

STAR TREK: THE BEGINNING

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FIRST DRAFT
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THE PARAMOUNT LOGO

fanciful Mount Ben Lomand under a halo of stars.

The stars recede into the heavens...and rising water covers the foothills...and thus the "Paramount Mountain of Dreams" becomes the highest of

THE FARALLON ISLANDS

jagged and forbidding - like a row of monstrous shark's teeth jutting up from the white-capped chop of the PACIFIC OCEAN, 30 miles west of SAN FRANCISCO.

They seem to be *rushing* toward us.

JAXX (O.S.)
(Shouting)
TACTICAL!

ENSIGN (O.S.)
CLEAR TO TACK IN 1 MINUTE 7 SECONDS ON MY
MARK...MARK!

CU LIEUTENANT JAXX

a handsome young face framed by a foul-weather hood; eyes squinting, teeth clenched against a ferocious 40-KNOT WIND.

JAXX
ALL RIGHT, LISTEN UP! WE'RE GONNA TACK;
WE'RE GONNA BROAD REACH FOR 35 SECONDS
'TIL WE'RE CLEAR OF THE ISLAND, THEN
WE'RE JIBING AND YOU'VE GOT EXACTLY *ONE*
NANOSECOND TO POP THE 'CHUTE AND WE'RE
HEADIN' FOR THE LINE! ANY OF YOU NEWBIES
SCREW THE POOCH ON THESE SIMPLE MANEUVERS
AND I WILL PERSONALLY SEE TO IT THAT YOU
NEVER MAKE IT TO GRADUATION CEREMONIES
AND YOU CAN KISS YOUR ENSIGN BARS
GOODBYE, IS THAT UNDERSTOOD!

Through the HOWLING WIND we hear:

CREW (O.S.)
SIR, YES SIR!

Jaxx turns his head to look at something just over his shoulder.

JAXX
AND AS FOR THAT SON-OF-A-

MATCH CUT TO:

CU LIEUTENANT NIKKEN

a pretty face (also framed by a foul-weather hood) contorted into a grimace as she, too, looks over her shoulder.

NIKKEN

(Shouting)

THAT BASTARD'S GAINING ON US! WHAT IS HE
DOING DIFFERENT? WHAT THE *HELL* IS WRONG
WITH OUR TRIM! *PREPARE TO TACK!* THAT
SON-OF-A-

SMASH CUT TO:

CU LIEUTENANT CHASE

a hero's face - unhooded, his hair whipping in the fierce wind, his eyes closed. He is smiling as though to himself.

CHASE

(Quietly)

Ready about?

And another face is thrust INTO FRAME. The TATTOOED FACE of
ENSIGN OGG

An enormous New Zealander of Maori descent.

OGG

COME AGAIN, LIEUTENANT?

Chase opens his eyes and says, calmly:

CHASE

Helm's a'lee, Mr. Ogg.

And the CAMERA PULLS BACK SUDDENLY as Chase spins the WHEEL
of his

60 FOOT LONG AEROSLOOP SAILING CRAFT

- a sleek sailing vessel with SEMI-RIGID SAILS and one
remarkable feature:

The hull doesn't touch the water.

The entire vessel *hovers* scarcely a foot above the surface.
Only the KEEL (a long blade-like protrusion from the bottom
of the hull) penetrates the water.

In 40 knots of wind, this stunning looking sailing craft is
moving an impossible 40 MILES PER HOUR. We are

EXT. GULF OF THE FARALLONES - DAY

And there are 3 boats leading the race as they round the FARALLON ISLANDS and head due East toward the Golden Gate Bridge:

Jaxx's boat is in the lead. To his port side, Nikken is just off his stern and, off her starboard stern quarter, Chase's boat is a boat-length behind...

The rest of the racing FLEET is still heading West toward the island while

THE 3 LEAD BOATS

clear SOUTHWEST FARALLON ISLAND, jibe their rigid mainsails, and - with 40 knots of wind behind them - "pop" their

SPINNAKERS

- huge KEVLAR sails which billow out, bulging before the wind as the yachts accelerate to nearly 50 MILES PER HOUR.

And each Spinnaker bears the Insignia of

THE UNITED EARTH STELLAR NAVAL ACADEMY (UESN)

CUT TO:

EXT. ROOFTOP STADIUM - STARFLEET HEADQUARTERS - LATER

The same INSIGNIA decorates the upstage wall of the PRESENTATION STAND.

CU ADMIRAL GARDNER

- the bearded and altogether intimidating Commanding Officer of STARFLEET - as he strides Patton-like up onto the stage and addresses us:

ADM. GARDNER

At ease.

We HEAR the SHUFFLE of feet.

ADM. GARDNER (CONT'D)

As Chief-of-Staff of the Command Council of Starfleet and the newly formed Coalition of Planets, it is my honor to address you today.

And the CAMERA PANS

THE FACES OF THE UESN CLASS OF 2159

YOUNG MEN and WOMEN - all wearing peaked CAPS and dressed in UESN UNIFORM WHITES - at ease and facing the platform. Their PARENTS and DISTINGUISHED GUESTS seated in bleachers...

ADM. GARDNER (O.S.)
As graduates of the United Earth Stellar
Naval Academy...

LIEUTENANTS CHASE, JAXX, NIKKEN & GARDNER JR. (THE ADMIRAL'S SON)

and a dozen other "Top Wing" graduates, also dressed in UNIFORM WHITES (but bearing the "WINGS" of their status on their chests) stand off to one side.

ADM. GARDNER (O.S. CONT'D)
And post-graduate officers of Top Wing...

The CROWD CHEERS while Jaxx surreptitiously offers a FLASK to Chase.... But Chase shakes his head and waves it off.

BACK TO:

CHASE'S BOAT

Chase at the wheel, grinning up at the set of his Spinnaker.

A boat-length ahead of him, Nikken's stern...and, off her bow and maintaining a safe lead, Jaxx's Boat.

JAXX'S BOAT

as the Crew let's out a WHOOP! And Jaxx looks back at Chase's boat and grins.

JAXX
GOTCHA, HOTSHOT...

ENSIGN
(Referring to Nikken's Boat)
YEAH, BUT WHAT ABOUT HER?

JAXX
AT EASE, ENSIGN. WE LET HER CATCH UP,
THEN WE'RE TAKIN' HER OUT!

NIKKEN'S BOAT

bearing down on Jaxx's stern. Her BOWSPRIT (a spar extending from the ship's bow) is 3 feet from Jaxx's transom (stern)...

CUT TO:

EXT. ROOFTOP STADIUM - STARFLEET HEADQUARTERS - LATER

on Chase, Jaxx, Nikken and Gardner Jr. as they listen to

ADM. GARDNER

Many of you will be joining the Merchant Marine. Some of you will take command of Earth Cargo Service vessels...and some of you will be under my command at Starfleet...

BACK TO:

CHASE'S BOAT

bearing down on Nikken's stern. Ensign Ogg pulls a COM HEADSET from his ear and offers it to Chase.

OGG

It's Lieutenant Gardner.

Chase presses the headset to his ear as he looks to see

GARDNER JR.'S BOAT

still heading West *toward* the Farallon Islands (albeit ahead of the rest of the fleet).

CHASE/HEADSET

The hell happened to you, junior?

INTERCUT:

GARDNER JR.

staring across the water at Chase's Boat - the last of the 3 lead boats charging toward the Golden Gate Bridge.

GARDNER JR./HEADSET

(Wryly)

I just couldn't pass up another opportunity to disappoint my father.

CHASE

lensing the deck of Gardner Jr.'s boat through a handheld MONOSCOPE.

CHASE/HEADSET

Your traveler's set too far to leeward. Bring it amidships.

GARDNER JR./HEADSET
Don't worry about me!

CHASE/HEADSET
Tighten the outhaul; cinch down the vang.
You'll get an extra 6 knots out of her.

GARDNER JR./HEADSET
Roger that! What's *your* plan?

CHASE/HEADSET
You know me. I'm not a follower...

CUT TO:

EXT. ROOFTOP STADIUM - STARFLEET HEADQUARTERS - LATER

In the BACKGROUND, the clean, hydrogen-fueled City-by-the-Bay has achieved a near-Utopian SKYLINE.

ADM. GARDNER
For centuries humankind has been living
in the bubble of our own solar system -
imagining what was out there...only to
find that *who* was out there was stranger,
grander, more fascinating than anything
that the mind of man could invent.

The CAMERA PANS the ALIEN FACES OF AMBASSADORS in attendance:
VULCAN, ANDORIAN, TELLARITE, DENOBUAN and RIGELIAN...

ADM. GARDNER (CONT'D)
And now...our reality is no longer based
upon the experience of our senses in the
world in which we live. It is defined by
the *galaxy* in which we live.

BACK TO:

NIKKEN'S BOAT

its Bowsprit *inches* from overtaking Jaxx's stern...

CHASE'S BOAT

as Chase pulls the Com Headset from his ear, hands it back to
Ogg, then looks to the SPINNAKER SHEET - the line (braided
rope) running from a WINCH all the way to the Spinnaker...

CHASE
Ensign Gibbs. Give me about 4 inches of
trim on that Spinnaker sheet.

OGG
You have a plan, sir?

CHASE
We just sail the boat, Ensign. Just sail
the boat.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROOFTOP STADIUM - STARFLEET HEADQUARTERS - LATER

ADM. GARDNER
110 years ago we had difficulty looking
beyond the borders of our own countries.
And we fought a war here on Earth that
cost 600 million lives. Today we are
challenged to look beyond the orbits of
planets lightyears from our own.

BACK TO:

JAXX'S BOAT

as Nikken's Bowsprit overtakes Jaxx's stern, and Jaxx turns
the wheel hard to starboard, and then back to port -
fishtails his boat - snapping Nikken's bowsprit.

NIKKEN'S BOAT

as the FORESTAY collapses and the MAST buckles and the entire
enormous rig comes crashing down onto the foredeck!

NIKKEN
HIT THE DECK! SON-OF-A-

And her boat comes to a grinding halt as she overruns her own
collapsed spinnaker and a tangle of rigging, and

CHASE'S BOAT

RACES past her and Chase SHOUTS:

CHASE
YOU OKAY?

NIKKEN
FUBAR! GO GET HIM!

Chase salutes and we

CUT TO:

EXT. ROOFTOP STADIUM - STARFLEET HEADQUARTERS - LATER

ADM. GARDNER
Our notions of God have changed. Our
notion of the family of man has changed.

BACK TO:

EXT. GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE - DAY

As Chase's boat pulls alongside Jaxx's.

JAXX
(To Chase)
YOU'RE GANKIN' MY WIND, YOU BASTARD!

But Chase looks ahead to

THE FINISH LINE

a LASER BEAM directly under the Bridge. He looks to

THE COMMITTEE BOAT

A luxurious HOVERCRAFT gently rocking above the swell and
bedecked with FLAGS - maintaining its position directly under
the SOUTH TOWER of the Golden Gate Bridge.

Her decks are teaming with COMMANDING OFFICERS of the UESN,
and STARFLEET, HUMAN, VULCAN, ANDORIAN, TELLARITE, DENOBLAN
and RIGELIAN DIGNITARIES and invited SPECTATORS.

JAXX (CONT'D)
BUT I'VE GOT YOU, CHASE! FOR ONCE I'M
BEATIN' YOU TO THE LINE AND I'M NEVER
GONNA LET YOU FORGET IT!

They are seconds from crossing the line, and Jaxx is leading
by a third of a boatlength. But Chase is impassive as we

CUT TO:

EXT. ROOFTOP STADIUM - STARFLEET HEADQUARTERS - LATER

And Admiral Gardner sums it up:

ADM. GARDNER
Our friends and allies form a coalition
of planets dedicated to principles of
cooperation, mutual respect and peaceful
evolution.

BACK TO:

CHASE

as he pulls a RIGGING KNIFE from Ensign Ogg's belt sheath...

ADM. GARDNER (V.O.)
So to the graduating class of 2159, I
congratulate you and invite you to join
an ever expanding quest...

And Chase cuts his own Spinnaker sheet, causing his enormous
foresail to billow out in front of the boat and to break the
Laser Beam Finish Line first!

An ELECTRONIC WHISTLE SOUNDS. Chase has won.

ADM. GARDNER (V.O. CONT'D)
To go boldly where no one has gone
before.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROOFTOP STADIUM - STARFLEET HEADQUARTERS - LATER

As the newly minted Ensigns and the 16 Top Wing Lieutenants
including Chase, Jaxx, Nikken and Gardner Jr. CHEER and throw
their caps into the air!

FADE TO BLACK

STARS APPEAR, and we are moving through

VOICE OVER
Space. The final frontier...

ROLL CREDITS

A ROMULAN FLAGSHIP

of enormous size and wicked design moving resolutely into and
out of FRAME - momentarily blotting out the Stars... (Fig. 1)

And something else...

A ROMULAN DRONE-SHIP

a hideous vessel (it looks like a colossal flea) following
close behind. (Fig. 2)

And ANOTHER DRONE-SHIP...and ANOTHER...and ANOTHER...

passing through space in SINGLE FILE behind the Bird-of-Prey.

And the CAMERA pulls back to reveal

HUNDREDS OF DRONE-SHIPS

deployed SINGLE-FILE in a line stretching thousands of miles.

And the CAMERA swings 90 degrees to line up directly behind the single-file FLEET and we realize that it is headed directly toward the dark side of

THE MOON

oriented in Space so that it *almost* eclipses THE EARTH.

We hear a VOICE shouting in ROMULAN. The SUBTITLES read:

VOICE #1 (V.O.)
You are drifting! Correct to 171 mark 3!
Stay behind its moon!

And, indeed, the Fleet shifts so that the Earth is *completely* eclipsed by the Moon.

END CREDITS

MY FAVORITE MARTIAN

with Ray Walston as "Uncle Martin" and Bill Bixby as "Tim" is playing on A TELEVISION connected to a VID-CHIP PLAYER and being watched by

A DOZEN VULCANS

gathered around and staring, stone faced. We are

INT. AMBASSADOR SKON'S HOME - VULCAN COMPOUND - NIGHT

The multi-level terraced Frank-Lloyd-Wright-meets-the-22nd-Century home of the Vulcan Ambassador.

A party in full swing. UESN GRADUATES, STARFLEET OFFICERS, HUMAN, VULCAN, ANDORIAN, TELLARITE, DENOBUAN and RIGELIAN DIGNITARIES and invited GUESTS mill about to the MUSIC of

A JAZZ QUARTET

featuring 3 HUMANS on guitar, bass and drums, and a VULCAN playing the *ka'athyra*.

NIKKEN & GARDNER JR.

- still wearing their UNIFORM DRESS WHITES - hover on the edge of the Vulcan T.V. audience as...ANTENNAE emerge from the back of "Uncle Martin's" head and CANNED LAUGHTER erupts from the T.V.

VULCAN MALE

What *is* it?

NIKKEN

(Whispering to Gardner Jr.)

Somebody should tell them it's a comedy.

Gardner Jr. suppresses a laugh.

AMBASSADOR SKON'S WIFE

An early 20th century tele-vision. And entertainments from that time. It is a gift from Admiral Gardner. He knows of my husband's fascination with science fiction.

VULCAN MALE

Science and fiction are two different things.

AMBASSADOR SKON'S WIFE

It is a human story-telling genre of the 20th and 21st centuries...

She replaces the *My Favorite Martian* VID-CHIP with another:
An episode of

THE OUTER LIMITS

A Man in a ridiculous monster suit has a Woman by the hair and a ray-gun in his claw-hand. The Woman SCREAMS.

The Vulcans move closer, fascinated by the low-budget black & white melodrama...

VULCAN MALE

Is that an Alkadian...?

Nikken turns to Gardner Jr....but he is gone...

CUT TO:

COMMODORE C.W.E. WHITE

the grizzled-but-squared-away Commanding Officer of the UESN is explaining to a group of ALIEN AMBASSADOR'S WIVES:

WHITE

The boats were crewed by this year's graduates and captained by newly commissioned officers of the Naval Top Wing program.

ANDORIAN WIFE

Top Wing? This is a military organization? We have not heard of this -

WHITE

Top Wing is a UESN elite tactical single-pilot attack & defense spacecraft flight team - from whose ranks are recruited the test pilots that Starfleet routinely chews up and spits out.

The colloquialism is lost on them. Admiral Gardner explains:

ADM. GARDNER

Traditionally, the winner of the regatta is given first position on the flight roster at Saturn Flight Range.

RIGELIAN WIFE

And what *is* the difference between the United Earth Stellar Navy and Starfleet?

WHITE

The UESN is strictly *military*.
Starfleet's mandate is to explore.

SKON (O.S.)

Yet recent history has proved Starfleet to be a defensive force to say the very least...

ALL look to the speaker:

AMBASSADOR SKON

a wise and distinguished-looking Vulcan.

ADM. GARDNER

Well said, Ambassador Skon. It's hard to argue with that.

The blue-skinned

ANDORIAN AMBASSADOR

sticks his antennae into the conversation:

ANDORIAN AMBASSADOR

But if the Andorian Imperial Guard, the Vulcan High Command, the *Tellarites* and the *Rigelians* can allow Earth Starfleet to assume command of their military forces -

ADM. GARDNER

We are the *hosts* of the Coalition of Planets, Ambassador - *equal partners*, and nothing more.

And that's enough to capture the attention of the pig-like and confrontational

TELLARITE AMBASSADOR

But you are going farther than any of us! You are destined to do nothing but provoke trouble and interfere with the affairs of all whom you contact! There was no *need* for a coalition until your so-called *exploration* began!

AMBASSADOR SKON

Perhaps it would be logical for Starfleet to...assimilate command of the Naval Academy and all other United Earth military forces if they wish to exercise jurisdiction over the military forces of other planets and cultures.

ADM. GARDNER

Thank you, Ambassador Skon. Speaking for Starfleet, I couldn't agree more with our gracious host.

Skon bows.

But Commodore White isn't satisfied with all this diplomacy:

WHITE

Really? I think that peace is too important to be left to...politicians.

An uncomfortable SILENCE...then the always pleasant, preternaturally smiling, ridge-faced

DENOBULAN WIFE

Was not your son commanding one of the sailing vessels this morning, Admiral Gardner?

ADM. GARDNER

Yes.

DENOBULAN WIFE

Did he perform well?

ADM. GARDNER

His performance was...average, madam.

DENOBULAN WIFE

Average?

ADM. GARDNER

Average. He was the best of the worst
and the worst of the best.

CUT TO:

JAXX

pounding down a shot of whisky and glaring at

A VULCAN BARTENDER

(in serving uniform) standing obsequiously behind the bar.

VULCAN BARTENDER

Would you care for a seventh drink,
Lieutenant?

JAXX

I think that would be a logical choice,
don't you?

VULCAN BARTENDER

Allowing that the consumption of alcohol
is in itself illogical, I do not believe -

JAXX

What's illogical about it?

VULCAN BARTENDER

Intoxication is - by definition - a loss
of control over faculties and behavior.

