

Starship: Excelsior
"Fast Friends"
(Season 5, Episode 7)
by Larry Phelan

Transcribed by Peter Stine

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

SCENE 5F-01**LOCATION: EXCELSIOR - DOVAN'S QUARTERS**

(The captain is working at his desk, clicking something on a PADD, taking a sip or two from a beverage.)

(A quiet computer alert pops up.)

DOVAN: Hm. (pause) Computer, time?

COMPUTER: *The time is oh-one-sixteen hours.*

DOVAN: Hm. (pause) (he taps his combadge) Dovan to Lorhrok.

(Pause.)

(We hear light background music on Lorhrok's end.)

LORHROK: *Yes, sir? Do you need something?*

DOVAN: Yeah, sorry to call late, but I'm moving our morning briefing to Stellar Cart so we can go over the charts of the new region we entered today. Can you make sure they have the files queued up by oh-nine-hundred?

NEEVA: *Alecz, I did that last night.*

LORHROK: *Uhh... yes, sir... uh, consider it done? (pause) Was there... anything else... sir?*

DOVAN: Umm... no. No, sorry to have bothered you. Have a good night, Alecz.

LORHROK: *No, it's a good idea, sir. Happy to help. Simple dreams, Captain.*

DOVAN: Thanks. Dovan out. (The channel closes) Simple dreams? ...Eh, must be a Trill thing. Time I tried sleeping again anyway.

(He sets his cup and PADD down, rises from his chair, moves over to his bed and gets in.)

(Pause.)

DOVAN: Oh, I still need to check in with Phaser Control on the test [firing they did at midnight.]

(There is a weird flash-type sound.)

SCENE 5F-02**LOCATION: KRYDAY-AN ADJUDICATION CHAMBERS**

(Dovan appears here as the flash-y sound dissipates.)

DOVAN: Uh... what in the eight moons of Draykov just happened?

DELEGATES: Be at ease, Captain Alcar Dovan | of the Federation *Starship Excelsior*. | We mean you no harm.

DOVAN: What is this, a court room? Oookay, what did I do this time?

(The crowd chuckles.)

(A bell chimes to quiet the crowd.)

DELEGATES: There will be silence in the gallery. | This is not a trial | Captain Dovan. We are the delegates of planet Kryday-ya's | ministry of external relations. | You have just entered our region of space.

DOVAN: Oh boy.

DELEGATES: It is most fortunate that you have come at the time of The Awakening; | this opportunity might have been missed had you delayed any longer.

The three Kryda-yan delegates (there are three!) speak as one entity, rotating in turns to finish parts of statements -- kind of like Bynars, but more relaxed and conversational.

DOVAN: Alllllright then. Since it looks like your whole planet is here in the gallery - hi - and everyone sure looks awake... (The crowd chuckle again, this time more lightly, the bell chimes again) ...what can I do for you, um... Kridieyans?

DELEGATES: Kryday-ans. | We have studied your enlightened organization, the United Federation of Planets, | and we wish to become members.

(The crowd applauds vigorously. This time, the bell chimes three times in quick succession.)

DOVAN: Oh? Oh! Right, yeah, okay. Great! We'd love to have you! I can, uh, have my ship conduct the opening exchanges, visit your planet, get the paperwork started... Sure!

DELEGATES: Thank you, Captain Dovan. However | due to the constraints of the period of Awakening | it would be advantageous to conclude these proceedings | within a single Kreplon.

DOVAN: Oh, alright. An accelerated application. How long is a Kreplon, exactly?

DELEGATES: The closest equivalent would be | in your Federation system, approximately | one hour.

DOVAN: Wait. Let me, uh... [get this straight] You're applying for Federation membership... and you need it approved within the hour?

DELEGATES: Correct.

DOVAN: Well... you folks all seem nice enough, but... what's the rush, exactly?

DELEGATES: The Awakening will only last for another | one point five Kreplons.

DOVAN: And then... what? You all take a nap and we reconvene tomorrow morning? During your next Awakening?

DELEGATES: At the end of the Awakening | our solar system will return from whence it came, | reabsorbed back into the temporal fissure | from which we shall not re-emerge for an additional five hundred dreplons.

DOVAN: Dreplon?

