

**Scots : The Star Trek Script** Marc Mehlman  
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**STARDATE 2508.4.23, Captain's Log** *"The U.F.P. Starship Enterprise is refueling at star base Newcastle, after an emergency fuel stop."*

Mr. Kyle: "Captain, we have had a mishap in the transport bay."

Captain James T. Kirk: "Get me Chief Engineer Montgomery Scott!"

Mr. Kyle: "But that's the problem ... ."

Captain James T. Kirk: "Where's Scotty! Give me a situation report."

Scotties #1-5 in unison all sneeze and then reply: "My God, impostors! Captain there are four impostors posing as me!"

Captain James T. Kirk: "Security, arrest the four Scotty impostors and bring the real Scotty to the bridge! Spock, report immediately"

*A few moments later on the bridge with First Science Officer Spock.*

Scott #1: "Aye, Captain, all I remember was beaming up from the surface of Newcastle and there they were, four impostors."

Captain James T. Kirk: "I have informed Federation Headquarters. Perhaps the Romalians tried to plant a spy among us. I have also ordered Lieutenant Hussien along with Chief Psychologist Phillips to interrogate the alien Scotties."

Spock: "Most interesting. Four spies, all replications of Scottie?!"

Scott #1: "It was a good thing I was the first to meet the security guards in the hall. Otherwise they might have thought one of the others was really me."

Through a ship intercom, Chief Psychologist Phillips: "First Psychologist Phillips reporting. The four Scottie clones seem to have been exact replicas of each other. Lieutenant Hussien has determined that each of them possess the entire knowledge of the ships propulsion mechanisms and of its weapons systems. As each Scottie experiences a slightly different environment, they are evolving into different people,

but I would say they all had a common ‘ancestor’.”

Spock: “Can you determine at what time their common ‘ancestor’ existed?”

Chief Psychologist Phillips: “Judging from their identical knowledge of recent past, I would say the psycho-bifurcation occurred sometime around the time of transport from the surface.”

Scotties #2-4 through the intercom and Scottie #1 on the bridge, in unison: “Incredible! I have been plagiarized!”

Spock: “CEO Blackington of Newcastle Fuels reports that Scottie beamed up from his office at the exact time all five Scotties appeared here.”

Scottie #1, wiping his nose: “Captain, you don’t think ... ?”

Captain James T. Kirk: “I must determine which of these five men is the real Scottie. Our ship just can’t function without his expertise much longer! Security, take this Scottie to sick bay to join the others and have Chief Logistics Officer Rice meet me there. Have Doctor McCoy examine each Scottie separately and treat this Scottie for his cold. Sulu, keep Federation Headquarters informed.”

*Later in sick bay.*

Doctor McCoy: “Captain, all five of these men have the identical cold. Medically speaking, I could not tell them apart, except for Spock’s idea of numbering them one through five and having them wear their numbers on shirts.”

Captain James T. Kirk: “Can you treat them for their colds?”

Doctor McCoy: “Cold, not colds. Captain, I am a doctor, not an assembly line worker.”

Captain James T. Kirk: “Do as you can.”

*The captain now turns to Logistics Officer Rice.*

Captain James T. Kirk: “Can you tell me who the real Scottie is?”

Logistics Officer Rice addressing each Scotties individually: “If I were to ask the other Scotties who they would say was the real Scottie, what would be their answer?”

Spock, interrupting: “I think there is another logical explanation for this phenomenon. I think the answer lies in the transporter room.”

*Some time later in the transporter room. Spock has all five Scotties busy inspecting and disassembling the transporter unit. The Scotties are busy fighting with each other, getting in each other's way, and claiming that the other Scotties don't know what they are doing. Out of earshot of the Scotties, in the same room, are Captain Kirk, Science Officer Spock and Doctor McCoy.*

Spock: “The bridge has picked up radio transmissions from several Middle Eastern Federations offering to hire one of the Scotties to build a Klapton bomb. And we all know who they plan to use it on. We cannot allow them to get their hands on any one of our Scotties.”

Captain James T. Kirk: “Only Scottie would be able to build a Klapton bomb. Be he would never do such a thing for money.”

Spock: “Not for money, but for the engineering challenge.”

McCoy: “What are you proposing, that we lock them all up and throw away the key ? How barbaric. Is that what you Vulcans do with everyone who is smart enough to build bombs? Only dumb medical doctors are allowed to run free because ignorant Middle East Federations don't realize my worth? What about germ warfare? Are not the Middle Eastern Federations aware of this?”

