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SATURDAY NIGHT LIVE

Host: Francisco Franco



GENERALISSIMO FRANCISCO FRANCO

1893-1975

DO NOT
REMOVE
FROM
STUDIO 8H

THE LAST VOYAGE OF THE STARSHIP ENTERPRISE - A

BY MICHAEL O'DONOGHUE
4.5.76 -- 5.18.76

(CAST AND COSTUMES;

CAPTAIN JAMES T. KIRK PLAYED BY JOHN BELUSHI -- WEARS MALE DUTY UNIFORM WITH GREENISH-GOLD 03 COLORED TUNIC THAT HAS A COMMAND INSIGNIA AND CAPTAIN'S STRIPES, BLACK TROUSERS AND BOOTS. SOME SORT OF WIG MIGHT BE NECESSARY.

MR. SPOCK PLAYED BY CHEVY CHASE -- WEARS MALE DUTY UNIFORM WITH BLUE 17 COLORED TUNIC THAT HAS SCIENCES INSIGNIA AND COMMANDER'S STRIPES, BLACK TROUSERS AND BOOTS. HE HAS POINTED EARS, CHARACTERISTIC BLACK HAIR AND EYEBROWS, AND A SLIGHT GREENISH-YELLOW CAST TO HIS SKIN.

LIEUTENANT UHURA PLAYED BY ~~DIANE BRADY~~ DORIS POWELL -- WEARS FEMALE DUTY UNIFORM WITH RED 10 COLORED TUNIC THAT HAS A SUPPORT SERVICES INSIGNIA AND LIEUTENANT'S STRIPES, BLACK PANTY HOSE AND BOOTS. SHE WEARS GOLD HOOP EARRINGS AND A DISTINCTIVE BOUFFANT HAIR STYLE. ALSO, SHE HAS BIG TITS.

MR. SULI PLAYED BY LEO YOSHIMURA -- WEARS MALE DUTY UNIFORM WITH GREENISH-GOLD 03 COLORED TUNIC THAT HAS A COMMAND INSIGNIA AND LIEUTENANT'S STRIPES, BLACK TROUSERS AND BOOTS.

DOCTOR McCOY PLAYED BY DANNY AYKROYD -- WEARS MALE DUTY UNIFORM WITH BLUE 17 COLORED TUNIC WITH A SCIENCES INSIGNIA AND LIEUTENANT COMMANDER'S STRIPES, BLACK TROUSERS AND BOOTS. HE IS GREYING SLIGHTLY.

CHIEF ENGINEER SCOTT PLAYED BY DANNY AYKROYD -- FILTERED VOICE-OVER.

HERB GOODMAN PLAYED BY ELLIOT GOULD -- WEARS CONSERVATIVE, DRAB BROWN SUIT CIRCA 1968 WITH CONSERVATIVE SHOES, A COLORFUL BUT TASTEFUL NECKTIE, LIGHT YELLOW GANT SHIRT, AND EITHER AVIATOR OR TORTOISE-SHELL GLASSES.

CURTIS PLAYED BY GARRETT MORRIS -- WEARS KHAKI SLACKS, WORK SHOES OR SNEAKERS, NON-DESCRIPT SHIRT AND AN NBC NYLON WINDBREAKER WITH OLD 1968 LOGO ON IT.

KIRK, SPOCK AND McCOY ALL CARRY NO. 2 PHASERS IN THEIR BACK BELT.)

(OPEN ON: VTR OF 1968 NBC COLOR LOGO OF PEACOCK UNFOLDING)

ANNCR: (V.O.)

The following program is brought to you in living color by NBC.

(CUT TO: THE BRIDGE OF THE STARSHIP ENTERPRISE. MUST INCLUDE CAPTAIN'S CHAIR, HELM AND NAVIGATOR STATIONS, MAIN VIEWING SCREEN, COMMUNICATIONS STATION, LIBRARY COMPUTER STATION, RED HANDRAIL, BANKS OF LIGHTS AND SCREENS, AND TURBO-LIFT WITH WORKING ELEVATOR DOORS ... THE TIME IS THE TWENTY-THIRD CENTURY)

(SFX: BRIDGE SFX)

(SPOCK IS SPEAKING INTO INTERCOM ...)

