

To Boldly Go

by

Jack McAuley

Based on the books:

Inside Star Trek

By

Herbert F. Solow and Robert H. Justman

Star Trek Creator

By

David Alexander

Star Trek Memories

By

William Shatner with Chris Kreski

FADE IN:

EXT. LOS ANGELES - DAWN

The sun comes up behind the shadow of the "HOLLYWOODLAND" sign.

White, puffy clouds hang crisp and unpolluted over the Los Angeles skyline.

One can clearly see the majestic green mountains that surround the L.A. Basin.

The city is young, wide, the buildings are short.

"LOS ANGELES - 1931, POP. 2.5 MILLION"

We descend beyond the Art Deco buildings, movie palaces, and flashy civic architecture to just across the Los Angeles River, to Glassel Park.

EXT. DREW STREET - DAY

Two blocks from the towering trees of the Forest Lawn cemetery, in a small middle-class neighborhood, "PAPA" GENE WESLEY RODDENBERRY, 34, a tall, strong, policeman, approaches the stairs of a Depression-ravaged home with his son, LITTLE GENE, age 10, asthmatic.

Both are carrying boxes of food.

LITTLE GENE
Papa, why do we have to do this?

GENE
Because, Gene, a man who has is supposed to help those who don't.

Papa Gene KNOCKS.

LITTLE GENE
Papa, why don't they have?

GENE
Quiet, now.

The door opens, and out steps JENKINS, 30s, with sunken cheeks.

Papa Gene hands him his box.

JENKINS
God bless you, Mr. Roddenberry, for doing this.

GENE

I do what I can. Give my best to
the missus.

JENKINS

I will. Bless you.

Embarrassed and grateful, he disappears inside.

GENE

Come on.

They go down the street, past a dilapidated Craftsman-style house with peeling paint, where a new FAMILY is clearly moving in.

An AFRICAN-AMERICAN BOY, about Gene's age, plays with a glass soda bottle on a dirt patch that could scarcely be called a lawn.

LITTLE GENE

Look, Papa!

Papa Gene scowls, disapprovingly.

LITTLE GENE

Why don't we help them?

GENE

Because they're not like us.

LITTLE GENE

Why not?

Papa Gene's Southern blood begins to boil.

GENE

I don't want you going over there.

LITTLE GENE

Why not?

GENE

Because I don't want you playing
with niggers, all right? They're
animals.

Little Gene looks up at his father with innocent, uncomprehending eyes.

LITTLE GENE

Why, Papa? Why?

His asthma kicks in, and Papa Gene grabs him by the arm.

GENE

Come on, let's get you home.

EXT. THE RODDENBERRY HOUSE - DAY

In the backyard of the two-bedroom Roddenberry home, Little Gene sits in a large cardboard box.

Drawn on it are dials and panels, a child's idea of technical apparatus.

Little Gene looks up in the clear, blue sky, and shouts:

LITTLE GENE
 "BUCK...ROGERS...in the twenty-
 fifth...CEN...tury!"

CUT TO:

THE PACIFIC - 1943

LT. GENE RODDENBERRY, AGE 21, co-pilot, burns through the clear Pacific sky, at the stick of a massive B-17 Flying Fortress.

The khaki-green behemoth flies at a cruising speed of 182 mph high over the green jungle strip that is Bougainville Island (New Guinea).

This is routine business for Roddenberry (now tall, Irish handsome, "Rod" to his friends) and the 394th bomb squadron, 5th bomb group - "the Bomber Barons".

Also on board:

CAPT. WILLIAM RIPLEY, steel-jawed, intense.

NAVIGATOR JOE JACOBS, cocky, smiling.

BOMBARDIER JIM KYLE, cracking gum. He lives for this.

Jacobs hands Kyle coordinates.

KYLE
 Let's drop this baby.

JACOBS
 Up the slot.

EXT. PACIFIC SKY

The bomb bay doors of the mighty B-17 open, and drop 20,00 LBS. OF PAYLOAD on the island below.

EXT. KAHILI AIRPORT - DAY

The Japanese landing strip is POUNDED, as AIRMEN and PERSONNEL run for cover.

Orange-red flames RIP through an AIRPORT TOWER, and it begins to collapse.

AIRMEN rush behind the batteries of mammoth 75mm anti-aircraft guns surrounding the landing strip.

THE B-17

The crew sees a JAPANESE SPOTTER PLANE approaching.

75MM ANTI-AIRCRAFT FIRE rocks through the sky.

Ripley executes evasive maneuvers.

INTERCOM

"TWO O'CLOCK HIGH! TWO O'CLOCK HIGH!"

Gene sees the WHITE FLASH of a 20MM CANNON as a SQUADRON OF SIX JAPANESE MITSUBISHI A6M REISEN FIGHTERS come at them out of the sun!

Joe Jacobs begins firing his starboard 50 CALIBER MACHINE GUN.

The MUZZLE FLASH instantly (temporarily) blinds his eyes, but he keeps just firing anyway:

JACOBS

COME ON, YOU DIRTY SONS OF BITCHES!

Outside, the enemy has them pinned down.

Gene pulls the stick, tightly, and the B-17 accelerates, pushing up, higher and higher east, into a bank of clouds.

Suddenly, in one of these white pillows of the gods, Gene sees a bright blue light, something spectral.

Something not of this earth.

He turns to Ripley, as they descend back down to engage.

RODDENBERRY

Did you see that?

RIPLEY

See what?

They emerge from the clouds.

Jacobs is still firing away like a madman.

A JAPANESE WARPLANE explodes directly in front of the plane.

RODDENBERRY

Joe, you got him.

BEAT

RIPLEY

Rod, you saw something up there.
What was it?

RODDENBERRY

It was something...something
better.

EXT. NANDI AIRFIELD - NIGHT

In the dark evening shadow of a small airfield rests a row of pitched tents in the island sand.

The tides wash in, and then back.

Stars are out, pinholes in the sky.

INT. TENT

Roddenberry lies awake on his cot, reading ASTOUNDING SCIENCE FICTION magazine, absorbed in tales of interstellar travel.

He rests the mag on his chest, shuts his eyes, and drifts off...

CUT TO:

INT. FLIGHT DECK - NIGHT

A blaring COCKPIT ALARM sounds, and GENE RODDENBERRY, AGE 25, opens his eyes, and rolls out of a small bunk built into the flight deck.

"JUNE 18, 1947 - PAN AM FLIGHT 121 - 10,000 FEET OVER BAGHDAD"

Roddenberry enters the cockpit.

INT. COCKPIT

Firelight illuminates the face of CAPTAIN JOE HART.

HART

Rod, engine two's burning up.

He looks at Roddenberry, as if to say, "This is it."

HART

Get the passengers ready. This is gonna be a rough one.

RODDENBERRY

Yeah.

HART

Take care yourself of Rod.

RODDENBERRY

You, too, Joe.

Roddenberry exits the cockpit.

Hart puts the plane into a steep dive.

INT. PASSENGER CABIN

STEWARDESS JANE BRAY, blonde, from Memphis, awakens from a nap and looks out the window.

She sees the bright orange engine fire, as it creeps its way up the wing.

PASSENGERS shuffle in their seats. Less afraid than irritated and confused.

INT. COCKPIT

Hart to his Radioman MILES.

HART

Miles, I want you to send an emergency message.

Miles transmits in Morse code.

MILES

"To H.A. from K.MO. My call sign is NC.845. Position at 2330Z 34.38' N. 41.04'E Heading at 298 degrees. Ground speed at 163 knots. Engine 2 is on fire."

He reads the reply.

MILES

"Habbinaya Tower - acknowledged."

HART

That's it?

INT. CABIN

Gene enters.

The weight of the plane shifts.

He grabs on to the tops of seats, as he makes his way down the aisle.

RODDENBERRY

All right, everyone, I know it seems bad, but it looks worse than it is.

PASSENGER

We're going to crash!

RODDENBERRY

No, we're going to land. Trust me, we know what we're doing. Now, I need you all to remain calm and listen.

He is joined by PURSER TONY VOLPE.

RODDENBERRY

Tony.

VOLPE

Gene.

Bray rises to join them...

RODDENBERRY

Stay seated, Jane, stay strapped in.

VOLPE

We're now going to go over a few procedures...for a crash landing.

A FEMALE PASSENGER screams.

RODDENBERRY

Remain calm.

EXT. PLANE

The CLIPPER AMERICA descends faster and faster over the darkened Syrian desert.

Lower and lower...faster...faster

The entire left wing is consumed by flame.

INT. CABIN

Volpe straps himself in next to Bray.

VOLPE

It's gonna be all right, you know.
Once that engine falls off, we'll
be safe.

Terrified, Bray grabs his hand.

One by one, the frightened passengers go quiet.

Some of them begin to pray.

RODDENBERRY

It's all right, everyone. Hang in
there, and we're gonna make it
through this.

He straps himself in.

The sound of METAL TEARING rocks the cabin, as...

EXT. PLANE

...Engine 2 comes off.

It sinks like a fiery stone into the sand.

The plane's fuel lines begin to tear.

INT. CABIN

The entire cabin begins to VIBRATE.

A WOMAN in front of Roddenberry SCREAMS.

He loosens his seat belt...

INT. COCKPIT

Hart guides the plane into a wheels-up landing.

And then, as the plane careens downward to the desert floor
at 150 mph...**impact.**

EXT. DESERT

The plane's left wing tip makes first CONTACT with the
ground.

The number one propeller hits.

The Number Two Engine's left wing SLAMS into the sand.

The left wing rips off the fuselage.

The plane begins to spin in a tight half-circle.

INT. CABIN

Passengers, baggage, and loose objects fly about the cabin.

The power dies, and the cabin goes dark.

EXT. DESERT

The plane skids backwards 200 feet, 400 feet from where it struck the ground.

As it continues back, the fuselage breaks in two, behind the edges of the wing.

FOUR PASSENGERS seated in that area are killed instantly.

The GAS TANKS rupture.

FLAME envelops the forward section of the cabin and the flight deck.

Those not killed instantly are burned badly.

INT. CABIN

Roddenberry, Volpe, and Bray unstrap themselves.

RODDENBERRY
Come on! Everyone out!

The fire approaches their section...

Roddenberry and the others lead the uninjured passengers through a large hole in the plane's ruptured fuselage.

The flames get closer.

All the uninjured passengers get out to safety.

Roddenberry, Bray, and Volpe, unstrap the injured and hand them out the hole down to the others.

A few passengers are still on fire.

Roddenberry takes a pillow and smothers the flames.

A large woman, who happens to be an Indian royal, the MAJARINI of PHELETON, is unable to get her belt loose.

MAJARINI
It won't come loose! It won't come loose! Help me!

Roddenberry forces the belt open, and leads her and her son THE PRINCE, out through the hole.

The flames are closing in.

Roddenberry grabs his last rescue, an injured TEENAGER - male - and goes out the hole.

EXT. DESERT

Roddenberry joins the others at a safe distance from the plane.

RODDENBERRY
We made it, kid.

He looks in his arms. The young man is dead.

Roddenberry tenderly rests him down on the sand.

The entire body of the plane is now on fire.

Volpe motions to him and they approach the cockpit section.

Through cracked windows, they see Hart and his crew - all dead - slumped over their controls.

VOLPE
Shit.

They move back to join the others.

Roddenberry flinches in pain.

Two of his ribs are broken.

EXT. DESERT - SUNRISE

A group of PASSENGERS huddle under a makeshift shelter, which shields them from the sun's harsh rays.

Roddenberry sits, sweating, looking into the distance, waiting.

The plane is a burnt-out metal husk.

A group of TRIBESMAN on horseback pick over the wreckage, looking for a prize.

The sun burned passengers eye the tribesman with fear.

Suddenly, AMBULANCES appear in the distance.

SYRIAN ARMY PLANES appear overhead.

The tribesman ride off.

Volpe looks across the injured, the plane, and turns to Roddenberry.

VOLPE
Christ, Gene, how the hell did we
make it?

RODDENBERRY
Together, Tony. We made it
together.

CUT TO:

EXT. LA GUARDIA AIRPORT - NIGHT

Snow everywhere.

Low visibility.

High winds.

Icy conditions.

In this weather, a PAN AM LOCKHEED CONSTELLATION plane takes off.

"LA GUARDIA FIELD - 1948"

The plane's wheels retract, and the plane gains altitude.

INT. COCKPIT

Roddenberry, the co-pilot, turns to the pilot DON ROCHESTER.

RODDENBERRY
Don, I don't want to alarm you, but
the controls are frozen.

ROCHESTER
Jesus.

Both men wrestle with the locked controls, as the plane continues to make its ascent.

RODDENBERRY
We're gonna fucking stall!

ROCHESTER
We'll sink like a stone. Jesus,
Rod, this is it!

Sweat pouring down their faces, they apply all the pressure of their weight against the controls.

RODDENBERRY
Here comes the stall in 3...2...

The controls unfreeze.

RODDENBERRY

Yep. That's it. That's it for me.

INT. NASSAU INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT LOUNGE, THE BAHAMAS - DAY

In a posh lounge with a cheery BARTENDER in a HAWAIIAN shirt, RODDENBERRY and ROCHESTER sit sipping drinks with tiny umbrellas.

ROCHESTER

So, you're really out?

RODDENBERRY

Yep. Gone with the wind.

ROCHESTER

What will you do?

Roddenberry looks up at a large black and white TV in the corner.

RODDENBERRY

I'll think of something.

INT. LOUNGE - LATER

Roddenberry is on the bar phone.

RODDENBERRY

Hello Eileen...no, I haven't been drinking...what makes you say that?...Listen, I want you to pack up the kids, we're moving to Los Angeles...What? I'm leaving flying and becoming a writer...for television...have I written anything?...well, um...no...Eileen, hello? Eileen?

Roddenberry hangs up the phone. Laughs.

A STEWARDESS, blonde, buxom, slides on to the stool next to him.

STEWARDESS

Hi.

RODDENBERRY

Hi. My name is Gene Roddenberry, and I'd like to get to know you.

Saying nothing, the blonde stewardess places a hotel room key on the bar top.

Roddenberry grabs it and follows her out.

CUT TO:

"LOS ANGELES - 1956"

EXT. S FIGUEROA AND W 1ST ST - DAY

RODDENBERRY, AGE 34, strides proudly down W 1st street, clad in his starched blue LAPD uniform.

Los Angeles City Hall, the city's tallest building can be seen behind him in the distance.

A northbound yellow STREETCAR passes through the intersection.

This is the Los Angeles of "L.A. Confidential", of film noir, Mickey Cohen, and "Dragnet".

From a nearby alley, MOANING and the sound of FLESH BEING STRUCK can be heard.

Disturbed, Roddenberry goes into the alley...

INT. ALLEY

TWO LAPD OFFICERS are SLAMMING their batons against a DOWNED MAN (clean-cut, 20s, well-dressed, black).

The cops are just wailing on this guy.

