

STAR TREK: LOWER DECKS

MUSTACHE DIPLOMACY

by

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June 30, 2022

TEASER

EXT. SPACEDOCK

The *U.S.S. Cerritos* rests in spacedock.

CAPTAIN FREEMAN (VO)
Captain's Log, Stardate 58231.45
While the *Cerritos* is docked at
Douglas Station for hull plating
repairs, I've given the crew shore
leave to explore the space
station.

INT. CERRITOS - READY ROOM

Captain Freeman stands with Mariner.

FREEMAN
Are you packed?

MARINER
Packed?

FREEMAN
Three days, two nights, all
inclusive getaway on the shores of
mankind's largest artificial lake.

Freeman hands over a data pad that shows a beautiful blue
lake with golden sands.

MARINER
Sounds great, Mom, but easy pass.

FREEMAN
What? Of course you're going. The
whole senior staff is going to be
there.

MARINER
Exactly! You know how suffocating
these things were growing up!?

She places the datapad on the desk.

FREEMAN
Becket, you're a part of the crew
now. They expect you to go.

MARINER

Well, I'm not. Me and my friends
are going to find plenty to do on
shore leave, okay?

Freeman's face scrunches with annoyance. Mariner exits.

INT. CERRITOS - CREW BERTHS

Boimler packs a bag with a shirt and pants. Rutherford,
dressed in a boxy costume, jumps towards them from around
the corner.

RUTHERFORD

Ta-da!

Boimler looks up, unimpressed.

BOIMLER

What are you supposed to be?

RUTHERFORD

I'm a warp core!

He flips a switch and a glowing pulse races up and down the
boxy costume.

BOIMLER

That doesn't look anything like
the warp core. Besides, the energy
doesn't throb like that. It
pulses.

RUTHERFORD

Oh, this energy's pulsing all
right!

He thrusts a triumphant hand upward.

BOIMLER

Why are you dressed like that,
anyway?

RUTHERFORD

It's for the cosplay contest at
the All-Star-Fleet tech expo.

BOIMLER

That's not a thing.

RUTHERFORD

It so is!

BOIMLER

I would have heard about it.

RUTHERFORD

Come on man, you're normally all for this sort of stuff. What's gotten into you?

Boimler turns back to packing.

BOIMLER

Nothing.

Mariner walks around the other corner.

MARINER

Boimler's just mad that he didn't get invited to the bridge crew retreat.

BOIMLER

I'm so over bridge crew retreats.

Mariner leans into Boimler.

MARINER

Come on Boimler, you know you want to be rubbing lotion into Commander Ransom's shoulders while you suck up for a promotion.

BOIMLER

What!? No. Eww. I'll earn my promotion the old fashioned way.

MARINER

With lots of old-family money?

BOIMLER

No, with hard work!

Boimler tosses his bag into his slide-out closet rack and slams the closet shut.

BOIMLER

Consider my shore leave canceled!

Boimler storms off.

MARINER

Boimler! Don't be like this!

RUTHERFORD

Come on man, you can flip the
switch on my warp core!

Tendi rounds the corner, dressed as a communicator from the
original series.

TENDI
Where's Boimler going?

MARINER
He's just being a big baby about
shore leave.

RUTHERFORD
I love the retro flip-communicator
costume, Tendi.

TENDI
Thanks, it even opens.

She pushes a button on the side, and the gold-yellow face
flips open, hiding her own face, and showing the innards of
the communicator.

RUTHERFORD
Ooohhh...

Rutherford stares like he's gazing at a naked woman.
Mariner elbows him in the side. He looks away, blushes.

PLAY THE LOWER DECKS TITLE INTRO.

END TEASER

ACT I

INT. CERRITOS - BRIDGE

Ensign Boimler sits in the Captain's chair.

BOIMLER
Space...the final frontier. These
are the voyages of the U.S.S.
Cerritos--

FREEMAN (OS)
Ensign Boimler!

Boimler, surprised, jumps to his feet, fumbling a hyperspanner. Captain Freeman is on the upper bridge deck.

BOIMLER
Captain!

FREEMAN
Why aren't you on shore leave like
the rest of the crew?

Boimler drops to his knees to retrieve the hyperspanner, scrambling for a moment before triumphantly retrieving the device.

BOIMLER
Just finishing some minor ship
maintenance before I go! You
listed a squeaky armrest in the
repair logs...

FREEMAN
Fine. Just make sure you get some
downtime with the rest of the
crew.

The turbolift doors open. Ransom, Shaxs, and Billups wait in the turbolift. Ransom wears a Hawaiian shirt, Shaxs wears a scottish kilt, and Billups's polo shirt is tucked into khakis.

