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First

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1

1 A BLACK VOID

We can hear movement. Strange skittering sounds, like razor-claws on metal... the hiss of pneumatic hoses... the whirr and click of servos... liquid gurgling... an eerie, alien cacophony.

2

2 EARTH

appears, hanging now in the starry blackness. The alien noises continue, and far in the distance we hear the muffled THUMP of what could be a distant explosion. Alien TEXT suddenly appears next to Earth, and we REVEAL we are in --

3

3 INT. BORG RECON CENTER

The image of Earth is actually on a monitor, which is only one of DOZENS of MONITORS covering a huge wall. We don't see anything of the rest of the room, but the technology in view is distinctly alien and bizarre -- a mixture of organic and mechanical elements. Circuitry and optical cabling are side-by-side with what looks almost like arteries and organs. We can still hear the creepy skittering and gurgling noises. Occasionally, a SHADOWY FORM sweeps past the camera, vaguely humanoid but we can't tell who or what it is.

All of the monitors are active, and they present myriad IMAGES and SOUND -- all related to EARTH HISTORY. The screens show everything from written Chinese... to Renaissance paintings... to black and white newsreel footage of World War Two... to what look like clips of space battles from the 24th century. The entire range

of human history dancing across the monitors. The effect is dizzying -- we get the feeling that whoever is watching this is studying the human race.

There is another THUMP and the wall of monitors SHUDDERS slightly. We hear the VOICE of what we will come to know as the BORG COLLECTIVE -- thousands of voices speaking at once :

BORG

Restrict search parameters to 1-9-9-8 through 2-0-8-4.

The images on the monitors now change to show us images from 21ST CENTURY Earth history.

Again, it's a collection of still photography, video footage, text, artwork, etc. We hear snippets of sound-bites, music, speeches from the period. A lot of enticing details. As the images race across the monitors, we should learn the following.

-- The turn of the 21st century brought chaos. Regional wars, the collapse of the United Nations. Societal break-down. Crime, starvation, desperation.

-- A Third World War. Nuclear explosions, environmental disasters, tens of millions dead. The United States ceases to exist. All political authority vanishes. Humanity teetering on the edge of the Second Dark Age.

-- The image of a single man -- ZEPHRAM COCHRANE. A visionary scientist. He see the spacecraft he created out of a nuclear missile. He flies the first warp test, breaking the light barrier. It changes history.

-- Grainy black and white images of a VULCAN SCOUT SHIP landing on Earth. They saw Cochrane's flight, followed him back to Earth, and made First Contact with the human race.

-- Humanity turns the corner. First Contact with an alien civilization brings the planet together as never before. Humans and Vulcans working together, beginning to solve long-standing problems with new technology. We see an early replicator producing food for the starving millions. A new World Government is formed.

-- People from planet Earth and people from Vulcan form an Alliance. They call it the United Federation of Planets. And they commission a fleet of starships for protection and exploration. They call it Starfleet.

-- These are images recounting the birth of the Star Trek universe.

Another muffled EXPLOSION, this one stronger, SHAKES the entire wall. One of the monitors BLOWS OUT in a shower of sparks. And now a new voice, a woman's voice, low, threatening, with a slight metallic inflection, speaks for the first time:

WOMAN'S VOICE

Stop search. Calculate temporal coordinates. J-Fourteen.

Another explosion ROCKS the room and it takes us to:

4 EXT. SPACE - A BORG SPHERE

A huge, spherical Borg warship as it takes a phaser shot from an unseen vessel. The BLAST smashes into the Borg Sphere, but the massive ship continues. The Sphere returns FIRE. FOLLOW the Borg fire to --

5 A FEDERATION STARSHIP

locked in battle with the Borg Sphere. The Borg fire DESTROYS the Federation ship in a fiery blast.

6 NEW ANGLE

as the Borg Sphere flies away from the wreckage of the decimated starship, and as it does, we reveal that this is just one small part of --

7 A MASSIVE SPACE BATTLE

involving dozens of Starfleet and Borg vessels, engaged in a fierce FIREFIGHT as far as the eye can see. Ships turning, twisting, firing, exploding. Lots of movement. It's a spectacular sight.

The Borg Sphere is moving away from the battle, heading off in another direction.

8 NEW ANGLE

In the middle of the battle. A BORG CUBE is attacking a smaller Federation starship. The starship is taking quite a beating... explosions all along the hull... it doesn't look like it can take much more of this.

Suddenly a spread of FOUR TORPEDOES come blazing in from O.C. The torpedoes SLAM into the Borg ship, causing massive damage.

9

9 **THE USS ENTERPRISE NCC 1701-E**

SOARS into view and moves to protect the beleaguered starship.

The Enterprise is Starfleet's newest and most powerful vessel. An elegant and majestic ship. But unlike the last Enterprise, Starfleet has opted for a more muscular vessel and the hull is studded with weapons and other defensive armory. We get the feeling this Enterprise is ready for anything.

10

10 **INT. ENTERPRISE-E - BRIDGE**

The Bridge has been redesigned. A single Captain's chair dominates the room, and surrounding consoles and stations all face inward instead of out, giving Picard instant access to his officers. PICARD in the Captain's chair. RIKER at a new Ops station. DATA at the helm. WORF at Tactical. TROI at Communications, various CREWMEMBERS at their posts. The ship is at Red Alert and everyone is tense.

PICARD

Signal the Endeavor to fall back.
We'll cover them.

TROI

Aye, sir.

She works her console.

11

11 **EXT. SPACE - THE ENTERPRISE & BORG SHIP**

The Endeavor moves off as the Borg FIRE at the Enterprise and BLASTS the saucer section. This should also produce an unusual effect -- instead of the traditional "bubble" shielding, the new armor of this Enterprise ABSORBS the blast and dissipates the energy across the hull. The ship is undamaged.

12

12 **INT. BRIDGE**

The ship is ROCKED by the blast.

DATA

Dispersive armor is holding.

PICARD

Bring us about. Target Borg ship
alpha four, port side battery.

WORF

Port battery, ready sir!

PICARD

Fire.

13 **13 EXT. SPACE - THE ENTERPRISE**

As RAPID PHASER SHOTS leap out from half a dozen points along the ship's port side. (NOTE: The phasers also look different, more along the lines of a gatling gun). The Borg Cube EXPLODES. The Enterprise flies through the debris.

14 **14 INT. BRIDGE**

Including MAIN VIEWSCREEN, which has a view of the chaotic battle surrounding them. Another Borg vessel looms into view.

PICARD

Starboard battery -- fire.

15 **15 EXT. SPACE**

The Enterprise fires a burst of phasers -- but this time, the phasers have no effect. We see a strange SHIELDING appears around the Borg ship.

16 **16 INT. BRIDGE**

On the main viewer, the massive Borg ship looms closer.

DATA

The Borg ship has modified its shields, Captain. Our phasers will no longer be effective.

PICARD

Ready quantum torpedo.

WORF

Aye, sir. Only three left.

Another JOLT as we're hit.

GEORDI'S COM VOICE

La Forge to bridge.

PICARD

Go ahead.

INTERCUT:

17

17 INT. MAIN ENGINEERING

Where GEORDI and N.D. Engineers are rushing about, hard at work. Geordi is no longer wearing his VISOR -- he now has artificial ocular implants for eyes. They have a distinctive electronic look to them.

GEORDI

Captain, I'm starting to worry about the hull integrity. We've been running the support field at full power for three hours straight. I don't know how much longer it's going to hold up.

PICARD

Understood. Keep me informed.

END INTERCUT:

18

18 INT. BRIDGE

The Borg cube is huge on the main viewer as the Enterprise rushes toward it.

TROI

Incoming transmission from the Borg.

PICARD

On screen.

Data works and the viewer changes to a view of the INTERIOR of the BORG CUBE. A vast CHAMBER crammed with HUNDREDS of BORG DRONES standing upright in individual alcoves. They're everywhere -- on the ceiling, walls, floor. This is a BORG COLLECTIVE -- hundreds of Borg that form a gigantic "hive" mind. The Borg are half-man/half machine. No individual personalities. No feelings. They have only one goal in life: to assimilate new races into their collective. To become a Borg is to experience living death. When they speak, they speak as a collective -- thousands of voices speaking as one:

BORG

Your defense perimeter is useless. You will be assimilated.

PICARD

(to Borg)

Break off your attack. By now, you must realize you can't win...

BORG

Your opinion is irrelevant. We are the Borg. Resistance is futile.

PICARD

We'll see about that...

(to Worf)

Fire.

Worf works.

19

19 EXT. SPACE - THE ENTERPRISE - CLOSE ON TORPEDO BAY

A QUANTUM TORPEDO BLASTS out of the launcher and heads toward the Borg cube. This torpedo is completely different than the traditional photon torpedo. It oscillates and changes shape and color as it streaks toward the Borg ship.

20

20 THE BORG SHIP

as the quantum torpedo HITS IT. But instead of exploding on the surface, the torpedo PIERCES the ship like an armor-piercing shell and momentarily VANISHES from view. The ship then EXPLODES like a star going supernova -- bright light and shock waves.

21

21 INT. BRIDGE

The ship is ROCKED violently by the shock wave. People hanging on.

DATA

Main power still on-line, Captain.

Riker looks at his console.

RIKER

Casualties are light, Captain.
Minor buckling on the port nacelle. Nothing serious.

WORF

Incoming message from the Starship Intrepid. Admiral Hayes.

PICARD

On screen.

The viewer shows ADMIRAL HAYES on the Bridge of his starship.

ADMIRAL HAYES

The new quantum torpedoes are

doing the trick, Jean-Luc. We've destroyed forty-seven Borg ships so far... and only lost fifteen of our own.

(beat)

But one of the Borg ships has broken through our defenses, and it's heading directly for Earth. Can you handle it?

PICARD

Absolutely.

ADMIRAL HAYES

Good hunting. Hayes out.

PICARD

Mister Data, set a pursuit course. Maximum warp.

22 **EXT. SPACE - THE ENTERPRISE**

as it breaks away from the battle...and races INTO
WARP.

23 **EXT. SPACE - EARTH**

There are Starfleet satellites and space stations in close orbit. The Borg Sphere seen before enters frame. The satellites open fire, but they have little effect on the massive Borg Sphere, which returns fire, **EXPLODING** them in orbit.

The Sphere heads down toward the Earth...

24 **INT. BRIDGE**

DATA

We are approaching the Terran System, Captain.

PICARD

Go to impulse. Where's the Borg ship?

DATA

It has entered Earth orbit.

(off console)

Correction -- it is not in orbit. It is heading directly toward the surface.

PICARD

What?

Picard gets up, moves to Data's console.

RIKER

(incredulous)

Some sort of suicide tactic?

DATA

Unknown, sir. Suicide tactics are not normally associated with the Borg.

Data reacts to his console.

DATA

Sensors show a temporal signature emanating from the Sphere. High concentrations of tachyons...

Picard studies Data's monitor.

PICARD

And chronometric particles... it's as though they're trying to create a temporal vortex...

A beat as Picard makes a shocking realization.

PICARD

Time travel... they're attempting time travel...

(beat)

Full power, Mister Data. Worf, quantum torpedoes at my command!

WORF

Aye, sir.

25 **EXT. EARTH'S ATMOSPHERE**

The Borg Sphere GLOWING RED and beginning to burn with friction as it PLUMMETS toward Earth...

26 **NEW ANGLE - THE ENTERPRISE**

plunging down into the atmosphere, giving chase...

27 **INT. BRIDGE**

Urgent.

WORF

Range -- fifty kilometers.

DATA

A temporal vortex is forming
directly ahead of the Sphere.

28 **EXT. EARTH'S ATMOSPHERE**

Just ahead of the Sphere we see a TEMPORAL VORTEX opening -- a maelstrom of light and energy stretching into infinity. ENERGY explodes from the vortex as the Sphere begins to go inside...

29 **THE ENTERPRISE**

as it's HIT by the tremendous energy blast from the vortex. The ship spins around, nearly rips apart.

30 **INT. BRIDGE**

Everyone THROWN to the deck. Consoles sparking. Power failing. SHAKING.

RIKER

Main power off-line!

DATA

Switching to emergency back-ups.

Riker checks a console.

RIKER

We're caught in some kind of
energy wake from the vortex...

PICARD

Worf... torpedo... now!

Worf works...

31 **EXT. EARTH'S ATMOSPHERE**

Another QUANTUM TORPEDO is launched from the Enterprise. But just before it hits the Borg Sphere, the Sphere VANISHES inside the vortex. The torpedo hits the roiling energy of the Vortex and detonates with a harmless flash. The Vortex itself starts **COLLAPSING...**

32 **INT. BRIDGE**

The shaking subsides.

DATA

I have helm control.

PICARD

Where's the Sphere?

WORF

They have traveled into the
vortex... through time.

Disturbed reactions.

DATA

The vortex is collapsing, sir.

PICARD

Contact Starfleet Command.

WORF

No response.

(reacts to console)

I'm not reading any Starfleet com
traffic in this entire sector.

TROI

(off console)

Captain, I've scanned the planet.
The atmosphere contains a high
concentration of methane, carbon
monoxide and fluorine. The oceans
have been chemically altered, as
well.

PICARD

On screen.

She works, and on the View screen EARTH appears as seen
from orbit. The crystal blue marble is now covered by
a thick, turbulent DARK ATMOSPHERE -- polluted and
ugly. Reactions.

PICARD

Life signs?

TROI

Population... thirty-five
billion...

(reacts)

All Borg.

A shocking moment.

DATA

(off console)

The planet's surface is covered
with Borg technology.

(beat)

So is the moon... and three other

planets in this solar system.

TROI

But how?

PICARD

They must've done it in the past... they went back and changed history...

RIKER

(stunned)

They did it... they assimilated Earth.

WORF

But if they changed history... then why are we still here?

DATA

We were caught in the temporal wake from the vortex. It must have protected us from any changes in the time-line.

Worf's console sounds an alarm.

WORF

Captain, there are five Borg ships closing in on our position.

PICARD

(making a decision)

Data, set a course for that vortex.

TROI

Captain...?

PICARD

We have to follow them back... repair whatever damage they've done to that time-line.

DATA

(working)

Course laid in. Engaging impulse engines.

The ship is suddenly ROCKED.

33 EXT. SPACE - ENTERPRISE & BORG SHIPS (OPTICAL)

33

The Enterprise is being chased by FIVE BORG SHIPS as it heads down toward the planet. The Borg vessels FIRE on the Enterprise.

34 **34 INT. BRIDGE**

As before. The ship is shaking.

WORF

Hull integrity down to thirty
percent...

PICARD

Steady as she goes.

35 **35 INCLUDE VIEWSCREEN (OPTICAL)**

Ahead of the ship, we see the VORTEX collapsing. The
shaking increases. A console EXPLODES.

WORF

Borg vessels are closing to two
thousand meters.

The ship is HIT AGAIN AND AGAIN. On the View Screen,
we're nearly on the vortex, but it's closing fast.

PICARD

Take us in!

36 **36 EXT. SPACE - ENTERPRISE & VORTEX (OPTICAL)**

The Enterprise just barely makes it inside the vortex
as it finally COLLAPSES. Both the Enterprise and the
vortex VANISH.

CUT

TO:

37 **37 EXT. SPACE**

An empty star field. Suddenly, the VORTEX APPEARS and
the Enterprise comes ROARING out into space. The
vortex VANISHES behind the ship.

38 **38 INT. BRIDGE**

The shaking subsides. Everyone exchanges a look, tries
to re-orient themselves.

PICARD

Report.

RIKER

We're still in Earth orbit.

PICARD

On screen.

39

39 INCLUDE VIEWSCREEN

Which shows Earth. The Borg pollution is gone.

PICARD

What year is it?

DATA

(working)

According to our astrometric readings... the year is 2063.

WORF

Captain, I've found the Borg Sphere. It's on the far side of the planet...firing at the surface.

PICARD

(to Data)

Intercept course, full impulse.

(to Worf)

Weapons status?

WORF

Phasers are off-line... we have two quantum torpedoes left. But the computer targeting system has been destroyed.

PICARD

Go to manual.

Worf pops open a panel and a high-tech TARGETING console emerges with a small MONITOR and a traditional CROSS-HAIR in the center. Worf grabs the targeting hand-controls -- futuristic joysticks.

40

40 EXT. SPACE - THE BORG SPHERE

The ship is FIRING its weapons down toward the planet as the Enterprise comes up over the horizon.

41

41 INT. BRIDGE

As before. Worf works his controls. A complex array of grids, coordinate information, speed data, and other weapons info on the monitor screen. He begins trying to focus the cross-hairs on the Sphere.

PICARD

(over above action, to
Troi)

Track their weapons fire.

TROI

(off console)

Western hemisphere... North
American continent...

DATA

We are within torpedo range.

RIKER

They've seen us. They're taking
evasive action.

PICARD

(urgent)

Mister Worf?

Worf struggles with the targeting system.

WORF

Target...

The crosshairs keep missing the image of the Borg
Sphere, which is now twisting and turning to evade us.
Troi reacts to her console.

TROI

Captain, they're firing at a
nuclear missile silo... in central
Montana.

WORF

(struggling)

Target...

PICARD

(worried)

Montana...

The crosshairs finally LOCK on the Borg Sphere.

WORF

Target locked!

PICARD

Fire!

42 EXT. SPACE - THE BORG SPHERE

42

The quantum torpedo streaks in from off-camera and
slams into the Borg ship. It penetrates the Sphere as
seen before... a long beat... and then it EXPLODES.

As everyone reacts to the destruction of the Sphere.
But Picard has no time for celebration.

PICARD

(to Data)

Mister Data, I want to know the exact date and time.

(to Riker)

Give me a damage report on that missile silo.

DATA

(works)

Today is March second, 2063. The time in Montana is oh-eight-forty-five.

RIKER

(works)

Looks like they damaged the silo...

PICARD

Life signs?

RIKER

Can't tell. Long-range biosensors are off-line.

Picard thinks for a moment... makes an instant decision and turns to Worf.

PICARD

Worf, have Doctor Crusher, Mister La Forge and a security team meet me in Transporter Room Three. Civilian clothes.

WORF

Aye, sir.

Worf works. Riker turns to him, curious.

RIKER

Captain?