He tries to stand.

He receives a baton to the side of the head.

OFFICER 1
Stay down, nigger.

RODDENBERRY
(horrified)
What the hell are you doing?

OFFICER 2 looks at Roddenberry, angrily.

OFFICER 2
Why, you want some, too?

He strikes the man again.

Roddenberry grabs Officer 2's baton hand.

RODDENBERRY
That's enough.

WHAM! Officer 1 crashes against the back of Roddenberry's head.

He is stunned. Blood pouring into his eyes, he collapses on the ground.

OFFICER 1

I guess he wanted some.

The officers turn and disappear down the alley, leaving the two bleeding men crumpled on the ground.

Roddenberry's vision grows dim, and he passes out.

INT. CITY HALL - 10TH FLOOR - DAY

An office reads: "WILLIAM H. PARKER CHIEF OF POLICE".

INT. PARKER'S OFFICE

Standing, Roddenberry is speaking with great passion to CHIEF WILLAM H. "BILL" PARKER (Midwestern gentility, horn-rimmed glasses), who sits behind his desk, listening intently.

There is a clear air of respect between these men.

RODDENBERRY

And they just kept wailing on the guy. And then they got me. We need to stop this, Chief, we need to stop it now.

PARKER

You're lucky they didn't kill you, kid.

Parker reaches into his desk, pulls out a bottle of Black Label, and two tumblers.

PARKER

Roddenberry, you're a brilliant young man, you're the best speechwriter I've ever had, and, from what I hear, you're doing well with your sideline, writing for, what's the name of that show?

RODDENBERRY

"Mr. District Attorney".

PARKER

Right. I sent you as an advisor, and you talked your way into being a writer.

(MORE)

PARKER (cont'd)

You have all these gifts, son, but you've got to learn to be more logical, less caught up in things. Otherwise, one day, your emotions will become your undoing.

RODDENBERRY

What I saw was wrong.

PARKER

And I agree with you. And, one day, the department will be desegregated, and blacks and whites will get along. But, until that day, you've got to be patient. Only time makes people change. You have to wait for the future.

RODDENBERRY

Who says you can't bring the future to today?

Parker shakes his head and hands him a tumbler.

They clink.

INT. RODDENBERRY HOUSE - EARLY MORNING

In small home office that consists of a small desk cramped into a corner with by shelf full of books (Wells, Verne, Isaac Asimov, Arthur C. Clarke), Roddenberry sits behind a desk in his Los Angeles suburban home, at his typewriter.

He is smoking up a storm.

His eyes are bleary.

On the edge of his desks are stack of scripts for "Mr. District Attorney", as wells a couple for a show called "I Led Three Lives", all written by a "Robert Wesley".

Exhausted by what looks like an all-nighter, Roddenberry begins to type.

RODDENBERRY (V.O.)

"I find myself unable to support my family at present on anticipated police salary levels in a manner we consider necessary. Having spent slightly more than 7 years on this job, during all of which fair treatment and enjoyable working conditions were received, this decision is made with considerable and genuine regret. Signed, E.W. Roddenberry, Sergeant of Police, Public Information."

Roddenberry passes out at his desk.

INTERTITLE:

"Over the next 6 years, Roddenberry would write for many successful television series, including *Dr. Kildare*, *Naked City*, and *Have Gun-Will Travel*. After producing two pilots, which failed to go to series, Roddenberry finally got a shot at being a producer in 1962, creating a series called...*The Lieutenant*."

Image turns to the B&W of '60s television:

INT. MODEST MILITARY HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

ANDREW DUGGAN as Peter Winslow Bonney (39, grave-faced, paternal) sits on a couch with the actress playing his wife Stella, MARTINE BARTLETT (37) sits opposite him in a small chair, her face full of concern.

And next to Duggan's Bonney is GARY LOCKWOOD (25, future co-star of "2001 : A Space Odyssey) as a handsome, clean-cut young marine named William "Bill" Tiberius Rice.

LOCKWOOD

I kind of got inspired. Six citations for your men all on your recommendation.

DUGGAN

Well, they earned them. And died for them. The oldest, Michaels, was only twenty-two, at the time.

BARTLETT

I don't see any sense in digging it all up again, much less making a movie about it.

LOCKWOOD

Well, Greg Sanders disagrees with you Mrs. Bonney. He got a studio to put 3 million dollars into the film.

BARTLETT

It's nothing anybody wants to remember.

LOCKWOOD

Well, I think we can have an obligation to remember, Mrs. Bonney. In a way, it would be kind of a monument to your husband's platoon.

EXT. BONNEY HOUSE - PORCH - NIGHT

Bartlett shows Lockwood out.

BARTLETT

Listen, Lieutenant, don't wave any flags or beat any drums around here. Just let well-enough alone.

Camera holds on Lockwood's dumbstruck face.

DRAMATIC MUSIC swells.

The episode title appears:

"IN THE HIGHEST TRADITION"

The opening strains of the "Marine's Hymn" play, before transforming into an upbeat martial theme.

A solarized image of Lockwood saluting in full dress uniform appears, and up comes the title:

"THE LIEUTENANT"

The image of Lockwood saluting appears as a reflection in a mirror.

Lockwood stands in front of the mirror, not dressed as formally, saluting and smiling like he's in "Hogan's Heroes".

A cheery credits sequence introduces the rest of the cast: ROBERT VAUGHN as Captain Raymond Rambridge, and Guest Stars Duggan and Bartlett.

INT. THE COLONEL'S OFFICE - DAY

LEONARD NIMOY (32, cocky, normal ears) as Hollywood hot shot director Greg Sanders, stands, flanked by his assistant Ruth Donaldson, played MAJEL BARRETT (30, tall, buxom, her long dark hair tucked under her hat in a "Girl Friday" look).

Lockwood is also present, as Sanders addresses Colonel Curtis Morley (RUSS CONWAY).

Nimoy holds a military record.

NIMOY

Believe me, Colonel, with tradition like this to back us up, what more could we need to make a smash hit?

BARRETT

A good script might help.

NIMOY

Oh come on, Ruthie, with Pete Bonney as Technical Advisor, and the cooperation of the Marine Corps, it'll practically write itself.

INT. BONNEY HOUSE - ATTIC - DAY

Stock footage of WW2 fighting taking jungles and beaches in the pacific is projected on a small screen in the attic of the Bonney house.

Lockwood sits in a chair behind Duggan, Barrett behind Nimoy.

Everyone is smoking.

NIMOY

(points to a shot)

Use this. Make a note of it. Use this.

Duggan is clearly unsettled by what he's seeing.

NIMOY

Great. That's great. I love that.

Lockwood looks over and notices Duggan's discomfort.

DIRECTOR (O.S.)

CUT!

The image turns to glorious color, as it is revealed that the attic is just a set on an:

MGM SOUNDSTAGE - DAY

GAFFERS adjust the lights.

MAKEUP ARTISTS touch up the actors.

Nimoy whispers something to Barrett, who cracks up.

The director MARC DANIELS, 50s, a seasoned vet of television, motions to the cast.

DANIELS

Everyone - take five.

Also on the set: Roddenberry.

He claps Daniels on the back:

RODDENBERRY

The show looks great, Marc.

DANIELS

Don't tell me how to do my job,
Gene.

Friends, they laugh.

RODDENBERRY

You know, NBC won't air my race
episode. Gutless cowards.

DANIELS

Don't worry, Gene. You'll rise
above, like you always do. Like a
big Irish phoenix.

Roddenberry sees Barrett, with her dark hair and deep blue
eyes.

RODDENBERRY

Who's that?

DANIELS

Trouble.

RODDENBERRY

Say no more.

He hones in on Barrett.

She pretends not to notice.

He stands right in front of her.

RODDENBERRY

I'm Gene.

BARRETT

I know.

RODDENBERRY

What's your name?

BARRETT

Majel Barrett. Is this the part
where you ask me if I want to go
for a drink?

RODDENBERRY

No. What I want to know is, do you
want to go to a Dodgers game?

Majel is pleasantly surprised.

Before she can reply, DOROTHY CATHERINE FONTANA, 22, a young,
mousy secretary hurries up to Roddenberry.

Majel drifts her attention elsewhere.

FONTANA
Mr. Roddenberry! Mr. Roddenberry!

RODDENBERRY
(annoyed)
Yes.

FONTANA
I'm Dorothy Fontana, your new
private secretary.

RODDENBERRY
What happened to the other girl?

FONTANA
Her appendix burst.

RODDENBERRY
That's terrible.

Roddenberry looks her over.

RODDENBERRY
You look like a writer. Are you a
writer?

FONTANA
Yes.

RODDENBERRY
You'll do.

INT. SUNSET STRIP - HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Barrett enjoys a post-coital cigarette.

Roddenberry sits on the edge of the bed, head hanging.

RODDENBERRY
I'm married.

BARRETT
Is this the part where you tell me
you'll leave your wife for me?

RODDENBERRY
No. I made a commitment. And there
are kids involved.

BARRETT
Well, at least you're honest, I'll
give you that. Now, come back to
bed and make love to me before I
decide to leave.

Roddenberry climbs back into bed.

As they kiss:

BARRETT

Maybe we'll get to the game next time.

RODDENBERRY

First base is better.

Barrett gives him a playful swat.

INT. HOLLYWOOD SECOND RUN THEATER - DAY

Roddenberry and a friend, CHRISTOPHER KNOPF, are watching the 1961 American International Pictures Production - Jules Verne's *Master of the World*.

On-screen, as the airship he's in plunges toward the depths of the ocean, VINCENT PRICE gravely recites Isaiah.

The camera pans over the faces of his multiracial, multi-ethnic crew.

PRICE

And he shall judge among the nations, and shall rebuke many people: and they shall beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruning hooks: nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more.

EXT. THEATER

Roddenberry and Knopf below the marquis.

KNOPF

Well, it's a cock-up of Verne, but Richard Matheson's script packs a hell of a punch.

RODDENBERRY

That's not what got me. Picture this: a weekly dramatic series where a crew in the late-1800s has a series of adventures on a giant dirigible. And just like the movie, we keep the crew multi-ethnic, multi-racial. Black, white, Asian, all working together to bring peace to the world.

KNOPF

That's beautiful.

RODDENBERRY

I know.

(BEAT)

They're cancelling "The Lieutenant". So I need to give them something new, something better.

CUT TO:

"MARCH 1964 - NBC BURBANK"

INT. HERB SOLOW'S OFFICE - DAY

An young, energetic executive, 33 -

"HERB SOLOW, DIRECTOR OF DAYTIME PROGRAMMING"

An ASSISTANT, male, nervy, 20s, enters.

ASSISTANT

Sir, we've got a problem with the Pillsbury live spot!

SOLOW

(bored)

You mean "It's three days old and still fresh and delicious"?

ASSISTANT

Yeah, one of the guys at Standards and Practices got drunk and now he can't remember how old the cake is!

SOLOW

Unh-huh.

Solow's SECRETARY, older, matronly, pops her head in.

SECRETARY

I've got Oscar Katz on line one.

SOLOW

From CBS? Put him through.

(to Assistant)

Get out. I have to take this.

He picks up the phone.

SOLOW

Oscar, what are you doing in Los Angeles?

KATZ (PHONE)

I moved here.

INT. OSCAR KATZ'S OFFICE - DAY

OSCAR KATZ, 51, with a face like a Borscht belt comedian, sits on the phone in an lavish office with a fireplace and mahogany paneling.

KATZ

(grim)

I'm the new head of Desilu.

SOLOW (PHONE)

Like "I Love Lucy", like "Lucy and Desi" Desilu?

KATZ

Yeah. After the divorce, Lucy bought Desi out. CBS foot the bill. They sent me to protect their investment. Now I need your help.

INT. SOLOW'S OFFICE

Solow, intrigued:

SOLOW

What can I do?

KATZ (PHONE)

Listen, kid, I know a lot of things in the world. I know New York advertising buys, I know the odds in Vegas, and I know on what street the seltzer arrives to bring U-Bet chocolate syrup, but when it comes to film studios and development deals, I'm a fish out of water.

SOLOW

When do you want me over?

KATZ

As soon as possible!

EXT. DESILU STUDIOS - DAY

From a BIRD'S EYE VIEW, the Desilu Studios sit, a long clustering of buildings along Melrose and Gower by the mighty Paramount Lot.

Below, OSCAR KATZ leads HERB SOLOW toward STAGE 12.

KATZ

You ready to meet royalty?

LUCILLE BALL, America's redhead, exits out a side door.

LUCY

I keep telling them to let the paint dry before we rehearse. They never listen.

She extends her hand to Herb.

LUCY

So, you're Oscar's whiz kid. Get some shows for the studio. That's your job.

Solow nods.

LUCY

Me, I'm just the girl from Stage 12. That's what I do.

SOLOW

(nods again)

Get back to your rehearsal. It needs you.

Lucy smiles and disappears inside.

KATZ

We gotta find a writer.

SOLOW

I got a guy at Ashley Famous - Alden Schwimmer - he can find them. And he can find them affordable, too.

KATZ

I like the sound of that.

INT. RODDENBERRY'S OFFICE - MGM LOT - DAY

Roddenberry is typing furiously.

Many cigarettes in the ash tray.

Wadded balls of paper on the floor.

Dorothy Fontana enters.

FONTANA

Gene, I really could use that recommendation.

RODDENBERRY

Unh-huh.

FONTANA

Gene, the show's getting cancelled.

RODDENBERRY

Unh-huh.

FONTANA

Dammit, Gene, I'm going to need a new job, and so will you!

Roddenberry finishes typing, pulls pages out, adds them to stack on his desk, and hands them to Dorothy.

16 pages to be exact.

RODDENBERRY

Here's our next job. Tell me what you think.

FONTANA

(reads aloud)

"Star Trek is...a one hour dramatic series...Action-Adventure-Science Fiction...The first such concept with strong central lead characters and plus other continuing regulars." This could be good.

She continues reading.

RODDENBERRY

Listen, look this over, I'm going get lunch.

FONTANA

(hooked)

Sure, lunch.

CUT TO:

INT. RODDENBERRY'S OFFICE - MGM LOT - ONE HOUR LATER

Roddenberry re-enters and finds the stunned Fontana sitting with the pages and her legs up on his desk.

RODDENBERRY

Well...

FONTANA

(reads)

"Star Trek is a *Wagon Train* concept built around characters who travel to worlds 'similar' to our own and meet the action-adventure-drama which becomes our stories. Their transportation is the cruiser *S.S.*

(MORE)

FONTANA (cont'd)
 Yorktown performing a well-defined and long-range Exploration-Science-Security mission which helps create our format." Christ, Gene, there's nothing like this on television. Nothing at all! I even like your proposed plot lines, particularly the one-

She looks at the pages.

FONTANA (CONT'D)
 --*The Day Charlie Became God*, about the man who gets infinite powers.

RODDENBERRY
 And the characters?

