

Starship: Excelsior

"All Men Lie"

(Season 5, Episode 9)

by Alexandra Whitley

Transcribed by Peter Stine

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

SCENE 5G-01**LOCATION: EXCELSIOR CORRIDOR**

(J'naya is walking.)

DOVAN: Ahoy, Commander J'Naya!

(He jogs to catch up with her. They keep walking.)

J'NAYA: Captain? Mister Lorhrok said we're supposed to wear period costume.

DOVAN: Aha! So there is a party tonight! Where?

J'NAYA: He didn't invite you?

DOVAN: He made me a bet, double or nothing. He still has the parties, and I have to find out where they are. And, more importantly, when.

J'NAYA: Sorry, double or nothing of what?

DOVAN: Well... a couple years ago, I bet Alec I could get the *Excelsior* out of spacedock on schedule. We ended up going double or nothing. But instead of paying up that night, he offered me a double-or-nothing I couldn't refuse. I lost that one, and I'd drunk through my stock of Saurian brandy on the way to the *Anbar* anyway, so I proposed another double-or-nothing.

J'NAYA: And you kept going? For two years? How much brandy do you actually owe him now if you lose?

DOVAN: ...Enough to bankrupt a modest stellar republic. So I really need to win this one. Fortunately, he didn't realize I had the Captain's Pocketwatch.

J'NAYA: The watch that always knows what time it is? How's that help you with a party?

DOVAN: Take a look.

(He pulls out his pocketwatch and flips it open.)

J'NAYA: There's no watchface. It just says... "PARTY TIME"?

(Dovan snaps it shut.)

DOVAN: Lorhrok thinks it's a tiny bit telepathic. I think it's a tiny bit magic. We have a running bet on it.

(J'naya laughs.)

DOVAN: So, where we going? Someplace where my freshly-laundered dress whites don't count as "period costume"?

J'NAYA: Laundered? Maybe. But don't you iron? Uh, sir?

DOVAN: I just ironed them for my, y'know, medal ceremony thing. That Commendation for Original Thinking.

J'NAYA: You got a C.O.T.?

DOVAN: Ha ha, yes, actually I gave Commodore Dogface three-quarters of a well-deserved coronary. I was pilot of the *Tokyo* at Cardassia and broke formation to save the Romulan general and his crew. Brass wanted my head on a pike, but they couldn't punish me for saving an ally, right? So they called it "Original Thinking." Of course I dressed up for the medal ceremony! They were so mad pinning it on me.

J'NAYA: Captain... the Battle of Cardassia was... You last ironed your dress uniform nine years ago?

DOVAN: It hasn't been nine years since the War! It's been, uh... Let's not get hung up on details! I heard we're getting new dress uniforms next year anyway. Still haven't told me where we're going.

J'NAYA: I'm going on a date, sir, so I really don't need the escort.

DOVAN: Unfortunately, you're my only lead. How's it going with Chief Meyers, then?

J'NAYA: Jack? Why has the rumor mill decided I'm dating Jack? Curly asked the honor of escorting me to the ball.

DOVAN: Curly? The big guy in the civilian union? Looks like a model? What's he actually do?

J'NAYA: He's the ship's esthetician.

DOVAN: Oh, the barber!

J'NAYA: Among other stylistic concerns. I was getting a pedicure, and... I guess you wouldn't have crossed paths with him, sir.

DOVAN: True! Bolians don't need a lotta haircuts.

J'NAYA: I was actually referring to your, ah, sartorial sense, sir.

DOVAN: My what?

(The Holodeck doors open.)

LOCATION: HOLODECK - BALLROOM

(There is 18th century period music playing in the background.)

DOVAN: Wow. This is gorgeous. Where's this holoprogram set? Delta Four?

J'NAYA: Six hundred years ago. On a planet called Portugal.

DOVAN: Portugal? Isn't that on Earth? You're human.

J'NAYA: Half. And I got this dress after taking the boat from Dublin to Lisbon as a teenager. It. Still. Fits!

CURLY: Well, if it isn't the most gorgeous girl in the galaxy!

J'NAYA: Excuse me, Captain. You're a liar, Curly! But thank you.

THE MAJOR: Sir, over here, sir!

DOVAN: Major! And the rest of the senior staff! And... Ensign Adow.

(He ambles over in the Major's direction.)

NEEVA: Your first officer was just telling us all about the big bet tonight.

ADOW: He was mid-sentence when you walked in. You should have seen his face crumple!

LORHROK: Ahem. Double or nothing, sir?

SHARP: You already owe him enough brandy to give Ronec Vex's entire pirate fleet alcohol poisoning.

