

Markus Wendling: Startrek

(file date 11-11-2002 1:21 PM)

Cast:

Voiceover:

Worf *Delmar*

Troy *Jante*

Geordi *Fred*

Captain Rienk *Rienk*

Guard *Manolis*

mr Markus

Aartsma of Borg *Olaf*

7-of-9 *Frank*

Jerry Springer

Props:

A glass for Captain Rienk to drink from.

Some (sun)glasses for Geordi

Laser pointer as Fazer

Thesis of Markus

Voiceover:

Space, the final frontier. These are the voyages of the Starship Beatrix. It's continuing mission, to waste tax payers money under the pretence of science. To seek out new bars and new drinks. To boldly go where no one would go if he had to pay for it himself.

Captain's Log, Star date 32768.0: These stardates I am required to quote remain a great mystery to me, they appear to be quite random. The following may also be quite incomprehensible to the general public, in particular if you do not master the english language, have no knowledge of our previous missions, and if your name is not Markus Wendling.

Worf (Delmar), Troy (Jante) and Geordi (Manolis) sitting at desk, doing as if they are operating the ship.

Captain Rienk enters:

Worf

Captain 's on the bridge

Captain Rienk walks immediately to wall where "replicator" is located

Captain Rienk

"replicator, whiskey, Glenfiddich, no ice"

takes "drink"

Captain Rienk:

Can anyone tell me what sector we are in and what heading we are taking and what speed, and how long it will take to get to wherever we are going?

All others

well, ehhhh, mmmm, dunno.

Captain Rienk:

Worf, tell me.

Worf:

I apologize, it very unhonourable, but I fell asleep behind the wheel

Captain Rienk:

Care to tell me what you have been dreaming of, my dear Worf?

Worf:

Typical Klingon dreams: things that would send cold chills down your spine, and wake you up in the middle of the night. No, it is better you do not know.

Captain Rienk (getting angry):

Geordi, can you give me the coordinates, or have you also been sleeping?

Geordi (reaching out in front om himself in a Stevie Wonder kind of way):

I'm sorry sir, but my batteries just went dead. I shoulda used Duracells ...

Captain Rienk

Dura-what?

Geordi:

Lasts millions of times longer than regular carbon batteries ...

Captain Rienk (pretty angry now):

Counsellor Troy any suggestions of our whereabouts?

Troi:

I have no idea, but I must say, captain, I'm sensing some anger!!

Captain Rienk:

What have I done wrong, to end up with a crew like this. If we don't know where we are going, how can I be sure we are going where no one has gone before? Replicator, a martini, shaken, not stirred!

A guard comes in, dragging mr. Markus with him.

Guard:

Captain

Captain Rienk:

What now again!

Guard:

I have captured this intruder. I caught him at the holodeck where he was running the casino program

mr. Markus (muttering):

I was just doing some monte-carlo simulations

Captain Rienk:

Good work guard, you're dismissed. Oh, eh wait, replicator, give that guard a drink!

Guard:

thank you sir (leaves).

Captain Rienk:

And who might you be, sir?

mr. Markus:

I'm Markus Worfling, but they call me mister Markus. I'm from the eastern part of the Klingon Empire, the former Eastern Klingon Empire.

Captain Rienk:

That sounds as a very unlikely story. If you are Klingon, why don't you speak Klingon?

Markus:

I have at my disposal a universal translator.

Captain Rienk:

Interesting, where did you get such a device?

Markus:

It was a special offer at my local ALDI store.

Captain Rienk:

Well, I'm not completely convinced yet. Mister Worf, please speak some Klingon to mister Markus.

Worf:

"Yes Sir" and speaks some Delmar German "Ich habe eine lange Schlange" etc.

Mr Markus:

I perceive that this individual does not master the Klingon language, and I would therefore estimate with a 99.73 percent certainty that this person is not Klingon.

Captain Rienk:

That is correct, you have successfully passed my little test.

Worf:

Sir, permission to speak please

Captain Rienk:

Permission granted

Worf:

Sir, I may have lost my mother tongue, but I sure know what a Klingon looks like, and this isn't one.

mr. Markus:

I have never claimed to be Klingon. I'm an android, a hybrid of Klingon and Katarian technology.

Troi:

I'm sensing....., I'm sensing.... nothing

Captain Rienk:

So, you are, ehh.. a machine, a robot.

mr Markus:

For your primitive mind this is an appropriate description.

Geordi:

Do you consider yourself superior to us?

mr Markus:

I am superior, Sir, in many ways. But I would gladly give it up to be human.

Captain Rienk:

But mr Markus, would you be so kind to tell us what they hell you are doing aboard my ship?

mr Markus:

I've been sent by Star fleet Command to make sure that your ships systems are Y3K proof.

Captain Rienk:

Do you have any experience in that field?

mr Markus:

I worked for the dental department of Star fleet command. I upgraded their software to the intergalactical FLUOR3000 standard.

Captain Rienk:

Well, you're just in time, Star date 32768.0 corresponds to somewhere the end of the year 2999. You only have a few weeks left!

mr Markus:

Allow me to correct you sir. The new millennium only starts in 3001! I have more than a year!

Captain Rienk:

Well, in that case I may have a more urgent task for you: my crew does not seem to be able to pinpoint where we are or where we are going. Could you help us out?

mr Markus:

Jawohl Herr Obersturmbanführer. I mean, yes Sir! We are currently travelling through the Gamma alpha beta seven two six five sector, at warp two point three seven six, that's adjusted warp, mind you, not the stupid scale they had in the old series! Heading Mark Seven Two Six Nine Twelve Seven Point Six Nine Eight Seven Three Two One. Oops, I forgot the vector, not much use telling you the Mark without the vector is it, Captain. By the way, for the viewer's interest only, the room temperature is currently twenty one point nine eight seven celcius, this in contrast to the outdoor temperature which is a chilling minus 270.561 celcius. So if you really have to go out, make sure you dress warm!