SPOCK:

(WITH SOME METALLIC ECHO)

Captain Kirk to the bridge! Captain Kirk to the bridge!

(KIRK ENTERS BRISKLY THROUGH TURBO-LIFT DOORS)

(SFX: PNEUMATIC DOOR)

KIRK:

Yes, Mr. Spock.

SPOCK:

Sensors are picking up an unidentified vessel, Captain, headed straight toward us.

KIRK:

Range, Mr. Sulu?

SULU:

Point zero four light years, sir, and closing fast.

KIRK:

Lieutenant Uhura, open a hailing frequency.

UHURA:

I've been trying to raise them but there's no response, sir.

KIRK:

(PUSHES BUTTON OR TALKS INTO MICROPHONE) This is Captain James T. Kirk of the starship Enterprise. Identify yourself. (TO UHURA)
Put them on the viewscreen, full magnification.

UHURA:

Aye aye, sir.

EUGENE

CALL ME WHEN
YOU ARRIVE IN THE
MORNING. I WILL
DISCUSS SETS.

... MICHAEL O'DONOGHUE

(MORE)

(SFX: VIEWSCREEN SOUNDS)

KIRK:

(PUSHES BUTTON OR TALKS INTO MICROPHONE) Repeat -- identify yourself.

(CUT TO: MOCKUP OF BRIDGE SCREEN ON WHICH IS KEYED A MAROON '68 CHRYSLER LIMO "DRIVING" TOWARD THE VIEWER THROUGH A FIELD OF STARS WHICH CONTINUALLY RECEDE, TO INDICATE MOTION ...)

What kind of ship is that, Mr. Spock?

SPOCK:

Fascinating, Captain. It would appear to be an early gas combustion vehicle, at least two or three hundred years old.

KIRK:

(TO SPOCK) Run it through the computer. Find out what those little numbers mean. I want answers.

SPOCK:

(TO COMPUTER) Process visual feed. Analyze and reply.

KIRK:

I have a hunch, Mr. Spock, that we are about to face a menace more terrifying than the flying parasites of Ingraham B; more insidious than the sand-bats of Manark 4; more bloodthirsty than the vampire clouds of Argus 10. I have a hunch that "thing" out there is deadlier than the Romulans, the Klingons, and the Gorns, all rolled into one.

(SFX: COMPUTER)

(A STRIP OF PAPER COMES OUT FROM CONSOLE ...)

SPOCK:

Here is the readout, Captain. The computer has identified the alien vessel as a 1968 Chrysler Imperial with a tinted windshield and retractable headlights.

KIRK:

And the little blue and orange numbers?

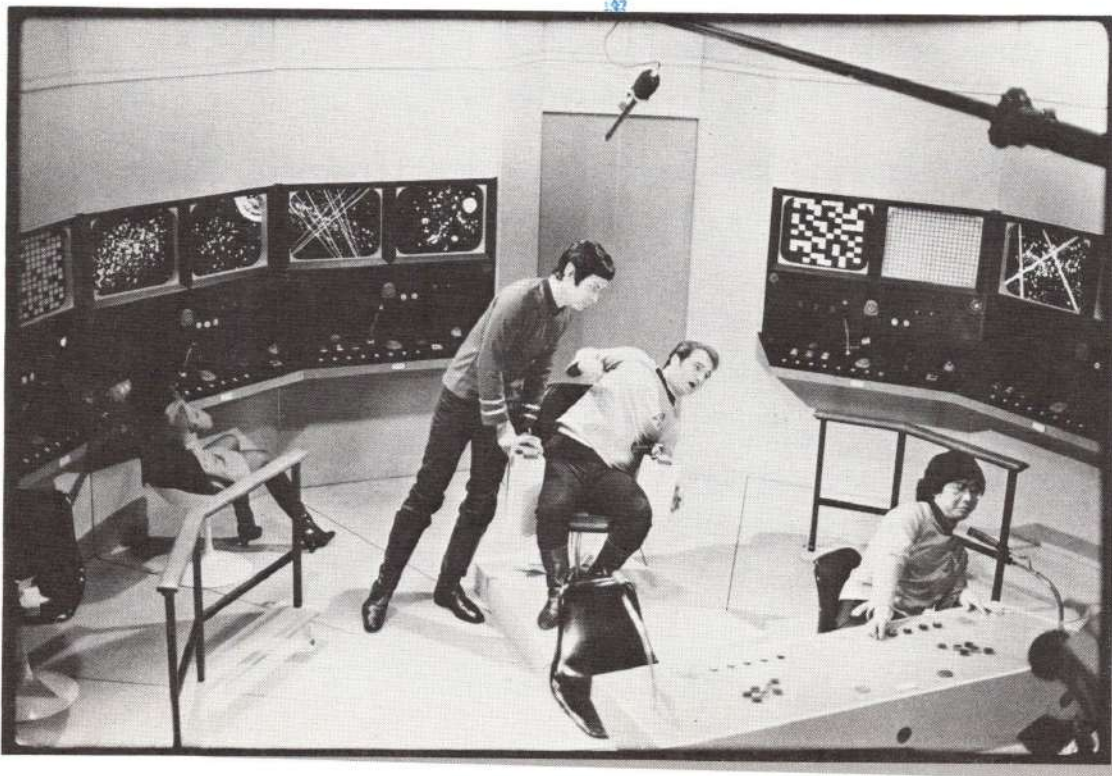
SPOCK:

That's called a "California license plate," and it's registered, or was in 1968, to a corporation known as "NBC."

(SFX: COMPUTER SFX)

(MORE)

To leo
with love,
Tom Schiller



(MORE PAPER STRIP COMES OUT FROM CONSOLE SLOT ...)

SPOCK: (CONTD)

Wait, here's something more. The computer isn't sure, but it thinks this NBC used to manufacture cookies.

KIRK:

Could that (POINTS AT SCREEN) be some sort of illusion, Mr. Spock?

SPOCK:

It's no illusion, Captain. Scanner readings indicate two life forms inside that craft.

KIRK:

Mr. Sulu, increase speed to warp factor eight.

SULU:

But, sir, that's only for the most extreme emergencies. The ship can't take it.

KIRK:

You heard my order, Mr. Sulu.

SULU:

Aye, aye, sir.

(CUT TO: MODEL SHOTS OF STARSHIP ENTERPRISE ZIPPING THROUGH SPACE, FOLLOWED CLOSELY BY THE CHRYSLER LIMO)

(MUSIC: STAR TREK THEME)

(SUPER: STAR TREK)

(SUPER: THE LAST VOYAGE OF THE STARSHIP ENTERPRISE)

KIRK: (V.O.)

Captain's Log, Stardate 3615.6. On a routine delivery of medical supplies to Earth Colony 9, we are being chased through space by an automobile three centuries old, owned by a company that manufactured cookies. It would all seem silly if it weren't for this feeling of dread that haunts me, a sense of impending doom.

(MUSIC: OUT)

(CUT TO: BRIDGE ...)

(SFX: BRIDGE SOUNDS)

(MORE)

SULU:

They're right behind us, Captain.

KIRK:

Let's lose them, Mr. Sulu. Prepare for evasive action. Helm hard to port!

(THEY LURCH TO RIGHT AS CAMERA TILTS)

Hard to starboard!

(THEY LURCH TO LEFT AS CAMERA TILTS)

Hard to port!

(THEY LURCH TO RIGHT AS CAMERA TILTS)

SPOCK:

Frankly, Captain, I'm exhausted.

KIRK:

Me, too. Stabilize, Mr. Sulu.

(CAMERA LEVELS)

SULU:

Look, Captain!

(CUT TO: MODEL OF CHRYSLER LIMO MUCH CLOSER THAN BEFORE ...)

It's no use. We can't shake them.

KIRK:

Then we'll give them a fight they won't forget. (INTO INTERCOM, WHICH MAKES FOR SOME METALLIC ECHO) All hands! Man your battle stations!

(SFX: WHOOPING ALARM)

This is not a drill! Red alert! Man your battle stations! Red alert!

SPOCK:

But, Captain --

KIRK:

(METALLIC ECHO LOST)

Lock phasers on target, Mr. Sulu.

(MORE)

SULU:

Phasers locked on target, sir.

SPOCK:

But, Captain, you can't --

KIRK:

Stand by to fire.

SULU:

Phasers standing by, sir.

(SFX: FADE WHOOPING ALARM OUT ...)

SPOCK:

But, Captain, we don't know who the aliens are or what they want.
To kill them without warning would be highly illogical.