FONTANA
 "Robert April" - "a space age Captain Horatio Hornblower" - "Number One" - the first office-expressionless, cool, *female* - you want Majel for that, don't you?

RODDENBERRY
 (smirks)
 Yes.

FONTANA
 And this "Mr. Spock", the half-alien, with a "face so heavy-lidded and satanic you might also expect him to have a forked tail?" It's nuts, but I love it. I even like how you came up the "Similar Worlds" idea to keep the budgets down and management happy. But just one thing...

RODDENBERRY
 What's that?

FONTANA
 (reads)
 "The Captain's Yeoman"--

RODDENBERRY
 Oh boy.

FONTANA (CONT'D)
 "Except for problems with naval parlance, 'Colt' would be called a *yeowoman*; a blonde with a shape no uniform could hide." Really, Gene?

RODDENBERRY

Hey, it's for the executives. They all love a bit of sex.

FONTANA

And that does not reflect your taste, of course.

RODDENBERRY

Never.

They laugh.

INT. SOLOW'S OFFICE - MORNING

Solow sits in his office, which is littered with furniture from old RKO productions.

"APRIL, 1964"

The INTERCOM buzzes. Out comes the voice of LYDIA SCHILLER, Solow's secretary.

LYDIA (O.S.)

Gene Roddenberry, is here to see you.

SOLOW

Thanks, Lydia, send him in.

Roddenberry enters. And he is a mess.

Unkempt, sloppy shirt, hair in eyes. A side of Gene we have not seen before.

Shy.

RODDENBERRY

Hi...I'm, uh, Gene Roddenberry...uhhh...Alden sent me....

He hands Solow his outline.

RODDENBERRY

This is a series idea I have. It's...uhhh like *Wagon Train* to the uhhh...stars...It's...called...um.. ..*Star Trek*.

Solow looks over the outline.

SOLOW

And you pitched this to Norman Felton at MGM?

RODDENBERRY
Yeah...he passed.

Solow puts down the pages.

SOLOW
I'd like to read it later, but,
first, let's see if we can make a
deal to develop your idea.

RODDENBERRY
You're kidding. You haven't read
any of my writing!

SOLOW
I've seen the way you dress, and I
figure you must be able to write.
You sure as hell aren't going to
make a living impressing employers
with your wardrobe!

They laugh.

RODDENBERRY
It's funny. I survived bombing runs
and plane crashes, but when it
comes to a pitch, I just freeze up.

SOLOW
It's all right, Gene. It's not a
skill you're born with. Don't
worry. You give us the stories,
we'll give you the juice. And when
we pitch this thing to the
networks, we'll make sure you're
ready.

INT. HERB SOLOW'S OFFICE - DAY

The INTERCOM buzzes.

LYDIA
Mr. Solow, I have Gene Roddenberry
on the line.

SOLOW
Put him through.

He picks up.

SOLOW
Gene?

RODDENBERRY (PHONE)
CBS passed.

SOLOW
WHAT? WHERE?

RODDENBERRY
Oscar set it up.

SOLOW
What happened?

FLASHBACK:

INT. CBS EXECUTIVE DINING ROOM - DAY

Roddenberry and Katz are seated across from 15 of CBS's top brass, including Head of Development HUNT STROMBERG and Newwork President JAMES AUBREY.

RODDENBERRY (V.O.)
I did my pitch.

SOLOW (V.O.)
Oh God.

KATZ
This is Gene Roddenberry.

RODDENBERRY
Our show is...uhhh...like *Wagon Train* to the...uhhh...stars.
It's...uhhh...called...*Star Trek*.

Time passes. Roddenberry keeps talking.

Solow joins in.

The CBS guys nod their heads, as if intrigued.

RODDENBERRY (V.O.)
They kept us going, so I thought that meant they were interested. And then the questions came.

AUBREY
Your ideas are brilliant. Now, how can you do a show of this scope on a TV size budget?

RODDENBERRY
Well, we have this "Same Worlds" idea, meaning planets...ummm...that have a...similiar atmosphere.

KATZ
No spacesuits. We could reuse studio costumes for histories that parallel ours.

AUBREY

I see.

An ASSISTANT jots down some notes.

The questions continue.

RODDENBERRY (V.O.)

It turned out the reason they were so interested is they're developing their own series. Something called "Lost in Space"?

INT. SOLOW'S OFFICE

Herb pops an aspirin.

SOLOW

Okay, we can fix this. Get down here.

INT. SOLOW'S OFFICE - THE NEXT DAY

Roddenberry and Solow sit, pens in hand.

SOLOW

NBC's our last chance. So we gotta get this thing in shape. One of my major concerns is the "Wagon Train" comparison.

RODDENBERRY

That's our selling point.

SOLOW

Yeah, and it's not selling. The problem is people know the reality of "Wagon Train", the Old West, from school, other movies. But people have no context for space. Now, if told these adventures as something that has already happened.

RODDENBERRY

Like Gulliver's Travels?

SOLOW

Right.

RODDENBERRY

So you're saying that if these events already transpired, recounted in maybe, like, um, a "Captain's Log", viewers would feel more grounded?

SOLOW

Exactly. Cuts through the exposition, which is why sci-fi has so much trouble on the tube.

RODDENBERRY

It also allows us to maintain focus on the characters. Our science fiction is a human one. You like the idea of a Stardate?

SOLOW

Yes! What if we change the name of the show to "Gulliver's Travels"?

RODDENBERRY

And we could have the name of the Captain be "Gulliver"!

SOLOW

Yes!

RODDENBERRY

That's brilliant!

(BEAT)

No, that's terrible.

SOLOW

Okay. "Log" in, "Gulliver" out. Now, the next thing is I call up Grant Tinker at NBC to set up a meeting. They're pitching themselves as the first "full-color network".

RODDENBERRY

And *Star Trek* has to be in color.

SOLOW

Exactly.

Fear washes over Roddenberry's face.

RODDENBERRY

But, Herb, what about my pitch skills?

SOLOW

Two words, Gene: "slow" and "soft". People are always more intrigued when they can barely hear what you're saying.

Roddenberry laughs.

SOLOW

But, seriously, let me do the talking.

INT. NBC BURBANK CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

"MAY, 1964"

GRANT TINKER, Vice President of Programs, West Coast (39, Brian Williams good looks) and JEROME STANLEY, Program Development President.

Roddenberry and Solow are seated across from the them.

The executives listen politely, as Solow does the talking.

Roddenberry looks like he's in a stupor.

SOLOW

...and we have four kinds of stories on *Star Trek*. One, "police action" - a new mineral or treasure is discovered on a planet, miners make claims, and the crew comes down to the planet to settle the dispute.

TINKER

(unimpressed)
Like *Gunsmoke*?

SOLOW

Well, yeah. The second type of story has the leads solve the personal problems of one of the 500 people living on the ship.

STANLEY

Like on *Wagon Train*?

SOLOW

Exactly! We're taking stories from westerns, from other dramas, in order to make the alien adventures more relatable.

RODDENBERRY

(almost a whisper)
Our science fiction is a human one.

TINKER

(intrigued)
Tell me more.

SOLOW

The third type has the crew has arriving on a planet that is similar to ours but might have evolved 200 hundred or three years behind. Like, say, you might encounter a planet modeled on Al Capone.

RODDENBERRY

We can use the costumes and historical sets the studio has to offer.

TINKER

Clever.

RODDENBERRY

(to self)

And we can hold up a mirror.

STANLEY

What was that?

SOLOW

(covers)

He was starting to tell you about our last story type - the crew arrives on a strange planet, with an alien race, the likes of which no one has ever seen before. More traditional science fiction.

STANLEY

Tell us more about this pilot story. The one you're now calling...

(looks at paper)

The Menagerie.

SOLOW

Gene.

RODDENBERRY

Our Captain, Robert April and the crew of the USS Yorktown, which I'm now calling the Enterprise, receives a distress signal.

The conference bends and shifts, as if immersed in a giant field of stars.

Roddenberry has found his voice.

RODDENBERRY (CONT'D)

The Captain, his first officer Number One, and Spock, beam down to a planet, Talos IV to investigate. They find a crash and a beautiful young woman, Vina. She leads the Captain to a cave, where he finds himself trapped in some sort of alien prison. The aliens have her tempt him so he will mate with her, presenting him fantasy scenarios from his mind.

(MORE)

RODDENBERRY (CONT'D)

Eventually, he figures out the prison is an illusion, and the young woman was disfigured in a crash. In the end, the aliens (who are called "Talosians") release the Captain, who realizes that he has no need for fantasy - his first, best destiny is that of being a starship captain.

Roddenberry finishes. Goes silent. The room stops moving.

Tinker is on the edge of his seat.

Stanley looks unsure. Grins. Stands up to end the meeting.

STANLEY

Listen, Herb, let Grant and me talk it over, and we'll get back to you.

Solow rises. Roddenberry follows.

SOLOW

Sit down, Gene.

(to Stanley)

Jerome, there comes a time when you guys have to gamble on something that's worth the gamble. Sure, *Star Trek* is a gamble, but it's worth taking. It's also a gamble for Desilu, a big gamble. But if it doesn't work, and we've lost, then we've lost trying to do something worthwhile. And if you give us a commitment for a 90-minute script instead of one hour, you can always run it as a TV special and recoup your investment if it doesn't sell as a series. Besides, I'm not leaving this room until you give us a script order.

Solow sits down like a king.

Tinker smiles.

TINKER

What do you want for dinner?

SOLOW

Whatever you're having.

Silence.

STANLEY

Solow, you're a real pain in the ass.

SOLOW

I know. Does that mean we have a deal, Jerome?

Stanley looks at Tinker, who nods.

STANLEY

Have your guy call Business Affairs.

Everyone rises and shakes hands.

SOLOW

Now let's get outta here, Gene, before they take it all back.

EXT. NBC BURBANK CONFERENCE ROOM - HALLWAY

Roddenberry and Solow walk along, bursting with excitement.

SOLOW

They're gonna want three stories. They like your idea for *The Menagerie*. But we got to make them feel like they've got options.

RODDENBERRY

I'll give them options, all right. I have that "Beauty is the eye of the beholder" thing with the space hookers. I have the one where the planet is ruled by a computer.

SOLOW

Just let me read it, kid.

RODDENBERRY

Right.

INT. RODDENBERRY HOME - NIGHT

Roddenberry is in his Los Angeles suburban home, smoking like a chimney and writing like a bastard.

On the table nearby - are two stories by Roddenberry, *The Women* and *Landru's Machine*.

By him is the title page of the one he's writing: *The Cage*.

RODDENBERRY (V.O.)

And so, Vina says....

FEMALE (V.O.)

Relax and go along with the illusion. It's pleasant, isn't it?
(MORE)

FEMALE (V.O.) (cont'd)
Everything looks real, feels real,
the pleasure can be equally real.

RODDENBERRY (V.O.)
He can't deny that this is out of
his own daydreams. And it's a fine
one. The more intelligent the man,
the more colorful and more pleasant
the variety of his dreams.
Imagination is superior to real
life, there is no flesh and blood
to be hurt. He can relax and
delight in those secret evil things
which lurk in the back of every
man's mind.

His wife EILEEN, enters. Pretty in a frail sort of way, she
regards him with a mixture of love and pain.

EILEEN
Gene, we need to talk.

RODDENBERRY
(distracted)
Uh-huh.

EILEEN
I always looked the other way, for
the sake of the kids.

RODDENBERRY
(looks up)
What are you talking about?

EILEEN
You're not discreet anymore. It's
hurting me, and it's hurting them.

RODDENBERRY
It's not about them, Eileen.

EILEEN
Like hell it isn't.

RODDENBERRY
It's not about them!

EILEEN
Of course, it's about them! They
need a father who's home, not one
who's out five nights a week
sleeping with every actress in
town! You talk about building a
better world, start at home!

RODDENBERRY
 Goddamn you, I don't need this shit
 right now. I really don't.

He rises and grabs his coat. And a camera.

EILEEN
 Where the hell are you going?

RODDENBERRY
 For inspiration!

He makes a beeline to the door.

EILEEN
 From one of your actresses?

RODDENBERRY
 Oddly enough - NO!

He goes out.

EXT. SAM PEEPLES' HOUSE - NIGHT

Roddenberry knocks on the door.

SAM PEEPLES, 46, statesman-like, glasses, answers the door.

RODDENBERRY
 Sam.

PEEPLES
 Gene. You look like shit.
 You need "The Vault"?

RODDENBERRY
 I need "The Vault".

PEEPLES
 Come on in.

INT. SAM PEEPLES' HOUSE - NIGHT

Wall-to-wall books. Specifically, science-fiction novels.
 Copies of *Astounding Stories*. Paintings of alien creatures
 and ships exploring far-off worlds.

Roddenberry follows Peeples about the main corridor.

He snaps picture after picture of the magazine covers, but
 only the ones with the space crafts.

He is looking for something.

RODDENBERRY
As you know, Sam, my science
fiction knowledge....

SNAP!

RODDENBERRY
...is somewhat limited. I need a
list...a list of authors...to be a
better student of the genre.

PEEPLS
You came to the right place, my
friend.

INT. PEEPLES' LIVING ROOM - LATER

Roddenberry's on the couch.

Peeples enters with a stack of books and list.

Roddenberry takes the list.

RODDENBERRY
"Richard Matheson, Robert Bloch,
Pohl Anderson, Harlan Ellison,
Theodore Sturgeon..."

PEEPLS
Yes, in my opinion, all joining,
Robert Heinlein, Arthur C. Clarke,
Isaac Asimov, as the new masters.
You may also want to watch
Quatermass. It's a British TV
serial. Scientist protects the
earth from extraterrestrial
phenomena. They're ahead of the
game over there. Now's it's time
for you to help us catch up.

RODDENBERRY
I'm on it. Thanks, Sam.

PEEPLS
Any time, Gene.

Roddenberry heads for the door, stops, turns...

RODDENBERRY
One other thing: I was thinking of
having this character of mine,
Spock, ingest energy through a
plate in his chest. What do you
think?

PEEPLS

I think you'd better hand back that list.

RODDENBERRY

(laughs)

That bad?

Peeples holds his nose.

INT. RODDENBERRY HOUSE - NIGHT

Roddenberry enters.

Eileen is on the couch drinking a glass of milk.

She glares at him.

EILEEN

Dawn's still awake. She wants to talk to you. That is, if you care at all.

RODDENBERRY

Of course I care. What the fuck do you...

Eileen's eyes widen. Roddenberry turns.

DAWN RODDENBERRY, AGE 11, is standing in the hall.

RODDENBERRY

Christ.

DAWN

Hey, Daddy.

RODDENBERRY

Hey, baby.

He scoops her in his arms and carries her down the hall.

INT. DAWN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Roddenberry deposits Dawn into bed.

Her room has bright white stars hanging from the ceiling.

RODDENBERRY

I guess you're too old for a bedtime story.