Captain James T. Kirk: “Doctor, no one has made any offer for your skills so I wouldn't worry. And as for ‘locking up’ the Scotties; there is a precedence for this. We could leave the four imitation Scotties on each of four different uninhabited planets and keep the real Scottie for ourselves.”

Spock: “That would be too dangerous. It would be just a matter of time before one of the Scotties constructed a intergalactic receiver and learned of the Middle Eastern Federation's offer.”

Captain James T. Kirk: “But we can't keep all of them here.”

*Captain Kirk now walks over to Scotties #1-5.*

Scotties #1-5: “Captain, I was the one who located the problem. The reproducing element of the transporter unit malfunctioned. It become temporarily stuck in the

‘on’ position through five recycling periods.”

Spock: “And hence the five nearly identical Scotties, each created equally. First there was creation and then evolution!”

Captain: “Only there is no real Scottie any more!?”

Spock: “No Captain, there are five real Scotties now!”

**STARDATE 2508.6.24, Captain’s Log** *“I am now struggling with a moral dilemma that would have made King Solomon cross-eyed. This is an episode of my life like no other. I have always been able to figure out what is right morally quite quickly, even when others could not. I was then able to act courageously on my conviction. Never before have I had such doubts and perplexing second guesses. All of my courage and ability for self-sacrifice is of no avail. At first, I believed that the answer could be found in the great ethical works of Plato, Maimonides and Nixon, but they never faced an ethical dilemma such as this. Finally I was forced to rely on the advice of Federation lawyers. Surprisingly, this ethical dilemma was not difficult for them to resolve, but in taking their advice I have felt debased. Strange, but this was one of the few times I have ever remembered First Science Officer Spock agreeing with the lawyers. My crew knows I have relied on expert advice, yet they seem insecure about my final decision.*

*If I had let more than one Scottie live I would have been risking the lives of millions of people in the Middle Eastern part of the Galaxy. But eliminating four of the Scotties! Was it mass murder? In the end we had our Scottie back just as before. Everything is just as if the transporter unit had not malfunctioned, except for some unpleasant memories. Spock informed our Federation of our decision and Doctor McCoy volunteered to inform the Middle Eastern Federation States.*

*Yet even my decision did not resolve the crisis. Which Scottie could I choose for life and which ones for death? How do I decide? Does my decision matter? Would the Scotties understand the dilemma Spock and I face or would they think like our righteous Doctor McCoy? To my relief, after detaining the Scotties in a room by themselves for two days, they decided for me. Their decision was that Scottie #1 would live on and that Scotties #2-5 would be put to sleep. A short time later, this was carried out, but not without some commotion first.*

*If only this was the end of this sorry episode, but it wasn’t. For several weeks now I have had terrible nightmares of deliberately duplicating Sulu’s beautiful teenage daugh-*

*ter in the transporter room without Sulu or his daughter knowing. What real harm would be done if I disposed of the copy a few hours later with no one knowing about it? But these were only nightmares, and dreams can be dealt with. Reality was not so kind.*

*A few weeks later it comes to light that Scottie #3 had, at the last moment, stolen Scottie #1's label and we had put the wrong Scottie to sleep. At the subsequent trial I served as the fake Scottie's defense attorney with Spock presiding. The surviving Scottie claimed that Scottie #1 would have done the same thing to him. When asked how he could be so sure, my Scottie said "Since I did it to him." So maybe my Scottie did not kill an innocent Scottie #1. Maybe Scottie #3's will to survive was understandable. At this point I became very confused. Spock's rather harsh sentence did not help resolve things either in my opinion. He had my Scottie duplicated again in the transporter room and then executed the original Scottie. Or was it the original copy of the real original? Just who my Chief Engineer Scottie is now and what crimes is he guilty of, I have no idea. What crimes am I guilty of? Did I have four innocent men put to death? All I know is that at this moment the surviving Scottie is grateful for my help with his defense.*

*With this in mind, I have now promoted Chief Logistics Officer Rice to become Chief Logic Officer Rice. At least I will now gain advise from someone else than lawyers and Vulcans. Chief Psychologist Phillips has formed a human (and Vulcan) subjects committee and the crisis has eased. I have learned exactly how the transporter machine malfunctioned and I now possess the necessary passwords to operate it."*

Captain Kirk on the bridge: "Scottie, give me warp 4."

Scottie: "Aye, aye, Sir"

Sulu: "Captain, I need a course, a destination."

Captain Kirk, waving his hand: "Away from here."