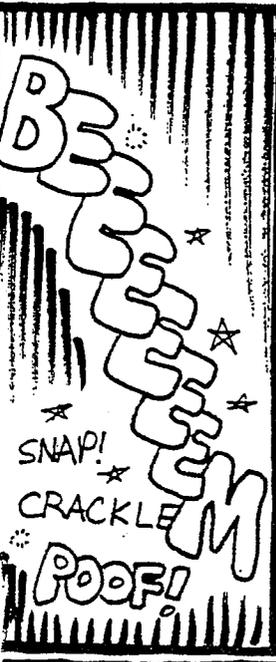
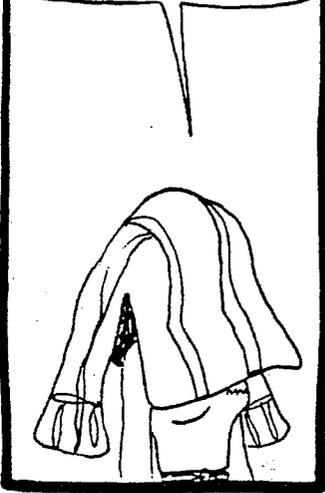
OH, NO! IT'S THE STAINLESS STEEL **RATS!!!**



OKAY, EVERYONE, LET'S ALL BEAM UP TO THE 'IMPROVISE AND CHASE AFTER DHON!!

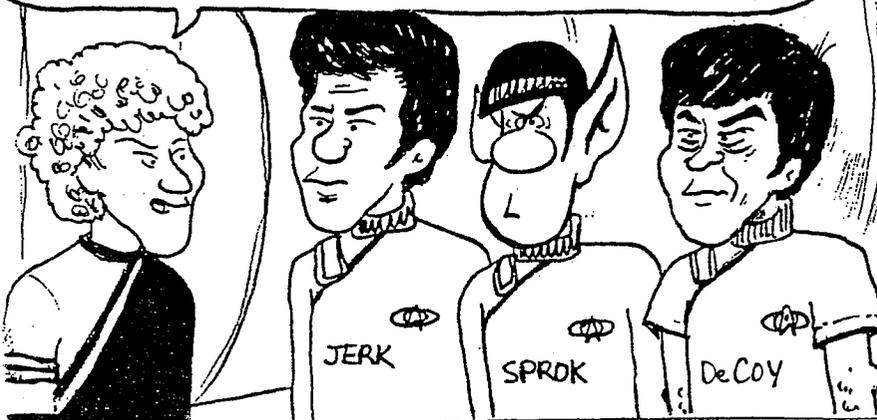
NOT IF YOU THROW ANOTHER COAT OVER MY HEAD!

ACTUALLY, BONED, I'D HAVE THOUGHT THAT SON FLAIR WOULD HAVE BEEN HALF-SCALOSIAN!!



IN JERK'S QUARTERS:

THE GENESIS II PROJECTOR HOLDS THE CAR KEY TO MANKIND'S FUTURE. BUT IT'S ALSO A WEAPON SO POWERFUL, DEVASTATING AND REDUNDANT THAT IT COULD DESTROY A WHOLE PLANET OR EVEN A TELEVISION PRODUCER'S CAREER.



CLEARLY, THIS GENESIS II PROJECTOR IS THE GREATEST THING THE GALAXY HAS EVER SEEN SINCE SLICED BREAD.



BREAD? BREAD? WHAT DOES BREAD HAVE TO DO WITH UNIVERSAL ARMAGEDDON?!

WE'RE TALKING ABOUT SOMETHING THAT CAN ACTUALLY AFFECT TRILLIONS!

SPACE DOC

ACTUALLY, BONED, BREAD HAS A LOT TO DO WITH IT! THIS MOVIE COULD MAKE ME TRILLIONS!!!

SUPER STAR

ABOARD THE RELIANT K:

HERE WE ARE, HIDING BEHIND A MOON OF RIDICULOUS 7 ABOUT TO ATTACK THE U.S.S. IMPROVISE. EXCELLENT!!

WAAKIM? WHAT HAVE YOU DONE WITH OUR HOSTAGES?

WELL, CHECKOFF IS ALL TIED UP, BUT I JUST GOT TIRED OF HEARING JOREL TALKING ABOUT NON-NONS AND UN-UNS!!

YAAA!!

