

STAR TREK

"THE TROUBLE WITH TRIBBLES"

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N O T E :

Please Change Commander Lurry  
to MR. LURRY, manager of the  
Space Station.

THANK YOU

8/18/67

STAR TREK

"THE TROUBLE WITH TRIBBLES"

CAST

KIRK  
SPOCK  
McCOY  
SCOTTY  
CHEKOV  
UHURA  
ENSIGN FREEMAN

\*

KOLOTH, A KLINGON CAPTAIN  
KORAX, A KLINGON AIDE

COMMANDER LURRY  
NILZ BARIS  
ARNE DARVIN  
CYRANO JONES  
TRADER  
ADMIRAL KOMACK  
HELMSMAN'S VOICE  
TWO GUARDS - CREWMEN OF THE ENTERPRISE  
A SECURITY GUARD

\*

AND KLINGONS AND CREWMAN  
AT LEAST FIVE OF EACH

SETS

INT. BRIDGE  
INT. BRIEFING ROOM  
INT. RECREATION ROOM  
INT. SHIP'S CORRIDOR  
INT. TRANSPORTER ROOM  
INT. LAB

\*

\*

CORRIDOR OUTSIDE STORAGE COMPARTMENT - INCLUDING PANEL  
COMMANDER LURRY'S OFFICE  
INT. BAR/STORE ON SPACE STATION

A MINIATURE OF THE SPACE STATION ITSELF

8/21/67

STAR TREK

"THE TROUBLE WITH TRIBBLES"

TEASER

FADE IN:

1 ENTERPRISE FLYBY (STOCK) 1

2 INT. BRIEFING ROOM 2

KIRK, SPOCK and CHEKOV are seated around the table. Chekov is on the hot seat... as a young ensign, he is here to learn, and the Captain and the First Officer are now examining him to find out just how much he has learned. A lecture with questions, and it is obvious that Chekov hates it.

3 CLOSER ANGLE 3\*

as Spock consults tri-screen on table.

SPOCK

Deep space station K-7 is now in sensor range, Captain.

KIRK

Good. Mr. Chekov, this flight is supposed to give you both experience and knowledge. How close will we pass to the nearest Klingon outpost on our present course?

CHEKOV

One parsec; sir. Close enough to smell them.

SPOCK

That is not logical, Ensign. Odors cannot travel through the vacuum of space.

CHEKOV

I was making a little joke, sir.

SPOCK

It was extremely little, Ensign.

KIRK

Immediate past history of this quadrant, Mister Spock?

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED:

3\*

SPOCK

Under dispute between the two parties since initial contact. The battle of Donatu Five took place near here 23 solar years ago... inconclusive.

KIRK

Analysis of the disputed area.

SPOCK

Undeveloped. Sherman's planet claimed by both sides, our Federation and the Klingon Empire. Of course, we have the better claim.

CHEKOV

The area was first mapped by the famous Russian astronomer Ivan Burkoff almost two hun...

KIRK

John Burke, Ensign.

CHEKOV

Burke, sir? I don't think so. I'm sure it was...

SPOCK

John Burke was the chief astronomer at the Royal Academy in old Britain at the time.

CHEKOV

Royal Academy? Oh. Oh, well!

KIRK

Is the rest of your history that faulty, Ensign? Key point of dispute.

CHEKOV

Under the terms of the Organian Peace Treaty, one side or the other must prove that they can develop the planet most efficiently.

KIRK

And unfortunately, the Klingons, though they are brutal and aggressive, are quite efficient.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED:

3\*

CHEKOV

I remember once when Peter the  
Great had a problem like that.  
He...

UHURA'S VOICE

(interrupting)

Captain!

(CONTINUED)



3 CONTINUED: (2)

3

There is an urgency in her voice which causes Kirk to hammer on the intercom.

KIRK

Kirk here.

4 INSERT - VIEWING SCREEN - UHURA

4

UHURA

Captain, I'm picking up a subspace  
distress call -- priority channel!  
It's from space station K-71

5 WIDER ANGLE - KIRK, SPOCK, CHEKOV

5\*

CHEKOV

(to Spock)

Code one emergency? That's a  
disaster call.

SPOCK

Quite.

A flicker of light indicates the change.

KIRK

Go to Warp Factor Six.

UHURU'S VOICE

Aye aye, captain.

Kirk snaps off the intercom, already half out of his  
chair and on his way to the door. Spock and Chekov  
follow immediately. As they go out:

UHURA'S VOICE

(amplified;  
loud speaker)

All hands... this is a red alert.  
Man your battle stations. Repeat  
... this is a red alert. Man your  
battle stations.

FADE OUT.

END TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

.6 OMITTED 6

7 SHOT OF SPACE STATION 7

It hangs against a backdrop of stars -- slowly growing in size as the Enterprise approaches.

KIRK

Captain's log; Stardate 4523.3. Deep space station K-7 has issued a priority one call... more than an emergency, it signals near or total disaster. We can only assume the Klingons have attacked the station. We are going in armed for battle.

8 INT. BRIDGE - ANGLE ON FORWARD SCREEN - SHOWING SPACE STATION 8

The space station rapidly grows in size as the Enterprise approaches.

9 ANOTHER ANGLE 9\*

as everyone on the bridge stares forward tensely. Chekov is in navigator's position.

CHEKOV

Main phasers armed and ready.  
(looks up  
at Kirk)  
There's nothing... Just the station, sir.

Kirk reacts. He steps down and peers over Chekov's shoulder. Perhaps he reaches past him and snaps a couple of switches.

(CONTINUED)



9 CONTINUED:

KIRK

A priority one distress call...  
and they're sitting there absolutely  
peaceful...?

(turning to Uhura)

Lieutenant Uhura, break subspace  
silence.

10 ANGLE ON UHURA

10

UHURA

Aye, aye, captain.

11 ANGLE

11\*

Kirk gestures for her to put them on. He steps back  
to his chair.

KIRK

Space station K-7, this is Captain  
Kirk of the Enterprise. What is  
your emergency?

LURRY'S VOICE

Captain Kirk, this is Commander  
Lurry. I must apologize for the  
distress call. I --

KIRK

Commander Lurry, you have issued  
a priority one distress signal!  
State the nature of your emergency!

LURRY

Uh, perhaps you had better beam  
over, I -- uh -- I'll try to  
explain...

KIRK

... You'll try to explain...? You'd  
better be prepared to do more than  
that. Kirk out.

He starts toward the door, issuing orders as he moves.

KIRK

(continuing)

Mr. Chekov, maintain battle readiness  
... Uhura, have the transporter  
room stand by... Mr. Spock, I'll  
need your help...

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

Kirk waits for Spock to join him at the elevator. They step into it as we:

CUT TO:

12 TRANSITION SHOT - SPACE STATION

12

Enterprise hanging motionless nearby.

CUT TO:

13 INT. LURRY'S OFFICE ON THE SPACE STATION

13\*

LURRY, BARIS and DARVIN; Kirk and Spock materialize. Kirk is furious as he begins talking to Lurry as soon as materialization is complete.

KIRK

Commander Lurry, if there is no emergency, why did you order a priority one distress call?!

BARIS

(stepping  
into shot)

I ordered it, captain!

LURRY

Captain Kirk, this is Nilz Baris -- he's out from Earth to take charge of the Development Project for Sherman's Planet.

KIRK

And that gives you the authority to put a whole quadrant on a defense alert...?

DARVIN

(stiff and stuffy)

Mr. Baris is the Federation Under-Secretary in Charge of Agricultural Affairs in this quadrant!

Kirk reacts -- bureaucracy is still bureaucracy. He peers at Darwin, curiously.

BARIS

This is my assistant, Arne Darwin.

(a beat)

Now, captain, I want all available security guards. I want them posted around the storage compartments.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED:

KIRK  
(angry, puzzled)  
Storage compartments? What storage  
compartments?

DARVIN  
The storage compartments with the  
quadro-tritcale.

KIRK  
The what? What is...  
(stumbling over  
the word\*)  
... quadro-tritcale?

\*Pronounced quadro-tritti-cay-lee.

Darvin sniffs audibly at Kirk's ignorance. He pulls  
a sample of the grain out of a container. He hands  
it to Baris who hands it to Kirk. Kirk glances at it  
only briefly, then hands it to a curious Spock. Spock  
examines it.