RANSOM
Captain, we're all ready for that
all-inclusive retreat!

FREEMAN
You know it!

She joins them in the turbolift. The doors close. Boimler returns to the seat, using the hyperspinner on the armrest.

BOIMLER
...to seek out new life and new
civilizations...

The WHOOSH of opening turbolift doors.

BOIMLER
(to self)
What now!?

Boimler looks up. Mariner (in uniform), Rutherford (as a warp core) and Tendi (as a Communicator) stand in the turbolift.

MARINER
Come on, Boimler! We can't let you
waste shore leave doing pointless
work!

Mariner bounds out of the turbolift.

BOIMLER
Ensuring the Captain can command
the ship without the interference
of a squeaky arm-rest is hardly
pointless work.

Boimler demonstrates by wiggling the arm-rest. It SQUEAKS. Mariner vaults over the back of the bridge railing, spray can in hand, and SPRITZES the armrest. When she wiggles the arm-rest, no squeak.

MARINER
There, job finished.

BOIMLER
You can't just spray universal
lubricant into the mechanicals of
the Captain's chair! There's
sensitive electronics in there!

Mariner spritzes again.

BOIMLER
Stop that!

He lunges for the can, but Mariner pulls it back at the last second, and Boimler crashes into the armrest, BREAKING it free from the Captain's Chair. Boimler and Mariner exchange a look.

BOIMLER
Why you!

MARINER
Boimler!

BOIMLER
I'll never get this repaired
before the Captain gets back!

MARINER
We're going to the All-Star-Fleet
Tech Expo! We'll just pick up an
upgraded Captain's Chair while
we're there.

Boimler's eyes narrow.

BOIMLER
Fine.

EXT. SPACEDOCK

Establishing passage of time; Cerritos docked.

EXT. CONVENTION HALL - DAY

It's a large, domed over plaza. View of the blue-green
planet framed by stars. The plaza itself is typical
Federation architecture.

Boimler is in uniform, Mariner wears a button up blouse and
black pants, Rutherford is still a glowing warp core, and
Tendi is a communicator.

BOIMLER
I still can't believe the two of
you are in cosplay.

RUTHERFORD
I can't believe you're NOT in
cosplay!

MARINER
Yeah, Boimler, sometimes you need
to learn to relax a little.

BOIMLER
Oh, and what are you supposed to
be?

MARINER

Someone on shore leave.

TENDI

Look!

Tendi waves. There's a line forming outside the convention center. Someone dressed as a badge waves back.

TENDI

See! Everyone dresses up for these sorts of things!

Boimler face-palms.

INT. CONVENTION HALL - DAY

Boimler and Mariner walk past a booth proclaiming: BORG-REPELLENT SPRAY. The Orion salesman spritzes an obviously prop borg, causing it's head to spin in comic circles.

BOIMLER

How are we going to find a replacement Captain's Chair here? All this stuff is junk or straight up scams.

They continue walking, passing another booth: TRIBBLE TRAP. There, a dozen mewing tribbles bounce around inside a glowing MOUSETRAP like net. The net breaks open, and the tribbles tackle the Andorian salesman.

MARINER

Brad, you just need to keep an open mind. One man's trick is another's treasure.

They stop in front of a booth: ALLEYE, (ALL Y in one font, with the two E's in a different font).

BOIMLER

Oh, my, god. That's just like Rutherford's!

The Orion SALESMAN smiles at Boimler.

SALESMAN

Have you ever wanted to double your productivity?

BOIMLER

Have I ever!

SALESMAN
Our detachable Al-eye is the
latest in wearable AI technology.

BOIMLER
I'll take one!

He bounces up and down.

MARINER
Boimler, I'm not sure that's such
a good idea...

But her gaze is pulled to the side. While Boimler's
distracted with the ALLEYE, Mariner steps over to a booth
with writing: OVERBEARING PARENTS.

MARINER
(to self)
Check.

And: CAREER TROUBLES.

MARINER
(to self)
Check.

Finally: FIND YOUR PURPOSE!

MARINER
(to self)
Go on...

A BENZITE SALESMAN slides in, sniffing from his gas
distributor.

BENZITE SALESMAN
Have you heard of Ezri Dax's self-
help diary? It's like having your
own Trill Symbiot Therapist!

He holds up a TRILL TABLET with a picture of a swollen
liver looking Trill Symbiot disolaying. Mariner's eyes
narrow.

MEANWHILE

Tendi and Rutherford walk past: EXTREME JET BOOTS. The
Salesman turns on the boots and zooms skyward, breaking
through the roof of the convention center.