CHECK OUT

DE SHIP!!!
DE SHIP!!!
DHON!!!
LOOK!!!

EPP
EPP

THE POWER OF THE SUN IS INDEED POWERFUL IN THIS CORNER OF THE UNIVERSE... EXCELLENT, EXCELLENT!

WE'RE PLUGGED INTO THE SUN, DHON!

ECKS-CELLENT, WAAKIM! STAND BY FOR REEL CHANGE, TATTOO D-2 !!

EPP! EPP!

MPG-1864

RELIANT

MEANWHILE, DEEP BENEATH GRANDMA'S RIDICULOUS 12, FLAIR MARKER SHOWS OUR HEROES THE "GENESIS II" CAVE:



Yes, Captain, here's the secret of the Genesis II projector. New life and new civilizations can be created in a mere 6 hours - the length of an average television mini-series! But wrongly used, it can destroy a whole planet and even keep flashlight batteries from operating!!

Wow! Let's beam back up to the ship...

BACK TO THE IMPROVISE:



Aye, lads, ah'm vurra glad...

...ah'm SO glad to be workin' here on the Improvise wi' mah NEPHEW!



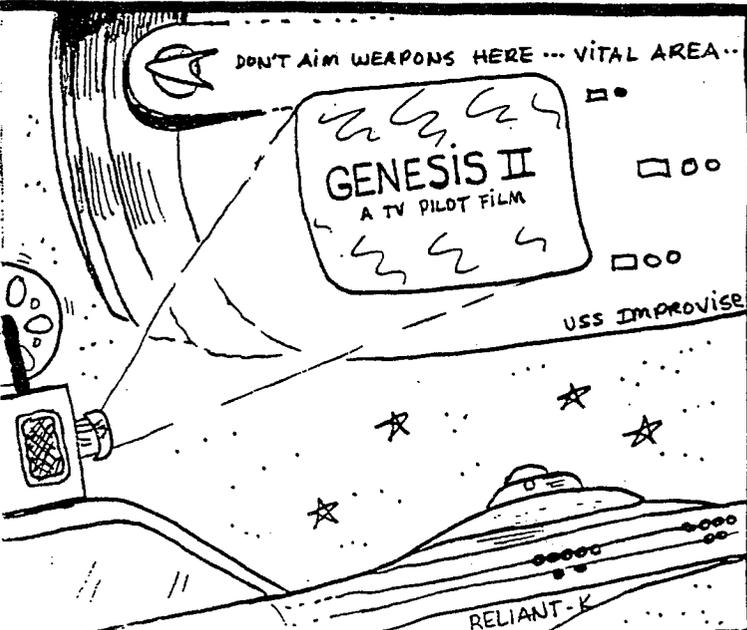
OH, NO! ADMIRAL! THEY'RE USING THE GENESIS II PROJECTOR!!!

OH, GREAT! LET'S BREAK OUT THE POPCORN!

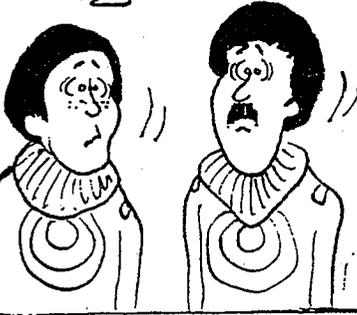


All right, Tattoo, CHANGE REELS NOW!!!

EEP! EEP!



RED ALERT!
RED ALERT!
RED AL....



KAB BOOM!



BRIDGE! WE'VE BEEN **HIT!!** AN' THEY HAVE KILLED MAH NEPHEW!! ...Mah poor bairns... **McCoy, COME QUICK AND BRING A SPATULA!!**

LT. SLOBBICK! SEAL OFF THAT SECTION!
Aye, sir.

I CAN'T GET POWER TO MY VIDED GAME, SIR!!!

SCOTCHY!

CAP'N! THE MAIN RUBBER BAND IS OUT!!!

THEY KNEW EXACTLY WHERE TO HIT US, THE CREEPS!

WHO? WHO WOULD HIT US? WHY?

ONE THING IS CERTAIN: WE ALL GONNA DIE!!!

ZULU! ALL POWER TO ZAP GUNS!

Too late.
HANG ON!!!
TO WHAT?!

