

**STAR TREK**

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1-13 OMIT

1-13

14 OMIT

14

15 OVER BLACKNESS, we HEAR a BACH HARPSICHORD CONCERTO. And then a  
15

WOMAN -- breathing hard -- straining, harder and harder -- until  
finally we HEAR a NEWBORN BABY CRYING -- and we...

**FADE IN:**

**EXT. VULCAN FAMILY HOME - DUSK**

The image is spectacular, aglow in DUSK LIGHT: a beautiful BABY, just born, held in a WOMAN'S HANDS. It is being cleaned; warm water runs down its face and body.

TIGHT ON the MIDWIFE (female, 60's) who holds and cleans the baby as it CRIES. Another, younger, Midwife can be seen behind her, assisting with the pitchers of water. As she cleans the baby, she says to someone OFF-CAMERA:

**MIDWIFE**

He is strong.

The baby, now calm, gets SWADDLED. He is then gently held out to the new MOTHER:

AMANDA GRAYSON, late 20's. An original beauty. She lies on a divan, spent but eager to hold her first child. She tenderly takes the infant into her arms, tears in her eyes, mesmerized. She holds the wrapped baby tight and whispers sweetly:

**AMANDA**

... hello.

CLOSE ON the YOUNGER MIDWIFE, standing at the rear of the room. She raises an eyebrow as she quietly speaks:

**YOUNGER MIDWIFE**

The baby is healthy. Why does she cry?

**MIDWIFE**

(a beat; then)

She is human.

A distant, quiet BUZZ -- and the elder Midwife stands, looking into the distance. And this is when we see, for the first time, that the Midwife has POINTED EARS.

**MIDWIFE (CONT'D)**

Sarek arrives.

The Midwife moves away -- we PUSH IN on Amanda, who looks up for a moment, clearly disquieted.

**15A OMIT**

**15A**

**15B EXT. VULCAN LANDSCAPE - DUSK [FORMER SC. 14]**

**15B**

A planet of massive, tortured ROCK FORMS, distant cities constructed atop and underneath them. A HOVER-SPEEDER in the mid-ground kicks up dust, backlit by the sun, as it traces the horizon. We PAN WITH IT, revealing a FAMILY HOME, built seamlessly into a rocky mountainside.

**A SUPER READS: STARDATE 2230.06.**

The speeder parks outside the home --

**15C EXT. VULCAN HOME - DUSK**

**15C**

SAREK (late 40's, a Vulcan) comes out to the balcony through the rear doors of the home. He moves to Amanda and kneels. He looks at the child -- his child -- and says:

**SAREK**

Well done.

She looks at him for a beat, then says, flatly -- with just enough rancor:

**AMANDA**

Thanks.

He regards her. Knows he's in TROUBLE --

**SAREK**

Your tone suggests disappointment. The Science Council required my presence for a session regarding--

**AMANDA**

Don't do that. You knew I wanted you here.

The Vulcan Midwives share a look. Sarek glances at them. Nods. The two women excuse themselves. Sarek reaches over, touches a small touchpad -- the HARPSICHORD MUSIC STOPS. He says, clinically:

**SAREK**

As you are aware, the Vulcan male is traditionally not present at the moment of delivery.

**AMANDA**

Well traditionally, I'm not the one giving birth.

(then)

(MORE)

3

15C **CONTINUED:**

15C

**AMANDA (CONT'D)**

I moved here -- to another planet -- to be with you. I needed you to be with me today. Holding my hand and telling me I'm doing great, even when I'm just... breathing the best I can.

Sad that she has to tell him this at all, she just looks back at the baby -- finding comfort in his innocence. Sarek considers this. He moves closer to her. Whispers intimately:

**SAREK**

You are correct. I should have been here. I am sorry.

And with her free hand, she pulls Sarek closer -- and kisses him. And the two look at the baby.

**SAREK (CONT'D)**

I had a thought. That we might name the child after one of our respected early society-builders. His name was "Spock".

She looks at the baby, not immediately taken by the name.

**SAREK (CONT'D)**

Your silence does not suggest enormous enthusiasm.

**AMANDA**

No... Spock.

(smiles, touches his

face)  
... Spock.

She looks at Sarek: Spock it is.

**SAREK**  
The child has your eyes.

She pulls back the baby's swaddling, revealing his ears. She gently rubs the top of his right ear -- AND IT UNFURLS, revealing a small, soft pointed VULCAN EAR.

**AMANDA**  
... and your ears.

And off the image of this TINY BABY, half-human, half-Vulcan, we... FADE OUT. And over BLACKNESS, we BEGIN TO HEAR an ALARM SOUNDING -- GROWING -- and the SUPER "THREE YEARS LATER" APPEARS -- and finally the BLACKNESS IS SPLIT BY TURBO-LIFT DOORS OPENING and we REVEAL THAT WE'RE ON:

**4**

**15D INT. U.S.S. KELVIN [FORMER SC. 15A]**  
**15D**

With URGENCY, we MOVE DOWN a corridor with CAPTAIN ROBAU and **OFFICER PITTS**:

<p><b>CAPTAIN ROBAU</b> -- our sensors haven't made sense of the anomaly? -- how far are we from the Klingon Neutral Zone? the any</p>	<p><b>OFFICER PITTS</b> -- no sir, it looked like a lightning storm in the middle of space -- -- 150,000 kilometers, but vessel is not Klingon, Sir, its registry doesn't match recorded profile --</p>
--	---

SHWISH! The doors part and we enter THE BRIDGE OF THE SHIP -- a flurry of activity -- the MASSIVE SHIP they are approaching on the VIEWSCREEN. Robau moves to the center -- then he asks:

**CAPTAIN ROBAU**  
Report.

-- turning to the ship's FIRST OFFICER: 32, all-American face, swiveling in a console chair to FACE US:

**FIRST OFFICER**

Sir, new contact bearing zero-three-four.

**CAPTAIN ROBAU**

Are they transmitting on any frequency?

**FIRST OFFICER**

Negative, Captain -- all communications appear to be shut down.

**CAPTAIN ROBAU**

Hail the ship. What's the closest match on registry?

**FIRST OFFICER**

Nothing even close, Sir.

Robau moves to Pitts:

**CAPTAIN ROBAU**

Any response?

**OFFICER PITTS**

No Sir -- hails met with silence.

**CAPTAIN ROBAU**

Maybe they're incapable -- any identifiable damage?

**OFFICER PITTS**

Negative, Sir -- but our readings seem confused--

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15D **CONTINUED:**

15D

**CAPTAIN ROBAU**

Confused?

**OFFICER PITTS**

-- not only is the ship unregistered -- but even its construction materials seem unrecognizable.

Robau sits in the captain's chair his eyes on the ship as they approach -- and we SEE IT on the VIEWSCREEN -- THE NARADA -- ENORMOUS AND THREATENING. He doesn't even realize that he says:

**CAPTAIN ROBAU**

... oh my God...

(to himself, boggled)

A lightning storm... then this...

(to deck)

Signal all departments: first contact protocols. Looks like we have someone new on the block. All Stop.

16-17 OMIT  
16-17

18-19 OMIT  
18-19

19A OMIT  
19A

19B OMIT  
19B

19C EXT. DEEP SPACE - CONTINUOUS  
19C

And in the endless vacuum of space, and in TOTAL SILENCE, the Kelvin appears as a dot, coming to a stop in front of the gigantic BLACK CLAW that is the Narada --

19D INT. U.S.S. KELVIN - BRIDGE  
19D

Crew members are glued to their telemetry, working consoles:

**FIRST OFFICER**  
Sir, should we initiate an invasive scan?

**CAPTAIN ROBAU**  
That could be seen as an act of provocation -- all readings passive--

Suddenly, a WARNING BEEP --

**OFFICER PITTS** Sir, I have a reading --  
they've locked weapons on us! -- Red alert! Arm weapons!

ALARMS BLARE -- LIGHTS GO RED as --

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20 EXT. SPACE - CONTINUOUS  
20

The Narada FIRES a TORPEDO -- IT HEADS FOR THE KELVIN -- then SEPARATES, fracturing into a multi-hit projectile --

21 INT. U.S.S. KELVIN - CONTINUOUS  
21

Officers SCRAMBLE, brace for impact --

**FIRST OFFICER**

Torpedo locked on us at 320 degrees, mark two -- incoming fast!

**CAPTAIN ROBAU**

-- Evasive pattern Delta-5!

**22 EXT. U.S.S. KELVIN - CONTINUOUS**  
**22**

A direct hit SMASHES several decks along the DISH of the ship --

**23 INT. U.S.S. KELVIN - ENGINE ROOM - CONTINUOUS**  
**23**

In the massive Engine Room, a HUGE BLAST -- MEN GO FLYING IN THE STEEL-SHATTERING EXPLOSION --

**24 INT. U.S.S. KELVIN - BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS**  
**24**

Captain Robau helps a fallen CREW MEMBER up from the floor -- then, on his chair com.:

**CAPTAIN ROBAU**

Damage report!

INTERCUT with:

**24A INT. U.S.S. KELVIN - ENGINE ROOM - CONTINUOUS**  
**24A**

Moving with the Kelvin's CHIEF ENGINEER:

**CHIEF ENGINEER**

Our shields did nothing, Sir! Never seen anything like it! Weapons off-line! Main power at 38 percent!

As the crew regains their footing, the First Officer pulls himself to his console, true fear in his eyes as he places an inter-ship call -- it's RINGING -- his fear grows with every passing RING -- then, we INTERCUT WITH:

**24B INT. U.S.S. KELVIN - MEDICAL BAY - CONTINUOUS [FORMER SC. 26B]**  
**24B**

A WOMAN, 25, answers her communicator -- she lies on an exam table, afraid -- and pregnant. This is WINONA.

24B CONTINUED:  
24B

**WINONA**

-- what was that-- what's happening?!

But the First Officer is just relieved that she's still alive:

**FIRST OFFICER**

-- you're okay-- thank God-- where are you?

**WINONA**

Medical bay-- I had a few close contractions-- I'm fine-- what was that?

**FIRST OFFICER**

Just sit tight-- stay there-- we'll be fine--

Or maybe not:

**OFFICER PITTS**

They're firing another, Captain!

25 EXT. SPACE - CONTINUOUS  
25

ANOTHER NARADA TORPEDO -- it SEPARATES, pieces HIT the Kelvin.

25A INT. U.S.S. KELVIN - ENGINE ROOM - CONTINUOUS  
25A

Chief Engineer RUNS past us -- CONSUMED BY A SUDDEN EXPLOSION!

25B INT. U.S.S. KELVIN - CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS  
25B

A FEMALE CREW MEMBER running down the hall suddenly HOLDS ON as a HOLE IS RIPPED IN THE HALL -- and she's YANKED OUT OF THE CORRIDOR -- the CAMERA finally getting sucked out too!

26 INT. U.S.S. KELVIN - BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS  
26

-- PANDEMOMIUM --

26 CONTINUED:  
26

**HELMSMAN**

-- life support failing on Kelvin,  
decks seven through thirteen!  
Starfleet  
We have confirmed casualties,  
--  
Sir!  
by

**OFFICER PITTS**

-- this is the U.S.S.  
attempting to reach  
command on subspace! Repeat  
U.S.S. Kelvin, under attack  
unknown aggressor!

**FIRST OFFICER**

-- shields at eleven percent  
up?  
and dropping! Ten percent --  
we're at nine! Eight percent!  
not  
Seven! We're dropping here!  
Six!

**TACTICAL OFFICER**

-- were our shields even  
That was like nothing I've  
ever seen -- this ship can  
take another hit like that!

**CAPTAIN ROBAU**

All remaining power to forward shields!  
Prepare the shuttles f--

And he STOPS. They all do. A fucking FACE is now on their VIEWSCREEN. A ROMULAN FACE -- the FIRST OFFICER of the Narada, whom we'll come to know as AYEL:

**AYEL**

My commander requests the presence of your captain in order to negotiate a cease-fire. You will come aboard our ship via shuttlecraft. Your refusal would be unwise.

Screen goes DEAD. All eyes on Robau... and he feels them. A tense, horrible moment. Finally, to the First Officer:

**CAPTAIN ROBAU**

Walk with me.

The First Officer follows Robau OFF THE BRIDGE AND INTO:

**26A INT. U.S.S. KELVIN - CORRIDORS - CONTINUOUS**  
**26A**

As they walk, briskly:

**CAPTAIN ROBAU**

If I don't report within fifteen minutes, execute general order 13.

**FIRST OFFICER**

Sir, we could issue a mayday call to--

**CAPTAIN ROBAU**

(frightened, but firm)

There is no help for us out here. If we're going down, we're taking them with us -- you save as many as you can.

**8A**

**26A CONTINUED:**

**26A**

**FIRST OFFICER**

... aye, Captain.

Robau heads into a waiting TURBOLIFT, turns -- they lock eyes, knowing what this means. Finally:

**CAPTAIN ROBAU**

You're Captain now. Mr. Kirk.

He's gone. And we realize this is GEORGE KIRK, Jim's father.

**26B-C OMIT**

**26B-C**

**9**

**26D INT. U.S.S. KELVIN - BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS**

**26D**

All eyes on Kirk as he enters -- moves to the captain's chair. Sits. Not a small moment. Speaking his first words as Captain:

**GEORGE KIRK**

Lieutenant Pitts. Transfer Robau's vital signs to the main view screen.

**OFFICER PITTS**

Yessir.

In a moment, Robau's VITAL SIGNS appear on various monitors -- his HEART RATE, OXYGEN LEVELS, BLOOD PRESSURE, all of it. A LOW-PITCHED BEEPBEEP of his HEARTBEAT is now HEARD --

**SCIENCE OFFICER**

Vitals on line.

**GEORGE KIRK**

(slightly awkward)

-- thank you.

**26DA INT. U.S.S. KELVIN - ENGINE ROOM - CONTINUOUS**  
**26DA**

TILT DOWN as the TURBO-LIFT DESCENDS -- we PUSH IN as the doors open and Captain Robau gets out -- moves quickly -- hurries down a SHUTTLE BAY catwalk --

**26DB INT. SHUTTLE - CONTINUOUS [FORMER SC. 26C]**  
**26DB**

Robau enters a shuttle -- LIGHTS BLINK to life. He moves to the cockpit -- starts the vehicle up --

**CAPTAIN ROBAU**

Computer, initiate departure sequence.

A LOUD HISS and the craft SHUDDERS as it disembarks --

**26DC INT. U.S.S. KELVIN - BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS**  
**26DC**

Sparks dripping from the ceiling, everyone is motionless -- eyes on the monitors -- and we're TIGHT ON GEORGE KIRK -- the BEEPS of Robau's heart might as well be representing his own. He realizes he's sweating -- wipes his forehead as:

**OFFICER PITTS**

The shuttle's pulling out of main bay,  
Sir.

**GEORGE KIRK**

I want to see him -- floodlights please.

10

**26E EXT. U.S.S. KELVIN - SPACE**  
**26E**

Two MASSIVE FLOODLIGHTS on the Kelvin's dish GO HOT -- and turn, FLARING out the lens -- landing on the SHUTTLE as it leaves the KELVIN, heading toward the imposing Narada.

**26EA INT. SHUTTLE - CONTINUOUS**  
**26EA**

Backlit by the distant floodlights, Robau remains steely-eyed as he moves for the darkened ship -- nerves --

**26F INT. U.S.S. KELVIN - BRIDGE**  
**26F**

And Robau's HEARTBEAT QUICKENS -- the tension they all feel:

**OFFICER PITTS**  
His heart rate's elevated--

**HELMSMAN**  
He's scared.

**GEORGE KIRK**  
He's brave. That's what he is.

**26FA INT. SHUTTLE - CONTINUOUS**  
**26FA**

Robau watches as he gets closer, the BEEPBEEPING HEARD over the SOUNDS of the shuttle -- but then --

**26FB EXT. NARADA - SPACE - CONTINUOUS**  
**26FB**

ALL WE HEAR IS THE LOW-PITCHED BEEPBEEP as the small shuttle seems to get swallowed up by the massive forward-facing spires of the Narada -- the distant floodlights creating EERIE SHADOWS everywhere. A gigantic IRIS DOOR TURNS, SLOWLY OPENS -- and the shuttle enters the Narada's main HANGAR -- the door CLOSES --

**26FC INT. U.S.S. KELVIN - BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS**  
**26FC**

And everyone is just motionless and silent. Only Robau's VITAL SIGNS can be HEARD, BEEPING away. George's eyes glued ahead --

**26G INT. SHUTTLE/NARADA HANGAR - CONTINUOUS**  
**26G**

TIGHT ON ROBAU as he faces the shuttle door, considering his fate. Finally the SHUTTLE DOOR OPENS -- standing there are eight ROMULAN GUARDS, brandishing WEAPONS. He steps down. They grab him, hard -- he's SCANNED -- FRISKED -- PULLED ALONG -- and we REVEAL the absolutely MASSIVE HANGAR, the insane architecture of the interior of this dark, wet, dripping ship --

**26H INT. NARADA BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS**  
**26H**

Robau is led into the enormous, dark bridge. A dozen Romulans

at controls. Robau does his level best to portray confidence as he is led up a walkway to AYEL. Behind him, sitting silhouetted and motionless, turned away and looking off, is his captain. A presence always felt in this scene. This is NERO.

Ayel touches a panel, then THROWS AN IMAGE into the air before Robau. A ROTATING HOLOGRAM OF A UNIQUE-LOOKING SPACERCRAFT (we will refer to it as the JELLYFISH).

**AYEL**

Are you familiar with this craft?

Robau regards it. Then:

**CAPTAIN ROBAU**

Who is your commander?

(silence, then re: Nero)

Is it him?

**AYEL**

You will speak only to me.

**CAPTAIN ROBAU**

Then ask your commander what right he has to attack a Federation vessel.

**AYEL**

That was hardly an attack. My commander will easily destroy your ship. If you do not respond to the question.

Robau considers the hologram again. And what his answer might mean for the fate of his crew.

**CAPTAIN ROBAU**

I've never seen it. Or any ship like it.

**AYEL**

Are you familiar with -- or better, know the location of -- Ambassador Spock?

Ayel has thrown another HOLOGRAM -- A FLOATING, ROTATING IMAGE OF SPOCK, who appears to be 75 earth-years old. The baby, born just three years earlier. Robau is as confused as we are...

**CAPTAIN ROBAU**

I am unfamiliar with Ambassador Spock.

**AYEL**

A final question. What is the current stardate?

26H CONTINUED:  
26H

**CAPTAIN ROBAU**  
(the fuck?)  
... Stardate? ... it's 2233.04.  
(finally)  
... hey, where are you from--?

Suddenly: TSCHING! Nero's activated his STAFF -- FOUR LARGE, HORRIFYING BLADES APPEAR AT THE TIP AND NERO SPRINGS TO LIFE, CHARGING ROBAU WITH A ROAR AND ROBAU'S EYES POP HOLY SHIT AND--

26HA INT. U.S.S. KELVIN - BRIDGE  
26HA

BLEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE... Robau's vitals go dead. PUSH IN ON KIRK as a SCREAMING ALARM IS HEARD --

<b>OFFICER PITTS</b> They're launching again!	<b>GEORGE KIRK</b> Evasive! Evasive! Delta-Five maneuver! Fire full-spread!
--	--

26I OMIT  
26I

26J EXT. SPACE - CONTINUOUS  
26J

The Kelvin BANKS as it FIRES WILDLY -- another TORPEDO BLASTING FROM THE NARADA -- it SEPARATES -- some miss, OTHERS HIT!

26K INT. U.S.S. KELVIN - BRIDGE  
26K

Debris FLIES TROUGH THE CEILING, SLAMMING INTO A BRIDGE SUPPORT BEAM! Green COOLANT SPEWS from under the floor grating --

**GEORGE KIRK**  
I'm initiating General Order 13! Set self-destruct for maximum matter- antimatter yield! Two minute countdown!

**OFFICER PITTS**  
Yessir!

**GEORGE KIRK**  
I want auto-pilot targeted for their fuel cells!

**TACTICAL OFFICER**

Sir, unable to locate the ship's power source!

**GEORGE KIRK**

Then just target the damn thing dead center!

**HELMSMAN**

We got bigger problems: the first hit destroyed auto-pilot!

(MORE)

13

**26K CONTINUED:**

**26K**

**HELMSMAN (CONT'D)**

The only way we're gonna ram that ship is to fly manual control!

TIGHT ON GEORGE as this lands. More honorable than terrified:

**GEORGE KIRK**

-- then I'll do it myself -- get to the shuttles, now!

(no one moves until:)

**THAT'S AN ORDER! GO!**

Agony in the faces as they reluctantly hurry off -- Kirk takes the Captain's chair, hits the COMLINK:

**GEORGE KIRK (CONT'D)**

All decks, this is the Captain speaking -- evacuate the ship immediately, get to your designated shuttle crafts --

**26L INT. U.S.S. KELVIN - MEDICAL BAY - CONTINUOUS**

**26L**

MOVE FAST around Winona, in fucking labor now -- being transferred onto a wheelchair by the Doctor and Nurse--

**GEORGE KIRK (V.O.)**

-- repeat: evacuate ship and get to designated shuttles NOW!

**WINONA**

-- that's George's voice -- what's happening?

**NURSE**

We're packing it up -- you'll deliver in the shuttle!

-- and she's on the move, out the door as her COMMUNICATOR SOUNDS -- she answers --

**WINONA**

-- George!

**26M INT. U.S.S. KELVIN - BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS**  
**26M**

Alone now on the bridge, piloting this massive craft by himself  
- George talks to Winona from the Captain's chair --

**GEORGE KIRK**

I have medical shuttle 37 standing by,  
get to it now -- can you do that?

**WINONA**

Yes -- where are you?

HOLD ON GEORGE for a moment as he hesitates -- his eyes glued to the screens as he pilots --

**14**

**26M CONTINUED:**  
**26M**

**GEORGE KIRK**

I'm on my way.

**WINONA**

Good-- and George, it's coming-- our baby, it's coming now.

PUSH IN on him, his heart shattering -- having to out-maneuver incoming torpedoes, piloting the ship to its doom -- still, he forces optimism:

**GEORGE KIRK**

I'll see you in a minute, sweetheart.

He disconnects -- another ALARM -- he TURNS the ship, FIRES --

**26MA EXT. U.S.S. KELVIN - CONTINUOUS**  
**26MA**

The Kelvin BANKS AGAIN -- its PHOTONS SLAMMING INTO THE ONCOMING **NARADA TORPEDOES, JUST AVOIDING IMPACT!**

**26N INT. U.S.S. KELVIN - SHUTTLE BAYS - CONTINUOUS**  
**26N**

CREW MEMBERS scramble to their shuttles as the ship TREMBLES -- and we find WINONA among them, being PUSHED through the madness.

**26P INT. MED-EVAC SHUTTLE - CONTINUOUS**  
**26P**

The Med-Team ARRIVES with Winona in the wheelchair-- it's CHAOS -- and for Winona, a huge contraction --

**WINONA**

-- Agh! That was-- that was a big one!

-- as they put her into the shuttle bed:

**NURSE**

Just keep breathing, Honey, you're gonna be just fine--

**WINONA**

(through the pain)

-- the baby, too, right?

**NURSE**

-- the baby too.

**26R INT. U.S.S. KELVIN - BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS**  
**26R**

As George Kirk pilots, he checks the monitors -- one reads the **COUNTDOWN TO SELF-DESTRUCT (180 SECONDS, 179 SECONDS, 178 SECONDS...)** and another reads IMPACT PROXIMITY (36,054 METERS, **36,042, 36018...**).

**15**

**26R CONTINUED:**  
**26R**

Another screen that shows stats of DEPARTING SHUTTLES -- more leaving as we glance at the screen -- but SHUTTLE 34 REMAINS DOCKED --

The NARADA is GROWING in the viewscreen -- he hits the comlink:

**GEORGE KIRK**

Captain to shuttle 37 -- is my wife on board?

**INTERCUT WITH:**

**26S OMIT**  
**26S**

26T INT. MED-EVAC SHUTTLE - CONTINUOUS  
26T

The PILOT is readying the controls --

**SHUTTLE PILOT**

Yessir, she is--

**GEORGE KIRK**

I need you to go now, d'you hear me?

**SHUTTLE PILOT**

We're waiting for you, Sir--

**GEORGE KIRK**

No-- go, take off, immediately.

**SHUTTLE PILOT**

... yessir!

Shuttle Pilot works the controls -- and Winona, in the back, feels the shuttle SHUDDER --

**WINONA**

Wait! We can't go, my husband isn't here yet! Please! STOP--!

-- but she's suddenly WINCING as another CONTRACTION hits --

**NURSE**

You'll need to push now-- are you ready?

26U EXT. U.S.S. KELVIN - SHUTTLE BAY - CONTINUOUS  
26U

Clamps holding the shuttle SLAM BACK, the MED-SHUTTLE DROPS HARD, FUSION IMPULSE ENGINES IGNITE and the shuttle MOVES --

26V OMIT  
26V

16

26W INT. U.S.S. KELVIN - BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS  
26W

George hits COMLINK -- a TONE -- then WINONA'S VOICE:

**WINONA**

The shuttle's leaving-- where are you?

As George EVADES ENEMY FIRE, heading for the massive alien ship:

**GEORGE KIRK**

My love? Listen carefully, okay?

**INTERCUT WITH:**

**26X INT. MED-EVAC SHUTTLE - CONTINUOUS**  
**26X**

Winona, holding her communicator --

**WINONA**

-- we're about to have this baby --

**GEORGE KIRK**

Sweetheart... I'm not going to be able to  
be there.

And she just stares -- realizing what's happening -- that he's  
been made Captain -- that there was an evacuation -- and somehow  
she just KNOWS. Tears come to her eyes --

**WINONA**

-- no-- no, no-- wait--

**GEORGE KIRK**

I want you to hear me.

Please.

-- There's no other way-- my  
love-- you know all I want--  
all I want in the world is to  
be with you--

**WINONA**

Are you still on the ship? No--  
no, you need to be here--  
-- George, I can't do this  
without you--  
(crying now)  
-- please -- don't d--!

-- but she's WINCING AGAIN --

**DOCTOR**

Okay-- you need to push.

-- and she does -- the shuttle BANKS and --

**26Y EXT. U.S.S. KELVIN - CORRIDORS**  
**26Y**

-- and the shuttle LEAVES the Kelvin bay -- turning to join  
DOZENS of other shuttles, all heading off in escape --

**26Z INT. U.S.S. KELVIN - BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS**  
**26Z**

As George PILOTS, DODGING INCOMING -- we INTERCUT WITH:

**26ZA INT. MED-EVAC SHUTTLE - CONTINUOUS**  
**26ZA**

Winona PUSHING -- giving birth to their baby -- and we're BACK AND FORTH between a husband and wife that will never see each other again, MUSIC SWELLING as the Kelvin TURNS HARD, avoiding TORPEDOES -- the shuttle BANKING as the Doctor and Nurse help Winona -- and we're ON GEORGE as he HEARS A BABY CRYING -- and TEARS COME TO HIS EYES -- as he says--

**GEORGE KIRK**

Hey! Hey, so what is it?

**WINONA'S VOICE**

-- it's a boy.

**GEORGE KIRK**

It's a boy? Yeah?

And now we see Winona, handed this beautiful little boy. And she cries, just looking at him --

**GEORGE KIRK (CONT'D)**

Tell me... tell me about him-- please--

**WINONA**

He's-- he's beautiful, he looks like you.

Heartsick, George laughs -- glances at the MONITORS -- SELF-DESTRUCT COUNTDOWN IS AT T-MINUS 20 SECONDS -- oh God...

**WINONA (CONT'D)**

George, you should be here --

**GEORGE KIRK**

I know-- so what should we call him, huh?

**WINONA**

We could name him after your father.

**GEORGE KIRK**

Tiberius? Are you kidding me? No, that's the worst-- we'll name him after your dad-- let's call him Jim.

**WINONA**

... Jim. Jim it is.

Through the VIEWSCREEN -- he's ABOUT TO HIT -- the ship ANGLES within the enormous Narada blades -- George scared now --

18

26ZA CONTINUED:

26ZA

**GEORGE KIRK**

Sweetheart? Sweetheart? I  
love you. Can you hear me?  
-- I love you. I love y--

-- his VOICE CUT OFF as --

**WINONA**

-- yes-- yes, I hear you...