Captain Rienk:

Thank you mr Markus.

Voice Over

Captain's Log, Supplemental: I've given up on star dates. It's probably meaningless, anyway. The arrival of mr Markus has brought many changes to life aboard the Beatrix. Not only do we now know where we are going, he also implemented the highly useful RTFM program on the computer. Also the toilets seem much cleaner since his arrival.

mr Markus:

Captain, ship's sensors have detected a derelict spacecraft at extreme range.

Captain Rienk:

Analysis?

mr Markus:

It's too far away for any meaningful scan, sir.

Captain Rienk:

Then how do you know it's a derelict?

mr Markus:

I do not know, sir. I would speculate that it is a writer's error.

Captain Rienk:

Obviously. Well, let's go over there and have a look at it. Geordi, set course.

Geordi:

Aye, sir. Three two two point eight nine mark four three ... seven ... and some other meaningful numbers.

Captain Rienk:

Engage.

mr Markus:

Approaching derelict craft.

Captain Rienk:

Scan it, Mr. Markus.

mr Markus:

It appears to be an old Earth craft from the late 20th century.

Captain Rienk:

(Muttering) Not again ...

mr Markus:

It seems to be ring shaped, but not entirely circular, it has an ellipticity of 14.74%. It has little lights that spin around and around on the bottom, serving no other readily apparent function. It looks severely photodamaged.

Geordi:

I've got a bad feeling about this.

Troi:

Hey! That's MY line!

mr Markus:

The ship is not responding to our calls.

Captain Rienk:

Computer!

Voice over:

Hi there!

Captain Rienk:

Scan for life forms aboard the Earth craft.

Voice over:

Scan indicates the presence of two humanoids aboard the ship

Captain Rienk:

Geordi, get these people beamed up immediately.

Geordi:

Transporter room!

Voice over

Sir.

Geordi:

Two people to beam over.

Voice over

Ready to beam them over, sir.

Geordi:

Engage.

Voice over

You mean "energise".

Geordi:

Oh, yeah. Right.

Voice over

... Well?

Geordi:

ENERGISE!!!!!!

On the bridge appear Aartsma of Borg and Seven of Nine with phasers in their hands

All (except mr Markus):

AARTSMA OF BORG!!!

mr Markus:

SEVEN OF NINE!

Captain Rienk:

I should have known! The elliptical ship.

Aartsma of Borg:

Resistance is futile, you will be assimilated into our elliptical ring!

(to 7-of-9, about Rienk): Look at that guy, we're living in the 30th century, surely they must be able to do something about a nose like that!

Troi:

I sense some tension

All:

SHUT UP!

Captain Rienk:

What do you think, mr Markus?

mr. Markus:

In this particular moment, I was reconfiguring the warp field parameters, analyzing the collected works of Charles Dickens, calculating the maximum pressure I could safely apply to the lips of 7 of 9, considering a possibility to rescue us out of this situation, simulating the LD, CD and OD spectra of the FMO complex.....

Captain Rienk:

I'm glad our problem was in there somewhere.....

Aartsma of Borg:

7-of-9, keep an eye on our prisoners, while I try to take over the ship. (Starts looking for things, pressing buttons)

7-of-9

I will...

mr. Markus (looking at 7-of-9):

Nice phonon side wings, perfect homogeneous linewidth, nicely dressed with Gaussians.

7-of-9

What are you saying?

mr. Markus

I mean that your appearance is aesthetically pleasing to me. It makes me occupy a considerable share of my processor resources for you.

7-of-9

That's the nicest thing anyone's ever said to me.

Aartsma of Borg: (With the thesis of Markus in his hands)

Stop that! Have a look at this, this may be crucial for the assimilation of their entire people.

Both start reading in the thesis, when suddenly, they get in a sort of spasm, as if they are short-circuited.

Worf immediately grabs his fazer and shoots at them. They begin to giggle

Worf:

Dammit, who set my fazer to "tickling". Fazer now set to maximum industrial strength kill.

Shoots again, and both are killed.

Captain Rienk:

Good work Luitenant Worf! But what the hell happened when they were reading that book?

mr. Markus

That was my thesis of the Star Fleet Academy. For security reasons I had included a Borg Encryption Code, which brought their positronic brains into an infinite loop, and thus short-circuited their processors.

Captain Rienk:

Good work too, mr Markus

Captain Rienk:

Computer!

Voice over

Wadda ye want?

Captain Rienk:

Damage report.

Voice over

(Pause) No damage, sir.

Captain Rienk:

No damage?? That's impossible!! We always have damage!

Captain Rienk:

Mr Markus, I'm sorry about the destruction of 7-of-9. You seemed to be quite fond of her!

Mr Markus:

Well, It's better like this, with the wife and kids at home

Captain Rienk:

Wife, kids! You're an android how can this be?

Mr Markus:

Well, to be frank Captain, my wife doesn't know I'm an android.

Captain Rienk:

But the kids then?

Mr Markus:

In Silico fertilization.

Jerry Springer walks in:

All:

Jerry, Jerry, Jerry

Jerry:

I couldn't help overhearing your conversation. Hi, I'm Jerry Springer, and my next weeks show is called "Honey, I'm an android" would you be interested....

(Walks away with Mr Markus)

Jerry (to the others):

Take good care of yourself, and each other.....

All the others:

Live long and prosper!

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Oh, yeah. Right.

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All:

Jerry, Jerry, Jerry

Jerry:

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(Walks away with Mr Markus)

Jerry (to the others):

Take good care of yourself, and each other.....

All the others:

Live long and prosper!