KIRK  
(continuing)  
Wheat. So what?

BARIS  
Quadro-tritcale is not wheat,  
captain! I wouldn't expect you --  
(glancing at Spock)  
-- or your First Officer -- to know  
about such things, but --

Spock, who has been quietly watching all this:

SPOCK  
Quadro-tritcale is a high-yield  
grain, a four lobed hybrid of  
wheat and rye... a perennial,  
also, if I'm not mistaken... The  
root grain, tritcale, can trace its  
ancestry all the way back to Twentieth  
Century Canada, when --

Kirk making no effort to conceal his amusement:

KIRK  
I think you've made your point,  
Mr. Spock.

Spock pauses and looks at Kirk. He gives Kirk the  
familiar Spock stare. He was just getting to the  
interesting part.

(CONTINUED)

\* 13 CONTINUED: (2)

13\*

LURRY

(interrupting)

Captain, quadro-triticales is the only Earth grain that will grow on Sherman's Planet. We have several tons of it here on the station, and it's very important that that grain reach Sherman's Planet safely. Mr. Baris thinks that Klingon agents may try to sabotage it --

KIRK

(irked - to Baris)

You issued a priority one distress call because of a couple of tons of -- wheat?!

DARVIN

Quadro-triticales.

Kirk starts to look at Darwin, but he is not worth it.

BARIS

(coming in fast -  
on top of Darwin's  
line)

Of course, I --

Kirk has the patience of a saint -- unfortunately, Baris has exhausted it.

KIRK

Mr. Baris -- you summoned the Enterprise here without an emergency! Now, you'll take responsibility for it! Misuse of the priority one channel is a Federation offense!

BARIS

I did not misuse the priority one channel! I want that grain protected!

LURRY

Captain Kirk, couldn't you at least post a couple of guards?... We do get a large number of ships passing through...

SPOCK

It would be a logical precaution, captain. The Sherman's Planet affair is of extreme importance to the Federation...

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED: (3)

13\*

Kirk looks at Spock as if to say "Blast your logic!"  
However, Spock is usually correct, so...

KIRK  
(chagrined; taking  
out his communicator)  
Kirk to Enterprise.

UHURA'S VOICE  
Enterprise here.

KIRK  
Secure from general quarters. Beam  
over two and only two security  
guards. Have them report to  
Commander Lurry.  
(a beat)  
Also, authorize shore leave for  
all off-duty personnel.

UHURA  
Yes, captain.

KIRK  
Kirk out.

He puts away the communicator. Baris is upset,  
because Kirk has only authorized two.

BARIS  
Kirk! Starfleet Command is  
going to hear about this... A  
mere two men!

Kirk looks at Baris for a long moment.

KIRK  
(finally)  
I have never questioned either  
the orders, or the intelligence  
of any representative of the  
Federation...  
(pause, looking  
at Baris)  
... until now.

Leaving a speechless Baris and Darwin, Kirk exits,  
followed by Spock.

CUT TO:

13A  
thru OMITTED  
13C

13A  
thru  
13C

13D INT. BAR/STORE - ANGLE ON KIRK AND SPOCK

13D\*

Like a Western general store, this is a combination of two or more functions. Primarily it is a bar with a few tables and a bar against one wall, but a few extra props behind the bar should suggest that TRADER also runs a general store type of establishment. Kirk and Spock are at the bar, just putting down empty glasses. Kirk is shaking his head as he puts down the glass, looks at the wheat he holds in his hand.

KIRK

... summoned a starship on a  
priority A-1 channel to guard  
some storage compartments.

(starts away)

Storage compartments of wheat!

SPOCK

Still, Captain, it is a logical  
precaution. The Klingons would  
not like to see us successfully  
develop Sherman's Planet.

He and Spock are crossing toward the door on his last line. Uhura and Chekov enter, followed separately by CYRANO JONES. Uhura and Chekov wait to meet the Captain, but Jones crosses past them to the bar beyond where he will engage the Trader.

KIRK

(to Uhura  
and Chekov)

I see you didn't waste any time  
going off duty.

UHURA

How often do we get shore leave?

CHEKOV

She wanted to shop... and I  
wanted to help her.

KIRK

Mister Chekov.

(holds out wheat)

What do you make of this?

CHEKOV

(takes it eagerly)

Quadro-triticales! I've read about  
this, but I've never seen any of  
it till now!

(CONTINUED)

13D CONTINUED:

13D\*

KIRK

Mister Spock, does everyone know  
about this grain, but me?

CHEKOV

Not everyone, Captain. It's a  
Russian invention.

Kirk gives up... shot down in flames by nationalism  
again. As he and Spock start to exit, Uhura and Chekov  
move toward the bar.

14  
thru OMITTED  
16

14\*  
thru  
16\*

17 ANGLE ON CYRANO

17\*

Cyrano Jones is arguing with the Trader. He has a great  
amount of merchandise on the counter. Obviously, he has  
been trying to sell it to the Trader, and the Trader has  
obviously been very stubborn.

TRADER

No! I don't want any. I told you  
before, and I'm telling you again.

Chekov and Uhura approach and wait for the Trader's  
attention.

TRADER

(continuing)

I don't want any Spican Flame Gems.  
I already have enough Spican Flame  
Gems to last me a lifetime.

Cyrano shrugs. He starts to open his carryall sack to  
put them away.

CYRANO

(pityingly)

How sad for you, my friend...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

17\*

CYRANO (Cont'd)  
(hopefully)  
You won't find a finer stone  
anywhere...

The Trader is frowning.

CYRANO  
(continuing;  
hastily)  
Ah, but I have something better...  
(picking a vial  
off the counter)  
Surely, you want some Antaran Glow  
Water...

TRADER  
(deadly monotone)  
I use it to polish the flame gems.

By this time Chekov and Uhura are watching interestedly.  
Cyrano sweeps most of his other stuff back into his  
sack.

CYRANO  
(sighing)  
You are a most difficult man to  
reach...

Picking up something off the counter... it is a  
green-gold ball of fluff, a tribble.

CYRANO  
(continuing)  
Surely, you want...

TRADER  
(although he  
is interested)  
... not at that price.

UHURA  
(catching sight  
of the tribble)  
Ooooh, what is it?... is it alive...?  
(taking the tribble)  
May I hold him? Ooooh, he's adorable!  
(to Cyrano)  
What is it?

CYRANO  
What is it? Why, little darlin',  
it's a tribble...

(CONTINUED)



17 CONTINUED: (2)

17

UHURA  
(softly)  
... a tribble?...

CYRANO  
(continuing over)  
It's only the sweetest little  
creature known to man -- exceptin'  
of course, yourself...

UHURA  
(laughing; she is  
not taken in by  
the flattery)  
Oh!... Oh! It's purring!

18 VERY CLOSE ANGLE ON TRIBBLE

18

The tribble in the lieutenant's hands purrs and throbs.  
It is a ball of green-gold fluff about the size of a  
large bean bag. Its purr is soft and high pitched  
like a dove's cooing.

19 ANGLE

19

CYRANO  
Ah, little lady, he's just sayin'  
that he likes you.

UHURA  
He's adorable. Are you selling  
them?

TRADER  
That's what we're trying to decide  
right now.  
(he glares at  
Cyrano)

CYRANO  
(to Trader)  
My friend... ten credits a piece  
is a very reasonable price... You  
can see for yourself how much the  
lovely little lady here appreciates  
fine things...

TRADER  
(an offer)  
A credit a piece.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED:

19\*

Chekov, asking Cyrano, as he takes the tribble from Uhura; he has put his grain on the counter: some spills out.

CHEKOV

He won't bite, will he?

Cyrano, making a great show out of ignoring the Store-keeper:

CYRANO

Sir! There is a law against transporting harmful animals from one planet to another, or weren't you aware of that...? Besides, tribbles have no teeth.

TRADER

(trying to attract  
Cyrano's attention)

All right. I'll double my offer.  
Two credits.

Cyrano, taking the tribble from Chekov and plopping it on the counter in front of the Trader:

CYRANO

Twice nothing is still nothing...

The Trader looks down at the tribble... he looks at Cyrano.

TRADER

(eyeing the tribble)

Is he clean?

CYRANO

(eyeing the Trader)

He's as clean as you are.

(a second look)

I daresay a good deal cleaner...

While they have been talking, the tribble has been inching along on the counter, toward the grain. It now reaches it.

