

Starship: Excelsior
"Lost in Trillslation"
(Season 5, Episode 6)
by Leanna Keyes

Transcribed by Peter Stine

Note: Lines in brackets were recorded but interrupted. The complete line is left here for fuller context:

SCENE 506-01**LOCATION: EXCELSIOR MAIN SICKBAY**

(Red alert sirens pulse underneath the sounds of a crowded sickbay filled with injured, scared refugees. The panic is under control, for now, but then... THUD! The ship shakes under the impact of another torpedo. A shower of sparks. Scared cries.)

THE MAJOR : Everyone! Remain calm! The medics will take care of you! We wouldn't have gone to the effort of rescuing you if they couldn't! Doctor Maiek, we've got to get triage moving faster! I've got two hands and a marine course in first aid - put me to work.

MAIEK: Very well. Come with me.

(The muffled sounds of torpedoes launching reverberate through the hull.)

DOVAN: *This is the captain speaking. The Disciples' ships are in*

LORTH: *Sickbay, emergency! Two for site-to-site transport!*

(Maiek slaps his combadge.)

MAIEK

Send them to... biobed four! We'll meet them there!

DOVAN: (in background) *retreat. Well done, people. To our guests, on behalf of the United Federation of Planets, welcome. As soon as we figure out who you are and where you're from, we'll get in touch with your homeworld.*

(The ship returns to green alert.)

(Maiek and the Major jog over.)

(Two people beam in.)

THE MAJOR: Lieutenant Commander, what happened?

J'NAYA: We were on the refugee transport ship helpin' with the evacuation. Lieutenant Lorhrok here was shiftin' a bulkhead and...

THE MAJOR: The bulkhead blew and set an intercept course with his head?

J'NAYA: You've got it. I got the bleeding under control, but...

MAIEK: You did just what you should've. Now let me. (he starts scanning with his tricorder)
Lieutenant, on that panel. How many lights do you see?

LORHROK: Hiyablagh...?

THE MAJOR: Yes, that's exactly right.

MAIEK: Hand me that hypospray.

J'NAYA: The?

MAIEK: The blue one, third from the left. Quickly please.

J'NAYA: Here.

(He injects Lorhrok with the hypo.)

LORHROK: Mezooo...

(He collapses on the bed.)

J'NAYA: What did you do to him? That was like you ejected the warp core. He's out cold.

MAIEK: It's a neuro-sedative. He'll be out for a few hours. I've got refugees spilling into the hallway who need more help than he does.

J'NAYA: What about the big gash on his temple?

MAIEK: You stopped the bleeding. He's in no danger.

J'NAYA: This is really safe?

MAIEK: Trill brains work differently than most humanoids. A little rest gives them time to route around damaged areas. At the Romulan Medical College, we found it was because of their natural ability to form neural connections with symbionts, but some researchers-- I'll tell you about Trill neurology another time.

J'NAYA: It's a date. I better get back to engineering. Sleep well, lieutenant.

SCENE 506-02**LOCATION: EXCELSIOR SICKBAY**

(Neeva enters and walks over to Lorhrok.)

NEEVA: You think they could've washed off some of this blood. What, did we run out of dermal regenerators? (sigh?) No, Melissa wouldn't have left you here if she'd had time to get to you. You're fine, right? (she nudges him just a little.) Right?

LORHROK: Who-sa-wha?

NEEVA: There you are. Good morning, Spots.

LORHROK: Interrogative other speech? [What are you saying?]

NEEVA: What?

LORHROK: Events query? Healing place location? [What happened? How did I get to sickbay?]

NEEVA: Alecz, how are you feeling?

LORHROK: Negative comprehend, Neeva. [Neeva, I don't understand.]

NEEVA: You're not making sense.

LORHROK: OTHER present-tense failure. [YOU'RE not making sense.]

The lighter dialogue in brackets is what LORHROK means; the normal format is what he actually says.

NEEVA: Stay here, I'm going to go get some help.

LORHROK: (grabbing her by the wrist) Not alone plea! [Don't leave me!]

NEEVA: Ah! Okay, okay. I'm not going anywhere, okay? I'm here. (pause) Everyone's busy, but who needs them? I can help you. How hard can it be? I've used a medical tricorder at some point. I'm sure I must have.

(She opens a tricorder and runs a scan)

LORHROK: Certain talent good? [You sure you know what you're doing?]

NEEVA: Okay, all of these parts of your brain look green. I'm assuming that green means good, although maybe that's just an Orion bias. See, look here.