JAXX

Well...

(Squinting at the Vulcan's NAMETAG)
Salain, considering that my intention *is*
to lose control, then another drink *would*
be the logical choice, wouldn't it.

DENOBULAN (O.S.)

So, you are the one who lost.

THE DENOBULAN

grinning good-naturedly, is standing right behind him.

JAXX

Lost what?

DENOBULAN

The regatta. It is fascinating to me the human preoccupation with speed.

JAXX

Yeah? Watch this.

And Jaxx, drink in hand, is gone - into the CROWD - only to collide with Nikken.

JAXX

Wanna dance?

NIKKEN

Nope. I've lost my date.

She nods to where

GARDNER JR.

is standing on a TERRACE with the SAN FRANCISCO SKYLINE as a backdrop - *tête-à-tête* with

AN ANDORIAN FEMALE

a knockout in spite of - or maybe because of - her WHITE-BLONDE HAIR, BLUE-TINGED SKIN and ANTENNAE.

JAXX

Don't take it personally. He's just...feelin' blue.

Jaxx grins at his own joke, but Nikken is annoyed.

NIKKEN

I'm gonna kill him.

JAXX

If his old man doesn't get to him first. Where's Chase? *Whoa...*

A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN (PENELOPE)

is standing alone in the middle of the Crowd.

JAXX

Helmsman, come to course 280 mark 0. Full impulse power.

And he makes a beeline for her, leaving Nikken standing alone. And then she sees

CHASE

entering the party from outside. He has changed from his Uniform Whites into standard uniform and an old, well-worn A-2-style LEATHER FLIGHT JACKET.

He, too, sees Penelope - but his view is interrupted by Gardner Jr. who has pulled himself away from the Andorian to greet his best friend.

GARDNER JR.

Boy did you have the brass scramblin' for the rule book today!

But before Chase can respond:

ADM. GARDNER (O.S.)

You're out of uniform, Lieutenant.

Chase & Gardner Jr. turn to see Admiral himself - and Commodore White - bearing down on them.

ADM. GARDNER

Explain.

CHASE

I'm warp for the Saturn Flight Range at 0100, sir.

GARDNER JR.

Yup! That's right!
(Clapping Chase on the back)
First on the flight roster!

ADM. GARDNER

(To Junior)

A word with you, Lieutenant.

And Admiral Gardner leads his son away. Chase searches Commodore White's face. Something's up.

WHITE

You won't be flying tomorrow, Lieutenant.

CHASE

Sir?

WHITE

Starfleet - well...*Admiral Gardner* is concerned about your...associations.

CHASE

I don't have any associations.

WHITE

I recommended that Starfleet Security run a complete background check before they allow you to fly -

CHASE

You're not serious -

WHITE

Have you ever known me not to be serious, Lieutenant?

CHASE

That could take...*months*...

Commodore White looks across the room to where Admiral Gardner is in arguing with his son.

WHITE

You're a lightning rod, Chase - and Starfleet's as much about politics as it is about exploration.

CHASE

Sir. I chose my future. *I didn't choose my past.* I was cleared before I entered the Academy -

WHITE

That was the United Earth Stellar Naval Academy, Lieutenant. Starfleet is too high-minded to give a damn about your choices or your UESN clearance.

CHASE

What?

WHITE

Don't be naive. You might be the best pilot I've ever graduated, but Starfleet can't afford to put their machines in the hands of a man named Tiberius *Chase* unless they're 100 percent certain that he bears no allegiance to anyone or anything *but* Starfleet and the United Earth. Stay at the academy and train pilots. Join the Merchant Marine or the ECS and haul dilithium from Coridan to New Berlin. But if you want to test engines and fly starships they gotta know you're on their side.

CHASE
So...I'm grounded. Because of my name.

WHITE
Until Starfleet Security gives you the
all clear. And Lieutenant?

CHASE
Sir?

WHITE
Whatever you do in the meantime? Don't
piss off Admiral Gardner.

Chase digests this, then:

CHASE
So who is it? Who's going to test the
NX-Omega? Who's number one on the
roster?

WHITE
Lieutenant Gardner.

CHASE
The Admiral's own son.

WHITE
Politics, lieutenant...

CUT TO:

CHASE - MOMENTS LATER

making his way through the Crowd - heading toward Penelope
and Jaxx...when Gardner Jr. grabs him by the arm.

GARDNER, JR.
Tiberius. This is *bullshit*!

CHASE
Jaxx was disqualified for ramming Nikken;
Nikken was DNF, and I'm grounded pending
security clearance, so...*you won the
race, Junior.*

GARDNER, JR.
That's crap and you know it! My old man
wants a Gardner to break the warp 5
barrier. He wants me to *distinguish*
myself -

CHASE

And so you shall, my bro', and so you shall. Suit up. You're warp for Saturn at 0100.

He claps his friend on the shoulder and watches as Jaxx gives Penelope the "I'll-be-right-back" sign and heads for the Bar.

Chase makes a bee-line for her, but is intercepted by Nikken:

NIKKEN

Where've you been?

CHASE

Nowhere.

NIKKEN

What's wrong?

Chase looks around - at all the uniforms and smiling faces.

CHASE

We're celebrating. And we haven't done anything yet.

NIKKEN

Haven't done anything? Junior graduated in spite of his father, Jaxx never got caught cheating, I'm the first commissioned female test pilot in the history of the United Earth Stellar Navy, and unless you screw the pooch tomorrow you're gonna be the first to make warp 8. The fastest man in the galaxy.

Chase locks eyes with Penelope from across the room. Nikken follows his gaze...and sighs...

NIKKEN

Jaxx is at the bar getting her a drink. Now's your chance. Go for it, Tiger.

And he does. He walks up to Penelope:

CHASE

Close your eyes.

PENELOPE

What?

CHASE

Close your eyes.

Penelope considers his face...and closes her eyes. And Chase kisses her. On the mouth. And her eyes stay closed for a long moment, then open wide.

PENELOPE

Who...*are* you?

CHASE

How do you want me to answer that?

PENELOPE

I've met a lot of people tonight...and everyone claims to be somebody extraordinary.

CHASE

That's the problem with this place.

PENELOPE

You're a pilot, aren't you.

CHASE

Why?

PENELOPE

Because I've heard that pilots never talk about themselves.

Chase looks to Jaxx, ordering drinks from the Vulcan Bartender.

CHASE

Then how do you explain *him*?

Penelope laughs.

CHASE (CONT'D)

Let's go.

PENELOPE

Where?

CHASE

Outside - the top of the hill. About a mile from here.

PENELOPE

Why?

CHASE

It's the twelfth day of August.

CUT TO:

THE BAR

as Jaxx turns with two drinks in his hands...to see

CHASE & PENELOPE

leaving through a TERRACE DOOR.

Jaxx heaves a that-son-of-a-bitch-he-did-it-to-me-again sigh and turns back to the Bar where a muscle-bound

MACO (MILITARY ASSAULT COMMAND OPERATIONS) SERGEANT

- in UNIFORM - has just bellied up to the bar.

And, since Chase just walked off with his target, the only thing left for Jaxx to do is pick a fight:

JAXX

(To Vulcan Bartender)

I know how you Vulcans are about humor,
but do you know how many Marines it takes
to screw-in a plasma bulb?

MACO SERGEANT

Hey! *I'm* a Marine. Are you sure you
wanna tell that joke?

Jaxx looks up at the giant Sergeant's face and says, simply:

JAXX

No. You're right. I don't wanna have to
explain it four times.

And the MACO puts down his drink and grabs Jaxx by the collar
- but we

CUT TO:

EXT. WOLFBACK RIDGE - NIGHT

the highest point of the MARIN HEADLANDS - normally
overlooking the Pacific Ocean, a view now *covered* with a
perfect BLANKET OF FOG.

Indeed, it is as though Chase and Penelope are standing on a
small island jutting up from a sea of cloud.

It is breathtaking.

Beside them, Chase's HARLEY DAVIDSON AERO-BIKE is leaning on
its kick-stand.

CHASE
(Of the STARS)
So what do they mean to you?

PENELOPE (CONT'D)
They confuse me.

Chase smiles.

CHASE
Let me explain...

PENELOPE
Please don't. I've heard it before.
(Quickly; randomly)
That's a sun, that's a moon, that's a
nebula, and that's a supernova, and
that's a distant galaxy. They're
gazillions of lightyears away, but
tomorrow you're gonna visit each and
every one of them and bring me souvenirs.

CHASE
No.

PENELOPE
No?

CHASE
Nope.

He sits down on the grass, points up...and connects the dots
with his finger:

CHASE (CONT'D)
That's Orion. The hunter. His father
was Poseidon; his mother was Euryale -
"she of the wide salt sea..."

This was hardly what Penelope expected. She sits beside him.

CHASE (CONT'D)
And *that* is Orion's dog - Canis Major -
whose star, Sirius, is the brightest and
most faithful star in the heavens.

Penelope smiles at Chase. But he looks at his wristwatch.

PENELOPE
Are you late to be somewhere?

CHASE
No.

PENELOPE
Expecting someone?

CHASE
Some *thing*.
(Changing the subject)
That is Arcturus - the third brightest
star in the heavens. The left foot of
Atlas himself - punished with the burden
of carrying the heavens on his shoulders.

PENELOPE
(Enchanted)
Punished? Why?

CHASE
Because he fought on the side of the
Titans in the war with the Gods. Native
Hawai'ians navigated by Arcturus, and
called it *Hokule'a* - the Star of Joy.

PENELOPE
Why?

CHASE
Because when it was directly overhead,
they were home. Don't turn around.

PENELOPE
Why not?

CHASE
Because Perseus is right behind you.

PENELOPE
And who is he?

CHASE
The hero. A son of Zeus who slew the
Gorgon and freed Andromeda from being
devoured by a horrible monster. And he
married her, in spite of her fiance -
whom he turned to stone by showing him
the head of the Gorgon.

PENELOPE
Can I look now?

CHASE
Yes, because every August 12th something
happens to Perseus...

And she looks to see

A METEOR SHOWER

directly overhead - SHOOTING STARS skimming along the edge of the Milky Way.

Penelope catches her breath.

PENELOPE

What is it?

CHASE

The Perseid Meteor Shower. The Earth is moving through a particle cloud caused by the Comet Swift-Tuttle.

PENELOPE

(Disappointed)

No. What is it *really*?

CHASE

It is the joy in Perseus's heart when he looks upon his wife. Andromeda. There...

(Pointing)

Do you see her?

PENELOPE

Yes.

Then, as the Meteor Shower streams from the center of the constellation, and Penelope's eyes glisten, Chase murmurs:

CHASE

(Quietly)

Her two feet will guide thee to her bridegroom, Perseus...who moves in the North a taller form than the others... and...as if pursuing that which lies before his feet, he greatly strides, dust-stained, in the heaven of Zeus...

Penelope turns, her face inches from Chase's. They gaze at one another for a long moment, then:

PENELOPE

Close your eyes.

And he does.

And she kisses him.

And the CAMERA TILTS UP to the Perseid Meteor Shower...and the SKY LIGHTENS...and the STARS disappear and we are:

EXT. WOLFBACK RIDGE - MORNING

The fog has cleared and the SUN is beaming on the Headlands and glistening on the PACIFIC OCEAN.

CHASE & PENELOPE

are lying together, wrapped in a MYLAR SLEEPING BAG beside the Harley Aero-Bike.

SUPERTITLES: AUGUST 13, 2159 0642 HRS

WIPE TO:

INT. NX-OMEGA

the COCKPIT of a MATTER/ANTIMATTER WARP TEST SHIP. (Fig. 3)

GARDNER JR.

- wearing an EV SUIT - is buckled in and preparing to fasten his helmet as the PRE-IGNITION CHECKLIST is coming through the COM SYSTEM. And a familiar VOICE overlaps:

JAXX/COM SYSTEM

Lieutenant Gardner? This is a Com Check from Starfleet HQ San Francisco Flight Control, how do you read?

GARDNER JR.

I read you five-by-five, Starfleet. Is that you, Jaxx?

JAXX/COM SYSTEM

It sure as hell is, Junior. I'll be monitoring your little excursion on subspace radio along with a room-full of note-worthies here to witness history.

GARDNER JR.

Where's Chase?

INT. STARFLEET HEADQUARTERS - FLIGHT CONTROL - DAY

The TOP FLOOR of Starfleet HQ - think NASA Flight Control in the 22nd Century.

Jaxx is seated before a VIEWSCREEN/COM ARRAY with Commodore White beside him, Admiral Gardner, Ambassador Skon, and a HOST of STARFLEET OFFICERS and PERSONNEL in attendance.

Jaxx is sporting a black eye and a busted lip, but his spirits are high and he's cheerful as hell:

JAXX

AWOL, good buddy. Haven't the foggiest.
Now word is, they've jumped the gun and
already laid one of these little engines
into a modified Comet-Class starship, so
don't screw the pooch on this one -

Admiral Gardner leans over and whispers through clenched
teeth:

ADM. GARDNER

That is classified
information, Lieutenant Jaxx.

GARDNER JR./COM SYSTEM

Roger that.

JAXX

(Unfazed; Checking a Viewscreen)
Disregard the last. To confirm we've got
a green light and a straight board for a
3 hour elliptical flight at warp 7 to 8 -
with re-entry from warp offshore of Lunar
One colony. New Berlin Station will be
monitoring re-entry from ol' Mr. Moon
himself.

INT. NX-OMEGA

Gardner settles in his cockpit as the Pre-Flight concludes:

VOICE/COM SYSTEM

NX-Omega you are cleared and go.

JAXX/COM SYSTEM

God speed, Lieutenant Gardner.

GARDNER JR.

Disengage.

EXT. SATURN FLIGHT RANGE - TITAN STATION - SPACEDOCK

As the NX-OMEGA disengages from SPACEDOCK offshore of TITAN,
the largest of SATURN'S MOONS...

GARDNER JR.

One half impulse power...

...and pulls away...

GARDNER JR. (CONT'D)

Going to warp 5 in 3...2...1...

CUT TO:

EXT. WOLFBACK RIDGE - MORNING

as Chase stirs beside Penelope and checks his watch. He looks up at the MOON - still visible in the morning.

Is there something *else* up there? He rubs his eyes and tries to re-focus...

PENELOPE

What is it?

He looks at her, lying beside him...

CHASE

Nothing. A buddy...my best friend...he's ...up there right now...

PENELOPE

A pilot?

CHASE

A naval aviator.

PENELOPE

Is there a difference?

CHASE

Not really...uhm...

PENELOPE

(Smiling)

Penelope.

CHASE

Tiberius.

PENELOPE

You're kidding.

CHASE

Nope. Tiberius Chase.

He gets up and moves to the Harley Aero-Bike. Pulls a MONOSCOPE from the SADDLEBAGS...

PENELOPE

Well, Tiberius Chase. I'm a school teacher. In Iowa. And I've never done this before.

CHASE

You don't *want* to know where I'm from...and neither have I...

He looks at the Moon through the Monoscope...checks to make sure there's not something on the lens...

PENELOPE

I don't believe you. And I *do* want to know where you're from, but if I don't get home soon, my father's going to have half of Starfleet looking for me.

CHASE

Starfleet...

She pulls on her clothes from within the sleeping bag.

PENELOPE

My brother is a "naval aviator." He just graduated from Top Wing.

CUT TO:

INT. NX-OMEGA

as Gardner Jr. touches-in a command on his TOUCHSCREEN...

GARDNER JR.

Engaging Omega warp engine...

EXT. NX-OMEGA

...and the Test Ship accelerates to Warp and disappears into the distance with a *BURST* of far-away LIGHT.

BACK TO:

EXT. WOLFBACK RIDGE - SAME

as Chase stares in disbelief at Penelope - having emerged from the sleeping bag...

CHASE

What? Your bother?

PENELOPE

Penelope Gardner. My brother is a naval aviator. My father -

CHASE

Is Admiral Gardner?

PENELOPE

I came out from Iowa for the graduation.

CUT TO:

INT. NX-OMEGA

GARDNER JR.
Holding steady at Warp 5. Warp field is
stable.

JAXX/COM SYSTEM
*I detect a slight rise in heartrate ol'
buddy...*

GARDNER JR.
(Grinning)
Going to warp 6 in 3...2...1...

Gardner Jr. touches-in the commands on the Touchscreen...

CUT TO:

INT. STARFLEET HEADQUARTERS - FLIGHT CONTROL - DAY

ALL EYES are on the Viewscreens and their

GRAPHIC DISPLAYS

showing stable WARP 6.

JAXX
Junior Gardner, you are now the fastest
human in history.

GARDNER JR./COM SYSTEM
Roger that. Stand-by for warp 7...

EXT. NX-OMEGA

And the vessel ACCELERATES within its Warp field...

BACK TO:

INT. STARFLEET HEADQUARTERS - FLIGHT CONTROL - DAY

Now, ALL EYES are on the Viewscreens...except for two.

AMBASSADOR SKON

has noticed something through the WINDOW...something in the
sky...

CUT TO:

EXT. WOLFBACK RIDGE

...and Chase & Penelope are staring up at

THE MOON

where a FAINT LINE is forming - extending out on either side.

PENELOPE

What...what *is* that?

A PARTICLE BEAM

suddenly bursts *from where they are looking* and

STRIKES THE EARTH

scarcely miles away - somewhere on the other side of the Headlands from where they stand, targeting:

EXT. STARFLEET HEADQUARTERS

on the south end of the Golden Gate Bridge.

INT. STARFLEET HEADQUARTERS - FLIGHT CONTROL - DAY

The walls and windows SHATTER inward. Ambassador Skon is knocked off his feet; Admiral Gardner and Commodore White are cut by flying glass; Jaxx is blown off his chair as the Com Array and Viewscreens EXPLODE in a shower of sparks.

CUT TO:

INT. STARFLEET MONITORING STATION - NEW BERLIN - THE MOON

in a COM CENTER similar to the one on Earth, a TEAM OF ENGINEERS run to the WINDOWS through which

MULTIPLE PARTICLE BEAMS

can be seen striking the surface of The Earth. They seem to be emanating from somewhere *behind* the Moon as Gardner Jr.'s voice is heard through the COM SYSTEM:

GARDNER JR./COM SYSTEM

NX-Omega holding steady, straight and true at Warp 7 - I've lost contact with Starfleet San Fran -

ENGINEER #1

What the hell is that...

GARDNER JR./COM SYSTEM

Say again, New Berlin...

ENGINEER #2

Stand-by, NX-Omega! We've got a -

THE ROMULAN FLAGSHIP

overflies the Station; it is scarcely half-a-mile above the surface of the Moon.

It blots out their view of the Earth.

ENGINEER #3 ENGINEER #2
THE HELL DID THAT COME FROM! SENSORS!

ENGINEER #1
Sensors indicate -

But we never learn what the sensors indicate.

The Romulan Flagship FIRES a PHOTONIC TORPEDO from its STERN TUBE.

It glimmers RED as it GROWS, filling the Station Window with its LIGHT before *OBLITERATING* New Berlin Station.