27-37 OMIT

27-37

38 **EXT. NARADA - CONTINUOUS**

38

-- the Kelvin SLAMS INTO THE NARADA -- an EXPLOSION BEGINS and--

38A **INT. MED-EVAC SHUTTLE - CONTINUOUS**

38A

George's voice goes STATIC -- confusion washes over her face -- suddenly LIT BY A BRIGHT GLOW -- she looks over, with wet devastated eyes --

-- what she sees is the MASSIVE EXPLOSION -- quickly SUCKED AWAY in the vacuum of space -- and she's CRYING -- holding her new baby who just lost a father -- his life altered forever...

39 OMIT

39

40 **EXT. STARFIELD - ETERNAL NIGHT**

40

The shuttle SAILS AWAY with the others... HOLD ON THIS... for a long beat. Then PAN OVER to see NERO'S SHIP TUMBLING SILENTLY THROUGH SPACE -- DEBRIS still raining from the explosion --

41 **INT. NARADA - BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS**

41

MAYHEM: ALARMS and CREW work to stabilize the ship (OVERLAPPING ROMULAN DIALOG TO BE WRITTEN) -- we arrive at Nero, who, with small specks of HUMAN BLOOD on his face, just STARES at the fucking HOLOGRAM OF SPOCK -- he's OBSESSED.

Ayel works a monitor, yelling out something (in Romulan) to one of their men -- and as a result:

**42 EXT. NARADA - CONTINUOUS**  
**42**

Gargantuan "BLADES" EXTEND from the ship like otherworldly SAILS -- and the ship begins to STEADY -- but then ANOTHER SHIP APPEARS -- DECLOAKING FROM NOTHINGNESS: a fucking KLINGON VESSEL -- then ANOTHER -- AND ANOTHER --

**43 INT. NARADA - BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS**  
**43**

And we're on Ayel as he witnesses, on his monitor, ships, popping up ALL AROUND THEM -- which is when they HEAR a VOICE -- speaking KLINGON -- and we SUBTITLE:

**19**

**43 CONTINUED:**  
**43**

**KLINGON VOICE (P.A.)**

Trespassing vessel: you have entered the jurisdiction of the Klingon Empire.  
Power down and prepare to be boarded or you will be destroyed.

Eyes wide, Ayel turns to Nero, still staring at Spock's image:

**AYEL**  
(SUBTITLED, in Romulan)  
Commander Nero -- we're surrounded.

Finally Nero looks up.

**AYEL (CONT'D)**  
(SUBTITLED, in Romulan)  
Sir-- what are your orders?

And we PUSH IN ON NERO as our MUSIC BUILDS, then we CUT TO:

**44 OMIT**  
**44**  
**45 INT. VULCAN LEARNING CENTER - DAY**  
**45**

CLOSE ON a young VULCAN BOY. 11 years old. SPOCK. He's standing in an abstract space -- IMAGES PROJECTED and HOVERING -- questions -- that he's answering as they appear, then disappear:

**COMPUTER VOICE**

What is the square root of  
2,396,304?  
hundered-

-- Correct. What is the  
central assumption of Quantum  
Cosmology?

-- Correct. Identify the 20th  
century earth composers of the  
following musical progression:

-- Correct

And we find ANOTHER VULCAN CHILD -- then ANOTHER -- all in these  
odd spaces -- until we PULL BACK WIDE to reveal a large Vulcan  
LEARNING CENTER -- white "bowls", sunk into the dark ground,  
where PROFESSORS walk, hands behind their backs, surveying this  
mass "mental martial arts" test.

We're on ANOTHER VULCAN CHILD as she gets an answer wrong -- AND  
THE LIGHT OVER HER BOWL GOES OUT. Then ANOTHER CHILD -- who  
gets an answer wrong -- and HIS LIGHT GOES OUT. An EXTREMELY  
WIDE OVERHEAD SHOT reveals BOWL AFTER BOWL as the LIGHTS GO OUT.

**20**

**45 CONTINUED:**  
**45**

Until only one bowl remains. Spock's. He finishes his last  
question. Gets it right. PUSH IN ON HIM as the COMPUTER SAYS:

**COMPUTER VOICE**

Your score is one-hundred percent.  
Congratulations. Spock.

Off his face, we CUT TO MOMENTS LATER, as Spock collects his  
things. As he does, three young VULCAN BULLIES walk up behind  
him. Spock glances at them, then back to his things.

**YOUNG SPOCK**

I presume you've prepared new insults for  
today.

**VULCAN BULLY #1**

Your mother lies with many men.

Spock just NODS. Tries to ignore the fact that IT STINGS.

**YOUNG SPOCK**

I have no such information.

**VULCAN BULLY #2**

You are neither human, nor Vulcan -- and therefore, have no place in the universe.

**YOUNG SPOCK**

(swallowing that too)

This is your thirty-fifth attempt to elicit an emotional response from me. Logic dictates you would cease by now.

**VULCAN BULLY #1**

Look. He has human eyes. They look sad, don't they?

**VULCAN BULLY #2**

Perhaps an emotional response requires physical stimuli.

And Bully #2 PUSHES Spock -- who stumbles back, almost falling into one of the bowls. He looks up as:

**VULCAN BULLY #2 (CONT'D)**

He's a traitor, you know. Your father. For marrying her.

Spock stares -- we see him fighting the urge, but he's unable -- AND HE CHARGES THE BULLY AND TACKLES HIM INTO THE BOWL! They land inside -- Spock cries, flailing as he punches Bully #2! The other two stand atop the bowl, stunned -- shocked -- unsure what the hell to do -- and we CUT TO:

**21**

**46 INT. LEARNING CENTER - CORRIDOR - LATER**

**46**

TIGHT ON Spock, chastened, sitting glumly on a bench. A massive VULCAN CITY seen through the window behind him. His parents ARGUE at a distance down the hall:

**AMANDA**

-- where I'm from, when someone hits you, you hit back -- how is that not logical?  
-- They pick on him -- they tease him -- every day.

-- I want him to embrace Vulcan, you know that... but

**SAREK**

-- Spock had no reasonable expectation of being physically injured --  
-- Which is precisely when reason must guide his actions above all.

he has to be himself-- which means, occasionally, being human.

-- When Vulcans get disgusted with each other, they never just walk away, do they?

-- Well humans do.

-- His "humanity" is very the source of his ostracism.

-- No.

And Amanda walks away, leaving Sarek standing there. He turns -- sees his son down the corridor. Approaches. And we're PUSHING IN on Spock, studying the fear in his eyes. His father stops in front of him, looming there, looking down stoically:

**YOUNG SPOCK**

I did not mean to create conflict between you and mother.

After a beat, Sarek seems to soften a little. No anger in his face. Takes a seat beside his son...

**SAREK**

In marriage... conflict is...

**YOUNG SPOCK**

... constant?

**SAREK**

Natural.

(a beat)

Emotions run deep within our race. In many ways, more deeply than in humans. Long ago, they nearly destroyed us... that is why we followed the teachings of Surak. Now you must choose.

**YOUNG SPOCK**

... between you and mother?

2

46 CONTINUED:

46

**SAREK**

Never, my son. But you may choose the ethic of logic. Logic offers a serenity humans seldom experience. The control of feelings... so that they do not control you.

**YOUNG SPOCK**

They called you a traitor.  
(then)

You suggest that I should be completely Vulcan... and yet you married a human... why?

Sarek is clearly conflicted by this. But he holds steady:

**SAREK**

As Ambassador to Earth, my duty is to observe and understand human behavior. Marrying your mother... was logical.

(Spock seems disquieted)

Spock. You are fully capable of choosing your own destiny. The question you are faced with... is which path you will take. This is something only you can decide.

**47 EXT. IOWA FARMHOUSE - DAY**

**47**

BAM -- a door opens: 14 year-old GEORGE KIRK, JR. angrily exits the house, carrying a duffel. His angrier, redneckier UNCLE FRANK following. 11 year-old JIM KIRK nervously pursues them:

**UNCLE FRANK**

Go ahead: go-- run away! You know I could give a damn!

**YOUNG KIRK**

-- wait-- no! Where are you going?

**GEORGE JR.**

Anywhere but here, far as I can get!

**UNCLE FRANK**

Which won't be far enough -- know what your problem is?!

(big luggie spit)

No one ever taught you respect! How to follow orders! Do as you're told!

(to Jim)

-- what the hell are you doing?

**YOUNG KIRK**

I-- I just don't want my brother to go.

**23**

**47 CONTINUED:**

**47**

**UNCLE FRANK**

Well I do-- and I asked you to wash the

car! How many damn times do I need to repeat myself?! How many damn times? How many?

A glare to George and Frank walks off. Jim nervously follows his brother, pulling out a small, FLOATING DISC --

**YOUNG KIRK**

Please stay-- you can have my Flo-Yo!

George hits it away:

**GEORGE JR.**

This isn't about toys, it's Uncle Frank. I can't take him anymore -- Mom has no idea what he's like when she's not here-- d'you hear him talking like he's our dad?! And that's not even his car you're washing! That was Dad's car! You know why you're washing it? Because he's gonna sell it!

**JIM**

Don't leave -- okay? We can tell Mom when she gets back from Africa.

**GEORGE JR.**

She's gone for five more months, by then I'll be in a different system.

(sees fear in Kirk)

You're gonna be okay. You always are. Always doing everything right -- good grades and obeying every stupid order...

(then)

I can't be a Kirk in this house. Show me how to do that and I'll stay.

But Jim can offer nothing. George gives him a quick hug and walks off. Jim sadly watches his brother go.

**47A EXT. IOWA FARMHOUSE - DAY**

**47A**

Kirk washes a VINTAGE CORVETTE. Red, white top. Dumping the sponge in bucket, he's sadly cleaning, his mind spinning over his brother's departure. Devastated.

And he's wiping the soapy passenger window (SQEEEEEEAK!) with the sponge, when he STOPS -- seeing the KEYS in the ignition. PUSH IN ON HIS FACE as a devilish idea comes to his mind. PRE-LAP A LOUD SCREECH and we CUT TO:

48-49 OMIT

48-49

24

50 EXT. IOWA FARMHOUSE - DAY - LATER  
50

**THE CORVETTE BLASTS ONTO SCREEN, FISHTAILING ONTO THE ROAD,**  
young Jim Kirk behind the wheel (NOTE: The SOUND of the engine  
is a metallic WHIR -- not a gas engine). TIGHT ON JIM'S FACE as  
he drives -- having never done this before, he's as nervous as  
he is determined --

50A EXT. IOWA ROAD - DAY - LATER  
50A

The CORVETTE SPEEDS -- while inside the car, Jim turns on the  
updated, modified RADIO -- scans stations, momentarily losing  
control of the car -- but he's back on track as he finds a HARD  
ROCK SONG -- and HE'S STARTING TO FUCKING LOVE IT -- PILOTING  
**SOMETHING THIS FAST FEELS GOOD.**

He reaches for a CONVERTIBLE ROOF latch -- then the other -- but  
with the speed he's driving, THE ROOF RIPS RIGHT OFF THE FUCKING  
CAR -- Jim glances back, wide-eyed -- and the roof TUMBLES  
through the air, landing on the road -- and we PUSH AND ARC  
AROUND, as a POLICE OFFICER runs out from taking a roadside PISS  
-- he races back, jumps on his HOVERCRUISER and TAKES OFF --  
**SPEEDING AFTER HIM, SIREN BLARING!**

BACK IN THE CORVETTE -- BLOOPBLOOP!!! -- Jim's eyes dart to the  
REARVIEW as the cruiser WEAVES behind him -- then PULLS UP  
BESIDE HIM -- the COP sees a CHILD driving and is AMAZED -- he  
calls through his PA:

**COP**

Son, you pull over that car!

But Jim just BLASTS the RADIO LOUDER:

**JIM**

**I CAN'T HEAR YOU!**

51 EXT. IOWA ROAD - CONTINUOUS  
51

George, bag over shoulder, thumb out. He turns at the SOUND of  
the SIREN -- sees what's approaching... that car... looks...  
familiar... and the THE CORVETTE SHOOTS PAST HIM, JIM AT THE  
WHEEL -- then the POLICE HOVERCRUISER! George runs into the

middle of the road, mouth agape --

**GEORGE JR.**

-- no... way.

Back at the Corvette, Jim YANKS the steering wheel TOWARD THE COP -- who RISES to avoid the Corvette, which SCREECHES onto a perpendicular DIRT ROAD, kicking up wild dust as the Cop ARCS QUICKLY to follow --

**25**

**51 CONTINUED:**

**51**

Jim is now officially LOVING THIS -- and he DRIVES THROUGH a FENCE -- CRASH! The Cop RACES through it, in the Corvette's DUST -- and we PUSH IN on a SIGN that reads "DANGER - QUARRY AHEAD -- IOWA MINING CO." In fact --

**52 EXT. QUARRY - CONTINUOUS**

**52**

We see the MASSIVE QUARRY -- hundreds of feet deep -- and TILT UP to the Corvette and Cop speeding toward it --

**53 INT. CORVETTE - MOVING - CONTINUOUS**

**53**

KIRK, EYES INTENSE, ALMOST SUICIDAL -- this is where he's been headed all along -- and for a moment we think holy shit -- this is how James Kirk dies. He speeds toward the edge -- CLOSER -- CLOSER -- but at the last second, Kirk SLAMS the brake -- the car SKIDS -- PIVOTS -- and he LEAPS FROM THE CAR, WHICH SAILS SIDEWAYS OFF THE CLIFF EDGE -- FALLING... falling... the COP comes to QUICK a STOP in CLOUDS of DUST as the Corvette EXPLODES ON THE QUARRY FLOOR --

The angry Cop hops off his hovercruiser, hand on weapon, as Jim Kirk, out of breath, exhilarated, gets to his knees.

**COP**

What's your name, son?

And as he stands, we PUSH IN on him -- LOW and WIDE -- damn if that kid doesn't have a swagger. It's like the first time he's ever stood in his life.

**JIM**

My name's Kirk. James Tiberius Kirk.

And as our MUSIC BUILDS we CUT TO:

54 EXT. RURA PENTHE- MINING QUARRY - NIGHT [FORMER OMIT]  
54

CONSTANT SHOCKS OF LIGHT as an ALIEN PRISONER -- intelligent, bi-pedal, but with FOUR TERRIFIED EYES -- is SLAMMED DOWN onto the wet pavement -- a CHOKE STICK SHOVED under his chin -- then: VOICES. Brutal, guttural KLINGON --

**KLINGON GUARD (O.S.)**  
**(SUBTITLED)**

You say they are not yours...

WHIP PAN TO SEE the scary KLINGON GUARDS -- four of them -- standing above the Alien -- chilling MASKS hide their hideous faces -- and one holds a FLUORESCENT SET OF PAGES --

**KLINGON GUARD (CONT'D)**  
... these Federation maps we found in  
your pockets.

26

54 **CONTINUED:**  
54

And the ALIEN SPEAKS -- an UNKNOWN LANGUAGE -- all eyes wild:

**ALIEN**  
**(SUBTITLED)**  
I speak the truth. I do.

**KLINGON GUARD**  
Then who are they for?

But the Alien just SHAKES HIS HEAD, afraid -- he will not talk.  
So they GRAB HIM AND YANK HIM UPWARD --

**KLINGON GUARD (CONT'D)**  
You would rather die than tell us?

PUSH IN TIGHT as the Alien finally WHISPERS, terrified:

**ALIEN**  
... **NERO!!!**

And the Guards look at each other... seemingly with concern...

MOMENTS LATER EIGHT GUARDS WALK TOGETHER -- and we PAN WITH THEM to reveal the HORRIFYING EXPANSE THAT IS THE KLINGON PRISON YARD. We realize that the constant shocks of light was LIGHTNING, that apparently never stops here. A SUPER READS: "RURA PENTHE - KLINGON PRISON ASTEROID". And we see they're heading for a MUSCULAR FIGURE, using a SLEDGE HAMMER, SPLITTING

ROCKS, lit brilliantly by the lightning strikes. BOOM UP to find that it's NERO. And he stops, SENSING the coming Guards. And he manages a small smile. And he QUICKLY TURNS to them -- THEY ALL STOP, SUDDENLY. Afraid of him. One of them tosses Nero a set of MANACLES. Nero picks them up. Puts them on. And offers his cuffed hands, willingly.

**54A INT. RURA PENTHE - HOLDING BLOCK - NIGHT [FORMER SC. 64B]**  
**54A**

Guards drag Nero through the massive pyramidal structure...

**54B INT. RURA PENTHE - INTERROGATION CELL - NIGHT [FORMER SC. 64C]**  
**54B**

Nero's ARMS AND LEGS get STRAPPED IN TIGHT. Go WIDE to reveal he's pinned to an interrogation table -- three GUARDS. A KLINGON INTERROGATOR approaches; looms over Nero, studying the Romulan's face with clinical detachment...

**KLINGON INTERROGATOR**  
**(SUBTITLED KLINGON)**

I have come far to meet you. "The One Who Does Not Speak." Ten years is a long time to maintain silence.

(beat)

Perhaps you simply do not speak Klingon, just as I do not speak Romulan.

**(MORE)**

27

**54B CONTINUED:**  
**54B**

**KLINGON INTERROGATOR (CONT'D)**

(ENGLISH now)

But I assume we both speak the language of our common enemy.

**(NOTE: FROM NOW ON, OUR NON-ENGLISH SPEAKERS WILL SPEAK ENGLISH, UNLESS OTHERWISE NOTED.)** He reveals a worn LEATHER JOURNAL. Opens it, flips through it almost casually... we see SKETCHES of the JELLYFISH SHIP, PAGES OF COMPLICATED MATH EQUATIONS...

**KLINGON INTERROGATOR (CONT'D)**

We found this book in your cell. Cartography, mathematics-- what do these mean? This date here -- eleven years from now-- what happens then?

(holds up the

**FLUORESCENT MAPS)**

And why attempt to smuggle in maps of Federation space?

Nero's face betrays nothing; no fear, no doubt. Cold as fucking ice. The Interrogator happens to stare at a page in the book: A DRAWING OF SPOCK. He closes the book.

**KLINGON INTERROGATOR (CONT'D)**

When you were captured we assumed you were a spy, sent from Romulus to surveil the Empire. But because the Romulans deny your existence, I believe you are much more than that.

Interrogator looks over to the Guards, nods. A Guard approaches with some kind of GLASS CONTAINER; we HEAR something wet FLIP-FLOPPING around inside, but we can't SEE what it is.

**KLINGON INTERROGATOR (CONT'D)**

Your ship remains in orbit above us now. We've been asking for its secrets for too long. That is why I am here. We want to know how it works and I believe now, finally... you will tell us.

A Guard uses TONGS to pull out the most DISGUSTING creature you've seen from the container: a SLUG with SUCKERS and spikes, covered in a grimy muck -- it FLIP FLOPS.

**KLINGON INTERROGATOR (CONT'D)**

Centaurian slugs. Their native planet is in constant sunlight. As a result, there's nothing they hate more... than darkness.

A Guard GRABS NERO'S HEAD and FORCES IT BACK; the second PRIES HIS MOUTH OPEN with his hands.

**28**

**54B CONTINUED: (2)**

**54B**

Another Guard SHOVES THE THING INTO NERO'S MOUTH -- Nero keeps his eyes open -- furiously determined not to be broken -- as they FORCE HIM TO SWALLOW IT -- he DOESN'T SCREAM as the wretched thing makes its way down his esophagus and into his stomach --

**KLINGON INTERROGATOR (CONT'D)**

They try to claw and bite their way out of any dark space they're in.

Nero stares at the ceiling in HORRIFYING INTERNAL PAIN -- but straining to block it out. PUSH DOWN on Nero's wide, crazed

eyes -- TIGHTER as we SLOWLY DISSOLVE TO SEE WHAT HE'S SEEING -- WHAT'S KEEPING HIM FROM LOSING HIS MIND -- DREAMLIKE, ETHEREAL IMAGES OF A WOMAN -- HER BEAUTIFUL, SMILING FACE -- SHE'S ROMULAN -- LOOKING AT US, EYES FULL OF LOVE -- AND SHE TURNS AND WE SEE SHE'S PREGNANT -- AND AS OUR MUSIC BUILDS, WE CUT TO:

55-56 OMIT

55-56

57 INT. VULCAN SCIENCE ACADEMY - COUNCIL ANTE-CHAMBER - DAY  
57

Quiet. A waiting area. AMANDA, Spock's mother, stands alone in a passageway. She looks off-camera to her son:

**AMANDA**

Spock, come here, let me see you.

**SPOCK (O.S.)**

(beat)

No.

**AMANDA**

Spock.

Reluctantly, Spock walks into frame. She begins adjusting his collar. This is our ADULT SPOCK. Gripped by anxiety but trying like hell to look impassive.

**AMANDA (CONT'D)**

There is no need to be so anxious.  
You'll do fine.

**SPOCK**

I am hardly "anxious", mother.  
(beat, then, anxiously)  
And "fine" has variable definitions.  
"Fine" is unacceptable.

She just smiles as she works his collar. He sees this and it  
annoys him. He tries to move her hands away, to stop with his  
collar -- his annoyance, her love for him, all sweet-- but  
he  
doesn't let go of her hands. A meaningful silence between  
them.

29

57 CONTINUED:

57

**SPOCK (CONT'D)**

May I ask a personal query?

**AMANDA**

... anything.

**SPOCK**

Should I choose to complete the Vulcan discipline of Kolinahr... and purge all emotion... I trust you will not feel it reflects judgement upon you.

She stares at him, moved.      Touches his face.

**AMANDA**

As always... whoever you choose to be... you will have a proud mother.

HOLD on mother and son, worlds apart but forever bonded:

**58 INT. VULCAN SCIENCE ACADEMY - COUNCIL CHAMBER - DAY**  
**58**

An imposing yet BEAUTIFUL INDOOR ATRIUM. Spock stands before the VULCAN HIGH COUNCIL. Among faces on the dais: his FATHER, seated beside the SCIENCE MINISTER and other VULCAN LEADERS.

**SCIENCE MINISTER**

You have surpassed the expectations of your instructors. Your final record is flawless. With one exception. I see you have applied to Starfleet as well.

**SPOCK**

It was logical to cultivate multiple options.

**SCIENCE MINISTER**

Logical but unnecessary. You are hereby accepted to the Vulcan Science Academy. A distinction all the more significant given that you will be its first half-human pupil. It is truly remarkable, Spock. That you have achieved so much despite your disadvantage. Welcome to the Academy.

They all start to rise.      But Spock is suddenly unsettled:

**SPOCK**

If you would clarify, Minister-- what "disadvantage" are you referring to?

**SCIENCE MINISTER**

... your human mother.

58 CONTINUED:

58

As the council disperses, we PUSH IN on Spock's face -- the same look he had when he took punches as a kid. He glances at his father to say something, but Sarek's the consummate diplomat. His eyes command: remain calm. Spock STRUGGLES... then makes the first spontaneous -- human -- decision of his life --

**SPOCK**

Council -- ministers. I must decline.

Everyone STOPS. A solid BEAT. Confused looks turn cold:

**SCIENCE MINISTER**

No Vulcan has ever declined admission to this academy.

**SPOCK**

Then as I am half-human, your record remains untarnished.

**SAREK**

Spock. You have made a commitment to honor the Vulcan way--

attend

Vulcan.

**SPOCK**

At the moment, Father, I can think of no greater way to honor our race than to

Starfleet as its first

**SCIENCE MINISTER**

Why did you come before this council today? Was it to satisfy your emotional need to rebel?

**SPOCK**

I came with the intention of enrolling, as my father wished. However, your "insight" has convinced me otherwise. Therefore, the only emotion I wish to convey is gratitude. Thank you, Ministers, for your consideration.

(a contained "fuck you")

Live long and prosper.

He looks to his father, whose disappointment is evident -- still, God bless him, Spock walks out --

59 EXT. "THE WARP TRAIL" BAR - IOWA - NIGHT  
59

-- PUSH DOWN A HALLWAY -- MUSIC HEARD -- what seems like a PARTY is going on through windows in the double-doors ahead -- and a WOMAN SWOOPS INTO VIEW in front of us -- we PUSH BEHIND HER in the short skirt and high boots as she ENTERS the place -- a local, busy BAR -- the woman makes her way to the BAR, and we see her GORGEOUS, DIGNIFIED FACE. THIS IS UHURA. She leans into the bartender warmly, her smile glorious:

31

59 CONTINUED:

59

**UHURA**

Hi. I'd like a Klabnian Fire Tea, two Cardassian Sunrises and three Earth beers, no slim-shots, anything on draft.

**VOICE (O.S.)**

That's a lot of drinks for one woman.  
Wearing those boots.

JAMES KIRK'S FACE leans in: at 22, he's charming, witty, dangerous, rebellious. He grins at her, flirty. Uhura gives him a look, then back to the bartender:

**UHURA**

And a shot of Jack, straight up.

**KIRK**

(to the bartender)  
Make it two -- her shot's on me.

**UHURA**

Her shot's on her. Thanks but no thanks.

**KIRK**

Don't you want my name before you completely reject me?

**UHURA**

I'm good without it.

Damn, he likes her already.

**KIRK**

You are good without it. It's Jim. Jim Kirk.

(long beat)

If you don't tell me your name, I'm gonna have to make one up.

**UHURA**

(beat)

Uhura.

**KIRK**

Uhura? No way -- that's the name I was gonna make up for you. Uhura what?

**UHURA**

Just Uhura.

**KIRK**

They don't have last names in your world?

**32**

**59 CONTINUED: (2)**

**59**

**UHURA**

Uhura is my last name.

**KIRK**

They don't have first names in your world? Wait, let me guess. Is it "Jim"?

That makes her smile. So he moves closer to her:

**KIRK (CONT'D)**

Okay, so you're a cadet. Studying. What's your focus?

**UHURA**

Xenolinguistics. Lemme guess: you don't know what that means.

**KIRK**

Let me guess: study of Alien languages: phonology, morphology, syntax-- it means you've got a talented tongue.

**UHURA**

And for a moment I thought you were just a dumb hick who only has sex with farm animals.

**KIRK**

Well. Not only.

**UHURA**

You think you're smart.

**KIRK**

Oh, baby, I'm the smartest.

Something sad in that. A BURLY STARFLEET CADET appears.

**BURLY CADET**

This guy bothering you?

**UHURA**

Beyond belief, but nothing I can't handle.

**KIRK**

You could handle me. That's an invitation.

The Burly Cadet spins Kirk around:

**BURLY CADET**

Hey. You mind your manners.

33

59 CONTINUED: (3)

59

**KIRK**

At ease, Cup Cake, it was a joke. Like your hairline.

Uhura turns back. The other cadets, seeing trouble, approach.

**UHURA**

Hey -- Jim: enough.

**BURLY CADET**

What was that?

**KIRK**

You heard me, Moon Beam.

**BURLY CADET**

You know how to count farm boy? There's five of us... and one of you.

**KIRK**

Okay, so go get some more guys, come back and it'll be an even fight.

The cadet swings his fist but Kirk HEADBUTTS HIS HAND, BREAKING IT -- another Cadet PUNCHES KIRK, then THROWS HIM into a table, which Kirk FLIES OVER, landing hard -- another Cadet GRABS HIM, pulls him up -- Kirk SLAMS FIVE FAST PUNCHES that send the Cadet

back -- when ANOTHER CADET PUNCHES HIM -- yet another HOLDS KIRK -- and that last punch is repeated THREE-- then FOUR times --

**UHURA**

Enough! STOP!

Another punch and Kirk FLIES TO THE FLOOR - he's out of it, but won't give up. The Cadets UNLEASH on him and really PUMMEL HIM -- and Kirk's spirited, but LOSING -- about to LOSE BAD -- when an EAR-SPLITTING WHISTLE makes everything STOP -- they turn -- standing in the doorway is a tall, rugged Starfleet officer -- **CAPTAIN CHRISTOPHER PIKE**.

**PIKE**

Outside, all of you! NOW!

The cadets file out, in for it. Pike moves to a dazed, semi-conscious Kirk, now upside down on a table.

**PIKE (CONT'D)**

Y'allright, Son?

**KIRK**

You can... whistle really loud, y'know that?

-- and Kirk PASSES OUT.

**34**

**60 OMIT**

**60**

**61 INT. "WARP TRAIL BAR" - NIGHT**

**61**

HIGH WIDE OVERHEAD SHOT of the almost-closed bar. Only Kirk and Pike sit here at a table. Kirk's bloodied, tissue in his nose.

**PIKE**

I couldn't believe when the bartender told me who you are.

**KIRK**

... and who am I, Captain Pike?

**PIKE**

Your father's son.