UHURA

If you don't want him, I'll take him. I think he's cute.

Cyrano and the Trader both notice this. Trader is annoyed. Cyrano beams.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED: (2)

19\*

TRADER  
(to Cyrano)  
All right. Four.

CYRANO  
Is that an offer or a joke?

And meanwhile, the tribble begins munching on Chekov's grain.

TRADER  
That's my offer.

CYRANO  
(starting to leave)  
Well, I can see that you're not interested...

He reaches for the tribble -- the Trader stops him.

TRADER  
All right... five...

Cyrano, returning quickly now that the Trader is talking money:

CYRANO  
My friend -- I'll tell you what I'll do for you. I can see that you're an honest man... I'll lower my price to eight and a half.

TRADER  
You're talking yourself out of a deal. Six. Not a cent more.

CYRANO  
Seven and a half.  
(no response)  
Seven.  
(still no response)  
All right, you robber. Six.

19A INSERT - TRIBBLE

19A

happily munching on the grain; i.e., the grain is disappearing under it as the tribble throbs and croons contentedly.

19B BACK TO SHOT

19B

TRADER  
When can I have them?

(CONTINUED)

19B CONTINUED:

19B

CYRANO

Right away.

He starts pulling tribbles out of his sack.

UHURA

(to Trader)

How much are you selling them for?

TRADER

(already counting  
his profits)

Well, let me see now... six credits  
... figure a reasonable markup for  
a reasonable profit... ten per cent  
markup... ten credits...

20 INSERT CYRANO

20

CYRANO

(under his breath)

Thief!

21 ANGLE

21\*

TRADER

In fact, I'll sell you this one --

CHEKOV

Hey! He's eating my grain!

Quickly Chekov moves to rescue what is left of the grain;  
fortunately tribbles are slow eaters.

TRADER

(picking up the  
tribble)

That will be ten credits --

Cyrano, taking the tribble from the Trader, indig-  
nantly:

CYRANO

Sir!!! That happens to be my  
sample. And it is mine to do  
with as I please... and I please  
to give it to the pretty little  
lady, here...

UHURA

Oh, I couldn't --

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED:

CYRANO

I insist.

TRADER

That's right. Ruin the market.

CYRANO

Hah! Once the pretty little lady here starts to show this little precious around, you won't be able to keep up with 'em.

He gallantly hands the tribble to Uhura as we:

DISSOLVE TO:

22 KIRK AND SPOCK IN BRIEFING ROOM - MED. ANGLE

22

Perhaps each has a cup of coffee, when a wall panel or desk panel BLEEPS.

KIRK

Kirk here.

UHURA'S VOICE

Message from Starfleet, captain. Priority channel. Admiral Komack speaking.

KIRK

Transfer it in here, lieutenant.

A pause... then the screen on the table lights.

22A INSERT - VIEW SCREEN

22A

ADMIRAL KOMACK appears, seated at his desk.

KOMACK

Captain Kirk.

KIRK'S VOICE

Here, sir.

KOMACK

Captain, it is not necessary to remind you of the importance to the Federation of Sherman's Planet. The key to our winning of this planet is the grain, quadro-triticales. The shipment of it must be protected.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

22A CONTINUED:

22A

KOMACK (Cont'd)  
Effective immediately you will  
render any aid and assistance  
which Under Secretary Baris may  
require. The safety of the grain  
-- and the project -- is your  
responsibility. Starfleet out.

22B BACK TO TWO SHOT

22B\*

KIRK  
(beat)  
Now that's just lovely.

SPOCK  
But not entirely unexpected.

The panel BLEEPS again.

UHURA'S VOICE  
Captain Kirk! Captain Kirk!

KIRK  
Kirk here. What's the matter,  
Lieutenant?

UHURA'S VOICE  
Sensors are picking up a Klingon  
battle cruiser -- rapidly closing  
on the station!

23 TIGHT SHOT ON KIRK

23

as he reacts.

KIRK  
Contact Commander Lurry. We're  
on our way.

24 ANGLE

24

as he and Spock race for the door, not even waiting  
for Uhura's acknowledgement.

24A INT. CORRIDOR

24A

Kirk and Spock exit into corridor, run for an  
elevator.

CUT TO:

25 OMITTED

25\*

26 INT. ENTERPRISE - BRIDGE

26\*

as Kirk enters the bridge, followed by Spock.

KIRK

(to Chekov)

What's that Klingon ship doing now?

CHEKOV

Nothing, Captain. He's just sitting there... a hundred kilometers off K-7.

UHURA

I have Commander Lurry.

KIRK

Put him on visual, Lieutenant.

Kirk steps to his chair.

KIRK

Commander Lurry, there is a Klingon war ship hanging one hundred kilometers off your station...

26A INSERT - VIEWSCREEN

26A\*

Past Chekov. Lurry is in his office.

LURRY

I do not think that the Klingon are planning to attack us.

26B ANGLE ON KIRK

26B\*

KIRK

Why not?

26C INSERT - VIEWSCREEN

26C

WIDENING ANGLE to reveal the Klingon Commander KOLOTH and his aide KORAX also in the office.

LURRY

Because at this moment, the Captain of the Klingon ship is sitting here in my office.

(CONTINUED)

26C CONTINUED:

26C\*

Kirk reacts, covering his shock.

KIRK  
We're beaming over.

He and Spock start to leave the bridge as we:

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE



ACT TWO

FADE IN:

27 OMITTED

27\*

27A EXT. SPACE - SHOT OF SPACE STATION

27A\*

KIRK

Captain's log, Star date 4524.2.  
A Klingon warship is hovering only  
a hundred kilometers of deep space  
station K-7, while its Captain  
waits in the station commander's  
office. Their intentions are  
unknown...

28 INT. SPACE STATION - LURRY'S OFFICE - CLOSE SHOT  
ON KOLOTH

28\*

Koloth is the Klingon commander and like the last  
Klingon commander that we saw, he is an evil-looking  
S.O.B.

KOLOTH

My dear Captain Kirk, let me assure  
you that my intentions are peaceful.

CAMER PULLS BACK to a FULL SHOT, revealing Kirk, Spock,  
Lurry, and -- if we can afford them -- two KLINGON AIDES.  
Kirk and Spock are on one side of the room. The Klingons  
are on the other. Lurry is caught in the middle.

KOLOTH

(continuing)

As I have already told Commander  
Lurry, the purpose of my presence  
here is to invoke shore leave rights.

Kirk and Spock exchange glances.

KIRK

Shore leave?

KOLOTH

Captain -- Klingons are not as  
luxury-minded as Earthers. We do  
not equip our ships with non-essentials  
... We have been in space for five  
months and what we choose as recreation  
is our own business.

(pause)

Under the terms of the Organian Peace  
Treaty, you cannot refuse us.

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED:

28\*

KIRK

The decision is not mine to make...  
Commander Lurry is in charge of  
the station.

LURRY

(aside to Kirk)

Kirk, I don't want them here -- but  
I have no authority to refuse...

KIRK

I have some authority to act --  
and I'm going to use it.

(to Koloth)

All right -- you can give your men  
shore leave -- but no more than  
twelve at a time... and I promise  
you this, Koloth -- for every one  
of your men on this station, I'll  
have at least one security guard  
... there won't be any trouble...

KOLOTH

Captain Kirk, no formal declaration  
of hostility has been made between  
our two respective governments. So,  
of course, the nature of our  
relationship will be a peaceful one...

KIRK

Let us both take steps to make sure  
that it stays that way...

The Klingon bows stiffly, politely. He turns on his  
heel and exits. Korax follows. Kirk, Lurry and Spock  
exchange a worried glance.

DISSOLVE TO:

29 ENTERPRISE - HANGING MOTIONLESS IN SPACE

29

CUT TO:

30 INT. RECREATION ROOM OF SHIP

30

Kirk and Spock enter. There are a few crewmen in the room. SCOTTY is at one table, reading. The other people in the room are in a knot around the other table. Kirk moves over to Scotty. Spock moves towards the knot of people.

31 CLOSER ANGLE - KIRK AND SCOTTY

31

Kirk moves up and peers at the title of the tape that Scotty is reading. It is a page reflected on a screen.

KIRK

Another technical journal?

SCOTT

Aye, why shouldn't I?

KIRK

Mr. Scott, don't you ever relax?