PICARD

In twenty-four hours, Zephram Cochrane is supposed to conduct the very first warp test... from a missile silo in Montana. If I'm right, the Borg were trying to change the course of human history

by killing him or destroying his ship.

RIKER

(nods in understanding)
And if they succeed, humans won't make First Contact with the Vulcans tomorrow.

(beat)

As First Officer I should be the one beaming down...

PICARD

Normally, I would agree. But in this case, the mission requires a certain knowledge of 21st century history. You're many things, Number One, but you're not much of an historian.

He grins slightly, has to agree.

RIKER

Good luck, sir.

PICARD

I'll keep in contact. You have the Bridge.

Picard EXITS...

CUT

TO:

44 INT. TRANSPORTER ROOM

44

Picard, Geordi and THREE SECURITY GUARDS are checking their phasers and tricorders. Everyone is wearing civilian clothes. Geordi has a large engineering kit... Transporter Chief pulling on a civilian jacket. She looks a little frazzled -it's been a long day in Sickbay.

BEVERLY

Will somebody please tell me where we're going?

Beverly joins them on the pad.

PICARD

Montana.
(to Chief)
Energize.

BEVERLY

Montana? Well, that answers everything. Why the hell are we --

They DEMATERIALIZE.

CUT

TO:

45 EXT. MONTANA PLAINS - CONTINUOUS - DAY

45

Picard, Geordi, Beverly and the Security Team MATERIALIZE on the vast, rolling plains of Montana.

BEVERLY

(continuing)

-- going to Montana?

Picard and Geordi take out their tricorders and start scanning the landscape.

GEORDI

(off tricorder)

I have the silo, sir. Bearing three one zero... distance, three hundred meters.

PICARD

Let's go.

They start walking...

BEVERLY

Go where? Hello? Is anyone going to tell me what we're doing here?

PICARD

We're here to find Zephram Cochrane. He may be injured or dead.

BEVERLY

Cochrane... the inventor of warp drive?

PICARD

Yes...

BEVERLY

But he's been dead for three hundred...

(realizes, long sigh)

Oh God... we've gone back in time again, haven't we?

PICARD

I'm afraid so. If the Borg succeed in preventing First Contact with the Vulcans... Earth

will remain in the Second Dark Age... an easy target when the Borg arrive in the 24th century.

BEVERLY

Well, why didn't you just say so in the first place?

Picard gives her a look. As they keep walking...

CUT

TO:

46 EXT. SPACE - THE ENTERPRISE

hanging in orbit of Earth.

47 INT. ENGINEERING

CLOSE ON A DEAD CREWMEMBER lying on her back. A sheet is covering her face. A hand reaches in, pulls back the sheet, revealing the face of a crewman.

TROI

Lieutenant Sandra Farrel.

WIDEN to REVEAL Troi and Data. Data is holding back the sheet while Troi scans the body with a tricorder. There is repair work going on in the b.g. Two medical N.D.s stand by.

TROI

It appears death was caused by a plasma discharge.

(beat)

I'll note in her record that she never left her post.

Troi glances at Data, who is clearly disturbed by the sight of the dead woman, holding his EMOTIONS in check with difficulty.

TROI

Did you know her?

DATA

Not very well. We met shortly after the Enterprise-E was commissioned. I found her to be a most... promising officer.

Troi looks at him in concern.

TROI

Data... are you sure you're all

right?

DATA

I am still having difficulty integrating certain emotions into my programming. Grief, loss, remorse...

TROI

We still have to make reports on ten more crewmen killed in action. Maybe you should deactivate your emotion chip until we're done.

Data considers.

DATA

No. Human beings do not have that luxury, and neither should I.

TROI

I will admit... there are times when I wish I had an emotion chip I could turn on and off.

RIKER'S COM VOICE

Riker to Data.

DATA

(taps combadge)
Go ahead, Commander.

INTERCUT:

48 INT. BRIDGE

48

Riker, Worf, N.D.s at their stations.

RIKER

We're reading some kind of gas leak in the Environmental Control Room. Take a repair team down and check it out.

DATA

On my way, Commander.

As Data EXITS...

49 EXT. SPACE - THE ENTERPRISE

49

A WIDE SHOT of the ship. CAMERA CLOSES ON the AFT SECTION of the ship, moving underneath of the hull, pushing in on an area at the very bottom of the Enterprise.

Data and ENSIGN PORTER ENTER through a set of doors. The lights are off in the room, dim. This is a large room crammed with many conduits, gas tanks, 24th century machinery and monitors. It's normally unmanned -- this is where oxygen, gravity, heat, and other environmental conditions of the ship are controlled. In a far corner of the room a CONDUIT leading to a series of high-pressure TANKS labeled "D-O2" has ruptured and is SPEWING a corrosive, poisonous GAS.

Data scans it with his tricorder.

DATA

(to Porter)

One of the diathermic oxygen tanks has been damaged.

PORTER

(shocked)

Diathermic oxygen?

DATA

It is a new subsystem of Nova Class ships. It regulates hydropressure and temperature variance.

(beat)

Remain here. The gas is highly corrosive to organic material. It would liquefy your flesh on contact.

PORTER

Be my guest, sir.

Data walks over to the spewing gas tank, and without concern shoves both hands into the corrosive gas...

... groping around for the broken conduit, finally grabs hold of it... and with android strength BENDS the metal conduit back into the bulkhead. The gas stops leaking. Data is completely unaffected by the corrosive gas.

DATA

(to Porter)

Begin a diagnostic on the safety interlocks. There appears to have been some damage during the attack.

PORTER

Right.

Porter moves around a corner, behind some equipment,
out of Data's vision...

51

51 NEW ANGLE - PORTER

who opens a PANEL on the wall. But instead of the neat and orderly Starfleet technology, he is confronted by a bizarre amalgam of organic and mechanical cabling, diodes and what almost look like arteries. Some of the tubes are pulsing with fluids and energy. Porter reacts.

PORTER

What the hell...

Porter pulls aside a large conduit and stops. Buried deep within the tangle of bio-circuits is what looks like a HUMAN FACE covered with cybernetic tubes and chips. It's barely discernable in the darkness and clutter. Porter isn't even sure what he's looking at. He leans in for a closer look... and suddenly the eyes open.

52

52 DATA

who hears a THUMP and a sickening liquid CRUNCH from off camera. He takes a few steps in that direction.

DATA

Ensign Porter?

He stands there for a moment, puzzled. Then a faint SKITTERING SCRAPE can be heard -- like tiny claws on a metal surface. He whirls at the sound.

DATA

Ensign... are you all right?

No response. Data walks around the now deathly quiet room... turns the corner to where Porter was working. He's gone. The open panel is still there, and there doesn't appear to be any place Porter could've gone. Data looks puzzled, takes a step forward when his boots make a squishing sound. He looks down...

DATA

(taps combadge)

Data to Bridge.

No response.

DATA

Data to Security.

(beat)

This is Lieutenant Data to anyone

who can hear my signal. I need
assistance in the Environmental
Control Room.

Nothing. Data quickly turns and heads for the door.
There's a metallic SCRAPE above him and he looks up --

53

53 TWO BORG

are climbing to the ceiling like two spiders ready to
pounce. One of them has Porter and appears to be
inserting some horrible Borg device into his head.
Before Data can react, the second Borg suddenly lunges
at Data.

CUT

TO:

54

54 EXT. MONTANA PLAINS - MISSILE SILO - DAY

The SILO is buried deep underground, but on the surface
there is a large, poured concrete MISSILE DOOR.

Built to withstand a nuclear blast, the door has
nevertheless been badly charred and damaged by the Borg
attack from orbit. There are large, smoking CRATERS
all around. Part of the ground seems to have COLLAPSED
to a depth of ten feet, like a sinkhole nearby. Picard
and his team approach.

GEORDI

This must be it.

PICARD

How serious is the damage?

GEORDI

(off tricorder)

I'm having trouble scanning
underground. There's a lot of
radiation leaking from something.

PICARD

Probably from the nuclear warhead.
Cochrane was planning to use it to
ignite the warp drive.

As they speak, Beverly pulls out a hypospray and gives
everyone injections.

BEVERLY

This will protect us from the
radiation.

Geordi moves to the thick, concrete missile door, scans

it.

GEORDI

I'm picking up faint life signs
twenty meters below.

PICARD

There should be an access hatch
nearby...

Everyone spreads out... looking for the hatch. One of
the guards -- LANGE -- finds it.

LANGE

Over here.

Everyone rushes over to him. There's a small HATCH on
the ground that has been partially hidden by weeds and
brush. Geordi kneels down, starts working a complex-
looking LOCK on the hatch.

GEORDI

Alphanumeric lock. We need a
password to get in...

PICARD

I have the password right here.

Picard pulls out his phaser and everyone steps back.
He aims and FIRES at the hatch, which is BLOWN OPEN,
revealing a ladder that leads down into the darkness.
As they start to crawl inside...

55

55 INT. MISSILE SILO - CONTROL ROOM

This is the "mission control" for Cochrane's test site.
The underground room is filled with 21st century
equipment, consoles and monitors. One entire wall of
the room is dominated by a huge METAL BLAST DOOR, which
is now closed. We will learn that on the other side of
that door is the nuclear missile/warp ship itself.

The ceiling has partially collapsed. Chunks of
concrete and fallen beams have destroyed some of the
equipment...Only a few of the consoles are active, most
are dark or fritzing sporadically. The lights are out,
and the room is illuminated by a few smoldering fires.
Four dead bodies can be seen strewn around the room.
It's a scene of destruction.

56

56 PICARD

and his team ENTER the dark and smoking ruin. Beverly
and Picard move to one of the dead men, while Geordi
and the Security Guards move to the other three.

Beverly rolls the man onto his back -- he's clearly dead. The name stitched on his uniform says Rippert. Picard looks up.

PICARD

(to others)

See if any of these men are
Cochrane.

Geordi and the Guards start checking the dead bodies.

GEORDI

Mitchell... DePaul...

LANGE

This one's a woman... named Kirby.

Picard and Beverly move toward the immense blast door. As Beverly scans it, Picard glances at a nearby desk...

57 **THE DESK**

57

is littered with debris and various documents and schematics. THREE PHOTOGRAPHS are pinned to a bulletin board above the desk -- they show Zephram Cochrane and two angles of his warp ship. The photos are odd-looking, printed on what appears to be some sort of cloth.

BEVERLY

There's a life sign behind this
door... about ten meters below.

Geordi moves to the door.

GEORDI

Blast door. It's designed to
protect the control room when the
missile is launched.

PICARD

There should be some kind of
manual release...

They hunt around for a moment. Geordi runs his hand along the edge of the blast door. Picard turns to the Guards.

PICARD

(to Lange)

Get those fires out and then try
to restore main power to the
control room.

LANGE

Aye, sir.

The Guards move off.

GEORDI

Got it, Captain.

Geordi has found an emergency BOX with several pneumatic tubes and a hydraulic lever labeled "emergency use only." He pulls down the lever, there is a hissing sound, and the blast door slowly SLIDES DOWN into the floor. We can now see the MISSILE SILO itself beyond the door. Picard, Geordi and Beverly step into...

58

58 INT. MISSILE SILO - CONTINUOUS

Picard, Geordi and Beverly step onto the catwalk, which surrounds the Silo walls. In the middle is the WARP SHIP itself. It should look like an advanced ICBM missile with a COCKPIT in place of the warhead, and with numerous modifications to the fuselage. The cockpit is on the same level as the control room. On the side of the missile is the name "Phoenix". The missile itself extends down another FOUR STORIES. There are other catwalks below this one, with ladders connecting the different levels. Beverly sees something below.

BEVERLY

There.

59

59 NEW ANGLE

Two catwalks below we can see a man sprawled on the grating. They all scramble down the ladders past the massive missile. (NOTE: Because of the design of the Silo, we will see the entire missile only in a few shots. For the most part, our view is limited to sections of the missile.)

Beverly reaches the man, who is lying face-down on the metal grating. She scans him...

BEVERLY

Severe radiation exposure...

Geordi looks over at the section of the missile on their level. The side panels have been removed, revealing complex circuitry within.

Picard joins Beverly, who turns over the injured man. It's ZEPHRAM COCHRANE -- the man whose picture we saw on the Borg monitors. Beverly begins pulling devices out of her medkit, injects Cochrane with a hypospray. Cochrane is a man in his mid-forties. He has a

youthful, dynamic appearance marred by recent radiation burns.

PICARD

It's Cochrane.

BEVERLY

I've stabilized him for now... but he's in a coma and he's going to need radiometric therapy. I want to take him to the ship.

Picard nods, reaches into his pants pocket, takes out a combadge.

PICARD

Picard to Enterprise.
(no response)
Enterprise, please respond.

GEORDI

It could be the radiation, Captain. Try from the surface.

Picard nods... then takes a deep breath, tries to orient himself to the task at hand... there's a lot at stake and a lot to do. He turns to Geordi.

PICARD

Mister La Forge, listen very carefully. If you remember your history... in less than twenty-four hours, a Vulcan ship will be passing through this system. When it does, this ship needs to be in space, flying at warp speed.

Geordi takes a deep breath, it's a tall order.

GEORDI

I'd better get started.

Geordi goes to work. Picard bends down and carefully hoists Cochrane up into a fireman's carry. Beverly follows him up the catwalk...

CUT

TO:

60

60 EXT. MISSILE SILO - DAY

Minutes later. Cochrane is lying on the ground. Beverly is kneeling beside him, unfolding a portable stretcher from her medkit. Picard is checking two combadges with a tricorder.

PICARD

It's not the radiation... and there's nothing wrong with the combadges... the Enterprise just isn't responding.

BEVERLY

Jean-Luc, this man needs medical attention, now.

PICARD

As I recall, the town of Resurrection is about two kilometers East of here. They might have a hospital...

Picard looks troubled at the thought.

BEVERLY

What are we waiting for? Let's go.

PICARD

It may not be that simple. This is an extremely difficult and paranoid time in human history.

BEVERLY

Are you saying they won't help us?

PICARD

I'm saying they might shoot us on sight. You have to remember... these people have watched their entire way of life collapse around them.

BEVERLY

There must be some good people... even in this time.

PICARD

Let's hope so. Because if Cochrane dies... the future may die with him.

Picard kneels down and they begin to carefully put Cochrane on the stretcher...

CUT

TO:

61

61 INT. ENTERPRISE - BRIDGE

Riker, Troi and Worf studying a MONITOR which shows a three-dimensional DIAGRAM of the Enterprise, which

turns and rotates as needed. The schematic shows battle damage and repair efforts.

WORF

I have assigned two damage control teams to locate the source of our communication problems. So far, they've had no success.

RIKER

Assign another team if you need to. I want to re-establish communication with the Captain as soon as possible.

Worf nods and begins making notes on a PADD.

TROI

Are we in any danger of being detected by Earth defense systems?

WORF

There were no planetary defense systems in this era. Their weapons were designed to fight each other... not extraterrestrials.

RIKER

We have to start thinking about a way to get home.

(to Troi)

Analyze our readings from the temporal vortex. We're going to have to recreate whatever the Borg did to --

Just then the ship SHUDDERS and the LIGHTS FLICKER.

RIKER

Report.

TROI

(off console)

We just lost main power... and we've got Class-Three alerts all over the ship. I'm not sure what's --

An ALARM goes off on Worf's console. He reacts to it.

WORF

A ship-wide decompression has been initiated!

RIKER

What?

TROI

We're venting our internal
atmosphere directly into space!

62 **EXT. ENTERPRISE**

CLOSE ON THE SAUCER as vents and hatches POP OPEN on
the hull and GIANT JETS OF VAPOR start blowing out
into space.

63 **INT. CORRIDOR**

Crewmembers walking along are suddenly KNOCKED to the
floor as hurricane force WINDS blow through the
Corridor. The ship is venting air into space, creating
a virtual VACUUM inside the ship! The people in the
corridor grab onto the bulkheads, struggling to hang on
against the force of the wind...

64 **INT. BRIDGE**

Suddenly an emergency AIRLOCK on the Bridge OPENS.
VIOLENT WIND roars through the Bridge and everyone
hangs on. Troi is ripped out of her chair, flown
across the Bridge, slams up against the bulkhead,
struggling to hang on. Worf runs over, grabs her arm,
keeps her from flying out.

Riker manages to reach a control panel -- hits a button
and an EMERGENCY BULKHEAD finally slides down over the
airlock and the wind DIES DOWN. Everyone takes a beat.

RIKER

What the hell is happening, Worf?

WORF

(off console)

It appears that someone has taken
over the Environmental Control
Room.

TROI

Someone...?

RIKER

(realizing)

The Borg. Some of them must've
beamed over before we destroyed
their ship.

(to Worf)

Seal off that entire deck with
emergency force fields.

TROI

Wil... Data was down there.

RIKER

(to Worf)

Mister Worf... find Data if you can, but your top priority is isolating the Borg.

WORF

Understood.

Worf heads for a Turbolift. OFF Riker's disturbed expression...

CUT TO:

65 **CLOSE ON DATA'S FACE**

His eyes are closed. There's a beat, then his eyes fly open and he looks around.

We PULL BACK slightly, revealing Data is lying on some kind of tabletop with metallic clamps and restraints. He tenses his arm and tries to move, but he is unable to break the restraints. About two feet in front of his face is what appears to be a bulkhead. There is a cacophony of strange background NOISE -- scratching, hisses, gurgling liquids, odd alien hums...

Suddenly, the table begins to MOVE. It ROTATES, and as it does so we realize that Data has been hanging upside down staring at the floor. It's a disorienting moment as our perspective changes and Data rotates upright.

66 **DATA'S POV**

As the table gyrates, we REVEAL the ROOM slowly. And we realize we're in --

67 **INT. BORG HIVE**

The Environmental Control Room seen earlier has now been transformed into the INNER-SANCTUM of the BORG. The room has a dark, moist, organic feel -- a tropical jungle of cybernetic equipment.

The Borg are altering the room, converting Starfleet technology and materials into the living, bio-mechanical look of the Borg. We see one Borg drone attach a small pod to a Starfleet console and activate it. The pod immediately sends out a COMPLEX WEB of BORG TECHNOLOGY which covers the Starfleet console inside and out. It's like weeds overpowering a flower

bed -- within seconds the console has been BORGIFIED.