KIRK:

Fact -- their intentions are unknown. Fact -- I am responsible for
the lives of 430 crewmen. And, fact -- I can't afford to take any
chances. (TO SULU) Fire main phasers! (PAUSE WHEN NOTHING
HAPPENS) I said, "Fire main phasers!"

SULU:

(FRANTICALLY HITTING BUTTONS) I'm trying, sir. Nothing is
happening.

KIRK:

Arm and lock photon torpedoes, Mr. Sulu.

SULU:

They're not working either, Captain.

KIRK:

Deflectors up.

SULU:

Captain, the helm does not respond. The controls are dead.

SPOCK:

We're slowing down, Captain. We're stopping.

(THE LIGHTS DIM AND FLICKER A BIT IN BRIDGE ...)

KIRK:

(PRESSING BUTTON OR TALKING INTO MIKE)

(SFX: BEEP)

Bridge to Engine Room, acknowledge.

(MORE)

SCOTTY: (FILTERED V.O.)

Scotty here, Captain.

KIRK:

What in blazes is going on, Scotty?

SCOTTY: (FILTERED V.O.)

I dinna know, Captain. We're losing power and I don't know why.

KIRK:

Well, do something, man. Go to manual override. Cut in auxiliary systems.

SCOTTY: (FILTERED V.O.)

Saints preserve us, Captain, but even the emergency systems are out.

KIRK:

Well, fix it, Scotty. I don't care how, but fix it. The lives of 430 crewmen hang in the balance. Kirk out.

SPOCK:

Life support systems are still operative, Captain.

KIRK:

But for how long, Mr. Spock, for how long? Lieutenant Uhura, inform Starfleet Command of our situation.

UHURA:

All communications are dead, Captain.

(SFX: PNEUMATIC DOOR)

(FROM TURBO-LIFT, McCOY BURSTS INTO THE ROOM ...)

McCOY:

Jim, Jim, I -- I ... Jim --

KIRK:

Great god, man, spit it out.

McCOY:

The aliens have boarded us, Jim. And they're ~~coming~~ ^{HEALED} this way.

KIRK:

But how, Bones? How did they get on board? Did they beam on? Did they suddenly materialize?

McCOY:

No, they just sort of stepped out from behind the curtains.

(MORE)

SPOCK:

Describe them, Doctor.

McCOY:

There's two of them. Biped, humanoid in appearance. Their clothing is drab except for a bright piece of cloth worn around the neck of the leader.

SPOCK:

Was there anything else odd about their clothing?

McCOY:

I'm a doctor, not a tailor, dammit! Wait, there was one other thing about them that seemed a bit strange. They spoke English! Quick, Jim, I hear them coming up the turbo-lift! They'll be here in seconds!

KIRK:

We'll be ready for them, Doctor.

(KIRK, SPOCK, AND McCOY QUICKLY WHIP OUT THEIR PHASERS AND TRAIN THEM ON THE TURBO-LIFT DOORS)

(THE DOORS OPEN AND CLOSE TO ADMIT HERB GOODMAN AND CURTIS ...)

(SFX: PNEUMATIC DOORS)

Welcome aboard the starship Enterprise, ~~gentlemen~~. I'm Captain James T. Kirk, representing the United Federation of Planets.

GOODMAN:

(ABOUT TO GLAD-HAND KIRK) Hi, I'm Herb Goodman, head of programming for the network.

KIRK:

Stand back. I won't hesitate to shoot.

(GOODMAN SORT OF IGNORES HIM AND ADDRESSES THE GROUP ...)

GOODMAN:

Can I have your attention? (TO CURTIS) Curtis, you want to turn off those sound effects?

CURTIS:

Sure thing.

(EXITS OFF-CAMERA, NOT INTO TURBO-LIFT)

(MORE)



AARON COHEN
"OUR LEADER"

GOODMAN:

(ADDRESSING GROUP AGAIN) Everyone, please, can I have your attention? I have an announcement to make.

(SFX: BRIDGE SOUND EFFECTS GRIND TO SILENCE LIKE A RECORD SLOWING DOWN AND STOPPING)

(AT THE SAME TIME, THE BLINKING LIGHTS ON THE PANELS FADE AND GO OUT ...)

Due to the low Neilsens, we at NBC have decided to cancel "Star Trek."