SCOTT

(puzzled)

But I am relaxing...

Kirk nods -- of course you are -- he moves over toward the group of people.

32 ANGLE

32

McCOY and Uhura are in the f.g. of a knot of people. On the table is one larger tribble and at least ten smaller ones. They are playing with them. It is the quality of their playing that will make the tribbles seem alive.

McCOY

(to Uhura)

How long have you had that thing, lieutenant?

UHURA

Only since yesterday. This morning, I found that he -- I mean she... had had babies.

McCOY

I'd say you got a bargain...

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED:

32\*

He picks up one of the tribbles and examines it curiously. Spock does likewise.

McCOY  
(continuing)  
... hmmm...

SPOCK  
Fascinating.

Kirk moves up to the group.

KIRK  
Lieutenant Uhura, are you running a nursery?

UHURA  
I hadn't intended to... but the tribble had other plans

Spock absent-mindedly begins stroking his tribble. This is a bit of business which should be underplayed.

KIRK  
You got this at the space station?

Uhura nods.

SPOCK  
A most curious creature, captain. Its trilling seems to have a tranquilizing effect on the human nervous system.

Kirk raises an eyebrow at Spock, who is absently stroking the tribble.

SPOCK  
(continuing)  
Fortunately, I am of course, immune to its effect.

Kirk grins at him, turns to leave. Spock comes out of it, realizing he is petting the tribble almost hypnotically, puts it down. He follows Kirk out during:

McCOY  
(to Uhura)  
Lieutenant, do you mind if I take one of these things down to the lab to find out what makes it tick?

UHURA  
It's all right with me, but if you're planning to dissect it, I don't want to hear about it. (CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED: (2)

32\*

McCOY

Lieutenant, I won't hurt a hair  
on his head. Wherever that is.

McCoy exits with a medium sized tribble.

ENSIGN FREEMAN

Say, Lieutenant, if you're giving  
them away, could I have one too?

UHURA

Sure, why not? They seem to be  
old enough.

The crewman takes one eagerly -- others also help  
themselves.

CUT TO:

32A INT. CORRIDOR - KIRK AND SPOCK

32A\*

Kirk and Spock round a bend, pause as:

CHEKOV'S VOICE

(filtered)

Bridge to Captain Kirk.

KIRK

(goes to button)

Kirk here.

CHEKOV'S VOICE

Mr. Baris is waiting on Channel E  
to speak to you, sir.

KIRK

Pipe it down here, Mister Chekov.

CHEKOV'S VOICE

Aye sir. Mr. Baris is coming on.

KIRK

Kirk here. What is it, Baris?

INTERCUT Baris in Lurry's office and Kirk in corridor.

BARIS

Kirk! This station is swarming  
with Klingons!

KIRK

I was not aware that twelve Klingons  
were a 'swarm,' Mr. Baris.

(CONTINUED)

32A CONTINUED:

32A\*

BARIS

(quieter)

Captain Kirk. There are Klingon soldiers on this station. I want you to keep that grain safe.

KIRK

I have guards around your grain...  
I have guards on the Klingons!  
Those guards are there only because  
Star Fleet wants them there! As  
for what you want...

(angry pause)

It has been noted and logged.  
Kirk out.

Kirk savagely slams off the button. He turns and starts away down the corridor.

SPOCK

Captain... may I ask where you'll be?

KIRK

Sickbay. With a headache!

He exits as we:

DISSOLVE TO:

33 INT. LAB

33\*

McCoy's lab. Bones is analyzing a sample of something as Kirk enters. In the f.g., is a box of tribbles.

KIRK

When you get a chance, Bones,  
I'd like something for a headache...

McCOY

(looking at Kirk)

Let me guess... the Klingons...  
Baris?

KIRK

Both...

McCoy nods as Kirk moves to look at the box of tribbles.

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED:

33\*

KIRK  
(continuing;  
looking at  
tribbles)  
How many did Uhura give you?

McCOY  
(taking pills  
from cabinet)  
Just one.

KIRK  
You've got eleven here.

McCOY  
You've noticed that.

He returns to Kirk with a couple of pills.

McCOY  
(continuing;  
handing Kirk  
tablets)  
Here. This ought to take care of  
it.

Kirk, holding the tablets but concerned with the  
tribbles.

KIRK  
Bones...? Uh - ... what...?  
How...?

McCOY  
I'm still trying to figure it out  
myself... I can tell you this  
much -- almost fifty percent of  
the creature's metabolism is  
geared to reproduction -- Do you  
know what you get if you feed a  
tribble too much?

KIRK  
A fat tribble?

McCOY  
(slightly irked at  
being a straight man)  
No. You get a whole bunch of  
hungry little tribbles.

Kirk swallows the headache pills.

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED: (2)

33\*

KIRK  
(starting to leave)  
Well, Bones, I suggest you open a  
maternity ward.

Kirk exits. McCoy looks at the tribbles and grimaces  
and we:

DISSOLVE TO:

34 OMITTED

34

35 TRANSPORTER ROOM

35\*

Where a small knot of men are waiting to beam over  
to the space station for shore leave. Chekov is one  
of them. Mr. Scott is at the console with a Techni-  
cian. Kirk is speaking to him...

KIRK  
I want all men who are going on  
shore leave to stay in groups.  
Avoid any trouble with the Klingons.

SCOTT  
Aye, Captain, I'll tell them before  
they go.

KIRK  
Mr. Scott, aren't you going on  
shore leave?

SCOTT  
(puzzled slightly)  
No, sir.

KIRK  
Mr. Scott. I want you to go on  
shore leave. I want you to make  
sure there will be no trouble  
with the Klingons.

SCOTT  
But, Captain --

Kirk stares Scott down.

SCOTT  
(continuing; sad)  
Aye, Captain.

(CONTINUED)



35 CONTINUED:

KIRK

And Scotty...

(Scott looks up)

Enjoy yourself.

Scott moves to the transport platform, and we:

DISSOLVE TO:

36 INT. BAR/STORE ON SPACE STATION

36\*

As the three Earthmen -- Scott, Chekov and Freeman -- are sitting down, they notice a group of three or four Klingons at another table in the bar, but they make a point of ignoring them. Cyrano Jones enters the bar. Spotting the Earthmen at their table, he moves towards them...

CYRANO

Oh, friends, can I interest you in a tribble...?

He is holding one at Mr. Scott's shoulder. Scotty turns and looks straight into the tribble's absence of a face. He shudders.

SCOTT

No thank you.

CYRANO

(looking around)

Perhaps one of you other gents...?

No response. Cyrano shrugs, walking away, cooing at his tribble. In b.g., Waitress approaches Earthmen.

37 ANGLE ON KLINGON TABLE

37

as Cyrano approaches. He goes to Korax, one of the Klingon aides of Koloth.

CYRANO

... Friend Klingon... May I offer you a charmin' little tribble...?

He offers the tribble. Korax stares at it.

38 CLOSE ANGLE - KORAX AND TRIBBLE

38

The tribble reacts to the Klingon.

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED:

38

It rears back with an angry spitting hiss. The Klingon reacts just as violently to the tribble. They hate and fear little fuzzy things.

39 ANGLE

39

KORAX

Get it away from me!

CYRANO

(to tribble)

Stop that!

(to Korax)

I can't understand -- I apologize for his bad manners... he's never done that before!

KORAX

Take it away! Get out of here with that parasite.

CYRANO

It's only a friendly little --

KORAX

(loudly)

Take it away!

40 ANGLE AT BAR

40\*

Cyrano approaches Trader and puts the tribble on the counter. As the Waitress is taking down a pitcher, preparatory to using it:

CYRANO

Sir...! Would you be willin' to engage in another little transaction? One of my little tribbles in exchange for a spot of...

As he says this, Trader looks at him, and turns the pitcher upside down. Two or three tribbles tumble out onto the counter in front of Cyrano. Cyrano looks at them and his voice trails off. As the Trader moves away, Cyrano shakes his head at the tribbles.

CYRANO

Tsk, tsk, tsk.

We follow a Waitress now, as she moves across the room to the Earthmen's table with a tray of drinks. She begins setting them down. In front of Mr. Scott, she puts a small bottle of Scotch and a glass.

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED:

40

In front of Chekov, he puts a small bottle of Vodka and a glass. The other crewmen get nondescript drinks.