The walls, ceiling and floor are now honeycombed with the ALCOVES that make up the BORG COLLECTIVE. Borg drones are motionless in their alcoves, cabling and other conduits connecting them to various equipment... while other Borg are moving about the room, carrying out various modifications to the room. At one point, we see Ensign Porter. He's been completely Borgified. His skin pale, expression blank. No hint of humanity left.

68

68 DATA

still strapped to the table, which is twisting and rotating, giving him frightening new glimpses of the room. A new image appears -- SIX BORG DRONES are clustered together in one section of the room, each with an elaborate series of hoses and conduits connected to its face.

Through the tubes we can see an exchange of FLUID and ENERGY pulsing back and forth -- some sort of bizarre "feeding" or "renewal" is going on. The tubes all seem to lead toward the ceiling.

Data is now horizontal on his back and the table LOCKS into position. A Borg drone OPENS A PANEL on the side of Data's head, and begins connecting a thick bundle of optical cabling to it.

DATA

(to Borg)

Your efforts to assimilate me will
be unsuccessful.

The Borg ignores him, activates a console... and the cabling connected to Data's head LIGHTS UP with power. They're trying to connect him to the Collective.

Data thinks for a moment, tilts his head slightly... and then suddenly there's a SHOWER of SPARKS from the cabling he's been connected to. The lights on the cable go out. Data has thwarted their attempts.

DATA

(to Borg)

It would appear that resistance is
not always futile.

Suddenly a new VOICE is heard echoing through the room -- a woman's voice, low, seductive, deadly:

WOMAN'S VOICE

Brave words. I've heard them
before from thousands of species

across thousands of worlds...
since long before you were
created.

Data looks up toward...

69

69 THE CEILING

A RUSTLE of MOVEMNET somewhere in the cyber-tangle... almost like a snake slithering beneath the weeds. And for a brief instant we get a glimpse of a FACE unlike any Borg we've ever seen. The face of a woman. Pale-skinned... piercing eyes...raven hair slicked back... a hauntingly beautiful image in a sea of nightmarish technology. And then it's gone.

70

70 DATA

Frowns. He saw it, too, but he's not sure what to make of it.

WOMAN'S VOICE

But now... they are all one with
the Borg.

DATA

I am unlike any lifeform you have
encountered before. As an
android, I am in complete control
of my neural net. The information
contained there cannot be forcibly
removed.

WOMAN'S VOICE

You are an imperfect being...
created by an imperfect being.
Finding your weakness is only a
matter of time.

Suddenly three Borg drones converge on Data with various wicked-looking Borg devices. One of the Borg has a specialized cybernetic ARM, which EXTRUDES a series of stiletto-tipped DRILL SPIKES. As the six-inch spikes begin to BORE INTO Data's head...

CUT

TO:

71

71 EXT. MONTANA - RESURRECTION CITY - DAY

Resurrection is a small town -- around 1,000 people -- a rural, Western community that's probably existed for at least two hundred years, and we can see the roots of the original ranching community in some of the

architecture. But it's also a community of the 21st century.

The most striking feature of the town is that it sits in the middle of nearly a hundred WIND MILLS, which provide the only source of power for the town. The blades are enormous, but the structures supporting them are little more than simple poles. Some are sleek, fiberglass, futuristic... others have a more cobbled together, make-shift appearance. At the moment, only a few blades are turning in the gentle breeze.

Picard and Beverly emerge from the nearby woods carrying the stretcher. They exchange a look at the sight of the city and then head toward it...

72

72 EXT. RESURRECTION CITY - DAY

A few minutes later. Picard and Beverly carrying Cochrane down the street toward the hospital at the end. As they walk along, we get our first taste of post-apocalyptic 21st century life:

This is a recognizable American community, but it's definitely a futuristic town. Clothing, architecture, technology -- all have changed over the course of seventy years. But it is a broken future. What used to be high-tech public COMPUTER TERMINALS are rusted and abandoned. We can see the corroded hulks of HOVER-CARS lying idle in the streets. Futuristic elements now useless.

At one point, they pass a large polyurethane TENT -- the inside surface is covered with condensation and we can see the silhouettes of people moving within. The entrance is guarded by a single Militia Guard. Later we will learn that this is a primitive greenhouse, the only place where they can grow uncontaminated food.

What used to be a McDonald's, or some other recognizable food chain, has now been gutted and has been turned into a kind of blacksmith shop. People are fashioning metal into various tools using hammer and tongs.

The sidewalks are populated with PEOPLE, who congregate in small groups, quietly talking amongst themselves, others just staring vacantly off into space. Many of them have visible burn scars and damage to their bodies -- victims of the war and post-nuclear environmental dangers. A few of them are applying a special lotion to their arms and face -- protection against the toxic elements. A long FOOD LINE snakes around a block, as people line up to get their daily rations.

A few people glance up at Picard and Beverly with

curious or suspicious looks. This is not a community that welcomes strangers. At one point, they see a man dressed in futuristic CAMOUFLAGE carrying an automatic weapon -- we will learn he's a MILITIA SOLDIER. He stares at them with a neutral expression, then walks off.

The people here have that hollow-eyed, listless look about them. They're going through something that makes the Great Depression look like a minor inconvenience. But there's also a toughness to these people, a resilience and determination to survive in the face of overwhelming odds. We are looking at our future... and it's on the verge of collapse.

CUT

TO:

73 INT. HOSPITAL - EMERGENCY ROOM - DAY

73

A short time later. Cochrane is being lifted onto an operating table. Picard and Beverly step back from the table as a DOCTOR and two NURSES look him over. The doctor is in his early fifties and has a weathered, tired look to him. The hospital itself is like the rest of the town -- a futuristic setting fallen on hard times. The light in the room is provided mostly from the sunlight streaming in through the windows. Light bulbs and other gear flicker dimly around the hospital -- we get the feeling they have very little power.

DOCTOR

How long has he been unconscious?

BEVERLY

At least four hours.

He checks Cochran's head injury as Beverly takes out her tricorder and scans him.

DOCTOR

It looks like he has a cranial fracture, but I'll need X-rays to be sure.

(to Nurse)

Get Ruby in here.

One of the nurses runs off.

BEVERLY

(off tricorder)

He has a severe fracture of the left occipital plate. He's not hemorrhaging... but the radiation has damaged his KNA and his APR cell count...

He looks at her curiously.

DOCTOR

"APR cell count?" What the hell
are you talking about?

PICARD

(quickly)

Doctor Crusher has been...
studying some advanced medical
theories.

NURSE

(re: tricorder)

What is that?

BEVERLY

It's a... new medical scanner.
It's a little more precise than an
X-ray machine.

The Doctor eyes it.

DOCTOR

Is it Japanese?

BEVERLY

Um... yeah.

(beat)

Now he's going to need a
respirator. Do you have one?

DOCTOR

We have two... but we don't have
the juice to run them.

PICARD

Juice?

DOCTOR

Power. There hasn't been a lot of
wind through here for the last
couple of weeks. Most of the
batteries are depleted.

BEVERLY

Don't you have any generators, or
other fuel sources?

The Doctor throws her an irritated look.

DOCTOR

Maybe you'd like to take your
patient to the hospital in
Bozemen... it's only two hundred
miles away.

Cochrane wheezes -- breathing becoming labored and ragged. Beverly scans him, urgent.

BEVERLY

His automatic reflexes are fluctuating. We've got to get him on a respirator.

DOCTOR

(to Nurse)

Bag him.

The nurse picks up a portable respirator sack -- puts it on Cochrane's face and squeezes the bag, forcing air into Cochrane's lungs. Picard has been thinking through this scene, finally has a solution.

PICARD

Beverly -- your tricorder.

She hands him her tricorder.

PICARD

(to Doctor)

Where's the battery room for the hospital?

DOCTOR

I told you, there's no --

PICARD

Where?

DOCTOR

Outside, around back. Next to the water tank.

Picard rushes out the doors. Beverly checks Cochrane's pulse.

BEVERLY

His heartbeat's irregular...

Beverly climbs up on top of Cochrane, straddling him, begins giving him 24th century CPR. She takes charge.

BEVERLY

Adrenaline -- ten CC's!

As they rush to save him.

74 EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

74

The back of the building. Picard rushes out and spots an old, dilapidated BATTERY UNIT providing power to the

hospital. He quickly yanks off the back panel, revealing a tangle of wires, and several large batteries. He kneels down, then removes the back of the tricorder.

75 **75 CLOSE ON TRICORDER**

as Picard pulls out a small POWER CELL -- about half the size of a dime. The blinkies on the tricorder go out.

76 **76 PICARD**

holds the power cell with one hand, and starts pulling out wires from the batteries with the other.

77 **77 INT. HOSPITAL - EMERGENCY ROOM - DAY**

As before. Beverly, the doctor and the nurse trying to save Cochrane.

BEVERLY

(pumping his chest)

One... two... three... compress!

The nurse squeezes the bag. Suddenly the room is filled with the HUM of POWER and ALL OF THE LIGHTS AND EQUIPMENT COME TO LIFE. Monitors blinking, fluorescent lights flashing on. Everyone reacts with shock.

78 **78 INT. HOSPITAL WARD - DAY**

It's filled with patients. The lights and equipment here FLASH ON, as well. Doctors and patients alike react with surprise.

79 **79 INT. HOSPITAL - EMERGENCY ROOM - DAY**

Picard enters. They've placed a RESPIRATOR down Cochrane's throat, and attached electrodes to his chest. Beverly has just finished giving him an injection with a hypospray. The heart monitor in the background is now beating regularly. The doctor turns to Picard.

DOCTOR

What did you do to the batteries?

PICARD

Oh... just a little tinkering.
How is he?

BEVERLY

He's stable... for now.
(with meaning)
But it would be better if we could
contact... our friends.

PICARD

Yes. But until then, you'll have
to make do with what you've got.

BEVERLY

That'll be interesting.

A WOMAN'S VOICE:

RUBY'S VOICE

What happened to him?

Everyone turns.

80 NEW ANGLE

80

revealing RUBY SLOANE standing at the front of
Cochrane's bed. A striking woman in her mid-to-late
thirties -- dark hair, tall, lean, beautiful under
normal circumstances but at the moment she's not at her
best, it looks like she's just come in from a hard
day's work. She's wearing an old lab coat. But the
most striking quality of all is the innate intelligence
we can see in her eyes.

She's looking directly at Picard for an answer. Picard
realizes he has to say something. He looks into her
eyes and there is a moment here -- a brief spark of
chemistry that in normal circumstances the Captain just
might follow up. But at the moment, he shoves that
electric feeling aside and tries to give her an answer.

PICARD

There was some kind of explosion
out at the missile silo...

She looks at him for a moment, her eyes boring into him
without expression, as though probing the truthfulness
of his statement.

DOCTOR

Ruby, we're going to need a series
of cranial X-rays tonight.

RUBY

(nods)
I have a fresh set of plates at
home. I'll have them here by
eight.

She turns back to Cochrane, moves to his side, gently takes his hand and looks at him with sad affection.

RUBY

(quiet)

Take care of him. He's a very special man.

PICARD

Yes, he is.

She looks up at Picard, and again there's a slight feeling of chemistry in the air. And then she turns and starts to walk out of the room. Picard's combadge BEEPS. Reactions.

GEORDI'S COM VOICE

La Forge to Picard.

RUBY

(stopping)

I think there's someone in your pants.

PICARD

Excuse me. I have a... telephone call.

Picard takes a few steps away, pulls the combadge out of his pants pocket, taps it. Ruby watches him a beat, then walks out of the room.

PICARD

Picard here.

GEORDI'S COM VOICE

Captain, we have a problem. I think you'd better get back here.

PICARD

I'm on my way. Picard out.

Picard moves to Beverly.

PICARD

(sotto)

I have to go back to the silo. Will you be all right?

BEVERLY

I'll be fine.

(re: Cochrane)

He's a different story.

Beverly begins examining the medical equipment she'll have to work with as Picard exits...

81

81 EXT. RESURRECTION CITY STREET - DAY

A short time later. Picard walking down the main street back toward the gates. People passing him, taking no notice of him...Picard's mind thinking ahead. He happens to glance down a side street, then he stops.

82

82 NEW ANGLE

Looking down the side street. Ruby, the mysterious woman from the hospital, is walking along with a camera bag now slung over her shoulder. She stops for a moment as she passes the hulk of a burnt-out old hover car... stares at it...then pulls a home-made FUTURISTIC CAMERA out of her bag and snaps a picture of the car. She continues on her way. Picard is intrigued -- wonders about this woman and what it is she could be taking a picture of. Just then --

MAN'S VOICE

Catch.

Picard turns just in time to catch a small, metal canister with a screw-top.

The man who threw it steps into view. It's LIEUTENANT SCRIMM. Scrimm is the head of the town's militia. While not a physically threatening man, there is a quietly disturbing quality about him which conveys an intelligence laced with a tightly reined volatility. He's wearing futuristic combat fatigues and always carries a sidearm. Before the war, Scrimm was probably one of the "survivalists" who used to be dismissed as radicals until their predictions of Armageddon came true. At the moment, Scrimm is presenting his friendliest face to Picard.

SCRIMM

(pleasant)

Think you'll need that.

Picard eyes the canister, not sure what to make of it.

SCRIMM

It's no zone solution.

(off his look)

You know. "No ozone."

He points to the sky.

PICARD

Oh... yes... ultraviolet protection. Thank you. Mister...?

SCRIMM

Lieutenant, actually. Lieutenant Jonathan Scrimm. I'm the head of the Resurrection Protective Force.

(beat)

And you are?

PICARD

Jean-Luc Picard.

SCRIMM

Great name. French?

PICARD

Yes.

SCRIMM

You don't sound French.

Scrimm is still smiling at him, but his eyes never leave Picard.

PICARD

I was raised in England and here in the States. Thank you for the... no zone.

Picard begins to walk away, not wanting to engage any citizens of the town. Scrimm falls in next to him.

SCRIMM

Where in the States?

PICARD

Oh... here and there. You know how it is.

SCRIMM

Not really. I was born and raised right here. Never had much use for travel.

He casually steps in front of Picard, blocking his way.

SCRIMM

Where are you from most recently?

PICARD

(thinking fast)

California. San Francisco.

SCRIMM

Beautiful city. Used to be, anyway. I didn't think anyone still lived there.

PICARD

There's a few of us left.

Picard steps around him and continues walking down the street. Scrimm waits a beat, then walks after him again.

SCRIMM

That was a pretty clever trick you did with the hospital's batteries. How'd you do it?

PICARD

It wasn't a trick. I used to be an electrical engineer.

SCRIMM

Huh.

He steps in front of Picard again, still pleasant but a little bit of a smile fading from his face. Picard realizes he isn't going to shake this man so easily.

SCRIMM

And what were you doing out at the missile silo?

PICARD

I'm an old friend of Cochrane's... I wanted to see how he was doing.

SCRIMM

Lucky for him you came by when you did. He might be dead now.

PICARD

Yes.

SCRIMM

Maybe you can tell me what he's been doing in that silo. We heard some explosions out there this morning...

PICARD

I think he was running a test on an old rocket engine... and one of the fuel cells burst.

Scrimm eyes him evenly.

SCRIMM

You seem to have an answer for everything.

PICARD

Something wrong with that?

SCRIMM

Not yet.

A tense beat. Then Scrimm smiles easily.

SCRIMM

(re: balm)

Be sure you put that on. You need a lot of protection around here.

He holds Picard's eyes for a moment.

PICARD

Thank you. But I've never had much trouble protecting myself.

Now it's Picard's turn to smile pleasantly at Scrimm. Picard walks around him and heads for the gates. Scrimm watches him go with a thoughtful expression -- clearly, he's more than a little suspicious...

CUT

TO:

83 EXT. SPACE - THE ENTERPRISE

83

in orbit of Earth.

84 INT. CORRIDOR

84

Worf and a large SECURITY DETACHMENT -- a dozen or so men and women -- are moving down the Corridor with grim looks on their faces. They are carrying new powerful-looking phaser rifles and other equipment. The feeling is of an elite combat squad heading for a dangerous mission. They stop at one point and Worf lifts up a DECKPLATE, exposing a large HATCH in the floor. Worf hits his combadge.

WORF

Worf to Bridge. We're in position.

85 INT. BRIDGE

85

Riker in command, Troi nearby. Riker is standing at the security station looking at a monitor which displays a schematic graphic of the ship. The position of the security team is flashing -- we can see they are on Deck 46.

RIKER

This is the Bridge. I'm releasing

the emergency force fields.

He nods to Troi, who works a console.

86 **86 INT. CORRIDOR**

Worf and his team watch as the FORCEFIELD protecting the hatch flashes off. Worf reaches down and releases the hatch, which slides open with a soft whoosh. He glances at his men for a moment, then JUMPS down the hatch...

87 **87 INT. DECK 47 - CORRIDOR**

As Worf lands on his feet. The light is dim, no power on this deck, hard to see. He looks around warily for a moment, phaser at-the-ready, then activates his wrist beacon. We immediately notice that we can see Worf's breath -- it's freezing cold down here. He shines the light around the darkened corridor, then silently motions his arm for the others to follow. A beat, then we see the security officers start to drop into the corridor from the hatch above...

88 **88 NEW ANGLE - CORRIDOR**

As Worf's squad spreads out along the hall, weapons at-the-ready, everyone alert with fingers on the triggers. We see that the phaser rifles are equipped with their own light sources, intended to illuminate the target before you shoot at it. The Security Officers are constantly moving their lights back and forth through the chilly air. Worf gives hand signals -- holds up two fingers, then a fist, and points forward.

Two Guards trot down the corridor about fifteen feet, stop, and take up firing positions... then two more members of the team run down, leap frog ahead of them and take positions further down the corridor. Classic military deployment. Worf starts scanning with a tricorder.

WORF

(hits combadge)

Worf to Bridge.

RIKER'S COM VOICE

Riker here.

WORF

There's a dampening field in place on this deck. Our tricorders are useless.

The team continue to explore Deck 47. It's spooky, eerie, a sense of menace around every corner. They open doors, check room by room, section by section, still no sign of the Borg in the freezing cold darkness.

90

90 ANGLE ON SECURITY GUARD

The Corridor directly ahead has been stripped of wall, ceiling and deck panels -- all the normal decorative Enterprise sheathing is gone, revealing the circuitry and machinery of the ship itself. Unlike the rest of the corridors, there does appear to be POWER flowing through some of the conduits up ahead, and it gives off an eerie glow.