KIRK:

(TO SPOCK AND McCOY) Fire at my command.

GOODMAN:

On your way out, stop by the cashier's office and pick up your checks.

KIRK:

Set phasers on "stun." Fire.

(THEY SET PHASERS ON STUN AND ATTEMPT TO FIRE AT GOODMAN, BUT NOTHING HAPPENS ...)

McCOY:

They're not firing, Jim.

KIRK:

(CASUALLY) Try "kill."

(THEY SET PHASERS ON "KILL" AND AGAIN TRY TO SHOOT GOODMAN, BUT NOTHING HAPPENS ...)

McCOY:

Nope, still nothing.

GOODMAN:

(TO THE THREE OF THEM ABOUT PHASERS) You'll make sure the property department gets those things back, won't you, fellows?

SPOCK:

Most peculiar, Captain. I can only conclude that they possess some sort of weapons deactivator,

~~KIRK:~~

~~So that's their game -- the old "weapons deactivator" trick and we~~ (MORE)

THE ONLY DIFFERENCE BETWEEN
TELEVISION AND A LAVA LAMP
IS THAT TELEVISION HAS SLIGHTLY
BETTER AUDIO.

— NO'D

~~KIRK: (CONTD)~~~~fell for it.~~

SPOCK: (CONTINUED)

WHICH
In ~~that~~ case, I shall merely render him unconscious with my famous Vulcan nerve pinch.

GOODMAN:

Of course, if it was up to me you could keep them -- as souvenirs, give 'em to your kids, whatever. But, you see, ~~we're~~ ^{THEY'RE} planning to market a complete line of ~~"Star Trek"~~ ^{TREKIE} merchandise, and I have to send these to Taiwan to be copied.

(AS HE SPEAKS, SPOCK APPROACHES HIM AND ATTEMPTS TO KNOCK HIM OUT WITH THE VULCAN NERVE PINCH. IT HAS NO EFFECT WHATSOEVER AND SPOCK DOES A DISBELIEF TAKE ON HIS HAND ...)

Which reminds me, I promised to bring back one of those furry things for my niece -- what are they called, "triffles," is that it? You know, the little furry things?

(SPOCK TRIES NERVE PINCH A SECOND TIME, AND GOODMAN THINKS HE'S ADMIRING HIS SUIT ...)

Isn't that fabric something? You just can't buy material like this in the States. No way! But I was lucky enough to find this great little tailor who flies in from London four times a year --

(SPOCK, NONPLUSSED, TURNS TO WALK AWAY)

Oh, Nimoy, we'll need these ears back too, I'm afraid.

(HE PULLS OFF THE TIPS OF SPOCK'S EARS AND POCKETS THEM)

McCOY:

(TO GOODMAN) For God's sake, man, we're on a five-year mission to explore space, the final frontier, and dammit, we've only been out three years!