(then, smiles)

For my dissertation, I was assigned the U.S.S. Kelvin. Something I admired about your dad... he didn't believe in no-win scenarios.

**KIRK**

He sure learned his lesson.

**PIKE**

Depends on how you define winning.

You're here, aren't you?

(off Kirk's look)

That instinct to leap without looking--  
that was his nature, too. And in my  
opinion it's something Starfleet has  
lost. We're admirable, respectable. But  
overly-disciplined.

(beat)

Those cadets you took on, they'll make  
competent officers -- but you can bet  
your ass they'll run home to momma the  
minute they're looking down the barrel of  
a Klingon phaser cannon.

**KIRK**

-- why are you talking to me?

**PIKE**

I looked up your file while you were  
drooling on the floor. Your aptitude  
tests were off the charts-- what is it,  
d'you like being the only Genius Level  
repeat-offender in the midwest?

**KIRK**

Maybe I love it.

35

61    **CONTINUED:**

61

**PIKE**

So your daddy dies... you can settle for  
a less-than-ordinary life.

(beat)

Or do you feel like you're meant for  
something better? Something special?

And that just hangs there for a beat. Because Pike just hit a  
nerve. Kirk does his best not to show it -- still absent-  
mindedly fiddling with STARFLEET SHIP SALT AND PEPPER SHAKERS.

**KIRK**

Come to think of it, I do want to feel  
special. You know what? I'm gonna go  
start a book club--

**PIKE**  
Enlist in Starfleet.

**KIRK**  
Enlist. You must be way down on your recruiting quota for the month--

**PIKE**  
If you're half the man your father was, Jim, Starfleet could use you. You could be an officer in four years, have your own ship in eight.

He's getting under Kirk's skin -- but Kirk keeps up the 'tude, grabs his jacket, stands --

**KIRK**  
We're even, right? I can go.

**PIKE**  
Riverside shipyard. Shuttle for new recruits leaves tomorrow, 0800.  
(Kirk turns, Pike grabs him)  
Your father was Captain of a Starship.  
For twelve minutes. I dare you to do better.

Eyes lock... and it's now Pike who stands and walks off. And that's where it hangs. Off Kirk, brooding...

62 EXT. IOWA PLAINS - SUNRISE  
62

CORN STALKS whipping by -- Kirk on his SPOKELESS MOTORCYCLE rocketing across the plains -- his soul's been stirred and he's fighting it -- he cranks it, ELECTRIC ENGINE SCREAMING --

36

63 EXT. STARFLEET CONSTRUCTION YARD - SUNRISE  
63

Kirk pulls up to us, kills the bike. Camera starts to MOVE AROUND HIM -- he's dramatically BACKLIT and we COME AROUND for an INCREDIBLE REVEAL of a SHIPYARD -- at its center, the skeletal frame of a NEW SHIP under arclights. UNMISTAKABLY, THE U.S.S. ENTERPRISE. Unformed, raw, like its future captain. Our MUSIC SWELLS, we PUSH IN ON HIM, considering Pike's offer, his future, his fate.

**64 EXT. STARFLEET SHIPYARD - MORNING**  
**64**

The shipyard is abuzz with activity -- cadets loading into a shuttle -- and Pike, staring off, waiting. The PILOT approaches:

**SHUTTLE PILOT**  
Waiting for something, Cap?

**PIKE**  
... No. Guess not.

He climbs in. The pilot rapidly flips through switches, running a pre-flight sequence. Pike straps in. Glances through the viewshield... SEES SOMETHING... and he smiles. From his POV: KIRK on his MOTORCYCLE, driving into the shipyard --

**PIKE (CONT'D)**  
Hold her a second...

Kirk rides past a WATERFALL of cooling tanks -- stops the bike near the shuttle -- steps off, has nothing -- no bags -- just the clothes on his back.

**SHIPYARD WORKER**  
Nice ride, man.

Kirk kicks the stand, tosses the guy the startcard --

**KIRK**  
Live it up.

Kirk walks past the startled worker and approaches Pike.

**KIRK (CONT'D)**  
Four years? I'm gonna do it in three.

Pike grins as Kirk passes him.

Inside the shuttle, Kirk moves down rows of new recruits, some of them ALIEN. Passes UHURA and the BARFIGHT CADETS, who PERK UP when they see him -- one has a BANDAGED HAND.

**37**

**64 CONTINUED:**  
**64**

**KIRK (CONT'D)**  
At ease, Gentlemen.  
(then, to Uhura)

Never did get that first name.

**UHURA**

(can't help it: a grin)

And you never will.

He smiles as he takes a seat at the back of the shuttle. Straps in as it RISES...

**MAN'S VOICE**

Are you people deaf? I told you I don't need a doctor, damnit! I AM A DOCTOR!

Kirk turns to see a MAN being forced OUT of the BATHROOM by a FEMALE FLIGHT OFFICER -- at 34, he has a Southern lilt and looks like a prisoner waiting for the guillotine to fall:

**FLIGHT OFFICER**

-- you need to find a seat --

-- Sir, for your own safety, siddown, or I will MAKE you sit down... do you hear me? RIGHT NOW.

**MAN**

-- I had one, in the bathroom, Darlin', with no windows -- -- I suffer from Aviaphobia, case you don't understand big words, it means 'fear of dying in something that flies.'

They GLARE at each other, then the man drops into the seat beside Kirk. The ship TORQUES to one side and the man GRIPS his armrests, pale, sweating -- glances at Kirk:

**MAN**

I might throw up on you.

**KIRK**

I think these things're pretty safe--

**MAN**

Don't pander to me, kid: one tiny crack in the hull and our blood boils in thirteen seconds -- solar flare might crop up, cook us in our seats -- Hell, some of the damn passengers are blue. And wait'll you're sitting pretty with a case of Andorian shingles, see if you're still so relaxed when your eyeballs are bleeding-- space is disease and danger, wrapped in darkness and silence.

**KIRK**

I hate to break this to you, but Starfleet operates in space.

**64 CONTINUED: (2)**

**64**

**MAN**

Yeah, well my ex-wife took the whole damn planet in the divorce, I got nowhere to go but up. Leonard McCoy.

**KIRK**

Jim Kirk-- you really gonna throw up--?

**MCCOY**

Maybe--

As the TREK THEME SOARS, the shuttle ascends and we...

**FADE**

**OUT.**

**OVER BLACK: "THREE YEARS LATER".**

**FADE IN:**

**64A-E OMIT**

**64A-E**

**64F INT. NERO'S CELL - NIGHT**

**64F**

Nero lies on the floor of his cell, semi-conscious, looking like death. Behind him the DOOR OPENS. Two KLINGON GUARDS enter, backlit.

**KLINGON GUARD #1**

The day you've been waiting for is upon us, Silent One. And look. No sign of salvation. No sign of change. Just more pain.

And they both lift his limp body up -- as something miraculous happens -- NERO SNAPS TO LIFE AND SINGLE-HANDEDLY BEATS THE SHIT OUT OF THE GUARDS -- TAKING THEM BOTH DOWN IN TEN SECONDS -- in what seems like an instant, he's the only one standing here -- holding both of the Guards' rifles -- which he TWIRLS, badass.

**64G INT. AYEL'S CELL - NIGHT**

**64G**

PUSH IN ON THE DOOR as it opens -- Ayel, chained, looks up, intensely -- and sees that it's NERO who has arrived -- we PUSH IN TIGHT ON HIM as he SPEAKS FOR THE FIRST TIME:

**NERO**

The wait is over.

Off Ayel, we CUT TO:

**39**

**64H EXT. STARFLEET ACADEMY GROUNDS - DAY [FORMER SC. 82]**  
**64H**

TILT DOWN from a GLIMMERING BUILDING TO REVEAL a sea of RED CADET UNIFORMS: HUNDREDS OF CADETS head across campus, McCoy and Kirk among them. A miraculous view of San Francisco beneath a blue sky, Golden Gate Bridge piercing the air. Kirk struts:

**KIRK**

So you'll do it for me, right?

**MCCOY**

I have no interest.

**KIRK**

I didn't ask if you have interest, I asked if you'd do it.

**MCCOY**

I'm about to ask you an obvious question: why bother?

**KIRK**

Because I've failed the test twice.

**MCCOY**

And you're determined to make it three. We've all failed it-- everyone has, and that's the point! No one goes back for seconds, let alone thirds -- it's not like you need to pass it to graduate.

**KIRK**

So Bones: why do they make us take it?

**MCCOY**

I told you to stop calling me that. You're very annoying.

**KIRK**

And you're the greatest -- thank you.

**MCCOY**

You'd better study for it this time.

**KIRK**

Oh, no-- Bones -- I gotta date.

**40**

**64H CONTINUED:**

**64H**

**MCCOY**

A date? Listen, as smart as you are,  
which ain't much, if you don't prepare--

**KIRK**

You have no idea how prepared I'm gonna  
be-- no idea.

And with a smile, Kirk heads off -- McCoy watches him go,  
calling after him:

**MCCOY**

Seriously, stop calling me Bones!  
(to himself, hating it)  
"Bones".

**65-78 OMIT**

**65-78**

**79 INT. DORM ROOM - NIGHT**

**79**

In MOONLIGHT, a beautiful WOMAN lies on her back, in some kind  
of bra, moaning in delight -- this is GAILA --

**GAILA**

-- oh Jim... Jim... Jim, I love you.

**KIRK**

(kissing her)  
... Yeah. I sent you a message.

Gaila reaches over, turns on the light and we realize: SHE'S  
GREEN. And not particularly happy:

**GAILA**

I say "I love you", and you say "I sent  
you a message?"

**KIRK**

-- but you can only open it  
tomorrow at three o'clock on  
the dot --

**GAILA**

-- what are you talking about?  
What is it? What does it say?

-- Gaila, promise me you're  
not going to open it 'till  
three -- -- what is it? Tell me what  
it says!

-- I'll erase it, I swear, if  
you don't promise me you'll -- All right!! Three  
o'clock!  
wait -- I prom--

They're INTERRUPTED by a DOOR OPENING -- GASP!

**41**

**79 CONTINUED:**  
**79**

**GAILA (CONT'D)**

(sotto)

You can't get caught in this dorm-- hide!  
Under the bed, quick!

Kirk falls, lands hard on the floor, SCRAMBLES under the bed as  
Gaila's roommate enters -- UHURA. Dropping her backpack:

**GAILA (CONT'D)**

Hey-- I thought you were going to be in  
the long-range sensor lab all night.

**UHURA**

I was supposed to be, but it was crazy, I  
picked up an emergency transmission from  
a Klingon prison planet -- there was an  
escape and a ship stolen from th--

(suddenly senses)  
... you okay?

**GAILA**

Yeah, been running simulations all week,  
just catching up on some rest. Tired.  
(fake yawn)  
That's all.

Uhura watches her. Her eyes narrow.

**UHURA**

Were you running simulations with the  
mouth-breather hiding under the bed?

Gaila freezes, caught. Uhura looks down, Kirk PEERS OUT.

**KIRK**

Your hearing is scary-- you sure both  
your parents are human?

**UHURA**

The hell are you doing with him in here?

**GAILA**

**JIM**

I can't help it! I love him! Gaila loves me--

**UHURA (CONT'D)**

Get outta here -- it's my ass too if administration catches you in this dorm.

**KIRK**

(getting dressed, to Uhura)

You and I have a big day tomorrow --

**42**

**79 CONTINUED: (2)**

**79**

**UHURA**

(pushing him out)

You're gonna fail.

**KIRK**

If I pass, will you tell me your first name?

**UHURA**

No. Good night.

**KIRK**

(quiet, tries to charm)

I think the fact that you picked up a transmission of a Klingon prison escape is very interesting.

SHE CLOSES THE DOOR ON HIM and we CUT TO:

**80 EXT. SPACE - NIGHT**

**80**

The Narada APPEARS through space --

**81 INT. NARADA - BRIDGE - DAY**

**81**

Dead silence on the bridge... all eyes on the VIEWSCREENS: empty starfield, roiling clouds of methane ice.

**AYEL**

We have arrived at the coordinates you

requested. Stardate confirmed. 2258.5.

Nero stands, looks out through his view screens.

**NERO**

Standby.

Ayel studies his console, hope in his eyes. Quietly:

**AYEL**

Captain... long range scans of Beta Quadrant complete. Romulus is there. She's there. We could go. Right now, go home...

**NERO**

Not yet -- not like this. Not how we left. This is our chance... to serve our people. We owe it to them -- to do what no other Romulan could ever do.

**43**

**81 CONTINUED:**  
**81**

Ayel hides his disappointment behind his eyes as suddenly -- A LIGHTNING STORM -- impossibly, from nowhere -- LOTS OF IT -- and through the lightning erupts THE JELLYFISH -- THE SHIP NERO HAS BEEN LOOKING FOR DECADES.

**NERO (CONT'D)**

Welcome back. Spock.

And we won't know where we are as MUSIC BUILDS and we CUT TO:

**81A INT. U.S.S. TRAINER - BRIDGE - SPACE [FORMER SC. 65]**  
**81A**

Uhura TURNS TO US, at her comm station -- PUSH IN on her. She seems wildly BORED and almost RESENTFUL:

**UHURA**

-- we are receiving a distress signal from the U.S.S. Kobayashi Maru. The ship has lost power and is stranded. Starfleet Command has ordered us to rescue them.

WHIP TO THE COMMAND CHAIR, where KIRK captains the battered bridge. Confident -- cocky:

**KIRK**

"Starfleet Command has ordered us to  
rescue them... Captain."

She glares, turns away. Then McCoy, at a console, reports:

**MCCOY**

Klingon vessels have entered the Neutral  
Zone. And they are firing upon us.

**KIRK**

That's okay.

McCoy and Uhura -- and the others -- look at him, confused.

**MCCOY**

It's okay?

**KIRK**

Yeah, don't worry about it.

McCoy and Uhura share a look -- that's when we CUT TO:

**81B INT. TESTING CONTROL BOOTH - CONTINUOUS [FORMER SC. 66]**  
**81B**

Looking at the bridge from above, we PULL BACK to reveal an observation room above the faux-ship. This is the test Kirk was referring to. CONSOLE TECHNICIANS monitor the proceedings. A TEST ADMINISTRATOR turns to another and asks:

**44**

**81B CONTINUED:**  
**81B**

**TEST ADMINISTRATOR #1**

Did he say "don't worry about it"?

**TEST ADMINISTRATOR #2**

-- what's he doing?

And we CONTINUE TO PULL BACK TO REVEAL that, sitting among the technicians, is Gaila. Our resident GREEN GIRL. She checks her watch -- PUSH IN ON IT: 2:59 PM. On her MONITOR awaits a 23rd century e-mail -- a MESSAGE FROM KIRK --

**81C INT. U.S.S. TRAINER - BRIDGE SIMULATOR - DAY [FORMER SC. 67]**  
**81C**

**MCCOY**

Three more Klingon Warbirds decloaking --  
and targeting our ship -- I don't suppose

this is a problem either?

**KIRK**

Nah.

**WEAPONS OFFICER**

They're firing, Captain.

**KIRK**

Alert medical bay to prepare to receive all crew members from the damaged ship.

**UHURA**

And how do you expect us to rescue them when we're surrounded by Klingons?

**KIRK**

Alert medical.

Annoyed, she does as:

**MCCOY**

Our ship is being hit -- shields at sixty percent.

**KIRK**

I understand.

**MCCOY**

Should we at least, I dunno, fire back?

**KIRK**

Mmmmm... no.

**MCCOY**

Of course not.

**45**

81D    INT. TESTING CONTROL BOOTH - CONTINUOUS [FORMER SC. 70]  
81D

CLOSE ON GAILA'S WATCH as it changes to 3:00 -- and she Jim's message -- and all it reads is, "I'M SORRY." And then something UPLOADS and EXECUTES and ALL THE SCREENS HERE AND ON THE BRIDGE DIE -- THE SYSTEM CRASHES -- everyone --

opens  
just  
IN  
reacts

**TEST ADMINISTRATOR #1**

-- the hell's happening?!

81E INT. U.S.S. TRAINER - BRIDGE SIMULATOR - CONTINUOUS [FRMR. 71]  
81E

The crew doesn't know what's up -- except Kirk, who is remarkably pleased -- when the LIGHTS AND MONITORS COME BACK ON, things are not the same:

**UHURA**

(perplexed, works controls)

-- the Kobayashi Maru is still in distress... but... the Klingons have stopped firing.

**KIRK**

Arm photons. Prepare to fire on the Klingon warbirds.

**MCCOY**

Jim, their shields are up.

**KIRK**

Are they?

McCoy looks at his monitor. No they're not.

**MCCOY**

... no.

**KIRK**

Fire on all enemy ships -- one photon each should do -- let's not waste ammunition.

**WEAPONS OFFICER**

Target lock acquired on all warbirds -- firing!

They fire -- AND DESTROY ALL FIVE KLINGON SHIPS INSTANTLY.

All mouths here are agape.

**46**

81E **CONTINUED:**  
81E

**KIRK**

Begin rescue of the stranded crew. So. We've eliminated all enemy ships, no one on board was injured and the successful rescue of the Kobayashi Maru crew is

underway.

For the first time, Kirk looks up to the testing room windows:

**KIRK (CONT'D)**

Anything else?

**81F INT. TESTING CONTROL BOOTH - CONTINUOUS [FORMER SC. 72]**  
**81F**

And they're stunned up here, too -- Test Administrator #2 turns to someone OFF-CAMERA:

**TEST ADMINISTRATOR #2**

How the hell'd that kid beat your test?

REVEAL who he was talking to: SPOCK is here. And not happy.

**SPOCK**

... I do not know.

**82 OMIT**  
**82**

**83 INT. ACADEMY COUNCIL CHAMBERS - DAY**  
**83**

TIGHT ON a stern STARFLEET ACADEMY PRESIDENT:

**ACADEMY PRESIDENT**

James T. Kirk. Step forward.

It's a huge Starfleet chamber. Golden Gate Bridge visible through huge windows. 500 cadets, a nervous KIRK among them. He stands, moves to one of two PODIUMS.

**ACADEMY PRESIDENT (CONT'D)**

An incident has occurred today that concerns the entire student body. Academic immorality by one is an assault on us all. It will. Not. Stand. Cadet Kirk, evidence has been submitted to this council suggesting you violated the ethical code of conduct pursuant to regulation 17.43 of the Starfleet code. Is there anything you care to say before we begin?

**KIRK**

(uncomfortable beat)

Yessir. I believe I have the right to face my accuser directly.

83 CONTINUED:  
83

President nods toward the assembly. SPOCK RISES. He and Kirk MEET EYES for the first time. It's clock-stopping.

**ACADEMY PRESIDENT**

Step forward please. This is Commander Spock, one of our most distinguished graduates. He's programmed the Kobayashi Maru test for the last four years.

Spock steps up to the OTHER PODIUM. President nods.

**SPOCK**

Cadet Kirk. It is obvious you somehow managed to install and activate a subroutine in the programming code, thereby changing the conditions of the test.

We happen to find GAILA, in the crowd, fucking pissed.

**KIRK**

Your point being?

**ACADEMY PRESIDENT**

In academic vernacular, you cheated.

**KIRK**

Respectfully. Define "cheating".

**SPOCK**

To deceive by trickery.

**KIRK**

Now let me ask you something I think we all know the answer to: the test is rigged, isn't it? You programmed it to be unwinnable.

**ACADEMY PRESIDENT**

Mr. Kirk, I don't see how the intent of the exam is relevant to these proceedings.

**KIRK**

Because if I'm right, Sir, then the test itself is a cheat.

**SPOCK**

Your argument precludes the possibility  
of a no-win scenario --

**KIRK**

I don't believe in no-win scenarios --

**48**

**83 CONTINUED: (2)**

**83**

FIND PIKE amongst the officers in attendance. His eyes locked on Kirk. This is his boy. His recruit. And he's INVESTED.

**SPOCK**

Then not only have you violated the rules, you've failed to understand the principle lesson.

**KIRK**

Please, enlighten me.

**SPOCK**

You, of all people should know, Cadet Kirk -- A captain cannot cheat death.

ON KIRK. The first punch by Spock that landed.

The cockiness slips away as he senses where this is going --

**KIRK**

"I of all people?"

**SPOCK**

Your father, Lieutenant George Kirk, had assumed command of his vessel before killed in action, did he not?

Shit. The DADDY card. Kirk, a mix of ANGER and EMBARRASSMENT

--

**KIRK**

How long did it take you to look that up?

**SPOCK**

How long did it take you to program the virus that allowed you to cheat?

The President smirks; considers ending this now but doesn't, it's just too damn entertaining...

**KIRK**

Maybe you just don't like that I beat your test.

**SPOCK**

I am Vulcan. "Like" is not a verb in our vernacular. I've simply made the logical deduction that you're a liar.

**KIRK**

What an idiot I am for taking that personally --

**SPOCK**

Agreed. Furthermore, you have failed to divine the purpose of the test.

**48A**

83    **CONTINUED: (3)**

83

**KIRK**

Enlighten me again.

**SPOCK**

The purpose is to experience fear. Fear in the face of certain death. To accept that fear and maintain command of one's self and one's crew. This is a quality expected in every Starfleet captain.

Kirk absorbs that. Then --

**KIRK**

So you're telling me the point. Of the whole thing. Is to be afraid?

**SPOCK**

Fear is necessary, yes.

**KIRK**

Have you taken the test, Commander Spork?

**SPOCK**

Spock. As a Vulcan, I require no additional training to control my narcissism when making command decisions.

No he DIN'T! Kirk's hit guys for a lot less -- The crowd all but "OOOOOOhs." But Kirk ain't fucking done yet.

**KIRK**

You keep reminding me that you're Vulcan. And I'm sure you're really proud of that, who wouldn't be-- but isn't it true you

people don't experience fear at all?

ON SPOCK. He raises that eyebrow. And Kirk sees... no matter how subtly... that he has fucking made CONTACT. Smelling blood -

-

**KIRK (CONT'D)**

And if that's the case -- What's that say about your ability to make command decisions?

Well. Looks like Kirk just hit him in HIS fucking weak spot. And before this lovefest can continue --

**49**

**83 CONTINUED: (4)**

**83**

A REDSHIRT bursts into the HALL -- Kirk turns to look -- they all do -- now we're SPEEDING IN behind the REDSHIRT, who runs to the President, hands him a DATAPAD. President reads it. Everyone watches, on edge -- finally, quietly:

**ACADEMY PRESIDENT**

(to all)

We've received a distress call from Vulcan.

(Spock reacts concerned)  
Cadet Kirk -- you are on academic probation pending the result of your hearing. Cadets, report to Shuttle Hangar One immediately -- this hearing is at recess until further notice -- dismissed.

Everyone's on their feet, MOVING QUICKLY, Kirk suddenly irrelevant. PIKE passes by him, all fucking business, but before he goes --

**PIKE**

Cheating isn't winning.

And as that settles on Kirk, McCoy now joins him. The two exiting with the rest of the cadets as Kirk eyes SPOCK --

**KIRK**

Who was that pointy-eared bastard?

**MCCOY**

I don't know, but I like him.

**84 INT. STARFLEET ACADEMY - HANGAR - CONTINUOUS**  
**84**

DOLLY THROUGH HUNDREDS OF CADETS, racing to their shuttles -- BARRACKS LEADERS stand on platforms, calling out SHIP ASSIGNMENTS -- cadets HURRYING OFF as they're called --

**MALE BARRACKS LEADER**

Blake! U.S.S. Newton!  
Counter! U.S.S. Odyssey!  
Fugeman: Regula One! Gerace:  
U.S.S. Farragut! McGrath!  
U.S.S. Wolcott! McCoy!  
U.S.S. Enterprise! Welcome to  
Starfleet and Godspeed!

**FEMALE BARRACKS OFFICER**

Jaxa! The U.S.S. Endeavor!  
T'nag! The U.S.S. Antares!  
Pomoroy! The U.S.S. Oddyssey!  
Leifer! U.S.S. Newton!  
Uhura! The U.S.S. Farragut!

As the last of the cadets head off, Kirk stands there without a home -- he moves to his exiting Barracks Leader --

**KIRK**

Excuse me, you didn't call my name.  
Kirk, James T..

**50**

**84 CONTINUED:**  
**84**

**BARRACKS LEADER**

(checks his tablet)  
You're on academic probation. That means  
you're grounded until the Academy Board  
rules.

Kirk is POLEAXED as Leader heads off -- McCoy, needing to run:

**MCCOY**

... Jim, the Board'll rule in your favor.  
Most likely.  
(Kirk is just rocked)  
Look, Jim -- I gotta go --

**KIRK**

... yeah-- yeah, you go... I'm good.

Kirk forces a half-smile. Torn, McCoy hurries off. PULL AWAY from Kirk, alone as the mass of newly-minted cadets criss-crosses around him. At the hangar entrance, McCoy suddenly STOPS: a lightbulb. He quickly returns to Kirk, pulls him off:

**MCCOY**

Come with me --

**KIRK**

-- what're you doing --?

TRACK with them as they hurry through the throng of cadets -- and suddenly we're moving in the OTHER DIRECTION as a pissed-off Uhura serpentine through the group to SPOCK --

**UHURA**

Commander, a word?

Spock moves away from the officers, a private moment with her:

**SPOCK**

Yes, Lieutenant?

**UHURA**

Was I not one of your top students?

**SPOCK**

Indeed you were --

**UHURA**

Did I not receive a Gold rating for Exolinguistic skills, giving Starfleet first place over Kyoto and MIT at the Oxford Invitational?

A LOUD nearby SHUTTLE LEAVES BEHIND THEM -- it gets WINDY --

**SPOCK**

An exceptional achievement, to be su--

**51**

**84 CONTINUED: (2)**

**84**

**UHURA**

-- and did I not, on multiple occasions, demonstrate exceptional aural sensitivity and, I quote, "unparalleled ability to identify sonic anomalies" in subspace transmission tests?!

**SPOCK**

Consistently, yes--

**UHURA**

And while you were well aware that my unqualified desire was to serve on the U.S.S. Enterprise, I was assigned to the Farragut.

Spock reacts unusually; he seems almost embarrassed. Quiet.

**SPOCK**

It was an attempt to avoid the appearance of favoritism.

She gets closer, voice low, all pride and defiance:

**UHURA**

No. No. I am assigned to the Enterprise.

Their eyes hold. He checks his tablet, makes an change:

**SPOCK**

Oh. Yes, I believe you are.

**85 INT. SHUTTLE HANGAR MEDICAL BAY - CONTINUOUS**  
**85**

McCoy and Kirk enter fast. McCoy goes through a cabinet, preps a med in a hypospray SYRINGE.

**KIRK**

What are you doing?

**MCCOY**

Doing you a favor. I couldn't just leave you there, looking all pitiful-- roll up your sleeve, I'm gonna give you a vaccine against viral infection from Melvaran mud fleas.

McCoy FIRES the Hypospray --

**52**

**85 CONTINUED:**  
**85**

**KIRK**

Ow-- what for?  
-- I don't understand--

lose

-- yeah, I already have --  
(he tries to stand;

**WOOZY)**

-- what'd you do to me?  
(in pain)  
-- this is a favor?!

**MCCOY**

To give you symptoms.  
-- you're gonna start to

vision in your left eye --  
-- don't stand up yet --

-- you're gonna get a really  
bad headache. And flopsweat.  
-- yeah, you're welcome.

McCoy ushers Kirk out of the room --

**86 EXT. STARFLEET ACADEMY - HANGAR - CONTINUOUS**  
**86**

McCoy ushers Kirk to a shuttle -- a SCANNING OFFICER stops them:

**SCANNING OFFICER**

"Kirk, James T." -- he's not cleared for duty aboard the Enterprise --

**MCCOY**

But I am, and Medical Code states the treatment and transport of a patient's to be determined at the discretion of his attending physician, which is me.

(re: scanner)

You can see he's suffering, he needs me as his doctor, so since I'm assigned to this ship, so's he, or would you like to explain to Captain Pike why the Enterprise warped into a crisis without one of its medical officers?

**SCANNING OFFICER**

... as you were.

**MCCOY**

As you were.

And with that, he pulls Kirk past the speechless officer --

**86A EXT. SAN FRANCISCO - DAY**

**86A**

A fleet of SHUTTLES depart Starfleet -- head out to space --

**87 INT. SHUTTLE - DAY**

**87**

Kirk, in agony, sweating, sits beside McCoy as they pass through the stratosphere. McCoy's peering out a window --

**KIRK**

I might throw up on you.

**53**

**87 CONTINUED:**

**87**

**MCCOY**

You should look at this.