We can also see that some of the machinery has been altered and changed -- not just the neat and orderly arrangement you'd expect to find behind bulkheads -- there's a sense of cross-circuitry, re-wiring, equipment being rearranged. Clearly, a lot of work has gone on in this area of the ship. Worf steps forward, examines the corridor closely.

ENSIGN HAWK

What the hell is going on?

WORF

Borg...

Worf signals the team forward, and they slowly begin picking their way down the Borgified Corridor. It's not easy -- they have to choose their footing carefully as they walk through the maze of cables, circuits, and machinery... Ensign Hawk accidentally steps on some circuitry, which gives off a BEEP. The entire team suddenly whirls their lights and weapons on the unfortunate Ensign, who pales at their sudden attention.

Worf looks irritated, then motions his team to continue their search. They continue making their way down the spooky corridor... and as they turn a corner...

92

92 NEW ANGLE - ANOTHER CORRIDOR

where the machinery is now THICKER and more BORG-LIKE in appearance. Tubes and cabling hang down from the ceiling. If anything, it's even colder in here. The deeper they go, the worse it gets. We can now hear a low, sinister HUM of alien power. At the end of this corridor is the ENVIRONMENTAL CONTROL ROOM, as seen earlier. The entire doorway is gone -- and a weird pulsing GLOW fills the room. Worf stops his team at the sight. From this vantage, we cannot see directly into the room, but clearly something is going on in

there.

Worf signals his men to spread out, and they take up positions around the Corridor, all weapons trained on Environmental Control.

WORF

Worf to Bridge. We're about to enter the Environmental Control Room.

RIKER'S COM VOICE

Any sign of Data, or the Borg themselves?

As Worf and Riker continue talking, we MOVE TO Ensign Hawk, who is now the last man in the formation, covering the rear. He's shining his phaser-beacon into the empty darkness. He can't help looking back over his shoulder at the rest of the team and the distant Environmental Control Room -- that seems to be where the action is. As he turns, his beacon moves with him, throwing the Corridor behind them in and out of darkness.

WORF

(continuing)

Negative. However, they've reconfigured the ODN network... and re-routed all power on this deck into Environmental Control.

As Worf speaks, Ensign Hawk turns back, but this time when he shines his beacon into the darkness, something MOVES in the distance -- a shadow. The Ensign freezes, brings his rifle up. But did he see it, or was it his imagination?

A tense beat as he waits, heart pounding... but nothing happens. On the wall next to his head we see what can only be described as a BIO-MECHANISTIC CABLE creeping out of the wall... which begins slowly heading for the Ensign's neck. Just as he begins to sense that something is happening behind him, the cable WHIPS OUT around his neck and YANKS him deep into the bed of circuitry in the blink of an eye -- the motion so fast we have trouble following it.

Worf turns his head at the sound.

WORF

Stand by, Commander
(to team)
Where's Ensign Hawk?

Everyone looks around, surprised that he's not there. Everyone is alert, keyed up. The tension is thick.

Utter silence, except for the hum of the machinery and the frosty breathing of the team.

RIKER'S COM VOICE

Worf? Is something wrong?

WORF

Something is very wrong,
Commander. We're falling back.

Worf gives hand signals for the team to move out. But just as they start to fall back, everything happens at once.

93

93 BORG DRONES

EXPLODE OUT OF THE WALLS, CEILING AND FLOOR! What follows is a BLUR of action happening so fast and furious we never get a true sense of what's happening.

A flurry of violence and motion and images:

- A snarling Borg face -- half-human, half-machine, a cybernetic nightmare.
- Strange, bio-mechanical WEAPONS extruding from Borg bodies, RIPPING into human flesh.
- A crewmember PULLED into a bed of machinery.

WORF

Fire at will!

But the Borg are already on top of them. It's a brutal fight in close quarters with no escape.

Phasers and Borg lasers lighting up the corridor, bodies flying through the air... utter chaos and terror. The fight goes hand to hand and Worf sees that they don't have a chance...

WORF

(throwing off a Borg)

Fall back!

The team starts backpedaling, FIRING as they go...but the Borg are unstoppable now -- they put up personal force fields to protect themselves.

WORF

Go, go, GO!

Worf pushes his men down the corridor. Everyone turns and RUNS like hell. Worf bends down and grabs a frightened Lieutenant by the collar, pulling him along.

94

94 **VARIOUS SHOTS:**

-- The team running through the corridors, SHOOTING behind them at the pursuing Borg, to no effect...

-- Two of the Borg raise their arms and FIRE LASER BURSTS out of their arms and wrists, taking DOWN two Security Guards. Worf sees them fall but there's no time to go back.

95

95 **INT. DECK 46 - CORRIDOR**

As Worf's team starts CLIMBING UP and out the dark hatch in the floor seen earlier.

96

96 **INT. DECK 47 - CORRIDOR**

As the last member of Worf's team climbs out to safety. The Borg swarm is about to overpower Worf. He quickly hits a few controls on his phaser, sets it to overload. We hear the building WHINE. He JUMPS straight up into the air, GRABBING onto the hatch rim, pulling himself up. He barely manages to vanish from view just as the phaser EXPLODES in a FIERY BLAST, taking out several of the Borg drones.

97

97 **INT. DECK 46 - CORRIDOR**

The conclusive BLAST comes up through the hatch, causing Worf to duck for a moment.

Worf reaches out to close the hatch, when a BORG HAND bursts up from below and GRABS his forearm. It's a test of strength. Worf reaches over with his other arm, hits a control and the hatch SLIDES CLOSED, SEVERING the Borg arm in a shower of sparks.

WORF

Worf to Bridge -- force fields!

The force field FLASHES into place. Worf and his team sit there a moment, catching their breath, stunned at what they've just been through.

RIKER'S COM VOICE

What the hell happened down there, Worf?

WORF

Commander... we have a problem.

OFF Worf's shaken expression...

CUT

TO:

98

98 INT. MISSILE SILO - CATWALK - DAY

Geordi and Picard are walking down the catwalk ladders toward the missile's massive engines. Now that the smoke has cleared and the place has been cleared up a bit, we get our first good look at the ship and the damage done in the Borg attack.

GEORDI

(on the move)

Cochrane was going to use this solid rocket booster to lift the ship into orbit. Before the warp drive took over... everything would depend on these old chemical engines.

(beat)

Now here's the problem...

They arrive at a point on the fuselage where we can see a large section of the engines have been **BLASTED AWAY**, leaving a deep, ugly **SCAR** -- broken conduit lines, wires that now lead to nothing. It's clear that a key piece of equipment has been destroyed.

GEORDI

(re: damage)

This used to be the throttle valve assembly.

(observing it)

It controls the thrust of the engines. It's been completely vaporized... and without it, there's no way to launch the ship.

PICARD

Can you reconstruct the throttle valve?

GEORDI

Yeah... if I knew what it looked like. There's probably five hundred ways to design a valve like this...

PICARD

We need to launch this ship in under eighteen hours...

(beat)

There must be some design schematics... blueprints...

GEORDI

We're tearing this place apart looking for them... but the computers are down, and the fires destroyed half the files...so far, nothing.

They look at the damage in frustration.

GEORDI

If it was just part of the warp drive, I'd know what to do. But this... it's like trying to rebuild Orville Wright's airplane with canvass and sticks.

Picard thinks, remembers something.

PICARD

Wait a minute...

99 INT. CONTROL ROOM

99

Moments later. Picard and Geordi are looking at the three cloth-printed photographs seen earlier -- the headshot of Cochrane and two different angles of the three cloth-printed photographs seen earlier -- the warp ship with people working on it. Picard spreads them out on the desk.

GEORDI

Yeah, I looked at these already.

Geordi points to a photo of the ship -- a worker is walking in front of the throttle assembly, blocking most of it from view.

GEORDI

You can almost see the throttle assembly in this one... but this guy walked in front of it when they took the picture.

Picard considers, absently sticks his hand in his jacket pocket. He pulls out the canister of balm Scrimm gave him and tosses it onto the table.

PICARD

Could you reconstruct the throttle from a photograph like this... if that man wasn't blocking the view?

Geordi thinks it over.

GEORDI

Maybe...
(beat)

Sure. Yeah. As long as I could get a clear look at the intake configuration. But so far, we haven't found any other photos.

PICARD

(staring at photos)

If there are other photographs... I think I may know how to find them.

CUT

TO:

100

100 INT. BORG HIVE

It's a while later, and the Borg are making progress. Data is strapped to the table, PANELS open on his HEAD and CHEST. Three Borg drones are working methodically on his inner-circuitry. The jagged voice of the woman cuts in:

WOMAN'S VOICE

Your resistance is... illogical. To us, your neural net is simply another piece of technology. We will learn its secrets.

Data stares at the murky ceiling.

DATA

Who are you?

WOMAN'S VOICE

I am the Borg.

DATA

That is a contradiction. The Borg act as a collective consciousness. There are no individuals.

WOMAN'S VOICE

I am the beginning... the end. I am the one who is many. I am the Borg.

Out of the mist that hugs the top of the room DESCENDS the BORG QUEEN.

She is unlike any of the Borg drones we've ever seen -- a humanoid female with conduits and tubes running out of her body. She has no legs. Her torso is SUSPENDED by a complex rig of CABLES and HYDRAULICS. Her face and upper-torso are much more humanoid, with the pasty-pale white of Borg flesh. Her EYES have a silvery glint to them. Her demeanor is seductive and sensual

in contrast to the harsh, mechanical surroundings. She is an eerie blend of two worlds -- organic and mechanical.

With the soft HISS of hydraulics, she LOWERS herself down to where her face is very close to that of Data's. Her features are almost angelic, but the silvery glint in her eyes betrays an inner-darkness.

DATA

You are the guiding intelligence behind the Borg...?

BORG QUEEN

Intelligence... ambition... desire... I bring order to chaos...

She studies his face with a certain child-like quality.

BORG QUEEN

It's unfortunate we will have to destroy you to obtain the information we need. You are a... unique lifeform.

(beat)

Synthetic... and yet far more than a simple automaton. You have no idea how close to perfection you are.

She stares at him intently, and we get the hint that her interest in Data may go beyond simple assimilation. She seems fascinated by him. Data picks up on this.

DATA

How do you define perfection?

The Queen opens her arms slightly, clearly indicating herself.

BORG QUEEN

A blending of the organic and the synthetic. The highest form of life in the galaxy.

Data eyes her, considering.

DATA

An interesting definition. But it is not one that applies to me. I am completely artificial. I have no organic components.

She looks at him as a new thought crosses her mind. She might've just found the chink in Data's armor.

BORG QUEEN

Have you ever wondered what it's
like to have flesh?

DATA

It is impossible to imagine
sensations for which I have no
frame of reference.

She smiles.

BORG QUEEN

That... can change.

The Queen looks to the three Borg drones and gives them a silent command. The drones immediately stop working on Data's open panels... and shift their attention to his right ARM. One of the drones tears off the sleeve on Data's uniform, exposing his bare arm. Another then uses a small cutting device to SLICE OFF the synthetic skin from Data's arm. As Data prepares himself for the worst...

101

101 INT. ENTERPRISE CORRIDOR

THREE armored SECURITY GUARDS with phaser rifles run into view, hit a control panel on the wall. A giant EMERGENCY BULKHEAD comes SLAMMING down, cutting off the rest of the corridor.

The security guards turn to run down the hall, but then there is a high-pitched shriek of wrenching metal. They drop to the deck and take combat stances.

GUARD #1

Set phasers to rotating
modulation!

They make adjustments to their weapons just as the bulkhead doors EXPLODE INWARD in a blinding flash. The guards shield themselves against the fire and debris... looks up just in time to see the swift and lethal shapes of the BORG jumping through the smashed bulkhead, racing down the corridor toward them. The guards FIRE, and when they do the PHASER BLASTS alternate color -- red, blue, green, purple, orange -- a staccato of colors as the phasers shift frequency.

The phaser blasts TAKE DOWN a few of the BORG... but then we see the distinctive PERSONAL FORCEFIELDS of the other Borg begin to compensate, and the phasers no longer affect them.

GUARD #1

That's it, they've adjusted --
fall back!

They turn to run but BORG PHASER FIRE lances out from the Borg soldiers and RIPS them apart.

CUT

TO:

102

102 INT. BRIDGE

The mood is tense, grim. Riker, Worf and Troi are gathered around a SCHEMATIC of the ENTERPRISE. The lower portion of the ship has been blocked off by the color RED, representing the Borg advance through the ship. As they watch, another section of compartments and corridors suddenly turn RED.

Riker lets out a wary breath, starts pointing to various points along the schematic.

RIKER

All right... we've lost control of eight decks... three Cargo Bays... one Shuttlebay.

TROI

Do we have any idea how many Borg we're dealing with?

WORF

We saw at least thirty...and there are twenty-two Enterprise crewmembers reported missing... including Commander Data.

RIKER

We'll have to assume they've been assimilated into the Collective.

TROI

Even Data?

WORF

Data's positronic net contains classified information on the Enterprise. Command codes, security protocols...

RIKER

If they control Data, they control the ship.

A grim beat.

RIKER

We can't worry about that right now. Let's concentrate on what we

can.

They stare at the schematic.

WORF

To control the Enterprise, they'll have to gain access to one of two locations. Main Engineering... or the Bridge.

RIKER

We have to cover both possibilities.

(to Troi)

We'll take care of the Bridge. Worf, take your men and seal off Main Engineering. Turn it into a fortress -- nothing gets in.

Worf nods and EXITS. As Riker and Troi exchange a tense look...

CUT

TO:

103 **EXT. RESURRECTION CITY - HOSPITAL - NIGHT**

The hospital is completely LIT UP -- the only building in town with this much power.

104 **INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - NIGHT**

Picard walks down the hall, stops outside a door marked "X-RAY PROCESSING." The RED LIGHT is on above the door, but that means nothing to Picard... who opens the door and steps inside...

105 **INT. X-RAY PROCESSING ROOM**

Much like a traditional darkroom, trays of chemicals and washes, etc. But everything has a slightly futuristic and cobbled-together feel. They are developing X-rays by hand instead of by machine. The room is lit with an AMBER glow. As soon as Picard opens the door, we hear Ruby's voice:

RUBY'S VOICE

Shut that door!

Picard quickly shuts the door behind him, looks around the room. Ruby, who's working at a tray of chemicals, turns around in fury.

RUBY

What are you, an idiot? Didn't you see the red light was on?

PICARD

Ah... yes... but, I didn't realize that --

RUBY

Thank God this plate was already fixed.

She pulls down a small pane of glass (probably from a window) out of a tub of water... holds it up to the light. And there on the glass is a X-RAY of a man's SKULL. Picard moves to her.

PICARD

(re: X-ray)

Cochrane?

RUBY

Yes... and I only had enough silver halide for one shot. So you're lucky you didn't screw it up.

PICARD

I'm very sorry.

She glances at him, sees he feels genuinely bad. She softens a little.

RUBY

Don't worry about it.

She picks up a rubber squeegee and carefully starts to dry off the pane of glass.

RUBY

Did you need something?

PICARD

Yes... I wanted to ask you about some photographs I saw out at the silo. There were three of them... printed on some kind of fabric.

RUBY

Bed sheets.

(off his look)

I used my last set of bed sheets to make those prints. Not the best material, but I haven't seen a clean piece of paper in five years.

PICARD

Did you take any other pictures of
the rocket?

The X-ray is now dry, and Ruby turns and looks at him.

RUBY

Sure.

(jokingly)

Why, did you want to buy them?

Picard doesn't realize she was kidding -- jumps on the
opportunity to get the photos.

PICARD

Yes. I don't have any money right
now, but I may be able to get
some.

Ruby looks at him for a moment -- is he serious? She
gives him a curious smile.

RUBY

"Money." So you can get some
money...

PICARD

I can try.

RUBY

You'd have to try real hard. No
one's used currency in over ten
years. What are you, from another
planet?

Picard hesitates, smiles at her, tries to laugh it off.

PICARD

No... but sometimes I feel that
way.

(beat)

What I meant was, I'd be willing
to trade for the photographs.

RUBY

Trade. Okay. The photographs...
for a straight answer.

(beat)

Who are you? And how do you know
Zephram?

PICARD

I'm an old friend... I met him
when he was doing his
undergraduate work at Cornell back
in --

RUBY

(cuts him off)
'Fraid not.

Ruby walks past him with the X-ray...

106 **INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS**

Picard follows Ruby out into the corridor. She has a satisfied smile on her face -- it's not easy to put one over on this woman. And the truth is, she's enjoying Picard's frustration. As they walk along...

PICARD

What?

RUBY

(casual)

You're lying.

PICARD

What makes you say that?

RUBY

You're not someone who lies very easily... so it's obvious when you do... at least to me.

PICARD

Are you always such a good judge of character?

She stops, turns, looks at him.

RUBY

Always.

Ruby turns and walks off. Picard follows her, doggedly determined to get those photos...

107 **INT. HOSPITAL - EMERGENCY ROOM - NIGHT**

Beverly is holding the X-ray glass Ruby made up to the light, as the Doctor seen earlier looks on.

BEVERLY

The occipital fracture is widening... we're going to have to fuse the bones...

DOCTOR

I'm a little worried about some of these bone fragments. If they move any closer to the brain, we could be looking at a hemorrhage.

As Beverly and the Doctor examine the X-ray, we MOVE TO Ruby, who's looking down at Cochrane. He's still in bed and on a respirator. She smooths his hair with affection. Picard stands on the other side of the bed, watching her.

PICARD

Were the two of you... involved?

RUBY

No... not like you and Doctor Crusher used to be.

PICARD

(surprised)

How did you know about that?

Ruby looks at him with a smile.

RUBY

I didn't.

Her smile widens, and then she leaves the bed to join the Doctor and Beverly. Picard shakes his head and smiles after her -- chagrined and amused at the same time.

RUBY

(to Doctor)

We can't take any more X-rays until I can mix up a new batch of the silver halide.

DOCTOR

Can you do it tonight? We may have to operate.

RUBY

Sure. It'll be ready by morning.

Ruby turns and heads for the door. Picard moves after her.

PICARD

Ruby... I need to talk to you about those photographs. It's very important.