41 TWO SHOT - SCOTT AND CHEKOV

Scott examines Chekov's drink, then looks up deadpan, but teasing.

SCOTT

When are you going off your milk diet, lad?

CHEKOV

(indignant)

This is vodka.

SCOTT

Where I come from, that's soda pop.

(indicates own glass)

Now this is a drink for a man.

CHEKOV

Scotch?

Scott nods.

CHEKOV

(continuing)

A little old lady from Leningrad invented it.

Mr. Scott raises an eyebrow at this. He watches as Chekov downs his drink in one quick gulp. He shudders and downs his Scotch.

42 ANGLE ON WHOLE BAR

42

The Klingons are laughing and joking amongst themselves. Korax suddenly rises and goes to Cyrano at the bar. Cyrano is contemplating an empty glass that the bartender has left on the bar. Korax steps up and pours something into it from his own bottle. Cyrano looks up. There are tribbles on the bar.

KORAX

(loudly)

The Earthers like those fuzzy things, don't they...?

He points at the tribbles on the bar, but they hiss and shrink away.

43 ANGLE

43\*

KORAX  
(loud and obnoxious)  
Frankly, I never liked Earthers...  
They remind me of Regular Blood  
Worms...

44 ANGLE ON CHEKOV AND SCOTT

44

CHEKOV  
That Cossack!

SCOTT  
Easy, lad -- you've got to learn  
to be forgiving...

45 ANGLE ON KORAX - CAMERA DOLLIES WITH HIM

45

KORAX  
(moving towards  
the Earthmen)  
No -- I just remembered -- there is  
one Earthman who doesn't remind me  
of a Regular Blood Worm -- that's  
Kirk. A Regular Blood Worm is soft  
and shapeless -- but Kirk isn't soft...

Chekov is seething. Korax is being sarcastic.

KORAX  
(continuing)  
Kirk may be a swaggering,  
overbearing, tin-plated dictator  
with delusions of godhood, but  
he's not soft...

Chekov tries to stand, but Scott holds him down with  
a hand on his shoulder.

SCOTT  
(gently)  
Take it easy, lad. Everybody's  
entitled to an opinion...

KORAX  
That's right... and if I think  
that Kirk is a Denebian Slime  
Devil... well, that's my opinion  
too...  
(he smiles)

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED:

45

Chekov makes for the Klingon, only Scott has hold of Chekov's arm and jerks him quickly and awkwardly back down into his chair. As the Klingon laughs:

SCOTT

Don't do it, mister! That's an order!

CHEKOV

But you heard what he called the captain!

SCOTT

It's not worth it, lad! It's not worth fightin' for -- We're big enough to take a few insults -- Drink your drink.

He starts to pour Chekov another drink, but the vodka bottle is empty, so he pours the ensign a drink of Scotch instead. Chekov downs it without looking at it. His attention is still on Korax. After a bit, he does a take and looks at Scott with a peculiar expression on his face.

KORAX

(laughing)

Of course, I'd say that Captain Kirk deserves his ship...

Scott is listening now.

KORAX

(continuing)

We like the Enterprise -- we really do...

(to Scott)

That sagging old rust bucket is designed like a garbage scow! Half the quadrant knows it -- that's why they're learning to speak Klingonese!

He laughs as do his fellow Klingons.

CHEKOV

Mr. Scott!

SCOTT

(deceptively pleasant)

Laddy, don't you think you should re-phrase that?

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED: (2)

45

KORAX

You're right -- I should... I didn't mean that the Enterprise should be hauling garbage... I meant that it should be hauled away as garbage...!

Something snaps. Perhaps it is the swizzle stick in Scott's hands. Without a word, Scott stands up and belts the Klingon across the chops. The Klingon is hurled clear across the room and onto the table of his friends. It collapses onto the floor with him in the center of it.

46 SERIES OF SHOTS

46

as the Klingons rise and face the Earthmen. The Earthmen face the Klingons. At the bar, Cyrano looks up. The attendant starts to move to the wall panel and:

ALL HELL BREAKS LOOSE! The Klingons and the Earthmen attack each other with a ferocity that is unparalleled in barroom brawls. Cyrano watches calmly. Trader is at the wall panel yammering into it, but the noise of the fight keeps us from hearing what he has to say. Casually, Cyrano helps himself to a bottle and pours himself a drink.

As the fight continues, the violence and ferocity of it should be very great. Cyrano watches calmly as World War III rages about him. The punch line of this whole sequence is that he is able to walk out of the bar untouched.

Perhaps, as he walks out, we can see that he has also managed to appropriate a few bottles.

47 ANGLE ON WALL

47

As Cyrano strolls out of the bar, a squad of security men tear past him, running toward it. Cyrano watches them, toasts them with a bottle, and then strolls gaily off...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

48 EXT. SPACE - ENTERPRISE

48

KIRK'S VOICE

Captain's log, Star date 4525.6.  
A small disturbance between the  
Klingon crew and members of the  
Enterprise crew...

49 INT. BAR

49\*

as the fight is being broken up by the squad of  
security men. The bar is pretty well broken up too.  
The combatants are being separated into their two  
respective groups.

KIRK'S VOICE

... has broken out aboard Space  
Station K-7... I am forced to cancel  
shore leave for both ships.

50 OMITTED

50\*

51 INT. ENTERPRISE - BRIEFING ROOM

51

Or any place where Kirk can address the whole line of  
transgressors. A few tribbles in evidence.

KIRK

(continuing the  
same sentence)

I want to know who started it...

(there is no  
response)

I'm waiting...

(he waits)

Freeman, who started it?

FREEMAN

... Uh... I don't know, sir.

KIRK

All right... Chekov...

Chekov stares resolutely ahead. He is not in the best  
of condition... the effect of the fight and the vodka.

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED:

51

KIRK  
(continuing)  
... Chekov, I know you... you  
started it, didn't you...?

CHEKOV  
No, sir. I didn't.

KIRK  
Who did?

Chekov glances at Scott.

CHEKOV  
Uh... I don't know, sir.

KIRK  
You don't know.

Kirk, stepping back and surveying all of the men.  
Scott is at the end of the line, next to Chekov.

KIRK  
(continuing)  
I want to know who threw the first  
punch?...  
(he waits)  
All right... you are all confined  
to quarters until I find out who  
started it. That's all. Dismissed.  
(the men start  
to file out)  
Not you, Mr. Scott.

Scott pauses. Kirk steps closer to him as the last  
man exits.

52 CLOSER ANGLE - KIRK AND SCOTT

52\*

KIRK  
Mr. Scott, you were supposed to  
prevent trouble...

SCOTT  
Aye, captain...

KIRK  
Who threw the first punch, Scotty?  
(Scott hesitates)  
Scotty...

SCOTT  
Uh... I did, captain.

(CONTINUED)



KIRK  
(momentarily startled)  
You did? Mr. Scott...?  
(a beat)  
What caused it, Scotty?

SCOTT  
(stiffly)  
They insulted us, sir.

KIRK  
It must have been some insult,  
Mr. Scott.

SCOTT  
Aye, it was...

KIRK  
You threw the first punch...

SCOTT  
Aye -- Chekov wanted to, but I  
held him back.

KIRK  
Why did Chekov want to fight...?

SCOTT  
Uh -- the Klingons... is this off  
the record, captain?

KIRK  
(stiff)  
No, this is not off the record.

SCOTT  
Well, captain, the Klingons called  
you a...  
(pause to remember)  
... tin-plated, overbearing  
swaggering dictator with delusions  
of godhood.

Kirk reacts, intrigued in spite of himself.

KIRK  
Was that all?

SCOTT  
No sir. They also compared you  
to the Denebian Slime Devil...

KIRK  
I see.

(CONTINUED)

52 CONTINUED: (2)

52

SCOTT

And then they said that you were  
a --

KIRK

I get the picture, Mr. Scott.

SCOTT

Yes sir.

KIRK

And after they said all this,  
that's when you started the fight...?

SCOTT

No, sir.

Kirk reacts to this.

KIRK

No...?

SCOTT

No, sir -- I didn't. You told us  
to avoid trouble.

KIRK

Oh.

SCOTT

And I didn't see that it was  
worth fightin' about. After all,  
we're big enough to take a few  
insults... aren't we?

Slowly, Kirk nods...

KIRK

Mr. Scott, just what was it they  
said that made the fight break  
out?