DAWN

Daddy, can you tell about the future?

RODDENBERRY

Alright, sweetheart.

He sits down on the bed beside her. A distant look crosses his face.

RODDENBERRY

In the future, honey, everyone will be equal. No one will judge a man by the color of his skin. All races will united for the common good, for some higher purpose. In the future, our lives will be easier. We'll have telephones that can fit in the palm of our hand. We'll have computers that will serve as the basis for all human communication, we'll stations that orbit high in the stars. We'll have a better understanding of the atom. And medicines that will treat the wider range of illnesses.

He looks down into his daughter's eyes.

RODDENBERRY

By doing my small part to make all this happen, I hope I can leave a better world for you, baby. A better world, the one my father couldn't leave for me. And there are things you can do, too. Never lose your curiosity, your sense of wonder. Always believe in humanity. Treat others with respect. And always look to the future.

DAWN

I will, Daddy.

RODDENBERRY

And one other thing - don't marry young. Just trust me on that.

DAWN

Okay.

RODDENBERRY

I love you, baby.

DAWN

I love you, too, Dad.

He kisses her good night.

INT. HERB SOLOW'S OFFICE - DAY

"JULY 1964"

Solow hangs up the phone.

Roddenberry rushes in.

RODDENBERRY
What's the word?

Solow looks down and says nothing.

RODDENBERRY
They hated it, didn't they? They passed?

Solow sighs.

RODDENBERRY
Well, we tried.

SOLOW
WE GOT IT KID!

Roddenberry jumps up as high as his heavy frame can take him.

RODDENBERRY
Yes! Which one did they pick?

SOLOW
The Cage.

RODDENBERRY
Great!

SOLOW
My favorite, too. By the way, I liked the title change. Much better than *Menagerie*. And the Captain's name - Christopher Pike - much better than April. Never name a man after a month, my father always said.

RODDENBERRY
Here we go. We have a pilot!

SOLOW
Yes. And you know what we need now, Gene?

RODDENBERRY
Yeah. A team as crazy as we are.

SOLOW
Let's go find them...

INT. HERB SOLOW'S OFFICE - DAY

Solow (behind his desk) and Roddenberry are seated facing a tall drink of water, 36, with a jaw like the Marlboro Man. He is:

"ROBERT BUTLER, DIRECTOR"

RODDENBERRY

Bob, what would you say to directing the most technically demanding pilot in the history of television?

BUTLER

I'd say, "When do I begin?"

RODDENBERRY

(to Solow)
He'll do.

BUTLER

So will you.

Roddenberry laughs.

They shake on it.

INT. RODDENBERRY'S OFFICE - DAY

Inside a cramped office with harsh, artificial lighting, small desk and one large typewriter, is-

"BILL THIESS, COSTUME DESIGNER"

- 33, trim mustache, delicate, he stands before Roddenberry with two easels, each one holding a cover from a science fiction magazine.

Both feature women in quasi-futuristic outfits that redefine "skimpy".

THIESS

I can save money by hand sewing designs of this nature out of velour. We get the effect without the dollar.

Roddenberry takes a long drag off his cigarette.

RODDENBERRY

Can you make them shorter?

THIESS

Sure.

RODDENBERRY

Good man.

INT. STUDIO SOUNDSTAGE - HOSPITAL ROOM SET - DAY

On a quiet sound stage, the filming of an episode of *The Outer Limits* is in progress.

Two actors, ROBERT DUVALL (yes, *that* Robert Duvall, in a military uniform) and STEVE IHNAT (in a wheelchair with bandaged head) are facing off:

DUVALL

What are you going to do when you get out, Lieutenant?

IHNAT

I really haven't thought about it. I'm pretty happy right here. Good food. Fine medical attention. Pretty nurses.

DUVALL

Anybody waiting for you?

IHNAT

You must have checked my records, Mr. Ballard. I have no family.

DUVALL

They wouldn't show a girl.

IHNAT

Oh. No. Nobody waiting for me.

DUVALL

None of those other men have any ties, either.

IHNAT

Link after link. Some many things in common. There's got to be a reason, a purpose. Is that it, Mr. Ballard?

DUVALL

No clue, Lieutenant. No inkling what it may be. Something alien in your head. Something guiding you. Pointing you. Directing you.

IHNAT

No.

GOLDSTONE (O.S.)

CUT! Print it.

An ASSISTANT crosses the busy soundstage.

ASSISTANT
A call for you, Mr. Goldstone.

He hands a phone to the director JAMES GOLDSTONE, a seasoned vet at 33.

GOLDSTONE
Jim Goldstone.

JUSTMAN (PHONE)
Hey Jim, it's Bob Justman.
Returning your call.

GOLDSTONE
Hey kid, you're going to be getting a call from a guy named Gene Roddenberry. He's making a science fiction pilot and he's looking for a good Associate Producer. I lost my head and lied and told him you were the best.

JUSTMAN
You've got great taste, Jimmy.
Who's this Roddenberry? I've never heard of him.

GOLDSTONE
You'll like him. I directed *The Lieutenant* for him over at MGM. He's bright. And he's unusual. It could be a big step up for you.

JUSTMAN
Thanks, Jimmy.

INT. RODDENBERRY'S OFFICE - DAY

ROBERT JUSTMAN, 38, glasses, nervously strokes his mustache, as he enters the office.

RODDENBERRY, plume of smoke rising between his fingers, rises up to meet him.

RODDENBERRY
Hi, Bob. I'm Gene. Have a seat.

They sit.

RODDENBERRY
What do you want to do in your career, Bob? What is important to you?

JUSTMAN

I've been an Assistant Director for a while, and I believe I'm a good one. But I want to use creativity and contribute ideas rather than merely using my time and energy.

RODDENBERRY

Look, Bob, I'm not one for beating around the bush. Are you ready to step up and be an Associate Producer?

LONG BEAT.

JUSTMAN

Look, I would love to say "yes", but I lack the special effects and post production knowledge a show like this will demand. You want someone more seasoned. Like Byron Haskin.

RODDENBERRY

The guy who directed *War of the Worlds*? That "Byron Haskin"?

JUSTMAN

Yeah. He's a friend. I call him "Bun".

RODDENBERRY

(rises)
Well, it was nice meeting you, Bob.

JUSTMAN

(rises)
Likewise, Gene.

Justman exits.

RODDENBERRY

(self)
He'll be back.

INT. DESILU STUDIOS HALLWAY - DAY

On his way out, Justman passes none other than BYRON HASKIN, who is a crotchety 65.

JUSTMAN

Hi, Bun, what are you up to?

HASKIN

Hi, Bobby. I'm gonna see some guy with a real funny name, Rodenberg or Rosenberry, or whatever.

(MORE)

HASKIN (cont'd)

I don't know. Probably another rank amateur who doesn't know diddley and wants me to save his ass. He's looking for an Associate Producer type for some kind of science fiction show.

JUSTMAN

Well, good luck, Bun.

HASKIN

See ya, Bobby.

INT. DESILU STUDIOS - ART DEPARTMENT - HALLWAY - DAY

Solow leads Roddenberry down the hall.

SOLOW

We got this Production Designer from Germany, Franz Bachelin. He draws a real pretty picture. But there's this kid I want you meet, Matt Jeffries. They say he's a real wizard.

They enter the "big room".

INT. THE BIG ROOM - DAY

The "big room" is a 30 X 60 foot storage space.

MATT JEFFRIES, a bookish 43, is hunched over his drafting tools, sketching a WW2 bomber plane.

It's a B-17.

SOLOW

Matt Jeffries, meet Gene Roddenberry.

JEFFRIES

Hi.

SOLOW

Well, I'll leave you to it.

He exits.

Roddenberry notices the sketch.

RODDENBERRY

You like B-17s?

JEFFRIES

I used to fly one.

RODDENBERRY

Me, too.

JEFFRIES

So tell me about this starship.

RODDENBERRY

I don't want to see any rockets. I don't want to see any flying saucers. I don't want to see any jets. I don't want see any wings.

Roddenberry squeezes his fists.

RODDENBERRY

Just make her look like she's got power.

CUT TO:

INT. THE BIG ROOM - DAY

Jeffries enters with a cardboard box of science fiction magazines, Buck Rogers and Flash Gordon toys, and flying saucer model kits.

He immediately begins redecorating his office.

FRANZ BACHELIN pops his head in.

BACHELIN

Matt, why do you have all this stuff?

JEFFRIES

To remind me. What not to do.

Jeffries grabs his paper, some charcoal, and begins sketching.

MONTAGE

- Jeffries sketches a torpedo-like cylindrical lower body.
- Jeffries draws a saucer with engines separated in a tricorn formation.
- Jeffries draws a ship with a large globe for the bridge and three cylindrical engines attached by struts.
- One of the four walls in the room begins filling with near endless variations.
- A familiar form begins to emerge. He draws a cigar-shaped midsection with a large forward-raking pylon attached to a saucer section with two cylindrical engines on top.

- He draws the two engines between the saucer section.
- Two walls fill up. Day turns to night.
- Finally, we see the ship we know and love, saucer attached by forward-raking pylon to cigar-shaped midsection with two engines attached by struts, except the engines are down!
- Jeffries draws the engines up, adds a round "sensor" to the front of the midsection and a wedge-like "energy pad" to the rear, and an iconic image is born.
- Four walls are filled.
- Jeffries makes a painting of newly-designed ship, casting her in a beautiful, majestic gray.
- Jeffries hangs the painting above his desk.
- His head sinks down, and he goes to asleep.

END MONTAGE

INT. THE BIG ROOM - MORNING

A hand is placed on Jeffries' shoulder and he awakens.

It's Roddenberry. He sees the painting and something enters his eyes. A sense of awe.

RODDENBERRY

That's it. You did it. That's our Enterprise.

CUT TO:

INT. THE ANDERSON COMPANY WORKSHOP - DAY

Jeffries supervises as an EFFECTS SHOP WORKER crafts a four-inch long model of the Enterprise out of balsa wood.

Jeffries grabs some black paint and adds some letters and numbers to the front of the saucer section.

INT. THE ANDERSON COMPANY - BLUE SCREEN STAGE - DAY

We see the USS Enterprise in all its glory, as a large miniature in front of blue screen, one hundred and thirty-four inches long.

Light in the studio gleams off a golden "warp nacelle" on the front of the ship's cylindrical body.

We hear the sound of 8 MUSICAL NOTES, the fanfare of Alexander Courage's *Star Trek* theme, as we:

CUT TO:

EXT. SPACE

The blue screen-composited Enterprise flying in the far reaches of space.

INT. HERB SOLOW'S OFFICE - DAY

Roddenberry and Solow, in discussion.

SOLOW

This pilot is gonna be a bitch. You're gonna need a good assistant director. We need someone who hasn't worked with Butler, someone who's gonna keep him wound up, and not tow the party line. You need someone to push the crew, a free thinker.

RODDENBERRY

Get me Bob Justman. He's our man.

SOLOW

You got it.

INT. HERB SOLOW'S OFFICE - LATER

Herb picks up the phone.

SOLOW

Hello, Robert Justman, how've you been? Who? Herb Solow. Call me Herb. My sources tell me you're pretty good - at least that's what Jimmy Goldstone says. And we both know he's a terrible liar. Anyhow, how would you like to be assistant director on that little *Star Trek* pilot you turned down?

INT. HERB SOLOW'S OFFICE - DAY

Bob Justman enters.

Solow rises to greet him.

SOLOW

Welcome aboard, RJ. I'm glad you're here.

(MORE)

SOLOW (cont'd)

Now I can relax while you guys make the show. Remember, it's how you play the game *and* how you win.

Roddenberry enters. He clamps a hand on Justman's shoulder.

RODDENBERRY

I knew you'd be back.

INT. RODDENBERRY'S OFFICE - DAY

Roddenberry, Bill Butler, and JOE D'AGOSTA, his casting director, sit around his desk, which is covered in glossy 8x10 head shots of talent.

RODDENBERRY

Did the network get back to us on our list for the lead?

D'AGOSTA

Yeah, all the names were approved except for Jeffrey Hunter.

RODDENBERRY

Let me get this straight: the guy does *The Searchers* with John Wayne, plays Jesus, and NBC doesn't want him?

D'AGOSTA

Nope.

RODDENBERRY

Get him.

BUTLER

You really like playing with fire, don't you, Gene?

RODDENBERRY

Yes, Bob. Yes, I do.

Roddenberry grabs a head shot of SUSAN OLIVER, 32, a shapely knockout blonde with green eyes.

RODDENBERRY

I want Susan Oliver for Vina. She's a real dish. Any objections?

BUTLER

No.

D'AGOSTA

None.

RODDENBERRY

Now, for role of the ship's doctor, Boyce, I was thinking of DeForest Kelley.

BUTLER

Isn't he the guy who turned you down for Spock?

RODDENBERRY

Yeah. But he's right for this part.

BUTLER

Actually, I went a Shakespeare festival, and I was impressed by this actor John Hoyt. I think he's right for the part.

RODDENBERRY

(caves)
Okay.

D'AGOSTA

Number One?

RODDENBERRY

Right. Now, for her I have in mind this actress. She's an unknown, but she's right for the part. Just wait till you meet her...

Butler raises an eyebrow.

INT. MAJEL BARRETT'S APARTMENT - EVENING

Roddenberry is sitting with an elated Barrett on a couch in the living room of her tiny one-bedroom Hollywood apartment.

Barrett is holding a script.

BARRETT

I can't believe you wrote Number One for me! And she's just perfect!

RODDENBERRY

It's gonna be your big break, babe.

BARRETT

I love you, Gene.

She gives him a passionate kiss.

RODDENBERRY

Hon, did you get a chance to read the description of the Spock character?

BARRETT

Yes.

RODDENBERRY

I was wondering if you could tell me who you think is right for it.

BARRETT

(glance at the script)
Well, let me see, he has a "satanic look". That's easy - you want Leonard Nimoy!

RODDENBERRY

I was thinking the same thing.

BARRETT

He's perfect for it.

RODDENBERRY

Well, he does look like the devil. By the way, Jerry Stanley at NBC figured out that you were my girlfriend, and I sweetened the deal by saying you'd do free makeup tests.

BARRETT

What makeup tests?

INT. DESILU MAKEUP DEPARTMENT - DAY

In front of a light blue curtain serving as a backdrop, Roddenberry and a CAMERA OPERATOR watch as veteran makeup artist FRED PHILLIPS, 46, coats Majel Barrett's face in sticky, gloppy forest green makeup.

RODDENBERRY

You see, hon, the idea is that with their green skin, the Orion slave girls are irresistible to all men.

BARRETT

(sarcastic)
Obviously.

But despite her skepticism, the green skin makes a stunning contrast to Barrett's clear blue eyes and long raven hair.

BARRETT

Freddie, can you hand me a mirror?

Phillips hands her a hand mirror.

BARRETT

Gene, darling, I look like the fucking Jolly Green Giant.

