KLINGON GAGH
(Final Draft)

Written by

Brendan Curtis

1257 Barrington Drive Potsdam NY, 13676 (315) 725-0512 Curtisbj194@potsdam.edu

FADE IN:

## INT. DINGY BASEMENT-NIGHT

A half finished basement with a dusty cement floor littered with soda cans, a wooden staircase and old furniture lit by one exposed light bulb. The walls that are finished are covered by posters of various science fiction television shows and films.

NICK, a 17 year old star trek nerd who is skinny from genetics rather than physical exercise, lies on his bed.

GREG, Nick's boisterous and overweight best friend, sits on the old couch with his laptop.

GREG

So why haven't you accepted it yet?

NICK

Accepted what?

**GREG** 

The invite to the Star Trek convention this Saturday.

NICK

Because if I accept that invite Becky will see it and think I'm a nerd.

**GREG** 

But you are a nerd.

NICK

Thanks. Anyway, I don't need to accept a Facebook invite to go. I can just go.

**GREG** 

Dude, would it hurt if she knew that about you? I mean, it would be nice if she knew something about you other than you go to the same school.

NICK

(Dry)

Oh yeah, OK. I'm sure she would be just delighted if I asked her out for a bite of Klingon gagh.

**GREG** 

Whatever man. You should at least try talking to her. I mean, who knows? Maybe it'll be like the Next Generation episode when Picard fell in love with that science officer chick. He found out they had a lot in common by actually talking to her.

(Beat)

Then she died. Yikes.

FADE TO:

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL PARKINGLOT-DAY

BECKY, a beautiful young blond woman wearing a cheerleader uniform exits the school.

She bumps into NICK, who is waiting next to her car awkwardly.

**BECKY** 

Hi Nick!

NICK

(Quietly)

Hi.

A BEAT

Nick is clenching his fists tightly and sweating profusely.

BECKY

There something I can help you with?

NICK

(Loudly, Mechanically)

No. I have to go now!

**BECKY** 

Oh, OK. Well, have a good-

Nick turns and leaves.

FADE TO:

## INT. CONVENTION CENTER-DAY

A crowded convention center decorated with a Star Trek theme. People are in costume in various uniforms and as various aliens.

Nick and Greg walk through the crowd, Nick with Vulcan ears and GREG as a Klingon.

NICK

I stood there like a moron.

**GREG** 

Probably. But you tried! Be proud of that.

NICK

I mean, I won't be able show my face in front of her-

NICK trips and bumps into someone, knocking them over

NICK (CONT'D)

Oh, I'm sorry I-

He is shocked to find BECKY lying on the ground in full starfleet uniform. He helps her up.

NICK (CONT'D)

Becky? You're a Star Trek fan?

BECKY

Oh my god yes! I can't get enough of it! What's your favorite episode?

NICK

Uh, I guess "Clues" from TNG is my-

BECKY screams with delight

BECKY

Oh my god! Me too!

BECKY and NICK look into each others eyes for a moment, smiling, and shy away.

NICK

(Confident)

Hey are you hungry? I hear they have great Klingon gagh at this convention!