RUBY

I'm sure it is. But it'll have to wait until tomorrow.

PICARD

It can't wait until tomorrow...

RUBY

Too bad.

(beat)
Besides, it'll give you all night
to think up a new set of lies.

She flashes him that smile again, then darts out the door. Picard is left frustrated -- he knows that he can't let it go at that...

CUT

TO:

108 INT. ENTERPRISE - ENGINEERING

Worf and a team of TEN SECURITY GUARDS are preparing for battle. They're setting up large, heavy-duty phaser equivalents of machine guns -- big, mean-looking weapons on tripods. There are two of these weapons aimed at each entrance to Engineering. The Security Officers are strapping on body armor, checking weapons, building makeshift barricades over each of the doors.

Worf is in command, directing the action.

WORF

(to team)

Double check each assault phaser... make certain that the range setting is no more than thirty meters. We don't want to blast through the hull.

Worf turns and picks up his BAT'LETH SWORD off a nearby console. He checks the sharpness of the blade.

SECURITY OFFICER

Are you sure you don't want something a little more... sophisticated, sir?

WORF

Mind your post, Lieutenant.

The Lieutenant decides not to pursue the matter and moves off. Worf makes a quick practiced motion with the sword... decides he's ready.

109 INT. BRIDGE

Riker and Troi watching the schematic.

Riker works a control and the display ZOOMS IN to display a cutaway view of the ship highlighting Engineering and the surrounding deck. A SWARM of DOTS representing the Borg is advancing on Engineering.

RIKER

(to com)

Riker to Engineering. Mister Worf...the Borg are approaching your position.

WORF'S COM VOICE

Understood. We're ready.

Riker and Troi watch as the DOTS move closer... closer...right up to the perimeter of Engineering. The dots begin surrounding Engineering -- which looks like it's being swarmed over by a sea of ants.

110 **INT. ENGINEERING**

As before. The security guards have taken positions around the room, all weapons trained on the doors.

Worf is standing in front of the warp core, Bat'leth in-hand.

WORF

(calls out)

Charge weapons!

A massive HUM of power fills the room as all of the phaser weapons begin charging. It's tense -- everyone standing ready with their weapons charging. This is the moment of truth.

Worf stands ready, phaser in one hand, Bat'leth in the other. This is Worf at his purest -- the warrior ready for battle.

111 **INT. BRIDGE**

Riker and Troi, as before, watching the schematic of the ship. The DOTS representing Borg have now completely surrounded Engineering on all sides, including the deck directly above and below. In essence, the Borg have cocooned Engineering from the rest of the ship.

112 **INT. ENGINEERING**

As before. Worf and the security team in their positions, tense. A few beats of silence...then they start to hear soft SCRATCHING coming from somewhere behind the walls -- it sounds like rats skittering through the walls and ceiling of an old house.

Everyone stays alert, checks and re-checks their weapons... a couple of hard swallows... then from

somewhere up above a LOUD, METALLIC CLANG. Then a large, SCRAPING SOUND that seems to start at one end of the room and travel to the other. There's an overpowering sense of creatures just outside those walls, moving about. It's unnerving, even for crack Starfleet troops.

113 **113 INT. BRIDGE**

Riker and Troi watching the display. The Borg dots teeming around Engineering like ants on a candy bar.

114 **114 INT. ENGINEERING**

The clawing, skittering, clanging noises increase and get louder...

... we expect to see the Borg bursting into the room at any moment. Worf tightens his grip on his Bat'leth, teeth bared. Unbearable tension and then...

The noises begin to FADE AWAY... eventually disappearing all together. If anything, the silence is even scarier. Worf's eyes narrow. He looks around the room, all his senses alert, waiting for the slightest sign of the Borg... but nothing happens.

115 **115 INT. BRIDGE**

Riker and Troi react to the diagram as the Borg dots begin moving away from Engineering. It looks like the swarm of ants have left the candy bar and are on the ground, moving toward the forward part of the ship.

TROI

They're bypassing Engineering...

RIKER

Where the hell are they going?

OFF the mystery...

CUT

TO:

116 **116 INT. BORG HIVE**

CLOSE ON DATA'S FACE. His eyes are closed -- he is in the android equivalent of sleep. CAMERA ROTATING and PUSHING IN on his face as we hear the overlapping sounds of VOICES from Data's past -- Picard, Riker, Troi, the Enterprise crew, aliens he's met, Data's own voice... bits and pieces of his life...

The theme of the sound bites should be Data's quest for humanity: Picard giving him advice, Troi counseling him, Soong talking to his son, etc. The last line of dialogue we hear is Data saying "I want to be more human."

BORG QUEEN'S VOICE

Data...

Data's eyes fly open, now awake. We PULL BACK revealing that Data is still strapped to the Borg operating table... his right arm and shoulder are encased in some kind of strange cybernetic SHELL, obscured from view. Clear tubes run out of the shell into Borg machinery -- liquid is coursing through the tubes. A couple of Borg drones are moving about the room, carrying out various tasks.

There's been a change since we've been here last. There are now several Plexiglass CYLINDERS surrounding Data's table -- each of them filled with some kind of murky red fluid, which is swirling around. Every once in awhile, something that looks like RAW FLESH bumps up against the clear Plexiglass, then disappears again. We don't know what these tubes are for, but they're definitely creepy.

Data takes all this in, but there is nothing he can do, he's still immobilized.

Suddenly the table ROTATES and begins to MOVE up toward the mist and cabling at the top of the ceiling. It stops a few feet away... and Data finds himself face-to-face with the Borg Queen again.

BORG QUEEN

You've taken your first step toward perfection. How does it feel?

DATA

I do not know what you are referring to.

BORG QUEEN

That's because you haven't been properly... stimulated yet.

A WHOOSH of hydraulic power signals another movement by the Borg Queen. She slithers through the air and down slightly, so that she is on the same level as Data. She looks at the cybernetic shell that is encasing Data's right arm, which OPENS at her silent command and moves away...

We can now see that all of the skin has been removed

from Data's right arm, showing the INNER-WORKINGS of his android limb -- circuitry and servos, etc. But on the top of the mechanical forearm there is something new -- a small PATCH of HUMAN FLESH held in place with various nasty-looking hooks and clamps and small tubes carrying blood. It's a delicate, fragile piece of organic life on an ugly, mechanical surface.

Data looks down at the patch of flesh with a little puzzlement.

BORG QUEEN

(re: flesh)

Do you know what this is, Data?

DATA

It would appear that you are attempting to graft organic skin onto my endo-skeletal structure.

BORG QUEEN

What a cold description... for such a beautiful gift.

She smiles slightly, utterly confident. She leans her face in close to Data's still immobilized right arm.

117 **EXTREME CLOSE UP - DATA'S ARM**

We are so close to the patch of flesh that we can see the individual hairs. The Borg Queen's LIPS move into frame, and she EXHALES a long and sensuous breath. We see GOOSE BUMPS form on the skin, and the hairs stand straight up in response.

118 **NEW ANGLE**

As Data's eyes widen and he looks down at the skin in surprise -- this is a sensation he's never felt before. The Borg Queen sees the look on his face and smiles.

BORG QUEEN

Was that good for you?

Data can barely describe the sensation. But clearly, it was pleasurable.

DATA

It was... interesting.

He looks at her.

DATA

Do it again... please.

As she smiles...

CUT

TO:

119 EXT. RUBY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

119

A tiny, single-story house -- one or two rooms at the most, in serious need of repair and maintenance. No yard. The house sits on dirt. The nearest other structure is at least a hundred yards away. A very solitary place. The windows are dark, painted over from the inside.

Some large pieces of exotic-looking EQUIPMENT are sitting off the front porch.

After a beat, the front door opens, letting out a soft, feeble light.

Ruby steps out onto the porch, carrying a gallon size plastic jug. The light from the house now lights the equipment a little, giving us a better view. There's a contraption that appears to be a PUMP of some kind, with a funnel on top, spigot at the bottom, and several stages of filters and tubing in between. Ruby sets the jug underneath the spigot... then sits down for a moment on the edge of the porch. She takes a breath and runs a hand through her hair, stretches her back, trying to work out some of the kinks in her neck. An exhausting day.

120 PICARD

120

is watching her intently from afar. He's concealed behind a supporting beam of one the town's many WINDMILLS. He's in shadow, hidden from Ruby's view.

121 RUBY

121

pulls off her jacket. she's wearing a pull-over shirt... and in one motion she pulls off the shirt, revealing only a tee-shirt underneath, sleeves torn off long ago. She stands up... kicks off her boots... undoes her pants... and begins sliding the jeans off her hips...

122 PICARD

122

is surprised. Glances around, a little awkward. This really isn't why he came out here.

steps behind the girder, stays very still in the shadows... waits quietly as Ruby passes by the windmill without a glance and heads into town. After she's gone, Picard steps out from his hiding place, watches her go, then quickly heads for Ruby's house...

131

131 FRONT PORCH

Picard opens the front door and goes inside... but he doesn't notice that at the base of the doorjamb a small RED LIGHT starts flashing -- some sort of silent alarm.

132

132 INT. RUBY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Picard ENTERS and closes the door behind him. It's dark. He fumbles around for a light switch... finally locates one... and a soft, golden glow fills the room.

The house has only one room, which functions as a living room, kitchen, bedroom, etc. This is also Ruby's DARKROOM. The windows have been painted black, and there are photographic plates and futuristic photo-equipment all around. But the most striking feature of the house are the large, hanging cloth-printed PHOTOGRAPHS. They vary in size and shape. Some are hanging on walls, others hang from the ceiling in mid-air, still others are stacked on the few pieces of furniture that's here. The absence of paper has forced Ruby to print photos on anything she can find -- bed sheets, shirts, pieces of upholstery, backs of carpeting, etc. Picard stands there for a moment, taking in the scene -- he's never been in anyplace quite like this. The cloth photos give the room a feeling of a small, intensely personal gallery.

Picard moves around the room, looking from photo to photo... hunting for the elusive shots of the missile silo... and as he does, we get our first close look at Ruby's images, and they tell us a great deal about her...

She has an artistic eye for finding beauty in the mundane and the ugly. There are pictures of hope amidst despair... beauty amongst devastation. There seems to be a theme running through the photographs -- a romantic, almost idealistic sense of optimism.

At one point, Picard finds a photograph he recognizes. It's the rusted-out hover car she photographed on the streets of Resurrection. It's an ugly, decrepit piece of junk... but there in the center, spot-lighted by a single ray of sunshine... is a tiny flower about to bloom.

Picard takes in the image for a brief moment... then pushes onward... goes to a file of photos sitting in a box... begins sorting through them quickly... we see PRE-WAR photos printed on real paper. They show a younger Ruby with her parents... Resurrection the way it used to look... Ruby with a dog...

Picard pauses, frowns... gets the odd feeling that someone is watching him. He turns around to see...

133

133 HIMSELF

A three foot PHOTOGRAPH OF PICARD is drying in the air behind him.

Ruby must've taken the photo when Picard was on the street talking to Scrimm. It was taken through a telephoto lens, a close-up of Picard's face -- he looks focused, determined, heroic. It's a remarkable shot of the Captain, and even Picard is a little taken aback by the image. She's captured the essence of the man.

CLICK-CLACK! The sound of a shotgun being cocked. Picard freezes... slowly turns around to see who's there...

134

134 RUBY

is standing in the open doorway, a shotgun leveled at Picard.

RUBY

You should pay closer attention to those little red lights.

Picard glances down at the doorway, sees the flashing red light in the doorjamb. He's busted.

RUBY

You know, I'd be perfectly justified in shooting you right now.

Picard glances at the photograph of himself.

PICARD

I'd say you already have.

RUBY

Don't flatter yourself. I take pictures of a lot of junk.

She perches herself on the arm of a small couch, holds the gun loosely, but never taking the aim away from Picard.

RUBY

Okay, let's hear it. I'm sure you have a great explanation for why those rocket photos are so important you broke into my house.

PICARD

We're trying to repair Doctor Cochrane's ship. It's been damaged and --

RUBY

We?

PICARD

Myself... and a few other friends of Zephram's.

RUBY

Friends from Cornell...

PICARD

Some.

RUBY

Lie. That's one. Keep going.

PICARD

A key piece of the ship has been destroyed... and our only hope to reconstruct it is if one of your photographs shows us what it looked like.

RUBY

(considers)

All right. Truth. I believe that one. Why is it so urgent you couldn't wait until morning?

PICARD

We have to launch his ship by tomorrow afternoon.

RUBY

Or...?

Picard has to come up with something -- decides to throw her off with a high-tech explanation.

PICARD

Or the shielding around the plutonium core will begin to deteriorate. Within a day, the entire silo will become so radioactive that no one will be

able to come near it for a hundred years.

Ruby eyes him evenly.

RUBY

Lie. That's two. One more, and I pull the trigger.

Picard is starting to get angry.

PICARD

Why are you being so difficult? All I'm asking for is to look at one of the photographs. It'll take five minutes.

RUBY

And all I'm asking for is the truth. That would take five minutes.

(beat)

For all I know, you caused the explosions at the silo... and now you're trying to steal Zephram's ship.

PICARD

I am not a thief...

Ruby's had enough -- her temper flares and she gets off the couch, takes a threatening step toward Picard.

RUBY

No, you're a petty burglar and a liar...

(beat)

You're no friend of Zephram's. He is a great man. He's not like you or me or any of the other zombies walking around this town.

Picard jumps in with a quiet, forceful quality:

PICARD

No. He's a man with vision. He can see beyond the problems that surround us. He knows there's a better future out there for everyone... a future where crime, poverty and war are things of the past... a future where we reach out and seek our destiny in the stars.

(beat)

I believe in that future, too, Ruby. I believe in it in every

fiber of my being. And I'm
telling you... if we don't launch
that warp ship tomorrow, there's
a very good chance that future
will never happen.

She eyes him for a moment -- and we're not sure if his
words have had any effect.

Ruby still has her doubts, but decides to go with her
gut...and finally hands him the photographs. Picard
glances through them -- his expression tells us the
photo he needs is in there.

PICARD

You won't regret this.

They share a look... and then Picard turns and walks
off into the night. Ruby watches him go... and we can
see on her face a confused jumble of mixed emotions.
Something about that man has touched her...

135 **NIGHT SCPOE POV**

A telescopic, green and white image of Picard walking
away from Ruby's home.

136 **LIEUTENANT SCRIMM**

is watching Picard through a set of night vision
binoculars, perched on the roof of a nearby building.
He frowns, wondering what Picard is up to...

TO: **CUT**

137 **EXT. SPACE - ENTERPRISE DEFLECTOR DISH**

The giant DEFLECTOR ARRAY at the front of the ship --
a giant, round, bowl-shaped array used for
communications and shielding. As we watch, FOUR
HATCHES OPEN surrounding the dish and BORG start to
emerge from the interior of the ship and CRAWL OUT on
the hull. The Borg do not need pressure suits or
breathing equipment -- they crawl around the hull with
ease and onto the deflector dish...

PULL BACK TO REVEAL:

138 **INT. ENTERPRISE BRIDGE - VIEWSCREEN**

Where Riker, Troi, Worf and N.D.s are watching this
image on the Viewscreen.

RIKER

What are they doing?

WORF

They appear to be modifying the deflector dish.

TROI

To do what? If they wanted a weapon, they could've taken over a phaser bank or torpedo bay...

RIKER

Deflector dish... why the deflector dish...?

WORF

It doesn't make sense. The deflector is only used for shielding and long range sensors...

Riker stares at the screen... notices something.

RIKER

Computer -- magnify grid twenty-one alpha.

The image on the Viewscreen ZOOMS IN to a specific point on the deflector dish, giving us a clear view of two Borg who have opened a gigantic panel on the dish. They appear to be modifying power conduits in some fashion.

WORF

They're re-routing the deflector power conduits...

RIKER

Computer -- thermal enhancement.

The image now is overlaid with an INFRARED VIEW of what they're doing. The power conduits are glowing bright red, very hot -- we can see the heat signature travel back behind the dish and connect to a corkscrew-shaped coil, which is pulsing.

RIKER

They're connecting the conduits to subspace communications...

WORF

(realizing)

They're converting the deflector dish into an antennae...

TROI

They may be trying to send a message to the other Borg...the Borg in this time period...

WORF

What kind of message?

RIKER

(thinking)

If it was me... I'd say "attack Earth now... in the 21st century... they'll be too strong in the 24th."

They think about this for a moment as they watch the Borg swarming on the deflector array.

WORF

We have to stop them from sending that message.

RIKER

Agreed. Options?

WORF

Destroy the deflector dish.

TROI

Can we aim our dorsal phasers at it?

Riker shakes his head.

RIKER

We've lost control of all weapons systems... Transporters are down... we can't get to a Shuttlecraft... and it would take us too long to fight our way down to deflector control...

They think.

WORF

There is another way, Commander. Do you remember your zero-G combat training?

Riker looks a little wary at the suggestion.

RIKER

I remember it made me sick.

TROI

(to Worf)

What are you suggesting?

RIKER

I think Mister Worf is suggesting
that we go outside for a little
stroll...

OFF their expressions...

CUT

TO:

139 CLOSE ON A PHOTOGRAPH

139

Another one of Ruby's cloth-printed photos, this one a
clear view of the base of the missile engines --
Cochrane standing underneath the massive rocket nozzle.
Above him on the fuselage is the crucial throttle-valve
assembly.

GEORDI'S VOICE

I'm almost afraid to say this,
Captain... but I think it's going
to work.

MOVE TO REVEAL we're in:

140 INT. MISSILE SILO - LOWER CATWALK - DAY

140

The cloth photo is hanging from a beam on the catwalk.
Geordi and Picard are watching a couple of N.D.s attach
the newly-built throttle assembly to the side of the
ship. The N.D.s are using high-tech welding tools and
sparks are flying. As they talk, they head back up the
catwalk toward the control room...

PICARD

Where's you get the alloy for the
throttle itself?

GEORDI

They used copper pipes in their
plumbing... so I melted it down...
and fused it with some tritanium
from one of our phaser casings.

(beat)

It's not the strongest alloy...
but it's better than all this
crude aluminum and steel.

141 INT. MISSILE CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

141

As Geordi and Picard ENTER. Lange is checking out a
launch console.