YUBARI: Which is even more than Melissa's had tonight.

DOVAN: What kind of action would make me want to risk that?

LORHROK: Kestra's date.

DOVAN: Yeah?

LORHROK: I bet they break up...

DOVAN: Plenty of first dates don't lead to a second, Number One.

LORHROK: ...within ten minutes.

DOVAN: Kestra and Curly's date is over in ten minutes... from now? That's your comeback bet?

LORHROK: Yep. Double or nothing?

DOVAN: Either you know something or you're completely desperate.

LORHROK: Take the bet and find out.

NEEVA & ADOW & YUBARI & SHARP: Ohhhhh!

DOVAN: That is the sweet, sweet voice of desperation talking. I'm in! Soon you'll owe me more Saurian brandy than is known to exist in the galaxy!

ADOW: Now comes the hard part, of course.

SHARP: And what's that, Kinash?

YUBARI: Obviously: listening in.

(They quietly stand up and start walking.)

J'NAYA: So I'm thinking that if I can get my crew onto a staggered shift, they can maintain a Herrenrock bubble when we're at warp. The people and the machines, it's a symbiosis, you know.

CURLY: (laughing) Oh, stop! I have no idea what you're talking about.

J'NAYA: Oh, well, a Herrenrock bubble is a pretty simple warp concept really, it works by [adapting the fluid dynamics of the warp bubble to the variable fabric of space around it.]

CURLY: No really, stop, it's kind of boring.

J'NAYA: Oh, all right. So... ...what do *you* enjoy out here in the Delta Quadrant?

CURLY: I like to set goals for myself.

J'NAYA: Oh?

CURLY: At each of the Divitian Consortium worlds we've visited, I like to choose one beauty product from their catalogue. And then I get it! And then, when it's in your hand, you feel so powerful.

J'NAYA: Ah.

CURLY: My career is about vanity. And people say vanity is a bad thing. But it's a good thing. Vanity is about beauty. And you can find beauty in lots of unexpected places.

J'NAYA: So, where's someplace unexpected you've found beauty?

CURLY: Ummmmmm.... (pause) Have you heard of Vincent van Gogg?

J'NAYA: Eh... Ye-e-es.

CURLY: Vann Gogg saw this ugly old chair. And he made a painting of that chair. Now that painting must be worth a thousand bars of latinum.

J'NAYA: Setting aside whether latinum measures beauty--that's where van Gogh found beauty. Where's somewhere unexpected where you found beauty?

CURLY: (pause) (laughs) I guess I don't have an answer to that!

J'NAYA: (sighs) You know, I got on a starship to see the things that no one would believe existed, if we didn't discover them in person. And I don't think I'd believe that you existed if I hadn't just spoken with you for myself.

CURLY: That's a good thing?

J'NAYA: This time around, I'm afraid it's not.

CURLY: I'll just go chat with the next pretty redhead over?

J'NAYA: Yes, if you please.

CURLY: All right. G'night, Kistral.

(We hear him get up and walk away.)

CURLY: (in the background) Well, if it isn't the most gorgeous girl in the galaxy!

J'NAYA: Ohhh boy. Now where am I gonna go for pedicures? (sigh) And I was so looking forward to dancing. (standing from her chair) At least I can join the senior staff. (pause) ...who all happen to be leaning over at the table right behind me?

(She steps over to them.)

ADOW: Ahhhh, like I was just asking: on Trill, do they call leopard-print dresses people-print dresses?

LORHROK: Well, we, uh... that depends?

NEEVA: On?

LORHROK: On what the hell a leopard is?

(Adow and Neeva laugh.)

LORHROK: No, really, what did she just ask me?

(Adow, Sharp, Yubari, and Neeva all laugh.)

NEEVA: Oh, Kestra! Didn't see you there!

YUBARI: We saved a chair for you, though.

(Yubari pulls out a wooden chair.)

DOVAN: Jehosephat.

ADOW: Aren't you happy to see our Chief Engineer?

DOVAN: Double or nothing. You knew.

LORHROK: I guessed. I've seen him operate before.

J'NAYA: What are you talking about?

DOVAN: Nothing! I'll, uh... get another round from the... ...barkeep?

(Dovan leaves.)

LORHROK: The *sommelier!* (sigh) You know, Kestra, I think you did a better job preparing for tonight than anyone else on the senior staff. The dress is perfect for the setting, and did you actually fill out your *programme du bal*?

J'NAYA: For all the good it did me. I told people my dance card was full, because I thought there was more to that lunk than met the eye. You like the dress?

LORHROK: I like your posture even better. You could have walked straight out of one of my holonovels. I asked the whole senior staff to set an immersive example for the crew, but most of them are treating this party like it's just another Delta Lounge get-together.