And through his pain, Kirk does... and is amazed...

88 INT. STARBASE ONE - SPACE DOCK - CONTINUOUS  
88

The shuttle approaches a massive DOCKING STATION where a dozen STARFLEET VESSELS ARE DOCKED. But the ship we're approaching is miraculous: "U.S.S. ENTERPRISE NCC-1701" IS REVEALED ON THE HULL **OF THE FLAGSHIP. THE QUEEN OF THE FLEET IS FULLY CONSTRUCTED** AND READY FOR HER MAIDEN VOYAGE. The shuttle glides to the underside of the Enterprise. A DOCKING BAY opens --

89 INT. ENTERPRISE SHUTTLE BAY WALKWAY - CONTINUOUS  
89

Officers move quickly on the ship -- Kirk and McCoy enter.  
Kirk  
WIPING HIS BROW, pretty much SOAKED.

**KIRK**

Bones. Thanks for getting me on board.  
But I don't feel right. I feel like I'm leaking.

**MCCOY**

Oh look, the pointy-eared bastard.

Kirk looks up -- SPOCK moves towards them, not seeing them -- Kirk yanks McCoy out of the way -- Spock passes and enters a TURBOLIFT -- Kirk looks back as the doors close.

Then we go INTO THE TURBOLIFT -- for just a moment -- as the doors open and we enter with Spock:

90 INT. ENTERPRISE - BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS  
90

Spock walks through the glorious, gleaming new space, taking his position at the SCIENCE CONSOLE. PIKE at the command chair.

**SPOCK**

Captain, engineering reports "ready for launch".

**PIKE**

The maiden voyage of our newest flagship deserves more pomp and circumstance than we can afford today, but her christening will have to be our reward for a safe return--

(toggles intercom)

All decks, this is Captain Pike. Prepare for immediate departure. Helm, thrusters.

90      **CONTINUED:**  
 90

WHIP PAN to the helm: HIKARU SULU turns to Pike -- at 25, he's the Federation's best pilot. As he works the controls:

**SULU**

Moorings retracted, Captain. Dock Control reports ready -- thrusters fired, separating from space dock --

90A    **EXT. SPACE DOCK - SPACE [FORMER SC. 92]**  
 90A

The Enterprise moves away from the dock -- smaller SATELLITE crafts floating around it. The other FIVE STARFLEET SHIPS already ahead -- moving into position.

91      **INT. MEDICAL BAY - CONTINUOUS**  
 91

MEDICAL STAFF preps. McCoy enters with Kirk, in amusing agony -- McCoy helps him onto a bed, prepares another hypospray.

**KIRK**

-- oh, this wasn't worth it --  
 I wish I didn't know you-- I'm  
 itching in my mouth, this is  
 horrible--

an

**MCCOY**

Here's a short-lasting  
 sedative -- those symptoms  
 won't last long, don't be

infant.

And he SHOOTS KIRK with another hypospray --

92      **OMIT**  
 92

93      **INT. ENTERPRISE - BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS**  
 93

As Sulu works the controls --

**SULU**

The fleet's cleared space dock, Captain.  
 All ships ready for warp.

**PIKE**

Set course for Vulcan.

**SULU**

Course laid in.

**PIKE**

Maximum warp. Punch it.

And Sulu does and --

**94 EXT. STARBASE ONE - CONTINUOUS**  
**94**

The six ships -- ONE, then TWO, then THREE, then FOUR, then FIVE SNAP INTO WARP. The Enterprise, however... just sits there.

**55**

**95 INT. ENTERPRISE - BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS**  
**95**

Pike -- and the others -- look at Sulu, who is confused -- concerned -- searching the controls. Finally:

**PIKE**

Lieutenant, where's Helmsman McKenna?

**SULU**

Uh, he has lungworms, Sir? He'll be fine but couldn't report to his post-- I'm Hikaru Sulu --

**PIKE**

(fucking with him)

-- and you are a pilot, right?

**SULU**

Very much so, Sir-- I'm not sure what's... wrong here...

**PIKE**

Is the parking brake on?

**SULU**

(half-laughs)

-- no, I'll figure it out, just--

**SPOCK**

Have you disengaged the External Inertial Dampener?

Sulu does -- and realizes Spock is right. He makes it work.

**SULU**

Ready for warp, Sir.

**PIKE**

The external inertial dampener.  
That's... the parking brake.

**SULU**

(essentially)

... yessir.

**PIKE**

(laughs)

Let's punch it!

**95A EXT. STARBASE ONE - SPACE DOCK - CONTINUOUS**  
**95A**

And now alone, the Enterprise SNAPS INTO WARP -- and is gone.

**56**

**95B INT./EXT. AMANDA AND SAREK'S HOME - VULCAN - DAY [FRMR SC. 99]**  
**95B**

CLOSE ON a small Vulcan object. SHAKING, as if in a small earthquake. BOOM UP to find Amanda as she moves through her home, out to the balcony -- and in the distance, a mile away, is a massive COLUMN OF LIGHT -- like a ray from God, which creates NUKE-LIKE CONCENTRIC CLOUDS and massive DIRT AND DUST, slamming into the ground. Amanda's eyes go wide with terror --

**95C EXT. DRILLING MACHINE - DAY**  
**95C**

Looking DOWN towards Vulcan at the gigantic DRILLING PLATFORM, the SOURCE of the PLASMA RAY -- and we TILT UP to see that the platform is HUNG ON A WIDE TETHER -- and we KEEP TILTING UNTIL WE SEE THE TETHER IS ATTACHED TO THE NARADA, in orbit above the planet --

**95D INT. NARADA - BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS**  
**95D**

Nero stares at holographic images of Vulcan -- as Ayel arrives behind him.

**ROMULAN CREW MEMBER**

Captain Nero, drilling has begun.

**NERO**

Prepare the Red Matter. Tell me when we reach core depth.

Ayel heads off --

**95E INT. NARADA - HANGAR - LATER [FORMERLY SC. 101]**  
**95E**

Ayel enters the massive hangar -- where SPOCK'S JELLYFISH SHIP SITS. Ayel moves to, enters the Jellyfish --

**95F INT. JELLY FISH - LATER**  
**95F**

Ayel moves into the CONTAINMENT HOLD -- a METALLIC ROOM containing a large, floating RED BALL -- some kind of energy source. Ayel observes TWO ROMULANS EXTRACTING some of this Red Matter, sucking it into a tube --

**95G INT. NARADA - HANGAR - LATER**  
**95G**

Workers place the tube of Red Matter into a SPACE POD.

**96 INT. U.S.S. ENTERPRISE - BRIDGE**  
**96**

The journey's underway. The bridge crew monitors systems:

**SULU**  
Engines at Maximum Warp, Captain.

**57**

**96 CONTINUED:**  
**96**

**PIKE**

Russian whiz kid-- what's your name again? Chanko? Cherpov?

An 18 YEAR-OLD FACE leans into frame. HEAVY RUSSIAN ACCENT:

**CHEKOV**  
Ensign Chekov, Pavel H., Sir.

**PIKE**

Fine, Chekov, Pavel H.: begin shipwide mission broadcast.

**CHEKOV**  
Yessir, happy to.  
(into console)

Ensign authorization code: Nine-Five-  
Wictor Wictor-Two--

"AUTHORIZATION NOT RECOGNIZED, PLEASE TRY AGAIN." Chekov is a genius, a graduate of the academy at seventeen -- he sighs:

**CHEKOV (CONT'D)**

Aigh, thees is the 23rd Century -- what good is woice recognition that doesn't recognize your woice?

(again)

Nine-Five-Victor-Victor-Two.

**"ACCESS GRANTED: INTRA-SHIP COMMUNICATION ACTIVE."**

**CHEKOV ON SCREEN**

Your attention, plees: At twenty-two hundred hours, telemetry detected an anomaly in the Neutral Zone. What appeared to be a lightning storm in space.

**97 INT. THE ENTERPRISE - SERIES OF SHOTS - CONTINUOUS**  
**97**

CHEKOV'S FACE appears on monitors throughout the great ship, including ENGINEERING: CRANE DOWN 12 stories of catwalks as engineers tend to the DILITHIUM CRYSTAL CHAMBER that operates the warp drive --

**CHEKOV ON SCREEN**

Soon after, Starfleet received a distress signal from the Vulcan High Council that their planet was experiencing seismic activity. We then lost contact with Vulcan entirely.

WEAPONS BAY: TRACKING DOWN rows of PHOTON TORPEDOES stacked for war -- WEAPONS OFFICERS arming the cannons.

**58**

**97 CONTINUED:**  
**97**

VARIOUS SHOTS of the Crew at work in DIFFERENT SHIP LOCALS.

**CHEKOV ON SCREEN (CONT'D)**

Our mission is to assess the condition of Vulcan and assist in evacuations, if necessary.

MEDICAL BAY: as the med staff sets up a triage area --

**CHEKOV ON SCREEN (CONT'D)**

We should be arriving at Vulcan within two minutes. Thank you for your time.

And as Chekov's message ends, Kirk suddenly SITS UP IN FRAME -- his mind SPINNING, through the pain and sedative -- he tries to get off the bed, to his feet, as McCoy hurries over --

**MCCOY**

Jim, I told you to stay d-- good God!

What McCoy has just seen -- what we and Kirk see now -- is that **KIRK'S HANDS HAVE SWOLLEN TO ALMOST TWO TIMES THEIR NORMAL SIZE.**

**KIRK**

-- what's this?!

**MCCOY**

-- I don't know-- a reaction to the vaccine -- damnit --

Kirk rushes to the video monitor where Chekov was seen -- using his huge hands, he REWINDS CHEKOV'S SPEECH -- replays this part as McCoy SCANS KIRK WITH A HANDHELD DIAGNOUSER --

**CHEKOV ON SCREEN**

-- telemetry detected an anomaly in the Neutral Zone. What appeared to be a lightning storm in space.

He FREEZES it -- eyes wild -- looks to McCoy --

**KIRK**

-- Bones -- we have to stop the ship--

**MCCOY**

-- you're not allergic to Cardassian vole dander, are you?

**KIRK**

--- what? How the hell would I know? Is Uhura on board?

**58A**

**97 CONTINUED: (2)**

**97**

**MCCOY**

You need an antidote, Jim, or you're gonna die.

**59**

97A INT. U.S.S. ENTERPRISE - CORRIDOR  
97A

**MCCOY**

Jim, I'm not kidding, you gotta keep your heart rate down.

**KIRK**

Computer, locate crew member Uhura --

**MCCOY**

I haven't seen a reaction this severe since Med school.

A MAP appears -- locates her --

**COMPUTER VOICE**

Lieutenant Uhura is at signals monitoring station twelve -- deck four.

**KIRK**

We're flying into a trap.

Kirk RUNS OUT -- McCoy hurrying after him with a bag of gear:

**MCCOY**

You're delusional, you know that.

98 INT. SIGNALS MONITORING STATION - CONT.  
98

Kirk and McCoy enter -- Kirk stops, looks around --

**MCCOY**

Come here -- Jim -- don't move --

And McCoy INJECTS HIM WITH ANOTHER SHOT --

**KIRK**

-- ow! Stop it!

And Kirk runs into a ENORMOUS SPACE -- giant STEEL COLLECTOR TANKS surround a dozen workstations where CREW MEMBERS collect data -- Kirk races to Uhura --

**KIRK (CONT'D)**

The transmission from the Klingon prison planet -- what exactly did you hear?

**UHURA**

What are you doing here-- what happened  
to your hands?!

**60**

**98 CONTINUED:**

**98**

Kirk hides his hands behind his back -- as he talks it becomes  
**MUFFLED AND SLURRED --**

**KIRK**

Who was it who escaped? What was the  
ship that was stolen--?!  
(to McCoy,  
indiscernible)  
-- what's happening to my mouth?

**MCCOY**

(working Hypospray)  
-- you've got Numb Tongue --

**KIRK**

(impossible to make out)  
Numb tongue?

**MCCOY**

That's not good-- I can fix that--

Kirk grabs a pen with his huge hands and writes -- shows her  
what he's written: "THE SHIP - WAS IT ROMULAN?" Uhura looks at  
him -- somehow scared -- as McCoy INJECTS HIM AGAIN:

**KIRK**

**OW, DAMNIT!!! SONOFABITCH!**

**98A EXT. VULCAN SURFACE - OUTSIDE SPOCK'S HOME - CONT. [FRMR 112]**  
**98A**

EPIC WIDE SHOT: Amanda's a spec against the MASSIVE, EAR-SPLITTING PLASMA TWISTER. The image is almost religious. POP CLOSER to her face -- mesmerized, terrified -- suddenly: a HOVERSPEEDER RACES IN behind her, at the controls is SAREK:

**SAREK**

(SHOUTS against wind)  
**AMANDA! WE MUST GET TO THE SHELTER!**

She turns to him in horror --

**99-101 MIT**

101

102 INT. ENTERPRISE - BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS  
102

Bridge doors WHOOSH OPEN as Kirk RUNS IN, followed by Uhura and a harried McCoy --

**KIRK**

Captain Pike-- Sir, we have to stop ship!

61

102 CONTINUED:  
102**PIKE**

-- Mr. Kirk! How the hell did you get on board the Enterprise?! reaction

**MCCOY**

This man is under the influence of a severe to a vaccine. He is delusional and I take full responsibility for --

**KIRK (CONT'D)**

Vulcan isn't experiencing a natural disaster, it's being attacked -- by Romulans.

ON THE CREW as that lands. But most specifically, SPOCK.

**PIKE**

Cadet Kirk, I think you've had enough attention for one day -- Dr. McCoy, return to medical, we'll have words later.

**MCCOY**

Yessir.

Rebuked, McCoy exits as:

**SPOCK**

As you know, Mr. Kirk is not cleared to be aboard this vessel. By Starfleet regulations, that makes him a do stowaway...

I can remove the cadet from

**KIRK**

Yeah, I get it, you're a great arguer, I'd love to it again with you, too.

-- Try it! This cadet is

the bridge, Sir -- trying to save the bridge!  
-- By recommending a full stop  
in trans-warp in the midst of  
a rescue mission?  
mission-- -- It's not a rescue  
attack! listen to me! It's an  
-- Based on what facts?

ON KIRK. Enough. And cadet or not, the bridge is HIS.

**KIRK**

Fact: the same anomaly -- a lighting  
storm in space -- that we saw today also  
occurred on the day of my birth, before a  
Romulan ship attacked the U.S.S. Kelvin.

(to Pike)

You know that, I read your dissertation.  
Which was good.

**(MORE)**

**62**

**102 CONTINUED: (2)**  
**102**

**KIRK (CONT'D)**

Fact: This ship -- which had formidable  
and advanced weaponry -- was never seen  
or heard from again -- fact: the Kelvin  
attack took place on the edge of Klingon  
space and at 11-hundred hours last night  
there was an escape from a Klingon prison  
planet -- Rura Penthe -- fact: the  
escaped prisoners were Romulans, Sir, and  
it was reported that they stole a ship  
from the prison dock.

**PIKE**

And you know of this prison escape how?

Kirk just points to Uhura.

**UHURA**

Sir, I -- I intercepted and translated the  
message myself. Kirk's report is  
accurate.

**KIRK**

We're warping into a trap-- there are  
Romulans waiting for us, I promise you  
that.

All eyes on Pike. He looks to Spock, who could screw Kirk

here... But--

**SPOCK**

The cadet's logic is sound.

(then)

And Lieutenant Uhura is unmatched in xenolinguistics, we would be wise to accept her conclusion.

**PIKE**

(to Comm Officer)

Scan Vulcan space, check if any transmissions are being made in Romulan.

**COMMUNICATIONS OFFICER**

Sir, I'm-- not sure I could distinguish the Romulan language from Vulcan.

**PIKE**

(to Uhura)

How about you -- you speak Romulan, Cadet...?

**UHURA**

Uhura, Sir. All three dialects.

**63**

**102 CONTINUED: (3)**

**102**

**PIKE**

Uhura, relieve the Lieutenant -- Mr. Hannity, hail the U.S.S. Truman.

Uhura sits at the console -- she PUTS ON THE EARPIECE. We've just watched the birth of an icon. She works the controls --

**HANNITY**

The other ships are out of warp and have arrived at Vulcan, Sir-- but we seem to have lost all contact--

**UHURA**

Captain, I pick up no Romulan transmissions -- or transmissions of any kind in the area. There seems to be something jamming all communication around Vulcan.

**KIRK**

It's because they're being attacked. Captain. Please.

**PIKE**

(long, tense beat)

Shields up. Ready all weapons.

LIGHTS GO RED. HOLD ON THE FACES of our people -- AFRAID, HEARTS POUNDING as they dread what they're about to see --

**SULU**

Arrival at Vulcan in five seconds!

Four... three... two--

**SUDDENLY, AS THE ENTERPRISE DROPS OUT OF WARP, THE FLAMING HULL OF A STARFLEET SHIP COMES BARRELING RIGHT AT THE BRIDGE!**

**CAPTAIN PIKE**

**EMERGENCY EVASIVE!**

**SULU**

**ON IT, SIR!**

Sulu DIPS the Enterprise FAST AND HARD and the spinning debris JUST SCARS the ship. The bridge shakes, but rights itself. THE CREW SEES THE NARADA FLOATING ABOVE THE PLANET -- THEIR EYES

GO

WIDE AT THE MONUMENTAL SHIP -- meanwhile, inside:

**103-6 OMIT**

**103-6**

**107 INT. THE NARADA - CONTINUOUS**

**107**

A PROXIMITY ALARM rings out --

**ROMULAN FIRST OFFICER**

Sir, another Federation ship!

**64**

**107 CONTINUED:**

**107**

**NERO**

Destroy it, too.

**108 INT. ENTERPRISE - BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS**

**108**

Spock snaps to Pike as images FLASH on his console --

**SPOCK**

Captain, they're locking torpedoes!

**PIKE**

Full reverse, come about Starboard ninety

degrees! Drop us down underneath them!  
Prepare to fire all weapons!

109 **EXT. SPACE - ABOVE VULCAN - CONTINUOUS**  
109

The Narada FIRES A TORPEDO and in a wild move, the Enterprise DROPS AND TUMBLES -- the SEPARATING TORPEDO passes RIGHT BETWEEN THE ENTERPRISE'S NACELLES -- ONE PIECE HITS our hero ship's DEFLECTOR DISH -- another the MAIN DISH and --

110 **INT./EXT. ENTERPRISE - ENGINEERING - CONTINUOUS**  
110

A CREW MEMBER runs through the machine room catwalks as a HUGE EXPLOSION sends him -- and large steel tanks -- TUMBLING INTO SPACE --

We see the ship from a distance -- the scale of the destruction relatively small --

111 **INT. ENTERPRISE - BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS**  
111

**SULU**

Shields at thirty-two percent! Their weapons are powerful, Sir, we can't take another hit like that!

**PIKE**

Get me Starfleet Command!

**(CONT'D)**

**SPOCK**

Captain, the Romulan ship has lowered some kind of high energy pulse device into the Vulcan atmosphere-- its signal appears to be blocking our communications and transporter abilities!

**64A**

111 **CONTINUED:**

**111**

**PIKE**

All power to forward shields -- prepare to fire all weapons!

**111A INT. ENTERPRISE - WEAPONS BAY - CONTINUOUS**  
**111A**

Photons LOADED fast by CREW MEMBERS and --

**112 OMIT**  
**112**

**113 EXT. SPACE - CONTINUOUS**  
**113**

The Enterprise SWOOPS AROUND, firing photons at the Narada which takes the hits in stride --

**114 INT. NARADA - BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS**  
**114**

The bridge in action --

**ROMULAN TACTICAL OFFICER**  
Fire torpedoes, take them out--!

And just before our heroes are blown into oblivion, Nero suddenly LURCHES FORWARD and stabs out a hand:

**NERO**  
**WAIT!!!**

Nero's eyes are hard and bright as diamond drills:

**NERO (CONT'D)**  
The hull -- magnify --

On screen, the Enterprise's hull is revealed "U.S.S. ENTERPRISE NCC-1701." Nero LIGHTS UP with recognition --

**115 INT. ENTERPRISE - BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS**  
**115**

Pike on the comm:

**PIKE**  
Divert auxiliary power from port nacelle to the shields--!

But Pike stops when he sees, on the viewscreen

**UHURA**  
Captain, we're being hailed!

Pike looks over -- nods -- Uhura works controls and on

viewscreen, Nero appears. Cool. Cordial. In English:

**NERO**

Hello.

**PIKE**

I am Captain Christopher Pike, to whom am I speaking?

**66**

**115 CONTINUED:**

**115**

**NERO**

I am called Nero.

CLOSE ON KIRK -- breathless -- suddenly staring at the man who murdered his father -- holy SHIT...

**PIKE**

You've declared war against the Federation. Withdraw, and I'll agree to arrange a conference with Romulan leadership at a neutral loca--

**NERO**

I do not speak for the Empire. We stand apart. As does your Vulcan crew member... isn't that right? Spock?

All eyes on Spock. Spock looks to Pike, who nods permission:

**SPOCK**

(to Nero)

Pardon me. But I don't believe you and I are acquainted.

**NERO**

... no, we're not. Not yet.

(then)

I would like you to see something. Spock.

(then)

Captain Pike-- your transporter capability is disabled. You will man a shuttle and come aboard the Narada for negotiations. That is all.

The transmission ENDS. The crew stares in grave anticipation -

**KIRK**

**SPOCK**

-- he'll kill you, you know  
that--  
-- Captain, we gain nothing by  
diplomacy-- going over to that  
rethink  
ship is a mistake. Your survival is unlikely--  
-- I, too, suggest you  
this strategy.

**PIKE**

I understand that --  
(loud, to the bridge)  
I need officers who have been trained in  
advanced hand-to-hand combat!

Sulu's hand goes up --

**SULU**

I have training, Sir!

67

115 CONTINUED: (2)  
115

**PIKE**

Then come with me -- Kirk, you too--  
you're not supposed to be here anyway.  
(to Chekov)  
Radio the engine room, have Chief  
Engineer Olsen meet us at Shuttle Bay  
Five.

**CHEKOV**

Aye, Keptin.

**PIKE**

Let's go.

Bridge doors WHOOSH open -- they EXIT.

116 OMIT  
116

117 INT. ENTERPRISE - CORRIDORS - CONTINUOUS  
117

WE TRACK FAST with Pike, Kirk, Spock and Sulu as they HURRY  
through the Enterprise toward the shuttle bay:

**PIKE**

Without transporters, we can't beam off  
the ship, can't assist Vulcan, can't do  
our job. I'm creating an opportunity:  
Mr. Kirk, Mr. Sulu and Mr. Olson will

space-jump from the shuttle. You'll have chutes -- you'll land on that machine they've lowered into the atmosphere that's scrambling our gear-- you'll get inside, disable that thing then beam back to the ship.

Kirk and Sulu share a HOLY FUCKING SHIT look --

**KIRK**

... okay.

**PIKE**

Mr. Spock, I'm leaving you in command of the ship. Once we have transport capability and communications back up, you'll contact Starfleet and report what the hell's happening here.

**(MORE)**

**68**

**117 CONTINUED:**

**117**

**PIKE (CONT'D)**

Something you've got only precious few minutes to figure out. If all else fails, fall back and rendezvous with the fleet in the Laurentian System.

(Spock is freaked, then)  
Kirk. I'm promoting you to First Officer.

**KIRK**

What!?!?

**SPOCK**

-- Captain?

**PIKE (CONT'D)**

While I'm gone we need to keep the chain of command. And you two make a swell team.

**SPOCK**

Captain. Please. I apologize, but the complexities of human pranks escape me.

**PIKE**

It's not a prank, Spock. And I'm not the Captain. You are.

And with that, he's DONE. Strides off. Kirk finally shakes off the shock of his PROMOTION --

**KIRK**

Once we knock out that machine... Sir,  
what happens to you?

**PIKE**

I guess you'll have to come get me.  
(turns; to Spock)  
Careful with the ship. She's brand new.

They appreciate the pure BALLS of that. BRAVERY washes over  
them -- they'd fucking DIE for their Captain, who now turns to  
Kirk and Sulu --

**PIKE (CONT'D)**

Suit up, Gentlemen.

**118 EXT. CITY OF VULCANA REGAR - CONTINUOUS**  
**118**

Sarek's hovercraft speeds along the desert floor, arriving at a  
massive CAVE OPENING -- he and Amanda hurry off the craft --  
into the cave --

**68A**

**118A INT. U.S.S. ENTERPRISE - BRIDGE - CONT. [FORMERLY SC. 116]**  
**118A**

Bridge doors WHOOSH open -- all eyes on Spock as he enters --  
their new captain. With cold certainty, he takes the command  
chair, hits the intercom:

**SPOCK**

Dr. Puri, report --

**118B INT. MEDICAL BAY - CONTINUOUS**  
**118B**

CHAOS, UTTER AND COMPLETE. WOUNDED MEN AND WOMEN, it's bad,  
bloody -- a HAND hits an intercom: McCoy, badly shaken --

**MCCOY**

It's McCoy-- Dr. Puri was on Deck 6, he's  
dead.

**SPOCK**

(beat)

Then you have just inherited his  
responsibility as Chief Medical Officer.

**MCCOY**

Aye, Sir.

**69**

**119 INT. ENTERPRISE - SHUTTLE BAY - CONTINUOUS**  
**119**

QUICK CUTS: Kirk, Sulu, and the ship's LEAD ENGINEER OLSON are suiting up for the drop, strapping on sleek AIRDROP ARMOR. WEB BELTS. CHUTE PACKS. HARNESSSES. HELMETS. COM-SETS.

**119A INT. SHUTTLE - CONTINUOUS**  
**119A**

They race into the shuttle and take seats facing each other across a narrow aisle -- Red Shirt Engineer GRINS like he's going on a ski trip:

**RED SHIRT ENGINEER**

I am pumped to kick some Romulan ass! No joke. BRING IT ON!

Kirk nods at him -- subtext: "What a fucking sack." He looks to Sulu.

**KIRK**

So what kinda combat training d'you have?

**SULU**

(proudly)

Fencing.

**KIRK**

(unimpressed, beat)

... fencing.

In the COCKPIT, Pike works the controls -- MOTORS WHINE and the craft LURCHES --

**119B INT. ENTERPRISE SHUTTLE HANGAR - NIGHT**  
**119B**

We see the shuttle LEAVE THE DOCK --

**120 EXT. IN ORBIT ABOVE VULCAN - CONTINUOUS**  
**120**

The shuttle soars from the Enterprise bay, the planet Vulcan a red orb below... THRUSTERS FLARE as it descends and now we

REVEAL AN INCREDIBLE SIGHT:

THE NARADA: FROM ITS BELLY, TENTACLE CABLES DESCEND TOWARD THE PLANET'S OUTER ATMOSPHERE, WHERE THE PLASMA DRILL SUB-STATION IS TETHERED: THE SOURCE OF THE DRILL BEAM SHOOTING INTO THE PLANET. The shuttle GLIDES to a hover, 60,000 FEET ABOVE THE DRILL --

70

121 INT. SHUTTLE - CONTINUOUS

121

A KLAXON SOUNDS, signalling depressurization of the cargo lock -- the guys ready their equipment, snatching for handstraps, standing on the lip of THE AIRLOCK -- Kirk and Sulu meet eyes through their helmet faceplates, the point of no return -- PIKE'S VOICE over their headsets:

PIKE (V.O.)

Pre-jump on one: Three, two, one.

KIRK, SULU, AND RED SHIRT ARE SLAMMED HARD INTO THE ROOF OF THE CARGO HOLD AS GRAVITY DIES.

PIKE (CONT'D)

Good luck.

Pike hits another control -- as the shuttle BOMB BAY DOORS OPEN -- and KIRK, SULU, AND RED SHIRT ARE INSTANTLY PULLED OUT, INTO:

122 EXT. ABOVE VULCAN - CONTINUOUS

122

THE THREE MEN IN VIOLENT FREEFALL TOWARD THE PLANET -- IN WILD SPIN -- THE SENSE OF SPEED'S BEYOND EXHILARATING --

ROCKETING THROUGH THE VOID AT 150 MPH AS THEY BREAK THROUGH THE PLANET'S ATMOSPHERE -- SHAKING VIOLENTLY AT TERMINAL VELOCITY --

123 INT. ENTERPRISE - BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

123

The falling trio TRACKED ON SCREEN, everyone watches, agape:

CHEKOV

Away team's entering the atmosphere --

SPOCK and UHURA meet eyes -- this is fucking insane -- and a MAN'S ENTHUSIASTIC YELLING takes us to:

124 EXT. VULCAN'S ATMOSPHERE -- CONTINUOUS  
124

OLSON  
WHOOOAAAHYYEAAAHH!