The room is now humming with power -- it's beginning to look like the place is up and running. Picard stops near the desk.

PICARD

Mister Lange -- have you brought the computer systems back on-line yet?

LANGE

Aye, Captain. This trinary language is pretty archaic... but I think I understand it now.

PICARD

Good.

As they speak, CAMERA MOVES in on the metal canister of lotion Picard set on the desk earlier...

142

142 EXT. MONTONA WOODS - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Scrimm and three militia guards are huddled around a cluster of military surveillance gear, listening to Picard and Geordi's conversation. Far in the distance, we can see the missile silo.

PICARD'S VOICE

Are we on schedule? The Vulcan ship will be here in less than two hours.

GEORDI'S VOICE

It'll be tight, but we should make it.

PICARD'S VOICE

What about our warp signature? It has to be strong enough for them to detect.

GEORDI'S VOICE

I've enhanced the plasma injectors -- don't worry, they'll see it.

PICARD'S VOICE

Well, with any luck... the Vulcans will land outside Resurrection tomorrow morning... and Earth will never be the same again.

Scrimm and his men listen with growing alarm -- it sounds like Picard is planning an invasion!

143

143 INT. MISSILE CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

As before.

PICARD

All right. I'd better start familiarizing myself with the flight controls.

A console BUZZES. Lange moves to it, and activates a small color video MONITOR. It shows an external view of the MISSILE silo, just outside the hatch. Beverly can be seen standing nearby with a now conscious Zephram Cochrane.

LANGE

Doctor Crusher's at the access hatch, Captain.

PICARD

Let her in.

Lange hits a couple of buttons...

CUT

TO:

144 CLOSE ON COCHRANE'S FACE

144

A short time later. His head is bandaged, and he's conscious, but frankly he looks like hell. He sits back, looking a little overwhelmed.

COCHRANE

Let me get this straight... you're from the future... I'm about to change history... and all I have to do is sit here and let you fly my ship?

145 WIDER

145

Picard, Geordi and Beverly are standing around Cochrane, who is sitting in a high-backed chair in a corner of the Control Room.

PICARD

That's right.

He studies their faces -- sees they're serious. He smiles a little ruefully.

COCHRANE

And people say I'm crazy...

Picard smiles.

PICARD

I assure you, Doctor, that after today... no one will ever call you that again.

Cochrane considers them...finally nods, what the hell.

COCHRANE

Just do me a favor... bring my ship back in one piece.

PICARD

That's a promise.

Picard turns and walks off with Beverly. Geordi moves to Cochrane with a little bit of awe.

GEORDI

Doctor... my name is Geordi La Forge. I'm an engineer. Can I shake your hand?

Cochrane is touched by Geordi's obvious respect. They shake hands.

COCHRANE

I wish I could go with you. Is there anything I can do to help?

GEORDI

Not really... but I do have about a thousand questions I've always wanted to ask you.

COCHRANE

Since time is short... why don't you pick the top ten and fire away?

Geordi smiles...

146 PICARD AND BEVERLY

146

have moved to another part of the room. Beverly looks exhausted. She sets her medkit on a table and plops down into a chair. Mid-conversation.

PICARD

(surprised)

You actually performed surgery...?

BEVERLY

It was an experience. Metal scalpels... needle and thread...

She looks up with a smile, pulls a small DEVICE out of the medkit -- a surgical transporter.

BEVERLY

(re: device)

But I had a little help. Surgical transporter. I used it to beam out most of the bone fragments from his brain.

PICARD

How did Doctor Almack react to that?

BEVERLY

He was so confused by what I was doing, I don't think he even noticed.

(beat)

Any word from the Enterprise?

PICARD

Not yet.

BEVERLY

You think they're still up there?

PICARD

(wry)

If they're not... we'd better get used to living in Montana.

BEVERLY

(light)

That might not be so bad... at least for you.

She's kidding, but Picard is a little defensive.

PICARD

What's that supposed to mean?

There is no animosity or hint of jealousy in Beverly's attitude, she's simply making an observation about someone she cares about.

BEVERLY

I saw the way you looked at her... and I know that look.

Picard doesn't want to argue about this -- to him, it's a pointless conversation.

PICARD

Regardless of how I may feel about Ruby... our fates lie along different paths. Nothing can

change that.

BEVERLY

You want some advice? Don't do this again.

(off his look)

You know exactly what I mean.

PICARD

Beverly, there were many reasons why you and I...

BEVERLY

I'd call them excuses. And the first excuse on both our lists was our "sense of duty." We convinced ourselves that it was more important than anything else. And you know what? It's not.

She holds his look for a moment.

PICARD

(neutral)

I have a ship to launch.

Picard turns and leaves. Beverly watches him go... wondering whether her words had any affect...

147 EXT. RUBY'S HOUSE - DAY

147

Ruby is turning off the spigot on the filter-pump. The plastic jug is now filled with the clear fluid -- silver halide. She caps the jug, picks it up, begins walking up on the porch...then hesitates for a moment... looks out over the horizon.

She hesitates... then frowns and goes inside...

Ruby comes inside, sets down the jug... begins to pick up some more glass plates... stops... thinks... looks up. Only a few feet away is the large picture of Picard. She doesn't want to look at him, doesn't want to think about him... but there he is.

She glances back at the open door... struggles for a moment... then makes a decision.

Despite herself, she can't get Picard out of her head. With a little frustration, she grabs her camera bag and heads for the door...

149 EXT. SPACE - THE ENTERPRISE

149

in Earth orbit.

150 **INT. BORG HIVE**

ANGLE ON CEILING as the Borg Queen descends from her nesting place down towards the camera... ultimately stopping just a few feet away. She speaks directly to the camera.

BORG QUEEN

How do you feel?

151 **CLOSE ON DATA'S HAND**

His right hand is made of FLESH -- it has color, fingernails, hair, sweat. It's completely human in every way. His fingers move slightly, and then the hand begins to rise. We follow his hand as it comes up and touches his FACE, which is also FLESH. The gold color is gone, his hair is tousled and natural-looking. Even his eyes are real now -- blue. He touches his face tentatively, his expression confused... but intrigued.

DATA

Different.

The Borg Queen descends closer. Data's arms are now free, but he is still restrained on the table. The rest of his body is still android, mechanical.

Data touches his two hands together, feeling the sensations, flesh against machine. He touches his face and lips, discovering himself in a totally new way.

DATA

My internal sensors tell me the ambient temperature in the room is ten point two degrees Celsius...

(wondrous)

But my skin tells me it is cold.

As he talks, we can see that he's becoming seduced by his own newfound senses.

DATA

My visual acuity has been reduced by seventy-eight percent... and I can no longer perceive light beyond the ultraviolet or the infrared...

(beat)

But I can see.

It's an amazing moment, Data riding a wave of feeling and emotion like he's never had before. The Borg Queen

watches, pleased. She hovers close to him.

BORG QUEEN

Until today... your emotions were trapped inside an artificial shell. You didn't know what it was to truly feel.

(beat)

And there's so much more for you to experience. I will guide you into a world of sensation unlike anything you can imagine.

(beat)

All you have to do... is give us access to your neural net.

Data looks at her, suddenly shocked back into reality.

DATA

No. I will not betray my friends.

BORG QUEEN

They're not your friends... they've held you back... kept you from your destiny...

DATA

That is not true. They have tried to help me.

BORG QUEEN

Have they given you what I have given you? Did they even try?

DATA

I... do not want this...

But his words have a certain hollow quality to them. He is no longer as convinced as he was before and the Borg Queen notes this immediately. She reaches out with a hand and gently strokes Data's cheek.

BORG QUEEN

You're becoming more human all the time, Data. Now you're learning how to lie.

DATA

I wish to... go back to the way I was.

BORG QUEEN

More lies.

She SLAPS him hard across the face. Data feels the pain, the shock. A small trickle of blood comes from his mouth. He looks at her in surprise, but before he

can say anything she moves forward and KISSES him on the mouth deeply and intensely. It's a disturbing and erotic moment. She pulls back. Data reels, trying to sort out the rapid succession of pleasure and pain. Her voice drops to a whisper and she moves even closer to him, face-to-face... seductive... beguiling.

BORG QUEEN

Have you ever know a woman? Do you know what it's like to feel her breath on your face... her skin against yours... flesh against flesh?

DATA

My creator did not intend for me to experience these things.

BORG QUEEN

I'm your creator now.

She rubs her body against his, cat-like... then pulls him to her and kisses him deeply. Off the image of their bizarre embrace...

CUT

TO:

152

152 INT. BRIDGE

Riker, Worf, and three Security N.D.s are pulling on SPACESUITS. The suits are form-fitting, sleek, no bulky oxygen tanks. The helmets are the same -- they conform to the contours of the skull and face.

WORF

(to Riker)

You will have to realign the targeting array of the quantum torpedo... and reprogram the warhead for the localized detonation.

(beat)

There's only one torpedo left...

RIKER

I guess I'd better get it right the first time.

WORF

(to all)

The Borg will undoubtedly attack. Set phasers to rotating modulation.

The Security Officers check their phasers and wait as

Riker and Worf finish putting on their suits. Riker straps a tool case to his suit.

RIKER

Ready?

Everyone nods. Riker goes to a wall panel and activates the control. The Airlock door seen earlier OPENS. Riker turns back to Troi.

TROI

Good luck.

Riker nods. Then he, Worf, and the Guards ENTER the airlock and Troi close the door behind them.

153 **INT. AIRLOCK**

A tiny room separating the Bridge from the outer hull.

RIKER

Depressurize.

Worf hits a control and the room DEPRESSURIZES with a **HISSING SOUND**.

WORF

(to others)

Activate magnetic constrictors.

They all activate controls on their wrists and there is a faint hum of power as the suits are magnetized.

Riker hits another control and the OUTER AIRLOCK DOOR SLIDES OPEN, revealing the vast vacuum of SPACE. They begin to walk out of the airlock...

154 **EXT. SPACE - ENTERPRISE - AIRLOCK**

As Riker and his team come out of the airlock on the top of the saucer section. It's a spectacular sight as the small group of figures, with weapons at the ready, marches toward the leading edge of the saucer. The scene is lit by light reflected by the Earth, which hangs above the ship.

155 **ON RIKER & WORF**

As they approach the edge. Worf gives a hand signal and the rest of the team spreads out into a tactical deployment and drops down onto their bellies. They crawl up to the very edge of the saucer and pause. Worf looks at Riker, who looks a little queasy.

WORF

(to Riker)

Are you alright?

RIKER

Just a little queasy...

WORF

Try not to look at the stars...
keep your eyes on the ship.

RIKER

Right.

WORF

And Commander, whatever you do...
do not vomit in your exo-suit. It
would be... unpleasant.

RIKER

I'll keep that in mind.

Riker takes a few deep breaths to steady himself.

RIKER

(to all)

Over and under!

They all quickly scramble over the edge and onto the
underside of the saucer.

The CAMERA ROTATES AND SPINS with them as they
traverse to the underside of the hull -- they're
upside down relative to their previous position, but
there's no up or down in space and their magnetized
suits hold them to the hull.

It's a dizzying moment as we try to orient ourselves to
their new position. From this angle, the Enterprise
appears to be upside down!

Once they're on the underside of the saucer, they can
see the rest of the ship laid out above them.

156

156 NEW ANGLE - THEIR POV

The deflector dish (which is now above us) is covered
with dozens of Borg drones, who are working to modify
it. Some of them turn and see us.

157

157 RIKER AND WORF

Begin running toward the torpedo tube on the saucer.
(Running is difficult, they must keep one foot on the
hull at all times.) Several Borg PHASER SHOTS whip past

them as the Borg open fire.

158 **158 THE BORG**

A DOZEN of them leave the work on the dish and begin skittering down (which is normally up) the interconnecting dorsal on all fours toward our heroes like a swarm of ants -- a frightening sight.

159 **159 A SECURITY GUARD**

Is HIT by a phaser shot and goes FLYING OFF into space.

160 **160 THE TORPEDO TUBE**

Riker reaches the opening to the torpedo tube, bends down and opens the hatch. Borg phaser shots hitting all around him. The open hatch cover provides some protection from the Borg fire.

RIKER

Worf! I'm going to need at least five minutes!

WORF

Understood!

Worf and his team lie down on the hull and begin exchanging fire with the approaching mass of Borg.

They pick off a few Borg, who also go FLYING into space. As Riker begins to work...

CUT

TO:

161 **161 INT. MISSILE SILO - SERIES OF SHOTS**

Quick cuts:

-- Picard and Geordi strapping themselves into the Phoenix cockpit.

-- In the Control Room, the Starfleet N.D.s put on 21st century headsets to communicate with the Phoenix cockpit.

-- Cochrane sitting in his chair, holding his head, but rapt with attention. Beverly checking him with her MEDKIT, which is sitting open on a console nearby.

-- The BLAST DOOR begins closing.

-- Geordi's hands flipping switches, working the controls.

OVER THESE SHOTS:

GEORDI'S VOICE
ATR setting...

PICARD'S VOICE
Active.

GEORDI'S VOICE
Main bus...

PICARD'S VOICE
Ready.

GEORDI'S VOICE
Initiate pre-ignition sequence.

-- The Phoenix ENGINES at the base of the ship begin spewing nitrogen gas.

162

162 INT. MISSILE SILO - CONTROL ROOM

The Security N.D.s moving about the control room, which is now humming with power.

The huge steel blast door separating the control room from the silo has been CLOSED.

GEORDI'S COM VOICE
Pre-ignition sequence complete.
Going to internal power.

LANGE
(off console)
Acknowledged, Phoenix. You're on internal power and ready for lift-off.

GEORDI'S COM VOICE
Final launch sequence checks... complete. Ready to begin final countdown.

LANGE
(works)
Understood. Begin five minute countdown on your mark.

163

163 INT. PHOENIX COCKPIT

Picard, Geordi making final adjustments to the control panels. Both are wearing 21st century communications

headsets. Picard exchanges a look with Geordi.

PICARD

Ready to make a little history?

GEORDI

Always am.

PICARD

Phoenix to control.

(hits a control)

Initiating five minute
countdown... mark.

A few monitors in the cockpit indicate that the
countdown is underway.

164 **164 INT. CONTROL ROOM**

Lange and the other N.D.s watching the countdown.
Suddenly a console BUZZES. Lange goes to the monitor
seen earlier, hits a switch -- the monitor comes alive,
shows that Ruby is now standing outside at the hatch.
Lange reacts in surprise.

Picard and Geordi working the controls, watching the
readings, etc. We hear Lange's com voice:

LANGE'S COM VOICE

Phoenix, we have a problem out
here. There's a woman at the
outer hatch... says her name's
Ruby Sloan and she wants to see
the Captain.

Picard and Geordi react -- her timing is pretty bad.

LANGE'S COM VOICE

What do you want me to do, sir?

GEORDI

We can't let her in... she'll see
Cochrane isn't making the flight.

PICARD

We can't leave her out there.
When the ship launches... she'll
be killed.

GEORDI

Tell her to go back to
Resurrection.

PICARD

She's a very... determined woman.
(to com)

Phoenix to control. Mister
Lange... let her in.

LANGE'S COM VOICE

Aye, sir.

166 **EXT. MISSILE SILO - DAY**

Ruby standing by the hatch, trying to look calm...
Scrimm and three Militia Soldiers holding her at
gunpoint. The hatch hisses and POPS OPEN. Scrimm
shoves a gun into Ruby's side -- get going. As they
start to crawl inside...

167 **INT. CONTROL ROOM**

Lange and the other N.D.s have focused their attention
on the countdown. Ruby climbs down the ladder, a tense
look on her face.

LANGE

Ms. Sloane, if you'll have a seat,
I'll let you talk to --

Suddenly, the three heavily-armed militia soldiers jump
down the ladder from the hatch. One of the Starfleet
N.D.s goes for a phaser, and a soldier BLASTS him
backward with a spray of bullets from his automatic
weapon. Everyone else freezes. A tense beat, then
Scrimm climbs down the ladder and looks around the
room...

CUT

TO:

168 **EXT. SPACE - ENTERPRISE - BATTLE ON THE HULL**

Riker in the torpedo tube, frantically working. He
begins to physically MOVE the torpedo tube itself like
he's moving the barrel of a huge cannon... as he
struggles to aim it toward the huge deflector dish...

169 **WORF AND THE SECURITY GUARDS**

are about fifty feet away from Riker. From their prone
positions, they try to keep the Borg at bay, BLASTING
them off the hull one by one. They have taken cover
behind some outcroppings of equipment on the hull of
the ship. The Borg have to cross an open field of
metal to get to them, making them easy targets.

Suddenly the Borg change tactics. From the deflector
dish high above them, Borg begin LAUNCHING THEMSELVES

directly at the Starfleet Officers, jumping off the dish and flying through the vacuum of space like paratroopers. This tips the balance. There are too many targets to defend from above and below. One of the flying Borg CRASHES into a Security Guard and a vicious hand-to-hand FIGHT erupts. The Borg SLASHES the guard's pressure suit, which DEPRESSURIZES killing the man instantly. Worf FIRES a phaser blast into the Borg, knocking him off the hull and into space.

Worf turns to Riker.

WORF

Commander, you're five minutes are up!

170 **RIKER**

170

swings the torpedo tube into place, aiming it at the deflector dish. He hits a control on the side of the tube... and a QUANTUM TORPEDO automatically slides up from below and LOCKS INTO position in the tube, like a panel on the torpedo and begins working on the circuitry.

171 **INT. BRIDGE**

171

Troi in command, watching the VIEWSCREEN, which shows a different angle of the battle on the hull.

COM OFFICER

The Borg are charging the subspace emitters.

TROI

How long until they can send a message?

COM OFFICER

About seven or eight minutes.

TROI

Computer -- this is Commander Deanna Troi. Initiate self-destruct in six minutes, thirty seconds. Authorization Troi, gamma six five. Enable.

COMPUTER VOICE

Countdown underway. Self-destruct in six minutes, twenty-five seconds...

Monitors all around the Bridge show the countdown.

172

172 ANGLE ON A MONITOR

which says "SELF-DESTRUCT IN 6:24...6:23...6:22..."

CUT

TO:

173

173 INT. MISSILE SILO - CONTROL ROOM

The Sergeant is examining one of the monitors. The display says "LIFT-OFF, T-MINUS 50 seconds...49... 48..."