NEEVA: Now, to be fair -- to be fair -- I am not Commander Neeva; I am the being who looks like Commander Neeva.

LORHROK: Oh, so we're trying that again.

YUBARI: Is it just me, or can this crew not hold its liquor?

THE MAJOR: It's not just you, ma'am.

YUBARI: I think you're holding it a little too well, Major!

MAJOR: Somebody has to, ma'am.

SHARP: I've got enough drinks in me to think the being who looks like--the Alcar--the Alcar-being--looks pretty good.

NEEVA: Say what now?

SHARP: Uh...

DOVAN: I have more of the smelly stuff!

(Sharp suddenly jumps to her feet, the wooden chair scraping against the stone floor.)

SHARP: Asuka-chan, let's arm wrestle!

NEEVA: Uh, point of order? Yubari has bionic arms?

SHARP: Asuka will just let me push against her hand and see if I can budge it.

YUBARI: (laughs) Why not?

LORHROK: Smelly stuff? *Sommelier*. It's wine!

DOVAN: Sure, Number One. Wanna go double or nothing on this arm-wrestle?

YUBARI: You ready?

SHARP: Oh, I'm ready. Adow, count us down!

ADOW: One... two... three... four!

(They, well Dr. Sharp, struggle, grunting. Yubari giggles.)

THE MAJOR: I don't believe that standing and pushing with both arms while bracing your legs against the table is a legal arm-wrestling move, Melissa, ma'am.

(There's a loud thwack on the table. Yubari keeps giggling.)

SHARP: I didn't hurt you, did I?

YUBARI: Oh! Ow! The doctor just put me in sickbay!

SHARP: Oops, let me scan you.

(She fumbles for a tricorder.)

YUBARI: I'm fine, Melissa. You don't usually kick loose like this. It's... nice.

(Jack Meyers has been approaches.)

MEYERS: Uh, excuse me?

(J'Naya instantly stands up.)

J'NAYA: Jack. Something wrong in Engineering? You need me down there?

MEYERS: Uh, no, I just...

J'NAYA: Then why're you so pale? Ye look half-dead of fright!

MEYERS: I just, uh... (deep breath) I overheard that you might have a little extra space on your dance card. (pause) And I was wondering... well, Boss-Lady, I was wondering if I might have the honor of a dance.

(J'Naya takes a few steps away from the table with Meyers.)

J'NAYA: Let's take this conversation away from the betting pools.

MEYERS: The what?

J'NAYA: You, uh, you don't think it'd be weird tomorrow at scrum?

MEYERS: If it's already going to be weird, I might as well ask you on a date. (pause) We could make Risian pumpkin bread.

J'NAYA: Trying to impress a girl who bakes by replicating baked goods from her mother's planet?

MEYERS: Who said anything about replicating?

J'NAYA: You bake? You're yanking my chain!

MEYERS: Cupcakes from the Temtibi Lagoon don't lie.

J'NAYA: All men lie.

MEYERS: Now that's not a sentiment I expected to hear in the Twenty-Fourth Century.

J'NAYA: Everybody lies. Y'know, if they're...amorously minded. They, you... we're all just a bunch of Turelian peacocks, ornamenting ourselves with fake feathers.

MEYERS: That sounds like someone who doesn't expect people to treat her as well as she treats them.

J'NAYA: If you met my last couple of dates... (pause) Jack, I mentioned my dance card a long time before you came over to the table. What really happened?

MEYERS: I was screwing up every ounce of pluck in my body to ask you out. And I have officially used it all up, so now I'm going to go stand where I'm less nervous.

(He starts to leave.)

J'NAYA: That's very... honest. Jack, wait!

MEYERS: Yeah, boss-lady?

J'NAYA: One dance. We'll see about the baking some night when I'm not feeling quite so cynical.

MEYERS: Delighted. May I initial your *programme du bal, Dona Kestra?*

J'NAYA: But of course. (she hands it to him) I'll try not to step on your feet!

MEYERS: No worries, I wore reinforced shoes.

J'NAYA: What? Why?

MEYERS: Er, I did hear about the Pferdian ambassador's hoof, and I didn't want you to feel bad if [something like that happened].

J'NAYA: Jack?

MEYERS: Yes?

J'NAYA: There is such a thing as too much honesty.

(The new dance begins and plays beneath the ending credits.)

BONUS - DURING THE CREDITS

J'NAYA: Oh! Oh! Sorry! So sorry!

MEYERS: No, it's fine, the, uh, the reinforced shoes.

J'NAYA: -- the reinforced shoes (giggles)

(Meyers laughs.)