CUT TO:

THE STARSHIP *COLUMBIA* NX-02

in the SAN FRANCISCO FLEET YARD DRYDOCK (an ORBITAL FACILITY) where she is undergoing a refit: MECHANIC'S SHUTTLEPODS and RC-REPAIR VEHICLES are swarming around her.

AN EV-SUITED MECHANIC

- standing on a GANTRY - turns and looks up toward the Moon, and his eyes widen in alarm as a rapidly approaching

PHOTONIC TORPEDO

is REFLECTED in the VISOR of his HELMET...

And the *Columbia* sustains A DIRECT HIT to its BRIDGE DECK.

The concussive force of the explosion sends MECHANICS flying end over end into Space while

CUT TO:

EXT. MARIN HEADLANDS - DAY

as Chase - with Penelope's arms wrapped around his waist - gears down and brakes his Harley Aero-Bike on the summit of the Headlands for a panoramic and heart-skipping view of

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO BAY - DAY

and the smoldering RUINS of STARFLEET HEADQUARTERS.

PENELOPE

Oh my God...my father...

But she never completes her thought as

A V-FORMATION OF 7 ROMULAN DRONE-SHIPS

- each one identical, hideous, huge and flea-like in shape - flies DIRECTLY OVERHEAD, and the ground trembles with the LOW-FREQUENCY SOUND of their IMPULSE ENGINES.

Penelope SCREAMS, but we cannot hear her for the EAR-SPLITTING SOUND of their

DISRUPTOR BEAMS

targeting the EAST BAY...ALCATRAZ...ANGEL ISLAND...before accelerating away and disappearing over the EASTERN HORIZON.

CHASE

HOLD ON!

And he guns the Aero-Bike (which rides on a distorted gravity wave scarcely a foot above the ground), spins it around and opens up the throttle.

CUT TO:

INT. NX-OMEGA

Gardner Jr., sitting in an altogether SILENT COCKPIT and checks his INSTRUMENT ARRAY.

GARDNER JR.

Come in New Berlin! Son-of-a-bitch.

VOICE (SKAL)/COM SYSTEM

NX-Omega, come in.

GARDNER JR.

NX-Omega.

VOICE (SKAL)/COM SYSTEM

This is Saturn Flight Range. We have lost contact with Starfleet Headquarters Flight Control and New Berlin Station. We are in the shadow of Saturn and cannot track you directly. Report.

GARDNER JR.

Saturn Flight Range this is NX-Omega - copy your Com problems and glad to hear it - I thought it was just me. Lost contact with both monitoring stations within the last 3 minutes. I'm goin' like a bat out of hell, holding Warp 7 and the Warp field is stable. Standing by to go to Warp 8 at the top of the ellipsis in t-minus 63 minutes 30 seconds on my mark...mark...

INT. SATURN FLIGHT RANGE - TITAN STATION

A YOUNG VULCAN (SKAL)

turns from the COM ARRAY to face: A STARFLEET OFFICER, 2 ENGINEERS (1 FEMALE), A CIVILIAN, and 2 MACOS (1 FEMALE) standing by.

AN ELECTRONICS SURVEILLANCE OFFICER (FUQUAY)

is trying to raise Starfleet HQ and New Berlin in the
BACKGROUND:

FUQUAY

Starfleet Flight Control, this is Saturn Flight Range...come in? New Berlin Station, this is Saturn Flight Range, do you copy...? Etc.

SKAL

(To the Room)

I presume that the fact that we have lost contact should not jeopardize the test flight...

But he is met with SILENCE.

COMMANDER ORLOFF

- a brooding Starfleet Officer in his 50s whose right arm is a BIONIC PROSTHESIS - clears his throat.

ORLOFF

It's your engine, Dr. Skal. I'm sure that we will re-establish communication shortly...but as long as we have Voice Com with Lieutenant Gardner, as ranking officer, I'll authorize you to proceed.

The room breathes a collective sigh of relief. They are, after all, mostly engineers...

SKAL
Mr. Fuquay?

FUQUAY
Monitoring all subspace frequencies.
Somebody's gotta be talking to Earth...

CUT TO:

INT. STARFLEET HEADQUARTERS - FOLLOWING

ADMIRAL GARDNER, COMMANDER WHITE & AMBASSADOR SKAL

as they make their way through the WRECKAGE.

Scenes of devastation and suffering: FIRES burning, SMOKE billowing, STRUCTURES collapsing, PEOPLE dead and dying...ALARM LIGHTS FLASHING RED...

Admiral Gardner grabs a somewhat stunned ENSIGN (MIRABELLO).

ADM. GARDNER
Ensign! Name!

MIRABELLO
Mirabello, sir!

ADM. GARDNER
Can you operate an LCARS?

MIRABELLO
Yes sir!

ADM. GARDNER
Come with me!

Skon - his face running GREEN with blood - punches the panel on a TURBOLIFT DOOR. Nothing. He pries open the doors and looks DOWN - to a vanishing point 1000s of feet below them.

The building GROANS and CREAKS and a sudden WIND blows from the open Turbolift Doors...and Commodore White grabs Skon by the back of his cowl and jerks him away as

THE TURBOLIFT CAR

comes hurtling down the shaft in a freefall. A low THUD deep below them signals its fate.

SKON
I believe that we will be using the stairs...

Admiral Gardner tries the panel on a door marked: RESTRICTED ACCESS LEVEL ALPHA - AUTHORIZED PERSONNEL ONLY. It doesn't respond.

Suddenly a BOLT OF PLASMA ENERGY blows the lock. Commodore White is standing behind them with an EM-33 PLASMA PISTOL in his hand.

CUT TO:

EXT. HAMILTON FIELD - DAY

as Chase accelerates his Aero-Bike through the MAIN GATE and side-skids to a halt in the middle of this UESN AIRBASE north of San Francisco - the home of the TOP WING program.

HANGARS, AIRSTRIPS, LAUNCH RAMPS and

20 SINGLE PILOT ATTACK & DEFENSE SPACECRAFT (SPADS)

Everywhere PILOTS are scrambling - jumping out of Aero-Cars and SHUTTLECRAFT and running to their SPADS.

Penelope is off the Aero-Bike even before Chase is.

PENELOPE

I've got to get to my father!

CHASE

And I've got to get up there.

She stares at him for a long moment - suddenly and surprisingly overcome with fear. *For him.*

CHASE (CONT'D)

(Of the Aero-Bike)

Can...can you drive this?

PENELOPE

How...how hard can it be?

He takes her face in his hands and kisses her, but she pulls away suddenly as...

A DRONE-SHIP

crests the Headlands and bears down on the Airfield.

PENELOPE

What...are they? *Who...*

Chase shakes his head emphatically - then lifts her up and places her on the Aero-Bike.

CHASE
GO! Find your father! *And I'll find you.*

And she does. She revs the engine and the Aero-Bike nearly scoots out from under her, but she hangs on and steers away - toward the Main Gates as

THE DRONE-SHIP

OPENS FIRE on Hamilton Field - firing PHASE CANNON BLASTS on the Hangars and the fleet of SPADS.

And Chase breaks into a run - actually leaps over a SWATH cut into the asphalt by a prolonged PHASE CANNON BLAST.

He SHOUTS to one of several Pilots running helter-skelter:

CHASE
HOLLAND! YOU SEEN JAXX? OR NIKKEN?

HOLLAND
NO! I THOUGHT HE WAS -

But we'll never know - as Holland is vaporized by a PHASE CANNON BLAST.

Chase shakes off the sight of it, and runs smack into
NIKKEN

They grab one another for an instant and both blurt out:

CHASE & NIKKEN
Jaxx?

And both shake their heads.

NIKKEN
Last one up pays for the funeral!

And she is off - climbing the boarding ladder of her SPADS.

And Chase vaults into the COCKPIT of his. He flips the switch before he's even seated and the SPADS starts to taxi as he settles in, buckles up, seals his DOME...and starts to steer for the base of

A LAUNCH RAMP

- like a truncated first 30 seconds of a roller coaster - a curved track...

CHASE

punches his IMPULSE ENGINES before he's even lined up...yanks the craft into line and rides the Ramp up...and is airborne.

NIKKEN

is right behind him - starting up the base of the Ramp when a PHASE CANNON BLAST shears away its top third.

She closes her eyes, punches her IMPULSE ENGINES and throws the THROTTLE all the way forward...and she is airborne...as the Launch Ramp CREAKS and GROANS...*and topples over.*

CHASE/COM SYSTEM

(Of the Drone-Ship)

Forget about this one! We gotta get up there!

NIKKEN

Roger that!

As they accelerate toward the upper edge of the STRATOSPHERE:

CHASE/COM SYSTEM

Where the hell is Jaxx?

CUT TO:

INT. STARFLEET HEADQUARTERS - FLIGHT CONTROL

as Jaxx crawls out from the rubble of the Flight Control Room and stands in an OPEN HOLE in the side of the building...and looks up...at

A FAINT LINE

curving downward from either side of the MOON...

INT. STAIRCASE

As Admiral Gardner, Commodore White, Ambassador Skon and Ensign Mirabello stumble down the last of 40 flights.

TWO MACOS

are stationed on either side of a RE-ENFORCED DOOR.

ADM. GARDNER

Sergeant, we're Condition One Code Red Alpha. Turbo lifts are out of service. We need emergency medical topside ASAP. I'm ordering you to leave your post.

MACO #1

SIR!

And he takes off running up the stairs.

ADM. GARDNER

(To MACO #2)

You. Go topside and round up as many Starfleet and Marine Senior Officers and Coalition Ambassadors as you can find and bring them here.

The MACO doesn't budge until...

ADM. GARDNER

I'm ordering you to leave your post.

MACO #2

SIR!

And he does - running up the stairs after his companion.

Admiral Gardner presses his palm against a pad and the Re-enforced Door slides open to reveal

INT. STARFLEET BUNKER COMMAND

An enormous room, 400 feet below the surface. A fully equipped COM CENTER and TACTICAL HQ.

A stunningly impressive state-of-the-art facility.

The VIEWSCREENS are alive with IMAGES FROM AROUND THE WORLD. The COM SYSTEM is blaring with VOICE REPORTS.

SKON

Fascinating. I...knew nothing of this.

ADM. GARDNER

We began construction 5 years ago after the Xindi attack...

(Shouting)

WIGGINS!

LIEUTENANT WIGGINS

a diminutive, almost comical looking Starfleet Officer, save for the fact that he is LEGLESS and confined to a SEGWAY-STYLE WHEELCHAIR (it responds to his intentions) rolls into view. He is visibly shaken.

WIGGINS

Sir...

ADM. GARDNER

That rainy day is here. This is Ensign Mirabello - he'll man the LCARS. I want you on COM SYSTEMS. What do you know?

WIGGINS

They were coordinated attacks. Starfleet and UESN Bases in Montreal, Paris, Moscow, Beijing, Cairo and Bahia have been hit. And the Global Power Station in Lisbon. I'm just getting visuals.

Wheeling himself from one horrific VISUAL DISPLAY to ANOTHER:

WIGGINS (CONT'D)

There has been no report from Space Station Salem One. Lunar One Colony and Orpheus Mining Colony confirm that New Berlin has been hit.

ADM. GARDNER

The *Columbia*...?

WIGGINS

The San Francisco and Oakland orbital Fleet Yards were both targeted. As far as I can make out, the *Columbia* was severely damaged.

SKON

Where is Captain Archer?

ADM. GARDNER

With the *Enterprise* on the planet Risa.

CUT TO:

EXT. SPACE

as Chase - with Nikken on his wing - breaks through the upper reaches of the MESOSPHERE and continues up...into Space only to see THE ROMULAN ATTACK FLEET:

THE ROMULAN FLAGSHIP

hovering just above and behind the Moon and, deployed out from either side of same...

THE DRONE-SHIPS

Now spaced 7,000 miles apart to completely encircle the Earth 240,000 miles from its surface...

We HEAR a ROMULAN VOICE. The SUBTITLES read:

VOICE #2 (V.O.)

Two ships...

VOICE #1 (V.O.)

Let them look...then let one of them live.

INT. CHASE'S COCKPIT

Nikken's VOICE coming through the COM SYSTEM:

NIKKEN/COM SYSTEM

The hell is this, Chase?

CHASE

Starfleet Command, do you read me? This is SPADS 77 calling Starfleet Command...

STATIC.

NIKKEN/COM SYSTEM

CHASE?

CHASE

Why aren't they firing on us...?

WIGGINS (V.O.)

They're Romulan Drone-Ships.

BACK TO:

INT. STARFLEET BUNKER COMMAND

Wiggins is bringing up an IMAGE on a Viewscreen.

WIGGINS

This is the last image received from Lunar One Colony. It clearly shows a very large ship - I would guess a command or flagship vessel - and a whole lot of these...

He ZOOMS in on a DRONE-SHIP.

MIRABELLO (O.S.)

Unmanned Romulan Drone-Ships.

They look to Mirabello, who has called up the DATA on the LCARS MONITOR and is comparing his IMAGES to the others:

MIRABELLO

But they've been modified. This is archived data from *Enterprise* from 6 years ago. They're lacking multi-phase emitters and their subspace transceiver array has been simplified since then.

ADM. GARDNER

Unmanned...

WIGGINS

Sensors indicate a network of subspace carrier waves - a *web* of communication emanating from the...flagship vessel to each of the Drone-Ships.

WHITE

How the hell did they get here undetected?

SILENCE.

WIGGINS

Behind the Moon.

(Pause)

I think they came in...single-file... behind the Moon...and we just...couldn't see them.

In the stunned SILENCE that follows:

CHASE/COM SYSTEM

-arfleet Command, come in. SPS 77 calling Starfleet Command...

ADM. GARDNER

This is Starfleet Command, identify yourself.

CHASE/COM SYSTEM

This is Lieutenant Tiberius Chase - I'm C-over-26 at 240,000 miles. Switching to bow display.

And A SUBJECTIVE POV of the ROMULAN FLEET pops up on one of the Bunker Viewscreens.

CHASE/COM SYSTEM

They seem to be deployed in a perimeter on an equatorial latitude...one every... 7,000 miles...they've...encircled the planet....

ADM. GARDNER
Chase? This is Admiral Gardner. What the hell are you doing up there?

CHASE/COM SYSTEM
Only two of us got off the ground, Sir - Lieutenant Nikken is on my wing.

ADM. GARDNER
But you're grounded, Lieutenant.

CHASE/COM SYSTEM
Is this the time to remind me of that, sir?

Commodore White intercedes:

WHITE
Chase? This is Commodore White. Get your ass back down here *now*.

INT. CHASE'S COCKPIT

CHASE
You heard the Commodore, let's go.

And he banks the SPADS in a tight turn, with Nikken tight on his tail.

INT. NIKKEN'S COCKPIT

An ALARM SOUNDS.

NIKKEN
They've got lock on me!

CHASE/COM SYSTEM
Break right!

And the Romulan Flagship FIRES. But Chase and Nikken have broken formation and the PHASE CANNON BLAST misses.

CHASE/COM SYSTEM (CONT'D)
Get in front of me!

NIKKEN/COM SYSTEM
So you can cover my ass? I don't think so.

Her ALARM SOUNDS, and 4 DRONE-SHIPS (2 on either side of the Romulan Flagship) open PHASE CANNON FIRE on Nikken's ship.

She barrel rolls left - a near miss.

And Chase flies behind her to cover her tail.

INT. CHASE'S COCKPIT

NIKKEN/COM SYSTEM
Get off my six!

His ALARM SOUNDS.

CHASE
We're 60 seconds from home and you're
gonna make it! BREAK!

Another near miss as the COORDINATED FIRE from 4 DRONE-SHIPS
pinpoints Chase's ship...

NIKKEN/COM SYSTEM
Don't cover me!

CHASE
Negative! I *am* covering you!

NIKKEN/COM SYSTEM
But you're the one who "can't follow..."

She inverts to level out behind Chase's ship. Her ALARM
SOUNDS.

NIKKEN/COM SYSTEM
BREAK!

And Chase lines up behind her again! And...

THE ROMULAN FLAGSHIP

takes a direct HIT from a PHOTONIC MISSILE - a blast that is
absorbed by its SHIELDS, but nonetheless a complete surprise.

JAXX

in the cockpit of a SPADS - his face still cut and bleeding -
maneuvers his craft to dodge the sudden retaliatory FIRE from
6 DRONE-SHIPS.

JAXX
Son of a bitch!

INT. STARFLEET BUNKER COMMAND

As Adm. Gardner, Commodore White, Wiggins, Ensign Mirabello,
and HALF A DOZEN STARFLEET OFFICERS (in varying degrees of
injury) watch the engagement on a VIEWSCREEN.

ADM. GARDNER
 God *dammit!* *Who the hell is that?*
 Get out of there! NOW!

INT. JAXX'S COCKPIT

- still drawing fire from multiple Drone-Ships:

JAXX
 Watch her six!

CHASE/COM SYSTEM
Nice to see you! And I've got it!

NIKKEN/COM SYSTEM
No you don't

CHASE/COM SYSTEM
Stay in front, Lieutenant Nikken!

NIKKEN/COM SYSTEM
You don't need to protect me!

And Jaxx watches as Nikken pulls out from in front of Chase's SPADS and she is HIT.

Suddenly, catastrophically. Nikken's ship is blown apart.

CUT TO:

INT. NX-OMEGA

In the relative SILENCE of the Test Ship's cockpit, Gardner Jr. checks his Instrument Array.

GARDNER JR.
 NX-Omega to Saturn Flight Range,
 preparing to go to warp 8 in T-minus
 5...4...3...2...1...

And the NX-Omega accelerates to WARP 8.

CUT TO:

CHASE'S SPADS

on a CORKSCREWING FLIGHT PATH as it bursts down from the clouds and re-enters the sky over San Francisco - followed by

JAXX'S SPADS

- dodging a final burst from a Drone-Ship PHASE CANNON which strikes harmlessly in the middle of San Francisco Bay.

EXT. ROOFTOP STADIUM - STARFLEET HEADQUARTERS

- strewn with RUBBLE from the wreckage all around - as both SPADS land and Chase and Jaxx leap from their cockpits and make a beeline for one another.

JAXX
Why didn't you cover her!

CHASE
I did, goddammit! She pulled out!

In pain and fury, Chase & Jaxx grab each other by their jackets and might just kick the shit out of each other, but -

VOICE (O.S.)
FREEZE!

TWO MACOS

- their EM-41 PHASE RIFLES levelled - have got them flanked.

CUT TO:

INT. STARFLEET BUNKER COMMAND

As Chase and Jaxx are led into the room by the MACOS.

ADM. GARDNER
Do you have *anything* to say?

CHASE
Yeah. Just in case you haven't thought of it, Lt. Gardner is due to be coming out of warp directly in front of that big bogie...

He points to the Romulan Flagship on the Viewscreen.

CHASE (CONT'D)
...in about 7 minutes.