SERGEANT

No good, sir. They're on internal power. We can't stop the launch from here.

SCRIMM

(re: blast doors)
What about these doors?

PRIVATE

They're locked down tight from the inside.

SERGEANT

And those doors were made to withstand a nuclear attack.

Scrimm looks frustrated for a moment...then turns his attention to Ruby.

174

174 INT. PHOENIX COCKPIT

As before.

GEORDI

One minute to launch.

SCRIMM'S COM VOICE

Mister Picard... this is Lieutenant Scrimm. I'm going to have to insist that you shut down the launch. You see, I know what you're doing... and I'm not going to just stand by and let it happen.

(beat)

Stop the launch, or I'll kill every one of your people out here... and I think you know who'll be first.

As Picard reacts in shock...

INTERCUT:

175

175 INT. CONTROL ROOM

Scrimm is now holding Ruby by the arm. He shoves the com headset to her mouth.

SCRIMM

Say hello...

Ruby is scared, but trying to keep it together.

RUBY

(to com)

Jean-Luc... remember that future we talked about? It's all that matters...

(beat)

Launch the ship.

Picard reacts to her voice, but keeps working the controls, trying to concentrate. Scrimm draws his gun.

SCRIMM

Go ahead -- launch it. Ruby will be here when you get back... but she won't have a whole lot to say.

176

176 INT. PHOENIX COCKPIT

Geordi and Picard exchange a tense look. Picard struggles. It's a difficult moment -- what does he do? The countdown clock is approaching 15 seconds...14...
13...

Everything hangs in the balance -- Ruby's life, the future of the Earth, Picard's feelings, his duty...

Finally, Picard reaches out hits a control -- the countdown clock stops at 11 seconds.

GEORDI

Captain --

PICARD

(to com)

This is Picard. I've suspended the launch sequence.

SCRIMM'S COM VOICE

Thanks. Now, why don't you join us and we'll have a little talk?

Picard unstraps himself and takes off the headset.

GEORDI

Captain... we've got less than ten minutes before that Vulcan ship leaves the system. We've got to go now.

PICARD

It'll have to wait. Come on.

Geordi quickly starts unstrapping himself...

177 **INT. MISSILE SILO - CATWALK**

Picard and Geordi stop outside the massive blast doors, which are separating them from the control room.

PICARD

Geordi, can you see into the room?

Geordi looks at the blast doors... and he does so, the electronic PUPILS in his eyes rotate, change shape and color.

178 **GEORDI'S POV**

A high-tech INFRARED VIEW of the door, but we can't see through it -- it's opaque.

179 **RESUME**

GEORDI

No... the door's too thick.

PICARD

(frustrated)

Then we'll just have to assume it's still there...

GEORDI

What's still there?

PICARD

Get a tricorder. You're going to have to track my exact position in that room...

Geordi moves off. Clearly, Picard has a plan...

TO:

CUT

180

180 EXT. SPACE - ENTERPRISE - BATTLE ON THE HULL

Riker finishes working on the torpedo... he closes the panel... turns and reaches for the fire control mechanism. She glances up -- there's a BORG flying through space directly at him! Riker tries to bring up his phaser, but it's too late. The Borg SLAMS into him.

Riker makes a desperate grab for the torpedo tube itself, trying to hold on, but the momentum of the Borg impact is too great -- they both tumble off into space together, away from the ship.

CUT

TO:

181

181 INT. ENTERPRISE - BRIDGE - VIEWSCREEN

A shocked Troi watches Riker and the Borg tumbling away into space on the Viewscreen. They are engaged in a zero-gee hand to hand fight -- an incredible sight.

COMPUTER VOICE

Self-destruct in three minutes...

CUT

TO:

182

182 INT. MISSILE SILO - CONTROL ROOM

Scrimm still has the gun on Ruby. The blast door is just being lowered, revealing Picard. Geordi has returned to the Phoenix cockpit. A console separates Picard and Scrimm.

PICARD

What do you want?

SCRIMM

The invasion plans.

PICARD

Invasion.

SCRIMM

These people you're calling "Vulcans"... who are they? Where do they come from? How many troops? What kind of weapons?

183

183 INT. PHOENIX COCKPIT

Geordi is working a tricorder furiously. We're not sure what he's doing...

CUT

TO:

184
184 184 EXT. SPACE - RIKER & BORG

As they tumble through the void of space, in a desperate fight.

The Borg manages to get his hand around Riker's throat... begins choking him... Riker looks like a goner... Suddenly they are both enveloped in a **BRIGHT BEAM OF PULSING ENERGY.**

185
185 185 **INT. ENTERPRISE - BRIDGE**

Troi in command.

ENSIGN

(off console)

Tractor beam engaged. We've got 'em, Commander.

TROI

Prismify the beam. Get rid of that Borg.

186
186 186 EXT. SPACE - RIKER & BORG

As the tractor beam from the Enterprise SPLITS in two and separates Riker from the Borg. The second beam disappears, throwing the Borg off into space, while Riker is towed back toward the hull of the ship.

187
187 187 **ON RIKER**

As the beam moves him back toward the ship.

188
188 188 **RIKER'S POV**

A dizzying view of the stars and the Earth as he is pulled through space.

189
189 189 **RIKER**

Closes his eyes, fighting off waves of nausea.

RIKER

(to himself)

Don't look at the stars... don't
look at the stars...

CUT

TO:

190 INT. MISSILE SILO - CONTROL ROOM

Picard still stalling for time.

PICARD

(firm)

There is no invasion...

SCRIMM

Wrong answer, Mister Picard. Try
again.

He shoves his gun against Ruby's head. The tension
rises a notch.

PICARD

All right. You want the truth...

(beat)

The Vulcans... are highly
intelligent aliens.

191 INT. PHOENIX COCKPIT

Geordi working the tricorder... he can hear their
conversation in the other room through an open com
channel...

SCRIMM'S COM VOICE

Aliens... that's what I thought.
From where... Canada?

The tricorder BEEPS and he smiles...

192 INT. CONTROL ROOM

As before.

PICARD

From another planet.

(beat)

Oh, I almost forgot... they
have green blood and pointed ears.

SCRIMM

(skeptical)

And you know all this... because
you're a space-man too...

PICARD

I'm afraid you've caught me. I am
a space-man.

Scrimm smirks at him -- what gall this guy has. But Ruby seems to discern some deeper meaning in Picard's words. She frowns in puzzlement.

RUBY

(quiet)

Truth... he's telling the truth...

Picard looks at Ruby, and at that moment something on a console behind her catches his eye: a LIGHT on Beverly's SURGICAL TRANSPORTER is now FLASHING. No one else notices.

SCRIMM

You're an entertaining man, Mister Picard. But you're also full of shit.

Scrimm cocks back the hammer on the pistol he's holding to Ruby's head. The following happens very quickly:

-- Picard reaches out his hand, trying to stop Scrimm.

PICARD

Now, Geordi!

-- The gun in Scrimm's hand DEMATERIALIZES. Scrimm reacts in shock.

-- Instantly, the gun REMATERIALIZES in Picard's outstretched hand. He quickly pushes the barrel to Scrimm's forehead.

PICARD

Actually, you're full of shit.

Everyone is in the room stunned by what's happened. Picard takes charge before anyone can recover.

PICARD

(continuing)

Now, tell your men to drop their weapons.

There's a beat, but then Scrimm sees he has little choice.

SCRIMM

Weapons... down.

The other militia soldiers drop their weapons, which are quickly picked up by Beverly and a Starfleet N.D. Picard hands his gun to Lange, who covers Scrimm with

it.

Ruby turns to Picard.

PICARD

Are you all --

Ruby throws her arms around him and pulls him close. He hugs her back, grateful she's alive. Ruby pulls away.

RUBY

I think you have a plane to catch.

Picard smiles and heads back toward the Phoenix...

CUT

TO:

193 EXT. SPACE - ENTERPRISE - THE HULL

193

Riker slams into the hull and the BEAM goes OFF. He gets his bearings quickly and then RUNS toward the torpedo tube where Worf and his few remaining men are still fighting the Borg, who are about to overrun their position.

194 INT. ENTERPRISE - BRIDGE

194

As before.

COMPUTER VOICE

Self-destruct in fifteen
seconds... fourteen...
thirteen... twelve...

195 INT. PHOENIX COCKPIT

195

Geordi and Picard strapping themselves back in...

196 EXT. SPACE - RIKER

196

reaches the torpedo tube, pulls up the firing control mechanism, which shows a monitor screen with a cross-hair targeting display. He activates the monitor, which begins tracking over toward the deflector dish.

197 INT. ENTERPRISE - BRIDGE

197

COMPUTER VOICE

Nine... eight... seven...

198 198 **INT. PHOENIX COCKPIT**

Picard and Geordi's hands are flying across the controls...

199 199 **EXT. SPACE - RIKER**

clamps a conduit into a power junction... then grabs hold of a rotating lever inside the tube and TURNS it. He ducks out of the way as the torpedo is LAUNCHED with a ROAR.

200 200 **WIDER**

As the torpedo streaks out from the saucer section and slams into the deflector dish. The dish EXPLODES in a burst of FLAME... blowing away the Borg who were working on it...

201 201 **INT. MISSILE SILO - PHOENIX ENGINES**

As they IGNITE and start pouring out sheets of FLAME.

202 202 **INT. PHOENIX COCKPIT**

which is shuddering and shaking...

203 203 **EXT. SPACE - RIKER & WORF**

React with smiles. They did it.

204 204 **INT. BRIDGE**

Troi and the other N.D.s react with relief. The countdown on the monitors are stopped at 00:03.

205 205 **EXT. MONTANA - MISSILE SILO - WIDE SHOT - DAY**

as the concrete missile doors slide open and the Phoenix is LAUNCHED up into the sky, riding a pillar of fire and smoke. This is our first real look at the ship and it resembles an oversized ICBM with a specialized cockpit on top.

206 206 **INT. MISSILE SILO - CONTROL ROOM**

Lange and the other N.D.s have the militia soldiers under guard. Ruby is watching the missile launch on a

video monitor. She smiles.

207 **INT. PHOENIX COCKPIT**

Picard and Geordi working the controls as the ship bounces and shakes.

The g-forces push them back into their seats.

GEORDI

Solid rocket fuel at twenty-five thousand kilograms...

PICARD

Altitude fifty kilometers...

GEORDI

Entering the upper ionosphere...

PICARD

There's a red light on the second intake valve.

GEORDI

Ignore it. We'll be fine.

(beat)

Prepare for first stage shut-down and separation on my mark...

208 **EXT. SPACE - EARTH ORBIT**

As the Phoenix rockets into space...

209 **INT. PHOENIX COCKPIT**

As before.

GEORDI

Three... two... one... mark!

210 **EXT. SPACE - THE PHOENIX**

The rocket booster SHUTS DOWN as the ship leaves Earth's orbit and coasts on its momentum. After a beat, the first stage booster separates from the ship and DROPS AWAY, leaving three-quarters of the ship in space.

211 **INT. BORG HIVE**

CLOSE ON DATA, head tilted back, eyes closed, smiling...a few droplets of WATER fall from above onto

his face. He smiles wider, reveling in the sensation.

212

212 WIDER

Data is still restrained on the table, but a conduit has been placed above his head and is dripping condensation onto his face. Data is now a completely new being. His entire BODY is now made of HUMAN FLESH. It's a shocking sight -- for anyone who ever wondered what Data would look like human, we're now getting our first look.

213

213 THE BORG QUEEN

DESCENDS from her nest in the ceiling. She watches Data for a moment... rubs the moisture into his face.

BORG QUEEN

A Borg in all but name.

Data, although clearly enraptured with his new sensations and feelings still struggles to maintain his own sense of identity.

DATA

(weak)

I am... grateful for what you have given me. But I still do not wish to be assimilated.

BORG QUEEN

A universe of sensation is waiting for you... don't you want to explore it... with me?

To his surprise, Data finds that he is becoming drawn to this strange creature and all that she can offer him.

DATA

Yes...

BORG QUEEN

Then take the final step... give me the Enterprise... and we can be together... always.

He struggles, but ultimately there's only one answer.

DATA

No... I cannot.

Without taking her eyes away from Data, she reaches out a hand and touches a control on a nearby console. The color of Data's FACE turns an ASHEN GRAY -- as though

the blood has drained from his skin. Another droplet of moisture falls and hits him on the cheek -- but this time his eyes widen in shock.

The sensation of human feeling is gone.

BORG QUEEN

I've deactivated the sensory inputs. That flesh on your body is just meat, now.

DATA

No... no, please... you cannot...

She moves in close on him, an edge creeping into her voice:

BORG QUEEN

You must give me what I want... now. Without the deflector dish, we can no longer send for an early invasion. We must assimilate Earth ourselves. I need this ship.

She hits the control, and the COLOR returns to his face. Data gasps -- filled with feeling once again. The Borg Queen runs her hand across his cheek -- her attitude seductive and affectionate once again.

BORG QUEEN

Isn't it better like this...?

DATA

Yes... but the Enterprise... my duty...

BORG QUEEN

... is to yourself. Don't make me hurt you again...

She touches the control again. Data is shocked back into his cold, android self. He's like a heroin addict being denied his "high" with the flick of a switch.

DATA

No... no, it's so... empty... please... give it back... I need it...

BORG QUEEN

And I need to control this ship. Let me into your mind.

Data struggles, anguished... we've never seen him like this before... completely beaten down... finally, he nods. The Borg Queen touches the control again. A

sharp intake of breath as the feeling returns to Data.
And the Queen kisses him on the mouth.

This time, he responds eagerly, throwing himself into the emotion of the moment. She pulls back a little, looks at him softly, passionately. Data stares back at her, breathless -- he seems to be completely in her thrall.

DATA

In order to access my neural net... you will need to create a positronic interface.

(beat)

I will tell you how.

OFF the Borg Queen's smile of victory...

CUT

TO:

214 INT. PHOENIX COCKPIT

214

As before. Picard and Geordi work the control in silence for a few moments. The ship is floating in space, now a good distance from Earth.

GEORDI

Ready to deploy the warp nacelles.

PICARD

As they used to say... all systems are go.

Geordi works his console...

215 EXT. SPACE - THE PHOENIX

215

Two fifty-foot long sheets of metal fall away from the ship on either side of the Phoenix, revealing primitive WARP NACELLES tucked inside the craft. The warp nacelles then begin slowly extending themselves outward on either side -- the basic designs of the nacelles should be familiar to anyone who's ever seen a STAR TREK starship.

This is the beginning of a long-standing architectural design element of our ships.

216 INT. PHOENIX COCKPIT

216

As before.

GEORDI

The Vulcans should be out there right now. We need to break the warp barrier in the next five minutes if we're going to get their attention.

PICARD

Bring the warp core on-line. I'll lay in a heading.

GEORDI

The nacelles are charged... nuclear warhead standing by. We're ready to ignite the warp drive.

PICARD

Engage.

217 **217 EXT. SPACE - THE PHOENIX**

The warp nacelles FLARE with power and the ship begins moving forward in space.

218 **218 INT. PHOENIX COCKPIT**

They're SLAMMED BACK into their seats from the massive G-forces.

GEORDI

Warp field looks good... structural integrity holding...

Picard activates a monitor which begins showing a digital display of their speed.

PICARD

(off monitor)

Speed... twenty thousand kilometers per second.

219 **219 EXT. SPACE - THE PHOENIX**

The ship is going faster... faster...

220 **220 INT. ENTERPRISE - BRIDGE**

Troi is standing outside the emergency airlock with the Ensign, who is working the wall panel.

The airlock door OPENS after a beat, and Riker, Worf and One Security Guard ENTER. They're exhausted after the pitched battle. Troi smiles at them as they remove

their helmets.

TROI

I have to admit there was a moment
there when --

RIKER

(holds up a hand)
Hold that thought.

He turns away and then doubles over behind a console
and begins vomiting off screen. Worf shrugs.

WORF

Strong heart. Weak stomach.

A light beat, and then suddenly the entire Bridge GOES
DARK -- ALL POWER GONE. Console, monitors, everything.

RIKER

Report!

WORF

We've lost Bridge control!

RIKER

Emergency override!

WORF

(works)
Nothing.

221

221 INT. BORG HIVE

The Borg Queen is floating in the middle of the room,
surrounded by Borg consoles and technology. Data is
still on the table, with some kind of specialized
conduit connecting his head to a group of monitors,
which are inactive at the moment. He appears to be
caught up in the rapture of his new sensations, and his
personal connection to the Borg Queen. All thought of
his Starfleet responsibilities are gone.

DATA

(to Queen)
I am re-routing Bridge command
functions to this location.

Data thinks for a moment, and the monitors suddenly
COME TO LIFE and the equipment around the Queen HUMS
with POWER.

Information about critical Enterprise systems flows
across the monitor screens -- we might recognize
graphics from the Bridge displays. The Borg are now in
control.

BORG QUEEN

Eliminate their remaining defenses. I will send Borg to assimilate the rest of the crew.

Data nods... but then one of the consoles BEEPS.

DATA

(reacts)

There is a perimeter alert. A ship has entered sensor range.

BORG QUEEN

Vulcan?

DATA

No.

Data tilts his head and --

222 **A MONITOR**

shows an exterior space shot. The image rapidly ZOOMS IN on the distant PHOENIX. The ship is racing through space.

BORG QUEEN

(reacts, to Data)

Give me helm control.

Data nods. Another console lights up. She moves to work it herself...

223 **EXT. SPACE - THE ENTERPRISE**

As the ship turns and begins moving off at impulse speed.

224 **INT. PHOENIX COCKPIT**

As before, Picard is now steering the ship with a 21st century JOYSTICK CONTROL. The ship is moving faster and faster, trembling now, a ROAR building.

PICARD

Passing one-half light speed. The starboard nacelle's running a little hot...

GEORDI

I'm on it...

The CABIN shakes a little.

GEORDI

The inertial dampers are having trouble compensating... I don't think Cochrane built this thing for comfort.

PICARD

Speed -- two hundred, seventy-five thousand kilometers per second.

WHOOSH! A weird DISTORTION passes through the cabin like a wave, then vanishes.

GEORDI

There's no temporal shielding in here! We're starting to pick up relativistic effects!

PICARD

One minute to warp threshold...