DELEGATES: Ten thousand Kreplons.

DOVAN: That's a bit more than... five hundred years? In ninety minutes, you're going to disappear for half a millenium?

DELEGATES: Correct.

DOVAN: The thing is, you see, I'm just a captain. I don't really have the authority to spontaneously grant Federation membership to societies, not by myself...

(The crowd grumbles a little.)

DOVAN: Buuuut, if I could confer with my superiors... maybe we could work something out.

DELEGATES: Your direct superior is Vice Admiral | Athos Roark-Parker, correct?

DOVAN: Yeeeeaaah... How do you know that, exactly?

DELEGATES: We have studied your enlightened organization, the United | Federation of Planets. Admiral Parker's involvement is vital?

DOVAN: Yes. Of course, he's just one link in [the chain of command.]

(We hear the flash-y sound again.)

DOVAN: Jehosephat...

PARKER: What the devil? Where am I? What's going on?

DELEGATES: Welcome, Admiral Athos Roark | Parker of Union Starbase. | We are the [Kryday-yans.]

DOVAN: Kryday-yans, yeah. I'm just going to skip ahead, if that's alright, gang.

PARKER: Dovan? Dovan! What have you done?

DOVAN: Sir, we're kind of running against a deadline here, so bullet points: the spindly-looking tree-people are the Kryday-ans. The Ramatin chorus in the spotlight are diplomats, with whom I've literally just made first contact. The upside is, they're very friendly, and they want to join the Federation. The downside is that, in about, uh, eighty minutes, their whole star system vanishes into a temporal fissure for the next five centuries. When they come out again--

DELEGATES: A period called The Welcoming.

DOVAN: --yep, not sure why that's a detail I couldn't skip, but sure, next Welcoming, they want to come out flying the Federation flag. So everyone here was kind of hoping we could... y'know, push the application process along. Get all the paperwork signed in the next, well... hour. Or so. Give or take.

(Pause.)

PARKER: Are you off your inertial dampers, Commander?! It takes months, years to vet an application for Federation membership. I can't just wave a magic wand and bestow membership over lunch! It's an important, careful courtship between two, ah, societies that have, ah...

DOVAN: However. However. In all fairness, a lot of that time is spent doing research, and cultural study, getting-to-know-you stuff, with scores of anthropologists combing through your entire history, et cetera.

DELEGATES: So you would require a detailed | historical reference from us?

DOVAN: Exactly.

(There's a deep, rishing sound, like a Q-flash.)

DELEGATES: So it is done.

PARKER: So... what is done?

DELEGATES: We have just added thirty thousand years of our complete historical records | and complete membership application paperwork | to your Federation database at Memory Alpha.

DOVAN: That... shouldn't be possible.

PARKER: Uhhh, nevertheless, it's still a matter for the Federation council to oversee...

DELEGATES: Ah yes, we are familiar with your Federation Council! | So then their involvement will be necessary for this matter to [reach an auspicious conclusion?]

DOVAN: Hold on! Wait a minute. We didn't say that. You say we need the Council and we're liable to have a couple hundred confused council members bubbled up in here with us.

PARKER: That... is a good point. (pause) Delegates, could I have a moment to consult privately with my subordinate here?

DELEGATES: Of course.

PARKER: Commander, what exactly have you gotten me-- [into] And are you... are those pajamas?

DOVAN: Five minutes ago, I was sipping *irinello* and keeping my senior staff from getting any sleep. They just dragged me here, just like they dragged you out of...

PARKER: An all-hands Security briefing with Admiral Nechayev... which I'm sure just got a lot more interesting.

DOVAN: Ooo, sorry about that... but, look, Admiral, we've got a room full of gentle but unsettlingly advanced beings who just yanked us into their pocket dimension or whatever from opposite sides of the galaxy. Even Q has to at least snap before defying the space-time continuum. It'd be too bad if we had to send these guys away empty-handed to stew for five hundred years over that Federation that wouldn't let them join the club. Don't you think, sir?

PARKER: Point taken.

DELEGATES: Gentlemen, if it would simplify matters, | we could in fact just backdate our application request.

DOVAN: And by "back" and "date" you of course mean...?

DELEGATES: Send a representative through our temporal recompiler | to make contact with you at an earlier time in your history!

