

G. Warren

"Star Trek Intro"

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Beeping of alert signal.

Ensign: Captain, the transporters ready.

Captain: That's hip. Lieutenant Marvin, what is the condition

of the planets surface?

Marvin: It is difficult to be precise. However, my instruments

indicate a condition of extreme rigor mortis, spreading rapidly

throughout the population. Highly illogical, Captain.

Captain: A bunch of stiffes, huh? Well, set coordinates for, ah,

Chocolate City, and have a landing party of nine men beam down

immiediately, with phasers set on funk-funk

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