RUTHERFORD

Look at all the amazing stuff
here! Inverse gravity boots!
Magnetic tool-belts!

TENDI

Reverse polarity water filtration
systems!

RUTHERFORD

Omni-directional logic boards!

TENDI

Holographic...wait...

Tendi's eyes widen.

TENDI

So...cute!

A box of bouncing CUDDLE-BOTS. They're pink balls of fur that are vaguely reminiscent of a tribble with Yoda ears. Their face has big adorable eyes, and a very distinct pink mustache. They look like the next Christmas must have. Tendi's communicator face flips open, blocking the view of her own face. Rutherford sneaks a peek at the communicator innards, then blushes.

INT. CERRITOS - BAR

The view is of the domed spacedock. Boimler and Mariner sit at the bar. Boimler wears his ALLEYE.

BOIMLER

The Cerritos looks like a
completely different ship with the
infra-red mode on.

From Boimler's POV, Mariner's colored like a heat signature.

MARINER

Let me see that!

Mariner grabs the ALLEYE from Boimler and puts it on.

MARINER

Oooh. It has an X-ray mode.

She looks Boimler up and down.

MARINER

Disappointing.

Boimler jumps to his feet, crossing his arms and legs, trying to hide his crotch.

BOIMLER

Hey! Watch where you're looking with that!

MARINER

Easy there, Brad. X-Rays are hardly sexy.

She hands the ALLEYE back to Boimler just as Tendi and Rutherford, both still costumed, enter. Tendi carries the CUDDLE-BOT.

TENDI

What!? X-Rays are completely sexy!

Boimler slides the ALLEYE back in place, looks Tendi's way. From his POV, Tendi looks like a skeleton holding a tiny robot.

BOIMLER

I'm going to have to agree with Mariner. Skeletons just aren't my thing. Anywho, I thought the whole reason we were returning to the ship was so you two could change out of your costumes?

MARINER

Brad, let them have a little more fun! I mean, nothing like free drinks when the Captain's away to fuel the second half of our shore leave!

TENDI

Don't worry, it'll only take a few hours to undo the compression welds holding this thing together.

BOIMLER

Hours...? And here, I thought you three were the ones who wanted shore leave.

RUTHERFORD

Boimler, what's that on your face?

BOIMLER

It's an Al-eye. Just like your implant.

RUTHERFORD

Uh...not really...

Rutherford looks uncomfortable as he looks at Boimler, who in turn removes the ALLEYE and holds it out to Tendi.

BOIMLER

Want a turn?

TENDI

Pass. I'm just so focused on this cute little guy!

She gives the Cuddle-Bot a few belly rubs. It purrs like a kitten and spins its eyes in a circular, hypnotic direction.

BOIMLER

Yeah, yeah. Enough about that little toy. Me and my productivity enhancing Al-eye are going to fix the Captain's chair. So, if you'll excuse me...

Boimler exits.

Rutherford sighs and switches off the glowing warp core effect on his costume.

TENDI

Rutherford, what's wrong?

RUTHERFORD

Nothing.

MARINER

That's not your nothing face.

RUTHERFORD

No, I'm fine.

Mariner flips the switch on Rutherford's costume. While the costume glows, all of Rutherford's excitement is gone.

MARINER

Hm. You don't seem to be lighting up like you used to.

Rutherford clicks off the costume.

RUTHERFORD

It's nothing.

TENDI

Is it that contraption Boimler's wearing around?

RUTHERFORD

Fine! It is! It took me years to make peace with these cyborg implants! And here Boimler's just running around with an assistant like it's a toy!

Tendi leans consolingly towards him.

TENDI

Rutherford...

The Cuddle-Bot's eyes focus on Rutherford. Switching to the Cuddle-Bot's POV, a display over Rutherford reads: SCANNING SUBJECT.

RUTHERFORD

It's like my struggle has been reduced to a token!

Rutherford pounds his fist into the bar, winces. The display reads: SCAN COMPLETE. The POV ends.

MARINER

You know how obtuse Boimler can be sometimes. He doesn't mean anything by it, he's just, well, not always aware of others. You want me to talk to him?

RUTHERFORD

No, it's fine. I'm sure he'll get tired of the assistant and everything will be fine again.

TENDI

You really should talk to him about it. The last thing he wants is to make you feel upset.

The Cuddle-Bot jumps out of Tendi's hands, hitting the open button on her communicator costume. The flip face pops open. Rutherford jumps back to avoid getting hit. He stares just a little too long once again at the technical innards before looking away. Tendi struggles to close the face of the communicator. She chases after the Cuddle-Bot.