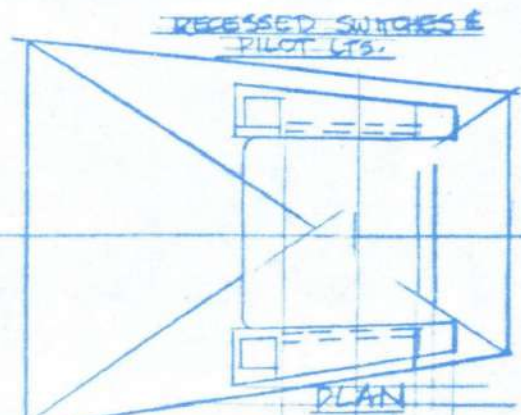
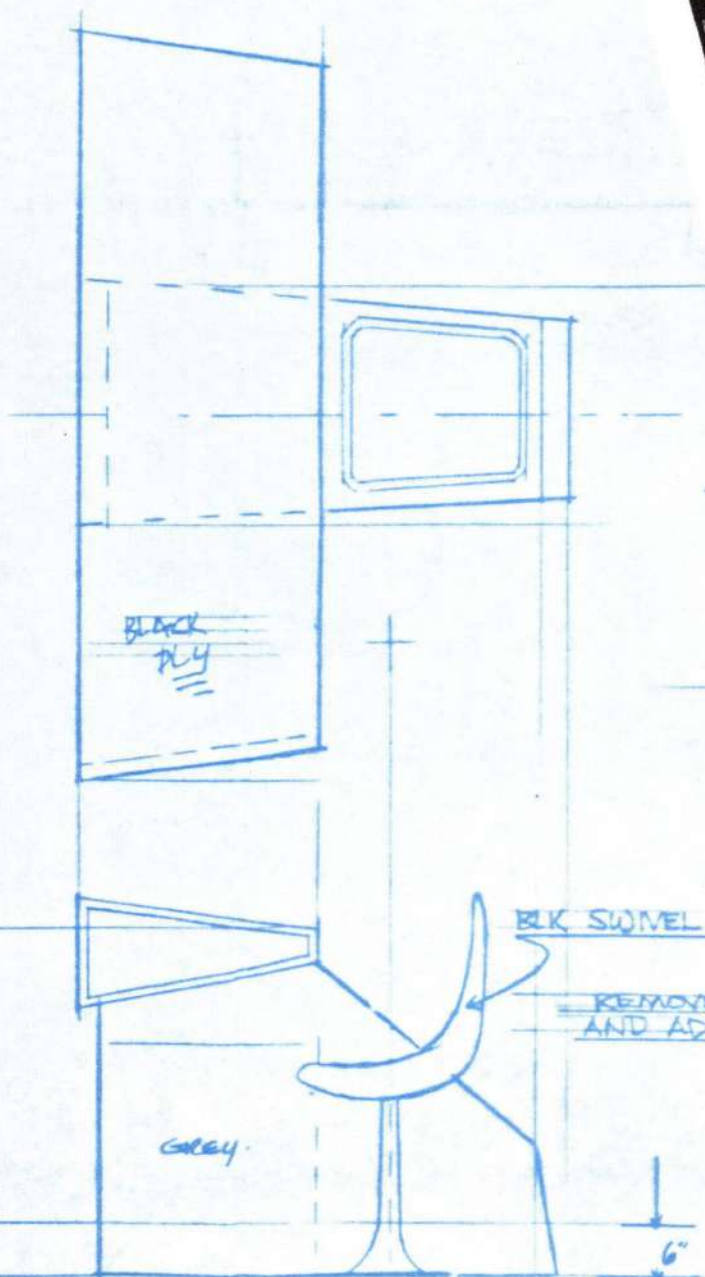
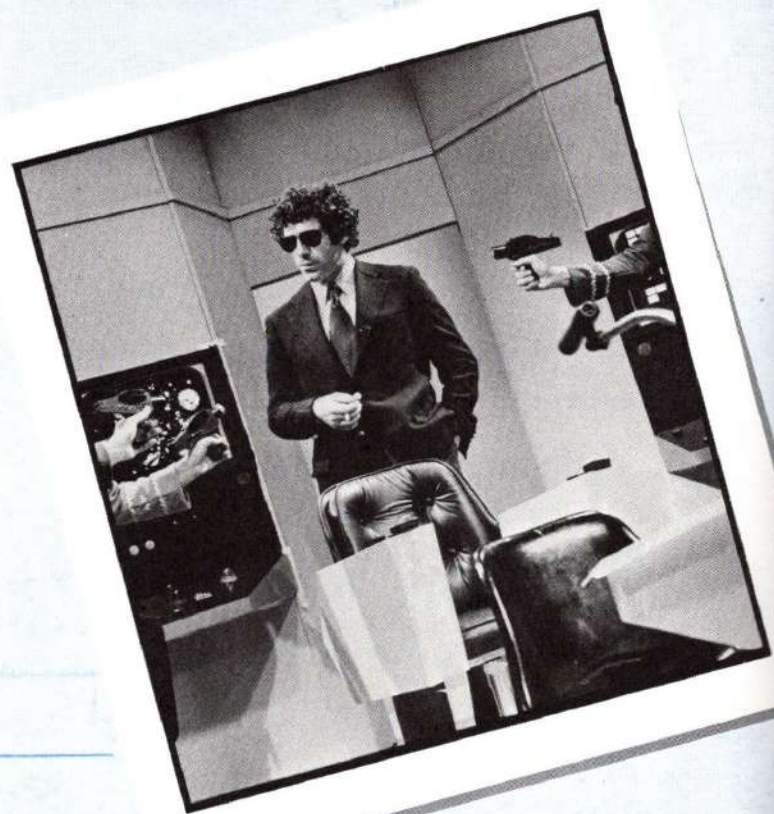
GOODMAN:

Sorry, but it's those Neilsens. If it was up to me, of course ...