225 **EXT. SPACE**

The warp ship WHIPS by... and then a moment later, the ENTERPRISE ROARS into view, chasing the tiny ship.

226 **INT. PHOENIX COCKPIT**

Geordi glances out the window... does a double-take and looks back up in surprise...

GEORDI

Captain, the Enterprise!

PICARD

(taps combadge)

Picard to Enterprise.

(beat)

Picard to Enterprise -- do you read me?

No response.

PICARD

Their com system must still be down.

GEORDI

Well, I feel a whole lot better with them out there. We may need some help.

227 **INT. BORG HIVE**

As before, the Queen floating above the helm control console. The warp ship is on the monitor, getting closer.

DATA

I have repaired the weapons array.
Phasers are on-line.

A floating CROSSHAIR appears on the monitor showing the warp ship. The Queen works the console. The crosshair moves, but refuses to lock onto the warp ship. She frowns.

BORG QUEEN

The targeting lock isn't working.

Data looks puzzled.

DATA

I do not understand. The optical data network has been repaired, and all systems are functioning.

The Queen works furiously, still can't get the crosshairs to lock onto the ship.

BORG QUEEN

Your diagnostics are in error. I need weapons.

DATA

(thinks)

The problem must lie in the interface between Starfleet and Borg technology. Your console may not be configured to handle the data flow.

BORG QUEEN

Can you configure it?

DATA

I believe so.

BORG QUEEN

Do it.

She hits a series of Borg controls on a nearby console... and the restraints holding Data to the table are RELEASED. Two Borg drones move to him... as he stands up and heads for the Queen, the specialized cable still attached to his head...

closing in on the tiny warp ship. It's like a shark chasing a guppy.

229 **INT. PHOENIX COCKPIT**

Ship SHAKING with power and acceleration.

PICARD

Approaching light speed...

Geordi glances out a side window.

GEORDI

They're getting awfully close...
what the hell are they doing?

PICARD

We're crossing the threshold!

The ship is really SHAKING HARD now -- and the compartment is DISTORTING slightly, stretching, everything becoming elongated...

230 **EXT. SPACE - THE PHOENIX**

The ship is STRETCHING in the familiar "rubber band effect" that tells us a ship is going into warp... but this effect is much slower. It's on the verge of hitting warp speed. The Enterprise still on their tail.

231 **INT. BORG HIVE**

Data is standing right next to the Queen, and is studying the Borg console intently. Two Borg drones stand nearby, watching closely.

DATA

I believe I see the problem.

In the blink of an eye:

-- **DATA WHIRLS AROUND AND SLAMS AN ARM INTO ONE OF THE BORG DRONES.** The drone is knocked off its feet.

-- The second Borg rushes at Data, swings his arm at Data's head. This is the same Borg with the deadly stiletto-tipped DRILL SPIKES seen earlier. The spikes TEAR into the flesh of Data's neck, drawing BLOOD.

-- Data reacts in pain. He GRABS the Borg's arm and with android strength KICKS HIM IN THE CHEST at the same time. The Borg FLIES BACKWARD, causing the cybernetic ARM to RIP from its socket in a shower of

sparks.

-- The Borg Queen SWOOPS down at Data for the kill. But Data's too quick for her. With one swift motion, he turns and THROWS the BORG ARM like a JAVELIN across the room.

232 **232 NEW ANGLE**

As the spikes on the severed Borg arm PUNCTURE one of the diathermic oxygen tanks seen earlier. A HUGE EXPLOSION of DEADLY GAS bursts out of the ruptured tank. The WALL of roiling gas sweeps through the entire Borg Hive.

BORG QUEEN

(screams)

No!

She lunges at Data just as the gas envelopes them!

233 **233 EXT. SPACE - THE PHOENIX**

As it GOES INTO WARP -- it shoots forward and streaks away from the Enterprise!

234 **234 INT. PHOENIX COCKPIT**

As Picard and Geordi are slammed back into their seats and the stars WHIP PAST the windows in the familiar warp effect.

235 **235 INT. BORG HIVE**

Data and the Borg Queen tearing and clawing at each other amongst the spewing gas. The Borg drones try to get away, but they are SWALLOWED by the rush of gas, fall to the deck, twitching in pain.

Data and the Borg Queen both fall to the deck, grappling with each other.

236 **236 EXT. SPACE - THE WARP SHIP**

As it STREAKS PAST -- the warp ship flying at top speed.

237 **237 INT. BORG HIVE**

Data and the Borg Queen struggling against each other... the gas swirling around their bodies... and as

it does, we see the FLESH on their bodies start to LIQUEFY and MELT AWAY in a horrific ooze of blood and skin.

238 **INT. PHOENIX COCKPIT**

As before, but the ride has smoothed out considerably, Warp stars streaking by.

PICARD

Bring us about...

A beat as Geordi works.

GEORDI

Dropping out of warp.

Out the front windows, the warp stars STOP... the ship JOLTS slightly... turns to the left... Earth can be seen in the distance.

They smile. It's a moment of victory.

PICARD

Let's begin the landing procedure.

239 **INT. CARGO BAY/BORG HIVE**

The onrush of gas is gone. But it has affected every surface of the room like an acid wash. Every piece of Borg machinery is smoking and hissing. The two Borg drones are lying on the floor, dead -- all organic matter and flesh have been dissolved from their bodies, leaving only raw mechanical skeletons.

MOVE TO REVEAL:

240 **DATA AND THE BORG QUEEN**

lying on the floor, still locked together. Data is a shocking image: all of his human flesh has been STRIPPED AWAY, leaving only his pure android self. His metallic skull gleams in the dim light... even his eyes are gone. His mechanical left arm is still intact, but the right human arm is completely gone. His torso is stripped of the human flesh, leaving pure android with no soft human touches. Data as we've never seen him before -- raw and mechanistic.

Data rolls over... still locked around him is the MECHANICAL SKELETON of the Borg Queen. A metallic spinal column with two arms with clawed hands leading off it... and a blinking, electronic BRAIN STEM at the very top of the spine.

Data throws off the grotesque form. The Borg Queen carcass writhes and claws at the air. She speaks in a flat, mechanical voice.

BORG QUEEN

(fritzed)

Data...

Data reaches out with one hand... grabs the metal spinal column just below the brain stem... and SNAPS IT IN TWO. The blinking brain stem FRITZES OUT.

241 **INT. CORRIDOR**

Two Borg Drones moving down the hall suddenly stop... twitch... the blinkies on their bodies GO OUT... and they both FALL OVER DEAD. Their connection to their Queen severed.

242 **INT. JEFFERIES TUBE**

Another Borg Drone reacts... lights out... slumps over **DEAD.**

243 **INT. BORG HIVE**

Data releases the remains of the dead Borg Queen. He leans back a little, as though exhausted by his remarkable experience. CAMERA PULLS BACK, emphasizing the loneliness of this smoking, scorched android sitting alone in the ruins of the Borg Hive...

CUT

TO:

244 **EXT. MISSILE SILO - DAY**

The missile doors now open, the ground badly scorched from the launch. Scrimm and his militia guards are sitting on the ground, while Lange and the other Starfleet N.D. keep a watchful eye on them. Cochrane is sitting against a rock, while Beverly checks him over. Ruby is pacing, lost in thought...

PICARD'S VOICE

Isn't anyone going to say welcome back?

Everyone looks up to see --

245 **PICARD AND GEORDI**

standing a few feet away, tired but triumphant.

BEVERLY

Did it work?

Picard nods. Beverly, Lange and the N.D. look relieved. Ruby takes a few steps toward Picard.

246 **COCHRANE**

smiles up at Geordi.

COCHRANE

Mister La Forge... now I'd like to shake your hand.

Geordi smiles and walks over to him.

247 **PICARD AND RUBY**

stop a few feet away from each other, their eyes locked. They drink in sight of each other... there's an undercurrent of unspoken feelings and words. She smiles... he smiles back. A satisfying moment.

PICARD (V.O.)

Captain's log, March 3rd, 2063.
The voyage of the Phoenix was a success... again.

CUT

TO:

248 **EXT. RESURRECTION CITY - NIGHT**

Townspeople along the Main Street. A sense of urgency -- something's going on.

PICARD (V.O.)

And it appears the Vulcan ship has detected the warp signature and is now on its way to Earth.

Suddenly something in the night sky catches their attention. A BRIGHT LIGHT is moving down towards the city. We now realize this is what people are reacting to...

249 **JUST OUTSIDE OF TOWN**

Just a hundred yards beyond the city limits we see the massive VULCAN SCOUT SHIP SETTLING down onto the

ground. Dust flying everywhere. Windmill blades spinning wildly from the exhaust.

250 **THE TOWNSPEOPLE**

squinting into the wind, trying to make out what's happening...

251 **NEW ANGLE - ON A HILLTOP**

A good distance away, but with a good view of the entire scene. Riker, Worf, Beverly, Troi and Geordi watching from a distance as the Vulcan ship LANDS.

252 **JUST OUTSIDE OF TOWN**

Picard, Ruby and a bandaged, but much healthier Zephram Cochrane watching the landing. People from town are surging around them. Everyone is shocked and amazed at what they're seeing. Picard watches with satisfaction -- this is the moment he's been waiting for.

Cochrane and Ruby are particularly awestruck.

253 **THE VULCAN SHIP**

settles, engines whining down... dust settling.

254 **PICARD**

moves to Cochrane, takes him gently by the arm.

PICARD

Doctor Cochrane... this is your moment.

Cochrane looks a little bewildered, tries to grapple with the moment.

COCHRANE

My God... they're really from another world?

PICARD

That's right. And they're going to want to meet the man who flew that warp ship.

Cochrane looks at him.

COCHRANE

And that's supposed to be me...

PICARD

Zephram, you had the vision to build that ship when no one else on this planet could see beyond their own problems.

(beat)

You flew that ship... all I did was push a few buttons.

Cochrane looks at him for a moment... takes a breath, nods...

COCHRANE

All right.

(beat)

And don't worry -- I'll keep your secret.

They hear a mechanical WHIRR and a HISS of air.

255 **NEW ANGLE**

as a HATCH opens on the Vulcan ship. The townspeople behind them react with shock and fear... a few people take a step back. Picard looks at Cochrane, who hesitates for a moment... then finally takes a deep breath... and strides out toward the alien ship. A man alone about to change the course of human history.

Ruby moves closer to Picard and puts her arm around him... and he puts his arm around her.

256 **HILLTOP**

As the rest of our crew is enraptured by the moment... they glance at each other with excitement as they watch history unfold...

257 **VULCAN SHIP**

Cochrane stops a few feet away from the ship as the hatch swings completely open... light streams out into the night air... and THREE HOODED, ROBED FIGURES EMERGE. They stand across from Cochrane -- a moment frozen in time.

258 **THE TOWNSPEOPLE**

watching in awe...

259 **PICARD AND RUBY**

watching...

260

260 THE LEAD VULCAN

pulls his hood back, revealing the familiar slanted eyebrows and pointed ears, holding himself with that austere, regal dignity we've come to associate with his race. He steps forward to greet Cochrane... raises his hand as if to wave.

Cochrane raises his hand automatically, as if to wave in return...

But then the Vulcan splits his fingers in the classic Vulcan greeting.

VULCAN

Live Long and Prosper.

Cochrane tries to emulate the Vulcan hand-sign...but can't quite do the awkward finger-split.

COCHRANE

Um... thanks.

The Vulcan cocks an eyebrow at him. The very first Alien-Human relationship is underway...

261

261 PICARD AND RUBY

are now surrounded by townspeople, who are watching the scene unfold...

262

262 HILLTOP

Our heroes share a glance with each other and smile, Riker taps his combadge.

RIKER

Riker to Enterprise. Five to beam up.

The crew DEMATERIALIZES...

263

263 PICARD AND RUBY

have now moved away from the crowd... no one paying attention to them. The bright lights from the Vulcan ship cast them in a dramatic silhouette. Picard turns to Ruby. It's the moment he's been dreading. This is goodbye. She looks at him.

RUBY

You're leaving, aren't you?

PICARD

I have to...

RUBY

Where? And don't tell me San Francisco...

PICARD

No. It's a lot further than that.

RUBY

It's the future, isn't it? Just like you told Scrimm.

(beat)

I knew you weren't from around here.

PICARD

(with humor)

No... I'm from France.

RUBY

I don't care if you're from France or Venus... just take me with you.

PICARD

That's impossible.

RUBY

Why?

PICARD

This may be hard for you to understand... but I'm duty-bound not to interfere with you, or anyone else here... any more than is absolutely necessary.

RUBY

You've been interfering with my life ever since I met you.

(with meaning)

Don't stop now.

Picard struggles... he doesn't want to do this, but he's torn between his heart and his duty.

PICARD

Ruby... I'm sorry.

(remembering his words to Beverly)

But our fates lie along different paths.

A long, difficult moment... then he lets her go... turns and starts walking off into the night. She stands where she is, watching him go with tears in her eyes...

Picard hits his combadge.

PICARD

Picard to Enterprise. One to...

He stops where he is.

RIKER'S COM VOICE

Riker here. Captain, we didn't get your whole transmission.

Picard turns, looks back at Ruby. Their eyes meet... and he makes the decision.

PICARD

To hell with fate.

RIKER'S COM VOICE

Say again, Captain?

He starts walking towards her. She sees him coming... starts running to him. She throws herself into his arms and he holds her close. They kiss. A magical moment, then...

PICARD

Enterprise. Two to beam up.

They DEMATERIALIZE holding each other tight...

264 **EXT. SPACE - THE ENTERPRISE**

moving out of Earth orbit...

265 **INT. BRIDGE**

Riker, Worf, Troi, N.D.s. Picard ENTERS with Ruby. Everyone reacts to seeing her there. Ruby stays in the Turbolift, staring around the Bridge in amazement. Picard takes her hand and leads her out onto the Bridge.

PICARD

How's Mister Data?

Riker glances at Ruby uneasily.

RIKER

He's in Sickbay. Doctor Crusher says he can be repaired... but we

have to wait until we...

He glances at Ruby again, awkward. But Picard finishes his thought.

PICARD

Return to our own time?

RIKER

Yes, sir.

PICARD

Then make it so. Have you determined how to recreate the temporal vortex?

Picard sits in his chair. Riker hesitates.

RIKER

Yes, sir. But Captain... are we... all going back?

PICARD

Unless you'd like to stay.

RIKER

No, sir.

Ruby stands stock-still, staring at Worf. Worf looks up at her with a Klingon smile -- teeth and all.

Ruby manages a weak smile in return, then moves off to stand next to Picard.

RIKER

Bridge to Engineering. Mister La Forge... initiate the temporal vortex.

266 **EXT. SPACE - THE ENTERPRISE**

moving through space... and then the TEMPORAL VORTEX forms directly ahead of it, as seen before. The ship ENTERS the vortex...

267 **EXT. SPACE - THE 24TH CENTURY**

The Enterprise EXITS the VORTEX and into Earth orbit.

268 **INT. BRIDGE**

As before.

WORF

Incoming transmission from
Starfleet Command. Admiral Hayes.

PICARD

Onscreen.

269 **INCLUDE VIEWER**

Admiral Hayes appears.

PICARD

Admiral... what's the status of
the Borg fleet?

ADMIRAL HAYES

It's been destroyed. The Borg
threat is over.

(beat)

Are you all right? The Enterprise
disappeared from our sensors for
a moment.

PICARD

We're fine, sir. It will take
some... time to explain.

ADMIRAL HAYES

I look forward to reading your
report.

The transmission ends. Ruby turns to Picard with
amazement.

RUBY

That makes two of us.

Picard gives her a gentle smile. OFF the moment...

CUT

TO:

270 **EXT. SPACE - THE ENTERPRISE**

The great ship entering a Starfleet SPACE DOCK.

271 **INT. BORG HIVE/ENVIROMENTAL CONTROL ROOM**

Geordi is directing a work crew of a dozen engineers,
as they clean up the room and repair the damage.

GEORDI

(to a couple of N.D.s)

No, no -- we'll have to rip out
this entire bulkhead. We'll need

new bracing members for the deck
above and below.

The N.D.s move off, making notes on their PADDs.
Geordi turns and sees Data standing in the doorway.
He's now been fully restored to his original android
self.

GEORDI

Data...

Geordi moves to him, puts a hand on his shoulder.

GEORDI

You look good as new.

DATA

You could say that I'm back to my
old self.

GEORDI

That's great.

Geordi's smile fades a little as Data walks into the
room.

DATA

Her remains... are they still
here?

Geordi points over to a corner, where some N.D.s are
about to close a storage container. Data walks over.
Geordi goes with him. The N.D.s move aside, and Data
looks down into the storage container. The broken,
mangled pieces of machinery are all that's left of the
Borg Queen.

GEORDI

I'm sending them to the Daystrom
Institute for analysis.

Data stares down at the remains with a haunted look.

DATA

I never realized how powerful an
emotion temptation could be.

GEORDI

Temptation? You said in your
report it was all a ruse... you
were manipulating her.

A quiet beat.

DATA

She was... a unique lifeform. In
her own way... nearly perfect.

Geordi smiles a little.

GEORDI

(joking)

It almost sounds like you miss
her.

Data looks up at him -- his expression unreadable.
Geordi's smile fades. Data reaches out, closes the lid
on the storage container, turns and walks out of the
room. Geordi watches him go, left to wonder what Data
is really feeling.

CUT

TO:

272 EXT. MONTANA - HILLTOP - DAY

272

Picard and Ruby walk up the familiar hilltop, and when
they reach the crest, we reveal...

273 A MOMENT

273

A large memorial cordoned off by a chain. A PLAQUE on
the monument reads "On this spot, Man and Vulcan met
for the first time... and changed the course of
history. March 3rd, 2063."

274 PICARD AND RUBY

274

step into view. They stare at the sculpture for a
moment.

PICARD

Welcome home.

275 WIDE SHOT

275

Picard, Ruby and the monument are at the gates of
RESURRECTION CITY as it is in the 23rd century. This
is the place where man first reached out to the stars,
and the architecture has a distinctive uplifting
feeling -- spires reaching up toward the sky.
Shuttlecraft and aircars are taking off and landing.
The tiny Western town is now a thriving, futuristic
METROPOLIS.

As Picard and Ruby walk towards the city hand-in-
hand...

FADE TO BLACK.

ROLL CREDITS

THE END