TENDI

Wait! Where are you going!

INT. HALLWAY - CERRITOS

The Cuddle-Bot spasms on the floor. From its POV:
GENERATING COPY. From outside the POV, the Cuddle-Bot
floats up into the air, a body of CLONE RUTHERFORD forming
around it. In every way it looks like Rutherford...except
the Cuddle-Bot's pink mustache is visible on his face.

Tendi enters from around the corner.

TENDI
Rutherford, did you see my little
pet?

When Clone Rutherford responds, his voice is devoid of
emotion.

CLONE RUTHERFORD
No.

EXT. RESORT POOLSIDE - DAY

Freeman now wears an African print beach cover-up, joining
the other bridge crew members (Ransom, Shaxs, Billups) in
vacation wear.

RANSOM
A toast, to our favorite Captain!

SHAXS
To the Captain!

BILLUPS
To the Captain!

They clink glasses and drink a bright green concoction.

CREMIX, a Bolian merchant approaches the quartet of bridge
crew, holding out a Cuddle-Bot in each hand.

CREMIX
Might I interest you in a pet?

The Cuddle-Bots chirp and purr. Freeman leans in to look
closely at the wide-eyed little fur-ball.

FREEMAN
Aren't you a cuddly little thing!

From the Cuddle-Bot's POV: SCANNING SUBJECT.

END ACT I

ACT II

EXT. SPACEDOCK

Establishing. A shuttle docks with Cerritos.

INT. CERRITOS - SHUTTLEBAY

Shaxs exits the shuttle, his normally white mustache is now pink. Billups follows...also a pink mustache. Ransom: pink mustache. Finally, Freeman, and yes, pink mustache.

INT. CERRITOS - BRIDGE

Boimler kneels at the Captain's chair, somewhat dancing as he works and sings out under his breath to the tune of Star Trek's Theme Song.

BOIMLER

Beyond the arm of the chair's
switch...

He uses a hyperspanner to work on the chair's armrest. From the POV of the ALLEYE, several red REPAIR POINTS are identified. They hyperspanner touches each in turn, changing the status icon from DAMAGED to REPAIRED. End POV.

BOIMLER

Man, this Al-eye really makes
short work of tasks! No wonder
Rutherford's so good at his job.

The whoosh of the turbolift doors precedes the Cloned Freeman, Cloned Ransom, and Cloned Shaxs. Boimler jumps up, fumbling his hyperspanner.

BOIMLER

Captain! I wasn't expecting you
back so soon! Your chair's all
ship-shape and ready to go!

When Clone Freeman talks, her voice is deadpan.

CLONE FREEMAN

Ensign...

Her head tilts to the side. The furry mustache is large and intimidating.

CLONE FREEMAN
...your work is exemplary.

BOIMLER
Captain...I mean...well, it's
nothing...but...oh I'm just
glad...everything is--

CLONE FREEMAN
You may leave now.

Boimler grabs his hyperspanner and scrambles up the ramp towards the turbolift, nearly running into Clone Ransom, changing direction at the last second...and dropping the hyperspanner once again. Like the rest, his voice sounds dead.

CLONE RANSOM
Careful.

BOIMLER
Wow, that beard, it really grows
in fast, doesn't it?

Clone Ransom strokes his shaggy brown and white mottled beard.

CLONE RANSOM
Yes.

Clone Ransom stands, staring awkwardly at Boimler.

CLONE FREEMAN
Excellent work. You may leave now.

BOIMLER
Right. I was just trying to um, do
that.

CLONE SHAXS (OS)
Ensign.

When the Clone Shaxs talks, there's a dead malice to his tone of voice.

BOIMLER
Yes? Um...Lieutenant?

Shaxs holds out the hyperspanner.

CLONE SHAXS
You dropped this.

BOIMLER
Oh yeah, um, thanks!

Boimler grabs the hyperspanner and exits via the turbolift. The three clones turn to face the viewscreen. On screen appears Cremix.

CLONE FREEMAN
Bridge secured.

CREMIX
Well done, my servants.

INT. CERRITOS - ENGINEERING

Clone Rutherford walks up on two crewmen working on the engine core.

CLONE RUTHERFORD
You are relieved.

CREWMAN #1
Uh, what was that, Ensign?

CLONE RUTHERFORD
You are relieved.

CREWMAN #2
Sure, just as soon as we finish cleaning up.

Clone Rutherford shoots each of the crewmen with a phaser, they fall to the ground.

CLONE RUTHERFORD
You are relieved.

He walks to the engineering console and types commands. Cremix appears on viewscreen.