KIRK:

What are these "Neilsens" that the alien keeps mentioning, Mr. Spock?

(MORE)



BLACK SWIVEL CH.

REMOVE UPH. ARM
AND ADD ARM PANEL



A.C. 112
ALL CATEGORIES
SIGNATURE *Eugene Lee*

SIDE VIEW
SCALE 1"=1'0"

SPOCK:

If I remember my history correctly, Captain, Neilsens were a primitive system of estimating television viewers once used in the mid-twentieth century. ~~They were later found to be wildly misleading and inaccurate.~~

McCOY:

If Man were meant to fly, he'd have better ratings, is that what you're saying, Mr. Goodbody, whatever your name is? (TO SULU AND UHURA) Come on, George, Nichelle, let's go tie one on.

UHURA:

I'm with you, Kelley.

SULU:

Maybe I'll just go home.

KIRK:

(TO McCOY) Belay that kind of talk, Doctor McCoy.

McCOY:

(TO KIRK) Forget it, Bill. We lost. It's over. (TO SPOCK) Are you coming, Leonard?

(McCOY, UHURA, AND SULU EXIT. SPOCK STARTS TO EXIT ...)

KIRK:

(A BIT DESPERATE NOW) Wait, Mr. Spock. We have yet to try Vulcan mind meld, where you actually enter the alien's brain, merge with his intelligence, and read his thoughts.

SPOCK:

I entered Mr. Goodman's mind while you were talking to Dr. McCoy, Captain.

(CURTIS ENTERS HERE OR A LITTLE BEFORE, NOT REALLY NOTICED, AND STARTS TO PRY APART THE SET WITH A CROWBAR ...)

(SPOCK CONTINUES SPEAKING, OBVIOUSLY SHAKEN BY WHAT HE HAS SEEN IN GOODMAN'S MIND ...)

It was all ... all dark and empty in there. And ... and there were little mice in the corners and spiders had spun this web --

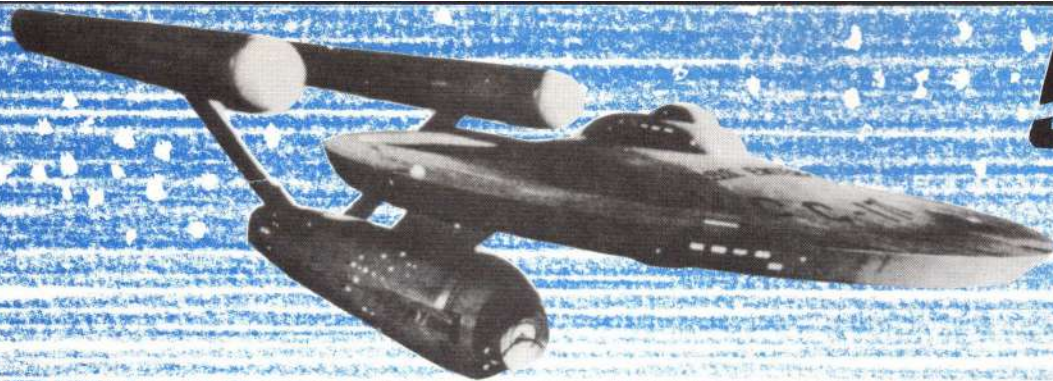
KIRK:

(GRABBING HIM) Spock!

(MORE)

(SPOCK TRIES VULCAN NERVE
PINCH ON McCOY)

McCOY:
(BRUSHING HIM ASIDE) KNOCK
IT OFF, YOU JOKER!



STAR TREK

A PARAMOUNT
PRODUCTION IN ASSOCIATION
WITH NORWAY PRODUCTIONS

FROM THE LOG OF THE STARSHIP ENTERPRISE

5451 MARATHON STREET, HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA 90038

June 3, 1976

Mr. Elliott Gould
c/o A. Morgan Maree, Jr. & Associates
6363 Wilshire Blvd.
Suite 600
Los Angeles, CA 90048

Dear Mr. Gould:

You did not hear from me immediately regarding your STAR TREK parody as I caught it while on vacation and have only just now returned to town. It was delicious! That is the proper word for it -- imaginatively conceived and ably carried out with the kind of loose good humor that an entertaining parody demands.