CUT TO:

INT. SATURN FLIGHT RANGE

Skal explains to Orloff, the Engineers, *et al*:

SKAL
The NX-Omega will be out from behind Saturn in 35 seconds. We should regain full sensor readings and be able to monitor his re-entry...

FUQUAY

I'm getting a standard radio transmission from Starfleet...

ORLOFF

Pipe it through.

ADM. GARDNER/COM SYSTEM

- to abort the NX-Omega re-entry or re-route to coordinates -

ORLOFF

This is Commander Orloff - could you repeat?

ADM. GARDNER/COM SYSTEM

This is Admiral Gardner. I need you to patch me through to Lt. Gardner *now*.

INT. NX-OMEGA

Gardner Jr. is concerned. His INSTRUMENT ARRAY is flashing ORANGE and he's in the midst of problem solving when:

ADM. GARDNER/COM SYSTEM

Lieutenant, this your father. I am not going to repeat myself. We are Condition One Code Red Alpha. Your present course and re-entry point will bring you to within 100 miles of a hostile. You are to alter your course to -

GARDNER JR.

What sort of hostile?

He continues to touch-in commands to make the ORANGE FLASHING LIGHT go away as he listens.

ADM. GARDNER/COM SYSTEM

Alter your course. That's an order!

Jaxx shakes his head.

JAXX

He's a naval aviator and a test pilot. He doesn't respond to those kinds of orders. He needs the truth.

ADM. GARDNER

(Appealing to White)
Commodore?

But Chase leans in and transmits:

CHASE

Listen, Junior, the Earth has been attacked. We're surrounded. By about 250...uhm...

MIRABELLO

Unmanned Drone-Ships.

CHASE

Unmanned Drone-Ships and a...

MIRABELLO

Controlled by a Romulan Flagship.

CHASE

Controlled by a Romulan Flagship. You're due to re-enter right on top of the son-of-a-bitch - and *they will kill you*. Recommend you alter your course and return to Saturn Flight Range.

GARDNER JR./COM SYSTEM

Negative, bro. Fact is, I'm having a little trouble here myself. Tell the boys back at Saturn that warp 7 is good to go, but warp 8...

INT. NX-OMEGA

The ORANGE LIGHT turns to a RED FLASHING LIGHT. Gardner Jr.'s CONSOLE shows WARP CORE CRITICAL and a TIMER is running backwards in 100ths of a second...

GARDNER JR.

I'm showing high levels of antideuterium. It looks like I've got a leak in the Gravimetric Field Displacement Manifold.

CUT TO:

INT. SATURN FLIGHT RANGE

As Skal, Orloff, the Engineers, *et al* react to the news coming over the COM SYSTEM.

SKAL

No. That is impossible...

GARDNER JR./COM SYSTEM

Fact of the matter is, I've already gone critical and I'm lookin' at a warp core breach in T-minus 45 seconds on my mark...

INT. STARFLEET BUNKER COMMAND

GARDNER JR./COM SYSTEM
*...and I can't think of a better place to
 have it than right on top of a bogie.
 Mark.*

ADM. GARDNER
 No...

CHASE
 (Urgently)
 Junior listen to me - try boosting your
 containment field and overloading your
 injector coils to bleed pressure from -

GARDNER JR./COM SYSTEM
*Been there, done that, bro. I've been
 wrestling with this for the last 16
 minutes. Tell Penelope to stay away from
 naval aviators.*

ADM. GARDNER
 Son...

GARDNER JR./COM SYSTEM
Dad? I hope this...helps.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. STARFLEET BUNKER COMMAND

As the door is opened by a MACO and

PENELOPE

enters the room, sees Chase, and runs to him.

PENELOPE
 Thank God, you're...

Chase shakes his head and takes her face in his hands and
 looks deep into her eyes and whispers:

CHASE
It should have been me.

PENELOPE
 What?

And her brother's VOICE comes through the COM SYSTEM for the
 last time:

GARDNER JR./COM SYSTEM
I sure wish I knew what they wanted...

PENELOPE
(Of her brother's VOICE)
Wait...is that...

ADM. GARDNER
(Confounded by his daughter's
presence)
Penelope...get...get away from him...

But Chase holds her close.

PENELOPE
(Confused)
What's...what's happening...?

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. SPACE

as the NX-Omega's WARP FIELD collapses and the ship re-enters
sub-light space within 100 miles of the Romulan Flagship...

And EXPLODES in A CATAclySMIC MATTER/ANTIMATTER REACTION. A
CATASTROPHIC WARP CORE FAILURE of astronomical proportions.

THE SHOCK WAVE

radiates in three concussive dimensions - scattering A DOZEN
DRONE-SHIPS and hurling the

ROMULAN FLAGSHIP

directly into

THE MOON

where it EXPLODES on impact.

And, slowly, we

FADE TO BLACK

SUPERTITLES: August 14, 2159

The CAMERA PULLS BACK - from the blackness in the center of

AMBASSADOR SKON'S EYE

and ...we see that his FACE - still bearing the scars of
yesterday - is grave and impassive. A mask of logic. We are

EXT. WOLFBACK RIDGE - SUNSET

Ambassador Skon is sitting in meditation on this highest point of the Marin Headlands as the SUN SETS in a fiery blaze of RED & ORANGE over the PACIFIC OCEAN.

ADMIRAL GARDNER

approaches from behind him.

And Skon can sense this - Vulcans are, after all, telepathic. He folds his hands in his lap and, without turning:

SKON

I wish to apologize to you, Admiral Gardner.

ADM. GARDNER

Apologize? That is hardly the Vulcan way.

SKON

I have received an encrypted message from Vulcan. From Minister T'Pau.

ADM. GARDNER

Encrypted? So you're still keeping secrets from us...

SKON

I regret that too often diplomacy requires deception.

ADM. GARDNER

That must be hard for you.

SKON

The teachings of Surak forbid dishonesty. And even sins of omission are difficult for me to bear.

ADM. GARDNER

Is that what you're sorry for?

SKON

No. I am *sorry* for the loss of your son.

Adm. Gardner stiffens; he has yet to feel his utter sorrow.

SKON (CONT'D)

And I am struggling with the fact that it was my nephew who designed the Omega Engine.

This is news to Admiral Gardner.

ADM. GARDNER

Well...uhm...*failure*...is an occupational hazard. For both my son and your nephew. There is no need to apologize.

SKON

I do not apologize. It is simply a fact for which I am sorry.

ADM. GARDNER

I...don't understand. And I'm sorry, but I don't have time for Vulcan semantics. I've got 250 hostile vessels in orbit around my planet *and I don't know why*, so if you'll excuse me -

SKON

But I do. Know why. It seems...that the Romulans have chosen to communicate their intentions. To us.

CUT TO:

INT. AMBASSADOR SKON'S HOME - VULCAN COMPOUND - NIGHT

As Skon's Wife serves VULCAN SPICE TEA to her husband and Admiral Gardner.

SKON

1,800 years ago, our species was on the brink of self-annihilation - we had reached a level of technological sophistication which gave us devastating means to express our anger - we were much as you were before your energy-based global economic system led to your Third World War. But the teachings of Surak - a philosophy of peace through logic - saved our people from extinction.

(To his Wife)

Thank you, S'Avna. Please join us.

She sits beside her husband.

SKON (CONT'D)

But there were those among us who would not embrace his teachings - they twisted the word of Surak into a faith which espoused *violence* as a logical expression of evolution and the expansion of our race.

He turns to S'Avna. She continues, seamlessly:

S'AVNA

In the 4th Century these dissidents fled Vulcan to found their own society. They colonized 5 planets in the Beta Quadrant. But their search for a home-world would not end until they settled on the twin planets of Romulus and Remus where their extremist...militaristic society would flourish.

Adm. Gardner is stunned.

ADM. GARDNER

What...are you trying to tell me?

SKON

7 days ago, the attack on Earth was coordinated with attacks on Emarkus IV and Lathrope Prime - like Earth, both are home to large Vulcan colonies. The Romulans demanded that all Vulcans surrender - or face the destruction of their host's planet. The Emarkians and the Lathropians *forced* us to evacuate - to board civilian transports.

S'AVNA

Once free of orbit, the transports were destroyed by the Romulans.

Tenderly, Skon places his hand on his Wife's knee.

SKON

312,714 Vulcans were killed.

CUT TO:

INT. STARFLEET BUNKER COMMAND - CONFERENCE ROOM

THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED EARTH

- a 60-year-old of Arab or Middle Eastern - is speaking to

SKON & ADMIRAL GARDNER

standing alone in this vast room.

PRESIDENT

So...this attack has nothing to do with us.

SKON

It is clear that the Romulans have engaged in a program of...ethnic cleansing. They are seeking to rid the galaxy of their...free and peace-loving distant cousins.

PRESIDENT

Ethnic cleansing...

SKON

Were it not for the unexpected destruction of the Romulan Flagship, we would have been given 7 days to leave your planet. Now, we are trapped. We cannot safely evacuate due to the presence of the Drone-Ships. It is only a matter of time.

PRESIDENT

How much time?

SKON

A subspace differential pulse scan of the Beta Quadrant from Vulcan has detected a Romulan Armada headed for Earth. 14 Birds-of-Prey. At warp 4 we estimate their arrival in 36 days.

PRESIDENT

5 weeks...

SKON

Mr. President, we have found you to be an amenable and sympathetic species...and our relationship is one of...respect and...mutual support. But logic dictates that the needs of the many outweigh the needs of the few. There are presently 8,354,721,462 humans and only 210,749 Vulcans on Earth. Therefore, it is the decision of the Vulcan Ministry that we must...sacrifice ourselves...in the name...of friendship.

There is a long PAUSE.

PRESIDENT

I don't much care for Vulcan logic, Ambassador Skon.

SKON

Then...we will not be missed.

PRESIDENT

On the contrary. We humans tend not to react well to intimidation. And we are in the formative stages of establishing a coalition of planets. Should it be known that we sacrificed the lives of our friends to save ourselves, any hope of peace in the galaxy will be dashed.

ADM. GARDNER

Destabilizing the Coalition might be exactly what these bastards are after.

PRESIDENT

Ambassador Skon. Please inform Minister T'Pau that I might go down in history as the man who lost his own planet, but I will not betray one species or race to another. That should no longer be a human option. As for your logic... sometimes the needs of the many and the needs of the few carry *precisely* the same weight.

The President looks to Admiral Gardner.

PRESIDENT (CONT'D)

Admiral Gardner. I am hereby invoking Presidential Order 49. There will be no record of this meeting. Consider this D-Day minus 36. You have 36 days to assemble our Coalition forces to prepare for the advent of the Romulan Armada - which we will henceforth characterize privately and to the public as *an attempted invasion*. Are we clear?

ADM. GARDNER

Yes, sir.

PRESIDENT

(Nodding)
Ambassador...

And he disconnects. His image is replaced by the SEAL OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED EARTH.

SKON

Fascinating.

And, as the SEAL FADES, we

FADE TO BLACK

PENELOPE (V.O.)
It's been 2 weeks since your
reassignment. 8 days since I saw you
last, and 16 hours since I've heard from
you.

FADE IN

and we are

FLYING

through BILLOWING CLOUDS...

PENELOPE (V.O. CONT'D)
14 days since my brother's death.

EXT. ZIMBABWE, AFRICA - SCHOOL - DAY

Penelope is seated in the center of

A CIRCLE OF SMALL CHILDREN

and pulling different numbers of POMEGRANATES from a BASKET
while they laugh and point and shout out answers under the
shade of an enormous umbrella from which WATER MISTS to cool
them from the African heat.

PENELOPE (V.O. CONT'D)
I have become obsessed by numbers. Can't
you tell? Maybe it's because I've been
teaching them to the children...

In the BACKGROUND...

CIVILIAN WORKERS

MEN and WOMEN dressed in COVERALLS and carrying their lunches
march by...only to descend into the Earth - disappear down a
steep-inclined CAVE OPENING cut, as though by laser, in the
side of a the Granite Hill.

PENELOPE (V.O. CONT'D)
...and maybe it's because I am coming to
believe that you can't *count* on anything
anymore.

INT. SUTTLECRAFT - DAY

CHASE

is at the controls, guiding the vehicle toward

EXT. PARIS - DAY

SUBTITLES: EUROPEAN ALLIANCE **D-DAY MINUS 23**

The sparkling, hydrogen-fueled City of Light scarred by the August 13th attack: The EIFFEL TOWER is twisted and fused and partially collapsed; rubble has been cleared, and GOVERNMENT BUILDINGS are under repair.

PENELOPE (V.O. CONT'D)
I was brought up to believe in the
essential goodness of people, yet I have
seen things of late - and heard things
that have shaken me to the core.

Chase descends and maneuvers the Shuttlecraft to skim the surface of the RIVER SEINE until he banks right and flies into a DRAINAGE OUTLET and we are flying through

INT. PARIS SEWERS - CONTINUOUS

the labyrinth of stone-arched corridors lying beneath the City of Light.

PENELOPE (V.O. CONT'D)
An Andorian woman violated by a gang of
humans in Brazil...3 Denobulans and 16
Vulcans killed in Berlin...

Until he angles straight down - through a dry opening into

INT. SUBFAC PARIS - CONTINUOUS

a vast SUBTERRANEAN FACILITY - a semi-automated STARFLEET WARP ENGINE PLANT teaming with CIVILIAN WORKERS and RAUS (Robotic Assembly Units).

As Chase lands and disembarks from the Shuttlecraft and is saluted by the STARFLEET OFFICER/FOREMAN and begins checking off items on his handheld PADD as he is taken for a tour...

PENELOPE (V.O. CONT'D)
Yes, these are isolated incidents, and
yes, we all feel the strain of this war
effort...but the fact that such hatred -
such xenophobia - could be inspired by
this...alien attack...hurts my heart.

EXT. WATERFALL - DUSK

Penelope stands in a NATURAL POOL waist-deep and naked - her back to us - and lets the water cascade over her head and pummel her face...

PENELOPE (V.O. CONT'D)
I'm not naive. I know that we are not
all of the same opinion - that we do not
all share the same vision of the future.

She turns slightly...her hands on her belly...

INT. SHUTTLECRAFT - DAY

as Chase - who has grown a close-cropped BEARD - lines up his
craft to land on

EXT. THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA - SAME

SUBTITLES: EASTERN COALITION **D-DAY MINUS 19**

PENELOPE (V.O. CONT'D)
The Drone-Ships are a constant reminder
to me of my brother's sacrifice, and the
possibility that sacrifice does not *end*
conflict - it only *forestalls* it.
Because I have begun to believe that
conflict is the one constant in the
universe.

From a distance, we see the Shuttlecraft land. Chase climbs
out and disappears through an ARCHWAY in one of the Wall's
STONE WATCHTOWERS.

PENELOPE (V.O. CONT'D)
And then my father writes to me, and
tells me why my brother flew in your
place on August 13th.

And the CAMERA DESCENDS 500 FEET through the Earth to enter:

INT. SUBFAC CHINA - CONTINUOUS

an underground STARFLEET MUNITIONS PLANT teaming with
CIVILIAN WORKERS and RAUs (Robotic Assembly Units)
manufacturing PULSE CANNONS and PHOTONIC TORPEDOS.

PENELOPE (V.O. CONT'D)
I must speak with you about this, for I
do not want to believe what he told me.

An ASIAN STARFLEET OFFICER/FOREMAN greets Chase warmly and
motions for him to come, *come see what we have accomplished!*

PENELOPE (V.O. CONT'D)
In the meantime, there is a man asking
for you - a Vulcan. I have told him that
I only *hope* you are here again soon.

EXT. AFRICAN SAVANNAH - NIGHT

Penelope sits near a BAOBAB TREE under a canopy of STARS and writes in longhand on the screen of her PADD.

PENELOPE (V.O. CONT'D)
 I miss you so. I sit every night under
 my tree and remember the first time you
 showed me the stars. I look up at
 Arcturus - on the left foot of Atlas -
 and wonder if I am meeting you
 there...if, wherever your duties take
 you, you just might happen to be looking
 there too...

WIPE TO:

EXT. GREAT WALL OF CHINA - NIGHT

as Chase emerges from the Watchtower and walks toward the Shuttlecraft.

He reads her latest letter on his PADD SCREEN as he goes.

PENELOPE (V.O. CONT'D)
 ...and telling me that one day we will be
 safe, that we will learn to coexist in
 true peace and harmony. And telling me
 that you know...that I love you.

He switches off his PADD and pauses by the Shuttlecraft...and looks up, at

ARCTURUS

the third brightest star in the heavens.

CUT TO:

INT. STARFLEET BUNKER COMMAND - CONFERENCE ROOM

A meeting of the 12-MEMBER STARFLEET COMMAND COUNCIL.

The Mother-of-all-Debriefings is accompanied by

PADD-ACTIVATED VIEWSCREEN GRAPHICS

ADM. WETHINGTON (FEMALE)
 Any further attempts to commence repairs
 on *Columbia* are a waste of time. The
 Drone-Ships immediately respond to the re-
 activation of the Fleet Yard power grid
 and target the reactor.

ADM. GARDNER

So what does that leave us?

ADM. BLACK

The starships *Intrepid*, *Saratoga*, *Shendandoah*, *Sarajevo*, *Republic* and *Neptune*. The closest is still 2 weeks out, the farthest is 3. Earth Cargo Vessels *Constellation*, *Fortunate*, *Horizon*. And 41 earth-based UESN Single-pilot attack fighters.

ADM. GARDNER

That's all?

ADM. BLACK

Unless you want to count support ships and auxiliary craft.

ADM. GARDNER

Shit.

ADM. GORE

Members of the Coalition have responded generously. 3 *Kumari*-class Andorian, 4 *Grak*-class Tellarite, 3 *Surak*-class and 2 *D'Kyr*-class Vulcan starships are presently en route. Since Andoria is the farthest from our system, it will be 17 days before the Coalition Fleet is in place.

ADM. GARDNER

And the Drone-Ships? Analysis?

SILENCE. He turns to Commodore White.

ADM. GARDNER (CONT'D)

Commodore?

Commodore White is clearly unprepared...

WHITE

Sir...

The door is opened by the TWO MACO's stationed outside and

JAXX

enters and hands a PADD to Commodore White. *Just in time.*

WHITE

Since the destruction of what we presume to be their remote control or flagship vessel, the Drone-Ships have switched to their default AI.

ADM. GARDNER

AI.

He activates a VISUAL DISPLAY from his PADD.

WHITE

Long range sensors and direct recon indicate an Artificial Intelligence program of remarkable complexity. A synthetic neural network mimicking basic limbic brain function - essential fight or flight responses. Based on the sensor logs of *Enterprise's* engagement with a prototype 5 years ago, they are highly maneuverable - with a reaction time measurable in microseconds. They are self-repairing to some degree. Their hulls are monotanium and they are heavily shielded. Their disruptors are similar to our most powerful phase cannons - rated at 500 gigajoules. They continue to maintain a synchronous orbit - with the exception of 7 of them which continue randomly to...patrol our surface and to destroy any land-based matter/antimatter reactor-sourced power grid they detect.