CLONE RUTHERFORD
Engineering is secured.

INT. CERRITOS - HALLWAY

CREMIX
Excellent.

Clone Rutherford's mustache looms large on Cremix's data pad. Cremix ends the communication. He steps through a doorway.

INT. CERRITOS - MEDBAY

T'Ana, seated at a desk, doesn't bother to look up.

T'ANA
Medbay's closed while we're in
Spacedock.

CREMIX
Don't consider me a patient so
much as a man in need of a doctor.

T'ANA
What the hell's wrong with you.

T'Ana angrily stands from her desk.

T'ANA
That's literally what a patient
is!

Cremix grins and tosses a Cuddle-Bot towards T'Ana, whose eyes widen at the sight of the flying furball. T'Ana pounces on the robotic toy.

Cuddle-Bot POV: SCANNING SUBJECT. But a claw swipes past the view lens. End POV. T'Ana bats the AI around, falling on her back to toss it in the air, catching it and flicking it around like a cat with a favorite toy.

Cremix sighs.

CREMIX
(to self)
This might take awhile.

INT. CERRITOS - BAR

Mariner stacks shot glasses into a giant glass pyramid.

MARINER
Where is everyone! I'm soooooo
bored.

She slumps her elbows on the counter.

MARINER

Bored bored bored. Missing out on
soooooo much shore leave.

Out of the corner of her eye, she sees the Trill Tablet.
Mariner's eyes narrow.

MARINER

I mean, I am bored. It's not like
I really need any self-help and
inner reflection.

Mariner inches closer to the Trill Tablet.

MARINER

This is just a way to kill time.
In noooo way do I need this. No
way at all...

LATER

Mariner is cuddled up in a booth, talking to the Trill
Tablet, where an animated symbiot has eyes and a mouth and
talks to her.

TRILL TABLET

You can't live your whole life in
your mother's shadow.

MARINER

You are sooooo right!

LATER

Mariner stares out the forward viewport at the Spacedock.

TRILL TABLET

You wouldn't have such a disregard
for duty if your father had spared
more time for you.

MARINER

It's like my life is an open book!

INT. CERRITOS - HALLWAY

Boimler struts through the hallway, greeting Clone
Rutherford.

BOIMLER

My favorite co-enhanced, how are
things going!

He double finger-guns at Clone Rutherford. The bushy mustache wiggles.

CLONE RUTHERFORD
Hello Ensign.

Boimler grimaces.

BOIMLER
What's gotten into you? And what's the deal with everyone wearing mustaches these days?

CLONE RUTHERFORD
Mustaches are in.

Rutherford bumps his shoulder into Boimler's and exits.

BOIMLER
(to self)
Did I do something to piss him off?

Boimler shakes his head and exits.

INT. CERRITOS - CREW BERTHS

Rutherford uses a hyperspanner to undo the rivets in Tendi's communicator costume.

RUTHERFORD
Wow, Tendi, you really secured your costume well. Getting you out of this is proving to be a non-trivial task.

TENDI
Your costume looks just as complicated as mine, Rutherford.

RUTHERFORD
Some might say more complicated.

Rutherford puts down the hyperspanner and steps in front of Tendi. He opens a flap in the front of his costume, revealing a bright red button.

RUTHERFORD
Eject warp core!

He hits the button and the costume whooshes over his head. Rutherford stands in full uniform while the warp core costume crashes in the background.

RUTHERFORD

That's one bucket list item I can cross off.

Rutherford and Tendi share a laugh.

TENDI

Looks like I have just a couple more connections to undo.

She reaches around and tinkers with the hyperspanner.

TENDI

There and...

Another bend...the communicator flips open. Rutherford's eyes bulge and he blushes, looking away.

TENDI

...there...

Tendi's costume falls free. She also is clad in her Starfleet uniform. Mariner walks through, in the middle of talking to the Trill Tablet.

MARINER

...then my tenth birthday party got straight up canceled because some inconsiderate anomaly dropping delta radiation like it's hot...

Rutherford and Tendi both watch her walk through the space without saying anything.

RUTHERFORD

That was unexpected.

TENDI

I always thought Mariner would just keep everything bottled up until one day she's live out her holodeck fantasies for real.

INT. CERRITOS - CREW BERTHS

Boimler leans into a mirror, looking close up at himself, for a moment, only his upper face is visible. As he backs up, a fuzzy pink mustache becomes visible.

Mariner enters, still dumping:

MARINER

...but of course when my dad got stuck in the transporter pattern buffer when he was supposed to be attending my graduation--

She stops when she sees Boimler admiring the mustache in the mirror.