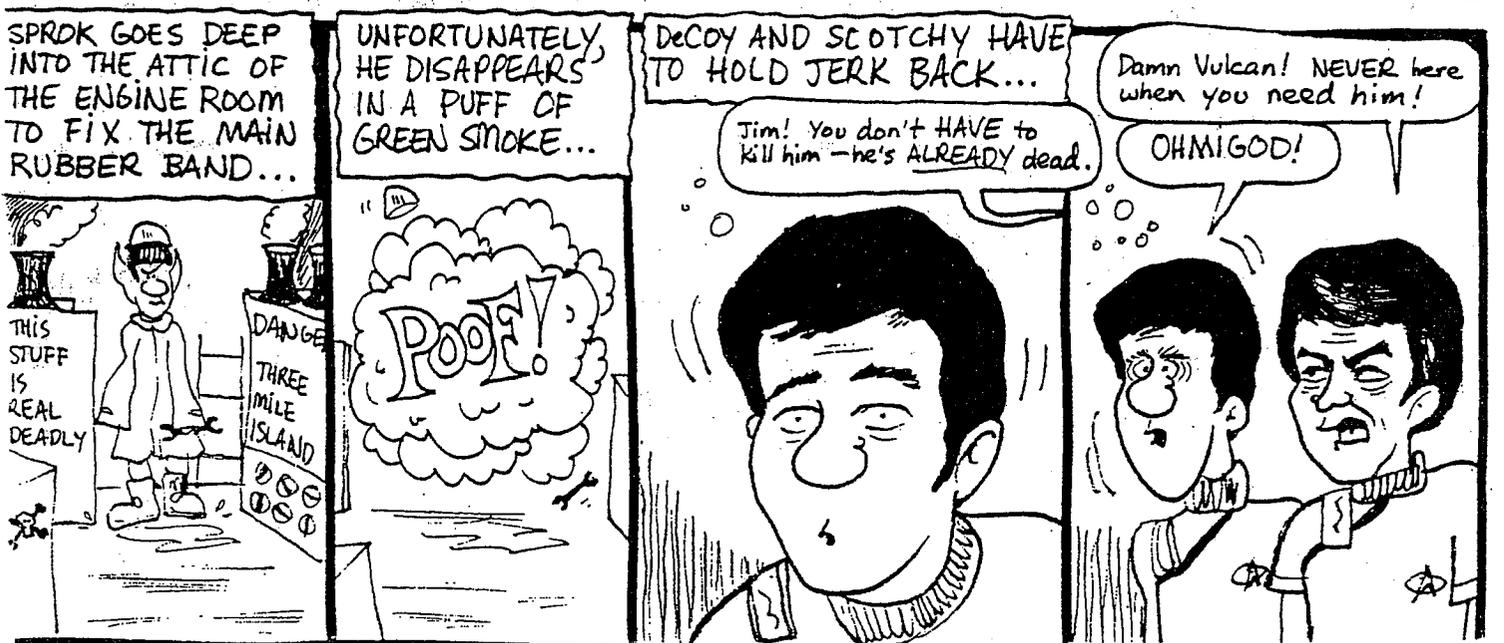


SCOTCHY!

CAP'N, I CAN HAVE THE SPARE RUBBER BAND READY IN A FEW MINUTES!

WE DON'T HAVE A FEW MINUTES

Geez! That "Genesis II" is a REAL BOMB!!!



CAP'N! YA HAFTA GO TO TH' BRIDGE AN' SAVE US FROM THAT FANTASY ISLAND REFUGEE!



BUT SPROK WAS ... A... (GASP) FRIEND!



DAMMIT, JIM! HE WAS JUST YOUR CO-STAR!

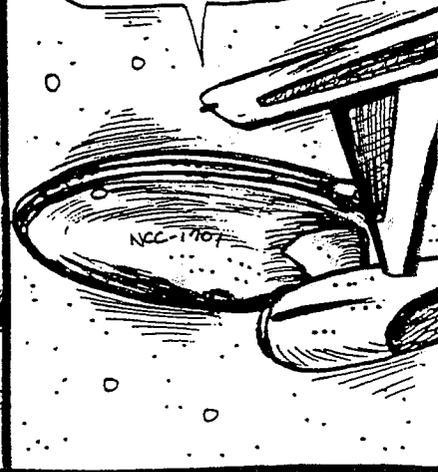


THANKS, BONED. SINCE YOU PUT IT THAT WAY...