ADM. GARDNER

And SubFac? Admiral Winkelaar?

ADM. WINKELAAR

Production at our Subterranean Facilities in Paris and China is exceeding projections. We're still awaiting the confirmation from SubFac Victoria, but 35 new Single Pilot Attack Spacecraft and 20 Twins should be ready to launch at D-Day minus 2.

JAXX

And sir?

ALL EYES turn to Jaxx.

ADM. GARDNER

Lieutenant?

JAXX
I'm flying recon up there, sir. We've
lost 26 pilots and craft since August 13.

WHITE
That's enough, Lieutenant.

JAXX
It's about Lieutenant Chase, sir.
Assigning one of the finest pilots in
Starfleet to oversee *production* -

WHITE
Dismissed, Lieutenant -

Admiral Gardner has had enough. He's lost his son and, to
some extent his daughter thanks to Tiberius Chase.

ADM. GARDNER
(Sudden fury)
Lieutenant Chase comes from a family of
survivalist xenophobes who'll shoot a
Vulcan, Andorian or Denobulan on sight.
They're terrorists. Weapons-hoarding...
Earth-First...fundamentalist...*outlaws*.

JAXX
He didn't chose his family.

WHITE
You are dismissed, Lieutenant Jaxx.
Consider yourself on report.

Jaxx - having done his duty to his friend - salutes the room,
turns and exits.

In the uncomfortable SILENCE that follows, ALL turn to
Admiral Gardner - struggling to subdue his anger...

CUT TO:

EXT. AFRICAN SAVANNAH - DUSK

A HERD of ANTELOPE scatter. GIRAFFE *BURST* from the cover of
a stand of THORN TREES and stampede across the plain as

CHASE'S SHUTTLECRAFT

SCREAMS-BY directly overhead - dodging

DISRUPTOR BLASTS

which EXPLODE on the surface of the Savannah.

A DRONE-SHIP

- distorting the air and blotting out the SUN - is in pursuit.

CHASE

is coldly focused, playing the controls, watching the horizon and listening to the ALARM as he puts the Shuttlecraft through evasive aerobatics that it can barely tolerate.

Up ahead, the ZAMBEZI RIVER and...

EXT. VICTORIA FALLS - DUSK

One of the 7 Natural Wonders of the World. A mile-wide curtain of water dropping over a sheer CLIFF and into a 328 FOOT DEEP GORGE...

COMPUTER (V.O.)

SubFac Victoria channel marker at 139 mark 24...

CHASE

SubFac Victoria, this is SSC-07 on approach, transmit only, with a bogie on my tail. Maintain radio silence. I'm gonna let him think he got me.

He touches-in commands on his TOUCHSCREEN and an AFT EXTERIOR PANEL blows off the Shuttlecraft and BLACK SMOKE trails behind him as he intentionally puts the vessel into a SPIN - heading directly toward the Falls.

EXT. ZAMBEZI GORGE - CONTINUOUS

as the Shuttlecraft spirals - plummeting into the Gorge - disappearing into a towering PLUME of SPRAY kicked up by the THUNDERING WATERFALL - then punches through and nose-dives into a tranquil upstream LAGOON.

The Drone-Ship flies on...disappearing over the AFRICAN HORIZON...

UNDERWATER - MOMENTS LATER

as Chase navigates the Shuttlecraft *beneath* the churning water of the Falls...and surfaces on

AN INNER LAKE

behind the CURTAIN OF FALLING WATER...and deep within:

INT. SUBFAC VICTORIA - DAY

The largest of Starfleet's Subterranean Facilities - a massive Detroit-like assembly plant for SINGLE-PILOT and TWIN-PILOT SPACECRAFT.

SUPERTITLES: AFRICAN CONFEDERATION **D-DAY MINUS 17**

1,000'S OF WORKERS

of every race, color, sex and creed. CIVILIANS with their sleeves rolled up, riveting, grinding, polishing...

Chase returns to the salute of

A ZIMBABWEAN FOREMAN (SGT. MBEMBE)

who hands over a PADD. Chase checks its figures and nods.

CHASE
I'll transmit this to Starfleet Command.
Good work, Sergeant Mbembe. Now where...

Sgt. Mbembe smiles, knowingly.

SGT. MBEMBE
Where she always is after the sun goes
down...

EXT. AFRICAN SAVANNAH - NIGHT

As Chase approaches Penelope - seated with her back to him under the Baobab Tree.

She rises, feeling his presence...turns and places her hands on her belly and smiles...then runs to him.

CHASE
No matter what happens...

PENELOPE
Don't say it...

CHASE
Every night...I'll meet you at Arcturus.

They embrace and kiss.

CHASE
But I can't...

She pulls back, her face covered with sudden concern or her worst fear...

PENELOPE
Can't...what...

CHASE
I can't tell you that peace and harmony
are in our future.

PENELOPE
That doesn't matter now...

CHASE
But you *will* be safe.
(His hand on her belly)
You *both*...will be safe. I'll make sure
of that.

And she kisses him...and together they sink to their knees in
the MOONSHADE of the Baobab Tree.

CUT TO:

ENSIGN MIRABELLO'S BOOTS

run-stumbling down FLIGHTS OF STAIRS...

INT. STARFLEET BUNKER COMMAND - MORNING

as Ensign Mirabello bursts into the bustling underground Com
Center and Tactical HQ - now fully staffed with OFFICERS
clustered in front of Viewscreens and SENSOR DISPLAYS...

MIRABELLO
They're gone!

WIGGINS
We know.

ADM. GARDNER
Sensors!

WIGGINS
Sensors indicate...*nothing*, sir...

Mirabello moves to look at the LARGEST VIEWSCREEN:

EMPTY SPACE

where there used to be Drone-Ships.

ADM. GARDNER
What've we got at Hamilton?

WHITE

What's left of Gamma Squadron - 2 SPADS.

ADM. GARDNER

Scramble them.

CUT TO:

EXT. AFRICAN SAVANNAH - NIGHT

Lying side by side, quietly, Chase is explaining to Penelope:

CHASE

There were four of us checked out to fly the NX-Omega. Jaxx, Nikken, your brother and I. I won the regatta, but Starfleet grounded me because...

PENELOPE

Because of your father.

CHASE

My whole family. My great-grandfathers died in the war. My grandfathers were children of the post atomic horror who were...seduced by the teachings of Colonel Green - they *agreed* with the euthanasia of the radiation-sick - the elimination of anything which threatened the purity of the human race. Eventually, that came to include the Vulcans...or any alien who threatened to *infect* the human gene pool. My parents were born into this...*philosophy*... and so was I.

PENELOPE

Why...did you leave?

CHASE

At first I questioned them just because they were my parents. Then I started to *read* to back up my arguments. Then I started to *think*...then *wonder*...and then my heart would start beating faster...and I knew I had to...*explore*. So I followed my heart instead of my head. I ran away. I joined the Navy.
(Grin)
To see the galaxy.

CUT TO:

INT. JAXX'S COCKPIT

As he rockets his SPADS toward the stars.

JAXX
SPADS-18 to zero niner. Lt. Majszak?

MAJSZAK/COM SYSTEM
Read you five-by-five. Lemme take point on this one, Lieutenant.

JAXX
That's a negative, Lieutenant.

INT. STARFLEET BUNKER COMMAND - SAME

Ambassador Skon enters the room and joins the Staff watching on the Viewscreen as the two SPADS rocket toward the Moon, and listening to the COM between the pilots:

MAJSZAK/COM SYSTEM
27 missions and you've been point on 23. Now they're pickin' this up on the Fleet Yard Cam back at Starfleet, and it's probably startin' to look an awful lot like you're hot-doggin' Lieutenant.

JAXX/COM SYSTEM
Fair enough. I'll be the GIB.

He rolls to the right, and MAJSZAK'S SPADS takes the lead.

SKON
GIB? This is a technical term?

WHITE
(Explaining)
Yeah. It means Guy In Back.

Skon nods.

ADM. GARDNER
(Quietly)
Anything from Vulcan?

Skon shakes his head. Admiral Gardner draws up beside him:

ADM. GARDNER (CONT'D)
They're gone. Just like that. Does it make any sense to you?

SKON
None.

And Majszak's SPADS EXPLODES.

As though hitting a WALL in Space.

INT. JAXX'S COCKPIT

As Majszak's SPADS disintegrates directly in front of Jaxx we can glimpse SOMETHING there: The spectral outline of a HULL.

JAXX

Oh, SHIT!

And he pulls up - loops his craft in an inverted 180...

INT. STARFLEET BUNKER COMMAND

ADM. GARDNER

The hell was that? WIGGINS!

WIGGINS

Long range sensors confirm the Romulan Armada is still 15 days away. *There is nothing there, sir!*

ADM. WETHINGTON

Then who in the hell is this?

A ROMULAN BIRD-OF-PREY

DE-CLOAKS on the Viewscreen before their eyes...

SKON

The new Romulan Flagship...

...and FIRES a PHOTONIC TORPEDO at Jaxx's retreating SPADS - missing him by relative inches. The errant Torpedo enters the Earth's atmosphere...and...

EXT. HAMILTON FIELD - DAY

The entire facility is destroyed on impact.

CUT TO:

EXT. AFRICAN SAVANNAH - SUNRISE

as the Sun breaks over the horizon, Chase startles awake.

PENELOPE

What is it...

CUT TO:

INT. JAXX'S COCKPIT

As Jaxx dodges and rolls to avoid the harassing ENEMY FIRE.

JAXX
SON-OF-A-BIIIIITCH!

INT. STARFLEET BUNKER COMMAND

As the Staff look on in horror:

WIGGINS
I got a sensor reading! When it
decloaked. It's Warp 7 capable.

ADM. GARDNER
They sent their fastest ship first. The
Drones'll do the dirty work. The
Armada's just for mop up...

WIGGINS
Sir...

And ALL look to the Viewscreens...and we

CUT TO:

EXT. SPACE

As the DRONE-SHIPS DE-CLOAK only for as long as it takes to
FIRE their PHASE CANNONS at Earth.

But they are no longer deployed in a straight line.

They are everywhere...and nowhere.

Every time they De-Cloak, they are in a different position.

EXT. EARTH'S SURFACE - VARIOUS

As - in rapid succession - PHASE CANNON BLASTS impact:

HONOLULU...BEIJING...MOSCOW...ATHENS...CAIRO...LONDON...NEW
YORK...LOS ANGELES...SAN FRANCISCO...

INT. STARFLEET BUNKER COMMAND

as a distant BOOM shakes the underground fortification. And
the COM SYSTEM nearly overloads with incoming VOICE and
VISUAL DATA.

WIGGINS
47 surface impacts - no damage estimate!

ADM. GARDNER
 Scramble Alpha, Beta, Gamma, Delta and
 Epsilon SPADS Squadrons. Get me the
 disposition of the Coalition Fleet -

CUT TO:

EXT. VICTORIA FALLS - MORNING

as a SQUADRON of SPADS *BURSTS* from under the surface of the
 Tranquil Lagoon at the base of the Falls and accelerate
 through the MIST and rocket skyward.

INT. SUBFAC VICTORIA - MORNING

THE CALL TO GENERAL QUARTERS is sounding. RED LIGHTS are
 flashing. PILOTS are scrambling to get to their crafts.

CHASE

is running toward a new SPADS when Sgt. Mbembe stops him.

SGT. MBEMBE
 Wait! Lieutenant. There is someone
 looking for you!

CHASE
 It'll have to wait.

SGT. MBEMBE
 He said it was an emergency.

CHASE
 So's this.

SGT. MBEMBE
 He is a Vulcan.

CUT TO:

INT. STARFLEET BUNKER COMMAND

As the Door opens and Ambassador Skon enters...

WIGGINS
Intrepid, Saratoga, Shenandoah and
Sarajevo are standing by. We're awaiting
 the *Republic* and *Neptune*. 17 *Surak*-Class
 Vulcan ships are offshore Venus. 3
Kumari-class Andorians are in Jupiter
 orbit. The Tellarites are 12 days away.

Skon takes Adm. Gardner to one side and hands him a PADD.

SKON

I have just received this from Minister
T'Pau. It is addressed to Commander
Earth Starfleet.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM

as the Doors slide shut, and they are alone.

ADM. GARDNER

Why...didn't they send it directly?

SKON

The Romulan language is...complex. I
surmise that they deemed it too difficult
for humans to translate.

ADM. GARDNER

So they're *arrogant* as well...

SKON

This...is their final ultimatum.

ADM. GARDNER

"You are surrounded by a superior force.
Surrender your Vulcan population or face
relentless devastation. Your allied
forces cannot possibly defend against the
overwhelming numbers and prowess of the
Romulan Fleet. This is our final
communication."

Admiral Gardner thinks for a moment, then chuckles.

SKON

Humor?

ADM. GARDNER

I'm reminded of something General
McAuliffe said when surrounded by enemy
forces during our second World War. He
was given an ultimatum, and he responded
with one word...

Admiral Gardner writes one word on the PADD and hands it back
to Skon.

ADM. GARDNER

Send this to the Romulans through
Minister T'Pau. It's my - *the United
Earth's* - official response. See if it's
not too difficult for *them* to translate.

CU PADD SCREEN

One word. "NUTS."

INT. STARFLEET BUNKER COMMAND

as Adm. Gardner re-enters from the Conference Room.

ADM. GARDNER
(To Wiggins)
Open a channel.
(Transmitting)
This is Admiral Gardner, Starfleet
Command, to all Coalition Ships in Space.
Commence attack. Fire at will.

CUT TO:

INT. SUBFAC VICTORIA - SGT. MBEMBE'S OFFICE

While the ALARMS continue to SOUND and the LIGHTS to FLASH,
Chase enters Foreman Sgt. Mbembe's Office and

SKAL

the young Vulcan from Saturn Flight Range looks up.

CHASE
You lookin' for me?

SKAL
No.

CHASE
Right.

Chase turns to go.

SKAL
I have found you.

Chase turns and cocks his head at the young Vulcan.

SKAL (CONT'D)
So...I am no longer looking for you.

CHASE
But...you *were* looking for me.

SKAL
Yes.

CHASE

Okay. I don't have time for this shit.
Here I am. Make it quick.

SKAL

You are the Lt. Tiberius Chase who was
expected to fly the NX-Omega.

CHASE

Yeah. So?

SKAL

I am Dr. Skal. It was I who designed
that engine.

Chase looks at him for a long moment...then PUNCHES him -
square in the face. But Vulcans are physically stronger than
Humans, and he stays on his feet while Chase shakes the pain
from his hand.

SKAL (CONT'D)

I understand your emotions.

CHASE

Bullshit. Junior Gardner was my best
friend. *A leak in the manifold?* That's
engineering 101, pal. It's inexcusable -

SKAL

It was not a leak in the manifold. It
was a delamination of the inner surface
of the matter/anti-matter reaction
chamber.

CHASE

So?

SKAL

It was caused by the anti-ion flux in the
transition from Warp 7 to 8.

CHASE

So what?

SKAL

I can fix it. By boosting the inner warp
core containment field and relaminating
with tungstenite -

CHASE

What?

SKAL

We cannot win this war, Lieutenant Chase. We are surrounded. The Romulans have begun their attack, and their Armada is still 15 days away. I have programmed 139,00 possible outcomes. We do not win. Unless...

CHASE

Unless what...

SKAL

At Warp 7 it is only 15 days to Romulus.

CHASE

Wait a minute, wait a minute, wait, wait, wait! How can you fix an engine that blew up - that doesn't exist?

SKAL

I cannot. But there is another one. We built two. We used a Daedalus-Class explorer as its test-bed.

Chase stares in disbelief at the young Vulcan.

CHASE

Where...is it...

SKAL

It is at the Saturn Flight Range - Titan Station.

CUT TO:

ADM. GARDNER & AMBASSADOR SKON

staring directly at the CAMERA.

ADM. GARDNER

You're insane. Permission denied.

REVERSE ANGLE - CHASE & SKAL

are on the Conference Room Viewscreen.

CHASE

One ship. One shot. At Warp 7 I can make it there in 15 days.

ADMIRAL GARDNER

You don't listen very well, lieutenant.

CHASE
Thank you, sir.

ADMIRAL GARDNER
Thank you?

CHASE
I believe that *very well* is the least I can do, sir. And if I am being denied your respect *and* denied the opportunities that my performance merits because of my love for your daughter, or what happened to your son, or my parent's political philosophy -

ADM. GARDNER
That's enough! You think this is *personal*, Chase? You're wrong. No, I *don't* like you. I'm just not going to send a ship with warp 8 technology on a fool's errand into enemy hands.

SKON
I believe that it has been demonstrated that my nephew's engine is *not* Warp 8 capable.

ADM. GARDNER
(Annoyed)
I've got a war to run, gentlemen.
Permission denied. Dismissed.

And he switches off the Viewscreen.

INT. SUBFAC VICTORIA - SGT. MBEMBE'S OFFICE

Chase and Skal stare at the blank Viewscreen.

Then, in the SILENCE:

SKAL
But she has no weapons.

CHASE
What?

SKAL
The ship - she has no weapons complement.
(Of Chase's confusion)
I apologize, Lieutenant. We are - to varying degrees - telepathic. I know what you were thinking...

CHASE
 I only need one. One weapon.
 (Pause)
 And don't do that again.

INT. SUBFAC VICTORIA - MOMENTS LATER

As Chase and Skal are heading for the Shuttlecraft, Chase stops a passing Pilot - grabs him by the arm. It is

ENSIGN OGG

The enormous facially tattooed New Zealand Maori who sailed with him during the regatta.

CHASE
 Mr. Ogg?

OGG
 Lieutenant Chase, Sir!

CHASE
 What are your orders?

OGG
 (Apprehensively)
 I'm...well...I'm supposed to *fly* one of these bastards...

CHASE
 Belay that, Ensign. You're coming with me.

CUT TO:

A VULCAN SURAK-CLASS STARSHIP

rising up from behind the moon. (Fig. 4)

INT. VULCAN STARSHIP - BRIDGE

VULCAN CAPTAIN #1 squints at his Viewscreen...searching the *apparently* empty space...

VULCAN CAPTAIN #1
 Can you sense them...? Lower the shields for Tachyon scan...

VULCAN OFFICER #1
 Performing Tachyon scan.... *Oh, Surak be praised...*

The Vulcan Captain raises an eyebrow at this oath as...

EXT. SPACE

14 DRONE-SHIPS

De-Cloak all around the sleek Vulcan Starship, and simultaneously OPEN FIRE!

And the Surak-Class Starship EXPLODES.

THE STARSHIP *U.S.S. INTREPID* (Fig. 5)

flies through the Vulcan DEBRIS FIELD and

INT. *U.S.S. INTREPID* - BRIDGE

CAPT. RAMIREZ
MULTIPLE TARGETS! FIRE AT WILL!

EXT. SPACE

And the *Intrepid's* PHASE CANNONS and PHOTONIC TORPEDO BAYS fire simultaneous and multiple BURSTS, *but the Drone-Ships SCATTER - barrel-rolling away, spiralling into Space untouched and undamaged.*

CUT TO:

EXT. VICTORIA FALLS

as Jaxx's SPADS - its RIGHT WING missing - corkscrews in and crash-lands through the Mist...