LORHROK: Positive appearance, me. [That doesn't look so bad.]

NEEVA: Yeah, something like that. But you can't understand me? (pause) That's a very cute blank stare, but not very diagnostically helpful.

LORHROK: Attempt true. [I'm doing my best.] Device transfer. [Give me that.]

NEEVA: You want something?

LORHROK Particle flinger. SCAN FROM FAR. Appear, simple... [The tricorder. TRI COR DER. Look, lemme just...]

(He takes it)

(Tricorder beeping as it changes modes and scans again.)

NEEVA: I've already scanned your head. What are you...

LORHROK: Ahh! Word maker squishy-place unfixed. [Aha! My universal translator implant is malfunctioning.] (pause) Word maker. Word maker. Device to you. [Universal translator. Universal translator. Take this.]

NEEVA: Your universal translator! Word maker.

LORHROK: Word maker!

LORHROK: Gratitude.

NEEVA: Great joy. If you'll just let go of my hands, I can call Kestra. Just. If you'll just--okay, here we go. (she hits her combadge) Neeva to J'naya. Could you please report to sickbay with a deep-tissue matter manipulator?

J'NAYA: *I thought you'd never ask. Be there in a few.*

NEEVA: Thank you. Now while we're waiting, will you let me take a look at that head gash? Dermal regeneration is a hobby of mine. Where does Melissa keep the regenerators? Here we go.

LORHROK: Oh, GRAVE no. [Oh, HELL no.]

NEEVA: It won't hurt! Just sit still and let me.

LORHROK: Orion ability mar dark shapes. [You're going to screw up my spots.]

NEEVA: What's the problem?

LORHROK: Certain not certain other experience. Dark shapes affection total! [There's no way you know how to do this. I like my spots the way they are!]

NEEVA: I'm sorry, I don't understand.

LORHROK: Uhhhh...

(he touches the spots on the other side of his face and makes little popping sounds with his mouth as he touches each one)

NEEVA: You're touching your face... your spots... oh! Your spots! You're worried that I'm going to mess up your spots. Oh, you're so much more vain than you would ever admit. And you can't understand a word of this, so I don't mind saying it. You're pretty, Alecz. I'm not going to mess that up for you. Okay, how can I prove that this is safe. Just listen to the sound of my voice. You can trust me. You do trust me. Here, give me your hand. We're holding the tool together... (dermal regenerator hum) we're running it over the spots on the healthy side of your face. It doesn't hurt, does it? You still look great. Spots are just as striking. Feel?

(Lorhrok gulps a giggle)

NEEVA: Sorry, I forgot, ticklish.

(Lorhrok makes a displeased sound.)

NEEVA: Okay, give me back the regenerator... and we're ready for the injured side. Right? We can do this. Are you ready?

(Pause.)

LORHROK: Assent.

NEEVA: Gratitude.

(Neeva begins working silently.)

NEEVA: I never planned on you, Alec Lorhrok. When I got posted to the *Excelsior*, I thought you were an up-jumped, naïve, self-righteous disaster waiting to happen. (pause) And I was right! But you still believe the best in people, still do what you think is right. We've had our share of disasters together, you and me. Bluegills, swords, mapstones. (pause) Simon. (longer pause) Bev. (a moment of silence) What I'm trying to say is that I'm glad we're a part of each other's lives. Even if we hadn't been through all of this together, I'd still want to... eat food together. Explore the stars together. Play stupid pirate holonovels together. Yeah, even the historical fiction. That's how much I care about you. (pause) Plus, it still cracks me up that Dovan won't promote you above Lieutenant even though you're the XO above a bunch of commanders. I'll be damned if I hop off this train before seeing that play out.

(pause, then the sound of dermal regeneration stops)

NEEVA: There, not a spot out of place. (she kisses him on the spots) To make it better. (pause) Stop giving me that look, you're going to make me cry. (pause) Do Trills get married?

(The doors to sickbay open, and KESTRA J'NAYA enters, wheeling something heavy.)

J'NAYA: One deep-tissue matter manipulator, as requested. What did I miss?

NEEVA: You came just in time, Kestra. One more moment with these puppy dog eyes and I was going to say something I didn't mean to. Yet. Here, let me help you with that.

(Neeva steps over to help Kestra. In the background, they grunt as they wheel the device into another room.)

LORHROK: (sigh) (pause) Some do vows. [Some of us get married.]