MARINER

What is that!?!

Boimler turns around, leans against the counter, crosses his arms in an attempt to look cool, which backfires as he starts to slide along the counter, and quickly has to use his arms to steady himself.

BOIMLER

What do you think?

MARINER

That you've completely lost your mind!

BOIMLER

What? Lost my mind? No. What are you talking about?

MARINER

What is that on your face!

BOIMLER

Mustaches are in.

MARINER

Oh my god, are you trying to look like senior staff?

Mariner gets in close, inspecting the mustache from all angles. She touches it.

BOIMLER

Stop that!

MARINER

Soooo soft.

BOIMLER
Hey! Personal space!

MARINER
No...no...no personal space does
not apply to this monstrosity.

The mustache wriggles...

MARINER
It's alive!

She jumps back in shock.

BOIMLER
It's not alive.

But the mustache merely comes unglued and hangs halfway off Boimler's lip. Mariner laughs so hard she doubles over.

MARINER
Oh oh oh this is way waaaay too
funny. Someone needs to take a
picture of this.

Boimler smooths the mustache back in place.

BOIMLER
When you're the only one on the
bridge not sporting a mustache,
you'll be singing a different
tune.

Boimler slides the ALLEYE onto place. Between that and the mustache, he's basically unrecognizable.

MARINER
Boimler...Brad, when are you going
to be comfortable just being you?

BOIMLER
I am just being me.

MARINER
You're hardly recognizable.

BOIMLER
If you can't handle the more
fashionable...

He points to the mustache.

BOIMLER

...more productive...

He points to the eyepiece.

BOIMLER

...Boimler two-point-oh, then
that's your problem.

Boimler turns to exit. Both him and Mariner sway slightly
on their feet.

MARINER

Did you feel that?

BOIMLER

Feel what?

MARINER

The Cerritos is moving.

BOIMLER

How would you even feel that with
inertial dampeners?

MARINER

Look!

Mariner points to the viewport. The Stardock recedes,
resting in a bed of stars.

INT. CERRITOS - TURBOLIFT

Mariner, clutching the Trill Tablet, and Boimler with
ALLEYE and mustache ride in silence that gets interrupted
with:

BOIMLER

You're just jealous.

MARINER

Of a fake mustache?

BOIMLER

That I'm fitting in better with
the bridge crew than you are.

MARINER

Riiight.

BOIMLER

I'm this close to being invited to
the next shore leave retreat.

Boimler holds up two fingers, nearly pinched together.

MARINER

They're not all that great.

BOIMLER

What would you know about it?

MARINER

Just a bunch of singing karaoke,
playing chess, and trust falls.
Trust me, not worth it.

BOIMLER

Sounds like someone jealous to me.

MARINER

Would someone jealous decline the
invite?

BOIMLER

You DECLINED an invite to the
retreat!? What are you, crazy!?

MARINER

Calm down--

The doors whoosh open just as Boimler starts to interrupt.

BOIMLER

I will not--

Boimler stifles his outburst quickly.

INT. CERRITOS - BRIDGE

On the main viewscreen, stars streak by. Freeman is seen
from behind.

CLONE FREEMAN

Engage the warp drive.

The stars elongate as the Cerritos launches to warp.

BOIMLER

Captain, we're not expected to
leave Spacedock for two days!

Clone Freeman turns slowly to face Mariner and Boimler. Her
mustache twitches.

MARINER

Boimler, that's not the Captain.

END ACT II

ACT III

INT. CERRITOS - BRIDGE

Clone Freeman's mustache twitches.

CLONE FREEMAN
Ensign Mariner, report to my ready
room.

Mariner's eyes squint. Rapid close ups of Freeman's mustache, Ransom's mustache, Shaxs's mustache. Mariner's eyes widen with realization.

Boimler takes a step to leave the turbolift, but Mariner grabs his shoulder and hauls him back on. The turbolift doors close.

INT. CERRITOS - TURBOLIFT

BOIMLER
Mariner, what are you doing!?

MARINER
Saving your life, Boimler.

BOIMLER
I was just about to show off the
sweet new 'stach to the bridge
crew!

Mariner rips the mustache from Boimler's face.

MARINER
Boimler! That isn't the bridge
crew.

Boimler holds his mouth where the fake mustache had been.

BOIMLER
That hurt! Mariner, what's gotten
into you?

MARINER
What's gotten into you!?

BOIMLER
I asked you first.

Mariner reaches for the ALLEYE, but Boimler manages to dodge out of the way.

MARINER
Would you take that off!

BOIMLER
No! Give me back my mustache!

The whoosh of opening turbolift doors.