PARKER: Uh noooo! No, let's maybe not do that, either! Delegates, can I contact Starfleet Command from... wherever we are?

DELEGATES: Certainly. Our usher can establish a link.

PARKER: This may take some time.

DELEGATES: Very well. We will take a brief recess. | We were able to research your remark about "joining the Federation over lunch" and | we have consequently prepared what we understand to be a Federation delicacy.

DOVAN: You're feeding us? A delicacy?

DELEGATES: We | have prepared... "Soup."

(Pause.)

DOVAN: You know, I could definitely go for some soup.

PARKER: You're having soup at a time like this?

DOVAN: Someone has to represent the blue-and-white stars while you work on their application. And you know the saying: the way to a culture's heart is through its stomach.

PARKER: That's not a saying, Commander. It's a quote from one of the U.S.S. *Tokyo's* mission reports. Written nine years ago. By Lieutenant Commander Alcar Dovan, Chief Flight Control Officer.

DOVAN: You read that?

PARKER: Commander, I've read everything.

DELEGATES: Usher, escort Admiral Parker to communications and | assist. Captain Dovan, please join us down the hall.

(The chime rings, allowing the crowd to start rustling and chattering normally as the V.I.P.'s (and much of the crowd) all exit the area to get soup.)

SCENE 5F-03**LOCATION: EXCELSIOR - J'NAYA'S QUARTERS**

(J'naya's combadge chirps on her nightstand.)

We hear her bed sheets rustle as J'Naya stirs.

YUBARI: *Yubari to J'Naya.*

(More rustling as J'Naya reaches out to grab her combadge.)

J'NAYA: Go-- (yawn, quickly suppressed) -- Go ahead, Commander.

YUBARI: *I have a Level Four security alert in progress. At oh-one-seventeen hours, there was an energy disturbance in the Captain's quarters, and his lifesigns are no longer detected aboard ship.*

(J'naya gets up and activates the replicator.)

J'NAYA: I read you, abduction protocol. I'll get a team down to his quarters for a full sweep.

YUBARI: *Glad we understand each other. Yubari out.*

SCENE 5F-04**LOCATION: KRYDAY-AN ADJUDICATION CHAMBERS**

(The crowd is still milling about finding their seats as Dovan approaches the center.)

PARKER: How was your soup, Captain?

DOVAN: (inhales) (pause) One-of-a-kind, sir.

PRESIDENT OF THE FEDERATION: I hope you saved some for me, Captain.

(Dovan stops dead in his tracks.)

DOVAN: Madam President!

PRESIDENT OF THE FEDERATION: Huh. I've never been saluted by somebody wearing jammies before.

PARKER: Things here became... complicated.

PRESIDENT OF THE FEDERATION: I was giving a speech.

DOVAN: I hope... not an important speech.

PRESIDENT OF THE FEDERATION: Nothing much, just my last address before the Council forces me to resign.

DOVAN: You're, uh... (swallows hard) You're resigning?

PRESIDENT OF THE FEDERATION: Yeah, somebody named "Dovan" ran late on a mission, which meant I had to order DEFCON Zero, evacuate a few hundred worlds, and not tell anyone why. Then I had to cancel it six weeks later because Dovan came back, and - best of all - the Sword of Damocles meant I had to tell the Council I did it because I'm addicted to cordafin stimulants! (pause) They only left me in office this long so they could finish their investigation.

(Pause.)

DOVAN: In... in all fairness, the *Excelsior* did save the galaxy.

PRESIDENT OF THE FEDERATION: I know. And I'm sincerely grateful. I know the secrecy must weigh on you, too. But, seriously, were you on my opponent's payroll in the last election or something?

DOVAN: What? Er, no, no, I wouldn't vote for Zife, Madam. Pfft. How about this situation with the Kryday-ans, Admiral? Figure something out?

PARKER: To my utter amazement? Yes, I think we did. It took two dozen androids and the entire Bynar homeworld to make a dent in the data the Kryday-ans dumped in our database, but we got a handle on who they are. At least, the Bynars did. Still, Federation membership...

(The chime rings and the crowd settles.)

DELEGATES: Attendees, this assembly | will come to order. What were your results, Welcomed guests?

