

Warren G, Star Trek Intro

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

Highly illogical, Captain.

[Captain:] A bunch of stiffs, huh?

Well, set coordinates for, ah,

Chocolate City, and have a landing party of nine men beam down immediately, with phasers set on