ONE BY ONE THEY STABILIZE -- FALLING FACE DOWN -- STRAIGHT PAST THE CABLE TENTACLES TETHERING THE DRILL TO THE NARADA WHICH GIVE US A SENSE OF INCREDIBLE RELATIVE SPEED AND SCALE -- THESE MASSIVE CABLES AT DIZZYING SPEED --

THEY ANGLE THEIR HANDS AND FEET FOR CONTROL, GUIDING THEMSELVES TOWARD THE PLASMA DRILL -- SULU PULLS HIS CHUTE FIRST, THEN KIRK -- their chutes SNAP OPEN -- JERKING THEM HARD UPWARD AS THE RED SHIRT BLOWS PAST KIRK AND SULU --

71

124 CONTINUED:  
124

KIRK  
OLSON, PULL NOW, NOW!!!

HE DEPLOYS HIS CHUTE LAST -- 50 FT -- 40 -- 30 AND HIS CHUTE BILLOWS OUT, OPENED TOO LATE -- OLSEN'S FUCKING BODY SLAMS INTO THE EDGE OF THE CIRCULAR DRILL, BOUNCING OFF HARD STEEL AND RIGHT INTO ITS CENTER WHERE THE SWIRLING VORTEX SPINS -- HE'S INSTANTLY EVISCERATED IN THE PLASMA LIGHT!

Kirk approaches -- more terrified than ever -- he comes in hard, too -- SLAMS against the drill edge, bounces but quickly gets his footing -- hits a button on his chute and SLITS appear in the fabric, suddenly there's no more drag and THE CHUTE AUTO-RETRACTS into Kirk's pack -- A REUSABLE PARACHUTE.

BUT SULU ISN'T SO LUCKY: 20 yards from the drill surface his chute gets SNARED IN THE CABLES, JERKING him upside down -- the WIND is so intense Sulu is BLOWN SIDEWAYS -- his CHUTE LINES begin RUBBING on the sharp metal of the suspension rig! Kirk holds on to one of the chute's cables -- yells up:

KIRK (CONT'D)  
I'M COMING FOR YOU!

As Kirk tries to climb up, Sulu's cables begin to SNAP! ONE BY ONE -- and Sulu tries to CLIMB BACK using his chute cables, toward the rig -- otherwise he's gonna fly off.

As Kirk makes his way up the rig, suddenly:

SULU

**BEHIND YOU!!**

Kirk SPINS just as a Romulan appears -- tackling Kirk to the drill platform! The two FIGHT PRECARIOUSLY ON THE EDGE OF THE SWIRLING PLASMA DRILL, WIND ROARING -- and suddenly there's ANOTHER ROMULAN from an OPEN HATCH! SULU SLIDES DOWN THE CABLE -- JUMPING and tackling the second guard and the shit is ON: our Starfleet heroes battling these Romulans to the death -- and Sulu KICKS OFF AN ANTENNA PIECE and uses it as a SABER -- fucking swashbuckling at 10,000 feet! It's a frenzied assault even the bigger Romulan isn't ready for, and Sulu manages to KICK him into the vortex, where he's VAPORIZED as --

KIRK draws his PHASER and point-blank SHOOTS the Romulan, knocking him clear OFF the cylinder and into the sky, falling to his death, DISINTEGRATING as he falls --

Against pummeling wind, Kirk and Sulu move toward the HATCH -- OPEN IT -- as:

**125 OMIT**  
**125**

**72**

**126 INT. NARADA - HANGAR**  
**126**

Pike's SHUTTLE DOOR OPENS. Pike steps out. Surrounded by a dozen of Nero's men. Ayel steps forward. Pike stands firm, knowing this is the end for him:

**PIKE**  
I'm Captain Christopher Pi--

WHACK! He's cut off by a PUNCH to the face. Drops to his knees. Looks up at Ayel with blazing eyes, wipes a trickle of blood from his lip:

**PIKE (CONT'D)**  
So much for diplomacy.

He's DRAGGED AWAY as --

**127 INT. PLASMA DRILL CYLINDER - CONTINUOUS**  
**127**

Kirk and Sulu DROP IN through the outer hatch to find a control console, Sulu madly flips switches, no luck --

**SULU**

None of this is familiar-- the interface,  
the controls--

**KIRK**

Step back--  
-- yeahyeah, I do--

**SULU**

-- what, you have an idea?

Kirk FIRES his PHASER at the console, BLASTING IT --

**128 EXT. PLASMA DRILL - CONTINUOUS**  
**128**

The immense column of light DISAPPEARS, leaving only a towering,  
swirling vortex of DIRT --

**129 INT. ENTERPRISE - BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS**  
**129**

Uhura's console LIGHTS UP with activity:

**UHURA**

The jamming signal's gone --  
communications are re-established --

**CHEKOV**

Transporter control re-engaged --

Spock looks up from his console, grave --

**73**

**129 CONTINUED:**  
**129**

**SPOCK**

Chekov, run gravitational sensors -- I  
want to know what they're doing to the  
planet.

**CHEKOV**

Aye, Commander-- Keptin, sorry. Keptin.

**130 INT. NARADA - BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS**  
**130**

A Romulan Helmsman RUNS to Nero --

**ROMULAN HELMSMAN**

The drill's been sabotaged, Sir.

Nero, mind racing --

**NERO**

Launch the red matter. Now.

131 EXT. NARADA - SPACE  
131

The POD we saw earlier is FIRED from the ship -- it WHIPS past.

132 EXT. PLASMA DRILL CYLINDER - CONTINUOUS  
132

Kirk and Sulu pull themselves from the control cockpit back out onto the drill's outer hull, they start to hear a SOUND... A HIGH-PITCHED SHRIEK... GETTING LOUDER AS IT FALLS TOWARD THEM... THEY LOOK UP JUST IN TIME TO SEE: THE RED MATTER POD RIP RIGHT PAST THEM -- SNAP-TILT DOWN WITH IT AS IT PLUMMETS TOWARD VULCAN'S SURFACE, DISAPPEARING INTO THE DRILLED GAPING HOLE --

And for an instant... nothing. What looks like a puff of smoke billowing up from the planet's core... THEN A SHOCKWAVE BLASTS UPWARD, ALL THE WAY UP TO THE DRILL AT 10,000 FEET -- KIRK AND SULU FEEL IT -- LOSE THEIR BALANCE, FIGHT FOR PURCHASE AS:

**KIRK**

Kirk to Enterprise -- they just launched something toward the planet!

133 EXT. VULCAN SURFACE - CONTINUOUS  
133

SCENES OF DESTRUCTION ACROSS THE PLANET AS IT STARTS TO COME APART: HUGE FISSURES FORM IN THE DESERT TERRAIN -- CRACKS SPREAD -- MOUNTAINS CRUMBLE -- PLATES SHIFTING, LAVA SPEWING SKYWARD -- THE HEAT AND CONCUSSIVE BLAST SHAKE THE CAMERA TO A BLUR --

134 INT. ENTERPRISE - BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS  
134

**WARNING ALARMS SCREAM:**

**74**

134 CONTINUED:  
134

**CHEKOV**

Keptin: gravitational sensors are off the scale -- if my calculations are correct, that pod they launched is creating a singularity... that will consume the planet.

**SPOCK'S STOIC FACE. WE GET ONLY A HINT OF THE WILD EMOTIONS STIRRING INSIDE HIM -- Uhura watches Spock, heartsick for him:**

**SPOCK**

They're creating a black hole... at the center of Vulcan?

**CHEKOV**

... yessir.

**SPOCK**

How long does the planet have?

**CHEKOV**

... minutes, Sir. I'd say minutes.

**SPOCK**

(beat, to Uhura)

Alert Vulcan Command Center to signal a planetwide evacuation-- all channels, all frequencies -- maintain standard orbit --

**UHURA**

What? Spock, wait --

She goes after him as he moves to the TURBOLIFT --

**UHURA (CONT'D)**

-- where are you going?

**SPOCK**

To evacuate the Vulcan High Council-- they're tasked with protecting our cultural history. My parents will be among them--

**UHURA**

-- you can't beam them out?

**SPOCK**

It's not possible -- they'll be in the Katrik Arc, I must get them myself--

**TURBOLIFT DOORS CLOSE AS --**

75

135    INT. NARADA - BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS  
135

HOLOGRAMS of VULCAN UNDER DESTRUCTION -- Nero watching them, pleased. He turns to Ayel --

**NERO**

Retract the drill, let's move out!

**135A EXT. NARADA**

**135A**

The drill platform LURCHES -- begins RETRACTING --

**136 EXT. PLASMA DRILL CYLINDER - CONTINUOUS**

**136**

The platform BANKS -- Sulu FALLS BACK, OFF THE PLATFORM -- WITHOUT A CHUTE! Kirk, holding on, watching this wide-eyed -- and knowing what he must do, he RUNS AND JUMPS --

KIRK FALLS FAST, he's only gonna have one shot at this, presses his arms to his sides and ROCKETS downward, building speed, four hundred feet below is Sulu, FREEFALLING --

KIRK moves his feet and hands, angling toward him -- slashing downward at 160 mph, closing like a missile -- the gap between them narrows -- Sulu's 30 feet below him... 5000 feet to the planet surface. 40 ft -- 20 -- 10 -- WHAM! Kirk slams into Sulu in a mid-air tackle -- they TUMBLE TOGETHER -- Kirk's made the grab and locked his arms around Sulu in an iron grip, screams in his face:

**KIRK**

**I GOTCHA! NOW PULL MY CHUTE!**

Sulu DOES -- it opens -- but HOLY FUCK, the double weight RIPS IT -- IT SNAPS AWAY FROM THEM -- NOW THEY'RE BOTH FREE-FALLING WITH NO CHUTE, THE GROUND COMING AT THEM FAST!

**KIRK (CONT'D)**

**ENTERPRISE, WE'RE FALLING WITHOUT A CHUTE!!! BEAM US UP!!! BEAM US UP!!!**

**136A INT. ENTERPRISE - TRANSPORTER BAY**

**136A**

The TRANSPORTER CHIEF works his controls, sweating -- trying to **LOCK ON TO THEIR MOVING TARGET** --

**TRANSPORTER CHIEF**

I'm trying! I can't lock on your signal!

**137 INT. ENTERPRISE - BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS**

**137**

SNAP AROUND as Chekov hears this -- watching his controls -- Uhura watching too --

137 CONTINUED:  
137

**TRANSPORTER CHIEF (V.O.)**

-- you're moving too fast!

**CHEVOK**

-- no-- I can do that-- I CAN DO THAT!!!

Chekov suddenly BOLTS -- Uhura watches him race off -- a CREW MEMBER steps into frame:

**CREW MEMBER**

The black hole's expanding, we won't reach minimum safe distance if we don't leave immediately!

**137A INT. ENTERPRISE - VARIOUS AREAS**  
137A

Chekov SPRINTS through CORRIDORS -- ENGINE ROOM -- YELLING:

**CHEKOV**

**MOVE! I CAN DO THAT! I CAN DO THAT!!!**

And we take him to:

**137B INT. ENTERPRISE - TRANSPORTER BAY**  
137B

-- where he races to the controls, out of breath, yelling:

**CHEKOV**

**I CAN LOCK ON! GIMME MANUAL CONTROL!**  
**QUICK!!!**

-- and he begins working the controls --

**137C EXT. SKIES ABOVE VULCAN PLANET SURFACE - DAY**  
137C

Kirk and Sulu SPEED-DROPPING -- TERRIFIED --

**KIRK**

**ENTERPRISE, WHERE ARE YOU?!?!**

**137D INT. ENTERPRISE - TRANSPORTER BAY**  
137D

Chekov's manipulating a joystick-like TARGETING DISPLAY --

trying to match the CROSSHAIRS on the DROPPING FIGURES --

**CHEKOV**

-- holdonholdonholdonholdon!

138 EXT. SKIES ABOVE VULCAN PLANET SURFACE - CONTINUOUS  
138

A massive SHEET OF LAVA, MILES HIGH, BURSTS INTO THE SKY -- Kirk and Sulu enter frame, BULLET-WHOOSH right past us, DROPPING --

77

138 CONTINUED:  
138

**KIRK**

(headset)

**NOW NOW NOW!!! DO IT NOW!!!!**

139 INT. ENTERPRISE - TRANSPORTER BAY [LOCATION CHANGE]  
139

TIGHT ON CHEKOV as he struggles to lock onto them -- BEEP!

**CHEKOV**

Compensating gravitational pull and--  
**GOTCHA!**

He HITS A BUTTON and --

140 EXT. VULCAN SURFACE - CONTINUOUS  
140

**5 FEET BEFORE THEY HIT THE GROUND, KIRK AND SULU DEMATERIALIZE!**

141 INT. ENTERPRISE - TRANSPORTER BAY - CONTINUOUS  
141

**AND REMATERIALIZE, SLAMMING DOWN ON THE TRANSPORTER PADS, HARD AND PAINFUL, BUT SAFE!** Transporter engineers GAPE in utter amazement and relief -- Chekov, sweating, laughs. Kirk and Sulu get their bearings, peeling themselves up, at stunned whispers:

**SULU**

... thanks.

**KIRK**

... yeah, not a problem.

And Kirk looks up as SPOCK hurries in --

**SPOCK**

Step aside -- I'm going to the surface.

As the console ENGINEER works the display --

**KIRK**

The surface of what? YOU'RE GOING DOWN THERE? Are you nuts?!

**SPOCK**

Energize --

And Spock DEMATERIALIZES --

**142 EXT. VULCAN - DAY**

**142**

PUSH IN as Spock MATERIALIZES -- the distant landscape around him COLLAPSING, IMPLODING, EXPLODING -- he sprints for the MOUNTAIN -- the entrance to the ARK -- a scared, small CREATURE runs past Spock as he heads up the mountain -- rocks falling --

**78**

**143 INT. KATRIC ARK CHAMBER - DAY**

**143**

Spock RACES through the tunnels as the world SHAKES around him --

he enters the massive ARK CHAMBER -- sees, atop the enormous stairs, FIVE VULCAN ELDERS, Sarek among them, hands placed on the sarcophagus-like ark. Mind melding with it. Amanda is here too, kneeling beside Sarek -- and she sees her son, who is now RUNNING toward them -- she stands:

**AMANDA**

Spock--!

Spock rushes up the stairs --

**SPOCK**

The planet's not safe, it has only seconds left -- we must evacuate now --

And as they run out, ENORMOUS ROCKS COLLAPSE AROUND THEM -- and they run through the tunnels, the STONE COLLAPSING AROUND THEM --

**144 EXT. TUNNEL ENTRANCE - DAY**

**144**

Spock and the group finally emerge from the tunnels to see --

THE PLANET IS COLLAPSING, COMING TOWARD THEM -- Spock whips open a tri-corder, TREMBLING LIKE CRAZY --

**SPOCK**

Spock to Enterprise: take us back now!

145 INT. ENTERPRISE - TRANSPORTER ROOM - CONTINUOUS [SET CHANGE]  
145

Chekov works the controls:

**CHEKOV**

Locking volume, transport in 5-4-3--

146 EXT. KATRIC ARK CHAMBER - CONTINUOUS  
146

HORROR AS THE WORLD LITERALLY STARTS TO FALL APART AROUND SPOCK, HIS PARENTS AND THE FIVE ELDERS -- MASSIVE SINKHOLES APPEARING, LIKE THE GRAND CANYON RACING FOR THEM -- AND WE SEE IN ALL THEIR FACES -- THE BELIEF THAT THEIR PLANET -- THAT THEY -- ARE GOING TO DIE -- and Spock, trying to hold it together -- even though their transport hasn't yet begun -- looks at Amanda -- their eyes lock -- THE COLLAPSING GROUND RACING TOWARD THEM -- and in a surreal, intimate moment, Amanda says to Spock, quietly:

**AMANDA**

It's okay. To be scared.

79

146 CONTINUED:  
146

PUSH IN ON SPOCK, looking at her -- as the LIGHT DARTS start TRACING THEM -- and they begin to EVAPORATE AS THE GROUND DROPS FROM UNDER AMANDA -- AND SHE'S SUCKED DOWN -- AWAY -- as Spock REACHES FOR HER, CALLING OUT --

**SPOCK**

MOTHER!!!!

147 INT. ENTERPRISE - TRANSPORTER BAY - CONTINUOUS  
147

Chekov in a panic at the controls --

**CHEKOV**

NO!!! I'M LOSING HER!!!

-- as the Vulcans MATERIALIZE on the pad, Spock still REACHING for his mother -- but all he gets is the GHOSTLY IMAGE OF HER -- BEAUTIFUL, HOLDING, FROZEN IN SPACE -- AN IMAGE HE'LL BE HAUNTED

**BY FOREVER -- AS IT FADES AWAY, EVANESCING LIKE MIST -- ON SPOCK**  
as it lands -- Sarek too... a mother... a wife... has been lost.  
And Kirk stands nearby, having observed all of this, without  
anything to do or say... there's no cheating death.

**148 EXT. SPACE - ETERNAL NIGHT**

**148**

And the Enterprise BLASTS AWAY -- in the distance, THE ENTIRE  
**PLANET OF VULCAN SWALLS INTO ITSELF -- A TERRIFYING,**  
**UNIMAGINABLE IMPLOSION -- UNTIL NOTHING IS THERE BUT DARKNESS.**  
And over this we HEAR:

**SPOCK (V.O.)**

Acting Captain's log. Stardate 2256.42:  
I have assumed command of the Enterprise.

**149-50 MIT**

**O**

**149-**

**50**

**151 INT. ENTERPRISE - SICK BAY - CONTINUOUS**

**151**

SHOCK. The kind that crashes after the world's changed. In triage, the bay's filled with wounded Enterprise Officers. The Vulcan Elders and Sarek being examined as well. Kirk sits here, getting his hand bandaged from the fight. During this, he looks up, seeing one of the Elders being treated for a slight wound -- her GREEN BLOOD seen through the bandage...

**SPOCK (V.O.)**

We've heard no word from Captain Pike. I have therefore classified him a hostage of the war criminal known as Nero.

**80**

**151A INT. ENTERPRISE - BRIDGE**

**151A**

Spock sits in the captain's chair, reporting. He's glassy-eyed, staring at nothing as he speaks. Behind him, Uhura sits, watching, concerned.

**SPOCK**

Nero, who has destroyed my home planet.  
And most of its six billion inhabitants.  
I estimate no more than ten thousand survived.

(beat)

While the essence of our culture has been saved, in the elders who now reside upon this ship... I am now a member of an endangered species.

Spock considers this. Clicks off the log recorder. Spock moves off, into the turbolift -- Uhura follows him --

**152 INT. TURBOLIFT - CONTINUOUS**  
**152**

Spock and Uhura. Silence hangs. She glances over, wanting to say so much, but not to invade what must be the worst moment of his life. He looks at her, with kind eyes. And Uhura does something odd -- she STOPS the lift. Spock looks over as she wordlessly reaches out and puts her arms around him. Just holding him. Kissing his face with utter tenderness and comfort, which he lets her do... and we realize, this is why the intimacy before -- this is their secret...

**UHURA**

I'm so sorry.

Spock looks off, taking comfort, bewildered and lost...

**UHURA (CONT'D)**

What can I do? Tell me what you need.

**SPOCK**

... I need...

He's on the verge of some emotional release... but self-consciousness returns and he clamps up, starting the lift again:

**SPOCK (CONT'D)**

I need for us all to continue performing admirably.

He looks at her again -- gives her another kiss. The door opens and he exits. She watches him go -- and the door closes on her.

**81**

**152A INT. ENTERPRISE - CORRIDOR**  
**152A**

Kirk comes down the hall, stretching his hand bandage -- when he stops. Standing at the other end of the corridor, operating a DATAPAD is a familiar-looking GREEN GIRL. Guilt overcomes him. After a beat he moves to her. Awkward.

**KIRK**

Hey.

(she turns to him)

Listen, about what happened at Starfleet.  
The test and everything-- I know it looks  
like I was... using you, or whatever.  
And I'm sorry. I really am. And... I  
just hope you'll forgive me.

She just stares at him for a long beat, as if she's just pissed.  
But Kirk's face changes... and then he says:

**KIRK (CONT'D)**

... you're not Gaila, are you?

**NOT GAILA**

(pissed)

No.

**KIRK**

(nods)

Sorry.

And he walks off. (NOTE: ALT. VERSION HAS GAILA SAYING, "I'M  
**NOT GAILA.**")

153 **INT. ENTERPRISE - BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS**  
153

Uhura at her station, scanning for enemy signals -- all of our  
principals are here, in debate:

**SPOCK**

Lieutenant, have you confirmed that Nero  
is headed for Earth?

**UHURA**

Their trajectory suggests no other  
destination, Captain.

**KIRK**

Earth may be his next stop, but we have  
to assume every Federation planet's a  
target.

**CHEKOV**

Yes, agreed-- but why didn't they destroy  
us?

**SULU**

Why waste a weapon?                    We weren't a threat.

**SPOCK**

That's not it.                    He said he wanted me to  
see something.                    The destruction of my  
home planet.

**MCCOY**

And how the hell did they do that by the  
way? When did they jump so far ahead in  
the arms race?

**SPOCK**

The engineering comprehension necessary  
to artificially create a black hole may  
suggest the answer: such technology could  
theoretically be manipulated to create a  
tunnel through space time.

**MCCOY**

Damnit, man, I'm a doctor, not a  
physicist -- are you suggesting they're  
from the future?

**KIRK**

That is what he's suggesting and I don't  
buy it.

**SPOCK**

If you eliminate the impossible, whatever  
remains -- however improbable -- must be  
the truth.

**MCCOY**

How poetic.

**KIRK**

Then what would an angry future Romulan  
want with Captain Pike?

**SULU**

As Admiral he knows details of  
Starfleet's defenses.

**KIRK**

What we need to do is catch up to that  
ship. Disable it, take it over and get  
Pike back.

They're all looking at Kirk like he's nuts.

82A

153 CONTINUED: (2)

153

**MCCOY**

(bitingly)

Fantastic, I'm in.

**SPOCK**

Captain Pike left us with standing orders to rendezvous with the fleet on the other side of the quadrant.

(MORE)

83

153 CONTINUED: (3)

153

**SPOCK (CONT'D)**

We're technologically outmatched in every way. A rescue attempt would be illogical.

**KIRK**

"Illogical"-- you're funny.

**CHEKOV**

Not to mention we couldn't do it anyway: Nero's ship would have to drop out of warp for us to overtake them --

**KIRK**

-- what about assigning Engineering crews to try and boost our warp yield?

**SPOCK**

Remaining power and crew are being used to repair radiation leaks on the lower decks and damage to the main deflector shield-- without which we cannot communicate with Starfleet.

**KIRK**

-- okay--okay, okayokayokay-- there's gotta be SOME WAY!

**SPOCK**

We must gather with the rest of Starfleet to balance the terms of our next engagement --

**KIRK**

There won't be a next engagement, Spock:

by the time we've "gathered", it'll be too late -- how many planets are you willing to risk? You say he's from the future? Knows what's gonna happen? Then the logical thing is to be unpredictable.

**SPOCK**

You're assuming Nero knows how events are predicted to unfold. The contrary: Nero's very presence has altered the flow of history, beginning with the attack on the U.S.S. Kelvin, culminating in the events of today -- thereby creating a new chain of incidents that cannot be anticipated by either party.

**MCCOY**

Does anyone understand him?

**UHURA**

(stunned)

... an alternate reality.

**84**

**153 CONTINUED: (4)**

**153**

**SPOCK**

Precisely. Whatever lives we might have lived, if the time continuum was disrupted... our destinies have changed.

(then:)

Mr. Sulu, plot a course for the Laurentian system, Warp Factor Three--

**KIRK**

-- wait-- don't do that -- Spock -- running back to the rest of the fleet for a confab is a massive waste of time-- -- He also ordered us to go back and get him! Spock, you're Captain now--! -- Every second we waste, Nero's getting closer to his next target--!

why

accept

-- I will not allow us to go

**SPOCK**

-- These were the orders Captain Pike issued when he left ship--

-- I am aware of my responsibilities, Mr. Kirk!

-- that is correct -- and

I'm instructing you to

that I alone am in command.

backwards, away from the  
problem, instead of hunting  
from  
Nero down!

Sulu,

-- then I must remove you  
this ship. If I confine you  
to the brig, you'll likely  
escape. Mr. Chekov: have  
transportation prepare a  
deployment capsule. Mr.  
escort him out.

For a beat, nobody moves -- an impossible choice for all of  
them. Torn, Chekov and Sulu close in on Kirk --

**SULU**

I'm sorry.

**KIRK**

Yeah, don't worry ab --

-- but Kirk SWINGS, Sulu jerks, FASTER, spins, GRABS Kirk's  
wrist! Kirk ELBOWS him as Chekov reaches for his PHASER but  
Kirk SLAMS HIM, the phaser DROPS -- Kirk reaches for it but  
Spock's fingers CLAMP on Kirk's neck: THE VULCAN PINCH:

**BLACK.**

**154 INT. NARADA - TORTURE ROOM**  
**154**

On PIKE'S FACE, strapped to a TABLE. Nero looks down upon  
him.

**84A**

**154 CONTINUED:**  
**154**

**NERO**

You are only the second human I have ever  
met, face to face. You must have so many  
questions for me.

**(MORE)**

**85**

**154 CONTINUED: (2)**

**154**

**NERO (CONT'D)**

**(then)**

I only have one for you. I need the  
subspace frequencies of Starfleet's  
border detection grids. Specifically  
those surrounding Earth.

Pike looks up at him -- quiet rage. Then --

**PIKE**

Christopher Pike -- Captain, U.S.S.  
Enterprise, registry NCC-1701.

**NERO**

Christopher.  
(beat; hardcore)  
Answer my question.

**PIKE**

No. You answer for the genocide you just  
committed on a peaceful planet--

**NERO**

I prevented genocide.  
(beat, calms)  
Where I come from, Christopher... this  
ship is just a mining vessel. I chose a  
life of honest labor to provide for  
myself... and the wife who was carrying  
my child.  
(beat)  
I sit here now... knowing you as enemies.  
Not just of today. But of tomorrow. I  
watched as your Federation did nothing.  
They let us burn to death... as our  
planet broke in half.

Curiosity behind Pike's eyes.

**PIKE**

Then Nero, you're confused. Romulus has  
not been destroyed. How can you blame  
the Federation for something that hasn't  
happened--?

**NERO**

It did happen. I remember it. I... felt  
it.

(then; pained)

When I lost her... I promised myself I  
would not speak another word until the  
day of my retribution. In twenty five  
years I forgot the sound of my own  
voice... but I didn't forget the pain.  
That feeling cannot be erased.

**(MORE)**

154 CONTINUED: (3)

154

**NERO (CONT'D)**

(turning to anger now)

A feeling that every surviving Vulcan now  
shares.

Pike just looks at him. Sees how fucking far GONE he is.

**PIKE**

If what you say is true... you can save  
Romulus. You have a second chance to --

**NERO**

-- yes, which is a gift I won't waste on  
mercy.

(beat)

My purpose, Christopher, is not simply to  
avoid the destruction of the home I  
love...

(beat)

... but to create a Romulus which exists,  
free of the Federation. Only then will  
she be saved.

And the "she" could refer to the planet... or to Nero's lost  
love. Either way, Pike knows a losing battle when he's fighting  
one. Ever so nobly, he quietly says --

**PIKE**

Then we have nothing more to discuss.

Nero reaches for something under the counter Pike lies upon.  
Retrieves A FAMILIAR GLASS CONTAINER -- inside -- DOZENS OF  
CENTAURIAN SLUGS, the very ones used on Nero.

**NERO**

It's not the fault of the human race that  
Starfleet chose Earth as its center.  
You're a more noble race than my fallen  
cousins. I'll take no pleasure in your  
extinction.

**PIKE**

How reassuring.

Nero opens the container, reaches for a pair of TONGS

**NERO**

The frequencies, please.

**PIKE**

Christopher Pike -- Captain, U.S.S.  
Enterprise, registry NCC-1701.

Nero sad-smiles. What he expected.

87

154 CONTINUED: (4)  
154

**NERO**

As you wish.