SCOTT

They called the Enterprise a  
garbage scow.

(pause, then re-  
membering to add)

... sir.

KIRK

I see. And that's when you hit  
the Klingon?

(CONTINUED)

52 CONTINUED: (3)

52\*

SCOTT

Yes sir.  
(of course)

KIRK

(comparing the  
two insults)  
You hit the Klingon because he  
insulted the Enterprise...? Not  
because he...?

SCOTT

Well, Captain... this was a matter  
of pride!

Kirk reacts.

KIRK

(pause)  
That's all, Scotty...  
(Scott starts  
to go)  
Oh -- and Scotty...  
(Scott pauses)  
You're restricted until further  
notice.

SCOTT

Yes, sir... Thank you, sir...  
(pause)  
It'll give me a chance to catch  
up on my technical journals.

Scott exits. Kirk stares after him regretfully. Scott  
is a good officer. Kirk does not like to have to  
discipline him. Kirk is also slightly amused at the  
whole incident.

CUT TO:

52A INT. MCCOY'S LAB - SPOCK AND MCCOY

52A\*

There are a number of tribbles in evidence on the  
counter, some of them feeding at a small dish. McCoy  
is examining one. Spock is regarding them with a  
jaundiced eye. McCoy glances sharply at him.

MCCOY

What's the matter, Spock?

SPOCK

There is something disquieting  
about these creatures.

(CONTINUED)

52A CONTINUED:

52A\*

McCOY

Oh? Don't tell me you've got a feeling, Spock?

SPOCK

Of course not, doctor. They remind me somewhat of the lilies of the field. They toil not, neither do they spin... but they seem to eat a great deal. I see no practical use for them.

McCOY

Does everything have to have a practical use for you? They're... nice. They're furry and soft. They make a pleasant sound.

SPOCK

So would an ermine violin, Doctor, but I see no advantage in one.

McCOY

It is a human characteristic to be fond of lower animals... especially if they are attractive in some way.

SPOCK

I am aware of human characteristics, Doctor. I am frequently inundated by them. However, I have trained myself to put up with practically anything.

McCOY

Spock, I don't know much about tribbles, yet, but I've found out one thing about them. I like them better than I do you.

SPOCK

They do, indeed, have at least one redeeming factor.

(pointed, at  
McCoy)

They do not talk too much. If you will excuse me, sir.

Spock leaves. McCoy glares after him.

DISSOLVE:

53 INT. BRIDGE - ON KIRK

53

stepping out of bridge elevator. He is gently kicking some tribbles out of the way. He goes to his chair, still preoccupied with something. Almost without noticing it, he has to scoop three or four tribbles off of his chair before he can sit down.

He sits in the chair, absent-mindedly stroking a tribble that is perched on the chair arm. Suddenly he realizes, there are tribbles all over the bridge.

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED:

53

Kirk brushes the tribble away, and activates his intercom:

KIRK

Dr. McCoy, get up here, right away.

Kirk gets out of his chair and makes a circuit of the bridge... starting with Lieutenant Uhura and circling around counter-clockwise. He brushes tribbles off of consoles, out of chairs, down from shelves, etc.

KIRK

(continuing)

Lieutenant Uhura, how did all of these tribbles get into the bridge?

UHURA

I don't know, captain. They seem to be all over the ship.

Kirk steps down into the center of the bridge and moves over to the central console. He brushes a tribble off of it. He crosses to the other side, as Bones ENTERS.

McCOY

You wanted to see me, Jim?

KIRK

Yes, I did.

(he holds up  
a tribble)

McCOY

Don't look at me. It's the tribbles who are breeding... If we don't get them off the ship we'll be hip deep in them!

KIRK

Explain yourself, doctor.

McCOY

The nearest thing I can figure out is that they're born pregnant. It seems to be a great timesaver...

KIRK

(sourly)

Really?

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED: (2)

53\*

McCOY

From all I can find out, they seem  
to be bi-sexual, reproducing at  
will.

(glancing around)

And they have a lot of will.

Spock comes over.

SPOCK

Captain, for once I am forced to  
agree with Doctor McCoy, though  
his way of putting it is most  
imprecise. They are consuming our  
supplies and returning nothing.  
I am running computations on their  
rate of reproduction, and although  
all of the figures are not yet in,  
I must confess I am somewhat alarmed  
by the direction they are taking.

UHURA

They do give us something, Mr.  
Spock. Their love.

(on Spock's

raised eyebrows)

Cyrano Jones says that a tribble  
is the only love money can buy.

Spock gives her the stare. Kirk, amused, steps in.

KIRK

Lieutenant... too much of anything...

(eyeing Spock)

... even love... is not necessarily  
a good thing.

(pause)

Have a maintenance crew start  
clearing the whole ship... Then  
contact Commander Lurry. Tell  
him I'm beaming over. Ask him to  
find Cyrano Jones.

Uhura nods and turns to her console... Kirk and Spock  
start for the elevator, but pause long enough to re-  
move some of the tribbles that have crawled back up  
onto the consoles.

DISSOLVE TO:

54 SPACE STATION SHOT

54

Enterprise nearby.

55 INT. LURRY'S OFFICE

55\*

Lurry is standing. Cyrano Jones is sitting in a chair.  
Kirk is staring at him. Spock is standing thoughtfully.

CYRANO

Captain Kirk, I am mystified at  
your tone of voice. I have done  
nothing to warrant such severe  
treatment.

KIRK

Really?

SPOCK

Surely you realized what would  
happen if you transferred the  
tribbles from their predator-  
filled environment into an  
environment in which their natural  
multiplicative proclivities would  
have no restraining factors.

CYRANO

Yes, I...

(take)

Would you mind trying that on  
me again?

SPOCK

By removing them from their natural  
habitat, you have, so to speak,  
removed the cork and let the genie  
escape.

Baris and Darvin ENTER.

CYRANO

If you mean do I know they breed  
fast, of course I do. That's how  
I maintain my stock. But breeding  
animals is not against regulations  
... only breeding dangerous ones.  
Tribbles are not dangerous.

KIRK

Just incredibly prolific.

CYRANO

Precisely. And at six credits a  
head... that is, a body... it  
mounts up. I'm a business man,  
after all.

(beat)

Now, if you'll excuse me...

(CONTINUED)



55 CONTINUED:

55\*

Cyrano exits. Baris looks as if he is about to speak.

DARVIN

Go ahead, sir. Tell him.

He rises -- absent-mindedly he hands Kirk the tribble.

KIRK

You ought to sell a manual of instructions with these things.

CYRANO

If I did, Captain... what would happen to the search for knowledge? Pardon me. I must be tending to my ship.

KIRK

(under his  
breath)

Oh, fine.

(CONTINUED)

BARIS

Captain Kirk, I consider your security measures a disgrace. In my opinion, you have taken this entire... very... important... project... far too lightly.

KIRK

I regard the project as extremely important, Mr. Baris. It is you I regard lightly.

BARIS

(beat; dangerous)

I shall report fully to the proper authorities that you have given free and complete access to this station to a man who is quite probably a Klingon agent.

Kirk stares hard at him.

KIRK

That is a very serious charge, Mr. Baris. To whom do you refer?

BARIS

That man who just walked out of here. Cyrano Jones!

KIRK

(amused)

A Klingon agent?

BARIS

You heard me.

KIRK

Oh. I heard you all right.

SPOCK

(to Baris)

He just couldn't believe his ears.

KIRK

(a pause, a take;  
then to Baris)

What evidence do you have against Cyrano Jones?

Baris draws himself up to his full height...

(CONTINUED)

BARIS

My assistant here spent some time keeping Mr. Jones under surveillance. His actions have been... ah, most suspicious. I believe he was involved in that little altercation between your men and the --

KIRK

Go on. What else do you have?

DARVIN

Captain, I checked his ship's log. He was within the Klingon sphere of influence less than four months ago.

BARIS

The man is an independent scout. It's quite possible that he's also a Klingon spy.

Kirk glances at Spock.

SPOCK

We have checked on the background of Mr. Jones. He is a licensed asteroid locator and prospector. He has never broken the law... at least not severely... and he has, for the past seven years, obtained a marginal living by engaging in the buying and selling of rare merchandise... including, unfortunately, tribbles.

BARIS

He's after my grain! He's out to sabotage the entire project.

KIRK

You have no proof of that.