INT. SUBFAC VICTORIA - MOMENTS LATER

As Jaxx breaks the surface of the Inner Lake and swims to shore, and pulls himself out of the water.

CUT TO:

INT. STARFLEET BUNKER COMMAND

The COM SYSTEM overloaded; VIEWSCREENS bursting with ACTION.

LT. WIGGINS
A Vulcan *Surak*-class...6 SPADS destroyed.
The *Sarajevo* has suffered a damaged port nacelle...

AMD. GARDNER
Start working out a tachyon grid. If we could see the sons-of-bitches...

BACK TO:

INT. SUBFAC VICTORIA

As Jaxx - still wet - makes his way through the CROWD of WORKERS and PILOTS and heads toward a NEW SPADS...

PENELOPE (O.S.)
Lieutenant Jaxx!

Penelope - standing still in the hustling Crowd.

JAXX
Penelope...?

PENELOPE
Have you seen him? Do you know -

JAXX
No.

He sees the fear in her eyes. The desperation.

JAXX (CONT'D)
Listen to me. It's ugly up there.
You've got to stay here - *stay down here*.
He'll be back.

He grins, knowing what he's about to say is utterly unacceptable, but meant to poke fun at himself.

JAXX (CONT'D)
And if he isn't...*I* will be. Because you
know what? I'm indestructible.

She shakes her head at his clownishness.

JAXX (CONT'D)
Just...gimme a kiss for good luck. He
wouldn't mind...

And she does. On the cheek.

CUT TO:

EXT. ANTARCTICA - MUHLIG-HOFFMAN MOUNTAINS - DAY

As Chase lands his Shuttlecraft in the ICE and SNOW near
AN ENORMOUS FISSURE

in the ICY GRANITE of the MOUNTAIN FACE.

As he steps down from the Shuttlecraft Door and closes and
locks the Door with a HAND-HELD REMOTE...

6 SOLDIERS

dressed in SNOW-CAMO level EM-41 PHASE RIFLES at him.

CHASE

Hello, boys. Long time no see.

INT. MUHLIG-HOFFMAN MOUNTAINS - MOMENTS LATER

as Chase is led at rifle-point into

A CATHEDRAL-LIKE GROTTO

surrounding a SMALL LAKE whose shore is lush with VEGETATION. WARM SPRINGS bubble up from the ground. FRESH WATER cascades from granite walls. HABITATIONS - built from 20th CENTURY SHIP BULKHEADS and parts - line the shore of the Lake where

A SUBMARINE

- a barnacle-encrusted hulk - is floating on the surface.

THE COMMANDER (OTTO - 60s)

emerges from one of the habitations.

OTTO

You...

CHASE

Don't worry, Commander. I'm not here to stay.

OTTO

Of course you are. Base 211 is not a place one visits. You're either with us or you're -

CHASE

Yeah. I know. But I made my choice. Ten years ago.

OTTO

Then...I have no alternative but to classify you as...an enemy combatant.

CHASE

Right.

He looks to the barnacle-encrusted submarine.

CHASE (CONT'D)

You want to explain this?

OTTO

Want to? Absolutely. Feel the need to?
I don't need to explain anything to you.

They stare at one another for a long moment....

OTTO (CONT'D)

It's a U-Boat. A 20th Century German submarine. We raised it from the bottom. We have discovered much about our... *refuge* since you left. Let me show you.

CUT TO:

INT. JAXX'S COCKPIT

As he rockets into the fray in a NEW SPADS and joins an ATTACK SQUADRON delivering harassing *fire* on the Drone-Ships as they De-Cloak to FIRE - and performing tactical evasive and offensive maneuvers all the while:

PILOT/COM SYSTEM

JESUS! HOW THE HELL ARE WE SUPPOSED TO -

JAXX

Maintain an even strain, Ensign...

PILOT/COM SYSTEM

BUT WE'RE HAVIN' NO EFFECT!

JAXX

We're keepin' 'em occupied 'til the big boys can figure 'em out, and we'll do it 'til they tell us to stand down.

PILOT/COM SYSTEM

YES, SIR!

JAXX

Now, anybody seen or heard from Lieutenant Tiberius Chase...?

BACK TO:

INT. MUHLIG-HOFFMAN MOUNTAINS - DAY

As Otto leads Chase down a GRANITE CORRIDOR...leading to...

OTTO

At the end of WWII, 10,000 Germans fled here to form a colony suitable for habitation and the continued development of their *Rundflugzeug* program.

A GROTTTO

whose ceiling used to be open, but is now sealed-over with ICE. In the center of this granite-walled room...

A FLYING SAUCER

rests. A SWASTIKA is peeling its rusted surface panels.

OTTO (CONT'D)

We've found 14 of them.

(Grinning)

The people of the 20th century thought they were being observed by UFO's from other planets - and they were nothing more than test flights of a World War II experimental Nazi flying saucer program.

CHASE

What happened to them?

OTTO

The Nazis? No one knows. But they built this complex. They came to maintain their racial integrity after their country was destroyed by war.

CHASE

How ironic.

OTTO

They were *racists*, Tiberius. We are not. We're humanists.

(Pause)

You were born here. Your mother was an Arab. You were raised by a Nigerian wetnurse. Schooled with human children from 5 continents...

CHASE

Humanoid.

OTTO

No. Just human.

CHASE

Of the 42 alien races we've encountered, 35 are bilaterally symmetrical bipeds - *humanoid*. That's two arms, two legs, hands, feet, one thorax, a neck, and a head where the brain's located.

OTTO

Please. Spare me this patronizing common-galactic-ancestry-infinite-diversity-in-infinite-combination-United-Earth-Starfleet crap. There's a Denobulan in Memphis with two human wives. The first offspring of an Andorian and a human was born last month in Reykjavik - I hear its got only *one* antenna - and right now we're under attack by an alien force. You futurists have got your heads so far up a black hole you can't see.

CHASE

What? See what?

OTTO

That it's the end of the world.

(Pause)

But if that's what you're all about, Mr. Spaceman, if you're looking for answers and God isn't good enough for you, well I'll save you the trouble exploring: *You came from me.*

CHASE

I wish that weren't true.

And Otto swings for him - a vicious backhand, but Chase catches him by the wrist.

CHASE (CONT'D)

I came back...for a weapon.

Otto Chase's face breaks into a CRAZY GRIN, and we realize that he is truly insane.

OTTO

Oh, I've *got* weapons!

CHASE

I need one...*particular* weapon.

OTTO

Why didn't you say so? Son.

CUT TO:

THE ROMULAN FLAGSHIP

De-Cloaking to FIRE on...

A VULCAN D'KYR-CLASS STARSHIP (FIG. 6)

as

JAXX'S SPADS

overflies the Romulan Flagship, scarcely 100 feet above its hull!

Jaxx punches his THRUSTERS and zooms away as the Romulan Flagship FIRES on him.

He literally tries to outrun the Photonic Torpedo. He's almost to SATURN when he breaks left and watches the Torpedo fly by.

Then he sees something that he cannot believe.

JAXX
Starfleet, Command? Who's the idiot...

INT. STARFLEET BUNKER COMMAND

As Jaxx's communique is lost amidst the HUNDREDS of incoming VOICE MESSAGES:

JAXX/COM SYSTEM
...out here in a shuttlecraft?

INT. SHUTTLECRAFT

As Chase drives toward Saturn and Ogg rides shotgun. Skal emerges from the cargo hold where

A COFFIN-SIZED MOLDED CASE

has been stowed.

SKAL
I do not believe that is powerful enough
to -

CHASE
It doesn't have to be.

SKAL
I don't understand.

CHASE
Think about it. HOLD ON!

And he banks the Shuttlecraft hard left to avoid being hit by

AN ANDORIAN *KUMARI*-CLASS BATTLE CRUISER

dropping out of Warp to join the battle and FIRE its PARTICLE WEAPONS at a host of hit-and-run Drone-Ships.

CHASE

Saturn Test Range in 9 minutes...

CUT TO:

INT. STARFLEET BUNKER COMMAND

LT. WIGGINS

The Andorians have arrived, sir.

ADM. GARDNER

But will they stay?

VOICE (O.S.)

Yes.

Admiral Gardner turns to see:

THE ANDORIAN AMBASSADOR

having just entered the Bunker.

ANDORIAN AMBASSADOR

Until the end, we will stay.

CUT TO:

INT. SATURN FLIGHT RANGE - TITAN STATION - SHUTTLE BAY

The TWO MACOS (whom we saw before) step forward as the Shuttlecraft lands and its Door opens, and Skal steps down.

SKAL

Sgt. Izzard...Sgt. Bruce...

SGT. IZZARD (FEMALE)

Dr. Skal...

Then Ensign Ogg steps down from the Shuttlecraft - an EM-41 PHASE RIFLE in each hand -

OGG

G'day, jarheads!

- and FIRES a BLAST from each of his weapons - catching both MACOS square in the chest. They go down.

Chase steps down from the Shuttlecraft.

OGG (CONT'D)
That's two for the Navy.

CHASE
You're sure that was on stun?

OGG
(Facetiously)
Gosh, Lieutenant...lemme check.

Chase takes one of the rifles.

CHASE
Truss 'em up and get 'em on board.

INT. SATURN FLIGHT RANGE - TITAN STATION - MESS HALL

Commander Orloff (without his right-arm prosthesis) is at the head of the table at which are seated Fuquay, 2 ENGINEERS (DIETER & NGUYEN), and a CIVILIAN (MELMON).

THE COOK

is entering from the GALLEY and serving plates of food while

A VIEWSCREEN

is broadcasting the NEWS:

NEWS ANCHOR
- only 21 days after the devastating attacks of August 13th and the destruction of the Romulan Flagship, 9 major metropolitan cities have been attacked, and hostilities have commenced within a 500,000 mile radius of the Earth. UENN News has learned that Coalition forces have joined Starfleet in a massive defensive effort while what a Starfleet spokesperson has characterized as "an invasion armada" is now only 14 days from Earth orbit. This is UENN Headline News...

OGG (O.S.)
Any one here like to join the war effort?

ALL turn to see

CHASE, SKAL & OGG

standing in the doorway with EM-41 rifles leveled.

CHASE
What happened? Did Starfleet forget you
guys were up here?

ORLOFF
We have been ordered to stand-by...to
await orders.

CHASE
Yeah? Well I'm giving 'em, Commander.

ORLOFF
On what authority?

CHASE
On principle. You've got 4 minutes to
collect your things and get into the
Shuttle Pod. Starting now.

CUT TO:

INT. ANDORIAN *KUMARI*-CLASS BATTLE-CRUISER - BRIDGE

as it is ROCKED by incoming FIRE. The following is in
ANDORIAN. The SUBTITLES read:

COMMANDER SHRAN
FIRE DISRUPTORS! LATERAL, DORSAL AND
VENTRAL BANKS!

EXT. ANDORIAN *KUMARI*-CLASS BATTLE-CRUISER

Surrounded by a SWARM of DRONE-SHIPS - like fleas on a dog -
the Andorian ship FIRES from its lateral, ventral and dorsal
DISRUPTOR BANKS and the DRONE-SHIPS SCATTER - avoiding the
fire and barrel-rolling away into Space as

THE ROMULAN FLAGSHIP

under harassing attack by 3 SQUADRONS of SPADS, fires a
PHOTONIC TORPEDO straight at the ANDORIAN VESSEL.

INT. ANDORIAN *KUMARI*-CLASS BATTLE-CRUISER - BRIDGE

COMMANDER SHRAN
Evasive maneuvers! HELM!

And the IMPACT is severe.

ANDORIAN CREWMAN
VENTRAL BREACH ON DECKS 1 AND 2!

EXT. ANDORIAN *KUMARI*-CLASS BATTLE CRUISER

As the damaged ship is BESIEGED with returning DRONE-SHIPS:

COMMANDER SHRAN (V.O.)
GET THEM OFF OF ME!

CUT TO:

INT. SHUTTLECRAFT

Sgts. Izzard & Bruce are still unconscious - lying on either side of the Coffin-Sized Molded Case.

While Ensign Ogg "covers" Commander Orloff, Fuquay, Dieter & Nguyen, Mr. Melmon and the Cook...Chase and Skal navigate the Shuttlecraft. Mr. Melmon can't help himself:

MELMON
 (Proudly)
 The Daedalus-Class. A converted Comet-class light cruiser. We beefed up the spaceframe, boosted the matter/antimatter containment, and mounted longer nacelles while shortening the engineering hull, and moved the bridge to the top of the command hull. With the installation of Dr. Skal's engine, she's...one-of-a-kind.

Chase & Skal gaze through the Shuttlecraft WINDSHIELD to see:

EXT. SATURN FLIGHT RANGE - DRYDOCK

An orbital framework of LIGHTS and SCAFFOLDING...surrounding
 THE *U.S.S. SPARTAN*

A *DAEDALUS*-CLASS Starship. Only 105 meters long by 48 meters wide (Figs. 7 & 8).

Chase touches-in a command...and the Starship's SHUTTLE BAY DOORS OPEN...

SKAL
 (Gazing out at the Starship)
 It will take me 6 days to relaminate the warp core.

CHASE
 Don't bother.

Skal looks at Chase and raises an eyebrow.

CHASE (CONT'D)
I don't want you to relaminate it.

Reminded of the Vulcan's telepathic ability, Chase holds up a warning finger:

CHASE (CONT'D)
And don't do that again...

CUT TO:

INT. JAXX'S COCKPIT

as Jaxx lines up behind a DRONE-SHIP firing on the crippled
U.S.S. SARAJEVO

her port NACELLE sparking and shedding PLASMA...

Jaxx FIRES - hitting the Drone-Ship! He drills it with
BURSTS of PHASE-CANNON FIRE...but...

ANOTHER DRONE-SHIP

rolls into position directly behind him.

His ALARM SOUNDS and he breaks right, barely avoiding the
Drone-Ships FIRE -

JAXX
CHAAAASE! *WHERE THE HELL ARE YOU!*

CUT TO:

INT. *U.S.S. SPARTAN* - BRIDGE

as Skal enters with Fuquay.

Chase is kneeling beside the CAPTAIN'S CHAIR and opening the
Molded Case...

SKAL
Sergeants Izzard and Bruce are still
unconscious, but under restraints in Sick-
Bay. Commander Orloff, the Engineers
Dieter and Nguyen, Mr. Melmon and the
Cook are confined to quarters. Mr.
Fuquay has...volunteered his services.

Chase opens the lid to reveal...

A VINTAGE ATOMIC WEAPON

CHASE
You're an Electronics Surveillance
Officer?

FUQUAY
Yeah. But I know a vintage 21st century
atomic weapon when I see one.

CHASE
Good for you. Take us out of here, Dr.
Skal.

Skal moves to the HELM CONSOLE.

SKAL
Yes...*sir*...

Chase and Skal exchange a glance.

CHASE
Disconnect shore power, switch to
generators. All ahead slow, impulse
only...lay in a course for 240 mark
355...and prepare to go to Warp 7 on my
mark.

EXT. SATURN FLIGHT RANGE - DRYDOCK

As the *U.S.S. Spartan* disconnects from its umbilical cords
and gantries and moves forward...clearing the Drydock...

CHASE (O.S.)
Mark.

And the *U.S.S. Spartan* accelerates to warp and disappears
into the distance with a burst of far-away light.

And, in the EMPTY SPACE that's left behind...the CAMERA
DESCENDS - through the middle of

A RAGING BATTLE

U.S.S. Starships, Vulcan *Surak*- and *D'Kyr*-class Starships,
Andorian *Kumari*-class Battle Cruisers, VARIOUS SUPPORT
VESSELS and SPADS engaged in fighting off infestations of
Cloaking/De-Cloaking Drone-Ships and the spectral Romulan
Flagship.

But all that we see are glimpses - of WEAPONS FIRING...DEBRIS
& BODIES FLOATING - as we CONTINUE TO DESCEND to

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO BAY - NIGHT

where SPOT-FIRES are burning.

SUPERTITLES: **D-DAY MINUS 7**

INT. STARFLEET BUNKER COMMAND - ADMIRAL'S QUARTERS

as the door opens, letting the LIGHT and NOISE of BUNKER
COMMAND flood into the utilitarian bunk-space where

ADMIRAL GARDNER

is sleeping. He startles awake to see

AMBASSADOR SKON & LIEUTENANT WIGGINS

WIGGINS

Sir? I'm sorry to -

ADMIRAL

Casualty report, Lieutenant.

As Admiral Gardner rises and pulls on his uniform jacket:

WIGGINS

21 SPADS and 9 Twins, the *Sarajevo* was
lost with all hands. One *Surak*-class
Vulcan Starship gone, one disabled. A
D'Kyr is under attack. Commander Shran's
Battle Cruiser, the *Kumari*, is destroyed.

ADMIRAL

And Shran?

WIGGINS

Has transferred with 23 of his crew to
another vessel.

Skon and Wiggins follow the Admiral out onto the main floor
of Bunker Command...

WIGGINS (CONT'D)

And...the *Spartan* is gone.

ADMIRAL

What?

WIGGINS

According to the Saturn Flight Range
Computer log...8 days ago, the *U.S.S.*
Spartan left Titan Station.

SKON

With Lieutenant Chase, my nephew, a
Starfleet Ensign, and 8 Flight Range
personnel.

ADMIRAL

Hail her.

CUT TO:

EXT. *U.S.S. SPARTAN*

RACING through Space at Warp 7...

INT. *U.S.S. SPARTAN* - BRIDGE

Skal, Fuquay and Ogg are on station. Chase is sitting in the
Captain's Chair beside the Atomic Weapon.

FUQUAY

I'm receiving a transmission. From
Earth.

CHASE

On screen.

ADMIRAL GARDNER

peers from the Viewscreen at Chase.

ADM. GARDNER/VIEWSCREEN

So...you got what you wanted.

CHASE

Sir.

ADM. GARDNER/VIEWSCREEN

Your own command. Isn't that what this
is about? "Give me a fast ship, for I
intend to go in harm's way." Do you
fashion yourself a John Paul Jones,
Lieutenant Chase?

CHASE

No, sir.

ADM. GARDNER/VIEWSCREEN

Do you think hijacking a starship and
kidnapping a crew makes you a hero? A
leader? You have disobeyed a direct
order.

CHASE
 Yes, sir. I suppose I just haven't
 figure out...how to lead...and *follow* at
 the same time.

This registers hard with the Admiral.

ADM. GARDNER/VIEWSCREEN
 Turn that ship around, or consider
 yourself facing courts martial on a
 charge of high treason - something you'll
 have in common with your father.

CHASE
 Mr. Fuquay?

FUQUAY
 Sir?

CHASE
 End transmission.

ADM. GARDNER/VIEWSCREEN
CHASE!

Fuquay touches-in a command and the Viewscreen goes BLANK.
 Chase rises and heads for the TURBOLIFT DOORS.