PHILLIPS
All right, let's roll it.

INT. DESILU EXECUTIVE PROJECTION ROOM - DAY

Film of the makeup test begins to roll and Roddenberry and Phillips stare from their seats in horror.

Aside from a small hint of green, Majel Barrett has perfectly normal skin tones!

RODDENBERRY
What the fuck?

PHILLIPS
I don't understand it. You saw how much green I used!

RODDENBERRY
Use more green.

PHILLIPS
Well, maybe it's the Eastman stock we're using, maybe it's unable to replicate the color.

RODDENBERRY
Try more green.

INT. DESILU MAKEUP DEPARTMENT - DAY

Barrett is in front of the same neutral backdrop, looking quite peeved, as Phillips applies even heavier dark green makeup to her face.

She glares at Roddenberry.

BARRETT
If I have to do this again, I'm going to kill you, Gene.

PHILLIPS
Okay, let's roll it!

INT. DESILU EXECUTIVE PROJECTION ROOM - DAY

The makeup test runs, and Roddenberry and Phillips' jaws drop.

It's the same result.

Aside from a hint of green, Barrett's skin tone is normal.

PHILLIPS
This is fucking impossible!

RODDENBERRY
I don't fucking understand it,
either, Freddie.

They compose themselves.

PHILLIPS
More green?

RODDENBERRY
Yeah.

INT. DESILU MAKEUP DEPARTMENT - DAY

Phillips applies an even thicker green solution to Barrett's face.

Roddenberry smokes and continually shakes his head.

Barrett gives him the evil eye.

BARRETT
You're a dead man, Roddenberry. I'm
gonna wait till you fall asleep,
and I'm gonna cut it off.

Roddenberry shrugs.

PHILLIPS
(grim resignation)
Okay. Fucking roll it.

INT. DESILU EXECUTIVE PROJECTION ROOM - DAY

The film runs. Same result.

Roddenberry and Phillips sit in silence.

PHILLIPS
(explodes)
Motherfucking piss-ass shit!

RODDENBERRY
I know. I'm gonna call the lab.

PHILLIPS
Call them! Call them! Tell them
their film stock is garbage!

INT. RODDENBERRY'S OFFICE - LATER

Roddenberry picks up the phone.

RODDENBERRY
Hi, it's Gene Roddenberry.

LAB TECHNICIAN (PHONE)

What's up?

RODDENBERRY

It's that Eastman stock you sent us. How come it can't handle green?

LAB TECHNICIAN

You saw it, too? It's the strangest thing. We had to work like hell to correct the color prints, but we still couldn't get all that green out.

Roddenberry is mortified.

RODDENBERRY

I see.

He hangs up the phone.

RODDENBERRY

Well, fuck me stupid.

He cracks a smile. And begins to laughs. And laughs. And....

INT. RODDENBERRY'S OFFICE - DAY

Leonard Nimoy sits across from Roddenberry in his office, holding a script.

RODDENBERRY

Well, what did you think?

NIMOY

There isn't a character like this one television. The whole inner conflict between logic and emotion - I love it! Of course I'll do it.

RODDENBERRY

Great!

NIMOY

But there is just one thing--

RODDENBERRY

What's that?

NIMOY

Gene, do I really look like Satan?

RODDENBERRY

(deadpan)

Yes, Leonard, you look like he. Beelzebub. Mephisto. The Prince of Darkness.

Nimoy smiles.

NIMOY

Good. I was just checking.

RODDENBERRY

Well, not that we've got that sorted out, I want you go to see Freddie Phillips down in makeup. He'll get you your ears.

NIMOY

Ears?

INT. DESILU MAKEUP DEPARTMENT - DAY

Leonard is in the makeup chair, as Freddie Phillips, tries in vain to glue a crappily made pair of pointy ears to his head.

PHILLIPS

Mother piss ass fuck. These are not working!

CUT TO:

INT. HERB SOLOW'S OFFICE - DAY

Solow and Justman are going over some budgetary figures, when Phillips storms in.

He tosses what looks like freakish monster ears onto Solow's desk. Not proper Spock ears.

PHILLIPS

I can't work with this shit!

JUSTMAN

What do you propose we do, Freddie?

PHILLIPS

These are not going to work! I need to go to an appliance lab to do these right!

SOLOW

Do you have any idea how much that's going to cost?

PHILLIPS

Yes! To have the first pair properly made is going to cost 600 bucks. After that, each pair is going to cost, in my estimation, from 100 to 150.

(MORE)

PHILLIPS (cont'd)

But to pay for the labor involved in casting a new pair, making the molds, and making the damn thing, you're gonna need six bills.

JUSTMAN

Look, Freddie, I respect what you do around here as much as anyone else does, but six bills is a bit steep. As it stands, our budget is already ballooning, we haven't shot a single frame, and we have 11 production days for this show. I'm sorry, but we can't afford that much for ears right now.

PHILLIPS

Listen, it's a simple choice. Do you want good, high quality ears, or do you want shit?

JUSTMAN

Put in those terms, Freddie, I guess we want shit. How do you feel, Herb?

SOLOW

I can live with shit.

PHILLIPS

Then shit it is! Fuck!

Freddie storms out.

INT. DESILU MAKEUP DEPARTMENT - DAY

Leonard squirms, as Phillips tries in a vain to apply a pair of creepy creature ears straight out of a Halloween shop.

When he attaches them, the tops go lopsided, bending at an angle.

PHILLIPS

That's it! That's fucking it!

He reaches for a nearby phone.

PHILLIPS

MGM Studios, this is Freddie Phillips. Get me Charlie Schramm in the makeup department. Hello, Charlie?

SCHRAMM (PHONE)

What's up?

PHILLIPS

I've got a guy here who needs ears that are a cross between Peter Pan and Mephistopheles, and I need them by Friday.

SCHRAMM

Sure! Come on down!

PHILLIPS

(hangs up)
Let's go!

Nimoy rises. Point to his ears.

NIMOY

But what about the--?

PHILLIPS

Fuck it!

CUT TO:

EXT. SANTA MONICA BOULEVARD - DAY

Two guys, one with crappy Spock ears, blast down the boulevard in a fire-red Caddy.

EXT. MGM LOT - DAY

The Caddy drives on to the historic Metro-Golden Mayer Lot.

INT. MGM MAKEUP DEPARTMENT - DAY

Leonard is seated in a makeup chair in a department 10 times of that at Desilu.

CHARLIE SCHRAMM watches, as Phillips applies, a perfectly molded version of the Vulcan ears we know and love.

They admire their handiwork.

But something's off. Nimoy's ears are sticking out like a human's.

A light goes off in Phillips' head.

PHILLIPS

Charlie, you got any wig tape?

SCHRAMM

Yeah!

He grabs some off a table and hands them to Phillips.

Phillips tapes back Nimoy's ears with the transparent adhesive.

PHILLIPS

I go to do something with the eyebrows? Do you have yak fur?

SCHRAMM

Sure!

NIMOY

Are you kidding me?

INT. MGM MAKEUP DEPARTMENT - 45 MINUTES LATER

Nimoy now has hair in a bowl cut, and his eyebrows are shaved at the sides, with yak hair put in place to create satanic points.

Phillips and Schramm are ecstatic.

PHILLIPS

That's him- that's our Spock! What do you think, Leonard?

Nimoy stares into a mirror, at the hair, the eyebrows, a newly-yellow complexion.

His eyes linger on the pointy ears, and he looks uncertain.

PHILLIPS

Leonard?

EXT. DESILU STUDIOS - DAY

Nimoy, in full Spock make-up, walks across the lot toward the offices.

He passes a GRIP from the crew.

GRIP

Hey, nice ears!

NIMOY

Fuck off.

INT. RODDENBERRY'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Nimoy storms in, sits down. Roddenberry looks up.

NIMOY

Gene, I don't know if I can do this. I have my career to look out for. I have worked my ass off to be taken seriously as an actor.

(MORE)

NIMOY (cont'd)

I don't want people to look at me like some kind of freak. Can I at least lose the ears?

RODDENBERRY

No.

NIMOY

Why not?

RODDENBERRY

The ears are a sign of Spock's intelligence. They, along with the satanic eyebrows, make some Spock something viewers may initially be shocked by. But it is up you, with your gifts as an actor to open their minds. Look out there, Leonard, the world is changing, and Spock is part of that change. Spock is the other, the way the black is the other, or the Russian is the other. You will make the people see.

NIMOY

That makes sense.

RODDENBERRY

And the inner conflict that attracted you to this role, that battle that in a way exists in all our hearts, that will allow you to give Spock a depth that will break down any conceptions people have over his appearance.

NIMOY

Beautiful words, but I'm still not sure.

RODDENBERRY

(goes in for the kill)
Leonard, play the role. If the first thirteen episodes go by and you're still unhappy about Spock's ears, I swear to God, I personally... will write you an episode wherein we give him a fucking ear job and he ends up looking just like everybody else.

Nimoy bursts out laughing.

RODDENBERRY

A fucking ear-o-plasty!

Nimoy laughs harder.

RODDENBERRY
A fucking ear-ectomy!

NIMOY
Stop! Stop! I'll do it!

=INT. RODDENBERRY'S OFFICE - DAY

Roddenberry, Haskin, and Justman are in conference.
Things are heating up.

HASKIN
I'm telling you it can't be done!

RODDENBERRY
And I'm telling you there's gotta
be a way we can do this transporter
effect.

HASKIN
Listen, *kid*, I've been in this
business for 40 years, and when I
say something can't be done, that's
because it can't be done!

RODDENBERRY
Fuck you.

HASKIN
Fuck you, too!

Roddenberry storms out of his own office.

HASKIN
Fucking amateur. That idiot does
not know his ass from his elbows.

JUSTMAN
Listen, Bun, you may be right. But
we have to work together.

HASKIN
You're all right, Bobby. I'll tell
you what: I'll go over to the boys
at Anderson Company and see what
can be done.

JUSTMAN
Thanks, Bun.

INT. HERB SOLOW'S OFFICE - DAY

Oscar Katz pops in. Herb looks up.

KATZ

Guess what, Herb? I got Susan Oliver.

SOLOW

How did you do that?

KATZ

I took her to the big office, used my best smooth talk--

SOLOW

You didn't tell her about the green makeup, did you?

KATZ

(looks down)

No.

SOLOW

Um, Oscar, you may want to stay away from the set for a while.

KATZ

Yeah. Good thinking, kid.

INT. SOUNDSTAGE - DESILU CULVER - MORNING

In a soundstage in the Desilu Productions Culver City studio, the "Captain's Quarters" set stands. It is a light grey room, consistent with tones of the Enterprise. A large sea blue dome serves as the ceiling.

Actor JEFFREY HUNTER, 38, as Captain Christopher Pike, rests on a small bed, looking upward. JOHN HOYT, 59, as the older, fatherly Doctor Phillip Boyce, sits in a nearby chair.

In front of them, on the soundstage, cinematographer BILL SNYDER adjusts a large light.

In position are: DICK KELLEY, camera operator; "SLIM" HAUGHTON, the sound mixer, adjusting his headphones.

Bob Butler sits in his director's chair.

In the center is Bob Justman. Behind him are Solow and Roddenberry.

ASSORTED CREW go about their duties.

Today is:

"November 27, 1964 - the first day of shooting".

EXT. DESILU CULVER SOUNDSTAGE - DAY

Outside on the soundstage door, FLASHING RED LIGHTS indicate that filming is in progress.

INT. SOUNDSTAGE

Everyone is ready.

RODDENBERRY

(self)

May the wind be at our backs.

JUSTMAN

Quiet, please. This will be a take.
Roll it!

But before sound can roll and camera can roll, Haughton, the sound mixer, rips off his headphones.

A loud "cooing" can be heard.

Everyone looks around.

Haughton points up to the rafters.

BUTLER

(to Justman)

What's that, Bob?

JUSTMAN

Sounds like pigeons.

BUTLER

Pigeons?

JUSTMAN

In the rafters. I think they live here.

BUTLER

Ask them to be quiet.

SOLOW

Why don't we just shoot them, RJ?

JUSTMAN

I don't think the Humane Society would like that, Herb. DAMMIT, can someone get some pigeon herders in here?

HUNTER

(to Hoyt)

This is just like working with John Wayne.

INT. SOUNDSTAGE - LATER

High up toward the ceiling PIGEON HERDERS stand perched on high rafters, pursuing the pigeons, who just move even higher.

The herders try yelling and waving their arms.

Frightened, the pigeons fly around in panic, crashing into scaffolding and the rafters.

INT. SOUNDSTAGE - ONE HOUR LATER

Defeated, the pigeon herders stand with the crew on the main floor.

JUSTMAN

Okay, okay, turn off the lights and open the stage doors! It's dark in here and light outside. The birds will fly to the light, so stand by to close the doors when they leave.

GRIPS open the massive stage doors, letting in daylight.

Instead of flying out, more pigeons fly in.

RODDENBERRY

Jesus.

CUT TO:

EXT. SOUNDSTAGE - MOMENTS LATER

Justman, Solow and Roddenberry hurl Cracker Jacks, seed, and bread crumbs on the pavement outside the soundstage.

INT. SOUNDSTAGE - LATER

Hunter and Hoyt, becoming impatient, are in position, as are the crew.

The pigeons can no longer be heard.

JUSTMAN

This'll be a take! Quiet, please!
Roll it!

HAUGHTON

Speed.

KELLEY

Marker.

His ASSISTANT does the slate.

BUTLER

Action.

Hunter moves on his bed, restlessly, while Hoyt opens a bag and begins mixing a martini.

HUNTER

What's that? I didn't say there was anything wrong with me.

HOYT

I heard you picked up a distress signal.

BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!

Haughton flings his headphones.

Workers are hammering in the next-door stage.

BUTLER

CUT!

JUSTMAN

Fuck!

Justman runs to the door to the adjacent stage, flings it open, and goes inside.

INT. ADJACENT SOUNDSTAGE

A group of CARPENTERS are building a CAVERN SET.

In his fury, Justman points to a flashing red light above the door.

JUSTMAN

CAN YOU NOT SEE THE FUCKING RED LIGHT? ARE YOU FUCKING BLIND? COME ON!

He turns and runs for the door.

JUSTMAN

Red light on, no hammer! Red light off, hammer!

He disappears through the door, leaving a stunned group of workers.

INT. SOUNDSTAGE

Justman comes running back in.

JUSTMAN

Quiet! Roll it!

HAUGHTON
Speed.

KELLEY
Marker.

BUTLER
Action.

HUNTER
What's that? I--

WHOOOOSH! CLANG-RATTLE!

Pipes in the stage rattle, as someone flushes a toilet.

BUTLER
Son of a bitch!

HUNTER
Yep. Definitely like working with
John Wayne.

BUTLER
Bob!

JUSTMAN
I know, I know!

Justman rushes out of the soundstage - again.