ON THE BRIDGE:

ADMIRAL! THEY'RE HOOKED INTO THE SUN!!!



DHON! YOU BEER-GUZZLER!



JERK? MY OLD STUPID FRIEND?



DHON, YOU'VE GOT THE GENESIS II PROJECTOR BUT NOT ME! WHY DON'T YOU COME HERE AND SMACK ME IN THE KNEE OR SOMETHING!!?



I DON'T HAFTA KILL YOU. I'VE ALREADY MESS'D UP YOUR MOVIE. AND AM I GONNA MAKE YOU HURT!



I'LL PUT A BABY GORN IN YER EAR AND TURN YOU INTO A ZOMBIE!! HEY!! I'LL DESTROY THE UNIVERSE!!



OR EVEN WORSE! I'LL MAKE SPROK THE STAR OF THE NEXT MOVIE!!! WHADDYA THINK OF THAT!??



Admiral! He's overloading the sun! It's blowing a fuse!



THE SUN GOES NOVA
AND DESTROYS THE
DREADED DHON...



USE THE
WARP, JIM!



AHEAD
WARP
THREE,
MISTER
SCOTCH!



Jim, I will ALWAYS BE
WITH YOU, MY FRIEND...
AND MAY THE WARP
BE WITH YOU...



"SPACE — THE FINAL FRONTIER. THIS COULD WELL HAVE
BEEN THE LAST VOYAGE OF THE USS IMPROVISE...
IT'S ABORTIVE MISSION: TO SEEK OUT OLD PLOTS,
TO REWRITE NEW SCRIPTS ... TO BOLDLY RIP-OFF
WHAT HAS BEEN RIPPED-OFF BEFORE!!"



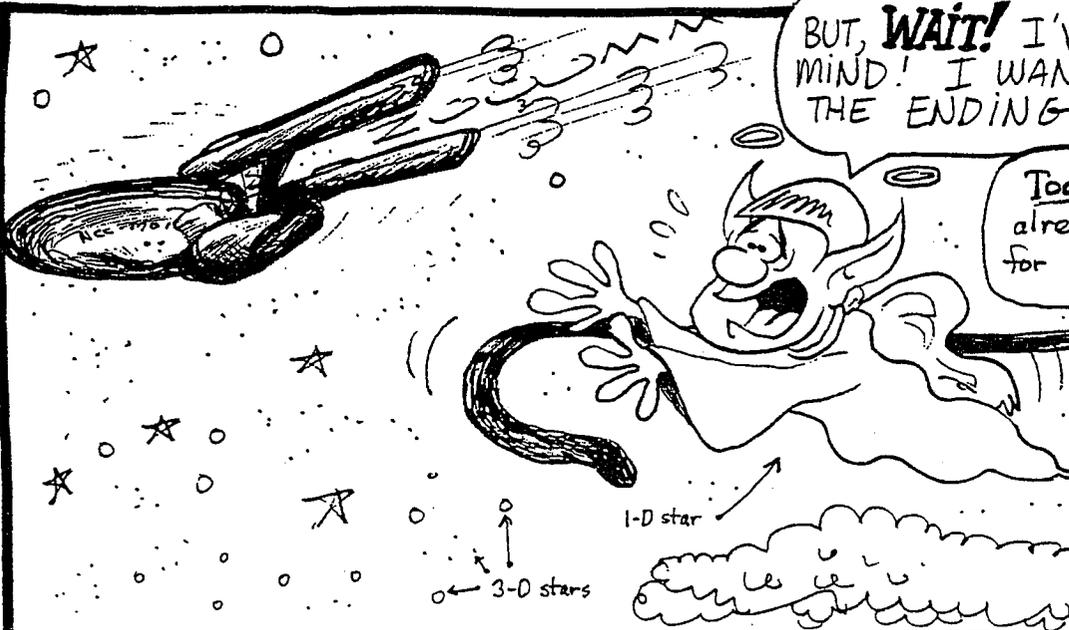
ET'S HOME

Harden (MAY 1982)

BUT, **WAIT!** I'VE CHANGED MY
MIND! I WANT TO RE-WRITE
THE ENDING!!!

Too late! We've
already signed you
for the SEQUEL!!

Yeah!! We're gonna
call it ... "IN SEARCH
OF SAINT SPROK."



THE END ?