

AN UPLIFTING TALE

By Lynda Carraher©

Author's Note: The following is a story I entered in a writing contest for Space Trek II in St. Louis in 1983. Since Walter Koenig and Jimmy Doohan were among the guests, the rules of the contest required that the story be a Chekov-Scotty vignette. First prize was "performance" of the masterpiece by the two actors.

No, I didn't win. I on the part of the judges. I can attribute that sad fact only to BLATANT FAVORITISM!! At any rate, here' tis.

(As the scene opens, we find Mr. Scott alone in a tiny, featureless cubicle which yet manages to look somehow familiar. He is gesturing rather urgently to Ensign Chekov, who scoots into the cubicle with him, scant seconds ahead of a pair of sliding doors.)

SCOTT: Are ye all right, lad?

CHEKOV: (pats himself; checks): I think so. Those doors are vicious! And these are the *slowest* turbo lifts--

SCOTT: Elevators, Pavel! *Elevators!* An ye dinna stop muckin' about wi' the language, ye'll blow our kiver.

CHEKOV: Look who's talking about *language*, you

Cossack! And who modified the video machine in the bar last night?

SCOTT: Just tryin' to keep my hand in!

CHEKOV: But a six-foot hologram of Ms. Pac-Man? Chasing the band through the lobby?

SCOTT: T'was a perfectly logical mistake. Doubtless she thought they were strawberries.

CHEKOV: *Logical!* Now you sound like Mr. Spock... Where is he, anyway?

SCOTT: The last time I saw him, he was demonstratin' the Vulcan nerve pinch to a dozen or so lassies wi' the most *remarkable* superstructures...

CHEKOV: Same old story. Senior officers get all the fun.

SCOTT: Fun is no' why we're here, lad. Remember that. Time travel is serious business. And if we canna locate Captain Kirk's great-great-great-great grandmother an' convince her to go home to her husband, we're all in the haggis.

CHEKOV: You're sure the Guardian of Forever was right? That there's a Klingon time-traveler here, too, trying to keep this -- what was her name?

SCOTT: Sara Sue...

CHEKOV: You're sure it wasn't *Mary* S--

SCOTT: SARA!

CHEKOV: Whatever. You think he might really convince her to run away with him?

SCOTT: The Guardian says he will, unless we find her an' I convince her otherwise.

CHEKOV: It's hopeless, Mr. Scott. There must be hundreds of women here who fit her general description. And we can't just keep going around reading name tags! I got thrown out of the hospitality room three times today trying to read tags.

SCOTT: I *told* you not to try to use braille!

CHEKOV: Well, it seemed like a good idea at the time.

SCOTT: The cheap vodka is blurrin' your judgment, lad. Now for a real idea, it takes an engineer every time.

CHEKOV: So what's your great idea, Mr. Scott? I don't see anything so spectacular about this tur-- Elevator. Just all those little buttons lit up -- and we haven't even stopped yet.

SCOTT: We will. Soon. Ye hafta ken the *rules*, Pavel. It was all in the orientation tape.

CHEKOV: They have rules at these conventions?

SCOTT: Aye. Rule One is that the guest of honor always cancels out at the last minute. Rule two is that the two panels you want most to see are always scheduled at the same time. Rule Three--

CHEKOV: The *elevators*, Mr. Scott! The elevators?

SCOTT: I'm just comin' to that one. Rule Three is that sooner or later durin' every con, there'll only be one elevator operatin'. I just made sure it was sooner, that's all.

CHEKOV: You mean ... this is the *only* elevator that's working?

SCOTT: Aye.

CHEKOV: And *everybody* who wants to go anywhere will have to use this one?

SCOTT: Aye.

CHEKOV: All those women ... *here*?

SCOTT: (smiling) : Aye.

CHEKOV: Even the ones with the ... superstructures?

SCOTT: Aye.

CHEKOV: And the ones with the teensy-weensy costumes... ?

SCOTT: (smiles dreamily): Aye.

CHEKOV: (finally getting it): And we'll be here... with them ... alone ... in this tiny ... little... slow... little...

SCOTT: (firmly): Aye.

CHEKOV: (beaming) : Mr. Scott, you're a genius!

SCOTT: That I am, lad. That I am.

THE END