CHASE
 Dr. Skal, you have the Con.

The doors slide open...and he exits.

INT. U.S.S. SPARTAN - CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

As Chase exits the Turbolift and walks down the vacant
 Corridor...to a door marked: CAPTAIN.

He takes a long breath, then lets it out and enters.

INT. CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS - FOLLOWING

A sleek but appropriately Spartan interior. Chase sits
 heavily on the edge of the BUNK.

CHASE
 Computer? Open log.

COMPUTER VOICE
Log open.

CHASE
 Officer's log, September 12, 2159. Eight days ago I seized control of the *U.S.S. Spartan* and her complement of Saturn flight Range personnel.

INT. *U.S.S. SPARTAN* - ENGINE ROOM

Skal is explaining the WARP CORE to Chase with the help of Mr. Melmon and Engineers Dieter and Nguyen as:

CHASE (V.O.)
 We are unarmed and enroute to the planet Romulus. At Warp 7, we expect to arrive in 6 days.

INT. *U.S.S. SPARTAN* - SICK BAY

Chase is speaking earnestly to Sgts. Izzard & Bruce while Ensign Ogg covers them with a Phase Rifle.

Both MACOS listen...and nod their understanding as:

CHASE (V.O. CONT'D)
 Dr. Skal and Ensign Ogg have joined me voluntarily. ESO Fuquay readily took his station at Com. Engineers Dieter and Nguyen...a civilian spacecraft designer named Melmon...MACO Sergeants Izzard and Bruce and the station Cook have all come to understand my...intentions...without knowing the specifics of my plan. Commander Orloff wishes to go on record as an unwilling hostage...

INT. *U.S.S. SPARTAN* - BRIDGE

Chase, an open TOOLKIT beside him, is working to install something in the Atomic Weapon as:

CHASE (V.O. CONT'D)
 I take full responsibility for this act, and know that I leave behind my rank and reputation - but these are nothing to me compared to the *lives* I've left behind.

CUT TO:

INT. JAXX'S COCKPIT

As Jaxx's SPADS is HIT a glancing but crippling blow to one WING. We are:

EXT. SPACE - OFFSHORE EARTH

And the Battle is raging. A dizzying PANORAMA: U.S.S. STARSHIPS, VULCAN *SURAK*- AND *D'KYR*-CLASS STARSHIPS, ANDORIAN BATTLE-CRUISERS, and scores of SPADS engaged in furious skirmishes with the CLOAKING/DE-CLOAKING DRONE-SHIPS and ROMULAN FLAGSHIP.

INT. STARFLEET BUNKER COMMAND

A frenzy of activity. The Viewscreens are pulsating with SUBJECTIVE POV IMAGES and WIDE-ANGLES of the battle.

JAXX/COM SYSTEM

- SPADS-39 I'm hit! Heading for the Ni'Var! If she could open cargo bay doors on my mark, I might have a chance!

CAPT. SOPEK/COM SYSTEM

This is the Ni'Var - we are receiving heavy fire, but will comply on your mark.

INT. JAXX'S COCKPIT

As he heads straight toward

THE *NI'VAR*

A *Surak*-class Vulcan Starship besieged by DRONE-SHIPS.

JAXX

C'mon, c'mon, c'mon...*MARK!*

And the *Ni'Var*'s CARGO BAY DOORS OPEN...

INT. *NI'VAR* - CARGO BAY

And Jaxx's SPADS rockets through the open doors and SKID-CRASHES to a halt.

BACK TO:

INT. *U.S.S. SPARTAN* - CORRIDOR

Chase walks down an empty Corridor...

SUPERTITLES: **D-DAY MINUS 5**

He knocks at a door.

ORLOFF (O.S.)

Come!

INT. ORLOFF'S CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Orloff is sitting on the edge of his bunk, reading. He sets aside his book, and stares at Chase for a moment...then:

ORLOFF

I've seen this before, you know. Runaway career ambition. Officers who think warp drive is a hero's game and the only way to get ahead in Starfleet is to draw attention to themselves.

CHASE

I've been hearing a lot about that lately. It must be common in Starfleet.

ORLOFF

It's common everywhere.

CHASE

That's not what this is about.

ORLOFF

In your case, maybe not. You're Otto Chase's son, aren't you.

(Off Chase's silence)

I thought so. Bit of an axe to grind, maybe? Too much baggage? Well, I think you're over-compensating, lieutenant.

CHASE

Do really think that every action has an ulterior motive?

ORLOFF

Absolutely. No one is driven by pure intent and impeccable purpose. No one.

CHASE

Hmm...

Chase nods toward the stump of his arm.

CHASE (CONT'D)

How'd you lose it?

ORLOFF

The Sara. The *U.S.S. Saratoga*. During the Xindi offensive.

CHASE

And you've been cashiered to a Flight Range off Saturn. You must be...bitter.

Chase picks up the Bionic Prosthesis from the side table.

CHASE (CONT'D)
But now you've got the chance to do
something bold...to make a difference...
and you sit in your room...and refuse to
participate to protect...your *career*?

Chase tosses the Prosthesis onto the bunk beside the older officer.

CHASE (CONT'D)
Give yourself a hand, Commander. It's
time to join the fight.

CUT TO:

INT. *NI'VAR* - QUARTERS

Jaxx - still in his FLIGHT SUIT - is passed out on a bunk.

SUPERTITLES: **D-DAY MINUS 3**

The ship SHUDDERS with another IMPACT and Jaxx startles awake, rubs his hands through the week's-worth of stubble on his face and tries to clear his eyes...

INT. *NI'VAR* - BRIDGE

As Jaxx enters. A SCENE of VULCAN EMERGENCY.

CAPTAIN SOPEK

is SHOUTING orders in VULCAN. Upon seeing Jaxx:

CAPTAIN SOPEK
We have sustained critical damage to our
secondary hull.

JAXX
What can I do to help...

CAPTAIN SOPEK
Fortunately for you, your presence is
being requested on the *Intrepid*. Please
report to our transporter.

The Captain Sopek holds up his hand in the Vulcan salute:

CAPTAIN SOPEK (CONT'D)
Live long, Lieutenant. And prosper.

INT. *NI'VAR* - TRANSPORTER ROOM

As Jaxx steps up onto the platform and nods to a VULCAN CREWMAN...and is *ENERGIZED*...

EXT. SPACE - OFFSHORE EARTH

As the Romulan Flagship De-Cloaks in front of the *Ni'Var*... FIRES...and the ventral hull of Vulcan *Surak*-class Starship EXPLODES - sending the vessel careening toward Earth...

CUT TO:

INT. *U.S.S. INTREPID* - BRIDGE

As Jaxx rematerializes on the damaged bridge: A YELLOW LIGHT is FLASHING. CREWMEN are extinguishing an ELECTRICAL FIRE; a MEDICAL TEAM is kneeling beside Captain Ramirez whose chest and face are burned beyond recognition.

JAXX
HELMSMAN! GET US OUT OF HERE!

But the HELMSMAN is dead - slumped over the HELM ARRAY. Jaxx pulls his body off the controls and touches-in a command.

EXT. SPACE - OFFSHORE EARTH

And the *Intrepid* WARPS AWAY.

EXT. ANTARCTIC - DAY

As the RED HULL of the *Ni'Var* CRASHES into the snow and ice - skidding and breaking apart over hundreds of miles until it comes to a wrenching, groaning stop at the base of

THE MUHLIG-HOFFMAN MOUNTAINS

And...from the twisted wreckage...there emerges

A WOUNDED VULCAN

- a Crewman in a state of shock and confusion. He staggers to his feet and stares into the eyes of

OTTO CHASE

and 6 ARMED SOLDIERS - their weapons raised...

But Otto holds up his hand...and the Soldiers drop their weapons as the Wounded Vulcan collapses in the snow.

CUT TO:

EXT. EMPTY SPACE

SUPERTITLES: **D-DAY MINUS 1**

THE *U.S.S. SPARTAN*

ROCKETS across the SCREEN at Warp 7...

CHASE (V.O.)
I am moving too fast. And all the
stars...are a blur.

THE CAMERA MOVES IN on the spherical COMMAND HULL...

CHASE (V.O. CONT'D)
But when we stop...if even for a moment,
I will find Arcturus...and I will meet
you there...

INT. CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS - CONTINUOUS

where Chase stands - gazing out at stars stretched into beams
of light by warp speed - and dictating into his PADD:

CHASE (V.O. CONT'D)
In the little time that I have had to
think - about myself - I suspect that
your father's instinct is right, and that
I am unfit for the sort of command that
Starfleet requires.

He takes a long pull from a GLASS OF SCOTCH.

CHASE (V.O. CONT'D)
So...in the final analysis...perhaps it
is best this way. And I should leave it
to others to go where no man has gone
before.

He switches off the PADD and dials it to a PHOTO LIBRARY.

A PHOTO OF NIKKEN & GARDNER JR.

clowning for the Camera with Chase and Jaxx - all of them
wearing their Uniform Whites and looking happy as hell.

CHASE (V.O. CONT'D)
Others...who can follow simple orders....
(Pause)
But I will still and forever wonder...how
one can *go boldly* and *follow* at the same
time?

INT. SUBFAC VICTORIA - NIGHT

Penelope lies on a GRASS MAT on the shore of the Inner Lake behind the Curtain of Falling Water. She is surrounded by her Children - her students - asleep on their own Grass Mats.

But she is wide awake - staring up at the ceiling of this enormous cavern-facility and listening to the THUNDER of the falling water - and the TEAR that breaks free from her eye hints that she might also be hearing:

CHASE (V.O. CONT'D)

Penelope, I am going where so many have gone before - to the place where all paths lead, and all journeys end. Please know, my love, that if I do nothing else...that at least...I go there boldly.

Penelope closes her eyes and we

FADE TO BLACK

SUPERTITLES: **SEPTEMBER 19, 2159**

FADE IN

INT. *U.S.S. INTREPID* - BRIDGE

Jaxx is seated in the Captain's Chair and watching on the Viewscreen as

THE ROMULAN ARMADA - A FLEET OF 30 ROMULAN BIRDS-OF-PREY drops out of Warp and into normal Space.

JAXX

Oh, joy...

INT. STARFLEET BUNKER COMMAND

WIGGINS

They're here.

And the assembled Staff stop what they're doing for a moment to gaze in awe at the image of the ROMULAN ARMADA on the

MAIN VIEWSCREEN

and watch as the 30 Birds-of-Prey *SCATTER* - on impulse power - in 30 different tactical directions...and disappear.

CLOAKED from view.

ADM. GARDNER
God...help us...

BACK TO:

EXT. *U.S.S. SPARTAN*

still warping through space...

OGG (V.O.)
Now entering the Romulan System...

INT. *U.S.S. SPARTAN* - BRIDGE

Ensign Ogg is at the Helm, Fuquay is on Com, Skal is manning the Sensors, and Chase is in the Captain's Chair.

CHASE
Slow to Warp 2, Mr. Ogg.

OGG
Romulus in 30 minutes...

SKAL
I have a visual.

CHASE
Let's see it.

VIEWSCREEN

ROMULUS and REMUS - the twin planets of the Romulan Star Empire.

SKAL
Romulus is a temperate class M planet, 67 percent water. Remus is tidally locked - the dark-side is habitable, the other averages 210 degrees Celsius...

FUQUAY
I'm getting a signal from the little one.

He squints at the Viewscreen and points to Remus.

FUQUAY (CONT'D)
...that one. Two-way low frequency interplexing beacon...data...voice...

CHASE
Bearing from the planet?

FUQUAY
Propagating 050 mark 6...

CHASE
That's right back to Earth.

SKAL
To a point 260,780 miles from the surface
of the Earth, to be precise.

CHASE
Sensors?

SKAL
Indicate a 212 square mile industrial and
military complex...

CHASE
Anything like it coming from Romulus?

FUQUAY
Negative, sir. Standard system-wide RF.

And Chase suddenly realizes:

CHASE
Their command post isn't on Romulus...

SKAL
It is on Remus.

CHASE
Call all hands to the bridge.

CUT TO:

INT. STARFLEET BUNKER COMMAND

WIGGINS
I've got 4 *Grak*-Class Tellarite
Destroyers dropping out of Warp off
Saturn, sir!

THE TELLARITE AMBASSADOR

- the pig-like man we met in Act One - nods his satisfaction.

TELLARITE AMBASSADOR
Now, we will show the Andorians and the
Vulcans how to engage in true conflict!

CUT TO:

INT. *GRAK*-CLASS TELLARITE DESTROYER - BRIDGE

As the TELLARITE CAPTAIN stands with his hands behind his back and surveys the BATTLEFIELD...

The ship sustains a DIRECT HIT - knocking him off his feet.

EXT. SPACE - OFFSHORE SATURN

as 30 DRONE-SHIPS open simultaneous FIRE on the newly arrived vessel...and the *Grak*-class Destroyer EXPLODES.

CUT TO:

INT. *U.S.S. SPARTAN* - BRIDGE

ALL HANDS are present. Even Commander Orloff.

CHASE

In about 15 minutes we're going to be offshore of the Romulan Command. There's a class M planet 6 minutes from here. I can drop out of warp and transport you to the surface.

ORLOFF

Maroon us?

CHASE

We'll send your coordinates back to Earth.

ORLOFF

If there *is* an Earth...

SGT. IZZARD

Sir. Why did you bring us all the way out here if you're just gonna drop us off?

SGT. BRUCE

(To his Sgt. Izzard)

We're MACOs - we're *supposed* to be "just dropped off."

ORLOFF

It's an excellent question. Why *did* you bring us? This...

(Looking around the Bridge)

...is hardly anyone's notion of a *crew*.

There is a PAUSE. Then:

SGT. IZZARD

We were stranded. In the middle of a war.

(To Orloff)

Were you gonna pilot a sub-light Shuttlecraft to Earth? Or even to Titan? No, I don't think so. We had no way off the Station *fast* except by means of the *Spartan* herself.

SGT. BRUCE

When he took *her*, he had to take us.

ORLOFF

(Sarcastically)

So...we should be thanking him...?

COOK

Yeah. We probably oughta...

DIETER

And you're plan is...

NGUYEN

...to do *what* exactly?

ORLOFF

Perhaps you could explain it to us in simple terms...

CHASE

37 days ago, my best friend died in the NX-Omega in a warp core failure.

CUT TO:

INT. *U.S.S. INTREPID* - BRIDGE

As the *U.S.S. Republic* EXPLODES on the Viewscreen before Jaxx's eyes.

JAXX

Weapons!

WEAPONS OFFICER

Sir!

JAXX

Watch the debris field! Look for the outline...

And then they see it - the DEBRIS from the *Republic* reveals the vague outline of the STARBOARD WING of a Bird-of-Prey!

JAXX (CONT'D)
TORPEDOES! FIRE!

And TWO TORPEDOES launch from the bow of the *Intrepid* and HIT the STARBOARD WING of the *Bird-of-Prey*.

And the Romulan Ship begins to SPIN out-of-control - headed for Earth...as...

A SECOND BIRD-OF-PREY

DE-CLOAKS behind the *Intrepid* and FIRES. And the *Intrepid* trembles with the impact.

JAXX (CONT'D)
HELM, GET US OUT OF HERE!

And a new, young HELMSMAN touches-in the commands, and the *Intrepid* accelerates toward SATURN...

BACK TO:

INT. U.S.S SPARTAN - BRIDGE

CHASE
A nuclear detonation causes an EMP -

MELMON
What?

DIETER
An electromagnetic pulse...

NGUYEN
The electromagnetic radiation from a nuclear explosion causes extreme power fluctuations. Enough to completely disrupt electrical systems and any other magnetic fields.

SKAL
If one were to detonate a nuclear device on a Starship, the disruption of the matter/antimatter magnetic containment field would be instantaneous and... cataclysmic.

CUT TO:

EXT. ZIMBABWE AFRICA - DAY

as the disabled Romulan Bird-of-Prey CRASHES into the Earth and starts to SKID - levelling

THE TOWN OF LIVINGSTONE

while its POPULATION flees in terror.

BACK TO:

INT. U.S.S. SPARTAN - BRIDGE

The "Crew" are staring at Chase in utter disbelief.

MELMON

Are you insane? You want to turn the
Spartan into...a matter/antimatter bomb?
You can't do that.

CHASE

I already have.

SGT. IZZARD

How do we deliver it?

ORLOFF

It's impossible! The Romulans will have
picked us up on sensors before we're out
of warp. They'll be waiting for us!

CHASE

I'm counting on it.

CUT TO:

THE DISABLED ROMULAN BIRD-OF-PREY

still churning up the African Savannah until it reaches

THE ZAMBEZI RIVER

and topples over the edge of

EXT. VICTORIA FALLS - CONTINUOUS

finally wedging itself sideways in the Zambezi Gorge itself.

INT. SUBFAC VICTORIA

as Penelope and her Children stare, dumbstruck at the Curtain
of Water - *now falling upon the hull of an alien vessel.*

A LITTLE BOY bursts into tears, and Penelope scoops him up
and holds him tight as we

CUT TO:

INT. U.S.S. SPARTAN - BRIDGE

as Chase concludes the details of his plan:

CHASE

- and then we get the hell out of there.

PAUSE.

SGT. IZZARD

I'm in.

SGT. BRUCE

Semper Fi.

DIETER

This...*you're serious?*

NGUYEN

We'll be famous. Heros...

COOK

My two brothers are back there...one the *Shenandoah* and one on the *Intrepid*.

ORLOFF

(To Chase)

So...this wasn't about you after all...

OGG

It's just...*war*, mate. And it's hell.

Commander Orloff stands and offers Chase his left hand.

ORLOFF

All right. I'll sail with you. *Captain* Chase.

Chase looks to Skal. This...was unexpected. Skal merely raises one eyebrow...

CUT TO:

EXT. SPACE - OFFSHORE EARTH

As the U.S.S. *SHENANDOAH* is caught between TWO DE-CLOAKING BIRDS-OF-PREY...both FIRING PHOTONIC TORPEDOES...

And the U.S.S. *Shenandoah* EXPLODES.

And the Birds-of-Prey CLOAK...

CUT TO:

INT. *U.S.S. SPARTAN* - ENGINE ROOM

as Sgts. Izzard and Bruce carry the Atomic Weapon between them and carefully set it down parallel to the Warp Core Containment Field.

CUT TO:

EXT. SPACE - OFFSHORE EARTH

As the *U.S.S. SARATOGA* - her Port Nacelle still trailing DEBRIS - drifts out of control into

THE SAN FRANCISCO FLEET YARD DRYDOCK

where the STARSHIP *COLUMBIA* NX-02 is still docked...

And the *U.S.S. Saratoga* breaks apart...and EXPLODES - blowing half of the Drydock into Space.

BACK TO:

INT. *U.S.S. SPARTAN* - BRIDGE

Ensign Ogg is at the Helm.

OGG

We will be 100,000 miles offshore of the beacon source in 90 seconds...