INT. STUDIO BATHROOM

Justman is in the ladies' room, pleading with the SOLE STALL
OCCUPANT.

JUSTMAN
Come on, lady!

OCCUPANT
Get the hell out of here!

INT. STUDIO BATHROOMS

CREW MEMBERS install FLASHING RED LIGHTS in both rest rooms.

INT. SOUNDSTAGE

Justman comes running back in. He gives Bill Butler a thumbs-
up.

JUSTMAN
This is a take!

HAUGHTON
Speed!

KELLEY
Marker!

BUTLER
Ac...

WHOOSH!!!

His words are drowned out by another flushing toilet.

RODDENBERRY
Jesus! When you gotta go...

BUTLER
Bob!

JUSTMAN
I'm on it!

EXT. STUDIO BATHROOMS

BURLY CREW MEN now stand blocking the entrance to the rest rooms.

INT. SOUNDSTAGE - MOMENTS LATER

The crew is in place.

JUSTMAN
Quiet, please! This is a take! Roll it!

HAUGHTON
Speed!

KELLEY
Marker!

BZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZ!!!

Haughton throws off his headphones.

HAUGHTON
Cut! What's that?

BUTLER
Yeah, what is that, Bob?

JUSTMAN
Sounds like bees.

BUTLER
Bees?

JUSTMAN

Yeah. I think they live here. This is an old studio. This is where they burned Atlanta for *Gone with the Wind*.

BUTLER

They should have burned this place, as well.

JUSTMAN

WILL SOMEONE GET ME SOME BEEKEEPERS?

INT. SOUNDSTAGE - LATER

BEEKEEPERS in protective suits lure groups of bees together.

INT. SOUNDSTAGE - LATER

The crew, harried, annoyed, prepares once again for the shot.

JUSTMAN

(voice shot)

This is a take!

HAUGHTON

Speed!

KELLEY

Marker!

BUTLER

Action!

And Jeffrey Hunter cuts a MASSIVE FART.

John Hoyt loses it.

BUTLER

CUT!

JUSTMAN

(livid)

Are you all right, Jeff?

HUNTER

Well, Bob...I'm clear now!

Hoyt falls out of his chair.

BUTLER

Let's go again!

And we launch into an extended version of Alexander Courage's *Star Trek* theme, as we:

CUT TO:

MONTAGE

INT. DESILU STUDIOS - ART DEPARTMENT

Franz Bachelin paints a large matte painting of a pink landscape with a large fortress of gold domes and parapets.

INT. DESILU CULVER STAGE 16 - DAY

Hunter as Pike and SUSAN OLIVER as Vina (in a princess costume) run in front of Bachelin's matte painting toward the castle.

INT. RODDENBERRY'S OFFICE - DAY

Roddenberry speaks into a Dictaphone, while Dorothy Fontana types away.

INT. PROJECTED UNLIMITED EFFECTS HOUSE - DAY

In a small workshop, WAH CHANG, a designer crippled in a wheelchair by polio.

He sculpts a large pink veiny head with a giant egg-like cranium.

INT. DESILU STUDIOS WARDROBE DEPARTMENT - DAY

Bill Thiess binds the breasts of a middle-aged ACTRESS with ACE bandages.

INT. DESILU MAKEUP DEPARTMENT - DAY

Freddie Phillips applies a rubber version of Wah Chang's alien mask to the head of the same actress, who is now clad in a loose grey tunic.

INT. DESILU STUDIOS EFFECTS DEPARTMENT - DAY

Effects guy JOE LOMBARDI, tests a rubber bladder on the head of the actress, as Roddenberry looks on.

Lombardi clenches a squeeze bulb.

The veins on the rubber head bulge.

Roddenberry gives Lombardi the thumbs-up.

INT. DESILU CULVER SOUNDSTAGE - DAY

Matt Jeffries oversees CARPENTERS as they construct a set that resembles a cavern of black rock and octagonal arches with patches of greenery.

INT. DESILU CULVER SOUNDSTAGE

THREE ACTRESSES in the alien (TALOSIAN) costumes walk saunter down the cavern set, their veins bulging.

INT. DESILU STUDIOS EFFECTS DEPARTMENT - DAY

JACK BRIGGS, effects guy, is at a work bench, assembling out of molded plastic the first PHASER, which resembles a classic laser pistol.

EXT. DESILU CULVER STAGE 16 - DAY

The crew films.

Majel Barrett (as Number One) outside the Talosian cavern stands flanked by Hunter (in a familiar gold uniform), Susan Oliver in a silver mini, and Yeoman Colt (LAUREL GOODWIN), as she sets her phaser on OVERLOAD.

A Talosian backs away in terror.

INT. ENTERPRISE BRIDGE SET - DAY

On a bridge a bit different from that of Kirk and company, Joe Lombardi applies to screwdriver to a navigation panel.

Yellow computer lights come to life.

INT. DESILU STUDIOS HALLWAY - DAY

Justman hustles down the corridor, nervously stroking his mustache.

INT. DESILU STUDIOS WARDROBE DEPARTMENT - NIGHT

A bleary Bill Thiess hand stitches a skimpy gray green velour outfit - by hand.

INT. DESILU CULVER SOUNDSTAGE - DAY

The crew films as Susan Oliver, clad in Thiess' creation (wearing raven hair and green body makeup) dances seductively in a torch lit decadent palace chamber by a reflecting pool.

Watching her dance is Hunter dressed as a slave trader surrounded by other TRADERS and ASSORTED SLAVE GIRLS.

Roddenberry watches, quite pleased with himself.

INT. DESILU CULVER SOUNDSTAGE - LATER

Oscar Katz arrives on set and the SLAVE GIRLS hold up a large sign.

It reads "Where's Oscar?"

INT. GLEN GLENN SOUND STUDIOS - DAY

Composer ALEXANDER COURAGE, 45, stands conducting FIVE MUSICIANS with strange-looking instruments.

Together they produce strange and beautiful sounds.

INT. DESILU CULVER STAGE 16 - DAY

The crew goes in tight on Nimoy and Hunter under a dark blue sky before the matte of the alien landscape.

Surrounded by Hoyt, actor PETER DURYEA and other CREWMEN, they examine a light blue plant.

Nimoy touches it and it vibrates, making one of Courage's beautiful sounds.

INT. DESILU CULVER SOUNDSTAGE - DAY

The crew films on the transporter set.

Hunter, Nimoy, Hoyt and the others stand on the platform, at the ready.

INT. THE ANDERSON COMPANY WORKSHOP - DAY

DARRELL ANDERSON stands with a SLOW-MOTION CAMERA in front of black backdrop.

Beside the backdrop, a TECHNICIAN stands with a container full of shiny grains of aluminum powder.

Anderson turns the camera upside down on its tripod.

ANDERSON

Action!

Anderson rolls, as TECHNICIAN 2 switches on a lamp behind the backdrop, sending light pouring through.

ANDERSON

Now!

Technician 1 pours the powder between the backdrop and the camera.

INT. ANDERSON COMPANY EDITING ROOM - DAY

Anderson sits on an editing bench, and we watch as he composites the transporter room footage with the footage of the aluminum grain.

He smiles, as he watches the first beaming in *Star Trek* history.

INT. DESILU STUDIOS - RECORDING STAGE - DAY

The *Trek* theme peaks, as Alexander Courage conducts a FULL ORCHESTRA, accompanied by singer LOULIE JEAN NORMAN, 51.

The soprano's voice SOARS.

INT. THE ANDERSON COMPANY - BLUE SCREEN STAGE - DAY

Anderson supervises his CREW as they capture a shot of the Enterprise in all her glory.

BUTLER

CUT!

END MONTAGE

INT. DESILU CULVER SOUNDSTAGE - BRIDGE SET - DAY

The crew is filming on the Bridge Set.

On the bridge are Hunter (in his Captain's Chair), Nimoy (in a familiar blue shirt), Majel Barrett (at her console), Hoyt, Dureyea, and ASSORTED CREW.

JUSTMAN

All right, folks, we're going MOS on this one. This is a take!

KELLEY

Marker!

BUTLER

Action!

Roddenberry watches, as the bridge crew goes silent, creating an eerie, almost surreal atmosphere.

His friend, writer Christopher Knopf, appears at his side.

Knopf's eyes scan across the silent faces of the all-white cast.

KNOPF

Gene, what happened to your vision of a multi-ethnic cast?

RODDENBERRY

Baby steps, Chris. Baby steps. We'll catch up.

INT. DESILU EXECUTIVE PROJECTION ROOM - DAY

"*THE CAGE* - NBC pilot screening"

Roddenberry, Solow, Jerry Stanley, Grant Tinker, enter the room joking and laughing with other NBC EXECUTIVES.

Last to enter is:

"MORT WERNER, NBC HEAD OF PROGRAMMING"

Age 47, he looks like a vaudevillian.

He takes his seat in the center.

Roddenberry and Solow take seats in the back.

WERNER

All right, Herb. Wow me.

The projector comes to life and the pilot spills out on the screen.

MONTAGE

- Space. The title comes to life, and the Enterprise traverses the stars.
- The bridge crew. Hunter bumps right into Laurel Goodwin (Yeoman Colt).
- Hunter speaks with Hoyt in the Captain's quarters.
- We see the inside of the Enterprise bridge, with Hunter flanked by Nimoy and Barrett, as the ship warps.
- Hunter, Nimoy, Hoyt and CREW dematerialize on the transporter platform.

- Grant Tinker shoves popcorn in his mouth like a little boy.
- The crew walk across the alien planet, with its Monument Valley-looking surface features.
- The Enterprise crew discovers a wrecked ship with OLD SCIENTISTS.
- Hunter lays his eyes on Susan Oliver.
- Stanley gulps hard.
- Hunter is taken by the TALOSIANS into the cavern.
- We see Hunter in a clear glass cell, raging at a Talosian.
- Hunter runs with Oliver toward the alien fortress with gold domes.
- Hunter, with mace and shield defends Oliver against a DEFORMED-LOOKING WARRIOR who comes at them with an axe.
- Werner grips his seat.
- Hunter impales the Warrior with a bladed staff.
- Hunter and Oliver disappear.
- Hunter and Oliver, back in the cage.

HUNTER
Why are you here?

OLIVER
To please you.

HUNTER
Are you real?

OLIVER
As real as you wish.

- Barrett and OTHER CREW watch as giant metal laser tries to cut into the cavern with a blue laser beam, to no effect.
- Hunter and Oliver in the cage:

HUNTER
Why did they go underground?

OLIVER
War, thousands of years ago.

- Close on Oliver:

OLIVER
We're like Adam and Eve.

- Hunter and Oliver sit, having a picnic in a "park" setting.
- Hunter sits in the palace chamber, watching Oliver, with green skin, during her seductive dance.
- The men in the screening room's jaws drop.
- Goodwin and Barrett appear inside the cage.
- Oliver: "No! Let me finish!"
- Nimoy watches as all the Enterprise's systems shut down.
- A TALOSIAN appears outside the cage's food slot.
- Hunter pulls him through it.
- Roddenberry and Solow exchange nervous glances.
- The cage is revealed as illusory. A hole created by phaser blast appears in the glass.
- Hunter and the others force the Talosian to take them to the surface.
- With her and the others now on the surface, Barrett sets her phaser to overload.
- Hunter: "You give me proof that our ship is all right, and send these two back, I'll stay with her."
- The other Talosians appear on the surface.

TALOSIAN 1

We had not thought this possible.
The customs and history of your
race show a unique hatred of
captivity. Even when it's pleasant
and benevolent, you prefer death.
This makes you too violent a
species for our needs.

- Tight on Oliver: "I can't go with you."
- Oliver reveals her features as having been mangled by the wreck: her beauty is just an illusion.
- Hunter watches as a smiling Oliver, her beauty restored, walks into the cavern with an illusion double of himself.
- Hunter and the others are on the bridge.

GOODWIN

Who would have been Eve?

- Close on Hunter and Hoyt.

HOYT
"Eve"? As in "Adam"?

HUNTER
As in "All ships Doctors Are Dirty
old Men".

- The Enterprise WHOOSHES off into the vast infinite.
- The credit: "Directed by Bob Butler" appears.

END MONTAGE

INT. DESILU EXECUTIVE PROJECTION ROOM

The lights come up.

Roddenberry and Solow are drenched in sweat.

The EXECS applaud.

Werner rises, then shakes Roddenberry's, then Solow's hand.

WERNER
I must tell you something, Herb.
I've seen science fiction, outer
space films, you name it. But I
never felt I was aboard a
spacecraft. I never believed the
crew was a real crew. But you guys
gave me the feeling of total
belief. I love it. Grant and I will
be in touch.

The EXECS, one by one, shake Solow's hand, and leave the
room.

Solow slumps down next to Roddenberry, who sighs with relief.

Roddenberry sees a grim expression on Solow's face.

RODDENBERRY
What is it, Herb? He liked it!

Solow shakes his head.

SOLOW
He didn't make us an offer.

They sit in silence.

INT. SOLOW'S OFFICE - DAYS LATER

Solow is on the phone.

SOLOW

What? Really? This is the first time I've ever heard of this being done! We'll be in touch.

He puts down the receiver.

Roddenberry enters, sits down.

RODDENBERRY

Well...?

SOLOW

Well, Eugene, I've got good news and some bad news.

RODDENBERRY

They passed, didn't they?

SOLOW

Yes.

RODDENBERRY

Damn.

SOLOW

But...they're giving us a second pilot! It's never been done before! We're the first!

RODDENBERRY

Yes!

He pumps his fist.

RODDENBERRY

But why didn't they like the first one?

SOLOW

The NBC party line is that it's "too cerebral".

RODDENBERRY

And the truth?

SOLOW

They think they can't sell it to the Bible belt. They want more action, more adventure, a little less fantasy, and a little less sex.

RODDENBERRY

I can do that.

SOLOW

That was the good news.

RODDENBERRY
And the bad news?

SOLOW
They want some casting changes.

RODDENBERRY
What?

EXT. SOLOW'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Roddenberry exits, where he is joined by Dorothy Fontana.
They start walking.

FONTANA
How'd it go?

RODDENBERRY
NBC's giving us a second pilot.

FONTANA
That's great!

RODDENBERRY
But they want me to get rid of
Spock. I am therefore going to keep
him, anyway. But, outside of
Hunter, I can't keep anyone else.
(he looks down)
That includes Number One.

FONTANA
How are you going to tell Majel?

RODDENBERRY
With love?

CUT TO:

INT. MAJEL BARRETT'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Barrett is on the sofa in tears.

Roddenberry sits beside her, trying to console her.

Without warning, she violently shoves him.

BARRETT
You son of a bitch!

RODDENBERRY
Baby, I could only save one, and
Spock is the soul of the show, you
know that.

BARRETT

Why couldn't you fight for me? It's bad enough I have to deal with people whispering about us. You'll never leave your wife - what am I left with?

RODDENBERRY

I was thinking, maybe we could sneak you in as the voice of the computer.