A ROMULAN GUARD HOLDS PIKE'S MOUTH -- Nero uses the tongs -- and  
**OFF PIKE'S EXPRESSION** --

155 INT. SHUTTLE CRAFT - CONTINUOUS  
155

Our POV is BLURRY. We come into FOCUS on a blinking instrument panel. KIRK is stirring awake, his shoulder kills. He sits up: inside a ONE-MAN POD CRAFT. He WIPES THE GLASS -- looks up -- like a TUNNEL OF SNOW, 30 feet long, to the sky. THE PODCRAFT'S EMBEDDED ON THE SURFACE OF A VAST, ICE PLANET. Kirk's been MAROONED. He closes his eyes, his face falls...

**KIRK**

Computer... where am I?

**COMPUTER VOICE**

Current location Delta Vega: Class "M"  
Planet, unsafe. You have been ordered to remain in your pod until retrieved by Starfleet authorities.

**KIRK**

Bite me, how's that.

The CANOPY RISES -- a blast of cold air hits Kirk -- with some agony, out he goes -- he CLIMBS UP THE TUBE OF SNOW -- and gets to the surface -- looks out. HE'S IN THE MIDDLE OF FUCKING NOWHERE. Finally:

**KIRK (CONT'D)**  
**SONOFABITCH-BITCH-BITCH! THERE'S NOTHING HERE!!! YOU NECK-PINCHING MOTHERF--!!!**

**SMASH CUT TO:**

156-7 OMIT  
7

156-

158 EXT. DELTA VEGA - PLANET SURFACE - CONTINUOUS  
158

TRACKING along a massive ICE SHEET... Kirk ENTERS FRAME walking along, cold, pissed... whips out a TRICORDER, speaks into it:

**KIRK**

Lieutenant's log, supplemental: I'm preparing a testimonial for my Starfleet court martial assuming there's still a Starfleet left.

From overhead, what we see -- what Kirk doesn't -- is something HUGE, SLITHERING UNDERWATER beneath the ice --

**88**

158 CONTINUED:  
158

**KIRK (CONT'D)**

Acting Captain Spock -- whose only form of expression's apparently limited to his left damn eyebrow -- has marooned me on Delta Vega in what I believe to be a violation of security protocol 49.09, governing the treatment of prisoners aboard a st--

159 EXT. DELTA VEGA - PLANET SURFACE - CONTINUOUS  
159

Kirk FREEZES at a nearby GROWL. He looks -- sees nothing -- then ANOTHER GROWL -- he turns -- some thirty feet away, an eleven foot-tall cross between a polar bear and a gorilla (it's a POLARILLA) steps out from behind a mass of ice. Sees Kirk. It's horrifying. Kirk takes a SLOW, SMALL STEP BACKWARD -- and the fucking thing CHARGES HIM -- KIRK RUNS, TERRIFIED -- and the POLARILLA PURSUES -- gaining -- it's gonna EAT HIM ALIVE WHEN SUDDENLY --

WHATEVER WAS BENEATH THE ICE EARLIER EXPLODES UP THROUGH IT -- IT'S NEARLY 30 FEET TALL, RED, HUNDREDS OF EYES -- IT SMACKS THE POLARILLA AWAY LIKE NOTHING AS KIRK FALLS TO THE ICE AND TURNS BACK -- HOLY SHIT! THIS THING IS SO MUCH WORSE! IT ROARS AS KIRK GETS TO HIS FEET AND RUNS, SCREAMING --

**KIRK HAULS ASS AS THE THING COMES AFTER HIM -- THEN SUDDENLY HE FALLS -- DROPS --** and we see that Kirk is FALLING DOWN A MASSIVE SNOW MOUNTAIN! The huge red creature stops at the edge and ROARS LOUDLY -- until the ice shelf BREAKS AWAY! The creature starts to FALL AS WELL! Now Kirk is TUMBLING, the immense creature TUMBLING not far behind!

And Kirk LANDS ON THE ICE, HARD -- sees a distant CAVE. Looks up at the FLAILING CREATURE that is about to CRUSH HIM -- Kirk tries to run, but the ice is TOO SLIPPERY -- FINALLY he gets footing and runs off toward the cave -- as the red creature LANDS HARD -- its sharp SPEAR LIMBS STAB into the ice as it pursues Kirk --

160 **INT. CAVE - DAY**  
160

Kirk races through the darkened cave -- the creature comes after him -- Kirk goes as fast as he can -- the creature reaches out and fucking GRABS HIM -- pulls him toward the disgusting, wet, TEETHY MOUTH -- Kirk tries to hold on to anything he can -- but he's fucking LUNCH -- and just as you're SCREAMING, there's LIGHT -- FIRE LIGHT -- and a FIGURE APPEARS, WAVING A TORCH --

And the red creature's eyes ALL GO WILD -- and it DROPS KIRK and BACKS OFF, AFRAID -- the figure CHASES IT until it's gone. Kirk, on the ground, is freaked out, out of breath, and can't take his eyes off this man... who says:

**89**

160 **CONTINUED:**  
160

**FIGURE**

The Hen-Gra. Notoriously afraid of heat.

161 **INT. CAVE - DAY**  
161

And the Figure turns... we may have recognized the voice. IT'S SPOCK. As in NIMOY. HERE. Lit in the darkness by the fire. We'll refer to him as SPOCK PRIME. He looks at Kirk -- moves closer to him -- finally seeing him. And is amazed...

**KIRK**

Hey... thank you...

**SPOCK PRIME**

... Jim?

**KIRK**

(stunned)

-- how d'you know my name?

**SPOCK PRIME**

How did you find me--? Does Starfleet know of my presence?

**KIRK**  
**HOW DO YOU KNOW MY NAME?**

Spock looks deep into the eyes of the freaked out young man, feeling the full effect of fate playing its hand, but realizing he doesn't recognize him...

**SPOCK PRIME**  
I have been... and always shall be...  
your friend.

**KIRK**  
-- no, I don't know you -- the only  
Vulcan I know isn't exactly a buddy.

Of all the things Spock predicted Kirk might say, it wasn't that. He's analyzing a thousand steps ahead, calculating:

**SPOCK PRIME**  
You are James T. Kirk. Your father is  
George, as is your brother. Your  
mother's name is Winona -- you were born  
in 2233 --

**KIRK**  
Stop. Please. I don't understand.

As Spock nods, we PRE-LAP:

**90**

**161** **CONTINUED:**  
**161**

**SPOCK PRIME**  
... I am Spock. One hundred and thirty  
years senior to the Vulcan you know.

**KIRK**  
(beat, beat, beat)  
Bullshit.

**161A INT. CAVE - NIGHT**  
**161A**

Firelight flickers -- shadows of Kirk and Spock Prime dance on the ice walls. Remarkable NIGHT STARS outside.

**SPOCK PRIME**  
It's remarkably pleasing to see you  
again.  
(re: Vulcan)  
... especially after the events of today.

**KIRK**

Old friend. Sir, I don't have any idea how you know what you know. But I don't know you and if you are Spock we're not friends. You hate me. You marooned me here for mutiny...

**SPOCK PRIME**

Mutiny? You are not the Captain?

**KIRK**

You're the captain. Pike was taken hostage.

**SPOCK PRIME**

(realizing, grave)  
... by Nero.

**KIRK**

What do you know about him?

**SPOCK PRIME**

(guilty, burdened)  
... he is a remarkably...  
(MORE)

91

161A CONTINUED:

161A

**SPOCK PRIME (CONT'D)**

troubled Romulan.  
(then)  
... Please. Allow me -- it will be easier--

Spock Prime reaches for Kirk's face -- Kirk grabs his wrist --

**KIRK**

What're you doing--?

A skeptical beat, but Kirk finally releases his hand. Spock gently places his fingers on Kirk's cheek and temple --

**SPOCK PRIME**

(whispering; a mantra)  
Our minds... one and together...One hundred and twenty-seven years from now everything ends.

Spock's eyes SNAP SHUT, Kirk JOLTS as if by an electric charge -  
- and the SCREEN OVEREXPOSES TO WHITE as we CUT TO our MIND MELD

**SEQUENCE:**

**162 EXT. SPACE - NIGHT**  
**162**

A SUPERNOVA. An EXPLODING STAR, like a LIGHT, EATING AWAY AT  
**ALL AROUND IT --**

**SPOCK PRIME (V.O.)**

A star in Beta Quadrant will go supernova  
-- and like a cancer left untreated... it  
will grow... and destroy everything.

**162A INT. VULCAN SCIENCE ACADEMY**  
**162A**

Now we're seeing VULCAN SCIENCE ACADEMY -- where SIX VULCAN  
SCIENTISTS study a HOLOGRAM of this event -- the star's ORIGIN,  
its PATH OF DESTRUCTION -- and SPOCK PRIME is among them --

**SPOCK PRIME (V.O.)**

I saw the beginning of it myself. Vulcan  
Science Academy devised a plan to stop  
it.

**162B EXT. VULCAN SHIPYARD - NIGHT**  
**162B**

PUSH IN as the JELLYFISH SHIP is under construction --

**92**

**162B CONTINUED:**  
**162B**

**SPOCK PRIME (V.O.)**

We built a ship containing a material  
capable of generating the only thing  
powerful enough to consume a supernova.  
A black hole.

**163 INT. JELLYFISH - CONTAINMENT HOLD - NIGHT**  
**163**

Now we're INSIDE the ship -- the CONTAINMENT HOLD -- being  
ASSEMBLED by Vulcan Scientists --

**SPOCK PRIME (V.O.)**

I agreed to pilot the ship. Knowing I  
would not return.

**164 Now we see Spock Prime, in a ritual ceremony of a Vulcan**  
**164**

Kamikaze pilot. Tea, sipped inside the Ark --

**SPOCK PRIME (V.O.)**

My sacrifice, in service of all races,  
seemed only logical.

Now Spock Prime sits in the Jellyfish COCKPIT --

**SPOCK PRIME (V.O.) (CONT'D)**

Unfortunately... before I could begin the  
mission... the supernova destroyed  
Romulus.

**165 OMIT**

**165**

166 -- and suddenly we're OUT OF THE MIND MELD as KIRK GRABS SPOCK  
166

**PRIME'S HAND AGAIN:**

**KIRK**

Nero's planet was destroyed--

**SPOCK PRIME**

Yes. He of course blamed us. Believed  
Vulcan allowed his planet to die. Which  
was hardly the case. Let me continue.

**KIRK**

This annoys me, I don't like  
it-- do we have to do it like  
this--?

**SPOCK PRIME**

-- I know, I know, I'm not  
surprised to hear you complain  
-- allow me to finish.

Spock Prime touches Kirk again and we go:

**93**

**167 EXT. SPACE**

**167**

-- the JELLYFISH SWOOPS PAST US -- and we PAN -- and see the  
MASSIVE SUPERNOVA in the infinite distance -- no sense of scale  
here -- but then -- THE NARADA APPEARS -- FIRES TORPEDOES at the  
Jellyfish.

**SPOCK PRIME (V.O.)**

Nero came after me. Determined to thwart  
my mission. If Romulus was allowed to  
die, he said... all planets should share  
its fate.

167A SPOCK PRIME IN THE COCKPIT, ROCKED AS TORPEDOES EXPLODE

167A

CLOSELY. TIGHT ON SPOCK PRIME AS HIS MIND RACES --

**SPOCK PRIME (V.O.)**

I needed an exit. I knew if this mission failed... everyone, everywhere... would lose everything.

Spock Prime LEAVES the cockpit --

167B INT. JELLYFISH - CONTAINMENT HOLD

167B

Prime ENTERS AN AIRLOCK -- TUMBLES IN WEIGHTLESSNESS and enters THE CONTAINMENT ROOM. QUICK CUTS as he REMOVES RED MATTER FROM THE HOLD --

**SPOCK PRIME (V.O.)**

I realized: a large black hole could destroy the supernova. A smaller one... could be my escape. Could send me back in time, allowing me to complete my mission. So I created a black hole...

Spock loads the CANNISTER with a small amount of RED MATTER into a JETTISON TUBE --

167C EXT. JELLYFISH - SPACE - NIGHT

167C

-- and he FIRES THE CANNISTER INTO SPACE --

167D EXT. JELLYFISH - COCKPIT - NIGHT

167D

Spock Prime back in the cockpit -- takes aim on his controls and **FIRE AT THE CANNISTER** --

167E EXT. JELLYFISH/NARADA - SPACE - NIGHT

167E

A BLACK HOLE IS CREATED -- Spock Prime PILOTS TOWARD THE HOLE --

**94**

167E CONTINUED:

167E

**SPOCK PRIME (V.O.)**

Nero must have understood what I was trying to do. Because he began racing for it.

The NARADA and the JELLYFISH aiming for the BLACK HOLE --

167F OMIT  
167F

167G INT. JELLYFISH - COCKPIT - NIGHT  
167G

Spock Prime watches as the NARADA GOES IN -- LIGHTNING STORM-  
STYLE DISAPPEARING FIRST -- then SPOCK PRIME'S FACE -- WHITE  
**WITH LIGHTNING -- OVEREXPOSED --**

**SPOCK PRIME (V.O.)**

Nero simply got to it first. How long I  
was travelling... I couldn't tell you.  
It was timeless. But when I arrived...

LIGHT on Spock Prime's face goes away -- he and the Jellyfish  
are back in SPACE --

168-9 OMIT  
168-9

170 EXT. SPACE - NIGHT  
170

-- but now, facing him, is the NARADA.

**SPOCK PRIME (V.O.)**  
Nero was waiting for me.

171-3 OMIT  
171-3

174 INT. CAVE - DAY  
174

KIRK INHALES, SHARPLY, having been there with Spock Prime.  
Back  
to the two men, in a cave:

Kirk stares at him... his mind spinning because now he  
believes him. The result is overwhelmingly emotional.

**SPOCK PRIME**

Forgive me... emotional transference is  
an effect of the mind meld.

174 CONTINUED:  
174

**KIRK**  
(sympathy, surprise)  
... so you do feel...

**SPOCK PRIME**  
"Cthia" is the stricture that binds our emotions... but few of us are that perfectly Vulcan.

Kirk gathers himself, wipes his eyes on his sleeve...

**KIRK**  
Going back in time... you changed all our lives.

**SPOCK PRIME**  
Yet remarkably, events within our timelines, characteristics, people... seem to overlap significantly. Tell me about the rest of the crew? Chekov-- Uhura --?

**KIRK**  
Tactical and Communications --

**SPOCK PRIME**  
-- Sulu --

**KIRK**  
-- he's the helmsman, why?

**SPOCK PRIME**  
Dr. McCoy would assert our meeting here is not a matter of coincidence... but rather, indication of a higher purpose.

**KIRK**  
... he'd call it a damn miracle.

**SPOCK PRIME**  
Yes he would. Perhaps the time stream's way of attempting to mend itself. In both our histories, the same crew found its way onto the same ship in a time of ultimate crisis -- therein lies our advantage.

(rises)  
We must go-- there's a Starfleet outpost not far from here.

But Kirk stands -- stops him:

174 CONTINUED: (2)  
174

**KIRK**

Where you came from... did I know my father?

**SPOCK PRIME**

... yes. You often spoke of him as your inspiration for joining starfleet.

This is amazing for Kirk -- he looks off, trying to imagine that life. Spock intuits what this means.

**SPOCK PRIME (CONT'D)**

You should know. He proudly lived to see you become captain of the Enterprise.

**KIRK**

... Captain?

**SPOCK PRIME**

A ship we must return you to as soon as possible.

174A EXT. SPACE - CONTINUOUS  
174A

The Enterprise STREAKS through frame in a warp blur --

174B INT. ENTERPRISE BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS  
174B

Sulu at his controls:

**SULU**

Warp three. Course one-five-one mark three, the Laurentian System.

The turbolift opens -- McCoy enters, moves to Spock:

**MCCOY**

You wanted to see me?

**SPOCK**

(discreet tone)

Yes, Doctor. I'm aware that James Kirk is a friend of yours. Supporting me, as you did, must have been difficult.

**MCCOY**

... are you thanking me?

**SPOCK**

I'm simply acknowledging your difficulties.

We're not sure how McCoy is taking this...

**97**

**174B CONTINUED:**

**174B**

**MCCOY**

Permission to speak freely, Sir.

**SPOCK**

I welcome it.

**MCCOY**

Do you. Okay then: are you out of your Vulcan mind? Were you doing the logical thing? Maybe. The right one? Debatable. But one thing's for damn sure -- that kid doesn't know how to lose. Just isn't in his DNA. Back home we have a saying: "If you're gonna ride in the Kentucky Derby, don't leave your prize stallion in the stable."

**SPOCK**

... a curious metaphor, Doctor. As a stallion must first be broken before it can reach its potential.

**MCCOY**

My God, Man... you could at least act like it was a hard decision.

**SPOCK**

I intended to assist in the effort to re-establish communication with Starfleet. However, if crew morale would be better served by my roaming the halls weeping, I'll gladly defer to your medical expertise.

A strong look and Spock turns away as Sarek enters the bridge. Spock moves to meet him. Off McCoy, fuming --

**174C EXT. DELTA VEGA - PLANET SURFACE - DAY**

**174C**

A fucking BLIZZARD. Kirk and Spock Prime move through the maddening whiteout. Kirk yells through it:

**KIRK**  
**I AM SO PISSED OFF AT THE OTHER YOU RIGHT**  
**NOW!**

And Spock POINTS -- an OUTPOST -- half a mile away.

175 **INT. STARFLEET OUTPOST - DAY**  
175

Long tile corridor. The door at the end opens -- SNOW AND WIND as Kirk and Spock Prime enter. Door closes. Silence again.

**98**

175 **CONTINUED:**  
175

**KIRK**  
... hello?!

Echo. Nothing. They head down. After a beat, a SMALL, DARK, ODDLY ALIEN CREATURE STEPS OUT. Eyes them curiously. This is **KEENSER**.

**KEENSER**  
... can I help you?

**SPOCK PRIME**  
Are you the station chief?

Keenser looks them over. Then:

**KEENSER**  
... no. This way.

And they follow Keenser into a MASSIVE WAREHOUSE, filled mostly with junked space parts. A large, tarped SHUTTLE in the background. In the middle of the huge, depressing space is a table. And a STARFLEET OFFICER who is ASLEEP, legs kicked up, leaning back in a chair, a hat covering his face. Keenser taps the Officer's boot.

**STARFLEET OFFICER**  
Hm.

**KEENSER**  
Visitors.

A beat -- and the Officer peers from under his hat. A cool,

slow burn.

**STARFLEET OFFICER**

You realize how unacceptable this is.

**KIRK**

Excuse me?

**SPOCK PRIME**

(re: the Officer)

... Fascinating.

**KIRK**

What?

Officer stands, unhappy about something. Keeser watches nearby -

**STARFLEET OFFICER**

I'm sure it's no' your fault, and I know  
youse lads are just doing your jobs, but  
could you no' have come a wee bit  
sooner?!

**(MORE)**

99

175 CONTINUED: (2)

175

**STARFLEET OFFICER (CONT'D)**

Six months I've been living on nothing  
but Starfleet Protein Nibs and the  
promise of a real food delivery! Six  
months, boys! It's pretty clear what's  
going on here, isn't it? Punishment!  
Ongoing! For something that was clearly  
an accident!

**SPOCK PRIME**

You're Montgomery Scott.

**KIRK**

You know him?

**SCOTTY**

Yes, that's me -- Scotty-- you're in the  
right place-- are there any other hard-  
working and equally-starving Starfleet  
officers around?

**KEENSER**

Me.

**SCOTTY**

You eat nothing. A bean and you're done for a week, I need food. And now you're here -- so. Thank you. Where is it.

**SPOCK PRIME**

You are in fact the Mr. Scott who postulated the theory of trans-warp beaming.

**SCOTTY**

Yes! That's exactly what I'm talking about! How d'ya think I ended up here? I got into a debate with my instructor on the issue of Relativistic Physics as they pertain to subspace travel... He seemed to think that the range of transporting say, a roast turkey, was limited to a few hundred miles -- so I told my instructor I could not only beam a bird from one planet to an adjacent planet in the same system -- which is no big deal anyway -- but if I were so inclined I could actually do it with a lifeform! So I tested it on Admiral Archer's prize beagle. Which... was a mistake.

**KIRK**

I know that dog. What happened to it?

100

175    **CONTINUED: (3)**

175

**SCOTTY**

I'll tell ya when it reappears.      Dunno.  
Feel guilty.

**SPOCK PRIME**

What if I told you your trans-warp theory was correct? That it is indeed possible to beam onto a ship that is travelling at warp speed. And that you only required the correct field equation to recrystallize dilithium?

**SCOTTY**

I haven't been stationed here that long. If such an equation had been discovered, I'da heard.

**SPOCK PRIME**

The reason you haven't heard of it, Mr.

Scott... is because you haven't discovered it yet.

Kirk reacts. Scotty reacts -- is almost spooked -- sobers up a bit... really regards Spock Prime. Skeptical. Amused.

**SCOTTY**

Y'from the future, are ya? Brilliant.  
D'they still have sandwiches where you're from? Piece and jam? Mince 'n tatties?  
Cockaleekie soup?

**KIRK**

What is he talking about?

**KEENSTER**

Food.

**SPOCK PRIME**

Allow us access to your shuttle... and I will show you what a genius you actually are.

Off Scotty, who can't help but be intrigued --

176 OMIT

176

177 EXT./INT. SCOTTY'S SHUTTLE - TRANSPORTER PAD - MOMENTS LATER  
177

Scotty PULLS A TARP over much of the out-of-service shuttle.

**SCOTTY**

She's a wee bit dodgy: shield emitters are totally banjaxed, along wi' a few other things.

101

177 CONTINUED:

177

Spock finishes speed-typing the FIELD EQUATIONS on the TRANSPORTER CONTROL PANEL -- amazingly fast.

**SCOTTY (CONT'D)**

... rapid. That's impressive.

Spock Prime steps aside:

**SPOCK PRIME**

Your equation for achieving trans-warp

beaming.

Scotty looks at the equations -- we watch his expression run the gamut: from confused, to dumbfounded, to quiet awe and delight:

**SCOTTY**

Imagine that! Never occurred to me to think of space as the part that's moving.

**SPOCK PRIME**

Point of fact: it did occur to you.  
(he works the console)  
Extrapolating Enterprise's course --

**SCOTTY**

-- Enterprise? Had its maiden voyage already, has it? Well, you must've done something right to be assigned to that ship, Kiddo. She's a well endowed lady -- love to get my hands on her ample nacelles, if you'll pardon the engineering parlance.

**SPOCK PRIME**

Now's your chance, Mr. Scott.

**SCOTTY**

Look, even if I believed you -- where you're from, what I've done-- which I don't -- we're still talkin' bout slingshotting aboard while she's going faster than light. Without a proper receiving pad, that's like tryin'a hit a bullet with a smaller bullet, wearing a blindfold. On a horse.

**SPOCK**

I calculate no more than a four meter margin of error.

**SCOTTY**

That's all well and good unless you rematerialize four meters outside the ship.

**102**

177    **CONTINUED: (2)**  
177

As Spock works the keyboard, an ENTERPRISE SCHEMATIC rotates:

**SPOCK PRIME**

Agreed: the aft engineering bay is your best option: a large space and no unpredictable airlocks --

**KIRK**

-- you're coming with us, right?

**SPOCK PRIME**

No, Jim. My destiny lies along a different path.

**KIRK**

Your destiny can wait -- he won't believe me, only you can explain w--

**SPOCK PRIME**

(simply, strong)  
Under no circumstances can he be made aware of my existence.  
You must promise me this.

**KIRK**

You're telling me I can't tell you I'm following your own orders? Why not?  
What happens?

**SPOCK PRIME**

Trust me. Above all. Jim, this is the one rule you cannot break. To stop Nero, you alone must take command of your ship.

**KIRK**

How, over your dead body?

**SPOCK PRIME**

Preferably not. There is, however, Starfleet Regulation 619.

(off Kirk's confusion)

Yes. I forget what little regard you had for such things. 619 states that any commanding officer who is emotionally compromised by the mission at hand... must resign said command.

**KIRK**

So I need to emotionally compromise you?

**SPOCK PRIME**

Jim. I just lost my planet. I can tell you. I am emotionally compromised.

(then)

What you must do... is get me to show it.

PUSHING IN ON KIRK as this lands for him --

177 CONTINUED: (3)  
177

**KIRK**

Hm.

**SCOTTY**

Aye, then. Live or die, Laddie, let's get this over with. he Enterprise has a decent cafeteria I'm guessing.

Scotty's on the pad. Kirk follows, looks at Spock:

**KIRK**

You know... coming back in time... changing history... that's cheating.

**SPOCK PRIME**

A trick I learned from an old friend.

Something strikes Kirk -- his eyes GLINT with revelation. Spock responds enigmatically: a silent acknowledgment of what Kirk must do to get the ship. He raises his hand in the legendary Vulcan salute:

**SPOCK PRIME (CONT'D)**

Live long, and prosper.

And Spock activates the transporter and they DEMATERIALIZE -- the light plays off his face as he watches them vanish --

178 EXT. SPACE - CONTINUOUS  
178

The Enterprise SHOOTS THROUGH FRAME at warp --

179 INT. ENTERPRISE - ENGINEERING BAY - CONTINUOUS  
179

Amid the ROAR of the ship's plasma drives, PARTICLES rematerialize... it's KIRK, eyes wide in suspense. He looks down at his legs, his chest, his arms to make sure he's still in one piece, glances over to share his relief with Scotty... BUT SCOTTY ISN'T THERE. A strange BANGING -- Kirk turns: the BANGING is coming from a large metal TANK -- then Scotty appears in a TRANSLUCENT PIPE -- FREAKING OUT -- BANGING ON THE CLEAR METAL -- Kirk's mind races -- he looks around for a way to save his new friend -- just then a STRONG CURRENT IS FELT inside the tube -- AND SCOTTY IS YANKED AWAY, DOWN THE TUBE!

**KIRK**

-- no-- shit!

And Kirk runs after him -- down the length of the ORANGE, TWISTING and TURNING tubes -- SCOTTY SEEN every time he enters a CLEAR TUBE AREA -- then DISAPPEARING again into the ORANGE tubes -- and Scotty gets sucked UPWARDS -- and Kirk turns and looks -- **FOLLOWS THE LENGTH OF TUBE -- SEEING WHERE IT'S HEADING -- TO A GIANT WATER TURBINE -- essentially? A MASSIVE FUCKING BLENDER.**

104

179 **CONTINUED:**

179

**KIRK (CONT'D)**

-- no--nonono--

And Kirk HAULS ASS to the control panel -- we see the huge machine -- overhead, the RELEASE VALVE under the pipe -- and Kirk works as fast as he can --

**KIRK (CONT'D)**

COMEONCOMEONCOMEON -- like the simulator:  
manual control enabled, pressure seal:  
enabled -- shutdown--

-- but the COMPUTER SAYS:

**COMPUTER VOICE**

Turbine Shutdown Not Allowed.

**KIRK**

**DAMNIT!**

180 **INT. ENTERPRISE - BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS**

180

A display on the forward console, an ALARM FLASHES --

**CHEKOV**

Keptin, we're detecting unauthorized  
access to a water turbine control board!

Spock moves from Sarek to Chekov --

**SPOCK**

Bring up video.

Chekov brings up TWO DOZEN SECURITY VIDEO IMAGES ON ONE SCREEN. Spock points to one -- it ENLARGES -- and we see KIRK AND SCOTTY racing through the ship -- Spock's eyes narrow -- he moves to the Captain's chair -- hits comm:

**SPOCK (CONT'D)**

Security, this is the captain -- seal engineering deck and bring me the intruders in turbine station three -- set phasers to stun.

181 INT. PIPE - CONTINUOUS  
181

INSIDE THE TUBE, SCOTTY TUMBLES, YELLING UNDERWATER as --

105

181A INT. ENTERPRISE - ENGINEERING BAY - CONTINUOUS  
181A

Kirk, AT THE PANEL, accesses the RELEASE VALVE CONTROL -- he watches Scotty disappear through a CLEAR SECTION -- Kirk times it -- waiting -- then he HITS THE BUTTON and Scotty DROPS THROUGH THE RELEASE VALVE AND SLAMS TO THE FLOOR -- hurt, wet, but BREATHING, deeply --

**KIRK**

You all right?

**SCOTTY**

(recovering, looking around)

-- nice -- (cough) -- ship. Really.

**KIRK**

-- let's get to the bridge--

181B INT. ENTERPRISE - VARIOUS AREAS  
181B

Kirk and wet Scotty race through the ship -- only to finally turn a corner and be faced with PHASERS, AIMED RIGHT AT THEM.