INT. CERRITOS - HALLWAY

Rutherford, seen from the back, watches Mariner and Boimler wrestle in the turbolift.

BOIMLER
Rutherford! Would you tell Mariner to give me my mustache back?

MARINER
That's not happening!

But, when Rutherford's seen from the front: Pink mustache.

CLONE RUTHERFORD
Mustaches are in.

BOIMLER
See! Even Rutherford agrees!

MARINER
That's not Rutherford!

Mariner disentangles from Boimler.

BOIMLER
How do you know it's not Rutherford?

MARINER
Look at the pink mustache!

BOIMLER
Yeah, they're in right now. I'd have mine on if you'd just...

He reaches for the mustache, Mariner pushes him away.

MARINER
Use that eye-thingy.

BOIMLER

It's not an eye-thingy. It's an
Al-eye. Like ally. But with an
eye. Get it?

MARINER

Yes, I get the pun! Just switch to
X-Ray mode!

Boimler reaches up to touch the ALLEYE. ALLEYE's POV:
Rutherford goes from being him, to being a floating robot
with a mustache and a slight outline of where Rutherford's
body would be.

BOIMLER

Oh. My bad.

INT. CERRITOS - READY ROOM

Cremix sits at Captain Freeman's desk, watching a
viewscreen that shows Clone Rutherford's POV.

CREMIX

Shoot the interlopers!

INT. CERRITOS - HALLWAY

RUTHERFORD

Shoot the interlopers...

Rutherford aims a phaser at Mariner and Boimler.

MARINER

Boimler, look out!

She tackles Boimler to the side. The phaser blast nearly
kills him.

BOIMLER

We're going to die to a pink
mustached Rutherford!

MARINER

Not on my watch!

She grabs the ALLEYE from Boimler's face.

BOIMLER

Hey!

Mariner stands, takes aim, and throws the ALLEYE like a ninja-star. It strikes Clone Rutherford right in the mustache. His body shivers, vanishing, and a Cuddle-Bot falls to the floor.

BOIMLER
We're alive! We're alive!

MARINER
Come on, we need to get the ship back.

Boimler rocks in place, hugging himself.

BOIMLER
We're alive. We're alive.

MARINER
Boimler!

She grabs him by the shoulder and hauls him to his feet.

MARINER
The ship needs us!

BOIMLER
How many more of those are there?

MARINER
At least the bridge crew.

Boimler walks over to the Cuddle-Bot and pulls the ALLEYE from the face of it. The ALLEYE sparks.

BOIMLER
Oh man, without my Al-eye, how are we going to know who's real and who's a bot-head?

MARINER
Really?

BOIMLER
What?

Mariner drags her finger back and forth across her lip.

BOIMLER
You're doing something with your finger.

Boimler snaps his fingers.

BOIMLER

The bot-heads like to scratch
their upper lips!

MARINER

Boimler, it's the pink mustaches.

BOIMLER

Oooooohhhhhhh. Right. I knew that
the whole time. Just testing you.
That's it. Just testing you.

MARINER

We need to rally the remaining
crew without alerting the bot-
heads.

BOIMLER

We could call an all hands to ten.

MARINER

Boimler, you're a genius.

INT. CERRITOS - ENGINEERING

Emptiness. Mariner talks on ship COMS.

MARINER (COMS)

All hands to ten.

INT. CERRITOS - MEDBAY

T'Ana rolls on the ground, bouncing the pink Cuddle-Bot in
the air before grabbing it in her mouth and chomping.

MARINER (COMS)

Repeat. All hands to ten.

T'Ana sits up, a bunch of pink fur on her face. The Cuddle-
Bot falls lifeless to the floor.

INT. CERRITOS - CREW BERTHS

Rutherford and Tendi both turn to look at each other.

MARINER (COMS)

Repeat. All hands to ten.

INT. CERRITOS - BRIDGE

Cremix flips through text on his pad.

CREMIX

All hands to ten? That's nowhere
in the protocols!

INT. CERRITOS - BAR

Mariner and Boimler hide behind the bar, Mariner with
phaser in hand.

BOIMLER

Why do you get the phaser?

MARINER

I have more experience.

BOIMLER

How am I supposed to get the
experience if you're always
holding the phaser?

The whoosh of doors opening.

MARINER

Shh, someone's here.

They both peer around the edge of the bar. T'Ana steps in,
still some pink fur on her face.

BOIMLER

Pink! Shoot her!

Boimler tries to grab the phaser. Mariner pushes him back.

MARINER

Boimler...no...

Mariner stands.

MARINER

Doctor T'Ana, is that you?