It was particularly pleasing to me because I have been something of an Elliott Gould fan for years and took your attention to our show as a compliment from someone whose talent I sincerely admire.

Please give your cast and crew the best wishes from all of us at STAR TREK plus our gratitude for treating us stylishly. Hope to soon get started on a STAR TREK theatrical film and hope to promote a copy of your parody from NBC so it can be shown to all the group to remind us to hang loose and have some fun with what we're doing.

Very sincerely,

Gene Roddenberry

SPOCK:

I kept bumping my head on the ceiling, and once --

KIRK:

(SHAKING HIM) Snap out of it, Spock!

SPOCK:

(WITH A SHUDDER) It's okay, Captain. I'm all right now.

GOODMAN:

What do you think, Curtis? Any chance we can sell this junk to "Lost in Space"?

(CURTIS HAS PRIED A SECTION OF THE SET APART AND IS TURNING IT AROUND ...)

CURTIS:

Well, it all comes apart.

KIRK:

(TO CURTIS) Hey, get away from there!

(CURTIS DOES NOT TAKE HIM SERIOUSLY, AND THROWS HIM A MOCKING SALUTE ...)

CURTIS:

Right on, Buck Rogers! Is that an order?

KIRK:

No, it can't end like this. I won't let it! This is my ship! I give the orders here! I give the commands! I am responsible for the lives of 430 crewmen, and I'm not going to let them down! There's got to be a way out! (POUNDS PANEL IN FRUSTRATION)

SPOCK:

You are becoming quite emotional, Captain. Needless to say, my trained Vulcan mind finds such open displays of emotion distasteful. Emotion, you see, interferes with logic, and it is only by dealing with problems in a logical, scientific fashion that we can arrive at valid solutions. Now, with regard to the alien takeover of the Enterprise, I would suggest that we seek some new alternative, based upon exact computer analysis, of course, and taking into consideration elements of -- (SUDDENLY BREAKS DOWN INTO SOBBING WACKO) Oh, God! I don't believe it! How could they do this? Everybody I know loves the show! I have a contract! What

(MORE)

CURTIS:
LET'S GO, BOYS! -- NBC
(ENTER 5 OR 6 STAGEHANDS WHO
START TAKING SET APART.)

SPOCK: (CONTD)

about my contract! I want my ears back! (ETC. ...)

GOODMAN:

(LEADING SPOCK OFF) Curtis, can you give me a hand here?

CURTIS:

I have a couple Valium in my tool box. Maybe that'll help.

(GOODMAN AND CURTIS HELP SPOCK OFF THE SET ...)

KIRK:

So it's just me, is it? Well, I've been in tougher spots.

Surrender? No way. I'd rather go down with the ship.

GOODMAN:

(EXITING) Oh, Shatner, ~~you got a call from some margarine company.~~

~~They said they'd call back.~~

YOUR AGENT CALLED YOU. SOMETHING ABOUT A MARGARINE COMMERCIAL. HE SAID HE'D CALL BACK.

(KIRK IS LEFT ALONE. TIRED, DEFEATED, HE SINKS INTO HIS COMMAND CHAIR AND PUNCHES THE BUTTON TO MAKE HIS FINAL ENTRY ...)

KIRK:

Captain's log, final entry. We have tried to explore strange new worlds, to seek out new civilizations, to boldly go where no man has gone before. And except for one television network, we have found intelligent life everywhere in the galaxy. (HE GIVES THE VULCAN SALUTE) Live long and prosper. (KIRK CLOSES HIS FINGERS) Promise. Captain James T. Kirk, SC 937-0176 CEC.

(PULL BACK TO SHOW HIM ALONE IN WHAT IS NOW OBVIOUSLY A SET IN A TV STUDIO, WITH SOME OF SET BROKEN UP AND ONE PIECE TURNED AROUND SO ONE CAN READ "STAR TREK BRIDGE #4" CRUDELY PAINTED ON THE BACK. CONTINUE PULLING BACK TO SHOW CAMERAS -- WITH CONTEMPORARY NBC LOGO MASKED -- BOOMS, TECHNICIANS)

(SLOW FADE ...)