But suddenly PHASERS are at their heads. Two SECURITY GUARDS -- one, THE GUY HE GOT INTO THE FIGHT WITH AT THE BAR, YEARS AGO.

**SECURITY OFFICER #1**

Come with me. Moon Beam.

Off Kirk -- shit --

182-3 OMIT  
3

182-

184 INT. ENTERPRISE - BRIDGE [SET CHANGE]  
184

WOOSH -- bridge doors open -- Kirk and Scotty are ushered in by the Security Guards. Spock moves to them, containing his anger and dismay. McCoy is here as well. Spock walks right up to Kirk... raises his eyebrow.

**KIRK**

Surprise.

**SPOCK**

(to Scotty)

Who are you?

**KIRK**

He's with me.

**106**

**184** **CONTINUED:**

**184**

**SPOCK**

We're travelling at warp -- how did you manage to get aboard this ship?

Kirk stares at the young Spock -- a different experience now --

**KIRK**

You're the genius, you figure it out.

**SPOCK**

As Captain of this vessel I order you to answer the question.

**KIRK**

Well I'm not telling.

(then)

Captain.

HUH. That confounds Spock. And Kirk is off to the races --

**KIRK (CONT'D)**

Does that frustrate you? My lack of cooperation... does it make you angry?

Spock again focuses on Scotty --

**SPOCK**

You are not a member of this ship's crew. Under penalty of court martial, I order you to explain to me how you beamed ab --

**KIRK**

(to Scotty)  
-- Don't answer him.

**SPOCK**  
You will answer me.

ON SCOTTY. Weighing all this. Then --

**SCOTTY**  
I'd rather not take sides.

Spock nods back to the SECURITY GUARDS, over this --

**SPOCK**  
Escort them to the Brig.

But before the guards can do so --

**KIRK**  
What is it about you, Spock? Your planet  
was just destroyed -- your mother  
murdered -- and you're not even upset?

107

184 CONTINUED: (2)

184

**SPOCK**  
Your presumption that these experiences  
interfere with my abilities to command  
this ship is inaccurate--

**KIRK**  
HA! And yet you said fear was necessary  
for command. I mean -- did you see that  
bastard's ship? Did you see what he did?

**SPOCK**  
(tense)  
Yes, of course I--

**KIRK**  
So are you afraid or aren't you?!?

**SPOCK**  
(tenser)  
I will not... allow you to lecture me  
about the merits of emotion.

Kirk gets close to Spock --

**KIRK**

Then why don't you stop me.

Sarek watches, tense. McCoy, too. Spock blinks --

**SPOCK**

Step away from me, Mr. Kirk.

**KIRK**

What is it like? Not to feel? Anger. Or heartbreak. Or the need to stop at nothing to avenge the death of the woman who gave birth to you?!

**SPOCK**

(volcanic)

-- back away --

**KIRK**

(closer still)

You must not feel anything! It must not even compute for you! You must not have loved her at all--!

-- WHAM! SPOCK HAS JUST HIT KIRK -- and Kirk goes to hit back, but Spock fucking DELIVERS A SERIES OF POWERFUL BLOWS -- Security stand back as the Captain attacks...

And Spock is now fucking CHOKING Kirk -- HE SLAMS KIRK AGAINST THE WALL -- SPOCK'S CHOKING THE LIFE OUT OF HIM --

108

184 CONTINUED: (3)

184

**SAREK**

Spock!

And everything -- everything -- STOPS. Spock, red-faced, releases his grip. Kirk GULPS air and tumbles to the ground. Spock staggers back. Kirk's hardly able to speak, close to collapsing. But despite his brutalized face, his expression isn't about spite, or hatred... but compassion.

Spock sees the faces of the STUNNED CREW staring at him. But worst of all? Sarek. His father. Spock levels his chin. Quickly wipes his eyes. Trying to regain some semblance of dignity... looks to McCoy. Softly --

**SPOCK**

Doctor. I am no longer fit for duty. I hereby relinquish my command on the grounds that I have been... emotionally

compromised. Please note the time and date in the ship's log.

JESUS. Spock just... QUIT. And after a beat, he leaves the room. Sarek follows a moment later.

The crew just stands there in stunned SILENCE. Finally --

**SCOTTY**

I like this ship. It's exciting.

McCoy turns to Kirk, exasperated --

**MCCOY**

Congratulations, Jim. Now we've got no Captain and no first officer to goddamn replace him.

ON KIRK. The moment is upon him.

**KIRK**

Yeah we do.

ON MCCOY. The CREW -- confused. Sulu just fucking POINTS at Kirk and they all realize HOLY SHIT -- Pike made KIRK the First Officer before he left!

**MCCOY**

**WHAT?!**

**KIRK**

Thanks for the support!

And Kirk moves to the captain's chair, passing Uhura:

**108A**

**184 CONTINUED: (4)**

**184**

**UHURA**

I sure hope you know what you're doing.

**KIRK**

... so do I.

(studies chair, sits,  
into mic)

Attention crew of the Enterprise. This is James Kirk...

**185 INT. ENTERPRISE - CORRIDOR**

**185**

TRACKING WITH SPOCK, hearing the announcement as he walks stoically -- past CREW, hearing this --

**KIRK (V.O.)**

Mr. Spock has resigned commission and advanced me to acting Captain. I know you were all expecting to regroup with the fleet, but I've ordered a pursuit course of the enemy ship to Earth.

**186 OMIT**

**186**

**187 INT. ENTERPRISE - BRIDGE [SET CHANGE]**

**187**

On KIRK as he ends the announcement:

**KIRK**

I want all departments at battle stations and ready in ten minutes. Either we're going down, or they are. Kirk out.

Clicks off. PUSH IN ON KIRK, staring off --

**UHURA**

I want some answers.

He looks up. Uhura is there. Pissed off:

**109**

**187 CONTINUED:**

**187**

**UHURA (CONT'D)**

Right now. Where the hell'd you get trans-warp technology?

**KIRK**

-- yeah, you know that's complicated --

**UHURA**

Do I look simple to you?!

**SULU**

I'm a PhD in astrophysics, I think I can handle it -- how'd you get back?

**CHEKOV**

You want us to trust you but you von't tell us the truth?

**KIRK**

No. No, I won't-- hey, I'm the Captain now! I don't have to tell you anything! Now listen: we need to figure out a way to catch up and get to Nero's ship.

**SULU**

There's not a chance. They're gonna be in geosynchronous orbit around Earth in ten minutes. We'll never make it.

**MCCOY**

Even if we could, you can't go in guns blazing, not with their technology, that's suicide.

**KIRK**

Then we find a way to get on that ship and steal the black hole device away from them.

**SCOTTY**

Well you can forget transwarp. No way to predict the Narada's position from here.

**KIRK**

Uhura: anything from Captain Pike?

**UHURA**

No... I've been monitoring all channels.

**188 INT. ENTERPRISE - TRANSPORTER BAY [SET CHANGE]**  
**188**

SPOCK stand here, staring at the place where his mother should have, but didn't, arrive. Sarek enters. Sees his son. They're alone for the first time in ages. A beat:

**110**

**188 CONTINUED:**  
**188**

**SAREK**

You must not punish yourself.  
(beat)  
Speak your mind, Spock.

**SPOCK**

That would be unwise.

**SAREK**

What is necessary is always wise.

Watch Spock's face. Struggling with what's pent-up inside...

**SPOCK**

I feel as conflicted as I once was. As a child. Have I made so little progress?

**SAREK**

(beat, softly)

You will always be a child of two worlds.

I am grateful for that. And for you.

(painfully)

And not only because you are all I have left of her.

Spock looks at Sarek. This is as close to emotion as he'll get.

**SPOCK**

I feel anger. For the one who took her life. An anger I cannot stop.

**SAREK**

I believe she would say... do not try to.  
(then)

You asked me once. Why I married your mother.

(beat, simply)

I married her because I loved her.

Their look HOLDS -- and for Spock, a revelation...

189    **INT. ENTERPRISE - BRIDGE**  
189

-- the strategy session continues in FULL SWING -- now Chekov, the youngest of the bunch, gets up the courage to chime in, incidently becoming the very first officer to say:

**CHEKOV**

Keptin Kirk?    Excuse me, plees, could  
I...?

All eyes shift to the wonder-kid who awaits permission to speak:

**111**

189    **CONTINUED:**  
189

**KIRK**

Yes, Chekov-- you don't need to ask permission to--

**CHEKOV**

Based on the Narada's course from Vulcan, I've projected that Nero will travel past Saturn. If we could drop out of warp behind one of Saturn's moons, say, Titan, the magnetic distortion from the planet's rings will make us invisible to Nero's sensors. We could follow him to Earth by staying in his blind spot.

**KIRK**

What blind spot?

**CHEKOV**

Its exhaust wake. If we adjust our shield frequencies, they shouldn't detect us.

**MCCOY**

Wait a minute-- anyone understand this kid? How old are you?

**CHEKOV**

I am seventeen, Sir, how old are you?

**MCCOY**

We're all old enough to shave here.

**SPOCK (O.S.)**

Doctor... Mr. Chekov is correct.

Everyone turns, surprised: SPOCK has entered the bay -- galvanized, full of purpose --

**SPOCK (CONT'D)**

I have reviewed his telemetry. If Mr. Sulu can maneuver us into position, I can beam aboard Nero's ship.

**KIRK**

I won't order you to do that, Mr. Spock.

**SPOCK**

Romulans and Vulcans share a common ancestry. Our cultural similarities will make it easier for me to access their ship's computer to locate the device.

(beat; a flicker of emotion)

**(MORE)**

111A

189 CONTINUED: (2)

189

**SPOCK (CONT'D)**

Also, my mother was human. Which makes Earth the only home I have left.

112

189 CONTINUED: (3)

189

The crew looks at this very courageous Vulcan with deep respect  
-  
- but his focus is on Uhura, whose eyes smile back at him.

**KIRK**

Then I'm coming with you.

**SPOCK**

(beat, considering)

I would cite regulation, but I know you will simply ignore it.

**KIRK**

See, we're getting to know each other.

And a MOMENT -- a burgeoning friendship --

190 EXT. BARREN LANDSCAPE

190

PANNING ACROSS AN ALIEN LANDSCAPE... and even though it's in shadow, you start to recognize it as THE DARK SIDE OF THE MOON. OUR POV ascends now to see:

**THE ENTERPRISE DROPS OUT OF WARP IN THE DEAD SILENCE OF SPACE...**

And we move past it, along the orbit of the moon, cresting the horizon to see EARTH -- AND NERO'S SHIP HOVERING ABOVE IT.

191 INT. NARADA - BRIDGE - NIGHT

191

CLOSE ON NERO -- his face illuminated on the DARKENED BRIDGE of the Narada by SOFT BLUE LIGHT. Light radiated by EARTH. A BEAUTIFUL HOLOGRAM before him. He doesn't notice behind him, as those BLADES from his STAFF APPEAR BEHIND HIS NECK. Nero tenses, only now sensing this unforeseen danger: AYEL HOLDS THE WEAPON. Strong. Tough. But under it all... terrified.

**AYEL**

The men and I have discussed this. What we are about to do.

(beat)

We have to turn the ship around. We can save our home.

Nero turns slowly and deliberately -- Ayel tenses:

**AYEL (CONT'D)**

Stop.

Nero now faces Ayel, blades at his throat -- Ayel growing more nervous as he faces his master. The surrounding crew stare on, frozen in the moment, only slightly confirming their makeshift mutiny with scared looks.

**113**

**191 CONTINUED:**

**191**

**AYEL (CONT'D)**

We can go back. That's what we want. We have taken our vengeance on Vulcan. No more. We want to go home now.

Nero considers this... nods gently.

**NERO**

There is no need, Ayel. To threaten me.

(beat)

I understand.

Ayel is massively relieved. Nero gently reaches out, holds the staff (still aimed at him). He deactivates it -- the blades instantly RETRACT.

**NERO (CONT'D)**

I understand. But you are wrong.

And just as Ayel realizes he's fucked, Nero somehow activates the staff in a way we have not seen -- **AND THE BLADES APPEAR ON THE OTHER END -- THE END NOW FACING AYEL -- AND JUST AS AYEL'S EYES GO WIDE -- NERO THRUSTS THE BLADES INTO AYEL -- WHO FALLS TO THE FLOOR, DEAD!** Nero's hard face turns to the rest of his crew.

**NERO (CONT'D)**

We will return to Romulus when the Federation lies in ruins and not a moment before. When those who watched our people burn at last understand our pain, our loss. I refuse to return as a slave! We will return as conquerors!

ON THE FACES OF THE MEN, SUBMITTING TO HIS WILL, our MUSIC BUILDING -- and then, his eyes on Earth like a fucking LION eyes a gazelle--

**NERO (CONT'D)**

Deploy the drill.

**192 EXT. THE NARADA**

**192**

THE DRILL BAY DOORS open as they LOWER THE PLASMA DRILL.

**193 INT. U.S.S. ENTERPRISE - BRIDGE**

**193**

No sign of Kirk and Spock. Sulu's in the captain's chair. Chekov at helm.

**SULU**

Mr. Chekov, transfer manual control to the Captain's chair.

**114**

**193 CONTINUED:**

**193**

**CHEKOV**

Aye.

(works controls)

I've projected the parabolic course you must follow. If you deviate by so much as a meter, we will be detected.

**SULU**

Give me one quarter impulse burst for five seconds and I'll do the rest with thrusters. On my mark. Three... two... one... fire.

**194 EXT. U.S.S. ENTERPRISE - SPACE**

**194**

The impulse engines SURGE, shutting off as the ship slips out from behind the moon and into open space --

**195 INT. U.S.S. ENTERPRISE - BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS**

**195**

Sulu makes rapid-fire thruster combinations to stay on track -- a stealthy ballet of incredible dexterity. THE NARADA appears over the horizon in geosynchronous orbit, passing underneath the

Enterprise as they are in behind it.

**SULU**

All stop in three... two... one...

**196 EXT. THE NARADA/ENTERPRISE - CONTINUOUS**

**196**

The small Enterprise pulls into position behind the massive Narada's BLIND SPOT and comes to a gentle stop. Tension --

**197 INT. ENTERPRISE - BRIDGE - NIGHT**

**197**

**SULU (INTO CHAIR COMM)**

Transporter Room. We're in stable geosynchronous orbit behind the Narada.

**CHEKOV**

(scanning)

No sign they've detected us --

**198 INT. ENTERPRISE - TRANSPORTER ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

**198**

KIRK and SPOCK ready themselves for transport. STRAP ON UTILITY BELTS: COM-SETS, TRICORDERS, and of course, PHASERS --

**SCOTTY**

(on Communicator)

Well done, Mr. Sulu.

**115**

**198 CONTINUED:**

**198**

**KIRK**

Whatever happens Mr. Sulu, if you feel you have a tactical advantage fire on that ship. Even if we're still aboard. It's an order.

**SULU**

Yessir. Good luck.

Spock turns to Uhura, who hands him a small TRANSLATOR DEVICE:

**UHURA**

We'll be monitoring your frequency...

Uhura gives the translator to Spock -- AND HE KISSES UHURA.

**SPOCK**

Thank you, Nyota.

They part, revealing KIRK'S SHOCKED FACE. Uhura walks off, leaving the two men -- Kirk looking stunned at Spock.

**KIRK**

Her first name is...

**SPOCK**

I have no comment on the matter.

Kirk still stunned as Scotty moves to transporter control.

**SCOTTY**

If there's any common sense to their ship design, I'll be puttin' ya in a cargo bay, shouldn't be a soul in sight.

**KIRK AND SPOCK STAND ON THE TRANSPORTER PAD, SIDE-BY-SIDE AND FACING THE SAME DIRECTION FOR THE FIRST TIME -- AN ICONIC IMAGE**

- The moment of truth.

**KIRK**

Energize.

Scotty hits the transport and Kirk and Spock DISAPPEAR --

**199 INT. NARADA - CARGO BAY - CONTINUOUS**  
**199**

Kirk and Spock MATERIALIZE in the cargo bay... to find themselves suddenly smack-dab in the middle of SIX ROMULAN GUARDS working at cargo consoles!!

**116**

**199 CONTINUED:**  
**199**

For a split second they're as shocked as Kirk and Spock, until they ATTACK -- Kirk immediately engages the closest Romulan, struggles -- but Spock's a machine: his palm snaps up CRACKING a nose -- SLAMS a head against the wall -- as battle-ready as the Romulans are, it's like trying to catch a GHOST, Kirk finally knocks his one opponent unconscious, and turns to see it's ALL OVER --

**KIRK**

(a touch insecure)

Mine had a gun.

**SPOCK**

I am trained in the Vulcan martial art of  
Suus Mahna.

Kirk and Spock move to a still conscious Romulan as he struggles to get up. Spock reaches for the fallen Romulan's temples.

**SPOCK (CONT'D)**

I am unable to meld with these Romulans --  
there are subtle differences in their  
physiology I did not anticipate --

**KIRK**

-- punch him in the face --  
make him talk! Suus Mahna his  
intended  
ass!

-- then pretend it's a threat -  
- I'm your captain, that's an  
order!

**SPOCK**

-- Suss Mahna is only  
for self-defense, he's no  
longer a threat --

Spock PUNCHES the Romulan HARD -- and via Uhura's comlink translator, speaks in SUBTITLED ROMULAN:

**SPOCK (SUBTITLE) (CONT'D)**

What is your computer access code?

The guard SPITS green blood at Spock, who PUNCHES him again --

**SPOCK (SUBTITLE) (CONT'D)**

TELL! (PUNCH)      ME! (PUNCH)      THE! (PUNCH)  
CODE!

200    INT. NARADA - BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS  
200

**ROMULAN HELMSMAN**

The plasma drill is repaired and fully  
deployed.

**NERO**

Good. Let's begin.

117

201    EXT. SUSPENDED DRILL - ABOVE CALIFORNIA - CONTINUOUS  
201

THE ENERGY TORNADO FIRES FROM THE DRILL INTO THE EARTH!

202 EXT. SAN FRANCISCO - DAY  
202

The plasma beam SLAMS INTO SAN FRANCISCO BAY -- massive  
**CONCUSSION CLOUDS FORM AROUND THE BEAM** --

202A EXT. STARFLEET ACADEMY/COMMAND - CONTINUOUS  
202A

Cadets RUN to see the horrific sight of the plasma beam --

203 INT. ENTERPRISE BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS  
203

As Uhura returns to the bridge, everyone's stations go DARK --  
STATIC on screens --

**CHEKOV**

They've activated the drill --

**UHURA**

Communications and transporter  
inoperative --

**SULU**

They're on their own now.

204 INT. NARADA - CONTINUOUS  
204

A ROTATING SHIP SCHEMATIC -- Spock typing at a console,  
searching -- accesses two inter-cam windows: on one, SPOCK  
PRIME'S SHIP, THE JELLYFISH -- in a lower containment hold -- on  
the other: PIKE, unclear if he's dead or alive.

**SPOCK**

What you refer to as the "Red Matter  
Device" is in the main hangar -- and I've  
located Captain Pike.

**KIRK**

Is he alive?

**SPOCK**

Unknown.

**KIRK**

Let's move.

They cover each other with phasers as they move down the hall --

205 INT. NARADA - MAIN HANGAR  
205

Captain Pike's shuttle and the Jellyfish sit parked among the equipment. Kirk and Spock stealthily board the Jellyfish --

206 INT. JELLYFISH - COCKPIT - CONTINUOUS  
206

Kirk hits a console, a familiar voice comes to life:

**COMPUTER VOICE**

Voice print and face recognition analysis enabled.

**KIRK**

Spock, you'll be piloting the ship alone.

**SPOCK**

Which may be problematic, as I am unfamiliar with this ship's design.

THE LASER GRID RESPONDS TO SPOCK'S VOICE, scans his features for ID -- THE HOLOGRAPHIC DISPLAY MATERIALIZES:

**COMPUTER VOICE**

Welcome back, Ambassador Spock.

**KIRK**

(awkwardly)

Wow. That's weird.

He looks to Kirk in surprise -- Spock's eyes fix with sudden understanding. Ambassador Spock... of course... suddenly all the pieces start coming together...

**SPOCK**

Computer: what is your manufacturing origin?

**COMPUTER VOICE**

Stardate 2397, commissioned by the Vulcan Science Academy.

Spock looks at Kirk, a touch upset:

**SPOCK**

It appears you've been keeping rather important information from me.

**KIRK**

Just trust me. Can ya do that?

Spock weigh his options. Trust. Finally:

**119**

**206 CONTINUED:**  
**206**

**KIRK (CONT'D)**

I'll get Pike.

Kirk exits --

**207 INT. NARADA [SET CHANGE]**  
**207**

Kirk moves through various areas of the ship --

**208 INT. JELLYFISH - COCKPIT**  
**208**

Spock works the control -- fires up the craft --

**209 EXT. NARADA - HANGAR - WITH JELLYFISH INSIDE**  
**209**

LIGHTS COME ON -- he starts it up -- the ship begins to RISE -- and with the enormous JELLYFISH now OPERATING -- FLOATING IN THE HANGAR, Spock turns the ship and FIRES AT THE MASSIVE IRIS DOOR, **BLOWING IT OPEN! DEBRIS AND LOOSE OBJECTS GET SUCKED INTO SPACE** as --

**210 INT. NARADA - BRIDGE**  
**210**

The ship SHUDDERS from within -- ALARMS --

**ROMULAN HELMSMAN**

Primary core rupture, warp engines off-line!

**NERO**

**HOW?!!**

**ROMULAN TACTICAL OFFICER**

Someone has detonated weapons in the main hangar!

**CLOSE -- NERO -- EYES WILD, REALIZING THEY HAVE A SABOTEUR:**

**NERO**

Restore power! Engage auxiliary systems!

211 OMIT  
211

212 EXT. NARADA - CONTINUOUS  
212

THE JELLYFISH FLIES OUT -- ANGLES TOWARD THE DRILL AND FIRES  
ANOTHER TORPEDO -- DIRECT HIT!

THE MASSIVE RIG SWINGS -- THE TETHERS SNAPSNAPSNAF -- THE DRILL  
TILTS AND ROCKETS LOOSE, PLUMMETING DOWN... DOWN... DOWN...

213 ... CRASHING INTO SAN FRANCISCO BAY  
213

120

214 INT. NARADA - BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS  
214

As the bridge crew fights to regain control:

**ROMULAN TACTICAL OFFICER**  
The drill's been severed!

**ROMULAN COMMANDER**  
Ambassador Spock's ship has been stolen  
as is heading out of the solar system!

**NERO**  
-- WHO'S RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS?!

A beat -- the Romulan Commander looks up from his console:

**ROMULAN COMMANDER**  
(darkly)  
... Spock.

OFF Nero's fucking mega rage --

215 EXT. SPACE - ABOVE EARTH  
215

The Narada turns -- accelerates in pursuit of the Jellyfish and  
AWAY FROM EARTH -- and now we're back to the imagery of the  
first few moments of the movie -- THE NARADA GAINING ON THE  
**JELLYFISH, SPOCK AT THE CONTROLS --**

216 INT. NARADA - CONTINUOUS  
216

**NERO**  
(to comms officer)  
Open a channel --

**ROMULAN COMMUNICATIONS OFFICER**  
Channel Open --

**NERO**  
Spock -- I should've killed you when I  
had the chance.

217 INT. NERO'S SHIP/ JELLYFISH - INTERCUTTING:  
217

**SPOCK STARES WITH DEADLY FOCUS AT THE VIEWSCREEN:**

**SPOCK**  
Under authority granted me by the Europa  
convention, I'm confiscating this  
illegally obtained ship and order you to  
surrender your vessel. No terms. No  
deals.

And Nero? Just grins in perfect contentment...

121

217 **CONTINUED:**  
217

**NERO**  
You can't cheat me again, Spock. I know  
you better than you know yourself.

**SPOCK**  
Last warning: unconditional surrender or  
you will be destroyed.

**NERO**  
(to his Men)  
Fire at will.

**ROMULAN COMMANDER**  
Sir-- if you ignite the red matter, the--

**NERO**  
I want Spock dead! Fire!

Nero hurries to the controls -- operates them himself and --

218 **EXT. NARADA - CONTINUOUS**

218

-- FIRE IT DOES -- TORPEDOES BLAST FROM THE HOLD and to the jellyfish, which performs evasive maneuvers -- the torpedoes EXPLODE as --

219 **INT. NARADA - AIRLOCK SHAFT - CONTINUOUS**

219

Kirk moves through shadow into an airlock shaft, starts climbing ladder rungs --

220 **EXT. SPACE - CONTINUOUS**

220

The JELLYFISH TILTS, earth receding far behind it -- Spock veers to avoid being blown apart -- Nero's ship gaining -- firing --

221 **INT. NARADA - CORRIDORS - CONTINUOUS**

221

Kirk moves through the space -- into the TORTURE ROOM, where he finds PIKE, CLOSE TO DEATH -- Kirk begins unfastening his binds. Pike sees him through his fog -- amazed --

**PIKE**

... Kirk?

**KIRK**

Came back, Sir. Just like you ordered.

Kirk helps LIFT HIM -- but what he DOESN'T SEE are the FOUR GUARDS entering with weapons --

**122**

221 **CONTINUED:**

221

But PIKE, God bless him, does: summoning his last ounce of strength, he manages to UNHOLSTER KIRK'S PHASER AND BLASTS THE FOUR GUARDS OUT OF EXISTENCE! Safe, he SLUMPS, dropping the phaser --

222 **EXT. NARADA - SPACE - CONTINUOUS**

222

The Narada FIRES again, TEARING a gash in the Jellyfish's side.

223 **INT. JELLYFISH - CONTINUOUS**

223

An array EXPLODES --

**NERO ON COMMS**

... you should've fled, Spock. Sight target, standby torpedoes... FIRE!

**COMPUTER VOICE**

Warning: Shields off-line.

On Spock -- bad as things are, they just got worse -- his mind SPINS until:

**SPOCK**

Computer, prepare self destruct sequence.

**224 EXT. JELLYFISH - CONTINUOUS**  
**224**

And the Jellyfish TURNS -- a new course RIGHT FOR THE NARADA --

**225 INT. SPACE - NARADA AND JELLYFISH - CONTINUOUS**  
**225**

CLOSE ON SPOCK, bravely facing certain death -- on a collision course with the Narada -- looks like he's gonna sacrifice himself -- and we assume he'll pull away at the last second, of course he will, but he DOESN'T:

**226 EXT. NARADA AND JELLYFISH - CONTINUOUS**  
**226**

**SMASH! THE JELLYFISH EXPLODES, SPOCK SEEMINGLY KILLED -- AND IN THE BLAST, THE RED MATTER IGNITES! A MASSIVE BLACK HOLE STARTS TO FORM, THE BIGGEST ONE YET! STARS DRIFT TOWARD ITS CENTER, PULLED INTO THE SPHERE BY THE GRAVITY WELL AS IT STARTS TO EXPAND --**

**227 INT. NARADA - BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS**  
**227**

As the ship's ROCKED HARD, Nero sees the black hole BUILDING through the cockpit window:

**NERO**  
**FULL REVERSE!!! NOW, NOW!!**

**123**

**228 EXT. SPACE - CONTINUOUS**  
**228**

EVERYTHING'S GETTING SUCKED INTO THE EVER-EXPANDING BLACK HOLE -

A MASSIVE PULSE OF ENERGY PUMMELS NERO'S SHIP, SHEARING THROUGH ITS HULL -- AS THE NARADA TRIES TO REVERSE OUT OF THE GRAVITY WELL, THE ENTERPRISE IS REVEALED BEHIND IT -- HAVING BEEN THERE THE WHOLE TIME --

229 INT. ENTERPRISE - TRANSPORTER BAY - CONTINUOUS  
229

IT'S A RUSH, CRAZY, TENSE AS HELL --Uhura, McCoy, a MED TEAM and ND OFFICERS race in as Scotty finishes receiving incoming signals:

KIRK, SPOCK... AND PIKE MATERIALIZE ON THE PAD:

**KIRK**

(to Transporter Chief)

Nice timing, Lieutenant --

**SCOTTY**

Never beamed two targets from two places onto the same pad before! That was pretty good!

Kirk transfers Pike to McCoy, who urgently SCANS Pike and barks to a MED-TECH:

**MCCOY**

-- we're gonna need gastric stimulators, let's prep him for surgery, now!

230 INT. NARADA - BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS  
230

Everyone's HURLED off their feet -- consoles fry -- FIRE --

**ROMULAN COMMUNICATIONS OFFICER**

Nero-- it's the Enterprise!