BARRETT

"Voice of the computer"? You son of a bitch!

Roddenberry grabs her tight.

BARRETT

Let me go, you bastard! I don't know why I stick around!

Roddenberry kisses her tears.

RODDENBERRY

You know why.

BARRETT

'Cause I'm stupid.

RODDENBERRY

'Cause you love me.

BARRETT

Lucky me.

Exhausted, she collapses into his arms.

INT. DESILU EXECUTIVE PROJECTIVE ROOM - DAY

Gene and Herb look at their watches.

HERB

Hunter's late.

Someone enters. Instead of Jeffrey Hunter, it is JOAN BARTLETT aka Mrs. Jeffrey Hunter.

RODDENBERRY

(surprised)
Sandy.

SOLOW

Mrs. Hunter.

BARTLETT

Let's get this thing over with,
shall we?

They take their seats, the lights dim, and "The Cage" plays out across the screen.

INT. DESILU EXECUTIVE PROJECTIVE ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Susan Oliver is doing her sultry green-skinned dance.

Mrs. Hunter is not pleased.

INT. DESILU EXECUTIVE PROJECTIVE ROOM - LATER

The lights come up. Everybody rises.

RODDENBERRY

(knows what's coming)
Well?

BARTLETT

This is not the kind of show Jeff wants to do. Besides, it's not good for his career. Jeffrey Hunter is a movie star. Thank you for your time.

With that, Bartlett exits the screening room.

SOLOW

I didn't realize Hunter's attorney would be present.

RODDENBERRY

Maybe we should hire her.

INT. HERB SOLOW'S OFFICE - DAY

Roddenberry waits, as Solow gets off the phone.

SOLOW

Alright, here's the deal. NBC wants three scripts for the second pilot to chose from.

RODDENBERRY

I can do that. I'll write the first. Jimmy Goldstone's got this writer friend Steven Kandel - I'll give him my outline for *The Women*, we'll see what he can with that.

SOLOW

The one about the trader with the
space hookers?

RODDENBERRY

Space mail order brides.

SOLOW

Excuse me. And the third?

RODDENBERRY

I know a guy.

EXT. SAM PEEPLES' HOUSE - NIGHT

Roddenberry wraps on the door.

A groggy Peeples answers.

RODDENBERRY

I need a favor.

INT. SAM PEEPLES' HOUSE - LIBRARY - EARLY MORNING

Peeples is hunched over his Smith-Corona, pounding out word
after word.

Roddenberry is slumped, half-asleep, on a nearby couch, lit
cigarette dangling from his fingers.

PEEPLES

Gene! I got it!

Roddenberry snaps to attention.

RODDENBERRY

Lay it on me.

PEEPLES

Okay, we got the new Captain-what's
the name you want to use?

RODDENBERRY

James T. Kirk.

PEEPLES

Kirk, right. So, Captain Kirk,
space alpha male, has this friend
and crew member, Lt. Cmdr. Gary
Mitchell. His other buddy who plays
chess with, is his first officer
Spock.

RODDENBERRY

Continue.

PEEPLS

One day the Enterprise locates in space the ship recorder of another vessel, which reveals the Captain ordered the ship to self-destruct. It also says they hit a strange energy barrier. So, naturally, the Enterprise hits the same barrier. Mitchell and the sexy, yet cold ship psychiatrist Dr. Elizabeth Dehner both get zapped. Mitchell's eyes turn silver and he gets god-like powers, which make him grow stronger and stronger. Dehner, who has a thing for powerful men, falls for Mitchell and reveals she has powers of her own. Eventually, Mitchell becomes a threat to the ship, and Kirk has to choose his ship or the life of his friend.

RODDENBERRY

And by killing Mitchell...

PEEPLS

He strengthens his bond with Spock.

RODDENBERRY

That's great stuff, Sam. What do you call this show?

Peeples shows Roddenberry the title of his outline:

Where No Man Has Gone Before.

RODDENBERRY

(smiles)

Yeah.

INT. SOLOW'S OFFICE - DAY

Roddenberry enters and drops three script on Solow's desk: *Where No Man Has Gone Before* by Sam Peeples, *The Omega Glory* by Gene Roddenberry, and *Mudd's Women* by Stephen Kandel.

INT. SOLOW'S OFFICE - DAY

Solow is on the phone with Jerry Stanley.

SOLOW

What do you think, Jerome?

STANLEY (PHONE)

We think *Mudd's Women* is well-written and could be a great series episode, but we feel the episode is a bit too light, and that space hookers are not the best way to introduce *Star Trek* to America.

SOLOW

The Omega Glory?

STANLEY

Jesus, Herb, are you trying to kill us? Roddenberry's script is terrible. I get it, and I personally have no problem with a little commentary on our problems with the Soviets, but calling the two alien races "Yangs" and "Kohms"? Really? Hit me with a sledgehammer, why don't you?

SOLOW

Yeah, it's a bit rough. And the other one?

STANLEY

Where No Man Has Gone Before? We love it. It has everything. Action, adventure, courage, honor, sacrifice, with just a hint of sex. We want this as the second pilot.

SOLOW

Great! We'll get on it.

STANLEY

We'll be in touch.

INT. SOLOW'S OFFICE - LATER

Roddenberry slouches in.

RODDENBERRY

Well?

SOLOW

They thought *Mudd's Women* was too frothy for the pilot.

RODDENBERRY

I agree.

SOLOW

They thought *The Omega Glory* was the best-written.

RODDENBERRY
I agree with that, too. But?

SOLOW
But they feel with the action and everything that *Where No Man Has Gone Before* would make the best introduction to the series.

RODDENBERRY
That makes sense. Let's get on it.

INT. RODDENBERRY OFFICE - DAY

Bob Justman enters.

RODDENBERRY
Bobby!

Roddenberry rises and embraces him in an Irish bear hug.

JUSTMAN
What's up, Gene?

RODDENBERRY
I've asked you this before, but I think this time your answer may be different. They've given us a second pilot. Would you like to be Associate Producer?

JUSTMAN
What about Byron?

RODDENBERRY
Creative differences. But I called him. He gave his blessing.

JUSTMAN
Then I accept. Have we found a director?

RODDENBERRY
Yeah. Your old buddy James Goldstone.

JUSTMAN
Small world.

RODDENBERRY
Yeah. Now let's make this son of a bitch.

INT. DESILU STUDIOS HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Justman nearly runs smack into James Goldstone.

GOLDSTONE

Christ, Bob, now matter where I go,
you keep popping up.

JUSTMAN

I like abuse. Seriously, though,
thanks for telling Gene about me.

GOLDSTONE

My biggest mistake.

He smiles and claps Justman on the back.

GOLDSTONE

Let's get to work.

INT. SOLOW'S OFFICE - DAY

Goldstone and Roddenberry sits while Solow put down the
phone.

RODDENBERRY

It's pilot season.

GOLDSTONE

Still, how can there be no fucking
cinematographers available in this
town?

SOLOW

There is one.

INT. JUSTMAN'S OFFICE - LATER

ERNEST HALLER, 68, enters the office and is met by Solow,
Roddenberry and Justman.

HALLER

I'm Ernest Haller.

The men shake hands and sit for a few moments in awkward
silence.

SOLOW

So, what have you done recently?

HALLER

Not much, recently. I'm semi-
retired. But I did do a picture you
might have heard of. Back in 1939.

The others look confused.

HALLER

It was called *Gone With The Wind*.

SOLOW

Ah, I almost forgot. Listen, guys,
if it's okay with you--

RODDENBERRY

I couldn't agree more, Herb.

JUSTMAN

Can you come to work tomorrow,
Ernie?

Haller smiles.

INT. RODDENBERRY'S OFFICE - DAY

Roddenberry is seated with Joe D'Agosta and James Goldstone,
pouring over head shots.

RODDENBERRY

So, I was thinking of DeForest
Kelley for the role of the ship's
doctor - Dr. Piper.

GOLDSTONE

Yeah. I was thinking my friend,
Paul Fix, would be good for the
role.

RODDENBERRY

Sure.

D'AGOSTA

You know, I think we can get
William Shatner for Captain Kirk.

RODDENBERRY

Really? The guy did *Henry V*. You
think he would stoop to being in
our show?

D'AGOSTA

Yeah. Word is, he's not happy with
the pilot he's shooting.

RODDENBERRY

What is it?

D'AGOSTA

Alexander the Great.

EXT. SOMEWHERE IN THE NEVADA DESERT - DAY

WILLIAM SHATNER, 34, the future James T. Kirk, is on
horseback in the desert wearing a white toga and a leather
breast plate.

With a "army" of 20 EXTRAS behind him, he raises a sword at the nearest dune.

SHATNER

In the name of Greece, let us
experience the glory of taking this
hill!!!

He leads the small badly-dressed army in a charge up the dune.

INT. RODDENBERRY'S OFFICE

Roddenberry shakes his head.

D'AGOSTA

Yeah, we can get him.

Roddenberry thrust forward the head shot of ANDREA DROMM, a blonde blue-eyed model in her 20s.

GOLDSTONE

Andrea Dromm?

RODDENBERRY

For Yeoman Smith.

GOLDSTONE

Why?

RODDENBERRY

I want to score with her.

Goldstone laughs.

GOLDSTONE

No one can accuse of not being
honest.

Sam Peeples enters.

RODDENBERRY

Sam! I'm glad you could make it.
Take a seat. Sam, Joe, Joe, Sam,
Sam, Jimmy.

PEEPLS

(takes his seat)
What's up?

RODDENBERRY

You know I love your script-

PEEPLS

Yeah?

RODDENBERRY

But we feel some of the supporting characters could benefit by a change of background.

PEEPLS

Like ethnicity?

RODDENBERRY

Exactly.

PEEPLS

What have you go it mind?

D'Agosta passes him a head shot.

RODDENBERRY

Well, for the role of Communications Officer Alden, Joe was thinking of this actor by the name of Lloyd Haynes.

INT. RODDENBERRY'S OFFICE - DAY

LLOYD HAYNES, African-American, tall, handsome, 30s, sits, script-in-hand across from Roddenberry, D'Agosta, Goldstone, and Peeples.

RODDENBERRY

What do you think?

HAYNES

Well, Gene, I think it's nice that there's finally a space program I'd be allowed into.

RODDENBERRY

Welcome to *Star Trek*.

They shake.

INT. SUTTON PLACE PARK APARTMENT - NEW YORK - NIGHT

A fancy cocktail party of the SUPER RICH is in progress.

Serving hors d'oeuvre to the elite in a waiter's uniform is one GEORGE TAKEI, age 28.

RODDENBERRY (V.O.)

Sam, I was also thinking we could make the role of ship's physicist Japanese. I like the name Sulu.

PEEPLS (V.O.)

Because it sounds nothing like Herb's last name?

RODDENBERRY (V.O.)

Right.

A SNOOTY BUTLER enters, phone in hand.

BUTLER

A phone call for a Mr. George
Takei.

Surprised, Takei takes the phone, and answers in his dry
baritone.

TAKEI

Hello?

SHIAMOTO (PHONE)

It's Freddie Shiamoto. We have an
offer.

TAKEI

Not another servant role.

He looks across the room at the guests. They stare back.

SHIAMOTO

No, George, this is for a science
fiction show. You'd play a
physicist.

TAKEI

That's great! Tell them I accept.

SHIAMOTO

I already have.

TAKEI

Thanks, Freddie.

He hands the receiver to the butler.

Smiling, Takei takes a nearby seat.

He pours himself a glass of champagne.

The HOSTESS sees this. Enraged, she approaches.

She gestures to a platter.

HOSTESS

Waiter! I need these hors d'oeuvre
served NOW!

Takei ignores her.

HOSTESS

Waiter! WAITER!

Flustered, the hostess tries to pick up the platter herself.

She loses her grip and canapes go flying everywhere, striking several GUESTS.

Takei pulls the glass from his lips.

TAKEI

Oh my.

GOLDSTONE (V.O.)

For the role of the ship's engineer, I know this Canadian actor, James Doohan, who's good with accents...

INT. RODDENBERRY'S OFFICE - DAY

JAMES DOOHAN, 45, sits before Roddenberry and the others.

DOOHAN

(cockney accent)

Oy! Captain, she's going to bloomin' come apart!

RODDENBERRY

No.

GOLDSTONE

Definitely not.

DOOHAN

(French accent)

Keptin, ze ship is co-mang aparrrt!

RODDENBERRY

No. God, no.

DOOHAN

(Scottish accent)

Well, if he'd going to be an enginee-r-r-r aboard a ship, then he ought be a Scotsman.

RODDENBERRY

Yes! Perfect. Last name - Scott!

PEEPLS

(writing down)

First name?

RODDENBERRY

Montgomery!

PEEPLS

Yes!

DOOHAN

So what you're sayin' is, I've got the job, laddie?

RODDENBERRY

Aye.

D'AGOSTA (V.O.)

And for Gary Mitchell?

RODDENBERRY (V.O.)

I know just the Gary.

INT. RODDENBERRY'S OFFICE - DAY

It's just Roddenberry now.

Gary Lockwood swaggers into the office.

RODDENBERRY

Gary!

LOCKWOOD

Gene, you son of a bitch! How the hell are you?

He pulls Roddenberry into a hug. Then sits down.

Lockwood slams his script down on the desk.

LOCKWOOD

So, I get to play Lt. Cmdr. Gary Mitchell. Still the lieutenant? What, no promotion? So, Gary Mitchell, gets some power and it all goes to his head. That wouldn't be based on anyone we know, would it be, Gene?

RODDENBERRY

Fuck you, Lockwood.

LOCKWOOD

Kiss my ass, Roddenberry.

They both laugh.

LOCKWOOD

It's good to see you, man. Hey, who do you have for Dr. Dehner?

RODDENBERRY

I want Sally Kellerman.

Lockwood makes a whistling sound.

INT. RODDENBERRY OFFICE - DAY

SALLY KELLERMAN, 27, stunning, blonde, smoky voice sits across from Roddenberry.

RODDENBERRY

So, Sally, how do you envision your character as a woman of the future?

KELLERMAN

Braless.

Roddenberry's jaw drops.

KELLERMAN

In the future, bras will be a thing of the past.

RODDENBERRY

Well, I don't think the censors would agree, but I like where your head's at. Welcome aboard.

INT. DESILU COMMISSARY - AFTERNOON

Leonard Nimoy, in full Spock makeup, stands on the lunch line, as FRANK, a cook, places a baked potato on his plate.

FRANK

More makeup tests, Leonard?

NIMOY

Yeah.

Someone comes up behind Nimoy in line.

It's William Shatner.

SHATNER

Calvin Coolidge, I presume.

NIMOY

You look familiar.

SHATNER

Last year. "The Man From U.N.C.L.E."? You played one of the bad guys. I pretended to be drunk, called you "Calvin Coolidge".

NIMOY

Right! You played one of the good guys. We barely had a scene together.