DARVIN

You can't deny he has disrupted this station!

KIRK

People have disrupted Space Stations before without being Klingons...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTINUED: (4)

55\*

KIRK (Cont'd)  
(meaningful look  
at the two)

They need only have some influence.  
Unfortunately, disrupting a space  
station is not an offense. If you'll  
excuse me... I have a ship to take  
care of... Mister Spock?

Kirk starts to leave, realizes that he is still holding  
Cyrano's tribble. He shrugs, looks around and puts it  
in an ash tray or on a piece of sculpture -- anywhere,  
just to get rid of it. They exit.

DISSOLVE TO:

56 ENTERPRISE HANGING IN SPACE

56

DISSOLVE TO:

57 INT. RECREATION ROOM

57\*

Kirk goes to a wall panel. Spock and Scott are also  
there.

KIRK  
... Chicken sandwich, coffee.

Almost immediately, the wall panel BLEEPs. Kirk goes  
over to the wall. A panel slides open. He stares.

58 CLOSE ANGLE ON PANEL

58

Kirk's sandwich is covered with tribbles, throbbing  
and purring.

59 ANGLE

59\*

KIRK  
Mister Spock...

Spock approaches -- he peers at it curiously.

SPOCK  
Most interesting...

Kirk reacts. Up till now, they have only been a  
nuisance -- this scene should show that they are  
definitely out of hand.

(CONTINUED)

59 CONTINUED:

59\*

KIRK

Mister Spock, I want these creatures off my ship. I don't care if it takes every man we've got. I want them off!

Scott approaches, takes a look.

SCOTT

Aye, they've gotten into the machinery all right. They've probably gotten into all of the other food processors, too...

KIRK

How?

SCOTT

Probably through one of the air vents.  
(points to a duct)

SPOCK

(alarmed)

Captain, there are vents like that in the space station...

KIRK

And the storage compartments...

(stepping to  
a wall panel)

This is Kirk. Contact Commander Lurry... and Nilz Baris. Have them meet us near the warehouse. We're beaming over.

Kirk and Spock exchange a glance. They run out of scene.

60  
thru OMITTED  
65

60\*  
thru  
65\*

66 INT. TRANSPORTER ROOM

66

Kirk and Spock enter, dash up to the platform kicking tribbles out of the way.

KIRK

Energize.

67 ANGLE ON CONSOLE

67

as the crewman slides the lever upwards.

CUT TO:

68 SPACE STATION CORRIDOR - STORAGE COMPARTMENT

68\*

CLOSE on Kirk's and Spock's feet as they... and a half dozen tribbles... materialize. CAMERA ANGLE WIDENS as Lurry and Baris, but not Darwin, come running to meet them.

LURRY

What's wrong?

KIRK

(glancing around)

Plenty -- if what I think has happened, has happened.

Kirk turns to the storage compartment door. There are two guards standing by it. There are lots of tribbles in the corridor.

SPOCK

Guard, is this door secure?

GUARD

Yes, sir. Nothing could get in!

KIRK

I hope so. Open the door.

The Guard moves to the wall panel and touches a magnetic key to a panel. At first the door doesn't open...

KIRK

(continuing;  
impatient)

Open it!

The Guard fiddles with the key. Kirk watches, waits: finally he steps up and pushes the Guard aside and pushes the door.

GUARD

It's not working, sir. It seems to be --

What it seems to be, we will never know, because at that moment, the door slides open with a WHOOSH!!! This is immediately followed by a silent FWOMP!!

(CONTINUED)

68 CONTINUED:

68\*

Hundreds and hundreds and hundreds (or at least as many as we can afford) of tribbles come tumbling out of the door, cascading down around Kirk, tumbling and seething and mewling and writhing and throbbing and mewling and trilling and purring and...

What we can see of Kirk, reacts.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

69 INT. SPACE STATION - CORRIDOR OUTSIDE STORAGE COMPARTMENT - INCLUDING DOOR

69

Kirk is standing in the middle of a mountain of tribbles. More and more keep tumbling out, fat and sassy and lethargic.

70 ANGLE

70

SPOCK  
(examining a  
tribble)  
It seems to be gorged...

BARIS  
Gorged! On my grain!... Kirk! I'll  
hold you responsible!...  
(despariringly  
at the grain)  
There must be thousands.

KIRK  
(peering into  
the storage  
compartment)  
Hundreds of thousands...

SPOCK  
One million, seven hundred and  
seventy-one thousand, five  
hundred and sixty-one.

Kirk looks at him ("Oh really?")

SPOCK  
(continuing)  
That's assuming one tribble  
multiplying with an average  
litter of ten, producing a new  
generation every twelve hours  
over a period of three days...

KIRK  
That's assuming that one got in  
here three days ago...

SPOCK  
Also allowing for the amount of  
grain consumed and the volume  
of the storage compartment...

(CONTINUED)



70 CONTINUED:

70

BARIS

Kirk! You should have known! --  
You're responsible for turning  
the Development Project into a  
total disaster!

KIRK

(slowly)

Mr. Baris --

BARIS

Kirk, I'm through being intimidated!  
You've insulted me -- ignored me --  
walked all over me! You've abused  
your authority and rejected my  
requests! And this... this...

(indicating  
the tribbles)

... is the result!! I'm going to  
hold you responsible.

Kirk, thoroughly angry, but thoroughly cool, reaches  
out, grabs Baris by the coat front.

KIRK

Baris, shut up. Or I will hold  
you in irons.

71 ANOTHER ANGLE

71

as McCoy approaches. Kirk releases Baris, who hauls  
himself together.

McCOY

Jim, I think I've got it. All  
we have to do is stop feeding  
them. Once they stop eating,  
they'll stop breeding.

Kirk looks at him.

KIRK

Now he tells me...

And McCoy looks at the tribbles on the corridor floor  
-- he is kneeling curiously.

SPOCK

Captain, this is most odd... this  
tribble is dead...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

71 CONTINUED:

71

SPOCK (Cont'd)  
(he begins  
examining others)  
... so are these...

McCoy and the others begin examining the tribbles more carefully. McCoy uses his feinberger.

McCOY  
This one is alive -- a lot of them  
are still alive... but they won't  
be for long...

72 ANGLE

72\*

SPOCK  
A logical assumption is that there  
is something in the grain.

KIRK  
Bones, I want a complete analysis  
of the tribbles, the grain,  
everything. I want to know what  
killed them.

McCOY  
I still haven't figured out what  
keeps them alive.

Kirk just glares at him.

McCOY  
(continuing)  
I'll let you know as soon as I  
find anything.

McCoy, his arms laden with tribbles and etc., moves  
off.

BARIS  
Kirk, that won't do you any good.  
-- The project is ruined... Starfleet  
will hear of this disaster... There'll  
be a board of inquiry, and they'll  
roast you alive, Kirk... I'm going  
to be there to enjoy every minute  
of it.

KIRK  
All right. But until that board  
of inquiry convenes, I'm still a  
Captain.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

72 CONTINUED:

72\*

KIRK (Cont'd)  
We have two things to do... First,  
find Cyrano Jones.  
(pause,  
glances at door)  
Second, close that door.

CUT TO:

73 TRANSITION SHOT - SPACE STATION

73

CUT TO:

74 LURRY'S OFFICE

74\*

as the last few preparations are being made. Two crewmen escort Cyrano Jones into the room, then begin removing excess tribbles. Kirk and Spock and Lurry are discussing something. Baris is waiting at the door, looking for Darwin. Koloth enters, followed by Korax.

KIRK  
What do you want?

KOLOTH  
An official apology, Kirk, addressed to the High Klingon Command. I want you to take responsibility for your persecution of Klingon nationals in this quadrant.

KIRK  
An apology...?

KOLOTH  
You have harassed my men... treated us like criminals. You have been most uncourteous, Kirk... and if you wish to avoid a diplomatic crisis...

BARIS  
You can't let him, Kirk! That'll give them the wedge they need to claim Sherman's Planet!

SPOCK  
I believe more than the word of an aggrieved Klingon commander will be necessary for that, Mr. Baris.

(CONTINUED)

74 CONTINUED:

74\*

Koloth glares at Spock.

KOLOTH

As far as Sherman's Planet is concerned... Captain Kirk has just given it to us.