PRESIDENT OF THE FEDERATION: (clears throat) After a preliminary review of your application, we find

PARKERS: The Bynars find...

PRESIDENT OF THE FEDERATION: We find that the Kryday-ans have a strong and ancient history of compassion for their fellow sapients; of zeal in pursuit of knowledge and his elder sister, wisdom; and of peaceable friendship with their neighbors near and far. Delegates, by the power vested in me by the two hundred and seven member worlds, I am overjoyed to offer you provisional membership in the United Federation of Planets.

(The crowd starts to cheer toward the end. The chimes sound to quiet them.)

DELEGATES: Provisional, | Madam | President?

PRESIDENT OF THE FEDERATION: You'll have all the protections of Federation membership, and you're free to appoint a representative to the Council. But he/she/it or other won't have a vote until we have finished an in-depth review of everything you sent us. That will take some time. Hell, the Grizzelas are hibernating for another three months. But I'm pretty sure we can have it done by the next Welcoming.

(Silence.)

DELEGATES: We | accept.

(The room erupts in cheering.)

PARKER: Welcome to the United Federation of Planets.

DOVAN: Almost worth having me pull you out of that stuffy meeting, eh, sir?

PARKER: Commander?

DOVAN: Sir?

PARKER: You're pushing your luck.

DOVAN: Yes, sir.

(The applause finally starts to die down.)

DELEGATES: There are still six semi-Kreplons before | the Farewell. Would you join us for a celebration? More... soup?

PARKER: Well, I should really be getting [back to my meeting.]

PRESIDENT OF THE FEDERATION: We would be delighted, Delegates.

DELEGATES: Excellent!

(Everyone begins to stroll out.)

PARKER: Commander, choose your words more carefully next time.

DOVAN: It's been a pleasure seeing you, too, Admiral.

PRESIDENT OF THE FEDERATION: I wonder who'll be President in the Twenty-Ninth Century, when it comes time to welcome the Kryday-ans back again.

DOVAN: Five hundred years. Will we even still be here? With the Borg attacks and the Dominion and the Sword of Damocles and who knows what else, can we last?

PRESIDENT OF THE FEDERATION: On days like today, Captain... I can just about believe we will.
(pause) Tell me about the soup.

DOVAN: It's delicious. It is emphatically not soup, but you'll love it. I'll say no more until you've seen it.

PRESIDENT OF THE FEDERATION: No, tell me what I'm walking into. This is my last presidential reception.

DOVAN: I guess I do owe you that.

PRESIDENT OF THE FEDERATION: Yes, Captain, you do.

SCENE 5F-05**LOCATION: EXCELSIOR - DOVAN'S QUARTERS**

(Meyers and Kestra are scanning the room for evidence of their captain.)

J'NAYA: Okay, Meyers, you're the transporter expert here. There's enough subspace residue in here to maintain a warp field clear to Risa. So where's the captain?

MEYERS: No idea. Oh, don't give me the puppy dog eyes! (sigh) Commander, I really want to give you an answer, but [I can't.]

(We hear that same flash-y sound.)

MEYERS: Buuuut I can because the Captain is right there.

J'NAYA: What? Jack what are you [on about?]

DOVAN: Behind you.

J'NAYA: Yipes!

(She drops the tricorder and several padds she was holding)

J'NAYA: Captain! What are you doing here?

DOVAN: Well, these look like my quarters...

MEYERS: You've been missing! Sir.

DOVAN: Frankly, I'm flattered you noticed. Where's Security?

J'NAYA: Sweeping the ship.

(Dovan taps a button on his desk.)

DOVAN: All hands, I'm fine. Cancel security alert, authorization Dovan Quattuor Septem, and get some sleep.

(J'Naya heads to the door with Meyers, and the door opens into the corridor.)

J'NAYA: But, captain, what happened?

DOVAN: I was helping somebody fulfill a... (pause) ...a simple dream. I know that's cryptic. Command really should have called. Their fault, not mine.

(pause)

(J'naya begins to leave.)

DOVAN: Oh, and, Commander, could you have Phaser Control send me their...

J'NAYA: ...What was that, sir?

DOVAN: You know what? It'll wait until morning.

(The door shuts.)