**NERO**

**LOAD WEAPONS AND RAISE SHIELDS!!!**

**ROMULAN HELMSMAN**

**ENGINES USING ALL OUR POWER, SIR!**

Nero's eyes come UNHINGED --

231 INT. ENTERPRISE - BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS  
231

WHOOSH: KIRK and SPOCK race back onto the bridge --

**CHEKOV**

Keptin! The enemy ship is losing power--  
its shields are down!

**124**

**231 CONTINUED:**  
**231**

**KIRK**

Hail them -- now!

NERO appears on screen from the Narada bridge -- the Narada's on its last legs -- a beat before Nero TURNS, realizing Kirk's fucking GRINNING at him from the screen:

**KIRK (CONT'D)**

This is Captain James T. Kirk of the U.S.S. Enterprise -- your ship is compromised -- too close to the singularity to survive without assistance -- which we are willing to provide.

**SPOCK**

(sotto)

Captain -- what are you doing?

**KIRK**

(sotto)

We show them compassion-- it may be the only way to earn peace with Romulus. It's logic, Spock! I thought you'd like that.

**SPOCK**

No, not really, not this time.

**NERO**

I would rather suffer the death of Romulus a thousand times than accept assistance from you.

**KIRK**

You got it.

(turns)

Lock phasers! Fire everything we've got!

**232 EXT. SPACE - CONTINUOUS**  
**232**

**THE ENTERPRISE ARCS AROUND, FIRING A FULL SALVO AT THE NARADA -- AND THE HITS CONNECT, A DOMINO-EFFECT OF EXPLOSIONS RIPPLING**

ACROSS THE ALREADY WEAKENED SHIP -- IT STARTS NOSE-DIVING,  
TOWARD THE BLACK HOLE --

233 INT. U.S.S. ENTERPRISE - BRIDGE  
233

KIRK

Kirk to Engineering: get us out of here,  
Scotty!

SCOTTY (V.O.; COMMS)  
-- you bet yer ass, Captain --

125

234 INT. NARADA - CONTINUOUS  
234

The walls are RIPPING AWAY, PYLONS pull free from their  
moorings, into the ever-expanding sphere -- NERO -- IN THE  
**CHAOS, KNOWING HE'S REACHED THE END, CLOSES HIS EYES:**

NERO

Forgive me... Romulus...

235 EXT. SPACE - CONTINUOUS  
235

**AND THE NARADA IMPLODES, BUCKLING IN ON ITSELF, DISAPPEARING IN  
PIECES INTO THE BLACK VORTEX --**

Leaving only the Enterprise -- its nacelles FLARE as the ship  
tries to make the quantum leap -- BUT: the black hole's now a  
TITANIC WHIRLPOOL so insanely strong that the Enterprise is held  
in place by the gravity well even at warp! IT SHAKES INTO A  
BLUR, trying to cut loose but it CAN'T --

236 INT. ENTERPRISE - BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS  
236

KIRK

**WHY AREN'T WE AT WARP?!**

CHEKOV

**-- WE ARE --!**

SCOTTY OVER SPEAKERS  
**CAPTAIN, WE'RE TRAPPED IN THE GRAVITY  
WELL! IT'S GOT US!**

KIRK

GO TO MAXIMUM WARP! PUSH IT!!!

237 INT. ENTERPRISE - ENGINEERING - INTERCUTTING:  
237

Scotty SHOUTS BACK into the com against the SCREAMING DRIVE:

SCOTTY  
I'M GIVIN' HER ALL SHE'S GOT, CAPTAIN!

KIRK  
ALL SHE'S GOT ISN'T GOOD ENOUGH! WHAT  
ELSE D'YOU GOT?!

SCOTTY  
(last desperate thought)  
IF WE EJECT THE CORE AND DETONATE, THE  
BLAST COULD BE STRONG ENOUGH TO PUSH US  
AWAY BUT I CAN'T PROMISE ANYTHING!

KIRK  
DO IT DO IT DO IT!

126

237 CONTINUED:  
237

Scotty SLAMS the activation panel and we see the WARP CORE eject down a tube, like an INSTANT PNEUMATIC RELEASE --

238 EXT. ENTERPRISE - ABOVE THE BLACK HOLE - CONTINUOUS  
238

THE WARP CORE TUBE LAUNCHES FROM THE ENTERPRISE, STREAKING RIGHT INTO THE MOUTH OF THE BLACK HOLE -- AN INSANE, SILENT EXPLOSION: THE BLACK HOLE LIGHTS UP FROM HORIZON TO HORIZON, THE BLAST WAVE WHITING OUT THE FRAME! THE ENTERPRISE IS CONSUMED WITHIN IT:

FOR A MINUTE, WE THINK IT'S GONE... UNTIL IT'S JETTISONED OUT INTO THE STARS, FLYING AWAY, LEAVING THE FIRESTORM BEHIND IT!

239 INT. ENTERPRISE - BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS  
239

Everyone white-knuckles their seats as the blast DISSIPATES... and our crew sits, wide-eyed, trembling... finally, truly safe.

240 EXT. STARFLEET ACADEMY - SAN FRANCISCO - DAY  
240

Back home.

241 INT. STARFLEET ACADEMY - MEDICAL BAY/HANGAR - DAY  
241

Spock is seen in a medical office with Pike, who lies in bed, recovering -- McCoy monitors him - Spock exits -- walks through the corridor -- sees a VULCAN in silhouette, staring out at the Academy. Sarek. Spock moves to him -- says quietly:

**SPOCK**

Father...?

Sarek turns -- but IT ISN'T SAREK. IT'S SPOCK PRIME. Who says:

**SPOCK PRIME**

I am not... our father.

An incredible beat, our two Spocks in eye lock... both minds processing conversational possibilities at an incredible rate... surreal extensions of each other, separate but connected...

**SPOCK**

... Fascinating.

**SPOCK PRIME**

There are so few Vulcans left. We cannot afford to ignore each other.

Young Spock's eyes flicker in puzzlement...

**SPOCK**

Then why did you send Kirk aboard when you alone could've explained the truth?

127

241 CONTINUED:  
241

**SPOCK PRIME**

(beat, simply)

Because you needed each other. Opposing yet complimentary opposites. It was that balance between us -- I should say you and Kirk -- that often made the impossible, possible.

**SPOCK**

... it was a test?

**SPOCK PRIME**

(no: his heart heavy)

I'm in no position to pass judgment...

my actions have robbed you of much. I could not also deprive you the revelation of all you can accomplish together... of a friendship that will define you both in ways you cannot yet realize.

There is, to young Spock's surprise, vulnerability in that.

**SPOCK**

How did you persuade him to keep your secret?

**SPOCK PRIME**

I inferred universe-ending paradoxes would ensue should he break his promise.

**SPOCK**

You lied.

**SPOCK PRIME**

I implied.

**SPOCK**

A gamble...

**SPOCK PRIME**

An act of faith. One I hope you'll repeat in the future.

Young Spock considers an enduring friendship between him and Kirk... for the first time, understanding it. But --

**SPOCK**

The future's not what it used to be... in the face of extinction, it's only logical I resign my Starfleet commission and help rebuild our race.

**127A**

**241** **CONTINUED: (2)**

**241**

**SPOCK PRIME**

And yet, you are in a unique position... you can be in two places at once.

**(MORE)**

**128**

**241** **CONTINUED: (3)**

**241**

**SPOCK PRIME (CONT'D)**

**(beat)**

I urge you to remain in Starfleet: I've

already located a suitable planet on which to establish a Vulcan colony, and assist in the foundation of a new science academy.

Young Spock takes that in, resolute...

**SPOCK**

My future cannot be determined by your past. We are one, but not the same.

**SPOCK PRIME**

Then I ask that you do yourself a favor. Put away logic. Do what feels right. The world you've inherited lives in the shadow of incalculable devastation... but there's no reason you must face it alone.

Spock Prime moves to the door, stops. Offers the VULCAN SALUTE:

**SPOCK PRIME (CONT'D)**

As my customary farewell would appear oddly self serving, I will simply say... good luck.

Their eyes hold. Spock turns, disappearing into the corridor. Young Spock stares at the empty doorway a beat, his mind a jumble of thoughts... and our MUSIC BUILDS...

**242 INT. STARFLEET CORRIDOR - HANGAR - CONTINUOUS**

**242**

As Spock Prime walks off down the corridor, he passes right by a man conferring with a nurse -- the man pauses, turns... it's SAREK. Suddenly overcome by a feeling that the stranger who's just passed him is... oddly familiar.

**243 INT. STARFLEET ACADEMY - COUNCIL CHAMBERS - DAY**

**243**

MUSIC STILL BUILDING -- glass walls reveal THE ENTERPRISE at dock, UTILITY CRAFTS floating around it, repairing. Standing at attention in rows, THE ENTERPRISE CREW -- over four hundred of them wearing DRESS UNIFORMS -- TRACK DOWN the faces, all proud -

- and we STOP ON YOUNG KIRK. Composed, focused, a man. The ACADEMY PRESIDENT stands at a podium:

**ACADEMY PRESIDENT**

This assembly calls Captain James Tiberius Kirk...

243 CONTINUED:  
243

Kirk breaks from formation, pivots, marches down the hangar -- past UHURA... SULU... CHEKOV... SCOTTY. All Beaming. Notably absent, is Spock. Kirk ascends the stairs, snaps to attention:

**ACADEMY PRESIDENT (CONT'D)**

Your inspirational valor and supreme dedication to your comrades are in keeping with the highest traditions of service and reflect utmost credit to yourself, your crew, and the Federation. For your... unique solution to the Kobayashi Maru, it's my honor to award you with a commendation for original thinking.

He opens a BOX -- glorious in repose, a MEDAL:

**ACADEMY PRESIDENT (CONT'D)**

By Starfleet Order 28455, you are hereby directed to report to Commanding Officer, USS Enterprise, for duty as his relief.

Kirk turns. Walks to... PIKE. In a wheelchair now, wearing an ADMIRAL'S UNIFORM. Overnight, his hair's turned totally grey -- but despite his trauma, his pride's overwhelming. They SALUTE:

**KIRK**

I relieve you, Sir.

**PIKE**

I am relieved. Congratulations, Captain.

Pike containing a smirk, pins the medal to Kirk's chest.

**KIRK**

Thank you, Sir.

Kirk turns to the crowd. Eyes shining. WILD APPLAUSE. As Kirk rejoins his crew for hugs and congratulations, we go to the BACK of the hangar... SPOCK PRIME. Watching. Moved beyond words. He turns and leaves them to it... and our MUSIC SWELLS as --

244 INT. U.S.S. ENTERPRISE - BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS  
244

The turbolift WHOOSHES open and in walks Kirk -- to every fan's delight, wearing his iconic GOLD SHIRT. All around him, our

crew -- young and fresh-faced but no longer children -- in charge of the greatest starship ever built:

130

**244 CONTINUED:**

**244**

**SULU**

Maneuvering thrusters and impulse engines at your command, Sir.

**CHEKOV**

Weapons systems and shields on standby.

**UHURA**

Dock control reports ready. Yard Command signalling clear.

**KIRK**

Scotty how are we?

**SCOTTY (O.S. OVER COMM LINK)**

Dilithium chamber at maximum efficiency, Captain.

**MCCOY**

(wry grin)

Same ship, different day.

And Kirk pauses. His eyes go over to the empty science console with a sense of incompleteness. In fact, everyone on the bridge feels it. A bitter truth they'll have to accept.

**KIRK**

Mr. Sulu, prepare to engage thrus--

WHOOSH: the turbolift door opens. SPOCK!!! Wearing his  
**BLUE** UNIFORM. Our hearts soar --

**SPOCK**

Permission to come aboard, Captain.

**KIRK**

... Permission granted.

**SPOCK**

As you have yet to select a first officer, respectfully, I would like to submit my candidacy. Should you desire, I can provide character references.

Kirk nearly laughs. Spock's eyebrow goes up. Something passes between them... it carries acceptance, and trust...

**KIRK**

It would be my honor, Commander.  
Maneuvering thrusters, Mr. Sulu. Take us out.

**SULU**

Aye, Captain.

131

**244 CONTINUED: (2)**  
**244**

As the ship maneuvers out of dry dock, Spock takes his place next to Kirk. Gold and blue, side by side.

**245 EXT. STARBASE ONE - DRYDOCK - CONTINUOUS**  
**245**

And the ship crests the drydock portal, drifting into space... blessed one last time by the voice of our Vulcan hero:

**SPOCK/NIMOY**

Space... the final frontier. These are the continuing voyages of the Starship Enterprise. Her ongoing mission... to explore strange new worlds... to seek out new life forms, and new civilizations... To boldly go, where no one has gone... before...

The TREK THEME SOARS as the Enterprise warps off into a universe of infinite possibilities...

**FADE**

**OUT.**

T H E B E G I N N I N G

132

**245 CONTINUED:**  
**245**

**ADDENDUM TO SCRIPT: ALTERNATE SCENES**

**ALTERNATE SCENE A**

**THE FOLLOWING DIALOGUE TO BE ASSIGNED TO MAIN OR ADDITIONAL**

**BRIDGE CREW IF TIME AND CASTING PERMITS.**

**INT. KELVIN BRIDGE**

**CAPTAIN ROBAU**

... oh my God...  
(to himself, boggled)  
A lightning storm... then this...  
(to deck)  
Signal all departments: first contact  
protocols. Looks like we have someone  
new on the block. All Stop.

**KELVIN CREW MEMBER**

All stations, FC-3 procedures  
initiated..."

**KELVIN CREW MEMBER COMMS**

Broadcasting universal greeting on all  
open frequencies.

**FIRST OFFICER**

Sir, should we initiate an active scan?

**CAPTAIN ROBAU**

That could be seen as an act of  
provocation -- all readings passive--

Crew members are glued to their telemetry, working consoles:

**KELVIN CREW MEMBER**

EM sensors in passive sweep...

**KELVIN CREW MEMBER (CONT'D)**

Power signature detected -- level's  
increasing.

Suddenly, a WARNING BEEP --

**OFFICER PITTS**

Sir, I have a reading --  
they've locked weapons on us! -- Red alert! Arm weapons!

**CAPTAIN ROBAU**

ALARMS BLARE -- LIGHTS GO RED as --

The Narada FIRES a TORPEDO -- IT HEADS FOR THE KELVIN -- then SEPARATES, fracturing into a multi-hit projectile --

**INT. U.S.S. KELVIN - CONTINUOUS**

Officers SCRAMBLE, brace for impact --

**FIRST OFFICER**

Torpedo locked on us at 320 degrees, mark two -- incoming -- Evasive pattern Delta-5! fast!

**CAPTAIN ROBAU**

**CREW MEMBER**

Redirecting auxiliary power to forward shields!"

**CREW MEMBER (CONT'D)**

Aft torpedo tubes are hot!

**EXT. U.S.S. KELVIN - CONTINUOUS**

A direct hit SMASHES several decks along the DISH of the ship --

**INT. U.S.S. KELVIN - BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS**

Captain Robau helps a fallen CREW MEMBER up from the floor -- then, on his chair com:

**CAPTAIN ROBAU**

Damage report!

INTERCUT with:

**INT. U.S.S. KELVIN - ENGINE ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Moving with the Kelvin's CHIEF ENGINEER:

**KELVIN CREW MEMBER**

Diagnostic's back online -- rerouting to auxiliary console.

**KELVIN CREW MEMBER 2**

Power grid junctions C-7 and E-3 are out...

**KELVIN CREW MEMBER**

Dispatch repair teams to deck 4.

**CHIEF ENGINEER**

Our shields did nothing, Sir! Never seen anything like it! Weapons off-line! Main power at 38 percent!

135

CONTINUED: (2)

**ALTERNATE SCENE B**

**SPOCK PRIME**

Then I ask that you do yourself a favor... put away logic, and do what feels right. The world you've inherited lives in the shadow of incalculable devastation... but there's no reason you must face it alone.

And from around his neck, he removes the PENDANT that until now, we've only caught glimpses of. Places it on the table beside his younger self. The feeling in his eyes is profound...

**SPOCK PRIME (CONT'D)**

This was a gift to me. Representing... a dream. One we were unable to fulfill.  
(softly)  
The way you can now.

And moves to the door. Stops. Offers the VULCAN SALUTE:

**SPOCK PRIME (CONT'D)**

As my customary farewell would appear oddly self serving, I will simply say... good luck.

Their eyes hold. Spock turns, disappearing into the corridor. Young Spock stares at the empty doorway a beat, his mind a jumble of thoughts. Looks to the pendant... and realizes it's a HOLO-EMITTER. After considering a beat, he hits an activation button and a MOVING HOLOGRAPHIC MESSAGE materializes before him:

CAPTAIN JAMES T. KIRK. WILLIAM SHATNER. As always, brash, wry, confident -- and SINGING:

**KIRK/ SHATNER**

Happy birthday to you, happy birthday to you...  
(stops, grins)

I know I know, it's illogical to  
celebrate something you had nothing to do  
with, but I haven't had the chance to  
congratulate you on your appointment to  
the ambassadorship so I thought I'd seize  
the occasion... Bravo, Spock -- they tell  
me your first mission may take you away  
for awhile, so I'll be the first to wish  
you luck... and to say...

(beat, emotional)

I miss you, old friend.

**136**

**CONTINUED: (3)**

... and we're PUSHING IN on Young Spock, taking in the image of Kirk's future self, the message, but above all -- the clear, unquestionable friendship these two men had...

**INT. CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS**

As Spock Prime walks off down the corridor, he passes right by a man conferring with a nurse -- the man pauses, turns... it's SAREK. Suddenly overcome by a feeling that the stranger who's just passed him is... oddly familiar.

**KIRK/SHATNER (V.O.)**

I suppose I'd always imagined us...  
outgrowing Starfleet together. Watching  
life swing us into our Emeritus years...

**INT. STARBASE ONE - HANGAR - ETERNAL NIGHT**

MUSIC BUILDING -- glass walls reveal THE ENTERPRISE at dock, UTILITY CRAFTS floating around it, repairing. Standing at attention in rows, THE ENTERPRISE CREW -- over four hundred of them wearing DRESS UNIFORMS -- TRACK DOWN the faces, all proud:

**KIRK/SHATNER (V.O.)**

I look around at the new cadets now and  
can't help thinking... has it really been  
so long? Wasn't it only yesterday we  
stepped onto the Enterprise as boys?  
That I had to prove to the crew I  
deserved command... and their respect?

And we STOP ON YOUNG KIRK. Composed, focused, proud. A man.  
And to every fan's delight, finally wearing his YELLOW SHIRT.  
The FEDERATION COMMANDANT stands at a podium:

**COMMANDANT**

This assembly calls Captain James

Tiberius Kirk...

Kirk breaks from formation, pivots, marches down the hangar -- past UHURA... SULU... CHEKOV... SCOTTY. All Beaming. Notably absent, is Spock. Kirk ascends the stairs, snaps to attention:

**COMMANDANT (CONT'D)**

Your inspirational valor and supreme dedication to your comrades are in keeping with the highest traditions of service and reflect utmost credit to yourself, your crew, and the Federation. By Starfleet Order 28455, you are hereby directed to report to Commanding Officer, USS Enterprise, for duty as his relief.

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**CONTINUED:**

Kirk turns. Walks to... PIKE. In a wheelchair now, wearing an ADMIRAL'S UNIFORM. Overnight, his hair's turned totally grey -- but despite his trauma, his pride's overwhelming. They SALUTE each other:

**KIRK**

I relieve you, Sir.

**PIKE**

... I am relieved.

He opens a BOX in his lap -- glorious in repose, a MEDAL:

**PIKE (CONT'D)**

And as Fleet Admiral, for your... unique solution to the Kobayashi Maru, it's my honor to award you with a commendation for original thinking.

Pike containing a smirk, pins the medal to Kirk's chest...

**PIKE (CONT'D)**

(a touch choked)  
Congratulations, Captain.

**KIRK**

Thank you, Sir.

Kirk turns to the crowd. Eyes shining. WILD APPLAUSE. OUR MUSIC SOARS. Bones leans in to Sulu, rolling his eyes:

**BONES**

... Same ship, different day.

As Kirk rejoins his crew for hugs and congratulations, we go to the BACK of the hangar... SPOCK PRIME. Watching. Moved beyond words. He turns and leaves them to it... as he goes...

**KIRK/SHATNER (V.O.)**

I know what you'd say -- 'It's their turn now, Jim...' And of course you're right... but it got me thinking:

**INT. STARFLEET HOSPITAL - EARTH - DAY**

Our montage comes full circle as we END on Kirk's transmission:

**KIRK/SHATNER**

Who's to say we can't go one more round?  
By the last tally, only twenty five  
percent of the galaxy's been chartered...  
I'd call that negligent. Criminal even --  
an invitation.

**(MORE)**

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**CONTINUED:**

**KIRK/SHATNER (CONT'D)**

You once said being a starship captain  
was my first, best destiny... if that's  
true, then yours is to be by my side. If  
there's any true logic to the universe...  
we'll end up on that bridge again  
someday.

Stops, grins. Because this is the part he needs to say most...

**KIRK**

Admit it, Spock. For people like us, the  
journey itself... is home.

Young Spock's face. Lost in feelings that flood through him.

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**CONTINUED: (2)**

**ALTERNATE SCENE C**

**SKILL DOMES:** Questions to be spoken or represented graphically and answers to be dispersed to Vulcan children at directors discretion.

Q: What is the arc length of a curve from  $x = a$  to  $x = b$ ?

A: The integral, from  $a$  to  $b$ , of the square root of one plus the squared derivative of  $y$  with respect to  $x$ ,  $dx$ .

Q: Calculate the dimensionality of a fractal whose initiator divides into three equal parts, each of which is replaced by four parts.

**A: 1.26**

Q: What is the dimensionality of a fractal whose initiator divides into  $r$  equal parts, each being replaced by  $N$  equal parts?

A: Dimensionality equals the logarithm of  $N$  divided by the logarithm of  $r$ .

Q: A cone is sliced by a plane that does not intersect the base, nor is the plane parallel to the base. What shape is formed by the intersection?

A: An ellipse.

Q: What is the formula for the volume of a sphere?

A: Four-thirds pi times the radius cubed.

Q: What is the electrical charge of an up-type quark?

A: Positive two thirds.

Q: A discount function with exponential discounting for all periods, and an additional scalar discount for the present, is called what?

A: Quasi-hyperbolic.

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**CONTINUED: (3)**

Q: An excessively impatient person, who discounts future values

solely because they are not in the present, is called what?

A: A hyperbolic or quasi-hyperbolic discounter.

Q: In an infinitely repeated classic prisoners' dilemma, how many subgame perfect equilibria exist?

A: Infinitely many.

Q: How many equilibria exist in a classic Hawk-Dove strategic interaction game?

A: Two in pure strategies and one in mixed strategies. (The mixed strategy equilibria is unstable.)

Q: What are the two key features of a pure public good?

A: Non-excludability and non-rivalry in consumption.

Q: What is the only known intelligent life form to have achieved faster-than-light travel without political unification?

A: Humans. Assuming, of course, you regard humans as intelligent.

Q: What are the six recognized exceptions to the Prime Directive under Federation law?

**A: LEAVE UNANSWERED**

Q: What are the four key dimensions of Vulcan aesthetics?

A: Leave unanswered

Q: What term describes an action that is morally praiseworthy but not morally obligatory?

A: Supererogatory.

Q: When is an action said to be supererogatory?

A: When it is morally praiseworthy but not morally obligatory.

**CONTINUED: (4)**

**ALTERNATE SCENE D**

Miscellaneous dialogue to be dispersed by director to supporting crew or main cast at his/her discretion.

**CADETS AT STARFLEET:**

**CADET**

Heard that guy passed second-year exams in his first term.

**CADET (CONT'D)**

Ruining the curve for everyone.

**CADET (CONT'D)**

I'd like to load her photon tubes.

**CADET (CONT'D)**

Can't believe I failed the navigational comp.

**CADET (CONT'D)**

The Newton's not an antique, it's a classic. Give me the Newton over the Enterprise any day.

**CADET (CONT'D)**

Did you see the new assignment roster?

**CADET (CONT'D)**

I flunked the sub-atomic particles quiz.

**CADET (CONT'D)**

They better give me a red shirt for this.

**CADET (CONT'D)**

Do we have time to get married?

**CADET (CONT'D)**

(on one knee)

I know this is sudden, but... will you marry me?

**CADET (CONT'D)**

I'm calling my Mom...

**CADET (CONT'D)**

Can't believe I'm on the Mayflower...

**ROMULANS:**

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**CONTINUED: (5)**

**ROMULAN OFFICER**

Secure the transport deck.

**ROMULAN OFFICER (CONT'D)**

Security team to the docking bay.

Report.

**ROMULAN OFFICER (CONT'D)**

Bring the prisoner to the bridge.

**ROMULAN OFFICER (CONT'D)**

Secure the prisoner and take him to the brig.

**ROMULAN OFFICER (CONT'D)**

Federation defenses are weak in this era.

**ROMULAN OFFICER (CONT'D)**

Prepare shuttles for evacuation.

**ROMULAN OFFICER (CONT'D)**

Communications -- monitor all Federation channels.

**ROMULAN OFFICER (CONT'D)**

Scramble signals on all Federation channels.

**ROMULAN ENSIGN**

Anterior hull breach, deck level seven.

**ROMULAN ENSIGN (CONT'D)**

Security breach in the docking bay, tracking now...

**ROMULAN ENSIGN (CONT'D)**

The Vulcans value logic but not honor.

**ROMULAN ENSIGN (CONT'D)**

No remaining signal - the vessel is gone.

**ROMULAN OFFICER**

Long live the Romulan Star Empire.

**ROMULAN OFFICER (CONT'D)**

We are being attacked.

**ROMULAN OFFICER (CONT'D)**

Stinking Klingons.

**ROMULAN ENSIGN**

Captain we have a new contact.

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**CONTINUED: (6)**

**ROMULAN ENSIGN (CONT'D)**

Firing solution ready.

**ROMULAN ENSIGN (CONT'D)**

Sir, tracking new contact.

**ROMULAN ENGINEER**

Sir, we have a hull breach in the aft section.

**ROMULAN ENGINEER (CONT'D)**

This is a mining vessel. We don't have the manoeuvrability to follow.

**VULCANS:**

**VULCAN CIVILIAN**

Where is planetary security?

**VULCAN CIVILIAN (CONT'D)**

The planet is coming apart!

**VULCAN CIVILIAN (CONT'D)**

Hope is beyond reason.

**VULCAN CIVILIAN (CONT'D)**

Stay together and keep moving.

**VULCAN CIVILIAN (CONT'D)**

Planetary evacuation is in progress.

**VULCAN CIVILIAN (CONT'D)**

This is highly improbable.

**VULCAN CIVILIAN (CONT'D)**

It seems we are under attack.

**VULCAN CIVILIAN (CONT'D)**

I await my fate with a clear consciences.

**VULCAN PRIEST**  
An end is just a beginning.

**STARFLEET BRIDGE:**

**ENSIGN**  
All com channels open.

**ENSIGN (CONT'D)**  
We have clearance from Starfleet.

**ENSIGN (CONT'D)**  
Proceeding as directed.

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**CONTINUED: (7)**

**ENSIGN (CONT'D)**  
Transporter deck is operational.

**ENSIGN (CONT'D)**  
Shields at one-hundred percent and  
stable.

**ENSIGN (CONT'D)**  
Engineering reports warp core is stable.

**ENSIGN (CONT'D)**  
Warp propulsion system is at maximum  
efficiency.

**OFFICER**  
Monitor all channels.

**OFFICER (CONT'D)**  
Bring up schematics for the Defiant,  
Newton, Armstrong, and Mayflower.

**OFFICER (CONT'D)**  
Set a course for Rigel 3 and transmit to  
the other ships.

**ENSIGN**  
Warp drive is off line, we are on impulse  
only, repeat, impulse only.

**ENSIGN (CONT'D)**  
Sir, we've been detected -- Romulan  
vessel is turning about.

**OFFICER**  
Rerouting power to port shields.

**ENSIGN**

Hull breach on deck 38, atmospheric stabilization has been lost.

**ENSIGN (CONT'D)**

Life support is fluctuating.

**MEDICAL BAY:**

**NURSE**

Class four casualties here, class three in the next door.

**DOCTOR**

Dose him alpha waves and resume compressions.

**145**

**CONTINUED: (8)**

**DOCTOR (CONT'D)**

Cortical stimulation's failing --

**NURSE**

This should numb the pain.

**NURSE (CONT'D)**

Airways clear.