KIRK

We'll see about that, Captain. But before any official action is taken, I want to find out just what happened here. Who put the tribbles in the quadrotriticale, and what was in the grain that killed them?

Kirk starts to go on, but Koloth interrupts.

KOLOTH

Captain Kirk, before you go on, I have a request...?

(a beat, as Kirk  
waits expectantly)

Can you get those things out of here?

Koloth points uncomfortably at the tribbles that Cyrano is holding in his lap and stroking. Kirk gestures to a crewman. The man takes the tribbles and moves to the door -- just as Darwin enters.

75 CLOSER ANGLE - AT THE DOOR

75

as the tribbles hiss and spit at Darwin. We must love them for the enemies they make.

76 ANOTHER ANGLE

76\*

Cyrano looks surprised. Kirk and Spock react. Spock's eyebrows shooting up.

SPOCK

Remarkable.

KIRK

Jones... I thought tribblés liked everybody.

JONES

Why... they do, Captain. I can't understand it. Last time I saw them act like that was in the bar.

(CONTINUED)

76 CONTINUED:

76\*

KIRK

What was in the bar?

JONES

Klingons, sir. Him, for one.

He points at Korax. Kirk steps over, picks up a nice big fat tribble. He moves to Korax, extends the tribble. The tribble hisses and reacts.

KIRK

You're right, Jones...

He repeats the act with Koloth, who shrinks away... they obviously hate the tribbles... and the tribble rears back and hisses. Bones enters with a tricorder in time to hear:

KIRK

(continuing)

They don't like Klingons.

He moves to Spock. The tribble purrs loudly.

KIRK

(continuing)

They do like Vulcans. I never thought you had it in you, Spock.

SPOCK

Obviously the tribble is an extremely perceptive creature.

Kirk takes the tribble to Baris... the tribble purrs loudly.

KIRK

He even likes you, Baris. I guess there's no accounting for taste.

He moves back to Darwin, extends the tribble. Darwin shrinks, the tribble rears back and hisses violently.

KIRK

(continuing)

But he doesn't like you, Darwin. I wonder why. Bones...

(gestures  
to McCoy)

Bones, curious, unbuckles his medical tri-corder.

(CONTINUED)

76 CONTINUED: (2)

76\*

He runs a sensor over Darwin... looks at the reading, looks again... runs the sensor over Darwin again. He is puzzled. He repeats the performance.

McCOY

Jim...

(checking a reading)

His heartbeat is all wrong... his body temperature is... Jim, this man is a Klingon!

BARIS

Klingon!?

Kirk looks at Baris. Two crewmen move up on either side of Darwin...

KIRK

What do you think Starfleet will have to say about this, Mr. Baris...?

(to Bones)

What did you find out about the grain?

McCOY

Oh. It was poisoned.

BARIS

Poisoned?!?

McCOY

It's been impregnated with a virus ... the virus turns into an inert material in the blood stream. The more the organism eats, the more inert matter is built up. After two or three days, it would reach a point where they couldn't take in enough nourishment to survive.

KIRK

You mean they starved to death...? A whole storage compartment full of grain and they starved to death?

McCOY

That's essentially it.

Kirk looks at Darwin...

KIRK

You going to talk...?

(CONTINUED)

76 CONTINUED: (3)

76\*

DARVIN

I have nothing to say.

Kirk picks up a couple of tribbles. He walks up to Darwin about to shove them in his face... The tribbles hiss.

DARVIN

(continuing)

All right. I poisoned the grain.  
Take it away!

KIRK

Then the tribbles didn't have  
anything to do with it...?

DARVIN

I don't know -- I never saw one  
before in my life!! I hope I  
never see one of those horrible  
fuzzy things again!

Kirk gestures. The two crewmen drag Darwin away.  
Kirk catches sight of Koloth, who has been standing  
rather quietly, for a Klingon.

KIRK

Captain Koloth -- about that  
apology...

(pause)

You have six hours to get your  
ship out of Federation territory!

Koloth says nothing, leaves stiffly. The tribbles  
hiss at him.

KIRK

(continuing)

You know, I could almost learn  
to like tribbles.

77  
&  
78

OMITTED

77  
&  
78

79

ANOTHER ANGLE

79

CYRANO

... An, then Captain Kirk, I  
suppose that I may be free to go --

(CONTINUED)

79 CONTINUED:

79

KIRK

Not yet. First I've got something to show you.

They exit, followed by Spock.

80 INT. STORE/BAR

80

Kirk, Spock and Jones enter. Trader is sitting in the door in the middle of a pile of tribbles. There are tribbles galore. It looks like a snowfall of fur. He has been inundated. He is close to tears, because there are too many even to try sweeping them out of his store. He sits there with his head in his hands.

81 ANGLE

81\*

CYRANO

Uh...

KIRK

Mr. Jones, do you know what the penalty is for transporting an animal that is proven harmful to human life...?

CYRANO

But one little tribble isn't harmful...?

(Kirk stares at him)

Gentlemen, you wouldn't do a thing like that to me, now would you...?

SPOCK

The penalty is twenty years in a rehabilitation colony.

CYRANO

... Ah now, Captain Kirk -- Friend Kirk -- Surely we can come to some form of mutual understanding... After all, my little tribbles did put you wise to the poisoned grain -- and they did help you to find the Klingon agent... we must have saved a lot of lives that way...

KIRK

Perhaps, there is one thing...

(CONTINUED)



81 CONTINUED:

81\*

CYRANO  
(eagerly)  
Yes?!

KIRK  
If you can remove every tribble  
from the space station, I'll have  
Commander Lurry return your ship  
to you...

CYRANO  
(gasping)  
Remove every tribble...? That'll  
take years...

SPOCK  
Seventeen point nine, to be exact.

CYRANO  
Seventeen point nine years...?

KIRK  
Think of it as job security.

CYRANO  
... Ahh, captain, you are a hard  
man...

(looks at  
a tribble)  
I'll do it.  
(he sighs)

And Cyrano Jones begins picking up tribbles.

DISSOLVE TO:

82 ENTERPRISE FLYBY

82

83 INT. BRIDGE

83\*

Kirk and Spock enter.

KIRK  
I'm glad Starfleet was able to  
divert that freighter.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

83 CONTINUED:

KIRK (Cont'd)

Sherman's Planet will get their  
quadro-triticales only a few weeks  
late...

Kirk steps down and takes his place in his chair.  
He glances around. The bridge is strangely free of  
tribbles. Scott and McCoy are on the bridge, and  
Kirk is speaking to them when he says:

KIRK

(continuing)

I don't see any tribbles in here...

McCOY

You won't find a tribble on the  
whole ship.

KIRK

How did you do that, Bones?

McCOY

(suddenly modest)

I can't take the credit for another  
man's work. Scotty did it.

KIRK

Where are they, Mr. Scott?

SCOTT

Oh, but captain... it was Mr.  
Spock's recommendation.

SPOCK

Based on computer analysis, of  
course, taking into consideration  
the elements of...

KIRK

Gentlemen, if I may be so bold  
as to interrupt this meeting of  
your mutual admiration society,  
I'd like to know just what you  
did with the tribbles.

McCOY

Tell him, Spock.

SPOCK

It was Mr. Scott who did the  
actual engineering...

(CONTINUED)

83 CONTINUED: (2)

83\*

KIRK

(firmly)

Scott, how did you get rid of  
the tribbles?

SCOTT

I used the transporter, captain.

KIRK

You used the transporter...?

SCOTT

Aye.

KIRK

(curious)

Where did you transport them to,  
Scotty?

Scott coughs into his hand. McCoy looks off into the  
distance. Spock blinks and manages a patently blank,  
innocent stare.

KIRK

(continuing)

Scotty, you didn't just transport  
them out into space, did you?

SCOTT

(slightly offended)

Sir! That'd be inhuman!

KIRK

Mr. Scott... what did you do with  
them?

Well, he is going to have to tell it sooner or later:

SCOTT

I gave them a good home, sir.

KIRK

Where??

SCOTT

I gave them to the Klingons, sir...

KIRK

(reacting)

You gave them to the...

(CONTINUED)

83 CONTINUED: (3)

83\*

SCOTT

Aye, sir. Just before they went  
into warp I transported the whole  
kit and kaboodle into their engine  
room... where they'll be no tribble  
at all.

All react as the joke sinks in...

84 FLY AWAY - ENTERPRISE

84

FADE OUT.

THE END