Skal is taking sensor readings:

SKAL

I'm picking up a small Romulan vessel bearing 018 mark 15. Warp-2 capable... heavily armed - phase cannon and 6 disruptor banks.

CHASE

Shields?

SKAL

Her shields...are up.

Chase looks to the assembled Crew...

CHASE

Mr. Ogg?

OGG

Sir!

CHASE

Standby to disengage warp and all stop.
I want our attitude on a 45 degree down-
bubble as soon as we're out of warp. See
to it!

OGG

Aye, aye, sir.

CHASE

Then stand by to bring our attitude and
bearing on that ship to 000 mark 0.

Chase turns to the rest of them:.

CHASE (CONT'D)

Sgt. Izzard, Sgt. Bruce fetch the phase
rifles from my quarters - there are four
of them plus your pistols. Mr. Melmon
and...I'm sorry - 2 weeks in space, and I
don't know your -

COOK

Cookie.

CHASE

Really?

COOK

That's what they call me.

CHASE

Break out the EV suits - give one each to
Mr. Dieter and Mr. Nguyen and bring 9 to
the bridge.

MELMON

(Alarmed)

EV suits...

CHASE

Mr. Dieter and Ms. Nguyen. I want you to
suit up and report to the engine room.
Stand by to disconnect the Structural
Integrity Field from the plasma grid.

MELMON

You can't do that!

NGUYEN

Sure we can.

Chase turns to Commander Orloff.

CHASE
Am I missing anything, Commander?

ORLOFF
I don't think so.

CHASE
If you would please stand by grapplers.

Chase and Orloff stare at one another...then Orloff's face cracks into a grin. He flexes his prosthetic hand.

ORLOFF
Yes, sir.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE RINGS OF SATURN

As the *Intrepid* enters a world of GAS and ASTEROID-SIZED particles of ICE and weaves back and forth - dodging the larger obstacles - while, directly behind her...

THE ROMULAN BIRD-OF-PREY

DE-CLOAKS

INT. U.S.S. *INTREPID* - BRIDGE

Jaxx is at the Helm - steering the *Intrepid* through the obstacle path.

CREWMAN
The Romulan has de-cloaked!

JAXX
He's got to! He's got to use his shields! *Because he's never flown in here before.* Ready aft torpedo tubes!

WEAPONS OFFICER
Ready!

JAXX
FIRE!

And the Bird-of-Prey takes a direct hit on the bow and EXPLODES.

And the U.S.S. *INTREPID* bursts out from the Rings of Saturn only to face

TWO BIRDS-OF-PREY

lying in wait...

BACK TO:

INT. *U.S.S. SPARTAN* - BRIDGE

The Crew is suited up in EV SUITS - HELMETS in their hands.

CHASE

Disengage warp...45 degree down-bubble!

EXT. SPACE - OFFSHORE REMUS

And the *U.S.S. Spartan* drops out of Warp and into sublight Space. Her Command Hull is nose down. Her angle in space seems...all wrong. The attitude of a ship adrift in Space compared to he waiting

ROMULAN PATROL SHIP

We hear a VOICE shouting in ROMULAN. The SUBTITLES read:

ROMULAN CAPTAIN (V.O.)

SCAN!

ROMULAN CREW (V.O.)

ORIGIN...UNKNOWN! CLASS...UNKNOWN!

ROMULAN CAPTAIN (V.O.)

ARMAMENT?

ROMULAN CREW (V.O.)

NONE.

ROMULAN CAPTAIN (V.O.)

NONE? IS IT POSSIBLE? LIFE SIGNS?

ROMULAN CREW (V.O.)

TEN.

ROMULAN CAPTAIN (V.O.)

ONLY TEN? ARE YOU CERTAIN?

ROMULAN CREW (V.O.)

HER REACTOR READS...WARP 8 CAPABLE...

PAUSE.

ROMULAN CAPTAIN (V.O.)

PREPARE A BOARDING PARTY...SHE WILL BE MINE...

INT. *U.S.S. SPARTAN* - BRIDGE

In the silent tension of the room:

CHASE
Shields?

SKAL
Still up.

MELMON
What...the hell...are they doing...

ORLOFF
If they're going to board us, they've got to drop their shields...

SGT. BRUCE
I wonder...what they look like...

SKAL
I have heard it said...that no one who sees a Romulan...lives to tell of it.

MELMON
Great. Thanks. I needed to hear that -

SKAL
SHIELDS DOWN!

CHASE
ENGINEERING! DISCONNECT THE STRUCTURAL INTEGRITY FIELD!

INT. *U.S.S. SPARTAN* - ENGINE ROOM

Dieter and Nguyen pull the PLASMA CONDUITS from a CIRCUIT RELAY STATION.

INT. *U.S.S. SPARTAN* - BRIDGE

CHASE
MR. OGG! BEARING 000 MARK 0! FULL
IMPLUSE POWER! HELMETS ON! *BRACE
YOURSELVES!*

EXT. SPACE - OFFSHORE REMUS

and the *U.S.S. Spartan* lifts her nose and SMASHES into the VENTRAL HULL of the Romulan Patrol Ship.

CUT TO:

INT. U.S.S. SPARTAN - ENGINE ROOM

as the IMPACT knocks Dieter off his feet. He crashes into the Atomic Weapon and, its

LED DISPLAY

starts counting down the MINUTES and SECONDS from 60...as...

INT. U.S.S. SPARTAN - BRIDGE

The *Spartan's* Command Hull CRUMPLES INWARD and BURSTS OUTWARD with a sudden concussive BLAST OF DECOMPRESSION - BREACHING the Hull of the Romulan Ship.

And Commander Orloff punches a command into the INSTRUMENT ARRAY before being knocked off his feet and

THE SPARTAN'S GRAPPLERS

eject from their housing and attach magnetically to the Hull of the Romulan Patrol Ship.

And, as the breached compartments of both ships decompress, Chase leads the way through the BREACH and into the

INT. ROMULAN PATROL SHIP

until they reach a BULKHEAD sealed by a DOUBLE DOOR.

Sgt. Izzard BLASTS the CONTROL PAD with his RIFLE and the DOOR OPENS...

CUT TO:

EXT. SPACE - OFFSHORE SATURN

as the *Intrepid* races toward TITAN with TWO BIRDS-OF-PREY on her tail.

Ahead, an ANDORIAN BATTLE-CRUISER *COLLIDES* with a VULCAN D'KYR-CLASS STARSHIP in the midst of

A SWARM OF DRONESHIPS

INT. U.S.S. INTREPID - BRIDGE

The young Helmsman is staring wide-eyed at the Viewscreen as TITAN - Saturn's largest Moon - grows larger...and larger...

HELMSMAN

What...what are you...

JAXX
 Something I learned in flight school.
 Head straight for Titan...graze her
 atmosphere...and let her gravity help
 your turn...while your bogies...well...
they just fly on by.

BACK TO:

INT. ROMULAN PATROL SHIP - BRIDGE

As the ACCESS DOOR *BLASTS* OPEN and

CHASE, SKAL, SGTS. IZZARD & BRUCE

- now minus their Helmets - are the first ones through.

And Tiberius Chase is the first human to see

A ROMULAN

The Romulan Captain and the Bridge Crew of 4 turn to face the intruders.

The Romulans look just like Vulcans.

CHASE
What the hell?

He turns to Skal...who FIRES his PHASE PISTOL - killing the Romulan Captain instantly.

And the Romulan Bridge Crew OPEN FIRE.

And the Crew of the *Spartan* RETURN IT.

CUT TO:

EXT. SPACE - OFFSHORE SATURN

As the *Intrepid* accelerates - *inverted* - around the "limb" of Titan while the pursuing Romulan Birds-of-Prey *fly by*.

INT. U.S.S. INTREPID - BRIDGE

And the Crew hold on as they complete 360 degrees and level out *behind* the enemy vessels!

JAXX
 FIRE!

And they watch on the Viewscreen as their TORPEDO ARRAY strikes both Birds-of-Prey directly in the stern.

And the Romulan vessels EXPLODE.

And the Intrepid sustains a DIRECT HIT from behind.

EXT. SPACE - OFFSHORE SATURN

And the *U.S.S. Intrepid* breaks in two: Her twin NACELLES are sent spinning end-over-end, and her COMMAND HULL is sent gliding like a discus toward the Earth.

BACK TO:

INT. ROMULAN PATROL SHIP - BRIDGE

in the aftermath of the fire-fight: Sgt. Izzard is wounded; Sgt. Bruce is on his knees and trying to help her; Mr. Melmon is sitting on the floor and staring at the face of a DEAD ROMULAN. Fuquay picks up an EARPIECE from the deck and plugs it into his own ear.

And Skal - his covered with his own GREEN BLOOD - is crawling up from beneath the body of ANOTHER DEAD ROMULAN. He stands up to see Chase, staring at him in disbelief.

CHASE
These...are *Vulcans*...

SKAL
No...they are not...

FUQUAY
I think we're receiving a transmission...

CHASE
Figure out how to put it through - on screen, but *receive* only - *DO NOT TRANSMIT*.

DIETER & NGUYEN

enter the bridge and remove their Helmets...

DIETER
I think we might have a problem...

NGUYEN
It was him! I didn't do it!

FUQUAY
Got it. On screen!

And a STATICKY IMAGE FLICKERS on the Romulan VIEWSCREEN:

A ROMULAN OFFICER

ROMULAN OFFICER/VIEWScreen
P'QUOD! FRAETA! HALLH'NA!

CHASE
What's he saying?

SKAL
It...it is similar to archaic Vulcan. He
is demanding a report.

CHASE
Why doesn't that surprise me? Mr. Ogg!
Can you fly this hunk of junk?

Ogg examines the HELM ARRAY...

OGG
I...I think so, sir.

DIETER
It's gone off.

CHASE
(To Skal)
How do you request permission to land in
archaic Vulcan?
(To Dieter)
What's gone off?

SKAL
It would be similar to...
sthea'hwil...vhuin khhiu!

NGUYEN
The weapon. Dieter fell on it, and I
think...it's...*armed.*

ROMULAN OFFICER/VIEWScreen
P'QUOD! FRAETA! HALLH'NA!

Chase digs his PADD from his EV Suit pocket, touches-in a
command...*and stares disbelieving at the display.*

CHASE
We've got 34 minutes...

CUT TO:

INT. STARFLEET BUNKER COMMAND

Chaos reigns:

ADM. GARDNER
What do we have left?

WIGGINS
The *Neptune* is disabled...we have the
Intrepid...the Vulcan *TiMir*...*Tal'kir*
...the Andorian *Kallem*...and 18 SPADS...

SKON
Admiral...

Admiral Gardner looks into the utterly logical eyes of his
Vulcan friend. There are TEARS welling there...

SKON (CONT'D)
It is time...for my people...to go....

CUT TO:

EXT. ROMULAN COMMAND - REMUS - ESTABLISHING

on the dark-side of the "tidally locked" planet of Remus - a
vast COMPLEX designed like a wheel with "spokes" emanating
from the CENTRAL COMMAND TOWER.

INT. ROMULAN COMMAND TOWER - REMUS - NIGHT (IT ALWAYS IS)

A ROMULAN GENERAL (TYMA)

Stands before MULTIPLE VIEWSCREENS and watches the BATTLE
ABOVE THE EARTH. The following is in ROMULAN. The SUBTITLES
read:

VOICE (O.S.)
General Tyma.

General Tyma turns to see

THE PRAETOR

the Leader of the Romulan Star Empire.

TYMA
Praetor...

PRAETOR
An overwhelming force...a weak alliance
of planets...yet they have fought almost
to the last ship. Why?

TYMA
Perhaps their alliance is stronger than
we expected.

PRAETOR

Or they are ignorant. No one would spend so many lives defending so few.

TYMA

It was the *Senate* who chose to communicate through Vulcan. Perhaps the Andorians and the Tellaraites do not know that they are losing their lives defending a colony of Vulcans...

PRAETOR

See to it that they do. *Then lay that planet to waste.*

BACK TO:

INT. ROMULAN PATROL SHIP - BRIDGE

On the Viewscreen, the Romulan Officer is still demanding:

ROMULAN OFFICER/VIEWSCREEN

P'QUOD! FRAETA! HALLH'NA!

CHASE

(To Fuquay)

How do you transmit?

FUQUAY

(Of an ICON on the COM CONSOLE)

Here.

CHASE

(To Skal)

Now, what are you going to say?

SKAL

But, I cannot.

CHASE

What. Can't what? *Lie?*

Chase wipes some of the blood from Skal's face.

CHASE (CONT'D)

Yes, you can. Is this your blood, or theirs?

SKAL

It is my own. And I cannot -

CHASE

That's crap. You *choose* not to.

SKAL
Truth is my faith...

Chase turns over a dead Romulan with the toe of his boot.
The dead male's face is covered with GREEN BLOOD. And the
ears...the hair...

CHASE (CONT'D)
Then why didn't you tell me?

SKAL
You...did not ask.

CHASE
But you knew!

ROMULAN OFFICER/VIEWSCREEN
P'QUOD! FRAETA! HALLH'NA!

CHASE
Now if you don't ask for clearance,
they're gonna blow us out of the solar
system before we even enter the
atmosphere. We've got...19 minutes.
What am I asking you to do?

SKAL
To lie.

CHASE
What specifically -

SKAL
To pose as someone whom I am not.

CHASE
What *literally* -

SKAL
I do not understand -

CHASE
God dammit, Skal! Tell me - in the way
that only a Vulcan can - literally,
specifically, *precisely* what I am asking
you to do.

SKAL
You are asking me to look at that
viewscreen and speak the words -

And Chase touches the TRANSMIT COMMAND.

INT. ROMULAN COMMAND - FLIGHT CONTROL

As the ROMULAN OFFICER peers at the STATICKY IMAGE of SKAL:

SKAL/VIEWSCREEN
Sthea'hwill vhuin khhiu!

ROMULAN OFFICER
Sthea'hwill!

INT. ROMULAN PATROL SHIP - BRIDGE

SKAL
Permission...granted.

CHASE
Take us in, Mr. Ogg - and fast. And
let's figure out how to raise shields -

ORLOFF (O.S.)
I've got it...I'm on it!

Commander Orloff is limping toward the INSTRUMENT ARRAY...

CUT TO:

INT. ANDORIAN KUMARI-CLASS BATTLE-CRUISER - BRIDGE

Heavily damaged.

COM OFFICER
I am receiving a message from Romulan
Command. They wish us to know that it is
the Vulcans they want, and nothing more.

COMMANDER SHRAN
The Vulcans?

COM OFFICER
The Vulcans...on Earth.

COMMANDER SHRAN
Tell Romulan Command that the Vulcans
have been our enemy for too many
centuries. It is refreshing to have
found a *new* one.

The ship takes a tremendous blow from a ROMULAN BIRD-OF-PREY.

COMMANDER SHRAN
TARGET THEIR ENGINES! *FIRE!*

CUT TO:

INT. ROMULAN PATROL SHIP - BRIDGE

as Chase and his "Crew" watch on the Viewscreen as they enter the ROMULAN ATMOSPHERE...and descend toward the COMMAND COMPLEX.

CHASE'S PADD

Shows 1 MINUTE 42 SECONDS and counting...

CHASE
Shields up, Commander Orloff.

Commander Orloff touches-in the command with his left hand...

EXT. ROMULAN PATROL SHIP - HULL

...and the *U.S.S. Spartan's* MAGNETIC GRAPPLERS release.

EXT. ROMULAN COMMAND - REMUS - NIGHT

As the Praetor walks along a CAUSEWAY forming one of the "spokes" of the Command Complex....

He pauses...and looks up to see:

THE *U.S.S. SPARTAN*

FALLING FROM THE SKY.

It CRASHES - CRUSHING the CENTRAL COMMAND TOWER.

INT. ROMULAN PATROL SHIP - BRIDGE

CHASE
GIVE HER ALL SHE'S GOT, MR. OGG!

EXT. SPACE - OFFSHORE REMUS

And the Romulan Patrol Ship accelerates to Warp...as

THE *U.S.S. SPARTAN*

EXPLODES in A CATAclySMIC MATTER/ANTIMATTER REACTION.

A CATASTROPHIC WARP CORE FAILURE of astronomical proportions.

THE SHOCK WAVE

lays waste to more than a third of the entire surface of the dark side of Remus.

CUT TO:

THE COMMAND HULL OF THE *U.S.S. INTREPID*
as it CRASHES into the PACIFIC OCEAN.

CUT TO:

INT. STARFLEET BUNKER COMMAND

WIGGINS
I've got 26 Romulan warships and...196
Drone-Ships preparing to enter the
atmosphere...

EXT. SPACE - OFFSHORE EARTH

Indeed, the Armada and a host of Drone-Ships are ENCROACHING
on the Earth at IMPULSE POWER...when...

ROMULAN VOICE (V.O.)
BA-LEITH SHUKSA PODEM!

Suddenly...they *STOP*...

ROMULAN VOICE (V.O. CONT'D)
BA-LEITH SHUKSA PODEM! DA'IZTO RAY...
BA-LEITH SHUKSA PODEM! BA-LEITH SHUKSA
PODEM!

...and *PIVOT*...and *WARP AWAY*.

And they are gone.

CUT TO:

EXT. STARFLEET HEADQUARTERS - DAWN

as Admiral Gardner and Ambassador Skon emerge from the
Bunker...pick their way through the rubble...and stand -
squinting against the morning light - and looking out over
the Pacific Ocean...

EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN - MORNING

as Jaxx - his left arm and leg gone (the wounds cauterized by
fire) - crawls out from an opening in a floating portion of
the Command Hull of the *U.S.S. Intrepid*. He rolls over onto
his back...and draws a long, rasping breath...

INT. MUHLIG-HOFFMAN MOUNTAINS - GROTTO - NIGHT

as Otto Chase sits beside the unconscious Wounded Vulcan
Crewman in a small Grotto lit by CANDLES...

EXT. ZIMBABWE, AFRICA - NIGHT

as Penelope leads her Children - her students - out from a steep-inclined CAVE OPENING.

She looks out - across the Savannah then up...at the NIGHT SKY...and at one STAR in particular...

INT. ROMULAN PATROL SHIP - OFFICER'S QUARTERS

as Skal enters to find Chase staring out from a PORTHOLE.

SKAL

I have disengaged the warp engines in anticipation of improving their performance. Were I not to do so, it would take us 456 days to return to Earth. I believe that we can improve its performance by at least 30 percent.

(Off Chase's SILENCE)

Once we are underway...I look forward to discussing all that I know about my... distant cousins.

Still nothing. Skal approaches the Porthole and tries to follow with his eyes the direction of Chase's focus...

SKAL (CONT'D)

What...is it?

CHASE

Arcturus.

SKAL

A red giant also known as Alpha Bootis.

CHASE

Hokule'a.

SKAL

I am unfamiliar with -

CHASE

It's Hawai'ian. For "Star of Joy."

And, as the CAMERA pulls BACK - out from the porthole where Chase and Skal stand...we...

FADE OUT

SUPERTITLES: To be continued...