T'ANA

What? You think your friend
Boimler finally grew insensitive
enough balls to go full fur face?

BOIMLER

(hushed)
Shoot her...

MARINER
Brad, it's her.

BOIMLER
How do you know?

MARINER
You got something on your face.

T'Ana paws at her chin, the pink fur falls away. The door whooshes open again. Rutherford and Tendi rush in.

RUTHERFORD
We heard all hands to ten.

TENDI
We came as fast as we could.

MARINER
The ship's been hijacked.

RUTHERFORD
How!?

RUTHERFORD
By who!?

BOIMLER
When!?

T'ANA
If this is going to take awhile,
I'll have a drink.

T'Ana pours some green liquid into a glass.

Mariner holds up the dead Cuddle-Bot from the hallway.

MARINER
These toys are impersonating crew
members.

T'ANA
I knew something seemed off about
it.

BOIMLER
Rutherford, that one looked just
like you, only with a sweet
mustache.

RUTHERFORD

Oh man, I'd have loved to see that.

MARINER

The pink mustaches are how you can tell who's an imposter.

BOIMLER

How do we get the ship back?

MARINER

They seem to be gathering on the bridge. We go there, figure out who's controlling them, and get our ship back.

INT. CERRITOS - ENGINEERING

Rutherford works over a console.

RUTHERFORD

I'm doing a scan of the bridge now. It looks like a high concentration of signals are coming from the Captain's Ready room.

INT. CERRITOS - JEFFERIES TUBE

Tendi crawls through the tube. She reaches an access panel, and plugs a pad in. On screen is the ready room with Cremix inside.

TENDI

I see one Bolian at the Captain's Desk.

INT. CERRITOS - TURBOLIFT

Mariner and Boimler ride the turbolift.

MARINER

That sounds like our mark.

BOIMLER

Let's go over the plan again?

MARINER

I'm going to take him out. You distract the bridge crew.

INT. CERRITOS - BRIDGE

The turbolift doors open. Mariner and Boimler step out onto the upper deck. Clone Freeman turns to address them.

CLONE FREEMAN
You are dismissed.

MARINER
Mom...

Mariner holds the Trill Tablet to her chest. Behind the tablet, she holds a phaser.

MARINER
I've been doing a lot of
journaling lately, and I realize
there's some things I need to get
off my chest to you.

INT. CERRITOS - READY ROOM

Cremix holds a phaser in one hand, the pad in the other.

CREMIX
Bring her here.

INT. CERRITOS - BRIDGE

CLONE FREEMAN
Let us discuss in my ready room.

MARINER
I'd like that.

Clone Freeman and Mariner walk to the ready room doors. Boimler waves to Clone Ransom and Clone Shaxs.

BOIMLER
Uh, hey guys! Run any good
holodeck scenarios lately?

Clone Ransom's and Clone Shaxs's eyes squint. Their pink mustaches quiver.

The doors to the ready room whoosh open.

CLONE FREEMAN
After you.

Mariner steps through.

INT. CERRITOS - READY ROOM

Cremix lurches to his feet, fires the phaser at Mariner, who blocks the phaser blast with the Trill Tablet and returns fire with her own phaser, stunning Cremix who falls to the floor. Mariner walks over to his pad, picks it up, and presses END COPY on the screen.

INT. CERRITOS - BRIDGE

Clones Freeman, Shaxs, and Ransom all vanish, leaving behind furry Cuddle-Bots that fall to the deck harmlessly.

BOIMLER

Aww...so cute!

EXT. SPACE

Cerritos flies through space.

INT. CERRITOS - BRIDGE

Captain Freeman is on the viewscreen.

MARINER

We should be back at Spacedock within the hour.

FREEMAN

Fine work, Mariner.

MARINER

Just another day in Starfleet.

EXT. SPACEDOCK

The U.S.S. Cerritos is back in dock.

INT. SPACEDOCK - SHUTTLEBAY

A handcuffed Cremix is escorted from the shuttle by two security guards. Mariner and Boimler follow.

BOIMLER

Do you think we'll get promotions from this?

MARINER

Probably not. Trust me, I grew up
in Starfleet. It seems like
starships get hijacked every week.

BOIMLER

You really going to work through
stuff with your mom?

MARINER

Nope. All my feelings got
vaporized with that Tablet. Too
bad we missed out on half our
shore leave.

BOIMLER

Naw, that was the...best...shore
leave ever.

INT. CERRITOS - BRIDGE

Captain Freeman walks through the bridge.

FREEMAN

It's good to be home.

She sits in the Captain's Chair. The armrest squeaks.

THE END