SHATNER

And here we are.

NIMOY
Here we are.

SHATNER
And you're an alien.

NIMOY
Yeah.

SHATNER
Don't sweat it. I'm an alien, too.

NIMOY
How's that?

SHATNER
I'm a Canadian!

Nimoy laughs.

SHATNER
What's your name again?

Nimoy extends his hand.

NIMOY
Leonard Nimoy.

Shatner takes it.

SHATNER
William Shatner. My friends call me
"Bill".

NIMOY
Nice to be working with you, Bill.

And so, for the first time, Captain Kirk and Mr. Spock, two
future lifelong friends, shake hands.

INT. RODDENBERRY'S OFFICE - DAY

Shatner enters.

Roddenberry is behind his desk and a few drinks under.

RODDENBERRY
Hey Bill, come in, have a seat.

Shatner sits.

SHATNER
You wanted to talk about my
character?

RODDENBERRY
Yeah. You want a drink?

SHATNER

No, thank you.

RODDENBERRY

Savor this. You are James T. Kirk. You are a born leader, a thoughtful man, but a man of action. You're younger. You can fight like I want to fight, fuck like I want to fuck. When all is said and done, Bill, I may end up being just another guy who had one really good idea and spends the rest of his life chasing it. But, you, you will be James T. Kirk. Women will want you, men will want to be you, and you will live forever. You understand?

SHATNER

Yes.

RODDENBERRY

Savor this.

SHATNER

Are you all right, Gene?

RODDENBERRY

Yeah. I just really need this one to work. Help me make it work.

SHATNER

I will.

Shatner gets up and leaves Roddenberry alone with his thoughts.

INT. DESILU CULVER SOUNDSTAGE - DAY

"July 19, 1965"

On a desert planet set, with silver rock formations and pink flowers, James Goldstone, Bob Justman, Ernest Haller and ASSORTED CREW are filming William Shatner and Gary Lockwood (whose temples are greyed and who is outfitted in silver contacts) are wrestling in the dirt by Sally Kellerman's feet.

She, too is wearing silver lenses.

Dick Kelley is operating the camera.

CAM MCCULLOCH, the sound mixer is recording.

Solow stands watching with Roddenberry.

Suddenly, there is a loud RIIP!!

Lockwood's pants have torn in the front, revealing that Lockwood is wearing no underwear!

Shatner laughs, hysterically.

GOLDSTONE

Cut!

JUSTMAN

Will someone get Lockwood some pants?

Lockwood looks up at Kellerman.

LOCKWOOD

Smile. You've just had your picture taken.

KELLERMAN

With that little brownie?

Lockwood goes bright red.

Shatner cracks up.

Within moments, the whole soundstage is bursting with laughter.

INT. DESILU CULVER SOUNDSTAGE - LATER

The crew is now composed.

Lockwood has new pants. He and Shatner are ready to wrestle again.

Kellerman assumes an imperious pose nearby.

SHATNER

Gary, I really like the way you look up with your nose. It makes your character look extra arrogant.

LOCKWOOD

Bill, it's the only way I can see through these goddamn things.

Solow claps Justman on the back.

SOLOW

No fucking pigeons this time, Bob?

JUSTMAN

No fucking pigeons, Herb. No fucking toilets, no fucking bees. All right, everyone, this will be a take! Roll it!

INT. DESILU STUDIOS - ART DEPARTMENT - DAY

Matt Jeffries designs a large matte painting of a planet landscape with a dark blue sky and large rock formations, with hints of greenery.

INT. DESILU CULVER SOUNDSTAGE - DAY

Beneath the same matte painting, the crew films Shatner as he stalks through carefully placed styrofoam rocks with a phaser rifle.

INT. MAKEUP TRAILER - DAY

Gary Lockwood is in agony as he tries to remove his silver contacts which are made with foil.

INT. MAKEUP TRAILER - DAY

Sally Kellerman pops out her lenses with the greatest of ease.

INT. DESILU STUDIOS HALLWAY - DAY

Justman walks down the hall, stroking his mustache.

INT. DESILU STUDIOS WARDROBE DEPARTMENT - DAY

Bill Thiess is stitching from velour a gold Starfleet uniform.

INT. DESILU CULVER SOUNDSTAGE - LOUNGE SET - DAY

The crew films Shatner and Nimoy, both in gold velour uniforms, as they sit playing three-dimensional chess in a lounge set that resembles a small cafeteria.

INT. DESILU CULVER SOUNDSTAGE - DAY

The crew films Shatner, Nimoy, and Doohan, as they stare at the transporter platform, which has a trashcan shaped device with a blinking green light on it.

INT. DESILU CULVER SOUNDSTAGE - DAY

Jeffries supervises a team of carpenters as they assemble the grey elevator cube that is the Enterprise's turbolift.

INT. DESILU CULVER SOUNDSTAGE - DAY

The crew films Shatner, Nimoy, and Lockwood as they travel in the lift.

INT. DESILU CULVER SOUNDSTAGE - BRIDGE SET - DAY

Joe Lombardi is rigging the bottom of a panel on the new bridge set, which is has more yellow, black, red, and green lights than before.

INT. DESILU CULVER SOUNDSTAGE - BRIDGE SET - DAY

Dick Kelley shakes the camera, as sparks and then flames shoot out of a control panel.

Smoke billows across the stage, as Kirk, Spock, Lockwood (normal eyes), Kellerman, and the others, simulate being thrown about.

INT. DESILU SOUNDSTAGE - SICK BAY - DAY

The crew films Lockwood in bed with his silver eyes.

He raises his hand toward a cup across the room.

Off-camera, a TECHNICIAN, pulls a FISHING ROD, reeling the cup towards Lockwood, who catches it in his hand.

INT. DESILU SOUNDSTAGE - SICK BAY - DAY

The crew films Shatner and Nimoy, who punch out Lockwood, as Kellerman watches.

INT. DESILU CULVER SOUNDSTAGE - BRIDGE SET - DAY

Shatner and Nimoy, both in costume, read *Mad* magazine together, and laugh their asses off.

INT. DESILU CULVER SOUNDSTAGE - BRIEFING ROOM SET - DAY

Beneath a blue canopy held by red support beams, the crew films as Shatner is seated around a long board room table with Nimoy, Takei, PAUL FIX (as Dr. Mark Piper), Doohan, Kellerman, and PAUL CARR, as Lt. Lee Kelso.

INT. THE ANDERSON COMPANY - BLUE SCREEN STAGE - DAY

Anderson supervises his crew, as they film the mammoth Enterprise model in motion.

INT. ANDERSON COMPANY PROJECTION ROOM - DAY

Anderson watches a composited Enterprise model orbiting a planet from different angles.

END MONTAGE

INT. DESILU CULVER SOUNDSTAGE - BRIDGE SET - DAY

The crew is taking five.

On the bridge, Shatner is in his chair, Nimoy is chatting next to him.

Lloyd Haynes is seated at the helm to Paul Carr.

Behind them, Doohan is gathered with Takei, Kellerman, and Fix.

Roddenberry stands near Goldstone and Justman.

Christopher Knopf comes up behind him.

He claps Roddenberry on the back.

KNOPF

That's more like it!

RODDENBERRY

We only have a couple of minority actors.

KNOPF

Baby steps, Gene. Baby steps.

Roddenberry smiles.

INT. DESILU CULVER SOUNDSTAGE - DAY

"July 27, 1965 - The Last Day of Shooting".

The crew is once again filming Lockwood and Shatner wrestling by Kellerman's feet at the fake rock formations.

Nearby is a fake makeshift grave and cardboard tombstone with "James T. Kirk" on it.

Roddenberry, Justman, and Solow, are watching the action intently.

Justman notices that the dolly tracks are getting covered in falling dirt caused by the fisticuffs.

Justman motions to Goldstone.

GOLDSTONE

CUT!

JUSTMAN

Brooms!

He, Roddenberry, and Solow, all grab brooms and begin sweeping dirt off the dolly tracks, when suddenly, a *fourth* broom appears!

Wielding it is America's redhead, herself - Lucy!

Brandishing her broom, she approaches Goldstone.

LUCY

What do I have to do to get you to finish?

She turns to Roddenberry, Justman, Solow, and smiles.

LUCY

What I won't do to get the wrap party started.

INT. RODDENBERRY'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Roddenberry, his hand shaking, reaches for the phone and dials.

BIG GENE (PHONE)

Hello?

RODDENBERRY

Dad?

BIG GENE

Hey, son! How's Hollywood?

RODDENBERRY

Great. Listen, Dad, I have a new show I'm working on.

BIG GENE

What's it called?

RODDENBERRY

Star Trek.

BIG GENE

What's it about?

RODDENBERRY

(deep breath)
It's like *Wagon Train*, but in space.

(MORE)

RODDENBERRY (cont'd)

We follow a multi ethnic crew representing the best of mankind, as they travel in a space vessel having adventures and better understanding humanity.

There is a long pause on the other end.

BIG GENE

I have to say, and I'm just bein' honest - that sounds terrible, son. But then I don't go in much for all that space stuff. I just don't believe in it. And "multi-ethnic"? What did I always tell you? You can't mix the races. People won't go for that.

RODDENBERRY

(deflated)

I understand.

BIG GENE

Stick to the westerns and the military, son. That's what people want to watch.

RODDENBERRY

I will, Dad. Listen, I've gotta go.

BIG GENE

All right, son. Don't be a stranger.

RODDENBERRY

I won't, Dad.

Roddenberry hangs up the phone, and shrinks in his chair.

INT. DESILU CULVER SOUNDSTAGE - BRIDGE SET - NIGHT

The set is nearly pitch black, save for a sole spotlight.

Roddenberry sits in the Captain's Chair, a cigarette dangling from his fingers.

Then, out of the darkness, Majel appears.

BARRETT

They said I could find you here.

RODDENBERRY

I thought I could change people, but I was wrong.

BARRETT

Who are we talking about?

RODDENBERRY

My old man. I thought maybe with this one, maybe I could make him see that all of us are good, are equal. I thought I could open his eyes.

BARRETT

Gene, darling, you can't let the feelings of a stubborn old man run your life. There's a big world out there, and there's a lot of minds just waiting to be opened. Young ones, Gene, the future. You can do it. You can make them see. I believe in you.

RODDENBERRY

Thank you.

BARRETT

Not bad for the other woman?

RODDENBERRY

Not bad for anyone.

Barrett places her arm around him.

BARRETT

You can do it, Gene.

INT. PREVIEW HOUSE - DAY

"The Test Screening"

Herb Solow stands in the back of a large film theater.

Each seat is fitted with two dials.

One says "Like", the other "Dislike".

The audience enters. It is mainly composed of ELDERLY WOMEN.

Solow is horrified.

The lights dim, and the second pilot begins to play.

Solow holds his head in his hands.

INT. NBC BURBANK - GRANT TINKER'S OFFICE - DAY

Tinker is at his desk. Solow is seated across.

Both men drink Scotch.

SOLOW

Well...

TINKER

They hated it.

SOLOW

Of course they hated it. We had an audience of blue-haired old ladies. They are not our target audience. You have to give me a second screening with younger people, or we're sunk.

TINKER

Most shows don't get a second screening.

SOLOW

Star Trek is not most shows.

TINKER

All right, you pain in the ass, I'll see what I can do. But this will be your last shot.

SOLOW

Deal.

INT. PREVIEW HOUSE - DAY

"Second Screening"

Solow stands in the back of the theater.

His hands are clammy.

Slowly, the audience trickles in.

They are YOUNGER, 16-35.

Solow takes a deep gulp, as the lights dim, and the projection begins...

EXT. DESILU STUDIOS - AFTERNOON

Roddenberry and Justman wait outside of the studio gate.

There are many cigarette butts at their feet.

A cab pulls up.

Solow gets out. His expression is grave.

RODDENBERRY

Well--

Solow hangs his head.

SOLOW
WE DID IT!

RODDENBERRY
YES!

JUSTMAN
ALL RIGHT!

SOLOW
We have a series!

The three men hug each other.

JUSTMAN
Gene, you think we can keep up this momentum?

RODDENBERRY
Yeah. And you know why, Bob?

JUSTMAN
Why?

RODDENBERRY
People will watch. Now, come on, my friends, let's step into the future!

Roddenberry slings one arm around Justman, the other around Solow, and the three men disappear through the Desilu studio gates...

CUT TO:

INT. RODDENBERRY'S OFFICE - DAY

Dorothy Fontana pounds the keys of her Smith Corona.

SOLOW (V.O.)
Dorothy Fontana would leave her job as Gene's secretary, becoming a story editor and writing some of *Star Trek's* most celebrated episodes, including "Charlie X" and "This Side of Paradise".

CUT TO:

INT. ENTERPRISE BRIDGE SET

We see the crew from the end of the second pilot - Kirk, Spock, Haynes (including Paul Fix, Scotty, and Sulu on the bridge).

SOLOW (V.O.)

Star Trek would finally hit the airwaves on September 8, 1966. Soon Roddenberry would get his wish to cast DeForest Kelley, and Paul Fix as Doctor Piper was replaced by Leonard "Bones" McCoy.

Fix disappears and DEFOREST KELLEY appears in his familiar blue shirt.

SOLOW (V.O.)

Lloyd Haynes as Communications Officer Alden would soon be replaced by Nichelle Nichols as Lieutenant Uhura.

Haynes disappears and is replaced by the lovely NICHELLE NICHOLS.

SOLOW (V.O.)

It would be the first major role for an African-American actress on television. And, in the second season, inspired both by Davey Jones of the Monkees and the Space Race with the Russians, Walter Koenig was added as Helmsman Pavel Chekov.

The boyish WALTER KOENIG appears at the helm in place of Paul Carr.

SOLOW (V.O.)

And Majel Barrett did return, as Nurse Chapel.

A blonde Barrett appears on the bridge.

SOLOW (V.O.)

She and Gene got married on August 6, 1969.

SOLOW (V.O.)

Despite low ratings, a loyal fanbase helped keep *Star Trek* on the air for 79 episodes and three seasons before its eventual cancellation. But, for Gene Roddenberry and *Star Trek*, the human adventure was just beginning. 5 series and 12 feature films later, fans everyone continue to visit...

CUT TO:

INT. RODDENBERRY'S OFFICE

Roddenberry is at his typewriter.

As he types out the words to *Star Trek's* iconic narration, we hear William Shatner's voice.

Roddenberry types the first four words:

SHATNER (V.O.)
Space. The final frontier.

INT. DESILU RECORDING BOOTH - DAY

Shatner, in full Kirk costume, is recording.

The ENGINEER adds reverb.

SHATNER
These are the voyages of the
Starship Enterprise. Its five year
mission: to explore strange new
worlds, to seek out new life and
new civilizations...

CUT TO:

SPACE

The Enterprise comes toward us.

SHATNER
To boldly go where no man has gone
before....

And with the ship, we disappear into the stars.

FADE OUT